

NEW NME EXPRESS



IN COLOUR **BELLE STARS**
JAMES BROWN IN SAN
 QUENTIN
SLAMMING IN THE PIT
 LA SURFPUNK BREAKDOWN

WHO: PRINCE: LINX: SKIDOO 23



POPEYE
 Sees off
SUPERMAN

SILVER SCREEN SPECIAL

PAGE 44



Futurism — the brutal truth behind a sinister cult that's sweeping our nation's pop kids. Pictured above: 16-year-old Doreen Aiken of Basildon, Essex. Says Doreen: "I used to think The Cure were just another nondescript new wave group until I heard 'Primary' — I immediately ditched my tired old Farrah Fawcett-Majors cut for this adventurous 'kangaroo' style, and have never looked back since."

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	(1)	This Ole House	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	5 1
2	(4)	Lately	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	5 2
3	(3)	Kids In America	Kim Wilde (RAK)	5 3
4	(7)	Capstick Comes Home	Tony Capstick (Dingles)	2 4
5	(15)	Making Your Mind Up	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	2 5
6	(9)	Einstein A Go-Go	Landscape (RCA)	3 6
7	(2)	Four From Toyah	Toyah (Safari)	7 2
8	(13)	Intuition	Linx (Chrysalis)	3 8
9	(20)	D-Days	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)	3 9
10	(16)	It's A Love Thing	Whispers (Solar)	4 10
11	(5)	Jealous Guy	Roxy Music (Polydor)	7 1
12	(17)	What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted	Dave Stewart & Colin Blunstone (Stiff)	3 12
13	(8)	You Better You Bet	The Who (Polydor)	5 8
14	(14)	Mind Of A Toy	Visage (Polydor)	4 14
15	(10)	Do The Hucklebuck	Coast To Coast (Polydor)	7 5
16	(11)	Reward	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	6 5
17	(—)	Night Games	Graham Bonnet (Vertigo)	1 17
18	(—)	Attention To Me	Nolans (Epic)	1 18
19	(6)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	7 2
20	(12)	Planet Earth	Duran Duran (EMI)	4 12
21	(—)	Muscle Bound	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	1 21
22	(—)	Just A Feeling	Bad Manners (Magnet)	1 22
23	(—)	New Orleans	Gillan (Virgin)	2 23
24	(28)	Flowers Of Romance	Public Image Ltd. (Virgin)	2 24
25	(29)	Up The Hill Backwards	David Bowie (RCA)	2 25
26	(—)	Can You Feel It	Jacksons (Epic)	1 26
27	(—)	Primary	Cure (Fiction)	1 27
28	(21)	Star	Kiki Dee (Ariola)	6 10
29	(23)	Good Thing Going	Sugar Minott (RCA)	2 23
30	(18)	Slow Motion	Ultravox (Island)	2 18

BUBBLING UNDER

Watching The Wheels — John Lennon (Geffen)
Skateaway — Dire Straits (Vertigo)
Babes In The Wood — Matchbox (Magnet)
Dogs Of War — The Exploited (Secret)
Banal — Bill Nelson (Mercury)
Theme From Lloyd George — Ennio Morricone (BBC)

INDIES 33s

- 390° Simulated Stereo — Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
 - Who Dares — Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
 - Jukebox At Eric's — Various (Deleted)
 - We Couldn't Agree On A Title — Various (OH Course)
 - Swiss Ways The Album — Various (OH Course)
 - Dome 2 — Dome (Dome)
 - New Age Steppers — (O-nu-sounds)
 - African Girl — Sugar Minott (RCA)
 - Information Overload Unit — SPK (Side Effects)
- Chart by: Rough Trade, 262 Kensington Park Road, London W.11

INDIES 45s

- Poor Old Sole — Orange Juice (Postcard)
- Sorry For Laughing — Josef K (Crepuscle)
- When It's War — People In Control (Crammed)
- Anything Could Happen — Distractions (VAT)
- Rebel Without A Brain — Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
- Life In Reverse — Marine (Crepuscle)
- Just Like Gold — Aztec Camera (Postcard)
- Idiot Strength — Nightingale (Rough Trade)
- Make Room — Fad Gadget (Mute)
- Temporary Muslo No 2 (12") — Material (Red Records)

REGGAE

- Cruising — Al Campbell (JB)
 - Give Love A Try — Trevor Walters (Nationwide)
 - Be Kind To My Man — Donna Rollin (Santic)
 - Put It On — Love And Unity (Studio 16)
 - Can't Get Enough — Johnny Clark (Art & Craft)
 - Where's My Men — Crispy Robinson (Student)
 - Praise Him — Horace Andy (Joe Gibbs)
 - Poor & Humble — Wayne Wade (Greensleeves)
 - Little Village — Dennis Brown (Third World)
 - What's It All About — Black Army (Third World)
- Chart by: Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London S.E. 14

DISCO

- By All Means — Alphonse Mouton (Excalibur)
 - Lock It Up — Lopechoun (Excalibur)
 - Intuition — Linx (Chrysalis)
 - Lately — Stevie Wonder (Motown)
 - Jones v Jones — Kool & the Gang (Phonogram)
 - Get Tough — Klee (WEA)
 - Time — Light Of The World (Phonogram)
 - Burundi Black — Burundi Black (Phonogram)
 - Good Thing Going — Sugar Minott (RCA)
 - Love Is Gonna Be On Your Side — Frefly (Excalibur)
- Chart by: HMV — Oxford Street, London W.1

5 YEARS AGO

- Save Your Kisses For Me — Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
 - Music — John Miles (Decca)
 - You See The Trouble With Me — Barry White (20th Century)
 - Pinball Wizard — Elton John (DJM)
 - Fernando — Abba (Epic)
 - Love Really Hurts Without You — Billy Ocean (GTO)
 - Yesterday — Beatles (Apple)
 - I'm Mandy, Fly Me — 10cc (Mercury)
 - I Wanna Stay With You — Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)
 - Falling Apart At The Seams — Marmalade (Target)
- Week ending April 10, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

- Somebody Help Me — Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
 - The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore — Walker Brothers (Philips)
 - Hold Tight — Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
 - You Don't Have To Say You Love Me — Dusty Springfield (Philips)
 - Sound Of Silence — Bachofers (Decca)
 - Elusive Butterfly — Val Doonican (Decca)
 - Affie — Cilla Black (Parlophone)
 - Substitute — The Who (Reaction)
 - Bang Bang — Cher (Liberty)
 - Elusive Butterfly — Bob Lind (Fontana)
- Week ending April 15, 1966

10 YEARS AGO

- Hot Love — T. Rex (Fly)
 - Bridget The Midget — Ray Stevens (CBS)
 - Theme From Love Story — Andy Williams (CBS)
 - Rose Garden — Lynn Anderson (CBS)
 - Jack In The Box — Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
 - If Not For You — Olivia Newton-John (RCA)
 - Walking — C.C.S. (Rak)
 - There Goes My Everything — Elvis Presley (RCA)
 - Remember Me — Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
 - Another Day — Paul McCartney (Apple)
- Week ending April 14, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

- Wooden Heart — Elvis Presley (RCA)
 - Are You Sure — Allison (Fontana)
 - Walk Right Back — Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
 - Lazy River — Bobby Darin (London)
 - Theme For A Dream — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
 - You're Driving Me Crazy — Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
 - Exodus — Ferrante & Teicher (London)
 - And The Heavens Cried — Anthony Newley (Decca)
 - Where The Boys Are — Connie Francis (MGM)
 - FBI — Shadows (Columbia)
- Week ending April 14, 1961

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
April 11th, 1981

US SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	(5)	Kiss On My List	Daryl Hall & John Oates	
2	(1)	Rapture	Blondie	
3	(3)	Keep On Loving You	REO Speedwagon	
4	(7)	Morning Train (Nine To Five)	Sheena Easton	
5	(2)	Woman	John Lennon	
6	(9)	Just The Two Of Us	Grover Washington Jr.	
7	(4)	9 To 5	Dolly Parton	
8	(13)	Angel Of The Morning	Juice Newton	
9	(11)	Don't Stand So Close To Me	The Police	
10	(10)	What Kind Of Fool	Barbra Streisand	
11	(6)	The Best Of Times	Styx	
12	(14)	While You See A Chance	Steve Winwood	
13	(20)	Her Town Too	James Taylor and J. D. Souther	
14	(17)	Somebody's Knockin'	Terri Gibbs	
15	(18)	I Can't Stand It	Eric Clapton	
16	(19)	Being With You	Smokey Robinson	
17	(12)	Celebration	Kool & The Gang	
18	(8)	Crying	Don McLean	
19	(22)	Don't Stop The Music	Yarborough & Peoples	
20	(—)	Take It On The Run	Reo Speedwagon	
21	(26)	Ain't Even Done With The Night	John Cougar	
22	(27)	You Better You Bet	The Who	
23	(25)	Just Between You And Me	April Wine	
24	(15)	Hello Again	Neil Diamond	
25	(28)	I Love You	Climax Blues Band	
26	(29)	Time Out Of Mind	Steely Dan	
27	(30)	It's A Love Thing	The Whispers	
28	(21)	The Tide Is High	Blondie	
29	(—)	How 'Bout Us	Champaign	
30	(—)	Sweetheart	Frankie & The Knockouts	

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	(2)	Hi Infidelity	REO Speedwagon	
2	(1)	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	(9)	Moving Pictures	Rush	
7	(7)	Crimes Of Passion	Pat Benatar	
8	(8)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand	
9	(10)	Arc Of A Diver	Steve Winwood	
10	(6)	Autoamerican	Blondie	
11	(13)	Another Ticket	Eric Clapton	
12	(27)	Face Dances	The Who	
13	(16)	Dad Loves His Work	James Taylor	
14	(11)	Zenyatta Mondatta	The Police	
15	(12)	Back In Black	AC/DC	
16	(18)	Winelight	Grover Washington Jr	
17	(14)	Captured	Journey	
18	(15)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross	
19	(29)	Sucking In The Seventies	Rolling Stones	
20	(23)	Somewhere Over The Rainbow	Willie Nelson	
21	(21)	Gap Band III	Gap Band	
22	(22)	The Nature Of The Beast	April Wine	
23	(17)	Celebrate	Kool & The Gang	
24	(24)	To Love Again	Diana Ross	
25	(31)	Being With You	Smokey Robinson	
26	(2)	The Two Of Us	Yarborough & Peoples	
27	(20)	Gauche	Steely Dan	
28	(—)	Loverboy	Loverboy	
29	(30)	Evangeline	Emmylou Harris	
30	(—)	Grand Slam	The Isley Brothers	

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



Above: Five of the evil men responsible for this sick trend — Landscape, they call themselves, in this week's LP listings at 28 with 'From The Tearooms Of Blah Blah Blah To Blah Blah Blah'. Says rhythm computer player Herbert Bandwagon, second from left: "Look, we're not advocating kids turning into robots. All we're saying is, it happens, right?"

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	(1)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	20 1
2	(14)	Vienna	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	10 2
3	(5)	Sky 3	Sky (Ariola)	2 3
4	(2)	Face Value	Phil Collins (Virgin)	8 2
5	(6)	Face Dances	The Who (Polydor)	3 5
6	(8)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	21 1
7	(4)	Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	19 4
8	(10)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	34 3
9	(3)	Never Too Late	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3 3
10	(12)	Visage	Visage (Polydor)	10 10
11	(11)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon and Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	20 1
12	(—)	Intuition	Linx (Chrysalis)	1 12
13	(7)	Journeys To Glory	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	5 3
14	(—)	Barry	Barry Manilow (Arista)	17 4
15	(19)	Makin' Movies	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	13 5
16	(—)	This Ole House	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1 16
17	(17)	Very Best Of	Rita Coolidge (A&M)	4 16
18	(9)	Stray Cats	Stray Cats (Capitol)	6 4
19	(24)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	25 2
20	(25)	Flesh And Blood	Roxy Music (Polydor)	25 1
21	(—)	Difficult To Cure	Rainbow (Polydor)	5 4
22	(—)	To Love Again	Diana Ross (Motown)	1 22
23	(—)	The River	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	11 4
24	(22)	Dirk Wears White Sox	Adam & The Ants (Do It)	8 17
24	(28)	Toyah Toyah Toyah	Toyah (Safari)	3 24
26	(—)	The Roger Whittaker Album	Roger Whittaker (K-Tel)	1 26
27	(20)	Dance Craze	Soundtrack (2-Tone)	8 6
28	(—)	From The Tearooms	Landscape (RCA)	1 28
29	(30)	Kilimanjaro	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	2 29
29	(13)	Southern Freeez	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	9 10

BUBBLING UNDER

The Flowers of Romance — Public Image Ltd (Virgin)
390 Degrees Of Simulated Stereo — Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
Reckoning — Grateful Dead (Arista)
Skin 'Em Up — Shakin' Pyramids (Virgin)
Spirit Of St Louis — Ellen Foley (Epic)
Honi Soit — John Cale (A&M)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS



IT'S TOO FUNKY IN HERE

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Dexys quit EMI — tour cancelled

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have cancelled all but two dates for their 'Projected Passion Revue', which should have opened a nationwide tour last weekend. The potential audience at the scheduled opening night in Liverpool was told that bass player Steve Wynne was ill, but far more complex reasons have since emerged.

On Monday, the re-shaped group issued a statement saying that the bulk of the tour was off "due to contractual reasons", and added that they have left EMI Records. It now transpires that these two facts are linked, and there's a curious parallel with the recent Bow Wow Wow cancellations in that — having left EMI — they can no longer afford to tour without that company's financial subsidy.

Manager Paul Burton told *NME*: "We've had a big bust-up with EMI, because we didn't want the last single 'Plan B' released, but they went ahead against our wishes. Quite honestly, we can't afford to play a major tour without the necessary backing. We've consulted Queen's Counsel and shall be claiming damages."

"We've already recorded some tracks independently, with Tony Visconti producing.

BOW WOW WOW TO QUIT EMI AND TOUR?

This is getting to be a habit... NME's exclusive revelation of the Bow Wow Wow bust-up with EMI, 21.3.81

And right now we're negotiating with other labels, so we hope to get a single out fairly quickly, and then we'll see about re-scheduling the dates." He added that the group are very upset about the situation, and meanwhile all ticket money will be refunded.

Dexys' London agent Rob Hallett said he was still trying to persuade the band to change their minds but, in view of the circumstances, wasn't very optimistic. At press-time, EMI's spokeslady still hadn't been informed of the walk-out, and it fell to *NME* to break the news to her.

The two remaining dates are now Chelmsford Odeon (April 16) and London Dominion Theatre (17). Whether they will sell out remains to be seen, though, as *NME* heard on Friday that ticket sales in Liverpool were surprisingly slow.

RETURN OF THE PRE-FUTURISTS

KRAFTWERK have been lined up for their first British tour for four years — a 13-concert schedule which includes no less than four major London dates.

They visit Edinburgh Playhouse (May 9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Birmingham Odeon (11), Liverpool Royal Court (12), Manchester Free Trade Hall (13), London Hammersmith Odeon (14 and 15), Southampton Gaumont (16), London Strand Lyceum (17), London Hammersmith Palais (18), Bristol Locarno (19), Nottingham Rock City (20) and Sheffield City Hall (21). Promoters are Straight Music.

Tickets are available now from box-offices and usual agencies, priced £4, £3 and £2 — except Liverpool, Nottingham and London Lyceum and Palais (all at £3.50); and Hammersmith Odeon (£4.50, £3.50 and £2.50).

To tie in with their visit, the band release their new album 'Computerworld' on May 5 — not only is it their first on EMI, it's also their first recording since 'The Man Machine', which was issued on Capitol in 1978. A single from the LP called 'Pocketcalculator' comes out on April 21.

... But Bureau line up major tour

THE BUREAU are set for their first UK tour, an extensive schedule starting at Easter. At least one support act will be featured, though there'll be two at selected venues. The Dexys splinter group — currently recording their debut LP with producer Pete Wingfield — open at London's Forum Ballroom in Kentish Town on April 16, with Subway Sect guesting and tickets at £3. A major London concert has still to be finalised for the latter part of the tour.

After two gigs in the Irish Republic (April 20 and 21), they play Belfast Queen's University (22), Huddersfield Ivanhoe's (24), Dundee University (25), Fife St. Andrew's University (26), Glasgow University (27), Leeds Warehouse (28), Keele University (29), Cleethorpes Peppers (30), Sheffield Polytechnic (May 1), Brighton



Kevin Rowland — a rare live appearance. Pic: George Wilkes

Jenkinson (3), Aberystwyth Town Hall (4), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (5), Newcastle Mayfair (8), Durham University (9), Lancaster University (10), Edinburgh Tiffany's (11), Shrewsbury Music Hall (13), Manchester Polytechnic (14), Nottingham University (15) and Leicester Polytechnic (16).

THE BEAT have now confirmed the major London show which will climax their nationwide tour, announced last week — at

the Rainbow Theatre on May 31. As at all other venues, tickets are at the standard price of £3.50, apart from those selling at £2.50 on production of a UB40 dole card. There will be three support acts, and the first two confirmed are The Mood Elevators and Linton Kwesi Johnson. The band have also added to their schedule a date at St Austell Cornwall Coliseum on May 27 — there'll be two supports here, with Nervous Kind so far finalised.

Jake's plaything

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS appear in an upcoming BBC-TV Play For Today titled *Iris In The Traffic*, with lead vocalist and guitarist Jake Burns making his acting debut in the production. It's not a starring role, but it's the focal point of the play, in that his conversations with the two leading characters affect the final outcome.

It's set in Ulster three years ago at a time when, in reality, the band were still struggling to break through — and their manager told *NME* that they agreed to appear in the play because it reflected their own problems at that time. The band are also seen performing.

Two enforced changes have been made in the band's extensive tour, starting later this month. The first date in Dublin has been cancelled, due to more stringent regulations following the city's recent fire disaster, so the tour now opens in Belfast on April 21. Cambridge Corn Exchange (April 24) is also off, because of the problems the venue has been experiencing with the local council — and that gig is now switched to Peterborough Werrina Stadium, 15 miles away.

Clash united —with Bernie

THE CLASH, concerned about the "split" rumours which have been gathering momentum since they abandoned plans for a New Year tour, have announced their schedule for the rest of the year. And to underline their internal harmony, they've confirmed that they have reunited with former manager Bernard Rhodes — from whom they split a couple of years ago, but who is now back "managing the unmanageable".

Right now the band are busy getting together some new ideas for live work though the results won't be seen in this country until much later in the year. That's because they begin an extensive European tour at the end of this month, followed by a visit to the States. At present, their next British tour is planned for October, though a one-off summer appearance can't be ruled out altogether.

The new Clash single 'Magnificent Seven', a track from their 'Sandinista' album, re-mixed in London by Puerto Rican producer Pepe Unidos, is released by CBS tomorrow (Friday).

Pic: Anton Corbijn



JOE ELY

NEW ALBUM

Musta Notta Gotta Lotta

INCLUDES THE SINGLE
MUSTA NOTTA GOTTA LOTTA

MCA 688

MCA RECORDS

C81 marches on!

You've all heard it — now tell us what **YOU** thought of it...

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A DOUBLE CASSETTE PLAYER!

GOSHI WE'RE — UM — overwhelmed by your response to the NME/Rough Trade C81 project. What we mean is

this: we thought you'd like it, but . . . 30,000 applications?? What can we say but GOSHI! Anyway, by now everybody who participated

should have received their cassettes and played 'em to death, getting suitably delighted/disgusted/confused in the process, so this is where we proceed to stage two of the project.

What we'd like you to do is let us know what you actually thought of the little bleeder once it plopped through your letterbox. About 600 wordsworth, either typed or written with a legibility index of over 99%, would go down the proverbial treat.

We'll all have a good read and the one which we feel proves its point will cop an editorial gift of a brand new

double cassette battery/mains radio recorder. To simplify things, you have two cassette decks that enable you to transfer a recording direct from one cassette onto another, as well as all the other things that you can do with cassette decks.

The best four runners-up will each receive packs of high-quality blank cassettes.

And if you're really hot, there's every possibility that you'll be invited back to submit a few more examples of your writing skills — and who knows where that can lead . . . ?

...Just be thankful you didn't have to mail 30,000 of them out

By the ROUGH TRADE collective

WE'VE NOW posted out 25,500 of the little buggers — so it seems reasonable to say that the C81 cassette has not only been well received, but that it should have been received by everyone with the exception of the overseas orders which go out this week. People who neglected to include postage and packing charges were sent their C81s last, a small penalty.

Orders are still coming in at the rate of about fifty per day as opposed to two thousand per day early on.

There are several remarkable aspects of this whole episode which surprised us, aside from the sheer volume of demand. For one thing, whilst Rough Trade and NME stand to lose a bit of money on the offer (we hadn't figured on the bank charging us 11p per cheque, nor did we realise that it would take four extra people working four weeks to process the orders), the bands who contributed tracks will make more (at two pence per cassette) than they usually make on a single!

Furthermore, no one realised that the Buzzcocks track would be their last recorded release, and one of the best of their recent material.

Defective cassette complaints have been amazingly rare, about one hundred or so. This seems to be a far lower rate of faulty returns than the average record.

The most common defect seemed to be snapped tape and sticky mechanisms, although one reel of bulk tape (enough to make 28 cassettes) was wound into shells backwards. Since we have received only five of these for replacement, we must assume that there are 23 people out there somewhere who think that the "funny-sounding" gibberish of the tape playing in reverse is the mythical "Rough Trade Sound".

Believe it or not, not one complaint about the musical content has surfaced, although everyone has their favourite tracks above others. Embarrassingly, some effusive souls have gone over the top with comments like "historical", "best modern music compilation ever" (yawn), or . . . eighty-one minutes of anything for £1.50 is good" (Mike Read on Roundtable), etc.

The really exciting thought is that 25,000 people have bought music by such up-and-coming obscurities as Furious Pig, Aztec Camera and Virgin Prunes and some of them are bound to seek out their other recordings as a result.

C81 will be released as the first item of the Rough Tapes cassette catalogue and will be on sale in shops right after the Easter Bank Holiday. We will continue to sell C81s for £1.50 with the requisite NME coupons and 25p P&P until April 15.

Although C81 is virtually a double album it will wholesale for £2.65, the usual price of one R.T. LP, and we hope most shops will sell it for around £3.65.

It should be noted that two tracks which are on the NME coupon version, namely The Specials' 'Raquel' and 'Don't Get In My Way' by Linx, will not be included on the general release version at the request of Chrysalis Records. The space will be filled with 'Bourgeois Blues' by Panther Burns, a Memphis, Tennessee combo featuring Alex Chilton, and 'Jackanory Stories' by The Television Personalities. Neither of these tracks even remotely sound like ska or disco. We are especially grateful to the other bands and labels who have allowed us to continue to make their songs available on this cassette.

Was it all worthwhile? Did it accomplish what we had intended? Should we do it again?

Does the Pope shit in the woods? Is the bear Catholic?

Enclose this coupon with your review to:—
C81 REVIEW, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PHONE..... AGE.....

All C81 reviews must be received by May 1, 1981.

Debbie does Dallas?

HAS MS Deborah Harry been sucked into adspeak? According to a revealing little interview in *People Weekly* magazine, the Vanderbilt effect may have rubbed off. Apropos of those figure-hugging denims (sorry, designer jeans), Debbie testifies: "Once commercials meant losing your status. Today it's just the opposite. They're terrific advertisements for yourself. They capitalize on your identity."

All those long words! But they don't seem to mean very much!

Later in the spiel it is revealed, though not for the first time, that Blondie in some shape or other are to record their new album with Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards of the Chic organ. It is rumoured that a fair number of session men will grace the grooves again because the new stuff is "too complex" for the older hands (duurr).

In fact a Blondie split shock 'wouldn't raise too many eyebrows now. Debbie has started to call the group thang "a collective set-up". Maybe she'll want to reform that Wind In The Willows outfit ...?



Pic: Claude Gassien

Towards the fag end of the article Debbie starts to hang loose. She confides that "I'm a little homemaker at heart". Yuksville. She drives a Honda.

As for the surrogate hubby in Harry's life, well, Chris likes to put his feet up, smoke a joint and watch TV. Sounds like a regular guy.

Hold on though, Blondie fans! Later, in another *People*, the wizened figure of Lou Reed is heard to speak of his current plans. They involve Miss Domestic too! Lurid wants to start work on songs for a cartoon feature starring Debsy.

If that doesn't get past the cutting room floor then Uncle Lou may find a mug to film his '73 soap opera *Berlin*. And so like a dog the decadent returns to the scent of his former glories.

BUSTER HOLMES

Virgin fool-out

"BRANSON'S bombshell" ran the front-page headline in last week's *Music Week*.

In the story underneath, the music biz trade paper was able to reveal new plans by Virgin boss Richard Branson which promised to revolutionise the whole industry, if not wipe it out altogether. In an interview with *MW's* editor, Branson outlined his brilliant scheme to pipe music into every home using the cable TV system, so rendering records and tapes redundant. Branson went on to set out the legal, technical and

financial complexities of his project in laborious detail.

The only snag was . . . it was one gigantic wind-up. The yarn was no more than a hoax, timed to appear on April Fool's Day. But beyond Branson's mischievous sense of humour, the prank was motivated by a desire for REVENGE.

It seems the youthful tycoon had identified a *Music Week* reporter as the informer who's been passing nasty tales about him on to *Private Eye*. Deciding that retaliatory action was in order, the bearded supremo took the *MW* editor out to lunch and perpetrated the dastardly dupe. In a Virgin press release crowing over the affair, the man whom the *Eye* likes to describe as a "teenage megalomaniac" smugly describes himself as "pleased".

● AND ON the subject of hoaxes, April 1st variety, it should hardly be necessary for us to point out that our page three news story last week, announcing Ginger Baker's intention to join Public Image Ltd, was a load of cobblers. In fact it's common knowledge that following Baker's departure from Hawkwind, he's taking up residence as third drummer with Adam And The Ants.

□ THE NATIONAL FRONT has stated its intention to march in Ealing, West London, on Saturday, April 25th — the Saturday nearest to the second anniversary of their Southall meeting which led to the death of Blair Peach and the arrest of over 300 people. The Anti-Nazi League has called for a massive counter-demonstration.

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL



LOWRY



Million Dollar Quartet debut — after 24 years

By ROY CARR

THE MILLION Dollar Quartet is a group that every card-carrying Elvis Presley fan has heard about but, up until recently, never actually heard!

Tuesday, December 4, 1956 and Carl Perkins was recording 'Matchbox' when a somewhat *euphoric* Elvis cruised unexpectedly into Sun Records' hole-in-the-wall studio, eased the still relatively unknown Jerry Lee Lewis off the piano stool and, with spectator Johnny Cash later making up a foursome, spent the afternoon *speeding* through a selection of traditional gospel songs plus a few current rock and roll hits.

Pictures were snapped and columnist Robert Johnson filed a short report for the Memphis *Press-Scimitar*, which concluded: "If Sam Phillips had been on his toes, he'd have

turned the recorder on when that very unrehearsed but talented bunch got to cutting up on "Blueberry Hill" and a lot of other songs. That quartet could sell a million."

Johnson greatly underestimated Phillips' sense of occasion, because in fact Sam The Man *had* kept the tapes rolling throughout. But with Elvis having been transferred to RCA a year earlier, the off-the-cuff session tapes were felt to have no real commercial viability and were quickly forgotten.

Forgotten, that is, by everyone except the fans of all four participating artists. Over the next 25 years the Million Dollar Quartet legend was perpetuated, with much speculation as to precisely what songs were performed and whether it truly was, as Phillips insisted, a spiritual awakening or just a bunch of cat-clothed

pill-poppers hot rolling.

A couple of years before Presley made that one last trip to the john, these tapes (which Shelby Singleton Jr had acquired when purchasing Sun) became the jackpot in a series of legal shuffles concerning precisely who had the legal authority to market them. Carl Perkins seemed to be the obvious claimant by virtue of the fact that it was he who paid for the studio costs.

The main obstacle appeared to be Elvis' RCA contract. Before the tapes could be legally released, written approval had to be given by all participants. Seemingly, there were those who wanted it released and those who (unless the price was right) didn't.

Anticipating a mutually agreeable compromise, it's alleged that Singleton had a sleeve designed and test pressings and sample cassettes made. However, before

anything was finalised, Elvis died. Stalemate.

Now it seems that unauthorised sources have mysteriously acquired the tapes and distributed a professionally packaged album containing half-an-hour of spirited highlights. Predominantly gospel, Elvis leads whilst Carl and Jerry Lee harmonise on such cuts as 'Just A Little Walk With Jesus', 'Peace In The Valley' and 'Farther Along', Presley imitates Hank Snow on 'I'm With The Crowd But So Alone', Bill Monroe on 'Little Cabin On The Hill', and prior to crooning 'Don't Forbid Me', claims that the song was custom-written for him, not Pat Boone.

Elsewhere, Jerry Lee gets to warble 'I Walk That Lonesome Valley' and Carl Perkins 'I Shall Not Be Moved'. A clash of Titans maybe — but its true value is as a fly-on-the-wall curio.

And the
(money)
war drags on

ELVIS PRESLEY is believed to have been the richest-ever entertainer, receiving in excess of one billion dollars during his career — yet when he dropped dead his estate was valued at only ten million net.

Now Blanchard E Tui — the attorney appointed by Shelby County Probate Court to protect the interests of the sole beneficiary, Presley's daughter Lisa Marie — has voiced his concern over the handling of Elvis's estate.

Last May, the executors of Elvis' will (including ex-wife and Scientologist convert Priscilla) requested court approval guaranteeing Presley's manager Colonel Tom Parker half of the estate's annual income. Tual went for the jugular, submitting a 300-page report which, amongst many things, alleges that since Presley's death the Colonel had "violated his duty to both Elvis and to the estate."

The report further claims that Parker's slice of the cake was indefensible, and that many of the deals the high-rolling Colonel negotiated after 1973 were lacking in business acumen. The report theorizes that the reason why Parker did so well out of this relationship was that Parker was "aggressive, shrewd and tough — his strong personality dominated Elvis, his father and all others in Elvis' entourage." Whereas, it suggests, "Elvis was naive, shy and unassertive."

Not only is Tual demanding that Parker's deal be discontinued, but that the Colonel — still recuperating from a broken arm and shoulder sustained in a fall — should be made to repay *all* his earnings from *all* things Elvis since the singer's death.

ROY CARR

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HI-FI 81 - MAKE IT A DATE!



Glenda Jackson (above) jammed with The Mo-dettes last week at the opening of the new plush Rainbow 2 club. Various Specials, Au Pairs, Gang of Fours, Madness, Damned — and even an Alex Harvey — were observed. Pic: David Corio.

Reagan gunned down in Sweeney!

SANE FOLKS LEAVE NO TRACKS

IN TEN YEARS' time, I'll remember *The Sweeney* (ITV repeats, Monday). Shortly after Jack Reagan's bout of severe self-criticism ("I drink too much, smoke too much and sit around on me arse all day") an ITN NEWSFLASH jack-in-the-boxed the latest rumours about the other one's fire-arm incident.

Later in the week, a letter in the *News of the World* — I only take it in preparation for the time they ask me to do *What The Papers Say* you understand — wrapped it all up for me. A woman had woken up her settee settled husband with the words, "Reagan's been shot."

"I know," replied her man, "I've seen them all before."

Omnibus (BBC1, Tuesday) was a talking heads collage of esteemed British actors and actresses, taking turns with anecdotes about things like 'dying' and 'corpsing' — drying up and inopportune laughter to you and me. If I say that John Warnock Hinckley died and President Ronald Reagan didn't, I hope you won't think me unsuitably flip (har har). Hinckley's just about to squeeze the trigger and . . . "hang on a minute, which way did Robert

De Niro look?" A million times he's seen that film on bootleg video and now he has to forget. The fatal margin for (t)error.

Still, it meant clips from *Taxi Driver* on the teatime news — even if the media did get the narrative as twisted as Hinckley's psyche. Just for the record: the whacko in the film didn't try and shoot presidential candidate Charles Palantine



By IAN PENMAN

because child prostitute Iris (Jodie Foster) rejected his advances — he'd rejected her (professional) advances and was in a huff because Betsy (Cybill Shepherd) who worked for Palantine rejected him. He tried to shoot Palantine because he'd been to Vietnam and was taking these pills that he didn't ought to have and, as Scorsese said on *The South Bank Show*, he's "a bit irritable" to begin with. He doesn't chicken out —



The director on the set: Puppetmaster Scorsese directs the bedroom scene in *Stingray*. A Sociologist takes notes . . .

the Secret Service spot him, which is more than they did with Hinckley.

PLOT FROM HOLLYWOOD SEX FILM the headline bawled, but sex is one of the last things you'll see in a film directed by Scorsese and scripted by Paul Schrader (which *Taxi Driver* was) — and De Niro steadfastly refuses to disrobe for movies as well. After his embarrassing attempt at a speech on the *Academy Awards* (ITV

Wednesday held over from Tuesday) one can only speculate that maybe he's as inarticulate without his trousers as he is without a script; he dedicated the Oscar to "all the horrible things happenin' in the world" or some such nonsense. Johnny Carson got nearer the mark in his opening description of the Awards as an occasion when all the big stars got together to "thank all the little people they've stepped on the

rest of the year round."

Suffice to say that if the majority of pics didn't already do a good enough job of damning Hollywood, then the Awards did. *Afternoon Plus* (ITV Thursday) — which features some of the most economic and intelligent interviewing on TV — held a mausoleum (sic) on the British Film Industry and stirred up some fierce arguments in the ranks.

Why is our well-intentioned

industry dead whilst the slimy Americans thrive? I hear they take 'COCAINE'. What is this tonic we always hear the idle rich are taking? I don't know myself, but I think we should be sold, uh, told.

Another of the *Taxi Driver*/Hinckley news reports said that the film's climax featured the crazed gunman shooting it out in a "room full of men". Hmmm. The way that Travis got into the room is



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feet 6



probably not what Gary Glitter was talking about in *Arena* (*Did You Miss Me?*, BBC2 Saturday) when he said that the only way to enter a room was to do it in the Hollywood tradition. That is, make an entrance: glide down the stairs, pause, enter, lose one of your heels, tumble...

Did You Miss Me? was pretty standard bio-pic fare, featuring the Star as Human in various Ordinary Settings (steam baths, old school, corner he used to sell papers, *Desert Island Discs* — you know the sort of places you find yourself most days). Only the glimpses behind the scenes at *Desert Island Discs* and some old *TOTP* footage made it all worthwhile.

If Glitter is an old childhood toy ripped apart and explained away out of all mystique (to think how hip I was considered as the first in the class to own a copy of 'Rock'n'Roll Parts 1 & 2') then the other Big Event of the week restored every rose tinted hue of youthful memory and imagination. 5-4-3-2-1-THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO! The return of Sylvia and Gerry Anderson in the shape of the rerun of *Joe 90* and *Thunderbirds* (ITV, Saturday) has been matched recently only by BBC's stingy repeat of one

Man From U.N.C.L.E. episode, and could be beaten only by a weekly slotting together of *Danger Man* and *The Prisoner*.

FILMED IN VIDEOCOLOUR AND SUPERMARIONATION, *Thunderbirds* was always my favourite but *Joe 90* won my heart this weekend — particularly its opening sequence: tapes whirl in the Big Rat machine and Joe is transformed from an ordinary nine-year-old boy into World Intelligence Network's sharpest agent whilst sitting inside something that looks like an



Penman settles down for another rerun of 'A Structuralist Approach To Stingray'.

animated Terry's chocolate orange. Then the cheesiest, cheeriest possible '60s theme music starts up — bring them all out on an EP, whoever controls these things!

The realism! The sociopolitical undercurrents! After a long night's conflagration the men all have five o'clock shadow; Joe is on the trail of the top secret Russian M.I.G. 242 (Cont. page 61 — Ed.)

Of other little coincidences and Great Events during the week, I particularly liked the commentator who, reporting on a Grand National contender that had to bow out beforehand, pinned the cause down to the horse "stepping on a flintstone" during a training run. Bring them back, too, ITV: "W-I-L-L-M-A-I-I-I!"

In *Mork And Mindy* (ITV, Saturday) Robin Williams (see page 44) opened the episode arriving home from the movies with a couple of kids and said: "And if you're real good I'll take you to see Popeye again."

And I'll just sign off with one quote from a Mexican mystic in *The Outer Limits* (BBC2, sometimes Friday, sometimes Saturday): "Sane people leave no tracks." Whatever that means.

LOWRY



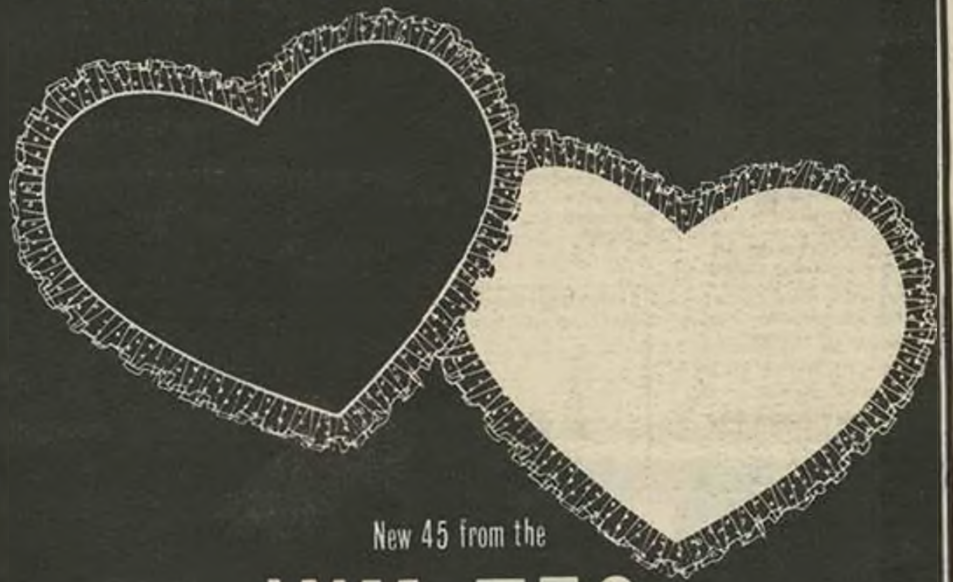
"What's this — Superman 2?"



"No — Ronald Reagan's latest press release."

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NME 72

The Colours Out Of Time — a motley Crew

By MAX BELL

CREWE, Cheshire, does not have a reputation for producing great rock and roll bands. In fact, it doesn't spring to mind for producing anything much at all.

While the north western section of England has been noteworthy for throwing up the second onslaught of important new stylists — from Joy Division/New Order to the wildly divergent Liverpool scene, Crewe has remained off the map of discovery.

This state of affairs is just about to change with a vengeance.

The Colours Out Of Time are not merely ambassadors of Cheshire's new fruit (they reckon the locals hate them anyway, preferring B-52s if they're art students and writing 'A' on their backs if they just discovered punk); The Colours Out Of Time have just made the best independent record since God only knows when.

Deriving their name from an H.P. Lovecraft collection and their label (Monsters In Orbit) from a Jack Vance story, the Colours Out Of Time already present a conceptual ideal that is hard to ignore. The band is more important. Founder members Dave Morrison (guitarist) and wild singer Steve 'Rene' Reynolds are part of the '77 class who left school and didn't have any ambition on the face of this earth except to form an exciting band. They flirted with TV Eye, became The Tall Buildings for a while and came second in a Battle of the Bands concert held in Stoke. What an honour! Morrison recalls that "we blew all the other groups off the stage but the local favourites Significant Zeros still won."

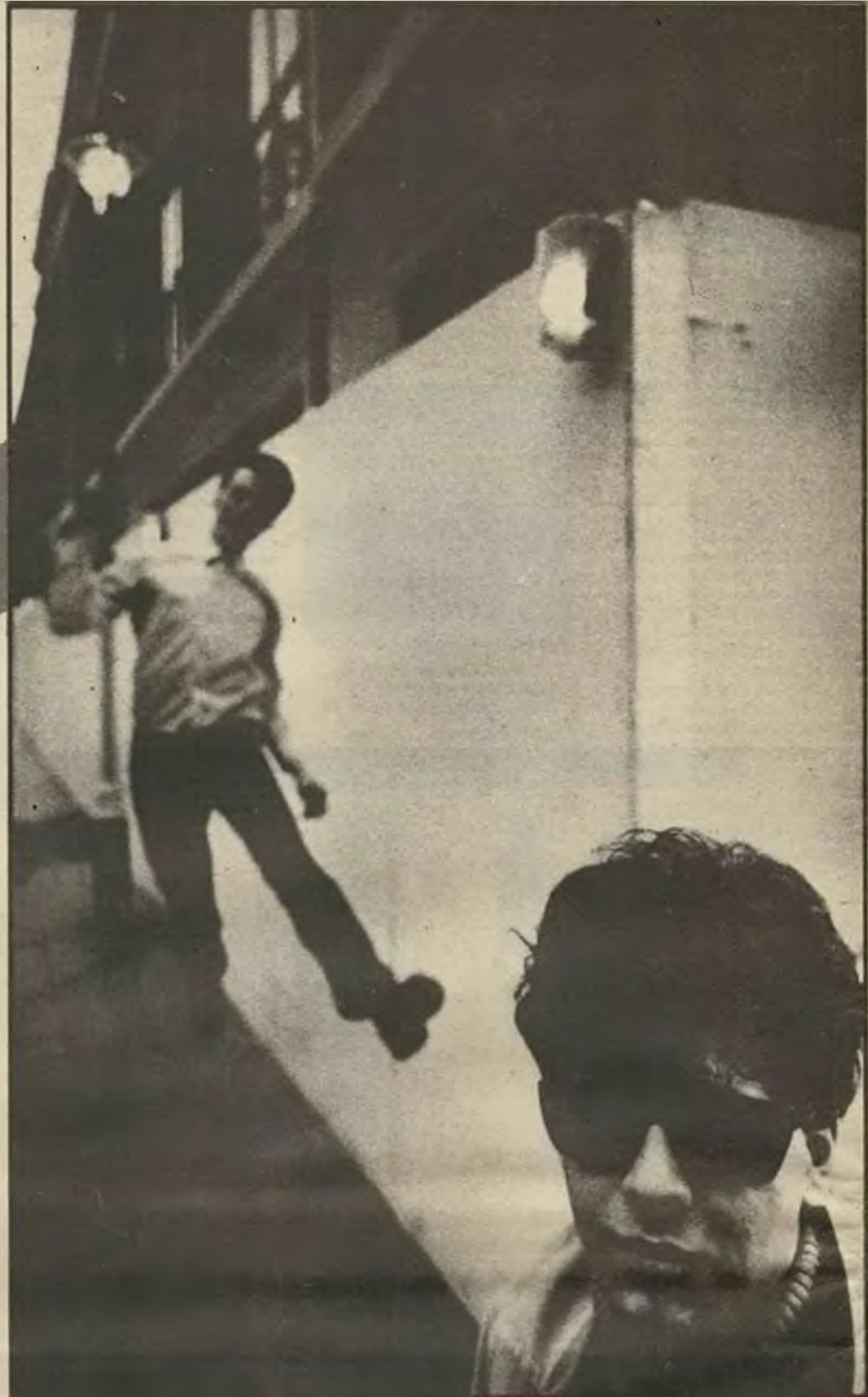
Unable to secure regular work in Crewe, Morrison and Reynolds found themselves second on the bill at Manchester's City Fun benefit where "we went down just as well as Orange Juice. Which is not very well at all. The guy who organised that, Martin X, just reviewed our single in City Fun and he slammed it mercilessly."

Mr X can safely be presumed to be stone-deaf as the Colours Out Of Time record, 'Rock Section'/'Mambo Girls Mango'/'Dancing With Joy', is the one masterpiece of realised potential that has not been witnessed from any new phenomenon since Joy Division's first album and Echo's Zoo extravaganzas. In fact I am absolutely certain that if they too had come out of Manchester or Liverpool they wouldn't now be releasing their debut record.

Morrison recalls: "We played on Echo's third ever show at Tingle Tangles when they still had the drum machine. I'm very glad those groups have made it but I feel that we are equals to all of them."

The Colours Out Of Time are not bitter at being thus far ignored and are now ready for the big push, recognising that it won't necessarily begin at home. Their rhythm guitarist Andy Pennance manages to sneak in the odd live appearance at Alsager College but "there is nowhere to play here. In 1977 you could walk around this place in drainpipes and have long hair and get called out for being a punk. Now the Anarchy kids are all over the town. They caught on in 1980, nothing had even filtered through from Manchester until then."

Morrison and Reynolds produced their single with an engineer who fought them all day and ultimately couldn't have cared less but eventually they had a six-song demo which whittled down to the EP mentioned above. They paid



Dangerous boys — Colours Out Of Time people Dave Morrison and Rene Reynolds. Pic: Anton Corbijn

OUT OF TIME — AND OUT OF THEIR MINDS

£600 for 1,760 copies which Rough Trade agreed to distribute.

Last week they were dealt a better hand by fate when John Peel played the record (he'd met Morrison at the City Fun event and pleaded acute laryngitis when an attempt was made to communicate in English). Finally, one aspect of T.C.O.O.T.'s glaring talent has been recognised.

The excellence of this band hits you from the opening chord of 'Rock Section', a black comic impression of rock and roll suicides. Rene, who writes the words, says that "it doesn't glorify the artists or place them on a pedestal. I tried to get the fact across. Because of the content of the song it may always be a stumbling block."

'Mambo Girls Mango' is stranger still. Silencing, dizzy guitar leads are picked out to a backdrop of pure English beat music with a chorus that fuses Jack Scott's 'The Way I Walk' incantation and a rhythm that could soon outstrip the vintage Rolling Stones and Kinks animal that has remained in deep slumber since '68.

Completing the package, 'Dancing With Joy' has all the disorientated, drugged venom of the Ian Curtis group driven crazy about a brief nightmare resurrection of The Monkees' theme. The dancing is done by a girl named Candy who goes for an open-topped car ride with some friends and a gun. The entire impression given by the EP is of a band veering slam against the borders of control, living beyond the edge.

Rene has a clear-cut ideal for The Colours Out Of Time.

"I see us as a group very much in the spirit of rock 'n' roll but inspired by something original."

"I want all our shows to be action-packed. Even for 70 pence we want the audience to get their money's worth. The songs have proved to be more important than us as individuals. They drive us on rather than being plain written vehicles for expression."

They certainly aren't used to the idea of self-promotion. Morrison admitted that "I hate talking about us, it sounds so contrived. To me it's like the Steely Dan line *You know I'm*

cool, I feel alright. Except when I'm in my room and it's late at night."

Morrison and Reynolds haven't had an opportunity to measure their cool yet; they live in bed-sits and scratch around for a living to support their vocation. Rene gave up waiting in an Italian restaurant and now does a course in TV repair. The youngest members — bassist Phil Borne (20) and new drummer Jim Adams (18) are stuck at home. Life savings, blood and guts have been plunged into their record and it shows.

The Colours Out Of Time are not scared to accept that the best new British music has often been heavily influenced by a peculiar species of American guitar bands, even by the dreaded and widely misunderstood strain of acid rock that has now filtered back through the brains of many people who were ridiculing its potency three years ago.

The Colours Out Of Time are here to be experienced now. The picture they paint may be the shape of things to come.

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CUCUMBER SPLICES

ROCK HAS recently welcomed more and more animators into the ranks of its interpreters — think of Animation City's part in *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*, the telly's endless compilation ads, and the memorable visualisation of Costello's 'Accidents Will Happen', shown on *The Old Grey Whistle Test*.

The Costello film (see illustration on right) was produced by Cucumber Studios — Annabel Jenkel, Kevin Attew, and Rocky Morton, who met at the Guildford School of Animation then re-met in '76 to form a company out of mutual dissatisfaction with their commercial experiences.

The "hyper heyday" of punk found all three living on a houseboat in London, from which they ventured forth to shoot 16mm records of emerging bands, which they intercut with animation of their own. Early viewers like The Clash and The Jam were, they say, more interested in selling records. So the early Cucumber work depended on everything from cheap-label compilation ads to commercials for Nigerian aspirins ("our first job and it was in Swahili").

Their frustrations finally found an outlet when Radar Records commissioned 'Accidents'. "They had no control over it whatsoever — they just gave us the money and asked us to come back with the film. It was incredibly low budget, it's limited animation and very graphic but it was designed specifically for that."

Cucumber also handled the single's bag, with its graphics printed on the inside as if there had been some "accident" at

The animated face of rock goes on show

the printers.

The Costello film broke a lot of ice for the company, but the trio still find their desire to apply the original techniques they discover to rock is often frustrated. So they continue to explore new frontiers via commercials which, ironically, offer them artistic freedom and money to underwrite their own films.

"We are determined to create our own market," says Annabel. "But record companies are put off animation because they don't understand how broad it is and all they can think of is 'we won't see so-and-so's face'. Of course there's no reason why you can't — we're very involved with live action, combining it

with special effects done largely inside the camera without any artwork."

Cucumber's latest ad (50 seconds for Pifco) was done in a computer — "info was fed into the computer and a laser scanner drew out the design on to film at the rate of two hours per frame. It's the most state-of-the-art commercial around just now."

"There's no better springboard to the imagination than rock," says Rocky. "The problem is that video can be done so quickly and cheaply that real cowboy outfits are springing up everywhere and creating rubbish which is dull and shabby and doesn't sell records."

Cucumber's prime areas of interest lie with special effects, computer animation ("with all these 'hi-tech' bands around it's odd that they seem to be the least interested and the most intimidated by it"), and consistent involvements with

sympathetic artists for substantial periods of time.

"We'd also like to be in at the beginning with anyone completely unknown, if we really liked their music."

The three say they draw inspiration from painters (Francis Bacon, Schiele) and films (Eraserhead's animation was a big influence) rather than other animators. "The problem there is that animation is very specialised and very technical. So it attracts enthusiasts, but mostly of the old Disney and cartoon schools. Animation is so much broader than people think — most audiences who saw *Star Wars* have no idea how much animation they saw."

A good selection of rock-related animation — including Cucumber's show reel with the Pifco commercial and Costello film — can be seen in the Neal Street Gallery's Animation Show. Located at 56 Neal St, London WC2, the show is open Mon-Sat from 10am-8pm until April 25. Cucumber Studios also have a TSB ad (a 60-second example of live action combined with animation by computer) currently on show in cinemas throughout the UK.

— CYNTHIA ROSE



THE LONE GROOVER



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FUNK'n'ROLL

THE CATEGORIES drawn in modern music are many and varied and in many cases they just act as ridiculous barriers. The latest absurd attempts to sweep up the funk explosion into tidy boxes seems to be motivated by the racism which lies beneath the surface in the music industry and most areas of life, both sides of the Atlantic:

Take Linx for instance. They're a group who for better or worse have just released a debut album which displays a real diversity of skills and interests but they're still barracked away with the ludicrous mantle of The Leaders of The New Britfunk movement, jazz-funk or whatever.

In the front seat of a car travelling through London, the small, bouncy half of the Linx duo, singer David Grant, is getting uncharacteristically exasperated.

"Record companies treat black music in a completely different way to rock music which is something we want to get away from because it's all part of the same thing. We say what we're doing is funk'n'roll and if we were two white guys nobody who hears our album would call us a jazz-funk band. Because we're black it's meant to be jazz-funk but it's not, there's very little jazz in what we do."

Like most of the soul greats of the '60s, Dave grew up in a home where gospel was the predominant influence. But like any other hip bopping pre-teen '60s pop fan his interests lay elsewhere.

"My grandmother had a huge collection of gospel records in the house and I used to hear them but I didn't like them. I liked The Beatles when I was a boy. I used to sneak down to the radio an hour and a half before going to school and listen to Luxembourg; Gerry and The Pacemakers, the Stones and The Who, stuff like that. The reason I got into soul music like Stax and Motown was because all the music I liked was coming from there anyway.

I've just always loved music, knew all the words to the songs. In primary school the teacher used to get me out to the front of the class at the end of the day to sing a song. But I think the first LP I ever heard that really knocked me back because it showed me that you could do rock pop and soul altogether was The Isley Brothers' '3+3'."

In fact The Isleys mid-'70s rejuvenation is as good a reference point as any for what Linx are doing, proving that public taste at least subconsciously accepts the blurring of spurious divisions. Songs like 'Intuition' and 'You're Lying' present an accomplished pop talent, well in line with the invention and verve which The Beat and The Specials and a few other worthies have brought to the mainstream in the past three years.

'Intuition' the single is a pure treat of intoxicating exuberance, the spontaneity of its samba and salsa driven by a flair for rhythm courtesy of bassist Sketch's open-ended playing.

"We had ten hours in which to write a song and present it to the rest of the group ready for rehearsal and we couldn't think of anything. I started playing a bass riff I used to practice with which was basically just a lot of funky plucking and slapping. David said that's good, I could imagine that with steel drums, loads of whistles and crowd noises.

"People ask how we write songs but really there's no set pattern to what we do. We work quite slowly actually, like the LP nearly didn't come out because we had so many differences of opinion and changes made before we released it."

IT'S INEVITABLE that some of the kids enjoying the resurgence of American dance music in the late '70s would eventually produce it themselves. Although they've only been going for two years, Linx have deserved their success. After all, they're one of the few groups concerned about and capable of bridging the gap between the concert hall and the disco.

Critics and fans like myself weren't the only people waiting for Linx or something similar

Below: Sketch (not to be confused with Chas) and Dave





Above: Sketch (not to be confused with Sam) and Dave.

to appear. When their independently pressed single 'Your Lying' was played for the first time on Radio London's commendable Robbie Vincent programme one Saturday evening they had offers from six different record companies by the following Monday.

Feeling the interest wasn't entirely due to genuine fondness (many of the companies having previously refused the song) Linx went to Chrysalis, one company who hadn't been interested in them. Since then they've released a string of excellent singles in 'Your Lying', 'Rise and Shine', 'Intuition' and now the album of the same name, which comes as something of a disappointment, most of the good tracks having already been released. Just back from a promotional visit to America, Sketch and Dave both complain of suffering from jetlag, the latter arriving some hours later than scheduled for our appointment.

In the intervening period, Sketch and I discuss the group aims and aspirations in one of the palatial rooms in the Chrysalis central London mansion. A lofty, polite and relaxed character, Sketch reclines in the surroundings with an air of controlled confidence. At various stages throughout the day he exchanges a few friendly words with a surly Spandau Ballet person, peeved with the live reviews for his group's performance at The Sundown, and a peppy Pauline Black from The Selecter who wishes him well with 'Intuition'.

The Linx approach to marketing and musicmaking fits into the Chrysalis corporate strategy. Later in the afternoon we go to the video room to see a two minute advertisement they've made for television. To my mind it's a pretty trite, almost embarrassing, affair but it's pointed out that it's a more beneficial and less expensive way of advertising than taking out a page in the music press. Additionally it's promoting a band with the potential for real individuality.

Sketch: "I like Steely Dan and a lot of people have said I can see you were influenced by them. The music? Perhaps, but I'm more interested in the way that song-writers can write songs in their own time, simply as good songs rather than because of the pressures of having other people around them. I think Linx

is down to Dave and myself and Bob Castle the keyboards player because he's also our co-producer. He used to be a staff writer for EMI and he wrote Dennis Waterman's latest hit which unfortunately for him looks like it's going to be a flop. Dave and myself are the creative core in terms of songs, in terms of getting those songs onto tape, Bob is the next most important person and he's responsible as much as we are for the actual sound of the album.

"It gives us a lot more freedom, we can use whoever we want and we don't disappoint people if we don't use them on a track. If we wanted a real piece of heavy reggae drumming I don't think Andy would be able to handle it with the same sort of feel as Sly Dunbar. It makes it easier to write songs for a band rather than the band."

Apart from a few odd impromptu public appearances where Dave has had a microphone thrust upon and been asked to sing along with their debut single, Linx have never appeared live, so does the Steely Dan comparison extend to the point where they'll seldom function as a performing outfit?

"Well we've just cancelled gigs actually which disappointed a lot of people, us more than anybody. When we came back from America Freeez had done their gig at The Venue, and they hadn't bombed, but a lot of people were disappointed. I think it's done them more harm than good."

"I think people expect a lot more from Linx because of the image we've put across. It hasn't been one based on technical expertise. They might say they like the bass-lines but that hardly means they'd compare them with Pastorius in terms of technical ability. I think in my own immodest fashion I'm quite inventive but that's more because there's a general blandness about music at the minute than anything else."

"Really they look upon us as a fun thing and fun isn't just standing up in one position playing loads of lightning fast solos."

The first concert Sketch ever saw was Aretha Franklin at The Hammersmith Odeon in 1971 and he still has the ticket. The first time I met him was at The Royalty in Southgate at

BEEN MISSING LINX?

Well here's another piece about 'em.

Who can bridge the gap between Los Angeles and Hackney?

Who can bridge the gap between the concert hall and the disco floor?

one of the early performances of new 'Britfunk' given by Mirage. I found it oddly disconcerting that once the group took the stage everyone stopped dancing.

"I don't really think funk bands fit in with concert halls and discos aren't really designed to present a band's sound. I think when we start performing we'll end up doing concert halls, at least for the time being because we are part of the mainstream. It would be nice to do some surprise one-offs like The Spandau thing at The Sundown, just for the fans."

"It's a weird phenomenon — the music is dance music and everybody goes with the intention of having a good time but when the band comes on everybody's idea of a good time is to stand there and watch the band. It depends on the band's ability to make the audience feel free. British bands haven't had time to build up a stagecraft which allows people to enjoy the music while watching them."

PRESENTLY Dave arrives and we drive across town to the BBC studios in Maida Vale where they record a short interview with Richard Skinner for the international radio network. We make for a packed bar about lunchtime and it's with some surprise I find myself being bought a drink by the cheery and affable Mr Skinner. It's with even greater surprise I find myself returning the honours.

Perched at the window sill sipping tequila and lager Sketch and Dave defend their album against my criticisms. Not that it's a bad debut, but it doesn't cultivate the same sense of urgency and the unexpected that was shown on their singles. I also feel that the inclusion of four previously available tracks is an insult to the consumer forking out over a fiver and a sign of laziness on the band's part.

Sketch: "It was just done in a rush. On top of that we're quite proud of our singles. It's unfair to people only in that they've now got two copies of something rather than one but the playing time on the album is 45 minutes which is very long for an album. Also it would have taken much longer for the album to come out if we'd recorded four new songs."

I remain unconvinced and it does make me worry that their less than prolific output bodes ill for the future. Sketch is optimistic however.

"The fact that we've got a lot of different styles on the album means it probably ends up being quite disappointing on a lot of levels but it means we go into the next album with four or five options open to us. A lot of debut albums are so definitive that the band has to sacrifice that style and start all over again for the next album or feel impelled to do something which fits in with their first album. 'Intuition' isn't going to be the biggest selling LP of all time but it's going to attract a lot of different audiences."

But isn't there a huge gap between the audiences who go to rock concerts and the crowds that go to discos?

"That's only because people adopt a separatist approach to it. If you do that then you can't turn round and say why aren't things getting together. It's just like the race thing — if blacks and whites stick to their own group you can't expect integration to ever happen."

"We're not trying consciously to make a bridge but to us that bridge exists anyway because we like all kinds of music. So we don't see why we should fit into people's preconceptions."

Linx are a band awash with influences and impregnated with rich musical ideas as yet not quite formulated in their song-writing on the LP. It's sad that they couldn't just remain a group who released only singles, but hopefully maturity will bring an incision to their songwriting painfully absent on songs like 'Don't Get In The Way'. As it is, the traces and flavours that they present are very

agreeable — Motown, Mayfield, Heatwave and Miami Platinum being just the icing on an as yet unbaked cake.

David Grant is responsible for the lyrics and they mostly seem to present a soured discomfort with relationships, and even on 'Your Lying', a song about the demeaning and demoralising perspectives towards unemployed youth, the words may be biting back but they're written from the point of view of one who is losing.

"Well it's all down to . . ." There's a long pause in which Dave shifts in his chair several times and seems deliberately evasive about discussing something so private and personal.

"At the time those songs were written I was feeling a bit like that. I reckon to write from your feelings can instil a song with real emotion whether the words are articulate or not. Hopefully, if you feel something then someone listening to it will feel something as well."

AS WITH the upheaval caused by punk rock in 1976, the present influx of new British bands should be bringing a new revitalising energy to their music, with the emphasis put on the essential basics now lacking in the increasingly bland and sterile output of one-time pioneers like Chic. But Sketch sees dangers in labelling a movement as such.

"A lot of groups are being signed not as long-term product but as short term now music. I remember at least two bands who were playing straight ahead rock music and when The Sex Pistols appeared they just speeded it up a bit, thinking that turned it into punk. Nowadays there's a lot of groups who have been playing their own brand of music for a long time but all of a sudden funk is a happening thing so they're doing everything in that style just to get one-off deals."

"Basically there are more Britfunk bands getting the chance to be public bands rather than being stuck on in a disco at the end of the evening playing 25% originals and 75% covers. But the public are still getting what groups consider to be acceptable to American tuned ears."

While they were in Los Angeles, the home of much of their favourite music, Dave and Sketch were delighted to see the success of their single there, stunned by the professionalism at all costs attitude and singularly unimpressed with the attitudes and environment.

Dave: "The difference between our attitude and the Americans is that we say 'we'll earn some money by writing good songs' and they say 'we'll make some money by writing some hit songs'. I was amazed to be told by quite a lot of writers in America that the way they write a song is by looking at the chart and finding out what is selling and then composing songs along similar lines. I could never do that."

"I come from Hackney, not Seattle or Los Angeles, so I don't see why I should make an album which sounds like Quincy Jones or Chic. I believe in soul music, in the pure ability of the performer to move the audience. We're trying to redress the balance because nowadays values have shifted to the ability of the performer to produce a sound rather than emotion in the song."

So far in their career Linx have shown a determination to tackle both personal and political matters in an upfront, straightforward way by aligning themselves to a colourful musical base. The development of their emotional pop into something greater and more expansive lies with their intuitive ability to utilise the music they love for their own ends. It should be a pleasure to watch them grow.

ROCK 'n' SOUL

Gavin Martin investigates.
David Corio bears witness.

QUIET MAN OF ROCK SPEAKS OUT!

"We settled most of our differences months ago. But it's true that Keith and I were going to leave and form our own group after an incident on stage."

John ordered another round of drinks. "We get on together as well as any other group," he added. "It's just that most of our disagreements are in public."

JUST FANCY THAT!

Entwistle interviewed in NME ... in 1966

AROUND JOHN Entwistle's neck dangles a silver spider, which may or may not be called Boris.

It might be his one concession to the macabre, silent stereotype that's hung around his neck like an albatross for years.

Right now, 'The Quiet One' — which also happens to be the title of a song he wrote for The Who's new 'Face Dances' LP — isn't keeping such a low profile anymore. On this occasion he's even assumed the mantle of spokesman, taking time out to answer the criticisms that have come The Who's way in the wake of 'Face Dances' release ... and to mention, just in passing, the solo LP that he's currently embarked upon in the Battersea studio where I meet him.

Commercially speaking, things look bright for the group, with both the album and the single 'You Better You Bet' showing strongly in their respective charts. But at the outset of the recent UK tour, The Who's future was shrouded in doubt: the Rainbow show, for instance, was a shambles, capped by lurid stories of backstage punch-ups. So are The Who, as we suggested at the time, falling apart?

"No. I mean, we argued at the Rainbow," Entwistle shrugs dismissively. "We always have. But there just happened to be reporters around that night who heard it. We just brushed it off as a normal day. I can remember whole tours when I didn't actually go in the dressing room once, cos I knew that if I went back in I'd hear the same old fuckin' arguments. So I used to stay out in the corridor and talk to people."

"We always have teething troubles when we go out on tour. As far as I was concerned, personally, we were asking for trouble anyway, playing little piss-hole places, with a shitty sound, and playing four brand



The Who's JOHN ENTWISTLE — nicknamed The Mute — has never been known to speak or smile in public before. Until now ...

PAUL DU NOYER records the historic words

new numbers that no one had ever heard before, when we hadn't played for about three months.

"I hate playing small places. The Who aren't geared to play them. I've told our manager there's no way they'll get me to play those sort of places again. Our system was built up over the years to stadium level, and once you get into that way of playing you can't suddenly scale down. The Who don't sound like The Who in those places."

With that tour completed, and some European dates blown out, the group have no plans for the immediate future.

"We just feel really knackered. Since Kenny Jones joined us we've been busy almost constantly, and during our time off I've been making the solo album anyway."

But you'd say the group are basically in a healthy state?

"Yeah, the enthusiasm's still there."

How do you feel about the 'Face Dances' LP, the way it turned out?

"Basically, I would have liked to have been in on the mixes. Apart from that I can't complain: it looks like it's gonna be our most successful

YOU DON'T have many contemporaries left now. Do you feel isolated from today's music scene?

"Well, I've never felt part of the music scene. The way the whole business is run over here, the most important thing is the Top 30 records, whereas in reality they mean fuck-all financially to a musician. The Who's music is its albums. I'd hate to make records to compete with football teams and wrestlers and American DJs singing 'Shaddup Your Face'. That's not the business I wanna be in. So, in that way, the English music scene doesn't appeal to me, it sickens me. I feel a lot more comfortable in America, where you have radio stations that only play album tracks."

Entwistle says that he takes an interest in new music, citing Talking Heads as one modern group who've impressed him a lot. How does he feel about heavy metal, a lot of which sounds to me like hamfisted parodies of 'Live At Leeds'?

"Well, heavy metal, it's just riffs, and there's only a certain amount of riffs around. It's very rarely that one comes out that's any better than any that's gone before. I like playing heavy

"I like playing heavy metal — I just can't stand listening to it. . . the same way some people like the smell of their own farts but don't like smelling anyone else's!"

album ... apart from the reviews."

The reviews have been pretty bad. Do they affect you at all?

"Not really. I stopped reading them a long time ago: it was so much like reading the newspapers, full of bad news. Keith Altham, our publicity man, kindly sent me all the shitty reviews though, so I still can't escape them."

Do you ever think they've got a point, when they say you're living on past glories or whatever, that it's time to knock it on the head?

"If I believed in the reviews, I'd have given up years ago."

"Let's say on this English tour, about 50% of the audience hadn't even seen us before, and they wanted to hear the old things. After 'Quadrophenia' — when we played that in its entirety it was a disaster — we decided we're never gonna change our stage act that much: we'll do it gradually. Kids still wanna hear 'Substitute' and 'My Generation' and all that stuff."

So you believe that The Who's following does renew itself, that it isn't just a nostalgia thing?

"Yeah. We get an audience of between 11 years old and forty. We actually did a tour a few years ago and when we went on stage these silly little chicks down the front started screaming. We glared at 'em and they shut up."

metal: it's the only kind of music that I really like playing. But I can't stand listening to it."

Er, don't quite follow that. How could you like listening to your own stuff, in that case?

"Did I say that I listened to my own stuff? (Laughs). No, that's the only way I can explain it: that I enjoy playing it but I can't stand listening to it ... the same way that some people like the smell of their own farts but they don't like smelling anyone else's!"

Meanwhile, John's keeping his nose to the grindstone with a solo LP — his fifth — assisted by Joe Walsh of The Eagles. He feels it's a departure from his previous efforts, mostly insofar as "it's better". He also describes it as broadly "mid-Atlantic" in sound.

Finally, how does he feel about his long-standing role as "the faceless one"?

"Yeah, 'The Quiet One'. I got stuck in that pigeonhole when I started and I've been stuck in it ever since, and it's driving me nuts. Whenever anyone accuses me of being quiet I scream in their fucking ear."

And you've got a line in that song for the people who classify you that way, something about it only taking two words to blow them away. I take it those two words are too obvious to even ask?

John Entwistle laughs, and the spider shakes.

"They are, yeah. They are."

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Belle Star

Portraits and Paint Pennie Smith

"Sorry we're late sweet'art," beams the Belles' husky-voiced vocalist Jenny McKeown by way of apology.

"That's okay," I mutter under my breath, feeling like the victim of a conspiracy as we retire inside to trace the demise of the 'Snatchers and plot the rise of the Stars. "But you'd never get away with that on *Tiswas*."

The Bodysnatchers were the first 2-Tone group to come crashing back down to earth as the momentum of the label began to wane last summer after more than a year of virtually un-interrupted chart success. It came as no real surprise when they finally hit the dust in September.

They had made some worthwhile music though. If their first single, a wispy cover of Dandy Livingstone's 'Let's Do Rock Steady' was hardly spectacular, their second — and last — was a gem. A soulful stroll through Winston Blake's 'Too Experienced' coupled with the self-penned 'Easy Life', it still stands as one of the most cruelly under-rated singles of last year.

Though it was hardly the group's fault that they inevitably failed to live up to the wild assessments made of some of their early performances, they are now able to look back in amusement at a Bodysnatching career as short as it was chequered. The eventual split came down to some highly original personal and professional differences.

"Obviously music was one of the most important differences of opinion," claims keyboard player Penny Leyton. "If you're not writing the same music and you're not really interested in the same things, then there's no point in being in a group together."

"It was fine at the start when we were just doing covers of old ska songs, but as soon as we started to make the music more diverse, the differences started coming into it. Once we started learning more about music and playing, we found we were evolving in different ways."

Another factor contributing to the split, according to saxophonist Miranda Joyce, was the group's reluctance to commit themselves to a long-term record deal.

"We were on the verge of signing quite a big album contract, but that would have committed us to working together in that set-up for the next two or three years. That was the crunch. That was when we decided to split. If you're going to produce good stuff, you have to work really closely as a group. I think we all realized we couldn't do it anymore."

THE SPLIT saw the departure of bassist Nicky, the founder member of the original group, and vocalist Rhoda, the latter currently singing on tour with Rico. It left Pennie, Miranda, drummer Judy Parsons and guitarists Stella Barker and Sarah-Jane Owen to form the nucleus of a new group.

Within a fortnight, the Belle Stars had taken shape, singer Jenny McKeown and bassist Lesley Shone completing the line-up. Lesley had previously been exercising her loping, funky basslines in an assortment of feminist bands but live-wire singer Jenny had no prior musical experience and was

CONTINUES OVER ♦

BELLES DE JOUR

Adrian Thrills gets buttered up by The Belle Stars

STOP, LOOK and listen now. A bright new phoenix is rising from the ashes of those not-so-long forgotten daughters of 2-Tone The Bodysnatchers.

Seven strong, not too slick but undeniably stylish, they call themselves the Belle Stars and they are moving audaciously away from their one-time rock steady roots.

You can see them now. Vivid and vivacious in the flesh or cooking up the steam heat back on the London stage. And you can rest assured that if you don't catch a rising Belle Star soon, you'll be experiencing their sound and vision in the summer — on tour, on *Top Of The Pops* or in the singles chart.

The seven Belles have been playing the pubs and clubs of the capital rather extensively over the past three months, so it seemed a good idea to link up with them early one sunny spring evening in that celebrated blingington watering hole the Hope And Anchor.

It seemed like a good idea anyhow — when I arrive outside the Hope well before opening time only to discover a distinct absence of

Belles, I begin to have second thoughts. Have I turned up just to be stood up and shook up? Dutifully, I wander around Upper Street's ample array of second-hand bookbins — a shop for everything from feminism to South American specialities — and return confused and bored to the Hope half-an-hour later. Still no Belles though, and no sign of photographer Pennie Smith either.

An hour on, the Belles finally start to arrive in ones and twos, just as Pennie herself turns up. So this is female intuition?

(Above): SARAH JANE AS SULTRY
(Right): JENNY AS SLEAZY



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STELLA AS RUDIE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE ♦

working as a telephonist before meeting the Belles through a mutual acquaintance.

Since their first appearance in Slough of all places just before Christmas, the group have played the established London club venues solidly, gradually building a following and now unsurprisingly attracting the interest of a phalanx of record companies with Stiff, CBS and Chrysalis currently hottest in pursuit.

Musically, they retain the same airy feel, the same lightness of touch as the Bodysnatchers but as their technique has improved they have extended the old ska framework to incorporate a softer bluesy beat and, more recently, a stinging strident funk ingredient.

They also look great. By angling their visuals around a series of alternating themes — anything from fruity multicoloured tropicana to nautical blue and white — they stay sharp but never stray from the ethic that fashion should be fun, not a po(se)-faced passion.

Sarah-Jane, who still designs clothes for jean makers Taxi, refutes any suggestion that the various themes and looks the group adopt

BELLE

can come across as being too contrived.

"I think everyone in the group is really interested in the whole visual thing, completely independently of us all being in a group. It hasn't been a matter of us getting an image together just 'cause we're in a group. There is an image there anyway."

Miranda, more outgoing and self-confident as a Belle Star than a Bodysnatcher where her and Pennie tended to take a backseat role, sees it as an excuse for some wild dressing up.

"Half of the things that we wear I probably wouldn't dream of wearing normally. It is an excuse to be outrageous. I think the visuals are just as important as the music. But there has to be a balance. With The Bodysnatchers, it seemed that the visuals and the clothes were far more important because we weren't so hot musically at the beginning."

Now the emphasis is on putting on a show, rather than just presenting a set of songs in the routine manner.



MIRANDA AS GREEDY



JUDY AS DREAMY

"I think the whole idea of a gig can be made into a whole lot more," says SJ. "You should be able to incorporate stuff like film as well for instance. Even as The Bodysnatchers, we once played with a silent film running as a backdrop and it worked really well."

"There's still a lot of things you can learn from the '60s when you had real good light shows around the walls and stuff like that. I think it's ridiculous when you have a main band who just shove any old group on as a support act and charge a ridiculous price at the door. That's not a show."

"Music has been too plain for a long time. I think we've passed the stage when you can just go on wearing the jeans you've been wearing all day. I'm not saying we have to go back to glam rock, though that seems to be happening, but I just think it's about time we got a bit more exciting visually. That doesn't have to mean a massive light show, dry ice, flying pigs and Gary Glitter ... just a more complete show!"

THE ONE thing the Belles lack right now is the ready-made audience that the

STARS

Bodysnatchers were granted courtesy of 2-Tone last year. The following they are building now is one they are working for much more genuinely, on their own merits rather than the merits of the groups that inspired them in the first place.

"I don't think we have brought the old Bodysnatchers audience with us," says SJ. "It just doesn't seem to be the same people, even though we're still getting billed as ex-Bodysnatchers. I think we appeal to a much wider range now. In the 2-Tone days, we had a really young audience. On tour, we hardly got anyone over 15."

"Essentially, we're still going for that same audience. A young audience is always the most rewarding to play for. I prefer people who dance and have a good time to the people who just sit at the back and criticise. That's not what it's about."

The Belle Stars, as I write, are in the studios, recording four tracks; 'Hiawatha', 'Never Wrong', 'Miss World' and 'Iko'. The first three are originals, two surviving from the old



PENNIE AS SULKY



LESLEY AS LAZY

Bodysnatcher set, while the fourth is their cover of a traditional calypso singalong, performed accapella apart from a dense percussive undergrowth.

One of the four session tracks should soon be selected for release as a single, although who eventually puts it out is far from a settled matter. Once a deal has been completed, commercial success, while no formality, seems assured for the wonderfully vital seven Belles. But beyond the inevitable *Top Of The Pops*, what are the girls' real dreams? Miranda?

"I had this dream last night. I dreamt I was making peanut butter, tons and tons of the stuff. I kept on putting milk into the butter and it just kept on rising, this huge mountain of peanut butter. I was getting really worried. No-one would have eaten it ..."

The deep psychological and symbolic meanings of that are mind-boggling.

"Yeah, it must reflect my deep fear of peanut butter."

Stella had a dream too. But erotic Elvis Presley fantasies just aren't the sort of thing you want to read in your wholesome NME. Right?

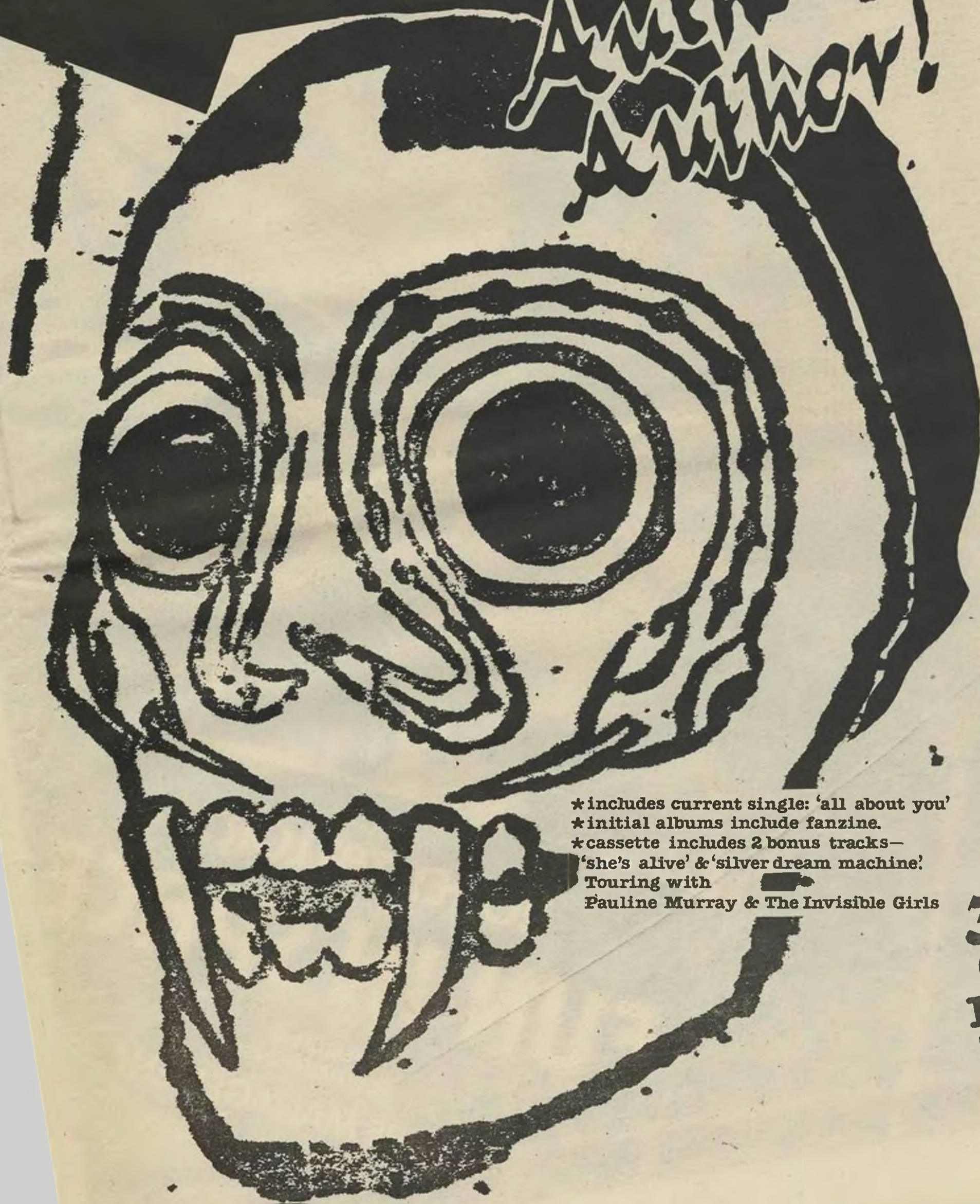
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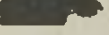


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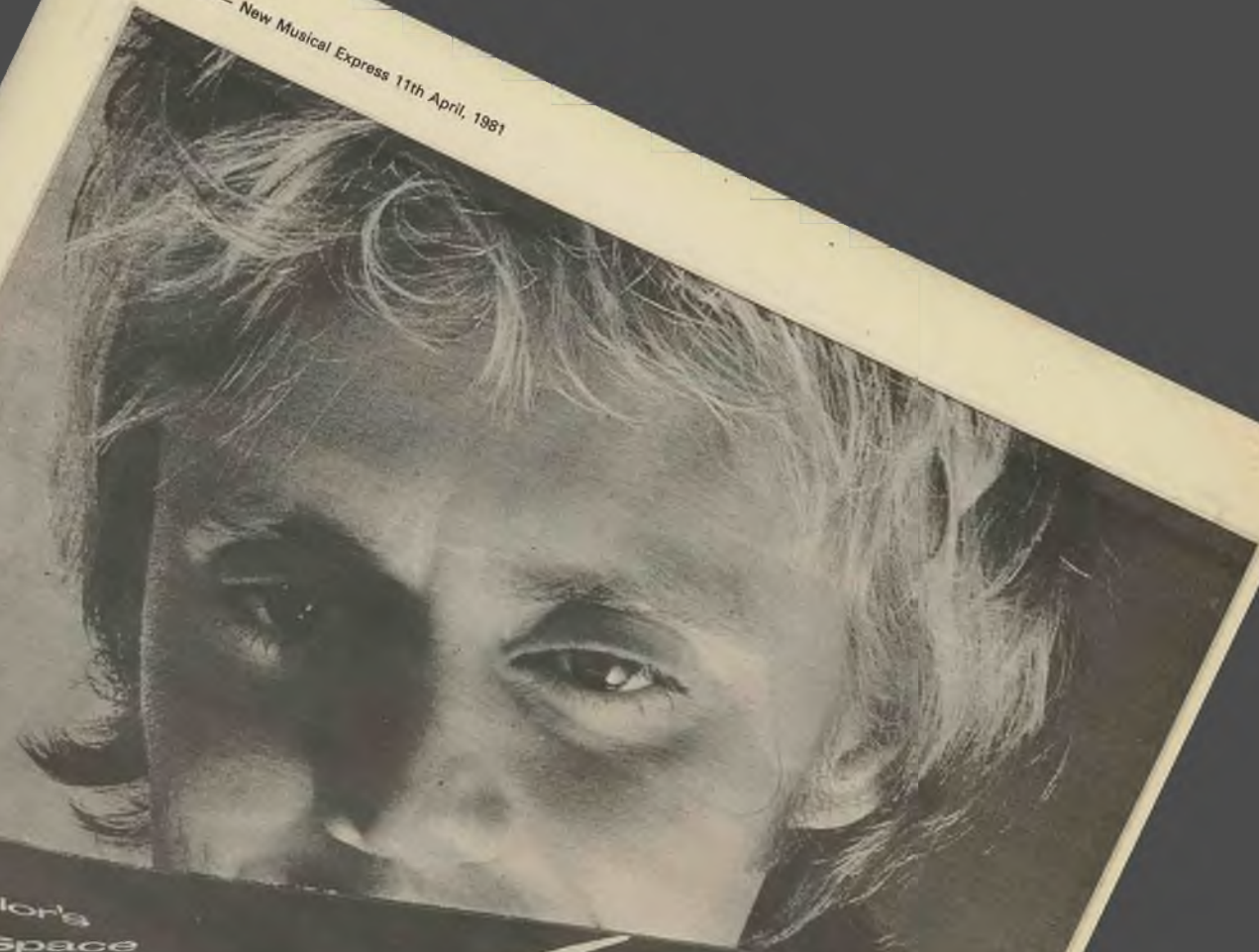
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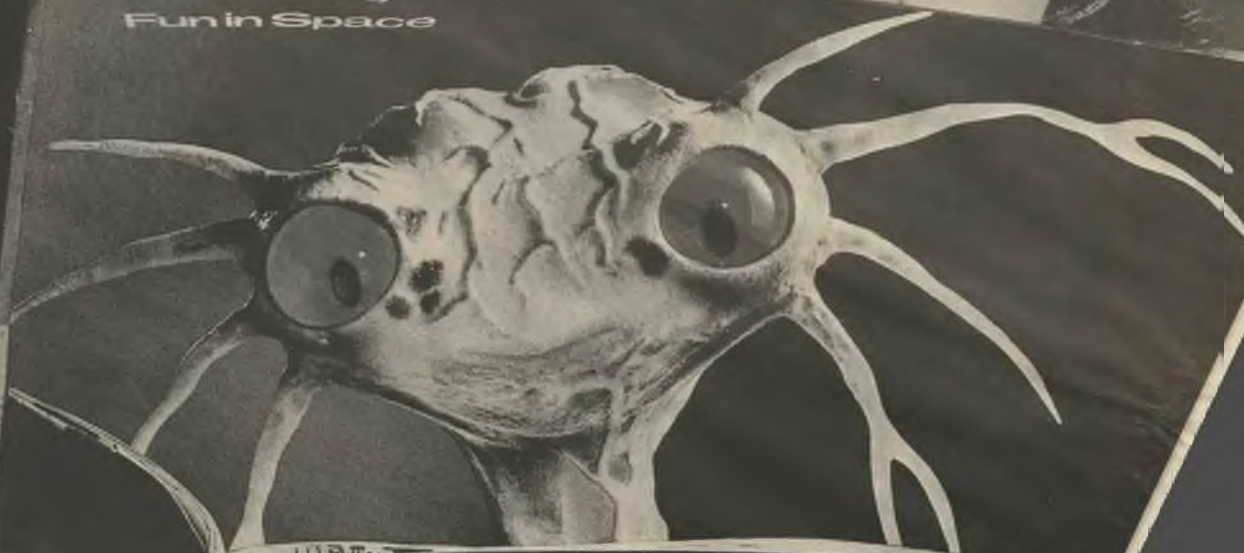


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ODD EVENINGS of the week when I am in town and there is nothing much doing elsewhere, which is most of the time, find me at the Blue Crescent cafe off Dean Street partaking of pasta, and where I generally stay until about 10 o'clock reading my book.

Sometimes I drop in for coffee and cake, the while in conversation with Franco or Luigi, who are the proprietors of the Blue Crescent cafe for at least 16 or more years, which is as long as I am coming here.

Being in such proximity and possessing a juke box, this establishment is patronised by a regular music business clientele, tea boys and television people with whom over the years Franco and Luigi develop a fast relationship and fast turnover of new releases, though a few worn tunes remain.

Single of the Week

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS: Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White (Chrysalis). By default only. It must be blight and adversity indeed when my proclivities concur with and echo those of *New Musical Express* critic Arthur Bunn, who makes this his seven-day spin star choice when Luigi first writes the melody back in 1955 and makes fanciful comparison with a wonderland by night thereof although it is but a brisk latin instrumental, notable for sustained harmonica lead and catchy tune. From the same era as Shakin' Stevens' ole rant, which is presently the most popular play in the joint, this is its American counterpart and shares similar spring cleaning propensities. Cover versions from Perez Prado (HMV), Eddie Calvert (Columbia), Doug Sheldon (Decca), Buddy Britten and the Regents (Oriole) and Mickie Most (Jowette Javelin) should not prove hindrance.

Alternative Single of the Week

IVORY COASTERS: Roscoe / Kinzengi Nzyengi / 1241C (Politone). It is only that the Blue Crescent juke does not accommodate the three track 12 inch disco why this other instrumental offering from eight Bethnal Green residents can only covet alternative recommendation, for it is the better piece of music. Dedicated to saxophonist Roscoe Mitchell of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, the opening title describes a lively ska that owes as much to free form jazz. 'Kinzengi Nzyengi' and '1241C' are Zairean style African pop. Sole previous Ivory Coasters effort 'Bullshit' — an adaptation of Beverley's All Stars 'El Toro' — is found on the 'Hackney Musicians Collective' album.

COME ON: Housewives Play Tennis (Aura). Meanwhile, back in Edgware... Quirky psychedelic pastiche in the tempo of 'My White Bicycle' or 'Arnold Layne', with much of the latter's diseased voyeurism, plus a passing reference to funk. "Housewives play tennis, they have weak backhands. They fall and scrape their knees but they get back up and play." Remarkable for the degree of feeling Come On inject into the phrase: "they drive station wagons." Drivel really.

PARLIAMENT: Agony Of Defeat (Casablanca). The most accomplished "live" party record of all is Gary Bonds' 'Quarter To Three' which features the sound of the Church Street Five and saxophone of Daddy G. Twenty years on and the footstomping saga continues with oblique reference to



Robert Parker and the self mocking sound of Parliament. The line is: "I'm gonna take my shoes off and kick up my heels." Here I go. Okay. "This is a toenail session," chuckles the singer. "It's party time," insist the chorus. "Step on it," urges the other.

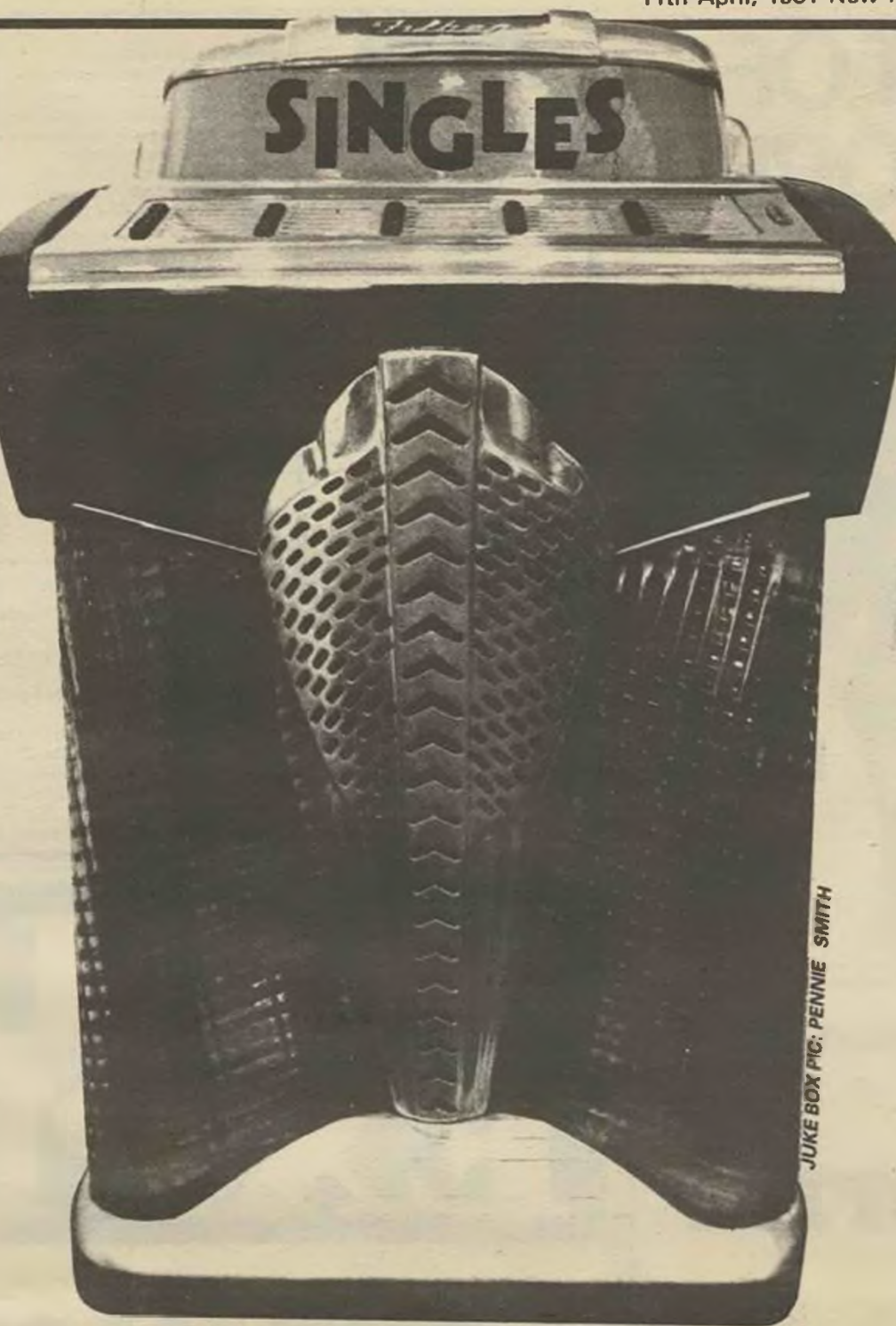
GENE DUNLAP: Rock Radio (Capitol). Radio fodder as its title suggest. Effervescent soul item from active import LP 'It's Just The Way I Feel'. The Ridgways feature. Trivial. Pleasant.

MITT & THE MODULES: Ha-money-ka (Danceville). **CHAIRMAN YOUTH:** Uncertainty (Last Ditch). Two discs distinguished seemingly by the involvement of Mitt, who spokespersonifies Chairman Youth's existentialist with "we walk around as cameras informing on ourselves" over a sub-reggae riff in a manner that may be termed post aggressive; who blows — an otherwise interesting harp workout spoiled by shrieking lead guitar and noisy drums — alongside the Modules for a rollicking juke box item.

THE DOLPHINS: Thin Fine Line (Day Release). Poorly mixed, ambitious, portentous, optimistic, brave. Bromley five piece dispense mystic love lyrics to pop accompaniment. Man say, there's an apple in the garden built on solid rock. Flip retreats Syd Barrett ('She Took A Long Cold Look') and John Cale ('Cable Hogue').

THE NIGHTINGALES: Idiot Strength (Rough Trade). Not exactly some melodious plot of beechen green and shadows numberless, but then alas, "the tables are turned and other wheels are in motion." It thumps along. Imagine The Shadows with Hank Marvin on vocals.

RESTRICTED CODE: Love To Meet You (Pop: Aural). **FIRE ENGINES:** Meat Whiplash / Candydskin (Pop: Aural). Big sounding records both, Restricted Code come humble, ask for nothing, "I would not presume upon your love," to crisp instrumentation and Afro percussion, if too rigid a tempo. Fire Engines jangle like early Love and overstay their time on both sides of this otherwise palatable



JUKE BOX PIC: PENNIE SMITH

The Return Of Rockin' Sidney's Juke Joint

YOUR GUEST REVIEWER THIS WEEK: ROCKIN' SIDNEY

performance, especially the eclectic 'Candydskin'. Glasgow and Edinburgh respectively.

THE INMATES: I Thought I Heard A Heartbeat (Radar). **MICKEY JUPP:** Don't Talk To Me (Stiff). R&B corner. Thump. Thump. The inmates remain confined to a simple equation and the strain is beginning to tell here with an initially good idea that in the end never convinces nor quite succeeds. I catch the last song of Mickey Jupp's set at the Paradiso in Amsterdam last week and wish I see more. The latest single from the man retains a bluesy early hours feel culled from Jimmy Reed with a growled lyric ultimately betraying his macho ego.

OUT ON BLUE SIX: Party Mood (Out On Blue Six). Full of spite. Grainy black and white photograph sleeve. Chrome blue label. Lyrics of

former friends with smiling faces. Government issue.

THEATRE OF HATE: Rebel Without A Brain (Burning Rome). Theatre of Hate are leather garbed rebels without a choice. Their graffiti is to be spotted opposite the Scala, below the legend 'Island is Babylon'. They come in here sometimes and select Wasted Youth and Marilyn Monroe music. Sandwich eating press secretaries of both sexes regard them askance.

THE LOOK: Three Steps Away (MCA). Some encouraging touches of lyric never really redeem this too brash follow up to the fresh 'I Am The Best'.

DEE SHARP AND ONE BLOOD: Swing And Dine (Fashion). **COOL NOTES:** People Make The World Go Round (Cool Note). Two British reggae

issues on seven inch is much music in one week where the currency is almost exclusively 12". Male singer Dee Sharp debuts very promisingly last year with 'Let's Dub It Up', and although this sequel relating to the musical wheel of fortune — "swing and dine, and dance for your money" — is as exactly crafted, the Melodians/Morwells song sounds slightly too well worn to excite anything other than cursoraries. Cool Notes sing also of ups and downs, applying themselves to the Linda Creed and Thomas Bell lyric with bubbly confidence and some class.

CULTURE: Forward To Africa (Kingdom). More reggae, this from Jamaica. Are not Culture on tour here at the moment? Blonde Nick who knows of such things and comes in just now for a sandwich assures

me this self-produced chant "hardly catches them at their best". Redemption and victory cry. Seems to me the Rasta's pan-African plea is t'other side of Mr Powell's repatriation coin.

GENE VINCENT: Rainyday Sunshine (Magnum Force). **JOHNNY STORM:** Fast Eddie (Magnum Force). **JOE ELY:** Musta Notta Gotta Lotta (MCA). **SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET:** Sheila Tequila (Chrysalis). I like my rockabilly neat and



find nothing here to recommend. Sad more than sweet Gene Vincent fails to recapture more than the odd spark of former current on this EP of self-produced recordings from 1968. His rendering of Chuck Berry is especially dismal. 'Roll Over Beethoven', perhaps, but bring back Bach. Johnny Storm sounds like a Larry Page come lately and is poor billy ersatz on a song that Doug Sheldon will be advised to cover and the rest of us disregard.

Sir Douglas deliver a further EP, this of dilettante Texas rock and in the process desecrate whatever immortality they do achieve for recording 'She's About A Mover' by including a dreary live version of it here. Obtrusive steel guitar wrecks whatever tension Joe Ely builds with his staccato vocal and the song meanders into nothing. Roll over Gene Vincent tell Elvis Presley the news.

JAMES GOSS & THE GEEKS: Poland (James Goss & The Geeks). Agitprop. "Was it such a contradiction? Strikes in Paradise? It was just another riot in a company town". Counterpoint and dirge provided by eight Californian geeks; James P Goss III intones middle European history lesson. "It's so hard to live on a plain with neighbours who can't contain territorial appetites".

DAVID BOWIE: The London Boys (Decca). **THE ROYALS:** Get Yourself A Job Mate (XL). **ERIC HYSTERIC & THE ESOTERICS:** Tropical Vision (Wasted Vinyl). **EUGENE & THE SYNCOPATERS:** The Great Romantic (Rocket). **THE CLASH:** The Magnificent Seven (CBS). **ELLEN FOLEY:** Torchlight (Epic).

Discussing 'Diamond Dogs' in an article entitled 'David Bowie: And The British Showbiz Avant-Garde' (*International Times*: Vol. 2 no 3, 1974) Martin Gale writes: "Anthony Newley was also outrageous. He had powerful cockney adenoids and numerous hits with a string of ear-splitting beat ballads. Roy Orbison goes Stepney. Nobody thought that Newley

Continues over

ILLUSTRATION: SERGE CLERC



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SINGLES

Continued

could go anywhere after the stupendously moving nausea of 'And The Heavens Cried', but he solved it by becoming a genius along with Burt Bacharach and Sammy Davis Jr... there were lesser ones of the same variety: Jerry Lordan (perhaps the first singer/songwriter), Mike Berry, or how about 'Ooh La La' by Keith Kelly? Relics of the early English avant-garde make difficult reading.

This six pack further confirms Mr Gale's research. The Bowie session, precocious and suitably adonoidal, dates from 1966 and whimsically portrays "bright lights, Soho, Wardour Street, you hope you make friends with the guys that you meet," and other assorted very obvious statements of fact. Just young David's enunciation of the title glimpses something faithful. The Royals' release is worse even than its title. Wry unemployment skit without humorous content. Eric Hysteria — who may have been once Wreckless — also employs a gormless broad

accent to say nothing whatsoever. Eugene whispers of Paul McDowell and jests with what may be a manual to the eating habits of proles, to the following conclusion:

"Give me egg and bacon for breakfast and give me spotted dickie for tea, and on Saturday night when I'm feeling alright save a little roly poly for me."

The Clash demonstrate fingerpointing funk shopping list songwriting, and throw away the odd pertinent phrase: "clocks go slow in a place of work, minutes drag and the hours jerk" and the later half rhyme: "What do we have for entertainment? Cops kicking gypsies on the pavement," before degenerating into semi-surreal gibberish: "Italian mobster shoots a

lobster; seafood restaurant gets out of hand." Ms Foley with a Strummer/Jones song at least attempts spirit and is imaginatively arranged, for all her insipid emergence at its end.

THE SQUARES: Buddy Holly (Hype). I already hear this some two years ago on a different label. "On that fateful day Buddy Holly went away, Big Bopper, Ritchie Valens too." If I may point you in the direction of Fleetwood Mac's finer tribute 'Buddy's Song'...

KEVIN DUNN AND THE REGIMENT OF WOMEN: Oktyabrina (Armageddon). It is really time I am going home.

ROCKIN' SIDNEY'S TOP TEN JUKE JOINT PLAYS

1. Summertime, The Marjels (Pye International)
2. This Ole House, Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
3. The Swingin' Shepherd Blues, Ella Fitzgerald and her Shepherds (Verve)
4. (We Don't Need This) Fascist Groove Thang, Heaven 17 (British Electric Foundation)
5. Domenica E'Sempre Domenica, Marino Marini (Durium)
6. I Really Love You, The Stereos (MGM)
7. Jah Jah Robe, Rising Son (New Flower)
8. Some Other Guy, Richie Barrett (London Atlantic)
9. Concerto Disperato, Nini Rosso (Durium)
10. Spring Fever, The Velvets (London)



Tribute to Buddy Holly

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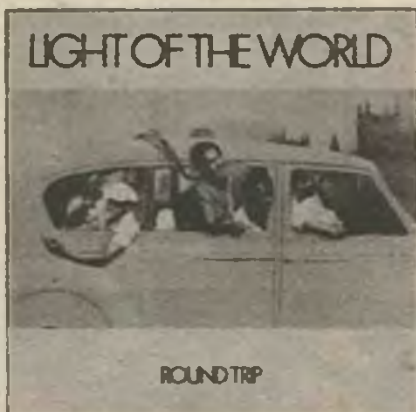
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THE GAP BAND
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KOOL AND THE GANG
'Celebrate' with hit singles 'Celebration' and 'Jones vs. Jones'. LP 6359 029. MC 7150 029.



LIGHT OF THE WORLD
'Round Trip' with hit singles 'London Town', 'I shot the Sheriff', 'Time', and 'I'm So Happy'. LP ENVY 14. MC ENCAS 14.



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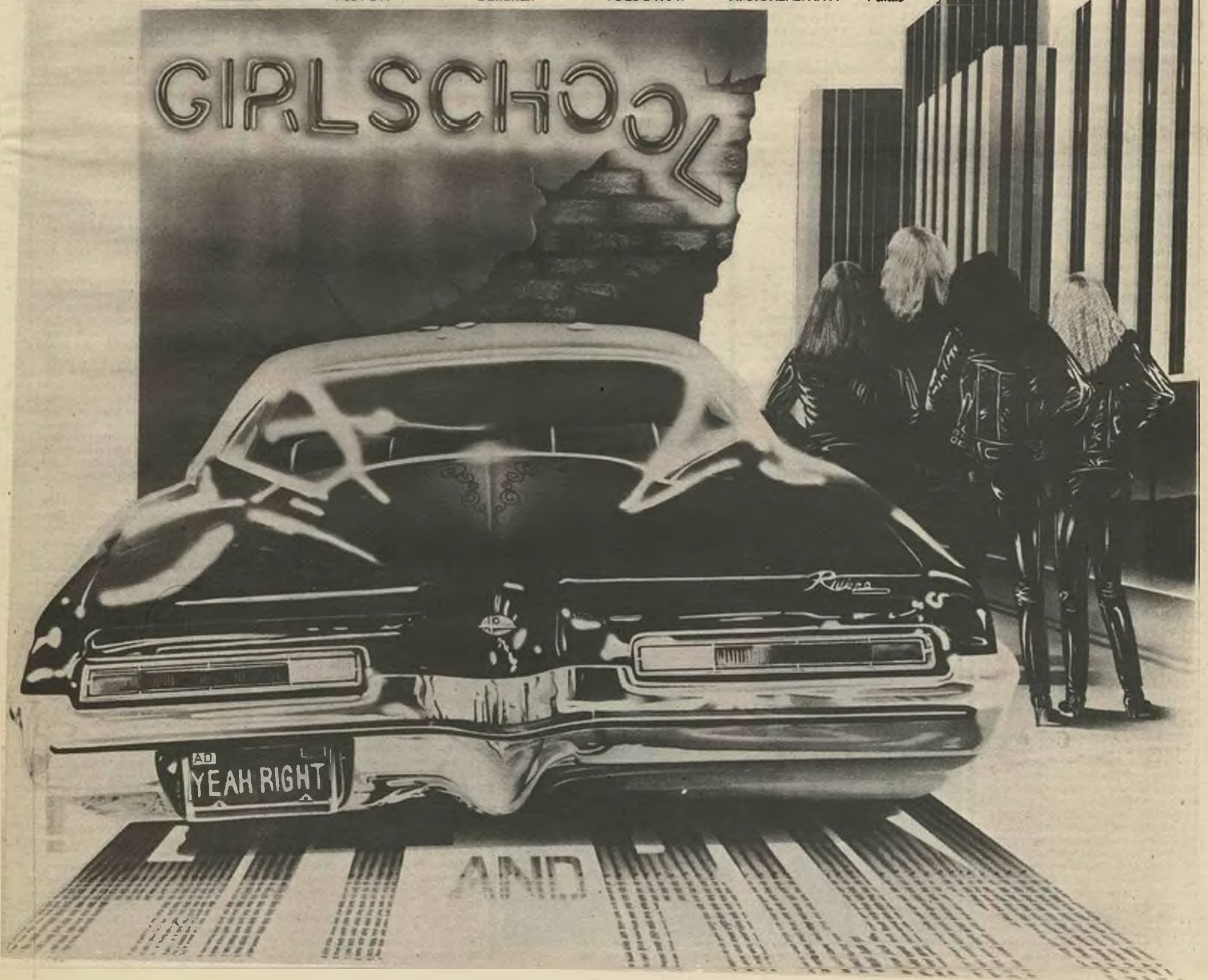
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James Brown
in Paris, 1981.
Pic: Anton
Corbijn



When James Brown was 16, he was convicted for armed robbery and served four years on a Georgia work camp. So when the Godfather of Soul played for the prisoners of San Quentin earlier this year, it meant more than just another prison gig.

Exclusive report by MICHAEL GOLDBERG

This Is A Man's Man's Man's World

THE TENSION inside San Quentin State Prison is so strong I can practically see it. I try my best to remain cool as waves of fear surge through my body. I can't get all the newspaper stories I've read about prison riots and stabbings out of my head.

"If you are taken hostage, we cannot do anything to ensure your release or safety," announces a prison guard as he unlocks the first of three steel jail doors that separate the prisoners of San Quentin from freedom, and admits me into the prison.

I feel acute dread as those doors clang loudly and solidly shut behind me. Just the night before, one San Quentin inmate had strangled himself to death in his cell with the cord from his radio.

Today, I'm in the company of a one-time criminal who "made good" and is paying a visit to this prison 15 miles north of San Francisco to perform for the inmates. When James Brown, the Godfather of Soul, was 16 years old he was arrested for armed robbery. He spent four years at a work camp in Toccoa, Georgia. It was an experience he has never forgotten.

"It made me realise I wasn't so smart," Brown tells me.

Now, several thousand convicts wait in the prison mess hall, a grim place with grey cement walls. Under the harsh fluorescent lighting, everything looks stark, cold.

Overhead, two armed guards patrol the hall from a catwalk. Light glints off the black metal of their rifles. Below them, a sea of tough black and brown faces. The prisoners are all dressed alike: faded denim work shirts, faded denim pants and black or blue knit wool caps pulled tightly over their heads. There is a large stage at one end of the mess hall. The prisoners face the stage and wait.

They are waiting for Mr Dynamite, the Godfather of Soul, the Prisoner of Love, the Sex Machine, Mr Please Please Himself, Soul Brother No. 1 — Mr James Brown.

Mr James Brown is waiting in his dressing room for his dark, curly hair to dry. The room is small and painted a sickly pale green. Brown sits with his knees spread apart, a large hand resting on each thigh. A stocky man, his perfectly white teeth contrast dramatically against his black skin. He is wearing a white sweatshirt zipped to the neck and white jeans stuffed into knee-high black suede boots. Several diamond-encrusted gold rings glitter on his fingers.

Behind Brown, a bunch of his stage outfits hang from an electrical pipe. These garish costumes of black, gold, red, silver, purple and white spandex with glitter and sequins and intricate embroidery look funny in this dingy room. Hair spray, make-up, brushes and combs scattered around make this makeshift dressing room look like a very funky beauty parlour.

You're a very strong believer in the American Dream, I say to James

Brown. Do you really believe that if a man works hard, he can become a success?

"Well didn't I do that? he asks, almost defensively. "I was a former inmate. I had eight to 16 years. More than most of the cats have out there."

So since you made it, anyone can make it?

"Not anyone," says Brown. "You're the one that said that. I think the chance is there for anyone. But anyone can't be a James Brown. But there's something anyone can do. In America, there's something anyone can do if they want to. Everybody can't be a James Brown, but they can go to work. But you got to remember one thing: I went to work before I tried this. I was a janitor when I made 'Please Please Please' (Brown's first hit). So you got to start somewhere. Most people don't want to start in that place."

I ask Brown how he came to record 'Please Please Please' and I set off fireworks.

"Mr Stallings!" snaps James Brown. "Mr Stallings..." Brown is calling for his personal manager.

"Sir, don't come here and ask me about the story of my life or my life," shouts Brown, glaring at me. "Please don't do that. That don't make no sense at all. If you want to talk to me, ask me about this show today... Mr Stallings!"

The contagious tension of this person has put the highly emotional Brown on edge. Sweat glistens on his forehead. He pulls his head out from under the white plastic portable hair dryer. His hair is wrapped around pink and green hair curlers.

"You look out there and you see 99% of the people are black," says Brown angrily. "This is not just a prison. This happens to be a prison with almost all black people. And I feel sorry for them. I don't want to see any

prison, but this prison is as one-sided as the system out there! Now we know we haven't got all black criminals in the world. What we need to do is see what we can do to our country so it's not so one-sided like that.

"Give those black kids a hope, give them good education," continues Brown. "Give them heroes. Let them know the true things. Let a man like James Brown go all the way to the top rather than trying to put him down. Let people succeed. Give them hope. Those kids don't see no hope. Those black kids ain't ever seen a black president and nine times out of ten they won't ever see one. You look out there and see a lot of kids who won't ever have a chance.

"That's why the blues are so popular, gospel. Black people pleading for help and pleading for life. And we got to change that! This country is no better off than it was 25 years ago."

It would seem that with Ronald Reagan in office...

"What do you mean Reagan? As far as we've been, what have any of the other presidents done? Nothing! None of the other presidents ever done anything about freeing up a black man. So I don't care who you name. Name anyone you want. Go all the way back as far as you want. Ain't no one ever free the black people yet. And Hispanics, they're still slaves."

So you think things are getting worse?

"Worse? How can they get any worse?" exclaims Brown. "What can be worse than all the people in this prison being black? What can be worse? That they put you in there? Is that going to be worse?"

In the '60s the civil rights movement...

"But the movement stopped," says Brown. "All that money's gone. The blacks that used to own the ghetto

now rent it. How can it be worse? Anything happen worse, our country going to be torn up.

"I'm scared. I'm scared when I go in a prison and see all one people. If it was all whites I'd be scared. 'Cause I know all whites aren't criminals. If it was all Hispanics I'd be afraid. If it was all Indians I'd be afraid. You know this look more like a concentration camp than it does a prison camp, between you and I."

Brown stares down at the floor for a moment.

"This is depressing. I get very depressed when I see a prison like this. Very depressed. If anybody comes in here and says it's not depressing, they're crazy. They're not looking. We got to do something on the outside to prevent it. We got to end this one-sided affair."

"Patty Hearst, when she became a criminal, she became like a movie star, a folk hero. A black man do it, they mow some people dead. George Jackson and all those cats — gone! Malcolm X — gone. Rap Brown is not a hero, he's a criminal in exile. Every nigger that comes along is not a hero. But Patty Hearst is a hero. And it's wrong."

Brown is getting more and more excited.

"America is my home and I'm very concerned about it. I'm very concerned about my country. It's not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country, like John F. Kennedy said. And like Dr Martin Luther King Jr said, Judge a man by the contents of his character and not the colour of his skin. I want educated people. Most of the cats in this prison didn't finish high school."

"You know, of the black people, 80% of them are uneducated. That's 80% potential criminals and killers. I mean you think a man is going to suffer — when he knows how to shoot a gun and make explosives — you think he's going to suffer? You better hope he finds a job!"

I Got The Feeling

"I WANT to see the godfather's soul," shouts a convict. Others chant, "James Brown, James Brown."

The James Brown Revue is a flawlessly worked out show that remains basically the same night after night, year after year. Today, the curtain in the mess hall parts to reveal The JB's International, Brown's current band. The five-piece horn section, two guitarists, two drummers, two keyboard players, conga player and bassist hit a typical — meaning funky — James Brown groove. "We are the funky men," sing the five horn players. "Been funky since the world began."

James Brown doesn't make his appearance for nearly 30 minutes. First the band runs through a few instrumentals and then Jimmy Nolan,

Brown's lead guitarist for over 20 years, introduces Brown's three female back-up singers, The Sugar Bees. The women sing a few current soul hits including Diana Ross' 'Upside Down' and The Pointer Sisters' 'He's So Shy'.

The prisoners seem to like this stuff, but actually, this part of the show isn't very good. The band doesn't really hit the groove and the female singers are more interesting for their sex appeal than their singing.

"And now it's showtime," announces one of the girls in a squeaky Shirley Temple voice.

Jimmy Nolan speaks into the microphone. "Is it Mr Please Please? Is it Body Heat? Papa's Got A Brand New Bag..." Hit after hit is mentioned. And as the band jumps into the jagged rhythm of 'It's Too Funky In Here', a recent R&B hit for Brown, it is, indeed, showtime.

And here he is!

James Brown comes running out to the centre stage. He's wearing denim bell-bottom pants and a denim vest. Is this a symbolic gesture of solidarity with the prisoners? In the dressing room, Brown had said, "I'm just like them."

James Brown is the eighth wonder of the world. He is a totally unique performer with ten times the energy of anyone I have ever seen on a concert stage. After 25 years of inventing practically everything we call soul music, he's still a man who can deliver on the stage and on record — as his recent soul hit 'Rapp Payback' demonstrated.

At 52, James Brown dances like Mick Jagger can only dream about. Brown is the Sex Machine as he does splits and rubs up against a female dancer clad only in a skin-tight yellow body stocking and pink sunglasses. Brown whirls around, snaps his fingers right on the beat and shakes his head. The man is constant motion. His entire body seems to move to the polyrhythms. Feet, knees, legs, arms, hands, fingers — all syncopated to the groove. Hot on the one.

Brown is an amazing singer. His upbeat material features a raw, raspy vocal style direct from the ghetto. He can be tough, macho. "I made a name, James Brown. I got to live up to it," he has said.

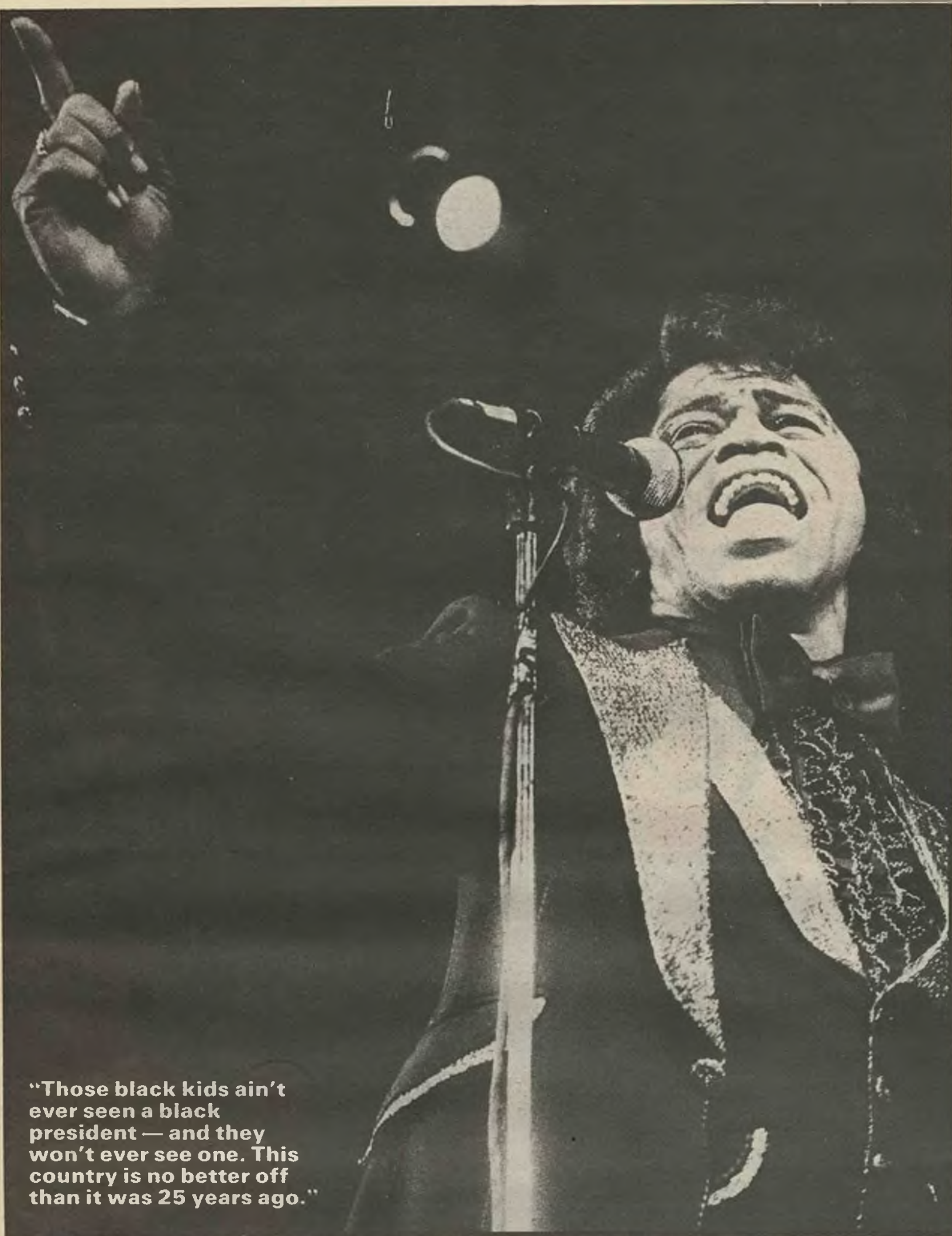
But there's a sensitive side to James Brown. He can wring every last bit of emotion out of a song like 'Try Me', a gut-wrenching ballad that was one of Brown's earliest hits. As he croons, "Try me, try me, darling tell me, I need you," the prisoners start screaming. A grin appears on Brown's face for just a moment, then vanishes.

But there is another song that the San Quentin inmates are waiting for.

The band stops playing. The prisoners are silent. Brown grabs hold of the microphone and with eyes closed, sweat dripping off his brow and a look of pain on his face, he begins to sing 'It's A Man's Man's



Brown with personal manager Henry Stallings, on UK tour, 1965.



"Those black kids ain't ever seen a black president — and they won't ever see one. This country is no better off than it was 25 years ago."

Funky President (People It's Bad) — James Brown in London, 1980. Pic: Justin Thomas.

Man's World', his 1966 Top Ten hit. "This is a man's world/This is a man's world/But it wouldn't be nothing, nothing/Without a woman or a girl..."

The prisoners cheer. Twenty-five or 30 of them leap atop tables. Many close their eyes and sing along silently.

"I felt like I was seeing people that I've been a part of all my life," says Brown after the show.

Mr Please Please Himself

IF A SINGLE man defines black music, that man is James Brown. "He hears his sound in a lot of music. And he's proud of it," says Henry Stallings, four days after San Quentin, sitting in a backstage dressing room at a San Francisco club as Brown performs to a capacity crowd. "He always say 'Hey, you know what. I don't know what makes people follow me, but God only knows'. The man knows he's been blessed with a gift the average entertainer don't have. 'Cause he's been current for over 20 years. That's unbelievable."

James Brown is a legend and like many legends, the facts of his life vary depending on who you talk to. Some say Brown was born in Pulaski, Tennessee on May 3, 1928. Others say

it was Macon, Georgia in 1933. All agree, however, that his family was dirt poor and that he grew up in Augusta, Georgia.

"He didn't have nothin'," says Stallings, who went to elementary school with Brown in Augusta. "He always say that's why he work so hard now. He don't ever want to go back that way. Never, ever again!"

As a kid, Brown reportedly picked cotton, shined shoes and danced for pennies in front of the Fort Gordon army base.

"He was just one of the kids. We played together. He was singing at the talent shows then. At the Lenex Theatre. They used to have talent shows during the week. He used to end up coming out with first place. And he used to sing the national anthem each day at school. That's what they used to have him doing."

And then came the burglaries. "I think he was snatching hubcaps and batteries. He was stealing, if you want to know the truth," Stallings gives a nervous laugh. "He was caught stealing. So they caught him. I was doing it too, but they didn't ever catch me."

Four years in prison sobered Brown up.

"I believe that's when he changed,"

says Stallings. "When he went to prison."

When he got out of prison, James Brown wanted to be a professional athlete. He tried his hand at boxing, training with Beau Jack and acting as a sparring partner for Sugar Ray Robinson. Then it was semi-professional baseball. But a leg injury cut short his dreams of making it as a big-league pitcher. "Yea, he had broken his leg," recalled Stallings. "We used to call him Crip after that."

So James Brown turned his attention to music. During the late '40s, Brown learned how to play drums and organ, while working in a number of gospel groups. Eventually he formed The Famous Flames.

The Famous Flames were a black vocal group, like The 5 Royales, The Midnighters and many others. The original line-up consisted of Bobby Byrd, piano (Byrd still plays in Brown's band); Floyd Scott, guitar; Sylvester Keels, vocals; Nash Knox, guitar; Ray Scott, bass; Johnny Terry, vocals — and James Brown on drums, organ, piano, bass, guitar and vocals.

It was in 1956 that James Brown And The Famous Flames cut 'Please, Please Please' for Federal Records, a subsidiary of King Records. At the time, Brown was a janitor.

"I was working ten hours a day for less than 100 dollars a month," Brown tells me. "I love that song ('Please Please Please') like I love one of my relatives. You know, if it wasn't for that song, I'd still be a janitor."

According to Henry Stallings, Brown's first brush with fame blew his mind.

"'Please Please Please' was the first break in life. Getting hold of some bucks, some money — I think he had his fun. He spent a lot of money doing silly things. Like drinking liquor."

"And I think he experienced from his own mistakes. I think he educated himself to a point where if he was going to have anything, he had to start taking care of business."

Part of "taking care of business" meant having the sharpest group in the US. Brown made the Flames wear fancy stage outfits. He rehearsed them until they knew the routines backwards and forwards and taught them intricate dance steps.

By 1962, when Brown recorded his first live album, 'Live At The Apollo Vol. 1', he had developed a following all over the country through year-round touring. Although he had to fight with his record company to release it, the album stayed on the pop charts for an astonishing 68 weeks.

Even so, in the mid-'60s James Brown dissolved The Famous Flames. Since then he has worked with numerous musicians, and all his bands — The JB's, The New Breed and currently The JB's International — have been nothing less than superb. Musicians who have served time in Brown's bands include Bootsy Collins, Fred Wesley and Maceo Parker, all of whom currently work with George Clinton.

Working for James Brown may be the toughest gig of a musician's career. In the '60s, Brown fined his musicians if they showed up late for a gig or missed a note. These days, if they slip up, he fires them.

"He don't allow nobody to drink on his job," says Stallings. "If he catch somebody drinking on his job, they gone. No drugs, no nothing on his job. This man will fire anybody he catch with narcotics. He come around and smell some reefer in this room and everybody in this room is fired. Everybody."

America Is My Home

IN THE LATE '60s, James Brown became such a powerful figure that during one black ghetto riot he was called upon to restore the peace — by staging a marathon TV show. A friend of former vice-president Hubert Humphrey, Brown says today, "I've been very close to most of the presidents. 'Cause I can do so much where they can't. That's been a duty of mine."

Brown recorded a string of political songs including 'Say It Loud — I'm Black And I'm Proud', 'Don't Be A Drop-Out' and 'America Is My Home'.

"I've never preached hatred. That's not my bag," Brown tells me. "I've never preached burning or looting. But if I don't gripe, who's going to gripe?"

"But I've always supported my country. And even when I identified with the black revolution, I did it as a human, not as a black man."

"The only thing worth more than anything to me is to go to Europe and be James Brown the American. And to come back here and be James Brown the black man — I think that's stupid!"

"I lost something before I got home. I lost my identity on the way back. Now you would think you would lose your identity going, but I lose my identity coming back. I want to be James Brown the American."

In the early '70s, James Brown began to slip out of fashion. His records stopped crossing over onto the pop charts — and they were no longer topping the soul charts either. Brown, who had lived in high style at the end of the '60s, flying around the country in a black Lear jet he called Sex Machine, had to sell the jet along with a mansion with a moat in Queens, New York, and two of his three radio stations. On top of that, Brown locked horns with the I.R.S. (the American tax office) who claim he owes them \$2,100,000 for unpaid taxes covering the years 1975-1977.

Some people, including James Brown himself, claim disco was the villain that took his mass audience away from him. He has verbally attacked his record company of ten years, Polydor — and went on to record his latest album, 'Soul Syndrome', for Henry Stone's TK Records, the independent label responsible for KC And The Sunshine Band's numerous hits. Rumour has it, though, that Brown may soon return to Polydor. . .

This Is A Man's Man's Man's World (Part Two)

AT SAN QUENTIN State Prison, James Brown finishes the show with 'Papa's Got A Brand New Bag' and 'Please Please Please'. And then he's gone.

"We want more," chant the prisoners. "We want more."

After five minutes, James Brown reappears on stage, a towel wrapped around his neck, and encores with something that sounds like 'Dance Everybody Let's Boogie'.

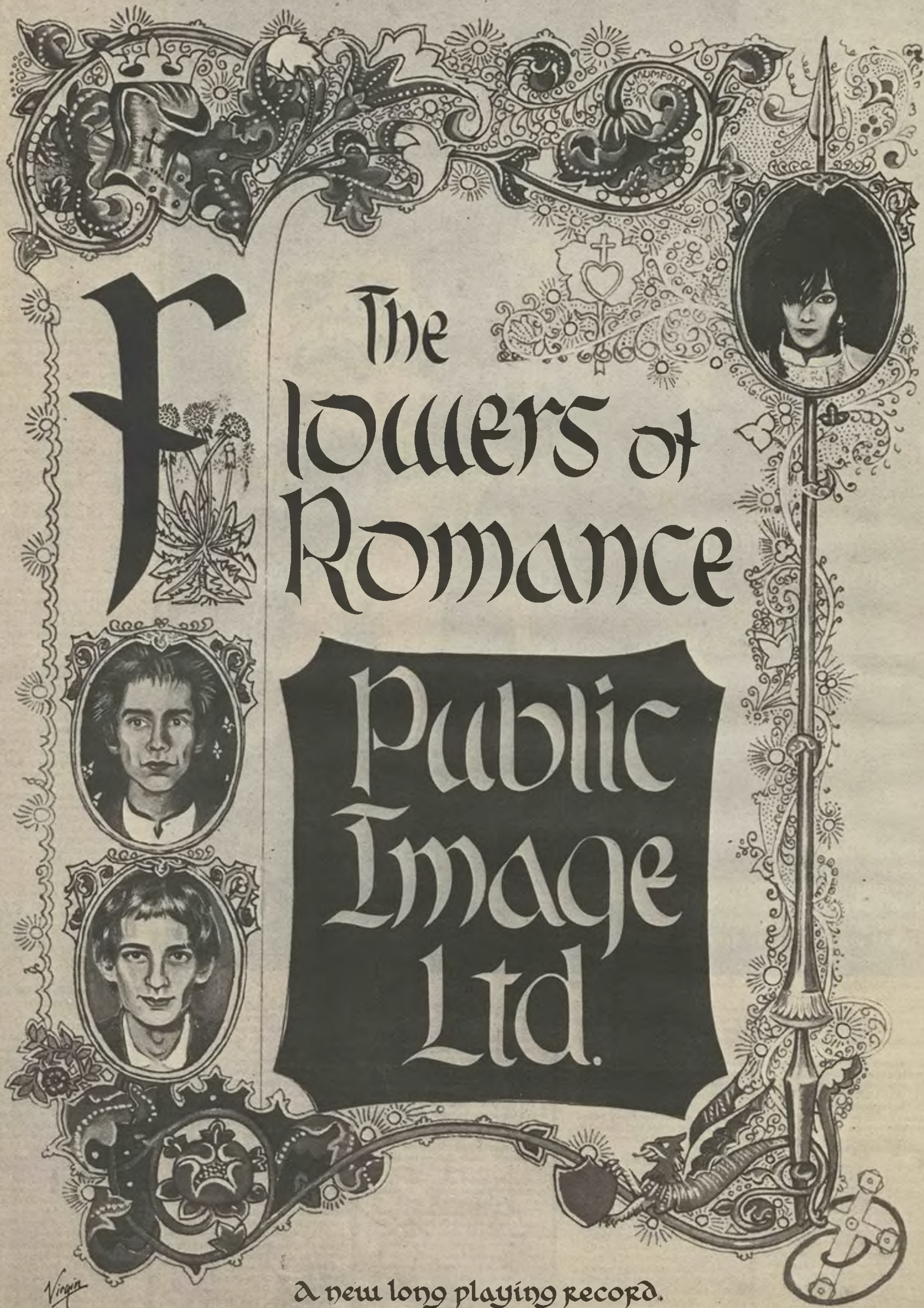
Brown and his band leave the stage for good and the convicts exit the mess hall. "Anyone who's not a worker get out," shouts a guard. "I don't want my count messed up tonight."

After a half hour, James Brown, Henry Stallings and myself leave the mess hall. We walk beneath a tower from where a guard holding a rifle is surveying the prison grounds.

We walk across a courtyard bordered on two sides by two three-storey buildings containing the prisoners' cells.

Suddenly a convict yells from a third floor cell, "All right JB!"

And James Brown — every inch the Godfather of Soul — smiles, lifts a hand and offers a regal wave.



The Lowers of Romance

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A new long playing record.

23 Ways to Skidoo

The repercussions of percussion and other matters of clutter

Images of 23 Skidoo by PAUL MORLEY (verbals)
and PETER ANDERSON (visuals)

1/ In To View

SKIDOO 23 sit in a circle in a dusty room above Kentish Town's Honky Tonk record shop. This is their first interview: the first ordeal. "We don't want to stand back," they announce, and they're not stand offish. "We don't want to be stationary. We don't want to create any barriers."

2/ Cheer Up

SAM plays guitar.

3/ Shatter-day

THERE'S a certain optimistic vagueness about Skidoo 23. "It's coming together gradually... we're still not sure exactly what we want." They're a little bothered about having to shape ideas and deals for me and you: they're not convinced that making things solid and containable is a good idea. What will be stronger — the 'publicity' or the image slipping out of their control?

"That's why we were dubious about doing an interview, because we didn't know whether we'd have enough to say. We're now trying to talk out our ideas, place them in contexts, and that's something we've never really done before. We don't like to pigeonhole things, and hopefully the individual watching and hearing us will interpret us how he or she wishes. Or it."

4/ Property

FRITZ drums.

5/ Competition

"I COULD say a lot of things," says Fritz, and there's caution in the air. "But I'm not going to because it would be simply repeating what other groups have talked about."

6/ Contact

ALEX is the percussion player.

7/ Special Touch

"All the things you're saying about changing things with ideas, we hadn't thought about things like 'success' until the interest that's being shown just now... we've been playing because it's what we did, because we decided to form this group two years ago. Our attitude is having to change, but up to this point our attitude has been exclusively that we really enjoy playing together. We all get on really well!"

8/ Campaign

JOHNNY plays guitar too.

9/ Anticipation

WOULD 23 Skidoo — so fresh, so close, so loose — prefer to wait a year before being probed and publicised — take their time to make their way? "I couldn't wait a year," says Alex. "I'm into doing things NOW. It would be important to change while we're doing it."

10/ Reflect

PATRICK is the bass player for 23 Skidoo.

11/ Sexual Features

OTHER groups who have insisted that all group members sit in a tight circle while interview them, despite whatever intimidation and unwieldiness, include Deyo, Clock DVA and A Certain Ratio. "We all have different interpretations about the need to be here," state Skidoo through one mouth. "So we all need to be here." You could say the gestures of conflict keep the peace.

Skidoo 23 are variably good looking boys — cute through mysterious to butch — whose bodies and attitudes complement each other. Hell, they're fashionable. I tell you. They're a democratic, distinctive style, a subtly poisonous determination, a way of exercising that's more obviously contemporary and dialectically attractive than any of the jokers and ballet-boys. Ask them if they're uncomfortable within the rock context and they'll say: "Totally. Absolutely."

What are they going to do about it? "Change it! First of all, stay out of the rock circuit." They'll play the Film Co-op in Camden Town; they'll not not not play the Marquee.

12/ Men In Focus

AND Tom is the singer — and he bangs things too. This is the year of the undeniable percussion!

13/ Be Successful

"WHEN there's six people," says Tom, "there's no central genius or whatever."

14/ Wort

WHEN Skidoo 23 were a four piece they made a record — 'Ethics' / 'Another Baby's Face' for the Pineapple label. They're not very happy about the record.

Now that Skidoo are a six piece, a sound spilling and thrilling all over the place, the single is irrelevant. It's so mild. "We think of people buying the single and thinking yeah that's quite nice, then coming to see us and being really shocked. It's very little to do with what we're doing now."

15/ Grit Your Teeth

SKIDOO music is shift-work, temporary inspired spin, testing tempos, intimate clutter.

16/ Trial

SURVIVAL is a sustained outrage! 23 Skidoo are a fun, racist! In the middle of a great development! On the verge of collapse.

17/ Lost And Found

IT WAS Colin, a Final Solution partner, who pointed me towards 23 Skidoo. They were appearing with The Associates, The Sound and Repetition at the University of London a few weeks ago — a Final Solution promotion. I was in the bar unaware anything was happening on stage. Colin spotted me and said "Shift!" I moved. I saw Skidoo to, fro, do, rush to confusions, scatter and rattle through two songs and was stung by the elasticity, swept up by the pressure, loaded by the motion, guided by the friction. New romance! Post ACR, I noted clumsily but in violent sympathy.

18/ Feel

THE second time I see 23 Skidoo is with more interesting company: with Ratio and Bush Tetras at North London Poly-technique. It's not the best place to be entertained and

enlivened, but Skidoo cut through. You have to be daft to miss this drift: too covered in fussy cool to reject this mentality. They're mental!

"People always say that about us. It seems to be the operative word. It's that part of Skidoo that's running wild. "We suddenly went berserk! It's good to shake up people when you're playing... getting some kind of reaction as opposed to everyone just standing there, all mediocre. The response we want is an interested one. It's great when people dance and clap, when there's a positive feel... sometimes audiences seem to be nervous. When you're sweating your fucking bollocks off playing as hard as you can and then at the end there's just polite applause it's terrible."

As they play high speed film images rush about behind them. The images collapse, collide, concede — mixing up with the music, creating further tension, reaching more sense. There is a Skidoo visualness. But are they averse to moving on stage? "Not at all," ACR seem to be. "That's why they're maybe not as good as they could be. It can reach a point where it looks like you're not interested in what you're doing... We wouldn't want that."

19/ Recreation

SKIDOO are not young enough to have avoided punk: they noticed it and the attitudes there. The major tensions in their music comes from the lust for funk and the passion for European noise. Vivid vocal funk forms are soaked throughout with cagey "Togo Mago" foam. It's the avant garde background — Gristle, Can, This Heat — that adds telling new colours to the sharp funky body.

20/ Reality

IS THERE a rock fan in 23 Skidoo? "No way." What is rock to Skidoo? "Very very solid, very very flat... hunk hunk, the unquestioning consumer... songs about girls and cars..."

So why did the overt funk pour into their veins? "Funkapolitan think we stole the idea off them, as if they invented it. We didn't want to rip off funk in any way... we just love the feel!" Connections from chaos: it's a successful generation. Funk stains

the white boy. "I think A Certain Ratio speeded us up on our way." The inclination towards free-form in Skidoo means a hell of a pinch: it perverts the course of rhythm. It's a mischievous and severe dance music. Why do they like people to dance? "It's a nice thing to do. Plus dance music is a good vehicle to provide people."

21/ Maestro

SKIDOO aren't sure what's happening next: no idea when their first proper record will be released. "As an organisation we're chaotic." I think in these days and ages it's important to be organised. "Yes. We have got to get our shit together! But when the fun disappears then there's no point in doing it anymore." So be a fun organisation! "True! It could be more fun if we were better organised."

22/ Command And Forbid

COMPANIES like Skidoo direct us here and there. They're enjoyable and deranged, familiar and elusive. They're appreciative of the virtues of ENTERTAINMENT and the values of EXPERIMENTATION. They don't surrender themselves to old language. They use. A brand new selection. They'll smile and not lose their grip on the things that matter. I'd call them matter-realist.

23/ Skidoo

FROM me to you: for now, the fundamental 23 Skidoo. Be a questioning consumer! But... will fashion drag them under? Do they dilute funk? "We can see there being any Skidoo clones. And to say we dilute funk is a pointless criticism. Our music isn't just funk... and we're moving away from the funk base... though we don't know where it's moving." Up and away! Come close to the motion!

23 SKIDOO!





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NIGHTCLUBBING

PHOTOGRAPHY: DEREK RIDGERS

Nightclubbing we're
nightclubbing
We're what's happening
Nightclubbing we're
nightclubbing
We're an ice machine
We see people brand new people
They're something to see
When we're nightclubbing
Bright-white clubbing
Oh isn't it wild?

Nightclubbing we're
nightclubbing
We're walking through town
Nightclubbing we're
nightclubbing
We walk like a ghost
We learn dances brand new
dances
Like the nuclear bomb
When we're nightclubbing
Bright white clubbing
Oh isn't it wild?

Nightclubbing we're
nightclubbing
We're what's happening
Nightclubbing we're
nightclubbing
We're an ice machine
We see people brand new people
They're something to see
When we're nightclubbing
Bright white clubbing
Oh isn't it wild?

'Nightclubbing' lyrics
copyright Bewlay
Brothers / James
Osterburg Music.

Thrills!

GOSSIPS, 1980



PECKHAM, 1980



BLITZ, 1979



FLICKS, Dartford, 1981



BILLY'S, 1979



They say for every boy and girl
There's just one love in this whole world
And I know I've found mine

The heavenly touch of your embrace
Tells me no-one could take your place
Ever in my arms

Young love, first love; filled with deep devotion
Young love, first love; is shared with deep emotion

'Young Love' lyrics
copyright Cromwell
Music.

THE FOUNTAIN, Deptford, 1979



LE BEAT-ROUTE, 1981



CRAWLEY, SUSSEX, 1977



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is always preceded by its own legend. There is no way you can avoid that legend if you grew up with the price of a cinema seat or within reach of a television set.

Early in the twentieth century game, the sprawl of Los Angeles made sure that it was the entertainment capital of the western world. From Chandler to CHiPs, we have all been softened up for the palms and the freeways, the sun, fun and surf, the convertibles and the hot nights. No other region in history has been so heavily promoted to us as the ultimate consumer paradise, a capitalist utopia where you can have a golden tan and sensationally meaningful relationship with the sex symbol of your choice.

Southern California does have a lot going for it. The climate is idyllic. Some of the scenic vistas, when you can see them through the smog, are breathtaking. Even the fumes and the barrios, the messiest of the LA mean streets, are softened by a profusion of semitropical vegetation. The general attitude is one of mild and mellow hedonism (although there are outbreaks of mass murder). The economy is still comparatively healthy, though the price of this continuing prosperity and the affluent Californian lifestyle is that the air in this paradise is poisoned.

There is also another preoccupation beneath the palms. The bulk of predictions indicate that Los Angeles is due for a major earthquake, maybe major enough to shake the whole city clean off the Pacific shelf, sometime within the twentieth century. With only nineteen years left to go there is understandable unease. Parallels are intriguing: Atlantis, Pompeii, Sodom, Gomorrah. People make jokes about investing in prime Arizona beachfront property, but they're from out of town.

PARTLY FROM CHOICE and partly from force of circumstance, I am spending a lot of time in a beat-up, grey Buick Riviera. There is hardly any effective public transport in LA, but since the Buick is there it's no hardship. Los Angeles has advanced cruising to a high art. It's a city that makes more provision for cars than for human beings.

We have the radio on, but it is a constant source of puzzlement and occasional y of distress. Time warp isn't the right expression. It's more like a cultic warp. It's as though the new wave had never happened. I hear Blondie's "The Tide Is High" a couple of times, the "Rat's 'I Fought The Law". The closest thing to a modern sounding record that gets played on a regular basis is Pat Benatar's "Hit Me With Your Best Shot". Otherwise it's a nonstop Eddie Rabbit, Stevie Wonder, Delbert McClinton or Styx. Not even

craze. I suppose it is a dance. If not, it's something altogether new, spontaneous and pure, random, motiveless violence to a background of super fast rock and roll.

Slamming has a certain similarity to the old fashioned pogo. There's the same nihilist lack of grace or style; the same frenetic, eyepopping energy that denotes either extreme youth or a methedrine connection; the same tribal, mutually destructive headbanging. The essential difference is that, where the pogo was basically vertical — you went up and down and only landed on the person next to you maybe fifty percent of the time — the slammer is in the horizontal mode. You hurtle from side to side, elbows out, fists flailing and collide with the people around one hundred percent of the time.

To the untrained observer, "slamming in the pit" in front of a LA punk rock stage is almost indistinguishable from a freeform teen brawl. The line between brawl and slam is thin. If the kids make it to the stage and trash the band and its equipment, if a young woman in the crowd has her clothes stripped from her body, if an unsuspecting hippie has his hair torn out or if the cops burst in, it's probably a brawl. If not, it's just slamming. Like I said, the pogo, only horizontal.

Los Angeles seems to be governed by a natural law that states that if something qualifies as a phenoxena, someone will sure as hell make a movie about it. Penelope Spheeris is the producer/director of a full length, 100 minute feature titled *The Decline (Of Western Civilization)* which does for the LA punks what *Let It Be* did for the Beatles. After spending a year and a half on the project, getting down with the citizens of beach punk communities like the Church or Skinhead Manor, following the major bands as they play at joints like the Hong Kong Cafe, the Viceroy, the Arena, Club 88 and the Fleawood, interviewing the editors of the now defunct *Slash* magazine and probing into the psychological make-up of street and beach kids, she has managed to put together what is by the most lucid and visually integrated punk documentary that I've yet seen.

This is understandable. Ms Spheeris is a pro film maker with a solid track record. She graduated from record company promo films to shorts for *Saturday Night Live*, movie projects with Richard Pryor and Lily Tomlin. In 1978, just before starting work on *The Decline*, she directed Albert Brooks in the critically acclaimed but financially disastrous *Rain* film.

The picture she paints of the LA punk scene is bleak in its isolated nihilism. These Angeleno kids have no truck with the Clash's chic third world liberation fantasies. Their only conscious borrowing from the past is Nazi regalia and the old Manson family "creaky-craw" slogan. Fuelled on speed, barbiturates and beer, they use irrational, fist swinging aggression as their only emotional outlet. In every live music sequence, the idea of fun, over and above slamming, is to hulk oneself headfirst into uncompromising two fist bouncers.

No political consciousness has filtered through to these kids. Their hatred is immediate and directed at the most available targets: parents, hippies, the polyester and soap opera people of Beverly Hills and Hollywood.

"Beverly Hills, Century City Everything's so nice and pretty All the people look the same Don't they know that they're so lame?"

— Beverly Hills', The Circle Jerks They even hate the commercial new wave — "powerpop queers in narrow ties" — and see everyone from Deborah Harry to The Go-Gos and The Crystals as treacherous sellouts to the record moguls who want to rot our brains with Barry Manilow. Above all, though, they hate the L.A.P.D. and, by all accounts, Los Angeles' Finest hate them right back. Police harassment seems endemic in the surf punk picture. Club owners are warned not to book the hard core punk bands, bottle and rock throwing melees have spread onto the streets after cops have attempted to break up concerts. In progress. Street punks seem subject to continuous rousting and Black Flag claim to have had their equipment impounded at gun point.

PICK UP THE LA Times and on page 22 I find a confirmation of a lot of what I've heard and seen. It's a report of how two cops were injured, in a mini-riot after police closed down a Subliminal/Black Flag/China White show at the Polish Hall on Crenshaw Boulevard. All three bands are solid favourites with the hardcore skinhead and mohican surf punks from Huntington Beach. Chuck Dukowski, Black Flag's eleven headed bass player, is despite it all, philosophical.

"I wouldn't blame the police for being there, just for severely over reacting. Once they start beating kids up, the kids go crazy and destroy everything. The cops call up every club we play and try to discourage them from booking us. They even told a TV documentary team that if they showed up at one of our gigs they'd all be killed."

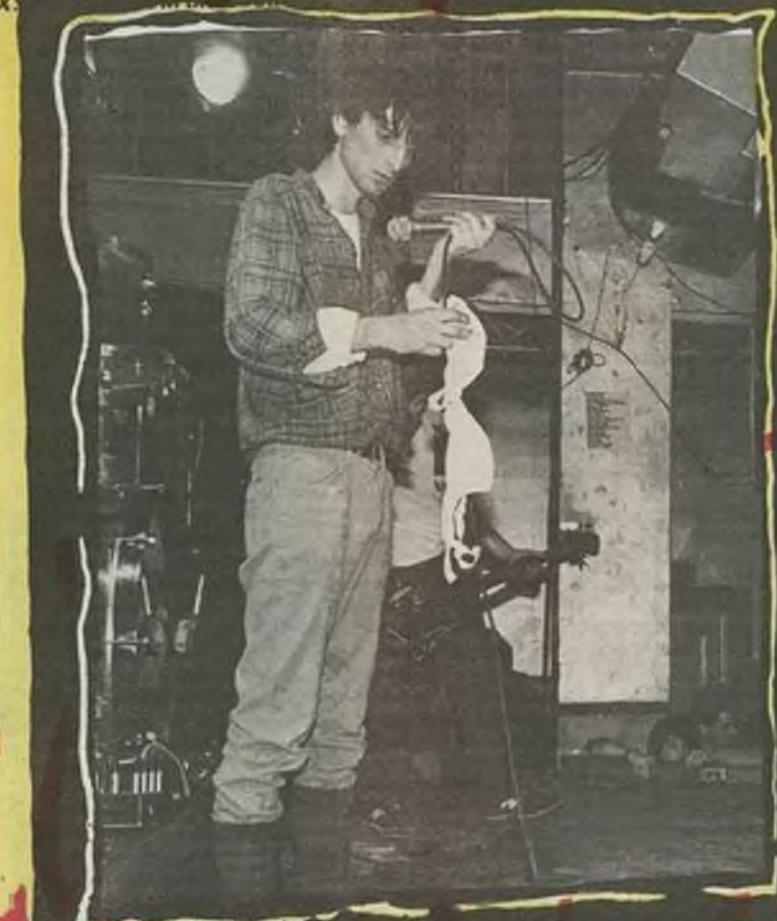
Black Flag, along with X, are the apparent front runners of the bands competing for the tiny LA atrocity market. X have a deal with Slash Records. X are the most immediately accessible of the field. But the twinned vocals of John Doe and Exene have a tendency to sound uncomfortably close, even with the worst identical punkrock backing, to those of Grace Slick and Marty Balin in the early Jefferson Airplane. They even have ties apocryphal in the figure of guitarist Billy Zoom, a young Eddie Cochran on speed, who is tailor made for *Sixteen Magazine*.

Black Flag, on the other hand, are cut from sterner stuff. There is some argument over whether their name refers to the anarchist flag or to a top selling brand of aerosol roach killer. If anything, they resemble a very early Clash. Frontman Ron Reyes (suddenly dumped from the band and replaced by Shaun Pedraza) was pretty much the Hispanic Joe Strummer except there is no Bernie Rhodes pumping half digested hippie Marxism at him. Black Flag seem to still be locked into primitive, violent nihilism. They are the darlings of the violent slammer. Their shows are a nonstop bodycheck confrontation with the front rows. In the days of *The Damned* it was a hail of gob that hit the stage — now these LA clowns simply hurl themselves across the spotlights. They have the same mindless brutality, the same preoccupation with self mutilation and self disfigurement as the grosser Moments of British 'Red Punk'.

The unique point about Black Flag is



Pic: LAURA LEVINE



that they play very, very fast. In the way that The Ramones took the minimal figures of the original Stooges and doubled the speed, Black Flag have lifted the Ramones' house style and doubled the speed once again. The energy they use moves out of high and into psychotic. The noise is so headlong that it sounds as though it is constantly about to fall out of control. Fortunately the speed also means that their songs are over very quickly. Black Flag come in bursts, like machine gun fire or, in fact, more like a cartoon. The frames are squirted at you a few at a time. It suddenly all makes sense — the blank eyed violence, the random, motiveless smashing into each other, the slam; it's all straight out of *Tom and Jerry*.

These Californian children are turning themselves into cartoon characters and hurting themselves and each other. No one really cares.

DESPITE THE constantly promised, laid back, hedonist lifestyle of the loony tune fads, Southern California is essentially a very conservative place. The men who hold the power there, multi-millionaires like Ted Cummings, a 72-year-old supermarket magnate, Artie Deutsch, the heir to the Sears Roebuck fortune, Al Bloomington, who invented Diner's Club, and oil baron Henry Salvendy, are now the men holding the power on this half of the planet. They are the men who backed Reagan, Reagan's "crowd", the natural heirs to the Orange County heir who stood in the shadows behind Richard Nixon a decade ago.

These individuals treat business as something to hold sacred. They take the attitude of aggressive pioneers who only understood a slash and burn economy. Business is not something that can be bothered itself about environment, social programmes for the poor or minorities, individual rights or the rights of small overseas nations. Business is the business of making money by whatever means necessary.

"We've had enough of what's mine is mine and what's yours is mine." This is from an official of the Flor Corp, a major corporate centre of Reagan support.

"That's what's been going on for the last 50 years. We should go back to what's mine is mine and what's yours is yours and if you step over the line, I'll blow your brains out." That's the Californian way.

It's the Californian way, and if they have any say in it, it'll be the way of the world. They know they are the hope of capitalism.

EUGENE IS ONE of the punk stars of Spheeris' *Decline*. His head is shaved: "Short hair is just the clean cut American way. Man, it's just cool."

In another incarnation he could have been a blonde surfer. He had the features. His family were probably wealthy but he claims he doesn't know them. He doesn't know why he gets violent, particularly when he's at shows.

Just to get the aggression out. You know... "but they're fuckin'... I don't know... That's why I do it, just to get aggression out... all this fuckin' pent-up shit."

EUGENE, one of the stars of *Decline*: "I don't know why I get violent."

Michael, also known as his X-Head, has a large cross burned into his hair. He likes fighting. He claims it's the only thing that he's good at. "A lot of people are afraid of me, but that's just like they go by appearance. I guess I'm a scary looking person."

Neither Eugene or X-Head bother too much about either Reagan or the men behind him except that they are probably somewhere on the list of things that they hate. It's a pity really. The way that Reagan's going, Eugene and X-Head could find themselves drafted, processed through basic training and dumped down on some South American pampas or sierra to be shot at by guerrillas with AK-47s bought off the Sindinistas, while their cassette player dumps out 'Minimal' by The Grays. Saddy, Eugene and X-Head don't have what you'd call a political consciousness.

BACK IN THE BACK we are on our way to Madame Wong's West. Madame Esther Wong has been heavily hyped in the media as the dragon lady of LA punk rock and her original Chinatown joint as where "it all started". In fact, it turns out that Esther Wong actually dislikes high volume and violent excess and energy. Kids who start slamming are thrown out and she maintains a blacklist that includes all the more rabid punk acts like Black Flag, Circle Jerks, China White, Fleasheaters and Fear (the gay band that nervously goes in for violent queer baiting). Her booting policy seems to favour the

clean, the safe, the soporific and the dinky.

Madame Wong's West is her venture into up market Hollywood trendsetting. The trouble is that when we arrive nobility seems to be setting any trends at all. The place is about one quarter filled with listless, rather badly dressed kids who are either playing Missile Command or washing, without too much enthusiasm, a lime bunch of low power poppers called Summer who have little going for them except a female violin and keyboard player who looks like a Dolly Parton dolt. Also checking out the band in the perennial entrepreneur Kim Fowley. Fowley has been stalking this same rock jungle since he foisted 'All in the Dope' by The Hollywood Argyle on the world in the early '60s. Along with disc jockey Rodney Bingenheimer, Fowley seems to occupy the role of some sort of gatekeeper of the LA avant garde, a link between the street and the executive suite. Both are vigorously detested by the surf punks as running dogs of the showbiz establishment. The Wild Samoans sum up the attitude:

"I'm and Rodney's on the air. He's beating off in Joan Jett's hair."

If any individual can be fingered as the embodiment of the LA punks, it has to be Darby Crash. Black Flag may have the cult following, but Crash is the spirit of legend. Unfortunately, in his case legend was just too quick to catch up. In the same week of December that Lennon was gunned

down, Darby Crash died of a heroin overdose.

Although he would have denied it, he was in the direct tradition of self destructive rock 'n' roll, the child of Sid Vicious, the grandson of Iggy Pop. Imagine a flabby, dough-featured, slightly overweight LA kid with dull eyes and the statutory Mohican, something of a klutz, even, hiding behind a fearsome, beach-droog exterior. He mumbles and stumbles on a combination of speed, heroin and gin. In the film *Decline*, as the lead singer of The Gorms, he takes rock 'n' roll incompetence to new peaks. Too out of it to form words, he howls and grunts and falls gracelessly from a stack hard onto the stage. As he tries to stagger to his feet he reaches out from the crowd and draws in his back and face with felt-tip pens. He's oblivious. It's a matter of screw art as long as he can't feel the pain. Later, in an untypically tidy kitchen, he plays with a furry pet tarantula while his girlfriend tells of a photo session with a Mexican corpse they discovered in the backyard. Behind them a poster for the *London Evening Standard* shows the news of Sid Vicious' overdose.

Look, really world indicate that Darby Crash's death wasn't just an accidental OD. Most accounts leave little doubt that it was a carefully orchestrated suicide. At very least, it has to prove that when there's a rage to be expressed, it will come out as

CONTINUED PAGE 57

Pic: Penelope Spheeris



Pic: LAURA LEVINE

HORROR ON REAGAN BEACH

CALIFORNIA

Amid the affluence, sun-kissed smog and stifling musical conformity of California, Los Angeles skins and surfpunks are switching to self-destruct.

Report by MICK FARREN

EATS ITS YOUNG



Pic: LAURA LEVINE

BLACK FLAG: taking The Ramones' house style and doubling the speed.

SLAMMING IN THE PIT: like the pogo but horizontal

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ALBUMS

STATUS QUO

Never Too Late (Vertigo)

STATUS QUO have never been as dumb as a heavy metal band and, relentless though it may be, their particular brand of boogie is never self-indulgent or long-winded. At least they don't play Les Pauls.

Having said that, the fact remains that the audience is still the same as the heavy metal audience, and I would still have to listen to 'Never Too Late' approximately 10,000 times to discern any difference between its individual tracks. I also have no idea whether the LP is any better or worse than the last one. But then again, I have a feeling Status Quo fans don't evaluate music in terms of better or worse.

But why are Quo so successful? How come there are so many human beings who don't get bored of them? Perhaps there is a clue in their conspicuous lack of American success; haven't the band somehow — miraculously, even — struck a central vein in the eternally provincial heart of British youth and implanted themselves there? It would seem that ten years ago they turned a certain area of time and space into a vacuum, a terminal boogie zone, and an awful lot of dodos got caught in it.

Nevertheless, they are still simply four decent guys in denim (like the boys in blue, so dependable!); so much so, in fact, that it's difficult to relate the mundanity of their image to the monstrosity of their success. What do they feel about it themselves, for instance? Are the lyrics to Rick Parfitt's song 'Take Me Away' to be taken as an adequate expression of the whole group's feeling: "A mental disorder/A physical wreck/Get me away from here/The glamorous life/is a pain in the neck"? It seems unlikely.

Whatever the truth behind such success, 'Never Too Late' will do nothing to discontinue it. Quo will always be the World's Longest Surviving Group probably because they don't work creatively as a group at all. Only once on this album do two members of the band actually write together. Of the ten songs, bassist Alan Lancaster's two, 'Mountain Lady' and 'Don't Stop Me Now', are easily the best, but they're nothing to write (home) about.

The rest of the record is a supremely uncomplicated vehicle for Rossi's and companion-of-sportsmen-the-world-over Parfitt's guitars and for what one Stateside critic was inspired to call their "sissy vocals". No doubt about it, Rossi's is quite the limpest, most lifeless voice in the entire pantheon of rock'n'roll. The disturbing thing is that it is quite possibly this voice, more than any one other single thing about Status Quo, which sells the records. Its familiarity must keep more people happy than sliced white bread.

'Never Too Late' can be summarised by its predictably humourless and sterilised version of 'Carol'. No other band could leave is so sprawled and flattened, so callously two-dimensional. But then Quo can walk away, guiltless, from anything; after all, they are licensed to bore.

Barney Hoskyns

Probably the greatest album ever made, part one.

THE SCARS

Author! Author! (Pre)

THE SCARS epitomise the post-punk new seriousness that has radically re-activated pop music, destroying the dichotomy between intelligence and emotion and confronting a whole range of different fears and desires. New pop that treats the transient thrill seriously.

New pop, the matter-realism that is today's heroic retaliation, has imagination and conviction. It screams to the outer limits, dreams to the inner limits, its themes are maudlin and magnificent and the effect is both ephemeral and complicated.

'Author! Author!' is such a spectacle. It hasn't the songs of 'Killmanjaro' or 'The Affectionate Punch', the panic of 'Real Life', the physicality of 'The Scream', the unknown pleasures of 'Unknown Pleasures', but 'Author! Author!' isn't out of place in such company.

It's taken two years for The Scars to organise this LP and it's a wonder they don't sound exhausted — they've been messed around and missed out so much since they switched from Fast to Pre. It must've been a hell of a nuisance.

Scars' challenge-pop is dominated by sexy and dazzling Paul Research guitars: a subtle fury. Characterised by young and self-absorbed Rob King vocals: based on dreams. Balanced by curling John Mackie bass and lifting Steve McLaughlin drums: underdone disco, a good and evil duet. Producer Robert Blamire, on a debut ride that is simply exceptional.

Melodramatic arrangements are set in bristling, balmy space, on an edge between solemnity and sensuality, with the focus U2 didn't get on 'Boy', that Penetration almost go on 'Moving Targets'.

At their most impressive — 'Leave Me In The Autumn', 'Obsessions', 'All About You' — The Scars decorate/deprecate melancholy mood music with tricking pop impudence. A listener can never settle, never escape underlying struggle.

The tension comes from the balance between the innocent and the sardonic, between delicate impulses and hard-headed concentration.

'Your Attention Please' place this collection of erotic hedonism, wistful concern, desolation and desperation in a tragically simple pre-war context. Already a gold flexi-disc inside the current *i-D*, made to be played last at discos, it's a dulled but plausible final announcement before a nuclear strike. "Statistically it is not likely to be you... Death is the last thing we have to fear..."

Long live death! (The futurism pours out of me!) The LP finishes, after we've been promised three minutes to live, with the deluxe Scars single 'All About You'.

LPs are not the place for pop music, yet The Scars have created something worth consuming and contemplating. It's one of only two long players released this year on pop labels that I'd seriously suggest you pay up for and pay attention to. Ten songs of first class fashion and post-adolescent passion.

The Scars will be stars: they're the new craze. The stage is theirs.

Applause! Applause!

Paul Morley



Smarty people are party people

Probably the greatest album ever made, part two.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN ...

THE ROLLING STONES

Sucking In The Seventies (Rolling Stones — Import)

THE ROCK industry celebrates around pedestals, fawns over memories and files itself out of existence. Here we have the most aesthetically bankrupt era of the Stones career summarised in a shoddy and poorly chosen (given the meagre reserves from which it draws) package. Strictly for the impulse buyer (read 'fool') or the avid collector (read 'sycophant').

In the '60s, the Stones were a blitzkrieg of pop invention, records like 'Get Off My Cloud' are of a standard that people like the Bunnymen and The Pretenders would like to achieve but can't. There's

nothing phenomenal, though, in the fact that they had so many hits and became such a large public cult, it just shows how reactionary and mystified the industry was in those days.

It's patently obvious, listening to this record, that the Stones only survived the '70s because of the myth they've woven in the 'elegant decadence' of the high-life style — drug busts, divorces and dalliances with royalty. The music depends on it, their ideas are average, the overwhelming impression is of a group barely interested in their work. Nobody else could get away with it. The Stones can't either.

The self-parody of this record is unavoidable, with the Stones seemingly stuck in a perverse

white boy's guilt complex. They're unable simply to love and learn from the (black) music which influences them, they want to become that music and they fail miserably. Songs like a new live 'When The Whip Comes Down', 'Crazy Mama' and their version of 'Mannish Boy' are evidence of their lack of understanding and all-round brutality.

Save Time Waits For No-One' and 'Beast of Burden' the effect is always the same: a half-assed wretched mix of Jagger's unbearable vocal posturing and careless noisy guitars. Sucking in the '70s is right. The Stones devour everything around them — and become more bloated and flatulent every year.

Gavin Martin

SCARS OF DESTINY



'Yeah, that Morley, he still bears The Scars

Pic: Sheila Rock

ALBUMS

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

Prayers On Fire (4AD)

"DON'T drag your orchestra into this thing / Rattle those sticks, rattle those sticks / This sound is beautiful, it's perfect! / The sound of her young legs in stockings / The rhythm of her walk, it's beautiful... I want to hear the noise of my Zoo-Music Girl..."

This is 'Zoo-Music Girl', a dark jungle of animal eroticism doubling as a statement of intent, a thunderous denial of Western cultural conditioning, and all that. Perhaps. It works just fine, that primal something Adam And The Ants and Bow Wow Wow try to unlock here running rampant, free and untrammelled by "entertaining" showbiz distortions; monstrous, proud and pounding, it's the best opening track I've heard in a long while. This sound is beautiful, it is perfect!

The word is primitivism, I suppose — especially in view of the daubings by singer Nick Cave which adorn the sleeve. (Cave Paintings?). I hesitate to use the word, but what the hell — we're all category conscious, such "isms" being the little signposts and benchmarks we use to map out our mental geography. The Birthday Party come from Australia, which may, for once, actually be important in terms of their mental geography. These are smart lads gone Walkabout: a clash of conscious control and unconscious urges, with neither winning out completely.

It's a strain. I can't listen to all of this record at once, but I like it all. No paradox.

There's Beefheartian overtones, of course, spectacularly effective in this urgent drums and angles setting, and there's plenty of Ubu in here, too, galumphing feet first through the menacingly oafish 'Capers' and 'Nick The Stripper', and chiming out from the latter's beautifully oblique, metallic guitar "break" and the slight, poignant melody of 'Ho-Ho'.

Other benchmarks, musically speaking: Pop Group, Slits, Half Japanese, some ethnic musics, a little Jazz, y'know...

Things stretch out a bit with the slow blues atmosphere of 'Yard', just double bass and drums (Tracy Pew and Phil Calvert) sketching out a skeletal framework for the scratchy, semi-random guitar scribbles of Rowland Howard and Mick Harvey, with Cave squealing a bit of sax here and there. Simple, but effectively done; The Birthday Party know their instruments well, but it's no big deal to them, just a few more tools, a few more rocks to scratch and sticks to rattle. Intent is what matters, first and foremost.

'Prayers On Fire' ends with more Ubu tinges, this time of their clownish side, in the mock-menace cartoon chording of 'Dull Day' and the similarly cartoonish stalking piano intro to 'Just You And Me', clichés being used for what they represent in a different vocabulary, but twisted into grotesque parody.

This album reveals much more of The Birthday Party than did their singles and old 'Door, Door' album, the latter made by the group when they were called The Boys Next Door. 'Prayers On Fire' is a celebratory, almost religious record, as in ritual, as in prayers on fire: a combustible dervish dance, and another Great Debut of '81.

This sound is beautiful, it's perfect! Rattle those sticks!

Andy Gill

THIS IS THE MODERN ENGLISH

COCKNEY REJECTS

Greatest Hits Vol 3 (EMI)

SO, THE Cockney Rejects make a live LP: "Live And Loud" at that. Boy, was the competition hot to get to review this one. 1. THE FACTS. 'Greatest Hits Vol 3' is a slightly misleading title — not just for the obvious reason, but also because it's largely a repackaging of bits of 'Greatest Hits' Vols 1 and 2. The difference is that this time around the songs are performed sort of live: sort of, in that the LP was done at EMI's Abbey Road studios before a small audience of Reject fans. Actually, this is quite a smart move, because it means that 'Vol 3' is decently recorded, yet retains the crowd atmosphere of a typical Rejects appearance.

Apart from established album favourites like 'Hate Of The City', 'War On The Terraces', 'I'm Not A Fool' and 'East End', there's the inevitable 'Rip Off' and 'Easy Life', one called 'On The Run' and their version of Motorhead's 'Motorhead' — another clue to the QJde Punke/HM crossover territory which the CRs are staking out for themselves.

2. OPINION. This is the best Cockney Rejects record so far and it's still terrible. The Rejects have about one good EP's worth in them, and three albums is stretching the formula pretty damned thin. Instrumentally, they're not at all bad, but their lack of adequate material is chronic. Stinky's singing is in a rut, and the image they project is guaranteed to turn off all but a tiny handful. There's a very fine line between being funny, and being a joke. And they've crossed it.

Paul Du Noyer



Modern English

DAVE EDMUNDS

Twangin' . . . (Swansong)

A DAVE EDMUNDS album is like a shop full of reproduction furniture. Finely crafted and well upholstered, but never the real thing.

As usual, Edmunds shows that he's the master of a variety of antique styles. He hardly ever puts a note wrong when it comes to faithfully recreating old fashioned music. And unlike Showaddywaddy, you can detect a real respect for the past.

His version of Ian Gomm's 'It's Been So Long' is among the best Buddy Holly pastiches of recent years. On Mickey Jupp's 'You'll Never Get Me Up' and John Fogerty's 'Another

Saturday Night', he neatly captures the spirit that once moved Credence Clearwater Revival.

Three rockabilly tracks are a pointed reminder of his skill with that particular genre. With 'The Race Is On', he's admirably supported by his proteges The Stray Cats, while 'Baby Let's Play House' was recorded by Edmunds in 1968 and clearly shows he was not only behind the times but also well ahead of them.

Edmunds also contrives a touch of the Status Quos with thunderous versions of the old Tommy Steele hit 'Singing The Blues' and 'Three Time Loser' by Messrs Covay and Miller.

The nearest he gets to 1981 is

the opener, John Hiatt's 'Something Happens' which owes nothing at all to any kind of nostalgia.

The problem with all this is that it's not clear who's expected to buy it. There's such a bewildering variety of approaches that it comes across a bit like a K-Tel sampler. Moods are rarely sustained from one song to the next. And since you can buy the original artists performing in the original styles for a fraction of the price, there seems little point in settling for imitations — even ones as clever as these.

Roll over, Mike Yarwood, and tell Janet Brown the news.

Bob Edmunds

MODERN ENGLISH

Mesh And Lace (4AD)

MODERN English exist in the twilight zone of Joy Division and Wire — a limbo of sorts, as both groups are now effectively extinct, but a worthwhile place to work nonetheless. In some respects, their *is* the modern, English sound, '80s dark power stung with a certain austerity — a loss of humanity, if you like — though never quite toppling over into the Gothic vistas of, say, Bauhaus, despite some similarities of tone and temperament. There's an edge of sincerity which sets Modern English apart from the new gloom merchants, and which allows them to sing things like "exuberance leads to exhaustion" (from 'Move In Light') without eliciting too much of a jaded, world-weary groan.

The closest Modern English get to the Modern Heavy Metal of Killing Joke, Bauhaus and their ilk is on the closing 'Dance Of Devotion (A Love Song)', a thudding monotonous riff repeated endlessly over a maelstrom of guitar and synth histrionics which eventually collapses into entropy and winds down with a backward vocal-fragment loop. This could possibly — just possibly — be okay in the right setting, but here it's prefaced with vocalist Robbie Grey's urgent, half-shouted, melodramatic proclamations of love spurned and love unseen, which could either be satiric overstatement or just plain inept phrasing. Unfortunately, it could very much like the latter, and taints the whole song with insincerity.

But this is an isolated case. 'The Token Man' and 'A Viable Commercial' are more indicative of the tenor of 'Mesh And Lace', frantic Joy Div riffs with the bass hammering on every beat like a heady, adrenalin heartbeat pulse. When it works, it works well, but when it falters, as on the plodding, heavy-handed 'Grief', it just sounds dull and dogmatically dismal.

Elsewhere, '16 Days' opens with a rise and fall flange sound against a backdrop of wind and associated noises, pausing briefly for a snatch of voice-collage before launching fully into the riff proper. Like their label-mates In Camera — and like Wire, if it comes to that — Modern English have a fascination with basic technical devices repeated over and over again for effect, allowing minute, almost imperceptible transformations of sound to take place in the foreground but on a subliminal level. If you see what I mean . . .

'Black Houses' starts with a slow implosion of scraped guitar strings and the like, before locking into a structure which could have been made by early/mid-period Wire. It's well done, although I haven't a clue what the song's about, bar a sense of apartness, of isolation, the '80s continuation of the age-old outsider complex. Nothing wrong with that, I suppose, although I gave up long ago trying to derive "enlightenment" from rock lyrics, so they could be chanting the Highway Code for all I care.

Not an essential album by any means, but certainly one of the more interesting offerings around at the moment. And if we must have groups deeply rooted in the Joy Division sound (and we must — it stands to reason), then I'd just as soon have Modern English as any other.

Andy Gill

ASWAD

ASWAD 1

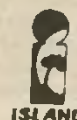
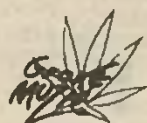
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SHOWCASE

SCHOOL GRADUATION

GIRLSCHOOL

Hit And Run (Bronze)

THERE'S a lot to like about Girlschool: they have verve, sharpness and panache, they're all excellent musicians, they can sing and they can knock out neat, observant lyrics. There's also a lot to bemoan: their rhythm section is capable of considerably more than the thump and thrash to which they deliberately confine themselves, and the guitarists not only stick with the same Les Paul Mondo Distorto sound all the way through but also refuse to play anything that isn't a hard rock cliché straight out of the boogie ark.

'Hit And Run' is their second album, and it's certainly far more interesting than the usual run of HM bombastosludge. (To return briefly to the Heavy Metal/Hard Rock debate: their music is certainly closer to the Motorhead berserk-out school — with touches of the melodicism of pre-decline Thin Lizzy — than the plodding grossness of the Whitesnakes of the world. I say that anything with that awful guitar sound is Heavy Metal and I say the hell with it). Drummer Denise Dufort is an impressive player, to say the least, and when she and bassist Enid Williams get into some different rhythms (the latter's 'Following The

Crowd' and the closing 'Future Flash' have some almost Gang Of Fourish touches), one wishes that they'd kick over some of their self-imposed limitations.

Elsewhere, the band's guitarists and main songwriters Kelly Johnson and Kim McAuliffe demonstrate little more than skill and energy (that is *not* a contradiction in terms: they show very little taste or imagination) on their instruments, but their singing and songwriting are more than promising. Their last single 'Yeah Right' was very funny — especially the Mrs Hitler interlude — and their new one would sound like Chrissie Hynde fronting The Ramones if it wasn't for a guitar solo so out to the proverbial month of Sunday lunches that even James Honeyman-Scott would think twice before playing it.

Still, their achievement is impressive. Girlschool are just about the only band working in their genre — with the occasional exception of Motorhead — whom I would listen to voluntarily. One day they're going to get bored with the one-dimensional bashing to which they're currently committed, and once they begin to broaden their sound and range they'll be a very interesting band indeed. Until then, pass with an option.

Charles Shaar Murray



Girlschool (Is that it? — Ed.) Yeah, that's it.

JOE ELY Musta Notta Gotta Lotta (MCA)

JOE ELY'S day of reckoning as a real new country force was seen in incandescent light last year when the man and his superb band toured Britain with The Clash. The transition from an on-paper, acclaimed talent inhabiting roughly similar terrain to the likes of Gram Parsons and the continuing breed of rough country rockers was a pleasure to behold. Ely lived out the fantasy in the flesh.

As is often the case though, the document of those live dates left something to be desired. The man's growing train of fans were inclined to return to the accomplished first albums that nurtured a voice and a manner which had no place in cult status.

Since that time Ely has begun to reap his reward on a more

mainstream American level, supporting Linda Ronstadt, continuing to impress the right people at the right time. His current album however smacks of more style than substantial content which is a shame if not a disaster.

The initial thrust is there; the witty title track is guaranteed to set up any listener, new or old, for a slew of the expected goodies. Unfortunately these tend to sprout in patches.

This inconsistency is due to variable material. The familiar ballad 'Dallas', which Ely used as a theme song in his early days with Jimmy Gilmore's Flatlanders, gets an unsympathetic treatment in the studio. Smokey Joe Miller's saxophone additions seem beside the point, the new arrangement is unnecessarily cheerful and lacks dimension.

Cohort Butch Hancock, generally a trusty lyrical sidekick with something poetic

to say, wasn't on top form when he penned 'Wishin' For You', an undeveloped tearjerker that relies too heavily on the curvy melodic playing of Lloyd Malnes' steel, Jesse Taylor's fluid guitar and Ponty Bone's accordion (sadly, Mr Bone's contributions are rather minimal this time around).

An often misplaced sense of urgency abounds on the record, as if Ely was trying to lay too many cards down at the same time without quite producing the winning hand he generally finds first time live.

His own 'Hold On' begins to take the necessary risks, with a mid-paced evocation of the great American landmarks and a lyric that conjures up driving rain and the shuffle of love. Another original, 'I Keep Gettin' Paid The Same' relies on the trusted formula of working too hard for little reward (*pace* Jimmy Reed's 'Big Boss Man') and is funny to boot. The



Joe Ely. Pic: Pennie Smith

strengths that exist here are undercut by a fruitless rendition of Roy Brown's 'Good Rockin' Tonight', which surely kept out a Hancock song for no good reason and by David Hailey's 'Hard Livin', a sentiment not customised to Joe's better drift.

Ole Butch earns another crust with the tried and tested 'Road Hawg', a simple paean to the glories of fast driving, and Ely redeems the uneven nature of the record with one of his own best new numbers in 'Dam Of My Heart'. 'Dam' is actually

highly reminiscent of any number of Billy Swan songs but that is no disgrace.

My own disappointment with 'Musta Notta Gotta Lotta' is no sour backlash. Joe Ely's star remains in the ascendant and I hope he gets all the commercial success he deserves. The rather over-wrought hyperboles that have so far greeted this album don't do him or his fans any favours. A little more decorum gentlemen and then we can really get down to business.

Max Bell

'19th Nervous Breakdown'. Another adventurous moment — comparatively — is Pylon's 'Cool' which Dunn has produced with some of the shifting but sharp textures he brought to his production of the B52s' 'Rock Lobster'.

There's the nagging doubt that the good stuff only sounds like that because it's served up with the bad, and the certainty that an EP would've been a better idea. A typical compilation, in fact.

Paul Tickell

B. A. ROBERTSON Bully For You (Asylum)

BARBED WIT wouldn't have made B. A. Robertson so widely accepted as an affable all-round entertainer and obligingly garrulous chat-show guest. 'Bully For You' only pokes feeble fun from a safe distance, and BA blusters through two sides of an album without really saying anything at all.

His kind of humour rests on the unchallenging assumptions that are the staple diet of this sort of stilted showbiz variety act. Everything is light-hearted and unaffected by any possible pathos in its abject subject matter. Unmarred by anger, it maintains a permanently amused pose above the small struggles of its cosy characters.

It's hard to tell whether B.A.'s material has arisen through accident or design, since at least 'Saint Saens' does show signs of a more cutting contemporary satire in the nouveau-riche music biz aficionado who has severed his Glasgow connections for a flat in the Barbican, a silver anorak with Porsche emblazoned on the back and a more flexible moral fibre: 'I'm saying to Tim Rice/I think it's rather nice/Evita humanised/the face of Peronista/No no I don't suppose/It is what you proposed/Yes yes of course I know/the case for Sandinista'.

The rest of the record, though, is a collection of soft-focus fables with contrived wordplay around predictable puns and metaphors. It's the area that 10 CC explored with more style and subtlety.

On the evidence of 'Bully For You' BA is not much more than an ingratiating minstrel who's currently giving a conservative media exactly what they want.

Lynn Hanna

LITTLE ROY Columbus Ship (Copacetic)

Another voice: Little Roy is a new name to me, though many of his sidemen (Horsemouth, Touter, Trommie and the Lewis brothers from the late Jacob Miller's Inner Circle) are familiar fish from the JA session pool. Recorded at Channel One — which churns out so much music that it seems improbable that they ever close for longer than it takes to sweep the studio floor — and mixed at Harry J's by 'the original Scientist' — who, one presumes, is not Overton Brown of 'Space Invaders' fame — 'Columbus Ship' is an easy and mellifluous album; smoother on the ear almost to a fault.

'Easy', 'mellifluous' and 'smooth' are all adjectives that could be applied to Little Roy's

voice: he is far more of a Bunny Wailer or a Gregory Isaacs than a Peter Tosh or a Burning Spear. Whether berating the pressures of Babylon on 'Forces Deh Deh' or the crimes of the slavers with the title track or stepping and sliding into the romanticism of 'Little Girl' and 'Where Did Your Loving Go?' he is warm and open, utilising similar tones and phrasing across very different extremes of subject. Unfortunately, very few of the songs and motifs seem instantly memorable.

The uncredited liner notes describe the album as "a collectors' item" and its creator as "a typical example of all that is good in real roots reggae... this supreme example of real Jamaican music". These claims would seem to be somewhat overstated. 'Columbus Ship' is

professional and mainstream if — finally — something less than inspiring. Ultimately, it's a reasonable example of Jamaican Pleasant, nothing outstanding and thoroughly — a damning indictment! — inoffensive. Nothing dread here but the locks.

Charles Shaar Murray

VARIOUS ARTISTS Declaration of Independents (Stiff)

Independent and local labels have been going in the States for years, not so much as a challenge to the majors but as a way of getting a deal with them. There's nothing wrong with that, it's just that it might be nice to combine both things at once.

This compilation is far from

that kind of dual purpose. Originating in '79 and from the four corners of the US, the tracks mostly tend in very predictable directions. There's the sort of '60s pop pastiche which The News and Luxury churn out; although they have a lot more commitment and catchiness than, say, The Barracudas, their freshness and innocence is far too fabricated, a regressive response — rather than an artistic farewell — to American mainstream AOR.

In fact, some of this album is almost in the genre. Ragnar Kvaran is a Detroit punk on a Doobies riff, while Robin Lane And The Chartbusters (now signed to Warners) are new wavers on Fleetwood Mac. These acts, like the selection from SVT (who sport a former Jefferson Airplane bassist), are

soft rock hardened up for the fashion-conscious under 30s, the American skinny tie brigade who've lapped up The Cars et al.

The rest of 'Declaration' carries some interesting though far from devastating material. Tex Rubinowitz goes through the rockabilly motions, and Root Boy Slim And The Sex Change Band (who were with Warners) do their outdated James Brown anti-nuke funk thing on 'The Meltedown'. Bubba Lou And The Highballs also get a bit time-warped with some whacky '60s white soul à la John Fred.

One of the more forward-looking moments on the album is Kevin Dunn's 'Nadine', which does for Berry what Tuxedo Moon did for The Stones with their version of

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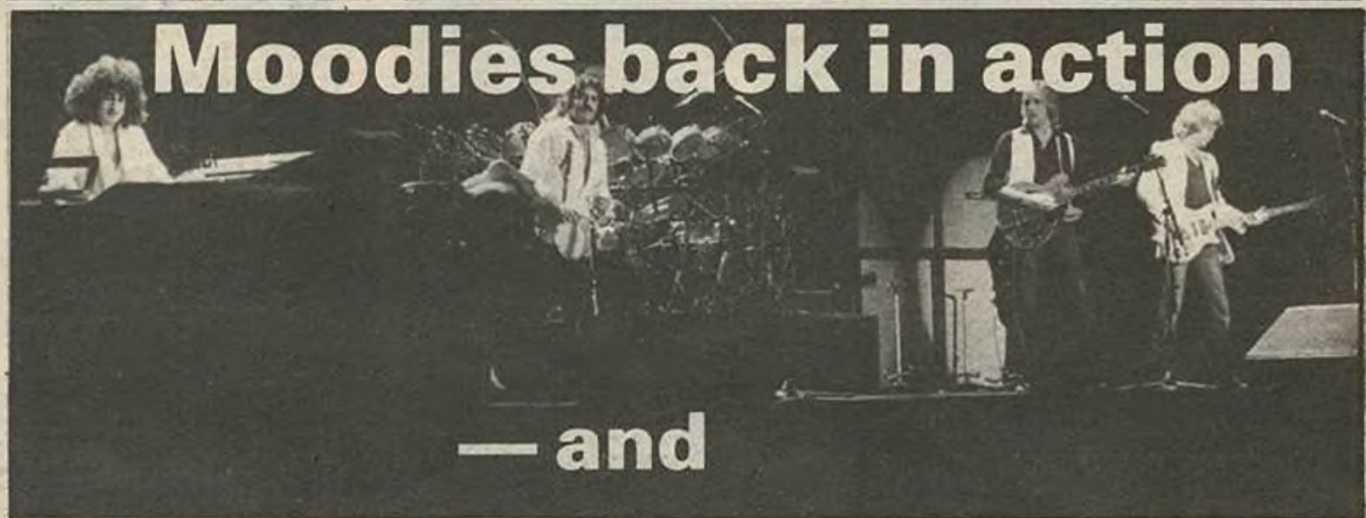
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DATA CONTROL

Moodies back in action



— and

THE MOODY BLUES have lined up their first major UK and European tour for more than two years, to tie in with the release of their next album, details of which will follow shortly. Their schedule includes seven concerts in this country — at Sheffield City Hall (June 2), Newcastle City Hall (3), Glasgow Apollo (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (6), Bristol Colston Hall (7) and London Royal Albert Hall (9).

Ticket prices are £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (Sheffield and

Newcastle); £6.55, £5.50 and £4.50 (Glasgow and Manchester); £6.50, £5.50 and £3.50 (Birmingham); £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (Bristol); and £7.50, £6, £4, £3 and gallery standing at £1.50 (London).

They are available immediately by postal application from Moody Blues Box Office, M.A.M. (Promotions) Limited, 24/25 New Bond Street, London W1Y 9HD — make cheques and POs payable to "M.A.M. (Promotions) Ltd.", be sure to state venue and date required, enclose s.a.e., and allow 28 days for delivery. Apart from the Royal Albert Hall, box-offices also open to personal callers from tomorrow (Friday).



The Kinks, too

THE KINKS are to play one of their rare series of UK concerts during the first half of next month. After three Irish dates at Belfast Ulster Hall (April 29) and Dublin Stadium (30 and May 1), they appear at Poole Arts Centre (3), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (4), Oxford New Theatre (5), Leicester De Montfort Hall (6), Hanley Victoria Hall (8), Newcastle City Hall (9), Manchester Apollo (10), Liverpool Empire (12), Glasgow Apollo (14) and Bradford St. George's Hall (15). It's likely that one or two more dates will be added to this schedule, including a London show. Promoter is Barry Dickins of ITB. The band won't have any new record material on release to coincide with their outing, though Arista are planning to reissue their classic 'Lola' single. (Pictured left: Ray Davies).

REST OF THE NEWS

□ UB40 are headlining a special one-off concert at London Woolwich Odeon this Saturday (11), with Nervous Kind supporting — it's a benefit show in aid of the Autonomy Club. The band are currently busy recording their second album, so no other dates are planned for the present.

□ THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG have interchanged two of the dates in their previously reported UK tour — they now play Edinburgh Odeon (May 1) and Glasgow Apollo (2), instead of vice versa. And they've added Huddersfield Eros Club (May 6) to their schedule.

□ ARLO GUTHRIE, Jon Hiseman, Bert Jansch, Simon Nicol, Dave Pegg, Hank Wangford and members of The Albion Band are among many artists expected to appear at London Victoria The Venue next Monday (13). It celebrates the 50th birthday of journalist Karl Dallas, and is a benefit in aid of The Master Musicians of Jajouka. Tickets are £5.

□ THE DAMNED play two nights at London Fulham Greyhound on Monday and Tuesday, April 20 and 21, to work in some new material. Admission is £3, tickets on sale April 15.

□ A HZ have been booked as support act on the major UK tour by Girlschool, opening in Hanley next Wednesday (15) — see Gig Guide.

□ DAVE STEWART, whose 'What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted' single with Colin Blunstone is currently charting, has two dates this weekend with his band Rapid Eye Movement — at Leicester Phoenix Theatre (Saturday) and Bishops Cleeve Triad Centre (Sunday).

□ PATRIK FITZGERALD has disbanded his three-piece group, and is reverting to his original style of performing with just an acoustic guitar. After a Dutch tour, he appears at Bath Moles on April 30, and is currently looking for "small, dark and dismal" venues to play — offers to him at 01-806 6279. He's also working on a new book of poems, and will be playing a lead role in a film called *Kiss Mummy Goodbye* in May.

□ HEAVY METAL takes over London Hammersmith Palais on Easter Sunday (19), when the venue stages the first H-M disco all-day (2-11pm). The event will also include rock films and personal appearances, and admission is £3.



□ LIVE WIRE are playing a couple of London dates to support their third A&M album 'Changes Made' and new single 'Don't Look Now' — at the Marquee Club (April 15) and Victoria The Venue (24).

□ THE VIP's have lost lead guitarist Jed Dmochowski, composer of their best-known single 'The Quarter Moon', who's left to pursue a solo career. They're now auditioning for replacements for Jed and bassist Andrew Prince, who left earlier in the year, and hope to announce recording and touring plans shortly.

□ THE BLUES BAND's 30-minute documentary film, with their name as its title, is premiered at London Leicester Square Odeon on May 7 as support to the Jack Nicholson movie *The Postman Always Rings Twice* — with general release following on June 28. Filmed during their autumn tour, it covers their activities both on stage and behind the scenes. Willie Rushton stars along with band members Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Dave Kelly, Gary Fletcher and Hughie Flint.

□ CLIFF RICHARD plays two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, May 1 (6.15 and 9pm), and they are to be filmed by BBC-TV, who are putting together a four-part documentary on film for screening later in the year.

□ HI-TENSION, Shakatak and Index are among the acts featured in a Soul, Jazz And Funk Festival to be staged in the 5,000-capacity Leeds Queens Hall on Easter Monday, April 20. It runs from noon to midnight, and tickets are £5 — obtainable from the box-office, and usual agents in leading cities in the North and Midlands.

□ FAD GADGET head a Mute Records bill at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, April 26, also featuring Depeche Mode and Furious Pig — plus New York band Non and German outfit Palau Schamburg. All tickets are £3.50 and the promoters are Straight Music.

Floyd 'Wall' film

PINK FLOYD's plans to play a five-night season at London Earls Court from June 13 — revealed exclusively by NME last month, but still officially unconfirmed — received a further boost this week, with the news that they want to film the concerts for inclusion in a movie they're making. Not surprisingly, the movie is called *The Wall*, and it will be made at Pinewood Studios with a budget of close on £7 million.

Initial work, mainly animation sequences, has already begun on the full-length feature film — which is being directed by cartoonist Gerald Scarfe (who designed the sleeve for their album of the same name) and former cameraman Michael Seresin.

Screenplay is by Floyd bassist Roger Waters, who is also co-producing with no less a personality than Alan Parker.

best-known for his direction of such pictures as *Midnight Express* and *Bugsy Malone*.

An intriguing aspect of the movie is that Floyd won't play themselves — they'll be featured as a band called Pink, whose career runs on similar lines to that of their own.

GEN X MEN'S BAND LAUNCH

EMPIRE are a new hard rock band launched by two former Generation X members, guitarist Bob 'Derwood' Andrews and drummer Mark Laff, together with bassist Simon Bernal. Their debut single, 'Hot Seat'/'All These Things', is issued by Dinosaur Discs on April 24 — taken from their upcoming album 'Expensive Sound', due out in May. They intend to go on the road to promote the LP, but dates haven't yet been announced.

Glitter in demand

GARY GLITTER's comeback continues to gather momentum, and later this month he begins another series of dates, described as his 'By Public Demand' tour. Confirmed so far are Taunton Odeon (April 24), Oxford New Theatre (25), Southampton Gaumont (27), Liverpool Rotters (29), Nottingham Rock City (May 2), Doncaster Rotters (4), Glasgow Tiffany's (5), Stirling University (6) and Rayleigh Crocs (9) — and more gigs will be added to this schedule, including a major London show. To tie in with his latest outing, Eagle Records are rush-releasing Glitter's single 'I'm Not Just A Pretty Face'.

Vardis headline

VARDIS set out on their own headlining tour to aid promotion of their new album *The World's Insane*, issued by Logo this weekend — it's their first studio LP, as their only previous release was a live set. Tagged as their 'Heavy Mental Tour', it takes in Withernsea Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Warehouse (Saturday), Redcar Coatham Bowl (Sunday), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (April 13), Rugby Bann Memorial Hall (15), Port Talbot Troubadour (16), St. Albans City Hall (18), Lincoln Drill Hall (21), Wigan Pier (22), Leamington Royal Spa Centre (23), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (24), Nottingham Boat Club (25) and Wakefield Unity Hall (May 3). More dates will be added, including a London appearance, before the band leave to support Girlschool in Ireland.





Benson gives three nights

GEORGE BENSON returns to London for the first time in three years to play three concerts at London Wembley Arena on June 11, 12 and 13 — and besides his own regular nine-piece backing band, he'll be accompanied by a specially assembled 30-piece orchestra. The shows go under the appropriate banner of 'Give Me The Night', and there is no support act.

Tickets are at present only available by postal application from Kiltorch Ltd, P.O. Box 281, London N1 5LV. Prices are £8.80, £7.80 and £6.80 (which includes booking fee) — it's postal orders only, enclose s.a.e., and allow up to four weeks for delivery. Tickets will also be available from the box-office and usual agents with effect from April 24. The shows are promoted by Paul Loasby and Kennedy Street Enterprises.

STILL MORE SPRINGSTEEN

THREE MORE dates have been added to Bruce Springsteen's revised UK tour schedule — due, says promoter Harvey Goldsmith, to the huge ticket demand. These extra shows are at Stafford Bingley Hall (May 20), Brighton Centre (27) and London Wembley Arena (June 5). And Springsteen's management say that he has now completely recovered from the exhaustion, which caused the postponement of his original dates, and he begins his European tour in Hamburg this week. As a prelude to his visit, CBS next week release the title track from his album 'The River' as a single, but there's no new LP upcoming.

Other extra dates

GEORGE THOROGROOD & The Destroyers, whose concert at London Rainbow on April 29 was announced last week, will now play a second show during their brief UK visit — it's at Nottingham Rock City on Thursday, April 30, and tickets are all at £3. TEDDY PENDERGRASS has added yet another night at London Victoria Apollo. This third show is on Saturday, May 2, and tickets are now available at £5.50, £5 and £4.50. He's also recorded a duet with Stephanie Mills (who guests with him in London) titled 'Two Hearts', for release by 20th Century this Friday. KILLING JOKE have added Birmingham Tower Ballroom on April 30 to their date sheet, reported last week. CHRISTOPHER CROSS now plays the London Palladium on April 20, in addition to his previously announced show there the following night. It's promoted by Barry Dickins and ITB, and tickets are £4.50, £3.75, £3.25 and £2.50.

Coolidge extension

RITA COOLIDGE has now been set for seven provincial concerts, besides her show at London Victoria Apollo on June 6, announced last week. She plays Manchester Apollo (May 29), Glasgow Apollo (31), Newcastle City Hall (June 2), Coventry Theatre (3), Croydon Fairfield Hall (4), Liverpool Empire (7) and Derby Assembly Rooms (8). It's her first visit since 1978, and ticket prices are £6, £5 and £4 (Glasgow); £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (Newcastle); and £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (elsewhere). London prices were reported last week.

999 service restored — new style, new label

999 are going out on their first UK tour for almost a year, coinciding with the release of a new single and album. They play Sheffield Top Rank (April 22), Wakefield Unity Hall (23), Edinburgh Nite Club (24), Nottingham Rock City (25), Cheltenham Eve's Club (26), Manchester Fagan's (27), Liverpool Rotters (28), Huddersfield Eros Club (29), Birmingham Cedar Club (30), Middlesbrough Town Hall (May 1), Rofford Porterhouse (2) and London Strand Lyceum (3).

The band have been based in the States for most of the past year, but they now return with a new label and a totally different style, first in evidence on their single 'Obsessed', released this weekend by Albion Records. It comes in a shrink-wrapped bag which includes a special sew-on patch, and there are two tracks on the B-side, neither of which is on the album.

The fourth 999 LP is out on April 24. It contains 12 tracks, all Nick Cash/Guy Days compositions except for two oldies, 'Fortune Teller' and 'Little Red Riding Hood'. It's also available in cassette form with a bonus of six extra live tracks, recorded on the band's most recent US tour. After their British dates, they tour Europe before spending the summer in America.

Roots Rockers London festival

THE LONDON 'Roots Rockers Festival' will be staged at the Rainbow Theatre on Sunday, May 3 (from 4pm), and among artists confirmed are Al Campbell, Rico, One Blood, Sister Love, Jean Adebambo and Carol Thompson. It's presented by Reg McLean in association with Clockwork Films Ltd, who will be filming the entire event for worldwide distribution. Advance tickets are £1.50, available at the box-office and usual agents — or by post (enclosing s.a.e.) from London Roots Rockers Festival 81, Rainbow Theatre, Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park, London N4.

CHORDS TAKING A KIP

THE CHORDS will be playing a series of dates next month, and this will give them the opportunity of introducing their new singer to live audiences — they've just taken on ex-Vibrators vocalist Kip to replace Billy Hassett, who quit at the end of last year. Kip is now working in the studios with the other three Chords — Chris Pope (lead guitar), Martin Mason (bass) and Brett Ascott (drums) — and they'll have a single issued by Polydor to tie in with their UK gigs. They start recording an album later in the spring.

ALTERED IMAGES have parted company with guitarist Caesar, who's decided to go it alone. He's replaced by fellow Glaswegian Jim, who's currently working with the band on their album. Meanwhile, vocalist Clare has a lead role in the full-length feature film *Gregory's Girl*, to be premiered in Glasgow on May 3.

Ticket arrangements for the extra gigs are as follows:

● STAFFORD prices £6.50 and £5. Available to personal callers from this Saturday (11) at the venue box-office and Lotus of Stafford; Cyclops of Birmingham; HMV Records of Derby, Nottingham, Liverpool and Leeds; Leicester Town Hall, Mike Lloyd Records of Hanley and Newcastle-under-Lyme; Sundown of Wolverhampton; Coventry Theatre; and Piccadilly Records of Manchester. Also by post to Bruce Springsteen (Stafford), G.P. Productions, P.O. Box 47L, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only, enclose s.a.e., and add 30p booking fee per ticket. ● BRIGHTON prices £6.50, £6 and £5.50. Available by personal application at the box-office from 10am this Saturday (11). ● WEMBLEY prices £6 and £5. Available by post only to Bruce Springsteen (Wembley), G.P. Productions at the above address — and the same conditions apply, including booking fee.

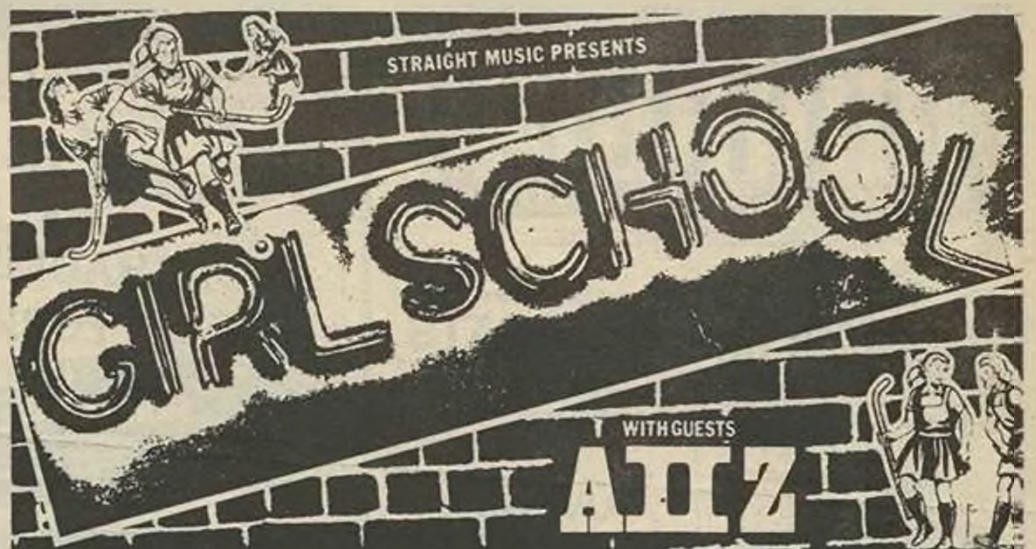
Korgis split

THE KORGIS, now officially billed as James Warren & The Korgis, have their new single 'That Was My Big Mistake'/'Can't We Be Friends Now' issued by Rialto this weekend. Both tracks are taken from their upcoming album 'Sticky George' due out in June. Stuart Gordon and Phil Harrison, who have worked exclusively with Warren as full-time Korgis, are leaving the band to work on various projects of their own — and as a duo, they will maintain their association with Rialto. Warren will continue with The Korgis, but will use a floating collection of musicians rather than full-time band members.

Pauline single



PAULINE MURRAY has a new single out on April 24 on Illusive Records titled 'Searching For Heaven', coupled with 'Animal Crazy'. There will also be a limited edition ten-inch version with an extra track called 'The Visitor'. Pauline is currently gigging in Europe but, as reported last week, she'll be touring the UK on her return (dates to be announced shortly), together with the re-shaped Invisible Girls.



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SUN 19	NEWCASTLE CITY HALL	3-00, 2-50, 2-00
TUE 21	EDINBURGH ODEON	3-00, 2-50, 2-00
WED 22	GLASGOW APOLLO	3-50, 3-00, 2-50
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SUN 3	BOURNEMOUTH WINTER GARDENS	3-00, 2-50, 2-00
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**PRETTY
THINGS**
Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 12th April (Adm £1.25)

**MODERN
ENGLISH**
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 13th & Tues 14th April

POLECATS
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Adv tickets to members £2.25
Non Members on the door £2.50

Wed 15th April (Adm £2.00)

LIVEWIRE
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Thurs 16th & Fri 17th April

ANGELWITCH
Plus friends & Martin Ball

Adv tickets to members £2.25
Non Members on the door £2.50

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

Mute Night, Silent Night

FAD GADGET

DEPECHÉ MODE

PALAIS NON

SCHAUMBERG

FURIOUS PIG

LYCEUM

SUNDAY 26th APRIL at 6.30

TICKETS £2.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAPESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE,
TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, J. RENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS PRESENTS

Tuesday 28th April
999 at Liverpool Rotters
Tel: 051-709 0771 Adv. tickets £2.50

Monday 4th May
GARY GLITTER at Doncaster Rotters
Tel: 0302 27448 Adv. tickets £3.00

Wednesday 20th May
PSYCHEDELIC FURS
at Liverpool Rotters
Tel: 051-709 0771 Adv. tickets £2.00

Wednesday 29th April
GARY GLITTER at Liverpool Rotters
Tel: 051-709 0771 Adv. tickets £3.00

Wednesday 13th May
PSYCHEDELIC FURS
at Doncaster Rotters
Tel: 0302 27448 Adv. tickets £2.00

Tickets by post from Porterhouse Promotions, 20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts
Cheques made payable to Porterhouse Promotions Enclose SAE

FOR TIMES AND TICKET OUTLETS SEE LOCAL PRESS

Must be over 18 yrs of age. No dress restrictions, no membership required

THE GREYHOUND

FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 9th April

THE INSTITUTE + The Speedos

Friday 10th April

HANK WANGFORD BAND + Travelling Shoes

Saturday 11th April

FALSE ALARM (Featuring Allan Holdsworth)
+ Dan Russell Band

Sunday 12th April

ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR & DAVE GLASSON

Monday 13th April

MANUFACTURED ROMANCE + Out On Blue Six

Tuesday 14th April

THE PURPLE HEARTS + Going Straight

Wednesday 15th April

THE RANDOM BAND
(featuring Den Heggarty & Daddy Yum Yum)

DEREK BLOCK FOR THE AUTONOMY CLUB PRESENTS

UB40

+ NERVOUS KIND

Saturday 11th April at 7.30pm

WOOLWICH ODEON, John Wilson St.,
London SE18

Tickets £3.00 & £3.50 available in advance from Box Office (01-854
2255) between 10am & 6pm and all usual agents

TO ADVERTISE
ON THE

LIVE PAGE

PHONE 01-261 6153

REG McLEAN IN ASSOCIATION WITH CLOCKWORK FILM PROJECT

LONDON ROOTS ROCKERS FESTIVAL

SUNDAY 3rd MAY 1981

AT RAINBOW THEATRE, 232 Seven Sisters
Road, Finsbury Park, London N4

featuring

AL CAMPBELL
RICO, ONE BLOOD
SISTERS LOVE CAROL THOMPSON
JEAN ADEBAMBO, SOUND INTERVAL,
Compere Toney Williams.

Tickets £4.50 in advance available from Box Office 01-263 3148
Premier 01-580 1000, London Theatre Bookings 01-439 3379 and
leading Booking Agents. Accept s.a.e. cheque or P.O. from The
Rainbow Theatre. "TICKETS ON FIRST COME FIRST SERVE BASIS."
DOORS OPEN 4 PM TILL 12 MIDNIGHT



HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 8th April

THE FLATBACKERS

Thursday 9th April

THE FLYING CLUB

Friday 10th April

DADDY YUM YUM

Saturday 11th April

**HANK WANGFORD
BAND**

Sunday 12th April

GOLINSKI BROS

Monday 13th April

SIAM

Tuesday 14th April

MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Wednesday 15th April

**THE PAUL
KENNERLY BAND**

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS

Tel: 0777 704981

Open 8pm-2am

Friday 10th April

SUPERCHARGE

Saturday 25th April

**RELUCTANT
STEREOTYPES**

Saturday 11th April

**KEN HENSLEYS
SHOTGUN**
(Ex Uriah Heep)

Friday 24th April

BLURT

+ The Method Actors

Saturday 2nd May

999

Monday 4th May

**THE HONEY
DRIPPERS**

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 9th April

DOLLY MIXTURES

+ Stolen Pets

Friday 10th April

SUNFIGHTER

+ Devotion

Saturday 11th April

DUMB BLONDES

+ Temper

Sunday 12th April

**JACKIE LYNTON
BAND**

Monday 13th April

**A HAPPENING WITH
WASTED YOUTH**
ONLY LONDON PERFORMANCE THIS
MONTH

Tuesday 14th April

FREDDY FROGGS & THE B.M.T.'s
+ Rinky Dinks

Wednesday 15th April

THE KRAZE
+ Everest the Hard Way

Thursday 16th April

RED BEANS & RICE
+ Develish Tin Trumpets

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
LIVE MUSIC, BAR, DISCO, RESTAURANT, VIDEO
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THURSDAY 9th FROM U.S.A.

SNAKEFINGER

WITH PHIL LITHMAN

PLUS FROM NEW YORK

FREDDIE FROGS

WITH THE B.M.T.'s

FRIDAY 10th FROM AUSTRALIA

THE SAINTS

SATURDAY 11th

GENO

WASHINGTON

MONDAY 13th

TEQUILA TWINS

THE ENGLISH

TUESDAY 14th / PSYCOBILLY NIGHT

THE METEORS

supported by EL TRAIN

* WED 15th / REGGAE NIGHT *

TRIBESMAN

THURSDAY 16th

ROOT JACKSON'S

G.B. BLUES COMPANY

160-162
VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON
SW1E 5LB
TEL: 828 9441
Opp. Victoria
Tube Station

THE
Venue

Main Band
on at
9.00 pm

THIS WEEK

THURSDAY 9TH APRIL

FATAL CHARM + The Fix + 5or6

LATE NIGHT:

CELEBRITY DISCOW featuring DJ RUSSELL WEBB

FRIDAY 10TH APRIL

THE CIMARONS

SATURDAY 11th APRIL

THE MEMBERS

MONDAY 13th APRIL

THE KARL DALLAS HALF CENTURY

PARTY, A BENEFIT FOR THE MAS-

TER MUSICIANS OF JAJOUKA

FEATURING ARLO GUTHRIE & RICK

WAKEMAN & OTHER DISTING-

UISHED GUESTS (VIP cards not

valid)

TUESDAY 14TH APRIL

BLURT + EYELESS IN GAZA

WEDNESDAY 15th APRIL

CLOSED FOR PRIVATE FUNCTION (VIP cards not valid)

THURSDAY 16th APRIL

SOFT CELL, The Loved One, Blah Blah

LATE NIGHT:

CELEBRITY DISCOW

COMING SOON

FIRST NATIONAL RECORDS FARE

TUESDAY 21ST APRIL

GEORGE MELLY

THURSDAY 23RD APRIL

ORIGINAL MIRRORS

SATURDAY 25TH APRIL

OSIBISA

WEDNESDAY 29TH APRIL

THE PASSIONS

FOOD, DRINK, LIVE BANDS, DANCING 8 pm-3 am

THE BASEMENT

BAR
Clarendon Hotel,
Hammermith W6

Thursday 9th April

REMIPEDS

+ Support

Friday 10th April

TEMPORARY TITLE

+ Support

Saturday 11th April

3 A M

+ Support

Monday 13th April

THE CARPETTES

+ Red Kite

Tuesday 14th April

JAXS

+ Support

STARLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane
West Hampstead NWS

Thursday 9th April

TOUR DE FORCE

+ The Gymtaps

Friday 10th April

THE NAME + Zitz

Saturday 11th April

DOLLY MIXTURES + The U.B.'s

Monday 13th April

TIX + The Escorts

Tuesday 14th April

THE YESMEN

+ The Crying Shame

Wednesday 15th April

THE STOOP + The Almost Brothers

Thursday 16th April

THE OPPOSITION

+ Victims of Circumstance

For information Ring Peter 024 7611.

THE
ENTERTAINMENT

Q-Tips

RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
+ Bop Baiters + disco

Thursday 30th April 7.30 pm

LYCEUM BALLROOM

TICKETS £2.50 from the Lyceum box office Tel: 836 3715

THURSDAY

Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
Birmingham (Saltley) Nags Head: Stephen Sheen/Safe Europeans
Bolton Swan Hotel: Fireclown
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Brighton Concorde: Delta 5/Bright Girls
Carlisle Micks Club: The Chesters
Chadwell Heath Greyhound:
X-Effects/Cards/Apocalypse
Coventry General Wolfe: The Reluctant Stereotypes
Coventry Hope & Anchor: Attrition
Crowborough Cross: The Extras
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: The Marines/11th Hour
Dundee Caird Hall: Leo Sayer
Eastcote Bottom Line: Morrissey Mullen
Edinburgh Greenside Inn: Pre-War
Eton Christopher Hotel: The Spoilers
Glasgow Mitchell Theatre: Art Pepper Quartet
Glasgow Pavilion Theatre: Patti Boulaye (currently until April 18)
Glenrothes Rother Arms: Chevy
Halifax Civic Theatre: Cleo Laine & John Dankworth
High Wycombe Nags Head: Raley/Suicide Moths
Kingston Three Tuns: The Rank Amateurs
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: Spider
Leeds Armesia Club: Modern Jazz
Leeds Fan Club: Artillery/B Troop
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Lionheart
Leeds Haddon Hall: Knigs Edge
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: Garbarek, Haden & Gismondi
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Lincoln Drill Hall: Bow Wow Wow
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
Liverpool Warehouse: Stan The Guards
London Acton White Hart: Gun Control
London Camden Dingwalls: Snakefinger
London Camden Dublin Castle: Limehouse
London Canning Town Bridge House: Dolly Mixture
London Chelsea Kennedy's: Mr. J.J.
London Clapham 101 Club: Barry Andrews' Restaurant For Dogs/Slaves Of Janet
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Anti Pasti
London Euston The Pits: The Meteors/The El-Trains
London Friar Barnet Orange Tree: Young Jazz Big Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Cubes
London Fulham Greyhound: The Institute/The Speedos
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: 720
London Hackney Sebright Arms: The Whizz Kids
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Tour De Force/The Gymnasts
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave Ellis Band
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Brian Copey & The Connections/The Imports
London Hornerton The Deuragon: Goddess Asa
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Flying Club
London Kensington De Villiers Arms: Gold Dust Twins
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Razzzy Dazzzy Spasm Band
London Marquee Club: Michael Des Barres' Chequered Past featuring members of Blondie
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Mighty Honky Band
London Putney Half Moon: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
London Putney Star & Garter: The Blues All-Stars
London Putney White Lion: Inch By Inch
London Soho Pizza Express: Tony Coe Quartet
London Southall The Cavern: Five Piers/A Flock Of Seagulls
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford
London Stratford Green Man: Alan Holdsworth & Co.
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Neil Sedaka
London Victoria The Venue: Fatal Charm/The Fix
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feestwars
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Lemons/The Sinistras
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: Ski Patrol/The Lucys
London Woolwich Tramshed: Johnny Moped/Cass/A Bigger Splash
London W.1 (Vere St.) St. Peter's: Adrian Snell
Maltby Yorkshire Dragoon: Carl Green & The Scene
Manchester Band on the Wall: Dave Cottler Quartet
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Biting Tongues
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: Naughty Boys
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin Horse
Milton Keynes Compass Club: Battery Park
Newcastle Tyne Theatre: Mike Harding
Newcastle-under-Lyme Syd's Bar: The Bored/The Snipers/Basic Rate
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples/Broadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffe
Nottingham Rock City: 8 Movie/Soft Cell/Fast Set
Perth Ramblers: Wide Open
Portsmouth Locarno: Shades
Salisbury Technical College: John Otway/The Europeans
Sandwich White Horse: Blue Country
Scarborough Opera House: Gilbert O'Sullivan
Sheffield City Hall: Nana Mouskouri
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: Whips
Sheffield Limit Club: Fire Engines/Restricted Code
Sheffield The Penguin: The Haze
Southampton Mount Pleasant Club: The Ebony Rockers
Stockport Smugglers Club: Walter Mitty's Little White Lies/Belgian Blitz
Sunderland Mecca: The Spizzles
Taunton Youth & Community Centre: The Artists
Willenhall The Cavalcade: Sub Zero

FRIDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Leo Sayer
Arbroath Meadowbank Hotel: The Delmontes
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poorboys
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Privates / Alternative Route
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Odeon: Bow Wow Wow
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teaser
Blackpool JR's Club: Spider
Brentwood Hermit Club: Ian Mitchell Band
Brighton Alhambra: Eye To Eye
Bristol Colston Hall: Steeleye Span
Bristol Trinity Hall: Zounds / The Astronauts / The Entire Cosmos
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Tour De Force / The Creamies / The Empires
Coventry General Wolfe: Music For Pleasure
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Coventry Weavers Arms: Dealer
Croydon The Star: The Marines
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: Sabre / Slyde
Derby Assembly Rooms: Cleo Laine & John Dankworth
Derby Wilmorton College: Prison Life
Driffield Rex Club: Sons Of The Pope / V.2 Vogue / Plastic
Dudley Brierley Hill Youth Centre: The Xit
Eton Christopher Hotel: Final Frontier
Falkham Football Club: Jets
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Beverly Martin Band / South Street
Hardstoft Shoulder of Mutton: Eric & The Frantics
Hastings Chatworth Hotel: City Blues Band
Hastings Pier Pavilion: The Piranhas
Harwick Tower Hotel: The Chesters
Haywards Heath Taverns: Level 42
Hereford Market Tavern: Product
Ilford The Cranbrook: Rye & The Quarterboys
Launceston White Horse Inn: Avant Gardnax
Laurelbank Royal Hotel: Wide Open
Leeds Fox's: The Real Thing
Leeds Warehouse: AIZ / Small Print
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Dave Cottler Quartet
Liverpool Brady's: Television Personalities
Liverpool The Masonic: Rockin Horse
London Camden Dingwalls: The Selets / Bumble & The Bees
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Camden 94 Club: Back Door Man
London Catford The Squire: Sonny Fisher / Johnny & The Roccas
London Chelsea Kennedy's: Lollipop Sisters / Gillie McPherson
London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
London City University: Red Flame
London Clapham 101 Club: Diagram Brothers / Walking Floors
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Alan Holdsworth & Company
London Euston The Pits: Micky Jupp Band / Steve Hooker's Shakers
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Yachts
London Fulham Greyhound: Hank Wangford
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Temporary Title
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Name / Zitz
London Handon Midland Arms: The Ramblers / Lower Levels
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Plastic Idols / Verigames
London Hornsey The Railway: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Daddy Yum Yum
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Dave Ellis Band
London Marquee Club: The Reluctant Stereotypes
London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber Johnny
London N.7 Enick Arms: Disband
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Julian Stringle's Jam Session / London Vintage Jazz Orchestra
London Peckham Walmer Castle: Marquis De Sade
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: A Bigger Splash
London Portobello Rd. Beddington Arms: Naughty Thoughts
London Putney Half Moon: Sore Throat
London Putney Star & Garter: Keith Christmas
London Putney White Lion: Nicky Barclay Band
London Rainbow Theatre: Osibisa / Weapon Of Peace
London Soho Pizza Express: Stan Greig Swing Band
London Southall White Swan: The Hornets
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Release
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Neil Sedaka
London Victoria The Venue: Cimarons
London Wandsworth Roundhouse: Kan-Kan
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: Carrig
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Ski Patrol / Parting Shots
Maidstone Mid-Kent College: Eric Bell Band
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: Pure Product
Manchester Comanche Students Union: Sons Of Arqs
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Tranzista
Manchester Pips: Future Toys / Pieces Of Glass
Manchester Portland Bars: Private Sector
Manchester Royal Northern College of Music: Jan Garbarek / Egberto Gismonti / Charlie Haden
Middlesbrough Town Hall: Mike Harding
Newcastle Festival: Art Pepper Quartet
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: The Spizzles
Nottingham Rock City: Culture
Oxford New Theatre: Nana Mouskouri
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Sneak Preview
Paignton Festival Theatre: Fred Wedlock
Redditch The Winyate: Sub Zero
Retford Porterhouse: Supercharge
Ryde Lo.W. Pavilion: Feedback / Fatal Dose

BOW WOWS MAKE IT!



BOW WOW WOW have finally got it together after all the traumas of the past three weeks, and are playing four dates this week. As regular readers will know, their original tour schedule went for a burton, due to the GLC's insistence that teenage singer Annabella should be accompanied on the road by a tutor and chaperone. The remaining gigs are those which are unaffected by these requirements, and they climax with a major London show at the Lyceum on Sunday.

There's a slight hiccup in the welter of spring tours this week — plenty of action on the circuit, but only a couple of big-name tours actually starting out. These are the headlining British trek by Girlschool (see over the page) and the comeback outing by Gilbert O'Sullivan. There are also one-off concerts in London by Osibisa (Friday) and UB40 (Saturday), while Classix Nouveaux and the "2002 Review" reach the end of their travels at London Rainbow on Saturday.

/ Owen Lee / Beggars Farm / Asphyxia / The Soda / Job
Sandwich White Horse: Pete Rose Band
Shifnal Star Hotel: The Singles
Southampton The Victory: The Ebony Rockers
South Ferry Northrop Arms: Whips
South Normanton Storthfield Country Club: Anti Heroes
St Albans College of Building: Delta 5
St Helens Technical College: Spider
Stirling Mayfield Centre: Orange Juice / Hollow Man
Sunderland Annabel's: Deemus Mint
Telford Madeley Court Centre: Dangerous Girls
Walsall Town Hall: Lionheart
Wick Community Centre: Cherry
Willenhall St Anne's Hall: The Snipers / The Bored / Platinum Needles
Withernsea Pavilion: Vardis
Worthington Down Under: Ken Hensley's Shotgun
Wrexham Town Hall: State Secrets / Hybrid / Terminal

SATURDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: The Flatbackers
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
Birmingham St. John's Hall: Paris In The Spring/Stephen Sheen
Bracknell Bridge House: Zitz
Bradford Tiffany's: The Spizzles
Brintree Barn Club: Level 42
Brighton Alhambra: Midnight & The Lemon Boys
Brighton Polytechnic: Belle Stars/Bright Girls/Alternative British Army/Midnight & The Lemon Boys
Brighton The Northern: Overkill
Bristol Greenhouse Club: Rye & The Quarterboys
Bristol (Yate) Jacksons: The Rimshots
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: Gypsy Ceaphilly Checkmate Club: Andy Pandemonium
Canthelton St. Helier Arms: Charlie Grade/Johnny & The Roccas
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Eric Bell Band/Le Change
Chester The Albion: The Mysterons
Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Red & The Screaming Jennies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
Chiddingfold Six Bells: Anti-Nowhere League
Chorley Tatton Community Centre: The Passage/PFS
Cockermouth Horizon: The Chesters
Coventry General Wolfe: Dynamite
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Culture
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: Case/Demon Pact
Dursley Memorial Hall: Nouvelle Vague
Ely Odeon: Herod's Race
Eton Christopher Hotel: Joe Average
Falmouth Laughing Fire (lunchtime) and Penzance Gulval Meadhouse (evening): Sons Of Cain/Concrete Rabbits
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Leo Sayer
Glasgow Muscular Arms: Frenchways
Gosport John Peel: Xena Zero
Hartlepool Club Gemini: Deemus Mint
Hereford Market Tavern: Zounds/The Astronauts/The Entire Cosmos
High Wycombe Nags Head: 01 Band/Downtreader
Horsham Horse & Groom: Eclipse
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Dazy's Midnight

Runners
Kingston Three Tuns: The Odeons
Leeds Staging Post: Eyesless In Gaze
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Dodge Tactics
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: Dave Stewart's Rapid Eye Movement
Liverpool Everyman Theatre: Jan Garbarek/Egberto Gismonti/Charlie Haden
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Gilbert O'Sullivan
Liverpool Warehouse: Vardis
Luton Camden Dingwalls: Geno Washington/Combo Fesse
London Chelsea Kennedy's: Idle Flowers
London Clapham Two Brewers: Klean Klean
London Clapham 101 Club: Sed Among Strangers/Direct Hits
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Weapon Of Peace/The Lucky Saddles
London Euston The Pits: The Yachts/OK Jive
London Fulham Golden Lion: Stan Webb's Chicken Shack
London Fulham Greyhound: False Alarm/Dan Russell Band
London Hackney Adam & Eve: Johnny Storm
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Hammersmith Odeon: Steeleye Span
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Dolly Mixture/The UB's
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: En Route
London Hayes Bricklayers Arms: Gun Control
London Hayes Brook House: The Chevrons
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Talk/Fay Ray
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Hank Wangford
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Dingle Spikes
London Marquee Club: The Pretty Things
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Julian Stringle's Jam Session/Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra
London Putney Star & Garter: Salt
London Putney White Lion: John Drummer/Helen April Band
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Muckram Walkes
London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny M & The Midnight Express
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Release
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Neil Sedaka
London Victoria The Venue: The Members
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Diagram Brothers/The Walking Floors
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: The Business
London Woolwich Odeon: UB40/Nervous Kind
Luton Fairs Club: The Tee-Vees
Lybster Community Hall: Chevy
Manchester (Ardwick) Devonshire Hotel: Rockin Horse
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: Spider
Manchester Millstone: Eyelids
Northampton Black Lion: The World Service
Northampton County Ground: Bow Wow Wow
Nottingham Boat Club: Dedringer
Nottingham Rock City: The Blues Band
Oldham Lancashire Vaults: J.G. Spoils Rock Band
Oxford Corn Dolly: Ian Mitchell Band
Oxford Pennyfarthing: The Spoilers

Peterborough Cresset: The Name/Orzones
Preston Guildhall: Mike Harding
Retford Porterhouse: Ken Hensley's Shotgun
Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: Music For Pleasure
Shifnal Star Hotel: Twisted Nervez
Solihull Civic Hall: The Reluctant Stereotypes
St. Albans City Hall: Lionheart
Stockport Grimmond House: The Still
Stockport Rotters: Performance
Stoke Meir Wagon & Horses: Grace
West Bromwich Jubilee Community Centre: Dangerous Girls
Weymouth Pavilion: Fred Wedlock
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Wollaston Nags Head: Burn

SUNDAY

Ashford William Harvey Hospital: Richard Reynolds
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Heroes Club: Hope
Dancers/Suehan Sheen/Safe Europeans
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Gishops Storrford Triad Leisure Centre: Dave Stewart's Rapid Eye Movement
Bolton Swan Hotel: Confessor
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Bristol Colston Hall: Fred Wedlock
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Cardiff New Theatre: Stephane Grappelli
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Diamond Head
Croydon Cartoon: Stan Webb's Chicken Shack
Croydon The Star: The Sky Talks
Dundee Cavalier Bar: Chevy
Eastcote Clay Pigeon: Level 42
Egremont Rugby Club: The Chesters
Hailsham Crown Hotel: The Pulsaters/Still Life
Halifax Civic Theatre: Gilbert O'Sullivan
Hatfield The Forum: Pete Sayers Grand Ole Opry Show
Hemel Hempstead Old Town Hall Arts Centre: Elaine Delmar
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: Jan Garbarek/Egberto Gismonti/Charlie Haden
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Leicester Braunstone Theatre: Art Pepper Quartet
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Brixton George Canning: Southside
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Chelsea Kennedy's: Sarsen Oz
London Clapham 101 Club: Tour De Force/Battle Blue
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: FX/Strictly Rhythms/The Modernaires
London Finchley Torrington: Hank Wangford
London Fulham Golden Lion: Geno Washington
London Fulham Greyhound: Roger Ruskin Spear & Dave Glasson
London Hackney The Queens: Avenue
London Hammersmith Odeon: Steeleye Span
London Hammersmith Palais: The Blues Band/Willo Johnson's Solid Senders/Supercharge
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Belle Stars/A Bigger Splash
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Golsinski Bros.
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose
London Marquee Club: Modern English/The Past Seven Days
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Macondo
London Putney White Lion: Jazz Shots
London Rainbow Theatre: Classix Nouveaux/Theatre Of Hate/Naked Lunch/Biddle & Eve/Kan Kan
London Soho Pizza Express: Neville Dickie
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: C-Sharps
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Bow Wow Wow/Subway Sect
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
London Stratford Green Man: Wide Open
London Tottenham The Railway: The Razzzy Dazzzy Spasm Band
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Neil Sedaka
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Cambridge City Jazz Band
Luton Cessars: The Stylitics
Luton Fairs Club: The Tee-Vees
Macclesfield Masonic: Eric & The Frantics
Newcastle City Hall: Leo Sayer
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Oxford Corn Dolly: 720
Porteafact Blackmore Head: Spider
Poole Wessex Hall: Cleo Laine & John Dankworth
Poynton Folk Centre: Roaring Jelly
Preston Guildhall: Mike Harding
Reading George Hotel: The Coolers
Redcar Coatham Bowl: Vardis
Redhill Lokers Hotel: Juvenessence
Salford Willows: The Real Thing
Sandwich White Horse: Whirligig
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: Haze
Slough Alexander's: Jets
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Nana Mouskouri
Southend Shrimpers: Steve Hooker's Shakers

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Briton
Bolton Swan Hotel: Body
Brighton The Richmond: John Clay Band
Bristol Colston Hall: Cleo Laine & John Dankworth
Bristol Granary: Ken Hensley's Shotgun
Canthelton The Cricketers: Avenue
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Venigmas/The Chefs/Red Box
Chesterfield Aquarius: The Real Thing
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: Vardis
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Mike Harding

CONTINUES OVER ...

Edinburgh Cavendish: Transista
Edinburgh Tiffany's: The Spizzles
Eton Christopher Hotel: Zitz
Guildford Bunters: Drivin' Sideways
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Leeds Haddon Hall: Surfin Dave & The Absent Legends
Leeds Marquis of Granby: Disease
Leeds Warehouse: The Berlin Blondes
Liverpool The Mayflower: Attempted Moustache
London Acton White Hart: Bastille
London Cabaret Futura: The Delmontes
London Camden Dingwalls: The Tequila Twins/The English
London Chelsea Kennedy's: A. E. Liquid
London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
London Clapham 101 Club: The Business/The Russians
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Eyeless In Gaza
London Euston The Pits: The Purple Hearts/The Europeans
London Euston Shaw Theatre: Garbarek, Haden & Gismonti
London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Manufactured Romance
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Carpettes/Red Kites
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Tix/The Escorts
London Hampstead Three Horseshoes: Joolz
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Arrogant
London Homerton The Deuragon: Bum / Xero
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Slam
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Elaine Delmar & Pat Smythe (for a week, except Friday)
London Marquee Club: The Polecats
London N.4 The Stapleton: Dave Ellis Band
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: Guy & The City Gents
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Ronnie Scott's Club: Freddie Hubbard Quintet (for two weeks)
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: A Bigger Splash
London Royal Albert Hall: Nana Mouskouri
London Southall White Hart: Georgie Fame
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Stratford Green Man: Freddie Frogg & The BMT's
London Victoria The Venue: Karl Dailies benefit for The Master Musicians Of Jajouka with Arlo Guthrie & Guests
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Kill Sisters/Transit
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London W.1 Gossips: Stolen Pets
Malvern Festival Theatre: Stephane Grappelli
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir

Portsmouth South Parade Pier: Xena Zerox
Salisbury City Hall: Fred Wedlock
Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers
Slough Fulcrum Centre: Art Pepper Quartet
Southend Zero 6: Lemat
Stoke Jollies: The Stylistics

TUESDAY

Barnstaple Queens Hall: Fred Wedlock
Bath Tiffany's: The Original Mirrors
Belfast Dunne Bar Arms: Stage 8
Billingham Black Horse: John & Sue Kirkpatrick
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
Birmingham (Edgbaston) Faces: John Thurston
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Money
Brighton Dome: Dexy's Midnight Runners
Bristol Colston Hall: Leo Sayer
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: 8 Film/The Attendants/Mephisto Waltz
Cheltenham Eve's Night Club: Chas and Dave
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Art Pepper Quartet
Eton Christopher Hotel: Alley Cats Band
Greenock Victorian Carriage: The Complexions
Holmfirth Rising Sun: Whippies
Ilford The Cranbrook: Limahouse
Kingston Three Tuns: Going Straight
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
Leeds Warehouse: Music for Pleasure
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Neil Sedaka
Liverpool Mayfair: The Cheaters
London Camden Dingwalls: The Meters/El-Trails
London Clapham 101 Club: Talk/Airstrip

One
London Chelsea Kennedy's: Leszek
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Colours/The Lines
London Crickwood Production Village: True
London Euston The Pits: Dolly Mixture/The UB's
London Euston Shaw Theatre: Garbarek, Haden & Gismonti
London E2 Earl of Aberdeen: Oxy & The Moroes
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Opposition
London Fulham Greyhound: The Purple Hearts
London Hackney Sebright Arms: Stolen Pets
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Amy/The Crying Shame
London Homerton The Deuragon: The Wanderers
London Homsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Motor Boys Motor
London Lee Green Tiger's Head: The Cruisers
London Marquee Club: The Polecats
London N4 The Stapleton: The Razy Dezzy Spasm Band
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: The Astrals
London Old Kent Road, Thomas A'Beckett: A Bigger Splash
London Palladium: Ella Fitzgerald/Oscar Peterson (for a week)
London Putney Stars: The Identical Twins
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
London Southall The Cavern: Auntie Pus
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The 45's

London Stratford Green Man: Dr. Cosgill
London Tooting The Castle: Hit And Run
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: The Alligators/The Wrecktangles
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: This Heat / Felt
London W1 Embassy Club: Modern Jazz
Maidstone Ship Inn: Venigmas
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: Zenathus
Manchester (Ashton) Tameside Theatre: Gilbert O'Sullivan
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: The Spizzles
Mumbles Langland Bay Hotel: Andy Pandemonium
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: Television Personalities/Competition
Oxford Corn Dolly: The Stop Band
Oxford New Theatre: Steeleye Span
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: Clio Laine & John Dankworth
Stockport Reddish Youth Club: The Still
Stoke Jollies: The Stylistics
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Ian Mitchell Band

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Extra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bradford University: European Theatre Of War
Bristol The Berkeley: The Original Mirrors
Carlisle Mick's Place: Spider
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Small Change / Thirteen At Midnight
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Darley Dale Northwood Halls: Lionheart
Eton Christopher Hotel: England's National Sport
Hanley Victoria Hall: Girlschool
Hull New Theatre: Gilbert O'Sullivan
Leeds Marquis of Granby: Disease

Leeds Pack Horse: Xero
Leeds Warehouse: The Delmontes
London Camden Dingwalls: Tribesmen
London Chelsea Kennedy's: Preston Rumbaugh
London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
London Clapham Two Brewers: The Spoilers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Volcanoes / On The Level
London Euston The Pits: The Lemons / Going Straight
London Fulham Cafe des Artistes: The Berlin Blondes
London Fulham Golden Lion: Red Beans & Rice
London Fulham Greyhound: Den Hegarty & The Random Band
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Stoop / The Almost Brothers
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Paul Kennerley Band
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London Marquee Club: Live Wire
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: The London Apaches
London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm / The Elite
London Soho Pizza Express: Keith Stobart Quintet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: J.J. & The Flyers
London Stratford Green Man: Jazz Shuts
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Flying Padovani's / Out On Blue Six
Luton Cesar's: The Stylistics (for four days)
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Stockholm Monsters / Model Team / Beach Red
Newcastle City Hall: Neil Sedaka
Newcastle Cooperage: The Cheaters
New Romney Seahorse: Transcendents
Nottingham Co-op Centre: Garbarek, Haden & Gismonti
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Nuneston 77 Club: Bright Eyes
Paignton Festival Theatre: Leo Sayer
Portsmouth Guildhall: Steeleye Span
Reading Merry Maidens: El Seven / Shrinking Men / Johnny & The Moondogs
Redcar Hydro Hotel: The Showers
Rugby Benn Memorial Hall: Vardis
Sandwich White Horse: Perry White Band
Sheffield George IV Hotel: Kyle-Kaddie Sextet
Sheffield Mr Lumpy's Bone Club: Geddes Axa
Sheffield Top Rank: The Spizzles
Shepperton Riverview Hotel: Larry Miller Band
Shifnal Star Hotel: Terminal
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Stockport Warren Buckley Club: Stress / The Buzz
Swinton Duke of Wellington: Rockin' Horse
Worthing Assembly Rooms: Stephane Grappelli

GIRLSCHOOL START THEIR HEADLINING TOUR IN HANLEY ON WEDNESDAY



MCP presents

Stiff Little Fingers

DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
WED 13th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.00 Ad £3.50 Door £5.00
Available from B/O, Uniques Long Eaton
and Select a One Nottingham or B/O Tel: 0332 311111

BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
THURS 14th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0274 32513

MIDDLESBROUGH TOWN HALL
SAT 16th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0642 342541

CARLISLE MARKET ASSEMBLY HALL
SUN 17th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 Ad £3.50 Door
Available from Pink Panther Records 0278 28740

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
MON 18th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0632 20907

ABERDEEN CAPITOL THEATRE
THURS 21st MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0224 73141

DUNDEE CAIRO HALL
FRI 22nd MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0131 661 3605

EDINBURGH ODEON THEATRE
SAT 23rd MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 031 661 3605

GLASGOW APOLLO THEATRE
SUN 24th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 041 332 9221

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT THEATRE
SUN 28th APRIL 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0703 29777

WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL
TUES 28th APRIL 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 Ad £3.50 Door £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0254 51887

BLACKBURN KING GEORGES HALL
WED 29th APRIL 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 Ad £3.50 Door
Available from B/O Tel: 0254 51887

HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
THURS 30th APRIL 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 Ad £3.50 Door
Available from B/O Tel: 0224 73141

BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
SUN 3rd MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0272 291768

BIRMINGHAM ODEON THEATRE
SAT 9th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 021 643 61012

LONDON RAINBOW THEATRE
SUN 10th MAY 8.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 262 3148 L.T.S. and Premier

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT THEATRE
MON 11th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 051 708 7411

MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
TUES 12th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50 £5.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 061 273 1112/3

NEW SINGLE 'JUST FADE AWAY'

OUTLAW AND JOHN SHERRY PRESENT

WISHBONE ASH

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tuesday 2nd June 7.30pm

RAINBOW THEATRE
Wednesday 3rd June 7.30pm

TICKETS £4.00, £3.50, £3.00 FROM BOX OFFICES, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
PREMIER BOX OFFICE & ALL UNIQ. AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING SPEED)

NEW SINGLE
OUT NOW
UNDERGROUND
MCA 888

DARRYL HAYDENS

MOD CLUB

White Hart, High Street, Southall
Monday 13th April

GEORGIE FAME

EVERY MON
8-12.00

THE PITS

GREENMAN, EUSTON ROAD, NW1
Licenced 8.30 till 1 am Opp Gt. Portland St tube

Thursday 9th April THE METEORS + El Trains	Monday 13th April PURPLE HEARTS + Europeans
Friday 10th April MICKY JUPP + Steve Hooker's Shakers	Tuesday 14th April DOLLY MIXTURES + The UB's
Saturday 11th April THE YACHTS + OK Jive	Wednesday 15th April THE LEMONS + Going Straight

ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIAS

+ SUPPORT

Thursday 23rd April — 7.30 pm
at TOLWORTH RECREATION CENTRE, FULLERS WAY NORTH,
TOLWORTH, SURREY. (Phone: 391 0684).

TICKETS £3.00 ADVANCE — CHEQUES PAYABLE TO KINGSTON CORP.

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM

Tel 0602 412544 Open 8 pm - 2 am

Thursday 9th April Some Bizarre Evening featuring B MOVIES SOFT CELL FAST SET	Thursday 30th April Adv £3.00 GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS
Friday 10th April Reggae Special CULTURE + Far Image	Friday 1st May Adv £2.50 THE FREEZ
Saturday 11th April Adv £2.50 THE BLUES BAND + Supercharge	Saturday 2nd May Adv £3.00 GARY GLITTER
Saturday 18th April Futurist Night A CERTAIN RATIO + SECTION 25	Monday 4th May Adv £3.50 Ltd number £2.50 with dote card from Rock City only THE BEAT
Thursday 23rd April Heavy Metal Special TYGERS OF PAN TANG + Magnum + Alkatrazz	Thursday 7th May Adv £3.00 JAPAN
Friday 24th April £3.00 Adv ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN + Support	Friday 8th May Adv £2.50 ALEX HARVEY BAND
Saturday 25th April Adv £2.50 999	Saturday 9th May Adv £3.50 THE UNDERTONES + Support
Wednesday 29th April Adv £3.50 BILLIE JOE SPEARS Plus The Hillsideers	Friday 15th May Adv £2.50 PSYCHEDELIC FURS
Friday 22nd May Adv £2.50 WILD HORSES	

Tickets from Rock City, Virgin
Selectdisc Victoria Box Office,
Way Ahead Revolver, R.E Chords
(Derby), Revolver (Leicester) or
by post from Rock City. Cheques
payable to Rock City. Must be
over 18 years of age.
No Membership Required

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6155)

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS LONDON W6
Easter Sunday 19th April (2 pm-11 pm)
1st National

ROCK/HEAVY METAL ALL DAYER

NEIL KAY NICK ALAN
HEAVY METAL LONDON GOFF
SOUNDHOUSE

* PERSONAL APPEARANCES OF FAMOUS ROCK STARS *

8 live rigs & Britannia Row, Fish Flays Lighting Special Effects & Films

HEAD BANGING GROUP COMPETITION

Stalls, Licensed Bars & Food. No Dress Restrictions

Advance Tickets £2.80 from Rock Record Shops
+ Palais Box Office

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 488287)

Monday 13th April

**BERLIN
BLONDES**

Tuesday 14th April

**MUSIC FOR
PLEASURE**

Wednesday 14th April
DELMONTES
+ The Visitors

Wednesday 22nd April

SHAKIN PYRAMIDS

Friday 24th April

FAD GADGET

Monday 27th April
B. MOVIE

Tuesday 28th April
THE BUREAU

Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block presents

the **ATHLETICO SPIZZ '80**
SPIZZLES
DEPARTMENT S
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
TUESDAY 21st APRIL 7:30pm

ALL TICKETS £3.00
FROM BOX OFFICE (01 748 2812) PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, HONKY TONK,
& USUAL AGENTS

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

188 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW5

Wednesday 8th April £1.50

DANCING DID

+ The Tons

Thursday 9th April £1.50

THE LEMONS

+ The Sinatras

Friday 10th April £1.50

SKI PATROL

+ Parting Shots

Saturday 11th April £1.50

THE DIAGRAM BROTHERS

+ Walking Floors

Sunday 12th April Closed for filming

Monday 13th April £1.50

KILL SISTERS

+ Transit

Tuesday 14th April £1.50

THIS HEAT + Felt

Wednesday 15th April £1.50

FLYING PADOVANI'S

+ Out On Blue Six

Club DJ — Joe Lung

REGGAE AT

THE 100 CLUB

100 Oxford St, London W1

Thursday 9th April

**THE
PEOPLE**

(ex Selector members,
Charlie & Desmond Brown)
+ L'earm de Tearm

HI-TECH NEW WAVE

Tuesday 14th April

TO BE

ANNOUNCED

NATIONAL CLUB

234 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6

Derek Block presents

FREEZ
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
Thursday 14th May 7:30pm
ALL TICKETS £3

FROM NATIONAL CLUB 01 328 3141, PREMIER BOX OFFICE,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, AND USUAL AGENTS

EASTER WARNING!

If you want to advertise any gigs in
our April 25th issue, copy must be
here by

THURSDAY APRIL 16th

Copy for Easter issue itself
is as normal

★ OUTLAW PRESENTS

RAINBOW THEATRE
Thursday 21st May 7-30pm
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00

UNDERTONES
PLUS SUPPORT
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Sunday 24th May 8pm
ALL TICKETS £3.50

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



Monday 13th April at 7.30 pm
CHELMSFORD ODEON
Baddow Rd, Chelmsford
0245 53677



TICKETS £3.50, £3.00 FROM RAINBOW, LONDON THEATRE
BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, ALBEMARLE, ROUGH
TRADE, MORNING STAR, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

★ The Only Late-Night Rock Club ★
in London Worth Bothering About

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RHYTHM'N'BOOZE
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LIVE MUSIC.BAR.DISCO.RESTAURANT.VIDEO



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Glasterbury
CND FESTIVAL
19th 20th 21st JUNE WORTHY FARM SOMERSET
1981

**MUSIC THEATRE
SPEAKERS CAMPING
CRAFTS PLAY AREA
GOODFOOD MIME
PUPPETS ETC**

PROCEEDS DONATED TO THE CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

Advance Tickets £8

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London
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Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following
Book Now June 11, 12, 13 **GEORGE BENSON**

APRIL	2 Mike Harding
9 Culture	3 Gilbert O'Sullivan
10 Osibisa	4 The Cure
10-12 Neil Sedaka	5 Girlschool
11 Steeleye Span	6-7 Leo Sayer
11 Classix Nouveaux	8 Mike Westbrook Band
11 UB40	9 Echo & The Bunnymen
12 Bow Wow Wow	9 Larry Norman
12 Blues Band	10 Stiff Little Fingers
14-19 Ella Fitzgerald	11 Tigers of Pan Tang
17 Dexy's Midnight Runners	14 Freeez
17-20 Country Music	15, 17 Manhattan Transfer
Festival	16-17 Japan
19 John Cale	16 Pasadena Roof Orchestra
19-20 Fats Domino	17 Humphrey Littleton
20 Christopher Cross	18 Barclay James Harvest
21 The Spizzles	18 Gordon Lightfoot
24 Freddie Starr	21, 22 Paul Anka
26 Gary Numan	21, 24 The Undertones
26 Fad Gadget	24, 25 John Martyn
28 Killing Joke	25 Dave Brubeck
29 Glen Campbell	28, 31 Whitesnake
29 George Thorogood & The Destroyers	JUNE
30 Q-Tips	2 Wishbone Ash
MAY	5 Toyah
1 Cliff Richard	6 Rita Coolidge
1 Teddy Pendergrass	9 Shakin Stevens
1 The Specials	11 Sky
	11, 12, 13 George Benson

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LICENSED BAR FULLY AIR-CONDITIONED ADVANCE BOOKING

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Divine Madness
A Ladd Company Release Through Warner Bros. © A Warner Communications Company
Released by Columbia TriStar Pictures Distribution Ltd. © 1980 Warner Bros. Inc. All Rights Reserved.
2.35, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30.

2 THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES
SUPERMAN II
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Progs: 12.45 (not Sun), 3.15, 5.45, 8.20
Late show Fri and Sat 11pm

3 Rebels.
Outlaws. Mercenaries.
Seven magnificent warriors
join to fight the...
BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS
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Progs: 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.35

4 The Army was no laughing matter until Judy Benjamin joined it.
★ **GOLDIE HAWN** ★
PRIVATE BENJAMIN
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Progs: Weekdays 1.45, 4.00, 6.15, 8.30, Sunday 3.30, 5.45, 8.00, Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS

RECORD NEWS

CAESAR PROMOTIONS PRESENTS

GARY GLITTER

+ Support

Friday 24th April — Taunton Odeon
£3.50, £3.75

Saturday 25th April — Oxford New Theatre
£3.50, £3.75

Monday 27th April — Southampton Gaumont
£3.50, £3.75

Tickets from Box Office and Usual Agents

★ RAINBOW LIVE ★ RAINBOW LIVE ★

MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS

Offer you the long awaited opportunity of seeing
Ritchie Blackmore's

RAINBOW

at Vorst National, Brussels, on Friday 19th June
THE PRICE OF £52 INCLUDES

★ A Ticket for the Concert
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★ A Return Luxury Coach Trip to Brussels
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A valid passport is required, send cheques or p.o.'s (with an SAE) made payable to:—

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★ Please send £15 deposit to secure a place on the coach

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Please print clearly in block capitals

Name

Address

No. of tickets reqd

Please make cheques/POs (send no cash) payable to:—
MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
Tel: 0702 338651

RAINBOW

★ RAINBOW LIVE ★ RAINBOW LIVE ★

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoid major disasters, here is...

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCK GARDEN

ANTI PAST

THU APR. 9. Cheerful punk quartet more concerned with now than the spirit of '77

ALLAN HODSWORTH & CO.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BRITISH JAZZ-HOOD GUITARIST — BRUFORD, UK — needs up his own OUPR and gives full range to his considerable technique with Paul Williams, vocals, adding pitch-FRI APR. 10. perfect counter harmonies.

WEAPON OF PEACE

Seven-piece reggae tribe from Birmingham who sometimes dress in T.A. jumpsuits, but smile a lot & play a fine harmony set with cold SOUNDS.

SAT APR. 11. *IRRESISTIBLE RESULTS.

FX + STRICT BAPTISTS

SUN APR. 12. *MODERNAIRES

MON APR. 13. LE KLICK

TUE. APR. 14. THE COLOURS + THE LINES

WED. APR. 15. THE VOLCANOES + ON THE LEVEL

BRIAN COPPEL & THE COMMOTIONS

Bouncy beat group

THU APR. 16. with dizzy funk visuals.

The Locomotion band will play every Sunday when the 250 till 12. Paul Neg. Goodballs, night thru. Our restaurant is open 1 days a week. 830am till 600am most days. Phone for details. We are on the corner of King St & James St. (at Covent Garden) 100m from Tube Station.

PHONE: 240-3961

GREEN MAN

198 Stratford High, St. E15
(Opposite Stratford Tube)

Thursday 14th 11.30 — Sunday 13th 11.30

ALLAN HODSWORTH WIDE OPEN & CO.

MONDAY 13th 11.30 — From May: York

FREDDIE FROGS & The B.M.T. Band

Tuesday 14th 11.30 — Wednesday 15th 11.30

DR. COGILL'S JAZZ SLUTS

Tchaikovsky re-emerges

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY returns to the record scene after a nine-month lapse, following the break-up of his previous group while touring America. He re-appears with a new band on a single 'Shall We Dance'/'Miracle Cure', issued by Arista this week. The A-side is an edited version of one of the tracks on his upcoming album 'Funland'. Recorded at Rockfield, it features the new line-up of Bram (vocals and guitar), lead guitarist Denis Forbes (the sole survivor from the previous line-up), drummer Derek Ballard and bassist Richard Itchington, with Bernie Clark guesting on keyboards. The band are expected to play a string of UK dates in mid-spring.

ALL-STAR KAMPUCHEA SETS

THE FOUR charity shows at London Hammersmith Odeon right after Christmas, 1979 — known as the 'Concerts For The People Of Kampuchea' — now form the basis of a double album set, issued by Atlantic this week. It features live performances by such acts as The Who, Wings, Queen, The Pretenders, The Clash, Rockpile, Elvis Costello, Ian Dury and The Specials. All profits from the set are going to the cause for which the gigs were originally staged.



STRAY CATS
THIRD SINGLE

THE STRAY CATS have their third single issued by Arista on April 18 — titled 'Stray Cat Strut', it's taken from their current album. The coupling is the five-minute 'Drink That Bottle Down', featuring Lee Rocker on vocals and recorded live in Newcastle.

Following their recent UK tour, Krokus have a four-track single issued by Ariola on April 24. Tracks include a re-release of their first British single 'Bedside Radio' and their live favourite 'Bye-Bye Baby', plus 'Ezy Rocker' and 'Celebration'. After their current American tour, the band head for Japan, and there's a possibility of some summer festival appearances in Britain.

The new Classix Nouveaux single, issued by Liberty on April 21, is called 'Tokyo'. It's taken from their album 'Night People', due out on May 9.

Angel Witch — who play two Easter gigs at London Marquee on April 16 and 17 — have a single titled 'Loser' issued by Bron on May 8, the first to feature their new drummer Dave Dufort. The two other tracks are 'Suffer' and the instrumental 'Dr. Phibes', and none of the three has been issued previously.

The Look, who scored a Top Ten hit with their first single 'I Am The Beat' earlier this year, have the follow-up 'Three Steps Away' released by MCA this weekend. The band are shortly off to Germany and, on their return, will be recording their debut album for September release. They are also lining up a series of live UK gigs for June.

OLD AND NEW CUDDLY TOYS

CUDDLY TOYS have their album 'Guillotine Theatre' released by Fresh Records this week. Recorded in 1978-9, it was previously only issued in Japan — but it's now been re-mixed and had two more tracks added, 'My Commando' and 'Wolf'. The first 10,000 copies feature a full-cover inner sleeve, with lyrics and video photos of the old line-up, which broke up last summer. Vocalist Sean Purcell has since assembled a completely new set of Cuddly Toys, for whom record releases and gigs will be announced very shortly.

Paul Brady's debut album 'Hard Shoulder' — produced by Hugh Murphy, who also produced Gerry Rafferty's 'Baker Street' — is released by WEA on May 1. And with his six-piece band, Brady appears at London Victoria The Venue on May 5.

To coincide with his appearance in the Easter Country Music Festival at Wembley, Jerry Lee Lewis has his new album 'Killer Country' issued by WEA on April 20.

Warner Brothers have signed Jim Messina, one time member of Buffalo Springfield, Poco and Loggins & Messina. His first album for the label, titled 'Messina', is due out in June.

The Fall release a ten-inch mini-album titled 'Slates' next week on Rough Trade. It contains six brand new songs, and sells for £2.

Over in the States, The Stranglers have been signed to a three-album deal by Stiff America, the colonial wing of Stiff Records.

Yet another addition to the feline rock roster — this time it's The Dogma Cats, whose single 'Experts' is available on Leisure Sounds.

DREAM MOVIE SCORE ELPEE

TANGERINE DREAM's new album 'Thief', issued by Virgin this weekend, is their second soundtrack LP. It's their score from the upcoming film of the same name, starring James Caan, Tuesday Weld and country rocker Willie Nelson. Their first soundtrack set was in 1977, when they recorded the music for Exorcist director William Friedkin's movie The Sorcerer (which became Wages Of Fear on this side of the Atlantic).

MOONDOGS CUT WITH RUNDGREN

THE MOONDOGS release their third Real Records single on April 16 — titled 'The Imposter' and produced by Ray Davies of The Kinks — to coincide with the start of their seven-week ITV network series Moondog Matinee. Slade guest in the first edition on April 14, and subsequent guests include Rockpile, The Searchers, Chas & Dave and Suzi Quatro. Later this month, the group leave for America to record their debut album at Bearsville Studios, with Todd Rundgren producing.



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NIGHTLY SHOWS COMMENCING 14TH APRIL — 31ST AUGUST 1981

	6.15	7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3
SUN	THE 45-45 SHOW BENNY BROWN	SUNDAY NIGHT EDITORIAL BENNY BROWN	BILLY GRAHAM	TOP TEN NOW AND THEN BENNY BROWN	TOP 30 DISCO SHOW TONY PRINCE	THE GOLDEN JACKPOT ROB JONES	NIGHT TRACKS ROB JONES	NIGHT TRACKS BOB STEWART	BIG 'L' COUNTRY BOB STEWART	
MON		GOLD MINE MARK WESLEY	CHART CHAMPIONS MARK WESLEY		**BRITAIN'S TOP 30 AIRPLAY CHART BENNY BROWN	THE GOLDEN JACKPOT ROB JONES	NIGHT TRACKS ROB JONES	NIGHT TRACKS BOB STEWART	MOTOWN HOUR BOB STEWART	
TUES		GOLD MINE MARK WESLEY	THE BEATLE HOUR MARK WESLEY		GREAT BRITAIN'S TOP 30 BOB STEWART	THE GOLDEN JACKPOT ROB JONES	NIGHT TRACKS ROB JONES	NIGHT TRACKS BENNY BROWN	THE SENSATIONAL 60's BENNY BROWN	
WED		GOLD MINE MARK WESLEY	THE NUMBER ONES SHOW MARK WESLEY		THE EASY LISTENING CONTEMPORARY TOP 30 STUART HENRY	THE GOLDEN JACKPOT ROB JONES	NIGHT TRACKS ROB JONES	NIGHT TRACKS BENNY BROWN	NIGHT TRACKS BENNY BROWN	
THURS		GOLD MINE MARK WESLEY	TOP OF THE POPS MARK WESLEY		***TOP GOLD 'N' SILVER SHOW ROB JONES	THE GOLDEN JACKPOT ROB JONES	NIGHT TRACKS ROB JONES	NIGHT TRACKS STUART HENRY	ELVIS PRESLEY & FRIENDS STUART HENRY	
FRI		GOLDEN ROCK STUART HENRY	THE STUART HENRY ROCK SHOW STUART HENRY		TOP 20 DISCO IMPORTS TONY PRINCE	THE GOLDEN HOUR BOB STEWART	NIGHT TRACKS BOB STEWART	NIGHT TRACKS BARRY ALLDIS	SINATRA & FRIENDS BARRY ALLDIS	
SAT		GOLD ROCK 'N' REGGAE STUART HENRY	STREET HEAT STUART HENRY		TOP 30 (UPDATE) BENNY BROWN	THE GOLDEN HOUR BENNY BROWN	BIG 'L' COUNTRY BOB STEWART	TOP 10 COUNTRY BOB STEWART	THE GREATEST LOVE SONGS EVER AIRED BOB STEWART	

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TEUTONIC

DO APOLOGIES, for starting the Bundesrepublik beat with a Düsseldorf group called Die Lemmings, whose arrangement of the traditional tune 'Lorelei' is stunning: a frozen moment from the past churned up into a moody electronically-treated soundscape, featuring the lyrics of local poet Heinrich Heine, a true romantic-cum-visionary, who died 125 years ago.

This single marks a fitting commemoration. Masterminded by Ralf Dorper, the man behind the excellent 'Eraserhead' single, with the help of der Plan's Pyrolator, amongst others, it draws on German sentiment without dwelling or drowning in it. On Pure Freude, it's available from Rough Trade, or write to Ralf at Jahnstr. 46, 4000 Düsseldorf.

■ From deep in the heart of the industrial (don't groan) Ruhrgebiet come the very wonderful Herne Townfolk, **Vorgruppe**, who follow their obsessive debut EP 'Menschenkinder' with their first LP 'Im Herzen von Nielsen 2' (Nielsen 2, c/o H'Art Music, Vereinstr. 1, 4630 Bohum 1), which veers occasionally too close to despondency for its own health, but generally resignation is held in check by a vital cynicism and sharpened with some witty sarcasm.

Dot to be confused with our homegrown cliché Modern Man, Hanover's **Der Moderne Man** are (a) infinitely better and (b) have already released an independent LP '80 Tage Auf See' (No Fun, Im Moore 27,000, 3000 Hanover 1). Its winning sleeve credit for crazy Bavarian

King Ludwig 11 — of Disneyland like castles fame — is a touch misleading as their music hardly bears the mark of his demented flourish.

■ Expatriate electro-pop Englishmen **Surplus Stock** have just released their first LP from their German base in Quakenbrück, called 'Holland in Not' — a colloquial expression for 'Catastrophe!' — on Outatune Records (C/O Bob Giddens Berlinerstr. 36, 4570 Quakenbrück; check Rough Trade before writing).

■ **Der KFC** undoubtedly appease the current German appetite for hardcore punk with their 'Letzte Hoffnung' collection of 'last hope' songs on Schallmauer Records, Glockhammer 23-25, 4040 Neuss. It's not all unremitting gloom as touches of enlightening humour accompany the stampede: 'In heaven there's no beer / That's why we drink it here.' So now you know.

A QUICK STOPOVER IN Vienna to pick up **Monoton's** 'Monoton Produkt' (from Rough Trade or Konrad Becker, C/O Rochas, St. Ulrichsplatz 4, 1070, Vienna) — genuine Germanic electronics, not the ersatz Ultravox variety. Witty mood music, ornate without being over embellished.

■ Hamburg's Zickzack label (Rip Off Vertrieb, Feldstrasse 48, 2000 Hamburg 6 — some are available from Rough Trade) is Germany's most prolific independent. Though they should be credited with giving



TONICS

debut album is an intriguing mess of sarcasm, satire, nursery rhymes and Espanol ramblings that sometimes hit the mark ('Heimweh'), mostly in their less ambitious moments. Now I'm used to them I love it. Check out their excellent contribution to the Limburger Pest double single first.

■ Likewise **Siluettes 61's** LP (Zickzack 16) — a more accessible confusion of jazz and pop invention wittily fused together ('1 Minute') with tapes and electronics. Great fun. Wish I could say the same for **Abwärts** well, (if a bit sensationally) packaged catastrophe 'Amok'. For better-humoured crass punks no doubt.

Zickzack's rush release policy is typified by two early Deutsche Punk compilations, an excuse for the most appalling sound quality. Okay, so they were recorded live, thankfully released without studio polishing, but they don't do justice to any of the groups. Both recorded at Hamburg's notorious Markthalle, they do offer some hint of progress. The earlier 'In Die Zukunft' (misnamed 'Into The Future') is nonstop party pogo-a-go-go from the likes of **Buttocks**, the hilarious **ZK** and **KFC**, with a dash of experiment from **Din A Test Bild**. The second, 'Geraeusche Fuer Die 80er' (Noise For The 80s), is marginally better and it features **Abwärts**, **Coroners** and **Liebesgier**, among others. There is a companion volume with the likes of **DAF**, the legendary **Mittagspause**, **Male** and others called 'Into The Future', which is undoubtedly the best of the three.

The Zickzack singles collection is similarly hit and miss, however here's a few of the more interesting: **Nachdenkliche Wehrpflichtige** and (yet again) **Abwärts** revive Brecht with ramshackle glee on their separate offerings. The former trounce

'Arbeiterfrontfrontlied' (roughly — 'Workers' United Front Song') at the tail end of an erratically entertaining EP: The latter romp through 'Moon Of Alabama' (otherwise known as 'The Alabama Song') in a spirit not that far removed from the original. In the revisionist vein Saal 2's re-upholstering of 'The Internationale' is the least good track on a bizarrely engaging EP that also features 'I Like Donald Duck' and the touching 'Fear Of Dancing'. Know what they mean? Finally, from Zickzack come **Palais Schaumburg's** fascinating 'Red Lights' / 'Make Me Happy Like Never' and **Schoen's** sulky 'Tanz Doch!

Alfred Hilsberg, Zickzack founder, has upset rival **Rondo Records'** Residenz, for reasons that aren't totally apparent from their single 'Alfred Hilsberg Ist Ein Schwein'. Jiggery pop as irritating as their Californian counterparts. Better are **Die Neue Prachtigkeit's** 'Überzeugen' and **Wet Nu's** 'Skandal'. 'Rondo, Millratlerstr 15, 4000 Düsseldorf).

■ And finally from the far flung Northern town of Kiel come the negative youngsters **No More**, whose accurately named 'Too Late' EP is at least five years behind by my reckoning, but it is in English and if you're interested contact Rauschtoll Platten, Chr. Bloedorn, Kiel, Rathausstr. 8.

MALARIA is the healthy new virus developed by Berliners **Gudrun Gut** (left) and **Bettina Koster** (right) after their **Mania D** split. Their first 12 inch single — recorded in a converted **Spandau Ballroom** (eat your heart out **Tony Hadley**) and mixed by ex-iggy drummer **Klaus Kruger** — is a highly percussive collection of evocatively concrete jungle mysteries in German and English. Their single is available from **Marat**, c/o **Zensor**, Betzingerstr. 23, 1000 Berlin 62.

some bands their first break, quality hasn't maintained pace with their output. The apparently self-loathing **Geisterfahrer** (Spiritual Guide, I think), for example, were Zickzack's earliest project and they've since released an intense collection of futuristic horror stories, called 'Schatten Voraus' on **Konkurrenz**.

distributed by German Phonogram. Some might find solace in their like-minded pessimism.

ther, thankfully more cheerful acts have stuck with Zickzack, like **Wirtschaftswunder** (Economic Miracle), whose

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SILVER SCREEN

Tess

Directed by Roman Polanski
Starring Nastassia Kinski, Leigh Lawson and Peter Firth
(Columbia)

AND FINALLY, the film this country's major distributors were loath to let us see. Just as they recently condemned Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull* as "too violent", so they initially rejected Roman Polanski's *Tess* as — wait for it — "too long". Isn't it reassuring to know there are still some responsible Britons who are happy to shoulder the tiresome burden of making up our minds for us?

Nonetheless Columbia, no doubt strengthened in the knowledge that *Tess* has been doing brisk business in the States, have now taken the plunge and are gingerly trailing the film as some sort of soft-core cross between Louis Malle's *Pretty Baby* and David Hamilton's *Bilitis*. I suppose it hardly matters that Polanski's film of Thomas Hardy's novel *Tess Of The D'Urbervilles* is actually nothing of the kind — at least it's on general release and conscientious students of English literature can thrill to the sight of one of their set texts in glorious Panavision.

It has of course been suggested that Polanski only made as well-behaved and aesthetically impeccable a film as this to salvage his reputation in the eyes of the American courts, where he still faces charges relating to an alleged sexual assault on a minor.

Heh. The argument strikes me as rather dubious. For a start, perhaps feeling he'd already been tried and found guilty by the press, Polanski unceremoniously fled the US for a safer European home in France before his case could come to trial. But whatever the truth of the matter, to see *Tess* as nothing more than an elaborate and expensive exercise in character referencing is half-witted — easily as silly as thinking Ian Curtis died for "us" or "rock and roll".

In fact you begin to wonder whether Polanski's more vocal detractors understand anything of the expatriate Polish director or his previous work. If they did, they might appreciate that *Tess* was a perfectly natural choice for the man to make.

Hardy himself was an unrepentant fatalist who deeply resented the assumptions of Victorian Christianity and the strictures of its morality, both of which he took pains but considerable delight in scandalising.

Landscape and prevailing social conditions were Hardy's active agencies, not some omnipotent God, as the sweeping skies of his rural Wessex bore down inexorably upon suffering humanity, benighted specimens of which he would allow himself to dissect in obsessive detail. And the "absurdly melancholy" *Tess* remains one of his most luddite creations: an attractive, kind-hearted country girl whose life should by rights have been anything but tragic.

In his own way Polanski has made it abundantly clear he has as little faith in our ability to exert any real influence over our destinies. The horrors of his early life (his mother died in Auschwitz), his struggles to establish himself and then the appalling murder of his pregnant wife Sharon Tate by the Manson gang have all taken their toll.

Although Polanski's films often display a defensive black humour they team with isolated, alienated characters who are invariably overwhelmed by elemental forces from within or without themselves — forces that range from those of extreme circumstance in *Cul De Sac* to those of supernatural evil in *Rosemary's Baby* or nemesis brought about by blind ambition in *Macbeth*.

And so *Tess* isn't the soft option it seems. Hardy has been filmed before, in recent times by John Schlesinger, whose *Far From The Madding Crowd* (1967) was typically determined but also overwrought and confused. Polanski however seems much more intuitively



Nastassia Kinski: another fine Tess.

Wessex and the single girl Hard times in Hardy's England

attuned to his subject matter than Schlesinger ever did.

In *Tess* the director's fondness for the often lengthy but always uncluttered shot effortlessly overcomes one of the major problems of adapting Hardy for the screen. Polanski manages to convey the gist of the author's interminable ruminations about his characters and their local surroundings with economy and clarity, and at a steady, unhurried pace that ideally suits the cumulative effects of unfolding events.

Although it's not just the form of the film that explains its success, more the fact that its scriptwriters (Gerard Brach, John Brownjohn and Polanski) have carefully trimmed Hardy's tale of some of its excess baggage and more obviously exaggerated melodrama.

Watching *Tess* as someone who knows Hardy's Wessex well, I was amazed at how closely the film's locations in Brittany and Normandy were made to correspond with those Hardy must have had in mind, at how impressively period details had been attended to and, most importantly, at how unerringly the

late Geoffrey Unsworth and his replacement Ghislain Cloquet's photography established the appropriate moods in a whole range of weathers and seasons. A Hardy film without a feel for landscape would be a poor one indeed, and *Tess* sets very high standards in this respect.

The repetition and drudgery of country life, the superstitious nature, inexplicable generosity and insatiable curiosity of country people — all are accurately depicted in *Tess*. Hardy's own virulent anti-clericalism is also stressed with some force (perhaps Polanski feels something similar towards the Roman Catholic Church); the Anglican clergy here are stuffed to bursting full of humbug and hypocrisy.

Altogether, the picture of what was for many at the time little more than subsistence existence is unpleasantly convincing. Living off the land has always been a grim business, and to his credit Polanski makes no bones about it.

As for Nastassia Kinski, daughter of Klaus, even Robert Fripp might be deceived by her assumed Dorset

but. Although her startling beauty is strictly speaking perhaps too refined for the part of Tess, Ms Kinski emphasises the character's utter lack of guile, enormous resilience and essential dignity with great skill. Long-suffering heroines such as Tess have made laughing stocks of far more experienced actresses.

Leigh Lawson and Peter Firth also cope confidently as Tess's seducer Alec D'Urberville and her husband Angel Clare. Both parts are demanding, and each character elicits roughly equal shares of sympathy and antipathy. Alec may be a repellent and roguish philanderer, but his concern for Tess is persistent and oddly genuine, while Angel's apparent devotion to Tess and lofty aspirations as the would-be Marxist son of a clergyman are soon replaced by callous indifference to her welfare —

at least until he returns a broken man from abroad, begs Tess's forgiveness and eventually earns it.

Despite his insistence on the apparent futility of it all, there is much and far from grudging concern for humankind in Hardy — and Polanski's film echoes such sentiments. We may be misbegotten or even comic creatures, but our attempts to invest meaning into events and lives that perhaps have none are nevertheless their own justification. We are, therefore we must muddle on.

And *Tess* itself is an excellent example of the kind of painstaking and committed film-making we so rarely see these days. Its climactic scenes amongst the sarsons and bluestones of what's presumably a replica Stonehenge end the film on a note of utterly ineffable resonance.

Angus MacKinnon



Roman Polanski: the Hardy perennial at work.

POPEYE'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG



Popeye and Olive kid around with Sweet Pea.

Popeye

Directed by Robert Altman
Starring Robin Williams and Shelley Long
(Walt Disney/Parmount)

IN A PAST packed full of film, Robert Altman has directed and deconstructed the whole wide lore of the cinema: lovers and losers, gangsters and detectives, cowboys and Indians, military and musicians, even the SF outer limits.

In all these and more personified places, Alt-American characters stumble and are steered across the rocky landscape of their great nation's customs, myths, institutions, hang ups and humely truths. Some seem to hover — virtually unaffected or catatonically gone — just a little bit above the surface, some are trying to become

at one with the ethos, most of them hang suspended half way between dreams and drudgery — bemused, bedraggled, but hardly ever beat.

Altman's celebrated de-railings of *The American Way* don't, however, come across as a sternly conscious and contentious clearing away of the cultural sleepy dust. People pretend — that's more often than not Altman's "message"; what better illustration — life getting the wrong end of a sticky art — than last week's assassination attempt?

Altman gives myth more of a wry clean than a cold shower. The usual furniture is relocated, the floorplan shifted — he messes up a tidy room. Mythical perspectives are gradually — through the film's duration — subtly disturbed, undermined, distorted as they roll around Altman's convex curve.

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POPEYE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Some people find the often 'incomplete' quality of an Altman direction annoying, cloying — possibly confusing the plasticity of the lives of people portrayed with the intentions of Altman himself; rather, he creates a view of a vacuum, a space where various possible meanings jostle and jar, where implications can thrive or drown. I like the lack — not so much of focus, as of closure — around any single meaning, any pompous gift of 'insight' — and lap up the overlapping.

Some of my most loved films — especially animated ones — are supposed to be strictly for the kids, and I find it a somewhat condescending attitude that (in the same way people look down on comedy) labels anything 'purely and simply' a children's film.

Popeye is a case in point. Despite (?) its 'U' certificate this is very much an adult entertainment. *Popeye*, as written for the screen by Jules Feiffer, directed by Altman and played by American comic actor Robin Williams (best known for the *Mork And Mindy* TV show) is a rough hewn melancholic — a chipper but chafed, shrewd but shipwrecked, wisecracking and slightly cynical LII' Guy Ulysses. A swift prefacing quote from the original '30s and '40s Fleischer Studios cartoon *Popeye* sets the tone: "What's this — one of Bluto's tricks? I'm in the wrong movie." Well, almost Pops.

Any semblance of matinee feel is displaced by Altman's first image — one he doubtless relished — of the tiny *Popeye* in a frail rowing boat, chopped and channelled by an immense sea. He's beached in the port of Sweethaven, one more stop in the odyssey to find his "Poppa"...

For *Popeye* takes place before the animated event, as it were, the



Oyl the best: Robin Williams as Popeye, Paul Toomey as Wimpy, Shelley Duvall as Olive.

delineation before the drawing began to move: how he came to meet Olive Oyl, Swee'Pea and Wimpy, why the eternal quarrel with Bluto began and how he discovered the healing force of spinach — through... well, I won't give it away.

If you want to sound pretentious about it, all these gen-u-wine American icons have been lifted out of their original context and marooned on a timeless desert isle. Sweethaven, though, is no one-dimensional paradise; it's as full of pain, greed and booze as it is of lover's looks and little children bursting into song. Wimpy would sell his soul — and eventually sells Swee'Pea — for the price of a burger.

Popeye meets Olive in her mudda's — sorry, mother's — guest house, where he is bedding and breakfasting. She is in a dither about her impending marriage to Bluto, he wisecracks her name when she snubs him ("some kinda lubricant?").

Shelley Duvall is, of course, perfect as Olive — beanpole figure, bug eyes and lunatic feet with minds of their own; we also find



out that she has an excruciating singing voice (whether it's meant to be a character trait or not, it remains hilarious).

Williams as *Popeye* ends up some weird place between a Northern wrestler with arms off a butcher's hook and a mutant Groucho Marx; he walks it and talks it just right. Williams chews each word like one of those puke-green 10c cigars, delivers lines like concrete from a cement mixer, alternating between grumbled asides and a spittle-rich, sing-song conversational. They both stumble on the abandoned Swee'Pea (played by a young kid called Wesley Ivan Hurt, who has the most sentimentally winning babyface beam in showbiz — I wuz had over a barrel), and suffice to say that *Popeye* is none too enamoured of calling him Baby Oyl...

There follows a classic Goodies vs. Baddies hindered or helped by the Inbetweens plot in which jaws is bust, folks bust into song, and *Popeye* delivers a cherishable line in Sweethaven's brothel about



catching "venerable diseases".

Most of it works wonders. The rumoured problems on set with social harmony creak through at times — particularly with the musical moments; these are credited to Harry Nilsson, who Altman, discerning chap, didn't get on with, but it's pretty obvious that a name further down the list (Van Dyke Parks) has been brought in to retouch the more slothful areas. Considering Parks' musical heritage and strong interest in a slightly twisted historical (re)vision of American culture, he'd have been an altogether wiser choice

from the start. But as with most Altman — especially anything on first viewing — memorable angles, asides, intersections and images outweigh any irritations.

Altman and Feiffer claim a slight philosophical resonance, in bringing a movie protagonist back down from interstellar abstraction to a more imperfect, human level: "I yam what I yam and that's all I yam!" preaches *Popeye*.

Speaking as someone whose own guru goes by the name of Wile E. Coyote, I can certainly sympathise. *Popeye* is fantasmallegorical! Ian Penman

YOU'LL BELIEVE A TURKEY CAN FLY!

Superman 2

Directed by Richard Lester
Starring Christopher Reeve, Gene Hackman, Margot Kidder and Terence Stamp (Warner Bros)

AT THE end of *Superman 1*, whatever one's misgivings about the film, you felt like you'd experienced some kind of event. At the end of *Superman 2*, you simply groan at the thought of *Superman 3* (already on its way, as the closing credits point out with indecent haste).

Director Dick Lester — who replaced Richard Donner amidst flying lawsuits, no strings attached — is here immediately at a disadvantage. The opening titles, for instance, aside from being ungainly, will be incomprehensible to anyone who didn't see *Superman 1* and will merely serve to remind those who did what a rousing entertainment it was: the quasi-religious reverence accorded the scenes on doomed Krypton; the stunning recreation of Smalltown, USA, seemingly populated entirely by relations of Norman Rockwell; the eerie familiarity of the Daily Planet offices, recognisable from a thousand and one comic books; and, of course, the memorable moment when nebbish Clark Kent first changed into the Man Who Wears His Underpants Outside His Trousers.

Now — bam! — you're plunged cold straight into two hours of comic strip banality and you won't need X-ray vision to spot some of the joins (not all the optical effects

are up to scratch and some of the matte shots are chronically unconvincing from the front row).

The first half is particularly hard going. Christopher Reeve's Clark Kent impression retains the right light touch but all about him bluster: Margot Kidder's incredibly foolhardy Lois Lane becomes increasingly tiresome, as does Jackie Cooper's panicky Perry White, Susannah York's anaemic Lara moons about in a vacuum and, worst of all, Gene Hackman's ludicrous villain Lex Luthor adopts an aggressive stage growl that defies laughter — he and his incompetent accomplice Otis (Ned Beatty) are more than anyone else stranded in a graceless Panavision pantomime that repeatedly substitutes width for wit.

And with the crises ranging from H-Bomb terrorists up the Eiffel Tower to a cosy US-Soviet detente on the moon, the James Bond echoes are thunderous.

But, halfway through, a saviour arrives in the extremely unlikely guise of Terence Stamp. Once his General Zod — freed from the Phantom Zone! — lands on 'Planet Houston' with cronies Urss (Sarah Douglas) and Non (Jack O'Halloran) to create casual chaos in a small Texan township, the way is paved for a climactic confrontation which at least approaches the comic invention of *Superman 1*.

And, no, Marlon Brando isn't in it — the bucks have to stop somewhere.

Monty Smith



Christopher Reeves over Niagara: the man who Falls to earth.

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LIVE! LIVE!

Human Sexual Response

The Venue
THE BAND'S name is Human Sexual Response, the single 'What Does Sex Mean To Me?' and — guess what? — the aim is to shock. Not in the Pistols sense of that word, the shock of old conventions being kicked down, but more like gutterpress titillation. The purpose is not to question values, but to exploit them: "We've always wanted to have a record censored on the radio," one of them simpers. Yes dear, very commendable, and now that you've done it, won't you go away? But they didn't, of course.

Four vocalists, two guitarists and drummer, all wearing stretchy white long john and T-shirt outfits covered in graffiti, like 'Godspell' cast rejects. Tres chic, so they freak out: each song has an instrumental break built in so they could throw their bodies around with curious pelvic movements that were, unfortunately, totally unrhythmic and about as sensual as a soggy fishfinger. It wasn't until they started to move in synch that the comparison struck: a sort of androgynous Legs'n'Co desperately trying to do African tribal dances to the rhythms of Judas Priest. If only their tongues had been in cheek instead of hanging out of their mouths, it would have been hysterical, but instead, they offer poetry.

"I want to be Jackie Onassis/I WANT TO WEAR DARK SUNGLASSES." They trivialise everything, pouring synthetic emotion into trite lyrics and hoping the grandiose rock backing will make it profound. 'Weird', 'atmospheric', and 'eccentric' were probably the sort of adjectives they were looking for, and though it may be that I missed some subtle irony, I'd just call it pretentious. The tragedy is that they seemed to take it so seriously, really believing what they were doing was new, when they're just another American band trying to ride the new wave and drowning in the attempt.

As the last encore (a stodgy 'Hang On Sloopy') faded, a red-nosed party crowd filtered in for what the DJ announced as a "clown's convention." No comment.

Sheryl Garratt

FOUR

Gang Of Four Pere Ubu Bush Tetras

Hammersmith Palais
"TOO MANY creeps!" someone is howling, but this Monday night it just looks like a crowd of thoroughly nice people milling about while The Bush Tetras do their stuff, sounding for all the world as if they are at the bottom of a rather large hole. The bass is a muffled boom, one note indistinguishable from the next, the vocals a clouded rant from which only the above quoted line emerges. Even granted that the sound mix is singularly unflattering, The Bush Tetras sound less than appealing: their unvarying modal thrash is irritatingly one-dimensional. They close with John Lennon's 'Cold Turkey' and leave the stage: a draw.

Conversation in the bog:
"Who was that?"
"The Bush Tetras."
"They're from New York, aren't they?"
"Yeah. What you reckon?"
"Shit."
Pere Ubu stroll on in their wake, a decent interval having

I dreamed I saw Joan Baez last night. (A subtle one for older readers — Ed.)



Pic: Jean Bernard Sobiez

BRINGING CULTURE TO THE MASSES

Culture Far Image

Friars, Aylesbury

WHILE the sounds of Mocks Tone Hi-Fi pumped out its dubwise selection in the hall below, Joseph Hill, lead vocalist with Culture, regaled the crowd assembled in the band's dressing room.

"Remember how at music school the first tune taught was 'Onward christian soldiers marching into WAR!' How they couldn't march for peace, Eh?" Chalk up a point for Hill and one against the modern day christian warriors: Thatcher and Reagan.

Culture had arrived that morning after a whistlestop

tour of Philadelphia, Boston and New York where they'd played alongside Big Youth at Our Fathers House. It seems that against the tide of critical antipathy towards reggae, it's now the Americans who are behind most major tours by JA artists. Aylesbury was the first of seven UK shows and then it's onto Europe.

Youth band Far Image, who successfully supported Spear on his last foray to these shores, wrenched a good response from the crowd and more than paved the way for Culture.

"Long time you don't see we," bawled Hill as he took the microphone flanked by Kenneth and Albert, both still attired in militant chic circa '76.

What followed was classic Culture with, sadly, few surprises. They romped through a section of 'hits' which spanned the last five years: from the uptempo rockers of 'Conqueror', through 'Fussing And Fighting', 'Weh You Get It', 'Down In Jamaica', 'This Train', 'International Herb', to 'Natty Never Get Weary'.

Hill still remains the focus onstage. His vocals remain powerful and evocative and his ability to communicate and grasp the right moment to snatch hold of the rhythm and inject a new dynamic into the song remains impressive. He skips and skanks, wild and frenetic while Albert Paley adjusts his beaver stetson and

dazzles with freeform soft shoe, which fuses that ole time ska shuffle with some new age steppin'.

The non-arrival of the drummer from New York had caused some consternation and may have been why the set lacked new material, but the substitute, Colin from Far Image, more than ably demonstrated the quality of the new generation of U.K. reggae musicians.

Alongside I Rocker, a sturdy Brooklyn bassie, a bubblin' Dennis Fearon on keyboards and Ras Ipa on rhythm guitar they formed one solid rhythm section. The discreet injections from Joseph Beckford's trombone added depth and melody, complementing

Culture's harmonies while Poppa Harry Powell mesmerised with his superb bongo / repeater playing.

Their one and only new tune, 'Disobedient Children', closed the set and hinted, as does their current single 'Forward To Africa' (which they didn't play), of a Toots Hibbert style revivalism. A step which takes Culture farther out of the mainstream and away from the NOW sound in reggae.

Back in the dressing room Hill wrang the sweat out of his T-shirt and announced that they're going to "break up Inqlan" on this tour. But to do it and make up the ground lost in the last two years, a strong selection of new material is crucial.

Paul Bradshaw

Upper class twit of the year award to Jon King. (A Python one — Ed.)

BETTER OR WORSE?

elapsed. David Thomas is unutterably huge, but astonishingly light. His bulk seems almost weightless: he has the globular grace of a balloon. He floats to the microphone, comically flustered, scratching his head, already apologising for some imaginary infraction. He launches into a long, confused explanation of something or other: an account of why he wishes to open a restaurant. He reaches the end of his defensive tirade, asks, "Any questions?" Voice from crowd: "Yeah. Why are you so fat?"

Pere Ubu answer with music. Everything about the group is big and fat. Mayo Thompson looks like a more streamlined version of Thomas. The sound is unutterably huge, richly comic, vastly tragic: the expression of an attitude towards existence and not simply the subsuming of ideas and personalities of the musicians into some abstract notion of Style. Thomas' voice rolls shockingly from basso to falsetto, forever in the limbo between treading on the banana skin and hitting the ground. It is a performance in the fullest sense of the word: Thomas' 'flustered'

monologues and even the final "I'm Sorry!" with which the band leave the stage are part of a total account of the world which completely transcends the normal level of attitude dancing served up by your customary run-of-the-(anti)rock mill band.

Pere Ubu seem weird because they are — at least in the rock world, which has shed far less of its standard assumptions than it currently deludes itself that it has. Rock music — and I use the term in this context merely to irritate those who do not — is not accustomed to encompassing work of this much humanity, which is why I felt acutely uncomfortable for a lot of the time that the Ubuses were on.

Still... hey! Rock and roll! Step right up for the main attraction! It's been a year since I last saw Gang of Four, and in that time they've performed a lot more and added material from 'Solid Gold' to a set that was at one time in danger of becoming as standardised as those of Linton Kwesi Johnson or The Who. Their music has become louder and thicker; their textures meatier, their rhythms heavier and their onstage demeanour far more

extreme. Andy Gill appears both more Serious (he is, after all, the Gangster who caricatures Seriousness most ostentatiously) and more agitated, rocketing all over the stage as if he cannot quite believe that he is actually doing these things, while Jon King's behaviour verges on the foolish. Clad in an exceptionally baggy suit, he cuts the most ludicrous capers, resembling nothing and no-one so much as a hyperactive drunk who has decided to mimic a young James Brown on speeded-up film. The net results are quite delightful.

Their new material lacks both the frenzied dynamics and the ferocious self-righteousness of 'the original 'Entertainment!' set, and when 'oldies' were interspersed into the programme the energy level of the audience rose an appreciable several notches, but such is stardom. This is what they want, to coin the phrase, and the reception garnered by the devastating final-encore double-header of 'Tourist' and 'Ether' proved a point that the Gang may not have wanted to make.

Where do opinions come from anyway?

Charles Shaar Murray



Pic: Anton Corbijn



The Prince across the water. (A Scottish one — Ed.)

Pic: Joe Stevens

SEX AND SEX AND ROCK AND ROLL

Prince

New York
THIS IS THE KIND of gig for which the Ritz, a well-appointed, spacious ballroom, is perfect. The place isn't about intimacy, it's about dazzle and flash, which is just what Prince is about. Tonight the place is sold out, packed with a congenial mix of uptown flash and downtown trash.

Young black girls squeeze up in front of the stage, old white hipsters hang out in the back trying to look funky. The word is out — Prince has the hottest, flashiest show going. Prince is gonna be the new R&B royalty.

He is a bit of Michael Jackson, a bit of Wendy O. Williams, a bit of Grace Jones and a soupcon of some anonymous topless dancer in some sleazy bar in Newark.

Prince's sexuality isn't macho strutting. It's campy, almost a spoof — no threat. When Prince tosses a sweat-soaked cloth to the crowd, the young girls scream and squeal for real. He does go in for some dodgy sleaze routines but these are the peripheral stuff. The core of his sexiness is his sweet voice and his good moves — loose, sly, knowing mannerisms. It's in the way he teases and strokes his high notes. It's in the way he vibrates, the way he, you know, gets down.

So far he's recorded as a one-man show, playing everything himself on his new album. But his touring band, when not indulging an unfortunate penchant for guitar solos and other heavy-metal rituals, is a crack outfit, both smooth and funky. He'd be well advised to start using them for recording as well.

They come on, six in all, wearing long raincoats — flasher chic. Soon everyone strips down to something colourful and bizarre. Prince wears a skimpy black satin jock strap, tight black leg-warmers, a sleeveless, fringed shirt and bandana around his

neck. Cafe-au-lait skin and shaggy hair. He's a fashion movement all by himself.

O.K. it's rockist hash but a lot of people are looking for sexy, silly entertainment and it might as well be someone with the wit, style and talent to rise above their own gimmicks.

His influences are not yet trans-Atlantic. But I'd bet on Prince going down well anywhere. He might make a few people forget about Adam Ant. He may get put down for being too fey, or banned from Radio One for risqué lyrics. But Prince is the leading candidate to be king of the real sex music.

He's best when being playful and insinuating. The band backs up those moods expertly, laying on polished, sophisticated disco-funk. What mars the show are his heavy-handed, heavy-metal, guitar-slinger moods — a total yawn.

But the good parts are brilliant. Prince has written only one song, 'When You Were Mine', that I'd judge great. But he's written many that are very good — 'I Want To Be Your Lover', 'Uptown', 'Head' — with Prince in full voice and the band pulling together, they all sound like monster hits.

And Prince's voice, like Smokey Robinson's, is made for ballads. So though he doesn't write great ballads, the expressiveness of his voice turns them into classic heartstring-pullers.

Being alone on the bill, he plays the longest set I've seen in some time. He keeps my interest by throwing in surprises — here a rousing disco instrumental, there a fast blues-based shuffle. The final encore is Prince alone at a piano, playing a pseudo-sensitive ballad ('The Many Moods of Prince', huh?). But he does something new, dropping down to his natural voice and then back up to his falsetto. Anyone who can play so long, so well, and still have new twists left to reveal, bears serious watching.

Richard Grabel

Bauhaus Clock DVA

Heaven

I DIDN'T really fancy enduring the hell-hole of a garden-packed Heaven, but the ghost of Bela Lugosi beckoned and I duly followed.

Catching a mere ten minutes of Clock DVA's set doesn't really authorise passing off the vaguest impressions as constructive criticism, but the group did not live up to their current reputation. Whatever label you choose to pin on them, there are serious weaknesses in the sound. Paul Widger's guitar, for example, is a dull mash, and Adi Newton's voice — the hundredth bargain-style Ian Curtis in six months — is the kiss of death.

The sound is potentially stirring but the only rapture is Charlie Collins' sax — a "voice" which makes Adi's superfluous.

While the air began to grow thick with a kind of silver dust, and yet more sartorial disasters were ushered into the room, a six-man dance outfit called Torso worked out to backing tracks like 'Candidate For Love' and went down a storm. A long, slow-motion fight sequence was like seeing disco's subconscious under hypnosis.

Bauhaus just about qualify though musically they are pretty indifferent. The sound is the same as everybody else's; the old hi-hat/snare syncopation filched from disco, the crisp, robotic interplay of bass and percussion that goes back to Can's 'Future Days', and so on. Like so many other things, it would sound great if one hadn't heard it before.

Visually, it may not be straight Gothic, but it's not a very thrilling bastardisation either. What irritates most about Bauhaus is that it's theatre without admitting it's pop. One is always meant to understand that there's something more going on here than mere entertainment and exhibitionism. What that something is no-one can be quite sure. As for Peter Murphy, he looks like Slim Jim in drag and he sounds like Sal Solo doing a ghoulish pisstake of, yes, Ian Curtis.

"Are you expecting something weird?" inquired Murphy before 'Bela Lugosi's Dead'. Surely this is pushing the credibility of mystique to the limits of this movement's endurance. Perhaps he knew the power was about to pack up. That sudden sense of veil being torn away provided the evening's only interesting moment.

When Bauhaus returned they finished 'Bela' and encored with 'Stigmata Martyr', 'Dark Entries', and 'St. Vitus Dance', all of which, it has to be admitted, were distinct

improvements on the rest of the set. The last, particularly, proved to be a spectacular climax, showing up the depressing inadequacy of the production on 'In The Flat Field'.

But anyway, when you children have quite finished, let us look up to Scotland for our next musical direction. The passion is on Postcard, and we must bring it down south before we all become (non-danceable) showroom dummies.

Barney Hoskyns

The Meteors

Hope and Anchor

THERE'S something a little over-anxious about The Meteors. They want so desperately to be regarded as maniacal and devil-may-care — whacky rockabilly rebels whose only cause is to elicit a wild love from the audience.

A lot of the time the band — a three-piece whose confidence is based more on heads-down, ready-to-rock conservatism than on musical daring — just don't deserve this response. Early on, especially during 'Wild Thing' and 'Graveyard Stomp', the excitement generated was skin-deep rather than spine-tingling.

The whole event, in its own pared down, frenetic way, occasionally approached the hollow horrors of early '70s rock theatrics. Guitarist P. Paul Fenech loomed around with bloody sauce on his face.

Just in case the audience weren't digging all the camping, cramping and songs fed by the higher trash aesthetic of B movies, sci fi and monster comics, he introduced most of the material with obvious ghoulish jokes. Subtle Dave Vanian could teach him a thing or two about not Hammer-ing home the point...

At the top end of the scale Fenech sings with strain rather than strenuousness, whereas bare-torsoed Nigel Lewis on stand-up bass — which carries a sticker reminding us he's "mad" — growls flatly and shouts loudly, a bit like Hugh Cornwell hailing a taxi — sorry, a Von Daniken chariot.

As the gig wore on, though, these vocal limitations were made to work. The singers started in true rockabilly fashion to erupt and cut across each other. Even thin-faced zombie Mark Robertson on drums — the bass one bearing a skull lest we forget 'ghoulishness' — stopped looking bored with everything and began to whip it up.

Ultimately, The Meteors delivered the spontaneous goodtime which at first they'd merely promised. Numbers like 'I'm A Psycho' and 'Daddy's A Vampire' were definitely for those who like baying in the moonlight — as well as dancing in it.

Paul Tickell



Vaughan Toulouse of Department S. (You should manage by yourselves with this one — Ed.)

Pic: Peter Anderson

DEPARTMENTAL ERRORS

Colin Newman Department S The Birthday Party

The Venue

THE Venue ...?

... is packed to its posh little rafters, a surprising-sized crowd in a surprising place. The wrong place, as it happens — there's a strange dissipation of excitement 'twixt stage and table, as if things are slipping into some parallel universe; like shouting into a void and hoping for an echo.

Shouting first is Nick Cave, vocalist and focal point of The Birthday Party, Australia's only export of originality since Foster's lager. Cave contorts/disports himself around the stage frenetically,

but to precious little effect, as any musical intentions are largely smothered by bad sound.

The best numbers were their version of Gene Vincent's 'Catman' and their own 'Happy Birthday', both coming late in the set — familiarity breeds success. The newer 'Dead Song' and 'Figure Of Fun' tweaked a few nerves effectively.

A bit disappointing on the whole, but no reason to overlook the forthcoming 'Prayers On Fire' album, which I've since heard. It's good.

Department S are highly regarded by some, but plagued here with constantly breaking bass strings — and unable to sustain attention whilst carrying out repairs — they just seemed crushingly ordinary.

They're caught midway between opposing options of

originality and lumpenrock, which might be resolved by spending less time on looking cool and more on devising marginally interesting songs. They seemed to go down fairly well amongst their fans and friends, but so do most groups.

For his debut solo performance, Colin Newman came up with a typically dotty stage show, complete darkness save for a line of small spots undulating gently up and down a plain white backdrop.

That was augmented by torches tied to the mike-stands, pointing usefully down in the general direction of the musicians' footwear.

It was consequently difficult to tell who was playing what, though Rob Gotobed was occasionally evident on drums, and Desmond Simmons was presumably second guitarist. The bassist remains a complete

mystery, despite contributing a rather coy vocal to one number.

Musically, the sound was less cluttered than 'A-Z', though the same, or similar, angular patterns and layers (Wire trademarks the pair) were in use. For someone who's planted himself firmly in the proverbial left field, Newman's music is taking a remarkably accessible turn, pieces which no-one had heard before sounding immediately familiar — the only known number being the lengthy workout of 'I've Waited Ages' with which he encored.

Newman himself seemed to enjoy himself, with none of the mannered reserve or stilted stagecraft of Wire days, actually jumping around with something approaching abandon. Perhaps he ought to do it more often.

Andy Gill

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Richard Hell The Bloods

New York
 THE BLOODS are (not just) another all-girl band. They're tough girls, so is their sound. Hard rock and roll, you know — pounding rhythms, surging melodies, lots of sting and bite. I'd almost forgotten how much pleasure it's possible to get out of it, when it's done right. The Bloods offer classic riffs but brand new personalities, a different visual presence.

Singer Adele Bertel is an icon, or should be. So much spirit. In the original Contortions, she played discordant keyboards and kept in the background. The gig got some underground cachet, no more. In Beth and Scott B's great independent film *The Offenders* she played the part of a runaway girl. She was meant to be cold, hard, bent on revenge. And she was, but something more came shining through the part. A fierce aliveness. A face you have to love. A potential star.

The Bloods gives her the chance to let all that out into the open. It's there, not so much in her voice, but in the way she uses it — unsqueamish, all-stops-out. It's there in the way she holds herself. Watching Bertel isn't like watching a rock game. There's no distance, no props — just a small human being insisting that she won't be ignored, that she'll have her day.

Behind her is a band that is powerful without making grandstand plays. Annie Tune's keyboards are distinctive and melodic. Kathy Samels is one hot guitarist.

Their best songs take basic rock ingredients and stretch out their boundaries. 'Call Of The Wild' is built on swelling washes of organ and a gripping bass line. Their best song is called 'Berlin' and I remember nothing about it except that it was fast, dance-impelling and fascinating. So are The Bloods.

Richard Hell is as riveting to watch as ever. He's in good shape — charged up, happy looking, plunging into the fray with his head high. That voice is still incredibly heart-rending, quirky, totally individual.

Fred Meher of Material is the best drummer Hell's ever had. Guitarist Bob Quine of the old Voidoids is still there, as dynamic as ever but now even more controlled and masterful. There's an excellent sax player, and Hell's own bass playing is much improved.

It's a great band, and there are many highpoints in the set. Unfortunately, they are all songs that are already long familiar.

'Time', from the Shake EP, is especially haunting and delicate. 'Walking On The Water' is especially stirring and disturbing.

But the few new songs played don't impress much. Hell still has an ear for the catchy chorus, but that's all that comes through on first hearing.

So it's jump up and down, back and forth, rock and revel in the glories of a great songwriter and performer. And then leave still wondering what new things he has to say.

Richard Grabel

Above: The Bloods.
 Pic: Marcia Resnick.
 Right: Richard Hell.
 Pic: Laura Levine.

BLOODY HELL

The Selecter

Hammersmith Palais

ALL IT'S essential to report about The Selecter just now is that after the upheavals of late last year, they've pulled through. The Selecter, 1981 style, present a very confident face to the world. And even though there were events tonight that reminded us what obstacles a group as committed as The Selecter still have to contend with, they also showed a sense of purpose strong enough to see them leave the stage with reputation enhanced.

'Missing Words' is their springy, exuberant reintroduction to the London crowd, most of us taking in the new line-up for the first time. And then the first selection from the 'Celebrate The Bullet' LP, the record that's come to form the basis of their present set; Pauline announces 'Washed Up And Left For Dead'... "and as you can see, we're certainly not!" And, to listen to them play it, it would be hard to disagree.

'Deepwater', 'Black And Blue' (for the ladies, "who generally seem to have more sense than the men"), 'Red Reflections' and 'Bombcare' follow on in an excited rush — each number being punctuated by a pointed introduction by Pauline, who picks out its target with a practiced precision. Selecter-songs are almost always argumentative, in the very best way, and the singer sounds resolved to see that nobody misses the drift. In visual terms, Pauline Black might offer a more relaxed image — tonight, the old hat and mannish 2-Tone gear has given way to a rather classy and very feminine red outfit — but even so, her attitude is a militant one, almost as if the occasion is a confrontation. She dares you not to be impressed, not to feel involved.

More new material: 'Tell Me What's Wrong' featuring Gaps Hendrickson on the vocals, 'Celebrate The Bullet' itself, 'Selling Out Your Future' and

'Their Dream Goes On' — the latter, a slow Neol Davies number of some poignancy, offering the first pause in what's otherwise a show of perpetual motion. 'Dream' also provides a showcase for new boy James Mackie, who steps down from his habitual spot behind the keyboards to blow some soulful saxophone. It would be the routine 'nice thing' to add that Mackie — like his fellow newcomer, the bassist Adam Williams — has fitted in well: it would also be accurate. The loss of Charley Anderson / Desmond Brown left me, and doubtless others, with a misgiving or three as to the group's future. But on this evidence, my mind's at rest.

At this point in the night, bigotry rears its ugly head — well, a dozen or so ugly heads, actually: goonish elements who see fit to give Pauline a hard time of it, for reasons best known to themselves. The older song, 'They Make Me Mad' is introduced, and played, with venomous attack, as is 'Out On The Streets' after it. But enough, she decides, is enough: after being spat at or racially insulted one too many times, she storms off, as do the group behind her.

In the confusion following, the audience's massive pro-Selecter majority makes its voice and its support heard, and heard loudly. Neol Davies walks on and invites the offenders to step up and prove whatever it is they've got to prove... with him. They don't. We're back in business. 'Bristol And Miami' is the perfect note to resume on, a firm and dignified reply. And that clears the air for a clear run of straight, enjoyable Selecter Music: 'On My Radio' for dancing, Gaps' solo '(Who Likes) Facing Situations' for listening, and finally 'Three Minute Hero' and 'Too Much Pressure' for celebrating.

The last song might — as Pauline drily notes — be their "theme song these days", but if any group is equal to the challenge, then they are. Long might it be so.

Paul Du Noyer

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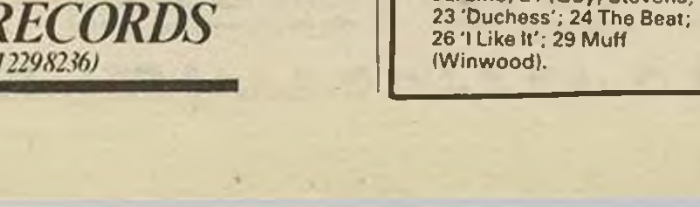
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GASBAG

QUESTIONS

Is it true that if you start a letter with "Is it true?" and end it with a question mark that you'll have a 50% chance of getting it printed in *Gasbag*? *Peter Whimsey, Chislehurst, Kent.*

Absolutely not. One letter in that tired old format might slip through, but certainly no more than one. — M.S.

Is it true that Charles Shaar Murray can remember the original version of 'This Ole House'? *Andy Gray, Middlesex.*

Remember it? He wrote it. — M.S.

Must we continue to suffer the snide remarks aimed at Paul McCartney in the *NME*? The latest offender is Charles Shaar Murray in his review of Philip Norman's *Shout* (4.4.81). Murray is delighted that the book is anti-McCartney, and pulls out a couple of Juicy Quotes designed to place Macca in the worst possible light. I don't know if Paul did say "But what will we do without her money?" after the death of his mother; but you know damn well, Murray, that people say a lot of dumb things when the mind is in shock. Isn't Lennon supposed to have had a good giggle following on his own mother's death? How would you interpret that one, Murray? Favourably towards John, no doubt. And wasn't it Lennon who allegedly told Donald O'Connor's daughter (falsely) that her father had just died — and then called her a 'soft cow' for breaking down? Now there's a real tough-guy for you. If you're getting the knives out Murray, there's more than one back you can stick them in.

Tony Neale, London W2.

Yes, you must continue to suffer snide remarks aimed at Paul McCartney. And lots of other people. — C.S.M.

FASCHIONS

At the moment *NME* seems to be sitting on the fence (not what we expect). Backseat individualism?

You don't really attack or ignore media manufactured trends and fashions (eg this tourist crap). What's more important *NME*, the music or the image? How about Fashion is Fascist as a slogan?

Michael T. Birmingham

The record buying public is fast and important. It makes and breaks bands, and it is malleable. Can it be wrong to expect one readable music paper, occupying a moderate ground in its content between the type of eulogy reserved for heroes and the bitterly destructive vitriol for lesser bands (and general enemies of mankind)? *NME* does not provide this service. It is self-congratulatory and proud. Why can't it be something I can use, like a radio, to help me make choices in music? With albums at £4 I think we deserve better than fashion.

Paul Wilkinson, Nottingham

50p Mary Quant make-up token winner. — M.S.

hem, hem! For Richard Jobson's immediate attention: "The most aristocratic part of town, inhabited solely by the elite of the *Beau Monde*..."

Written by that old romantic himself, Charles Dickens, in *Little Dorrit* (Chapter 10, page ix). The passage also refers to "abject wangers on to a fashionable situation," an apt

description of the Faux Bohemians (© me, I think). *Porno Joe-Egg, Merseyside.*

Blimey, it appears Charlie Dickens was even more ahead of his time than Martin Peters. — © Alf Ramsey

Unless one tries extremely hard, it's difficult to imagine that there's anything even remotely romantic about that bald-headed weirdo from Classix Nouveau. *A Sa Phoenix frequenter.*

I think we're all agreed it's terribly hard to argue with this one. — M.S.

I won't do an interview and you won't ask me, but this is a reader's reply. Re your remarks to a John Porky's letter (28.3.81), if Mr Morley wants to keep people on their toes he should recommend they read *The Face* (music), *Newsweek* (politics) and *Private Eye* (more politics), not a dated mag for a mere 30p to read about what's going on (ie Tom Waits, PiL, Grateful Dead). *Smash Hits* are more aware of their readers than this rag. The only good thing in *NME* for the last year was the Abba interview (which you bought from an outside writer).

Re Francois Truffaut (28.3.81), yes, I must be a primary spokesman as you say. So far I have had one interview and I didn't even know that guy was a writer, but if anyone has anything to ask me I am an openminded person (to a degree) and so we spoke. I don't need to say anything. Music will speak and the street will too.

As for Paul Morley's remarks, why was he at Planets on Thursday dancing (not really — the only reaction was a little movement) to Heaven 17? If what me and Steve Strange do is limited and meretricious then Planets would not exist. Nor would 50 other clubs where you can hear Bowie, Roxy, Kraftwerk, Minds, League, Bolo, Glitter, more and more.

So *NME*, don't wake up — fade to grey, go away. Give up now or your readers might as well read *Now* and *Newsweek* if all they see in music is politics. It's so mundane.

Oh yeah, I forgot: I make records, I review records, I DJ records and I sell records, I produce records and I have a

record shop and publishing company — if I don't know what I'm doing why am I richer than you when I don't need you?

Rusty Egan, Chelsea, SW3

I find it rather touching, Mr Egan, that you and your cohorts think you are changing the world; good luck with your endeavours! However, I find it difficult to believe that you 'review records' (I've corrected your hilarious spelling throughout this letter, free of charge). Any chance of loaning me a fiver till next week? — M.S.

SIMPLY OFFAL

If the only way to tell whether a letter is serious or not is by the name at the end, what is so funny about John Porky? Perhaps it is a subtle qualification of his disapproval of police being called pigs. Perhaps he is a policeman. Perhaps he is really called John Porky.

Fred Herring, Chorlton, Manchester

I am what I am. — John Porky

To Hazel O'Connor (or anyone who knows her):

Re *Top Of The Pops* (26.3.81) — if you contact us, I think we can help.

Oxfam Clothes Dept

P.S. Sorry, can't do anything about hair.

Having enjoyed your series on Comecon Pop, why is it I can't stop singing "Bohn is now in Danzig" to the tune of 'John I'm Only Dancing'? It's getting so bad I'm having difficulty knowing my Bow Wows from my Bauhaus when it comes to colouring in the *NME*.

Andre Previn (in transit)

Probably the greatest letter ever written. — M.S.

MORE WIND-UP MERCHANTS

A real tasty item your C81 turned out to be. My pet cassette player has devoured half a track of it already — and refuses to excrete it.

Stella Gravis, Glasgow.

As founder and only member of the *NME* Readers Club I would like to disagree with the person who disliked the C81 cassette. He misses the whole object of the exercise, which was to pack a cassette with

relatively obscure groups (and some well known ones to encourage people to buy it). Thus people could all quote these group's names to their friends or say "Have you got the C81 tape?" and be one up on them. You can't have your finger on the vibrant pulse of the music scene without it. Playing the cassette is a secondary matter.

John Lawstudent, Drontfield, Sheffield.

I've just received my *NME*/Rough Trade tape but I am too scared to play it in case I'm disappointed.

Dave Lee, New Forest.

C81 — that's a laugh! By the time Rough Trade get around to it we'll all be 81. Maybe we here at EMI could help you in the production and distribution of your future projects.

King Jon, EMI House, London.

McLaren thinks that a group that can't play is far more important than a group that can. If this goes for journalists as well, can I say that *NME* is a very important paper?

Dame Harold Evans, Old Statesperson.

MOTIONS

Dr Frankenstein and Charles Atlas were both body builders, but in different ways. Paul Morley and a pile of manure are both crap, but in different ways. I rest my case.

Perry Winkle, Canvey Island

Paul Morley? Please explain! *Beverly Harris, Haverhill, Suffolk.*

"Garcia's shapeless, greasy corduroy jeans sadly failed to reach his ankles..." Well, doesn't that just sum it all up. How have us fans lived so long without this knowledge? Great.

Mountain Girl.

Morley and Garcia, sugar and whiskey? Saccharin and whiskey, maybe. Why do 16-year-olds still go to see the Dead? For the same reason, in these times of rabid and transient cults, that they go to see Bob Marley or Link Wray.

You don't have to wear make-up to be alive.

Arfa Tabb, Exeter, Devon.

P.S. Sorry about this. No, no — it's OK. Paul thanks you all for your kind thoughts and correspondence. And for

Angela Robertson of Dundee, yes, Paul Morley is gay — does this matter? — M.S.

Anyone want to buy some Grateful Dead records? *Blind Pew, Porthcawl.*

SEX

Saturday morning: Paul Morley wipes the make-up from his eyes and applies a false nose of genuinely immense proportions to his face. Immediately, as if by magic, strange words like "pal", "wack" and "Corry" begin to tumble from his lips. Morley becomes... Phil Thompson! I always realised the Liverpool back four were structuralist, now I know why. Your secret is out.

The Ghost of Bill Shankly, Romford.

Is it too late to say that the Spaniards seem to have got themselves a pretty good side there?

Rob, Swansea.

Yeah, like, fab. — Paul Du Morley

VIOLENCE

I was delighted to see, in a recent *NME* ad, that Pegasus Holidays are "offering £450 for a two week stay in St Lucia." When can I collect my money and bugger off?

Allan Murison, Ayrshire.

Re "It's only 36p per word in *NME* Classifieds" Are you taking the piss or what?

Reg Kray, Maidstone

Ginger Baker joins PiL? Christ, you really know how to scare

someone who gets *NME* a day late.

Anthony Maher, Patricia Hodge-land.

I really hate to contradict Richard of Leeds (28.3.81) but I can see very few sensible anagrams to be drawn from OMITD. DIMTO? TOMID? Perhaps it is a private joke.

P. Dant, the wrong end of the stick.

ABUSE

I thought Max Bell's Japanese piece was excellent.

Barry Grogan, Leicester.

So did Max. — M.S.

Why are the staff of Our Price Records in Camberley so obnoxious?

Rainbow, Crowthorne, Berkshire.

What do you expect? They get paid in Foghat albums. — M.S.

I would like to thank a certain minority of the audience who were at the Manchester Apollo on the 26th. They let Mr Waits leave with the impression that all people north of Watford really are as ignorant as others suppose.

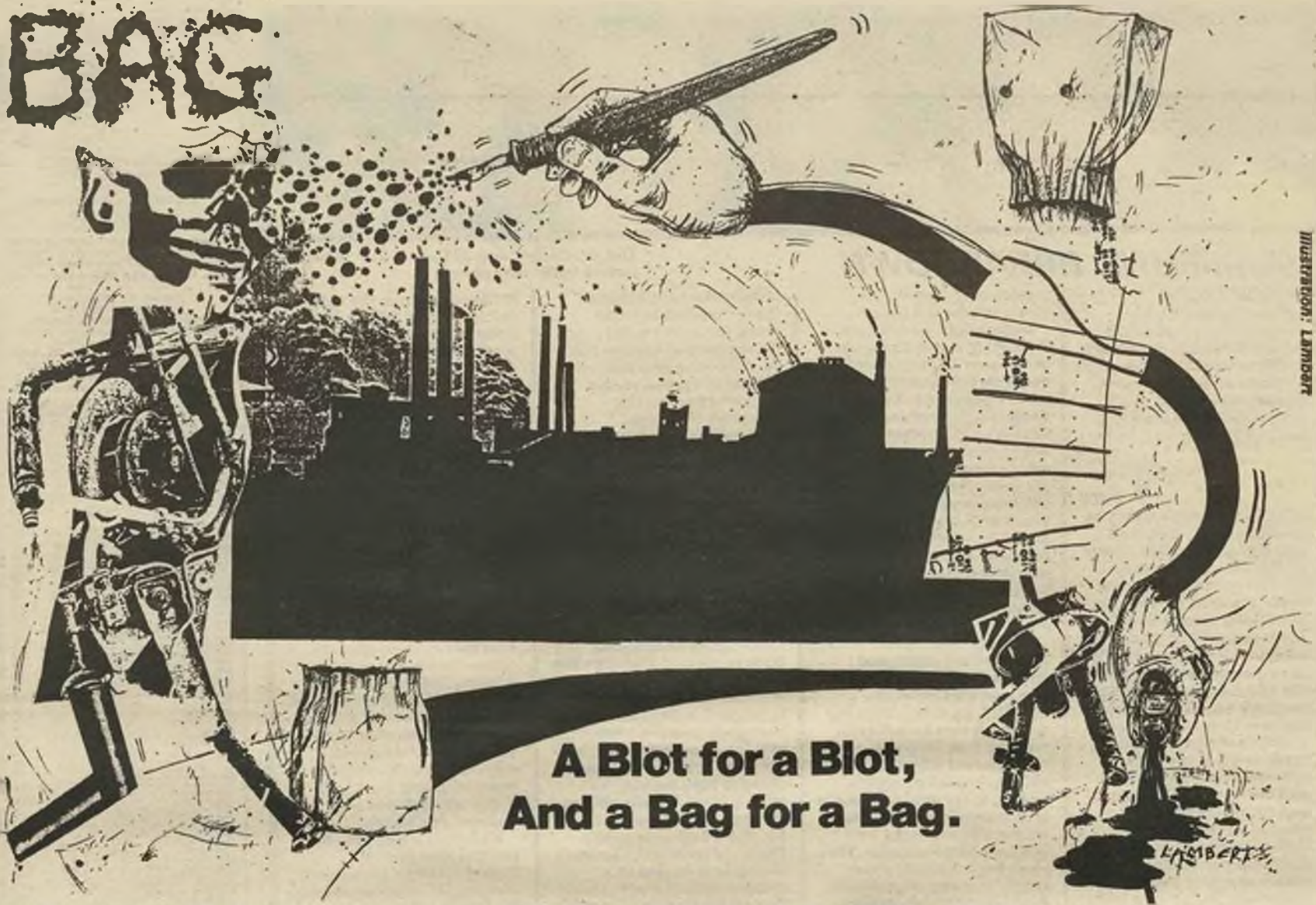
A. Sharrock, Lytham.

Q.E.D. — M.S.

Col Callan's letter (*NME* 28.3.81) stating that Toyah's 'death' in *Little Girls Don't* made his day was written in bad taste. Callan himself should consider dying in front of ITV cameras.

William Cox, Shropshire.

Genuine letter. — M.S.



A Blot for a Blot, And a Bag for a Bag.

Chewed Up
And
Spit Out
By
MONTY SMITH

Illustration: Stella Gravis



T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

DOLL BY DOLL —

Identified in last week's *Observer* magazine as pioneers of the 'New Psychedelic Movement', epitomised by such as *Echo And The Bunnymen* and *The Afghan Rebels* (The Afghan Rebels??) — found themselves in an unseemly fracas with *Max Splodge* — not thought to be a pioneer of anything much in particular — when they crossed paths in Maida Vale pub the Warwick Castle. Harsh words, soda syphons and spilt drinks are all cited among the weapons used — but all ended happily enough with a mutual recognition of the futility of violence, and a reconciliation was achieved...

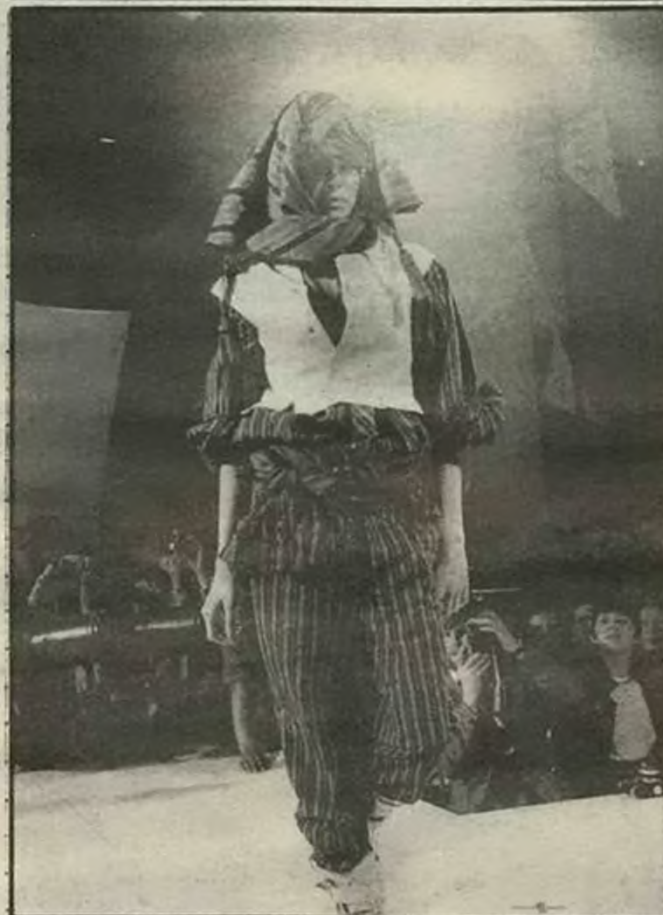
French newspaper *Le Monde* has been making one or two startling claims about the music industry. In an interview with a retired professional killer, it is alleged that *The Beatles* were dissuaded from reforming by the Mafia, who did not want to see their sales in Beatles material disrupted. The ex-killer also suggests that *Hendrix* was not, in fact, the victim of an overdose but was himself bumped off, again to boost sales...

Killing Joke heart-throb Youth was the victim of a well-planned April Fool hoax last week. He received a typed and headed note from "Flirpa Films" asking him to consider the leading role in a movie about the rise of a punk musician who eventually becomes prime minister. The telephone number at the top of the printed sheet was that of the recorded Dial-A-Recipe service.

LEGAL ramifications group-disintegration Thang department: *George Clinton's Funkadelic* have a new album on Warner Bros called 'Electric Spanking Of War Babies'. In the meantime Clinton faces a lawsuit charging him with fraud and conspiracy. The lawsuit has been brought by 3 guys who split from his Parliamentary umbrella who are also calling themselves Funkadelic, claiming equal rights to the name. They have a new single on Lax records called 'Connections And Disconnections'. Clinton commented: "The problem is that people who buy records and go to the stage shows and consider themselves part of the Funkadelic nation are being misled. Whether they are being misled on purpose is not for me to say..."

Times and attitudes don't change in the land of the free. Professional bad boys *The Rolling Stones* reckon that the title of their thoroughly redundant new compilation 'Sucking In The '70s' has lost them almost quarter-of-a-million in lost sales from irate stockists whilst those other brats *The Dead Kennedys* are miffed that A&M have refused to press or distribute their IRS label LP, that Ticketron also refused to print tickets for a recent New York date and that they could encounter further aggro when they attempt to ship their next single, 'Too Drunk To Fuck'...

THE FALL's Mark Smith makes a massive concession to commercialism by appearing on *Radio One's Talkie* (Talkabout, you call it...) next Tuesday. You can hear his words of wisdom between 7 and 8pm that night. While we're at this week's bit of Copetalk, did anyone see *Jimmy Greaves* talking about *Crossy* on ITV's televising of the League Cup Final last week? *Crossy?* *Crossroads?* No, not this time, but West Ham's *David Cross* of course...



THE GOLDEN RULE... So this is the way the World's Ends? Last Tuesday, *Malcolm McLaren* and *Vivienne Westwood* held a sumptuous fashion extravaganza that put the seal on their current fixations — the abandoned work-ethic and a vision of New Britain, roller-skated, stowaway'd and dressed to the nines in a cutlass cutting riot of printed piratical cottons.

Down the catwalk came a visual feast: *South Pacific*, *German World War One*, tattooed blondes in virginal loin cloths, *Bedouin and Burundi Black*, as well as the classically (as in *Greek'n Roman*) cut night dresses that *Josephine* was wont to cut a dash in. The music was as stimulating as the models: lots of *Bow Wow Wow*, of course, including a pre-sneak of their unsigned single 'Mile High Club'.

This then, is how the well dressed Reading Festival crowd will be dressed this August (shurely shome mishtake here — Ed.). PIX: DAVID CORIO

Errol would like to squash here and now any rumours that he will be playing at the anti-unemployment rally in Hyde Park on Saturday. While we're at it, the bands who are lending their support to the rally will all be there, but none are actually playing...

Spectres drummer *Graham Potter* will miss the group's American tour which commences this week. Potter broke his leg playing for *Tranmere Rovers* on Saturday and had been carrying a nagging hamstring injury for weeks. He hopes to be there or thereabouts, going from strength to strength, by the start of next season. His replacement for the US dates is ex-TRB'er *Dolphin*...

WEST LONDON'S enterprising Not So Famous organisation has hit on a new method of gaining exposure for its groups: the exchange date. First NSF acts to take part are *B/Film*, *Mephisto Waltz* and *The Attendants*, who've been offered May gigs at *Liverpool Brady's* — in exchange for letting *Merseyside* bands *The Check* and *Motion*

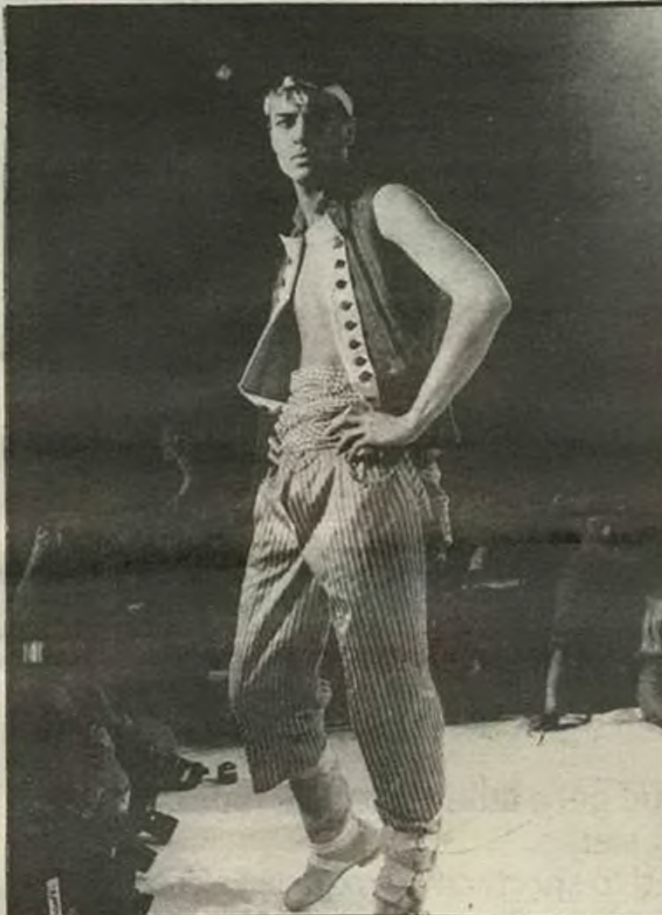
Pictures play next week at NSF's own venue, the *Hambrough Cavern* in Southall. For any more info, the Not So Famous man is *Marc Hall*, 01-897 1876...

Island supremo *Chris Blackwell* set to finance two more movies. First up will be *No Place Like Home* featuring (amongst others) *Toots Hibbert*. And once a suitable showcase has been scripted for *Grace Jones*, *Blackwell's* wallet will be forthcoming...

What next from *Bowie*? Could it be the tour that he's supposed to have been secretly rehearsing for in London or will it be (as insiders believe) a new movie. Either way it seems unlikely there will be a new LP until the autumn...

Jim Kerr at pains to clear up his remarks about *Gasbag* star *Rusty Egan* in a recent *NME* *Simple Minds* feature. "Rusty is fine by us, he doesn't have a stupid moustache and he's much better than *Richard Burgess* at what he's supposed to be good at. We just happen to think that the new-look, new-sounding *Ultravox* is an inferior model"...

Three *YMO's* are likely to play at *Great Wall Club* next Monday with Japanese sex symbol



singer *Sandi*. If this appeals, nip down there etc...

GREAT T-Zers we have known and loved: by enormous popular demand, and especially for all you nostalgics out there, we bring you the return of the *Motorhead Busted For Certain Substances* item. The place was *Notting Hill* (where else?) and the busters in question were none other than the much-loved *SPG*...

Errol misinformed?! How can this be? Well, it seems newly-liberated *Buzzcock Steve Garvey* didn't audition for the *Adam & Ants* bass spot, as broadcast in last week's bulletin. Mind you, he nearly did. At least, he thought about it. But as it 'appens *Steve* now has his own band in rehearsal — as yet unnamed, but it's going very well. Singer is *Dave Price*, guitarist's ex-*Durutti* *Columnist Dave Rowbotham*, drummer's snuffed it... er, sorry, he's called *Snuff*. Errol wasn't auditioned...

Young businessman of the year *Stuart Goddard* — real name *Adam Ant* — has slapped an injunction on his former record company *Decca* to prevent the fiends from

releasing any more of his old recordings. Obviously a man of taste...

Steve Hillage producing *Positive Noise*. So the *Groover* was right about these new cabbageheads...

Unconfirmed rumours have it that a Boston band called *The Dead Lennons* was due to appear at *Max's Kansas City* on *April Fools Day*...

Despite denials, will *Marvin Gaye* sign with *Geffen Records* once he gets his freedom from *Motown*?

The Beach Boys may have split from manager *Jerry Schilling*, but brother *Carl* has retained his services to handle his future solo projects that commences with a solo LP. Could it be that *Les Boys* have finally been beached?

Thirty of the planet's leading animators (or so we're informed) have collaborated to bring to the big screen *Ivan (Animal House) Reichman's* production of mythology sci-fi comic *Heavy Metal*, US version of *Metal Hurlant*...

Meanwhile, *Sting*, *Kool & The Gang*, *Fleetwood Mac*, *Pink Floyd* to number just four believed to be soundtracking on a Tolkien-inspired production *The Rock Hobbit*...

NME

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7 (7)	Let Them Eat Yellum	20p
8 (8)	Coyote Angels	20p
9 (9)	Protest & Survive	20p
10 (10)	Echo & The Bunnymen	20p

Apologies — There is NO Ants black & white badge. It is in fact a Toyah badge.

NEW RELEASES

New Order — "Ceremony" 1"; Gang Of Four — "History" 1"; Delta 5 — "O.V." 1"; Pere Ubu — "Art Of Walking" 1"; Crass — "Nagasaki Nightmare" 1"; U.K. Decay — "Unexpected Guest" 1"; Bow Wow Wow — "New FanZines" (inc P&P)

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It's surprisingly light to carry around, and you can pick one up from your local dealer now. Ask him about the price too, it might be even less than £129.

Or write for more details to Hitachi Sales, Dept. C, P.O. Box 45Y, London W1A 4SY.



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