

ANTI NAZI LEAGUE HITS

BACK AT RACIST

BRITAIN



JOBSON MEETS THE

LITERATI-GARY FINDS HIS GLITERATI



Nine years ago, chanteur Bryan Ferry had an outsize quiff, one chin, a diploma in Fine Art, the ebbing traces of a Geordie accent, a bouncing baby boy called Eno and a debut album called, simply, 'Roxy Music' in the charts. . . Now, he's 'Just a Jealous Guy'.

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
March 7th, 1981

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Song	Artist
1	(3)	Keep On Loving You	Reo Speedwagon
2	(1)	9 To 5	Dolly Parton
3	(5)	Woman	John Lennon
4	(2)	I Love A Rainy Night	Eddie Rabbitt
5	(4)	Celebration	Kool & The Gang
6	(7)	The Best Of Times	Styx
7	(9)	Rapture	Blondie
8	(6)	The Tide Is High	Blondie
9	(11)	Crying	Don McLean
10	(8)	Same Old Lang Syne	Dan Fogelberg
11	(12)	Treat Me Right	Pat Benatar
12	(14)	Hello Again (Love Theme From 'The Jazz Singer')	Neil Diamond

13	(13)	I Ain't Gonna Stand For It	Stevie Wonder
14	(15)	The Winner Takes It All	Abba
15	(18)	A Little In Love	Cliff Richard
16	(10)	Giving It Up For Your Love	Delbert McClinton
17	(22)	Kiss On My List	Daryl Hall & John Oates
18	(20)	Games People Play	The Alan Parsons Project
19	(21)	Hearts On Fire	Randy Meisner
20	(16)	(Just Like) Startin' Over	John Lennon
21	(25)	What Kind Of Fool	Barbra Streisand & Barry Gibb
22	(30)	Don't Stand So Close To Me	The Police
23	(23)	Smoky Mountain Rain	Ronnie Milsap
24	(29)	Fade Away	Bruce Springsteen
25	(27)	Ah! Leah!	Donnie Iris
26	(28)	Living In A Fantasy	Leo Sayer
27	(31)	While You See A Chance	Steve Winwood
28	(33)	Morning Train (Nine To Five)	Sheena Easton
28	(17)	Hey Nineteen	Steely Dan
30	(43)	Just The Two Of Us	Grover Washington Jr

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Album	Artist
1	(2)	Hi Infidelity	Reo Speedwagon
2	(1)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon/Yoko Ono
3	(3)	The Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond
4	(4)	Greatest Hits	Kenny Rogers
5	(5)	Paradise Theater	Styx
6	(6)	Crimes Of Passion	Pat Benatar
7	(8)	Autosamerican	Blondie
8	(7)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand
9	(9)	Back In Black	AC/DC
10	(11)	Zenyatta Mondatta	The Police
11	(14)	Captured	Journey
12	(12)	Gauche	Steely Dan
13	(10)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder
14	(13)	Celebrate	Kool & The Gang
15	(15)	The Turn Of A Friendly Card	The Alan Parsons Project
16	(17)	Gap Band III	Gap Band
17	(18)	9 To 5 And Odd Jobs	Dolly Parton
18	(16)	The River	Bruce Springsteen
19	(19)	Super Trouper	Abba
20	(25)	The Two Of Us	Yarbrough & Peoples
21	(20)	Foolish Behaviour	Rod Stewart
22	(26)	Horizon	Eddie Rabbitt
23	(23)	Ghost Riders	Outlaws
24	(22)	Fantastic Voyage	Lakeside
25	(29)	Arc Of A Diver	Steve Winwood
26	(21)	Eagles Live	The Eagles
27	(30)	Trust	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
28	(24)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
29	(32)	Imagination	The Whispers
30	(36)	Winelight	Grover Washington Jr

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



Today, Brian Setzer has a jumbo quiff, at least three chins, a dagger in his earlobe, the elocution of a New York cabbie, a guitar called Bigsby and a debut album called simply, 'The Stray Cats' in the charts. . . Who knows what the future will bring?

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Song	Artist
1	(1)	Shaddup You Face	Joe Dolce (Epic)
2	(2)	Vienna	Ultravox (Chrysalis)
3	(3)	I Surrender	Rainbow (Polydor)
4	(14)	Jealous Guy	Roxy Music (Polydor)
5	(11)	St Valentine's Day Massacre EP	Motorhead/Girlschool (Bronze)
6	(16)	Southern Freeez	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
7	(4)	Woman	John Lennon (Geffen)
8	(8)	Return Of The Los Palmas 7	Madness (Stiff)
9	(15)	Do The Hucklebuck	Coast To Coast (Polydor)
10	(9)	Rock This Town	Stray Cats (Arista)
11	(5)	Oldest Swinger In Town	Fred Wedlock (Rocket)
12	(—)	Something 'Bout You Baby I Like	Status Quo (Vertigo)
13	(21)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier	Adam & The Ants (CBS)
14	(13)	We'll Bring The House Down	Slade (Cheapskate)
15	(7)	Message Of Love	Pretenders (Real)
16	(6)	In The Air Tonight	Phil Collins (Virgin)
17	(12)	Fade To Grey	Visage (Polydor)
18	(10)	Romeo And Juliet	Dire Straits (Vertigo)
19	(26)	(Somebody) Help Me Out	Beggar & Co (Ensign)
20	(28)	Once In A Lifetime	Talking Heads (Sire)
21	(23)	That's Entertainment	The Jam (Metronome)
22	(17)	Sgt Rock	XTC (Virgin)
23	(22)	Four From Toyah	Toyah (Safari)
24	(24)	I'm In Love With A German Film Star	Passions (Polydor)
25	(—)	Reward	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)
26	(19)	A Little In Love	Cliff Richard (EMI)
27	(—)	Star	Kiki Dee (Ariola)
28	(18)	Ant Music	Adam & The Ants (CBS)
29	(—)	Hot Love	Kelly Marie (Calibre)
30	(25)	Imagine	John Lennon (Apple)

BUBBLING UNDER

Walking On Thin Ice — Yoko Ono (Geffen)
Boys And Girls — Human League (Virgin)
Guitar Man — Elvis Presley (RCA)
Can You Feel It — Jacksons (Epic)
Kids In America — Kim Wilde (RAK)
Underwater — Harry Thumann (Decca)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Album	Artist
1	(2)	Face Value	Phil Collins (Virgin)
2	(3)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier	Adam & The Ants (CBS)
3	(4)	Vienna	Ultravox (Chrysalis)
4	(5)	Difficult To Cure	Rainbow (Polydor)
5	(—)	Stray Cats	Stray Cats (Arista)
6	(1)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon and Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)
7	(6)	Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond (Capitol)
8	(9)	Dance Craze	Soundtrack (2-Tone)
9	(11)	Makin' Movies	Dire Straits (Vertigo)
10	(18)	Visage	Visage (Polydor)
11	(27)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
12	(8)	The Very Best of David Bowie	David Bowie (K-Tel)
13	(7)	Moving Pictures	Rush (Phonogram)
14	(10)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)
15	(—)	Killers	Iron Maiden (EMI)
16	(16)	Southern Freeez	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
17	(13)	Themeninblack	Stranglers (Liberty)
18	(—)	Dirk Wears White Sox	Adam & The Ants (Do It)
19	(25)	Fawty Towers Vol 2	Various (BBC)
20	(18)	Imagine	John Lennon (EMI)
21	(23)	Absolutely	Madness (Stiff)
22	(20)	Arc Of A Diver	Steve Winwood (Island)
23	(—)	In Our Lifetime	Marvin Gaye (Motown)
24	(—)	Hit Machine	Various (K-Tel)
25	(14)	Barry	Barry Manilow (Arista)
26	(12)	Dr Hook's Greatest Hits	Dr Hook (Capitol)
27	(15)	Shaved Fish	John Lennon (Geffen/WEA)
28	(—)	Beatle Ballads	The Beatles (EMI)
28	(22)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
30	(—)	Flesh & Blood	Roxy Music (Polydor)

BUBBLING UNDER

Love Songs — Neil Diamond (MCA)
The Fool Circle — Nazareth (Nems)
Shades — J. J. Cale (Shelter)
Diminished Responsibility — U.K. Subs (Gem)
Hardware — Krokus (Ariola)
Celebrate The Bullet — The Selecter (Chrysalis)

INDIES 33s

- New Age Steppers (ONU)
- Thirst (Clock DVA (Fetish)
- And Then The Kids Just Love It (Television Personalities (Rough Trade)
- Dub Landing (Scientist (Starlight)
- Lounge Lizards (E.G.)
- Dome 2 (Dome)
- The Modern Dance (Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
- My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts (Byrne & Eno (E.G.)
- African Girl (Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
- Photographs As Men (Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)

REGGAE

- Put It On (Love and Unity (Studio 16)
- Praise Without Raise (Dennis Brown (Cash & Carry)
- What A Feeling (Gregory Isaacs (Taxi)
- Tonight (Revelation (Kingdom)
- Love Between A Boy & Girl (Chosen Few (Love and Unity)
- Ghetto Youth (Gilly Buchanan (Dread At The Controls)
- You & Me (Al Campbell (Joe Gibbs)
- What's It All About (Black Harmony (Third World)
- You Were A R.I. Had (Me And You (Castro Brown)
- Africa Moniker (Wayne Wade (Pirate)

Chart by: Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London S.E.14

5 YEARS AGO

- I Love To Love (Tina Charles (CBS)
- December '63 (Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
- Convoy (C. W. McCall (MGM)
- Rodrigo's Guitar Concerto (Manuel & The Music Of The Mountains (EMI)
- It Should Have Been Me (Yvonne Fair (Tama Motown)
- Rain (Status Quo (Vertigo)
- Forever And Ever (Slik (Bell)
- Squeeze Box (Who (Polydor)
- Det. (Pluto Shervington (Opal)
- Funky Weekend (Stylitics (Avco)

Week ending March 6, 1976

10 YEARS AGO

- Baby Jump (Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
- Another Day (Paul McCartney (Apple)
- My Sweet Lord (George Harrison (Apple)
- It's Impossible (Perry Como (RCA)
- Pushbike Song (Mixtures (Polydor)
- Sweet Caroline (Neil Diamond (UNI)
- Rose Garden (Lynn Anderson (CBS)
- Resurrection Shuffle (Ashton, Gardner & Dyke (Capitol)
- Stoned Love (Supremes (Tamla Motown)
- Hot Love (T. Rex (Fly)

Week ending March 10, 1971

INDIES 45s

- A Certain Ratio 12" Import (Factory)
- Elseiger Wind (Liliput (Rough Trade)
- Not Happy (Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
- Dreaming Of Me (Depeche Mode (Mute)
- Nagasaki Nightmare (Crass (Crass)
- Music Is A Better Noise (Essential Logic (Rough Trade)
- Is Vic There? (Department S (Demon)
- Watch That Girl (Vic Goddard & Subway Sect (Rough Trade)
- Ceremony (New Order (Factory)
- Fade Away (New Age Steppers (ONU)

Chart by: Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London, W.11

DISCO

- Southern Freeez (Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
- Don't Stop The Music (Yarborough And Peoples (Mercury)
- Burn Rubber On Me (Gap Band (Mercury)
- Do You Feel My Love (Eddy Grant (Ensign)
- It's My Turn (Diana Ross (Motown)
- Rapture (Blondie (Chrysalis)
- I Ain't Gonna Stand For It (Stevie Wonder (Motown)
- Jones Versus Jones (Kool & The Gang (Delite)
- Can You Handle It? (Sharon Redd (Epic)
- Can You Feel It? (The Jacksons (Epic)

Chart by: Rainbow Soul Roadshow (01 368 9852

15 YEARS AGO

- I Can't Let Go (Hollies (Parlophone)
- Sha-La-La-La-Lee (Small Faces (Decca)
- A Groovy Kind Of Love (Mindbenders (Fontana)
- Barbara Ann (Beach Boys (Capitol)
- The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore (Walker Brothers (Phillips)
- Backstage (Gene Pitney (Stateside)
- These Boots Were Made For Walking (Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
- 19th Nervous Breakdown (Rolling Stones (Decca)
- Make The World Go Away (Eddy Arnold (RCA)
- My Love (Petula Clark (Pye)

Week ending March 11, 1966

20 YEARS AGO

- Walk Right Back (Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
- Are You Sure (Alisons (Fontana)
- Theme For A Dream (Cliff Richard (Columbia)
- Will You Love Me Tomorrow (Shirelles (Top Rank)
- Wooden Heart (Elvis Presley (RCA)
- Sailor (Petula Clark (Pye)
- Riders In The Sky (Ramrods (London)
- Are You Lonesome Tonight (Elvis Presley (RCA)
- FBI (Shadows (Columbia)
- Who Am I (Adam Faith (Parlophone)

Week ending March 10, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME TARZAN — YOU NO POPEYE



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

ANL's NEW INITIATIVE

THE ANTI-NAZI LEAGUE this week reiterated its commitment to Rock Against Racism as a prime tactic for fighting fascism, and pledged its support for a major anti-racist rally in London on April 5.

These and other decisions were taken at the ANL's conference at London's Conway Hall on Saturday, attended by an estimated 500 who came from Cardiff, Sheffield, Manchester and similarly faraway places.

The ANL steering committee offered a ten-point strategy paper in which it urged supporters to:

● FIGHT the "apartheid Nationality Bill" by joining the London demo organised by the Campaign Against Racist Laws on April 5.

● DEFEND teachers attacked and blacklisted by Nazi youth and encourage all teachers to "expose the myths behind the Nazi arguments and explain the reality of life under Hitler and the roots of racism."

● ORGANISE and leaflet around dole offices. Nazis should be "removed" from such places, "if necessary physically."

● LEAFLET football grounds on March 21 — it being a "special day of national action."

● REFUSE facilities (as a councillor or civic official) for Nazi meetings.

● ORGANISE Rock Against Racism gigs and discos. "These gigs should be open to everybody. We are not against skinheads or any other group."

The strategy paper was adopted by a majority of the delegates, along with two amendments that condemned the government as well as lesser known fascist groups such as The League Of St George, Viking Youth and Column 88.

FULL REPORT: P.16

— but rock gets Nazi smear press again

By ANDREW TYLER

THE MEDIA fixed its unsteady gaze this week on fascism in rock gigs and discos.

● The *Guardian* carried a report on Tuesday of the Bad Manners gig at Hammersmith Palais the night before — at which, it was suggested, a large group of Sieg Heiling youth prematurely ended the proceedings. A more moderate report of the same event appeared in the London *New Standard*, characterising the disturbance as unpleasant but of nuisance value only.

● The *Sunday Times* picked up on the same incident to launch a disturbing account of the youth fascism and rock phenomenon. There was reference to "a self-styled Hounslow SS, a viciously cropped gang of bully boys who were among several hundred skinheads chanting Sieg Heil and racist abuse" at the Monday Hammersmith concert.

The report went on to discuss the Bridge House pub in London's Canning Town:

"There is a second string of young skinhead bands waiting in the wings. Criminal Class, Chaos, Infa-Riot, The 4-Skins and half a dozen more all draw crowds at the Bridge House, close to West Ham United's ground at Upton Park."

The *Sunday Times'* suggestion of Nazi-harboring

was powerfully denied this week by Bridge House booking manager John McGeady, who points out that only one of the groups mentioned — The 4-Skins — have actually appeared (once) at the Bridge.

McGeady says the skinhead/Nazi element did at one time frequent the pub — "but I would always stop them at the door and ask them to take off their badges and swastikas and cover up T-shirts with insignias on them."

"We've never had any trouble here. The last real trouble was after the war when the place was used by sailors. We don't even have bouncers. There's no need."

● BBC Radio also produced a disturbing report on their *Sunday World This Weekend* programme in which trouble at gigs was reviewed and a couple of young white supremacists interviewed.

Madness — still having trouble shaking off an unwanted pro-Nazi following — unequivocally stated their opposition to fascism, while *NME's* Neil Spencer struck the one optimistic chord in a fundamentally gloomy week of fascist reporting:

"There are literally thousands and thousands of groups playing in this country and of those thousands I think you'd be hard pressed to find more than three or four who are overtly fascists."

Mag man

MAGAZINE have at last acquired a settled line-up after almost a year of uncertainty.

Original guitarist John McGeoch left in mid-1980, to be replaced by Robin Simon — but he failed to stay the course, and the band were again left guitar-less. Now they've recruited Liverpool-born Ben Mandelson, an old college friend of vocalist Howard Devoto, who's played in a number of British bands — probably the best known being Amazorblades. And now that they're back to full strength, Magazine are planning a series of British dates in late spring.

Mandelson has principally played violin in the past and,



Ben Mandelson. Pic: Devoto

in this capacity, has been co-opted by Devoto for various Magazine recording sessions — and it was at one of these sessions that his guitar playing ability was discovered. The band are currently close to completing their fourth studio album — a new single is scheduled for release by Virgin on April 10, with the LP following about a month later. The live dates will coincide with the album.

SLF tour de force

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS have lined up a lengthy UK tour for April and May, their first major outing since July last year. The band are noted for not doing things by half measures, and their tour schedules are invariably extensive. This tour takes in over 30 leading venues, and ties in with the release of their new album 'Go For It', which Chrysalis say will be in the shops "around Easter". And it's preceded on March 20 by a single from the album titled 'Just Fade Away'.

SLF play Belfast Ulster Hall (April 21), Guildford Civic Hall (23), Cambridge Corn Exchange (24), Leicester University (25), Southampton Gaumont (26), Cardiff University (27).

Wolverhampton Civic Hall (28), Hanley Victoria Hall (29) and Blackburn King George's Hall (30).

Then follow May dates at Malvern Winter Gardens (1), Aylesbury Friars (2), Bristol Colston Hall (3), Oxford New Theatre (4), Norwich East Anglia University (6), Ipswich Gaumont (7), Canterbury Odeon (8), Birmingham Odeon (9), London Rainbow (10), Liverpool Royal Court (11), Manchester Apollo (12), Derby Assembly Rooms (13), Bradford St George's Hall (14), Sheffield Polytechnic (15), Middlesbrough Town Hall (16), Carlisle Market Hall (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Inverness Ice Rink (20), Aberdeen Capitol (21), Dundee Caird Hall (22), Edinburgh Odeon (23) and Glasgow Apollo (24).

A support act has still to be named. Tickets are already on sale, but prices vary from one venue to another, and readers are advised to check with individual box-offices or local press announcements.



New Cross mourner/marcher

Pic: Jean Bernard Sohier

RACE fury erupted in the streets of London yesterday as Black Power militants turned a protest march into a riot.

For seven hours a frenzied mob took part in an orgy of looting and destruction in the West End.

Sun

South London, in January. The biggest display of black feeling so far seen in the capital, the march was for the most part peaceful although there were two small ugly clashes between police and youngsters.

The march from South

Guardian

LEFT: a young marcher taking part in Monday's mass demonstration against the alleged police cover-up of the New Cross fire massacre. The march, which took over six hours to wend its way in the pouring rain from New Cross, South London, to Hyde Park, received massive media coverage — most of it bad.

NME's observer on the march, PAUL DU NOYER, described the weary trudge as "relatively peaceful although there were some isolated scuffles". Certainly the march succeeded in its aim of raising the vital issue: Was the Deptford massacre a racist attack? And the marchers' accusations of press indifference also hit home.

"Thirteen dead, and nothing said," they chanted in Fleet Street, where an employee of the *Daily Telegraph* showed his sensitivity to the situation by treating the marchers to a Nazi salute from an upstairs window.

We might never know for sure what happened on the night of January 18, but if nothing else the wave of militancy sparked off by the 13 New Cross deaths has demonstrated the depth of resistance to racism which exists in the black population of England today.

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Stones not at St Lucia

□ THE ROLLING STONES will definitely not be appearing in the spring Carnival of Caribbean Arts on the island of St Lucia and neither will they be lending their mobile studio to the event. They say they have never been approached, either to take part in the carnival or to lend their mobile.

But there was better news for festival organiser Alan Biggs this week when, following rumours to the contrary, *NME* checked up on the bands mentioned in last week's story to certify that they *are* definitely booked. Madness, Aswad, Specials, Steel Pulse and Selecter are all confirmed, while The Beat said they hadn't confirmed but hoped to appear.

Campbell appeal

□ A MUSICAL combo is urgently sought for a March 28 benefit in aid of the Richard Campbell Campaign.

Campbell was a 19-year-old South London black who died last March 31 in custody at Ashford Remand Centre, following his arrest a month earlier for non-payment of fines.

While in Ashford Campbell is alleged to have engaged in a hunger strike and to have subsequently been force fed, beaten up, drugged with "liquid cosh" tranquilisers, then labelled as schizophrenic. The official cause of his death was "self-neglect".

Three days after the benefit — at Norwood Hall, West Norwood South London — a report of the independent trade union inquiry into the affair will be published. The same day, supporters will march from Tooting Broadway to the Home Office.

C81 glut

□ Such has been the overwhelming demand for the NME-ROUGH TRADE C81 cassette that the simple logistics of producing such a large quantity of tapes without any loss of audio quality has meant that it has taken slightly longer than anticipated to mail-out finished copies. Anyway, everything's cool, and by the time you read this thousands of C81 cassettes will be in the process of being dispatched to those who took advantage of our amazing offer.

□ THE Bash Street Kid's Cocaine — that description in our glue-sniffing piece (February 21) has put us all in really hot water with Teacher. We would like to make it clear that we would not dream of suggesting that Smiffy, Danny, Plug, et al would ever take drugs of any sort.



Phil Lynott

JIMI LYNOTT...?

CASTING is currently in progress for a major motion picture to be made of the life of Jimi Hendrix.

Way out ahead of all the other contenders in the race to grab the title role is Irish literary figure and Greedy Bastards star Phil Lynott, who already has been offered the part, and is due to fly to Burbank, Hollywood, within the next two weeks for negotiations.

"At the moment," says Lynott, back in London after a 14-month world tour with Thin Lizzy, "the script seems a bit corny — they're definitely playing up the wine, women and song."

"However, Hendrix is one of the few musicians who's a real god to me, so if they can rewrite it and capture his subtleties and spirit a bit better then I think I'll give it a go."

The guitar-playing of Robin Trower, according to Lynott, will be featured in the onstage sequences of the biopic.

Not content with being a crooner and a poet, Phil Lynott then has ambitions to be a matinee idol: "I wouldn't mind giving it a bash. I've got the ego for it. I'm a bit of an actor anyway. As we say in the business, I'm just reading scripts — though as well as the Hendrix one, there is a black magic movie they're trying to get me to do."

For the meantime, Lynott is occupied with the making of two LPs — one solo, and one with Thin Lizzy, of whom he says, "We were able to get through a world tour without breaking up again, which is a miracle in itself. Now we can start on a new sound, instead of the same old fuckin' noise."

This discussion of the acting profession also cues in consideration of Lizzy's

controversial 'Killer On The Loose' single, which when released last year was widely assumed to be a celebration of sexual violence.

"The other day," complains Lynott, "I was watching Prince Andrew on the telly, and twice they say, 'He's a bit of a ladykiller'. Does that mean he goes around killing ladies?"

"I wrote that song when we were recording down in Soho. I'd been talking to this prostitute and I'd asked her why they always go around in pairs. She says, 'There's a killer on the loose'."

"The whole idea of the song was a warning: in every town there's some nut. I thought that in the song I'd be the character, to get it across."

"I knew exactly what I was doing. There was no fuckin' way I was trying to glorify rape."

"I thought people would listen to it and think about what I was singing."



Pic: Pennie Smiff

CLASHA SYMBOLS

AFTER a few months spent sorting through the entries for our Clash photo caption thingy, the 25 winners are now standing shiny, buffnail and with a sparkling smile in the wings ready for the presentation. The prize for sticking the best Clash cracks and one-line witticisms to the picture above is a copy of Pennie Smith's *The Clash: Before And After* autographed by Joe, Mick, Paul, Topper and the famed female flick-taker herself. Singled out for special big laffs:

"Ere Mick try my set . . . see if they fit any better." — Steve Branley, Kingsbury, London NW9.

"No honestly Jonesy, this is all we made on the last tour." — The Jester, Leeds.

"No way, Joe! You wrote the words, you eat 'em!" — Dave Pugh, Salop.

And the other 22 winners: Derek Whorton, Warley; Julie Edwards, Stoke-on-Trent; Thomas Waugh, Edinburgh; Trisfan Lambeth, Surrey; David Waller, North Humberside; Darren Like, Cornwall; Desmond Curran, Liverpool; Nich Hosier, London; Paul Wylie, Gateshead; Hugh Jarce, Mansfield; A Blunsden, Ilford; Marius M'Bongo Fury, London; Stephen Fellows, Oxon; Simon Ward, Avon; Lorraine Smith, Northants; Ronnie Smith, Ayrshire; Richard Salmon, Merseyside; S Castleton, Cleveland; Glenn Hale, Gwent; Kevin Quinn, Co Tyrone; Steve Nankervis, Cornwall.

Rat Soup



EVER SINCE Steve Gerber left Marvel Comics in a flurry of tattered feathers and his sublime creation *Howard The Duck* became an increasingly numbskulled parody of its former glories in the dishpan hands of other writers, admirers of the wayward Duck-master have been awaiting *Stewart The Rat* (Eclipse Enterprises, imported at £4.20) with a more than moderately keen sense of anticipation.

Smoothly and elegantly drawn by Gene Colan and Tom Palmer (Marvel artists best known for their definitive work on *Doctor Strange*, *Dracula*, *Daredevil*, the *Duck* and numerous scripts not beginning with "D") *Stewart The Rat* boasts typically sharp and witty Gerber dialogue and soft-centred liberal satire (mostly at the expense of disco and the Wonderful Person Industry) far less cutting than the finest examples of Duckdom. Unhappily, it would seem that the removal of the twin constraints of the Comics Code Authority and Marvel's editorial policies do not seem to

have stimulated Gerber sufficiently: the only advantage that he has taken from his new-found freedom has been to include sex jokes, more explicit violence and extensive use of "foul language".

Working entirely to the dictates of his own artistic sensibilities, Gerber should have produced his masterpiece with *Stewart The Rat*, but he has achieved little more than an entertaining footnote to the classic early issues of *Howard The Duck*. Admirers of Gerber's work should investigate *Stewart The Rat* by all means, but perhaps at the price of respecting Gerber rather less after perusal than before. Gerber is currently employed writing a Saturday morning cartoon show called *Thundarr The Barbarian*: not quite the Magnum Opus upon which many of his fans hoped that he would embark, but even cult figures have to pay the rent.



in Ulro . . .

With particular reference to that condition of mind which gorges itself from the trough of fermented waters and fast meat and thus inebriated disports skylarkingly wherever the main thoroughfares intersect, that rustic diversion of strewing the pavements of Oxford Street with its own overturned garbage, the Ulro are they of bestial comprehension whom rage within the walls of what wears increasingly the desolation of a city doomed. Their host is many, maybe manifold. Fortunately, most of the people you see around you are generation, of greater awareness still.

Not that uncouth conduct is any recent development of local planning at these junctures. The same filthy streets are chartered with past evil. From the former St Giles' penitentiary, where the Dominion

Theatre excites to the sound of music, to the gallows at Tyburn Hill, or Marble Arch to furnish its imperial monument, sin and unholiness long makes merry the mile. This outgoing traverse from the City of London to the city of spires is writ from antiquity in malign character. Is it not still told of the credible gentleman who observes the Devil strolling along the Tottenham Court Road?

It is or at least should be a well-known dictum that the fruit sold on Oxford Street is fit only for tourists and traitors. The traders pitching the 'far twixt Rathbone Place and Tyburn six and seven days a week are highest of price and most rotten of quality in the whole capital. Costermongering is a familial lay, and very likely this latterday barrow-boy fraternity is a further generation of those same backslangers who set up booths along the parish when with the overripe fruit the public pelt the prisoners on their road to execution up the Hill. Certainly, their wares are of similar blight. A summary guide will beware Romany script and equivocal scales.

beneath Baulah . . .

Everything malevolent emanates from St Giles. This district in the London of previous centuries bears testimony to the squalor of its unlamented rookeries, huddles of alleyways and houses where sleep fifty persons to a room in some instances. It is possible to enter

this enclosure from runways and dives as westerly as Leicester Square and not emerge again until Bloomsbury. Some little of the same lavender still complexions the district, in Soho and to its east at the displaced Seven Dials, Sutton Row and Phoenix Passage in particular; the girded archway leading into Falconberg Court and Soho Square, or Goodwin Court with its box-windowed houses of the 18th Century as you skirt St Martin's Lane and Covent Garden; Denmark Place in the shadow of St-Giles-In-The-Field itself, and Centrepont overlooking all. Neither is it forgotten that St-Giles-In-The-Field is founded in 1101 as a leper hospital, nor that the Great Plague of London, from which 100,000 people die in 1665, originates here. Later broadsheets are hawked and sung, it is the epicentre of music publishing: this very *New Musical Express* evolves there at an address in Denmark Street. The most recent of its infamies is the death by arson of 37 estimated Colombians, Spaniards, Latin Americans, West Indians and Irish, and prostitutes, according to Minitruth, on premises shared with a hamburger stall dispensary in Denmark Place.

I come from High Holborn along New Oxford Street, past the town hall, the post depot and the Old Crown and tea rooms of Museum Street, passing Lord Longford on the way, to where Shaftesbury Avenue springs

into being at the red marble drinking fount, long fallen into disuse, which the board of works for the St Giles district erects to commemorate the 60th year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria 1897.

Tempting the triangle here at Princes Circus, a cluster of refreshment places: Zita sandwich bar, the Stavros Restaurant of Cat Stevens connection, Il Passetto da Romeo sandwich bar, Silva's grill and sandwich bar, the Crown public house almost hidden from view, the Grape Street wine bar, even G Bravo & Son Ltd wine and spirit importers of renown: vie all for custom, where Leon's Continental Patisserie of Lordship Lane makes the morning trip, and Roadline moves Britain's goods.

where the dead wail Night & Day.

This guard of phone booths, pigeons and skeletal trees, where barely a month ago the wind teases the big crisp golden leaves, a man with a Russian tither on his head sits astride his bike beside the kerb talking with his neighbour, and a Celtic road sweeper sings to himself. Today, another of his kith passes by, muttering into his chest; a beat wearing a suede jacket and lilac scarf loiters without intent; a flock of fat ruffed-up pigeons strut out their time, even as a gentleman of like appearance enters into view for one comic moment.



First there was drummer Brad's Race Records independent, a set-up which now involves a second Special, guitarist Lynval Golding, currently helping produce the third Race release, a single by Coventry group The People.

Now the ebullient Neville Staples is getting in on the act too. This weekend sees the release of 'Ambition Rock'/'21 Guns', the debut single by the group 21 Guns, on Shack Records, the new label launched by Neville and his girlfriend Stella.

The idea for the label had been brewing in Nev's hyperactive mind for a while, but it's only with The Specials' current six-month break from touring that he has been able to put it into operation. The inspiration, however, has come not from the bristling UK indie scene, but its Jamaican counterpart.

"I just saw that all these guys like Joe Gibbs, Big Youth and

Errol Thompson would be producing and at the same time would have their own labels putting out other stuff as well.

"I'd been wanting to do something like this for ages, get a label and do some of my own productions — Staples at the controls! I used to work with a sound system, doing a lot of mixing, taking out some levels of the sound, equalising others and all that. Now that I've got the opportunity to do this, I just took it!"

Stella — a former Bodysnatcher, now a guitarist with the fabulous Belle Stars — has been looking after marketing, manufacture and distribution through Spartan, with Neville taking care of the studio stuff. The 21 Guns single is his first stab at production.

The single itself is a pulsating, promising slice of reggaematic raunch, a dubby bassline rumble clashing head-on with the thump of snaredrum double-drops and a harsh rock guitar climax. Very much post-2-Tone, rather than just another slant on the same old song.

21 Guns themselves were formed by Trevor Evans and Johnny Rex, two former Specials roadies, at the start of last year. Says Neville: "They decided to form the group at the end of our last American tour, and when I heard the stuff they were doing, I really liked it. It reminded me a bit of The Automatics before we became

The Specials, but with 1981 in it "

Staples recently got the chance to sample the Jamaican recording set-ups that inspired him to form Shack at first hand when he, Lynval and trombonist Rico visited the island for a three-week break. Though he was chuffed to get Joe Gibbs protege Errol Thompson to do a mix of the 21 Guns single, Neville found Kingston a little too heavy a place for his liking on the whole.

"I went over there thinking the place would be great. Get in there, Nev! As soon as I saw what it was really like, I wanted to come back! Just from the way you dress, they pick you out straight away as being foreign and you get hassle. It's not so bad out in the country — not so many people getting knocked off by the gunmen. But as for Kingston, I've never been so sh!t scared in all my life!"

Back in the relative sanity of the UK, Neville and Stella have high hopes of Shack, their sights set on the top fifty rather than the independent charts.

"If we said we were just going into this for the crack of it we'd be lying," says Stella. "We want it to be an absolutely outrageous success. We're both very ambitious. If it's just going to be a bubbling under type of thing, then that's no good."

**A label launched with a 21
Gun salute deserves to be
heard. Shack up or shut up.**

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THIS *inviting* offer reaches the column via reader John McFadyen — could it be the “Police” are doing their “job” in our area more than a little *beyond the call of duty*? Don’t stand so close to me, indeed! Not so much enthusiasm, I’m afraid, for the latest edition of Paul Raymond’s *Men Only* which luridly advertises a “CELEBRITY NUDE EXCLUSIVE!” of pop singer Grace Jones on its cover. A two-page spread inside the magazine “reveals” nothing more than two antique monochrome ‘promo’ style poses in cover-all lurex swim-suit, and one solitary colour shot of a topless Grace live performance: nothing new at all.



21 Guns salute you

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ALVIN AND THE BUNNYMAN

IN THESE pagan times it's a revelation to see young people still filled with the spirit of the Holy Grail.

Take David Bunny, who works in London's Royal Marsden Hospital, where he shares an office with the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Howe. Bunny's life has been dominated by righteous quests. Last September he formed Rock Against Numan, alternatively titled the Royal Union of Numan Terminators (RUNT).

The society's activities included a seance at Gooseberry Studios where Numan recorded what Bunny calls 'Are Friends Epileptic?' Accompanied by a Catholic lay preacher in full regalia, he attempted to exorcise Numan's "haunting melodies". But when it came to sprinkling holy water on the mixing desk, the engineer — who thought the duo were from the Ku Klux Klan — became agitated to say the least.

Bunny also tried to convert

the Hammersmith Odeon into gas the day before the doleful pilot played a series of concerts there. But success was not his.

Bunny then turned his attention to Sheena Easton. He was puzzled by the apparent change of heart between her first two singles. 'Modern Girl' advocated a freedom of mobility and choice while '9 To 5' returned to older-fashioned monogamy. "Such hypocrisy in such a short period of time could only mean that she would make an ideal Prime Minister."

As a result he started the Sheena Easton Popular Front "which is a political party bent on getting Sheena into Parliament to extol on her theme, 'One Man Woman', while arranging to have Maggie Thatcher simultaneously appear on *Top Of The Pops*, singing 'One Mad Woman'." To date the party has sixty members.

To help finance these crusades, Bunny released a single last November called 'Not That Song Again' on his own Tangled Web label. A pastiche on The Native Hipsters' 'There Goes Concorde Again', he considers it "an

Stardust's Echoes of Grandeur?

artistic success which never got anywhere". Some might add, with good reason.

Although he also has an as yet unnamed band which specialises in fusions of The Human League and Doris Day, DB is currently concentrating on his latest project — a search for Alvin Stardust.

Before his early '70s reincarnation, Alvin began life in 1942 as Bernard Jewry. After passing an audition for *Saturday Club* (a long defunct radio show), he bought a silver lame suit, changed his name to Shane Fenton and had a hit with 'I'm a Moody Guy' in '62. Lean years intervened but he was reborn when Magnet Records chose Bernard as their entry in the glam rock contest around '73.

Bunny takes up the tale. "Rejoicing in a plethora of worthless hit singles such as 'My Co-Ca-Choo', 'Red Leather', 'Jealous Mind' and 'Good Love Can Never Die', Alvin had his finger on the pulse when it came to singing about

central issues concerning our lives. Furthermore, with his sideboards, diamond rings, platform boots, leather and gargantuan quiff, the time could not be more ripe for him to scorch back and re-enlighten us again."

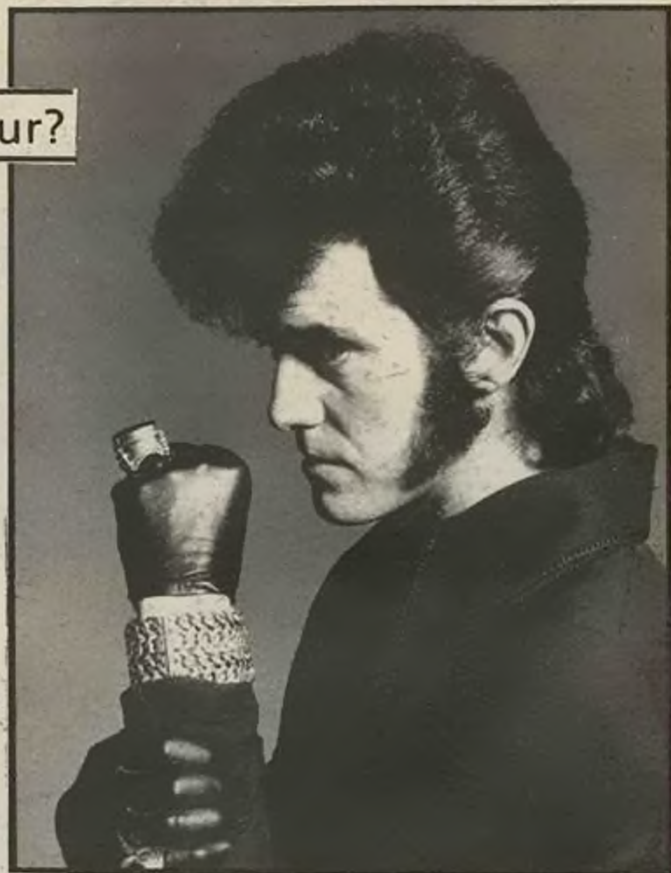
Accordingly, he's started S.O.D.S. — the Stardust Or Die Society. The quango's motto is F.A.T. — Find Alvin Today — and Bunny has already gone to great lengths to excavate his hero.

He has contacted Magnet but their response was tight-lipped. "They must have thought I was an eccentric fan or something," says the baffled David.

"I'm sure he's starving in a bedsit, looking at his leather suit. I know I'll find him even if it means asking everyone in Earl's Court."

If you are of like mind, the S.O.D.S. HQ is located at 111 Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale, London W9. Prospective prospectors should enclose SAE for free membership.

— IAN BIRCH



Brian Setzer's new look. Pic: Michael Putland

Under 24's: Buy your Railcard in March and get a free return rail journey anywhere.

If you're under 24 and you haven't got round to buying yourself a Railcard yet, then now's the time. Not only because you can often travel half price right up to the end of September, but because throughout the month of March, British Rail are throwing a free return rail ticket into the bargain. Between March 1 and March 31 you can go anywhere in Britain you choose — and come back again — FREE!

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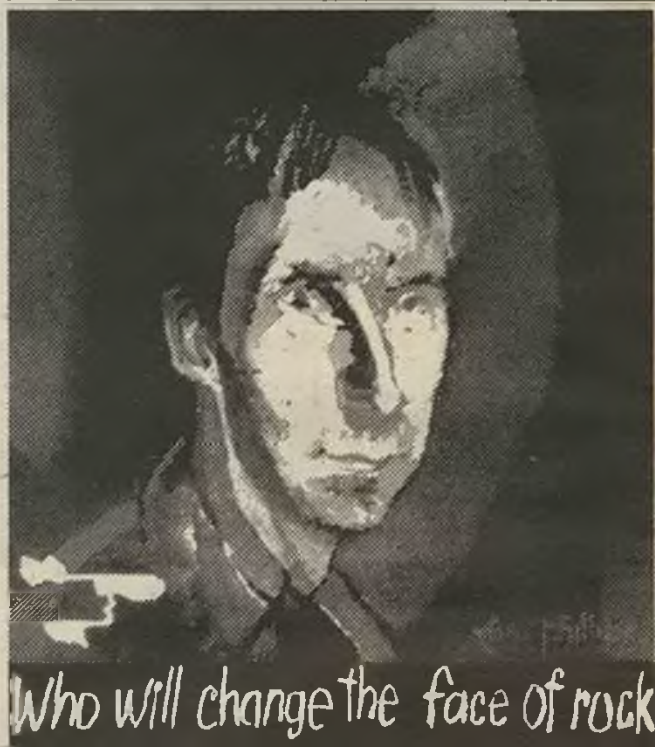
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WE TRIED. We honestly tried. We even thought of not running the photo. But, alas, we are but mere flesh and cannot resist the human urge to . . . to . . . to **PILLORY THE FAT MAN!**

Yeah, that ancient British ritual is back! Tact, diplomacy, disgression — who needs 'em when you got a fatso to pull faces at? And so cast your eyes to our photo. *Will you get a look at that!*

Marco Pirroni, now of Adam & The Ants, certainly wasn't always the chubby dumpling he is now. No sir, once he was plain old-fashioned fat when fronting The Models! The Models? Models of what? Try sperm whales for a start, guys. Somebody who knew the band in those days is Skip Replevin and Skip told us of his memories of old Hyde Parko sized Marco.

"Christ, that was some acreage, wasn't it? I remember he never used elastic in his shorts — Marco settled for swish-rail. One time, in Bingley, he hung a pair of pants out to dry — and the entire area lost an hour's daylight. He didn't seem conscious of it at all though. I remember once he was ready to go onstage in a black nylon jumpsuit and red bellboy's hat. I stopped him, I said, 'Marco you can't go on like that, you look like a five hundredweight jar of Bovril! Chrissakes'. Ten minutes after we finished our set Marco would still be wobbling. Another time he went to weigh himself and the machine said 'No coach parties please'."

Did his bulk create any special problems?

Pic: Justin Thomas.

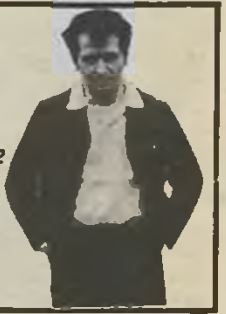


"Oh sure. He got badly bruised once when a car knocked him down. Marco says to the driver: 'You fool, you had plenty of time to see me' and the guy said: 'I know. I woulda gone around you but I hadn't got enough petrol? Still, he had his bonuses. Every time he commissioned a new pair of trousers he created thirty new jobs in the wool industry. And when we were really broke we could always take the bones outa his corset and make a pan of soup. He went swimming at Yarmouth once and the tide couldn't come in until he got out — just splashing around he caused widespread flooding in Holland. Y'know once Marco went shopping and —"

Hold it just a second, Mr Replevin. Uh, have you ever worked the music halls?

"Why! However did you guess that?"
Just a hunch, Skip, just a hunch . . .

"Actually, I don't think that's very funny . . ."
Marco Mk 2 joins Ants and finds instant insect appeal.



THE BRITISH Phonographic Industry — BPI to its friend — is to begin a campaign urging people to, wait for it, *buy more records*. To coerce you into parting with your money more often, the BPI are seeking the help of Saatchi & Saatchi, that noble firm of "image" creators who did so much to give us a Conservative government. They want a salespitch something along the lines of what's currently going on in America under the banner "Give The Gift Of Music". We suggest "Every Picture Sells A Tory" might be more apt.

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LOVE STORIES OF OUR TIME



... Maggie and Ronnie, Charles and Di, Tony Parsons and Leonid Brezhnev.

DANGEROUS VISIONS

IS THERE something in your eye, darling?

All the networks love a lover and as THEIR story unfolded all over our screens this week, even hardhearted cynics must have melted into pools of Mills and Boon blancmange. You almost felt like an intruder watching that private, obsessive bliss being bared for all the world and their camera crews. The mutual adoration, the unmarried bliss, was evident in every shy, secret smile THEY stole or exchanged. *The Washington Post* called THEM "The Ideal Couple" and they got it exactly right — Ronald and Margaret worship and deserve each other.

Every news bulletin brought the latest reports of Thatcher delaying her return home. Maggie said Ronnie was a "genius". Ronnie told Maggie that Winston Churchill was wrong — this flushed turkey in a tuxedo who spent the war in Hollywood make-up referred to the great man as "beloved Sir Winnie" — and that "the finest moment of the British people is yet to come".

Presumably this will be when our banana republic is burnt to a nuclear frizzle. American foreign policy will be forever cretinous because (a) they have never been bombed or invaded and (b) because they have an hysterical fear of Russia, a country with a stronger military muscle and ideological spine than their own. Thatcher loves America because she is that new breed of Conservative that gives a toss for nothing but money, coming out of a lower middle class provincial shopkeeping background, still believing that America means opportunity, and enterprise, and rising on one's own merits — look after the pennies and the oppressed peasants can look after themselves.

"Communism is doomed," Mags said. "We must fight international terrorism."

International terrorists of the week were the guerrillas in El Salvador. Ron and Mags revealed that they were using firearms supplied by Russia to fight the para-sadist government down there and we were supposed to keel over

with a coronary arrest. Of course they are using Russian arms — no other country in the world was DECENT enough to help them. Which is why America will fail and El Salvador will be a Communist state long after the Thatcher and Reagan administrations are confined to the yellowing archives. The *Everyman* report on the Irish Catholic nuns in El Salvador and Jon Snow's *News At Ten* reports from the country were the most important foreign correspondence since John Pilger brought back the word on what Richard Nixon and Pol Pot had managed to do to Cambodia. Thatcher and Reagan should have been made to watch these reports while under electric shock treatment. Investigative journalism into the horrors of South America seems a fairly new fangled thing — apparently there was a conspiracy of silence for years. Maybe the media in this country is no longer as anxious to tug forelocks to the American massah, despite the fine prostrate example of our lovely leader. Yankee dollar gone to the dictator of the world indeed, G.I. Joe.

James Baldwin's *I Heard It Through The Grapevine* followed the writer through the southern states of America talking to the survivors of the Civil Rights movement. They were — incredibly — reflective, gentle, wry, and their memories were intercut with newsreel footage of blacks trying everything from King's Ghandi to Panther guns, always meeting exactly the same murderous brutality, always getting nowhere. Baldwin addressed a meeting at a hotel in Florida, in the very town where the first black slaves were sold in an American market some four hundred years ago, and his speech was interrupted over the public address system by some anonymous representative of white supremacy saying, "We can't take this," and threatening to blow James Baldwin's brains out if he didn't leave the stage immediately. Baldwin told his hopeful assassin that, "even if you kill me in the next two minutes I want to tell you the days of white supremacy are over!"

A black child called Ben Chasey cried and told the TV man that he intended to carry on his brother's work. His brother had just been murdered in a racist attack. Later we heard

that Ben got a little bit older, killed a white man, and was murdered himself. *I Heard It Through The Grapevine* broke your heart and made your blood boil but when it ended in a Newark tenement stuffed like a slave ship with 20,000 blacks you just felt sad. Nothing can be done for the American blacks, they're the one people who can never be free because they're the one people that Russia can't supply with arms.

THE SIX o'clock news on Monday night went out just as the first reports of the storming of the Cortes were coming in. Colonel Antonio Tejero in Mouseketeer ears, Zapata moustache, and waving a pistol like it was a telegram from Littlewood's, burst into the chamber of the Spanish Parliament backed by civil guards firing sub-machine guns over the heads of the elected representatives.

All over Spain the pitiful Tejero's peers were out on the streets with their tanks and men, declaring military rule and taking over the TV stations and taking over. They didn't, of course, and everywhere I hear it's because of the rockjaw resolute actions of King Juan-Ball Carlos. This is bullshit. Carlos broke the back of Tejero and his chum's attempted coup because it was the easy option. A grey haired old man in shades, the Speaker of the House, stood up sneering at Tejero and his gumbie gun men from the moment they charged into the Cortes, guns blazing. Everybody else hit the deck pronto. Tonto, but this shaded silver-haired Speaker stood, hands on hips, HECKLING! Rapid fire sub-machine guns were going off inches from his face and he was HECKLING. Tejero brandished a gun in his face but

he didn't flinch. The revolting civil guards aimed their weapons at his stomach but he didn't give an inch. Tejero grabbed him round the neck and tried to push him to the ground with the other elected representatives — the shaded, silver-haired Speaker fought back and Tejero eventually turned away in disgust! Other elected representatives, more cowed than the shaded, silver-haired speaker, managed to get him eventually to sit down. He was still mouthy, he still would not lay on his belly.

The tanks were out, the occupation of the Cortes still had another night to run, but the Franco revival was already a failure. The shaded silver-haired Speaker had made them look absurd, gave King Juan-Ball the impetus to nip these fossilized Fascists in their blackshirt bud. Think of Benito's boys fainting with fright in North Africa, think of Adolf's Aryans running in Napoleon's footsteps on the long flight back from Moscow — if you can strut and crow in victory, and in defeat lose your bottle while all around you others are losing theirs, you'll be a Nazi, my scum. A million or two Spaniards went out on the street wallowing in celebrations of democracy and King Carlos, but the credit should have gone elsewhere.

To give Juan the meagre credit he's due, the armed forces who so quickly surrounded Tejero and his insurrection-interruptus, calling for the cock-up coup to throw down its arms and come out with its Mouseketeer ears above its head, would not have acted so fast and firm without the nod from the crown. Stout fellows some of these royals. Take Prince Charles — a throwback with a good heart, all Brylcreem and Bluebottle, and I

can't think of any other public figure I'd rather have as our figurehead, apart from Eric Heffer.

Prince Charles goes into factories and tells the management it is *they* and not the workers who are slacking (the union chiefs love him), he drops into Capital Radio and asks the Mo-dettes what kind of music they play ("Mo-dettes Music") and if they wrote 'Paint It Black', he's getting married to the first Mrs Sovereign who ever did a day's collar in her life. You could do a lot worse. All he needs now is to learn to respect other species — break his back while out with the hunt, say — and he'll be an all-round splendid chap. When the BBC broke into normal service — it was *Playschool* — to grin the happy news before whisking us over to Buck House, I was moderately rapt for a while until the media and the public conspired to spoil the happy day for me. The media — TV, Fleet Street — who for months have been sniffing the poor girl's trail looking for scraps of evidence of black magic or masturbation or whatever to fling across their front pages were suddenly grovelling at the feet of their erstwhile quarry, desperate for their pathetic little "pics". The public were no better — flies settled on their eyes and they brayed, "We want Di, We want Di." Prince Charles came to smile and wave to these loyal lacking subjects but they just kept right on braying their chant as if he wasn't there. The royal band played a cheery, end-of-pier 'Congratulations' that went on forever. What plebs they must think we are.

Backstage the happy couple were all swallowed words and hot flushes, nervous laughs and nudges, and the interviewer seemed mildly disappointed

that the earth didn't move more in the recounting of their courtship. He had a nerve when every female of Charlie's acquaintance in the past has been scrupulously investigated until enough data had been compiled to stone her outside the city gates. Lady Diana Spencer got the job because she's a nice girl with a past that is a tweedy void. I didn't see too much evidence of privilege around — I saw them hounded by cretins and hacks round the clock in a life somewhere between goldfish bowl and monastery, peopled by museum pieces. Still, I guess it's better than going down the pit, what?

Out on the street Lady Diana's father, the Earl Spencer, who was apparently under hypnosis, took pictures of the crowds, grinned and swayed and insisted his daughter was always a perfect physical specimen. The eccentric Earl was the most personable character in the entire cast, I couldn't understand why the Royals were keeping him locked out until his second wife and her mother turned up on the doorstep — Barbara Cartland and Barbara Cartland Junior both painted and powdered like *Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?* going to the races. No wonder they were keeping their distance. The old Earl didn't seem to care. He revealed that the groom had to call into Number 10 to get Thatcher's permission to go ahead with the marriage. Presumably this is ancient protocol to allow the opportunity to marry off any eligible royals we've got going spare to bloodstock from some country we want to get in good with. I bet Thatcher spat that the nearest Reagans ever got to producing a Fairy Princess was that ballet dancing black sheep of theirs.

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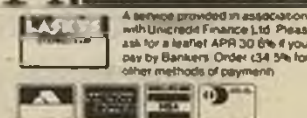
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EDINBURGH NON-ROCK

FOR A GROUP who take their name from a trashy science fiction comic rooted in the '60s — the one that followed the adventures of *Thunderbirds*, *Captain Scarlet* and *Fireball XL5* through the eyes of the original videoscreen futurists Gerry and Sylvia Anderson — Edinburgh's TV21 go a long way towards making unpretentious pop make sense in the '80s.

They meet most of the requirements of the classic pop combo — a youthful, enthusiastic quartet whose songs usually clock in somewhere around the three-minute mark and fizz with noisy guitars, bristling hooks and crispy climaxes.

That in itself is about as unremarkable as sliced bread — but TV21 infuse their unashamed tunefulness with a hardness and invention more in tune with the invigorating swirl of *The Au Pairs* than the popist myths of the British beat boom.

Working within a well-defined guitar-based format, TV21 inhabit familiar ground to fashion a more progressive sound. They may not be as flamboyant a confrontation as *Wah! Heat* or as radical a jolt to the central nervous system as their fellow Midlothians *The Fire Engines*, but TV21 do produce an entirely different type of tension to, say, *The Ramones*, *Undertones* or *Moondogs*. The closest parallel is probably with early *Buzzcocks*.

"It's pop, but there's more to it," says TV21 tunesmith and vocalist Norman Rodger. "There's more depth to it. We're not poppy in the same way as someone like *The Moondogs* are poppy. We're

more rhythmic. There's a lot more to it now. The songs have matured a lot since we started."

The group played their debut Scottish gig in September 1979, Rodger being joined by guitarist Ali Palmer, bassie Neil Baldwin and original drummer Colin Maclean, who was only recently replaced by one-time Rezillos and Shake percussionist Angel Patterson.

"For the best part of a year, we just fumbled along. We had all these songs which we just thrashed our way through. We didn't arrange them properly or anything. We just didn't think of arrangement or presentation. We didn't have any idea of what we were doing really."

A more settled plan of action began taking shape with the initiation of the group's own Powbeat label last year and a distribution link with Bob Last's Pop Aural set-up. A debut single, the pleasantly poppy 'Playing With Fire' was followed towards the end of the year by the mighty 'Ambition' EP.

While 'Ambition' showcased the wit and intelligence of Rodger's lyric-writing and the easily-overlooked subtleties in their guitar-laden attack, most of the intricate sensibilities of TV21 were never apparent onstage. Frequent visits to London club venues were usually dogged by messy live mixes and an onstage stiffness that probably stemmed as much from the fatigue of hitching down from Scotland as it did from nerves.

"It was only after the second single that we changed our plans and started playing London like mad instead of concentrating on Scotland. We just kept on pushing it and it finally seemed to pay off in the end."

The pay-off, if that's the right word, came at the end of last

year with the promise of a long-term Phonogram contract — but not before a one-off single on F-Beat subsidiary Demon Records had been set for release this month while terms were being negotiated.

"Up until the end of last year, we were completely independent in that we'd done virtually everything ourselves, keeping it all within the group. Before Demon started showing an interest in doing the one-off single, we were almost totally despondent 'cause we'd been playing in London for months and no one was showing an interest. The Demon thing just gave us something to cling onto."

TV21 could be accused of jumping at their first chance of a London deal, although their undoubted awareness of the pitfalls of rockism should stand them in good stead.

"Rockism seems a very valid term," says Angel. "I think we've been waiting for that sort of term for a long time. I think it applies to everyone, not just your heavy metal or real punk groups. It's something you should be trying to get away from all the time, although we're guilty of it in some respects in that we've signed straight to a major company."

Norman begs to differ. "I understand it as the approach you take to writing and playing live. Like the whole thing of coming down to London to play live just 'cause you want to be signed, which we have played along with to an extent. But there must be ways around that. The trouble is that everyone's so conscious of having to break through in their own right, no one seems prepared to let the chance slip away."

For now anyhow, TV21 have taken theirs. With International Rescue on their side, it looks as if *Thunderbirds* are go!



TV21: l to r, Angel Patterson, Norman Rodger, Neil Baldwin, Ali Palmer. Pic: Peter Anderson.

The race against rockism hots up and coming up on the outside it's Edinburgh's TV 21. Adrian Thrills picks up the commentary.

GARLAND JEFFREYS cries out.

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R*E*T*U*R*N O*F GLAMDADDY OF



AT A PARTY sometime in the pre-decimal, pre-cynical '60s, a group of people tucked in the centre of the mythical hurricane Swing were getting drunk and intimate and watching a showing of *Rock Around The Clock* on the black and white television.

There was Paul Raven, an aide on the rhapsodised TV programme *Ready Steady Go*, Michael Aldrin, a co-presenter of the show along with Cathy McGowan (ooh-ooh), Dusty Springfield, a whole crowd of gay and crazy people.

For some reason, they began to smirk over the names of those early '60s croon-boys: Vince Eager, Marty Wilde, Billy Fury. And then they started to predict suitable names for the '70s. Michael Aldrin announced, in an accent that John Inman would have gagged on, that he wanted to be Terry Tinsel. The group fell into each others arms, giggling uncontrollably. Other names conjured up were Vicky Vomit, Horace Hydrogen . . . everyone wilted in hysterics.

Paul Raven said he wished to be known as Gary Glitter. It became his nickname.

Years later Mike Leander, a musical associate of Raven's — Raven had co-operated with Leander as a frontman,

on a number of flawed projects during the '60s — told Raven that he had written a song that was certain to succeed. Raven had been performing and recording for 12 years: the only time he stopped entertaining was while he worked on *Ready Steady Go*. He'd had no notable commercial success.

Leander suggested he should record the song, but to avoid the kind of prejudice the public show to known losers, Raven should also change his name.

In 1971 Paul Raven recorded the song as Gary Glitter, and craftily adopted an extravagant theatrical presentation to complement the name. 'Rock And Roll Parts 1 And 2'.

"The kids made 'Part 2' a hit," Glitter recalls, chest swelling almost enough to equal his girth.

A DECADE later pop music has flipped through a few new somersaults. Gary Glitter is watching *The Human League* at Hammersmith Odeon, confused by the drummerless tape supported primitivism, amused by the lack of movement, impressed by the undeniable showiness. He loves the

slides Adrian Wright projects on to a series of screens, especially the *Psycho* sequence with Tony Perkins and that victim.

Suddenly the League move into their 'Rock And Roll Part 1' and a huge glowing picture of Glitter captured in *The Act* is presented. The song together with the picture receive the biggest cheer of the night. A boy in the audience leans over and asks Glitter what it's like to be a cult.

"I was absolutely flabbergasted. I couldn't think what to say except, Well, it feels much the same as being a legend."

MONTHS LATER and I'm finding my way to Gary Glitter's maisonette set in a pretty mews in Earls Court. I knock on the door and no-one answers, so I push it open and find myself in Glitter's front room, getting ribbed for being late.

Chunky and cheery, in padded flying jacket and creased leather trousers he looks less a legend, more a weather-beaten market stallholder. His son Paul, a 17 year old would-be billy-boy, wanders around preparing for the drive north for that night's show at Salford University.

It's just gone one. We clamber into a battered, once proud automatic estate. One window has been smashed in, and patched up

with lots of black tape.

Inside the car a cheap radio is badly fitted into place with more of that black tape. The power steering is said to be faulty. A few items of stage equipment and Glitter's costumes are packed into the back. Glitter slides into the passenger seat. Alan is driving.

The day before Glitter had been banned from driving, only a few months after he'd got back his licence after another incident. He jokes good-naturedly about the annoyance of not being able to drive for two or three years, accentuates the irony of how he was arrested this time. I think he's one of the happiest people I've ever met.

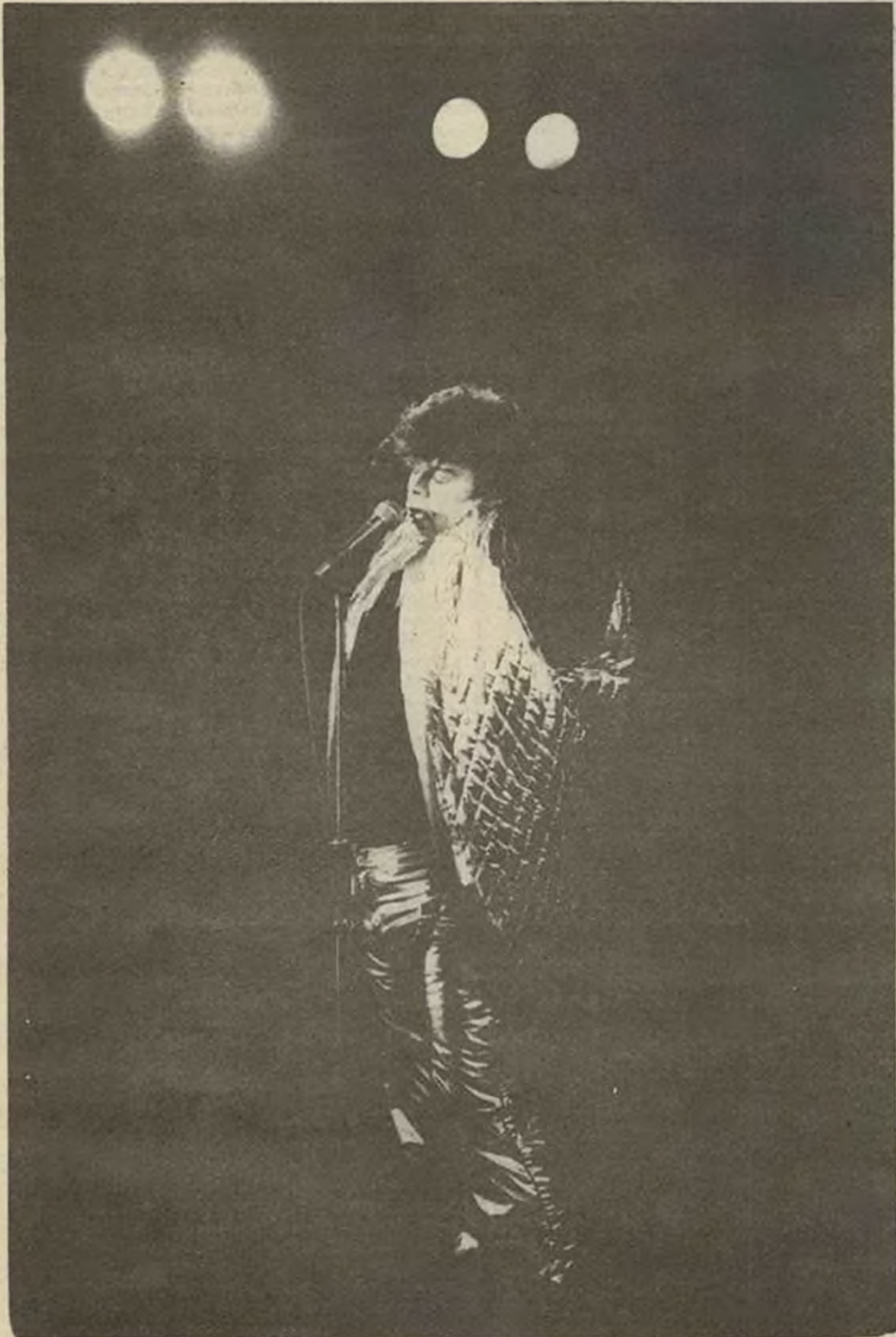
"I'm a happy person generally. I'm particularly happy now because I've got through the downs. I found myself going to court yesterday in a good frame of mind. I remember the first time I went to court I was shaking, but I managed to lose my licence then and exist for two years not driving, and so having that knowledge I just went in there for a laugh. I knew what was going to happen. I didn't really want anyone to know about it."

FROM 1971 to 1974 Gary Glitter was a barnstorming teenybop star, creating a fantasy out of a character that had roots back in music hall and '50s R&R. He was a luxurious mix of Liberace, Edna Everage, Little Richard and Max Miller.

"It would have got really desperate, trying to keep having the don't need a hit record. There's a whole bunch of people out with me and we're a gang, we're a team of funny people."

Paul Morley joins Gary Glitter's gang on the hard brick road to Salford and the 1980s. Poses by Pennie Smith

T*H*E FUTURISM



hits. Now I just
there who identify
Hilarious!"

After the fuss and fashion faded, Gary Glitter became — like Diana Dors, Lorraine Chase, Rod Stewart, Fiona Richmond, Simon Dee and Tony Blackburn — the modern day Empty Celebrity. However low and lost he got, he was still public property. He became one of those trivial diversions, a cavalier decoration for a dull news bulletin. A pop music Dai Llewellyn. The clock that was timing his 15 minutes had stopped.

Glitter has to battle against his reputation being made trivial, against the general attitude that he's disappeared for ever, before he can even begin to hope to be taken seriously (or at least accepted) as a contemporary cabaret entertainer who deserves to be around at least as much as Steve Strange and perhaps as much as Richard Strange.

"I find myself being asked to do *Blankety Blank*, *Celebrity Squares* and things like that. I just don't want to do it. I'd love to think maybe I could bring a bit of balls to programmes like that, but it's just not how I see myself. I'm not going to be one of the eight people in those squares. I don't mind filling the screen myself, but I'm not sharing it."

Like Dick Emery, like Bob Geldof, like Roy Hudd. Glitter still realises that if he is accepted, it could be as a figure of fun.

"Sure! I don't mind, as long as it's full out there. I don't care if they come to jeer, shout, scream at me."

THE ESTATE moves off. Before we reach the motorway we have to take a detour. We drive to an Army surplus store in Euston. Paul races out to the shop. Glitter cringes as his son pelts over a busy road with scant regard for speeding traffic. "You do worry when it's your own flesh and blood," he says.

Paul buys a stretchy white belt that will be used later that evening to wrap around a snowy white outfit and harness Glitter's wayward bulk. The red roses that will be chucked into the crowd at the end of the show have already been bought.

We reach the motorway and head determinedly north. The power steering's holding up well. Dave Lee Travis is soon heard fighting through the cheap radio's crackle.

"I like being on the road," Glitter admits, taking snaps of me in the back seat with Pennie Smith's camera. He's been on that hard brick road for most of 20 years: in the spirit of Max Wall rather than Sam Apple Pie.

"When you're young all you want to do is play music and get your leg over. When you're old all you want to do is play music and get your leg over. It's the bit in between that's the complication."

We talk about women in today's groups. He surprises me with his desire to know what's going on: he knows he'll never add to new developments, but he still wants to find out about new things.

"I think you have to try and know about everything that's going. If you don't take notice, that's when you get old! That's when you say that's what I see and that must be all that's there."

"I can still identify and be identified with a youthful thing, I think."

I ask him about Adam.

"I've never met him, actually. I was due to have lunch with them last week, but they all got flu. Poor dears... ha ha ha! But I do feel an empathy with what he's doing. Maybe only because of the fans. A lot of my followers

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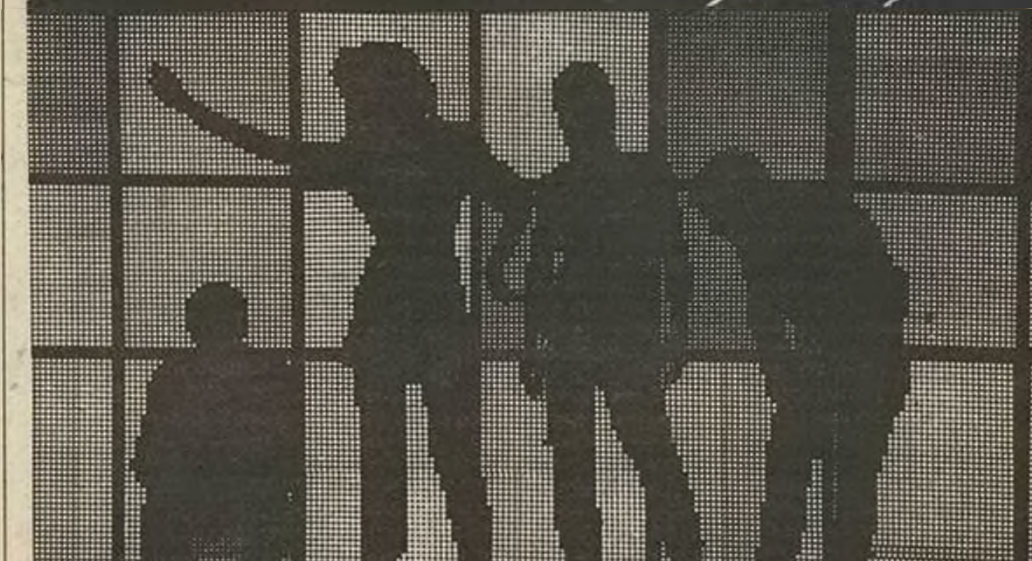
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- 10 Leicester Polytechnic
- 11 London, The Venue
- 12 Canterbury, Kent University
- 13 Brunel University

- 14 Northampton Cricket Club
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- 16 Leeds, The Warehouse
- 19 Harlow Technical College
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- 21 Manchester Polytechnic

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♦ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

GLAMDADDY

are followers of them as well. And The Human League. There's a closeness. But Adam particularly... and they openly admit where they got the sound from. I think Adam's going to be a wonderful entertainer!!!"

Does he appreciate what Adam's going through now: star-heat?

"Yuh. At the height of my fame I couldn't go out of the front door, I couldn't go out of the back door, any door... I was smuggled out in laundry baskets and God knows what else. None of that will happen again! The thing is, it's never really changed that much for me all the time I've been singing. It changed when I got hit records, and the fame became the added thing that I didn't have before. Before all that I earned enough to eat, playing pubs or whatever, and I've always given the same amount of energy, which is all I can."

"Now, I'm not even trying too hard. I've achieved that, I've got rid of most of that ego thing. I used to wear it all the time. Now I can take it off like a coat. Which is much healthier. Ego is like a maggot in an apple. It can eat away at you until it destroys you. I've lost all that intense business of I've got to make it, I've got to make it. Now, I'm very loose about it all. I'm easy."

Many people considered that star time the end, not part of the development.

"Yeah. But now is more of an achievement. Not many people are doing what I'm doing. I don't see myself number one in the charts. It'd be nice, but I don't have the ambition. That was years ago. Y'know, my background has always been lead singer. Up front. The guy who the girls would scream at and the guys would get uptight about. Then it changed over, and I started pulling as many guys — from the point of view of an audience — as chicks. During the Gary Glitter hit-run at the beginning it was very much a male following. Then the media slightly changed it, it became *Jackie* magazines and all that. Little girls were coming along and screaming."

Did he relish that?

"Yeah. I enjoyed it very very much. It was lovely. It was exactly what I wanted, I think, except at that time I was 27, so it was a surprise. It was what I wanted probably when I was 16 or 17."

Was it like the dream he imagined?

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. What I enjoyed... was the adoration of a lot of people, of a lot of



women. I really did. The only problem was I didn't get a chance to enjoy it, if you know what I mean."

Nudge and a wink.

"The strange part of it was they all became terribly young, 13, 14, 15... maybe a few older. So you weren't allowed to be too naughty — right? — plus there was all this rushing about and a security that I couldn't work out was to keep them out or keep me in. I still really don't know now."

Gary Glitter was declared bankrupt a few months ago.

"I just couldn't go on spending money like I was. There's an official five years, and then they wipe the debt out. I don't think I'll be able to pay it off unless I have three number one hits, and that's very unlikely. Ha! Ha! Ha! I talked them into letting me be Gary Glitter, doing my shows, because that was the logical way that I could pay back the money. And I want to pay it back. My biggest disappointment is that the tax people won't let me have the kind of clothes that I would like. I can't be very Glittery. I have to find alternatives."

"In a way the bankruptcy thing is good because it's like I'm starting all over again, and so it makes me *care*. I can't go out and spend the money I like to spend — on other people primarily. It enables me to turn round to people and say it's your turn. I was generous and extravagant with the money..."

Perhaps that's why he landed in the mess in the first place.

"I don't do this for money. If you want a lot of money you have to work at making a lot of money. I don't work to have a lot of money. I work at what I do because I like to do it. It's a by-product that I get money from time to time. I still earn a lot of money, but it goes to paying off my debt. I think I'm very good. I think I'm very entertaining and I think I deserve all the money I get!"

"I do think the bankruptcy is a good thing in many ways. It's made me a nicer person. When I had a lot of money I don't think I was a particularly nice person."

I find that hard to believe.

"I think I was an OK person. But I wasn't too nice to my ex-wife or my kids. I didn't really have a chance to be nice. I was wrapped up in cotton wool quite a lot. It's brought me down to earth, and rock'n'roll is about being down to earth as well as being a dream. As well as..."

As we ease through the outskirts of Manchester into the small city of Salford, grey clouds seem to hover just yards above us — a total contrast to the cold sunshine we'd left behind in London. Glitter is getting keyed up about the night's show.

"I'm still young! Of course I am. I don't want to hear the words middle-aged or old. I've never bothered about age, thank God. It doesn't enter my vocabulary. I thrive on youth, young ideas, on changes..."

We pull up outside a ghostly Salford University.

"Really though, I'm just a bull in a china shop."

It's five o'clock.

A COUPLE of hours before Glitter unleashes himself into performance, we sit and talk about what he's doing and why. Two years ago he was battling away on a Lovelace Watkins cabaret circuit, wasting his specialist energies on lifeless audiences.

His original audience had grown up, formed post-punk and electro-pop groups extending and transforming Glitter / Leander propositions, and a demand sucked him back into the rock whirl. Here was a challenge — Glitter charged up.

He played rock venues and clubs to audiences soaking in memories, responding to a rare, ripe vitality. Glitter's primitivism, punk pantomime, unimpeachable naughtiness made sense all over again. There was something there that hadn't dated. What he's doing now though, with a scruffy rockist backing group and in those uncomfortable University venues can skid close to being called unsound revivalism.

He knows the dangers, and once the standard show of strength for the visiting writer has been dealt out, a certain honesty filters through.

"I could end up like Bill Haley or something. I know you've got to give people something new, all the time. I do know that. But I'm trying to re-establish myself, create a new market, basing it on the Gary Glitter everyone knows. And loves."

"Those kids want to hear my hits. A lot of people have never ever seen me do those songs. The new material will come. I'm looking forward to it. There's definitely a place for me. And I do commit myself. I'm not ready to give up. I want to act, say the things I'm saying in different ways. I don't want it to be a nostalgia trip. I think if I felt that's what it is now, I would stop altogether. I don't know what I would do though. I haven't a clue."

GARY GLITTER has his first fit onstage, bursting through curtains wearing a farcical look of frenzied surprise, at just gone ten. A small audience gathered at the front totally abandons itself. Even on minimal budget, with a David Essex-type

backing group, Gary Glitter The Show is a fantastic form of fiction, an excess of nonsense and conceit, fancy and inanity that is timeless through its openness, Glitter's plain elation, an insatiable amoral greed. It's pure force, desire, lure. It's bright and beseeching.

Glitter is in awe, exalting and exciting through a performance of audacious pomposity and unspilt self-deprecation. 'Rock And Roll', 'Leader Of The Gang', 'Good To Be Back', 'You're Beautiful' sensationally involve the audience, pull them deep into the drama. It's a celebration of impudence and sensation, comparable almost to Bette Midler: a delighted, delicious stimulation.

GG The Show is cartoon, circus, sham. Glitter avoids the senility of contemporaries like Rod Stewart and the whole thing is hilarious but still more relevant than most rockist action. By eleven o'clock the fits are finished: roses are dispersed.

Two hours later, Glitter has shed his stage skin, signed the autographs, and is sitting quietly in the back of the estate. We're driving back to London.

"Usually," he confides, "I just sit in the car, have a smoke and a drink, relax, reflect on the show and my performance... I've never had a member of the press in the same car as me. There are some things I don't like to mention. It'll spoil the mystery."

He makes a few reasonable excuses about the smallness of the University audience. I tell him I thought the show was hilarious. He's not sure how to take that.

"Yes it is, isn't it?" he eventually agrees.

"It's very funny. It is hilarious."

Is it meant to be that funny?

"Yes. If that is the way that you want to take it. People take it in different ways."

The estate slices through Greater Manchester towards the Motorway. Glitter opens a bottle of wine and lights a cigarette.

So what happened when the Gary Glitter of legend, the Gary Glitter more influential on the best of today's music than Stewart or Elton John or Yes, faded away?

"It was a combination of things. It got to a point where I had to withdraw for a while, because it was getting too big. To a saturation level. I thought it's no good being there all the time. I couldn't keep up the pace, and I didn't really want to. I was desperately in need of a break, a holiday and everything else, so we did the farewell tour, intending to be back."

"The music around us was changing, and I was aware that I was changing, and I was continually ploughing most of my money into what I was doing. I couldn't carry on with just the money I was earning in Europe. It all got so silly. So I did The Retirement. I intended to take off six months to a year depending. Drop out, let things change a bit, and see if I could maintain my popularity."

Were you relieved it was over?

"Yeah! I was in some ways, even though I didn't know it at the time. There is no way I could have carried on that high. People were changing, everything was changing. The beauty of it now is that if I'd have stayed at the top I wouldn't have the thing that is happening now. It would have got really desperate, trying to keep having the hits. Now I just don't need a hit record. It would be great to have one, but I know that there's a whole bunch of people out there who identify with me and we're a gang, we're a team of funny people if you like. Hilarious! Yeah, good, and that's what it's all about."

Have you wasted anything by committing yourself to pure entertainment?

"The year I was out I had a great time. I did everything I wanted to. Went to Thailand, got out of my box, meditated, got into Yoga. I did all those things which brought me closer to understanding myself. I think it's not a case of knowing what you want to do, it's a case of knowing what you don't want to do. And I don't want to be manipulated, particularly from the point of view of making money. I'm not so intense about wanting to be a superstar. I am a kind of star, and because I know that and can identify with that, it doesn't have to take over my very being. It just means I have to come up with the goods. And by coming up with the goods, if I do, it could be the most interesting period of my life. It could now be Rock And Roll Part 3."

WE STOP off for petrol. Glitter spots a couple of policewomen, and his eyes light up. "I had a really dirty policewoman in Oxford. Maybe those two are on their way to the *Two Ronnies*."

It's 3am. We'll reach London by six.

"What I've been doing I've done since 1959. I think stamina's always going to be an important part of how long I can go on. I'm being naughty at the moment because I'm not taking good care of myself, physically. I don't watch my weight and things like that."

Everybody when they get to a certain age whether they like it or not find themselves slowing mentally and physically. I've abused my body. I'm fatter now than I've ever been at any one point, which again is quite funny because I'm still doing what I do and getting a reaction. In fact it's getting better because I'm getting fatter and so it's funnier.

"I have a motto — somebody up there likes me. I've been very lucky. I've only ever done what I've wanted to do, which is sing and entertain. I don't know how to do anything else. I just know how to get up there on the stage and do it. Please God."

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RETURN OF THE ANTI-NAZI LEAGUE

Following their crushing defeats at the General Election polling booths, Britain's racist/fascist parties have been forced into a new, more overtly violent style. The Anti-Nazi League — so vocal in '78/'79 — has recently been relatively quiet. But now they're ready to fight back.

BY ANDREW TYLER

THE CONWAY HALL CONFERENCE

New ways to fight the fascists

FIVE HUNDRED young Britons from across the nation — many of them attending their first public meeting — called in on London's Conway Hall on Saturday for what was billed as the Anti-Nazi League's first Youth Rally.

The intention was to establish solidarity and work out tactics to confront the increasingly ugly activities of the British Movement and Young National Front. What they mostly received was a series of poses from minor socialists in leather jackets and an extreme amount of sectarian babble.

There were calls from the floor all afternoon to cut the cackle and get on with the topic at hand — whether it be Sieg Heiling on soccer terraces, unemployment, fascists in school, or the "apartheid Nationality Act" — but the tide of rhetoric mounted and the hostility of the recipients rose to meet it.

The ANL steering committee had earlier presented a ten-point critique and strategy to all present as they entered. But sound as these points were, they became something of a side dish to the meal presented by the sectarians, a cannibalism of the broader ideals.

Thankfully there were a couple of moments that gelled and raised the neck hair. The first, courtesy of a 12-year-old anti-fascist skin who, in his still unbroken voice, described the aesthetics of local fascism. He took the mike like a bar crooner and yelled his abrupt, two-line testimony into it. What he said contained no wisdom but just the sight of him and his munchkin mates was sufficient to excite everyone.

Even more uplifting was the testimony of a strapping, crop-haired youth ("no photos please") who announced himself as a former British Movement member. He and four mates were recruited at Ninian Park three years ago, he said, by a fascist intellectual who told them: "If you really wanna be a skinhead, a real one, you have to join the Movement."

With the encouragement of an ANL official the testimony continued to the moment when he and his mates realised they'd been used and manipulated.

"One of me mates," said the confessor, "broke through a police barrier at a Front meeting and punched Martin Webster in the face." (terrific whistling, bootstamping and cheers).

"The only way to stop them," he continued, "is to go out and leaflet at the same time. That's the only way."

THE OPENING session related to schools and the way BM and YNF were capitalising on the disaffection and boredom of youth, offering them the scapegoat solution as well as "activities".

"We have lost quite a few kids recently," National Union of School Students president Hardy Desai told me over a free lunch of curried chick peas and chicken. "It's fashionable in some circles to be a skin and go that way. We must counter by leafleting, by providing our own activities. The key is to pose an alternative for bored and frustrated youth who are well pissed off with their lives and want to fight back."

The afternoon session opened with half an hour on "Racist Attacks" and produced a consensus view that half a dozen vigilantes schooled in oriental kick fighting was not sufficient to counter race violence. Local defence committees had to be set up. And they must be set up, said a tough young lady from Dunstable, Beds, prior to atrocities being committed. The "attacks" session was wrapped up by an oldish black youth who, to the joy of no one, proclaimed "racism is a white problem. I've never met a black racist."

Next: Unemployment, and with it speeches for and against various brands of socialism, some rare, some as mainstream as the Labour Party which throughout the afternoon took the kind of chinning that might well have been better aimed (a little more to the right, for instance). Organise through the unions was the advice, bolster the Right To Work campaign, organise round dole queues, physically remove fascist leafletters if necessary and March For Jobs during May.

From the weird fringe came exhortations to "Let's have

terror tactics of the left" (swamped in cheers and whistling), and "soon all the fascists are going to get weapons. We've got to combat that by doing the same to them" (this from a trembling male youth of about 15 who got short shrift).

FOOTBALL TERRACE violence was reserved for the climactic final place because it's here the Nazis are having their most palpable success.

Counter violence must be rejected, urged one speaker. The answer, he said, is to leaflet and demonstrate — "and not just five or six at a time either". March 21 has already been assigned by ANL as mass leaflet day; the Saturday when terraces across the Isle should be swamped with anti-fascist propaganda.

Despite the fiercely socialist principles of the steering committee, their strategy is to disentangle the ANL from purely socialist considerations, and have it stand as a broad-based movement able to encompass most varieties of political and apolitical positions (and also avoid a constant barracking from the anti-socialist press).

Such considerations were nearly sunk by an amendment proposed by an earnest young man in loon pants and double-breasted jacket who asserted: "The answer to racism and facism, which is a symptom of the decay of capitalism, is a socialist solution of production for use not gain, democratic centralism, no immigration controls, an end to all exploitation of man and jobs, houses and freedom for all."

Had "conference" voted eye to such drive it would have been the end of unfettered ANL youth, for it soon would have vanished down the revolutionary plughole. To the relief of chairperson Hardy Desai the motion was rejected (and Desai's heavy-handed manipulation of the voting procedure was rendered unnecessary).

What this rally made plain to the organisers and the vainglorious revolutionaries of limited experience and brain power is that the mass of anti-fascist youth don't require lectures on points of socialist order; or the impecability of one variety against another. They want organised action. They want it untheoretical, straight and relevant.



Pic: Kevin Cummins



Pic: Camera Press

Peter Hain
Pic: David
Corio

IN THE WEEK in which Peter Hain was selected prospective Labour MP for Putney, a group of young fascists threw stones through his living room window — a suitable answer, if you like, to the charges, of "careerism" that have sometimes been levelled against Hain since his eccentric political activity began 12 years ago. It's not all painless glory wrestling the racists.

Peter Hain has long been practised in his opposition to the racist mentality. As a child, his family lived in South Africa where they were frequently harassed for their outspokenness against apartheid. They came to Britain in 1966 following his father's release from house arrest and a year later Hain joined the Young Liberals.

He saw them as a suitably radical medium through which to launch sorties against various pet hates like South African sports tours, industrial polluters, road hauliers and the heavy hand of the law.

In 1976, though, the law bit back, when Hain was arrested for robbing a Putney bank and had to endure a ludicrous and painful trial before being released as "wrongly identified". The experience left him wary and mistrustful. To this day he speaks opaquely of South African involvement in this and other domestic scandals, but admits to being unable to piece together the complete picture.

In 1977, disillusioned with the increasingly slothful Y. Libs, Hain joined the Labour Party and immediately ran into opposition from the left-leaning Tribunes. But he has since weathered the cynicism and with an imaginative campaign might well gain the marginal Putney seat from the Tories at the next election.

1977 was also the year the Anti-Nazi League was founded — with Hain a founder member of a broad grouping which forged an effective front to fight the National Front at the last general election.

So far as Hain is personally concerned, it is only through undiluted socialist measures that racism and its root causes can be removed. In his role as ANL press officer, we asked him which way he sees the anti-racist struggle going in the '80s.

BEFORE THE LAST election the National Front was attempting to gain some measure of respectability: getting airtime and so forth and getting the nice portions of etiquette that come to the other parties. This time it seems the British Movement and other extreme groups aren't interested in that game. They want a barney, basically, on the streets. They want to chuck bombs and fire off mortars, judging by some reports we're seeing in even the level-headed papers.

I think that's absolutely right. The National Front was consciously seeking to be a fourth party in British politics, a credible mainstream party. It was conning people into believing it was a patriotic party when in fact it was a Nazi party.

We stripped away that pretence and exposed it. Its own internal bulletins have admitted in the past year that the Anti-Nazi League activity was the single most important reason for their collapse and total disarray.

At the time of their last election showing we predicted that the NF had a machine which ran the machine would lose its peripheral support which came not from Nazis but disaffected and disillusioned racists. It was this periphery which gave them the credibility to pursue a mainstream political strategy. Now that it has ebbed away there is now the Nazi hardcore left and they are into straight violence and thuggery and race attacks. Couple that with that there's been an even more sinister development: the breakaway of members into the British Movement; the growth of BM, Column 88 and other such paramilitary groups. They are into pure and simple race attacks and street violence. Gutter level politics.

What's the mentality that runs the British Movement? Is it a manipulative middle class thing?

No. Its raw recruits are predominantly disaffected working class kids.

The aristocracy has been associated with British fascism for some time — but when we talk about British Movement we're not talking about that, are we?

No. It's different, even from the National Front which has always had the odd wing commander. The British Movement is almost entirely working class with a leadership that's

sort of lower middle.

Its chairman Michael McLaughlin is an ex-milkman whose father was a Communist. That seems to be ammunition for those who say extreme lefty-ism and righty-ism are kin.

People hold political views for all sorts of reasons. You have to go into the total leadership of the organisation to argue that and they don't have similar left-wing ancestry. More important than McLaughlin is the fact that they are appealing relatively successfully to working class kids. That's where the raw material is. That's where the street fighters are coming from.

Have we been at this point before — verging on extreme guerrilla violence by the right?

I don't think it's been as serious as it is now. It was serious in the '30s when there was the same unemployment situation but I think there was more deference in those days. There's less respect for authority now, which I think on the whole is a good thing, but it does mean there's a lower threshold. The point where you leave normal political behaviour and leap into forms of extreme violence is arrived at much quicker. Kids are not prepared to sit in a corner and remain silent and accept their lot. They very quickly escalate into violent activity.

What I've seen of football terrace hooliganism suggests that for a lot of these kids it's excitement. It's the cult of the gang reproducing itself in a political form. I am sure it's not much to do with having read *Mein Kampf* or the latest vitriolic pamphlet from the British Movement or the National Front.

Do you know very much about the relationship between Column 88, British

AN INTERVIEW WITH PETER HAIN

'They've been revealed for the thugs they really are'

Movement, League Of St George and so on? Do they divide up or are they a family of Nazis?

They aren't a single family, but they are related in the sense that there is an overlapping membership between the NF and the BM and between both and Column 88. And this is something that's happened much more in the last year or so. There was previously a great deal of internecine warfare between them that outsiders who saw them only as Nazis perhaps found difficult to comprehend.

Now there is an unofficial agreement, not necessarily at leadership level, but to which they turn a blind eye. Overlapping membership might previously have been grounds for expulsion. Not now.

What are the specific events that have sparked off the Anti-Nazi League this second time?

Our success was so great from 1977 to '79 that it allowed people to think that the problem had been solved. But none of us had any illusions in the leadership that the problem could be dealt with on anything but an emergency, short-term basis, and that it would come back in a different form.

It's come back more violently. Perhaps as a result of the combative activities of the opposition.

Not as a result, except in the sense that their option of being a credible political party was destroyed. But I don't think that therefore the opposition should not have taken place. They've been revealed for the thugs they really are. And I think the particular things that have prompted

us to regalanise people are the number of racist attacks and murders at street level, the general spreading of thuggery, the disturbing recruiting going on amongst youth on football terraces and in schools. Where previously we pushed it back in '78, there's been another wave.

An additional factor was the clear evidence of links between the British Movement, the League of St George and the Nazi movements in Italy and France which were responsible last year for the atrocities and bombings. There is no question about this. It's been documented. This lurch into open terrorism has been recently seen in the British Movement leaders' conviction for possession of an arsenal of machine guns and whatever. That is exactly the sort of thing we've got wind of.

Even more disturbing is the rise of anti-semitism. Although we always exposed the National Front for being, at heart, anti-semites, and therefore Nazi in the very technical sense, anti-semitic thuggery wasn't really in the forefront of their activity. It was black people. Now it's quite open. The British Movement is avowedly anti-Jewish. So is the National Front. There have been attacks on synagogues, daubing on Jewish cemeteries, attacks on Jewish people, anti-Jewish propaganda on a scale I wouldn't have thought had been seen since the '30s.

How much of this is orchestrated by fascist groups?

All of it.

■ Continues over



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NEW SINGLE: REQUEST TIME

BIM ON TOUR

FEBRUARY

21 Half Moon, Herne Hill
24 Rock Garden
26 Thurloe Arms, SE27
28 Dingwalls

MARCH

2 Venue (With Flesh Tones)
6 South Bank Poly
8 Hope & Anchor, Islington
10 Embassy Club, W1.
13 Brixton Town Hall
14 Half Moon, Herne Hill
16 Cabaret Futura
21 Brölly's, Richmond
25 Ronnie Scott's, (Upstairs)*
26 Kings Head, Acton
29 Venue

* Also Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's on 1, 8, 15 April.

ARISTA

HAIN

■ From previous page

That includes the attacks on Asians, on "Communist" teachers and the Sieg Heil terrace violence?

Our intelligence suggests there are two levels. First there's the deliberately planned and instigated violence for which an organisation exists in all these groups; then, once you get a climate in which this sort of thing is encouraged, all sorts of freelancers start doing it.

These are kids looking for fun and drama. And though they may not have instructions from their local British Movement organisation to burn down a synagogue, they've been to meetings where such things have been encouraged and where virulent anti-Jewish feelings have been propagated.

So we're reaching a very dangerous stage. We've moved from disaffection openly voiced and in an apparently constitutional way, to where quite sophisticated weaponry is being stolen from NATO bases for a coming fight. And you've got planned anti-semitic attacks and now you're saying ANL is coming out to cope with all this. How does it do it? Does it have to fight bloodily?

No. The one thing we're not getting into is a counter-terrorist operation. I think that would be politically wrong, morally unacceptable. I think it would be totally counter-productive. I think we oppose it first of all by going back to the roots and organising local groups.

Take the problem of football. Two years ago there was a situation at White Hart Lane and we launched a Spurs Against The Nazis which tried to build up people's confidence to oppose the Sieg Heiling that was going on. And we succeeded in stamping that out. We didn't have to beat people up. They were just isolated. They had no credibility from the rest of the fans. We'll try to do that at Chelsea and West Ham where there are particular problems. There are also problems at Coventry and, of all places, Norwich.

How did the Spurs group operate?

It held meetings. It organised a football festival on Hackney Marshes for hundreds of kids who were Spurs supporters and it leafleted home matches over a period of several months. It also sent groups of activists onto the terraces where these National Front people have been. It didn't actually come to having to indulge in any kind of confrontation or violence.

What did they do as activists on the terraces?

They were simply there when, say, an opposing black player had the ball and a chant would start up. They would start opposing it and saying "shut up, we're not having Nazis desecrating our terraces". This way they were able to swing other fans with them.

There is a particular problem now amongst

14-16 year olds, 13 even. It's they who are the Nazis' main target groups and they have to be our target groups too. We're setting up school groups, leaflets, magazines, activities, meetings — and I think the whole world of music will again have to be emphasised. This was very important to us in 1978, the fact that you got punk bands and Tom Robinson and Elvis Costello and The Clash and so on prepared to come out openly and play for us, as well as many local offshoots who played at local gigs. There doesn't seem to be the immediate response this time.

There was a lot of suspicion about the role of the Socialist Workers Party. You lost support from the Jewish Board of Deputies who saw the SWP and thus the league itself as pro-Palestinian/anti-semitic and also from the Michael Parkinsons and Brian Cloughs who pulled out because of an issue of School Kids Against The Nazis (SKAN) magazine in which there was some cussing and threats of violence and a sort of moronic aggro running throughout. I think a lot of people felt in the end they were being surreptitiously recruited by a Communist revolutionary movement dedicated to smashing the state; also for a fight the SWP were spoiling for with the Nazis.

There was a concerted media campaign to suggest this. It was assisted by the Board of Deputies who, unfortunately, elevated above everything else their disagreement about Palestinian rights. They saw it as being a much more important issue than the fight against the National Front, but I think it's going to change now because there is recognition of how serious the problem of anti-semitism is.

To answer your question directly: the ANL is a broad-based movement. I wouldn't be involved in a movement that is what you call 'revolutionary communist', whatever — neither would Miriam Karlin who is on the steering committee, who is herself Jewish and someone whose immediate relatives were involved in Nazi concentration camps. She wouldn't be associated with an anti-Jewish, sinister organisation. It was always a smear which, by virtue of SWP's involvement in the League, was bound to be made.

You say 'involvement', but wasn't it Paul Holborow, national organiser for the SWP, who actually gave birth to the League?

There's no secret that the organising impetus came from Paul and was discussed within the SWP but his first steps were to approach myself and Ernie Roberts, who's now a Labour MP, and to talk about it. At no time did the Party try to manipulate ANL — and in fact had they done so they would have lost many of the chief activists on the steering committee and elsewhere like myself. I think it was good they were involved. I think it was good Labour Party members were involved and also people who were members of no party. I would say 80% of the membership

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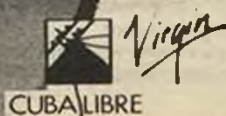
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and activists were not involved in any political party at all and the proportion was even higher on the carnivals.

In the '30s Hitler fed on opposition from the Communists and he thrived on the street fights which caused panic, publicity and built the macho image of the Nazi Party. Perhaps that process, left fighting right on the streets, is inevitable, however moderate and broad-based you'd want the anti-Nazi movement to be?

There are different components to the activity. There will always be a need, I think, to oppose the Nazi on the street. But that's only one per cent of what goes on. It was interesting that once the ANL started there were in fact very few street confrontations. There wasn't another Lewisham until you got to Southall where Blair Peach was killed, and that wasn't so much a brawl between the National Front and its opponents as between the League and the police.

The police were often the thugs of the piece. Are they pro-fascist and the tool of the state, which is the enemy of freedom-loving peoples?

I think there are individual police who are racists. There are those that aren't. Britain, however, is still a racist society. We have laws on our statute books, particularly immigration laws, which notwithstanding the 1976 Race Relations Act are designed to keep out black people. The whole colonial history of Britain is a racist one and therefore it's not surprising the police are placed in a position of defending the state and expressing that defence in a racist way.

But if you're not going to fight and throw bombs yourself you're going to have to rely on the police, aren't you, to arrest these people?

Yes. When a criminal offence has been committed that's the police's job. They should do it with enthusiasm.

Do you think the Willie Whitelaw investigation into Nazi groups is going to do any good?

I hope it will be a serious investigation. The fact that the Home Office has been prodded into moving on it is an indication of how serious the situation has become. Normally the authorities are light years behind what's happening.

I'm a bit disturbed they aren't giving equal credence to representations of local community organisations. They are simply going to rely on the police, who always seem to under-estimate the problem. When there's a race murder they'll deny the motive until it comes out in court. I welcome the investigation but I'm not sure they'll come up with anything because they are not prepared to listen to the people who are the victims.

You were talking some time ago about a secret organisation within the establishment involving South African spies and so forth that was challenging legitimate authority. You said a lot of muck was going to come out but nothing seems to have been clarified. What's

going on as far as you're concerned?

I don't think it's easy to describe and I'm not sure I know the answer entirely. But I think that the root of it is the increasing political irresponsibility of the security services and the police. There is now emerging, and has been for some time, a very clear independent force in British politics — that's politics in its broadest, non-party form. The security services and police are not accountable to Parliament except in a formal way and, on occasion, have been taking the law into their own hands.

What kind of politics are they espousing?

I think ultimately they are serving the interests of those who control wealth and power in this country. I would describe them as right-wing and reactionary figures; like James Anderton, chief constable of Manchester who expresses openly right-wing views in a way that wouldn't have been regarded as proper only ten years ago.

Robert Mark did the same thing. He, in a way, started the process as Metropolitan Chief Commissioner.

Do they relate to this Tory Government?

I think there's evidence that the security services and the police chiefs would deliberately seek to subvert the prospect of a left-wing Labour Government under, say, Tony Benn.

What role does the army play in this?

The army is increasingly brought in under the guise of combating terrorism, alongside the police. There was the case, for instance, of the Heathrow manoeuvres when they suddenly took over the airport. The first time was in 1974, without the knowledge of either the Prime Minister or the Home Secretary. Suddenly they were there exercising and controlling everyone under the pretence that there was a suspected terrorist attack for which no evidence was ever produced.

Are such operations in reaction to Labour — which was in at the time — or in relation to unstable Labour government?

I think they are in direct reaction to a Labour Government of the Left.

So how active is this crypto-elite now we've got a Tory Government opposed to union militancy and the Labour Party basically in tatters with no prospect of power for some years?

They have simply disappeared from public view. But they're still there.

How does British fascism fit into all this? Are they tolerated? Is it a productive situation, the violence?

I would say that it's not in their interests although there may be a marginal throwaway benefit in the sense of the damage to socialist movements and anti-racist movements that comes from these Nazi groups. But the real source of power, the realpolitik, is not at the level of the British Movement, it's with the security services. It's at the level of the



Pic: Camera Press

financiers and so on. And I think, in a way, this sort of messy gutter politics is a bit embarrassing and unnecessary for them.

Surely it's more than that. Isn't it destabilising everything, including their own interests? And how much more unstable is it going to get, do you think? We haven't yet seen bombs going off in pubs and people blown to bits in synagogues. Do you think that's on the way?

I don't know if that's on the way or not but I think events are making it more likely.

And you say we have to rely mainly on the police to arrest these people and take their weapons away — even though the police are tools of the racist machine?

No, I think you have to rely on building up the political opposition which actually isolates them and undercuts the appeal they've got, particularly amongst kids, so that they really are reduced to a tiny band of clandestine conspirators. Then if they are committing criminal acts they should be arrested. But I don't think you can rely on the police to solve this problem.

So, fill them with socialism rather than let them fall into the hands of fascists?

I think ultimately, yes. But that is the job of the Labour Party and the trade unions and other socialist movements. The job of the Anti Nazi League is not to turn people into socialists. It is to ensure they become anti-racist, anti-Nazi.

The ANL machinery with its local branches and national organisation is being reactivated. Have you got new tactics, or are they as before.

They're new in the sense that people are much more careful in the way they go out leafleting and so on, making sure there's a great deal of security at ANL or Rock Against Racism gigs. But fundamentally it's the same kind of activity — going out and working with people locally.

The RAR connection is obviously important. Critical.

Are there going to be enormous carnivals again?

I don't know. Carnivals were very much the right things to do in 1978. A lot will depend on the support we get from the pop world. Unfortunately I think many in the pop world are less committed politically than they were a couple of years back. There's more reluctance to come out openly against Nazism and fascism.

Is that because they're scared their gigs will turn violent?

I don't think so. I don't claim to be an expert on this, but it may well be that the hour of punk and street music blended very well with the idea of grass roots activity and political activity.

RAR seems to be working on small local clubs and seem not too keen on supergroups and supergigs. In fact they're quite disparaging about some of the larger groups. They don't want disco, they don't want that group because they're not quite right. That one's sexist. There are also principles each group has to uphold before they're welcome. Isn't it all a bit purist?

Yes. If that's what's going on. That's the sort of luxury of purity which I don't think you can afford in the real world and I would simply like Paul McCartney and The Police and so on to actually come out and be very firm and give a lead to kids because I think that's one of the crucial ingredients of how we reversed that drift into racism on the part of punks and skins that was undoubtedly potentially there in '77. One of the reasons we reversed it was because their music began to identify with anti-racist politics and their groups were far more important to them than any politician is going to be — at least while they're young. If they speak and they stand up and be counted against racism then frankly that's worth a thousand times any statement by a Labour MP.

I understand that Rock Against Racism have got a particular project in terms of the whole way they see music and its social and political role it plays in society. A view I respect. But we have an emergency job on our hands. I don't think you can wait for the music world to straighten itself out in the way that RAR would want and I would want. I think you actually have to take all the support you can get.

So a huge McCartney or Police gig, for instance, would be quite handy?

That's the understatement of the year.

JOHN I'M ONLY DANCING - BIG GREEN CAR



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POLE 1



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Directed by William Peter Blatty
Starring Stacey Keach and Scott Wilson (ITC)

WILLIAM Peter Blatty is best known as the writer of *The Exorcist*, so it should come as no surprise that *The Ninth Configuration*, which he wrote, produced and directed, is a similarly exploitative mixture of religion, psychology and violence, the first two serving merely to "justify" the latter. As with so much American cine-product these days, the gut-crunching payoff is all that matters, the one scene towards which all the rest are leading, and to which they ultimately owe their existence. And, as seems to be almost *de rigueur* in the cinema of gratuitous violence '80s style, a certain proportion of the snapping limbs and shattering teeth belong to women.

The plot concerns the attempts made by a military psychiatrist, Colonel Kane (Stacey Keach), to cure the inmates of a secret military mental hospital supposedly located in the most beautiful, Gormenghastly castle ever to appear on the screen. The castle, in fact, is the most appealing thing about *The Ninth Configuration* — a location searching for a film. Unfortunately, this isn't the one.

Kane's task is made more difficult by the possibility that some or all of the inmates are merely feigning madness to get out of active duty — a plot twist which paves the way for lots of *Cuckoo's Nest*-style "lovable loony" cameos, the most successful of which is Jason Miller's Lieutenant Reno, a former combat hero who's now

attempting to put on a production of *Hamlet* performed by dogs.

For a good half of the film, the action consists largely of goofy antics in Gothic antiques, spiced with the occasional (highly unsubtle) hint that all is not well inside Kane's head, that there's a darker side to his personality: bizarre, recurrent dreams and arguments concerning the existence of God, enquiries into that old chestnut "the nature of good and evil", etcetera. And so things trundle on to the predictably bloody finale which is made even worse by a nauseating — and thoroughly lame — religious anticlimax, presumably tacked on in the hope that all those God-fearing Catholics who were suckered into giving *The Exorcist* the thumbs up will treat *The Ninth Configuration* in like manner.

Story aside, it's not actually a badly-made film, as exploitation movies go. The acting is adequate if unexceptional: Stacey Keach is suitably gaunt, square-jawed and expressionless — just like Stacey Keach, in fact. Jason Miller's Reno is likeably camp and oafish, but both are upstaged by Ed Flanders' performance as the world-weary, aside quipping Colonel Fell.

What's annoying about *The Ninth Configuration* is that it's intellectually insulting on the most basic of levels: it expects its audience to respond to it as an example of Cinema-Of-Ideas, but doesn't even attempt to masquerade convincingly as such; it's just semi-mystical claptrap, a crude mixture of the crass and the dubious, whose only redemption lies in explicitly-presented violence.

A modern movie, in fact.
Andy Gill



FAIRLY GOOD FRIDAY

The Long Good Friday

Directed by John Mackenzie
Starring Bob Hoskins, Helen Mirren, Dave King and Bryan Marshall (Hand Made Films)

STORIES about cops and robbers are something in which we British excel. TV series like *Z Cars*, *Softly, Softly*, *Big Breadwinner* Hog, *Out*, and *The Sweeney* were characterised by tough, realistic dialogue, sharply-observed performances and original plot treatment. It's odd then, that few British films have matched their TV counterparts, and not since Joseph Losey's *The Criminal* has there been a British gangster film that has resounded with real class and integrity.

Now, *The Long Good Friday* aspires to recapture the crown of film gangsterdom (won jointly by the Americans and the Italians) with a string of impressive credentials: directed by John Mackenzie (whose TV work includes the recently seen *A Sense Of Freedom*), and scripted by ubiquitous young playwright Barrie Keeffe, *The Long Good Friday* features a cast of British stalwarts headed by Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren, and an intelligent use of London locations. It is therefore disappointing that, while the film strives for greatness, it ultimately fails to convince.

The scene is set very quickly, with London racketeer Harold Shand about to conclude a deal with the New York Mafia to finance an ambitious plan to turn disused dockland into a gambler's paradise of casinos and clubs. While entertaining Americans on his expensive yacht, the security of Harold's empire is abruptly shattered by a string of violent incidents. His best friend is stabbed to death attempting to pick up a young man at a swimming baths; his chauffeur is blown up in his Rolls Royce; a bomb is found and diffused in his casino and his favourite pub is reduced to rubble by another bomb moments before he is due to wine and dine his partners-to-be. Outraged more than afraid, ("Diabolical liberty," he splutters, "S'outrageous!"), Shand vows to catch those responsible by midnight of Good Friday and sets out to wring the truth from the list of suspects he has drawn up.

The revelations and conclusions are the movie's weakness, unbalancing a script which has been up till then exciting stuff. Director Mackenzie is partly culpable. The reality and acute observation of much of his TV work are eschewed for a glossier, more saleable veneer, and the shallow complacency that marred *Sense Of Freedom* prevails. The fundamental problem, though, lies in Keeffe's script. Not content with producing a story of London gangsters *per se*, Keeffe cannot resist turning it into a more 'significant' commentary on the changing nature of criminal and political violence.

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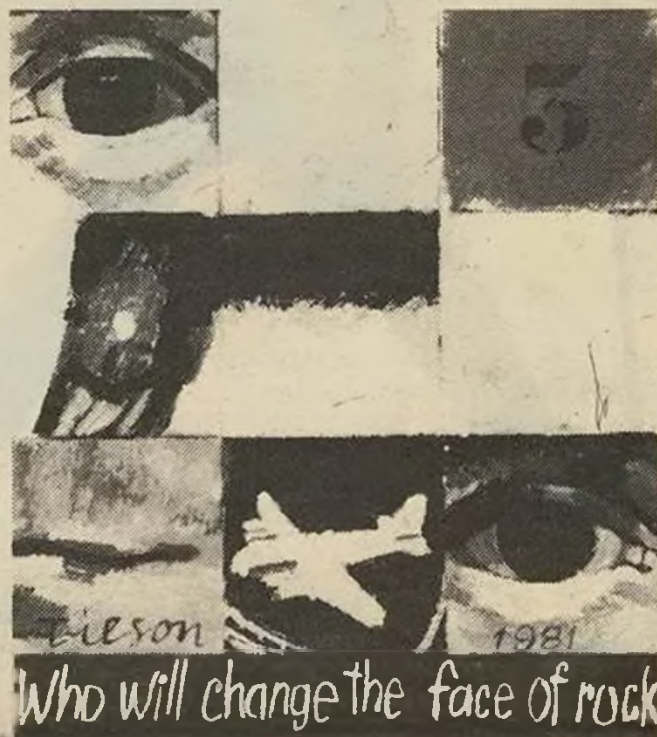
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Harold Shand is an old-fashioned capitalist, full of naturalistic pride and obstinate chauvinism, who firmly believes in the future of London and its resurrection as an international centre. The proposed deal will ostensibly turn him into a legitimate businessman. So far, so good, but Keefe's language veers from crackling Cockney wit to pedantic aphorisms — discordant notes in an otherwise perfect symphony — and his imagery is even more obtrusive. Religious undertones rapidly evolve into full-blooded apocalyptic statements — with the resurrection motif uppermost. Shand's Rolls is destroyed outside a church; a night watchman is found crucified; Shand showers away the blood of a victim while his blood-stained clothing is burnt to ashes.

Renewal, resurrection, atonement — all are laid on with a trowel setting the structure of the movie rocking on its foundations. Keefe is unwilling to allow his audience to draw its own conclusions. The introduction of Irish terrorism is an unhappy move and his smiling Irish killers shift the focus from monochromatic naturalism to Hollywood melodrama. Because the motivation behind their vendetta is almost arbitrary, the argument concerning the politics of acquisition against the politics of belief is never totally convincing.

Despite this, there is much to enjoy and admire in the movie, especially in the performances and the vein of humour running

through it like a dark river. Bob Hoskins is almost too right as Harold Shand, being everybody's idea of an ambitious Cockney thug. A nouveau riche neanderthal, he sinks his teeth into the role like raw meat and gets all the best lines. Genuinely grieved at the stabbing of his friend, he reacts to the information that the corpse is to be discreetly removed in an ice-cream van thus: "Oh, there's a lot of dignity in that. Going out on a raspberry ripple!" Dispatching his heavy brigade armed to the teeth with sawn-off shotguns and pistols to round up the suspects, he advises: "And lads, try to be discreet."

All the performances are consistently good. Helen Mirren as the classy mistress plays it cool and controlled — letting her defences down just once in Shand's presence — she is otherwise well possessed and shrewd, a perfect counter to Hoskins' amiable brutality. And Dave King's weak-kneed detective marks another cameo triumph for the ex-comedian — you can almost see him wetting his pants.

Violent acts are not lingered over but come over sharp, hard and vicious — much of atmosphere being achieved by suggestion — eg the abattoir scene.

With all this going for it, you'd think it would be easy to say, without qualification, that this is the one we've been waiting for. It ain't. Hamstrung by its own pretensions, it's a potentially great thriller trapped in the shadow of a gunman.

Neil Norman.



Pix: Far left, Stacey Keach in *The Ninth Configuration*. Middle and near left, Helen Mirren and Bob Hoskins in *The Long Good Friday*. Above, Alec Guinness and Ricky Schroder in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

Little Lord Fauntleroy

Directed by Jack Gold
Starring Ricky Schroder and Alec Guinness (CIC)

I SEE what's happened; Alec Guinness has retired and forgotten to tell anyone. Not for him the one knight stands and Germano/Jewish accents favoured by his compatriots Olivier and Gielgud; this is a much better way to make money without actually working. Noble Obi Ben Kenobi, salty survivor of the Titanic mishap and now the loveable, crusty Earl of Dorincourt from Frances Hodgson Burnett's stuffily sentimental novel of circumstantial volte face — Smiley come home!

Filmed twice before with Mary Pickford and Freddie Bartholomew respectively, this version has neither the androgyny of the one nor the ingenuousness of the other. The story's about as gutsy as a

roasted marshmallow with the crusts cut off and Jack Gold's direction, strictly Edwardian English Tourist Board, emphasises the film's unsuitability for diabetics. Even the dirt on Dorincourt's wretched tenants looks clean. Rentacutie Schroder often appears with a huge Great Dane to 'heighten his appeal', but the kid's awareness of his own allure invalidates his attempts at genuine innocence. Never mind the Kleenex, where's the sick bag?

The only worthwhile thing in the movie is Connie Booth, whose performance as the kid's mother, a proud, impoverished widow, is spikily authentic, but she's struggling against overwhelming odds including Colin Blakely (actor, rtd). His American grocer/philosopher (name of Hobbs, geddit?) is as convincing as Dick Van Dyke's Cockney sweep in *Mary Poppins*.

Word is out that Guinness already hates the thing, and with good reason; it's very small beer indeed (hah!).

Neil Norman

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5. *Caligula* (Tinto Brass)

Regions

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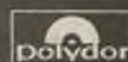


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DENNIS IN DARKNESS

BASEMENT 5 should be four people but they're basically three — JR (guitar), Leo (bass) and Dennis Morris (vocals) — because the band are always having drummer trouble.

"All the best have that problem," remarks Leo. "The Beatles did before Ringo."

The last B5 drummer Richard Dudanski has gone on record in *NME* as saying that he left the band because he didn't want to play "heavy metal punk". Dennis Morris claims that he wasn't a fulltime member of the band, anyway: he was only hired for the Xmas Ian Dury tour and his credit on the '1965-1980' album was merely B5's way of saying thanks. He never even drummed on any of the tracks: JR did instead, and previous drummer Bigger.

Dudanski, of course, was with PiL for a while, not only another band with constant drummer hitches but one to which B5 have often been likened. Sure, Dennis is a friend of Lydon and at times sings a deeper version of that famous

British culture.

B5 have been together for over a year now, and from their inception great claims were made on their behalf; here were black Britons about to deliver their own fire brand of punk, on the way was the missing soundtrack for that punky-reggae party which had been much heralded but never quite happened.

Since the delivery of the goods, though — the '1965' album, released in January — the champions of the band haven't been quite so

vociferous. This may not be so much due to any lack on the band's part, as a misunderstanding of what they were about in the first place and a more fundamental misunderstanding of the metropolitan rock directions Basement 5's reggae roots have taken.

Leo wants his turn. He's sick of reggae snobs and those who'd like to keep it perennially ghetto-ised. Music journalists, says Leo, collude in the maintenance of reggae mystique — they really gave the game away in their response last year to the release of B5's 'In Dub' four-cut 45.

"They don't know what dub is, they think it's boof balf with Space Invader voices and sound effects. But it's just the instrumental version of a song. The fucking Bee Gees would be dub if they did one of their own songs without vocals."

'Paranoia Claustrophobia' — one of the 'In Dub' cuts — is a version of 'No Ball Games' from the Martin Hannett-produced B5 album. And there's yet another more powerful rendering of the same song on the flip side of the 12-inch — 'Last White Xmas'. It's quintessential B5, great sideways moving wedges of bass and drums with guitar cutting through.

Dennis: "The guitar has to be an axe. Hendrix was the greatest because he cut

through the most."

JR doesn't favour (reggae) picking, but riffing and short solos. Although it's a style which derives from black blues forms, it's become the primary idiom of white hard rock bands. B5, Mr Dudanski, don't play HM punk but HM reggae. Forget PiL and all those post-punk funk-reggae moderne fusions: B5 only superficially resemble this anti-rockist package. What they're really about is tailoring reggae for the rock circuit — something reflected in the way their audience has changed from new muso Rough Trade worthies to a more variegated r'n'r crowd.

Hence the disappointment of the trend spotters and bass culture vultures at '1965-80': they wanted Uncle Tom PiL and got... a black British rock band.

THE NEW TAPES which Dennis and Leo play me at Island's West London offices confirm the rock bias. JR's guitar is even more conventionally dominant, miles away from scratchy boho minimalism a la Levene. The drumming is straighter, too. Yes, B5 are already trying out a new drummer, the mysterious M — M after one of Dennis's favourites, Robin Scott of M. Leo goes more for The Police.

Dennis believes, with sweeping logic, that it was Island boss Chris Blackwell who made The Police possible. "To me he's such a positive thinker. If he hadn't stuck with Marley from the beginning, reggae wouldn't be where it is today. And that's what gave The Police what they have. Where else do you think their ideas came from?"

Perhaps this is Dennis's way of being grateful. Blackwell signed B5 against some opposition from within Island, even though Dennis was already employed there as staff photographer; or perhaps Dennis sees B5 as playing the heavies to The Police's poppy light metal reggae.

As yet there's no indication that Police-size success lies around the corner for the band, though it may be significant that '1965' has sold as many copies on import in the US as it has over here — just how The Police started off as unknowns.

If success comes, Dennis is ready, because he's used to it — photographing it, for the music press as well as Island. One reason he gave up his career as a photographer to join the band, was that he was tired of snapping clothes — rather than people — and stars who didn't so much consciously project an image as get stuck with one.

Dennis is well aware of the dangerous way in which the projection can supplant the

and search you. don't be abrasive or militant, especially if you're a black easy target. instead, *Stay Cool, Hang* etc etc.

This approach, mind you, seems to place a lot of faith in the constabulary as a passive audience and in those they stop as great actors. But B5 have a soft spot for those supreme game players, actors. For Dennis everything is an act — from rock to politics and back again.

"What an actor you have to be to go on TV and say everything is OK when it's really crumbling. Brilliant actors, those politicians — they should be musicians."

All an act, controlled by those in the know.

"Prepare yourself for all things. People who succeed are totally prepared. The way to conquer all things is to be aware of them."

Tell that, oh zen boy scout, to 3,000,000 unemployed chasing 200 jobs.

B5 aim to be a classic rock band and they have the philosophy to go with it. It used to be called hippy, but really it's harder than that, a form of petit-bourgeois individualism. This is why, along with consciousness, Dennis stresses the individual will which, at a wishful stroke, can suddenly crash through the barriers of race and class. Tell me another

Not surprisingly, B5 don't go

a ton on organisation (because they crush the individual, don't think positive, etc). Hence their anti-union song 'Union Games'.

However, other songs on the album get the better of some of the band's individualistic, potentially reactionary pronouncements. 'Immigration' ("You spoil many lives") is an attack on racist immigration policies; and 'Too Soon' questions the usefulness of rocket technology while millions still starve — "Poverty like a swarm of flies."

B5 lyrics have no flow. They're sharp and clipped, each line self-contained. For a band so strong on individualism, the words are oddly — thankfully! — impersonal, all the better for listeners to construct their own meaning.

Dennis: "You're meant to get clues, suss out the way it looks to you, read between the lines."

So far I dig a lot of the clues. Some of their musical contexts may be repetitive, but B5 have what many more varied bands would give anything for — a SOUND, distinctive, noisy, energetic. It may be purveying many of the orthodox rock values, but it comes at you from an angle. It has a little bit of vision to it, a fresh way of looking. Like Dennis today (1981) looking back at himself (1965) getting off the plane at Heathrow — his first time in England — and breathing what he first thought was fire until he realised it was a London fog. '1965-1980' and B5: backwards looking but forward, too.

person, a phenomenon which takes its toll on rebels thirsting for authenticity in both life and music as well as on glamorous superstars. However, he thinks that B5 have strategically forestalled the problem by dressing up on stage (in, so far, a bizarre mixture of industrial chic, longjohns, cowboy and top hats, and admiral's jackets) but dressing down off it, as for the interview at Island where Dennis is quietly attired in cardigan, tweed trousers and Tootal socks all ready for the daily round — of golf, like Bing Crosby?

"Bing today, Bong tomorrow. We don't want to become clothes horses or sell anything for C&A. So many bands today are perfect media fodder, wearing their thing day in and day out, sweating their bollocks off in leather or make-up or whatever."

"Punk died because there was some guy down the Kings Road waiting to make a mint out of green faces and black contact lenses. And 2-Tone's gone down the drain; the music is still as good but it's not selling as much because there's a new set of people — Robin Hood and his Merry Men with no bows and arrows, and pirates without ships. St Laurent will knock out a £60 jacket and unemployed kids will save up to buy it. But pirates today, pilots tomorrow — and they'll have to save up again to look like the new bloke on the pedestal, and then it changes again..."

"It should be about the mind, not clothes: attitude not dress. Lennon said it all: 'Mind Games'. That's how you beat the system: mind games. Play the game well, otherwise it's not cricket."

A minute of laughter.

NOW THE POSTER for the B5 album with its invitation to *Stay Cool, Hang Loose, Admit Nothing,*

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Discover faith healing the Basement 5 way. They will show you the true path to enlightenment, they claim. "The way to conquer all things is to be aware of them," the 5 advise the nation's downtrodden youth. This way to knowledge through debasement... your guide is PAUL TICKELL. Visions by ANTON CORBIJN



M, LEO, JR AND DENNIS



Ty Gavin (far right, front) of The Next tips his tifter



Rock artist Micael Priest's programme for The Last Dance at the Dillo



The Demise of the Armadillo and

POSTMARK:A

The KKK took their baby away?



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Early era Skunks; Austin vets



IF YOU PAID to survive *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and saw it as anything other than a blackly anarchic polemic in favour of vegetarianism, then you were duped.

How do I know? Because... very near the beginning of this 1974 made-in-Austin-Texas epic appears the sure sign of its roots and intentions: an armadillo lying dead on the highway.

The armadillo — a weird but inoffensive little creature which is south western America's major traffic fatality statistic — has long been the acknowledged symbol of an equally weird Texas underground headquartered in Austin, state capital and home of the enormous University of Texas.

And from the genesis of psychedelia in the '60s (The 13th Floor Elevators, Red Crayola, Conqueroo, Shiva's Headband) to the improbable rise of redneck rock in the early '70s (Jerry Jeff Walker, Gary Nunn, Guy Clark, Willie Nelson), Austin has remained a city which makes musical history.

Currently, it's the centre of a healthy postpunk boom which has been flowering since '78.

Yet on New Year's Eve, Austin closed the books on a major part of its own musical past, when the Armadillo World Headquarters (longest-running of those great ballrooms of the '60s such as the Aragon, Avalon, Grande and Fillmores) hosted its final show.

The Dillo had opened in 1970 — it was a former National Guard Armory constructed out of cinderblocks. Its spiritual roots came from the Vulcan Gas Company, a late '60s psychedelic nightclub in downtown Austin. The 13th Floor Elevators, Sir Douglas Quintet, Conqueroo, and Shiva's Headband all patronised the Vulcan — with black Texas bluesmen like Mance Lipscomb, Lightnin' Hopkins, and Joe Williams providing alternative bookings.

Located across the street from the hardware shop where University sniper Charles Whitman purchased his ammo, the Vulcan sponsored its own live-in artist in true '60s style: a Texan named Jim Franklin. In '68, Franklin drew an armadillo smoking a joint on a poster advertising a love-in; before long he had become the leading exponent of the little creature as a countercultural icon.

It was through the Vulcan's nominal house band, Shiva's, that Armadillo World Headquarters came about — when the Dillo opened for business in 1970, its rent of a nickel a square foot (unchanged until 1980) was paid out of a \$20,000 Capitol Records advance landed by the group. And its founding team

included their manager.

The Armadillo booker (ex-manager of the Vulcan) countered mounting promotional expenses throughout the early '70s by showcasing Texas bands and Austin locals such as The Hubb City Movers, Ramon-Ramon and the Four Daddy-Os, Greezy Wheels, Frieda and the Firedogs, and Balcones Fault. But it took the Armadillo's Beer Garden (opened in '72) to guarantee the hall's longevity.

"Armadillo," says Ed Ward, present rock critic on the *Austin American-Statesman*, "had a unique economic situation because by making its money from the beer garden, it could afford to actually lose money on shows. They were alright as long as they filled the house two or three times a month."

The summer of '72 when the Beer Garden went in was the summer Willie Nelson returned to his native soil and ended up spearheading the 'progressive country' (or, as it became known nationally, 'redneck rock') boom. The stars who reached the public via this idiosyncratic hippie permutation weren't all homegrown, but one after another, all played the spiritual centre of the Cosmic Cowboy/Cocaine Cowboy community: the World Headquarters.

TEXAS, THE home of spirits as diverse as Ornette Coleman, Kenny Daniel And His Kasuals, Question Mark, Sam the Sham and the Legendary Stardust Cowboy, has always been renowned for taking off on musical tangents. And Austin is its Bohemian centre, its Berkeley-of-the-South.

Therefore the Armadillo hosted more than just the new roster of progressive country stars. The likes of Jerry Lee Lewis, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Frank Zappa, Mose Allison, Bette Midler, Gram Parsons, Jimmy Cliff and Bob Marley were among many who passed through its unpretentious portals.

Asleep at the Wheel, a Western swing band from Berkeley, liked it so much they never went home.

Captain Beefheart and Frank Zappa taped 'Bongo Fury' on the Armadillo stage; Commander Cody And The Lost Planet Airmen recorded a live LP at the Dillo (complete with Jim Franklin sleeve) and when the *New York Times* magazine reviewed it, they cited Austin as "the hip Palm Springs".

By 1980, the Dillo's loose hippie-style management was out of debt for the first time and the hall had become Austin's forum for important visiting New Wave and black acts.

"The racial situation here couldn't be worse now that the Armadillo's going," says Ed Ward. "I doubt any other promoter will bring black music here now; there's not enough exposure in clubs to create the necessary demand for it."

Recently the Dillo had hosted Sonny Rawlins, Count Basie, The Art Ensemble of Chicago, and Leroy Jenkins — as well as The Ramones, Iggy Pop, Talking Heads, Devo and The Pretenders.

Armadillo's poster art connections (a phenomenon shared with other great ballrooms of the Psychedelic Age such as the

Detroit Grande and the Frisco Fillmore) have carried right into the Austin New Wave. Instead of Stanley Mouse and Rick Griffin, the Armadillo's art boasted the signatures of Jim Franklin, Ken Featherston, Micael Priest, and whizzkid De White (*nom de brush* Guy Juke).

Like Franklin, Micael Priest is a Texan, who in '75 took over Franklin's dual post as Art Director and Master of Ceremonies at Armadillo. De White schooled in Fine Art at Lubbock's Texas Tech where he met Joe Ely, Butch Hancock and Jimmy Gilmore — and found that designing their handbills led him out of degree studies and down to Austin.

Juke, who has played professionally himself, is the most new wave-affiliated of the Austin artists whose Armadillo connection (posters, murals, and sleeve art) led them to found a collective called Sheauxnough Studios. His is the angular portrait of Joe Ely familiar from Lubbock to London, as well as the latest logo for Raul's, Austin's original punk club.

The World Headquarters took a back seat when it came to actually sponsoring Austin's individual nouveau punks. It remained their booking policy that local bands should open for national guests but — despite innumerable contenders — they tended to lean heavily on three groups: the Skunks, Standing Waves, and Explosives (three refugees from a Jerry Jeff Walker backup band ostracised by much of Austin's New Wave community).

BUT FOR stilettoes as well as Stetsons, The Last Dance at the Dillo was the place to be on New Year's Eve — despite an all-star punk lineup at Raul's ('final' gig of the superb Standing Waves), The Fabulous Thunderbirds at Antone's, and Joe Ely supported by Ralph the Diving Pig (not a punk but a genuine swine who swan-dived into a vat of champagne) at trendy Club Foot.

The Austin City Council's decision that the World HQ could no longer bar the way of a \$36 million hotel site had brought an orgy of Farewell Concerts by big league favourites, and a bouquet of national regrets. Willie Nelson compared the hall to Nashville's famed Ryman Auditorium and Mose Allison said it had always been his "best and most consistent place to play".

When co-headliners Asleep at the Wheel took the stage on the hall's last night, the venue had never looked better — warmly lit for TV news and video crews and sporting cheap magic via long strings of fairy lights draped in the darkness. Over each long bar hung the numerous logos of neon beer signs: Bud, Michelob, Miller, Lite, Heineken, Coors and Carveza Perla Por Favor; beacons glimmering chartreuse, aqua and flamingo pink. The murals and banners which covered every wall were just visible above the 1,700-strong gyrating crowds (whose \$25 tickets will enable the Armadillo to live on through publishing and production projects).

Austin awoke the next day a hangover the wiser and a venue the poorer. But, as Commander Cody put it, "Things aren't too sad — I'd be sadder if they were trying to whip

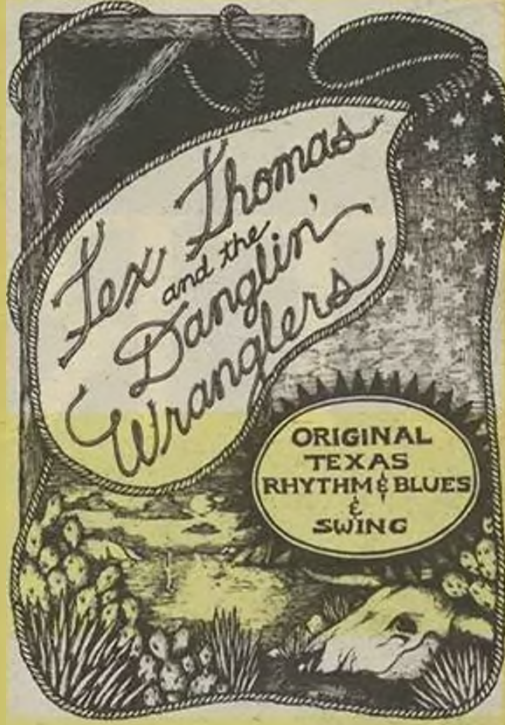
Even Soap Creek Saloon (Doug Sahm's second home) sports punk handouts



Ray Benson kicks off the Armadillo's exit bash. Pic: David Kennedy/Austin



American-Statesman Handouts and posters chronicle Austin's street/rock art



The Guy Juke graphic which made Joe Ely Lubbock's most famous face.



the Rise of Garageland Punk: Cynthia Rose Observes...

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

a dead horse. It's time to move on."

And Austin can certainly kick its civic downer with guitar licks; in the last three years, clubs have sprung up around town faster than undergraduate acne. Part of the growth in nightlife has centred around the rejuvenation of the city's East 6th Street, where historic limestone buildings are being rescued from dereliction, in the form of restaurants, theatres and clubs. These stand side by side with the pool halls, pawn shops, thrift stores, and barbeque stands which used to make up the whole of the strip.

On 6th Street, Mr Peeper's Triple X Movie Theatre can co-exist quite happily with the Rainbow Works, a neon art shop — and if you follow the blocks right down across the Interstate to the Chicano side of town, then Elda's (the shabby but genteel home of real Mexican food) looms within striking range.

Bob Dylan may eat at El Rancho in 1st Street, but local rock royalty like Joe 'King' Carrasco migrate towards the cheese enchiladas and cabrito (baby goat!) of Elda's. Owner Abdon Cortes stocks quite a jukebox, too — it includes a selection from his own now-defunct record label, Discos Capricornos.

Below 6th Street, even 4th Street shows a new wave of life.

There, down a yellow-lit alley between the Greyhound Bus terminal and a ware-house, you can find the Club Foot. Inside another warehouse, Club Foot is dark and expansive, with tall, curving walls of corrugated sheetmetal. They sweep you into a roomy bar where a sickly green 'picture window' reveals the Greyhound garage in all its decayed glory.

THE CLUB Foot is downtown; but the centre of punk action in Austin has always been Raul's Club, opened in '78 by one Joseph Gonzales on the drag, the street which parallels the sprawling University.

The University played an active part in the punk scene back then — early groups like the now-disbanded Huns were mostly composed of RTF (Radio, Theatre and Film Department) students. And the *Daily Texan*, the University paper, was the first to publicise and promote Austin's new wave of bands.

"Without the University," says Shirley Staples, manageress of the popular F-Systems, "there wouldn't have been a Raul's."

Several patrons mention that Raul's has always been a good place for women to go unescorted, just to see bands they like and certainly everyone here seems to know one another. The club is dark and the bar's at the back (the dance floor is in front of the stage with tables on a platform to one side) and soon it's too crowded to see the black-and-white mural — two rats climbing out of a drain to join other rats — which takes up a whole wall.

The barmaid who's worked here for ten months says it was done by two regular girl patrons. "They were real bizarre; they wore white make-up and black lipstick and lived in a trailer park where they painted their trailer all over the outside. They got kicked out, just for

bein' so different."

"Too many tears ... you're gonna cry ... cry cry cry ..." The Court Reporters recess; Question Mark is back on.

A trip to Raul's loo reveals such a glut of graffiti one suspects the management lent a hand — and uncovered is a fresh display of slogans for Toxic shock. Toxic Shock is the latest of Austin's "poster bands": groups which fail to materialise outside their publicity. The poster band is a common phenomenon in this town devoted to rock art and murals.

The Next are next, with three of their four members in bright tight spandex strides and — cowboy boots! (Not so strange: even Mick Jagger and former Mesquite, Texas resident Jerry Hall tripped down here last summer to boot-shop at joints like 'The Lariat'). The Next hail from the earliest crop of Austin punkies, though their manager and lead singer are from San Antonio.

Their real drawback becomes immediately apparent: these pioneers of Southwestern primitivism are absolutely steeped in Michinganworship of the Ypsilanti variety — complete with thank you to 'The Birdwoman of the Ypsilanti' on their latest EP ('The Next Kick Ass'). And lead singer Ty Gavin's every pose and pause is copied directly off the Mighty Pop (as is his transparent shirt). Lyrics like "When it hurts, it hurts, I don't look back" needn't be so bad, but Gavin has no discernible physical relationship to the music. (Friends tell me later than lead singer Phil of the now-kaputski Huns and the head boy of The Inserts both have the opposite problem: moves like Mick Jagger but no vocal chutzpa).

What The Next can do, however, is put out — like almost every new band I see here, they play a solid and capable set at least an hour and three-quarters long and it's 99% original stuff, exhibited without pause or hesitation. They enjoy it a lot (the audience seems to as well), then they humbly dismantle their gear, step off the side of the stage and dance to The Skunks.

The Skunks are also early scene-makers, with two indies (a two-record set containing six songs and a 45 with 'What Do You Want?' b/w 'The Racket') to their credit. They come on like gangbusters, writer/bassist/vocalist Jesse Sublett prowling the stage in his sneakers like an errant Ramone.

The Skunks seem to have sprung from a venerated Texas tradition of those who are weird-but-not-caricatured and just happen to carry guitars. They like provocation (their trademark song, 'Cheap Girl', is a punk classic) and their Everly-Brothers-take-to-the-garage harmonies on 'Gimme Some' are invigorating if not menacing.

A QUICK trip down Congress Avenue before 2am enables me also to catch D-Day at the Continental Club.

D-Day is the four-piece fronted by De Lewellen — a dark-haired, older, histrionic miss once of The Blandscrows ("a Pointer Sisters-type thing"). Lewellen, who resembles cartoon figure Betty Boop, also sings with

Esther's Follies ... the improv/comic troupe popular with Austin's rock, theatrical and gay mafias. Esther's Follies perform *chez* Esther's Pool on East 6th Street (Esther's pool being no swimming hole, but a converted pool hall which also has a mural). D-Day's drummer is David Forte, a vet of Bubble Puppy, those International Artists' artists of the psychedelic yesterday who brought you 'A Gathering Of Promises'.

In '79 D-Day wrote 'Too Young To Date', a slick little pop song which hooked them the album due out any day now. The dive they're headlining tonight — The Continental Club — is really just a tiny cowboy bar where longneck beer bottles crowd long tables and the raised 'kerchief of a stage juts out over a sweaty few feet of strutting ground. It's roof appears to be working itself loose before collapsing on top of the band.

D-Day are very similar to the pre-Private Stock Blondie — oldsters, they take the themes of teen love The Runaways never mastered and play them straight, as only experienced cartoonists can do.

"Every time I ask you out," sings De, "You say no/Makes me feel such a loser/But I must go on!"

Her Lene Lovich squeaks confirm my reports from local rockophiles that the Slavette from Detroit is a big influence in this town.

DUKE'S ROYAL Coach Inn is the other club contender which would loosen the stranglehold of Raul's on the New Wave scene. Originally it was the Vulcan Gas company; now most nights it's a Chicago bar which goes new wave at weekends only.

On the nights James Brown played Antone's, The Delinquents headlined a fairly deserted Duke's, supported by an earnest, sweaty trio call The Jet Set. The five-strong Delinquents dress down (way down) and giggle a lot; despite two rather colourless frontpersons, one male and one female, their 'surf punk' is strongly anchored — in Ventures fixations and trash lore.

Lester Bangs came to Austin to record with The Delinquents (it'll be out soon) and they have a previous EP, too, which features their 'Alien Beach Party' b/w the amusing 'Do You Have A Job For A Girl Like Me?' and 'Motivation Complex'.

Austin's most well-known bands are probably the Standing Waves (officially now defunct though reunion seems likely) and F-Systems — part of the hot catalogue of indie label Classified Records.

The Waves are much boppier than NME's numerous Talking Heads comparisons have made them out to be; though as concerned with rearranging their rhythm section as the Funkheads have ever been, their Luby's-Cafeteria-organ-goes-Lugosi doodlings are also about the only evidence of a 'psychedelic revival' one can scare up around Austin.

F-systems' vinyl so far is still only the excellent 'People' b/w 'Naked Kiss', but they're firm favourites and bassist Neil Ruttenberg is quite a personality on the New Wavelength — he's been a broadcaster for

KUT-MM, who carried The Last Dance at the Dillo live in its entirety; he's made a horror film with soundtrack by Throbbing Gristle; and currently he works in Joe Bryson's excellent record store Inner Sanctum.

Once Self-dubbed the 'Rev Neil X', he's a bit of an Austin proto-punk.

WHAT DOES 'punk' mean here that it does or doesn't in a Manchester context, a London context, an LA or New York context?

One thing it certainly doesn't mean is any segregation of musical communities. The Dillo's last hours drew as many punk patrons as held-over hippies and cowpersons. ("Living in this town shoves every kind of music at you," a transplanted Northerner told me my first night out).

Another thing it doesn't involve is undue ritual or regimentation — the Austin New Wave scene is defined far more by traditional American affinities for the 'trash' iconography and for cut-rate clothing than by any set of delineated images of 'fashionable' attire and attitudes.

"Of course we have a problem with the weather," says Marcia Gass, proprietress of the Blitz Shoppe — a homely junkeria/Punkeria which recently won the Fred Schneider Seal of Shopping Approval. "It's so hot it's hard for people to dress up."

Marcia first ran a shop called Pink Flamingoes by the University, but she got tired of the students when she got tired of the '70s. She moved to East 5th Street and named her new premises after "the Blitz cafe in London; I just read the name and liked it."

Austin New Wave fashions? "Well, it's '50s and it's '60s and it's glitter-flash."

Marcia sells stilettoes for a dollar (along with T-shirts and cigarettes at the Tool of Cool, these are the only appurtenances which appear familiar from London). Marcia's favourite bands are The Big Boys and The Dicks, who recorded a joint album live at Raul's.

The Dicks are a band of heavies with a Divine-like vocalist named Gary Floyd, who likes to dress up in fancy varieties of drag (nurse, nun) to front a relentless thump-and-grind adolescent grouchiness. The Dicks are much closer to the original progenitors of American punk than Austin copy bands like The Next — they sport the genuine suburban, Stoogoid outlook. Not a group to peddle gun control or gay brotherhood.

A lot about this Austin new wave palpably recalls that great garageland of the early '60s — as much as does the incredible re-emergence of preppiedom in America (another New Wave, no mistaking that — and pre-Reagan, too). The 'scene' seem conscious of it too: The Shades called their LP on Ray-Gun 'Ward And June Never Understand ...', after Ward and June Cleaver, archetypal American parents of the '50s imprinted on every kid's memory by TV's

■ Continues page 57

ULTRAVOX

SLOW MOTION • DISLOCATION
QUIET MEN • HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR

LIMITED EDITION
DOUBLE RECORD SET
IN SPECIAL PACK

LIMITED EDITION **1+1** CASSETTE

August Darnell: pinch and punch for the first of the month!

SINGLES



DANCEMANIA '80s!

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS: Me No Pop I (Za/Antilles 12" import). Save up and look out, hope is in the air. A heavenly breeze of buoyant optimism: play 'Me No Pop I' right tight against Linx's gorgeous breath breaking 'Intuition'. A wakey wakey soundtrack, out from under winter's boozy, dazy weight and into a tipsy, dizzy spring. Similar shuffle and smile, a personalised salsa footshake — neither outfit countenances or fetishises its finds — they use the source material don't copy or spoil. Silky Latin American savvy and pepper — the heat, mini beats, swirling skirts — shattered into an extravagant signature. Love it!

After the Coconuts' goldmine LP — buy buy in bulk! — and the three track 'Maladie D'Amour' 12", this is a brisker, friskier step in a newer direction. 'Me No Pop I' is mainly a showcase for someone other than King Song (August Darnell): to stop the other Coconuts being shy, as it were. To wit, vibeman Coati Mundi (Cuban looks, baldhead, 5' 3", baggy pants and two tone shoes), faster and smarter than average rapper.

Lots of narcissism. ("I'm the James Dean of the music scene", declamation. ("There'll be another bi-centennial before I hear the truth from your mouth!"), the customary male Coconut reference to his demanding partner ("You're always playing with my head/Like when you say I'm no good in bed/You ain't got no h-e-a-r-t/You just want to beat me up!"), a cast list that includes Fred Astaire, George Raft, "Mister King Kong and that sexy blonde" and Kid Creole the "Action Man", guest artists Gichy Dan, Eddie Fok and Bongo Betty, romantic love that includes a trip to the VD clinic and who knows how the chorus reads? "Me no pop I/You no olive oil" or "You know, Olive Oyle"? I don't care what it means! Shut your mouth! Je te doir! Revel in the lascivious beat-rhythmic verve and swerve, nursery rhyme persuasion, poise, cheeky sexy symbols, super drummer Winston Grennan, Mark Mazur's voodoo rhythm guitar.

This is pop music. The nerve: HIT it!!! Because the last thing I want is the Coconuts to be private preserve — some (s)ing critic's cuddly cult pet.

At least in their New York they have lots of suitable places to play — lots of spacious, civilised places to jiggle, jangle, juggle their portable jungle. (And if Virgin get hold of Heaven there probably won't even be one human alternative place left for them to play over here).

So Ze and more particularly Island must take a load of blame for not making them Big Stars: I publicly accuse the both of you with gross laziness, blindness and failure to exploit the treasures RIGHT THERE UNDER YOUR NOSE! Not just the marvellous, pounding Coconuts; either — nothing gets the publicity it deserves. Why, for instance isn't Grace Jones plastered over our TV screens? This is the Video Age — and she's a natural. Why do funny, lovable people like Lizzy Mercier Descloux and urgent, unusual things like Was Not Was (whose recently reviewed mystery dance record is, in fact, the product of the following casting couch crash: Parlot, the Parliament rhythm section, Joe Henderson and Wayne Kramer, yes, Wayne Kramer) fade away and die expensively on import?

Why isn't August Darnell the best selling as well as best dressing and best dancing poet in the western world?

KLEER: Tough (WEA). CHANGE: Paradise (WEA). Tough toes — dancer's prose — experience shows. Flawless new machine funk from two New York produced outfits with

enough rhythmic weight and imagination to weave and dodge a way past all the post-Chic steps.

'Tough' is from Kleer's very catching 'Licence To Dream' LP, where it is ten times longer and wider than the little 7" lets on — hope there's a 12" soon — waking up dreamy calypso to clear the clock and do an alarming caffeine dance. Their drummer is cool and unapproachable, but the synth and bass are very good friends — knowing just what the other is going to do next (in the nicest possible way).

Change's 'Paradise' is similarly hard to assess on 7", especially placed against last year's two charms, 'Searching' and 'A Lover's Holiday'. Italian alumnus David Romani and Paolo Gianola set such standards on the 'Glow Of Love' LP (which 'Searching' and 'Holiday' were taken from) with their odd combinations of electronics, bass and vocals that whatever comes next will have to suffer or transcend comparisons.

But even as I brood, the bass motif from 'Paradise' is beginning to itch! Neither it nor 'Tough' have any illusions about being (great) songs; quite content being extrapolated chants — voice as noise, singers as sounds, the oohs and aahs as hard as any instrument. If only all the precious rock people would learn: those who can't use words, don't! Tough luck — writer's pluck — get... someone else to do it for you.

SCHIZOPHRENIA '80s DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: Plan B (EMI). Slam! Dexys are irregular Sturm Troupers trained by years of Saturday night after Sunday morning at a

provincial Tiffanys, who've twisted that heritage into Show — metaphysics done up in minstrelsy: pigtails, matching gowns and gumshoe frowns, speeding angst and pleading vulnerability.

Overweight soul snobs can sneer — say it's just veneer — but I'm on Dexys' side! They don't fool around with Art or irony, don't mask private contradictions in public sophistry, aren't locked away in some boorish buff's dust-free collection. They take their homage and use it: get their heels in the air, spit where they argue, snap out of things, slip and slide.

Sometimes they're too stern by far — e.g., the name of their info/fan office is 'Intense Emotions Ltd.' (17). But, fortunately the tough sound conveys a softer heart, a corrosive "white soul" with

more mellifluous trimming: than A Certain Ratio or James Chance — though just as arrogant, demanding, theatrical, farcical, impatient, derisive. They (none of them) suffer indifferent empiricists gladly, breaking down the walls of hype art, tearing off the more offensive ads, trampling on years of accumulated candy floss. Most media routine is slobbish, such a hard rock — and they're so bloody passionate!

'Plan B' is back to how things should be, how they started — scouring brass, strongly and strangely confidential, not too doleful, headstrong but worried. "PLAN B! / Bill Withers was good to me / PLAN B! / Pretend I'm Bill and lean on me, "LOVE IT! In my heart of hearts I'm still back in the sticks, dancing to Tramps. Hold back the night, fight against the cold.

Kevin Rowland yelps and wails and the song tremors around a central trombone break that sounds like a herd of Disney elephants.

THE PASSAGE: Devils And Angels (night and day). The Passage are something like an academic — but not anemic — dub of the spirit of Dexys. Measured moodiness and pleasant risks — and 'Devils And Angels' should be able to 'chart' along with Dexys. But TOTP wouldn't have them — if only because Dick Wits is smaller than even me or David Cunningham (the pop media is subliminally size-ist, but chirpy little jads like us are fighting back!).

'Devils And Angels' is gorgeous — like Young Marble Giants' Alison Moxham backed by empty Weather Report. Lizzy Johnson's vocals are the key here — a singer who can sing! Apart from Kevin Rowland — who's a schizophrenic soul boy — here is the only 'rock' voice in this week's singles sprawl that is a singing voice. Not only that but also — I think I'm going to faint with appreciation — there is NO GUITAR on this record!

The Passage don't strain to be modern or awkward or Make A Point, but instead exploit the unreliability of language and the fun of bluff. 'Devils And Angels' is a wistful rhythmic drift of whispers supported by articulate keyboards and percussion, translating dull introspection into sneaky 'mystical' symbols.

On the other side, Lizzy Johnson's delivery of the lines "Watching you dance, I want to... does things to a body that a million Pans People couldn't.

YOU NO POP II

GANG OF FOUR: What We All Want (EMI 12"). Horror! A sluggish, slothful, downered sound: churning concrete guitar, wallopl wallopl formal rock drums, drowning bass and, somewhere, a "singer" surfing in and out of the abyss with the kind of chants spoken "protest" style of cod-existential moaning rather popular about four years ago. There's no audible reason why it should have been released as a single, especially not a 12". Not even any wry/eye-catching graphics — and Gang of Four are one of those Big Label Borees always going on about the awesome "total control" they have over such things; but then, isn't that a little bit like joining the Tory party and still wearing dungarees?

Both A and B side ('History's Bunk!') are from the equally morose mogadon experience of the 'Solid Gold' LP, a project which leaves one with the slight impression of Eyes On The American Market Frontier. Did I really hear an NME voice calling this 'hard British funk'? His story's bunk!

ALTERED IMAGES: Dead Pop Stars (Epic). Deprived of the cold comfort of critical/cult favour (i.e., when people other than friends and devoted fans get a chance to hear them), groups like Altered Images simply can't reinforce the inflated claims made for them. Nice people they may be, but (un)fortunately niceness, or naivety, or honesty, or even passion were never automatic guarantors of greatness, worth or fun for anyone other than those involved.

Altered Images are another mesh of wallopl wallopl formal rock drums, screeching guitar and squealing voice. The singer can't sing and the producer (Severin of Banshees) has mixed everything to the one level — no bumps or irregularities, no seductive rhythms or tune, just the vain, cumbersome attempt to sound melodramatic. The song is an amateurish, humourless stab at the plasticity of pop fame: "dead pop stars rotting in the studio!... And now I've had my 15 minutes/I'm just another memory." "Did I really hear and NME voice say "they should be a chart group"? Irony's bunk!

MODERN ROMANCE: Tonight (WEA). "A new renaissance has begun!... Modern Romance are gonna (sic) give you all a chance to journey to the promise (sic) land/Where reading Kafka, speaking patois and dressing down are banned/Old rifts, old myths, that tired hackneyed scene/Stand up, salute the demi-gods, we're craving your esteem..." There are precedents for dealing with such pernicious verbiage, of course. History provides important data for sorting through the stuff. For example, it is perhaps timely to recall that one upshot of one fabulous — and not syntactically dissimilar — cultural flowering in the recent past, Weimar, was Fascism.

In Modern Romance's brave, volatile, imaginative new world it seems that certain authors, the language of integrated ethnic communities and casual wear are all forbidden (Incidental literary fact: did you know that all three of Kafka's sisters survived him, only to die in Nazi concentration camps?) I suppose — I don't know why I'm wasting energy on these scum — that 'funk', for instance, isn't a "patois" word? Anyway, a "new renaissance" has certainly begun for Modern Romance's lyricist/vocalist Geoffrey Deane, who used to front a 15-minute name post-punky band The Leyton Buzzards — such an interesting nomenclature, one feels, for someone who is now a "Futurist"! The Modern Romance pic sleeve is a

● turn over

RAPPED OUT BY NASCENT NEW YORKER



IAN PENMAN

SINGLES

● from previous palm
still/steal from the sort of thing
Visage put on video, so music is
of secondary interest really.

At least Ultravox on their
Emerson Lake and Palmer
revisited gag 'Vienna' (from
their LP 'Pictures By People I've
Never Heard Of At An
Exhibition I Just Happened To
Wander Into') have the decency
to admit they don't know what
the hell they're on about:
Vienna? "It means NOTHING to
me!" As the great Robert Burns
once said of an unknown critic:
Thou pickle herring in the
puppet show of nonsense!

TICKS AND TONES

JUNIOR TUCKER: The Kick
(Rock On) (Island). Taxi!
Unhelpfully, my copy of this Sly
& Robbie footbass game is only
7" long. One misses out on the
expected trek of bubble, dubble,
foil and treble that a 12"
provides. 'The Kick' (I do think
that 'Rock On', bracketed or
otherwise, is a little passe)
features a vocalist who
happened to be passing by the
studio at the time, singing a
fundamental paen to basic
brotherly and sisterly national
solidarity, and what have you.
Overleaf is more honestly
instrumental, featuring the
famous Compass Point devil's
(sorry Jah) marriage of funk,
reggae and a little bit of pop. As
with anything of late containing
Shakespeare and Dunbar, this is
guaranteed to ruin speakers,
dislocate hips and can also be
used as BBC theme music for
suspended test matches.

SHAKATKA: Living In The UK
(Polydor 127). Overly genteel
side of the (UK) jazz-funk
phenomenon. The promise of
the title isn't fulfilled — just an
electronically muffled chant
popping in and out of the
hygienically interwoven turf of
tasteful, technical instrumental
grooves. Tastes like a boiled
sweetie against the innovation
of an 'Intuition' or edgy
sensuality of a 'Southern
Freeze'. Passable.

**THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS: Take
A Trip** (Cuba Libre / Virgin).
**JAMES KING: Back From The
Dead** (Cuba Libre / Virgin).
Not really my territory: could
get chived if I put a foot wrong.
Then again, I could nod off and
dream something different. The
Shakin' Pyramids do authentic
justice to the spirit of Real
Rockabilly (or so I read), but I
prefer my poltergeists recycled
into something rozier and
riskier.

James King is slightly more
contemporary, but anyone who
gives Johnny Thunders a
namecheck (no matter how
ambiguous) is off to a bad start
in my book, book, sorry. Both
records might cut a bit on a film
soundtrack or buzzing and
twanging from a pub jukebox
along with a load of other
arrogant boyish noises, but it's
not the sort of thing my living
room likes.

The intrusive Virgin "2
SINGLES FOR THE PRICE OF 1"
sticker on the Shakin' Pyramids
pic sleeve rather spoils the
rootsiness and all — but I
imagine "plucky" independent
Cuba Libre will claim innocence
with regards to this one.

**THE POLECATS: John, I'm Only
Dancing** (Mercury).

**DAVE EDMUNDS: Almost
Saturday Night** (SvanSong).
I'm HAPPY to be called a cynic!
A 'rockabilly' version of a David
Bowie 'classic' produced by the
drinking man's Brian Eno, Dave
Edmunds? The blasé cover shot
betrays it all — an
unsuccessfully contrived
'recreation' of a Golden Age of
tacky technicolour innocence.
At least The Stray Cats sweat.

Edmunds himself can sing
fine pop songs — in a
predictable, xerox, nasal kind of
way — but the commercial
formula (Welshman sings about
rodeos, pickup trucks, good ol'
boys knocking back the
moonshine, etc) is occasionally
bound to wear thin. This cover
of Fogerty's 'Almost Saturday
Night' is too obvious to avoid a
certain cloying decadence.
Possibly a sliver or two of icy
pedal steel would have helped
sharpen things up, as they say.

**JERMAINE JACKSON: You Like
Me Don't You** (Motown).
STEVIE WONDER: Lately
(Motown).

The protege's is mid-tempo,
just about catchy enough to
chart — whilst the master's is
an end-of-the-disco smooch.
Both are patently last-grasp lifts
from popular LPs, with no real
business being singles except
to make silences in the public
bar seen pregnant.

**KOSMONAUTENTRAUM:
Rachel** (Zick Zack German
import). This three-track
German EP comes complete
with four stickers, two
mini-posters (one in the native
tongue and a translation, to wit:
"THE REALIZATION OF THE
DEEPEST DREAMS! A FUSION
OF WESTERN CULTURE AND
EASTERN DECADENCE.
INSPIRATION OF THE NATURE
OF ART. YESTERDAY? TODAY?
TOMORROW?" Eh?), a lyric
sheet and a press release which
begins "Dear Chris . . ." Funny,
the number of German press
releases we get that start like
that!

Anyway (just my little joke)
the record itself is divided into
Kosmonautentraums 4, 5 and 6
— pretentious, moi? (SORRY!
no more, I promise) — and
really isn't that bad, if you like a
mad Hannover native
screaming blue rache (revenge)
over a nice early-Eno soft funk
complete with mini tribute to
Augustus Pablo. As the bloke
behind it all, 'Ziggy', goes on to
say, "it was a really noise
recording, it was hated by most
of the customers, but I really
like it." Me too, irrationally.

ULCERS

MODERN EON: Euthenics
(DinDisc). 'Euthenics' by
Modern Eon? Eek! Sounds like
the heading of a pamphlet
handed obstinately to you by a
crazy-eyed-New Age religious
whacko as you rush to catch
that badly needed but rapidly
accelerating rush hour bus. This
impression isn't diminished
when the record commences
with the "vocalist" earnestly
whispering (the compassionate

producer does his best to make
it sound like signing) "I need to
change" over and over. All in
all, pretty much the
combination of guitars,
ghoulish synthesiser (i.e.,
they've had it for a few weeks)
and dry Euroham rot one was
led to expect.

TV21: On The Run (Demon).
TV21 are Scottish, I believe, and
do sound rather like early Skids
— that strain of "fiery, rough,
enthusiastic, naive, plucky,
aggressive pop" that always
sounds, in the ears of
charlatans such as I, like
painfully ordinary rock full of
riffs, rusty guitars and mushy
solipsistic words. "Out on a
limb, there's no going back/I
threw the dice now I'm going to
run! . . . Who's gonna get me
first?/Them or you?" Well, I've
reviewed your single — but
don't worry, I'm sure "they" will
write a feature on you soon,
doubtless vindicating my every
sacreligious word. (See Page 11
— Features Ed.)

**DAVE STEWART & COLIN
BLUNSTONE: What Becomes
Of The Broken Hearted**
(Stiff/Broken). Appalling rockist
pillage of a beautiful old song,
by two wormy old curios with
nothing better to do. The
archetypal Stiff one-off! Well
OK, we'll do an album. The
Rumour are between tours.
We'll send giant broken hearts
round with the single to all the
music papers. Fiddle the budget
and maybe someone could
review them in a tin mine in
Cornwall or something. There's
that geezer who reviewed the
last. . .

**NASH THE SLASH: 19th
Nervous Breakdown**
(DinDisc). . . the last Nash The
Slash single, you know that
cover of a Rolling Stones thing
produced by Steve Hillage.
Yeah, I know he's not one of
ours but he might as well be,
bloody funny if you ask me I
was at the Venue well I don't
like it much either but you know
how it is and after eight Harvey
Wallbangers well. . . (contd.
Great Bores of Today, page 73.)

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GOOD TIMES

NEW SINGLE

THE LAMBRETTAS

THE AUCTIONEER
Xpres 48

HUNCHED OVER scrambled eggs in his mother's airy flat, Dave Stewart looks more like the late John Lennon than the D'Artagnan-style dandy familiar from The Tourists. He's gaunt and sits with shoulders slightly hunched — the legacy of a last few months spent in hospital, after surgeons sculpted an entry through his back and stripped the outer lining off one lung to forestall another in a long series of collapses.

Hardly a pleasant prospect for any guitarist. Stewart served his time as profitably as possible, though: making friends with the 70-year-old magician in the next bed and assembling a Polaroid diary of daily life in hospital. Now, back in the 'real world', he's got a fresh break (the demise of The Tourists, founded in '77) and a new band (Eurythmics, just signed by RCA under the same favourable terms The Tourists enjoyed there) to contemplate. And he and partner Ann Lennox want to talk about Starting Over.

It's a long time now since the duo took a decision that their original band — a corpus of identities and product within which they felt increasingly trapped and restless — must dissolve. The end came by surprise in Bangkok, when an airline strike stranded the group. But the split had been building, with changes in five different personalities bound together over three years aggravated by the strains of touring with its inevitable undertow of drink, drugs and arguments.

The real rift was between the original Tourists, with Stewart and Lennox diverging from the interests of singer-songwriter Peet Coombes. It was Coombes who called a halt to proceedings, flying home to sort out a new band (Acid Drops) which will include ex-Tourist Eddie Chin.

"Now Peet can be his own spokesperson," says Ann. "It was always part of Dave's and my dilemma that we were acting as spokespersons for someone else's work within a pop context, yet we weren't able to put across how removed he was from that whole scene."

By 'that whole scene', Ann says she means the Smash Hits persona which descended on The Tourists after their hit cover of 'I Only Want To Be With You'.

"We were on a funny boat. The Tourists," says Ann now. "A strange craft... When we did that song it was purely for fun. But after that it became bizarre. The things that happened to us were so wild,

yet everyone got the impression of nice, clean poppy people.

"I'm not saying 'I was manipulated' or 'I was misunderstood'. Because I made conscious decisions and some were mistakes — the mistakes are what I've grown from. I just want people to realise I'm not this nice, poppy, happy-go-lucky Annie which I absolutely detested.

"That was Tony Brainsby's real point-of-sale," says Stewart. "The publicity thing just became like a bigger and bigger black cloud, until the only way we probably could have continued to exist with any dignity as people was to step aside and say, 'Look this just doesn't exist anymore. Let's do something else'."

THE SOMETHING else ironically manifested itself in exactly the same spot where The Tourists began: Conny Plank's famous studio outside Cologne.

Arriving for Plank's annual New Year's Eve party, Dave and Ann ran into old mate Gabi of Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft at the airport. At the party itself, they ended up jamming with DAF drummer Robert Gori and, says Ann, "Eurythmics began there in the studio — just people listening to the music for a whole concept instead of their keyboard bit or whatever."

The 'people' were Gori, excellent ex-Can drummer Jackie Liebezelt, and Dave and Ann's friend Holger Czukay. Plank (who originally encouraged Dave, Ann and Peet to form The Tourists) co-ordinated the rough demos which won RCA's backing: tapes which encompass a fair range of styles and present the Lennox vocal skills with a new strength.

The new band is also a new format: though Stewart and Lennox are "the nucleus", Conny Plank is on one-third of the royalties and will do some performing as well as all the production (the latter probably via his new mobile studio). Satellite members so far are the same as on the demos: Gori, Czukay, and Liebezelt.

Both Czukay and Plank's names carry the sort of 'contemporary' clout which the popular mind has not associated with The Tourists. Ironic, because Czukay took Stewart and Lennox aside four years ago to play them the rough mix of 'Persian Love', and asked their opinion of its potential as a single. Czukay is currently put up chez Stewart & Lennox during UK sojourns, and in the next two weeks Plank will be taking five days out of his current work on Ultravox, to fly over for The Eurythmics' debut 45.

"Conny's a hip name now," says Stewart. "But most people don't delve into everything he does. He really loves recording Eddie and Finbar Fury, for instance — this famous old Irish folk duo who go over there with their grandad. Then he might record some German

By Cynthia Rose

Pix: Peter Anderson

organ music or a heavy metal group from Cologne."

It didn't pass unnoticed to the new colleagues that the first Eurythmics press release gave rise to immediate reports that the ex-Tourists were "anxious to concentrate on a futuristic sound."

"What a piece of crap!" says Ann. "Robert (Gori) was as insulted by that as we were. We're not even 'anxious'. There are no sour grapes about the band splitting and we're not looking for any bandwagon to jump on. It's something we want to work at for ourselves."

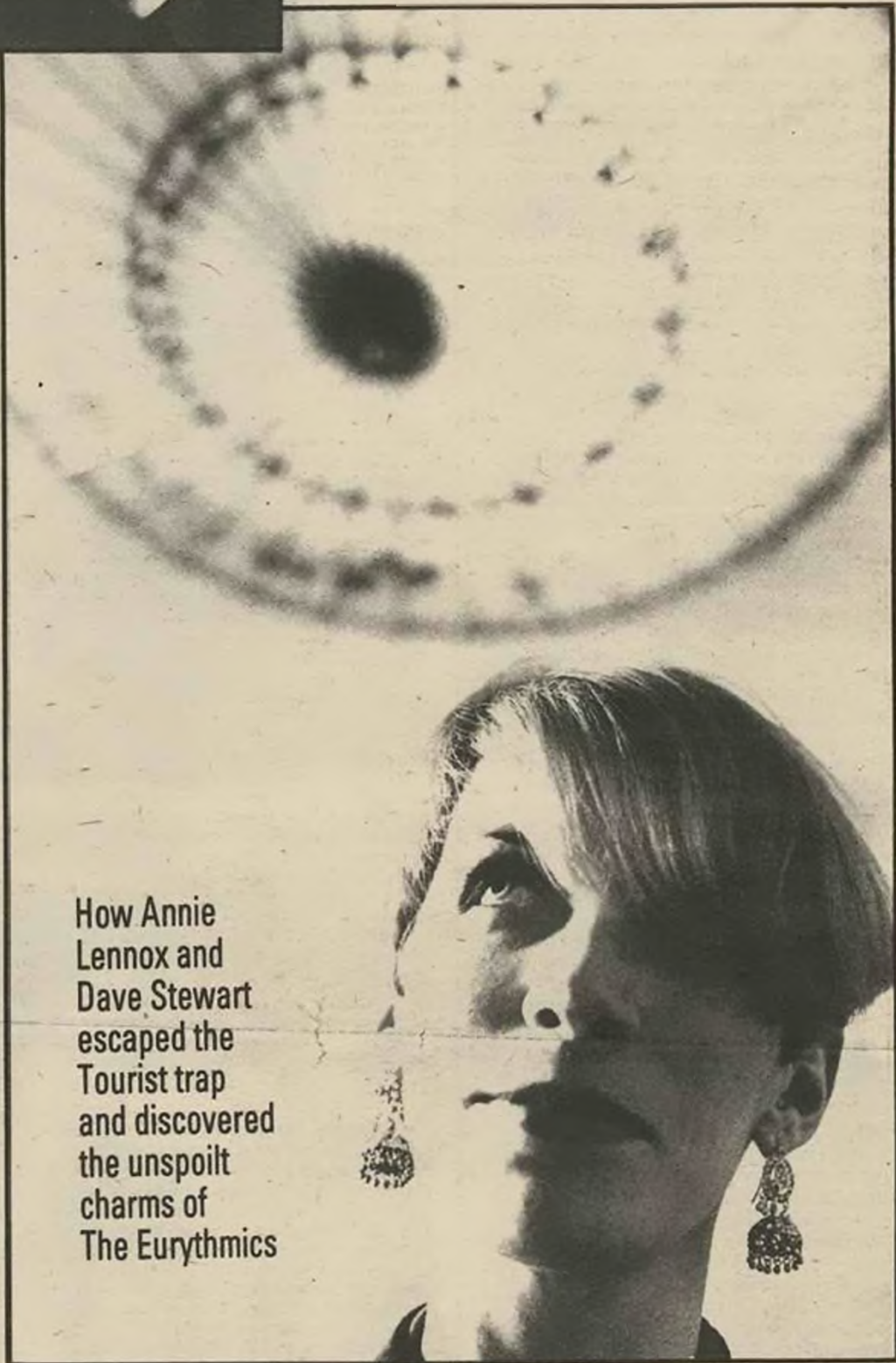
"Dave and I feel that again — like in '71 — music has become a thing for specialists. And we're not interested in that. For us the old concept of rock and roll is dead — not for others maybe, but for us — and we don't want to go on using this dead old formula, a group playing all around the world just to flog its flamin' albums."

"We want to create something new which is flexible and can grow, and people can work in it for six months or two weeks; it won't matter."

"What will matter," says Stewart, "is that we can both write again. And we can write about anything, collaborate on anything — anything at all. Annie and I go to see Throbbing Gristle and we see The B-52's — we understand that there are groups who feel they want to concentrate on love songs and groups who want to concentrate on political songs. I think it's dead healthy and obviously, there are a lot of them I really really like. But this is what we want to do — involve the full range of capabilities and the full range of interests of everyone who wants to work in Eurythmics."

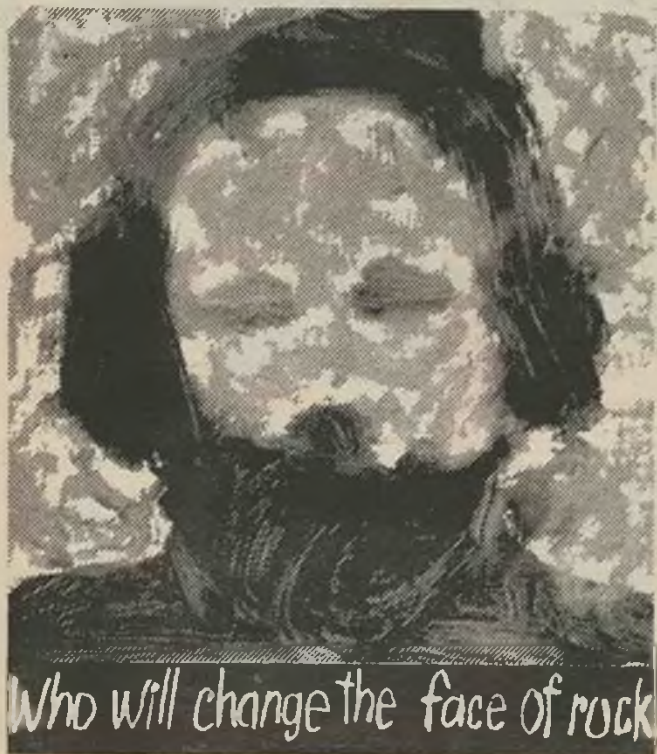
"All we're really saying, you know, is that we've changed and we've grown and we're excited about it."

WE'RE NOT TOURISTS, WE LIVE HERE



How Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart escaped the Tourist trap and discovered the unspoilt charms of The Eurythmics

Top: Dave Stewart. Above: Annie Lennox.



Who will change the face of rock



bauhaus

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POPE PAUL is beaming down on proceedings both from a portrait on the wall and again across the room from a shimmering purple spread draped over the back of a chair. The Beneficent One shares prominence with framed Man Ray photo-prints and the unfinished Cocteau/Grosz influenced line drawings propped up on the table. The scene's complemented by Eric Satie's soothing piano composition 'Les Gymnopédies' playing softly in the background. . . .

And seated right in the middle of this ingenuously created world is Richard Jobson, who treats it as much as a playroom as a place of learning. He delights in the art and history of this century, and indeed why shouldn't he? At 20, he still got an incredible thirst for knowledge and the irrepressible show-off in him ensures we're all aware of his progress.

He name drops as wildly as ever, but these days it's more to illustrate a point than to impress people, though he's not adverse to wearing his knowledge on his sleeve. Even his mode of dress serves as a workable guideline to his current preoccupations.

Today his satiny blue robe (dressing gown?) echoes the sartorial elegance of the Dirk Bogarde autobiography he's reading. His recent Skids appearance at the Venue saw him in Peter O'Toole/Lawrence of Arabia drag and last summer he was often spotted in a tropical white suit. Not, as everyone supposed, a reflection of a bad Graham Greene reading habit, but "part of the, er, North African, French Algerian thing."

"I was very much into Sartre and Albert Camus then," Jobson confesses. "People seem to think I'm more interested in the suit I'm wearing than what I'm reading, but it's really not true. I don't really stake that much importance in clothes — I just like how things look, although dress is obviously an added incentive to performance."

However, he does admit, "Watching old films brings out the romanticist in me — there's still a lot of child in me, but these days I balance the immaturity better."

AT THE MOMENT Jobson is enjoying a resurgence of interest centred as much on his solo activities as poet-cum-entertainer at Soho's Cabaret Futura as his best known role with The Skids. His across-the-board appeal reaches teen pop audiences: the yob brigade still attracted by the band's "Ahoi! anthems" and the Futurists — or "Le Beau Monde" as Jobson drolery but aptly describes them — are kept lingering on by memories of 'Days In Europa' and Jobson's then matching PX clothes.

A similar mixture turn out to observe proceedings at the Cabaret Futura, where Jobson's been more than finding his feet as a performing poet. His repertoire to date has been understandably narrow; it usually

embraces a Jobson adaption of, say, Sylvia Plath, or, better, Marguerita Duras' 'India Song', which features him brazenly but beautifully rolling his way through the piece's dialogues. Not the most obvious of choices for a heavily accented Scot, one might think.

Jobson concurs: "Aye (he didn't actually say the word — just to give you a flavour) I spent eight months working on it. It reads so beautifully in the French, but translated it sounds horrible, like pornography! I mean, I can't imagine Robbie Burns translated into French! So I've spent a lot of time trying to feel how it reads."

He's also read Dylan Thomas, but the Welshman, like Plath, met too much resistance from the impatient Futura crowd who were probably hoping he would perform his own vastly entertaining, yet touching poem about the difficulties of a Catholic childhood.

The poem's strength lies in Jobson's reading and humour, which has him mimicking his mother bursting into the Irish Catholic 'The Band Played Waltzin' Mathilda', interrupted sharply by the junior Jobson pleading with her to stop, as his friend's not a Catholic.

"It's a personal poem," Jobson points out. "It's family, but though it's a personal thing I'm sure other people can relate to it. I'm not looking for sympathy from anybody."

The last words prompt an unsolicited but revealing sidetrack: "My period of exercising my ego has well and truly gone, though London's a great haven for it. I realised that quite early on, but when I first arrived I was involved with so many pompous people with such aspiring egos that I decided the only way to beat them was to join them. But then I realised it wasn't a competition at all, it was just a game and we were the pawns being played by society tyrants-sort-of-things (company businessmen, media people) and I cut right out then and never want to get involved in it again."

But this revelation is a mite surprising from one who admits taking his social's ng seriously, but we'll return to that in a moment. In addition, his hearty poetry readings hardly take the form of a recluse mumbling about his innermost turmoils. Did he consider that his audiences were thus treating him like some kind of court jester?

"No," he answers after a moment's thought. "I don't think they treat me like that, but they do expect a certain amount of entertainment. I once attempted doing a serious one and it was disastrously received, but it didn't matter because I enjoyed doing it. Like the other week I done Sylvia Plath and people didn't want it. They think, Oh it's horrible, it's ugly. They expect a vast heap of humour; so on Monday night I took it to the extreme. . . ."

He did it by way of an imaginary conversation between trend setters Steve Strange and former Skidmate Rusty Egan. It was a hilarious, cheeky account of the dynamic duo bumbling through a list of possible attention grabbing ideas. . . .

I was laughing at myself as much as them," he admits. "I'm not ashamed to either — I'm not ashamed of anything I've done in the past, because it's all part of learning, see? If you make a mistake you don't sit back and start crying over it."

Just as well because he's made some howlers in his eagerness to get on — as a brief look at The Skids' short history makes clear.

JOBSON'S AMBITIONS have always been a step ahead of his ability to fulfil them, but the gap between the two was a lot narrower when The Skids formed some four years ago in the mining town of Dunfermline. Their most immediate concern was to avoid going down the pit like their fathers; driven by an urge to get out of town, they managed to release an independent single that won them the attention of Virgin. Being young (only 16) and naive they got tied down to an eight album contract, three of which have been completed.

The first, 'Scared To Dance' was very much a Scottish Clash record — strong on anthems,

but with the added bonus of Stuart Adamson's attractive, skirling guitar figures.

The second — 'Days In Europa' — is perhaps their most ambitious and misunderstood to date, most of the latter stemming from the Leni Riefenstahl infatuations of the Olympic Man sleeve. But the constant urge towards self-improvement and its apparent praise of Olympian ideals understandably aroused suspicions of Nazi tendencies, which weren't dispelled by the ambiguous, even ambivalent lyrics.

That misunderstanding, Jobson claims today, relates to "the standard bearing" role heaped on it by hostile critics (including myself). However he failed to point out that the songs weren't intended so much as a rallying message as an individual response to his own background.

"Ah, 'Days In Europa' — those magnum 'Days In Europa'," he smiles wearily. "It was intended as a more of a pick up for myself and people who came from that sort of area — pick ourselves up, be stronger in our attitudes, just for living, otherwise we would have drowned along with our friends and associates from that period."

"I said to Paul Morley at that time that I wanted to be strong and disciplined. Maybe that was a mistake. But what I was really trying to say is that I want to discipline myself really, so I could contain what I was reading, so that I could understand it."

The poorly re-gurgitated Nietzschean ideas of 'Days In Europa' really proves his point and he agrees with that to a certain extent.

"I gained vast quantities of knowledge in a distinctly-short period. I feel that I misinterpreted — no, that's too strong a word — that I didn't fully grasp it all. I travelled so quickly through those areas — namely, uh, obviously, the local pre-World War II without understanding everything."

He contends that none of the Nazi connotations — not even the sleeve and the gothic script — was intended as such; on the contrary.

"I've never really said what it was anyway, to me it was just another compilation of songs. 'Working For The Yankee Dollar', for instance was — is there such a word as pacific?"

Suddenly aware of what the word sounds like, he chuckles mock defensively.

"Sounds a bit dodgy here, definitely dodgy. Anyway you know what I mean. Even though I did know it was a dodgy subject, others have dealt with dodgy subjects in much more devious ways, but they were never treated with such a vitriolic attitude as we were. But surely, yes, I've done it badly."

What hurt more, though, he says, was the way in which the album reflected on the rest of the group.

"I felt that I'd let the band down, not because of what I've done, but because of the adjectives people used to describe the band. They dismissed them as 'Aryan', 'teutonic'. Obviously I never helped, but I did become mild-mannered after that."

"I tried to settle down in London and got more into being sociable. I was still working quite avidly, but not to the degree I was before. I mean, I now live at a walking pace, really, as opposed to living at a sprint. My attitude has become very mild-mannered."

That's not to say he's become a sap. His efforts at self-improvement are as determined as ever, but he's more aware of his capacities today.

He tells me that once he came across a number of mathematical terms that he no longer understood and was so shocked that he'd forgotten so much since his O level pass four years ago that he re-sat the exam at home to see how much he remembered. He failed miserably, revised the subject, did it again, this time passing, but not well enough to satisfy himself.

"So much for so-called education," he jokes.

Nevertheless he's still concerned with learning — to improve upon his vocabulary so that he can touch on subjects he presently

feels incapable of tackling.

"I still keep my own little dictionary for words I don't understand," he openly admits. "I hate people who use words they don't understand (listening to the playback there are a few instances of Jobson and, blushing, me doing the same). There are times I've felt people have thought that I do that, but I've never consciously done that — ever. I've never used a five syllable word because I've thought, God, that looks a cracker."

"When I come to write about realistic things, for instance, I never involve myself with the environmental problems I'm aware of because I've never felt competent or mentally capable of tackling them. . . but that will come," he confides.

More sober is the brave confession that he's never written songs about women, 'Woman In Winter' aside.

"I've always regretted it," he says, "and it's not because I've got any tendencies towards chauvinism or homosexuality, just that I've

Jobson and his artwork. Turn the page on its side and all will be revealed. The Jobbogram!



“People say that me wearing blazers and cricket sweaters has something to do with aristocracy or public schools, but that's not at all what it represents. The smartness is part of the puritanism of my upbringing. I've always been used to things being crisp and clean.”

always been aware that romantic involvement (in rock songs) has always been a trifle wet — as well as indulgence in cars or motorways, so I've never involved myself in that — ever."

Unfortunately, the reverse side of the coin is The Skids' tendency towards rabble rousing, foot stomping lad-pleasers, dating back as far as the daft, but great 'Albert Tatlock'.

"Yes," notes Jobson. "There's always been the Boys Brigade come Action Man type things in our songs: we're-all-in-it-together sort of thing in the lyrics I've composed. But I've always been quite image conscious and a lot of them have been quite sombre and melancholy."

That's especially true of the songs from 'The Absolute Game' that might fit into that category, 'Out Of Town' seems to, but really it's full of desperate junkie humour, while 'Hurry On Boys' is more an ironic reflection on growing up. Yet tied to Adamson's great, stirring guitar they're more striking as trench anthems, perhaps, than Jobson intended them to be.

JOBSON'S Milder self manifests itself through the more reserved clothing he plumps for these days. Gone, for the time being, are the outrageous quiffs and pre-futurist PX/Blitz gear that accompanied his darker days.

"The realisation brought on the dues. . . " he stops, smiles and adds, "that's D-U-E-S and not J-E-W-S — of maturity and, ah, I dunno, I don't feel acclimatised anymore to outrage. I don't want to shock anybody. But the mildness hasn't brought on complacency. I'm sure it hasn't, because I'm still being as individual as I ever was in the way I'm approaching things, but I still haven't got an individual way of expressing things and that's the only thing wrong at the moment."

Does he see himself, dresswise or ideas-wise as any sort of precursor to the New Romantics, or Le Beau Monde, as he describes it?

"I will say I've nothing to do with it," says Jobson. "But I'd like to give it life before its death. All I will say is that it's got a lotta front and I just hope the quantity and quality is there, too. Some of it is in dangerous territory, the beautiful young man thing, but I'm only going on what I've heard."

THE MORNING we meet Jobson, he's preparing for a trip North to see his folks and meet up with the band to discuss their future direction. That's why the flourish of a beard has gone.

"Me mother thinks at heart I'm still a good catholic boy," he jokes sheepishly. "She heard from friends who saw me on the *Old Grey Whistle Test* that I had a beard and she sent word that it had better be gone before I get home."

Anyway, he adds, he was beginning to look too much like a "caricature" of a big drinking Scotsman.

Bearing the quip in mind and the Catholic childhood poem he reads at Cabaret Futura how does he stand regarding the Church today?

"Yes, I'm still a believer," he confirms. "But it's more a matter of breeding than belief. I admire the Pope a lot though, in the same way that I admire someone like Cocteau. But to tell you the truth I'm totally irresponsible as far as religion is concerned. Sometimes it makes me feel safe belonging with those millions of the other believers — now I know how a skilhead feels!"

"I do read a lot of old Catholic myths, though," he grins, "meaning the Bible. It's easy reading."

A dark look of fear crosses his face. "Ahh, sacrilege! My Mum will read this and I'll be finished!"

He whips a hymn book called *With One Voice* from the bookshelf. It will have, he claims, a large influence on the structure and feel of upcoming Skids songs. Funny, older Skid songs always struck me as being more Pagan and Ungodly, but once he's mentioned it you can see what he means; he voluntarily takes the subject a step further.

"People say that me wearing blazers and cricket sweaters has something to do with aristocracy or public schools, but that's not at all what it represents. The smartness is part of my puritanism of my upbringing. I've always been used to things being crisp and clean. I'm more into quality as well these days, but I'm not trying to create a fashion."

"Yet the next thing I see are kids coming to our concerts wearing cricket jackets and flannels. It's quite flattering sometimes, I think, though we're not trying to lead anybody at all."

How do the rest of the band take to the added interest in Jobson's solo career?

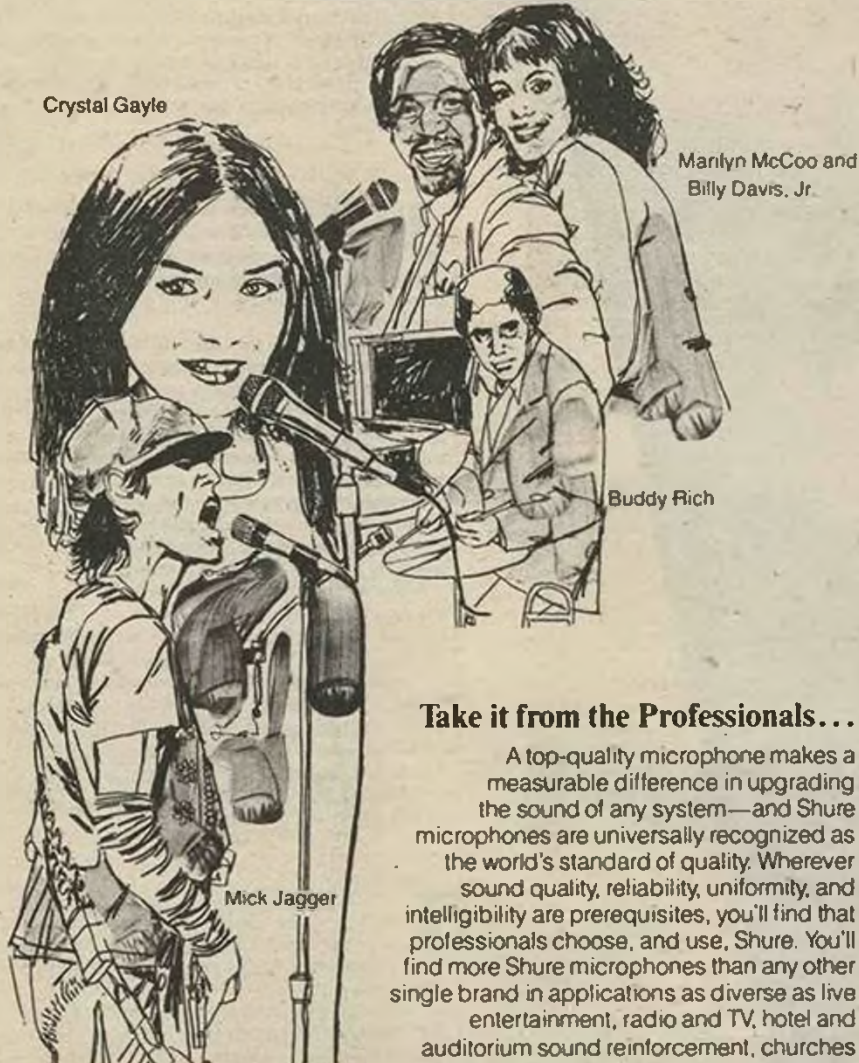
"I think they enjoy my happiness on doing it, but I'm not too sure whether they'll enjoy me bringing it into The Skids. That's what we'll have to discuss. A lot of the soft, little things on 'Strength Through Joy' (the free album with 'The Absolute Game') — which was about jogging, not the Nazi phrase (so why use it?) — are similar things which I came up with within the band."

"I don't think Stuart (Adamson, guitarist) would enjoy me bringing it in, but then I don't admire his guitarring, to tell you the truth. . . and he knows I don't. I just don't go for that spotlight kid guitar thing at all."

He was Jobbo the Yobbo until he discovered Dada and became Gentleman Rick. Now you can follow the Richard Jobson way to self improvement — READ lots of books! LOOK at lots of pictures! VISIT lots of places! CHRIS BOHN undergoes a three hour crash course and comes out a better man ANTON CORBIJN revises Man Ray and trick pix.



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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

He does acknowledge that the best night at Cabaret Futura featured assorted Skids improvising around pre-arranged structures behind him. But "businessmen"—as well as Ian Penman—are putting pressure on him to go it alone.

"They tell me they'll take me to the top, boy," he laughs. "Yeah, it's horrible, they still exist, these cocaine sniffing vagabonds."

"It's funny how times change so much that I now have the cardinal ring of success about me. I feel like I'm a hot fish in this, eh, not cold but warm sea of rock music just now."

However, The Skids still exist and he's excited about their prospects. His solo plans have received a temporary setback anyway, since Virgin have refused him permission to release a poetry album on Factory Benelux. Surprisingly, he took the news calmly, and plans to publish a book *The Gentle And The Gentleman* in the interim.

"Acting as business men, they're right," he affirms. "If it comes to the worst I might put it out with them, but I don't want to. But Virgin are alright—in most aspects I've had the freedom to do what I want, although I was a bit gullible when I signed for eight albums. They just wanted to make money though. However, I respect a lot of people at Virgin. They're very young in some departments and they're growing in confidence. And Branson has backed his staff completely to the hilt. I like the atmosphere there."

EVEN THE mistakes that resulted from Jobson's rush to self-betterment have eventually worked in The Skids' favour. The potentially damaging 'Days In Europa' succeeded too in broadening their following—as much as Jobson's mind was broadened by the ideas that went into it.

Still, The Skids emerged from the controversy of that LP with their strongest album yet in 'The Absolute Game', and Jobson's sideline solo work is gaining in strength and bluster. It's not surprising, though, that he eyes the music press with suspicion after the bawling out he got for 'Days...' and his last encounter with NME, when Ian Penman's cassette machine malfunctioned during the interview.

So he must have been suspecting some major conspiracy against him when an hour into our conversation I discover that my recorder isn't working and I'd missed everything so far. However, he's convinced of my good intentions and produces another tape recorder.

Once the interview's over he demonstrates how it works and plays back a bit. His Scottish accent comes on almost incomprehensible, much stronger than it sounded in person.

"Oh dear, and I was doing my best to talk clearly," he says and then adds with an evil grin, "have fun transcribing it."

A most effective revenge.

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TELEVISION
PERSONALITIES... And Don't The Kids
Just Love It (Rough Trade)

THESE we have loved...

The TV Personalities had all the hallmarks of a band whose fifteen minutes was up as soon as 'Where's Bill Grundy Now?' faded from the popular consciousness. Which just goes to show how wrong you can be, as 'And Don't The Kids' is the best overtly *amateur* album I've heard in a long time, a welcome reminder that the literal meaning of "amateur" is "lover", in this case of a certain innocent pop sensibility long since lost by such as Buzzcocks.

This time around, the TVPs appear to have discovered literature, or rather Culture with a capital "C", a good many of the song-titles originating in books — (*Look Back In Anger*, *A Picture Of Dorian Gray*, *The Glittering Prizes*) or films (*La Grande Illusion*). The formula's pretty much the same as before — bluff, gruff social realism with wry comedic overtones — except that they've got that bit better at playing their instruments and writing their words and tunes. Some things are only natural, I suppose, and their songwriting has at times a natural, unforced beauty impossible to fake.

Certainly, the chorus to something like 'The Glittering Prizes' is melodically priceless, just as its timely tale of a young no-hoper determined to "make it" in his office is a priceless fragment of everyday life. Technically, too, something like 'A Family Affair', with its subdued, menacing guitar backdrop, is way beyond the capabilities of the old TVPs in terms of atmosphere and effect. They don't lack ideas, and underneath the coy veneer of humour, there's a touching (and occasionally painful) emotional awareness, another thing that can't be faked.

It's not a perfect pop album, of course (whatever that is), some of the tracks being fairly ordinary in both content, construction and execution, but there's more than a fair share of songs like 'Geoffrey Ingram', where the matching of dour, resigned vocals with a delightful, twinkling guitar figure sets just the right tone for an excellent piece of pop fodder about a street-level 'Perfect Cousin', the kind of lad "who gets away with that sort of thing".

Musically, the TVPs are still sparse and basic, though slightly "fuller" than before: if their early 45s were little more than bare blueprints, the songs here are like semi-formed mock-ups of possible pop songs, still rough and only partially fleshed-out ideas.

Herein lies a large part of their appeal: we've Rough Trade to thank (again!) for nurturing the TVPs and preventing their being emasculated with professionalistic "good" productions, and the like, for their particular magic lies in their half-formed nature, their humble hesitancy.

These we still love. Or should. Andy Gill

TRUST
Repression (CBS)

ALTHOUGH this is their first attempt to crack the world market, Trust is the biggest rock group in France, where 'Repression' was released two years ago. Their following is nothing short of fanatical, and they are clearly not going to be a one-off phenomenon.

The somewhat unusual means they have employed in breaking through to transatlantic culture is to get Bernard Bonvoisin's lyrics translated by none other than Jimmy Pursey. This means that Trust combines the sharp edge of English punk consciousness with the stereotyped heavy metal sound of AC/DC. The album is dedicated to the memory of Bon Scott. It also means that 'Repression' is a rather strange record.

Trust may be a heavy metal band, but they are a heavy

metal band who sing, in a totally uncompromising way, about political repression, and this automatically puts them leagues ahead of the vast wave of HM bands currently storming this country with their vile anthems to sexism. In fact, so angry and uncompromising are the lyrics of 'Repression' that when it was released in France it was refused airplay.

Jimmy Pursey has not failed to do them justice: "The future prisons will still cage/The animals no one wants to see/No room to think, no time to remember/Put them in, bolt the doors/Beat them and defeat them/So have they fall." Where his own lyrics for Sham 69 were frequently excessive and histrionic, the art of translation seems to have brought him a measure of control.

Bonvoisin himself is a better writer than he is a singer. His voice is a very diluted copy of Bon Scott's, and his refusal to sound English in his pronunciation occasionally makes a mockery of what he's trying to say. The principal problem confronting Trust, however, especially in terms of their desire for success in England and America, is that their music is fundamentally at odds with their lyrics. They have achieved success in France because the new wave movement there is too arcane — too bourgeois and intellectual — to oust heavy metal from prominence. The "success" of spreading their message may therefore be

deceptive; who can say if Trust's fans really care what Bonvoisin is singing about? Their sound is very orthodox Heavy Metal, and if they make it here, it will be because of that, not because people are stirred by his words.

If the French musical scene was a little more advanced, Bonvoisin might have more inspiring influences to draw on, and Trust might therefore be a more worthwhile band. No one song on 'Repression' sticks out as being any better or worse than any other, so there isn't much to say about the music. For its variation in tempo if for nothing else, 'Paris Is Still Burning' is the most memorable of them. The musical arrangement of the legendary Jacques Mesrine's poem *Le Mitard*, however, is impressive. One time Public Enemy No. 1 in France, Mesrine was an idealistic murderer of policemen and gangsters who, having escaped from solitary confinement at Fleury-Merogis, was shot dead in a Paris street in November 1979.

"Il est seul, . . . sans soleil/Et n'a même plus son ombre/Infidèle compagne, elle s'en est allée/Refusant d'être esclave de ce vivant mort-ne." If Trust are really inspired by the lyricism of political martyrdom, they might consider tailoring their adopted musical style to suit it. They must recognise that music, e.g. HM, has its own ideologies.

Barney Hoskyns

THE MOTHMEN
Pay Attention! (ON-U)

I KNOW nothing of The Mothmen save that their names are Chris Joyce, Tony Bowers, David Rowbotham and Bob Harding (drums, guitar, guitar and bass respectively, with minor variations), and that a group of that name once had a single released by Manchester's Absurd label. I'd like to learn more, as 'Pay Attention!' is a surprisingly accomplished and idiosyncratic debut, showing them to have a fine grasp of mixing and matching styles and approaches with a pointed sense of individuality.

The album opens with 'Afghan Farmer Driving Cattle', a respectably rootsy piece of reggae thankfully free of the "whiteness" that usually infuses Caucasian reggae, and possessed of a sharp dubbing-edge. This is followed by a couple of tightly shambolic chunks of Beefheartian boogie, 'Animal Animaux' and 'Not Moving', both of which are a little too fragmented to attain maximum motive power, but which churn along nicely nonetheless.

These are the most accessible moments on 'Pay Attention!', purely because of their traceable reference-points; the rest of the album veers sharply towards an invigorating experimentalism which succeeds because it presents the results of experiments rather than the actual process of experiment.

The album's centrepiece, a lengthy percussion-based track called 'Mothman', takes up all of side two, and sounds like Gilbert and Lewis's 'Kluba Cupol' crossed with Bow Wow Wow or Adam, with shifting patterns of sound filtering through the thunderous metallic rattle of tom-toms and the fuzz-guitar drone figure which form the foundation of the piece. There's no singing, but a varied selection of indeterminate vocal grunts mixes in with the background sound. It's good — the percussion is excellent — and harrowing in its intensity, but ultimately way, way too long, as are all side-long tracks.

Whether The Mothmen can build on the successes of 'Pay Attention!' remains to be seen. But with a little pruning here and there, and a more concise approach in places, they *could* be contenders.

Andy Gill

ALBUMS

MIDNIGHT FLYER
Midnight Flyer (Swansong)

I'D LIKE to say that Midnight Flyer is Maggie Bell's new band, but it's a bit more accurate to say that she happens to be their lead singer.

On the front cover there's a Yorkie-type truck and a big American car on a desert highway — somewhere up the A1? Inside we see some tight-lipped men playing roulette in a darkened room and four girls with hard faces and split skirts standing around looking dead bored. The sexual orientation is clear, before you've even heard a note. Why do all these machismo images have to be so predictable?

The album reeks of cemented rock 'n' roll attitudes; nothing ever changes in this world of rip-off and cliché. The men are all big studs, the women all teenage virgins or whores, and every song rams the point home. From the first few bars you know they'll be taking no prisoners: in 'Sweet Loving Woman' a lonely millionaire rock musician is looking for a "sweet young girl with love to lose"; by the end of the album

Pics: George Bodnar

Nick and the gang watch out for their TV faves: Corry, Crossy, Dally and Grundy.

HERE'S NICK
PARSONS NOW!

it's the appallingly self-righteous 'Rough Trade', about a prostitute who can't make a good relationship anymore, "you got no shame / no-one's to blame". This deeply-entrenched sexism and complete lack of understanding seems absurd, until you glance at the cover again, and the whole thing falls into place.

Maggie Bell herself, so energetic in the ill-fated Stone The Crows, is a great singer, but this album is brain damage as far as she's concerned. To be fair it's not all her fault. Producer Mick Ralphs must have forgotten she was female and set the controls wrong. Her voice sounds too thin, her howls just snarls, her gritty voice a bit too heavy on the grit. When she bawls out 'Do You Want My Love', she sounds like a woman with a sore throat yelling at her kids from the kitchen window.

As far as the band goes, all the guitar licks and drum fills are just what you would expect from a Bad Company clone; turgid, repetitive, and a crashing bore. In fact, it's as boring as what the woman on the street corner is going to have to put up with for her £20.

Dorota Koc

TANGERINE DREAM

'70 — '80 (Virgin)

THE VIRGIN empire was built on the early '70s success of Mike Oldfield and Tangerine Dream. With the release of '70 — '80', both have now been accorded the "accolade" of retrospective quadruple boxed sets. In one sense, then, this album is a monument to corporate success. In another, musical, sense, it's a monument to the efficacy of the sequencer, a box of tricks without which the career of Tangerine Dream might not have been quite so successful.

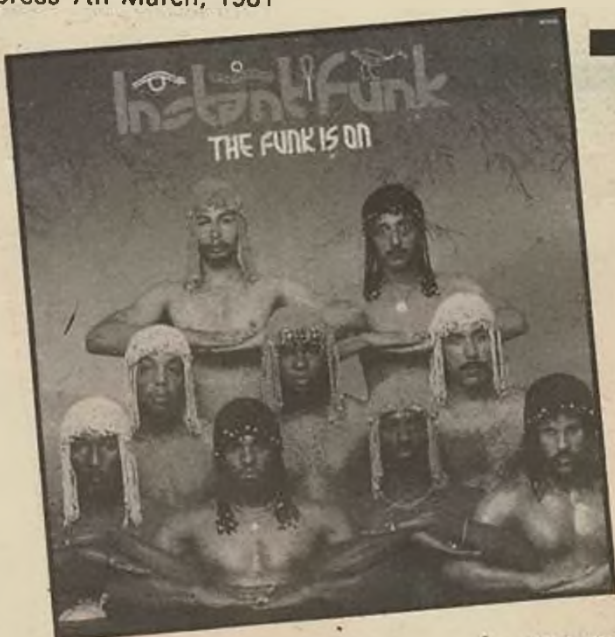
Side one covers the early stuff, typically "experimental" electronic pieces from 'Alpha Centauri' and 'Zeit', and the more interesting 'Wahn' from 'Atem', which features drums combined with the sequencer-driven symphonic-wash approach which reached an early apogee on 'Phaedra', which takes up side two.

Five of the remaining six sides deal, in truly cosmic fashion, with their subsequent eight albums, ending up with the remarkably similar 'Tangram Pt. 1'; played back to back with the earlier material, it's difficult to say exactly which precedes which. Whether this means that the group has ossified or that they were ahead of their time is entirely a matter of opinion.

Side six contains the obligatory "unreleased material" for which people are supposed to buy the entire package. One track apiece from Froese, Franke and Baumann: Froese's 'Baryll Blue' and Baumann's 'Haunted Heights' are quiet and stately pieces, effectively atmospheric and mildly soporific, while Chris Franke's 'Chimes And Chains' is more lively, but constructed with crushing predictability and lacking in any real sense of direction.

All in all, not the most tempting of bait.

Andy Gill



INSTANT FUNK

The Funk Is On (Salsoul)

The scene is a small kidney-shaped office on 122nd St. Nine members of a low-rent funk outfit are in conference with their manager. The mood is depressive and the members pick at the arms of their chairs and look at their boss sulkily like kids being forced to go to bed before they've done having fun. The boss, Mr. Pip Tigrass (aka Sy Wanagra), is laying down his formula for success on the boys. It guarantees a few extra bucks on the club circuit in exchange for their pride, integrity, public dignity and other trifling matters that have 'kept them in Bum's Alley for too long.'

Boss: And so fellahs, frankly that's it — either you wear 'em or you're out.

Shay: Aw c'mon Mr Tigrass, people'll laff.

Boss: They-will-not-laff. Watsamatta wid you guys? You don't recognise style, is that it? You don't feel part of modern trends maybe? You're so different?

Paddy: But they're unmanly, Mr. Tigrass. We cut the album full of macho grunts and man talk and you want we should appear upfront as fruit baskets?

Boss: Jerk! Everybody is wearing these things. Everyone! You never heard of Bo Derek?

Brenden: But she's a lady, Pip, a fe-male! Remember? Nobody asked to see Dud Moore in one.

Boss (sinking back in his chair): I can't believe it. This I can't believe. Is this Instant Funk talking? Is this the band I moulded wid my own two fists?

Mick: We only hired you last week.
Boss: And don't talk back! My God, you talk about being cissies when you won't even acknowledge what every beefcake on the street is currently got on his head! All of a sudden you know so much about fashion?

Finbar (fingering one of the notorious garments): Tch. They look like goddamned thirty cent lampshades.

Sean: Worse... Heinz have out this new variety of spaghetti and sweet corn and I swear if you poured a can over yo' head it wou-

Boss: Shaddup! The lot of you just shaddup! OK, Martin, hand the rest around. That's a silver one for you Shay and sort out who should wear the gold.

Paddy: If my mother could see me now...

Boss: Okay, Okay. Now then. Everybody got one? Good, now let me see how it looks. (He stands back a few paces). Wonderful! Magnificent! From now on I promise you Instant Funk will be world famous for their head-dresses.

Sean: You said it, brother.

Boss: Seriously fellahs, you look set to break hearts. Demons! Casanovas!
Finbar (quietly to Mick): You wanna be Shirley Bassey or Patti Boulaye?

Boss: I see it. I see the album jacket. Nine guys in a pyramid formation, naked but for their head-dresses. Goddammit we'll beat Maurice White to this one!

Ned: I'll never show my face at The Heavy Swede again.

Boss: Alright, here we go. All link arms for the photo. Try not to look self-conscious, now. Everybody comfortable? OK, SMILE!

Danny Baker

GROWN MEN & MUSIC

(A TRUE STORY)

CHET BAKER

Once Upon A Summertime (Artists House)

CHET BAKER had it made one year and blew it the next. The year was 1954, and Baker (25) was America's most popular modern jazz trumpet player, whilst Miles Davis — whose thunder Baker was supposed to have stolen — ranked ninth in the ratings.

An irresistible combination of James Dean's visual sensitivity, an easily accessible (if somewhat trite) style and 'My Funny Valentine' — a hit he'd scored whilst still a key member of Gerry Mulligan's then-innovative pianoless quartet — had this archetypal Young Man With A Horn poised on becoming the biggest post-war populist jazz star.

Smack promptly put paid to all that. And, though Baker's good-looks, fans and teeth quickly deserted him, surprisingly his lip didn't. Always a lyrically introspective player, he seems to have possessed a tenacity rarely revealed by the worrisome fragility of his tone, his economical use of notes and the prevailing melancholic romanticism that haunted him.

Whilst never again attaining anything remotely like his previous popularity, Baker — often running scared, broke and busted — still managed to appear (mainly as leader) on close on 20 LPs over the last



three years. However, the aura of extreme sadness that pervades so much of his work usually gave the distinct impression that the only purpose for his participation was to pay off pressing debts. Occasionally, he managed to rekindle a spark of inspired optimism which, logically, should have long been extinguished and this album, recorded in just one day in February 1977, is one such jewel, depicting Mr Chet playing with dignity and avoiding the embarrassment of maudlin self-pity.

His bullet-biting team-mates — tenorist Gregory Herbert, pianist Harold Danko and the fearsome pairing of bassist Ron Carter and firebrand drummer Mel Lewis — steer him well clear of any sentimentality, making it quite clear that if Baker isn't up to scratch, he'll be blown away in the tackles.

It's a mature attitude that pays off handsomely. This is the first album in many a year worthy of Baker's name, offering more than a just fleeting glance of what the fuss was once all about. Still, despite its vitality and undoubted excellence, the album may not be able to activate for Baker the kind of unprecedented interest which has elevated Art Pepper to superstar status. But having spent the best part of his career portraying The Beautiful Loser, any other role would now seem out of character.

Roy Carr

An LP that, even though it's already three years old, is still going to count as one of the most powerful British releases of 1981.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

N.M.E. 14.2.81

At a recommended retail price just a penny short of three pounds there is little excuse not to invest in a reggae landmark where the heart of the Congos beats a triumphant celebration.

JON FUTURELL

BLACK ECHOES 14.2.81

Be thankful then, for the mediocre output that has paved the way for the truly remarkable "Heart Of The Congos", recorded in 1978 with Lee Perry, and now finally given its first general release by the Beat's Go-Feet label.

"Heart Of The Congos" has acquired legendary cult status through the rare imports of two earlier mixes: such notoriety is for once fully deserved, and the Beat are in credit for their decision to use their label for such a worthy release.

Few such essential purchases exist.

JOHN ORME

MELODY MAKER 14.2.81

Fisherman
Can't Come In
Double A Side Single by

BEAT 2

GO-FEET RECORDS



from the album
"Heart of the Congos"
£2.99 r.s.p.

A yen for pleasure

RIUICHI SAKAMOTO
B-2 Unit (*Island*)

I'M NOT sure who must accept responsibility for perpetrating the myth in the very first instance, but throughout this century Western culture frequently displays an almost paranoid distrust for advanced machinery. The inherent fear being that, without prior warning, machines would successfully usurp their creators. Perhaps, one day, they will!

The Japanese don't appear to have that dread. For all their alleged inscrutability, the Japanese have made it quite apparent that they don't glorify machines in the same thoroughly misguided manner that right-wing Futurists of half-a-century ago did, but respect the practicality of efficient hi-tech mechanism. Machines, they rightfully believe, are there for society's betterment, convenience, pleasure and — as any Nipponese electronics manufacturer will substantiate — profit. They never once forget precisely who is in control.

B-2 Unit is yet another project organised by Yellow Magic Orchestra overlord, Riuichi Sakamoto. In this instance, the keyboardist is joined by XTC's Andy Partridge and the firm of Tadashi Kumihara and Kenji Omura. Aside from being identified on the sleeve as *musicians*, their exact roles are unspecified, so that it's never made apparent exactly who is responsible for what: if everything is the result of electronically-generated sound patterns or if standard (rock) instruments are treated to achieve the desired effects.

ERIC CLAPTON
Another Ticket (*RSO*)
ROBIN TROWER
B.L.T. (*Chrysalis*)

CLAPTON'S very first solo album, over a decade ago, saw him moving away from the improvisational excesses of Cream: he was after something both tighter and more relaxed, a guitar style that was spare as well as noticeable.

Fine in theory, but in practice it's this spectacular tastefulness which has trapped him since 1970, despite a blossoming in the tougher, rocking context of Derek And The Dominoes.

As time goes by, though,

'Layla' seems more and more like an enterprising anomaly among the dreary list of solo offerings, with their safety-catch of a touch of reggae, touch of country, touch of blues — a nice touch of everything and not forgetting those very nice touches from Eric himself.

'Another Ticket' is more of the same, with a slight change of emphasis and musical partners. Given the presence of Albert Lee, the country side is

surprisingly played down, and you'd expect more vocal clout from ex-Procul Harum keyboards person Gary Brooker.

Eric's own voice, like his writing ability, hasn't improved any: what used to be its untutored low-key charm is now thoroughly insipid, especially when dealing with the title track and another mawkish love song 'Something Special'.

The vocals get ridiculous on

the gospel of 'Hold Me Lord', during which Eric grows sick on wine and women in Bethlehem and saunters over to Galilee for a grapple ('Hold me tight, I beg of you') with Him — Big Daddy or Jacky Pallo? And the cover of Sleepy John Estes' 'Floating Bridge', sounds like a Barron Knights version of Ry Cooder... There's all sorts to be said about 'Another Ticket' (Chris Stainton on keyboards blah blah) but nothing for it.

While Clapton was stretching

himself with (drowning in?) Cream, Robin Trower was all economy with Procul Harum, his fuzzy punctuations at their best on 'Home'. After he went solo, he started to build sub-Hendrix extensions, which at least crumbled steadily thanks to grit-voiced bassist Jim Dewar and ex-Sly Stone drummer Bill Lordan.

For 'B.L.T.' Dewar has been replaced by Jack Bruce (that Cream again!) whose melodic bass and vocal phrasing lend

Trower's compositions more plangency and atmosphere. But Trower tracks they remain, the boogier end of the blues, hard (wake up, Eric!) but empty.

All this shoddy material on both albums... but guitar giants should be able to turn crap into diamonds, like Hendrix playing 'Laughing Sam's Dice' with a drummer as much prone to error as brilliance. Trower has never been capable of that, nor has the much 'greater' Clapton even if he has been called 'God' and did make the blues accessible to a whole white generation. These days they just keep coming back to bore.

Paul Tickell



An optimistic salesperson tries to sell Riuichi Sakamoto a second-hand cassette recorder.

Roy Carr

Dexyz Midnight Runners

Dear Readers

It's over six months now since our first communication when we stated that we wouldn't be doing any more interviews with the music papers and even now the bitching continues. Gallant reporters from all the papers never miss an opportunity to call us funny names or make snide remarks about our craft. The Musical Express (which, incidentally, we felt had more integrity than the other papers) seems intent on making Kevin this year's whipping boy. You won't do it chaps—he's stronger than you. Besides, the best thing you can do is ignore us then perhaps we'll go away... then again, perhaps not.

For those interested, some of the previous members of the group left suddenly after hatching a plot to throw Kevin out and still carry on under the same name. What happened was, Kevin discovered the scheme and asked the would-be overthrowers to leave. At the time of their exit the gentlemen were far from impressed with the group's future plans as well as with suggestions that they might learn new instruments. However, the main source of their heartache was the group's image and stance which they felt didn't

particularly represent them anyway—a perfectly justifiable opinion since they were all initially recruited from very different walks of music. They now have their own group and we wish them the best of British (oh, and we don't mind you claiming credit for Kevin's ideas, honest chaps).

For totally different reasons Al Archer recently decided to leave. He had wanted to make a start on a project of his own for some time and felt that now was as good a time as any. He will be missed as a loyal friend most of all.

And there you have it.

Meanwhile Big Jimmy, Kevin and six new fusiliers have, for the last few months, been busily working on our next live venture, "The Midnight Runners Projected Passion Revue". More of that soon. Please don't expect this group to be exactly the same as the last one. It has to be better, otherwise there's no point.

Dexyz Midnight Runners

We want to apologise to anybody who wrote to us over the last few months and hasn't received a reply. The delay was caused by our moving offices. We can now welcome letters at Intense Emotions Limited, 4 The Willows, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands.





THE NEW SINGLE: B/W 'THE QUIET ONE'



Okay, John so we look stoopid, but have you checked those guys on page 36, yet?

THE BEACH BOYS The Capitol Years (World Records)

LET'S NOT kick around the sand-dunes: this boxed set is, quite simply, the finest Beach Boys offering ever released.

A seven album, 123 track compilation, pieced together by Beach Boy freaks Roy Gudge, Mike Grant and their mates around the world, it spans the years 1962-70 and includes the group's greatest hits, some notable misses and even a number of goodies you weren't aware of — all superbly packaged and replete with a set of highly informative notes that fill an enclosed 12 page booklet.

Certainly there's plenty for the aficionado to mull over, for even some of the seemingly predictable tracks are not quite what they appear to be. The version of 'Be True To Your School' proves to be the one that originally graced the 1963 single, an item never before released on album, while 'Fun, Fun, Fun' turns up in its original mono mix for the first time since '67. Elsewhere there are other surprises and oddities, including a version of 'Auld Lang Syne', only previously available on a Capitol promo radio transcription, and a harmonically intricate acappella rendering of 'The Lord's Prayer'.

Most intriguing of all is the album titled 'The Brian Wilson Productions', which features eight titles from The Honeybees, the girlie group that eventually materialised into Spring; a brace of forgettables by Gary Usher; four songs from the mysterious Sharon Marie, including a heavily Spectorised 'Runaround Lover'; the two numbers that the Beach Boys themselves recorded under the pseudonym The Survivors; and, amazingly, the best track of all, 'Guess I'm Dumb', a 'Don't Worry Baby' soundalike that features a marvellously sinuous lead vocal by Glen Campbell, set against background support by Brian Wilson and The Honeybees. ('The Capitol Years' is available by mail order only from World Records, P.O. Box 11, Richmond, Surrey TW9 1QP, price £25.75 inclusive of postage and packing).

Fred Dellar

JOE SAMPLE Voices In The Rain (MCA)

THE LAST Crusader to release a solo album since the watershed success of 'Street Life', pianist Joe Sample calls it quits and takes the soft option like Stix Hooper and Wilton Felder before him. Whereas both 'Rainbow Seeker' and 'Carmel' managed to bridge that nebulous stretch of space between the jazz mainstream and crossover without cramping Sample's distinctive style or enviable facility, 'Voices In The Rain' reduces everything to a lowest common denominator. This is jazzak.

Sample's music has been overwhelmed by an ingratiating prettiness that borders on the mawkish and a self-importance that insists on spurious displays of expertise. There's no other obvious justification for all his tiresome tinklings across the higher

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL The Royal Albert Hall Concert (Fantasy)

ELEVEN YEARS after the event, Creedence Clearwater Revival remain the essence of the rock and roll group as a motivating force. Caught here live and in living colour with John Fogerty at his leather throated best, Creedence demonstrate a basic understanding of direct action — the lead singer and principal guitarist giving his diamond-studded repertoire the benefit of a frightening commitment.

Fogerty's unswerving protest on 'Fortunate Son' caught the imagination of a million GIs forced to participate in a bloodbath for which they had no answer and for which they often lost their human pride. His 'Born On The Bayou' and 'Proud Mary' gave modern American folk parables a dignity that lifted their subjects above poverty.

Wherever this record was recorded (current litigation aims it was Detroit, not London), the overall potency of the performance gives the lie to any suggestion that all Californian music of the time has inevitably dated and sickened. For Creedence, and Fogerty in particular, true roots lay in the heartland of the American South, in its concoctions of black R&B and white-trash country. That such a sound has endured is proven by this representative concert and its selection of hits.

If it is true that Fogerty, six years after finishing his two excellent solo albums, is to reform the original group then one can only hope that he still has the talent to remain ahead of his time. He's one of the few figures in popular music whose careers deserve assessment and devotion.

Max Bell



Joe Sample.

scales, and what was once funky in Sample's left hand is now flaky at best.

Equally disturbing, either Sample's songbook has turned its final page or he simply can't be bothered to extend or exert himself anymore. 'Eye Of The Hurricane', 'Dream Of Dreams', 'Greener Grass', the title track — there's nothing, not a note or a phrase amongst all this marshmallow romanticism that isn't all too familiar. Everything, even the pompous pseudo-classical frills of 'Sonata In Solitude', toes the same dowdy late-night line, and seems literally terrified of interrupting its own sluggish flow of recycled ideas.

'Burnin' Up The Carnival' is the obligatory vocal, but Josie

THE FIRESIGN THEATRE Fighting Clowns (Rhino)

AT LAST. It's been a good few years since the last Firesign album, 'Just Folks — A Firesign Chat' (itself coming several years after 'In The Next World, You're On Your Own,' their last for American CBS), was unleashed upon a largely ignorant world.

The reasons for this ignorance are obvious, especially this side of the pond. For one, Firesign albums have never been available in this country as other than imports or cut-outs (shame!); for two, they derive much of their meaning from American mores, customs, caricatures and (above all) television; for three, the Firesign brand of surreal satire is almost totally devoid of punch-lines.

This last factor is what gives their albums their enduring quality: unlike other comedy records, which, once heard, are effectively dead, Firesign's can be played and unpeeled time and time again, with no diminution of effect. I'm still playing mine after almost a decade, and hearing things I never noticed before.

'Fighting Clowns' takes the format of a cabaret-style show offering both sides of the nuclear war picture for a group of passing bozos seduced in turn by jingoism and pacifism. Subtitled 'A Full-Frontal Entertainment', it contains a clutch of *National Lampoon*-type spoof songs — not usually Firesign's strong suit — the best of which is a silky-smooth four-part harmony soft-soul number called 'Hey Reagan', and a few sharp cameos of contemporary life, like 'In The Hot Tub' — sick, stoned, selfish in-tub chat.

Nice to see they haven't lost their satirical ear, or their grasp on contemporary issues. Jingoism and pacifism: escapism and realism. The way they put it, the congruence is obvious. Not one of their best records (try 'Everything You Know Is Wrong' and 'Don't Crush That Dwarf, Pass Me The Pliers'), perhaps, but it's good to hear from them again.

Andy Gill

James hasn't the range for its jaunty, Brazilian up tempo and George Duke shrugs this sort of thing off much more convincingly anyway. Flora Purim sings back-up here, also performs a wordless 'act of love' (so it sez on the sleeve) on 'Shadows', an otherwise dreary little flight of fancy on side two. Production, instrumentation and full supporting cast of capable session players are all standard Crusader fittings. But chip away the mahogany gloss and you're left with cheap pine.

If this is supposed to be jazz or Sample's idea of how the sum of a lifetime's outstanding musicianship should be presented to a wider public, then Oscar Peterson is avant-garde and Sample himself is being incredibly condescending towards his new audience. 'Voices' is easy money: a hit.

Angus MacKinnon



PRINT....

Connoisseurs of the quiff and dilettantes of the back-comb will take delight in Jurgen Vollmer's *Rock'n'Roll Times*, 80 pages of hardcore greasy kid stuff from the earliest of the '60s.

The photographs are different because their settings are Hamburg and Paris, and because Vollmer brings an almost documentary approach to his subjects — lots of cheesy bedroom shots alongside the more usual streetcorner poses.

Vollmer was part of Hamburg's coffee bar and jazz beatnik scene, all existentialism and black clothes, who became interested in rock after seeing The Beatles at the kaiserkeller. He became friendly with the group, together with Klaus Voormann (who later designed the 'Revolver' cover), and Astrid Kirchherr, who became drummer Stuart Sutcliffe's girlfriend and was the one who turned the group off brylcreem and onto 'beatlecuts', the French fashion of the day, as these shots sometimes show.

Vollmer's Hamburg Beatle shots — there's ten pages of them here — have since become classics. Lennon describes him in the foreword here as "the first photographer to capture the beauty and spirit of The Beatles", and it was Vollmer's pic that became the cover of Lennon's *Rock And Roll*. The book's been out for a year or so and at six quid for an import copy (*Editions de Nesle, Paris*) isn't cheap. Obsessives can save their empties.

Neil Spencer



The State Of The World Atlas by Michael Kidron & Ronald Segal (Pan £5.95)

THE best ideas, it's said, are often the simplest. That's certainly the case with *The State Of The World Atlas*, a political reference book which manages to translate hard, boring statistics into often shocking visual statements.

Unlike normal atlases, which treat "facts" as fixed and immutable, it claims only to represent the world at a particular point in time, its 66 full-colour spreads dealing with comparative levels of militarism, natural resources, education, trade, dissent, etc. over the past few years. One of its more striking devices is the use of "block diagram" maps which preserve the geographical relationships between states but distort their sizes to fit the statistics — a highly effective way of showing the North/South dichotomy in things like food, trade, and income.

Besides a wide range of colour-codes and diagrams, the book also makes use of emotive symbols to denote certain characteristics: a clenched fist for resistance, skulls for famines, syringes for Soviet "psychiatric" hospitals, etc. The map on the right shows, amongst other things, that the UK detains political prisoners, uses and condones torture, and has only "suspended" the death penalty.

Required reading for politically-aware Smeeton everywhere.
Andy Gill

The no-law back-door surveillance baby

narrative, reveals the true nature of our current situation.

The three main security services in Britain are the Special Branch, M15 and M16. The Special Branch has its headquarters at New Scotland Yard and has actively investigated the IRA, the black community, Welsh nationalists, journalists, trade union members, asked students to supply information on their friends and associates, and even toured schools asking about the political leanings of teachers.

The next step in the security hierarchy is M15, who are more involved in long-term surveillance. Their Central Registry is reported to contain several million names, but M15's existence is not recognised by any legislation and details of its costs and operations are secret. They are known to have bugged trade unionists and MPs and it has been claimed that even Harold Wilson, when he was Prime Minister, was bugged.

Even more secret is M16, the true Secret Service, which officially doesn't exist. According to Bernard Nossiter, former London correspondent of the *Washington Post*, M16 "stage-manages coups, burglaries, safes, blackmails the vulnerable and practises most of the other curious arts familiar to well-endowed agencies with overseas interests". It was M16 who invented that ultimate euphemism for assassination: 'termination with extreme prejudice'.

Aubrey analyses the methods used by all these outfits: phone tapping, letter opening, electronic surveillance and computer systems.

None of the security agencies is open to public accountability, and of 95 subjects on which parliamentary questions will not be accepted are 'security operations' and 'telephone tapping'. We have a repressive Official Secrets Act, D-notices, jury vetting and no Bill of Rights or any legislation guaranteeing personal privacy. As Aubrey says: "If we cannot make a phone call, attend a public meeting or get involved in a trade union without fear of surveillance, where do our freedoms lie?"

Who's Watching You? enables the reader to match paranoid imaginings against hard fact. It's an open question whether it will make you feel any more "secure".

Dick Tracy

In Our Time by Tom Wolfe (Picador £2.95)

THERE are only a few corners left in the world where the flamboyant literary figure is still tolerated, let alone honoured with the highest form of tribute society can pay the singular artist — guest star status on TV chat shows. America is one of the corners and Tom Wolfe is one of the figures.

Separated by education and temperament from the American mainstream, Wolfe enjoys his distance from the species. He observes them with a cartoonist's eye for the exaggerated feature and the key foibles, and backs up his observations with a keen grasp of social history, not to mention a medical textbook (whoever heard of an arteriosclerotic anything?) and a very genteel wit.

Another *Harpers* article reviewing the past decade, along with one from *Esquire* magazine on the same subject, form the basis of *In Our Time*, which looks fat but is really rather scrawny. Its bulk consists of drawings and caricatures, many culled from Wolfe's previous books. One particularly glaring inclusion in a book that's supposed to be about the '70s is a caricature of Conservative MP Duncan Sandys. And Wolfe's drawings, it must be said, are not uniformly great. On the other hand, he trains his telescope on the tell-tale details of changing style with infallible accuracy.

Peering through it, America, in what Wolfe optimistically concludes is her "Elizabethan period, her Bourbon Louis romp, her season of rude animal health and rising sap!"... America seems quite ridiculous and almost wonderful, as divorce becomes fashionable, health becomes a religion, and being old becomes a greater stigma than being poor. Children have to beg their divorcee parents on school open days not to talk about coke, Acapulco and Fleetwood Mac, and young men still have noble ideals like wanting to go to Europe and kidnap industrialists for the Revolution and then write a book about it and make a lot of money.

One thing that has been overlooked in these brief, amusing sketches of the signposts of contemporary life is the rise to abundance of the coffee-table status object. *In Our Time* is just such an object. Tom Wolfe has finally made a contribution to the furniture he so eloquently describes.

Paul Rambali

Who's Watching You? by Crispin Aubrey (Pelican £1.50)

THIS is a very important and significant book, the first mass-market, readable account of Britain's security services, aimed directly at the dark heart of that most fashionable and pervasive of modern paranoias — BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU.

Crispin Aubrey is not only an extremely effective journalist but has also had first-hand experience of his subject, as one of the three defendants in the ABC Official Secrets Trial.

Aubrey's account of the background to his case and the trial itself makes gripping reading and provides a valuable personal perspective.

Surrounding it is a factual summary of all aspects of the subject of national security — a patchwork of incidents and intrigues which, when stitched together into a continuous

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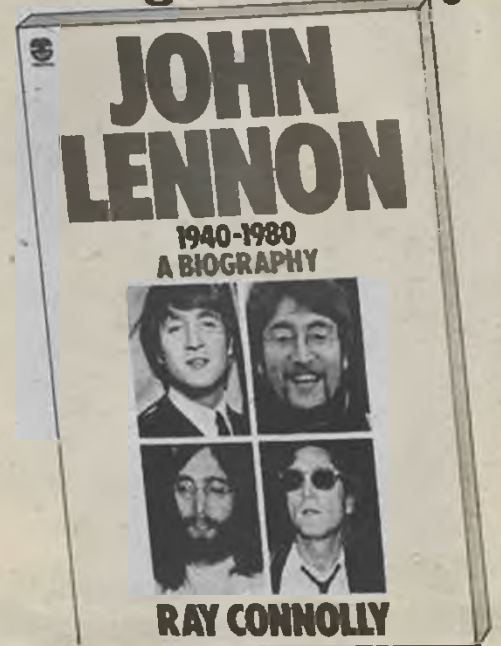
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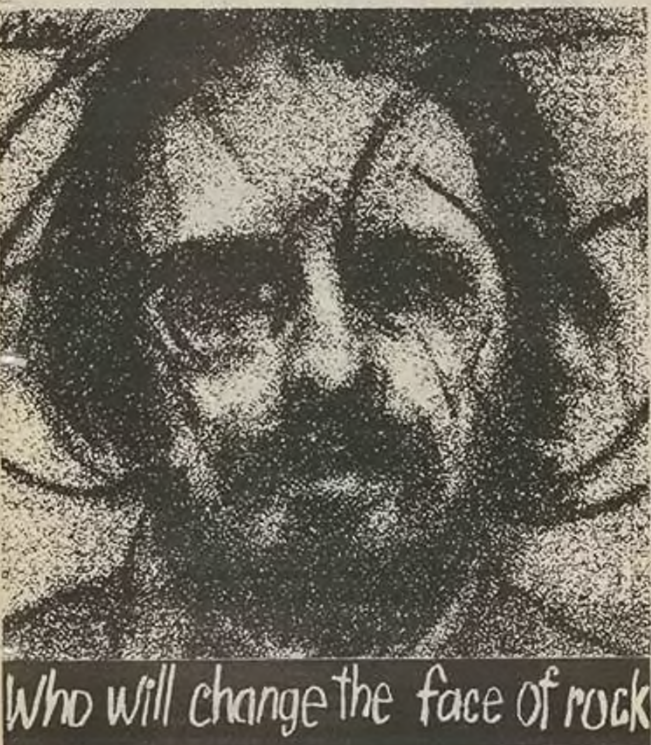


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DATA CONTROL



● Current interest in the Futurist movement has prompted EMI to reissue the title track from the album 'Nice Mover' by Gina X Performance (originally released late 1978), coupled with 'No G.D.M.' — it's available in both 7" and 12" formats. The picture above shows GINA KIKOINE (Gina X to you) and fellow band member HINRICH SICKENBURGER.

● Iron Maiden have a double A-sided single issued by EMI this week, and it's also available in cassette format. It couples 'Twilight Zone' and 'Wrathchild' — the former is a new track, and the latter is taken from their current album 'Killers'.

● Jody St. vocalist Noel McCalla is to be the featured singer on an album being recorded by ex-Weather Report bassist Alphonso Johnson in Los Angeles later this month.

● Chris Hamill has his second single for Random Records (distributed by Spartan) issued on March 13, titled 'Angel'.

● Dynasty, who support Millie Jackson on her British concert this weekend (see Gig Guide), have their single 'Groove Control' rushed out by Solar through RCA.

● Berlin Blondes have their single 'Framework'/'Zero Song' issued by EMI this week. Both tracks are completely re-mixed versions of titles on their self-named debut album.

● The Congos, the first act to be featured on The Beat's own Go-Foot label apart from The Beat themselves, have a single out this weekend. It's a double A-sided coupling 'Fisherman' and 'Can't Come In', both titles taken from their recently released album 'Heart Of The Congos', produced by the near-legendary Lee Perry.

● The new Nazareth single, issued by Nems tomorrow (Friday), is 'Dressed To Kill' from their current album 'Full Circle'.

● Following the success of Fred Wedlock's single 'Oldest Swinger In Town', Saydisc are reissuing his two albums on the Village Thing label, 'The Folker' and 'Frollicks'.

● Karen and Richard Carpenter have just finished recording a new batch of material, and A&M say that a new Carpenters album can be expected very soon.

● Issued by Armageddon this week is 'In Berlin', a live album by Blur recorded at the Rock Against Junk concert in Berlin last December, and selling at a suggested price of £4.99. Currently in America, the band resume gigging here in late March.

● The Meteors, the rock'n'roll trio whose short film *Meteor Madness* is playing alongside *Dance Craze* in many cinemas across the country, have a four-track EP issued this weekend by Ace Records (distributed by Pinnacle) and including two of the songs featured in the movie. Three albums issued simultaneously by the same label are sets by Oscar McLollie & His Honey Jumpers and Jimmy McCracklin & His Bluesblasters, plus a compilation titled 'Texas R&B' which includes several early recordings by King Curtis.

● Butt Records have now arranged a distribution deal with Spartan for the three-album Kevin Coyne boxed set 'The Dandelion Years', and it is now immediately available.

● Family Fodder release their debut album 'Monkey Banana Kitchen' this week on Fresh Records. The anonymous Fodders, 14 of whom participated in the making of this LP, are reportedly preparing to perform live.

IAN STEWART'S sleeve notes to 'Rocket 88' (Atlantic) indicate the both he and I came in through the same door, his heroes including piano blues and boogie giants like Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, Sammy Price, Big Maceo and Milt Buckner, along with New Orleans men such as Fats Domino and Amos Milburn, plus '50s R&B kings Wynonie Harris and Louis Jordan: "In whose bands the pianos played eight to the bar and the saxes ruled."

And though he and Brian Jones didn't exactly see eye-to-eye about the kind of R&B outfit they wanted to form back in '61, Rocket 88, an occasional band, first formed to celebrate the 50th anniversary of boogie, in 1978, would seem to be the kind of aggregation Stewart's always dreamed of playing in, the line-up on the album including Jack Bruce, Charlie Watts, Alexis Korner, Bob Hall, British jazz vets Colin Smith, John Picard and Don Weller, and Hal Singer, the honkin' tenor who blew his way to glory on various King

sessions with Wynonie Harris and others.

Recorded live at a Rotation Club gig, Hanover, West Germany, on a night when they were fired-up and ready to go, the all-stars wail like a Harlem Savoy big band on 'Swindon Swing'; boogie ferociously through Pete Johnson's 'Rocket 88' and 'Roadhouse Boogie'; slow things down for Bruce to offer a wonderfully intense vocal on his own 'Waiting For the Call', and generally do right by their chosen music — trombonist Picard playing some unbelievable stuff throughout, while Singer and Weller just keep on bootin'. There are one or two duff spots (Korner's hoarse vocal on 'Roll 'Em Pete' is hardly up to Joe Turner standard) and Stewart's assertion that the disc is "one of the best live albums ever" is a trifle over the top. Nevertheless, 'Rocket 88' still pans out as a fine example of boogie, the way she was. Pinetop would have smiled.

● L. A. Bullets: 'L. A. Bullets' (AVI). The sons of The Standells it seems, with 'Dirty Water'

STREET HEAT COMPILATION

CHARISMA release a 13-track compilation called 'Heat From The Street' on March 13 via their mid-price Class label (maximum £3.99). It's been put together by Sandy Robertson and Paul Brown, the men behind last year's 'Hicks From The Sticks' album on the Rockburgh label. It features 13 up-and-coming acts, several of whom are already making a considerable name for themselves — The Cuban Heels, Endgames, Poptunes, Fifi & The Firebirds, Aircraft, Eyeless In Gaza, Small Print, The Papers, Steve Hervieu, The Beatniks, Ric Adams, The Decorators and Albania.

Charisma are also offering 16 of their top catalogue albums at a special low price from next week. The offer is available on copies with a gold star sticker announcing "Limited Edition Special Price". Among albums included in the deal are five by Genesis, two each by Peter Gabriel and Steve Hackett, and sets by Tony Banks, Mike Rutherford, Brand X, Viv Stanshall, Lindisfarne, Monty Python and The Albion Band.

● Out this month on Island is 'The King Kong Compilation', comprising 16 reggae tracks produced by the late Leslie Kong. Among artists featured are Desmond Dekker, The Maytals, Ken Boothe, The Pioneers, Bruce Ruffin and Ansell Collins. All tracks date from the period 1968-70.

● The Plastics' first Island single is released next week as a gold-vinyl flexi-disc, and the first 5,000 copies will be given away at HMV and Virgin shops, after which it will cost 20p — titles are 'Diamond Head' and 'Peace'. They're a Japanese band who recently supported The Talking Heads and The B-52's in Japan, and they'll be touring Britain in mid-spring to support their debut album 'Welcome Back Plastics', due out in early April.

● Theatre Of Hate release their own bootleg album 'He Who Dares Wins' this weekend. It was recorded live at Leeds, and is intended to beat the real bootleggers! It will retail through the usual independent distributors at under £2.50.

● B&C Records have picked up the single 'Film Star' by Tom Marshall, currently keyboards man with Liquid Gold, from indie label Gun. It was produced by Trevor Horn and Geoff Downes of Yes / Buggles fame, and is released this week, with distribution by CBS.

● Multi-instrumentalists Alan Coates and Bernie Clarke have signed to Polydor as The Covers. Their debut single under this name, the self-penned 'Too Hot To Handle', is issued on March 13.



ROD STEWART

Diana, Ronnie albums

DIANA ROSS has her new album 'To Love Again' issued by Motown on March 16. It's a collection of love songs compiled, produced and co-written by Michael Masser, and the first 30,000 copies contain a free large poster of Diana. Out on the same day is a single taken from the LP, titled 'One More Chance', packaged in a full colour bag showing the back sleeve of the album.

● Ronnie Spector has signed to Red Shadow Records, who release her first solo album 'Siren' this week. Produced by Genya Raven of Goldie & The Gingerbreads, it features a backing comprising members of The Heartbreakers, Mink DeVille, The Dead Boys and The G. R. Band.

● 'Elgin Avenue Breakdown', the long overdue album by The 101'ers, is finally issued this weekend on Andalucia Records with distribution by Virgin.

● Sad Cafe's double live album is now officially set for release next week, to coincide with their appearance in ATV's *Rockstage* series.

● Rod Stewart, currently forming a new band for a Japanese tour in April, has a new single out this weekend on Riva — titled 'Oh God I Wish I Was Home Tonight', it's another track lifted from his 'Foolish Behaviour' album. The full colour bag includes the song's lyrics, and it's also being made available as a cassette single.



RONNIE SPECTOR

IMPORTS

● Human Sexual Response: 'Fig 14' (Passport). Inventive outfit from Boston who, according to their handout: "specialise in putting Masters and Johnson to music." 'I Want To Be Jackie Onassis' and the cover of 'Cool Jerk' are the cuts that have pulled most wordage in the States, though 'Dick And Jane', which owes much to Freberg's notorious 'John And Marsha', is ruder and more fun.

IMPORTS TOP 10

- 1 Diana Ross 'To Love Again' (Motown)
- 2 Rocket 88 'Rocket 88' (Atlantic)
- 3 John Lennon and Yoko Ono 'Wedding Album' (Jap Apple)
- 4 Bernard Wright 'Nard' (GRP)
- 5 Monkees 'Golden Story' (Jap Aristal)
- 6 Edgar Winter 'Standing On Rock' (Blue Sky)
- 7 Journey 'Captured' (Columbia)
- 8 John Lennon and Yoko Ono 'Unfinished Music 2/Life With The Lions' (Jap Apple)
- 9 R.E.O. Speedwagon 'Hi Infidelity' (Epic)
- 10 Smokey Robinson 'Being With You' (Motown)

Chart supplied by Flyover Records, Hammersmith and HMV Record Shop, Oxford Street.

RECORD NEWS



Two live elpees by Gary Numan

GARY NUMAN has two live albums released by Beggars Banquet to coincide with his farewell concerts at the end of next month. They're issued on April 17, and will be available either separately or as a boxed set — and they'll be on sale for exactly one month before being deleted on May 15. 'Living Ornaments 79' was recorded during Numan's 'Touring Principle' tour, and 'Living Ornaments 80' is taken from his 'Teletour' outing — and they each feature totally different selections, with no song duplicated on both albums. The boxed set also includes a special free single, featuring two additional live tracks.

● Rock'n'roller Johnny Storm, who recently signed a worldwide recording and publishing deal with Magnum Force Records, has his first album 'Flame On!' issued this weekend. It contains his new single 'Fast Eddie', a tribute to Eddie Cochran on the 21st anniversary of his death, which comes out on March 20.

● At the end of March, Island release a compilation album called 'Taxil', comprising 12 prime tracks from Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare's Taxi label. Among acts featured are Jimmy Riley, The Tamlins, Junior Delgado, Dennis Brown and Black Uhuru — and the latter will have his own album issued on Island in April.

● The new Vardis single, issued by Logo this week, is their version of the Hawkwind classic 'Silver Machine'. The first 15,000 copies are marketed in special bags.

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS

UB40 in fire benefit

UB40, Merger and Metumbi feature in a benefit concert this Saturday (7) at London Central Polytechnic, in aid of the New Cross Fire Fund. Admission is £2, and the compères are Linton Kwesi Johnson and Alex Pascall.

GANG OF FOUR, Pere Ubu and Delta 5 have added another two dates to their previously reported package tour, starting next week — at Leeds Tiffany's (March 15) and Oxford New Theatre (29).

ELLA FITZGERALD and Oscar Peterson play a six-day season at the London Palladium from Tuesday to Sunday, April 14-19 (two performances on both Saturday and Sunday). Tickets are £12.50, £10, £6 and £4.

HUGH MUNDELL tops the first in the series of reggae shows to be presented at London Hammersmith Palais. It's on Tuesday, March 17, and the bill is completed by Matumbi, Brimstone and Bumble & The Bees. All tickets are £3.50.

JIMMY McCRACKLIN, the near-legendary R&B pianist and singer, makes his first-ever British appearance on March 29 when he plays London Oxford Street 100 Club. He's also bringing over his regular saxophonist Wild Willie Moore.

Q-TIPS — who support The Who at London Wembley Arena (March 9-11), Southampton Gaumont (14-15) and Poole Arts Centre (18) — also have dates in their own right at Birmingham University (tomorrow, Friday), Canterbury Kent University (Saturday), Bath Tiffany's (Sunday), Cleethorpes Peppers (20), Leeds Polytechnic (21), Kirklevington Country Club (22) and a three-night season at London Marquee (26-28).

PLANXTY are undertaking a tour of Britain and Ireland, their second since they re-formed two years ago. Principal UK dates are Belfast Mayfield Leisure Centre (March 18), Edinburgh Playhouse (21), Manchester Free Trade Hall (24), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (25) and London Hammersmith Odeon (26).

TAURUS, most recently on the road as support to Slade and Saxon, have finished recording their debut album and are now on tour in their own right. Latest dates are Alderminster Ettington Park Manor (tomorrow, Friday), Tonypandy Naval Club (Saturday), Newbridge Memorial Hall (Sunday), Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's (March 9), Mansfield High Oakham Rock Club (14), London Clapham 101 Club (16), Leeds Warehouse (18), Burton 76 Club (20), Hailsham Crown Hotel (22) and Southend Zero Six (23). More are being set through into April.

DARTS have added another string of dates to their current tour — at Nottingham Rock City (tomorrow, Friday), Dudley Town Hall (Saturday), London Barking North-East Polytechnic (March 11), Oxford Polytechnic (13) and London New Cross Goldsmiths College (14). Then, after a string of gigs in Ireland — including Jordanstown Northern Ireland Polytechnic (March 23) and Coleraine Ulster University (25) — they leave for tours of America, Australia and the Far East.

MISTY IN ROOTS, already set for the Black Echoes show at London Hammersmith Palais this Sunday (8), have other dates this month at Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic (13), Swansea University (14), Colchester Jamaica Club (21) and London Brixton Town Hall (27).

ARTHUR 2-STROKE & the Chart Commandos are on the road this month to promote their Logo Records single 'Hawaii Five-O'. They play Newcastle Cooperage (tonight, Thursday), Sunderland Annabels (Friday), Hartlepool Gemini (Saturday), Whitley Bay Pickwicks (11), Leeds Fan Club (12), Colchester Essex University (13), London Stockwell Old Queens Head (15), Helensbro' Trident Club (17), Edinburgh Club 81 (18), Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill (19), Glenrothes Arms (20), Leven Golf Tavern (21 lunchtime), Grangemouth International Hotel (22), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (25) and London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (26).

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE headline at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (this Friday and March 29), London Clapham 101 Club (Saturday), Nottingham Ad Lib Club (March 19), Chesterfield Fusion (28), London Fulham Greyhound (30), Manchester Polytechnic (31), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (April 11) and Leeds Warehouse (14).

LOUISIANA RED, Hubert Sumlin, Sunnyland Slim, Carey Bell and Margie Evans are among those appearing in the American Folk Blues Festival at London Victoria The Venue on Thursday, March 26. This is the last date in an extensive European tour by the package, and its only UK appearance.

BILLY COBHAM'S Glass Menagerie play the opening night of the Camden Festival Jazz Week at London Chalk Farm Roadhouse on Monday, March 16. Their only other concert in this country is at Dundee Dunbar Hall the previous night (15).

THE EXPRESSOS return to the club circuit this month, and are already set for London Fulham Greyhound tomorrow (Friday) and on March 18. More dates are being finalised and are expected next week.

THE RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES have added London Chelsea College (this Saturday), Wolverhampton Brunsford Lodge (March 13) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (21) to their tour schedule, reported last week.

URGE play a home town gig tomorrow (Friday) at Coventry Butts College in aid of its drill hall, whose future is threatened by an adverse council decision. Also appearing are 21 Guns, Idol Eyes and the new band formed by ex-Selectors Desmond Brown and Charlie Anderson, The People.

NASH THE SLASH has added Liverpool Brady's (March 14), Edinburgh Valentino's (15) and Glasgow Warehouse (16) to his current tour. His version of '19th Nervous Breakdown', from his new album 'Children Of The Night', is released as a DinDisc single this weekend.



Snake striker DAVID COVERDALE

Whitesnake GIGS IN MAY

WHITESNAKE headline a series of seven major concerts in May, and these will be their only UK appearances this year. They are sandwiched between lengthy tours of Europe, America, Japan and Australia, and they follow the April 6 release of their fourth United Artists album 'Come And Get It' — from which a single, titles as yet undecided, will be issued in late March.

The band's concerts are at Deeside Leisure Centre (May 15), Leeds Queen's Hall (16), Stafford Bingley Hall (17), Glasgow Apollo (22), Newcastle City Hall (24) and London Hammersmith Odeon (29 and 30). A support act has yet to be confirmed, and there will also be a third act on the first three dates. Tickets are all priced at £5 for Deeside, Leeds and Stafford; at

Newcastle they are £4.50, £3.75 and £3; and at Glasgow and Hammersmith prices are £4.50, £4 and £3.50. Tour promoters are Barry Dickins and Rod McSweeney for ITB.

Personal and postal bookings may be made from the box-offices of all the venues concerned. There are also a number of other outlets for personal applicants, as follows: for the DEESIDE show, Mike Lloyd of Newcastle-under-Lyme, Piccadilly Records of Manchester, Penny Lane Records of Liverpool and Chester... for LEEDS, HMV of Bradford, Red Rhino of York, Virgin of Sheffield, Barkers and Virgin of Leeds... for STAFFORD, Mike Lloyd of Newcastle-under-Lyme, Hanley and Tunstall, Piccadilly of Manchester, Lotus of Stafford, Cyclops Sounds of Birmingham and Sundown of Wolverhampton... and for LONDON, Premier Box Office and London Theatre Bookings. There are no extra outlets for NEWCASTLE and GLASGOW.

Rejects, Spectres, Revillos

THE COCKNEY REJECTS are playing a number of dates to preview their live EP, issued by Zonophone on March 23 — the top side is 'Easy Life', and it's coupled with 'Motorhead' and 'Hang 'Em High'. After a couple of warm-up gigs at London Canning Town Bridge House next Monday and Tuesday (9-10), they play Bolton Sports Centre (March 14), Brighton Top Rank (16), Bradford Tiffany's (19), Scarborough Taboo (20) and Grimsby Community Centre (21). THE SPECTRES return to the gig circuit with their re-shaped line-up, playing London dates at Herne Hill Half Moon (this Sunday), Islington Hope & Anchor (March 14), Fulham Greyhound (16), Acton Kings Head (18), Richmond Snoopies (23)

and Canning Town Bridge House (30). Out of town they visit High Wycombe Nags Head (this Thursday and March 19), Coventry Warwick University (this Saturday), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (21) and Brighton Art College (24). THE REVILLOS, just back from a successful trip to the States, have lined up a series of gigs to mark their return — at Birmingham Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Brady's (Saturday), Newport Stowaway (March 11), Port Talbot Troubadour (12), Bristol University (13), Plymouth Polytechnic (14), Portsmouth Polytechnic (17), Lincoln Drill Hall (19), Aberystwyth University (20) and Bangor University (21). More are being set.

Toyah's going out again

TOYAH WILLCOX, whose last tour finished only two weeks ago with a sell-out concert at London Rainbow, has already been set for another major outing in the late spring — and it will be her biggest tour to date, taking in 17 leading venues and climaxing at London Hammersmith Odeon.

She takes her Toyah outfit to Derby Assembly Rooms (May 14), Liverpool Royal Court (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Sheffield City Hall (18), Hanley Victoria Hall (19), Birmingham Odeon (20), Cambridge Corn Exchange (22), Oxford New Theatre (23), Brighton Top Rank (25), Southampton Gaumont (26), Cardiff Top Rank (27), Edinburgh Odeon (29), Glasgow Apollo (30), Newcastle City Hall (June 1), Middlesbrough Town Hall (2), Bristol Colston Hall (4) and



Hammersmith Odeon (6).

Tickets will be on sale almost immediately priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except at Derby, Hanley, Cambridge, Oxford, Brighton and Cardiff, where they're all at £3. With her 'Four From Toyah' single currently charting, a new album is planned for release by Safari to coincide with the tour — it will be the first LP to feature her new band comprising Joel Bogen, Phil Spalding, Nigel Grotcher and Adrian Lee.

Ms Willcox is spending much of this month on location for Anglia TV, filming an episode in their *Tales From The Unexpected* series called *Blue Marigolds*, in which she has the leading role. She's also co-hosting another series of *Look Here* for BBC Birmingham, screened every Tuesday until April 7.

OTWAY & BARRETT SPLIT FOR KEEPS

WILD WILLY BARRETT announced this week that he has finally parted company from John Otway — the official wording is that he has "released Otway from his contractual obligations" — and this time we're assured the split is irrevocable. Barrett has a solo single scheduled for March 20 release titled 'Tales From The Raj', with an album due in late spring, and he'll shortly be putting a band together to go on the road from mid-April through May — which, in fact, will be his first solo tour for ten years. Otway's spokesman hadn't heard about Barrett's statement, but said he wasn't surprised — "they've had more splits than hot dinners," he commented.

Otway is playing a series of dates this month with his own band, and supported by The Europeans — though this may lead to some confusion, as several of the venues are under the impression that they had booked Otway and Barrett. Dates are Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (March 11), Aberdeen Robert Gordon Institute (12), Edinburgh Nite Club (13), Glasgow Strathclyde University (14), Manchester Polytechnic (15), a live Capital Radio broadcast from London Victoria The Venue (18) and Slough Langley College (20).

MATCHBOX STRIKE AT EASTERN BLOC

MATCHBOX — whose next single 'Babes In The Wood', penned by lead guitarist Steve Bloomfield, is scheduled for Magnet release on March 27 — take rockabilly into Eastern Europe for the first time, when they leave today (Thursday) for a tour of East Germany and Yugoslavia. On their return, they begin a new concert series at Preston Guildhall on March 21, prior to joining the Country Music Festival at Wembley on Good Friday (April 17) and its subsequent dates on the Continent. They're also set for a special show at Douglas Palace on June 7, during the Isle of Man's annual TT racing season.



Classix supreme SAL SOLO

2002 REVIEW FOR RAINBOW

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX have now completed the tour schedule for their "2002 Review" package, which also features Theatre Of Hate, Shock, Naked Lunch and Eyeless In Gaza. Seven dates were reported by NME last week, and the final five have now been added, including a specially expanded London show at the Rainbow Theatre on April 11. The other four new bookings are at Northampton County Ground (March 21), Oxford New Theatre (22), Bristol Locarno (23) and Leeds Tiffany's (29). Tickets are on sale now, with prices around £3 or £2.50 mark. European dates for the '2002 Review' are being finalised.

Classix have now completed work on their debut album 'Night People', and EMI are hoping to release it in April. Meanwhile, a new disco mix of their third single 'Guilty' (issued four weeks ago) is out this week as a 12-inch limited edition, coupled with a re-recorded and extended version of their first independent single 'The Robots Dance'.

American visitors

RICHIE HAVENS

RICHIE HAVENS pays his first visit to the UK for several years to play just four dates. He's at Bristol Victoria Rooms on March 27, when some of the proceeds will go towards the defence costs of those charged in the Bristol riots last year, and the next day (28) he does a benefit for the Institute of Race Relations at London Bayswater Porchester Hall. He then visits Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (29) and London Camden Dingwalls (30).

BILLIE JO SPEARS

BILLIE JO SPEARS flies in to headline a 13-date spring tour, promoted by Pete Jacobs. She visits Poole Arts Centre (April 19), Charnock Richard Park Hall (20), Lincoln Theatre Royal (21), Reading Hexagon (22), Herne Bay Kings Hall (23), Crawley Leisure Centre (24), Grimsby Central Hall (25), Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre (26), Hull City Hall (27), Peterborough Cresset Theatre (28), Nottingham Rock City (29), London Victoria The Venue (30) and Hatfield Forum (May 1). Because she's opted for this tour, she won't now be appearing in the Easter Country Music Festival at Wembley on April 18, and promoter Mervyn Conn has replaced her with Bobby Bare.

RICK NELSON

RICK NELSON and The Stone Canyon Band are coming in to play a three-night season at London Victoria The Venue from Friday to Sunday, April 10-12. The visit is part of a European tour they're undertaking, and they're not expected to make any other UK appearances. Admission at the Venue is £4.

STYLISTICS

THE STYLISTICS arrive next weekend for their annual concert and cabaret tour — though, despite their recent signing to Philadelphia International, they don't have a new record release to tie in with their visit. They play Windsor Blazars (March 15-21), Watford Bailey's (23-28), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (29), London Wimbledon Theatre (30), Eastbourne Congress (31), Manchester Golden Garter (April 2-4), Birmingham Night Out (6-11), Luton Cesar's (12), Stoke Jolles (13-14), Luton Cesar's again (15-18) and Purfleet Circus Tavern (22-25).

ALBERTOS RETURN

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias are back in Britain and preparing to make up for lost time on the gig circuit. In April they begin an extensive "Let's Use Up The Old Posters Tour", with details to be announced in a week or two. But as a prelude, they're playing four dates next week — at Manchester Lamplight Club (March 11), Nottingham Rock City (12), Manchester University (13) and London Victoria The Venue (14).

AND FINALLY...

FREEEZ celebrate the chart success of their single and their album, both titled 'Southern Freeez', by playing a one-off date at London Victoria The Venue on Sunday, March 15 (admission £3). No other gigs are planned for the time being.

DR. FEELGOOD have added two more dates to their current UK tour — at Birmingham University (March 13) and Aylesbury Friars (14).

THE VAPORS have now confirmed The Venue on March 27 as the major London date in their UK tour, announced last week and coinciding with the release of their second album 'Magnets'. Another new gig is at Walsall West Midlands College on March 25.

FISCHER-Z play London Victoria The Venue on March 13, and, for this gig, the nucleus of the band will be augmented by several other musicians. They're then off to Europe, but will be playing a series of UK dates in the late spring. Their new single 'Marlisle' is issued by United Artists this week — it's taken from their third album 'Red Skies Over Paradise', due out on April 6.

NEW MUSIK, with guest star Snips, have added three dates to their tour reported last week — at Loughborough University (March 11), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (14) and Huddersfield Polytechnic (21), but the gig at Dudley Town Hall tomorrow (Friday) is now cancelled. The venue for March 13 should have read Crawley College, not Cranley.

TOM WAITS will now be appearing with a band, and not just a bassist, on his UK concerts this month — London Apollo (March 20-21), Edinburgh Playhouse (25) and Manchester Apollo (26). He's recruited Harry Revain (drums), Ron Baron (organ) and Greg Cohen (bass).

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

THURSDAY

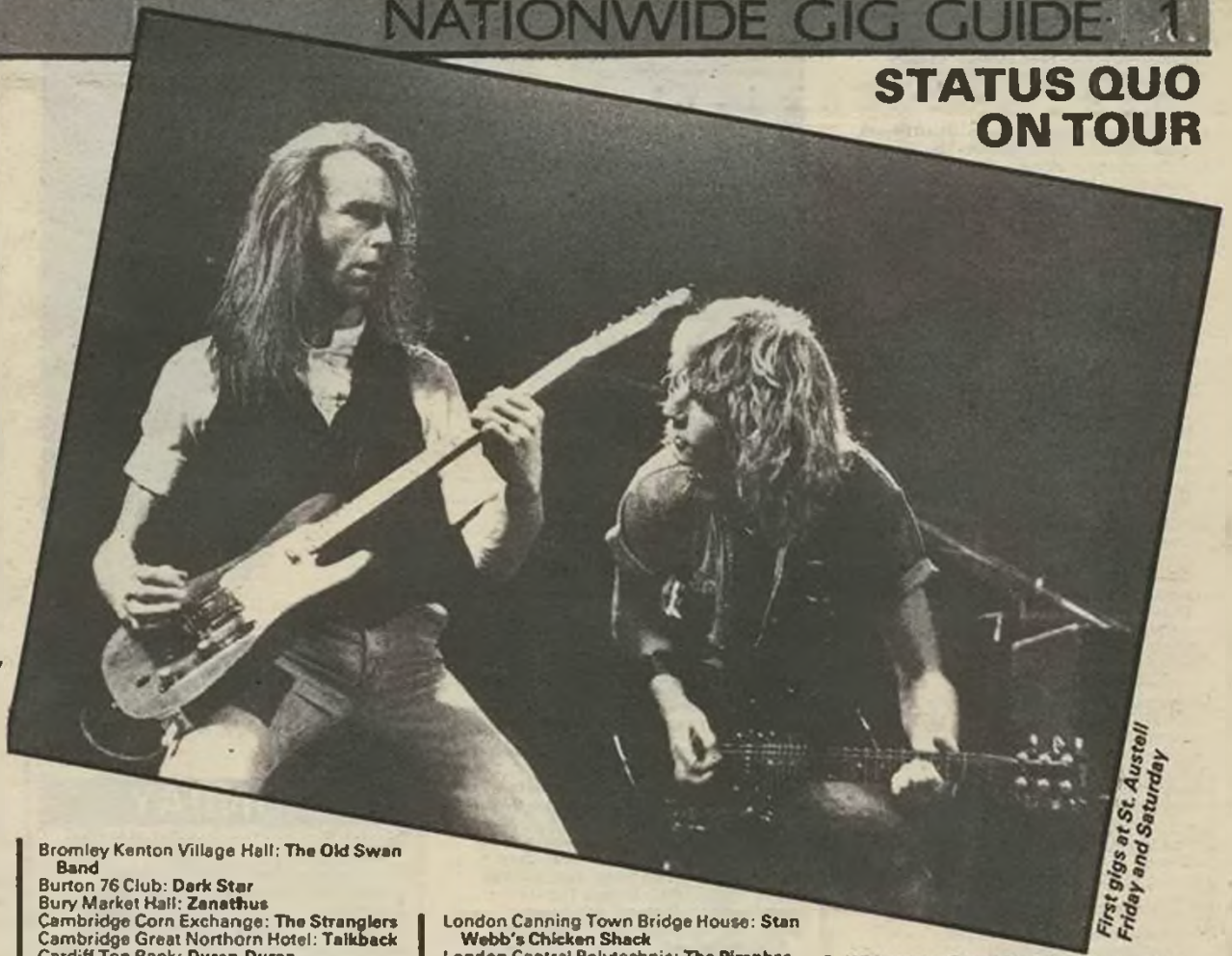
Aberdeen University: Hot Gossip
 Biggleswade Shuttleworth College: C-Salm
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: The dB's / The Raybeats
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Osprey
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
 Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: The Who
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
 Birmingham Selly Oak Hospital: Xpertz
 Bournemouth Moathouse Hotel: The X.S. / Rizla's
 Brighton Basement Club: Midnight & The Lemon Boys
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: The Pick Ups
 Cleethorpes Clouds: Gaskin
 Coventry Dog & Trumpet: Sub Zero
 Coventry Warwick University: Dr. Feelgood
 Coventry White Swan: Helpless Huw & The Hesitations
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: The Strangers
 Croydon The Cartoon: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Chris Barber Band / Doctor John
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: Krokus
 Eastcote Bottom Line: The Breakfast Band
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Jeff Beck / Climax Blues Band
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Amy
 Farnham The Maltings: The English Country Blues Band
 Glasgow Cinders: Denizens
 Glenrothes Rothes Arms: The Cheaters
 Hastings Queen's College: New Musik / Snips
 Herne Bay Kings Hall: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 High Wycombe Nags Head: The Spectres
 Hull Wellington Club: Blitzkrieg Patrol / Normal Bias
 Ilford Green Gate: Shader
 Lancaster Greaves Hotel: Wanda & The Dentists
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
 Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
 Liverpool Warehouse: Dick Smith Band
 London Acton Kings Head: The Decorators / Artery
 London Camden Dingwalls: Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Limehouse
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Holdsworth & Co. / The Creamies
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Errol Daniel & G-5
 London Chelsea Kennedys: A. E. Liquid
 London Chiswick John Bull: Telemacque
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Brunel
 London Deptford Royal Albert: The Realists
 London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic: The Flatbackers
 London Finchley Torrington: Morrissey-Mullen
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: Young Jazz Big Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Park Avenue Stars
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Belle Stars
 London Hackney Chat's Palace: Ojah
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Zounds / The Astronauts / The Entire Cosmos
 London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: Michael Nyman Band
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Why
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Seventeen
 London Homerton Deuragon: Silverwing
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Daddy Yum Yum
 London Islington Pied Bull: Apocalypse
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: 7 Year Itch
 London Marquee Club: Jools Holland & The Millionaires / Big Table
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Frog Island Band
 London Putney Half Moon: Sore Throat
 London Putney Star & Garter: Juice On The Loose

London Putney White Lion: Zip Code / Bruised Lip
 London Rainbow Theatre: Gillan / Dedringer
 London Richmond Broilys: Pearl Harbour
 London Richmond Snoopies: Plain Characters
 London S.E.1 College of Printing (lunchtime): The Bluebirds
 London Soho Pizza Express: Adelaide Hall
 London Southall The Cavern: Mephisto Waltz / Richard Davis & The Modern LP's
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Johnny Storm
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Taiwan Pins
 London Stockwell The Plough: The Colah Bros Band
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford
 London Stratford Green Man: Mickey Jupp Band / John Spencer
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Crystal Gayle
 London Victoria The Venue: The Monochrome Set
 London Walthamstow The Towers: The Razzzy Dazzy Spasm Band
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Margo Random & The Space Virgins / The Rackets
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Nuthlin Fancy / Chaser
 Luton The Cottars: Scarlet O'Hara
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Slade
 Manchester Band On The Wall: Louis Stewart Trio
 Manchester (Broughton Park) The Basement: Flo The Cat / New Values
 Manchester Polytechnic: Nash The Slash
 Manchester Rafter: John Cooper Clarke / The Middle Class
 Manchester (Walkden) Bull's Head: Rockin Horse
 New Brighton Grand Hotel: Whippies / Cook The Books
 Newcastle City Hall: Gamma / Praying Mantis
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Bredline / Ray Gun & The Lasers
 Nottingham Imperial Hall: Gaffa
 Nottingham Riley's: The Happy Few
 Nottingham Rock City: Duran Duran
 Oxford Caribbean Club: The Thompson Twins
 Preston Warehouse: UK Decay
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: The Dubliners
 Rotherham Travellers Rest: The Amoebas
 Sheffield Limit Club: Alex Harvey Band
 Sheffield University: The Inversions
 Slough Studio One: Arrogant
 Southampton University: Games To Avoid / Vertical Motion
 Stevenage The Swan: Jaguar
 Stockport Smugglers Nightspot: The Cherrys / The Images
 Sunderland Heroes: Monoconics
 Swansea Coach House: The Jammy Tarts
 Swansea University: Nine Below Zero
 Tunbridge Wells College: Back Door Man
 Walsall Technical College: The Wide Boys
 Wellingborough British Rail Club: Yakety Yak
 Winchester Railway Inn: Temple
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Elvis Costello & The Attractions

FRIDAY

Aberdeen University: The Cheaters
 Abertridur Royal Hotel: Andy Pandemonium/Graham Larkbey
 Alderminster Ettington Park Manor: Taurus
 Aylesbury Civic Hall: Light Of The World
 Bicester Red Lion: Spider
 Birkenhead Gallery Club: Eric Bell Band
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys
 Birmingham Breedon Cross: Jets
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
 Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: The Who
 Birmingham Polytechnic: The Revillos
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
 Birmingham University: Q-Tips
 Blackpool Jenks Bar: Whippies (for three days)
 Brighton Dome: Millie Jackson

Bromley Kenton Village Hall: The Old Swan Band
 Burton 76 Club: Dark Star
 Bury Market Hall: Zanathus
 Cambridge Corn Exchange: The Strangers
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Talkback
 Cardiff Top Rank: Duran Duran
 Cleethorpes Submarine Club: Gaskin
 Colchester St. Mary's Art Centre: The Art Objects / Savage Mushrooms
 Coventry General Wolfe: The dB's/The Raybeats
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlite
 Coventry The Pilot: The Syndicate
 Coventry Warwick University: The Privates/The De-Go-Tees
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: The Dubliners
 Croydon The Cartoon: Yakety Yak
 Croydon The Star: MGA Band
 Dundee University: The Delmontes
 Edinburgh Astoria: Denizens
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Telemacque
 Exeter University: The Photos/Jools Holland & The Millionaires
 Glasgow Kelvin Hall: Buddy Rich Orchestra
 Glasgow School of Art: X-O-Dus
 Glasgow University: Hot Gossip
 Guildford Surrey University: Limelight/Still Earth
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: Fruit Eating Bears
 Hatfield Forum Theatre: Kenni
 Huskey/James Cooper/Barbary Coast
 High Wycombe College of Further Education: Beez
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Krokus
 Kettering The Windmill: The Boocasts
 Lancaster University: Slade
 Leeds Playhouse Theatre: John Cooper Clarke
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Dodgy Tactics
 Lincoln Theatre Royal: Alex Harvey Band
 Lincoln The Wild Life: Survivors/Strange Desires
 Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Louis Stewart Trio
 Liverpool Brady's: Cimarrons
 Liverpool J.P. Hall: The Accelerators
 Liverpool Polytechnic: Twisted Nervez
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: The Stray Cats
 Liverpool Warehouse: Diamond Head/Chinatown
 London Blackfen The Woodman: The Rogettes
 London Camden Dingwalls: Little Bob Story/The Cobras
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band

STATUS QUO
ON TOUR

First gigs at St. Austell Friday and Saturday

London Canning Town Bridge House: Stan Webb's Chicken Shack
 London Central Polytechnic: The Piranhas
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Debbie Bishop
 London Chelsea Kennedys: The Naturals
 London City Polytechnic: Pearl Harbour
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Red Rinse
 London Clapham 101 Club: Levi Dexter & The Rippards
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Realists/The Speedos
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: Jody Street/The Odeons
 London E.1 Old Half Moon Theatre: Implosion (for three days)
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Expressos/RPM
 London Greenwich Coach & Horses: The Ivory Coasters
 London Hackney Chat's Palace: Poison Girls/The Managing Directors/Annie Anxiety
 London Hackney Pembury Tavern: Shades
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Ian Mitchell Band
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Billy Karloff & The Extremes
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Meteors
 London Kensington Imperial College: Tall Order/Splendour Of Rome
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
 London Marquee Club: The Thompson Twins
 London Middlesex Polytechnic (All Saints Annex): The Faraway Stars
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Julian Stingle's Jam Session/Rio & The Robots
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Club Tango/Again Again/23 Skidoo
 London School of African & Oriental Studies: Talk Over
 London Soho Pizza Express: Dave Shepherd Quintet
 London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
 London Strand King College: Rocket 88
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Ojah
 London Victoria The Venue: Supercharge/Afraid Of Mice
 London Wandsworth The Roundhouse: Calling Hearts/The Outsirts
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Music For Pleasure/Artery/Sister Sister
 London W.14 The Kensington: The Crying Shames
 Lowestoft Talk of the West: Shader
 Lowestoft The Pier: Cryer/Demolition
 Maidstone Medway Club: Stark/Appropriate Noise
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: Gamma/Praying Mantis
 Manchester (Glossop) Surrey Arms: Nosferatu V
 Manchester Mayflower: Discharge/Nova Vega/The Violators
 Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: Stun The Guards
 Manchester South Trafford College: Surgical Supports
 Margate Shore Wine Bar: Back Door Man
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: Iron Maiden
 Nabeth Queens Hall: Skid Risk/The Parrots
 New Brighton Grand Hotel: Dead On Arrival
 Newcastle City Hall: The Sweet
 Newcastle Polytechnic: Judie Tzuke
 Newcastle University: The Freshies
 Nottingham Rock City: Darts
 Oxford Caribbean Club: Patrick Fitzgerald/The West City 5
 Oxford Pennyfarning: Clone
 Pershore College of Horticulture: Sub Zero
 Peterlee Labour Club: The Toy Dolls
 Plymouth Virginia House: Ski Patrol
 Poole Arts Centre: Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons
 Poole Dorset Institute: New Musik/Snips
 Rayleigh Crocs: Level 42
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: Chas & Dave
 Redditch The Valley Club: Chainsaw
 Retford Porterhouse: Nash The Slash
 Scarborough Taboo Club: The Vapors
 Sheffield Bow Centre: The Amoebas/Past Seven Days
 Sheffield Polytechnic: Dr. Feelgood
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: Status Quo
 Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: Reality/The Set
 Street Strobe Theatre: Gordon Giltrap
 Treforest Wales Polytechnic: Houseband
 Uxbridge Brunel University: Jam Today
 Watford Red Lion: Zitz
 Whitehaven The Haven: Wamm

Withernsea Grand Pavilion: The London Boys
 York University: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders

SATURDAY

Basildon Towngate Theatre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Basingstoke Magnums: Art Nouveau
 Bicester Red Lion: Spider
 Birkenhead Gallery Club: Afraid Of Mice
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Babylon Rebels/The Army
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
 Birmingham Metropolitan Hotel: Jets
 Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: The Who
 Birmingham Odeon: Gamma/Praying Mantis
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
 Birmingham University: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
 Bishops Stortford (Stanton) Nags Head: Joe Average
 Bournemouth The Pinecliff: The New Brendas
 Bracknell Bridge House: Jaguar
 Bradford St George's Hall: Elvis Costello & The Attractions
 Bradford University: Slade
 Brighton Basement Club: Supercharge
 Brighton The Salisbury: The Ammonites
 Bristol Polytechnic: The Photos/Jools Holland & The Millionaires
 Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: C-Salm
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Amyl Dukes
 Cardiff University: The Selector
 Carshalton St. Helier Arms: Marvin
 Rainwater/White Rose Band
 Cheltenham St. Paul's & St. Mary's College: Team 23
 Chigwell White Hart: T. Boys/The Crack
 Cinderford Rugby Club: Soul Direction
 Coventry General Wolfe: The Strollers/Johnny & The Jailbirds
 Croydon The Cartoon: Den Hegarty & The Random Band/Jep
 Dudley Town Hall: Darts
 Durham Students Union: The Vapors
 Durham University: John Cooper Clarke
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Buddy Rich Orchestra
 Folkestone Labour Hall: The Adicts/P.H.F.
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: Hot Gossip
 Glasgow Technical College: Denizens
 Gloucester College of Arts: The Icons/The Options/Screaming Dead
 Goxhill Memorial Hall: Still Earth
 Grantham Guildhall: Geddes Axe
 Hatfield Forum Theatre: Chris Barber Band/Doctor John
 High Wycombe Nags Head: Larry Miller Band
 Huddersfield Eros Club: Shader
 Ilford The Cranbrook: Rye & The Quarterboys
 Ipswich Capel St. Mary Hall: V.H.F.
 Leatherhead Leisure Centre: Chas & Dave
 Leeds Peckhorse: Blitzkrieg Patrol/The Crack
 Leeds University: The Only Ones
 Leicester Polytechnic: Duran Duran
 Liverpool Brady's: The Revillos
 London Battersea Arts Centre: Will Gaines Quartet
 London Brixton Archway Studios: The Nocturnal Emissions
 London Camden Dingwalls: Central Line/The C-Sharps
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Eric Bell Band
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Errol Daniel & G-5
 London Clapham 101 Club: Music For Pleasure
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Raybeats/The Shout
 London Deptford Royal Albert: The Bluebirds
 London Farrington Metropolitan Hotel: Charge/The Mighty Stripes
 London Fulham Greyhound: Mickey Jupp/Steve Hooker's Shakers
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends

CONTINUES OVER . . .



LEADING LADIES IN ACTION THIS WEEK

Four of our favourite ladies are on view this week. There are no prizes for identifying them, but we'll give you a rundown on their activities. From left to right:

● **CRYSTAL GAYLE** flies into London to headline a one-off concert at the Apollo Victoria on Thursday.

● **MILLIE JACKSON** brings her subtle blend of heartfelt soul and pungent lyrics to Brighton Centre (Friday) and London Apollo (Saturday and Sunday).

● **WENDY WU**, now sporting a rather severe hair-do, fronts The Photos as they take the road to Exeter (Friday), Bristol (Saturday), Cheltenham (Sunday), Leicester (Tuesday) and London The Venue (Wednesday). Jools Holland and his new band support.

● **PAULINE BLACK** and her Selecter colleagues begin a major UK tour at Cardiff (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Malvern (Monday), Reading (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).

NA CONTROL

London Hammersmith Odeon: **Krokus**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Catcherman/T.V. Scandal/Rumbling Organs**
 London Hayes Brooke House: **Shell Shock**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Piranhas**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Dingle Spike**
 London Lee Green The Lee Centre: **Zero Hour**
 London Lewisham South-East Technical College: **Nuthin Fancy**
 London Marquee Club: **Pearl Harbour**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Jullan Stringle's Jam Session/Ojah**
 London Rainbow Theatre: **The Stranglers**
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Shirley Collins/Jim Younger/Julie Carter**
 London Richmond Brothys: **The Original Mirrors/The Europeans**
 London Royal Festival Hall: **The Dubliners**
 London School of Economics: **Squeeze/The Distractions/Red Beans & Rice/The Beatroots**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Tommy Burton Quartet**
 London Southall White Lion: **The Attendants**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Plain Characters**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London Tottenham The Spurs: **Kellan Pearce**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ojah**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Millie Jackson**
 London Victoria The Venue: **The Belle Stars/Dolly Mixture**
 London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **The City Waites**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Vincent Units/A Popular History Of Signs**
 London W.9 The Factory: **Bumble & The Bees**
 Loughborough University: **Judie Tzuke**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Jeff Beck/Climax Blues Band**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **UK Decay**
 Manchester University: **The Stray Cats**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Nash The Slash**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Iron Maiden**
 Nottingham Boat Club: **Dark Star**
 Nottingham Rock City: **The Sweet**
 Plymouth Polytechnic: **Cimarons**
 Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Motley Crew**
 Retford Porterhouse: **The Pretty Things/Money**
 Runcorn Grangeways: **The Shattered Dolls**
 Salisbury King & Bishop: **Talon**
 Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: **A Certain Ratio**
 Sheffield Brimsforth Hotel: **The Bopcats**
 Sheffield University: **Nine Below Zero**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Review/The Mob/The Bkinis**
 Southampton University: **Dr. Feelgood**
 Southport Theatre: **Richard Digance**
 St. Albans City Hall: **Gordon Giltrap**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Status Quo**
 Tonypandy Naval Club: **Taurus**
 Warrington Red Lion: **Head Hunter**
 Windsor Blazars: **Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Peats**
 Wollaston Nags Head: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
 Worcester College of Higher Education: **The Set**
 Worthing Old Dukes: **Back Door Man**

SUNDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
 Birmingham Mr. Sam's: **Xpertz**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Jeff Beck / Climax Blues Band**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video**
 Bolton Swan Hotel: **Body**
 Brighton Sussex University: **The Hoodlums**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Krokus**
 Bristol Locarno: **The Selector**
 Bromley Churchill Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Bury The Derby Hall: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
 Burnley Bank Hall Club: **Wamm**
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Models**
 Cardiff New Theatre: **Grace Kennedy**
 Cheltenham Eve's: **The Photos / Jools Holland & The Millionaires**
 Chigwell White Hart: **Park Avenue**
 Colchester Guisnes Court: **The Rank Amateurs**
 Coventry The Sportsman: **The Syndicate**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **New Musik / Canis Major**
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons**
 Eton Christopher Hotel (lunchtime): **The Gatsby Five**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Iron Maiden**
 Glasgow Doune Castle: **H20**
 Glasgow Ultra Tech: **Hot Gossip**
 Glenrothes Rother Arms: **Denizens**
 Grimsby Pestle & Mortar: **Johnny Storm**



CHAS & DAVE emerge from the recording studio to headline their first major concert tour, opening in Reading on Friday.

Hailsham Crown Hotel: **The Experts**
 Halifax Civic Theatre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
 Lancaster University: **The Stray Cats**
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Geddes Axe**
 Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dodgy Tactics**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
 London Acton Kings Head: **B Film/The Afghan Rebels**
 London Battersea Arts Centre: **Pete Nu Quartet/Maggie Nichols**
 London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
 London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band / No Idea**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
 London Chelsea Kennedys: **The Idlers**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Holograms / Red Shoes / Strict Baptists**
 London Deptford The Duke: **The Bluebirds**
 London Finchley Torrington: **Johnny Mars' Mighty Mars**
 London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gamma / Praying Mantis**
 London Hammersmith Palais: **Al Campbell / Johnny Osbourne / Aswad / Misty In Roots / Clint Eastwood**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Spectres / Talk**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **BIM**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Marquee Club: **The dB's**
 London N.4. The Stapleton: **The Volcanoes / Plain Characters**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **West End Stompers**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Temperance Seven**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Roy Vaughan Trio**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Silence**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Ojah**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Only Ones / The Original Mirrors / The Books**
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
 London Tooting The Castle: **The Laughing Apple / Factory Poems**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Millie Jackson**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Dr. Feelgood**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Private Lives / Pro-Files**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Brian Leske's Sweet & Sour**
 Macclesfield Masonic Arms: **Nosferatic V**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Crispy Ambulance / Beach Surgeon**
 Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Taurus**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Gillan / Dederinger**
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
 Northwich Cook Inn: **The Odds**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **No Tigers**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Stalker**
 Poynton Folk Centre: **Johnny Silvo**
 Sheffield Top Rank: **Duran Duran**
 Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **UK Decay**
 Wallasey Dale Inn: **Stan The Guards**
 West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Sub Zero**
 Weymouth Goucester Hotel (lunchtime): **The X.S.**
 Wollaston Nags Head: **Art Nouveau**

MONDAY

Barnton Fountain Inn: **First Priority/Little Red Duffiecoats/Twin Sets**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Taurus**
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Rank Amateurs**
 Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **Team 23/The Shots**
 Dundee Bonar Hall: **Mike Westbrook Band**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Stray Cats**
 Eton Christopher Hotel: **Filcs**
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Keighley Funhouse Bar: **Speed**
 Kingston Grove Tavern: **Avenue**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Nash The Slash**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Slade**
 Liverpool Mayflower: **Shade**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **Fat Elsie**
 London Camden Dingwall's: **The dB's/The Raybeats**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Cockney Rejects**
 London Charing Cross Heaven: **Pere Ubu/Subway Sect/Furious Pig**
 London Chelsea Kennedys: **Debbie & The Bear**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **My Captains/The Colours**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Name/The Divers**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Long Tall Shorty/Eddy Steady Go**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jeff Beck/Climax Blues Band**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Nouveau-a-go-go/The Chefs**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Arrogant**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **True Life Confessions**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Matthew Ross & Guests (for four days)**
 London Marquee Club: **Samson**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Lucky Selection**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Queen Ida**
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davies & Harry 'Sweets' Edison (for two weeks)**
 London Royal Festival Hall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
 London Stole Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
 London Stratford Green Man: **Hot Rumour**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Limehouse**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Dave Cash's Good Time Night with Grease Band/Kelly's Eye etc.**
 London Wembley Arena: **The Who/Q-Tips**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Way Of The West/Everest The Hard Way**
 London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The Belle Stars**
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Gossips**
 Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Selector**
 Manchester (Broughton Park) The Basement: **Cynical Fouls/Late Nite Neon**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Gillan/Dederinger**

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Acker Bilk Band**
 Oxford Scamps: **The Kindergarten**
 Preston Polytechnic: **Performing Ferret Band/Stark**
 Rayleigh Crocs: **Johnny Storm**
 Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
 Sheffield Marples Monday Club: **Artery/B. Troop**
 Sheffield University: **B Movie/Allen Heat**
 Slough Studio One: **Zitz**
 Southampton Sands Hotel: **Back Door Man**
 Southend Zero 6: **Vatten**
 St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **The Apocalypse**
 Wakefield Theatre Club: **Cleo Laine / John Dankworth**
 Wallasey Labour Club: **Forfeit**
 Watford Bailey's: **Odyssey (for a week)**

TUESDAY

Anglesey Pies Coch: **Fay Ray/A Silly Tree/Menage A Trois**
 Bath Tiffany's: **The Freshies**
 Billingham Black Horse: **Bertie Draycott**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brulo**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
 Bolton (Bromley Cross) Railway Hotel: **Dead Giveaway**
 Bolton (Walkden) Stockade: **The Autoze/Peruvian Drumstix**
 Bournemouth Moat House: **Manhattan Slide/Lix'n Vixen**
 Bournemouth The New Steine: **Back Door Man**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **Gillan/Dederinger**
 Brighton Basement Club: **The Ammonites**
 Bury The Derby Hall: **The Metro Show**
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **G.B.H.**
 Cambridge Trinity College: **Tranzista**
 Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **The Bulbs**
 Cardiff Top Rank: **The Sweet**
 Chesham George Hotel: **Graham Larkbey**
 Cleethorpes Lifeboat Hotel: **Twisted Nervez**
 Coventry Shades Club: **The Syndicate**
 Doncaster Rotters: **Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons**
 Eton Christopher Hotel: **Ally Cats Band**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
 Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Mike Westbrook Band**
 Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Stray Cats**
 Helensburgh Trident Club: **The Cheaters**
 Keighley Kings Head: **Omen**
 Kimberworth The Domino: **The Amoebas**
 Leeds Warehouse: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
 Leicester Polytechnic: **The Photos/Jools Holland & The Millionaires**
 London Barnes Bull's Head: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Cockney Rejects**
 London Chelsea Kennedys: **Leszek**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Gas/Everest The Hard Way**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Insturite/MPH**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jeff Beck/Climax Blues Band**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Rue De Remarx**
 London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Restricted Code**
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Yakety Yak**
 London Marquee Club: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Razzzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Len's Seattle Six**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Theatre Of Hate**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Ali-Star Jazzband**
 London Southall The Cavern: **Burnin' Blockade/Stella Rebella**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Introze/The Spiders**
 London Stratford Green Man: **The Ivory Coasters**
 London Thurrock Technical College: **Denizens**
 London Tooting The Castle: **The Chevrons/The Attendants**
 London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
 London Tottenham The Railway: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
 London University Union: **Talk Over**
 London Wembley Arena: **The Who/Q-Tips**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dolly Mixture/The Harlequins/Eddy Steady Go**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Sammy Remington Band**
 Malvern Mount Pleasant Hotel: **The Privates**
 Manchester (Broughton Park) The Basement: **Steady Steady/Hold The Front Page**

Manchester Polytechnic: **The Vapors**
 Manchester Rafter's: **The Drones**
 Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Scratch Band**
 Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **The Model Workers**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Krokus**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Dr. Feelgood**
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **New Musik/Snips**
 Oxford Corn Dolly: **Beez**
 Preston Moonrakers: **Shade**
 Reading University: **The Selector**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Iron Maiden**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **Nash The Slash**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Slade**
 Thirk Technical College: **Weapon Of Peace**
 Upminster New Windmill Hall: **UK Decay**

WEDNESDAY

Bath Jaspers Club: **Back Door Man**
 Belfast Queen's Hall: **The Gang Of Four/Pere Ubu**
 Birkenhead Sir James Ent's: **Harvest Moon**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
 Birmingham Top Rank: **New Musik/Snips**
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **Krokus**
 Brighton Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace/Denizens**
 Brighton Top Rank: **The Selector**
 Bristol The Berkeley: **The Freshies**
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Samurai**
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Bron Area**
 Coventry Warwick University: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
 Dudley College of Education: **Sub Zero**
 Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **Johnny Storm**
 Eton Christopher Hotel: **Juvenessence**
 Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
 Guildford Civic Hall: **The Vapors**
 Halifax Foggy's: **Shade**
 Keele University: **Dr. Feelgood**
 London Acton Kings Head: **English Subtitles/Dr. Mix & The Remix**
 London Acton White Hart: **5 Pliers/Michael**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Tour De Force/Gymnastics**
 London Chelsea Kennedys: **Max**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Spoilers**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Restricted Code**
 London E.1 Old Half Moon Theatre: **Jam Today**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Nauty Culture/The Shine**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Von Trapp Family**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **5 Pliers**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The English**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Gossips**
 London Marquee Club: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The London Apaches**
 London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **A Bigger Splash/The Pick Ups**
 London Packham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Freddy Kohlman Quartet**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Terminal Rescue**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J. J. & The Flyers**
 London Stratford Green Man: **Jazz Sluts**
 London Victoria The Venue: **The Photos**
 London Wembley Arena: **The Who/Q-Tips**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Birthday Party/My Captains**
 London W.1 Gossips: **Private Lives**
 London W.1 Gulliver's: **Level 42**
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: **Radioactive**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gillan/Dederinger**
 Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Private Sector**
 Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
 Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Virginia Wolf**
 Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **John Otway / The Europeans**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
 Newport Stowaway: **The Revillos**
 Now Romney The Seahorse: **Denigh**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons**
 Oxford Scamps: **Nash The Slash**
 Rugby Benn Memorial Hall: **Chevy**
 Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Doncaster Youth Jazz Orchestra**
 Sheffield Polytechnic: **Artery**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Sweet**
 Winchester Railway Inn: **The Skavengers**

YOUR GIG GUIDE COMPILER IS DEREK JOHNSON

ENTS Saturday 7th March ENQUIRIES 4-05-8544

SQUEEZE
 THE DISTRACTIONS
 RED BEANS & RICE
 BEAT ROOTS

Tickets Available from L & L Union Shop, Houghton Street, Aldershot W12 2

Doors Open 7.30

LIGHTNING PRODUCTIONS presents

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plus support

BRIGHTON TOP RANK
 Monday, 16th March at 7.30pm
 Tickets price £2.50 (inc. VAT) available from Box Office 0273 25895 & usual Agents.

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Outlaw presents **THE SELECTER**
 AU PAIRS

PLUS SUPPORT
 TUESDAY 24th MARCH 8pm

ALL TICKETS £3.00
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LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

Venue 160, Victoria St., SW1
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01-834 5882
Food, Drink, Live Bands,
Dancing 7pm-3am

Thursday 12th March (late night) £4.50
Late Night
**Gerry Anderson Night featuring
DAVID CLARIDGE**
(alias Captain Scarlet)

Friday 13th March £3.00
FISCHER Z

Saturday 14th March £3.50
**ALBERTO Y LOS
TRIOS PARANOIS**

Sunday 15th March £3.00
FREEEZ

Wednesday 18th March £3.50
**JOHN OTWAY & THE BAND
BEHIND THE CURTAIN**

Friday 10th April £4.00
**RICK NELSON + THE STONE
CANYON BAND**

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
STRAY CATS
The Pirates
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUN/MON 22nd/23rd MARCH at 7.30
TICKETS £1.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE MONOCHROME SET
FURIOUS PIG
T.V. PERSONALITIES
APPEARING AT
THE VENUE, VICTORIA S.W.1
MARCH 5th 7.30 p.m.
4 TICKET PRICE £3 available from:
Venue box office telephone 01-834 5500

THE CRYSTAL PALACE
Annerley Road, Upper Norwood SE19 (Crystal Palace Roundabout)
Friday 6th March
**ORIGINAL
MIRRORS**

Barry Dickens and Rod MacSweeney for ITB present
NINE BELOW ZERO
Special Guest
JOOLS HOLLAND
THE KEYS
HAMMERSMITH ODEON Friday March 20th at 8.00pm
Tickets £2.50 and £2.00 from the box office Tel: 01-248 6087/1 and event agents. (*plus booking fees)

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0802 412844 Open 8 pm - 2 am

Thursday 5th March Adv £2.00
DURAN DURAN
HIT SINGLE "PLANET EARTH"
+ B. Movie

Friday 6th March Adv £2.50
THE DARTS
+ Support

Saturday 7th March £3.00 Adv
THE SWEET
+ Support

Monday 9th March Adv £2.50
**JAZZ SPECIAL
ACKER BILK**

TUESDAY 10th March Adv £2.50
DR. FEELGOOD
+ Supercharge

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

Thursday 12th March Adv £2.00
**ALBERT-Y-LOS-
TRIO-PARANOIAS**

Friday 13th March £2.50 Adv
BOW WOW WOW
+ Support

Saturday 14th March £2.00 on door
Rock City Special
FUTURIST DISCO

Thursday 19th March Adv £2.00
SPLODGE

Saturday 21st March £2.50 Adv
THE SELECTER
+ Support

Monday 23rd March £2.50
**JAZZ SPECIAL
KENNY BALL
& HIS JAZZMEN**

MUST BE OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE
NO DRESS RESTRICTIONS
NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED

Tuesday 2nd March £4.00 Adv
ROSE ROYCE
+ Support

Saturday 28th March Adv £2.50
**2002 REVIEW FEATURING
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
+ THEATRE OF HATE
+ EYELESS IN GAZA
+ SHOCK + NAKED LUNCH**

Saturday 4th April £2.50 Adv
ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80
Presents
SPIZZLES

Saturday 11th April Adv £2.00
THE BLUES BAND

Friday 17th April Adv £2.50
Rockney Night
CHAS 'N' DAVE

Thursday 23rd April Adv £2.00
Heavy Metal Special
TYGERS OF PAN TANG
+ MAGNUM + Alkatrazz

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

Saturday 25th April Adv £2.50
999

Wednesday 29th April Adv £3.50
BILLIE JOE SPEARS
Plus The Hillriders

Thursday 7th May Adv £3.00
JAPAN

Friday 8th May Adv £2.50
ALEX HARVEY BAND

Saturday 9th May Adv £3.50
THE UNDERTONES

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

PCLSU Presents a New Cross Fire Fund Benefit
UB40
MERGER
MATUMBI
Special Guest
LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
Saturday 7th March 7.30 pm
Central London Poly, 115 New Cavendish St.
London W. (Oxford St Tube) Tickets £2.00
(adv from SU on 01 836 6271)

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 5th March £1.25
THE LEMONS + Monkey

Friday 6th March £1.50
THE EXPRESSOS + RPM

Saturday 7th March £1.25
MICKY JUPP
+ Steve Hooker & The Shakers

Sunday 8th March £1.00
GUY JACKSON + Martin Besserman

Monday 9th March £1.00
THE NAME + The Divers

Tuesday 10th March £1.00
THE INSTITUTE + MPH

Wednesday 11th March £1.00
NAUTY CULTURE + The Shine

CINEMAS

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LICENSED BAR FULLY AIR-CONDITIONED ADVANCE BOOKING

1 **Clint Eastwood**
Any Which Way You Can
Progs Weekdays: 1.30, 3.50, 6.10, 8.30. Sunday: 3.30, 5.50, 8.15.
Late Show Sat: 11pm

2 The Army was no laughing matter until Judy Benjamin joined it.
★ **GOLDIE HAWN** ★
PRIVATE BENJAMIN
Progs: Weekdays 1.45, 4.00, 6.15, 8.30; Sunday 3.30, 5.45, 8.00. Late show Fri
& Sat 11 pm

3 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

4 **BETTE MIDLER**
Divine Madness
A Lodd Company Release through Warner Bros. A Warner Communications Company
Progs: 2.35, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30. Late Show Sat: 11pm

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CINEMA**
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Thur 5th Mar 6.15
PASSENGER
Thur 5th Mar 8.45
LAST WALTZ
Fri 6th Mar 6.15
GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE
Fri 6th Mar 8.30
LAST TANGO IN PARIS
Sat 7th Mar 8.00
THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME
Sat 7th Mar 8.45
**FREUDS:—
THE SECRET PASSION**
Sun 8th Mar 9.15
SECRET POLICEMANS BALL
Mon 9th Mar 9.15
JIMI HENDRIX
Tues 10th Mar 9.15
JUBILEE
Wed 11th Mar 9.15
EAST RIDER

Belt & Braces
**accidental
death of an
anarchist**
"Simply brilliant"
Socialist Challenge
"subversive to the youth of
the country"
Sir Roy Shaw
"Dramatic tosh"
Daily Mail
"a loud, vulgar, kinetic,
scurrilous, smart,
sensational show. In other
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should be"
New Society
A year at
Wyndham's Theatre
and better than ever
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RACE RECORDS present
TEAM 23 + The People
Thursday 5th March
EDUKATORS + DIORATURE
Friday 6th March
FLYING DUCK NIGHT
AKA & THE CAMERA CLUB
+ Space Monkeys
Saturday 7th March
MUSIC FOR PLEASURE
+ New de Romans
Sunday 8th March
TENPOLE TUDOR + Ukraine
Monday 9th March
LE CHANGE + The Cartoons
Tuesday 10th March
VOX POP + The Quarks
Wednesday 11th March
SHADOWFAX + The Divers

Venue
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FOOD, DRINK, LIVE MUSIC, T.V. 10pm
Over 18's Only

Thursday 5th March £3.00
THE MONOCHROME SET
Late Night £2.00
Celebrity disco featuring
D.J. BARRY ADAMSON
(from Magazine)

Friday 6th March £3.00
SUPERCHARGE

Saturday 7th March £3.00
THE BELLE STARS
+ THE DOLLY MIXTURES

Sunday 8th March £3.50
DR FEELGOOD

Monday 9th March £3.50
**DAVE CASH'S GOOD TIME
MUSIC NIGHT**
featuring THE GREASE BAND +
THE TOM KELLY BAND

Tuesday 10th March £7.50
GREEK PARTY NIGHT
— Win a holiday for two in
Greece

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THE PHOTO'S

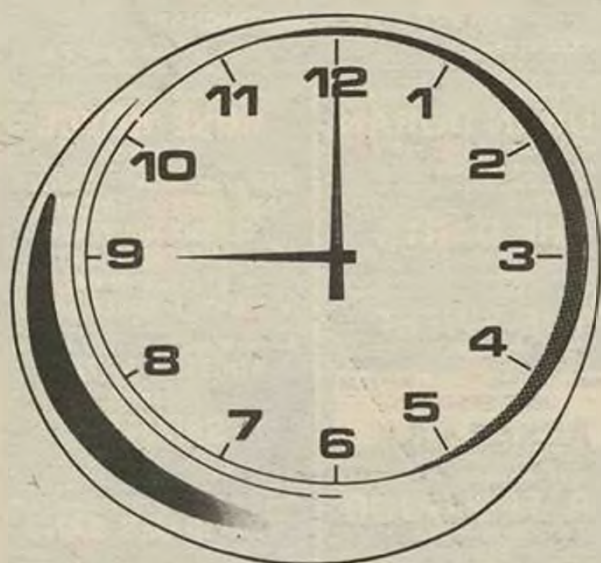
REAL CUBES
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**SACRED
BLEU**
Wednesday 11th March
**THE
STARLIGHT CLUB**
100 West End Lane,
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WEDNESDAY 14th MARCH
THE HALYCON, WESTWOOD
PETERBORO
THURSDAY 18th MARCH
THE STARLIGHT CLUB
with The Bellestons
(ex Bodysnatchers)

GATECRASHERS
(BEAUCHAMP, WARREN,
COTTER, GRANTLEY)
at
Tuesday 10th March — Hammersmith
Clarendon Hotel (Basement Bar)
Thursday 12th March — Cambridge
University (King College)
Thursday 19th — Feltham, Airman
Saturday 21st — Craydon
Club 94, (94 Parkway)
CLUB & COLLEGE FOUR TO BE ANNOUNCED
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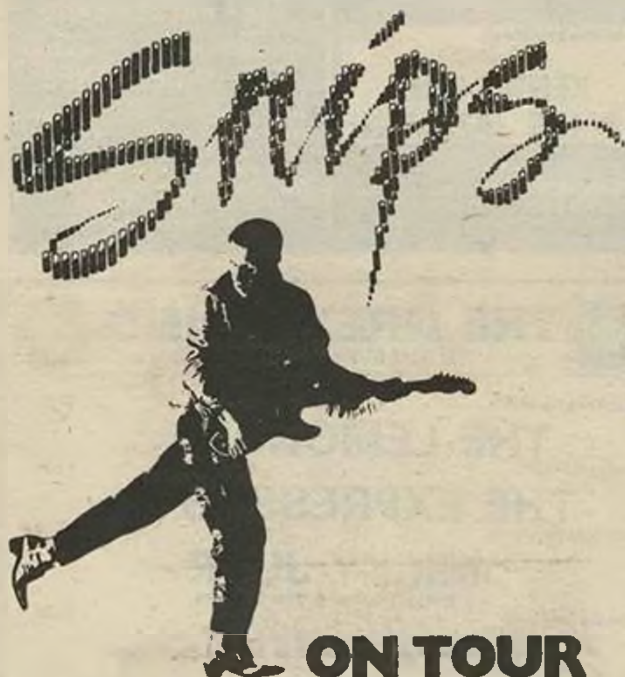
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GARAGELAND

INFO CITY

Independent recording news
compiled by Gavin Martin

■ The piracy conspiracy has been spread from the high seas of Babylon up river to the sticks. **Marine Girls' C30 'A Day By The Sea'** is available for £1 from Tracey Thorn, 6 Peplins Way, Brookmans Park, Herts.

■ 'Interference On A Blank C-30' may be an apt term for contributions from such bands as **Government Subsidy**, **Fused Wires** and **The Melting Icicles** to a compilation of Birmingham and Solihull bands. It's also the title of the tape featuring these groups which you can get by sending 75p to Gelbeat Records at 87 Robin Hood Lane, Birmingham B28 0JF.

■ Following their unfortunate bust by the DHSS, **Partners Of Mistress** have released a three track EP. Rather exorbitant at £1.50 (trying to make a living out of only three songs, lads?) you can get a copy from Colin Whitelaw, 72 Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, London SE12.

■ For a miserable 50 pence you can get the latest tape from **The Tapes** and a chance to become a rock critic. With each copy of your individually mixed and produced C60 you receive a questionnaire to fill the group in on your opinions of the tape. Available from F.A. TAPES, 39 Browning Walk, Corby, Northants. NN17 1FN.

■ Diverse elements are popping up with increased regularity these days, such as **The Zumbies** collection of comic songs and sketches. It has the added bonus of being free, just send a blank cassette and SAE to: Head Crinoid, 26 Westgate St, Cowbridge, South Glamorgan CF7 7AR.

■ If you want to contribute to a tapezine on Topside Tapes just send your news, views, music, poems or any other tapeable artefacts you may be able to construe to Greasy Hocks, Topside Tapes, The Old Butcher's Shop, Newport Rd, Gnosall, Stafford ST20 0BN.

■ J G Spoils: 'Every One A Dogfish' is a five track tape which you can get by either sending a blank tape + 25p or £1.25 to Zeeno Promotions, Croft House, Wash Lane, Bury, Greater Manchester.

■ Correction: 'Times Of Hope' is available from 85 Vespan Rd, London W12 for £1.20, not by sending a blank cassette as we stated last week. Finally, a note to all would be **Garageland** applicants, please send an address where your tape can be obtained from and the price your asking for it when sending any information to this column.

■ The new tape from Ironeye consisting of 14 instrumentals is available for £1.00 from 32 Holt Lane, Halton, Runcorn, Cheshire. The tape is called 'Deity Postcards', not to be confused with the sort you buy on British promenades during warm summer months.

■ The new 5 track EP from **Matchbox Classics** is £1 and can be received from Matchbox Classics, 60 Broad St, Carlisle, Cumbria. CA1 2AQ.

■ Dub and roots reggae from Southampton — hard to believe? Test your prejudice by sending £1 or a blank C60 + SAE to 2 Cerne Close, North Baddesley, Southampton, Hampshire. SO5 9GX, and hearing the new live/studio release from **Dub'allup**.

■ Anyone who wants their releases of independent tapes collated, catalogued and criticised in a new book should get in touch with Alan Thompson, 68 Woodburn, Gateshead NE10 8LY.

■ Another compilation featuring such as **The Dogma Cats**, **Funboy Five** and **Still Life** called 'Good News For Modern Man' (it seems to remember that title from somewhere else) is available from Lee Clarke, 71 New Lane, Winton, Eccles, Manchester. M30 7JL. A total of 90 minutes for a measly 60p.

PLEASE help me by including a discography of The Skids. Also, can you tell me if there is a fan club or information service for the group?

SKIDS FAN, Bournemouth.

● The first Skids release was the three-track EP 'Charles' / 'Test Tube Babies' / 'Reasons', which came out on Sandy Muir's No Bad label (NB1 — 1978) and sold 10,000 copies. The band then signed for Virgin and have since recorded the following albums — 'Scared To Dance' (V2117, 23.3.79), 'Days In Europa' (V2138, 12.10.80) and 'The Absolute Game' (V2174, 19.9.80) — plus such singles as: 'Sweet Suburbia' / 'Open Sound' (VS227, 8.9.78), 'The Saints Are Coming' / 'Of One Skin' / 'Night And Day' / 'Confusion' (VS232, 27.10.78), 'Into The Valley' / 'T.V. Stars' (VS241, 9.2.79), 'Masquerade' / 'Out Of Town' / 'Another Emotion' / 'Aftermath Dub' (BS262, 14.5.79), 'Charade' /

I AM seeking information on various record company addresses and I've heard that a recording industry yearbook is available. Can you tell me where to obtain a copy?

STEPHEN HAZLEWOOD,

Stockport.

● The new **Music And Video**

'Grey Parade' (VS288, 21.9.79), 'Working For The Yankee Dollar' / 'Vanguards Crusade' / 'All The Young Dudes' / 'Hymns For A Haunted Ballroom' (BS306, 25.10.79), 'Animation' / 'Pros And Cons' (VS323, 16.11.79), 'Circus Games' / 'One Decree' (VS359, 8.8.80), 'Goodbye Civilian' / 'Monkey McQuire' (VS373, 26.9.80) and 'Woman In Winter' / 'Working For The Yankee Dollar' — live version (VS386, 28.11.80). An further info on the band can be obtained from Modern Management, New Ibernio House, Winchester Walk, London SE1.

Week Yearbook lists addresses of record companies, recording studios, producers, radio station, publishers, artists' managers, etc. It's obtainable from **Music And Video Week**, 40 Long Acre, Covent Garden, London WC2, price £4.50 including postage and packing.



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'WHO'S KIDDIN WHO' (BRAG 103)

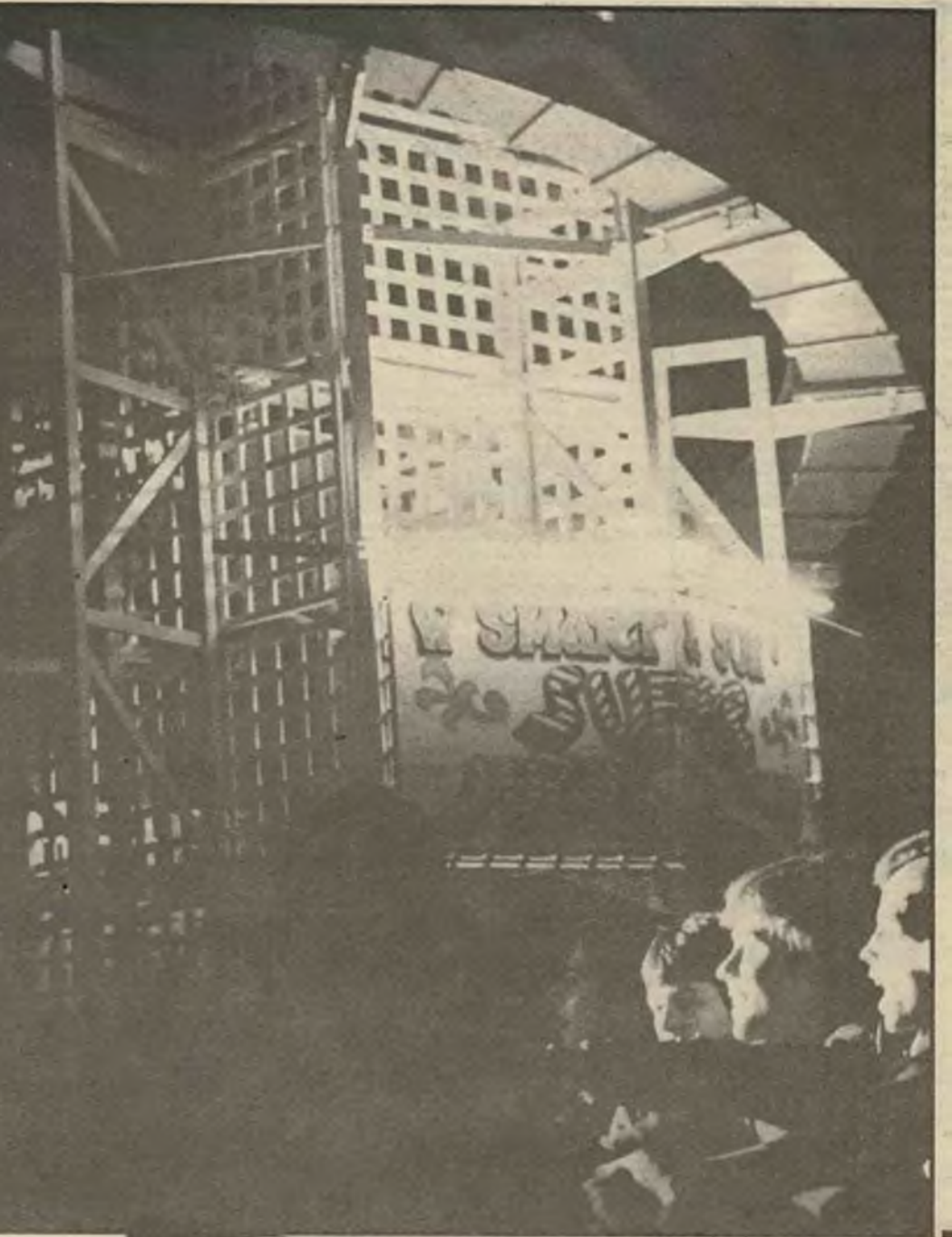
MANUFACTURED AND MARKETING BY BBJ INTERNATIONAL
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LIVE!



Amusement barks at the Rainbow. Bow Wow Wow pix by Jill Furmanovsky.



FOOL'S GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW WOW WOW

BOW WOW WOW AT THE RAINBOW by PAUL MORLEY

"Hostility, pessimism, and negativity have been very trendy just lately. It's all been 'We're into death and destruction, let's talk about nuclear war. Let's get into dirty and grubby'. Glue stuffed up their wee noses and porridge in their hair. Well, maybe it's time for optimism and hope and love to be trendy again. Widn't that be fab?" — Sheena Easton.

"You've got to shit or get off the pot." — Malcolm McLaren.

"I don't feel that one should be upset by things becoming fashionable. Ironies are one of the few saving graces of this existence." — Tony Wilson.

"Art for money's sake and money for God's sake." — Paul Klee.

I AM NOW a member of the Bow Wow Wow fan club. I feel pretty good about it. My membership is valid for a year, and what I get is up to me. You were given the pink card as you walked through the doors of the Rainbow Theatre, and you were meant to fill in your own name and address and make up your own fan club number. I'm number 147.

You can join too! Who needs a card! Make your own!

The first thing to be seen inside the Rainbow foyer was a candy floss stall — see it being made! Unfortunately the second thing to be seen was a grubby 'Legalise

Cannabis' stall opposite. Fun and frivolity set against dull and worthy. The night's entertainment was a bit like that: McLaren materialism striking out against Rough Trade moralism. I came out on the side of matter-realism: but then I would.

I'm in the mood for blurring a few lines. It's been a good week — I am here to tell you! I saw Fire Engines at the Moonlight, Bush Tetras at Cabaret Futura, Au Pairs and the Banshees the same night in Edinburgh, Wow Bow Wow the night after. And two of the greatest singles of all time (not just the week), were released — 'Fascist Groove Thang' and 'Ceremony'.

Something is becoming clear, if you'll pardon the vagueness. People — idle purists — are dead fond of saying that nothing new is happening in pop and rock, and what they neglect to notice is that there is no lack of imagination or conviction and all those things, but that it is the idiotically accepted rules and regulations of rock that smother any developments.

Rock's dull network, preoccupied principles and complicated logistics have consistently compromised new energy and achievement. The punk and post-punk eruptions were comfortably channelled into those routines. New designs were incuriously absorbed into the bulk. Now it seems that the fabric of that restrictive and pseudo-sacred routine is being slowly torn apart.

You can't sell new fashioned music using old fashioned ways. Rock's standard values were

developed arbitrarily and inconsiderately, and they're stupid. New styles of organisation and presentation are being introduced, a potentially effective resistance to those oppressive routines we've dumbly accepted as being the only way. It doesn't have to be that way. Those huge tours, those recording schedules, those dull designs, those abusive limitations: that way is one hell of an error.

The new charge in pop we're moving towards will not — cannot — involve a radical shift in sound/rhythm/form/content: it will be a change in context, proportion, circumstance, an artful adjustment in the methods of packaging and selling. There'll be a concerted raid on rock's cloistered blandness. It won't be just vinyl: tape, audio and video will be dominant factors. It'll be a pressing agitation, ruthless on all rock's superstitions.

This matter-realism — purposeful, practical, committed to intelligent use of new technology, and stylish too — will be shaped and prompted as much by ideas as by economics. The product will be the idea will be the event. The idea will be useful, attractive, an object for desire. This matter-realism will not create false distances or reduce possibilities: it will be fluid.

The Wow Wow Bow cassette; New Order's casual casualness; Fire Engines budgeted active background music, their 15 minute no gratuitous encore set-pieces; ABC's video ingenuity; British



Foundation's overall organisation and their 'Music For Stowaways' cassette actually mixed through the Walkman's light-weight headphones; the preferability of Cabaret Futura and the nationwide clubs that should follow its line.

Something is becoming clear... there is now real choice.

ALTHOUGH I wish it was Fire Engines (who were set to play at one point) that had the money behind them, and agent provocateur Malcolm McLaren in front of them, Wow Wow Wow are glamorous enough even if the three boys are a bit unneighbourly looking.

They're an exceptional pop/stimulus marred only by the incongruous traces of the inductive rockism with which McLaren smears all his mascots.

At the Rainbowwowwow the stage was smoothed down and lit up — a huge flashing BWV cassette sign — like Bow Wow Wow were a

super-suave POR (purist orientated rock) operation from California. Drumsticks were hurled into the slaving crowd, the set was far too long, trivial little details that can jar if you don't watch out. Or if you do watch out.

But it's not music per se where the changes will be: it's circumstances, environment, the box(es) inside which the new entertainments are slotted. To emphasise the McLaren maxim of full cheer and not despair in such recessionary times, the Rainbow became a fairground for the night. The experience of the pop single getting compared to the experience of a merry-go-round: pretty sensible. Transient thrill, dizzying sensation.

Unfortunately, the fairground was half hearted: very derelict, four stalls — throw the darts, roll the balls, win uselessssss EMI product — and a high helter skelter set close to the stage. Laid out on

the Rainbow's obvious slope, it seemed lopsided, like a scene in the upcoming Popeye film. the venue, of course, was totally ill-suited. The extravagance just wasn't extravagant enough.

The intention was unimpeachable — to shift the emphasis away from the stage, use performers only as a part of the action, involve the audience, abolish barriers, create a heady whirl of noise and motion.

There was a rockabilly group, the Sound Of 17 Big Band (pop through the ages?), a wicked glam soundtrack (Glitter, Rubettes, Bolan, Slade), the stalls, the slide and Bow Bow Bow — meant to be a hustling bustling guard against the general predictability of the rock show, make it a party more than a duty.

IT WAS somewhere between the rock gig and the something special.

The fairground wasn't complete enough to upset the audience's expectations, or distract them fully. Most people still stood around submissively, waiting for the headliners, prepared to commit all their energies to that hour. That stale air of the rock gig lingered. People searching for a new movement rubbed padded shoulders with the casually curious who rubbed against Bow Wow Wow fanatics who rubbed against the hedonistic hooligans.

No one was quite sure what was happening.

Rumoured to be the new singer, a person called George guested on one rockabilly song amidst a whole pile of old fashioned encores. George's viperish flamboyance immediately shifted the sexual implications and radically altered visual tension: it was a different group. Annabella is openly unskilled: George is kind of glib. Both possess an amateurism that rubs attractively against the Wow boys professionalism.

Annabella began the show from the top of the helter skelter, singing as she slid

Aztec Camera-man Roddy. Pic Robert Sharp

Aztec Camera

Edinburgh I CAN'T see the drummer and the bass player is off lurking inconspicuously in shadows at the side. Not the most visually dynamic of shows. Up front singer Roddie Frame is sitting on a stool playing 12-string acoustic guitar and being sensitive into a microphone. His manner, while not noticeably nervous, is so lacking in arrogance or pose of any kind that Harry Chapin's stage act would be closer to Lux Interior in comparison.

This is the debut performance of the new, soft-focus Aztec Camera. Previously, AC had been (not just) another post-JD band. Live they were rather dull, but songs on tape hinted at a potential as the only serious rivals to Josef K. Now, this latest transition has enabled Postcard Records to recognise them out of all the dabblers as the kind of unselfconscious, intelligent pop that should've developed if there hadn't been a lot of fuss about 'art' for the last 15 years.

The acoustic guitar is used on the opening 'We Could Send Letters', and then abandoned due to unforeseen amplification problems. With electricity Roddie's playing is quiet, sweet and textural, filled with soft hooks to renew your faith in guitars.

If you can accept Orange Juice and Josef K as opposite ends of something, then AC are probably somewhere near the centre; still melodic, but subtle and wistfully romantic — closer to The Go-Betweens,

but more into Sartre than surfing.

At first the songs can seem meandering and tuneless, until closer inspection reveals fascinating depth and detail in every aspect, including the voice. Postcard's teen tycoon Alan Horne, a harsh judge of everything, reckons, in a rare display of over-enthusiasm, that they're the best songs he's ever heard by anyone. I'll reserve that kind of judgement until I'm more familiar with what I'm assured is a very strong backlog of songs (only six tonight, most heard for the first time). But already it seems likely that Roddie Frame, at 18, has realised the kind of personal style that many acclaimed talents have only been able to strive for.

AC get an encore, though that's a symptom of the traditional rock gig reaction they want to escape. They are a low-key kind of excitement. Manager Alan would prefer that they play restaurants in future.

Glenn Gibson

their ability to do good reggae numbers like 'Jah War' and a suitably reverberant, bass-heavy (but overlong) version of 'Love In Vain', which provides some small respite from the general run of things.

Their second plus-factor lies in the added talents of the impassive Gary Barnacle on treated sax and Oberheim, whose contributions add some otherwise absent spice and serve to nudge the music more towards the Killing Joke/Bauhaus 'Gothick' end of the real-punk genre.

Towards the end, they're joined by a stout middle-aged cove, self-assured in dinner jacket and bow-tie, with his specs on a neck-chain, Larry Grayson style, who proceeds to blow tight shards of trumpet in a style similar to Mongezi Feza's on 'Rock Bottom'. This turns out to be Bill Barnacle, presumably the dad or elder bro of Gary, and his appearance is the most exciting thing to happen all night.

It was that kind of night, really. Like banging your brains against a wall, the real pleasure resides in the peace of the aftermath.

I left before the encores.

Andy Gill

Ruts DC

Marquee

RIGHT from the start, it was asserted that punk music was little more than speeded-up heavy metal minus the flash and technique, an assertion which, though focused on the purely musical side of a much wider cultural event, was not without a grain of truth.

On a less formal level, there are more (and closer) similarities between HM and that bastard son of the Great Social Retch of '76, 'real punk', similarities located not only in the music but in the attitudes of the audience, particularly the morbid humourlessness and atmosphere of brutal nihilism

evinced at such gigs.

Scratch a paint-daubed leather jacket, and you find an embroidered denim jacket underneath.

The Ruts — or Ruts DC, as they now wish to be known — are pretty much like any other "real punk" band, except for their marginally greater

musical accomplishment and guitarist Paul Fox's penchant for headbanging antics of almost Wallyesque proportions. Their audience accordingly contains a fair number of lengthy barnets besides the requisite quota of punks, not to mention a

considerable number of don't-knows, or don't-cares. A thoroughly lumpen audience, all things considered, come to revel in music as grey as the *Daily Telegraph* and as elevating as the *Sun*.

Perhaps this is too harsh: Ruts DC do possess a couple of plus-factors which lift them a bit higher than others of their ilk. The first of these is

down to join the boys onstage. The slide was kept open during the set; the uninhibited whizzed down as Bowboys grimmed to bear it. And Annabella was so sincere — occasionally joined by a couple of 'skinny' dancers. The sliding hinted how good it would have been if Wow Wow had just been another side show: part of the rushing about. Now and then, someone sliding down was a (blinking) star.

McLaren's interpretation of the need of the times is as good as anyone's. It's an interpretation that fits well alongside other things: more than he admits or cares or sees. Where ideas can count.

Wow Wow Bow at the Rainwowbowwow were a lot of fun, and it didn't ultimately matter how strong they were or weren't — for me they were one of the attractions; take it or leave it, a confection. The sex elements are a manageable twist, perhaps an impediment; a main point is . . . the love to be trendy!

Another point is: what a flash noise! Purists will fiercely oppose the implications: the jape, the escape.

EVERYTHING's too separate at the moment. Spandau Ballet — post-fatal self-importance, knickerbocker inglorious — are there. Fire Engines — sheer glory — are there. Wow Wow Wow are there. BEF, ABC; it all stands for the same sort of sabotage. It's going to take an audience making the connections and celebrating the spirit coming together to transform it into something special.

I sense it coming. A new participation, a parting party. A fun and games motion, caking chances, acting sort of sensibly, reclaiming a certain spirit, sorting out a direction. If it all works together it'll be hard to keep up with. Purists won't stand a chance.

My first act as Bow Now And How fan club member 147 is to colour in the pictures in this week's *NME*.

UK Subs Chelsea Stiffs

Lyceum

IT'S APPROPRIATE that the first real hardcore punk assembly at the Lyceum for some time should coincide with a temporary departure of cold weather.

Unlike the young men whose icy elegance has turned this place into a refrigerator these past few Sundays, the pogoing dunderheads who cannot find it in themselves to betray the UK Subs generate enough

heat to power every charcoal grill in Covent Garden.

Sunday night's gig was expertly programmed to lead up to the full glory of the UK Subs. Gene October was only too delighted to admit that he was only there to "wind you up for the Subs". Even more remote from the Subs' power and street credibility, and therefore even more effective in provoking the impatience of their itinerant fanatics, were the Stiffs, a comic-strip punk band who are indeed on the Stiff label.

Although this very orthodox four-piece started off with some primitive rantings about 'Volume Control' (or some kid

being asked to turn down his hi-fi) and 'Livin' To Lose' (about record corporations that aren't hip like Stiff), they soon dropped this disingenuous facade and came up with the old trick of playing pretty '60s teen tunes loudly and pseudo-energetically.

Like Temporary Title, the Stiffs perform a version of the old Billie Davis hit 'Tell Him', but where TT's properly pop rendition adds something to the song, the Stiffs' is transparently just a case of latching onto its most facile aspects and hoping their bland, lubricated sedation of them doesn't send everyone

to sleep.

Even more vapid and meretricious is their new single, a revamp of the old Searchers hit 'Goodbye My Love' — a gloss on everything from The Tourists' pathetic Dusty Springfield cover to Spectorised Ramones. This ungainly confidence trick was exposed for what it was every time the band attempted originality. 'I'm Not Sold On You' and 'Inside Out' were imbecilic variations on a confused idea of what new wave in its inception really was, and both had immediately to be succeeded by safer gambles on nostalgia.

Finally, The Stiffs were reduced to finishing with a predictably leaden version of 'Mony Mony', and everyone was delighted to see them go.

For some reason, Anti-Pasti did not then appear as scheduled, and instead we were asked to applaud the return of the unfortunate Chelsea. Actually, the punks were all delighted to see them, but a continuous mass request between numbers for the band to get lost seemed requisite anyway. The moment Chelsea started up again, so the punks started pogoing. They loved it.

To be quite honest, I think Gene October is great value for money. He took the punks for the ride they deserved, protesting all the time that he knew he was a wanker but so what? Dolled up as a punk P.J. Proby, his image swinging somewhere between Malcolm McDowell in *If . . .* and Nicky Tesco of The Members, he does actually possess

Continues



UK Pups: herp at Barker!

Pic Paul Slattery

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NME X-PRESS WORD

ACROSS

1 & 33 US 'troubadour' who's big with *Rolling Stone* readers (Stop that giggling at the back!)

4 English-Greek version of above, big with *Melody Maker* people (still) (4,7)

9 The movie of the cult (5,5)

10 Who character?

13 Confederate version of recent Spandau Ballet hit? (If they knew how to spell) (8,6)

15 Sci-fi horror flick: *in space no one can hear you scream*

16 Here's a cryptic one to celebrate the Royal nuptials: Lady Di grasps a bit of Bonnie Charlie to sing 'Runaround Sue'

17 A B-52-ette

18 Miss Laine or Mrs Dankworth

20 Supposedly a film starring Meat Loaf and Deborah Harry

21 Of the album '— With The Wind'

24 Crossy character. *Crossy!*? Doesn't everyone call it *Crossy*?

25 Mo-Dette frontperson (6,7)

27 Here's the good news: Ritchie Blackmore's given up! (1,9)

29 Something to play at the Mothers' Union (sic!)

30 & 28 Partner of the unspeakable Andrew Middle-Class

31 & 32 Yankette with Clash and Meat Loaf connections

32 See above

33 See 1 across



DOWN

1 & 26 Ferry singing Lennon

2 What'sname, Ron Wood's predecessor (4,6)

3 It fears farce (anag. 2 words)

5 Vintage 2-Tone hit (3,6)

6 Chartalbum (3325)

7 Punk stronghold contemporaneous with Roxy Club

8 1980 British movie which

started life as a TV play

11 Dire Straits LP (5,6)

12 Bowie album and single (5,9)

14 Model Indian (anag. 2 words)

19 See below

22 & 19 The hit from 'Remain In Light' (4,2,1,8)

23 A percussionist

26 See 1 down

28 See 30

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Bono Vox; 5 Merton (Parkas); 8 (Phil) Spector; 10 Leo Sayer; 13 'Rock This (Town)'; 14 Them; 16 Richard Strange; 20 Suggs; 21 'Voodoo (Chile)'; 23 Julian Cope; 24 EMI; 27 Peter (Noone); 29 Runaways; 30 Cassidy.

DOWN: 1 Belle Stars; 2 New Order; 3 Visage; 4 MGs; 6 Trogs; 7 Feargal Sharkey; 9 (Merton) Parkas; 11 (Voodoo) Chile; 12 Cher; 15 Midge Ure; 17 Dave Clark; 18 Thompson; 19 (Peter) Noone; 22 Phil (Spector); 25 Epic; 26 'Rock This' Town.

AUSTIN

■ From page 25

still-running *Leave It To Beaver* (the story of Theodore 'The Beaver' Cleaver and his continual struggle with American family life).

Almost all the movement's songs — love songs, novelty numbers, hate songs, and news songs — allude to those same mythologies of beach, B-flicks and bad fast food of which 'Beaver' is a part: mythologies enshrined since the '60s as eternal touchstones for every American 'counterculture'. And the musical grips of the Austin punk scenarios are pure, distilled suburban grumbles about the difficulties of Everyday Middleclass Life: swallowing, leaning on lift buttons, and undoing bra straps: or, *not* swallowing/pushing buttons/undoing undies.

"Texas has long been regarded as a mecca for chainsaw punk bands," reports national 'zine *Subterranean Pop* in their current issue. "But the music in Austin is starting to diversify."

CERTAINLY IT is when every day offers growing musical choice; are you going to catch James Brown's in-store appearance at the Sound Warehouse, or make it to Butch Hancock's 'Twilight Show' at the old Alamo Lounge (both events 5.30pm on a Thursday)? Both are packed; just like Raul's seems to be packed most nights — or the re-located Soap Creek Saloon is packed for every Doug Sahm performance (despite the scam that Sahm's current passion for softball far outstrips his craving for rock and roll). For all I know, Copa's and Antone's and Steamboat Springs and the Backstage are also crowded out — for performances by the Uranium Savages, Lewis and the Legends, Cellulose Brain, The Raybeats, W.C. Clark, Rockin' Devil, The Big Boys, The Stains, The Austin All-Stars, The Gimmicks, Joe 'King' Carrasco, John Reed, Joe Ely, The Radio Planets, 5-Spot and all the other bands and kinds of bands four all-too-short days in this hot town didn't allow me to see.

■ With many thanks to Ed Ward, Jan Beeman, Lynne Capri and the numerous others who helped make this article possible. — CR.

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Who will change the face of rock

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With reference to Paul Du Noyer's passive and singularly unreflective piece on 'Penny Rimbaud's' Family, Crass (NME February 14), there are a great number of questions which, in the dubious light of that 'commune's' vitriolic outpourings, remain unanswered by anything other than the now tired and familiar dualistic and defensive rationalisations of 'their Master's voice'.

If 'anarchy', for example, has "more to do with pacifism than mad bombers", and has "everything to do with throwing off society's (Whatever that catch-all reification means) control of your mind, which conditions you to accept violence..." then why the deliberate association — in Crass's own statement — between a far from pacifist Baader-Meinhof group and a 'punk' ethic which by inference (since it was a statement made on a poster advertising one of their gigs and bearing their insignia) refers specifically to Crass's own ideology?

Why, too — if 'anarchy' means love and peace — is there the ominous note of menace in 'Rimbaud's' grandiose statement: "I warn you. The Nature of Your Oppression is the Aesthetic of My Anarchy"; of what, exactly, are we being warned? If we do not accept his puritanical and utterly egocentric 'anarchy' are we to be 'loved' to an eternal peace?

'Rimbaud' may claim to know that "we're shit" (he refers to the sycophantic Crass), but it is the supreme and patronising arrogance of the condescending Patriarch which claims to know that the rest of us are "shit as well".

And finally, isn't there some contradiction in Crass's vehemently declared polemic against (always 'against') a politic of confrontation — "Left-wing, right-wing, you can stuff the lot" — and their apparent embrace of an ethic which du Noyer gives in the idea "... that peace lies through confrontation"? After all, that's precisely what Reagan believes.

The quote from Proudhon read: "Whoever puts his hand on me, to govern me, is a usurper and a tyrant". There are more ways of governing and usurping than Proudhon seems to have recognised, and more subtle forms of tyranny. It is the nature of your covert violence, 'Rimbaud', which informs the quiet aesthetic of our refutation of your oppression and it is the nature of the covert violence of your oppression which forms the peaceful aesthetic of our refutation of your 'anarchy'.
Konrad S. Marlow, London SE27

The Crass/real punk/anarchy axis does not 'represent any new hippiedom'. There can be no comparison between hippies and anything that is happening today. The hippies died in their own shit, apathy, their non-achievement, their dreams. As for saying 'no altruistic independent' label would put out 'Bullshit Detector', that is just ridiculous because Crass Records, more than any other record label's, almost whole reason for being is because of Crass's regard and concern for others.

I pity you. Anarchy, Peace and Freedom.

Karen Sobey, London W12

A few points, Konrad:

1. Crass don't "associate" their approach with Baader-Meinhof's. They contrast it.

2. We are being "warned" that ugly conditions do not stimulate a pretty response.

3. There's a world of difference between "confrontation" through music, and confrontation through

nuclear missiles.

4. I'm sorry, I don't understand the rest. — PDN. As far as I'm concerned, the biggest drawbacks with Crass centre around the utopian invalidity of anarchism in late 20th Century industrial society. Hence their isolationism, and their inability to stimulate any kind of political dialogue other than parroted sloganeering amongst their "followers". Interesting term, "followers". — AG.



I've heard that the government is currently taking steps to extend its Youth Opportunities Programme to the Armed Forces. I wondered how long I would have to wait for Thatcher and her troupe of hoop-jumping monkeys to think of a way of introducing conscription for the unemployed.

YOP is basically a device to make the monthly unemployment figures seem slightly less harsh than they really are. It reflects the total apathy of the government to do anything positive about the anguish it is causing, which is a resultant factor of an obsession with monetarism — whatever that may be.

I thought that the present situation of six months pissing about erecting fences *et al* was humiliating enough, but it looks as though the exploitation will increase to a point of what can only be described as fascism.

It'll happen slowly, and she won't call it conscription; her advisers will be asked to concoct a nice little inoffensive title for it. The Tories will probably herald it as a major step forward: "Let the lazy buggers do some work for a change." If these "Join the Army and see the world" plans are implemented, and people co-operate with them, what democracy we have remaining will be squashed once and for all.

I am not prepared to do Thatcher any favours. She hasn't done me any. The last thing I am going to do is fight for her and keep the unemployment figures artificially low at the same time. I am not fooled.

John Nemes, Newport, Gwent. Now that's what I call perceptive political analysis. — AG.

Sexism — A Definition:

When Sting takes his clothes off and all the little girls stare at him, he is exploiting them.

When Debbie Harry goes on stage in a short dress and all the men stare at her, they are exploiting her.

Easy really, what?

I. M. Confused, Redditch. That seems pretty on the ball, too. — AG.

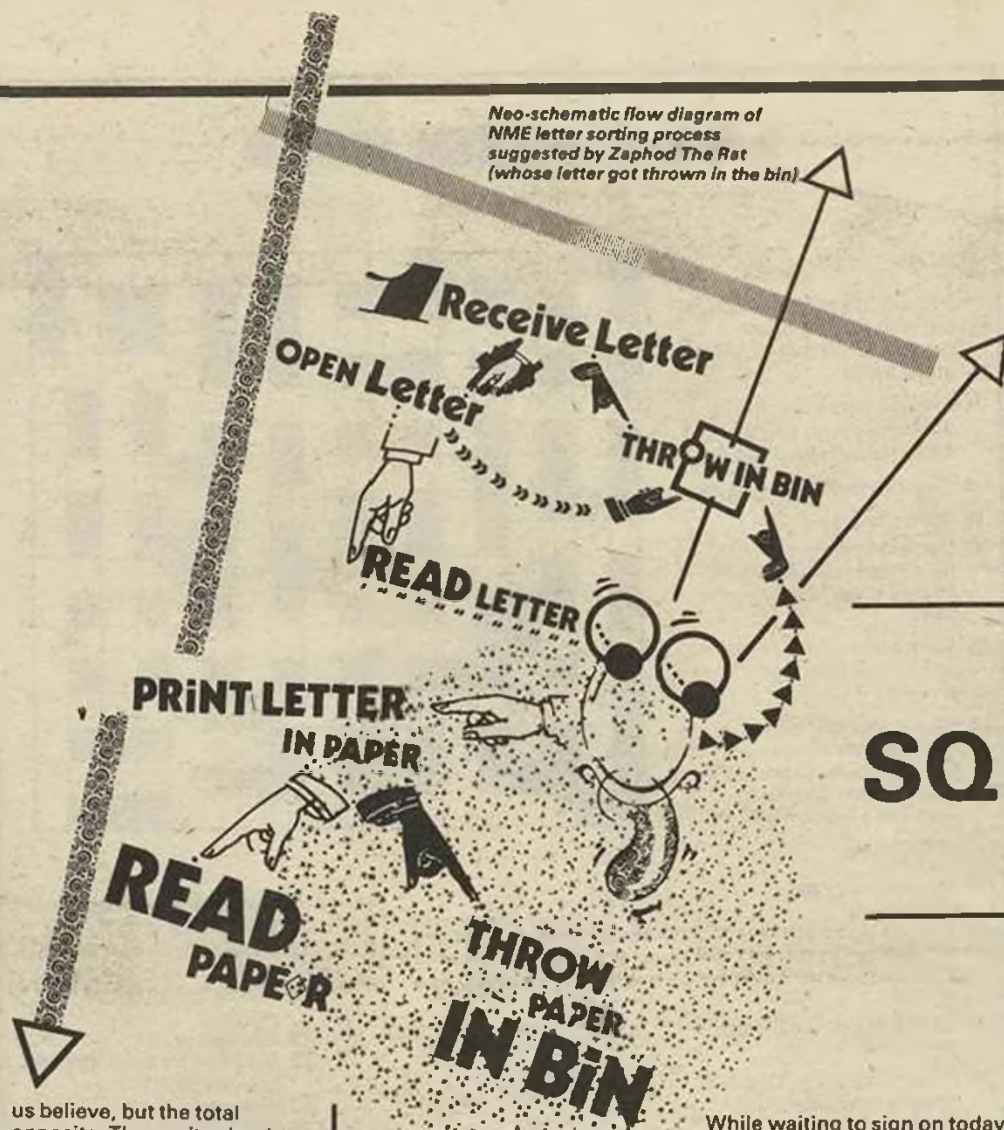


Dear M. Whitehouse (Mrs), No, Phil Collins' latest solo hit is not about masturbation. In fact, "I can feel it coming in the hair tonight" is what Lady Diana Spencer thought when she last saw our Chas.

Elizabeth R., London.

That, however, is a bit below the belt. — AG.

Could somebody please explain the recent attacks on Spandau Ballet. I don't consider myself to be an ardent fan of the band, but it must be plain looking at their past how they have managed to reach the media, and the answer is not by 'hyping' as people would have



us believe, but the total opposite. They quite simply ignored the record industry until the time was right. For God's sake, whatever's wrong with a bit of thoughtful enterprise? They simply filled a gap.

Peter Boch, The Reptile House, Dudley Zoo.

Your defence of the group appears to be based on purely "business" criteria, which might go some way towards explaining the attacks. After all, Rupert Murdoch's quite a sharp businessman, too. As regards their emphasis on fashion, there's nothing wrong with that so long as people realise that they're not so much expressing their individuality as demonstrating their membership of a particular tribe. As long as youth relies on fashion for its expression of freedom, so it will remain in bondage. Or tartan, or... — AG.



Gay Times on Peacock Throne. No scene. Abstract:

New Society, class system. Esoteric life for working boys. Don't look now or never.

Answer welcome, unexpected. J.G.D., WAZ 9EP.

I think you've hit the nail right on the head, JGD. — AG.

In his "constructive" write-up of Todd Rundgren's 'Healing'

album Andy Gill claimed Todd believers were a dangerously fanatical creed. Firstly, people who agree with Todd Rundgren's idea that good only comes from good do not in fact worship him. Secondly, to say we are a "dangerously fanatical creed" seems a completely unfounded and damaging statement.

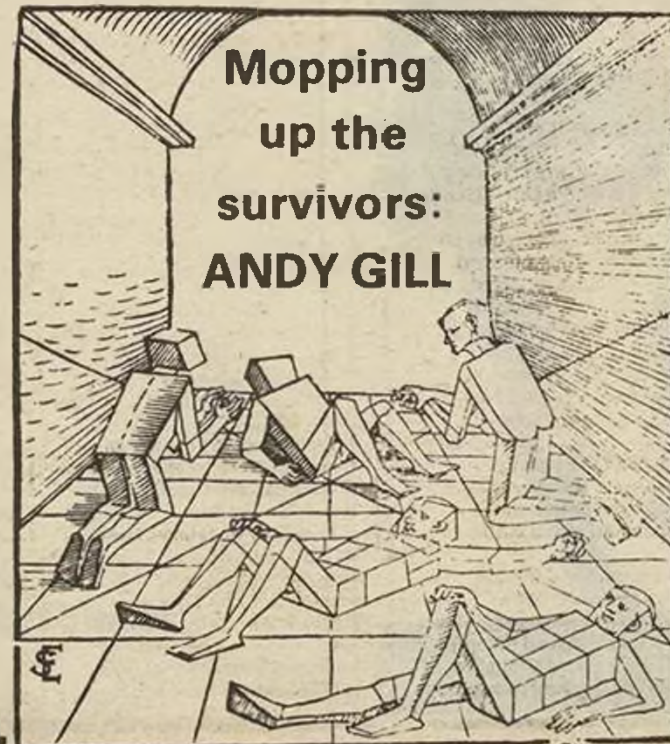
Graham Small, Dundee P.S. Would Mr Gill wish to reply to my letter? It would be interesting to hear about these "dangers" he foresees. One of the main dangers associated with any such creed is their tendency to take humorous asides seriously. Talking of which...

So it's not taken long for you to get at New Order. Colour articles, in-depth analysis which was only some poser jerk's disappointed view, the slight "New Order are letting us down". Lose control again on Oi Division (Little Willie, little brain).

This man died for you, not for someone to joke about. Throw taunts at those left behind, he gave up — something you heartless bastards want to consider before you commit yourselves.

Mike Mead, Stockport

... if anyone else really believes Little Willie's Oi Division review was about Joy Division, will they keep it to themselves? Oh, and no-one's died for me, Mike, and if you think Ian Curtis died for you, you've got problems. — AG.



While waiting to sign on today at Aytounst dole office I counted four people reading copies of NME. Does this mean NME facts are right or the queues are getting longer? Alan Stewardson, Manchester Whaddya mean, "or"? — AG.

Hatefully yours, Tony Chaos of The Fulllood Unit.

P.S. I see you are not keeping strictly to your policy of editing out all the good bits from a letter.

Not strictly. — AG.



Having come to expect mindless drivel from Paul Morley in his musical writings, it was hardly surprising that his review of the Granada documentary City! was equally turgid.

What was amusing was that he stretched his overwhelming insight into a lecture on the merits of different styles of football. He proceeded from his omniscient position to explain why Malcolm Allison had failed as a manager, and why Bond is successful (?). What the documentary showed was not that Allison was a football failure, but that English football has fallen from artistry so much that teams survive better through organisation rather than skill. When coaching scenes show Allison having to explain basic football knowledge, like width in attack, to the likes of Reid, Henry and Daley, he must be forgiven for having to deal with these morons.

Bond will stick to his method of judging the abilities of footballers by those who wear ties and Allison will meander aimlessly searching for an answer to his flawed vision.

This thinking, Paul, is responsible for England wasting the talents of Marsh, Hudson, Bowles, McKenzie and Hill, and why we are consistently outclassed in international football by other countries. Professional footballer turned journalist, McKenzieville, Menottiland

What a reactionary Paul Morley is when it comes to football! Who would have thought that football in 1981 would have anything to do with such "rockist" concepts as winning

matches!! How about if Paul sticks to writing about Manchester City and Malcolm Allison manages the Fire Engines?

M. Tybalt

Who cares about Manchester City, now that Wednesday are poised to regain their rightful position in the First? — AG.

Huh! My Stray Cats transfer came off, with little persuasion, with Fairy toilet soap.

A. Badger, Stewardson.

Who do they play for now, then? — AG.

Is it true that Robert De Niro is to play Long John Silver in his next film, and is insisting that his leg should be cut off?

GASBAG SQUARES UP

M. Brando, Paris.

No, it's just part of the crash diet he's gone on to lose those excess pounds he gained for Raging Bull. — AG.

Re: the review of the Eno/Byrne album: good to see someone laying the Ghosts in the Bush. Angus MacKinnon hit the right nerve on this one, regarding the sterile 'experimental' airs breathed by Eno/Byrne. When I first read about Eno cottoning on to the native thunder I thought 'Well, bugger it, he must be deaf or daft', for powerful musicians such as Dudu Pukwana and Louis Moholo, and bands as far back as Assagai and Jabula have been resident in London for years, playing Townships musics and afro rock/jazz. As for those cold-blooded wankers Talking Heads deciding to spice up a weak act with condescending criss-cross riddims, they still produce a thin watery sound. As regards the spurious 'experimental' nature of Eno's work, the Ethnic Forgery Series by Can cited by MacKinnon is the real essence of creative delving, using technique as a tool to dismember structures with humour and reverence for the 'feel' of much ethnic music, without sucking the geographic and sociological essence out of it.

Dave Grimbleby, London SW17



Gavin Martin's UK Subs review was a load of bollocks. Does it never occur to you pseudo-intellectual farts that some people buy records because they like the music?

The 'hype' and 'exploitation' he mentions do not exist. The Subs are a punk band who play good fast music and people buy this record because they like the music. Simple as that. They won't think it 'signifies' anything except an hour's good listening.

P.O.D. the younger, Aberystwyth.

That's just the problem. — AG.

NME's got about 30 staff/contributors and advertises about 500 gigs a week in Gig Guide, of which 11 have been reviewed over the last two weeks.

Sounds may be crap but at least they try.

Pete Holden, Southampton.

One's patience, usually. — AG.

Why do you do it?

Sharon, Ormskirk, Lancs.

This letter has been edited. — AG.

T-ZERS



Gang Of Four's Hugo Burnham nicks in ahead of Neville Staples (see below) in the silver screen stakes. As we revealed sometime ago, Hugo (a stage name if ever we heard one) is appearing as a gangster in a film called 'Country Life'. Here we see a still of Hugo chasing Nick Kent as the film approaches its bloody climax. We won't tell you if he catches his prey but Nick has no pieces in this week's issue.



The above pic, we are reliably informed, makes Buster Bloodvessel look like that guy who used to give Grasshopper lessons in 'Kung Fu'.

The below pic, we are reliably informed, makes Buster Bloodvessel look like a fat man with two golf balls in his big mouth.



Buster pix: Andrea Casarotti.

FEATURING THE RETURN OF ...

SPECIAL Neville Staples took time out from promoting his record label Shack this week — flick to *Thrills* for the spills on that one — to contemplate a new career as a starlet of the silver screen. Bitterly disappointed with the results of *Dance Craze* — "Let's face it, it was a bad film" — Nev still has dreams of muscling his way ahead in the movie world.

"I'd love to be in movies. Somebody like Shaft! A heavy black cop!"

Does this herald the long-overdue return of Superfly chic?

"Hmmm, I wouldn't want it to be a New York thing. It's got to be London. Scotland Yard's first black! I'd love to be in something like *The Professionals* too, even if it was just a little walk-on part, just a few lines. I'd really like to act, but it would have to be somewhere where I could improvise. I couldn't be bothered with learning lines and all that. I'd rather make it up as I went along!"

Dance Craze, reckons Nev, was a wasted opportunity for him to fulfil that ambition.

"That film should have had some sort of story behind it. When it came to the crunch, it was just a load of filming onstage, Neville leaping around playing the mad maniac! It should have been more acted-out."

"Y'see, I've got this bursting energy all the time. I can't stand it if I'm not on the go doing something. That's why I'm always so energetic or anything like that! It's just natural!"



SOME PATHETIC Seig-Heiling skinheads made an unsuccessful attempt to spoil the Siouxsie And The Banshees jig in Derby, only to be flummoxed when the group left the stage, returning five minutes later sporting a

set of 'Israel' promo T-shirts bearing the Star Of David. The Banshees were a little unlucky a few days later when they arrived for the Blackburn date to find the stage had burned down the night before ...



FOLLOWING an objection from a Race Records of Cambridge about Brad Special's use of the same moniker for his new label, an "out of court settlement" or somesuch has resulted in the sum of 50p compensation being paid to the Cambridge Co. by the Specials drummer ...

ONE-TIME PIL people Jim Walker and Jah Wobble spotted entering Chrysalis offices together 'other afternoon. Couldn't be planning to work together, could they? ...

Cure sticksman Lol Tol has been invited by "Europe's leading percussion expert" (it says here) to lecture on drums and things related at the University of Utrecht. Spotted at the cashdesk in the Virgin Megastore in London's Oxford Street on Wednesday was one D. Bowie, believed to have been in town for the *Daily Mirror* pop awards that night. The thin white personage purchased a pole of recent singles including Grace Jones' 'Demolition Man', Human Sexual Response's 'What Does Sex Mean To Me', Simple Minds' 'Celebrate' and The Polecats' cover of an obscure early '70s hit 'John I'm Only Dancing' ... Simple Minds broke the house record at Tiffany's in the Glasgae home town on Saturday night, packing in over two-and-a-half thousand of 'em ...

All proceeds from the 4" Be 2" Rainbow concert on St Patrick's night being donated to families of those killed in the Dublin ballroom tragedy ...

Richard Jobson decided that he had to reclaim his roots last week. Sick of London (he would be, just as it's getting good), he took off

for Scotland. He flew up straight after his interview with Chris Bohn — "Pure brill — pisses all over Penman and Morley." No sooner had he reached Edinburgh than he was set upon and nastily beaten up by what Rob of The Scars called *Sounds* readers, resentful because Jobson moved away from Scotland". Sunglasses hardly hiding a cut and bruised face, wrist tatty bandaged, he was left limping badly but survived Siouxsie and the Banshees at Edinburgh Playhouse and Au Pairs at the Nite Club protected by a minder. Richard will be staying in Scotland for a few weeks, hoping it treats him a little better ...

On Friday's *Roundtable* Malcolm McLaren failed to commit himself to judging *NME*'s C81 cassette and fell short of whipping EMI with his usual glee. He still hopes to conduct business with them. Mike Read summed up much of Radio 1's entire policy by claiming that "81 minutes of anything for £1.50 is good value" ...

When asked what he'd do with *Positive Noise*, McLaren said he'd just pass them on to somebody else. Sheena Easton's skinny pet Richard Skinner thought that *NME* had made Pos Noise's 'Give Me Passion' single of last week. Silly Dick — we got to Pos Noise weeks ago. It was *Sounds*: running scared, late again ...

Fire Engines, leaps and bounds ahead of the entire western world, are covering the anthemic 'We Don't Need That Fascist Groove Thang' for a John Peel session even afore the single is released. Most of the population of Scotland claims it's even better than Heaven 17's original ...

Anyone hear Buzzcocks' 'Moving Away From The Pulsebeat' used as the backing music for an item on *Jim'll Fix It*? The same programme that saw Adam now almost completely transformed into a kind uncle ...

Sioux bemused by last week's favoured *NME* review of the Banshees. "How come it was allowed through, ruining the record?" she wondered. She half thought it

ERROL GOLDDUST

might be a joke. "But at least it looks like a good review!" ...

Which member of Josef K wants the group to sound like Crystal Gayle? ...

Au Pair Lesley Woods confesses that she's prepared for the nasty-lash to come in the pop-press. "All the nice adjectives have been used up" ...



STIFF Records on the scent of *The Belle Stars*, mainman Dave Robinson checking out the group's Marquee date on Sunday. About time. Madmen also spotted in attendance, as was Paul Waller's most wonderful drunk human being Jim from SLF, who boasted from the bar that the group have finally finished their third studio LP. About time ...

The pop world animals went in two-by-two for the Pearl Harbour date at Dingwalls last Wednesday. Spotted were Clashers Joe 'n' Paul, gnarled old Pros Steve 'n' Paul plus Chas 'n' Bedders from Madness ...

Bow-Wow-Wow-ing it at the Finsbury Park Funfair on Saturday eve'n were John and Andy of Gang Of Four, a Blondie, Paul Cook, Ramona Modette and new sidekick Nic of The Tea Set, reckoned to be the only vinyl junkie in existence with a complete catalogue of Gnldrolog, Bilbo Baggins and Dando Shaft albums. Also spotted concert-going for the first time since 1863 was a Bernie Rhodes. But how many of them spotted the elusive Errol Golddust hamming it up on the helter skelter? ...

Certainly not Hazel The Connor, who won a prize in a ping-pong competition, the reward being an LP by The Albion Band. Hazel is now off to Paris where she is being described by pundits (Louis and Genevieve Pundit) as the

"new Edith Piaf" ... Stop the world! Really! Girls At Our Best play their debut date next Friday — the 13th! — in York.



CABARET Futura now the best place in London. Go down and spot the stars — everyone!! Most boring people there last week were the rockists — Michael Des Barres, Nigel Harrison and Joe Jackson. Now that Richard Strange is in the news, ex-Polydor employee and Mormon Chris Bohn has been approached to put together a *Doctors Of Madness* compilation. It may be called 'The Erection Of A Lifetime'. Don't mention the war ...

Not content with the 'controversial' Costello, America's favourite Prime Time pair of eyebrows Tom Snyder just interviewed Catholic Boy Jim Carroll on his chat show ... on the subjects of religion (which JC discussed with intelligence and intensity), rock, and — at length — drugs. Taking the stand of his *Basketball Diaries* that junk becomes "just as boring as any other nine-to-five gig, only the hours are a bit more inclined to the shadows", Carroll did let his anti-smack stance be interrupted long enough to admit that yes, he had sniffed glue. "I didn't consider it a drug though," he told Snyder seriously. "To me it was more like procrastination in putting together your model airplane" ...

Grace Slick, promoting her solo outing *Welcome To The Wrecking Ball* in America, seemed sober but well less-than-coherent, as she slagged off Mother Teresa of Calcutta to *US* magazine ("she's suppressing the Hitler in her") and admitted "When it comes to thinking, I border on being a moron" ...

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4	(5) Ants Invasion	20p
5	(6) Ants No 3	20p
6	(7) Echo & The Bannermen	20p
7	(4) Ants No 1	20p
8	(8) CND	20p
9	(10) Undertones 'See No More Tour'	20p
10	(10) Siouxsie 'Trespass'	20p

NEW RELEASES 20p

Bingo's Flashback, D.O.'s, Hush, Rayhem, Tee Set, Ten Music, Psychobab, Rockers, Spazles, Section 25 New Award Star, Hitch-Hikers Guide To The Galaxy (set of 12), Famous Pigs, Bankrobbers, Protest & Survive, The Demons, Spandau Ballet, Rockpile, O.M.D., Compost Angels, Capt Beeheart, Scientists, Award, Essential Logic, New Cabaret Voltaire, Girls At Our Best, Studio 1, Vision Collection.

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