

NEW NME EXPRESS

World's most authentic rock



COMING UNSTUCK
THE GLUE-SNIFFING FILE

BAUHAUS • PASSIONS
BONGOS. DEPT S. RAGING BULL
GEN X BUST-UP

EXIT

THE BIG BIG SOUND SYSTEM SPLASHDOWN

FOUR PACKED PAGES OF FUN AND
INFORMATION FROM THE HEART OF
THE ROOTS REGGAE HI-FI CIRCUIT



Okay, so we're blowing our own sax — but if this week's Indies compilers Rough Trade had counted the NME/Rough Trade C81 cassette as a chart contender, it would've trounced all comers with room to spare.

But as it's not available elsewhere, modesty forbids... Turn to page 22 and be the 20,001st person on your block to cassette what it tapes.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	(3)	Vienna	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4
2	(2)	Woman	John Lennon (Geffen)	4
3	(16)	Shaddup You Face	Joe Dolce (Epic)	2
4	(1)	In The Air Tonight	Phil Collins (Virgin)	5
5	(8)	Oldest Swinger In Town	Fred Wedlock (Rocket)	2
6	(14)	I Surrender	Rainbow (Polydor)	3
7	(4)	Rapture	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4
8	(6)	Imagine	John Lennon (Apple)	8
9	(10)	Return Of The Los Palmas 7	Madness (Stiff)	4
10	(9)	Romeo And Juliet	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	4
11	(20)	Rock This Town	Stray Cats (Arista)	2
12	(13)	Ant Music	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	9
13	(5)	Don't Stop The Music	Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury)	5
14	(7)	Fade To Grey	Visage (Polydor)	5
15	(—)	We'll Bring The House Down	Slade (Cheapskate)	1
16	(—)	Message Of Love	Pretenders (Real)	1
17	(10)	Young Parisians	Adam & The Ants (Decca)	5
18	(24)	Sgt Rock	XTC (Virgin)	3
19	(28)	I'm In Love With A German Film Star	Passions (Polydor)	2
20	(12)	The Freeze	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	3
21	(17)	A Little In Love	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4
22	(15)	I Am The Beat	The Look (MCA)	6
23	(19)	Burn Rubber On Me	Gap Band (Mercury)	5
24	(29)	Southern Freeez	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	2
25	(26)	That's Entertainment...	The Jam (Metronome)	2
26	(27)	Just When I Needed You Most	Barbara Jones (Sonet)	3
27	(—)	The Bed's Too Big Without You	Sheila Hylton (Island)	1
28	(25)	I Ain't Gonna Stand For It	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	7
29	(—)	Once In A Lifetime	Talking Heads (Sire)	1
30	(23)	Gangsters Of The Groove	Heatwave (GTO)	5

BUBBLING UNDER

BUBBLERS

Mutually Assured Destruction — Gillan (Virgin).
Hellbound — Tygers Of Pan Tang (MCA).
While You See A Chance — Steve Winwood (Island).
Take My Time — Sheena Easton (EMI).
Guitar Man — Elvis Presley (RCA).
Four From Toyah — Toyah (Safari).

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
February 21st, 1981

US SINGLES

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

Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon/Yoko Ono
2	(2)	Greatest Hits	Kenny Rogers
3	(3)	The Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond
4	(6)	Hi Infidelity	REO Speedwagon
5	(4)	Crimes Of Passion	Pat Benatar
6	(5)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand
7	(8)	Paradise Theater	Styx
8	(7)	Autoamerican	Blondie
9	(9)	Back In Black	AC/DC
10	(10)	Gauche	Steely Dan
11	(11)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder
12	(12)	Zenyatta Mondatta	The Police
13	(14)	Celebrate	Kool & The Gang
14	(13)	Eagles Live	The Eagles
15	(15)	The River	Bruce Springsteen
16	(17)	The Turn Of A Friendly Card	The Alan Parsons Project
17	(16)	Foolish Behaviour	Rod Stewart
18	(26)	Gap Band III	Gap Band
19	(21)	Super Trouper	Abba
20	(18)	The Game	Queen
21	(29)	9 To 5 And Odd Jobs	Dolly Parton
22	(24)	Fantastic Voyage	Lakeside
23	(20)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
24	(19)	Greatest Hits/Live	Heart
25	(—)	Captured	Journey
26	(28)	Ghost Riders	Outlaws
27	(22)	Live	Fleetwood Mac
28	(—)	Horizon	Eddie Rabbit
29	(—)	Making Movies	Dire Straits
30	(25)	Anne Murray's Greatest Hits	Anne Murray

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



Great to see some long overdue chart success for those lovable Geordie rascals The Angelic Upstarts — in this week at number 15 with their rip-roaring 'We'll Bring The House Down'. Comments lead vocalist Mensi, pictured third from left: "Aye aw reet ya marra glong hup gerroff ha ha! Ah'm chuffed! And yer won't never see us canny street kids gettin' divvied up in all satin'n'glitta..."

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	(2)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	13
2	(8)	Vienna	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3
3	(1)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon and Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	13
4	(3)	The Very Best of David Bowie	David Bowie (K-Tel)	6
5	(7)	Makin' Movies	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	6
6	(5)	Imagine	John Lennon (EMI)	6
7	(13)	Shaved Fish	John Lennon (Geffen/WEA)	6
8	(—)	Dance Craze	Soundtrack (2-Tone)	1
9	(6)	Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	12
10	(4)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	27
11	(—)	Face Value	Phil Collins (Virgin)	1
12	(15)	Visage	Visage (Polydor)	3
13	(13)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	18
14	(12)	Barry	Barry Manilow (Arista)	11
15	(9)	Mondo Bongo	Boomtown Rats (Mercury)	4
16	(17)	Take My Time	Sheena Easton (EMI)	3
17	(10)	Dr Hook's Greatest Hits	Dr Hook (Capitol)	10
18	(24)	Absolutely	Madness (Stiff)	20
19	(16)	Arc Of A Diver	Steve Winwood (Island)	5
20	(11)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	15
21	(26)	Dirk Wears White Sox	Adam & The Ants (Do It)	3
22	(—)	Moving Pictures	Rush (Phonogram)	1
23	(23)	Autoamerican	Blondie (Chrysalis)	11
24	(18)	Paradise Theater	Styx (A&M)	4
25	(20)	Signing Off	UB40 (Graduate)	17
26	(18)	Supertrouper	Abba (Epic)	13
27	(22)	Southern Freeez	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	2
28	(—)	Remain In Light	Talking Heads (Sire)	1
29	(—)	Candles	Heatwave (GTO)	1
30	(25)	Trust	Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F-Beat)	3

BUBBLING UNDER

BUBBLERS

Hit Machine — Various (K-Tel).
Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy Vol 2 — Various (Original).
Live In Belfast — Rowan Atkinson (Arista).
My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts — David Byrne & Brian Eno (Polydor/EG).
Evangeline — Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros).
The Meninblack — The Stranglers (Liberty).

INDIES 33s

- Thirst...Clock DVA (Fatish)
- Photographs As Memories...Eyeless In Gaze (Cherry Red)
- Wanna Buy A Bridge (US Import)...Various (Rough Trade)
- The Recorder Vol 2...Various Artists (Bristol Recorder)
- Figure 14 (US Import)...Human Sexual Response (Passport)
- Scientist Meets Space Invaders...Scientist (Greensleeves)
- Grotesque...The Fall (Rough Trade)
- Tokyo Airport (French Import)
- Alan Vega (French Import)...Alan Vega (Celluloid)
- And We Call That Leisure Time...Transmitters (Heartbeat)

INDIES 45s

- Fade Away/Learn A Language...New Age Steppers/London Underground (On-U Sound)
- Not Happy...Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
- Tomahawk Cruise...T.V. Smith's Explorers (Big Beat)
- Stallin' Wasn't Stallin'...Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
- Is Vic There?...Department S (Demon)
- Honour Before Glory EP...Nuclear Sockets (Subversive)
- Dreams To Fill The Vacuum...I'm So Hollow (Hologram)
- Night Shift...The Names (Factory)
- Last Rockers EP...Vice Squad (Riot)
- 4 Track EP...Virgin Prunes (Baby)

Charts by: Rough Trade, Kensington Park Road, London W11

REGGAE

- Really Really Love You...Al Campbell (Greensleeves)
- Love Up Love Up...Sugar Minott (Channel 1)
- Warrior Styles...Mikey Dread (Dread At The Controls)
- Whom Shall I Be Afraid Of...Barrington Levy (Jemline)
- More Than I Can Say...June Lodge (Joe Gibbs)
- Riding...Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
- Imagine...Sister Lewis (Face To Face)
- Two Bad D.J.s...General Saint / Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
- Love Between A Boy & Girl...Chosen Faw (Love & Nitty)
- Who's Gonna Get Caught...Vivien Jones (Virgo Stomach)

Chart by: Bluebird Records, 165 Church Street, London W2.

DISCO

- Don't Stop The Music...Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury)
- Gangsters Of The Groove...Heatwave (GTO)
- Burn Rubber On Me...Gap Band (Mercury)
- Mysteries Of The World...MFSB (TSOP)
- All My Love...Lax (Epic)
- I Shot The Sheriff...Light Of The World (Ensign)
- Rapp Payback...James Brown (RCA)
- Do You Feel My Love...Eddy Grant (Ensign)
- You're Too Late...Fantasy (Epic)
- Celebration...Kool And The Gang (DeLuxe)

Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

- December '63...Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
- Forever And Ever...Silk (Bell)
- Mama Mia...Abba (Epic)
- Rodrigo's Guitar Concerto...Manuel & The Music Of The Mountains (EMI)
- Love Machine...Miracles (Tama Motown)
- Love To Love You Baby...Donna Summer (GTO)
- We Do It...R. & J. Stone (RCA)
- I Love To Love...Tina Charles (CBS)
- No Regrets...Walker Brothers (GTO)
- Squeeze Box...The Who (Polydor)

Week ending February 21, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

- 19th Nervous Breakdown...Rolling Stones (Decca)
- These Boots Are Made For Walking...Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
- A Groovy Kind Of Love...Mindbenders (Fontana)
- My Love...Petula Clark (Pye)
- You Were On My Mind...Crispian St Peters (Decca)
- Inside Looking Out...Animals (Decca)
- Sha-La-La-La-Lee...Small Faces (Decca)
- Barbara Ann...Beach Boys (Capitol)
- Love's Just A Broken Heart...Cilla Black (Parlophone)
- Spanish Flea...Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass (Pye Int.)

Week ending February 25, 1966

10 YEARS AGO

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

Week ending February 24, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

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

Week ending February 24, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

TROUBLEMAKERS TO THE GENTRY

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

GEN EXIT

GEN X have broken up on the eve of an extensive comeback tour. Oddly, there has still been no official statement from Chrysalis Records confirming the split — even though *NME* has been told by their agent, their promoter and the band themselves. The reason for the break-up, in the words of bassist Tony James, is that "Billy Idol feels the need to be a soloist".

TBA International had lined

up a lengthy tour schedule for the band, due to start next week. But during the last week or so, venues have been contacted by phone to advise them that all dates are off — in the first instance, the explanation was that "Chrysalis are not prepared to put any more money into the tour", but now it's been admitted that Idol has left and the band is splitting.

The reluctance of Chrysalis to discuss the matter is probably because Gen X haven't been signed to them for the past six months — despite the fact that

the band's new album 'Kiss Me Deadly' has just been issued on the Chrysalis label. Commented James: "Our relationship with Chrysalis has been very good indeed. It's certainly not them we're beefing about."

For Straight Music, who were to have promoted the tour for TBA, it comes as the second blow in two weeks — they've only just had the Clash tour blown out, after completing the full date sheet.

□ Exclusive Gen X interview — page 18.

AND ONLY ONES CALL IT A DAY

THE ONLY ONES are to split. They will make their final appearance at London's Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, March 8. They'll be supported by The Original Mirrors, The Books and Lonesome No More, and the promoters are Straight Music. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agencies, all at the one price of £3.50.

The Original Mirrors also have gigs in their own right at Sheffield Polytechnic (February 27), Liverpool Brady's (28), London Richmond Broilys (March 7) and Manchester Polytechnic (28), with more to come.



The Only Ones

Pic: Anton Corbijn

Ex-Dex Bureau sign on

THE BUREAU, the splinter group from Dexys Midnight Runners, have signed an exclusive worldwide deal with WEA Records. Their debut single 'Only For Sheep'/'The First One', currently being mixed, will be issued in March — with an album to follow soon afterwards. Both the single and the LP were produced by Pete Wingfield, who previously produced Dexys' No. 1 hit 'Geno' and their chart album 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels'. With several Dexy founder members in their line-up, The Bureau will be touring Britain and Europe throughout April and May, details to follow.



The Bureau. Pic: Mike Laye.



Tom Waits

Pic: Bleddyn Butcher

Playerless Waits

TOM WAITS makes a brief visit to Britain next month to play four major concerts — at London Victoria Apollo (March 20 and 21), Edinburgh Playhouse (25) and Manchester Apollo (26). They'll be virtually solo performances, as he'll be

accompanied on stage only by a string bass. Tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4 and £3 (London); £4 only (Edinburgh); and £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (Manchester).

In order to play these shows, Waits is taking time off from his current project in the States, where he's working on original songs for the upcoming Francis Ford Coppola movie *One From The Heart*. Because of his involvement in this film, he has no new record release to coincide with his visit — his most recent WEA album 'Heartattack And Vine' was issued in the autumn.

□ LINTON KWESI JOHNSON plays two benefit concerts to assist the relatives of those killed in the recent New Cross fire disaster. They're at 8 and 10pm next Monday (23) at London's A Little Bit Ritz Cinema in Brixton. Admission is £2.

□ THE DAMNED are playing a one-off London concert, prior to leaving for a prolonged U.S. tour at the end of the month — it's at the Hammersmith Palais on Tuesday, March 3, and tickets are on sale now, all at the one price of £3. Support acts are Splodge (Max's new band with a slimline name) and The Soft Boys.

Jam jarred

WOKING'S favourite sons The Jam returned to their home town this week with a series of "secret" gigs — and after scenes reminiscent of the chaos caused by last year's clandestine Marquee show, they left a few local onlookers wishing they'd never bothered.

While their Monday night show at the Woking YMCA, with Department S, passed off peaceably enough their Saturday spot at the Cricketers pub was a thoroughly unhappy affair.

Advertised as an appearance by "The Jam Roadcrew, 50p Entrance Fee For Charity", the evening got off to a bad start when severe crowding in the pub turned an atmosphere of excitement into one of tension.

The roadcrew did indeed play a short set but by 9.45, as expected, all three Jam members were on the scene and being ushered to the stage. Atrocious sound and conditions of near zero visibility didn't help matters, and according to some onlookers the behaviour of some of the group's entourage added to the bad feeling.

The Jam rushed through five numbers, during which time one girl was passed out unconscious and damage was done to pub property. In the crush and confusion which followed, it's reported that one irate local poured a pint over Paul's mother Ann Weller, and that his girlfriend Jill was also hurt.

At one point in the night, Bruce Foxton found himself in a row with the barstaff — resulting in a pub employee hauling the bass-player across the bar and allegedly warning: "You wouldn't look very nice on *Top Of The Pops* with a black eye, would you?" A brief encore of 'David Watts' came later, followed by Paul Weller plus roadcrew. By this time, however, the publican had called the police to keep an eye on things.

The morning after the night before, band manager John Weller was denying that his boys were involved in any of the trouble — "but I can't watch over everyone all of the time. I've told the family they are going to no more local gigs. They can only watch at places like Hammersmith Odeon where I can protect them."

UNWIND FOR 90 MINUTES.

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.





HANG 'EM ON HIS WARHOL OR-HOL

A IS FOR ANDY. Apolitical, amoral, androgynous, you probably view Andy Warhol as either a parasitical socialite sham, an ingenious voyeur or — if you have pretensions regarding budding up with the character's specious cronies — simply "fa-a-bulous".

If you're one of the latter then you just may get that curt mention in Andy's memoirs of the '80s some ten or twenty years on from now. Right now though, you can shape up for those 15 glory-sated minutes by reading *POPism — The Warhol '60s*, a newly available hardback from Hutchinson at a cool £7.95. More crucially, those of us less desirous of infamy and more concerned with simply reading a vivid account of Warhol's rise to prominence as artist, film-maker, media manipulator and self-perpetuating 'phenomenon' will find *POPism* a worthwhile investment.

Warhol is actually a very adroit writer, something his first excursion into literature — *From A to B And Back Again* — proved most conclusively. His style is functional, with a good dynamic pacing of the innumerable vignettes *POPism* is constructed around. Wit and brevity are his strongest suits; he knows when to be self-deprecatory and how and where to put a sting in his tales.

In fact, so good is his sense of observation that only after you've completed the tome do you get the nagging feeling that Warhol might possibly just be a rather pernicious voyeur coldly zeroing in on his godforsaken 'stars' for fun and profit. *Everyone* is fabulous in Warhol's book, where diamond smiles and myriad eccentricities are all that counts even as the bedraggled owners of same fall apart at the seams, overdosing, breaking down, committing suicide in utterly sordid circumstances or just fading away in a habitual slow drain.

The book itself is shaped to provide a chronological run-down of the years spanning

the decade. 1960 to '63 is taken up with Warhol reminiscing about the art world, his own humble origins, and name-checks for early mentors. Key insights are noted — often wryly worded but essential points nonetheless. Warhol's remarks on Pop Art and its inter-relation with rock and roll are particularly intriguing, not to mention the artist's nascent views on how to utilise the media to suit one's own ends.

The period covering '64 to '67 is arguably the most intriguing, though. The Factory has been initiated, the artist himself is a bohemian celebrity, and the swinging '60s are in full dizzy bloom.

"Everything went wrong in '64," Warhol begins, before sharply pinpointing key social shakedowns: colours have become brighter, fashion is of such crucial importance that amphetamines are vital in order to obtain (and retain) the quasi-anorexic look initiated by Twiggy, the Beatles appear — "and all of a sudden, everybody was trying to be English".

Warhol recalls distinct incidents from the records coming out of the radio — The Crystals' 'He Hit Me', Lesley Gore's 'You Don't Own Me', 'Satisfaction' becoming the theme tune for '65 whilst The Lovin' Spoonful's 'Summer In The City' is seen as the perfect soundtrack for the summer of '66. And Warhol chooses to

NICK KENT looks at the '60s
through the eyes of its
ultimate voyeur, Andy
Warhol

terminate art for films, to become an entrepreneur peddling footage of the innumerable 'characters' whose desperate caprices he elects to document. The fact that most — if not all — the 'stars' of these films were seriously messed-up and hell-bent on self-destruction is denoted, yet Warhol refuses to offer help.

Drug abuse is rampant — psychedelics and amphetamines are always being referred to as the staple diet of Warhol's cronies and

'models' — yet, beyond an adamant declaration that he never chose even to dabble, Warhol merely observes the freak show he plays Svengali to, flippantly. One key star, Edie Sedgwick, is used partly as an example of a person hopelessly out of synch with any stable values, but Warhol refuses to draw a tenacious parallel 'twixt his manipulation of her capricious nature and the fact that it was exactly that same sense of the ephemeral — living for the moment, making the right entry — that caused her to

plummet from a specious state of 'glamour' down to a fathomless pit of retardation via drug abuse ending in death.

Warhol's vision of the '60s as a time when rock became inseparable from its social context and any other relevant activity reaches a peak with a long study of The Velvet Underground and Nico.

The chapter documenting Warhol and the Velvets' co-existence is obviously essential reading for anyone remotely drawn to rock's rich tapestry as laid out in the printed word, and Warhol certainly doesn't shortchange us here. Yet over and above a plethora of highly intriguing facts concerning the group's early days, the fact remains

that Warhol's entourage are by and large seriously screwed-up folk totally unable to come to terms with their particular reality.

It's here that Warhol's wry recollections become uncomfortably glib. He finds freakishness attractive — going to great lengths to laud the particular nature of a character's defects — but becomes totally dispassionate when forced to address the ugly consequences that go hand-in-hand with being gay (no laughing matter in the '60s), a drag queen, a junkie or speed freak.

Warhol's shooting in '68 should have provided the

author with that vital human slant, yet his documentation of Valerie Solanis' attempt (and near-success) at killing him fails to fire any real sense of compassion. Not that he sidesteps candour.

"... Obviously I should avoid unstable types. But choosing between which kids I would see and which ones I wouldn't went completely against my style. And more than that, what I never came right out and confided to anyone in so many words was this: I was afraid that without the crazy druggy people around jabbering away and doing their insane things, I would lose my creativity. After all, they'd been my total inspiration since '64 and I didn't know if I could make it without them."

POPism is compulsive reading for those of us haunted by "the glorious spirit of the 60s", in that Warhol's wry reminiscences make for good reading as well as capturing the pulse of certain key years and periods. Warhol is also excellent at picking up on the social changes that fundamentally reshaped those extremely heated years. Yet Warhol's basic lack of humanity — his choice from the outset and one cemented further still by the shooting in '68 — his lack of passion and moral values, blights what could have been a much more vital study.

● *POPism — The Warhol '60s* by Andy Warhol and Pat Hackett is published by Hutchinson at £7.95.



The Plastic Exploding Inevitable circa 1967. Clockwise from top: Warhol holding Nico's son Ari, Lou Reed, Nico, bearded John Cale, drummer Maureen Tucker, Mary Woronov, Velvets guitarist Sterling Morrison, poet Gerard Malanga. Pic: Factory Foto, from 'POPism'.

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL

LOWRY



Sex films can be funny — and frightening — in the hands of celluloid subversive Nelly Kaplan

By VIVIEN GOLDMAN



EMMANUELLE'S TROJAN HORSE

NELLY KAPLAN makes funny films, but apparently they're frightening too. That's why the films she directs have only been shown on the dirty-mac circuit in this country, ludicrously re-titled. *Fiancee du Pirate* as *Dirty Mary, Nea as Young Emmanuelle*, for example. "I was angry about it at first," Nelly explains on the phone from Paris. "I showed different relationships between men and women, not misogynist — but distributors didn't want to disturb the normal patterns. Then I realised that the films were very important to show them, even if it was only in a porno way."

Indeed, Kaplan's women share a will and sense of direction that's a laser beam, melting all obstacles into a slipway to success. That's truly



subversive nowadays. They are all witches, strengthened by their animal familiars. Take Bernadette Lafont,

looking just like early Patti Smith as Marie in *Fiancee du Pirate*. She's the farmyard Cinderella, grabbed and mauled and dropped over by the farm hands, the silencing, the inconspicuous, the hidden did. Dad who provides like some Beckett character over the farm kitchen, and the whip-cracking, godphur'd, square-jawed woman who runs the farm. Marie is equally passive with all of them — till a rejected sailor kills her beloved goat, and Marie profits the controls. She begins to charge for sex, trapping the villagers in a net of their own malice and hypocrisy. Before she finally skips off down the highway of infinite possibilities and leaves the village, she props a tape-recording she's made secretly in her shack behind the

church statue of the Virgin Mary. While the villagers attend church, in all the possible, the church is a possibility, their churching lives and insights to their wives, below outloud, the priest. The heroine of Kaplan's next, *Papa Los Papis*, is a Barbarella-style spaceship figure, a kooky millionaire's daughter, who is kidnapped. She too comes off on top, taming her kidnappers' greed and vanity on themselves. When she waltzes off with her own fabulous ransom sum, she leaves behind a kidnap house and garden bursting like a Christmas pudding with their bodies.

Nelly Kaplan's work began when she met famed French film-maker Abel Gance. She went on to make a string of documentaries on artists — including one on Picasso which won the Golden Lion at the Venice Film Festival. She then started work on her own features with *Fiancee* in '67.

Recently, her latest film *Charles and Lucy* was a smash success in New York, so perhaps Kaplan's time has finally come round. Her brand of subversion sweetened with entertainment fits.

Kaplan was born in Buenos Aires and studied economics at Buenos Aires University before moving to Paris. But her salacious alter-ego Belen, under whose name Kaplan has published books, is the daughter of a sailor father and an unknown mother, raised in the bordellos of Amsterdam and Shanghai before retiring at age 23 to an island in the Sargasso Sea. There, with the leisure of extreme wealth, Belen writes and shares erotic experiences with the giant turtles on the beach.

In *Nea*, Sibylle the heroine is also an anonymous writer of a best-selling erotic novel. She's a schoolgirl and a virgin (at first), whose erotic sensibility is matched by Kaplan's eye. When her mother confides to Sibylle of her love for their aunt Judith, the two women stroll beneath an avenue of tall, candle-shaped trees. The normally nhallic shape is

Continues over

BPI declares war on Island

THE BRITISH Phonographic Industry this week scored blood in its attempt to kill off Island's new One Plus One cassette series — the cassette which features one entire non-erasable album plus the equivalent amount of blank tape.

At a Wednesday meeting of Council elders, the BPI got promises from both EMI and Virgin that they would disown all subsequent One Plus One stock, which in the BPI's view is a "blatant encouragement to home tape."

If Virgin and EMI are true to their BPI word, Island will be left without ready access to the public. For it was only two weeks ago that EMI agreed to press and distribute all Island products — One Plus One included — while Virgin were contracted to handle all sales.

The three companies now have to lock heads to find a way through the mire. Meetings were being arranged through the week.

The BPI has also moved on the retail front. Boots have agreed "to postpone their decision" on whether or not to stock One Plus One and there will be approaches to other chains, as well as to the Record & Video Retailers Organisation.

Such action against the BPI's own membership — particularly of the order of Island Records — is extremely rare. In a huffing-puffing press statement issued following the Wednesday council meeting, the BPI expressed "abhorrence" and noted that the One Plus One venture comes at a critical stage in the record industry "campaign to impress upon the public, Government and Parliament

that rights owners should be compensated for the theft of their property."

□ The BPI ALSO claims to be making ground in its search for a compensatory levy on blanks — but in the High Court last week it received a drubbing in a critical test case.

The issue involved Aims Records & Tapes of Lancashire — a shop which hires out albums in addition to selling blanks. It was the BPI's contention that this was provocative, but the judge ruled the defendant in no way "sanctioned, approved or encouraged home taping from albums that were hired out from his shop."

With that battle and Island running amuck, the BPI could have done without the candid comments of Mike Heap, sales manager of WEA, who in a trade magazine this week deplored and condemned One Plus One — but with the rider that should it prove successful "we'll have no option but to follow suit."

Nothing sworn at the Wednesday Council Meeting would prohibit WEA from taking such a step.

As for the future of One Plus One, several thousand copies of Steve Winwood's *Arc Of A Diver* have already been issued to retailers, and it is thought this particular album won't be withdrawn. Whether or not Virgin and EMI will see their way to handling future releases is not yet clear. But it is thought Island are still committed to producing all future tapes in the One Plus One mode and, if necessary, an independent pressing and distribution deal will be found.

ANDREW TYLER

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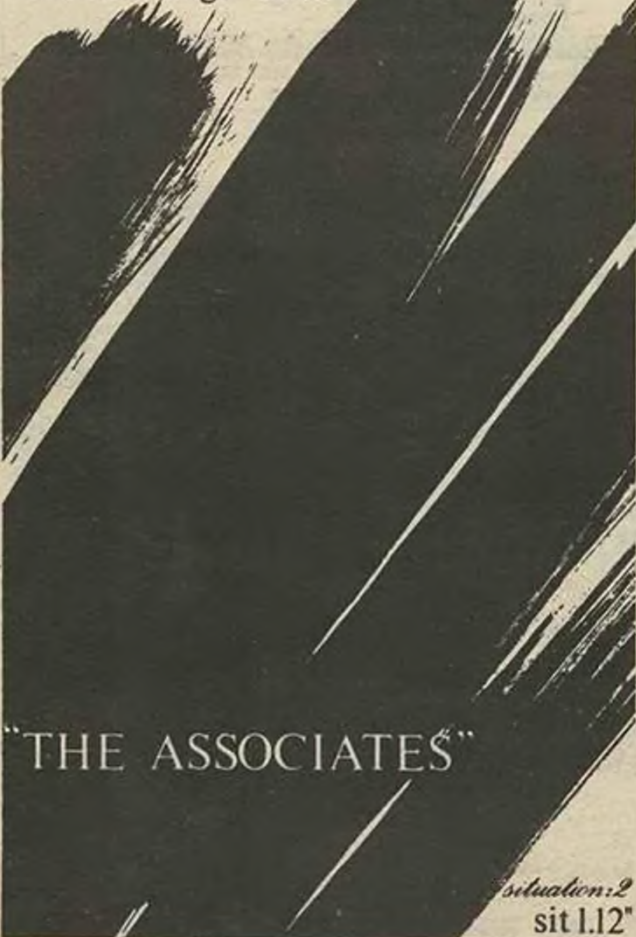
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STUDENTS

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FINAL POSTSCRIPT by CHRIS BOHN

LIFE IN THE ESPION AGE

POP MUSIC is strewn with victims of treacherous deeds, all too willing to reveal who did what and to whom. Yet outside the common two-timing storyline, treachery itself is a rarely touched upon theme.

Not that the time isn't right in this fictional / factional post-espionage age of Bond and Blunt. And who better to exploit the whole thing than the exiled leader of a Hungarian group called Spions?

His name might be Gergely Molnar, though most people seem to know him as Gregor. He left Budapest for Paris in April '78 when his band's punk-derived flirtation with Nazi symbolism fell foul of the authorities (as outlined in NME's Hungarian Rhapsody episode, 17.1.81. Refusing to acknowledge national boundaries, he's continued his dangerous juggling of ideologies in Paris, where the first thing he did on arrival was offer his services to the Hungarian consul as a spy-cum-agitator.

"I told them the kids are very open to Russian propaganda," says Gregor during a clandestine meeting in — no kidding — an artist's garret. "They told me to go back to Hungary."

Declining their suggestion Gregor then sought out a group of Parisian neo-fascists and pointed out to them how much mileage could be made from a defector with a ready-made rock and roll background. They told him they weren't interested in rock and roll. Meanwhile his delay in seeking political asylum plus losing his papers almost got him expelled — not that he wanted to be in Paris

anyway, London was his original destination; but political refugees are bound to the country they land in for a year while they seek some kind of status.

Professing the morality of a double agent — "the ethics of espionage are treason" — he didn't really consider the implications for others of his role switching, though it ultimately had a beneficial effect on himself. His immersion in self-created spy myths he reckons helped purge his mind of the pernicious education he received at school.

"It was very necessary to purify myself as completely as I could of any political poison," he asserts. "Now I'm basically completely out of the political environment."

However, he's not beyond converting his intrigues into entertaining pop. His first record made in France for Barclay dates to his Russian period and is called 'Russian

Forced to flee the country for posing as a punk Nazi, what else is there for a Hungarian exile but a career in spying . . . ?

Way Of Life' / 'Total Czechoslovakia'. It was produced, pre-'Pop Muzik', by Robin Scott of M, who was then also down and out in Paris.

Gregor also wrote a film script with Scott in mind, which would situate the latter in the role of a Russian spy and Gregor in M's shoes. He contends that the project seems to have been forgotten in the light of the success of 'Pop Muzik'.

Scott, however, says it's not true. He told *Thrills*: "It's an interesting piece of work and

KAPLAN

From previous page

frosted by winter into feather fronds. When Sibylle's publisher / lover declares they shouldn't meet till the snow melts on the chapel, Sibylle can't wait. Cradling her beloved cat familiar, she stands in the snow and stares at the chapel, eyes slit as the cat's, till it bursts into flame. The snow melts.

You might think Kaplan romanticises her women by

investing them so openly with magic matriarchal powers; but you only have to see the elfin Sibylle hustle, to check that this sprite can look after herself. Like all Kaplan's funny, "frightening" women.

□ *Nea, Papa Les Petits Bateaux* and *La Fiancee du Pirate* and one special screening of *Charles And Lucy* are playing Feb 19-25 at the Scala, 25 Tottenham St, London W1. Plans are being made to try and show the films around the country.



Gregor

there's a possibility that it still might be placed. But it does take time."

He elaborates on the elusive Gregor. "He's a very interesting guy in an interesting situation. There was a certain chemistry between us — in our discussions — that gave rise to certain ideas which I used on 'The Official Secrets Act'. I think he saw me as a stepping stone, someone who could introduce him to the West."

"He's incredibly fanatical in his idea, even though he once told me he was just a mannequin. If people wanted a situationist, he'd be a situationist, if they wanted someone political, he'd be political . . ."

Scott in his turn introduced Gregor to the arch puppeteer McLaren, when the latter escaped to Paris after the Pistols case backfired on him. Though the meeting wasn't that

productive, Gregor wrote a song for Malcolm, called 'Never Trust A Punk'.

"It was written to help him out of his situation," claims Gregor. "Treason was absolutely important in this case. But he said he couldn't do it because he felt responsible to the kids and he didn't want to confuse them."

So Gregor recorded it himself under the name of The Party for his second French record, a maxi single also featuring 'Race Riot', 'Just A Machine' and 'Never The Propaganda'.

Neither single has sold enough for him to give up his petty jobs or help him get out of France.

"I'm sick of France," he spits ungraciously. "Bulgaria couldn't be worse. I'm not moody, my style doesn't correspond with the French. I don't like this clone society."

Watch all ports — the agent will soon be on the move.



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FRESH RECORDS FRESH 26

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

So you think the Big Apple is musically worm-ridden? If British chauvinism has been blinding you to the musical renaissance in Manhattan's clubland, then there is an ideal opportunity to catch up when a specially assembled New York sixpack visits London's Rainbow this Thursday.

The Empire will be striking back in the shape of half-a-dozen of New York's postpunk second wave — lining up as The dB's, Fleshtones, Polyrock, Bush Tetras, Bongos and Raybeats.

The bill, put together by Hurrah's Ruth Polsky and Paul Loasby holding up the UK end, suffers slightly from its sheer size, but it gives a succinct sample of the latest trans-Atlantic tremors in one fell swoop.

As Raybeat Jody Harris observes: "It's about as good a representation of groups at our level as you could get from New York. It might be weird having six bands on the bill, but it could be good — a bit like the Tammy show!"

Be there or be somewhere else.



The Bush Tetras

◆ With current British tastes what they are, The Bush Tetras seem the group set for the most immediate success on the UK trip. A quartet, three-quarters female, their slippery, sensual tribalistic funk is set against a spartan metallic backdrop. At their best in a club atmosphere, their talents are still amply audible on their 99 Records single 'Too Many Creeps'.



The Fleshtones

◆ On a good night The Fleshtones are a beat band par excellence. Their combination of garage guitar, dancing rhythm and the hard horn muscle of the Spaeth brothers gives them an edge of excitement and relentless energy that should satisfy the most jaded palate. Fleshtones play modern R&B with a precision that is the result of five years' dedication to the cause. Get down to the front row for them and move.



The dB's

◆ A dour, drab stage show and lack of any remotely interesting visual focus could cost Chris Stamey's dB's the wider following some of their strident, '60s orientated pure pop classics merit — hear their barnstorming Albion single 'Dynamite'! It's up to The dB's — and to a lesser extent, The Raybeats — to get out and prove themselves as something for everyone, not only the purists.



The Raybeats

◆ The totally instrumental Raybeats, like the Tetras, sprang initially from the No Wave extremes of The Contortions and Eight Eyed Spy, but now hit from a far less oblique angle, taking the spirit of the long-forgotten American instrumental tradition — Duane Eddy, Link Wray, Ventures, Booker T, surf — and welding it to a strictly '80s experimentation. "America's Most Popular Combo" tease their handbills — we shall see.



The Bongos

◆ Uh ... continued page 25

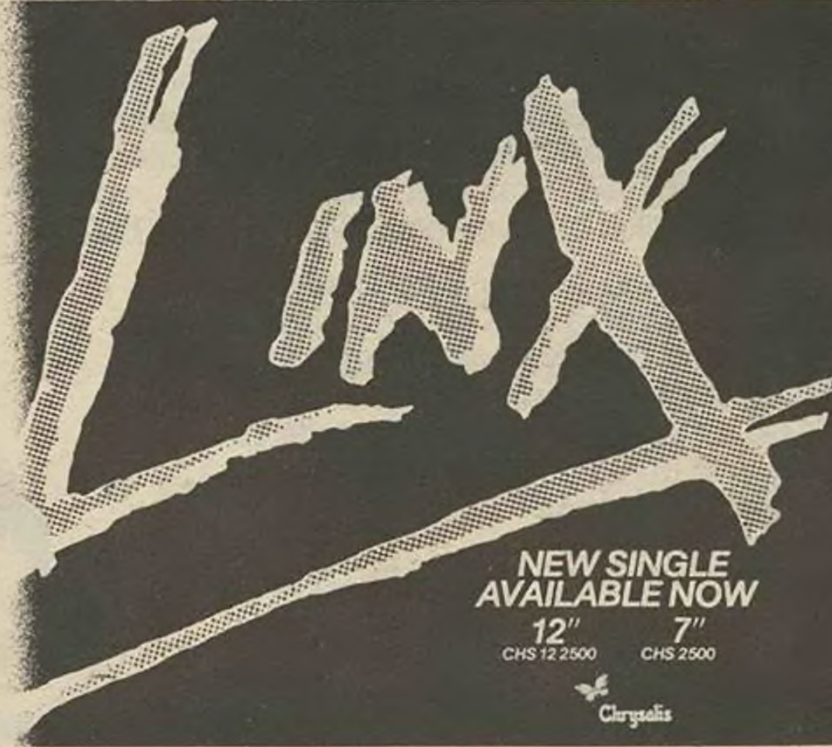
VISUAL PROOF: JOE STEVENS



Polyrock

◆ The driest, most academic combo on the bill, Polyrock make some interesting noises, but seem intent on shielding their true souls from a live audience by erecting an impenetrable wall of indifference between the stage and stalls. A six-piece, they wander vaguely through territories previously visited by Talking Heads, Feelies and Wire. Not without promise, they lack passion.

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Chrysalis

By Paul du Noyer

WHOEVER Vic is, wherever Vic is, he can take the credit for inspiring a very, very fine record. Written on the strength of a phone-call that turned out to be a wrong number, 'Is Vic There?' is the first single by some bunch calling themselves Department S. It's good, alright, and so are they, but you needn't take my word for it: the band showed up in three places in the recent NME Winners' Poll, being chosen as a fave new act by both Paul Weller and Bruce Foxton, with an additional 'best single' nomination by Weller as well.

BETWEEN BOOTS

I'd last seen four of the London five-piece just as they were emerging from the ruins of a group named Guns For Hire, at a Rock Garden debut which singer Vaughn Toulouse was later to sum up as "a drunken bloody mess" — not a million miles from my own impression of the event, as it happened.

Department S aren't used to the interview game yet and they discuss themselves with a succession of reluctant shrugs and mumbles, unwilling to try and define their music too closely, and partly suspicious after Vaughn had found himself grotesquely misquoted in a *Hot Press* piece last week. (But then, you often find that the most eager, articulate talkers, who'll theorise about their work until the cows come home, are the ones least capable of delivering

where it really counts: in the music itself.) Toulouse, incidentally, has only recently finished a stint as a critic himself, contributing reviews to *The Face*.

Any way, the facts are these. The quartet which made its chaotic debut in London last July, soon grew to five-piece with the introduction of synth player Eddie Roxy — who left soon after to form his own synth-oriented group. His replacement is Mark Taylor, who doubles between synth and guitar: "because the synth

isn't important enough in our sound to warrant a full time player. The main reason we got it in the first place was just to fill out the sound — not to get all Gary Numan." Apart from Taylor and Toulouse, there's Michael Herbage on guitar,

Tony Lordan on bass and Stuart Mizon on drums.

Back in the Guns For Hire days the group barely gigged at all, but did come up with one interesting single: 'My Girlfriend's Boyfriend' on Korova was sort of stropky punk with a ska edge. But it didn't set the world alight. With a change of personnel came the re-think, and a change of name: "It was a different group. It was fairer on the new ones. It was the first time we'd had a real group — GFH was never a real group." Having struck up an association with Jake Riviera, the new Department S found themselves with the chance to put out a 45 on Riviera's Demon label — resulting in the enigmatic and tense 'Is Vic

the best ones have been done, like the Banshees did '20th Century Boy'."

The follow-up single will be 'Clap Now', which they describe, pulling faces, as "psychedelic funk... with glam-rock drums." And if that sounds confused, it's meant to: "We're all totally different people really. All of us are having our own say."

TWO OF the group's bigger breaks so far have come with support slots for Toots & The Maytals ("except the crowds wouldn't listen 'cos we were different. I remember these kids in Cardiff shouting 'C'mon, skank it up, boyo' and I just



AND BALLET SHOES

There?", backed by a knockabout version of Bolan's 'Solid Gold Easy Action', both sides produced by ex-Mott The Hoople's Overend Watts and Buffin, who the band met through friends The Nips. It was a rather unadventurous choice for a B-side, though the band themselves are less than

happy with it, putting it down to running out of studio time and lack of control over the mixing. "We did it for a joke in the first place, cos we didn't have enough songs. None of us was there when it was mixed. I really don't like that song," Vaughn explains. "It's about the worst song Bolan ever wrote. But all

thought 'Aw, fuck off'") and, more successfully, with The Jam ("the only headliners who've given us a decent soundcheck"). What remains to be seen is whether Department S can ever create a sizeable audience of their own. "Short hair music" is the definition that Vaughn Toulouse favours, but he stresses that their main aim is to find and provide an alternative — both to the elitism of Spandau & Co, and to the boot boy boredom of present punk.

Not that the band are ready to make any great claims for themselves. The reckless abandon of their stage act contrasts with the cautious reserve they display in other areas: "We haven't signed anything. We haven't got a manager. We don't want to jump in until we know what we want to do. We're all fairly inexperienced in group things."

At the same time, they repeatedly assure me they're not taking it seriously, that "it's still a laugh". So can they succeed? I think that if they can find the will, they'll find there's a way.

... you will find Department S and short hair music (remember where you heard it first)

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Negative violence

JIMMY BOYLE was a Gorbals thug, who, for environmental reasons, attacked rivals with meat cleavers and hatchets. They sent him to prison and in the nick he bit the ear off a warden. So they snapped his arms and this kind of giggling carried on for quite some time. (A true story this.)

Later on, Jimmy Boyle married the British film censor's daughter, sired two kids, wrote a heartwrenching book and carved out primitivist stone sculptures that had the art world soiling its pinstriped pants.

On Tuesday commercial television got in on the act when it transmitted the Jeremy Isaacs/Scottish Television production *A Sense of Freedom* (ITV).

It's doubtful whether television audiences have ever been treated to such a dollop of exquisitely-framed, shit-smearing violence and, no

doubt, society's moral avengers will soon be on their soap boxes proclaiming "Never Again".

At a London preview last week there were a couple of oily, very '60s Scots reporters who wanted to know the purpose of the film. Was it to stink up the already foul reputation of the Scottish penal system and/or to lionise a man who, for most decent Scots folk, was a bloodstained beast?

If a three-word equation was of any use then let it be, said director John Mackenzie, "Violence Negates Violence".

It wasn't until Boyle (played to the gut by David Hayman) renounced his aggression and the authorities renounced their violence upon him, that the Gorbals Beast was found to be human. And not merely human, said Mackenzie, but a talented, thrusting individual who, with a middle class upbringing, might well have developed into "a great entrepreneur". (And no doubt his kills would all have been on the open market with the blood of his enemies scored in red ink. So here was Mackenzie upholding the moral mathematics and here's me,

like the flummoxed Scots reporters, unable to do the requisite sums.)

There was something disturbing about this artfully gruesome production, something dangerously truncated, like a writhing, blood-splattered torso. And in the missing parts, I fancied, was the meaning. For instance, the early life with a mama "too sweet for this world" and a street-fighting thief of an old man. And in the missing tail end was the soul-saving transformation, without which the heartwrenching book and the film of the book would not have been possible.

In America, cracked scriptwriter Pater MacDougall, they'd want Jimmy down on one knee at the end crying remorse. But it's not like that here. And that's right. In OK UK we cut soft options off at the neck and feet and bear no sentiment.

For this reason I don't hold out much hope for the claret-swilling berks of the Council For Social Democracy who, on *Newsnight* (Friday, BBC1) came under the oily Scots eye of front man Donald MacCormick.

Does the CSD stand a chance and, if so, who suffers should a successful new party emerge? Clever dick Roy Hattersley considered the CSD a southern English, middle-class



A Sense Of Freedom: Jimmy Boyle spends a penny in the Maine Road main stand toilet

phenomenon with neither the ability nor the developed muscle to do its stuff at "the grass roots". Hattersley is so clever he's still out stumping the constituencies in his Hush Puppies while lesser brains like Norman St John Stevas flutter their eyelids winningly on Robin Day's *Question Time* (Thursday, BBC 1) knowing that five prime minutes in Sir Robin's company is five well spent.

In addition to Norman, *Question Time* this week had Edna (the loony-eyed wife of former Labour Great Denis Healey), the Bishop of Derry and historian Max Beloff. This is Robin's idea of all-round fascination: the intellectual, the man of cloth, the fey politician and the token twittering female. Robin's females are rarely much more or, if they are, he carefully stacks three males of another political persuasion against them.

Question One: Is Northern Ireland a Religious Problem?

On balance (Beloff dissented) the answer was No, it is a Racial/Tribal Problem. Thus, having cleared up the semantics, if nothing else, the way was once again clear for the meaningless (though engrossing) miles ahead.

Going backwards we found Sir Huw Wheldon (what price Sir John Craven or Sir Michael Parkinson?) now almost finished revealing the dazzling national treasures bought and stolen by British monarchs in centuries past and which happily remain the common wealth of the nation.

Friday night's *Heritage* (BBC2) was the turn of the outrageously extravagant George IV. His great memorial was Windsor Castle which, like his other favoured houses, he filled with paintings, furniture and jewellery presumably fallen

off the back of a French galleon, unless it was his own people he was squeezing for their handful of coppers.

As Regent he spent quarter of a million in three years on furniture for Carlton House alone. Weekly wage of the day was less than £1 average. He was a compulsive auction watcher. From one sale he bought 86 paintings for Buck House and later acquired 3,000 wine coolers and a one ton dragon claw to hold up a chandelier in the pleasure dome of the Brighton Pavilion. It was here he staged his insanely lavish banquets and bloated up to Henry VIII proportions.

These treasures are now in the keep of Elizabeth and Charles and Philip (funny how they look such an ordinary family) and this, of course, makes them awfully — in fact, unbelievably — rich.

In turn, this rubs off on sorts such as you and me and Norman and Edna and even Jimmy Boyle. And though we'll never be allowed to see more than a small portion of the treasures, for fear of scorching them with our filthy prole eyes, we can take pleasure in the residual power and glory.

Had Jimmy Boyle known all this when he was scuffing it in the Gorbals he probably would have turned out an altogether nicer fella.

Andrew Tyler

ANDREW TYLER thinks the royals should be locked up and (below) PAUL MORLEY thinks Malcolm Allison should be shut out.



John Bond and Big Mal toast Halifax and Shrewsbury

A sad City

Reeves into an unsound side, all the while exploiting the trust that had been placed in his judgement.

By the start of this season Manchester City were in an absolute state; it was hard to be fairminded as it became obvious Allison was destroying City, not developing them. He claimed it was coming good, but anyone who could compromise the obvious talents of a player like Kevin Reeves didn't deserve a great amount of faith.

Granada entered the embattled arena a few weeks into this season. We saw the horrible chairman Peter Swales, all fickle and span, support Allison right up to the time he sacked him — finally he had to make the inevitable decision. Swales came across as a right toad, leading a bunch of directors that deserved the doomed Allison.

Of course it was sad to see Allison fading fast and forced to endure grey horrors, but he brought about his own demise.

Daley, forlornly arguing on the training pitch ("I'm not agreeing with you, I think you're wrong!" — applause), accepting the news of Allison's sacking with despairing weariness, is the obvious, pitiful example of Allison's muddling. If he'd stayed any longer, Tommy Caton, Nicky Reid, Ray Ranson and Kevin Reeves could have also suffered irreparable damage.

Allison went. He dragged the hapless Book with him. *City!* showed what a sorry and cheapening process this managerial messing around is. Allison said cheerio to his morose players, and it appeared so coarse, even rustic. This business, seen here as so shoddy, turns over so much money?

It was clear that Allison's moods affected his players, and his unseemly flamboyance and tarnished vanity is a long way from the unprofound, pragmatic and special simplicity that moulds the best teams.

Bond came, sweeping respectability into the shop. He made three sharp buys, brusquely eliminated fanciness, and City tightened up and started winning.

We were allowed to be impressed by Bond's plausible, controlled determination, an almost maudlin opposite to Allison's crude impatience. Can our salvation be so bald and headmaster-like? But even as Bond shook City up the cameras still searched for ways to pile on Allison's suffering. They were aided by exquisite

circumstantial drama when City drew Allison's new club Palace (drawn to Allison by the same forces that had taken him to City) in the FA Cup.

In John Bond's characteristically plain words, Palace were stuffed 4-0. Bond's City had all the energy and coherence that Allison's had lacked; Allison's Palace were the bewildered mess City fans were once forced to get used to. The powerfully depicted heavy silence in Crystal Palace's dressing room, with Allison absolutely shattered, was brutally compared with the hustle and bustle in the City rooms moments after the match. This was the clincher: Allison takes tension wherever he goes.

City are a good side now. It's no longer an embarrassment to be a fan. Reeves is back to international form. Caton is renewing a growth cut short by Allison's baffling interference.

All this flared up in Allison's defeated face. It was a cruel programme. Bond appeared to gloat. Eighteen months of chaos and confusion eradicated. Back to normal...

Allison had to have all his defects and howling errors captured vividly by a medium that can often distort but, in this style, never lie. As a football documentary, scything through phoney flash, it proved that all that happens behind the scenes is based on peculiarly simple and boorish patterns of behaviour, and that the actual action on the field is the best part of the whole circus.

Paul Morley



A Sense Of Freedom: "Quick one before the game, Jim?"

FOOTBALL's such an incestuous business, there are so many close connections and obscure old friendships, that it's no doubt possible to struture a documentary with appealing symmetry by landing haphazardly on almost any club and observing changes over a short period.

But Granada TV — perhaps seeking to understand the apparent guiding light of 53-year-old coach Malcolm Allison, or to demystify the conduct and activity of a First Division club by living behind the scenes and underneath the main stand — were given permission to cover Manchester City's deeds in intimate detail and bumped into a beaut of a story.

Granada filmed and nosed about as Allison's destructive reign at City stuttered to a humiliating end, and stayed put as Allison was expelled and Norwich City's John Bond was hastily introduced. Bond and Allison were members of the legendary '50s West Ham United team — Allison the 'teacher' and Bond the 'pupil'. Post-playing days, as coach or manager, Allison could boast success whilst Bond could claim only less glamorous persistence. They'd become unimpressed with the other's endeavours, yet still pretended to be 'pals'. Granada were right in the thick of it as Allison wilted

and Bond rose to the occasion, using Bond's success to highlight Allison's failure.

City! (ITV) was dedicated, if that's the word, to Allison: the mystique, quickly discredited, and the notoriety. Players were pretty much incidental — staring into space as Allison wearily moaned, lost in thought as Bond rustically rambled on introducing himself, seeming to point out that every success would come if the players wore smart jackets.

City! helped emphasise the current trend where managers are portrayed as more important than teams: Clough v Paisley, Allison v Bond. It didn't really help us understand what managers actually do, except that a more fitting title would be 'Disciplinarians'. Allison's sloppiness affected his teams; his applied tactical sense — subversive and infamous — confused them.

We saw the tail end of a production number that had been stumbling along for 18 months. Manager Tony Book, a former City right back, had called Allison to join him to reinforce a moderate team.

Allison charged in and, apparently considering the future, wreaked havoc. He sold internationals Dave Watson, Asa Hartford, Peter Barnes and, worst of all, Gary Owen, and dangerously fell short of adequately replacing any of them. He spent millions of pounds in flawed speculation on unproved players such as Mick Robinson, Steve Daley and Steve Mackenzie, tipped the skilled Norwich forward Kevin

Northampton discovers Artschool rock!!

Bauhaus



IF THE TRUTH don't fit, embroider it. A basic rule of promotion is to set up the myth early on and hope the band will eventually live up to it. The game can be fun and it's one especially enjoyed by the post-roxy Music school of former art students who acknowledge that self-created larger-than-life personae are an essential part of a lively pop package.

Bauhaus have always suggested that they were willing, if not particularly adept participants.

Formed a few years back, at the beginning of the current resurgence of interest in '20s Germany, their evocatively chosen name — lifted from this century's most influential art school — irrevocably links them with the period, making it easy for commentators to draw confusedly expressionist leanings from their shadowy live shows.

Vocalist Peter Murphy's melodramatic onstage demeanour and bleached face give the impression he wants to play Max Schreck's *Nosferatu* to Dave Vanian's Bela Lugosi, and the band's writhing, cathartic soundtrack does little to dispel it.

Bauhaus' true face is far removed from Murphy's pained mugging and they go to great lengths to deny the German connections when I meet them at bassist David Jay's pleasantly suburban Northampton home. The trouble is that the myth is considerably more interesting than the band in real life, likeable though they are. Jay and drummer brother Kevin Haskins timidly fend off criticisms and offer information, while Peter Murphy more spunkily reacts to my suggestions. Fourth member Danny Ash, guitarist, is absent after catching an iron filing in his eye.

Admittedly, we haven't met under the best circumstances. Haskins and Murphy are still recovering from the night before, spent at New Order's London debut. So am I. We're all somewhat drowsy, and our attentions wander, minus the horseriders passing by outside the window, theirs on private thoughts of their own.

BAUHAUS DESERVE their cult following; they've worked hard to achieve one in a relatively short time, but they haven't really proved themselves capable of reaching anything higher, though their recent shift from 4AD records to parent company Beggars Banquet indicates they're now pushing for mass status.

So far they've made two very good singles in their debut 'Bela Lugosi's Dead' and the terse, cogent 'Terror Couple Kill Colonel', a failed commercial gambit in their covering 'Telegram Sam' and one flop 'Dark Entry'. A fair track record only marred by the release of their debut album 'In The Flat Field', which pointed up all the limitations of their approach.

The album talks a lot about

emotional edges without ever actually convincing that the players have been there. Murphy's words get minutely tangled in introspective journeys through the terrors of a Catholic past, but worse his self-confessed classical leanings means he twists them into needlessly inverted sentences and forces unnecessary rhyme. Matched as they are to tortuous hard rock work-outs grating over lurchingly uneasy rhythms, its arrival at a pomposity almost equal to that attained by early-'70s progressive bands, even if from a completely different direction.

Ex-Bauhaus student Gavin Martin says that listening to it is like going to chapel. They appear surprised, but Peter responds gamely.

"Really? Well, I was brought up a Catholic, so I obviously felt it was something to write about. One track, 'Stigmata Martyr' was about total fixation with Jesus Christ to the point of bleeding from the same places as Christ did. It seemed like a really strong subject to me."

He continues: "'Flatfield' itself was like searching for the spring, searching for a guideline, some sort of ethic or moral. It wasn't really referring to my religious path in life, just my role."

It's not the subject matter so much as the treatment. Its angst-filled overtones create a strong aura which doesn't really bear investigating too deeply, I suggest.

Peter looks a little hurt, but remains reasonable. "They all do throughout our meeting, which isn't so much exasperating as humbling. They make me feel like a cad for suggesting anything's wrong."

"Eh, yes, when I listen to the album now I do find it heavy going," Peter responds. "Very angst, very horrible. But we really did go through that. Really, and how we have done, I can look back on it a little more objectively. It's heavy and angry but I liked it then and I like it now. It's just an expression of how we were."

When did all that anger come from?

"I don't know, I really don't. I think it has something to do with us being thrown into this creative whirlpool — this is personally speaking — and finding it a struggle to get going, to get heard."

BAUHAUS MUSIC is better appreciated live. I've only seen them once, but it left a strong impression. Their angst lends itself to Peter Murphy's overwrought drama; they highlight it with stark white lights batted to the floor, thus throwing up heavy shadows of the band onto the wall. Again the effect is visibly gothic. No, it's not, contests Kevin Haskins.

"It seemed to us like a no-nonsense thing that contradicts that whole gothic romance thing."

Unless you see it in terms of old German silent movies.

"We hadn't seen any films like that then," points out David Jay.

"Any way the filmmakers arrived at those effects by accident as they were using black and white film."

Rubbish! The sets of *Cabinet Of Dr Caligari* were deliberately designed to emphasise the eerie shadow effects. They repeat they hadn't seen the movie then.

But this statement's considerably undermined when they hand me a copy of 'Bela Lugosi' 12", featuring a back cover still from the *Caligari* movie. David Jay notices me

glancing at it suspiciously.

"Our guitarist Danny had torn it out of a book and gave it to us without telling us where it came from," he explains timidly.

It's not much of an excuse, but there's no reason to disbelieve him in light of Bauhaus' wilfully haphazard approach.

They enjoy leaving things to chance; thus their writing begins with rehearsal and jams in the hope that some idea will pop into their heads. It served them well at the beginning, not only because their meandering gave birth to the 'Bela Lugosi' single, but also because it helped them break away from the restrictive codes of their mainstream band backgrounds.

Northampton has no recognisable rock tradition, therefore most of its bands tend to follow rather than lead. Bauhaus' determination has since served to open doors — there's a couple of healthy independents settled in the town now.

However, leaving things to chance today is more a matter of sloppy indulgence than breaking down barriers. It might seem experimental to the experimenters, but to more

objective outside ears, it follows paths taken before by others — not to mention their mistakes.

Dusseldorf's Der Plan put it most succinctly when they stated experiment was all very laudable, as long as it resulted in something worthwhile — experiment shouldn't just be used as an excuse for half-finished songs.

"I don't agree with that at all," contests David Jay evenly, "because experimenting supplies a spark to the performance. Anyway, I don't think it's possible to arrive at a finished state."

To me the album sounds half complete, its potential remains unfulfilled.

"That's a personal thing, though, isn't it?" argues Peter.

Yes, say I.

NO USE in labouring a point, but Bauhaus don't really live up to the spirit of their namesakes. Where students of the original school prided themselves on efficiency and the ultimate utility value of their product, Northampton's Bauhaus are too immersed in the processes of

creation to see objectively what's coming out the other end.

Made up of former art school students and an ex-printer (Murphy) who wishes he was one, Bauhaus are laudably still open to ideas, but they've yet to show they're capable of using them. After a brief description of art school life from Jay, Murphy rues his missed chance.

"I applied for art college, got accepted but then I changed my mind. I was too young my ideas weren't really formed. And I imagined you had to have a good idea of what you wanted to do before you enrolled."

"It's the opposite," points out Jay. "It opens your ideas to different levels and ways of thinking."

Murphy: "Yeah, I just started learning when I joined the band."

Jay: "I notice you use the band as a way of development in the same way that I used art school..."

Going by their singles, Bauhaus have it in them to pull off a masterpiece, but at the moment they're still stuck at the sketchbook stage. As it is hang onto those early sketches — look what happened to Adam and The Ants.



PETER (TOP) AND KEVIN TRYING TO SEE EYE TO EYE



... But school cad Chris Bohn picks flaws in Bauhaus' designs ... pictured by Peter Anderson ...

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- 22 MANCHESTER, Apollo
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- 24 DUNSTABLE, Queensway Hall
- 26 GUILDFORD, Civic Hall
- 27 BRISTOL, Colston Hall
- 28 TAUNTON, Odeon

MARCH

- 1 BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens
- 2 SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont

- 4 BRADFORD, St. George's Hall
- 5 LIVERPOOL, Royal Court Theatre
- 6 MIDDLESBROUGH, Town Hall
- 7 NEWCASTLE, City Hall
- 8 GLASGOW, Apollo
- 9 EDINBURGH, Odeon
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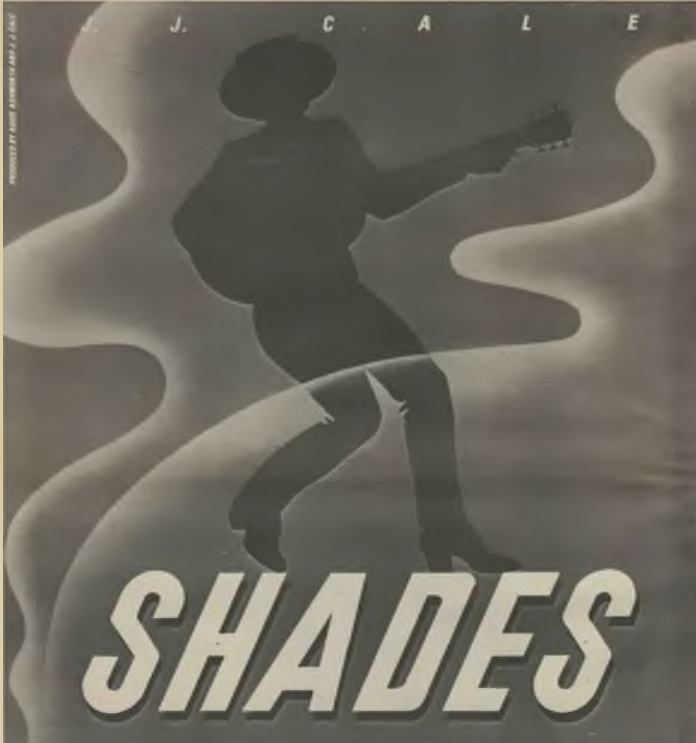
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SILVER SCREEN

Raging Bull

Directed by Martin Scorsese
Starring Robert De Niro, Joe Pesci and Cathy Moriarty
(United Artists)

THE OFFICIAL decision ignored the facts of the fight; the rightful winner is cheered by an angry crowd; amateur fists swing around the auditorium; chaos; and the camera swoops down from an objective aerial view to focus on a single body getting trampled stupid amongst the spit and sawdust.

Martin Scorsese's boxing movie: human interest wins out over Hollywood illusions.

Martin Scorsese's boxing movie has already come in for a disproportionate amount of adverse criticism during its short existence. It's been said to be a technically brilliant film, but — in revered US critic Andrew Sarris' words — ultimately just another excuse for Scorsese (and screen "alter ego" De Niro) to travel down the same old macho mean street.

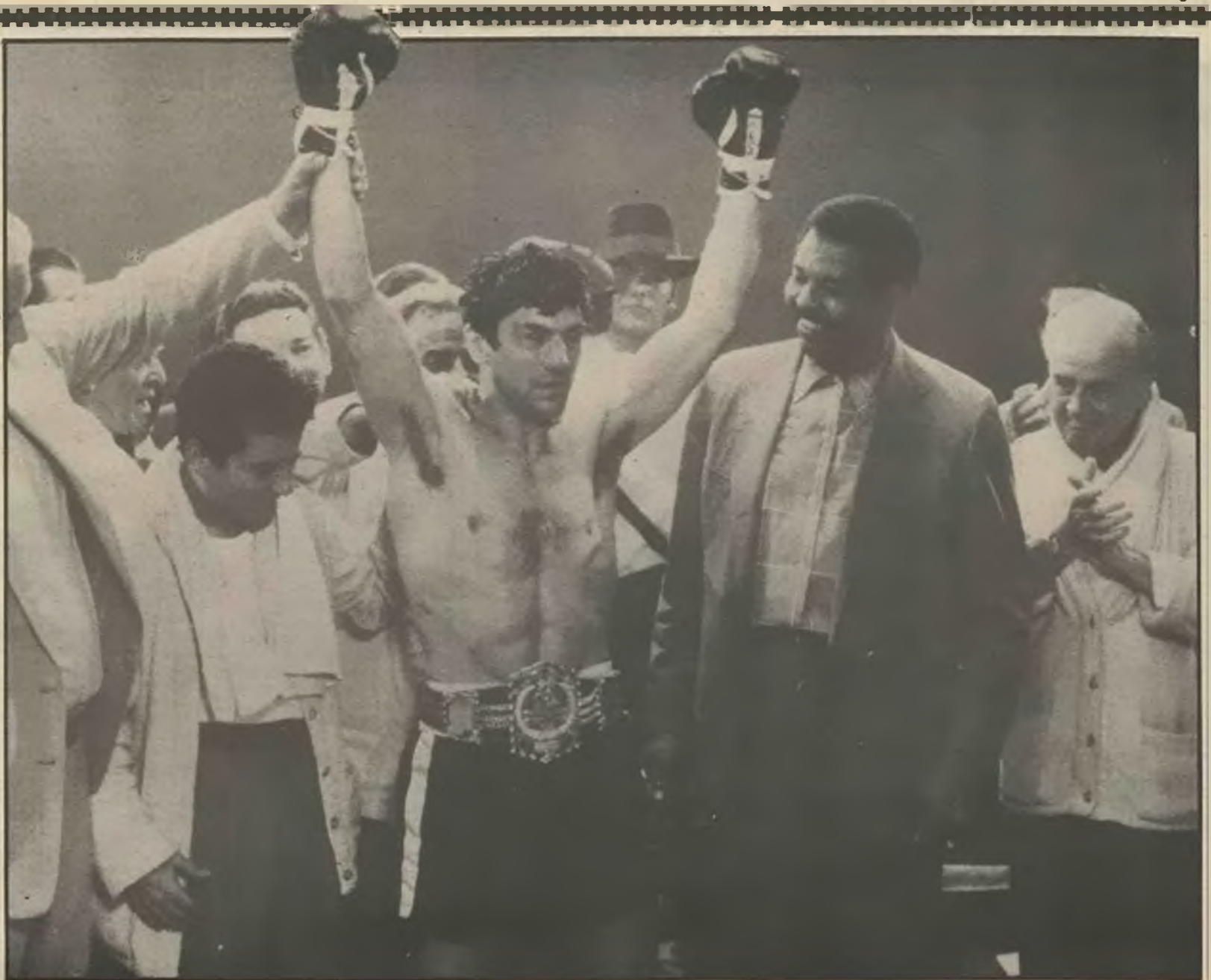
Granted, Scorsese isn't about to take any giant steps outside of his American cinematic heritage — and *Raging Bull* is undoubtedly another All Italian American Epic from start to finish, one that will make the box office smile (just as well after the financially disastrous *New York, New York* and minority interest *Last Waltz*).

But this "macho" bull! This is a basic misunderstanding not so much of one movie as of Scorsese himself. Scorsese — weedy, asthmatic, classic Catholic neurotic, Hollywood nearly lost him to a priesthood — was intimidated, repulsed, rejected by the Little (Big) Italian machismo ethic. This little kid snuck off to watch things like Powell and Pressburger's *Red Shoes*: a fuckin' ballet movie, man!

Although he has subsequently turned to the choreography of malevolence, Scorsese's persistent fusion of religious myth and male violence against men hardly amounts to any kind of romanticised buddy, buddy haven; the wide boys always get their retribution at the end of the night.

James Monaco — a finer movie critic than any of the Kael and Sarris mafia; check out his *American Film Now* (fat New English Library paperback, £4.50) — writing before the release of *Raging Bull*, reckoned that *Mean Streets* was Scorsese's only unflawed, potentially lasting major work: "The people weren't characters, they were people. The film wasn't a self-conscious parody of movies dead and gone, but honest and straightforward."

I think he'd like this one. It's



TECHNICALLY A KNOCKOUT

Taking the bull by the horns, IAN PENMAN sees method in the machismo

the extremely honest and pretty straightforward account of a life — criminal turned boxer Jake La Motta, up from the Bronx and onto fame in the ring, eventual owner of the world middleweight champion's belt.

But the biography is bruised. Scorsese rips any glamour off the gentleman's game — neither a celebration nor a perfect Hollywood recreation of a hazy, bygone world — scouring, scaring, prying, poring and if anything going over the top in his attempt at conveying the brutality of the sport.

Since *Raging Bull* wasn't filmed in glorious, living Technicolor (or glorious, dying Technicolor — if what Scorsese says about recent colour stock fading fast is true) gore is so much more than a tempest of ketchup. Scorsese's angle is unusual — and substantially more unsettling. He utilises sound as the main means to represent boxing's tension and damage. You hear the breaks...

Remember a real punchup you've been in or witness to: the punches, especially body punches, don't sound at all like that Hollywood/TV Cop click and slap — it's more a deep,

heavy thud and snap. In *Raging Bull* every blow is emphasised by a battery of weird, psycho dub effects.

The approaching upper cut wails and shudders, Press flashbulbs explode and splinter. There's what has to be the worst broken nose on the screen ever — not because someone's face metamorphoses into rotten tomato, but because you hear it shatter. The unfortunate nose is handled in close up like a precious antique, until everything speeds up, the soundtrack comes bullying back and the bone breaks. It's not very nice. This is macho glorification?

Besides, La Motta wasn't a particularly nice person, in or out of the ring. Inside he was a slugger, an engine room pug, businesslike and no Ali shuffle. Neither were there any Ali like personality hooks to hang a public image on — his private life is as much of a battleground, waged around a grimy, sorry sexuality.

La Motta's machismatic jealousy twisted so tight that he ended up trusting virtually no one — especially not his buddies. Aggravated by receding virility, the sweltering

monogamous anxiety swung into a ridiculous full-blown paranoia, centred around his second wife Vickie and ultimately even directed against brother Joey.

Vickie and Joey are played in the film by newcomers Cathy Moriarty and Joe Pesci, who are both excellent, remarkably mature. Then of course there's the performance that's filled a thousand centre spreads, already.

De Niro is La Motta: the presence is that acute, acutely convincing — squat, sinewy machine in action and a brooding, caged animal the rest of the time. Aside from the over-publicised research De Niro put into the part — a year's workout in the gym (he was training as far back as '76, during the making of *New York, New York*), six months on pizza, beer and ice cream for 50lbs excess flab — it's the emotional weight of his performance that's so unsettling.

In the younger La Motta it's the signs of determination, gall, flirtation, intimation and exhilaration — which, with age, turn to lust, corruption, regret and impotence. There's a wide range of contradictory

illustrations: the sleepy, silly courtship of Vickie to his vilification of her; the pounding need to halt the iconic Sugar Ray Robinson which degenerates into nothing more than a stubborn refusal to fall, no matter how bad the punishment.

The physical and "moral" span of *Raging Bull* is established in the film's first two sequences — or established in the resonant divide separating them. The introductory credits roll up over a luxurious, grainy — like it's snowing — black and white texture, De Niro in dreamy slow motion limbering up for a fight. There's rhythm, grace, youth in the spotlight on the way up, removed from scruffy constraints — the reasons behind the raging.

The first frame of the narrative proper is La Motta two decades on: decrepit, decayed, battered, bulging, bumbling. The pools of loser's blood are now just pools of loser's booze, spilt in stale bars. La Motta has been jailed, broke, broken and deserted by the long suffering Joey and Vickie. He's lost the nightclub in Miami and — hitching his trousers up over a

hedonist's balloon of a gut — there's no one left to fight back against but a few beery, bellicose hecklers in a toilet of a venue. "Eh, pardon? You're gonna force me to make a comeback."

It's an almost impossibly unflinching portrait (and not one, incidentally, without its fair share of laughs and tender moments). It's impossible to dodge De Niro's emotive representation — all the stains, all the smiles, a tyrannical freedom of will, a spark of hungry hope bloated by success.

The realisation of the macho dream has brought little contentment; the critical indecision ignores the facts of this film, methinks. When the imprisoned La Motta breaks down in utter psychological despair — De Niro frighteningly intense — *Raging Bull*'s message, if you need one, is surely obvious: the mean streets are all dead ends.

By the way, that poor body in the opening paragraph belongs to a woman. A clincher symbol for all youse conscientious semiologists?

Ian Penman

Dance Craze

Directed by Joe Massot
Starring Bad Manners, The Beat, The Bodysnatchers, Madness, The Selecter and The Specials (*Chrysalis*)

BEST TO say this upfront: it's all down to the music. Me, I love the noise these people make, so I won't complain (too much). But if you're anything less than a card-carrying fan of 2-Tone-ism in all its forms, then be warned that *Dance Craze* doesn't have a whole lot to offer you.

The *Dance Craze* plan could hardly be more straightforward. You take the six most successful ska bands and shoot them live, all performing a clutch of their most successful numbers: bam bam bam, non stop, one after another. There's some small concession to variety with the inclusion of a few jokey old *Look At Life* clips, *Pathe News*, cock a doodle

doo. But that apart, it's the battle of the bands, pure and simple. Twenty-six tracks, and as many treats, no tricks or fancy footage.

Given the plain, unambitious approach that the film adopts, it really does stand or fall by the impact — sound and vision — that 2-Tone holds for you. Even so, the relentless samey-ness of the format starts wearing thin sooner or later, and it's a film to test the patience. Only the most devoted are likely not to reach the boredom threshold before the final credits.

The in-concert material is fine so far as most live music goes — that's to say, alright on the night but not usually up to repeated hearing (and, of course, a 14-song soundtrack LP is already available).

The best moments probably belong to Madness because (even if they are on Stiff) for most kids they are the definitive 2-Tone act, with the look, the dance and the attitude. The

Specials might have the most depth — and fittingly, it's Dammers and his men who open and close the whole affair — but on this level it's the more visual groups who win out.

The vintage film clips of '50s and early '60s teen life offer some comic relief — booming Bob Danvers Walker on coffee bar cowboys, the Slop and the Locomotion and the Madison, plus the Shads at the NME poll concert — and they serve to place 2-Tone inside some kind of populist fun-time tradition.

But they don't compensate for the film's deficiencies: all the areas of interest within the 2-Tone phenomenon that could have been explored, like its audience and the kind of context from which it arose. Apart from one great moment — when Coventry cathedral is shown rising, with rousing commentary, from the city's blitzed remnants, leading straight into The Selecter's energetic exuberance —

the whole movement is looked at in the narrowest possible way. It's a disappointingly limited, self-contained treatment of pop's most fascinating convulsion since punk.

The music you'll know. It goes like this: The Specials ('Nite Klub', 'Concrete Jungle', 'Too Much Too Young', 'Man At C&A'), Madness ('The Prince', 'Swan Lake', 'Madness', 'Night Boat To Cairo', 'One Step Beyond', 'Razor Blade Alley'), Bad Manners ('Ne Ne Na Na Nu Nu', 'Lip Up Fatty', 'Inner London Violence', 'Woolly Bully'), The Bodysnatchers ('007', 'Let's Do Rock Steady', 'Easy Life'), The Selecter ('Three Minute Hero', 'Missing Words', 'On My Radio', 'Too Much Pressure') and The Beat ('Ranking Full Stop', 'Big Shot', 'Rough Rider', 'Twist And Crawl', 'Mirror In The Bathroom').

The trouble is that stuck on film, it leaves the rest of us outside looking in.

Paul Du Noyer

"...one of the best movies I've ever seen..."
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Willie And Phil

Directed by Paul Mazursky
Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder and Ray Sharkey
(20th Century Fox)

PHIL is driving his archetypal New York-Italian mother to his LA pad. He has just collected her and Papa from the airport. It is their first visit. Cruising on the freeway, Mama contemplates her son's domestic arrangement: shackled up with his best friend Willie's wife and kid, while Will's off finding himself in an ashram in India. Mama's comment: if they're really lucky, they'll all be killed in a car crash before they reach Phil's flash Jacuzzi-bath'd pied-a-terre.

By now we are two-thirds on the way through the bright and breezy affairs of Willie and Phil and their mutual lover, Jeanette, and I am in a mood to agree with Ma. She high-tails it back to New York as soon as she's confronted with the young folks at home, and I almost leap out of my seat to join her.

Not on her moralistic grounds, rather because by now I feel like I've lived through more than enough of W/P/J's escapades in '70s social living. In fact, this bunch prove to be about as much fun as a trio of showroom dummies.

Loosely inspired by Francois Truffaut's warm-hearted menage-a-trois, *Jules et Jim*, director Mazursky is obviously attempting to shove the '70s under the microscope. All three "whacky" non-native New Yorkers come from impeccably ethnic backgrounds — Willie's yer basic Yid (Intellectual), Phil's yer basic Wop (warmhearted, garrulous), Jeanette yer basic Kentucky Hick (good teeth) The three leading actors attempt to breathe some life into these stereotypes, but their lungs just aren't up to it.

To prove that he hasn't forgotten feminism between flicks, Jeanette is given about three tries at delivering the Liberated Lady line: You don't own me, I determine my own destiny, you know the stuff. As the whole context of the movie — down to omitting her name from the title — mitigates against seeing her other than through the guys' eyes, it seems a singularly limp attempt at Feminist Chic.

Presumably intended as an indictment of the failure of the sexual revolution, it still didn't explain why on earth Willie and Phil, busily projecting their mutual lust onto the hapless Jeanette, never got round to getting it on.

If only they'd have walked out of the closet hand in hand in the first reel.

Vivien Goldman

The Lady In Red

Directed by Lewis Teague
Starring Pamela Sue Martin, Robert Conrad and Louise Fletcher (Barber Rose)

EVER since B-movie makers became conscious of their camp appeal, few have been able to resist the temptation to play heavily upon it. Lewis Teague unfortunately turns out to be no exception.

It's a pity, because with a little restraint his directional debut might have been as impressive as John Milius' on *Dillinger*.

Teague's film even takes another slant on the Dillinger legend. Polly, the lady in question, doesn't know it, but she's going out with America's Public Enemy Number One. He's living under an alias, masquerading as a respectable citizen; and Polly hopes he will drag her out of the vice-ridden rut she'd previously fallen into.

The story actually begins long before the couple meet; it follows her Candide-like progression from life on her

vicious preacher father's homestead through her experiences in a factory, a dime-a-dance hall, prison and, finally, a brothel. Hers is a brutal coming-of-age and Teague pulls no punches. He's drawn together all the favourite Roger Corman/New World exploitation themes in one picture and he's not above lingering on them (especially in the women's prison fight sequence, during which Polly is given a vicious kick in the crutch by the sadistic wardress).

But unlike New World's best pictures, he fails to balance violence with a social conscience. His lip-service to harsh working conditions in the sewing workshop smacks more of tokenism than any real sympathy, while the pig of a foreman is too much of a caricature to ring true.

However, Teague skirts over any lack of morality by maintaining a hectic pace, punctuated by two impressive set pieces, namely the FBI ambush of Dillinger outside the Biograph cinema and the bankrobbery committed by Polly and her unlikely band of desperadoes after Dillinger's

Polly is an archetypal exploitation-movie heroine, and Teague's found a suitably game unknown in Pamela Sue Martin to play her. Deceptively frail-looking, she's gutsy enough to survive all her falls and even the occasionally hack dialogue she's landed with. Robert Conrad's Dillinger unsurprisingly appears wet after Warren Oates' portrayal in Milius' picture, but then he's only a secondary figure here.

The Lady In Red could've been a real contender, but Teague sells it far too short. He only ever wanted to make an exploitation movie, whereas the best B pictures have been produced by directors who've wanted a whole lot more.

Chris Bohn

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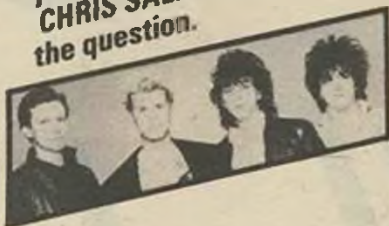
Marc Bolan
Pic: David Corio

THE BALLAD OF BILLY AND TONY

The story so far: Tony was in the art school coffee bar one morning when in walked the most gorgeous blond he'd ever seen. Their eyes met across the counter. They just knew they had to form a group together. . .

For a while, they were happy. But one day a rich American with a big fat cigar came and took Billy away to the bright lights of New York. Tony was left in the lurch.

Would he ever be able to form another group again? Or would he be forced to join The Professionals? CHRIS SALEWICZ popped the question.



AND SO FINALLY it has come to this for the hapless Generation X. Just over four years since they became the group who opened the Roxy in December 1976, and only a few weeks since the release of their first credible album, 'Kiss Me Deadly', singer Billy Idol announces that he is to depart the group to live in New York with the intention of becoming a solo star.

Is this, one wonders, just a piece of typically Billy bad timing, thoroughly in keeping with the tragicomic incidents that have scarred the Gen X saga? Or is it the only option left for one of the most critically derided groups since the dawn of time?

Billy's career is to be cared for by one Bill Aucoin, the aptly named manager of Kiss. Aucoin was brought in by Idol and bassist Tony James some 18 months ago to solve the career crisis brought about by Gen X's decision to terminate their contract with Stewart Joseph, who had managed them from soon after that first Roxy show.

In fact this new break-up really dates back to Joseph's time. It was in the mid-summer of '79 that Idol and James, with now-departed guitarist Derwood and drummer Mark Laff, decided that they could brook no more of Joseph's handling of their affairs.

"We'd just had two hit singles — one of them a quarter million seller," explains James, sitting in the lounge of his Maids Vale flat formerly rented by Sid Vicious — "and Stewart announces that our financial affairs were in such a bad state that there wasn't any money to pay our £50 a week wages. We weren't paid for the next three weeks. And we thought, 'Hang on: didn't we get one of the most major, major deals of all the punk groups? What's going on?' So we started going to see lawyers and accountants. . ."

By Christmas of that year Generation X was embroiled in time-consuming legal dealings. Moreover, Idol and James had decided that whilst they were about it they may as well sort out the group musically by bringing in a new guitarist and new drummer.

"We didn't think Mark and Derwood were useless," says James. "In fact, I think Derwood is a very, very good guitar player. It just turned out that his style was not suited to the way Generation X was going. Also, as far



as Mark was concerned, we wanted Charlie Watts, not Keith Moon. They've got a new group called Empire which has a deal and I hope they do really well."

Although former Clash drummer Terry Chimes was recruited almost immediately, it wasn't for nine months that it finally was decided the new guitarist should be baby-faced Jamie Stephenson, ironically formerly with Chelsea, whose Gene October Idol and James had backed before setting up shop on their own. Prior to Stephenson's inclusion, Steve New had been seriously considered, as had one Steve Jones, James maintains. (The former Pistol denies this, though James claims they still have Jones' Virgin contract at Chrysalis, where lawyers had been scrutinising it to see if they could free him from his deal.)

In fact, both Jones and New — and not Stephenson at all — play on the 'Kiss Me Deadly' album, titled with ominous lack of inspiration after a song on the group's first LP.

"There were a number of arguments over that," insists the bass player. "In fact, I wanted the first album to be called 'Kiss Me Deadly', because I thought it was a great title. . . It's very ironic, of course, considering the Bill Aucoin/Kiss thing. I wanted to call it 'Kiss My Boots' — that was the working title. Aucoin didn't think that was very funny at all."

"Actually out of all the heavy-duty managers we met — and we went to see a lot of them — Bill Aucoin was the closest one to a Bernie Rhodes/Malcolm McLaren figure. The way he talked when we first met him reminded me a lot of Bernie. He didn't give me any reading lists, mind you. . ."

"He said: 'I've got your first two records, and I've listened to them, and I can't see it myself'. And I thought, 'Well, that's alright, at least he's not saying how much he loves us. But when we played him the new material — the stuff on the new album — he said, 'Now this is something interesting'. . ."

All the same, 'Dancing With Myself', the best song the group ever recorded, failed to rise above the low 50s in the charts when released last November. Re-packaged and re-promoted last month, it sold only 20,000 copies compared with the 30,000 it had notched up first time round. Some claim that the talk in the record company's offices was that Chrysalis intended to try and disband Gen X if the 45 didn't take off. . . After all, the group was a quarter of a million in debt to them, and if that single didn't happen then what would?

Whether the record company could have been in connivance with Aucoin and Billy, Tony James is reluctant to say. He's been greatly impressed with

the way the company helped the group out: "I know it's very uncool to say how great the record company is, but I do think Chrysalis are wonderful. I wish they were still paying my wages, though: they stopped this week."

Perhaps part of the reason Tony is so impressed is because Chrysalis have written off that £250,000 debt.

WHEN TONY JAMES discovered his song-writing partner was quitting, it became apparent that Billy — who originally also was scheduled to talk to NME this week, but backed down at the last moment — must have had the break planned for some time.

"I found out by accident," laughs James. "We were in Chrysalis, and I wanted to speak to Aucoin about some problems with the tour we were supposed to be doing. So I rang his office in New York, but his secretary said that he was in a meeting. I said that it was really important: could he ring me or Billy. She replies, 'Well, Billy'll be here in the morning. He can see to it then'. I said, 'Oh, I'm sure he will do,' put the phone down and turned to Billy and said, 'You'd better tell me about it'."

"There are various reasons for it. He thinks we're not getting any success and he can do better as a solo act. Personally, I feel that it's a stupid time for us to split up — from all the reviews we've had it's obvious the press is at last coming round. Not many punk groups are selling records at the moment, but I feel if we'd stuck at it it would've happened."

"Mind you," he grins ironically, "when we were doing interviews when the album came out, every single interviewer asked whether we'd ever thought of knocking it on the head. I'd always reply, 'No, not at all. I believe in what we're doing. We'll take it through to the end'. But Billy would always seem to be drinking from his cup of tea or just lighting a cigarette at that point."

"But I don't want to slag Billy off, because I think Billy has talent and writes a great tune — he did most of the writing — and I think he's a good singer."

"Mind you, Billy is not the same bloke I knew a year ago. A lot of things I thought we had in common seem to have changed. Even down to small things like what films we like. . ."

Though when you're in a group for a while, you must change. . .

"I really do hope that Billy pulls it off, and is true to what he is saying he wants to do. But obviously we'll just have to wait and see. I have a feeling his idea of what he can be and what his manager wants him to be are rather different."

IN FACT, contrary to the general press opinion, there always was more than just a suggestion that amongst all the disparate threads, greatness really did lurk in Generation X.

On the other hand, gross naivety and grand arrogance — two of the more unfortunate of our Bill's personality flaws — are always an unseemly, irritating combination. As much of the music press is often equally naive and arrogant, it probably drew out an unfortunate reaction. Sometimes one also wondered whether Billy would've been given more of the benefit of the doubt had he been a beery, bloated, professional Cockney. On the other hand, he was never exactly Caruso. . .

James, meanwhile, was sneered at for the passion with which he regarded "living the rock and roll life".

"For the first couple of years," admits Tony, "I was definitely in love with the rock and roll myth. I'd read *The Tale Of Willy's Rats* and thought it was wonderful. I certainly had a romantic vision of rock and roll groups — and I think that with the second album we reached the all-time bottom in that rock and roll romanticism."

"After that album came out I realised that I'd been talking about things that I didn't understand or which even were just not true. We realised we had to sing about what we knew about, not what we wished we were."

"I hope I've grown up," he laughs.

As to his own future plans, Tony James says he already has another group in mind.

"What would be a big mistake for me would be to ring up all my mates and form a Punk Supergroup. Whatever group I'm involved in has to feel very special, and also I have to be in charge of it. It has to be my group."

"In fact, at the moment the most important thing I have to do is disappear for six months, and get it right. Even if it takes longer than that, and I die trying: it has to be special — I have to believe in it 100 per cent."

Tony switches on the TV to show me his video of the group's recent performance on *The Oxford Roadshow*. This was the television appearance, shot when the group already knew they were to split, on which Billy Idol distinguished himself by appearing in a pair of thigh-length boots and a zippered black leather jockstrap. We chortle at the sight.

"He didn't wear it at the run-through," declares Tony. "None of us knew about it until he bounded out before the cameras. It's a good thing we've split up — the producer said he'd never have us on the show again."

Tony glances around at the TV and video set.

"Pity all this is rented," he grimaces.

Above: early Generation X (pic: Ray Stevenson) and shortlived 'Gen X'

YOKO ONO'S SINGLE WALKING ON THIN ICE - FOR JOHN

John and I were gloriously happy in the first week of December. "Double Fantasy" was in the top ten. It was just a matter of time for it to go up to number one since we still had two weeks to Xmas and it was selling well. We kept saying, "We did it, we did it," and hugged each other. "What are we going to do when it's number one, John?" "I'll take you out to dinner." "That's a date?" "That's a date." That meant dressing up time: John in his suit and me in drag. He would put the diamond pin on his lapel, a birthday present from me. Then we would end up going to a quiet, dark restaurant where nobody could see us except us. But that was our idea of fun. "Mother, help me put this diamond pin on, will you?" I hear him saying.

"Yoko, you paid your dues, and you produced a top ten record. Don't let them kick you around anymore. When you talk to them, just remember that. They have to respect you now. Just look them in the eye and say I'm a top ten artist, in your mind, okay?" he said, over and over again. "Don't worry, John. I look them in their eyes anyway." "That's because you're crazy," he laughed. "But you're a commercial success now, Yoko; you don't know what that means. It means dollars and cents, and they understand that." "Sure, John." "Walking On Thin Ice" was what we were remixing that night. The past weekend we had listened to the song all day and night. It was as if we were both haunted by the song. I remember I woke up in the morning and found John watching the sunrise and still listening to the song. He said I had to put it out right away as a single. He wanted to be on the B-side of it. I didn't think that was wise. "Nobody's going to listen to the A-side then." "Hey, I've got a good idea. How about sending just the A-side to the DJs and keep the B-side a total secret until it's sent to the shops?" "Nice try, John. You know it's not going to work." Later, John agreed with me. "You're probably right. We have to put you out as a solo artist." In our minds we were a team. In the world's mind it was John Lennon and his Missus who got lucky. I caught him looking at the grey streak in my hair. He caught me looking at his cheekbones. We were old soldiers. "Let's really give it to them. Let's make it a rule that we won't release any photo of us unless we are kissing or looking at each other." That'll really go down well, I bet," I laughed. He laughed, too, looking pleased that he made me laugh. The family who laughs together stays together, I thought. "It Happened" was a song John loved. "It's a hit." "No way." "You wanna bet? I'll make it a hit," he said. I remember thinking "Why this one?" John had found the song amongst my old tapes two weeks before the night. Getting this together after what happened was hard. But I knew John would not rest his mind if I hadn't. I hope you like it, John. I did my best.

Yoko
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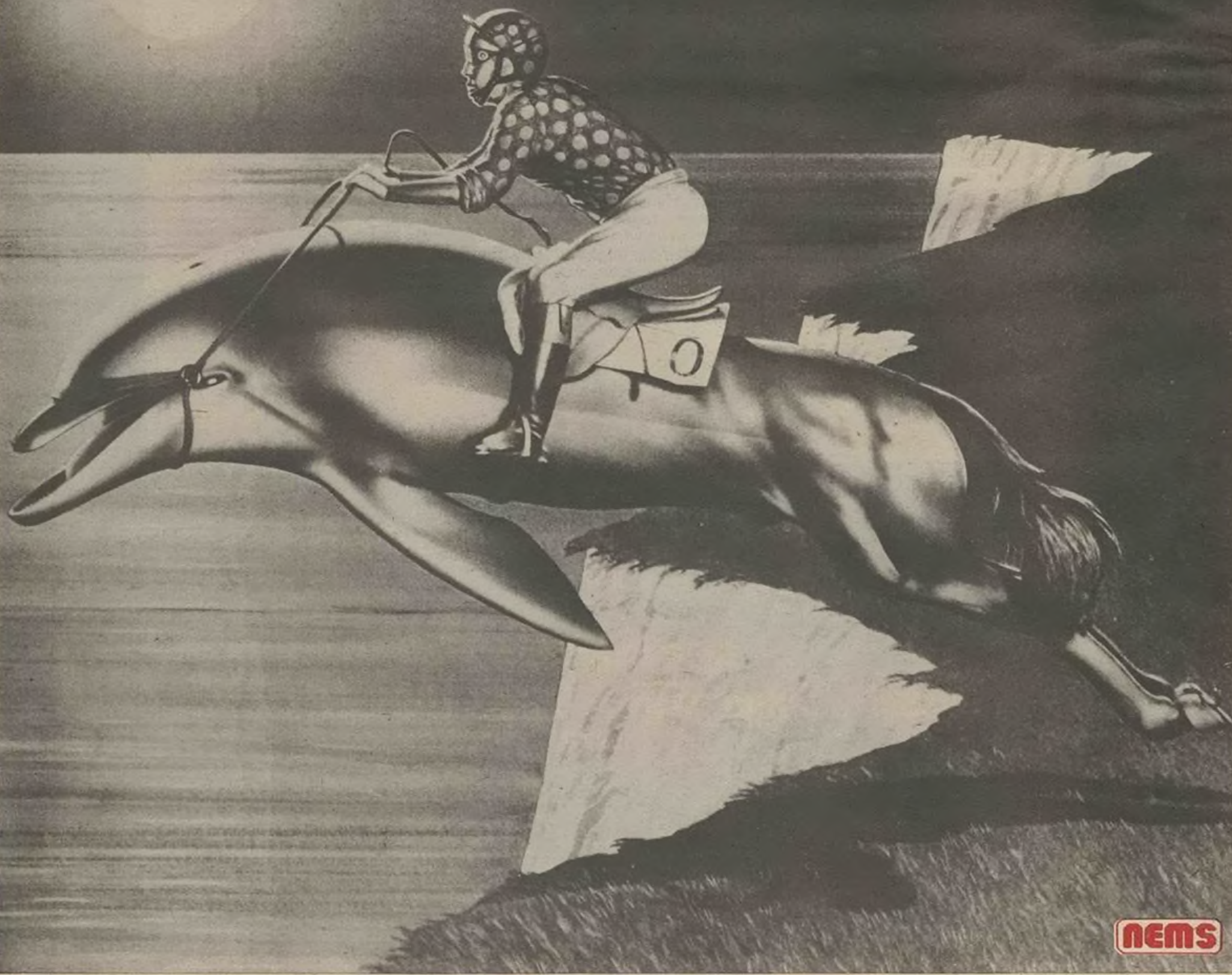


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Nazareth

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Before we begin a statement from the reviewer's lawyer. THE REVIEWER would like it to be known that groups that have been considered popular in these pages of late are a mystery to him. These bands include, he believes, The Overcoats, Fruit Beverage, The Ambulancemen, Sitcom, Angels and a variety of other

club dwelling collectives. Nobody, the reviewer knows has any knowledge, nay any time, for the greatness and magnitude of the aforementioned species of 'pop' artist. Moreover, what little the reviewer has heard of them he considers dreary and predictable in the extreme. Magnificent though they may be as individuals, this reviewer is in full agreement with the

nationwide banning of the broadcast of these 'new', 'startling' and 'original' bands. That Positive Noise are not played at prime time is not a matter of conspiracy; more, the reviewer feels, one of common sense and surely to the outfit's advantage. With this in mind, the reviewer thinks it unlikely that any such acts will receive much prominence in the forthcoming column.



HEY! HEY! WE'RE THE BAKERS!

(Starring the Baker Uncles Arthur and Elf as Rotherhithe's own Chas & Dave)

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE RAH BAND: Slide (DJM). I know the Rah Band are probably grizzled old hoofers with whiskers as long as an NME cover feature, but the clinical impeccability of their hit singles fills me with forgiveness. Any rate its all UB40's fault: if they weren't so damn slack and laid back they could sound like this, that'd save us all the embarrassment of relying on this lot for the swing. Like that swish dish of throwaway whistle and flock wallpaper 'Falcon', that preceded it, 'Slide' will soar top tenward — it's nearly there now. The funk clipper glides on.

THE WHISPERS: It's A Love Thing (Solar) Knocking about since the late seventeenth hundreds, this 12" has recently been released here and is still one of the best shots around. The Whispers hardest sound yet, with a rhythm guitar as wild and full as anything the Chic Organization have carved out, and the Solar synthesizer player whom I swear, is not of mortal flesh, rather like Chic's drummer Tony Thompson — a self-confessed alien. In fact, nobody has ever seen Solar's synthesizer player and Thompson in the same place at the same time and so, can we reach any other sane conclusion than to suggest that Tony Thompson and the Solar (cont'd next issue of Omni)

LINX: Intuition (Chrysalis) The shock of the new! A rhumba! Whilst everybody else is funk in so furious the veins bulge out on their foreheads like greyhound's knackers, Britain's most gifted duo sidestep and session the Gibson Bros off into dreadful obscurity. Six glasses of Dragon's Breath and it's off with the shoes, on with 'Intuition' and the night begins to sweat like a strolch down Malmesbury. It will soak through you like summer. Jeeves! Hand me my Carmen Miranda authentic fruitbowl hat. The night is young, the halls are just open, our urges enormous!

TIERRA: Latin Disco (Bardwalk) The shape of zings to come. Tierra overbalance the Latin and crush the essential pizzazz of salsa. This import sells OK but is too furious by half. Dance to it and your limbs would wind up twisted and useful only as a wobbly-dine to hang your legs on. Nobody but amphetamine Puerto Ricans can handle this beat.

THE MOONDOGS: Talking In The Canteen (Real) A pop record by rock sensibilities, ie it's sweet and tuneful with obvious verses and snazzy rattling drums and harmonies. I have serious

doubts about the drummer's feet and portions of the vocals, but it booms along a moderate crack and is probably the best rock single available this week. Probably. Anyway, it's a step up from all that orchestration and they no longer wear the horned hat and whiskers as in their CBS days.

TOM BROWNE: Magic (Arista) So keen is Tom to follow up his 'Funkin For Jamaica' hit that he's even quit his role as Dr Who. Part timers, huh! 'Magic' has every chance, even though it's saddled with a cloudy beginning. Still any single that sticks so close to EW&F's brass can't fail to warrant a second trip through my golden reviewer's trumpet. This should be a hit, but Tom, don't toss away the long scarf and floppy hat just yet, eh?

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Boys & Girls (Virgin) Tense codswallop from the Duracell set. No other outfit looks like it — or bores like it. 'B' side is a grandiose gag about Dr Who Tom Browne, the trumpet playing late starter who once played Rasputin in the movie *Nicholas And Alexandra* (*One Dynasty's Fight Against Re-election*). Nothing.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Sherry Darling (CBS) Shouldn't that have a question mark after it? Like, as in "Sherry Darling or would you rather a milk stout or something?" The last 45, 'Hungry Heart' was magnificent but this sort of raucous 'party' was only ever a bit in the nostalgic hazy memory of sentimental Van Morrison fans. The mass hysteria vocals merely fuzz the sound and Clarence's saxophone has taken on a grating and predictable tone.

EARTH WIND AND FIRE: And Love Goes On (CBS) I could have told them to release this months back and save themselves the humiliation of suffering failure after failure. If this doesn't succeed then Earth Wind and Fire may as well fold up and all go off and open small shops on their meagre earnings. Maurice White would make an excellent boot and shoe repairer for instance. That said, 'And Love Goes On' is a very good record indeed.

THE BARRACUDAS: I Can't Pretend (EMI) A group who make a living out of being a sort of under-the-top Barron Knights recreating lifts from a bygone age. Singles like this only remind me of Ronald Reagan's quote on nature: 'A tree is a tree — how many more d'ya need to look at?'

PRAYING MANTIS: Cheated (Arista) Praying Mantis fulfil a similar need to The Barracudas except their period is closer to the present ('70s) and they seem to be unaware of the Tassead-like quality in their work. That said, 'Cheated' is hardly typical heavy metal and is the kind of metalpop with which Boston etc cream the US charts. It's numb, it's dumb but, after their usual crass bawling, it's positively gay.

BEATPUMP: 5 Month Plan EP (Slow Lories) Beatpump play with a drum machine and guitars and drone vocals and sound like a mill full of monks with mass migraine. I've gotten over the guilt feelings of knocking independent records. I mean, if I told you to search it out for yourself and, after you've shelled out a pound or so, you find it sounds like a mill full of monks with mass migraine... well, you'd wonder why I didn't tell you that in the first place. In future just send me half a quid and I'll give it to you straight. Independents, majors, whackos, loonays — I'm wide open and most of 'em stink.

THE RAYBEATS: Roping Wild Bears EP (Y) Glossily packaged, this US outfit tremble through some coy Shad-type instrumentals in a telethon of vapidity. Here's what the critics said: "Listless" (NME) "Wasteful" (NME) "Spotty" (NME).

THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG: Hellbound (MCA) Koowee! The Pans are back and blasting with a rocker so hard my brain was belted clean out of the window where a mean mistreater ground it to powder and sent it to Sweet Satan with full instructions on how to prepare a broth by merely adding the essence of a thousand Motorhead roadie soiled sweatshirts. Meanwhile, a big-legged woman — from Mali — can either take my pace or git out of my face baby. Yeah, the Tangs are back! HM never went away! All it did was nip out for a slash and when it got back you'd all gone. It had to walk home. From Pango! Never had enough money for a cab, some party that was...

UK DECAY: Dredon (Fresh) I reviewed UK Decay's last one I think, and slaughtered it, so I bet they're well pleased me getting this one on. UK Decay are really funk. They sound like the bands John Peel gets in to do sessions these days — the sessions he never repeats at that!

NED DOHENY: To Prove My Love (CBS 12) Ned?

London's best selling jazz-funk record is by a bloke called Ned? Good Gosh. It's an instrumental that owes a fat debt to Creative Source's 'Who Is He And What Is He To You?' and is distinctly plain. The shivers of ecstasy didn't so much ascend a postcard during this one. I confess I'm baffled. Hmmm, Ned. "Hi I'm Ned and I'm a big star!" or "Your chance to win a night with Ned!" Naah, I can't see it happening.

BIM: Request Time (Arista) Granted it's not Bim's fault but their press release ain't

single needs all the help it can get. Is there 'PLAY LOUD' on the label of 'YMCA', 'Shame' or 'Can't Do Without Love'? Why not Gentlemen. It is my firm contention that today's youth (continued next assembly)...

CHAS & DAVE: Poor Old Mr Woogie (Rockney) People call Chas & Dave offensive pandering oafs, but there was many a good tune on their 'Don't Give A Monkeys' LP. If my uncles could play the piano and drums they'd sound like Chas & Dave and, well frankly, I'm fond of my

won't rhyme with 'plint' or 'Courage' so there's the advert up the chute. A miss. (Actually, my uncle sounds like Winston Rodney in a coal scuttie).

SPIZZLES: Risk (A&M) Spizzles attempt a new single. Allegedly a group with much charm. So maybe a career cooing snakes from baskets on the northern club circuit might be more fruitful. **ESSENTIAL LOGIC: Music Is A Better Noise (Rough Trade)** All the parts are there — drummer drums, guitars lick, saxophone is granted enough wind to be audible — but



LINX: PIC PETER ANDERSON



MOONDOGS: PIC PHILIP GREY

half lumbered them. How's about "Bim carve a niche somewhere in that wasteland between Bertholt Brecht, Kurt Weill and Buddy Holly." Crap, crap, crap. They, in fact, sing below par pop in echo chambers. It has 'PLAY LOUD' on the label in common with just about every single that gets out. That always seems to suggest to me that the

uncles, so decay C&D and you decay Arthur and Elf and all the many other Bakers and, dammit, that's fighting talk from where I come from! Where the hell d'you got the balls to slag off my family? Why for two pins... sorry the old loyalties got the better of me there. Poor Old Mr Woogie! Is a flat outting, strained even. And 'woogie'

there's nothing to hang it on. Look, I'm not looking for 4/4 or Sammy Kahn at every drop of the stylus, just something that sounds like it at least excited the performers. There's no blood in the veins of these singles, just ink and wind. I suspect anyone who likes this sort of stuff wears sleeveless pullovers and sits,

CONTINUES OVER

SINGLES

Continued

shuffling, behind the counters of progressive bookshops.

JOY DIVISION: Transmission (Factory). They've released Joy Division's 'Transmission' on a twelve inch. (Pause) Y'know, some reviews are easier to write than others.

ANOTHER GREAT NME COMPETITION

STATUS QUO: Somethin About You (Vertigo). No point reviewing this at all; there's no change. So, let's have a competition! I will supply two LP's of the winners choice to the reader who sends in the most information on the '60s TV show *I'm Dickens, He's Fenster*. Owners of Halliwell's TV Guide may not refer on penalty of £30 fine and automatic two issue suspension.

LAST STAND: Caviare (Silly Symbol). Uninspiring independent from Bromsgrove's own. Fast, light predictable rock of the kind you can find in church halls within a line, say, from John O'Groats to the coast of Antarctica. If there's a Bromsgrove fanzine, I'll wager there's a full Last Stand interview.

LILIPUT: Eisiger Wind (Rough Trade). A dog. A long dead and smelly dog. This record, by three apparently talentless women, rucks up the kind of noise that some people find challenging to traditional tastes, song structure, and, yay, even the very foundation of rock music itself. So tonight we ask: Good Words and A Tune — Are They Really Necessary? Liliput think not, to look socialist and wear blokes shoes is all; everything else is irrelevant!

INVERSIONS: Mr Mack (Groove). K.I.D.: Don't Stop (Groove). Two popular releases from London's Groove label. Mr Mack is sax orientated jazzfunk at the simple end of the scale. At any moment during it I expected a voice to boom, "We've got a great line up of programmes for you this Easter on ITV!" It doesn't have The Rah Band's edge of spiked class but you can bet your Dallas-style Whitechapel made high hat that it recoups Groove's lay-out. K.I.D. even have the chance of being a

minor hit. 'Don't Stop' revamps the old programmed tumbling synthesizers to fair effect and must be a treat for dj's to bung on in the gap between pre-Xmas hits and current killers. Kind of keep it simmering.

SHARON REDD: Can You Handle It? (Epic). Sharon Redd will have a hit soon. Maybe even with this number. Full and chunky, she takes up the reigns from exhausted types like Melba Moore and Phyllis Hyman and even has a fine LP on import. Neatly understated without being wet, 'CYHI' is a twelve inch worth buying, thin lyrics that might — with less taste — have been fronting a hysterical grunting funk workout. But this can be filed with the sound of Miami records.

MILLIE JACKSON: I Had To Say It (Spring). These days, Millie Jackson is a redundant fairground barker hustling up controversy wherever she can. Not satisfied by 'outraging' tuckered out old Las Vegas punters by talking, mostly swearing, her way thru 'risque' sex raps, her latest record is a DJ talkover concerned with her being pissed off with white women "taking all the rich black men". Millie, dear, why not completely satisfy yourself and take that job compering burlesque houses down 42nd Street and have done with it?

BILLY OCEAN: Nights (GTO). New release from the man who founded The Police. I really hope he gets a hit soon, he's got high standards with a long string of fine singles but I can see his company getting impatient with public indifference. Ocean has long cut top grade soul singles in England. 'Night' isn't up to the full perfection of 'American Hearts' but I'm glad I've got it. I like Billy Ocean a lot.

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA: Tighten Up (A&M). This spritely jazz pip comes with vocals, that if the vocalist wasn't actually Japanese, would qualify for Amos & Andy Gross Stereotype Celebration Vase & Charity Decanter. That such a wispish little tune can garner a whole twelve inches says something about the vinyl glut we're currently experiencing. Could be used as a gag link on radio but

Continues page 47

NME READERS SAY — C 81s OR ELSE!

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Hey, like relax, gang! You want the tape, we wanna give you the tape. Nothin' simpler! Just stay loose and hear this message . . .

A ROUGH TRADE/ NME PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

The Independent Distribution Network — Update

WHEN compiling our recent C81 Owner's Manual, we inadvertently omitted to mention the Scottish Connection — Fast Product Distribution whose network, they inform us, extends from their deep-pile carpeted offices at 3/4, East Norton Place, Edinburgh, EH7 5DR. (Tel: 031-661-5811/2) as far North as Wick.

Aside from handling such catalogues as Crass and Rough Trade, these Pop-Auralists also claim exclusive distribution for such Scottish labels as Powbeat, Static, Graucho Marxist, Codex Communications, PAK and ASA, amongst many others. Now, if someone could only do something about their football fans when they travel South . . .



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6. THE MASSED CARNABY STREET JOHN COOPER CLARKES — The Day My Pad Went Mad
7. D.A.F. — Kebab Traume (Live)
8. IAN DURY — Close To Home
9. ESSENTIAL LOGIC — Fanfare In The Garden
10. FURIOUS PIG — Bare Pork
11. GIST — Greener Grass
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
17. RED CRAYOLA — Milkmaid
18. SCRITTI POLITTI — Sweetest Girl
19. THE SPECIALS — Raquel
20. SUBWAY SECT — Parallel Lines
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A NEW SINGLE FROM THE NEW HUMAN LEAGUE

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A MESSAGE TO YOU, STUPID

Report by ANDREW TYLER

The Bash Street Kids' cocaine: Sniff it and snuff it?

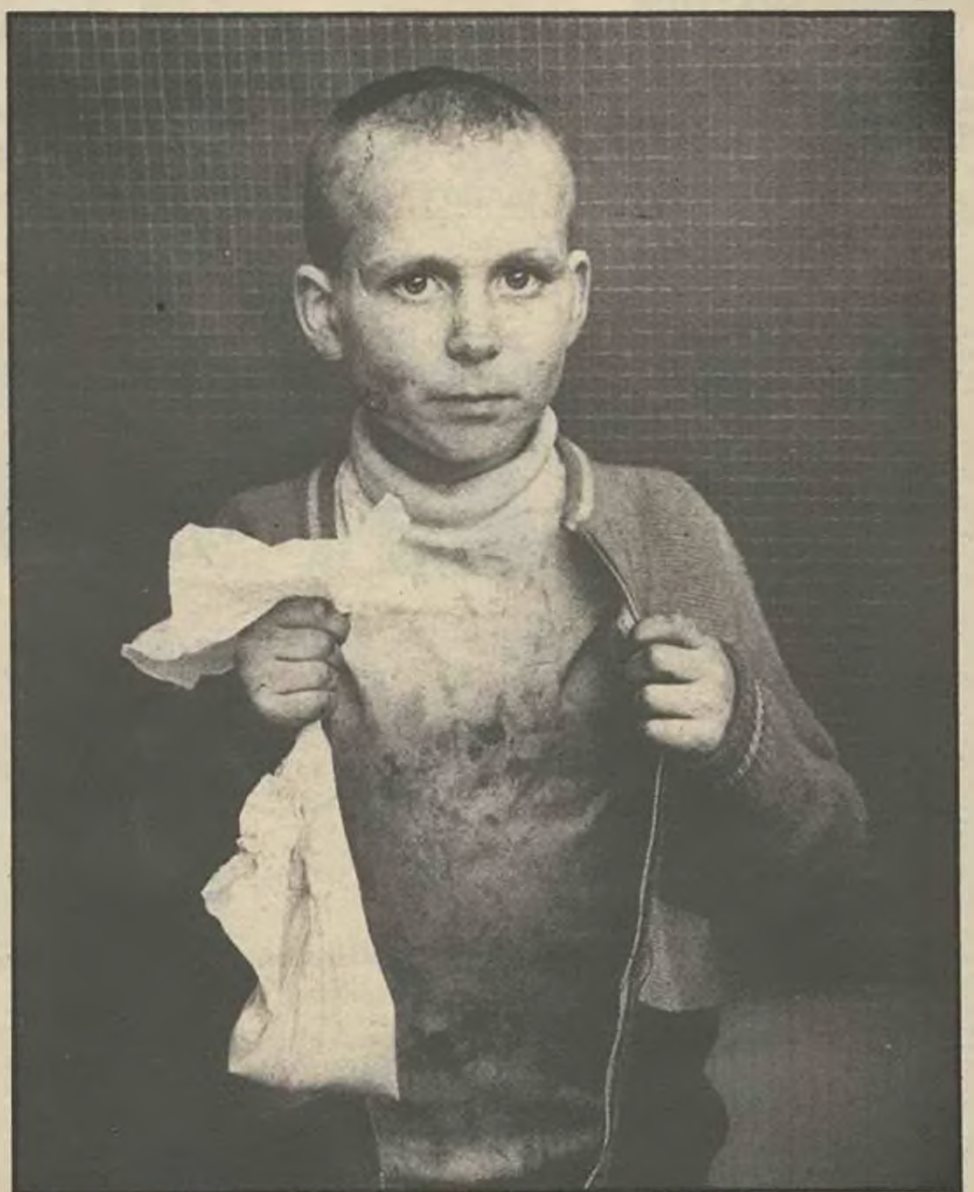
Well, maybe not, but before you get out of your gum tree, here's some sobering advice for adhesive adherents everywhere.

The mass media of the early 1960s were filled with reports of deaths due to glue-sniffing. The Verhulst-Crotty bulletin tracked down these reports and found a total of nine alleged glue-sniffing deaths — each one reported many times. Six of the nine were not due to glue fumes but to asphyxiation, which occurred when the victim's head was covered by an airtight plastic bag. A seventh death was probably also a plastic bag case. In an eighth case there was no evidence whatsoever that the victim

had been sniffing glue before his death, and no toluene was found at autopsy.

The last case was probably not due to glue-sniffing; the victim had been ill and had sniffed gasoline. Thus among tens of thousands of glue sniffers prior to 1964, no death due unequivocally to glue-vapour had as yet been reported. The lifesaving advice children needed was not to sniff glue with their heads in plastic bags.

From an American article *How To Launch a Nationwide Drug Menace*.



All photographs taken in Dublin by Andrew McGlynn

THE PENDULUM won't rest. Sniffing glue has gone from youth-eating ogre of the early '70s to practically a normal pastime in the eyes of certain progressive elements. You'll even hear it referred to as the cannabis of the modern age. But this is fanciful.

Cannabis is illegal. Glue is readily available. Cannabis was for '60s youth a radical, anti-social indulgence but is lately to be seen as the fillip of a class of bourgeois consumers. The current crop of users tend to opt in, work and consume alongside valium poppers and other officially-doctored members of the culture.

Glue, by contrast, is done in all the worst circles, by kids who seem dangerously without a social niche, without prospects, heads full of bad teaching and narkiness.

Is it any wonder cannabis smokers (£50/60 an ounce for black) are frightened off by toluene sniffers (50p a tube) and that even from

liberal quarters the talk is of glue and brain haemorrhages and orgies of vandalism.

Solvent authority Nick Dorn of The Institute For The Study Of Drug Dependency, calls it the Conservatism of The Cannabis Debate. He suggests, that, stripped of jargon and hypocrisy, the British drug 'dialogue' isn't so much pharmaceutical as political.

This means: Do you fit? Do you consume? Are you employable? If the answer is three times no — and for sniffers that's frequently the case — then you and your drug are deviant.

A less caring society, says Dorn, would simply lock up the deviant as a hazard to the culture. But this presents problems.

1 Sniffers are often 11 and 12 years old.

2 What Dorn calls "coercive control solutions" (i.e. borstal) are increasingly expensive.

3 "The parent working class culture (would) line up behind and defend the resistance strategies of the children." Meaning, social strife.

The most satisfying answer, the one that maintains the integrity of the "control agencies" and makes a deeply muddled situation

understandable is to characterise even casual users as sick and warped and in need of treatment.

Glue, as opposed to "other factors", becomes the demon vapour, rotting the culture as well as kidneys and livers, causing violence, madness and suicide leaps.

Is glue such a thing?

WE FIRST have to draw the line between glue sniffing and the inhalation of other volatile substances whose effects run from damaging to fatal. A just-published Release booklet called *Sniffing Glue And Other Solvents*, offers four categories and nominates aerosols as the most gruesome of the lot. The aerosol habit began, where else, on the US West Coast in the mid-'60s, peaking about 15 years later. Surveys indicate popularity among Mexican Americans and Pueblo Indians for whom it presented a cheap, legal high.

The intoxicant factor is the liquid gas used to propel the active materials out of the canister. This gas is composed of fluorinated hydrocarbons — the same material thought to be imperiling the ozone layers of the atmosphere.

Inhaling hydrocarbons can result in sudden heart failure and death, particularly when "activity or stress" is involved. But aerosol inhalers, despite eccentric attempts at filtering, take in not just the gas but the particles and chemical gunge that clean the window, kill the fly and make the arm pits smell nice.

The effect of these particles is various and not fully known. Most, however, are poisons to one degree or another and lead to liver, kidney, bone marrow and other disorders.

A second Release category are the products containing tetrachloroethane. This is found in cleaning fluids and long term sniffing has again been closely associated with damage to kidneys, liver, lungs and intestines.

Benzene is a third classification, an "aromatic hydrocarbon" given off by petrol, rubber solutions, and certain household cleaners. If used long term it's again thought to damage internal organs.

Toluene and acetone are clipped together in the Release booklet even though they are of a different class of compound. Acetone is the simplest of the organic ketone series while Toluene is another "aromatic hydrocarbon".

Both are found in common glues (Evo-stik, Araldite) while acetone is additionally used in dyes and nail polish remover.

Sniffing acetone and toluene, says

Release, "may cause headaches, dizziness, fainting and, if a lot is sniffed, vomiting. Neither solvent has been shown to have any long term damaging effects."

Kids have asphyxiated with their heads inside plastic bags filled with toluene. They have also fallen into canals stoned and from rooftops and through the rotted floorboards of derelict houses. But cases where a person has dropped dead as the direct consequence of sniffing... Release says none is proven.

Medical researcher Joyce Watson, who has probably produced more British solvent data than anyone else, says almost the same thing but more cogently: "... Victims of solvent abuse," she wrote in 1977, "died most often as a result of associated factors, not from the direct physical effects of the solvents."

Dorn takes us a step further when he suggests the "associated factors" are present with or without the glue. The maladjusted who engage in "orgies of vandalism" and suicide leaps are that kind of person. Toluene is "the potential". Nothing more.

THIS IS radical stuff. Early 'explanatory' material — including that produced by Release itself — bracketed glue with narcotics, the ogre than consumes youth.

Continues over

The view from the dead end of the street

MARK F and Pete L are natives of London's West Kilburn. The style is razor cuts, brown boots and a scowl. One of them has been "away" for a spell. They are affiliated to a gang of estate kids that claims a notoriety far and wide. They say sniffing is popular all over and while Evo-Stik remains the common denominator, different estates experiment with their own variables; an anti-scuff solution here, a typewriter eraser there. Neither has tried aerosols or extinguishers or ever considered themselves dependent. One mate who seemed to be going that way, was rounded on and weened off.

Some of the estate's Big Brothers actually formed themselves into an Anti-Glue Squad and gave kicks and digs to anyone under 13 found sniffing.

M and P say a mate of theirs had to have a brain operation as a result of sniffing while another jumped off a roof thinking he could fly. Mark is 17, Pete is probably a year younger.

What was it like the first time?

P. The first few times it's warming. You just have to keep on doing it. When you've done it once you just have to keep on.

Why?

P. You just do.

M. It's a buzz, really a buzz.

Do you like to do it just a couple at a time or with a crowd?

P. It's best with a couple. It's quieter. When there's a lot of you I suppose it's more of a laugh. But it depends on your mood.

Do you know what you're doing?

P. Yeah, sometimes.

Do you ever get so out of it you don't know what you're doing?

M. Yeah most of the time. It's things

you forget, like say you've done something. Jim (a mate) fell off a big wall and landed on his back and didn't even know he'd done it. We goes to him 'you fell on your back' and he says 'No I didn't'.

Was he very hurt?

P. No, he just fell on his back.

Are there any dangers from sniffing?

M. Afterwards. Brain haemorrhage or something.

How did you hear about that?

M. Someone told me.

And you believe it?

M. Yeah I suppose so.

But you keep doing it.

M. He only does it to get dreams.

What sort of dream?

P. Horror dreams. You shrink and die sometimes.

M. When you first do it you think you're dead.

P. Once I was wriggling on the floor and my eyes were shut and I thought I was really dying. A vein in my neck was pulsing going up and down. It was massive. I thought it was going to pop and someone said 'you're dying' and you believed it.

Is it always like that?

M. You don't always get bad dreams. You get different things like poxy cartoon characters running past your eyes. Or say someone moves once. It goes a thousand times. It goes backwards and forwards. It's the only shit that'll shut me up.

Experts say it's not possible to hallucinate.

P. What did they say that for?

M. How would they know when they've never done it.

P. You don't hallucinate at first. It takes about three weeks to do it.

Is it a good feeling it gives you on the whole?

M. I don't touch it anymore because of the nightmares.

They were really bad?

M. I got people walking up with an axe trying to chop my head off.

So you get nightmares and the axeman and death. Is there anything good about it?

P. It is good.

Why is it good?

P. Dunno.



COMING UNSTUCK

From previous page

Although sniffing in Britain goes back at least ten years, it wasn't until 1975 that the first wave of moral panic swept the Islands.

In August of that year, an 11-year-old Sunderland boy was found dead with an empty can of EVO-stick by his side.

Local papers, as well as several in Scotland, launched themselves into lurid campaigns apparently seeking to defeat "the demon vapour". One, the *Sunderland Echo*, ran a 'This Is How It's Done' photograph. Another sent child patsies to buy glue at stores throughout the north of England to illustrate a situation never in question... "Children Can Still Buy Glue".

There were references to "the new heroin of the teeny bopper" (*Northern Echo* quoting a policeman) and accounts of glue-induced anti-social behaviour such as the "14-year-old boy who indecently assaulted another lad, aged seven" and the 16-year-old who "developed a Jeekyll and Hyde personality".

The 1975 panic swept up MPs and other concerned officials and by the end of the year the Government was involved.

Was it possible to force the labelling of harmful products and to develop "aversive" foul-smelling additives for the sniffed substances?

The reply from the Department of Prices and Consumer Protection was that labelling would amount to a Sniffers' Guide, whilst "aversive additives" would be too difficult and expensive to produce. (The Government had, in fact, sought a safe pong from the Germ Warfare Chemical Defence Establishment but Porton Down was unable to help.)

The Government in any case took the attitude — and has maintained it to this day — that "low profile education (about the dangers of sniffing) in informal settings such as youth clubs" was always to be preferred to legislation.

This was solid, pragmatic sense. For as Mike Tristram of Release explains it: "If you make it illegal to sell to minors you just create a black market or you'll get kids stealing.

SNIFFIN' GLUE AND OTHER SOCIALLY UNACCEPTABLE HABITS FOR KIDS WITH SOO ALL ELSE TO DO.

CHANGED? SO WHAT ELSE HASN'T CHANGED? SO WHAT ELSE HASN'T



Graphic comment by Ray Lowry

"The chances are you'll also encourage them on to other, possibly more dangerous, things, like aerosols. Then, do you start introducing legislation to prevent kids buying a whole range of household goods? If so, do the parents buy them and the kids steal from their parents? It's never ending."

"It's anyway not laying very good foundations for the future if you start labelling 12 and 13-year-old kids criminal and deviant."

The Government's strategy has marginally succeeded in damping down the hysteria but still the pamphleteering by "experts" continues as well as the emotive,

sometimes idiotic newspaper articles.

"Unfortunately," says the Institute For The Study of Drug Dependency in *Teaching About A Volatile Situation*, "much of what is written on the harmful effects is unreliable and alarmist, tending to ignore distinctions between solvents and attributing to each and every one of them the combined total of possible ill effects of them all."

Panic reactions, it suggests, drive sniffers into ever more dangerous places such as building sites and canal banks.

"The lesson to be learnt from the literature is that the view of solvent

sniffing as a form of mass teenage pathology inevitably leading to sordid consequences is incorrect and unhelpful.

"Sniffing, particularly of glue, can be a relatively harmless way of getting intoxicated, the degree of intoxication depending upon the amount taken and is best treated similarly to teenage drinking."

THE PARALLEL with booze is apt. Heavy booze such as whisky and brandy can itself be warmed and sniffed and with basically the same rapid lift and left-down effect of toluene. Pharmaceutically, they are, at base, almost identical. The gross-out consequences are also the same, particularly in the hands of the inexperienced or chronic abuser — impaired physical and mental ability, vomiting and unconsciousness.

It's also true that both can lead to love-making, murder or giggling, depending on mood and type. Cultural norms, expectations and environment are also factors that impinge not just upon the glue sniffer but upon bank clerks and junior ministers and their toot.

Does toluene damage the kidneys and liver? The answer to that is unproven. If the answer were asked

of alcohol, most experts would answer yes, if used to excess. And the same is probably applicable to toluene.

The best that can be said for the moment is that aerosols and fire extinguishers are extremely dangerous, keep away from them.

Cleaning fluids are also not helpful. Petrol and rubber solutions may cause headaches and puking and, if used long term, damage to the liver.

Release stick to their "no proven damage" thesis in the case of acetone and toluene and seek to discharge information that will kill lies, rumour and reduce risk.

"If you are sniffing," says Release, "follow the five Don'ts."

Don't sniff in dangerous places.

Don't sniff alone.

Don't put glue directly on the face or mouth. You could suffocate.

Don't use a large bag, especially a large polythene bag.

Don't mix glue with other drugs, particularly alcohol.

And don't get stuck on glue or it'll be the solution that devours. Release urge that if you're not having a good time with it but can't stop, then get some advice. You can call them. Remember, you're not illegal.



the
SPIZZ OIL
SPIZZ ENERGI
ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80

SPIZZLES

NEW SINGLE
RISK!
AMS 8107

AM

READY STEADY BONGOS!

FIRST OF all there was Lothar And The Hand People, The Fugs, The Magicians, Middle Class and The Velvet Underground.

Number two: there was Talking Heads, Blondie, Television, Ramones and Richard Hell.

Now there are three: linked, perhaps by The Fleshtones with the second wave, this third wave is creeping and crawling with new version of NYC music, and is bringing The Bongos' slightly mighty real pop into our sights.

The Bongos! that can't be bad.

A former chef, someone who once produced Tiny Tim singing Bob Dylan, and an expert on tropical fish: Frank, Rob and Richard.

The name The Bongos was the last on their list; it could have been The Banjos, The Kooky World Of LSD, Highchairs, Wheelchairs. They're The Bongos, and they're all short, all heart, so nice and very much part of New York City's third wave.

They're The Bongos and they play ancient/modern random and fuse: which is rhythm and blues filtered through the disparate worlds of Bolan, Coleman, Sun Ra, The Feelies, or basic pop distended by an absorption of the acts of Rotten, Lennon, Reed and Barratt, or...

Jesus, it's a New York music so it's eclectic and open at both ends and there's a fine awareness of tradition meshed naturally with a cheerful 'spirit of adventure'.

The Bongos are a bouncing love bite. Grip them between the knees and GO!

Pat-a-awake
pat-a-awake...
Crazy sax and upsetting percussion!

The Bongos are a light treat, a real tasty pudding, and they're a pop group who dream of acoustic jazz, and they're a jazz trio with pounds of passion. And they're in Britain. And I'm talking to them! They all need a shave. And so do I!

THE THING is — it could be funny, or it's because they're American and so naturally unaware of newest Brit-impresions — they're not ashamed of using the term rock'n'roll.

"That's what we play!" I speedily define the ideals of anti-rockism: point out that rockism is macho vulgarity, sticking stupidity, constantly abusive. Over here rock'n'roll chucks up a rockist image.

"To us the essence of rock'n'roll is like The Beatles in Hamburg, people playing it 'cos they loved it and something based in firm tradition and in reality. The good rock'n'roll is about ten per cent of what has happened. All the rest is just horrible."

What were the first records The Bongos ever bought?

Frank the drummer: 'Mellow Yellow' by Donovan.

Richard the guitarist: "I think 'Ticket To Ride', that was the first I actually bought. I had records all the time. When I was in the 3rd Grade I

had Velvets records."

Rob the bassbong: "When I was little my mother had Elvis records just to have them in the house. My father listened to Miles Davis records. I started to buy records when I was a baby. If I had to pick out my two favourite records, they'd be 'Trout Mask Replica' by Captain Beefheart and The Velvets' banana LP."

"I can't tell you how much I like Beefheart. I listen to him all the time. It doesn't show up in our music too much."

Well, yes... Bongo songs are structured, for all the spacey/loosey/ness, with a close to tidy mind.

Rob: "That's a Velvet thing, they wrote those short structured songs. And we also love the early Beatles. For me the slender years were the '70s."

Richard: "But then there was T. Rex! I really like T. Rex. A lot of our structures come from those sort of songs. We try and put all our influences into a structure that is similar to 'White Swan', 'Hot Love' and 'Bang A Gong'. It's that T. Rex symmetry. A great balance."

The Bongos cover 'Mambo Sun' — because we knew how to play it — but aren't



Clockwise from the top: Richard, Rob and Frank Bong.

called Bongos in honour of the mysterious Micky Finn... They could have been called The Grandparents, Sunken Treasure Group, The Elizabethans. But they're The Bongos and you could say they've led a sheltered life. They would!

THE BONGOS have been bongoling for two years and have released two singles on Fetish Records: 'Telephoto Lens' and 'In The Congo' are a tiny slice of Bongo-cake. They emerged out of a group named a. They're happy being Bongo boys, don't know where it's moving, but do know that they don't want to grow fat, druggie or hippy.

They tell me that they are living literally on the poverty line.

"We have no money. We never know when we're going to pay the rent. We eat

one meal a day..."

Is it a surprise we have The Bongos? Despite the static structure of its radio, the stodgy state of its pop papers, the submissiveness of its fans, America is currently home to more real pop/true wave groups than ever before. Something's stirring the sludge. Cool combos such as The Bongos have somehow evaded the conditioning and emerged with a sensibility and perspective that is almost European (just like the Velvets). A perspective that can accept pop as art/good time/good for the soul, and reject pop as tight skill/career in business.

The Bongos and those others are helping shatter a deep-set inverted snobbery that had American post-punk look down on their own new music and cream indiscriminately over anything British.

New York's Bongos settle comfortably between Paul Morley's knees as he patters out a pop parable. Pictures Peter Anderson.

"Early on we had to open for a lot of British groups and we thought that we were equal if not better than them. It was the only way we could play New York, but now we don't do that. Things are changing at the moment, mostly through the efforts of people like Bob Singerman who manages or books most of the groups."

Is it frustrating being a real pop group in America?

"We try not to be frustrated by anything. An alternative network is starting to grow, although there is a long way for it to go. We just don't think in negative terms. This is what we do! We don't play music like The Eagles or whatever... we never listen to that kind of radio. We don't know what the big thing is in America right now..."

All the groups on the London Rainbow show — bar Polyrock, who RCA have bought in — are friends, informally switching and mixing personnel for one-off gigs and swapping ideas.

An article in a recent *Guardian* by an ex-New Yorker said that current NY groups were betraying something: cheating because their sound and worry didn't

capture a swirling New York feel.

Richard: "It's not true... Listen to the Bush Tetras! Our songs aren't that ominous, but yet they are as well. They're written from things that go on in New York, like my vision of what goes on. It all depends how you look at things."

"In The Congo" is directly inspired by living in New York."

Rob: "Our songs represent things in flux. That should be so because the universe is in flux, life is in a constant state of chaos, and you should try and reflect that. It shouldn't be rigid. You shouldn't hold things stiff like the guards at Buckingham Palace as some groups do..."

Did The Monkees ever talk like this?

"We liked The Monkees!"

YES, WELL... some decent questions for a real pop group who are fans of The Monkees and Clock DVA, T. Rex and Throbbing Gristle.

Are you still in your teens?

Rob: "Perpetually."

Are you lovable?

Rob: "You should see these guys at the bar."

Do you keep pet hamsters?

Rob: "Pet fish."

Frank: "I have a tropical newt!"

Richard: "We do keep tropical fish and we all are in our teens."

Rob: "Very late teens."

Are you macho?

Rob: "Just look at us!"

This is true. Do you care what you look like on stage?

Rob: "We don't like to look like slob."

You shave before you go on?

Richard: "Not always. It depends what day of the week it is."

What sort of things do you hate — you seem so nice and jolly.

Rob: "We hate rockists, I guess."

Richard: "We put the things we hate out of our minds."

Rob: "We like a lot of stuff!"

Richard: "If someone's on the radio that we don't like we immediately turn it off so we don't know who they are."

So you're cut off from ugly realities?

"Of course..."

Do you want to get rich?

Rob: "It would be nice to have money."

Richard: "And eat a couple of meals a day. Buy an electric razor. And a tape recorder, things like that... If we had money we'd get things we've needed for years, to expand everything... We'd go into videos properly."

Do you like Americans?

Rob: "I hate Americans."

Richard: "We were talking all day yesterday about how we hate Americans."

Rob: "We make fun of this word hate."

Richard: "We hate Americans... no, don't print that."

I will.

Rob: "We hate your paper. We read... what's that horrible daily paper..."

The *Daily Star*.

Richard: "I love that. And the *National Enquirer*. New York *Post*. No, not really. We don't try to think about politics too much."

Really?

Rob: "Look who's in the White House."

Richard: "Don't even think about it. It's dangerous. Soul crushing. So what we try and do is... I don't know what we try and do!"

Are you eternal optimists?

Rob: "We're pessimistic optimists. Pesoptimists."

Richard: "Pesoptimists! Oh my god!"

Do you add to the shit of the world?

Richard: "I don't think so."

What about Bongo words?

Richard: "I write them very quickly. They just burst out."

Like a pimple?

Richard: "I don't much like to think of it that way."

Are you a druggie group?

Richard: "It's tea. Tea and vitamins. I don't think we're a druggie group at all."

"It's like the least druggie group I've ever known."

Rob: "Sometimes we enjoy some of the stronger psychedelic stuff. In moderation."

AND NO nasty self-consciousness! These Americans, they're so open.

"Wow, this is really like an interview. Back home it's like two minutes and that's it."

They dare to be happy! Richard corresponds with Genesis P. Orridge. Their vitality's all creased up by a

Continues page 45

WHERE REGGAE really begins — in tune to the sound system.

Here is the heart of the music: groups of youth, each with their different philosophies, who travel the country or simply nice up their own areas. To hear it at peak potency you need to be tapped into the wires, the handbills that announce the upcoming sound spectaculars, station underground news. If you can manage it you'll travel to check out your favourite sound as you might your local football, domino or darts team. This is their story. All systems go!

STILL sweating after 45 minutes of sinew stretching football, Colin, his baseball cap on back to front, sits patiently on the edge of the table in the youth club he frequents. 17 years old and unemployed, he originates from Jamaica but hails from Harlesden, and when it comes to raving he "don't business".

Any weekend will find him on the move in search of a party, anywhere from Harlesden to Harrow, Kensal Rise to Paddington. He prefers UK lovers rock to the majority of music from Jamaica.

Opposite him sits Paul, similarly attired in a nylon anorak, complete with go-faster stripes down the sleeves and a red baseball hat: sticksman chic. Also of Jamaican extraction, he talks rapidly as his accent shifts with the smoothness of a Rolls Royce gearbox from a London twang to "yard" talk and back again. Concentrating his raving activities in the Ladbroke Grove and Hammersmith area, Paul mostly deals in lovers, but if it is going to be dub then it has to be the heaviest.

What are the raving possibilities for black youth on a weekend?

P: "Not much really, only parties."

C: "On Saturdays."

What about clubs?

P: "Phew, there's hardly any clubs open on a Saturday. All Nations, Ball Hai. But the clubs of today are too violent."

C: "Bad boys clubs."

What kind of violence?

P: "It depends. If you dress up hard with jewellery and things and there's a gang of boys from another area, they'll drape you up for it. They'd kill a man for his jewellery."

What about blues dances?

P: "Blues ain't really for the gal them."

C: "Yeah, and I went to a blues where

it was 20p for a cup of water and five for ice."

P: "Sticksman Hi-Fi did play at a blues, 50p to get in and not so steep on the drinks. When the old people have blues it's out of order. They have a big 70p for a rum and black and thing."

"I've been to a couple of nice blues though, where they played pure lovers. At one there was two sounds playing but one was playing dub and the people never check it, so everybody left and went into the room where they were playing lovers rock."

So what about this situation with the lovers rock versus dub scene?

C: "A party is nothing without girls and the girls check for lovers."

How do you rate the smaller party sounds?

P: "They're alright, but it depends what kind of music they're playing and how they mix it."

C: "You can't start a party by playing

lovers, so you play a little dub and a little soul."

P: "Yeah, liven up the party and then buss the lovers when everybody get tired and hot."

C: "Then you go into revival, that's what's coming up now, old lovers music. Sounds like 'Jealousy', 'Caught You In A Lie'."

HAIL BRETHREN AND SISTREN

It's Not the Strength or the Powers or the Determination of those who Oppose III that will Delay the Success of this Battle of Good over Evil. But only the Weakness of III Unity

A BIG BIG SOUND SYSTEM SPLASHDOWN

PRESENT

FROM THE NORTH

PENNY REEL
RESIDENT ENTERTAINER

in unity with

FROM THE GROVE

VIVIEN GOLDMAN
DUB ADVENTURER

in unity with

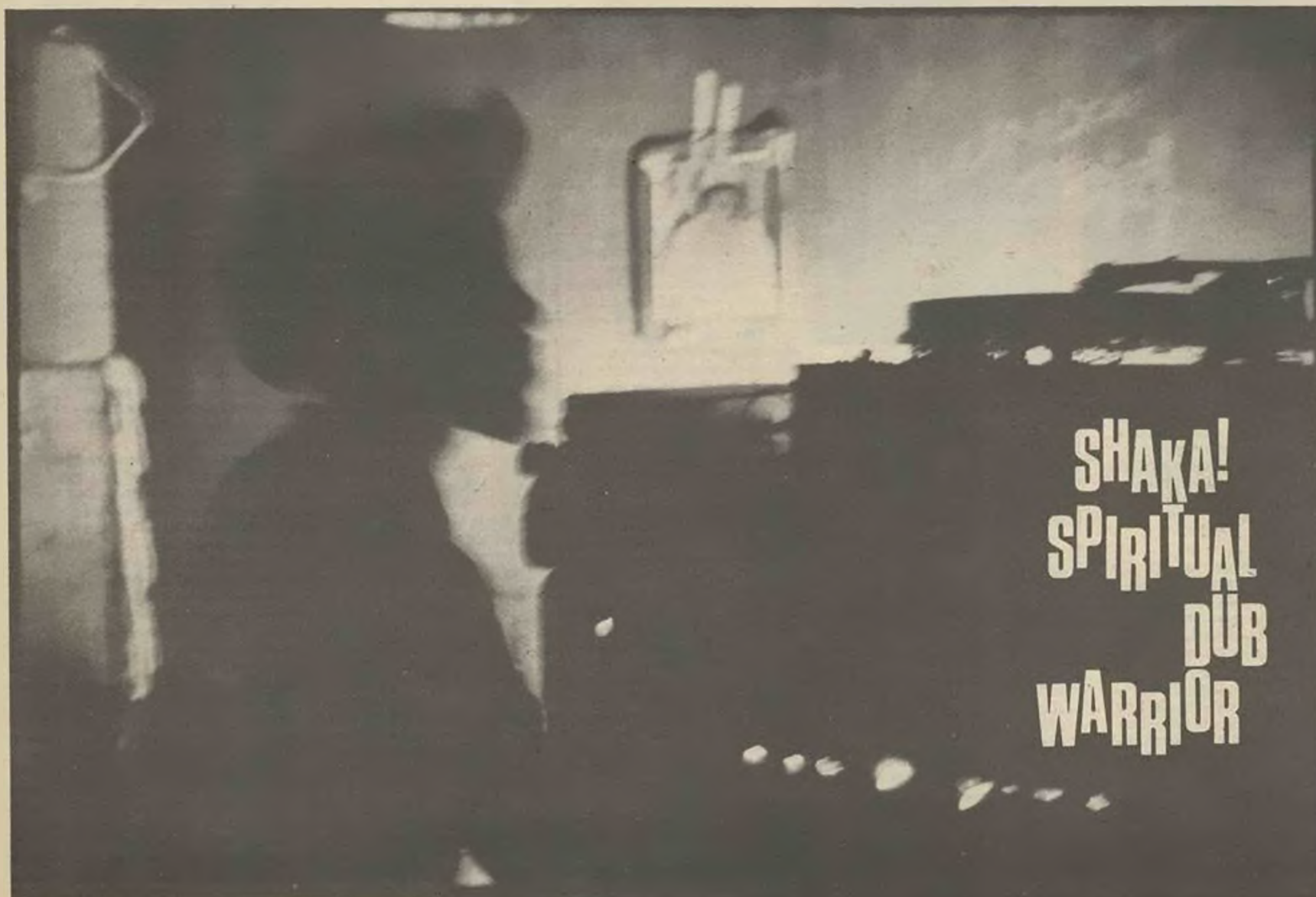
THE MIGHTY FROM DOWNTOWN STOKIE

PAUL BRADSHAW
&
JEAN BERNARD SCHIEZ

AS "FRENCHIE"
AT THE CAMERA CONTROLS

WHO SAY GO DEH

ADMISSION AT THE DOOR



SHAKA!
SPIRITUAL
DUB
WARRIOR

IT'S something like seeing the Wizard of Oz for the first time; all that mighty, awesome thunder and noise of great rushing waters, then a faint start when you realise the tumult is coming from one man.

Shaka detests dealing in competition, and indeed every sound has its strengths. Mighty Observer gain credit for carrying the sound system revelation abroad, and to people of different cultures. Ray Symbolic the Bionic are the slickest dudes, with Ranking Joe rapping like a sassy fridge salesman having fun among the eskimos.

All sound system followers have their favourites, and there is a certain section of the population who love only Shaka.

It seemed that when the other sounds had done with their boasting and toasting, there would come a discreet hiss from the corner, and Shaka would mutter a title, or more often an invocation to Jah RasTafari, and the old-style heavy bakelite-style head of his arm would lower to the vinyl. Then it might seem that the walls were tumbling down around your ears. Then it might seem that your body had never felt those rhythms to impel and overwhelm, you'd find your feet flashing like sparklers.

A crowd gathers round Shaka, watching entranced as if he was a conjuror. Sometimes he plays the vocal section straight, then he rides the rhythm until it disintegrates. You hurtle through the instruments like a dance of swop-your-partners, now whirling to the hi-hat, or fist-fighting with the bass. When the music hits, Shaka, well into the dub section now, looks like Lee Perry, swaying faster to a frenzy, bobbing and weaving as the music's penetrating. His hands seem

The oracular Jah Shaka standing in the shadows of dub



toasts with Barrington Levy . . . and he tells me say he is a Rasta, but when he goes to parties he doesn't want to hear dub, just lovers so he can rub gal.

"People don't go into big halls like Acton Town Hall and rub; before they did, 'cause before people used to set their mind on it as one music (reggae). Lovers wasn't so hot then, but you used to have soft music and that's when Shaka and Bassa (Moa Anbessa) used to play it. People used to rub then, but now the sounds are just into dub."

Shaka plays nothing but dub from the moment he strings up to when he signs off.

P: "Cause Shaka's the warrior. He's showing people how hard he is."

C: "To them, weight is the most important thing. If the bass comes out heavier than the other one they claim they're the winner."

So you're not interested in that side of sound?

C: "No."

P: "Only if I feel for a little jump up and down. Like last Friday I did go down Phebes and did hear Shaka thump two rhythm, and when I got a little bored I jus' went upstairs to the lovers."

What about the big sounds? Do you reckon they've got a future?

C: "No."

P: "There's only one sound that's got a future and that's Shaka, 'cause he's the one that's making the rhythm."

"Tottenham rock. Said you gotta forward down the track. When I take this stop I said I won't be coming back, when I play my musical shock attack, the sounds like the Tottenham rock as I would tell you. Say so. Jah know."

U. Brown: 'Tottenham Rock'.

The team:

Selectors: Robert Fearon, Michael Edwards;

Microphone: Richard Fearon, Raymond McCook;

Caretaker: Bouncing Stanley;

Supervisor: William Richardson;

Box Boys: Carl, Leroy, Michael, Tony, Teeth, Andy, Stud, Bigfoot Barry;

Honorary Member: Prince Jammy — producer at King Tubby's;

Owner of the sound: K. Gordon (Fatman).

HOW DID you first start moving around sounds?

Fatman: "Bwoy, just thieving out of my house, going to dances and getting beaten from a youth. That's how I really started out."

Where?

Fatman: "Jamaica."

What sounds?

Fatman: "Is a whole heap of different sound. Different sounds from all them



times there, like Coxson sound, Duke Reid sound, Blackbeard sound, all different type of sound. I didn't have no special sound to go and listen, because I couldn't go in the dance. I could only listen to them outside."

When did you come to England?

Fatman: " '63."

Why?

Fatman: "I grow with my aunt and she was over here, so she decide to send for me. I didn't really want to come but, you know, she get pretty strong

about it so I have to come here then."

You always live North London?

Fatman: "Always in North London ever since, yes."

Tell us something about Sir Fanzo.

Fatman: "When I come to North

FATMAN HOTSPUR HiFi

London, after I was staying home for a couple of weeks, I start going out now and trying to find a sound to go and listen to. The first sound I come across was Sir Fanzo. So I started to listen to that sound and start getting in with them, and then I start going around with the people.

"Used to play in places like Grays Hall and the Sunset, Grays Hall in Seven Sisters Road, Tollington Park Ballroom and all the town halls and thing like that, but Fanzo normally used to rule Finsbury Park and Tottenham."

How about Stoke Newington parts? Who was the . . .

Fatman: "Well yeah, we used to play
CONTINUES OVER



"You feeling sweet so move your feet, at the club; a special groove you won't feel blue, at the club; and the beat goes on and on, at the club; behind them a rock and go down, at the club. What would life be without the club? How could we live without the dub. The Phebes, the Cubies, you're bound to rock. Said what would life be without the club?"

Victor Romero Evans: 'At The Club'

a tell yuh."

What about the town hall dances with the top sounds?

P: "That's for the Ras Tafari them, for the dub man them. I only bother with them if it's big like Shaka. That's the only time I go. They don't play lovers 'cause they're entertaining the Rasta them. They're not entertaining the yout' them, maybe the Rasta yout', but them nah entertain me."

C: "I was chatting to this Rasta guy and he was telling me how dub gives him the vibe to dance. Lovers ain't got no vibes for him. Rastaman is the kind of person who'll dance by himself and feel high."

P: "I met this toaster in Greensleeves (Shepherds Bush) the other day, he

to flash from knob to knob of his HH amp like lightning. A picture of Haile Selassie sellotaped above the deck acts as an inspirational icon.

Then come certain sounds, the sounds that mark out Shaka. A keening sound cuts you, trailing a tall like a comet. Shaka playing his harp, then syn-drum; he hits it with a drumstick or plays it with his hands, the abstract texture melodies that race like liquid neon through each vein. This is a music, a great improvisation, that goes beyond reggae or any other musical division. Almost beyond physical music, into the mystic; sheets of energy shooting from the barricading standing store speakers.

Some people complain, say Shaka carries too much weight, too much distortion. It's true it can verge on pain when Shaka shakes a sound by the scruff of its neck till it gives up its secret. But he is an extreme artist. Unlike most sound system organisers, he stays alone at the controls, speaking only when the spirit says so, choosing the music that will re-charge the people's batteries like an orgone accumulator. If Shaka's sound sticks needles in your ears, it's like acupuncture, shaking up the sluggish circulation of the blood. He is a serious and dedicated man, who will only play inspirational music.

Shaka inspires the stepper dancers. When his turn comes round, the music hits a new intensity, and the youths launch into gymnastic feats. As much mime as dance, the motions of stepping on stones over river currents, of peering through curtains and shinning up drainpipes, of finding your way from a fortress to freedom. These are guerilla movements to complement Shaka's warrior style. Purposeful and athletic, with the frenzy of dervishes. It is no coincidence that Shaka cites Aswad,

and Misty, the two warrior bands, as particularly crucial.

Such a stance is crucial in these times. Last Friday Shaka was making the rafters rattle like loose teeth in a South London Town Hall, playing a new Aswad dub. He cries:

"JAHOVIAH!", a long, warbled yowl that seems to span octaves, the cry he's adopted from the Twinkle Brothers' great 'Daniel' record. The warrior youth start to step with the crisp decision that marks a militant stepper.

Shaka named himself after the great Zulu warrior; the man who re-structured the Zulu armies in the early 1800's. He devised a new, lethal, fighting blade: imposed strict discipline, including months of celibacy at a stretch: divided the spoils of war radically, giving most to the poorest soldiers, and less to the rich. Jah Shaka says it's the Zulu's work he sets out to continue.

That same day, the papers report a 17-year-old skinhead Sieg Heiling in court as he's sentenced for the murder of an Asian youth. Akhter Ali Balg. Another item next to it quotes Joan Lester, MP, saying that many victims have no confidence in the determination of the police to seek out perpetrators of racial violence.

It's a warrior time, if you want to survive. Daily harassment of all kinds, the feeling of not being free to walk the streets; Shaka's answer, in the face of any argument, is repatriation to Africa.

"It's a complete solution. With the knowledge we've got over the years, we know the task. We are not fighting to stay here. If I was to meet with the head of the National Front, it would solve a lot of problems."

The man who inspires such fierce devotion does not like to talk about himself. "It's nothing to do with my private life or my slave name. It's nonsense to bring yourself out into the limelight. I'm not involved with that. All I want to do is get on with my work, till such time as I leave the country."

"I don't know what the other sounds are doing, I only know what I

"Moa Anbessa-ah-ah-ah. Got a woman want fe hold little rub, check out Shaka fe play some dubs, check out Fatman fe spin some dubs, Coxone see you come tonight but no bother broke no fight. . ."

Cimarons: 'Rub A Dub Shoes'

am doing. It's nothing to do with what kind of speakers or amps I'm building; I'm only concerned with building spiritually.

"I spend a lot of time with the sound. Talking to the people is more important than the studio business. (Although Shaka himself is a musician and has just released his first record — "Jah Children Cry" by African Princess on his own label.) I've got to bring people to remember that we,

the black people, have been forgotten. You could call us the forgotten race, as it says in the Bible. I take it very seriously. The people that are mentioned in the records I play — the Children of Israel — that is directly us.

"This is my most important job. People get depressed in this country. You have to give them something to hope for. There's a lot of pressure. People complain, they say the whole world is upside down. People jump off buildings so as not to face earth as it is at the moment. The only thing to look to is God. People have tried everything else. Haile Selassie came to show us that everything we've

been hearing about is not in the sky — there is such a place where we could be — Ethiopia."

Shaka's views are controversial. He arrived from Jamaica when he was five; kept dances from when he attended the Samuel Pepys School in South London. He gives thanks that he was raised here: "It's been like a college here for me."

The first sound he checked for was Metro, who still build his amps.

Shaka moves with twelve youths who help set up the sound, transporting the mighty, hand-carved speakers with their heavyweight thunder old American RCA boxes, and amps. Most of them are unemployed. They have followed Shaka for anything from five to seven years, devote their lives to his sound.

Between them, the youths around Shaka number the several skills — carpentry, electrical, and so on — necessary to maintain the sound. They are unemployed simply because work is scarce; but this is probably the most fulfilling job they could do. "Money doesn't even come into it," says one youth whose two brothers have also worked alongside the dub warrior for years. "It's a message we're carrying, not just a sound."

Those who followed Rasta as a fashion have moved on to roller disco. For the large hard core who are serious about their beliefs, Shaka is still here. When you hear Shaka play his sound, it's easy to believe his inspiration is divine.



NOTHING BUT A HOUSE PARTY



FATMAN

CONTINUED

In Stoke Newington area as well. Fanso used to play Stoke Newington area, but we never used to play a track that area like how we used to play in Finsbury Park and Tottenham.

Who would be the ruling sound in Stoke at that time?

Fatman: "Stoke Newington. In them time, Well, ever since I come is always Chicken the Thunderstorm, when it comes to house dance is always Chicken the Thunderstorm I hear about from ever since in Stoke Newington, and Shelley, Count Shelley."

Is Chicken the Thunderstorm the same Chicken Hi-Fi who still plays out in N16?

Fatman: "Yes, is the same Chicken. I think him should be a fowl by now."

"Yeah Sir Fanso, as everybody knows, if you mention Fanso, Fanso was a great sound in them times, was ever forward. That's why we really stick with Fanso, because all the best of sound in them times them never putting over what Fanso really putting over."

What sort of music were you dealing with?

"Roots music, reggae music same way. Them days was just a breakout from bluebeat really, and Fanso used to play everything; the sort of people him play for, well it used to younger



"MY VIEWS on sound system right now. Me personally lose a bit of the enthusiasm, not in my sound, sound system in general. The same spirit is not there that was there before. Just going out and two sound playing together, that used to create a certain atmosphere, because that was the unique thing once upon a time, but now everything get so commercial. I mean it gone from two sound to three sound in a hall now, to four. To go out and listen to four sounds, four, five and six sound in one place, it's common. So therefore it doesn't become exciting no more. Plus, all you're hearing nowadays is a bag o' noise, is just wattage, there's no enjoyment, there's no selection, right?"

"I'm a selector and I play a selection, which means wha', I might play a selection of one artist, or a selection of another artist. Nowadays, to me, they just play anything. So there's not that amount of excitement in it no more."

"And I prefer to play in a hall by myself. When I'm playing with other sound I'm selecting and I know what I'm doing. You might be doing something completely

different, and it puts me off.

"The competition is no good for the audience, no way at all, because you find out say the sound system there now, from is competition you're no longer entertaining, you're trying to find a record that is better than the record that the next man just play, and that doesn't necessarily mean is the tune what the people them might want to hear, but you're going to play it in any case. So then it becomes boring after a while."

"You see you have competition dances which are direct competition dances, where there is a cup or a trophy at stake. Whereas you might have two sounds that are just playing together, which is supposed to be an entertainment night, but it doesn't because it becomes a competition. From two sounds string up together now it's just an automatic competition, they feel say is a competition, and that's no good. That wrong. It kill the entertainment side. Sound system used to draw a large crowd, and then when you go to a dance hall now you don't see nobody in a dance hall."

Robert Fearon aka "Ribs": selector with Fatman Hi-Fi.

"SHEBEEN come and shebeen go, so right now — you'd better take what you can get," Weasel, the dread deejay of Mossiah Sound toasts ominously into the mike

It is not a glamorous room; the ground floor of a small terrace house. Weasel has made an effort to smarten it up; there are posters of reggae artists, Earth, Wind & Fire, Gladys Knight and, stuck incongruously over a speaker, a big poster for The Great Rock & Roll Swindle, holds peel back from the walls, showing the bare skeleton of wood. But it is 4.00 am, and we couldn't really be in greater luxury: it's a club that costs one pound entrance, playing great music; where a woman can dance on her own without being hassled or be sociable, as she chooses; and its open all night from midnight, seven days a week.

For many people, life is the shebeen. It's where the people of the neighbourhood with nothing much to do in the morning save their sanity or blow their cover. Sometimes the police come in. Sometimes they'll take somebody away. Sometimes they say: We're not here to cause any trouble, there's just one geezer ordered a minibar and hasn't paid. Sometimes they'll ask a woman to dance, and have a drink — when they're off duty, of course!

Occasionally frustrations will bubble over; there's one particular firetrap down the Harrow Road — through the Pool Hall and down some wobbly stairs and into the club they call the Graveyard. The Black Hole of Harrow. A man went wild with a gun there the other week, alarming all the businessmen and

women. When the police pull into that joint, it's over the back wall and into the Harrow Road cemetery — and people have had some strange experiences there in the early hours.

Maybe you wouldn't like to live next door to a shebeen, but it's good to have one over the road. By now it's a great British institution, like the pub, evolving from the early house party days, all that Irish and Jamaican *joie de vivre* spilling on after licensing hours end. One hears tales of luxurious shebeens of the early '60s patronised by politicians, aristocrats and mediocrits of all kinds. Those were the days of Peter Rachman, Christine Keeler, Stephen Ward, Aloysius "Lucky" Gordon, Mandy Rice-Davies.

That classical sexual/economic relationship of white women supporting black men is still in evidence, but low profile. There is little racial tension. Punks come in the shebeens, bohos of every kind, earnest young white boys with thin ties and dark overcoats, hippies. There's natty dreads and youth in baseball caps, bomber jackets, kickers, haki and dungarees. A greying man wrestles with the billowing body of a flushed faced short skirted blonde. A corduroy clad dread with a weatherman hat cuts a complicated caper freezing on an off-beat, dancing a dub to the record. Out there in the hall, a man's asleep on the stairs.

All the musicians of the neighbourhood pass through the shebeen, and everyone's a musician anyway, grabbing on the mike just to tell you what it's like to be fighting down in *Bluesville* every day, when times is getting harder and harder. The shebeen is a safety valve. Sometimes a sanctuary.

remember how these people used to sound, you know, you can really picture me then. I was really hard in a them time. Like it was a little skaville, you know what I mean?"

Ribs: "Hoo-tch-tch, hoo-tch-tch, hoo-tch-tch..."

Fatman: "Just a little skaville."

How long were you with the sound?

Fatman: "About six, seven years."

Then he went home, right?

Fatman: "Who? Fanso went home? Yeah, he went home, went back to Jamaica. Carry his sound as well and played out in Jamaica."

How did that leave you?

Fatman: "It leave me stranded, walking up and down trying to find a sound to listen to. I listen to a lot of sound them time: I couldn't find anything to please me, suit me, 'cause coming like say them a play, 'cause everything was backward!"

The last sound I go out and listen to before I decide to build my sound was Sir Dees sound playing out in Tottenham, and I stand up the night and listen, and it coming like the music the man of Dees did play is music what Sir Fanso did stop play long time. I just come out and go home a my yard and I decide say I'm gonna build a sound.

When was that?

Fatman: "It was about '74."

You use the names Wild Bells and Imperial Downbeat for while.

Fatman: "Yeah that time the name me really be come with Wild Bells, 'cause we didn't use the name for long until I come with Imperial Downbeat."

The reason why I didn't use Wild Bells, at the same time a guy named Eddie

he started a sound as well, and he give the sound name Bells. So saying Wild Bells and Bells, it could come in like it was the same talk. So I just switch and say Imperial. Imperial Downbeat."

How long were you Imperial Downbeat?

Fatman: "From I was away I was always Imperial Downbeat, but when the sound start getting popular the people them... the sound start getting popular and I start getting bigger. The people them named me, the people them named me Fatman. It was the people them did."

So we just got to make the name of the sound Fatman Hi-Fi. That's how the name Fatman come about. So is really the people, that's what I'm say. Hornsey, Finsbury Park and them set of people really start off the name Fatman, which I never really care whether the man call me fat man, or maga man, or what."

Where did these Hornsey people come to hear you play?

Fatman: "To listen the sound? We really used to play in house dance, house dance was the craze at those time, and town halls and places like that."

Always this same area?

Fatman: "Yeah, always the same Finsbury Park, Tottenham, Hornsey. You maintain a teenage following over the years that establishes Fatman Hi-Fi as the patron sound of North London youth from time. You do any once, though, that you build your reputation in the early days playing to an older type of crowd."

Fatman: "Those were the times when we really just... those were the times when the people name me, that was the time when they call me Fatman, you see, and we were playing in house, when we first away 'NOW IN' when we start playing places like N16."

Bluesville in Wood Green. We started in Bluesville, then it was pure youngsters going to Bluesville, you see, so them break away from the sound. The bigger folks them break away from the sound and it's just younger ones them started coming now, and Bluesville was packed until we left. We left Bluesville, we went to Red Lion in Leytonstone. There it was packed out as well, and went on there for quite a while, until we left there and go back to Wood Green again, down in Nightingale pub."

Why did you keep leaving these places?

Fatman: "Well, they just keep closing down."

Why do they keep closing down?

Fatman: "Well I don't know. Up to now we don't find out the reason why."

Can you make we step it go to Clapton Common, come make we step it go to Dalston Junction, and then we go to Stoke Newington, ca' that there time we go down to Tottenham, man say. I said when night come, when night come, when night come a me I have some fun, me go a Cubes, me go a Phobes, me go a All Nations, me go a Ball Hall, me go a Four Aces."

Ranking Order: 'Loving Dem' / 'Loving Devotion'

but wherever reggae music is, from them times until now, you always find out as soon as you get say over 200 people inside the hall, you find out say it run for a little while, and then you just hear say you can't come back."

From ever since that been going on, and is still going on now. I mean, you can name the clubs them on one hand which is going to say in the 80s. Other clubs where you get a funky club or a pop club or any other different club, you'll find that they're

still going on, or a jazz club and all them things; but wherever you used to have reggae music, they never continue. As soon as the kids them start coming out, closed door."

"Most of the time them blame it on noise, most of the time them blame it on the youths them, say is bus problem, they won't pay fare and all them things, I mean you get kids coming from school that don't want to pay fare, why don't they close all the schools? You get guys coming from football, them rave up everywhere, and things like that, and police all over the street, you know. You never used to get them things from guys coming away from my sound."

Maybe they're frightened of the music.

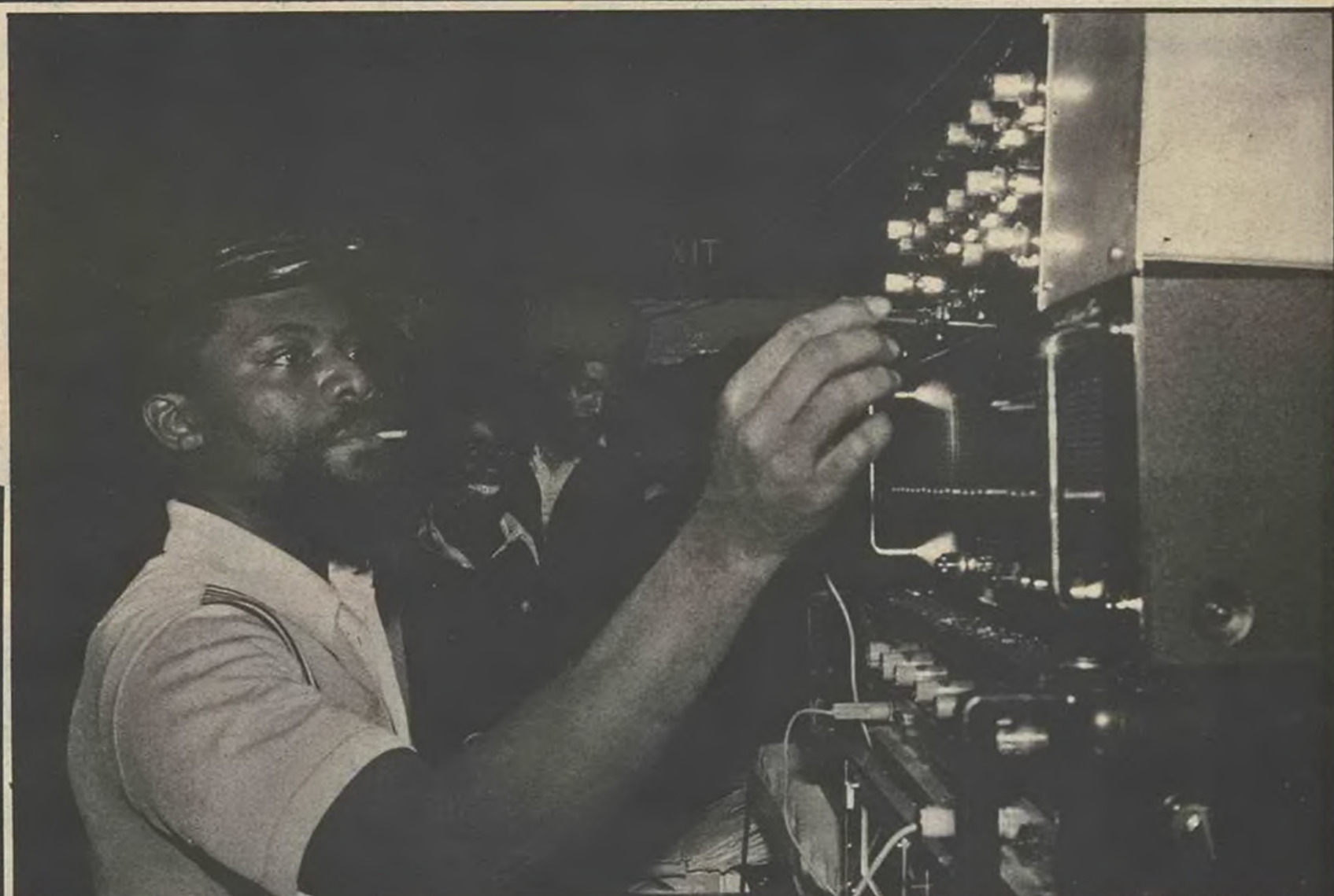
Fatman: "Well, they might be frightened of the music, you know, beca'... they must be frightened of the music, because whosoever is closing down the clubs, they don't come here. That's a good way of putting it, they might be frightened of the music."

You really have a strong heart to really face reggae music and the type of sound wha' we really play. 'Cause the sound wha' we really play, if your heart weak, you come inside, you drop. Just drop."

You used to play youth clubs at 10p a head.

Fatman: "Yeah. We used to play for terror nights club. When Pastor Morris used to run a youth club in Wood Green Road we used to play for him there. He used to charge 10 pence a head, but there we were only playing to keep the youths them off the street, so we didn't really play to say anything out of it. Is just something for the club, that 10p would go to the club and things like that."

CONTINUES PAGE 53



"Sounds called Cocksone is the first, sounds that control the universe and quench your musical thirst."

(Sir Cocksone: 'Cocksone Affair')

"PEOPLE SAY Cocksone sound is finished now... but we are the professor. We maintain a standard since '69 straight to this time and we are still here."

Sir Cocksone (Lloyd)

BEHIND THE combination of superlative equipment, a rare library of music, the creative ability to "present" reggae music and the teamwork which has ensured that Cocksone has for over a decade been the sound against which all others are judged is its founder Lloyd Cocksone.

A tall slim man whose angular features are framed by a crown of locks, Cocksone is an articulate, constructive and outspoken representative of the sound system fraternity in the UK. Hailing from Morant Bay, place of the biggest post slavery rebellion led by Paul Bogle, Lloyd arrived in England in 1962. Apart from a six month stretch on British Rail and a couple of short sojourns at Her Majesty's pleasure, the last 18 years have been spent working that subterranean network of blues and sound system dances. Since his arrival Cocksone has been based in South West London; it often comes as a surprise to one and all, especially aspiring sound men, that Lloyd lives in a more than somewhat down market residence, on the fourth floor of a red brick council block in Wandsworth. Affluence and sound rarely go together, and though he says "it is a good business" will also concede "it is a hard life, uncertain... today up, tomorrow down. We have been up and down many times but we have the experience."

It is an experience that Cocksone readily shares with the youth sounds, like the local up and coming Young Lion, who show up at his door to reason or seek his assistance. The disasters of the past become the wisdom of the future and Cocksone shakes his head as he recalls how his first system Lloyd the Matador blew up due to water in the amp. Being young and reckless, living for the moment and not dealing with saving and bank accounts, Cocksone was left no option but to return to deejaying a next man's sound, as he had done originally with Barry Pierocket, reluctantly accepting an offer from the UK Duke Reid.

With Cocksone at the controls Reid controlled south of the Thames and regularly made forays into territory of other sounds north of the river. Competition was fierce, with a tendency for rivalry to spill over into violence. But it was at Carnaby Street's notorious Roaring Twenties which was the premier venue from the late 50s and 60s through to the

music, that his sound was the first UK system to play dub, that they set the pace in equipment and pioneered the use of echo, reverb, equaliser, and also in paving the way for a sound system such as Shaka to take sound to a new dimension, creating atmosphere out of rhythmic weight and effects. Sound system has come a long way since the days of Lloyd the Matador when upon asking an electronics man named Fred to build him a 600 watt amp,

know that in following Shaka's distorted swirling dubonics and sheer physical weight, Cocksone will operate one piece of amp less and maintain a sharpness and a clarity, a kind of "round beat" and initially let the music do the work, before Poppa Festus — the Cocksone Hi-Fi controller — puts on the pressure, injecting tension into the rhythm and building the climax into the dub cuts.

Playing reggae and presenting reggae are two different things, and to Cocksone playing a dance means more than catering for the militant steppers who mainline warrior rhythms.

"We think of our dance public all the time. I am supposed to select music for the people to dance to, that is our job. That's what they're paying us for. If I don't, Cocksone am playing as a disc jockey I like to have



70s, and the residency at the Twenties was Cocksone's ambition. With the formation of Sir Cocksone sound in 1969, based on a team born out of Duke Reid's, that ambition was soon fulfilled. It was this team that the man called Lloyd was to celebrate in his 'Cocksone Affair' and 'Lloyd Cocksone Time', and it is teamwork that is the foundation of Cocksone sound now.

"To run a good sound in the UK is teamwork... a young team of men who are ambitious, record crazy and

Cocksone was greeted with: "You must be fucking crazy. Do you know how much power it takes to drive a cinema? Ten watts!"

The past 15 years has seen a shift from one extreme to another, and the banks of amplifiers in evidence at any sound dance are testimony to the current fixation with wattage rather than, Cocksone feels, an ability to select and present the music.

"People can't dance to wattage. If a man comes to me and he deals with sound he almost always deals

SIR COXSONE HI-FI — TECHNICAL INFO

AMPLIFIERS: five pieces of 600 watts (valve) — weight: four pieces of 600 watts (transistor) — treble. Use depends on size of venue. Brixton Town Hall determines three pieces of valve and one piece of transistor. Pre amp with built in equaliser to cover weight, treble, mid range. HH Echo Unit.

Special percussion box. SPEAKERS: an average play 19-20 bass speakers (other sounds play around 50 and still don't sound good," says Lloyd Cocksone.) Many different horns in treble section and small speakers. Several thousand yards of cable. Seven ton truck and transit van.

have young ideas. If I get old within my ideas there is many young men who come up with suggestions. By building a team you are building your sound for a long term. In my time in England I have seen a lot of good sound die 'cause they didn't build a team to manifest the work of the sound. Teamwork and effort is crucial as you can't live off your name."

For his endeavour Lloyd Cocksone can boast an unrivalled selection of

with wattage. Listen, the more you step up weight you lose quality, and a man must be able to hear your vocal playing. Too much sound in this country is running down weight but I don't see sound as is rootin' down like bulldozer as good sound. I am more interested in quality and selection of music."

Different philosophical attitudes result in different approaches. Those who have witnessed Shaka and Cocksone in dub conference will

Current holders of the coveted and controversial Black Star Liner Cup, Cocksone is still pragmatic about his sound's present position, and knows there is no room for relaxation on the UK sound scene with the likes of Shaka, Frontline, Stereograph, Jungle Man, Quaker City, Tubbsy and the rest injecting new momentum and ideas into the sound business. As the saying goes: "New broom sweep clean, old broom know corner best."

SIR COXSONE INTERNATIONAL

DIRECTORY OF SOUNDS

London: North-East
Fatman Hi-Fi — North London (Brixton) (Tottenham)
Sir Dees Hi-Fi — Champion of Tottenham
Sir George Hi-Fi from Tottenham (Cubles resident)
Seven Sals (Tottenham)
Nationwide of Tottenham
Hal Force (Tottenham)
Tippe Sound (Tottenham)
The Mighty Youth Of Zion (Bruce Grove)
Count Shelley — Heavyweight Champion of the North (Tottenham / Stoke Newington)
Sir Kye Hi-Fi — Stoke Newington Heavyweight Champion
Papa Eastman International (Stoke Newington)
The Mighty Prophets (Stoke Newington)
Imperial Zion (Stoke Newington)
Empower (Stoke Newington)
Jah Spirit (Stoke Newington)
Sir Fray Hi-Fi (Dalston)
Serge Hi-Fi of Dalston (Four Aces / Cubles resident)
Liberator Esq (Dalston)
Joshua Hi-Fi — Kingsland Entertainer
North Star Hi-Fi (Highbury / Highbury)
Kendie the Young Lion (Dalston)
Sir Blago the President (Papa B) of Hornsey
Mighty Intrepid Sound of Finsbury Park
Roots Rocker (Finsbury Park)
Progressive Sound (Tottenham Lane)
Saron Wood Green
Count Marshall from Edmonton
Count Cooze Cool (the Trojan (Hanwell)
Tokyo the Monarch (Leyton)
Unitone of Leyton
Imperial Youth (Leyton)
Sir Wayne (Leyton)
Capt'n Ken Big Musical Sound — North London No. 1
His Majesty Jah Whitley — North London Humble Lion
Jah Tubby from North
Count Reggie Hi-Fi (North London)

London: North-West
Tony the Paddington Terror
Duke Vin of Ledbrooke Grove
Jah Sufferer of Ledbrooke Grove (erstwhile Metro resident)
Masoch of Ledbrooke Grove
Mighty Warrior of Harrow Road
Success the Raver from Kilburn
Jaws (with Jumbo at the controls) of Kilburn
Lord Kops of Willesden — the Harlequin Master
Alpha Jet (Marlesden)
Count Sputnik (Marlesden)
Sir Jansie — King of the Bush
King Tropical Sound with the Velvet Touch (Acton)
Merritone Higher Field Marshall Sound (Greenford)
Jammie Sound from the North-West

London: South-West
Sir Cocksone International (Battersea)
The Mighty Mos Ambassa — The People's Choice (Battersea)
S'Phase (Battersea)
Warrior King (Battersea)
Black Unity (Battersea)
Young Lion — Brixton Cat (Battersea / Wandsworth)
Stereograph from the Bridge (Wandsworth)
I Spy the Entertainer (Wandsworth)
Frontline International (featuring Natty at the control, Chushe & General Saint at the microphone) band, Brixton
The Lordship Soforob from Brixton
B'Nusse the Champ of Brixton — South London No. 1
Godfather
Stereograph of Brixton
Sir Higgins the Governor (Brixton)
Small Axe the Dub Technician (Brixton)
Papa Dynotons International (Clapham Park)
Christos Sound of Clapham (best dance specialists)
The Right Honourable Sir Lloyd Sound — Mr Lavett's Rocker (Baltham)
Lord David Imperial Hi-Fi — SW Rocker

London: South-East
Jah Shaka the Spiritual Dub Warrior (Lewisham)
Trippy's Hi-Fi with the Velvet Touch (Lewisham)
T-W-J (Lewisham)
Mo'jah (Lewisham)
The Mighty Enforcers (Lewisham lovers rock)
Jah Man (Lewisham / Peckham)
Admiral Ken of Peckham (Bouncing Ball host)
Papa Viking Sound (Peckham)
His Imperial Gorgon Hi-Fi (Peckham)
The Mighty Sounds of Black Scorpion (Peckham / East Dulwich)
Jah Revelation the Placid Rocker (Dulwich)
The Mighty Revolutionaries — South-East A1 Sound (Deptford)
Jah Caesar (Deptford)
Rootsman Hi-Fi (Deptford)
Greatest from Camberwell

Surrey: Sir Hi-Fi the Cool Charm Rocker (Waterloo)
Troyan Hi-Fi of Waltham
Mighty Observer from West Croydon
Papa Gaze of Croydon
Youth Steppers (Thornton Heath)
Mighty Crusader (Dewsbury)
Neville the Musical Enchanter (South London veteran)
Sir Royale Quadrophonic — the Sound of the South

London: East
Chicken — East London No. 1 Entertainer
King Original the Crucial Rocker from Stratford (Studio One specialist)
Sir Riley Hi-Fi of Upton Park
Chapple Dread International of Corner Shot (Upton Park)
Bedegehannier of West Ham
Greatest Sound — East London Rocker (West Ham)
Jah Vengeance (West Ham)
Nal Rebel Hi-Fi of Forest Gate
Jah Youth the Mystical Rocker (Forest Gate)
Mighty Enforcer (Forest Gate)
Cassanova Hi-Fi (Waltham)
Mighty Intrepid Paper (Wormington)
Mafia Dub Presser (Clayton)

Country
Quaker City the Earthshaker Dub Rocker from Brixingham
Jungle Man — Birmingham International Warrior Sound
Mafia Tone from Birmingham
Studio City from Birmingham
Sir Christopher from the Midlands (Birmingham/Wolverhampton)
V Rocker Sound from Nottingham
Quandro-Tone — Midlands Roots Rocker of Nottingham
Falcon Music International — Luton A1
Ital Earthquake — Luton Rocker
Poppa's Hi-Fi of High Wycombe
Black Terror — Hitchin Basher
Sir Newcome from Hitchin
Crystals — Slough Hardest
President of Reading — 79 Cup Winner
King Solomon the National Entertainer from Reading
Rockers Hi-Fi from Reading
Jah Tom of Ipswich
Musical Sound of Oxford
Jah Love Youth — National Oxford's Dance Coker
Blazing Fire of Swindon
Entertainment from Bristol
Lord of Bristol
Count Tom Hi-Fi from Hastings
King Alpha of Coventry
Wellingborough's Mr Entertainer: Sir Nost Hi-Fi
Samaritan Rockers of Gloucester

TODD RUNDGREN

Author of *The Way of Zen*



HEALING

THE WAY OF ZEN

FASHIONS BACK IN PASSION

... Or should it be the other way round? Here's how Fate's fickle finger singled out the four that fell for a film star.



Moving story: Paul Du Noyer

Moving Pictures: Pennie Smith

SUDDENLY the whole world's in love with The Passions. Public and press, record company and radio, it seems like nobody can get enough of them — thanks to a lightweight, attractive song called 'I'm In Love With A German Film Star', a record that's presently gliding up the hit parade.

A single single is all it's taken to raise a halo of success, and add a dash of glamour, around a band which only last year found itself drab and unfashionable, cultishly loved perhaps but more widely ignored. Right now The Passions must be rubbing their eyes and wondering: Where did we go right?

And so it comes to pass, having bestowed a Single Of The Week distinction (like everybody else) on the thing, that I'm in the queue at Polydor's West End HQ, next up on The Passions' conveyor belt of interviews. Suddenly The Passions are very busy indeed. There's *Top Of The Pops* to be done (a disgust-inducing experience, as they tell it, their turn to feel conveyor-belted) and deals to be made, and dates to be arranged and that's not to even mention another album to be begun. And meanwhile back at home, the phones keep ringing for them.

So far as I could tell, the four Passions were bearing up well under all this unaccustomed attention. The tour they're embarked on is forever getting extended to cope with demand, but they're already full of hopes and plans for the next LP — the group's second, after the dry, unpromising 'Michael And Miranda' — half-written now and provisionally entitled 'The Healing Gleam', in gentle mockery of their non-electric roadie, a man who shines his torch on any and all problems like a kind of technical faith-healer.

The four Passions: diminutive, Impish Irish girl Barbara Gogan, the vocal and the focal point; Clive Timperley, solid, quiet-spoken guitarist, one-time 101'er; Richard Williams, drummer; David Agar, new recruit (replaces Claire Bidwell), the bass player. Previous singles are 'Needles And Pills' for the independent Soho, 'Hunted' on Fiction (likewise the LP) who subsequently dumped the group, followed by a swift move to Polydor and 'The Swimmer' and now the celebrated 'Film Star'.

Hitherto thought of as dullish, earnest Rough Trade musicians, grey raincoats, social conscience and stuff, the band scored a significant breakthrough by getting picked for the recent Roxy tour, a precious experience for them. (The old stereotype had some slight grounding in fact, but it now bears no relevance at all).

NATURALLY it's the future on their mind these days, and bury the past, can we please? But if this is The Passions' rebirth, what is so different? How do they feel now, for instance, about that debut LP?

Barbara: "We were quite disappointed with it, yes. We knew as we were making it that it wasn't quite right. Max Bell who reviewed it in the *NME* more or less said what we were thinking — but it isn't all bad, y'know."

Clive: "The songs are good. It's just that we could have recorded it better. There was a lot of tension at the time."

Barbara: "Our producer (Fiction man Chris Parry, for whom the group reserve a lot of undisguised bitterness) was playing Space Invaders most of the time, so..."

Richard: "I think it was all a bit premature, that album, we weren't ready for it. It was the label that needed it, rather than the band" (to fulfill Fiction's contract with Polydor).

Barbara: "We shouldn't have allowed it, that was our weakness. We could have said no, and we allowed it to happen. And it taught us a very strong lesson: that you have to know what you're doing. And it's our band and our songs, and we have to feel right about something before we record it. It's got no life on it, that album. What do you think about it?"

I have to confess I was never very struck on it.

Clive: "It's very flat sounding, isn't it? No dynamics."

Richard: "Yes, we were never a drab band, and suddenly we were lumbered with this drab album, and everyone thought we were."

However, the Fiction era did yield one very appealing 45 in 'Hunted', which is that rare thing, a feminist cowboy reggae number. I enjoyed that one a lot.

Nowadays, though, The Passions' sound — especially on 'Film Star' but on 'The Swimmer' also — is a definite departure from 'Michael And Miranda'. Obviously, there's been the line-up change, but was there any major rethink involved as well? Barbara Gogan explains:

"In the summer of last year, after we came off the tour, it was a definite mood in the band that we should write

more positive-sounding songs, happier songs, and not be continually criticising everything, y'know? It's so critical, that album, really moaning all the time, and we thought we gotta get away from that. It doesn't help anyone who listens to hear a band going on about 'oh, life is horrible, life is awful'. Instead of crying about it you've got to do something about it."

Claire Bidwell, it transpires, was no longer in synch with the rest of the group's thinking, and left. So enter David Agar, a fan.

"I had the album. I'd seen the band live several times. I did basically like The Passions, they were one of my favourite groups. And the day that Claire left they were out drowning their sorrows and I was introduced and I went and auditioned the following Tuesday."

It says something in your press release about you playing with the original Spandau Ballet. (He groans).

"No, I didn't. It was a different band. The Spandau Ballet that's going now, they ripped the name off from us. They probably don't even realise they did because it was suggested to them by someone I used to live with. And they probably think it's great, 'our name', but we were going three or four years ago unfortunately, lads. But seeing as the name was never copyrighted, there's nothing I can do about it — apart from give them a

good kicking." (A joke. A joke.)

I remark that there seems to be a lot more delicacy in the sound, these days.

Barbara: "The songs are worked out a lot more before they ever get heard, everything has to be right. It's much more precise."

The band are naturally at pains to stress that there's much more material to follow which will match the promise of the current single, as Barbara explains:

"It's not just 'German Film Star', but there's definitely a more positive feeling around the band... I'd be a typist if I wasn't in a band, and I'd much rather carry on in a band that wasn't hugely successful but was making us a living. The thing about The Passions is it's the first band that we've been in that we've all felt has actually got something about it which is going to be successful."

Clive Timperley takes up the theme: "Y'see, the bands I've been in before I'd always thought of as stepping stones to something else. And now this is the something else, and now I can't imagine ever doing anything else."

WHILE the single keeps selling, then, everyone's smiling, not least Polydor Records, who picked the band up when its fortunes were distinctly low. And though The



David watches Barbara watches... er... Pennie watches David.

Passions are fiercely determined to look after their own business affairs, Barbara Gogan wryly admits she's finding it hard to keep a grip on that side of things now that everyone she speaks to is so quick to unlock the drinks cabinet. The press officer brings another bottle of white wine.

So it'll be interesting to see if there's enough of substance in The Passions to sustain the impact they're currently enjoying. A day after our interview I saw them play their 'showcase' gig at the Venue — the place where acts are launched in front of the massed ranks of the London music industry. Tonight there were more than 300 names on the guest list — from Polydor executives to Barbara's singing teacher. And of course, The Passions' hardcore loyalist support was out in strength as well. All in all it was an event the band anticipated with a mixture of excitement and dread.

True, they seemed greatly improved since I'd last seen them — a fairly disastrous showing at the ICA — but they could still do better with a lot more life and looseness and, well, passion. Obviously, nerves didn't help. Although the crowd received the set — and particularly the twice-played you-know-what — with rapture, I feel it's just too early either to write them off or to make great claims on their behalf. So I'll simply wish them well and sit on the fence — but passionately.

Illustration: Jill Mumford

WALK AWAY WITH A WALKY

TEN TOSHIBA PERSONAL STEREO CASSETTE PLAYERS UP FOR GRABS

IF YOU'D like to walk away with any one of the ten versatile Toshiba TK-ST 'Walky' portable personal stereo cassette players on offer, then here's your opportunity at a second crack at the prize shelf.

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No larger than a small box of chocolates, this sturdy lightweight personal stereo cassette player with its featherweight open-air designed headphones offers super crisp stereo reproduction and also incorporates a nifty cassette-size snap-in radio tuner, which receives FM stereo broadcasts.

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(1) In Bed (2) In Space (3) In Trouble.

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55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP.

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(1) In Bed.....

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Tie-Breaker
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Phone (if any).....

Closing date: March 7, 1980

This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle Of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd, the printers of New Musical Express and the staff of Toshiba (UK) Ltd.

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

NASH THE SLASH

"listen to them, the CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT;
what music they make."

bram stoker-DRACULA circa feb. 1867.

NASH THE SLASH-DINDISC circa feb. 1981.

deadly music from the album that features
the single 'DEAD MAN'S CURVE'

the tour: february 23 plymouth 24 bath tiffany's. 25

26 bristol le berkeley. 27 london poly: march 1 brighton jenkinson's

3 warwick university. 4 marquee. 6 reitford porterhouse.

7 middlesboro' rock garden. 9 leeds warehouse. 10 sheffield limit. 11 oxford scamps.

13 scarboro' penthouse.

ALBUMS



Sisterhood pic: Santo Basone

No longer dancing Chic to Chic.

Sledgenessappals

THE SELECTER Celebrate The Bullet (Chrysalis)

THE PROBLEM in talking about The Selecter is that I can't help but connect them with other bands launched by Coventry's Institute Of Modern Dance, and in comparison to, say, The Specials or The Beat, they have always been overshadowed.

Stunning live, they rarely manage to capture that same power on vinyl, and although Pauline Black is probably among the best female vocalists around at the moment, the limitations of their material rarely give her chance to prove it.

That said, they also stand head and shoulders above most of the dinosaurs and dross that are wheeled out for our radio consumption: commercialism without pap, dance music with meaning, all of the 2-Tone bands make the charts almost a pleasure to listen to and The Selecter are no exception. It's just that they seemed almost too reliable, failing to take risks and move forward as the others have.

Then, a few months ago, they shocked by taking what was perhaps the biggest risk of all, leaving the label in a split that from the outside seemed none too amicable. Keyboards players Desmond Brown quit, exuberant bassie Charlie Anderson was sacked, and they disappeared to record this album, releasing it through their still-valid Chrysalis contract. A change in label, in

line-up, and so in sound? Maybe. It is definitely a step forward.

'Celebrate The Bullet' is a good album, boasting not one bad track and a string of potential singles. With the loss of Desmond, the emphasis has shifted slightly away from keyboards to guitar, leaving new keyboards man Jamie Mackie free to contribute an added embellishment of sax to some tracks.

Although still dance-orientated, they also seem to stray far more from their original ska base, putting a pub piano ending onto the calypso-ish 'Tell Me What's Wrong' and a gospel chant in 'Bristol And Miami'. And, most notably, on 'Their Dream Goes On', where a languid, curling bass line slips round Gaps Hendrikson's best vocals on the album. It is a slow, slinky little number that bodes well for the future.

That aside, Ms Black is the vocal star here, and the best tracks are hers. The title song and 'Deepwater' are not conducted at the usual breakneck tempo and so give her strong, soulful voice room to move; and she carries them well. Her tour de force, though, is 'Bristol And Miami', a song connecting the two times last summer when people were pushed just a little too far; a joyful celebration with a soaring hookline and a nagging I-defy-you-to-stand-still beat. "Bristol And Miami where's it gonna be tomorrow/Any time or anywhere it's only time we borrow."

SISTER SLEDGE All American Girls (WEA)

SISTER SLEDGE have left the Chic stable, but you wouldn't know it from listening to this album. Produced by Narada Michael Walden, 'All American Girls' retreads the tried and tiresome licks and techniques which have established Nile/Rogers as a dry and predictable proposition. This puts Walden at the head of a garbage recycling exercise. The songs, written by assorted Sledges and friends, complement his mercenary shallowness and mimicry.

Sister Sledge emerge from the whole exercise as a lame, faceless and impoverished proposition, aspiring to grand ideals and unbelievably prissy modern-girl stereotypes. One almost feels a pity for them, as if they've been created for manipulation on a market researcher's chess board, governed by the standard American denominators of machismo, money and liberal egalitarianism (the ghost of Uncle Tom). But any sympathy should quickly disappear when you hear the title track: "Sometimes the struggle gets rough/You give your all and it's not enough/A vacant job at the

top/Don't let them tell you what you're not."

'Rough'? 'a struggle'? and 'a vacant job'? You should try Woolworth's, a sweatshop or a factory-floor, girls. Of course there's no chance — they just go on their mopey cash-starved path of swoons, dance trances and empty pontifications on the universal relevance of 'family'.

The strength in being a close group should be its determination and individuality, but Sister Sledge stand as a microcosm of the status quo, a sounding board from which they perpetuate the rotting myth that is the American dream. Every song on this LP has Debbie, Joni, Kim and Kathie quivering like damsels out of a medieval fable where the men are gods or lifesavers. Even Sheena Easton has more power and willpower than these sops.

It's all very trite and embarrassing and quite sad when you consider the potential they once held, pre-Chic. But that's all firmly buried in the past now. Before, I could usually say that music like this made pleasant background music on the radio or in a pub but, on any level, 'All American Girls' is bereft of even one passable offering.

Gavin Martin

So the Selecter have come up with yet more pop songs to brighten up TOTP and dull parties. Fun tunes, dance tunes, but not stupid ones; a ray of hope among the doom and gloom 'End of the World is Nigh' banners everyone else seems to be holding.

It seemed for a while that The Selecter were skanking away in a direction that would lead them up a dead-end once people tired of it; but they are versatile enough and have found enough options here to escape should that happen. Till then, another album that's dance crazeeeee.

Sheryl Garratt

JAMES WHITE AND THE CONTORTIONS Second Chance (PVC — import)

IT ALL depends how deranged you are to start with. James Chance — nee White, nee Black — made impossibly futile, dead music fit only for corpses to get amyl hits off. New York glamour, observed Warhol, is rooted in despair. But let's put that on a beat, says Chance, let's funk it.

Somewhere beyond 'Lick My Decals Off Baby' lies this indelibly tarnished glamour called Contortion. "Can't stand myself/Throw me away."

James Chance turns the discordancy of self-loathing into an ultra-chic dance product. This is what is balanced in the sound — the bilious, delirious babble of sax squirting through the taut military drill of bass, drums, rhythm guitar. The sax itself is a narcissistic regression into infantile screams... too ugly and cheap to be borne by mortal ears.

'Second Chance', a compilation of sorts, one side Blacks, one side Contortions. The Black Side contains the "original British mix" of 'Contort Yourself', the repellent 'Stained Sheets', 'Tropical

Heatwave' and 'Almost Black'.

'Tropical Heatwave' is Dr. Savannah mutating into The Mothers Of Invention.

Temperature drops to a kind of numb pain, a desperate freezing of emotion. Then 'Almost Black', a pure confession of redundancy: "He's got no soul, girl! I love him coz he might be white/But every time I feel that smack I want him more coz he's almost black."

No warm melodies lull us back to life (even Beefheart had tunes). The deathly jerk of the rhythm section is perpetual. Even the guitars, the gasping, fretting Telecasters, are on a leash — one observing the gaps in the rhythm and stabbing at them, the other jumping and sliding frantically, going nowhere.

The Contortions side opens with 'Design To Kill', the only possibly danceable track, apart from 'Contort Yourself', on the record. The guitars here are straight Zoot Horn Rollo/Winged Eel Fingerling, except without echo or reverb. In The Contortions, the Telecaster is the metallic cry of a Steve Cropper.

The rest of the side is 'I Don't Want To Be Happy', 'Contort Yourself', 'Throw Me Away', and 'Bedroom Athlete'. "I don't want to be happy/I like living a lie. I only live on the surface/I don't think people are very pretty inside." It's all the same idea.

Listen one time, be sick, contort yourself.

Barney Hoskyns

Macho moaners' last refuge

UK SUBS
Diminished Responsibility (*Gem*)

THE GENERATION that time forgot. Music confronting hardships at root level. The continuation of Working Class Protest through the ages. This is the real world. So they tell me. Let me tell you, they are feeding you with horse shit. The kids are, once again, being hyped. The heritage of punk — musical and ethical — has swollen like a scab of rancid pus into a new patriotism. It is a thoughtless creed, regaled and stoically preserved by numbskulls.

Any form of patriotism is, of course, the last refuge of the scoundrel and that's a fair enough (too fair) way of describing the mentors of bands like The Sex Pistols, The Outcasts and The UK Subs, all led by grown men, at least ten years older than the groups' average fans.

The significance of this album's sleeve should not go amiss — a Visage type graphic of two *Marvel Comic* guitar warriors/marauders — it's a thoroughly modern exploitation angle, designed to attract the common vicarious thrill-seeker. The UK Subs are the missing link in an existence which helplessly and needlessly goes from torturing animals and bullying younger kids, to beery wifebeating evenings by the fireside.

There's a nightmare darkly outlined in this record. It depicts a hooligan falling into a Hawkwind-type sci-fi conspiracy theory. A kind of hell. If I thought that's the way things were going, I'd gladly fill up with 100 tuinol, shave the veins on my wrist and dive onto the tubeline on the way home tonight. Things are bad, a lot of people have no future: jobless and purposeless, some of them are my friends. But the Subs would have you believe on a song like 'Confrontation' that we're in the throes of guerilla warfare.

Perhaps it's about Northern Ireland, in which case — AAARRGH — why don't you just go back to cutting barnets, Charlie? It makes me fairly sick when people recklessly plunder the frightening imagery of terrorism without having, say, spent at least a year under its threat while living in a rat-infested building without plumbing. A package holiday in Divis for these boys, I think.

Perhaps the Subs and their followers feel they confront realities more responsibly and honestly than other rock bands. PISSWATER! The punk scene is an extension of rock's backslapping, wet-towel-flicking social mores, of its dullard-placating musical sloth and non-invention.

The UK Subs are a reactionary cess-pit. Take 'Fatal' on side one — a more wretchedly sexist song it is hard to envisage. Like all wretched sexism, the thing I hate most about it is that it shows the male to be a snivelling, slack-jawed imbecile. An original, useful angle for a song like this — about syphilis — would have been to advertise at least one of the clinics provided for such mishaps in London town. But that would be unthinkable, the Subs only like to moan, rather than try to solve problems.

The people who buy this record probably think it signifies the big burdensome equation with which we all struggle: POWER x MONEY = MISERY AND DESPAIR. But the problems they talk about, the problems they create, exist in a vacuum. How can you talk about 'class', 'politics' or 'protest' in regard to a record that fails to acknowledge the importance of, for example, Lenin or Orwell, Benn or Foot?

When I become Prime Minister all schoolchildren are going to have to work out to James Brown's 'Superbad' for two hours each day. Then they'll grow up with strength and pride and never become slovenly, wasteful or selfish. I won't have to ban groups like The UK Subs, they'll die due to lack of interest.

Gavin Martin

LANDSCAPE
From The Tea-rooms Of Mars ... To The Hell-holes Of Uranus (*RCA*)

LANDSCAPE used to be a worthy somewhat dull jazz-rock group until they discovered computers. The novelty of computerised music got them a slot on BBC's *Tomorrow's World*, while drummer mastermind Richard Burgess's friendship with glamorous new electronic poppers resulted in him producing Visage, Spandau Ballet and Shock.

All of which makes Landscape more valuable as a property, if not aesthetically. Their sudden, whole-hearted embracing of binary systems is a definite improvement on their previous directionless fusions; but though it's a step forward for them personally, it's not necessarily a giant leap for mankind. Down to its singularly unfunny MC intros, the highly repetitive one hook songs, and seemingly eternal electro-flow of pretty noise, 'From The Tea-rooms ...' apes the pattern of Yellow Magic Orchestra records, which pioneered a much wittier line in crystalline computer pop three years ago.

In YMO's hands, it's good clean fun; in Landscape's, it's too cluttered and annoyingly coy. The three-part title track — which breaks down into 'Beguine', 'Mambo' and 'Tango' — features them at their cutest.

However, it's a whole lot better than their simplistic exploration of contemporary themes in 'European Man' and 'Shake The West Awake', which attempt M's brand of sophisticated wit, but without Robin Scott's knowledge or light touch.

Ironically, Landscape's best moments recall their earlier jazz days: 'Alpine Tragedy' has a beautiful fragile electronic melody sustained by and contrasted with dark grand-piano chords. And the treated brass work out of 'Face Of The '80s' is pleasantly exotic.

That doesn't add up to a lot to base a breakthrough on — on this evidence Landscape's outlook appears bleak.

Chris Bohn

THE BARRACUDAS
Drop Out With The Barracudas (*Zono/EMI*)
THE BOYS
Boys Only (*Safari*)

RUMMAGING IN the musical closet of the past can sometimes be a way of talking about the present. The Barracudas' brand of revivalism, though, is purely regressive: they get skewered on their own instant fiction of '80s English boys imitating middle '60s American boys, some of whom (eg The Monkees) were imitating early '60s British boys who were imitating black Americans ... What could have been a



Pic: Paul Slattery.

More Sub-humans in kilts shock!

cross-cultural game of mirrors, using The Beach Boys and surf sounds, protest and garage music, and early West Coast psychedelia, is no more than dull narcissistic pastiche.

Their replicas have no spirit or sustenance. A typical song ends right after the intro: 'California Lament' starts in evocative and exotic Brian Wilson style and then ... nothing, just feed for a breed of pop intellectuals who don't exist. Who's really interested in the evocation of the evocation?

The nostalgic regurgitations of the album may not be memorable, but they're vaguely noticeable. Now The Boys, they're invisible. The Barracudas without the archive fun, slipping into the readymade '70s threads of the great male rock brotherhood.

'Boys Only' is a series of four midtempo tracks with invariable rhythms and prosaic vocals. At least The Barracudas can blame their guitar cliches on ghosts, while The Boys have no one to blame but ... Actually, they mostly blame girls — scrubber ones and rich bitch ones and boring ones. Like all mediocre rockers running out of raunch, they go for the glib putdown and female target.

Gone — about four albums ago — is the slapstick wit and charm which the band excelled at during the darker thrashings of punk. Now they probably think they're cutting a flash neo-Faces dash, all vibrant, tousled and ballsy. But they don't even sound like they're enjoying themselves except on 'Miss You', a tongue-in-cheek lament for John Wayne during which the lads come to terms with their dreary categorisation of women and their own suppressed homosexuality.

Yes, the psychoanalysis on this album is more interesting than the music. Maybe that's always the case with bands who play it safe: imagine putting Racey on the couch.

Paul Tickell

TODD RUNDGREN
Healing (*Bearsville*)

WHEN THE talk is of Todd Rundgren, discussion usually centres around the dichotomy "genius or lunatic?" A third category, "bore", is not usually invoked, but 'Healing' may

change things in that respect. Todd's undoubtedly a talented tad — he sings, plays, writes, produces and engineers the whole shebang this time around — but what's in question is the end to which he puts that talent.

Well known for his one-tab-too-many approach to mental and spiritual affairs, Todd's finally made the inevitable leap into mysticism, 'Healing' being the kind of hilarious astral claptrap well suited to the Spirit Of '67 but a trifle out of place in '81.

'Healing' roughly follows the form of 'Initiation', having a clutch of short pieces on side one and a dirty great side-long thing on the flip, in this case the

title-track, which is completely overblown, of course, and more than a little boring, the melodic theme being too weak to support a track of such inordinate length. Lyrically, it's sheer drivel, the opening part containing the following reference to the "astral travelling" presumably signified by an ethereal mid-section: 'Where you are going/you cannot take your body/You are on a journey/The baggage is too heavy/You can leave your loves behind you... You will learn to fly/You can leave your loves behind you/You will touch the sky.'

Over on side one, T.Lobsong Rundgren ploughs much the same furrow, with slightly more

melodic/stylistic variation (there being six separate tracks — eight, counting the free single — to spread the gospel through). Vocally, he goes through almost operatic contortions, sounding uncannily at times — especially on 'Flesh' — like Daryl Hall. There's the obligatory "funny" number ('Golden Goose'), the obligatory all-stops-out Todd ballad ('Compassion'), and a comprehensive run-through of chord progressions and keyboard tones familiar from all the other Rundgren albums.

Oddly enough, given its "spiritual" subject-matter, the album's almost totally lacking in true feeling, being as gleaming, soulless, and sumptuously sterile as a high-tech operating theatre. In other words, it'll doubtless find favour with true Todd believers (a dangerously fanatical creed), and have little or no effect on the rest of us.

Andy Gill

EYELESS IN GAZA
Photographs As Memories (*Cherry Red*)

IT'S HARD to concentrate on such a dreary collection of castrated and wilfully contorted neu-poop songs — post amateurism at its most grubby and preciously screwy, pre-art school at its most pedantic and self-conscious. All the current preoccupations with Art(aud) — yes, more theatre of cruelty vocals — thin air, facile imagery and knowing primitivism.

Eyeless In Gaza are ageing bedroom/electro-poppas, more premature than precocious, who extend the notion of spontaneity and raw power to ridiculous and self defeating ends. With such limited technological understanding (in their case very much a limitation) and ultimately an inability to structure songs (or even non-structure them), Eyeless In Gaza could easily be a reject Bizzare group. Their imaginations are imprisoned, and they're far too impetuous — slapping it all down for posterity is alright if the songs crackle with life and soul, or if they absorb and involve the listener. These songs just do not.

Eyeless No Gaze see life through a wet fog — I hear their music as if through a wet fog — where Hawkwind seeps into the worst-ever abuse of The Velvet Underground and gets caught up in half formed fantasies. Music that should have been kept on a private tape. Legless and gaga?

Errol Goldlust



The Wave breaks.

Jitterbug jive

HEATWAVE
Candles (*GTO*)

HEATWAVE are the total professionals of the West Coast sound — the gangsters of the groove, the syndicate of soul. 'Boogie Nights' got the whole show on the road, and they've never looked back. But behind Heatwave lies the formidable authority of Rod Temperton. Without him they are just another bunch of cocktail-drinking dudes on the Sunset Strip. Since only half the songs on this album were written by Temperton, only half the album is good. And even of his five, 'Party Suite' and 'Dreamin' You' are nothing special.

Which leaves 'Gangsters Of The Groove',

'Jitterbuggin' ', and 'Posin' Til Cusin' — all of which are hard to beat as examples of post-'Off The Wall' dance music. The first can hardly have failed to gain access to your consciousness — its divine assurance, its nonchalance, the light pricking of the sitar-ish guitar taking the edge off the chorus' possible threat. But 'Jitterbuggin' ' is, if anything, more irresistible. Presumably intended to be the follow-up to 'Gangsters', this song will be a monster hit.

Opening with a classic burst of Earth, Wind And Fire horns, the song goes straight for that economical, 'Off The Wall' beat which is a pre-requisite to the Temperton touch, a beat inside which guitars curl and wriggle and in which keyboards, strings, and horns become so

Pretty rabid

RAINBOW
Difficult To Cure (Polydor)
TREVOR RABIN
Wolf (Chrysalis)
KROKUS
Hardware (Ariola)

HEAVY METAL is so tame and listless because it is cheap, pretty music tarted up with hygienically overproduced guitars. Behind every fearsome-looking lead singer lies a tart with the proverbial heart of gold, a tart who never had a soul to sell in the first place. The only challenge open to a heavy metal group is to deafen, but since they're all deaf already it is not one they have to meet.

Heavy metal is about not growing up. The fact that Slade have been taken up by the headbanging crowd gives the game away. It's teenybop come again.

Of these three exponents of the genre, Krokus definitely come lowest on the bill. Without any doubt, they are one of the most straightforwardly crass heavy metal bands I've ever heard. Their surnames — von Rohr, von Arb, etc. — would suggest they are Dutch, but really they're just Dumb.

There is nothing on 'Hardware' that even the most dilapidated headbanger won't have heard before. Marc Storace sounds exactly like that awful lout from AC/DC who expired on booze last year, the guitars have the effect of pulled hamstrings, and the drums (courtesy of one Freddy Steady) are like suet pudding. All their material is slothful, sexist, and repetitive. 'Smelly Nelly' is stomach-churning.

Perhaps the most depressing thing about the new heavy metal is that it's no longer simply a vehicle for the guitar solo: the guitarists aren't good enough. Even Ritchie Blackmore on the Rainbow album hangs conspicuously low, his opportunities to show off saved for the instrumentals which round off each side: 'Vielleicht Das Nachster Zeit (Maybe Next Time)' on side one and a horrendous arrangement of the famous bit from Beethoven's Ninth on side two. Other than these, a few bursts from his time-honoured Stratocaster, either phased or switched between speakers, would seem to have appeased the old axe complex.

Rainbow make the fatal mistake of including two songs, Russ Ballard's 'I Surrender' and Mike Moran's 'Magic', that wouldn't look amiss in the repertoire, say, of the Dooleys. What this kind of error does for their credibility I don't know. I don't suppose anyone will notice. But it is the barefaced prettiness of such things which, as I say, gives the game away.

Trevor Rabin is a pretty boy who can write his own pretty tunes. 'Wolf' is by far the least offensive of these three records. What should really be noted, however, is the fact that the third album by a young, comparatively unknown South African should provide the excuse for a whole crew of old-timers — Jack Bruce, Manfred Mann, Rabbitt and Simon Phillips — to get



Pic: Steve Emberton.

Rainbow: A fist in your ear.

together in the studio. Even worse, the album is co-produced by the Americanized Ray Davies. How Noel McCalla got in on the act I've no idea.

Rabin is a fair guitar player, but even he fails to steer clear of those vacuous vibrato whirlpools of Les Paul Mark III virtuosity. Not unattractive on 'Wolf' are 'Open Ended', with a chorus lifted somewhere out of pre-Utopia Todd Rundgren, and the exciting 'Do Ya Do Ya Want Me'. Rabin's vocal on 'Pain' is a dead ringer for Alex Chilton, but the comparison stops there, and everything else is instantly to be forgotten.

From Krokus to Trevor Rabin is a long way, but this doesn't change the fact that in the long run, all three albums are just terribly tedious.

Barney Hoskyns

BETTE MIDLER
Divine Madness (Atlantic)

ONCE AGAIN Her Divine Sleaziness floats to the top of the barrel and is scraped off, packaged, and put on the market. This is the album of the movie and the chat show of the same name. When Ms Midler is in town we all revel in bad taste, gag on the gutter definitions of sexuality, and watch TV clips from her outrageous shows in speechless delight.

She is, of course, wickedly over the top, squeezes her body into incredibly tasteless costumes, and excels at being sublimely cheap. But her show is not. The band are excellent, and in The Harlettes she has one of the most exciting backup trios that any big mouth could wish for.

Dorota Koc

Her version of 'Summer, The First Time', sandwiched in a medley of Springsteen's 'E. Street Shuffle' and 'Leader of the Pack' — one of three medleys that comprise the album's second side — is pure inspiration. It's a not-so-subtle role reversal which allows her to growl, moan and whine out an interpretation of a song which was pretty cheap in the first place, and is a lot cheaper by the time she has finished with it. 'Leader of the Pack', a number she has done several times before, is a complete riot, with The Harlettes yapping and screeching over the manic 100mph backing.

The only danger is that while Midler the phenomenon sells, Midler the singer could be disappearing further and further into unreclaimable pastiche. This is particularly true of 'Stay With Me', of which this is Midler's third or fourth recording, and which has here become a victim of Ms Overkill at her worst, her vocal gyrations being melodramatic and frankly embarrassing.

On the other hand, the Tom Jans ballad 'My Mother's Eyes' is really delicately done, its subtlety a welcome contrast to the brashness of the rest of the album — which is probably why it isn't included in the film!

I think we need people like Bette Midler very badly, if only to show up the pretensions of other 'artists'. After all, most of them are just as cheap as she is, only they refuse to acknowledge it or even laugh at themselves. She may be bonkers, an incurable egomaniac, but I hope she goes on forever.

Dorota Koc

synthetic they are almost indistinguishable. The chorus is simply joyous, and even better is the link which connects it to the verses. 'Let's see you smokin' with your own interpretation' — interpret it how you wish, it's a long moment of transcendental joy.

Transcend is the operative word for Temperton. Starting from the simplest premises, he turns well-worn formats into vehicles for total release. It's as though his commercial sense were so undeterred by what vestiges of R&B roots he might have left in him that he can get away with it. Similarly, Heatwave's whole sound — flat, dry, stereotyped — fails to damage the beauty of it.

'Posin' Till Closin', the most consciously laid-back song on the album, is also (inadvertently) its most intriguing self-criticism, because it is, in Sunset Strip soap-opera style, about the kind of people who will listen to it: a

boy who's got a "whitewall ride" and likes to ride with sound, a girl who's a fashion queen and keeps his motor running; a TV star who's "got a face like Farrah Fawcett/Since they corrected her nose," and a gangster with a gold watch in his pocket.

These are Donna Summer's 'Sunset People', doin' it right, night after night. Pros on the beat, failures redeemed by the dream of L.A. 'Posin' Till Closin' is as ambiguous as 'Sunset People', if not as sinister. Melancholy horns come straight out of off-peak cop shows, wafting the lonely crowd off the streets. The sunset is distinctly off-yellow.

Worth the money for these three tracks, 'Candles' does nevertheless suggest that without Temperton there would be many scattered showers and few sunny spells, let alone a heatwave.

Barney Hoskyns

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AND THE E STREET BAND

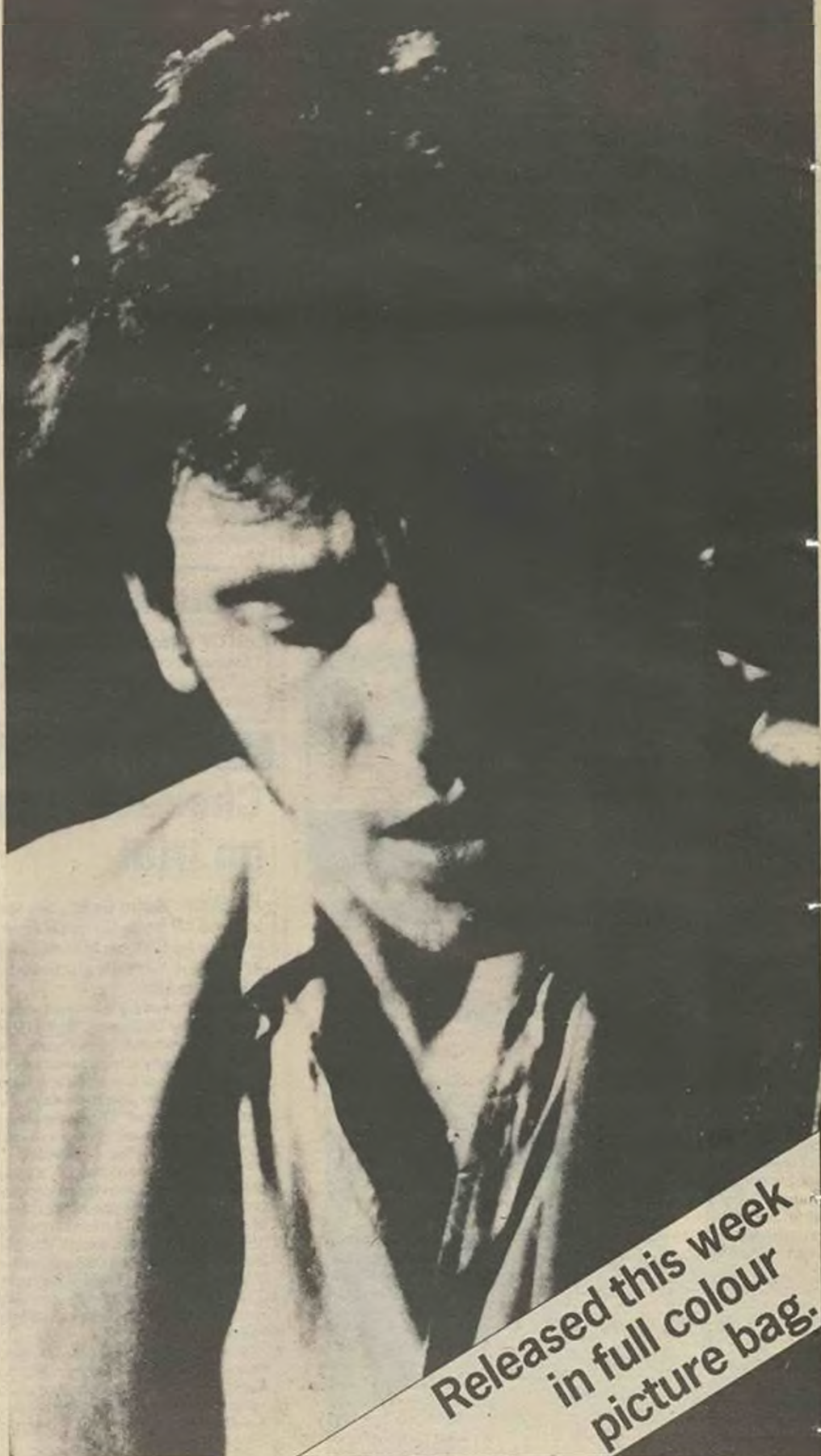
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RECORD NEWS

BILL HALEY TRIBUTE LP

BILL HALEY'S 24 most famous recordings will be gathered together on a special compilation album to be issued by MCA on April 10. Prior to his death last week, the label had already scheduled a '20 Golden Greats' LP for release on that date — but now a further four tracks have been added, and the album's title changed to 'A Tribute To Bill Haley'. Meanwhile, his most celebrated single 'Rock Around The Clock' remains available, and MCA report "a very substantial increase in demand" during the last week.

Clapton album

● The new Eric Clapton album 'Another Ticket' is released by RSO Records on February 26. Produced by Tom Dowd, it features Clapton on guitar and vocals, keyboard players Chris Stainton and Gary Brooker, drummer Henry Spinetti, guitarist Albert Lee and bassist Dave Markee. A single from the LP, titled 'I Can't Stand It', has already been issued. ● This weekend sees the release by Rialto Records of a new single from The Planets, 'Intensive Care'/'Earth'. Both are Steve Lindsey compositions and taken from the band's current 'Spot' album, though the A-side has been specially re-recorded.

McCartney's interview LP

AN ALBUM called 'The McCartney Interview' will be issued by EMI next Monday (23) — and deleted the same day! It features Paul being interviewed in London last August for America's *Musician, Player and Listener* magazine — talking about his work with The Beatles and Wings, his private life and the current music scene. It was at first decided to make the interview available as a promotional disc for U.S. radio stations, and it was subsequently issued to the general public as a limited edition in the States, from which import copies have been coming into Britain and selling at around £6. The UK issue will sell at a maximum £2.50.

WHO'S A BETTER BET

THE WHO'S new single, released by Polydor on February 27, is their first new studio material to feature drummer Kenney Jones and keyboards man Rabbit — it's a new Pete Townshend composition titled 'You Better You Bet', and the B-side is 'The Quiet One' written by John Entwistle. It's also just been announced that the band's long-awaited new album, now officially titled 'Face Dances' and comprising nine new tracks, will be issued on March 23.

Tour News Extra: p.40

STOP PRESS: Gary Numan has sold out his two farewell concerts at London Wembley Arena on April 27 and 28, so he's now added a third night at the same venue — on Thursday, April 26.

GANG OF FOUR ALBUM PREVIEW

Cheeseburgers on trial

AT LAST! 'Solid Gold', the long-awaited second LP from Gang Of Four is set for release by EMI on March 9, a few days before the band begin their British tour with Pere Ubu.

Co-produced by the band and American funk man Jimmy Douglass, 'Solid Gold' presents a more relaxed and darkly humorous Gang Of Four, the angry abrasiveness of their first album replaced by a warmer, heavy-funk feel.

It is, as singer Jon King says, "a more danceable record. The songs have more feeling in them too. I think it was a reasonable criticism that we've been too dry before."

'Paralysed' opens the LP, a spacey, almost plaintive song about unemployment, and in terms of structure the most uncharacteristic track. Two dense, furious funk tracks follow — 'What We All Want' and 'If I Could Keep It For Myself' — before the side drives out with an improved rerecording of 'Outside The Trains' Don't Run On Time' and a completely rearranged — and better — version of 'Why Theory'.

'Cheeseburger' — "our American on-the-road song", grins King — starts side two with a flurry of US TV ad voices and an hilarious pseudo-guitar-climax. (The track almost gave the album its name — a working title was 'Cheeseburgers On Trial'.)

'The Republic' tackles the dilemma of how to influence the times before the Gang's black



New Liverpool rock outfit RAGE have been snapped up by Carrere Records, whose Peter Hinton describes them as "the most exciting act we've signed for years". You can see if his faith is justified when their debut album and single are released on February 27, both titled 'Out Of Control'. Currently routing a new stage act, they'll be playing a string of gigs in March, details to be announced next week. Rage are Dave Lloyd (vocals), Mick Devonport (lead guitar and principal writer), Keith Mulholland (bass) and John Mylett (drums).

Elton-Lennon maxi-single

DJM are rushing releasing a special single, recorded live at Elton John's Madison Square Garden concert in New York in 1974, which features the late John Lennon on each of the three tracks. It comprises a Paul McCartney number 'I Saw Her Standing There' (never previously performed by Lennon), coupled with 'Whatever Gets You Through The Night' and 'Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds'. Produced by Gus Dudgeon, it comes in a picture bag featuring photos of Elton and Lennon taken at the show, and sells at the price of an ordinary single.



● The first single from Spizz's band in their new guise as The Spizzles — as opposed to last year's thing, Athletico Spizz 80 — is issued this weekend by A&M. Titled 'Risk', it's a song about the board game of the same name, and it concerns an imaginary game between Spizz and the Devil. It's taken from their upcoming album 'Spiky Dream Flowers', due out on March 13.

● Debut single from The Polecats, who were recently signed by Phonogram, has now been set for tomorrow (Friday) — it's a double A-side coupling a new version of the David Bowie hit 'John, I'm Only Dancing' with an original titled 'Big Green Car'. Their first album is due out in late March.

● A four-track 12-inch by Kool & The Gang, issued through Phonogram this week, features 'Jones Vs Jones', 'Summer Madness', 'Funky Stuff' and 'Hollywood Swinging' — and the same titles are available as a double-pack seven-inch. As an alternative, the first two tracks are released as an ordinary single.

● Bram Tchalovsky, the band who take their name from their leader, have signed an exclusive worldwide deal with Arista. The first release under the new pact will be the album 'Funland', currently being recorded at Rockfield Studios for issue in the spring. Tchalovsky — whose re-shaped band now features Dennis Forbes (lead guitar), Derek Ballard (drums) and Danny Palmer (bass) — is planning a series of dates to coincide.

● Basildon "non-futurist electronic pop band" Depeche Mode, whose track 'Photographic' was included on the Some Bizzare album, have their debut single 'Dreaming Of Me' / 'Ice Machine' issued by Mute Records this weekend.

STRAY CATS ALBUM DUE

THE STRAY CATS — with two hit singles already to their credit, and due to start their second UK tour on February 27 — added another string to their bow this weekend with the release of their debut album. The self-named set, produced by Dave Edmunds, consists of 12 tracks including their two chart hits — and it's on the Arista label. One novelty aspect is that it contains a "self-adhesive tattoo" of The Stray Cats' logo, which is only removable with adhesive tape or alcohol.

EXTERMINATE A group of one

DALEKI LOVE YOU releases its first 1981 single on February 21 via Phonogram's Back Door label, 'Heartbeat'/'Astronauts (Have Landed On The Moon)'. The outfit is referred to in the singular because it now consists solely of Alan Gill — having previously included ex-Teardrop Dave Balfe, David Hughes and Andy McCluskey or Orchestral Manoeuvres — though Antperson Merrick guests on drums. Gill, the former Teardrop guitarist, will shortly start work on a Daleki Love You album — and is planning a series of off-beat performances in the near future.

Kennaway is on the way



JANE KENNAWAY, who's been picking up considerable praise and appreciable sales courtesy of her 'I.O.U.' single, releases her follow-up on February 27. Coupling two self-penned titles, 'Celia' and 'Radio', it's on the Deram label. With her career now being handled by the big TBA International concern, the future looks bright for Jane, who is bound to be seen before long in the flesh. And there's a thought.

Wonder single

● Stevie Wonder has chosen 'Lately', a track from his current album 'Hotter Than July', as his new single. It's issued by Motown next Monday (23), and is the label's first single also to be available in cassette form. Flipside is 'If It's Magic', taken from the LP 'Songs In The Key Of Life'.

● XTC's Andy Partridge has produced the solo debut of former Camera Club keyboard man Tom Dolby, a single coupling 'Urges' and 'Leipzig' — it's on Armageddon Records (distributed by Stage One). Dolby will shortly be returning from the States to play a short series of dates around the London circuit.

● 'Some Boys' by Going Red, previously available on Manchester label Razz Records, has been picked up by MCA for rush release. Going Red hides the identity of Graham Fellows, previously known as Jilted John!

● A new Glen Campbell album titled 'It's The World Gone Crazy' will be issued by Capitol in early April, to tie in with his previously reported UK tour starting later that month. It includes two duets with Tanya Tucker, who'll be guesting with him in Britain — and one of these, 'Why Don't We Just Sleep On It Tonight', is released as a single this week.

● Rick Wakeman has signed a five-year worldwide deal with Charisma Records. First product for his new outlet will be a concept album based on George Orwell's famous book '1984', and that's scheduled for release later this year.



After 15 long years, Gang Of Four have finally followed up whatever it was. Ace reporter Graham Lock managed to track down a copy by blagging one from his flatmate Jon King.

humour reappears with 'In The Ditch', which applies the funk dictum "get down" to the Government's advice in *Protect And Survive* to hide under the table with your radio on. King's anguished screams of "Stay calm" are pure Basil Fawlty.

The record closes with a ferocious new reading of 'He'd Send In The Army'; but not before the Gang's most immediate and — yes! — melodic track to date, 'A Hole In The Wallet', which proffers "advice to women" about equality: "There is only one condition/Stay in bed or in the kitchen". "It's, uh, heavy irony," says King. "I only hope it won't be misunderstood."

The Gang, notorious for their constant arguing, are agreed about this album. "We all think it's brilliant."

DATA CONTROL



London shows

DEAD CERTAIN

THE GRATEFUL DEAD are finally coming to Britain — and this time it's for real! They fly in with all their paraphernalia to play two concerts at London Rainbow on Friday and Saturday, March 20 and 21 — then, after a day's break, two more shows on Monday and Tuesday, March 23 and 24. Because of their abnormally long set, all shows will start at 7pm.

Tickets for the Rainbow (which is

now unseated downstairs) are £6 and £5, and they go on sale this Saturday (21) to personal applicants at the box-office and usual agencies — alternatively, postal bookings may be made immediately to the Rainbow.

Arista Records had scheduled a new Dead album for April 3 issue but, in view of the band's visit, they're hoping to bring forward the release date.

One of the longest established of the West Coast bands, having been in existence in their present form for over a decade, they have an

unenviable reputation for letting down British audiences, having blown out of UK concerts on three separate occasions — the most notorious being their bypass of this country on their way home from their Egyptian concert at the Pyramids in 1979.

But promoter Harvey Goldsmith insists that they're definitely coming this time. He said: "It's absolutely certain, and no-one need have any qualms about booking. In any case, they've signed to do the German TV show *Rock Palast* with The Who."

NASH AROUND THE CIRCUIT

NASH THE SLASH has now confirmed his round-Britain tour, following his recent extravaganza at London Victoria The Venue. He visits Plymouth Fiesta (February 23), Bath Tiffany's (24), Bristol Berkeley (26), London City Polytechnic (27), Brighton Jenkinson's (March 1), Coventry Warwick University (3), London Marquee (4), Manchester Polytechnic (5), Retford Porterhouse (6), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (7), Leeds Warehouse (9), Sheffield Limit Club (10), Oxford Scamps (11), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (12), Scarborough Penthouse (13), Liverpool Brady's (14) and a return to London The Venue on March 24. He'll be promoting his debut UK album 'Children Of The Night', issued by DinDisc this week, with a single titled 'Deadman's Curve' already on release.

MANTIS LAND GAMMA SPOT

PRAYING MANTIS have confirmed as special guests on the UK debut concerts by Gamma (featuring Ronnie Montrose) — at Glasgow Apollo (March 4), Newcastle City Hall (5), Manchester Free Trade Hall (6), Birmingham Odeon (7) and Hammersmith Odeon (8). And they'll warm up with three gigs in their own right at Guildford Surrey University (February 27), Hardstoft Shoulder of Mutton (March 2) and London Marquee (3). This all ties in with the release of the follow-up to their 'Cheated' single — it's their version of the old Kinks hit 'All Day And All Of The Night' coupled with 'Beads Of Ebony', issued by Arista on February 27. Both tracks are taken from their debut album 'Time Tells No Lies', due out on March 13.

QUEEN REIGN IN S.AMERICA

QUEEN are undertaking a remarkable series of concerts in South America, in which they'll be playing to an incredible 400,000 people in only seven shows. All the dates are in Argentina and Brazil, which boast some of the largest stadia in the world — starting next weekend with two concerts at the Valez Sarsfield soccer stadium in Buenos Aires, which staged the last World Cup Final. Over 60 tons of equipment will be flown in from Queen's current concerts in Tokyo, augmented by more equipment from the States — including full pitch-size artificial turf to protect the soccer playing surfaces.



Harper solo in two concerts

ROY HARPER returns this week from New York — where he's preparing material and writing songs for his new album, due to be recorded in April — specially to play two shows at Leatherhead Leisure Centre (this Saturday) and Salford University (next Monday, 23). These will be his first strictly solo performances for several years, and it's unlikely that he'll be doing any more solo gigs for equally as long. He'll take the opportunity of previewing some songs from the new album.

4 "Be2"s HEAD IRISH CONCERT

THE 4 "Be2"s, who were recently kicked off the Warner Brothers label, console themselves by headlining a special St. Patrick's Day concert at London Rainbow on Tuesday, March 17 (all tickets £3). The show also features The Bollock Brothers, traditional Irish music and "special guests" — one of whom is billed as Pope Paul & The Romans (*we wonder who that could be!*) — and the promoters are Straight Music.

THE PASSIONS, who've been on the road for several weeks, wind up their current tour by playing a major London show at the Lyceum Ballroom on Thursday, February 26. Support acts are Modern Man, Depeche Mode and Ilya Volkswagens, and all tickets are £3.

CHELSEA are playing a few gigs to work in material for their second studio album, including Liverpool Brady's (tomorrow, Friday) Hastings Graffiti Club (February 28) and a guest spot in the UK Subs show at London Lyceum (March 1). They've just finished mixing their contribution to the upcoming Michael White movie *Ugh!* A Music War, due for spring release.

UK DECAY GO ON THE ROAD

UK DECAY, just back from a two-week European tour, are playing a series of dates to promote their new single 'Unexpected Guest'/'Dresden' released by Fresh Records this week. It's the follow-up to their 'For My Country', which stayed in the independent charts for four months, boosted by their support spot on The Dead Kennedys' autumn tour. Also, their 1979 release on their own label 'The Black Cat EP' is being made available again.

Confirmed tour dates — with more still to be set — are Leeds Fan Club (tonight, Thursday), London Strand Lyceum with The Spizzles (this Sunday), Manchester Rafter's (February 26), London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (27), Nottingham Boat Club (March 3), Preston Warehouse (5), Manchester Polytechnic (7), Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (8) and Brighton Polytechnic (17).

— WEAPON OF PEACE, ALSO

WEAPON OF PEACE begin a new tour next week, supported by Linda & The Dark, whose new single 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone' is released by Crash Records at the end of this month. They play Oxford Scamps (February 23), Manchester Polytechnic (24), Sheffield Polytechnic (25), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (27), Egham Royal Holloway College (28), Cheltenham Eves (March 2), London Camden Dingwalls (3), Thirsk Technical College (10), Brighton Polytechnic (11), Portsmouth Polytechnic (12), London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (13), London Chelsea College (14), Sutton Bonnington College (17), Bradford University (18), Bath College (20) and Liverpool Christ's College (21). Eight more dates have still to be confirmed, including four (March 5-8) in Scotland.

TENPOLE TUDOR play a couple of London dates within the next few days, their first since they supported Madness at Hammersmith Odeon before Christmas — they are West Hampstead Moonlight Club (tomorrow, Friday) and Islington Hope & Anchor (next Wednesday, 25). They have so far spent the first part of 1981 in the recording studio and working in Germany.

ORANGE JUICE are being lined up for a series of dates by the Bron Agency, even though the band haven't yet signed a deal with that company. With more to come, gigs so far finalised are Leeds Warehouse (March 19), Retford Porterhouse (20), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (21), Nottingham Boat Club (31), Manchester Rafter's (April 1) and Sheffield Limit Club (2).

TOUR NEWS

ONE-NIGHTERS BY N.Y. BAND

Stands for dB's

THE dB's, one of the six New York bands featured in the special 'Taking Liberties' package at London Rainbow tomorrow night (Friday), are staying on in the UK to tour in their own right. And this weekend sees the release of their second British single on Albion Records — the A-side is 'Big Brown Eyes' from their current 'Stands For Decibels' album, and that's coupled with two tracks not taken from the LP, 'Soul Kiss' and 'Baby Talk'. At the same time Albion are issuing the first commercially available "canned" cassette — a limited edition of 5,000 cassettes of the 'Stands For Decibels' album packed in a special sealed tin (at regular cassette price).

With more dates to come, those confirmed so far are Guildford Surrey University (February 26), London Strand King's College (27), Edinburgh Valentino's (March 1), Leeds Warehouse (2), Oxford Scamps (3), Liverpool Brady's (4), Coventry General Wolfe (6), London Marquee (8) and London Camden Dingwalls (9). Support act, except for Guildford and the Marquee, is fellow New York outfit The Raybeats. The dB's also appear in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on March 7.



THE dB's

Nine Below getting hotter

NINE BELOW ZERO — announced last week for their own headliner at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 20, as well as supporting The Who in a number of concerts — have now been lined up for a further string of dates in their own right. They visit Glasgow Queen Elizabeth Hall (this Saturday), Helensbro' Trident Club (Sunday), Brighton Sussex University (February 25), Bristol Polytechnic (26), Liverpool Brady's (27), Southampton University (March 2), Keele University (4), Swansea University (5), Sheffield University (7), Manchester Polytechnic (12), Newcastle University (13), Redcar Coatham Bowl (15), Colchester Essex University (18), St. Albans City Hall (21), Cheltenham Eves (22), Port Talbot Troubadour (23), Bath Pavilion (24) and Newport Stowaway (25). The dates tie in with the release next weekend of their A&M album 'Don't Point Your Finger' and single 'Three Times Enough'.



Gayle warning

CRYSTAL GAYLE flies into London to play a one-off concert at the Victoria Apollo Theatre on Thursday, March 5 (8pm), and this will be her only UK appearance on this occasion. Tickets are now available at the box-office and usual agents priced £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50. Promoter is Derek Block.

MATHIS SEASON

JOHNNY MATHIS headlines a week-long London season in the early autumn at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road — from Monday, September 28, to Saturday, October 3, inclusive. He plays one show on the opening night (8pm) and two performances nightly for the rest of the week (6.30 and 9.15). Tickets are £11.25, £9.25 and £7.25, available by post only from Derek Block Concert Promotions Ltd., Richmond House, 12-13 Richmond Buildings, Dean Street, London W.1 (enclose s.a.e.). Provincial concerts for Mathis are expected to be announced shortly.

Dr. John in jazz package

DOCTOR JOHN pays an unexpected visit to Britain next month to guest in a short package tour which goes out under the banner of 'Take Me Back To New Orleans'. The show is built around Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band, with Doctor John and Freddie Kohlman as guests, and a New Orleans brass band will also be featured. The five confirmed dates are at St. Neots Priory Centre in conjunction with Hereward Radio (March 2), Southport Theatre (3), London Oxford Street 100 Club (4), Croydon Fairfield Hall (5) and Hatfield Forum Theatre (7).

TRAMSHED IS NOW DOOMED

WOOLWICH TRAMSHED in South-East London — one of the area's leading rock, jazz and folk centres — has lost its fight for survival. Many stars had helped in the long campaign to prevent its closure, but last week Greenwich Council decided to approve a £15 million scheme to redevelop the centre of Woolwich, involving the demolition of the Tramshed (formerly a generating station for trams).

The Supporters' Association say they will continue to oppose the council's plan, though would appear to have little — if any — chance of success. One saving grace is that the council has promised a new theatre to replace the old building. But the axe for the Tramshed, coming at the same time as the closure of the Lewisham Odeon (the top concert venue only a couple of miles away), leaves this huge catchment area sadly bereft of rock centres.

STEPPENWOLF DATE SWITCH

STEPPENWOLF have postponed their British visit next month, which was to have been highlighted by a concert at London Rainbow on March 6. It seems that, for some reason that hasn't been divulged, they've now decided to come here after their European tour instead of beforehand. Accordingly, their Rainbow date is being re-scheduled, but details were still lacking at press-time — as was advice to existing ticket holders. But their gig at Middlesbrough Town Hall, originally planned for March 13, has already been re-set for April 23 (tickets £3.50, £3 and £2.50).

DATA CONTROL

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19 Sage	7, 8 Midge Jackson	27/28 Elvis Costello
20 New York to the Rainbow	7 Krokus	29 Syd Lawrence
21 Toyah	8 Gamma (Ronnie Montrose)	29 Chas & Dave
22 The Spizzles	8 The Only Ones	30 Stylistics
23 Bad Manners	9 Buddy Rich	30 Gang Of Four
24 Boys of the Lough	10 Jeff Beck	30/31 Manfred Mann's
25 The Passions	12 Judie Tzuke	Earthband
26 Paco Pena	14 Frankie Valli	
28 Bow Wow Wow	15 Iron Maiden	
MARCH	20 9 Below Zero	APRIL
1 Battle Of Bands	20 The Albion Band	2 Camel
1 UK Subs	20/21 The Grateful Dead	9-12 Neil Sedaka
3 The Damned	20/21 Tom Waits	24/26 Freddie Starr
4 Duran Duran	22 Stray Cats	28, 29 Glen Campbell
5 Crystal Gayle	22 The Barron Knights	29, 30 Liberace
5 Ian Gillan	24 Selector	MAY
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		6-9 Leo Sayer
		21, 22 Paul Anka

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Wednesday 25th February
MALCHIX + Alfred Of Mice
We are open Saturday lunchtime and our
basement is open for private functions
RING 222 8306 OR 767 6432 FOR DETAILS

PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS PRESENTS

Wednesday 25th February
ODYSSEY
at Doncaster Rotters
Tel 0302 27448. Adv tickets £3.00

Tuesday 10th March
FRANKIE VALLI & THE FOUR SEASONS
at Doncaster Rotters
Tel 0302 27448. Adv tickets £5.00

Wednesday 25th March
2002 Review featuring
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
Theatre Of Hate, Eyeless In
Gaza
Shock, Naked Lunch
at Manchester Rotters
Tel 061-236 4934. Adv tickets
£2.50

FOR TIMES AND TICKET OUTLETS SEE LOCAL PRESS
Must be over 18 yrs of age. No dress restrictions. no membership required

Thursday 26th February
ODYSSEY
at Liverpool Rotters
Tel 051-709 0771. Adv tickets
£3.00

Tuesday 24th March
2002 Review featuring
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
Theatre Of Hate, Eyeless In
Gaza
Shock, Naked Lunch
at Doncaster Rotters
Tel 0302 27448. Adv tickets £2.50

Monday 30th March
2002 Review featuring
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
Theatre Of Hate, Eyeless In
Gaza
Shock, Naked Lunch
at Liverpool Rotters
Tel 051-709 0771. Adv tickets
£2.50

JAMMY
SUNDAY 22nd FEB.
DIRECTIONS
Apocalypse.
Shout
afrika centre
38 KING STREET, LONDON WC2
"7-45-11-00 £1-50"
COVENT GARDEN

THE GREENMAN
196 Stratford High Street E15
(Stratford Tube)

Mon 23 Feb 75p
HOT RUMOUR

Tue 24 Feb £1
LONDON APACHES
(R&B)

Wed 25 Feb £1.25
JAZZ SLUTS

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

THURSDAY

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: The Thompson Twins
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Osprey
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
 Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: Don Rendell
 Nine
 Bournemouth Moat House Hotel: The Skavengers/Ca Va Ca Va
 Brighton Concorde Club: The Ammonites
 Brighton The Northern: Meanstreak
 Bristol Bear Hotel: The Aucadon
 Cambridge Corn Exchange: Madness/Team 23
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Gigzi
 Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: Richard Digance
 Chorley Joiners Arms: Still Earth
 Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: Dedringer
 Corby Festival Hall: Bad Manners
 Coventry Tiffany's: Judie Tzuke
 Coventry Warwick University: Lindsfarne
 Coventry White Swan: Helpless Hw & The Hesitations
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Grace Kennedy
 Croydon The Cartoon: Brett Martin & The Thunderbolts
 Eastcote Bottom Line: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: The Who
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Travelling Shoes
 Glasgow Tiffany's: H20/Shaking Pyramids
 Gravesend Woodville Hall: Renegade/Demon Pact/T. F. Much
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: Future Daze
 Hanley Victoria Hall: Slade
 Hastings Graffiti Club: Daddy Yum Yum
 Hayle Penmare Hotel: Shades
 High Wycombe Nags Head: Nightdoctor/Relay
 Ipswich Cinderella's: Motives/Bandaxis
 Irving Magnum: George Hamilton IV
 Kingston Three Tuns: Night Work
 Leeds Fan Club: UK Decay
 Leeds Warehouse: The Barracudas
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
 Liverpool Brady's: The Check
 Liverpool Lincolns Inn: Dead On Arrival
 Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
 London Acton Kings Head: Auntie Pus/Danzens
 London Camden Dingwalls: Root Jackson & The G. B. Blues Co
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Limehouse
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Inner City Unit
 London Chiswick John Bull: Telemusque
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Creamies
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Geno Washington
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: Young Jazz Big Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Park Avenue
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Books/Schwarzekapelle
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Manufactured Romance
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Chevrons/Tokyo
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Cirus
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Resistance
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Germans with Rat Scabies
 London Islington Pied Bull: Sons Of Cain/Lower Levels
 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: Theatre Of Hate
 London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: GWBB 4
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Clint Eastwood
 London Putney White Lion: Ukraine/Flash Harry
 London Soho Pizza Express: Jay McShann Trio
 London Southall The Cavern: Ruts D.C./The Vigilantes
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Marvin Rainwater
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford Band
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Saga/Stray/Quartz
 London Victoria The Venue: Love Of Life Orchestra/The Delmontes
 London Walthamstow The Towers: The Razzzy Dazzy Spasm Band
 London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: The City Waites
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Nightingales/Il Ya Volkswagen
 London Woolwich Tramshed: The Sharpees/The Pulsaters
 London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: The Belle Stars
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Joy Askew
 Manchester (Broughton Park) The Basement: Peck The Cook/Late Nite Neon
 Manchester Polytechnic: Lym-Bik
 Manchester Portland Bars: Private Sector
 Manchester Rafter's: Fatal Charm/Normil Hawaiians
 Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: Sneaky Piero
 Manchester UMIST: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
 Middlesbrough Teeside Polytechnic: Pressure Shocks
 Newcastle City Hall: Camel
 Newcastle The Cooperage: Arthur 2-Stroke
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
 Nottingham Rock City: The Strangers
 Nottingham Windsor Castle: Martin Carthy
 Oxford New Theatre: Iron Maiden/Trust
 Oxford Stage Club: The Showers
 Poole Arts Centre: Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Comsat Angels
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: Taurus
 Port Talbot Troubadour: Classix Nouveaux
 Reading Target Club: Chinatown
 Seaford Great Dane: Going Straight
 Sheffield Limit Club: Darts
 Sheffield Polytechnic: The Au Pairs
 Shrewsbury Derricks: Prefex
 Southampton Joiners Arms: The Motifs
 Stanford Robin Hood: Prime Suspect

Swansea University: Gary Gitter
 Todmorden Community Centre: Private Dicks
 Warrington Parr Hall: Matchbox
 York Barons: The Mood

FRIDAY

Aberystwyth Kings Hall: Matchbox
 Bedford Horse & Groom: Shader
 Bicester Red Lion: Chinatown
 Birmingham Aston University: Bad Manners
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poorboys
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: Classix Nouveaux
 Birmingham Lake Hall of Residence: Any Trouble
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
 Blackpool Jenks Bar: Lym-Bik (for three days)
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Twelfth Night
 Bridport The Greyhound: Talon
 Bury Platform Club: Dead On Arrival
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Boris & The Spiders
 Cardiff Grass Roots: The Review / Industrial Chipmunks
 Carlisle Twisted Wheel: Private Dicks
 Colchester Guinness Court: Emergency Exit
 Coventry General Wolfe: The Deetees
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlitter
 Cranfield Institute of Technology: Yakety Yak
 Crondall Village Hall: Houndog
 Croydon The Cartoon: The Pencils
 Darlington Town Hall: Assyne
 Durham Hatfield College: The Odds
 Durham University: Jools Holland & The Millionaires
 Durham Van Der Milt College: Geno Washington
 Edinburgh Art School: Restricted Code
 Edinburgh Astoria Ballroom: Pressure Shocks
 Edinburgh Odeon: Krokus
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: The Who
 Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: Whippies
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Dave Ellis Band
 Frome Market Hall: The Alarm CioX
 Gravesend Red Lion: Thumpa
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: The Regiment
 Hanley Victoria Hall: ABC Doris / A.E.C.P. / Decks / Heaters / Lemmings / Platinum Needles / Time Out / Vermilion Hair, etc.
 Hayes Bricklayers Arms: The Chevrons
 Hereford Market Tavern: The Aucadon
 Hitchin The Westmill Centre: Chron Gen / The Optional Xtras
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: Misty In Roots
 Inverness Eden Court Theatre: George Hamilton IV
 Kettering Windmill Club: Shades
 Kingston Polytechnic: Helpless Hw & The Hesitations
 Lancaster University: Iron Maiden / Trust
 Launceston White Horse: Metro Glider
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Witchfynde
 Leeds Playhouse Theatre: Don Rendell Nine
 Leeds University: Judie Tzuke / Gonzalez
 Liverpool Brady's: Chelsea
 Liverpool The Dolphin: Stun The Guards
 Liverpool University: The Strangers
 Liverpool Warehouse: Blitz / Madame
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Flatbackers
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
 London Central Polytechnic: Jam Today
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Device / Malchir
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Salt
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Members / Household Names
 London Greenwich Coach & Horses: The Ivory Coasters
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Outskirts / Motor Boys Motor
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: No Moon Feet / Wipe Out
 London Hampstead Westfield College: Supercharge
 London Harrow Rd., Windsor Castle: Shadowfax / The Whizz Kids
 London Hendon College: Toad The Wet Sprocket
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Venigmas / The Directions
 London Hornsey The Railway: 7 Year Itch
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Daddy Yum Yum
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
 London Marquee Club: Magna Carta
 London N.19 Caxton House: Vincent Units / The Far Cry / The Fast Set
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Ambience / Steve Lane Band
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert: Italian Parale
 London Putney Star & Garter: Isaac Guillory
 London Putney White Lion: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
 London Rainbow Theatre: The dB's / The Freshstones / Polyrock / The Bush Tetras / The Bongos / The Raybeats
 London Soho Pizza Express: Tony Scott's Be-Bop Quintet
 London Southall Hamborough Tavern: Zitz
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: O.A.P.'s / The Introze
 London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The New Yorkers
 London Victoria The Venue: John Cougar
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Tenpole Tudor / Emotion Pictures
 London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: Strangers In The Night / Self Control / Avanti
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Inversions
 Maidstone College of Technology: Alkatraz
 Manchester (Broughton Park) The Basement: The Beano / Jenny Pow
 Manchester College of Higher Education: Limelight / Tarot / Street Fighter
 Manchester Mayflower Club: Peter & The Test Tube Babies / Blitz
 Manchester Pips: Rhythm Section
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Slade
 Newcastle Polytechnic: Darts
 Norwich East Anglia University: Madness / Team 23

Nottingham Rock City: After The Fire
 Oxford Caribbean Club: The West City 5
 Oxford New Theatre: Lindsfarne
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Moonstone
 Paisley Technical College: The Thompson Twins
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Siouxsie & The Banshees / The Comsat Angels
 Preston Polytechnic: The Polecats
 Retford Porterhouse: The Moondogs / TV 21
 Saddleworth Friesland Hall: The Feel
 Scarborough Penthouse: The Au Pairs
 Sheffield City Hall: Camel
 Sheffield Polytechnic: The Beat / The Normil Hawaiians
 Shifnal Star Hotel: Switches
 Southend Top Alex: Fast Eddie
 Sunderland Mecca: Eric Bell Band
 Sutton-in-Ashfield Centre Theatre: Cactus Man / Sublime
 Swansea Circles: Houseband
 Thetford Green Dragon: Martin Carthy
 Trowell Festival Inn: The Bopcats
 Whitworth Rawston Arms: Rockin Horse / Medusa
 Winchester Art College: Games To Avoid / Vertical Motion / The V-Necks
 Withernsea Grand Pavilion: Limelight / Still Earth
 York University: Fatal Charm

SATURDAY

Aberdeen University: Pressure Shocks
 Ashington Leisure Centre: Matchbox
 Aylesbury Friars: Camel
 Barwell Three Crowns: Martin Carthy/The Waterstones
 Berkhamsted Civic Centre: Blazing Red/The Late Road Lunatics/The Chiltern Volcanoes
 Birkenhead Gallery Club: The Zorkie Twins
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Richard Digance
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Crows
 Bradford University: Judie Tzuke
 Brighton Art College: New Objekts/Birds With Ears
 Brighton The Northern: The Mets
 Bristol Dockland Settlement: Steve Hooker's Shakers
 Bristol Granary: Dark Star
 Bristol University: Twelfth Night
 Bromsgrove Whitehouse Night Club: Sub Zero
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Device
 Cannock Chaseley Arts Centre: Slicks
 Carlisle Twisted Wheel: Meanstreet
 Carshalton St. Helier Arms: C.S.A.
 Claygate British Legion Club: Bobalouis
 Coventry General Wolfe: Yakety Yak
 Coventry Warwick University: The Resistance
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Gordon Giltrap
 Croydon The Cartoon: 7 Year Itch
 Cuckfield Kings Head: Suspect
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Iron Maiden/Trust
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: Fatal Charm
 Eastbourne The Squirrel: Larry Miller Band
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Chinatown
 Exmouth Pavilion: Soul Direction
 Folkestone East Cliff Pavilion: Silent Movies
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Krokus
 Glasgow Queen Elizabeth Hall: Nine Below Zero
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: Darts
 Gravesend Red Lion: Spider
 Gravesend The Terminus: Italian Parale
 Halifax Royal Oak: Private Dicks
 Hastings Graffiti Club: Midnight & The Lemonboys

Hackmondwike Brighton Street WMS: Rockabilly Rebs
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: The Polecats
 Ilford The Cranbrook: Rye & The Quarterboys
 Inverness Eden Court Theatre: George Hamilton IV
 Kingston Grove Tavern: Avenue
 Knighton The Club: Switches
 Leatherhead Leisure Centre: Roy Harper/Gerry Lockram
 Leeds Polytechnic: Jools Holland & The Millionaires
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Wamm
 Leeds The Adelphi: Twisted Nerve
 Liverpool Brady's: The Fall
 Liverpool Warehouse: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
 London Camden Dingwalls: Love Of Life Orchestra
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Flatbackers
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Lemons
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton's H-D Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Pretty Things/720
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Red Letters/Earls Reserves
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Ojsh
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: BIM/Answer
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Hank Wangford Band
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Dingle Spike
 London Lewisham Concert Hall: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 London Marquee Club: Samson
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Strangers In The Night/Julian Stringer's Young Dixie
 London Putney Spencer Arms: Radioactive
 London Putney Star & Garter: Salt/Little Stevie Smith
 London Putney White Lion: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
 London Rainbow Theatre: Toyah/Wasted Youth/Huang Chung
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Happy Traum
 London Richmond Snoopies: Temporary Title
 London Soho Pizza Express: John Altman's New Onyx Club Orchestra
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The New Yorkers
 London Victoria The Venue: Icarus/Johnny Mars' Mighty Mars
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Dancing Old/The Chefs/The Delmontes
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Lindsfarne
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Inversions
 Luton Technical College: The Statics/Fictitious
 Maidenhead The Bell: Art Nouveau
 Malvern Mount Pleasant Hotel: The Aucadon

Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Strangers
 Manchester Devonshire Hotel: Rockin Horse/Medusa
 Manchester Polytechnic: UK Subs
 Manchester Portland Bars: Zenathus
 Manchester (Sale) Hedley's: The Naughty Boys
 Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: J. G. Spolls Rock Band
 Manchester The Millstone: The Feel
 Manchester University: The Au Pairs
 Manchester (Whitefield) Masons Arms: Dead Giveaway
 Mansfield Swan Hotel: The Cruisers
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Pearl Harbour
 Neath Railway Inn: The Jammy Tarts
 Newark Palace Theatre: Boys Of The Lough
 Northampton Black Lion: The World Service
 Nottingham Boat Club: Eric Bell Band
 Nottingham Plessey Social Club: The Bopcats
 Nottingham University: The Barracudas
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Toad The Wet Sprocket
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Grace Kennedy
 Preston Warehouse: Grace
 Reading Caribbean Club: Nightdoctor
 Retford Porterhouse: Classix Nouveaux
 Scunthorpe Hobbies Centre: Still Earth
 Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel: The Mood
 Seaford Great Dane: Meanstreak
 Sheffield Hurfield Arts Campus: Don Rendell Nine
 Sheffield University: Saga
 Shifnal Star Hotel: The Accelerators
 Skegness Friskney Youth Club: The Moondogs/TV21
 Southampton Joiners Arms: Zena Zerox
 Southampton Mountbatten Theatre: The Skavengers/Double-Ups
 Southend Top Alex: V.H.F.
 St. Albans City Hall: Bad Manners
 Sunderland Polytechnic: Slade
 Swansea University College: The Expressos
 Swansea University: The Venom
 Swindon Wyvern Theatre: Joolz
 Swindon Wyvern Theatre: Lol
 Coxhill/Michael Horowitz etc
 Tonymandy Royal Naval Club: Dedringer
 Truro Royal Hotel: Metro Glider
 Weybridge National College of Food: The Cheaters/X-Effects
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests

SUNDAY

Aberdeen Copper Beach: The President's Men
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
 Bolton Swan Hotel: Hollow Mountain
 Brighton Pedestrians Arms (lunchtime): Meanstreak
 Brighton Sussex University: The Hoodlums
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Bury Bridge Inn: Private Sector
 Bury The Derby Hall: Roaring Jelly
 Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Profile
 Carlisle Border Terrier: Dennis Delight
 Chigwell White Hart: Park Avenue
 Cleethorpes Peppers: The Moondogs/TV 21
 Cornforth United Club: Taurus
 Crewe Brunswick Hotel: Martin Carthy
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Lindsfarne
 Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): Eky & The Steamers
 Croydon The Star: Lost Johnny
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Slade
 Eton Christopher Hotel (lunchtime): The Gatsby Five
 Glasgow Grand Ole Opry: George Hamilton IV
 Glasgow Tiffany's: UK Subs
 Godalming Three Lions: Meanstreak
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: The Ammonites/J.C.L. Band
 Harrogate Royal Hall: David Essex
 Hatfield The Stonehouse: Radioactive
 Helensborough Trident Club: Nine Below Zero
 Hemel Hempstead Old Town Hall Arts Centre: The Whole World
 Huddersfield White Lion: Private Dicks
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Kingston Three Tuns: The Needle
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Comsat Angels
 Leicester Phoenix Arts Campus: Don Rendell Nine
 Liverpool Polytechnic: The Accelerators/Twisted Nerve
 Liverpool Star & Garter: Asylum
 London Acton Kings Head: Guy Jackson/Room For Humans
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Brixton George Canning: Southside
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Red Rinse
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Cheaters/X-Effects
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: FX/The Creamies/M.P.H.
 London E.11 The Eagle: John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Dana Gillespie
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Alternative Cabaret
 London Hackney The Queens: Avenue
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Suttel Approach
 London Hayes Brook House: Zitz
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Tranzista/Pressgang



Hi there. Brilleaux's the name. Lee Brilleaux. And I've come along to the Gig Guide direct from my pad (that's the Brilleaux pad, geddit?) to remind you that the FEELGOODS start their tour in Belfast on Monday and Leicester on Wednesday, then travel all over the country. Now, you make sure you come and see us, 'cos if no-one shows up, we shan't feel so bloody good. Oh yeah, and I've been asked to tell you that the Gig Guide CONTINUES OVER . . .

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

TOP NEWS 2

London Islington Hope & Anchor: Sore Throat
 London Islington King's Head: Dhyana
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose
 London Marquee Club: Split
 London N.4 The Stapleton: Yakety Yak
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra
 London Putney Half Moon: Rocket 88
 London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny Parker
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: The Spizzles/Subway Sect/Martian Dance/D.A.F./UK Decay
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
 London Tooting The Castle: Italian Parcels
 London Victoria The Venue: The Four Bucketeers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Fire Engines/Denizens
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Terry Lightfoot Band
 London W.1 Portman Hotel: Mike McKenzie Trio
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Iron Maiden/Trust
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Blitzkrieg/The Insane
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: Krokus
 Newbridge Memorial Hall: Dark Star
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Northampton College of Further Education: Be-Bop Preservation Society
 Norwich Fifers Lane: The Au Pairs
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: White Diamond
 Poynton Folk Centre: Bullock Smithy
 Redcar Coatham Bowl: Matchbox
 Slough Alexander's: The Cruisers
 Stoke Jolies: Odyssey
 Swindon Wyvern Theatre: John Cooper Clarke
 Uxbridge Brunel University: Fatal Charm
 Waterloo White Hart: Prime Suspect

MONDAY

Andover Crickadee College: Games To Avoid / Interior Complex / Little Criminals
 Bath The Bell: Talon
 Belfast Ulster Hall: Dr. Feelgood
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Cryer
 Blackburn King George's Hall: UK Subs
 Bolton Sawn Hotel: Vex
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Semuta
 Bradford University: Darts
 Brighton Richmond Hotel: Going Straight
 Brighton Top Rank: Misty In Roots / Hard Rock / Eye To Eye
 Bristol Colston Hall: Camel
 Cambridge Carrioca Club: Louis Stewart Trio
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Bruce's Fingers
 Canterbury Kent University: Icarus
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: The Bulbs
 Cheltenham Eves Night Club: The Reluctant Stereotypes
 Coventry Belgrade Theatre: God's Toys / Partisan
 Coventry The Venue: Partizans
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Siouxie & The Banshees / The Comsat Angels
 Derby Co-op Hall: The Thompson Twins
 Dundee Tiffany's: Pressure Shocks
 Durham University: The Strangers
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Cavalry
 Grimsby Pestle & Mortar: The London Boys
 Guildford Bunters: Larry Miller Band
 Guildford Surrey University: Split Rivitt
 Hanley Victoria Hall: Iron Maiden / Trust
 Hull Tiffany's: Dedringer
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Keighley Funhouse Bar: Shakes
 King's Lynn Fermo Centre: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia
 Kingston Grove Tavern: Avenue
 Kingston Three Tuns: Static
 Leeds Warehouse: Soft Cell / Illustration
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Slade
 Liverpool The Masonic: Madame
 London Camden Dingwalls: Dead Aids / The Future / Kitch
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Top Secret
 London Clapham 101 Club: Household Names / Belgravia
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Temporary Title / Leisure Lotion
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Den Hegarty & The Random Band / The Venigmas
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Flock Of Seagulls / Institute
 London Hammersmith Palais: Bad Manners / The Members / Dolly Mixture
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: M.P.H. / The Pact
 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: Hot Club Of London
 London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
 London Richmond Snoopies: The Orange Cardigan
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: Rose Murphy (for two weeks)
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Black Market
 London Victoria The Venue: Lindisfarne / Trimmer & Jenkins
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Name/Boys Will Be Boys
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Radioactive
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Krokus
 New Brighton Grand: Dead On Arrival
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
 Plymouth Fiesta Suite: Nash The Slash
 Reading Cherry's: Twelfth Night
 Rickmansworth Watersmeet: Toad The Wet Sprocket
 Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers
 Sheffield Marples Monday Club: Red Zoo/New Model Soldier
 Southend Zero 6: Johnny Mars' Mighty Mars
 Stafford Malt 'n' Hops: The Aucadian

St. Albans The Adelaide: The Coconut Dogs
 Wallasey Labour Club: Mask III
 Warford Bailey's: Alvin Stardust (for a week)
 York University: David Essex

TUESDAY

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: The President's Men
 Bath Tiffany's: Nash The Slash
 Bathgate Green Tree: Seventeen
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Money
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Lennie Best / Terry Smith
 Brighton Basement Club: Eye To Eye
 Bury The Derby Hall: Night Visitors / Fast Cars
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: The Hornets
 Canterbury Odeon: Bad Manners
 Cardiff Top Rank: UK Subs
 Cleethorpes Lifeboat Hotel: The Accelerators
 Cleethorpes Peppers: The Passions
 Colchester St. Mary's Arts Centre: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia
 Crewe & Alsager College: Lindisfarne
 Croydon The Cartoon: Crash Club



CAMEL — that's guitarist Andy Latimer pictured above — continue their UK concert tour with dates this week at Newcastle (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Aylesbury (Saturday), Bristol (Monday), Ipswich (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday). ● There's good news for disco fans and metal freaks this week. The former can welcome the arrival of chart stars ODYSSEY, who begin their British trek in Stoke on Sunday and Monday. And H-M addicts will be pleased to see Swiss band KROKUS doing the rounds, kicking off in Edinburgh on Friday.

Dunstable Queensway Hall: Iron Maiden / Trust
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: The Strangers
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Bernie Tyrrell's Salisbury Stompers
 Gravesend Red Lion: Rat Fink A Boo Boo
 Guildford Surrey University: Judie Tzuke
 Helensborough Trident Club: Pressure Shocks
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Camel
 Keighley Kings Head: Nosferatu V
 Kingston Three Tuns: The Coup
 Leeds Polytechnic: The Au Pairs
 Leicester Braunstone Hotel: Louis Stewart Trio
 Leicester University: After The Fire
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Krokus
 London Camden Dingwalls: Polyrock / Belgravia
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Ammonites / JCB
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: BIM / The Freshies
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Institute
 London Fulham Greyhound: Fruit Eating Bears / The Fix
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Radioactive / Relay
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Fizz
 London Holborn The Blitz: Private Lives
 London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Flatbackers
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: Yakety Yak
 London Marquee Club: The Atrix
 London N.4 The Stapleton: The Razy
 Dazzy Spasm Band

London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Sonny Morris - Ray Smith Quintet
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Pearl Harbour
 London Putney White Lion: The Ivory Coasters
 London Queen Elizabeth Hall: Boys Of The Lough
 London Soho Pizza Express: Billy Butterfield & The All-Star Jazzband
 London Southall The Cavern: Rumbling Organs / The Piers / T.V. Scandal
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Shades / Dynamite
 London Tottenham Price of Wales: The Alligators / The Wrecktangles
 London Victoria The Venue: Jan Hammer
 London Westminster Abbey: Sky
 Manchester Polytechnic: Weapon Of Peace
 Manchester Red Lion: Dead Giveaway
 Newcastle City Hall: The Who / Ruts DC
 Norwich East Anglia University: Jools Holland & The Millionaires
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris
 Reading University: Darts / Moondogs
 Sheffield City Hall: David Essex
 Southampton Joiners Arms: Prime Suspect
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: The Dumb Biondes
 Wentworth Rockingham Arms: Pat Halcox Allstars
 Wrexham N-E Wales Institute: The Thompson Twins

WEDNESDAY

Birkenhead Sir James Club: Asylum
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Q-Tips/Denizens
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: M.S. Nightwork
 Birmingham Odeon: Camel
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Blechley White Hart: Art Nauveau
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Matchbox
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: Little Brother/Jools/WHL Beckett
 Brighton The Northern: Nouveau-a-go-go
 Brighton Sussex University: Nine Below Zero
 Brighton Top Rank: Matumbi/Government/Guardian Angel
 Bristol Colston Hall: Grace Kennedy
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Krokus
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Lindisfarne
 Doncaster Rotters: Odyssey
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: The Dubliners
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Thumper
 Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
 Falkirk Town Hall: George Hamilton IV
 Galashiels College of Textiles: The Delmontes
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Strangers
 Glenrothes Rothes Arms: Seventeen
 Halifax Foggy's: Whippas
 Hatfield Polytechnic: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia
 Helensborough Trident Club: The Look/H20
 Hereford Rotters Club: Assyna
 Kingston Three Tuns: Bobalouis
 Leamington Royal Spa Centre: Jools Holland & The Millionaires
 Leeds University: Siouxie & The Banshees/The Comsat Angels
 Leeds Warehouse: Roy Wood's Helicopters
 Leicester Polytechnic: Dr Feelgood
 Liverpool Plato's Ballroom: Cabaret
 Voltaire/Alvin The Aardvark & The Fuzzy Ants
 Liverpool Warehouse: UK Subs
 Llandudno Pier Pavilion: David Essex
 London Acton Kings Head: On The Air/The Attendants
 London Camden Dingwalls: Pearl Harbour
 London Chelsea College of Art: Rio & The Robots
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Lemons/Afraid Of Mice
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Josef K/The Nice Men
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Metro Glider
 London Fulham Greyhound: Levi Dexter & The Riccords/Daddy Yum Yum
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Jam
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave Ellis Band
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Tenpole Tudor
 London Islington Pied Bull: 1-2-3/The Divers
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Marquee Club: The Moondogs/TV 21
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Brian Williams Big Band
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite
 London Richmond Snoopies: The Europeans
 London Soho Pizza Express: Billy Butterfield Sextet
 London Southall White Hart: Shades
 London Victoria The Venue: Light Of The World
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Sore Throat/The Dave
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Breakfast Band
 London W.14 The Kensington: Park Avenue
 Loughborough University: After The Fire
 Newcastle The Cooperage: The Cheaters
 Newcastle City Hall: The Who/Ruts DC
 New Romney The Seahorse: The Feel
 Norwich East Anglia University: Fatal Charm
 Nottingham Black Boy: Louis Stewart Trio
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
 Nottingham Rock City: The Passions
 Nottingham Tiffany's: Cactus Man/The Cutouts/VHF
 Nottingham University: Judie Tzuke
 Oxford Scamps: The West City 5
 Reading Top Rank: Slade
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 Swansea Coach House: The Jammy Tarts
 Treforest Wales Polytechnic: The Thompson Twins
 Uxbridge Brunel University: The Barracudas
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: The Polcats
 Worthing Assembly Hall: Darts

JOHNNY OSBOURNE makes his first UK appearance as one of the stars of the Fourth Annual Back Echoes Awards Show at London Hammersmith Palais on Sunday, March 8. Also taking part are Aswad, Al Campbell, Misty In Roots, Clint Eastwood and The Investigators, among others. Tickets are £8 from the box-office, and leading ticket agencies and reggae shops.

SIMPLE MINDS have switched the date of their one-off London show at Victoria Theatre — announced last week as March 2 — to Tuesday, March 3.

FAY WRAY promote their debut single 'Family Affairs' — on the Surrey Sound label — with London gigs at Herne Hill Half Moon (February 27), Covent Garden Rock Garden (28), Clapham 101 Club (March 1) and Islington Hope & Anchor (2). They also travel to Bangor University this Saturday (21).

VICTIMS OF PLEASURE return to live action this Saturday (21) after a two-month lay-off, when they play London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic. They've been busy writing and recording songs for their debut album, and have also been working in new keyboards and synthesiser player Steve Girl, who was previously with Babe Ruth — he replaced Virginia Astley, who has returned to her studies at the Guildhall School of Music.

MATCHBOX have added two late bookings to their current tour, at Aberystwyth Kings's Hall (tomorrow, Friday) and Walsall Town Hall (this Sunday). As reported, they also appear in the special rockabilly night which opens this year's Country Music Festival at Wembley Arena on Good Friday (April 17).

PLASTIC IDOLS, the Midlands-based rock outfit, begin a new one-nighter series at Fenton New Penny Club (February 28), Burslem Bowler Hat (March 4), Manchester Romiley Grey Horse (12) and Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre (15). More are being lined up.

BILLIE JO SPEARS is the latest C&W star to be lined up for a British tour. She'll be doing the rounds in the spring, supported by British group The Hillsliders. The only date confirmed so far is at Nottingham Rock City on April 29, and the remainder of her schedule will be announced shortly.

MADNESS are playing another two low-key gigs this week, at Cambridge Corn Exchange (tonight, Thursday) and Norwich East Anglia University (Friday), in both cases supported by Team 23. These are not part of a tour — it's simply that the band like to work, so they slotted in these isolated gigs when they found they had a few free days.

THE VINCENT UNITS, The Far Cry and The Fast Set are featured in a free London concert for unemployed youngsters — it's at Caxton House, 129 St John's Way, N.19, at 8pm tomorrow (Friday). It's being sponsored by the South-East Regional Council of the TUC and Islington Trades Council. Admission is free on presentation of dole cards, and £1 for the more fortunate.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD headline at London Victoria The Venue on Wednesday, February 25. Out-of-town dates for the group include Swindon Brunel Rooms (tomorrow, Friday), Norwich Cromwells (February 26), a soul all-nighter at Brighton Top Rank (27) and Bracknell Wednesday's (March 1).

THE SPECTRES will be gigging again before the end of the month, now that they've finalised their new line-up, with the addition of Bill McCabe on accordion and Mick Hanson coming in on guitar. Dates are at present being finalised, and a new single will be issued to coincide.

JUDIE TZUKE has made a few changes to her tour schedule, announced two weeks ago. Her Coventry concert tonight (Thursday) is now at Tiffany's, not Lanchester Polytechnic; Manchester Apollo on February 27 is replaced by Salford University on March 3; and gigs in Newcastle (March 6) and Sheffield (13) are, in both cases, at the local Polytechnic and not the University. And an extra date has been slotted in at Hatfield Forum on March 8.



SHOCK — the extravagant group who combine music, mime, theatre, dance and visuals — are to be the special guests of Gary Numan in his previously reported farewell concerts at London Wembley Arena on April 27 and 28. And judging from our picture, who's to say they don't deserve each other? Shock have just released a single on RCA called 'Angle Face', which will doubtless be one of their less complex offerings at Wembley.



THE CHEATERS have extended their 'Rock Against Grimness' tour with further dates at Weybridge National College of Food (this Saturday), London Clapham 101 Club (Sunday), Newcastle Cooperage (February 26), Galashiels Maxwell Hotel (26), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (27), Glasgow Technical College (28), Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel (March 1), Paisley Bungalow Bar (2), Bellshill Iron Maiden (4), Glenrothes Rothes Arms (5), Aberdeen University (6) and Helensborough Trident Club (10). Still more are being set.

LEVI DEXTER & The Rip Chords continue doing the rounds of London venues at Fulham Greyhound (February 25), Camden Dingwalls (26), Bond Street Embassy Club (March 3), Islington Hope & Anchor (4), Clapham 101 Club (5) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (12).

URGE, the five-piece Coventry-based band, play a benefit at the local Lanchester Polytechnic this Saturday (21) to raise defence funds for three black youths arrested during an anti-fascist rally — the support act is Eyeless In Gaza. Next Monday (23), Urge support their new single 'Bobby' — issued on their own label through Arista — at Coventry Belgrade Theatre.

THE FALL have added five extra dates to the last leg of their winter tour. The Manchester band play St Helens College of Technology (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Brady's (Saturday), Glasgow Plaza (Sunday), Edinburgh Cavendish Tollcross (next Monday) and Paisley Bungalow Bar (Tuesday).

THE FLATBACKERS emerge from the studio, where they've been recording tracks for their next single, to play London gigs at Camden Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday), Clapham 101 Club (Saturday) and Islington Hope & Anchor (next Tuesday, 24).

TEARDROP EXPLODES broadcast live from Sheffield University on March 18, in Richard Skinner's regular Thursday evening Radio 1 spot (8 pm). Also airing in this series next month are Hazel O'Connor and Megahype from Newcastle University (March 5) and Dr Feelgood from Bradford University (12).

MISTRESS, the Blackpool based rock unit fronted by girl singer and bassist Danny Gibson, play Blackpool The Noggin (tonight, Thursday), Birkenhead Gallery (Friday), Birmingham The Jiffy (Saturday), London Woolwich Tramshed (February 23), Lancaster Greaves Hotel (27) and Liverpool Warehouse (28).

SHADER, a five-piece London-based rock band, are promoting their own March tour at St Albans Horn Of Plenty (2), London Hampstead Starlight Room (3), Ilford Green Gate (5), Lowestoft Talk Of The East (6), Huddersfield Eros Club (7), Liverpool Mayflower (9), Preston Moonrakers (10), Halifax Foggy's (11), Leeds Royal Park Hotel (12), Manchester Ashton Spread Eagle (13), Leeds Fford Green (14), Bradford Vaults Bar (15), Bolton Aquarius (16), Stoke El Syd's (18), Kidderminster Boar's Head (19), Malvern Nags Head (20), Stroud Marshall Rooms (21), Coventry Queen's Inn (22), Birmingham Mercat Cross (24), Nuneaton Silverstar's (25), Malvern Trappers Bar (26), Bicester Red Lion (27), Watford Red Lion (28) and London Walthamstow Saxon (30). Their new single 'Bad News Blues', on their own label Piston Broke (geddit?), will be on sale at all the gigs.

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

Fatal Charm New single: **CHRISTINE**
b/w **Paris**

February

18th	Oxford Scamps
19th	Manchester Rafter
20th	York University, Wentworth College
21st	Dudley JBs
23rd	London Marquee
25th	Norwich University of East Anglia
26th	Leeds Warehouse
27th	Newcastle Polytechnic
28th	Middlesborough Rock Garden

March
2nd London Marquee

Distributed by Stage One

THE ONLY ONES
ORIGINAL MIRRORS
THE BOOKS

LYCEUM
SUNDAY 8th MARCH at 7.30

TICKETS £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 036 3759.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3372. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 1 KENTISH TOWN RD, NW1. TEL: 485 6088

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
OUTLAW and PHIL MCINTYRE BY ARRANGEMENT WITH SANCTUARY present
IRON MAIDEN
plus SPECIAL GUESTS
TRUST

THE KILLER TOUR

SUNDAY 15th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS,
VIRGIN TICKET UNIT & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 19th February 7.0p NIK TURNERS INNER CITY UNIT + Shattered Dolls	Monday 23rd February 7.0p STRAPS
Friday 20th February £1 JACKIE LYNTON BAND + No Idea	Tuesday 24th February £1 FAREWELL TO ENGLAND GOODLUCK IN EUROPE THE LITTLE ROOSTERS + The Pope
Saturday 21st February £1 SUNFIGHTER + Manipulator	Wednesday 25th February £1 KATE ROBINS SALE (EX-SPRINKLERS)
Sunday 22nd February 7.0p JANNINE + Devotion	Thursday 26th February 6.0p SHADOWFAX + Whizz Kids

ROY HARPER
Plus support — **Gerry Lockran**
at Leatherhead Leisure Centre, Surrey
Saturday 21st February. Tickets £3.25 and £2.60
S.A.E. to W. Dodson, 4 Albury Rd, Chessington, Surrey
Phone 01-391 0738

CHAS 'N' DAVE
Saturday 7th March. Tickets £3.00 & £2.50
Book as above Plus Box Office

ROCK 'N' ROLL LIVES
at the
LYCEUM
Wellington Street, The Strand, London WC2

Tuesday 24th February 7.30 till Midnight
featuring
THE SHADES
DYNAMITE
plus WILD WAX ROADSHOW

Late Bars £2.50 Buffet

LASERIUM
Laser Light Concerts—unique in Europe at
The London Planetarium

"Light Years" Wednesdays, Thursdays 6.00 and 7.30pm
includes music by The Beatles and Elton John

"Laserock 2" Fridays, Saturdays 6.00, 7.30 and 9.00pm
includes music by The Police and Genesis

"Starship" Sundays 6.00 and 7.30pm includes music from Star Wars

New custom built sound system!

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ON
THE LIVE PAGE

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Tickets on sale now for

GARY NUMAN
IN CONCERT
26th April

ROSE ROYCE
27th, 28th March

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

REGGAE AT THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford St, London W1

Thursday 19th February
Jamaica's No. 1 Toaster
CLINT EASTWOOD

NEW WAVE AT THE 100 CLUB
Tuesday 24th February
Return By Public Demand

PEARL HARBOUR

PLATO'S BALLROOM
AT PICKWICKS, FRASER ST., LIVERPOOL

Wednesday 25th February Ticket £2

CABARET VOLTAIRE
+ Jell + Aardvarks

SUNDOWN CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON W.C.2

DEREK BLOCK & MAXIMUM present

DURAN DURAN
Biddie & Eve B Movie & DJ

WEDNESDAY 4th MARCH 8pm

ALL TICKETS £2.50
FROM SUNDOWN, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE,
& ALL USUAL AGENTS

Tenpole Tudor
Friday 20th February

MOONLIGHT CLUB
Wednesday 25th February

HOPE & ANCHOR

TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON
BRIGHTON presents

THE SELECTER
PLUS SUPPORT

WEDNESDAY 11th MARCH 8.00pm
Tickets £2.50 in advance, £3.00 on door
FROM BOX OFFICE: VIRGIN, POLY SOUND,
FINE RECORDS (BRIGHTON & WORTHING) L & H CLOAK (BRIGHTON & CRAWLEY)

P.C.L.S.U. Presents

THE BLUES BAND
+ Support

Friday 20th Feb at 8pm — Cheap Bar
Poly of Central London
115 New Cavendish St. W1 (Oxford St tube)

£1.50 Students (Adv) £2.50 others & on door
Advance at S.U. or phone 636 6271 to book.

THE THEATRE: POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON
HOLLOWAY RD N7

THE LOVED ONE
THURSDAY 26th FEBRUARY 7.30 £1.00

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block presents
BAD MANNERS
THE MEMBERS
+ DOLLY MIXTURE

MONDAY 23rd FEBRUARY 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.00

AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PALAIS OR SEE OUR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS,
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, HOOKS, TONY RECORDS, ALSO ON NIGHT

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6

Wednesday 18th February	£1.50
Thursday 19th February	£1.50
Friday 20th February	£1.50
Saturday 21st February	£1.50
Sunday 22nd February	£1.50
Monday 23rd February	£1.50
Tuesday 24th February	£1.50
Wednesday 25th February	£1.50

REPETITION + The Mets
THE NIGHTINGALES + Ilya Volkswagon
TENPOLE TUDOR + Emotion Pictures
THE DANCING DID THE CHEFS
FIRE ENGINES + The Denizens
THE NAMES + Boys will be Boys
NO MEEN FEET, ZUES, KIDZ, SEA HORSES, FRENCH CONNECTION, GREG HOWARD, STARTS 7.30
SORE THROAT + The Dave Kings
KINGS HEAD 214 High St Acton W3
THE SUBTERRANEANS + The Decorators
AUNTIE PUS + The Denizens
GUY JACKSON + Room for Humans
ON THE AIR + The Attendants

Venue
100-102 VICTORIA STREET LONDON SW1E 5LB
Tel: 034 5500/228 9441
OVER 18s ONLY
FOOD, DRINK, LIVE MUSIC, TIL 3.00am

NO PERSONS UNDER 18 ADMITTED

THURSDAY 19th FEBRUARY £2.00
LOVE OF LIFE ORCHESTRA + The Delmontes

LATE NIGHT £2.00
ELEKTRO DISKOW
featuring D.J. Russel Webb from The Skids + Endgames

FRIDAY 20th FEBRUARY £3.00
JOHN COUGAR

SATURDAY 21st FEBRUARY £3.00
JOHNNY MARS MIGHTY MARS + ICARUS

SUNDAY 22nd FEBRUARY £4.00
THE FOUR BUCKETEERS FROM TISWAS
1.00pm and 7.30pm
(under 16s £2.00 on 1.00pm show only)

MONDAY 23rd FEBRUARY £3.50
LINDISFARNE + Trimmer & Jenkins

TUESDAY 24th FEBRUARY £4.00
JAN HAMMER & FRIENDS

WEDNESDAY 25th FEBRUARY £3.50
LIGHT OF THE WORLD

THURSDAY 26th FEBRUARY
CUBA LIBRE RECORDS NIGHT
with THE CUBAN HEALS + THE SHAKING PYRAMIDS

LATE NIGHT £2.00
ELEKTRO DISKOW

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters, here is...

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
GINO WASHINGTON
THU. FEB. 19th. The legendary Kojak haircut returns! Have yourself a hand clapping, foot stomping good time!!

DEVICE PLUS MALCHIX
FRI. 20th. The DOUBLE BILL! DEVICE play a cliché-clean set of songs topped by clipped vocals from a new wave lounge lizard. MALCHIX play a shining brand of avant-garde music that is fine from the stems of them! reported NME.

THE LEMONS
SAT. 21st. Amusing and refreshingly friendly live set. Sold time out about this event with roots in Cockney-style, doo-wop.

SUN. FX + MICRAMES + MPT
NON-TEMPORARY TITLE

TUE. 24th BIM
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NIGHT DOCTOR
THU. 26th FEB. + O.K. LIVE
The Doors open 6.15 till late except Sunday when it's 7.30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails night thru. Our restaurant is open 7 days a week 8.30am till 6.00am. Most plays, phone for details. We are on the corner of King St & James St old Covent Garden (100m from tube station).
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LIVE
PHONE 01 261 6153

DATA CONTROL

Rainbow THEATRE
OUTLAW AND PHIL MCINTYRE PRESENT



+ DEDRINGER
THURSDAY 5th MARCH 7-30pm
Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00.
FROM BOX OFFICE PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
VIRGIN TICKETS UNIT & ALL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 19th February **£1.50**
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
+ Support

Friday 20th February **£1**
THE OUTSKIRTS
+ Motorbays Motor

Saturday 21st February **£1**
RED LETTERS
+ Earls Reserves

Monday 23rd February **£1**
FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
+ Institute

Tuesday 24th February **£1**
RADIOACTIVE + Relay
Open 7 till 11
Enquiries Ring 969 1343

1-2-3 AND
THE DIVERS
Wednesday 25th February
PIED BULL ISLINGTON
£1.00 Admission

BRUNEL ENTS PRESENTS
IN THE KINGDOM ROOM
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middx
Friday 20th February

GEN X — CANCELLED
Friday 27th February £2.00

JIMMY LINDSAY + RASUGI
+ **THE ENCHANTERS**
Friday 13th March £1.50

THE PHOTOS + Jools Hollands Millionaires
Gigs start at 8pm. Enquiries ring Uxbridge 39125

The Dance Room
Fagin's, Oxford Road, Manchester

A Certain Ratio
The Swamp Children
Sundry Entertainers

Monday Night
February 23rd
To Each His Own

ACKLAM HALL
Acklam Road, W10 (Ladbroke Grove Tube)
Friday 27th February

THE SATELLITES
(with Rat Scabies)
3.00 AM + IN TOUCH
+ September Moon
ADM £1.50. DOLE CARD HOLDERS £1
DOORS OPEN 8pm — BAR TILL MIDNIGHT
Sheher Benefit promoted with London Joints Interests

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Any Which Way You Can
Progs Weekdays: 1.30, 3.50, 6.10, 8.30. Sunday: 3.30, 5.50, 8.15.
Late Show Fri & Sat: 11 pm.

2 Rebels.
Outlaws, Mercenaries.
Seven magnificent warriors join to fight the...
BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS
Progs: 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.35. Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 Neil Simon's
SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES
RELEASED BY COLUMBIA & MCA WARNER DISTRIBUTORS. © 1981 COLUMBIA PICTURES INC.
Progs: 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.35.

4 BETTE MIDLER
Divine Madness
A Ladd Company Release. Through Music Box. © & MCA Warner Distributors.
Progs: 2.35, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30. Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS
THE PASSIONS
+ Support
7.30 pm Sunday 22nd February
£1.90 Adv. £2.50 Door
JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.
TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING) & AT FINE RECORDS

FIRE ENGINES
only london
date! 22 feb
the Moonlight
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THAMES POLY, WOOLWICH, SE18
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LINDISFARNE
+ Trimmer & Jenkins
Saturday 21st February.
Licensed Bar
Open to Non-Students
Tickets £2.50 Adv £3.00 Door

FREE GIG FOR UNEMPLOYED
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20th
8 till late
CAXTON HOUSE
129 St John's Way London N19 (Archway Tube)
with VINCENT UNITS
THE FAR CRY
THE FAST SET
Admission £1
FREE WITH DOLE CARD
Bar
org S.E. TUC and Islington Trades Council

THE EXTRAS
ROCK GARDEN — 21st Feb
BASEMENT BAR — 2nd Mar
SNOOPYS — 6th Mar
Single out soon on Deltic
Records 01-849 0780.

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

Thursday 19th February **BARRACUDAS**
Monday 23rd February **SOFT CELL**
Wednesday 25th February **ROY WOODS**
Thursday 26th February **HELICOPTER**
Sunday 1st March (Lunchtime) **FATAL CHARM**
Monday 2nd March **SUPERCHARGE**
Wednesday 4th March **THE DB'S**
Monday 9th March **WILKO JOHNSON**
NASH THE SLASH
Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

PEPPERS
"ROCK AT THE SEASIDE"
Friday, February 20th
BARRACUDAS
+ Support

Tuesday, February 24th
THE PASSIONS
+ Support

Friday, February 27th
ODYSSEY
+ Support

Friday, March 6th
PP-ING MANTIS

Friday, April 3rd
ALAN PRICE
+ Support
GRANT ST., CLEETHORPES
(0472-67128)

DUK Decal

Thurs 19th Feb
LEEDS Fan Club

Sun 22nd Feb
LONDON Lyceum

Thurs 26th Feb
MANCHESTER Rafters

Fri 27th Feb
LONDON Clarendon

Tues 3rd Mar
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club

Thurs 5th Mar
PRESTON Warehouse

Sat 7th Mar
MANCHESTER Poly

Sun 8th Mar
STEVENAGE Bowes Lyon

New Single out now
Unexpected Guest Dresden plus free badge FRESH RECORDS FRESH 26

GARAGELAND



BRISTOL BEAT

'DEMO' TAPES

new songs by
Steve Ashley

This week's mechanic —
GAVIN MARTIN



A LARGE BACKLOG of tapes has built up between Christmas and the New Year. By far the most interesting of these is the **Music For Pressure** compilation on Fuck Off/Street Level tapes. Don't be fooled by the puerile name or careless xerox packaging — from the jazz/dub looseness of The Murphy Federation to the Everly Brothers sparkle with Elvis Costello consciousness of The Astronauts, it makes a lively document of West London squat culture as it has evolved over the past few years. Available by sending £1.50 to 235 Lancaster Rd, London W11.

In the same vein though not of the same quality is **The Stonehouse** Tapes on Bristol Beat. The flurry of activity Avonside — well documented in the current issue of **Bristol Recorder** — continues here with seven selected groups caught in action at the city centre Stonehouse venue exactly a year ago. Distributed all over the country, it retails at £1.60 but you'll probably find it cheaper to send £1.20 + SAE to 85 Rodborough, Yate, Bristol.

Yet another compilation from London is **The Compilation Of Greats** on the Stuff label. It's a collection of electronically-minded folk and post-industrial Donovans. Poor sound quality and disjointed, it's put together and available from Martin Relinson, 105 Central Hill, Upper Norwood, London E8. Front-room electricians continue to emerge in the wake of Daniel Miller. **White Russia** and **Trivia's** 'Background Noise' tape is probably the best. Recorded in Rochdale's Cargo studios with John Brierly, its sound quality is good but it tends towards repetition — two stiff riffs and one modulation seem to be all there is on offer. Ten tracks for £1.50 post free, available from Trivia Music, 37 Louth Rd., Holton Le Clay, Grimsby.

The ninth tape from NCP is a solo effort from the label's organizer R. I. Gillham called 'Overdub Crazy'. Its 28 tracks were recorded over three weeks and either the overdubbing process was performed well out of synch or else Mr Gillham is playing well out of tune. Available for £1.50 from R. I. Gillham, Weston House, Queen's Rd, Oswestry, Salop.

If you want to help a Bradford Musicians Collective and hear a collection of instrumental experimental electronic doodlings — Kraftwerk textures without the feel or the craft — then send £1.50 to

2/4 Kipping Lane, Thornton, Bradford and let Sri Twill's 'World of Paraddie' on Tapir Product worm away at your brain-box.

Variety looms in the shape of folk protest singer **Steve Ashley** with his indictments on the human race and his anti-nuclear songs. Steve sings in a voice somewhere between Ian Anderson and John Martyn and his acoustic guitar is vibed up with support from Old Fairports Dave Pegg and Steve Nichol. It's available from CND, 29 Great James St, London.

More worthy but dull, middle-English, mid-'70s folk-rock protest from **Milkshake Melon** available for £1.50 from Cool-Cat-Daddy-o, 28 Mercury Walk, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

More a home-made demo than an LP is the four-track offering from **Europe After The Rain**, a three-piece from all over London. Copies are available free of charge by writing to Mick Barton, 53 Balham High Rd, Balham SW12.

A cassette single is now available from James A Smith by writing to 259 Archway Rd, N6. It's called 'The Dancing Nerves'.

If it's weirdness you want then **Andrew Darlington's** 'lits in Aerosol Green' should more than suffice. It's half-an-hour of poetry from a twisted mind, the product of an environment where gods are reflected in kiosk windows, drunks salivate under park benches and Andy sees his friends turn from purple hearts to purple haze to amyl nitrate. Not the sort of thing to make the party go off with a bang, exactly. Send your blank cassettes to Eight Miles High Product, 44 Spa Croft Rd, Teall St, Ossett, W. Yorks WF5 0HE.

From the Sunset Gun label in Glasgow comes an enterprising 'audiozine', though the idea proves to be better than the practical evidence. The interviews with the groups do little but re-emphasise the tiresome oneupmanship which dominates the Glasgow scene and my copy was very distorted and indecipherable in places. **Altered Images** and **FK9** emerge most favourably from the whole deal, but the track from **Orange Juice**, 'Introduction', proves to be something of a letdown. It merely consists of the group tuning up, introducing a song and then the tape finishes. It's available in most record shops in Glasgow and through Rough Trade in London.

Another EP cassette comes from the strikingly named **Twist Crazy Times** on Wombat Records. It has four tracks and you can get a copy by sending blank cassette to 85 Vespan Rd, London W12.

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David Thomas does the funky Oliver Hardy. Pic David Corio.

AND THAT'S ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO!

Ray Charles

Albert Hall

SURPASSING the memorial across the road for its gaudy and monumental nostalgia, Ray Charles' performance at the Albert Hall was inevitably one long (though inaudible) gloss on his own legend.

When Ray's Vegas-style announcer informed us that we were about to see the man and his soul, he was making a pertinent distinction. It is difficult to observe this grotesque, twitching, jerking old man and see anything 'legendary' about him.

But then what is the legend of Ray Charles anyway? Hasn't the 'Volcanic Soul' always been dormant? Smothered for so long by all the trappings of Vegas and 40-piece showbiz, he has never really played "soul" music at all. He is unique in that sense, but also stagnant, since even his voice registers the indecision of hanging between the twin stools of schmaltz and soul. His most inspired moments were on the 'Modern Sounds In Country And Western Music' LP, and it is in that magical non-urban vein that he should have stayed.

If only Ray Charles could see himself — or read this. But perhaps he isn't totally in the dark, for, as he is obliged to put it during the distinctly

uneasy rendition of 'Yesterday', he's "not half the man he used to be". By the end of the show, he was almost wailing "keep that breath in my body, lord . . ."

The sound of the Ray Charles Orchestra was appropriately subdued, especially the tubby, hollow drum sound. They could sit back and laugh idly as Ray requested his engineer to turn up the mike. About halfway through the show a new line-up of Rae-lettes were brought on stage, and Ray's super-cabaret style was in full swing. Sweeping through 'Hit The Road Jack', 'I Can't Stop Loving You', 'I Can See Clearly Now' (cringe), and other less well-known items designed to show off the modest vocal talents of the Rae-lettes, Ray managed to hold the audience's attention.

But as a repeated spectacle of resurrection, the annual visits of Ray Charles are becoming increasingly less credible forms of entertainment.

Barney Hoskyns

Oi Division

Oldham

WOOAARGH!! Only one word for this gig, mate: unreal. Un-bleeding-real.

We all know the legend what's growed up around the old band, Out Of Order. But

yer new Oi Division don't live in the past. And singer Bill Oaf is commendably reluctant to talk about that fateful day last year when he hanged the rest of the band.

This was the night we'd waited for. I got a bit tipsy — oh alright, pissed as arseholes then — and chundered up over me notebook. Lucky it was a secret gig and only me and the group turned up. But make no mistake, you could cut the atmosphere with a knife. Which I did, didn't I, only the stupid barman — see, it's a poofers place, the Bridge — misinterpreted me, like, an' I'm up for threatening behaviour next month.

Reminds me of OD's first number, 'After This Gig Go Out And Give Someone A Good Kickin' which, believe it or not, those liberal wimps at the NME have called "an incitement to violence" or some such high falutin' bollocks. Like what Bill Oaf says: "I mean, all we're sayin' is it 'appens, right? So lip up or else." And, like, just cos the lads have swastikas tatooed on their noses, it don't mean nothing, do it? And so what if the music's so pathetic that not even me nor the band can stand it . . . this is what punk's all about, mate.

Well-tasty geezers, these are, mind. Like I said, like, WOOAARGH!! An unreal gig, really unreal.

Little Willie

Pere Ubu

North London Poly

MAYBE HE'S jumbled up, maybe he's losing his touch, maybe he never really had it anyway but that Crocus Behemoth — Fatman, singer and sometime percussionist with Pere Ubu — sure is restless, flippant and uneasy. As an American rock'n'roll figure he's totally without precedent — illogical, radically innocent and boisterously happy.

Close to the front of the stage, I couldn't help falling for this bumbling and frustrated beached whale of a performer. He writhes with his genuine coyness while satirically prodding the suppositions and expectations history has created around the comic/sad fatman figure. The songs he sings take seemingly insignificant pictures and make them daringly relevant. Centring on themes like sadness and wonder, they swoop up from nowhere and 'old Crocky' — aka David Thomas — absorbs them with infatuation.

But tonight he keeps falling to zero in on the music's vortex and is embarrassed by his seemingly misplaced excitement. Hence a falsetto wail, typically charged with pious exhilaration, is castrated halfway towards its extraordinary tonal peak and he tells the audience, the band and himself, "I got carried away, I'm sorry, OK? Don't be angry with me."

Is he mocking or being serious? Both — this is where Lenny Bruce meets Oliver Hardy.

Crocus and Pere Ubu have found themselves a creative space which is far from the confines of history and rationalism and totally relinquishes the conventional linear physics of rock music. As such their performance is a buoyant, multi-levelled experience of unceasing humour, frankness and compassion.

To see Pere Ubu live is essential to understand the true nature of their meaning — i.e. a series of tangential observations,

fables and foibles which are unique in their admissions to confusion, pretensions to whimsicality and gleeful acceptance of the absurd. An Ubu performance is not an opportunity to follow the development of a duly considered thought process or to soak up a frigidly constructed narrative. They care enough about the listener to encourage involvement with their process and if, like me, you find your attention drifting it's easy to pick up the thread after a few minutes' lapse.

But usually they rise so high above rock's leaden limitations that it's shameful and frightening people should be deprived of the stunning imagination and realisation they can engender. Certainly, Pere Ubu are the direct antithesis of the cold, weird and distanced tag hung on them by a lazy peabrain group of critics and a large section of the public.

I'm unfamiliar with Pere Ubu's recorded work, but live they prove preposterously accessible. I really don't see what all the cold feet and fuss is about! These songs are crowded with so many ideas and understandings of pop throughout the last 25 years that the only problem appears to be an embarrassing wealth of riches.

Each song is ebullient and dynamic, bulging with the sort of riffs and motifs that most bands would make a meal out of: Ubu chew them up and spit them out. When they offer too much and there's nothing to latch onto, the waste is due as much to generosity as disorganisation.

Pere Ubu are akin to a rock'n'roll hall of mirrors; reflecting the music's surface tensions and obsessions and throwing back images which though distorted and convoluted are presented in a manner which unearths new 'meanings' and stronger more genuine emotions than common rock language would ever be able to articulate. They are benevolent musical terrorists, guaranteed to shake you up and tear you apart. If I said they were the originators of the elixir some people attribute to the B52's maybe you'd know what I mean.

'All The Time' is a gorgeous love song, purely obsessive. 'Animal Farm' is representative of their rhythmic freedom — swirling with jerky fairground lifts which work with the manic animal noises to make for a thrilling and exuberant experience. And close to the final encore — a joyously spontaneous version of 'I'm So Happy' — came a tone poem rife with deep sea imagery.

"How many people think this is a silly song about seaweed and fishes? How many think it has deep inner meaning?" asks Crocus.

Abstinence is out of the question so my hand shoots into the air on both counts.

I think that says something very important about Pere Ubu. They are, y'see, crude democrats and these days that's the only sort of democracy — in rock'n'roll, in anything — that's totally honest and sensible. Love them for it.

Gavin Martin

THINK AND THUMP DUB

Au Pairs

Marquee

NOT MANY bands embark on a headline tour with only two singles to their name, but then The Au Pairs aren't your average outfit. Gig by sweating gig they've built up a formidable live reputation: they make you move yet clout you over the head; they're goodtime but make you think.

Right from the beginning the band have provoked these mixed emotions and displayed them through an appropriate fractious composite of pop, funk and punk. Now, though, The Au Pairs don't so much display as deploy: spontaneity has been transformed into passion and timing, enthusiasm into the knowledge of when to make an audience stop — and go. This getting of wisdom has come through all those gigs and the subordination of each member of the band to the song itself. The minimalism of The Au Pairs isn't some excuse for an arty failure of nerve; it's a weapon, a sparse ultimatum to the audience. There's no middle way: you take or leave the bare bones. The band are extremists who never give up their sense of pop, of — again — the song itself.

This makes it futile to pick out the good bits at Au Pairs' gigs, all bone as they are. Pete's drumming sums up the general strategy: he doesn't like much cymbal, the drum's the thing, reduced to a simple question — to be on or off the bob of Jane's bass? The rhythm section enjoy resolving that one during 'It's Obvious'.

On this slower song Lesley reveals a further band essential: a touch of soul, squeezing emotions out as well as putting them in. The version of 'Pledge Of My Heart' almost parodies this process, just as the very song poses problems about loving or grubbing, giving or taking taking taking.

Lesley's vocal and stage persona is a complex, powerful affair. Having acknowledged that all performance has a sexual element, she's refused to let her movements and presentation follow the old female stereotypes or the old new ones for that matter — Siouxie as the Vamp or Strong Woman, Ari Up as the Mad Milliner etc. . . . No, Lesley is really *new*, she wants . . . respect; not the sort that gasps at authority, but the kind that rests on straightforward regard for others as equals.

When a youth climbs on stage, Lesley hits him affectionately over the chops. Au Pairs music works like that: it's hard on people but feeling, too. The spikiness is humanistic. Why else dramatise the trivial and write important songs about diets, washing machines, Hedex, bad sex and big little neuroses?

The handful of new songs were impressive. 'We're So Cool' opened the show and is a no nonsense rocker with a great rolling beat. 'Headache' was more circuitous but never got lost in its Ubuesque dub effects.

It's superfluous to mention that the old favourites went down well, though 'You' and 'Monogamy' might be singled out — and 'Come Again' which has Lesley and fellow vocalist and guitarist Paul holding a comic bedtime duologue. And people accuse the band of being humourless!

The only real letdown was the version of 'Repetition'.

Bowie's recent successes demand that it be given a slightly different context, even if there was a choral hint of 'Ashes'.

But this is splitting hairs. The Au Pairs are still happening. During the encore 50 people invaded the stage. You couldn't see the band, just hear the music: 'It's Obvious' for the second time.

Extremism at the Marquee (with its early closing policy and dire beer) is a pretty pretty sight.

Paul Tickell



Lesley at the Marquee.

Nitecaps

New York

IT'S BEEN a bitter cold winter in New York. So we huddle in our separate corners. Or we go out and try to find a communal warmth, the reassurance of body heat. We climb down rickety steps at 171 Avenue A, into a nameless club. It's crowded — many people needing the same things, some warmth and some brightness. Tonight we get them.

The Cooties play variations on a reggae-rock theme. But don't yawn yet. They don't sound like every other band ploughing that same plot. They mix up rock hardness and Caribbean spaciousness, add a bit of sass, toss their heads back and have a good laugh.

The singer is one Aid McSpade, an improbably named black man in sculptured dreadlocks. Two women play bass and keyboards and another man plays sax. Billy Ficca (ex-Television) is on drums, keeping a low profile, his old flash held in check.

Right now they are just a good, new band, not yet ready for the big spotlight. But they could be some day. They act like they know where they're going. We danced and started warming up.

The Nitecaps begin with a flourish of powerpopish chords that signal 'If Only You



Rufus Thomas joins The Nitecaps X-cessive to walk the dog. Pic Joe Stevens.

Know', their bounciest, most mainstream (white) pop number. It could be an instant chart-radio anthem, a classic singalong. But that's just for starters.

When they were first Thrilled five months ago, The Nitecaps were one of the most promising newcomers around. Now they are more than living up to that promise. They are a vanguard of one.

No one else has had the guts to try such an ambitious coupling of hook-filled popcraft with R&B flavour and instrumentation (those horns!) and soul-derived emotional power. They've skipped the Dexy's-style stage of moaning and mourning the supposed passing of soul and moved right on to reclaiming soul for their own, confidently and joyfully. And they're

doing it!

They are entertainers and unashamed of it. They're not an enigma: they're a pleasure. The styling is traditional — but they are not traditionalists. The Nitecaps sound like real people, full of playfulness and hunger, love and yearning.

They have lots of songs, many of which are textbook examples of ingenious construction. The trap here is

the risk of sounding calculated, formulaised: a few come close, but most fly right over it.

So many songs for a band together less than a year; and there are new ones each time out. This band is prolific. And they do great covers too: 'Feel The Need' by The Detroit Emeralds; a reggaefied version of Bill Withers' 'Ain't No Sunshine'; most unbelievably, Marvin Gaye's 'Let's Get It On', which X-cessive sings stunningly.

Tonight Rufus Thomas is on hand for an encore of 'Walking The Dog'. It's sloppy, but a great moment as Thomas and X-cessive duet, the old master and the star pupil.

X-cessive should be a star and The Nitecaps should be hitmakers. Am I gushing? Then forgive my unseemly enthusiasm. The Nitecaps pull my heartstrings, they get me going. Their bill of goods is a bit old-fashioned, but I'm buying. They make a play. They're not afraid of being called corny.

I left feeling the heat and glowing.

Richard Grabel

Martian Dance

100 Club

MARTIAL DANCE, more like. Despite their singer's Francis Drake drag, the MDs are little more than a ringing metallic thud blotting today's cloudy 'futurist' landscape.

In a different context Martian Dance might fit, but

having chosen to stomp in the wake of Adam Ant and Classix Nouveaux, their march forward should be a lot more difficult than it's proving to be. Then, maybe their fast-growing cultish status with young punks and less well-dressed Blitz kids shouldn't be too surprising. The militaristic drum figures that power most every number win the favour of the former, while the trappings of dress and trippy lights will appeal to the more impressionable elements of the latter.

Martian Dance's entrance leaves very little to chance — they lay all their cards on the table in the opening hand. Strobe lighting flickers through their first number, then switches off midway through to be replaced by at least two other lighting effects. Their second song's a sort of aural strobe — edgy, stop-start riffing, echoed vocals, fractured screams. It's overpowering, if not exactly stunning, but the impact soon wears off.

Like Classix Nouveaux and entertaining mime artist Philip Japp's disappointing band, Martian Dance offer further, depressing evidence of a futurist tendency to '73 progressive rock. The lights and clothing however suggest a return to the dipper days of '67.

If this means we're in for a heady summer, I hope it rains a lot.

Chris Bohn

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SINGLES

From page 22

otherwise YMO have wasted their dollars worth of gas... or helium or whatever it is synthesizers operate on.

CHROME INWORLDS: In A Dream (Y). Tedious scratchy rock, somewhere on the tamer side of old Stooges records, from San Francisco. Lots of phased vocals and psychotic guitar riffs — that kind of description was once favourable! Again, slick packaging hides a witless farago of cliches.

STEVE JOSEPH: My World Is A Song (Songwriters Workshop). Small world ain't it?

MODERN JAZZ: In My Sleep (Magnet). My letter to the Fair Trading commission concerning their name is already in the post so don't fret on that score. This smells of a shuckster's attempt to cash in on the Spandau Ballet gravy boat and is a semi-electronic ode to all the things this chap does in his sleep. He omits one, I should have thought, crucial item. The lad composes songs whilst embracing Morpheus — that much is axiomatic.

FOETUS UNDER GLASS: Spite Your Face (Self Immolation). Another completely useless independent. All electronics and hippy ideas — starts with radio interference, ends with plugs being pulled; that gives you some notion of the depth of originality we're dealing in. Independent records in 1981 — what are they, I ask, but a thousand barking dogs?

TOT TAYLOR: Girl With Everything (GTO). Does Tot Taylor own GTO? If he does then thanks Tot for keeping Billy Ocean on your books. I suppose, owning an entire label, you're entitled to whack out your own string of resounding flops. Tot's records sound like 'Get It Together' originals on a big budget. Sitting on the rung between the twee-est early Bowie and Tony Blackburn's career in song.

VOGEL: Arsloch (Vogel). A dreary German record sung in German with snaps of near death junkies on the cover. I'm thinking of forming a social service called The Rich Traders Who Passed By On The Other Side Of The Road. Then, when wretches like these or perhaps mohican punks living in squats with glue bags on their hooters,

get to feel suicidal, they can call us up — any time day or night — and we'll tell them how to do it.

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES: I Know Where Syd Barret Lives (Rough Trade). A gentle joke from the waggish TVP's. Whether it's worth a pound or not depends on the state of your social set up. I mean, would you herd all your friends into your bedroom, put this on, and then all fall about laughing? It's only acoustic whimsey and bird noises. If that ceases you then the great Who Watches Shelley? debate is over.

THE PHOTOS: Life In A Day (Epic). There was a time when all sorts of nonentities were racking up sales. These and The Tourists spring immediately to mind. 'Life In A Day' is an hysterical piece of earnest song writing from the school of failed tunesmiths.

BEGGAR & CO: Somebody Help Me Out (Ensign). From the TOTP performance of the same name. Light Of The World may have finally realized that their chosen name is a lead crumplet hanging around their necks, like careerwise, Jackski. Under Beggar & Co they effortlessly whack out one of those splodges of wreckless fun(k) that always has one representative in the BRMB lists. Hardly reading music, it won't age well, but for right now it shakes perfectly. Love those crackpot horns.

THE NORBITON SURFERS: Ivor The Engine (Hut). An independent that's so restrained it's positively the last word in politeness.

AERIAL FIX: So Hard (Square). Dull. Like Sidney Bottocks, this is neither one thing nor the other. Part Strangers, part Barracudas, part company.

THE VAPORS: Spiders (Liberty). Grungy heavy handed rock track with college twit vocals like those drippy late 60s hippies. Lyrics suggest senility within band.

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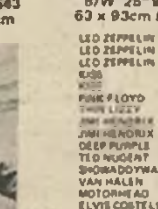
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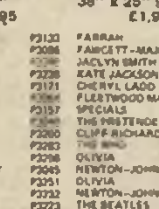
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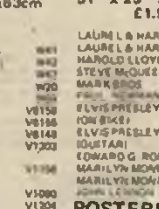
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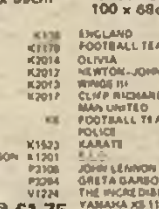
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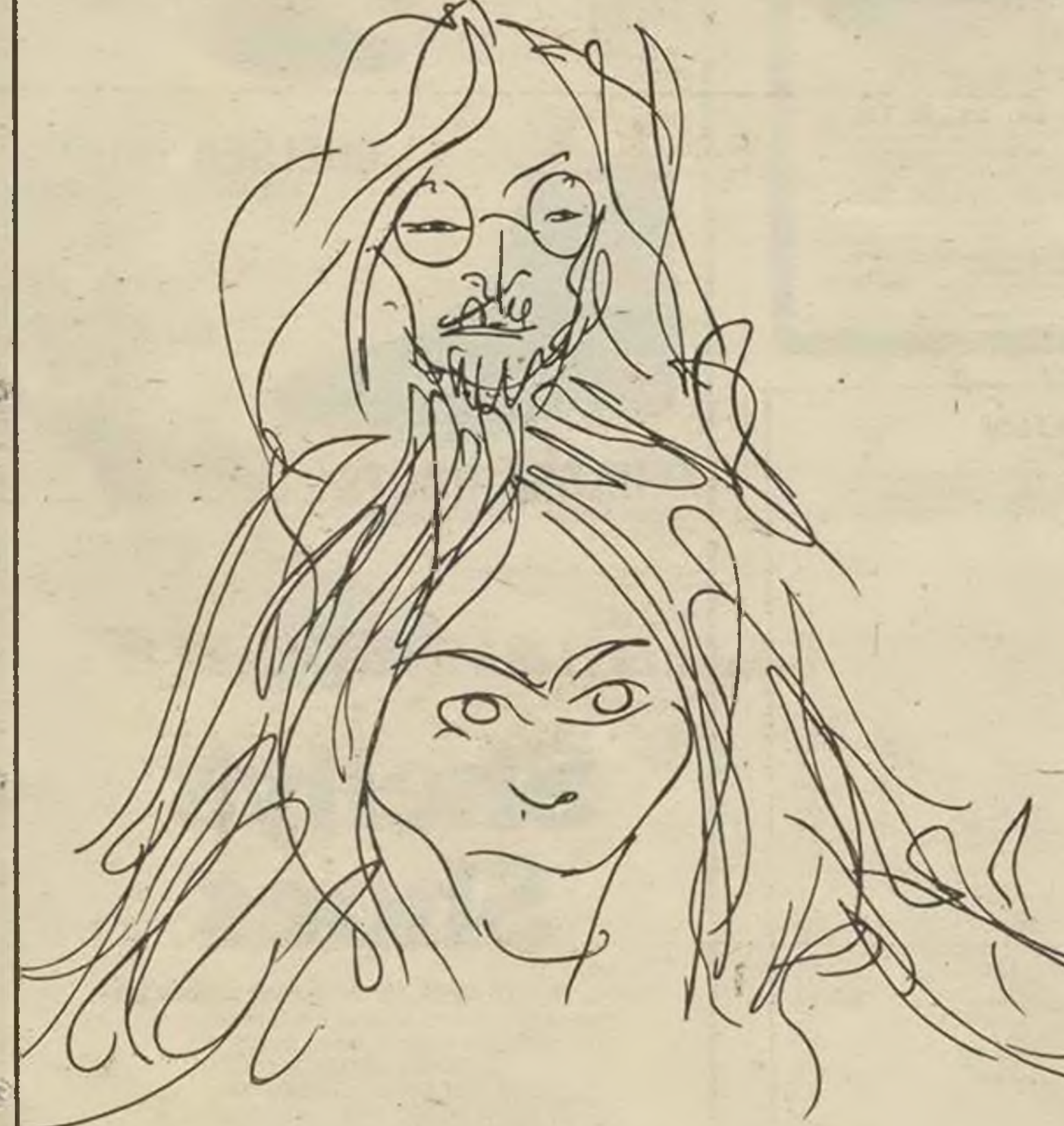
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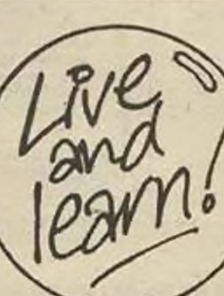
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HOTSPUR HiFi

FROM PAGE 29

"But even although we was playing for nothing still, that only went on for awhile and then they close it down again. Them have to move I."

You keep finding new places, however, in which to play.

Fatman: "Yeah."

Playing country seems to be a big thing with your sound at present.

Fatman: "Yeah."

Why is that? Why have you moved to the country?

Fatman: "We don't really move to the country, but people want to hear us everywhere, that's why we don't even settle in London at one spot. We can't stay one place, because if we are one place everyone keeps phoning in and say, well then Fatman I want you here so, I want you there so, I want you everywhere you know. So it's best for us to go all over the place and spread the good sound of reggae music all around, than stay in one place with it."

What do you consider to be the role of your sound? You remember the fair that visits Tottenham recently, instals itself on that plot of Broad Lane wasteland for a few weeks before making tracks, does it not in a way resemble Fatman Hi-Fi, how you come to a place, string up and entertain folk for awhile like the same travelling people of the funfair or circus?

Fatman: "No-o. We don't see we self as a circus. We see we self as a mobile radio station for reggae music. It's the only way for the people them who really want to come and listen reggae music. It's the only place them gonna hear it is to go and listen to a sound system, because them nah hear it upon no radio station."

They can hear it in the record shop.

Fatman: "In the record shop! But if them don't come to the sound system and listen, them have to come and listen what the sound is playing and what the deejays, that's why we have deejays, the selector play the record and the deejays put it over to the people and tell them what record's been played, you see, so them take down that now and then them go to the record shop."

"You won't find nobody going into a record shop and standing up and listening, they haven't got the time. Suppose they have to go in there and stand up all day and listen to hear the record that they want? Because you know there's hundreds of different

labels. It would be really hard for a man to go into a record shop and just stand up and listen 'til him hear a record him want to buy."

Sound systems when they started didn't see themselves as a radio station for reggae music, however. They were not playing reggae for a start, they was playing American music, right?

Fatman: "Sound systems?"

Yes.

Fatman: "From ever since I know sound system, is always reggae music them play. There again, you might be seeing a different sight of sound, because you have sound system and you have disco. Disco is where you play soul music and things like that. But from ever since, all the whole

"...invite Count Suckle from Paddington, Jim Dandy from Brixton, Duke Neville and Duke Sonny from Birmingham, and Bishop the High Priest and Count Busty the Black Prince from Brixton, asking them if them can come play fe him Easter Monday night..."

Laurel Aitken: 'Woppi King'

sound man them what me hear from this country go right back to Jamaica is just reggae music, or bluebeat or ska. Is not none of them no play them sort of music there."

Talking about American music people like Louis Jordan and Fats Domino. Before bluebeat.

Fatman: "You're going back from the days of blues, rhythm and blues. Well, rhythm and blues kind of come in with the same views with ska music. Them days you never used to have reggae, so them days them man there used to mix them type of music then along with Dodd's (Studio 1). That's how them used to play those music. They didn't have a wide range of music like we have now in reggae music to play, so the art was to play a bit of shufflers them."

It is singular the different paths the two musics have taken considering they both come from rhythm and blues: soul, or rather disco, and reggae.

Fatman: "Yeah, they all travel along the same line."

But they go off in different directions. Fatman: "Right. Even the people that go to listen them go off in different

directions, because the man them who go and listen soul music they won't come and listen to reggae music, and who listen reggae music they won't go and listen soul music.

"You hang about a club well in Manor House you hear them say, bwoy is a soul club that, you won't find reggae people going there. Likewise, the soul people won't come to the reggae thing."

"It come in even on radio station. If you hear, them have a three and half hour of reggae music, and you have that feller deejay, him play is pure soul, him won't even play a reggae music. So that's how it is in the dance hall now."

Why do you think that is?

Fatman: "Well, I don't know, is probably them themselves. Because some people might say is just punks go and listen to soul music, and then the soul people them might say bwoy is just pure Rasta go and listen to reggae music, so they don't want to go there, them don't want to mix. It's not really the music itself, but probably is just the people."

Would you like to see yourself playing Wembley Stadium say, and 100,000 people there?

Fatman (feelingly): "Yeah man."

Ribs: "Buckingham Palace."

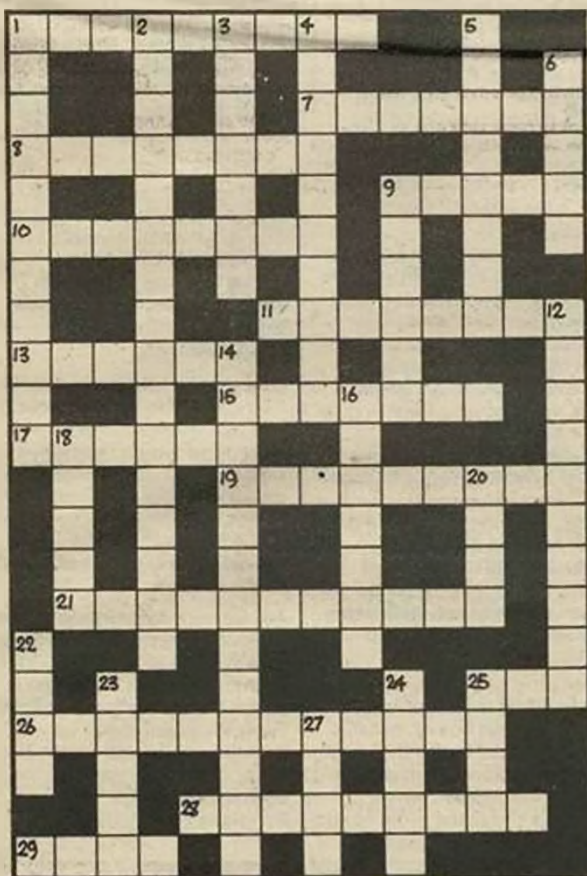
Fatman: "We're not drawing a line from nowhere man. We want to play in all the top places. We want to see our reggae fans come to places like that. That's where we would really like to see reggae music. Everywhere. Comes a time when we would really like to say we can drive our van and go and tour all the continent and just play reggae music."

Ribs: "Outernational."

Fatman: "Comes time when we won't just be driving up to Birmingham or Manchester or Wolverhampton or wherever. We will be heading the ferry, you know. Man say, where you a go this week Fatman? We say, bwoy Paris we a go. Them way there."



NME X-PRESS WORD



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Romeo And Juliet'; 6 Pink Military; 8 Roy (Wood); 9 Robert De Niro; 11 'Trust'; 13 Wood; 14 'Diamond Dogs'; 16 Bette Bright; 19 Midge (Ure); 21 Freddie Cannon; 22 Mick Jones; 23 Lee.

DOWN: 1 'Rapture'; 2 'Mondo Bongo'; 3 Drifters; 4 Lurkers; 5 Taylor; 7 Ike Turner; 10 Doug Trendle; 12 'The Freeze'; 14 'Diamond (Dogs)'; 15 Brenda (Lee); 17 The Knack; 18 'Sgt. Rock'; 20 'Radio (Radio)';

ACROSS

- 1 Dexy's splinter group (3,6)
- 7 'Berlin' was one of his solo albums (3,4)
- 8 Strong feelings for a Kraut movie star?
- 9 Frankie the Season
- 10 First Beatles hit (4,2,2)
- 11 What a cult he turned out to be!
- 13 Not quite the artist's label
- 15 Beaky? Or the other bloke...
- 17 Elvis A. can be fixed!
- 19 & 26 Phil Spector classic, its failure in USA was prime factor behind his premature retirement (5,4,8,4)
- 21 Reggae soloist (6,5)
- 25 Greek label?
- 26 See 19
- 28 Aka August Darnell, Ze's Coconut-in-Chief (3,6)
- 29 See 5

DOWN

- 1 London rockabilly combo (3,8)
- 2 A hit from 'Lodger' (4,4,8)
- 3 Minimalist brats
- 4 Presley r&r oldie (3,5,2)
- 5 & 29 See plenty see (anag. 2 words)
- 6 Jobson or Yates?
- 9 Would it have been so successful if it had been called 'Bognor'?
- 12 Heavy metal warhorse which splintered into several parts (4,6)
- 14 Manchester Factory combo (1,7,5)
- 16 One of those US 'new wave' bands, straight off the production line! (3,4)
- 18 UK reggae outfit
- 20 School featured in a Jam hit
- 22 Test pressing?
- 23 US town from Gene Pitney's biggest hit
- 24 Buddy/Davis
- 25 Collins or Daniels
- 27 Emerson's pre-ELP band

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GASBAG

It's come to my notice that I don't own you. Can we come to some agreement on the matter?
Rupert Murdoch, Bracknell

You won't worry us, Digger, we've all got contracts with Brunch TV. — G.L.

NME, 31st Jan:

Julian Cope: "I love Corry."

Paul Morley: "Corry?"

JC: "Coronation Street. Don't you call it Corry?"

PM: "No, it must be a Liverpool expression."

NME, 7th Feb:

Paul Morley: "What I find so attractive about Dollar —

Corry's Gail and Brian gone para-glamour . . ."

Catch on quickly, don't you Paul?

London

Julian Cope's interview the other week was the biggest load of shite I've ever had the misfortune of reading. The boy is an utter plant pot. Was he referring to the same Liverpool I've lived in my 21 years? In all that time I've never heard anyone address anyone else as "Wack" or say "Oh fab." A. Jones, Liverpool 10
It was Mancunian Morley who attributed those words to Liverpool but overall I'd say your letter was a pretty immense insight into Julian Cope. — G.L.

The event of the year in 1980 was your "signing" of Paul Du Noyer. His reviews are both interesting and informative. The interview with Weller in Norway was a pearler. The future of musical journalism rests on his shoulders.

Idealistic Naive, Derby
Oh fab, wack, ta. — PDN

Tony Wilson yawns and Factory producers puke up a few new releases, imports, 12", 10", the more you pay, the more it's worth. A Certain Ratio imitate Sheena Easton, step into line and rehash another four songs from their well-travelled set of ten.

Or is it eight? 'Shack Up' isn't even theirs.

Then Morley comes along and calls them a 'collective' — funny that, I always thought a collective was something in which decisions were taken together by all the participating members. But as Wilson has said "Factory bands have complete freedom; the freedom to fuck off."

For a man so romantically in love with idealism, Morley couldn't have fallen for a more cynical company if he'd tried. Face it, Factory in 1981 stinks — of money and cynical power. I'm not worried.

I am worried, I'm worried by New Order's name, by the black shirt/fascist salute on the Factory sampler.

Would you put your trust in these people?
Pat, Newcastle



Alan Erasmus from Factory Records writes: "The photo on the 'Factory Quartet' sleeve is of Tony Wilson's girlfriend, Katie, in a New York flat and she's not giving a fascist salute, she's yawning. Also, the name 'New Order' has nothing to do with Nazis. If you want to know what it refers to, look to Cambodia."

Confucius writes: "Those who hide behind blurry photographs and a cliquish mystique must expect to be misunderstood."

What's a zombie? George Romero would say it's a white-faced thing with dark-rimmed eyes and a shock of unruly hair. In her recent *Dangerous Visions* column, Julie Burchill cobbled together her own view of zombies and slipped it on the foot of society's Cinderella, the unloved Great White Liberal. But could the slipper fit the ugly sister, too?

Julie says that zombies/liberals, having no original brain power, employ "jargonese"; they say "community" when they mean "people". Yet when Julie writes about people, we get the kind of noun accretions usually found in *Sun* headlines; to her, a person can be a "cardboard Cosmo cretinette".

She also tells us that zombies/liberals "wear attitudes like accessories" and — with reference to Caroline Coon — can "shed political attitudes with last season's gladrags". Now that's the leopard calling the dalmatian spotty, as we see when we examine Julie's most important definition of the living dead, which is: they turn a blind eye to the effects of violence, treating thugs and vandals like misunderstood glamour-pusses, thus making life harder for the public and their defender, the honest bluebottle.

I agree completely, as most people would.

But . . . who spent years filling our impressionable minds with her violent fantasies? Who told us of the fun to be had throwing stones and abusing coppers on ANL marches? Who glorified posing by everyone from Suzi Quatro to The Sex Pistols, and could swallow whole the idea of anarchy in the UK without burping? Check your mirror, Julie. See the pale skin, the dark-rimmed eyes, the electric-shock hair? Along with the fools who use violence and the fools who excuse it, there are always the fools who encourage it.

Sue Martin, Worksop, Notts.



A zombie writes: As a member of the Council for Social Democracy, I'd just like to say that mine's a bottle of St Emillion '75 or Chateau La Fitte '67.

So it's a value judgement when Julie Burchill describes Ludovic Kennedy as a liberal zombie, full of pity for the "poor mass murderer"? I thought it was a gross inaccuracy, and an insult to a man who has spent his life campaigning on behalf of the wrongfully convicted.
Northampton

My, my, what an 'angry' vixen you have in the ranks of your paper. What's the point in carrying anti-Nazi articles and then letting a little stuck up bitch (or are we not allowed to call women rude names?) like Julie ("hang the bastards") Burchill mouth her bollocks. I am a communist and dislike posturing actors like Redgrave as much as the next communist but really, the jibe that the PLO are fascists just doesn't hold up. "How many Jews has that gun killed?" Didn't she see the "poor defenceless" Jews mow down 12-year-old kids throwing stones (for the tiny fact that they were evicting them from their home which had been theirs for the past 70 years)? But that's not fascist because Hitler tried to wipe them out!

I'm Irish but I don't hark on about the famine and Bloody Sunday and use it as an excuse to kill and evict people from their homes. And another little fact for her eminence. Hitler's plans were for the purity of race

From a George Wallace presidential campaign poster, 1968.

STOP CRIME IN THE STREETS



From The Commercial Appeal
Memphis, Tennessee — June 15, 1966

VOTE WALLACE PRESIDENT IN 1968

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE

The first thing I would do as President is to make an announcement that I'd give my moral support as President to the policemen of this country and to the firemen of the country. I'd say: "If you stand behind you because you are the thin line between complete anarchy in the streets and the physical safety of every citizen."

Because of rulings of the Supreme Court, if you walk out of here and are hit on the head, the criminal is out of jail before you are on your way to the hospital — while the policeman is telling him his rights, he gets away.

Law 'n' order protects the private citizen from crime? Or the ruling class from anarchy and subversion?

and culture. May I remind her that that's what Zionism is about.

For God's sake keep her to reviewing *Grange Hill* and leave the serious stuff to the men (oooo!) who in the main know what they are talking about.
Junior, N. Ireland.

You think so? It seems to me that it's men who are mostly responsible for the killing, torture and general stupidity that this argument's about. — G.L.

It is in my opinion inevitable that myself and other Ready to Ruckers will seize power led by that gallant band of hooligans The Cockney Rejects. In order to prepare the world for our imminent conquest here is an abridged version of the Ruckland UK, as it will be named, Manifesto.

Anyone over the age of 40 will be dragged out into the streets and kicked to death on their birthdays. Anyone convicted of being in possession of less than five singles and two LPs by the Rejects will face the same penalties.

Use of speech over a prolonged period without containing the words "Alright", "Alright John", "Shite", "Ruck" or "Oi" is forbidden. As is being found not in possession of carrying an offensive weapon or Cockney Rejects badge.

People convicted of gentlemanly or non-violent behaviours will also be kicked to death.

Tony Chaos

See what I mean? — G.L.

MORI add: Could we have a quick readers' poll here? Would you a) turn a blind eye to this letter-writer? b) pass a value judgement on him? c) seek to understand his social background? or d) hang him?

Everyone wants Utopia. If you really want Utopia follow the example of John Lennon. The only way to reach Utopia is by living together in peace and LOVE. LOVE is a greater power than hate. Don't shirk, follow John's example — all you need is LOVE, LOVE is all you need.

John died because of his beliefs. Mark Chapman was an innocent fool. Any who are going to let John die in vain are more to blame than Chapman. LOVE is all and with LOVE we can conquer the world. If you want a revolution, as I do, then do it peacefully. Let's turn on the world with LOVE.
Randy Kandy

'Forever Changes' was a masterpiece but I never thought we were that good. — Arthur Lee.

Another quick poll: Do you think this answer is a) cynical? b) flippant? c) a justifiable response to wishy-washy claptrap? or d) who's Arthur Lee?

Is ionisation the process of turning into a Rastafarian? C. Mason, Stoke-on-Trent
And a lapsed Rasta is a jargoniser, right? — G.L.

I'm not writing this in answer to any specific letter, or article, but a whole load of things.

I used to like The Police but 'Zenyatta Mondatta' left me cold, and disinterested. So I asked a question "How can people still 'love' (their words, not mine) a group who played but four dates in the UK last year? Released only one new single last year?" And I found no answer.

Chris Salewicz's interview didn't change my feelings. I didn't like The Police because they were pretty boys, it was the music that mattered. And

I'm no prude, but did Sting really only have to take off his shirt in order to shift a few more records? It's a very sexist attitude. I'm not the type who'll rant and rave about sexual equality, but I'm not stupid, and why should I be treated as such?

I became disillusioned with the whole Police 'thing' and abandoned them in order to 'look for more'. I still haven't found the perfect solution. At present The Jam come closest, songs about class distinction (discrimination?), shoddy lives, the threat of never seeing your own children because of nuclear war. All are part of my environment. And Paul Weller's attitude of "It's a shame so many people treat girls like idiots," coincides with my own. I listen to other things too, but I've found nothing which coincides with my feelings exactly.

"So start your own group", you suggest. Which brings me to sexism again. No one here takes a girl, wanting to start a group, seriously. And even the girls here who are musically capable of being in a group think that because they're girls they 'can't' be in a group. Equality is only equality if it stems from the minds of those who want to be equal. A.B.E., Tooting, London SW17
Rock Against Sexism, c/o Room 265, 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1 may be able to put you in touch with other women musicians in your area. — G.L.

Some time ago I read an article (not in NME) that said what a pity it was that heavy metal is sexist because it was the most sexually exciting form of music. Hang on, I thought, surely reggae is by far the most sexual music — but then I noticed that

reggae comes from a sexist culture as well. As a cross-check I considered the Gang Of Four (surely the most non-sexist bunch one could find): they project an asexual image and music.

So I wondered if some of your experts on sexism could explain this to me. Why are sexy and sexist so close? Or is it degrading to be excited by a strong man or a high heeled shoe (the object not the stereotype, natch)? Is sexual attraction necessarily bound up with sexism?

Jeh Righteous, Cambridge.
Gang Of Four's Jon King writes: We don't try to project an asexual image at all. Being anti-sexist doesn't mean denying your own sexuality. I think it's quite clear when we're onstage that we're men, not some genderless neuters, but we don't make a big deal about it. I also think that there are groups — The Au Pairs, for example — who can be sexy onstage without being sexist.



Jon King live on stage.

Confused of N 10 adds: Sexism's such a complicated topic, and I'm not even sure that 'answers' exist. One problem is that sexuality is partly subjective — I don't find heavy metal exciting at all — and partly socially constructed, which is why, in a sexist society, it becomes so enmeshed with sexism. I shouldn't think it's degrading to be excited by a strong man unless you mean submitting to physical violence. As for high-heeled shoes — and what a weird female counterpart to a strong man! — I think feminists would argue that it's more degrading for women to have to wear them to attract men than it is for men to be attracted by them.

Is 'Coming In The Air Tonight' about masturbation, or have I missed something?

M. Whitehouse (Mrs)

A Doctor writes: Don't worry. Statistics show that 99% of the population "miss something" while listening to Phil Collins' records, and only a few of them "go blind".

OK, Penman, give us your article: 'In Defence Of McCabe'. The street-structuralists await.
Roland O'Booze, Paris
It was nothing to do with structuralism, really; it was that affair with Mrs Miller. — Robert Altman

I have been told by an American friend that President Reagan has just issued a press statement which reads "De do do do, De da da da". Does this mean America is becoming a Police state?
Keith Poynton, Falkirk
America? Is that one of ours? — William Clark

As I lie here listening to a Bow Wow Wow tape reflecting on how hip it is to say you prefer them to Adam & The Ants, it suddenly strikes me that Bow Wow Wow are made up basically of the old Adam & The Ants, who were even worse than the new lot. ('Young Parisians' No. 871) What is going on?

Somebody with a perfectly normal name but I'm not telling you.
Mmmm . . . well, of course, there's a perfectly normal explanation but I'm not telling you. — G.L.

Never mind the bollocks — what happened to journalism?
Peter Clarke, London SE10
Rupert Murdoch bought it. — G.L.

Is Factory fascist? Are the Gang Of Four asexual? Is Julie Burchill a zombie? Just a few of the questions GRAHAM LOCK and a panel of experts fail to answer in this week's episode of . . . The Bag!

Write, if you dare, to GASBAG, NME, 5/7 Carnaby St., London W1.



AT BIDDY and Eve's fancy dress do at the Venue there was a pretty mixed bag mixing and bagging. I spotted Molly Parkin, a couple of Stray Cats, a Spandau bassist, a Gary Numan drummer, Suggsy, the Visage girl... and a morose looking Billy Currie. He was staring at the fancy dress, realising that it's music he's directly involved with that's helping charge up this new trend. "It's pretty healthy in ways but all this dressing up gets silly when you're not in the mood. I suppose it's good that people can clown around when they want..."

Through Visage and Ultravox, Currie has two singles in the Top Ten and two LPs in the Top Twenty. After those lengthy underdog years he's not sure about his success. "I get really elated by it, and then really depressed," he told me. "I just can't place what's happening."



Billy Currie gets put on the spot by Erroll.

During a lull in Ultravox activity 18 months ago, Currie, along with fellow London gang-lads Rusty Egan, Midge Ure, Dave Formula and John McGeoch, formed Visage. "We made Steve Strange a star and that was the deal." Is that anything to be proud about? Isn't Visage a bit of a fiasco? I don't think it's a fiasco. I really like the guy, and the new stuff we're going to do will be better. I don't think that Strange has changed much with all the fuss. If anything he's become more responsible. I enjoyed doing the Visage stuff for what it is — sort of light dance music. I'm hoping to do a solo LP later this year — Ultravox would like be in the middle, Visage on the right and my solo stuff on the left. Things are going so well at the moment it would really piss me off if no one noticed it."

YOUTH of Killing Joke was arrested in the Kings Road last Wednesday — according to his record company Malicious Damage. They say that having been slipped some "substance" he was not able to deal with, the bass guitarist was found dressed in his swimming trunks, creating a disturbance, claiming to be Ronald Reagan and jabbering about Paul Morley. Once in custody, he announced that he was, in fact, God. Be that as it may, the lad has been detained for several days under medical supervision at an institution in South London. No charges are to follow, though, and Youth is said to be recovering and his release is imminent. Meanwhile, Killing Joke's appearance in Wigan has had to be cancelled.

MORE Skids scam. Jobbo was spotted brushing up on his Brecht over the weekend at London's Scala cinema where the double-bill featured *Hangmen Also Die* and a film about Brecht's appearance before the very wholesome Un-American Activities Committee. Man-about-town Dick also put in an appearance at Cabaret Futura where he recited lines from the film *India Song* over an improvised Skid backdrop.

EVEN if Postcard Records hasn't achieved commercial success manager Alan Horne has made a name for his pleasant opinionated self over the past few months (which just proves, even pleasant people have opinions). Horne dropped by to play the acetate of the new Orange Juice and Aztec Camera 45's, to have discussions with Postcard's distributors at Rough Trade and steal some records from their storeroom.

'My Old Soul' proved to be the best Juice single so far — the others have been pretty scrappy," admitted Alan — while Camera's 'Just Like Gold' is a song of considerable beauty — somewhere between Love and The Supremes, particularly memorable for its accomplished lyrics and vocals, both the work of 16 year old Roddy Swarme.



Mark Perry is making an LP with non-mad non-genius Alex Ferguson, who was last known working with true wave Orange Juice and has a cult following of seven. "It's going to be very commercial," sneered Perry, "and Miles Copeland (Fawcay Product benefactor) has dollar signs lighting up his eyes."

Human League have been approached by the *Daily Star* to do a TV jingle...

Mystery informant mutters that Keith Richard has half-inched love of Tom Verlaine's life, an unknown Ukrainian beauty. Guitar duel is in order...

Jim Morrison, centre of growing Monroesque cult, to be subject of Hollywood bio-pic. Unbelievably, John Travolta lined up for the part...



VIRGIN have finally found themselves a token Liverpool group of their own and signed **Hambi And The Dance**.

Recognition has been late coming to Hambi — son of Greek chip-shop proprietors, father of two cute kids, former driving force in Tontrix. Not that his cause has been helped by getting banished from the city's key venue Brady's (Eric's minus the magic) after an onstage dispute with that establishment's bouncers led to the hospitalisation of Hambi's manager.

As Hambi laughingly recalls over a bowl of soup in the health foods restaurant he helped set up, the signing was a close run thing: Virgin received a tape, promptly replied with a rejection slip, but then a friend slipped another tape to Richard Branson in person. Result: instant action — and a blushing apology to the effect that the first rejection came from a junior employee taken on under a government sponsored schemes — she'd been sending rejection slips out as a matter of course. Or was she only following orders? Who knows and who cares. For Hambi And The Dance, the future wears a warm and welcoming smile

Belle Stars "beyond doubt the most beautiful all-girl group on the planet" gushes our man at swankers' hang-out the Embassy Club...



New Oriental New Wave disco *The Great Wall* may prove to be aptly named — as denoting obstacles to overcome. NME lensman David Corio arrived at 10.30 and stayed till midnight — and in all observed 30 bods huddling by the bar, one girl dancing (she was wearing a Plastics T-shirt) watched by four photographers (two of them were Japanese). DJ Pete Claridge and poser David Claridge contend that things "warmed up later" but T-Zers have doubts that the Rising Sun defrosted anything.

NEW YORK'S Raybeats arrived in London this week for the great-bill-shame-about-the-venue Americans Over The Rainbow extravaganza to be greeted with a cache of their first finalised vinyl work, the exquisitely-titled and exceptional-sounding 'Roping Wild Bears' EP on the clumsily-named Don't Fall Off The Mountain label, the latest in a growing line of Beggar's Banquet offshoots.

But why should a NY group as promising as the Raybeats — not to mention the Bongos and dB's — have to turn to English benefactors to get their bop in the shop? The answer, according to the 'Beats Pat Irwin, is that there are no New York labels worth signing to, with the possible exception of 99 records, the city's stylish answer to Rough Trade.

Once upon a time, of course, there was also Mothercare fortune heir Michael Zilkha's Ze — August Darnell, James Chance, Christina *et al* — the hippest thing the Atlantic side of Factory.

The Raybeats, most of whom have had "dealings" with the Ze set-up have little good to say about it.

"The Contortions once did a session for August Darnell, which eventually ended up as a backing track for some Christina disco mix. That was the session where Michael Zilkha came into the studio waving hundred dollar bills in front of us saying 'This is fantastic! Have this!' it was crazy.

"Ze were in a position to be the best. They could have really been something, but they blew it! They had the talent and the money... but no brains."



In the wake of catalyst Steve's 'Some Bizarre' compilation, EMI are bandwagoning their way in on the act with a sampler LP of would-be futurists, most of whom, unsurprisingly, are already on long-term contracts with the label. The LP includes Duran Duran, Kraftwerk, The Berlin Blondes, Classix Nouveaux and Naked Lunch...

The Cure are to take a film on the road with them during their next tour and will play cinemas only...

The Scars LP has Delta 5's Julz singing on it somewhere. The lads point out that they weren't thrown out of Soho's Beat Route club...

FAT, ugly Hugo Burnham — whose biggest jig of the last 12 months was supporting Spurs in that magnificent cup victory over Coventry last Saturday — is thinking of resuming an acting career cut short by his involvement behind the drumkit of lazy piss artists the Gang Of Four.

Hugo, once a partner in a fringe theatre group in Leeds and a fully-trained actor, has spent the past couple of weeks in Brighton working on an independent film project with an old pal and is hoping to extend his histrionic activities to the wider stage and screen sometime in the future.

Burbles Burnham, "I might not be a thin, beautiful, celibate punkette like Hazel or Toyah..." This we all know. "...but I can actually act. Anyway, the time has got to be right for the next Montgomery Clift!"



Joy Division, Dead Kennedys and even — gulp — The Jam all beaten off by Bush Tetras in critics' poll of NY *Village Voice*...

Jock McDonald setting up benefit gig in Dublin following Stardust Ballroom tragedy. **Specials** and **Beat** played there only a month back...

New numbers on Ramones demo doing the rounds: 'The KKK Took My Baby Away', 'Touring Touring Touring'. LP could even be made in Yew Kay...



BRAD Special, who consummated the launch of his Race Records independent label with a party-cum-jig at



GOING DOUBLE DUTCH: NME photographer Anton Corbijn celebrated St. Valentine's day by taking the nuptial vows with 'child bride' Yvette. The happy couple are seen looking snappy courtesy of fellow lensperson Peter Anderson. Mr Corbijn said afterwards: "Why did you use another photographer's pic?"

shorts which went out with our films", so he made *Meteor Madness* in a couple of weeks over Christmas, at a cost of 89c on location in a friend's caravan. It's a mini-British version of a **John Waters** film: featuring one 'personality' (self-styled new wave comic Keith Allen) and a lot of non-actors. And — oh yes — The Meteors, a gormless bunch of comically inadequate 'psycho-billies'

the Hope And Anchor on Tuesday eve, is less than pleased with the paltry amount of airplay his first two singles — by Team 23 and **Night Doctor** — have received, though his aide-de-camp Sean admits that he doesn't expect either record to "shift millions". The next release, though, from ex-Selector Desmond and Charley's The People, produced by Lynval Golding, will be different...

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9	(-Ants No 6	20p
10	(8) Echo & The Bunnymen	20p

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