

GRATEFUL DEAD
JAP PAYBACK PT 2
GIRLS AT OUR BEST
BUZZCOCKS BUST-UP

NEW NIME EXPRESS
MUSICAL



MOVIE
MADNESS

ADRIAN THRILLS ON LOCATION
AS THE NUTTY BOYS
ROLL THE CAMERAS

365-131057



Linx — number 22 in the singles chart this week and probably the youngest chart stars since Jimmy Osmond. "This pair could be bigger than Lena Zavaroni" said the proud fathers seen here with their infant prodigies.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Highest	
1	(4)	This Ole House.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	1
2	(1)	Jealous Guy.....Roxy Music (Polydor)	5	1
3	(3)	Kids In America.....Kim Wilde (RAK)	3	3
4	(8)	Four From Toyah.....Toyah (Safari)	5	4
5	(7)	Reward.....Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	4	5
6	(2)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier Adam & The Ants (CBS)	5	2
7	(5)	Do The Hucklebuck...Coast To Coast (Polydor)	5	5
8	(14)	You Better You Bet.....The Who (Polydor)	3	8
9	(6)	Vienna.....Ultravox (Chrysalis)	9	1
10	(15)	Star.....Kiki Dee (Ariola)	4	10
11	(16)	I Missed Again.....Phil Collins (Virgin)	3	11
12	(21)	Lately.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)	3	12
13	(9)	Something 'Bout You Baby I Like Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	7
14	(10)	Southern Freeez.....Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	7	6
15	(18)	Jones v Jones.....Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	3	15
16	(11)	Shaddup You Face.....Joe Dolce (Epic)	7	1
17	(19)	Mind Of A Toy.....Visage (Polydor)	2	17
18	(25)	Planet Earth.....Duran Duran (EMI)	2	18
19	(12)	Once In A Lifetime.....Talking Heads (Sire)	6	10
20	(—)	Einstein A Go-Go.....Landscape (RCA)	1	20
21	(20)	Ceremony.....New Order (Factory)	3	20
22	(—)	Intuition.....Linx (Chrysalis)	1	22
23	(—)	D-Days.....Hazel O'Connor (Albion)	1	23
24	(28)	It's A Love Thing.....Whispers (Solar)	2	24
25	(22)	Nagasaki Nightmare.....Crass (Crass)	2	22
26	(—)	We Don't Need This Fascist Groove Thang Heaven 17 (Virgin)	1	26
27	(13)	St Valentine's Day Massacre EP Motorhead/Girlschool (Bronze)	5	5
28	(17)	(Somebody) Help Me Out Beggar & Co (Ensign)	5	12
29	(26)	I Surrender.....Rainbow (Polydor)	8	3
30	(—)	What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted Dave Stewart & Colin Blunstone (Stiff)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

I Saw Her Standing There — Elton John & John Lennon (DJM)
John I'm Only Dancing — Polecats (Mercury)
What We All Want — Gang Of Four (EMI)
Up The Hill Backwards — David Bowie (RCA)
It's My Turn — Diana Ross (Motown)
Good Thing Going — Sugar Minott (Hawkeye)

INDIES 33s

- He Who Dares Wins.....Theatre Of Hate (SSSSS)
- Stand For Decibels.....dB's (Albion)
- Signing Off.....UB40 (Graduate)
- Rockers Meet King Tubby In A Fire House
Augustus Pablo (Shanachie)
- Unknown Pleasures.....Joy Division (Graduate)
- Scientist Meets The Space Invaders
Scientist (Greensleeves)
- Grotesque.....The Fall (Rough Trade)
- Closer.....Joy Division (Factory)
- Lubricate Your Living Room.....Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
- Totale Turn.....The Fall (Rough Trade)

INDIES 45s

- Ceremony.....New Order (Factory)
- Poor Old Soul.....Orange Juice (Postcard)
- Is Vic There.....Department S (Demon)
- Nagasaki Nightmare.....Crass (Crass)
- Let Them Free.....Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
- Transmission 12.....Joy Division (Factory)
- Tell Me Easter Is On Friday 12.....Associates (Situation)
- Shack Up 12" EP.....A Certain Ratio (Factory)
- Pablo Meets Mr Bassie.....Rockers All Stars (Rough Trade)
- Not Happy.....Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)

Chart by: Armadillo Records, 23 Queens Road, Bournemouth

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
March 28th, 1981

US SINGLES

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

US ALBUMS

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

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



With opinion polls predicting their imminent take-over of the nation, the Gang of Four's entry into the albums chart comes as no surprise. But remember — when buying your copy, don't forget your credit card. Pic: Joe Stevens.

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Highest	
1	(1)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier Adam & The Ants (CBS)	18	1
2	(2)	Face Value.....Phil Collins (Virgin)	6	2
3	(5)	Journeys To Glory Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	3	3
4	(6)	Jazz Singer.....Neil Diamond (Capitol)	17	4
5	(3)	Vienna.....Ultravox (Chrysalis)	8	2
6	(10)	Makin' Movies.....Dire Straits (Vertigo)	11	5
7	(9)	Difficult To Cure.....Rainbow (Polydor)	4	4
7	(7)	Dance Craze.....Soundtrack (2-Tone)	6	6
9	(4)	Stray Cats.....Stray Cats (Capitol)	4	4
10	(12)	Southern Freeez.....Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	7	10
11	(11)	Manilow Magic.....Barry Manilow (Arista)	32	3
12	(17)	Visage.....Visage (Polydor)	8	10
13	(—)	Face Dances.....The Who (Polydor)	1	13
14	(8)	Double Fantasy John Lennon and Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	18	1
15	(15)	Remain In Light.....Talking Heads (Sire)	5	15
16	(16)	Very Best Of.....Rita Coolidge (A&M)	2	16
17	(22)	Dirk Wears White Sox Adam & The Ants (Do It)	6	17
18	(—)	Hotter Than July.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)	19	1
19	(—)	Never Too Late.....Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	19
20	(19)	Another Ticket.....Eric Clapton (RSO)	3	20
21	(—)	20 Golden Greats.....Al Jolson (MCA)	1	21
22	(—)	From The Tearooms.....Landscape (RCA)	1	22
23	(—)	Sound Affects.....Jam (Polydor)	6	3
24	(14)	Moving Pictures.....Rush (Phonogram)	6	7
25	(23)	Guilty.....Barbra Streisand (CBS)	23	2
25	(—)	Imagination.....Whispers (Solar)	1	25
25	(—)	Solid Gold.....Gang Of Four (EMI)	1	25
28	(21)	Killers.....Iron Maiden (EMI)	4	15
29	(23)	Barry.....Barry Manilow (Arista)	16	4
30	(—)	He Who Dares Wins.. Theatre Of Hate (SSSSS)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

We'll Bring The House Down — Slade (Cheapskate)
Sky 3 — Sky (Ariola)
McCartney Interview — Paul McCartney (EMI)
Guitar Man — Elvis Presley (RCA)
Rhythm 'N' Reggae — Various (K-Tel)
Music For Stowaways — B.E.F. (Virgin)

5 YEARS AGO

- Save Your Kisses For Me.....Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
- I Love To Love.....Tina Charles (CBS)
- Love Really Hurts Without You.....Billy Ocean (GTO)
- You See The Trouble With Me.....Barry White (20th Century)
- I Wanna Stay With You.....Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)
- Convoy.....C. W. McCall (MGM)
- People Like Me, People Like You.....Glitter Band (Bell)
- You Don't Have To Say You Love Me.....Guys and Dolls (Magnet)
- Falling Apart At The Seams.....Marmalade (Target)
- Yesterday.....Beatles (Apple)

Week ending March 27, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

- The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore.....Walker Brothers (Philips)
- I Can't Let Go.....Hollies (Parlophone)
- Elusive Butterfly.....Bob Lind (Fontana)
- Make The World Go Away.....Eddy Arnold (RCA)
- Shapes Of Things.....Yardbirds (Columbia)
- Dedicated Follower Of Fashion.....Kinks (Pye)
- Somebody Help Me.....Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
- Elusive Butterfly.....Val Doonican (Decca)
- Sound Of Silence.....Bachelors (Decca)
- Barbara Ann.....Beach Boys (Capitol)

Week ending April 1, 1966

10 YEARS AGO

- Hot Love.....T. Rex (Fly)
- Rose Garden.....Lynn Anderson (CBS)
- Another Day.....Paul McCartney (Apple)
- Bridget The Midget.....Ray Stevens (CBS)
- Baby Jump.....Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
- Jack In The Box.....Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
- Power To The People.....John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
- Theme From Love Story.....Andy Williams (CBS)
- Sweet Caroline.....Neil Diamond (UNI)
- Strange Kind Of Woman.....Deep Purple (Harvest)

Week ending March 31, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

- Wooden Heart.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
- Are You Sure.....Allisons (Fontana)
- Theme For A Dream.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
- Walk Right Back.....Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
- My Kind Of Girl.....Matt Monro (Parlophone)
- Exodus.....Ferrante and Teicher (London)
- Lazy River.....Bobby Darin (London)
- Will You Love Me Tomorrow.....Shirley Bassey (Top Rank)
- And The Heavens Cried.....Anthony Newley (Decca)
- FBI.....Shadows (Columbia)

Week ending March 31, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

RETURN OF THE LOS PALMAS AND DISTRICT TIMES

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Ants and Dexys play for multiple sclerosis

ADAM & THE ANTS, Dexys Midnight Runners and Lene Lovich are among acts confirmed for a big charity show at London's Victoria Theatre on Tuesday, April 28, to launch the Stuart Henry Multiple Sclerosis Appeal.

The event is not open to the public, and admission is by invitation only, with people in the music business paying up to £10 for the privilege of attending. But this is just the first of a series of special benefit concerts for the same cause, to be staged during the course of this year — and the remainder will be open to the general public.

Luxembourg disc jockey Stuart Henry is spearheading the campaign, as he is himself suffering from sclerosis — he now walks with the aid of two sticks, and expects to be confined to a wheelchair by next year. Although it's expected that Billy Connolly will be linkman in the Venue show, Henry is likely to compare at least some of the subsequent concerts.

The Sclerosis Society said that Paul McCartney and members of The Police and Genesis are among personalities anxious to attend the show — though not necessarily to perform. "But with that kind of interest, we can anticipate some really big names for the following concerts," commented spokesman Martin Bostock.

Rainbow's new venue

A NEW London rock venue called Rainbow 2 opens next week. It's situated in the large entrance hall of the Rainbow Theatre in Finsbury Park, and has a capacity of 1,000 standing, with sufficient room for 200 to sit and drink.

It's hoped to bridge the gap between smaller venues like Dingwalls and the Hope & Anchor, and larger halls such as Hammersmith Odeon and the Lyceum. Extensive alterations have seen the erection of a stage, soundproofing, and the installation of large video screens in the Rainbow foyer to enable people to see the bands from the bar area.

First bookings for Rainbow 2 are The Mo-dettes and The Belle Stars (April 1), John Cooper Clarke (2), Ronnie Lane Band (3) and Black Slate (5).

Also opening in London next week is The Pits in Euston Road, situated opposite Gt Portland Street tube. It's licensed until 1am, and a new stage, lighting rig and PA have been installed. Initial bookings are The Spectres (April 2), Modern Jazz (3), Hank Wangford (4), Manufactured Romance (6), Geno Washington (7) and The Random Band (8) — with Micky Jupp, The Purple Hearts and Yachts following shortly.

Bow Wows blow tour

BOW WOW WOW's tour failed to get off the ground last weekend, as manager Malcolm McLaren had threatened after announcing that he had taken the group away from EMI Records because of their unwillingness to underwrite Annabella Lu Win's tutor.

It's still possible that they may play one or two dates in the south later in the projected itinerary — notably London Lyceum on April 12 — as they would then be operating from their home base, and a tutor would not be needed.



Bye bye Buzzcocks L-R: Steve Garvey, Steve Diggle, Pete Shelley, John Maher.

Pic: Sheila Rock

BUZZCOCKS have split. Final confirmation of the news came with the announcement by group manager Richard Boon of New Hormones that Pete Shelley left the band with effect from March 6.

By way of explanation, Shelley has offered the comment "I left the band to become a Social Democrat" — but more importantly, it's known that he is already in the process of recording some solo material, with a view to launching a new career, possibly working with other musicians on an occasional basis.

The remaining three Buzzcocks — Steve Diggle, John Maher and Steve Garvey —

Buzzcocks split by PAUL DU NOYER

are officially still under contract to EMI, but their plans are far from certain at the moment. EMI are currently considering their position with regard to the group: their decision will rest upon the new material, if any, which the remaining three offer them.

John Maher, as previously reported, will in any case be spending the immediate future as one of The Invisible Girls, Pauline Murray's group. Steve Garvey, too, has plans to play with other musicians, at least on an informal basis. But the general uncertainty is compounded by various

legal problems which have yet to be resolved.

Dissatisfaction with the group's musical progress is cited as the chief reason for the break-up — a feeling which was shared by all in the band for some time — and Shelley's decision to leave has not come as a complete surprise. According to Richard Boon, matters have not been helped by the original record company United Artists whose employees, over the course of their absorption into EMI, have been unable to devote sufficient attention to the group.

Although confessing himself saddened by the split, Boon also describes it as "one of the most exciting things they've done" in terms of their potential to develop away from the atmosphere of Buzzcocks, which was becoming stifling for all concerned.

This man died in a British jail.



The verdict was self-neglect. On the anniversary of his death, we reveal the findings of an independent inquiry which accuses the prison authorities of negligence rooted in racism.

LIES AFTER DEATH

ON MARCH 31 last year, Richard 'Cartoon' Campbell, a 19-year-old Rastafarian, was found dead in his cell at Ashford Remand Centre, Middlesex (Thrills 9.8.80).

Campbell was on remand for medical and psychiatric reports after his use of Rasta terms had created doubts about his mental state in the minds of the police. He had been charged and pleaded guilty to

By RICHARD McDERMOTT attempted burglary.

Despite the triviality of the alleged offence, Campbell's situation at Ashford became such that he was force-fed and given a series of psychotropic drugs: Depixol, Stemetil and Largactil were cited in the pathologists' evidence at the inquest. All are regularly used to quieten

unruly prisoners.

It is now also claimed that remand centre authorities tried to block his entrance to two separate outside hospitals shortly before he died.

Effectively, the authorities interpreted his faith as schizophrenia but refused to accord him decent medical treatment. When he died alone in his cell after 22 days in

■ Continues over

ROLL YOUR OWN!

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.



LIES AFTER DEATH

■ From previous page

Ashford, Campbell's family had not been told where he was, nor had any lawyer been appointed to represent him.

Since his death and the shock waves it engendered, the campaign calling for a Government-sponsored public inquiry into Campbell's death has been matched only by Home Office excuses. No such inquiry has been deemed necessary, so campaign supporters instituted their own 'independent' inquiry, held at the end of last November.

The inquiry was convened by the Battersea and Wandsworth Trades Council, and the panel led by Tooting MP Tom Cox. Other panel members included Maurice Styles, a member of the TUC Race Relations Advisory Committee; the Archdeacon of Wandsworth; journalist Paul Foot; and consultant psychiatrist Tony Whitehead. Among others, they heard evidence from Roger Geary (author of the National Council for Civil Liberties' report *Deaths in Custody*); Tim Owen, co-ordinator of Radical Alternatives to Prison; South Battersea Labour MP Alf Dubs, a continuous campaigner in the case; and Geoff Coggan of PROP, the prisoners' rights organisation.

The inquiry's report has been made available before publication to *Thrills* (it will be presented in a press conference at the House of Commons next Monday). It presents a damning portrayal — specifically of how Campbell himself was treated and more generally of how blacks (particularly Rastafarians) are treated in English prisons.

Some startling facts emerge. The report points out that the rate of suicide in prisons is now six times that of the population as a whole. It presents evidence that four out of every ten blacks in Britain now serve some form of imprisonment (remand is included) before they reach the age of 21.

The situation for black prisoners is doubly hard, suggests the inquiry, since blacks have to face the ordinary hardships of prison life and also run the risk of racist incidents and attitudes.

One witness who worked in Ashford's hospital wing, and knew Campbell there, told the inquiry: "They treat you like animals in there. Blacks particularly are treated very badly... on a rota of duties you always see the blacks' names more than others. They make them do things like scrub floors and just when they finish make them do it all over again. I remember them making Richard change sheets after one of the boys had shit in it."

Another fellow prisoner described Richard at Ashford: "I could hear him you know, shouting at night... clinging to the bars of the windows... he used to shout 'Gimme a chance'."

The report goes on to demonstrate the difficulties Rastafarians face in prison — despite the fact that something



Judy Evans pic: Steve Dixon

like 28% of black prisoners see themselves as of the faith. To begin with, a Home Office guideline decrees that Rastafarianism "does not qualify as a religious denomination for the purpose of Section 10(5) of the Prison Act 1952, which requires a Governor to record on reception the religious denomination to which a prisoner declares himself to belong... It follows that no facilities such as access by visiting 'minister', holding of services, provision of devotional books from public funds or acceptance of periodicals under SO4A(3) will be afforded."

In practice, the strict dietary laws of the Rasta faith are frequently ignored. And, in addition, prison officers are entitled to use 'reasonable force' to cut an inmate's dreadlocks (in prisons, only another name for long hair).

More alarmingly, the report points out that devout Rastafarians can be — and in Campbell's case, have been — seen as mentally unstable by prison officers and doctors who either do not understand or do not wish to understand the languages and impulses inherent in their religion.

The standard of nursing care for male prisoners, the state of Ashford Remand Centre itself

(two young prisoners who died there in 1973 were also blacks; the place was originally built over 100 years ago as an orphanage and is now seriously overcrowded); the physical treatment meted out to Campbell; and the conduct of inquests — all are severely criticised in the report.

At Campbell's official inquest an unhappy jury settled on a verdict of 'self-neglect' because they were instructed by the coroner that a verdict of 'negligence by the authorities' was 'inappropriate' to the case. Yet this is precisely the verdict reached by the inquiry panel.

In the words of their to-be-published findings: "Richard did not die from 'self-neglect'... he was a hapless victim of a series of crucial failures by the authorities — failures based on a lack of respect for Richard and on a racism that underpinned almost every aspect of the system."

Next Tuesday was to have seen a march in Richard's memory, but because of the blanket Home Office ban on marches in the Metropolitan area during this month it cannot now take place. Instead, Richard's family and friends and the campaign supporters will be gathering at Tooting Broadway at 1 pm to leaflet work places and amusement

The Secret Gigs Of Plant

ROBERT PLANT played a secret gig at Keele University in Staffordshire last week, fronting a seven-piece band called The Honeysuckers. They took the stage shortly after the evening's main band Dr Feelgood finishing their set, and played in a small room above the main hall, with admission restricted to 150.

Rumours of stirrings in the Led Zeppelin camp are now rife — as reported two weeks ago, there's talk of the remaining members launching a splinter group, and suggestions that Plant might form an alliance with Dave Edmunds. At the Keele gig, there were whispers about Edmunds showing up but in the end the only musicians used were old friends and neighbours of Plant's.

Opening with a version of Elvis Presley's 'Little Sister', Plant performed 90 minutes of blues and rock'n'roll — including songs by Arthur

arcades, and they will also picket the Home Office.

The campaign supporters have fought a year for a Home office-initiated public inquiry. If the current action and the findings of the independent

ADRIAN THRILLS witnesses a dream debut

WARM GIRLS, HOT NIGHT

FOR A group who announced their stunning new pop potential with two of last year's most enthralling independent singles, Girls At Our Best! have been a long time in transferring their talents to the stage — a full 12 months from the release of their 'Warm Girls' debut last March to this their first ever live appearance; number one of a brief series in selected northern clubs and halls over the next month!

Considering the reasons for the delay — a quest for musical maturity, the search for a sympathetic drummer and a reluctance to get sucked into the sapping mire of slogging, gigging and generally paying their dues — the wait has been well worth it!

Those ensuing months have been put to patient, purposeful use with the group refining their shape and sound, sharpening themselves up at their own pace at home in Leeds rather than getting clogged and confused by pushing forward too soon.

Now, having taken their own Record Records label just about

as far as they feel they could under the aegis of Rough Trade, Girls At Our Best! are ready to branch out and become more serious contenders. With a major distribution deal just around the corner via the newly-launched Happy Birthday label, their hearts are set on places in the chart and faces on *Top Of The Pops*!

But even a group with the self-assurance of GAOB! can get nervous and tonight they are shitting themselves silly at the prospect of playing before an audience for the first time, an edginess compounded by a tangible buzz in the bars and corridors of the York college chosen for the unveiling! "I wouldn't say we're nervous," says guitarist James 'Jez' Alan just before going onstage, "but I was sick first thing this morning and I've been crapping myself all day!"

These apprehensions and doubts are understandable but unfounded in the light of the progress this quartet have been making. Any earlier comparisons with the likes of Delta 5 and The Au Pairs are now almost totally obsolete. The songs — the four already released on Record plus nine new numbers — are hard,



Crudup, Albert King and Geraint Watkins. SwanSong were unable to confirm whether Plant envisages The Honeysuckers as a full-time venture.

WHILE THE leading lights of the New York City clubland — Raybeats, Bongos, Tetras and company — were trying to warm British hearts last month in a cold and unwelcoming Rainbow theatre, Human Sexual Response slipped into London through the back door.

Since their arrival, the Boston septet have witnessed the British release on Beggars Banquet of their 'Figure 14' LP, two singles 'Guardian Angel' and 'What Does Sex Mean To Me', appeared on the *Old Grey Whistle Test* and played a 'prestige' London date at the Venue. Not bad going for a group who began life as a barbershop quartet and took over three years to make their first record.

They formed four years ago in Boston, their early appearances coinciding with a period of intense activity on the city's club circuit, galvanised by the release of the acclaimed 'Live At The Rat' compilation. But Human Sexual Response — or Honeybee And The Meadow Muffins as they were then — were never really part of the New England rock fraternity, preferring to sing country and western standards as an accapella quartet.

The name change came when vocalists Windle Davis, Dini Lamot, Casey Cameron and Larry Bangor decided to become "a band" and added guitarist Rich Gilbert, bassist Chris MacLachan and drummer Malcolm Travis to the line-up. Their current, somewhat clumsy moniker is taken from the title of the best-selling handbook of celebrated American sexologists Masters & Johnson.

"When we first started we used to get a lot of trouble from the name," says Casey, the only female in the vocal foursome. "We did these beautiful colour

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL

LOWRY

THE DISSIDENT, BREAK-AWAY SOCIAL DEGENERATE ALLIANCE GAINS NEW ADHERENTS DAILY — PITTING FRIEND AGAINST FRIEND, SON AGAINST FATHERPERSON, DAUGHTER AGAINST MOTHERPERSON ETC..



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robust and superbly structured! As a guitarist, Jez deliberately subdues his leanings towards a Sparksian quirkiness to forge a powerful and original style, only occasionally souring things by lapsing into histrionics more reminiscent of Johnny Thunders — fine in small doses but wearisome over a couple of songs. With drummer Carl Harper and bassist Terry Swift combining well to give the sound its solid, compact foundations, Judy Evans' sweet, shrill voice tackles the soaring melodies, tugging and twisting the tunes around some startling new songs!

New songs like the airy and atmospheric 'Go For Gold', conjuring up images of the barren Texan badlands of the opening sequence of an old spaghetti western with its twangy instrumentation and Ben Hur backing vocals — the next single!

New songs like an anthemic gospel spiritual 'This Train'. Songs reminiscent of the early Clash and late Sex Pistols like 'Pleasure'. Songs like '£600,000' with the percussive clout of a Bow Wow Wow! Songs like 'Fast Boyfriends', the sequel to 'Warm Girls'. Songs like 'I'm Beautiful Now' and 'Aqua Rock'!

Girls At Our Best! have certainly been prolific in the six months since the release of their last single, 'Politics' — and they have added a further two songs to the set for the forthcoming dates.

"I'm not sure whether or not we'll ever actually record all of these songs," says Jez, anxious to maintain quality control. "I reckon there's probably about half a dozen of the newer songs that we'll want to keep permanently in the set,

dropping the others as we come up with stronger stuff!

"I don't think we're quite there yet and that's why we're sticking to small places for the time being!"

In keeping with a determination to avoid playing support dates where possible — they headlined over New Hormones pair Dislocation Dance and Ludus at this York debut — Girls At Our Best! will not be hitting the major rock centres yet, preferring to stand or fall in local clubs strictly on their own merits!

For a group who maintained in an NME interview a few months back that they were in no hurry to play live, Girls At Our Best! were more than alright on the night. In waiting for the right moment to pounce, they have fuelled their northern fires and could now set the stage alight.

See for yourselves in Scarborough on Friday. Pop 'n' roll... phew!



Judy Evans Pic: Anton Corbijn

Anti Nazi League 'over the moon'

By ANDREW TYLER

THE ANTI Nazi League report themselves satisfied with last Saturday's campaign to wash the soccer terraces with anti-racist propaganda.

At ANL headquarters it's claimed that an average of 30 to 40 leafletters were at most Div 1 and 2 grounds. Top turnout is reported at Leeds' Elland Road, where police are said to have been "sympathetic", and also at Chelsea where the law apparently took a contrary stand to the ANL troops. An ANL spokeswoman claims that Special Patrol Group officers seemed to regard Stamford Bridge as "British Front territory" and the ANL as unwanted aliens. The League's supporters were constantly "broken up to twos and threes and asked to move on."

The great campaign, however, remained invisible to some. Spurs lunatic Adrian Thrills reports walking all the way round the cockerel realm at Saturday's contest with Aston Villa and discovering no one from the ANL — and no supporters of the National Front either. (Mind you, he missed both goals too — Ed.)

But White Hart Lane remains a prime target for the League. A Spurs Against The Nazis group is shortly to be reactivated so as to win the hearts and minds of a new generation of local 13 to 16 year olds.

● The "Comic Of Hate" featured on the front page of Monday's *Daily Mirror* turns out to be the product of two Dublin-registered right wing groups called the National Socialist Irish Workers Party

and the National Socialist Party of the United Kingdom.

Called *The Stormer* and billed as "Britain's only Nationalist comic", it features stories drawn by ex-Mosleyite van driving "artist" Robert Edwards of Surrey. Plots include a black boy being roasted alive on a bonfire, a tale of a Jewish cowboy overcome by a uniformed Nazi gunman and fed to pigs, and hints on goose-stepping.

There are said to be 150,000 copies at 15 distribution centres throughout the country.



Garth Crooks — hero of Spurs' triumphant home draw with Stoke.

● Since our Peter Hain interview and related reports there has been a small tide of inquiries asking for a contact address for the ANL. This is it: PO Box 51, London SW10. Tel. 01-351 2823. From here a new generation of badges is now available proclaiming Youth Against The Nazis, The Anti Nazi League and Skins Hate The Nazis. Price 20p each plus 15p post and package, or a bulk buy is available offering 10 for £1.50, plus 25p post and package.

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Human Sexuals pic: Laura Levine



ARE YOU RESPONDING TO ME?

How I discovered Human
Sexual Response by
ADRIAN THRILLS

posters once to advertise a gig, put them up in downtown Boston and there would be all these old men ripping them down 'cause they thought the name was offensive. Can you believe that?

"In Providence we even got refused a gig 'cause of it. We even got a visit from the local vice squad. They saw the name and figured we were doing live sex shows on stage."

Lyricist Larry Bangor explains, on a more serious, drier note than the name reflects their attitude towards performing. "We feel we can relate to it pretty well, approaching rock music as a sexual thing. Let's face it, all rock music is sexual."

"But it's not a Plasmatics type thing the way we do it," interjects Casey, anxious to dispel any misconceptions.

HSR took their time in establishing any sort of live reputation, playing only once a month for over a year until a number of radio stations began picking up on a two-song demo tape distributed by the group themselves after an abortive trial session in the studio with Warner Brothers. The radio play led to a contract with the local Boston independent Eat Records for whom the 'Figure 14' LP was cut and then licensed to the larger Passport label in New York and Beggars Banquet's new Don't Fall Off The Mountain subsidiary in London.

For a group who cite among their influences Iggy Pop, Eno and The Supremes, however, HSR are rooted in the traditions of mainstream US rock, with only the odd hints of the quirky invention of a Talking Heads or Bush Tetras. I saw them play at Hurrah in New York shortly before they left for the UK and found them unable to sustain their wry humour throughout an hour-long live set, despite the choreographed gyrations and other visual antics of the four vocalists, all tarted up in ridiculous paint-splattered pyjamas for the occasion. Their smart-alec artiness was also

■ Continues over

HUMAN SEXUALS

■ From previous page

more than a little tiresome. "But we are arty!" protests Bangor. "We are art rock! We think of what we do as art! It's not that we think of all our songs as great masterpieces or anything like that, but we see being in a group as creating a current art form."

Art rock in Britain, though, is a thoroughly abused form, a dirty word virtually.

"It's the same in the States. People are really suspicious if you associate yourself with art. But the way we work on songs is a very self-conscious process of constructing something. When we're actually performing live, we often inadvertently slip into a clumsy playfulness."

"I suppose we do tend to toy with the slickness and glamour of rock where we can, but there's still a clumsiness underneath it that I enjoy."

Whether HSR go on to self-consciously enjoy commercial success is another matter. I mean, would you go into a record shop and ask for 'What Does Sex Mean To Me?' by Human Sexual Response on the Don't Fall Off The Mountain label?

L-R: barrister Kadri, defendant Frank Rapier, barrister Narayan and Paul Binns, one of four remaining defendants, celebrate Rapier's acquittal.



BRISTOL BREAKOUT!

JOHN SPOKES QC, leading prosecution barrister, was asleep, sprawled across his desk in the courtroom. His wig had slipped off. The jury had just spent their second night's deliberation in the Holiday Inn, and with ten of the 16 original defendants charged with riotous

assembly already set free, his case appeared to be collapsing.

"The Director of Public Prosecutions decided to have a show trial. It may have fallen a little flat on its face," commented a defence solicitor, waiting nervously for his client's fate to be decided.

The trial had been going on

for seven weeks. Upstairs in the jury room, some members had broken down and were openly weeping under the pressure. Downstairs in the cells, the remaining defendants were becoming increasingly edgy. Carlton Sharpe, the Rastaman who had worn his red, green and gold tam through the trial, was reading his Bible.

The defendants had been

shouting to each other through the cell door grilles. Now the grilles were blocked off and the atmosphere was suffocating. Defence counsel were considering a complaint to the judge. "They don't want me to breathe fresh air," defendant Frank Rapier had said to me two days earlier outside the court. "The police and the government don't want to take no responsibility for what happened in St Pauls. The scapegoats are me and the others."

"Do you find the defendant Franklyn Rapier guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your honour."

The packed public gallery erupted. Then David Royal was found not guilty, and more eruptions, before the judge refused a request from Rapier's defence barrister Rudi Narayan to send the trial papers to the DPP to consider perjury charges against the police. The judge dismissed the jury, who might have reached a verdict on Doretta Maye, the only woman defendant, but were deadlocked over the others. It was finished, at least for now.

"If it happens again, we'll win," said one police officer in an unguarded moment.

Pressure is mounting for all charges against the remaining four defendants to be dropped. The prosecution can order a retrial for riot, can bring lesser charges, or let the past settle. Already leading defence counsel, supported amongst others by the West Indian Standing Conference, the Standing Conference of Pakistani Organisations and the Indian Workers Association of Great Britain have demanded no more trials.

Carlton Sharpe's barrister, Mr Kadri, commented: "What money the government has should be spent on amenities in the area. A retrial would not help, it would destroy any chances of a peaceful resolution."

This Friday, Ritchie Havens travels to Bristol to sing for the St Pauls United Defence Fund. "We are looking at this gig as the first opportunity to celebrate with the defendants, especially the four defendants who find themselves still on bail. It's a way of taking the stress off of them and showing them that the other people still care," said defence fund organiser Desmond Pierre.

Asked to sum it all up, musician Pierre added: "Endless pressure of pure pressure."

—TIM MALYON



Pic: Peter Anderson

The suspense is unbeardable...

SO WHAT'S the length of it, eh?

Some men get itchy under the collar when certain vital statistics are held up for scrutiny. But there's no modesty about this chap — and why should there be? With a staggering hairy length of exactly TWENTY FIVE AND THREE-QUARTER INCHES on display, he's got every right to stoop with pride. And look, it goes all the way up to his chin! Have you ever seen anything so magnificent?

No, you haven't — and you couldn't guess exactly how long it was either.

However, keen-eyed Roger Forsey from Maidenhead, Berks (geddit!) was closest with an estimate of 23.04 inches — just a 45/100th off the actual size of Viv Stanshall's much-admired protrudence. Therefore it's only right and proper that Roger Forsey should receive the first prize of three bottles of Chateau Rawlinson Wine (Entre Deux Legs) Vintage 1980 plus an original 'Sir Henry At Rawlinson End' album from Charisma Records and an autographed copy of the recently-published book of the same title from Eel Pie Publishing. If you wanna see the movie, you'll have to buy your own tickets.

Roger only beat his nearest rival — Julie Fenton from Blackburn — by a couple of whiskers, therefore Julie along with 18 other runners-up in this truly idiotic Sir Henry Contest will receive a 'Sir Henry At Rawlinson End' Charisma LP and autographed Eel Pie book.

The aforementioned runners-up are: Chris Brook (Bradford); George Reade (Swindon); Marcus Tait (Edinburgh); Chunny Bhama (Glasgow); Michael Vine (Hailsham); James Wilkie (East Dulwich, London); Gary Robbins (Wirral); Grant Roland (Barnet); Robin Davies (Bristol); Martin Brown (Coventry); D. Rhodes (Liverpool); Paul Quincey (Tunbridge Wells); Neil Barrows (Nottingham); Richard Webb (Stevenage); Adam Hollis (Batham, London); Bob Watson (Barnsley); R. Gill (High Wycombe); D. Grimbley (London).

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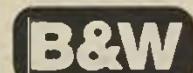
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TRUST?!?!

Would YOU trust a French heavy metal band that gets Jimmy Pursey to write its lyrics?

WHAT KIND of self-respecting heavy metal act asks Jimmy Pursey to write its lyrics? Back home in their native France, Trust command a following among *les frappeurs du tete* that's second only to AC/DC. And now that they've just toured this country — supporting Iron Maiden and promoting their first UK-released LP 'Repression' — the five-man hard rock outfit has taken a step or two towards world-wide heavy hero status. Now to be honest, they don't *sound* much different to metal merchants anywhere. So why the Pursey connection?

Well, there are those who'd argue that this group are a little bit special. Trust are an unusual, maybe even unique phenomenon in HM, and not merely because they're French. What sets them apart is their songs, which are decidedly social realist and anti-fantasy. They confront political issues in a controversial and hard-hitting way — and that's in sharp contrast, it goes without saying, to the clichéd escapism preferred by almost every other HM outfit under the sun.

Bernard Bonvoisin is Trust's crumpled-looking, pugnacious frontman. Sitting in a CBS office he wrestles with the English language in an attempt to tell me the Trust story.

They were formed about three years ago; for the purposes of this, their first assault on Britain, the line-up is Bernard on vocals, Nono and Moho on guitars, Vivi on bass and Noco on drums. First choice for the task of supplying some English lyrics was Bon Scott, a long-time crony of Bernard's. But following the AC/DC singer's death last year, a replacement was found in one James Pursey, who met up with Trust after Sham 69's last gig in Paris.

"I think Jimmy is a really clever guy," Bernard says.

By PAUL DU NOYER

While Trust's music, although more basic rock than pure HM, has very little similarity to punk, there was a common bond between the subject matters of their songwriting. Pursey can't actually speak French, but with the aid of Bernard's explanations, the two spent ten days putting English lyrics to the material you can find on 'Repression': numbers such as 'Antisocial', 'Get Out Your Claws' and 'Paris Is Still Burning', all anthems of rage against authority.

"That's life," the singer goes on. "Okay, you can go on stage and talk about drink, about women, cocaine, things like that. But when you go back home, it's not cocaine for a lot of kids... And it's not a solution to say 'oh, life's fucked up', we don't say to them 'no future'. We can have a future, but we must work for this future. If tomorrow we must go back to the street to fight for something like in 1968 — we go back."

UNSURPRISINGLY, given their army of loyal fans, Trust have been the target of various efforts to co-opt them into one political movement or another: "In France nobody can say that Trust is a band for the right or for the left, 'cos we are never doing gigs for any political party. We touch every class, every rocking class, and every age — so that's an advantage for the political parties, if they can take the band. And all the time we say no, even if they give a lot of money."

And with France's forthcoming election, these pressures have increased: "But we never do it. We just have the rock'n'roll flag. That's all we need." Partly as a result of this stubborn refusal to compromise their independence, and partly, Bernard suspects, for their habit of dealing with sensitive topics like the Mesrine affair (Mesrine, commemorated in their song 'Le Mitard', was a widely-admired outlaw; his

Bernard Bonvoisin.

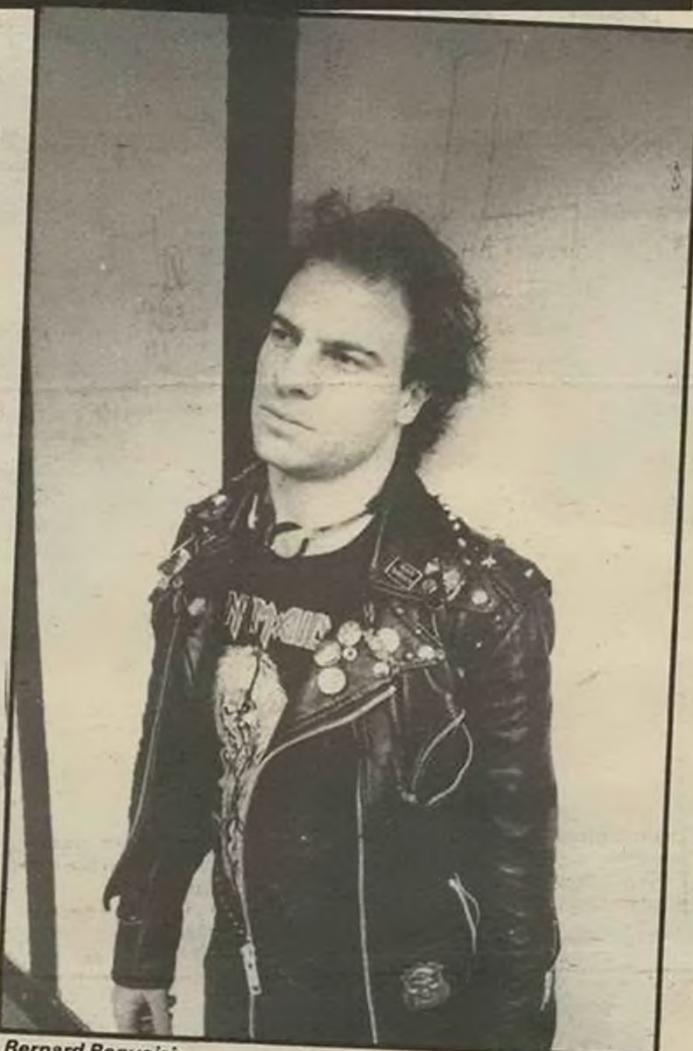
killing by the police in '79 carried undertones of a hushed-up political scandal), Trust have been subject to a lot of harassment. This ranges from the riots, stirred up by persons unknown, which have prevented them playing Paris lately, to the old tactic of 4am phone calls.

Tactfully, Bernard is reluctant to suggest that his English HM counterparts start taking similar risks with their own material: "I live in a different country," he says. "France is not democratic... The police will kill for no reason. We don't have a message, we don't have a solution. We just sing it as we feel it. I think for France we have a chance to go on stage and say loud what many people think. If you talk to people in the street they don't talk to you about the trees, the flowers..."

On the face of it, it seems like an encouraging development, heavy metal that's not afraid to deal with reality. Of course, as our own Dr Johnson once said of dogs that walk on their hind legs, what's remarked upon is

not whether it's done well, but simply that it's done at all. And to be frank, Trust seem in danger of exchanging one set of clichés for another. Pursey's lyrics have, unfortunately, over-indulged his taste for heroic poetics — and amid all the righteous anger and anguished rhetoric, it's often impossible to detect any specific meaning to the thing.

Add that to Trust's music — basically just the same old brain-crushing boogie (their logo is a bulldozer) — and it's doubtful that they hold much extra significance outside of France. About the only instance Bernard can recall where some 'political' message seemed to register with a British crowd was when they played Glasgow, a large mob surrounded Trust's van to cheer them off, chanting, as Bernard puts it: "Fook ze Roosians!" Hardly evidence that the kids were inspired by Trust to question anything beyond our own home-grown diet of spoon-fed propaganda.



Pic: David Corio.

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Flirting with fascism

IN A SHORT story called *The English Garden*, the American writer Walter Abish uses the image of a post-war German 'new' town built on the skeletal remains of a concentration camp to induce a subtle and disturbing analysis of social well-being sunk in a grave, unacknowledged hangover of moral confusion: the bright modern surfaces of a new architecture can't prevent the past tearing through.

Abish exploits this simple device to demanding extremes — one of which suggests that fiction itself is often just a refuge from the less pleasant traces of history, no matter how 'risky' the form may appear to be.

I couldn't help but constantly refer back to the story (and rigorous but accessible 'political' fable) whilst watching *Unity*, John Mortimer's adaptation for BBC 2 *Playhouse* of David Pryce Jones' biography of the Mitford sister who carried a torch for Hitler.

Unity took all the comfortable options available — especially depressing at a time when the "romantic" flirtation or even engagement with those things Hitler imagined he saw in Nietzsche, shall we say, is once

again distressingly the rage.

It fell so neatly into its slot: well meaning but intellectually safe presentation of fascism's seduction of individuals. Take one narratively workable character and fill with the pathos of history; it's a dodgy formula, borne out by the fact that such productions so rarely get beyond the basic fact of psychological fascination to engender anything politically — never mind televisually — incisive.

This is not to suggest that someone like John Mortimer is a closet fascist — I just can't understand how people who have worked in a certain medium for a long time fail to spot the most obvious signifying pitfalls. So, just as young *Unity* was unable to see Nazism as anything more than Mr Hitler's "lovely cold blue eyes", or *Playhouse* *Unity* is played by an all too attractive and far too mature looking Leslie Ann Down. (*Unity* Mitford was apparently a dumpy, drab schoolgirl, depressed by the fact in the midst of beautiful sisters: you will go to the rally, Cinders?)

Unity was lush British TV 'realism' at its worst — that is to say, at its best: etched in the most yummy camerawork and period detail, bourgeois Germany in all its lofty splendour, Bavarian castles, tea shops, country drives, this giggly little Alice's Wonderland.



Lesley Anne Down and her wicked Uncle Adolf scan NME for the next Anti Nazi League rally



Ian Penman looks at John Mortimer's *Unity* — and finds too much camp, too little concentration...

The attractiveness of right wing politics — a grey zone between starched aesthetics and cure-all governmental solutions — wasn't dug up, mined, or displaced. (Something Dennis Potter achieved in last year's excellent *Blade On The Feather*.)

Everything was locked so securely within one psyche, one history (and then it was assumed we knew all about the Mitford family background) that even the best images and hints were necessarily wasted — brittle fillings a gooey structure. The one image I did relish was the besotted Mitford flicking through *The Tatler* with her Hitler, pointing out those 'back home' who'd be for or, against him. I think it was last month's copy.

As it was, the absent Mitford family tree was provided in a helpful repeat — two days after *Unity* — of a BBC2 documentary about her sister Nancy. (*Nancy Mitford: A Portrait By Her Sisters*). Now why, you may ask, should the BBC follow up a perfectly nasty picture of one Mitford with a perfectly rosy picture of another? Not *balance*, surely not!

The dignity of documentary was erected around her, using the familiar anecdotal, 'ordinary people' style — nasty things naturalized, no extra charge. And what a wealth of nasty things! Daddy Mitford (Lord Redesdale) used to call people he didn't like "meaningless pieces of meat," one sister recounted chirpily. He wouldn't

let his daughters be educated even in the most private of schools after hearing that hockey-playing gave girls "thick calves". The Mitford nursery consequently contained the most poshly spoken but practically illiterate debs — as Deborah Mitford candidly admitted: "Nancy always said I had a mental age of nine — and she's got a point, I'm afraid."

Mitfords evil and evangelical were glossed over with the same nostalgic air. The lullaby commentary hovered over childhood snapshots and a sea of symbolism. 'Ere — hang on a minute, *Unity* preferred rats and snakes as pets? The mouse had a palace instead of a cage?

It was so insistent, this Great British Dottiness, that you could easily fall prey to the illusion being served up — that it all took place in a vacuum, just like one of Nancy's "marvellous" novels.

David Pryce Jones, as quoted in the *New Standard* last week, restored perspective to the whole grotesque merry-go-round. Talking about Nancy Mitford's fictionalised accounts of the family life (as delivered up on our screens recently in *Love In A Cold Climate*), he said: "She captivates you by presenting them as a family of happy endings but the truth is they were not. Actions do have consequences."

The pity of it was that what we called the "sinister" aspects of Lord and Lady Redesdale's young ge! *Unity* translated

somewhere along the line from page to screen into silly ones. Or maybe that's all they were to begin with: it's the "English Garden" itself we should be more wary of and interested in.

For, as the Nancy Mitford documentary inadvertently made clear, the Moseleys and Mitfords all still exist, moneyed and martyred, kept alive in rosy seclusion and genteel library shelf security of 'balanced' television. They may die eventually but the cycle turns around, and in the soil just beneath the beautifully kept, beautifully filmed perfectly still landscape...



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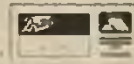


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for the Special Touch

SHAKIN' THE FOUNDATIONS

By PAUL DU NOYER

CATS OF all kinds — be it Stray or Pole or Blue — are rocking this town, raising hell and perfecting their haircuts... Young pretenders all.

Meanwhile, the real hit parade business is done by an old(ish) pro who's kept the '50s faith all through the long dark days of the last decade and more. Shakin' Stevens has just seen his third solo single, 'This Ole House', turn into his third solo hit, and all the talk of a revival leaves him unimpressed. Shakin' Stevens — this week's *NME* No.1 artiste — is practically the missing link between rock'n'roll's golden age and the rockabilly revival of today.

"Revival," he says, in a manner reminiscent of our heavy metal friends, "is a word I cannot stand. It's always been there. You can't revive Beethoven, you can't revive rock'n'roll."

Be that as it may, 'This Ole House' (and 'Hot Dog' and 'Marie Marie' before it) only goes to demonstrate how times have changed. The past two years have brought a definite upturn in the fortunes of this singer from South Wales — a man who kicked off his recording career with an LP produced by Dave Edmunds (just like The Stray Cats, in fact). From 1970 on, Shakin' Stevens & The Sunsets steadily did the rounds of the rock circuit, with

modest success. But the market wasn't so receptive to fundamentalist stuff then.

"It was different, yes. I used to go into the college venues, places like that, and the people all used to sit on the floor and get completely out of it — long guitar solos and 'Hey man, I've seen God.' But we always used to have those people up off the floor dancing."

The sun set on the Sunsets era when the frontman landed the title role in the *Elvis* musical, a show that eventually ran in the West End for 18 months. From there he went straight into the *Oh Boy* TV series, and the transition from cult obscurity to national prominence was more or less complete. 'Hot Dog', the first solo 45, confirmed that status — the first example of the successful, fresh-sounding formula for commercial rock'n'roll he'd developed with his new accomplices.

Two LPs have followed since then, both featuring a team of musicians that includes Geraint Watkins, BJ Cole, Albert Lee and Stuart Colman — the latter a DJ and archivist whose record

ARCHIVE FUN Haunting This Ole House...

"YOU MAY NOT have noticed it," concluded the *New Musical Express* in 1955, "but there are two Rosemary Clooneys! The first Rosemary will be familiar to all *NME* readers. She is the personality girl with a string of gimmick hits to her name: 'Come On-a My House', 'Botch-a-Me', 'This Ole House', 'Mambo Italiano' and 'Where Will The Dimple Be?'."

"The second Rosemary deserves more recognition than she has so far received in Britain. She is the gracious, stately wife of a fine actor,

Jose Ferrer. She is also the warm intelligent singer who can make so much of a warm, intelligent song like 'We'll Be Together Again', 'Tenderly', 'Younger Than Springtime' or 'While We're Young'.

"It's hard to believe that the same face, figure, brain and voice can project such contrasting identities. For physically speaking, of course, there is only one Rosemary."

Make of it whatever you will, but this present correspondent was always of the opinion that Ms Clooney's alter ego was her splendid North London counterpart Billie Anthony — just five feet, weight seven and a half stone, vital statistics 38, 21, 36 and "girl friend" to the Malcolm Mitchell Trio — who covered Rosemary's biggest ever British hit 'This Ole House' in 1954 and pursued the American artist up the local charts, as our own Shakin' Stevens was to do more than 20 years later.

NME was full of Rosemary Clooney in 1955, following two consecutive number ones with 'This Ole House' and 'This Ole House', further Top Ten entries with 'Where Will The Dimple Be' and 'Hey There', not to mention the lady's starring role in *White Christmas* alongside Danny Kaye and Bing Crosby, and she finally got to bring the house down in Glasgow that autumn. This in spite of her avowed ambition of "a house and six kids".



collection provides a good deal of Stevens' material, much of it pretty obscure. "I don't see any point in recording 'Summertime Blues'. There are certain songs you

leave alone, especially standards, cos there's no way you can better them. So I basically go for the stuff that should have been a must first time round... And the guy's quite happy cos he's probably now working in a garage, and when he receives a cheque in the post you feel you've done something for him."

Nowadays, he describes his audience as "right across the board: from babes in arms to teenagers and grannies, and even the Johnny Rottens." In fact it's to punk that he gives some credit for his own breakthrough: "I think it helped a lot. It got back to basic chords, and helped to put that across to the public."

A better record deal did no harm, either, since the previous ones were all one-offs: "They'd press just a couple of copies. No way can you make the charts on just a couple of copies."

Hmmm. So what about these instant quiff merchants suddenly springing up? Aren't they usurpers, Elvis - come - latels? Stevens is resolutely diplomatic: "I think I was the first British guy to record stuff like 'Lonesome Trains', 'Flying Saucers Rock'n'Roll', etc etc, so if you ask me do I like that rockabilly stuff obviously I'll say yes!"

But do you like what these kids are doing with it? "I like it a lot, think it's great. No bullshit, the more the merrier."

And that's Shakin'... All over.

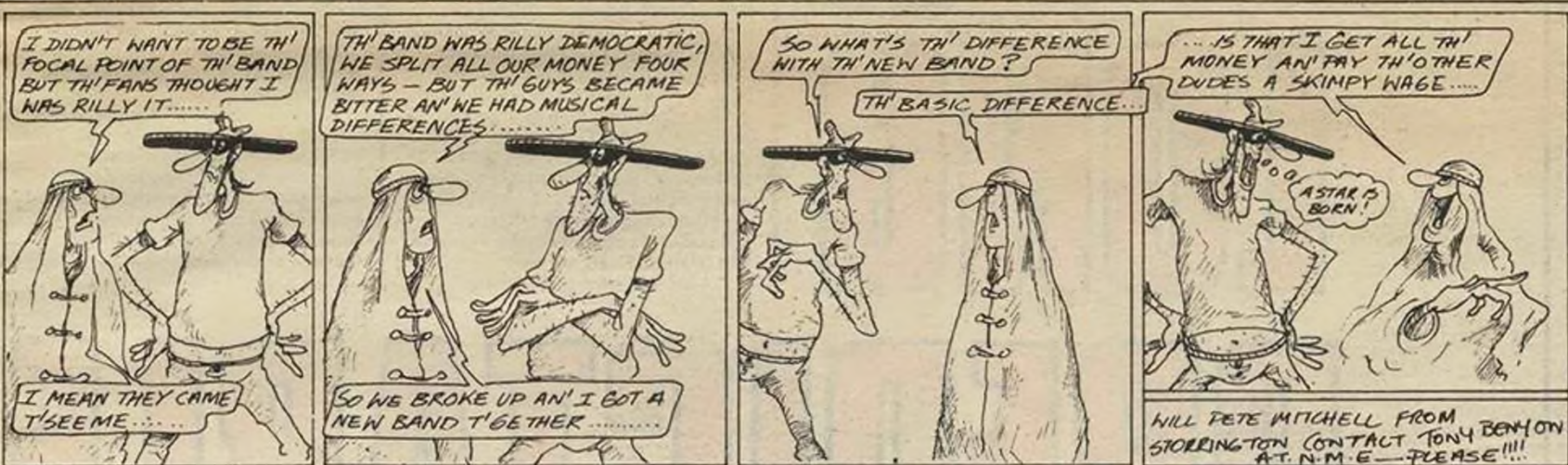
A moving tale of a woman's traumatic loss

Eno sat in the shimmering white waiting room. The seconds dragged by slowly, agonizingly slowly. Her husband had just been brutally mangled in the accident and it was not known if he would live or die. Then they showed Eno what was left of him. A body kept alive by machines. A brain in a great plastic bowl strung with electrodes. He was alive. But Eno wondered in her soul if it would not be better if he were dead...

Brian weeps for David? The dark secrets of a domehead revealed by Berkeley Books, sent by Jon Hansson of Oslo.

Shakin' — paneless rock-a-billy reliable

THE LONE GROOVER



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"SIT DOWN in that corner," says the photographer.

"Are you asking me or telling me?" murmurs the musician, innocuously. "Which corner?" He looks around the room, eyes twinkling with amusement. "That corner! On the floor! Jesus, do you think I'll be able to get up again?"

He sighs good naturedly and plonks onto the floor underneath a lamp, spreading his legs out. "Hiyeee," he gestures, mildly embarrassed. "This is for what? *New Musical Express*... Yeah, I remember. That's pretty amazing. I don't remember much. Memory is the first thing to go."

He chuckles to himself, and then steels himself as the photographer snaps. A lump of cigarette ash has found a good home on his profoundly shapeless greasy green cord trousers: When he stands up the ash will drift to the floor and the bottom of his trousers will sadly fail to reach his ankles.

"Do you listen to much new music?" asks the writer as the camera clicks again.

"I haven't heard anything really new," the musician admits.

Within the last ten years?

"Well, within the last year. I'm a big Elvis Costello fan. I like Dire Straits, but that's to be expected — it's easy to see why I like them. And I like Gary Numan a lot."

You like Gary Numan!

"Sure do," he earnestly announces.

Have you seen him in concert?

"No, but I would like to. I think his stuff is really interesting. I think he's got a real thing. I like people who have a real conviction about what they do. Convinced that they have something to say and a real way to say it."

You should meet up with Numan and do some work with him.

"Oh no! I'd be intimidated by him. Shit yeah... these guys all seem so much more together than I feel. I feel like someone who is constantly on the verge of losing it, of blowing it. I feel tremendously insecure. When I see people perform with such panache... I don't see how they do it. It takes tremendous nerve, tremendous balls."

"I admire those guys. I admire Elvis Costello for his amazing output. Goddamn, the guy is so fucking prolific. For me a good year is like writing three songs. Songs don't come easy to me."

To the musician's bafflement, he's led by the photographer to a well lit mirrored bathroom for more photos. He poses uncomfortably in front of a mirror. Does he know what a mirror is? It looks like maybe he doesn't. He doesn't look too secure.

"We celebrities are used to this shit," he mock-boasts when he catches the writer's eye. "The typical bathroom shot."

More than any other psychedelic era band, The Grateful Dead epitomised the hippie in rock'n'roll. — The Rolling Stone Record Guide.

THIS IS a good Tuesday. The sun is shining. The rain is falling. The traffic is moving. The tape is whirring.

The day after Joe Jackson calls me arrogant and superior at Cabaret Futura, an hour and a half after fighting my way out of bed, I'm keeping a 4.30 date in a posh hotel room with Jerry Garcia of The Grateful Dead.

We mix something like Grundy and the Pistols, or sugar and whisky. He looks like a busker drowning in a puddle of bad luck; I still have traces of make-up from the night before not quite rubbed away.

Garcia, cheery features awash in a stiff black-silver brush of hair that doesn't have shape or beginning is a collection of curves and pad straight out of one of those quaint Robert Crumb cartoons. "Yeah, well, I'm

certainly part of that Crumb world," he admits.

We find things to talk about. I ask him whether he could stop existing now and not mind too much.

"Yeah, I think so. I'm not crazy about life. I wouldn't want to live here for hundreds of years. There isn't that much I'm interested in. There isn't much that I think I'm going to see that I haven't already seen."

So what sort of things concern you?

"Music. Music and drugs."

Does that limited concern manifest itself as the gross indulgence I see in Grateful Dead music?

"Weeaaall, I don't know what you see..."

I see gross indulgence: perhaps because you're only concerned with music and drugs. He laughs.

"No, actually I am concerned with a few other things. But in terms of what is actually compelling me to stay on this earth, there's not really a whole lot there. I'm interested to see what it's all about. It seems as though an awful lot has happened in a very short while. More has happened in the past 150 years than happened in all the time before that... trillions of years. It seems we're zipping up towards a moment. I don't know what's coming. But having come this far I'm determined to be around for the turn

of the millenium. If nothing else. Just cos it's so close. Shit, it's only twenty years away."

He raises his eyebrows a little cheekily. So I would presume, with that sort of attitude, that political force and the like is abstract for you?

"Oh, I think all that shit is bullshit. I think the doings of people is actually really small potato. Really! It's like playground!"

What about the individual stress that pressures people?

"Even that."

What about murder?

"Well, murder may have some karmic implications. I think the idea of death... I mean, everybody dies." Except The Grateful Dead I dryly interrupt. Garcia is not thrown. "Well there it is! But death is something that everybody has to confront. Murder... I'm not interested in murdering anybody. If there's a crime, that might be it. I feel like this because I have a lot of respect for the biological effort that has gone into putting humans here."

"If I was going to take a life I would start with my own. I flashed once that maybe a nice way for the world to govern itself would be that everyone would be issued at about five years old with a weapon. It would be like a two-way weapon. If you wanted to murder someone they would vanish

instantly — but you would too! It would give everyone the power to make once in their life a life or death decision involving some other person, and they would instantly pay for it. All the hotheads would be gone immediately. I can imagine things working that way. It's a little radical... I haven't been able to sell the idea yet."

It'd be very clean.

"Something that's undramatic and unglamorous."

Thinking of the bits and snatches of drippy Dead music I've run into during the year, I tell him that, incidentally, undramatic and unglamorous pretty well sums up Grateful Dead. If you're being kind. Would he agree?

"Oh, very much," he smiles. "Very much, yes."

Impressed by his lack of anger at my lack of awe, I gain in confidence. Are you into making money, Jerry?

"Fuck no! Money! What is it? That's not to say I'm not greedy, but for me having something to do is better than having something. Having things has never been much of a turn-on for me. Having something to do is much more interesting."

Would you ever cut your hair?

"Would I! I did it once... I do it every couple of years. I do it once in a while, but only because it gets in my way, not because of style or fashion. I don't grow it because I have something to say. It just grows!" He laughs affectionately.

What kind of things embarrass you?

"Performing embarrasses the hell out of me! Getting on stage in front of people, shit, that's embarrassing!" He squirms. "Terribly fucking embarrassing."

But you stay on a stage for up to FIVE bleeding hours.

"Yeah! It takes me that long to get used to it. No, maybe after twenty minutes I'm used to it. I've been embarrassed by other things, like naked girls jumping out of the audience and grabbing me... But it can't compete with the embarrassment of just being visible."

I stare intensely at Garcia. He looks like one of those Muppets they get doing rollicking C&W music on rickety porches with Crystal Gayle. I should have asked him if he would like to be a muppet, but I ask him if he would like to appear on the show.

"Huhuhuh... No. I'm not an actor."

You're a branch of showbiz.

"I prefer *The Muppet Show* to almost any other show. We've thought of it, actually. It's maybe the one show we'd be comfortable on."

He leans forward in his chair and laughs. I lean back in mine and join in. "But it's constrictive as a format. I don't think I could fit in there. I don't think of myself as a professional performer. I just can't imagine what an audience would find interesting about my interacting with the Muppets."

But there is comedy in the music of The Grateful Dead, surely.

"Yeah! Sometimes it's funny."

In their first beginning they were nothing spectacular, just another rock'n'roll band made up of suburban ex-folkies who, in '64 and '65, with Kennedy dead, the civil rights movement split into black and white, Vietnam taking over from Ban The Bomb, with The Beatles, Stones and Dylan, were finding out that the sit and pluck number had out run its course. — Rolling Stone, August 1969.

The Grateful Dead acid mythology has always been, for us, a joke. — Jerry Garcia, March 1981.

THE GRATEFUL Dead have been meandering along for 16 years.

My opinion is that it is absurd and disastrous that they still exist as a recording company. They're a kind of intricately patterned, mystical American supergroup equivalent of Status Quo, with a sliding reputation that's caught up in the outer limits of various 20th Century American myths, and they're renowned for 15-minute 'songs' and five-hour sets. They streak the face of rock'n'roll like blood sometimes streaks sick.

They co-sponsored Altamont; hired the Hells Angels. They've wandered the world generously scattering their music, like seed. They were one of the first groups to introduce the huge sound systems and complicated light shows into rock. They were one of those groups that switched the emphasis of rock away from 'style' towards 'experience'. They were "true explorers into the infinite recession that acid opened up", stars in Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. They didn't do 'gigs' — they did Acid Tests. "Thousands of people, man," Garcia said in 1969, "all helplessly stoned, all finding themselves in a roomful of other thousands of people, none of whom any of them were afraid of. It was magic, far out beautiful magic."

In the '60s the group were a family: a flowing freeform psychedelic musical experience. Sounds mediaeval. Maybe there was a weird transcendentalist drive that fitted into the formlessness and restlessness of the times, but the innocent adventure transformed easily into rock production, big business, a slimy perpetual motion. The Dead sifted into the '70s, splintered, came together and just grew and grew as if they couldn't help it. "The Dead, we all know, is bigger than all of us," said a group member 12 years ago.

They've emerged out of the '70s wasteland as '80s superstars: it's a familiar nightmare.

"We're not big big," Garcia points out with a little chuckle, "but we have our platinum and gold discs."

Instead of just disappearing into small clubs of lost America, the Dead became pop stars for the new American age. Their audience is teenage and indiscriminately enthusiastic.

Do people laugh? Or do they still hold you in awe?

"I don't know whether they laugh or not. I know that I laugh! Openly. It's very funny, sometimes. But I really don't know whether the audience laughs. I certainly don't hear great gales of laughter roaring back at me."

What kind of things do you find funny about life?

"All of it is kind of funny."

Humour seems to form the wrapping of your worldview.

"Sort of... but not superficially. My inner me is sort of characterised by like hollow mocking laughter. It's kind of like, well, everyone is the butt of the cosmic joke. The cosmic joke is — you're it! Oh! To me that is always very funny. The 'why me' situation. That's funny!"

There's been over a score of Grateful Dead LPs, none of them in any way essential. Do you have a quiet laugh at all those people who buy all those LPs?

"I have a lot of respect for them! I'm thankful... I'm thankful that anyone comes through the door to see us! Shit, hey, listen man it's been surprising to me that people haven't been walking out in droves ever since we started. Who knows why people like us..."

What this stands for is depressing. That they are successful, celebrated, adored; that they've inevitably failed to fundamentally alter their synthesis of musical idioms; that they are unglamorous and undramatic; all this encapsulates the steady status quo of rock and roll music.

In 1980 Grateful Dead were one of the biggest live acts in America. I'm told this by a Dead helper who sits discreetly in the background as Garcia and I chat. Perhaps he wants me to realise the immensity of what I'm confronting: the super-ness of this limp tramp sat opposite me. "For the last five years the Dead have been one of the top five drawing acts in America," he intones. "Last year they were in the top three with Wings and The Who."

"So that's what we are!" smirks Garcia.

What does this mean, I scoff. My heated irrationality bumps into Garcia's sheer reasonableness.

"It means that a substantial amount of people, at least in America, are willing to come to our shows — when anything might happen. They're not expecting to see hits, they're expecting to see what's going to happen, and they realise that the show is attached to the moment. It's not a repeatable experience. It's not going

WHAT A LONG PREDICTABLE



This week The Grateful Dead trucked back into Britain. In America they're more successful than ever — and even Jerry Garcia can't work out why. He'd rather see Gary Numan . . .

Paul Morley meets his match: a musician whose sets go on longer than Morley's features. David Corio went along to boss Garcia about

combination of music and the psychedelic experience taught me to fear power. I mean fear it and hate it. In those times there were lunatics that were constantly trying to nail The Grateful Dead up as being the vanguard of some power trip. It was always the same thing. It was basically Hitler, y'know?"

As a creative body of sorts, can you feel comfortable within the present political and cultural context in America?

"Oh yeah. There's a lot of space for me. A lot of room. I enjoy America when America is involved in tension, y'know, I prefer a tense America. I prefer conflict. When there are difficulties going on, I like that vitality, that kind of energy. Like in the '70s it was dull, there was nothing to get mad about, nothing to get excited about, nothing to celebrate. I can live in that environment pretty successfully as well. But I prefer a little tension in the air."

You talk of tension and vitality, but I feel none of this in your music. It's dull; there's no celebration. To me it's a stream of nothing.

"Well, . . . in a way that is what it is. I don't know what your exposure to our music has been but our music is not what our records are. If you see us play live you'll see that what we do is a different sort of thing. I think it'll be evident. . . it's tough to talk about. . . our music is attached to the moment in which it happens. The moment. It's very much that. It's more jazz in that sense. It's not art music. It's not form music. Things like records are a little artificial for us."

Have you ever made a decent record?

"I don't think so."

I think your music is dead dull — how would you sell it to me? Where's the turn-on?

"I wouldn't try to sell it to you. If you think it's dull maybe it is. Yeah, I could find things to agree with. For me our records are a series of failures. I see them in terms of what they might have been, or what I'd wished they'd been and what they weren't."

So why make records?

"Well, because it's one of the things you can do when you're a musician. What is there? When you're a musician you perform and what? make records. It's a way to conserve music. But records are not really appropriate to what The Grateful Dead does. Time alone is a big enemy of ours. On an album a short Grateful Dead song is seven or eight minutes."

Why?

"I don't know! I suppose at the beginning we were playing for a dance audience, not a listening audience, and when you play for a dancing audience you don't want them to stop, and they don't want to stop either. In those days people got real high and they danced all night. So three minutes of dancing is not enough. Fifteen minutes is really a bit more like it, for people to stretch out."

TRIP IT'S BECOME

to be the same show from night to night."

I think the Grateful Dead mood, relaxed, reasonable, contained, is wrong for the times: it doesn't seem to be the type of music the youth of America should be getting involved with.

"Well, who's to say? Are you qualified to say what they should be getting into?"

Less than most people, I lie. But American youth, teenagers consuming pop music for the first time, don't seem to get or even want youth music. They seem listlessly satisfied with what's offered and channelled to them. Grateful Dead music is not young music.

"No. We're not."

I don't think the Dead mood, the acceptance, is a good stimulation for American teenagers. I think it anaesthetises their energy. It's a typical self-perpetuating American rock music.

"Well, . . . I don't think so. Maybe! You'd have to ask them all! I know that our audiences get off and they come back. Our audience is a contemporary audience. That is to say they are the kids of today. How could they be anything else but?"

I still think it's sad they're throwing themselves at something that's nailed

to the '60s.

"I'll admit that it's pretty remarkable for people as old as us to look out at an audience that are 16, 17-year-old kids. But their experiences are attached to today, and so are we. We're no more nailed to the '60s than anybody else. We're not celebrating an era that no longer exists. We're here and now partaking in what's going on."

"Part of our whole ship has been to open up some kind of sensitivity towards what it is that the audience are there for. Somehow it works. I don't know why it works — but the audience does. The Deadheads know. They know why we work! I'm the wrong person to ask on that level of experience."

"I do think it's strange we've got such a young audience, but on the other hand I think anyone can appreciate a certain amount of expertise. There's something you gain from doing something for 16 years with a great deal of determination without having to define it in any hard-edged way. We never say this is exactly what we're going to do, we've never enclosed ourselves, musically or any other way. It's an open-ended experience for us. So as far as the idea of change, time and fashion, everything changing, we're part of the

flow for sure.

"Music at its finest addresses something that I think is universal. Whatever is great about all the music that has ever existed remains great. The music of Beethoven and Bach . . . anything that is great and uplifting and speaks the Universal. That is ideally what we would be trying to go for."

At the moment American youth seem astonishingly passive. When you emerged there was the spirit of participation and adventure. People were rummaging around. There's little of that now. Despite your popularity, the universal music you speak of aspiring to, essentially you're just a part of a perpetuation of bland, blanketing myths. Does that disappoint you?

"Well, it's a certain kind of disappointment. The world changes very slowly."

But surely it's turned against you.

"Not really."

Why not? Aren't you disappointed the way America has turned out? "Naah! I didn't have any expectations. I started out without expectations. It's a trick. That's all. If you start out expecting to fail and expecting the worst then anything that happens is an improvement over that. So that's the kind of head I go into it

with. In the '60s I wasn't imagining the world was going to be a beautiful and better place, y'know . . ."

But is Dead music a celebration of life?

"At its best moments it can be something like that. It's kind of hard to put into words. I don't really know exactly what it is. I just know that subjectively speaking there are special moments that make it feel that after being in Grateful Dead all of this time . . . we're just starting."

I gasp. Garcia concentrates.

"We're just starting to get ourselves together in a lot of ways, to start to do what we hope to do."

Does it disappoint you that after those 16 years and what you've struggled and soared through, people like me can be disrespectful of you: think you are rusty, crusty, dusty and fusty?

I just get the last — rusty out and Garcia exclaims: "No! I don't give a damn. I would be afraid if everybody in the world liked us. The responsibility. I don't want to be responsible for leading the march to wherever. Fuck that. It's already been done and the world hates it. Humans hate it."

Wasn't that leading the march thing your '60s attitude?

"Fuck, no! Hell! For me the whole

Have you heard of The Fire Engines, I say, a little ambitiously. Well, they play 15-minute sets.

"Fifteen! Phew!"

It's an injection of sheer tonic.

"Yup," grins Garcia, tight-lipped.

They're violent, tense, joyous, changeable, it's an uplifting celebration — all the things you're saying to me are there in your music and which I can't get out.

Garcia pours carefully articulated reason onto my glorious fury. "For me music is a full range of experience. In music there is room for space, there's room for quietness, room for sorrow, room for passion, anger, hate, violence."

I do agree. We still seem to be talking about different things though.

"It's not my desire to say there is only this or that. For me it's a full range of experiences, and within that it includes things like boredom. Sometimes boredom is what is happening in life, that's what it's about sometimes. Sometimes the tension between boredom and discovery is like an interesting thing. The idea of noodling around aimlessly for 15 minutes, and we are notorious for that, but then hitting on some

Continues over



A WOMAN IN WELLINGTON WET HER WHISTLE
WITH A WILDMAN FROM WAY BACK WHEN
SHE SUCKED HER THUMB AND SHE HELD HER HEAD
AND TOLD HER MAN SHE JUST DIDN'T KEN
A NIP IN NIPPON NAPPED A NOD AND A NEW NOMAD
NEAR THE NEARSIDE WINDOW OF HIS MITSUBISHI
HIS KID WAS SCARED
HE SAID HE THOUGHT HE SAW
IT WAS SOMETHING NEW
JUST LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH

A MAN ON THE MAIN MOTOR MILE
MESMERIZED MUCH MONKEY MAGIC
MEANDERING PEACE MEAL
YOU KNOW UFO'S UTILISE, UPHORIC, PNEUMATIC,
IT'S ECSTATIC, TRAUMATIC
BURNING RUBBER, BLUBBER, BLACKOUT, PHASEOUT,
CHECKOUT PHILANDERING SONS OF MAGIC WOMEN
HIS BRAIN WAS BLAZED AND AMAZED
HE SAID HE THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHING NEW
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GARCIA

From previous page

rich vein of something that we may never have got to any other way, and that's the reward. I want there to be a complete vertical experience. I want it to be the full range."

I've been into music so long that I'm dripping with it: it's all I ever expect to do. — Jerry Garcia, August 1969

I'm surprised at our success. I can easily relate to the days when we outnumbered the audience. In my mind that isn't long ago. And it wasn't that different. I'd enjoy it whether we were obscure or hugely successful. Shit, I would pay to play music. — Jerry Garcia, March 1981.

GARCIA is cheery; mordant and ironic at times. His intelligence is quick and precise. He and The Grateful Dead seem to wash along in the mysterious tide of change without changing too much. It all changes and nothing much seems to change.

In 1979 a *Rolling Stone* reporter noted that Garcia looked you right in the eye and smiled encouragement. In 1981 Garcia looks you right in the eye and smiles encouragement. He noted that Garcia, however complex, was entirely open and unenigmatic. I could say the same today. In 1979 though, *Rolling Stone* was convinced Jerry Garcia had clear and inspired ideas. In 1981 I'm convinced that Garcia is a man in love with his instrument who's pretty lucky how his mind's turned out. Despite the resonance in Garcia's conversation, Grateful Dead seem to stand for the essential drowsiness of life.

Would you want to grow up like The Grateful Dead? As a force of change the Dead seem... dead. As a 'live draw' they're so alive if I think about it too much it aches.

Come on, Jerry, youth, rebellion, I don't want to be like the past, like you... pop is quick, a confrontation, flash... you're being consumed by millions of Americans and you're tasteless!

Garcia chuckles, shoves a leg underneath his body and looks me in the eye with genial firmness. "First of all I don't think of myself as an adult. An adult is someone who's made up their mind. When I go through airports the people who have their thing together, who are clean, well-groomed, who have tailored clothes, who have their whole material thing together, these people are adults. They've made their decision to follow those routines. Brush their teeth regularly and all that."

If you get to that stage all you get is rock solid boredom. With no surprises, when you're pretty sure that your best years are behind you. I run into people who are 24, 25, who are into that bag and I feel tremendously intimidated by them. I feel they're adults.

American youth seems to be adult at 15.

"It's just a phase. It'll pass. The next group of people will dislike that so intensely and so thoroughly that they'll fight through."

That will include the resentment and antipathy towards Grateful Dead that I think should exist now.

"If it does, it does."

So if you're not an adult, what are you?

"I would say that I was part of a prolonged adolescence. I think our whole scene is that."

Moving towards what?

"Middling adolescence!" He laughs. I switch the tape off. "Yeah, that's far enough!"

THE WRITER puts his tape recorder

away. The musician eases himself out of his chair. The photographer gets his equipment ready.

The musician shakes his head as he recalls bits of the interview. "Fifteen-minute sets!" he marvels. "If I had to pay £8 for a 15-minute set I'd trip out... The economics of it! I would feel so guilty. Even if I did a 45-minute show so packed with emotion and intensity and everything it needed to have I would still feel like, God it ain't fucking worth it. I don't want to burn anybody. People have to work to get their little money... The best experiences I've had as an audience member is when I've seen a performer get excited and inspired and go over their time. Forget about time... forget about time and then you can think hey! an hour and a half has gone by and it seems like ten minutes! That's the stuff!"

The photographer scans the room looking for likely places the musician can pose. The musician stands looking a little lost near the window. The writer says to him that 45 minutes of his music seems to go on for two years.

"Well, have a nice rest!" The whisky musician and sugar writer laugh, loudly. They'll never see each other again.



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Single Of The Week



SINGLE OF THE WEEK
PUBLIC IMAGE LTD:
Flowers Of Romance
(Virgin). Sheer delight! — as the fellow himself might say. This is the first PiL single in well over a year, and however dubious their excuses might sound, 'Flowers Of Romance' is at least fair compensation for all the waiting around. As title-track, it augurs well for the LP to follow.

One of the starkest, most single-minded pieces they've ever done — on first hearing it seems all thudding drum and ghostly, piercing Lydon whine — 'Flowers' stands supreme this week; one of that tiny handful of records capable of

provoking some emotional response in the listener.

Take the time to get to know it, the hypnotic beat, those uniquely chilling vocals — a relentless monotone — and the eerie, vaguely Eastern drone at the music's core. On the face of it, 'Flowers Of Romance' is hardly a song at all, but on the inside it's really much, much more. Let's have more!

SCARS: All About You (Pre). There but for the grace of PiL went Scotland's young Scars — brave runners-up, not quite Single Of The Week and yet, with that long-awaited first LP approaching, I'm full of hope that their day is about to come. 'All About You' is definitely a cue for optimism, certainly the best thing they've achieved since the startling 'Adultery'/'Horrorshow', their precocious debut of two years (that long?) ago.

'All About You', on the face of it, is a milder kind of song, less desperate. But it doesn't know its own strength: yearning, persistent verses are blown open by a soaring chorus, beautiful, while a cutting edge of electric guitar slices right down the middle, urgent and hard. If ever they could improve on it — by just a little bit — then Scars will be a precious noise indeed.

TENPOLE TUDOR: The Swords Of A Thousand Men (Stiff). Bolshie and boisterous, an entertaining slab of tribal Restoration rockabilly... I think I'm steadfast in my refusal — my inability — to take anything seriously which involves Eddie Tenpole, but that's no obstacle where 'Swords Of A Thousand Men' is concerned. It's a great, clomping, mock-heroic mess of a song: not so much verging on the ridiculous as wallowing in it. Third and last of this week's actually buyable new releases.

LITTLE WILLIE LITTLEFIELD: Ain't A Better Story Told/ROSCO GORDON: Booted (Ace).
TEEN QUEENS: Eddie My Love/ETTA JAMES: Good Rockin' Daddy (Ace).
SAM BUTERA AND THE WITNESSES: Bim Bam (Capitol).

Now it's a sad reflection, either upon me or upon the state of contemporary pop as represented by this week's singles, but the only other records in the pile I find exciting are these ancient re-issues.

Take Sam and his Witnesses, for instance, all the way from 1958. 'Bim Bam', as the name suggests, is as silly and trivial a song as you could ever hope to find — an utterly daft and irresistible affair; it's crushing to reflect that pop will never be so unselfconscious again.

And those two Ace label couplings, dated 1950/51 and 1955, well, they're fabulous. Little Willie (not to be

confused with the writer and intellectual of the same name) teams up with somebody called Little Laura Wiggins, and the results — primitive R&B that sang about "rock and roll" and really meant something by it, and years before Bill Haley, too — are a joy to hear. Ditto Etta James: swing, sex and a sly sense of humour. A world away from all the posturing, pretentious nonsense of today...

BAUHAUS: Kick In The Eye (Beggars Banquet). The Bauhaus enigma: monotonous Northamptonshire grimos, or challenging cultural subversives? Work it out for yourself. This stuff just bores me round the bend. I wish I could offer you a more constructive insight. I've tried.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Just Fade Away (Chrysalis). Run straight after SLF's name, that song-title has an oddly

ominous ring to it. This group will have to fight hard, I should think, to maintain a place for itself in the post-punk world. 'Just Fade Away' won't help them much. It's an ordinary little song, about nothing much in particular, saved only by the reliable drive and coarse abrasive power of the Jake Burns/SLF approach. Already you can sense the law of diminishing returns setting in.

CHARLIE PICKETT AND THE EGGS: Feelin' (Open). The output of American minor labels is so atrocious at the moment, it's only matched by the output of American major labels. Not that our own are vastly better, it's just that we have more honourable exceptions. Something of a pleasure, then, to record how

Florida's Open label (motto: "where being warped is no defect") have come up with an amusing, if modest, single by the little-known Eggs, featuring Charlie Pickett. It's basically ham-acted, knee trembling rock'n'roll, a la Johnny Kidd & The Pirates, with sufficient sense of its own unimportance to work enjoyably well.

DAVID BOWIE: Up The Hill Backwards (RCA). You know the routine: it's just the standard Bowie album-by-installments release procedure. It's not a bad track in the context of 'Scary Monsters', but like most of Bowie's artificially-induced singles, the song seems to suffer in isolation, rather than grow in stature. And, not unusually, the consuming devotion of the LP-owning fan gets exploited — B-side is the otherwise unobtainable 'Crystal Japan', a 'Low' style synth piece. In other words, one for the price of two.

HONEY BANE: Baby Love (Zonophone). EMI have given Honey Bane the Brian Aris glamour-shot treatment for the cover. No wonder Crass Records couldn't keep her. As for the song itself, an indifferent re-working of The Supremes' showstopper, she makes the obligatory attempt to come on all coy and Lolita-like about the title, but it's a frankly tedious exercise. Nobody involved sounds more than half-awake at any point. Technically a wash-out.

SLADE: Wheels Ain't Coming Down (Cheapskate). Dull, heavy-handed melodrama, follow-up to the surprise success of 'We'll Bore Your Pants Off'. Lots of whizz-bang sound effects but precious little inspiration. Hard work.

THE JAGS: The Sound Of G-O-O-D-B-Y-E (Island). It's so embarrassing, but what else can you say? How The Jags must long to read a review that doesn't mention Elvis Costello. How predictable, they must think. But how



Scars: a precious noise indeed.

predictable they are. This is pushing the bounds of coincidence too far: even more of their slick, derivative pop rock. Profoundly pointless. Off to America with them! Goodbye.

THE STRANGLERS: *Just Like Nothing On Earth* (Liberty). Grumble, moan. Another duff cut from my least favourite Strangers LP. Smurffy singalong, smirky words, murky meaning. Curiously facile. Irritating. Beam them up, Scottie. Anywhere.

THE LAMBRETTAS: *Good Times* (Rocket). A sorry, melancholy plod which pretends to be all about optimism and zippiness and fun. The Lambrettas play like they're lumbered with lambrettas around their necks, like albatrosses. Sad and stranded.

JOHN LENNON & YOKO ONO: *Watching The Wheels* (Geffen). **ELTON JOHN BAND FEATURING JOHN LENNON:** *I Saw Her Standing There* (DJM). After the deluge, further comment on the life and work of John Lennon is distinctly surplus to requirements just now. Sticking to the bare details, then... 'Watching The Wheels' is another cut from 'Double Fantasy', all soothing melodics and rolling piano chords. Lyrically, it offers his comprehensive reply to everyone that was busy worrying about all the years of inactivity.

I presume the justification for releasing the Elton John material rests with its sentimental value. It's an EP of three live tracks, recorded at New York in 1974, unremarkable in themselves except that they turned out to be Lennon's last public performance. Apart from the finale of 'I Saw Her Standing There' (ironically a McCartney song) there's 'Whatever Gets You Through The Night' and Elton John doing 'Lucy In The Sky'. Eminently collectable, no doubt, but I'd just as soon they hadn't bothered.

BILL HALEY: *Haley's Golden Medley* (MCA). This, on the other hand, is totally out of order — or would be, if it weren't so laughably inept. A clumsy cash-in (or 'tribute' as they say in the trade): excerpts from five of Old Bill's alleged classics, hastily glued together and described as a "Golden Medley". Exceptionally worthless.

FIVE OR SIX: *Another Reason* (Cherry Red).

ELECTRIC GUITARS: *Health* (Fried Egg). Two vaguely commendable outings here — neither record enough to get you whooping with acclaim, but both suggestive of a certain promise and intelligence. Five Or Six go for an atmospheric, electronic sound that's repetitive but fortunately the right side of drone-dom. The singer lets them down a little, I think, in that he sounds, if not dead, then somewhere well along the way. Electric Guitars, on Bristol's eccentrically likeable Fried Egg, are a livelier proposition: strident, vigorous music that just lacks enough character to make it actually recommendable.

THE CURE: *Primary* (Fiction). Can't see a lot of logic in the decision to give this song single status. The finer points of The Cure's appeal elude me at the best of times, but beyond an attractively fanatical drum-beat, 'Primary's point escapes me altogether. Some undistinguished and moaning vocals don't help, but essentially the fault is with the

song itself, and that fault is that it is damned near non-existent — with no other virtues to compensate. (Compare and contrast with PiL.)

BURUNDI BLACK: *Burundi Black* (Barclay). A 1971 recording, apparently, with additional drums in the re-mix by Rusty Egan. Basically an extended exercise in jungle rhythms; the main point of interest, of course, is the light it throws on the origins of Antmusic/Bow Wow Wowbeat. All very enlightening in an academic sort of way, but with not much more than drums rumbling plus the odd spot of natives-getting-restless chanting, the attention quickly wanders. Bit too tribal for me, chief.

DIRE STRAITS: *Skateway* (Vertigo). The good news is he doesn't sound like Bob Dylan this time. The bad is that he's like Lou Reed, and even less plausible. Lame and dated. I can't stand this ersatz Americana, where "rock'n'roll" is mouthed like a religious incantation, and lazy lyrics maunder on in fictitious 'street-jive' for the vicarious satisfaction of comfortable, ageing consumers. (Hey, Bruce baby, what's happenin', man?)

ARETHA FRANKLIN: *I Can't Turn You Loose* (Arista). Alias the old Otis Redding number, given a frantic treatment that doesn't do much to recall the graceful assurance of her best performances.

THE JELLY BABIES: *Into The Valley Of Death Rode The Five Brave Jelly Babies* (De Nada). Front room punky amateurs, in the Swell Maps mould. Really only memorable for this, the title of its fifth track. Mind you, that's more than most of the other sixty-odd singles I've listened to this week are memorable for. God bless you, boys.

REALITY: *(Tell Me) What's Going On In Your Mind* (Romantic). Reality are a five-piece from Birmingham with strong UB40 links: apart from playing supports for them, they share the services of producer Bob Lamb. This debut (for both band and label) is an extremely encouraging start, smooth and soothing reggae, self-written and strikingly melodic, lovely saxophone. Listen out and keep the name in mind.

HAZEL O'CONNOR: *D-Days* (Albion). **MICHAEL DES BARRES:** *Someone, Somewhere In The Night* (Dreamland/RSO). Michael Des Barres' record is uncannily — and depressingly — reminiscent of something Hazel O'Connor would do. Hazel's own single you'll possibly know: taken off the LP, I understand it's already marching up the hit parade with brisk efficiency. Both of these songs strike the strident, robotic note that sets my nerves on edge. Both performers work their weak material terribly hard, but what's supposed to be emotional only registers as over-wrought.

MATCHBOX: *Babe's In The Wood* (Magnet). More mundane revivalism from a group who sound more like cabaret hacks with each successive release.

SINGLES



NEW ALBUM WHATCHA GONNA DO?

ON PVK RECORDS & TAPES
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JAP PAYBACK PART 2

プラスティックス

BANDITS IN

Who's scared of Oriental Rock?
MAX BELL test drives The
Plastics and Sheena And The
Rokkets, two combos
spearheading the new Japanese
export drive.

THE FIVE members of The Plastics — in their late twenties and early thirties — are part of the post-war generation in Japan that has been exposed to a society almost entirely bound by the twin gods of technology and economics. A local of Tokyo will tell you against himself that modern Japan has civilisation but no culture. He will add, wryly, that this doesn't particularly matter because his people are also masters in the art of improved copying. The Japanese are very well equipped to cope with tomorrow's world. They're inventing it today.

Plastics' music, and their hybrid Western language that defies the imagination with its devastating simplicity spends a lot of time dealing with this reality. Toshi Nakanishi, who accepts the role of band leader without a hint of self-consciousness, writes songs that are a fair reflection of the new society.

"There is no logic involved in technology, it's there to be used but all you have to do is switch on and off. A lot of Japanese are frustrated because they only understand Tokyo or the big city. There is so much information here, but it's all one way; there isn't any communication."

Ever since Toshi was born he has been surrounded by a Westernised popular culture, but he doesn't mind. "I love Western things. I don't blame it. I like Kentucky Fried Chicken. Westernised is modernised."

Many Japanese have accepted this cultural tolerance with an ease that baffles outsiders. Along with the fast food and the Gucci loafers and American TV have come the USA's favourite leisure industries, baseball leagues and something we might as well call rock'n'roll music.

The Plastics are fully absorbed into this new society but like to show up its dangers. The songs on their third album 'Welcome Back Plastics' (a title culled from the 'Welcome Back Beatles' anthem that signalled the arrival of the new age) are a composite of advertising slogans and corporate names juxtaposed with a roll-call of self-styled decadents like Warhol, Jerry Hall, Fellini, and an intuitive notion of styles, from the latest credit card to the colour of tennis shoes.

Don't get the idea that Plastics are merely obsessed with style to the exclusion of morality. The impressive English-released single 'Peace' is self-explanatory while 'Park', a cunning reworking of the entire Bowie catalogue filtered

through a glamourised steal of Lou Reed's 'Satellite Of Love', gives a matter-of-fact account of atomic destruction. The Plastics may communicate in broken English but their sense of absurd irony is universal.

Those are maybe the last things you'd know about them. So far in their three year history Plastics have usually been noticed for creative theft, from Devo, Talking Heads and B-52s. They don't care if anyone points out the influences, they like it a lot. Besides, they feel themselves to be a part of the wave for which the techno-pop label is another convenience. They could never have existed without The B-52s but it isn't holding them down. The Mika Band are another obvious point of contact. Plastics have also designed 12" covers for four Heads records and were commissioned to illustrate 'Wild Planet'. Mission aborted.

Toshi, girl singer Chica Chan, guitarist, motor cycle enthusiast and antique dealer, Hajime Tachibana, the rhythm box and bass section of Ma-Chang Sakuma and Takemi Shima are unusual amongst their fellow bands in that they've done two American tours and been signed by Chris Blackwell to Island Records on the strength of one video and a live show (both Sire and Stiff said no). Even granting Yellow Magic Orchestra's limited success abroad, Island have taken a positive risk. Bob Marley's producer Alex Sadkin produced 'Welcome Back Plastics' in funky Nassau's Compass Point B studio in one week, and now they are preparing to promote it all over the world through live appearances.

JUDGING by their current stage-craft and occasionally haphazard musicianship Plastics' success is not assured. They supported Talking Heads in Japan's major cities and were always treated like an opening act, this despite combined sales of 170,000 on their first two albums. However, efficiency and ritual applies just as much to rock and roll as it does to business in Japan. The timing of a concert is calculated to the second. The curfew regulations on the hall means a band cannot be so much as two minutes late on stage or play an impromptu encore. Audience enthusiasm is generally limited to loud clapping after every number and dancing only for the headline group at the end. The halls have no alcohol, no smoking and no fights. Barriers are erected on every gangway but no one rushes to the front or confronts a bouncer.

Plastics are used to this arrangement and know the alternative — rowdy American crowds, frantic dancing and the open consumption of narcotics. Chica says: "I like exciting audience but I don't care if they won't dance. I would say get up and move but I don't want to do it."

Toshi: "People are getting more excited, even here. It is pre-set reaction. Like people will go to the

PLASTICS: leading exponents of Technopop, Japan's re-make re-model new music.

THE SUN!

シーナ&ロケツト ATTACK! ATTACK! ATTACK!.....

TECHNOPOP!!

comedy show and they want to laugh. It may not be so funny but they have to react."

Hajime: "At the beginning for us they were always quiet. They didn't know how to express understanding of Plastics' music. They were meek. I think they want to get excited but we never make them."

The Plastics have not been signed for a possible domination of the Japanese market. Their big future lies in creditable acceptance in Europe and massive popularity in America, a la B-52s.

So far they have been taken at a rather effete level in the West. In the eyes of their press sheets — from Andy Warhol's interview to the American fanzines — Plastics are cute and clever individuals playing "easy listening avant garde music." Their artificiality is a bonus but they aren't presumed to have any intellectual muscle. They live in a world of surf-boards, sun and sake. This fun-loving consumerist image



SHEENA with ROKKETS: husband and shinto R&B bossman is on the right.

may be partly true but Plastics' collective grasp of multi-media, in their talents of graphic design, fashion styling, illustration, is more important. The frothy angle is nice for pop writers but it's another obstacle like the Westerner's vision of a country full of geisha girls, overlooked by the Mount Fuji cult.

LIKE THEIR soul partners from Athens, Georgia, The Plastics share a great love for triviality and take endless pleasure in typically Western modes of greeting, dress and habit. To Toshi: "All fashion and gesture is interesting. This make-up, our dress, is regular life, like eating and sleeping. Recently we played in Osaka and I noticed that costumes had changed so much in three months. I never act like I do on stage though, I'm used to acting like a robot."

Chica returns to the subject of fashion, she is a stylist and freelance model as well as a Plastics' Chica is thus phenomenally popular with young high-school girls in Japan to whom fashion is a dream. "Everytime we are onstage young people are anxious to know what we wear. I might wear a lion tail and then Arabian dress. They soon learn the kids' reactions. They come next time with lion tail."

Can you walk down the street dressed like this in Japan? "Why not? Depends what you think crazy."

Have you heard Adam Ant and Bow Wow Wow? "Dress like pilots? I have a video tape. Nice fashion I think."

Not bad, but you should see Plastics' three-song video for 'Copy', 'Good' and 'Top Secret Man', even more state of the art than Costello's flit for 'Watching The Detectives' and 'Chelsea'. Plastics directed it themselves using a minimum of props save for a miniature car and a

real penguin.

Ma-Chang elaborates. "We rent penguin from animal company. It was expensive, about one hundred dollars. But well behaved."

Chris Blackwell, aware of the imminent potential of the video disc (remember they all laughed at Marconi?) was particularly impressed with Plastics' ability to convey exciting visual imagination in a usually sterile medium. Toshi was a bit worried about that.

"Now the media, TV, radio can use us. It's scary. I want to use them too but it becomes sensational, like the techno-pop label. Everyone needs them even if they mean nothing. I don't like Yellow Magic Orchestra, also called techno-pop." Fair enough.

When Roxy played with Mika Band at Wembley we know they used multi-media, pictures and music. I want to have a theatre where each seat has its own screen. TV is bad for the brains. Video can be easy to use attractively, soon people like Brian De Palma will direct them and they'll be cheap. Chris Blackwell is a clever man, he



Alex again because American producers are better for us than Japanese. Otherwise we talk too long. Sadkin just sat there and said "that's OK. That sounds good. Don't bother to do it again."

Hajime: "His ideas came out in the mixing but he didn't say anything when we recorded. Three years ago Chris Thomas, Mike's husband, wanted to produce us but we were too amateur. Now I don't like his production for Pretenders..."

Others: "Sssshhhhh..." Toshi: "Brian Eno has been suggested but that's too obvious. All his records sound the same, 'Low', 'Before And After Science', 'The Idiot'... all the same. It's dangerous."

Others: "Sssshhhhh..."

IN THE recent older world of post-war Japan the concept of the individual was not taken to mean much. The Japanese is born into a hierarchy and is bounded by its conventions, be they political, economic, educational or sexual. In many circles the woman is still a second-class citizen, women's liberation groups have had a hard time making themselves heard and sexism is not discussed.

Balancing this attitude (I can't pretend it's alien) is the fact that in common with other Asian races the Japanese are not ashamed about nudity, their morality is seldom as prudish as ours. Sex symbols in Japanese rock usually embrace the Western image of eroticism. Chica had no idea whether her audiences regard her as a sex object but thought they probably didn't. Toshi thought that such symbols were found in other kinds of music.

"Perhaps Sheena from ROKKETS is one, a Japanese Lolita". Plastics' record company, Invitation, won't let on that Chica and Toshi live

together. An odd attitude when you consider that Chica, like Yoko Ono, could easily be destined to alter Western misconceptions of sexism, subservience and inferiority for Japanese women. Chica, who weighs 86 pounds and is 5' 3" is definitely not your standard Nipponese woman.

When The Plastics embark on their April tour they will be the first



band to undertake such a vigorously traditional role and they'll be a completely new experience to most ears.

Toshi: "When I was 19 I was frustrated by all the American groups I heard. I had a complex about being Japanese. Not now. It's so far to travel and costs so much money. Maybe there are no good groups here but we are still learning. I know we could be a lot bigger if we went to live in America for a year. Perhaps we will. We won't get depressed if we fail. Just to play in Europe and America is success for Japanese group even though last time we were in the USA we weren't ready to play our best. We still sold out our records. Now we are all studying English because we want to be pioneers so that other people will be liberated to show their emotions. We care about breaking away from some Japanese traditions to express ourselves but we also like a lot of tradition here. My grandmother was a Koto player and teacher."

"When we started, even before Plastics as The Melons, we just wanted to have fun. Now we want to be good and ambitious. Chica realised that you have to be professional and passionate. These two things can work together. Many tribal arts, Indian, African, seem primitive but they are well played. A return to tribalism could be good for many people... all these problems, racial, energy and food... technology can't solve them. One effect you see is the isolation in the crowd; it's hard to survive in the city. Plastics want inner feelings and emotion but in '80s way not '60s. Now we need a trigger, like electricity. No one believed that electricity would lead to mass technology. Perhaps it will be a person, a psycho-scientist; Chica desires an alien visitation. I hope that it happens before the people who can destroy the world put their fingers down. I don't like to think we've already lost that choice."

There is nothing profound or dippy about these sentiments, they are surely a major consideration to all reasonable human beings. It's not hard to understand Japan's attitude to nuclear destruction, they have an advanced technology that often dictates the way our society will go in the 21st century with its increased leisure time and diminished economic choice. Similarly they are the only race in the world with direct experience of atomic warfare. The consequences of Hiroshima and Nagasaki can be imagined if you consider the effects of a bomb that fell on Glasgow if you were in London.

Gloomy, huh? Before things get too serious take a look at a snippet from one Plastics' best ever songs,

'Diamond Head'.

Toshi: "Ah-ooh- at least Optimist is pessimist L'ecume des Jours: Boris Vian And a Russian dog's bark Abstract and Informal Schlemmer and Cubism, Iceberg, Oldenberg, Kandinsky"

Chica: Oh you bastard, come here by my side "Listen to the new age — Uhh. It's comin'" Only this time it's coming from the East.

THE SURPRISINGLY whimsical town of Fukuoka lies at the North West tip of Japan's most southerly island — Kyushu, midway between the twin atomic cities. Fukuoka, due to its port and a large settlement of post-war occupying G.I.'s is reckoned in Japanese rock 'n' roll circles to be the most feverish epicentre for the electric animal.

Sheena and the ROKKETS' principal leads are Sheena herself and husband Makoto Ayukawa, a 30 year old veteran of Fukuoka's enthusiastic rhythm and blues fraternity and Japan's most accomplished champion of the flame which I now know for a fact burns hard all over the world. You see Makoto's crazy about beat music — from the Yardbirds and vintage Stones to the sleazy East-West connexion made by Paul Butterfield, The Animals and the classic '60s American punks.

In the mid-'60s Japan was obliged to lend out her naval bases to the Vietnam War effort and so an old acquaintance was renewed. The American Forces Far East Network, which provided the natural soundtrack for WW2 and Korea, was now blasting out the messages of the summer of love at the same time as it provided the adrenalin for the real-life Apocalypse Now. An unholy



and godawful coincidence I'll admit.

Makoto Ayukawa was picking up on a fat slice of Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry and BB King at the same time that the young English white boys were learning to rip it up for commercial consumption; he'll admit that he actually understood the word first in its British counterpart. Makoto had a band called Sonhouse playing Elmore James in Kyushu clubs. He assimilated the clipped raw language of the second and third hand blues and applied it in the rougher locales of Japan's urban industrial conurbations. Makoto had a working class upbringing in a predominately middle-class nation that was made no easier by the fact that he is of mixed Japanese and Russian parentage and speaks in a crude dialect (my companion at the interview was quite shocked because "he does not speak good Japanese").

Sonhouse built up a large following and reached saturation point on the available market. They wanted to be accepted in the same way as the band they admired, from the beat boom to the psychedelic era to the watershed of glam-rock

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JAPS!

♦ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

that greeted the demise of its inventors — the Velvet Underground — but they bit off too much and blew up.

It wasn't until Makoto met and married Sheena, a high school student, that he felt the necessary inspiration to reconnect the pleasures of the past to the promise of the future. The advent of Blondie, Television, Ramones, Pistols and Clash coincided with nuptial agreement to meet the challenge offered by contemporary rock 'n' roll. Sheena decided to sing and the Rokkets were formed.

Their first show was opening for Elvis Costello and The Attractions, one group who ought to be congratulated on going early to see Japan for themselves. The Rokkets continued on the basis of that job. Makoto recalls that "We got new ideas from him on excitement and crowd reaction although we were all very nervous at first. It ended up with us playing six dates. I think he liked us."

The Rokkets have since accumulated a huge body of fans. Sheena is her country's most popular female singer and their three albums to date, 'No I/Fun Club', an eponymous second and 'Channel Good' have all been big chart successes while the group has been able to plunder the singles placings too, an honour reserved for the elite.

Sheena isn't just Japan's version of Deborah Harry and Ronnie Spector either, she has had the added responsibility of bringing up two four year old twins (maybe she was a shotgun bride).

THE NEW Rokkets ploy is to sing their mostly original material in Japanese and English. They tend to commission lyrics for Makoto's music and their favourite accomplice is Chris Mosdell who keeps it simple; "It's not a compromise, we sing 50/50 because we want to. Although we can't communicate in English we were brought up listening to certain phrases and sounds which we feel very close to." Sheena adds that "even in first grade at school without understanding anything in English I tried to copy the words on pop records."



Plastics: Chica Sato/Pic: Kaoru Iijima

While Rokkets music is a part of the developing affection for updated beat you shouldn't make the mistake of assuming that it's old-hat and conservative. YMO's Ryuichi Sakamoto is a regular contributor to their songs and Makoto has always managed to incorporate interesting keyboard textures and elements of warped soul-funk into his creations. Even The Plastics, who are generally pretty sour when it comes to crediting Japanese pop with the same chutzpah they'll bestow on the gaijin, have a sneaking regard for Sheena's sensual flash and

the effect the group has on an audience.

Rokkets are rare amongst non-metal bands for being able to provoke a level of that live dance frenzy you and I take for granted. Sheena maintains: "We have achieved a certain status here now which is why we wouldn't be all that different if we went abroad. We get a naughty audience that goes mad and we don't try to excite them. Japanese kids might look quiet to you but they express enjoyment in a natural way... they don't have to be aware of how they should react. Japanese people have always known how to express themselves because of the festivities... that's when things get out of hand, people take their clothes off and stuff. Then as far as rock 'n' roll goes we like to keep it alive, it's reality for us. Music 'wouldn't be exciting if it wasn't for the older sounds as well as the new ones. It's stupid to think that isn't true."

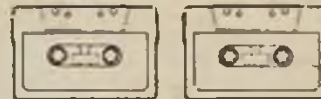
I asked Sheena and Makoto if there had ever been a sense of rejecting the social mores that supposedly bind Japanese youth and substituting a more flexible morality. "You people have already adopted the rock culture, it's taken root. The history may be shallower than in the West but the enthusiasm is here."

"We know a lot about you, we may be able to see through you but you don't know much about us. The exchange is only on an information level, it isn't heart to heart. You might think we act a certain way when we don't, and have preconceptions about us that are wrong."

"Person to person contact isn't so easy. Some of the worst ideas Westerners have are cliches, the kimono wearing and so on. That's just part of our culture. Of

CONTINUES PAGE 49

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FROM THE REDS . . .

Stalker

Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky
Starring Nikolai Grinko and Anatoly Solonitsyn
(Contemporary)

ALTHOUGH she continues to finance them, Communist Mother Russia seems reluctant to endorse Andrei Tarkovsky's film. They are not widely shown inside the Soviet Union and his last, the autobiographical *Mirror*, was hardly shown at all. Perhaps it twitched too many nerves in the Party hierarchy, or perhaps Tarkovsky is merely suffered as an export-only director whose work is unofficially sanctioned in the hope that it will encourage filmgoers in the West to draw favourable conclusions about the state of contemporary Russian cinema.

Whichever, although I somehow doubt the Comrade Member for Estonia rose at the recent Party Congress in the Kremlin and congratulated Tarkovsky on his use of locations in the region, the director's films are remarkable and *Stalker* even outstrips his earlier *Solaris*, which was widely and perhaps unthinkingly viewed as a Russian bid to rival Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

Just as *Solaris* was loosely based on an SF novel by Polish writer Stanislaw Lem, so *Stalker*, is a free and highly personal adaptation of a story by Russian SF authors the brothers Strugatsky.

It tells of an area called the Zone in some unspecified nation state. Some years ago something crashed or landed there, a meteorite or an alien spacecraft perhaps. Unusual occurrences were reported in the vicinity and troops were sent in to investigate. They didn't

return and as a last resort the area was sealed off, ringed with high wire fencing and watchtowers.

No one is allowed to enter the Zone, but over the years men called stalkers have slipped through the security net and returned to tell the strangest of stories, especially about the Room at the Zone's centre where, it's said, your heart's desires come true.

The film concerns itself with one particular stalker, a haggard man with close-cropped hair and cavernous features who looks as if he's just escaped from a concentration camp. For him the Zone and its curious powers take on a quasi-religious symbolism. His wife, who disapproves of his compulsion to stalk, regards him as something of a "holy fool".

On this occasion though the stalker is leading two other men to the Room. One is a writer of popular fiction who loathes himself as much as he loathes his readership and the women who're constantly attaching themselves to him. The other is a professor, a scientist. Both have their own, very different reasons for wanting to reach the Room, and initially at any rate, are highly sceptical of the stalker's superstitious awe of the Zone — he insists on throwing a handkerchief knotted with three metal nuts before him to clear their path.

So what's so special or interesting about three men taking a country walk and engaging in prolonged discussions about the meaning of their lives and life itself? Well, the quality and course of their discussions for a start. Dissatisfied hedonist and defensive humanist, Writer and Professor hold diametrically opposed views. Eventually they compromise in the face of

common doubts and dangers, but not before they've given convincing expression to any number of sometimes bewildering philosophical truisms.

And another thing. *Stalker* is visually stunning.

Tarkovsky seems to be able to almost suspend the passing of time with his fondness for painfully slow tracking — some shots are held for several minutes. In addition, the scenes in the industrial wasteland outside the Zone are filmed in rich, dark tints whereas those inside it are in soft, delicate colour, and the change from one medium to the other is startlingly achieved. Only German director Werner Herzog shares Tarkovsky's ability to, ahem, animate landscape like this — and however pretentious I may have made it sound, all you have to do is see the film to appreciate how effortlessly it coordinates itself.

But never mind all the metaphysics. You can take *Stalker* as some sort of elaborate allegory if you like, I really don't think it matters. What's more, although Tarkovsky's intentions remain obscure and the film's ending is totally enigmatic, the film is actually very approachable. It's so unapologetic about itself that it just sweeps you off on vast wings. You never feel you're being patronised by it, still less emotionally and intellectually bullied.

Perhaps the explanation for *Stalker*'s absolute originality and success in communicating such enormous resonance lies in its director's privileged but ill-defined position within the Soviet state. He might be ideologically restricted but, freed from the commercial restraints that weigh so heavily in film makers in the West, Tarkovsky seems quite content

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TO THE REDNECKS

The Great Santini

Directed by Lewis John Carlino
Starring Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner and Michael O'Keefe (Orion)

HIS nostrils still twitching as he detects "the smell of victory" in napalm, Robert Duvall steps out of his madcap cameo as the Charlie Cong-zapping Lt-Colonel Kilgore in Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, sprouts a moustache and becomes another macho military redneck, this time Colonel William 'Bull' Meechum.

As easy as apple pie, right? Well, I somehow doubt it was quite that simple. Besides, however much the two characters might seem to have in common, their circumstances are entirely different. Whereas Kilgore at least had his wretched war to revel in and his "gooks" to slaughter indiscriminately, director Lewis Carlino's film is set in the early '60s, several years before full-scale US involvement in Vietnam, and all Meechum can do is carve great chunks out of the South Carolina skies with his F-4 Phantom in practice dogfights.

Another reminder that what the military like to call esprit de

corps is usually just a lame excuse for childish locker room pranking between good old boys and buddies. Meechum vents his frustration on all and sundry — on the green fliers of the demoralised squadron he's been seconded to retrain, whom he modestly instructs to "think of me as God", and his long-suffering family, whom he relentlessly bullies with mock drills and 3am roll calls.

His southern belle of a wife (Blythe Danner) is loving, but even her intense loyalty is tested by Meechum's constant attempts to beat suitably competitive (combative?) values into his elder son (Michael O'Keefe). As far as Meechum's concerned, his boy was born "the toughest little fighter pilot" and is predestined for the Corps. Proud father duly wakes son at some unearthly hour on his eighteenth birthday to give him his own, very first leather flying jacket.

Only Meechum's elder daughter (Lisa Jane Persky) has his measure. Bespectacled, red-haired and uncannily like the young Woody in Woody Allen's films, she resorts to sarcasm with often hilarious results. Predictably, Meechum ignores her altogether. Paternal care and concern, let alone love and affection, are not on the clip-board agenda.

And so the first hour plus of *The Great Santini* makes for withering satire at the expense of every American institution within range: the family, homely virtues, the military, the smalltown college netball

match as do-or-die (of shame) cause for mass hysteria, etc, etc.

So far, so sharp. Meanwhile son's token but traumatic assertion of independence from father looms large, and to engineer it the film introduces a sub-plot about racism in the Deep South that itself turns on Meechum Jnr's burgeoning friendship with a stereotyped nature boy of a local black kid. The combined sentimentality and heavy-handedness of these scenes deal *Santini* a dolorous blow from which it barely recovers, only regaining a more appropriately tragicomic balance as it draws to a close.

The lapse is unfortunate, and it's just as well that Duvall and O'Keefe give such capable and redeeming performances. Duvall in fact attacks the part of Meechum with such manic zeal that the real-life rednecks of the Confederate Air Force over in Texas would surely have awarded him an honourable colonelcy — if only he hadn't so obsessively emphasised the character's appalling emotional inadequacies.

Meechum is grotesque but pitiable, which in itself is much more than could be said for Kilgore. As a "gung-ho dinosaur" (his words), Meechum is also the very embodiment of Reaganite virtues, which he shows to be found extremely wanting: a lesson that seems to have been lost on American audiences, who apparently stayed away from *Santini* in droves. Don't let's repeat their mistake.

Angus MacKinnon

Above: Anatoly Solonitsyn and Aleksandr Kaidanovsky in *'Stalker'*.

Left: Robert Duvall as Colonel William 'Bull' Meechum in *'The Great Santini'*.

to carry on making films that, as he's said himself, will only eventually find their audience.

Which isn't to say that Tarkovsky is only making films for his own amusement — far from it — but rather that he can take certain liberties denied his

western peers. In other words, he doesn't have to bend over backwards to 'entertain', and as a result his films are paradoxically but consistently more 'entertaining' (as in absorbing) than most.

It's a great shame that *Stalker*

is only playing in an 'art' house in London's West End, the Academy. But if you do manage to see it and keep any preconceptions at arm's length, I'm sure you'll find an immensely rewarding experience. Angus MacKinnon

"Eric blown to smithereens
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POINTERS: ONE

"She was late for her mother's funeral. At last she arrived, ferociously appropriate in a black turban. A number of jazz musicians were there. The late morning light fell mercilessly on their unsteady, night faces. In the daytime these people, all except her, had a furtive, suburban aspect, like family men who work the night shift. The marks of a fractured domesticity, signals of a real life that is itself almost a secret existence for the performer, were drifting about the little church, adding to the awkward unreality."

Elizabeth Hardwick (on Billie Holiday), *Sleepless Nights*.

DRINKERS: ONE

My favourite drinking lyric of all time — so far — is that of a song called 'Rhythm Death' (itself contender for favourite song title ever), the totality of which runs: "Drinkin' rum and Coca-Cola, rum and Coca-Cola, rum and Coca-Cola..."

The song was written by Sandy Linzer and L Russell Brown, and sung by the greatest and most unfairly unpopular vocalist in the world, Ms Cory Daye, on her solo LP 'Cory And Me', which, unfortunately, I believe is deleted.

None of Tom Waits' seven LPs are deleted, but fragments and snatches of alcoholic language throughout run 'Rhythm Death' a close second. He's also got a natural — and, in this modern world, nigh unimpeachable — way with arrangements: saxophone semi-colons, trumpet notes held like long slow kisses, tiptoe-through-the-shadows string bass and melancholic sheets of strings. The echoes I hear are Dolphy, Miles, Gil Evans, B-movie soundtracks, old musicals and certain exhausted nights I'd rather forget.

On the most recent LP, 'Heartattack And Vine', things are a bit more electrified than usual; which term, in this context, rather brings to (my) mind the ancient Glaswegian cocktail *electric soup*, the mether's adaptation of cheap sherry or wine — and like as not the cure for the common cold we all believe doesn't exist. (How do you think those guys survive winters? Vitamin C?).

For a long time, Tom Waits' style and grace have been defined in a manner which renders mythology and reality all but inseparable; an interesting fog, if you can peer through it with enough academic detachment. The trouble is, it's hard to study when the romantic demons take over all traces of analytical sensibility. Or, put it another way: when you're pissed, you know which pictures you prefer.

PICTURES: TWO

"... one of those scenes that clarified everything, totally. If you only see that one scene, nothing else, you know more about that way of life than ... It's the way people think and survive and what their values are."

Martin Scorsese (on a scene in *Mean Streets*).

"I was so crazy I wanted to kill this kid. Meanwhile, I gotta get back in the game — bing! bing! bing! — I lose 400 dollars. Meanwhile, Frankie Bones is over there, Frankie Bones, I owe him 13 hundred for like seven eight months already. He's after me, I can't even walk on Hester St, without bucking up this guy..."

Johnny Boy (as played by Robert De Niro, in the aforementioned scene).

WAITERS: WAITS

I'm waiting for Tom Waits in the snug, unnatural silence of a Kensington Hotel. A little video monitor above the reception desk screens a fuzzy monochrome image of the front door, and whoever enters or exits through it — mostly, it seems, pairs of richly outfitted male Arabs, clutching their Saturday shopping.

Waits manoeuvres the hotel stairs like one or other of his legs is fitted with a D-I-Y splint, or he's worldweary enough to have met a stick insect after an hour or so of amphetamine intake.

We cross from the hotel to a clean and respectable little Italian restaurant, which Waits has been using for interviews. He takes off his grotty grey coat and brown jacket and homburg, disgruntled because the waiter won't give us a booth. "Aw, don't gimme a hard time here," Waits growls as he sways before the bemused waiter like a punchdrunk fighter. "All I want is a booth." But the booths is all booked up.

We get an open plan table. Despite the chain-smoking, the coughs and hat-shrinking sniffs, Waits doesn't look at all unhealthy — not what I'd been led to expect, either by people who've met or written about him, or by the state of progressive dissipation conveyed through his seven LP cover shots. But he has over-scheduled himself. Trying to pack in too many interviews in too small a space, trying to give too many quotes in a couple of days' stop-over in London: "I can't just hit the button and talk, you know."

The day I see him, I'm the third newshound on his tail, with two more slotted in after me — before a midnight rehearsal with a band that's just flown in, and a flight out to the Continent the same morning. So the show goes on and on and on. He admits: the over-scheduling is

obscene. We eventually leave our particular game of media chess at a useful stalemate.

"Record companies, the way the whole thing works — they'll pee on your back and tell you it's raining, you know? But that's not the point. I enjoy talking to people — but not at gun-point. It's just raining magazines right now. So I just do it, then I go home and..."

INTERVIEWERS: IN ONE...

Tell me your life story, I say, all Interview interviewer.

"Oh no," he flaps.

Instead we exchange ages. I'm 21 and he's 31: he's been doing this a lot longer than I have! Go on, tell me your life story: all the young kids like me got handed an awfully misty, mystified '60s.

"It's not a very exciting story."

We're getting a little progress here, but the whole thing's obviously bothering him. I know the signs. Next!

"When I was a kid, when I was your age, I was out on the cusp, I didn't know what I wanted to do. I didn't want to be a bricklayer or a cabdriver or work in an aircraft company. Didn't want to be a butcher or a shoemaker or ... I knew what I *didn't* want to do. Singing and writing and travelling attracted me at that age — like running away to the circus, I guess. In '72 I went on the road for the first time. I opened up shows for Frank Zappa and Billy Preston and Charlie Rich and Jerry Jeff Walker and Buffalo Bob and Martha And The Vandellas and The Temptations ..."

(*Buffalo Bob?*) Basically: infamous Los Angeles rock manager Herb Cohen opened up the rockbiz doors for him. The first LP on Elektra Asylum, 'Closing Time',

came out in 1973 — pretty 'of its time', hard-nosed American folksy jazzy songwriting and playing with a few hints of the gravel drive & dribbled beer storyteller Waits was pointed towards. Tim Buckley (also managed by Cohen) covered 'Martha' off 'Closing Time' on his 'Sefronia' LP. (Pity he didn't stay around to cover more — of everything).

The second LP, 'Heart Of Saturday Night', continued in more or less the same vein; but the third, 'Nighthawks At The Diner' was what might best be called the staggering point — four sides of mock-live raconteur, beat buff, speed poet, jazz-consciousness hayseed. Ever since ('Small Change', 'Foreign Affairs', 'Blue Valentine' and 'Heartattack And Vine') Waits has refined through repetition, peppered the menu and polished the dish.

The music gets more and more mature and nastier; the musician got married seven months ago.

Her name is Kathleen and she works at 20th Century Fox. Waits himself has an office, these days. He is employed by Francis Ford Coppola's Zoetrope mini-empire — on the musical score of a film called *One From The Heart*, which he has been doing since April of last year. The last film to use Waits was Nicolas Roeg's epochal *Bad Timing*: 'Invitation To The Blues' off 'Small Change' rolled over the opening credits, Milena and Alex looking at some pictures.

"and you feel just like Cagney/looks like Rita Hayworth/at the counter of the Schwab's drug store/you wonder if she might be single/she's a loner likes to mingle/got to be patient and pick up a clue"

And he accepts her invitation to the blues, of course.

Complete picture: Pennie Smith

I ask Waits what he thought of *Bad Timing* but he won't really budge. I ask him what directors he likes and he says Ken Russell, Francis (Ford Coppola) and Martin Scorsese. I say I think him and Scorsese make a natural partnership and he just grins. I ask him if he saw *Heartbeat* and he says no. I think he just didn't want to talk about it.

DRINKERS: TWO

Has marriage mellowed him?

"Yeah."

Cut down on the booze?

"Just got someone to drink with now."

Has that big myth always been just a little tittle anyway?

"You mean how much I like to drink? Am I a notorious alcoholic?"

Well, a hard drinker.

"I enjoy a little wine with supper."

A little grin.

"... have a glass of sherry before I go to bed."

So you don't hang around in bars as much as the songs would seem to suggest?

"No, not really. I don't like crowded bars all that much. When I was your age I was in bars a lot more than I am now. Bars in the United States seem so grotesque compared to the whole national attitude towards having a beverage here."

Really? I gasp in disbelief. Those great, efficient, electric, round-the-clock bars against our nine-hour-a-day dungeons?

"In the States it's real dark and feels so illegal."

Is this the same guy who just gave the waiter daggers because — at 5.21

HICI OVER TO PAGE 49!





Stiff supremo turned film director Dave Robinson

WITH THE price of petrol what it is after the government's latest dose of 'medicine', taxis are getting to be an increasingly expensive luxury. Round our way, however, there is one really nutty minicab driver who usually makes the expense worthwhile. West Indian, middle-aged and pork-pie hatted with a greying goatee beard, this Kilburn cabbie keeps his passengers entertained with an animated routine of bawdy stories at no extra cost.

Take the other night. There we were, heading for the West End of London, chugging through Camden Town towards Euston Station, our cab driver in the middle of another anecdote when his attention is suddenly distracted by some lunatic on a gleaming white scooter, zipping in and out of the traffic with the grace and aplomb of a pedigree ice dancer.

"Heeeeey! Look at that scooter! Your man must be doing about 50 or 60. Those old scooters are great, much better than motorbikes. I gotta ask that guy what sort of bike that is!"

We finally catch up with this bi-wheeled whizz kid at a set of traffic lights in the Hampstead Road, right beside Capital Radio's Euston Tower complex. As I wind down a window to ask about this scooter for our cabbie, the rider lifts up his matching white crash helmet to reveal the beaming visage of a bouncy Suggs.

The Madness vocalist grins down at us through the light drizzle. "Where are you lot off to tonight then?"

Spandau Ballet at the Sundown!

"Spandau Ballet? Baaaugh! Didn't think they even did gigs!"

Suggs, it transpires, is on the way round to visit his mum after a day on location at Dingwalls, filming a scene for the forthcoming Madness feature film *Take It Or Leave It*. Tomorrow, the group are moving across to Islington to re-enact one of their early live dates for the same camera crew. Come along and see for yourself suggests Suggs before the lights switch from red to amber and the scooter is off into the city night, leaving us for dead from a standing start at the junction.

That bloke is a pop star, I say to the cabman, who is stunned into momentary silence at the thought of someone as regular as Suggs being even remotely involved in the glam of showbiz. He's the lead singer in a group called Madness.

"He's a pop star?" retorts the man behind the wheel. "You say he's in Madness? He is madness! Shocking!!"

LITTLE MORE than twelve hours later, I find myself in Islington, standing in the shadow of the old North London line. Directions to the Keskids Centre — a nearby community building where Madness are filming — have been sprayed up in lurid lime green paint on a corrugated iron fence beside the track.

The directions are hardly necessary. The muffled thud of a PA system is pumping out the unmistakable strains of a bluebeaty 'Swan Lake' somewhere in the vicinity and it leads me to my destination.

Outside the Keskids, a gaggle of youngsters from the adjacent St Thomas Of York school are waiting hopefully for a glimpse of their heroes or even a Madness autograph. Inside, in an upstairs studio no bigger than a large front room, Madness are at work, rest and play.

The idea is to re-create one of their early, pre 2-Tone live shows for the benefit of the camera. The original show had been in the Acklam Hall in Ladbroke Grove, the group having supported reggae rockers Tribesman

back there in November 1978. The Acklam, unfortunately, is temporarily out of service following the recent skirmishes there between rival football factions, so the Keskids have been chosen as the closest available substitute.

Onstage Madness — or The Invaders as they were calling themselves back in the pre-nutty, pre-Chas Smash days of '78 — malarkey around patiently as a cameraman and his crew potter about industriously in front of their noses in search of all the right angles.

For the sake of authenticity, the group are decked out in the sort of gear they might have been wearing over two years ago, mostly jeans, Harrington jackets, button-downs and Doc Martens, although saxman Lee Thompson and keyboard player Mike Barson strike a discordant sartorial note in a pair of bloated baggy suits, El Thommo even topping his oversize gray jacket with a black bowtie. The classically-trained Barson picks out a tortured sequence from rival Jerry Dammers' 'Stereotypes' to himself as movie director Dave Robinson of Stiff Records ushers two dozen audience extras towards the cameras like the human sheep at a *Top Of The Pops* rehearsal.

With everyone in position, a clapperboard cracks shut and the cameras roll for another take as Suggs introduces 'Swan Lake' for the second time, "a bit of classical music for all the chipmunks and bald geezers dahn the front!"

As Madness swing once again into the crooked beat of the nuttiest sound around, the cameramen zoom in on three chipmunks of particular interest at the very front of the stage. The three are skinheads — Chalky, Si and Carl Smith — and they annerally nutter their way through a zany routine that is neither conventional dance nor slapstick mime, more a mentally-deranged meeting between the two.

Back in 1978, this trio were no more than ardent fans and followers of the fledgling nutty boys and that is how they are portrayed in the film. Nowadays, all three are well-oiled cogs in the Madness machine, Si and Chalky as long-standing members of the road crew and Carl Smith as his alter-ego Chas Smash — compere, dancer, trumpeter and Coco Brother, Suggs comprising the other half of that little unofficial double act.

Chas, his favoured flat-top rockabilly haircut diminished to a Number Two razor crop for the film, is the visual lynchpin of Madness. So vital is he onstage that it is surprising he wasn't asked to join the group on a full-time basis at an earlier date — he wasn't fully enrolled as the seventh member until after their Stiff contract was signed at the end of 1979.

It's no surprise to find Madness putting a lot of time and money into their first full-length feature film. Their powerful comic visuals have always complemented their music without detracting from it and the songs — vivid true-life vignettes and breezy love stories — lend themselves readily to the screen. The group's appreciation of the potential of the pop video has certainly done their singles sales no harm, Madness emerging as the most successful singles artists of last year in the *NME* January roundup.

Back to the film. After the disappointing *Dance Craze*, which featured live footage of Madness, everyone concerned is determined that *Take It Or Leave It* is a more rewarding project.

As Suggs and Chas explain during a break from filming, the plot follows Madness from their pre-teen schoolboy incarnation — Lee Thompson, Mike Barson and guitarist Chrissy Boy Foreman — right through their formative

'U' trailer advertising 'XX' certificate

THE LOS PALMAS SEVEN

IN

REVENGE OF THE INVADERS

Exclusively taped in heavy heavy monsteround

sound by ADRIAN THRILLS

Panavision by Anton Corbijn

years up to the recording of a demo with producer Clive Langer, the demo that eventually became their first 2-Tone single 'The Prince'/'Madness'.

Rather than get bogged down in the more rarified world of a successful chart group, the film ends tantalisingly with Madness poised on the verge of their debut hit. A sensible end considering how well documented their story has been since then.

"We're trying to make the film as honest as we can," says Chas. "There isn't any dramatised crap. It's not going to be glossy. We have all the basic scenes worked out, but apart from that we're making a lot of things up on the spot."

"It's just about a lot of ordinary people who join a band and make a record," adds Suggs. "That's it! Anyone can do that. The film just shows that anyone can make a record. We didn't want it to be all hotels, tours, albums, studio talk and all the music business things. We wanted it to be about us as people and how the band Madness came to be."

"After all the rubbish like *Breaking Glass*, we just felt that someone should do a proper film about starting a group."

FINANCIAL BACKING for the film comes partly from the group themselves and partly from Stiff supremo Dave Robinson, directing *Take It Or Leave It* just as he has directed all the Madness videos since the 'My Girl' single. Robinson views the film as one of the most ambitious ventures Stiff have ever tackled, far broader in scope than *Dance Craze*, a movie which disappointed all the group.

"The film business is a question of risk," says Robinson. "This film is a risk for us (Stiff) in terms of our money and in terms of our belief in what we can and cannot do as a

record label. We've made a couple of tour movies before, but nothing like this, nothing quite as expensive."

"But I think this looks very interesting. I don't think anyone's ever filmed a rock film like this before. It moves so much we're thinking of giving out an air-sickness bag with each ticket."

"We're trying to capture the various moods of the group from the very start and it seems to be working very well. Madness as a group are probably the least inclined towards superstardom of any band I've worked with. Their attitude hasn't changed particularly from when they had nothing to now when they've got a bit of money and fame and I find that pretty unusual."

"They are one of the few young bands who haven't fallen into the trap of thinking that their IQ has automatically been raised by selling records. Groups live such an unusual life, touring and recording, that it's pretty hard to find people that keep their cool. The people that manage it are pretty few and far between."

Robinson has a point. Spending a day on the Keskids set, it's impossible not to notice that Madness still approach their work with boyish enthusiasm, a zestful buoyancy that extends to their off-camera personalities. Madness do seem to have been left relatively unscathed by the changes brought on by their massive success. As pop stars, they are naturals. As people, they are still mighty real.

"The film has actually been a good way of making us realise just where we came from," says Suggs. "We've put all our money into the film and it's put us back to square one. It's a totally new thing for us, almost as if we're making our first record again."

"As long as we keep on doing things that are creative, putting our money into things like this, then we'll keep ourselves together. Another thing the film portrays is... I hate the

feeling of people looking up to me, like when I go into a pub. This film shows that we aren't anything special, just ordinary people. When you're in a group, people tend to respect you for things that don't really matter. They respect you just 'cause you're in a group but that's nothing really."

Chas, his Huffy Puff denim jacket hiding a 'Fuck Art Let's Dance' promo T-shirt that hardly boosts the authenticity quotient of the 1978 scene he's just filmed, continues.

"The only bad thing about being successful is the hassles that you get. And you do! Like there are a couple of girls who keep knocking me up at one o'clock in the morning and I have to just tell them to get lost 'cause I don't want people coming round to see me at that time of night. That sort of thing makes me sick. On the other hand you get a lot of people who are really alright, like the kids from the school over the road coming across for a chat. You just get a few people who are a drag."

Madness know that the glamour of their position at the top of Britain's pop tree needs to be kept in perspective. They seem content to live their lives as normally as possible. As Chrissy Boy observes, Suggs' material ambitions extend as far as having somewhere to live and enough cash for five pints of lager a day.

"And I've got it, I'm there," sniggers Suggs. "There's absolutely no reason for us to want to do other things, no reason for us to want to do anything else apart from work with this band. If we keep ourselves interested, then we'll keep people interested in us."

"You get a lot of groups who want the mystery and the glamour and all that bollocks, but we just want to lead a pretty ordinary existence. I think there are other groups that feel the same way, people like The Specials

and The Jam. But I don't actually think about it too much. I just do it. A lot of groups think about things too much. We just get on with it. If you start analysing it all, you'll end up crawling up your own bum."

THE MADNESS organisation, though, is not a rigid set-up. The individual members may not have branched out to the same extent as, say, The Specials with their solo projects, but they do have the freedom to pursue their own interests. Chas and Suggs, for instance, played with Bette Bright at The Venue on New Year's Eve as The Rubber Biscuits. So have Madness any long-term ambitions?

"I think we just entertain," says Suggs. "That's our philosophy, but we entertain properly, not in a schmucky way. That's our place in the workings of the world. I'm convinced that's what we're destined to be. But what we do has nothing to do with people like the Nolans or any of that bollocks. We're a unit of people with a lot of different options."

"At the moment, the real thrill of all this is being so popular when we're really just a bunch of absolute knobs! I get a real kick out of seeing all these old lags who are supposed to be popstars 'cause we're bigger than any of them!"

AS MUSICIANS and entertainers, Madness are all too often damned with faint praise. Critics are disinclined to slam a group as zany and unpretentious as the nutty boys, so instead they patronise them as a pretty but ultimately disposable pop commodity.

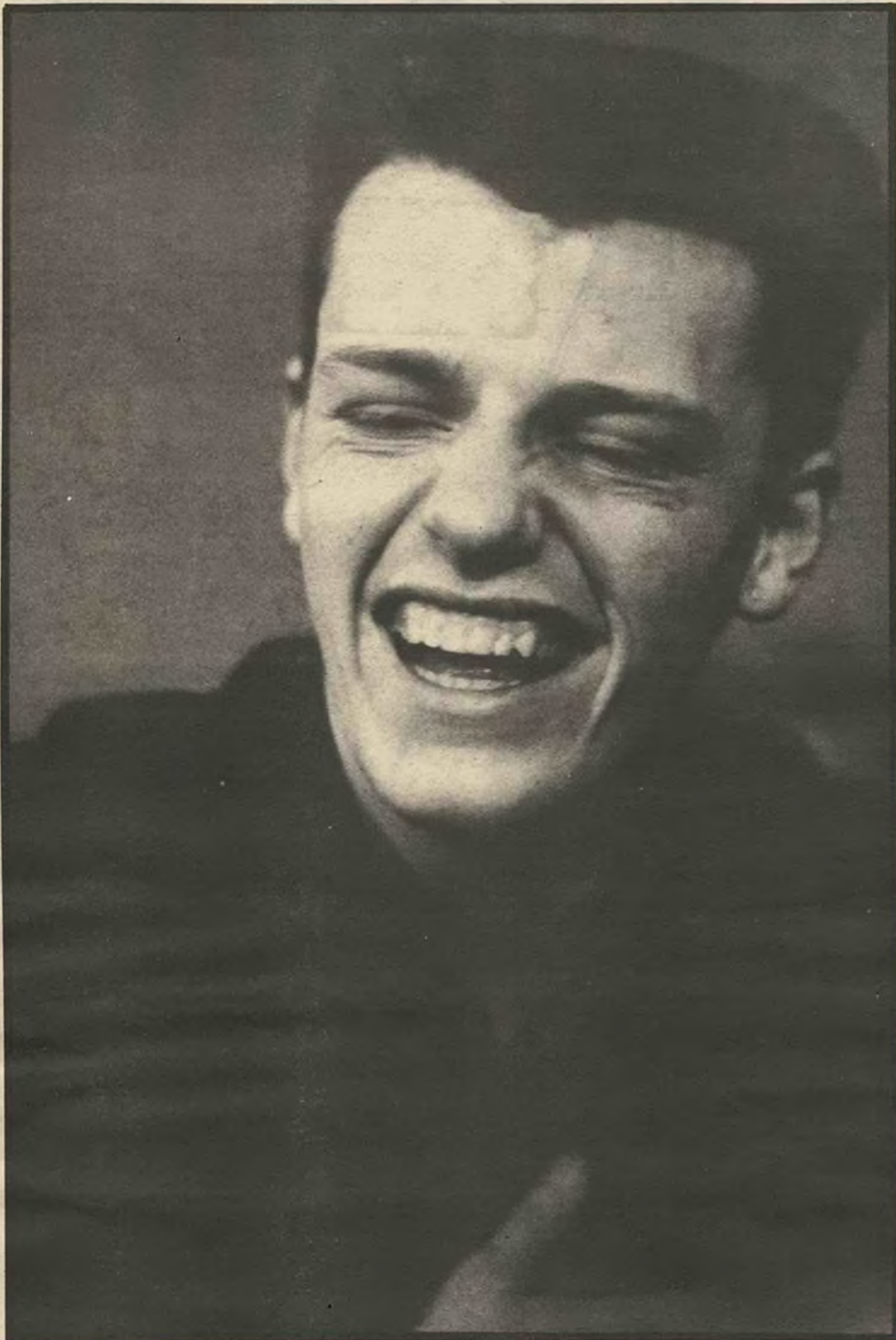
But even on a purely musical level, Madness are in fact a far more mature group than they are usually given credit for. Beneath the

vibrant veneer of the heavy monster sound, there is a superb pop craft at work. The early punk ska overtones have gradually fallen away as Madness cleverly honed and streamlined their sound, their deep-rooted influences — the brilliant rock'n'roll caricature of the first Roxy Music album, the cocktail rock of the Kilburns — coming much more to the fore on the handsome 'Absolutely' LP. Madness have outgrown their 2-Tone launching pad in style.

"We stuck to our guns in the beginning," says Chas, one of the six writers in the group. "We always tried to tell people that we weren't ska. If no-one had ever heard our stuff, we'd probably have been stuck with the ska tag, but luckily we were popular so people did get a chance to listen to our records and they could see for themselves that we had lots of different influences."

The musical growth of Madness has been accompanied by an imaginative series of televised videos, one for each of their seven hit singles from 'The Prince' to 'Return Of The Los Palmas 7'. Dave Robinson claims that these videos have been crucial to the group's success. A new set of images for each release. "Right now, television is moving so quickly that it is going to burn out a lot of groups very quickly," predicts Robinson. "There is a massive audience of people under 20 years of age who buy records 'cause of what they see on the television. The papers and live work still have an effect, but television makes the biggest impact."

"Take Adam And The Ants. When 'Antmusic' came out, it looked fantastic on the television. But now the Ants have just put out their third single, they look just the same on the box and I don't think the kids will be quite as keen this time. You have to change. You



have to adapt and I think that is what Madness have done. I think that's what they are doing with this film."

A less laudable aspect of Madness's success has been the continual lifting of singles from both 'One Step Beyond' and 'Absolutely', three 45s apiece from each LP. Robinson defends this blatant marketing ploy, claiming that 'lifted' singles are the only viable way to promote an LP in the absence of any real album-orientated radio in the UK. He says he would take five singles from every LP if he could see them all being hits. The group themselves seem torn by the dilemma, appreciative of Stiff's successful marketing but conscious of the need to be fair to their fans, many of whom will buy singles that they already possess as LP tracks simply out of a sense of loyalty.

"We want people to listen to our LPs," says Suggs. "But because they are both pretty varied, Stiff like putting out a couple of singles from each one just to give people an idea. But we try not to release too many, just a happy medium."

"When we were first signed, we went into Stiff and demanded that they put no singles on the albums, but the record company have proved to us that this is the only way to sell an LP of new songs. At first we argued until we were blue in the face, but if we didn't agree to it, we'd probably have flopped by now."

"We always like to feel we're being fair. We always put on a different B-side at least. Like Chrissy Boy doesn't like the idea of us doing 12-inch singles. He was dead against us doing a 12-inch of 'Return Of The Los Palmas 7', but at least we put three new tracks on it, plus a free comic. We wouldn't have done the 12-inch unless we felt we were being fair."

With that in mind, there are to be no more tracks lifted from the 'Abso' LP, the next Madness single — already in the can — being Mike Barson's 'Grey Day', with another new song, 'Memories' on the flip.

Unlike most of their one-time 2-Tone labelmates — Specials, Beat and Selector — Madness have always deliberately shied away from making statements, political or otherwise, in their songs. They see themselves purely as *entertainers*, right? A Slade to Adam's T. Rex in terms of their audience appeal.

However, the recent furor over the sale of fascist propaganda outside some Madness concerts and the increasingly desperate attempts of the extreme right to capture the support of disillusioned white working class youth has dragged the group back into the party-political firing line.

To their credit, Madness have laid themselves uncompromisingly on the line, Suggs even going on national radio to disassociate the group from the white-wing bully boys, although there are groans all round as I broach the subject. Yes, Madness seem to have heard this one before somewhere. They are still prepared to talk though.

Chas: "It's getting pretty sad. Like the bloke from the *Sunday Times* reckoned that the group used to be called The North London Skinhead Elite, which is absolute bullshit. Nine times out of ten we're not even aware of it when people come along to our gigs selling right-wing literature. So what can we say? We've already said that we're categorically against it, but we still seem to get so much shit when we're on tour with people coming up and accusing us of being fascists. Even in Scandinavia, we had some bloke come up to us with a clipping from a paper saying 'now, bot eez al dis about ze enn heff'. Come on, leave it out! It was getting to the stage where it was driving us around the bend."

Chrissy: "We try to talk people out of it where we can, but half of them don't even understand what they are associating themselves with. The other day we saw this kid with a white power badge on and the next minute he was talking to a black girlfriend!" Suggs: "It all stems from the fact that we were getting a skinhead audience, but we were getting that audience long before the NF thing started creeping into skinheadism."

Skinheadism? "Well, people associate us with skinheads, which is fair enough, but to associate us with anything political just because of that is just rubbish! Maybe in the past we were naive in not coming out strongly enough against it, but there's no way that any of us are fascist. We're categorically against it."

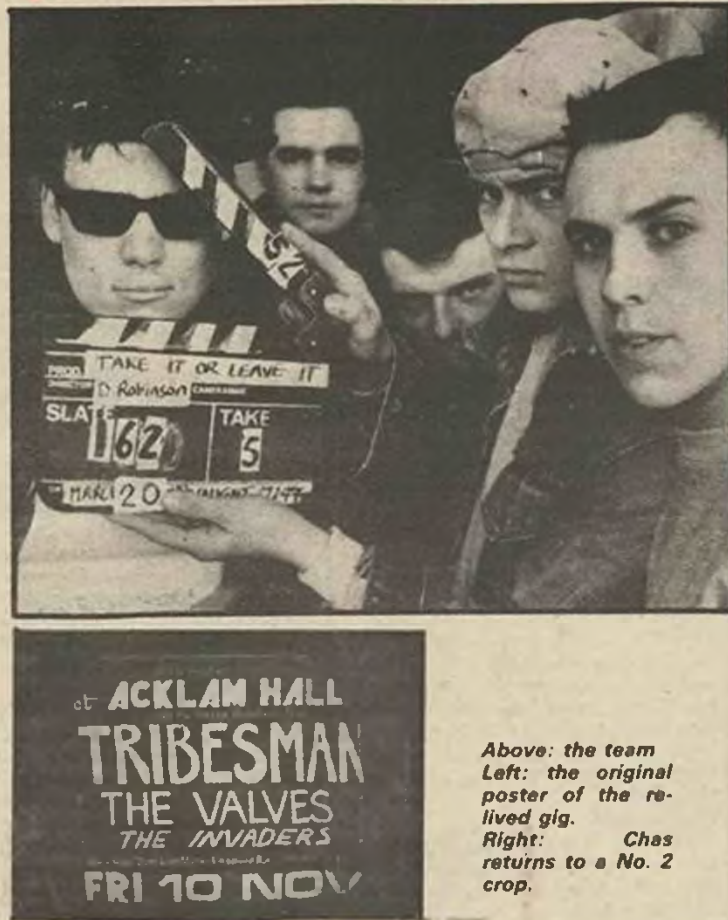
Like the Madness song of the same name, the *Take It Or Leave It* film avoids anything of particularly heavy social relevance. Indirectly, it illustrates the lack of real opportunity facing the average comprehensive school leaver in today's Britain — the old football, rock'n'roll or Borstal syndrome — but doesn't labour the point.

Concludes Dave Robinson: "I don't think the movie will constitute any sort of statement from the band. Hopefully, there will be some space in it where you can put in your own thoughts and views as opposed to any kind of statement from the group themselves."

With filming and editing due to continue into the middle of June, we won't be getting a chance to take or leave the celluloid endeavours of Madness until the beginning of the autumn term. On what I've seen so far, the wait should be worthwhile.

As a cameraman gathers together his lackeys to prepare the set for an *apres-gig* dressing room scene, I decide to cut things right there.

Take five, nutty boys! You deserve it.



Above: the team
Left: the original poster of the revived gig.
Right: Chas returns to a No. 2 crop.



U. K. TO UR

16 MIDDLESBROUGH
Town Hall

17 CARLISLE
Market Hall

18 NEWCASTLE
City Hall

20 INVERNESS
Ice Rink

21 ABERDEEN
Capitol

22 DUNDEE
Caird Hall

23 EDINBURGH
Odeon

24 GLASGOW
Apollo



 Chrysalis

SLF Agency
Cowbell 01-262 7253.

ALBUMS

Hard times for bass culture

ASWAD
Showcase (Aswad)

LIKE LOOKING through your old photos, Aswad's 'Showcase' triggers you into a backward pell-mell hurtle through the years, to 1976, when music was militant, and style sprang from content almost as a sideline.

Aswad played a lot at the Nashville Rooms in London, then; I remember seeing The Sex Pistols there one week, with the band breaking down the barriers by jumping offstage and joining in the fighting on the floor. The next week, it was Aswad, with Candy Mackenzie stepping out front, the most serious sister I've seen working in reggae. Everybody wore military gear then, khaki, all soldiers. It was some kind of supergroup, with George Oban's solid, surprising bass lines keeping you guessing, and Angus 'Drummie' Gaye, not long left the Metro Steel Band, a prodigy at the drums. He was just beginning to start singing and playing at the same time, and sometimes he'd fall into the gap and the vocals would stumble.

The place would be packed, and it seemed in those naive, enthusiastic days, that Aswad must surely ride up to some measure of fame and fortune at the same rate as their peer group, The Sex Pistols, Clash, Banshees, *et al*.

Is the answer racism in the media, or plain bad management from various directions? Aswad were signed to Island then — the involvement has since been resumed, but it lapsed after the first album, basically because Aswad were simply too dread for the Island workers; they'd strut into the offices en masse, looking well lethal, with that alert quicksand step and erect military bearing, more like a united front of well-drilled troops than the regular eager-to-please pop combos. Aswad would monopolise the pool tables at lunchtime, and beat the residents. Enthusiasm for working on the band founded on the shoals of these domestic details, as so many relationships do on aggravating subjects of laundry and washing-up. When Chris Blackwell, who respected the band, and Richard Williams, then Island A&R and a staunch Aswad-ite, were absent, it was mutually recognised to be a pointless liaison.

That happened long after the release of 'Three Babylon', issued again here. Although it was touted at the time as being a rush-released comment on the fighting at the '76 Carnival in Ladbroke Grove, in fact they'd cut it just before — a case of prophecy fulfill, rather. It still seems to step with the massive inexorability of a tank; the 'Babylon' are police who "come to have fun with their long truncheon." It was a great single, but I can't imagine that many people ever got to hear it. Here's the treat, and as this is a showcase album, all the tunes come complete with dub.

By the time of 'It's Not Our Wish' ('78), the last track on side one, Aswad were off on their own with the guidance of their

producer, Michael Campbell, onto his own Grove label. This was intended to be an artists' effort, with the family all pulling together. It turned out that promotion of the group sank to less than minimal levels, yet they were high profile, playing for Rock Against Racism around the same time as Tom Robinson, for example. Once again, the feeling came that any minute now, these great tunes by a London band would get national airplay, but no. Drummie's sweet, wistful singing of the lyrical melody still didn't reach beyond the converted.

By the time we get to modern days, on side two, there's been a few shake-ups; mainly caused by frustration within the band. Why, when we work so hard, and so many people reckon we're great, and face it, we know we're well ahead, why don't we seem to be making any progress? Hence Oban parting ways with the band he'd helped start when he came back from years in Jamaica; and the start of an on-off relationship with guitarist Donald Griffiths. He'd always been super-sparse in his playing, definitely one of the most imaginative guitsies of his generation. No, it was that frustration that gnawed away at him, the frustration that only a musical perfectionist like PiL's Keith Levene experiences, that's almost as corrosive as constructive.

Donald and Brinsley, the singer (who's grown out of his Marley-style stage moves with the years), used to dance together on stage, leaping from foot to foot, side by side, back to back, in perfect synch, with so much energy, miming street scenes, kicking kung fu. Sometimes when I watch Aswad now, I can almost see him skanking alongside Brinsley, with their mutual energy crackling back and forth,

Pic: Jean Bernard Schiez

Brinsley can see Drummie, Guitsie and Trommie — but what's happened to Timpanie?

feeding the band and the audience. Donald got ill, confused for a while, and couldn't tour Africa with the band he'd helped build.

But the basic changes between '70s and '80s Aswad, as heard on sides one and two respectively, is the addition of horns. Notably Trommie, Vin Gordon, the celebrated sessioneer from Jamaica. The horns make the sound brighter, crisper, an extra tang on the languorous sweetness of the early tunes. The pace has smartened up all round, more urgent. 'Rainbow Culture' is Aswad's enter-the '80s anthem, an upful sound that coloured in the spaces between the people involved with bass culture. Then *Babylon* came out, and people got to hear the mighty

Jah Shaka sound system favourite, 'Warrior Charge', a triumph for Trommie. Every time it's played, it rings out of the speakers like instant carnival.

The only new track, 'Babylon' has Brinsley singing again, and is sufficient proof that Aswad's tortuous trail through Babylon should be followed. Again, it's a joyful sound, bright banners of horns riding and falling like flags in the breeze, Brinsley's impeccably timed singing in harmony with the high, unexpected backing voices, always falling on a harmony

that's an oblique strategy.

As the tune rattles and reverb into the dub, we're left to wonder about what'll happen next with Aswad. There are rumours of them signing with a multinational record company. Will that be the step that busts the band through to national consciousness? This record is a reminder that they deserve the best that Babylon can bestow — and they want it, if only for access to do what they want to do. With the added bonus dub extensions, 'Showcase' is more than a timely nudge in the ribs.

Vivien Goldman



A veritable Candela: Irmin, Holger and Jaki — or, in English, Ernie, Horace and Jack.

Can do, Can did, Candescent

PHANTOMBAND
Phantomband (Sky)
IRMIN SCHMIDT
Filmmusik (Spoon)
TOY PLANET
Toy Planet (Spoon)

ALL OF Can have been busy working on solo projects since they decided to stop touring some two years ago. A new band album is tentatively scheduled for 1982, but until then anybody remotely interested in Germany's most influential 'rock' — I use the term very loosely — musicians should listen this way.

Bassist Holger Czukay has already given the Brian Enos of the world more than enough ideas to last them a lifetime with his 'Movies' album and will soon be completing its successor, while drummer Jaki Liebezit has been working with various floating lineups, all of which he calls his Phantomband.

'Phantomband' itself features Liebezit, three Cologne-based

players on guitar, keyboards and percussion, and bassist and vocalist Rosko Gee, who joined Can from Traffic. It's a most musicianly and melodic collection of songs and instrumentals. I like it a lot, but then I liked the 'When The Eagle Flies' Traffic a lot too — and that band's loosely jazz-framed freewheeling is very much the ground rule here.

Fluent and purposeful, Gee and Liebezit are a superb rhythm section, and Gee's singing is often breathtakingly soulful. Czukay adds "occasional" French horn, but my only real reservation about the album is that his and Conny Plank's mix doesn't always give the music room to breathe; everything should somehow have sounded 'bigger'. Nonetheless 'Phantomband' succeeds remarkably well within the modest limits it sets itself. The emphasis Liebezit & Co place on more, er, traditional virtues may not appeal to 'modern' ears, but this sort of

restrained, mature musicianship is perhaps too easily overlooked these days in favour of modish ephemeralities.

Can of course have been recording film soundtracks for years, and so Irmin Schmidt's own 'Filmmusik' is an entirely logical development. I've only seen one of the three films it scores, Reinhard Hauf's *Messer Im Kopf* (Knife In The Head), but can safely say that in this instance Schmidt's title theme succeeds admirably in capturing his subject matter's prevailing mood of extreme unease.

The rest of the album encompasses a wide range of styles. Two pieces are fairly straightforward, brashly widescreen, Schmidt supported by bass, guitars and drums — a lineup he gleefully subverts elsewhere. Side one's long closer is an uptempo and uptight surge of choppy funk. Can's Michael Karoli adding a distinctively fraught solo guitar part.

On another two selections, Schmidt pumps and puffs eerie but highly rhythmic synth lines underneath Bruno Spoerri's brusque tenor sax, and even allows himself a little Ethnological Forgery with a koto. But prior knowledge of the films isn't necessary; 'Filmmusik' is self-explanatory. Schmidt's forceful melodic gifts were necessarily submerged within the larger whole that was Can, whereas here they're amply showcased.

Schmidt and Spoerri collaborate again on 'Toy Planet', Spoerri playing lyrico and soprano as well as tenor sax and both men operating synths, various. Contrary to popular misconception, all Schmidt's soundscaping in Can was achieved by imaginative use of relatively unsophisticated electronic modifications to orthodox keyboards. Synths *per se* weren't used, whereas here he and Spoerri have a comprehensive array of them at their disposal, including the infinitely adaptable Oberheim Polyphonic.

But, as countless dreary European synth albums have proved, merely having the technology at your fingertips isn't enough. 'Toy Planet', however, effectively defines the art as it softens the hardware and yet steers well clear of the pompous, usually neo-classical clichés that dog the genre. 'Springlight Rite', 'When The Waters Come To Life' and the title track all hark back to Schmidt's pre-Can associations with American 'minimalist' composers like Steve Reich, Philip Glass and, to a lesser extent, Terry Riley. Sparkling and/or spatial, each develops more ideas more coherently in a few minutes than Reich and fellows manage to infer in entire albums.

'The Seven-Game' is like mutant Weather Report, its rainforest ambience giving way to a prowling and cumulatively layered main theme, Spoerri playing Wayne Shorter to Schmidt's Josef Zawinul. Talking of whom, he and Schmidt also share an interest in East European folklorica, an area Schmidt explores in the delightful 'Yom Tov' with its gypsy violin and guitars (more Forgery).

'Rapido De Noir' is equally atmospheric, a sort of musical Trans-Europe Express journey that somehow evokes a fitful twilight dreamtime, and also makes Kraftwerk's use of vaguely similar techniques seem childish by comparison — as does 'Two Dolphins Go Dancing', a jokey quip of Euro-disco and a direct descendant of Can's 'Moonshake' on 'Future Days'.

'Toy Planet' succeeds on every count. I doubt we'll hear as good an album in this field until Schmidt and Spoerri make another like it.

Angus MacKinnon
(If you have any problems obtaining these three albums, then write to Making Waves Distribution, 10 Southwick Mews, London W2).

THE VAPORS

Magnets (*Liberty*)

YOU HAVEN'T heard anything of The Vapors since their neat, catchy 'Turning Japanese' single, probably because they've been churning out the kind of stuff which is on this album.

There may be some nifty guitar breaks and occasional hooks, but mostly a messy lack of conviction prevails — from the inferior Jam of 'Jimmie Jones' to the cluttered, lyrically awkward pop of 'Daylight Titans' and 'Lenina'.

If Split Enz producer David Tickle has been brought in to lend the band's British beat group mentality a more expansive, cosmopolitan feel, then the fuller rock sound which might have been expected never materialised. Instead, the title track (an Americanised epic of disillusionment with its talk of "Kennedy's children" as a hard magnet-eyed Blank Generation) comes over as whimpering weirdness rather than universally marketable hard rock.

Cuts like 'Spiders', dealing with paranoia and other modern diseases, suffers a similar fate, made even worse by the cure (play in a band!) which is prescribed in 'Live At The Marquee': "But we're all alive at the Marquee".

Dead on this album, though: The Vapors need a rest, a rethink and a resurrection.

Paul Tickle

SLADE

We'll Bring The House Down (*Cheapskate*)

SLADE'S COMEBACK must be a good thing. Like Status Quo before them, Slade sound superficially like a heavy metal act. They're certainly unrepentant about big, fat riffs performed remorselessly, but what both bands have in common is a good-natured, optimistic approach.

There's precious little hint on this album of the usual HM obsessions — machismo, brutality, repression.

The sleeve does have a fist crashing through a coat of arms and there's a dodgy line on one song about a hooded rapist, but those blemishes aside, the music is primarily a celebration



Pic: Pennie Smith.

Visage of an Old Romantic.

of life rather than a boorish catalogue of self-pity.

Indeed, the outstanding song, 'Wheels Ain't Coming Down', is a heartfelt account of a brush with death aboard a malfunctioning aircraft. The details sound authentic and so do the emotions as the plane finally touches down safely, and for once the anthem-like chorus and the rousing guitar sound seem entirely appropriate.

Nearly as positive is a track called 'When I'm Dancin' I Ain't Fightin' which once again shows that Messrs Holder and Lea haven't lost their knack for exuberant song-writing. Just like 'Wheels', it's in the same class as early Slade hits like 'Cum On Feel The Noize'. One member of the band enters a minority report at the end of the song with a muttered aside: "I hate dancing", but you can't have everything.

Inevitably with Slade, there are songs about sex, but they're not unduly offensive. 'Night Starvation' is not about Horlicks, and you could easily accuse Mr Holder of sounding selacious, but only in the same way that you could say it of Max Miller.

Not all the songs here are vintage Slade, but they do seem to have thrown off the ennui that overcame them in the mid-'70s. Even when the muses haven't blessed individual tunes, Slade work hard to keep everybody's spirits up.

Bob Edmunds

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Live Letters (101 Records)

ANOTHER OF those club compilations with a cheap, tacky cover, cheerful chat on the back, laudable intentions and results that are sadly lacking in

SMOKEY ROBINSON

Being With You (*Tamla*)

AFTER A period of mediocre solo work in the mid-'70s, the artistic renaissance of William 'Smokey' Robinson was heralded by 1979's 'Where There's Smoke' and achieved, quite brilliantly, on last year's 'Warm Thoughts'. 'Being With You' maintains this recovery, though it is less consistent than its predecessors and never matches the best moments of 'Warm Thoughts'.

Robinson has surprisingly abandoned the team who worked on those previous two albums, including his long-standing guitarist and co-writer Marv Tarplin and — with the exception of one track — arranger Sonny Burke. He's also handed over production duties to one George Tobin and only written half of the LP's eight songs himself. This last change has wrought the more drastic consequences — three of Robinson's four tracks are easily the best on the album, while the others two are merely pleasant and two complete turkeys.

The record begins strongly with the title-track (and current US hit), a charming uptempo love song with soft-focus sax and insistent chorus. Together with the gently swinging sensuality of 'If You Wanna Make Love' (surely the next single?) and the archly romantic 'You Are Forever' — *Even mountains will crumble/Rivers will dry and stars will fall* — this trio provide the LP's high points.

Robinson's singing is glorious, his tunes still subtly insidious, his commitment to romance absolute and credible. The one characteristic quality missing is his adroitness at punning and word-play: no teasing disruptions of common-sense language ('What's So Good About Goodbye'), no confounding reversals ('Into Each Rain Some Life Must Fall') and none of those magnificently outrageous conceits like 'Let Me Be The Clock At The Time Of Your Life'. And, apart from the standard contrasts of 'You Are Forever', there is hardly any of his typical lyrical dualism — the tears behind the smile, the love that was a mirage, the agony with the ecstasy.

any imagination.

'Live Letters' is so bursting with its own bonhomie that it even has an irritating spoof ad-break for 101 Records inserted on each side.

Huang Chung start by playing three chunky, rocky, limited tracks with a smattering of sleaze saxophone. Everything about them is entirely predictable, right down to song titles like 'You've Taken Everything', 'I Don't Believe A Word' and 'Journey Without Maps'.

Endgame's singer sounds like he mispent his youth listening

to the late Jim Morrison. Behind him a po-faced, synthy soundtrack plods stoically, while occasional electronic gurglings add a drolly futurist effect. Despite the moderne trappings, Endgame are basically Huang Chung on electronics, and their superficial sound is strait-jacketed in the same old stale structures.

The Fix favour the every-phrase-tells-a-story approach to lyric writing as dated solos weave in and out of their lushly indulgent sound. Their three overlong tracks are pale, proficient and

The hidden pain motif does occur, rather heavy-handedly, in 'Who's Sad' (see what I mean?), a slow ballad co-written by Mike Piccirillo and Gary Goetzman. Piccirillo is also guitarist on the album (but no substitute for the wonderful Tarplin) and — together with Goetzman — a member of George Tobin Productions Inc., which may explain why another track of theirs opens side two. 'Can't Fight Love' certainly doesn't justify its inclusion, being an overlong and plodding disco affair, all the more disappointing when you remember that Robinson's own recent 'Heavy On Pride' was such a superb dance number. Side two's closer, though, is equally bad — 'I Hear The Children Sing', by Forest Hairston, is a saccharine yearning for lost innocence, the tackler face of nostalgia.

Which leaves two tracks: Peter Kingsbery's 'As You Do' was recorded with the same people as 'Warm Thoughts' and sounds like a left-over from those sessions, a good shot but not hot; and Robinson's 'Food For Thought' is an unlikely protest calypso, steel drums chiming away while Smokey complains about cigarette manufacturers causing cancer, about industrial pollution, male promiscuity and women who devote more time to their kids than to their partners, then apologises with a chorus that explains "I'm not trying to tell you what to do".

I can believe it. Smokey Robinson has always been the most reticent of song writers: no preaching, no boasting, no bitterness. In a black music culture that has a strong tradition of superstar grunt n' grind merchants, Robinson has always been notable for his vulnerability, for his espousal of values like tenderness, for his consistent faith in the power of true love. For over two decades his writing has retained an unparalleled dignity and elegance while his singing has been so effectively affecting, only Billie Holiday is more likely to break your heart.

'Being With You' renews his commitments and reminds us of his qualities. If it doesn't quite equal the excellence of his last two LPs, it's a better record than most you'll hear this year. With Smokey Robinson, you still get sunshine on a cloudy day.

Graham Lock

Crawling through the Foley age

ELLEN FOLEY

Spirit Of St Louis (*Epic*)

THE 101'ERS

Elgin Avenue Breakdown (*Andalucia!*)

AND YOU may ask yourself... is this what it comes down to after the thrill has gone, after the sprawling and badly-received 'Sandinista'?

Mick Jones and Ellen Foley release an LP of new wave American rock that's so middle of the road it should have a couple of crash barriers instead of an inner sleeve while Strummer becomes a member of the Andalucia! Records co-operative and dredges up his ramshackle R&B roots on a shoddily-recorded LP of previously unreleased 101'ers material.

Ellen Foley was once the singer in Meatloaf. Now she's teamed up with boyfriend Mick, the rest of The Clash, assorted Blockheads — Gallagher, Watt-Roy, Payne and Turnbull — and violinist Tymon Dogg for what is virtually 'Hitsville UK — the album!'

Six of the dozen songs — the dreamy 'Shattered Palace', the great 'In The Killing Hour' and Foley-Jones duet 'Torchtlight', the unwieldy 'Death Of The Psychoanalyst Of Salvador Dali', the disposable rocker 'MPH' and the whimsical 'Theatre Of Cruelty' — are credited to Strummer-Jones, although Mick is certainly the major contributor. Jones had always been the depressive, sensitive romantic to Strummer's honest, no-nonsense tough guy and here his sentimentality — previously aired on the likes of 'Stay Free', 'Supermarket' and 'Hitsville' — is well to the fore.

To your average punk or skinhead at the UK labour exchange, it all means less than zero. But taken on its own merits 'Spirit Of St Louis' stands as an intermittently worthwhile indulgence. Foley's voice is not a great one, but on tracks like the Edith Piaf tribute 'My Legionnaire' and the better Strummer-Jones songs, the LP marks a progression as brave as it is undoubtedly absurd in parts.

The 101'ers LP is rather different. A slipshod compilation of unreleased stuff from Strummer's old rhythm and blues pub combo — a group which also featured Passion Clive Timperley and former Raincoast and PiL drummer Richard 'Snakes' Dudanski — it would have been far more relevant had it come out four years ago in the wake of the epic Chiswick single 'Keys To Your Heart' when the 101'ers were still a hot recent memory.

As it is, this mixture of studio and abysmally-recorded live stuff is incredibly run of the mill and would be almost completely forgettable were it not for the unmistakable, unexpurgated dementia in Strummer's coarse vocalising, frothing at the mouth as he tugs at Chuck Berry's heartstrings on the opening 'Letagetabitrockin' before fully resurrecting Berry's ghost on a wild version of 'Too Much Monkey Business'.

Ultimately, 'Elgin Avenue Breakdown' is only of real interest to Clash aficionados and collectors, although even some of them might find the four quid price tag prohibitive.

But you may ask yourself... can you pogo to it? In a word, er...

Adrian Thrills



Pic: Joe Stevens.

These Foleyish things.

irredeemably average. Their problem is being stranded in the early '80s with their hearts still stuck in the mud of mid-'70s symphonic rock.

Finishing the album are the definitely dodgy Fay Ray who lift their chord changes intact from a variety of obvious influences. They also have a girl singer with an understandably shaking showbizzy voice; the poor soul should never have allowed herself to be persuaded to sing 'Dreams Of Heat' which appears to be extolling the male pleasures of pornography.

With so much to choose from, it's a mystery why the organisers of 'Live Letters' squandered money and energy on four such tame representatives of modern music.

Lynn Hanna

AL GREEN

The Lord Will Make A Way (*Myrrh — import*)

THE RELIGIOUS Al Green is so far away from the extraordinary voice on 'Al Green Is Love' that comparisons are almost unfair. But every so often a concealed moment of former glory means that 'The Lord Will Make A Way' cannot be so easily dismissed.

But it may not just be God who has turned Al Green against himself and perverted him from the true course of soul music, for the seeds of Green's current stagnation were planted in his departure from Willie Mitchell. If Nick Kent thinks 'The Belle Album' is a superb example of personal progression and transformation, he ought to take another listen to 'Al Green Is Love' and then weigh up the pros and cons of Al's deciding to produce himself.

Without Mitchell, Green's voice has never received the production it demands. In leaving him, he forfeited the sound of one of the greatest session bands in America; no-one in their right mind could compare his present outfit with the Hodges brothers and Howard Grimes, and his own acoustic guitar playing is so inconspicuous it hardly counts.

'The Lord Will Make A Way' is a pretty dull affair. Five of its eight tracks are arrangements by Green of standard gospel songs and most of them incline more towards country'n'western than soul. Apart from the close, pressured,



Pic: George Bodnar.

Pyramids practise their cheeps.

CULT OF THE ARABILLY SUN GODS

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS
Skin 'Em Up (Cuba Libre / Virgin)

THE RECENT upsurge of British rockabilly has seen a lot of bands unimaginatively imitating the wilder echoes of the original and sounding very weedy indeed. Although The Shakin' Pyramids don't twist the '50s forms into any startling directions, they do invest them with a great deal of spontaneity

and freshness and avoid being tame studio game.

This is partly because the trio eschew more conventional instrumentation and rely on a Cochran-inspired acoustic flood from the guitars of James G. Creighton and 'Railroad' Ken. Fellow Glaswegian and label mate Ali Mackenzie (drummer with The Cuban Heels) has given them a fat, upfront production rather than have any truck with tricky treble-y '50s

resonances. This provides a basis for Davie Duncan to vocalise in a variety of styles: for instance, 'Tennessee Rock 'n' Roll' is strongly country, as is 'Sunset Of My Tears' with its Everlys' timbre.

Buddy Holly is another obvious influence, but mainly Duncan adopts the rockabilly swagger, that 'natural' rough-and-ready leap from deeper to higher pitch, or vice versa. Only occasionally, as on 'Teenage Boogie,' does the wildcat sound

synthetic — Sun session Presley with very bad mannerisms.

The acoustic guitars are regularly counterbalanced by tinkling electric additions from Creighton and thumping stand-up bass from Nick Clark of The Cuban Heels. This amalgamation is at its best on 'Sixteen Chicks,' which also highlights the album's intelligent use of percussion. The syncopations are used sparingly, making for tension and excitement: too much contemporary rockabilly slots into the one rhythmic groove and gives its material a tangential, uninspired feel.

To the ten studio tracks (half of them self-penned and recorded at Ca Va in Glasgow), the Pyramids add two live ones from an Edinburgh gig. 'I Got A Baby' gives a good indication of a typical band performance during which they often discard or disregard mikes. This enables them to pop up all over the place: street corners, foyers, megastores — everywhere is buskable.

All in all, 'Skin 'Em Up' is a pleasant debut; if it's far from a revolutionary one, this shouldn't detract from the fact that there are some tongue-in-cheek subversive touches: 'Hellbent On Rockin' invites all the crazy cats to enjoy the party — once they've acquired a "carry-out!" It's a pity the party is short on playing time, a paltry 26 minutes. Haste on Virgin's part?

Paul Tickell

GRACE SLICK
Welcome To The Wrecking Ball (RCA)

GRACE SLICK used to be my pin-up when I was 15. There weren't nearly so many women in rock then as there are now, and of all of them she seemed the most outrageous. She had the most cunning, subversive, insane voice I'd ever heard in all my convent purity; she was revolution — she shouted, harangued, wailed, and cut through all the other airy-fairy rubbish with instant clarity and power.

Last year brought a very successful solo album, 'Dreams', the first I'd heard of her for quite some time. She had been travelling by Airplane and Starship for what seemed like aeons, and I couldn't understand how that fighting spirit could have gone so far off beam into 'Dreams' near schmaltz. This new LP aims to bring her back closer to where she started — with loud, evil; straightforward rock & roll.

She works with new people now; instead of Paul Kantner we have Scot Zito, lead guitarist and main writer (apart from three tracks co-written by Slick). But the idea is roughly the same — both in the guitar and in the vocal harmony approaches — with tracks like 'Shooting Star', where Slick and Zito recreate some Airplane eeriness; angular harmony and long tortured notes driving a very Kantneresque anthem.

The songs aren't political; there are no Volunteers or Crazy Mirandas here, nor indeed anything remotely revolutionary, but there's no law against that. What I do find harder to accept is that these tracks aren't anything much at all — when Slick sings like this she deserves more intelligent vehicles for that venomous power.

Dorota Koc

KING TUBBY, PRINCE JAMMY AND SCIENTIST
First, Second And Third Generation Of Dub (K&G International)

IN THIS matter of Dub Business, it is my experience that much of the time, listeners really don't know what they're hearing, preferring to suspend themselves in its abstract, musical action painting rather than clutter themselves with theory about the sound.

Indeed, measurement of its Sway Factor seems a far better judge of dub than discussion of particular sides.

This Mighty Fatman-produced LP comes high on The Swayometer: it's impossible not to be moved or to move to the pure music contained on 'First, Second And Third Generation Of Dub' — so titled because its Battle Of The Mixing Desks features the finger-tip controls of late '60s dub innovator King Tubby, mid-'70s star Prince Jammy, and Young Turk of today,

Scientist.

Appropriately enough, the elder Tubby's four staccato tracks — 'Original Stylee', the album closer that is the only number not to carry one of the mixing-men's monikers is also by Tubbs — contain greater mysteries and evocations than the two tracks apiece of the mellifluous Jammy or the flashy, disco-tinged Scientist.

This is a small, irrelevant victory, however: the strength of this powerful example of Dub Wars is in the constancy of force displayed throughout eight battles, far more hypnotic and informative than any number of similarly seductive computer games.

Though Sly 'n' Robbie provide the rhythm section on several numbers, the Roots Radics team make up the musicians on most of the LP, all of which (apart from that first Tubby track) were recorded at Channel One. Cornell Campbell, incidentally, is the featured voice on the 'Tubby's New Fashion' number.

This album has a lot of stylee.

Chris Salewicz

would-be funk of the title track, and the melodic punch of 'In The Holy Name Of Jesus', there are no vehicles for Green to justify the gift of his voice, which would seem to demonstrate a singular lack of gratitude to his creator.

Religion does not of course inspire the same kind of passion as sex, for example, and perhaps truly impassioned

singing might be regarded as a sacrilege. As Al sings it, weakening his own voice accordingly, "It's not in the songs you sing, it's in the holy name of Jesus." But Green's voice could never sound very holy anyway, which is why 'I Have A Friend Above All Others' becomes a laid-back blues, and 'Highway To Heaven' a crisp C&W singalong, complete with

infants' gospel choir and banjo. The whole album gives this impression of frustration: the different forms become different ways of holding back his voice, of lowering it before his saviour.

If Al Green could be bullied back into the studio with Willie Mitchell, that voice could save us all.

Barney Hoskyns

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DATA CONTROL

RECORD NEWS

ROMANTIC BOUQUET FROM PIL

PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED have their first single since October 1979, and their first all-new studio album since November 1979, scheduled for release by Virgin — both titled 'Flowers Of Romance'. The single is the follow-up to 'Memories', and it's issued this weekend. The LP, the first since 'Metal Box (Second Edition)', comes out on April 10 — and the tracks featured are *Four Enclosed Walls*, *Track 8*, *Phenagen*, *Flowers Of Romance*, *Under The House*, *Hymie's Him*, *Banging The Door*, *Go Back* and *Francis Massacre*. It was produced by PIL in association with Nick Launay. The band's current line-up comprises John Lydon, Keith Levene and Jeannette Lee.

● London-based four-piece **Lonesome No More** (above) have been signed by Rage Records. The label issues their debut single 'Turned Insane' / 'Do You Think I Care' on April 24.

● **Ken Lockie**, the man behind the now-defunct Cowboys International, will have an album issued by Virgin on May 1 under his own name — it's called 'The Impossible' and is preceded on April 3 by a single (both 7" and 12") titled 'Dance House'. Featured on the single are Nash The Slash and Simple Minds' Jim Kerr — while the LP boasts Magazine drummer John Doyle, Banishes guitarist John McGeech and original Ultravox guitarist Steve Shears. There are no plans for any gigs by Lockie.

● A special picture disc single from the soundtrack of the films *Superman II* — which opens in London on April 9, with general release a week later — is issued by Warner Brothers on April 10 — featuring 'Main Title March', 'Lex Escapes' and 'Lex & Miss Teschmacher To Fortress'.

● Leading Australian heavy metal band **Rose Tattoo** have their debut album 'Rock n' Roll Outlaw' released by Carrere on April 3 — and they'll be in London to promote it with two gigs at the Marquee Club on April 20 and 21.

● A **Lee Ritener** 12-inch issued by Elektra this weekend contains 'Mr Briefcase', 'Sugarloaf Express' and 'Market Place' — with the first two titles comprising a seven-inch due out on April 10. His album 'Rit' follows on April 17.

● A 12-inch version of **Duran Duran's** current EMI hit single 'Planet Earth' / 'Late Bar' is now available. It contains an extra track — an extended 6½-minute version of the former title.

● **Honey Bane** takes another stab at the charts by reviving The Supremes' hit 'Baby Love'. It's released by Zonophone this week.

● **Martian Dance** have concluded a long-term worldwide deal with EMI, and have their single 'The Situation' released on April 13. The B-side is their stage favourite 'Boys In Black'.

● **Roy Wood** returns to EMI and makes his recording comeback next week with the single 'Green Glass Windows'.

● Queen's **Roger Taylor** has his first solo album released by EMI on April 6 — titled 'Fun In Space', it's written, produced and performed entirely by Taylor. Out on the same day and label is **Eddie & The Hot Rods'** long-delayed album 'Fish And Chips', plus a single titled 'Farther Down The Road'.

● **Aura Records** have signed New York band **Tirez Tirez**, and next month release their album 'Etudes' and single 'Razorblade'.

Stranglers' new one

THE STRANGLERS, who've just departed on a three-month U.S. tour, have left behind a new single. Coupling 'Just Like Nothing On Earth' and 'Man In White', from their album 'Men In Black', it's issued by Liberty this week.

● **The Hitmen**, who previously recorded for the Urgent label, have their debut CBS single out this weekend. It's called 'Bates Motel', which was the name of the location used in Alfred Hitchcock's classic film *Psycho*.

● **Chelsea's** one-off gig at London Covent Garden Rock Garden a couple of weeks ago was recorded, and there are plans to release a live EP in mid-May.

● **Cult band Exploited** have signed a three-year deal with Secret Records, and have their single 'Dogs Of War' out this week, with their debut album following in April. The four-piece Scottish band will shortly be undertaking a headlining tour to promote the LP. Secret have also picked up the band's first two singles, 'Army Life' and 'Exploited Barmy Army'.

● On May 1, **Flicknife Records** are releasing a 12-inch EP by **Hawkwind Zoo**, the original name of **Hawkwind**. Titles are 'Hurry On Sundown', 'Kings Of Speed' and 'Sweet Mistress Of Pain', and the line-up includes Dave Brock, Lemmy, Nik Turner, Simon House, Simon King, Del Dettmar and Dik Mik. Available through Bullet, Rough Trade, Virgin and the usual independents.

● A double A-side single by **Sad Among Strangers**, 'It's So Good It's Incest' and 'My Kind Of Loser' is issued this weekend by Brave Tales in a picture sleeve. Available through Virgin shops, Rough Trade, Red Rhino, Revolver and Fresh.

● **RCA** have signed a deal for the pressing, distribution and marketing of **Logo Records** and its subsidiary, **Transatlantic**. First releases under the new licensing arrangement will include albums by **Vardis**, **Straight Eight**, **Dave Swarbrick** and **Australia's Marcia Hines**.

● With the hucklebuck craze sweeping the nation (*From coast to coast?—Ed.*), EMI release the original version of 'Don't Lose Your Hucklebuck Shoes' by Irish outfit **The Royal Showband** featuring **Brendan Bowyer**.

● **Edge Records** (through WEA) have signed U.S. singer and composer **Walter Egan**, and release his single 'Baby Let's Run Away' this weekend. His album 'The Last Stroll' follows on April 3.

● **MCA** release the new **Joe Ely** album 'Musta Notta Gotta Lotta' on April 10, with the title track preceding it as a single this weekend — and there are plans under way for Ely to undertake a short UK tour in May. These releases are the first on South Coast Records, and American label distributed by MCA — and upcoming via the same outlet are releases by Texan artists **Jerry Jeff Walker** and the **Shake Russell/Dana Cooper Band**.

● Newly-launched independent **Black Label Records** release their second single this weekend — titled 'Bowery, New York City', it's by **The East Side Band**, whose line-up includes members of **Gary Numan's** band. An album will be issued later in the year.

● 'Nightmare' / 'Factory Wit' is the new single by **The Reluctant Stereotypes**, and it's scheduled for WEA release on April 3.

Now it's Blue Cats

THE BLUE CATS are not, as some might think, the latest addition to feline rock — following in the wake of The Stray Cats, The Bopcats, The Polecats and The Hopcats, to name just a few. On the contrary, they could be described as the originators of new-wave rockabilly, and have been in action considerably longer than any of their fellow cats — initially as The Blue Cat Trio, but now (having augmented to quartet) known as The Blue Cats. Their self-named debut album was issued by Charly last autumn, and now the same label issues the band's new single this weekend — 'Wild Night' / 'Jump Cat Jump'.

Tours extra

□ **JAPAN** have now finalised the missing date in their UK concert schedule, reported last week — it's at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre on May 13.

□ **SMALL PRINT**, whose debut single 'I Don't Like It' is issued by Edge Records (through WEA) on April 10, play London Victoria The Venue (April 7), Leeds Warehouse (10), Birmingham Cedar Club (16), London Clapham 101 Club (17), Dudley J.B.'s (18), Plymouth Fiesta (21), Torquay 400 Club (22) and Scarborough Penthouse (24).

□ **THE SEARCHERS** headline a special show at London Camden Dingwalls on April 23. They will feature material from their new WEA album 'Play For Today', issued on April 10.

□ **JETS** have added London Embassy Club (tonight, Thursday), Feltham F.C. (April 10), Slough Alexander's (12) and Basingstoke Angel Nightclub (18) to their current tour.

□ **ALBANIA** emerge from behind their own personal iron curtain to make their first live appearance at London Victoria The Venue on April 6, the same day as their debut album 'Are You All Mine' is released by EMI. It's preceded next week by a 12-inch single titled 'Men In A Million'.

□ **PATRIK FITZGERALD** appears solo at London Institute of Contemporary Arts in The Mall this Friday and Saturday, playing two sets each night. Admission is free, though non-members will have to pay a 40p temporary membership charge.

□ **MIKE HARDING** has added another two dates to his current UK tour, because the original dates at the venues concerned have sold out — they are Newcastle New Tyne Theatre on April 8 (tickets £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50) and Croydon Fairfield Hall on May 25 (£.305, £3 and £2.60). This brings his schedule up to a total of 54 concerts.

□ **THE PASSIONS**, who've been busy recording a follow-up to their hit single 'I'm In Love With A German Film Star', emerge from the studios to headline at London Victoria The Venue this Sunday (29). They also play Guildford Civic Hall next Monday (30).

□ **THE BUSH TETRAS** are in action again this weekend, playing Manchester Rafter's (tonight, Thursday), North London Polytechnic with A Certain Ratio (Friday), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (Saturday) and London Hammersmith Palais with Gang Of Four and Pere Ubu (next Monday). And **The Bongos** play London Moonlight Club this Sunday.

□ **THE BERLIN BLONDES** are the opening attraction at Huddersfield's new Future Club in the Eros Centre tomorrow (Friday). They also guest in the Electro Disco Night at London Victoria The Venue on April 9, and other gigs next month are being lined up. With their new single 'Framework' now on release, they've already recorded two songs — 'Marseilles' and 'The Poet' — for a follow-up single.

IMPORTS

MY INITIAL response to the arrival of **The Nuclear Regulatory Commission's 'Reactor' (Official Records)** was to give the kind of yawn normally reserved for party political broadcasts. Just what the world needs, I thought, yet another commune band, doing what comes naturally and handing out slabs of well-meaning but boring protest-rock, packaged in a cardboard anti-nuke tract. I sat back and awaited the routine slogan-with-riff-affixed ride. Then came the kick in the head. For NRC, a five piece from Tennessee, not only play tough, they also play well. And though their songs bear the sort of titles you'd expect to find on such an offering — 'Critical Mass', 'System Failure', 'Generator' etc. — each one sounds as though someone cares as much about the music as the statements being made. Stylistically, NRC are hard to pin down. Tom Doltier's keyboards and Walter Rabideau's guitar often shape up in somewhat Hawkwind-like fashion, but there are moments when the

mind yells Devo and similarly out-of-sync suggestions, vocalist Bobbie Bonnickson further confusing the issue by homing-in like an on-course Lene Lovich. Humour's present too on 'Drafted', and sample this snappy chorus from 'Fox': "Oakridge has got some leaks/It's seepin' in the creeks/Buried waste migration when the rainy season peaks/Union Carbide holds the lease/Keep those old inspectors greased/They ain't done no test for years/That don't give us any peace." Don't delay, grab yourself a good hard slice of nuke-buster.

● **Nolan And Crossley**: 'Nolan And Crossley' (Gordy). Wonder-styled funk and Mathis-like heart-clutchers rendered by a guitarist and a keyboardist who also knew how to handle harmonies. They miss out on strong hooks most of the time but their 'Messin' Up A Good Thing' sounds like a fair bet on the classy singles circuit.

● **The Avant-Gardenerz**: 'Dig It' (Apploosa). Italian release for the outfit that once delivered a

well-mauled single (or was it an EP?) to Virgin. Kinda like The Deviants meeting Otway and Barrett in mid-toilet collision. Steve Harley and Lew Lewis figure among the listed drummers but any amount of star-power couldn't redeem songs as tasteless as 'Bloodclad Boogie Baby Boogie'.

● **Downchild Blues Band**: 'We Deliver' (Attic). Canada's best blues band simply holding onto what they've got. Ace cut is Don Walsh's conversational blues 'I've Been A Fool', full of lines like "There's me almost down to welfare and you down to farewell." Meanwhile, Jane Vasey remains Queen Keyboards.

1. Alphonse Mouzon
2. The Teardrop Explodes
3. Rolling Stones
4. Brenda Russell
5. Mott The Hoople
6. Deniece Williams
7. Randy Brown
8. Gary Numan
9. Greg Kihn
10. John Fahey

Listing by courtesy of HMV Record Shop, Oxford Street, London.

● **The Kinks**: 'Kinky Gems' (MH Records). Argentinian compilation formed from 8 sides and various obscure tracks recorded during the period 1964-70. The 14 cuts include 'Creeping Jean', 'There Is No Life Without Love', 'You Do Something To Me', 'Polly' and 'This Is Where I Belong'.

● **Asleep At The Wheel**: 'Framed' (MCA). On which Maryann Price (ex-Dan Hicks) teams up with Chris O'Connell to provide The Wheel with some almost Man-Tran styled vocals. Meanwhile the band moves further into R&B with hardly a nod in the direction of country. Bonnie Raitt and Jamie Oldaker are among those preferring visiting cards.

IMPORTS TOP 10

1. 'By All Means' (Pausa)
2. 'Kilimanjaro (U.S. Mercury — includes 'Suffocate')
3. 'Sucking In The '70s' (Rolling Stones)
4. 'Brenda Russell' (A&M)
5. 'Two Miles From Heaven' (German Island)
6. 'My Melody' (Columbia)
7. 'Randy' (Chocolate City)
8. 'Photograph' / 'Best Of' (Beggars Bouquet)
9. 'Rockin' Roll' (Berserky)
10. 'Live In Tasmania' (Takoma)

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS



CURE SET THE REST

THE CURE have now completed their extensive spring tour schedule, adding a further batch of dates to those exclusively reported by *NME* last week — including a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on May 4.

Other new gigs are at Reading Hexagon (April 26), Derby Assembly Rooms (May 6), Manchester Apollo (7), Sheffield University (8), Leeds University (9), Liverpool Royal Court (10), Leicester De Montford Hall (11), Norwich St Andrew's Hall (12), Glasgow Tiffany's (14), Aberdeen Capitol (15), Edinburgh Odeon (16), Newcastle City Hall (17) and Middlesbrough Town Hall (18).

Shows at Plymouth (May 1) and Bradford (19) are still being finalised, but Chelmsford Odeon on April 29 — announced last week — has now been cancelled. This makes an impressive total of 26 dates, plus two subject to confirmation.

Gilbert back on the trail

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN, now making up for lost time after a managerial dispute kept him inactive for a long spell, sets out next month on his first tour for four years. He plays Scarborough Opera House (April 9), Liverpool Royal Court (11), Halifax Civic Theatre (12), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (14), Hull New Theatre (15), Blackburn King George's Hall (16), Coventry Theatre (22), Oxford New Theatre (24), Brighton Dome (25), Croydon Fairfield Hall (26), Slough Fulcrum Centre (29) and London Victoria Apollo (May 3). A new single will be issued to coincide with the outing, though titles haven't yet been announced.

Tickets are on sale now, and prices vary considerably. They are £4, £3.50 and £3 (Scarborough); £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (Liverpool); £3.50, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (Halifax); £4, £3 and £2 (Manchester); £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (Hull); £3, £2.50 and £2 (Blackburn); £4.50, £4 and £3 (Croydon); £5, £4.50, £4.25 and £3.75 (Slough); and £5, £4 and £3 (Coventry, Oxford, Brighton and London).

TOYAH have been forced to make a change in their previously reported May-June concert tour, due to the closure of the Cambridge Corn Exchange, where they were due to have played on May 22. Instead, they now visit Leicester De Montford Hall that night.

HOLLY & THE ITALIANS' new album *The Right To Be Italian* won't now be coming out until May at the earliest, say Virgin Records — which means that plans for an April UK tour by the band have been put back. It doesn't now look as though they'll be here before the late spring, and even that is dependent upon Holly completing her re-shaped line-up.

HUGH MUNDELL's concert at London Rainbow — originally planned for St Patrick's Day — will now take place on Monday, April 6. The promoter decided to delay the show, as he had insufficient time to advertise it. The reggae bill is completed by Matumbi, Brimstone and Bumble & The Bees.

CARL GREEN & THE SCENE, winners of the recent Battle Of The Bands Final at Hammersmith, appear with The Ak Band at London Camden Dingwalls next Monday (30) — and the gig will be videotaped for a compilation video cassette to be issued in the autumn. Meanwhile, a second Battle Of The Bands contest — taking in 20 venues around the country — is at present being finalised.

Tubes return in June

THE TUBES are returning to Britain in the early summer for their most extensive tour here for some years. *NME* understands that their schedule opens in June and continues into July, taking in between 15 and 20 major dates. They'll be bringing over a brand new show, which they introduced recently in the States, and which is said to be even more spectacular than their previous extravaganzas. Since they were last in Britain, The Tubes have signed to Capitol Records, who will be releasing their new album to coincide with their visit — for which details are expected to be announced in about two weeks.

TYGERS PROWL TOUR CIRCUIT —and Whitesnake strike at more venues

THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG have been lined up for an extensive UK tour, taking in 24 leading venues. They'll be topping a three-act package, also featuring Magnum and Alkatrazz — and confirmed dates are Cardiff Top Rank (April 22), Nottingham Rock City (23), Hanley Victoria Hall (24), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (25), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (26), Grimsby Central Hall (27), Coventry Tiffany's (28), Liverpool University (29), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (30), Glasgow Apollo (May 1), Edinburgh Odeon (2), Ayr Pavilion (3), Hull City Hall (5), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (8), St. Albans City Hall (9), Sheffield Polytechnic (10) and Newcastle City Hall (13). Another seven dates have still to be announced, including a major London concert.

The tour ties in with the April 10 release of the Tygers' second MCA album *'Spellbound'* — and that's preceded this week by their three-track single *'The Story So Far'*, which also contains the song *'Silver And Gold'* and the Small Faces oldie *'All Or Nothing'*. The two other package acts will also have new albums issued to coincide with the outing — *'Chase The Dragon'* by Magnum and *'Young Blood'* by Alkatrazz.

WHITESNAKE have added still more dates to their upcoming UK tour, besides the extra gigs reported last

week — when, among others, a third night at London Hammersmith Odeon was announced. This has now sold out, so a fourth show has been added on May 28, which becomes the first in the string of four. Two brand new venues in the band's schedule are Southampton Gaumont on June 5 (tickets £4.50 and £3.50) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (£5.50 and £5) — in both cases, tickets are available from the box-offices, either by personal or postal application.

Donington launched

THE SECOND *'Monsters Of Rock'* festival at the Castle Donington racing circuit in Leicestershire is now officially confirmed for Saturday, August 22 (the week before the Reading Festival). The line-up hasn't yet been announced, as promoters Woolteare Ltd are still finalising the bill, but full details are promised in two weeks. Last year's event — starring Rainbow, Judas Priest and The Scorpions, among others — attracted 40,000 people. As far as this year's show is concerned, a spokesperson commented: "There will definitely be a few surprises and a few shocks."



Barclay James: ten-venue trek

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST undertake one of their rare UK tours in May, visiting ten major venues. Dates are Liverpool Empire (May 11), Newcastle City Hall (12), Edinburgh Odeon (13), Manchester Apollo (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Ipswich Gaumont (17), London Hammersmith Odeon (18), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Southampton Gaumont (22) and Leicester De Montford Hall (23).

Tickets are already on sale — except at Bristol, where postal bookings are being accepted now, but the box-office doesn't open until a month before the concert. Prices are £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3 (Hammersmith); £4, £3.50 and £3 (all other venues). Tour promoters Kennedy Street Enterprises (by arrangement with Rock Exchange) will announce the support act shortly. The band are at present in the studio putting the finishing touches to their new album, scheduled for late April release.

'SON OF STIFF' NOW A MOVIE

STIFF RECORDS are currently editing a film, to be shown later this year, called *Tourmovie*. It follows last year's *Son Of Stiff* package tour — featuring Any Trouble, Joe 'King' Carrasco & The Crowns, Dirty Looks, Tenpole Tudor and The Equators — on their travels through Europe and the States. There will be two versions — a 50-minute TV film and a 90-minute cinema movie. The latter will carry an 'X' certificate because, being an accurate picture of life on the road, it consists — say Stiff — of "sex and drugs and rock'n'roll".

GRAND PRIX SINGER RECOVERS

GRAND PRIX vocalist Bernie Shaw has made a good recovery from his stomach rupture, sustained during the band's visit to Austria. He was on the critical list for a few days, but was able to leave hospital at the weekend, though he's been told to take things very easily for a couple of weeks. Even so, he's still planning to perform with Prix — albeit briefly — when they support Manfred Mann at London Dominion Theatre next Monday and Tuesday (30-31).

TWO COMSATS HEADLINERS

THE COMSAT ANGELS, who recently completed a tour with Siouxsie & The Banshees, are playing two major headliners next month — at London Sundown in Charing Cross Road (April 7) and Sheffield Top Rank (21). They aid promotion of their new Polydor single *'Eye Of The Lens' / 'At Sea'*, issued this week — with a 12-inch version also available containing two extra tracks, *'Another World'* and *'Gone'*.

GINGER BAKER QUILTS H'WIND

GINGER BAKER, who became Hawkwind's drummer shortly before their autumn UK tour, has now, apparently left to form his own band — and he's been joined in the venture by keyboards man Keith Hale, who was recruited into H'Wind midway through the autumn tour. Surprisingly, the Trimmer & Jenkins duo are also in Baker's line-up for an imminent Italian tour — though it's not yet known if their involvement is permanent.

ANNE MURRAY FOR PALLADIUM

ANNE MURRAY flies in to play her first UK concert since 1975, when she appears at the London Palladium on Sunday, April 26 (tickets on sale now priced £7.50, £6, £4.50 and £3.50). Promoter is Derek Block. The Canadian singer — who will also be making several TV appearances during her visit — will have her new Capitol album *'Where Do You Go When You Dream'* issued to coincide, with the title track preceding it as a single next week.

CHEATERS ON SIX-WEEK OUTING

THE CHEATERS are embarking on a six-week *'Sod The Price Of Petrol Tour'*, for which the first confirmed dates are Liverpool Mayflower (April 7, 14 and 21), Workington Matador (8), Carlisle Mick's Club (9), Hawick Tower Hotel (10), Cockermouth Horizon (11), Egremont Rugby Club (12), Newcastle Cooperage (15), Blyth Golden Eagle (16), Sunderland Annabel's (17), Kirkcubright Country Club (19), Manchester Romiley Grey Horse (23), Northwich Memorial Hall (24) and Carlisle Twisted Wheel (25).



MARTYN'S CONCERTS

JOHN MARTYN has lined up three major British concerts with his new band — at Birmingham Odeon (May 21), Brighton Dome (22) and London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion (23) — and these will be followed by Irish gigs in Dublin (26), Cork (27) and Limerick (28). Tickets for the London show have a top price of £4, while elsewhere the maximum is £3.50. Martyn's new outfit comprises Jeff Allen (drums), Alan Thomson (bass), Max Middleton (keyboards) and Danny Cummings (percussion) — and early next month he leaves, with the band, for his first tour of North America in four years.

Chris Cross and Pendergrass due

CHRISTOPHER CROSS — the young Texan who's currently the rage of America, where he's just scooped no fewer than five of this year's Grammy Awards — makes his first-ever British concert appearance when he headlines at the London Palladium on Tuesday, April 21. Tickets are available now priced £4.50, £3.75, £3.25 and £2.50, and the promoter is Barry Dickins for ITB. Cross, whose self-named debut album has so far sold over three million worldwide, will be accompanied by his own U.S. band. A support act has still to be named.

TEDDY PENDERGRASS — one of America's top selling black artists, with five platinum and five gold albums to his credit — makes his British debut on Thursday, April 30, when he plays a one-off concert at London Victoria Apollo. He'll be bringing over his regular ten-piece band and four girl back-up singers. The visit ties in with the April 10 release of his single *'The Whole Town's Laughing At Me'* and album *'Ready For Teddy Pendergrass'*, both on the Philadelphia International label.

Public Pyramids

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS promote their debut album *'Skin 'Em Up'* — which, as previously reported, is released by Virgin/Cuba Libre this weekend — by undertaking a free tour which will see them performing in record shops, school playgrounds and "anywhere else that takes their fancy".

Among the Virgin record stores where they can be seen in action are Edinburgh (this Saturday, 4 pm), Newcastle (March 30, 1 pm), Sheffield (31, 1 pm), Leeds (April 1, 1 pm), Manchester (2, 4 pm), Liverpool (3, 4 pm), Birmingham (6, 1 pm), Bristol (7, 4 pm), Southampton (8, 1 pm), Portsmouth (8, 4 pm), London Marble Arch (9, 1 pm) and London Oxford Walk (9, 4 pm) — but there'll be sundry other performances at various stops along the way. After this outing, they'll be playing a more conventional tour, details to follow.

Des Barres adds

MICHAEL DES BARRES' band Chequered Past, including Blondie members Nigel Harrison and Clem Burke, have added a few more dates to their UK tour opening at London Camden Dingwalls tonight (Thursday). They are a midnight show at London Victoria The Venue (April 2), guesting with The Photos at St Albans City Hall (4) and a headliner at London Fulham Greyhound (7). Their two other gigs listed last week, Nottingham Rock City (April 3) and London Lyceum (5), are also with The Photos. More dates are being set.

DATA CONTROL

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+ John Spencer plus one

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Tuesday 31st March £1
TELEMACQUE

Wednesday 1st April £1.25
JAZZ SLUTS
(back again)

GREEN MAN
196 Stratford High St, London E15

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

THURSDAY

Barnstaple Chequers Club: The Vapors
 Bath University: Black Slate
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Ospray
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
 Birmingham Odeon: Adam & The Ants
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
 Bletchley Compags Club: Art Nouveau
 Bradford Alhambra Theatre: Mike Harding
 (for three days)
 Brighton Basement Club: Midnight & The Lemon Boys / The Exclusives
 Brighton The Concorde: The Chefs / Red Square
 Bristol Colston Hall: Rose Royce
 Bromley The Magpie: Smallprint
 Bromsgrove Whitehouse Club: The Bopcats
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: The Rank Amateurs
 Canterbury Aliberry Wine Bar: Naughty Thoughts
 Canterbury Arts College: Birds With Ears
 Chesterfield Fusion: Music For Pleasure / The Excaliburs
 Cleethorpes Peppers: The Real Thing
 Coalville Railway Inn: Reaction
 Coventry General Wolfe: Altered Images
 Coventry Tiffany's: Gang Of Four / Pere Ubu / Delta 5
 Dundee The Kettledrum: The Megazones
 Eastcote Bottom Line: Cayenne
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Modern Jazz
 Feltham The Airman: Twelfth Night
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: Steeleye Span
 Hampton Nightingales: The Happy Few
 Ilford The Cranbrook: The Chevrons
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Wanda & The Dentists
 Leamington Crown Hotel: Chevy / Burn
 Leamington Spa Royal Spa Centre: Chas & Dave
 Leeds Fan Club: Basement 5 / Equivalent VIII
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Treatment
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Selector
 Lincoln Drill Hall: Lionheart
 Liverpool Brady's: Dead On Arrival / The Games
 Liverpool The Dolphin: Madame
 Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
 Liverpool Warehouse: New Musik / Snips
 London Acton Kings Head: BIM / 3.00 am
 London Camden Dingwalls: Michael Des Barres (with Nigel and Clem of Blondie)
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Limehouse
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Dolly Mixture / Gymslips
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Sarah & Jeremy Westward
 London Chelsea Kennedys: Gillie McPherson
 London Chiswick John Bull: Telemacque
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Kraze / The British
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Department S
 London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic: The Kasuals
 London Euston Shaw Theatre: All Thomson Band
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: Young Jazz Big Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Johnny Mars' Mighty Mars
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Lemons / The Temper
 London Greenwich White Swan: The Business
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Splodge / Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commanders
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Planxty
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Random Band / Jeep
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Zitz
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Regents / Metro Glider
 London Islington Empress of Russia: The Watertons
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Lucky Saddles
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Razy Dazy Spasm Band
 London Marquee Club: Q-Tips
 London N.4 The Stapleton: Harfoot Brothers
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Malc Murphy's Storyville Stompers
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Prince Far I / The Arabs / The Congos
 London Putney Star & Garter: Juice On The Loose
 London Putney White Lion: Flash Harry
 London Richmond Three Tuns: The Reflexions
 London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: New Cross
 London Soho Pizza Express: Waso
 London Southall The Cavern: Medium Medium / B Film
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: The Cruisers
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford Band
 London Stratford Green Man: Junco Partners
 London Tooting The Castle: The Silence
 London Victoria The Venue: American Folk Blues Festival with Louisiana Red / Hubert Sumlin / Sunnyland Slim / Carey Bell / Margie Evans etc.
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Sox / Y
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Yachts / The Europeans / Strictly Business
 London W.1 (Greek St.) Le Kilt: South Atlantic Band
 Luton Fairs Club: The Kindergarten
 Malvern Trappers Bar: Shader
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Tom Waits
 Manchester Band on the Wall: Level Crossing
 Manchester Buckton Castle: Whips
 Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: Suns Of Arqa
 Manchester Ratters: The Bush Tetras
 Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin Horse
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa



Adam's gigs — and the Roxy connection

ADAM & THE ANTS are playing a short series of concerts to say "thank you" to their fans, and at the same time preview their upcoming 'Stand And Deliver' single. And Gig Guide is able to scoop News Desk by announcing that, following Kevin Mooney's departure from the band (reported last week), Roxy Music bassist Gary Tibbs is standing in on their mini-tour — and he's also likely to guest with them on their debut U.S. tour next month. Meanwhile, they're playing Birmingham (Thursday), London (Friday and Saturday) and Manchester (Sunday). All completely sold out, of course.

Portsmouth Guildhall: Moe Bandy Country Show

Salisbury Jacksons: Back Door Man
 Sandwich White Horse: Blue Country
 Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: Stiletto
 Sheffield Limit Club: The Polecats
 Shifnal Star Hotel: Sleeping Dogs
 Silsoe College: Tee-Vees / Project 4
 Southport Theatre: Charley Pride
 Stockport Smugglers Nightspot: Walter Mitty's Little White Lies
 Swanage Perbeck's: Talon
 Walsall St. Francis School: Victorian Parents
 West Bromwich Stork Hotel: The Xit
 Wolverhampton Barley Mow: Sub Zero
 Worthing Balmoral Bar: Meanstreak

FRIDAY

Bath Academy of Art: The Mets
 Bicester Red Lion: Shader
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poorboys
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Black Slate
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Ivor's Wedding
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
 Birmingham Newman College: The Set
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
 Borehamwood Civic Hall: The Mo-dettes/The Tea Set
 Brighton Dome: Nana Mouskouri
 Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: Johnny Storm
 Bristol Victoria Rooms: Richie Havens
 Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: Fifty Ear Check
 Chatham Central Hall: Moe Bandy Country Show
 Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: Geddes Axe
 Coventry General Wolfe: Chevy
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlites
 Coventry The Pilot: The Syndicate
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Motorhead
 Croydon The Cartoon: Yakety Yak
 Croydon The Star: The Marines
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Gang Of Four/Pere Ubu/Delta 5
 Dover Town Hall: Naughty Thoughts
 Dundee The Windmill: The Megazones
 Dunmow Foskes Hall: The Cruisers
 Edinburgh Nite Club: Basement 5
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Dave Ellis Band
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Charley Pride
 Grimsby Central Hall: Lionheart
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: The Ammonites/John Clay Band
 Hanley Victoria Hall: Steeleye Span
 Hayes Bricklayers Arms: Spider
 Hertford The Woolpack: Scarlet O'Hara
 Huddersfield Eros Future Club: The Berlin Blondes
 Launceston White Horse Inn: Dangerous Girls

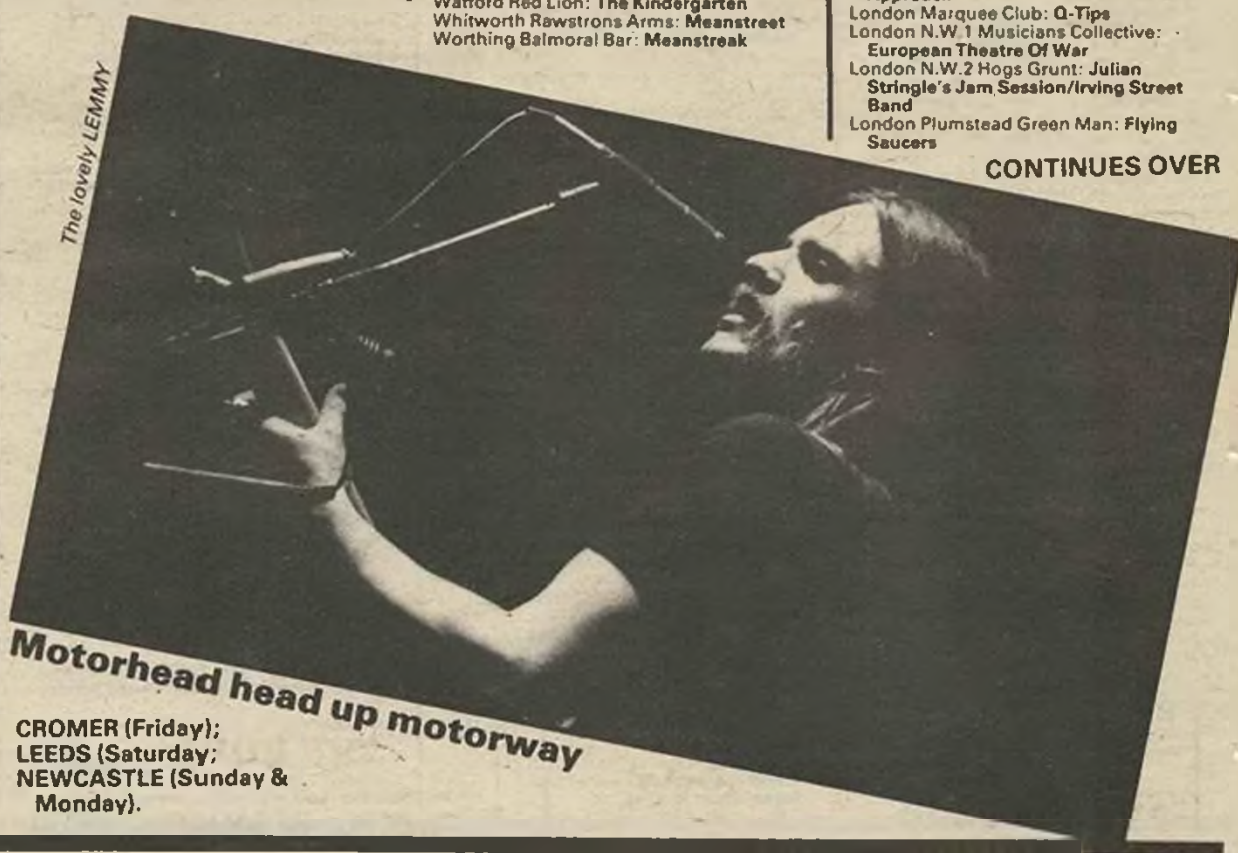
Leeds Wine Bar: Dodgy Tactics
 Lewes Southover Grange: Birds With Ears
 Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Level Crossing
 Liverpool Brady's: The Polecats
 Liverpool Warehouse: Harvest Moon
 Llanidloes Powys Community Centre: The Nashville Teens
 London Battersea Arts Centre: Sore Throat/Ken Kan/Cailling Hearts
 London Brixton Town Hall: Misty In Roots
 London Camden Centre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 London Camden Dingwalls: Team 23/Babylon Rebels
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
 London Camden 94 Club: Back Door Man
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Ian Mitchell Band
 London Catford The Squire: Blue Cats
 London Charing Cross Medical School: The Reluctant Stereotypes
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Debbie Bishop

London Chelsea Kennedys: The Naturals
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Red Rinse
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Fix/Faraway Stars
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators
 London Cricklewood Red Lion: Shotgun
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: Nightdoctor/The People
 London Enfield Starlight Club: The Drifters
 London E.1 Old Half Moon Theatre: El Percussion
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Rialtos
 London Fulham Greyhound: Yachts/Flying Colours
 London Hackney Chat's Palace: Strangers In The Night
 London Hackney Pembury Tavern: Shades
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Elvis Costello & The Attractions
 London Hammersmith Palais: The Original Mirrors/Department S
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Dumb Blondes/The Aces
 London Hendon Midland Arms: The Singles / Coconut Dogs
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Lemons / Tranzista
 London Holloway North Polytechnic: A Certain Ratio/The Bush Tetras
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Belle Stars
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
 London Marquee Club: Q-Tips
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Julian Stringle's Jam Session / London Vintage Jazz Orchestra
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert: Avenue
 London Putney Half Moon: Fiddlers Dram
 London Putney Star & Garter: Mr. E & The Imaginations
 London Putney White Lion: The Soul Band
 London Soho Pizza Express: Waso
 London Southall White Swan: Loose Ends
 London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
 London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: First Aid / Radio Moscow
 London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Adam & The Ants
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Black Market
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Rose Royce
 London Victoria The Venue: The Vapors
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Furious Pig/Guy Jackson
 London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: Zitz/The Chevrons
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: The Pick-Ups
 Luton The Favourite: The Stop Band
 Macclesfield Masonic Arms: Rockin Horse
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Suns Of Arqa
 Manchester Lamplight Club: Pure Product
 Manchester Ratters: Altered Images
 Manchester The Devonshire: Wanda & The Dentists
 Manchester UMIST: Naughty Boys
 Middlebrough Rock Garden: Little Brother
 Newcastle Spector Arts Centre: Green-Eyed Children/Prefab Sprout
 New Romney Seahorse: Richard Reyn
 Norwich Cromwells: Chas & Dave
 Norwich Prince Of Denmark: Dissolute Youth
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Metro Glider
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: First Priority/Little Red Duffcoats/Twin Sets
 Paisley Technical College: Stiletto
 Pontefract Kinsley Farmers Club: Nosferatu V
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: Dutch Swing College Band
 Reading Target Club: El Seven / Shrinking Men / Johnny & The Moondogs
 Reford Porterhouse: Soft Cell
 Rochester Kings Head: The Watertons
 Salford University: The Look
 Sandwich White Horse: Pete Rose Band
 Scarborough Penthouse: The Freshies
 Scarborough Taboo: Girls At Our Best
 Shifnal Star Hotel: The Starlings
 Southend Rascals: James Vane
 Southend Top Alex: Fast Eddie
 Stafford North Staffs. Polytechnic: Arrogant/Grace
 St. Albans Horn of Plenty: Joe Average
 St. Margaret's (Dover) Red Lion: Silent Movies
 St. Neots Priory Centre: New Musik/Snips
 Stockport Portland Bars: Marquis De Sade
 Thurso The Viewlith: Airtight
 Tolworth Recreation Centre: Richard Digance
 Watford College: Beez
 Watford Red Lion: The Kindergarten
 Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: Meanstreak
 Worthing Balmoral Bar: Meanstreak

SATURDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Charley Pride
 Bath College of Higher Education: The Mets
 Berkhamsted Kings Arms: Blazing Red/The Chiltern Volcanoes/Virus II
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Ivor's Wedding
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
 Bolton Sports Centre: The Spizzles
 Brentwood Hermit Club: Low Mileage/The Cut
 Brighton Alhambra: Midnight & The Lemon Boys
 Brighton Art College: The Au Pairs/Vol Sec/New Objekts
 Bristol Trinity Hall: Creature Beat/Out Of Order/The Belashas/Robert Lawrence/React
 Burton Drill Hall: Reaction
 Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: Ball-n-Jack
 Cannock The Forum: Cryer
 Carshalton St. Helier Arms: Jets
 Chippenham Neeld Hall: The Scoop/The Fringe
 Corby Festival Hall: New Musik/Snips
 Coventry General Wolfe: Freddie 'Fingers' Lee
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Gang Of Four/Pere Ubu/Delta 5
 Crowborough The Cross: Yakety Yak
 Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): Sacre Bleu
 Duffield Milford Pavilion: Union Blues Band
 Dundee Invergowrie Inn: The Megazones
 Edinburgh Fountain Inn: Little Red Duffcoats/Factory Poems
 Edinburgh Nite Club: The Polecats
 Eynsham Board Hotel: Twelfth Night
 Folkestone Springfield Hall: The Staires
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: H20
 Gloucester Brockworth House: The Cruisers
 Gloucester St Barnabas Hall: The Old Swan Band
 Gosport Labour Club: Drivin' Sideways
 Hereford Market Tavern: Twisted Nervez
 High Wycombe Nags Head: Long Tail
 Shorty/Imperial Eye Reggae Band
 Hillingdon Rugby Club: Spider
 Horwich Leisure Centre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Ilford The Cranbrook: Rye & The Quarterboys
 Jersey Fort Regent Leisure Centre: The Stray Cats
 Knighton Norton Arms Hotel: Babylon Rebels
 Leeds Pack Horse: Nosferatu V
 Leeds Queens Hall: Motorhead/Trust
 Liverpool Brady's: Basement 5/The Tilt
 Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: Steeleye Span
 Liverpool Warehouse: Morrissey Mullen
 London Bayswater Porchester Hall: Richie Havens
 London Blackfriars Columbo St. Sports Centre: The Papers
 London Camden Dingwalls: Split Rivitt/Top Secret
 London Camden Club 94: Case/The VMT's
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Peter Gibson & Ted McDowell
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Sad Among Strangers
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Meteors/F.X.
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.
 London Enfield Scope Community Centre: Sons Of Cain
 London Enfield Starlight Club: The Drifters
 London E.1 Old Half Moon Theatre: El Percussion
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lyntor Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Sox/Ukraine
 London Greenwich White Swan: Marquis De Sade
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Elgin Marbles
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Elvis Costello & The Attractions
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Red Beans & Rice/The Hit Factory
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Remipedes/A Bigger Splash
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Hank Wangford Band
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Dingle Spike
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Suttel Approach
 London Marquee Club: Q-Tips
 London N.W.1 Musicians Collective: European Theatre Of War
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Julian Stringle's Jam Session/Irving Street Band
 London Plumstead Green Man: Flying Saucers

CONTINUES OVER



CROMER (Friday);
 LEEDS (Saturday);
 NEWCASTLE (Sunday & Monday).

THE SPIZZLES are going out on their first major tour since their transmutation from Athletico Spizz 80 and, prior to that, Spizz Energi. Only the names have been changing to protect the innocent, and Spizz himself (right) remains the focal point. Promoting their new A&M album 'Spikey Dream Flowers', they kick off at Bolton (Saturday), Chester (Sunday) and Cardiff (Wednesday).

DATA CONTROL

London Putney Star & Garter: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Putney White Lion: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Dick & Camilla Fegy
London Roehampton Froebel Institute: The Vapors
London Rotherhithe Waterside Theatre: New Cross
London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny Barnes Quintet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Adam & The Ants
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Black Market
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Rose Royce
London Victoria The Venue: Hot Gossip
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Bush Tetras/The Bongos
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: The Modernaires
London Woolwich Clockhouse: Smallprint
London W.11 The Tabernacle: Vincent Units/Aband/Survival Squad
Luton Fours Club: Tee-Vees
Luton Kingsway Tavern: The Kintergarten
Manchester (Ardwick) Devonshire Hotel: Rockin Horse
Manchester Mayflower: Anti Pasti/Blitzkrieg
Manchester Polytechnic: The Original Mirrors
Manchester Portland Bars: The Zorkie Twins
Margate Brooklands Wine Bar: Stark
Midhurst Technical College: Back Door Man
Milton Keynes Crawford Arms: Fictitious/The Statics/Ethnic Minority
New Romney Assembly Rooms: The Pulsaters/Another Language
Norwich Whites: G Squad
Nottingham Boat Club: Stray
Nottingham Rock City: Classix
Nouveaux/Theatre Of Hate/Shock/Naked Lunch/Eyeless in Gaze
Oxford Corn Dolly: The Spoilers
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Modern Jazz
Peterborough La Scala: The Real Thing
Portsmouth Guildhall: Nana Mouskouri
Preston Warehouse: Chevy
Rayleigh Crocs: Medium Medium
Rayleigh Travellers Jug: Watch With Mother
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): Between Pictures
Reading Target Club: Larry Miller Band
Retford Porterhouse: Lionheart
Salford (Broughton Park) The Basement: Steady Again/Moving Targets
Salisbury King & Bishop: Talon
Sandgate Windsurfer Inn: Naughty Thoughts
Scunthorpe Henry VIII Hotel: Backseat Romeos
Sheffield K.G.B.'s: Still Earth
Shifnal Star Hotel: The Nightingales
Shoreham Community Centre: Shades
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: Zitz
Sunderland Polytechnic: Black Slate/Stiletto
Swindon Oasis Centre: The Selector
Telham Black Horse: The Watsons
Walsall Town Hall: The Look
Watford Red Lion: Shader
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Sub Zero
Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: The Reporters
Windsor Jethro's Wine Bar: Art Nouveau
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: Sucks

SUNDAY

Barrowhaven The Haven Inn: Still Earth
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Odeon: The Selector
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bolton Swan Hotel: Rapyd Fyre
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Nana Mouskouri
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: Cleo Laine/John Dankworth
Brighton Jenkinson's: Basement 5
Brighton Sussex University: The Hoodlums
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Cambridge Ida Darwin Hospital: Tranzista
Chelmsford Dee-Jays: Martin Carthy
Chester North Gate Arena: The Spizzles
Coventry The Sportsman: The Syndicate
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: Rose Royce
Folkestone Golden Arrow: The Staires
Glasgow Doune Castle: H2O
Gravesend Prince of Wales: The Pick-Ups
Guildford Royal Hotel: El Seven / Shrinking Men / Johnny & The Moondogs
Hailsham Crown Hotel: The Mets
Hemel Hempstead Old Town Hall: Kenny Shaw Quartet
Hull Humberstone Theatre: Redeye / Generator
Ipswich Odeon: Elvis Costello & The Attractions
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Leeds Tiffany's: Classix Nouveaux / Theatre Of Hate / Shock / Naked Lunch / Eyeless in Gaze
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Richie Havens
Liverpool The Masonic: Rockin Horse
London Battersea Arts Centre: Sore Throat
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Brixton George Canning: Southside
London Camden Clapham 94: The Fixations
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Clapham 101 Club: Dolly Mixture / U.B.'s
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: Zeitgeist
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Treatment / Bad Actors / Zeitung Da
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Dance Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Guy Jackson / Eddy Steady Go

London Hackney The Queens: Avenue
London Hayes Brook House: Mephisto Waltz / Cry, Cry, Cry
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Arrogant / Danny Kustow
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Red Beans & Rice
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose
London Marquee Club: The Belle Stars / Rage
London N.4 The Stapleton: The Volcanoes / The Outskirts
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: Sox
London Oxford Street 100 Club: Jimmy McCracklin
London Putney White Lion: Mighty Honky Band
London Soho Pizza Express: Eddie Thompson
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: 3.P. Sweet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Ivory Coasters
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: 8 Movie/Illustration / Blancmange / The Fast Set/The Loved One / Depeche Mode / Jell/Blah Blah Blah / Soft Cell
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
London Stratford Green Man: Wide Open
London Tooting The Castle: Fruit Eating Bears
London Tottenham The Railway: The Razyzy Dazzy Spasm Band
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Chas & Dave / Hank Wangford Band
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Music For Pleasure / X-Effects
London Woolwich Tramshed: Simon Nicol & Dave Swarbrick
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Harry Gold & His Pieces of Eight
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Adam & The Ants
Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre: Humphrey Lyttelton Band / George Chisholm
Newcastle City Hall: Motorhead / Trust
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Northampton Old Five Bells: Twelfth Night
Oxford New Theatre: Gang Of Four / Pere Ubu / Delta 5
Pontefract Blackmore Head Hotel: Chevy
Poole Wessex Hall: The Drifters
Poynton Folk Centre: Richard Thompson / Gentleman Soldier
Preston Polytechnic: Black Slate
Reading George Hotel: The Ballistics
Redhill Lakers Hotel: Cut Throat Fun
Rishton Bay Horse New Inn: Wamm
Romford Redhouse Club: The Nashville Teens
Sandwich White Horse: Whirligig
Southampton The Victory: 3X
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: The Stylistics
Uxbridge Brunel University: Neon Blondes
Workop Miners Welfare: The Bopcats
York Theatre Royal: Mike Harding

MONDAY

Aberdeen ABC Lounge: Airtight/The Megazones
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
Birmingham Night Out: Odyssey (for five days)
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Starfighters
Birmingham Tyburn House: The Cruisers
Bolton Aquarius: The Reporters
Bolton Swan Hotel: Scream
Brighton Dome: Rose Royce
Brighton The Richmond: John Clay Band
Bristol Colston Hall: Nana Mouskouri
Carshalton The Cricketers: Avenue
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Orange Cardigan/Medium Medium
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: Chevy
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: The Quads/Spoilt Negatives
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Richard Reyn
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Steeleys Span
Glasgow Dial Inn: The Dolphins
Godalming Shackleford Social Centre: Martin Carthy
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Keighley Funhouse Bar: Gimmicks
Liverpool Rotters: Classix
Nouveaux/Theatre Of Hate/Shock/Naked Lunch/Eyeless in Gaze
Liverpool The Mayflower: Attempted Moustache
London Camden Dingwalls: Carl Green & The Scene/The Ak Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Spectres
London Charing Cross Heaven: Bauhaus/Clock DVA/Torso
London Clapham 101 Club: Katy Heath Band/Big Table
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Crispy Ambulance
London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Music For Pleasure/The Speedos
London Hammersmith Palais: Gang Of Four/Pere Ubu/Bush Tetras
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Olympics/Kashmir
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Hitmen
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Coolies
London Marquee Club: Wasted Youth
London N.4 The Stapleton: Sore Throat
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: Arkwright's Ferret
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Southall White Hart: The Onlookers
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Stratford Green Man: Hot Rumour
London Talk Of The Town: The Drifters (for four weeks)
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Manfred Mann's Earth Band/Grand Prix



London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Golinski Brothers
London Walthamstow Saxon: Shader
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Department S/Strangers In The Night
London Wimbledon Theatre: The Stylistics
London W.1 Gilbrays Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Coolies
Newcastle City Hall: Motorhead/Trust
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
Oxford New Theatre: Elvis Costello & The Attractions
Oxford Sandpipers: Back Door Man
Salford (Broughton Park) The Basement: Blank Verse/Where's Snake
Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers
Sheffield City Hall: Mike Harding (for three days)
Sheffield Marples Monday Club: Flying Alphonso Brothers/Divine Comedy
Sheffield Wapentake: Haze
Southend Zero 6: Ian Mitchell Band
Watford Bailey's: Gene Pitney (for a week)
Weymouth College: Team 23

TUESDAY

Aberdeen ABC Lounge: Airtight / The Megazones
Andover Oscars: Larry Miller Band
Bath Tiffany's: The Polecats
Billingham Black Horse: Pete Thompson & Alan Bell
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham Odeon: Nana Mouskouri
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chevy
Blackpool Cleveleys Hotel: Wamm
Bolton The Railway: Madame
Bournemouth Moat House: X.S. / The Credits / Luther / Marital Law
Bury The Derby Hall: Que Bono / Dave Fielding Band
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: The Bulbs
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Newtown
Neurotics / Almost Human / The Firm
Coventry Shades Club: The Syndicate
Dartford Railway Hotel: Martin Carthy
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: The Stylistics
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Steeleys Span
Gravesend Red Lion: The Flatbackers
Leeds Marquis of Granby: Elga
Liverpool The Mayflower: Dead On Arrival
London Acton Friendship Centre: Flash Harry
London Camden Dingwalls: Richie Havens
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Meteors
London Chelsea Kennedys: Leszek
London Clapham 101 Club: Rock Goddess / The Empires
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Shadowfax / Haircut 100
London Fulham Golden Lion: Strange Arrangement
London Fulham Greyhound: The Boys / No Meen Feet
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Liaison / Creature Beat
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Loose Ends
London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
London Islington Hope & Anchor: O.K. Jive
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Keith Ingham & Friends (for five days)
London Marquee Club: Wasted Youth
London N.14 The Stapleton: The Razyzy Dazzy Spasm Band
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Jazz Sluts
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Altered Images
London Putney Stars: The Identical Twins
London Putney White Lion: Nicky Barclay Band
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
London Southall The Cavern: Mephisto Waltz / Five Or Six
London Strand Lyceum: Flying Saucers

London Tooting The Castle: The Chevrons / The Attendants
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: The Alligators / The Wrecktangles
London Tottenham The Railway: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Manfred Mann's Earth Band / Grand Prix
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Rose Royce
London Victoria The Venue: Basement 5
London Waterloo-National Theatre Foyer: Tiny Winters Trio
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Birthday Party / Mass
London Woolwich Tramshed: Freddy Randall Quintet
Maidstone Ship Inn: Naughty Thoughts
Manchester Polytechnic: Music For Pleasure
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Scratch Band
Nottingham Boat Club: Orange Juice
Oldham Tower Club: Suns Of Arqa
Paisley Bungalow Bar: The Dolphins
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Elvis Costello & The Attractions
Southend Talk Of The South: The Real Thing
Southsea Kings Theatre: Richard Dignace
Swindon Brunel Rooms: The Reluctant Stereotypes

WEDNESDAY

Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Attempted Moustache
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
Birmingham Mercat Cross: M. S. Nightwork
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Brighton Art College: The Chefs
Bristol Berkeley Suite: The Polecats
Bristol Valley Club: Back Door Man
Cambridge Raffles: The Exhibition
Cardiff Top Rank: The Spizzles
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Codename Borealis / Base 3
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Coventry General Wolfe: I
Harrogate Royal Hall: Cleo Laine & John Dankworth
Kings Lynn Technical College: Whippis
Kingston Three Tuns: The Rank Amateurs
Leeds Amnesia Club: Shake Appeal
Leeds Marquis of Granby: The Bismarcks / 2 Words
London Camden Dingwalls: Tribesman
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Spectres
London Covent Garden The Blitz: Andrew Hayward & Panic Button
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Nashville Teens
London Fulham Greyhound: Geno Washington / OK Jive
London Hackney Deuragon: The 4-Skins
London Islington Hope and Anchor: The Outskirts
London N.4 The Stapleton: 720
London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm / The Elite
London Rainbow 2: The Mo-dettes / The Belle Stars
London Soho Pizza Express: Eddie Thompson Quartet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: J.J. & The Flyers
London Stratford Green Man: Jazz Sluts
London Tooting The Castle: Shader
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BIM
London Victoria The Venue: Rico
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Modern English / The Visions
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians
Manchester Rafter: Orange Juice / The Decorators
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: The Idols
Newcastle City Hall: Steeleys Span

GIG GUIDE COMPILER IS DEREK JOHNSON

to whom details should be sent at New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

GG GUIDE 2

Newport Stowaway: The Reluctant Stereotypes
New Romney Seahorse: The Feel
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: 23 Jewels/Performing Ferrets/Competition/Cactus Man
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Preston Guildhall: Nana Mouskouri
Reading Merry Maidens: El Seven/Shrinking Men / Johnny & The Moondogs
Salford (Broughton Park) The Basement: Johnny Budgie / The Loony Lunns / Digger
Sandwich White Horse: Perry White Band
Sheffield George IV Hotel: Stan Tracey Quartet
Southampton The Victory: The New Brenda's / Fatal Dose
South Woodford Railway Boll: Original East Side Stompers
St. Annes Louisiana Belle: The Zant! Misfitz
St. Helens YMCA: Shades Of Grey
Wigan The Pier: Chevy

Upcoming gigs

BLUE ORCHIDS are to support Echo & The Bunnymen on their previously reported UK tour, from April 24 to May 9, with their own headlining dates on either side — details to follow shortly. They're also planning to expand their basic trio line-up, and interested parties should contact Chris at Rough Trade (01-727 6085). Meanwhile, their second single 'Work'/'The House That Faded Out' is issued by Rough Trade this week.

THE YACHTS continue gigging around London at Woolwich Tramshed (tonight, Thursday), Fulham Greyhound (Friday), Islington Hope & Anchor (April 2 and 3), Herne Hill Half Moon (4), Fulham Golden Lion (10) and Euston The Pits (11).

DANGEROUS GIRLS are promoting their new three-track single 'Step Out', issued by Human Records on April 3. They play Launceston/White Horse (tomorrow, Friday), Liskeard St. Clear Hall (Saturday), Birmingham Fighting Cocks (April 4), Telford Madeley Court Centre (10), West Bromwich Jubilee Community Centre (11) and London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (23). More dates are being set.

THE AU PAIRS will be undertaking a lengthy tour in the late spring, coinciding with the May 15 release of their debut album 'Playing With A Different Sex' — from which a single will be issued on April 24, titles to be advised. Meanwhile, they play Birmingham Moseley Imperial Cinema (tomorrow, Friday), Brighton Art College (Saturday) and London University Union (April 1).

GRACE — the Midlands sextet whose debut MCA/Clay album is issued on April 10, with their name as its title — extend their current one-nighter series with dates at Birmingham Railway Hotel (April 4), Newcastle-under-Lyne Bridge Arts Centre (14 and May 9), Ellesmere Port Bulls Head (May 1) and Coventry General Wolfe (14).

THE BLUES BAND are playing two special dates next month — at Nottingham Rock City on April 11 and London Hammersmith Palais the next day (12). Supercharge 81 guest on both gigs, with Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders as a third act bonus at Hammersmith. Ticket prices are £2.50 (Nottingham) and £3.50 (London).

THE DRIFTERS open a four-week season at London's Talk Of The Town next Monday (30). Other dates set for the perennial U.S. group are London Enfield Starlight Club (this Friday and Saturday), Poole Wessex Hall (Sunday), Cleethorpes Peppers (May 1), Caerphilly Double Diamond (8-9), Luton Caesar's (13-16), Inverness Eden Court Theatre (21), Aberdeen Capitol (22), Edinburgh Playhouse (23), Camberley Lakeside Country Club (26-30) and Birmingham Night Out (June 1-6). More gigs are being slotted into the interim dates.

THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS continue promoting their new Phonogram single 'Dancing With The Rebels' with extra shows at Bath Tiffany's (April 14) and Bristol Berkeley (15). Their set at London Victoria The Venue last night (Wednesday) was being recorded by Capital Radio, for broadcast in Nicky Horne's show on Friday, April 3.

RAGE, the Liverpool four-piece splinter band from the now-defunct Nutz, play London Marquee this Sunday (29) and their first major hometown concert at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (April 3). Other gigs are being line up to promote their new album and single, both titled 'Out Of Control' and released this week by Carrere, with whom the outfit have just signed.

TRANZISTA, the Cambridge four-piece who've supported both The Beat and Any Trouble in recent months, are on the road with their own 'Tuning In Tour'. They have London dates at Herne Hill Half Moon (this Friday, April 12 and 17), Kensington Hotel (April 2), Shepherds Bush Wellington (5), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (8) and Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (27). Out of town they visit Cambridge Ida Darwin Hospital (this Sunday), Manchester Pips (April 3), Manchester Cyprus Tavern (10 and 24), Edinburgh Cavendish (13), Cambridge Great Northern (16) and Edinburgh Fountain Inn (18 and 25).

DATA CONTROL

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DATA CONTROL

GARAGELAND

FIRST OF all, news of how you enjoy the ultimate status symbol: a real live jig in the comfort and privacy of your own home. Yes, Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! recording artistes The Disco Students and The Kindergarten are promising to do just that. "We are not satisfied with the cassette medium," they argue, "and feel that vinyl releases do not put over 100% of the bands' real feeling. Playing to live punters in their own homes is the real true way to put over the bands' message, and for expenses etc we will arrange for the band of your choice to visit you NOW." If you're foolhardy enough to risk it, write to YYY at 8 Ripon House, Bishops Walk, Aylesbury, Bucks... Oh and by the way, YYY are about to release The Kindergarten's debut 12" three-track single, priced at £1.60.

From Edinburgh, AVO-8 have a three-track EP available (with distribution through Fast). Tracks are: 'Gone Wrong' / 'Target' / 'No Hesitation'.

■ An offer you can't refuse, from Robert Scott. He'll send you The Doubt's four-track EP on Solo Records "in return for Garageland-type cassette releases / demos / experimental tapes, poems, film scripts, video tapes (returnable or swappable). Write to Robert at 26 Chester Park, Bangor BT20 3JE, County Down, Northern Ireland.

■ And now over to Hanover, in West Germany, where a young group called Phosphor have put out an LP and a single. The LP is 'Frisch Und Fruchtig' (no translation available, fortunately), and it's on the NoFun label. Phosphor's three-track single is on their own label, Spargel Schallplatten (that's Asparagus Records, you know) and it costs



Essential Bop, l to r: Simon Tyler, Steve Bush, Phil Howard, Danny Cotterill. Pic: Gerard Langley.

Mid-April should see the release of another single by Essential Bop, 'Croaked' / 'Mau Mau'. This follows the world-wide success of their famous 'Eloquent Sounds' EP. For more information write to Monopause Records, 2 Apsley Villas, Kingsdown Parade, Bristol BS6 5UH.



BLACK PLASTIC SPECIAL

Compiled by PAUL DU NOYER

£2 incl. p&p. The LP is yours for £4 incl. p&p. Write to Jens Gallmeyer, Albert-Niemann Strasse 8, 3000 Hanover 1, West Germany.

■ That Beatpump record, 'The Five Month Plan EP' is being released. Due to overwhelming demand? Well, no: "due to the fact that it sold only a miserably small number of copies when

first released last autumn." Anyway, it's obtainable from Rough Trade, or at Beatpump bookings, or direct from Slow Lorries Records, c/o Max, 5 Richmond Road, Wakefield, West Yorkshire.

■ And demonstrating that Garageland knows no stylistic boundaries, we move on to a seven-piece band from Slough.

YET ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

Edinburgh's Chicken Jazz Records (first flat, 16 Cadzow Place), are putting out the fourth single from Another Pretty Face. It's a three track with fold-out sleeves and lyrics and it costs £1 incl. p&p from Chicken Jazz at the above address. The label is also

offering an APF cassette 'I'm Sorry That I Beat You, I'm Sorry That I Screamed, But For A Moment There I Really Lost Control' comprising five live and three studio tracks, plus mini-booklet. It costs £1 70 incl. p&p or £2 abroad.

Above: Another Pretty Face. Pic: Robert Sharp.

The Mighty Strypes. Their Ape Records debut is a double A-side, 'Natural Reaction' / 'Five For You'. Either phone Nick Moore on Farnham Common 4093, or else send £1 to Pinewood, Templewood Lane, Farnham Common, Bucks BL2 3HQ.

■ The Abrasive Wheels

describe themselves as a "Leeds Punk band." Judge for yourself by sending off for the three-track EP they've put out on their own label, Abrasive Records. Post your pound (plus 25p p&p) to 7 Gateside View, Halton Moor, Leeds 15.

■ Bristol's X-Certs have a single called 'Together' out on

Recreational Records. So there. ■ Second single by Birmingham group Bright Eyes is 'The Lonely Ones', released on Big Bear Records. ■ 'Mint Sauce For The Masses' is the idealistic title of a compilation EP featuring Twisted Nerve, Flexible Response, Club Of Rome and Fun City — four groups without much in common other than they all come from the Edinburgh area. The label is Playlist Records, 1 Avon Road, Edinburgh EH4 6LA. ■ At last: 'More Songs For Lovesick Earthworms', the ten-track EP which features one side apiece by The Industrial Chipmunks and Aga-Zara Polotok. All such worms are advised to try Rough Trade, or to send £1.25 to Mauled By Iguana Records, 3 Brookfield Park Road, Cowbridge, South Wales.

On the ambitiously-named Another Record label, the second release is 'Sell Out Before The Fall Out' by Lancaster four-piece Michael Byrd & The Commercials. Send £1 (inclusive of p&p) to 39 Meadowside, Lancaster, Lancs. The group, incidentally, describe their stuff as "what the Spencer Davis Group coined Coloured Pop Music."

Below: Michael Byrd and The Commercials.



bauhaus

45

kick

in

the

eye

beg54

Beggars Banquet

S K A T E A W A Y

O I R E S T R A I T



LIVE!

Freeez

The Venue

MY FIRST visit to the Venue, and yes folks, you too can spend a week's rent on a bottle of Pils and play at spot the promo T-shirt. A place where people sit down at tables to enjoy dance bands, where hamburgers are available on HP (and that's not a reference to the sauce)...

A dance band like Freeez should have played somewhere where people go with at least the intention of moving, and in spite of the crowds of jazz-funk types packing out the floor, they never really stood a chance in a place like this.

Problems: the band are hardly the most exciting visually, the emphasis being on music rather than flashy presentation, and the sorely under-used singer especially seemed a little lost, spending most of her time picking up bits of percussion and trying not to look awkward.

Perhaps because of the lack of party atmosphere, they also seemed curiously lifeless, without either the glitter and vitality of disco or — some of the sax breaks aside — the emotion of real jazz; slick, professional, but no real energy or drive behind it.

I felt pleasantly occupied, but not really engaged or excited until they played a song called 'Southern Freeez'. Someone finally remembered to flick the switch marked 'audience motion', and suddenly everyone was on their feet cheering and laughing: the only reason the band needed to be visible at all was so that people knew which way to face.

For me, though, it came far too late, and the blandness of the album hints that it was not all the fault of the Venue. Their talent is indisputable, but at the moment, Freeez leave me pretty cold.

Sheryl Garratt

Lynn Hanna

Julian Cope fronting the new Droppies. (Doesn't everyone call them the Droppies?)



Pic: Bryn Jones

NEW EXPLOSION: NO MAJOR CASUALTIES

The Teardrop Explodes

Sheffield

IT WOULD have been more comfortable to listen to this live in the living room. As it is, the university is crammed with a sweating mixture of students and Liverpool's Teardrop acolytes, all in fine voice for Radio One's transmission and heaving from side to side of the hall in a hearty display of enthusiastic horseplay.

From the start, the reformed Teardrop Explodes looks less like a group than Julian Cope's private vehicle, with

only bass player Alfie providing a visual foil for his new pre-eminence. The rest are dressed quietly to complement Cope's dishevelled leather, and for the most part keep a respectful distance from the man who has recently emerged as the self-made modern pop star and is revelling in the image he's so carefully created.

What's missing in the new Teardrops is the bright sparks that flew between Cope, David Balfe and Alan Gill, both the latter recognisable personalities in their own right and with different interests in Dalek I and Zoo. With no invigorating friction

and less to distract the audience's attention, Cope now has free rein to indulge his wildest stagestruck fantasies.

Reeling about in a thin stream of dry ice or skipping dazed about the centre of the stage, he looks lost in his own emotional wonderland and concentrates on conveying the awed, fragile soul that's trapped in his incongruously vigorous frame.

In fact Cope's cavortings are frequently not nearly so charming as he appears to imagine. His fey Peter Pan persona is just a little too knowing and too obviously self-obsessed, and his babyish ambisexuality can be

a bore.

It's his complacently passive worshipping of sensation that spills over in the drugged languor of some of the new songs, and at the moment the Teardrops sound too tatty to achieve the fluid tension that the music required. Although it's rapturously received they chug rather lumpenly through 'Treason'. But despite a thin-sounding brass section of only one trumpet, there were times during the set when the Teardrops came close to achieving the necessary surging heart and soul.

Cope himself is a more powerful performer when he loses either his

self-consciousness (as in the snatch of sweet soul carolling at the end of 'When I Dream') or his temper; and he bitterly berates his audience for an irreverent snigger as he's introducing 'Treason'.

In one sense this concert was Cope's reward, a boisterous affirmation of the importance he places on his lushly dynamic chart pop. It also indicated that far from enhancing its spiritual mystery, Cope's pop messiah posturings can make it seem shallow and contrived. His forced innocence is a stance that closes more doors than it opens. To be great he's got to grow up.

BALLET, BLUFF AND BLUNDER

Spandau Ballet

The Sundown BOTHERING and bustling to get in: push, shove, guest list fuss. It should never be easy to see Spandau Ballet! The first thing I see inside this brave new world is good old George (Bow Wow Wow guest artist) posing for a photographer, sucking and plucking his courageously attired body into a classic kind of shape. "Give me some money," he pleads, abruptly losing his grip on the pose. The greasy photographer reluctantly gives him 50p. George is delighted and skips off to the bar. The next time I see him he's trotting out of the ladies. Reminds me of The Roxy, all this. Inside The Sundown, everyone around is old enough to remember the Bay City Rollers and The Sex Pistols: this time they're trying to get it 'right'. Game pussy cats!

And so, dears, what were Spandau wearing: what did they look like? Caped and spunky paladins: draped and red-blooded desperados! If only the singer's beard had been scraped off, his hair washed and bouncy, he has the passive

look of a failed teenybop star. It can't be repressed much longer that the Ballet would be a dot and a dash more convincing if they were better looking and wore clothes that could be recommended or seriously admired. No wonder the 'fakerist' Beau Monde (© Richard Jobson) are such a non-stylish joke: the ring leaders are a little makeshift themselves. Adorning the conventionally laid out and lit up stage with a cumbersome sincerity, often appearing to be baffled beasts of burden, the five guileless Ballet boys are just not the kind of group that wields a spell-binding fantasy, not the kind of music unit that challenges any conceptions of life or fashion.

Spandau Ballet are currently obtrusive, you can't miss them, and it appears that their campaigning stylism is intimidating and insurrectional: sort out a proper sense of proportion and surely the Ballet is just a prestige-chasing small link in a radical anti-rock mobilisation. There's an attractiveness, because after all they know enough to explicitly reject rock's moderating terms, but they're a burlesque version

of their own pure and sanguine vision, misrepresenting their righteous search for glory and ideal identity with mock-heroic imprudence and plain old confusion. In the ordinary live context, all their weaknesses whine out.

In a rock context, the Ballet dance at The Sundown was comfortably glamorous and at times almost noble. In the special context the Ballet place themselves in it was facetious and disappointing. The group jerk, stack, flash, curve with workmanlike force: they don't deal in extremes, never delve into a sensational motion, the instrumental passages don't possess, the vocals seem sluggish. The Ballet aren't much of a grip. They wound up with 'Glow' and, well, they can play it — and it was the night's major ginger. They humbly

Pic: David Corio

encored (pretty non-inscrutable) with 'To Cut A Long Pop Short: this action highlighted what floated through their unstirred set — their loyalty to a manner of presentation that is rock-fashion rooted in hack show-biz. There is plenty of tired skin and cliché-wrinkle hanging from the Ballet body.

They haven't got what it takes — the nerve, the smitten heart — to be the ultimate exhilaration. They're just scene teasers, prevented from being true saviours, original schemers or dangerous dreamers by the limitations of their vision and their smug assumptions.

They want desperately to be different, defiant, daring: they want it so much they eagerly presume that's what they are. In the simplistic, idea-starved rock world they can easily convince suckers that they're novel. Without exerting themselves too much, they've been accepted as a great white

Tony Hadley sports his new five-day facial growth.

hope. Others have worked out a white dance music with more muscle and threat: others have a better understanding of the arrangements to be made. I like the Ballet up to A Point — 'Glow' is a whale of a whirl — but so far their drama is average. It's indicative that such an incomplete and dependent combination of words, clothes, pose, charm and claim can cause such a panic. Say you're not convinced by the Ballet and you'll be accused of being a reactionary: this makes you check, for no one likes to appear uncool. The delicate fabric of acceptance is thus maintained: Ballet get away with blunder. They get deemed an exciting new development when beneath the frothy hysteria there's just a careful manager, the framework of an exciting manifesto, and a steady musical firmness.

They are quite attractive, but deeply flawed. The Ballet romp in a playground where the game-players are very much self-styled. As ABC said, Spandau Ballet are just scratching the surface. The surface, though, of something valuable and desirable.

At the end of the day I had a great time.

Paul Morley



BOYS WILL BE BOY-OY-OYS

The 4 Be 2s The Bollock Brothers The Sex Bristols

Rainbow
Oi POLLOI was what the ancient Greeks called the plebs. Shorten the word and you get the plebian shout Oi Oi and also the name coined by patronising music journalists to describe a post-punk musical hybrid, running not so much on anarchic negativity as godforsaken defeatism. Oi Oi bands, glorifying every minute of their social rejection, project an image of the working-class as slobbs fooled by bread and circuses — ie beer and football.

The terraces won't come to The 4 Be 2s and their manager, impresario and failed inside-right Jock McDonald, so they and the spin-off bands making up the rest of tonight's bill 'construct' their own. The banked, sloping Rainbow with its seats out gives a lovely

stadium effect, enhanced by the fact that the real hallowed terraces of Arsenal are just around the corner.

The 4 Be 2s, of course, are for the Gunners, but so too are the even more partisan Sex Bristols, 15 friends of the band forming an ensemble of downmarket go-go dancers (jeans and T-shirts) and backing vocalists (crombies, gloves and furry hats) led by a beefcake singer in the height of anti-fashion (sweater and cords). Oi Oi here come the real people with one idea between them: 'Pretty Violent' and 'Good Old Arsenal', they sang, accompanied by bass, drums and guitar, and mates springing out of the audience — bouncers permitting — to join them on stage.

Yes, the audience were up there with the worst of them wanting their three minutes of fame — no, infamy because these were self-styled cynics and hard-cases like Bollocks Bros vocalist Paul Young. He launches into 'Plastic Gangsters' in the way of a

sub-Pursey. He alternates the spotlight with McDonald, shamrocks painted on his cheeks as a reminder it was St Patrick's day and the gig a benefit for the Dublin disco inferno.

Oi Oi there was Celtic (hooped green jumpers) support as well as Arsenal now. The Irish-Scottish Catholic strain was further emphasised by a traditional five-piece folk outfit (mandolin, guitar, flute etc) who played reels like dirges and could have done with one of those funky gaelic hand drums. People talked throughout their numbers, but cheered at the end of them: Oi Oi, good old us.

The 4 Be 2s finally arrived with upmarket go-go dancers (lace and minis) and an ever-growing cast of pals and lads, and characters and would-be somebodies, and clowns and conjurers. A West Ham scarf probably signified that a Cockney Reject was part of the melee.

Actually, The 4 Be 2s proper have a steady rhythm section,

cutting guitar and grand one-fingered keyboards, all helping to make their disco-reggae fusion into something powerful — much punchier than Hannett and Invisible Girls' exploits in the same vein.

It's duffer-voice Jimmy Lydon who lets the band down — him and that cast of thousands which may have included even younger Lydons. They all yelled through 'Can't Explain' and 'Pretty Vacant', a lumpen revenge on punk in the way that HM is a dispirited revenge on hippies.

By the end there were minor scuffles and fights on stage: nothing serious, just the right amount for the bouncers to control and enjoy. Jimmy disappeared completely for the second half of his band's set. Perhaps the desperate dribbling fun was too much for him; perhaps he was plain ashamed of having let the side down, Ireland, Arsenal — and brother Johnny?

Paul Tickell

Crispy Ambulance

Manchester

THROUGH THESE fanciful days of high fashion and peacock fantasy, dowdy Crispy Ambulance have had to sort their sartorial ideas out. They don't wear flared trousers anymore. But don't dare laugh.

Appearances necessarily deceive and Crispy's music has sprinted ten years clear. They trade in deceit, their stodgy, essentially northern chemistry of non-image imagery is merely part of their carefully contrived no-show show. Some trick!

These Factory puritans... no fuss, no glam, no pose; are

unpredictable to the point of predictability. Theirs is simply simple music for simplistic thinkers, packaged and presented in plain brown paper, with an economy of style — and effort.

Not that the demands of tonight's humble gig call for anything vaguely approaching 'The Spectacular'. Crispy Ambulance are hiding from the world in a tiny city pub cellar, home venue of the slumbering Manchester Musician's Collective to which they belong. Of course, they're probably meant for greater things but conservative Manchester hasn't caught on yet. Of the 3000 hip Mancunians who'd undoubtedly flock to see New

Order, if they were on down the road — only 60 or so have turned out to give them a chance.

What the absentees missed was wholesome and worthwhile rather than wonderful. Crispy Ambulance are bold in their experimentation, viciously tearing traditional song structures apart, trying their hardest to be awkward and obscure, though when they move me, it's only slightly.

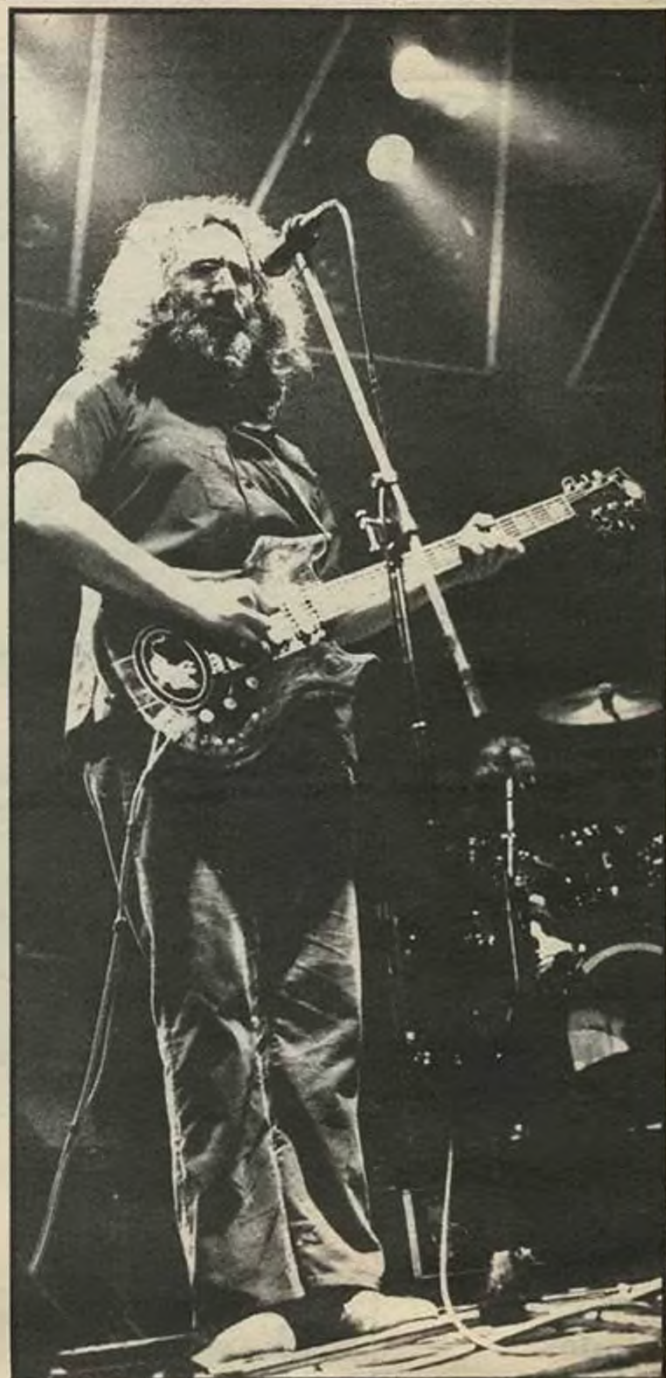
Yes, they have a feel for passion, though it's not as intense as New Order's; they show an affinity for the burlesque, a sense of humour, though it's not nearly as warped as Blur's; they're even ugly,

though never as grotesque as ACR. They're Factory in-betweenies, dabblers in all moods, masters of none.

But this isn't a slugging. I said worthwhile and they are; the criticism's relative, keep it in perspective. Crispy Ambulance and their ilk — Orange Juice, Passage, Dislocation Dance — are saving us from despair. Labels like Factory and Postcard will undoubtedly pioneer the only British music to be truly proud of in the foreseeable future.

Morley recently wrote that he thought Factory were 'simply years ahead'. He was right. But when will the rest even try to catch up?

Mick Duffy



Jerry Garcia: the lean, lithe young body girates rhythmically (that's enough: Ed).

Pic: Peter Anderson

THAT MAN IS FORWARD

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DEAD: ALIVE IF NOT KICKING

The Grateful Dead

The Rainbow

SO LET'S suspend time and disbelief for a moment and stare through the haze at the West Coast's longest running institution called The Grateful Dead. Though some seven years past their last creative peak, they're still one of America's top live draws, probably sell more albums now than ever before and the myth is potent enough to fill the Rainbow four nights running — even if that's with most of the same people every night (Hi Max!).

The Dead have survived with a relatively clear conscience; while most of their contemporaries were lured into cashing in and grossing out on the cynicism and disillusionment of the last decade, they chose instead to grow at their own sweet pace and managed to maintain an erratic momentum through to 'Blues For Allah'.

It was a momentum fueled by minor innovations so introspective that the Dead rarely influenced the mainstream. Similarly, they drew on American traditions more than the present, thus living through most trends. The Dead can't really be construed as an important force in music (not since the groundbreaking 'Live Dead' anyway), but they have always been highly distinctive.

The Rainbow concert is not a particularly welcoming proposition for this particular outsider, though he has been known to accumulate Dead records. The Dead, for their part, make very little concessions to those not already taken. To their credit they don't go out of their way to woo or wow them, more to seduce and drug them with unceasing flows of sweet noise.

It is nevertheless difficult these days to adjust to their concept of time. There is no urgency about them, one song meanders into the next, but slowly and imperceptibly they draw one into their own world. Entry is not without its ups and downs however and most of those centre on Bob Weir's attempts to rock. The Dead are plainly not suited to it, as an early, disastrous reading of Berry's 'Promised Land' proves. It's a brave attempt but the vocal is simply not strong

enough. Likewise 'Little Red Rooster' and the climactic 'One More Saturday Night'.

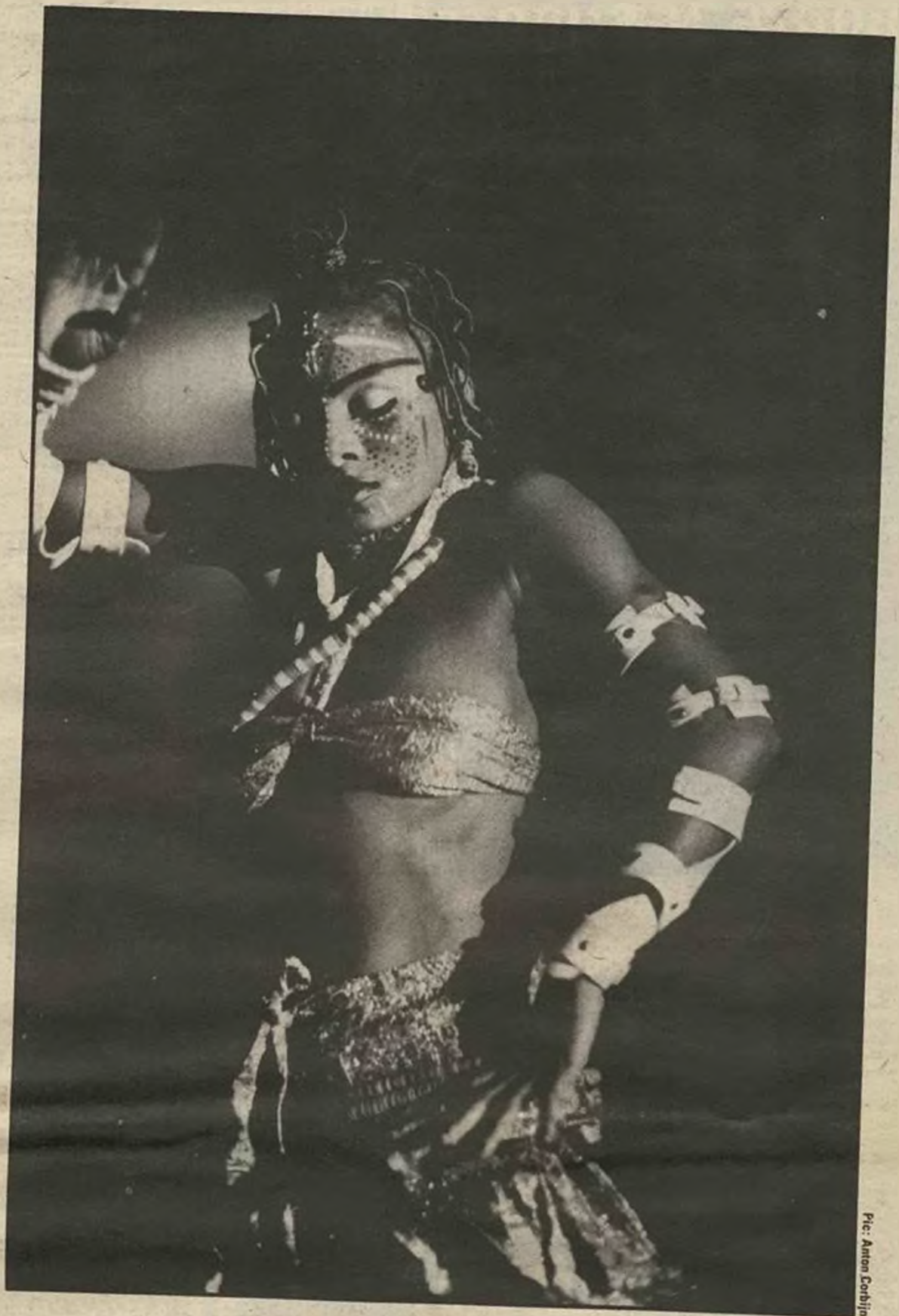
However, his excellent 'Weather Report Suite' is a true, yet understated highlight. For once his voice doesn't strain for effect, while Garcia's flurries of notes push the piece to a stormy, but controlled climax. Because the band never riff as such, much of the focus is on the interplay between Phil Lesh's lateral style of bass playing (seemingly random booms gradually form their own patterns) and Garcia's trilling fills. When things gell, as on the above named suite, they're great — elsewhere they appear to be only fighting a holding action.

Most noticeably improved is Garcia's singing: check their version of 'Black Peter' against the tuneless original on 'Workingman's Dead': a beautiful, melancholic song sung with an almost maudlin voice which never slips into sheer bathos. He's also fine on the mid-tempo shuffles of 'Tennessee Jed' and 'Mississippi Half Step Toodeloo'.

What promised to be a four hour ordeal by this stage is turning out to be a lot easier to take than imagined. The Hart/Kreutzmann drum showcase almost lost me for good though, especially when it slithered into a 10-year-old concert highlight 'Not Fade Away', which is invigorated by recent keyboard addition Brent Mydland.

So what's left after these 15 years? The Dead show today is a homogenous reflection of their unwieldy and varied explorations. They've settled into a lazy, but nevertheless elevated level of musical virtuosity that might not spark the way it used to, but is still far better than the blissfully glowing terms used by their admirers might suggest. A museum piece? An institution? Sure! Great! Go and look at them — at least they don't make an exhibition of themselves.

Chris Bohn



Pic: Anton Corbijn

KUTI VERSUS KUTI VERSUS KUTI VERSUS...

Fela Anikulapo Kuti & Africa 70

Hippodrome, Paris
FELA ANIKULAPO KUTI is probably the unlikeliest of candidates to win the dubious honour of being the Great African Dance's Bob Marley — popularizer to the people — but then, he's not that likely to care overmuch about such a trifle. Here's a guy down to try and capture the hearts of the Nigerian nation when they next go to the polls to elect their president in 1983.

To the beat y'all. He probably did shoot the sheriff — and the deputy.

The contradictions nestling at the base of any browbeaten Western media entry like this into the large, black and proud world of Kuti and his Africa 70 troupe are many and damned hard to reconcile. You're knocking on the door of a great big and bloody history — the task seems sillier than it does daunting. Africa 70 — that 70 includes Kuti's 27 wives — is built on a past mapped out in scars, deaths, struggles, specific beliefs and bonds that go a long way deeper than on-the-road camaraderie. It's a social(ist) living set-up linked by its own premises — disarmingly so. Line up, for starters, the thrill of a liberating, lucidly and intently sexual music with the Kuti family's firm endorsement of the traditional African clitoridectomy operation (whereby the young woman's clitoris is removed, minus anaesthetic). How to assimilate (never mind approve of)

the numbing fact of such a vicious contradiction — giving the same pleasure with one hand that you're denying with the other.

Such grey areas are hard to traverse when you're the voyeur at the edge of a different community — and worse, the voyeuristic community's delegated critic! Dropped rudely into this troubled sea — fed by the three raging tributaries of right-on radical politics, hip-knot-ic music and turn-off patriarchal retention — a lil' bewildered intruder like me sure feels like the archetypal puny cartoon character navigating a matchstick raft through the Cape of Get Lost.

Kuti and Africa 70 live was like a five day community carnival squeezed into a 50 minute documentary. They played for over three hours, I think — and beyond that I could tell you very little. The only available reference I could flip up would be the George Clinton circus when it's in town and up and down and up and down — without the cartoon costumes, or rather, with different ones from a different pen to a different end.

The music of stampede. It's from Africa and for Africans — a different Africa from the impression (whether it's our mis-reading or not) borne by Rasta; Kuti would doubtless prefer the Selassie of Swiss numbered accounts to one at the centre of a beatific symbolic migration zone. What the hell. It is, defiantly and demonstrably, *dance music* whether you're a conceptual sales shaman — hi David and Bril — a hi fi Fatman, a slight penman, Diana Ross or Lady D.

It's funkclub in the scrub.

Appropriately enough, the Hippodrome is an old circus tent. I once saw James Chance here, when a riot got on amongst a paltry band of French anarchists. Fela's p-funk social jiving carnival didn't incite anything but mass movement of the dancing springs. In and out of the swelling, never ending noise, Kuti conducted, careered, disappeared, led bony young soloists to and from their stations, got out his calculator to do the arrangements and dance dance danced. A big jazzband of a noise, a physiological thunderstorm, raging raga. It undoes spines, unblocks blind spots and introduces nerve ends to beginnings they didn't know existed. It scares and it cares. It goes on far too long (I could have done with advertisements every half hour). Like George Clinton says of (his) funk — it is its own reward.

I wandered, wondered, jostled, got ejected from three different vantage points and a couple of opinions, jiggled, swigged, went away and came back again, got invaded by a load of Profound Thoughts and forgot them all. My fondest and most vivid memory is of peering through a little tear in the backstage curtain and catching some of the 27 wives sitting on a row of plastic seats, nattering and daubing on cosmetic signs like giggly contestants in a beauty contest.

I must admit, I didn't make any notes. There's only one thing scribbled in my tatty notebook. What's the word? 'Acknowledge'.

Ian Penman



Pic: Anton Corbijn

Above: Fela. Top right: one of Fela's 27 wives (every other Thursday when there's an 8 in the month).

BOOZE 'N' SNOOZE



"Goodnight, Andy. Sweet dreams." Pic: David Corio.

Tom Waits

Victoria Apollo

TOM WAITS, sad to say, has now joined the illustrious pantheon of artists whose performances have driven me to sleep. Sad, because this is the first time it's happened involuntarily, the first time I haven't actually *wanted* to go to sleep. And it's all down to the myth.

See, finding myself alone and with a spare ticket, I had — quite naturally, under the circumstances — flogged the ticket and spent the money on booze, this being perfectly in accord with the Waits scheme of things and quite probably (or so I supposed) a positive help in projecting into his particular back-alley small-hours world.

Instead, I discovered that the inevitable bottom line of an equation involving sizeable amounts of alcohol, an uncomfortable cinema seat and a pseudo-beatnik cocktail-jazz act based loosely around the epithet 'sleazy' is *sleep*.

Waits' persona is based on an idealised Romantic figure rooted in the "beat" idioms of a bygone era, just as Springsteen's persona is essentially an idealised Romantic figure rooted in the "rock" idioms of a bygone era. The two are quite close in form, separated merely by the nuances of content, each attempting to sum(mon) up all the myths, legends and moods of their chosen era, and each succeeding remarkably well, given the restrictions of their respective characters.

In Waits' case, this involves living the life of Charles Bukowski (which of course he can't, being a rock'n'roll star of sorts) and generally coming on like a walking, talking City Lights paperback. Which — let's be honest — has very little to do with the Victoria Apollo, no matter how many exaggerated hair-scratching gestures or flip asides he comes up with. There's still an unbridgeable chasm between stage and row XC in the auditorium, a gap which can't be spanned by pretending we're all in a low-rent nightclub, especially when large sections of the audience are giving loud cheers of self-congratulatory recognition at the start of each number (even when one song follows straight on from another, as in the medley of 'Heart Of Saturday Night' and 'Jersey Girl'), and raucously applauding even the most innocuous of breaks from sax or double bass (Waits' only accompaniment).

To be fair, the sax and bass were never less than sympathetic and restrained, the latter sticking mainly to a kind of slurred walking rhythm, lots of bent notes sliding easily into one another, and the former so quiet that at times it was barely audible. Waits, an undeniably talented musician on either piano or minimal rhythm guitar — his talent lying more in the area of mood or feel than dexterity — was perhaps *too* restrained for much of the show, only letting rip with a song (title unknown) whose chorus contained the old 'one for the money, two for the show' line, on which he built up a massive backbeat stomp with his left foot. Apart from that, the only overt display of rhythmic fun occurred during a rivetting instrumental which featured deliberately heavy-handed chording and even Killer-style stomping on the keyboard.

The rest of the show, with few exceptions, leant heavily on maudlin sentiment, a kind of *nostalgie de beat* which finds its analogue in Springsteen songs like 'Sandy'. Waits' method of heightening the dignity / diminishing the saccharine in such songs is to accentuate his naturally gruff, laryngitic voice, twisting it into the most grotesque of contortions, a ploy which merely results in the song being absurdly melodramatic or completely unlistenable. And despite such tactics, there's really no way of disguising the sentiment which seeped through constantly. 'I thought I told you not to play that song...'

The whole point of that chairs-on-the-tables, small-hours sleazy nightclub stuff, I realised at some point in the performance, is that it's closing-time music, music to fall asleep to. Perhaps I already paid him the highest compliment of all?

Andy Gill

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Tom Waits

From page 25

at 5.21 am on a Saturday afternoon — he couldn't get a head-clearing brandy?

"I don't think it (Britain's licensing strait-jacket) cuts down on the national drinking problem. I think people just drink more in a shorter period of time."

Er, Tom, isn't that the problem? Instead of just having a useful drink when we want it, there's a two-hour preface to it crammed in?

"I don't want to go to a bar at four o'clock in the morning, anyway. It doesn't really matter to me. I much prefer drinking at home."

SPIDERS: BEER: GOD

I tell Tom Waits that I think he's getting a lot more moral with his mythology in his old age, and quote from the title song of the last LP.

"... don't you know there ain't no devil, there's just god when he's drunk/well this stuff will probably kill you, let's do another line/what you say you meet me down on heartattack and vine."

That line about God is great. "The line was just... I was just sitting on the toilet, and there was this spider web in the corner, and I lit a match and a cigarette, and I held the match up to the spider and the spider started crawling up the web. So I got the match closer. I opened up a can of beer, drank the beer, tried to decide whether I should burn the spider off his web or let him go on his way..."

"I figured there must be somebody like that up there: has a couple cocktails every now and then and there's trouble on Times Square."

Is that your last word on religion?

"There's... these evangelists in the States like stand-up comics. They have the same kind of delivery. Actually advertise that they can heal the sick, raise the dead. It's just an epidemic, it's big business. Thousands and thousands come to see them and bring them their crippled children and their blind grandmother and their dead dog. And stand in front of this guy in a 700 dollar suit..."

It's a metaphor for something. Rock music!

WRITERS: WRITS

There's not really much point in miles of quotes from Waits' songs. If you know them you've got your own favourites that you bore your drink-sodden friends with already; if you don't then I'd simply advise you to get copies of 'Small Change' and 'Foreign Affairs' (definitely) and (eventually) 'Heartattack and Vine'.

But just a little flirt... "The piano has been drinking/my neck tie is asleep/and the combo went back to New York/the juke box has to take a leak/and the carpet needs a haircut/and the spotlight looks like a prison break/cause the telephone is out of cigarettes/and the balcony's on the make..."

POINTERS: TWO

"I am no longer thinking about myself. I am thinking about that fellow out there who composed this tune, one day in July in the black heat of his room. I try to think about him through the melody, through the white, acid sounds of the saxophone. He made that. He had troubles, everything wasn't working out for him as it should have: bills to pay — and then there must have been a woman somewhere who wasn't thinking about him the way he would have liked her to — and then there was this terrible heatwave which was turning men into pools of melting fat. There is nothing very pretty or very glorious about all that. But when I hear the song and I think that it was that fellow who made it, I find his suffering and his sweat moving. He was lucky. He can't have realized that, of course. He must have thought: with a little luck, this thing ought to bring in fifty dollars."

Jean Paul Sartre, *Nausea*.

REJOINDERS: THE END.

"I don't claim to be anything other than an entertainer." Tom Waits (on my little tape machine).

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Jap Rock

FROM PAGE 20

course there's a lot wrong here. You asked about an alternative attitude. Well, a lot of people did drop out and because of the information system here it was broadcast to everyone. Now everyone knows about him or her and they lose their privacy. Even so a lot chose to live their lives their own way, despite Big Brother. Society already has this over-seeing figure so you'd better come to terms with it your way too."

Now at the peak of their popularity The Rokkets want to venture into the West though "we've always wanted to be accepted here first. This can be the best time for us since Sex Pistols arrived on the scene."

(The antics of the original Pistols were much admired in Japan, the band sold over 700,000 records there which is more than The Police, and PIL's 'Live In Paris' is doing phenomenal business on

Nippon-Columbia).

I asked Makoto if he could envisage a day when China rocks. "It could happen soon. In Japan's '50s rock'n'roll came here late and was over fast. Because of The Beatles and Stones the group sound became a bigger category. Then they started to make the electric guitar here and that was the catalyst. It happened. At the moment I don't think the electric guitar is a popular instrument in China but if there's one person who feels it from the heart and wants to start a group it could happen tomorrow."

Sheena: "The girls are wearing make-up and starting to have permanent waves and curls..."

Makoto: "In fact if it was four Chinese..."

I had a rough idea of what he was getting at.

Thanks to Kai at Alfa Records for translating.

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Your comic is always advocating that its readers should pursue a lifestyle which is both hedonistic and highly individual — the attitude of getting people to think for themselves. That's very worthy, very positive and very natural. But you seem to give the impression that if someone who isn't a member of the CND, or the ANL, who doesn't like Joy Division, who doesn't like reggae, who doesn't call the police 'pigs', who still goes to outdoor festivals, who still buys records made before 1977 etc. etc. is somehow not an individual capable of reasoning.

Don't get me wrong, I despise racial prejudice. But the NME is fast becoming a left wing version of a National Front propaganda leaflet. The NME's journalistic attitude seems to be that if you don't agree with its tastes in musical and moral standards and general outlook of life you're not being an individual. Martin Webster and his cronies probably believe in the individual but at the expense of the blacks. NME believes in the individual at the expense of anyone older than 22, with a beard and who doesn't wear make-up. Is this a paranoid observation on my part or does it contain more than a grain of truth?

John Porky Haylock, Nottingham.
I'd like to think it has a grain of truth. This is of course a generalisation, the same way your argument is based on generalisations. The last thing I/we want NME to be is dull and worthy. NME's got to keep you on your toes, because there ain't that many publications around that do. You can be as old as you are, as bearded as you must be, like what you have to: but stay paranoid! — PM.

Who were all these 'punks' who were continually blighting us with their 'anyone can do it' philosophy. So many words, I say! It takes someone with the style and charm of Sheena Easton to prove, once and for all, that this philosophy is totally credible. Take a lesson from Sheena.
R. Skinner, London.
Oh you teacher's pet you, Richard! — PM.

Is it true you get five pounds for getting a letter printed in Gasbag?
Stephen Forster, Aberdeen.
No. But I get a little bit more for editing it. — PM.

I want to be the first to start a new romantic backlash. The music is not so new! The gear and make-up is not such a wild romantic concept! Visage, Spandau Ballet and Duran Duran are all good but they're getting money for old rope. The Human League, Dalek I, Bill Nelson's Red Noise, Throbbing Gristle, Cab Voltaire, Cowboys International, and Thomas Leer/Robert Rental all deserve credit and commercial success for their 'futuristic music'. Most of these groups had their best days two years ago. The new groups are just a lot of copying half wits.
Me, Leigh.

The conceit too! And the con! They just say 'what we do is new' and threequarters of Radio 1 are agog. — PM.

It would seem to me that there is some sort of rift in the ranks of the so called 'New Romantics'. Regularly the cry comes up that the excess of publicity this cult is receiving is unwanted but the eagerness of the movement's primary spokesmen (ie Spandau Ballet, Steve Strange, Rusty Egan) to speak

out in the music press would seem to contradict this. Possibly the main aim of the movement to provide regular alternative entertainment for the chosen few has been superseded by financial aims/desires. Also, the oft photographed posers never seem to object to their 15 minutes of fame. It's too soon to judge the current rejection of rock'n'roll methods. Maybe after the third Spandau Ballet LP has been released to a cool public reception the band will



Stop Worrying Conquer Ignorance End Self Denial Overcome Shame Banish Fear Prevent Disease



feel the need to promote the disc by playing gigs, rather than only displaying their (tubby) backsides in front of friends and family. Or do they honestly believe that after two years (months?) of the good life they can easily revert to twenty quid a week or a job on the local building site? I would certainly agree with Julie Burchill's opinions of this lot. If anyone deserves to be labelled Emperor's New Clothes it is Spandau Ballet. Francois Truffaut, Nice.

I just find it difficult to trust in any way the inflated empty headedness of people like Steve Strange and Rusty Egan. There's a total inability to bring to life any (serious) intentions. They have it too easy in that they're never confronted by anyone saying: 'look what you do is limited and meretricious, and you should actually inject some high originality into pop culture'. Steve Strange is just not sexy: a bit more of that, please. — PM.

Paul Morley is a trivialist creep.
Tim Wholenist, Ealing.
If you're reading this on Thursday then it's my birthday today! — PM.

Your paper is fast becoming a bland mixture of post-punk genealogies and belligerent blowings off. Take 14/3/81 — Pete Burns threatening Ian McCulloch; Martyn Ware getting stropky over Phil Oakey; John Lydon bemoaning Virgin's shortcomings and investment programme. Interspersed with the bitching we find boring bloody band histories containing obtuse facts of no use to anyone whatsoever. Paul DN would have done a lot better telling us about 'Sue's' best pants, her stilettos and flushing toilet rather than the banal progress of 'Nightmare'. It's either your questions or the answers: I suspect the former. Come on chaps and chappesses — pull those plus fours up.
Dawson Tensai, Wallasey, Merseyside.
So you know about Sue, the stilettos, her best pants and the flushing toilet. Why didn't you tell us? — PM.

I am intelligent, literate and courageous. I also have an extensive knowledge of the music scene today. Well, there goes my chances of writing for NME! I suppose.
Tony Chaos
Intelligence, literacy and courage! Listen, mate, I invented literacy, intelligence and courage. — PM.

She walked through the door into the classroom, and sat down on a seat. There was a smile on her face. Inside her school bag was that week's NME. She crossed her legs and scratched her bare knee. The smile spread further across her face, really more inside than outside. Great! The interview she'd waited for — for ages! Oh! Public Image. Yeah! Yeah! This was it. She read it. Putting down the paper at the end of it she looked up and thought — 'What a load of shit, never the same as it was.'
Karlo.

Thank God for that. — PM.

So, the geometric haircuts and Robin Hood shirts will soon drop their ideals of "Futurism" and in its stead will stomp about in makeshift khakis, combat caps, baggy trousers and Mancunian hairstyles, strutting their funky thaaaang!... no doubt rushing out to buy a total backlog of A Certain Ratio releases and then claiming to have always liked Chic, Light Of The World etc, engaging in "Euro-Funk Activity". Ho Ho Ho Ho Ha. AAAAAH? This is actuality. Yours from down in the groove.
Funky Demon II.
Is that you, Perry? Drunk on funk! — PM.

What an absolutely stupid idea having Phil Lynott trying to take the part of Jimi Hendrix: or anybody!
Robin Wills, Cannock, Staffs.

... and the next thing we know New Order will be appearing on Top Of The Pops.
K. Jackson.

What's the odds on Mike and Diedre getting married on July 29th?
The Navy.

And Glenda and the Doctor's receptionist's nephew. And Ken and the beautician and Sheena and Richard. Oh it's going to be a lovely day. And then we'll all be dead. — PM.

Hey, wasn't that Ian Penman starring in BBC's Brave New World last Thursday night. The scrawny little runt playing Bernard Marx looked just like him. Why does he want me to go to the Savage Reservation and when does he get into Lelina's bellbottomed pants. Don't forget, Ian, a gram is better than a damn! Toot toot! Pneumatic Noremack, Edinburgh.
Penman screams his thanks at you for the compliment. — PM.

Is LEVILIN a psychic interpretation of my surname by Ian Penman? Please print it properly 'cos my mum doesn't believe I had a letter printed in the (wow) NME. Do you think John Peel read it? Stephen Lemlin, Wantage, Oxon.
Can I just say here that I'm sorry for the Jerry Garcia piece. — PM.

Toyah Willcox, twice in one week you are brought into my life on TV. The first time I have ever seen you. Now you are a big star (but not so BIG as you were in Jubilee perhaps). Maybe now you can afford to have something done about the way you... sheak.
Shincerely, Shybil Shervant
Do you know, I'd never noticed the way she shpoke before you pointed it out. Thanks! — PM.

I saw the play Little Girls Don't on ITV, Tuesday, March 10, and although it was crud there was one good bit. Seeing Toyah Willcox dead made my day.
Col Callan
So you're into necrophilia? — PM.

You thought that OMITD were good for anagrams! How

about this! Re-arrange British Electric Foundation and you get Nicer Fruit-lash noticed orbit!

Richard, Leeds.
Funny that. That was their original name, but Phil Oakey anagrammed it and came up with the odd and unwieldy BEF. — PM.

Is Sheena full of Easton promise or is she just another Turkish delight?
R. Skinner, London.

Life is so dull at the moment, how about a few blatantly sexist articles just to liven things up a bit. Just a suggestion.
Chris, Sheffield.

You mean like Confessions Of A Roadie parts six thousand and two? Or an interview with Tom Waits? — PM.

Buying your C81 tape has taught me three things. 1) Not to buy Cabaret Voltaire, Furious Pig or DAF records. 2) To buy Wah! Heat records. 3) Not to buy another C81 Rough Trade/NME tape.
Andy Humphrey, 5C Hampton School.

See what you can learn, Andy! — PM.

When are RCA going to release a David Bowie limited edition, Japanese import, picture tape, (dress cover), cassette album single in blue vinyl, with gatefold sleeve with previously unreleased un-mixed B-side, featuring John Lennon and Sandy Richardson. Or have I missed it?
A. Sinick, Oxford.
It's been Number One all year. — PM.

Anybody noticed the paper the guy in the bath's reading in the Status Quo video for the new single? Melody Maker... bet you lot are jealous.
Ian McClure, Sorn
We're as relieved as hell. Delirious. — PM.

Who are this bunch of plant pots who call themselves The Passage? I read with disgust the words of one Dick Witts. "God is one of the most despicable inventions of our species." Witts, you make me sick. Who does he think he is? A very angry Christian, Everton FC.
God. — PM.

The trouble with God is that he thinks he's John Lydon. Bunny Lake, Liverpool.
God — the pose that took him to the top. — PM.

'Birthday suit and biro: PAUL MORLEY

WHAT
will you be doing one year from today?

TO work! . . .
The latest hoot from Julian Cope's **Teardrop Explodes** is called 'I Crawled Out Of The Culture Bunker'. But didn't we all, Jules?

At a recent T. Ex booking in Sheffield, Cope announced himself as one "Ian McCulloch" — and then went on to berate the audience about Liverpool's "pop scene" in general. All this for the benefit of **Richard Skinner's** live Radio One show.

And back in the USA not so long ago, the power of the (*NME*) press was seen to have travelled. People kept on coming up to the be-whiskered Cope and addressing him as 'Waaah!'. Like, far out . . .

AND meanwhile down at Cabaret Futura — you just *know* there was a Cabaret Futura item coming up, didn't you — a Mr **Howard Devoto** was to be seen "checking out", as we say, his old friend **Eric Random**, as well as generally finding out what all the fuss is about. *Magazine*, it transpires, are presently reunited in the studios with **Martin Hannet**, although he's only working in a strictly mixing role. The next LP is now scheduled to rear its perfectly formed little head some time around August, but there should be an off-shoot single out on May 1st, probably entitled 'This Poison'. Howard himself advises that the new material will come as, quote, "a surprise", will be, quote, "more accessible", yet retain that, unquote, indefinable *Magazine* magic.

We cannot wait . . .
So, to take our minds off it, let us turn our attentions to the group they're describing as "the missing link between Art and Oil" Ladies and **GENTLEMEN — The Hockney Rejects!** Right, that's them out the way . . .

No Nukes Music (that's the UK one, no relation to the giant man-eating mutant sponge-defying types in the USA) would like to thank all who helped their just-completed tour of Scotland, Wales and England to net a grand total of £15,000 for the benefit of local anti-nuclear groups. The tour's 31 dates were headlined by **The Thompson Twins** and support at each date was provided by local bands . . .

SODS — which, as you know, is the (**Alvin**) **Stardust Or Die Society** — continues to grow apace with the news that organiser **David Bunny** has recruited the services of parts of **The Cure**, plus producer **Chris Parry**. They join forces with the other fifty-odd (and (and we do mean odd)) members who've so far enlisted in the great crusade to rediscover one of glam's Grand Old Men . . .

A TRUE story. On the flight back from his **Fela Kuti** encounter in Paris, **Ian Penman** found himself next to the infamous *Guardian* rockism correspondent, **Robin Denselow**. Pinmoon, questioned as to the music playing 'pon his Stowaway, proffered the headphones to Denselow, so exposing him to the first track of the *NME* E/Rough Trade C81 tape — in other words, **Scritti Politti**. Denselow, however, was unimpressed: just another one of those "butch female vocalists, somewhere between **Chrissie Hynde** and . . ." The rest of the reply was drowned in laughter. For how much longer, *NME* demands, must we fling this stuff at our polytechnic lecturers? . . .

Jake Burns of **Stiff Little Fingers** is on the same label as **Spandau Ballet** — and so it came to pass that he found himself plonked amongst the

T-ZERS

Former Pop Group person **Gareth Sager** sneaks onto *T-zers* with news of a new combo put together with fellow Pop Group and sometimes Slits drummer **Bruce Smith**. Called **Rip Rig And Panic** the group played its third gig last week and plans to showcase its talents at the unlikely venue of the **Primatearium** (formerly the **King's Cross Cinema** and now given over to the glory of primates — that's monkeys to you, bimbo). Completing the quartet's line-up are former **Essential Logic** bassie **Sean Oliver** and Bristol keyboard crazy **Mark Springer**. **Bruce Smith** describes **RR & P's** sound as "music that will penetrate to the core of your being . . . hang on, no, that sounds terrible — but we're definitely very different . . ."

drunken peacocks at **Spandau's** **Sundown** show. He quite enjoyed it. "But what's rockism?" he wondered. **YOU**, **Jake!** "Well, if you like the B-side of our new single you'll like the LP. Play it at two in the morning when you're drunk and exhausted. Know anyone who wants to support us on our five week tour?" No . . .

From a large Glasgow comprehensive school, the following absence note — fully authenticated — has been passed on to us. It reads: "Dear Sir, Please excuse **Christopher** for being absent as he has just recently bought **Motorhead's** latest album and, after listening to it at his usual above average volume level, he had great difficulty in hearing. Yours etc" . . .

Richard Jobson, a Scotsman of some repute, wishes it known that the term *le beau monde*, used in three separate *NME* features last week, is his creation. And we thought it was some Frenchman. Okay, okay, your cheque's in the post. And let us not be ungrateful — for did not **Richard** also supply us

with the spare tape recorder which, with assorted *NME* journalists attached, has since interviewed not only himself, but also **Jerry Garcia** and **Madness** . . .

THE SPECIALS were back together in Coventry again last week, rehearsing new material after their six-monthish break from the rock 'n' roll circus games of touring. Refreshed after their various solo projects and hols, **Brad Special** described the mood as "very fraternal . . ."

"Everybody seems enthusiastic again. We've all come back with new songs, so at the moment we're just playing through them to see what we've got before we pick a single."

Brad, meanwhile, has quashed any rumours that his **Race Records** set-up is facing bankruptcy — "we're no more bankrupt now than when we started with nothing!" — and asked **Errol** to put in a mention for his mum and dad, who retired last week. **Errol** sends his congrats . . .

Rusty Egan is opening a new club in Dartford, Kent, "to get away from the whole

London scene" and, in addition to producing a **Phil Lynott** electro-LP, is scheduled for some work with **Linx** . . .

To exotic downtown **Stoke Newington**, for a fab, swinging London type Saturday night party — hosted by musician for all seasons **Steve Beresford**. Twas here we chanced upon



Killing Joke's **Youth**, decked out in green eyeshade with flashing fairy lights, looking bright of eye and sharp of speech and evidently recovered from the disturbance of the head which necessitated his brief stay in a mental hospital. **Youth** is, he informs us, intending to write a book based partly on his state of mind at the time. It would be an offbeat A-Z alphabet book, and **Virgin** seem keen to publish. Apart from rehearsing new material — including a single, 'Follow The Leader' which **Polydor** "really want to make number one" — the **Joke** are doing a mini tourette of the UK in late April. **Youth** continues to delight in dubwise reggae and "dubbing **AC/DC** on my sound system." Look out for the should-be **Hon** President of the **Gnasher Fan Club** in your town soon . . .

JAPANESE teen punks **Anarchy**, who are infamous at home for their anti-Hirohito/Suzuki sentiments, were **The Great Wall Club's** first ever live

Nipponese attraction. **Anarchy** played last Monday to a packed crowd, sang in their mother tongue, and gained a very favourable reception. Seems **The Great Wall** is staring to fill up these days after a mild beginning. Strange place too: it plays exclusively Japanese new music but the decor is all Chairman Mao communist tableaux. Good atmosphere, reasonable prices. Seventy pee for a shot of Sake. (Clarification: That last sentence should read '70pence for a shot of Sake') . . .

And even more Nips in the air. **Yukihiro Takahashi** of **Yellow Magic Orchestra** will be recording at **Air** studios (as indeed are **Anarchy**) along with **YMO's** **Ruichi Sakamoto** at the end of the month . . .

Your attention please: At **Liverpool Brady's** last week, **Theatre Of Hate's** **Steve Guthrie** was relieved of two guitars, a **Harmony** and a **Gibson Les Paul**. Spill the beans on 01-229 8235 . . .

Any advance on 27,000? Yes, orders just continue to spew in for the *NME/RT C81* thingybob whatsimacallit, e'en as we write, and we are informed that the very cassettes are this very minute in the process of being despatched to their legions of rightful owners. So please retain patience for a little longer . . .

While we're at it, did anyone notice the fetching **Seditionaries T-Shirt** **Ronald Biggs** was spotted sporting on the cover of the *Mirror* 'other day. With Oi' . . .

Biggs's recapture, it certainly has been an eventful week for former **Venue** bouncer **John Miller**, said to be the company director behind the "citizens arrest" of the former **Sex Pistol**. In addition to getting married, **Miller** was due back in London on Wednesday for the court case arising from the recent fracas involving one **Jock McDonald** and **Denny Laine**. Well, would you credit it, what a turn up! We here at **Errol's** pad reckon it's all a **Virgin** publicity stunt for the soon come 'Biggs's 20 Golden greats' album . . .

If **Nic Egan**, the vocalist in a certain ascendant **St Albans** group, were to record a single with **Romana Modette** — a possibility that seems distinctly on the cards as it happens — would it qualify as a *T-Zer* . . .

That's entertainment? Anyone notice the eerie similarity between the quotes that **Penman** and **Thrills** garnered from **Waits** and **Suggsy** respectively in this week's ish on the subject of their roles as entertainers? . . .

Like his singer **Jake**, **Jim of Stiff Little Fingers** was spotted at **Spandau Ballet's** **Sundown** extravaganzzza last week. So what gives, **Reilly**? What's a decent, leather-jacketed, boozin' punk like you doing at a posey palace like this? "Aw, we was just in the boozier down **Wardour Street** when we ran into this lot from **Chrysalis** (**SLF** and **Spandau's** record company), and we figured coming along here would be a good way to ponce a few drinks . . ."

Dancing shoes essential! **Stimulin** — raved on by **Errol** in this very page months ago — are booked to play at the **Sundown** themselves next Wednesday, April 1st, funky fool's day . . .

Spotted down 'Cabby' — **Cabaret Futura**, lunkhead! You do call it 'Cabby', don't you? — this week was **Julian Cope**, back from the **Teardrops'** trip to New York filled with awe at the news of his cotton socks' rise to number six in the national chart. Say Waaaaaugh! Say it loud! I'm in the top ten and I'm proud! . . .

Don't say we didn't warn ya! **Buzzcocks** split up, have they? Remember where you read it first and don't say **Errol** don't keep you informed . . .

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1	(5) Ants Invasion	20p
2	(1) Ant Music	20p
3	(1) Nagasaki Nightmares	20p
4	(8) Ants No 6	20p
5	(10) Siouxsie — Israel	20p
6	(3) Protest & Survive	20p
7	(1) New Order	20p
8	(2) Ants — Physical	20p
9	(8) C N D	20p
10	(7) Ants No 1	20p

NEW RELEASES
New Order — 'Ceremony' 1"; Gang Of Four — 'Hystory' 1 1/4"; Delta 5 — 'D.V.' 1"; Pere Ubu — 'Art Of Walking' 1"; Crass — 'Nagasaki Nightmares' 1"; U.K. Decay — 'Unexpected Guest' 1"
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