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NEW NME MUSICAL EXPRESS

VELVET UNDERGROUND

The definitive history of the greatest cult band of all!

STYX ON TOUR

The startling truth about American megarock!

LOUNGE LIZARDS

Re-inventing modern jazz for the reptilian age!

NUMAN LPs

Is Gazza winding us up?

POLECATS ARE GO!

The beat that drives those cool cats wild.

TIM POLECAT PURRS OUT FROM BACKSTAGE PIC: DAVID CORIO

647511 1.17
6.00



Clang, clang! Daily Henderson and the Fire Engines are through the red light and... ready to set the chart alight? Pic: Robert Sharp.

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
April 25th, 1981

US SINGLES

This Week	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)	(7)	(8)	(9)	(10)	(11)	(12)	(13)	(14)	(15)	(16)	(17)	(18)	(19)	(20)	(21)	(22)	(23)	(24)	(25)	(26)	(27)	(28)	(29)	(30)
	Morning Train (Nine To Five)	Kiss On My List	Angel Of The Morning	Just The Two Of Us	Rapture	Being With You	Keep On Loving You	Her Town Too	Take It On The Run	While You See A Chance	Don't Stand So Close To Me	Somebody's Knockin'	I Can't Stand It	Woman	Bette Davis Eyes	Watching The Wheels	Don't Stop The Music	Aln't Even Done With The Night	You Better You Bet	Just Between You And Me	I Love You	How 'Bout Us	Time Out Of Mind	Too Much Time On My Hands	It's A Love Thing	Sweetheart	Living Inside Myself	Sukiyaki	I Missed Again	A Woman Needs Love Just Like You Do
	Sheena Easton	Daryl Hall & John Oates	Juice Newton	Grover Washington Jr.	Blondie	Smokey Robinson	REO Speedwagon	James Taylor	REO Speedwagon	Steve Winwood	The Police	Terri Gibbs	Eric Clapton	John Lennon	Kim Carnes	John Lennon	Yarborough & Peoples	John Cougar	The Who	April Wine	Climax Blues Band	Champaign	Steely Dan	Styx	The Whispers	Franke & The Knockouts	Gino Vannelli	A Taste Of Honey	Phil Collins	Ray Parker Jnr. & Raydio



Clang, clang! John Cale grabs the matches and waits in the shadows... to set the charts alight again? Pic: Anton Corbijn.

UK SINGLES

This Week	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	(1)	(8)	(3)	(10)	(11)	(2)	(4)	(5)	(9)	(7)	(18)	(17)	(19)	(14)	(15)	(6)	(12)	(20)	(30)	(26)	(25)	(24)	(—)	(13)	(—)	(—)	(16)	(—)	(—)	(22)
	Making Your Mind Up	Theme From Lloyd George	Lately	Night Games	Good Thing Going	This Ole House	Einstein A Go-Go	Intuition	Can You Feel It	It's A Love Thing	Muscle Bound	Flowers Of Romance	Just A Feeling	D-Days	Attention To Me	Kids In America	What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted	And The Band Played On	Bermuda Triangle	New Orleans	Crocodiles	Don't Break My Heart Again	Only Crying	Four From Toyah	Hit And Run	Drowning/All Out To Get You	Capstick Comes Home	Primary	Magnificent 7	Mind Of A Toy
	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	Ennio Morricone (BBC)	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	Graham Bonnet (Vertigo)	Sugar Minott (RCA)	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	Landscape (RCA)	Linx (Chrysalis)	Jacksons (Epic)	Whispers (Solar)	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	Public Image Ltd. (Virgin)	Bad Manners (Magnet)	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)	Nolans (Epic)	Kim Wilde (RAK)	Dave Stewart & Colin Blunstone (Stiff)	Saxon (Carrere)	Barry Manilow (Arista)	Gillan (Virgin)	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	Whitesnake (Liberty)	Keith Marshall (Arrival)	Toyah (Safari)	Girlschool (Bronze)	The Beat (Go Feet)	Tony Capstick (Dingles)	Cure (Fiction)	Clash (CBS)	Visage (Polydor)

BUBBLING UNDER

Can't Get Enough Of You — Eddy Grant (Ice/Ensign)
Keep On Loving You — REO Speedwagon (Epic)
Stars On 45 — Star Sound (CBS)
Candy Skin — Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
Keep On Running — U.K. Subs (Gem)
Dogs Of War — The Exploited (Secret)

US ALBUMS

This Week	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)	(7)	(8)	(9)	(10)	(11)	(12)	(13)	(14)	(15)	(16)	(17)	(18)	(19)	(20)	(21)	(22)	(23)	(24)	(25)	(26)	(27)	(28)	(29)	(30)
	Hi Infidelity	Paradise Theater	Face Dances	Moving Pictures	Double Fantasy	Arc Of A Diver	Greatest Hits	Limelight	The Jazz Singer	Another Ticket	Dad Loves His Work	Crimes Of Passion	Guilt	Zenyatta Mondatta	Autoamerican	Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap	Sucking In The Seventies	Being With You	Back In Black	Gap Band III	The Nature Of The Beast	Loverboy	The Dude	Christopher Cross	Captured	Face Value	Grand Slam	Night Walker	Somewhere Over The Rainbow	Wild-eyed Southern Boys
	REO Speedwagon	Styx	The Who	Rush	John Lennon/Yoko Ono	Steve Winwood	Kenny Rogers	Grover Washington Jr	Neil Diamond	Eric Clapton	James Taylor	Pat Benatar	Barbra Streisand	The Police	Blondie	AC/DC	Rolling Stones	Smokey Robinson	AC/DC	Gap Band	April Wine	Loverboy	Quincy Jones	Christopher Cross	Journey	Phil Collins	The Isley Brothers	Gino Vannelli	Willy Nelson	38 Special

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

UK ALBUMS

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BUBBLING UNDER

Twangin' — Dave Edmunds (Swansong)
The Dude — Quincy Jones (A&M)
Let The Power Fall — Robert Fripp (E.G.)
Greatest Hits Vol 3 — Cockney Rejects (Zonophone)
Honi Soit — John Cale (A&M)
Solid Gold — Gang Of Four (EMI)

INDIES 33s

1	Author! Author!	Scars (Pre)
2	To Each	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
3	390° of Simulated Stereo	Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
4	Prayers of Fire	Birthday Party (4AD)
5	Les Hommes Mort Sont Dangereux	Metal Urbain (Celuloid)
6	Mesh & Lace	Modern English (4AD)
7	Showcase	Aswad (Island)
8	Flowers of Romance	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)
9	Fate	Cure (Fiction)
10	He Who Dares Wins	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)

INDIES 45s

1	Shine So Hard	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)
2	All About You	Scars (Pre)
3	Flowers of Romance	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)
4	Candy Skin	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
5	I Know What Boys Like	Waitresses (Ze)
6	You're No Good	E.S.G. (Factory)
7	Primary	Cure (Fiction)
8	Work	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
9	Bricks	Diagram Brothers (New Hormones)
10	All Systems Go	Poison Girls (Crass)

Rough Trade, 262 Kensington Park Road, London W11

REGGAE

1	Go Deh In A Late Night Blues	Roy Ranking (K & G)
2	Natural Collie/Blood City	Freddie McGregor/Dennis Brown (High Times)
3	Love Bump	Lone Ranger (Studio 1)
4	Slave Trade	Jewels (Cash & Carry)
5	Africa	Creation Steppers (Coxsone)
6	I Dig You	Alton Ellis (Castro Brown)
7	Wide Awake In A Dream	Berry Biggs (Africa)
8	Back Off	Johnny Osborne (Greensleeves)
9	Going West	Desi All Stars (Starlight)
10	Give Love A Try	Trevor Walters (Nationwide)

DISCO

1	By All Means	Alphonse Mouzon (Excalibur)
2	Candidate For Love	T. S. Monk (Warner Bros)
3	Time (Re-mix)	Light of the World (Phonogram)
4	It's A Love Thing	Whispers (RCA)
5	Can You Feel It	Jacksons (CBS)
6	Good Thing Going	Sugar Minott (RCA)
7	Just The Two Of Us	Grover Washington (Elektra)
8	Goro City	Manu Dibango (Island)
9	Wheel Me Out	Was Not Was (US Ze)
10	This Feeling (Re-mix)	Frank Hooker (US import)

HMV Record Shop, Oxford St, London W1

5 YEARS AGO

1	Save Your Kisses For Me	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
2	Fernando	Abba (Epic)
3	Jungle Rock	Hank Mizell (Charly)
4	Music	John Miles (Decca)
5	Do You Know Where You're Going To	Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
6	You See The Trouble With Me	Barry White (20th Century)
7	I'm Mandy, Fly Me	10cc (Mercury)
8	Girls Girls Girls	Sailor (Epic)
9	Love Me Like I Love You	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
10	S-S-S-Single Bed	Fox (GTO)

Week ending April 24, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

1	You Don't Have To Say You Love Me	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
2	Bang Bang	Cher (Liberty)
3	Pretty Flamingo	Manfred Mann (HMV)
4	Daydream	Lovin' Spoonful (Pye Int.)
5	Hold Tight	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
6	The Pied Piper	Crispian St Peters (Decca)
7	Somebody Help Me	Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
8	Sound Of Silence	Bachelors (Decca)
9	Alfie	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
10	Substitute	The Who (Reaction)

Week ending April 29, 1965

10 YEARS AGO

1	Double Barrel	Dave & Ansell Collins (Technique)
2	Mozart 40th Symphony	Waldo de Los Rios (A&M)
3	Hot Love	T. Rex (Fly)
4	Knock Three Times	Dawn (Bell)
5	Theme From Love Story	Andy Williams (CBS)
6	Remember Me	Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
7	Rosetta	Georgie Fame & Alan Price (CBS)
8	Brown Sugar	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
9	It Don't Come Easy	Ringo Starr (Apple)
10	Bridget The Midget	Ray Stevens (CBS)

Week ending April 28, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

1	You're Driving Me Crazy	Temporance Seven (Parlophone)
2	Wooden Heart	Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	Blue Moon	Marcelle (Pye Int.)
4	Lazy River	Bobby Darin (London)
5	Are You Sure	Allisons (Fontana)
6	Gee Whizz It's You	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	Exodus	Ferrante and Teicher (London)
8	A Hundred Pounds Of Clay	Craig Douglas (Top Rank)
9	Theme From Dixie	Duane Eddy (London)
10	Don't Treat Me Like A Child	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)

Week ending April 28, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

TO REFLECT WHAT YOU ARE — IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW



Vintage Velvets L-R: Morrison, Reed, Cale, Tucker, Nico

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

Warners back in hype soup

WEA RECORDS have again been hit by a chart rigging scandal — just as the embarrassment of last August's *World In Action* hype special was beginning to fade.

Undercover agents working for the British Phonographic Industry and chart compilers British Market Research Bureau say they have "conclusive evidence" that a freelance promotion man employed by the label tried to hoist 17 WEA-distributed singles and one album on the PVK label into the charts.

A BPI statement claims that 700 false entries were made in the diaries of chart return shops and that full details have been forwarded to the Deputy Commissioner at Scotland Yard.

Meanwhile three shops have already been struck off the BMRB Panel. They are Our Price Records of Kingston, Earthshaker of Feltham and Record Scene of Staines.

WEA have expressed rage at the "wrong and pointless" activity undertaken by the accused agent and are so impressed with the BPI/BMRB evidence that they have agreed to foot the £10,000 investigation costs.

Tufty Club visits the seaside

HUNDREDS of toytown Nazi cropheads had their holiday fun spoilt at the weekend when rampaging gangs of "policemen" decided to arrest them. The arrests — which totalled 145 in Southend alone — occurred when the skinheads were going about their usual Bank Holiday business of smashing up cars and shop windows and generally making everybody's vacation an occasion to remember.

A couple of dozen young intellectuals were found in possession of leaflets and application forms for an arcane outfit known as the November 9 Society. This group, apparently named after the date that one "Adolf Hitler" allegedly survived an assassination, is, according to founder Terry Flynn, an "elite Nazi corps". The fact that no one had ever heard of the organisation before didn't seem to worry Mr Flynn.

Elsewhere, Brighton police dealt with their skinhead invasion by the tried and tested means of confiscating the little boys' bootlaces, thus rendering them ineffective for action of the aggro variety.

Let them watch Jam

THE JAM are to play a surprise one-off benefit concert in aid of the unemployed, and they've chosen one of the country's principal depressed areas for the gig. It's at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre on Monday, April 27, and tickets are available immediately at the box-office priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. All proceeds will go to various organisations assisting the city's out-of-work.



Jamany memorial picture: Joe Stevens

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE



Venusian Furs? Butler & Co sport new Rep-public image

Psychedelic Furs — qu'est-ce que c'est?

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS re-emerge next month to headline their most important UK tour so far, an 18-date schedule of major venues and colleges, climaxing at London's Hammersmith Palais.

The outing ties in with the May 15 release of their new

CBS album 'Talk, Talk, Talk'. As reported last week, their single 'Dumb Waiters' is issued tomorrow (Friday) and boasts a unique picture bag which plays like a flexi-disc, featuring snippets from the upcoming LP.

Tour dates are Lincoln Drill Hall (May 12), Doncaster Rotters (13), Nottingham Rock City (15), Manchester Polytechnic (16), Bristol Locarno (18), Cardiff Top Rank (19), Liverpool Rotters (20), Newcastle Mayfair (21), Glasgow Technical College (23), Fife St. Andrew's University (24), Edinburgh Tiffany's (25), Leeds Tiffany's (26), Rugby Bann Memorial Hall (28), Huddersfield Polytechnic (29), Birmingham Odeon (30), Brighton Top Rank (June 1), London Hammersmith Palais (2) and Poole Arts Centre (3).

COUNTDOWN TO XTC

XTC begin a new British concert series in mid-May, concentrating mainly on areas not covered by their last outing. The tour also has the rare distinction of being totally unconnected with record promotion, though they will be working in new material for their fifth album, due to be recorded in the summer.

Dates so far confirmed are Sheffield University (May 15), Edinburgh Odeon (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Liverpool University (20), London Hammersmith Odeon (21), Brighton Top Rank (22).

Birmingham Odeon (24), Norwich East Anglia University (29), Dunstable Queensway Hall (June 1) and Cardiff Top Rank (2). The Cardiff gig replaces a show cancelled in December, when Andy Partridge was taken ill. It's expected that further dates will be added to this schedule, again in towns not recently visited by the band.

XTC are currently midway through their third U.S. tour, headlining at 4,000-seater venues and supported by Hazel O'Connor. But they interrupt their Stateside trek for a week when, on April 28, they fly from Miami to Caracas — where they'll be playing the first-ever concert by a British band in Venezuela.

DATA CONTROL

BOC for Donnington;
Plastics, Lounge Lizards,
Ely to tour
Dury for Polydor

TOUR NEWS P.37 — RECORD NEWS P.38

MORE GREAT PLAYS THAN SHAKESPEARE.

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.



NEXT WEEK IN NME



DOLLY MIXTURE

Being a girl group can spell trouble, writes Cynthia Rose, who has heard Dolly Mixture's tale of rock business exploitation.

FUNK WALLCHART

The definitive visual guide of the Big Beat today's kids go for, from '60s soul to punk funk. Lace up your soul shoes!

A CERTAIN RATIO

And talking about the evolution of funk, Ian Penman just might get round to delivering his review of the new ACR LP. (And about time too.)

Plus the mystery of Paul Morley's sudden interest in... heavy metal, the truth about Vivien Goldman's secret dinner date with a fascinating young man.

Saucer assembly

HERE'S ONE for the cosmic log book: May 24 and 25 at London's Mount Royal Hotel, the Second International UFO Congress convenes. Eminent specialists from around the world will speak and even punters like you are welcome.

Topics include Close Encounters, psychic phenomena and updates on scientific research programmes. Congress organisers are British UFO Research Association so it's only reasonable their President Lord Kings Norton opens the proceedings. Other speakers include Dr Bruce MacCabee, US laser scientist; Charles Bowen, editor Flying Saucer Review, and Hilary Evans of the Society For Psychical Research.

BUFORA members can attend both days for £15. Outsiders pay an extra two quid. Full details from The Congress Secretariat, 7 Stratford Place, London W1.

Ted gets canned. Pic: David Corio



Every little bit Blurts...

ARCHIVE FUN



THE HAWKWIND REVIVAL BECKONS! Nik Turner proves that pirate chic was old hat in '76 and that chainmail chic and wampum belts were heap hip circa '72.



BLURT ARE based in Stroud, Gloucestershire. The trio are all well into their 30s and got together as a band just over a year ago. During this time they've built up a reputation as an energetic, if offbeat, live show, released a single and a live album, and shared a double album with three other acts. Blur, however, don't have a record contract. Or a bass player.

Sitting in a Soho pizza place, alto saxophonist and singer Ted Milton has some explaining to do, but not before he's given a mini-recitation as he learns that it's too late to take alcohol with his meal: "Oh, to be in England now that spring is — never ever bloody coming!"

Ted's flippancy and certain morbid wit are parts of his personality which are tempered

Ted Milton spills the beans about sax for the over 30s to Paul Tickell

rather than dropped when he moves on to the very serious matters of the band's recording history and money. Ted has to think in terms of sales returns because — like his brother, Blur drummer Jake — he's married with children.

The band's single 'My Mother Was A Friend Of An Enemy Of The People' (show-casing their customary mixture of bluesiness and aggression, sophistication and primal squealing — sort of modern dance music for closet go-goers) was put out last summer on Test Pressing, a short-lived label run by Kosmo Vinyl and Terry Razor (now manager of Theatre Of Hate).

Blur haven't fared much better with Factory on whose 'Quartet' they appeared earlier this year with Durutti Column. It's something of a disservice to both acts that they come in a

package also including looney obscurantists The Royal Family And The Poor and big softie singer-songwriter Kevin Hewick.

Ted is less perturbed by this artistic commingling and the delay in releasing the album (Blur recorded their side on a 4-track a year ago) than by the fact that Factory never looked after the band with any great industriousness.

"We had no contract and could never think of ourselves as Factory artists. We seemed irrelevant to their scheme of things."

"Indies tend not to put their money where your mouth is. If a record takes off, great — if not, too fucking bad. Some labels might be honest but many just offer some charisma and not much else. A lot of them are like the majors — headed by bandits. In fact, in some cases it might be better to have a one per cent deal with a major than a 50/50 one with an indie which you hear no more about."

Although Ted is obviously the last person in the world to talk piously about the independent ethic, he has good words for Armageddon who last month released the live album 'Blur In Berlin'.

The live album is more representative of Blur than the rather sparse sound of 'Quartet'. Ted is much more dominant; between the tight patterns laid down by drummer Jake (who used to teach school kids religion!), there are floods of sax.

The cover is pretty bold, too. It's from a photo Ted took in Glasgow of three very pink bags of... rubbish?

"No, ganja. I noticed the bags in Sauchiehall St and realised that some horribly confused off-course Rastafarian pilot had made the drop in the wrong place, so I took a photo and ran very decisively away."

Crumbs of whimsy like this (plus lyrics of his like "Why did the chicken cross the road? Because I touched her with my electric goad") mean that Ted has been tagged an eccentric; furthermore, his manic gesticulatory live performance has been seen as superior nonsense cabaret, sort of Edward Lear on rock 'n' roll. Funny old Blur, eh?

"NO! Lear I find a melancholy diseased poet, and I don't think my stage act is very funny. People might think there are three peculiar men on stage, but that's because we're not dressed up like 15-year-olds following the dictates of fashion. I look a bit anomalous, out of place; but I'm not a comedian. People come to our gigs and get freaked out — it's not laughalong along..."

If there is a comic dimension to Blur, then it's an uncomfortable part of disturbing songs like 'Ubu' and 'Cherry Blossom Polish', dealing as they do not just with fascism in its public jack-booted form but also its more personal manifestation; every soul has its dank corner.

"Ubu" is about the desire to stick a boot in someone's face — I feel like that from time to time, especially towards smaller beings. I have three of my own."

Satanic laughter.

"Inside every thin man there's a fat ugly one trying to get out. That is why it's pointless saying that war is only caused by corruption and imperialism. The fact is that people like going out and doing a bit of killing from time to time and getting into marches and flags and medals and remembrance days... Pathetic!"

Blur may conjure up some of the darker emotions in order to criticise them, but isn't this potentially dangerous ploy which, like bad therapy, might backfire and send the audience home thinking they're Adolf Hitler?

Ted disagrees, saying that the songs are bound to come across "as preposterously frightening paramilitary satire." Besides, you've got to take some risk with an audience; performers shouldn't

Continues page 8

THE LONE GROOVER



BENYON

THE rock and fashion scene represented by Nottingham

Playhouse's bar set now has its own chronicle, just out, which is called *Despatch* (Throwaway News and Views and Cheap talk), available for 20p from 14 St James St, Nottingham NG1 6FG.

Despatch is uncertain about who it's ripping off: the format is *Ritz* (with a cover by Edward Bell of 'Scary Monsters' cover fame) while the layout and angles are pure Terry Jones-*i-D*. The first issue features interviews with Edward Bell, Duran Duran and Calvin Klein, the designer whose jeans win Brooke Shields' endorsement, leaving Murjani open for second-choice Debbie Harry.

There is more music news on Soft Cell, The Passions, Pre-De, and 50-Minute Hour plus similar bands, and lotsa pix of local celebs in pancake and knockoff Richard Sharsh make-up. There's an article on the Shock dancers which tells you the predictable — that they contributed vocals on Rusty Egan's 'Angel Face', that they're produced by Richard Burgess, and that one female member is Gazza's girlfriend.

Along with plugs for the Blue Note Club and Hector, the DJ at Nottingham's Ad-Lib, are reviews which feature Phil Spector and Nash the Slash in the same sentence.

"Rock's like bloody football teams sometimes," moans Shock Trouper Richard Pereno. Yes, indeedy, and it's the orientation of would-be-snobish 'zines like *Despatch* which helps to promote stupid labels and pigeon-holing. So stop your snobbing now, and give us more info on the Local Happenings.

From Cambridge comes *Blue Beat*, designed in the remunerative tradition of Bunch Books (and road maps): the foldout poster. The typeface is tiny, but the design is smart and hearty with much local info in one sample ish (no. 3), the evolution of local label Leisure Sounds, started by the Dogma Cats and Ersatz; Cambridge indie charts, tips (the Lesley Kerridge is the hot venue at presstime but suspicions are roused by the Carioca Club's first rock billings) and talk — with home stars Dolly Mixture, plus The Associates and The Soft Boys.

And it's great that *Blue Beat* lets 'rock fashion' speak for itself, via photo collage. High marks... and only 20p, from 70 St Eligius St, Cambridge — mark 'Please Forward', however, as the mag was searching for a new address.

From Stirlingshire comes Mairi Harper's first issue of *Closer*, which contains "a Clash story written by Mick Jones" and promises the sequel-by-Strummer for issue

2. Also: CND, releasing one's own cassette, a talk with locals the Det Jerks, and an indie Cassette bulletin from Deleted Records of Scunthorpe. *Closer* only needs two things: a better typist and some visual suss. Help'em out at 67 Burnhead Rd, Lambert, Stirlingshire, Scotland (asking price 15p plus 15p P&P, or large sae).

Glasgow's *Stand and Deliver* (going since March '80) want to make it clear that they never stole their name from Adam the way Adam stole Jimi's jacket OK. Proof of their independence is amply available to those who peruse their special double issue (4 & 4) with its Disk Frisk review section (printing readers' reviews); palatable articles on Boots for Dancing, The Cure, Toyah, The Delmonts, The Flowers and the Fast-Pop /

Alternative Print UK — by Cynthia Rose

Aural people; a Sci-Fi roundup ('70-'80) and a critique of the media's handling of Lennon eulogies. S&D are aiming to help out local bands and scribblers and solicit stuff to this end. Contact editor John Dingwall at 8 Blackwood St, Anniesland, Glasgow, with your 40p plus 20p P&P, or large sae with same.

Away From the Numbers, tho' straight Xeroxed stuff, is huge! It offers you a review of *No One Get Out Here Alive*, plus Morrison pics from same; a Remember 1980 chart (unsurprising 'cept for the Editor's commendable Gig of

the Year choice — no slave to fashion shel); film coverage; a large crossword; another Duran Duran piece. Also Pearl Harbour, Skids, Bunnymen and the Meters. All for 'free but send some postage to Barbie, at *Away From the Numbers*, 80 Edencourt Rd, Streatham, London SW16.

Also new: *SEX* in handy pocket-size form for a steep 40p from Compendium, the Friar Tuck chippy opposite the Hope and Anchor, the Clink rehearsal studios (Clink St, London Bridge) or via editor Rick Lamay at 10 Green Rd, Whetstone, London N10. Best feature is on the soon-to-be-supergroup The Lemons and an interview with Mark: "a normal adolescent with a problem". Mark discusses his problem EXCLUSIVELY with *SEX*, although it is hardly sexual. To find out you'll have to fork out 40p — and also put up with a dreadful cover and a plea for chain letters.

Glasgow's just-launched comzine (that's a comics / graphics 'zine *Complex*, proves that London hasn't got the monopoly on horrible covers — just looking at this one brings to mind The Cramps singing 'Do the eye-gouge' on their album... It ain't *Comical Funnies*, but inside is a bit more hopeful — a platform for local cartoonists, short story writers and reviewers. Price £1, from 17 Dalilea Drive, Easterhouse, Glasgow G34.

And a final word that these days only 5p will get you *Zero*, a cassette fanzine which contains info, charts, and cartoons as well as *Garageland*-style contacts. *Zero* also recommend Andrew Hobbs' cassette info sheet (free with a large sae). *Zero*: Robin Basak, 8 Moor End, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire AL7 4QL (send large sae with your 5p). Hobbs' sheet from: Luxury Soundtracks, 30 Knot Lane, Walton-le-Dale, Preston, Lancs.

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No. 1

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Ray Lowry



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PLUTONIUM BLONDES

THE WALLS ICE CREAM company recently conducted their extensive annual survey to discover the hopes, fears and favourite flavour combinations of the 7 to 17 year olds who consume Walls' produce. It turns out the kids' major concern for the future is not unemployment, not artificial preservatives; it's the proliferation of nukes! We look forward to Walls' first atomic cone. . .

NUCLEAR LINKS is a brand new pamphlet, produced jointly by SANE and Third World First and it offers a fresh perspective on the worldwide concern about nuclear disarmament and proliferation.

In a divided world where the dominant images are of poverty and wealth, injustice and violence, *Nuclear Links* considers the international ramifications of the nuclear cycle already underway. It pays particular attention to the effects of nuclear development on the world's poor — on those Third World countries where uranium is mined and radioactive waste dumped, and on inhabitants of heavily unemployed areas who are gulled into accepting nuclear plants and processing plants through the promise of jobs.

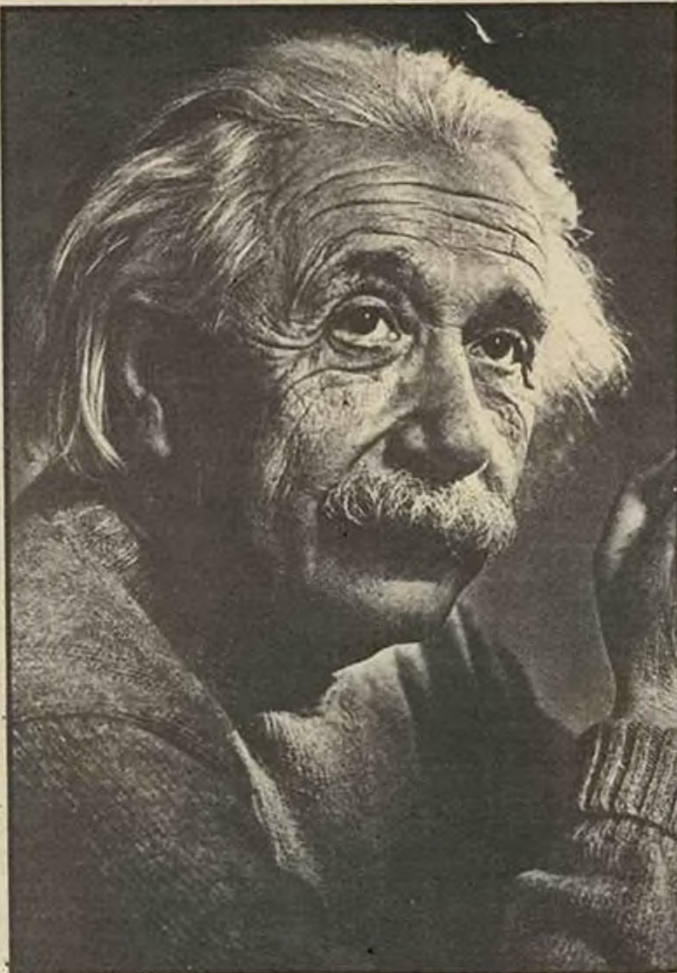
Nuclear Links points out exactly what political and economic forces are impelling the world towards the erroneous belief that dependence on nuclear energy is somehow unavoidable; it points out how and why peace is not dependent on any nuclear deterrents; and it also offers a clear, clean glossary of those terms which the 'experts'

like to use when they pretend that the nuclear question is one of mysterious science rather than basic sanity.

Perhaps the best overall view of the nuclear fuel cycle and its ramifications for everyone is contained in the earlier *Anti-Nuclear Now or Never*. It was produced by Students Against Nuclear Power and is clear, concise and thorough (spelling out step-by-step, for instance, what actually happened at Harrisburg). It's slim but indispensable and costs only 50p (as does *Nuclear Links*). Both are available from SANE at 9, Poland St, London with a postage charge of 15p.

MEANWHILE, No Nukes Music continue their pioneering work with a raft of benefit gigs planned for May and the summer months.

May 1 sees nine bands playing under NNM's auspices at City Polytechnic, Fairholt House in London's Whitechapel High Street. Proceedings open 3.30 pm and close midnight with the following doing their stuff: Flatbackers, Outskirts,



Pic: Mark Rusher

BEFORE & AFTER SCIENCE: left, a relatively normal genius called Albert. Right, oh my gosh, do we smell a leak?

Speedos, Walking Wounded, Jump Squad, Case, John The Baptist, Civil Service and Vorns. Asking price of the 'unwaged' is £1. Those in work pay 50p more.

May 9 — 17 No Nukes will be stirring it at the Torness Week of Action. Torness — 30 miles from Edinburgh — is the site of a £1 billion nuclear power station presently being built by the government, against the sage advice of an all-party Select Parliamentary

Committee which said it was a waste of money. The first weekend sees action by locals, and the last, "direct" tactics from any and all interested parties. During the week there are two notable benefit gigs: May 10 at Edinburgh's Playhouse with Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias, and May 13 at the city's Reid Hall, a classical concert, details of which still have to be worked out.

As an addendum to the Week, but in the same spirit of

resistance, The Beat play Edinburgh's Tiffany's on May 18.

THE PAINFUL irony of mass unemployment alongside indefensible spending on nuclear weaponry is the subject of a May 4 gathering in Greenwich, unofficially entitled the 600 Years After The Peasants Revolt Rally. Co-sponsors are the local CND and the Greenwich Action Committee on Unemployment. Events begin at 1 pm outside

the Naval College, at which time several unspecified groups will start tuning up and speakers Tony Benn and Alan Fisher of NUPE will clear their throats for some oratory.

Volunteers to help in the No Nukes Music Offices and at their gigs are desperately needed, so if you have any time to donate, write to NNM at 9, Poland Street, London W.1. for details.

Andrew Tyler
Cynthia Rose



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FOR over four years now, hardly a month has gone by without some clown telling us all that the psychedelic revival was just around the corner. Somehow, though, it never quite materialised, Teardrop and Bunnymen notwithstanding.

An eagerness to see a re-run of dippy, third-eye, feed-your-head insanity is all very well, but without the appropriate drugs a psychedelic revival is not going to get far. Not to put too fine a point on it, but it was drugs, lysergic acid in particular, that were primarily responsible for the synaptic over-heating of the mid-to-late '60s.

In the '70s acid dropped out of both fashion and availability. Sure, a few unreconstructed hippies still took their trips with what amounted to a holy fervour, but for the majority a nine hour bout of mind-wrenching, hallucinatory self analysis was just too much. The ME generation turned its back on LSD and instead glue, booze, barbs, cocaine and heroin — even angel dust — became the preferred recreational drugs of the decade.

International police actions of the "Operational Julie" kind hammered final nails into the coffin by breaking up major acid manufacture and distribution points. By the beginning of 1980, it seemed as though LSD was little more than a rainbow memory, although the rites were still celebrated in certain parts of Britain, notably the Northern sea ports.

Suddenly, however, proving that things are never what they seem, acid use has made a comeback on both the East and West Coasts of the USA. Media-stimulated parent panic has

UNCLE IAM TAKES A TRIP.



SNOOPY ACID?

IF YOU CAN'T READ THIS YOU'RE TOO OLD

been directed toward a flood of high quality (and clearly mass-produced) postage stamp-sized blotters, each carrying a full colour print of Micky Mouse as the sorcerer's apprentice from *Fantasia*, which began turning up in New York schools.

As well as the Micky blotters, pills, capsules, liquid and microdots all circulate in comparative abundance. Seizures of acid by the Drug Enforcement Agency have more than tripled in the last year. The press have seized the middle aged, middle class fear potential with banner headlines and TV news specials about this new "plague".

Perhaps the strangest aspect of this mild acid craze is the increasing popularity of the drug in black discos. In recent years, Funkadelic leader George Clinton has made no secret of his fondness for mind-expanding substances, which were looked upon as a mystifying hippie aberration by most American blacks during the '60s. Hard-core disco records feature increasingly weird sounds, and something called Snoopy acid is now peddled alongside loose joints outside New York's funkier discotheques.

Pause, however, before you rush out to acquire a load of secondhand

Syd Barrett albums. The new crop of day trippers have little in common with their hippie forbears. Both official and street reports agree that the '80s acidheads have discarded the whole paraphernalia of expanded consciousness. They're searching for neither God nor Self — just a surefire way to get more loaded than was possible on either dope, downs or dust. Tim Leary and Aldous Huxley would hardly recognise it as the same drug.

One individual to unwittingly profit from this less-than-anticipated acid comeback is movie director Ken Russell. His latest feature, *Altered*

States, in which an eager-beaver research scientist retreats back down the DNA chain with the help of Mexican psychedelics and a sensory isolation tank, has become a firm favourite with the new psychedelic generation.

For a time huge crowds of stoned kids flocked to each performance, forming lines for *Altered States* the same way that a dozen years ago hippies formed lines for 2001.

It seems that the special effects, Russell's usual relentless energy, and the mind-altering motif strike exactly the right chord with the '80s acidheads. Some kids claim to have sat through ten or more showings and see the film not so much as a piece of entertainment but as the ideal background to getting stoned on acid.

In 2001, man strived to evolve to Starchild. A decade later, in *Altered States* he attempts to regress to baboon. It seems times have changed after all.

MICK FARREN

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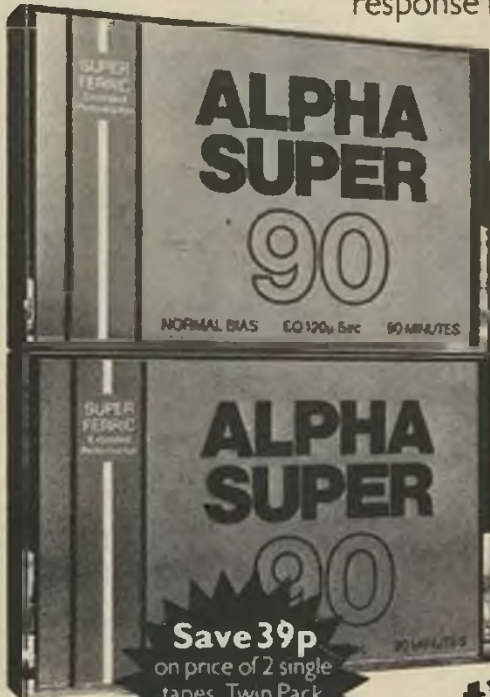
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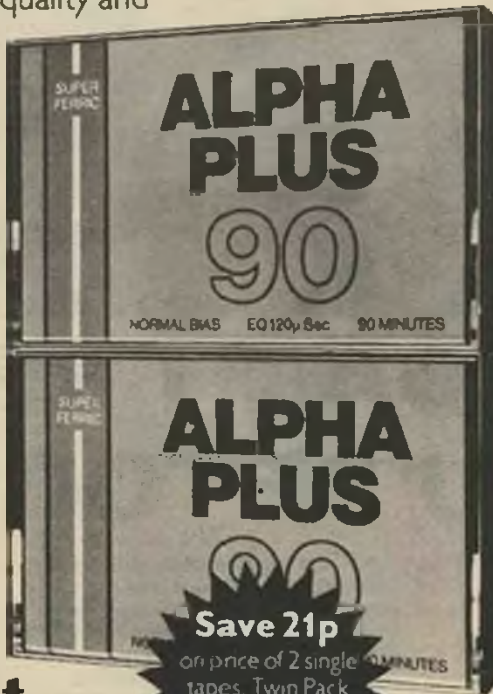


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BLURT

From page 4
spoon-feed.

"I know a lot of people who play down what they have to say on stage and just churn out do-wah-diddy cynical calculated pop. It's patronising. Of course, we get up and get labelled inaccessible. I mean, we don't want to be a cult — that's death.

"Moind, I could give any amount of oi oi. I used to give oi oi all faking night long, and 'course all our faking policemen is working-class ..."

Businessmen at neighbouring tables choke on their pizzas. Ted takes no notice, and discusses comparisons which have been made between Blurt and other bands, especially James Chance.

"I think the resemblance is very superficial but it's mentioned because of the sax sound. There aren't many people playing alto in an abandoned way; mostly it's either schmaltzy or yaketty-yak."

Ted can't comment on The Pop Group, Wild Man Fischer and Tom Waits comparisons

because he hasn't heard these artists — yet: "Ornette Coleman's been mentioned, but I can only feel afraid that anyone should make this comparison as he's a real musician and a genius."

It's eighteen months since Ted started playing sax when jazz man Eric Crouch taught him which end to blow and advised him on a change of teeth. In the next few months Ted intends to write a Learn-It-In-Five-Minutes Blurt Saxophone Tutor and "bring all prospective players down to my level before they begin."

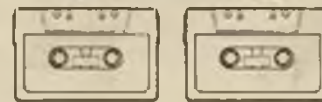
This won't be his first slim volume. He used to be involved in the poetry underground in the '60s. In the '70s, with his puppet show, it was the alternative theatre scene: "Fascists in theosophical Steiner woolly sweaters and sandals."

Now he reckons he'll stick with the music scene — it's more honest! — and can't wait for the forthcoming top-secret Blurt 12 inch. It's going to be very controversial but he won't say why. About the dreaded Royal Wedding, I bet?

"You read the papers, don't you?"



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MAKING UP IS HARD TO DO



Tim shows Phil the secrets of his good looks

THERE are four Polecats, and they are mild delinquents. It'd be tough to call them rebels. In conversation they are surprisingly reasonable about the state of things.

They are unexpectedly acceptant about the rock business mess, the indelicacies of reality. I say to them — be rigorous! Be alarmed! Be awkward! Be brilliant!

"You can't change things," they parry. "A lot of people have jumped-up ideas about changing the world. We just don't let things get us down. The whole point of what we do is so that people enjoy themselves. That's what it's supposed to be about. If you have to play shitholes to get your music over, then you have to."

What about the fine way Spandau Ballet spread their blooms around? Did you never want to play the game a different way?

"We never thought of it! They thought of it first! We can't bloody do it now. It'd be a laugh doing a gig in an airplane going across the Atlantic but it wouldn't be very viable."

"Maybe we'd like to be the first group to play under water. No one's done that... It'd be a laugh, but it wouldn't be a very good gig. The amps'd get wet."

The Polecats are simple

Last year Paul Morley hated The Polecats and shouted obscenities at them. But this year he decided to make friends with Phil, Neil, Boz and Tim, which is why he's listening to stories about puppets and a pink hippo called George. Photos David Corio

villains and it seems alright.

TUESDAY'S PLAN. I'll eat a strawberry mousse, see a few pinks potted on BBC 2, and then I'll go interview The Polecats. Sweet, and then sport, and then more sweet.

I wander into the dreaded Marquee as the public houses in surrounding Soho open their doors. Inside, The Pin-Up Cats are about to begin one of those odious soundchecks. Bass-boss Phil spots me lurking in some shadows and calls out a cheery, "Mr. Morley!!! We've had our meetings in the past. I have been known to stand down the front at one or two of their pop concerts and yell things at them as they've raced and bashed through a sequined set. Things like 'piss off'."

Phil gently lays down his grand double-bass and bounds off the stage to further today's greeting. Teeth are bared in the nicest possible way, cheeks seem almost to

be rosy. He spots my shoes. Click! He has them catalogued.

"Ravels. £19.99."

Correct.

The Polecats collect clothes; adore shoes; are bang into looking good. They have a thing about cleanliness: an adjective they'll use for the good things in life is clean. Ask them how much they spend a week on clothes and they say "a lot."

They like showing off, they like feeling complete. No smudges, no slips showing. Pleasure seekers in sleek clothes. Hair cuts are part of their wardrobe. Their hair cuts are precise.

Phil goes off to finish the soundcheck. I trip to the nearest Soho public house.

NO ONE could avoid Shakin' Stevens these last few weeks: pop music becomes our environment. Stevens a worn face and a saturnine trinketman who won't leave us alone. What do The Quaintcats think of S. Stevens?

"Think he's made a lot of money."

Are they into making a lot of money?

"No one can really say they're not without lying."

They're very touchy on the money topic: they'd prefer to talk about lunches they have known. Don't get defensive, Glosscats. I'm into profit!

"You have to make a living. Ask Adam Ant..."

I'd like to. So where do they place the limit on how far they'd go smoothing and watering their music for money?

"We like to make money but we wouldn't sing 'Ring A Ring A Rosas' rockabilly fashion for £10,000. It is nice to make money, but we're not doing this just to make money. We started doing it because we liked doing it and we still do. Once we start going through the motions we'll stop doing it."

IN THE public house vaguely familiar faces busy themselves close enough to me to contaminate my reality. Soho centre: pop! TV! film!

sex! move! food! pink! drink! next!

A girl sat at the bar with her back to me isn't startling enough to puncture my day dreaming. Just another jeans figure in the house. I don't pay attention. I gulp three shorts. The girl gets up to leave and it's pointed out to me that it's Theresa out of Dollar. My reflexes are too slow and I fail to snap an autograph: but note, to compound the disappointment, the real life lack of fuss and gloss. She's not painted!

Theresa leaves the pub: Bucks Fizz get played on the pub radio. The Polecats troop in. They're painted! The sharp youth of Robert Elms' diseased dream: facetious and non-stuffy. A well cut crew: baby-faced, greased, creased, soft around the edges, tough at the centre. The Polecats look too good to be true. No skin problems, I think, incredulously. Unmarked and fortunate.

The Polecats are actually bland in lots of ways: active aspirants in other ways. Spoilt, inarticulate but conveniently loveable. They may not express themselves too well, but they're not expressionless. They don't like to sit still or be told.

"We all come from nice comfortable homes. We don't pretend to be poor."

They don't pretend anything. The rockabilly group are guileless, hedonistic galloping enthusiasts. In a world of their own. In a word — fun! They do it just for fun! People are enraged at such fabulous forbidden affirmation.

"When we started we had no commercial viability whatsoever — we played because we really enjoyed it."

We haven't changed... well, we have changed, developed, but we haven't become rockabilly these last couple of weeks because it's become fashionable.

"The word fun — I don't suppose any other rockabilly group uses it. We use it because on stage we have a laugh, we look at each other all the time, take the piss out of each other, drum kits are knocked over. If you don't want to have a laugh, forget it. We don't worry that it's not going to be very artistic because the bass player is being rugby tackled by the vocalist while he's playing. Will it be a laugh?! Yeah!!!! Gigs are all about jumping on each other and pouring beer over each other."

Unclean! What's that about?

"It's party time, innit? Going completely mad. We appreciate some groups have other considerations and ideals and things that they want to put over to people, but it is important to have a laugh as well. If you like having a laugh. If you don't, you don't."

The higher the fun, the deeper the depression?

"We never come down really. We are always having fun. Not just onstage. All the time."

Don't you have to come down one day?

"By that time we'll be old and married with kids."

Are The Lovecats copping out from life's realities?

"No! We're a part of it. When we're on stage we're real. We are part of reality."

What else are they into apart from their music and the potential of clothes?

"We're not into drugs, if that's what you mean. We like

CONTINUES OVER



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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

having a good time."

Tim the sly singer with the bubbles in his hair tells me "I'm into Alan Jones' art work. *Thunderbirds*, *Fireball XL5*, *Stingray*... we want to get hold of the bloke who did those puppets to make puppets of us four, for a video or summat. We're going to get the *Thunderbirds* theme for when we go onstage. Polecats are go! It'd be great to come on stage lying on the back of the dressing room door and sort of slide down into your drum kit. Then the bass player comes out of the floor, and then the audience pops out of a swimming pool. Really great. Totally impossible, but so what? I'm really into *Rainbow* as well, the kids show. George is my hero."

The pink hippo?

"Fucking brilliant. He should be a cult figure."

THE LAST interview I did in this Soho public house was with Gary Numan.

"Does he trust humans? Is he pretty weird?"

No. NO! Hang on. What do you think of The Stray Cats? The classic dumb question, which I'd rehearsed in front of a mirror at home, is received with ace weariness. The Cats

fantasiser in the group," says Neil.

"Well, we all do alright," Tim reasons, drily. "But we'll see who's the most popular Polecat when they make the 12" Palitoy dolls of us and we'll see which one sells the most."

I'd bet on Tim. Neil sensibly returns to the subject of interviews.

"Yeah, you get loads of reporters who ask us what we think of The Stray Cats... it's always the first question."

It was my 38th.

"You asked what everyone else asks — why are four young guys so into rockabilly? Everybody asks that. Well, it just happens to be what we're into."

IT HAPPENS to be what they're into. Pick four 18 year olds and plonk them in a cage and attitudes, uniforms, languages, style will be immediately informative. It could be denims and patches, leather and pale faces, lacquered spikes and chains, shaved heads and shiny boots, frills and lace; it could be anything, it would be identifiable.

These days fashion is hysteria. Fashion is violent and voracious. Fashion; stand

time. We're not narrow minded about rockabilly. We listen to other music. You can't avoid the music that's going on."

Were they ever paranoid about being accused of nostalgic and reactionary inflexibility?

"We've never been paranoid because we never really cared. We're not a '50s revival band or anything like that. We have our base and we use it our own way. Rockabilly can't be revived because it was never popular, we're not a '50s band because we weren't born until the '60s. It's the music we like and we live it. We don't just put on the clothes. If we weren't in a band we'd still look like this. Still sitting in a pub looking like this."

Isn't the music restrictive because it's so purist?

"If it was that purist we wouldn't have released 'John I'm Only Dancing' as a single... that was a poke in the eye to anyone who thinks we're a revival group."

"Well, it is a revival, but not a '50s revival anyway."

Do you see anything wrong with being nostalgic?

"It's not exactly nostalgia. We're not living in the '50s. We like its atmosphere, the James Dean look, it's probably romantic... there's nothing wrong with nostalgia. Let people do what they want. There's nothing wrong with bringing back old fashions. It happens all the time. The new romantic thing isn't very new. It's the oldest thing there is style wise. Mediaeval! That's going back a bit further than rock music. The King Arthur revival! It'll be a revival of the Stone Age next."

Isn't whipping through a back catalogue of songs, as you've been known to do, really negative?

"It depends how you do them. If you do them in a completely new way then it's worth doing. There's no point in copying old records. The songs we cover are fairly unknown."

The Solerebels were featured as rising indiscreet tearaways in an *NME* spread on the new rockabilly 15 months ago. The piece set new rockabilly on an edge between puritanical anachronism and an unprecedented mythical vitality.

The Teencats ran through this far away world with no thoughts of mainstream success, Palitoy dolls, Joy Division, synthesizers or pop concerts on boats. They've now had a minor hit single — "It was the biggest thrill of our lives when 'John I'm Only Dancing' charted" — have ambitions to have a less minor hit single next time and they've signed one of those clumsy recording contracts that seem to go on for ever and ever. Phonogram expect five years work from them: two years slog might wash away the feel. They've been dragged into view because of one of those trends, but they don't give a shit how long the trend lasts. They're using the trend: not vice versa. So they claim.

In *NME*'s rockabilly piece The Polecats were unanimously held to be the Number One young rebel group: this might still mean something. As far as me and Radio 1 have it, The Polecats are a group to approve of, a dazzle group that's part of the new colour. Spandau, Adam, Scars, Fire Engines, Bow and wow and WOW! again.

"Yeah, we'd rather see groups like Bow Wow Wow and Adam than Gillan or Saxon. They're just smelly! Did you see Saxon on *TOTP*? Did you see that geezers' trousers? He didn't have any bollocks! Gillan is revivalist. It's the same riffs and poses as Sabbath, Zeppelin, Purple... we can't be accused of retreading old poses. We're not exact copiers of anything."

Can your rockabilly music develop?

"We have a vague idea how



crowded round my recorder ask me what I think of the shoes — their standard reply, I guess.

What do they think of Margaret Thatcher?

Phil says not a lot: he doesn't know her personally. Neil the drummer says he voted for her: he looks sheepish.

The Holerats, for the purpose of this interview, settle into Boz the guitarist = mad, Phil = silly, Neil = sensible, Tim = sardonic/straight.

"ME? Straight? It's only when we're being interviewed. I have to be careful what I say..."

"I think carefully because that's going round." He points at the tape on the table; his eyes are deceptive, covetous.

"We like being interviewed by *Oh Boy* and *Jackie*. They ask about the shoes we wear... For the music papers you have to be arty and serious."

You don't quite make it? "Naaaaah!!!"

So let's be really serious. What do the Folafats think of women?

"It depends," says Tim, and there's caution in the air. "It depends if it's your mum, your bird or a girl up front in the audience screaming for your body."

Are The Polecats girl grabbers? Who do the girls go for most? Phil reckons himself.

"You can tell who's the

on your head. Confused? Fancy. The Polecats became rockabilly; it set them apart, it gave them so much space and the style was superlative. It became, of course, the only fashion that matched and expressed and inspired their wishes.

The Polecats are indifferent to my curiosity about their unquenchable adaption/adoption of '50s feel and fashion.

"It's fun. Enjoyable. It's good to look sharp. We've been dressing like this since 1977. '50s images are great... shocking pink clothes are great, the same as it was great when The Sex Pistols swore on *Thames Ar Six*."

How can eternal style ever be rubbed away?

"Rockabilly was the wild music of rock'n'roll, over the top rock'n'roll, the punk of rock'n'roll. It was around before rock'n'roll but it's never come to the fore as a commercial force until now."

What led four 16 year olds to such an esoteric and protected period?

"Getting into rock'n'roll clubs and hearing it. You can't really give a reason why you're into a music. I suppose it all starts when you buy your first Elvis Presley record. You like that, buy some more, and you move into other things."

What about contemporary music?

"You don't have much choice. It's on the radio all the

CONTINUES PAGE 51

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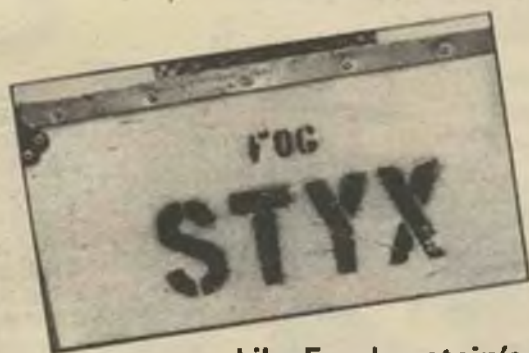
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Styx ... the production line

The toothless behemoth



Like Frankenstein's monster, America's super troopers Styx want only to be loved and to love, they say. PAUL RAMBALI crept up behind them to find out. Soul stealing pics: ANTON CORBIJN.

THE TAXI that took us from Indianapolis airport to the downtown Holiday Inn was equipped with a portable TV, a cassette player and a radio — all the comforts of a modern cocoon. As if to seal our fate and add to the feeling of claustrophobia, the radio is humming a song called 'The Best Of Times' from the number one album by Styx.

Taxi drivers are gregarious by nature if not by occupation, and can usually be called upon for information, anecdote and capsule insight. But not this one. Yes, it is Styx. Yes, they are 'big'. No, he doesn't know

where they are playing. Doesn't like concerts. Too many people ...

I digest this in silence. Styx segue comfortably into ELO as we ease off the highway and into town. Only the ensuing DJ patter enlivens our view of the dull, seemingly deserted city.

Later, we go for a walk. The locals eye us curiously from passing cars. We are obviously asking to be mugged, but nobody accepts our generous invitation.

And so, unassailed, we reach the civic nexus: a monument to Independence, Our Glorious Dead, and Indiana, 'the crossroads of America', built in the ostentatiously grand manner common to new republics. Circling around it in a disorderly pattern is a long-haired but well-scrubbed biker astride a chopped '48 Harley.

He buzzes our heels a couple of times in what appears to be a friendly enough gesture. So I wave him down and play the hick tourist, eager to know what is shaking if anything is shaking at all in the capitol of Indiana.

He turns to the girl perched on his pillion and turns back to me. "Not a whole lot," he says. Foolish of me to ask.

"You got a car?" he asks.

No.

"You got any good dope?"

No.

"You want some good dope?"

Would it make a difference?

"Don't do dope, huh? Let's see ...

Ya ain't got a car. Ya ain't got any good dope ... You're fucked! Know what that means?"

It means there isn't much to do here in the great Midwest, right?

"Right."

And so saying, he good naturedly deposited an empty beer can in the nearest bin and rode off on yet, another tour of the Indianapolis state edifice.

The following night, upwards of

joints they've brought with them, suddenly filling the air with a sweet herbal smell, the better to receive the ritual sacrament of rock excitement from one of America's Superbands.

That's what happens in Indianapolis. You would do the same if you lived here, or in one of the many other places like it, because it's the current American teenage norm. Believe me, I looked hard for any sign of deviation.

THIS IS the armpit of the nation," declares James Young, provider of the rock'n'roll element in Styx, which means he plays the 'raunchy' guitar solos and writes 'Kick Ass' tunes. On stage, Young, or J.Y. as he's known, wears a white boiler suit, like Pete

pointing at my tape recorder.

He looks relieved to hear that it isn't.

"In New York they have their culture, and in California they have ... whatever it is they have in California. But here, like in other parts of the midwest, they haven't got much that they can be proud of.

"They have their General Motors cars from Detroit and Michigan that they ride around in ... Once a year they have the 500, the big race event. That's about it."

Later, he will tell the teenagers of Indianapolis what a great audience they are, something he says with varying degrees of sincerity every night. He will tell them how glad Styx is to have the chance of playing here again. He will say they would have been back sooner but they've been playing all over the world ... they've been to Europe, to Japan ... but you know what? No matter where they go, there's no place as good as the USA!

And this will raise a huge cheer from the crowd, for itself, for Indianapolis, for America, and for Styx.

The average age in the auditorium is roughly 16. The members of Styx are all approaching or past 30. Tommy Shaw, the junior heart-throb of the line-up, wears a track suit with the words 'An Ass In Every Seat' emblazoned on the back.

But they are a great crowd — loud, willing and demonstrative. And they respond with wide-eyed, naked enthusiasm to every cue, every mood change and every exhortation in the two-hour show.

There is excitement and there is abandon. None of it dangerous and certainly not anarchic, but then Styx is not a rowdy group and doesn't attract a rowdy crowd. This isn't the beer-swilling bonehead contingent that might turn up for Van Halen. Beer is not even on sale because there are too many minors. Up to a quarter of the crowd are there more or less solely as a result of puppy love for

■ continues over page



Styx ... the print, a backdrop

14,000 midwestern teenagers will converge nearby in their cars and custom vans. They will park in the allotted spaces beneath a giant sports arena and make their way inside, maybe purchasing a T-shirt or a coke or a hot-dog as they go. Then at precisely 8:15 they will all light up the

Townsend. Off stage he dresses in that strange new American style best described as Gucci Cowboy: snakeskin boots, designer jeans and an imitation Cartier gold watch — a present from his wife on their tenth wedding anniversary.

"That isn't running is it?" he asks,

"When Reagan was shot I was bouncing between tears and outrage . . . I voted for the man" — Tommy Shaw, Styx

■ From previous page

Tommy Shaw, whose boyish face has appeared month after month in 16 magazine for the past three years, to the acute embarrassment of both Shaw and the others, who see themselves in a much more respectable light.

It would be absurd to argue that what is going on here is any less fun than a Vinyl Solution gig somewhere in strife-torn London, nor any less meaningful to those involved. In both cases, there is between the band and the audience a mutual celebration of a shared ideal, however different the ideals. And both are rather safe in the assumptions, certain in their values, and cosy in their outcome.

Imagine what would happen if Styx played the Acklam Hall, or if a Factory band — how deplorably narrow of me to use this term — played in a sports arena in Indianapolis. Now that would be fun.

Of course, Styx are just rich corporate rock stars who sit smug, airbrushed and contented on the insides of their gatefold sleeves while they peddle mindless musical soma to their droves of mindless followers. . .

That's the easy shot, and Styx are sitting ducks. But a dispassionate appraisal reveals something far less cynical, far more insidious and, in the end, far, far sadder.

Styx are what rock music means to literally millions of Americans between the ages of 13 and 18. I stuck my head into the jaws of the behemoth, only to find that it had no teeth.

THE THREE biggest bands in America right now are, believe it or not, The Doors, REO Speedwagon and Styx.

The Doors effectively came to a squalid conclusion almost exactly a decade ago. I have no idea who REO Speedwagon are or even what they sound like (but I could make a fair guess). And Styx . . . is the name of a river in Greek mythology that separates the land of the living from the land of the dead. (I wish that had some sort of significance. . .)

Styx have made ten albums over the last decade and toured doggedly and consistently to support them. At first, they sounded like an archetypal British progressive band aiming to outdo 'Time And A Word' by Yes.

Eventually they even had an album sleeve designed by Hipgnosis. Their albums have become more varied, balanced and homogenous over the years and now sound like several different shades of Elton John.

Having abandoned the mystical themes of their early work, they now write songs about "America", "freedom", "good times", and "rock'n'roll", with a pleasantly nostalgic or melancholy turn that sometimes amounts to something resembling irony. But mostly they just write love songs. And they have a tendency to write a love song whatever the subject. Thus 'Snowblind', which is about cocaine, personifies the drug as a woman.

But their love songs are not great love songs. There is no real yearning, no desire, no jealousy, no heartbreak, just comfortable, secure, quotidian love that seems to stem from comfortable, secure, quotidian lives. Most of them are happily married, and their love songs sound like anniversary presents to their wives.

Recently, they and their wives were given the keys to their home town of Chicago. It was "a great honour".

The American leg of the Styx world

tour of 1981 will cover roughly 90 cities in just over four months. The smallest place they will play will be a 12,000 seat arena, the largest a 50,000 capacity stadium. To simply break even on a show, they have to fill 8,000 seats.

The tour crew on this enormous and well-oiled enterprise, including the pilot and stewardess on the band's private plane, amounts to 42 people, all highly efficient, well-paid and loyal.

Unlike most road crews, they are housed in the same hotels as the band.

While Styx themselves travel by plane, the crew travel with the sound and lighting equipment, which packs into seven articulated lorries: five for the gear, and two with specially designed portable stages.

The stages have a non-slip coating and special grilles for the monitors, which are housed underneath to allow

optimum visibility from all corners of the auditorium. While stage A is in one city, stage B is being set up in the next, providing at every gig, a uniform platform for the group and their equipment.

Styx leave each city by one o'clock, reach the next by three, and do a sound check by six; the doors open at 7.30; they are on stage — always the same stage — at 8.15, off at 10.15, back at the hotel by one, awake again by 11.

Every four or five nights, there is a break in the schedule to allow the band to fly home for a few days. On the road, everything runs as regularly as a day at the office.

Naturally, this is not how it looks from block X. Every night, for two long hours, thousands of teenagers are transported out of a concrete sports arena and into something called the Paradise Theatre — a motif that dramatises their presence on stage with a spectacular beginning and a conclusive finale, and also the title of their last album.

"I saw a picture of this old theatre that had been in our home town, and the sign said 'Paradise Closed', which I thought was symbolic of a decline in America as a power in the world and a decline even within its own boundaries. This once great movie palace called the Paradise Theatre goes into decay over a period of 30 years and ends up in a part of an American city that has become a ghetto. It was symbolic to me of the way things have gone over the past 15 years or so. . ."

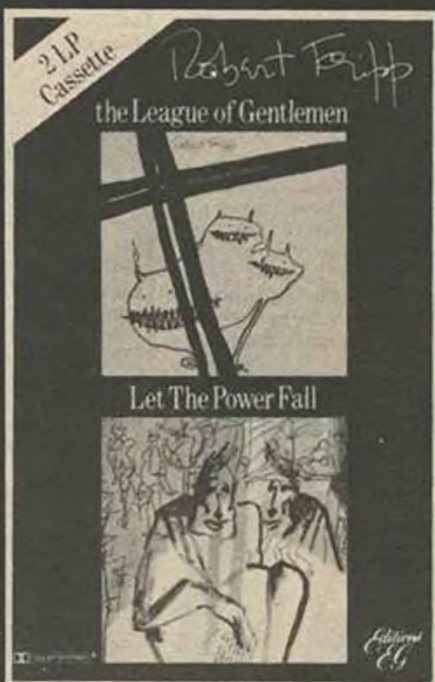
DENNIS DE YOUNG is the group's keyboard player and main ballad writer. He has finished the show and run the obligatory gauntlet of hand-shaking with local record company and radio station personnel. He drinks from a bottle of Perrier as he talks. Beside him on the sofa, Tommy Shaw is munching on a Big Mac. It seems the appropriate moment to ask what their reactions were to the news that the President had been shot.

"Johnny, our drummer, was in tears. I sat at the TV set for four hours and didn't say a word, just stared at the set. It was like re-living an American nightmare, and every time



Styx . . . the pin-up, Tommy Shaw

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you think it'll never happen again, it happens again . . ."

"I was outraged," says Tommy Shaw. " . . . bouncing back and forth between tears and outrage! Soon as I found out that it was a .22 calibre I started feeling a little bit of hope. It was obvious that it wasn't a professional job, with a dum-dum bullet or something . . ."

"That was our President. How are you going to not be upset by that? But the guy walks into the hospital and he's cracking jokes: 'Hey, would you fix this? I gotta work!'"

"I think the most unfortunate thing about American culture," says De Young, "is guns. But if you gave the English people guns there'd be as many murders as there are in America."

This is probably true. No doubt someone would have taken a pot shot at our Prime Minister by now, though not for such irrational reasons.

"Oh sure. When I see the violent tendencies in British youth expressed in the music I think: give those kids guns and there'd be a lot of dead people on the streets of London! Unfortunately we are the ones that have the damn guns, and we're just sick about it . . ."

Were these feelings of outrage born out of what you felt about Reagan as a President or the fact that The President had been shot?

"I voted for the man," says Shaw, "and I really believe that he's going straight to the heart of a lot of our problems. For the first time in a few years somebody's actually taking non-popular political approaches to try and solve some problems. The man is just . . . a good man. He's a strong man, and he's got a good reputation. To see the man cut down like that . . . He had just gotten through talking to the unions to try to get his programmes through!"

I ask De Young if he voted for Reagan.

"That's my business. I don't think it has anything to do with the music."

"But to get back to your original question, whatever your feelings about the man, there's no reason to shoot him. And there was no rationale behind it anyway. Even if there was . . . Let's face it, Reagan, Thatcher, whoever it is, they're not changing the world. You gotta be an idiot if you

think that. Wait and see how many changes actually occur . . ."

You obviously take an interest in such matters.

"Yeah," says Shaw, "we're American citizens with feelings, but for us to be spokesmen for American politics . . ."

I wasn't asking you to be spokesmen. I want to know what your opinions are.

"The terrible thing," says De Young, reflecting the wider mood of the country, "is that these assassins, recently, have been . . . the guy that lives next door. This Chapman character, this Hinckley . . . they're everyman. It makes you wonder . . ."

Would you put these feelings in your songs?

"No." He is adamant.

Then would you make a point of keeping that sort of content out of your music? For the same reason that you wouldn't tell me who you voted for?

"No. I think that's . . . because I have the ability to change people's minds by what I write. *Really*. We're very conscious of the effect we have on people, and we feel a duty to be responsible about what we say. Consequently, there are certain things that we feel are inappropriate."

Because they might be misinterpreted, or because they might be dangerous, or because they might alienate part of your following?

"Alright, I'll give you an example. A guy from a radio station came up to me just now and said how much the kids love that song 'Snowblind'. It's an anti-cocaine song. But they like it because they think it's pro-cocaine!"

If you wanted to write an anti-cocaine song, why didn't you? 'Snowblind' portrays cocaine as some sort of beguiling witch. I thought it was nothing more or less than equivocal.

"Yeah, Styx in its confusing rhetorical statements on life . . . We're not the police, you know. That song doesn't sound positive to me, especially in the way it's delivered."

So why is it interpreted as being pro-cocaine?

"Because we're talking about the subject, so people think it's cool. Although most of those kids out there can't even afford it."

"But the drug is the thing . . . a

couple of times J.Y. mentioned taking drugs in connection with the song, and there were boos from the audience!"

For condemning drugs?

"No. For mentioning drugs! When we first started playing if you mentioned drugs people would cheer for five minutes! So there's a kind of a change happening."

Apparently, even a mention of utilitarian pot has brought a negative response in several cities recently, something I find as hard to believe as Styx themselves did at the time. Perhaps the reason is that cocaine has become the chic high school drug.

"Personally, I ain't too crazy about it anymore," says Tommy Shaw, although I didn't ask if he was.

"I've been there. I've done it,

conservatively, because I'm a cheap date. But I've found that I'm so much more efficient, so much more energised, by not doing it. There's nothing wrong with it, it won't hurt ya . . . 'You devil in white / You took my will without a fight'. What it does is that it makes you a wise guy. You're a fucking genius for about 15 minutes, and then you gotta have some more genius powder. 'It's the ultimate Chinese food!'"

GIVEN THE scale of Styx's success, and the enormous organisation that surrounds them, there is one question I can't resist asking. To put it as delicately as I can: Are you rich?

"We've done well from what we do

for a living." Dennis De Young is not easily flustered. But he has his pride. "I don't work for the money. I never have. I work for the ability to communicate with people. I work for the satisfaction of making music. And for the possibility of getting respect."

"If you were to come to our houses and see how we lived I think you would be surprised. Every one of us lives well below our possible financial station, and the reason for that is because we're from working class backgrounds. All our folks are working class people, which gives us the ability to communicate the feelings and emotions of working class people. No matter how much money we have and how much we make it's difficult to shake all those experiences."

"And let me tell you something about money. In some ways, money is a burden to us, because all of our experiences are related to making music, and *not* to money, and what to do with it when you have it."

Consequently, we have other people who deal with our money. I don't want any part of it, because to me it's a burden. I want to live nice. I want to provide for my family. That's the end of it. Let me get on with writing songs."

"We feel so foolish sitting in a board meeting around a big table with a bunch of lawyers. We're all looking at a clock and wishing we weren't there. But we have to do these things, even if everyone dreads them."

"See, it isn't dollars and cents, because, my God, the dollars and cents are there . . . It's a feeling you get when people come up to you after a show. You were out in the audience. You tell me. When they left, were they elated? Were they feeling good about life and about what they'd seen?"

"That's the important thing. We've been able, in the space of two hours, to make them *forget* about whatever it is that's mundane, whatever it is that's troublesome about their lives. If I could go someplace I'd pay whatever price it was to sit down for two hours and *feel good*. In a world that's as crazy and insane as we were talking about earlier, that's something that's definitely of value."

You see yourself primarily as an entertainer. Would you want to provoke thought? Would you want to make people question the state of

Continues on page 48



Styx . . . the picker, James Young

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Leaning Lizards — the motion picture

JOHN LURIE might well be glimpsed nightly as the zootish alto saxist in the Debbie Harry's TV commercial for flaky socialite Gloria Vanderbilt's designer jeans — but that wasn't the kind of role the actor had in mind when, one very humid afternoon, we first met over a couple of beers in a crowded New York bar.

On that occasion, Lurie was resigned to the harsh reality that despite his growing reputation amongst the city's leading experimental film-makers, he still hadn't managed to raise the 20,000 bills he urgently needed to produce a self-starring underground "sleazy jazz movie".

Ever since his first movie *Hell Is You* in which he re-enacted Humphrey Bogart's Oscar-grabbing role as Charlie Allnut in *The African Queen*

Well, that's how the LOUNGE LIZARDS billed themselves on their first night. But ROY CARR found sax-maniac John Lurie's commitment matched his quirky humour.

whilst being attacked by fellow-saxist James Chance (ironically cast as a leech), the resilient Lurie had become accustomed to forever chasing the elusive bankroll.

In this instance, he'd recently formed a rehearsal band for the sole purpose of hearing for himself the soundtrack he'd composed for his (still) unmade movie.

The Lounge Lizards, Lurie reckoned, was as good a name as any for a band which would probably never play in public.

THE LOUNGE LIZARDS' off-the-cuff debut at Hurrah's (June '79) was not perceived as being a long-term career commitment. Their addition to a special Monday night presentation was entirely due to Lurie's inability to keep his lip buttoned. Quizzed a few days beforehand by the club's booker as to whether he knew of a suitable support band, Lurie impulsively gushed, "Yeah... my band!"

Be it movies or music, it becomes evident throughout our conversations that John Lurie is an impassionately dedicated artisan. But unlike so many of his self-obsessed New York contemporaries, a great deal of Lurie's creative strength is to be found in his self-mocking sense of humour.

It's because Lurie didn't seriously anticipate the Lizards surviving beyond that solitary engagement that when asked how the billing should read, he was just perverse enough to tag his music Fake Jazz!

"I actually expected people to hate us," he admits. "I imagined we'd just aggravate listeners. It never once crossed my mind that we'd ever become remotely popular!"

The offspring of a Welsh G.I. bride, the biggest audience Lurie had previously played to was when he used to busk around Piccadilly Circus. However, contrary to Lurie's initial scepticism, the Lizards' initial appearance at Hurrah's was sufficient to elevate the band to cult status around the Big Apple's insatiable style-hungry club circuit.

John Lurie's preoccupation with all aspects of the cinema has exerted a pervasive influence on his musical vision.

As the descriptive fever-pitch emotionalism of their just-released Editions EG album testifies, The Lounge Lizards' angular music is rooted in the mood-provoking surrealistic jazz which — with a haunting alto sax predominant — frequently underscored stylized '50s American monochrome mystery movies like 'Sweet Smell Of Success', 'The Man With The Golden Arm' and 'The Glass Wall'.

Furthermore, the natural brilliance with which they fuse together assorted genres neither compels The Lizards to make gratuitous gestures towards restrictive rock rhythms or funky crossover clichés.

It's an impressionistic sound. What John Lurie refers to as his "car crash sound" captures the neurotic pulse of America's rapidly decaying metropolis far more accurately than all those bands misguided enough to believe they're actually perpetrating rock and roll's original myths by romanticising about 'street beat' from behind cheap dime-store shades.

Visually, The Lounge Lizards are deceptive. You keep catching just the hint of the dark, psychotic side of the

once familiar and reassuring clean-cut All-American collegian: is it the creased thrift-store Ivy League suits, those thin limp ties dangling from wrinkled shirt-collars, or that ever-present deathly pallor etched into their consumptive profiles?

"I suppose we do look a bit spastic," chuckles Lurie, whose own gaunt reptilian features, manic stare and night-club tan are his most endearing physical attributes. "People persistently tell me that we all look real unhealthy."

How tactless!

Lurie readily admits, though, that such vacuity could undermine the band's immediate future.

"Actually, we're trying to play down that part because if too much concentration is placed on imagery, there's a real danger of people thinking we're a *retro* band and being put off."

AT THIS JUNCTURE, a brief run-down on the rest of The Lounge Lizards seems appropriate.

John Lurie's brother Evan plays assorted keyboards and Steve Piccolo — who also sings with The Domestic Exiles — handles the bass.

Anton Fier, who once played with Pere Ubu ('Datapanik In The Year Zero' is dedicated to him) and currently doubles with The Feelies, is the drummer.

Finally, Arto Lindsay, whose credits include service with DNA, The Contortions and Teenage Jesus doesn't so much play his untuned guitar, as pummel abstract noises and rhythmic textures from his mistreated instrument. Though comparisons aren't really meant to be drawn, Lindsay's approach isn't altogether different than Pete Townshend's auto-destructive break on 'Anyway, Anyway, Anyway'.

Though lyrics have been penned for many of Lurie's quirky compositions, apart from the occasional encore of The Crew Cuts' 'Sh-Boom', The Beatles' 'A Day In The Life' or an Al Green standard, the Lizards' performances are strictly instrumental.

"I much prefer to keep it this way for the present," Lurie will insist. "I see it on a number of different levels. At one extreme, it's music to flirt to... music that creates moods."

Lurie mentions the word *ambiance* whilst taking delivery of a fresh beer.

"With very few exceptions, even if the music is interesting, I find it boring just to stand there for hours watching a bunch of musicians either playing their instruments or, even worse, making some big deal of showing how they play. Everyone must know the tired old routine by now... eyes tightly closed and teeth firmly clenched.

"Let's be realistic — it just doesn't

make any sense any more. So I figure that with The Lounge Lizards we create a live as opposed to canned atmosphere. But perhaps, for some, it can be a little too hard-core!"

One can well imagine the distortion of the unsuspecting listener as The Lounge Lizards suddenly switch from the angular mayhem of '(I Remember) Coney Island', straight into the familiar Frank Sinatra arrangement of 'Strangers In The Night', before Arto Lindsay unleashes a shuddering electro-static guitar solo and the band again lull one into a false sense of (in)security by slowly drifting through an eerie burlesque treatment of 'Harlem Nocture'.

But as specialists in urban uneasy listening, it's Lurie's keen sense of the ridiculous that makes The Lounge Lizards compulsive listening and prevents them from becoming just another pseudo-artsy one-off-the-wrist.

"One minute," laughs Lurie, "it's music to flirt to... the next I want everything to be totally deranged. I think we're quite capable of driving people nuts and to even get them to smash up furniture."

"I get quite disappointed when an audience just stands around and applauds. I'd much prefer them to pull their hair out!"

IT'S JOHN LURIE'S fascination with the absurd that once motivated him to play up what he terms "the Vincent Van Gogh image" — to the point where, to his satisfaction, the American medical authorities officially classified him as being psychologically unable to work.

Being state subsidised in fact enabled him to concentrate on improving his musical abilities.

"For me," says Lurie, who admits that his influences range from Bird, Duke and Monk through to Coltrane and Dolphy and round off with James Brown and Beefheart, "playing sax is better than either sex or drugs or both. I just seem to lock myself into playing for hours on end every day to the point where I now have to admit it's become addictive."

Aside from his involvement with both the cinema and the Lizards, John Lurie is given to performing solo saxophone recitals. Last year he gave one-man shows at Carnegie Hall and throughout various European capitals.

Though he's played with the likes of the much-vaunted Revolution Ensemble, Lurie admits to having encountered inverted snobbery from many of his contemporaries.

"Amongst jazzers, we're greeted with the same lack of response and open hostility that was once shown to musicians like Ornette Coleman."

□ *Continues over*



John Lurie: "We might just be helping to pioneer a new form of jazz."

Pic: David Armstrong

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'Jazzers don't reckon we've got the chops. Well, they're wrong' — JOHN LURIE.

□ From previous page

Jazzers don't reckon we've got the chops. Well they're wrong. I take a genuine pride in my playing. I've got a very good technique and could easily play stuff that would make those guys go wow, but why should I have to show off like that?

"I honestly don't believe that playing faster than anyone else sounds good or really proves anything other than jazz has become too academic. What these jazzers who put us down don't understand is that we set up The Lounge Lizards as a preface, and the preface is a joke. . . this '50s looking outfit which uses cliches to launch the music."

"Sure, there are definite cliches in there, but anyone with an inkling of humour should realise straight off that it's a joke and only being used as a catalyst to get into a whole different thing. The cliches are very accessible to the audience, simply because they're meant to be. Like, 'Oh God, that sounds like *West Side Story*, a cop show TV theme or some stripper music."

"Let them get off on that before they get to the more tricky bits!"

As it transpires, John Lurie is not all that interested in courting the acceptance of the established jazz fraternity — he's much more concerned with playing by his own set of rules. However, he never allows his enthusiasm to subjugate his humility.

"I feel that along with other bands we might just be helping to pioneer a new form of jazz. If we're artistically successful, then a whole new generation might just be sufficiently interested in what originally motivated each one of us to go back and check out for themselves people like Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk and John Coltrane and appreciate the unsurpassed greatness of such men."

Someone who deciphered exactly where The Lounge Lizards have sprung from and in which direction they were possibly heading was record producer Teo Macero. Best known for his extensive involvement with both Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk, Macero agreed to produce the Lizards — and encouraged them to include two Monk originals, 'Well You Needn't' and 'Epistrophy'.

"Of all the original be-boppers," Lurie opines, "Monk's material holds up so much better than any of the others because of the unique structure of his songs. . . they still sound so incredibly modern."

Though they received definite overtures from a number of labels, including both Atlantic and Island, the Lizards purposely held back for well over a year before eventually pacting with Editions EG.

"As soon as everyone met Macero they trusted him implicitly — whereas when Chris Stein attempted to produce the band nobody would listen."

Well that's the end of another beautiful friendship!

WHEN I AGAIN checked out Lurie's progress a few days ago, he'd just returned from spending two soul-searching weeks in Puerto Rico — "trying," as he put it, "to figure a few things out."

"The problem now confronting me is that I'm forever having to push things back all the time. For instance, I've just done the soundtrack for Robert Gordon's new movie, *Breakdown*, but I've still not got any further with my own projected sleazy jazz epic."

"In terms of the record. . . all those ideas I had two years ago are only now being realised."

But Lurie is determined not to get into a situation where his existence as a working musician depends exclusively on a record and whether or not it has sold more copies than a previous one.

"It's that kind of mentality that has ruined so many people. What really scares me is all the guys I know who made it pretty big — guys who are musically good — all became thoroughly bored and jaded before they reached 30."

"When it comes down to the end of the day, I don't want to become just another piece of product. Whatever else happens, I'm determined to stay raw."

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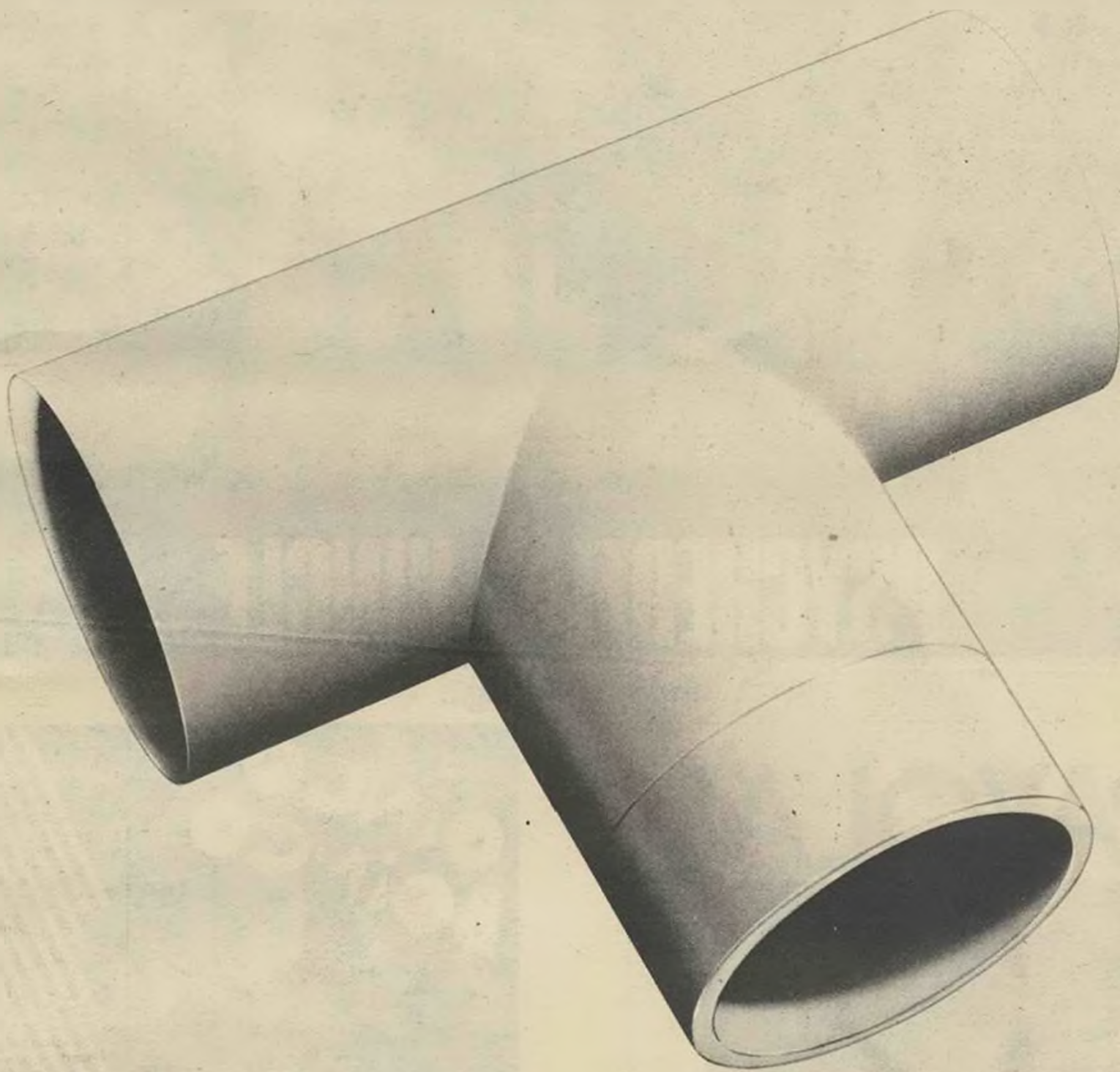
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SILVER SCREEN

The Incredible Shrinking Woman

Directed by Joel Schumacher
Starring Lily Tomlin and Charles Grodin (CIC)

A THIN, aggressively 'feminist', anti-consumerist cartoon of a film, *The Incredible Shrinking Woman* somehow manages to have more in common with *The Terror Of Tiny Town* (a notably bad musical played by a midget cast) than with its illustrious predecessor by Richard Matheson.

As scripted by Lily's long-time companion and colleague Jane Wagner (responsible for the ponderously kitsch *Moment By Moment*) it offers plenty of Tomlin — she's never off screen. In fact she plays three roles: Pat Kramer, the title character; Pat's nosy-but-noble neighbour Judith Beasley; and her *Laugh-In* fave, Ernestine.

Tomlin's fame in Britain rests largely on such *Laugh-In* cameos and on *Nashville*, and less on the inventive and gently radical parade of characters the comedienne has contributed to the American consciousness via four superb TV specials, a series of albums, and 1977's one-woman Broadway show, *Appearing Nitely*.

The problem with Tomlin and film comedies (*The Late Show*, 9 to 5) would seem to be that no scriptwriter — however well he or she knows Lily — can handle comic plots like she can handle character.

The early segment of,

Shrinking Woman is by far the best; genuinely hilarious as it relentlessly establishes a perfect, pre-shrunk modern suburb ('Tasty Meadows') where the colours are uniformly inoffensive pastels. With wicked ease Tomlin perfectly personifies the model wife and mother. The model, that is, dictated by the fanaticism of advertising.

Shrinking Woman aims not for the psychological metaphors of its predecessor (except in an overwrought would-be feminist sense), it simply takes to their logical extreme the surrealistic underpinnings of that hype which barrages all of us all the time — a deluge whose bizarre nature we may be able to ridicule but much of which we also inevitably absorb.

The 'ideal' Pat Kramer accepts as implicitly right and rewarding shatters when she begins to shrink (a result of her ad-accountant hubby's insistence on home-testing new products). But as Pat fades, so does Tomlin's control over the comedy and gimmicks take over.

The completely consumerised universe cannot a cinematic coup contain. And if that's not the message, it certainly is the problem.

Cynthia Rose



Shrinkin' Lil Tomlin auditions for Kiss.



Gene Wilder, hung up in *Stir Crazy*

Stodgy porridge

Stir Crazy

Directed by Sidney Poitier
Starring Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor (Columbia)

Penitentiary

Directed by Jamaa Fanaka
Starring Leon Isaac Kennedy, Badja Djola and Donovan Womack (Eagle)

TWO films, totally different in style and intent, about the American prison system; both directed by black men. And both, to be honest, not very good.

At least *Stir Crazy* begins brightly with Wilder and Pryor enthusiastically resurrecting their joyful double act from 1976's *Silver Streak*. This time round they're Broadway deadbeats with their hopes set on Hollywood stardom; en route they're framed on a ludicrous bank heist charge in a comically hostile rural backwater and end up in Arizona's state pen.

Comedy among cons is difficult to pull off unless the setting is obviously phony (which is where *Porridge's* cosiness worked to its advantage) and the on-location realism of *Stir Crazy*, with its genuine prison and genuine prisoners as extras, provides an inappropriate backdrop to the



Leon Isaac Kennedy, brushed up in *Penitentiary*

increasingly silly elements of farce that creep into the plot. Wilder and Pryor, though, remain a durable team, the one's ridiculous optimism and thorough gullibility contrasting sweetly with the other's streetwise mouthiness and near-paranoid suspicion. Shame about the story.

A grubby little independent, *Penitentiary* purports to be a savage indictment of the US penal system; peek-a-boo exploitation is what it really is.

A kind of *Rocky In The Clink*, it's overblown and

under-budgeted, with your usual loveable prison cast list of sweaty liberal white governor, short-tempered screws, and the requisite number of (predominantly black) lifers, dopers, no-hopers, drunks, skunks and out-of-work character actors. Lots of close-ups of glistening bodies, and a couple of unlikely, steamy hetero sex acts as well.

Some day a real rain'll come and wash all the voyeurs off their seats and into the streets.

Monty Smith

Rock Show

Director of Photography Jack Priestley
Starring Paul McCartney and Wings (MPL / Miracle International)

ROCK 'n' roll and the movies are both meant to be fast businesses, but this footage of Wings playing live — to 70,000 fans in Seattle during the '76 world tour — has been a long time coming.

The concert — that's all there is, not even so much as a voyeuristic second of dressing-room chit-chat to provide any relief from the tedium — hasn't worn well. The light show and lasers, which must have seemed pretty (pretty) spectacular at the time, have since become common-place on the megagig circuit.

The music is pretty (pretty) dated, too, not just in terms of style — we've had punk since then — but merely in terms of Wings' own repertoire which has doubled over the last five years... even if it has been with more of the same. Again, the band's personnel have changed. Long gone is drummer Joe English — left-handed and driving but with no flair for the rhythmic possibilities which McCartney's songs, however bad, leave scope for — and

gone for good is guitarist Jimmy McCulloch, an addition the r'n'r death statistics.

Linda McCartney and Denny Laine, of course, are still around. Neither do much in the film: Mrs grins, and Laine is competent on bass, keyboards and guitar. He actually rises to 'Go Now', ie puts it on the level of 'Letting Go', 'Yesterday', 'Silly Love Songs' and other bloody bores. But see! The young audience in Seattle give these numbers the thumbs up, crying and cheering like the ghostly ghosts of Shea Stadium.

Out of 100 minutes of standardised rock show photography (flash the bassist when there's a drum break) the only vaguely interesting moments are provided by 'Jet', 'Band On The Run' and 'Maybe I'm Amazed', songs from junctures in McCartney's career when he looked capable of some kind of vibrant development. Vain hope! Because give this man anything — reggae, waltzes, skirl o' the pipes — and he'll write a soul-less hit out of it.

It's academic to say he used to have a bit of soul, when you're confronted by *Rock Show*, already filed alongside *Cream's Farewell Concert*, *The Song Remains The Same* and other turgid expanses of sound and vision.

Paul Tickell

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A PART FROM some brilliant isolated moments — such as say the first 30 seconds of Harvey Mason's 'How Does It Feel?' or the first 20 of Free Expression's 'Chill-Out' — the current quality of disco records is not as wonderful as the jocks playing them seem to think.

The best dance record of the last month is unquestionably The Clash's 'The Magnificent Seven', whose gut understanding of the funk impulse makes most American releases look pretty dead.

Yet we still find James Hamilton telling us, say, that Thelma Houston's 'If You Feel It' (RCA, import) is "like Kleer played by Fantasy". I mean, at the end of the day, the record, with its pumping 'Groovin' You' bass and chipping guitars, has moderate floor value, but it's pretty dull. If you wanna be kleer (and not too late), you better get tough, kid.

But there are consolations. Slow it down, bring it out!

Singles of the week:

TAANA GARDNER: Heartbeat (West End, import). **IMAGINATION: Body Talk** (R&B, import). While UK jocks are still evaluating sounds around the single principle of beats per minute (for them, the more the better), the New York scene, apart from the amyl-fixated gay clubs, is bringing the pace right down. If 'Rapture' did nothing else, it pointed to the futility of speed for its own sake. The Taana Gardner record (104 bpm) sold 10,000 copies in the first week of its New York release, which is enough to keep West End in business for another year.

Produced by Kenton Nix, and mixed majestically by Larry Levan, 'Heartbeat' never lets off its sustained intensity for nigh on ten minutes. Breaking out on thick, clustered drums, whose every beat a cushion of handclaps thrusts deep into the body, it is one of the first great slow dance records. Agonisingly coiled guitars tickle at the edge of the mix, a Patrick Adams-ish keyboard spins off the hypnotic chorus (Taana: "You make my..."/Chorus: "Heart beat." / Tanna: "You make me feel..."/Chorus: "So weak"), and for the first time in her career, Taana's squeeze-doll voice is used to some effect. Exultant.

The Imagination disc is simply out of this world; a more disembodied piece of music you could not hope to find. It pushes off like 'Heartbeat', but almost immediately a piano and a seraphic falsetto glide in from another domain and it is clear this is a different affair altogether. At 83 bpm, and based around a melody of such purity and simplicity it's almost classical, 'Body Talk' is one of the most beautiful pieces of music I have ever heard. To be found on Morgan Khan's R&B label at Record Shack, etc. . . . There's nothing quite like it.

And if you're still under the delusion that 'Glow' is "funk" music:

RICK JAMES: Give It To Me Baby (Motown). After the terrible disappointment of 'Garden Of Love', Motown's token funk wizard delivers a swift kidney chop that almost makes up for it. Sizzling with an undertow of elastic funk synthesizers and fab bumping horns, 'Give It To Me Baby' is about as sexy, or at least as Clintonic, as you're gonna get this week. That said, it's got absolutely nothing on the record from which it cribbs its bass line — namely, Kleeer's 'Keep Your Body Working', surely one of the ten or so greatest dance records ever made.

But keep it slow . . .

DENIECE WILLIAMS: What Two Can Do (CBS).

TEDDY PENDERGRASS: Love TKO (Philadelphia). The first really because of Thom Bell's production, which from the gurgling bass and congas of the opening (together with a high-pitched triangle sound straight out of K.C.'s 'Let It Go') is an absolute delight. Not, I'm afraid, for Deniece's little-girl vocal, though it fits in its proper place. A relaxed, mid-tempo smoocher, with an exceptionally pretty orchestral response to Deniece's chorus, 'What Two Can Do' is not another 'Then Came You', but nor does it compare unfavourably with, say, 'You Make Me Feel Brand New'.

Of course you've heard this sultry beauty from America's greatest male singer before, but it's just been put out on the flip of 1977's very inferior 'The Whole Town's Laughing At Me', so if you don't have it, you know what to do. An uncanny blend of strings and electric piano, superbly controlled by



Taking the temperature this week:

BARNEY HOSKYNS.

that magical Philly bass sound, 'TKO' is one of the most divine smoochers on vinyl. That even so comparatively minor a talent as Dexter Wansel can get a sound like this together would seem to suggest that Philly's days are not quite over. But are you ready for Teddy (next week, that is)?

FLYING PADOVANI's: Vas Plus Haut (Demon). Why Henri Padovani, original guitarist with The Police, chose to put out the likeable but strictly trivial 'Western Pasta' on the A side of the FP's debut single and leave this impassioned, demonised rhapsody on the other is quite incomprehensible. 'Vas Plus Haut' is one of the finest things put out this year: urgent, ringing guitar suspended over deep synth waves, a beautiful French lyric (that continental intoning is so potent), and a Lol Coxhill sax that just seems to bloom out of some nerve centre in the head — all combine to make this go further than any of the rest of this week's bloodless white trash. Magnificent.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: The Sound Of The Crowd (Virgin). Anthemic but anaemic counterpart to 'Fascist Groove Thang', 'Sound Of The Crowd' comes to you in four possible shapes and sizes. There are 7" and 12" singles, plus an instrumental and one with a lower vocal mix. Very exciting, you

might think, but I'm sure the record itself will change your mind. "Get around town, Get around town/Where the people look good, where the music is loud/Get around town, get around town, you'll meet the best crowd, add your voice to the sound of the crowd." The 12" is more unashamedly festive, but my legs know better than to expend vital energy on things like this. The day must come when people will wake up and think to themselves: these machines are infernal.

999: Obsessed (Albion). Church bells precedes crashing Shadows-on-amyl-nitrate instrumental rampage. The main influence is Spaghetti Westerns, but by the time this record was over, Clint Eastwood would have been run out of town for good. Pretty manic value for money. Flip features live versions of 'Change' and 'Lie, Lie, Lie'.

CHAKA KHAN: Heed The Warning (Warner Bros.). This is really rock music, but that wouldn't surprise anyone who heard Chaka tell Robbie Vincent the other day that the only things she'd been listening to "back home" were Steely Dan and — gasp! — Led Zeppelin. After the Ashford-Simpson masterpiece 'I'm Every Woman', this isn't up to much. On the other hand, Arif Mardin's

production is pretty damn hot. Like a mainstream 'Walking On Thin Ice'.

RAH BAND: Downside Up (DJM). No worse than 'Slide', but dross is dross.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: The River (CBS). Nostalgic country-rocker whose main ingredient would seem to be the Springsteen myth itself. Who is iconoclastic enough to show indifference? Flip is 'Independence Day', which is at least a little angrier.

MARC BOLAN: Sing Me A Song (Rarn). Put out on the Marc Bolan fan club's own label and already high in the indie charts, 'Sing Me A Song' comes from the Granada TV series 'Marc' and has never before been released. Unfortunately, both it and the spiritless version of 'Endless Sleep' from the same show are very dull. However, the package is totally redeemed by the inclusion of the incredible 'Lilac Hand Of Menthol Dan'. Unfortunately weird, this long-lost gem hails from 1967/8 and was dug out of some murky vault by none other than John Barry. Sung in Marc's most demented flower-child squawl, and featuring at one insane moment the repeated sound of glass being smashed in time to the music, 'Menthol Dan' is easily this week's most demonic piece of music.

PSYCHEDELIC FURS: Dumb Waiters (CBS). The ultra-poncey sleeve plays a commercial for the Furs' May album 'Talk Talk Talk', whose brief, muffled excerpts sound like Peter Perrett on the run from 'Scary Monsters'. It's an attractive little object, but the Furs are ultimately super-creeps. Stodgy and bitter, despite presence of Steve Lillywhite, 'Dumb Waiters' won't win any new fans. Horns make ill-tempered noises in the background, a guitar solo circa '68 pierces the song's leaden, overweight surface, and the thing draws to its by no means premature end. The sort of record someone would make who bore a deep-seated grudge against Julian Cope.

GARY GLITTER: I'm Not Just A Pretty Face/What Your Momma Don't See (Your Momma Don't Know) (Eagle). Supercampy lifestory saga from this loveable old tart. As petulant as a drag queen, but somehow more pointless. 'What Your Momma Don't See' has the old Glitter Band beat (Mike Leander is still producing), but the essential style is missing. Disappointing.

AMII STEWART: Where Did Our Love Go? (Atlantic). Not content with his other heinous crimes, eg. 'All American Girls', Narada Michael Walden turns the latest and flimsiest pretext for showcasing the dubious talents of Miss Stewart into the ultimate slur on the memory of Holland, Dozier, and Holland. HDH's coolest ever classic is subjected to a bombardment of Moroderish noises, and Stewart sings without any regard for the song whatsoever. Even the J Geils version was better than this.

SOFT CELL: Memorabilia (Some Bizarre). Dull and soulless "electro-disco" . . . the fact that many of London's funksters are dancing to things like this and Heaven 17 proves they have no funk in them at all. If it's just a beat they need, why don't they amplify a giant metronome? Soft Cell are two-man Some Bizarre artistes produced by Daniel Miller. Why do we need this cheap, collusive atrocity when we have the crystalline visions of Kraftwerk on hand? Why 'Memorabilia' when you've got 'The Model'?

SHEENA EASTON: When He Shines (EMI). When her baby steps off the evening train, he has been metamorphosed like a frog into a knight in shining armour. Roughly on the same lines as the Crystals' 'Uptown'. This is a passionately sung ballad which proves to all those who doubted her that Sheena was no mere one-hit wonder!

PAULINE MURRAY & INVISIBLE GIRLS: Searching For Heaven (Illusive). 'Animal Crazy' on the flip side of this Martin Hannet-produced 10" makes for great electro-disco, but 'Searching For Heaven' is so insipid that no matter how many times I play it I can't think of anything to say.

CHELSEA: Rockin' Horse (Step Forward). **THE EXPLOITED: Dogs Of War** (Secret). **THE OUTCASTS: Magnum Force** (GBH). Love the Chelsea record; The Exploited are animals, but Gene October is a true entertainer. I assure you that the first minute of 'Rockin' Horse' is about the most exciting blast of Stooze-like energy on show this week. 'Dogs Of War' is very fast and full of explosions; that it's also a glamourisation of mercenary life seems neither here nor there somehow. Far worthier is 'Magnum Force', a thoughtful, passionate plea for understanding without the dunderhead beat of current Oi. When punk became just another form of pulp fiction in 1978, it was Irish bands like these, kids who actually had something to sing about, that kept the real spirit alive.

BILL NELSON: Banal (Mercury). Bill Nelson is an exemplary casualty of fashion's cruel caprice — he never seems able to advance or revive at the right moment. 'Banal' is a hammy slice of glitter-rock, synthesising another dizzying panorama of styles to no great effect. It could be 'Transformer'-period Lou Reed having studied 'Journeys To Glory', or Richard Jobson doing a Bolan pastiche, or . . .

JONA LEWIE: Louise (We Get It Right) (Stiff). Succinct, whimsical electro-ditty which has precisely the opposite effect of 'Stop The Cavalry', principally because it refrains from tugging on any heartstrings. Not on first hearing an obvious hit, but I dare say it will grow in your ear.



Rick James



Marc Bolan



Gene October



Tenpole Tudor

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Stiff

Right: the Velvets that time forgot, L-R Doug Yule, Sterling Morrison, Mo Tucker

Below: the first Velvets pic ever taken L-R John Cale, Angus MacLise (alias McBride), Sterling Morrison, Lou Reed. Taken in 1964/5 outside the band's New York apartment.



THE LOST HISTORY OF THE VELVET UNDERGROUND

THE VELVET Underground were the first avant-garde rock band, and the greatest.

They were avant-garde in the true sense of exploring uncharted territory. Their songs not only sounded different but they expressed certain feelings, attitudes and kinds of experience that had never been heard in rock music before.

They took music as far out as it is possible to go without losing consciousness (which is what separates them from their '60s contemporaries, who did) and made so many new connections — combining poetry with trash, primitiveness with sophistication, delicacy with violence — that they virtually laid the foundations for a new age in rock.

They would influence later generations, but not their own. During the Velvets' own lifetime, from 1965 to 1971, they were simply notorious as the group who sang about heroin and transvestites and sado-masochism.

Never stars, rarely interviewed, they were completely out of step with a rock culture dominated by West Coast

psychedelia. They were cynics where that culture thought naivete was a virtue, individualists where their generation wanted to melt blissfully into one, realists where the hippies thought reality was a curtain and if you all sat on the floor and held hands you could make the earth move.

Because they were the polar opposite of psychedelia, The Velvet Underground provided a springboard for the next generation, who rejected everything psychedelia stood for.

To understand why the Velvets were such a liberating influence you have to remember how ghastly the hippy culture was in its decline — from 1969 onwards — how it became so oppressive that the merest reference to universal love, Kahlil Gibran, the beauty of communal experience, wholesome organic food or the wisdom of dolphins simply made you feel ill.

The hippy culture became oppressive, paradoxically, because it stood for all the right things: unselfishness, freedom, the anti-war movement. This gave it an aura of moral superiority that lasted right through the early '70s when its naivete had created more damaged minds and bodies than any other movement in rock history, and when all it was producing was hip capitalism and California soft rock.

In the end, the hippies totally devalued idealism — not just because they failed to create a new society, but because idealism was now identified with hypocrisy and manipulation.

An interview with Sterling Morrison by MARY HARRON

The only movement possible was to go into reverse.

The Velvet Underground became an inspiration because they were the only major '60s group who had kept a clear, hard, critical consciousness in all their work, who had never belonged to any movement or promised a better society, and who didn't date with the '60s. Their music had a coolness and tension that was the reverse of psychedelia's fluorescent excess, and a sense of mystery that had nothing to do with 'mind-expanding' drugs, although it had quite a lot to do with speed and heroin.

Their music was not evil, but it explored evil, and even at its most lyrical it had a sense of sin and human failure.

It was also very funny. Lou Reed's lyrics had the particular style of wit and cynicism that comes from surviving daily life in New York City; even their darkest songs are offset by an ironic shrug that says "So what else is new?"

THEY COVERED a lot of ground, and would touch many people in many different ways. One of the first was David Bowie, who formed a bridge between the psychedelic era and the one to come. The Velvet Underground introduced bisexuality and

transvestitism into rock music and were banned from the radio; Bowie reworked the same themes and became a star. He acknowledged the debt by producing Lou Reed's solo album 'Transformer' — which showed Lou Reed imitating David Bowie imitating Lou Reed.

At the same time, in the early '70s The New York Dolls were dressing up in women's clothes and tying The Velvet Underground, The Rolling Stones and glitter rock into one gaudy package.

By this time a whole mythology had developed around the Velvets in Manhattan — people would move to the city to try and meet Lou Reed — and it was there that their real inheritors began to gather. It started in 1974 at CBGB's with Patti Smith; badly discredited now, and all her own fault, but her early performances marked the beginning of a new age. She was joined that same year by Television, and shortly afterwards by The Ramones, Talking Heads, Blondie, The Heartbreakers, and many other groups now forgotten who all made up the New York rock underground.

At this point America was still paralysed with nostalgia for the '60s, and CBGB's marked the first shifting of gears, in music anyway.

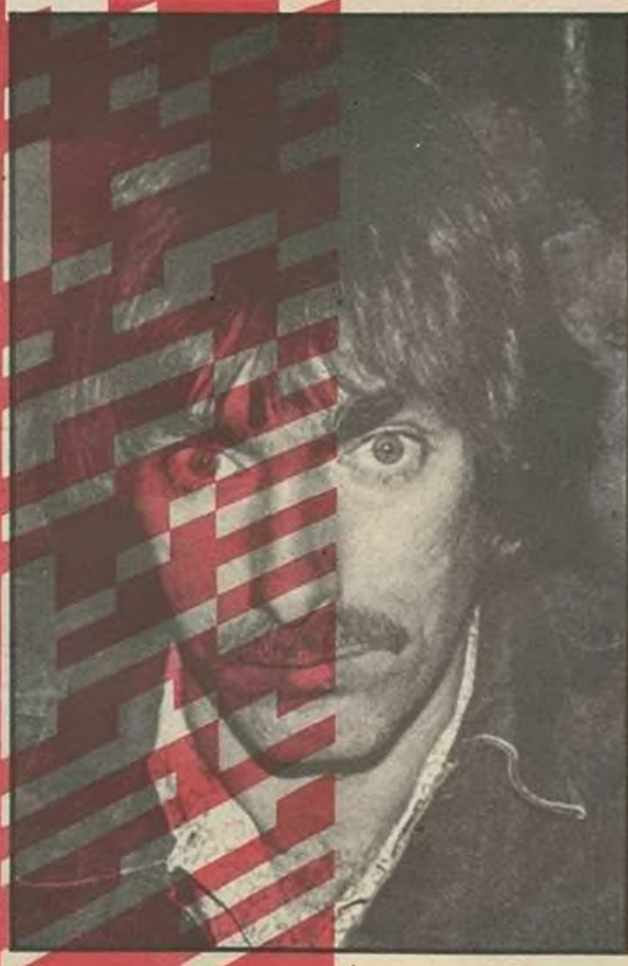
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In Paris, 1972. Pic: Pennie Smith



Nico

In Austin, 1981. Pic: Fran Pelzman



Sterling Morrison

Island Records handout, 1974



John Cale

In England, 1971. Pic: SKR

VELVETS

■ From previous page

Rejecting the '60s meant rejecting so much (like positive values) that it would eventually become a straitjacket, but what mattered then was that people were thinking and talking in a way you had never heard before. 'Blank Generation' seemed the first truthful song in ages. Later it would all be labelled 'nihilism' but at the time there was just this intoxicating feeling of pushing aside an old, dead culture in favour of something so new it didn't even have a name.

Of course something would have happened without The Velvet Underground, but not in the same way, and probably not in New York.

And in the midst of all this new music the Velvets sounded absolutely contemporary, they were part of the same world. Other groups mattered — The Stooges in particular — but the Velvets had achieved more and done it first. Everyone acknowledged their influence. They were a constant, invisible presence — in Patti Smith's combination of poetic vision and street sarcasm; in Television's odd mysticism, poised dead-centre between good and evil; in David Byrne's scratchy, frenetic guitar.

Occasionally the real Lou Reed would come to visit. He'd glide in with his rather disconcerting transsexual boyfriend, Rachel — pause to insult a few fans — sit down and watch edgily as his new children took the stage.

Malcolm McLaren came too, long before he created The Sex Pistols; he already had a New York connection through his stint as manager of The New York Dolls. What was called punk rock in New York in 1975 in the fuse that led to the far more explosive punk rock that happened in England in 1976.

The Velvets' influence faded when music took up position in the English class war, although their second album 'White Light/White Heat' certainly helped form the style. It reappeared when music retreated back into private exploration with PIL and Joy Division — in both of whom you have, once again, the sense of a ship moving out into unknown waters.

IN THE END The Velvet Underground, who were first to bring art into rock and roll, had the traditional artist's revenge: posthumous success. But because they never sought or achieved stardom and gave few interviews, their history went largely unrecorded. Since then information has appeared in a fragmented way in interviews with Lou Reed and John Cale, but they naturally preferred to talk about their solo work. As for the other two people who knew the story — drummer Maureen Tucker and guitarist Sterling Morrison — they disappeared from sight.

Maureen Tucker married a systems analyst, and for the past few years has been living with her husband and children in Tucson, Arizona. She resurfaced recently and announced that she was returning to music in a group with Willie 'Loco' Alexander, who joined the Velvets after Sterling Morrison left in 1971.

Morrison ended up in the most unlikely place of all: as an assistant professor at the University of Texas in Austin. He lives there quietly with his wife Martha and five-year-old daughter Mary-Anne, teaching English and finishing a PhD thesis on Anglo-Saxon poetry.

When I visited Austin recently it proved easy to track Sterling Morrison down. I telephoned

the English Department at the University of Texas and left a message asking for an interview. Morrison called back the next day and said he could talk to me as soon as he finished practising with his university basketball team. (I knew then that I was dealing with the most rational member of The Velvet Underground.) We arranged to meet in the hideous lounge bar of the Austin Ramada Inn.

Morrison arrived looking thinner but not much older than in the photographs on the Velvets' albums. We talked for four hours, circling back into the past against a background of C&W style muzak and businessmen's laughter; then photographer Fran Pelzman joined us and we went off to continue the conversation over hamburgers. The interview was wound up a couple of days later over lunch in a Texas chilli parlour.

These were relaxed, friendly conversations in which a story would begin, shift into another and be picked up again a few hours later. But it was also a very intense re-creation of the past — the nearest I'll ever get to being there — and I was amazed at how sharp and clear Morrison's memory was of events that happened ten, 15 years ago. One reason is because he completely divorced himself from the music world when he left the Velvets, and his memories have never been dulled or distorted by constant repetition in interviews. And apart from friendship he had no reason to fear upsetting anyone: his career was not at stake.

Some of the information here has been published before, some hasn't, but Morrison's story is likely to be the most detailed and truthful account we have of the history of The Velvet Underground.

"I didn't appreciate what it meant to be doing something with Andy Warhol and all these weird people. I just worried about little songs and how well they were played . . ."

STERLING MORRISON first met Lou Reed in the early '60s when they were both studying English at the University of Syracuse in upstate New York. Both came from Long Island — they had grown up only a few miles from each other and had actually attended the same R&B clubs — and had similar suburban, middle-class backgrounds.

At Syracuse they were living in the same dormitory and Morrison recalls that "the first sound I ever heard from Lou was when the ROTC (Reserve Officers' Training Corps) were marching in the field behind the dorm in their uniforms. First I heard ear-splitting bagpipe music from his hi-fi, and then he cranked up his electric guitar and gave a few blasts on that. So I knew there was a guitar player living upstairs."

At that time Reed had his own show on the campus radio station, where he would play old blues and R&B records, but he was kicked off the air for making fun of a commercial on behalf of muscular dystrophy.

"Lou and I actually met in the Creative Writing class which Delmore Schwartz was teaching."

Both Reed and Morrison are great admirers of Schwartz, a poet who had a tremendous early success followed by unhappiness and failure; he became an alcoholic and died alone in a hotel room a few years ago. When Lou Reed married last year, in a ceremony he wrote himself, he quoted two of Schwartz's poems.

Says Morrison: "Delmore was a brilliant poet, but he had a clinical case of paranoia. He

thought he was being persecuted by Nelson Rockefeller, and eventually he decided that Lou and I were both Rockefeller's spies."

There is a note on the cover of the Velvets' first album that says the song 'European Son' is dedicated to Delmore Schwartz.

"No one knows why that is. Everyone thinks it's because the song is thematically appropriate: 'You killed your European son/You spit on those under 21'. Incidentally that may be true, because Delmore was the son of Jewish emigres and a great poet who was never accepted. But the real reason is that it has only two stanzas of lyrics and a long instrumental break. Delmore thought rock and roll lyrics were the worst things he'd ever heard in his life; he despised songs with words. As this was our big instrumental outing on the album we dedicated it to him."

There was a good music scene at Syracuse with Felix Cavalleri (of The Young Rascals), Mike Esposito (of The Blues Magoos) and Garland Jeffreys among their fellow students. Reed and Morrison played together in bands with names like Moses and His Brothers, Pasha and the Prophets, LA and the El Dorados, playing R&B and early Ike & Tina Turner numbers.

Then when Reed finished his degree he went to work churning out bubblegum songs for Pickwick Records, where he had a minor hit with 'The Ostrich'. It was then that Reed met John Cale, who had been kicked out of London's Royal College of Music and was in America on a Leonard Bernstein scholarship.

The mutual fascination and tension between Lou Reed and John Cale goes a long way to explaining the early Velvet Underground. For

Reed, Cale represented the European avant-garde. He knew about Stockhausen, had performed with John Cage, and as a student had given a performance where he smashed up a piano with an axe. Now in New York Cale was playing electric viola in LaMonte Young's Theatre of Eternal Music — whose extreme minimalism, involving single, sustained tones played at almost unbearable volume, would influence the Velvets. Reed brought Cale in to play viola on one of his Pickwick sessions, and at some point Cale, Reed and artist Walter De Maria appeared as a band called The Primitives.

To Cale (actually the least pretentious, least consciously 'artistic' of avant-gardists), Reed was the professional pop musician with the real garage-band rock training he himself lacked. And no doubt Reed represented other things too: the lure of America, New York bohemia. Cale once said in an interview that at first he was wary of Reed because he played acoustic guitar — he thought he was a folk singer until Reed played him 'Heroin' and 'Waiting For The Man'. But soon their friendship persuaded him to leave LaMonte Young and join forces with Reed to create the first band to join the avant-garde with rock and roll.

Sterling Morrison entered the story again when he left Syracuse and came to join Reed and Cale at Pickwick.

"But then the whole thing with Pickwick fell apart, so we sat around and said, 'Well, we're retired. There's no way we can put a band

together that can work in this city'. Because all that was going on in Manhattan in the early '60s were these slick mid-town club acts like Joey Dee and the Starlighters who wore matching suits. So we decided to forget about competing and just play songs we liked."

BY THE SPRING of 1965 the three friends were rehearsing in John Cale's unheated apartment on Ludlow Street, where they discovered the joys of feedback. Their next door neighbour was a legendary figure named Angus MacLise who, according to rumour, recently died of starvation in Nepal. At that time MacLise had just returned from eight years in Greece and India, where he had become involved with Eastern music, and he became the group's first drummer.

It was Angus MacLise who introduced them to the world of 'underground' film-makers who showed their work at the Cinematheque. In the summer of 1965 MacLise and film-maker Piero Heliczer arranged a 'ritual happening' called *The Launching Of The Dream Weapon* at the Cinematheque. It was one of the very first mixed-media shows, a fore-runner of Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable that combined film, lights, dancers, poetry, religion and music. The music was provided by Reed, Cale, Morrison and MacLise.

Recently Sterling Morrison published a memoir of that event, and others created by Piero Heliczer, where he wrote that "For me the path suddenly became clear — I could work on music that was different from ordinary rock'n'roll since Piero had given me a context to perform it in . . ."

That summer the four played at various screenings of underground films, including Kenneth Anger's. However, the group had no name until Angus MacLise spotted a trashy paperback called *The Velvet Underground* in the bookrack in the Times Square subway station.

"There were whips and stuff on the cover, but it was basically about wife-swapping in suburbia"; they adopted the name not because of any S&M connotations but because it suggested their involvement in the underground film and art scene.

Shortly after this, journalist Al Aronowitz asked them to play at a concert at a high school in Summit, New Jersey for a fee of \$75. Angus MacLise, who took the belief in art for art's sake to an extreme, dropped out because he didn't want to play for money. He was replaced by Maureen Tucker — whose brother had been a childhood friend of Morrison's and attended Syracuse; 'Mo' Tucker had just finished a stint with an all-girl band.

Aronowitz then found the group an extended engagement at the Cafe Bizarre in Greenwich Village, in late 1965. "One night we played 'The Black Angel's Death Song' and the owner came up and said 'If you play that song one more time you're fired!' So we started the next set with it — the all-time version — and got fired."

But by that time The Velvet Underground had already been spotted by Gerard Malanga and Andy Warhol, who Morrison says was the most important influence on his life.

"It sounds crazy, but on reflection I've decided that he was never wrong. He gave us the confidence to keep doing what we were doing."

It was inevitable that they should meet, as they had a mutual friend in film-maker Barbara Rubin, and as Warhol had already begun to show his films at the Cinematheque; in fact the Velvets' first project with Warhol was to play a week-long benefit for the Cinematheque.



Maureen Tucker



Andy Warhol



Lou Reed

Early in 1966 the Velvets began to use Warhol's studio, the Factory, as a rehearsal space. This era was Manhattan's equivalent to Swinging London, with a little more frenzy and strangeness thrown in. At the Factory the new cafe society (from the worlds of pop music, high society, art and fashion) met with the Times Square hustlers, drag queens and eccentrics who had become superstars in the Warhol movies and who suddenly found themselves to be, at least temporarily, not outcasts but chic.

Morrison says: "I didn't appreciate what we were doing. I never considered what it meant to be doing something with Andy Warhol and seeing all these weird people marching by and hanging around the loft. I just worried about little songs and how well they were played."

It was life at the Factory that prompted the song 'All Tomorrow's Parties'.

"We used to practise at the Factory and hang out there every day for a couple of years, from '66 to '68. We would arrive some time in the afternoon and every day would begin with the same question: 'What parties shall we go to tonight?'"

"A thousand, thousand parties... reflected on from a distance, they were almost unimaginable. Real high rolling affairs, with a lot of energetic depravity going on. We even went to one with Nelson Rockefeller. I thought if Delmore could see me now!"

The Velvet Underground, Morrison tells me, were all at the Warhol party featured in the film *Midnight Cowboy*.

The Velvets had little involvement in the films being made at the Factory, although Morrison used to do the sound occasionally. But one of the Warhol superstars was Nico, the beautiful blonde German model who had drifted in from Europe and who had appeared in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*.

"Andy suggested we use Nico as a vocalist. She'd made a couple of singles with Andrew Loog Oldham in London and one of them was not bad — sort of like early Marianne Faithfull. So we said fine, she looks great, and just gradually tried to work her in."

"There were problems from the very beginning because there were only so many songs that were appropriate for Nico and she wanted to sing them all — 'Waiting For The Man', 'Heroin', all of them. And she would try and do little sexual politic things in the band. Whoever seemed to be having undue influence on the course of events, you'd find Nico close by. So she went from Lou to Cale, but neither of those affairs lasted for very long."

Warhol decided to put together a mixed-media show, and Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable opened at the Dom Theatre on St Mark's Place in the spring of 1966, complete with the Velvets, Nico, Warhol's films, a lightshow and Gerard Malanga's whip dance. Morrison says it was at this time that the Velvets started wearing dark glasses; not through affectation but because the light show was blinding.

"Anyone in the audience could come up and work the lights. We never had things like 'When I play this ten-second break, then hit me with the blue spot'. That's what I hate about modern rock shows: they're so regimented. We just played and everything raged around us without any control on our part."

The Exploding Plastic Inevitable then toured the West Coast, with The Velvet Underground and most of the Warhol entourage packed into big touring buses. It is hard to imagine now the shock effect they must have had.

"We had a horrible reputation. Everyone

figured we were gay. They figured we must be — running around with Warhol and all those whips and stuff."

In San Francisco, when Gerard Malanga walked into an all-night restaurant dressed in black leather and carrying his whip he was arrested and charged with possession of a dangerous weapon.

The show attracted enormous media attention because of Warhol's name, but little of this was concentrated on the Velvets. The Exploding Plastic Inevitable was regarded as an art event like the other '60s 'happenings', which just happened to have some bizarre background music. As for the Velvets, "We never did anything to ingratiate ourselves with the media — through lack of interest more than arrogance. I was convinced that if it was going to happen it would happen anyway. We were all really contemptuous of hype."

Their attitude was far closer to that of the underground film-makers than it was to pop music: that what they were doing was important in itself, even if it only attracted a small audience of the faithful.

"Crusading was the word I always used. It took absolute conviction that we were doing the right thing — that was the only thing that could sustain us. You see, when we started we never thought we could have an audience. We never thought that we could play in a club. We never thought we could make records. We never thought that we could make money, although we did get enough of it when we wanted to."

In fact The Velvet Underground made \$18,000 in the first week at the Dom Theatre — "We kept the money in paper bags, we never got near a bank" — and used it to help finance their first

"We were ten times better live than on record. We never played a song the same twice — and Lou would change lyrics all the time, like the old blues singers..."

album, the one with Warhol's painting of a banana on the cover.

"The album says 'produced by Andy Warhol'. Well, it was produced in the sense that a movie is produced. He put up some money. We made the album ourselves and then took it around, because we knew that no one was going to sign us off the streets. And we didn't want any A&R department telling us what songs we should record."

There were conflicts with Nico in the recording studio.

"You see, Nico had two voices. One was a full-register, Germanic, gottterdammerung voice that I never cared for, and the other was her whispy voice which I liked."

In the studio Nico kept singing 'I'll Be Your Mirror' in her strident voice; dissatisfied, the Velvets kept making her do the song over and over again until she broke down and burst into tears. "At that point we said 'Oh, try it just one more time and then fuck it — if it doesn't work this time then we're not going to do the song'." Nico sat down and did it exactly right.

As for the haunting quality in her voice, "It's not because she's singing to Bob Dylan or Lou Reed or anybody else — Nico was just really depressed."

The Velvets' reputation could stand on this debut album alone. It was their most revolutionary album, in the extremes of 'The Black Angel's Death Song', 'European Son', 'Venus In Furs', and it contained their purest,

tenderest love song in 'I'll Be Your Mirror'. But the album also showed Reed and Morrison's R&B roots, and what they could do with primitive rock by charging it up and setting it to a perfect four-minute short story in 'I'm Waiting For The Man'.

Morrison: "I love the 'Banana album' so much. It's so innocent. Everybody was saying this is the vision of all-time evil and I always said well, we're not going to lie. It's pretty. *Venus In Furs* is a beautiful song. It was the closest we ever came in my mind to being exactly what I thought we could be. Always on other songs I'm hearing what I'm hearing but I'm also hearing what I wish I were hearing."

'Heroin' is a beautiful song too, possibly Reed's greatest and a truthful one. It's easy to rationalise about a song you like, but it should be pointed out that when Reed sings "Because it makes me feel like I'm a man/When I stick a spike into my veins" and "I have made a great decision/I'm going to nullify my life", he's only glamorising heroin for people who want to die. The real damage, particularly in New York, has been done through the cult of personality. Rock fans have taken heroin because Lou took heroin, forgetting that the character in the song wasn't necessarily Lou Reed who, according to Morrison, was never addicted.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, the Velvets encountered problems when they began taking their completed tape around the recording companies.

"Ahmet Ertegün liked it, but said 'No, no no, none of this — no 'Waiting For The Man', no 'Venus In Furs'."

"Then we took it over to Elektra, who said

some of the content was unacceptable and the whole sound was unacceptable. This viola — can't Cale play anything else?"

"So then we talked to Tom Wilson, who was still at Columbia. He told us to wait and come and sign with him when he moved to Verve (a subsidiary of MGM) because he swore that at Verve we could do anything we wanted. And he was right. We gave something up of course, because there was no effective marketing on Verve; we were stuck there with The Mothers of Invention and Richie Havens."

"The album was ready by April 1966, but I don't think it even made a '66 release, or at least not until the end of the year. We were going crazy wondering what was going on with things got lost and misplaced and delayed. I know what the problem was: it was Frank Zappa and his manager Herb Cohen. They sabotaged us in a number of ways, because they wanted to be the first with a frank release. And we were totally naive. We didn't have a manager who would go to the record company every day and just drag the whole thing through production."

When the album was released it received airplay on the West Coast, but was banned by nearly every radio station in New York, their home base.

"They wouldn't even accept advertising for the album, because it was about drugs and sex and perversion."

Morrison admits that "A rational response would have been to rent a hall in New York and

play there every night. Instead we said fuck 'em — if they're not going to play us on the radio, we're not going to play here."

And so for three years, from 1967 to 1970, Velvet Underground refused to play New York. "It was a good way to generate mystique, but that wasn't our intention. We wanted to punish New York."

However, although they did not play publicly, they did perform occasionally at private functions, ranging bizarrely from a psychiatrist's convention to the wedding reception of Stavros Niarchos and Charlotte Ford.

In those years the Velvets played frequently in Boston and occasionally in Philadelphia, and toured the West Coast and Texas — those tours being the source of the live recordings released later as the marvellous 'Velvet Underground 1969' album.

In their early days the Velvets even found themselves out in Detroit during the Michigan State Fair with Sam the Sham and the Shamettes, the Dick Clark package tour and The Yardbirds. "This was when Jeff Beck was flipping out, when he had a gun in his guitar case. They herded us all onto one floor of one of those motor hotels, with all the record company people and the groupies and the hangers-on. It was bedlam."

But in general, Morrison says, "We never cared that much about touring. We did it once in a while by invitation, but we never solicited one. Why play Toledo, Ohio, where no-one knows you and where people are not likely to be the least bit receptive? Deep down you do want to be accepted by the audience; I don't care how much you steel yourself with drugs or whatever."

Their record companies — Verve and then Atlantic — were bewildered by the Velvets' attitude. "They were dealing with something they'd never seen before — if you weren't interested in making money there was no way they could even talk to you."

They were arrogant, independent and demanding. In 1970 Atlantic's Ahmet Ertegün asked them to tour. "We said 'Fine — you start the promotion and then we'll start the tour'. He said 'No — you start the tour and then we'll start the promotion'. So we went skiing instead."

Didn't this reluctance to tour prevent them from building up a following in America? Morrison isn't sure it would have made much difference. The one big mistake they made, he feels, was in not playing in Europe, where they might have found a more receptive audience. But The Velvet Underground nearly did tour Europe in 1967; if it wasn't for the death of Brian Epstein their career might have been very different.

"We had a lot of dealings with Brian Epstein. He loved the first album, and it was his favourite record for a long time. We had a lot of talks with him, riding in his car around Manhattan. First he wanted to sign us and have us be his only American group."

But the Velvets were wary. He managed a lot of people, but he never let anyone threaten The Beatles. If he'd had The Who he would have just sat on them. You can't expect a person to crowd out their first love."

The Velvets refused the offer.

"So then the second round of talks was about Three Prong Music, our publishing company. He wanted it to merge with Nemperor, The Beatles' publishing company. We fretted and fretted over this and decided that if Epstein though the stuff was so great, maybe we should

■ Continues over

VELVETS

■ From previous page

hang on to it. We couldn't see any advantage to being part of Nemperor — who was ever going to record our stuff? So that was the end of that. But then the third offer Epstein made was to put together a big European tour. And we said that was fine. And then, on the eve of the final signing, Epstein died."

It seems a tremendous loss that The Velvet Underground played to so few audiences — because "The unanimous opinion was that we were ten times better live than on records". Morrison adds that: "We never played a song the same way twice — never wanted to, maybe never could. And Lou changed lyrics all the time. One of his great talents is that he can spontaneously generate lyrics on stage — just like the old blues singers, Lou can go on forever rhyming."

As for their rehearsals, "We never changed out method from back in Ludlow St. We would practise the beginning and end of a song; as we never played it the same way twice it didn't matter if we practised the middle. If there was anything weird about it then we went over that. But the songs we practised most — the truly polished pieces — we never recorded. We knew we could do them, so there was no more interest; we wanted to see if we could make something else work. Our best stuff, about 80 per cent of it, was either radically reworked in the studio or written there."

THE VELVETS' second album 'White Light/White Heat' has been called the most nihilistic record ever made; but it's too speed crazed to be depressing, while the great 'Sister Ray' (about drag queens, speed, a bar, sailors, a murder) is more like black comedy than anything else. Morrison's major regrets are that he thinks 'I Heard Her Call My Name', one of their best songs, was destroyed in the studio, and that the album is a technical failure:

"We didn't want to lay down separate tracks, we wanted to do it studio live with a simultaneous voice, but the problem was that the current state of studio art wouldn't let us do it. There was fantastic leakage because everyone was playing so loud and we had so much electronic junk with us in the studio — all these fuzzers and compressors. Gary Kellgran the engineer, who is ultra-competent, told us repeatedly: 'You can't do it — all the needles are on red'. And we reacted as we always reacted: 'Look, we don't know what goes on in there and we don't want to hear about it. Just do the best you can'. And so the album is all fuzzy, there's all that white noise . . ."

Tom Wilson is listed as producer but Morrison says: "No producer could over-ride our taste. We'd do a whole lot of takes, and then

there would be a big brawl over which one to use. Of course everyone would opt for the take where they sounded best. It was a tremendous hassle, so on 'Sister Ray', which we knew was going to be a major effort, we stared at each other and said, 'This is going to be one take. So whatever you want to do, you better do it now'."

"And that explains what is going on in the mix. There is a musical struggle — everyone's trying to do what he wants to do every second, and nobody's backing off. I think it's great the way the organ comes in. Cale starts to try and play a solo. He's totally buried and there's a sort of surge and then he's pulling out all the stops until he just rises out of the pack. He was able to get louder than Lou and I were. The drums are almost totally drowned out."

Everyone in The Velvet Underground was strong-willed, but Morrison says that Maureen Tucker took a fairly quiet role in their conflicts.

"She always said there was no reasoning with any one of us, that we were all crazy, and there was no sense in arguing. I think basically the band had three uncontrollable personalities, and if you throw drugs into the confusion then you really have problems."

As for Lou Reed, Morrison says: "I love Lou, but he has what must be a fragmented personality, so you're never too sure under any conditions what you're going to have to deal with. Will he be boyishly charming, naive — Lou is very charming when he wants to be. Or will he be vicious — and if he is, then you have to figure out what's stoking the fire."

"What drug is he on, or what mad diet? He had all sorts of strange dietary theories. He'd eat nothing, live on wheat husks, I don't know. He was always trying to move mentally and spiritually to some place where no one had ever gotten before."

John Cale can be as erratic as Reed and several times they actually came to blows. The tension was not helped by the fact that Cale cut a more flamboyant figure on stage, and drew attention away from Reed.

One day in late summer 1968 Lou Reed called up Sterling Morrison and asked him to meet him at the Riviera Cafe in the West Village. When Morrison arrived he was surprised to find Maureen Tucker there too. It turned out that Reed had called a meeting to announce that Cale was "out of the band".

"I said, 'You mean out for today, or for this week?' And Lou said 'No, he's out'. I said that we were the band, that was it, graven on the tablets. So then a long and bitter argument ensued, with much banging on tables, and finally Lou said, 'You don't go for it? Alright, the band is dissolved'. Now I could say that it was more important to keep the band together than to worry about Cale, but that wasn't really what decided me. I just wanted to keep on doing it. So finally I weighed my self-interest against Cale's interests and sold him out. I told Lou I'd swallow it, but I didn't really like it."

A dozen years later, this is still a painful

memory.

"John was playing great at the time. He was always exciting to work with. If you listen to his bass part on 'Waiting For The Man' it's illogical — inverted, almost. He had really good ideas on bass. Or take a song like 'What Goes On': if you'd heard us play that in the summer of '68 with Cale on organ you would have known what it was all about."

So why did Reed want to get rid of Cale? "Jealousy, I'd have to say. One friend said Lou always told him he wanted to be a solo star. Lou never confided that to us, but John and I always knew that he really wanted some kind of recognition apart from the band."

Morrison says that Reed always wanted full credit for song-writing.

"There are a lot of songs that I should have had co-authorship on, and the same holds true for John Cale" — he points out that their publishing company was called 'Three Prong Music' because there were three of them involved. "I'm the last person to deny Lou's immense contribution and he's the best songwriter of the three of us. But he wanted all the credit; he wanted it more than we did and he got it, to keep the peace."

(Later I asked John Cale about this and he confirmed that there were a number of songs for which he should have had co-authorship. Not only that, but he claims he has never received a penny in royalties for any of the Velvet Underground songs for which he did have a credit. When I asked how this had happened he said: "Ask the man who made all the money" — presumably referring to Reed.)

THE BAND was never the same for me after John left," says Morrison. "He was not easy to replace. Doug Yule was a good bass player, but we moved more towards unanimity of opinion, and I don't think that's a good thing. I always thought that what made us real good were tensions and oppositions."

There was a conflict of musical attitudes in the original Velvet Underground: "John and I were very happy with 'Sister Ray' type music. Although I'm teaching English now, I don't really care about lyrics in music. I like energy and emotion, yelling and grunting. Snarls and hisses like in 'The Black Angel's Death Song' — that's Cale hissing. Lou placed heavy emphasis on lyrics, while Cale and I were more interested in blasting the house down."

Morrison, who says he'd take 'Louie, Louie' over 'Berlin', says that Cale's departure allowed Lou Reed's "sensitive, meaningful" side to hold sway. I asked Morrison what he meant by sensitive — a song like 'Pale Blue Eyes'?

"Why do you think that happened on the third album, with Cale out of there? That's a song about Lou's old girlfriend in Syracuse, by the way. I said, 'Lou, if I wrote a song like that I wouldn't make you play it. My position on that album was one of acquiescence. Lou may have learnt something from that because on 'Loaded'

(the fourth album) he was more receptive. We did the third album deliberately as anti-production. It sounds like it was done in a closet — it's flat, and that's the way we wanted it. The songs are all very quiet and it's kind of insane. I like the album."

This third album, called simply 'The Velvet Underground', is the reversal of 'White Light/White Heat'. This is a religious album, in its fashion; openly so in 'Jesus', a plea for salvation or forgiveness or just to join the human race. There is true compassion in 'Candy Says' (about the Warhol superstar Candy Darling, who was undergoing a sex-change) and an ambiguous but genuine tenderness in 'Pale Blue Eyes'. It's also very strange. The one open, heartfelt, ecstatic song of redemption 'I'm Set Free' also has the most psychotic lyrics.

Lou Reed is probably the only person who ever made rock music function as literature. Most rock poets sling together metaphors, most of them lousy; his songs work in the same way as a short story or a poem. He is a dramatic writer, adopting personas; perhaps Morrison's definition of Reed as a fragmented personality explains why he could take on so many different characters and why cruelty, gentleness, sympathy, cynicism and contempt all run into one another.

There have been equally strange contradictions in his private life. At one point I asked Morrison about Reed's first wife and he replied, "I didn't know her, she was some cocktail waitress. You see Lou — some part of him at least — really does like stability and the old cosy kitchen and homey living rooms."

"But if you'd seen some of his digs — they were depressing beyond imagination. Now he's in New Jersey, so he's back in suburbia. But then he had a place over in the East 60s. He was paying an outrageous amount of money for it so I thought I'd go over and see what this palace looked like. Well, you know how those high-rise apartments are — they're real barren. And his was totally unfurnished, nothing there except some kind of palette that he had pushed up against one corner. And a tape recorder, and some old tapes and I guess a notebook, and an acoustic guitar. There was nothing in the fridge except a half-empty container of papaya juice; I mean nothing, not even vitamins."

"It was just the picture of isolation and despair."

Between making their third album and 'Loaded', Morrison says the Velvets recorded another album that was never released, mainly because they were in the middle of changing record companies.

"I have some dubs of it — it was done some time in early '69. That's the stuff Lou drew on when he went solo. Nearly everything on that first album was just a reworking of stuff he'd already done."

In the summer of 1970 the Velvets were

■ Continues page 53

• THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS

A UNIQUE NEW SINGLE DUMB WAITERS
in a picture bag that actually plays-produced by Steve Lillywhite-CBS All66



Come in, Space Cadet 16, your time is up

GARY NUMAN

Living Ornaments '70 (Beggars Banquet)
Living Ornaments '80 (Beggars Banquet)

SO FAREWELL then, Gary Numan. All good things must come to an end sometime, and ground control is evidently calling your number even as I write, in the same harsh, hollow cadence you yourself have utilised for your sound.

Last year there you were, coasting along in your little bubble, still notching up big commercial coups: 'Telekon', your last studio album, streaked up to No. 1, whilst those two singles 'We Are Glass' and 'I Die You Die' shuttled into the Top Five. If only the aptly entitled 'This Wreckage' hadn't failed to even secure a place in the Top Thirty, you'd be exiting this humdrum mortal coil that is the music biz market place with the old log-book completely unblemished.

But then again, by the last days of 1980, there were the likes of Steve Strange, John Foxx, Spandau Ballet and Midge Ure's Ultravox corporate crowding out the same stratosphere you'd once held omnipotent control of. All these new faces, new haircuts, new uniforms — even though stripped of their kilts and fringes they were just a bunch of ungainly, pasty-faced dough-boys.

Worse still, the man you'd chosen to ape, one David Jones of Beckenham, had returned from his sojourns out in left-field to claim his throne, the very chair your bum had been keeping warm in his Nib's absence for — how long is it now? Two years, at least, eh? A good innings for a pretty uninspired bloke with only one good (i.e. commercially viable) idea like yourself, Gary. What else could you do under the circumstances?

On April 24th, the WEA corporate will release 'Living Ornaments '79' and '80' in three different packages. Your fans — for whom this inspired aural 'au revoir' has been especially released (it reads here, in this rather shoddy press-release I have before me) — can either buy the two records separately at £4 "or less", or they can buy the pair in a "special box-set" which includes an added two live tracks plus special free single which... Oh, hold on a tick, the girl from Beggars Banquet just phoned to say that the free single is *not* to be included. Instead your aficionados will be privileged to receive a "leaflet" (sic) with some fab photographs and special info. on the two tours immortalised herein. The boxed set retails at £8 "or less" with the crucial stipulation that all three artefacts will be made available from the WEA pressing plant to shops from April 24th until May 15th. Yes, for only one month will your many fans be able to share in this extravagant finale. Or so it would appear.

In fact, the latter ploy is the only truly inspired aspect to this whole spurious affair. Retailers have to order in bulk so as to fully accommodate the presumed flood of requests, thus rocketing the three records straight to the top of the album charts. Very canny, Gaz, very sharp. Even Big Brother Bowie hasn't come up with a piece of marketing strategy as wickedly on the ball as 'Living Ornaments 79/80'. The one-month stroke affords your followers the chance to bathe in the privilege of duping themselves into believing the whole ploy is a personal tribute to their fidelity while in reality the whole deal is simply arranged to ensure maximum sales returns.

Ah, if only the music were one fraction as inspired. Listen Gaz, I don't want to rehash all the old criticisms you've awkwardly cringed away from whilst scurrying off all the way to the bank. In fact, I imagine that you're a fairly genuine sort of bloke who genuinely considers your music to be complete evocation of a vision of a future devoid of passion, warmth and all-purpose humanity. Unfortunately, like your detractors, I view your music as being wretchedly one-dimensional, crass sci-fi drivel that would be merely a harmless ear-sore, were it not for the fact that a) your synth-obsessed bombast spotlights every negative aspect inherent in the very concept and practical appliance of contemporary technology in direct relationship to music, and b) your puerile sub-'Diamond Dogs' scenarios are — unwittingly — a highly pernicious influence on impressionable types who, if they take this pompous garbage as seriously as you

Well, Nick, you really know
how to hurt a guy...

evidently do, are under certain highly dodgy delusions regarding their cultural bearings, simple human values and life 'as she is lived' in general. Listening to all four sides of your parting bouquet, all the old adjectives are summoned forth once more: the *eerie* synthesisers, the *dank*, *drab* metronome of a pulse-beat, your whining vocals, the empty gestures, the numbing bombast. It's unhealthy stuff, Gazza.

A snippet for Gazza fans: the live sound is slightly more fuzzily bombastic throughout both concerts (both recorded at the Hammersmith Odeon in the Septembers of the previous two years), with Numan's voice more strained and awkward than the studio would lead one to believe. '79' has Ultravox's Billy Currie in the backing group, though you can scarcely pinpoint his contributions on stiff, note-for-note reconstructions of 'Cars', 'Metal', 'Dream Police', 'Conversations', 'Films', and other ultra-precious pearls of half-baked pomp like 'We Are So Fragile'.

'80' is a better buy for the poverty-stricken Gazzaphile, with the first side sounding slightly more solidly in synch with the "live" angle (although numbers like 'This Wreckage', 'I Die: You Die' and 'Every Day I Die' are so threadbare as to defy plausible renditions), and side two boasting some actual "punch", the corporation working overtime to provide tension, verve and a certain ominous extra dimension to 'Remind Me To Smile' (Numan's 'Joe The Lion' swipe), 'The Joy Circuit' (Gazza lifting Cat Stevens' ancient 'Matthew & Son' motif) and, to a lesser extent, 'We Are Glass'. Also 'Are Friends Electric?' is present and correct here, doled out with stern authority by his adept cronies.

And so it goes, around and around in ever-diminishing po-faced echoes. 'Living Ornaments' is your last twirl with the masses, Gaz. You kept Bowie's throne (luke)warm — in his divine absence — just like Steve Harley did way back in '74 and just like Steve Strange is doing now. You should be pleased — your success was longer-running and more widespread than Harley's was or Strange's will be. Last month's flavours and last year's favoured become this year's stale aromas. I don't like your music — never did — and find this final salvo as crass as it's loaded with empty gestures.

Nick Kent



QUINCY JONES The Dude (A & M)

SEEING Quincy Jones' name writ in large letters on an album cover is roughly similar to Herbert von Karajan's top billing on an album of Beethoven symphonies. Neither bloke actually plays anything, or writes much, merely their august presence is enough to justify it.

The cover weighs even heavier in my hands, so many prestigious names are on it: Stevie Wonder, Herbie Hancock, Rod Temperton, even our very own Chas Jankel, who gets a writing credit for 'Ai No Corrida' (roughly translatable as 'I get agoraphobia in these open plan offices'). The entire thing is post-disco perfection, in a stupefying sort of a way. The handclaps are note-perfect, the backing tracks the last word in good taste and correctness.

Vocals are mainly from James Ingram and Patti Austin, who is particularly notable on Stevie Wonder's 'Betcha Wouldn't Hurt Me', exhibiting vocal gyrations Stevie himself couldn't improve much on. That tune is easily the best on the album, with its disarmingly simple hookline that gets right inside you.

There are some great moments on this album, usually from Ernie Watt's sax or one of the eight (!) keyboardists, but it's all a bit old boy network and pat-each-other-on-the-backish. My overall feeling is — so what?

Dorota Koc

REXY Running Out Of Time (Alien) THE BEACH BULLIES We Rule The Universe (Musclebound) THE 49 AMERICANS Too Young To Be Ideal! (Choo Choo Train)

ENGLISH ECCENTRICS at work: investigate only with extreme caution. What these three records have in common is their air of amateurism, and a certain whimsicality. That they've all got a mild kind of appeal is undeniable — unfortunately, though, the charm is just too slight to make any of them worth spending money on. In the end, to be cute is never quite enough.

The 49 Americans' effort — really more of a 12" maxi single — is a shameless shambles. According to their sleeve, they perform "accepting the subtle

variance of the pieces they play through the medium of human error." As understatement, that's quite magnificent. The record takes the format of a loopy musical/showbiz fairy-tale: amusing in parts, but overall a rather knowing, primitivist joke that soon wears thin. As for the band, which includes Steve Beresford, there's an *NME* quote on the cover that says they "make Swell Maps sound like Led Zeppelin". Whether the quote's authentic, I don't know; that it's accurate, I have no doubt.

Rexy are better: a bizarre threesome led by a girl called Rex. The material is frail, as is her singing, but occasionally succeeds in the field of pastiche — tacky cabaret keyboards a speciality. The group's major difficulty appears to be a chronic uncertainty about what they want to be, and the result is a disjointed series of

CHANGE Miracles (WEA)

DETROIT SPINNERS Labour Of Love (Atlantic)

CHANGE is a sophisticated production number, conceived originally as a showcase for guitarist Paul Gainolio and bassist David Romani. As such, it suffers from the usual shortcomings of slickness and professional expediency. The sound, for example, is laid down in Bologna, while the vocals are recorded at Media Sound in New York.

Behind Change are the Italian production team of Petrus and Malavasi, who gave this gay world Macho's 'I'm A Man' in 1977. Recycling the elegant mid-tempo beat they previously established on 'A Lover's Holiday' and 'The Glow Of Love', they've got a potential hit here in 'Paradise', whose delectable keyboard and gentle but insistent drive make it almost hypnotically attractive.

Apart, though, from that and 'On Top', which has about as much punch as a classical disco sound can attain, there is nothing on 'Miracles' with the urgency of last year's 'Searching'. Instead, a series of apparent homages to Chic provide the band's stimulus, with Gainolio finding that deep, slicing Nile Rodgers' sound and Diva Gray demonstrating all the grace and timing of Luci Martin and Alfa Anderson. Romani's bass is mixed further back than Bernard Edwards', but the essential guitar/bass combo, especially on 'Heaven Of My Life', is a straight outtake from the immaculate syncopation of 'Rebels Are We'.

Ultimately cosmetic, 'Miracles' will not change the face of disco production, but, along with outfits like Tantra, Change are still part of an intriguing Italian slant on commercial dance music.

From the opening two numbers on 'Labour Of Love', the Spinners' third album with Michael Zager, one might be forgiven for thinking this LP was going an altogether darker, denser affair. But these two Willie Hutch cuts, which feature Hutch himself on bass, are the only really tough things on the record.

'Yesterday Once More/Nothing Remains The Same', the current single medley, is really no contender. The song's blatant sentimentality was redeemed through disturbing and quite other-worldly voice of Karen Carpenter, but as a hurried cabaret disco number it becomes the most disposable kind of kitsch.

Everything else, discounting a crazy semi-rap about the Wild West called 'The Deacon' (also featuring Hutch & Co.), is pure trash. Linda Creed is credited as lyricist on 'The Winter Of Our Love', but where's a Thom Bell now the Spinners (*et al*) need one?

Barney Hoskyns

half-hearted explorations in a dozen different directions. It's a hit-and-miss affair, alright: but sadly, more miss than hit.

And then The Beach Bullies. A slightly prim and minimalist duo, their music sounds very home-made, though in a well-mannered way. Again, they deal in fragile songs, delicately sung. The cover versions of 'Doesn't Matter Anymore' and 'Femme Fatale' are timid and unspectacular, but on the whole their folksy/pop approach is modest and likeable. The mischievous humour of 'Sob Story' and the self-explanatory 'I Love To Eat On) British Rail' suggest, at least, that if they haven't already moved on to some other pastime, like train spotting or stamp collecting, then The Beach Bullies could some day make a worthwhile — even buyable! — recording.

Paul Du Noyer

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Pic: Enguerand

AVANT GUARDIAN

ROBERT ASHLEY

Perfect Lives (Private Parts): The Bar (Lovely Music)

ROBERT ASHLEY'S been hovering around the fringes of the American avant-garde for the better part of two decades now, organising and participating in outfits like the ONCE Group and the Sonic Arts Union, and pioneering a form of performance he calls "music theater".

"Perfect Lives (Private Parts)", his most recent work, is a TV opera in seven self-contained episodes, of which 'The Bar' is the fourth. The opera supposedly "applies the principles of musical improvisation to the ordering of TV images", although such information concerning the conceptual premises of the work is (thankfully) absent from the album sleeve.

Instead, the record's left to stand or fall on its own merits, aided only by a full libretto and the usual recording credits. It's some measure of the album's strength that the above press-release quote makes not the slightest difference to its interest and enjoyment.

Each episode of 'PL(PP)' describes a character or characters in a particular setting. 'The Bar' dealing with the encounter between the cosmically hip Buddy (the piano player) and the sourly prosaic Rodney (the bartender), during which certain philosophical concepts are discussed and left hanging, including some amusing subplot speculations about the nature of boogie-woogie piano, which Rodney's wife forever practices but never quite gets right.

Ashley deadpans the story in a nonstop monotone, throwing in the occasional aside or camera direction here and there, over a smooth jive/boogie/cocktail jazz piano and drum-machine backdrop provided by 'Blue' Gene Tyranny aided and abetted by Love Of Life Orchestra's Peter Gordon and David Van Tieghem, with Van Tieghem and Jill Kroesen contributing a few hypnotic, mirrored chorus interjections every now and again, especially when Buddy gets a little wound up with his metaphysics.

The whole forms a strange, gently hypnotic flow, Ashley's voice being peculiarly warm and restful. It's ambient music of a kind, but ambient music which contains endless possibilities and stimuli for mental activity, and a record which contradicts the mistaken (post CabVolt) assumption that "avant-garde" has something to do with making the same old unlistenable electronic noises that others have been making for years.

Ashley's avant-garde is a true avant-garde, one which doesn't concern itself with repetition of old ideas. Search it out!

Andy Gill

BARRY WHITE AND LOVE UNLIMITED

The Best Of Our Love (Unlimited Gold)

AT THE beginning of the '70s, Barry White looked as though he would become a permanent force in the evolution of commercial black music. Unfortunately, around the middle of 1975, for no very obvious reason, he started turning out drivel.

At times, Barry was as great (and as exquisitely vulgar) a producer as Phil Spector. The same hyperbolic Hollywood vision of pop production was behind both techniques. If you desire evidence of the fact that Barry White really is/was one of the truly epic visionaries of sound (the phrase isn't necessarily paradoxical), then take your ears to the nearest remaindered copy of 'I've Got So Much To Give' (1973) — Barry's first album on 20th Century — and plug them into his mind-blowing eight-minute version of 'Standing In The Shadows Of Love'.

It is unfortunate, then, that 'The Best Of Our Love', a double-LP collection of Barry & Co's most love-soaked sentiments, should do so little to remind people that there was a golden period in Barry White's career, which lasted from 1972 to 1974, and in which he released some of the finest commercial soul records ever made.

Even though they are not arranged chronologically, the tracks on the Barry White half of 'The Best Of Our Love' amply demonstrate the enormity of the gulf separating the Barry of 1973 from the Barry of the second half of the decade. Despite its weak chorus, 'I'm Gonna Love You Just A Little More, Baby' is still a breathtakingly sensual record, with its deep, unembellished drum sound, its supreme interplay of piano and harpsichord, its pizzicato strings, and the customarily hirsute vocal performance.

Side Three belongs to Love Unlimited and is probably the best single side on the album. It opens with 'Oh, Love, Well, We Finally Made It', which like 'Just A Little More', hails from 1973. The percussion anticipates the sound of those wonderful mid-'70s pre-disco outfits like Andrea True Connection, and the strings are handled with the kind of taste that Barry was later (without the guiding hand of Gene Page) to forget. Other goodies on this side are 'Under The Influence Of Love' — a vastly superior example of the kind of girl-group sound Holland, Dozier, and Holland were so desperately trying to get with the later Vandalias — and (almost as good as the Ronettes' song of almost the same name) the magical 'Walking In The Rain With The One I Love'.

The last side, devoted to the sweet nothings of the Love Unlimited Orchestra, requires little comment. When Love Unlimited released 'Under The Influence Of . . .' in 1973, it was not their single of the same name that became a hit, but the orchestra's instrumental link, 'Love's Theme'. However, whereas for about half a minute 'Love's Theme' is really quite inoffensive, tracks like 'Satin Soul' and 'Baby Blues' (from 1974) are simply dreadful.

Barry White was once a great producer, and his influence on the manifold changes black music has undergone in the last five years is incalculable. It is unfortunate that he should be so ruthlessly forgotten, or, if remembered, remembered as a joke and a grotesque.

Barney Hoskyns

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The "King" Kong
Compilation (Island)
THE MELODIANS
Sweet Sensation (Island)

LESLIE KONG was one of the great entrepreneur/producers of the Jamaican music scene, entering the racket in 1960 as the proprietor of a record shop and pumping out the music all through the '60s until his death in 1971. The sound track of *The Harder They Come* — which catalysed the second generation of white followers of Jamaican music — was largely composed of Leslie Kong material, and he recorded the likes of Desmond Dekker, Jimmy Cliff and Bob Marley, though his collaborations with the latter were a touch on the unsuccessful side.

This compilation concentrates on the period between 1968 and 1970, and features (in order of appearance) Dekker, (Toots and) The Maytals, The Melodians, Ken Boothe, Tyrone Evans, The Pioneers, Delroy

Wilson, Bruce Ruffin and Ansel Collins.

Some of these tracks were UK pop hits — a startling number of them, in fact, signal tribute to Kong's musical and commercial acumen — and Dekker's 'Israelites' and 'It Mek' will probably be already comfortably ensconced in many a collection along with Toots' 'Monkey Man', The Melodians' original 'Rivers Of Babylon' and The Pioneers' 'Long Shot Kick De Bucket'. Others are new to this writer at least, and he is delighted to make the acquaintance of performances like Toots' delightful 'Peeping Tom', The Pioneers' 'Samfie Man' and Bruce Ruffin's superb 'Bitterness Of Life', a demonically catchy song with a killer chorus: "The bitterness of life is causing me strife can't you see it?". The compilers have even chucked in a couple of previously unreleased items to make the package an attractive proposition to them as has all the other tracks.

As is always the case on these overstuffed anthologies, the tracks are compressed beyond



BERNARD WRIGHT 'Nard (Arista)

IF YOU thought sophisticated jazz/funk piano playing was an old man's game, think again. Bernard Wright is 16 years old and, at the risk of sounding patronisingly teenageist, he is easily the equal of many of the older generation of ivory funksters. This is his first album, and playing alongside him are other young New York musicians, as well as some older lags like bassist Marcus Miller and veteran jazz drummer Roy Haynes.

It's a joyful album, a welcome change from the easy-option funk that a lot of bands put out. This one takes off at every opportunity, boiling over with enthusiasm and humour, stretching themselves and the music to a point where even the furniture starts bopping around.

Wright himself plays every imaginable keyboard and is well in control, whether in his excellent rhythm work or on his exciting and varied solos. Tunes like 'Chillin' Out' and 'Firebolt Hustle' make the most of what are basically simple riffs, pushed along by a whiplash bass and stretched by wild and wonderful horn lines, generally courtesy of sax player Al 'Wink' Flythe and guitarist Henry 'Hanky' Grate Jr. But all the time Wright is everywhere, singing, arranging, speedy street rapping, as well as that inescapable piano.

He's no stranger to straight jazz either. Side one finishes with a version of Miles Davis' 'Solar', just piano, bass and drums, in which he slips in a cheeky two-bar quote from Charlie Parker's 'Ornithology', certain proof, if it were needed, that he knows his stuff. I only hope he doesn't get old and jaded too soon.

Dorota Koc

belief, resulting in the inevitable loss of volume and drastically reduced frequency range. On 'Sweet Sensation', a companion collection which features the complete works of The Melodians — all eight tracks of them — things go to the other extreme. Three of the eight are on the Kong album, but 'Sweet Sensation' allows the tracks to breathe, spreading out in all their full glory: the power and simplicity of the vocal and instrumental arrangements coming through in fine style. The tracks sound so different with full frequency range and luxury mastering that the album doesn't sound like short measure.

Records don't die unless someone burns the master tapes. Like gods, music cannot die unless we all cease to believe in it. This music was happening over a decade ago, and only a small proportion of the people reading this week's NME were aware of it at the time. Times change and here it is again for another go-round. It sounds fine. Get up, pay up.

Charles Shaar Murray

From the mad mod world...

THE ANIMALS

The Animals (Charly)

THE YARDBIRDS

Featuring Eric Clapton (Charly)

THE YARDBIRDS

Featuring Jeff Beck (Charly)

GRAHAM BOND

Graham Bond Organisation (Charly)

DRISCOLL AND AUGER

Julie Driscoll and Brian Auger (Charly)

SOFT MACHINE

Soft Machine (Charly)

YET ANOTHER visit to the mad mod world of the swingin' '60s, as recalled by the frequently primitive and often reissued tapings of Giorgio Gomelsky, sometime producer/manager to the stars.

The Animals' album is the familiar 'live at Newcastle' set, recorded at the city's Club A Go-Go in December '63, when Burden, Price and Co. were strutting their stuff on 'Boom Boom', 'Dimples' and similar bluesware in the company of Sonny Boy Williamson, who features merely as guesting skinsman.

The Yardbirds offerings offer nothing new either, being re-packaged editions of the albums released by Charly in 1977, the Clapton compilation being formed half by studio takes and half by chunks from the 'Five Live Yardbirds' album, cut at The Marquee in '64; while the Beck collection still contains 'I Ain't Got You', which actually features Clapton.

As a Neasden neighbour to Ginger Baker in the mid-'60s, I've a soft spot for Graham Bond's live at Klook's Kleek offering, a grade C bootleg of a recording made when the Organisation had an engine room stoked by Ginger and Jack Bruce. For, despite the crudity of the sound and the luckless Bond's less than inspired vocals, the here-for-the-beer joy of jamming wins through and somehow grabs you by the testimonials.

Better recorded but less interesting are the cuts by Auger and Driscoll, the latter once Gomelsky's secretary and Yardbird's Fan Club organiser, later becoming Keith Tippett's missus. Jools' contributions include a trio of songs — including the Spoonful's 'I Didn't Want To Have To Do It' — recorded with the Reg Guest Orchestra, while most of Auger's tracks are the same Jimmy Smith/Jimmy McGriff inspired Hammond hammerings that I remember bedecking an MFP album I owned way back when.

Finally, there's the Softs album, a series of 1967 demos never meant for release and which the participants — Robert Wyatt, Kevin Ayers, Mike Ratledge and David Allen — still cringe over each time they're mentioned.

So there you have it — things hysterical, things historical. Doubtless, mouldy fygges will head for those releases which titivate their memories most, while newcomers can safely make an outlay on the first couple of mentioned items.

Fred Dollar



An early shot of the Soft Machine, featuring Dee Dee Ramone in his paisley period, alias Mike Ratledge. Also featured: Kevin Ayers (beads, smirk), Robert Wyatt (suit, dodgy moustache), David Allen (manic stare). OK lads, back in the box.

...to the soft options of today

SOFT MACHINE Land Of Cockayne (EMI)

AS 'Steely Dan' is to Becker and Fagen, so 'Soft Machine' is to Karl Jenkins. 'Land Of Cockayne' was written, arranged and (ugh) conducted by him and he plays piano and synthesisers. The Softs' 'Six' album, on which Jenkins first made his presence felt, was a charmingly tattered experimentalist notebook offset by a monochrome jazz tinge; nine years on, 'Cockayne's' main fault is its charmlessness.

That's not to say it's redundant. Several tracks move to a sprightly, exciting pulse, courtesy of John Marshall's effortlessly machine drums, always a sixpence in the pudding. 'Panoramania' wings an excellent

riff over a lush string progression and has a bubbly piano solo by John Taylor; 'Lotus Groves' sets up an undergrowth of bleating synths for a flute to poke around in.

But I miss the scrambled, quirky enthusiasm that the old Softs used to muster for their more chaotic ideas. It seems a pity that Jenkins — whose more eccentric electronic dabblings with Mike Ratledge weren't so far removed from the efforts of the newer electricians — has yielded to the soft option of gap-filling with sweeping strings, and his own baroque, blustering baritone and oboe appear to have been consigned to their cases. Dick Morrissey and Ray Warleigh are good reedmen, but there's sessionman ennui in their playing here. The jury's verdict: worthy but dull.

Richard Cook

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the Clash

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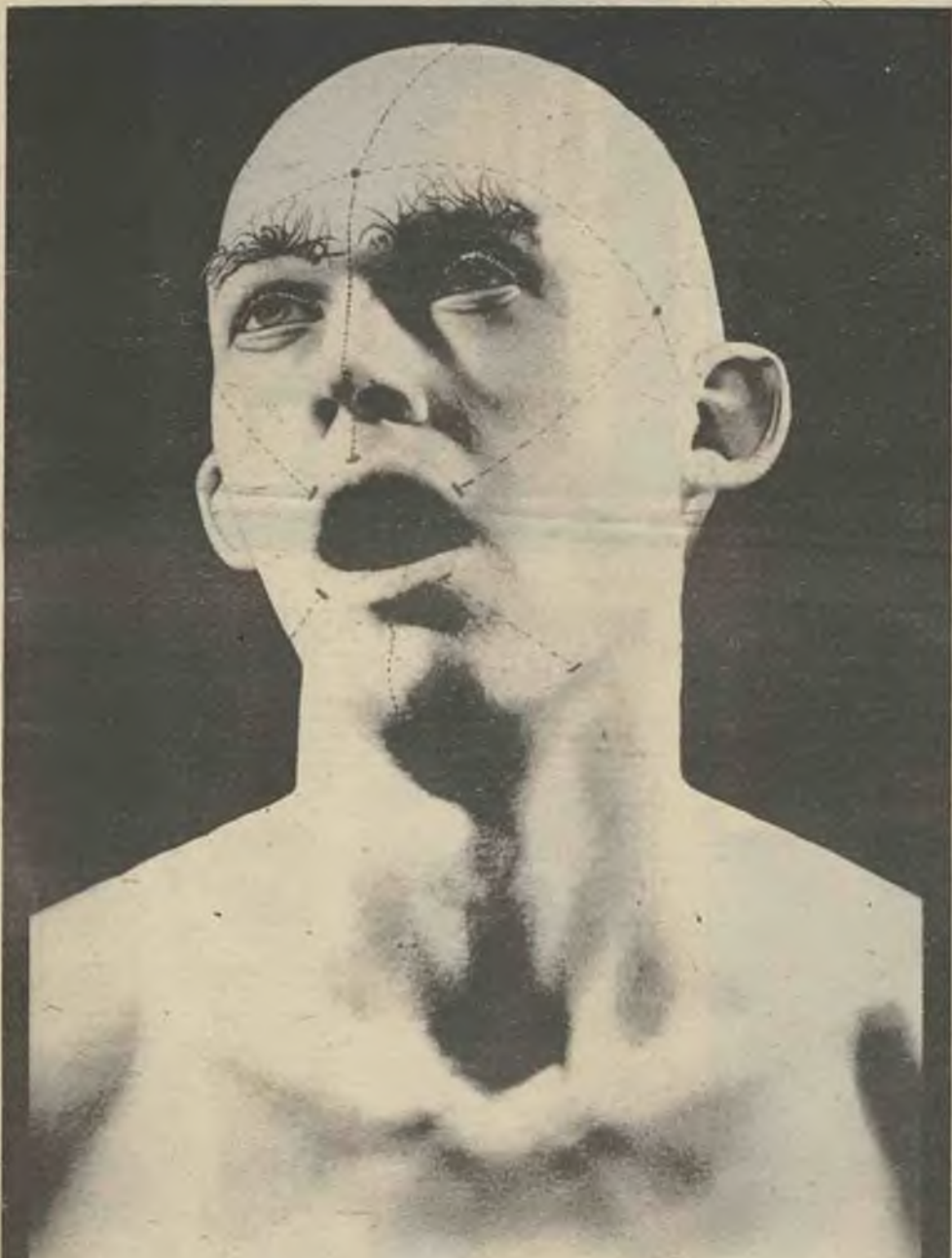


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Enter Romeo, pursued by acclaim

ROMEO VOID
It's A Condition
(415-import)

ROMEO VOID, a new San Franciscan band, adopt a stance that is specifically independent and original while still flying in the face of the new conventions. Their best shot is a fluidity that is quite at odds with the contemporary funk punk and generally its master.

Not that the sound of Romeo Void is wilfully perverse or traditional. Singer Deborah Lyall and her four-piece confidantes concentrate on highly arranged, melodic songs with a simple punch and a sophisticated swagger. The ear is aroused by lyall's individual phrasing and succinct imagery (her lapses into the over-wrought or hysterical are minimal), soothed by the cool excursions of saxophonist Benjamin Bossi, lulled by the fascinating rhythm of bassist Frank Zincavage and drummer John Stench, elated by guitarist Peter Woods.

The songs, neither adult nor adolescent, are mostly excellent. lyall is in possession of the kind of talent that used to drive critics into paroxysms over Patti Smith. The fact that Deborah isn't showing off her ego or excusing weak singing with worse poetry gives her the edge.

If the strength of the impression remains, it's because Romeo Void eschew pretension and manage to provide a sound that is distinctive enough to polarise opinion. They don't make easy listening music.

Their single 'White Sweater' exemplifies this force, evolving slowly through a dream sequence where crude fantasy rubs noses with domestic

nostalgia.

lyall distinguishes herself in different voices on 'Love Is An Illness' and the unrepentantly sensual 'Talk Dirty (To Me)', while the band loom through mists of taut pop and ambitious free-form jazz. The record ends with a sense of fulfilment achieved on 'I Mean It'. Here the composition is tight enough to stand next to Becker and Fagen. Bossi's exuberant,

moody sax is part of the group sound, fitting without jarring, impressing with its integrity and not because of any session man virtuosity.

Romeo Void present another acceptable alternative to fashionable whim. They can set a trend. 415 Records have struggled for a while to find a truly gifted group. They can stop worrying now.

Max Bell



A big "Hi,y'all!" from Debora lyall.

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

City Walls — A Southampton Compilation (*White Elephant*)
Influx One (Zygo)
Vaultage 80 (Attrix)
Cry Havoc (Slip)

FOUR COLLECTIONS from currently unfashionable corners of England. None of them suggests its chosen region to be a hotbed of new ideas — none is of very great interest beyond its own locality — but it's at least encouraging to see people with the dedication to organise such ventures at all. Local compilations have their drawbacks, but conceivably the compilers might yet prove to be the catalysts who ensure some recognition for what local promise there is.

'City Walls' is perhaps the best, a seven-group assortment from the largely-ignored Southampton vicinity. Overall quality is average to good, the stand-outs, for my money, being as follows: 'Ring Pull/Takes' by Exploding Seagulls, for its welcome bounce and brightness; The Motifs' 'Julie', which is unpretentious, pleasing beat music; and Games To Avoid, whose two tracks, especially 'Nature Nurture', show a decent quotient of vision and ambition.

Zygo's 'Influx One' offers 16 tracks from Hertfordshire, ten groups and two soloists. None are rubbish, but nearly all of them reinforce the notion that each key band of an era — be it Pistols, Buzzcocks, JD — spawns a million imitators. One honourable mention, however, for Stranger, from Gravesend, whose contribution 'Mystery' is sufficiently full of, uh, mystery — and imagination — to make any future efforts worthy of interest.

'Vaultage 80' (better late reviewed than never?) is a summary of last year's activity in Brighton. Of the 14 examples on offer I'd take The Mocking Birds' 'Money Money', pleasant if unmemorable, and Idrenes' 'Red Gold And Green', gentle reggae.

And lastly 'Cry Havoc'. Now, "compiled by Stoke Musicians Collective" might not be a sub-title to set the pulse racing, but its 16 songs (13 groups) testify to a rich diversity of musical directions in the town; the LP covers everything from anarcho-punk to disco, improvisation to heavy metal. Personally, I'd go for the two cuts by Vermilion Hair: hard pop, with a fair bit of spirit.

But the trouble with all these records is that the tolerable tracks — whichever you think they are — are buried by all the rest. Very few listeners would find any such compilation acceptable in its entirety. Poor production is a general failing, something that's only partly excused by lack of finance. But ultimately, it's the common lack of originality — more easily identified than rectified, I know — which is the most serious. If only Garageland bands could put as much imagination in their music as they do in their names... then we'd all be laughing.

Paul Du Noyer

STANLEY CLARKE/GEORGE DUKE

The Clarke/Duke Project (Epic)

IN WHICH two respected jazz-funk biggies aim for the mainstream and end up condescending to an audience they don't even have. Doing everything from a 'Louie Louie' which has something less than 1% of the entertainment value of Motorhead's (let alone Toots', The Kinks' or the original Kingsmen version) to drippy ballads and the fake Bootsy of 'Let's Get Started', Stanley and George do little more than spend the entire length of an album demonstrating that music is far too important to be left to musicians.

Charles Shaar Murray

LEE PERRY

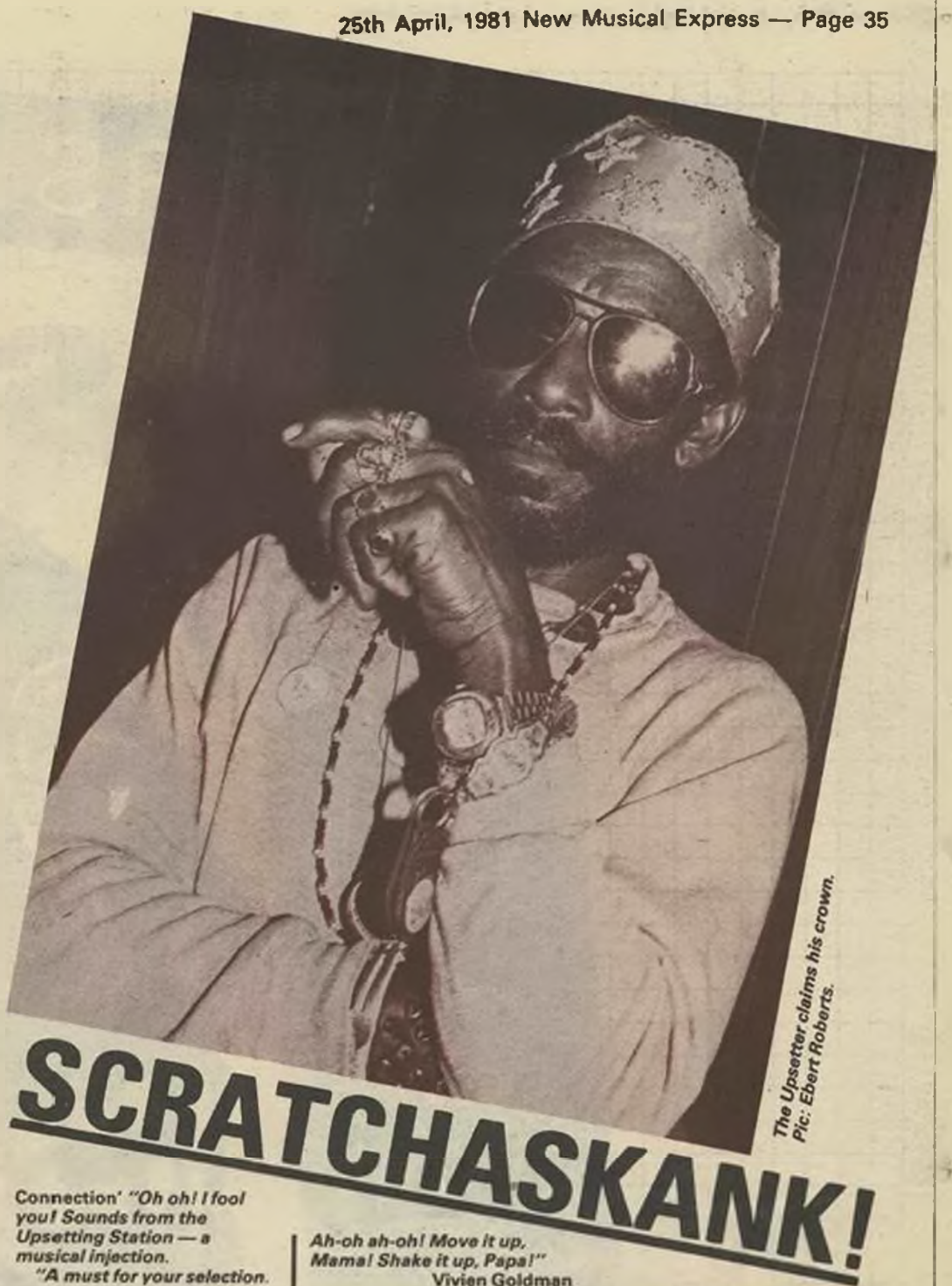
The Upsetters & Friends
(Trojan)

IT'S THE sort of record you can play on a sunny afternoon and feel good. Old musics, but even when they were new, they were different. Even for those who don't endorse the Western concept of madness, it must be admitted that Scratch's lively eccentricity could see him in a bin — if it hadn't long been acknowledged that the little tyke's one of the Jamaican musicians who best befits the word 'genius'.

Side One is all shuffling, jazzy instrumentals, including the 'Return of Django', taking the older listeners back to wild nights at the Roaring Twenties in Carnaby Street, when dreadlocks were things that were difficult to break into. Side Two shows Scratch's spacey use of silence and 3-D texture on the instruments (the Upsetters house band was Family Man and Carly Bennett, the Wailers' rhythm section) edging closer to the earbender music they call classic dub. Sirens, other sound effects, and spoken playlets ('Pass me machete — mek me cut off his hand!') followed by banshee background yowling in 'Cow Thief Skank' emphasize the out and out weirdness — it always marked Scratch's vocal intros.

You even get a bit of singing thrown in — Carlton & His Shoes (the forerunner of the Abyssinians), at their most ethereal, spiritual and generally exquisite on 'Better Days'. A most upfull moment, to counterbalance the psychedelic freak-out weirdness ('How you t'ink you're so trigger-happy?') of the notorious 'Bucky Skank' (named after Bucky Marshall, the late co-founder of the Peace Treaty?)

Scratch sums it up himself, on the intro to 'French



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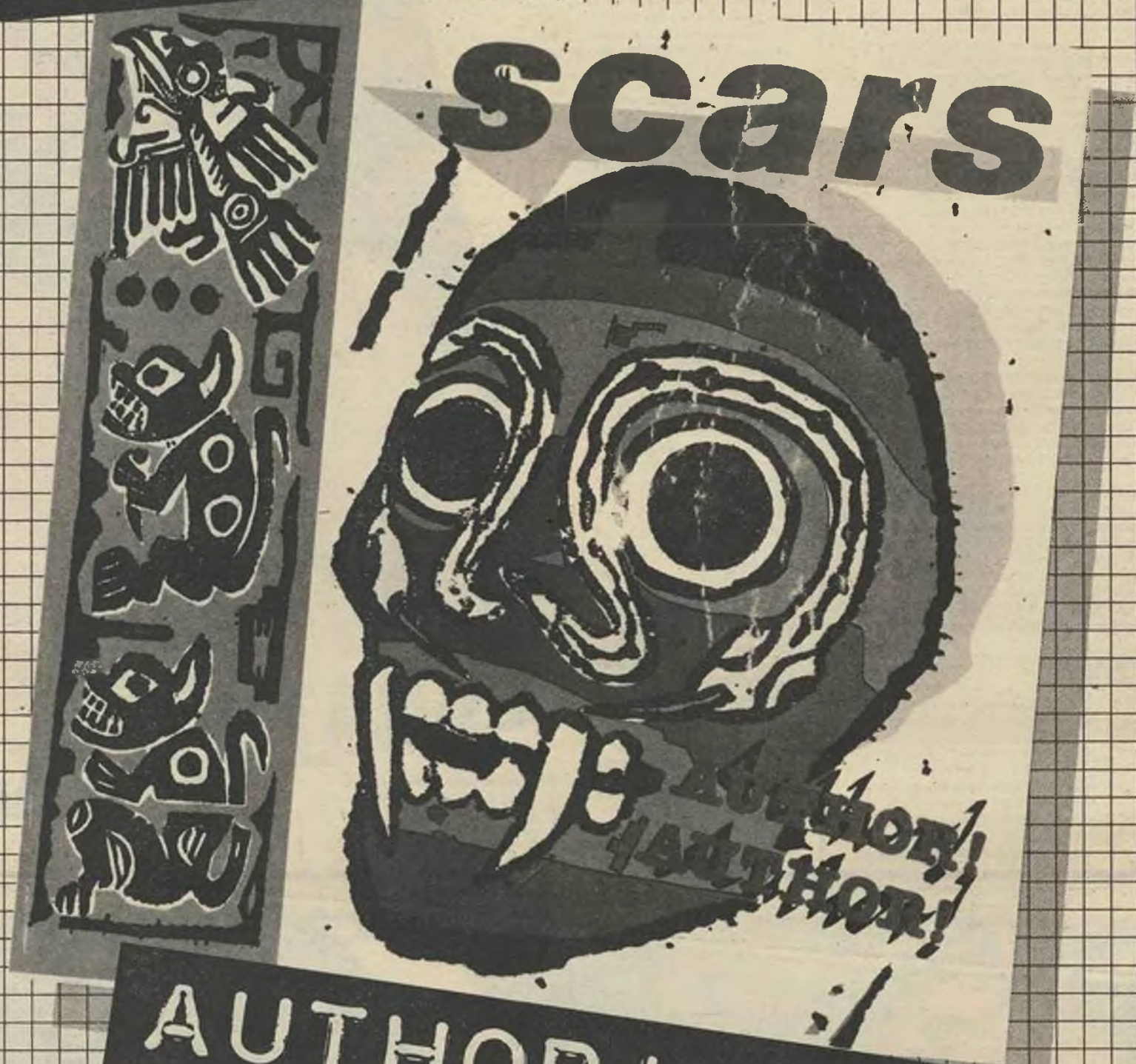
Ah-oh ah-oh! Move it up, Mama! Shake it up, Papa!"
 Vivien Goldman

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DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS



Brian Robertson, Clive Edwards, Jimmy Bain, John Lockton.

Wild Horses round-up

WILD HORSES are back in action again next month, headlining a British tour and releasing a new album — and in both cases, they're the first to feature new guitarist John Lockton as replacement for Neil Carter, who left to join UFO. The LP is 'Stand Your Ground', on which all the songs are penned by the band's co-leaders Jimmy Bain and Brian Robertson, and it's issued by EMI on May 8 — with a single titled 'I'll Give You Love' already available.

First confirmed dates are Newcastle Mayfair (May 15), Redcar Coatham Bowl (17), York University (19), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Liverpool Warehouse (21), Nottingham Rock City (22) and Manchester University (23). Several more have still to be finalised, including a London venue, but ticket prices for the gigs already announced are: £2 in advance and £2.50 on the night (Newcastle); £1.50 advance and £2 on the night (York and Liverpool); all at £2 (Redcar and Nottingham); £2.50 and £2 (Edinburgh); and all at £2.50 (Manchester).



Q-Tips headline trek

Q-TIPS headline their first major London show at the Lyceum Ballroom on Thursday, April 30, and this is sandwiched between a string of other bill-topping gigs around the country. They play Hornsea Floral Hall (tonight, Thursday), Dunstable Queensway Hall (this Sunday), Nottingham University (April 28), Lincoln Drill Hall (29), York University (May 2), Southampton University (4) and Salford University (19), with further dates to be added to this schedule. The outing ties in with the release of the band's new Chrysalis single, a three-tracker featuring 'Stay The Way You Are', plus two live numbers recorded at London Marquee before Christmas — 'Sweet Talk' and 'Looking For Some Action'. Mick Pearl is now back playing bass with Q-Tips, despite breaking an arm at the end of the group's support spot with The Who.



Albertos strike again

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias are back on the road after a lengthy absence, doing the rounds with their 'Let's Use Up The Old Posters Tour'. Dates so far confirmed are Tolworth Recreation Centre (tonight, Thursday), Manchester Polytechnic (Saturday), Thetford Carnegie Rooms (April 27), Cardiff South Wales Polytechnic (29), London Mile End Queen Mary College (May 1), London Victoria The Venue (2), St Albans City Hall (5), Manchester Lamplight Club (6), Sheffield University (9) and Edinburgh Playhouse (10), with at least five more venues still to be announced. The group spend the first three weeks of June working on their own 30-minute Granada-TV show *Alberto's Thesaurus*, for autumn network screening.

TCHAIKOVSKY PUB ROCK

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY and his new band are playing a string of pub-rock gigs, to coincide with the release next week of his new Arista album 'Funland'. In London and the Home Counties the band visit Fulham Greyhound (April 27), Kensington Hotel (28), Watford Veralum (29), Canning Town Bridge House (May 1), Kingston Three Tuns (2), St. Albans Horn of Plenty (4), Euston The Pits (5) and Clapham 101 Club (6), then travel to Birmingham Golden Eagle on May 8. This is a deliberate "Back to the Bars" policy, and more gigs are being added.



Oyster Cult in Donington bash

BLUE OYSTER CULT are the second major act to be confirmed for this year's 'Monsters Of Rock' festival at the Castle Donington racing circuit in Leicestershire on Saturday, August 22 — confirming *NME's* forecast three weeks ago. It will be their first UK appearance for two years, though they've been working non-stop in the States, where they were seen in action last year by an estimated 1½ million people. As reported, the event is topped by AC/DC, and at least three more acts still have to be announced.

Tickets are still only available by post at £8.50 from Wooltare Ltd. (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 123, Walsall W55 4QQ — enclose s.a.e. Admission on the day will be £10.



MAJOR LONDON CONCERTS

THE BUREAU'S LYCEUM DATE

THE BUREAU, the Dexy's splinter group, have now confirmed a major London date for their tour which kicked off earlier this week — it's at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, May 17, with Straight Music promoting. The band also have a new single issued by WEA on May 8 to coincide with their tour, titled 'Let Him Have It'. And they've just finished work on their debut album, scheduled for June release.

● GORDON LIGHTFOOT has added a second London concert to his previously reported UK tour next month, at the Dominion Theatre on May 20 — two days after his show at the Royal Albert Hall.

GLITTER SETS THE DOMINION

GARY GLITTER has now confirmed his major London concert to climax his 'By Public Demand' tour which, as reported two weeks ago, opens tomorrow (Friday) — it's at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on Friday, May 8 (Gary's 37th birthday), and tickets are on sale now priced £4.50 and £3.50. Another date added to his original schedule is at Newcastle Mayfair on Thursday, April 30, but the gig announced for Rayleigh Crocs on May 9 has now been cancelled.



DUKE-CLARKE APOLLO FUNK

GEORGE DUKE and STANLEY CLARKE, two of the leading exponents of jazz-funk, are getting together to play two London concerts next month — at the Victoria Apollo on Saturday and Sunday, May 23 and 24 (tickets priced £5, £4 and £3). They're bringing over a hand-picked backing band for these gigs, which will be their only appearances in this country, with Peter Brightman and Henry Sellers promoting. The shows tie in with the release of their joint album 'The Clarks-Duke Project' on the Epic label, due out in mid-May.

MORE BENSON AT WEMBLEY

GEORGE BENSON is to play a fourth night at London's Wembley Arena on Sunday, June 14, in view of the overwhelming ticket demand for his shows there the three previous nights. Booking for this extra gig is by post only from Kiltorch Ltd., P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW — tickets are £8.80, £7.80 and £6.80 including booking fee, it's POs only, and enclose s.a.e. It was originally announced that the box-office would open to personal callers on April 24, but this no longer applies, because all tickets will have been snapped up by postal applicants.

ANOTHER NEW MUSIC VENUE

BARBARA DICKSON, Alan Price and Richard Digance are among acts lined up for a series of Sunday concerts at a new London music venue — the Duke of York's Theatre in St. Martin's Lane. The 640-seater theatre is now owned by Capital Radio, who have spent over a year renovating it. All six shows will be recorded for subsequent broadcast, and the running order is: Alan Price & Friends (May 3), Richard Digance (10), Comic Strip (17), Barbara Dickson (24), Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia (31) and Julian Lloyd Webber (June 7).

PLASTICS, LOUNGE LIZARDS TO UK

PLASTICS, the much vaunted Japanese outfit, undertake their first UK tour next month, visiting Edinburgh Nite Club (May 9), Leeds Warehouse (11), Norwich East Anglia University (13), Sheffield Limit Club (14), Liverpool Brady's (15) and Birmingham Cedar Rooms (16), followed by a London date on May 18 for which the venue has still to be finalised. The band's debut album 'Welcome Back', recorded in Nassau, is released by Island next week — and the first 10,000 copies include a free flexi picture disc featuring 'Pate' and 'Last Train To Clarksville', neither of which is on the LP. The album does, however, include new versions of 'Robot' and

'Copy' which comprised their debut single on the Rough Trade label last year.

THE LOUNGE LIZARDS, the five-piece New York band whose debut album was issued by Editions EG last month, are set to make their first British visit next month. They've been booked as special guests on the debut tour (reported last week) by new band Discipline, whose line-up includes Robert Fripp and Bill Bruford. To re-cap on the dates, they are Keele University (May 6), Manchester Poly (7), Liverpool University (8), Norwich East Anglia University (9) and London Haymarket Her Majesty's Theatre (10).

GIRLSCHOOL EXTRA

GIRLSCHOOL have added another batch of dates to their current headlining tour, which started before Easter and was originally scheduled to end at London Hammersmith Palais on May 5 — and these extra gigs have been slotted in because of what's described as the huge interest in the tour. They play Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre on May 7 then — after a couple of dates in the Irish Republic — return to the mainland to play Cardiff Sophia Gardens (11), Coventry Theatre (12), Canterbury Odeon (14), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (15) and Chelmsford Odeon (16).

● JACK BRUCE & Friends (Clam Clempson, Billy Cobham and David Sancious), whose concert at London Victoria Apollo on May 12 was announced last week, will now play a warm-up gig at Guildford Surrey University the previous night (11).

BEVY OF HEAVY CHEVY

CHEVY, the Midlands heavy metal band, undertake an extensive tour to tie in with the release of their new single and album — both titled 'The Taker' — on Avatar Records. More dates are currently being finalised, but the 19 confirmed so far are Neath Talk Of The Abbey (May 1), Bury Rebecca's (4), Birmingham Railway Hotel (5), Sunderland Mayfair (8), Leeds Ffordre Green (9), Pontefract Blackmore Head (10), Southend Zero Six (11), Birmingham Railway Hotel (12), Ramsgate Nero's (14), Matlock Northwood Club (15), Edinburgh Astoria (16), Helensboro' Trident Club (17), Swindon Brunel Rooms (19), Port Talbot Troubadour (21), Liverpool Warehouse (22), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (23), Sheffield Penguin (28), Rayleigh Crocs (29) and Banbury The Mill (30).



Chevy singer MARTIN CURE.



JOE ELY'S COMING

JOE ELY flies in with his re-shaped band, now featuring three new members, for a major TV showcase and a string of gigs. He films a 'Texas special' edition of BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on May 19 with the Sir Douglas Quintet, then takes his band on the road to play Reading Hexagon (May 20), Swindon Wyvern Theatre (22), Kirklevington Country Club (24), Manchester's Fagin's (25) and London Victoria The Venue (30, tickets £4). More dates are being added, and Ely will also be playing a few gigs in Holland.

Slade in outdoor gig

SLADE are confirmed as the headliners of this year's open-air Wolverhampton Fiesta. This annual event is being staged at the town's Monmore Green Speedway Stadium on Sunday, May 31, starting at 3 pm and continuing for five hours. Other acts on the bill include Diamond Head, the Eric Bell Band and Titch Turner's Escalator, plus "surprise" guests. The organisers are anticipating a crowd of around 10,000. Advance tickets priced £1.50 are now available from the Civic Hall Booking Office, the Civic Centre and Sundown Records in Wolverhampton; Virgin Records of Birmingham; and Graduate Records of Dudley. Admission on the day will be £2.

TOUR NEWS EXTRA: PAGE 39

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

KILLING JOKE

CLOCK DVA KAN KAN

NATIONAL BALLROOM
234 RIVER ROAD, NW4

TUESDAY 28th APRIL at 7:30

TICKETS £2.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 378 3348
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL. 485 5088, OR £3.00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS

WITH GUESTS
"ROCKET 88"

RAINBOW THEATRE
232 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, W2

WEDNESDAY 29th APRIL at 8:00

TICKETS £2.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 243 3348
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

GIRL SCHOOL

WITH GUESTS
ATIZ

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPPERS ROAD, W6

TUESDAY 5th MAY at 8:00

TICKETS £3.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL. 744 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL. 485 5088, OR £3.00 ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

JAPAN

WITH GUESTS
MODERN ENGLISH

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6

SAT SUN 16th 17th MAY at 7:30

TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 744 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

HAAFTWEERH

THUR/FRI 14/15th MAY at 8:00

LYCEUM BALLROOM
STRAND, WC2

SUNDAY 17th MAY at 7:30

TICKETS £3.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 816 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPPERS ROAD, W6

MONDAY 18th MAY at 8:00

TICKETS £3.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL. 744 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL. 485 5088, OR £3.00 ON NIGHT

DATA CONTROL

DURY TO POLYDOR



confirmed

THREE WEEKS ago, *NME* reported on widespread speculation that Ian Dury was about to leave Stiff Records, and we forecast exclusively that he would sign with Polydor — and this week, an official announcement from Polydor confirms that he has joined the label. It adds that Dury is currently working on new recordings, and details of his initial releases for the company can be expected shortly.

GRAM PARSONS: CLASSIC ALBUM

THE CLASSIC album 'Gram Parsons And The Fallen Angels — 1973' is at last being made available in Britain, now that Sierra Records have secured the rights to release it. A feature of the LP, which includes five previously unissued songs, is that Emmylou Harris is showcased on vocals. The sleeve carries some rare pictures of Parsons, while the notes are written by Sid Griffin — whose book on Parsons, titled *Grievous Angel*, is being published in May.

Scratch Records have signed Drew McCulloch (ex-Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance) and keyboards man Alan Park. Their first duo single, under the banner of McCulloch-Park, is out this weekend titled 'Don't Leave It All Behind'.

'Life In Tokyo', one of Japan's most popular stage numbers, is released this week as an Arista single. It was recorded two years ago but, at the time, was considered too avant-garde for the market — and it has not appeared on any of the band's four albums. It's now being issued by Arista (in both 7" and 12") with Japan's full approval, even though they have now signed to Virgin. The B-side is 'European Son', also previously unissued.

Virgin Records have signed German duo Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft, more conveniently known as D.A.F., to a long-term deal. First product is an album titled 'Alles Is Gut', produced by Conny Plank, released on May 1. It's followed on May 22 by a single called 'Der Mussolini', in both 7" and 12" form.

● The first single by Bikini Atoll is 'Don't Reduce My Heart' on Ready Go Records, now available through Rough Trade, Red Rhino and other leading indies.

● An album titled 'The Mutant Disco: A Subtle Dislocation Of The Norm' is released on the Ze label (via Island) on May 18. It features six long discomix funk tracks, including 'Que Pasa / Me No Pop' by Coati Mundi and 'Wheel Me Out' by Was (Not Was), both of which have been hot import items.

● A special limited edition of 10,000 copies of the Motorhead album 'Ace Of Spades' have been made available by Bronze in gold vinyl. This celebrates the LP having recently achieved gold disc status.

● John Dowie has a single called 'It's Hard To Be An Egg' out this week on Factory Records — and it comes in a bag with feathers on it! His next gig is at London Fulham Greyhound this Sunday (26), where the single will be on sale at the special price of 35p.

● The Art Bears' third album 'The World As It Is Today', released in early May on their own Re label (through Recommended Records), plays at 45rpm — by means of a new process at the pressing plant, which greatly enhances the sound quality. Initial copies will include a free clear-vinyl single which (*wouldn't you know it?*) plays at 33rpm!

● B. A. Robertson has composed the music for a new ITV children's series called *The Woolfies*, written by Michael Parkinson, which begins on April 30 — and a new single can be expected to emerge from it.

● Pinnacle have signed a distribution deal with Sheffield heavy metal band Geddes Axe and their own newly-formed label ACS. The first release under the agreement is a three-track EP titled 'Return Of The Gods', out this week in a picture sleeve.

● 'Timedance', which was performed by Planxty in the recent Eurovision Song Contest, is now available as a single — either 7" or 12". It's issued by WEA-Ireland.

● The Rhythm Hawks, currently touring America with rockabilly star Mac Curtis, have their single 'No Chance' — produced by The Sutherland Brothers — out this week on Hot Rock Records (distributed by Pinnacle).

● Bob England, who manages such artists as Darts and Chas & Dave, has formed his own Towerbell label with pressing and distribution through PRT. First single out this week is by England's wife Natasha, and it's called 'I Can't Hold On'.

● Recent chart-topper Shakin' Stevens has two singles out this week. His official follow-up to 'This Ole House' is 'You Drive Me Crazy' on the Epic label. But Battle Of The Bands Records (distributed by Stage One) are releasing an earlier Stevens recording — his version of 'Jungle Rock', which was a 1976 hit for Hank Mizell.

LAMBRETTAS SYNTHESISED

THE LAMBRETTAS' second Rocket album 'Ambience', issued this weekend, marks a distinct change from their previous set 'Beat Boys In The Jet Age' — with producer Steve James introducing synthesisers and stylised vocals to augment the group's material. It consists of new songs penned by the band, except for the George Harrison number 'I Want To Tell You'. Their new single is also out this week and is not taken from the LP — it's called 'Anything You Want'. The Lambrettas appear in ITV's *Rockstage* series next Monday (27).



ENZ: LP, SINGLE, TOUR

SPLIT ENZ release their second album for A&M on May 1, titled 'Waiaia' — which is a Maori word meaning "a celebration involving whistling, singing and stamping". It will be followed two weeks later (May 15) by a three-track laser-etched single called 'History Never Repeats'. Since they were last

here, the band have lost drummer Malcolm Green, so percussionist Noel Crombie is now taking over the drum seat — bringing their number down to a five-piece. Currently engaged in a world tour, ENZ will be back in the UK to kick off a major tour on June 25, details to follow shortly.

RECORD NEWS



DEVOTO sings about the weather

Magazine back in business

MAGAZINE have their first single for eight months, coupling 'About The Weather' and 'In The Dark', issued by Virgin on May 1 — with a 12-inch version carrying a bonus track called 'The Operative' due a week later. These tracks are the first results of the band's collaboration with producer Martin Hannett, who has also just finished mixing their new album called 'Magic, Murder And The Weather'. No release date has yet been set for the LP, but it's understood that they're planning a string of live dates to coincide with its appearance. Magazine will also be featured on the soundtrack LP of the long-awaited film *Urgh!*, which is being released by A&M — both the movie and the album are due out in the summer.

Killing Joke disco mixing

KILLING JOKE have a new single released on May 1 to coincide with their latest gig series, starting this weekend (see Gig Guide), comprising 'Follow The Leader' and 'Tension'. There's also a ten-inch version featuring those two tracks, plus a disco-mix version of the A-side. The band's new album is now in the editing stage, and should be ready for release in the near future.

● Yoko Ono is currently recording her next album in New York — titled 'Season Of Glass', it contains all new Ono compositions and it's being produced by Phil Spector. Yoko is using the same musicians who worked on the 'Double Fantasy' set, and the LP will be issued by Geffen Records later in the spring.

● Plummet Airlines have a double album titled 'On Stoney Ground', combining BBC sessions and live recordings, issued this week at the recommended price of £5.99. It's the first release on the Hedonics label, a subsidiary of Armageddon Records.

● The new Samson single 'Riding With The Angels', released by RCA on May 8, is a Russ Ballard composition. It's culled from their latest album 'Shock Tactics', which follows on May 15.

● Top American drummer Harvey Mason has an album called 'MVP' issued by Arista next week. At the same time comes a single 'How Does It Feel' / 'On And On', plus a 12-inch version with an extra track titled 'Till You Take My Love'.

● The Virgin Prunes have their second Rough Trade release on May 1. This time it's a three-track EP featuring 'Greylight', 'War' and 'Moments And Mind'.



● Herbie Armstrong — founder of both Fox and Yellow Dog, subsequently Van Morrison's regular guitarist and now a successful backroom boy — has his debut solo single 'Real Real Gone' issued by Avatar Records this weekend. It was written and produced by Van Morrison, the first time he's penned material for anyone other than himself.

Jona follow-up

JONA LEWIE, whose last single 'Stop The Cavalry' has now sold over two million copies worldwide, has his follow-up released by Stiff this weekend — titled 'Louise (We Get It Right)'. Besides the orthodox seven-inch version, there's also a ten-incher retailing at the same price and featuring an extended treatment of the A-side.

Anne Nightingale

CHASE THE FADE

Music Memories & Memorabilia

£5.95
or 1
Hardback

A personal account of over ten years association with the music scene, featuring 32 pages of full colour illustrations. Published by BLANDFORD PRESS, Robert Rogers House, New Orchard, Poole, Dorset BH15 1LU on 27th April, 1981.

"Signing Session at Virgin Record 14/16 Oxford Street on 1st May between 12.30 and 2 pm."

DATA CONTROL

■ **Manchester's Terminal Music** — who have been at the forefront of the indie tape distributing business for the past two years — have had their cassette mail order list in operation since the start of the year — updated regularly with reviews of all the tapes stocked.

Says Terminal's Colin Robinson: "We have included the reviews so people have an idea of the music. We only stock decently recorded cassettes. There is a lot of rubbish about."

The list is available by sending a large SAE to Terminal Music, 133 Lower Seedy Road, Salford M6. The price of their cassettes ranges from a quid to £2.70.

■ **Mechanical Pause System**, a new Leicester group, release a four track tape EP on Revolver Records this week. Enquiries to Revolver at Market Place, Leicester.

■ **'The Sexy Smiles Of Lee Yip'** is the title of the first tape from **The Sconeheads**. They claim to be "really big in Penrith". See for yourself by sending a blank C90 to 23 Sandgate, Penrith, Cumbria.

■ A compilation tape, **'The Man With Deadly Dreams'**, featuring

Cassette crazy!

Tapes spliced by ADRIAN THRILLS

Clock DVA, Eyeless In Gaze, Rema Rema and various **Throbbing Gristle** and **Cabaret Voltaire** people is available by an advance payment of £2.50 to White Stains Tapes, Geoff Rushton, The Boarding House, Oxford Road, Thame, Oxon.

■ **No Problem** release their **Together EP** this week. It is yours for either £1 or a blank tape/SAE from Walp Tapes, Helmsley Bush, 12 Park Grove, Hull.

■ **Loss Of Head** have now released their second cassette, **'Dr Phibes Rides Again'**.

Available for £1 from D'Arcy Weisbach Products, 61 Scotland Way, Horsforth, Leeds.

■ **The Real Imitations** have their first cassette, a tragi-comedy, it says here, released on their own Label Unknown label. Send £2 to 3A Founier Street, London E1 and

GARAGELAND



These two pensive dudes watching the river flow are none other than the Stormbugs — Viv Sanderson and Steven Ball to their mums and dads — who are shortly to release their debut single on the French label L'Invitation Au Suicide. The 'Bugs also have compiled a compilation tape of some of their earlier moments, entitled 'Gift' and available on the Snatch label, 133 Daubeny Towers, Deptford SE8. It could be yours for £2.50 But will they jump?

50 minutes of music could be yours.

■ **Games** are an electronic dance band from Liverpool whose new cassette LP **'Bogus Compendium'** is available for £1.50 from the group at 21 Lark Lane, Liverpool 17.

■ **'Music And Poems From Home To Home'** is the snappy title of the first four track cassette from **The Limp Experiment**. It costs 50p plus 12p postage from Limp Tape Publications, 7 Bellfield Park Avenue, Weymouth, Dorset.

■ **The Night The Goldfish Died** are back! The Portsmouth group have two new tapes on issue, one which they claim to be giving away absolutely free. **'File Under Fish'**, their cassette single is the freebie, the tape provided by TNTGD themselves. The other tape, **'The Goldfish Bootleg'** is obtainable by sending a blank tape to 64 Moorland Road, Fratton, Portsmouth, Hants.

■ **Total Chaos** are a Gateshead group who run their own venue called — appropriately enough — **The Garage**. The place is for young groups who lack experience with medium-sized audiences. As a showcase, they

have compiled a tape, seven-tracks long, containing stuff by all **The Garage** favourites. It is available for 50 pence from the venue itself on a Sunday night or from **Total Chaos Productions**, 127 Sunderland Road, Gateshead, Tyne and Wear.

■ **Colchester's Special Duties** have put out a six-track tape on **Rhythmic Records**, c/o Mick Nice, 50 Ernest Road, Wivenhoe, Essex, cost £1.40.

■ **The Lucys** also have a tape out. It is a four-track that costs £1.50 from 14 St John's Crescent, Brixton, London SW9. Their single could be following soon.

■ Another familiar name, the good old **Replaceable Heads** have two C60 tapes available for £1.50 plus SAE. **'Be Replaced'** and **'God Only Knows If We're In Tune'** are issued by R Nib, 12A Avenue Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

■ A blank C60 plus SAE sent to **My Clock Tapes** (38 Angus Ave, Eastkilbride, Glasgow,) should ensure a copy of **Tin Yen Soup's** debut cassette. To give people an indication of what they sound like, the boys say like listening to **ATV, Cabs and Can.**

Tour News Extra

TRUCKIN' WITH TENPOLE

TENPOLE TUDOR are doing the rounds in support of their new Stiff album **'Eddie, Old Bob, Dick And Gary'** and their single culled from it **'Swords Of A Thousand Men'**. They play Leeds Fan Club (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool Brady's (Friday), Scarborough Penthouse (May 1), Glasgow Technical College (2), Sheffield Limit (5), Port Talbot Troubadour (7), Retford Porterhouse (8), Dudley J.B.'s (9), Oxford Scamps (11), Yeovil Johnson Hall (19), Torquay 400 Ballroom (20), Barnstaple Chequers (21), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (23) and Wolverhampton Lafayette (28).

□ **THE THOMPSON TWINS** play two nights at London Marquee Club on Thursday and Friday, April 30 and May 1, as a warm-up for their first major headlining UK tour. This is scheduled to open on May 17 (details expected shortly), coinciding with the release of their debut album **'A Product Of'** on Modern Records.

□ **FRUIT EATING BEARS** play Gillingham Central Hotel (tomorrow, Friday), Shepperton The Goat (Saturday), Hayes Bricklayers Arms (May 3), Sevenoaks Bligh's Hotel (6), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (8), Worthing The Swan (18), Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms (22), Seaford Great Dane (23) and London Southall White Hart (25), with more being set.

□ **ULTRAVOX**, **Coast To Coast**, **Cozy Powell's Hammer**, **The Lambrétas** and **The Barron Knights** are among the groups taking part in the annual **Goalriggers Celebrity Five-A-Side** soccer competition being played at Chelsea's Stamford Bridge ground on Sunday, May 10 (kick-off 3 pm). Bunnies and Penthouse Pets will be in attendance, with Brian Moore and Jimmy Hill providing the commentaries. Admission is £2.50.

□ **TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS** is the name of the new group formed by John Dummer (ex-Darts drummer and leader of his own blues band) and ex-Squeeze bassist Harry Kakoulli. It also includes Helen April, the Salvetti Sisters and ex-Lurker Manic Esso. Their next two London gigs are at Euston The Pits (tonight, Thursday) and Stockwell Old Queen's Head (May 3).

□ **PRIME SUSPECT**, who supported Hazel O'Connor on her recent tour, are playing a string of gigs in their own right — at Guildford Wooden Bridge (May 2), Bordon Royal Oak (15), London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (16), Waterloo White Hart (31), Southampton Joiners Arms (June 6) and Portsmouth White Swan (13) — to preview their new single due out in June.

□ **THE CHEATERS** have set the third leg of their **'Sod The Price Of Petrol'** tour, with gigs at Carlisle Coach House (April 26), Liverpool Mayflower (28), Harrow Middlesex & Herts Country Club (29), London Islington Hope & Anchor (30), London Herne Hill Half Moon (May 1), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (2), Paisley Bungalow Bar (5), Aberdeen Valhalla's (6), Dundee Hong Kong Bar (7), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (8), Glasgow Technical College (9), Glenrothes Rothas Arms (10) and Chorley Lamplight Club (12).

□ **SPIDER**, the Liverpool four-piece boogie band, extend their current tour through to the end of May. They preview their new single and debut album, due in the summer, with gigs at Huddersfield Eros (tonight, Thursday), Macclesfield Masonic (Friday), Preston Warehouse (Saturday), Peterlee Norseman (April 30), Margate Ship Inn (May 6), Ramsgate Flowing Bowl (7), Hailsham The Crown (8), Hatfield Stonehouse (10), Malvern Nags Head (14), Kidderminster Boars Head (15), Peterborough Bushfield Centre (16), Gravesend Red Lion (21), Manchester Ashton Spread Eagle (22), Tonypandy Naval Club (23), Newbridge Memorial Hall (24), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (26), Barton Youth Centre (27), Barrowhaven The Inn (28), Blackpool JR's (29 and 30) and Hull Humberside Theatre (31).

□ **TANYA TUCKER** has withdrawn from Glen Campbell's British tour, opening in Halifax tonight (Thursday), on which she was to have been special guest. Diane Solomon has stepped in for Tanya at short notice.

□ **JETS**, whose new single **'Let's Get It On'** is released by EMI this week, have been booked to support **Shakin' Stevens** in his upcoming nationwide tour. As previously reported, it opens at Birmingham Odeon on May 13.

□ **DOLLY MIXTURE** are playing another London club tour, with newly confirmed gigs at Camden Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday), Marquee Club (April 28), Canning Town Bridge House (30), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (May 4) and Fulham Greyhound (5).

□ **THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS**, Zip Gun and **The Deltas** are among those appearing in a six-hour show at London Southgate Royalty on Bank Holiday Monday, May 4 (5-11 pm). It's billed as **'May Day Rockability Special'**.

□ **GRACE** have delayed release of their first MCA/Clay album until tomorrow (Friday), in order to tie in with a new series of gigs starting next week. The Stoke band are so far set for London Fulham Greyhound (April 30), supporting Jim Capaldi at London Victoria The Venue (May 1), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (7), Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre (9), Coventry General Wolfe (14 and 28) and Birmingham Golden Eagle (21).

□ **MATCHBOX** undertake a five-day Irish tour early next month. First date is at Belfast Ulster Hall on May 6, and this is to be filmed by BBC-TV.

□ **BIRTHDAY PARTY** are the headlining act at the re-opening of London Acton King's Head on Sunday, April 26. The venue will in future operate under the name of **The Fire Escape**, and subsequent bookings include **The Decorators**, **Furniture**, **Lucky Saddies**, **Motor Boys Motor** and **Auntie Pus**.

ARDIS

EXCITING NEW ALBUM — AVAILABLE NOW

THE WORLD'S INSANE

CATCH THEM ON THE HEAVY MENTAL TOUR

APRIL
22nd The Pier Club, WIGAN
23rd The Royal Spa Centre, LEAMINGTON SPA
24th The Pavilion, WEST RUNTON
25th The Boat Club, NOTTINGHAM
30th Wintergardens, BANBURY

With Support 720

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Thur 23rd April (Adm £2.00) BELLE STARS Plus support & Jerry Floyd	Monday 27th April (Adm £1.50) THE LEMONS Plus friends & Jerry Floyd
Fri 24th April (Adm £2.00) RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES Plus The Americans & Jerry Floyd	Tue 28th April (Adm £1.50) DOLLY MIXTURE Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Sat 25th April (Adm £2.00) SUPERCHARGE '81 Plus friends & Jerry Floyd	Wed 29th April (Adm £1.25) WHITE HEAT Plus support & Jerry Floyd
Sun 26th April (Adm £1.25) WEAPON Plus support & Jerry Floyd	Thur 30th April & Fri 1st May THOMPSON TWINS Plus guests & Jerry Floyd Advance tickets to members £1.75 Non-members on the door £2.00

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READING FESTIVAL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

Mute Night, Silent Night

NON FURIOUS

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GADGET PIG
MODE PALAIS
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LYCEUM
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SUNDAY 26th APRIL at 6.30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 036 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. TEL: 035 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 2 KENTISH TOWN RD. NW1. TEL: 485 5084

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 USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

DINGWALLS

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

THURSDAY 23 - NEEDLES & PINS NIGHT NIGHT
THE SEARCHERS
HEAR 'ANOTHER NIGHT' - THEIR NEW SINGLE OUT ON SIRE RECORDS

FRIDAY 24 - ALL GIRL ROCK NIGHT
DOLLY MIXTURES PLUS GUESTS THE GYMSLIPS

SATURDAY 25
STREET WALKERS
SUPPORTED BY BABY AND THE BLACKSPOTS

MONDAY 27
THE MONSTERS. DEAD ROSES. D.J. KANE & THE MILLIONAIRES

TUESDAY 28 COUNTRY ROCK NIGHT
PAUL KENNERLEY BAND
PAUL WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECENT 'JESSE JAMES' ALBUM ON A&M FEATURING JOHNNY CASH & EMMYLOU

WEDNESDAY 29 REGGAE NIGHT
THE CIMARONS

THURSDAY 30 - WELCOME RETURN AFTER A LONG STINT IN THE STATES
HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS

RESTAURANT
8.30 - 1.30am 'BURGERS, STEAKS FROM THE GRILL, MEALS, CHILLI, SOUPS ETC. FROM THE KITCHEN

LATE NIGHT BAR
8pm - 2am THE LONGEST BAR IN LONDON. REAL ALE, COCKTAILS, WINES, FRIENDLY & SPEEDY SERVICE

Rainbow THEATRE
Jaybest Presents
DIRECT FROM JAMAICA

JOHNNY OSBOURNE

+ Support + Top Sound Fatman HiFi
Sunday 26th April 7.30 pm

Tickets £4.00, £3.50 from Rainbow Box Office, Finsbury Park, 01-263 3148. Daddy Kool, Third World, Greensleeves or Black Echoes Newspaper, 113 High Holborn WC1.

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 23rd April £1 CHRIS HUNTS CABLE CAR + The British	Friday 24th April £1.50 THE BELLE STARS + Kicks
Saturday 25th April £1.50 MODERN JAZZ + Belgrave	Sunday 26th April £1 JOHN DOWIE + Catchermann
Monday 27th April £2 BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY + Lasers	Tuesday 28th April £1 TOUR DE FORCE + The AK Band
Wednesday 29th April £1 ERIC BLAKE + The Shine	

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

THE Venue

Main Band on at 9.00 pm

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 412644 Open 8 pm - 2 am

Thursday 23rd April Adv £2 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 + The English	Saturday 9th May Adv £3.50 THE UNDERTONES + Support
Wednesday 29th April Adv £3.50 BILLIE JOE SPEARS Plus The Hillsiders	Friday 15th May Adv £2.50 PSYCHEDELIC FURS
Thursday 30th April Adv £3.00 GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS	Saturday 16th May Adv £2.50 SQUEEZE
Friday 1st May Adv £2.50 FREEEZ	Wednesday 20th May Adv £3.50 KRAFTWERK
Saturday 2nd May Adv £3.00 GARY GLITTER	Friday 22nd May Adv £2.00 WILD HORSES + Lionheart
Monday 4th May Adv £3.50 Ltd number £2.50 with date card from Rock City only THE BEAT	Saturday 6th June Adv £2.50 JUDIE TZUKE
	Friday 12th June Adv £3.00 TEARDROP EXPLODES

Tickets from Rock City, Virgin Selectadisc 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

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS
Tel: 0777 704981 Open 8pm-2am

Friday 24th April £2 BLURT + METHOD ACTORS	Saturday 25th April £2 RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
Saturday 2nd May £2 9 9 9	Monday 4th May £2 THE HONEY DRIPPERS
Friday 8th May £2 TENPOLE TUDOR	Saturday 9th May £2 ALEX HARVEY

THIS WEEK

Thursday 23rd April £2 ORIGINAL MIRRORS + The Scars + Motor Boys Motor	Monday 27th April £2 LIGHTNING RAIDERS Deaf Aids + Andy Allans Future
Late Night £2 LATE DISKOW WITH RUSSELL WEBB	Tuesday 28th April Private Function
Friday 24th April £3 LIVE WIRE	Wednesday 29th April £3 THE PASSIONS + The Fix
Saturday 25th April £3.50 OSIBISA	Thursday 30th April £4 BILLIE JO SPEARS + The Hillsiders
Sunday 26th April £2 SUNDAY FUNKSHUN	Late Night £2 LATE DISKOW WITH MANDY H

The ENTERTAINMENT

Q-Tips

RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
+ Bop Natives + disco

Thursday 30th April 7.30 pm

LYCEUM BALLROOM
TICKETS £2.50 from the Lyceum box office Tel: 036 3715

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 22nd April £1 MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS	Sunday 26th April £1 TYMON DOGG
Thursday 23rd April £1 OK JIVE	Monday 27th April £1 THE OUTPATIENTS
Friday 24th April £1.25 BIM	Tuesday 28th April £1 MOTOR BOYS MOTOR
Saturday 25th April £1.25 RICKY COOL & THE RIALTOS	Wednesday 29th April £1 BLACK MARKET

COMING SOON

Friday 1st May £3.50 JIM CAPALDI AND THE CONTENDERS
Saturday 2nd May £3.50 ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
Wednesday 6th May £2 PAUL BRADY & HIS BAND
Thursday 7th May £2 PEARL HARBOUR
Friday 8th May £3.50 BRIAN KNIGHT ALLSTARS featuring Paul Jones, Ronnie Lane and Dick Heckstall-Smith

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 23rd April 70p ROCKABILLY REBELS + The Deftas	Monday 27th April £1.50 Bridgehouse Special JUDGE DREAD
Friday 24th April £1.20 HANK WANGFORD BAND + AK Band	Tuesday 28th April 70p Rockabilly Nite BLUE CATS + Wild Wax Show
Saturday 25th April £1.20 JIMMY RIDDLE & THE P... POTS	Wednesday 29th April 70p GIRLS AT OUR BEST + The Pope
Sunday 26th April £1 SUNFIGHTER + Capital Dandies	Thursday 30th April 80p DOLLY MIXTURE + The Rapiers

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS AND . . .

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS have lined up an extensive tour to tie in with the release of their new album 'Go For It' and you can catch them initially at Guildford (Thursday), Leicester (Saturday), Southampton (Sunday), Cardiff (Monday), Wolverhampton (Tuesday) and Hanley (Wednesday). The Wall are support act.



THURSDAY

Aberdeen Summer St: Zounds/The Astronauts
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ida-Red
Birmingham Cedar Club: The Three Laws
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Odeon: Neil Sedaka
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Canterbury Allberry's Wine Bar: Silent Movies
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Razz/Treatment/Empty Vessels
Chesterfield Fusion: The Shakin' Pyramids
Cobham Village Hall: Chester
Corby Nags Head: Shader
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: The Hornets
Coventry General Wolfe: I
Coventry Tiffany's: The Angelic Upstarts
Crowborough Cross: The Techniques/The Operators
Derby Assembly Rooms: Mike Harding
Derby Blue Note Club: B Movie
Dudley Town Hall: Hamburger Mary/Steel
Dundee The Hong Kong: T.V. Smith & The Explorers
Eastcote Bottom Line: The Inversions
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: Whips
Eton Christopher Hotel: The Kicks
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Larry Miller Band
Glasgow Burns Howff: The Complexions
Glasgow Cinders: X-O-Dus
Guildford Civic Hall: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
Guildford Wooden Bridge: The Sleep
Halifax Civic Theatre: Glen Campbell/Tanya Tucker
Hayle Penmare Hotel: The Artists
Hardstoft Shoulder of Mutton: Lionheart
Horne Bay Kings Hall: Billie Jo Spears
Hillingdon Bricklayers Arms: The Flatbackers
Huddersfield Eros Club: Spider
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: The Out
Leamington Royal Spa Centre: Vardis
Leeds Cosmo's Club: Dodgy Tactics
Leeds Fan Club: Arrowmatic Tors
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Liverpool Brady's: Watt 4
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
London Camden Dingwalls: The Searchers
London Canning Town Bridge House: Rockability Rebels/The Deltas
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: SJ & Her Gem
London Chelsea Kennedy's: Gille McPherson
London Clapham 101 Club: Rubber
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Pigbag
London Deptford The Crypt: The Kraze
London Euston The Pits: Between Pictures/True Life Confessions
London Finchley Torrington: Young Jazz Big Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Chris Hunt's Cable Car
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Room: White Heat/Lower Levels
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave Ellis Band
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Remipeds/Venigmas
London Islington Hope & Anchor: OK Jive
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Razz/Dazy Spasm Band
London Marquee Club: Belle Stars
London N.W.2 Hugs Grunt: High Society Jazzmen
London Putney Star & Garter: Danny Adler Band
London Putney White Lion: Inch By Inch
London Soho Pizza Express: Be Bop Preservation Society
London Southall The Cavern: The Keys/The Effect
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Shades
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: A Bigger Splash/The Pick-Ups
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
London Stratford Green Man: Nicky Barclay Band/John Spencer
London Tooting The Castle: The Artists/Limehouse
London Victoria The Venue: The Original Mirrors/The Scars/Motor Boys Motor

London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London Wembley Brent Town Hall: Shakatak/Power Line/Roxy Rollers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Dangerous Girls/Spangs
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: El Seven/The Shrinking Men
London Willesden Technical College: Back Door Man
London Woolwich Tramshed: The Reluctant Stereotypes/Bumble & The Bees
Manchester Band on the Wall: Johnny Mars
Manchester (Didsbury) Old Grey Horse: The Still
Manchester Portland Bars: Zanathus
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: The Cheaters
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin Horse
Newcastle City Hall: Roger Whittaker
Newcastle The Delby: The Fashionable Impure
Newcastle University Level 6: P.M. Tension/The Fixations/Yellow Jellies/Insecure
Newcastle-under-Lyme El Syd's: Xpertz
Norwich Jaquard Club: The 45's
Norwich Labour Club: The Auditions
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples/Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Nottingham Rock City: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
Oxford New Theatre: The Cure
Preston Guildhall: Girlschool/AllZ
Preston Warehouse: Blur/The Method Actors
Reading Hexagon Theatre: Cilla Black
Rye The Oasis: The Nashville Teens
Sandwich White Horse: Blue Country
Seaford The Great Dane: Mystery Boys
Sheffield City Hall: Leo Sayer
Sheffield Penguin Club: Still Earth
Stockport Portland Bars: Zanathus
Stockport Smugglers Club: Predators/England
Swansea Dublin Arms: The Tunnelrunners/The Lost Boys
Tolworth Recreation Centre: Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: Stephane Grappelli
Wakofield Unity Hall: 999
Winchester Railway Inn: The Press
Wolverhampton Barley Mow: Sub Zero
Worthing Balmoral Bar: Eclipse

FRIDAY

Amersham Iron Horse: No Difference
Ashford Ben Truman: The Nashville Teens
Barnsley Portcullis Club: Geddes Axe
Bath St. James Theatre: Ultimate
Dance/Dof's House/Phantoms Of the Underground
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Dance/The Rationals
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Afrikan Stars/Fast Relief
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Odeon: Mike Harding
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
Blackwood Oakdale Institute: Nicky Moore Band
Bradford St. George's Hall: Leo Sayer
Bridport Greyhound Hotel: Talon
Brighton Centre: Neil Sedaka
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: Flying Saucers
Cannock The Moonraker: The Quads
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Elgin Marbles/The Wild Boys
Chiddingfold Six Bells: Larry Miller Band
Chorley Adlington British Legion: The Nightingales/The Bu-Boys
Cleethorpes Peppers: Arrowmatic Tors
Colne Hendley Hotel: Whips
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: Energy
Coventry General Wolfe: Groovy Lepers
Coventry Red House: The Cruisers
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlites
Crawley Leisure Centre: Billie Jo Spears
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Vardis
Croydon The Star: Limehouse
Durham Kelloe Club: The Toy Dolls
Edinburgh Nite Club: 999
Edinburgh The Cavendish: Zounds/The Astronauts
Eton Christopher Hotel: Dave Ellis Band
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band

NUMAN BAILS OUT

GARY NUMAN is retiring from the concert platform, he tells us, to concentrate on recording and filming. He bids farewell to live audiences (just like Sinatra and Elton did at one stage) on Monday and Tuesday, when he plays Wembley Arena.

OVERT UNDERTONES

THE UNDERTONES have settled all their problems and return to live action this week, starting in Glasgow (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday) and Middlesbrough (Tuesday). Our picture below is of fearless Feargall Sharkey.



. . . KILLING JOKE TOURS OPEN

KILLING JOKE support their new single 'Follow The Leader' with a string of gigs, which begin in Middlesbrough (Saturday), Leeds (Sunday), Reading (Monday), Reading (Monday), London (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). There are a number of different supports, including Clock DVA, I'm So Hollow and General Accident.



Gillingham Central Hotel: Fruit Eating Bears
Glasgow Elderlie Bar: The Dolphins
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Stiletto/The Mobiles
Hanley Victoria Hall: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
Hereford Market Tavern: The Review/The Mob/Bikini Mutants/Null And Void
Hollywood (Co. Down) D.B.'s Club: The Mighty Shamrocks
Huddersfield Ivanhoe's: The Bureau
Hull Endyke Hotel: Still Earth
Kingston Grove Tavern: Avenue
Launceston White Horse Inn: Headhunter
Leeds Warehouse: Fad Gadget
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: Shader
Liverpool The Dolphin: Watt 4
London Acton Kings Head: The Artists/Limehouse
London Camden Club 94: Back Door Man
London Camden Dingwalls: Dolly Mixture
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: Gerry McAvoy/The Ak Band
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Joyspring
London Chelsea Kennedy's: Lollipop Sisters
London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45s
London Clapham Two Brewers: Remipeds
London Clapham 101 Club: The Fix/Gatecrashers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Jody St.
London Euston The Pits: Venigmas
London Fulham Greyhound: The Belle Stars/Kicks
London Hackney Chat's Palace: Between Pictures
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: Shades
London Hammersmith Clarendon: The Keys
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Micky Jupp Band/Fast Eddie
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Arrogant
London Hendon Midland Arms: The Uprights/Snatch 22
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Europeans/Birds With Ears
London Hornsey The Railway: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Islington Hope & Anchor: BIM
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
London Marquee Club: The Reluctant Stereotypes
London Northwick Park Hospital Social Club: True
London N.W.2 Hugs Grunt: Julian Stringle's Jam Session/Ojah
London Palmers Green Intimate Theatre: Chris Barber Band
London Putney Spencer Arms: Resultal
London Putney Star & Garter: Mr E & The Imaginations/The Feelers
London Putney White Lion: Nicky Barclay Band
London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny Barnes Quintet
London Southall White Hart: Second Image
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Papers
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London Tooting St. George's Medical School: OK Jive
London Victoria The Venue: Live Wire
London Wembley Conference Centre: Stephane Grappelli
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Birthday Party/Broadcast/The Balloons
Longton Crown Hotel: The Deep Six
Luton Fairs Club: Where Interests Lie
Macclesfield The Masonic: Spider
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Glen Campbell/Tanya Tucker
Manchester Free Trade Hall: Girlschool/AllZ
Manchester Mayflower: The Salford Jets
Manchester Pips: Modern Romance
Matlock (Darley Dale) Northwood Club: Manitou
Middlesbrough Town Hall: Lionheart
Newcastle The Delby: Insecure/Large Mick Experiments
Newcastle-under-Lyme Hempstalls: Product
New Romney Seahorse: Carmargue
New Romney Southlands Youth Wing: The Pulsaters
Norwich Gala Ballroom: The Higsons
Northwich Memorial Hall: The Cheaters
Nottingham Rock City: Echo & The Bunnymen

Oxford New Theatre: Gilbert O'Sullivan
Oxford Rowing Club: Annie Richards Band
Penzance Demelza's: The Artists
Plymouth Polytechnic: The Flatbackers
Poole Brewers Arms: Surfin Dave & The Absent Legends
Poole The Complex: The Broadening A's
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: Naughty Thoughts
Retford Porterhouse: Blur/The Method Actors
Sandwich White Horse: Pete Rose Band
Seaford The Great Dane: The Techniques/The Audience
Scarborough Penthouse: Small Print
Scarborough Taboo: The Angelic Upstarts
Shifnal Star Hotel: The Mafia
Stirling Community Centre: The Delmontes
Stirling University: X-O-Dus
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: Dealer
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: The Cure
Taunton Odeon: Gary Glitter
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: England/Deathwish
Whitewash The Vine: Perfect Day/Decades Away
Worthing Balmoral Bar: Eclipse

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: Echo & The Bunnymen
Bicester Red Lion: Still Earth
Birkenhead The Gallery: Grace
Birkenhead Rugby Club: Asylum
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Dead Babies/The Bleach Boys
Birmingham (Handsworth) The Weld: The Tadpoles
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
Bolton Sports Centre: The Angelic Upstarts
Bolton Swan Hotel: Buffalo
Braintree Essex Barn: Second Image
Bridgewater Arts Centre: Religious Overdose
Brighton Alhambra: Midnight & The Lemon Boys
Brighton Dome: Gilbert O'Sullivan
Brighton (Hove) The Adur: Going Straight
Bristol Green Rooms: The Rimsots
Bromley Art College: Back Door Man
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: Herod's Race
Buxton Ashwood Park Hotel: The Deep Six
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: The Cheaters
Charlton St. Helier Arms: Joey Escott / The Hot Rocks
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Quads/Rocky Road Blues Band/Italian Parcels
Chester College: Whips
Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jennies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
Coventry General Wolfe: Steve Gibbons Band
Coventry Queen Inn: And Also The Trees
Coventry Theatre: Leo Sayer
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: The Passions
Darlington Art Centre: The Toy Dolls
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Shakin' Pyramids
Dundee St. David's North: Zounds/The Astronauts
Dundee University: The Bureau
Eastbourne The Squirrel: Larry Miller Band
Edinburgh Fountain Inn: Tranzista
Edinburgh Nite Club: T.V. Smith & The Explorers
Egham Royal Holloway College: The Meteors
Eton Christopher Hotel: The Crying Shames
Fife St. Andrew's University: X-O-Dus
Folkestone British Legion: Silent Movies
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: The Pulsaters
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Undertones
Glasgow Strathclyde University: Lionheart
Glastonbury Town Hall: The Review/The Mob/Bikini Mutants/Null And Void
Gloucester Brockworth House: Johnny Storm
Grantham Teachers Training College: The 45's
Gravesend Red Lion: Marquis De Sade
Gravesend Terminus Club: Stark/Appropriate Noise
Grimsby Central Hall: Billie Jo Spears
Haverfordwest Kings Arms: the Extras
High Wycombe Nags Head: the Nashville teens
High Wycombe The Turnpike: No Difference

CONTINUES OVER . . .

REST OF THE WEEK'S HOT SPOTS



ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN are back on the circuit again, kicking off their latest outing at Nottingham (Friday), Aylesbury (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Bristol (Monday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).

PAULINE MURRAY (right) takes her backing band The Invisible Girls on the road, topping her second solo tour since the Penetration break-up. First gigs: Liverpool (Tuesday) and Doncaster (Wednesday).

● GLEN CAMPBELL flies in to headline a concert tour, with Tanya Tucker as his special guest. First show is in Halifax on Thursday.

● GARY GLITTER begins his 'By Public Demand' tour in Taunton on Friday.

● ANNE MURRAY pays a rare visit to the UK for a one-off appearance at the London Palladium on Sunday.

● ADAM & THE ANTS, Dexys and Lene Lovich are among the stars taking part in a multiple sclerosis benefit in London on Tuesday.

● GEORGE THOROGOOD & The Destroyer play their first British gig since 1979 at London Rainbow on Wednesday.



999 (below) return from the States to play their first UK tour for a year, visiting Wakefield (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Nottingham (Saturday), Cheltenham (Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Huddersfield (Wednesday).



Newcastle City Hall: The Undertones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
Oxford Corn Dolly: Still Earth
Paignton Festival Theatre: Stephane Grappelli
Reading Top Rank: Killing Joke
Rosewell Miners Institute: Mike Maran & David Sheppard
Rotherham Clifton Hall: The Angelic Upstarts
Salisbury Jackson Club: Back Door Man
Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: Patti Boulaye (for a week)
Sheffield Marples Club: Blur / The Method Actors
Sheffield University: 8 Troop
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Gary Glitter
Southend Zero 6: The inmates
Thetford Carnegie Rooms: Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias

TUESDAY

Barnsley Civic Hall: Mike Harding
Belfast Dunne Bar Arms: Stage B
Birmingham Black Horse: Pat Ryan
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: 999
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Money
Bradford Tiffany's: The Angelic Upstarts
Brighton Bananas: Havana Let's Go
Bristol Colston Hall: Stephane Grappelli
Bury The Derby Hall: Whips
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: White Heat / Faraway Stars / Perfect Strangers
Cydebank Oasis: The Dolphins
Coventry Tiffany's: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
Cramlington Railway Tavern: High Level Ranters
Durham Marquis of Granby: Tony Rose
Eton Christopher Hotel: The Brix Six
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: Mike Maran & David Sheppard
Gravesend Red Lion: The Flatbackers / The Outpatients
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: The Cure
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
Leeds Warehouse: The Bureau

DATA CONTROL

Huddersfield White Lion: Treatment
Kiddermister Boars Head: Shader
Kingston Three Tuns: The Odeons
Largs Nip Inn: The Dolphins
Leeds Staging Post: Martian Dance
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Dodgy Tactics
Leicester University: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Girlschool/A II Z
London Battersea Arts Centre: Will Gaines/Ed Speight Trio
London Camden Dingwalls: The Streetwalkers
London Canning Town Bridge House: Jimmy Riddle Band
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Joyspring
London Chelsea Kennedy's: Idle Flowers
London Clapham Lander Hotel: The Artists/Limehouse
London Clapham 101 Club: The Flatbackers/Snake Juice
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Johnny Mars
London Euston The Pits: Sore Throat/SOS & The Escape
London Fulham Golden Lion: Mickey Jupp
London Fulham Greyhound: Modern Jazz
London Hackney Town Hall: The Elgin Marbles
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Ian Mitchell Band/Terry Vision & The Screens
London Herne Hill Half Moon: BIM/A Bigger Splash
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Dingle Spike
London Marquee Club: Supercharge
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Julian Stringle's Jam Session/Jazz Sluts
London Putney Star & Garter: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Putney White Lion: Salt
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Tom & Bertha Brown
London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny Parker Quintet
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Imports/Direct Hits
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Victoria The Venue: Osibisa
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: John Kirkpatrick
London Wembley Conference Centre: Neil Sedaka
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Nightingales/The Hawks
Luton Fairs Club: The Tee-Vees/The Masks
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Mike Harding
Manchester (Ardwick) Devonshire Hotel: Rockin Horse
Manchester Polytechnic: Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias
Middlesbrough Gaskins: Killing Joke
Morecambe Town Hall: Chris Barber Band
Nottingham Boat Club: Vardis
Nottingham Rock City: 999
Oxford New Theatre: Gary Glitter
Oxford Rowing Club: Annie Richards Band
Portsmouth Community College: Chris Barber Band
Preston Guildhall: Glen Campbell/Tanya Tucker
Preston Warehouse: Spider
Rayleigh Crocs: Wasted Youth
Reading Target Club: El Seven/Shrinking Men/Johnny & The Moondogs
Shepperton The Goat: Fruit Eating Bears
Shifnal Star Hotel: UXB
Shoreham Community Centre: Dynamite
Southampton Guildhall: Flying Saucers
Southampton Joiners Arms: The Press
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
Stockport Offerton Club: Permanent Wave
Stockport Starlight Suite: The Safford Jets
Taunton Odeon: The Cure
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: Robin Dransfield
Whitley Bay Mingles Club: Hellenbach
Windsor Arts Centre: Alan Clayton & His Argonauts
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests

SUNDAY

Ayr Pavilion: Lionheart
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Odeon: Glen Campbell/Tanya Tucker
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Blackburn Rishton Bay Horse: Grace
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
Bracknell Tuesdays Club: Second Image
Bradford College Vaults Bar: The Elements
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Biff Scott & Ian Ellis
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Deep Machine
Cheltenham Eves Club: 999
Chorley Joiners Arms: Spider
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Gilbert O'Sullivan
Davenport Beachcomber: Shader
Durham Big Jug Club: Dave Cousins
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: The Undertones
Exeter University: The Shakin' Pyramids
Fife St Andrew's University: The Bureau
Folkestone Golden Arrow: Silent Movies
Glasgow University Union: Rhesus Negative
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: X-O-Dus
Gt Haywood Navigation Farmclub: Michael Wimpney's Genesis Jacket / Phyllis & Her Big Bum Sound
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Ricky Zom Zom
Hemel Hempstead Old Town Hall: Don Weller
Ilkley Rose & Crown: Pre Mental Tension
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Tymon Dagg
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose
London Marquee Club: Weapon
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The London Apaches
London Putney White Lion: Jazz Sluts
London Palladium: Anne Murray
London Peckham Walmer Castle: Back Door Man

London Rainbow Theatre: Johnny Osbourne
London Soho Pizza Express: Fred Hunt
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Soul Band
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Depeche Mode / Furious Pig / Fad Gadget / Non
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
London Stratford Green Man: Wide Open
London Tottenham The Railway: The Razzzy Dazzy Spasm Band
London Vauxhall Amigo Club: The 45's
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Johnny Mars / Black Market
London W.1 Embassy Club: Havana Let's Go
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Benny Waters / Al Casey Trio
Maidenhead The Bell: No Difference
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Mike Harding
Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre: Billie Jo Spears
Nelson Silverman Hall (afternoon): Chris Barber Band
Newark RHP Social Club: The Bopcats
Newport (Rogerstone) Rising Sun: Graham Larkbey
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Northampton The Romany: The Stop Band
Nottingham Theatre Royal: Leo Sayer
Poole Arts Centre: Stephane Grappelli
Reading George Hotel: El Seven / A1 Vegetables
Reading Hexagon Theatre: Lena Martell
Redhill Lakers Hotel: Still Earth
Saltburn Hotel Zetland: Cold Kidney / Touch Stone / Tinker Dick
Sandwich White Horse: Whirligig
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall
Southampton The Victory: The Press
Wakefield Unity Hall: The Damned
Leeds Tiffany's: Killing Joke
Leicester Polytechnic: Manitou
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Echo & The Bunnymen
London Battersea Arts Centre: Duck Baker / Isaac Guillory
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Canning Town Bridge House: Sunfighter / Capital Dandies
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Clapham 101 Club: Mr Clean / Malchix
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Watch With Mother
London Finchley Torrington: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
London Fulham Greyhound: John Dowie / Catchermann
London Hackney The Queens: Avenue
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Ojah

MONDAY

Barnsley Civic Hall: Mike Harding
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
Birmingham Odeon: Girlschool/AllZ
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Alkatraz
Bolton Swan Hotel: Zizo
Bradford College Vaults Bar: J.G. Spoils Rock Band
Bristol Colston Hall: Echo & The Bunnymen
Cambridge Raffles: Su Lyn Band
Canterbury Odeon: The Cure
Cardiff University: Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall
Carshalton The Cricketers: Avenue
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Exit / Rok Wertz
Eton Christopher Hotel: Cavalry
Glasgow University: The Bureau
Grimsby Central Hall: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
Hastings Chatsworth Hotel: Johnny Mars
Hull City Hall: Billie Jo Spears
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Keighley Fun House: Knife Edge
Leeds Warehouse: B Movie
Liverpool The Masonic: Dead On Arrival
London Acton White Hart: Marquis De Sade
London Camden Dingwalls: The Monsters / Dead Roses / D.J. Kane & The Millionaires
London Canning Town Bridge House: Judge Dread
London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
London Clapham 101 Club: The Ak Band / Carl Green & The Scene
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Travel Agent / The Imports
London Euston The Pits: Sad Among Strangers / Stolen Pets
London Fulham Greyhound: Bram Tchalkovsky / The Lasers
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Amyl Dukes / Tranzista
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Outpatients
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Gene Rodgers & Eddie Thompson (for a week)
London Marquee Club: The Lemons
London N.4 The Stapleton: Dave Ellis Band
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Artists / Limehouse
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: A Bigger Splash
London Southall White Hart: The Purple Hearts
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Victoria The Venue: Lightning Raiders / Deaf Aid / Andy Allan's Future
London Wembley Arena: Gary Numan
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Chiefs / Out On Blue Six
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: White Heat / Taiwan Pins
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goggles
Loughborough Adam & Eve: Manitou
Manchester Denton Youth Club: Pure Product
Manchester Fagins: 999
Mansfield Red Lion: The Civilians
Margate Mango Grove: Havana Let's Go
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: Moulin Rouge
Newark Palace Theatre: Attrition
Newark Paykick Dance Hall: Artery

GUIDE 2

London Woolwich Tramshed: the Carpettes/OK Jive/Airstrip One
Middlesbrough Town Hall: The Undertones
Nottingham (Gedling) Grey Goose: The Civilians
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: Blur / The Method Actors
Oxford Corn Dolly: El Seven / Shrinking Men / Johnny & The Moondogs
Peterborough Cresset Theatre: Billie Jo Spears
Reading Hexagon Theatre: The Albion Band
Sheffield City Hall: Echo & The Bunnymen
Sheffield Limit Club: The Uncool Dance Band
St. Albans Adelaide Wine Bar: Mickey Jupp
Sunderland Heroes Club: Urban Warriors
Swansea Circles: Chas & Dave
Swinton Towpath Inn: Mistress
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall
York University: Roy Harper

WEDNESDAY

Barnsley Civic Hall: The Uncool Dance Band
Belfast Ulster Hall: The Kinks
Birkenhead Sir James: Shader
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bradford College Vaults Bar: The Caveman
Brighton The Northern: Larry Miller Band
Burslem Bowler Hat: Product
Cardiff South Wales Polytechnic: Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Orange Cardigan/Stolen Pets
Cholmsford Odeon: The Cure
Coventry General Wolfe: EMF
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: Perform
Derby Assembly Rooms: Stephane Grappelli
Derby Romeo & Juliet's: Johnny Osbourne
Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls
Edinburgh Odeon: Echo & The Bunnymen
Eton Christopher Hotel: Fusion
Glasgow Doune Castle: The Dolphins
Hanley Victoria Hall: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
Hornchurch Town Hall: The Cruisers
Huddersfield Eros Club: 999
Keele University: The Bureau
Kendal College: Whips
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
Leeds Warehouse: Blur/The Method Actors
Liverpool Hillside: Watt 4
Liverpool Rotters: Gary Glitter
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Killing Joke
Liverpool University: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
London Camden Dingwalls: Clamarons
London Canning Town Bridge House: Girls At Our Best
London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
London Clapham Two Brewers: The Spoilers
London Clapham 101 Club: The Kicks/The Lot
London Euston The Pits: Daddy Yum Yum
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Elgin Marbles
London Fulham Greyhound: Eric Blake/The Shine
London Fulham Kings Head: The Silence/Future Daze
London Hackney Sebright Arms: The Americans
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Arrogant
London Holborn The Blitz: The MGA Band
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Black Market
London Kings Cross Butchers Arms: Positive Signals
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goggles
London Marquee Club: White Heat
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Bill Brunskill Band
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: The Pick-Ups
London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite
London Rainbow Theatre: George Thorogood & The Destroyers
London Soho Pizza Express: Bill Skeat Quintet
London Stockwell Queen's Head: The Business
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: J.J. & The Flyers
London Stratford Green Man: Jazz Sluts
London Tooting The Castle: The Artists/Limehouse
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Su Lyn Band
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Glen Campbell / Tanya Tucker
London Victoria The Venue: The Passions/The Fix
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Lines/The Decorators/The Colours
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians
Manchester Beech Club: Dr Fith
Manchester The Mayflower: Shades Of Grey
Margate Ship Inn: Naughty Thoughts
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: Toughtstone
New Romney Seahorse: Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Nottingham Rock City: Billie Jo Spears
Oxford The Swan: No Difference
Paisley Bungalow Bar: The Angelic Upstarts
Portsmouth Palm Beach Club: Havana Let's Go
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Johnny & The Tanx
Reading Hexagon Theatre: The Chieftains
Runcorn Cherry Tree: Asylum
Sandwich White Horse: Perry White Band
Sheffield Top Rank: Girlschool/AllZ
Slough Fulcrum Centre: Gilbert O'Sullivan
Southampton Sands Hotel: Back Door Man
Southport Follies: The Shakin' Pyramids
South Woodford Railway Bar: Original East Side Stompers
Stourbridge McCoy's: The Quads
Stockport Warren Buckley Club: Stress/Zans
Swansea Grand Theatre: Leo Sayer
Swinton Duke of Wellington: Rockin' Horse
Torquay Doodles: Chas & Dave
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: The Ak Band

4 The Army was no laughing matter until Judy Benjamin joined it.

★ G O L D I E H A W N ★

PRIVATE BENJAMIN^{AA}

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29th Warehouse - Leeds
30th Rafter - Manchester

May

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Adam And The Ants

New York

OUTSIDE, the guest-list line (ha ha ha) extends a full block. Inside, giant skull and crossbone penants (the Jolly Roger) hang from the ceiling. The place, and the audience, are done up right.

Another example of the hopeless Anglophilia of trendy New York. Adam And The Ants sell out the Ritz and the audience is full of — guess what? Pirates and Indians, done up in full regalia and face paint. Plus loads of people in Blitz-kid clothes imported at great expense. Guys in fantastic shawls and cloaks, girls in funny hats and make-up.

I had a great time wandering around checking out the parade. But it's sad that so many New Yorkers do little but look to London to decide how to dress up and what fashions to be excited about.

Fashion alone would not have sold out the Ritz — or gotten the Ants a Palladium booking later this month. That's the result of 'Antmusic' being a current FM radio staple. "Ah," the timid programmers sigh, "something from England we can understand, something cute and hummable." Ignorant dummies.

I don't have much comment to add about their music, save to say I found their 'show' quite dull. The two-drummer bit is a potentially great idea. But though the much-mentioned tribal beat did occasionally poke through, mostly both drummers stuck close to proven rock clichés. So we get... double clichés.

Adam's presence is all pose, no power. His dancing is mannered and stiff. His singing, for all its war whoops and yodels, is unimpressive — neither inspiring nor irritating. If he has any magic, it wasn't working on me. A sea of bobbing heads up front indicated that a lot of people would disagree.

But I say they are buying a pale, glitzy copy of an idea — rock as tribal defiance — which weren't ready for before and still aren't. Has anybody said that the lines, "It's your money we want and your money we shall have" define Adam and the Ants all too perfectly? Or is that too obvious?

Great night for costume watching though.

Richard Grabel



Dexys Midnight Runners

Chelmsford

THIS TIME last year Dexys Midnight Runners were on the crest of a self-powered wave, having presented themselves as a *cri de coeur* for a proud, disillusioned, post-punk, rock-sick British youth. Forget the imagery, the categories, the 25 years of demoralising rock procedures — get to the heart: get to the soul, they screamed.

Dexys were number one in the nation's hearts and their arrogance, their *soul vision* and what-you-see-is-what-we-feel image didn't look like going away. Kevin Rowland's resolve may be strong, his aims clearer than ever and his voice at a peak of frantic emotion, but public tastes are fickle. Perhaps all the grammar school kiddies in the suburban satellite of Chelmsford have saved their pocket money for the upcoming Cure gig because there's barely 400 young aficionados who've turned up to see what is the first live performance of Rowland's new Midnight Runners.

The new Dexys are in a label limbo and are allegedly being sued by three promoters for cancelling a string of dates. The new Dexys wear tassled anoraks and have pig-tails, big boots and gumshoe frowns. They look like boxers masquerading as monks. They look great.

Half of their set is from 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels' LP; the rest is new, mostly untitled material. At present the new Dexys (objectivity goes out the window but I wouldn't lie) are playing the best music in the world.

The Projected Passion Revue is an ambitious and unusual package, a worthwhile evening out.

Supporting, Torque are a mixed (boys and girls/black and white) dance group who make you realise what Pratts People and Cold Porridge should be like — a mixture of sweetness and warmth, fun and sex. A joyous movement through sexy footloose moods and mannerisms. They're followed by the stimulating but erratic comedy of The Outer Limits and after a selection of records — Aretha and The Staples — it's Dexys themselves.

Think of The Famous Flames, The Showstoppers and stacks o' Stax soul: who needs memories, fantasies or cynical con games from the likes of PiL when you can have something as vibrant and challenging as this? Tonight Dexys put a new slant from a new environment of THE GREATEST MUSIC EVER MADE as well as rejuvenating their own recent history. The performance is

an extension of what Rowland was trying to do on last year's Intense Emotions Revue, and although the presentation is flawed it's vastly different.

Killjoys is a term often thrown in DMR's direction: tonight — at their request — the bar is closed. Alcohol is certainly unnecessary to enjoy a good performance, but the ticket holder should be allowed to make the choice himself. Dexys' relentless solemnity worries me. For instance, the programme's closing quote from *Revelations* and an article by Rowland in the same booklet (12 pages for 80p, incidentally) seem to be barely concealed diatribes against laughter, f'r Christ's sake.

Eight figures inhabit a darkened stage and the chant begins — "Now I think I know it and I'm bold enough to show it, Now I think I know it..." The opener is one of the new songs, a concoction with sustained organ notes, a formidable rhythm and sharp horns which counterbalance Rowland's highly personalised vocal pitch perfectly. There's no false modesty around here:

"Tonight there'll be nothing but soul — promise," says Rowland. He then gives the word for Jimmy Paterson to play the intro to 'Dance Stance/Burn It Down', one of the 20 best songs ever written.

Apart from the faltering microphone on a far too fast 'Tell Me When My Light Turns Green' — Rowland and Billy Adams both breaking guitar strings — I'd find it hard to fault any of the music.

The contradictions in attitude still remain — the struggle is between the pursuit of greatness and the danger of conceit, between sombre insularity and personal sincerity. Dexys not only confront their audience, they converse with them as well — but sometimes when a mellowed Mr Rowland tried to put a rap or chat into the music, the effect was trite and embarrassing. Still, there's no doubt that the performance, structured to create a passionate intimacy, succeeded more than it failed.

Any misgivings are swept away when Dexys launch into the soul classic 'Respect'. The ending is easy, magnificent, liberating and one hell of an exhortation. They're obsessed with soul power: they demand the maximum from their music and they demand that you do the same. 'Outlook' is an instrumental which takes the place of the old, shoddy 'Teams That Meet In Cafes', with an impeccable throttle of pulses charging and bouncing off the walls. Here and on the songs from 'Rebels' a new maturity is perceptible. And this group of early '80s white boys schooled on soul have achieved something approaching a new British jazz dream.

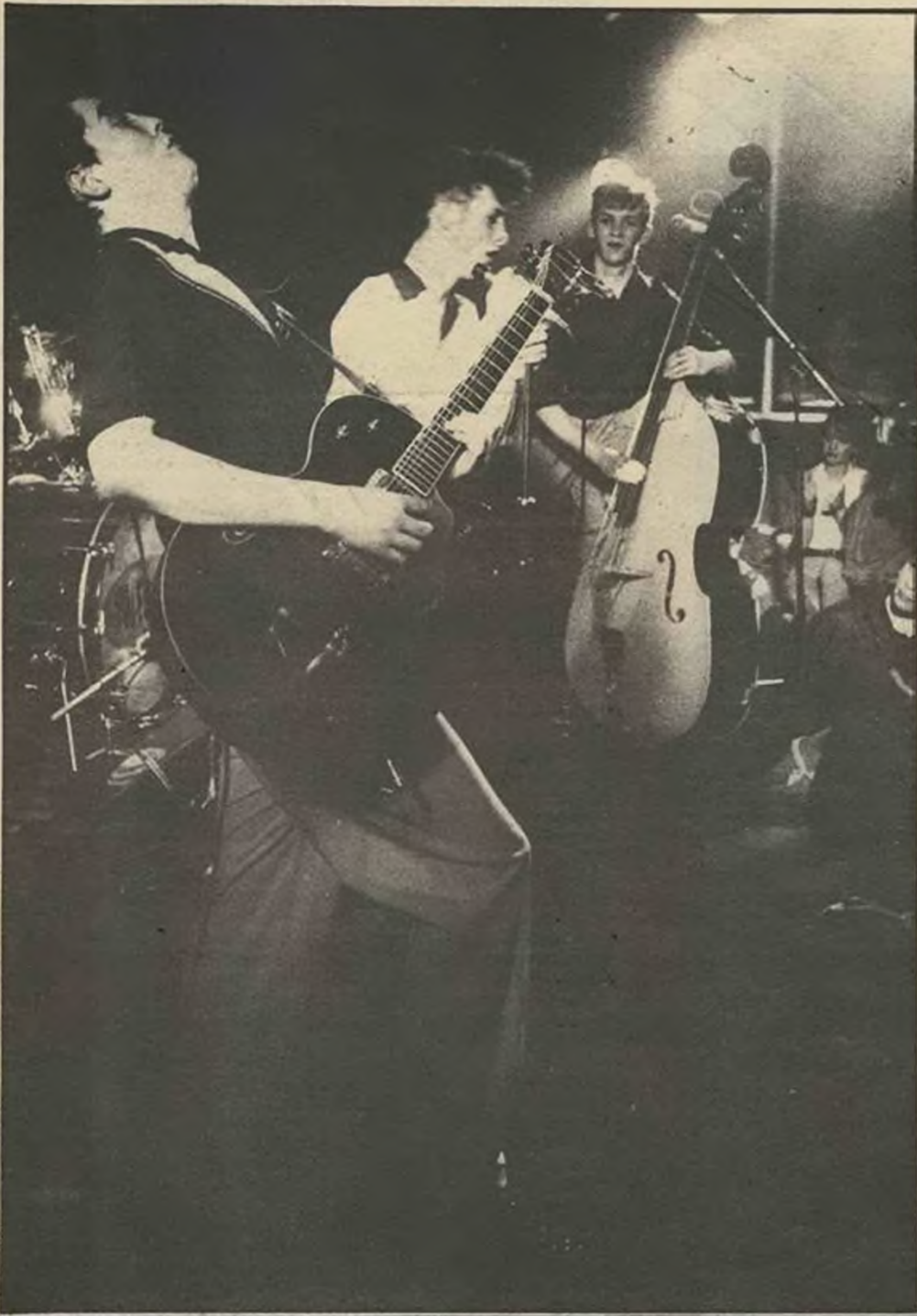
They play 'Geno' here and Torque come on to dance for a 'Soulfinger'. The closing 'Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache' takes me back to a disco I once knew — a perfect way to finish the evening and dance your way right out of your constrictions.

The Projected Passion Revue is the sort of package modern music desperately needs but barely deserves. It comes to you from an ingenious line of thought which draws on the Bible not *The Bhagavad Gita*, Otis Redding not Iggy Pop, on James Brown not James Dean, Brendan Behan not Bill Burroughs.

For me the chemistry conducted by Rowland's guiding hand makes them the quintessential group. A spiritual temperament, literary applications and rich musical foundations make a sound that shatters its way through to somewhere deep. They do it with pride, power and passion. Now let's hear them laugh. Gavin Martin

ROWLAND'S PASSION PLAY

Kevin Rowland drops in on Chelmsford and the Badder Boys. pic: Peter Anderson.



The Polecats — Boz, Tim and Phil. Pic David Corio.

The Polecats

Marquee

IT SEEMS fitting to use only first names with The Polecats, fast North London youngsters resurrecting the teenage dreams of a quarter of a century ago. Tim the vocalist is a worrier: he's bothered that the audience aren't responding enough, and even more bothered that guitarist Boz, between platitudinous licks, puts his sweating brow and greasy hairdo rather near his fancy silk shirt.

Tim dresses that little bit flashier than the rest of the band, and there's something almost fragile about him. But that suits the general stance and music of The Polecats: their aim would seem to be to copy the superficial aspects of rockabilly to a passionless T and doll themselves up for the '80s. They've even killed two birds with one stone and covered a Bowie number: seen 'John, I'm Only Dancing' shoot into the lower regions of the charts and shoot out again...

Live, as on vinyl, Tim can't get his voice around the song. He's an exponent of the short, sharp yodel, and the only way to get yourself through his shrill performance is to resort to absurd artificial stimulation and dream of Frank Ifield 'playing Ziggy dressed as a confederate general uttering the "Oh, Lawdies"...

The pity of this nightmare is that The Polecats don't have a half bad rhythm section. Mind, the drummer Neil couldn't cope with the Diddley/fishtail beat of 'Black Magic': the only sign of grit was what certain members of the audience were doing with their teeth during the travesty.

The only hint that the set might take off was when stand-up bassist Phil helped out with strong vocals: 'Thunder And Lightning' was actually an exciter. He should

have been given more room. Instead, there was the embarrassment of Tim doing what he called "blues". Little red roosters? Gutted capons, more like.

Great that The Polecats love to dress up, but that's all that the music is too: dressing. There seems nowhere for the band to go: all they can do is wander lost and lonely and turn out empty anthems like 'Rockin' On The Marie Celeste'. Like so many of their songs, it's all feline and no feeling, with the band so concerned to be the hep cats that they don't notice they're doctored coyotes. Just as they don't notice that they're really pub rock in stylish new clothes.

Paul Tickell

The Room

Fulham Greyhound

ANY IDIOT can crank up the old dramatic intensity to conceal a lack of inner substance... many an idiot does; and more than a few get away with it. But to encounter an act whose music is intense and dramatic, and at the same time for *real*, well, that's a special and precarious experience.

For me, a group named The Room can offer the listener just such a service.

So who are The Room? The Room are a young man that sings, called Dave Jackson, a girl who plays bass, called Becky Stringer, and a guitarist Robyn Odum and a

GOTME FUNKED

Defunkt
Jah Malla
Babylon Dance
Band
Nervous Rex

New York

FRIDAY NIGHT at the Squat Theatre — one cozy, unpretentious room. The Squat is run by a troupe of Czechoslovakian avant-garde theatre refugees. They're only moonlighting at the club while they amass the funds to stage further absurdist theatrical spectacles like *Pig*; *Child! Fire!* and *Andy Warhol's Revenge*.

It's been a year since I saw Defunkt. They were always good for the hot moments, those searing crescendos when leader Joe Bowie's trombone would surf on a swelling undercurrent of rhythm and produce a wave that drowned all opposition. But they did have a tendency to stretch their ideas too thin.

I liked their album, with its abrasive, discordant take on the funk thang.

But tonight they're a shambles. For one thing, the old horn section has been replaced by new guys who just don't cut it. But worse, Bowie has let his penchant for meandering, drawn-out arrangements completely take over. They can't get eight bars into a song without somebody taking a pointless solo. No ensemble, just a series of players out on a limb. No cutting edge, just speechifying and empty threats. Somebody give the bass man some and wake the trombone player up.

Then down to the Mudd Club for Brooklyn's own Jah Malla. Reverse situation here. I find most of Jah Malla's new album lacklustre and enervated, so I wasn't expecting much. They surprised me with a spirited, sweet set of soul-soothing music. Not strictly roots reggae, this music is very much tempered by pop romanticism and playfulness.

MORE ROCK THAN BRIGHTON.

STUART HENRY

FRIDAY 7-8pm
GOLDEN ROCK

FRIDAY 8-9pm
THE STUART HENRY
ROCK SHOW



SATURDAY
7-8pm GOLD
ROCK 'N' REGGAE

SATURDAY
8-9pm STREET HEAT

drummer Clive Thomas. Geographically, they're a part of this present day Liverpool business, but in most respects they're apart from it. To date they've just a self-made single to their name, 'Motion' on Box, and a ten-track cassette, but little live experience — opportunity being lamentably scarce.

Before tonight, I'd seen them play to a huge hall with a bare dozen people in it. Tonight, they're thrust into the equally inappropriate London pub-rock circuit, before the beery mates of a particularly unsuited local headline act. One thing that pleases me about The Room is the utter dedication they've shown in both performances. Frontman Jackson, in particular, throws

himself onto his role quite totally: it impresses me a lot. Only the long pauses are awkward — the singer seems possessed by his material, and without it he's lost, a pale uncertain figure in an Oxfam suit.

The Room's music is of a darkish, ominous character; it's not especially happy — although it does make me happy to hear something so good — but there's passion there, too. Thomas's robust drumming keeps up the excitement, echoing the nervous tension of the songs themselves. I feel a faster tempo would benefit the set — more numbers like 'Chatshows' would be great — but that's not to detract from the slower things which,

individually, are fine.

What can stop them? Well, indifference, apathy, the things we've got an abundance of. Plus a certain greyness about their image: this doesn't worry me, but then I've had time to get to know The Room's music on its own merits — less committed newcomers could be put off by the industrial, post Joy Division exterior. (Indeed it's The Room's Manchester-like lack of flash that mostly marks them apart from their Merseyside contemporaries.)

But in the end, this group puts me in the mood for optimism: The Room, I believe, is big enough for everyone. Come inside.

Paul Du Noyer

IN NEW YORK CITY

In the studio the attempted synthesis fell apart and got sappy. On stage, Jah Malla have their bearings better.

Singer/guitarist Cleon Douglas has a rich, fluid voice and an easy, winning manner. The Mudd Club stage is small, and doesn't allow for much fancy stepping or skanking, but Douglas makes the best of it, showing just enough style but not too much flash. The band — including keyboardist Michael Ranglin and drummer Noel Alphonso, sons of original Skatalites Ernest Ranglin and Roland Alphonso — are right and tight.

Jah Malla mix up boy-girl drama, courtship and romance with hymns to Jah and African solidarity. On record, each pole of their range pulls the other down. Tonight, though, the spunk they show carries the weight of all that baggage. Their tones are soft, their sound is warm. There are some false steps, like a misguided cover of Creedence's 'Bad Moon Rising' — really a butchering.

But for most of the set Jah Malla are warm and inviting. Uptown Saturday night at Trax — an uptown kind of place. First up are Babylon Dance Band, three guys and a girl from Louisville, Kentucky, who play hard punk-pop, full speed ahead.

Louisville is the real South, and doesn't even have the Athens excuse of being a college town. But there they are, doggedly gigging for a small but slowly growing audience, making occasional trips to New York when money allows. Louisville is lucky to have them.

Their look is collegiate, preppy — they make no attempt to cover their background, no show of hipness; the effort goes all into the sound. Singer Chips looks incongruous at first but wins me over quickly. His voice has real power, and the songs are the kind of ingenious, speedy ravers that shake you without letting you realise how they do it. Guitarist Tara is simply

fantastic, a blur of vibration and rhythm.

Nervous Rex — another old favourite I've been avoiding. Last I saw them they'd returned from recording their album out in LA and they were bad. The fun, the nerve and the nerve had gone out of them.

Now they're back, and much better. They've added another guitarist, which takes the pressure off singer Shaun Brighton. His singing as a result is much improved, he looks livelier and happier. Lauren Agnelli, despite having recovered from a broken leg, is her old, sprightly self, luscious harmony singing and all.

Shaun's talent for spinning out minor pop gems is still intact. I walked out humming one of the new songs, a good sign. If Nervous Rex can manage to stay away from General Chapman, stay out of LA studios, and get their songs translated properly onto vinyl next time, there may be life in them yet.

Richard Grabel.



Defunkt's Joe Bowie. Pic: Julie Schatz.

M O D E R N E N G L I S H

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A N A L B U M

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4 A D

C A D I O S



'TIPS FOR TEENS' by SPARKS



Russell and Ron say...

- * **DON'T** eat that ice cream
- * **DON'T** eat that pastry
- * **DON'T** eat that burger
- * **KEEP** that mystique up
- * **DON'T** eat curry before a very important date

'Tips for Teens' available as a 7" and 12" single from the forthcoming album 'Whomp that Sucker'



Marketed by RCA



A Fire Engine. Pic Robert Sharp.

Fire Engines

Manchester

HASN'T THIS sudden and brash emergence of all these 'incredible' bands from Scotland left you with the slightest inkling of suspicion? Why has the normally shifting focus of attention become immovably jammed, dotingly fixated on anything that moves north of the border?

Surely the automatic acclaim these new bands have been afforded is their main claim to success — and their success story has become a yarn of Billy Liar proportions — it's been a clumsy con. So much so that this Scottish phenomenon, a thinly disguised media joke, has me in hysterics.

Exaggeration! Misplaced reverence! How well this brave new Celtic cult has been treated, how carefully it's been nurtured — and to what ends? These embryonic bands, The Associates,

Positive Noise, Josek K, Aztec Cameras and so on are precious only because they'll produce a handful of memorable songs between them in the next couple of years. For now, they might be best employed on a joint project, making a decent compilation album of their best works, thus saving the world from the more dreary and ordinary elements of the remainder of their collective repertoires.

But where are the disciples of this supposedly daring and different dancecraze? This cynical city has long since numbed itself to the effects and power of the press and no matter what's been said about these shiny, red Fire Engines, it's another poorly attended Manchester gig.

Gig? An interesting word. A recent interview told us that Fire Engines don't actually play 'gigs', they construct 'evenings of entertainment'. But I saw a raised platform (a stage!) on which the band

elevated their self-deified bodies above the level of their lifeless and impassive audience.

I watched Fire Engines pause after each song expecting some due applause. I saw a conventional collection of equipment — amplifiers, speakers, drums, guitars — used in a conventional way, I was half-blinded by a phosphorescent white beam of light which shone in our faces, silhouetting the band like Genesis or Thin Lizzy reincarnate. Same ol' tricks — it's a gig alright.

So what of these gloated 'anti-rockist' values? Forget them. Forget the Scottish connection and forget all the hype. What's left is simply a good band making interesting modern noises. That should be a rare and special enough thing in itself.

"Use me!" screams vocalist Henderson. He means consume them — like a pop band. That's all they are.

Mick Duffy

Monster mash

continued from page 17

things, or their lot in life? Do you want to shine a light on anything other than that big marquee you have on stage saying 'Paradise'?

"Yes, I do." He answers, in a rather guarded tone.

You said earlier that you would be wary of touching on these matters in your songs. And you said just now that your greatest satisfaction is to offer two hours of delightful escape...

"There are some thought provoking things going on."

I confess I didn't notice.

"If you were listening to the words, how could you miss? Some of the stuff is very literal. There are thought provoking songs. There are songs that are pure escapism. There are songs about love..."

"When I sang tonight in 'Best Of Times'... 'The headlines read these are the worst of times / And I do believe it's true' and I added 'Don't you?' Did you hear the reaction? Did you feel it?"

"That's more than entertainment. In my opinion, that's an emotional response. And that line... 'I feel so helpless / When people lock their doors and hide inside.' That's more than just entertainment."

"The overall feeling is... There's an attempt to give people the feeling that... Like in 'Come Sail Away'. Just before it I talk about not being able to take work or school or whatever it is that's troubling them and they want to get away from. I tell them that I'm up here on this stage, with all this, and I have the same feeling sometimes, like I can't fucking take this anymore. Is that just entertainment? I think it's thought-provoking..."

On the subject of lyrics, there is a line in a Styx song called 'Fooling Yourself' that nowadays even in America has a hopelessly

hollow ring:

"Why must you be such an angry young man / When your future looks bright to me?"

Dennis De Young admits that four years on, it does sound a bit naive (to say the least), but he maintains that it was never meant to be taken generally. It's about a pessimist who refuses to be taken generally.

By now it's obvious to him that the verdict of Styx's audience in Indianapolis was not quite unanimous. He asks me what I thought of the show...

What can I say?

I tell him I thought it was pompous, insincere, sterile and pretentious.

Amazingly, he agrees.

"There has to be an amount of that, just to physically transcend these buildings. And it's something we're trying to get away from. Next year, we're going to do ten weeks in 3000 seat halls all across the country, but we're going to make it far more theatrical."

"We've sold out these huge places four times now, so we don't feel like we have to do it again. But the thing that we do so well is to take all these people who are sitting miles away from us and make them feel like they're part of something intimate. No-one does that as well as we do in a hall this size, and that's why we're so successful in these halls."

"Pretence always denotes self-importance, but you see there has to be this over-gesticulation in order to reach people over such a vast distance. And it's bound to seem insincere. And there's no way to avoid it if you want to reach the people at the back."

"But for us, it's a dead end. I've been sick of these places for the past two years. I want to play to people who can see my face."

I think we better end this right now, before I start feeling sorry for the guy.

VELVETS

■ From page 30

playing five nights a week at Max's Kansas City and recording 'Loaded' at the same time: "That's why Lou's voice is so gravelly". This was their real rock and roll album, coming full circle black close to where they had begun; perhaps their most conventional, but almost their most fun recording. Meanwhile the relationship between Reed and Morrison had deteriorated:

"I had hardly spoken to Lou in months. Maybe I never forgave him for wanting Cale out of the band. I was so mad at him, for real or imaginary offences, and I just didn't want to talk. You know that poem *The Poison Tree* by Blake? 'I was angry with my friend/I told it not'. . . 'Like that. So in his last days with the group I was zero psychological assistance to Lou.'"

MORRISON DID NOTICE that Reed was acting strangely. One thing he didn't realise was that their then manager, Steven Seznick, had been pressuring Reed to act more like a rock star on stage — which went against his natural shyness as a performer. "We were always anti-performers, and now Lou was leaping around and making all those gestures he does now."

Meanwhile, Morrison had cut himself off from his old way of life. He stopped smoking, stopped taking drugs and applied to graduate schools around the country; that summer he was finishing his BA (he had left Syracuse without graduating) with a course on the Victorian novel.

"I was running around being a good boy, so at Max's I was never hanging around with the band downstairs; I was always in the dressing room reading my Victorian novels."

"One night I'm sitting in a booth upstairs at Max's, eating a cheeseburger, and Lou comes up and says, 'Sterling, I'd like you to meet my parents.'"

Morrison was astonished. Reed had always had an extremely troubled relationship with his parents, who regularly threatened to have him committed to a mental institution.

"They hated the fact that Lou was playing music and hanging around with undesirables. I was always afraid of Lou's parents — the only dealings I'd had with them was that there was this constant threat of them seizing Lou and having him thrown into the nuthouse. That was always over our heads. Every time Lou got hepatitis his parents were waiting to seize him and lock him up."

"So I was thinking, 'What in the world can this portend?' and then I went back to the dressing room and kept going on *Vanity Fair*. Then a day or two later our manager came and told me that Lou had quit the band and gone back to Long Island with his parents."

THERE IS a story that Reed had a nervous breakdown after leaving the Velvets, but Sterling Morrison knew nothing about this. But there is evidently a part of Lou Reed that longs for reconciliation with his parents, the respectable suburban life, the family accounting firm. When Lou Reed married recently the bride wore white, and only the family were invited.

Morrison remembers that shortly after quitting the group Reed dropped by his apartment to try and work something out. He said he hadn't been able to stand the group as it was and suggested that he and Morrison put together a new band. At that point Maureen Tucker had just had a baby and Billy Yule was filling in on drums.

"Lou didn't want Doug or Billy involved. It was just going to be me and Lou and new people. And I said, 'Well, we haven't been talking really, and it'll take us two years to get back to where we are today, to repack ourselves, and why do it?' Lou really made me a strong pitch, and in retrospect maybe I should have done it. Martha, my wife, said, 'Why are you doing this to him? What does he have to do to get you to keep playing?' I said, 'I guess nothing. Maybe I don't want to do it anymore.'"

But Morrison did carry on with the Velvets without Lou Reed, using Doug Yule as a vocalist and bringing in Walter Powers on bass. I asked why he had then given up music — were the last days with the Velvets so bad that he didn't want to have anything more to do with it?

"No, that time was very pleasant. We were working on new songs, and we sounded very good. But when I looked at myself I was seeing a professional musician, which I never really set out to be. There wasn't the old excitement, the feeling of crusading."

Morrison had already applied to various universities; in late August 1971 when The



Reed and Nico

Velvet Underground arrived in Houston to give a performance Morrison rang the University of Texas to see what was happening with his application. "They said they'd been trying to get hold of me, and I should start teaching on Monday."

He hesitated, because this was on the eve of a European tour for the Velvets. He also didn't know what to do with all his possessions back home in New York. The next day he had a call from New York saying his house had just burned down, with everything in it. Taking that as a sign from heaven, he accepted the job in Texas.

"Austin was a nice, out of the way location, and the music scene was zero as far as I was concerned. I thought — this is great, nobody'll be knocking at my door. For the first two years I didn't even have a phone. I didn't want any late night offers from lunatics rocking my boat."

"I still love music intensely. I miss the close association, creation with people I really love and depend on — there's nothing quite like it."

In the last couple of years he has started playing again, for fun, performing with a local dance band around Austin.

"But I was delighted not to be involved in music in the early '70s. It was the most reactionary period in music. All the record companies were so fed up with all the money they'd wasted on '60s loonies, they tried to get control over everything. A&R departments got real strong, there was a general purging. It was really a dreadful era."

Morrison does feel that his contribution to the Velvets has been overlooked by the rock historians, simply because he disappeared from public view. He and Reed certainly had the perfect guitar partnership, but Morrison, in a quieter way, probably also gave as much to Lou Reed as did his more volatile relationship with John Cale. It's something to do with balance, the assurance that comes from working in a climate of mutual respect.

Certainly, when Lou Reed left he never recovered that perfect instinct he showed in all his work with the Velvets: a delicacy and truthfulness that allowed him to approach the most sordid subjects and leave them with some kind of dignity and respect. Since then his sensibility has gone wildly out of kilter. He produced one masterpiece, 'Berlin', and some great songs that were matched by bewildering, garish lapses in taste and performances that took a wilful pleasure in destroying his own best work.

John Cale, who was as brilliant as Reed, has been more consistent, but throughout his solo career he has not simply avoided success but tried to throttle it with both hands.

The two least ambitious members of the original Velvet Underground, Morrison and Mo Tucker, have certainly had the most contented lives. Her contribution shouldn't be forgotten either; Maureen Tucker was the perfect primitive drummer and thanks to her they never lost their garage-band base. Like all the best rock bands, The Velvet Underground were a union in which the whole was greater than the sum of its parts.

Morrison says: "I didn't really think about my years with the Velvets much until recently when the climate seemed the same again. With new wave, music went back to people who were kind of screwing around on records, who knew they couldn't possibly achieve mass appeal, and didn't care. I was looking at all these little punk bands and thinking, 'Well, there goes us again'. Absolutely the same think over and over and over."

"All you needed, really, was people who didn't care about the ordinary concerns."

NME X-PRESS WORD

ACROSS

- 1 Of Factory Records and Granada TV (4,6)
- 5 Apparently, in a different guise, he's a real big star!
- 7 His one big UK hit, which is one more than his brother had, was 'Frankenstein' in 1973 (5,6)
- 9 Duane or Gregg
- 11 His earlier films include 'Nashville' and 'The Long Goodbye' (6,6)
- 13 S. American dictator who married the real life Evita
- 14 F Beat subsidiary currently with its first hit 45
- 15 Beatles move (3,2,2)
- 16 US soul singer whose best work has been with Willie Mitchell producing (2,5)
- 17 Sam of 'Cupid' and soul legend
- 18 & 20 Down No Northern geezer from New Jersey way!
- 21 1968 Beach Boys hit
- 22 Named after the dole forms (1,1,2)
- 23 1980 No 1, TV series, originally the work of 11 across (1,1,1,1)
- 25 & 28 Pre-Burundi Antmusic (4,5,5,3)
- 27 See 6
- 28 See 25

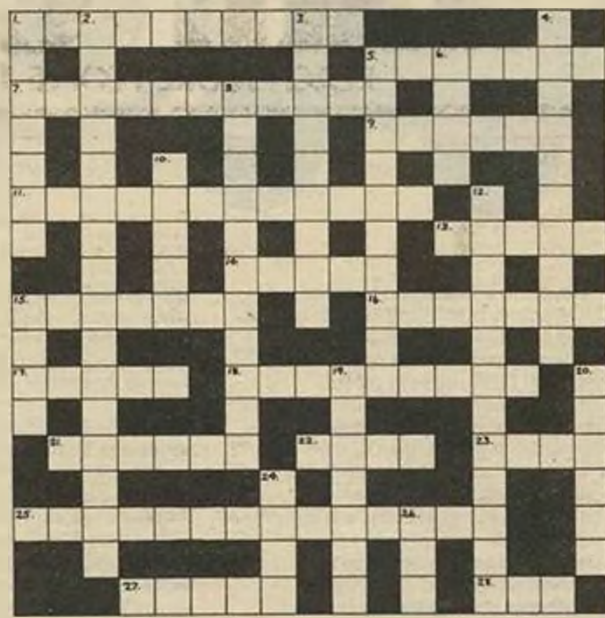
DOWN

- 1 Group with the power of healing?! (3,4)
- 2 Early Madness smash (5,4,2,5)
- 3 '60s Chris Farlow No 1 written by Jagger/Richard (3,2,4)
- 4 A former Face (5,5)
- 5 Former Hollie who sought his fortune in the West (6,4)
- 6 & 27 Across Extinct rock vet
- 8 Pompous Tull sage (3,8)
- 10 Confidence in Costello?
- 12 2 Tone General (5,7)
- 15 Tactile experience with a guitar?!
- 19 & 24 Military aspect of G. Numan's past
- 20 See 18 Across
- 24 See 19
- 26 Paisley or Page

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Jermaine Jackson; 7 Andrew Loog (oham); 9 Finch; 10 'The Flowers Of (Romance)'; 12 Pop; 15 Anne Nightingale; 17 'Get Back'; 19 (Phil) Spector; 21 Four Seasons; 25 Helm; 25 Stevie Wonder; 27 Tubes; 28 Clue; 29 (Stiff Little) Fingers; 30 Phil (Spector).

DOWN: 2 'Einstein A Go-Go'; 3 Merseybeat; 4 Nelson; 5 Stiff (Little) Fingers; 6 Nick Lowe; 8 Gary Tibbs; 11 'Oxygene'; 13 Rita (Coolidge); 14 Shakin' Stevens; 16 (Stiff) Little (Fingers); 18 Banshees; 20 'The Flowers Of) Romance'; 21 F Beat; 22 UK Subs; 23 Sinatra; 26 Ralph.



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Gasbag

Letters breakdown and recovery service
by GAVIN MARTIN



We are in a recession in more ways than one. What I mean by this is the regret I feel on listening to your C81 cassette which I dutifully sent off for.

'Y' see there is no substance to modern pop music, no matter whether it appears on Rough Trade, Factory, EMI or CBS. The whole system is based on a notion of *ephemerality*, which is deplorable, and which is all the more dangerous because it is *accepted*, instead of *reviled*.

People are constantly looking at the past for the guidelines — punk did various things simply because the 'giants' that preceded them had not. It was merely an inevitable consequence, which destroys a lot of the blustering about it being a complete breath of fresh air. Second, and this is what I mean by lack of substance, there are simply no *truly fresh* ideas circulating at the moment.

In two years' time, will you still be raving about Spandau Ballet, Orange Juice, The Associates or Positive Noise? No new groups will have taken their place — they'll be making much the same noise as their predecessors — just forget about their image for the moment. Positive Noise don't sound significantly different from, say, the Boomtown Rats or the Buzzcocks in their respective heydays.

To anyone who might read this: preserve your integrity, don't latch onto something simply because it happens to be around.
David Hedley.
Keith, we've found a new drummer — J. LYDON.

A few weeks ago some wicked bugger from *NME* wrote a piece filled with personal vindictiveness against Marco Pirroni of The Ants. The article itself was sloppy, pitiful, cruel and cheap and complete and utter rubbish. We all know Marco is big but there's no need to over-exaggerate the fact. The only thing you cared not to mention was that he is a brilliant guitarist.

If anyone wrote something like that about one of my friends I'd be down on them like a ton of crap. I would love to know who wrote the piece, there's probably a few things about him/her they wouldn't like talked about.

Any attempt to make it humorous was in vain. It's just too personal a thing to be funny about.

P. Smith
"People used to take the piss out of me but I consider that part of life, everyone gets the piss taken out of them. It's good for you, makes you live properly. If you're fat you're fat and that's a way of life" — Buster Bloodvessel.

"I yam what I yam and that's all I yam" — Popeye.
Marco?

May I be the first to congratulate Buck's Fizz for their success in the Eurovision and in reaching No 1 this week. A very silly person.

Somebody stop me before I blow my head(dress). I am sick, sick and well and truly fed up with you twits at the *New Musical Express*, more like the *Nauseating Malignant Express*.

According to a recent survey there is no known antidote to the malicious disease that seems to be attacking the 'staff' at your establishment. No, not old age, you're already well past the limit anyway. You know what I mean — the disgusting, contagious manner

of criticism is being passed onto other unsuspecting contributors to your paper — from the ageing decrepit Nick Kent to that other idiot Gavin Martin.

As for his review on the Ants concert at The Dominion I'd like you to tell Adam to his face that Antmusic is "plastic disco pap".

What's wrong with an image — just 'cos the Warrior Ideal is totally unique you slag it off! I betcha don't moan and mumble about The Scars' image or Visage do you? This letter was written by an exceptionally observant, defendant, and independent AntWarrior who cannot spell.
Antonia Adams, Leeds.

OK if Gavin Martin could only stand four minutes of the Adam and The Ants concert why didn't he get lost instead of trying to analyse it?

Does it ever occur to him that we enjoy dressing up and listening to the music and that we don't need his cynical viewpoint that tries to tell us it's all a big rip-off.

Does it ever occur to him that the Ants enjoy it too. That's the message in the music y'know.
Spizz, Stockport.

I know, I know — I said so in my review. I *appreciate* Antmania more than a lot of phenomena in rock music but I honestly don't enjoy it. Seems you can't say that without being called smug, elitist or moronic by Ant fans. Loyalty or chauvinism?

The response is, sadly, predictable. — G.M.

I never bought any Linx singles cos I knew they'd be on their album. Do I get a prize for intuition! Huh!!
Mitch Norman.
No, cos I think *you're lying* — G.M.

23 Skidoo and back again. ...
10 Reflect, Paul's filling in space.

9 Anticipate, total relevancy out to lunch.

8 Campaign, say something promising.

7 Special touch, probably included free.

6 Contact, quite.

5 Competition, none whatsoever.

4 Property, matter-realism involved?

3 Chatteraway, uh... it's an interview you say?

2 Cheer up; times nearly up.

1 Skidoo! to view... says you.

Just kiddin' really; itterrealism?

Dave Wiseman, London N16.

Uh — G.M.

What's the matter? Paul Morley goes ga-ga and invents new design concept — MATTER REALISM — and converts post-modernists into post-Morleyists, abandoning the writer now he has abandoned the reader. Could

this letter be POST MATTER? Rev. N.J. Dwyer, Brighton
"We're matter the stars are matter but it doesn't matter."
Don Van Vliet.

Can I complain about the single line queuing system at our post office?
Keith Chapman, Essex.

What's Ian Penman doing here in *NME* reviewing PiL's 'Flowers Of Romance'? I much prefer the 1980 version of the aforementioned reviewer who in *Thrills* 29.11.80 was extremely complimentary about the album.

Claims that the new stuff was "not at all like 'Metal Box'" seem unfounded as far as 'Banging The Door' is concerned which now "gets very close to 'Metal Box' territory."

It could have been another album entirely. "Nothing personal y'know — just pointing out contradictions". A Pil-ock, Warrington.
Ah but is a change of mind necessarily a contradiction? — G.M.

Why are the staff at Our Price in London Wall such great guys? The Our Price London Wall Supporters Club.

PS They are all really brill. All I can suggest is that they are either Irish or flukes of nature. — G.M.

I've been reading *NME* for nearly ten years, and I must report a decline in standards these last couple of years — and this from one of your biggest fans!

None of the new wave of the past few years has attained the standard of the 'old guard' — MacDonald, Stewart, even Kent and Murray.

There's a jaded quality about a lot of the current stuff as if the writers don't feel their ability alone is enough to carry the work — they feel they must pep it up with forced style — deliberate obscurantism (Penman), forced optimism (Morley).

Brackets are also a problem. Haphazard placement of things usually in (un) expected places — reminds me of the technical wizardry/show-off syndrome you criticise so much when it appears on a record. All your photographers seem to concentrate less on their subjects than on their dreams of appearing in your Christmas 'pick of the year'.
D. Mitchell, Harwich, Lancs.

Aren't brackets rather avant (g)uard(e)? — The Old Guard (Roger St Pierre and Keith Altham)

If everyone who bought the *NME* C81 sent Paul Morley a fiver he could retire.
Czar Kastic.
For a week — G.M.

I'm glad to see that Public Image Limited have at last stuck to their word and have started to head away from traditional rock ideas like playing *Top Of The Pops* and releasing statutory products like LP's, singles and 12 inches.
Fred, Wimbledon.

The James Brown article (issue dated 11.4.81) was lifted word for word from *Boulevard* March 1981, the San Francisco magazine. Now print the superior James White article from the same issue.
Brent "The globe-trotting kid" Castleton, Rochdale.
If our man in 'Frisco Michael Goldberg — who edits *Boulevard* himself — gives the go-ahead, we may just do that — G.M.

Oops — sorry I meant to write to *Record Mirror*.
Charles Butler, Southport.
Typical *Record Mirror* reader — G.M.

Interesting interview with Jerry Garcia, your point was made well; the group and the genre have been dead for sometime. Garcia didn't seem to be trying to make a point. He seemed to be, well... almost grateful, you know?
LC, San Francisco.
Dead right — Jerry Garcia.

Re Gasbag 11/4/81
"If I don't know what I'm doing why am I richer than you...?" Atta boy Rusty! You tell 'em how it is. As the good book says "If you're rich then it naturally follows that you *must* be right". Keep on zapping those godless pinko hordes friends. God bless America.
'Rusty' Reagan, Washington (General Hospital).

Who is this Scottish transvestite Busty Egan who thinks so much of himself anyway? If Garcia, Lydon and Waits and I went round to see him he would probably faint.
Love, Cliff Edge, Oxford.

DEAD HORSE

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3	(4)	Mask — Theatre Of Hate	20p
4	(2)	Ant Music	20p
5	(5)	Black & White — Toyah	20p
6	(5)	Unexpected Guest — UK Decay	20p
7	(—)	Ants Physical	20p
8	(10)	Protest & Survive	20p
9	(8)	C.N.D.	20p
10	(—)	Cassette Pet — Bow Wow Wow	20p

NEW RELEASES

Flux Of Pink Indians 1"; Clash — Sendinista 1" x 11 1/2"; Jost K 1"; Jam — Start 11 1/2"; Gang Of Four — "History" 11 1/2"; Delta 5 — "D.V." 1"; Pere Ubu — "Art Of Walking" 1"; 23 Skidoo — Shape 1"; Demob — Ants Police 7

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Poser 8, 40p; God Crazy 50p; JG — Fashion Fanzine 80p; Over The Top 1 — Heavy Metal 40p; Panache 15 — Ants Special 45p; I.D.3 80p; Story So Far 4 "Cramps/Jean Jett 45p; Shake 11 (80's garage bands) 45p; ZG '81/1 (Image & Culture) 90p.

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Pic: Simon Fowler

Hurrying from the latest Cabinet reshuffle is the country's new Home Secretary, The Rt. Hon. **Buster Bloodvessel, MP**. *Buster, who describes himself as "skank of centre", told the assembled pressmen "I think I'll make a good Home Secretary because I do, in fact, spend a lot of time at home. Usually in bed."* Other new appointments include **Keith Richard** as Minister of Health, **Gary Glitter** as Chancellor of the Exchequer and **Stewart Copeland** as head of MI5.

T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

"FIGHT THE CUTS" is the cry on **Errol's** lips in these trying times but if you think we've got it bad, spare a thought for the USA where mad, senile **Ronald Reagan** is running rampant. Already **Ronnie** has scrapped a £130,000 project to discover if pregnant women should go scuba diving. A further project to discover how many women become pregnant while scuba diving is also in jeopardy...

Meanwhile two White House living rooms have been turned into a walk-in wardrobe for **Nancy Reagan**, who is rumoured to have more changes of costume than **Gary Glitter** in his heyday...

Also from America comes news of the latest in death chic — talking tombstones. A **Mr. Ser Lasney** has just patented a method of installing solar-powered tapes in gravestones, just pipping a team of **Doncaster** scientists, led by **Prof. Wally Quiff**, who, anxious lest the cremated should feel left out, are working on a whistling urn...

The original **Whistling Urn**, latest signing to the **Pye** label, held a press conference last week to announce his comeback "after the

vicissitudes of the so-called punk period, when the art of whistling was out of fashion". A new LP is scheduled for the summer with **Len Brillo** on guitar and **Ron Domestos** guesting on trumpet on xylophone...

PETE 'Wah!' Wylie ran into his old pal **Julian Cope** at the **Fire Engines** brilliant Embassy Club date the other week. Mersey bitching and bickering was forgotten as **Wylie** proceeded to denounce the bastardising of that word 'Rockism' in the rock press.

"The whole thing's just become a monster! This wasn't what I intended at all when we first used the word! The whole idea of what we're trying to do is get rid of comfortable little tags and labels. Now you've got some of the most reactionary people in the music press using that word to try and appear hip."

Say so **Mighty Wah!!!** **Richard Jobson** just might be producing the first single by the wonderful **Haircut One Hundred**...

Okay, hands up all of you who spotted the deliberate error on last week's singles page? We thought we'd keep you in the dark for seven days as to who actually penned the masterpiece of a column, feeling that any astute reader would immediately recognise

the flowing prose of **Adrian Thrills**. You all did guess right, didn't you? Thrillsy, meantime, would like to take this opportunity to thank **Clive Thomas** for making it all possible and to offer his sympathy in advance to **Manchester City**.

Don't all rush at the same time, but punky popsters **UK Decay** have a vacancy for a new bass player. The **Luton** band (we ask you, *Luton!*) have a tour coming up shortly so any aspirants are asked to ring **Fresh Records** and start rehearsing sharpish. You can contact them on 01-258-0572...

Three Freshies — **Chris Sievey**, **Rick Sarko**, **Mike Doherty** — had a damper thrown on their end-of-tour high jinks when the trio were arrested following a water fight with roadies in the toilets of a motorway service station...

THE LOVELY GEORGE — centre page pin-up in last week's **Daily Mirror** — is currently forming his own group after being turfed out of his occasional role as **Bow Wow Wow's** second singer. George, yes, just George, was told by **McLaren** that he looked too much like **Steve Strange** for the **BWWs**. Young George was flabbergasted: "I was dressing like this years before **Strange!**" And no futurist beer gut either — **Georgie boy**...

Kid Creole's latest protege **Coati Mundi's** identity can now be revealed. **Coati** — no relation of **Gloria** — is none other than one-time **Savannah Band** vibes player and now **Creole** orchestrator **Sugar Coated Andy Hernandez**...

Werner Herzog's new film being shot on location in South America has hit unexpected turbulence after leading star **Jason Robards** walked off the set. **Jason** is



Pic: Simon Fowler

Would you buy a second-hand bishopric from this man?
John Lydon tends his flock on **TOTP**.

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