



NEW

MUSICAL

EXPRESS

WIN A TOSHIBA WALKY

NME

POP CAPITALISTS vs PUNK ANARCHISTS



ABBA

VERSUS

CRASS



WHAT THEY DO WITH THEIR MONEY

NEW ORDER IN COLOUR
BOW WOW DATES WOW !
C81 CASSETTE OFFER
ELVIS ADDRESSES U.S.A
RAYBEATS

YOUR BONO
VALENTINE

U2 UNBUTTONED



As The Stray Cats hit number 20 in this week's singles chart, Lee Rocker, posing beside a snap of himself from just two years ago, shows what a difference a haircut can make.

Pic: Peter Anderson

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
February 14th, 1981

US SINGLES

This Last Week

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

This Last Week

- ## US ALBUMS
- (1) Double Fantasy John Lennon/Yoko Ono
 - (2) Greatest Hits Kenny Rogers
 - (4) The Jazz Singer Neil Diamond
 - (3) Crimes Of Passion Pat Benatar
 - (5) Guilty Barbra Streisand
 - (11) Hi Infidelity REO Speedwagon
 - (7) Autoamerican Blondie
 - (12) Paradise Theater Styx
 - (9) Back In Black AC/DC
 - (8) Gaucho Steely Dan
 - (6) Hotter Than July Stevie Wonder
 - (10) Zenyatta Mondatta The Police
 - (13) Eagles Live The Eagles
 - (14) Celebrate Kool & The Gang
 - (15) The River Bruce Springsteen
 - (14) Foolish Behaviour Rod Stewart
 - (18) The Turn Of A Friendly Card The Alan Parsons Project
 - (16) The Game Queen
 - (19) Greatest Hits/Live Heart
 - (21) Christopher Cross Christopher Cross
 - (22) Super Trouper Abba
 - (20) Live Fleetwood Mac
 - (23) Flash Gordon Original Soundtrack/Queen
 - (27) Fantastic Voyage Lakeside
 - (24) Anne Murray's Greatest Hits Anne Murray
 - (—) Gap Band II Gap Band
 - (26) Triumph The Jacksons
 - (—) Ghost Riders Outlaws
 - (—) 9 To 5 And Odd Jobs Dolly Parton
 - (25) Lost In Love Air Supply

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



Positive Noise reach the top of the Indies singles chart and Ross Middleton shows off with a book no-one else has heard of. Unknown to the onlooker, though, inside that impressive cover lies a dog-eared Agatha Christie.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week

- | | | | | | |
|----|------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|---|----|
| 1 | (1) | In The Air Tonight | Phil Collins (Virgin) | 4 | 1 |
| 2 | (2) | Woman | John Lennon (Geffen) | 3 | 2 |
| 3 | (5) | Vienna | Ultravox (Chrysalis) | 3 | 3 |
| 4 | (4) | Rapture | Blondie (Chrysalis) | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | (6) | Don't Stop The Music | Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury) | 4 | 5 |
| 6 | (3) | Imagine | John Lennon (Apple) | 7 | 1 |
| 7 | (8) | Fade To Grey | Visage (Polydor) | 4 | 7 |
| 8 | (—) | Oldest Swinger In Town | Fred Wedlock (Rocket) | 1 | 8 |
| 9 | (13) | Romeo And Juliet | Dire Straits (Vertigo) | 3 | 9 |
| 10 | (10) | Young Parisians | Adam & The Ants (Decca) | 4 | 5 |
| 10 | (14) | Return Of The Los Palmas 7 | Madness (Stiff) | 3 | 10 |
| 12 | (16) | The Freeze | Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis) | 2 | 12 |
| 13 | (7) | Ant Music | Adam & The Ants (CBS) | 8 | 2 |
| 14 | (17) | I Surrender | Rainbow (Polydor) | 2 | 14 |
| 15 | (9) | I Am The Beat | The Look (MCA) | 5 | 7 |
| 16 | (—) | Shaddup You Face | Joe Dolce (Epic) | 1 | 16 |
| 17 | (12) | A Little In Love | Cliff Richard (EMI) | 3 | 12 |
| 18 | (21) | Twilight Cafe | Susan Fassbender (CBS) | 3 | 18 |
| 19 | (23) | Burn Rubber On Me | Gap Band (Mercury) | 4 | 19 |
| 20 | (—) | Rock This Town | Stray Cats (Arista) | 1 | 20 |
| 21 | (22) | It's My Turn | Diana Ross (Motown) | 4 | 18 |
| 22 | (27) | The Elephant's Graveyard | Boomtown Rats (Ensign) | 2 | 22 |
| 23 | (15) | Gangsters Of The Groove | Heatwave (GTO) | 4 | 15 |
| 24 | (29) | Sgt Rock | XTC (Virgin) | 2 | 24 |
| 25 | (11) | I Ain't Gonna Stand For It | Stevie Wonder (Motown) | 6 | 5 |
| 26 | (—) | That's Entertainment ... | The Jam (Metronome) | 1 | 26 |
| 27 | (28) | Just When I Needed You Most | Barbara Jones (Sonet) | 2 | 27 |
| 28 | (—) | I'm In Love With A German Film Star | Passions (Polydor) | 1 | 28 |
| 29 | (—) | Southern Freeez | Freeez (Beggars Banquet) | 1 | 29 |
| 30 | (26) | Flash | Queen (EMI) | 9 | 6 |

BUBBLING UNDER

Once In A Lifetime — Talking Heads (Sire).
Zerox — Adam & The Ants (Do It).
Car Trouble — Adam & The Ants (Do It).
We'll Bring The House Down — Slade (Cheapskate).
The Bed's Too Big Without You — Sheila Hylton (Island).
Reward — Teardrop Explodes (Mercury).

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week

- | | | | | | |
|----|------|------------------------------|---|----|----|
| 1 | (4) | Double Fantasy | John Lennon/WEA | 12 | 1 |
| 2 | (1) | Kings Of The Wild Frontier | Adam & The Ants (CBS) | 12 | 1 |
| 3 | (2) | The Very Best of David Bowie | David Bowie (K-Tel) | 5 | 2 |
| 4 | (3) | Manilow Magic | Barry Manilow (Arista) | 26 | 3 |
| 5 | (5) | Imagine | John Lennon (EMI) | 5 | 4 |
| 6 | (18) | Jazz Singer | Neil Diamond (Capitol) | 11 | 6 |
| 7 | (10) | Makin' Movies | Dire Straits (Vertigo) | 5 | 7 |
| 8 | (16) | Vienna | Ultravox (Chrysalis) | 2 | 8 |
| 9 | (8) | Mondo Bongo | Boomtown Rats (Mercury) | 3 | 8 |
| 10 | (7) | Dr Hook's Greatest Hits | Dr Hook (Capitol) | 9 | 2 |
| 11 | (13) | Hotter Than July | Stevie Wonder (Motown) | 14 | 1 |
| 12 | (6) | Barry | Barry Manilow (Arista) | 10 | 4 |
| 13 | (8) | Guilty | Barbra Streisand (CBS) | 17 | 2 |
| 13 | (19) | Shaved Fish | John Lennon (Geffen/WEA) | 5 | 13 |
| 15 | (23) | Visage | Visage (Polydor) | 2 | 15 |
| 16 | (21) | Arc Of A Diver | Steve Winwood (Island) | 4 | 16 |
| 17 | (15) | Take My Time | Sheena Easton (EMI) | 2 | 15 |
| 18 | (11) | Paradise Theater | Styx (A&M) | 3 | 11 |
| 18 | (19) | Supertrouper | Abba (Epic) | 12 | 1 |
| 20 | (12) | Signing Off | UB40 (Graduate) | 16 | 1 |
| 21 | (22) | Flash Gordon | Queen (EMI) | 7 | 6 |
| 22 | (—) | Southern Freeez | Freeez (Beggars Banquet) | 1 | 22 |
| 23 | (25) | Autoamerican | Blondie (Chrysalis) | 10 | 3 |
| 24 | (17) | Absolutely | Madness (Stiff) | 19 | 2 |
| 25 | (13) | Trust | Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F-Beat) | 2 | 13 |
| 26 | (—) | Dirk Wears White Sox | Adam & The Ants (Do It) | 2 | 26 |
| 27 | (—) | Sound Effects | Jam (Polydor) | 5 | 3 |
| 28 | (—) | The River | Bruce Springsteen (CBS) | 9 | 4 |
| 29 | (—) | Nightlife | Various (K-Tel) | 2 | 25 |
| 30 | (27) | Scary Monsters | David Bowie (RCA) | 17 | 1 |

BUBBLING UNDER

BUBBLERS
Fawley Towers Vol 2 — Cast (BBC).
The Wild The Willing & The Innocent — UFO (Chrysalis).
The Gospel According To The Meninblack — The Stranglers (Liberty).
Moving Pictures — Rush (Mercury).
Dance Craze — Various (2-Tone).
Nude — Camel (Decca).

INDIES 33s

- Dirk Wears White Sox Adam & The Ants (Do It)
- Toyah! Toyah! Toyah! Toyah (Safari)
- The Heyday (Cassette) Sex Pistols (Factory)
- Signing Off UB40 (Graduate)
- Gyrate Pylon (Armageddon)
- Photographs As Memories Eyeless In Gaze (Cherry Red)
- Grotesque The Fall (Rough Trade)
- Claws The Hybrid Kids (Cherry Red)
- Lubricate Your Living Room Fire Engines (Accessory)
- Thirst Clock DVA (Fetish)

INDIES 45s

- Give Me Passion Positive Noise (Static)
- It's Obvious Au Pairs (Human)
- The Still Reflex Repetition (Les Disca Du Crepuscule)
- Bullshit Detector Various (Cross)
- Animal Space 12" Silks (Human)
- Action By Example Demons (C ypt)
- Transmission 12" Joy Division (Factory)
- Bunker 12" Bollock Brothers (McDonald & Lydon)
- Legion Theatre Of Hate (SS)
- Dreams To Kill The Vacuum I'm So Hollow (Hologram)

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

REGGAE

- Good Thing Going Sugar Minott (Hawkeye)
- Moulding Jahman (Jahman)
- Riding Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
- Who Shall I Be Afraid Of Barrington Levy (Greenleaf)
- Crucifixion Barrington Levy (Greenleaf)
- Street Of Gold The Heptones (Tom Tom)
- Blood City Dennis Brown (High Times)
- Zappata Misty In Roots (People Unite)
- Runnings Dennis Brown (D.A.N.C.S.I.)
- God Bless Our Home Cynthia Schloss (Merrit one)

Chart by: Observer Station.

DISCO

- Here's To You New York Sky (Excalibur)
- Love No Longer Has A Hold On Me Johnny Bristol (Ariola)
- Midnight Interlude Tom Browne (Arista)
- Freeez Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
- All My Love Lax (Epic)
- Mysteries Of The World MFSB (Philadelphia Int)
- Underwater Harry Thumann (Decca)
- Signing Delegation (Ariola)
- Somebody Help Me Out Beggar and Co (Ensign)
- To Prove My Love Behemy (CBS)

Chart by: HMV Record Shop, Oxford Street, London W.1.

5 YEARS AGO

- Forever And Ever Slik (Bell)
- Mama Mia Abba (Epic)
- December '63 Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
- Love To Love You Baby Donna Summer (GTO)
- We Do It R & J Stone (RCA)
- Love Machine Miracles (Tamla Motown)
- No Regrets Walker Brothers (GTO)
- Brown Jug / In The Mood Glenn Miller (RCA)
- Evil Woman Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
- Glass Of Champagne Sailor (Epic)

Week ending February 14, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

- 19th Nervous Breakdown Rolling Stones (Decca)
- These Boots Are Made For Walkin' Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
- You Were On My Mind Crispian St Peters (Decca)
- A Groovy Kind Of Love Mindbenders (Fontana)
- My Love Petula Clark (Pye)
- Love's Just A Broken Heart Cilla Black (Parlophone)
- Michelle Overlanders (Pye)
- Mirror Mirror Pinkerton's Assorted Colours (Decca)
- Spanish Flea Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass (Pye Int.)
- Tomorrow Sandie Shaw (Pye)

Week ending February 18, 1966

10 YEARS AGO

- My Sweet Lord George Harrison (Apple)
- Pushbike Song Mixtures (Polydor)
- Stoned Love Supremes (Tamla Motown)
- Resurrection Shuffle Ashton, Gardner & Dyke (Capitol)
- Amazing Grace Judy Collins (Elektra)
- Your Song Elton John (DJM)
- No Matter What Badfinger (Apple)
- Candida Dawn (Bell)
- It's Impossible Perry Como (RCA)
- Apeman Kinks (Pye)

Week ending February 17, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

- Are You Lonesome Tonight Elvis Presley (RCA)
- Sailor Petula Clark (Pye)
- Rubber Ball Bobby Vee (London)
- You're Sixteen Johnny Burnette (London)
- FBI Shadows (Columbia)
- Walk Right Back Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
- Pepe Duane Eddy (London)
- Who Am I Adam Faith (Parlophone)
- Portrait Of My Love Matt Monroe (Parlophone)
- Will You Love Me Tomorrow Shirelles (Top Rank)

Week ending February 14, 1976

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

TAPE YOUR CASSETTE PET FOR WALKYS

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Nouveaux en route

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX have now confirmed the first three dates for their '2002 Review' roadshow which, as reported last week, is going on tour following the success of its London Lyceum concert last month. Gigs initially set are at Newcastle Mayfair (March 26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27) and Brighton Top Rank (April 10). Among other bands to be featured in the 'futurist' package are Theatre Of Hate, Shock and Blancmange.

□ **MADNESS** (next Wednesday, 18) and **Killing Joke** (February 21) have both agreed to play one-off shows at Nottingham Rock City — and **Echo & The Bunnymen** will be appearing there on April 24 as part of a UK tour being set up to coincide with the release of their second album.

□ **TOM ROBINSON** and **Sector 27** return from America to play a one-off at Hatfield Polytechnic tonight (Thursday), which is being broadcast live on Radio 1's Richard Skinner show between 8 and 10 pm. The band then leave for an extensive European tour, with no further UK dates planned until mid-spring.

□ **THE SPIZZLES**, this year's version of Athletico Spizz 80, headline at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, February 22 — supported by **Subway Sect**, **Martian Dance**, **D.A.F.** and **UK Decay**.

□ **STEVE STRANGE** and **Rusty Egan** are presenting their own show at London Rainbow this Saturday (14) — which, significantly or not, is Valentine's Day. Under the banner of 'The People's Palace', it will run from 5 pm to 2 am and feature **Depeche Mode**, **Metro** and **Shock**, plus surprise guests and "visuals" — including a fashion show. Tickets are priced £3.50 (advance) and £5 (on the door).

□ **ADAM & THE ANTS** are to guest in a recording of BBC-1's *Jim'll Fix It*, at the request of a youngster whose greatest wish is to be an Ant. And on February 25, they're at the New London Theatre in Drury Lane to play at the British Rock & Pop Awards, for which viewers to BBC-1's *Nationwide* have been voting.

Motorhead dates, Photos tour
— TOUR NEWS P.37



BOW WOWS TO TOUR — MALCY BREAKS THE RULES AGAIN

BOW WOW WOW set out next month on their first national tour, headlining at major venues around the country. And their outing is preceded by a prestige London concert at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, February 28 (all tickets £3), for which promoters Kiltorch are planning a number of special surprises.

The band's provincial schedule hasn't yet been finalised, and a number of dates have still to be confirmed, but those set so far are Norwich East Anglia University (March 12), Nottingham Rock City (13), Manchester University (14), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (15), York University (16), Newcastle Royalty Theatre (24), Cambridge Corn Exchange (27), St. Albans City Hall (28), Brighton Top Rank (29), Derby Assembly Rooms (31) and Birmingham Top Rank (April 1). A new single will be issued by EMI to coincide with the tour, though titles haven't yet been decided.

MALCOLM McLAREN reacted with the nonchalance of the true rascal last week to the claims of two struggling French songwriters who say they co-wrote, but were not credited for, two songs on Bow Wow Wow's 'Your Cassette Pet'.

The two songwriters, Stephane Pietri and Pierre Grillet, worked with McLaren for three months during the summer of '79 on the script for what they innocently describe as "A kind of soft-core rock'n'roll costume musical for kids". We may never learn the full foetid truth about this work

By PAUL RAMBALI

— originally planned as a movie — but it is safe to assume that many of the ideas and characters in it emerged a year or so later in the shape of Adam and the Ants and Bow Wow Wow.

In fact, one of the characters in what would have no doubt been a thoroughly scurrilous romp was Louis Quatorze. 'Louis Quatorze' was also the title of one of the eight songs in the 'musical'. 'Sexy Eiffel Towers' was another. According to Pierre Grillet, all of the songs were registered with SACEM, the French equivalent

of the Performing Rights Society, and they are credited to Grillet, Pietri and McLaren.

Much to their dismay, no such credit appeared on the 'Cassette Pet'. Pietri and Grillet, however, did get paid for the two script treatments for the 'musical' they worked on with McLaren — who later did a third treatment with an English writer and a fourth and final treatment on his own.

"Malcolm wrote a final script himself when he got back to London," says Pierre Grillet. "He kept the basic characters but changed the plot. Louis Quatorze was in it, for instance.

Continues over

THE
FRESHIES

'I'M IN LOVE WITH THE GIRL ON
A CERTAIN MANCHESTER MEGASTORE
CHECK OUT DESK'

TWO
NEW
FOR
YOU

Going
'SOME BOYS'
Red?

RAZZ
RECORDS
MCA RECORDS

1 Great Pultney Street, London W1 3PW

McWowwow

■ From previous page

But probably he thought he wouldn't be able to make the film so he used the song and the idea for Bow Wow Wow.

"I don't mind that he should get credit for it. But I want the money!"

There speaks a mercenary after McLaren's own heart.

Grillet admits that McLaren came up with the idea for 'Sexy Eiffel Towers', but says the song was written by the three of them. He adds that McLaren so liked a song of theirs called 'Cowboy' — which was written for Amanda Lear — that they re-worked it for the script, changing the title to 'Apache' because one of the characters in the script was a homosexual apache. 'Uomo Sex Al Apache' ... geddit?

McLaren seems not to be at all perturbed by Pietri and Grillet's claims, but they are confident that SACEM, acting on their behalf, will somehow extricate the monies due.

When we first rang McLaren, he was in the throes of "trying to make a record" with Bow Wow Wow. The Bow Wows are preparing for their first routine rockbiz tour next month, playing such wildly alternative venues as London's Rainbow.

On the face of it, this seems to be in flagrant disregard of Lesson No. 5. (You remember Lesson No. 5 ... "Don't play!") But after breaking so many other rules, the least McLaren could do at this point is break a few of his own. On this score, he proved no more repentant.

"Look, I've just got out of the bath, man. Can't you ring back in about half an hour ...?"

Man! Maaaaaaan! Where on earth did he pick up expressions like that?

No Odeon

LEWISHAM ODEON, South East London's only major rock venue, is to close. Two sell-out gigs by The Who on Sunday and Monday are the last shows this grand old cinema will see.

When it closes on Saturday (Feb 14) there'll be nothing but the odd pub gig left in the area. The lack of public transport makes a trip to Hammersmith Odeon or Finsbury Park Rainbow almost impossible.

Lewisham is the latest of four cinemas closed by Rank Leisure Services because they are unprofitable. Local campaigners trying to keep the place open accept that the 3,000-seater is no longer a viable proposition as a cinema, but they believe Rank is ignoring a golden opportunity to turn the cinema into a permanent live venue.

Lewisham Odeon has always had a reputation for live entertainment, even before it staged The Beatles and the Stones in the '60s. Recently acts like The Specials, The Clash, Police, Adam and the Ants, Ian Dury and Wings have played to packed houses.

But Rank claims there aren't enough big name acts willing to come to Lewisham to make it a going concern. It says there isn't room in the city for three major rock venues — Lewisham would compete for artists and audiences with the Rank-owned Odeon at Hammersmith.

Rank has no idea what will become of the Odeon when the doors shut for the last time on Saturday. A property company may be interested in building a shop and office scheme including two small cinemas on the site.

But a more likely fate is that of Deptford Odeon just down the road, whose derelict, boarded and broken facade has been staring blankly across the Broadway for years.

— MARTIN PLIMMER



St Valentines Day mascara? Not Ballet likely, John ...

Motorgirls seek schoolheads for fun and profit

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

AMONG STUDENTS of the popular arts of the late 20th Century, controversy still rages over the vexed question of whether the highest peaks of creative achievement have been scaled by artists serving a unique and individual personal vision or by those who have chosen to fuse their skills and perceptions with those of their peers and utilise the collaborative process.

Who could forget such memorable partnerships as Bob Marley and Lee Perry,

Barbra Streisand and Barry Gibb, Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry, David Crosby and Graham Nash, Miles Davis and Charlie Parker, Cliff Richard and Olivia Newton-John ... and now, Motorhead and Girlschool.

The product of this meeting of seven mighty minds (but only six mighty bodies, as Motorhead's high-spirited young drummer Phil (the Animal) Taylor was out of physical commission at the

time, thereby necessitating Girlschool's Denise Dufort to operate the kit throughout the proceedings) is a three-track single which includes the massed leather jackets hammering out Johnny Kidd's 'Please Don't Touch' on one side and each band having a go at one of the other's songs on the obverse.

So why was such a thing unleashed upon the world? Lemmy, as ever, is the Answer Person.

"They (Girlschool) are very good friends of ours and a great band; they're great fans of Motorhead and we're great fans of theirs. We decided to do

it for a laugh and it turned out really well."

The result of three days' work — during which Taylor showed up to give moral support but spent most of the time watching TV — the single (credited to Headgirl) is mutual respect in action, a collaboration between two hard rock bands who have a high regard for each other's work. Lemmy is at pains to disown the 'heavy metal' tag ("you can't compare us to Rush, can you?" — on behalf of both bands, though he accepts Paul du Noyer's contention that it is the audience rather than the bands who decide who's heavy metal and who isn't).

He cheerfully allows that Girlschool's ability to thrash out a noise just as ferocious — and a damn sight more interesting — than their male counterparts has left a rather large dent in the preconceptions of certain sections of the rock audience.

"No doubt about it! I remember when they toured with us there was this geezer in the crowd at Newcastle City Hall who yelled out 'Get 'em off!' before they'd even had a chance to plug in. Kelly just walked to the front and said, 'You get 'em off, I could do with a laugh' and the place just went berserk."

For his own part, Lemmy is unlikely to be found listening to the likes of Angelwitch in his spare time. His own tastes still incline towards a healthy dose of blues and old MC5 albums. He is at this moment more than partial to Washington blues band The Nighthawks and getting spiritually prepared for a European tour.

More collaborations of this nature may emerge in the future. Whether this will have any effect on Ronald Reagan's desire to store neutron bombs on British soil remains to be seen.



"It's going to be interesting to see how many obscure old fairs are suddenly going to find it necessary to wear a full-dress admiral's uniform with ballet shoes and Robin Hood accessories while still assuring us of their concern for the future of western civilisation and the continuing validity of their musical contribution to it."

After all these years ...

ELVIS SAYS HI TO YANKS

IT WAS REALLY Elvis Costello week. First there was a three-night, sold-out stand at New York's Palladium (see *Live!* page 44), just one stop on his current tour. Then, the normally non-talkative one gave his first ever American interview on the NBC network's *Tomorrow* show, a late-night chat show seen, as they say, coast-to-coast.

Costello and the Attractions performed 'New Lace Sleeves', and then Costello alone sat down with *Tomorrow* host Tom Snyder for the chat. Snyder, a bundle of nervous tics (eyes blinking, eyebrows going up and down) even in the best of times, looked distinctly ill-at-ease. Costello seemed in fine humour though, leaning back and arching his eyebrows over his shades, getting intentional laughs, while Snyder's questions were provoking embarrassed snickers from the younger members of the studio audience.

Costello's last appearance on American television was also on the NBC network, when he appeared on *Saturday Night Live* and totally freaked out that show's production crew by suddenly stopping 'Less Than Zero' a few bars into the song and switching to 'Radio Radio'. (Ah, you saw Hendrix on *The Lulu Show* too, Elvis — Ed.) Snyder began by asking him about the incident.

Costello: "Well, I thought it was a live show, something about the title suggested it. And the number that we were sort of bullied into doing, it was written about a very English situation and didn't fit, and I had a new song that at the time wasn't recorded, about radio, and we just did it spontaneously. And evidently it's not that live. I think they told us not to come back."

Snyder: "Do you rebel against that, if the record company says 'Hey, we want you to do this song, this is the one we've got the money on'?"

Costello: "Well that was before we persuaded them that that isn't the way we work. After a little gentle persuasion we got a much better understanding on those matters."

Snyder: "You've been described by people who've written on you as being an angry man ..."

Costello: "I don't know how they can see that."

Snyder: "We don't see it now as we might have seen it at one time. Have you worked that out pretty much, have you learned to channel your energies and not get angry at situations?"

Costello: "Yeah, well, to be really straight about it I suppose some of the time it was nerves, you know, which tends to make you more aggressive. Other times it was righteous, when we

FUNNY VALENTINES



HB 4 TPPP, on TISWAS, and SWALPIFT. Or if you prefer, romance fans, Honey Bane and The Phantom Philan Phlinger, on This Is What They Want, sealed with a loving pie in the face. To them, and to young lovers everywhere, a happy VD ... (that's Valentine's Day, what else?)

Pic: Stevenson



Seen here, and making an exhibition of himself, is NME lensperson Peter Anderson. Pete's show, called 'Tourist With A Camera In USA', comprises 39 images drawn from his recent trip to the land of the free (or cheap, anyway) and it's at the Royal College Of Art Common Rooms Building, Kensington Gore, London. But it only runs till March 6 — so look snappy.

Pic: Jeff Veltch



By RICHARD GRABEL

first came here and we might as well have landed on Mars the way people looked at us. So we were trying to put it over forcefully, and that was the way we felt at that time. We're trying to present a wider picture now, so inevitably you're going to get people who say you've sold out and you've gone mellow and God knows."

Snyder: "You've matured with those situations."

Costello: "What a horrible word that is. Matured. No, no, I'm not in the business of maturing. Makes you sound like cheese or something."

Snyder: "When you were a computer programmer..."

Costello: "I was actually a computer operator. I was just a button pusher."

Snyder: "The reason I ask is, the company just sent me one of these home computers to play with."

Costello: "I can't even work a calculator. It just happened to coincide with my getting a record contract. This stuff about my being a computer programmer is nonsense. I did it for about twenty minutes."

Snyder: "Was it frustrating for you, working a job like that and knowing you had this talent?"

Costello: "Oh yeah. It's all very well for me now, 'cause I've got a record contract and I can put out records, and if I don't I suppose they send the boys around or something. I was turned down by every record company in England. I just didn't present myself. Probably due to the fact that I'm a big fan of those old films where they go in and say 'Have I got a song for you!'"

"I actually believed you could do that. I used to sit down with these guys and play my guitar and say, 'Well what do you think?' They were used to getting demo tapes they could attach these polite notes to, and I did actually force people to sit and listen to me for twenty minutes between taking phone calls. It's particularly embarrassing when you're in the middle of a song and suddenly the phone rings and he's going: 'Yes darling I'll be home around eight, no, lamb casserole will be great, see ya later honey.'"

"There are still people trying to do that and they're not gonna find it funny. People come up to me and ask me if I've got any tips, and there ain't any. Just keep knocking on the door until they answer."

"I get people coming up to me, giving me tapes, seeing if there's anything I can do, and I don't have any pull with the record company. They think I'm one brick short a load, you know."

Snyder: "Who are your heroes, as far as songwriters?"

Costello: "Well, no heroes, really... but there are people I admire. Some current people, and some people you might not expect. I admire people like Cole Porter, and, as far as lyricists, I really like Hank Williams."

Snyder: "What about your dad. Jazz musician?"

Costello: "Yeah, originally. Then he was a band singer. He's still a professional musician. He plays more dates a year than I do, he works very hard, drives up and down England. Plays social clubs, night clubs."

Snyder: "Do you love him?" (Kid you not, he really asked this.)

Costello: "Oh yeah."

Snyder: "Do you ever go see him?"

Costello: "Yeah. I used to play with him sometimes, but I could never get in tune."

Snyder: "I'm glad that you go see your Pop and that you realise he works very hard."

Costello: "He was actually discouraging me from getting into this business."

Snyder: "This number that you're going to do now, 'Watch Your Step', is this a warning?"

Costello: "I'll leave that up to you."

And Costello scored the last laugh.

Snyder: "This was very comfortable for me, thank you very much. I didn't expect it to be, and it was."

Costello: "I just wanted to do that, because people said to me, 'If you're on, do the funny legs', because of the picture on the photograph, 'You've got to do the funny eyebrows'."

FOR 21 YEARS John Cohen was a photographer and a musician in The New Lost City Ramblers, an old-time string band grounded in the white ballad traditions of the American South. "I recorded the music, then when I saw the *places* I had to make other people realise how much a part of the music they were," he explains. So he began to film them. His films make a remarkable document of traditional American music.

"I know those people and we had a lot of trust between us; I had to put my music on the line, too — perform it for them. So in that sense it was a two-way street. Other than that it was just hanging out for five or six weeks, settling in."

Another reason there is no sense of voyeurism (and Cohen's subjects are largely poor and often naive) is that he uses no crew — just himself and one assistant.

The result is a graphic portrayal of the genuine stoicism and complicated sense of community which underlay rural

SHOCKABILLY!



Roscoe Holcomb in *The High Lonesome Sound*

music. *The High Lonesome Sound*, filmed in Hazard, Kentucky, during the Depression of '62 and focussing on Roscoe Holcomb, is full of strange, resonant images. A father hoeing the hilly

ground in front of his cabin pauses to watch his young daughter switch on a static-riddled radio and idly dance to 'Twistin' The Night Away', accompanying her moves with the fly-swatter she holds. In Old Baptist Churches and Holiness Churches, congregations exhibit a weird mixture of total theatrical immersion and bland disinterest as preachers alternately sing and chant hellfire-to-pay sermons. And during a Labor Day coal celebration, Cohen captures Bill Monroe playing bluegrass on the steps of a local courthouse.

Jim Morrison was an obsessive fan of *The High Lonesome Sound*, returning time after time to see it at the Old Ash Grove Theatre.

The High Lonesome Sound will be shown on February 17 at the National Film Theatre in London, along with three other of Cohen's music films; including *Sara And Maybelle*, a ten-minute short which tells the story of the original Carter trio — with possibly the only existing footage of the most influential singers in American country-history.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

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Well, it beats buying football clubs

AS RUMOURS proliferate about the state of The Clash, Joe Strummer, who is known to favour a return to "local scenes", is involved in no uncertain way with the roots of his musicianship.

Early March sees the first release on Andalucia (pronounced Andaloo *this*) Records: 'Elgin Avenue Breakdown', an LP of mostly unreleased material by The 101'ers, The London R&B group in which Strummer (then known as Woody!) had his first live rock and roll experience of any duration.

In fact, Strummer maintains that 'Elgin Avenue Breakdown' is to be the only release on the Virgin-distributed Andalucia, adopting a puzzled expression meant to suggest he is too dumb to imagine what on earth else the label could be used for.

However, drummer Richard "Snakehips" Dudanski (as he was re-christened by "Woody" from his original Richard Nother) concedes that, yes, it would be silly to waste such a ready established structure, and trusts it may be used for further as-yet-unknown releases.

Andalucia Records consists of six co-directors: Strummer, Dudanski (who recently quit Basement 5 because he'd only joined them for a tour in the first place, and felt their music was "heavy metal punk"), bassist "Desperate" Dan Kelleher, original bassist Mole, lead guitarist "Evil" Clive Timperley, and soundman Mickey Foote, producer of the first Clash LP. The label is named in honour of Dudanski's girlfriend in the days of The 101'ers who was Spanish and

1. Joe Strummer and 101 roads to independence

whose sister was Joe's then loved one.

The record, a powerful bunch of original and non-original songs recorded both in the studio and on live dates, has great artwork and sleeve-notes and originally was going to have been put out by Dudanski as a bootleg. "I was going to do that because I wanted to set the record straight about The 101'ers. I was really pissed off about all the stories about them. You know: Joe met Mick down the Portobello Road, The 101'ers were shit, etc, etc."

"But when Bernie Rhodes, who was still just hanging onto the Clash management at the time, heard I was going to bring it out as a bootleg he came down to my place and had the cheek to give me all these completely absurd reasons why I shouldn't be bringing out this album. I ended up having to literally get hold of him and throw him out of the door."

"See," adds the former PIL and Raincoats fellow in an interesting historical footnote, "Joe's original idea of The Clash was that it should be Mick and Paul, with him and me shifting over from The 101'ers. It was obvious something really big was happening, and Joe sold me on it. But when I went down the next morning to where we were due to meet, Bernie Rhodes was there. I talked to him for about an hour, and that was it: there was just no way I was going to work for a bloke who was giving me all

■ Continues page 8

● THE MYSTERY of the cancelled Clash tour — due to start later this month, but scrapped abruptly last week — has deepened with the news that they are not now expected to go on the road before April or May.

● GEN X are also at the centre of a mystery involving their proposed UK tour which, like The Clash, was scheduled to open towards the end of this month. The tour itinerary was completed almost two weeks ago by the band's agency, but at press-time Chrysalis were still insisting that no dates had been confirmed, and there was no tour to announce.



What are the problems of starting your own label? We sent CHRIS SALEWICZ to investigate two young musicians' struggles to get a foothold

Strummer and Dudanski 'blow up a storm' in The 101'ers. Pic: Rocco Redondo

THOUGH UNCERTAINTY may surround future live work by The Clash, The Specials have already made their decision.

According to drummer Brad, the group is currently almost halfway through a six-month total break from Specialising. This will end when the group begin on new material in their Coventry rehearsal studios for several days a week, which will be counter-balanced by weekend-only live work.

The Specials will never again undertake any sort of lengthy tour of the British Isles.

Meanwhile Brad is putting to good use his pre-Specials experience as singles buyer at Coventry's Virgin store: he has formed his own label, Race Records, which this week releases its first two singles, reggae band Night Doctor's 'Just Enough' and 'Whatever Moves You' by Coventry outfit Team 23, who have supported The Specials on assorted live dates.

Brad, who produced both 45s, started to put together Race Records about a month before Christmas, though he says he's been planning it for the last 18 months.

Though he has a distribution deal with Spartan, Brad is also having talks with other musicians with regard to a distribution co-operative. He insists, however, perhaps mindful of the two-year deal he's signed with Spartan, that this is intended more for Europe than for the UK.

An admirable aspect of Race is that the musicians are on a 75 per cent royalty rate — a generous attitude that's being

2. Brad Special and the Race against rockism

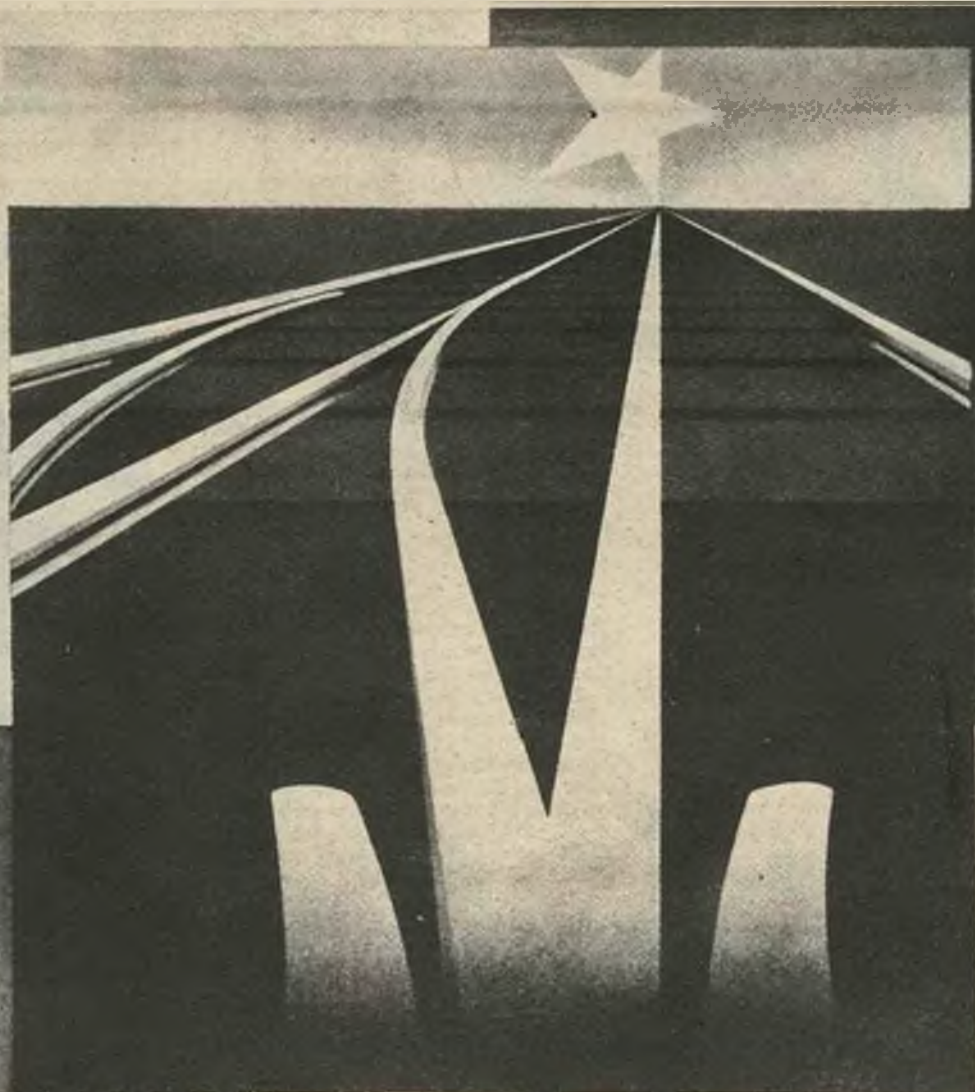
repaid. "Night Doctor already have told me that they understand I won't be making much money out of it, and though I really just need some cash to cover administration expenses, they've offered to take a cut if it turns out it's necessary."

"I really want to get the point across," he continues, "that starting a label is very inexpensive process."

Brad reckons more musicians should realise that in these recession-hit days it is generally possible to do deals with studios over the costs of using their facilities. "You can pick up time in an eight-track for £8-£10 an hour. Also, if a group knows someone from a reasonably well-known band they can go up to a studio with him, and get free time by getting him to say he wants to try out the place. They have to pay for the tape, of course, but if they don't like what they do, then they can just leave it there."

An acetate must be made from the master tape. "You get your master done," says subversive Brad, "by approaching a cutting-room engineer and asking him how much it's worth to do your acetate on the side. Anyone starting a label themselves should realise there is a small amount of low-level corruption they can use to their advantage. To a band starting out, it's a big difference getting their single cut for £40-£60 instead of the £120 an hour that cutting rooms cost. It's saving

■ Continues page 8



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Andalucia

From page 6

this half-baked pseudo-political crap."

As Chiswick, who previously twice released the group's 'Keys To Your Heart' 45, owned the tapes to 'Sweet Revenge', the Andalucia chaps did a deal whereby Chiswick could put it out as a single if they could put it on their LP. The idea, though, was that they should come out at the same time.

Instead, however, Chiswick slipped the song — which is just aching to be a hit, but won't be as no-one will hear it on the radio — out at the end of last month. This is very petty thinking, for if the single and album had come out together, they could have boosted each other's sales.

Keep up the brainwork, Chiswick. It might make sense one day.

Race

From page 6

enough to cut your next single." He chuckles sedulously.

Once the acetate is in existence, however, it can then be taken to an outfit like Spartan. "Then that's it: they'll press it for you, they'll do your artwork, they'll do the bagging, the promotion, and the distribution. And they'll take the money for this from the sales."

"So your risk capital is your recording costs. And if you think your record's good enough, then you'll do it. Nothing's a surefire bet in life, but if you're prepared to risk a couple of hundred quid, you've got your single in the shops standing next to Rod Stewart's and anyone else's who's in the stakes. You're in control of it."



THE BRIDGE HOUSE, Canning Town, the only public house in the world with its own record label. Such is the proud claim of pub manager Terence Murphy, but even he will admit that Bridge House Records has not produced anything too wildly exciting since the label started in 1978. Wasted Youth, though, are beginning to change all that.

After two singles and a lot of touring, the five-piece group have inspired the sort of enthusiastic undercurrent usually reserved for something 'special'. And Wasted Youth very definitely want to be special, to be someone's — anyone's — heroes. It has more to do with their attitude and awareness than their black clothes and floppy haircuts, but however much they try to deny it, these too are part of the process. The fact that they all dressed like that before they formed the group may be true, but only proves that like minds and styles tend to gravitate towards each other.

The band itself first came together when brothers Ken and Andy Scott left The Tickets ("Just the same as most groups back there then: just a punk

group. The only ones who could play were me and Andrew — I just liked the idea of non-musicians. When we got Darren in, he hadn't played bass before ever and Mick was originally going to be a tape operator... then when Nick came along I thought it was really exciting. When Mick was getting lazy and not turning up to rehearsals we advertised for a new guitarist, but in the end we settled for Rocco whom I'd known for years."

Rocco could also drive which was a definite plus, besides possessing a decadent stiletto look cultivated by the others. While 'Jealousy' was largely ignored by the media, having been solely distributed through gigs, their second single, 'I'll Remember You', did crawl around the alternative chart for a while. Produced by Peter Perrett, 'Remember' is a nondescript song dressed up, lacking the simple offbeat charm of 'Jealousy'.

Surprisingly Ken agrees with this assessment.

"I think the first single is a classier single than the second one. The next single will be more representative, probably a bit more uptempo — more contemporary if you like. 'I'll Remember You' is a bit dated,

IS THIS THE WAY TO WASTE YOUR YOUTH?

group."), and teamed up with Darren Murphy and guitarist Mick Atkins to rehearse a few of Ken's songs, including what was to be their first single, 'Jealousy'.

Ken describes how they came to recruit Nick Nicole soon afterwards

"Darren knew Nick from School. He said he could play keyboards which as a matter of fact he couldn't. He learnt the first song on a Stylophone and then conned his way into the

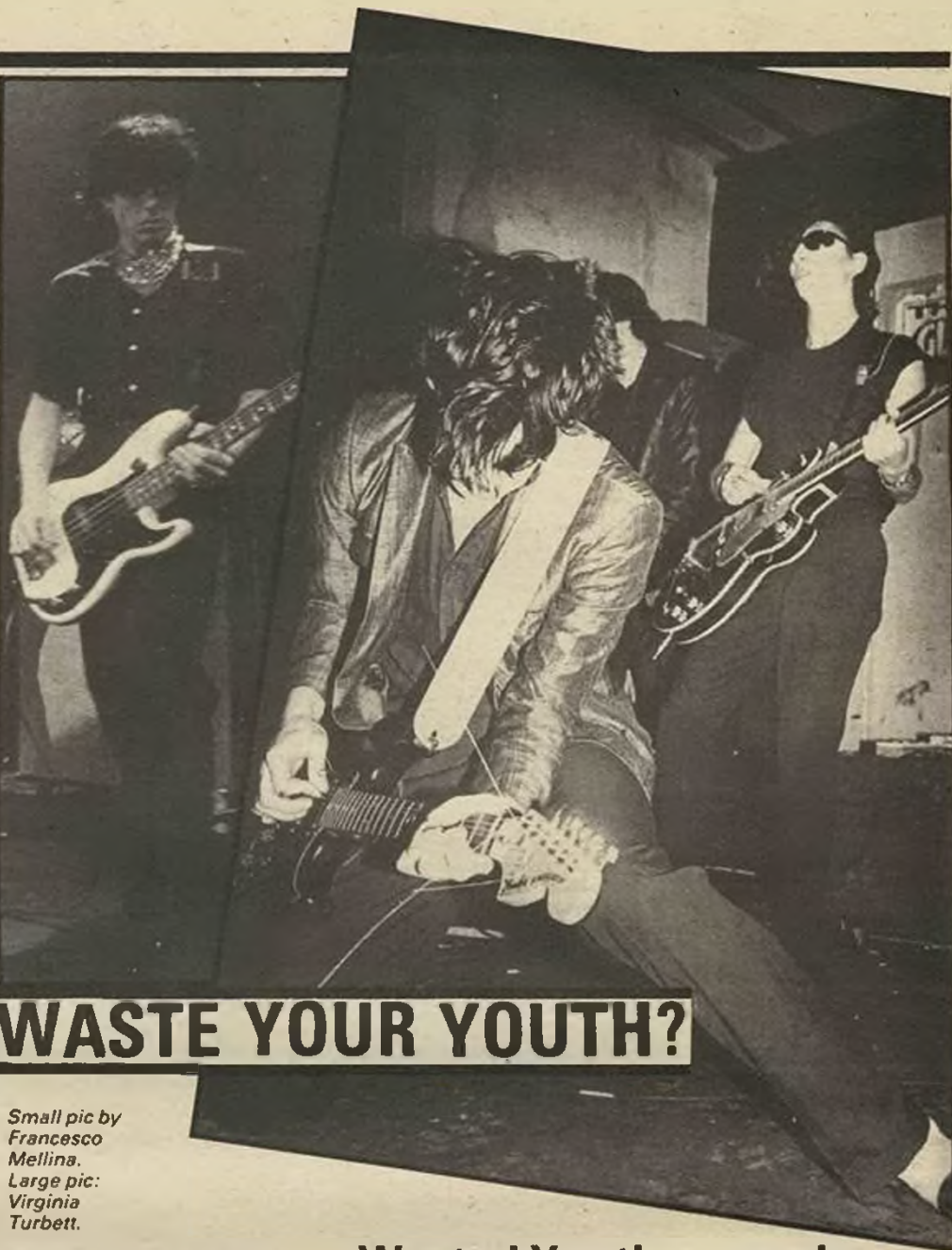
we don't really like that sound anyway. It sounded like Peter Perrett's idea of how we should sound rather than our own."

Ken dislikes recording and prefers performing live to create an "atmosphere of menace" to satisfy what he calls the audience's desire to be thrilled. Mystery and Romance are terms he uses with capital letters to describe the Wasted Youth style, and he insists that many journalists have missed the black humour of their

Small pic by Francesco Mellina.
Large pic: Virginia Turbett.

songs. 'Man Found Dead In A Graveyard' is a title he culled from a newspaper (or *The Private Eye Book Of Boobs*) and the 'B' side of 'Remember', 'My Friends Are Dead', refers, he claims, to the non-communication sense

Wasted Youth — maybe they're not the future of rock and roll, but they'll do for the present



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By NEIL NORMAN

rather than the physical sense of six feet under.

Live, their simple musical framework becomes occasionally overcrowded, moving closer to bombast than rock, and they are at their best when playing simple melodies or the fission rhythm sound borrowed from The Velvet Underground. They were filmed at The Futurama Festival and again for *Urgh! A Musical War* (Along with about two million other bands) and have garnered a following large enough to hear the word 'cult' used in their vicinity.

Despite their appearance Ken dismisses the notion that they are a Glam Rock band in his understanding of the term — "The Cuddly Toys with satin trousers, platforms and Gary Glitter" — but admits they would like to be seen as glamorous in a Romantic way.

Nick ("The only one who wears make-up") puts the finishing touches to the band's philosophy:

"Music goes in circles, merging old ideas and new ideas. What people are looking for now is the same thing they were looking for 20 years ago — after a certain movement like the punks, the hippies, the mods, has finished, people look for something with less tribalism in it and more music. Something more individual."

Whatever they look like, Wasted Youth's small output of music at least bears out their views. Stylish without being empty stylists, they are caught in a cultural crossfire, inhabiting a no-man's land of rock where ideas and influences are as thick as flies. They're a transitional band, and they're currently too aware of it for their own good. Even so, after one good single and a couple of gigs I'm looking forward to an LP, and though they're not the Future of rock and roll, they'll do for the present.

BILL HALEY always held a nagging grudge against Britain, believing that his 1957 visit here was directly responsible for sparking the sudden and dramatic slump in his popularity.

He had arrived here with The Comets on February 5 that year, at the peak of his career, having dominated the charts for almost two years and with four titles in the current Top Twenty. He received a tumultuous welcome, and descended on London like a conquering hero. I well remember the frenzy of his first concert at the Dominion exactly 24 years ago this week — leather-clad teenagers jiving in the aisles, the tingling atmosphere of fever-pitch excitement. London had never witnessed anything like it before.

But as the UK tour progressed, interest seemed to slacken, and then to sag. And when Haley finally left Britain, his departure was quiet and almost unnoticed. At the same time, his record sales dropped visibly until, by April, he had completely disappeared from the chart. "I guess I shouldn't have come here in '57," he told me some years later.

Yet he was wrong. The fact that Haley's decline came at the time of his British tour was purely coincidental. Haley's music was very basic and tainted with an unmistakable sameness, and it seems likely that it simply reached saturation point. At the same time, the fans were switching their attention to the many young pop stars who were flooding the market in the wake of Haley's success — and in particular, to the Presley cult.

Haley's music was simple, with the accent on the beat — but he was never a symbol, let alone a sex object. And it was with the advent of the new school of personality rockers, as exemplified by Elvis, that the Haley image faded.

But he had done his job. He had been directly responsible for the biggest revolution the pop world had ever known.

Born in Detroit 55 years ago, Haley's first recording in 1951 was 'Rocket 88', and significant for its total lack of impact. It wasn't until three years later that he was to find the magical touch that made him one of the giants in the history of popular music. The breakthrough came



Haley and farewell

DEREK JOHNSON looks back at the man who put rock'n'roll on the map — and then got lost

Left: an autographed pic of Haley addressed to '50s British dance band leader Vic Lewis — probably a memento of Haley's 1957 tour which kicked off with the legendary special train from Southampton to Waterloo laid on by the Daily Mirror.

on April 12, 1954 — the day on which rock'n'roll was born.

For this was the day when Haley and The Comets recorded both 'Shake, Rattle And Roll' and 'Rock Around The Clock' — the two discs which launched the new commercialised style of R&B with its amplified electric guitars, enveloping loudness, down-to-earth lyrics and, in live performances, spectacular showmanship. At a time when pop was at its most apathetic, someone had taken it by the scruff of the neck and given it a good shake-up... and it would never look back.

Many other hits were to flow from Haley and the group, like 'See You Later, Alligator' and 'Rock A Beatin' Boogie' — but it is 'Rock Around The Clock' for which he will best be remembered. It became the third best-selling single of all time (over 16 million), was featured in 14 different films (notably the classic *Blackboard Jungle*) and was recorded by over 140 different acts, giving collective sales of nearly 25 million.

Haley's total record sales topped 60 million, the vast majority coming in those innovative three years from 1954. After the decline, he and the band continued to work on the U.S. club circuit, and they enjoyed a mini-comeback with the rock revival of 1968.

A few years ago, they were even invited to play in a Royal Variety Show. When I congratulated Haley backstage at the London Palladium, he smiled wryly and observed: "They got around to me kinda late, don't you think?"

Haley died in Texas on Monday, it's believed from a heart attack. His death came exactly a quarter of a century after he topped the charts with his trend-setting 'Rock Around The Clock'. His reign at the top was brief and hectic, yet sufficient to perpetuate his memory as the instigator of rock as we know it.

He remained a quiet, unassuming man, who tended to shrug off his role in the rock story. The last I saw him, he was in reflective mood. "I'm just an ordinary guy, making a living in the only way I know how," he said to me.

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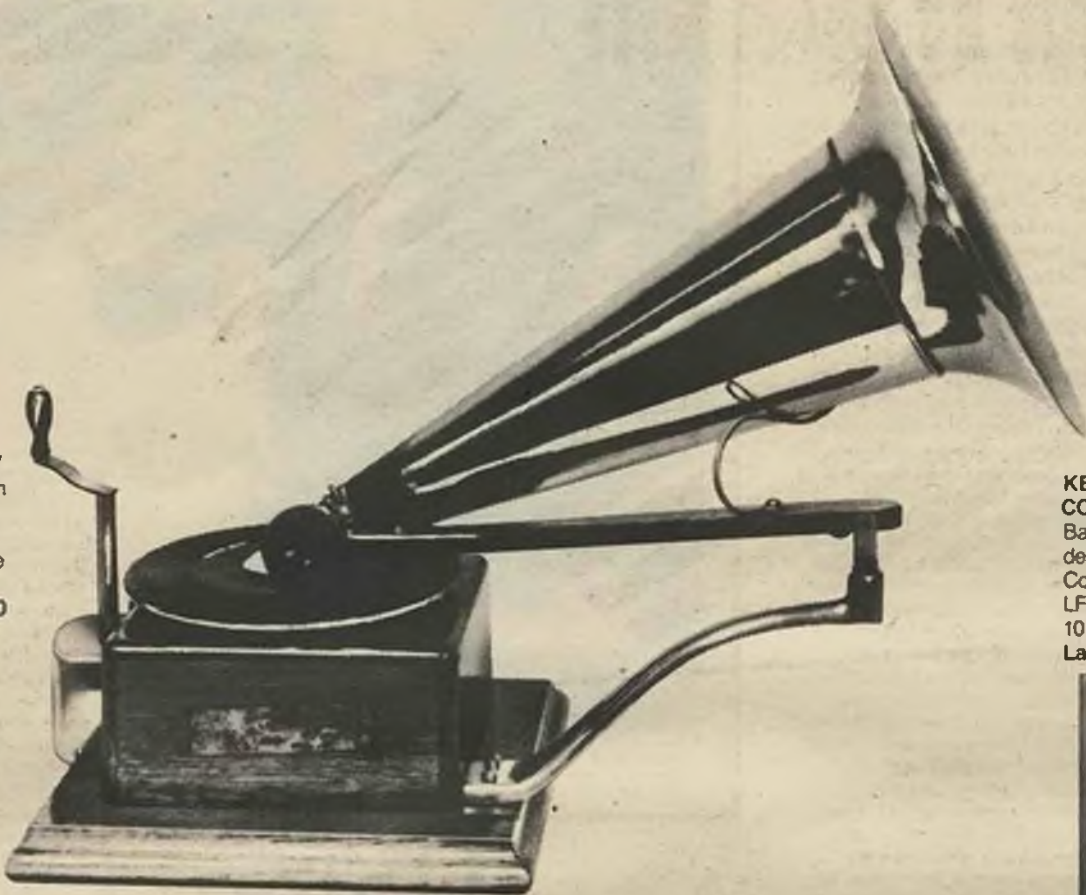
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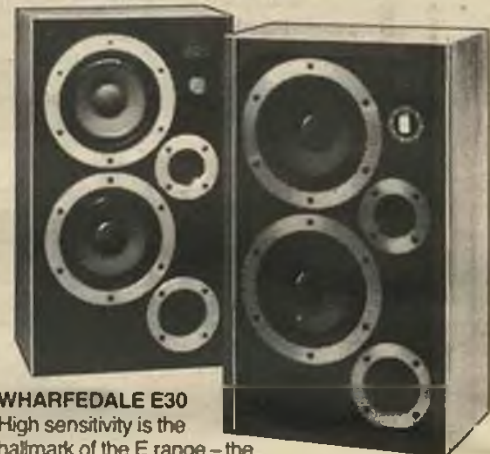


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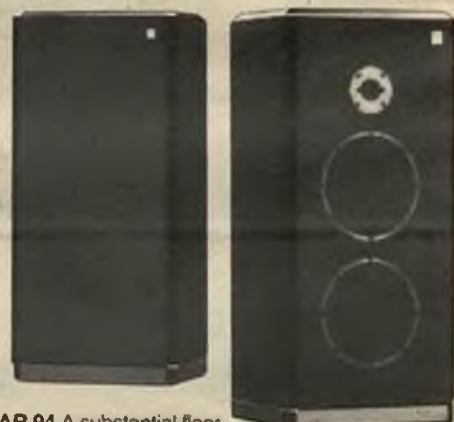
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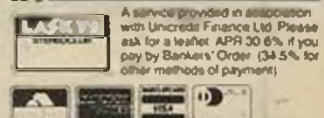
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THERE'S A RAYBEATS EPIDEMIC IT MEANS LOVE AT FIRST BITE

HEY! HEY! IT'S THE RAYBEATS
PIX JOE STEVENS

THE TOURIST guidebooks still ramble on eloquently about New York City being the heart of urban elegance with its prize jewel of Manhattan pictured romantically as the central Isle Of Joy.

But the visitor doesn't have to search too hard to find an alternative source of information in the shape of the mouthy, less-cocooned locals who will just as readily damn their totally-wired metropolitan madhouse as an increasingly unstable balancing act — Babylon hovering on the twin brinks of moral bankruptcy and social breakdown.

Of course people have been unsuccessfully predicting the collapse of New Amsterdam for years. But it would be difficult to spend a week in Manhattan without feeling at some point that the city is simply rushing headlong closer and closer to the edge.

With no rainfall in weeks and the New Jersey reservoirs at their lowest ebb for years, the NBC newscaster has been announcing that the city has 60 days before its water supply runs completely dry. The native New Yorkers, though, will learn to face the prospect of a damaging spring drought just as they've learnt to live with the steaming manholes, garbage-clogged potholes and swirling clouds of litter that are as much a daily feature of the streets and avenues as the suicide steering habits of the cab drivers.

The end product of a week which sees the 52 American hostages' return from Tehran compound all the phoney euphoria of a well-known Cracked Actor's inauguration ceremony at the White House is a gigantic tickertape parade along Lower Broadway. The barrage of news broadcasts glibly describes the event as "tons of emotion along the canyon of heroes", while the papers plaster it over their front pages in war-sized headlines, but to an innocent outsider the whole charade reeks of mass political hysteria every bit as absurd and dangerous as the antics of any Iranian student mob.

Not unusually for this city, the most pointed appraisal of the entire jingoistic orgy and its attendant televised overkill comes from one of the motored maniacs who sits behind the wheel of a yellow cab.

"The hostages? Bull-shit! If Reagan declared war tomorrow, he'd probably get away with it! It's bullshit,



man, BULL-SHIT!"
You got it.

BUT IF the burning question of the day has to be James 'Blood' Ulmer's 'Are You Glad To Be In America?', there are plenty of other considerations to occupy the mind and the feet of the first-time visitor, not least being the remarkable renaissance that has swept the city's rock scene over the past 12 months in the slipstream of the postpunk British invasion.

Not only is Manhattan now in possession of a vibrant and constantly shifting clubland choice — the current hotspots are Hurrah, The Rock Lounge, Bond's, Peppermint Lounge, Private's, Berlin and Jefferson's — but the past year has also seen indigenous New York talent emerging from out of the shadow of the new British bands at a rate unparalleled since the first wave of punk groups bludgeoned their way out of the Bowery in 1976.

Most of these fresh and stimulating new groups are unknown quantities in the UK, the odd eye-catching independent single or EP aside. Some British audiences, however, will shortly be getting their first taste of NYC's second wave when half-a-dozen acts — The Bush Tetras, Raybeats, Fleshtones, dB's, Polyrock

and The Bongos — Laker their way across the north Atlantic for one giant bonanza bash at London's Rainbow, to be followed by some scattered club appearances.

The Tetras aside, the rest of the bill is an agreeably varied lottery, although the one unique group on show should be The Raybeats, arguably the finest totally-instrumental rock combo to emerge on either side of the Atlantic for at least ten years and probably much longer.

The Raybeats' claim to immortality lies not so much in their lack of such commonplace commodities as song lyrics and a lead larynx, but in the sheer diversity of the musical styles that they mix 'n' match to attain their undeniably soulful swing.

They borrow unashamedly from the early '50s (the menacing raunch of a southern state R&B roadhouse band), from the late '50s (the twang of Duane Eddy and the slow rumble of Link Wray) and most spectacularly from the early and mid '60s (the spatial dynamism of The Shadows, the frantic punch of Johnny And The Hurricanes, the shimmering textures of surf music and the subtly, gliding syncopation of Booker T).

But pure revivalism is a thing of the past. What gives The Raybeats their edge is the way they add to their pre-psychedelic melting pot of influences, updating their sound with a spirit of improvisation and invention that is as contemporary as it is hard-edged. While veteran drummer Don Christenson and fresh-faced bassist Danny Amis maintain a constant, driving rock steady backbeat, the two lead players — Jody Harris on guitar and Pat Irwin on sax and organ — indulge themselves in more extreme, free-form funk and jazz elements.

The interest lies in the unpredictability. Irwin's screeching wild saxophone is just as likely to take a tight turn off into a series of rasping, soaring avant-garde jazz-funk motifs as it is to slip into a time-trodden 12-bar routine.

Their strictly post-modern penchant for innovation is hardly surprising, however, when one considers the musical background of the various band members, three of whom have been closely involved with a couple of New York's more extreme, progressive post-punk

pioneers: Christenson and Harris played with James Chance in the original Contortions while multi-instrumentalist Irwin formed the highly-rated Eight-Eyed Spy with bassist George Scott III, himself also a founder member of The Raybeats until his untimely death from a heroin overdose last summer.

In fact, the most surprising thing about The Raybeats — considering their backgrounds — is not so much the volatile improvisation, but the rekindled kitsch of the '60s.

Rather than push themselves as a gimmick group, The Raybeats try to re-interpret America's long-forgotten white instrumental tradition with enthusiasm, love, care and honesty, although their attempt to breathe new life into such a neglected form could hardly have been less sympathetically received at first. Both critics and audiences alike seemed shellshocked by the sight of former Contortions and Eight-Eyed Spymen playing what sounded superficially like souped-up surf music.

"People didn't know what to think of us for months," recalls Don Christenson. "In New York, a lot of people who go to gigs know us personally, so it wasn't such a shock to see us in a group like The Raybeats. But when we started playing out in other cities, we did get people coming along saying things like, Hey! There's ex-Contortions playing in this band. But we're the total opposite now."

"The Beatles more or less wiped out the American instrumental tradition," reflects Pat, the group's most loquacious spokesman. "But we come from the midwestern states where that tradition was always a lot stronger. Every group did instrumentals. I grew up with brothers who were all Ventures fanatics, so we were all pretty much raised on that stuff."

"We were a real thorn in the flesh of the press at first. People were saying things like Why Are They Doing This? and that hurt our feelings 'cause we were feeling what we thought to be legitimate cool stuff. It's straight to the bone! It's just that we weren't setting trends or anything like that. For a start, we don't have lyrics and writers write words so they automatically grab onto the lyrics."

Jody Harris, whose lifelong ambition is to meet Hank Marvin, is equally fired with passion about the possibilities of basic instrumental rock.

"I can remember the first time I saw someone playing an electric guitar. It might have been Elvis and Scotty on the *Ed Sullivan Show* when I

was a little sprout or some guy playing on a Country & Western show. They didn't really play anything but there was this real magic about what they were doing, just keeping it simple. That was what made all those old instrumental records so great. There was this incredible crowd of people just playing this simple, direct stuff. It was like something from outer space!"

THE TRAGIC setback of George Scott's death last summer seemed to have dealt The Raybeats a body blow which would have finished most groups — it meant the immediate end of Eight-Eyed Spy — but a belief in their own potential and a chance meeting with bassist Danny Amis, a far more direct player than Scott, reinforced their resolve to continue.

Amis had been fronting a group called The Overtones in the midwest, playing much the same as the early Raybeats but with a greater emphasis on a clean, uncluttered surf sound. When the news of Scott's overdose filtered through, Amis wasted no time in contacting the other three to offer his services should they wish to continue.

"Needless to say that was the best news we'd had that week," says Pat. "We didn't know what the hell to do and then, all of a sudden, we had a band again. It changed the band radically. We never actually wanted to stop the band, but we didn't have a clue what exactly we were going to do until Danny contacted us. The idea of trying to replace George with another similar player would have been completely ridiculous. We already had a rapport with Danny and he knew what we were doing."

Next month the first Raybeats recording, a brash four-track 12" EP titled 'Roping Wild Bears', is released through Beggars Banquet's new Don't Fall Off The Mountain label (I kid you not!). Despite its extremely healthy clublife, New York City suffers from a dearth of decent independent record outlets, one outcome of this being that many rising stars of the city's second wave are being forced to turn to British labels to get their stuff released. The two smart Bongos' 45s, for example, have been put out through Fetish while The dB's have ended up on Albion.

Any sharp British group faced with a similar cul-de-sac would have set up their own independent label with barely a second thought. The American groups are not nearly as opportunistic. Then again, the restrictive nature of the Stateside media, radio stations and independent distributors make such a project far less likely to succeed in New York.

Explains Pat: "A few people have tried it, but it hasn't really ever worked. In the midwest, a lot of bands can do it, but only on a very limited local scale. It's much harder to get airplay in

STAFFMAN ADRIAN THRILLS LAKERS IT TO NEW YORK
IN SEARCH OF THE REAL POP COMBO

CONTINUES PAGE 51

1981 — THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK

TAPEYETTA DE BLANC

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In these hard-pressed times, the most prohibitive factor in launching a do-it-yourself recording career is the initial financial investment. It's uneconomical to order up anything less than one thousand copies of a disc. And, if, like so many artists, your music-making is strictly for fun and not necessarily supported by scintillating gigs, then there's a distinct possibility that you'll end up getting lumbered with far more copies than you've actually sold or given away. Worse still, there's no way of recouping any ready cash on such excess stock.

Cassette technology has changed all that. Once you've made your master tape, for an outlay of between £30 and £60, you can order as few as 50 cassettes of your meisterwerk and then, if you've managed to sell those in double-quick time, reorder to demand.

On the other hand, if you possess (or have access to) a professional reel-to-reel recorder and better-than-average cassette deck then you can easily manage to manufacture your own finished copies to order.

Everything you ever wanted to know about inaugurating your own cassette label and more can be obtained by writing to *Cassette Survival*, Protégé, Low Farm, Brigg Road, Messingham, Scunthorpe, South Humberside. DN17 3RH. And don't forget to enclose an sae.



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9. ESSENTIAL LOGIC — Fanfare In The Garden
10. FURIOUS PIG — Bare Pork
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12. JOSEF K — Endless Soul
13. LINX — Don't Get In My Way
14. ORANGE JUICE — Blue Boy
15. PERE UBU — Misery Goats (Live)
16. THE RAINCOATS — Shouting Out Loud
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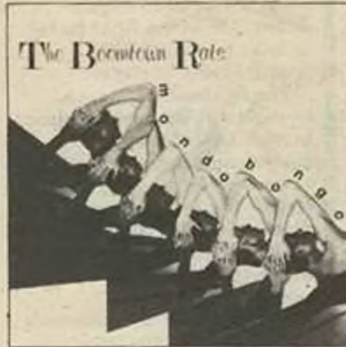
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In financial terms, Abba are probably the most successful group of all time. They have used their music to build a vast business empire — and it's far from finished yet. Every year sees another company added to the network. They deal in oil paintings, and they also deal in oil . . . which no doubt lubricates the wheels of the bicycles they manufacture. Only the car firm Volvo outranks them in Sweden's export league.

The interviews below, by two Swedish rock journalists, pinpoint the forces behind Abba's success. The ruthless business sense of manager Stig Anderson, and the no-nonsense musical philosophy of songwriter Benny Andersson and his partner Bjorn Ulvaeus. Or: how the British and American rock moguls met their Waterloo.

STIKKAN INTERVIEW BY MARTEN EKENSTAM. BENNY INTERVIEW BY GREGORY FITZPATRICK. TRANSLATIONS AND INTRODUCTION BY CHRISTINE ADAMSON.

ABBA

THE INDUSTRY

YOU WON'T FIND the Bible in every Swedish home but according to statistics you will find an Abba album.

The turnover of the Swedish record business dropped by ten per cent in 1978, simply because Abba didn't release an album.

A year ago, Abba reckoned to have already sold around 150 million records worldwide, even before their recent spate of platinum with 'Supertrouper' and 'Winner Takes It All'.

Abba's most important markets are Europe, the US and Japan, but you can also buy an Abba record — and millions do — in Australia, Kenya, South Africa, India, Russia. Poland's state-owned record company spends its entire budget for West European pop music on Abba records. South America and China are expected to fall in line soon.

And Abba maximise their income the way no one else has done before. Ever since 'Waterloo', Abba have carefully leased their recordings to separate companies for each territory rather than just to one major company worldwide — a previously unheard-of tactic which ensures them unrivalled royalties as well as complete control over what gets released. It also keeps their licensees on their toes.

The sums earned have now entered the realms of fantasy.

The company which presides over all this is Polar Music International, which is owned 50/50 by Abba and their manager Stig 'Stikkan' Anderson. PMI is in fact a subsidiary of Stig's Sweden Music company, which also owns Abba's million-pound Polar Studios complex.

But Polar Music Int is far from being just a record company. It runs AH Graphics, one of Europe's largest art galleries, which operates an art leasing system whereby works of art are leased out rather than sold, thus exploiting a Swedish tax loop-hole. It deals in oil; it runs an investment company, Invest Finans Ltd, which specialises in "trade and industry orientated leasing"; it operates a property management company whose investments include Stockholm's public baths.

And then there is the highly lucrative Harlekin music publishing company, which not only handles Abba's musical incomes but is also looking to expand to take over English and American publishing companies. Harlekin has in fact recently been sold off — to another of Abba's companies, Monark, a recent acquisition which happens to be Sweden's largest bicycle manufacturers.

Estimates of Polar's annual turnover vary from £25-50 million. In 1978, 65% of that turnover was profit — an enviable figure in any company's books. Polar's financial moves are now of national economic importance to Sweden. In fact, Abba are Sweden's second highest export earners, beaten only by Volvo cars. At their present rate of growth, Polar may one day own Volvo too.

There has, however, been one small setback to Polar's expansion. When Abba became big in the Eastern bloc they agreed to accept payments in oil, since currency can't be moved across the Iron Curtain. Abba quickly registered a company called Pol Oil. Abba's oil dealing was initially limited to relatively modest amounts, but a consultant brought in to handle Pol Oil a tumble when he bought Egyptian oil on the Rotterdam spot market and then found he couldn't sell it because of a sudden change in the market. The oil is still in storage and Pol Oil has been folded, at an estimated £3 million loss.

Stikkan Anderson views this mishap as a drop in the ocean. He was on holiday in Jamaica at the time and had nothing to do with it. Anyway, from now on he will stick to safer bets, such as property. One wonders why he hasn't thought of turning the oil into vinyl for Abba's records . . .

Anderson, 50, was originally a teacher. He began to dabble in songwriting in the mid-'50s, and by 1960 he had scored a huge hit in Sweden with a song called 'Klas-Goran', sung by Lill Babs. In 1963 he formed Polar Music, and began searching for a Swedish group that would sing in Swedish, as all other Swedish groups at that time sang in English. He found Bjorn Ulvaeus singing (in English) with a group called The West Bay Singers. He changed their name to The Hootenanny Singers and persuaded Bjorn to sing in Swedish. The first single was Polar's first hit.

By the late '60s, Stikkan Anderson's songs dominated the Swedish charts. During the '60s and the early '70s he wrote more than 2000 songs. Up until Abba's 'Voulez Vous' album, nearly all of Abba's output was co-written by Stikkan Anderson, Bjorn Ulvaeus and Benny Andersson (no relation).

It was Anderson who encouraged Bjorn Ulvaeus to collaborate with fellow Swedish songwriter Benny Andersson when they met in the late '60s. And Stikkan is acknowledged as having originated the Abba concept, as well as engineering its worldwide penetration. Nowadays, however, Anderson is content to be a businessman, the financial brains behind the most successful pop group since The Beatles.

STIKKAN ANDERSON

BALDERSGATAN is a picturesque little street in Stockholm. All the houses there are made of solid stone. Monuments to excellent workmanship. Baldersgatan 1 is no exception. Why should it be? This is where perfection reigns. This is Abba HQ.

The solid four-storey building is one big office. Decorated in white and beige with soft wall-to-wall carpeting and stairways that gleam with the soothing shine only silver, gold and platinum sprayed multi-million selling records can give.

Stikkan Anderson's room is large and spacious: a director's office fitted with all the appropriate gadgets. Push-button telephones, a huge stereo system and original paintings by Chagall and Picasso.

Stikkan flutters into the room.

"Have you had any coffee?"

Out. In again. He picks up some documents. Signs them.

Stikkan doesn't look me in the eye. He'd rather look out of the window. It's snowing. Stikkan doesn't like snow.

"Bought one of those small snow-ploughs, but haven't had time to

read the instructions yet. So I'm out there with my shovel instead."

Articles about Stikkan Anderson often say he has multiple capacities: he can do more than one thing at a time.

"Well, I suppose that's true." And to prove it he picks up a handful of papers which he reads, simultaneously jotting down notes and conducting our interview.

"I much prefer to do fifty things at the same time," he explains, pushing his glasses back up his nose. They immediately fall down again. Up again. Down again. I notice meanwhile that his hands are shaking. Executive stress . . . the price of Abba's success.

Many people attribute this success to Stikkan's management. Was it planned? Or was it luck?

Stikkan?

Everything after 'Waterloo' was planned. But don't forget the enormous talents behind our success. I realised very early that Bjorn and Benny had immense talent as songwriters. I told them back in the late '60s that we were going to be a huge worldwide hit.

It's a question of selling when you are unknown. We were the first band

Stig Anderson celebrated his 50th birthday last month. Aside from all the personal greetings sent on video cassettes by business and record company tycoons from all over the world, he also received a very special wallet. It makes life at the top much easier. Instead of keeping supplies of different currencies in separate wallets, he now has one with customised compartments, guaranteed to accommodate any size of currency, from anywhere in the world. Left: Stikkan celebrates. Note peacock throne . . .

in the whole world to sell our products to different record companies in different countries — normally you deal with one record company for a whole continent. Very many people "in the know" raised their eyebrows. But it was a very good deal we did there.

You wrote quite a lot of material for Abba. But on the latest album you are not credited as a songwriter. Why not?

I have stopped writing songs altogether. I started to write music in the '50s. I was Sweden's most successful lyric-writer during the '60s. Now I want to make room for other talents. Bjorn and Benny can do very nicely without my help, thank you.

Besides, I don't have any time for it these days. I had to learn economics. How to be a lawyer. Run a business. Be down at the stock exchange. Buy property. We have to try to keep all that money we managed to get. From now on I will function only as a company director.

So what is a company director supposed to do?

What I am doing now. Property

Continues over

'We have to try to keep all that money we managed to get'

— STIG ANDERSON

ABBA

From previous page

management. Art. Leasing. Oil business. Stocks. We can't go in for music any more because we don't have a managing director of Polar Music. We can't keep pace with it. We can't get any new artists on our books. It would not be fair to them, because we won't have any time for them. When we find a managing director, whenever that will be, we can concentrate more on that side.

But we are in the process of creating a foundation that will eventually hand out money to promising musicians. We have also given quite a large contribution to Stockholm's concert house. Towards a new organ. I won't say how much but it's quite a lot of money. So you see, we are still investing in music.

You are a board member of the Swedish record producers' association (IFPI). Your organisation have for a long time wanted a special tax on cassette tapes. Where would the money go?

Last year 25 million empty cassette tapes were sold in Sweden. Only five million pre-recorded cassette tapes were sold. Most of the empty cassette tapes are being used for home recording. It's easy to see how much money record companies are losing from this practice. The Swedish government have now accepted the need for a tax on cassette tapes (eight per cent). Personally I would like to see £1 tax imposed on each cassette. The money would then be divided between musicians, writers, publisher, the whole industry.

Last Easter an Abba concert was shown on TV. That caused a lot of angry reactions. The producers' association protested against your being given the final-out right over the programme — something that is against the radio and TV regulations. (Final-out means that one is present when the last editing is done and that you can decide what should be edited out.)

We had no final-out on that programme. We only laid down some finishing touches to the sound. We were not even near an editing room. We only saw the show in a screening room and applauded loudly. Everything else is rubbish-talk.

We are always involved in misunderstandings. Especially in the press. Some of it is pure wickedness. Some is jealousy, some ignorance. They just don't understand. I mean, if we can't do a good deal with Swedish TV, we'll do it with the BBC instead. There you can do a good deal. I mean, this is our funeral and we would like to arrange it ourselves. We are in a position now where we can say a few things about this, that and the other.

You often get angry and upset with journalists and reviewers. Isn't that unnecessary? I never get angry. Not any more. That was years ago.

But during your USA tour, didn't you freeze out a Swedish journalist because he said something you didn't like? Nobody in your group answered his questions.

We don't treat the Swedish press in any special way. But they don't understand that. We had good fun in the States with our PITA (Pain In The Ass) list. The journalist you are talking about was at number one.

Any more Abba tours?

There might be some tours, but more special ones. "Rent a Jumbo-jet to places that can take 100,000 spectators" — nobody has done that before. Anwar Sadat wants us to come to Egypt, to play in front of the pyramids. But we have not really started to talk about that yet.

You once said that reviewers ought to be classified. What did you mean? There should be a little box in the paper where it will say: This idiot doesn't like country music, he loves hard rock, he also hates violins. Now this idiot is going to give his opinion about this latest country music record.

Interviews courtesy of the Swedish rock paper, *Schlager*

Abba peel off the masks
L-R: Bjorn Ulvaeus, Agnetha Faltskog, Frida Lyngstad, Benny Andersson.

F STIKKAN ANDERSON has been the dominant figure in Swedish music for the past two decades, Benny Andersson has been its most famous face.

Benny joined The Hep Stars in 1964 and within six months they had three records in the top five at once. Well, they were Sweden's only rock and roll band... He has been at the top more or less ever since — though compared to Abba his previous success was pocket money.

In partnership with Bjorn Ulvaeus, Benny has written and played on all Abba's hits. Despite his millions, he still considers himself close to the soil. He sees his job as a producer and executive with Polar as "part of a long-term plan. It provides me with something to do when Abba is finished."

As the owner of one of Sweden's most profitable companies, what would you do to untangle Sweden's ailing economy?

This problem is being faced by the rest of the West. It's the Arabs who are imposing high taxes on us through their hefty oil prices. We have to learn that people cannot live above their assets as we have done in Sweden. We have to have a wage and prices freeze now. That's the first thing.

We should then help stockholders and bondholders through lower tax on their profits. Higher investment in stocks and bonds can do nothing but help companies. Then we should support all the minor companies. Well, that's it. You have had an hour now.

SO SAID Stikkan Anderson, owner of Polar. The same day as his record company sold 100,000 copies of Abba's latest album in England. In one day.

BENNY ANDERSSON

BENNY WALKS over to the telex-machine to check it up. "We are doing fine out there in the world," says Stikkan, and peers out of his office room. Stikkan says "Hello" to me in English.

I had met Benny Andersson four or five times before this interview. We had managed to have a few short chats. This time we talked for one and a half hours.

I know that the Swedes have an inferiority complex in the music-biz. It would have seemed natural if you had used foreign (English, American) studios, musicians, etc. But you have never done that. Why not?

Well, I don't know. In some ways we are a group. First of all there are the four of us. The girls and us two. But then the musicians we use have been with us right from the start. Ola Brunkert (drums) has been with us since the beginning. Rutger Gunnarsson (bass) the same. Lasse Wellander (guitar) has not — first there was Janne Schaffer and then there was Lasse Wellander.

Our music or what we do is so dependent on my and Bjorn's intentions right at the beginning even though the band contribute a lot by being so quick to learn. They understand and play so incredibly well. I mean well enough, because what we do is not particularly complicated stuff. It's more basic melodies, isn't it?

Is that what you think or...?

Yes, I think so. Almost everything is built around the songs themselves. It is not so much instrumentalism or whatever you call it.

But I think any group would have been able to get a little extra prestige by using English or American musicians and recording the albums in England.

Could be. But on the other hand we had worked so many years before. Me

and Bjorn had been working on songs together for 14 years, hoping that some bastard somewhere abroad would get off on our songs.

You had both previously been working with Polar Records. Did you meet each other there?

No, we met earlier when I was in The Hep Stars and Bjorn was in The Hootenanny Singers. When Brighton and 'Waterloo' came it felt like an end to the struggle we had had all those years to reach out with our songs. That is, to write a hit that would reach outside Sweden. Because we had had so many hits in Sweden already. As individual artists and all together. We had also written successful songs for other artists. So when we won the Eurovision Contest one was quite sure that this was the right beginning. That we really could do something and were good at it.

Were you so sure?

Yes, that I can say. We were. It wasn't as if we had been given a song by somebody who thought this song would suit us. It was us who had done it.

When you were in The Hep Stars in the '60s and sang your songs in English they started to play them on Radio Luxembourg. Yeah, sometimes they played our songs.

And you had a kind of rock image. But then you gave that up and started to

play MOR Swedish music, suited for the Swedish charts. (During that time Sweden had two charts, one for foreign music and one for songs sung in Swedish, very clean and completely harmless.) Why? A lot of your fans felt betrayed by that action.

Yes, that's right. And I guess it's true. But we didn't think about it then. We only did what kind of fell in front of our eyes. We were also very young. Anyway, The Hep Stars lasted from '62 to '67 — four or five years. That is quite a long time. Comparatively.

Why did The Hep Stars break up?

For different reasons. We all wanted to do our own things. Plus that... I don't know, one... one has to be bloody together to be in a group.

And you were not?

No. I can't say we were.

You were the biggest group in Sweden for a long time. Mmmm.

You have always been in a good position. First The Hep Stars and now Abba.

There was a long time in between. But now Abba has been together for ten years. November 1970 was our first job together. There were some years in between. Two years when Bjorn and I worked together on songs, while we were out touring with The Hep Stars' old singer and his wife.

Continues page 18

A color photograph of a man and a woman in a social setting. The man, on the left, has a beard and is wearing a light-colored blazer over a white shirt. The woman, on the right, has blonde hair and is wearing a light-colored dress with a patterned bodice. They are standing behind a round table. On the table are two bottles of Ricard Vermouth: a clear glass bottle labeled 'TRADITION RICARD' and a dark glass bottle labeled 'RICARD FRANCE'. There are also two tall glasses filled with a yellowish drink, a yellow box of Ricard cigarettes, and a small tray of cigarettes. The background is dark and out of focus.

RICARD
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No 1 in France

ABBA

From page 16

What did you call the band?
Svenne and Lotta and Bjorn and Benny.

SLBB, no that wouldn't work. Maybe that was why nothing came out of that.
No.

Are you friends, you Abba people?
Yes, we are. First and foremost I think. Each of us shows consideration for what the others think. That is incredibly important. Otherwise you can't keep it together. It's enough if one of us says: I don't want to do that because... And then the other three: Alright. And we won't do it. That is very good.

We are in an extremely privileged position because we can choose. We are not dependent on it to survive. The criticism we have had all these years, except on the last album, is that we try to adjust our music to suit our audience — that we are consciously commercial, whatever that might mean. That is completely wrong because we are the only musicians in this country and one of the few in the whole world who can afford to do exactly what we want to do.

Economically?

No, artistically. Because we have all the time in the world. We have a studio. We have money. We have status.

Yes, you have status. That means expectations. You have a...
No. I don't want to say that. We have expectations of ourselves when we do something. And one would like to lift oneself by the collar and do it better than the last time. But never in my life have I thought that when this record is ready they will like it because it contains this and that. One does it

solely for one's own sake, to be as good as possible.

I know that you like music that is more complicated or not as wide and easy to come by as Abba's...
I like an enormous amount of different things.

Can you in all honesty say that you are making the type of music that satisfies you?
Yes, I'll absolutely state that. You say that you have heard that I like more complicated stuff. Of course. I grew up on accordion music from the age of six and then came Elvis Presley and Katerina Valente and then there is a little bit of Mantovani and Edward Crieg, etc. But there is nothing that grabs me as much as when I hear a good pop song for the first time: 'Good Vibrations' or 'A Day In The Life'.

I enjoy playing the accordion. I did that two hours every day during the whole summer. And I sit at home fiddling about with different things that you can't sing, only play. Things which might not work with Abba.

How long can you be in Abba?

As long as you enjoy it. I think it would be good if you got bored before the audience did.

Do all the members still find it enjoyable?

Mmmm. Not touring and all that. But the process of writing and recording is still very enjoyable.

Agnetha said something about stopping touring all together to a Norwegian journalist.

Yes, yes. It's fairly natural when you have been on the road for four months. Somebody says something about a tour and you say: No way. Because it's very tiring. But then a year, a year and a half passes and it starts to pull again. And you think it would be fun to play New York again. Because it really is fun.

Your whole image is so clean.
Well that is no image.

Yes, but the music-biz isn't exactly a scouts camp. Even The Osmonds look like dirty old men compared to you.

Could that be true?
It happens that way. We have families. We are quite grown up.

How old are you?
33. You like a certain way of living. You believe that there are certain rules to hold onto.

What do you say in America when they offer "after dinner coke"?
No drugs. I should think that we kind of belong with our music. I would say that if I saw us as an outside observer.

We are pretty "clean" if you compare us with Lou Reed and we have an audience accordingly. We represent the music and the music represents us. That is no conscious gimmick. That is pretty natural.

Can you hear the Abba sound in music from abroad?

Sometimes. It sounds so silly if I tell you. But I can hear it in several groups. And I know that because I meet guys here and there in the biz who say that they like what we are doing, in Abba. And I can hear that in their own records. But I like that actually. I also get inspired if I hear... What shall we take? Yes, Supertramp or something. If they do something good. So I understand people taking the Abba sound. All the good things you hear stick in your head. And stays there. If you had never heard music before you would be incapable of making it. That's what I believe.

How do you write your songs.
We write them together.

But aren't you responsible for the actual music?
I probably give it more time than Bjorn. And Bjorn writes the lyrics. It's fifty-fifty.

How do you go about the actual making of your songs?
We write the music first — it's easier to adjust the lyrics to the music, in our case. We couldn't work like that if we were interested in putting a message across. Then you write the lyrics first and the music later.

Have you nothing to say in your lyrics?

I don't think so. Entertain is what I like to do. That has enough value. We have opinions on thousands of different things, from politics to religion or what have you. But entertainment has a certain value that suits us fine. There are enough pointing fingers and restrictions as it is. If you want to agitate and make propaganda for a certain thing and want your music as a means of doing that, then do it. I would do that if there was something I felt very strong about and thought that that was more important than anything else. I wouldn't hesitate if that was the case. And if I was somebody else.

But you are not.

No, that has never happened. You hear something that sounds really good, something that really grabs you, and then you start to listen to the lyrics and it is about something you would never support. But on the other hand there must be other people who would say: perfect, great lyrics, those words are exactly what I think. You know, if you go off on political questions. It's a free country and everybody can do what they want. I prefer to be occupied with entertainment.

You don't want to express political view to our readers?
Hahahahaha. Well. No, I would not like to do that really.

I have never seen it stated anywhere what political party you support.
No, you haven't and that is just as well. I mean, who cares? If I happened to be a Marxist for example. Even if that would seem strange. But if I were...

Why would that seem strange?
Well, then all the people that like what I'm doing now would say: I'll never buy another record by that bastard again. Or if I was right-wing then the same amount of people would say: Oh, so that is the way he is.

Do you think so?
No, not really.

There must be several million Communists that are Abba fans...
Yes, I know that. It has nothing to do with that. Do you understand what I mean when I say that there are other values than political values regarding your existence. I get goose-pimples all over my body when I think about the political situation in Sweden. There is a lot of despair connected to all our

politicians. Nothing is happening and I get the feeling that they are all dragging their legs behind them.

You used to come under quite a lot of criticism from different left-wing groups.
We still get that.

Really?

Well, maybe not. I think they have realised it's like pouring water on a goose. We have had it for a long time now. Because we have been representing a whole niche within the music-biz. Not ourselves, not Abba and our music, but what we stand for. As if we were responsible for all music that is currently being done in the so-called light sector. Well, we are not. We are doing our own thing.

You should be judged for what you do, not for what you represent.

You come from a fairly simple background?
Yes we do.

And now you try to assimilate a bit of taste and all that?

The only thing we can strive after is to try and live a sensible life. None of us — and I can talk for all of us — have any wish to live a "star life", with private jets and luxury houses in New York and the French Riviera.

What does a sensible life mean to you?

That is a hard question. To live so you can say, well this is the soil, here am I and all that's happening is here.

Your best song?

Hell knows. I like 'The Winner Takes It All', 'Thank You For The Music' and 'Dancing Queen' more than some of the other songs. Well, there are a few other ones. As time goes by you notice that this and that song still feels fresh, this I still enjoy listening to. Others just fade.

Do you think you are still developing musically?

Yes, I think so. I mean every song is a new song. That's the value of new songs. Nobody has heard them before and I think that's good.

You say that there is no pressure whatsoever on a group to achieve a

■ Continues page 57



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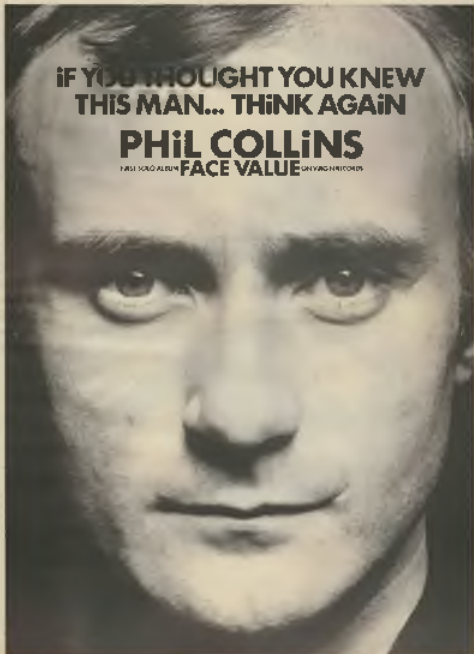
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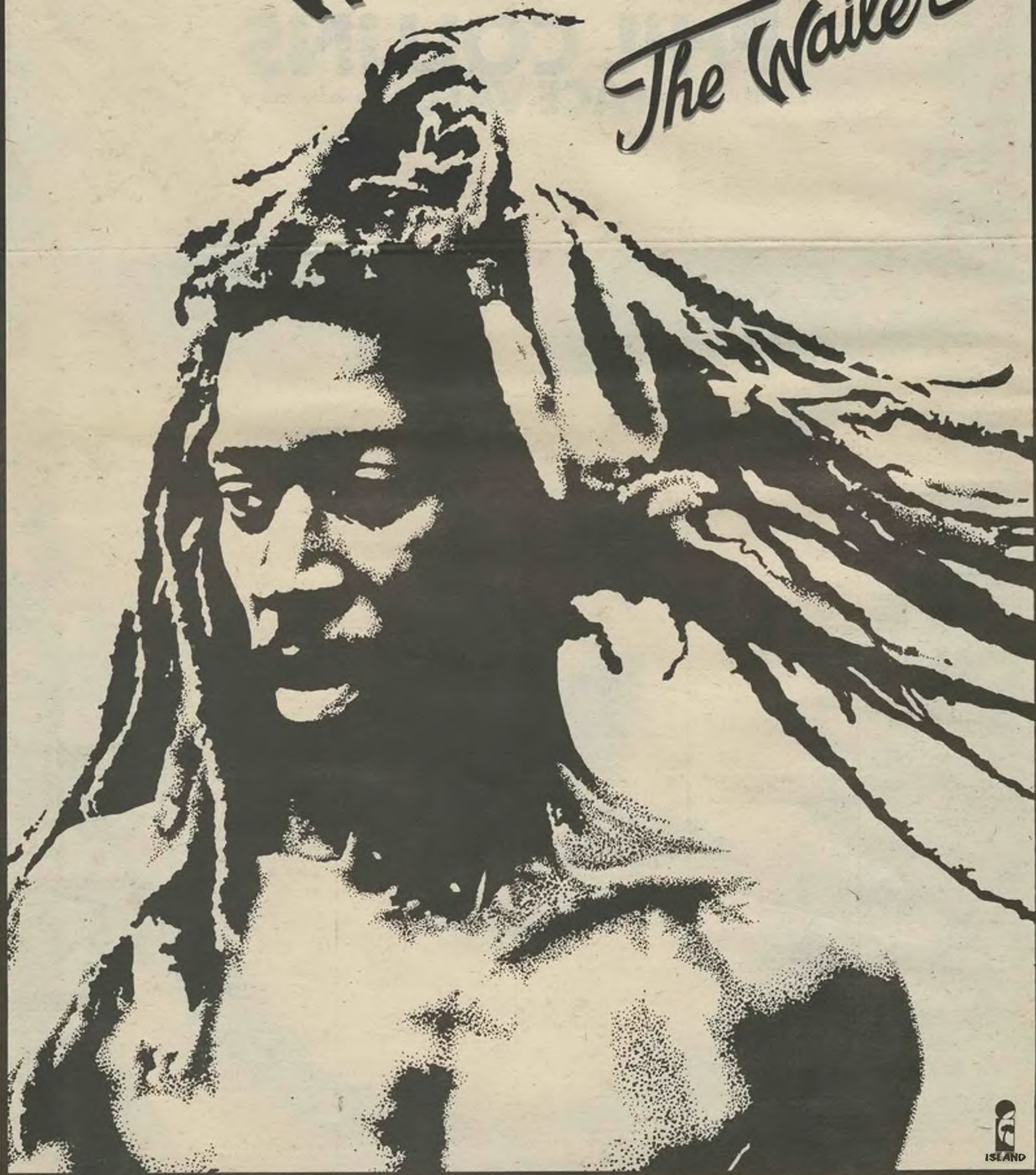


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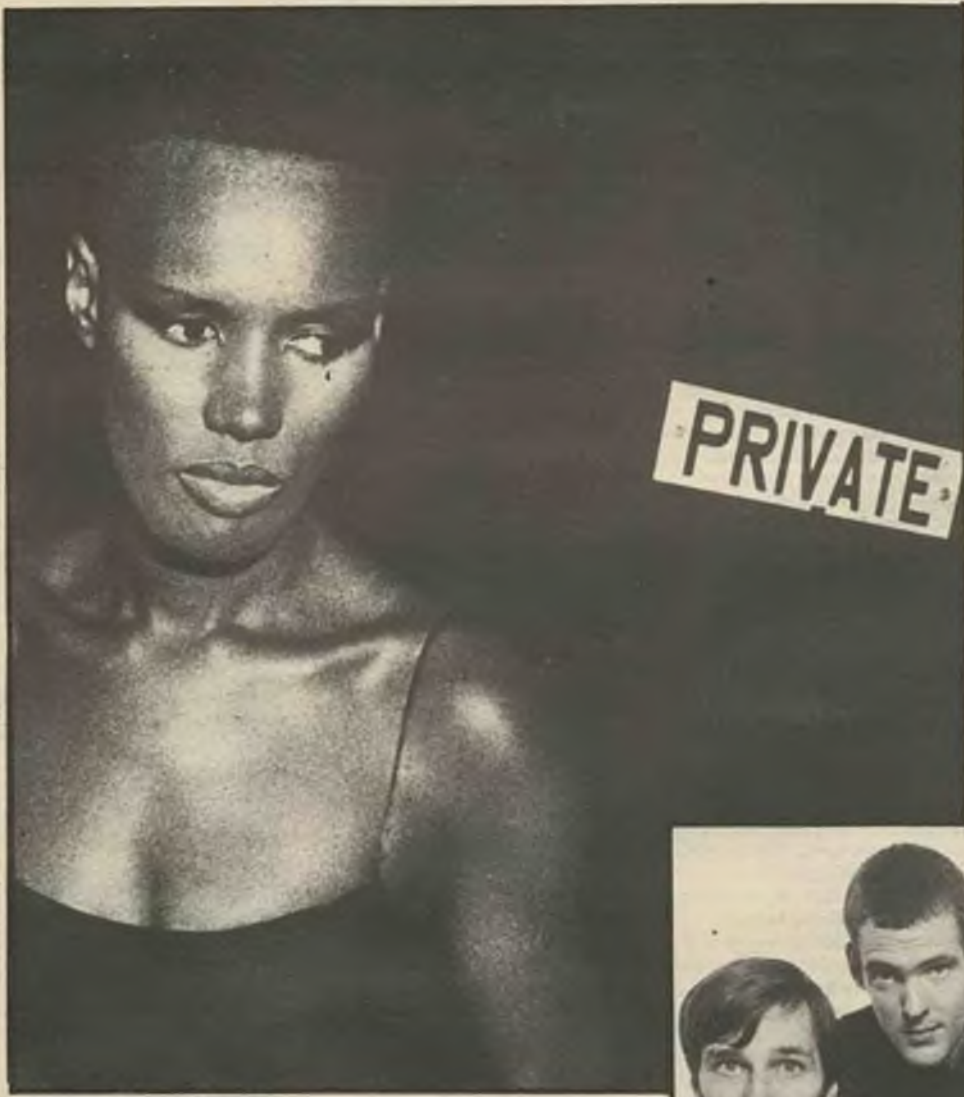
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Wailer

sings
The Wailers



Reviewed
this week
by
MAX BELL

SINGLES



GRACE JONES: Demolition Man (Island) The good singles are very good this week but Grace Jones' sound is harder than the rest. 'Demolition Man' is full of chiselled features and violent retorts from Sting's poison pen. The instrumental destruction is explosive, motivated by Sly Dunbar's neurotic funk drumming and Tyrone Downie's tightly careering synth bass. Always around the corner lurks Grace, intoning a deadpan, plum English catalogue of riotous disorder and walking disaster, flying in the conventional face of dance rhetoric with a rumble that will surely shatter the unwary wireless. No wonder Harty blanched.

THE PRETENDERS: Messages Of Love (Real) I can't resist Chrissie Hynde when she gets her teeth into a love tribute as sensual as this. Quite apart from the strength of her vocal there's a pleasing riot of melody and a rhythmic bump 'n' grind that ought to give St Valentine's Day a renewed significance for lovers everywhere. Especially impressive is the vintage assortment of gooey sweet nothings that decorate the sublime fade. Even old Brian Wilson in his cups would acquiesce.

SLY DUNBAR: Hot You're Hot (Taxi/Island 12) You'd have to be a fairly cool purist to ignore the rhythmic jolt of Sly Dunbar's lateral disco. 'Hot You're Hot' is a convenient companion piece to Mrs Jones' epic production, blessed with the renaissance reggae sensuality of the Dunbar/Shakespeare team. If you don't let the words and the bending towards fashion get in your way all preconceptions will vanish. Simple really. The proof is seen walking down your street with the volume jammed up high.

FLESHTONES: The Girl From Baltimore / Cold, Cold Shoes / Feel The Heat / Play With Fire / The Theme From 'The Vindicators' (IRS 12) Much as I endorse the vigour and the excitement emanating from New York bands in 1981 I can't help but be filled with trepidation at the prospect of the forthcoming bumper Big Apple Rainbow package designed to right their lengthy British absence in one fell swoop. Anyone given the chance ought however to give

the assembled company a chance in their local club. Unbelievably this is only Fleshtones' second ever single (the classic 'American Beat' being their sole offering after five years in the service of rock and blues). Naturally enough the band detest this slightly back-firing garage wreck — the songs do lack the frantic context and single minded point of Fleshtones at best. Granting the lack of a hook on which to hang a hit parade success, Peter Zarella et al manage to find several cures for nervous exhaustion. Snappiest moments are the ricocheting sax and guitar that dominate 'Feel The Heat', the sheer sleazy throwaway punk of 'The Theme From ...' and any time the lead singer lets his harp do the talking.

ROXY MUSIC: Jealous Guy (EG) Ah, nostalgia will out, rearing its distracting and attractive head. We may be fooled but we won't forget. Bryan Ferry pays a sincere tribute the way he knows how, quavering and quivering in the smoke-filled wings, casually ruffled, yet comfortable with the choking kind of unhappiness. Always a justifiably indulgent song, 'Jealous Guy' stands another dusting-off despite Roxy's new tendency to instrumental ersatz. Got a soft spot for whistling on records — like Elvis in 'Kid Galahad'? You'll love this.

PYLON: Cool / Dub / Danger / Driving School (Armageddon 10) Re-modelled completism for Pylon fans — I'm one, though so far the band live has made more impression on me than on record. 'Cool' and 'Dub' constituted Pylon's debut single; 'Danger' is an alternative version and 'Driving School' is from the American album. Now you have the facts at your disposal you can listen to Pylon's demonstration of the faster and louder ethic, one which sometimes defies you to distinguish the collective components. They have an exhilarating effect in short bursts and a certain disguised subtlety.

SHOCK TREATMENT: Big Check Shirts (DAB) A slight and witty Irish mystery tale set about the time of the current Beatnik revival — which as far as I know never actually happened. Never mind, there's always next week.

BILL NELSON: Rooms With Brittle Views (Crepuscule) Bill Nelson and his dada guitar recorded in 1979 and stealing a brief march on the Talking Head school of mental uncertainty. There's a fair chance that Bill gave Brian Eno a sneak preview of the synthesiser lick on his record too because it turns up in, barely altered form on 'Remain In Light'. One of life's little coincidences no doubt. In any case Nelson meanders into a fruitless groove that is never given room to ripen. Alright I suppose. Hang on a minute! Danny Baker just walked in sporting a long white beard. He says it's rubbish.

TOYAH: It's A Mystery / Revelations / War Boys / Angels & Demons (Safari EP) To my fevered mind the style of real punk espoused by Toyah Wilcox is roughly similar to that trotted out by advocates of real ale. I can appreciate the taste but I can't be bothered to investigate the body. As for Toyah's vocal performance, she seems to have mastered the art of saying sweet zilch in the most histrionic manner possible. Banalities about witchcraft are posed throughout, set against chest-beating poses for young boys which may well function as a suitable vehicle for liberating the psyche.

RUTS D.C.: A Different View (Virgin) Having suffered an unfortunate tragedy Ruts D.C. return to Virgin's catholic fold with a further example of their heavy metal alternative. This swimming into the mainstream makes for disillusioning listening. On the 'B' side Segs sings his rendition of Kevin Coyne's

'Formula Eyes'. Another plastic fantasy bites the dust.

NIGHT DOCTOR: Just Enough (Race)

TEAM 23: Move Into The Rhythm (Race) Two of Brad Special's productions. Night Doctor undertake a modest proposal with sufficient distinction to encourage live investigation; the horn charts are particularly smooth. Team 23 sound enthusiastic and not much else.

FOUR FOR VIRGINIA

THE SLICKEE BOYS: The Brain That Refused To Die (Dacot)

THE INSECT SURFERS: Wavelength (Wasp 12" E.P.)
BILLY HANCOCK: Redskin Rock 'N' Roll (Ripsaw)
EVAN JOHNS AND THE H BOMBS: Giddy Up Girl (Deco 10" E.P.) Disparate music for psychedelically attuned landlocked surfers with Southern rockabilly obsessions. Slickee Boys mangle out an acid guitar thrash with a bad taste that compares favourably with The Cramps. They can be heard in more original surroundings though over-killing mid-'60s punk on the 'Glendora' EP. Insect Surfers are a determined Arlington, Virginia hybrid of pod life and aquatic sports. Again, they seemed more innocent and direct on the debut 'Into The Action' anthem, but tracks like 'Dorsal Fin' and 'Ex-Lion Tamer' (great version of the Wire song) fully justified the transition into a more complex pop creature, though I'm not so wild about their recent Undertones' direction.

Billy Hancock and Evan Johns' liquor-laced Memphis traditions appear to have the most interest for the new

rockabilly rebels. Hancock offers an authentically dumb tribute to the Super Bowl with a prime Sun Shine; Johns and the H Bombs opt for a medley of jump 'n' jive that they batter out over a backbeat to drown the judgment day. Evan isn't just an ugly face either, as witness the Tex Mex sliding and the confusion of blues trickery on 'Pain Of Love'. To find out whether Virginia Rolls O.K. contact the H-Bombs at 700 Hemlock Ct, Herndon VA.

HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS:

Youth Coup (Virgin) HATI have been busy! It's only February and they've got another record out already! Whatever happened to them etc? If this song from the forthcoming Richard Gottrehr-produced album 'The Right To Be Italian' is anything to go by the answer must be not much. Holly Vincent has a distinctive bite to her vocal that Gottrehr's lush swamp of crescendo and chorus covers in anonymity. The band chop along regardless, confined to an insistent radio-conscious beat that is as catching as it's ultimately uninspired. The flip-side, 'Poster Boy', has a more coherent, obvious angle but as teen laments go it ain't so hot.

CLUB OF ROME: Bedroom Scenes / Classics. TWISTED NERVE: Neutral Zone / Vertigo. FUN CITY: Avalanche. FLEXIBLE RESPONSE: The Shortest War (Playlist). Four unsigned Edinburgh bands appear on a swift compilation that gets in and out with a minimum of ceremony. Fun City and Twisted Nerve opt for direct action, the three chord blitz. Flexible Response are strictly amateurs and may never have



THE PRETENDERS



Continues over

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From previous page

met each other before making 'The Shortest War' (worth hearing once). Club of Rome, produced by local benefactor and scene chronicler Wilf Smarties promise the most accomplished mixture, although their abstruse lyrics and polite music don't repay the effort. The record is called 'Mint Sauce For The Masses'.

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE: What Does Sex Mean To Me (Don't Fall Off The Mountain) HSR are a highly acclaimed Boston independent. This entertaining and involved shaggy dog story relies for laughs on an eccentric four part harmony and minimal instrumental development. B-side of 'Cool Jerk' is one of the most engagingly disposable versions of The Capitols' hit since The away. HSR have connections with The Raybeats and Love of Life Orchestra — all of whom appear in Britain this Spring.

RONNIE SPECTOR: Darlin' (Polish) Shortly after releasing this irredeemably bad version of Oscar S. Blandamer's equally limp ballad (beefed-up for the Ellen Foley fans), Ronnie Spector, still with a larger than average voice, had a fit of sanity and sacked her band, her label and her manager.

RELIGIOUS OVERDOSE: 25 Minutes (Glass) From the Glass label, a worthy continuation in the sequence of releases since the eponymous Glass debut itself and Ciaran Harte's hypnotic 'Love Is Strange'. There's absolutely no doubt that Religious Overdose take themselves far too seriously but disregarding the hammy element in their songwriting is easy once you've adjusted to the swirling electronic

patterns that underpin '25 Minutes' and 'Control Addicts'. Glass have smart covers too. Information: 3 Langham Place, Northampton.

PERE UBU: Not Happy (Rough Trade) Although one might have expected Ubu, innovators of a refined kind of madness, to metamorphose into some weird and wonderful creature, they seem to have become more fixated with David Thomas' childlike preoccupations. The sounds on 'The Art Of Walking' LP and here (a single that coincides with Ubu's current tour) only achieve a primitive and private atmosphere that is not often more intriguing than any other self-parody. I struggled with the record; I certainly don't enjoy it.

JAM TODAY: Stereotyping (Stroppy Cow E.P.) Stroppy Cow records is a feminist record label that exists only to cover its own costs. Jam Today play in a light jazz/latin vein, setting that to Terry Hunt's lyrics, some of which are incisive (the title song), some of which are infuriatingly glib ('Isolation'). I'm mistrustful of the polemic and find the music tedious. You can make up your own mind by writing to them at 40 Croftdown Road, London NW5.

URGE: Bobby (Consumer Disk) Urge have gravitated away from the angular promise shown on their debut 'Revolving Boy'. They've become sleeker since adding Linda Wulf, more commercial perhaps, and 'Bobby' has a vague poppy appeal that can't be called essential while 'Teach Yourself Dutch' is too enigmatic to be recommended.

BILL NELSON

FOOTIES with brittle views. *** dudu guitaro. *



JAM TODAY - STEREOTYPING

JEALOUS GUY

a tribute

ROCKY MUSIC





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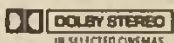
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Feb 22 SOUTHEND Odeon 1
Feb 22 DERBY Odeon 2
Feb 22 NOTTINGHAM Odeon 2
Feb 22 HANLEY Odeon 2

Feb 22 LEICESTER Odeon 2
Feb 22 BRADFORD Odeon 3
Feb 22 PORTSMOUTH Odeon 2
Feb 22 SOUTHAMPTON Odeon 1
Feb 22 READING Odeon 1
Feb 22 SALISBURY Odeon 3
Feb 22 MARGATE Dreamland 1
Feb 22 TUNBRIDGE WELLS Classic
Mar 1 HASTINGS Classic
Mar 1 RAMSGATE Classic

Mar 1 CHESTER Odeon 1
Mar 1 WARRINGTON Odeon 1
Mar 1 BOLTON Odeon 1
Mar 1 BURY Odeon 1
Mar 1 OLDHAM Odeon 3
Mar 1 PRESTON Odeon 1
Mar 5 LONDON Westbourne Grove Odeon 1
Mar 8 STAFFORD Odeon
Mar 12 SOUTHEND Odeon 1
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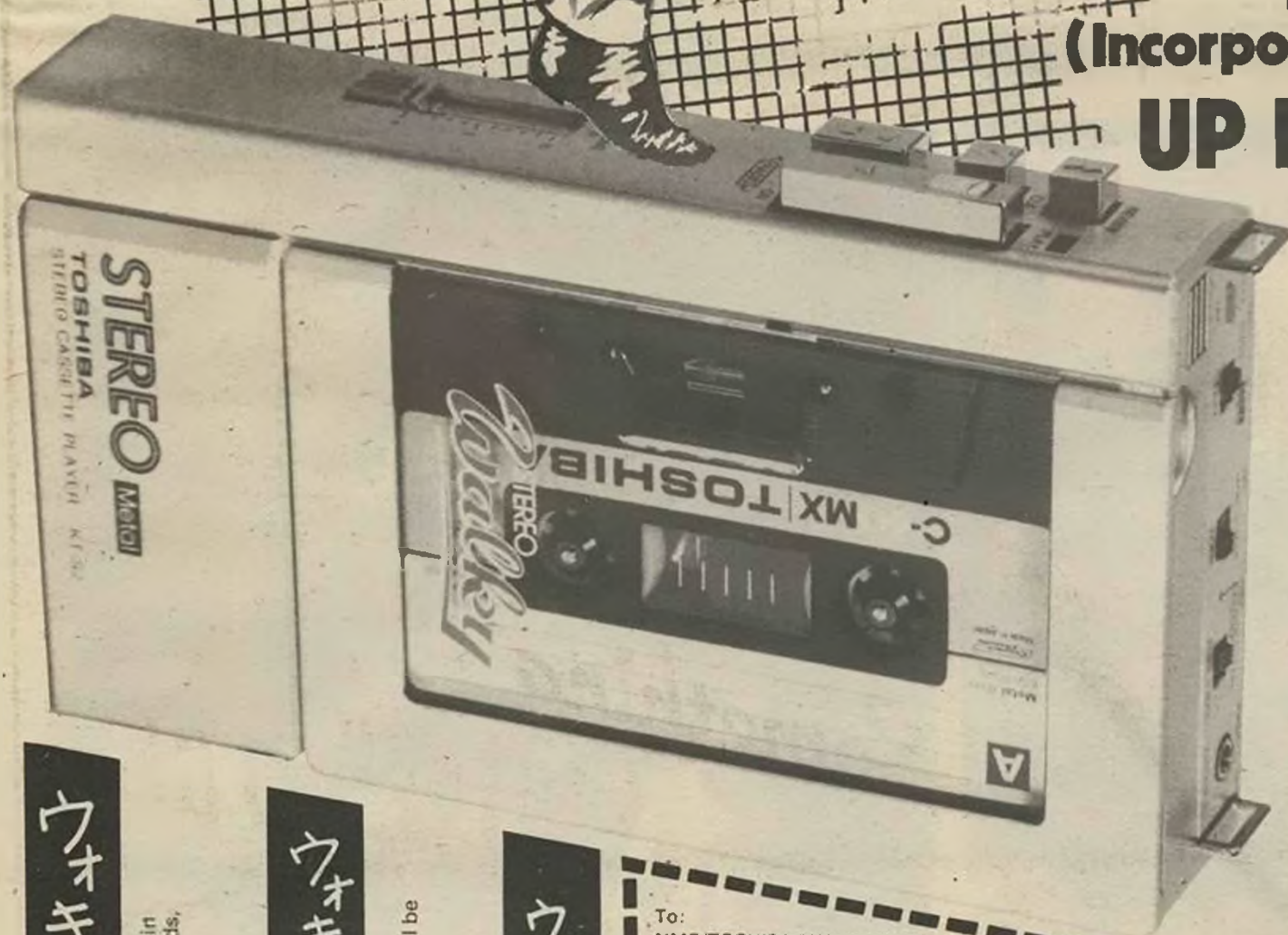


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ウォーキーと一緒に歩こう

ウォーキーと一緒に歩こう

The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future issue of NME.

ウォーキー

To:
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KINGS OF THE CELTIC FRINGE

BONO VOX aka Paul Houston, the frontman and driving force behind U2 is huddled in the back of a small van, wrapped in a fur coat and speaking in low husky tones. He's complaining about the cynicism and elitism of new rock bands which is threatening to become just as stupid and stupefying as the industry it claims to be a barrier against — the record business.

"It's the easiest thing in the world to be cynical, I can see it coming in myself sometimes and I have to stamp it out. You see it all the time."

Bono writes fluent prosaic lyrics and sings them in a strong resounding voice. You can hear this combination in great songs like 'Tick Tock' and 'I Will Follow', two of the most gallant and genuinely subversive new pop singles released last year. The latter is a whirl of reverberating guitars and a tale of determination through sorrow taken from 'Boy', U2's debut album, one of the finest debuts ever released.

During the past year Bono Vox has come out of Dublin and led U2 on an exhausting and exhaustive assault on the British concert circuit. The abandon and enthusiasm with which they thrust themselves into the attack was a logical extension of the 'growing ethic' that surrounded the band with the imagery of the 'Boy' album and has been fundamental to its members since they originally got together some four years ago.

Bono cares for the band passionately, thinks about its role

astutely and will talk long into the night about its beginnings, its first experiences and how all this is going to affect their aims and plans.

"I distrust anything that's obvious, like someone saying, Let's be original. So they hang bananas out of their ears or start using a xylophone. There's a million bands being original and playing concerts in caves. I think that's great, but change can come from something far more subtle."

"It's hard to explain but, well, we're all human beings and we all look different — you look different from me, but you don't have to have a nose out to here to look different. Y'know what I mean?"

He draws his hand back from a point in midair and waits for my nod before continuing. He has a habit of illustrating his sentences in this way and his conversation is similarly animated with lively metaphors.

"So U2 play with bass, drums and guitars on stages and on records which go on radios, like anyone else involved in the music business. I see no real reason to say we're something else so we're going to play on a chandelier tonight and that makes us different. It doesn't mean you're different; it means you're trying to be different."

WE'RE TRAVELLING from Glasgow's Strathclyde University to a small ancient hotel in the city centre. U2 have just played one of those rare performances where the audience moves in empathy with the performer, gradually becoming enraptured and infatuated with the sways and currents running through the music. The songs are like a series of emotional landslides — shifting from doubt to hope and from loss to discovery, rising to a peak with 'Tick Tock' — a dazzling if, by that stage, draining realisation.

Inside, the audience proves to be young and demanding, creating the

sort of atmosphere that the group revel in. Enjoyment and acceptance come as a natural rather than a ritualistic process and somewhere near the end Bono thanks them for coming to see U2, *not* the image created by the music press. As he explains later, this wasn't a jibe, but merely an acknowledgement of the honesty created between the audience and the performer.

"I don't feel we've been hyped by the music press, because I happen to agree with the good things that they say about U2. The music press relationship with U2 has meant that people have come along expecting a lot and they've got a lot, sometimes maybe too much. It is a pressure."

"But if people come along expecting the world from U2 then they're gonna get it. I'm not scared we won't be able to give it to them."

We're seated in a tacky lounge bar, myself, Bono, and guitarist The Edge. As Bono reels off the details of his early youth I have some trouble equating the brash extrovert and charismatic performer beside me with the maverick youth who grew up alienated and confused in Dublin during the '70s.

"The Virgin Prunes and U2 both came out of a place called Lipton Village. It's an imaginary place, something we developed in our imaginations to give us an alternative lifestyle as kids."

"We grew up studying people on street corners, we laughed at the way they talked and at the expressions they made. We mocked the adult world and agreed we'd never grow up because all we saw was silliness."

"I remember watching *Top Of The Pops* and seeing this group called Middle Of The Road singing 'Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep'. I must have been about 11 at the time, and I thought, Wow! This is what pop music is all about. You just sing like that and you get paid for it."

DRIFTING THROUGH his teenage years Bono shunned the pubs frequented by his friends, remained largely unaffected by music and became, of all things, a keen, expert chess player.

"I found I was being pressured into organising my thoughts and I wanted to be able to do that because I have a very competitive instinct. But I was going through a very problematic time, my mother had just died and I couldn't stand an educational system where IQ Tests and values were based on being good at a very limited number of subjects."

"I couldn't put in the work because I was too erratic as a person and so I found a game like chess suited me because I was able to put everything from my mind and work with something abstract."

When Bono found himself back in school after being chucked out of university for not having his native Gaelic language, he became very close friends with Adam Clayton, Larry and Dave (The Edge). They formed U2 and Bono discovered a way he could express his methods and thoughts.

"Our first concert was one of the greatest we ever played and it was two years before we played another one like it. I believe we built U2 around a spark, you've got to remember at that stage there was still the tradition of the *musician*, there was still the tradition of Ritchie Blackmore."

"We couldn't compete on that level and yet in 1978 we played this Guinness and Harp Talent Contest with all these professional bands and heavy rock bands. We came down and played after doing this thing called Paddy's Punk Party and I'd lost my voice. We were a shambles. But after that gig we had record contracts offered to us."

"I knew we had something. I knew the effect we had over the audience compared to the other bands with their tight music and

their pompous playing. We made use of the fact that we were slightly fragile and when we recorded our early demos in a four track studio, we couldn't get a big sound out of it so we had to work on the fragile sound. Now that we are in bigger studios and we've got more experience we're plumping for the bigger sound, but the important thing is we always worked around the spark."

"Whatever we were good at we worked around, not trying to be like anyone else just looking for what was best in ourselves."

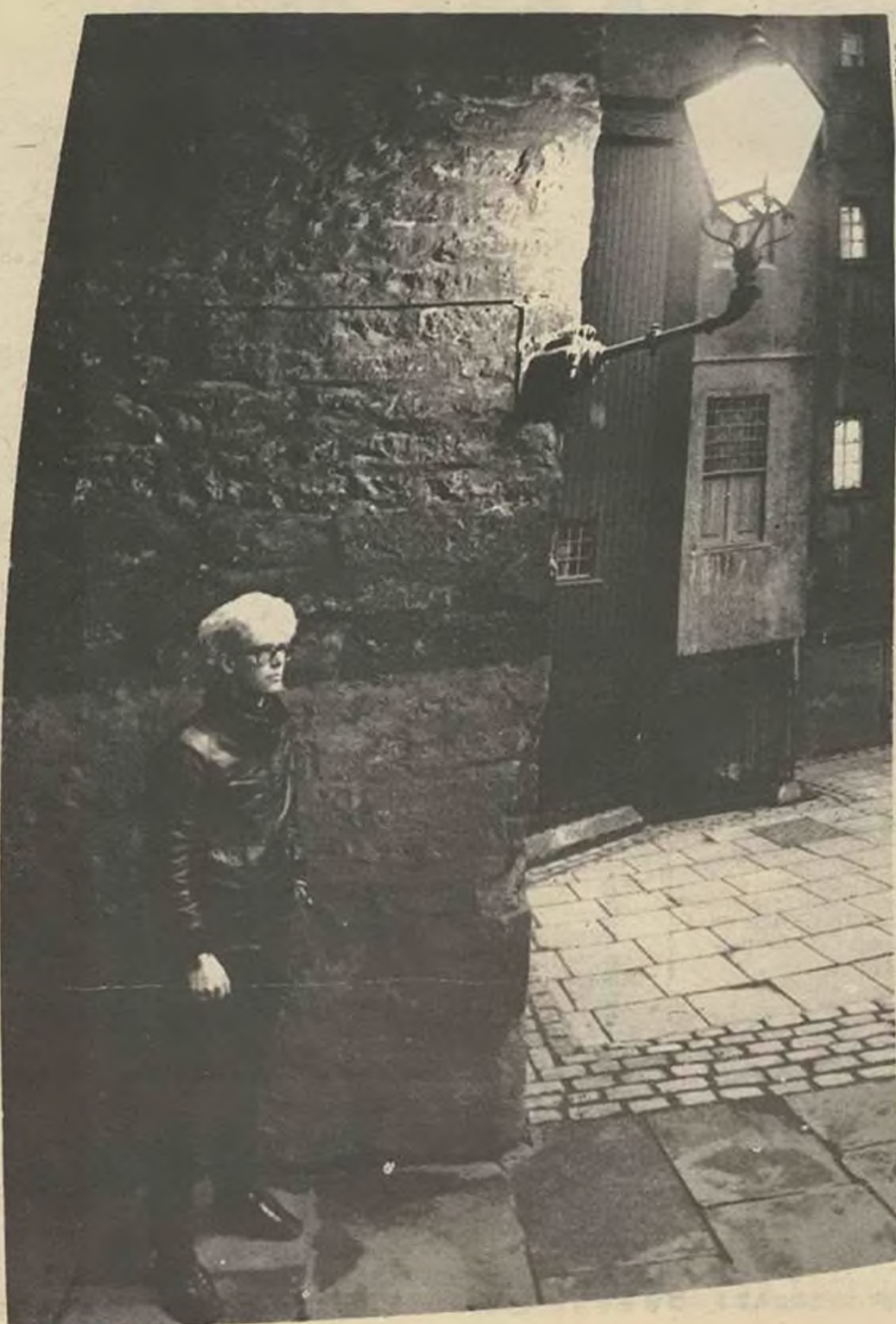
"Adam used to pretend he could play bass. He came round and started using words like action and fret and he had us baffled. He had the only amplifier so we never argued with him. We thought this guy must be a musician, he knows what he's talking about and then one day we discovered he wasn't even playing the right notes, *that's what's wrong*, y'know?"

"We were stumbling in the dark, but with the spark and fanning it finding that the emotion we were generating was affecting people. I can cry when I'm singing, literally. I can get very, very into it."

U2 FORMED at the same time as The Radiators From Space and The Boomtown Rats. Unrecognised and ignored in those early days, there is something satisfactory and inevitable about them having reached a position where they can now produce music much more original, imaginative and durable than those other two.

The irony is that U2 knew nothing about rock, rock culture or what was looming round the corner.

"I remember thinking the first day we went into rehearsal that a movement was going to emerge that would be a breakdown between the flower power and the boot boy. I didn't really know what I





was saying because it turned out to be punk rock."

We're joined at our rickety little table by Adam Clayton, the group's bespectacled bass player with a seemingly misplaced shock of curly blonde tatch hanging down onto his forehead. He's the cigar smoking, brandy drinking sophisticate of the group, with a certain Englishness to his manner and voice. He articulates what is perhaps the main motivation that drives U2.

"It's very much a complete thing. It wasn't sort of, Let's form a band and let's write great songs. It was more to enjoy the whole experience of being a band of four people with the one cause; a cause you could develop and become emotionally involved in. It was much more the whole experience and it still is. Bands are very secular onto themselves. It's like an extension of a school gang."

They struggled through the cloistered Dublin scene as best they could, without becoming bogged down in the inevitable bitchiness and petty-mindedness which surfaces in all closely knit, inadequate provincial scenes. U2 left Ireland after a one-off deal with CBS enabled them to release the Irish chart topper, 'Out Of Control' (an alternative version was later to surface on 'Boy').

Their movement into the music industry wasn't naively hopeful. On a small scale in Dublin they'd already experienced the strain that business and financial matters can put on a band. On the evening they left Ireland their publisher withdrew half the advance that had been promised to them. So U2 arrived in England, unsure if they'd be able to last the whole tour and tempted to accept the first record contract that came their way.

But they held out and finally got the deal they wanted with Island. 'Boy' — a collection of the best songs in the group's 40 song repertoire — was released seven months later. Immediately they were accused of whimsicality, and

pandering to adolescent sexuality (the 'Boy' sleeve is a photo of a young boy with naked shoulders!).

Such criticism undermines and misinterprets the album's value; it's a voyage from adolescence (which after all is the stage when Larry, Adam, Dave and Bono formed U2), into manhood, and the rich imagery presents a tussle between wonder, awareness, strength and acceptance.

'Boy' is the group's personality, produced by the chemical interaction between their characters and their musical styles.

"A band should have a personality of its own" says Bono, "and if a band's personality is dominated too much by one person then it's bad for the band. On another level, a band like Spandau Ballet is totally direct and pointed. That's so boring because you see it all in one go — clothes, fashion, hair and that's it. There's nothing to discover, no mystique, no charm and no personality."

The difference between U2's personality and that of most other rock bands is that it is natural. They reflect on and revise orthodox rock techniques and presentation but totally relinquish its hopeless, heartless mythology. Their own motives and desires always shine through, purposeful and resilient. As Bono explains, this isn't always to their advantage.

"Our biggest problem getting to a bigger audience is that we don't look a certain way, we don't fit into a little box. We're not a ska group or something easy to digest. But the fact that we're not easy to digest means we're a lump in the throat, and a lump in the throat has far more guts to it. I believe ultimately... I don't know what I believe ultimately, but I know it's good that we're not easily digested."

CATCH U2 at a very interesting stage in their development, certainly the peak of their career so far. It's a crucial period for them

as they have to grow up now and present the new face of U2 as it's developed over the past 18 months.

Bono describes how he sees this taking shape.

"We're a long term project, we're only getting used to our tools, working with people and the learning we've undergone. I see the next album as being about battle because I don't see life as being an easy road. I think it's a battle on many different levels, to express yourself, to keep your head above the waves when problems and trouble come. I think it's a battle not to conform to the music business when you're 19."

'Boy' was a retrospective of U2 over two years — the end of our adolescence. But now we've been to the ends of the earth, we've been throughout Europe and America and we've seen that all cities are the same when you eventually get down to their heart and soul.

"We've seen and learned a lot, it could either leave us cynical or with a determination and a spirit not to fall or go under."

The pitfall that U2 must avoid — and something that they've been guilty of in the past — is to mistake pure musical clout for substance and vigour. Bono will admit that previously they have tried too hard, trying to throw themselves right into the audience's heart but succeeding only in flying off the handle. Now they seem to have found the right balance, although one can't help but be concerned when Bono wears leather trousers and The Edge engages in guitar talk with Stuart Adamson in Edinburgh the following night.

U2's music has taken shape, coaxed though not inspired by the Pistols, mingling the sense of space and drama brought to rock structures by Joy Division, crystallising its essence — a determined sense of soul-searching — alongside Dexy's Midnight Runners. Unlike the rest of those bands, U2 have lasted and remain hungry, vigilant and ebullient. They're raring to go, to tackle the

idiocy and dogma that makes rock a routine more than a means of expression.

"I wouldn't say that we're bitter about rock'n'roll; we didn't enter this in a naive way. There are a lot of untruths in rock'n'roll, the word itself conjures up certain standards to conform to and certain morals. But it's all superfluous imagery, it doesn't actually exist, that's not what it's like. Girls don't run around trying to rape people, you can't get drunk every night and do loads of drugs."

Bono rightly believes that the flimsy situationism which McLaren used to try and break open rock music with the Pistols has turned sour, but it can now be transformed into something much more real, something much more positive.

"There's a lot of Johnny Rotten's bastard children running the streets. They've been sold into bondage and it frightens me to see them because they've been sold the image of violence and they've turned it into the reality of violence."

The Edge, who's usually happy to let Bono do the explaining, is so exasperated he interrupts.

"It's incredible to see the followers of a band like Discharge are mostly 13 or 14. They've obviously never questioned the idea behind what they celebrate but just look on it as an image and wear it as a badge. Like you would support Chelsea or wear a Bay City Roller scarf."

"The basic feel I got from '76 was of loud electric guitars, of singers with a song who sung with everything they had and sweated a lot and the audience also sweated a lot. The two became very close because you got a buzz in your spine — you felt that whatever he was singing about he meant it. I believe in what I sing and we play our hardest onstage. I think it's quite a simple thing but I believe that in itself is an embodiment of what '76 was all about."

IT'S ALREADY been reported that U2 are all good Catholic Irish boys who don't smoke, drink or swear. Untrue! Two of them are Protestants and all (except Larry) imbibe alcohol during my stay, and profanities are muttered.

Bono is nonetheless a deeply committed Christian, although he doesn't go to church ("I think the church is a big problem"), and feels that Christianity is grossly misinterpreted.

"It's not all of our beliefs and not everyone in the band believes in the same way. There are things I just don't want to talk about, I'll talk about them in music, the way I feel about things comes out onstage. There are things that don't go well coming indirectly from other people."

It seemed relevant to ask what effect U2 wanted to have on the audience.

"Washed, I think, is a good word. It's like you go along to a film where you go through the emotions, you're brought up, you're brought down and you feel a sort of relief afterwards."

"If you look at what Adam and the Ants are trying to express, by using escapology rather than realism, it's dignity. He's using the imagery of a warrior to achieve it, but you might as well go to a drive-in movie."

"I think people should have dignity in themselves. They're not numbers, but they're being bombarded by the TV and they feel very insecure in themselves and in looking in the mirror. If our music means anything on that level it's a celebration of just being me, of just being you."

U2 have in their stride a new way of looking at the ideals of rock music and a different way of using it. They're surging forward with one of the most strong-minded and radical sounds I've ever heard.

Wherever Bono Vox has chosen to put his heart and soul there can be no doubt that, for the time being, it couldn't be in a better place.

GAVIN MARTIN INVESTS IN A NEW HAIRCUT WITH U2. PIX ROBERT SHARP

Brian Eno & David Byrne - MY LIFE IN THE BUSH OF GHOSTS



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New Pumps And Tutus



Max Bell unravels the bally hoo behind the Seymour Ballet.

LYNN SEYMOUR: principal dancer with The Royal Ballet; Artistic Director of the Bavarian State Opera Ballet in Munich; a veteran of four years in situ with the Deutsche Oper, Berlin; a ballet star whose list of plaudits and starring roles would fill a lavishly illustrated photo journal (and has); an artist with a reputation that has already matched those of Fonteyn and Nureyev; now a household name courtesy of a media which never usually notices the existence of her chosen living...

Lynn Seymour: 41 years old, divorced, mother of three, subject to chronic stage-fright, chain smoker, mid-day drinker, besotted with her boyfriend Mark Goodings and the germ of their new idea, a rock ballet that's both straight and zany, something that can tour in a circus.

Lynn Seymour: victim of the strains and natural injuries that rigorous training incur, made a comeback at last year's Royal Command Gala for one parent families where she danced to The Lying Lizards' 'Money' (some culture shock for the Royals and the diamond-studded charitable, you have to admit). A woman who suffered a torn achilles tendon and underwent a hysterectomy, she turned the tables at a literary reception in her honour during a TV documentary about her by announcing the launch of Mark Goodings, lover and aspiring musician, and followed that with the I QUIT ROYAL BALLET STAR GOES PUNK banner headlines!

You might have seen her last month on *Parkinson*, in *Now!* the *Sun*, heard her on *Kaleidoscope*. There's only *Private Eye* left.

LYNN SEYMOUR and Mark Goodings get ready for another interview in their Chiswick house. Downstairs a fine collection

of nouveau Turnham Green lived-in luxury does battle with her kids' school paintings, a small snooker table and a steady banging from upstairs where Wally Allen, a *Pretty Thing*, is constructing a studio for his and Mark's group, The Famous Mothers Club.

Using original music from Goodings and an adaption of The *Pretty Things'* conceptual psychedelic wartime 'S.F. Sorrow' (1969), Lynn Seymour aims to straddle the alienated worlds of popular music and established ballet. If the project smacks of that dread phobia all right-minded people have for sophisticated rock — progressive adolescent culture as a nice, safe, polite alternative for the grown-ups — then at least Seymour's part in the bargain promises to be a development of her art, rather than an extension of the saucy antics of *Hot Gossip* or the deliberate future cabaret that would like to cross London nightlife with the twilight atmosphere of '30s Berlin, camp New York and Nero's Rome. There's a new climate in which it will thrive.

Although there are no precedents for Seymour's *Circus* (a working trade name) her experience of avant garde choreography, a formal upbringing in tutus and points, plus a healthy desire to stay young, guarantees that the theory will be supported by Lynn's individual approach.

In the past Seymour has worked live with Osibisa, danced the life of Janis Joplin in an Alvin Ailey production, and interpreted Pink Floyd's trip sequence from *Zabriskie Point*. She has the respect of her profession even though the ballet establishment was shocked at her defection.

"When I made that comeback, doing 'Money', I'd already decided that I didn't want to get back into the pink satin pumps. I also didn't want to promote myself anymore. For the last ten years I've worked on a performance basis, as a permanent guest artist. That was a good discipline because even if I was shitting in my pants about going on



Pix: Pennie Smith

I'd have to — because I was getting paid for it. It's like when you're on a guaranteed salary a headache becomes much worse than it is.

"I still suffer from stage-fright but I like to work to the point where the stage is home. With the new show we have planned I'm choreographing young dancers. I'm inspired by the musicians... I can stand outside and not be the featured artist. You see I've had so much success in my life — ha ha — that I'm not looking for any more. I want to promote new people, not be the star of the show."

S EYMOUR'S *Circus* in embryo is already highly ambitious. Derek Jarman is interested in becoming artistic director; Brian Morrison wants to produce. There are plans for records, a video, any

precis in any medium that will help finance the work. Seymour and Goodings have sunk their own savings into the idea but a few contacts haven't gone amiss. There are offers of tents from the Riverside Studios in Hammersmith and La Circe Imaginaire, of stages and transport from Edwin Shirley, a mounting booking list from Europe, Lynn's homeland Canada, and the USA.

The main objection to the whole shebang is the sneaking suspicion that these new-fangled rock types don't construct their rhythms in a very inventive way. Lynn Seymour agrees there is a stigma about that old 4/4.

"I'm more used to commissioning from contemporary musicians in the avant garde. Rock music has tremendous limitations, it gets very easily lumbered with a time that is

pure repetition. That's death to dance. But Chico Greenwood is a marvellous drummer and then I've started to choreograph from the rhythm to the voice to the solo guitar. It's the same technique I've used for a Chamber Orchestra, or with Stravinsky or the Greeks. You don't follow one line."

Until its mid-summer unveiling it will be impossible to assess the visual strength of Seymour's *Circus*. Its very existence will fuel the image of the woman as a maverick, a wild card and a chancer. She's turned her back on the profession at an age when most of the great ballet dancers are reckoned to be approaching deity. It isn't difficult to applaud her desire to find "any dance language that will fit the bill" or to appreciate the emotional and artistic risk she takes if the thing turns sour.

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Pic: Stephen Winrow



AT CRASS PURPOSES



**CRASS. ANARCHY & PEACE
FIGHT WAR NOT WARS
DESTROY POWER NOT PEOPLE**

— *Crass graffiti*
GERMANY GOT BAADER-MEINHOF. ENGLAND
GOT PUNK. BUT THEY CAN'T KILL IT.
— *Crass statement*

"Whoever puts his hand on me, to govern me,
is a usurper and a tyrant. I declare him my
enemy."
— *Pierre-Joseph Proudhon*

"I warn you. THE NATURE OF YOUR
OPPRESSION IS THE AESTHETIC OF MY
ANARCHY."
— *Penny Rimbaud, Crass*

"Come on you fuckers. I know we're shit, but I
know that you're shit as well. Why can't we
be shit together?"
— *Rimbaud to Crass audience, the Roxy Club,
1977*

YOU COME across Crass
in every place you look.
They rarely play and
hardly ever advertise. They
live outside of the music
business but they're far more
successful than most people
inside it.

They don't need to promote
themselves because their following
does that for them. Their logo's on a
hundred thousand black leather
jackets, and their name is sprayed on
town-halls and bus-stops from
Amsterdam to Aberdeen. Crass
records regularly sell well in excess
of the figures achieved by outfits
whose faces adorn the megastore
displays and the pages of this paper.
In the face of massive demand, even
though the band doubt their own
relevance outside of Britain, they're
negotiating licensing deals in
America, Australia and Japan.

Yet next to nothing is known of them,
and even less is properly understood.
In the dark punk underground they rank as
cultural heroes, above or alongside
people with whom they have nothing in
common — the Subs and Rejects and old
Ants and all the rest. For some of the kids
they're just another totem of tribal
identity, a transient adolescent loyalty, a
fleeting gesture of rebellion. But for
many more they are much more. They're
popular but they're not 'personalities'.
They're acclaimed but not by virtue of
their music, which is far from
remarkable. Crass represent an ideal, a
cause and a crusade.

MUSIC IS ONLY one aspect of
Crass's activities. As they point
out, it's only one method of
carrying out their work (others
including film, magazines, graffiti,
writing and talking to people). And
beyond that, like anyone else, they have

their own lives to lead — though in their
case, even everyday life is intended to
serve as a practical proof that their brand
of anarchism actually works.
They are straightforward, practical
people. It's not their wish, or mine, to
represent Crass as freakish, or
extraordinary, or special. Too much
personal biography would not be
appropriate, because they would like the
ideas which Crass stand for to transcend
themselves as individuals.

Just to put matters in context, though, a
little background information is in order. The
group line-up is drawn from the following
pool of musicians: Penny Rimbaud (drums),
Steve Ignorant (vocals), Eve Libertine (vocals),
Phil Free (guitar), Pete Wright (bass), Andy
N.A. Palmer (guitar) and Joy de Vivre (vocals),
with friends that help out with vocals and film
and graphics. Home for most of them, and
centre of operations, is a rambling old
farmhouse outside a quiet village in the Essex
countryside — just next to a huge and
mysterious GPO installation.

Although they reject the 'commune' tag,
with all its blessed-out hippie connotations,
their lifestyle is a collective one, with work and
decision-making shared around. They're
mainly vegetarians, grow a lot of their own
food, and like the house itself their garden is
well-kept. Everywhere you look there are
dogs, caged birds and lots of cats (about 16).

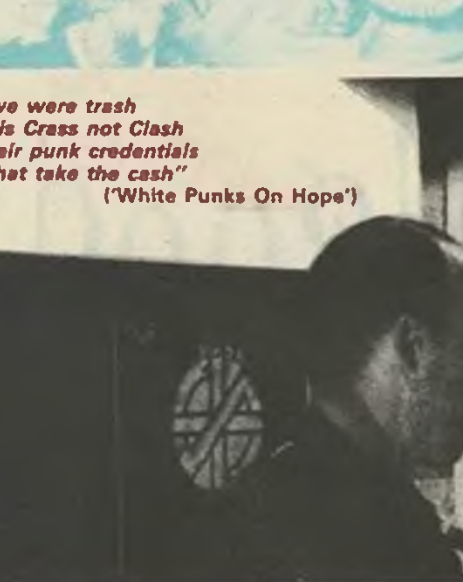
Crass smoke a lot and drink endless cups of
tea, and own a battered, mud-spattered van
which is forever ferrying visitors to and from
the tiny rail station. They keep on good terms
with the village, including their
neighbourhood bobby who calls in once a
year, sniffs along the herb rack and has a cup
of tea.

Penny Rimbaud, a lean, lined man in his late
30s with a blond punky haircut, opened the
house to kindred souls about 15 years ago,
and tends to act as the band's spokesman. In
1977 he formed the group with a young
London punk called Steve Ignorant, whose
violent, spluttering vocals are a chief
characteristic of the Crass sound. Apart from a
working partnership first with Small Wonder
Records and latterly with Rough Trade, the
band have done without the standard music
business cast of managers, agents, publicists
and record companies (refusing some fat
offers) and nowadays circumvent the
commercial venue set-up altogether.

Despite that, Crass have moved from
strength to strength. Taking DIY to this
extreme makes ferocious demands on their
time, and it's hard to see how they could
handle a following larger than the sizeable one
they already have — but then, they're not
really into the numbers game anyway. Mass
popularity and pop immortality are among the
least of their concerns.

**Extract from conversation with Joe
Strummer, the Clash:**
It's strange, all these 'real punks' who seem
stuck inside 1976.
"Yeah, and that's a worldwide. There's Crass
fans in Europe, you wouldn't believe it!"
I met them the other week, Crass.
"Yeah? What are they like?"
Mm, nicer than you might imagine.
"They've done it the ultimate way, haven't
they? Self-sufficiency. I'm surprised they don't
make their own guitar strings. But I always
thought it was self-defeating, cos you gotta be
heard..."
(Interlude. To the bar.)
"Y'see, the thing about Crass is, ultimately
it's all self-defeating, cos it's all kosher.
No-one gets to hear about it."

"They said that we were trash
Well the name is Crass not Clash
They can stuff their punk credentials
Cos it's them that take the cash"
(White Punks On Hope)



Pic: Bernard Chandler

**PAUL DU NOYER visits Crass
Central for Anarchist dialogues and
tea and buns.**

They won't go out for publicity, y'know. But
you've got to respect that integrity.
But it's not bloody use, is it? If it's not
available —
I don't think they trust go-betweens.
(Shrugs) "It's a storm in a teacup, then. Title
of their next album, 'Storm In A Mug'."

With the exception of NME's Graham
Lock (an early champion of the band
and later, they feel, one of their more
constructive critics), Crass are not great
believers in the music press or the media in
general. While they stress they'll talk to
anyone that's really interested, previous
encounters (particularly one chronically
misconceived Sounds attack) have left them a
little embittered and suspicious of fresh
approaches.

They will do interviews with certain
fanzines, partly as a gesture of support
towards the fanzine concept, but they distrust
the commercial orientation of major papers.
Apart from anything else, they find standard
interviews boring, and they're reluctant to
have themselves presented as yet another pop
package on the weekly marketplace. For this
reason, and to preserve some semblance of
normal anonymity — not mystique — they
don't pose for picture sessions either.

Crass are a complex, articulate set-up who
prefer to speak for themselves wherever
possible. They find conventional
question-and-answer routines to be restricting
— and of course any article full of quotes
seems to carry implicit claims of 'authenticity',
of being a definitive statement by the band
themselves. We agreed, then, that anything I
wrote should be in my own words, and quite
clearly my own interpretation. (It's worth
commenting that this approach is only
relevant to a band like Crass, whose concerns
are far different to those of the vast majority of
artists.) At the same time, over the course of
my visits and conversations with them, they
couldn't have been more co-operative or
hospitable, giving up their time and providing
me with a wealth of background material
(graphics, reading matter, records) to help me
understand what they're about.

Contrary to many people's impression,
Crass take pains to remain accessible, and
value direct contact very highly. The
magazines and free handouts they produce
and the way they cram record sleeves with
lyrics and messages, are all eloquent
testimony to this determination to
communicate. They will explain themselves at
every opportunity, given an essential element
of mutual trust.

Another misconception surrounding them is
their willingness to listen, too. The music
might be brutally uncompromising and
violent — they believe it needs to be — but as
people they're in no way dogmatic or hostile,
or insistent that you accept their outlook in its
entirety. Early on, when I was obliged to
answer that, no, I don't enjoy listening to their
often harsh monotonous records, the
response was a sympathetic smile rather than
the snort of disgust I'd once have expected.

"Left-wing violence, right-wing violence, all
seems much the same
Bully boys out fighting, it's just the same old
game
Boring fucking politics that'll get us all shot
Left-wing right-wing, you can stuff the lot



Gang Of 4 Pic: Crass

**Keep your petty prejudice, I don't see the
point
ANARCHY AND FREEDOM IS WHAT I WANT**
— *Crass, 'White Punks On Hope'*

"The main plank of anarchism is the
removal of violence from human relations."
— *Erico Malatesta*

"I am an anarchist. Got pissed. Destroy."
— *The Sex Pistols, 'Anarchy In The UK'*

ANARCHISM HAS a history too tortuous
and complex to examine here. It's
commonly misunderstood as the war
of all against all, but if the concept is a
bloodstained one then it's true to say that
almost all the blood is the anarchists' own
(executions by the right and massacres by
the left). As a theory it comes in a million
different varieties (Marx had vague leanings
to it, Lenin didn't; neither did Stalin) but at
Crass's end of the spectrum it has much
more to do with pacifism than mad
bombers, and more to do with everyday
action than utopian dreaming.
Anarchism works for them because they live
it as far as they can, but their rural lifestyle
isn't supposed to be a model for everyone to
follow — just as their black clothes are only a
symbol of their own rejection of society's
values, not a uniform to be imposed on
everyone else.

For them, anarchism has nothing to do with
mass movements or smashing this that and
the other — but it has everything to do with
throwing off society's control of your mind,
which conditions you to accept violence and
unhappiness as normal, and beginning to
think and choose for yourself.
So the notion of anarchy which was so
dramatically brought into fashion by punk is
a very confused and incomplete one. Crass
were quick to align with punk for its energy
and spirit — but they're fierce in
condemning its commercial exploitation on
the one hand, and the hopeless self-loathing
negativity it seems to mean for the 'real
punk' crowd on the other.

More than anything, Crass say their concern
is that people in control of what they do
understand why they're doing it, and do it
well, with love and care. (They resent The
Clash, mistakenly in my view, for betrayal of
their early aims, but they're all admirers of
The Jam, respecting their skill and refusal to
make promises. Penny Rimbaud even
admits to a liking for Joni Mitchell and The
Carpenters, on similar grounds).

Self-respect is the key.
Anarchy, therefore, is meant in a very
positive sense — the means of freeing
people's real selves and eliminating the
vicious distortions of authoritarian society,
be it right or left or centre. In other words it's
a long way from the normal usage of the
term: anarchy as the dreaded precipice we
fall over into absolute disaster if we don't
behave. Crass don't advocate coping out,
even if they distrust all organisations as
inherently tending towards rule by a few.
(Again, I can't accept that we repudiate
parties and movements across the board.)
But the main thrust of their thought is
personal rather than political, confronting
internal oppression.
Anarchism, as they're at pains to point out,

isn't something you can force onto people,
nor can anyone claim to have all the
answers for everyone else's life. In fact,
Rimbaud remarks that not all of Crass would
necessarily call themselves anarchists.
Pacifism and feminism are, if anything,
equally important topics on their own. And
in terms of their present activities, it's the
issue of nuclear disarmament which takes
up the major part of their energies.

"You can't vote anarchist. You can only be
one."

"History is His Story. Manslaughter is
Man's Laughter."

"Art is not a mirror — it's a hammer."
— *Crass handout material.*

BEFORE WE REACH the cosy conclusion
that Crass are all sweet, reasonable
people ripe to be patted and patronised,
absorbed into the decent liberal mainstream,
it's worth remembering that the work they
turn out is violently extreme.
For thousands of young punks, who are
bored/angry/lost, this band offers excitement
and passion and maybe hope. But for others
like me whose tastes and attitudes lie
elsewhere, then Crass are at best a challenge
and at worst an ugly row, impossible to take.
You can't just tolerate Crass; you must
either reject them outright or else prepare to
get every idea in your head radically shook up
— they probably won't 'convert' you but
they'll sure as hell confuse you, and often that
can be the healthiest effect of all.

If the sound and image which Crass project
is unattractive, then they'd argue that's
because it's a direct attack on things which are
themselves ugly. In fact, the dominant force
behind what they do is not so much
aggression as sheer disgust. If they write
violently about the things which disgust them,
it's because they feel violently. They also
prefer to confront issues head-on, and if their
vision is an unpleasant one then it's just too
bad. They refuse to sweeten the pill because
they believe their way is the way that gets
through to people.

If, for instance, Crass tackle the subject of
nuclear holocaust, the resultant song, and the
accompanying visuals, are an assault upon
the senses, full of horror and grimness.
Rimbaud contrasts that approach with, say,
Orchestral Manoeuvres' 'Enola Gay' (that
being the name of the plane which dropped the
atom bomb): being a nice accessible song,
it might get something across to large
numbers of people, but it pays a price in that
it's necessarily less intense. Whatever effect it
might have is superficial, like a thin coating
over many, many layers of conditioning.
Whereas Crass might reach fewer people, but
when they do they cut right through, from top
to bottom. And that's more important to them.

This extremeness is also a form of
self-protection. Crass are happy to "go too
far" in their lyrics and so on because they've
no wish to be adopted by the liberal/left forces
who, in Crass's eyes, provide no real
alternative to the powers-that-be. (Crass gigs
have suffered at the hands of SWP/RAR
trouble-makers, they claim, and the
"authoritarian left" is considered just as much
a threat as the more obvious enemies like the
establishment and the fascist right.) Crass
don't want to be safe and acceptable, because
the moment that happens they've lost their
cutting edge. Their ethic is that peace lies
through confrontation, not escape.

Although the music does give a relentless
impression of anger and limited expressive
range, Crass are imaginative, especially in

their often brilliant graphics and design.
collage is a favoured method. "Something like
the technicolour *Rock Dreams* of Guy Peellaert,
but appallingly vivid, monochrome
nightmares."

They also have their more lyrical side,
evidenced by the writing and poetry in their
magazines. Indeed, they maintain that the
music itself has always had more subtlety
than the bleak, sub-Ramones thrashing
reputation leads you to believe — but they've
been hampered in the past by lack of
expertise, both playing and recording. This
they're overcoming, and now they're taking
far longer over their music in the studios as
well as undergoing exhaustive rehearsals.

Live appearances will begin again in the
near future, provided the right venues can be
found. Avoiding commercial clubs, they're
looking for one-off events, largely advertised
by word-of-mouth — the problem being that
while they don't want to play to the same
crowd each time they visit a town, they're
keen to avoid the "anti-following" as well.
Another 12" record is nearing completion,
and the next few weeks will see the release of
a new Crass 7", 'Nagasaki Nightmare'. 'NN' is
something of a breakthrough for the band's
technique: in writing, playing and recording
it's far in advance of anything they've done
before, a chilling piece of work.
Ignoring Crass will be harder than ever.

CRASS DISCOGRAPHY

(Label Crass unless otherwise stated)

'Reality Asylum'/'Shaved Women' (1979) 45p.
'Asylum' is the scathing attack on religion
(as a vehicle of sexual oppression) that was
censored from their first 12" when workers
at the pressing plant found it blasphemous.
'Bloody Revolutions' (1980) 70p. On the other
side is 'Persons Unknown' by The Poison
Girls, close associates of Crass.
'Rival Tribal Rebel Revolt' (1980) Given away as
a free flexi with *Toxic Graffiti* magazine.
'Nagasaki Nightmare'/'Big A Little A' (1981)
70p

12"

'The Feeding Of The Five Thousand' 17 tracks
(Small Wonder Records, 1978) £2.
'Stations Of The Cross' double with 19 new
tracks plus one side recorded live (1979) £3.
'Bullshit Detector' (1980) £1.35. A compilation
LP of Crass-oriented groups around the
country. Includes an early Crass recording
of 'Do They Owe Us A Living'. Great fun
(really), highly recommended.

CRASS IN PRINT

Inter-National Anthem, 30p. Crass's own
"Nihilist newspaper for the living", three
issues so far. Issue one contains Penny
Rimbaud's account of their abortive
appearance at the Roxy club, and is
recommended.
The Eclectic. A (so far) one-off magazine full of
fractured images, again produced by Crass.
Rapid Eye Movement issue three contains an
excellent Crass feature. Available from
Compendium Books.
In The City issues 10-11. As above.

You can write to Crass c/o Rough Trade, 137
Blenheim Crescent, London W11.

"Big A little A bouncing B.
The system might have got you but it won't
get me."

— *Crass, 'Big A Little A'*



Pic: Stephen Winrow

Pic: Colman Doyle/Camera Press

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ALBUMS

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume." You do, Brian, you do.



STRANDED IN A BLACKBOARD JUNGLE

VARIOUS ARTISTS Bullshit Detector (Crass)

IF THE Crass / real punk / anarchy axis represents the new hippiedom, then there's one important difference between the groups on this album and their spiritual predecessors. At least "dropping out" carried the implication of choice. These new advocates of an alternative lifestyle didn't so much jump as were pushed.

The 'Bullshit Detector' compilation would never have been released by a commercial company or, more crucially, by any altruistic independent that cares about the course of modern music. Its muddy, monotone grind is composed of home-made tapes recorded by groups in the very first stages of an amateurism that is only endearing if it's linked to inspiration or the spirit of musical adventure. One of the worst legacies of Punk '77 has been the enshrining of incompetence as an aid to credibility that's fully reflected on this record. And there's no

experimentation past the most helpless of "real" punk scratchings, unless you count the ample evidence of the worst kind of unselfcritical conceits.

Even at £1.35, it's still an insult to ask for money for a collection of such ill-conceived and under-rehearsed material. Despite its token pretence of solidarity with the listener, 'Bullshit Detector' fundamentally shares the same patronising attitude to its audience as the creatively wasted super-group who carelessly commit their latest indulgences to vinyl, regardless of any merit or effort in their construction.

Since musically 'Bullshit Detector' is excruciating, one can only assume that its purpose is political. And there's plenty of politics thrown about in the lyrics and graffiti reproduced on the fold-out cover, with the circled A particularly prominent. The sentiments expressed resemble the despairing state of early adolescence when the concept of responsibility for your own actions hasn't yet entered the

BRIAN ENO, DAVID BYRNE My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts (Polydor/EG)

AS WE all know by now, conceptualists like Brian Eno tend over the years to acquire a rather exaggerated idea of the importance of their work and its implications. They're also liable to mask often self-evident methods and first principles in obscure jargon, and would have us believe that their position as thinking persons and arbiters of empiricism in a field that's not exactly renowned for its intellectual aspirations is somehow impregnable.

It isn't of course, as was amply demonstrated by the manifest absurdity of Eno's breathless announcement last year that he had 'discovered' Africa and ethnic music. Good God, anyone would think that both were vast unknowns just patiently waiting for Eno and his impressionable fellow-traveller, chief Talking Head David Byrne, to stumble upon them like intrepid latterday Livingstones.

You really begin to wonder, is Eno aware of the fact that rock as we know it wouldn't even exist but for Afro-American music? Has he ever troubled to listen closely to Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, John Coltrane or indeed any of the countless black musicians who've been perfectly well aware of the significance of their cultural heritage for generations? Evidently not.

Such condescension defies belief.

The second leg of Eno and Byrne's journey to the heart of the Dark Continent to be released — the first was the Heads' 'Remain In Light' — 'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts' is no exception to the prevailing conceptual rule.

The title, we're told, comes from a novel by Amos Tutuola, and the inscrutable, quite possibly meaningless cover design from an Eno video. Assisted by various players from a pool of two drummers, three bassists and six percussionists, Eno and Byrne add drums, basses and percussion too, also synthesizers, guitars and "found objects" (whatever they

arena and the whole world seems a gigantic conspiracy by "them" to prevent the individual achieving anything at all.

It's an impotent parody of anarchy that, stripped of its essence of self-determination, looks like a hopelessly empty option. And although the album is full of references to "them", there is no alternative

are). Someone else contributes "click bass" to one track. Yes, it's that sort of album: very enigmatic and terribly pleased with itself and its own erudition.

So what lies behind such enticing titles as 'Mea Culpa', 'Regiment', 'The Jezebel Spirit', 'Qu'ran', 'The Carrier' and 'A Secret Life'? Not a lot. 'My Life' comprises 11 rhythm tracks or tone poems recorded over some 14 months in five American studios. Ten of the total are in some way or another synchronised to 'voices': either fragments of heated chat-show conversation, evangelism and, in one case, on-the-air exorcising culled from US radio or pre-recorded examples of ethnic singing and chanting from as far afield as Egypt, the Lebanon, Algeria and Georgia, USA.

Since most of these voices have obviously religious overtones — they range from those of American fundamentalists to orthodox Muslims — some great Statement, some underlying and unifying Concept is presumably intended. Quite what it might be I've little interest in finding out after hearing the album.

Musically 'My Life' is unexceptional. Anyone familiar with the last two Talking Heads albums, Eno's 'Another Green World', 'Music For Films' and 'Before And After Science' and his work with Cluster will know exactly what to expect.

And what you expect is what you get: long lines of electronic melody suspended with or without the support of mutant 'funk' riffing; clipped or Frippe guitars; a surfeit of abstract 'white' sounds; lots of vari-speed or treated-tape effects; clattering and clanking percussion of all shapes and sizes, etc, etc — in other words, pretty much your standard ethno-industrial workout, although A Certain Ratio managed to say a lot more of the same in a lot less space on their recent 'Blown Away/And Then Again/Light' 12".

As for the voices and a good deal of the music, both Can and their ex-bassist Holger Czukay have been here and back several times already; Max Bell wasn't alone in thinking that much of 'Remain In Light' sounded suspiciously like Can's 'Soon Over Babaluma'.

It's not so much what Eno and Byrne are trying to do that



galls, but the gloss they put on it all. This album is so earnest. It might as well have been a purely academic exercise.

(Perhaps it was.) When Can had a mind to pass the ethnic plate, they did so tongues firmly in cheeks, numbering the results as parts of their E.F.S. or Ethnological Forgery Series. Of course the music was contrived — this was openly admitted — but it hardly seemed to matter, especially since it often succeeded in sounding genuinely ethnic and/or exotic.

Similarly, Czukay was filtering tapes of ethnic music into Can live performances back in 1977; the results can be heard on record on 'Saw Delight'. Then he left the band to develop these and other associated techniques to a very sophisticated degree, the proof of which may be explored on his 'Movies' album.

In fact 'Movies' is the test card. On it Czukay used pre-recorded voices and dialogue from such sources as radio, television and vintage film far more interestingly, amusingly and at times disturbingly than Eno and Byrne can manage here. He also succeeded in creating a delicate and compellingly beautiful musical framework around the singing of an Iranian poet he'd intercepted one night on short-wave radio — and Czukay's 'Persian Love' makes a nonsense of the four attempts by Eno and Byrne to do something similar on 'My Life'.

How so? Because Czukay's song was genuinely thrilled with itself, whereas its equivalents here lack any air of sudden, surprising, excited or exciting discovery; they sound merely calculated, as if Eno and Byrne just dutifully played

through some ethnic records and then chose what to extract from them.

Czukay's work somehow manages to consciously combine intuition and intellect without threatening its own integrity or that of the various outside sources on which it draws. On this evidence, Eno and Byrne seem unable to achieve this balance (which was, after all, what Eno himself was on about with his Oblique Strategies).

If 'My Life' lacks anything in large degree, it's feeling. There's no sense of resonance here, no strangeness, wonderment or mystery, no real consideration for, or understanding of, the subject matter at hand. And the absence of these qualities almost invalidates the whole exercise, reduces it to not much more than just another cautionary example of failed rock conceptualism.

Why not loosen up a bit, you two? Don't think so much for a start — and don't look so long before you leap.

Angus MacKinnon



these dimensions.

Purely as an unconscious portrait of depression and easily-manipulated incomprehension, 'Bullshit Detector' would make salutary listening for a government whose policies are deliberately creating the kind of economic climate in which this sort of hopelessness thrives.

Lynn Hanna



first single
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c/w FORMULA EYES



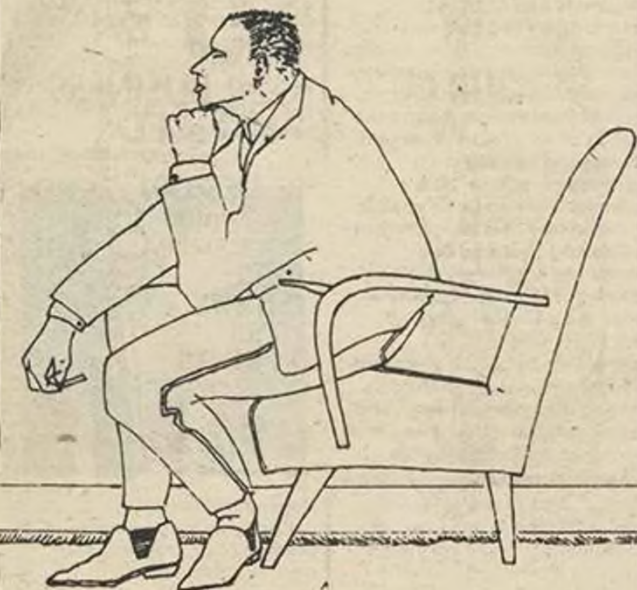
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RUTS D.C. ... from a DIFFERENT VIEW

The great step dubwards

NEW AGE STEPPERS
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A DISCIPLINED set of music, surprisingly, sure in its touch and predominantly, expressively, peaceful. Peace, calm submergence of self (yes!), music set desirably between natural noise and structured music. Merge some Slit, Pop Group and Flying Lizard people and if nothing else you'll have energies directed towards idealistic pruning of language (which can get embarrassing), a tender and hungry appreciation of certain rhythms, a shuttling selection of sounds and atmospheres and a purely indignant perception of spiritual corruption.

In a bad mood I would imagine such a merger to be horrendous but the musicians work together with admirable grace and discretion. The combination of strengths seems to eradicate the unbalanced exhibitionism, unfortunate arrogance and that sunk-in-self unpop posing that apparently flourishes when the egos and spirits are separate.

There's a strong set of egos at play here, yet they work together constructively. This near surrealist work of health and hope could almost be the work of one person: which is some sort of triumph. There is a tangible if unorthodox sense of fun.

There are about twenty spirits at play, including Bruce and Mark of The Pop Group, Viv and Ari of The Slits, Viv Goldman and Steve Beresford of the part-time Lizards. They all don't play at the same time. Slits and P. Group have now and then been brilliant: not because they were on a pompous mission but because there was a kind of boldness. Flying Lizards were compassionately maddening. Mostly, all three congregations were erratic to the point where serious intentions were threatened, paranoid to such a pitch they seized up and often appeared to be on an aimless journey. New Age Steppers doesn't convince me they've defined their act of rebellion, but its stark simplicity and conserved charm suggests that, whatever it is, it's not wholly unlovable. Neither is it violently forthright and crude: just a little daft in places when that unusual sense of humour / immaturity bubbles through onto the surface.

The marriages on this LP, whilst not entirely without pretensions, mostly achieve a sensitive sweet flow. The best passages of music are a rarefied abstraction of reggae that stops short of dissolving into the timid. It's dreamy and stylistically inconsequential — an echo of the more earnest Pop Groups / Slits adventures in absurd space, but actually more appealing because they're more relaxed and so less bewildered and distortive.

And because the vocals are sparse and the punishing purgatorial Slitty / Popgroupie lyrics pretty much held back, you can simply sense apprehension or sad uselessness instead of being rammed up the consciousness. Best vocals (Minnie Ripperton, even) are on the opening treat 'Fade Away' and 'Love Forever' — nebulous, moist, often very pretty songs.

'Crazy Dreams And High Ideals' is, as you would imagine, the place where much of this good grace collapses into grief and giggles. It's a Mark Stewart vocal! His death-wish vocals display scant regard for elementary decency: they are grotesque.

Such ugliness is untypical though. Mostly, it's music set in a twilight melancholy, free from melodrama but not without passion, gentle superfluous frolics, the closest you'll get to a new age MOR LP from this sort of company. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Obsessiveness is no route to salvation.

Paul Morley

NASH THE SLASH
Children Of The Night
(Dindisc)

AFTER CABARET, what next? Vaudeville, of course, and tonight's star(?) novelty act is Nash The Slash, an idiot dressed like a bleached Uncle Sam in Invisible Man drag.

Imported by Gary Numan to support him on his penultimate tour last autumn, Slash is today's equivalent of the one-man band: electronic percussion replaces cumbersome bass drum and cymbals, a revox supplies the frills, thus leaving his elbows free for frenetic sawing of electric violins or thrashing of skull shaped mandolins.

Live, the novelty might hold your attention for two minutes; on record, he loses it midway through the opening track, a poverty-stricken, hopeless romp across Prokofiev's 'Peter And The Wolf'. He also lays waste, in the name of parody, to Jan And Dean's 'Dead Man's Curve', the Stones' '19th Nervous Breakdown' and Deep Purple's 'Smoke On The Water' — reworked under the title 'Dopes On The Water'. That's the extent of the humour. The title track is also very Purplish, except for the Daltrey vocal inflections.

Despite the modern trappings — camp dressing up, electronics and a laboured emphasis on the lack of guitars — he's really just an excessive

hard-to-heavy rock instrumentalist neither competent enough to earn a place in the Muppet band, nor witty enough to be a successful mimic. The real thing parodies itself better, anyway.

His artistic pretensions are funny though — composing a soundtrack for Dali/Bunuel's classic surrealist short *Un Chien Andalou* indeed!

Chris Bohn

IRON MAIDEN
Killers (EMI)

HEAVY METAL: a mass culture so easy to mock from the outside, a Disneyworld where men are Real Men and women don't count as people at all, an



Pic: David Corio

Viv Albertine of the Anarchist Formation Dance Team.

escapist fantasy where macho maketh man who makes it alright in the end, like a Clint Eastwood western.

Turn up the volume till all you hear is a sledge-hammer beat, shake out your dandruff and play your dream guitar. Get sedated! It's a Valium illusion, the deception of going up when you're really going down all the time: the Rise of the Cardboard Guitar says it all. Why not make your own music instead of miming? HM encourages passivity and hero worship but gives its fans the illusion of POWER even as it takes it away from them.

So Iron Maiden offer a melodramatic voice screaming out songs with titles like 'Killers', 'Wrathchild', 'Murders In The Rue Morgue' and 'Genghis Khan' in an American accent (even though Paul Di'anno was born in Chingford), but that's not really important: ever seen a cardboard microphone?

This music is built around the Guitar Hero, and here we have the standard goods: a touch of pomp rock and repetitive, wailing solos showing what great musicians they are, although there is no innovation at all. The much-trumpeted 'New Wave of Heavy Metal' seems to consist of little more, than bringing in some new, younger Heroes before the old ones go senile and a change from flared to straight jeans. One of the appeals of the genre, though, is its constancy. It is cosy, safe, unchanging, and so

unable to disappoint (or stimulate) its followers overmuch. This album again delivers: there is no difference between it and their debut album, and I can detect little to distinguish either from, say, Sabbath five years ago.

But why does it matter? HM is a ghettoised culture that usually confines itself to its own clubs and gets relatively little airplay/media coverage. Yet I find it offensive because it perpetuates male/female stereotypes, roles which are oppressive to all.

It could be argued that Iron Maiden use none of the normal misogynist HM women-are-only-good-for-one-thing type publicity material, that the grotesque figure they use as their logo is pretty androgynous and its victim on this cover is probably male. However, their image is still the hunky he-man stance and their lyrics, the aforementioned cover, even their name (after a Medieval torture instrument) glorifies/romanticises violence, and so their presentation and music gives a stamp of approval to precisely those attitudes that make rape, gang and tribal warfare etc., so commonplace.

If nothing else, jumping around in those tight jeans will probably give them nasty infections and I'm sure posing for photos with those butch grimaces must give them faceache. Role playing is bad for your health!

Sheryl Garratt

Value added Taxis

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Sounds Of The '80s
(Taxi)

SLY DUNBAR'S drumming and Robbie Shakespeare's bass are two of the best things happening in music at the



Robbie (L) and Sly (R) pic: Kate Simon.

Two gentlemen of Jamaica.

Heart's throb

THE CONGOS
Heart Of The Congos
(Go-Foot)

ONE OF the seminal reggae albums of the late '70s, 'Heart Of The Congos' has been available in this country on pre-release since early 1978, when it first came out in Jamaica on producer Lee "Scratch" Perry's Black Ark label.

As such, this now near-legendary LP has already found its way into a considerable number of British homes. It could have found its way into a lot more: shortly after its JA release, it was scheduled to be put into the British high street shops by Island — the company claimed, however, that the tapes sent by Scratch were sub-standard, and the project was cancelled.

Last year, meanwhile, French CBS put out the almost equally impressive 'Congo Ashanti', the second LP by the vocal harmony outfit who, by then, had been boosted to a trio by the addition of baritone vocalist Watty Burnett to original 'Heart Of The Congos' pairing of lead singer Cedric Myton and tenor-man Roy Johnson.

Now, courtesy of The Beat as a Go-Foot Golden Spinner, 'Heart Of The Congos' is available in British record stores at the competitive price of £2.99. Pick up a copy and get an LP that, even though it's already three years old, is still going to count as one of the most powerful British releases of 1981.

Mind you, if you're made uptight by the idea of what is essentially highly devotional, near-holy music, then save your money: one of the reasons for the intense beauty of the delicate tapestry of harmonies and the meditative, pathos-tinged music with which they interweave is because this music is inspired by The Congos' love of The Creator;

and this is a thoroughly Biblical, Rastafarian-based record.

That considered, of course, it is fitting that the LP, which is not merely a collection of ten individual songs but a *total* album, should have been recorded at roots master Scratch Perry's temple-like Black Ark studio in Kingston. Indeed, his mixing work on 'Heart Of The Congos' was one of the eccentric Perry's finest recent moments, occurring a year or so before his conversion to the odd code of Pipecock Jackson: the sounds, drawn by Scratch's master-sorcery from a set of musicians that includes many of the instrumentalists — drummer Sly Dunbar, percussionist Scully, lead guitarist Ernest Ranglin — who now make up the Taxi Records set-up, achieve total control of your spirit. The piercing, almost percussive vocal tones of The Congos themselves are assisted by soulful back-up singing from The Meditations, whose voices provide yet another level of bliss in which to dwell for as long as you wish.

Yes, that's it: all the usual quasi-spiritual gush that gets wheeled out for positive consideration of Rastafarian-based records.

But it is a fabulous LP.

Chris Salewicz

SCIENTIST AND THE ROOTS RADICS BAND
Scientist Meets The Space Invaders (Greensleeves)

SPACE INVADERS STYLEEEEE!

In every arcade throughout the land, the youth just shake that mechanical hand, they like to see the meteors shatter, they just don't care if they're mad like a hatter. They'll steal the breads, they'll *print* the breads, they'll play to win and stay ahead. Feeling vex? Just throw out your chest and play the game to drive you insane. At last you'll feel you've got control, although it's just a



Congos pic: Adrian Boot.

"But why should I join the Council for Social Democracy? I don't even like claret."

game, if the truth be told. Just a machine, it can't talk back. Just a machine, but mind the flack.

So Scientist says he'll mix a dub to flip the flippers and bring you good luck. He'll press the button, turn the dial, mash up the enemy and make you smile. Looks like those monsters can multiply, but Scientist explodes 'em, quicker than your eye goes — blinkwinkablinkwink.

Bringing you a smash selection with rhythms to outweigh any objection, it's old 'Mr. Bassie' and Johnny Osbourne's 'Kiss Somebody' all dubbed up to move your body. Fancy new titles like 'Quasar' and 'Beam Down', guaranteed to wipe away your frown.

This is the sound they're playing all round the town, with Roots Radics Band playing the new Channel One sound, it's much much better to play it loud, sounds much better if you're stoned in a — **SPACE INVADERS STYLEEEEE!**

Vivien Goldman

and all this before most people have heard of them, let alone sampled their music.

Were it not for their large disco following — 'Southern Freeez' was first released on the band's own Pink Rhythm (sic) label in December and hit the disco charts before being picked up by Beggars Banquet — coupled with an impressive single, I would suspect a case of, uh, heavy promotion.

The basic Freeez are Paul Morgan (drums), Peter Maas (bass, vocals), Andy Stennett (keyboards) and John Rocca (percussion, vocals) but they're bolstered on the album by a three-piece horn section, guest guitarist Gordon Sullivan and — on the single-cum-title-track — Ingrid Mansfield Allman's cool-school vocals.

They claim to be "New Wave Jazz Funk ... with an image and attitude relevant to Britain today" but the last bit is just bunk, unless fuzak with titles like 'Caribbean Winter' or 'Sunset' can claim to have special relevance, while their idea of jazz-funk is closer to the old-hat flimsy fusion of Herbie Hancock or Spyrogyra than the embroiled grit of American new-wavers like Defunkt.

Freeez are more jazzy than funky; heavy on congas, light on bass; a laid-back Latin feel with meandering, florid keyboards right upfront. A thin sound; pleasant but indecisive, not enough tune, not enough groove. Except for the single, which finds a relaxed beat and swings it through a simple structure behind that clipped, emotionless voice.

Buy the 12", take a raincheck on their next LP — this one is too bland and a little too soon — and for really *hard* English funk, try Linx or Gang Of Four's excellent, upcoming 'Solid Gold' LP.

The Whispers, meanwhile, epitomise what the new Brit funksters want to get away from — big bowties, red satin waistcoats and formula soul. Apart from a nod to Earth Wind And Fire on 'Imagination' and a touch of the hat to Chic on the single 'It's A Love Thing', easily the best track on either of these albums, this is purely workmanlike, Philly-based funk-by-numbers — all smoochy ballads and 'Love Train' shuffles.

The Whispers do it well — smooth vocals, full arrangements, upfront rhythm section — but I long for less sophistication and more imagination; the one quality missing on this grossly misnamed LP.

Graham Lock



The band say "freeez" and play the cornet.

moment. In fact, these gents from JA are so well known that even lumpen proles like me — who until a few months ago thought 'Pre' was the name of a record studio — have appreciated their work.

They are inventing new languages in rhythm, different ways to express the sounds that everyone from Sting to Stevie Wonder now think they can play, and Taxi is their label.

For once, a compilation that lives up to expectations: from the Tamblins' classic 'Baltimore' to Black Uhuru's sublime 'Guess Who Is Coming To Dinner?' (guaranteed singalong addition after two hearings...), and taking in Dennis Brown, Jimmy Riley and Junior Delgado on the way. Add two

lush instrumentals complete with spine-tingling sax and a free calypso-ish single — all Sly productions — and what more could you ask?

As is usual with reggae, this is a little behind the times: the album was released late last year to a customary blaze of media indifference and the songs on it weren't new anyway, but still come recommended to all who hadn't the money/sense to buy them first time round. But especially — along with the complete works of Black Uhuru — I'd recommend this record to anyone wanting to find out about contemporary reggae but unsure where to begin. The Taxi queue starts here.

Sheryl Garratt

Freeez don't pleeez

FREEEZ
Southern Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
THE WHISPERS
Imagination (Solar)

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Chilling the blues

WILKO JOHNSON
Ice On The Motorway (Nighthawk)

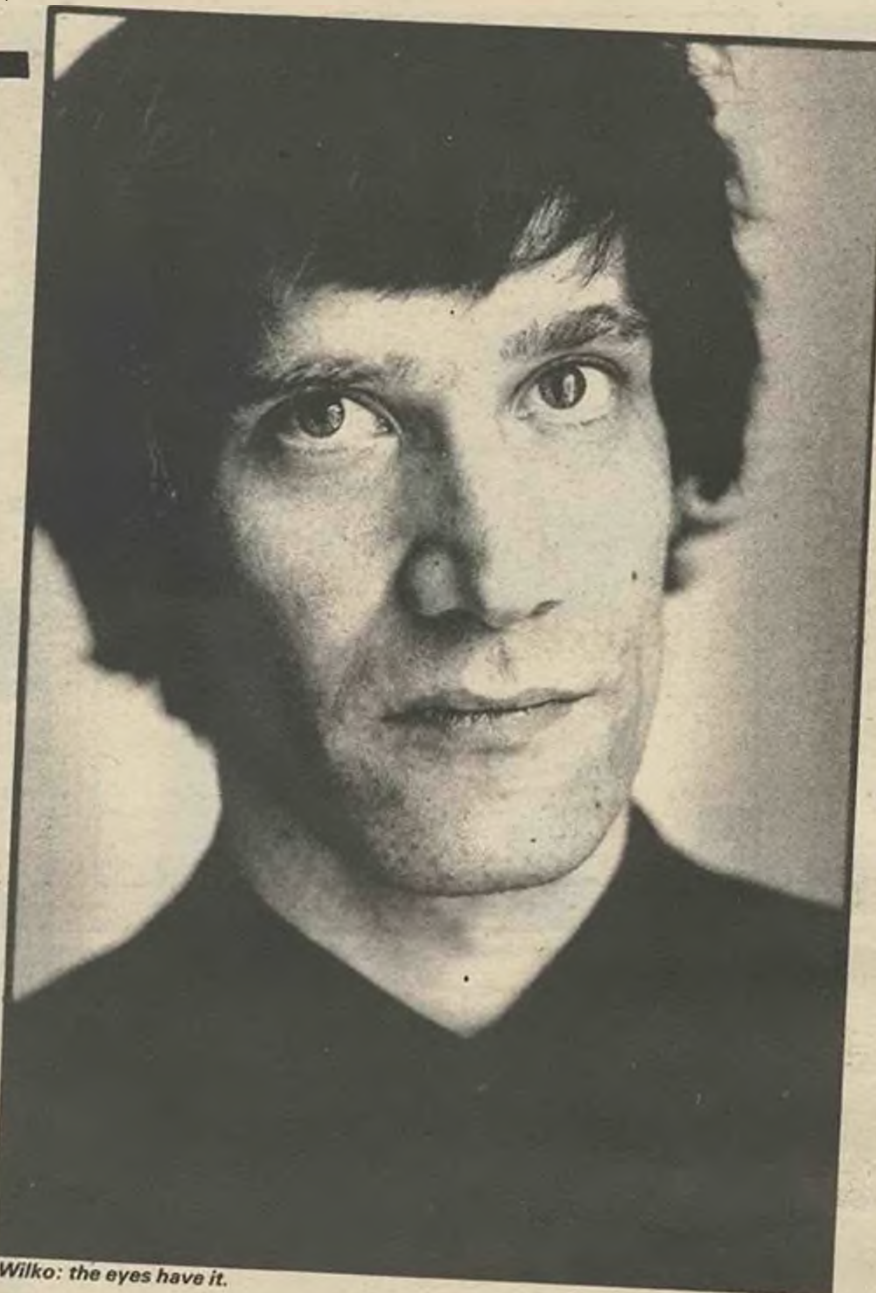
"I'M WALKING sideways! And my mind's in neutral!" God, but that scream can chill the blood. R&B is a field full of 2-D men, churning out 12-bars like it's a chore instead of a passion, dull music with nowhere to go and nothing to say. Wilko Johnson is not of that kind. You can't lend so much as half of one ear to his awesome version of 'The Whammy' without realising — it grabs you by the throat and shakes hard — that here's something special, and almost terrifying, and very real.

It's hard to remember that less than 12 months ago so many people were busy picking positions, anti and pro, that curious and periodic phenomenon "the English R&B revival". Give or take a few worthwhile practitioners, hardly anything is still heard of it — at least, not outside the beery cellars where the type has always thrived and which it seems incapable of growing out of. In retrospect that's probably how it should be, especially if it helps us consider Wilko for the individual talent he is, rather than as A. N. Other example of a worn-out movement.

'Ice On The Motorway' collects together the best of Johnson's stuff from the past couple of years, and his best is very good indeed. There isn't a disappointing cut among them, but significantly — Jay Hawkins' 'Whammy' apart — it's the guy's own compositions which come out strongest of all. 'Bottle Up And Go' and 'Down By The Waterside' might be two of the finest originals written in traditional style for years. And most vital of all, their execution always bears the stamp of personality.

Backed by Russel Strutter on bass and Alex Bines on drums, the Wilko sound is fierce: ruthless chopping guitar and vicious skidding beat. But if 'Ice On The Motorway' falls short of greatness as an album then the faults too are Wilko's — in his production, which tends toward thinness, and his vocals, which mostly don't carry the clout needed to match the material and the playing. That said, there's enough evidence here that full absorption into Blockhead-dom would be nothing less than a waste of what Johnson's got to offer.

Paul Du Noyer



Pic: Anton Corbijn.

Wilko: the eyes have it.

CLOCK DVA
Thirst (Fetish)
White Souls In Black Suits (Industrial — cassette)

FOLLOWING their so-so range-testing shots on this or that compilation, Clock DVA unleash a couple of concurrent salvos effectively demonstrating two divergent approaches to the

business of organising sound.

Their first giant-sized plastic thing is both better than might be expected, and not quite as good as it could have been. It's certainly heartening, after all the false starts made by Adi Newton and Jud Turner (the only remaining original Clocks), to hear an album as self-assured and determined as 'Thirst'; but at the same time, there are a number of annoying features which prevent complete fulfillment of

Clock DVA's possibilities.

Chief among these is Adi's voice. I just wish he'd stop grunting and sing once in a while, as an entire album of gruff vocal rumblings couched somewhere between the rant of a Mark Stewart and the darkly-dark posturing of any number of Ian Curtis copyists can quickly get tiresome and will probably prevent people from playing 'Thirst' very often. Which would be a shame, as there's no shortage of stimulating moments in the actual music, which is like a more refined, controlled variant of The Pop Group's avant-punk-jazzery; just as inquisitive and unafraid of taking chances, but with a firmer grasp on internal dynamics. It implodes rather than explodes.

A large part of this must be due to the sax-playing of Charlie Collins, a bearded weirdie apparently time-warped out of the beat era, whose jazz chops are substantially meatier than those of James White or the other limp proponents of NY punk-jazz. It's Charlie's concise articulations which provide most of the stimulating moments mentioned above, either alone or in tandem with Paul Widger's uncomfortable, atonally-oriented guitar scratchings.

On some tracks, the introductions are rather more interesting than the actual body of the song. The opener, 'Uncertain', begins with an echoed drizzle of sounds, splashes which resolve, with the entrance of the rhythm skeleton, into a more formally structured piece; and 'North Loop' starts out like a paraplegic Police, all flange and space, before settling into a fairly tedious dirge lightened only by Charlie's wanderings.

This is the opposite to what occurs on the 'White Souls In Black Suits' cassette (available from Industrial Records Ltd., at 10 Martello Street, Hackney, London E8, for £4), where the pieces are generally less interesting for being less structured. Whereas 'Thirst' could be said to suffer from an enervating homogeneity of approach 'White Souls' all but abandons formal constraints in favour of collective improvisation, the tracks a succession of beds of musical nails.

Culled from 15 hours of improvisation, 'White Souls' includes contributions from a couple of Cabs on 'Anti-Chance', the final piece, and features loud, noisy guitar histrionics from the now-departed David J. Hammond on 'Relentless' — to no particular end. The tape deals with rougher, harsher, more brittle shapes than 'Thirst', and smacks of more dubious motives: being *seen* (or heard) to be "experimental" would appear to be far more important than actually *experimenting* in a workmanlike fashion.

'Thirst', in the final analysis, is a commendable piece of plastic: the first important debut album of 1981. Buy that first, then try the tape if you're the kind of punter who wants to be *seen* to be experimental. Seen?

Andy Gill

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DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS

SPANNING THE UK

STEELEYE SPAN have lined up an extensive spring tour of England and Scotland, taking in 24 dates, including two at London's Hammersmith Odeon. This follows the success of their short reunion tour last autumn, and suggests that the re-formation is now permanent. To tie in with the outing, the band have a double A-side single issued by Chrysalis on March 13, 'Gone To America' / 'Let Her Go Down' — both titles taken from their 'Sails Of Silver' album.

Dates are Ipswich Gaumont (March 21), Croydon Fairfield Hall (22), Brighton Dome (23), Birmingham Odeon (24), Gloucester Leisure Centre (26), Hanley Victoria Hall (27), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (28), Glasgow Apollo (30), Edinburgh Usher Hall (31), Newcastle City Hall (April 1), Sheffield City Hall (2), Manchester Free Trade Hall (4), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (5), Leicester De Montfort Hall (6), Bradford St. George's Hall (7), Derby Assembly Rooms (8), Bristol Colston Hall (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (11 and 12), Oxford New Theatre (14), Portsmouth Guildhall (15), Poole Arts Centre (16) and Taunton Odeon (17). Ticket prices are £3.75, £3.25 and £2.75 at all venues — except Manchester (£3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25) and Hammersmith (£4.50, £3.50 and £2.50).

CHUCK, MUDDY IN OPEN-AIR EVENT

CAPITAL RADIO'S annual Jazz Festival, last year severely curtailed by the fire at Alexandra Palace, has found a new home for the 1981 event — subject to GLC licensing permission, it will be staged on Clapham Common in South London. The main festival will occupy two weekends on the two-stage, 25,000-capacity site — July 18-19 and 25-26 — and during the intervening week, other events will be staged at West End concert venues. Over 100 names have already been confirmed — among them Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Lightnin' Hopkins, Jimmy Witherspoon, Mel Torme, Rose Murphy, Nellie Lutcher, Bob Crosby's Bobcats, Lionel Hampton and Dizzy Gillespie.

Abbey rocks to Sky's gig

SKY are to perform the first-ever rock concert to be staged in London's Westminster Abbey — on Tuesday, February 24 (8 pm). It's a special charity event to mark the 20th anniversary of Amnesty International, and it will be filmed by BBC-TV for subsequent screening at home and overseas. Sky (John Williams, Herbie Flowers, Tristan Fry, Kevin Peek and Steve Gray) are donating their services free of charge for the show. Tickets are priced £10, £5 and £2.50, and they're only available by personal application to Amnesty, 8 Southampton Street (off The Strand), London.

□ STEPPENWOLF, fronted by John Kay, will now be playing a few selected provincial dates — in addition to their show at London Rainbow on March 6, reported last week. So far confirmed are Manchester UMIST (March 12) and Middlesbrough Town Hall (13).

□ THE STRAY CATS have added another date to their extensive British tour, reported two weeks ago. It's at Torquay 400 Club on Saturday, February 28.

□ ICARUS are playing half-a-dozen gigs to preview their new single (see Record News). The reggae band have London dates this weekend at Fulham Greyhound (tonight, Thursday), Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (Friday) and Deptford St. Luke's Church (Saturday), followed by a headliner at Victoria The Venue on February 21. They also visit Guildford Surrey University (February 20) and Canterbury Kent University (23).



Photos: WENDY WU

Photos in limelight

THE PHOTOS are back in business with a new single out this month, an 11-date tour in March, and their second album and another tour in April. The single, issued by Epic on February 20, is 'Life In A Day' / 'More Than A Friend' — both titles are band compositions. The A-side is from the upcoming album called 'Crystal Tips And Mighty Mice' — the follow-up to their debut album, which aspired to the Top Ten last year — but the B-side is not on the LP.

Their March dates are at Exeter University (6), Bristol Polytechnic (7), Leicester Polytechnic (10), London Victoria The Venue (11), Canterbury Kent University (12), Uxbridge Brunel University (13), Northampton County Ground (14), Leeds Warehouse (16), Harlow Technical College (19), Birmingham Polytechnic (20) and Manchester Polytechnic (21).

The show at The Venue is one of the series being recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent broadcast. The band's April tour, to tie in with the album release, is already pencilled in and is of a much more extensive nature. It will be followed by headlining tours of Europe and America throughout the summer.

□ NIGHTDOCTOR, the ten-piece reggae band signed by the new Race Records label (see Record News), play Sheffield University (tomorrow, Friday), Leicester Polytechnic (Saturday), High Wycombe Nags Head (February 19), London Southbank Polytechnic (20) and Reading Caribbean Club (21). And their stablemates Team 23 visit Southend Rescals this Saturday (14).

Nine Below's breakthrough

NINE BELOW ZERO are to headline their first-ever show at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 20, a date which they hope will mark their transition from a touring club band to that of major concert attraction. Beforehand, they're supporting The Who in five of their dates — at Glasgow Apollo (this Saturday and Sunday), Edinburgh Playhouse (February 19 and 20) and Deeside Leisure Centre (28). The band's first studio album 'Don't Point Your Finger', produced by Glyn Johns, is released by A&M on February 27 — with a single from the LP, titled 'Three Times Enough', coming out the same day.

□ THE PASSIONS, currently promoting their Polydor single 'I'm In Love With A German Film Star', have added three dates this weekend to their tour — at Colchester Essex University (tonight, Thursday), Manchester Oxford Roadshow (Friday) and Newcastle University (Saturday). Further dates are at present being finalised.

PRIEST POSTPONE

JUDAS PRIEST have decided not to tour Britain next month after all. They were planning to go on the UK road immediately on returning from their European tour, which starts this weekend, and some theatres had already put tickets on sale in advance of the official announcement. But now the band have decided to postpone their outing until later in the spring — they decided they didn't want to tour here for the third time with the same show, and when they get back from Europe they now intend to prepare a brand new show. (Anyone who has already purchased tickets should apply for a cash refund). Meanwhile, their new single 'Don't Go' / 'Solar Energy' is issued by CBS this weekend, with their album 'Point Of Entry' (recorded in Ibiza) to follow on February 20.

Motorhead triple

MOTORHEAD — who weren't expected to gig again for some time, following their extensive autumn tour — have arranged three surprise concerts for the end of next month, which are intended to celebrate drummer Philthy Animal Taylor's complete recovery from his neck injury. They are at Leeds Queens Hall on Saturday, March 28 (all tickets £4.50) and Newcastle City Hall on March 29 and 30 (£4, £3.50 and £3). The Leeds venue was chosen because it's Taylor's home town and the base of the band's fan club; and Newcastle was selected to compensate the youngsters who couldn't get into the city's Mayfair Ballroom, during the autumn tour, because of the under-18 ban. Support acts have still to be announced. (For Leeds ticket outlets, see page 38).

□ DURAN DURAN support their debut single 'Planet Earth' with gigs at Birmingham Aston University (February 27), Liverpool Brady's (March 2), Manchester Polytechnic (3), London Charing-X Rd. Sundown (4), Cardiff Top Rank (6), Leicester Polytechnic (7) and Sheffield Top Rank (8).

□ CLIMAX BLUES BAND will be special guests in the March concerts by the Jeff Beck Band which — as already reported — are at Newcastle City Hall (4), Edinburgh Playhouse (5), Manchester Apollo (7), Birmingham Odeon (8) and Hammersmith Odeon (9 and 10).

Simple Minds at the Venue

SIMPLE MINDS, who recently announced a show at Glasgow Tiffany's on March 1 prior to setting off for the States, will now also play a London date before their departure — it's at Victoria The Venue on March 2, and it's expected to be their first and last London gig this year. While in New York, the band — who recently split from Arista — will be meeting their new record company and recording their fourth album, and a statement on their new label is expected shortly. Meanwhile, Arista release a single by the band on February 20, titled 'Celebrate', also available in 12" form.

NEW GIGS BY ESSEX, HARVEY & FEELGOOD

SEVEN MORE David Essex dates have now come to light, as part of his current UK tour which is deliberately being kept low-key, and hasn't been announced to the music press. His major London concert at the Victoria Apollo on February 27 has already been reported, and shows preceding this are at Bath Theatre Royal (this Sunday), Paignton Festival Theatre (February 16), Harrogate Royal Hall (22), York University (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Llandudno Pier Pavilion (25) and Wolverhampton Civic Hall (26).

Support act on all these dates is new three-piece band The Shots, featuring Phil Ram (guitar), Jon Edwards (drums) and Ian Woodcock (bass), with all three members also handling vocals. They also play London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College with Icarus (this Friday), Farnborough Technical College (Saturday) and Swindon Brunel Rooms (February 17).

ALEX HARVEY completes his previously reported February gigs this weekend, then flies to Germany to play nine shows. But he'll be playing further UK dates on his return next month, and the first to be confirmed are at Edinburgh Playhouse (March 4), Sheffield Limit Club (5), Lincoln Theatre Royal (6) and London Marquee (9). Musicians currently working in the Harvey band are Bill Patrick (sax), Gordon Sellers (bass), Paul Slewcer (drums), Ian Taylor (lead guitar) and Stewart Ross (keyboards).

DR. FEELGOOD — whose 16-date tour, starting on February 19, was reported two weeks ago — have now added another three dates to their schedule. They are at Nottingham Rock City (March 10) Keele University (11) and Bradford University (12), and the latter will be recorded by Radio 1 for broadcast in its *In Concert* series. The outing aids promotion of the band's new single 'Violent Love', produced by Nick Lowe and just released by Liberty.



POLYLOCK, one of the New York bands taking part in the U.S. new-wave extravaganza at London Rainbow on February 20, will also be playing two London gigs in their own right during their visit — at Holborn Blitz (February 23) and Camden Dingwells (24). With their first UK single 'Romantic Me' already on release, their self-titled album is issued by RCA this weekend.

SEDAKA GOING ROUND

NEIL SEDAKA, whose four-night engagement at London Victoria Apollo (April 9-12) was reported by NME before Christmas, has now been lined up for a full UK tour. The remaining dates, announced by promoter Derek Block this week, are at Bristol Colston Hall (April 5), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7), Liverpool Empire (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Aberdeen Capitol (18), Glasgow Apollo (20), Manchester Apollo (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Brighton Centre (24) and London Wembley Conference Centre (25). Prior to his visit, Sedaka plays two concerts at Dublin Stadium on April 2.

So what's up with Brum?

THE WHO'S current UK tour is now a complete sell-out, the only exception being the second night at Birmingham's International Arena in the National Exhibition Centre on Saturday, March 7. Some tickets still remain for this date, and are available at various Midland outlets priced £5.50 and £5. STATUS QUO have also sold out their 11-day British tour, with one exception — and that, oddly, is their second night at Birmingham International Arena on March 22. Tickets at

£6.50 are available by post only from FTMO (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 4NB, London W1A 4NB.

● The pub scene in Birmingham is rapidly grinding to a halt, as the result of a brewery dispute. Drivers of Ansells Brewery went on strike, pubs started to run out of beer, and many of them have now been forced to close — including venues like the Barrel Organ and Golden Eagle, which normally have live gigs daily.

Sweet and Manfred re-appear

SWEET are going out on their first tour for well over three years, and the first with their current slimline trio line-up. Dates are Newcastle City Hall (March 6), Nottingham Rock City (7), Cardiff Top Rank (10), Wakefield Unity Hall (11), Liverpool Royal Court (12), London Mile End Queen Mary College (13), Bath Pavilion (14), Hanley Victoria Hall (17), Lancaster University (18) and Glasgow University (20). Tickets are all at the one price of £2.50, except at Nottingham (£3).



MANFRED MANN

MANFRED MANN's Earth Band play their first British concerts for two years when they headline at London's Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on March 30 and 31. Support act is Grand Prix, and the promoter is Mick Cater of Alec Leslie Entertainments. Tickets priced £4, £3.50 and £3 go on sale at the box-office and usual agents next Monday (16). These will be the band's only UK appearances this year, and come as the climax to their current 56-date European tour.

FRESH RECORDS

FAMILY FODDER
NEW SINGLE
SAVOIR FAIRE

c/w CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

FAMILY FODDER ALBUM DUE

FRESH LP3



FRESH 22

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE SPIZZLES
(Athletico Spizz '80)
Subway Sect
MARTIAN DANCE
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 22nd FEBRUARY at 6-30
TICKETS: £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

blah blah blah

DATA CONTROL

RECORD NEWS

STATUS QUO SING TOM JONES

STATUS QUO have a new single issued by Vertigo on February 20, two weeks before the opening of their UK tour. It's the follow-up to their two 1980 smash hits, 'What You're Proposing' and 'Lies', and it's their version of 'Something 'Bout You Baby I Like', which was originally a hit for Tom Jones in 1974. The first 100,000 copies come in picture bags.

SPLIFF'S SPLASH

SPLIFF are a new band fronted by Jose van Iersel, formerly lead singer with Gruppo Sportivo, in which capacity she was renowned for her frequent state of undress. It remains to be seen if she will adopt a similar policy when Spliff bring their brand of Germanic rock to London Marquee on February 22. Object of the UK visit is to promote their album 'Spliff Radio Show' and single 'Rock And Roll Refugee', both issued by CBS later this month.

- North-East loonies Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos have been in London to record their new single 'Hawaii-Five-O' (the theme from the TV series), with producer Mickey Gallagher of Clash and Blockheads fame. It's set for March 13 release by Logo, and a series of gigs is being lined up to coincide.
- Two of Jamaica's most accomplished musicians, Dobby Dobson and Ruple Edwards, occupy one side each of a new album called 'Lovers Roots' issued on February 20. It's distributed by Sensation Sounds, Jet Star, Pinnacle and Third World.
- Australian artist Slim Dusty had a No. 3 hit in the UK back in 1959 with 'A Pub With No Beer'. Now, 22 years later, comes his follow-up single! Titled 'Duncan', it's issued by EMI this week.

Motorhead booking

MOTORHEAD tickets for Leeds, Queens Hall on March 28 (£4.50) are available from the venue's box-office, Virgin and Barker's of Leeds, HMV of Bradford, Piccadilly Records of Manchester, Sound Effects of York, Virgin of Sheffield and Coventry, R.E. Cords of Derby, Selecta of Nottingham, Revolver of Leicester, Sundown of Wolverhampton, Cyclops of Birmingham, Lotus of Stafford, Mike Lloyd of Hanley and Tunstall, Penny Lane of Chester and Liverpool, Probe of Liverpool, Ames of Blackburn and London Theatre Bookings. Also by post (postal orders only with s.a.e.) from Motorhead Ticket Dept., Straight Music Ltd., 1 & 2 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL.

- Lou Reed has returned to the RCA label after a five-year gap. He's just signed a new worldwide deal with the company, for whom he's due to start work on a new studio album within the next few weeks.
- Juice On The Loose have their single 'Cowboys And Indians' — featuring Geraint Watkins, who also wrote it — released by The Songwriters Workshop (distributed by Spartan) this weekend, and it's their last for the label.
- Blackburn four-piece The Stiffs, who had one single issued by EMI, have now appropriately signed with Stiff Records — who release their single 'Goodbye My Love', originally a 1975 hit for The Glitter Band, on February 20. The band are supporting UK Subs on most of their British tour dates from this weekend.
- Robin Trower's latest album 'B.L.T.', issued by Chrysalis on February 27, initially names the musicians involved — Jack Bruce (vocals and bass), Bill Lordan (drums) and Trower (guitars). The album contains ten new tracks, many of them written by Trower's former Procol partner, Keith Reid. There are no plans for the trio to tour at present.
- Chrysalis have signed hotly tipped London band Brian Cosey & The Commotions, and release their first single 'Boys In Love' this weekend.
- Sheena Easton has entered the US Hot 100 with her single 'My Baby Takes The Morning Train' — which is, in fact, her British hit '9 To 5' renamed for the States to avoid confusion with Dolly Parton's single of the same title.
- Five-piece Merseyside band Modern Eon, currently supporting The Stranglers on tour, have been signed by DinDisc. First release is a re-recorded version of 'Euthenics', originally issued on the independent Inevitable label last autumn. A album titled 'Fiction Tales' follows in late April.

**TOUR NEWS
EXTRA IS
ON PAGE 52**



LIVE WIRE have their third album 'Changes Made' released worldwide by A&M on March 13. It contains ten new songs penned by Mike Edwards and Simon Boswell, the latter having also produced the LP. One of the tracks, titled 'Don't Look Now', precedes the album on February 20. A British tour is currently being finalised for the late spring, to be followed by visits to Europe and America.

LAURA'S LOGIC

ESSENTIAL LOGIC have their penultimate single issued by Rough Trade on February 20. 'Music Is A Better Noise'/'Moontown' — the band have now split up, but one final single is still to come later in the year. Meanwhile, Laura Logic is currently recording a solo album with the working title of 'Pedigree Chum', and that's due out in May or June. She's being assisted by Philip Legg, who's just completed work on the new Red Chrysalis album, scheduled for March release by Rough Trade.



All-star line-up for Bonnet solo

GRAHAM BONNET, who left Rainbow recently, has his solo single 'Night Games' released by Vertigo on February 27. It's coupled with a song penned by Whitesnake's Micky Moody and Status Quo's Bob Young called 'Out On The Water' — and both tracks were produced by two other Quo stalwarts, Francis Rossi and John Eden.

Musicians backing Bonnet are Moody and fellow Whitesnake member Neil Murray, drummer Cozy Powell (also a recent departure from Rainbow) and Andy Bown. This same band is also working on Bonnet's album, which has the tentative title of 'Dangerous Line-Up'. Currently living in Los Angeles, he's due back in Britain shortly, to record more tracks and promote the single.

When a Beatles reunion isn't a Beatles reunion!

RADIO and Press reports last weekend — hinting at a reunion of Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr to record a John Lennon tribute album — were quickly denied by official sources. The rumour suggested that the trio would congregate in former Beatles producer George Martin's studio on the Caribbean island of Montserrat, where McCartney is already working on a new Wings album.

It's understood that Harrison is also present on Montserrat, and may contribute to the LP, and an official AIR spokesman said it was possible that Starr might join them. But he added: "There's a world of difference between a Beatles reunion album, and George and possibly Ringo guesting on a Wings album — and really, a Wings LP is all it is."

● Work has now finished on a feature film of Wings on the road, a semi-documentary account of their last world tour. It will be screened as a major movie, and details of initial showings are expected shortly.

● Four previously unavailable Gene Vincent tracks, recorded in America in 1968, have been issued as an EP by Magnum Force Records under the title of 'Rainy Day Sunshine'. From the same label comes an EP by British rock'n'roll band Shades titled 'Live At Caister', recorded at the rock festival staged at the holiday centre last year.

● This weekend GTO Records release the first single to be recorded in what they call "Wonderama." Titled 'The Girl With Everything', it's by Tot Taylor and his orchestra. The B-side features no less than four titles, including the theme to 'The Paris Man', the film for which Taylor has written the music.

● Following the demise of Reggae Regular last year, when their deal with CBS terminated, they have now re-formed as The Rebel Regulars. The first single from the new line-up is 'Jah Love', and it's issued this week by Greensleeves — which, in fact, was the label that released Reggae Regular's debut single in 1977.

● Specialist blues label Red Lightn this week issues a set of rare tracks by R&B artist Little Johnny Taylor. Titled 'I shoulda Been A Preacher', it consists of material recorded two decades ago.

LABEL FOR BRAD

RACE RECORDS, a new independent label launched by Specialists drummer Brad, presents a launching party at London Islington Hope & Anchor next Tuesday (17) featuring Nightdoctor and Team 23 — the first two acts signed to the label. Both groups have their debut singles out on Race (distributed by Spartan) — they are 'Just Enough' by ten-piece reggae band Nightdoctor and 'Move Into Rhythm' by Team 23. They'll also be gigging to promote these releases — see Tour News.

YOKO SINGLE ON THE WAY

YOKO ONO had a single called 'Walking On Thin Ice' — recorded in New York shortly before John Lennon's murder — issued in America last weekend, with a personal message from Yoko printed on the sleeve. No date has yet been scheduled for its UK issue, but a WEA spokesperson said it will probably be rush released at short notice.

JOHN LENNON has so far amassed 487 points in the Singles Chart Points Table for 1981, after only seven weeks of the year have gone. This compares with Madness' winning total of 556 for the whole of 1980, followed by Blondie in runner-up position with 490.

● Pioneer UK reggae band Cimarons make their debut on the Charisma label this week with the single 'Ready For Love', which also features the Rico brass section. Tour dates for the group are currently being arranged.

● London band Local Heroes SW9 have broken up, but their guitarist-composer Kevin Armstrong is still working in the studios on his own for Oval Records, who will issue the material in cassette form under the name of SW9. Armstrong is also producing an album for Square One, a single for The Heartbeats and rehearsing with the new Normil Hawaiians.

● The new Roxy Music single is the John Lennon song 'Jealous Guy', featured on his 'Imagine' album. It's issued by Polydor this weekend.



Pylon's VANESSA ELLISON and MICHAEL LACHOWSKI

● Highly-rated U.S. band Pylon have a four-track ten-inch single issued by Armageddon this weekend, at the recommended price of £1.99 — none of the tracks has been issued in Britain before, though a totally different version of one song 'Danger' appears on their debut album, 'Gyrate'.

GORDON GILTRAP

The PEACOCK PARTY

Based on the best selling book by ALAN ALDRIDGE
PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN CAPE LTD

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Birmingham
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Nottingham
Sunderland
Redcar
London
and others

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GIL Also available on cassette

RECORDS
Distributed by Spartan

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

GAMMA

WITH GUESTS

PRAYING MANTIS

Featuring **RONNIE MONTROSE**

APOLLO THEATRE

RENFIELD ST GLASGOW

WEDNESDAY 4th MARCH at 7-30

TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10.00 AM - 6.00 PM
MON SAT TEL 041 237 9221 2, OR ON NIGHT

CITY HALL NEWCASTLE

NORTHUMBERLAND ROAD

THURSDAY 5th MARCH at 7-30

TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE BOX OFFICE 10.30 AM - 9.30 PM
MON SAT TEL NEWCASTLE 20807, OR ON NIGHT

FREE TRADE HALL

PETER ST MANCHESTER 2

FRIDAY 6th MARCH at 7-30

TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 (INC VAT) AVAILABLE DARTMOUTH - STOCKPORT & MARRINGTON
CENTRAL RECORDS MIDDLETON & ASHTON UNDER LYNE
FREE TRADE HALL BOX OFFICE TEL: 834 0943, OR ON NIGHT

BIRMINGHAM ODEON

NEW STREET

SATURDAY 7th MARCH at 7-30

TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10.30 AM - 8.00 PM, MON SAT
TEL 021 643 6101, OR ON NIGHT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

QUEEN CAROLINE ST, W6

SUNDAY 8th MARCH at 7-30

TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL 748 4081
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE, TEL 439 3371,
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL 2400245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

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

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

Thursday 12th February Adm £1.50	Monday 16th February Adm £1.25
LIONHEART Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd	FATAL CHARM Plus Sinking Ships & Jerry Floyd
Friday 13th February Adm £2.50	Tuesday 17th February Adm £1.25
BUDGIE Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd	MORE Plus Bastille & Jerry Floyd
Saturday 14th February Adm £2.00	Wednesday 18th February Adm £1.25
ATOMIC ROOSTER Plus Support & Jerry Floyd	DEDRINGER Plus Support & Jerry Floyd
Sunday 15th February Adm £1.50	Thursday 19th February Adm £1.50
ANY TROUBLE Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd	THEATRE OF HATE Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE.

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THURSDAY 12
ANY TROUBLE
FRIDAY 13
**★THE BISHOPS★
& SORE THROAT**
SATURDAY 14
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY BOY
MICKY JUPP BAND
supported by JOJOY STREET
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MONDAY 16
U.K. DECAY, BIG HAIR
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
TUES 17/WED 18 FOR 2 NIGHTS ONLY
DARTS
THURSDAY 19
ROOT JACKSON'S
★ G.B. ★
BLUES COMPANY

Venue

160 Victoria St., SW1
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Food, Drink, Live Bands,
Dancing 7pm-3am

SUNDAY 22nd FEBRUARY
FOUR BUCKETEERS FROM TISWAS
2 performances 2.00pm and 7.30pm
Tickets £4.00, under 16's £2.00 (for 1.00pm performance only)

MONDAY 23rd FEBRUARY
LINDISFARNE £4.00

TUESDAY 24th FEBRUARY
JAN HAMMER & FRIENDS £3.50

WEDNESDAY 25th FEBRUARY
LIGHT OF WORLD £3.00

THURSDAY 5th MARCH
THE MONOCHROME SET

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 11th February £1	Sunday 15th February £1
NERVOUS GERMANS	THE HEARTBEATS
Thursday 12th February £1	Monday 16th February £1
RED BEANS + RICE	THE TEA SET
Friday 13th February £1	Tuesday 17th February £1
THE BONGOS (from N Y C)	Rego Records present NIGHTDOCTOR + Team 23
Saturday 14th February £1.25	Wednesday 18th February £1
HANK WANGFORD BAND	THE METEORS

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 12th February 80p	Monday 16th February £1
YACHTS + Nauty Culture	PURPLE HEARTS
Friday 13th February £1.20	Tuesday 17th February 70p
TROGGS + Capital Dandies	BELLE STARS (ex Body Snatcher) + The Collectors
Saturday 14th February £1	Wednesday 18th February 70p
JACKIE LYNTON BAND + No Idea	THE 4 SKINS + The Vice Squad
Sunday 15th February 70p	Thursday 19th February 70p
SUNFIGHTER + T 34	NIK TURNERS INNER CITY UNIT + Shattered Dolls

SAGA STRAY

LYCEUM QUARTZ
STRAND, W.C.2

THURSDAY 19th FEBRUARY at 7-30

TICKETS £2.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 412544 Open 8 pm - 2 am

Thursday 12th February £2.50 Adv	Saturday 28th February £3.00 Adv
ALEX HARVEY + Prisoner	ODYSSEY + Support
Friday 13th February £2.00 Adv	Wednesday 4th March £3.00 Adv
PSYCHEDELIC FURS + Wasted Youth All tickets valid for this date	GILLAN + Dredinger
Saturday 14th February £2.50 Adv	Saturday 7th March £3.00 Adv
BAD MANNERS + Dolly Mixtures	SWEET + Support
Monday 16th February £2.50 Adv	Wednesday 11th March £5.00 Adv
GEORGE MELLY + John Chiltons Feetwarmers	FRANKIE VALLI & THE FOUR SEASONS
Wednesday 18th February £3.50 Adv	Thursday 12th March £2.50 Adv
MADNESS + Pearl Harbour	GEN X + Teaset
Friday 20th February £2.50 Adv	Friday 13th March £2.50 Adv
AFTER THE FIRE + The Lasers	BOW WOW WOW + Support
Saturday 21st February £2.50 Adv	Saturday 21st March £2.50 Adv
KILLING JOKE + Redbeat	SELECTER + Support
Thursday 26th February £2.50 Adv	Tuesday 24th March £4.00 Adv
UK SUBS + Anti Pasti	ROSE ROYCE + Support
Friday 27th February £2.50 Adv	Saturday 4th April £2.50 Adv
GORDON GILTRAP BAND + Support	THE SPIZZLES + Special Guests
	Friday 24th April £3.00 Adv
	ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN + 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

THE GREYHOUND

FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 12th February	£1
ICARUS + Tangent	
Friday 13th February	£1.25
THE LEMONS + O K Jive	
Saturday 14th February	£1.50
THE YACHTS + O K Jive	
Sunday 15th February	£1
A Special Nite with	
ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR & JOHN DOWIE	
Monday 16th February	£1
THE RANDOM BAND FEATURING Den Heggarty + Press Gang	
Tuesday 17th February	£1
THE GAS + The Suggestion	
Wednesday 18th February	£1.50
GENO WASHINGTON + Mark Ryder Band	

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

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	
Friday 27th February	Adm £2
SUPERCARGE	
Saturday 28th February	£2
AFTER THE FIRE	

UK SUBS

anti-pasti
CHELSEA
STIFFS

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2

SUNDAY 1st MARCH at 7-30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

FRESH RECORDS NIGHT

at DINGWALLS

UK DECAY

MANUFACTURED ROMANCE

BIG HAIR

Monday 16th February
Early Till Late £1.75

IRON MAIDEN

THE KILLER TOUR

POWELL GAUMONT TEL: 63641
Tuesday 17 February 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from Box Office and
Usual Agents

OXFORD NEW THEATRE (Tel: 430411)
Thursday 19 February 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from Box Office and
Usual Agents

BRISTOL COLSTON MALL (Tel: 291768)
Friday 27 February 1.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from Box Office and
Usual Agents

TAUNTON ODEON (Tel: 72282)
Saturday 28 February 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from Box Office and
Usual Agents

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT (Tel: 22001)
Monday 3 March 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from Box Office and
Usual Agents

Kevin Draper for
MINBOW CONCERTS

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
TRUST

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

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

Tonight Thursday 12th February **DARTS**

Monday 16th February **MONOCHROME SET** + Fast Set

Tuesday 17th February **JOHN COUGAR**

Wednesday 18th February **SWITCHES**

Thursday 19th February **BARRACUDAS**

Monday 23rd February **SOFT CELL**

Wednesday 25th February **ROY WOODS HELICOPTER**

Thursday 26th February **FATAL CHARM**
Coming Soon — Wilko Johnson, Nash The Slash, Orange Juice
Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block presents

BAD MANNERS

THE MEMBERS
+ DOLLY MIXTURE

MONDAY 23rd FEBRUARY 7-30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.00

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DATA CONTROL LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

The Passions

DEPECHE MODE

ILYA VOLKSWAGENS

LYCEUM

THURSDAY 26th FEBRUARY at 7-30

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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

The Damned

soft boys splodge

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

242 SHEPHERD'S BUSH RD., W6

TUESDAY 3rd MARCH at 8-00

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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £1.00 ON NIGHT

STARLIGHT CLUB

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

Thursday 12th February £1
KID CAIRO & THE NATION
+ The Front Page

Friday 13th February £1.50
BLACK MARKET + Monkey

Saturday 14th February £1
THE HARLEQUINS + Support

Monday 16th February £1
TRUE STORIES
+ A Bigger Splash

Tuesday 17th February £1
MILES OVER MATTER

Wednesday 18th February £1
THE STOOP

Thursday 19th February £1
THE CHEVRONS + Tokyo

For Information Ring Pete: 624 7611

O. E. C. S. U. presents

A VALENTINES BALL

featuring

ICARUS

+ Support

Friday 13th Feb 7.30 pm
Queen Elizabeth College
Camden Hill, W8
High St Kan. Not Hill GL
Tickets £1.50 NUS Only

THE BONGOS

IN THE CONGO

MAMBO SUN

FRI 13 HOPE n ANCHOR FET005
SUN 15 MOONLIGHT
TUE 17 EMBASSY CLUB
FRI 20 RAINBOW

FETISH EUROPE 01-828-1978
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21 Toyah	15 Iron Maiden	29, 30 Liberace
23 Bad Manners	20 9 Below Zero	MAY
23 Boys of the Lough	22 Stray Cats	1-9 Liberace
26 Paco Pena	22 The Barron Knights	6-9 Leo Sayer
28 Bow Wow Wow	24 Selector	21, 22 Paul Anka
MARCH	25 Charlie Pride	JUNE
1 UK Subs	27/28 Rose Royce	23/28 Sammy Davis Jr
5 Ian Gillan	29 Syd Lawrence	SEPTEMBER
6 Steppenwolf	29 Chas & Dave	28/30 Johnny Mathis
7 The Stranglers	30 Stylistics	OCTOBER
7, 8 Millie Jackson	30 Gang Of Four	1/3 Johnny Mathis
7 Krokus	APRIL	
8 Victor Borge	2 Camel	
8 Gamma (Ronnie Montrose)		

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Saturday 14th February
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Valentine's Day Ball featuring
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THE BREAKFAST BAND

+
RIO & THE ROBOTS

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THE SELECTER

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

THURSDAY

Aberdeen University: Gordon Giltrap
Belfast Pound Club: The Trial
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: The Tadpoles
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Osprey
Birmingham Golden Eagle: The Pinkies
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
Bodmin Jail Club: Metro Glider
Bolton Dominic's Youth Club: Capsule
Electric / 42 / Some Weird Sin
Bolton Gaiety Bar: Meanstreet
Bolton (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin Horse
Bradford Princeville Club: Diamond Head
Brighton Basement Club: JCB
Canterbury Odeon: The Stranglers
Chesterfield College of Art & Design: Vision Collision
Colchester Essex University: The Passions
Coventry General Wolfe: The Mix
Coventry Warwick University: Split Rivitt
Croydon Swan & Sugarloaf: Limehouse
Croydon The Cartoon: Debbie Farrah Band
Davenport Youth Club: The Moondogs
Eastcote Bottom Line: Morrissey-Mullen Band
Eton Christopher Hotel: The Chesters/X-Effects
Gloucester Cambridge Theatre: Boys Of The Lough
Grimsby St James House: Martin Carthy
Hatfield Polytechnic: Tom Robinson's Sector 27
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Crew
Ilford Oscar's: Deep Machine
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Kenny Shaw Band
Kingston Three Tuns: The Generals
Leeds Fan Club: The Sound
Leeds Meadow Arms: The Amoebas
Leeds Polytechnic: Harry Chapin
Leeds Warehouse: Darts
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Liverpool Brady's: John Cougar
Liverpool Scamps: Madame
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
London Acton Kings Head: The Harlequins/The Shoppers
London Archway The Wellington: Shader
London Camden Dingwalls: Any Trouble
London Canning Town Bridge House: Yachts/Nauty Culture
London Chiswick John Bull: Telemacque
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: TV Smith's Explorers
London Deptford Royal Albert: The Realists
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: Young Jazz Big Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Spoilers
London Hackney Chat's Palace: The Ivory Coasters
London Hackney Sebright Arms: Shadowfax
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Hard Up/Gomez
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Kid Cairo & The Nation / The Front Page
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: Dirty Strangers
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Fix/The Imports
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Soul Distributors
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: 7 Year Itch
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Ike Isaacs Duo
London Marquee Club: Lionheart
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The London Apaches
London Oxford St 100 Club: Barrington Levy
London Putney White Lion: Capar/Schizo
London Richmond Snoopies: English Subtitles/The Cravats/The Sleep
London Royal Albert Hall: Ray Charles, his Orchestra & The Rascals/Barbara Dickson
London Soho Pizza Express: Alan Elsdon Quintet
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: New Dynamite/The Chequers
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford
London Victoria The Venue: The Look
London Walthamstow The Towers: The Razzzy Dazzzy Spasm Band
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Depeche Mode/Martin Besserman
London Woolwich Tramshed: Moontier/Legend
London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Jazz Sluts
Maltby Yorkshire Dragoon: Carl Green & The Scene
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: The Distractions
Middlesbrough Town Hall: Lindisfarne
Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms: Jets
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples' Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Nottingham Rock City: Alex Harvey Band
Paisley Bungalow Bar: The Exploited
Poole Brewers Arms: Picturesque
Portsmouth Polytechnic: The Au Pairs
Port Talbot Troubadour: Budgie
Preston Warehouse: Wanda & The Dentists
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: Bikini Atoll
Sheffield Limit Club: Classix Nouveaux
Sheffield University: Fatal Charm
Slough Technical College: Zitz
Swansea White Swan: The Jammy Tarts
West Bromwich Town Hall: Iganda
York Barons: The Mood

Bridport Greyhound Hotel: S.U.X.
Brighton Top Rank: The Stranglers
Bristol Clevedon Youth Centre: The Mob / Bikini Mutants
Bristol University Union: John Otway / The Millionaires
Burton 76 Club: Witchfynde
Bury Clarence Hotel: God's Gift
Cardiff Top Rank: Burning Spear
Chester Albion Hotel: The Zorkie Twins
Colchester Essex University: The Cheaters
Coventry General Wolfe: Channel A / Idol Eyes / Human Cabbages
Coventry Hand & Heart: Playing For Time
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlite
Croydon The Cartoon: Mungo Jerry
Croydon The Star: Zitz
Dundee University: Lindisfarne
Durham St Cuthbert's College: The Dance Band / The Carpettes
Dymchurch The Neptune: Silent Movies
Edinburgh Nite Club: The Sound / Restricted Code
Eflingham Lord Howard: Bobalouis
Eton Christopher Hotel: The Spoilers
Exeter University: Any Trouble
Glossop Surrey Arms: Lym-Bik
Guildford Surrey University: After The Fire
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Wipe Out / Suspect
Hastings Greffitt Club: J.C.B.
Hemel Hempstead Rose & Crown: Blazing Red
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Frank Jennings Syndicate
Kidderminster Town Hall: The Vapors
Knarborough Borough Bailiff: Martin Carthy
Launceston White Horse Inn: The Dangerous Brothers / Fractured Entertainment
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: Diamond Head
Leeds University Tetley Hall: Geoff Jackson & The Huns
Liverpool The Dolphin: Stun The Guards
Liverpool The Masonic: Asylum
London Camden Dingwalls: The Bishops / Sore Throat
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Troggs
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: The Au Pairs
London Fulham Golden Lion: Kevin Coyne Band
London Fulham Greyhound: The Lemons / O.K. Jive
London Greenwich White Swan: The Coconut Dogs
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: English Subtitles / The Cravats
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Black Market / Monkey
London Harrow Boys Club: The Whizz Kids
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave Ellis Band
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Elgin Marbles
London Hornsey The Railway: 7 Year Itch
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Bongos
London Kensington College of Art: Rio & The Robots
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Station
London Marquee Club: Budgie
London Middlesex Polytechnic: The Look
London North Polytechnic: Pere Ubu
London North-East Polytechnic: The Flatbackers / Sad Among Strangers
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave.) Film Co-op: Kan-Kan / The Big Combo / Imagecorps
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Top Secret / Jo-Ann Kelly & The Second Line
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: Avenue
London Putney Star & Garter: Snatch 22
London Putney White Lion: The C-Shaps
London Regents Park Bedford College: The Barracudas / The Hitmen
London Soho Pizza Express: Pat Smythe Quartet / Sandra King
London Southall Humberborough Tavern: The Effect
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London Twickenham St Mary's College: Bruised Lips
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Transaction
London Victoria The Venue: Ronnie Lane Band / DJ Kane & The Millionaires
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Yachts / The Decorators / The Acrobats Of Desire
London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Inversions
Lowestoft College: Split Rivitt
Luton Baron of Beef: B Film / Red Box
Macclesfield Bollington Civic Hall: Rockin Horse
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: Spider
Manchester Pembroke Hall: Shades
Manchester UMIST: Saga
Manchester University: Geno Washington
Matlock Northwood Club: Manitou
Milton Keynes Stantonbury: George Hamilton IV
Newcastle The Delby: Crawling Chaos / The Holy Toast / The Hostages
Newcastle Polytechnic: Arthur 2-Stroke
Norwich East Anglia University: Bad Manners
Norwich St Andrew's Hall: Hi-Tension
Nottingham Rock City: The Psychedelic Furs (re-arranged gig)
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Fatal Charm
Nottingham University: Matchbox
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Stalker
Poole Brewers Arms: Ceva Ceva / Observant Trains
Reading Shire Hall Complex: The Great Mistakes
Reading Target Club: The Signals
Retherford Porterhouse: Darts
Rotherham Arts Centre: Geddes Axe
Rowledge Cherry Tree: Prime Sunset
Runcorn McKinnon's: Shattered Dolls
Salisbury Technical College: Taurus
Scarborough Penthouse: Classix Nouveaux
Scarborough Taboo: The Exploited
Sheffield University: The Thompson Twins / The Amoebas
Shifnal Star Hotel: Bleeding Hearts
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: Jools Holland Band / The Playthings
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: Dedringer
Sutton Coldfield Technical College: Denizens

Taunton Market House: Metro Glider
Uxbridge Brunel University: Twelfth Night
Walsall West Midlands College: Soul Direction
Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: The Feel
Yeovil Johnson Hall: Boys Of The Lough
York University: Harry Chapin

SATURDAY

Barnstaple Queens Hall: Boys Of The Lough
Basingstoke Sports Centre: George Hamilton IV
Bath Moles: Metro Glider
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: The Au Pairs
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
Birmingham Rialto Club: Soul Direction
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Classix Nouveaux
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Curate's Egg
Bradford North Bierley Labour Club: Rockabilly Rebs
Bradford Queen's Hall: Misty In Roots
Brentford Red Lion: Avenue
Brighton Alhambra: Midnight & The Lemonboys
Bristol Docklands Settlement: Juan Foote 'n' The Grave
Bristol Granary: Diamond Head
Bristol Green Room: The Controls
Bristol Polytechnic: Any Trouble
Bristol University Union: Andy Pandemonium
Bude Headland Club: Switches
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: The Zorkie Twins
Cheltenham St. Paul & St. Mary College: The Moondogs
Colchester Essex University: The Cheaters
Corby Nags Head: Track 21
Coventry General Wolfe: Johnny Storm
Coventry Warwick University: Fatal Charm
Cromer West Ranton Pavilion: Matchbox
Croydon The Cartoon: 7 Year Itch
Darlington Arts Centre: Xpress
Darwen St. Edmunds Youth Club: The Lupins
Dudley J.B.'s Club: More
Durham University: The Monochrome Set/The Carpettes
Edinburgh Nite Club: The Delmontes
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: Stun The Guards
Eton Christopher Hotel: Ian Campbell Band
Folkestone The Windsurfing Club: Silent Movies
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Who
Glasgow Strathclyde University: Lindisfarne
Glasgow University McIntyre Hall: The Cuban Heels/Rhesus Negative/Catch Phrase
Gravesend Red Lion: Marquis de Sade
Hailsham Crown Hotel: The Fascinations
Halifax Crossley & Porter School: Rhythm Section
Huddersfield White Lion: Twisted Nerve
Leeds Adelphi Hotel: Nosferatu V/Talisman
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: Spider
Leeds Polytechnic: The Thompson Twins
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Doggy Tactics
Leeds University: Burning Spear
Leicester University: Durutti Column/Kevin Hewick/Emotional Blue/Performing Ferret Band/The Attitude
Liverpool Brady's: Pere Ubu
Liverpool The Masonic: Shattered Dolls
Liverpool Warehouse: Taurus
London Battersea Arts Centre: Morrissey-Mullen Band
London Camden Dingwalls: Micky Jupp Band/Jody Street
London Canning Town Bridge House: Jackie Lynton Band/No Idea
London City Squash Club: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London Clapham Two Brewers: Sad Among Strangers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Troggs
London Deptford Royal Albert: The Bluebirds
London Deptford 190 Club: Icarus/The Flatbackers
London E.C.1 Metropolitan Hotel: Charge/The Might Stripes/In-Sex
London Fulham Golden Lion: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
London Fulham Greyhound: Yachts/O.K. Jive
London Hammersmith Clarendon: The Decorators/The Lines
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Harlequins
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Europeans/A Bigger Splash
London Highgate Jacksons Rock Club: MGA Band/The Suggestion/Travel Agent
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Hank Wangford Band
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Dingle Spike
London Marquee Club: Atomic Rooster
London North-East Polytechnic: The MGA Band
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Sweet Substitute
London Putney Star & Garter: Salt/Little Steve Smith
London Putney White Lion: Johnny G Band
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Peter Bellamy
London Soho Pizza Express: Jay McShann Trio
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London University Union: Jam Today
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Transaction
London Victoria The Venue: Gary Glitter/The Hee Bee Gee Bees
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Ivory Coasters/Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: Sore Throat
London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Inversions
Loughborough Town Hall: The Cruisers/Jets
Loughborough University: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
Luton Kingsway Tavern: Blazing Red
Manchester Mayflower Club: The Exploited/The Hoax/Red Alert

Manchester Polytechnic: John Cougar
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: Paris & The Atmospheres
Mansfield Leisure Centre: Camel
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: The Sound
Milton Keynes New Bradwell Community Centre: The Crew
Newcastle University: Arthur 2-Stroke
Norwich East Anglia University: Darts
Nottingham Rock City: Bad Manners
Oswestry Crown Inn: The Breed
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Spring Offensive
Paisley Bungalow Bar: Dedringer
Peterlee Norseman Hotel: The Toy Dolls
Preston Warehouse: Alkatraz/Dennis Delight
Ramsgate Nero's: Judge Dread
Reading Target Club: Twelfth Night
Retherford Porterhouse: Alex Harvey Band
Rushden The Windmill: The World Service
Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel: The Hurt
Shifnal Star Hotel: Assyna
Shoreham Community Centre: Rockhouse
South Normanton Community Centre: Shades
St. Albans City Hall: Saga
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: The Coconut Dogs
Stirling University: Gordon Giltrap
Swansea Arts Workshop: The January Tarts
Warrington Lion Hotel: Chinatown
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: The Watersons
Willenhall The Cavalcade: Sub Zero
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Wollaston Hags Head: Shader
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: Beshara

SUNDAY

Bath Tiffany's: The Moondogs
Bicester Red Lion: Twelfth Night
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Alkatraz
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bolton Swan Hotel: Confessor
Bradford Princeville Club (lunchtime): Spider
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Camberley Civic Hall: Richard Digance
Carlisle Market Hall: Lindisfarne
Cleator Moor Civic Hall: Regal
Zone/Veldt/Psycho Faction/Toolbox Murderers
Croydon The Cartoon: London Apaches (lunchtime)/Rockola (evening)
Dewsbury Textile Club: Rockabilly Rebs
Eccles Town Hall: Private Sector
Edinburgh Glenburn Hotel: Reggie & The News
Edinburgh University: Gordon Giltrap
Edinburgh Valentino's: John Cougar
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Who
Hailsham Crown Hotel: The Barracudas/The Pulsaters
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
Kingston Three Tuns: The Needles
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: Dedringer
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Leeds Tiffany's: Bad Manners
Leeds Warehouse (lunchtime): Wamm
Liverpool Star & Garter: Asylum
London Acton Kings Head: Missing Presumed Dead/3.00am

London Battersea Nags Head: Jagular Vein
London Brixton George Canning: Southside
London Canning Town Bridge House: Sunfighter/T-34
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Clapham Two Brewers: Red Rinse
London Deptford The Duke: The Bluebirds
London East Dulwich Cherry Tree: Crash Club
London Finchley Torrington: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
London Fulham Golden Lion: Micky Jupp Band
London Hackney The Queens: Avenue
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Stranglers
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Suttel Approach
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Talk/Wipe Out
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Heartbeats
London Marquee Club: Any Trouble
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Pete Neighbour Quartet (lunchtime) / Rod Harmer Band (evening)
London Putney White Lion: The Why
London Richmond Snoopies: The Odd Hits
London Soho Pizza Express: Jay McShann Trio
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Saffa
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky 8's
London Tooting The Castle: Sponge Mania
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Bongos/Department S
London Woolwich Tramshed: Jake Thackray
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Pamela Knowles Trio
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Dream/Red DNA
Manchester Polytechnic: The Monochrome Set
Newbridge Club & Institute: More
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Nottingham Boulevard Hotel: The Watersons
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Sneak Preview
Paisley Bungalow Bar: Radio Ghosts
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: Shader
Poynton Folk Centre: Alex Campbell
Reading Target Club: Deadmeat
Redcar Coatham Bowl: Alex Harvey Band
Ruislip Bury St. Youth Centre: The Effect
Sandown Pavilion: George Hamilton IV
Sheffield The Big Tree: The Amoebas
Smallford The Dog House: The Coconut Dogs
Southampton The Victory: Crossfire
Uxbridge Brunel University: The Name
Wollaston Nags Head: The Cassettes
Wolverhampton Lafayette: The Quads
York Theatre Royal: Boys Of The Lough

MONDAY

Ayr University: Gordon Giltrap
Barnstaple Chequers Club: The Look
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
Birmingham Mercat Cross: No Faith
Birmingham Odeon: The Stranglers

CONTINUES OVER . . .

SIOUXSIE SIOUX is the familiar face adorning the Gig Guide this week, and she aspires to that peak of eminence because she's about to embark upon another tour. Together with her trusty Banshees, who've finally settled into a permanent line-up now that John McGeoch has become a fully fledged member of the group, she opens her latest outing with two nights at London's Hammersmith Palais on Monday and Tuesday. The Comsat Angels guest throughout the tour. Now that we're virtually midway between Christmas and Easter, the gig circuit is back in full swing, with 600 dates on offer for your delectation this week. They include the first UK tour in yonks by JOHN COUGAR, who opens in Liverpool on Thursday, a major British schedule by metal monsters IRON MAIDEN, kicking off in Ipswich on Tuesday, the new look UK SUBS supporting their 'Diminished Responsibility' album with a series of shows, starting in Belfast on Wednesday and the versatile JUDIE TZUKE headlining her first tour here since 1979, with her first night in Exeter on Wednesday.



FRIDAY

Aldenhall Red Lion: Toad The Wet Sprocket
Bath Pavilion: Hazel O'Connor & Megahype
Birmingham Aston University: John Cougar
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
Birmingham YMCA: The Moondogs
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Alex Harvey Band

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Chinatown
 Bournemouth Winter Garden: Sags
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Keith Tippet & Pendulum
 Canterbury Kent University: Dedringer
 Cardiff Casablanca Club: Moira & The Mice/The Royal Family
 Chester Gateway Theatre: The Precautions
 Coventry Belgrade Theatre: The Human Cabbages
 Croydon The Cartoon: Colin Anthony & Friends
 Doncaster Rotters: Bad Manners
 Eton Christopher Hotel: The Flies
 Hanley Star Club: Grace
 Hull Annabella's: The London Boys
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Keighley Funhouse Bar: Omen
 Kingston Grove Tavern: Avenue
 Kingston Three Tuns: Static
 Leeds Warehouse: The Monochrome Set
 London Acton White Hart: Taurus
 London Camden Dingwalls: UK Decay/Big Hair/Manufactured Romance
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Purple Hearts
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Heartbeats/The Youth
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Random Band/Pressgang
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Dolly Mixture/The Rapiers
 London Hammersmith Palais: Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Comsat Angels
 London Hampstead Starlight Club: True Stories/A Bigger Splash
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Tea Set
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
 London Marquee Club: Fatal Charm
 London N.4 The Stapleton: Sore Throat
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Olaj
 London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
 London Richmond Snoopies: Auntie Pus/Orson Blake
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Black Market
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: F.X.
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Dr Mix & The Remix/The Pinkies
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goodies
 Mansfield Red Lion: New Apostles
 Newark Palace Theatre: Survivors
 Newcastle Polytechnic: John Cougar
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
 Nottingham Rock City: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Oxford Scamps: The Moondogs
 Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers
 Sheffield University Students Union: Detian
 Southend Focus Club: Station
 Southend Zero 6: Lionheart
 Wallasey Labour Club: Body

Welwyn Garden City The Fountain: Lol Coxhill
 York University: The Thompson Twins

TUESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Money
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Alkatraz
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: The Georgia Band
 Bradford University: New Model
 Army/Little Brother/Joolz/Willi Beckett
 Brighton Basement Club: Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators
 Bristol Carwardines: Streets Ahead
 Bristol St. Martin's College: Fatal Charm
 Bristol Stonehouse: The Abject/Secular Music/Yip Buffalo
 Bury The Derby Hall: Wanda & The Dentists/The Zeros
 Clydebank Oasis Club: H20
 Croydon The Cartoon: Earthwood
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: George Hamilton IV
 Edinburgh Nite Club: The Thompson Twins
 Edinburgh University: Lindisfarne
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Len's Seattle Six
 Hanley Victoria Hall: The Strangers
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Iron Maiden/Trust
 Keighley King's Head: Goff Jackson & The Huns
 Kingston Three Tuns: Faraway Stars
 Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: The Aucadion
 Leeds Warehouse: John Cougar
 Leicester University: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
 Lincoln Drill Hall: Budgie
 London Camberwell Goldsmiths College: The Chefs
 London Camden Dingwalls: Darts
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Belle Stars
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Vincent Units/The Business
 London E.2 Earl of Aberdeen: Oxy & The Morons
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Julian Dawson's Hit Factory
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Arrogant/Sadista
 London Hammersmith Palais: Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Comsat Angels
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Miles Over Matter
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Equinox
 London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London Hornsey The Railway: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Erogenous Zones
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Dominic Miller/Dylan Fowler

London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: Yakety Yak
 London Marquee Club: More
 London N.4 The Stapleton: The Razy Dazzy Spasm Band
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Quadrant
 London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A' Beckett: Marquis de Sede
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: The Au Pairs
 London Putney White Lion: The Ivory Coasters
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London Southall The Cavern: 21 Escapes/Five Pliers
 London Tooting The Castle: Hit And Run
 London Tottenham Prince of Wales: The Alligators/The Wrecktangles
 London Victoria The Venue: The Selector
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Moondogs/The Kicks
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Ken Colyer Band
 Manchester Rotters: Bad Manners
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Center: Grace
 Nottingham Boat Club: The Flatbackers
 Oxford Scamps: The Showers
 Peterborough Gladstone Arms: The Dogma Cats/Ersatz
 Plymouth Fiesta Suite: Witchfynde
 Reading University: Q-Tips
 Rishton Bay Horse New Inn: Wamm
 St. Albans Horn of Plenty: Toad The Wet Sprocket
 Sunderland Wine Loft: The Toy Dolls

WEDNESDAY

Ashington Leisure Centre: Lindisfarne
 Belfast Ulster Hall: UK Subs
 Birkenhead St. James Ent's: Export
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: M. S. Nightwork
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Blatchley White Hart: The Exciters
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Gordon Giltrap
 Brighton Basement Club: Men In The Garden
 Brighton New Regent: Larry Miller Band
 Bristol Berkeley Suite: The Moondogs
 Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: The Little League
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Croydon The Cartoon: Basil's Ballsup Band
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Espionage
 Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
 Exeter University: Judie Tzuke
 Hereford Rotters: Emotion Pictures
 Hull City Hall: George Hamilton IV
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Don Rendell
 Nine
 Kingston Three Tuns: Finger & The Nuts
 Leeds The Warehouse: Switches
 Liverpool Star & Garter: Rockin Horse

Liverpool The Cleveland: Stun The Guards
 London Camden Dingwalls: Darts
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The 4-Skins
 London Clapham 101 Club: Rye & The Quarterboys
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Nightingales/Il Ya Volkswagens
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Dave Ellis Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Geno Washington
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Damned/The Whizz Kids
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Stoop
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Meteors
 London Islington Pied Bull: 1-2-3/Taiwan Pins
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goodies
 London Marquee Club: Dedringer
 London N.4 The Stapleton: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Rio & The Robots
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite
 London Soho Pizza Express: Eddie Thompson Trio
 London Stratford Green Man: Dana Gillespie
 London Tooting The Castle: Tagus
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Repetition/The Mets
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Breakfast Band
 Loughborough University: Bad Manners
 Luton College of Higher Education: Blazing Red
 Manchester Rotters: The Delmontes
 Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: Arthur 2-Stroke
 Neath Lamb Hotel: The Jammy Tarts
 New Romney The Seahorse: The Record Players
 Norwich East Anglia University: Iron Maiden/Trust
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
 Nottingham Rock City: Madness
 Oxford Scamps: Fatal Charm
 Oxford The Swan: The Showers
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: Diamond Head
 Sheffield Polytechnic: The Strangers
 Shifnal Star Hotel: The Samples/The Unknown/A' Brigade
 Southampton The Victory: Games To Avoid/Vertical Motion
 Southampton University Union: Temple
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: Nine Below Zero
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: Matchbox
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 Stourbridge McCoy's: The Quads
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LIVE!

THE HAUNTING

NEW ORDER/HEAVEN

IT WAS the most difficult thing in the world for them to continue. And yet it was so natural. And yet . . . they're still so young. And yet again, New Order: so far so silent and cunning, stumbling against the false legacy of expectation, their central language bare and taut. It's hard to rationalise that the group exist in this rock space, in this abusive context with all its endless blathering, its farcical structure of feeling. It's hard to report that New Order were hesitant, flawed, unformed and that it could all stop tomorrow and the sound was abysmal and they were intensely nervous and yet . . .

The music was touching, it could be perceived as being utterly profound, there was a rich acceptance and that in dealing with its drama we should respect the nature of imagination and liberation rather than simply respond to any direct appeal.

New Order were erratic and dangerously informal and inevitably vulnerable, and yet they achieved enough clean power to prove that they can (once more) re-define a whole range of attitudes and justify their simple but vigorous rejection of standard rock conditions. New Order are a new group: and yet a group caught up in a conventionally made rock myth. They want to be accepted and enjoyed for their direct, self-revealing address rather than stiffly looked at and complexly criticised: but nothing's that easy.

NEW ORDER are a simple group. They treat what they do seriously but don't take themselves seriously. At times I feel they're unaware what three of them achieved

in a different place and have little confidence in their own capabilities.

But for whatever reasons — conscious, accidental, engagingly cheerful, charitable, convenient — the group cut right across rock's feckless rush, the stupid evading and posturing. Perhaps they're just incredibly natural — a pure body that reflects greed, pretension, stupidity and dishonesty in anything that comes near it. Perhaps they're just incredibly naive . . . or too knowing.

And yet their music — a form and a blurring of form — can cut deep into all our experience.

Well . . . on the quiet New Order are deeply determined. It's a determination that has never been obviously articulated, but which can't buckle under cynicism, criticism, negativity. It's a determination that shapes the savage honesty of their music.

Offstage New Order are so bloody normal — retiring or pissed or completely nervous or inarticulate or as restless and lost for direction as you or me. And onstage they can be pretty opaque or disorganised. But their music and the central passions suggest such a violent / isolating confrontation and concentration. Onstage they look out-of-it or bored or trapped or maybe wistfully confident: but you can't resist the energies released or deny their essential — and paradoxical — nobility.

New Order — like their acclaimed and shaded predecessor — are unreal.

This may sound like a dumb thing to say, but everything's so unconnected. Not only are New Order unrock'n'roll: all that and its connotations should by now go without saying. They're also just so unconcerned and — this is a real ache for you people with blindspots — the most unpretentious people I know and so lacking in ego and conceit it's . . . unreal!

I'm on edge for having to use the dumb word *unreal*: but the tension and conflict and character and even the actual existence of New Order is unreal.

And New Order at Heaven — the atmosphere, anticipation, conversation, HAPPINESS, the widespread elemental desire immediately to find greatness in New Order, perhaps even a refusal to admit it could fail, and the communal reverence for a mighty past and because a lot of the gathering had never seen You Know Who — was unreal and only unreal.

Or maybe it would be less dumb to call it an 'event'. Those aren't too frequent these days.

THERE WAS a bit of excitement about. London was looking forward to this appearance — an important part of the show was how it drew together people and implied that there's greater contemporary action and spirit than people like to pretend. It was the most atmospheric do I've been to

New York sees the new Costello.

Elvis Costello

New York

WHAT DO Squeeze value? Professionalism. Tightness. Songs of classic construction. Entertainment. Making the little girls smile and yell.

What do I value in Squeeze? The humour and good feeling in their voices. The way they make tired old commitments like 'professionalism' and 'tightness' seem not just virtues but positive fun. And they keep me alert and interested in what they do, even when it isn't entirely working. The way they make the little girls smile and yell.

Jools Holland, at least, used to be a bit of a live wire. Though Glenn Tillbrook is indisputably this band's leader, it was Holland who was always the rambunctious, funny one. With Holland replaced by ex-Ace Paul Carrack, Squeeze look more than ever like warmed-up pub rock leftovers. Fortunately they don't sound that way.

Tillbrook is not a great performing personality. There

is no special dynamism to what he does, nothing to fire your imagination or make you wonder what he's really like. The rest of the band appear to be downright blasé.

But then, they do a great job delivering those songs. Tillbrook and Chris Difford write some pop gems, songs with animation and lots of heart. Tonight the best ones sound more swinging, gutsy, alive and crackling than they did in their recorded versions. What more can you ask?

It's been two long years since Elvis Costello toured America, but the time has given him a chance to come back different.

Costello is growing. By leaps and bounds. It's really something to see!

As Ian Penman pointed out in his review of 'Trust', Costello is moving from accusation to exploration, spreading the blame for the way things are around a bit, letting some of it even fall on himself. Charges of emotional fascism are giving way to more subtle and more truthful resonances.

There's been a change in Costello's attitude on stage that mirrors these developments. His aesthetic used to be to exhort an exciting momentum out of audience antagonism. He used to use lots of red and green lighting, unflattering, psychologically provocative colours. His stage sets and lighting design had the principles of Leni Riefenstahl's film *Triumph Of The Will* applied to a rock show, while Costello portrayed himself as a most unaccommodating and nasty Little Hitler.

His character now is less starkly drawn, a lot harder to define. He regards his American audience with a lot less suspicion than he did two years ago.

"You're a lively lot," he says at one point, actually smiling. "It's good to see."

The stalking around the stage, the tantrums and mock psychosis, have gone. He sang to, rather than at us.

The result is that he's more effective as a pop dramatist. He hasn't "mellowed" or

dampened his fire; instead he has, finally, started to make the passions, heartaches and crises of his songs seem like potentially universal, shared experiences instead of private nightmares.

The Attractions, meanwhile, have become even more of a charging, unstoppable force. And more than ever it's keyboardist Steve Nieve who leads the band and defines its sound. His playing is full of surprises: snatches of classical piano, jokey trash organ riffs, odd, off-tone fragments are unexpectedly tossed in. Bouncing up and down on his red high-top sneakers, a bundle of nerves, Nieve is visually as intense a character as Costello. With a lesser singer he'd steal the show.

The set is mostly a tour through the riches of 'Get Happy' and 'Trust', with a very few old favourites and surprises thrown in. There's a cover of 'She's Got You', the Patsy Cline country hit, changing the gender and revealing an incredible sense of warmth and vulnerability;

an encore of 'Watching The Detectives', slower and more explicitly reggae-derived than before, gets a bit of Marley's 'Jammin' stuck in the middle.

But the real surprise, the real impact of the night, is how Costello and the Attractions have grown in their effectiveness as a performing unit. Slower songs like 'Watch Your Step' become small dramatic masterpieces, their pace and momentum perfectly orchestrated. Rockers like 'King Horse' are upbeat, angry, full of fire. Costello is in great voice, and he achieves what a live performer should — he makes us hear his songs in a new light.

In the past, seeing Costello has usually left me feeling like a survivor after a battle, knowing I'd been through something intense, but worn out and glad it was over. Tonight I could have listened to him for hours more. He made me feel the pace of his heart and mind, which are both ticking very, very fast.

Richard Gabel

ALL COLOUR PIX BY ANTON CORBIJN

OF HEAVEN

BY PAUL MORLEY

for a long time: for London it was a rare rave.

I got a little bit drunk — no, very drunk — and burst into tears when New Order appeared onstage. New Order manifestly proved that pop can still lift people out of their slumbers; can still create those important new loyalties and get our hearts working.

New Order at Heaven: it was meant to be secret, but the lovely Final Solution people slipped up a few weeks ago... Rumour has it 10,000 people went after tickets; 1,000 got in and isn't it great that things can still be special and important, and not be fashioned and fadded out of all proportion by gossip and idiots?

New Order at Heaven: true love. Great place, new group, lots of people: perhaps the '80s will get moving.

The New Order interview: Hey, Barney, you want a drink?

"Yeah, I'll have a triple Pernod with blackcurrant and a bit of water. Where are the toilets?"

Lethal drink, Barney's got Mr. Hook.

"Dutch courage. I'll just have a pint of lager."

NEW ORDER have been doing things in the right order. A London show of course comes way down on the list of things to do. Those who live in London can view it as punishment that it's taken months and months for New Order to visit the blackening hole — whilst they get on with visiting Blackpool, Nottingham, Brighton...

Their first shows — unsure and as a cruelly cropped trio after initial thoughts that they just didn't want to continue — were in the clubs of New York, not through exotica but simple practicality. NY audiences were dimly aware of a far away commotion that could've been fashion: they were not forced by pre-conceptions to accept New Order any particular way. New Order were fumbling — in a way they still are — but the NY dates re-affirmed balance and perspective.

Morris, Albrecht and Hook were a brand new group that were fated to inherit demented pressure. Pressure of a reputation that had grown fearfully mystical, the absurd pressure of a hit single, the ominous pressure that they may well have touched that sort of mastery that results in a New Sound, and the ultimate pressure of ghosts.

They've dealt with those pressures in the only way: they've ignored them — as much as it is possible. They've rejected any temptation to exploit reputation or myth: for New Order it could never simply be that there's a gap on stage — that would be cheating. Their loyalties are focused, because it's easy and a challenge, on overturning the 'obvious' or the regular ways — on making their own space.

New Order have done no interviews because, as a brand new group finding their new way, they felt they didn't

deserve exposure or weren't ready for it: implacable, ingenuous and ultimately very effective.

They've grown their own sweet way. They could never have succumbed to the particular comforts of those old songs (although soundcheck voyeurs could thrill and chill to brilliant instrumental snatches of 'Transmission', 'Control', 'Atmosphere', 'Dead Souls'... aaah, teenybop passion for those songs the New Order show treated as so distant and separate) because that's *TOO* easy and fairly boring.

New Order are rising to a deep and substantive challenge. They are starting again but transmuting certain energies: a new group who have a tradition all of their own to re-direct. Unreal and unreal. They have slowly and without bother achieved a majestic balance between extending suggested possibilities from that disturbed past and embodying novel principles and fresh threatening passions. They're doing what you wouldn't have thought possible: rubbing out the dark shadow of that past without minimising its impact.

They've a long way to go before they're revolutionary: but they're so much better than could be sensibly expected. They will be great!

AT HEAVEN I wanted so much for them to be crushing and awesome, but the sense of occasion got in the way. They were nervous and most of the audience were nervous as well.

Whilst no one was looking



they've become a four piece. Steve Morris' girl friend Gillian — they've been together since the early days — of all the girlfriends and wives was the one who took most interest in the music. Whilst the trio played around she helped out with keyboard parts. She was grafted into the group — and contributes guitar and keyboards. This little yet gigantic operation is typical of the group's emancipating informality.

Without any fuss, just their

simple discipline and manager Rob Gretton's mixture of mischievousness and methodical magic, they've moved so far outside of the creatively / emotionally / intellectually inhibiting rock routines it's massively... unreal. Perhaps they can destroy those routines. More realistically they'll educate enough people to produce substantial damage.

The set drifted away. I was both transfixed and inattentive. The music lifted

and lifted, reminding me of those tough and regular instrumental patterns in songs like 'Dead Souls', of the dramatic richness and indefinable structural grace of works like 'Atmosphere', with soft edges and accelerating rhythms and snaking textures and floating tunes and fluid, heady dynamics: pure seduction, a force all below the surface... untitled songs that float from far away, elusive, beautifully orchestrated, with words that

in the unreal Heaven were simply sounds... sense comes later, when the shadows rubbed out.

The one link with that group was the poignant and scary performance of a song that was played once. Another group / another place. New Order didn't look as clumsy as they have been: but clumsier than they should be. There was no encore: how could there be an encore? Too showbizzy: too real.

New Order are incomplete. The (mainly Albrecht) vocals are boyish, fragile, uncomfortably mannered, the music is so delicate it desperately needs perfect sound quality. There was no anti-climax — but equally no transcendence. New Order are still coming: there are moments of greatness, it's such a revealing fusion of desires, and it has to be acknowledged that New Order ARE NOW LETTING US DOWN. And that is a lot of something.

This is just the start of a different story. Seeing New Order, those faces, those gestures, that nervousness, Gillian's disconcerting gentleness, sensing peculiar inexperience... it was, honestly, unreal.

In a way, from everyone's point of view, it was a relief to get it over with.

Paul Morley

Temporary Title

Clarendon

TEMPORARY Title are an impressive five-piece outfit who go for an orthodox brand of snappy, streamlined pop, and feature an exotic girl singer named Lea Anderson. Lea auditioned for one of McLaren's bands last year, and it's possible she narrowly missed Bow Wow Wow. I don't know. In any case, Temporary Title released their first single in the summer, a cover of the old Exciters / Billie Davis hit 'Tell Him', and now look set for untold fame and fortune.

Not that they are anything dramatically new, just that they have energy and enthusiasm where others don't.

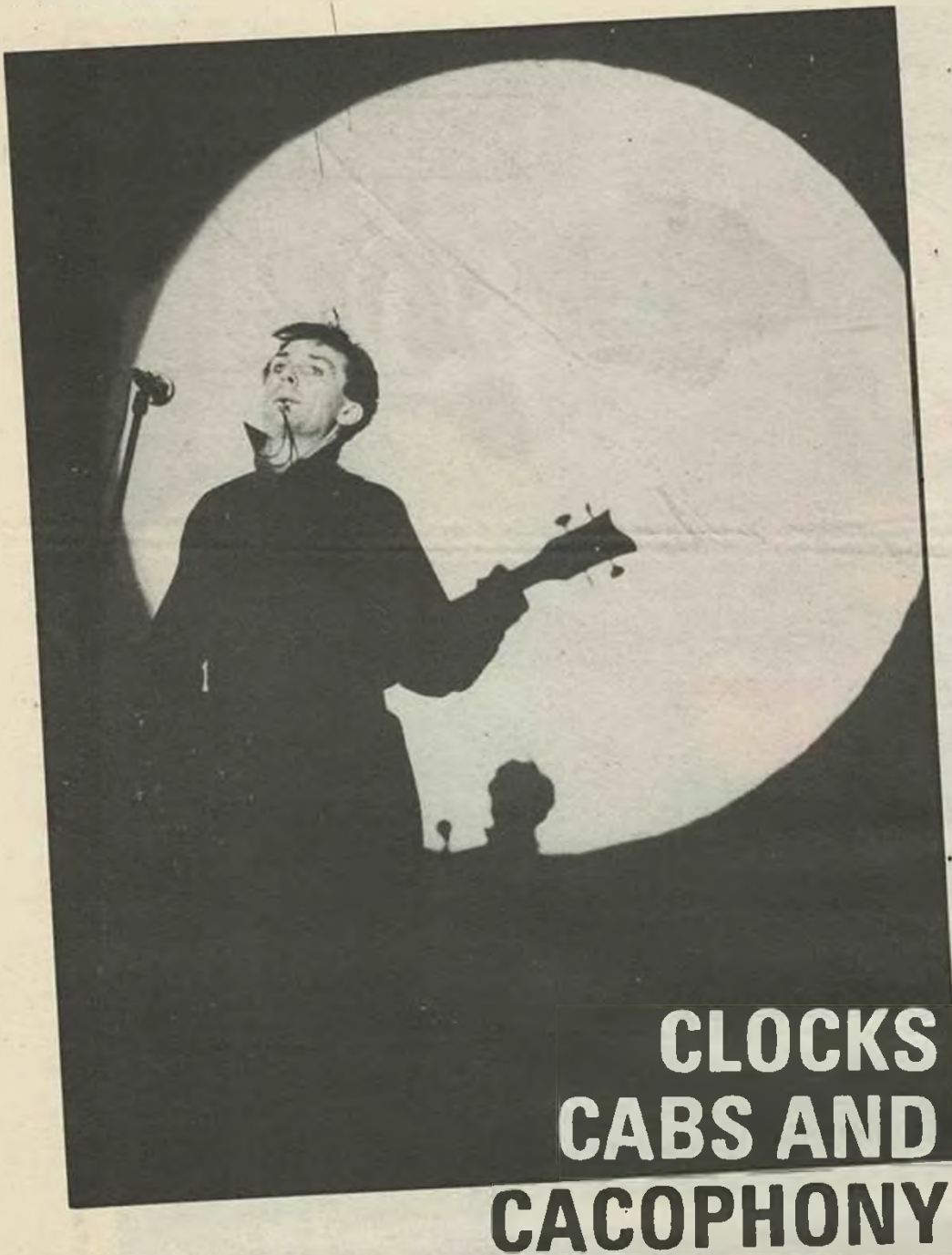
The rhythm seems at the moment reluctant to stray outside the most rigid mechanics, but for all that Matt Hamilton (bass) and Terry Anderson (drums) keep the pace pretty hot. The remaining member, guitarist Bully, fills the gaps / reaches those parts the keyboard cannot reach.

If Temporary Title can inject a little more scope and experiment into their format, they should be ready to deliver the goods — in the not too distant future.

Barney Hoskyns

London sees New Order. Hook glares back. Albrecht and Gillian share the blueprints.

Mal. Pix David Corio.



Throbbing Gristle Clock DVA Cabaret Voltaire

Lyceum

A FETISH night out! A visit to the new school of modern music — art, avant garde and all those words. No doubt fancy terms and theories will be wasted on boys who bang around in dark broom cupboards, going blind and making everyone else deaf. But that's not to say there aren't some interesting activities being pursued in the freedom of the new halls of learning.

From left to right: in the lab mixing up the medicine, themselves and the audience we have Cabaret Voltaire. In the workshop we have Throbbing Gristle performing musical electrolysis, and in the gymnasium doing supple cultural somersaults are Clock DVA.

Gristle are a murky mist in my memory. Sanity towels preserved in jars. Auschwitz. A record that sounded like a dentist's drill. A funny name.

Gristle are four — an electrical pulse operator, a bassist/tape modulator, a guitarist and a synthesizer player. They wire things up as they go, they stuff the audience with their wares and it is wearing stuff.

They can't keep their attention in one place for long enough. When they produce one of their infrequent splays of exciting sound it seems to be a mistake; most of the time they are disengagingly trite. Their new single 'Discipline' sees people scurrying to the bar with its shunted staccato'd operatic vocals. 'Discipline' is an industrial, electro-robotic 'Respect'.

Genesis P Orridge becomes a Kevin Rowland in another time, another place — screaming demonstratively on bended knee. But instead

of bringing the song to its appropriate pitch and stopping he lets it degenerate into pure comedy, taking a big tambourine and banging it with a drumstick while he intones 'I want some discipline, ya hear?' over and over again. TG revert back to their slapdash electro-collages.

Some things are sent to test us. Zev with his five minutes or so of child's play percussion is definitely one. He battles with aluminium sheeting and metal boxes and I try banging my notebook off my knuckle but nobody takes any notice of me. But then Zev is from America.

The revelation of the evening, possibly a lifetime, are Clock DVA: they are going to be the best group in the world. They are fashionable, feckless and flirty; smeared with blood, held together with muscle, set off on course with a clear insight on history.

They are hip, tight and extraordinary, solidly based on a splintering hard back funk and are a mesmerising cabaret. James Brown meets The Velvet Underground. They are possessed with a sense of mystery worthy of Edgar Allan Poe — splattered, frayed but fighting, they stand in the middle of the new decadence trying to assert themselves.

A smooth smooching swell somewhere in the middle of all this bruising and excoriating, they always stick in the throat, in the ribs and the heart. What a funk up, shackled up, het up charge they generate! When I wasn't dancing I was gnawing the skin off my thumb. The best, most exotic dance music since early Pop Group, or vintage Beefheart. They take care of themselves, their history and their emotional discrepancies. In their wake they leave a trail of broken minds, bleeding hearts and memories of a night somewhere.

A night that never was?
At the end they're so

wracked and tormented that the last song is so tattered it's almost excruciating. Forgive them? No, I thanked them — it was just how I felt, just how they should have felt: confused, drained and dazzled by their own brilliance. Clock DVA don't fit into the fetish category — they are super rather than abnormal stimulus.

Cabaret Voltaire 'top' the bill. But they suffer from the exhausting nature of the preceding acts. A fatigued audience is not what CV are suited to. The first song hits with persistent and insistent riffs but it is quite simply too long. There is a bare sensuality to their sound but the rigorous standards under which they operate tends to keep it hidden. The confines and constraints placed on them by excessive dependence on tapes are a big problem here. The songs are mainly musical scrapings put together to form a limited but effective skeleton, they need to slide and shimmer a little and allow themselves to become embossed with some flavours, to throw some shadow over their starkness and anger.

I enjoyed the evening, it tested my preconceptions and put me in an impressionistic position. I hope that doesn't mean I was lulled into a position where I could be irrationally reverent towards an inanimate object. The true meaning of 'fetish'.

Gavin Martin



A Clock.

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The Formula: George C. Scott



9 to 5: Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton.



The Formula: Marlon Brando

THE FORMULA

The Formula

Directed by John G Avildsen
Starring George C Scott and Marlon Brando (CIC)

ONLY a handful of actors possess or acquire the authority to carry a film regardless of its intrinsic merits. George C Scott and Marlon Brando are two of the few. But Brando seems disinterested these days, unwilling to commit himself to anything more than small but significant parts like those of Colonel Kurtz in Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* or oil magnate Adam Steiffel here, whereas Scott is obviously ready and able to work himself much harder. As its billing suggests, *The Formula* is irrefutably his.

All the same, it's become increasingly difficult to distinguish assumed from actual personality in Scott. Paul Schrader's recent, very intense *The Hardcore Life* cast him as an overbearing, fundamentalist zealot compelled to stalk through California's pornographic underworld in search of his missing daughter.

Hardcore was quite literally a tale of sin and redemption, and it strongly implied that Scott shared Schrader's pronounced distaste for exploitation and the like, if not the director's obsessive prurience. How else could the actor have conveyed such righteous — and sometimes self-righteous — disapproval or so convincingly run amok in the film's final stages like some latterday Old Testament avenger?

The Formula might lack the moral stringency of Schrader's subject, but also depends on Scott's ability to project a sense of crumpled, offended dignity, this time as ex-CIA agent turned Los Angeles cop Barney Caine.

A divorcee who lives for the time he can spend with his teenage son, Caine is otherwise happiest keeping his own company. A principled sort who rarely carries his gun and who even made friends with members of the Marxist government in Chile whilst his employers were busy toppling it, he recalls such episodes with difficulty, remorse even. As such he's a throwback, an anachronism, and it's clear that over the years his once unshakeable faith in the absolute morality and 'rightness' of America as world power and great nation has been eroded, leaving him puzzled and often bitter in his disillusionment.

Not that Caine lacks humour. "Don't knock it. I let it stand for seven days," he upbraids an assistant to whom he's offered a slug of his home-stilled whisky. He's also much given to throwaway philosophising. "You don't get any smarter," he complains ruefully at one stage, "you just get older" — a remark that actually belies his powers of observation and deduction, which are still formidable.

So much for Caine for the time being. What's most surprising about *The Formula* is that it should centre on such a credible and sympathetic character at all. It is in fact

9 to 5

Directed by Colin Higgins
Starring Jane Fonda, Dolly Parton, Lily Tomlin and Dabney Coleman (20th Century Fox)

IN this, the latest Jane Fonda-Bruce Gilbert production (following *Coming Home* and *China Syndrome*) Fonda plays one Judy Bernly who 'takes the first job of her life' clocking in 9 to 5 at 'Consolidated Companies'. Judy's age is supposed to be 'forty-plus'; she's also supposed to be shaken up by the recent loss of her hubby to his secretary, and she's lumbered with eyeglasses-that-don't-suggest-passes.

Of course, since the production team take their audience more for clods than colleagues, Fonda's is most definitely *not* Mrs Average. She's more a sylph-like monument to her own Beverly Hills spa and she soon casts aside the glasses for hammy cameo scenes specially set up to catch her in a nightie.

9 To 5 is a very uneven, unsuccessful sort of fairy tale, about three office workers who stage a broadly comic coup over their incompetent boss: first in successive fantasy sequences, then for real. Yuks are in surprisingly short supply, but the 'messages' at least are laughable.

Would that sexism at work were as simple, soup-brained and possible to punish as depicted here — after all, it has driven millions of women to feel as one with Bette Midler when she says "the only thing I put above sentiment is revenge".

Dolly Parton's revenge is sweet anyway: her opening title song puts the entire script to shame in only six verses, well before you can realise that there's less of her character in the movie than you'd been led to expect. And Lily Tomlin is superb as a secretly smouldering Section Supervisor whose idiosyncratic twist with a punchline emerges as the film's only potent Female Weapon. Only Tomlin's Violet Newstead is completely realised — so it's only her fantasy sequence of revenge which packs the hilarity of true subversion.

Aside from the unsinkable Dolly, only Tomlin's comic timing really makes *9 To 5* worthwhile — unless you'd like to try your skills at re-writing the promising scene where the three very different but equally pissed-off secs meet in a local bar.

It looks just great, but when mouths are opened it's still I-Bought-This-Talent-I-Can-Waste-It-If-I-Please time with the script.

Cynthia Rose

SILVER SCREEN

FOR SUCCESS

another of the best-selling book and motion picture tie-ins so popular in Hollywood at the moment and so often a recipe for unmitigated disaster.

Author, researcher and screen producer Steve Shagan's plot is very lukewarm thriller fare. It purports to expose a worldwide energy conspiracy: something to do with multi-national oil cartels and an elusive formula for the manufacture of synthetic fuels developed by scientists in Hitler's Third Reich. Caine's involvement in all this is inadvertent. A fellow cop and friend is unaccountably shot to death and so working in an unofficial capacity, he picks up the faint trail of clues that eventually lead him to Europe and back.

None of which in itself would have made for very riveting cinema. *The Formula's* success can only be explained by Scott's participation and, perhaps equally important, John G Avildsen's direction. Much of Avildsen's work, which includes such films as *Joe*, *WW Dixie* and *The Dance Kings*, *Save The Tiger* and *Rocky*, displays a fascination with the unlikely heroic figure, of which the stoic Caine is a prime example.

Along with his interest in Caine, Avildsen contrives to create a strong sense of mood and place, one which thrives in the varied locations offered by Shagan's story (the reptile house of the Berlin Zoo, for example). There are slips though. The care Avildsen affords Scott/Caine doesn't

always extend to other characters. Marthe Keller's Lisa succeeds as a likely romantic foil for the lonely Caine, but fails completely as a rudimentary exercise in Euro-terrorist psychology. Similarly John Gielgud's brief appearance as a decrepit Nazi scientist laid up in a Swiss sanatorium lacks any conviction.

As for Brando, his Steiffel serves a very definite purpose; the magnate is Caine's polar opposite. Preposterously fat, distractedly ruffling through what silvery hair he has left and peering through thick, rimless glasses, he cultivates an air of negligent, infuriating eccentricity that conceals his ruthless intelligence.

The impact of Steiffel's climactic encounter with Caine is as resounding as their meet is inevitable. Steiffel is model modern American man and business machine, Caine a hoarse, exhausted, despairing and almost evangelical figure clawing his way into the present from a mythical past. (It was never that good or that fair). "You're nothing but an ivory tower hoodlum," he accuses Steiffel, whose only response is an obscenely condescending chuckle. Chilling.

And so *The Formula* manages to transcend the limitations of Shagan's pot-boiling. In its austere, understated sort of way, Scott's Caine contains much that is admirable, however unfashionable. It's a remarkable performance.

Angus MacKinnon

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WELL, we've had lots and lots of fun putting this week's issue together for you, and we hope that you've all had a jolly good read as well! But gosh — if you'll pardon the language — well, blow me if we haven't got another one JUST AS GOOD, all lined-up and rarin' to go. So, chums, stand by for ...

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● Bauhaus ...

● Department S ...

● And Paul Morley on The Bongos.

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Rock 'n' roll ... Phew!

MORE GIG NEWS

Chas & Dave headline

CHAS & DAVE, already set for a major London headliner at the Dominion Theatre on March 29, have now also been lined up for a string of provincial dates. The tour ties in with the release of the follow-up to their 'Rabbit' hit single — titled 'Poor Old Mr. Woogie', it's issued by Rockney on February 20, and followed two weeks later by the duo's new album 'Mustn't Grumble'. Their newly confirmed dates are at Reading Hexagon (March 6), Leatherhead Leisure Centre (7), Manchester Golden Garter (12-14), Waford Bailey's (16-21), Southampton Solent Suite (25), Leamington Royal Spa Centre (26), Norwich Cromwells (27) and Purfleet Circus Tavern (April 1-4).

□ **LIONHEART**, the new heavy metal band fronted by ex-Iron Maiden guitarist Dennis Stratton, have now acquired a new vocalist to replace their original singer Jess Cox. He is John Farlam, who's just been flown in from Switzerland, where he's been based for two years. Accordingly, the band will be going ahead with their gig at London Marquee tonight (Thursday).

□ **THE BARRACUDAS** are playing a short series of dates in their own right, before guesting on The Stray Cats' tour which — an announced two weeks ago — starts on February 27. They visit London Regents Park Bedford College (tomorrow, Friday), Hailsham Crown Hotel (Sunday), Leeds Warehouse (February 19), Nottingham University (21) and Uxbridge Brunel University (25). Their debut album 'Drop Out With The Barracudas' is issued by Zonophone this week.

□ **MICHAEL DES BARRES** — former Silverhead front man, whose upcoming *Old Grey Whistle Test* spot was revealed by *NME* last week — will be promoting his Dreamland single 'I'm Only Human' during his UK visit, and several other appearances are being lined up for him. Accompanying him on the trip is Blondie bassist Nigel Harrison.

□ **THE ALBION BAND** will be on tour in March and April, featuring material from their recent Charisma album 'Lark Rise To Candleford'. Already confirmed is a concert at London Royal Festival Hall on March 20, and provincial dates will follow shortly. They'll be going out with a nine-piece line-up including Ashley Hutchings, John Kirkpatrick and Bill Caddick. The 'Candleford' tour will be interrupted by a performance of their 'Albion River Hymn' at London Greenwich Theatre on March 22.



PEARL with band member, drummer NICK SIMENON

PEARL DOING THE ROUNDS

PEARL HARBOUR continues gigging around the UK with her new band, and is now booked through to mid-March. Dates include support spots this month with Darts at Norwich (this Saturday) and Newcastle (20), and with Madness at Poole (17) and Nottingham (18), while they join Dr. Feelgood at Keele on March 11. But newly confirmed headlining gigs are: Newport Harper Adams College (this Friday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (February 21), London Oxford St 100 Club (24), London Camden Dingwalls (25), Manchester Poly (26), Stoke North Staffs Poly (27), Wolverhampton Poly (28), Canterbury Kent University (March 2), Swindon Brunel Rooms (3), Bristol Berkeley (4), London Richmond Brolleys (4), London City Poly (6), London Marquee (7), Ormskirk Edgehill College (13) and Retford Porterhouse (14).

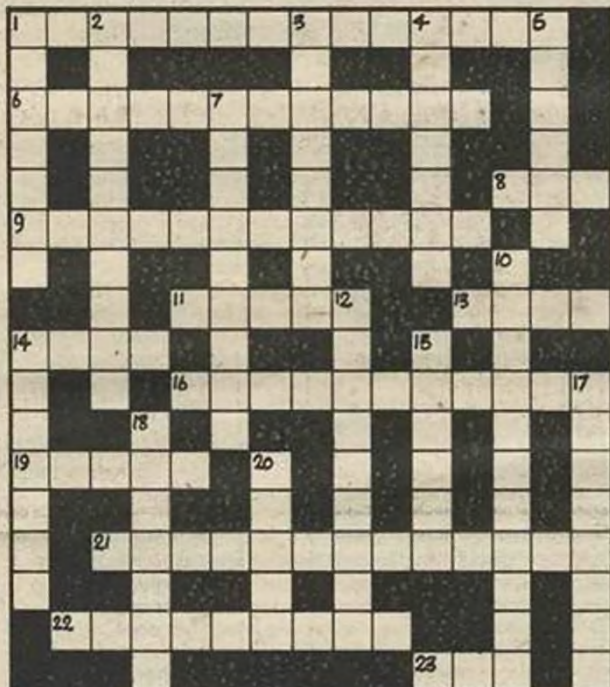
□ **GARY GLITTER** plays a Valentine's Day special at London Victoria The Venue this Saturday (14), his first London show since his pre-Christmas sell-out at the Rainbow. Other new dates are at Sheffield University (tomorrow, Friday) and Swansea University (February 19), and more are being set

□ **BUDGIE** continue their seemingly endless tour with newly confirmed gigs at Port Talbot Troubadour (tonight, Thursday), London Marquee (Friday), Lincoln Drill Hall (February 17), Ashington Technical College (19), Workington Slipped Disc (20), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (21) and Bedford College (28).

□ **COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL** at Wembley this Easter is now offering cheaper tickets — because of the current recession, says promoter Mervyn Conn. Although existing prices remain, a 5% discount is now offered on all tickets, with 7½% off for group bookings, and a new low-price £5 ticket has been introduced. The remaining spot on the opening night of the four-day event (Good Friday, April 17) has now been filled by George Jones.

□ **JOOLS HOLLAND**, former Squeeze keyboard man, is playing a string of dates with his new outfit The Millionaires. So far set are Aberystwyth University (tonight, Thursday), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (Friday), Reading University (February 17), Durham University (20), Leeds Polytechnic (21), Norwich East Anglia University (24), Leamington Royal Spa Theatre (25), Oxford Polytechnic (27) and London Camden Dingwalls (March 4), with more to follow.

NME X-PRESS WORD



ACROSS

- 1 Mark Knopfler after Bill Shakespeare (5,3,6)
- 6 Liverpool band (4,8)
- 8 & 13 Brummie musician who played a major part in The Move and ELO
- 9 Played an avenging New York cabbie in one of his earlier films (6,2,4)
- 11 The new Elvis
- 13 See 8
- 14 See 14 down
- 16 Former Deaf School singer, cut 'Hello This Is Your Heart' single last year (5,6)
- 19 Something small and irritating about Ultravox?
- 21 Old rocker whose hits included 'Way Down Yonder in New Orleans' (7,6)
- 22 Ellen's beau (4,5)
- 23 See 15

DOWN

- 1 Blondie hit misheard as a song about a hernia!

- 2 Sounded more like mumbo jumbo to our reviewer! (4,5)
- 3 Veteran R&B act at their peak during the Golden Era at Atlantic Records
- 4 Punks who seem to have given up 'anging about (clue here) waiting for fame
- 5 Mick or James
- 7 Male half of classic 'River Deep' partnership (3,6)
- 10 Loonee toonsmith (4,7)
- 12 Spandau Ballet feel the cold (3,6)
- 14 down & 14 across Bowie album
- 15 & 23 '50s/'60s US girl singer nicknamed Little Miss Dynamite
- 17 'My Sharona' new wavers (heavy iron here) (3,5)
- 18 XTC character (3,4)
- 20 "-----" was an E. Costello hit; get the first and you've got the second, insert either into the space provided!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Mike Barson; 7 'Exodus'; 8 Kevin; 9 Keith Levene; 11 Gordon Sumner; 13 'Low'; 14 'Bronco Billy'; 15 'Rat Trap'; 16 Gene; 18 Jane; 20 'Dreaming'; 21 Davey (Payne); 23 'Revolution'; 27 'No Fun'; 29 Chas and Dave.
DOWN: 2 Kevin Rowland; 3 'Bank Robber'; 4 Robin Scott; 5 Neil (Young); 6 Duane Allman; 10 Virgin; 11 (Mick) Gallagher; 12 Mick Ronson; 17 Errol; 19 Alvin Lee; 22 (Neil) Young; 24 ELP; 25 Toyah; 26 Noddy (Holder); 28 Ear.

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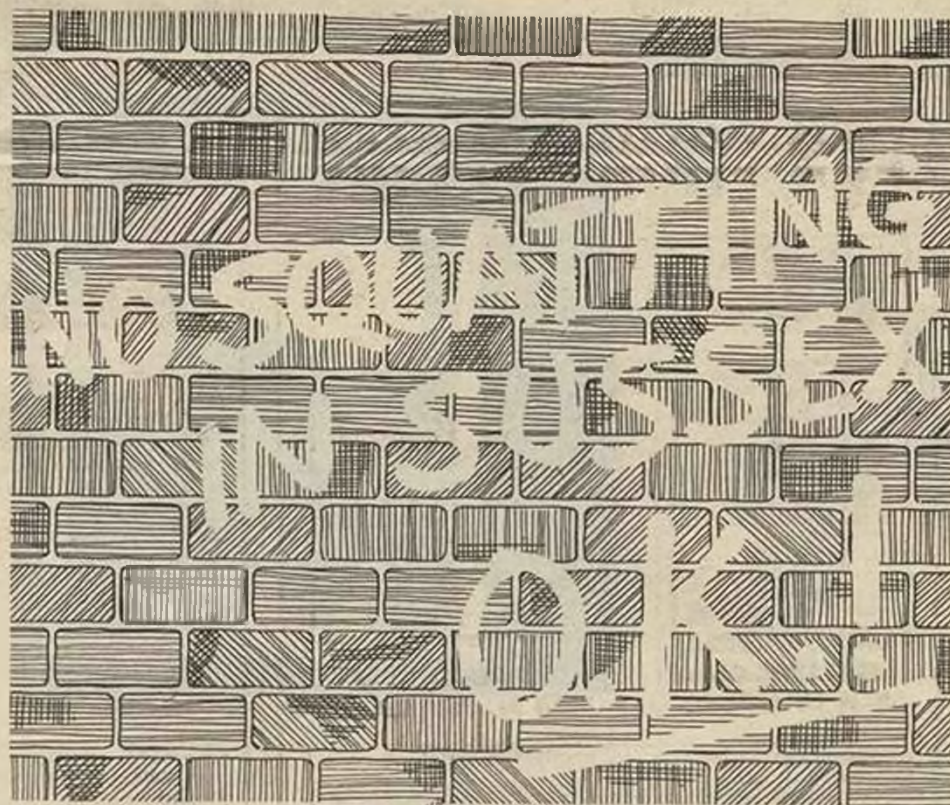
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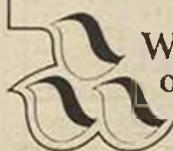
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ABBA

From page 18

certain type of music because the group is already established. But if you have established a certain type of music you come back to it again and again, don't you?

No, I think that is shit boring. At least we try to get away from it. If we get a hit with 'Chiquitita', at least our next song won't begin with guitars and flutes. But that is an American syndrome which has always been in operation. From Del Shannon and even further back. That's no fun. That's dead music to me.

You wouldn't do it that way?

Not consciously. It might happen that you or many others think that this song sounds exactly like that song. Songs we did years apart. But we would rather try to do something that sounds like something somebody else has done than to do something that sounds like what we have done ourselves.

It's rather fantastic that you can say this. You can do, and are doing, exactly what you want.

Well, I doubt if I can do exactly what I want. But I know that it will end up exactly as I want anyway

And when you are finished with it, are you always pleased?

Yeees

So where are the problems? Where are the difficulties?

The difficulties are to get it that way, to take nothing more than thin air and say: Here we have ten songs and we think they are good.

Here you are. Listen. That is hard. That is straining. You end up working on them for a thousand hours. Even if it doesn't sound like that — you know, it sounds so simple and easy. Simple melodies

Are there things you regret, now that you have been able to look at them from a distance?

No, no regrets. But sometimes you say that you could have done certain records better. For example, we did a song not too long ago called 'Summer Night City', that wasn't too good.

Sometimes you get all tied up. That was a single we had to do. We only had that song to work with. Did the mixing for a week. At the end one got tired: OK, we'll finish it. Release it and begin the next one.

But it doesn't matter really. If what one did eight years ago was better than what one is doing now — that would be a catastrophe.

Are you angry with the guy who reviewed 'Supertrouper' in my paper? I haven't read it.

You haven't read it? But your office said that it would be hard to get an interview with you after

No, but maybe someone else read it and said it was done with nasty intentions. It doesn't matter, quite honestly — it's just his own opinion.

Don't you get upset?

Not the slightest.

Why not?

Why should I be upset if you don't like the same things as I do? Let's say you have played a record for ten persons and they all say that this is the best thing they have heard. Then you play it for someone else and he says it's the worst thing he has ever heard. How do you react then?

I'd get upset.

Won't the other ten people make you happy?

Yes.

Every person who appreciates what you are doing makes you happy, of course. But I have promised myself never to feel low because of a bad review. If I find a good one I'll say it was just a coincidence.

But all the criticism you have got, have you seen anything justified in it? Have you understood why you were criticised?

I understand the criticism that says this is lightweight music, pure entertainment and nothing more than that. Happy pop. Here today, gone tomorrow.

In a way I hope it's not like that. I believe it has more value than that. But of course I understand, because this is exactly what we are doing. It's not progressive rock and roll, it's pop music. And I think it should be judged in that vein of music. That's fair enough.

But that happens rather seldom.

Is that the main criticism you get — that you are making music for entertainment?

No, I just took that as an example. I really don't know what is our worst feature in the eyes of the critics.

It all sounds so easy for you. You are so satisfied and happy.

Wouldn't you feel good if you were in my position? I think you would.

Do you mean that?

You know what I like. You know that I like to write music. You know that I like to write songs and play them. And that is what I'll do. And if you can do what makes you most satisfied and get success from it

Automatic happiness?

No, but obviously it makes you satisfied with a hell of a lot in your existence. But it also depends on what sort of person you are. One can't say that everybody who has got success feels the same.

But if you can do what you yourself want to do, then you stand a better chance of being happy than if you do what somebody else wants you to do.

RAYBEATS

FROM PAGE 11

America. Even someone like The B52's with an album in the chart find it hard to get radio play, particularly in New York, which is notoriously bad for radio stations.

"People sometimes ask us where we want to see The Raybeats go. I always say that I want to hear us on the radio, not just for ourselves, but I also want radio to get better. I want new bands to be able to get out and be heard.

"Like The Bush Tetras have a great single out, which our drummer Don produced (the superb 'Too Many Creeps' EP on 99 Records — get it!) and I want to be able to hear that on the radio. In New York, they just don't play it. It's got into the Billboard disco chart and it still doesn't get radio play!"

The Raybeats deserve recognition for one of the bravest attempts in years at putting a brand new slant on an old form, for delving deep into rockism's rich tapestry and coming up with a dance music that can hug the hip so close it picks your pocket. Their subtle, shimmering graces may well be lost in the cavernous confines of the Rainbow theatre next week, but if you're lucky enough to catch them in a club, you'll catch The Raybeats in their element.

As Pat wryly reflects, "The last time there was an instrumental on the radio was probably something like Edgar Winter's 'Frankenstein'."

After that, the only way to go has got to be up.



ADAM B. Happy Valentine's Luv Queen

ALL LOVE From Townshend To Gel dot (£5,998 46)

AMB — LOVE you, do with me what ever you want to, luv SLJ

ANDREW CAN'T get used to losing you, love Wendy

ANDY BEAR — Let Me Be Your Money — Pussy Cat

ANDY: LOVE you like mad Honk! Honk! Sue

ANGIE I love, need you, want you. It won't be long now. Free spirits together Love Dermot

ANNETTE PRATT This Is For You, Love Andy

ANN, LOVE you always, Donkey Jacket and all, Michael

ANN MAKOS Love You Always Stockings And Kinky Gear Tonight, Paul

BABA, YOUR Baba loves you, Baba

BABES D. I luvvs yr cos, yet neard, Babes R

BASS PLAYER extraordinary and trifle and me all we need to be the best ever band, Ruby

BEST MAN — Desperately appealing to the contrary, I love you. From the middle-sized chicken

BLOOTER O'MALLEY — Your cut-out's still dreaming lies

BLUE BAY'S gonna eat cheese and pickle on his birthday

BOB — I love you. Stay with me always, Lou

BONJOUR GAYNOR — Je T'Alme — Richie

BOOBYDROPS, SVENDALI rules, Big Aggie

BOP, ALL my love forever, P.P.

B.P. JE l'aima de tout mon coeur C.E.

BRIAN — LOVE you always — Cates Little Kitten, xxxxxx

BROWN EYES, I love you! (Tar. No please) David

BUN LOVES Moog

CAROLINE TYLER Luv You Forever! Ian xxxxx

CAROLYNE RINGLAND, Small ones are more juicy, if you know what I mean

CARRIE 143 now and forever, Davyd (1981), xxxxxx

CERI BECAUSE I Love You I Won't Tell Anyone You Fart In Bed Martin

CHERUB, A cuddly sounpdragon loves you

CHRIS BURNS, Love from Snuggie Bunny

CHRISSY I love you more than anything in the world, with all my love Chris

CLAIRE DARLING: You're The World's Greatest Lover, Happy Valentine's And Birthday! Your loving Cheap Trick, James

CLIVE THANK you for being such a wonderful person I love you very much Linda XX

CORNELIA I love you, Richard

CRANBOURNE CHASE U6 Tyler Is Guilty, Love The White Judges From Kirkmichael, xxxxxx

CRAZY JANEV, love you always, Mark

DARLING DEBBIE Happy Valentine's Day Love Paul XXX

DARLING HELEN — lots of snuggles, love Scarp

DARLING JAMIE, love you always, Mark X

DARLING JOANNA Happy Valentine's Day Paul XXX

DAVID LOVE You Lotville Arizona Mrs Meazle

DEAR ENID In the end true love pays is. Further details from Russia

DEAR RUFFY — Boston Love, you

DEBBIE DEW — NME at last! JC

DEBBIE, THE winner of you, and

DEE OF THE YEAR, I love you, Your night in shining armor

DENISE, A dream come true, love always, Jack

DENISE — PIN The On The Beach

DEW — And Let Everyone Know, All My Love Always, See Ya Tomorrow, Paul P3

COME UP And See Me Sometime

DENNIS THE Dinosaur I Love You — Debbie

DIERDRE LOVE you Eric

DOCKEER LIEBE und romanze, Love Lady Docker

DON, I'll love you forever, even if you are always late! Happy Valentine's Day

ELIZABETH, LOVE you forever, Bryan, xxxxx

ELSPETH, I'll Wear, Mascara And Shrimp Jo

ENNIS I love you — Phil

ESTER LOVE You Sunshine, Write Thanks M.P. A People Life Stream Goudby Scott

LA BELLE, love in Paris, and

FOUR YEARS This May Love "Edgar"

FRECKLES, I love you, Euph

FROM ONE Genius To Another, PWJ, I Love You

FUDGE THANK you for being you, All my love Paul

GARY LOVE You Always And Forever, Karen xxxxx

GARY THANK YOU! Wendy at Wendy's

GILLIAN, I don't care either — stay cute, love G.C

GORDON, WHEN I dream, I dream about you

GRAHAM ELSTONE I love you Please be my Valentine Love Steph Winter XX

GRAHAM HAPPY Birthday Love Growing Always Julie

GUESS WHAT Diddy? Love you Rupert

HAIRY PADDINGTON, Teddy, Monkey, Lion and me all love you, Little Sue

HAPPY VALENTINES Theresa, I'll love you forever, Jeremy

HAPPY VALENTINES DAY TO A CUDDLY HAMSTER FROM HIS GORGEOUS GERBIL.

HAZE, ALWAYS love you, from But-ton Pusher

HEB PUNK Queen of Nuneaton — Well just thought I'd mention it

HELEN, HOOT hoot, Love you for ever and ever, Martin XXX

HELEN — YOU may have lost the best job, but you've still got the best bloke, Love Nick De Niro and Tuffy

HI—GREAT Body! Pity About The Hairdo K

HONEYKIE I Love You Billions >>>

— Susan

IAN 'TILT'

ICH LIEBE dich noch! Love J.B.

I LOVE You Claudie, Love Concrete Kings x

I LOVE You Deb, Love Steve C's

I LOVE you Piglet — CJ

I'M HAPPY just as long as I can see that girl, RHI by ARD

IVOR PLAY 'Atomic' Oot

JACKIE BAKER Ode, Zoe Candin Clap — Happy Valentines — J

JACKIE DENT love you always — Chris (Dick)

JACKIE HAPPY Valentines Norm

JAN LAWSON, don't worry 'coz I'll never leave you You're the most gorgeous girlfriend in the world I love you, Alan

JAN, LOVE you forever and a day

JENNIE, LOVE your "Stairway to Heaven", Bonzo

JES PLAY With My Passions And Be My Funny Valentine Love Lisa XXX

JOHN IRWIN I Love You Hilary

JOHN, LET'S 'shack up baby' Ayshe

JO LOVE You, Antperson Kisses Max Body

JULIA A place in every moment — & say in all I do, my only dream, a constant stream — of days containing you. Roll on Rhodes Love you always! Squidge 'N' Puddle Features

JULIA Happy Valentine's Day, keep up the PR for Green Peace, Steve

JULIE, I love you always Joe >>

JULIE I Love You Terry

JUNE LOVE You Always Bowie

JUNGLE BUNNY Johnny, I love you — Desperate Dave

KANSAS CITY needs a friend like Wayne Valley!!!

KANSAS KIKI I Love You — Love from David xxxxxxxx

KAREN, BARNHURST lots of love, Colin, Northfleet

KAREN I love you, The only one Leon

KAREN, NOZ tonight? Dear Piano Tuner

KAREN, SWIM with the Passions, love Eggy

KAREN, UM um you are so special

KATHARA TOGETHER Now And Forever Ily Kev J

KATHRYN (WITHINGTON), Remember me from John Cooper-Clarke concert? Love, Daniel (Glossop)

KAYNUS I Luv You Mixxxx

KEEP USING THE SOAP AND YOU WILL NEVER BE A JILTED JOHN.

KEV AND JIM, Cluck, Cluck You Can't Beat The Nazi Staff Love The Sisters

KEVIN I will love you for the rest of my life Sharon <<

KRUN, LOVE YOU MART.

LAK, "LOVERS never lose" — They won't! I promise Donkey

LAURA DID I tell you Porsche 928's rule O.K? Love you beautiful Pate

LINDA LOVE you always, Kenny

LINDA, 2 months have been, very rarely, love Gordon XX

LITTLE WITCH I still love you very much from someone who cries a lot XXX

LIZ, MARRY me, Jen

LIZ PINCH your cheek, love Potato Head

LIZ — WHY don't you come to Paris with me? MOIKE

LOLLIPOP YOU'RE the sweetest, Luv Tooz

LOOBY, I love you, Leo-Lee

LOUISE For the best wife in the world 6474323 I love you, Phil

LOVE ON ya, Cutie

LOVE You Tin Tin, From A Ageless Freak

LUV BUG Sacky Luv U Mills Presh Ang

LYNNE I'll Love You Forever Your Precious Piglet

MARGARET HOOLEY Is Lovely

MARGARET — "MESSED" you 'round and upset you, I hurt you most of all, but I'm different now and I'm glad that you're my girl! — Will you be my girl? I love you, Trevor

MARK, STICK with it mate! Love Trev

MAURA — AND then there were three, love Barry

MELVILLE SO Glad Your My Valentine Love And Kisses Pats!

MERYL PLEASE kick start my scooter — Who?

MICHELLE LET'S keep it going forever, from the Yellow Escort (Paul) Bexleyheath

MIKE And Christmas Bear, all my love forever Vick <<<

MISTER BRACKENBURY I like you lots

MONKEY LOVE Sexy Beast Hank

MOONMINTROLL LOVES Snork Madon

MOTHER YOU'RE Special — Son

MR. RAM — lots of love to you from your Fan Club, i.e. Pudding Poo, the Minule, Sid and Nancy XXXX

MUSHROOM: LOVE you now and forever, Sardine, XXXXXX

MY DARLING Squidge, I love you, Squedum xxxxxxxx

MY DEAR darling adorable sexy Allison — love you — Paul XXX

NAOMI, I loved you then, I love you now, I'll love you soon and soon we'll be together, Reaux

NEED, KOSMIK, Bare Trapping in France, frog on the head, beans mean well fed — Roux

NICK HOWZ Soliciting? Want An Accomplish? Tina

NIGEL DOBSON — Happy Blue Valentine's Day Love and kisses, The Floozie <<<

NORMAN WISDOM send his love to Angel Grimesdale, Not forgetting Happy First Anniversary Dot!



THE SPLAT BAG...



FURTHER MISSIVES 'SHOULD BE DIRECTED TO GAS BAG... N.M.E! 5-7 CARNABY ST. LONDON W.1



In these days of dying hopes and gripping pessimism, I write in praise of the energetic enthusiasm of Julian Cope. We should all take a leaf out of his book. WAAUUUGGGHHH!!! JULIAN!!! GREAT!!! Catherine Bradley, Newcastle Upon Tyne P.S. I now understand the full immensity of Wahl Heat. Well, what more can we say, except... WAAUUUGHH!!! — C.B.

I would dearly love to know how your editorial board defends the publication of Ms. Julie Burchill's review of *Playing For Time*? I wouldn't dare claim that this production was directed with any intention of showing graphically and realistically the horrors of Auschwitz, but as an impressionistic study of one woman's observations and emotions in a Nazi deathcamp it remains a strong indictment of fascism. But your attack on Redgrave's performance on such a purely reactionary level was an act of sheer political hatred. Burchill disregards Redgrave's important role as an anti-Zionist in an anti-Nazi production, which surely goes a long way in dispelling many of the lies that the press and Zionists have long propagated against her because of her support of Palestinian Liberation Organisation (PLO).

Burchill falls into the line behind those that maintain there is no difference between anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism and defend the Zionist occupation of Arab territories. She accuses the production of being 'fascist filth' regardless of the fact that both the screenwriter and the director are Jews! Any question of Palestinian rights, or in fact, human rights, which Redgrave fights for in her support of the PLO are completely ignored in Burchill's tirade of ignorance and contempt of the Arab peoples. What does Burchill's review contribute to your readership's understanding of the important questions raised by Redgrave's role as Fania Fenelon other than accuse her of being a 'chum' of Arabs who kill Jews?

Nothing, except the same middle class twaddle that you and most teen-rags seem to accept as liberal and correct. Lee Drysdale.

Ms. Burchill's position appears to be one of 'stern morality': criminals should stop whining.

working-class intellectuals should stop theorizing, sociologists should stop 'forgiving' crimes. The trouble is, Ms. Burchill's concept of crime is a very narrow one. If you take her simplistic bash 'em all position, all issues become facile: — punish the wrongdoer! But there are more wrongdoers than Ms. Burchill believes.

You don't have to be a 'working-class intellectual' to sense that the attack on crime entails far more than the liberal use of the noose and the cat o' nine tails. The whole structure of society must be changed. But Ms. Burchill, if she holds any political views at all, never lets them be known. This, of course, is the stock position of the reactionary, 'satirical' critic.

Ms. Burchill's reactionary viewpoint is cleverest when she refers to education. The 'red brick' universities, and the polytechnics were breeding grounds for trendy liberals, she claims, where working-class upstarts shrugged off their sturdy parents' honest ideals and became sociologists. What Ms. Burchill carefully omits from her criticism is the fact that these much abused polytechnic universities were part of a general increase in educational standards without which such working class people as she or I would not even be able to read or write properly — we'd have been shunted off into a dead-end world of jobs and dole queues.

Carrying her reactionary nonsense to ridiculous extremes, Ms. Burchill concludes by commenting approvingly on the recent survey which proved modern kids to have an alarming viewpoint on a number of emotive issues. Sure it's great that kids are anti-racist, but does Ms. Burchill really feel pleased that they are in love with David Bowie, and hanging out with 'wets' who Ms. Burchill hates so much would point to the current malaise in education and economic affairs as being contributory factors in this downswing in young people's moral viewpoints; and maybe some of us would try to work and change society to alter this. But would Ms. Burchill? Where does she stand politically? Pete Bray, New Mill, Huddersfield. Fascism isn't the product or property of any one race, creed or colour, so the involvement of Jews in the production of *Playing For Time* doesn't

immediately qualify it for an anti-fascist badge. Similarly, Redgrave's anti-Zionism doesn't make her anti-fascist. And though her acting is brilliant, suit the role, her involvement in casting was bound to cost thousands. But the question for you — controversy — her advocacy of a re-examination of barbaric treatment of Jews is a mite difficult for you to understand, too. Her criticism hang 'em answer me, is an extreme reaction to a world of do gooders only paying lip service to painful problems they have no experience of. But then again maybe it isn't. — C.B.

I remained unmoved through the numerous verbal kickings you dished out to The Damned; I even refrained from comment when you suggested that my little book Rat Scabies — would be the better for a successful suicide bid (yes, even Rat has parents), but I now feel constrained to answer your plea to know whether or not there is truth in the rumour that Richard Wagner's one surviving relative Winifred is still alive. The rumour that without bothering to verify the rumour I can assure your correspondent that the answer is almost certainly "NO". This is an informed guess based upon the fact that 1) Winifred was never Wagner's only surviving relative. 2) Even an NME journalist ought to know that copyrights last for 50 years after the death of the composer and that 'Tristan und Isolde' would have been out of copyright since 1933. 3) Winifred is dead.

Richard Wagner's grand-daughter Freideland Wagner is still alive well, and living in England where she runs Master-classes, produces classical recordings and

scotched and suitably scolded. Our house is now in order, but how come you can't control your little boy? — C.B.

Dear Pam and Journalists, I think if you are to justify your rise of almost 17%, you will have to improve your productivity. I mean, you've been getting worse and worse (ha ha!) lately — interviews with nonentities like Richard Strange ("great art models conflict", ... criticism is ... a knife in the heart of the person criticised", Hal such drivell) and Nick Kent (old M. Rethon joke: "Joan Bakewell interviews Michael Dean about What Makes Exciting Television".)

Don't you realise that Strange means zilch to people outside London? I mean, so what if he did "influence" J. Rotten? What has he actually done?

Worse, Kent means zilch to anyone outside that place you all live in. Wow! Great stuff! It's like Pebble Mill! Showing us how the music works! Morley got a bit of a while back, thrashing the country digging up Fifties songs etc. Then you get crazy and mean, you send Adrian "Bluebottle" Thrills to Ireland to be a fawning sycophant for The Specials.

The Damned were right — you're doing us who live "North of (proverbial) Watford" a disservice. I hope you realise that we, the people, only buy your paper cos it's "better than Snoods". What a distinction! A Fan of Ian Penman's Alto-Saxophone Playing.. Pontyvaun, Gwent. Strange's old band Doctors Of Madness number among their fans Scotland's Simple Minds and The Skids; he's always been popular in Sheffield and Retford. Adrian happens to like Coventry's The Specials. Wahl made the cover three months ago. Your provincial chip

V.U. sound like some kind of art form by linking in 1981 groups that bear no resemblance whatsoever to them. Also I bet that NME, or the people who now write for it, had never heard of the Velvet at the time they were producing this noteworthy music. This point aside I think that the C81 idea is well-intentioned, and shows that you have your finger more or less where the pulse is. Phil Clark, editor, Damn Latin, fanzine, Nuneaton. The Velvets are an art form and who cares when people first recognised the fact? The three bands mentioned used those vintage years as jumping off points and never intended to "sound" like them. Otherwise thanks for your damningly faint praise. — C.B.

I would not call myself a Stranglers' fan. All that I can say is they often write interesting songs and perform and entertain well when seen live. But each time they are interviewed or reviewed by any music journalist, the subject of sexism is always raised.

Lynn makes a perfectly valid criticism when pointing out the misguided thinking which exists in the lyrics of a minority of Stranglers songs. But the band's music has progressed substantially from the time those songs were first written in 1977. Lynn and other journalists are treating into the past. She and others like her may suppose themselves justified in doing so, but the issue has now lost its relevance, not in a present day context, but in connection with The Stranglers. Anyway, sexism exists in songs performed by other bands, e.g. the humorous (?) 'Lorraine' by Bad Manners.

Chris Shah, Bootle, Merseyside. The sexist charge might be an old one, but The Stranglers have consistently refused to conform to it. Lynn gave 'em a chance to and they laughed at it. — C.B.

As a lover of Joy Division I am very upset about the recent criticism of the band under the name, "New Order".

To treat this name in such a way is both ridiculously objective and hypocritical. When going to a Cabaret Voltaire concert, is one expecting Dargloss to "do a turn" or an earthquake to hit Lisbon; are the Au Pairs from overseas, and do they look after 9-year-olds? Do Delta 5 come from another universe and do Orange Juice have something to say about Vitamin C? New

Order are Joy Division minus Ian Curtis. My God, I know it's a fantastic loss, but do they deserve this cheap criticism? "New Order" is a moniker to describe a new beginning. I admit it's not a good name, but is that really important? Drop the Nazi label! Please! They haven't started yet. Simon Fahey, London.

Our love of Joy Division and hopes for New Order don't blind us as to the stupidity of the survivors' chosen name. See below — C.B.

Everything The Clash have released is excellent as they wouldn't release tracks that they believe to be poor. Blind Faith, Wakefield, Yorks. Enuf said? — C.B.

Well, doesn't Paul Morley get upset if anyone questions his merits as an authority on pop music? You see, the saddest thing is that he, himself, cannot see how pompous and self important he has become. I have seen some of his current hip bands and, dear me! I can only deduce that he has been sorely let down by the people he pays to tip him off. I wonder if he ever thinks for himself. The Buzzcocks continue to entertain and provoke 100 times more love than a poxy journalist ever could.

Tiller Boys Strike Back Campaign. Paul's past successes include Devo, Spizz, Magazine, Buzzcocks, Teardrops, Echo, Josef K, Orange Juice, Joy Division, Fire Engines etc... You keep looking back and leave Paul alone to look ahead. — C.B.

Now look, Killing Joke et al are OK vis-a-vis Schopenhauer in that presenting the world as it is, they evoke sentimental images of what it ought to be but isn't; and they are well in line with Nietzsche in that they put reality into a fictional framework, a fantasy-model of the world, wherein real-life problems may be observed, considered and perhaps even solved by some inspired listener who can then apply the solution to reality, allowing everyone to live happily ever after.

Unless, of course, Killing Joke, Fall etc, are just accursed posers like all the rest. But surely not, they seem like such nice boys... Pete Sincerely, Leeds.

Great! But I still can't hear what they're saying and what has being nice got to do with anything? — C.B.

LETTERS CENSORED BY CHRIS BOHN

recently a concert production of her father's opera 'Der Kobold' (The Goblin) at the Queen Elizabeth Hall.

None of us are perfect but some of us don't know it: it might not be The Damned who are the villains. John Millar, Salford, Surrey. The scamp responsible for that salacious rumour stands

about as quaint as The Buzzcocks, I'm afraid. — C.B.

What the hell is that clatrap about Orange Juice, Josef K and the Camera sounding like 1969, 1970 and 1970 (respectively) editions of the Velvet Underground? You make

T-ZERS

HAS FLU — THIS IS THE ERROL GOLDDUST COLUMN (!)

NME

A HARASSED phone call from hyperactive Stevo, who sounded bushed if not broken. The London DJ is the compiler of the 'Some Bizzare Album' that features a lot of the dregs of electro-pop and a little bit that isn't too much of a drag. Groups on the LP could easily be dragged into the post Visage / Numan / Ultravox sphere — another wave, overkill in sight. Record companies are now queuing up to be first to hype a 'bizzare' group. A year ago, Stevo moans like a new age Jimmy Pursey, no-one wanted to know. Now he can't move for journalists and other business hacks.

I suggest a luncheon date, but he's having none of it. "Look, I'm not in this game for ego... it's taken me a year to put this LP together and these groups need something like this. There are hundreds of rabbits who no one's looking at. The world consists of animals starving! You interview the bands, not me..."

Sure Stevo, we'll get round to that. The music on the record is tending to be tagged as 'futurist' — with its unwelcome suggestions of tyranny, spiritual emptiness and unbalanced destructiveness. Did I just say that? Anyway the tag 'futurist' is a bunch of crap. "Exactly! I took a chart of the most popular electronic music I was playing as a DJ into *Sounds* a year ago and said to them put it in but don't call it 'euro-rock' or anything like that. I grab hold of the paper a week later and it says 'futurist'." The horror. You'd rather it was called, say 'handsome' music. "I hate all this stupid tagging. That's just another label. I mean even if what it is gets called 'bizzare' it's still just another tag. I mean I don't even know what 'futurist' represents, and I'm sure the people buying the record don't. I mean what's it all about, Errol?"

It's all cheap thrills, I suppose. Same goes for the wilting prurient nightclubbers the *Guardian* loves to call the 'new romantics'. What do you reckon to all those ugly Blitz tossers? "All that posey stuff is a load of crap. I can't afford to go to those places or buy those clothes." Spoken like a true proletarian. They're all prudes, that lot. "All that, it's about class."

Well, your LP — posh cover, groups with literary names. Bit arty, innit? "I hate art!" Don't we all dear. "It's just music! For me the whole idea is to kill off rock." The LP isn't rock? "Course it's not." Deep breath. "It's the most original LP that has come out in the last ten years." Now this is a rum thing to say. But belief is all important. The record business seem to be believing it. Look how they run!

Stevo points out that the groups on the LP are not 'his groups'. He has no hold over them. His name is minute on the LP cover. So what is he? King elitist, catalyst? "Capitalist? No, no!" I said catalyst. "Oh well, you know. This sort of thing always needs a figurehead — I'm the fortunate or unfortunate one. No-one wanted to know a year ago."

Will anyone want to know a year from now?

AT THE Fetish Nite Out at London's Lyceum — dreadful venue — on Sunday with Throbbing Gristle, Zev, Clock DVA and Cabaret Voltaire, Skids' Richard Jobson was noticed wearing denim jeans and feeling greatly pained by it all. Three quarters of the way through a soft Gristle show Jobbo reckoned three rapid farts would be more shocking. "The ugliest audience I've ever seen," he sighed, not incorrectly but a little audaciously. He's currently working on a book of his poems that'll be out within three years.



Zev.

Pic: Peter Anderson

Also taking to the live circuit is *Jamming* magazine, whose first show is at the Africa Centre, Covent Garden on February 22. Featured artistes will be **The Directions**, **Apocalypse** and **The Shout**...

STEVE SEVERIN produced *Altered Images* single 'Dead Pop Star', out in March. A definite thumbs up. A hit! Altered Images are true wave. Someone suggested that by signing to dreaded CBS, Images had cut their throats. Bilge. I'm sure by the time they reach the eighth LP in their rockist contract they'll be covering Zev music with pure zest. Speaking of Severin, why won't he dance when he's asked?

UNKN OWN Pleasures has sold 7,000 copies in America, which I suppose is like selling 22 copies in Britain. Factory are still hoping to explode America though. They're hoping, with fake capitalist zeal, to use 'Closer' as a crowbar for the American market and are thinking of hiring billboards on the Sunset Strip to hail their product — Better than a full page in *Creem* any day. Do you know **New Order** turned down *Rolling Stone* when approached? That's the stuff. New Order's

'Ceremony' is delayed yet again — when it comes it'll be Fac 33, and three people were in New Order when it was recorded. Aah or ugh. The brilliant **ESG**, three Bronx ladies who can out-jive God and are in the business to buy Cadillacs, are recording a single produced by Hannett for Factory in Europe and 99 in America. New York's 99 Records is at the centre of a New York resurgence (never believe what the *Guardian* pop pontificators would want you to) which both Factory and especially Fetish inevitably have links with. The crazy **Bush Tetras** next single, a three track 12" 45, will be released through 99 in America and Fetish in Europe. Also on Fetish will be a 12" **Throbbing Gristle** 45, 'Discipline' — one version recorded live in Manchester, the other version live in Berlin. Not a hit. The next Fetish LP will be from New York's **8-Eyed Spy** — **Lydia Lunch** et al. The Factory video may not be yours for months and months, but an intrusive video of your Zev and mine called 'Shake Rattle And Roll' will materialise inside a month manufactured by Fetish. It'll cost approx £20 inc P&P from Fetish. Fast tell me that the true wave group **The Fire Engines**, whose 'Lubricate Your Living Room' is shifting 1500

copies a week, are in the studio this week to record the follow up to 'Get Up And Use Me'. Probably called 'Candy Skin' it'll definitely feature a full orchestra.

MEMBERS of Queen are drawing nearly a million pounds a year from their company Queen Productions. **Peter Powell** gets his hair done at the same salon as **Leo Sayer**. Meanwhile **Repetition** are pondering whether their next Les Disques Du Crepuscule should be a ten inch or not. Guitarist **Pete Petrol** currently parading a look derived from *The Exterminator*. Future records from the wonderful Belgian Crepuscule label, shrewdly exploiting the flexibility of British independents, include a twelve inch from **Cabaret Voltaire** 'Sloggin' For Jesus' and a seven inch from **Josef K**, 'Sorry For Laughing' / 'Revelation'. True wave!

At last! **The Scars** LP is being recorded. Produced by Robert Blamire, called 'Author Author' and out through the shady Pre in the spring. Of '81 hopefully. Can it hope for the same success as all 12 of *The Doors* Elektra LPs which sold better in 1980 than ever before? Can it even match the already

ZEV is a rugged creature with savagely cropped yellow hair and a sense of humour that comes at you from behind. His performance at the Lyceum last Sunday (see below) was shorter and less intense than he's capable of but pretty wacky and bewitching. He uses an array of cans, tin sheets, chains, bottles, jugs, bowls, makes as if he's fighting with them, crashing, thrashing, warping, rattling through climaxes and setting up an impressive balance between control and chaos. Zev's physical performance and his pre-technological noise was wasted in the huge Lyceum, but he got a few cheers.

He makes his own instruments out of things he picks up off the streets or finds in junk heaps. "When it sounds familiar," he says of his show, "I know it's time to change it."

I bump into Zev, an American, the day before his Lyceum appearance. So why do you do what you do? "Why do I do what I do? My God... I've been doing it since I was five years old..."

Banging things? "Yeah. I started banging things when I was five years old. When I was eight I started taking drum lessons. I've been playing drums all my life... so starting that early it's not a matter of choice."

How would you describe what you do? "Oh well it all depends. Like Zev is just one of the things that I do... If someone said what is Zev, it's just percussion music."

Even so, two giant sheets of tin being banged together by a bare-chested maniac in knee pads is far more exciting than your average drum solo. Is Zev funny? "No, but there's humour to it. It's like drama, right, the ancient Greek thing. There is the face laughing and the face crying, so obviously humour is one of the basic dynamics of performing."

A Zev show is rarely received with apathy. "Oh no. People either love it or hate it. Nobody goes, 'ho hum I've seen this before.' It challenges people's idea of performance, it challenges their idea of music, and it makes them stop and think, 'well, if I hate this why do I hate it?' Actually, not that many people hate it."

It's not something you can actually hate — it's like the wind. "Yeah, exactly. Some people don't like going out in the wind. It's like there's no accounting for taste."

Is there much fear when you perform? "A light in his eyes suggests he relishes it." A roadie said to me in Boston when he was clearing the stage of the act that went before me "is it just you?" and I said 'yeah' and he said 'well you're either really good or your really crazy.'"

legendary C81 tape for which Rough Trade received 2,000 enquiries on one day alone?

SO IT'S gonna be a hot summer and the new romantics are going to melt into the gutter. Right? And Eurofunk Activism's going to sweep the nation. Perhaps funk isn't the right word, but it suggests the atmosphere and feel of a whole breed of new groups barely aware of each other who're going to move into view any minute now.

Norwich's **Eternal Scream** and London's **Skidoo 23** are rawboned and unsalted. **Cabaret Voltaire** are settling their technological collages into a recognisable set of rhythms. **ACR** and **Clock DVA** suggest all sorts of perverse links. **Funkapolitan** are an aggregation for the colour supplement writers. My money's on **ABC**, **Stimulin'** and **Heaven 17**. The pure hedonistic passion of ABC is set to explode in our faces.

Stimulin' give us sex and sweat where **Spandau Ballet** merely offer sheer skill — although all these groups have the right to be wary of Spandau's next disc 'Glow', the action of which might whip away some of the impact of the others. Heaven 17's first single though is set to be our first anthem for far too long. Heaven 17 is the first product of the production company (very Chic) ex **Human League** Martin and Ian formed — **British Electric Foundation**. Heaven 17 is Martin and Ian with Glen Gregory and John Wilson and 'We Don't Need That Fascist Groove Thang' is ten thousand times more than brilliant. It'll be out through Virgin — B.E.F. re-negotiated their H. League deal. "It's really exciting," Human League manager and minor B.E.F. partner Bob Last told me, "and it seems they've touched upon a happening groove more than they realised" he said when I told him of Stimulin' and such. 'Brothers, sisters, we don't need that fascist groove thang' You just wait!

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THE RETURN OF PIRATE CHIC



Will the real originator of pirate chic please step forward. David Bowie? No chance. Johnny Kidd? Hmm, maybe — the guy must be some kind of seminal influence, what with *Headgirl* doing one of his numbers (see page 4). But no! It's **Captain Pugwash** — no wonder he looks perplexed. Stand by for cult status, Captain.

BETTER BADGES

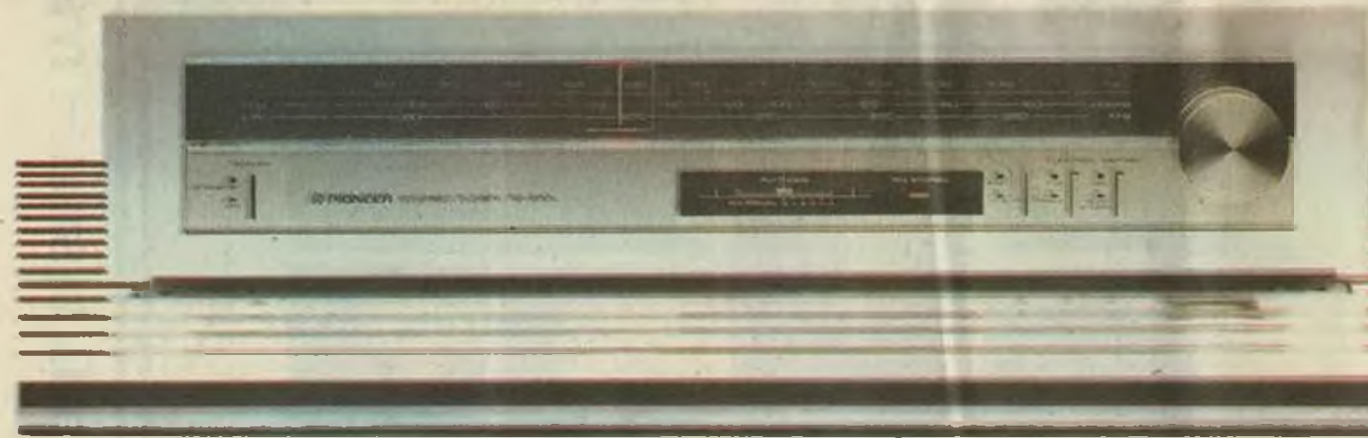
This List Week

1	(1) Ant music	20p
2	(10) Ants Invasion	20p
3	(-) Ants Physical	20p
4	(8) Ants No. 2	20p
5	(5) Ants No. 1	20p
6	(8) Ants No. 3	20p
7	(2) CND	20p
8	(4) Echo & The Bunnymen	20p
9	(-) Ants - Valise	20p
10	(5) Jam - Pop Art	20p

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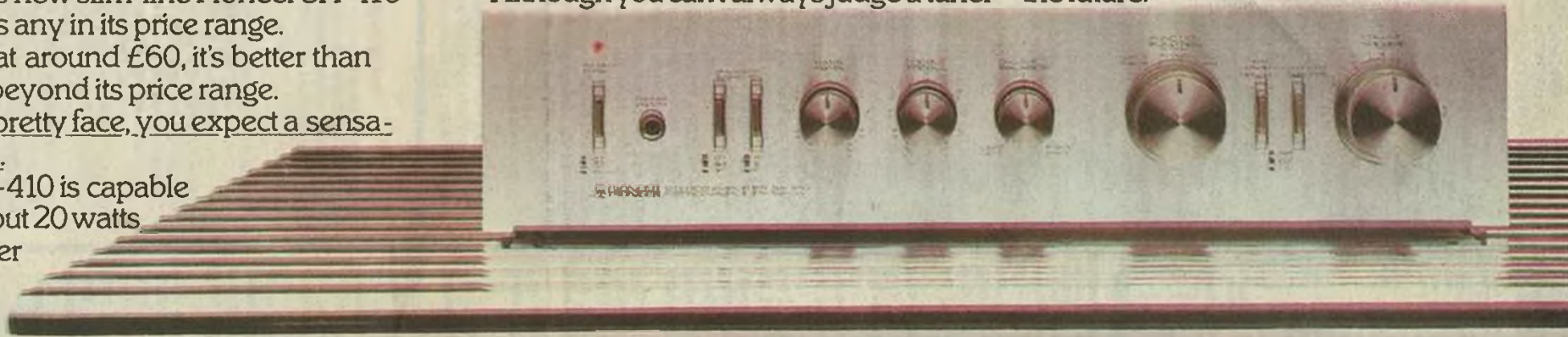
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