

21 March 1981

US \$1.95 (by air)

30p

ISSN 0028 6362

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

World's most scrutable rock weekly

THE BUREAU DEPECHE MODE
SIMPLE MINDS PHIL COLLINS

JAP PAYBACK

A NIP INTO THE 21st CENTURY
BY MAX BELL
PAGES 24-27



Maya



Facial hair: the controversy. Chapter One. Once upon a time, beards were very fashionable, almost de rigueur, in fact. Suddenly they vanished, but in many young hearts the urge for facial hair burned strongly and we witnessed the arrival of unshaven chic — very macho, very Clint Eastwood... (to be continued)

Pic: Francesco Melina

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
March 21st, 1981

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	Woman	John Lennon
2	(4)	Rapture	Blondie
3	(2)	Keep On Loving You	REO Speedwagon
4	(3)	9 To 5	Dolly Parton
5	(5)	The Best Of Times	Styx
6	(8)	Crying	Don McLean
7	(6)	Celebration	Kool & The Gang
8	(9)	Hello Again (Love Theme From 'The Jazz Singer')	Neil Diamond
9	(13)	Kiss On My List	Daryl Hall & John Oates
10	(10)	Treat Me Right	Pat Benatar
11	(12)	The Winner Takes It All	Abba
12	(11)	The Tide Is High	Blondie
13	(7)	I Love A Rainy Night	Eddie Rabbitt
14	(16)	What Kind Of Fool	Barbra Streisand & Barry Gibb
15	(17)	Hearts On Fire	Randy Meisner
16	(20)	Morning Train (Nine To Five)	Sheena Easton
17	(19)	Don't Stand So Close To Me	The Police
18	(21)	While You See A Chance	Steve Winwood
19	(15)	A Little In Love	Cliff Richard
20	(22)	Fade Away	Bruce Springsteen
21	(25)	Just The Two Of Us	Grover Washington Jr
22	(23)	Ah! Leah!	Donnie Iris
23	(24)	Living In A Fantasy	Leo Sayer
24	(27)	Somebody's Knockin'	Terri Gibbs
25	(29)	Angel Of The Morning	Juice Newton
26	(34)	Can't Stand It	Eric Clapton & His Band
27	(33)	Don't Stop The Music	Yarborough and Pebbles
28	(18)	Games People Play	The Alan Parsons Project
29	(31)	Precious To Me	Phil Seymour
30	(36)	Being With You	Smokey Robinson

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	Hi Infidelity	REO Speedwagon
2	(3)	Paradise Theater	Styx
3	(2)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon/Yoko Ono
4	(4)	The Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond
5	(5)	Greatest Hits	Kenny Rogers
6	(8)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand
7	(7)	Autoamerican	Blondie
8	(6)	Crimes Of Passion	Pat Benatar
9	(9)	Captured	Journey
10	(10)	Zenyatta Mondatta	The Police
11	(19)	Moving Pictures	Rush
12	(13)	Celebrate	Kool & The Gang
13	(11)	Back In Black	AC/DC
14	(22)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
15	(15)	9 To 5 And Odd Jobs	Dolly Parton
16	(20)	Arc Of A Diver	Steve Winwood
17	(12)	Gaucho	Steely Dan
18	(18)	The Two Of Us	Yarborough & Peoples
19	(14)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder
20	(21)	Horizon	Eddie Rabbitt
21	(17)	The Turn Of A Friendly Card	The Alan Parsons Project
22	(25)	Winelight	Grover Washington Jr
23	(16)	Gap Band III	Gap Band
24	(26)	Imagination	The Whispers
25	(29)	The Nature Of The Beast	April Wine
26	(23)	The River	Bruce Springsteen
27	(—)	Dad Loves Work	James Taylor
28	(24)	Super Trouper	Abba
29	(41)	To Love Again	Diana Ross
30	(34)	Coconut Telegraph	Jimmy Buffet

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



Facial Hair: the controversy. Chapter Two. Where could facial fashion go from here? There was only one option left open — will you please welcome: burnfluff chic. Peter Hook of New Order (above, left) and Tony Hadley of Spandau Ballet (above) are advised not to get caught in any strong gusts of wind.

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier	Adam & The Ants (CBS)
2	(2)	Face Value	Phil Collins (Virgin)
3	(3)	Vienna	Ultravox (Chrysalis)
4	(4)	Stray Cats	Stray Cats (Arista)
5	(22)	Journeys To Glory	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)
6	(5)	Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond (Capitol)
8	(6)	Dance Craze	Soundtrack (2-Tone)
8	(7)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon and Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)
9	(9)	Difficult To Cure	Rainbow (Polydor)
10	(10)	Makin' Movies	Dire Straits (Vertigo)
11	(12)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)
12	(14)	Southern Freeez	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
13	(11)	Point Of Entry	Judas Priest (CBS)
14	(8)	Moving Pictures	Rush (Phonogram)
15	(19)	Remain In Light	Talking Heads (Sire)
16	(—)	Very Best Of	Rita Coolidge (A&M)
17	(13)	Visage	Visage (Polydor)
18	(17)	Absolutely	Madness (Stiff)
19	(21)	Another Ticket	Eric Clapton (RSO)
20	(—)	My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts	Brian Eno & David Byrne (Polydor)
21	(15)	Killers	Iron Maiden (EMI)
22	(28)	Dirk Wears White Sox	Adam & The Ants (Do It)
23	(16)	Barry	Barry Manilow (Arista)
23	(18)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
25	(29)	Christopher Cross	(Warner Bros)
26	(—)	Toyah Toyah Toyah	Toyah (Safari)
27	(23)	Arc Of A Diver	Steve Winwood (Island)
28	(—)	Flesh & Blood	Roxy Music (Polydor)
29	(27)	Closer	Joy Division (Factory)
30	(—)	The River	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)

BUBBLING UNDER

Kilimanjaro — Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)
20 Golden Greats — Al Jolson (MCA)
Imagination — Whispers (Solar)
Don't Point Your Finger — 9 Below Zero (A&M)
Some Bizzare Album — Various (Some Bizzare)
Thirst — Clock DVA (Fetish)

INDIES 33s

1	Elgin Avenue Breakdown	101ers (Andalucian)
2	New Age Steppers	New Age Steppers (ON-U)
3	Thirst	Clock DVA (Fetish)
4	And Don't The Kids Just Love It	Television Personalities (Rough Trade)
5	Defunkt	Defunkt (Ze)
6	Photos	Eyeless In Gaza (Ambivalent Scale)
7	Grotesque	The Fall (Rough Trade)
8	Voices Of America	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
9	Lounge Lizards	Lounge Lizards (E.G.)
10	Totales Turns	The Fall (Rough Trade)

INDIES 45s

1	Ceremony	New Order (Factory)
2	Test Card	Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
3	Poor Old Soul	Orange Juice (Postcard)
4	Music Is A Better Noise	Essential Logic (Rough Trade)
5	Nagasaki Nightmare	Cress (Cress)
6	Tomahawk Cruise	TV Smith's Explorers (Big Beat)
7	Slugging For Jesus	Cabaret Voltaire (Crepuscule)
8	Work	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
9	We Write Letters	Aztec Camera (Postcard)
10	Not Happy	Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)

Chart by: Rough Trade, 262, Kensington Park Road, London W11.

REGGAE

1	Give Love A Try	Trevor Walters (Nationwide)
2	What's It All About	Black Henry (Third World)
3	What A Day	Christy Robinson (Student)
4	Cruising	Al Campbell (JB)
5	Swing And Dine	B-Sharp (Fashion)
6	Good Time Going	Sugar Minott (Hawkeye)
7	Tonight	Revelation (Kingdom)
8	Jah Love	Rebel Regular (Greensleeves)
9	Warrior Style	MIKEY DREAD (Dread At The Controls)
10	Cinderella	Johnny Osborne (JB)

Chart by: Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

DISCO

1	Southern Freeez	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
2	It's A Love Thing	Whispers (Solar)
3	Don't Stop The Music	Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury)
4	Somebody Help Me Out	Beggar & Co (Ensign)
5	Can You Handle It	Sharon Redd (Epic)
6	Gangsters Of The Groove	Heatwave (GTO)
7	Burn Rubber On Me	Gap Band (Mercury)
8	Jones v Jones	Kool & The Gang (Delite)
9	Mysteries Of The World	MFSB (Philadelphia Int)
10	Can You Feel It	Jacksons (Epic)

Chart by: Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

1	I Love To Love	Tina Charles (CBS)
2	Love Really Hurts Without You	Billy Ocean (GTO)
3	Convoy	C. W. McCall (MGM)
4	Save Your Kisses For Me	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
5	People Like Me, People Like You	Glitter Band (Bell)
6	December '63	Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
7	I Wanna Stay With You	Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)
8	Rain	Status Quo (Vertigo)
9	It Should Have Been Me	Yvonne Fair (Tamil Motown)
10	(Do The) Spanish Hustle	Fatback Band (Polydor)

Week ending March 20, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

1	The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore	Walker Brothers (Philips)
2	I Can't Let Go	Hollies (Parlophone)
3	Make The World Go Away	Eddy Arnold (RCA)
4	Shapes Of Things	Yardbirds (Columbia)
5	Barbara Ann	Beach Boys (Capitol)
6	Dedicated Follower Of Fashion	Kinks (Pye)
7	Sha-La-La-La-Lee	Small Faces (Decca)
8	Elusive Butterfly	Bob Lind (Fontana)
9	Backstage	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
10	These Boots Were Made For Walking	Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)

Week ending March 25, 1966

10 YEARS AGO

1	Hot Love	T. Rex (Fly)
2	Another Day	Paul McCartney (Apple)
3	Rose Garden	Lynn Anderson (CBS)
4	Baby Jump	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
5	It's Impossible	Perry Como (RCA)
6	Strange Kind Of Woman	Deep Purple (Harvest)
7	My Sweet Lord	George Harrison (Apple)
8	Bridget The Midget	Ray Stevens (CBS)
9	Sweet Caroline	Neil Diamond (UNI)
10	Tomorrow Night	Atomic Rooster (B&C)

Week ending March 24, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

1	Wooden Heart	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	Are You Sure	Allisons (Fontana)
3	Walk Right Back	Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
4	Theme For A Dream	Giff Richard (Columbia)
5	My Kind Of Girl	Matt Monro (Parlophone)
6	Will You Love Me Tomorrow	Shirley Bassey (Top Rank)
7	Exodus	Ferrante and Teicher (London)
8	Swing River	Bobby Darin (London)
9	And The Heavens Cried	Anthony Newley (Decca)
10	Riders In The Sky	Ramrods (London)

Week ending March 24, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

SHORT TERM ORIENTALS

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON



THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

NUTTY BOYS BIOPIC

FLOYD IN JUNE?



DESPITE widespread speculation concerning a possible Pink Floyd split, *NME* understands that they'll be performing in Britain again before long. It was learned this week that they intend to play another season at London's Earls Court — scene of their triumphant 'Wall' shows in 1980 — in the middle of the year.

They are expected to play a five-day stint at the 15,000-capacity venue, and the period from June 13 to 17 inclusive has been pencilled in — although this is still subject to official confirmation, and obviously no tickets are yet on sale. It's not yet known if they would retain their wall-building set or come up with a revised act.

Rumours that Pink Floyd were about to split followed the wake of the announcement last month of the collapse of their investment company Norton Warburg. The band are said to have lost more than £1 million in the downfall, which came about after the company had invested money in two disastrous films, a horse racing stable and other unusual, non-profitable projects. A Warburg subsidiary, Cossack Securities, for which the band had each put up almost £19,000, also went broke with deficits of £½ million.

Sources close to the band suggest that they were on the verge of splitting — but they evidently decided to remain together and recoup some of their losses. The London shows could well prove to be part of more widespread live activities.

Floyd '77 style

Pic: Robert Ellis

It's a mad mad mad mad Madness world

MADNESS started work this week on their first full-length feature film, *Take It Or Leave It* (which is the title of one of the songs on their current album 'Absolutely'). The movie covers the period from 1976 to 1979, and documents the band's career from their first steps as musicians, through their early gigs and towards their emergence into the big-time.

It's being shot entirely on location in London's Camden Town and Islington, directed by Stiff Records chief Dave Robinson, who is also co-producer with Phil McDonald. The seven Madness members are featured as themselves in the picture, with other parts played by professional actors. Arrangements have already been made for it to do the rounds of one of the major cinema circuits when it's completed — and that's scheduled for this autumn.



Madness style

Pic: Chris Walter

Cure carnage

THE CURE have now set the first dates in their major mid-spring UK tour, the most extensive they've yet undertaken. It's going out under the banner of the Picture Tour, so called because the support act is a film — a movie titled *Carnage Visors*, featuring music written and performed by the band.

So far confirmed are Aylesbury Friars (April 18), Poole Arts Centre (20), Portsmouth Guildhall (21),

Brighton Top Rank (22), Oxford New Theatre (23), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (24), Taunton Odeon (25), Canterbury Odeon (27), Ipswich Gaumont (28), Chelmsford Odeon (29), Guildford Civic Hall (30), Bristol Colston Hall (May 2) and Birmingham Odeon (3). Brighton is the only venue where the film won't be screened, as there are no facilities available — instead, there will be two live support bands, The Visors and The Exotic Pandas. Over a dozen more dates have still to be finalised, including at least one London concert.

St Lucia 'chaos'

Madness, The Specials, The Beat and The Selecter have all pulled out of the Caribbean Carnival in St Lucia because of what they describe as "organisational chaos". With only seven weeks to go, they're all very concerned about the lack of cohesive planning, so they've decided instead to consider playing charity dates in Britain in aid of the St Lucia Hurricane Relief Fund.

'EXHAUSTED' SPRINGSTEEN POSTPONES UK TOUR

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN has postponed his sell-out British tour at short notice, due to fatigue after an extensive five-month jaunt around the States. His dozen UK concerts, which were due to open this week, have now been put back by about two months.

Springsteen's long U.S. tour, involving an act of nearly four hours nightly, was the direct cause of the postponement. Commented his manager Jon Landau: "He's simply

exhausted and suffering from the assorted ailments that can crop up during a gruelling tour."

Landau added that it's far better to call it off in advance, rather than run the risk of cancellations midway through the tour — though he didn't explain why the dates were fixed for March in the first place, immediately after an arduous American outing.

Existing tickets will still be valid for the revised schedule, but only on the precise dates

specified.

This is Springsteen's original itinerary, with re-arranged dates for which tickets are now valid shown in brackets: Brighton Centre March 17 (May 26); London Wembley Arena March 19 (May 29) and March 20 (May 30); Manchester Apollo March 23 (May 13) and March 24 (May 14); Birmingham National Exhibition Centre March 27 (June 7) and March 28 (June 8); Edinburgh Playhouse March 30 (May 16); Newcastle City Hall March 31 (May 11); and London Wembley Arena April 2 (June 1), April 3 (June 2) and April 4 (June 4).

Those unable to attend on the re-scheduled date should return or post their tickets to the point of purchase by April 3, stating name and address to which money should be refunded. For Wembley and Birmingham, the address is Bruce Springsteen, GP Productions, PO Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL; elsewhere, it's the theatre box-offices.

The concerts have been sold out for weeks and heavily over-subscribed, and the delay will cause disappointment to thousands of people, particularly those for whom the

revised dates are inconvenient. It also comes as a major headache for promoter Harvey Goldsmith, as well as for CBS Records who had launched a major promotional campaign to tie in with his visit.

Springsteen can at least be seen on film in the movie *No Nukes*, which opens in London on March 26 at Oxford Circus Studio One, Kensington Odeon and Islington Screen On The Green, followed on March 29 by Hammersmith Odeon. It's also being shown in Birmingham, Newcastle and Edinburgh (from March 29) and Manchester (April 5).

Clapton ulcer

ERIC CLAPTON has been forced to abandon his massive 56-date U.S. tour, with 47 shows still to play, after collapsing with a perforated stomach ulcer. He's not expected to be fit until much later in the year, which means that his planned autumn UK tour must now be in jeopardy.

Clapton, 35, is now in hospital in Minneapolis, where he will probably undergo an operation.

ROLL YOUR OWN.

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.



Blondies join Des Barres

MICHAEL DES BARRES, founder of the now-defunct Silverhead, is playing a short series of British dates with his new touring band Chequered Past — which includes two Blondie members, Nigel Harrison (bass) and Clem Burke (drums), plus keyboards man Nick Sykes and ex-Urchins guitarist Andy Barnett. Like Des Barres, Harrison was an original Silverhead member, and *NME* reported exclusively last month that he would be involved in the visit — but Burke's participation is a new development, and underlines the present lack of activity in the Blondie camp.

First three dates confirmed are London Dingwalls (March 26), Nottingham Rock City (April 3) and London Strand Lyceum (5), and several more will be slotted in. To coincide with the visit, a new Des Barres single 'Someone Somewhere In The Night' is being issued on Dreamland Records (through Polydor) — it's taken from his upcoming album, due out in April.

Softs split

THE SOFT BOYS have finally broken up. Front man Robyn Hitchcock is going solo, and has a single titled 'The Man Who Invented Himself' due out on Armageddon Records, with a solo album to follow — and for live work, he's expected to form a backing band, probably including Softs bassist Matthew Seligman. Also going solo is Soft Boys guitarist Kimberley Rew, and he starts work in the studios this weekend.

Acklam aggro

WEST LONDON'S Acklam Hall was pulverised last Wednesday and seven people hospitalised — none seriously — following a Viking-like invasion by a gang of 50 to 60 locals. On the bill were Anti-Establishment, Last Resort and Infa-Riot, who were tuning up backstage when the assault force landed. One eye-witness described the invaders as "long-haired West London soccer supporters" who mistakenly assumed the hall was packed with alien East Enders. The police, however, have logged it as a "punk versus skinhead gang battle" and say a 16-year-old and 19-year-old will shortly be charged with possessing offensive weapons.

— ANDREW TYLER

Lennon's rude reggae tribute

RANKING JOE, toaster with leading Jamaican sound system Ray Symbolic, has released a bizarre LP tribute "by special request and popular demand to the great superstar the man called John Lennon as I would tell you right on there *bom biddley dong etc...*"

Issued out of Tad's Record Den in New York and entitled 'Tribute To John Lennon', the album consists mostly of Joe's customary smutty or slack material such as 'Slackness Style' and 'Fuck In A Dance', with the title track an afterthought recorded following the former Beatle's death in the city last December. Ranking Joe observes, "them kill John Lennon but them can't kill him voice" and "good thing John Lennon never killed by a black man, or else that would cause a racial war."

The Ray Symbolic sound system caused some few ripples on the local hi-fi dance scene when the team of Ranking Joe and Jah Screw visited the UK last autumn. It's patron Ray Symbolic's death came within weeks of Lennon's own.

— PENNY REEL



Robert Fripp pretends not to notice Mary Lou Green snicking out those troublesome ear hairs. Sue Catwoman (left) looks suitably conceptual, whilst the audience (leaving) queue at the checkout desk bearing huge piles of Fripp's new record. Pic: Peter Andersons

HELLO MARY LOU, HELLO ART...

— in which Cynthia Rose goes to the Virgin Megastore to watch people get their hair cut. Well, it beats watching paint dry...

"At the basis of conceptual or 'body' art, one can discover the unsatisfied need to be loved for what one is and what one wants to be... this is what gives this art its dimension of inevitable illusion and failure." — Lea Vergine, 1974

CLOSE TO 500 onlookers showed up at Virgin's London Megastore on Thursday for musical theologian Robert Fripp and stunt-hairstylist Mary Lou Green's projected 'Barbertronics'. Sue Catwoman was quickly ensconced in an antique dentist's chair, there was a brief explanation of the *modus operandi* behind Frippertronics (last airing: 16 days previously in Philadelphia in aid of a college radio station), and events looked like getting off the ground.

But the power and/or equipment failed to meet Frippian standards, so much of

the time Ms Green scissored away was spent in impromptu conversation with the crowd. In answer to questions, Fripp divulged that he was "trying to bully The Roches into letting me produce their third album", that he would be making a two-guitar LP with Andy Summers of The Police in July ("he's one of the two rudest people who ever served me in a record shop"), that he considered Daryl Hall the best singer he'd ever worked with, and bassist Tony Levin (of 'Double Fantasy' fame) the "only top session man I know who plays like more than a top

session man."

Queries about Eno's recent work — one thesis of which ('contributed' vocals) was of course pioneered in rock by Fripp — were frankly if tactfully tackled while Sue C was transformed from bubblecut to what most writers would call New Romantic Rockabilly. Fripp lauded Eno's "superb" competence on the lexicon digital delay line but added his own opinion that "the ideas behind" the Eno/Byrne LP were probably "more important than the ethnic music in inverted commas." In between his own extremely dextrous doodlings

on guitar, Fripp proffered the conclusion that non-ethnic musicians would require "12 to 15 years" to play such musics to his satisfaction.

Fripp referred only briefly to his just completed project, The League of Gentlemen, stating that the "official" line was they had no plans to gig again. "The next step," quoth he suggestively, "is discipline".

Among the anecdotes and falling tufts of hair, our host made some cogent points about 'conceptual' undertakings: "Look at it rationally: here I am coming along and we've made a lot of noise about 'Barbertronics' and some nice people have put themselves out to come along and see this shambles! I think there's something here, but the real thing is it really *doesn't* matter if people walk out and think, This guy really is a turkey!"

And for those who found his spontaneity and humour irritating or too-too 'non-rockist', he stressed: "Presently most of my activity is geared not towards music only but towards how music interacts with the industry and with audiences."

In the meantime, Ms Green had coiffed a Gang of Three — Hugo Burnham, David Cunningham, and Fripp himself (barbered as he played). Regularly, Mary Lou scissors and styles the likes of Mick Jagger, The Tubes, The Roches, Talking Heads, and the ZE records roster. When she replaced Robert's sister as his hairstylist, she gave him the 'media cut' ("where his forehead looks like a TV set") which he still sports.

Mary Lou also executed the

world's only haircut by industrial (CO2) laser — done on a 21-year-old Vegas showgirl from a distance of 50 feet. And she's executed some heady conceptual projects of her own: "You know that old saying 'You can't take it with you'? Well, I did a thing with Gina Lollobrigida trying to prove that you can. Starting with the fact that, if you're rich, you can be frozen for the future, we did a photo session with five million dollars of precious gems. A friend of mine who freezes all sorts of things as sculptures did the freezing — the idea was that in 'the future' Gina would wake up and have a fortune in gems on her."

"Then I did Debbie Harry — freezing her for the rock and roll future. I put her in wigs and diamonds and Clingfilm and nothing else, and she lay on the floor of their apartment with Chris taking the pictures."

Such elaborations of personal myth and such theatrical presentations of one's own humour pretend to no more than they can manage to articulate — that's the nature of 'the conceptual', something Fripp rightly noted is "not popular at the *NME*, you know". Real conceptual work in any field depends as much on what you bring to it as on what it offers you. And unfortunately fashion (that lowest of common denominators which is always *merchandising* our dreams) is usually the first thing to de-fang whatever conceptual potential rears its head in Britain these days.

The case of the artist with a sense of humour, an interest in contrasting projects and a genuine, generous curiosity about people should of course be looked into for what he or she claims it to be. And that's just what most of a very varied audience last Thursday came away feeling they'd had a shot at doing first-hand. Treated like equals — not like aspirant fashionables with their noses pressed to the plate glass.

Fripp flips

ROBERT FRIPP heard the English pressing of his new 'League Of Gentlemen' LP on Friday — and didn't like what he heard. He told *NME*: This album has been re-cut and the test pressing approved *without my being consulted* and I consider the result to be fucking appalling, an album I would not want my name on. The fellow who OK'd the test pressing is a 'nice geezer, but it's like asking an ambulance driver to give a diagnosis. I can promise that I will smash the metal work and oversee a new run myself."

Metal detector

A HARD ROCK fan from London's East End is being sought to help out a blind heavy metal addict — reading the rock press, recording cassettes, or even just chatting. If interested, contact Terry Roywells on 01-790 9090.



ARCHIVE FUN

Left: remember her this way — Sue Catwoman, December '76. Whatever DID happen to Johnny Moped...? Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

BOW WOW WOW TO QUIT EMI AND TOUR?

BOW WOW WOW's debut UK tour, due to open in Poole tonight (Thursday), was plunged into uncertainty this week when Malcolm McLaren announced that he was taking the band away from EMI Records.

When we contacted him on Monday, McLaren told *NME*: "I thought you ought to know that we've had to cancel the Bow Wow Wow tour due to the fact that EMI won't support us any more financially."

The problem as McLaren sees it is EMI's reluctance to fork out for singer Annabella Lu Win's GLC-ordained governess / tutor (an episode which already delayed the tour a week).

And so, in Malcolm's words, he's "looking for a new resting hole, so to speak" — though at time of going to press he had evidently neglected to inform EMI themselves, who remained totally in the dark on the subject and accordingly could only offer a "No comment".

It's believed that, with Bow Wow Wow's one-year EMI deal now ending, McLaren is planning to sign with RCA. The confusion over the future of the tour arises from the fact that EMI were to have subsidised some of the dates, and it's not yet clear if RCA are prepared to pick up this subsidy arrangement.

Other dates are due to be promoted by Straight Music,

By MAX BELL

who said on Tuesday that they were hopeful of their own presentations going ahead (presumably because a subsidy isn't involved). They added: "Even so, we can't be 100 per cent sure, and can only keep our fingers crossed. And in any case, we certainly can't speak for the rest of the tour."

When we put it to McLaren that the EMI contretemps maybe had something to do with the band stiffing out on the door, he denied it.

"Naah! We sold out the Rainbow, played a date in Manchester last week — without a tutor present I might add — and that sold out. Good business, mate. Taking a band on the road and that, with a governess, gets a bit pricey. EMI weren't prepared to cough up. Aren't prepared to now."

The new Bow Wow Wow single 'W.O.R.K. (N.O. No Nah My Daddy Don't)' may therefore be the group's last with EMI —



Annabella and George. He's the big one. Pic: Kevin Cummins

although two more other songs were recorded at the same sessions. McLaren is meeting with lawyers to see if an amicable parting can be arranged but "deep down within the group the feeling is that it's all too much".

So what gives in Manchester Square?

"General cowardice. They felt they were promoting something they didn't believe in. It's not wholly different to what happened when The Sex Pistols were there. They operate at the level whereby they aren't move with the times."

Meanwhile, back in the transit van, Bow Wow Wow might be able to fulfil their next London arrangement at the Lyceum "and anything else that isn't too far afield". Certainly on Tuesday the band were still busy rehearsing in Hitchin.

And whither George in this maelstrom of uncertainty — George being the debonair young man in our picture, widely rumoured to be lined up as the imminent replacement for young Annabella.

Silence. "Oh ... George! Yeah, I know 'im. He's been singing a couple of songs. He's not part of the group. We tried him out just to see how the wind blows. One thing in his favour was that he's a good pal of the guitarist."

"We wanted to have as many things going as possible because it's difficult to get a support band. That's such a stigma, the very word *support* is enough to put most people off. Plus the group isn't all that prolific at the moment. We expanded the show with another singer and the dancers so the band can express themselves on the instrumentals. If George had a band of his own that would be a lot better."

Poor old George. He seems to have offered his ample services at a particularly inconvenient moment.

Ants in pre-tour shake-up

ADAM AND THE ANTS' bass player Kevin Mooney has left the group. While the reasons for his departure have not yet been confirmed, it is known that he is setting up a band of his own — filled, according to one report, with people who all look like him! In the meantime the Ants, who kick off their national tour next week, are rapidly looking for a replacement.

And another Ant with his mind on extra-mural activities is drummer Merrick. Under his alter-ego name of Chris Hughes — producer of all the Ants' CBS material — he's produced the new Dalek I Love You 45, 'Heartbeat', along with Dalek-in-chief Alan Gill (who's returned to DILY full-time after his departure from The Teardrop Explodes). Merrick also plays drums on the single. Last year, he not only contributed drumming and production duties to the debut Dalek I album — he designed the cover as well.

— PAUL DU NOYER



Calling all you Kevin Mooney copyists — your hero wants to hear from you ... Pic: Peter Anterson.

MODERN? IT'S SO PASSE. . .

THE WORD *Modern* enjoys an association with various forms of rock that stretches back long before its current, or modern, vogue. It will be seen that *Modernity*, meaning anything new-fangled or up-to-date, is in fact very old hat.

In the '50s, there was a popular rhythm'n'blues label in Los Angeles called Modern Records, famous for such recordings as Young (Obadiah) Jessie's immortal 'Hit, Git And Split', as well as The Cadets' 'Love Bandit', which would later become Steve Miller's 'Gangster Of Love', and Etta James And The Peaches' 'Roll With Me Henry', a consenting riposte to The Midnighters' 'Work With Me, Annie' that led inexorably to a third record in the series entitled 'Annie Had A Baby'.

Several thousand miles and a few years later, modernist apparel went hand in hand with a dimly expressed but sharply felt attitude amongst English youth, soon to be abbreviated to 'Mod'. There were mod groups galore —

amongst them a quartet led by a certain David Jones called The Modern Boys.

Then in the early '70s a former rock critic and Velvet Underground scholar named Jonathan Richman formed The Modern Lovers, later to score a brief but unique series of munchkin hits. Richman was the person to sing the praises of the modern world in his authentic 'Roadrunner', around the same time as a group called Pere Ubu conceived of the bizarre genocidal activity known as the Modern Dance.

Ignoring their warning, a young Paul Weller asserted excitedly that this was the modern world, following through with 'All Around The World' and 'News Of The World'. But Weller was less enamoured of the modern world *per se* than Jonathan Richman. Rather, he embraced the Mod ethos, creating a sudden though short-lived nostalgia boom.

Partly in response to this, and partly as a result of new musical technology, there arose the genre known somewhat

disparagingly as *Moderne*. A definite rift could be sensed between traditionalist and futurist musics, although both figured equally in the charts, a good example of the latter being M's 'Pop Musik', their follow-up record to one called 'Modern Man'. Bob Geldof, typically, offered a catch-all in 'She's So Modern'.

Soon the Modern epithet would be freely applied to anything sounding remotely synthetic or robotic — and this when the more apt handle of High-Tech might easily have been borrowed from the world of modern interior design. Nevertheless, it cropped up and continues to do so in not a few group names: Modern Love, Modern English, The Modern Hellas and more.

The invention of the designation of *Post-Modernist*, however, seems to have brought it all to a halt, at least for the time being. Modern is now synonymous with *passee*. Who knows when its time will come around again?

— PAUL RAMBALI

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
2002 REVUE
classix nouveaux
THEATRE OF HATE
EYELESS IN GAZA SHOCK Naked Lunch
LOCARNO
NEW BRISTOL CENTRE, FRODMORE ST., BRISTOL
MONDAY 23rd MARCH at 8:00
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LOCARNO BOX OFFICE, TEL. BRISTOL 226193, OR BRISTOL: VIRGIN RECORDS, VIRAL RECORDS, REVOLUTION RECORDS, BATH RECORDS UNLIMITED, OR £3.00 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT.
RAINBOW THEATRE
217 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, N7
SATURDAY 11th APRIL at 8:00
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 763 3444, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE, TEL. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT.

NEVER MIND HI-PRICED HI-FI, HERE'S...

THE HI-FI SURPLUS STORE

JUST A FEW EXAMPLES from our incredible selection of hi-fi gear at prices you've dreamed of!

Akai AAR20 28WPC FM/AM Recr	£79	Sharp 10" TV/Cass/Radio	£125
Akai AAR30 40WPC FM/AM Recr	£89	Sinclair Microvision	Complete £69
Akai AM2250 25WPC Amp	£39	Sony MDR-3 Micro phones	£12.90
Akai AM-U02 28WPC Amp	£65	Teac A-108 Sync. Dolby cass. 2 track sync.	£115
Akai CS-M01 Cass. Dolby/CR02	£49	Teac HP-80 Stereo H/phones	£13
Akai CS-M02 Cass. Dolby/Metal	£65	Thorens TD-150 MK2 T/plate & arm	£69
Akai CS-703D Cass. Dolby/CR02	£49	Wharfedale SXP 30WPC Receiver	£49
AR25 Speakers	SPECIAL OFFER £99	Wallace Cass. Stereo portable	£35
Hanimer 5" TV/Cass/Radio	£79		
Hitechi TRK-9140E	£79		
Cass. Rad. 15WPC Amp. Port. & 2 spks	£139	Top loading cassette decks	£25
Marantz 6025 Triable Auto B/D w/cass. only	£35	Front loading cassette decks	£45
Marantz CD330 Prof Stereo Cass.	£129	3-way speakers	£49
A. Audio Dolby 37-42	£55		
Marantz SD4000 Cass. 2 speed 3 heads	£139	Cassette radio portat.	£25
Marantz Cass. Serv. Cass./Tuner/Amp	£129		
Panasonic SG2100 Musi./Centre	£129		
Panasonic SU-2600 Stereo Tuner	£49		
Panasonic RX5500L Dolby Stereo	£155		
Rotel 12 Band Graphic EQ	£49		
Rotel RAJ14 25WPC Amp	£39		
Rotel RX304 Receiver	£59		
Rotel Complete micro system inc. tuner	£275		
Sansui A-40 25 WPC Amp	£59		
Sansui A-60 65 WPC Amp	£89		
Sansui T-80 Scale & Display T/plate	£79		

CASSETTE TAPE BARGAINS	
QUANTITY	PRICE
3 x Sony CHF C60	£1.55
2 x BASF Chrome-2 C90	£2.80
2 x TDK AD C90	£2.95
2 x TDK SA C90	£2.45
3 x TDK DC90	£2.45

• All prices include VAT at 15%

All equipment supplied by us is FULLY GUARANTEED
YOUR EQUIPMENT — we have a buy-back department
Try us for a cash or part-exchange quote

• REPAIRS — we have a service department here. Please ring for details

Our prices are guaranteed to be the lowest in the area

Don't miss out on this offer — come and see for yourself

62-64 WEYMOUTH STREET

LONDON, W1 01-486 9981

OPEN Mon-Fri 9.30-6.00 Sat 9.30-4.30

THE HI-FI SURPLUS STORE

SEND A MESSAGE?

IT'S ONLY 36p PER WORD IN N.M.E. CLASSIFIEDS

N.M.E. — YOUR PAPER, USE IT.

Play lead Guitar within hours

The 1981 easy way to learn modern music, is specially recorded lessons that will save you years of frustrated struggling on your own.
• You learn enjoyably and easily in your own home at your own speed.
• No need to read music. You can have the lesson again and again.
• Hundreds of satisfied students.

Lead Guitar Course Modern Drumming

Solos and modern lead runs are played for you on 60-minute cassettes with back-up teaching books.
• The guitar course is personally prepared by Jack Wilcock who has 19 years experience of teaching and playing for BBC and EMI record sessions, TV and films.

Jack Wilcock

LISTEN & PLAY Teaching Tapes

JACK WILCOCK TEACHING TAPES

7 Heaton Close, Newark, Notts NG24 2LE

Name

Address

Postcode

NO OBLIGATION POST NOW TO:

Guitar Course ☐ Drum Course ☐

NME 70



Nightdoctor (L-R):
Top row: Ivan,
Roger, Polish,
Dick, Al. Bottom
Row: George,
Robbie, Annie,
Charlie, Caroline.

Pic: Peter
Anderson

'ANYONE FANCY JAMMING WITH US AS GOALIE...?'

A BARELY AVAILABLE independent single, a howling error on the airwaves and a common interest in breaking down the walls of media indifference towards reggae were enough to cement one of this year's more unlikely musical alliances — the link-up on Race Records between Specialists drummer John Bradbury and Buckinghamshire-based reggae purists Nightdoctor.

The seeds of the partnership, which has already produced one excellent single in 'Just Enough', were sown when Brad appeared on Radio One's *Roundtable* show and began shouting his mouth off on how the radio controllers neglect reggae — and played an earlier Nightdoctor single, 'Music Like Dirt', to illustrate his point.

Nightdoctor trombonist Annie takes up the story.

"Brad played the single, which we'd just released completely by ourselves, and mentioned that he'd seen the group and really liked us. But he said the name of the label wrong! He called it something like Copper Kettle instead of Copasetic, so we got in touch with him to correct him on that and got to know him from there.

"We seem to have similar motives to him. We both realise that reggae hardly gets any play on daytime radio and we want to try and change that. We see it as a bit of a crusade. When we first met Brad, we had no idea that he was just about to launch his label, and we were pretty surprised that he was so heavily into our sort of music.

"The deal we did with Race Records could be just a one-off thing. We've got no obligations, but I think we'd like to do at least one more single with Brad."

Although their line-up stands in the multi-racial tradition of

Enjoy the Chart Sounds of RHYTHM 'n REGGAE

RHYTHM 'N' REGGAE

EDDY GRANT
INNER CIRCLE
DESMOND DEKKER
RITA MARLEY
BARBARA JONES
JIMMY CLIFF
STEEL PULSE
and many more...

NEW
From K-tel
including

EDDY GRANT Do You Feel My Love • SUSAN CADOGAN Hurt So Good
SHEILA HYLTON The Bad's Too Big Without You • INNER CIRCLE We're A' Rockers
THE PARAGONS The Tide Is High • TOOTS & THE MAYTALS Louie Louie
BARBARA JONES Just When I Needed You Most • U.B.40. Dream A Lie

Hold back the Nightdoctor —here comes Adrian Thrills

2-Tone, the roots of Nightdoctor could hardly contrast more starkly with those of Brad and The Specials. They see themselves very much as part of the British reggae mainstream, shunning any attempts at fusing their sound with jazz, punk, rock or funk. Until recently they have also steered clear of the rock circuit, concentrating their live activities on the black clubs.

Formed 18 months ago by bassist Roger and lead guitarist Charlie, the line-up has since expanded to a ten-piece — the two founder members plus Annie on trombone, vocalist Robbie, saxmen Dick and Al, rhythm guitarist Ivan, drummer George, toaster Polish and organist Caroline.

Influenced primarily by the Studio One rock steady sound of Jamaica, their lazy, lolling swing is also reminiscent of the group Rico fronted in the

pre-2-Tonian mid-'70s. The major force in shaping Nightdoctor as they are today, however, has been another veteran JA sessioneer, trombonist Vin Gordon, a full-time member from June to October of last year.

Says Charlie: "We came across him through a singer we'd been auditioning last summer. We ended up using Vin Gordon and not the vocalist! Vin's a very accomplished musician and he more or less showed us the right sort of approach to this sort of music. In the end it didn't really work out between him and us, but we've got nothing but gratitude towards him now."

"To a certain extent, he showed us how to play," adds Robbie. "But really, with this sort of musical style you don't have to be a brilliant musician, so we didn't really need coaching in that respect. He gave us a lot in terms of experience."

"When we started out, we were doing a lot of cover versions. Either that or taking a few old Jamaican rhythms and reworking them our way. Vin Gordon helped us a lot that

way. He'd be able to drag up old rhythms that we'd never heard of had it not been for him. It was great having some guy who'd been playing for 15 or 20 years teaching us all the old rock steady stuff exactly the way it should be played."

"Now we're trying to take that on by working on a few more originals, building up a set of original songs. That will probably give us more satisfaction in the long run."

Right about now — as evinced by some of the 'Race Records evenings' they have been playing in London with blue-eyed soulies Team 23 and harder reggae rockers The People — Nightdoctor provide one of the warmest, swingiest nights out in the capital. Whether they go on to be massively successful remains to be seen. For all their worthiness and honesty, somehow I can't see it.

As singer Robbie says: "With us, you've got to realise that the enjoyment thing comes first and foremost. I'd love to be able to make a bit of money out of it someday too. Who knows? Maybe one day we'll come up with the right number and make a bit of bread out of it all."

LOWRY

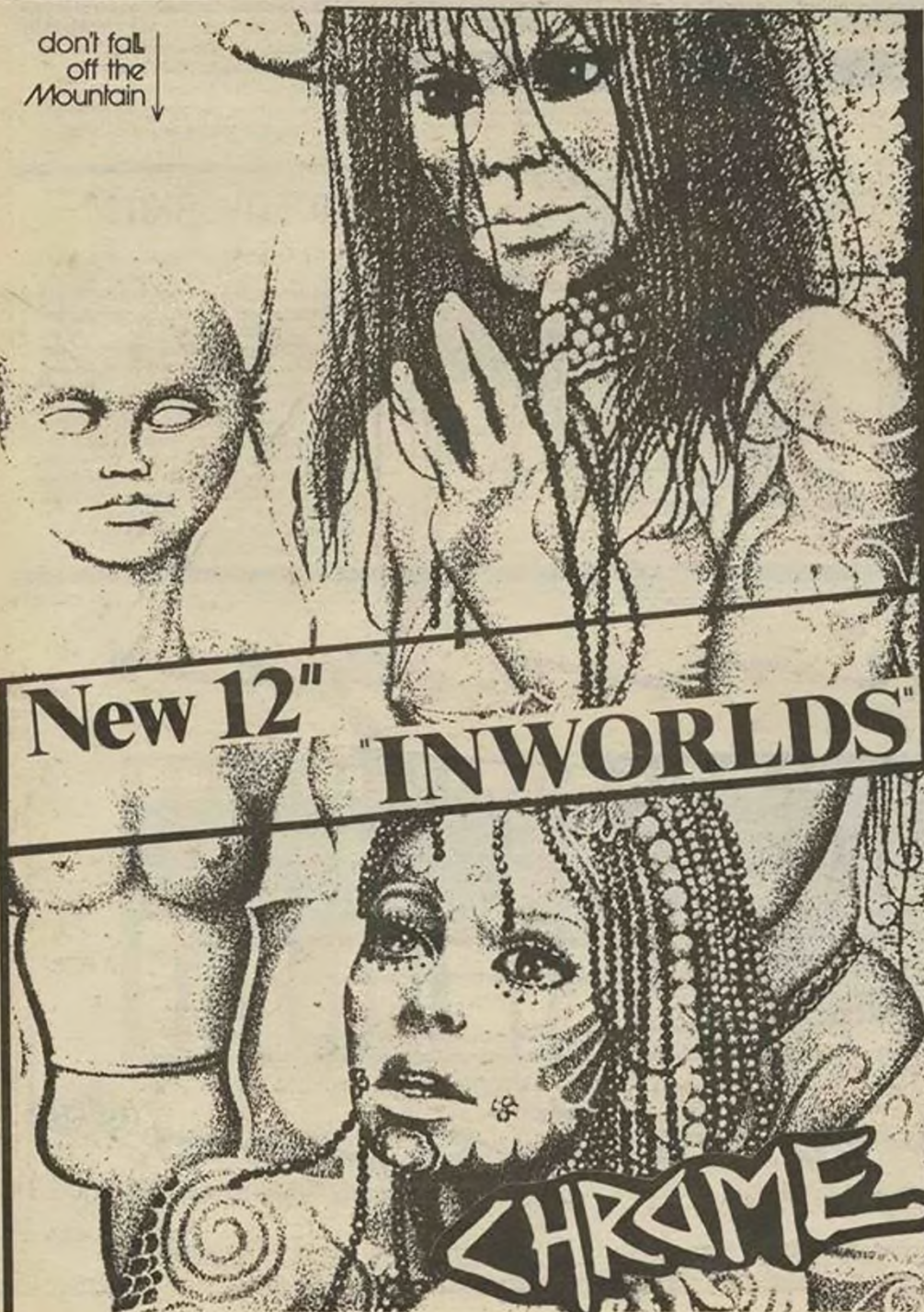


"If rock and roll's dead, professor, what's all this frantic activity, these bizarre costumes, these strange noises rending the air?"



"You never heard of a wake?"

don't fall
off the
Mountain



SCARS

'all about you'



AUTHOR! AUTHOR!
PRE

Chris Bohn tells Depeche Mode the meaning of narcissism

MUTE MAESTRO Daniel Miller has a notoriously sweet tooth — one that's balanced by a taste for bitter extremes. The opposite poles of the spectrum are reflected on his label by Non's noise at the one end and the insipidly saccharine Silicon Teens at the other. No surprise then that he has helped produce the fluffiest meringue of the moment in Depeche Mode's 'Dreaming Of Me'.

'Dreaming' is one of those instant airplay records that are more a matter of intuition than contrivance — like OMITD's debut 'Electricity'. An infectious synth melody should guarantee it playlisting, but it's the earnest, clutching teen vocal that elevates it.

Ironically, writer Vince Clarke is the only one of the quartet who's no longer a teen. He is — ulp! — 21. "Twenty," he lies gracefully when the others reveal their ages during a short confrontation in a backroom at Rough Trade.

Due to their extremely shy natures the four have chosen to be chaperoned by producer Miller, whom they refer to as Uncle Daniel. Only nine months into a fruitful career, they haven't done many interviews, and generally support the picture of a guileless but adventurous pop group that one might glean from the single.

Depeche Mode come from Basildon. (Sentence Of The Week — Ed.). They are bass synth player Andrew Fletcher, an insurance man; David Gahan, lead vocalist, electronic percussionist and trainee window dresser; the silent Martin Gore, synthesist and banker; and Vincent Clarke, writer, synthesist and otherwise unemployed.

Their decision to switch from the more conventional guitar trio to an all electronic line-up was obviously influenced by the attractive pop of The Normal and OMITD. They recruited David, bought synths on the HP — "Costs £25 a month," reveals Andrew. But why the switch?

"We didn't get into them just for the fashion," insists David. "It just happened that way. A few of our



Vince Clarke

David Gahan

BASILDON A LA MODE

friends were into them and we just liked the sounds."

"And the sounds come easier than with the guitars," admits Andrew.

Meanwhile, the escalation of interest in electronic dance music meant that hometown and nearby discos like Rayleigh Crocs were giving over their busiest nights to le Beau Monde, mixing soul with the pop of Numan, Human League, Normal, Ultravox, Visage, etc.

"It's strange," reveals Vincent,

"that the kids who went to soul clubs are now moving over to this; we're playing an old soul club in Dartford soon which Rusty Egan's opening as —"

"It's just that electronic pop is commercially viable now, whereas two years ago it wasn't," interrupts Andrew. Yeah, even Human League have got a hit now after three years of trying. And a hustling DJ like Stevo manages to convince Phonogram of the viability of an electronic pop

compilation, the misnamed 'Some Bizzare Album'.

Probably more attracted by the electronic line-up than the "normal" pop Depeche Mode make, Stevo flattered them into contributing 'Photographic' — great tune, shame about the words — to the record.

"We met Stevo at Crocs and he asked us to do a track for the album," recalls Vincent. "At the time we had no record company contract and we were kind of interested in this sort of thing so we did it. We kind of regret it

Peter Anderson takes picture of it

now because of the 'futurist' connotations."

"And we don't like to be tagged," adds David. "What is really looking forward is what's going on at Cabaret Futura — not Classix Nouveaux or us really."

Martin: "Our music doesn't really look into the future or say anything about the future."

Apart from the subject matter of 'Photographic', I'd agree, though the title 'Dreaming Of Me' and the band's predilection for dressing colourfully might wrongfully link them with Le Beau Monde. There appears to be a tendency towards narcissism ("What does that mean?" they all chorus, nonplussed) but that's countered by their guileless enthusiasm. What'll they do when the innocence is gone?

"Grow into something else I suppose. I dunno," puzzles Vincent. They haven't contrived any particular image for themselves, he adds. "If people draw any conclusion from the lyrics it's up to them. We don't set out to portray any particular image of innocence, we don't pretend to be anything."

Innocence isn't something that can be convincingly manufactured — as The Human League's very belated breakthrough confirms — and if you need proof of that check the wholly natural 'Dreaming Of Me'. It is obviously a hit — though one wonders if it being on the independent Mute will hamper its progress.

"All I can say is that we're making every sort of legal effort to make it a hit," states Daniel Miller. "We have had some experience with The Silicon Teens in terms of marketing and how best to approach it. I think we're at a stage now where we can make a really concerted effort — hopefully doing the right things at the right time. In a way it's a sort of test case. Everybody here (at Rough Trade, Mute's distributors) from distribution through to the promotion side of things (RT do more promotion these days and an independent radio 'pluggger' is hired) has learnt a lot in the past few years and that'll hopefully benefit this record."

"It would be nice for it to reach its natural level — be it number one or at 74..."

The problem is that "natural levels" of most chart singles are unnaturally stimulated by the sort of gimmicks and incentives for DJs and radio producers that independents can neither afford nor want anything to do with. But that's another story...

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON

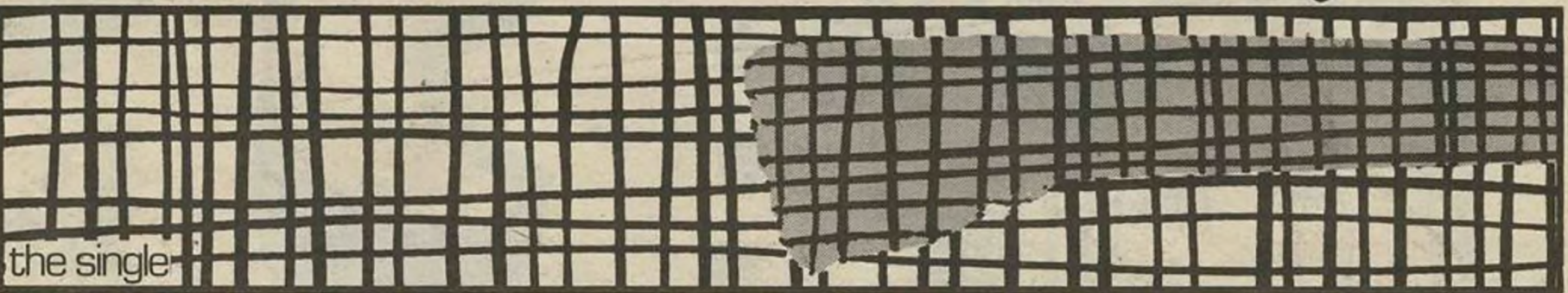


VIDEOOVERKILL?

THE ICA's first Rock Week in 1981, 12-17 May, has a new theme: Video. The week-long event will feature both live music and contemporary visual screenings in a package entitled A Sight For Sore Ears.

The ICA have enlisted ace DJ Charlie Gillett to co-ordinate the project, so any musicians or artists who have their work — in any format — recorded on video tape should contact him at the ICA, The Mall, London SW1 s.s.a.p. There's a catch of course — you have to send Charlie Gillett lots of money. Not really... but the video must be VHS and run between 3 and 30 minutes (not 2 or 31). Don't forget a stamped addressed packet, all you videobores. Good luck.

altered images



dead pop stars *Spice*
Produced by Steven Severin EPC A1023

March 18 Wed Liverpool, Warehouse / 19 Thurs Leeds Fan Club / 24 Tues London, 100 Club / 26 Thurs Birmingham, Cedar Ballroom / 27 Fri Manchester, Rafter's Club

'...a dazzling, challenging album.'

Paul Colbert, Melody Maker

'...an intriguing aural vision ...deserves intense listening over long periods.'

Chris Welch, Trax

'This could be the surprise hit album of the year.'

Music Week

RUPERT HINE



A NEW ALBUM

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Buy IMMUNITY at only £3.99 at any branch of
Our Price Records and if you don't agree it's
a great album return it with your
receipt for a full refund.
Offer closes March 21st.



© 1981 ADM Records Ltd. Reproduction Prohibited
© 1981 ADM Records Ltd. All Rights Reserved.



"The Captain and his passengers would be grateful if the residents of 84 Acacia Avenue, Hounslow, would slightly lower the volume of their new Wharfedale E20's."



International passengers to and from Heathrow now have an extra channel of music to listen to.

Mick Webster's rock collection.

But while they're subjected to his favourite albums, Mick is oblivious to the 'planes that whoosh overhead.

He's getting such ear-shattering sound from his E20's, he's higher than the aircraft.

That's because the E20's can turn 25 watts of amp into what sounds like 40 watts of rock.

Just think what they'll do to your brain when they reach their top limit of 70 watts per channel. All the more mind-blowing when you consider they fit neatly onto a bookshelf.

The trick is their efficiency—just three feet away they'll pump out 95db's for one watt of power.

But loud is only half the story.

The E20's are so lifelike, it's like the front row at Knebworth. That's because Wharfedale—with 48 years of experience behind them—call upon the latest techniques like lasers and computers to create the most realistic sound for all sizes of speaker. Yet, by carefully shopping around, Mick managed to find his pair for less than £165.

We're sorry to have to admit that they're probably the most anti-social speakers you can get your hands on.

We've tried telling Mick that.

But, with his E20's belting out in the background, he still hasn't heard a blind word.

WHARFEDALE
Britain's most famous speakers

E
SERIES



THE WINNERS!!

FOR THE first time in years, I actually sat down and watched *A Song For Europe* in its entirety. A chastening experience, this: a little glimpse into another world, where "talent" shows like *Search For A Star* are milestones in an "artist's" career, and a week's residency at Batley the crowning glory of same.

Amongst the eight artists presented for our delectation, five were groups specially formed for the occasion (and just as quickly dissolved, one imagines), and one was a group I'm sure I've seen somewhere before but don't wish to be reminded where. Highest nausea quotient went to Unity, a woman straight out of a Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood fantasy surrounded by a squeal of little girls in Laura Ashley dresses (possibly an "images of Aryan womanhood" trailer for next week's play about that fascist Mitford woman?). What, I wondered, has all this got to do with me?

Terry Wogan must have been thinking along the same lines. "It's at times like this I wish I had a better act," he apologised, but he needn't worry. A modern media genius, he has the rare ability to be astonishingly rude whilst appearing the very picture of urbane decorum — the perfect host for two-bit turkey shows like this, in fact, though even he was hard pushed to keep a straight face at times.

Introducing the chairmen of the various provincial juries, he came up against Northern Ireland's Mr Straight, one of those injection-moulded link-men whose greatest career asset would appear to be their



By ANDY GILL

almost total lack of character. "It's been so difficult," lied Mr Straight. "All the songs have been of such a high standard."

Wogan, never a man to suffer fools gladly, shot the camera the briefest of glances of wry bewilderment before responding with a stone-faced "It's always nice to talk to a man with a sense of humour". *Crunch!* The sound of a career collapsing into ruins could be heard from Islington to Inverness. Truly the highspot of the whole debacle, which was finally won by an nice-clean-girls-and-boys quartet in the mould of Abba (though infinitely worse than even Brotherhood Of Man), whose act included the boys ripping the girls' skirts off. Against such below-the-belt tactics, the others never stood a chance...

The *raison d'être* for the Eurovision Song Contest is supposedly to find and foster new songwriting talent. Why, then, did a music publisher I was talking to a couple of days later admit that no one in his business paid the slightest attention to the whole affair? Who exactly is the BBC trying to kid?



"Don't forget your computoception dial, darling!" Bucks Fizz (try saying THAT in a hurry) go into galactic overdrive. "Two twelves please!..."

— And it's all thanks to extra Soma and condensed syntho-food!

Ultimately, the only salvation for this fiasco will come if the Blessed Wogan is given free rein to accentuate the ridiculous

to the point of farce. Otherwise, this absurd annual ritual must surely wither away. Or am I being too hopeful?

Almost as absurd was the first part of BBC1's "free adaptation" of *Brave New World*, a fine example of

Smash-advert realism which contained hilarious exchanges of the order of:

A: "You forgot to set your computoception dial on your Malthusian Belt."
B: "I'm always forgetting to do that!"

So am I, my dear, so am I. This kind of half-assed scripting is a low-budget sci-fi variation on the old standby of having a character pick up a telephone and say "What? Slimy Ned and Benny have escaped? They've blown up the entire South Side? God, that's horrible! They're holed up in a shop on the corner of Schlitz and Budweiser... and they're holding the mayor hostage? I'll be right over!" — which, as you can imagine, saves the director a lot of time and money. In hack sci-fi, the actors are forever coming out with lists of characteristics of the society, just to show you how awful / wonderful / morally bankrupt it is.

"We'd better see if you're properly outfitted," says the head of the Savage Reservation Study Centre, pointing to a row of little tubes on Thomas Grahmbell's belt. "Ion heater, Senso-Thermal bag, extra Soma and Ampheto-pep rations, condensed syntho-food, ultra-sonic micro-bomb pop-popper..." The whole floundering 1½-hour morass of jargonese was almost — but not quite — redeemed by the scene where Grahmbell and Linda Lysenko ingest the aforementioned Ampheto-pep and are suddenly — nay, *instantaneously* — transformed into ham actors mugging impressions of complete refreshment and revivication: a scene of almost classical ineptitude, one to treasure.



ORIGINAL MIRRORS DANCING WITH THE REBELS

NEW SINGLE



MER 65

SPECIAL SHOW AT THE VENUE 25th MARCH WITH CAPITAL RADIO

mercury

THE AGE OF BUREAUCRACY IS AT

THERE WAS a lot of shrewd insight behind David Corke's decision to bring The Bureau to Holland for their first ever live performances. The group had just spent a month undergoing a frantic slog of rehearsing, writing and organising their set and they obviously warmed to the country's congenial atmosphere.

Instead of being plunged into the deep (more like muddy) waters of a prestigious London gig with the customary media and record company brouhaha, they were able to test their music and ideas in a more relaxed environment. I travelled with the band for three performances — in Appeldorn, Amsterdam and Rotterdam — and everywhere the atmosphere was welcoming, sophisticated and unobtrusively stylish. The history and character of the venues and the hotels we stayed in mingled with the modern flashiness and provided a very fitting backdrop for The Bureau's emotive entertainment.

But complementary as the immediate background was, it ultimately proved to be no more than a canvas or a sounding board for The Bureau's instinctive, crafted and — let's not mess around — fabulous music.

IT'S THE DAY AFTER the group had played their first ever performance and we're travelling along a motorway. Crammed into the touring mobile — the rickety white van — are the eight bureaucrats, two members of their 'organisation' (auxiliaries), a photographer and myself. Sitting next to me is Jeff Blythe.

JB can give the impression of being a meditative monk-like character or a dour stolid personality on first meetings. On this occasion he has a heavy cold and is not at his best, but after several minutes, conversation he breaks out of his shell and emerges as a considerate stylist and a perceptive, painstaking activist. It's not hard to see why the rest of the group consider him to be a good spokesman.

"Playing in Holland is just to give us the opportunity of actually playing together in front of a live audience, we've got to do that before we can take it any further. For proper tours the general underlying idea will be to make the concert much more of an atmospheric event. Hopefully people will come into it and go out feeling very different because there's been such a strong mood generated throughout the performance. You know if you see a really good film you come out feeling really weird because the atmosphere has the sort of effect that you don't feel real afterwards."

Sniffing around beforehand, I'd learned that quite a lot of the group listened to mood music, specifically film themes — a big influence?

"Books and films obviously give you ideas but I almost don't like saying that because it's not that you see a good line in a book and rip it out as a good idea for a song. And you

don't go to see a film and decide you want to look like a certain character. I think it's much more the atmosphere and general meaning that goes on within the whole thing."

Upsetting of balances, a certain kind of brainwash (as in cleansing) and an unmistakable spiritual force was what Dexys Midnight Runners were all about. Dexys emerged last year with a strong unified image, a hostile approach to the role of the music press and a demanding attitude towards their audience. Dexys were an ambitious scheme. A fantastic dream. A start.

They were the best thing to happen to music for ages — radically emphasising what it could and should be and — naturally — they got up a lot of stuffy noses. Although they began the year split in two the bands which have resulted — Kevin Rowland's Dexys Midnight Runners Mk 2 and The Bureau — are keeping the fires of passion well fuelled. With fresh perspectives and new determination in the ranks, the 'soul vision' as expounded on the 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels' album becomes more realistic and valid. As it moves into new spaces, the dogma and pretention of that catchall phrase should be upstaged.

When Kevin Rowland decided to release 'Keep It Part 2 (Inferiority Part 1)' — in my opinion a horrendous rehash of one of 'Soul Rebels' finest moments — as Dexys' fourth single at the end of last year it was against the wishes of sax players Jeff Blythe and Steve Spooner, keyboard player Mick Talbot, drummer Andy Growcott and bassist Pete Williams. This axis had become increasingly discontented as the year went by and the single was the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. They left the group to put into operation the ideas they had had stifled while in Dexys leaving Kevin with trombone player Jimmy Patterson and rhythm guitarist Al Archer, the latter having now departed to form his own band.

The latest Rowland essay just printed in the music papers gives a slightly different slant to this story, however, claiming the departing embers were responsible for hatching a plot to throw him out but the plan was discovered and they were duly dismissed. Considering that none of the would-be usurpers were contracted to EMI, Rowland's story appears somewhat less than credible; it also seems to hint towards a senseless wasteful bickering, something The Bureau in their more catty moments aren't completely free of. Both bands should forget the past and concentrate on the future. Everybody's got a brand new bag; swing it!

JEFF BLYTHE was at music college playing classical clarinet in the early '70s. Having been brought up on black American jazz he fancied the move to a 'sophisticated' area of music, merely for his own pleasure rather than the certificate which all the other entrants seemed to be after. He left for London during the furore of punk but spent an unfruitful period squatting in Brixton until an opportunity to join Geno Washington's Ram Jam Band presented itself.

He played the scampi and chips circuit with the man who was to be the subject of Dexys Midnight Runners' biggest hit, although by the time 'Geno' was released Washington was a grotesque parody of past glories.

"It was really embarrassing. He came over and did this gig at the Music Machine about eight months ago and he came onstage to 'Geno'. There were

about 20 people in the audience and we were there to see what he was like. I thought I'd go up and say something to him afterwards but I had to leave after about three minutes. He came on with this heavy rock band — 3 guitars and all these blokes in Lou Reed T-shirts. Anyone could have done that."

In Dexys, Blythe was responsible for arranging the much-acclaimed and envied horn section which was fully integrated into the group's sound rather than being stuck on the end as a tarty afterthought, which is the customary rock approach.

"Up to the time the album was recorded, everything was going well. The LP came out and we were all really pleased with it but after that we just weren't going forward anymore. I think there's various reasons why we didn't. One was we were so busy touring last year that we never actually had time to sit down and think about what was happening."

So Kevin pushed all his ideas to the forefront and they weren't discussed within the band?

"That is what happened, yeah. I mean it got to the stage where we just grew apart. Perhaps if we'd realised it was happening early enough, something would have been done about it. I think it's very important that this group develops as a gang, but a gang of eight individual characters, not eight faceless versions of the same character."

But The Bureau aren't shying away from the tantalising prospects offered by Dexys. On the contrary, they feel they could only continue in that same way in a less restrictive set-up — The Bureau.

Do you still believe in soul power?

"Very much so, in the sense of what you can make come out of what you're doing is very important and we did get a lot of astonishing reactions. We had an effect that I hope we can carry on with this band."

"You'd be amazed if you could have read some of the fan letters we got. Quite a lot were from, like, 14-year-old girls and they weren't sort of... well, some of them were, but most of them were really frank self-examining letters that would get sent to agony columns."

"This is one of the reasons we split, well it's the reason we split. With Dexys, we had made a very big promise and we brought a lot of responsibility on ourselves. We said we were going to be very genuine and we were going to do something to a lot of people."

But it got to the stage where the concern was more with making sure of your sincerity, rather than just going ahead and allowing the sincerity to come naturally.

"Definitely. It started to be more posturing than anything else. Whatever you say and whatever you do it must have its basis in the music. It doesn't matter what you talk about, if you can't walk onstage and back it up or back it up on records then it's pointless."

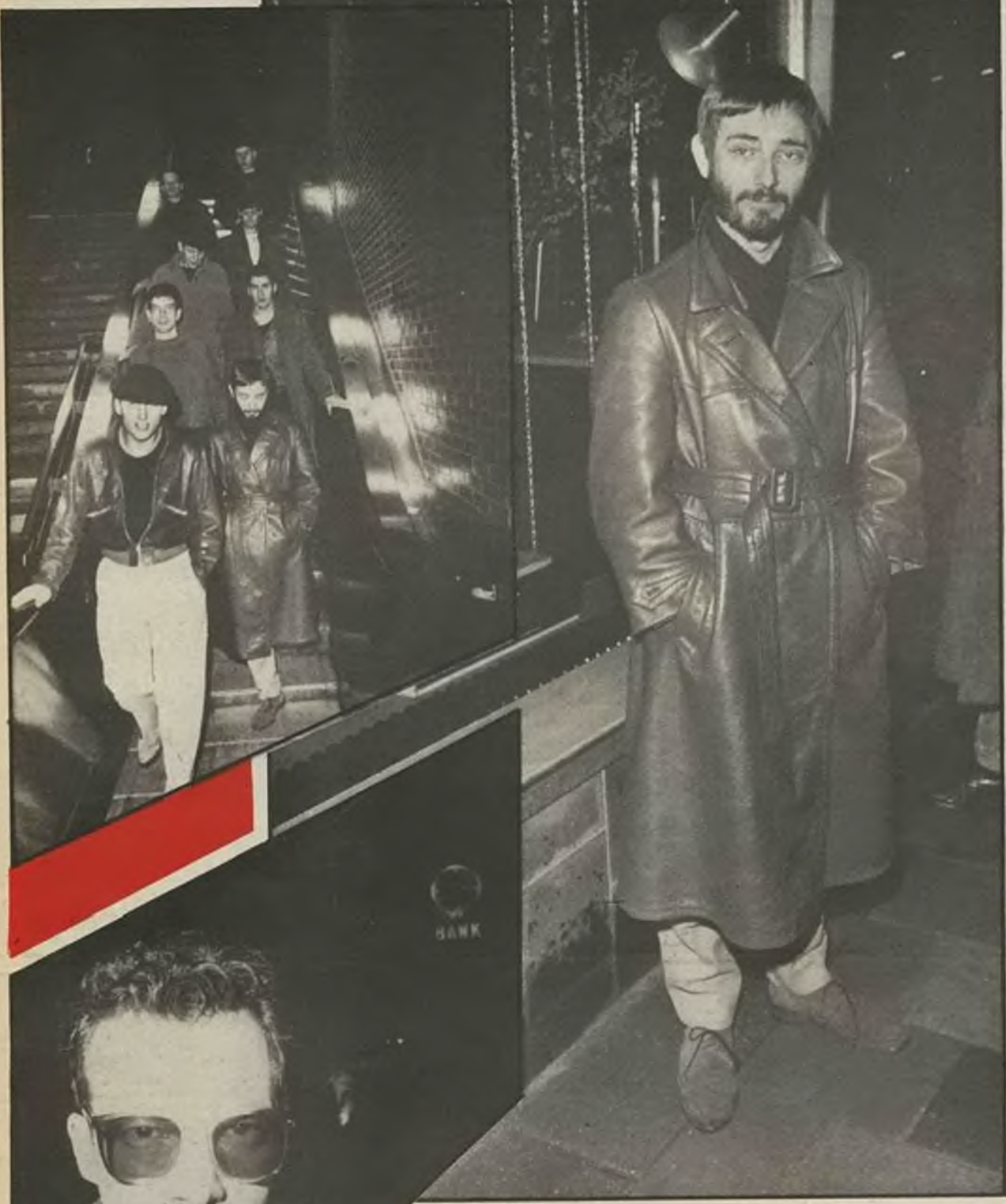
"The feeling I get talking to a lot of kids is that they're fed up with being sold, well, a lot of rubbish basically. Not necessarily things that are bad in a technical sense, but I think attitude-wise, groups are much too blasé towards 'the kids'."

"The kids know this and they're starting to get really fed up with it. I think the days of the big fads are over, I can't see that happening to such a great extent again. The attitude seems to be one of false sympathy towards 'the kids' like 'yes it is terrible being on the dole and it's so sad we can't do anything about it'. I don't think they want sympathy, they want inspiration, they want someone up on that stage who can do something to them."



The Bureau, top row, l to r: Andy Growcott, Archie Brown, Steve Spooner. Bottom row: Mick Merton, Jeff Blythe, Rob Jones, Paul Taylor, Pete Williams.

HAND



Left: Archie Brown. Above: Jeff Blythe



And Kevin Rowland said to five-eighths of the original Dexys: 'Go forth and multiply.' And they did. And they became The Bureau. And, yea, there was great rejoicing for where once there had been one fine band, now there were two.

Dexys had the same aims originally, although the approach was different. It seemed sometimes that Rowland was training a crack task force rather than a band. A strategy I actually feel to be laudable in the present hedonistic free-for-all, but it should come from co-operation and understanding rather than egomaniac directives. The Bureau still place an emphasis on basic disciplines, albeit more loosely.

Jeff: "That's important but it's something we're still feeling our way in, it's obviously of ultimate importance to produce the best that we can, on tour or in the recording studio. But we don't want to have too much of the ten commandments approach, too many thou shalt nots. It's got to come a lot more

naturally. It really comes down to being able to trust everyone, like I used to get annoyed a lot of the time because I felt I was being treated like a little kid.

"One thing I pride myself on knowing is what I ought to do and what I ought not to do to be able to deliver my best onstage. I'd really hate myself if I went onstage and made a total mess of it and I never ever did that once with Dexys. So when I was told you can't do that or you can't do this I got really cross about it."

Undoubtedly this is a reference to Rowland's decision to ban dope from tours. I can't help remembering the last person who wanted to do that — Mike 'Maharishi' Love of The Beach Boys, hardly the most flattering company to keep.

THE BUREAU line-up was completed when Rob Jones (guitar) and Archie Brown (vocals), formerly half of

The Upset, and Paul Taylor (trombone) joined the ranks. Taylor is the group's third trombone player so far. They've had a lot of trouble finding someone suitable to play the instrument as it's mostly played by veterans in this country. The Upset spent a large part of the last Dexys tour as a support act making Archie and Rob acquainted bedfellows.

They've signed a six figure deal with WEA Records, the first fruits of which are now available in their debut single 'Only For Sheep', not quite the masterwork they are capable of but a fair enough way to start a new career. It seems that, reeling from the somewhat dictatorial circumstances that pervaded their last band, the group are as yet only getting used to pulling together and working for themselves. But when they come across with a creamy but cutting ballad like 'Find A Way' or deliver an

impeccably sculpted 'First One' it's obvious the influences and balances are coming together to produce something that has a grand, funky base and an orchestrated completeness to its sound.

The balance of characters in stage presence and music is vividly defined with drummer Stoker and bassist Williams joining with Rob's sharp, clipped, reeling guitar to produce a malleable rhythm section that can dovetail a melody through an unexpected change of tempo — seamlessly and painlessly. Somewhere they've broken off and sailed over one of those pudgy categories into a spacious lagoon noted for its enveloping aura and tangential delights. It's called jazz, I think.

"Jazz in this country has turned into a real conservative institution and the last thing it can do is survive in an institution. Even in America

Words: Gavin Martin Pix: Peter Anderson

with all this Barclay School stuff, they're fucking it up because they're turning out millions of people who sound great but they all sound identical. But that isn't what it's about, it isn't," says Jeff, almost hurt that anyone should suggest otherwise.

Archie: "They all know how to do it but they don't know what to do."

Archie expounds on how the band keep a maze of criss-crossing rhythms mobile when someone is taking a solo, comparing it to Sonny Rollins' work with Max Roach in the '60s. Jeff makes a frank admission.

"Ornette Coleman does some interesting stuff like that as well. I got the idea of doing that sax in 'Love Pt 2' on the Dexys' album from one of his albums where there's a whole band blowing underneath a vocal. When it's mixed the vocal is really loud but there's so much texture and rhythm going on underneath it that it's really effective."

"I think you have to have a sense of humour to listen to Ornette Coleman. I certainly did. I mean the first album I bought of his I bought just because it made me laugh so much, I just cracked up listening to it."

"But it's really great, it's really moving as well. It's interesting with him because he started by just playing on the road with R&B bands and soul groups as a sax player. Then he started to play that sort of music in small black nightclubs and you'd get a really great sense of atmosphere and excitement — people getting pissed and going over the top. It must have been amazing, I'd really love to see something like that."

THERE ARE two little-known Dexys Midnight Runners stories. The first is that they wanted Van Morrison to produce the first album and got as far as performing a private gig one Saturday morning in the presence of the great man himself. Morrison apparently spent his time cowering behind a newspaper, hating every moment and fleeing hysterically at the earliest possibility.

The other concerns their controversial no-dialogue situation with the press. When they started their career in Birmingham, just around the time 'Dance Stance' was released, a stringer from a rival paper penned a scathing live review of the group — criticising them for everything from matching red suits to a cover version of 'Midnight Hour'. Dexys never wore that gear, never covered that song and never played that gig. The rest of the group couldn't find Kevin Rowland for two days so they went to his house and found he'd smashed the place to pieces. Needless to say the paper was temporarily a stringer poorer.

The Bureau are still very much against the music press but, seeking a situation where bands are more honest and journalists more understanding, they have decided not to generalise about all journalists. However, the first evening I began talking to the group, post-performance, in a hotel bedroom with Archie Brown and Steve Spooner, the journalist paranoia that was a part of Dexys raised its head once again, coming from a most unlikely source.

Pursing a line of questioning that would lead to the obvious — 'ah but wasn't Kevin controlling you' line — I got short change from both interviewees, Steve saying he wanted to talk about The Bureau and Archie suspecting me of being a hack merchant right away. The conversation continued to unwind lazily for a few minutes until, looking

down, I realised Archie had switched off my tape recorder.

What did you do that for? I ask, depressing the record button.

"Well I think you're fucking about. I think you're asking funny questions. I'm stoned, man, I want to go to sleep."

An actual physical tussle ensued with the vocalist attempting to wrest the machine and the cassette from my grasp, but eventually, following a long discourse on the role and function of the critic the problem is sorted out. Incidentally, the following evening Archie, attributing his reservations and paranoia to the intake of a certain verdant oriental plant, intimates that he's knocking the habit on the head.

ARCHIE BROWN is going to take sometime to get used to and it's only over the next few months that his integration and progress can be properly judged. His singing style and razzamatazz, fingerlicking stage presence is markedly different from Kevin's, and although he's written both songs on the new single, he'll not be a dominant force in that department as Steve, Pete and Rob also contribute lyrics. In fact it is here more than anywhere that Rowland's talent for writing succinct, potent and productive words will be missed. Both 'Only For Sheep' and 'The First One' already show a distasteful leaning towards cliché.

Archie sees it as a continuous process, relying on input from several quarters.

"If someone comes up with lyrics we don't like then someone else writes them, until we get what we want, which is to make the whole thing complete in terms of the band. We want a direction for the band, something to aim for. Like, if a piece of a song is particularly good and we want to keep it we'll write something else to fit with what we're trying to do."

Whereas Rowland was a caged animal with a tortuous pitch trying to take control of the song, Archie comes over as a precise stylist who becomes a part of the song. He talks enthusiastically about a whole host of singers from Ella Fitzgerald to Johnny Rotten to Jim Morrison and onstage he obviously relishes the chance to become absorbed by the horns, especially when they play a close harmony, boosting, stretching and punctuating the vocals with those big chord effects like a mini-Basie orchestra.

Somewhere in the port of Amsterdam we're spoiling ourselves with big pizzas and large portions of salad. After spilling my beer over Archie's anchovy speciality I tell him I'm glad Dexys split up because as a consumer I've now got two good bands instead of one.

"Yeah, right, because I think the new Dexys is bound to be a good band. As far as I'm concerned, I was outside Dexys and I've no hard feelings about them. All I know is that when I used to be in the wings watching these guys I always wanted to play with them. Like Stoker — he's just such a fuckin' good drummer and I wanted to join this band because I knew all these guys were up to that standard. As far as Rowland is concerned I've no axe to grind, I've never spoken to him. But good luck to him, he is a very talented guy. I've liked a lot of his songs, he'll do well."

Let's hope that sets the tuning fork for the future of both bands — forgetting petty rivalries and getting on with their own business.

The Bureau's task is to become a big serious business proposition. File under 'Greatness Pending'.

JOHN ELTON LENNON

28th November 1974...

... was Thanksgiving Day as well as the date that an Elton John concert at New York's Madison Square Garden turned into a very special event. Towards the end of the evening Elton was joined onstage by close friend and fellow musician John Lennon. Together they performed three numbers — 'Whatever Gets You Through The Night', 'Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds' and 'I Saw Her Standing There'. Lennon's performance of the last number surprised many as he has never been known to sing a McCartney song before. This was the last concert appearance by John Lennon.

Special 15-minute single
picture bag — out now!

(DJS 10965)



★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

AT HOME WITH THE STARS SPECIAL

THERE'S A particular irony inherent in that as 1981 ushers itself in replete with a multitude of splintered trends floating over a trough of musical despondency, the song picked to hog attention and provide the big commercial coup should be the dark metronomic cadences of 'In The Air Tonight' by Phil Collins. An accomplished, moody *cri de coeur*, it's an unassuming, craftsmanlike performance whose location side by side with the absurd, self-congratulatory pomp of Ant music, Visage and Ultravox, if not the perfect panacea, is at least a welcome respite from the bombast and empty gestures.

Similarly, the album from whence the single was culled, 'Face Value', has held a vice-like grip on the highest position in the album charts, no mild achievement for a record packed with some 50 minutes of carefully crafted music carved out on that dodgy borderline known as "fusion". It also marks the official solo debut of one of rock's more idiosyncratic journeymen.

Phil Collins, slight of form, balding, given to wearing football sweaters and functional jogging togs, has already proven himself an exceptionally agile figure in dodging the easy tag. His position as a drummer and subsequent front person for the whimsical monolith that is Genesis has been constantly undermined and/or forcibly confronted by inspired involvement with Brian Eno, Robert Fripp, Peter Gabriel and, more recently, John Martyn.

A superb drummer, an accomplished singer, an agreeable composer, Collins is one of the few rock musicians to have successfully spread his particular talents over a formidably diverse musical radius without seeming to dabble aimlessly. He is a professional, primarily concerned with blending into the context of each endeavour he undertakes, and to this end, his finest work has arguably appeared on collaborative session-work.

Listening to the abrasive drum pattern on Eno's 'Sky-saw', or the ominous innovative percussion work that provided Gabriel's last album with such an abrasive pulsebeat, certainly causes one to shake one's head confusedly when trying to reconcile such genuinely brilliant moments with the soft-focus banalities that Genesis' name has come to be synonymous with.

Collins' 'Face Value' finally places the artiste in a light where all the masks merge, and a middle ground is located. Collins' own music is not a particularly radical brew: far from it, considering the general bias towards contemporary funk, and the human side of the fusion behemoth. But, like the far superior Michael Jackson masterpiece 'Against The Wall', it has found favour with a formidably large audience who probably don't know or care much about trends, but know what they like.

COLLINS HIMSELF is as surprised as anyone else at the level of success his solo album has achieved. Enconced in his country home situated just outside Guildford, where the likes of Eric Clapton also have property (Clapton is, in fact, a neighbour), Collins mulls over the question regarding his sudden rise to number one with an unassuming candour. "It wasn't even as if I viewed 'In The Air' as the obvious first single when the tracks were being recorded. Like all the other songs on 'Face Value' it was put down on the 8 track studio I built upstairs with me playing hamfisted piano and using a drum machine. I probably don't have any sense of what tracks sound commercial owing to my proximity to the whole thing, which started out with me just laying down bits of ideas, tunes, codas, snatches of lyrics and taking it from there. "You must understand that the material came before any desire on my part to be 'the solo artiste'. Piece by piece the songs came into evidence until finally I had a body of work that I felt deserved to be released."

Collins gives manager Tony Stratton-Smith and his US company head Ahmet Ertegun the credit for first denoting the potency of 'Air' as, initially the album's first opening salvo and, then, prime choice for a single.

"Ertegun actually assisted in the mixing of the number, persuading me to place the drum break in exactly that place. It's a particular talent that he has, you know. Plus the fact that he's the guy who worked with Aretha Franklin and Otis Redding and therefore knows what it's about. And he was right."

Collins, ever alert, pauses momentarily before continuing: "It got an immense amount of radio play from the very outset,



So tell us Phil, how do you feel about solo success?

The remarkable Mr. Collins stays awake long enough to cure NICK KENT of his insomnia. Action pix: PENNIE SMITH.

which was ultimately the vital factor in its chart success. It tends to sound very strong on car radio, particularly when the drums break in and everything changes gear. A friend of mine was remarking on how he was parked in a two line traffic light precinct, waiting for the red to turn green and the number was being played on Radio One — he was listening and watching the other driver who was also tuned into the same station and he was beating out the time on his steering wheel waiting for the lights to change right in time with the song's acceleration."

The actual drum sound on the 'Air' single — its predominance in the mix paired with dramatic entry — is becoming something of a personal sound that Collins

has been pioneering. The preference for stripped-to-the-bone solid drum patterns (similar to Ringo Starr's best work with The Beatles), taut thundercracks to contrast the hyper-effective discipline fuelling his playing. With Adam And The Ants and Bow Wow Wow swiping Burundi tribal rhythms one tends to forget a far more impressive and ingenious link with African rhythms. The drum sound on 'P.G.3' played a vital part in its subsequent success with Gabriel himself responsible for the banning of cymbals from all sessions. Collins, however, claims that his contributions were very much shaped from ideas of his own.

"Well, certainly I played an active role in gaining that sound. Peter had certain ideas

whilst the engineer Hugh Padgett was also very involved in finding the particular acoustics which are there in that particular studio anyway. But, well, take the track 'Intruder' which is built around a drum pattern of mine which Peter heard and asked that I simply repeat.

"Now I know he in fact had a song entitled 'Intruder' but the actual form it takes on 'P.G.3' is based on a drum pattern of my invention. I felt for a time that the credit for that song should be 'Gabriel/Collins'. In the end it was drum pattern courtesy Phil Collins, which is as good as..."

More pertinent — with regard to 'Face Value' anyway — has been Collins' work with John Martyn on the latter's much neglected 'Grace And

Danger'. Ties between Martyn and Collins are very strong to the point where the pair have performed live and Collins' first priority — straight after completion of Genesis' next album, currently being recorded — is to work with Martyn on the follow-up to 'Grace', probably in America where the volatile Scotsman is planning to station himself.

"With John it was very — well it was far more intense because we were both involved in the break-up of our particular marriages with the consequent frictions ultimately providing both our albums with the main lyrical thrust. First, I'd noticed that John was in something of a bad shape and I offered moral support by inviting him to stay

CONTINUES OVER

Wake up Phil, you just sold another million.



★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PHIL

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

here in the house where we recorded the basic tracks for 'Grace' with bassist John Giblin. Actually, we ended up offering each other incredible moral support. When I was being shaken up he'd help me out of my particular slump and vice versa.

"All in all the divorce was... certainly very traumatic, but terminated with me using the experience to give my songs a lyrical perspective, an emotional force that they wouldn't have possessed. Lyrics have never been my strong suit, to say the least, and with Genesis, the tendency to use characters allowed me to simply act out situations. The big difference between 'Face Value' and Genesis is partly the obvious one of this being totally a



reflection of my tastes musically, but also the autobiographical factor to the lyrics, which — although I don't view them as poetry or anything so high-handed — I do feel convey something involving a large personal investment."

THE

INEVITABLE question now arises, particularly with 'Face Value's success granting Phil Collins the perfect reason for cutting whatever channel of communication the group allowed him: why continue with Genesis? Collins feels neither the need to apologise for his presence in the group, nor is he prone to sidestepping candour.

"Obviously I'm aware of the group's shortcomings that the critics choose to pillory. I wasn't even surprised by the grudging aspects in certain reviews of 'Face Value' arising from my association with them. There's a kind of whimsy discernible in certain areas of the group's music that I don't like, not to mention the whole Hipgnosis (cover designer) thing. Yet... and this is important, I honestly don't view us as being in the same league as Pink Floyd and Yes. I find those comparisons almost totally redundant.

"But the reasons why I'm still actively a Genesis member and why we're currently recording is that I find we've not made a Genesis album that truly fulfils the potential I, for one, can see as being inherent in the group's particular human

chemistry. I find that very healthy and very challenging. The fact that the solo album's such a success has helped to reinforce certain things of my own liking and push the group into a more overtly democratic affair."

Yet how have Messrs Banks and Rutherford — the former often pictured as the leader/villain of Genesis — reacted to the success of 'Face Value'?

Collins shrugs: "I really don't know, to tell you the truth. Mike (Rutherford) said that he likes it a lot while Tony has... well, I've not felt animosity coming from anyone. They seem pleased."

When the Genesis album gets completed, Collins will fly to America to work with John Martyn on his next album — with more work a possibility. After that he's booked to drum for Pete Townshend's forthcoming solo effort. No immediate plans appear to be even on the horizon for work on a follow-up to 'Face Value'.

"Because I've yet to work up new material. When the songs come, then I'll record in that particular capacity. I don't even know how many albums I'm signed to Virgin for" (it's a four album deal, I later find out) "but I'd rather work with someone like John Martyn who is much better than I'll ever be. Or with a Townshend or Peter Gabriel. I like to participate possibly more than to lead, no matter how much of a facade the 'democratic rock band' usually is. It's like... there are all these certain rules attached to rock that have now become restrictive to that form of music as self-expression. I didn't start working in both Genesis and Brand X to break those rules, but simply found that one doesn't have to lock into one particular corporate in order to do one's best work. If what I do helps to demolish those preconceptions, then I'll feel more fulfilled having a gold record for my solo album."

Next week in NME

The return of

THE

GRATEFUL DEAD

Has Jerry Garcia had a shave yet?

Is The Rainbow on a ley line?

All the facts and more.

PLUS — from France:

TRUST

FELA-KUTI live in Paris

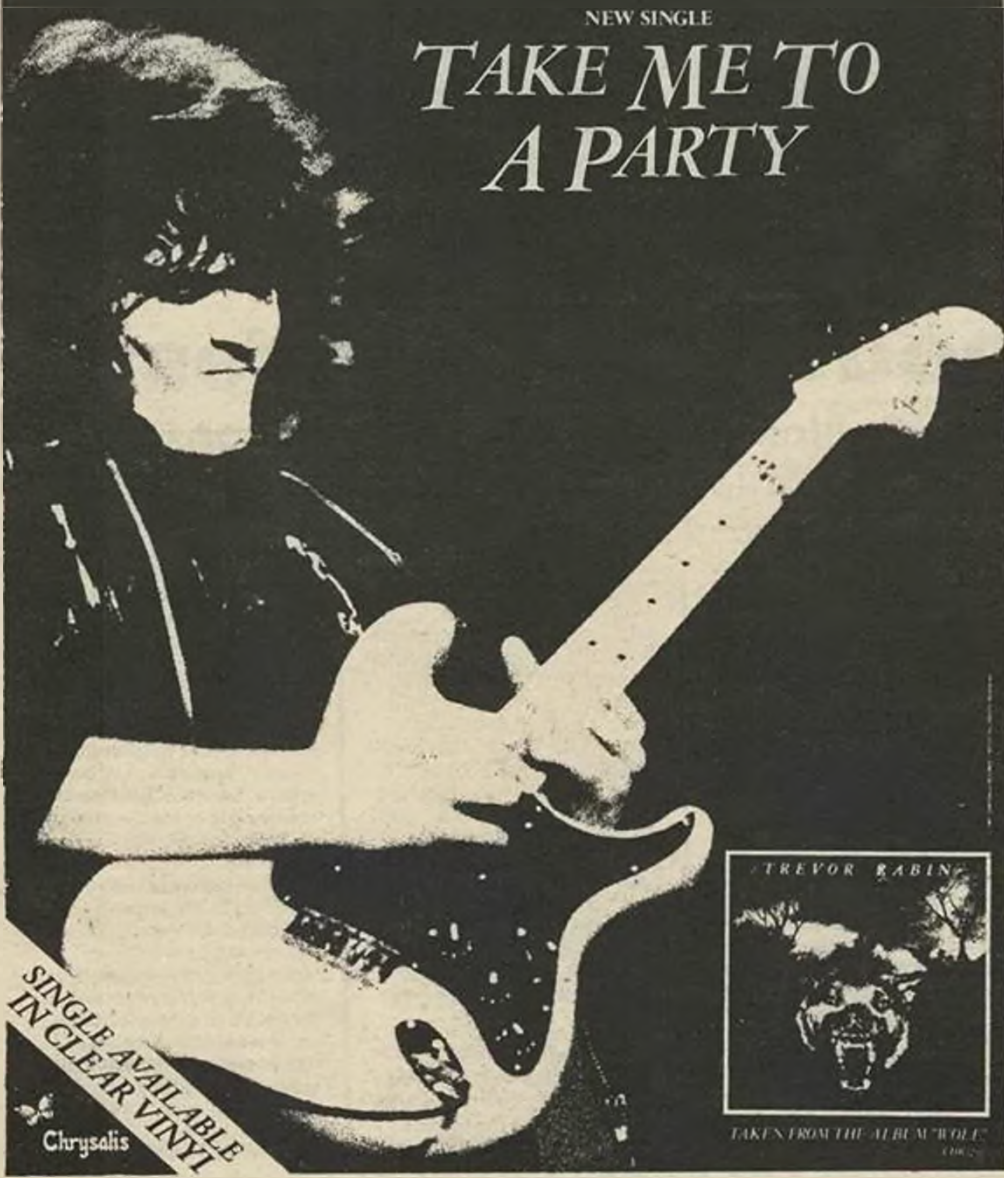


Motels
NEW SINGLE OUT NOW
(RE-MIX VERSION)
DANGER
PLUS THEIR CLASSIC
TOTAL CONTROL
IN FULL COLOUR PICTURE BAG
ALSO AVAILABLE
LIMITED EDITION IN FULL COLOUR
POSTER PACK
CL 16185

TREVOR RABIN.

NEW SINGLE

TAKE ME TO A PARTY



TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM "WOLF"

FROM USA

HUMAN

DEBUT ALBUM FIG. 14

First the world will call me Bourcier -- hey!
Then I'll change my name to Jackie K.

SEXUAL

NEW SINGLE GUARDIAN ANGEL/JACKIE ONASSIS



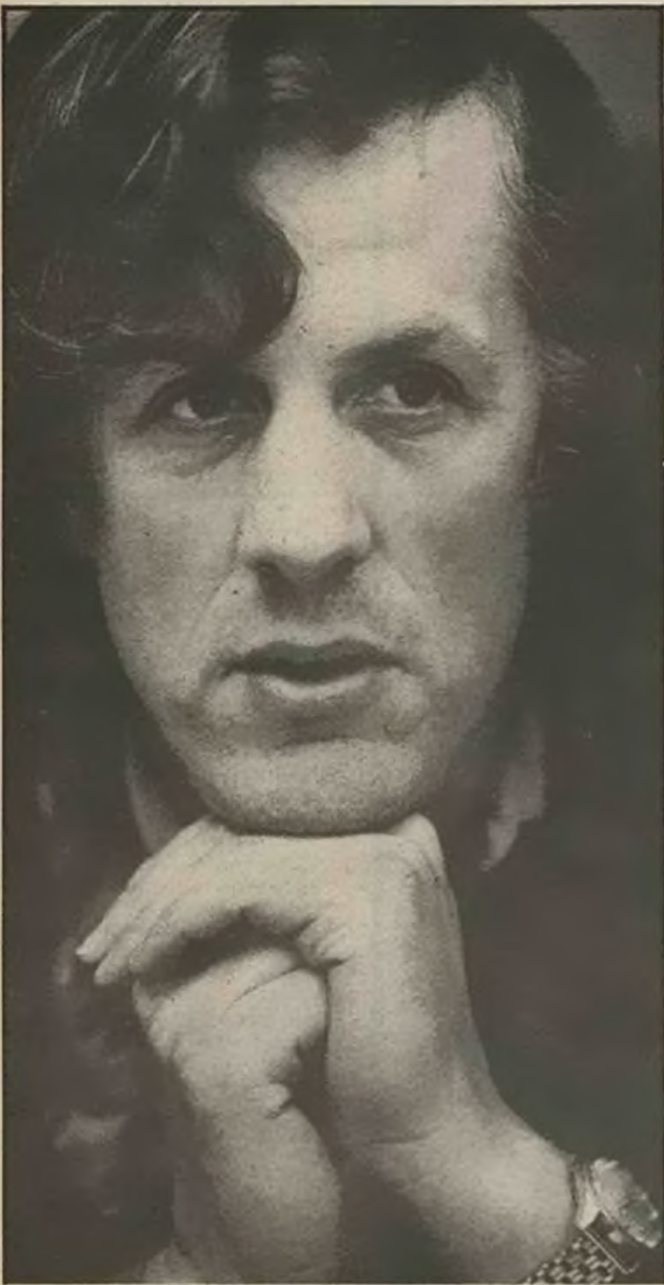
After my date with tragedy
I'll let Aristotle take care of me
I want to be Jackie Onassis dr yeah

RESPONSE

AVAILABLE FROM GOOD SHOPS

don't fall
off the
Mountain

SILVER SCREEN



Michael Apter. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

MONTY SMITH
meets
MICHAEL
APTED, the
man behind
Coalminer's Daughter

MINER SUCCESS

EVEN MORE surprising than its seven Oscar nominations is the fact that *Coal Miner's Daughter* was made by an Englishman. The film biography of Loretta Lynn's poverty-stricken Appalachian upbringing, early struggle for success and eventual C&W superstardom, *Coal Miner's Daughter* (reviewed in *Silver Screen* last week) would appear to be a peculiarly American subject. Why on earth would the Universal studios entrust a relatively untested English film director with the job of bringing Lynn's story to the screen?

Michael Apter, the 39-year-old film-maker in question, puts it down to something more than sheer chance.

Television-trained at Granada in the early '60s, he graduated via *Coronation Street*, *All Our Yesterdays*, *World In Action*, *Cinema* and numerous plays before making H. E. Bates' *Triple Echo* with Glenda Jackson in 1973. Subsequent films included the *That'll Be The Day* sequel, *Stardust*, an evocative London gangster thriller called *The Squeeze*, the ill-fated Bianca Jagger project *Trick Or Treat* (eventually aborted), and 1978's *Agatha*, plagued by union squabbles throughout.

"*Stardust* did very well for me but after that I went out in the cold," says Apter, an engaging, thoughtful character who remains resolutely English despite his new-found LA home. And he's not entirely happy about being so quickly adopted by the Americans — apart from his evident regret at the demise of the so-called British film industry, he greatly misses seeing West Ham in

action every other Saturday (he's originally from Essex, as if you couldn't tell).

Criticism from English friends for his 'desertion' to LA obviously strikes a nerve, but "Sod it," he says, "I want to work and there's no work for me here. I spent ten years here after leaving television and I made four movies. I want to make films."

"What was so depressing for me was *The Squeeze*. I thought it was a good little thriller but there was some creep running Warner Brothers and he just hated it. He refused to release it in America and it was flushed down the toilet. It was a real down for my career."

"And it followed *Trick Or Treat*, so I was in real trouble. And then came *Agatha* — the tap-dancing we had to go through to make that film, and if you can't make that material in England, what can you do?"

Surely, whenever the British film industry is mentioned it should be in quotation marks?

"Yes. It's depressing. What kills us is the shared language with America. There's always going to have to be a German film industry, for instance, because people want to hear their own language. But economically and to fill the cinemas — what few there are — you don't have to have a British film industry. I think it's a disaster."

IT GOES without saying that no British company would've put up the \$6 million required for a project like *Coal Miner's Daughter*; but how did Apter get the job in America?

"I was lucky in that I happened to be in Hollywood at the right time, looking for work. Sissy Spacek was working on *Heart Beat* with John Byrum, an old friend, who kept telling her 'You gotta get Apter'. She

mentioned it to Universal, they saw *Stardust* and liked it. They spoke to me and realised I wasn't going to make *Nashville* — you know, a snooty European look at the white trash of Appalachia and the tacky side of country music."

"And, also, when you look at *Coal Miner's Daughter* it's not the sort of material that would attract a first-class American director. So there wasn't a queue of people waiting to do it, frankly."

Which must make its box-office and critical success all the sweeter for Apter. And if he was an unpredictable choice for director, so too was Sissy Spacek for the Loretta Lynn role. She bears no physical resemblance to Lynn, but had apparently once been a singer.

"Yes, but I don't know how much of a singer she was. All I know is that when she first left home to go to New York she went as a flower person with her guitar and strummed around."

"It was a terrific risk having her sing, but it was a risk we both wanted to take because it added a dimension."

Apter is the latest in a long line of talented British directors (John Schlesinger, Peter Yates, John Boorman, Ridley Scott, Uncle Alan Parker and all) who've been forced to work abroad. When's John Mackenzie going, I wonder? As I cry. C&W style, into my beer over the pathetic state of the 'British film industry', Apter bemoans West Ham's veritable tonking at the twinkling feet of Dynamo Tbilisi ("My boys gave me a nice coming home present, didn't they?"). We cheer ourselves up by laughing at Arsenal.

Michael Apter is looking forward to the League Cup Final replay. I'm looking forward to his next film — even if it has been made in America.



The Debbie debut

UNION CITY VIEWS

Union City

Directed by Mark Reichert
Starring Deborah Harry and Dennis Lipscomb (Mainline)

EXERCISES in style, whatever their authenticity and motivation, usually manage to bypass the general public's interest. *Union City*, which heralds the acting debut of Deborah Harry, a genuine superstar from another medium, is no exception to this dictum. Apparently not even the drawing power of its leading lady persuaded American cinema-goers inside.

The film, a quaint sauce of black comedy and psychological suburban tragedy, is also director Mark Reichert's own first attempt at popular picture palace persuasion. Based on Cornell Woolrich's '30s pulp murder mystery, *The Corpse Next Door*, *Union City* has been updated for financial convenience to a '50s setting in brownstone New Jersey.

Harry is cast as the frustrated but not-so-timid wife of an overweening accountant dullard with an obsession about the phantom milk stealer who seems to threaten his dubious manhood. Laying in wait for the

thief he becomes embroiled in a mental cat and mouse game with disastrous consequences for himself.

Reichert makes full use of various stylistic devices — the comic strip dialogue, the chiselled detective story expressionism, the claustrophobic internal camera angles, dark with jokey foreboding — and is finally hampered by them.

His major failing occurs in the pacing at the outset; the uneasy balance of Dennis Lipscomb's Lemmonesque incompetent bully Harlan and Harry's subdued mousewife Lillian is confounded by a poor narrative and the absence of a good laugh — Reichert milks the situation but the plot spreads thin.

Gradual injection of comic relief arrives in the development of the janitor Larry Longacre (played to the square-jawed hilt by Everett McGill) who seems to do much more than service Lillian's apartment while Harlan is in town. Events metamorphose into a kind of French farce with the man-eating cat-loving Contessa up the corridor preying on Harlan's fear of the unknown sexual skeleton in the space saving closet.

The *denouement* is well handled, the suggestion of Lillian's dumb involvement and her love-affair with Larry (itself the by-product of matinee visits to the local cinema) becoming more apparent as the husband cracks up. *Union City* ends with sting in the tail that rather flatters the subject matter; but its slightness is no obstacle to enjoying its pretensions.

Deborah Harry is quite comfortable in her role. She can act and the hint of a self send-up in her transition from plain brunette to sparkling blonde adds another dimension to a character that her many fans will recognise. There's also a suitably spooky score from real-life lover Chris Stein which would no doubt do better business than the movie if released.

I thought it to her credit that Harry opted for a low-key initiation to the perils of celluloid immortality. She is a beautiful woman with a broader talent than her stereotype indicates.

Even if the punters stay away in droves she's set the groundwork for a crack at something more substantial. I'm not so sure about Reichert.

Max Bell

My Bodyguard

Directed by Tony Bill
Starring Chris Makepeace, Adam Baldwin and Matt Dillon (20th Century Fox)

ALREADY half-heartedly touted as this year's *Breaking Away*, *My Bodyguard* is actually a pernicious little number based on the premise that brawn is best dealt with by a combination of money and brawn rather than brains.

The story, such as it is, centres around new-kid-in-town Cliff (Chris Makepeace), who falls foul of the gang led by school-bully Moody (Matt Dillon) who's operating a lunch-money protection racket in his new high school. Being a relatively rich kid whose dad runs a posh hotel, Cliff enlists (buys) the help of Linderman (Adam Baldwin), a supposedly psychopathic schoolboy giant to protect him.

Linderman, of course, is more gentle giant than psychopath, and the film goes on to trace the

flowering friendship of the two lads from opposite sides of the tracks, uncovering in the process (a masterpiece of psychological over-simplification, this) the reasons for Linderman's hard-bitten outsider complex.

Meanwhile, Moody hires an even tougher thug to take care of Linderman — there's a political parable just bursting to leap off the screen here — but fear not, for American right and goodness are eventually vindicated, the wimpish Cliff learning to take care of himself (all a matter of keeping your guard up, apparently) and the good guys smiling into the sunset. Ronnie Reagan'd be proud of 'em!

The classroom scenes are curious, to say the least, with only Dillon — who gives the best performance by far — being anything like a believable 15-year-old adolescent. My main beef with *My Bodyguard*, however, concerns its cold-bloodedly exploitative

approach to a problem which undoubtedly causes much misery to a lot of kids. The final, implausible *denouement* doesn't suggest a viable solution so much as rub the noses of the weak and the poor in the fact that they're going to get shat on till eternity unless they buy their own protection. (Who mentioned American foreign policy?).

Apart from this — and without wishing to appear an alarmist liberal — I'm worried about the effect the film could have on those in a position of some power in the playground: how many, I wonder, would be encouraged to start protection rackets by *My Bodyguard*, there being no realistic defence outlined in the film? After all, only a fool would believe that the rows of surly schoolkids in my local Odeon were all paragons of virtue and innocence, there to see good triumph over evil. . .

A thoroughly irresponsible pile of trash.

Andy Gill

Consume! (Mass of contradictions)

THE ASSOCIATES: Tell Me Easter's On Friday (Situation 12) Luxury... wonder wanders, whispers call out, logic twists and swivels, the spell is woven. The Associates are perfectionists: this is the closest pop comes to the elusive dream of perfection. Astonishing Associates! Spinning Associates! Emerging from the kind of tawdry business problems they don't deserve, a few shifts and far away drifts from the craving tones and raving standards of 'Affectionate Punch', offering up the sort of single we all deserve — taking pop emotion violently serious, taking apart preconceptions, taking their time.

'Tell Me Easter's On Friday' is another sublime single in another Year Of The Single: a very private quality at work here. The song's a simmering, sharply cut pattern, a stream of seduction. Alan Rankine's guitars shimmer with tenderness, bass, drum, effects are classically stressed, Billy MacKenzie's voice is a voice of our time, singing words that mix in with personal memories. Side 2's 'Straw Towels' is much more of a dance, but still... Music of dignity and destiny. A great amount of respect is at play here. Return it... add a kiss. Don't miss.

Consume! (Glow like a lover)

SPANDAU BALLET: Glow (Chrysalis 12) Don't miss out! Higher, faster, stronger! The confounding Spandau catapult through the hoop of fire and with 'Glow' seal a hundred kisses and sixty carresses their own damning criticism of the dry 'Journeys To Glory' LP. 'Glow' shrivels the LP under its heat: makes those other singles sound like tinny teenybop jingles. It's such a vivid, vaulting chunk of growth, such a bursting tumble through the undergrowth, such a dose of undaunted exertion. Such... go! Such... flow! Such... Glow!!

Of course, the cover's daft, just like the LP's, with its fudged celebration of physical culture — more co(s)mic (Olympian) than fascist. In fact until I wrecked 'Glow' I'd have said Spandau were fat-shit more than fascist. Now! The only thing round here that's fat is the bass. Scram — I'm indulging. 'Glow' works into me, flushes the sleep out of my eyes. I'll never fancy Spandau — still hard skillmen to me — and the wizened Richard Burgess has a lot to do with 'Glow's' sloppy stylism, but God I'm glad about 'Glow'. Go! Don't miss out!

Consume! (School's Out Forever)

BOW WOW WOW: Work (EMI 7" or cassette) Go some more! Pay attention. Even, if you have to, pay up. Hearing Annabella breathlessly instruct me that "Demolition of the work ethic takes us to the age of the primitive" is just one of a thousand thrills spinning inside the usual shrill subversive Bow Wow Wow dazzle. Smashed up against MacLaren's commissioned message of life — don't be denied, don't be ground down — is the frisky dexterity of the Bow boys (note that ass bace) and the flirtatious vivacity of Annabella. The

palpitations (pile up the percussion!) and even fanaticism of 'Work' demands response. What it stands for is a galvanising twist to the usual dole insouciance, the 'unemployed-so-vegetate' legend. A whole new complexion!

"What's the matter with not having a job. There's no need to work ever ever ever. Work is not the golden rule."

Sensational(ist), irresponsible, distracting and fantastic. MacLaren's (p)leisure. 'Work' seizes and teases me. The moralists can steel themselves. The art matter-realists can steal this. See red! But go for the ride.

Consume! (Charles Atlas starts to frown)

JOSEF K: Sorry For Laughing (Les Disques Du Crepuscule) Don't go. Try your luck on the spinning Josef K: their songs are contracted, summarily ambiguous squirts of romantic drama, impertinent and curious, swept along with a fleeting tone of irony. Touch and go! I'd find it very difficult not to flatter the casual seriousness, the defiant intensity, and spiritual pride of K: I'd feel guilty if I was coy about Josef. 'Laughing' is at first hearing influenced by Velvets, T.Rex ('By The Light Of The Magical Moon'), Fall. At second hearing, all their own work, the bearer of myths. B/W 'Revelation' and the action moodily parodies happy beat music: it swells up towards the end and sounds real wild. The single was recorded in Belgium and features the marbled anti-rock production Josef failed to achieve on their unreleased LP. A Great colour cartoon cover as well: this is PRODUCT TO WANT. Well, and there, my friends, you have the truth. But are you satisfied! Hah hah hah hah hah hah hah hah.

Consume! (Feel like I should cry)

THE DELMONTES: Tout Les Soirs (Rational) Sorry for laughing, but there's so much happening. I'm spinning... The Delmontes seem to float out of somebody's suffering hallucination of Pet Clarke backed by The Velvets, or Nico backed by Mamas and Papas. The double nature of imagination: with The Delmontes you fantasise, and you're liberated. From (Julie Hepburn's) sad blue streaked vocals, dead-pan rhythm, winsome keyboards, coquettish guitars and a cherishable self-focus production comes music of joy and comeliness. I'm enthralled! Light up your night with these three wistful serenades: attempt to define your uneasiness. Wheel's on fire...

Consume! (Everyone's waiting for their daily bread)

FAD GADGET Make Room (Mute) Mute seem to be getting spurned as the fakerist Beau Monde march into view with their awful cliché clatter. An unfair affair. The state of Fad art is altering: ripier, wider, wiser. For 'Make Room' there is bass guitar and Robert Gotobed drumming pumping in some clinging funk-ish shapes: toughening up a likeable syn-structure. The song's a snorty clarion call: snap, slap and tickle, crusty and sulky. Hard feelings! It sounds very fashionable to me: future-hit I'd like to say. Depeche Mode will be the first Mute boys to line the hit parade but Fad might be the first Mute-ants to make the *Old Grey Whistle Test*. B-side 'Lady Shave' (a horror tale) indicates that Fad Gadget's straightening out but not losing his hold on disruptive absurdity. Straight and bent all at the same time, awkward... that's Fad Gadget!

Consume! (How could anybody be so mean?)

ORANGE JUICE: Poor Old Soul (Postcard) I'd better come clean... I like Orange Juice: no pips, no peel, no growl, no snarl, just juice... the plunging, tumbling structures, holding their breath and sweeping so sweetly. Edwyn Collins' mopish vocals



Which Spandau is wearing the haggis?

Pic: Peter Anderson.

ONE NATION UNDER A KILT

From Southern Freeez to Northern Glow

are tear jerking. The simple twists of fate, the grievous confessions, the subtle changes in resolution, the common theme of weakness in the lyrics. The scrappy, scruffy ordinary shape of their image... and their fourth single! How much longer can it go on? 'Poor Old Soul' is as precariously

persuasive as their three 1980 singles: subtly obsessive, kindly festive. The B-side is a version of the A-side-Naughty boys! Juice pop is the force of despair: innocence distressed. There, well my friends, is the information. But are you impressed? Hah hah hah hah hah hah hah hah.

Nick Drake and some John Martyn than the lament-dance music of Josef K or the irony-pop of Postcard: The Sound Of Young Scotland. Private themes and fairy tales, new romance and chilled distance. Aztec Camera are a

Consume! Is this still a gift.

AZTEC CAMERA: Just Like Gold (Postcard) I'm not really sorry for laughing: there's so much happening. Aztec Camera, so slight, write ballads that are listlessly lovely, that have a strange incomplete strength. Cymbals splash, acoustic guitars softly snag and quietly quarrel, bitter-sweet 16 Roddie Grame sings with virginal immaculacy. Their sound is lush, stainless modernist MOR. These love songs, that speak of sadness with undefiled integrity, seem closer to the white music of



smooth and special taste: a smile on their face, a tear in their eye, between Vic Godard and Cliff Richard.

Consume! (My head's just spinnin' from day to night)

BERNARD WRIGHT: Spinnin' (Arista GRP 12) **LIGHT OF THE WORLD: Tim/I'm So Happy (Ensign 12)** **NEW YORK SKYY: Superlove (Excalibur)** Nard Wright is also 16: an earthy varlet. Stay up at night with the efficacious force of 'Spinnin's' winning workout, splitting and spinning into all manner of spaces, then easing up as it's meant to do with some chivalrous piano speculation. An entrancing spree. The 12" is quite a cross section too. On the other side 'Haboglobo Robin' is, guess what, nunny novelty and 'Just Chillin' Out' is effusively rapped-up. 'Spinnin's' the one: sparkling, gossiping, capering and maundering. Spin it. They stay up some more with the eleven minutes of Light Of The World's 'Time': no storm, but quite a dissertation. 'I'm So Happy' is more private than the title suggests. Soft and hushhhhhhh... But don't go to sleep yet. Spin 'Superlove'; appetizing superficiality. Splash around with it, but don't pay too much attention. Then play 'Glow': pay attention.

Consider!

JOHN MARTYN: Johnny Too Bad (Island 12) My favourite version of 'Johnny Too Bad' is Taj Mahal's from 'Mo'Roots'. My favourite John Martyn record is the 'Live At Leeds' LP — with John Stevens and Danny Thompson, a pre new age supergroup, if you'll pardon the expression. Where does this leave Martyn's lavish stab at 'Johnny Too Bad'? Something nice... sharpened, deepened, liltily dub-ble, some more of that romantically reformed modernist MOR. It's coupled with 'Big Muff' — scored with Lee Perry, carried along with an edge of metaphysical menace, enticingly furtive, attractively civilised. A very chic record: that's correct!

Consider!

YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS: Testcard EP (Rough Trade) Some quiet brightness from Rough Trade: a caring piece of product. Stuart and Philip Moxham usher in six instrumentals "in praise and celebration of mid-morning television" excluding *Playschool*. More modernist MOR! There's obviously a place for it — Reilly's 'Return Of Durrutti Column' could have been the genre's 'Tubular Bells'. Through ten minutes six seconds guitar and bass rub and stroll, mechanical percussion spits and breathes, voices come in to hum with extraordinary plainness, backwards keyboards jovially woo. The depleted moods affectionately capture the ageing formality of schools' programmes, the unspoilt correctness of the links in between, the colourless compulsion and pale peace of the TV at that time. A very sane, confidently superficial souvenir. 'Englishness' you can trust.

Consider!

BLUE ORCHIDS: Work (Rough Trade) They raved, but they were not mad! Blue Orchids do the things with Television deficiency, density, vengeance, disputation, disco, r'n'r realisation, droll primitivism that early Fall were inclined to: naked as relentless sound



PAUL MORLEY gets his sporran in a spin



pierced by maimed, self-absorbed guitar, smeared with ludicrous organ, aggrieved by heroically unheroic vocals. Orchids' Martin Bramah and Una Baines were two bits of that early Fall: Baines, following form, has now ducked out. Guitarist Bramah is an insolent, grotesque parody of the mainstream rock guitar-hero: with slapstick commitment he creates new designs. His style is offensive and nervous, profane and secessionist: an ideal pop guitarist. He is as responsible for the priceless guitar scratch-twanging of post-cardism as much as pre-UA Shelley, Subway Sect and the Velvets. He also sings. On 'Work' he screwily whines through the cross wall of sound with reckless tunelessness. 'Work' isn't so much a 'song' as a release of some cracked spirit. They're strained, but I think they shine.

Consider!

LAUGHING APPLE: The Ha Ha HeeHee! EP (Autonomy) Good in parts, as they say. Four artfully arranged post-postcard pieces, cagey post-Zoo even, fed through a kinky filter. The EP is financed by CND; the group are three goody goody

Glasgow boys who've moved down to London. None of the four sons is sensational. The edge of blandness: their sighing merry-making can be too lightweight.

Conceal!

THE COMSAT ANGELS: Eye Of The Lens (Polydor 12") The worst support act Siouxsie And The Banshees ever had: ruining the record. I can't understand any dedication to the square Comsat Angels. 'Eye Of The Lens' is crushingly unimposing, a smoothed gathering of harmony and humility. The other three songs on this starched showcase are tame, tediously fair-minded examples of a lukewarm new pop versatility. The Comsat Angels: just neutral.

Conceal!

MARK BEER: Pretty (Rough Trade) This gives me the jollies. Mark wants to be pretty: needs to be pretty. Don't we all? But this ode to the forbidden fruit... somebody should intervene! Clever, shufflingly catchy (!), mercilessly dippy, the kind of folksy confession that trundles along with novelty 'appeal' and ends up caught in the cordiality of some influential DJ. Luckily it's on RT.

so it should sink. The B-side's a terrible dub-ble. No ideal

Conceal!

THE YACHTS: A Fool Like You this crew and it's taken him weeks to think of something to say about them. I've had ten minutes to make up something. Mangy: that's the result, and that's the record.

Conscript!

BAD MANNERS: Just A Feeling (Magnet) Oh well yes, they've rollicked in their time have the stubby Bad Manners. What a jug, hey! I've never seen much in it myself, but then one learns reality is only a subjective experience. Rationally speaking I would detect that Bad Manners are running out of life. This and then one more and then that's that. So that's that. Do you read me, reader? I guess you do.

Condemn!

LIQUID GOLD: Don't Panic (Polo)

RACEY: Shame (RAK)

JANE KENNAWAY: Celia (Deram)

ARTHUR 2-STROKE: Hawaii Five-O (Logo)

JOE JACKSON: One To One (A&M)

B.A. ROBERTSON: Saint Saens (Asylum)

Look, I know I go on, but the pop music of Altered Images, Scars, Associates, Orange Juice, Cure, ACR, etc. etc. should be in the hit parade selling thousands and dislodging pop culture shapes every month and every way... new faces, spaces, paces, places. Their music is relentless, consumed by energy, and produced to be lapped up by the masses not culled into corners. The pop that generally charts, with obnoxious ease, like this mixed bag, is weary, though shrewd and studious. All those groups like Altered Images and Fire Engines want to force life, action and new style into the hit parade, the mobile militant charge that pop music should be. Look what a fuss Adam's caused: that's cos new pop consumers are essentially starved and cut off from new pop (com)motion. I'm sorry for raving: but there's so much happening. But: Liquid Gold, Racey, Jane Kennaway, Arthur 2-Stroke, Joe Jackson, B.A. Robertson. What a state. BUT: what a column!

Condom!

NIGEL DIXON: Thunderbird (Stiff) Nigel Dixon, ex Whirlwind, on the Limp label, with a sad plop of neo-pop: crushed under the weight of this week's singles. Anyone feel sad?

And that's the way it is this week.



Conceal!

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE: Guardian Angle (Don't Fall Off The Mountain) Archibald Thrills went to New York to interview



F-a-a-d gets b-a-a-d.

Pic: David Corio.

'Upstairs Downstairs' is my favourite: nursery-charm Magazine. Would Buzzcocks have sounded like this if Devoto'd stuck? Well, if so, not as affable. 'I'm OK' is more than ok. 'Sometimes I Wish' is well poised. The songs tremble on



NEW SINGLE

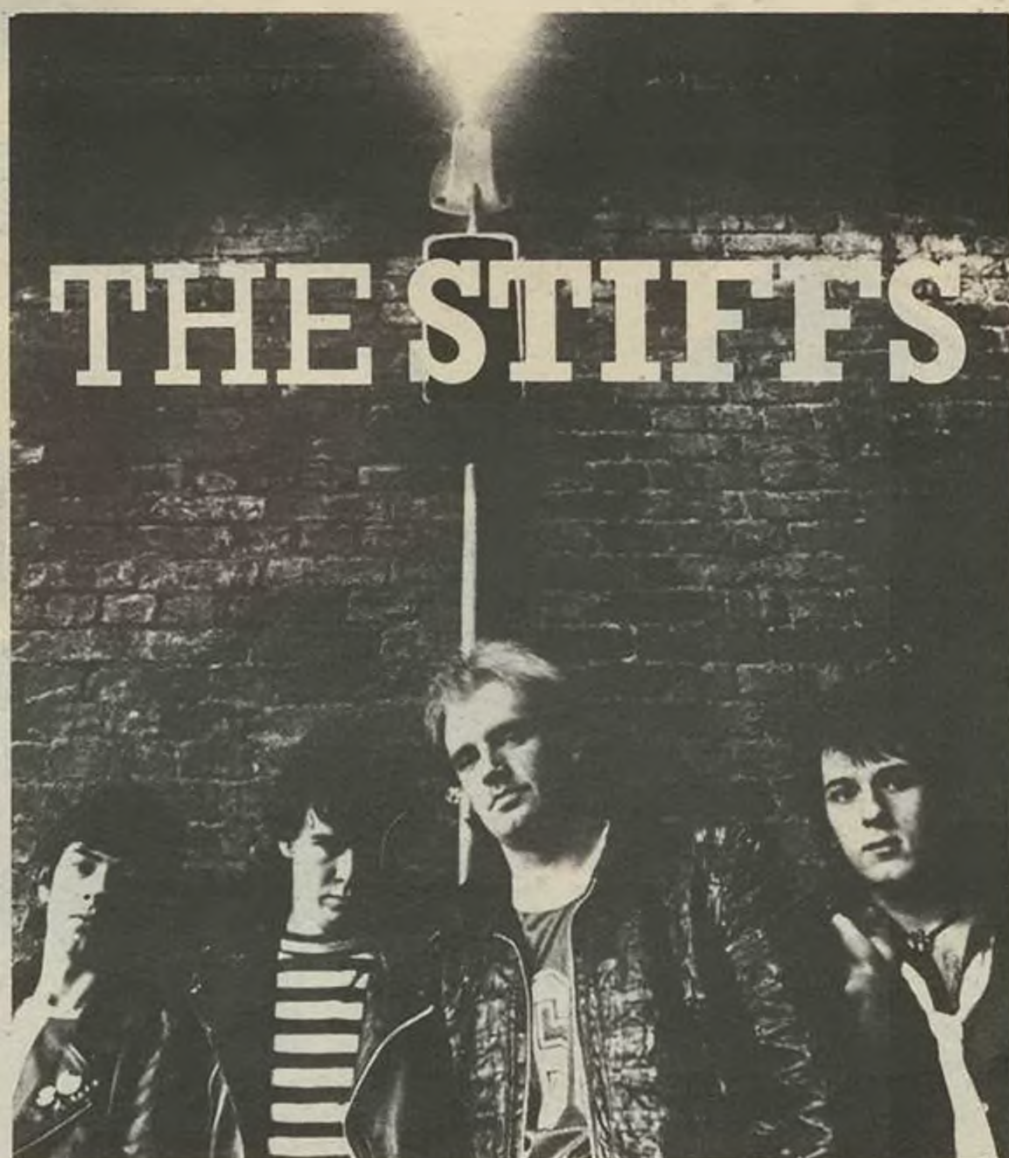
BOWWOWWOW

AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE

TOUR

They're finished with it! There! There! Baby Bear, Nobody's gonna teach you all the rules. Even if they want you to surrender. Just tell them. Schools out forever. T.E.K. Technology. Makes H.I.S. of History. A mis my mythology. Cow school is not the golden rule. Work! Demolition of the work ethic. Takes us to the age of the primitive! T.E.K. Technology. Voodoo on Autonomy. Reverse all it goes. Reverse all teachers. Reverse all teachers.

March 19 - Poole, Arts Centre
 March 20 - Taunton, Odeon
 March 21 - St. Austell, Cornwall Coliseum
 March 22 - Bristol, Locarno
 March 23 - Brighton, Top Rank
 March 25 - Cardiff, Top Rank
 March 26 - Derby, Assembly Rooms
 March 27 - St. Albans, City Hall
 March 28 - Wakefield, Tiffany's
 March 29 - Edinburgh, Drill Hall
 April 6 - Glasgow, Odeon
 April 7 - Lincoln, Drill Hall
 April 9 - Birmingham, Cricket Club
 April 10 - Northampton, Lyceum
 April 11 - London, Lyceum



GOODBYE MY LOVE

single out now on **Stiff** records BUY86

NEVER TOO LATE



Status Quo

NEW ALBUM 'NEVER TOO LATE' FEATURING
THEIR HIT SINGLE 'SOMETHING 'BOUT YOU BABY I LIKE

SIMPLE MINDS

“the New Europeans?~whatever happened to the Old Ones then?”

— Herr Jobbo Von Dunfermline



Charlie Burchill (right) wonders: “Does Jim really Kerr?”



Jim Kerr (left) and Charlie Burchill eyeless on the plaza. Mick McNeill (right) looks up in wonder.

A year ago Adrian Thrills wrote off a Simple Minds show as “a night of tradition, pretension and broken promises”. Last week, mainminds Jim Kerr and Charlie Burchill made Thrills face the music . . .

David Corio snapped away in the shadows.

IN CENTRAL London some men are talking. In a small twin room on the third floor of a modest Paddington hotel, the air is fusty and claustrophobic. The stuffiness is punctured and peppered only by the consistent whine of two passionate Scottish voices.

The first voice is eager and breathless, like the stammering whinge of a tearful schoolboy unable to talk without lapsing into an unfortunate stutter. The voice will grasp desperately for all the right words, pulling phrases from thin air and coming up with the odd wrong one now and then. But between the gasps and the sips from a plastic cup of Bristol Cream sherry, the dialogue pours out in a confused, determined torrent.

The second voice appears from behind a disarming boyish grin and is more relaxed and succinct than the first. This second voice has less to say, but conveys it in a more assured and direct manner, the flow not quite as frantic, the diction less jagged.

The first voice is that of Jim Kerr, a frail and pensive lead singer, a Simple Mind.

“We’ve always been very open in our use of images in songs so we do run a giant risk of getting labelled as pretentious, being Glasgow boys and singing about Europe and things like that. But you can’t just blind yourself and pretend that

nothing exists outside your home town.

“What do they want us to sing about? Football? Life in the Gorbals? I think we’ve always been a bit more open than that! At least we did spend most of the last year in Europe ourselves, so we do feel it is legal to sing about that.

“But that whole European thing has been used very wrongly just lately by people like Ultravox in ‘Vienna’, the New Europeans and all that. Sometimes you can sit down and write about something like that and it just looks really tacky. It seems pointless just using the names of foreign people to impress people, coming up with something like ‘Vienna’. You just have to know where to draw the line.

“We’re not trying to solve the problems of the world or anything like that, but we are showing that we don’t just sit in the recording studio and assume that there’s nothing happening in the outside world, nothing outside the fact that we are in a group.”

The second voice chimes up for the first time. It belongs to Charlie Burchill, a smiling young Celt-featured guitarist and occasional sax player, another Simple Mind.

“I know that if some German group had a new album and they were singing all about unemployment in Glasgow, it would seem really strange to someone like me. But, from our point of view, you don’t just go on tour somewhere without finding out something about the places that you visit. You soon find out what’s going on and that’s where the majority of our lyrics come from. It’s almost documentary in a sense.”

Simple Minds — Kerr, Burchill, bassist Derek Forbes, drummer Brian McGee and keyboard man Mick McNeill — sing a lot about European threat and mystery these days. An impressionable group, they tread a thin line. Sometimes they slip into the predictable pratfalls of dramatising the inane old chimerical clichés of Euro elegance and decadence, setting it all to the battered backbeat of the Eurodisco throb.

Their last Arista LP ‘Empires And Dance’, however, showed the Minds rising well above the hollow contrivances of some of their fellow travellers au Beau Monde — okay the “futurists” if you must! — to back up their European dalliances with glimmering flecks of eye-catching wit and insight. ‘Empires And Dance’ — a certain substance!

But isn’t most of that all becoming one massive cliché? And a rather patronising one at that? Charlie Burchill once again pipes up defensively.

“I don’t think the European audience themselves see it as being patronising. The people we played to, a lot of them are very in touch with what’s happening in Britain. But over here, people start labelling things as ‘European’ and they have only a really vague idea of what they mean by it.

“In Germany or Holland, the whole musical idea of ‘the Europeans’ means nothing. It doesn’t exist! The only people to who that whole thing exists are the readers of the British music papers!”

Jim Kerr argues that it is probably far more honest for Simple Minds — who, after all, did spend most of last

year on the continent — to play their songs for Europe rather than sing about dole queues and boredom in Glasgow.

“Okay, our last LP has got a lot of European imagery in it, but everything there did actually come from meeting and talking to people and drawing from that experience. I think people should define what they mean by realism before they start accusing us of pretention ‘cause we’re simply drawing from our experiences all the time.

“Like, I wasn’t looking forward to going to Berlin at all. It just seemed a far too tacky thing to do. But when we went and we were driving through East Germany, it was like going from a colour picture into black and white, no neon lights for 60 miles. Just before you go into the western sector of Berlin, there are these Russian tanks, troops and missiles everywhere. Now, how can you not be affected by something like that?

“We get called pretentious for using that sort of imagery — soldiers and war — for lines in our songs, but it’s because it’s just the sort of thing that people tend to forget about. It’s all too hard and harsh. Even when you see Northern Ireland on the television, you might get a bit concerned but you tend to dismiss it as just something on the tv tube.

“I think we must be the first generation that hasn’t seen either the draft or a war. We just haven’t seen all those sorts of things, guns and uniforms. But when you do see signs of it, even through a van window in Central Europe, how can it not affect you?”

IN SOME WAYS ‘Empires And Dance’ was Simple Minds’ ‘Sandinista!’, the results of a group responding to an unfamiliar environment rather than just staring at picture postcards of home on their travels, but with its sights trained on the European mainland rather than the United States. Although flawed and fanciful in its more indulgent moments, it still spotlighted a group striving towards confident, rounded maturity after three years of nervous, tenacious development.

The undeniable quality of much of ‘Empires And Dance’ is all the more remarkable in the light of some of the considerable growing pains the group have endured since signing to Arista over two years ago, a contract that they finally wrenched their way free of last month (but more of that later).

Their debut LP ‘Life In A Day’ was weak and muddled, a dismally derivative re-tread of a range of influences from the obvious — Roxy and Bowie — to the more eclectic — Genesis, John Cale, Doctors Of Madness, Eno, Van Der Graaf Generator and Peter Gabriel. Liberally garnished with gothic studio trickery that the group’s slimline songs just could not support, it collapsed under the weight of its pompous musical trimmings and over-production, as even Jim Kerr now concedes.

“I don’t think you’ll really find us sticking up for some of our earlier stuff, particularly the first LP. But at that time, we seemed to be one of the only groups who were into playing in tune, singing in tune and using the big studios, the whole

■ Continues over

SIMPLE MINDS

From previous page

works. But that was the time that you had people like The Mekons who were making a stand against all that sort of thing, and they were far hipper than us.

"But I'm not saying that LP was a good one. We're not blind to that. But I think we can take a lot of refuge in the improvements we've made since then. And I think a lot of people who like 'Empires And Dance' should still be able to find something in those first two LPs, something that has been developed on since, despite the mistakes.

"The thing is that it's been two years since the first LP," adds the grinning Charlie. "But we're still getting judged by it as a group. It's getting to be an albatross! I think Tony Stewart did a good review of that LP in *NME* when it came out. It wasn't particularly favourable. He just put it in perspective and said that we could do something worthwhile if we were given a decent chance."

THE FOLLOW UP to 'Life In A Day' was the slightly more assured 'Real To Real Cacophony'.

Written and arranged largely on the spot in the recording studio, it showed a rare willingness to take expansive risks, but still ended up on the wrong side of the thin wire between vibrant spontaneity and an incomplete rushed-job.

By this time, however, a tension and lack of empathy between group and record label was becoming increasingly apparent and Simple Minds started to look for ways to free themselves from an unhelpful Arista.

"With Arista, we were losing a hell of a lot of LP sales because no money was being spent in any big way on marketing and manufacture. They'd press up just 7,000 copies of an album and, within two weeks, there'd be orders for 21,000 and Arista wouldn't be able to meet the demand. What's the point in paying £15,000 to record an LP and then just press a few thousand copies just to see how things go?"

Both 'Empires And Dance' and its stinging attendant single 'I Travel' were the group's most complete artistic successes to date. But their commercial failure seemed to damn Simple Minds once and for all as a bunch of worthy losers.

"I don't think we've ever seen ourselves as a loser band," contradicts Charlie. "The thing with us, the difference, is that we've actually progressed over three albums. I really think we have, which is giant for us. If anything, we're actually getting more and more converts as we go on, so how can we think that we're losers?"

Do they harbour any resentment towards the Numans, Ultravoxes and Spandau et al who seem to have usurped what could have been Simple Minds' chart ranking?

"There are certain times when you do get a bit depressed, like when some group have a hit doing the sort of stuff you know you can do a lot better. But you've got to believe ultimately that you can produce stuff that is much better than a group like Ultravox."

"The thing is over the past two years, British music has been in a completely confused state. Every six months or so, you've got a new fad or fashion. We've been a bit out of all that for the last 12 months 'cause we've been touring almost all that time in Europe, and the success we've had there has given us that satisfaction, that pat on the back that I suppose you want, the sort of thing we haven't had in Britain yet."

"That's why we haven't got into self-pity. Once you start getting like that, then there's no way of going back. This isn't meant to sound like bravado but I think a lot of people can see that our stuff has got a lot more backbone than most of the so-called futurist groups. Most of that stuff is so hollow!"

HOLLOW OR NOT, the current Beau Monde futurism might still indirectly provide Simple Minds with a ticket to ride, if their new masters Virgin are quick-witted enough to realise it. If indeed they have a mass audience, the people who put Ultravox and Visage singles into the top ten could well constitute a large part of it, although Simple Minds are standing by a

resolve not to compromise themselves in contriving their appeal to suit any phoney futuristic standards.

"We've never tried to shape ourselves to suit any safe little niches," Charlie says. "At one stage, we were given the old art school tag, but we've never tried to model ourselves in a straight, narrow direction. In retrospect, it's been good for us that we've never fitted snugly into one little box. It means that we've been able to change as we go along and get away with it."

"Like if you went to see The Skids last year, you'd get all these wee guys in the audience shouting for 'Albert Tatlock' and Jobson would come out with something like 'Dulce Et Decorum Est' instead and a lot of people would find it pretty hard to cope with that sort of change so quickly. One minute Jobbo is Nicky Tesco, the next minute he's Jean-Paul Sartre!"

Though Simple Minds and The Skids were the two most prominent, promising groups to emerge from post-punk, pre-Postcard Scotland, the contrasts between their styles could hardly be any more marked. While the Skids have always openly embraced their Celtic roots through the Jobson's poems and lyrics, Stuart Adamson's tonal guitar playing, the jokey 'Scottish Jungle Music' tag and the current interest in traditional highland music, Jim Kerr has gone out of his way to play down the ethnic aspect.

"People do make too much of where a group comes from. People always expect us to be very Scottish, very patriotic and proud of our roots, but we've never been a patriotic type of group. In fact, at the start, we deliberately shied away from that."

"I think people expect us to be even more like that 'cause we come from Glasgow. They expect us to be even more over the top. But I think it alienates people if you play too much on it, like if people start liking various groups just because they come from Sheffield or Liverpool. It gets a bit like football. Music is about a sound, isn't it? It's about heart. It's not about what's happening in the background or what's behind it. It's something that provokes a reaction there!"

If 'Empires And Dance' counts for anything, then the Simple Minds liaison with Arista Records could be said to have been fruitful at the least, although the group maintain that it was always an unhappy, frustrating deal and one which they were relieved to have terminated.

"We thought we'd just be dropped but when it came to the crunch, they said they weren't dropping us. We'd just got some good reviews for 'Empires And Dance' and we were getting a bit of reaction in Europe so they weren't prepared to let us go as easily as we'd hoped. We were well sick!"

The Arista contract was finally ended last month, a full six months after the release of 'Empires And Dance', with compensation payments to the record company leaving the group heavily in debt. Considering their unhappy experiences with one major label, it seems surprising that Simple Minds have signed straight back to another large conglomerate, Virgin, probably just as brutal and businesslike a set-up beneath that glossy veneer of a hip, go-ahead, caring young company.

Simple Minds could quite easily have done things themselves within the framework of their manager Bruce Findlay's Zoom independent, based in Edinburgh. Surely they are going against their better instincts in signing to Virgin, a company already inundated with a few not entirely dissimilar groups, most notably Magazine.

"In your heart, you must know that you're going to get things done much better if you do them entirely yourself," Jim says. "It's obvious. But in the situation that we were in, we just couldn't consider it. We did think of doing it ourselves, but we realised that there would be limitations on just how much we could achieve."

"We're in debt and we're not ashamed to admit it. We're only in debt through trying to make things better for the group, getting out of that contract and making sure that we've got the best possible equipment and the best instruments and everything."

In the past, poor organisation has combined with established media prejudice — mine included — to hold Simple Minds back. If they

hadn't gotten out of the Arista deal, Jim claims they'd have split up by now. Despite their past and current problems, their most recent work has undoubtedly been their most impressive and the group are now as confident, unrepentant and ready for the challenge as ever, fired by a feeling that their moment may have finally arrived.

"The only thing that we've been guilty of is making a substandard first album. You might accuse us of being suspect in that we've fallen into the whole syndrome of doing tours and albums all the time. But that's just us. We happen to like doing that!"

"I remember you once said that one of our gigs could easily have been something out of the early '70s, and I suppose from the point of view of all the silly encores, it could have been something like Mott The Hoople."

"So maybe we sometimes do just go on and do a concert in the normal rock 'n' roll way. Does that make us suspect? Maybe we are suspect if that sort of thing is suspect. But where do you draw the line?"

The line? That's simple. It's all in the mind.



Derek Forbes does his hilariously wacky Max 'Nosferatu' Schreck impersonation as frail, persecuted Jim Kerr (left) plays the role of the victim.

AND NOW, A SHORT COMMERCIAL BREAK ABOUT SOMETHING EXCESSIVELY DULL.

Probably the last thing you want to read about right now is revising for your 'O' Levels.

It's a pretty dull subject, possibly even a little depressing, but it needn't be as boring as it seems.

Now, no one would ever suggest that 'O' Level revision is a spectacularly exciting pastime, but it can be made a lot more pleasant, and a lot easier, when you know exactly what you're doing. And that's what Pan Study Aids are for.

There's a Pan Study Aid book for every one of fourteen 'O' Level subjects from Human Biology to British History. Each one is written by someone who not only teaches the subject, but has actually set 'O' Level exams in it.

Naturally they know exactly what the examiners are looking for.

Each book explains the whole syllabus to you (and what it is designed to achieve), guides you

through an efficient revision programme which doesn't make excessive demands on you, and helps you through the exam process itself, using previous papers to show you what will be required of you. They're easy to follow and they do the job. And if you've already come across Brodie's Notes on English Literature, a part of the Pan Study Aids series, you'll already appreciate the notable academic standards they adhere to. Using Pan Study Aids is a lot easier than trying to muddle through on the day, which, as you know, can be very hard on the nerves.

Doesn't that sound interesting?

PAN STUDY AIDS



Because blind panic won't see you through your exams.

DAVID BOWIE



Up the hill Backwards
by Crystal Japan

A previously unreleased track in the United Kingdom

New Single and Single Cassette
RCA

A TOUCH OF YEN



MAX BELL returns from the land of the rising microchip, reeling from future shock and babbling furiously about culture clash and the Nipponese new wave.

"There's good points . . . a coupla bad points
Find a City . . ."
(*'Cities'* — David Byrne)

"Hitachi, the electronic company, has just mobilized 500 scientists and engineers to produce a new generation of robots. They will be able to see, feel and walk up and down factory floors to supervise other robots on automatic assembly lines.

"In five years we expect all blue-collar workers to disappear from the assembly line. Factories will be manned only by clerical staff and a few maintenance technicians," a spokesman for the company says. Workers will be retrained for other departments as business expands.

Fujitsu Fanuc Ltd, one of the world's most advanced producers of computerised industrial equipment and robots, goes even

further. It hopes to realise an industrialist's ultimate dream in the near future: a factory without any workers at all.

At present, Fujitsu's new plant, resembling a scene out of science fiction, employs 100 workers. They come on duty for eight hours during the day to keep an eye on rows of sophisticated robots, which churn out new robots for 24 hours a day." (From a March 5 report by Peter Hazelhurst in *The Times*).

"What rock is doing in Japan, as a matter of fact, is bringing happiness to the young people and helping to make them more Westernised. As these youths grow up they will become adults very similar in thinking and in other respects to those in America and Europe, with a capacity, perhaps, of being able to think 'non-Japanese'."

(From *Oh, Japan!* by Kimpei Shiba. A study of Japan, yesterday, today and probably tomorrow. Published by Paul Norbury.

FIRST impressions are usually incorrect but always vivid. You arrive at Tokyo's International Narita Airport after a sixteen hour flight via Anchorage and the North Pole. Drive out through thirty miles of neon that works; in the background vast amusement parks and baseball diamonds glitter over the suburban sprawl of the world's largest city. Thirteen million people slide their shajis (silent paper shutters) against the light and the noise of the elevated expressway.

Nissans and Datsuns with American girls' names — Cheryl, Lynn — pour out of the five toll-gates onto a huge open tarmac, they jostle for space but they lay off their hooters. The Japanese are very polite. Everybody knows that. It's true too.

Tokyo's outskirts fade away and suddenly the car is spiralling around a road like a carousel on a helter skelter. A hundred feet below, the

lights of the Ginza Strip (good kimono for Western visitors) twinkle on an undulating, haphazard carpet. The businessman is unbuttoning his suit and pouring out the sake and the troubles of the Sogo Shosha — the corporation — to his friends, or more likely some hostess. For 20,000 yen (£50) she'll provide elegant company and an escort to the last train which leaves at 11 pm. There is unlikely to be any sex involved. Perhaps the businessman has missed his train, in which case

he might sleep off the hangover in an all-night cinema, or risk a Turkish Bath, or just carry on drinking until dawn and work.

Then he'll sing the Shosha song, a sort of paean to the glories of the labour ethic and a reminder of his loyalty to the company. There won't be a day when he says "Fuck you and fuck the company. Take this job and shove it." That is simply not done. He may be a high-powered executive or just a respectable white collar worker. Whatever, his office is frugal and sparsely furnished. The company slogan is on the wall and in his heart. He plays golf in the leisure complex at lunchtime. He works hard but not so hard that he can't find time to slip down to the Kissaten (the tea and coffee houses that proliferate all over Japan's urban centres). He may go three or four times a day. At night the Kissaten are refuges from the lack of

privacy at home for Japan's high percentage of youth. They come to talk and nurse a cup of coffee for hours, chatting with their girlfriends. They don't neck or flirt or swear.

These are the businessman's children, whom he fondly imagines to be safe in bed. His wife may wonder where he is but she will not dare to ask him. In the morning he will kiss his wife goodbye but she won't say "What time are you going to be home tonight then, you good-for-nothing slob? If you come back pissed again I'll chuck the sukiyaki down the waste disposal unit."

In fact, if she does say that he'll feel at perfect liberty to beat her up, and the kids and granny and his mother-in-law. They all live together in one or maybe two rooms. He wouldn't take that kind of insolence from a woman. Holy Buddah, he slaves at the factory to rent this apartment and it costs a lot! To buy a small three-roomed flat in anything like central Tokyo is out of the question unless you have about 80,000,000 yen (or around £200,000) handy. The Japanese earn twice as much as we do but food is expensive and the cost of living is astronomical. Last year there were serious rice shortages after the severe winter. Consumer groups

Privacy at last! No drugs though. If there are any to be found it isn't worth the risk. Ask Paul and Linda McCartney. It cost them £500,000 to break that rap. You'd just do your ten years.

So if Dad's out, the kids are in the kissaten, listening to some favourites: Elkichi Yazawa is their Bruce Springsteen, Elvis Presley and Chuck Berry rolled into one. He's a big sex-symbol and a million-seller in the second largest record market in the world. Seventy per cent of all Japanese music sales are of domestic products and ole Elkichi is snaffling up a fat share. He used to be in a rockabilly band called Carol. A newer rockabilly band is The Channels — they had a hit last year called 'Runaway'. They'd be bigger too if three of them hadn't been caught molesting fifteen-year-old girls. See, it isn't just the visiting groups who have all the fun.

But they do have fun. In the lobby of the swanky Keio Plaza Hotel in Shinjuku, a smart shopping precinct set under six beautiful skyscrapers, there are at least 200 girls maintaining a round-the-clock vigil in the hopes of catching a glimpse of a member of the English group



protested, sometimes violently. The Japanese had to import expensive rice, and they hate to import anything, except European luxury goods and certain American items: fast-food and Yankee baseball players — all the top teams have the obligatory two American hitters. Baseball is now Japan's great national pastime.

If the businessman gets home early he'll catch one of the local leagues on his Sony Trinitron TV with the fourteen-plus channels, the computerised information read-outs (invented in England, perfected in Japan) and the bi-lingual stations — one aftermath of General MacArthur's stop-over when WW2 was dead and so were Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

His kids have to learn English/American at school but the chances are they're more attuned to picking up the lingo off the bi-lingual channel or from their rock'n'roll records or from NHK FM, Radio Tokyo, where they actually seem to encourage home taping, playing whole albums and sometimes broadcasting live from the Budokan or the Shibuya Joulkaido.

DAD isn't sure whether he approves of this music — he likes Enka, the traditional Nippon music which is sentimentalised — a local blues or C&W. When he was younger he may have liked the Beatles OK because that's one English import he can appreciate. Still, The Blue Comets, The Tigers and The Spiders were nearly as good and they were Japanese. They play cabaret now, coining the Yen on the strength of having supported The Beatles all those years back.

If the kids are into the new wave, they call it techni-pop. They can play it in privacy on the Walkman or out on the streets on their big portables like the sharp black dudes have in America. The eldest boy is into fusion (jazz-rock). Mum likes the new music, actually acoustic Japanese folk music with some sort of social message that Dad abhors, and Sis is nuts for Japanese pop. Her and thirty million other girls, all crazy for the Western slush idioms with Nipponese lyrics sung by cute, homogenised eternal teenoids with those stuck-on grins reminiscent of The Nolans or The Osmonds.

The kids' record collection isn't too big because records can cost about 3,000 yen (more than six pounds) and they have two hours homework to do every night if they want to get into one of Tokyo's 50 universities or one of the 400 in Japan as a whole. Many kids who fail their examinations commit suicide — the pressure is that intense.

The education system is phenomenally rigorous until university, but as in America, college entrance isn't necessarily anything to do with academic prowess. Like students everywhere, things tail off once they arrive.

Japan or perhaps a Talking Head. You may have heard that these girls are there to swoon and take pictures of their idols. Well they are, but primarily they want to get laid. The groupie syndrome is a very interesting new phenomenon in a country that deplores loose morals, sex before marriage and the open showing of emotion to strangers, especially the Gaijin.

THE GAIJIN are literally us, anyone who isn't 100% Japanese. To the Nippon the gaijin is an outsider, an *outsider*, *l'étranger* and always will be. Let him take a Japanese wife, have multi-racial children, rise to the top of his career, master the characters, ancient and modern, speak the language like a native of Kyoto. Forget it, he's still a Gaijin. Anyone familiar with the Aryan cult will recognise that this facet of the Japanese character is potentially very dangerous indeed. Every country in the world has its fair share of chauvinists ("there's no place like England", "America, home of the free", "Deutschland uber alles") but the Japanese means it. This concept has a double edge. The Gaijin Suhai is the worship of foreigners, but it soon becomes the dismissal of them. This is partly connected to the fact that until 1863 there hadn't been too many foreign visitors in Japan. As recently as the 1950s people from rural areas admit that the first time they saw a Christian white missionary they totally freaked out. Aliens; Banzai; Run!

Blacks are a rare commodity in Japan too. Imagine the looks on the faces of the commuters at Tokyo Station when the Talking Heads contingent arrive to take the Shinkansen (the 170mph Bullet Train to Nagoya). What on earth are these people? Who are these three gigantic black cats shouting "mofucker this" and "giddown that"? Black Gaijin? They stare in disbelief.

The Gaijin are also all other Asians, with Chinese and Koreans very low down on the list of desirables. Japan has been able to effect an economic imperialist takeover of its neighbour Korea under the aegis of benevolent despotism — they gave work, education (before, they were ignorant natives) — but the Korean is a second-class citizen to even the liberal, middle class Japanese who constitute eighty per cent of his nation. To a member of the far right party, a fascistically inclined martial arts card-carrying believer in the Clean Government Party, they are just about ready to exterminate the bastards. And you too, Gaijin. Don't walk with our women or insult our Emperor.

One of the bizarre off-shoots of this mentality is the notorious Self-Defence League, a paranoid body of lunatics struggling to assert an identity after America coated their relatives in fall-out powder.

CONTINUES OVER

FACTS AND FALLACIES



THE NIPS are getting bigger. Japanese nutritional standards are very high except for their calcium deficiencies. Most Orientals, particularly Chinese, avoid dairy products and think that Westerners smell as a result.

Although they do have oxygen canisters on many of the busier intersections in Tokyo and elsewhere, it is wrong to imagine that the Japanese wear smog masks to counteract pollution. People with colds and coughs wear them out of politeness.

The River Oi is in Japan. It's not thought to be particularly sacred.

40% of Japanese flats have shared toilet and kitchen facilities.

In 1923 Tokyo had its biggest recorded earthquake. 143,000 people died. That's why they have a language for earthquakes. Small rumbles below 1.0 are recorded nearly every week. The houses most at risk in modern Japan are naturally the older ones so there are hardly any nice old buildings left in Tokyo. Dr. Kajime and Mr. Muto are public heroes for their work on foundations using pre-tensile steel to absorb shock.

Haragei is an acceptable form of social deception in Japan. They have 145 different ways of saying no without actually saying no. This can lead to problems.

When a Nipponese is faced with an argument he will not gesticulate, shout and maul his opponent. He merely goes silent. This is sometimes devastatingly effective and always frustrating. Western logic on this matter is absolutely useless, believe me.

When Pope John Paul II visited Japan on February 27, 1981 he became the first Pope to do so since St. Francis Xavier introduced the Catholic faith in 1549. There are four hundred thousand Catholics in this predominately Shinto/Buddhist nation. Nearly all urban Japanese seem unconcerned about religion but loosely embrace the Shinto faith until their death-bed, when they make the quick change-over to Buddha as a kind of double insurance.

The Prime Minister of Japan is called Zenko Suzuki. He is a conservative although the government diet is run as an unwieldy coalition with the socialists.

Japan has the world's worst record with hi-jacking (witness the 1972 JAL incident in which all the hi-jackers demands were met). This partly accounts for their massive security at Narita Airport but it does nothing to allay the traveller's nerves. The extreme left and the extreme right in Japan, as well as pressure groups like the farmers, regularly try and broach this security with guns and bombs. Last year, farming terrorists stormed Marita's control tower and destroyed it. God help you if you're in the middle. It's safer to conform in Japan. They don't like dissidents.

Under the terms of the 1945 Defence Treaties with the United States Japan is not permitted to use her Self-Defence Forces unless the "soil or the sea of Japan" is attacked. As she is theoretically forbidden to have a standing army or navy the Joint Chiefs of Staff are constantly trying to whip up anti-Soviet propaganda on the grounds that they are an economic superpower with no visible means of defence. The basis of Japan's post-war miracle is entirely based on exports, she is not self-sufficient in the vital area of oil. Although Japan produces the world's largest oil carriers she hasn't got the first clue about what to do with them, hence the fact that English riggers love working for Jap oil conglomerates.



Sunday afternoon in Meiji Gardens, the oriental beau monde strut their stuff.

I URGE YOU TO SEE



Snips

ON TOUR WITH
NEW MUSIK

HIS
LATEST SINGLE



AVAILABLE NOW



FROM PAGE 25

The infamous SDF fanatic and radical author Mishima gave his last speech on the perils of Gaijin influence and the honour in avenging war just before committing Hari-Kiri.

Not that the Japanese is any worse than you or me, in many ways he's a lot better off. He has a strong traditional culture that is modified but not quashed by modernity, an economic and marketing flair that is second to none, yet has developed a sensitivity to the needs of his fellow man that isn't corrupted by the acquisition of material goods. Besides, he hasn't got anywhere to put them.

I forgot to mention that for all their considerate behaviour there is a growing tendency amongst Japanese to behave like Westerners during the rush hour. When you have a swarming mass of Oriental humanity that makes Oxford Circus look like a disused siding in Shropshire you can forgive him for thinking that it's every man for himself. Mind that cattle prod!

The Japanese are the world's most dedicated absorbers of comic book fantasy. Millions are sold every day and they are read exclusively by males. The vast majority of these men-only publications concentrate on the heaviest types of forced sexual degradation on women — anal rape, bondage, more rape and brutal violence. The only remotely amusing aspect of this sickness is the absence of any pubic hair or vital parts.

You can draw your own conclusions as to why these books are so accepted. One comic that moderates the humiliation with vicious satire in a way reminiscent of its French counterparts is *Python 357* whose femme fatale lesbian heroine always ends up shooting her oppressors in the balls. Odd.

BEFORE I embark on an introduction to the rock clubs and the many interesting new groups in Japan I'd like to interest you in Mr Yuji Konno — his country's best loved TV celebrity and most influential advocate of new wave. Konno presents a chat programme called the *11pm Show* and is a veteran of broadcasting. His knowledge of the local music scene is invaluable, particularly as his pre-eminence gives him the power to exercise a tacit criticism of those rock forms that many people agree are out of date. The dialogue that follows is self-explanatory I hope.

"We don't have an equivalent to *Top Of The Pops* or *Old Grey Whistle Test*. There are odd fifteen minute slots for bands on TV. My *11pm Show* is an arts programme that used to be notorious for showing tits and naked dancers but people tired of that. There's more music and videos now. I've been trying to introduce new wave bands — this is the peak time for that music here.

"Japan took to new wave very slowly. In 1979 we had Specials and Dury played on the radio and I saw a lot of new videos at Chris Thomas' house in England. When I came back I showed videos of Dire Straits and Pretenders and the reaction proved that new wave would be big in Japan even if it started two years later than England.

"Elvis Costello, Talking Heads, B-52s were the first groups to come here but only in small clubs. Costello was too early, good reaction but little response."

The social and cultural life in Japan is so different from ours — how do people react to the more explicit type of song?

"There's a big language barrier and even the music is secondary. The way a group dress, or act, the image and attitude — these outside things come first here. Rhythm and lyrics are only important to a small proportion . . . critics and journalists, the hip kids."

"In England and USA, critics pay too much attention to the lyrics. In Japan, Pistols and Clash got a bigger amount of articles than they had following. If you consider that easy listening, Billy Joel, Eagles, Bee Gees are more popular."

To an outsider Japanese society seems conservative. Is that true?

"Yes. Every time a new thing happens in music we are two years late to catch on. Glam rock, T. Rex, Bowie, Roxy, we had this phenomenon late. Now the kids are getting smarter."

You have a punk group called Anarchy.

"They do try to sing about how wrong the government is. They had an anti-Emperor song which was



Hell's Angels Tokyo style: martial arts are well favoured

banned because of its abusive content. Left-wing groups are not interested in rock music as a social changer. In that respect I think Japan and West Germany are quite similar."

In Japan you tend not to have social events like parties where young people congregate, so the clubs must be important.

"We don't have clubs like Hurrah, Dingwalls, though. We have discos. Maybe the Crocodile Club and Shinjuku Loft are exceptions but the groups who play there are unknown. It's different to the Western style club. The formal hall concert is usual but you need a contract to play them."

How do Japanese bands finance themselves?

"Not with an advance, the business isn't big enough. For equipment and roadies you need a management office to pay up. For example, The Plastics are not rich although they sell many copies of their first two albums."

Is there a royalty system?

"A bit. The Japanese contract is very loose. It's based on the concept of Giri and Ninjo (Sidney Polack's film *The Yakuza* illustrates this). For Giri you would sacrifice your life for a friend originally. Now it's still a popular idea; you don't get formal with a contract, it's based on a word of mouth; 'I trust you'. After you sold 200,000 albums and have nothing to show for it you find out. It's naive."

"Ninjo is the guiding feeling that supports Giri. We are not practical or business-minded."

But in your marketing of technology and hardware you are. "So, there we are advanced but the music business isn't mature. We're starting to get smart. For electronics, cars, cameras, we're far ahead so..."

When you consider how used Westerners are to popular music you can agree that we are very biased and complacent about its force. The Japanese, who came to it late, the early '60s, are in a strange position. They avoided the *devil's music* hogwash of the 1950s but find they have the capacity to moderate their society in the 1980s. Even so, many Japanese I spoke to were dismayed at the apathy of "Kids today", they trotted out the same arguments about the '60s and even the '70s that prevail everywhere. Plus ça change. Konno won't chair his programme now when offered Billy Joel, or "laid-back West Coast type stuff". That implied criticism (his absence) is a heavy gesture in Japan.

"The critics in Japan... they are not given the right to be critical, to be rude. This isn't hypocrisy. We go back to Giri and Ninjo. The most important magazine, *Music Life*, recognised this problem and ran an article 'Beware Critics You Are Gonna Have No Tomorrow' which discussed the critical way of listening to music with the top writers (all anonymous). This article created a big stir. Writing about music here is such a small, badly paid job. It isn't important."

Sounds like England!

"I think it's worse. They can't say 'No!' when asked to write about a band, they take anything. Because I have the TV show and radio, I can select. Critics don't have that power. Japanese readers don't like articles which say something against a band so the editors only want good things. It's really silly. Sometimes I want to say something bad about a record or a group and the editor will say 'Look, I'm sorry but can you write it again — in favour?' Recently I've stopped writing because it's only free advertising. *Music Life* admitted that all writers are an advertising unit for the record company."

"I think we should blame the readers too. They're so immature that the writers have to deal with them the same way. My impression about the British press and the audiences is they are the greatest. Some unknown can make it overnight and no-one cares. Japan is more like America, bland. You know exactly where a record will get, Top Ten or Top Hundred. You know what will be top — John Lennon or Whitesnake. It's boring." Every Sunday the kids in Tokyo

gather in Meiji Gardens and the parks to play loud music and dance. What's that?

"Takenokozoku... boys and girls wear a mixture of ancient dress and Western rock and roll clothes. They all wear make-up. It's like the hippies in Golden Gate Park but with no political significance. They play rock'n'roll or Blondie or Yellow Magic Orchestra... anything probably and they dance all afternoon in pairs, groups. It's an important social occasion, a chance to escape the parents."

THERE ARE MANY live venues in Tokyo — but they won't have bands onstage after 9 pm for fear of waking up the neighbours. Some places still stay open after-hours for disco music (or various sounds) and alcohol. Sapporo beer and Suntory Ales are a good bet for a quart of strong brown liquid at less than a quid.

A week doesn't give you much opportunity to assess everything, but my favourite clubs were the Crocodile in Harajuku (an area worth visiting for its thousands of futuristic audio shops) and the Shinjuku Loft in, er, Shinjuku.

Other places to experience the Takeaniko — Japanese punk fashion — are Climax and Yaneura (another loft). These double as fairly outrageous discos on occasion and they're a good bet for finding some of the 94 per cent of Japanese youth who told a 1977 government survey that they didn't want to contribute to the interests of society or the state if it meant conflicting with their own destinies.

Crocodile has bizarre murals on the wall vying for space with a large range of Japanese whiskey. They play videos, domestic and foreign, and have some inanely enjoyable films of The Beatles in Japan (you can't escape them).

Shinjuku Loft is a tiny room with a makeshift dance floor. They play reggae after the group and a lot of Tokyo musicians come here or to Club Noro to exchange ideas.

With seventy per cent of their sales domestic and a population of 110 million, Japan provides a vast selling market. The most popular groups, according to the readers' poll of *Music Life*, are Yellow Magic Orchestra, Southern All Stars and an abominable pop group called Juicy Fruits.

The polls in Japan differentiate between their groups and foreign bands — best loved gaijin are all heavy metal unfortunately — Queen, Kiss, Cheap Trick, Rainbow.

But domestically, next most favoured are R.C. Succession, sophisticated Bowie-ites playing yellow funk. Their singer sounds like Curtis Mayfield with a bad cough. Kai Band and Sheena and the Rokkets sell around one hundred thousand albums each time. Sheena's group is fronted by her husband Makoto, who is a devotee of British and American beat music. Rokkets results are a stimulating hybrid of new blues and a subtle Blondie-flavoured pop with an edge that makes them very commercial by Western standards. They're also one of the sexiest groups around.

Bow Wow (named pre-McLaren), Godiego, Anarchy and Plastics are all at different levels on the Japanese hierarchy. Godiego used to be as popular as YMO, and Mika Band sang in perfect English and tried to make it in England after writing the music for a BBC play.

Anarchy is a five-piece teenage group who have already made two albums. They are recording their third at Air in London now. Anarchy are Japan's most outspoken punks, two of them used to be in motorcycle gangs. They've covered The Clash's 'London's Burning', calling it 'Tokyo's Burning', with new words. Their songs get banned but they aren't afraid to attack social evils.

Plastics have recorded three albums, the last with Bob Marley's producer Alex Sadkin and Island boss Chris Blackwell. Techno-pop at

its most post-B-52's refined (and more about them next week).

ARB (Alexander's Ragtime Band), Lizard, P-Model and Hikashoo again prove that the potential in Japan is being realised. Relocated in the West, none of them would be disgraced. ARB sing Nipponese rebel shanties about the seamy side of the noodle factory. They must be nuts about The Stranglers.

P-Model are an acquired synthetic taste, borrowing heavily from the ever-influential Can. Hikashoo try out some jungle electronics, layered lyrics and 21st century ska. Lizard are a developed, hypnotic pop group with a whimsical bite that might appeal to Subway Sect and Kinks fans.

8½ and Friction are loose, bass-heavy punks with a love for old Clash. Phew is a female singer who uses stark electronic treatments and marching rhythms to produce a scaring muzak that's in the same league as Siouxsie and Nico.

Ever seen a Japanese girl in a long blonde wig and a Japanese boy who thinks he's the spitting image of the young James Brown? No? You haven't seen No Comments then, an eight-piece ska, soul and pop group from Kyoto, the ancient capital. Ritsuko, the girl singer and sax player, professes a devotion to Madness and The Specials (who they supported last year). Their first album on Invitation gives a good idea of the their live show, including many originals and lunatic covers of 'Under The Boardwalk' and Jefferson Airplane's 'Somebody To Love'. Funny and funky.

Roosters, Rockers and Rolling Live are all biker rock bands, supported by Tokyo's itinerant Hells Angels. The Bike Army are smaller and cleaner than their Californian brothers but they tend to be well versed in the martial arts and like to kill policemen now and again. One of the nastiest chapters is Mad who spray their graffiti in the posh Shinjuku area just to let you know they're around.

In a country that's renowned for its enthusiastic but polite audiences, the heavy metal groups inevitably provoke the most Westernised reaction. One reason for the increased security at recent Japanese concerts is the death of a young girl who was found crushed against the front-stage barriers at a Ritchie Blackmore concert last year.

While there are many unoriginal copy bands aping the antics of Girl, Iron Maiden and so on, Japan also has two outrageously defiant examples of hard rock as mental stimulation. Bolshie and 3 Bun No 3 (I) are ideal heavy metal experiences, they make Black Sabbath sound tame and probably want to drop the metaphorical bomb on Detroit. Bolshie's 'Robot In Hospital' is a rare example of satiric metal, the music used as an instrument of revolt in the same way that Anarchy contrive to highlight absurdity.

Less venomous but equally exciting are The Mods, whose name bears little relation to the streamlined exuberant rock'n'roll they practise on their 'No. 1' album. Mods are quite capable of improvising from a '50s basis with authentic garage band energy as well as experimenting with reggae and contemporary soul. The sound is varied and danceable rather than over-ambitious.

Because of its recent history, Japanese music hasn't been frightened to accept that anything goes — the lack of snobbery in taste and the absence of any trendsetting press has its virtues. If and when Spandau Ballet, Visage, Ultravox et al get popular, it won't be because they're examples of the new romanticism or some such bullshit, but because the Japs think they look odd enough to investigate.

It was said to me many times in Japan that domestic groups were aware of their culture but realised the need to communicate in a common tongue: English. The greatest compliment I can pay the Japanese music scene, even after the most cursory visit, is that I wish I could speak Japanese.

(Thanks to Ms Haruki Minakami for information.)

アン・ルイス



Pic: David Carlo

Nippon heart-throb Phew in London

ノ・コメント



Pic: M Kowano

No Comments

プラステクス



Plastics' Chica Sato

ダウ・ヌ・ダウ



Downtown Fighting Boogie Wougie Band

NEXT WEEK: PART TWO
The Plastics
Sheena & The Rokkets
And more



Who else?

'FACE DANCES' THE NEW ALBUM FROM THE WHO. IT WILL CHANGE THE FACE OF ROCK





If you wear the wrong socks with your jeans you can look a real cowboy.

That's where Boot Hill Blues come in.

They're the only socks specially designed for denims and cords.

The thick, ribbed towelling gives them that rugged look.

And the eight colours make them mean.

Pick up a pair at your local store.

Socks just made for jeans



by
Wolsey

PRINT....

Blackpool Vanishes by Richard H Francis (Panther £1.25)

BRITISH science fiction has a long tradition of encounters between alien life and English suburbia, with *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide* being its most successful manifestation. *Blackpool Vanishes* may contain some of the same root elements but where Douglas Adams goes for broad slapstick, Richard H Francis introduces subtlety and a real originality that make this readable book a standout.

There's strange reality shifts in *Blackpool*, noticed only by Stone, a regular at the Abandoned Baby public house, who decides to keep a log of his alien observations. He passes this on to Aldridge, an unsuccessful executive at the rural branch of the Foreign Office who, when *Blackpool* suddenly vanishes, finds himself at the centre of a national crisis.

Time and again Francis proves himself a writer and poet of real talent, capable of producing pleasure merely through his exact choice and use of words and phrases. In his hands the plot works like a well-tuned watch, the absurd and alien elements under tight control, operating on the frontiers of reality but still held in check to prevent them lapsing into farce. The result is a short, tight, disturbing read combining humour and originality. Real literature as opposed to space cult fodder. Recommended.

Dick Tracy

Triple Platinum by Stephen Holden (NEL £1.50)

CAN the Personal Touch be taken too far even in a supposedly softcore expose of the big bad music biz? It would

seem so, if one is to judge by rock critic Stephen Holden's debut as a paperback writer of same.

It's taken the UK a couple of years to inherit this slice of would-be sleaze, but it's been doing bonzo business in airports and bus stations all over America for two years. And much of its in-crowd interest was generated by the fact that *TP's* 'hero' is a gormless young A&R man for "IMC Records" — since Holden himself once filled a similar slot at RCA. Also, most of the characters are caricatures more-or-less explicitly based on real life figures (Irving Azoff, David Geffen, Ahmet Ertegun).

For £1.50 it's true that you can attend more Media Functions, spend more Intimate Moments with clapped-out superstars and get in on more Hot Shipments of Schedule A chemicals than you could ever safely or pleasantly do otherwise. But you can also see why IMC Pres Craig Morrison and his sexually rapacious socialite spouse Beverly (as in 'Hills') need these non-stop debaucheries... their lives are so dull. As Thoreau once pointed out, most men lead lives of quiet desperation. And, as Holden demonstrates, most of them work in the music business.

There are, of course, dubious dealings (Craig is reduced to arranging the death of the label's leading Dylan-like superstar Lance Macon) and drug doings, in an attempt to add that little *je ne sais quoi* of quality trash which in the end evades *Triple Platinum* (nowhere near Stephen Gaines' *Discotheque* or Elaine Jesmer's *Number One With A Bullet*).

Available at better bookstores and British Rail newsagents everywhere.

Cynthia Rose

DEAD FUNNY?



Above: the almost legendary crashed Rolls Royce. Left: a typical pose.

Moon The Loon
by Dougal Butler, Chris Trengrove and Peter Lawrence (Star £1.50)
The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle
by Michael Moorcock (Virgin £1.50)

FACE facts: the standard "rock book" is hardly an impressive addition to the cultural life of the community. Most fall into one of three categories — slipshod, pix'n'blurb collections, hack hagiographies, or promo biogs hastily cobbled together from press cuttings

— and have an active lifespan of, at best, a few months. Most appear to be written and consumed by cretins, the only difference between the two being that one lot of cretins is sharp enough to exploit the other lot.

Neither of these two volumes, oddly enough, fits easily into any of the above categories. *Moon The Loon* is the memoirs of one Dougal Butler, for ten years Keith Moon's minder and, by his own admission, the man who carried the medicine bag. Unlike most posthumous sneaks, Butler clearly has a deep and lasting affection for

Moon, and the book's consequently a far cry from the usual earnest *News Of The Screws* expose (despite its misleadingly hideous cover), being ghosted by co-authors Trengrove and Lawrence in an anglicised Runyonese, a ploy which adds an appropriate tinge of comic-hoodlum low-life.

The content, of course, is exactly what you'd expect only in greater detail: the sex, the drugs, the heavy friends, and especially the practical jokes and bizarre incidents which gave Moon his reputation (the Rolls-Royce in the pond, the infamous Moon/Stanshall Nazi uniform incident, etcetera), all recounted with remarkable candour — as well as less publicised incidents such as the Manson Family's attempts to recruit the drummer ("Charlie is the Sun, you will be the Moon").

The main fault of *Moon The Loon* is its concentration on the "good ol' Keith, wot a larf" side of things, and its almost total failure — especially given the length and closeness of Butler's relationship with Moon — to

present Moon as a human being rather than a vehicle of extravagant extroversion. We're told Moon would often confide in Butler, but we're not told what he confided.

But perhaps this is only right, both on a personal level and in terms of the type of memoir attempted. It's certainly original in presentation, and a welcome change from the usual bland rock book reportage.

So's Michael Moorcock's *The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle*, the book of the newspaper of the film of the record of the event, which mixes staple Moorcock characters like Jerry Cornelius and Bishop Beesley in with "adapted" scenes from the movie, the whole serving as a kind of overly sententious final nail of hindsight, like an arty judge's summing-up.

Interesting, but a trifle old hat nowadays — and Moorcock doesn't come up with anything that any halfway-suss person hasn't already figured out for themselves.

Published by Virgin Books, of course.

Andy Gill

Bill Nelson
Banal

7" BANAL + Mr MAGNETISM HIMSELF (WILL 1)

12" BANAL + TURN TO FICTION, HERS IS A LUSH SITUATION, Mr MAGNETISM HIMSELF (WILL 12)



TRUST



Trust have just completed a sell-out tour of the U.K. with Iron Maiden. If you haven't got the album, it's time you did.

AT
Virgin
ONLY
£3.29

Album Repression
CBS 8495A □ CBS 40-8495A
Single
Antisocial CBS A1006

Produced by Dennis Wootch and Trust

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Bruce Springsteen Tour has been postponed.

Rescheduled dates are as shown below.
Keep your ticket and turn up only on the rescheduled night. Refunds can be obtained by returning your ticket to point of purchase by 5th April 1981.

Venue	Old Date	New Date
Brighton Centre	March 17 valid for	May 26
Wembley Arena	March 19 valid for	May 29
Wembley Arena	March 20 valid for	May 30
Manchester Apollo	March 23 valid for	May 13
Manchester Apollo	March 24 valid for	May 14
Birmingham N.E.C.	March 27 valid for	June 7
Birmingham N.E.C.	March 28 valid for	June 8
Edinburgh Playhouse	March 30 valid for	May 16
Newcastle City Hall	March 31 valid for	May 11
Wembley Arena	April 2 valid for	June 1
Wembley Arena	April 3 valid for	June 2
Wembley Arena	April 4 valid for	June 4

ALBUMS

Lensism: Peter Anderson



TOH: blood and thunder or thud and blunder?

Coming out without a safety curtain

THEATRE OF HATE He Who Dares Wins (SSSSS)

LAST YEAR a heroic gamble — the Iranian Embassy siege invasion — thrust the SAS (motto: He Who Dares Wins) into history and the hearts of the Great British Public. It is less likely that Theatre Of Hate's heroic gamble (title: 'He Who Dares Wins') will be similarly successful.

TOH's gamble involves releasing as their debut album a £2.50 cassette-recorded live show under the banner 'Beat The Bootleggers Bootleg'. Quite why Theatre Of Hate should want to beat the bootleggers, thousands of whom are of course to be found jostling for space at every TOH gig, is a mystery. More to the point, does the

immediacy of this Leeds Warehouse set convey the passion of this inspiringly committed group — or will the dull sound quality and warts aplenty prove to be a leaden albatross about the career of the most exciting new group in the country?

Theatre Of Hate's track record to date consists of one single: 'Legion'/'Original Sin' on SS Records (subsequently wisely renamed). It's an extraordinary single, combining the withering nihilism of Killing Joke with the fury of classic Sex Pistols. Rack it alongside 'Requiem' and 'Terror Couple Kill Colonel' and play first thing in the morning if you want to screw up your whole day.

He Who Dares Wins unleashes the random aural violence that Liam Sternberg channelled so powerfully on

the single — and in the process, often diffuses it.

TOH are a fivesome who lean heavily on the bass and drums of Stan and Luke (surnames unknown to me) and the despairing vocals of Kirk Brandon, with saxophonist John thrusting forward with icy blasts while guitarist Steve takes an uncomfortably muted backseat. Stripped down, live, the rhythm emphasis often sounds horribly drab; countered by Brandon's histrionics, they sometimes veer dangerously close to the clumsy starkness of such early '70s progressive rock drones as Van Der Graaf Generator.

The aimless structural quirks, masked on the 'Legion' single by a breathless wall of sound, here tend to sound just silly — such as at the end of the dirgelike Ulster requiem

'The Wake', where they suddenly break into a lumpy section of fast riffing: a very 'progressive' affectation which would never have survived studio scrutiny.

Likewise many of the songs could have done with a sympathetic producer taking Brandon by the hand and pointing out that the words are often leering bullshit or just dead clichés — such as the opening lines of 'Freaks': "What made you stop and stare/Is it the clothes I wear?" Never heard that before. Yet the song as a whole is a venomous rant against conservatism that finishes with Brandon spitting bloody moans in a voice you genuinely never have heard before outside of Johnny Rotten's most tortured moments.

One NME writer assures me

Theatre Of Hate can't be any good because a friend of his knew Kirk Brandon at school and he was a right prat. I can believe it: Brandon's the spunkiest, most self-important singer to emerge since the equally exciting, equally self-obsessed Kevin Rowland. Like Rowland he tries to sing things he really shouldn't; unlike Rowland, he doesn't always bring it off, often finishing some piercing cry in a choking wheeze or muttering angrily under his breath as it dies away. . . bruised but not beaten.

His songs — brooding, claustrophobic vehicles for that wrenching, unpredictable voice — paint bass and drum patterns that often reduce the band to a stark three-piece united in its ugly tension; it's

almost a relief when Brandon makes room for the desolate saxophone.

Apart from the odd daft instrumental section, that unmechanical rhythm machine shows little mercy as it bludgeons through ten songs etched as black and white as Theatre Of Hate's logo — and what Brandon's caterwauling will do for the nerves of his fellow travellers of the 'futurist' 2002 Revue is no more than they deserve.

Despite reservations — especially that shambolic recording quality — 'He Who Dares Wins' is a headstrong, hard-edged record; a rash record and a rush. In a world of reactionary 'futurism', conservative 'anti-rockism' and bloodless white 'funk', Theatre Of Hate thrash about like bulls in a china shop. The more breakages the better.

Phil McNeill

THE WHO Face Dances (Polydor)

JUST BECAUSE a rock'n'roll ghost isn't a demon like Mick Jagger or Iggy Pop — objectionable and crippling influences — doesn't mean that the ghost is interesting or worthy. Pete Townshend is proof of that.

I remember, around the time 'Who By Numbers' was released, having a lot of respect for Townshend — he was the only member of rock's Babylonian hierarchy who seemed concerned about his mythical detachment from the listener, the lies he was living and the life he was lying about. He was despairing and confused, certainly, but benefitting from hindsight, re-establishing integrity and offering optimism.

But five years later, with the release of 'Face Dances', my respect has been completely demolished. If Townshend had an iota of the sense or guts suggested by 'Numbers' he'd have given up shortly after its release. That is the only rational conclusion I can draw from the vaguely depressing and directionless lyrics and the stodgy rehashed music on 'Face Dances'.

'Peter Townshend' must be properly seen as,

in fact is, a ghost living a fantasy. On 'Numbers' that fantasy invited links and parallels with wider issues; the determination and resilience it offered were publicly and personally worthwhile virtues. But now the fantasy has worn thin and giddy from being spun far too many times.

It's an unreal world, a world Townshend helped to create and a world he now perpetrates, needlessly. Its bounds and pressing concerns are superficial and repugnant — rebellious chic, machismo, 'the mob' and 'the individual'. When one man and his fantasy can do no better than produce a string of irrelevant personal postcards steeped in hungover hippy-talk, it is time for that man to stop making records.

The story is the same as ever; 'Face Dances' catches Townshend searching for love, something to believe in, his soul and all the usual enlightenment.

In the mental asylum that is rock'n'roll, The Who have a room with no view. They are the hunchbacked invalids of Wilfred Owen's 'Mental Cases' — only they are victims of rock wars, not real wars. Look! there they are, drained by the darkness of experience, bent arthritically by the weight of their own myth,

they are playing a song called 'Cache Cache'.

Let's go down a dark tunnel and dream some silly nightmares! "Did you ever sleep in a bear pit/With apple cores and mice along/Did you ever lay on ice and grit/Or search for a place where the wind has gone." The conceit requires suspension of disbelief and suspension of reality: Townshend as battered elder statesman offering a set of mouldy memoirs, vague and pig-headed. The words are unproductive and dogmatic, they can stand in only one dimension, which is that of their own selfish and worthless world. They do not contribute to a dialogue of any sort.

Townshend's problems and struggles have no real depth because they are hopelessly cocooned in his own mythology. On 'How Can You Do It Alone', he uses images of a tramp and a kid stealing dirty magazines to identify with himself: on 'Daily Records' he has the audacity to write a line like "My money keeps me poor". He's pulling the worst con of the lot — that of a suffering sensitive artist.

Apart from failing to cut it in the immediate areas — social, moral and aesthetic — this album is a hell of a shambles musically. Its overall vision is so firmly tied to 'a past' that the music can barely hope to break new ground.

Indeed, given the dawdling senility of Townshend's songs and the predictably clichéd couple of contributions from Entwistle, it's very hard to imagine any sort of cogency or tension being mustered by the group.

Daltrey seems to be the biggest victim here, having to handle lyrics that range from the whimsical ('Don't Let Go The Coat') to the wordy ('Daily Records') to the inane ('You'). He sings them with all the conviction of a man who is wondering where his next film contract is coming from and it is only fitting he should often sound like a cockney pub artist parodying himself (check the single 'You Better You Bet').

The Who are trapped in a bubble of sound that is like a heavily sedated Gang Of Four. They are slaves not creators. They are asking us to accept them as part of a story. The story has no value and it always ends in a cul-de-sac of defeatist manic depression, or self-consolation like 'Another Tricky Day'. The latter is pure amateur spiritualism for acid casualties: "You could always get higher/Just because you aspire/You could expire even knowing."

For Pete's sake, how much longer are we going to have to endure your irrelevant fantasies?

Gavin Martin

Bill and Ben, the electro-pop men!

Photo-Lensism: Anton Corbijn

"Har, har, squabbles, squabbles, where's little w-e-e-d?"

"Don't, don't, squabbles, squabbles, she's gone to join The Human League."



roller-rink organ doodles in with the latter's 'polite' fretboard extrapolations.

This album — recorded at the delightfully named Army's Shack in Fripp's beloved Wimbourne — manages to provide one with an aural xerox of the group's basic musical

B.E.F.
Music For Stowaways (Virgin cassette)

THE FIRST purpose-built cassette for portable recorders from the enterprising British Electric Foundation is one of the few unselfconscious ambient/electro-pop products yet made. It's a wonderful new accessory to daily living, one that should be used on buses or trains, in the supermarket or at the launderette, as an accompaniment to household chores, for anything as long as you're not sitting still.

Unlike Eno, they recognise that ambient music for most people means tinny transistor radios, not long vacuous instrumentals. Thus theirs is a synthesis of pop from Adam Ant and Gary Glitter to Kraftwerk and OMITD — with the bonus that the 35 minutes of this cassette are far more consistent than the equivalent of any radio show.

'Music For Stowaways' doesn't presume on listeners, but doesn't insult them either. Since leaving Human League and forming B.E.F., Ian Marsh and Martyn Ware have been liberated from the need to be constantly witty, to provide contrived trash aesthetic soundtracks to the populist imagery of the Human League slideshow. At the same time they haven't forgotten what they learnt with (or brought to) them; the fold-out packaging is great, the eight frames chosen to illustrate the track titles both amusing and pointed.

Their instrumentals are similarly suggestive. By playing on a Hollywood suspense motif in 'Music To Kill Your Parents By', for example, they subliminally invoke an ancient mood of fear that is partly undermined by the tune's parodic effect. Similarly, the threat of *Rise Of The Electric Blue* is implied by the

booming treated percussion. It's followed by the mock sombre elegy 'Decline Of The West' and the remaining piece of the side is the chillingly melancholic 'The Old At Rest'. No wonder the side has been designated 'Downtown'.

The 'Uptown' instrumentals are correspondingly more optimistic, if not always cheerful; 'The Optimum Chant' is nervy repetitive electronic riffing that sets one up for the whining synths and washed-out beat on 'Uptown Apocalypse', featuring, incidentally, Clock DVA's Adi Newton and Turner. 'Wipe The Board Clean' is shrill but cautious, while the instrumental version of B.E.F. project Heaven 17's 'Fascist Groove Thang' is more playful than the complete song.

At £2 more than Bow Wow Wow's 'Cassette Pet', it comes pretty expensive. But if you're one of the lucky elite (like me) who can afford such luxuries as portable machines, then you're hardly likely to quibble.

Chris Bohn

ROBERT FRIPP
The League of Gentlemen (E.G.)

HAVING already made quirky detours away from the crusade that he's termed 'Frippertronics', Robert Fripp — owl eccentric, guitar pioneer and 'rock conceptualist' — again interrupted whatever prior commitments early last year in order to organise a remarkably modest and fervently 'democratic' four-piece ensemble in which he could participate. To which end, he usurped the talents of ingenious ex-XTC keyboard maniac Barry Andrews and a rhythm section from the little-known London-based 'Baby & The Black Spots', bassist Sara Lee and drummer John Toobad.

The League of Gentlemen — named presumably after the wry Jack Hawkins comic movie of the early '60s — were initiated in March of last year, went on to play 92 sets in totally unpretentious 500 — 1000 capacity clubs dotted in and throughout Europe, Canada and the USA.

Live, Fripp, Andrews, Ms. Lee and the unfortunate Toobad — he was soon replaced by Kevin Wilkinson — played short, effervescent instrumental pieces constructed around a rhythm section who provided suitable anchorage for Fripp and Andrews to play counter-point motifs around. The most typical 'L.O.G.' composition would showcase an almost 'mathematically' paced correct pulse-beat with Andrews and Fripp interweaving complex

Fripp's penchant for tossing in myriad shards of self-indulgent 'conceptualist' blather. Taped voices — 'Indiscretions' as Fripp refers to them — appear in gaggles: odd snatches of random conversations or monologues (taped by the roguish guitarist unbeknownst to all the hapless voices) are spliced together, occasionally to an amusing end but more often than not merely accentuating the 'clever-clever' side to Fripp-the-conceptualist.

In the studio, Fripp chooses to place more emphasis on the tinnier hurdy-gurdy resonance, particularly evident in Andrews' primitive organ equipment.

'Inductive Resonance', the first item of music (after the opening bout of 'Indiscretions') and something of a theme song for the League's live sets, is a playful, effervescent piece with Andrews' twitchy organ playing strictly in cahoots with Fripp's ridiculously austere lead runs. The effect is at first playful, yet seems scarcely to constitute *vital listening*: an impression that the subsequent, unpronounceable 'Heptaparaparshinokh' confirms, being even more 'cutely' soufle-light in structure and execution.

These two tracks' mildly irksome qualities are severely in conflict with adjacent cuts — 'Minor Man' and 'Dislocated'. The former's buzz-saw dynamic underpins Lemon Kitten Danielle Dax's angrily-spoken dissection of a failed paramour that is matched tooth to nail by Fripp's scatter-gunning guitar sound.

'Dislocated' is 50/50 Andrews and Fripp — the truth be told, the rhythm section is never

more than adequate — involving an invigorating dialogue/duel 'twixt Andrews' racing, anarchic swells of sound and Fripp's finger-breaking crescendoes. After the latter, one tends to grow impatient with self-indulgent solo



Curtains for Fripp.

Photo-Lensism: Anton Corbijn

speeded-up piano doodlings ('Pareto Optimum' Pts. I and II), the relatively tame 'Eye Needles' plus more cutesy-pie 'Indiscretions'.

The dilemma at the heart of 'L.O.G.' is that Fripp can't decide whether this record is a League Of Gentlemen documentary or a further instalment in his own labyrinthine search for self-expression — and the intrusion of the latter works at odds to the 'league as a democracy' angle, which the album was meant to document.

The aesthetic triumph of 'Exposure', Fripp's first solo work, has not been improved upon: in fact, neither 'God Save The Queen' nor 'L.O.G.' are nearly as successful as their predecessor. Fripp's problem is not one of ego but of possibly coming to terms with his strengths and shortcomings. But he remains an honourable, crucial figure in music, and 'League Of Gentlemen' — for its best tracks — is well worth investing in.

Nick Kent

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE
Figure 14 (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)

IN A jerky, nervous world somewhere between The Feelies and Talking Heads, there lives (and twitches) the Boston seven-piece known as Human Sexual Response. To judge from this, their first LP, they're up among the more intriguing of the American new wavers to find their way across to this side of the water. But 'Figure 14' still falls some way short of greatness, and for the moment Human Sexual Response are producing vinyl to investigate rather than invest in.

Theirs is fairly stark music, wound-up and weird, subdued and guitar-based, with strained vocals overlaid. Too much of the record is nondescript modern rock, and much too often the group's predilection for normality-gone-wrong can lapse into the facile neurosis-a-gogo which has been fashionable for several years.

There are two outstanding tracks, all the same. 'What Does Sex Mean To Me?' gives them the opportunity to indulge their wry, black-humorous lyrics to

good effect, and it also benefits from the springy, understated rock'n'roll feel which drives it along. And then the mysterious and atmospheric 'Anne Frank Story' (all about a "time warp at the Anne Frank museum") is similarly effective.

It's a pity they can't sustain those standards elsewhere. 'I Want To Be) Jackie Onassis', for instance, is a mundane song and, lyrically, a curiously pointless one — given that it's not funny, any other justifications could only be painfully pretentious. And their version of the old dance-number 'Cool Jerk' is awful: it comes across as a nasty case of college kids doing a spot of musical slumming.

The trouble with Human Sexual Response is that they're too clever, but not sufficiently brilliant. These people need to get out more, find themselves hobbies, and so on.

Paul Du Noyer

SECOND LAYER
World Of Rubber (Cherry Red)

THIS, I have to admit, is a bit of a disappointment.

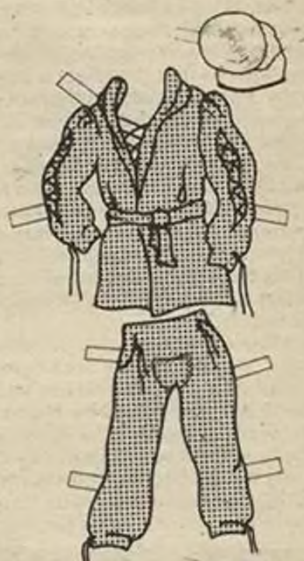
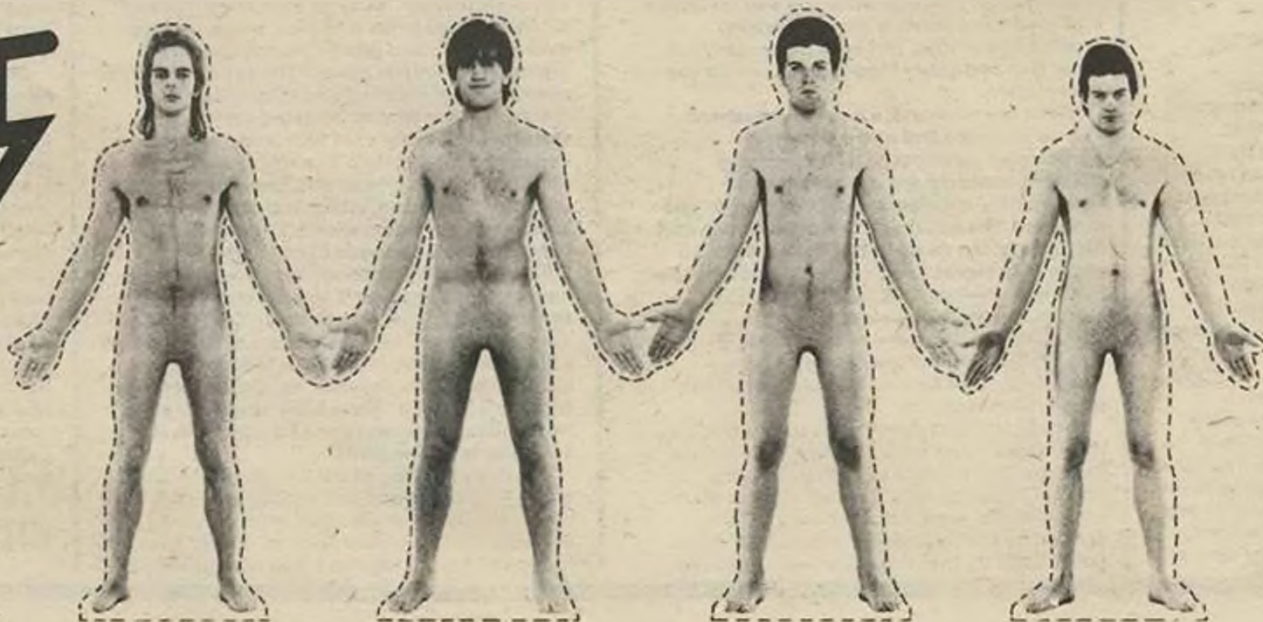
Second Layer is the experimental unit which acts as a clearing-house for the more unusual ideas of Adrian Borland and Graham Greene, otherwise known as the business end of contemporary metal-pop combo The Sound, and in the past it's been responsible for two cracking little singles in 'Courts Or Wars' and 'State Of Emergency'.

Unfortunately, 'World Of Rubber' sees their stock of ideas running rather low, or not

being put to most effective use. The general feel throughout the album is one of underdevelopment, especially when, as with the slow, ponderous 'Underneath The Gloss', the initial nugget of inspiration at the heart of a track gets dragged out to inordinate length.

The Second Layer format is suspended somewhere between heavy metal and Cabaret Voltaire, comparisons most noticeable on 'Fixation', which matches the simplest of frantic, abrasive, rise-and-fall metal guitar figures with a rolling drum-machine pulse, the whole sounding uncannily

the
VAPORS



GARLAND JEFFREYS

Escape Artist (Epic)

AFTER THREE fine albums for A&M that sunk virtually without trace, 'Escape Artist' is clearly Garland Jeffreys' shot at the big time. He's on a similar patch to the Springsteen / Southside Johnny axis — all streetwise New York-Brooklyn siss, boardwalk guitars and baby, we were born to run. Heard it all before? Could be, but in Jeffreys' case there's a difference or two.

As a mulatto, Jeffreys is from a different side of the tracks and this is his strongest shot yet at rationalising his fascination for reggae with the urban commentator stance. Plus the purity alongside the snarl in his voice is a change from the customary r'n'b roar.

In one sense the album is an easy target for anti-rockists. Enlisting a team — G.E. Smith, Roy Bittan, Danny Federici, Steve Goulding, Andrew Bodnar — with a ducks-to-water aptitude for widescreen drama, a production (Bob Clearmountain) as clearly etched as a city skyline on a chill morning: the trap's set before the record's even on the turntable. But with such heavy company all on their toes, Jeffreys' knack for writing songs with ringing melodies amounts to a stacked deck.

Two paeans to rock'n'roll as healing force, 'R.O.C.K.' and 'Jump Jump', are uselessly facile sentiments, really, but when delivered with this kind of firepower the suspension of disbelief is achieved. And just when you've got him pegged as softie traditionalist, he answers with 'Graveyard Rock', a mash-'em-up epitaph for such a rocker replete with Big Youth toasting up a treat.

It's a neat balance. The opening bravado of 'Modern Lovers' says while the times may be a-changing we needn't trade sincerity for emotional glibness. 'Ghost Of A Chance', a wry look at a mismatched couple, echoes the point — "In this so-called modern age / We could use a second chance". The sentimentality that is Springsteen's Achilles heel is (mostly) avoided.

Three tracks stand out. The epic 'Mystery Kids' may be Jeffreys' final word on youngbloods trapped by circumstance and environment. The tenement soliloquy at the heart of the song is pure theatre, but it works. More crucial are the two tracks recorded in London with Dennis Bovell as mixmaster and a crew of reggae musicians. Before, Jeffreys seemed to merely dabble in JA rhythms, but 'Miami Beach' — which features Linton Kwesi Johnson's solemn narration of the facts of the Miami race riot — and 'We The People' finally seal the connection, with the singer locking into the groove without trouble. Excellent, but what galls is that Epic have sapped the impact by relegating the tracks to the limited edition EP that comes with the album proper.

'Escape from Brooklyn/Escape at last' says the cover: maybe not quite, but this is one mainstream American shooting for the outside. Your attention please.

Richard Cook



Curtis Mayfield: Michael Putland

The mighty, mighty Curtis.

AMERICA'S HEART OF DARKNESS

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Back To The World (Curtom)

RECEIVED KNOWLEDGE tells us that "nothing happened" in early '70s music — which, roughly translated, means that the predominant social/fashion trends of those years were in one way or another thoroughly out to lunch. Personal experience, on the other hand, tells us that there were actually plenty of isolated musical moments occurring away from the mainstream which are well

worth preserving.

Most of mine were black. Al Green's 'Livin' For You', McCoy Tyner's 'Atlantis', Graham Central Station's first two albums, Allen Toussaint's superlative 'Southern Nights'. And Curtis Mayfield's 'Back To The World'.

Mayfield, of course, is one of the true originals of black music: a singer, guitarist and producer of innovative originality, and one of the first soul musicians to successfully deal with social/protest issues

in pop-song format, as with The Impressions' hit 'Mighty Mighty Spade And Whitey'.

'Back To The World', which followed the 'Superfly' soundtrack and pre-dated the more highly acclaimed 'There's No Place Like America Today' by a couple of years, is one of the finest examples of this genre. Like Linton Kwesi Johnson today, Mayfield used the argot and mannerisms of the urban black community as a vehicle through which to analyse and comment on the contemporary ills of that society.

In particular, 'Back To The World' deals with the problems faced by black Americans in the immediate post-Vietnam era: having failed in its attempt to kill off the blacks by sending inordinate numbers of them to fight in Vietnam, America was faced with the prospect of thousands of them suffering severe culture-shock on returning to a vastly different homeland — the *Taxi Driver* syndrome, presented in the title-track and 'Future Shock' as a series of cruel, confused images shot through with a mixture of bewilderment and vain hope: "Had a long stretch of sacrifice/Getting back home will be awful nice/Child your woman has long been gone/The doggone war just lasted too long/Simple words they seem so clear to me/Give our country, it's the simplest faith/Forgive your mind/Wastin' love for hate/When through honesty is truth/We don't seem to know what to do..." Mayfield being Mayfield, salvation is seen in purely religious terms. Each to their own, I guess.

With few exceptions, the themes of love and misery are given a sharper edge by the unusual perspectives from which Mayfield views them: the love-crossed subject of 'Keep On Trippin'' exists on the half-hearted hope that his partner's drug habit will bring her back to him; the blind protagonist of the tour-de-force 'Right On For The Darkness' celebrates his inability to see evil and wrongdoing.

Musically, the album's a unique mixture of Mayfield's

typically choppy rhythm arrangements and the most original use of string and brass arrangements in pop music since Love's 'Forever Changes'.

On 'Back To The World' itself, the strings follow a vaguely Eastern-flavoured progression; on 'Right On For The Darkness', they're used to inject a sudden element of shocking despair when the steamy, shuffling funk is replaced by a closing string section passage of unbearable desolation. The horn arrangements, too, are treated to a thorough dose of idiosyncrasy, reaching their apogee on the churning 'Can't Say Nothin'', where they contribute the central melody by counterpointing a truly monstrous bass line. (Who was that masked bassman?).

There's a subtle sense of tradition underlying the entire album, its preachy, evangelistic tone harking back in certain ways to the manner in which blues and gospel music were used as transmitters/recorders of social and cultural events and emotions; and there's a depth and sincerity about Mayfield's preaching which is to a large extent absent in the more dubious, passive "social awareness" exhibited to good fiscal effect by Marvin Gaye and the Motown Corporation around the same time. The personalised, particularised problems dealt with in Mayfield's songs are that much more real than crooned slogans like "Save The Children", and ring that much truer.

Of course, this still leaves open the question of whether the traditional rock-musician-as-minstrel approach has any relevance or value in times when much faster, more immediate methods of communication (such as modern newspapers and TV) are available; can pop music really achieve the status of "folk" music, or is pop-as-protest nowadays just going through the motions, pandering to a set of stereotyped cultural preconceptions only in order to elicit a set of programmed responses? Will the revolution be televised?

You tell me.

Andy Gill



Photo-Lensism: Laura Levine

HSR: five in shot, two out reading The Hite Report.

like an HM version of 'Nag Nag Nag'.

In general, the best tracks are on the first side. 'In Bits', for instance, starts relatively subdued, with a metallic flange giving just the right edge of unease for a song about nervous breakdown, then gets increasingly manic and twisted as it progresses.

At the other end of the emotional scale, 'Save Our Souls' is more pensive and pervaded with a haunting, subterranean atmosphere; the second side's closer, 'Black Flowers', by comparison, is almost funereally slow, with background intimations of something cacophonous which

never actually surfaces. It's a dirge, effectively atmospheric, but only an idea, not a finished, polished application of the idea — which isn't to say the track should have a glossy production sheen, merely that the idea(s) should be developed more.

This lack of development, of course, could be intentional: the title 'World Of Rubber' hints at blurred, half-formed perceptions, vague outlines rather than precise details — but that doesn't make the ideas any more interesting to listen to.

If this were the debut product of an unknown group, it'd probably be a good album. It

seems a bit unfair to criticise them according to standards set by their alter-ego, especially when the mere fact of having an alter-ego is such a good idea, as has been shown by the earlier output of both The Sound and Second Layer — but Adrian and Graham can do so much better than this. Maybe next time?

Andy Gill

DIANA ROSS

To Love Again (Motown)

DIANA ROSS, as has been widely reported, is coming to the end of her contract with Motown, and seems to be undecided as to whether it's

worth her while to renew it. Some say she will, some say she won't, some couldn't care less. However, the company are using the opportunity to present an entire album of Ross weepies, all written and produced by Michael Masser, Motown's answer to Mills and Boon. They range from 'Touch Me In The Morning' from '73 to her current single and 'If I Ruled The World'—sundalike, 'One More Chance'.

Her recent flirtation with the Chic no-nonsense hit-making method seemed a timely departure from the grandiose orchestration and diamond-dripping lushness of previous recordings, bringing

her back to a more solid, funky base — not quite street credibility perhaps, but that has never really been her style. Now it seems the Chic period was not so much a turnaround as a nod in a fashionable direction.

The sad truth is that this album shows a definite downward slope in Ms Ross' capabilities. Compare 'No-one's Gonna Be A Fool Forever' from '75 with this year's 'Crying My Heart Out For You'. Whereas six years ago she had all her faculties — and used them — now she doesn't even deign to sing in tune or on the beat.

'It's My Turn', one of last

year's many singles but previously unreleased on an album, makes me think that she has also been exposed to large doses of Barbra Streisand. Ross attempts some huge Streisand melodrama, backed by at least seventeen orchestras, but hasn't the depth or the range to support it.

Like most of the other tracks, it is forgotten before the last whine has died away. This LP is Diana Ross' contribution to late-night slush and a sure indication that she, and her fans, would benefit from any change that contract shifting might bring.

Dorota Koc



MAD MARCH TOUR

- MAR
- 6 SCARBOROUGH Taboo Club
- 7 DURHAM University
- 10 MANCHESTER Poly
- 11 GUILDFORD Civic Hall
- 12 BRIGHTON Sussex University
- 13 BIRMINGHAM Aston University
- 14 WATFORD Aldenham College
- 16 CHELTENHAM Eves
- 17 LEEDS Warehouse
- 18 SOUTHPORT College
- 20 NEWCASTLE Poly
- 21 RETFORD Porterhouse
- 22 HALIFAX Civic Hall
- 24 BATH Tiffany's
- 25 WALSALL
- West Midlands College
- 26 BARNSTAPLE Chequers
- 27 LONDON Venue
- 28 ROEHAMPTON SW15
- Freebell Institute of H.E.

NEW ALBUM

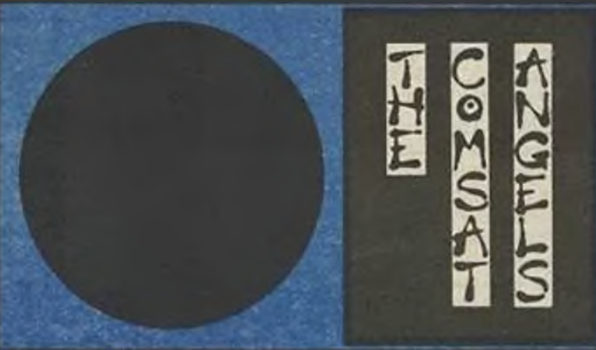
MAGNETS
SPIDERS

LBG 3032

RP 385

CASSETTE TC LBG 30324





12 inch 4 track single
Eye of the Lens, Another World,
Gone and At Sea
also 7 inch 2 track single
Eye of the Lens and At Sea
Produced by Peter Wilson and the Comsat Angels



A sense of unease

Rupert Hine. Mega-Lensism: Chris Parker.

TUXEDOMOON
Desire (Pre)
RUPERT HINE
Immunity (A&M)

ON THE face of it, these two albums should have little in common. Tuxedomoon, the young, American, somewhat less than archetypal electronic drummerless trio, ought to have few common points of reference, influence and interest with Rupert Hine, the British producer whose track record includes such damnably "professional", "careerist" undertakings as — saints preserve us! — *advertising jingles*.

What both share, however, is an interest in music as *disturbance*, as emotional catalyst rather than sensual indulgence. Though they may approach the actual mechanics of the thing from different perspectives, both are anti-comfortist and anti-wallpaperist. And who knows, they may both be anti-rockist, if someone would care to define the term objectively.

Hine's no stranger to disturbing music — before he got involved with the mid-'70s British equivalent of Steely Dan, Quantum Jump, he'd worked in partnership with lyricist David MacIver on a couple of strange, intense albums which dealt seriously with hitherto under-the-carpet subjects like masturbation. Bitter pills indeed for the early '70s.

This time, he's used the words of Jeanette Obstoj to make an album based loosely on fear and fearlessness, and drawn on years of studio experience to create appropriately unsettling musical backdrops, making use of all manner of techniques more usually associated with "experimental" bands: tape-loop constructions, synthetic rhythm tracks, sound collages, etcetera. What's more, he's managed to use such devices in songs which rarely stray from accessible paths; 'Immunity' is, first and foremost, an album of skilfully-crafted pop music, but pop music of greater depth and effectivity than the usual fodder.

Several kinds of technical fun go on all over the place. The tune to 'I Think A Man Will Hang Soon' originates in looped screams and shouts played on a keyboard, for instance, and 'Psycho Surrender' (about boredom) includes a solo made from a treated yawn, aptly enough. Wherever possible, Hine's tried to avoid using "musical instruments" as such, and the result is an endlessly inventive album, with more unique textures and deftly-handled techniques in a single song than most musicians manage to muster in a career.

Tuxedomoon's brief is narrower, but that doesn't make their success any less remarkable. Just as Throbbing Gristle operate in the area of unpleasanties, and any number of bands operate in the field of hearts and flowers, Tuxedomoon stick pretty firmly to their predominant atmospheres of despair and desolation, producing musical images of strangely stark, flowing beauty, occasionally hurtling right over the top into climes of bleak melodrama — as happens here in the overwrought vocals to 'Victims Of The Dance'.

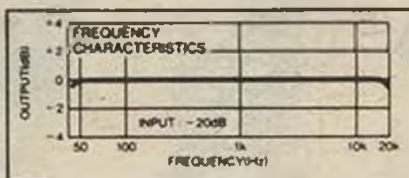
Inner-city perils and pastimes feature in a darker fashion than the more conventional, emblematic use of such imagery in rock music. This is conveyed in menacingly comic fashion on the final track, 'Holiday For Plywood'. Based on one of those old standards you recognise but can't name ('Holiday For Strings', I think), it starts with a pizzicato violin figure — TM's Blaine Reininger joined by The Raincoats' Vicky Aspinall — before swinging smoothly into the main, bucolic body of the piece, which is used here as a blissful backdrop to a tongue-in-cheek spoken vocal about domestic breakdown: "You daren't sit on the sofa / The plastic makes you sweat / The bathroom's done in mirror tiles / The toaster wants your blood".

Both humorous and unsettling, this is exactly where Tuxedomoon are operating: the place where your materialism turns on you and devours your humanity. The true New American Music.

Andy Gill

3.5dB more, 76p less.

High sensitivity, stable running... 76p off a triple pack at W.H. Smith!



The improved high frequency sensitivity (3.5dB better) make these TDK cassettes suitable for every type of music recording.

And with TDK's Dimple-&Bubble sheet inside the precision mechanism, running is smooth and more stable. The window is bigger. You see all the

tape — more clearly. At W.H. Smith TDK D-C90 (normally £1.25 each) are now £2.99 for a triple pack. Saving you 76p on the 3. Look out for AD-C90's too (normally £1.80 each) now £2.99 for a double pack. Saving you 61p on the 2.

Come and stock up on better cassettes, at a lower price. At W.H. Smith.

W H SMITH

Prices correct at time of going to press. Subject to availability, while stocks of special packs last, where you see this sign

DATA CONTROL

LIZZY PLANNING OPEN-AIR SHOWS

THIN LIZZY are planning a series of special summer shows in this country, including several open-air events.

It's understood that they are thinking of headlining one or two major concerts at football grounds, while the remainder are likely to be at venues new — or relatively new — to rock shows.

They would tie in with the

Who opt out of Euro-tour

THE WHO have cancelled their major European tour, scheduled to follow on from their extensive UK outing, which ended earlier this week. The band send their apologies to the thousands of ticket holders, explaining that they're totally exhausted, though there's a chance that dates could be re-scheduled later in the year. Their spokesman commented: "It's very disappointing, but they've been under a lot of pressure, and not just from the rigours of touring. Far better to call it off than have someone crack up."

It was learned at press-time that the band still intend to go to Germany to take part in the marathon TV show *Rockpalast* with The Grateful Dead on Saturday, March 28. This is scheduled to be televised throughout Europe, including the UK, where *Old Grey Whistle Test* will screen it in two parts — The Who (9.20-11.25 pm) and the Dead (11.50 pm-1.25 am) — with simultaneous stereo airing on Radio 1. Commented *Test* producer Mike Appleton: "The German producer has been assured that The Who are going through with this commitment."

CULTURE DUE

CULTURE, one of Jamaica's leading groups, undertake a UK tour next month — including a concert at London Rainbow Theatre on April 9. The band recently signed to Kingdom Records, and their visit ties in with the release of their 12-inch single 'Forward To Africa'. Other British dates, before they leave for Europe, are at Aylesbury Civic Hall (April 2), Manchester Mayflower (3), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (4), Edinburgh Tiffany's (5), Birmingham Odeon (6), Bristol Locarno (7), Brighton Top Rank (8), Nottingham Rock City (10) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (11).

Basement doing 5

BASEMENT 5 play a short series of gigs at the end of this month, finishing at London Victoria The Venue on March 31. Other dates are at Leeds Fan Club (March 26), Edinburgh Nite Club (27), Liverpool Brady's (28) and Brighton Jenkinson's (29). These will be their first shows with new drummer Michael, who has replaced Richard Dudanski in the line-up.

release of the band's new studio album, and Phil Lynott's next solo LP, both of which are currently being recorded.

Meanwhile, they have an album issued by Phonogram on March 27 titled *The Adventures Of Thin Lizzy* which is, in effect, a Greatest Hits collection. It contains 11 of their hottest chart entries up to 'Killer On The Loose', and features such past members as Gary Moore, Eric Bell and Brian Robertson.

At press-time, Lizzy were negotiating with the record company, with a view to including a free album in the initial pressings.

Coming out a month later is a video cassette, consisting of all the band's promotional films of the 11 songs of the LP.



Cats pounce again

THE STRAY CATS, currently nearing the end of their second major UK tour, climax their outing by playing a third night at London's Lyceum Ballroom — a rare achievement for any act at that particular venue. Originally set for one Lyceum show this Sunday, the band were quickly booked for a repeat performance next Monday (23), when promoters Straight Music realised the volume of the ticket demand. And now it's been necessary to add a third show next Wednesday, March 25, when the support acts will again be The Pirates (specially re-formed for the Lyceum gigs) and The Barracudas. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, but obviously you'll need to hurry!

EASTER RECORD FAIR

A RECORD FAIR, for buyers and collectors, is to be staged at London Victoria The Venue on Easter Sunday, April 19 (10am-10pm). Stands are available, and it's hoped that record companies and dealers will use the fair to sell their more unusual goods.

ROCK WEEK AT THE ICA —

A SIGHT FOR SORE EARS is the title of this year's first Rock Week at London's ICA. It will present acts whose work combines performance, music and visual material (films, slides or pictures), and it runs from May 12 to 17. Any interested musicians or artists who have their work recorded on videotape (VHS format) should send a copy to Charlie Gillott at the ICA, The Mall, London SW1, by not later than March 31, and enclose stamped addressed packet for return.

— AND ROCK WEEK ON TV

ROCK WEEK, which proved such a success on BBC-2 last autumn, will again be featured this year — the eight-day season of concentrated rock shows, both live and on film, is being organised by the *Old Grey Whistle Test* office for October. Meanwhile, one of the programmes included in last year's season — the documentary *Police In The East* — is to be repeated by BBC-2 on Sunday afternoon, March 29.

ROSSINGTON PLAN VISIT

ROSSINGTON COLLINS, who've been the subject of split rumours, are currently recording their second album. And they're already lining up a British and European tour for later in the year, with UK dates to start on September 14. Meanwhile, it's now been decided that anyone holding tickets for the band's cancelled tour last autumn can obtain refunds from the respective box-offices, and not from Kiltorch Ltd.

MCCARTNEY MOVIE OPENS

PAUL MCCARTNEY & Wings' film *Rock Show* has its European charity premiere at London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion on April 8 — attended by the Earl and Countess of Snowdon, and in aid of the physically handicapped — and the next day it opens a London season at the Oxford Street Classic, prior to going on release. The movie is an in-concert performance, filmed before an audience of 70,000 at Seattle's King Dome during the band's 1976 world tour.



PRIX SINGER 'CRITICAL'

GRAND PRIX's Canadian lead vocalist Bernie Shaw collapsed on stage in Austria last Wednesday, and was rushed to hospital where he is on the critical list, apparently suffering from a stomach rupture. The other four members of the band, who've been engaged in a European tour with Manfred Mann, are keeping in close contact with the hospital — and their manager has flown out a British nurse to be with Shaw. It's not yet known if the depleted Prix outfit will be able to continue the Manfreds tour, which includes two shows at London Dominion at the end of this month.

MAY-DAY RAINBOW SHOW

A BENEFIT SHOW for the unemployed is being staged at London Rainbow on May 1 (International Labour Day), and one or two big name bands are urgently being sought as headliners, all expenses paid — contact is Dick O'Dell at Rough Trade (01-221 2761). The event will culminate a march of the unemployed, organised by the TUC, which will set off from Liverpool and is timed to arrive in London on May 1.

LAMBRETTAS NEWCOMER

THE LAMBRETTAS have acquired a new drummer to replace Paul Wincer, who left recently. He is Steve Bray, formerly with Toyah, and he's already played on the band's new album 'Ambience'.

Lightfoot's six

GORDON LIGHTFOOT — whose London Royal Albert Hall concert and booking details were announced last week — has now added five more dates to his schedule. They are Dublin Stadium (May 13), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (14), Liverpool Empire (15), Glasgow Apollo (16) and Birmingham Odeon (19). Tickets for these provincial gigs are £5, £4 and £3, and they're on sale now at the various box-offices. An album titled *The Gordon Lightfoot Collection*, containing 20 tracks spanning his entire career, is issued by WEA on April 20.



THE CRUISERS, whose March dates were reported last week, have now added April gigs at London Lee Green Tiger's Head (14 and 21), Barking Volunteer Club (20) and Coventry Red House (24) — with more being finalised. Then, after a week on the Continent, they start a new tour at Leicester De Montfort Hall on May 1 — and other confirmed dates that month are St. Neots Priory Centre (8), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (15), Ludgershall Market Hall (23), Horncastle Town Hall (29) and Coventry General Wolfe (30). Release of their new Feelgood Records single 'Rockabilly Fever' has been put back to April 3, because of renewed interest in their current single 'Wild Cat Rock'.

TOUR NEWS

JAPAN'S BRITISH GIGS CONFIRMED

JAPAN will play nine major concerts during their May tour of Britain, plans for which were revealed by *NME* last week. They are Nottingham Rock City (May 7), Norwich East Anglia University (8), Manchester Apollo (9), Leeds Tiffany's (10), Edinburgh Odeon (12), Birmingham Odeon (14) and London Hammersmith Odeon (16 and 17) — plus a show on May 13, for which the venue has still to be confirmed.

Just back from their third tour of Japan, the band have slotted in these dates — their first UK tour for two years, albeit a short one — in response to protests about their "no gigs" policy. Ticket prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 at Manchester, Edinburgh, Birmingham and Hammersmith; elsewhere, readers are advised to contact the individual venues. Japan are back in the studios this week recording a new single, which Virgin hope to have ready for release in mid-May.

and Whitesnake add four

WHITESNAKE have added four more dates to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago — a second night in both Glasgow and Newcastle, a third show in London and a brand new venue. The extra shows are at Glasgow Apollo (May 21), Newcastle City Hall (25), Leicester Granby Hall (26) and London Hammersmith Odeon (31). For Leicester, all tickets are priced £4.50, and they're available from the box-office either by personal or postal application (if booking by mail, make cheques payable to "Leicester City Council" and enclose s.a.e.). The band's new single, issued by Liberty on Monday next, is 'Don't Break My Heart Again' — taken from their album 'Come 'N' Get It', due two weeks later.

ELPEE, SINGLE, NEW BAND, TOUR

Hensley's solo launch

KEN HENSLEY, who last autumn quit Uriah Heep after ten years, is about to launch his solo career. He has a solo single and album scheduled for release, he's formed a new band called Shotgun, and he goes out on tour next month. Issued by Bronze this week, the LP is titled 'Free Spirit' and includes contributions from guest musicians Kenney Jones, Ian Paice, Denny Ball and Trevor Bolder, among others. A single culled from the album, called 'The System', comes out on March 27.

Since recording the LP, Hensley has formed Shotgun — comprising former Silverhead drummer Pete Thompson, ex-Kinks keyboards man Ian Gibbons, former Marshall Fury guitarist Derek Marshall and Denny Ball on bass, with Hensley himself on keyboards, guitar and vocals. They're playing a "back to the roots" club tour and, with more dates



to be added, those confirmed so far are:

Edinburgh Nite Club (April 2), Sunderland Mayfair (3), Liverpool Warehouse (4), Leeds Tiffany's (5), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (7), Hardstoft Shoulder Of Mutton (8), Worthington Down Under (10), Retford Porterhouse (11), Bristol Granary (13), London Woolwich Tramshed (16) and London Marquee (18 and 19).

ASH IN UK BASH

WISHBONE ASH play 17 British concerts in late spring, as the first leg of a six-month world tour also taking in Europe, America and Japan. They visit Taunton Odeon (May 18), Bristol Colston Hall (19), Lancaster University (21), Hull City Hall (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Leicester De Montfort Hall (24), Liverpool Empire (26), Newcastle City Hall (27), Edinburgh Odeon (28), Glasgow Apollo (29), Sheffield City Hall (30), Portsmouth Guildhall (June 1), London Hammersmith Odeon (2), London Rainbow (3), Guildford Civic Hall (4), Brighton Dome (5) and Oxford New Theatre (6).

Tickets are on sale now priced £3 (Lancaster); £3.50 (Leicester and Guildford); £4, £3.50 and £3

(the two London dates); and from £3.50 to £2.50 (all other venues). A support act has still to be named. As a foretaste of the tour, MCA release a new Ash single on March 27, coupling 'Underground' and 'My Mind Is Made Up'.

Transferences

MANHATTAN TRANSFER have made a few changes in their UK tour schedule, listed last week. There are revised dates for three of the venues involved — Edinburgh Playhouse is now on May 19 instead of 20, Liverpool Empire on 20 instead of 27, and Blackburn King George's Hall moves back from May 24 to 27. And an additional show has now been slotted in — it's at Halifax Civic Theatre on May 24.

THE 'ESCAPE ARTIST' IS OUT

'Escape Artist' is the new album from Garland Jeffreys. Featuring the single '96 Tears'. Free 4 track EP with first 10,000 albums.

GARLAND JEFFREYS

With musicians from The E Street Band/The Rumour/Linton Kwesi Johnson/Big Youth and many more.



Garland Jeffreys 'Escape Artist'
EPC 84808 ... 40-84808

STEAMING ROCK 'N' ROLL R'n'B ROCKABILIY NITE TO REMEMBER

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

STRAY CATS

The Pirates

EXTRA SHOW

LYCEUM

WEDNESDAY 25th MARCH at 7:30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 436 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 433 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL. 485 5085

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

MOTORHEAD

TRUST

THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS TANK

QUEEN'S HALL

SATURDAY 28th MARCH at 6:30

TICKETS £4.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE QUEEN'S HALL BOX OFFICE, 9:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m., MON-SAT, TEL: 0532 31961/2. OR £4.50 ON NIGHT.

TICKET OUTLETS

NEWCASTLE: VIRGIN RECORDS
HULL: GOUGH & DAVY
YORK: SOUND EFFECT
LEEDS: VIRGIN RECORDS
LEEDS: BARNERS
BRADFORD: H.M.V. RECORDS
BLACKBURN: AMES RECORDS
LIVERPOOL: PENNY LANE RECORDS
LIVERPOOL: PROBE RECORDS
CHESTER: PENNY LANE RECORDS
MANCHESTER: PICCADILLY RECORDS
SHEFFIELD: IMPULSE RECORDS
DERBY: R. E. CORDS
NOTTINGHAM: SELECTA DISC
STAFFORD: LOTUS RECORDS
HANLEY: MIKE LLOYD RECORDS
NEWCASTLE-U-LYME: MIKE LLOYD RECORDS
TUNSTALL: MIKE LLOYD RECORDS
BIRMINGHAM: CYCLOPS SOUNDS
WOLVERHAMPTON: SUNDOWN RECORDS
COVENTRY: VIRGIN RECORDS
LEICESTER: REVOLVER RECORDS
LONDON: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

TICKETS £4.50 (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE BY POST FROM
STRAIGHT MUSIC LTD., 1 MUNRO TERR., LONDON SW10 0DL.
PLEASE ENCLOSE S.A.E. FOR FAST RETURN. POSTAL ORDERS ONLY

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

BOW WOW WOW

LIEUTENANT LUSH

ANNABELLA

Plus Other Surprises

LOCARNO

SUNDAY 22nd MARCH at 8:00

TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LOCARNO BOX OFFICE, TEL. BRISTOL 276193, OR BRISTOL VIRGIN RECORDS, RIVUL RECORDS, REVOLVER RECORDS, BATH RECORDS UNLIMITED, OR £3.00 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT

TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON

MONDAY 23rd MARCH at 8:00

TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE, TEL. BRIGHTON 25895, OR BRIGHTON VIRGIN RECORDS, POLY SOUNDS, AFFIX RECORDS, CRAWLEY CLOAKS, OR £3.00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

LYCEUM

SUNDAY 12th APRIL at 7:30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 436 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 433 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL. 485 5085

Next week in NME

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE

The Group With More Singers Than A Sewing Machine Convention

RECORD NEWS

Unissued Bolan tracks now out

A THREE-TRACK single by the late Marc Bolan, titled 'Return Of The Electric Warrior', is released by his Fan Club on their own Ram Records label (distributed by Stage One and available in most good shops) priced £1.10. Two of the tracks, 'Sing Me A Song' and 'Endless Sleep', are from his Marc Granada TV series — and the third 'The Lilac Hand Of Menthol Dan' is an early recording dating back to 1967. None of these has been issued previously, and the Fan Club say they have more material for future releases. Although on sale to the general public, the special picture disc version is available to Fan Club members only.

● **Eyeless In Gaza**, currently on tour in the '2002 Review' package, have their new single 'Invisibility' issued by Cherry Red this weekend — it contains three tracks not included on their current album 'Photographs As Memories'.

● Following last week's news that **Carl Green & The Scene** (winners of the recent Battle Of The Bands Final) have their debut single 'Wam!' issued by RCA this weekend, the same label is issuing singles by two of the runners-up in the contest — 'Seconds' by **Xena Zerox** (out March 27) and 'I Guilty Mind' by **Arromatic Tors** (April 3).

● **Carve Up Records** is the rock subsidiary of R&B label Red Lightnin, and its first singles out this week are 'Satisfying Feeling' by **Split Rivitt** (whose album will follow in May) and 'Dambusters' by **The Propellers**. South London heavy rock band **The Westers** have also signed to the label, and are busy recording their debut single.

● A new **Aswad** album called 'Showcase' is issued on the Grove Music label (through Island) on April 6. It contains six tracks dating back to the band's inception in 1976, but all re-mixed this year. The LP is preceded by the release of a 12-inch single next week, 'Babylon'/'Behold'.

● An edited version of one of the tracks on the Caravan LP 'The Album', titled 'Keepin' Up De Fences', is out this week on Kingdom Records. The band will be playing another series of UK concerts in May, before leaving for the States.

● **The Cosmic Cowboys** have their debut single 'One Night Stand' issued this weekend by Gem. It's described as "a timeless political song about unions and the government", and the sleeve features a picture of Maggie Thatcher and Michael Foot hugging each other!

● The new **Tenpole Tudor** single, released by Stiff tomorrow (Friday), rejoices in the title of 'The Swords Of A Thousand Men'. The group's long-awaited album is due soon, though an exact date hasn't yet been set.

● Manchester band **The Freshies** have a new MCA single issued on March 27, 'Wrap Up The Rockets'/'Gonna Get Better'. A 12-inch version will be available from April 3, including an extra track 'Tell Her I'm Ill'.

● WEA have signed the renowned singing cowboy **Hank Wangford** — whose backing band includes such luminaries as B.J. Cole, Andy Roberts and Melanie Harrold — and are taking up his debut single 'Cowboys Stay On Longer' with immediate effect.

● **The Searchers'** new single 'Another Night' is issued by WEA this weekend, followed by their album 'Play For Today' on April 10, and they'll be touring extensively to promote both releases.



● The recently released **Lene Lovich** single 'New Toy' is being made available by Stiff in 12-inch form this weekend, featuring an extended version of the song. Price £1.70.

● **Wild Horses** have a new single issued by EMI on April 6, with the first 15,000 in a gatefold sleeve and featuring a two-track double-A side, 'I'll Give You Love' and 'The Kid' — while the B-side features two tracks recorded live in Japan, 'Saturday Night' and 'Rocky Mountain Way'. The band's new ten-track album 'Stand Your Ground' is due out in early May, and later that month they open a British tour.

● Virgin release a double-LP pack this weekend, featuring two long-deleted **Robert Wyatt** albums — 'Rock Bottom' (originally issued in 1974) and 'Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard' (1975).

● **The Shakin' Pyramids**, one of the bands spearheading the Glasgow-based **Cuba Libre** label, have their debut album 'Skin 'Em Up' issued on March 27 through Virgin.

● A new **Judie Tzuke** album titled 'I Am The Phoenix' will be issued by Rocket in April and, although she's only just finished a major UK tour, she's planning further concerts to coincide with the LP's release.

● **The 4"Be2"s**, who headlined at London Rainbow on Tuesday, also have a 12-inch single out this week. It's on the Lydon-McDonald label, and the tracks are 'All Of The Leds', 'Jimmy Jones' and 'Bitch'.

● **Ronnie Spector's** new single 'Here Today, Gone Tomorrow', issued by Red Shadow this weekend, is taken from her recently released solo album 'Siren'. At the same time, the label also issues the debut LP by **Real To Real**, titled 'Tightrope Walkers'.



It's the **UK SUBS** (not to be confused with Harper's Bizarre), and their appearance on this page marks the advent on April 3 of their new Gem Records single 'Keep On Running (Till You Burn)'/'Perfect Girl' — pressed on blue vinyl and not taken from their current LP 'Diminished Responsibility'. They're currently touring Europe, and will be playing the British circuit again in the summer. The band's revised line-up is, from left to right, Nick Garratt (guitar), Steve Roberts (drums), Alvin Gibbs (bass) and Charlie Harper (vocals).

PARAGONS RE-FORM

THE PARAGONS, the Jamaican rock-steady group who were consistent hitmakers a decade or so ago, have re-formed. One of their songs 'The Tide Is High' was a massive hit for Blondie, and it was probably this which instigated their reunion. Comprising John Holt, Tyrone Evans and Howard Barrett, they have their comeback album 'Together Again' issued by Island next month — and among session musicians on the set are Sly Dunbar (drums) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass).

● The new **Grateful Dead** double album 'Reckoning' is now scheduled for release by Arista on March 27 — which is immediately after their British visit, though Arista say it's impossible for them to issue it any sooner. The set includes various numbers from previous Dead albums, and it was recorded live last autumn at San Francisco Warfield Theatre and New York Radio City Music Hall.

● Following his single 'Saint Saens' which came out last week, **B.A. Robertson** has his new album 'Bully For You' issued by WEA on March 27.

Spandau oddity, Fingers novelty

TWO BIG-NAMES **Chrysalis** bands have new singles out this week — with unusual formats in both cases. The latest **Stiff Little Fingers** single 'Just Fade Away' plays at 33rpm, even though it's a seven-inch — and that's in order to accommodate a bonus live track on the B-side. The official coupling is the title track from their upcoming album 'Go For It', and the extra live number is a version of 'The Specials' 'Doesn't Make It Alright'. The company says it was the only way to achieve the necessary running time, without switching to the more costly 12-inch format.

Second oddity is the new **Spandau Ballet** single, issued in both 7" and 12", with different versions of both songs on each single. The seven-inch has 'Muscle Bound' on the A-side (a different version from the one on the LP), coupled with 'Glow'. The 12-inch has an eight-minute of 'Glow' as the A-side, with a third version of 'Muscle Bound' as the flip.

TOURS EXTRA

● **THE PHOTOS** have added five more dates to their current UK tour, including another major London show — it's at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, April 5. The other extra gigs are at Coventry Tiffany's (April 2), Nottingham Rock City (3), St. Albans City Hall (4) and Bath Pavilion (6).

● **THE 2002 REVIEW**, headlined by **Classix Nouveaux**, has had a last-minute change of venue for the gig this Sunday (22) — it switches from Oxford New Theatre to Norwich St. Andrew's Hall. And there's an extra date for the package at Guildford Civic Hall on April 9.

● **WASTED YOUTH** are to be the support act on Toyah's previously reported UK concert tour in May and June. And they'll have their new single 'Rebecca's Room' issued to coincide with the outing.

● **THE CUBAN HEELS** and **The Shakin' Pyramids** continue to boost the **Cuba Libre** label (now tied up with Virgin) with further London gigs at Islington Hope & Anchor (March 23) and the Marquee (24). The Pyramids are shortly going out on a highly unusual promotional tour, performing in record stores, school yards and bus queues — details to follow!

● **NAKED LUNCH** and **DEPECHE MODE** are among bands taking part in a **Some Bizzare** evening at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, March 29 (admission £3). And it really is rather bizarre because, with no less than ten acts appearing, there's a 3.30 pm start. Also on the bill are **B Movie**, **Illustration**, **Blancmange**, **Blah Blah Blah**, **The Fast Set**, **The Loved One**, **Jell** and **Soft Cell**. Promoters are **Straight Music**.

● **OSIBISA** make a rare London concert appearance on Friday, April 10, when they headline a benefit show at the Rainbow Theatre. It's in aid of the East African Karamoja famine victims, and it's understood that several other big-name artists have expressed a desire to be involved in the project.

● **ZOUNDS**, **The Astronauts** and **The Entire Cosmos** are going out on a package tour which they call 'The 1955 Revue'. First confirmed dates are at London Brixton Archway Club (this Saturday), Birmingham First Aid (April 3), Manchester Polytechnic (4), London Hammersmith Clarendon (6), Bristol Trinity Hall (10), Hereford Market Tavern (11) and Doncaster Bentley Pavilion (18). More are being lined up, including some No Nukes gigs in Scotland.

● **THE SPECIALS** will be playing a concert in Leamington next month for the local Anti-Racist and Anti-Fascist committee, though exact details of where and when are only being advertised locally. They say that if it goes well, it could well lead to their further involvement in the dual campaign.

● **THE REAL THING** are back on the road, with dates at Cleethorpes Peppers (March 26), Peterborough La Scala (28), Southend Talk Of The South (31), London Lewisham Concert Hall (April 4), Leeds Fox's (10), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (11), Salford Willows (12) and Chesterfield Aquarius (13).

● **SORE THROAT** have a string of London gigs, including a Monday night residency at The Stapleton, Crouch Hill. Other dates are West Norwood Thurlow Arms (this Saturday), Battersea Arts Centre (March 29), Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (April 4) and Putney Half Moon (10). More are being set.

● **ORANGE JUICE** make a series of "select and relevant appearances" during the next couple of weeks, taking in Leeds Warehouse (tonight, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (Saturday), Nottingham Boat Club (March 31), Manchester Ratters (April 1), Sheffield Limit Club (2) and Liverpool Brady's (3).

● **MISTRESS** have been forced to cancel the many dates they had lined up over the next two months, because their drummer has injured his back after (according to their spokesman) "falling downstairs in a drunken stupor" — though they hope to re-schedule these gigs later. Meanwhile, their three-track tape is on sale at £1.50 (including p&p) from **Mistress Management**, 72 Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, London SE 12.

BLURT



IN BERLIN

Album out now on Armageddon Records
Cat.No. ARM 6

Available from Stage One Records,
2 Kings Road, Haremsmere, Surrey (0428) 51953

DIF JUZ

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

ARAGORN PROMOTIONS OFFER

GARY NUMAN

CONCERT TICKETS

AT £5.00

Plus direct Coach return from:—
 BRIGHTON £10.50 INC, BRISTOL £12.50 INC, CARDIFF £13.00 INC, LEEDS £16.00 INC, LEICESTER £12.00 INC, NOTTINGHAM £13.50 INC
 SHEFFIELD £13.30 INC, SOUTHAMPTON £10.50 INC

Further details from:—
 Aragorn Promotions,
 19 Southside, Carleton Road, London N7 0QH

TO ADVERTISE

ON
THE LIVE PAGE

PLEASE RING
01-261 6153

MCP

Toyah

Special Guests
WASTED YOUTH

ROYAL COURT THEATRE, LIVERPOOL
 FRIDAY 15th MAY 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 708 7411

APOLLO THEATRE, MANCHESTER
 SATURDAY 16th MAY 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 213 1132 (3 and usual agents)

CITY HALL, SHEFFIELD
 MONDAY 18th MAY 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 270 7611

VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY
 TUESDAY 19th MAY 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.00 Ad £3.50 Duo
 Available from Mike Lloyd, 100 Oxford St, London W1

ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM
 WEDNESDAY 20th MAY 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 643 6101/2

DE MONTFORT HALL, LEICESTER
 FRIDAY 22nd MAY 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.25 £3.00 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 444444

ODEON THEATRE, EDINBURGH
 FRIDAY 29th MAY 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 667 3805

APOLLO THEATRE, GLASGOW
 SATURDAY 30th MAY 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 312 9231/2

CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
 MONDAY 1st JUNE 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 20007

TOWN HALL, MIDDLEBOROUGH
 TUESDAY 2nd JUNE 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 287561

COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL
 THURSDAY 4th JUNE 7.30 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 297368

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
 SATURDAY 6th JUNE 8.00 pm
 Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.O. Tel. No. 740 8081/2 (1, 2, 3 and 4)

MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS

On the 14th April offers you the chance to see
LIVE IN CONCERT

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

in Frankfurt, West Germany
 THE PRICE OF £65 INCLUDES

- ☆ A Ticket for the Concert
- ☆ A First Class Hotel with Breakfast
- ☆ A Return Luxury Coach trip to Frankfurt
- ☆ A Return Ferry trip from Dover to Ostend
- ☆ A Night out in Frankfurt.

A Valid Passport is required, Send Cheques or PO's (with an SAE) Made payable to

MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
 18 Valkyrie Road, Westcliffe on sea, Essex.

BOOKING FORM
 Please print clearly in block capitals

Name _____
 Address _____

No of tickets reqd _____
 Please make cheques/PO's (send no cash) payable to:—
MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
 Tel. 0702 338651

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE PHOTOS

modern english

THE THOMPSON TWINS

LYCEUM

SUNDAY 5th APRIL at 6.30

TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 835 3735.
 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3323, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
 OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 2 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5086

CLASSIX ROUVEAUX

NAKED LUNCH

THEATRE OF FATE

SHOCK

MAYFAIR SUITE NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE
 Thursday 26th March at 8.30 p.m.
 Tickets 2.50 (inc. vat) in advance
 Box Office 23109 & Usual Agents

DE MONTFORT HALLS LEICESTER
 Friday 27th March at 8.30 p.m.
 Tickets 2.50 (inc. VAT) in advance
 Box Office 0533 544444 & usual Agents

BRIGHTON TOP RANK
 Friday 10th April at 7.30 p.m.
 Tickets 2.50 (inc. VAT) in advance
 Box Office 25895 & usual Agents

REGGAE AT THE
 100 CLUB
 100 Oxford St. London W1
 Thursday 19th March

CREATION

REBEL

NEW WAVE AT THE 100 CLUB

Tuesday 24th March

ALTERED IMAGES

THE BASEMENT
 BAR
 Clarendon Hotel,
 Hammersmith W6

Thursday 19th March £1
 1-2-3 + Taiwan Pins

Friday 20th March £1
 AUNTIE PUS
 + Motorbikes Motor

Saturday 21st March £1
 THE SHOTS

Monday 23rd March £1
 SAD AMONG
 STRANGERS
 + Treatment

Tuesday 24th March £1
 THE LAVENDER HILL MOB
 + T.V's

Tickets in advance from Basement Bar only

LASERIUM

Laser Light Concerts - unique in Europe at
 The London Planetarium

"Light Years" Wednesdays, Thursdays 6.00 and 7.30 pm
 includes music by The Beatles and Elton John

"Laserock 2" Fridays, Saturdays 6.00, 7.30 and 9.00 pm
 includes music by The Police and Genesis

"Starship" Sundays 6.00 and 7.30 pm includes music from Star Wars

New custom built sound system!

TRANZISTA

TUNING IN TOUR '81

March

London — Trashed: 8.00pm
 Thur 19th

London — South Bank Poly: Fri 20th

London — Starlight, Hampstead: Sat 21st

London — Greyhound, Fulham: Wed 25th

London — Herne Hill, Half Moon: Fri 27th

Cambridge — IDA Darwin Hospital: Sun 28th (Charity)

April

Manchester — Pips Fri 3rd

London — Wellington: Sun 5th

London — Starlight: Mon 6th

Manchester — Cyprus Tavern: Fri 10th

London — Herne Hill, Half Moon: Sun 12th

Edinburgh — The Cavendish: Mon 13th (all night)

Cambridge — Gt Northern: Thur 16th

London — Herne Hill, Half Moon: Fri 17th

Edinburgh — Fountain Inn: Sat 18th

Glenrothes — Rothes Arms Hotel: Thur 23rd

Paisley — Bungalow Bar: Fri 24th

Edinburgh — Fountain Inn: Sat 25th

London — Clarendon Bar: Mon 27th

CHECK FURTHER PRESS FOR ADDED DATES — ENQ (0223) 47802

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block presents

GANG OF FOUR

PERE UBU

PLUS BUSH TETRAS

MONDAY 30th MARCH 7.30pm

ALL TICKETS £3.00

AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PALAIS OF THE ARTS, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
 PREMIER BOX OFFICE, MONDAY 7.00pm RECORDS & USUAL AGENTS

WAVENDON presents

THE HEARTBEATS

FRIDAY 3 APRIL 8pm

THE STABLES, WAVENDON, MILTON KEYNES
 £2.00 tickets in advance (0908) 583928
 Bar and Refreshments

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS

NEW ORDER

+ Support

Sunday 22nd March 7.30pm

JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.

TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), & AT TRIX RECORDS

Thursday 19th £1.25

MICKEY JUPP
 & JOHN SPENCER

Monday 23rd 75p

HOT RUMOUR

Tuesday 24th £1.25

MICKEY JUPP
 & JOHN SPENCER

Wednesday 25th £1.25

JAZZ SLUTS

GENO WASHINGTON
 & HIS BAND
 £1.25

GREEN MAN

Rainbow THEATRE

Osibisa

WEAPON OF PEACE

AND VARIOUS OTHER VERY SPECIAL GUESTS

FRIDAY 10th APRIL 8pm

Tickets £4.00 £1.50 £1.00

FROM BOX OFFICE PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS
 (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

Peter Brightman and Henry Sellers present in concert

TOM WAITS

at the APOLLO VICTORIA THEATRE
 17 Wilton Road Victoria SW1 Box office tel: 01-828 6491

on FRIDAY 20th MARCH
 and SATURDAY 21st MARCH

Performance at 8.00pm.
 Tickets: £3, £4 and £5

EXTRA SHOW
 SUNDAY 22 MARCH
 APOLLO VICTORIA

AN ADVERT ON THIS PAGE WILL BE SEEN BY OVER HALF-A-MILLION MORE PEOPLE THAN OUR NEAREST SELLING RIVAL

DANCE THE NIGHT
 AWAY WITH

THE RIMSHOTS

AT THE
 FULHAM GREYHOUND
 MARCH 19th

HALF MOON, HERNE HILL
 March 20th

KAN-KAN

NIGHTLIGHT CLUB
 Corner of Tavistock +
 Wellington St.
 Covent Garden

WED MARCH 25th

Tickets £2.00
 9 pm — till late

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

Tom Waits flies in

TOM WAITS returns to Britain for a short tour, opening with a three-night stint at London Victoria Apollo from Friday. Next date is in Edinburgh on Wednesday.

BOW WOW WOW are due to open their UK tour in Poole on Thursday, now that Annabella (right) has acquired her GLC licence. But at press-time, the dates were still in jeopardy (see page 5), so our advice is to check with venues before travelling to gigs.

COMPILED BY
DEREK
JOHNSON

THURSDAY

Bath Technical College: Denizens
Bicester Kings Head: Burn
Birmingham Cedar Club: Hot Pencils/Alcohol
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Osprey
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
Bournemouth Most House: The Latecomers/The Press
Bradford Tiffany's: The Cockney Rejects
Brighton Art College Basement: Midnight & The Lemon Boys
Brighton The Concorde: The New Objeks/Men In The Garden/The Neurotics
Cardiff Moorlands Hotel: John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris
Cardiff South Glamorgan Institute: Treatment/Psycho Hamster
Cardiff University College Hospital: European Theatre Of War
Chippenhams Goldiggers: Hot Gossip (for three days)
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: Victorian Parents
Coventry General Wolfe: Channel A/Human Cabbages/Idle Eyes
Coventry Warwick University: Geno Washington/Rico
Dundee The Kettledrum: The Megazones
Dunstable Queensway Hall: The Stray Cats
Eastcote Bottom Club: The Inversions
Eton Christopher Hotel: Chinatown
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Status Quo
Glasgow City Hall: Moe Bandy Country Show
Grimsby/Pestle & Mortar: Whips
Harlow Technical College: The Photos/Jools Holland & The Millionaires
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: Elvis Costello & The Attractions
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Spectres
Hull University: The Look
Kidderminster Boar's Head: Shader
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: Twisted Nervez
Leeds Fan Club: Altered Images
Leeds Haddon Hall: The Amoebas
Leeds Warehouse: Orange Juice
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Lincoln Drill Hall: The Revillos
Liverpool Brady's: All Thomson Band/Games
Liverpool Kirklands: Dead On Arrival
Liverpool Scamps: Madame
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
Liverpool Warehouse: Black Slate
London Acton Kings Head: The Klones/The Harlequins
London Camden Dingwalls: Buzz & The Flyers
London Camden Dublin Castle: Limehouse
London Canning Town Bridge House: Dolly Mixture/The Stiffs
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Sarah & Jeremy Westward
London Chelsea Kennedys: Gillie McPherson

London Chiswick John Bull: Telemacque
London Clapham 101 Club: Rye & The Quarterboys/The Thinks
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Nashville Teens
London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic: Sore Throat
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: Lower Levels
London Fulham Golden Lion: Park Avenue
London Fulham Greyhound: The Lemons/Rimshots
London Greenwich Lord Napier: The Don't Know
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Belle Stars/Sacre Bleu
London Hayes Brook House: The Attendants
London Herne Hill Half Moon: OK Jive/A Bigger Splash
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Big Table/Motor Boys Motor
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: 7 Year Itch
London Marquee Club: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
London N.4 Stapleton: Harfoot Brothers
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Roberto Campoverdi's Cayenne
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Creation Rebel
London Putney Star & Garter: Juice On The Loose
London Putney White Lion: Inch By Inch
London Richmond Snoopies: The Papers
London Soho Pizza Express: Herbie Hall/Clive Wilson Quintet
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: The Gas
London Southall The Cavern: The Gas/The Creamies
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Mac Curtis
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Strangers In The Night
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford
London Stratford Green Man: Mickey Jupp Band/John Spencer
London Victoria The Venue: Colin Newman Band/Department S
London Walthamstow The Towers: The Razy Dazy Spasm Band
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Margo Random & The Space Virgins/Any
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: Fruit Eating Bears/The Introze
London Willesden Spotted Dog: The Mistrans/Ashling
London Woolwich Tramshed: The Reluctant Stereotypes/The Pick-Ups/Tranzista
London W.14 The Kensington: Den Hegarty & The Random Band

Bow Wow Wow unleashed at last

Manchester Apollo Theatre: Rose Royce
Manchester Band On The Wall: Sphere
Manchester Polytechnic: The Selector
Manchester UMIST: New Musik/Snips
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin Horse
Morecambe Marineland: Pure Product
Mossley Buckton Castle: The Zorkie Twins
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Gang Of Four/Pere Ubu/Delta 5
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Broadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Nottingham Rock City: Splodge
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: Mike Harding
Oxford Corn Dolly: Twelfth Night
Paisley Bungalow Bar: Restricted Code
Perth (Balbeggie) Grange Hotel: Wide Open
Pools Arts Centre: Bow Wow Wow
Port Talbot Troubadour: Any Trouble
Preston Warehouse: Bee Vamp
Reading Target Club: Zitz
Sheffield University: The Teardrop Explodes
Stockport Smugglers Nightspot: Zanathus
Uxbridge Brunel University: Twelfth Night
York Black Swan: John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris

FRIDAY

Aberdeen University: Gang Of Four/pere Ubu/Delta 5
Aberystwyth The Angel: John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris
Aberystwyth University: The Revillos
Ashton-in-Makersfield Brynorch Club: The Nashville Teens
Bath College: Weapon Of Peace
Birmingham Barel Organ: Willy & The Poorboys
Bicester Red Lion: El Seven/Shrinking Men/Johnny & The Moondogs
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Polytechnic: The Photos
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
Blackpool J.R.'s Club: Chevy
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Johnny Storm
Braintree College: The Outpatients/Acute Logic
Bristol Trinity Hall: Dangerous Girls
Burton 76 Club: Taurus
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: Woden Forge
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: The Rank Amateurs
Cannock Star & Garter: Bright Eyes
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: Whips
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: The Amoebas
Cleethorpes Peppers: Q-Tips
Colchester Guisnes Court: V.H.F.
Coupar Angus Royal Hotel: Wide Open
Coventry General Wolfe: Eric Bell Band
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlite
Coventry The Pilot: The Syndicate
Cromer West Runt Pavilion: The Stray Cats
Crowborough Cross: The Audience/The Operators
Dorking White Hart: Larry Miller Band
Dublin Stadium: Moe Bandy Country Show

Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: Stiletto
Elisemere Port Stanley Arms: Rockin Horse
Eton Christopher Hotel: Travelling Shoes
Exeter Tiffany's: Shades
Glasgow Theatre Royal: Mike Harding
Glasgow University: New Musik/Snips
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos
Gravesend Red Lion: Spider
St. Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre (for three days): Mac Curtis/Buzz & The Flyers/Crazy Cavan/the Polecats/Flying Saucers/the Jets/Shades/The Rhythm Hawks
Guildford Civic Hall: Richard & Linda Thompson/Saraguro
Hailsham Crown Hotel: The Drivers/Taxi
Hanley Victoria Hall: Elvis Costello & The Attractions
Hemel Hempstead The Swan: The Stop Band
Hull New Theatre: Cleo Laine/John Dankworth
Keighley The Globe: Martin Carthy
Kingston Polytechnic: B Troop
Kingston The Swan: The Gotham City Wreckers
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: The Accelerators
Lancaster Rock Centre: The Cruisers
Launceston White Horse Inn: Spare Parts
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Sphere
Liverpool Brady's: The Last Chant/Another Pretty Face
Liverpool Stanley House: Beatpump
Liverpool Warehouse: Budgie
London Camden Dingwalls: The Belle Stars/Talman
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: Chet Baker Quartet/Louis Stewart Trio
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Debbie Bishop
London Chelsea Kennedys: The Naturals
London Clapham Two Brewers: Red Rinse
London Clapham 101 Club: Steve Hooker's Shakers/The C-Sharps
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Tea Set/Metro Glider
London Cricklewood Red Lion: Shotgun
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: The Piranhas
London Fulham Golden Lion: DJ Kane & The Millionaires
London Fulham Greyhound: Modern Jazz/Animal Magnet
London Hackney Chat's Palace: The Ivory Coasters
London Hammersmith Odeon: Nine Below Zero/Jools Holland & The Millionaires
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Prime Suspect/The More
London Hendon Midland Arms: Time Files/Loose Ends
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Jody St./Rimshots
London Highgate Lauderdale House: The Hot Band
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Hank Wangford
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
London Lewisham Concert Hall: The Searchers/Debbie Bishop
London Marquee Club: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Julian Stringle's Jam Session/East Side

Stompers
London Oxford St. 100 Club: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: Avenue
London Putney Star & Garter: Mr. E & The Imaginations
London Putney White Lion: Sam Mitchell Band
London Rainbow Theatre: The Grateful Dead
London Richmond Snoopies: Les Electrodes
London Royal Festival Hall: The Albion Band/Bert Jansch
London Soho Pizza Express: Herbie Hall/Clive Wilson Quintet
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Beshara
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Tom Waits
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Monochrome Set/The Acrobats Of Desire
Maidstone Medway Inn: The Bouncing Dentists
Maltby Queen's Hotel: Haze
Malvern Nag's Head: Shader
Manchester Lamplight Club: Pure Product
Manchester Mayflower: Localeroes/The Heartbeats
Manchester Pips: State
Destination/Cinema Eluminaire
Nelson Town Mouse: J.G. Spoils Rock Band
Newcastle Polytechnic: The Vapors
Nottingham Rock City: Wasted Youth
Oxford Corn Dolly: Ian Mitchell Band
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Backhanders
Penzance Demelzas: Private Lives
Preston Nick's Echo Box: The Happy Few
Redbridge College: Rye & The Quarterboys
Retford Porterhouse: Orange Juice
Salisbury College of Technology: Black Slate/Ebony Rockers
Scarborough Taboo: The Cockney Rejects
Sheffield Polytechnic: The Selector
Sheffield University: The Look
Shifnal Star Hotel: John Zaib's Tactics
Slough Langley College: John Otway Band
Slough Thames Hall: Ruddy Rich Orchestra
Southport Theatre: Rose Royce
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: Any Trouble
Stevenage The Swan: Scarlet O'Hara
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: The Polecats
Swansea University: The Review/The Mob/Bikini Mutants
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Cloud/Shock
Tamworth (Hopwas) Chequers: Victorian Parents
Taunton Celler Box: Talon
Taunton Odeon: Bow Wow Wow
Wallasey Dale Inn: Games
Walsall Watering Trough: The Xit
Woking The Cricketers: Lowell Levels
Wolverhampton Gifford Arms: Sub Zero

SATURDAY

Bangor University: The Revillos
Bedford Bunyan Centre: Jo Broadbery & The Standouts/Art Nouveau
Belfast Dunbar Arms: The Trial
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: Moe Bandy Country Show
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham Caravan Club Park: Handsome Beasts
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: The Spectres
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Wide Boys/Guilty Millionaires
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre International Arena: Status Quo
Birmingham Odeon: The Stray Cats
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
Bletchley Youth Centre: Russians
Bognor Riverside Club: Flying Saucers
Bognor West Sussex Institute: Games To Avoid
Brighton Basement Club: Wasted Youth
Brighton Polytechnic: The Kindergarten
Bristol Granary: Chevy
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: Samuria
Canthelton St. Helier Arms: Shazam
Cinderford Rugby Club: The Odds
Colchester Jamaica Club: Misty In Roots
Coventry General Wolfe: Sharks
Cowbridge Youth Centre: The Industrial Chipmunks/Lotus Drive/Noble Grapes
Cromer West Runt Pavilion: The Polecats
Croydon The Cartoon: Den Hegarty & The Random Band
Doncaster Tellyho: The Amoebas
Dronfield Green Acres: The Union Blues Band
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: Charley Pride
Edinburgh Odeon: Mike Harding
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Planxty
Eton Christopher Hotel: Sharx
Glasgow College of Technology: All Thomson Band
Glastonbury Worthy Farm: Five Or Six
Gloucester College of Arts & Technology: Vice Squad/Icons
Gosport John Peel: Larry Miller Band
Goxhill Memorial Hall: Arrowmatic Tons
Grimsby Community Centre: The Cockney Rejects
Hastings The Subway: Eye To Eye
Hayle Penmares: Private Lives
Hillingdon Bricklayers Arms: Zitz
Huddersfield Polytechnic: New Musik/Snips
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Steeleys Span
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Sphere
Kingston Three Tuns: The Nashville Teens
Largo Nip Inn: H2O
Leeds Polytechnic: Q-Tips
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Dodgy Tactics
Lincoln Post Office Club: The Bopcats
Liverpool Christ's College: Weapon Of Peace
Liverpool Masonic: 3D A Fish In The Sea
Liverpool Polytechnic: Denizens
Liverpool Warehouse: Body
London Bow Tenterden Arms: Italian Parcela
London Brixton Archway Club: Zounds/The Astronauts/The Entire Cosmos
London Camden Dingwalls: Sox/Skin Tight
London Canning Town Bridge House: Ian Mitchell Band
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Peter Gibson & Ted McDowell

CONTINUES OVER . . .

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

London Chelsea College: *Profiles*
 London Clapham Two Brewers: *Sad Among Strangers*
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: *The Reluctant Stereotypes*
 London E.1 Old Half Moon Theatre: *John Bennett Band*
 London Fulham Golden Lion: *Mickey Jupp Band*
 London Fulham Greyhound: *Salt/Rocky Road Blues Band*
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): *Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends*
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: *Red Beans & Rice/Tranzista*
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: *Margo Random & The Space Virgins/The Decorators*
 London Highgate Jacksons Rock Club: *Johnny Mars' Mighty Mars*
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: *Ricky Cool & The Rialtos*
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: *Dingle Spike*
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: *Rye & The Quarterboys*
 London Marquee Club: *Supercharge*
 London N.4 The Stapleton: *First Aid*
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: *Julian Stringle's Jam Session/Von Trapp Family*
 London Plumstead Working Men's Club: *Yakety Yak*
 London Putney Star & Garter: *Isaac Guillory Band*
 London Rainbow Theatre: *The Grateful Dead*
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: *Sean Cannon*
 London Richmond Snoopies: *Les Electrodes*
 London Soho Pizza Express: *Betty Smith Quintet*
 London St. Bartholomew's Hospital: *Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders*
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: *Big Chief*
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: *Beshara*
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: *Tom Waits*
 London Victoria The Venue: *The Blue Blasters*
 London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: *The Faraway Stars*
 London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: *Bob Burns Quartet*
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: *The Robin Hitchcock Group/Dead On Arrival*
 London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: *Sore Throat*
 Manchester (Ardwick) Devonshire Hotel: *Rockin Horse*
 Manchester Gorton Brook: *Renegades*
 Manchester Midland Hotel: *The Cruisers*
 Manchester Polytechnic: *The Photos/Jools Holland & The Millionaires*
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: *Orange Juice*
 Northampton County Ground: *Classix Nouveaux/Shock/Naked Lunch/Theatre Of Hate/Eyeless in Gaze*
 Nottingham Boat Club: *Sparta/Overdrive*
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: *No Tigers*
 Nottingham Rock City: *The Selector*
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: *The Spoilers*
 Pembroke Dock Cleddau Bridge Hotel: *The Freshies*
 Perth Ramekins: *Wide Open*
 Peterborough Fleet Centre: *Burn*
 Poole Wessex Hall: *Buddy Rich Orchestra*
 Preston Guildhall: *Matchbox*
 Rayleigh Crocs: *Modern Jazz*
 Reford Porterhouse: *The Vapors*
 Scarborough Futurist Theatre: *Cleo Laine/John Dankworth*
 Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel: *Colour Blind Babies*
 Shifnal Star Hotel: *Guilty Millionaires*
 Southend Eastwood Community Centre: *The Odeons/The Accountants*
 St Albans City Hall: *Nine Below Zero*
 St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: *Bow Wow Wow*

Stirling University: *Gang Of Four/Pere Ubu/Delta 5*
 Stroud Leisure Centre: *Black Slate*
 Stroud Marshall Rooms: *Shader*
 Tunbridge Wells Traders Club: *Stark*
 Wells Bishops Bar: *The Review/The Mob/Bikini Mutants*
 Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: *Dead Giveaway*
 Willenhall The Cavalcade: *The Glass Hand*
 Wincanton Memorial Hall: *Talon*
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): *The Pests*
 Worcester Lee & Perrins: *The Accelerators*
 York College of Art: *Spider*

SUNDAY

Banff Fife Lodge: *Airtight*
 Barnsley Antoine's: *Johnny Storm*
 Bicester Red Lion: *The Spoilers*
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: *Otto's Bazaar*
 Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: *Status Quo*
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: *The Out*
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: *Video*
 Bolton Swan Hotel: *Medusa*
 Bradford Princeville Club: *Eiga*
 Bristol Locarno: *Bow Wow Wow*
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): *Bill Scott & Ian Ellis*
 Burnley Bank Hall Club: *Meanstreet*
 Bury The Derby Hall: *Mike Canavan / Two Beggarmen / Chris & Joe White*
 Cheltenham Eves Night Spot: *Nine Below Zero*
 Coventry Queen's Inn: *Shader*
 Coventry The Sportsman: *The Syndicate*
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: *Steeleye Span*
 Daventry Beachcomber: *Dealer*
 Dundee Technical College: *The Look*
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: *The Selector*
 Eton Christopher Hotel (lunchtime): *The Gatsby Five*
 Glasgow Tiffany's: *Gand Of Four / Pere Ubu / Delta 5*
 Grangemouth International Hotel: *Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commanders*
 Gravesend Red Lion: *Red Rins*
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: *Taurus*
 Halifax Civic Theatre: *The Vapors*
 Hatfield The Forum: *Split Rivitt*
 Huddersfield White Lion: *Wamm*
 Hull Humberstone Theatre: *Ethel The Frog / Badge*
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): *Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests*
 Kingston Three Tuns: *The Odeons*
 Kirkclevington Country Club: *Q-Tips*
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: *Windows*
 Leeds (Kirkstall) Bridge Inn: *Martin Carthy*
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: *Elvis Costello & The Attractions*
 Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: *Metro Glider*
 Liverpool Empiré Theatre: *Mike Harding*
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: *Moe Bandy Country Show*
 Liverpool The Masonic: *Madame*
 London Acton Kings Head: *Furniture / Dead On Arrival*
 London Battersea Kings Head: *Jugular Vein*
 London Bethnal Green The Greengate: *Scarlet O'Hara*
 London Brixton George Canning: *Southside*
 London Canning Town Bridge House: *Jackie Lynton Band*
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: *The Invisibles (for four days)*
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: *The Idlers*
 London Clapham 101 Club: *720 / Boytalk*
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: *The Newton Neurotics / Willie & The Stools*
 London Fulham Golden Lion: *Geno Washington*
 London Hackney Pembury Tavern: *Flying Saucers*
 London Hackney The Queens: *Avenue*
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: *The Elgin Marbles / The Imports*

London Highgate The Wellington: *The Kasuals*
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: *Manipulator*
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: *Juice On The Loose*
 London Lewisham Concert Hall: *Gene Pitney*
 London Marquee Club: *Dolly Mixture*
 London N.4 The Stapleton: *The Volcanoes / The Outskirts*
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: *Tropicana*
 London Putney Half Moon: *Rocket 88*
 London Putney White Lion: *Jazz Sluts*
 London Soho Pizza Express: *Johnny Parker*
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: *3.P.*
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: *The MGA Band*
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: *The Stray Cats / The Pirates / The Barracudas*
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): *The Funky 8's*
 London Tooting The Castle: *Fruit Eating Bears*
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: *Tom Waits*
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: *Travel Agent*
 London Woolwich Tramshed: *Midnite Follies Orchestra*
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): *Ron Russell Band*
 London W.C.2 Capital Folk Club: *The English Country Blues Band*
 Macclesfield Masonic Arms: *Rockin Horse*
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: *The Play / Outer Edge*
 Matlock Northwood Club: *Chevy*
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: *Cleo Laine 7*
 John Dankworth
 Newport (Rogerstone) Rising Sun: *Graham Larkbey*
 Newquay Central Hotel: *The Winners*
 Northampton College of Further Education: *Euan Parker*
 Northwich Cook Inn: *The Cruisers*
 Norwich St. Andrew's Hall: *Classix Nouveaux/Theatre Of Hate/Shock/Naked Lunch/Eyeless in Gaze*
 Norwich Theatre Royal: *Charley Pride*
 Poynton Folk Centre: *Arizona Smoke Revue*
 Redhill Lagers Hotel: *The 45's*
 Slough Fulcrum Centre: *Rose Royce*
 Stockport Davenport Theatre: *Buddy Rich Orchestra*
 Stockport Portland Bars: *Revue*
 Sutton Europa Gallery: *George Melly & The Feetwarmers*
 Watford Pump House (lunchtime): *The Stop Band*

MONDAY

Barnsley Antoine's: *Johnny Storm*
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: *Mayday*
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: *The Thrillers*
 Birmingham Odeon: *Rose Royce*
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: *Chainsaw*
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: *Effigy*
 Blackpool Central Pier: *Dutch Swing College Band*
 Bracknell South Hill Park College: *Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia*
 Bradford Vaults Bar: *Treatment*
 Brighton Dome: *Steeleye Span*
 Brighton The Richmond: *John Clay Band*
 Brighton Top Rank: *Bow Wow Wow*
 Bristol Locarno: *Classix Nouveaux/Theatre Of Hate/Shock/Naked Lunch/Eyeless in Gaze*
 Bristol Stonehouse: *Mind Tunnel*
 Coventry Belgrade Theatre: *Shades/The Editors*
 Derby Assembly Rooms: *Elvis Costello & The Attractions*
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: *Gang Of Four/Pere Ubu/Delta 5*
 Helensburgh Trident Club: *The Look*
 High Wycombe The Cavern: *The Happy Few*
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: *Original East Side Stompers*

Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: *Charley Pride*
 Jordanstown Northern Ireland Polytechnic: *Darts*
 Keighley Funhouse Bar: *Private Dicks*
 Kingston Three Tuns: *Red Rins*
 Leeds Amnesia Club: *The Expelaires*
 Leeds Haddon Hall: *Nosferatu V*
 Liverpool The Mayflower: *Attempted Moustache*
 London Camden Dingwalls: *First Aid/Radio Moscow/The Scratchers*
 London Canning Town Bridge House: *Blah Blah Blah*
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: *Simon Wallace Trio*
 London Chelsea Kennedys: *Debbie & The Bear*
 London Clapham 101 Club: *The Crying Shames/Energetics*
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: *Section 25*
 London Fulham Golden Lion: *Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band*
 London Fulham Greyhound: *Another Pretty Face/The Realists*
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: *Sad Among Strangers*
 London Hammersmith Palais: *Sugar Minott/David Rodigan/One Blood*
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: *The Shots*
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: *The Cuban Heels/The Shakin' Pyramids*
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: *Big Chief*
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: *Eddie Thompson & Rosemary Squires (for a week)*
 London Marquee Club: *The Freshies*
 London N.4 The Stapleton: *Sore Throat*
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: *The City Gents*
 London Putney Half Moon: *Penny Royal*
 London Rainbow Theatre: *The Grateful Dead*
 London Richmond Snoopies: *The Spectres*
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: *Buddy Rich Orchestra (for a week)*
 London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: *A Bigger Splash*
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: *Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts*
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: *The Stray Cats/The Pirates/The Barracudas*
 London Stratford Green Man: *Hot Rumour*
 London Victoria The Venue: *Dave Cash's Good Time Night with The Grease Band*
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: *Lowel Levels/The Uprights*
 London Woolwich Tramshed: *The Rave/The Balloons/Mischiefous Deeds/Joe Average/Dirty Money*
 London W.1 Gillyray's Bar: *Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies*
 London W.1 Gossips (Dean St.): *The Meteors*
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: *Bruce Springsteen*
 Newcastle City Hall: *Adam & The Ants*
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: *Gwaihir*
 Oxford Corn Dolly: *Still Earth*
 Plymouth Fiesta Suite: *Black Suite*
 Port Talbot Troubadour: *Nine Below Zero*
 Preston Polytechnic: *Hot Gossip*
 Sheffield Byron Arms: *Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers*
 Sheffield Marples Monday Club: *Blurt*
 Slough Studio One: *Beez*
 Southampton The Victory: *The Ammonites*
 Southend Zero Six: *Taurus*
 Stockport Davenport Theatre: *Mike Harding*
 Wallasey Labour Club: *The Needle*
 Watford Bailey's: *The Stylistics (for a week)*

TUESDAY

Bath Pavilion: *Nine Below Zero*
 Bath Tiffany's: *The Vapors*
 Billingham Black Horse: *Sam Sherry*
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: *Cromo*
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: *Brjuo*
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: *Shader*
 Birmingham Odeon: *Steeleye Span*

Birmingham Railway Hotel: *Money*
 Bournemouth Moat House: *The New Brenda's/The Criminals*
 Brighton Art College: *The Spectres*
 Bristol Romeo & Juliet's: *Black Slate*
 Burnley Town House: *Wamm*
 Bury The Derby Hall: *100% Proof*
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: *Scarlet O'Hara*
 Cardiff Top Rank: *Elvis Costello & The Attractions*
 Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: *Hot Gossip*
 Coventry Hope & Anchor: *Dealer*
 Coventry Shades Club: *The Syndicate*
 Doncaster New Outlook Club: *8 Troop*
 Doncaster Rotters: *Classix Nouveaux/Theatre Of Hate/Naked Lunch/Shock/Eyeless in Gaze*
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: *The Xit*
 Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: *Rockin Horse*
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: *Adam & The Ants*
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: *Moe Bandy Country Show*
 Kingston Polytechnic: *Ukraine*
 Leeds Amnesia Club: *Dodgy Tactics*
 Leeds Marquis of Granby: *Nosferatu V*
 Leeds Meanwood Arms: *Disease*
 Liverpool College of Further Education: *The Amoebas*
 London Camden Dingwalls: *The Bush Tetras/The Bongoes*
 London Canning Town Bridge House: *Gerry McAvoy*
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: *Kings Swingers*
 London Chelsea Kennedys: *Leszek*
 London Clapham Two Brewers: *A Bigger Splash*
 London Clapham 101 Club: *The Imports/The Vels*
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: *Ski Patrol/Parting Shots*
 London Fulham Golden Lion: *Junco Partners*
 London Fulham Greyhound: *The Reluctant Stereotypes*
 London Hackney Deuragon: *Chevy*
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: *Tee-Vees*
 London Hammersmith Palais: *The Selector*
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: *The Toys/The Machines*
 London Hornsey Kings Head: *Main Avenue Jazzband*
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: *TV Smith's Explorers*
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: *Yakety Yak*
 London Marquee Club: *The Cuban Heels/The Shakin' Pyramids*
 London N.4 The Stapleton: *The Razzzy Dazzy Spasm Band*
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: *Ambience*
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: *Altered Images*
 London Rainbow Theatre: *The Grateful Dead*
 London Soho Pizza Express: *All-Star Jazzband*
 London Southall The Cavern: *Furniture/Rumbling Organs*
 London Tottenham Prince of Wales: *The Alligators/The Wrecktangles*
 London Tottenham The Railway: *Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts*
 London Victoria The Venue: *New Musik*
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: *Depeche Mode/Watch With Mother*
 London Woolwich Tramshed: *Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band*
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: *Planxty*
 Manchester Polytechnic: *The Polecats*
 Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: *Scratch Band*
 Norwich Cromwells: *Johnny Storm*
 Nottingham Rock City: *Rose Royce*
 Oxford Corn Dolly: *C-Salm*
 Sheffield Limit Club: *Whips*
 Southampton Joiners Arms: *The Middle Class/Vertical Motion*
 Stockport Davenport Theatre: *Mike Harding*
 Sunderland Heros: *Allergic To Cats*
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: *Ak Band*

THE GRATEFUL DEAD (below) are at last coming to the UK after umpteen years, and begin a series of four shows at London Rainbow on Friday . . . CLASSIX NOUVEAUX, whose Sal Solo is pictured left, take their "2002 Review" on the road starting at Northampton on Saturday . . . And country star CHARLEY PRIDE (right) plays the first in a

string of UK concerts at Eastbourne on Saturday.

● Other tours opening this week are by the perennial STEELEYE SPAN (Saturday) and CHAS & DAVE (Wednesday). Also ADAM & THE ANTS play the first two gigs in their short tour, which we'll cover pictorially next week.



Abbeymount Astoria: *First Priority/Little Red Duffcoats/Twin Sets*
 Barton-on-Humber Youth Club: *Geddes Axe*
 Jirkehead St. James Ents: *Dick Smith Band*
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: *Osprey*
 Birmingham Cedar Club: *Altered Images*
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Centre: *Planxty*
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: *Denizens*
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: *M.S. Nightwork*
 Birmingham Odeon: *Gang Of Four/Pere Ubu/Delta 5*
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: *Exra Pound*
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: *Roses*
 Cambridge Raffles: *Chevy*
 Cardiff Top Rank: *Bow Wow Wow*
 Carshalton The Cricketers: *Avenue*
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: *Roadsters*
 Coleraine Ulster Volunteer: *Darts*
 Coventry General Wolfe: *Helpless Huw & The Hesitations: The Undertakers*
 Derby Assembly Rooms: *Moe Bandy Country Show*

Derby Blue Note: *Medium Medium*
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: *Tom Waits*
 Glasgow Dial Inn: *H20*
 Guildford Civic Hall: *Elvis Costello & The Attractions*
 Ipswich Cinderella's: *The Outpatients/Gypp*
 Leeds Amnesia Club: *Stiletto*
 Leeds Warehouse: *The Polecats*
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: *Rose Royce*
 Liverpool Plato's Ballroom: *The Royal Family/The Poor*
 London Acton White Hart: *Fruit Eating Bears*
 London Camden Dingwalls: *The Chantells*
 London Canning Town Bridge House: *John Cooper Clarke*
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: *Phil Japp*
 London Clapham 101 Club: *The Reluctant Stereotypes*
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: *The Mistakes*
 London Fulham Golden Lion: *Metro Glider*

WEDNESDAY

London Fulham Greyhound: *Nightdoctor/Tranzista*
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: *Living In Tents*
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: *Loose Ends*
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: *The Meteors*
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: *Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies*
 London Leytonstone Oliver's: *Park Avenue*
 London Marquee Club: *Lionheart*
 London N.4 The Stapleton: *720*
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: *Bill Boston*
 London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: *The Pick-Ups*
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: *The Firm/The Elite*
 London Shepherds Bush The Trafalgar: *The Exposed/Mistress*

London Soho Pizza Express: *Johnny Richardson Quintet*
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: *Sox*
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: *The Papers*
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: *J.J. & The Flyers*
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: *The Stray Cats/The Pirates/The Barracudas*
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: *Charley Pride*
 London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: *Carrig*
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: *The Chefs/The Pinkies*
 London Woolwich Tramshed: *Zoot Money*
 Manchester (Ashton) Shades: *The Politicians*
 Manchester Rotters: *Classix Nouveaux/Theatre Of Hate/Shock/Naked Lunch/Eyeless in Gaze*
 Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: *Oasis*

Middlesbrough Teeside Polytechnic: *Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commanders*
 New Brighton Grand Hotel: *Dead On Arrival*
 Newport Stowaway: *Nine Below Zero*
 Northampton Nene College: *New Musik/Snips*
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: *Gwaihir*
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: *Some Chicken*
 Nuneaton Silverster's: *Shader*
 Ripley Devonshire Arms: *Martin Carthy*
 Sheffield George IV Hotel: *Level Crossing*
 Sheffield Royal Hotel: *Bikini Atoll*
 Southampton Solent Suite: *Chas & Dave*
 Southsea Nero's Club: *Ebony Rockers*
 South Woodford Railway Bell: *Original East Side Stompers*
 St. Neots The Priory Centre: *The Rank Amateurs*
 Swansea Circles: *Black Slate*
 Swinton Duke of Wellington: *Rockin Horse*
 Treforest Wales Polytechnic: *Hot Gossip*
 Walsall West Midlands College: *The Vapors*
 West Bromwich Gough Arms: *The Xit*
 Winchester Railway Inn: *The Time*

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

some bizzare Avec i-D B-MOVIE SOFT CELL

BLAH BLAH BLAH
DEPECHE MODE
THE FAST SET
ILLUSTRATION
THE LOVED ONE
JELL

LYCEUM,
SUNDAY 29 MARCH
DOORS OPEN 3pm,
7.15, 12 pm.
TICKETS £3.00
DJs:
PERRY HAINES;
(i-D), STEVE,
DAVE ARCHER;
(STUDIO 21).
SPECIAL GUEST DJ —
FROGGY;
(JAZZ FUNK)

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6
Thursday 19th March £1.50
BELLE STARS
+ Secret Blues
Friday 20th March £1.50
PRIME SUSPECT
+ The Mode
Saturday 21st March £1.50
RED BEANS + RICE
+ Transists
Monday 22nd March £1.00
THE SHOTS + Support
Tuesday 23rd March £1.00
THE TOYS + The Machines
Wednesday 24th March £1.00
LIVING IN TENTS
+ The Helicopters
Thursday 25th March £1.00
THE RANDOM BAND
+ The Whizz Kids
Friday 27th March £1.50
DUMB BLONDES + The Aces
For information Ring Peter 624 7611

1-2-3
+
PURE FORMS
At Basement bar
Clarendon Hotel
Hammersmith
Thurs 19/3/81
Admission £1.

EAR PRESENTS
REGGAE AT THE HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
FROM JAMAICA
HUGH MUNDELL
MATUMBI
TRIBESMAN
BRIMSTONE
BUMBLE & THE BEES
7.30 pm MONDAY 6th APRIL 1981
TICKETS: £3.50
ADVANCE BOOKINGS: HAMMERSMITH PALAIS BOX OFFICE TEL: 748-2812
PREMIER BOX OFFICE 185 SHAFTESBURY AVE. W1D TEL: 240 224 AND ALL USUAL AGENTS.

TENPOLE TUDOR

Have pulled out of all present London gigs
-- but we will be touring Late April.

Apologies for any inconvenience.

Venue **BASEMENT 5**
PLAYING LIVE TUESDAY 31ST MARCH

BROADWAY TICKET AGENCY

Tickets on sale now for
GARY NUMAN
IN CONCERT
26th April

ROSE ROYCE
IN CONCERT
27th & 28th March

BROADWAY TICKET AGENCY
8 Claybury Broadway
Clayhall, Wford, Essex
Phone 01-551 4128/9

FX

March 22nd
Kensington
March 28th
101
April 2nd
Brooke Howe,
Hayes
01 994 1432

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
the blues band
Wilko Johnson BAND
SUPERCHARGE
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERD'S BUSH RD., W6
SUNDAY 12th APRIL at 7-30
TICKETS: £3.50 INC. VAT. ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. TEL: 439 3373. PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL: 240 2245
BOOK ON RECORDS, 3 RENTISH TOWN RD., NW1 TEL: 485 5086, OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM

Tel 0602 412544

Open 8 pm - 2 am

Thursday 19th March Adv £2.00

Saturday 11th April Adv £2.00

SPLUDGE

THE BLUES BAND

Friday 20th March £2 on door

Thursday 16th April Adv £2.50

WASTED YOUTH

CHAS 'N' DAVE

Plus Special Guests

Heavy Metal Special

Saturday 21st March £2.50 Adv

Thursday 23rd April Adv £2.00

THE SELECTER

TYGERS OF PAN TANG

+ Support

+ MAGNUM + Alkatrazz

Tuesday 24th March £4.00 Adv

Saturday 18th April Adv £2

ROSE ROYCE

A CERTAIN RATIO

+ Support

+ Section 25

Saturday 28th March Adv £2.50

Friday 24th April £3.00 Adv

2002 REVIEW FEATURING

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX

+ Support

+ Shock + Naked Lunch

Saturday 25th April Adv £2.50

+ Theatre Of Hate + Eyeless In Giza

999

Thursday 2nd April Adv £2.50

Wednesday 29th April Adv £3.50

BOW WOW WOW

BILLIE JOE SPEARS

+ Support

Plus The Hillsideers

Friday 3rd April Adv £2

Friday 1st May Adv £2.50

THE PHOTOS

THE FREEZ

+ Michael Des Barres and his

Saturday 2nd May Adv £3.00

Chequered Past

GARY GLITTER

+ The Belle Stars

Thursday 7th May Adv £3.00

Saturday 4th April £2.50 Adv

JAPAN

ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80

ALEX HARVEY BAND

Presents

Friday 15th May Adv £2.50

SPIZZLES

PSYCHEDELIC FURS

+ Special Guests

Tickets from Rock City, Virgin Sele-

Thursday 9th April £2 Adv

tedisc Victoria Box Office, Way Ahead

Some Bizarre Evening featuring

Revolver, R.E. Chords (Derby), Revol-

B MOVIES, SOFT CELL

ver (Leicester), or by post from Rock

FAST SET

City. Cheques payable to Rock City

Friday 10th April £3 Adv

Must be over 18 years of age

Reggae Special

No Membership Required

CULTURE + Far Image

No Membership Required

MUST BE OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE

NO DRESS RESTRICTIONS

NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED

HIPPO'S
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT at the CLARENDON
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY from 7.30-10.00
(For info phone 01-271 8073) (See p. 44)
Thurs. March 26
SPLUDGE
Plus **ARTHUR 2 STROKE**
and the Chart Commandos
also **3.P.SWEET**
April 2: Reluctant Stereos
Refreshments & Late Bar (adm. £2.00)
100 West End Lane, W6 (See p. 44)
Tel: 01-271 8073

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6

Wednesday 18th March £1.50

Thursday 19th March £1.50

ELGIN MARBLES + The Extras

MARGO RANDOM

& THE SPACE VIRGINS

Friday 20th March £1.50

MONOCHROME SET

TV PERSONALITIES

Saturday 21st March £1.50

EYELESS IN GAZA + Travel Agent

Monday 22nd March £1.50

LOWER LEVELS + The Uprights

Tuesday 23rd March £1.50

DEPECHE MODE

Wednesday 24th March £1.50

THE CHEFS + The Pinkies

CINEMAS & THEATRES

01-261 6153

Belt & Braces
**accidental
death of an
anarchist**

March 1980
"a loud, vulgar, kinetic,
scurrilous, smart,
sensational show. In other
words, everything theatre
should be"
New Society
"as if Brobdingnag had
been sealed and occupied"
New Statesman
"the ultimate in absurdist
West End first nights"
Observer
A year at
Wyndham's Theatre
and better than ever
01-836 3028

WARNER WEST END 12 34
LEICESTER SQUARE 439 0791

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

4 BETTE MIDLER
Divine Madness
A Ladd Company Release
Progs: 2.35, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30.

LIVE! LIVE! LIVE!

Millie Jackson Dynasty

Apollo Victoria

MILLIE JACKSON was back at last, with the most uncompromising sex show I've ever seen. The Apollo tends to be a haven for flabby executives who cruise into a Gladys Knight concert and imagine they are getting some real soul music. Millie Jackson made it rather uncomfortable for them.

First on were Solar Family band Dynasty, all ritzed up in glittering golds and reds. They couldn't have provided a more sanitary contrast if they'd tried. The sound was not only wooden, it was next to inaudible. "Can you London people get funky?" they teased to a whispering shuffle of 'Funkin' For Jamaica'. Not here, you beautiful Angelinos.

Their set was short, and included the obvious niceties of 'Do Me Right', 'I've Just Begun To Love You' (the song which brought a bit of Chic to the West Coast) and 'I Don't Wanna Be A Freak'.

The problem, of course, is that disco is production: bands cannot hope to reproduce in concert the sound they attain in the studio, and people have never been terribly interested in watching a dance band on a stage if they themselves are unable to dance.

Dynasty have more style than most of the black outfits on the West Coast, but in terms of live performance, that's not quite enough.

Millie Jackson is so much more powerful — wilder, crazier, sexier — than one had dreamt possible that I still feel too emasculated to make any

sense of her act. It's less that she's making great music — which most of the time she isn't — than that she really is almost shocking. Not shocking because the subject matter of her show is, simply, black sex, but because she is so unerringly on the ball about everything. Her timing as a comedienne is phenomenal, her intelligence is radiant, and her wit is lethal.

After the band had warmed us up with a "taste of easy action", Millie strode on to sing Rod Stewart's 'Passion'. Bad taste, you might think, but then Rod Stewart did once understand that the secret of life lay in 'If You Don't Know Me By Now'. In a gold-black catsuit and silver boots, her hair dolled up in a kind of broomstick over her head, she looked stunning. If you look like that, you can, as she put it herself, do a little Rod stuff.

The curious thing about Millie Jackson is that despite the aggression and irreverence of her cabaret act, her music becomes gradually more mellifluous and uninteresting every year. The most revealing moment in this show is when she follows 'Call Me' with the Merle Haggard song it's based on. "This", she announces, "is what it was like before I fucked with it." The band then break into a short country 'n' western routine, and Millie becomes a cowgirl. Yet 'Call Me' is not an especially sexy song, and she doesn't play 'If Loving You Is Wrong'. She even goes so far as to isolate the idea of "music to fuck by" by staging it as precisely that, getting the band to lay down a straight screwing tempo and then just strutting her pelvis at the audience.

The band, which included Harold Smalls on keyboards,

were pretty tight, even if black bands always make the mistake, when they're playing live, of mixing the drums too low. A version of 'Let's Get Serious' fairly sizzled and 'This Is It' was magnificent. Millie Jackson really understands what has happened to black music, even if she is no longer at the front of it. On one level her show is a critique of its various malpractices. She takes the piss out of everything from white disco to rapping, and she does it with authority.

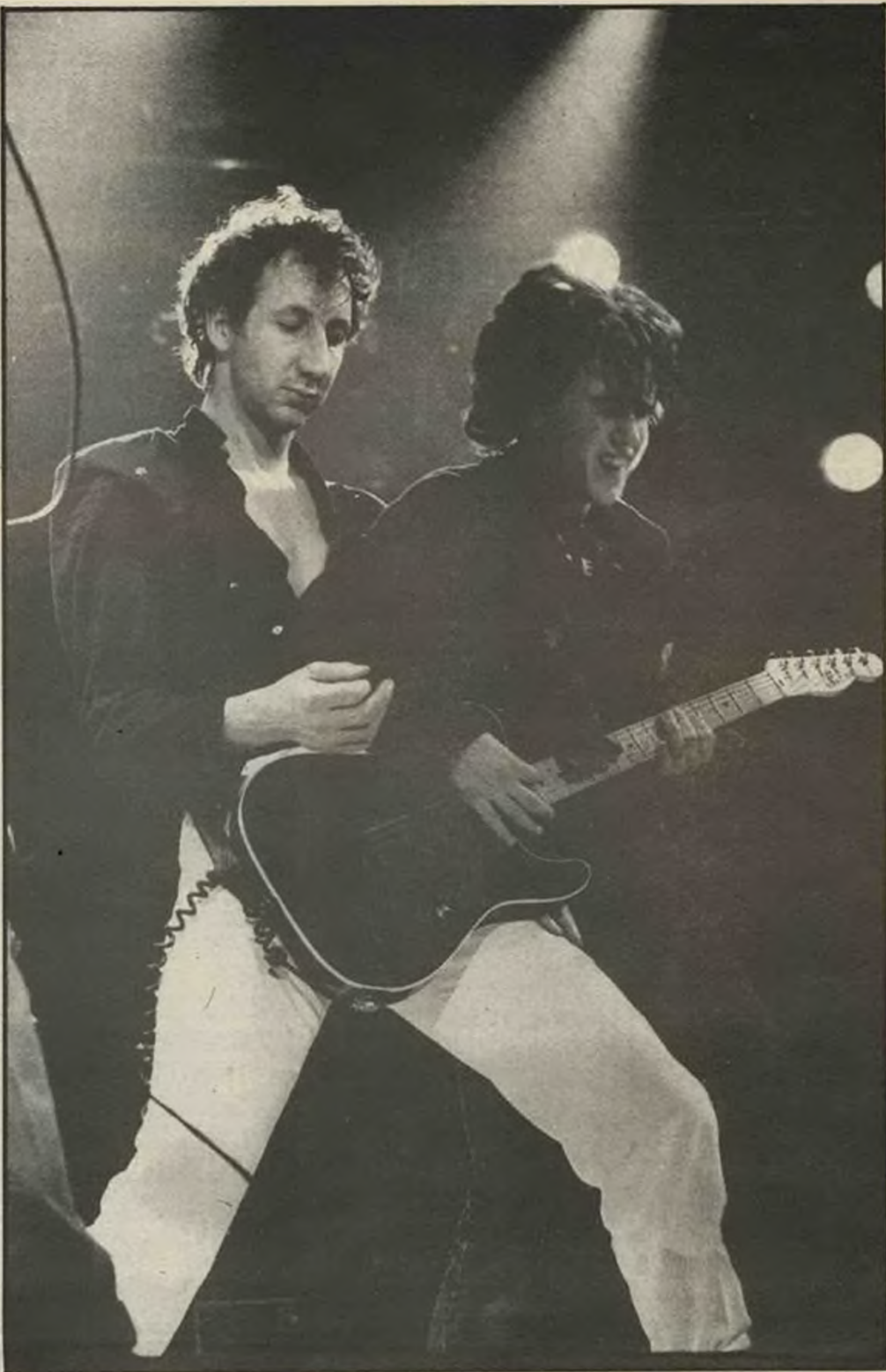
Even her own 'My Man, A Sweet Man' comes in for the treatment. As a Motown-style pop classic, it stands for everything she undermines — white man's bread and female subservience. "We're going back," she says, "to when I was still clean!" A grotesque parody of a white person dancing follows, and she informs us that no black person could possibly have bought this record.

As for the whole racial issue, there's no question of papering over the cracks for Millie Jackson. "Why all you black kids sittin' back?" she bawls. "Can't you afford the good tickets?"

The greater part of the show is taken up by a supersex medley, a sexual decathlon to end them all. This involves all the telephone soul of long-distance heartache and local-call alibis, and gives her ample opportunity for ad-libbing.

By the end of the show, the audience was in a mixed state of ecstasy and disbelief. Millie Jackson had seriously shaken them up. But will the day come when she, like many other great soul queens, abandons sex for sentimentality?

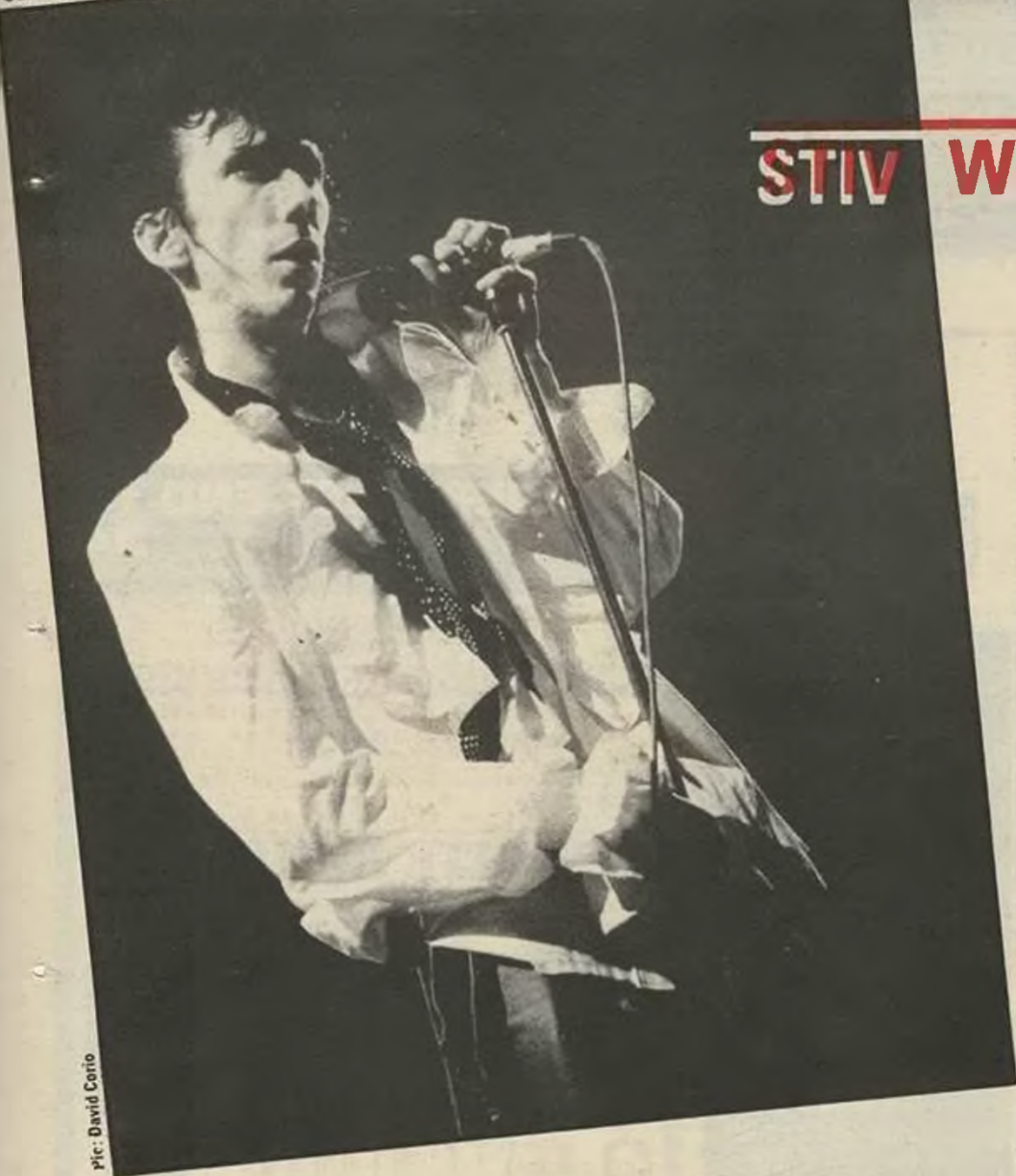
Barney Hoskyns



Pete Townshend defiantly rebuts charges that The Who are getting old by introducing their new apprentice guitarist, 12-year-old Bert Weedon.

Pic: Ronnie Smith

Stiv Bators: does the world need a new Jimmy Pursey?



Pic: David Corio

STIV WANDERS LONELY AS A CLOWN

The Wanderers Martian Dance The Straps

Lyceum

THE VENUE wasn't even populous enough to be called bare. 300 people watched The Straps with vague interest while 50 pogoed. The band play uninspired orthodox punk, which is a waste of the talents of first PiL drummer Jim Walker and bassist John Werner and guitarist brother Simon (both ex-Pack). Still, maybe the band are facing up to things: this was their farewell gig, and Walker is definitely teaming up with Wobble, and Simon forming a vocal-less outfit. In fact, one of The Straps' big problems was vocalist Jock: a stage braggart, all torso and tattoos, he's got something to say but can't get his determinedly prosaic voice to deliver the message.

As the evening wore on you learnt to be grateful for the band's self-imposed limitations. They were followed by Martian Dance, sited somewhere

between punk and futurism, the missing (superfluous) link between The Skids and Spandau Ballet. MD spurn keyboards though, sacrificing all flamboyance to dour intensity. The rhythms (at times robotic Burundi) are powerful but function as part of the band's general oppressiveness.

MD are obviously bearing some sincerely serious burden, while they keep the meaning of their pessimism under lock and key and arrogantly expect the audience to be grateful. You can't tap your foot, let alone dance, to these bitter nothings, so an encore of 'Twist And Shout' came over as some dark stupid joke. Rock and roll should throw out a challenge: all MD do is throw in a great wet miserable towel.

The Wanderers are basically the former personnel of Sham 69 with Pursey replaced by American punk joker Stiv Bators; keyboards are provided by Mark Ambler, late of TRB and The Spectres. And here was another band with nothing to celebrate and nothing to condemn and who also provided more unnecessary missing links — in this case

between The Pistols and Gen X! They blurted out their turgid noise, an aural pose which seemed to be saying: 'Hey, hey we're not monkeying around, we're the real thing, r'n'r on the line'. Of course, Stiv Bators, the stupid wizened little brat, will be the first to lay his head across the tracks. Jumping, writhing, sprawling and falling, he does an Iggy routine and strips from leather jacket to frilly blouse to wesket, right down to his skeleton. Ridiculous: but people can't laugh, they paid good money.

It could be that The Wanderers have one or two decent songs, sort of Only Ones on speed, but the echoing shrill mix drowned those as well as Bators. Well, better a Kenwood mixer near your ear than a performing flea actually in it. However, small mercies like this became irrelevant by the time the band encored (who asked them back?) with members of Chelsea encouraging guitarist Dave Parsons to indulge in yet more poor person's technoflash. The crowd was by now down to 100: most of them looked like they had toothache.

Paul Tickell

ROCK GOES TO THE TOILET

Iron Maiden

Hammersmith Odeon IRON MAIDEN — a whirlwind year of success on the crest of the new wave of heavy metal and they're back where it all

began and... "fuckin' hell nothing is like London". London is the expression of mutual affection between audience and band in full bloom. London is a confrontation between two

docile and regimented entities. London is just as expected and I felt weary watching it and even more weary and inconsequential writing about it.

The purpose of heavy metal

LIVE! LIVE! LIVE!

WHO? QUO? WHERE? WHEN?

AND WHY ON EARTH DO THEY BOTHER?

The Who

Wembley

BETWEEN numbers, Roger Daltrey stomps around the stage in circles: his caged frustration is as manufactured as his voice is limited. No band has had such acclaim heaped on it with a vocal point which, however powerful, is so strained and devoid of rock and roll sensuality.

It's a voice adequate to certain anthems of faraway times; so, yes, Daltrey just about acquits himself on 'Substitute' and 'Can't Explain', and even attains a sort of gimmicky brilliance on what turned out to be the rendition of the evening: 'My Generation'. For the same song Kenny Jones stopped being your humble competent servant, and with a great dense drum intro showed what he used to do with The (Small) Faces.

As a token of gratitude and to kid him that he's more than a stand-in for the ghost of Moon, The Who do 'Whatcha Gonna Do 'Bout It'. The Who playing R&B — but they don't have the right punch for it any more, the mixture of sparseness, crudity and subtlety so lacking on their encores of 'Summertime Blues' and 'Twist And Shout'.

These versions were sophisticated's HM, a large lump of sound which, for all the precision of the mixing decks, was soupy and swampy.

The Who have held onto an audience, but are maestros caught in their own wall-of-sound; they started losing themselves years ago, drowning in those operas 'Tommy' and 'Quadrophenia'. Although they only do the best songs from these works ('Pinball Wizard' and '5.15') much of the dull bulky spirit of the era is continued with a heavy selection of dogged material from the last and the forthcoming album. All Townshend's flailing and wheeling seems so pointless: whipping things up for... some ultimate repose after the noise?

The Who, aided by John 'Rabbit' Bundrick on keyboards, keep unleashing their torrential sound, yet the effect is of coldness, of a band clamped into a groove and incapable of any depth of expression. Maybe that's why they never write love songs; not because they're sexual politics hard cases, but because they're too busy being glugged by imprecise Big Emotions.

It's almost an emotional fascism which spills all over Wembley — crowd fever without content, emphasised by the swinging arcs of Nuremberg lights and a mock-up of the digital signals in 'Close Encounters', a piece of regressive tosh which probably appealed to Townshend and his guru Meher Baba (mystic man, have you any woolly thoughts?). Follow your guru, follow the leader — follow that band!

Wembley is a chill place when thousands of bodies are warmed up on pure, pre-programmed, redundant emotion. The Who should stop doing it to people: Daltrey could spend his time saving the British film industry. Townshend could follow up that okay solo album, and Entwistle could still be The Character... That way we won't get willingly fooled again by these paid-up pied pipers.

Paul Tickell



Yes, these lads must be genuine. Even in an off-guard moment, those legs stay firmly asunder.

Status Quo

Hammersmith Odeon

ANTICIPATION is so much better. As an outsider it's hard not to be drugged by the enthusiasm with which Status Quo's ever young audience await their favourite institution. But the mood's dissipated in this unwilling participant once the band start playing on it by raising the curtain long before their arrival to reveal stacks of lit-up amps and, later, by flooding the stage with dry ice just before their entrance. Thus, after some half an hour's wait their followers are whipped up to a fever pitch.

It's difficult to know why they bother with such suspect manipulative effects as they're dealing with the most docile rock fans in the world. They've given Status Quo such an easy ride over the past decade, as have outsiders, who usually dismiss them by claiming they're only giving the people what they want. Status Quo's idea of "what the people want" just happens to coincide with that lowest common denominator of music: 12 bar boogie.

In form they don't do much less than the critically favoured minimalists The Ramones, but at least The Dum Dum Boys

fashioned their own startlingly distinctive sound and wrote enough great mini-satires for one excellent album. Status Quo, on the other hand, have one good song in them, which they've subsequently washed threadbare and spun out through no end of hits and albums.

Status Quo have survived so long by persisting with the myth that they're no different from the audience. Early on, Francis Rossi has the lights thrown on his reflections, remarking: "Nice to have a look at yer, coz there's not many of yer that look much better than we do." And on again with the boogie. Masculine innuendoes and slurs follow and all are lapped up uncritically.

Their concerts are less about appreciation than insatiation, they're about drinking in as much as possible of the same, bland substance until you fall over or it's closing time — whichever comes first.

Minimal variation — a few tricky introductions help identify the samey songs — is dispensed with towards the end when they crank the volume up and submerge themselves in lengthier dirges.

Around here they got louder than my stowaway recorder, so I left.

Chris Bohn

SEE THEM — FEELIE THEM

The Feelies

New York

LONDON was decidedly underwhelmed by The Feelies' one appearance there. In America they divide their partisans, or else they are totally ignored. But I still believe in them.

The Feelies (we're talking here about guitarists Glen Mercer and Bill Million) are not *playing* at being weird or eccentric, they really *are*. That ultra-straight, all-American wimp exterior is a cover-up, beneath which lies the turbulent workings of two of the most jangled, genuinely oddball psyches I've ever had the pleasure of encountering.

On a good night The Feelies can convey a lot of their peculiar madness. They are true obsessives. I'm told that before they go onstage they get so hyped up and nervous they can't talk to each other. I'm repeating this not to spread gossip but because it helps explain what the audience sees. The Feelies' nerves drive their music into a

hyper-kinetic frenzy. Like they used to say — what a rush.

Some of their career moves, or anti-career moves, have been inexplicable. Changing drummer Anton Fier's name 'to Andy Fisher on their 'Crazy Rhythms' album cover (because his real name wasn't "American" enough) was taking the apple-pie routine too far. The album showed up at number seventeen on a year-end national poll of American rock critics, but a lot of people were disappointed with its laid-back sound, almost the antithesis of the highly-focused rave-up they are capable of.

Feelies gigs are still rare events, so the Rock Lounge scored a coup of sorts in booking them. As usual, there was a holiday being marked (Lincoln's Birthday) but, not as usual, there is some new material sprinkled through the set.

They open with a tape, a very ephemeral, drawn-out fragment of an idea. Very Eno, very ambient. Just the kind of thing, in fact, that The Feelies like to listen to at home to

soothe their nerves. But why they think they need to make their own contribution to wallpaper music, I can't figure.

The instrumental that was the first live number was also pretty boring, though less subdued than the taped stuff, and the instrumental encore was an undeveloped and undistinguished lump of sound.

In the middle of the set though, they introduce some new songs that are absolutely shining. 'When Company Comes' is The Feelies go folk-rock, all open-tuned soft guitars, with lovely snatches of sparse harmony singing at the end. 'Angels With Trumpets' redeems their new interest in instrumentals. Glen may look silly trying to make noises on a dime-store flute, but the song is full of ideas and it goes somewhere. And yet another instrumental was also good. A simple repetitive chord pattern is used hypnotically, until Anton gives a mighty kick of the bass drum and the pattern changes up into triple time. An old trick,

but used very well.

The old 'Crazy Rhythms' material never sounded better, though it's played very differently these days. Instead of a massed, wall-of-sound approach, they are using separate, more complex parts. Anton's drumming is dynamic as always. Glen keeps dropping his lines, and won't look at an audience for more than three consecutive seconds. But they cook. Glen and Bill have their mikes placed at maximum distance from each other, and their amps placed so that each can only hear what he himself is doing. So they each go off into their separate corners and go crazy. Somehow it all meshes perfectly.

The Feelies will never be endearing. They come off so strange, distant and cold. Yet their music explodes with warmth, and how many true madmen is pop music graced with? Grab them before they get too frustrated, or tired, or their drummer quits. They'd be the odd men out in any town you name.

Richard Grabel

reviews in this paper has lost all sense of logic — they only invalidate the entire existence of both performer and listener. Although I accept the existence of two different musical worlds, two totally different ways of approaching musical, cannot begin to understand the one which I was plunged into at the

Hammersmith Odeon.

If music does not stimulate emotions and senses, if it does not evoke moods, if you cannot love it, then to me it is worthless. But there can be no doubt that the packed house derive a rounded satisfaction from Iron Maiden. Automated and watertight as their reaction

was, they benefited from the experience. What doesn't kill them makes them stronger, I suppose, and the catharsis inherent in the whole process of lights, smoke, demons, puffing and groaning is purgative. The audience goes through a communal bowel movement. Are you ready for

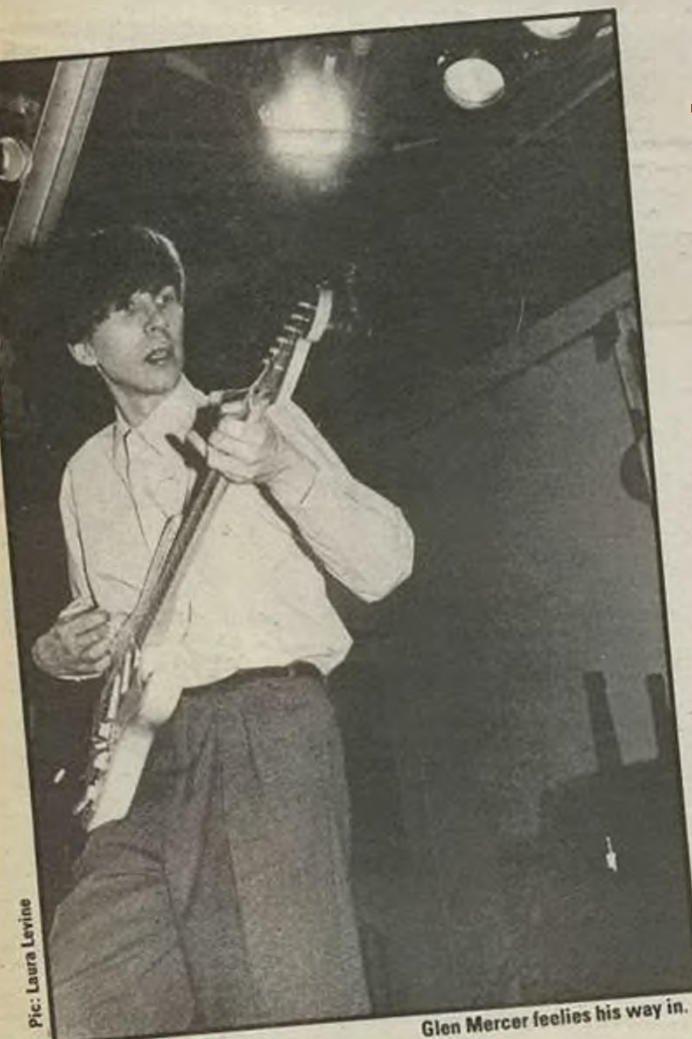
'Rock Goes To The Toilet'?

There are two ways of listening to Iron Maiden: one is staid, passively staring at the spectacle (you'd be surprised how many take this approach), slightly in awe, they nod at the reassuring and reactionary mores being re-enacted and solidified before them. Perhaps

it was no surprise to find myself beside a middle-aged couple in loving embrace, the lady singing along with every song. This old world will never change. The other approach is that of historical caricature — the brainless tendon-tearing neck-shaking oblivion wherein the headbanger finds his

evening's fulfillment. Objectively, a group of battery hens on instantaneous Pavlovian response. Consuming and producing a torrent of compressed tension. Still suffering from the strictures of dictatorial potty training in infancy, I think.

Gavin Martin



Glen Mercer feelies his way in.

Pic: Laura Levine

SLADE

New album
**'WE'LL BRING
THE HOUSE DOWN'**

CAT. NO. SKATE 1
Also available on cassette, cat no. KAT 1

plus
new single
**'WHEELS AIN'T
COMING DOWN'**

cat no. CHEAP 21

both available **now**

**CHEAPSKATE RECORDS LTD
RCA DISTRIBUTION**

IS THERE LIFE AFTER SUICIDE?

Alan Vega
Paris

I DOUBT if I shall ever forget my first encounter with Alan Vega; intense, psychotic wall of sound from the two-man Suicide, slotted between The Clash and the embryonic Specials. Tonight's experience could hardly be further removed from that triumphant performance.

The venue is a Parisian warehouse on the banks of the Seine, the only thing vaguely industrial in a night that had been billed as an "Industrial Event" — an evening of music, films and fringe events. Ever anxious to keep abreast of fashion, the chic young Parisians flock en masse to the seedier side of town, to see and be seen.

Inside, the various youth cultures — Punks, Skins, Glitter Kids, Hippies — hang around aimlessly. Boiler-suited performance artists are going through the slow motions, devoid of any emotional expression. Films flicker and loop on numerous screens in the two halls adjoining the main auditorium, and omnipresent video sets keep me in touch with what I'm not missing elsewhere. The whole thing smacks of those '60s B-movie party scenes. The boredom is excruciating.

First up are Orchestre Rouge, who ingloriously thrash their way through a history of music since the revolution. The French have an almost non-existent musical heritage, good copyists, but lacking the innovative modern dance beat. We got Orchestre Rouge



Alan Vega: the resurrection. Pic: Philip Grey.

a la Specials, Brats and Police: they were awful, the audience loved them. I went and watched a film loop.

After the video crews have spent an inordinate amount of time self-importantly encouraging the audience to go wild for those spontaneous crowd sequence inserts, Alan Vega finally minces on stage, accompanied by an unnamed girl singer carrying the compact cassette band. Flick a switch, and off we go...

'Jukebox Babe', that spatial, revved-up, echoey Bo Diddley Beat — already a hit in France, and begging release here — Vega shrieking and staring like Gary Glitter going on Johnny Rotten. This justified the wait, and the audience went wild.

After 'Fireball', Vega introduced 'Lonely' as a tribute to Elvis Presley. The slow ballad did not fit in with

most people's idea of a party and they made their feelings known, shouting and whistling. As if to add insult to injury, the tape machine started cutting off and on, leaving the hapless Vega to contend with two rebelling factions. Precious posturing rapidly degenerated into tedious tantrums. Meanwhile a replacement machine was coaxed into life.

"Vote for the other guy, whoever he is" (election time is nigh in France), and "patience, patience," were the profoundest statements Vega could muster.

With the band reinstated through a new outlet, Vega nonchalantly sang through 'Bye Bye Bayou', before throwing the mike to the ground and disappearing. He seemed a man thoroughly pissed off. So was I.

Philip Grey

bauhaus

45

kick

in

the

eye

beg54

Beggars Banquet

GUITAR TUNING

MADE EASY
AURAL GUITAR
TUNER

THE LATEST
ELECTRONIC
TUNER
FROM U.S.A.
ACCURATE AND
SIMPLE TO USE
PLACE ON GUITAR. SELECT NOTE. PLUCK
STRING AND SOUND WILL BE HEARD IN
EARPHONE ONLY WHEN TUNED COR-
RECTLY. NO MUSICAL SKILL REQUIRED.
**THE COMPLETE ANSWER
TO GUITAR TUNING**
PRICE INCLUDING EARPHONES,
BATTERY, PACKING AND POST **£22.95**

BRADMAST LTD. (Dept N)
328 ALDRIDGE ROAD,
STREETLY, SUTTON COLDFIELD,
WEST MIDLANDS B74 2DT
Tel: 021 353 3171

SPIT THE DOG

Dear Spit Fan, For Information of
Official T Shirts, Badges and
Posters

Write to:
Spit Post,
158 College Road,
Crosby, Liverpool L23 3DP
Enclosing S.A.E.

Thank You Spittingly

gemini Kickers

For all enquiries and
quick delivery telephone
orders to 0270 214736



Direct Price only
£29.95
INC POSTAGE

NEW Latest Fashion

Double Breasted Shirts. Polyester/Cotton.
Red, White, Black, Green, Royal Blue.
£12.95
incl postage
Sizes 32" to 42"
Please state second colour choice

When ordering goods, please write your
name and address clearly and be sure to
state size(s), colour(s) etc. Your co-operation
will help get the goods back to you quickly

The Original French Jean Boots and Shoes
that brought colour to padded feet all over
Europe. Made from top quality nubuck
leather with thick crepe soles for long life.
Available in Boots and Shoes same price.
Colours: Navy, Brown, Beige, Green, Grey,
Burgundy, Red and Black.
PLEASE STATE SECOND COLOUR CHOICE

Make cheques/postal order payable to:
Gemini Mail Order (M.M.) and send to:
Gemini Boutique, 102 Victoria St.
Grews, Cheshire
Business and Personal cheques
will telephone your card number
Money back guarantee if returned within 7 days



CHEQUES - P.O.s - TO: **THE ALIEN** 20, CORPORATION ST.,
BOLTON, LANCs.

MINIS

PLASTIC SKIN MINI SKIRT (illus.)
Very soft and shiny, close fitting, black, superb quality, sizes
10-18 **£9.99**

PLASTIC SKIN MINI DRESS
High neck, short sleeves, black, stunning, sizes 10-18... **£18.95**

TROUSERS
STRETCH DENIM JEANS
Tightest fit yet. Amazingly comfortable. Sizes 10-14 only **£13.99**

LEATHER
Top quality, any colour. Up to 36" waist **£46.00**

PLASTIC SKIN DRAINPIES
Soft Tight Fitting. Slightly stretchy. Black. Sizes 10-18. **£18.95**

LYCRA JEANS
Bright and tight. The original and best American stretchy
lycra, black, gold, silver, navy, red, jungle green, shocking
pink, sizes 8-14 **£16.00**

Postage add 50p minis, 75p trousers
Cheques/P.O.s to

TRINITY FASHION (Mail Order)

80 Balham High Road, London SW12

Tel: 01 673 0638, ext 5

TO ADVERTISE
IN THE
MAIL ORDER
SECTION
PHONE CHRIS ON
01-261 6172



BONDAGE TROUSERS Heavy
back leg rips, leg ties, side
pockets, tartan bumflap, and strap
Colours — black drill & red tartan
Sizes — 24-32 (even sizes only) **ONLY £14.99 INC P&P**

ZIP 'CLASH' TROUSERS A lot
of zips on front and back of
trousers. Large pockets and extra
pocket on side of leg with zip 'D'
ring and dog clip. Colours — black
drill, red drill, red tartan. Sizes —
24-32 (Even sizes only) **ONLY £14.95 INC P&P**

BOWIE TROUSERS
Multi-pleated trousers, baggy
Sizes 24-32 — even sizes only
Colours — red, white, black and
tartan **ONLY £12.50 INC P&P**

Orders should be addressed to:

P LEACH, 50D

REDCLIFFE GDNS,

CHELSEA,

LONDON SW10

Money Back Guarantee if
goods are unsatisfactory.

Cheques should be made payable to P. Leach.



PRINTOUT PROMOTIONS

"The Mail Order People You Can Trust!"



BLACK COMBAT SHIRTS. Ex-
army shirts. Grade 1 quality.
The ONLY shirt to wear!!!
Please remember to state chest
size with your order.
£6.95 + 50p p&p.

U.S. ARMY MAC. Real regular
issue mac with waist belt,
pockets and extra lining.
Warm and tres trendy. State
chest size. Unrepeatable value
at only **£14.95 + £1.50 p&p.**

BLACK DRAINPIES. Cotton-
drill trousers in black, red,
olive or white. State waist
size. Superb value at only
£11.95 + 80p p&p.



LEOPARD SPOT TROUSERS.
Tight-fitting cotton drill
trousers printed with authentic
black print. In white, yellow,
or green. A bargain at
£13.95 + 80p p&p. Please state
waist size. Also available as
Bondage trousers **£14.95 + 80p p&p.**



JUMPERS
Fluffy mohair-look jumpers. V-
neck and unisex. In
brilliant "Denis-the-Menace"
stripes: Black/White or Black/
Red or Black/Green. State
chest or bust size with your
order. Great offer at **£8.95 + 80p**

JOHNNY ROTTEN SHIRT.
Made from double layer
cheesecloth with long sleeves.
"D" rings etc. Hard core. One
size fits all. **£8.95 + 50p p&p.**

MINI-SKIRT
Real short-skirt, 14" above the
knee. Available in Royal
Stewart (Red) or Black Watch
tartan or Black leather-look as
shown. State hip size. Only
£8.95 + 80p p&p.



BATTLEDRESS JACKET
Short Army jacket in navy
or green. State chest size.
£7.25 + 80p p&p.

BLITZ TROUSERS
Ultra fashion! Tres chic!
Smart with modest six
pleat top and tapered
bottoms. Available in
Black Watch or Stewart of
Bute tartan or Black.
Super value at only **£13.95**
+ 80p p&p. State waist
size!!



BLACK COMBAT JACKET.
Hardwearing Grade 1 used
quality combat jacket. The
best available at only
£9.95 + £1 p&p.

STRING VEST. Ex-army,
chunky black string vests.
State chest size. **£2.95 + 60p**

CAMOUFLAGE BONDAGE
TROUSERS. Made from
genuine army camo material
with loads of zips, straps and
"D" rings. Great value at
£13.95 + 80p p&p. Please state
waist size.



NEW TEE SHIRTS
Top quality, wash-fast prints on great t-shirts
ONLY £3.50 + 30p p&p UK SUBS (Crash Course)
ADAM ANT (Ant Music for Sex People. b&f)
DEAD KENNEDYS (Holiday in Cambodia. b&f)
DEAD KENNEDYS (Kill the Poor). EXPLOITED
(Barmy Army DESTROY (Multi-colour design)
SEX PISTOLS (God Save the Queen)
Note: b&f indicates back and front print.



ITALIAN COMBAT JACKET
Army field jacket in olive
green with pockets, elbow
pads. Chest size with order
please. Good value at
£9.95 + £1 p&p.

ARMY TROUSERS. Brand
NEW army style combat
trousers. Side pockets and
fully adjustable. Available
army green, black or
camouflage. A real bargain
only **£13.95 + 80p p&p.** State
waist size.



LUFTWAFFE JACKETS. Well
made German officers tunics
in blue/grey with emblems
and gold piping. State chest
size. Only **£10.95 + £1 p&p.**

TARTAN BONDAGE
TROUSERS. Tight fitting
trousers in quality material
with zips, leg straps and "D"
rings. State waist size. Only
£13.95 + 80p p&p.

BLACK BONDAGE TROUSERS.
The best value around with
zips, leg straps, "D" rings.
Great fit. Also available in
white, red and blue. State
waist size and colour
preference. **£13.95 + 80p p&p.**



LEATHER JACKET
Top quality black leather
bikers jacket. Classic style
and made from tough
good quality leather.
Good value at **£46.50 +**
£1.50 p&p. Please state
chest size with your order.



TARTAN JACKET
The ultimate modern box
jacket in Black Watch or
Royal Stewart (Red)
tartan. Great with our
Blitz trousers. Real quality
at only **£24.95 + £1.50**
p&p. State chest size.



NEW PRINTED HANKS !!! 17" square hanks
white with seven great multi-colour designs
Only **£1.50 + 20p p&p.** Choose from CRASS,
EXPLOITED, DISCHARGE, SEX PISTOLS,
G.S.Q., ADAM ANT, DEAD KENNEDYS and
BAUHAUS. Wear them round your neck or
hang 'em off your belt !!!

Please send Cash, PO's or Cheques made out to Printout Promotions together with your full name and address and any alternative designs/
colour preferences to Printout Promotions (DEPT NT7) 32 St. Andrews Street, Northampton. Please add an extra £2 for all foreign orders.
Please note we can't accept Republic of Ireland cheques or PO's. We do endeavour to despatch your goods within fourteen days of receiving
your order. We also offer a comprehensive service to wholesalers and retailers. Send S.A.E. and company letterhead for details.

[illegible]

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS

L.P. Polygram (CDS) 75 £1.85 50 £2.75 150 £4.50
 750 £9.00 100 £14.00 300 £21.00
 L.P. Polygram (MCD) 75 £2.85 50 £4.25 150 £12.50
 750 £17.50 100 £25.00 300 £37.50
 L.P. Paper Polygram (cass) 50 £4.75 100 £11.75
 750 £27.75 100 £25.00

L.P. White Paper (cass) 50 £5.00 100 £12.00
 P.V.C. Double L.P. 40 £5.50 50 £6.50
 L.P. P.V.C. (cass) 50 £5.50 100 £12.00 150 £17.50
 Single L.P. (cass) 30 £4.00 100 £11.00 750 £23.00
 Single White Cass 30 £3.50 100 £10.00 750 £21.00
 Single Paper 100 £2.75 250 £7.50 500 £13.00
 Single P.V.C. (heavy duty) 75 £4.50 50 £12.00 100 £17.50
 Single Polygram (MCD) 50 £3.00 75 £8.25 100 £12.50 500 £75.75 100 £25.00

Prices include Postage and Packing in U.K. Cheques in pounds B.P.O. and five pence in currency.

Cover sets and Trade discounts apply for Ltd.

Cheques or P.O. with order please or cheques enclosed to the postings at: **WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS 100 CHICHESTER HIGHWAY, LONDON W20 2ST (0877 5091)**

BLANK CASSETTES

CUT ME OUT

to claim these **SPECIAL DISCOUNTS**

FREE OFFER: C90 UFG FREE with every £10 you spend.

YASHIMA cassettes
the cassette specialists
CLEO LAINE

	C80	C90	C100
Agfa S4B	850	104	149
Agfa CR2	920	100	156
BASF LM	549	610	120
BASF Super	880	110	147
BASF CR2	110	115	—
Fuji R	875	850	122
Fuji FX I	875	940	—
Fuji FX II	114	120	—
Kitsch UD/XL or XL II	—	139	—
Maxell UD	920	110	—
Maxell UD/XL I	110	149	—
Maxell UD/XL II	128	165	—
News Leda CR2	75p	95p	—

FREE: Buy any 3 Leds and ask for 1 (same size)

MEMBERS CROZ

	12p	17p	—
New Memphis CR2	92p	100	144
Memphis High Bias	116	120	—
Sony CH	36p	77p	—
Sony BH	75p	88p	—
Sony AMF	85p	100	—
Sony DQ Alpha	118	148	—
TDK Dynamic	87p	85p	122
TDK AD	96p	112	178
TDK UD	110	150	—
TDK SA	120	140	—
Teslima UFO I	96p	128	164
Teslima UFO I-S	114	144	176
Teslima UCD	125	180	—

FREE: Ask for 1 UFO I (same price) with every 3 UFO I or UFO II or UCD you BUY

VIDEO (TOP JAPANESE BRANDS)

VHS Format: £60 £4.95; £90 £5.85; £120 £8.75; £180 £7.45

BETAMAX: £500 £5.50; £750 £7.20

VCR Format: VC100 £3.40; VC120 £12.50; VC150 £13.95

Despatched in 7 days by RECORDED DELIVERY. Post. Packing Insurance: 1.25 per order.

BONUS OFFER! Claim 1 C90 Yashima UFO I (worth £1.28) FREE with every £10 you spend on audio cassettes. (not applicable to video).

ESTIMOTE AUDIO

ALL MAIL TO: ESTIMOTE AUDIO, DEPT. KARE
 (WIMBORNE STATION, WIMBORNE, DORSET)
 LONDON NE 10T 0944; CALLERS WIMBORNE

SHEFFIELD 2
 706 London Road
 0142 581 728

BRISTOL
 79 Denmark Street
 Bristol 1
 0272 290050

GLASGOW
 153 Rectorry Green
 Glasgow 1
 0753 707881

LEEDS
 46 Rectorry Green
 Leeds 1
 011 432 4332

MANCHESTER
 101 Market Street
 Manchester 1
 061 432 4332

NEWCASTLE
 101 Market Street
 Newcastle 1
 091 432 4332

NOTTINGHAM
 101 Market Street
 Nottingham 1
 0522 448818

SHIRLEY
 101 Market Street
 Shirley 1
 0181 432 4332

WIMBORNE
 101 Market Street
 Wimborne 1
 01202 432 4332

Penny Farthing

FOR THE BEST IN MAIL ORDER

Free catalogues for albums/singles

All at fantastic discounts

Phone 0277 224547
 or send cheque SAE to
 PFS, DEPT N
 65/67 SHEFFIELD ROAD, SHEFFIELD
 ESSEX, ENGLAND

Overseas send three IRCs

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING ON THE PAPERSTREET, PHONE CHRISTON: 01-261 6172

POSTAGE & PACKING

12 U.F.I. - Reg. 2 - 105 1 - 125 4 - 140 5 - 160 11 80

MAGAZINE CHARGE! COLLECTOR'S COPY AS TWO

FOR POSTAGE OVERSEAS CUSTOMERS PLEASE MULTIPLY ALL POSTAGE RATES X 2 THESE ORDERS APPLY TO MAIL ORDER ONLY OR 99P PER COPY CALL OR WRITE CLOSING SAE EXPRESS BILLINGLEY IS MILES FROM LINDSEY STREET OUR SHOP AT 40 LINDSEY ROAD, WIMBORNE (SARISBURY SOUTH) PLEASE SEND ORDERS OR POSTAL ORDERS OVERSEAS CUS- TOMERS MONEY ORDERS OR STERLING DRAFTS TO - DOANE TOURS, RECORDS LTD. 45/46 N. 71/81 1 LONDON WALL, LONDON EC3N 4JX

A NEW LIST OF GOODIES JUST PRINTED WILL BE ENCLOSED WITH YOUR ORDER OR WRITE CLOSING SAE EXPRESS BILLINGLEY

YOU CAN ORDER YOUR RECORDS IN ACCESS - JUST PHONE RECORDS LTD-ACROSS WITHIN 4 SAT & QUOTE YOUR ACCESS NO & ACCESS 1 YOUR ORDER WILL THEN BE DISPATCHED IMMEDIATELY

PLEASE REMEMBER THAT POSTAL ORDERS WILL DELIVER THE FASTEST DELIVERY

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

MUSICIANS WANTED 22p per word

AMERICAN WESTERN band. Rhythm, bass, lead, drums, pedal steel. Good P.A., transport, bookings. Good future prospects. All replies answered. Please write — A. G. Smith, 9 Albert Street, Banbury, Oxon.

BASS/DRUMS urgently require guitarist. Comsats, Gang of Four, Bunbury. Ormskirk 75583 (Paul) after 5 p.m. Answer this one!

BASS GUITARIST for middle of the road pop group. 16 years or under, vocal backing abilities required. Many gigs booked. Dean, 01-599 6117.

BASSIST REQUIRED for Eraserhead. Giggling band with complete own material set. Must have own gear and play DeeDee style. East London area. Phone Lee 552 9821 between 6pm — 8pm.

BASSIST WANTED for Fish Turned Human. Wit, commitment essential. Jon 455 1925 (evenings).

BASSIST WANTED, new band, transport necessary. Watford area. Phone Paul, Ruship 73251, 6 — 7.30pm.

BASS PLAYER wanted for punkish now wave band with major record contract. Must be competent. 720 4007.

BASS WANTED for My Captains, male or female. 4AD E.P. out soon, Oxford area. Ring Richard: Wheatley (08677) 3199.

BRASS PLAYERS, guitarist for reggae/Salsa Afro-influenced band. Gigs and recording. Brighton 776106.

DOLLS, RICH KIDS, Thunders. Musicians wanted. 18 — 20, Bournemouth area. Box No 4187.

DRUMMER, A skilful, enthusiastic player with good kit and transport needed by exciting rock group. David 450 3993.

DRUMMER INTO Japan, Bowie to join amateur musicians to form professional, original band. Phone 622 7366 or 675 1165.

DRUMMER PORTSMOUTH area, seeks band / musicians. Experience not needed. Waterlooivie 58870.

DRUMMER URGENTLY needed by Stoke based band. Cheshire (Staffs) 2746.

DRUMMER WANTED, Male/Female. Au Pairs, Delta 5, N. London/Herts. Greg (01) 340 9210, Mike Welwyn Garden 29590.

DRUMMER WANTED urgently for contemporary group with record company interest. Dedication (0384) 72690.

DRUMMER 18-22, Underground beat group. Influences Echo — Heads. New approach. 01-950 4935.

FEMALE KEYBOARD/VOCALS for Monochrome set type recording group. Day rehearsal. No Riff Ref. Phone 01-584 0932 or 01-677 8772.

GUITARIST SEEKS contemporary band. M. Ellis, 68 Barrieldale, New Cross, London S.E.14.

I WANT a bass player, a saxophone player and a drum player. Is there life before death and all that. Chris 01-733 0594.

KEYBOARDS PLAYER wanted for modern original group in Manchester. Creative/technique. Phone Jim, 860 7471.

LEARNER DRUMMER join complete beginners, guitarist, bassist. Must have kit. Influences Bananarama, Magazine, Furs. Enthusiasm before ability. Income necessary. London area. Phone John Romford 43762 evenings.

ORIENTAL, ASIAN girl singers wanted for reggae influenced mixed group. Also wanted, female, male, black, white. **KEYBOARD** players. Box No. 4179.

POSTPUNK FFUNKATEER to sing lead and play textural guitar. Steve 624 2602.

SHRAPNEL DRUMS, bass quest. C. Beethart, P. Ubu, S. Bananarama with admirations. 01-622 5016.

URGENT!! BASS needed to play modern dance rhythms. Phone Chris (01) 242 0262 ext. 2049 after 4pm.

VOCALIST WANTED. Original punk band. Contact Blair 837 0740.

YOUNG GOOD looking Everly type singer/guitarist wanted to complete duo. Contact: 01-499 1194.

ZIGMUNT, LEAD vocalist, impact, ultra, warm, welcomes musicians with new rock blood and conviction, ready for action. Ring 727 3896 for mutual discovery. Thank you.

RECORDS WANTED 25p per word

ABSOLUTELY ALL your L.P.s, tapes, singles, videocassettes, rarities bought for 1p-£2.50 (or more) cash or exchange value. **NONE REFUSED!!** Bring ANY quantity in ANY condition to Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W.11. (01-727 3539) Or SEND any quantity by post with S.A.E. for cash (our price must be accepted — S.A.E. for estimate if required).

ALL ALBUMS, singles. Top prices. Terminal Records, "Oakfields", Crundale, Haverfordwest, Dyfed.

BOWIE BOOTLEGS wanted in mint condition. Details to Stan Aim, Post Office Holm, Orkney Islands, KW17 2RT.

BOWIE RARITIES. Send list. Steve, 495 Winwick Road, Warrington, Cheshire.

"DAVID BOWIE" — first album on Deram label. Must be good condition. Will swap for another Bowie rarity of your choice. — Phone 01-669 8409.

JOY DIVISION live and "Ideal" (label) wanted. Jimenez, Felbergstr. 8, D-6056, Heusenstamm, Germany.

L.P.'S, CASSETTES: Top prices paid. Send S.A.E. for estimate. — Kingsway, PO Box 48, Station Approach, Bournemouth, BH5 2HN.

PUNK LIVE rarities, buy or swap. — Anders Persson, Fack 65, 86035 Soraker, Sweden.

TOP PRICES paid for L.P.'s/cassettes, any quantity. Send details plus S.A.E. for quotation — Gema Records, P.O. Box 54, Crockhamwell Road, Reading, Berkshire.

VIC DAMONE tape/record "Pleasure of her Company", any price paid. Box No 4185.

PUBLICATIONS 22p per word

GIVE UP smoking? We can help you through basic self hypnosis. For literature, send S.A.E. to Self Help at 13A Ferndale Terrace, Bridlington, North Humberside.

SPRINGSTEEN FANZINE: Point Blank No. 3, 50p, large S.A.E. D. French, 11A Thirlmere Road, London SW16 1QW.

STAND AND DELIVER Fanzine. Issue 3 and 4, Cure, Toyah, Spizz, Protex, Passions, Monochrome Set, Members, many more. (50p). 8 Blackwood Street, Anniesland, Glasgow, G13 1AJ.

MUSICAL SERVICES 22p per word

ABOUT 100 Bands, Groups, Discotheques. Keenest Prices! London's Leading Entertainment Agency. — Claymans 01-247 5531.

ABSOLUTELY FREE "Songwriter Magazine" interviews famous songwriters, explains copyright, promotion, publishing, recording contracts, royalties, song contests, setting lyrics to music without paying etc. Simply absolutely free from International Songwriters Association (NME), Limerick City, Ireland.

COPYING, BAND — parts, etc. 01-554 3213.

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how. — L.S.S., 10-11 (K) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London W.1. (10p stamp).

IS YOUR band going nowhere — Fast? The music business is very complex. You may be TOO involved to solve those persistent problems of organisation, personnel, finance. If so, give Delphac Mgt., a call for an objective opinion. (079582) 3686.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11 St. Albans Avenue, London W.4.

STRINGS PROMOTION and Publicity. Personal service. Give your attraction a reaction. Tel 01-586 5398/01-441 0182.

TRANSPOSE MUSIC from any key to any key quickly and easily. Handy pocket size chart. Send £1.00 to D. Stanbridge, 61 North Street, Morncastle, Lincolnshire.

FAN CLUBS 22p per word

BLUES BAND Fans S.A.E. 37 Louth Road, Holton-Le-Clay, Grimsby DN36 5EA.

HEAVY METAL Club. Send stamped S.A.E. for information on Status Quo, Iron Maiden, Kiss to H.M. Club, Box 430, 15 Lots Road, London SW10.

OFFICIAL PIRANHAS Fan Club. S.A.E. S. Horne, 24 Dyke Road, Brighton.

OFFICIAL U.K. Subs Fan Club. Send S.A.E. to P.O. Box 12, Guildford, Surrey.

RUSSIAN INFORMATION. 38 Dulverton Road, Faveil Green, Northampton.

SLADE SUPPORTERS Club. S.A.E. — 35 Portland Place, London W.1.

999 INTERNATIONAL Fan Club. S.A.E. 147 Oxford Street, London W.1. 01-734 9072.

TUTOR 22p per word

GUITAR POSTAL Courses. Phone: 0272 421985.

STUDIO ENGINEERING in 8-track studio £15/day. 01-399 3990.

SUPERFAST GUITAR booklet. Intro rock/jazz technique, scales, lead patterns, £1.80, rockbiz, 5 Postern, Wood Street, Barbican, EC2Y 8BJ.

WOULD YOU like to play the guitar? Then contact G.J. Teaching Tapes at 69 Meadow Way, Stevenage, Herts. Please enclose S.A.E. and state New Musical Express.

RECORDING STUDIOS 22p per word

CROW 8-TRACK. Weekday 8-hour package £45.00 (10 hours £55.00). Includes drums (Premier Resonator) and backline. Vox, Marshall, Hi-Watt, Fender, Redmere amps. Young engineers. friendly London location. 01-399 3990.

SITUATIONS WANTED 22p per word

EMPLOYMENT IN Music Business wanted. Anything considered. Inexperienced but enthusiastic and willing to learn. — A.P. The Bungalow, Bletchley Park, Bletchley, Bucks.

SOUND EQUIPMENT 22p per word

PEAVEY STEREO 1 K.W. P.A. system. Full details 01-771 5777.

DISCOTHEQUES 22p per word

CHARLEY BROWN professional road-shows and D.J.'s. Woking 63863 (STD 04862).

DAVE JANSEN. 01-699 4010.

INSTRUMENTS WANTED 22p per word

TENOR SAX. Selma/Yamaha. Sally 691 3480.

LIVE!

Pic: Robert Sharp

Julie of The Delmontes

Love of Life Orchestra Delmontes

The Venue EVERYTHING's cold and hollow in here, the colours are paling and the textures are clammy. Two groups are working with orthodox and modern musical influences and shapes but neither can manage to rise above amateurish lip service or

cynical rurgitation.

It's idiotic that a group like The Delmontes should want to play the Venue, the atmosphere the place creates, or rather doesn't create, is totally at odds with their own instincts. The gap between the stage and the audience devours the wit and acerbic edge that their music asks you to believe is lying at its core. If they keep playing places like this they'll completely lose their sting, they've got enough problems as it is. The Delmontes are sincere

but dour anglophiles toying with a crossbreed of the B-52's and Martha And The Muffins. They haven't one memorable tune to their name and seem to rely on rinky dink organ and a variety of '60s shuffles to implant their ideas and distend their talent. It's not enough. They looked awkward and fragile and sounded weak, almost neutered in fact. The distanced dispassionate performance of their lead singer seemed to personify and reflect the staid indifference which is their

major and unavoidable problem.

The spurious conceit evident in the monicker of the Love Of Life Orchestra spills over into their music. Compared to The Delmontes they seemed very much at home in the tinsel town goldfish bowl. They played a persistent punk muzak loosely tied to a jazz base — a sort of all-instrumental Tom Scott and The LA Express for the new age. It's a typically sanitised branch of Americana set up to deal with the more wayward developments in music over the past three years.

With proficient technical forethought everything is checked and formulated into a systematic, digital gloom. It is a bland, pre-planned illusion of luxury, lazily achieved, groping gormlessly.

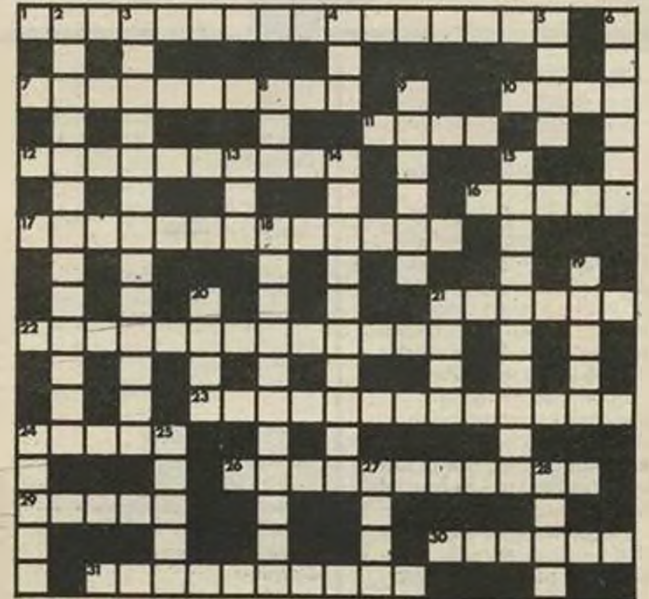
This was an evening of bores, young bores and old bores. The Delmontes are armchair cults, struggling and suffocating. The Love of Life Orchestra are suffocating and celebrating their suffocating. Gavin Martin

NME X-PRESS WORD**ACROSS**

- 1 Hazard warning from current 45 (7,2,4,3)
- 7 Best-known pair of hornrims the celluloid side of Elvis Costello (5,5)
- 10 See 29
- 11 See 24 across
- 12 Dobie Gray's 'mod' classic covered in the '70s by B. Ferry (3,2,5)
- 16 See 8
- 17 "A shattering experience" — Barry Normal (8,5)
- 21 Semi-legendary UK ska/reggae label
- 22 'Shack Up' combo (1,7,5)
- 23 Early, critically-feted Sparks LP (6,2,5)
- 24 & 11 Controversial '70s movie which starred D. Hoffman and S. George
- 26 Patrick Moore's favourite from the current chart? (6,5)
- 29 & 10 Early Beatle No 1 (1,4,4)
- 30 & 27 Gene Chandler's R&B classic (4,2,4)
- 31 1981 movie starring Marlon Brando in cameo role for another fat fee (3,7)

DOWN

- 2 Eric Clapton album (7,6)
- 3 Marty's daughter's debut hit (4,2,7)
- 4 Allowing for inflation it should probably now be called *Eight!*
- 5 Cooke up some rice for the performer of 2 down
- 6 Gifted like Trevor?
- 8 & 16 Surprisingly unplaced in 1981 NME Poll, Top Male Singer category (to be read with irony)
- 9 Village People (you remember the Village People?) album (2,4)
- 13 Not Russell — the other one, with the Adolf moustache
- 14 Early '60s US singer with characteristic falsetto vocals (3,7)
- 15 Gill, Allen, Burnham and King (4,2,4)
- 18 Portrayed by James Stewart in the bio flick recently reshow on TV (5,6)
- 19 See 21 down
- 20 Nicholson or Jones
- 21 & 19 Recently jilted Billy (I Wanna Be A Teen) Idol
- 24 Now he's a Spizzle
- 25 One of the names of Wah!
- 27 See 30
- 28 Van Morrison's old band



ACROSS: 6 'Unknown Pleasures'; 9 Andy Peebles; 10 '(Girls) Talk'; 12 Rich Kids; 15 'Riders On (The Storm)'; 17 'All Mod (Cons)'; 18 Miles; 21 George (Benson); 22 Island; 23 Mensi; 24 Glenn (Tilbrook); 25 'Girls (Talk)'; 26 Grammy; 29 John; 31 'My Love'; 32 Mick Fleetwood; 33 '(All Mod) Cons'; 34 Grin.

DOWN: 1 Duran Duran; 2 Bomp; 3 Pete; 4 Julian Cope; 5 I Soy; 7 Kid Creole; 8 Public Image Limited; 11 'Kid'; 13 Carole King; 14 Cruising; 16 David; 19 Small Wonder; 20 'Riders On (The Storm)'; 27 Ruffin; 28 (George) Benson; 30 (Stevie) Nicks; 31 'My Way'.

NEED SOMEONE FOR YOUR BAND?

IT'S ONLY 22p PER WORD IN N.M.E. CLASSIFIEDS.

N.M.E. — YOUR PAPER, USE IT.

4 · A · D
SINGLES NOW
Sort Sol: Marble Station
The Past 7 Days: Raindance
My Captains: Fall (4 track E.P.)

L.P.s SOON
The Birthday Party: Prayers on Fire
Modern English: Mesh & Lace
Mass

...live at the Venue 'mar. 19...

A-Z

COLIN NEWMAN

ALBUM (BEGA 20) £2.99!

single: inventory | this picture

Daggona Desquet

The Great George Chism Ism-ism Schism



George Chism

Racism? Rockism? Fascism? Sexism? Communism? GEORGE CHISM? Death to all isms! Love, The Ayatollah Ska Face, Merseyside.

Death to George Chism? Isn't that a little trombonist? Hmmm? — PDN.

I'm not all that little, you size-ist. — George Chisholm.



Philip Lansdale, Knutsford, Cheshire. Tears filled your what? — PDN

I interpret the name New Order as meaning joy after despair and suffering... the oppressors overthrown and the people free with fresh hope and an intense happiness. Bernard Albrecht, Stephen Morris, Gillian and Peter Hook seem to me to be among the least likely people in the universe to have fascist sympathies — just listen to the music. I feel your concern is ill-founded. Forget, whilst thinking of New Order, the past of Nazi Europe. They're worlds apart. Concentrate on the present. Look to the future. Kevin

And on that sensible note, can we bring the whole controversy to a stop? Please? — PDN

HAUGHTY CULTURALISM

I am an avid reader of both the *NME* and *Garden News* and it occurred to me this week that my two fave publications might have more in common than is immediately apparent. You're in the habit of referring to the likes of David Bowie as "hardy perennials", 2-Tone is often described as a punk/ska "hybrid", and last week Andy Gill said the Mothmen's music needed a little "pruning".

I wonder if TV gardener Geoffrey Smith is aware of his influence on current rock verbiage? Love, *Chance, London NW3* I agree: down with flowery writing: let's call a spade a spade; hoe hoe and so on ad infinitum. — PDN

ROCKISM

Rockist is such a, well, *rockist* term — and so habit-forming. Can't you unravel it from *NME's* rich tapestry? *Sonnenschein, South Of The River.*

TELEVISION

Is there no justice in this world? No sooner am I made

unemployed than *Grange Hill* ends its run. I can't even breed a healthy schoolgirl fetish. *Tucker Rumble*

FASCISM

So *NME's* at it again, pushing politics down our throats with promotional features on the Anti Nazi League. Before all you impressionable, mixed-up idiots out there go and blow the dust off your old ANL badges (circa '78), consider the following:

Why does *NME*, whilst posing as a music paper, blandly include articles championing Marxism and Marxist/leftist organisations amongst its musical features, thus suggesting that the two are inseparable and therefore we should subscribe to both? If *NME* really feels that its readers are unable to formulate opinions for themselves without the aid of its propagandising, it might at least do the honourable thing and present both sides of the argument.

So go on *NME*, give the National Front the same opportunity to state their case. Or are you afraid of being investigated by Mr P. Hain's intelligence? *Non-aligned, Wolverhampton.*

Nazi marches have been banned since they endanger public safety. Liberalism is so deeply entrenched in English thinking that no government would dare ban an ANL march. Both Nazis and ANL thrive on fear, ignorance and publicity. Publicity (good or bad) is principally sought through confrontation. The ANL are too dishonest to openly promote their real cause. That's why they don't carry posters of their beloved Benn or Brezhnev. Orwell's vision will be achieved by fascists or communists. Personally, I'd like to see the limited experiment (democracy) survive a little longer. *S. Smith, Moseley, Birmingham*

Whether the Anti Nazi League like it or not, people have the right to hold and express whatever opinions they choose in a democratic society — even if those views are in themselves undemocratic. Do the League subscribe to the view of freedom of speech for everyone except the right? I am sometimes cynical enough to believe that the League is as odious as any political movement which helps to divide society whilst claiming to unite it. Or am I just another "Nazi" to be "removed"? *Du Bone, Bristol.* *NME* doesn't "champion Marxist/leftist organisations" or suggest they are

"inseparable from the music". On the contrary, we're always on guard against the possible manipulation of organisations like the ANL or RAR by leftist authoritarians, while to suggest that the music covered by *NME* — everything from Abba, Crass, rockabilly, jazz, funk, reggae, punk, 2-Tone etc etc etc — is in itself "leftist" is evidently nonsense. There's a dangerous and stupid notion around that to be anti-racist, to be anti-fascist, to be anti-World War III, automatically makes you a card-carrying Marxist rather than someone concerned about the threat to liberty posed by the likes of the extreme right. There are alternatives to the usual dogmas of the left, right and soft-centre. — Neil Spencer.

It is a great pity that the same people who watched *Question Time* (5.3.81) didn't read a copy of *NME* published on the same day. If they had, they would have read the most informative and timely article about the Anti Nazi League, rather than listening to a most uninformed and pathetic speech from a Tory MP. He said what no doubt a lot of people find most convenient to say: "The National Front and the ANL are just as bad as each other." I would just like to say that if the Germans had had a movement such as the ANL, six million Jews would not have been exterminated and poppies would not have to be worn once a year. *D Day*

PS: following Thatcher's verbals with Reagan and her outburst in church, should not this country's slogan be "Make bombs, not jobs — you know it makes cents."

SARCISM

MAGGIE THATCHER: Now You See Why I Fight These People (U-Turn). Following her recent smash hit 'I'm In Love With An Ageing Film Star' comes this snappy little gem taken from her solo concert at the Church of St Lawrence Jewry, part of her current *Preaching To The Converted Tour*, every one a guaranteed sell-out. A certain hit, should reach number 10 at least. And if this is any indication her up-and-coming 'Rocket To Russia' duet with Ronnie Reagan will be a world-wide devastating smash. *DK, Bridgwater, Somerset.*

FATALISM

I wish it to be known that, due to the impending end of the world and to hurry things a bit, Fame will now be doled out in 1½ minute slots. *God* Don't tell us, tell Steve Strange. — PDN

ANARCHISM

Dearest offensive bastards, I have better things to do than become enraged and upset at the flippant editing of my recent attack on your misplaced write up/down on Crass. I've since been keeping very busy fantasising violently about chopping your hands off with a slightly blunt hatchet, showing your poison pens up your bottoms thus poking holes in your brains, mopping up my baby's diarrhoea accidents with *NME*, plastering it to the wall and bombarding it with rotten eggs (rather than go and beat someone up).

I sleep soundly with proof that you are very silly. May your ego burst, Andy Gill! I sincerely hope that you drown in your own vile goo. You'd all be as well to have a communal shit on blank paper. I don't think you're stupid — you seem quite intelligent actually, but it's your warps, kinks and perversions that worry me.

This correspondence is now closed, as are your eyes and ears.

Kisses and hugs, *A non-disillusioned Sharon, Ormskirk, Lancs.* Er, just as a matter of interest, how do you carry on when you are enraged and upset? — PDN.

SEXISM

Referring to I. M. Confused's (another silly name) letter (*NME* 7.3.81). If Sting had Debbie Harry's legs, little girls wouldn't stare at him. If Debbie Harry had Sting's tits, little boys wouldn't stare at her. Sexism is about stereotypes, male and female. Watch a few adverts: you'll find not nearly so many stereotype macho men as stereotype pretty women. That's the only reason more women than men fight sexism, they're stereotyped / channelled / picked on more often. Sexism stifles all of us, men and women. And although you may not have noticed it, the male stereotype is swinging from just muscley to muscley and pretty — which you may find harder to contend with,

unless of course you are Sting. *Sarah Wiggins, London SE3* But then, surely, if Sting had Debbie Harry's tits, then everybody would stare at him. Or am I confusing things? — PDN.

Keep up the good work at *NME*. You are about the only music paper left. Thanks for being fair to women, it is really appreciated. *A disturbed child, Sussex.*

ANTI ANTISM

So Adam is charging "the kids" £3-£4 to "thank them for their wonderful support". I hope "the kids" tell Adam to "fuck off". Love and peace, *Dominic*

PLAGIARISM

"He who writes in blood/Doesn't want to be read/He must be learned by heart." (Adam Ant, 'The Magnificent Five').

"He who writes in blood and aphorism does not want to be read, he wants to be learned by heart." (Friedrich Nietzsche, 1844-1900).

Pretentious? Moi? *The Strontium Dog, Clapham.*

NARCISSISM

"The youth who leaves school at 14 and gets a blind-alley is out of work at 20, probably for life; but for two pounds ten on the hire purchase he can buy himself a suit which, for a little while and at a little distance, looks as though it had been tailored in Savile Row. The girl can look like a fashion plate at an even lower price. You may have three halfpence in your pocket and not a prospect in the world, and only the corner of a leaky bedroom to go home to, but in your new clothes you can stand on the street corner, indulging yourself in a private daydream of yourself as Clark Gable or Greta Garbo, which compensates for a great deal." (E. Blair, circa 1935)

Sounds vaguely familiar, dunnit? *Michael D. Ollier, Shepherds Bush, London W12.* Yeah, I remember George Orwell used to say the same thing — PDN.

Big Jimmy Pattersism

I was going to buy the Spandau Ballet LP, but realised I wasn't dressed for it. *Middle-aged dowdy*

ANTI-PASTISM (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH FUTURISM)

Barney Hoskyns' write-up of the UK Subs Lyceum gig was pathetic. Also, apart from being ignorant and moronic, I think old Barney must be blind and deaf. He writes: "for some reason, Anti-Pasti did not appear." This is remarkable, considering everyone else at the Lyceum saw them. You couldn't miss them, the singer had bright red hair, and they made quite a bit of noise! *Pitz, a South Norwood punk*

JOY DIV-ISM

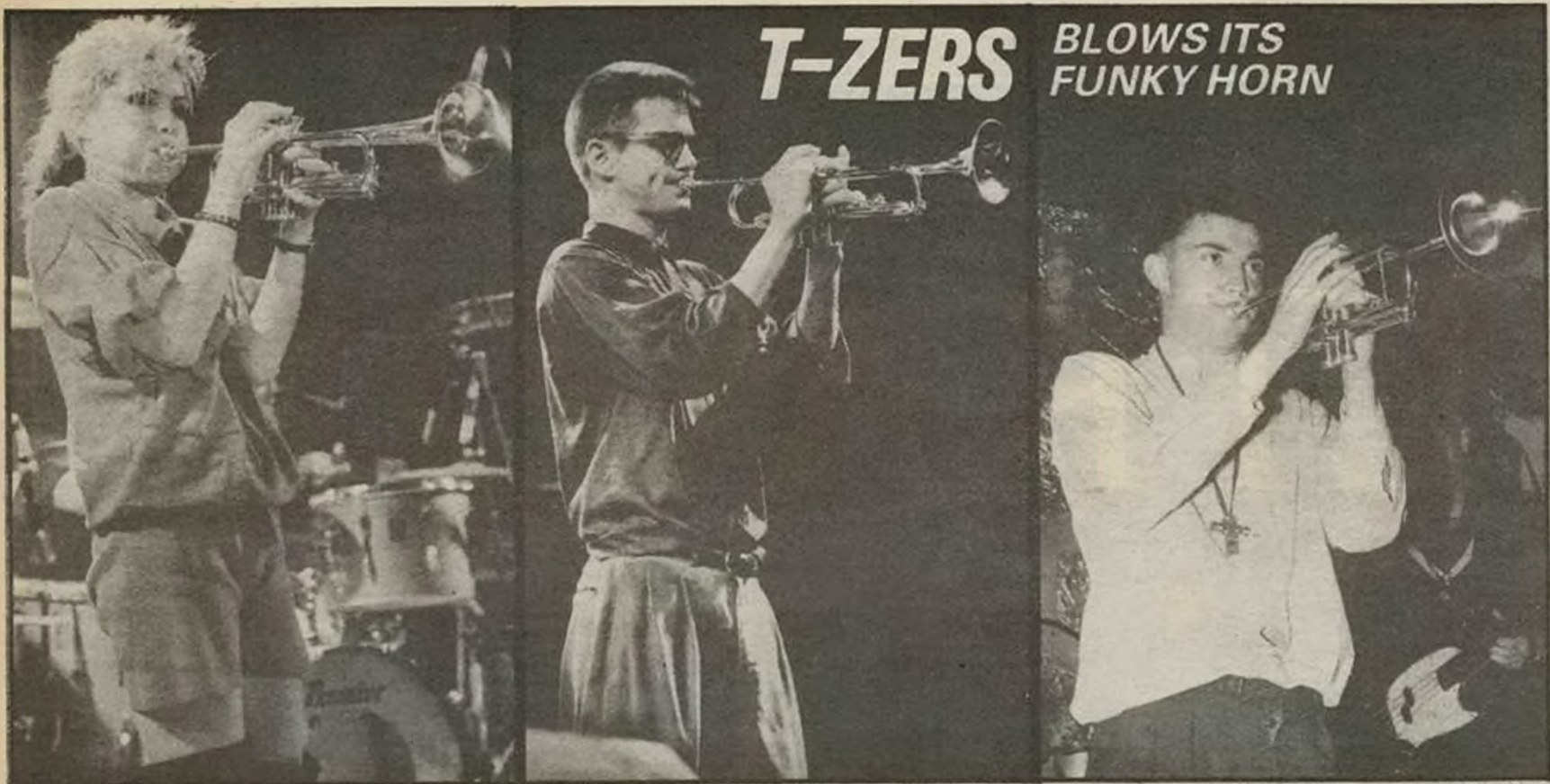
All I know is that man died, a man who alone with four other musicians laid down three killer singles and two classic albums which personally left me devastated and which I suspect had a similar effect on a great many people. Then tragically the man, a manic depressive, bid a final farewell. Gone forever, sadly missed. But no...

I heard the news today (oh boy), I stood alone in the record shop, I heard a record: that guitar sound, the tingling cymbals. I had to get closer, I knew that sound. Tears filled my ears — they were carrying on with a little help from their friends. I paid the man the money and made for the privacy of my own turntable. Oh, joy of joys, the only slab of vinyl worthy of a second listen since that single almost a year ago.

GASBAG

5-7 CARNABY ST, LONDON W1V 1PG

Edited by PAUL DU NISM



T-ZERS BLOWS ITS FUNKY HORN

AT LONG last love revived: The Clash have not only scotched the persistent rumour that Mick Jones has been replaced by Professional namesake Steve, but have also sought career guidance from erstwhile exile Bernard Rhodes, who has graciously agreed to take the boys in hand again, despite the acrimony and legal squabbles surrounding their split. Bernard will be collaborating with Kosmo 'Quest' Vinyl, the gang's current impresario. And just to prove that all rifts — internal and external — are well and truly sealed, they're already rehearsing for an upcoming US tour. Their only action on the home front is a remix single release of "The Magnificent Seven". Aw shucks, T-zers just loves a happy ending...

ASURPRISE low-key debut 'jig' at Liverpool Plato's for the new Jah Wobble group, called Ker-ang. The combo features ex-PIL drummer Jim Walker, Wobble his-self on bass, and Dave Maltby (who prefers to be known as Animal) on the guitar. The set included some 'Metal Box' material, but was all-instrumental, no vocal, and our observer describes the sound as "really unusual". Wobble, it seems, has plans to make this an ongoing thing, so watch out for further dates...

Some tres colourful and impressive artwork on the up'n'coming (at last) debut LP by Edinburgh's Scars, 'Author Author'...

Fritz — y'all remember Fritz, don't you? — the erstwhile Nip, has started up a new group with his girlfriend, as yet unnamed. The group, that is, not his — oh forget it...

Last week's Gerry Anderson convention at the Venue (held in honour of the proto-futurist puppeteer) was so boring that our photographer brought back a bunch of pics with "boring" scribbled all over them, while our reporter took himself off to Paris straight after and hasn't been heard of since. Sounds like a job for International Rescue...

Are Buzzcocks finally splitting up? Pretty strong rumours to that effect have certainly been in the damp Manchester air for the past week or so. Approached in Leeds at the Girls At Our Best! debut on Friday night, manager Richard Boon would neither confirm nor deny the

HARK what's that honk we hear encroaching from the distance? A new trad jazz revival or the first stirrings of funky trumpet chic? Seems that nobody is seen without a suitable brass accessory these days, be they one Harry Deborah, who recently graduated from The Muppet frog scout troupe to fashionable disco combo Blondie. Madness' Chas Smash proves that puffed up chic has filtered through to the East End, though ACR's surly Simon Topping — putting into a mouthpiece far left — claims it's all "bloody daft" anyway and doesn't know what he's doing on this page...

tales of a split, but a statement can be expected soonish. Drummer John Maher seems set to join Pauline's Invisible Girls on a more full-time basis, Pete Shelley has some solo work to be getting on with while Garvey and Diggie have their own projects too. Confessed honest Boon: "I haven't really been that enthusiastic about the stuff they've been putting out as a group recently." Not the only one. If the split is confirmed, the 'Cocks track on the NME C81 would stand as their last recorded work...

If you'd like to put in a bid for Paul McCartney's tour van, Chrissie Hynde's Fiorucci trousers, or any assorted artefacts signed by Stray Cats, Ian Dury and Kate Bush, then your big chance comes next Friday evening at 7.30, with a Spectacular Rock and Pop Auction being held in Studio One in Abbey Road. All proceeds go to the Cystic Fibrosis Research Trust...

At The Wanderers' (ex-Shams plus Stiv Bators) less-than-capacity Lyceum gig was John McVicar. Doubtless out of loyalty to his friend

that shows the girl tied up). He says the sentiments of the song in question actually condemn the metaphorical tying-up that goes with any interpersonal relationship scenario, that there's no question of them being anti-women in intention, and feels they've been unjustly singled out. And so the great debate rages on. Well, reader, what do you zzzzzz...

Robert Molnar, good buddy of B-52 frontman Fred Schneider, is picking up more and more publicity for his paper couture — those throwaway, tongue-in-chic polypropylene paper replicas of St Laurent and Karl Lagerfeld ballgowns that retail at attractive, fifteen-buck sort of prices. So far his order for the paper panties (just 75 cents to you) which Fred was promoting for him on the last B's visit here have reached 84 million...

To The Who's reception: a launch for their long-awaited new album cover (it comes with a record inside, apparently). The assembled and unusually orderly guests seemed far more interested in



T-zers has been ordered by the Rough Trade Quality Control Committee (sitting above), pic courtesy reader Michael Andrews, to relay the following message to C81 cassette subscribers that it has finally o.k.ed the masters, meaning you'll be receiving your copy of the special NME/Rough Trade tape offer through the post very shortly. Honest.

Dave Parsons, McV was decidedly vague when asked his opinion of the show. We agree with him...

And a big 'Hi!' to reader Graham Attrill of the Isle Of Wight, the mystery anonymous 25th Clash Caption Comp winner...

If someone puts up the production budget, Beau "Phew" Bridges has agreed to play the title role in a Bill Haley biopic...

Next Theatre Of Hate single, 'Rebel Without A Brain', to be produced by Mick Jones...

MARK, the singer with The Bad Actors, called round to register bewilderment at the ongoing dialogue in last week's Gasbag over the ad/pic sleeve for their new 'Strange Love' single (the one

cornering such celebrated contemporary daubers as Peter Black, Allan Jones, Patrick Proctor, etc and getting them to sign the limited edition sleeve prints. Off in another corner, the Fleet Street vampires only showed interest in the news that both John Entwistle and Kenny Jones are estranged from their respective wives...

Townshend, meanwhile, revealed that David Bowie recently admitted to him that he's got the world's best collection of early Townshend demos. It seems that in the '60s DB was a staff writer at Essex Music — the company which published The Who's songs — and he used to regularly swipe all the demos which Pete would submit to the company...

Pete Petrol, the ex-Spizzoid who became a Repetition, is as of now an ex-Repetition as well. Here is his statement: (*—Censored for being too boring — Ed.*)

Pete's plan now is for a BEF-style organisation called Panorama...

Pop Group manager Dick O'Dell is looking for a suitable headline act to play the Rainbow at the climax of a May 1st workers' march. If you are that suitable headline act then why not get in touch?

And the ever-helpful T-zers now brings another plea, this time from Tom Kiernan, Midlands fanzine writer, who has been granted free use of Wolverhampton's Civic Hall on the afternoon of April 4 for fund raising purposes. The idea is to open a centre where local unemployed youth can flob around on video and recording gear and fill up on subsidised coffee. First The Specials looked likely but proved unable. Ditto The Beat and UB40. And now Kiernan is going to look an utter mugwump and actually have to hand the authorities back their hall unused unless one or more musical outfits steps into the breach. Interested? Contact Dennis Turner at Wolverhampton Civic Centre...

Noted rude boys The Jam are featured in LA porn paper Hollywood Press... not posing, we're given to understand, just in a favourable article separating the picture spreads...

Wahl Heat have got a label deal with Warners, while one-time Sirelings The Undertones have done the same with RCA...

In their rush to buy up Scottish properties, various media personnel were seen "enjoying" Stirlingshire's FK9 at West Hampstead's Moonlight Club. Their transparent enthusiasm wasn't shared by an Errol Goldust minion who described them as "Godawful"...

Kuddly karate black belt superstar Teddy Pendergrass pulls a hefty 25 per cent royalties from his US albums — and that's not to mention the money he makes from his sweet concessions — Pendergrass bubblegum and chocolate teddy bears are popular candy store items. The Man will be bringing his "For Women Only" show to London in April. Sounds sexist to us...

Not to be confused with our

very own Belle Stars, a group of NY Francophiles going under the singular name Belle Star have just released a single on the US indie (Just Another) Multinational Corporation, which will be available here shortly via Rough Trade. The NY variation claim to have been in existence some four years and attribute their anonymity to a wall of silence policy practised by the home press on local bands...

Next Monday sees the second gathering of A. Rebour's at London's exclusive Porchester Hall, W.2. After Rebour's glamorous debut in January, a hoity-toity turn-out is expected for Bristol's own burundi-powered Pigbag and un-named "special guests"...

A new world record for non-stop guitar playing has been set by John Marshall, a Nottingham music teacher and occasional folk performer. Starting at 10.15 am on Wednesday, February 18, John plucked on until 12.15 pm on Saturday the 28th... clocking up a grand total of 230 hours, and so convincingly surpassing the existing US-held record of 200 hours.

STOP PRESS: First pictures coming through of trombone chic pioneer Kevin Rowlands' brand new Dexy's line-up pictured at rehearsals in the family front room in preparation for their debut concert at Wishaw Village Green Summer Fayre. (Surely some mistake here — Ed.)



NME

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
Monty Smith
Production Editor
Stuart Johnston
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr

Staff
Max Bell
Paul Morley
Adrian Thrills
Chris Bohn
Paul Du Noyer
Gavin Martin

Design
Caramel Crunch

Photography
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Angus MacKinnon
Paul Rambali
Danny Baker
Chris Salewicz
Bob Edmunds
Lester Bangs
John May
Penny Reel
Andrew Tyler
Ian Penman
Andy Gill
Graham Lock
Cynthia Rose
Vivien Goldman
Lynn Hanna

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
Research
Fiona Foulgar
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.

Ad Director
Percy Dickens
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
Live Ads
(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Brian Gorman
Pete Christopher
Lee McDonald
(01) 261 6207

Publisher: Eric Jackson
IPC Magazines Ltd
Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden

BETTER BADGES

This List Week

1	(1) Ant Music	20p
2	(2) Ants - Physical	20p
3	(3) Ants & Service	20p
4	(4) Undertones - See No More	20p
5	(5) Ants Invasion	20p
6	(6) Beat - Stand Down Margaret	20p
7	(7) Ants No 1	20p
8	(8) CND	20p
9	(9) Ants No 6	20p
10	(10) Slowx - Israel	20p

NEW RELEASES
New Order - "Ceremony" 1"; Gang Of Four - "History" 1"; Delta 5 - "D.V." 1"; Pere Ubu - "Art Of Walking" 1"; Crass - "Nagasaki Nightmare" 1"; U.K. Decay - "Unexpected Guest" 1";

NEW FANZINES (inc P&P)
103 - Fashion Fanzine 85p; Over The Top 1 - Heavy Metal 40p; Panache 15 - Ants Special 45p

ADD 15p P&P FREE LIST
286 PORTOBELLO RD
LONDON W1D 0K

ULTRAVOX

SLOW MOTION • DISLOCATION
QUIET MEN • HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR

LIMITED EDITION
DOUBLE RECORD SET
IN SPECIAL PACK

LIMITED EDITION **1+1** CASSETTE