

NEW NME EXPRESS



FUNK

The NME Wallchart

Blue Cats
Human League
Dolly Mixture
Daniel Miller
Scanners
B-Movie

The Little Boys Understand...

GIRLSCHOOL BETWEEN THE SHEETS

By Paul Morley

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
May 2nd, 1981

US SINGLES

This Last Week

1	(1)	Morning Train (Nine To Five)	Sheena Easton
2	(2)	Kiss On My List	Daryl Hall & John Oates
3	(3)	Angel Of The Morning	Juice Newton
4	(3)	Just The Two Of Us	Grover Washington Jr.
5	(6)	Being With You	Smokey Robinson
6	(5)	Rapture	Blondie
7	(9)	Take It On The Run	REO Speedwagon
8	(8)	Her Town Too	James Taylor & J D Souther
9	(15)	Bette Davis Eyes	Kim Carnes
10	(12)	Somebody's Knockin'	Terri Gibbs
11	(10)	While You See A Chance	Steve Winwood
12	(11)	Don't Stand So Close To Me	The Police
13	(16)	Watching The Wheels	John Lennon
14	(13)	I Can't Stand It	Eric Clapton
15	(7)	Keep On Loving You	REO Speedwagon
16	(18)	Ain't Even Done With The Night	John Cougar
17	(14)	Woman	John Lennon
18	(19)	You Better You Bet	The Who
19	(21)	I Love You	Climax Blues Band
20	(22)	How 'Bout Us	Champaign
21	(24)	Too Much Time On My Hands	Styx
22	(27)	Living Inside Myself	Gino Vannelli
23	(26)	Sweetheart	Franke & The Knockouts
24	(28)	Sukiyaki	A Taste Of Honey
25	(17)	Don't Stop The Music	Yarborough & Peoples
26	(20)	Just Between You And Me	April Wine
27	(29)	I Missed Again	Phil Collins
28	(30)	A Woman Needs Love (Just Like You Do)	Ray Parker Jr. & Raydio
29	(23)	Time Out Of Mind	Steely Dan
30	(34)	Love You Like I Never Loved You Before	John O'Banion

This Last Week

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

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



The Cure put their 'Faith' in the much coveted eighth spot and demonstrate the fate of Ray Lowry should he ever visit East Grinstead. Which he won't.



Adam gets well hung. A scene from the forthcoming video to commemorate Adam's number 1 slot for 'Stand And Deliver' next week. First as usual. Incidentally, 'KOTWF' has now equalled the record 'Grease' run of eleven weeks at the top.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week

1	(2)	Theme From Lloyd George	Ennio Morricone (BBC)	3	1
2	(1)	Making Your Mind Up	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	5	1
3	(5)	Good Thing Going	Sugar Minott (RCA)	5	3
4	(9)	Can You Feel It	Jacksons (Epic)	4	4
5	(6)	This Ole House	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	8	1
6	(3)	Lately	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	8	2
7	(—)	Grey Days	Madness (Stiff)	1	7
8	(4)	Night Games	Graham Bonnet (Vertigo)	4	4
9	(7)	Einstein A Go-Go	Landscape (RCA)	6	4
10	(15)	Attention To Me	Nolans (Epic)	4	10
11	(11)	Muscle Bound	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	4	11
12	(13)	Just A Feeling	Bad Manners (Magnet)	4	13
13	(10)	It's A Love Thing	Whispers (Solar)	7	7
14	(18)	And The Band Played On	Saxon (Carrere)	3	14
15	(—)	Stars On 45	Starsound (CBS)	1	15
16	(8)	Intuition	Linx (Chrysalis)	6	5
17	(22)	Don't Break My Heart Again	Whitesnake (Liberty)	3	17
18	(21)	Crocodites	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	3	18
19	(12)	Flowers Of Romance	Public Image Ltd. (Virgin)	5	12
20	(—)	Can't Get Enough Of You	Eddy Grant (Ice/Ensign)	1	20
20	(26)	New Orleans	Gillan (Virgin)	5	20
22	(26)	Drowning/All Out To Get You	The Beat (Go Feet)	2	22
23	(19)	Bermuda Triangle	Barry Manilow (Arista)	3	19
24	(28)	Primary	Cure (Fiction)	2	24
25	(—)	Keep On Running	UK Subs (Gem)	1	25
26	(23)	Only Crying	Keith Marshall (Arrival)	2	23
27	(17)	What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted	Dave Stewart & Colin Blunstone (Stiff)	6	12
28	(—)	Ai No Corrida	Quincy Jones (A&M)	1	28
29	(—)	Dogs Of War	Exploited (Secret)	1	29
30	(—)	Candy Skin	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Is Vic There? — Department S (Demon)
 Stray Cat Strut — Stray Cats (Arista)
 Swords Of A Thousand Men — Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)
 The Sound Of The Crowd — Human League (Virgin)
 Future Management — Roger Taylor (EMI)
 Humpin' — Gap Band (Mercury)

INDIES 33s

1	To Each	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
2	390° Simulated Stereo	Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
3	Prayers On Fire	The Birthday Party (4 AD)
4	Author Author	The Scars (Pre)
5	Modern Dance	Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
6	Sly And Robbie Present Taxi	(Island)
7	Psychodelic Jungle	Cramps (IRS/A&M)
8	Showcase	Aswad (Island)
9	Mesh And Lace	Modern English (4 AD)
10	At Home	(Pop Aural Product)

Rough Trade, 262 Kensington Park Road, London W11

INDIES 45s

1	Slates	The Fall (Rough Trade)
2	All That Jazz	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)
3	You're No Good	ESG (Factory)
4	I Know What Boys Like	The Waitresses (Ze Antilles)
5	All About You	The Scars (Pre)
6	All Systems Go	Poison Girls (Crass)
7	Candy Skin	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
8	Party Mood	Out On Blue 6 (Hungry Rooms)
9	Make Room	Fad Gadget (Mute)
10	Wheel Me Out	Was (Not Was) (Ze Antilles)

REGGAE

1	Can't Let You Go	Love & Unity (Studio 16)
2	I Dig You	Alton Ellis (Castro Brown)
3	What A Feeling	Gregory Isaacs (Taxi)
4	Give Love A Try	Trevor Walton (Santic)
5	Leave You	Freddie McGregor (JB)
6	Go Be In A Late Night Blues	Roy Rankin (KG)
7	Back Off	Johnny Osborne (Greensleeves)
8	Long Song	Unval Thompson (Salina)
9	Mr D.J.	Earl 16 (Dread at the Controls)
10	Rising	Bunny Wailer (Solomon)

Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, London SE14

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	Fernando	Abba (Epic)
2	Save Your Kisses For Me	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
3	Jungle Rock	Hank Mizell (Charly)
4	Do You Know Where You're Going To	Diana Ross (Tamlam Motown)
5	S-S-S-Single Bed	Fox (GTO)
6	Music	John Miles (Decca)
7	Girls Girls Girls	Sailor (Epic)
8	Love Me Like I Love You	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
9	I'm Mandy, Fly Me	10cc (Mercury)
10	Get Up And Boogie	Silver Convention (Magnet)

Week ending May 1, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

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

Week ending May 6, 1965

10 YEARS AGO

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

Week ending May 5, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

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

Week ending May 6, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

BECAUSE YOU CARE ABOUT YOUR ROCK AND ROLL



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

DENNY LAINE QUIT

Wings clipped

WINGS HAVE effectively ceased to exist with the news this week that Denny Laine has left the band. He was a founder member of the group ten years ago with the McCartneys, and an integral part of the line-up, both as guitarist and co-writer. As Paul himself commented, "We simply shan't be Wings anymore."

Laine's departure is an indirect backlash from John Lennon's murder in December. Because of his unease following the tragedy, plus the fact that he has received a number of threatening letters from cranks, McCartney has decided not to perform live in the foreseeable future, and the prospect of Wings being inactive indefinitely does not appeal to Laine, who desperately wants to tour.

So he now intends to pursue a solo career and his first move is expected to be the formation of a backing band — probably using some of the musicians who worked with him on his one-off solo tour last year. Said McCartney, "We wish Denny all the luck in the world."



Teardrops

Teardrop Explodes

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES set out next month on a headlining tour of major UK venues, including a prestige show at London's Hammersmith Odeon. They'll be promoting their newly released single, a remixed version of 'Treasure', which is the follow-up to their recent Top Ten hit 'Reward'. Just back from a month-long American tour, the band are currently preparing for their British outing, which takes them to:

Bradford University (June 5), Edinburgh Odeon (6), Glasgow Tiffany's (7), Leeds Tiffany's (9), Liverpool Empire (10), Manchester Apollo (11), Nottingham Rock City (12), Norwich East Anglia University (13), Ipswich Gaumont (14), Brighton Dome (16), Reading Top Rank (17), Guildford Civic Hall (18), London Hammersmith Odeon (19), Bristol Colston Hall (20), Southampton Gaumont (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), Sheffield City Hall (24), Newcastle Mayfair

MAJOR TOURS

(25), Coventry Theatre (26) and Aylesbury Friars (27).

Squeeze

SQUEEZE return to the UK circuit next weekend for their first tour in almost a year, climaxing in a major concert at London Rainbow. The outing ties in with the release by A&M of the band's new album and single, the first to feature Paul Carrack on keyboards as replacement for Jools Holland. The LP is titled 'East Side Story' and was produced by Roger Bechirian and Elvis Costello, while the single culled from it features 'Is That Love?' and 'Trust' — release date is May 15.

The tour schedule comprises Manchester University (May 8), Southampton University (9), Exeter University (11), Hanley Odeon (12), York University (13), Doncaster Gaumont (14), Oxford Polytechnic (15), Nottingham Rock City (16), Chelmsford Odeon (17), Portsmouth Guildhall (18), Guildford Surrey University Free Festival (23) and London Rainbow (29).

Richard Strange

RICHARD STRANGE has signed a long-term deal with Virgin Records, and he's taking his highly successful Cabaret Futura on the road for a UK tour.

His first Virgin release, out this weekend with a 12-inch following on May 8, is an updated version of an earlier track 'International Language' — originally issued by Cherry Red 16 months ago, but soon deleted. His first studio album since 1978 is scheduled for May 22 — titled 'The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange', it's the culmination of two years work on a narrative song cycle which he describes as "a political fantasy", a live version of which has already been released.

The mixed media Cabaret Futura club in London's Soho has, by virtue of its popularity, recently moved into larger premises. For the past year, Strange has been performing there with the aid of backing tapes, but he'll be taking his album band with him for the Futura tour. Comprising Angus Maclean (guitar), Peter O'Sullivan (bass), Martin Griffin

(drums) and Dave Winthrop (sax), they'll be billed as Richard Strange & The Party. Surprise guests and "novelties" will also be featured.

Tour dates are Newcastle Polytechnic (May 15), Huddersfield Polytechnic (16), Norwich East Anglia University (17), London Cabaret Futura (18 and 25), Manchester Polytechnic (19), Bradford University (20), Coventry Warwick University (21), Sheffield Polytechnic (22), Keele University (23), Hull Tiffany's (26), Leeds Warehouse (27), Nottingham Rock City (28) and Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (29).



STOP PRESS

THE TUBES' Southampton tour date as listed on page 37 has been cancelled.



DURY & COSTELLO CHARITY TEAM-UP

IAN DURY and Elvis Costello appear together on the same bill for the first time since they co-headlined the 'Bunch Of Stiffs' package in 1977, when they take part in a special charity show at London Victoria Apollo on Monday, June 1.

Titled 'Fundamental Frolics 1.6.81', it's described as a music and comedy revue, and among other artists appearing are Chas & Dave, Hot Gossip, Stephane Grappelli, Joan Collins and Rowan Atkinson with all the *Not The Nine O'Clock News* team, including Mel Smith who is also directing the show. All proceeds go to MENCAP, the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children and Adults.

It's understood that the show "will incorporate work never before seen in public" — and this applies not only to comedy sketches, but also to new songs specially written by the likes of Dury and Costello. A pick-up group of top session musicians will be on hand, which means that neither Ian nor Elvis will bring along his regular backing band.

A spokesman told *NME* that the artists will be integrated as much as possible, involving Costello singing with Mel Smith, and Dury working with Chas & Dave, among other novelties. Ticket prices range from £5 to £20, with the bulk at £10, and they go on sale tomorrow (Friday).

INVEST IN PRECIOUS METAL.

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.



FOREIGN PRESS — BEST BAND IN LE MONDE?

CRAMMED INTO a giant box of a concert hall with several hundred others of my species, the game's called Waiting for Godot / New Order or something. What a typical pop consumer's ritual night out. It's hard to breathe, impossible to move, difficult to see. Must we suffer still more?

Of course. Here's the Local Support Band.

Wide-eyed Foreign Press stumble into view. I yawn. They look awful, a cross between refugees from Reading Rock(ist) Festival circa '77 and the archetypal Men from C&A. I laugh. What a motley bunch of happy amateurs for this pompous period of sartorial extravagance.

And then the joke's over. We comatosed sardines are awakened and irreverently stolen away by Foreign Press, as they transcend the pre-defined role of 'support'. After this, New Order could only be a disappointment.

SOME DAYS LATER I invite Foreign Press home for a chat. Enter Stuart Smith, Dave Murray, Les Carey (The Invisible) and brothers Ralph and Stuart Bowe to tell me they've never done an interview with a music paper before.

"Why haven't we?" vocalist Ralph demands.

For my part I explain I saw them a couple of years ago, wasn't impressed, so never bothered to check them out again.

"Well you should have," he scolds. He's probably right, but then...

Foreign Press haven't had a record out since their offering of summer '79, a single on Manchester independent Streets Ahead. Nearly two years have passed and they're still looking for their next deal. But they've no inclination to start their own label; instead they're religiously dedicated to making the ultimate demo-tape, the key to securing that elusive major contract. But ultimately, where will it take them?

"Into the charts," chirps a confident Ralph.

"We need a major deal to be successful," adds a Stuart. "Major companies are geared towards selling in large quantities — unlike independents who we're not really interested in at the moment. You've got to chart to be really successful these days."

Depends on how you define success. But until their Golden Day arrives and they're finally signed up, you'll never hear Foreign Press on record or radio. And that's a pity.

Their music is a sound for all ears. Their strong melodies and lethal hooks would slot comfortably into Radio One's daytime groove thang. Theirs could be a commercial success without loss of artistic integrity: their destiny must be the charts — but there's a snag.

Don't they think the non-image imagery of their visual presentation is a bit anaemic for a band of potentially enormous pop stars?

"We haven't changed the way we look in all the time we've been together," explains Ralph, "and that's because we think the quality of our music puts us above fashion."

"Image is something we haven't really discussed together," adds a different Stuart. "I mean Les, he looks like he's just come up out o' t' pit. We virtually have to dress him."

Are you embarrassed by him? "No way. How could you be embarrassed by such a talented bass player — such a perfect band musician. It's talent that really counts, not image. Besides, I thought we looked great on the telly."

The band have just appeared on Tony Wilson's and Granada TV's *What's In tea-time cultural digressive slot*. I blinked and missed them, but I suppose it's one step nearer to *TOTP*.

"We're finally breaking through to the media," beams Dave.

Maybe so, my unknown heroes, but how do I persuade our Features Editor to run this piece?

"Just tell him we're an interesting band," says Ralph. "No, the Next Big Thing."

Foreign Press are the Next Big Thing.

— MICK DUFFY



Pic: Kevin Cummins

VIRGIN BOOKS

Publish and be doomed?

A SWARM of flurrying rumours was shot down over West London this week following the resignation and reinstatement of Virgin Books' Managing Director Maxim Jakubowski. What goes on?

Most oft-repeated gossip is that Jakubowski discovered plans to "trim" back his beloved book division to a near zero and it was this that caused him to throw a moody and bolt. He refers in the aftermath to "policy differences" and now tells us that Virgin Books will "continue as scheduled" — a line confirmed by a more than usually ambiguous Al Clark at Virgin HQ.

Virgin Books was formed in the summer of 1979 with former *Time Out* editor Pearce Marchbank as operating head. Marchbank reveals he was promised a title list as long as his arm and a squad of around ten staff to make it all happen. But with the arrival of Jakubowski — who officially outranked and then replaced

him — these pie-eyed plans never came to pass. In 18 months there have been less than ten titles and most of these have run in the direction of the Notting Hill sci-fi novel or the scandalous quickie.

A classier project, combining the illustrations of Russell Mills and an album of lyrics, notes and deep thoughts by Brain Eno, still hangs in the balance 18 months after being mooted.

As for this coming year... there are 14 titles planned. So look out.

● ANOTHER VIRGIN rumour this week predicted a bid by Richard Branson to buy the Hammersmith Odeon. Not true, say current owners Rank. Not true, says Clark at Virgin HQ.

But one deal that has gone through is Branson's undisclosed offer for failed SW London nitespot The Gardens, formerly Regine's. Branson made the purchase from Glamorous Ram, formerly the owner of the Oxford Street site on which Virgin erected their Megastore.

ANDREW TYLER



"These Christians are a miserable lot, aren't they? Pity they can't be more like those Nubians down there."

Ray Lowry

THESE DAYS, it seems that everyone associated with the Midlands-based ska and reggae movement wants to start their own label.

Following hard on the heels of Brad Special's Race Records comes news of UB40 producer Bob Lamb's Romantic Records, aimed at providing an opening for musicians in Birmingham.

First release on the label is ('Tell Me) What's Going On In Your Mind' by reggae outfit Reality, who Lamb thinks "will be enormous, because they've got great songs and great singers." A smooth, melodic number, it undoubtedly benefits from the idiosyncratic warmth Lamb brings to all his productions.

A genial, soft-spoken bloke with a weak lung, Lamb drives a bright yellow Jaguar XJS but lives in two rooms of a shabby, run-down semi in Moseley.

One room, cluttered with late-hippie bric-a-brac and disorder, has a pile of tape recorders and hi-fi equipment in the corner, which on closer inspection turn out to be the control centre of Home Of The Hits studio. The adjoining room, where the music's actually played, contains a makeshift drum booth and two layers of egg-boxes, that old soundproofing standby. "It's



THE LAMB LIES DOWN ON BROAD STREET

Tales From The Nail File

EVERYONE KNOWS time off is time to think — but what about? It seems that unemployment may be leading to a direct rise in conceptual art!

As early as last September, 24-year-old Roy Gordon of five-piece English Subtitles found himself jobless and despite his band and their noteworthy sub-Velvets single 'Time Tunnel' (a fair success for Small Wonder), he says his state of mind "was a little unreal. The employed world began to seem to me more and more a world without real sensations or values — I suddenly felt I had to make them notice me."

What Gordon did was to hit his local Tube stop at Barons Court around prime commuter time (8.30 am) and amidst said commuters, allow his friend Peter Davis to drive a six-inch nail through the palm of his hand and into a block of wood.

Among the shocked commuters who 'noticed' was one Bruce Weiller, who followed the pair back to the flat to question their announcement that the act was one of conceptual art entitled *Attack Torpor* and to find out why they captured the

resultant bit of blood on a plastic sheet. Weiller discovered that the blood was due to be used for a singles bag — and he ended up becoming involved with the Subtitles.

Gordon's frame of mind has improved considerably since the blood-stained sleeve and its



The blood runs yellow...

enclosed single ('Tannoy' b/w 'Cars On Fire') will now be out on May 1 on The English Subtitles' own label, Ten Seconds Too Late. It's a label whose birth would have been impossible, says Gordon, without the "psychological, financial and organisational" help of Bruce Weiller — one of the commuters on the Barons Court platform.

Performance veteran Helen

Chadwick (*Thrills* 4.4.81) has also been thinking about unemployment in terms of sound. She's channelled her anger about it into something she describes as an

"architectural sculpture with recorded sound" and has titled *Art, Architecture and the Giro*. A, A & the G is open to the public in the Soft Room of the Architectural Association at 34-36 Bedford Square London WC1 from April 29 - May 9 (weekdays 10 a.m. - 7 p.m.; Saturdays 10 - 3 p.m.).

Chadwick's sculpture is arranged in five interview booths of the type which will be familiar to anyone acquainted with the dole or a DHSS office. In each booth a different voice can be heard, issuing from a speaker as Chadwick puts it, "presenting their case as unemployed people who refuse to let the position they are in undermine their self-dignity." The cumulative complaints against the system form a wall of noise whose uproar confronts anyone who confronts the exhibition.

Neither Gordon, Weiller or Chadwick have heard of Chris Burden — who is of course employed.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

not bad — it gives a reasonably 'dead' sound," says Lamb, clapping his hands to demonstrate, "but not too dead, y'know?"

Lamb, an ex-drummer with The Steve Gibbons Band, emphasises that you don't need sophisticated 24-track equipment to make good records.

"I originally started producing because I felt that the productions on the old Gibbons Band albums never did the band justice. I got some four-track gear just to see if I could do it better, and I found out it was a piece of piss!"

He now has about £10,000 worth of equipment, including an eight-track machine he bought when UB40's 'Food For Thought'/'King' started doing well. Since then, he's recorded a No. 1 album here, to say nothing of two other UB40 chart singles, and intends to get a 16-track facility just for those bands who want to use 16 tracks.

"It's quite unnecessary, though," he adds, "especially when you consider Presley's 'Hound Dog' was recorded on a one-track!"

Romantic Records is to be distributed by MCA, rather than independently.

"MCA could see what I wanted to do with the label," says Lamb, "which was to try and create an identity with the sound — like Tamla Motown. And they could hear that in the sound."

"At the same time, I wanted the kind of back-up you get from a major. I didn't want to struggle with the DIY thing — I want to concentrate more on the music than on the business."

Besides Reality, he's already recorded a couple of other projects. One, The System, features Lamb back in the drum seat with ex-Gibbons guitarists Bob Wilson and Dave Carroll; so as not to conflict with his production commitments, they're going to stick to studio work. Their first release, 'Sixty Watt Pearl', is a fast, disco-tinged oddity.

The other, singer-songwriter John Caswell, used to play with Lamb in a band called Dog That Bit People.

"About six months ago John wandered over here with his guitar and recorded some songs which I recognised were instant hits, so I snapped him up." Caswell's single is called 'Vineyards In Japan'.

"Most other local labels are minority-appeal things," explains Lamb. "I'd like to see a successful Brum label. I want to release stuff I'd actually want to buy, and the only way I can achieve that is to do it myself."

— ANDY GILL

THE HI-FI SURPLUS STORE

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3 36WPC System: Akai AM U03 Amp, Akai AP-D30 D/Drive T-Table, pair Richer 3-way speakers, Akai cartridge £166 complete
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The show will be filmed for the forthcoming movie — *The Wall*

DOPPELGÄNGER CORNER

Corona crooner

THIS CRUSTY old snap came to light during the spring cleaning of the *Wood Green & District Gazetteer* (*Taking in Islington & Finsbury Park*). It dates from 1974 and shows the winner of a 'Win A Year's Supply Of Soft Drinks' competition who is named as... well, let's let it hang for a second.

To enter the competition the reader had to put six cartoon captions in order of 'chuckle-ability' and complete a sentence in not more than twelve words. (For the record, our man thought the caption "Leave, orf, that's me telescope" was the best and completed the sentence with "... because it would be of great value to the concert-goers of my area (Islington).").

Also in the prize were two albums of the winner's choice and our man chose 'Buddha &

The Chocolate Box' by Cat Stevens and 'Benefit' by Jethro Tull with Ken Hensley's 'Proud Words On A Dusty Shelf' as third option should either first choice be unavailable.

Little did the fellow guess,

on that proud day seven years ago, that the pictures taken in his moment of supreme soft-drink triumph would come back to haunt him just a few years later. And if you are

still in any doubt about the identity of our mega-star, Charlie, just turn to the following page where all will be revealed...



ART ROCKERS! YOU WILL DANCE!

— AND THAT'S AN ORDER

THE IMAGE of New York's downer-out underground, the had-a-rough-night-at-CB's crowd, is being replaced by a sleeker, more sophisticated breed.

The energy and vitality remains intact, but in the wake of the nine-piece Talking Heads, James White and the Blacks and James 'Blood' Ulmer, it's been blended with a dash of polyrhythm and disco: punked-up funk with an eccentric twist.

The Dance are no newcomers. In a previous incarnation as The Model Citizens they supported the likes of Suicide.

Husband and wife Steve Alexander and Eugenie Diserio, who met and married in 1976, lead the group and handle all its business affairs. Both are Columbia University graduates in Fine Arts and take what they're doing seriously — perhaps too seriously — but there's no denying that they know how to handle themselves. While countless other New York outfits flounder in search of rehearsal space and dates, The Dance get the prestigious dates regularly. Obviously a canny pair, these art rockers with business heads.

Last year's 12-inch 45 'Dance For Your Dinner' will be followed with another, 'Surrogate For Hate'/'Survive Another Day' on the On Label through the couple's own company, Initial Productions, and distributed in the UK

through Rough Trade.

"The major labels wouldn't know how to handle us," opines Steve. "Most of those guys in their 40s have no idea. It takes them too long to trim the fat, to figure out which end of the market to aim at."

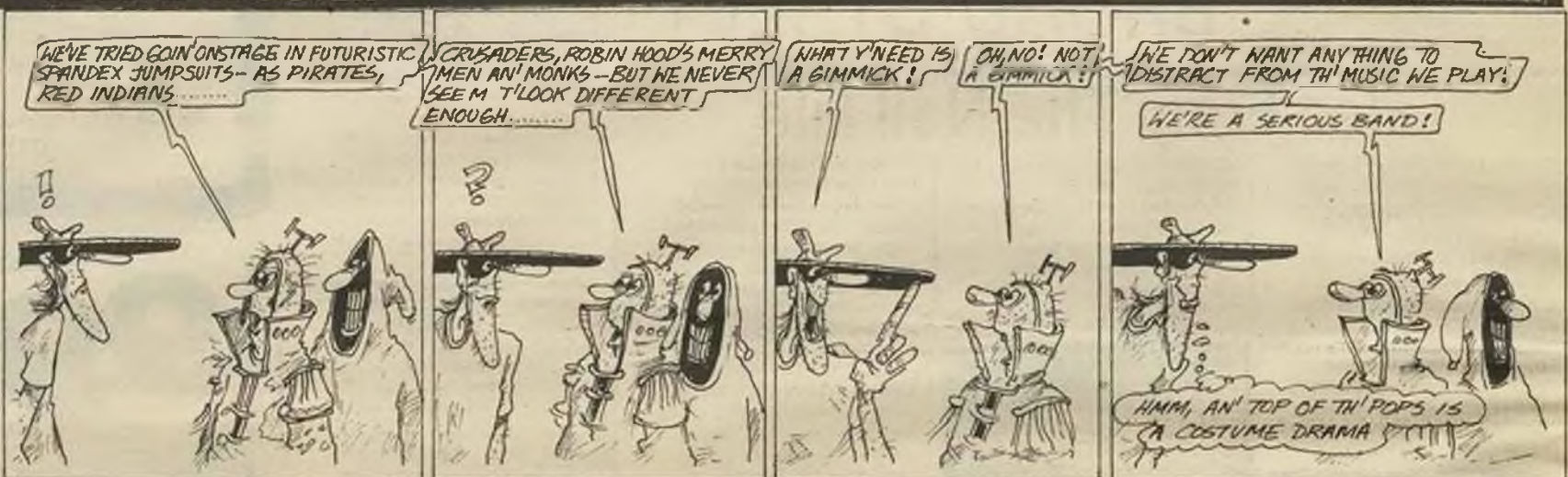
"We're looking to co-operate with someone through individual channels, someone who'll be flexible enough to let us work freely."

"We can get the dates now — though not when we want them. You'll always get bunked by an English band. Any mediocre band from England gets top treatment and it's becoming more and more an annoyance to the New York bands."

Eugenie, doe-eyed and tiny, chips in: "We get a lot of feedback. We're inter-sex and inter-racial. We've played



THE LONE GROOVER



As a point of information, the optimum bias setting for SX is approximately 138% of that for EX-II. The average ferric tape in the group required 97.3% of the reference bias, and the average ferrichrome required 109%; the average chrome equivalent required 105% of the chrome-bias standard. We also measured midband (333 Hz) harmonic distortion at typical operating levels: DIN 0 and -10 dB. Note that the meter calibrations on typical home decks generally read about +2 or +3 and -7 or -8, respectively, for these two levels. As a group, the ferrics have the greatest recording capability at 4 kHz — the average is 2 1/4 dB below DIN 0. The average chrome or chrome equivalent comes in at a little more than 5 dB below DIN 0, the average ferrichrome at about 7 1/2 dB below. At 15 kHz, the ferrics have the greatest recording capability (about -12 1/2 dB). The chrome group averages. The average A-weighted noise level is lowest for the ferrichrome (-57 1/2 dB), a figure almost matched by the average in the chrome-bias group. The average ferric-tape noise level is -51 1/2 dB. The lower noise level and higher midrange headroom of the ferrichromes produce the best midrange S/N ratio (an average of 60% dB). The ferrichrome bias group has a lower noise level (-58 1/2 dB) which is a noise level resulting from the use of a second equalization curve used with the ferric tapes that has been placed on the whole (just over 5 dB). The dotted curves for maximum high-frequency output represent, again, 3% third-order

Isn't it about time someone edited the jargon you read about tapes?



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MICHAEL BARNARD feels the force of the funky Dance

outside of New York, up and down the East Coast, and they go crazy. They identify with us, know the lyrics.

"The New York audiences are more blasé towards their own kind. Out of town bands are celebrated here but New York bands aren't, almost to the point of being turned away, and it's strangling the energy, getting destructive.

"Yet in New York we're detached from the rest of America," Eugenie notes. "It's TV-land out there. They have no desire for anything new. They won't listen to funk rhythms. We're making the future in New York."

Eugenie says her lyrics are "chants about feelings and emotions. It's a sort of survival kit for the '80s and '90s, a form of communication. In a band, I suppose we're all middle class intellectuals and we're just trying to make ourselves useful. We want to get some entertainment across, but to put information in there, too."

The Dance is as yet one project among several. Steve and Eugenie are involved with Chandra, the 12-year-old

wunderkind now playing dates backed by under-19 musicians; bass player Lewis Watterson hopes to be gigging with his other band, J. Walter Negro And The Loose Jointz before too long ("black and radical," he says); and second guitar player Tomas Doncker leads his own outfit, Flint, as well as making appearances with The Contortions.

Various personnel have come and gone from The Dance and Steve and Eugenie aren't sure if they'll ever see a permanent set-up.

"We all feel good about the way we're progressing right now," says Steve. "But who's to say? We're being spontaneous, allowing ourselves to be forced into unknown territory. The Dance is the nucleus and there's a lot going on around it."

Artists or not, the couple surely hanker for big gigs, success.

"My dream is to play with Bob Marley," says Eugenie, "though glamour can turn people off. It's decadent and narcissistic, but it's making the most of what you have."

"So we're making a commitment to a larger audience and emphasising the rock elements. We've done the arty experimental stuff and now we want to compete in the mainstream."

Alternative Print USA
by CYNTHIA ROSE

STARS AND GRIPES

EACH DAY brings more mags winging their way across the *Grosserwasser*, but here's the pick of the current pack.

First off, that enterprising Washington state outfit (the Lost Music Network) who bring you the outstanding *Sub-Pop* also produce *OP* magazine. *OP* editor John Foster wants to "help independent artists and labels to be heard by people who would like them" and to put those of similar musical tastes in touch with each other across the country. Sort of a dedicated muso's *Lonelyhearts*, but *OP* is impressively thorough and takes the amusing tack of running right through the alphabet — the 'B' issue, for instance, featured Bill Burroughs, Battle of the B Bands, the Best Radio Stations, etc; just as the 'D' issue will cover Delta 5, jazz trumpeter Barbara Donald, Distributors and Mail Order, DNA, and be illustrated with dinosaurs!

A full \$16 subscription entitles one to membership in the Lost Music Network with "full voting powers and the chance to help with any projects LMN undertakes". If the LMN-promoted singles which reached me (The Beakers' 'Football Season In Full Swing' and The Macs' hilarious buzz-ballad 'Walking Down The Street', as well as Anonymous' sinuous 'Snake Attack') are much to go by, there's fun stuff afoot. At \$1.50 from Lost Music Network, PO Box 2391, Olympia Washington 98507, USA, *OP*'s surveillance of the American indie and radio scenes makes it high-indispensable for those who want to be in the know. Highly recommended.

From the other Washington (DC) comes *Capitol Crisis*,

which offers a useful rundown of that town's venues, lists of fan clubs and "vinyl collectables", as well as the usual music / film / record reviews and an advice column. Interest ranges from hometown heroes The Slickee Boys right up to (down to?) Honey Bane. America's verdict on Ant-mania: "A real dud. The much heralded... is abysmal." Good quiz, too. Available for 25c from *Capitol Crisis*, Happiest Estate, 4120 N. 21st St, Arlington, Va 22207 USA.

Talk Talk is the 'Midwest American Rock and Reggae Magazine', now on Vol 3, No 2... in which for a dollar you

also get a fresh flexi-disc of 'Love's Alright' by garage types Abuse (of whom more later in *Talk Talk*, of course). As esoteric as *NME*, with stuff on The Spikes, Blue Riddim Band, Der Plan, Society Dog and similar, as well as more mainstream folks — only problem: the writing is stilted at best. From: *Talk Talk Publications*, PO Box 36, Lawrence, Kansas 66044, USA.

Bill Landis' *Sleazoid Express* claims, after 18 issues, "the largest circulation of anything of its particular type". What "its type" is is a one-page xeroxed rock and horror film freak's evaluations of movies he likes. I

take the liberty of quoting from issue 18: "I apologise for a slip-up in missing *Terror House* and *Nightmare County*, two potentially interesting movies. Unfortunately they lasted only one Friday night at the Times Square Theatre, the same night I subjected myself to *Maniac*. Coming: *My Bloody Valentine* and *Revenge of the Bushido Blade* with ubiquitous, versatile Cameron Mitchell as a samurai." This admirable level of editorial should make it clear that Bill is no relative of declassé director Jon Landis. Subscriptions: \$5 a year including mailing, from Bill

Continues over



DOPPELGÄNGER UNGANGED!

CAN THERE really be any doubt? Is there any confusing those psychotic eyes the sarky manner and the grim, lined mouth? Nah, you got it. So collect those bets right now cos, yes, it is your own, your very own Rob Younger of Australia's Radio Birman!

We contacted Rob at his four-acre farm in Walamaloo and reminded him of his fuzzy past. "What? What's that, Blue? Finsbree Paak? Never heard of et. You sure you got the rei goi heer? Never drunk a fukken soft drink in me entire spaan. Now



piss off, I've got to run a few head through the dip."

Though he denied it, our sources are adamant. (Not Adam Ant, jerk, adamant). Like, dig it, who else could it be? Kathy Kelly is 19.

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The Lost History Of The Velvet Underground

POSTSCRIPT



Velvet Underground — the final incarnation, L-R: Mo Tucker, Willie Alexander, Walter Powers, Doug Yule. Pic: SKR

TUCKER TALK

LIKE STERLING MORRISON, Maureen Tucker went in the opposite direction when she left the Velvet Underground in 1971. She moved back to Long Island, became a computer programmer, and eventually married a Mr Mikulka, a successful electrical engineer.

I telephoned her last week at her home in Tucson, Arizona, where she lives with her husband, and five children ranging from 11 years to two months old.

I asked if she was really forming a new band with Willie Alexander and she said no, that was impossible for a mother of five.

But six years ago she did cut a record with Alexander, Jonathan Richman and Walter Powers in Boston. It was a version of Lou Reed's 'I'm Sticking With You', with vocals by Maureen and Richman. Just one thousand copies were issued on Varulven Records and a few may still be floating around.

She says that, for her, being in rock music meant being in The Velvet Underground — "I was very proud of what we were doing" — and when the group split she saw no point in carrying on. She is still in touch with the other members of the band — "We exchange Christmas cards and so on" — particularly with Morrison. His sister-in-law lives near the Mikulkas and they meet up once a year.

As for Lou Reed, she says, "Since he got married he's been real happy, which makes me happy. Recently I dropped him a line to say we'd had a new baby. I didn't expect a reply — I mean, what does he care? — but I got a very sweet letter back."

She seems happy with her family, but fed up with Tucson which is a desert for rock and roll and for most other things. Do any of her friends there know about her past?

Last week in NME, Sterling Morrison gave his version of the Velvet Underground story. To follow up that piece, MARY HARRON tracked down the world's greatest garageband drummer Maureen Tucker

"Stuck out here in the middle of nowhere, the only friends we have are my husband's friends from work. But quite a few of them have heard of the Velvets, and they're impressed."

Being one of the first women to play in a rock band wasn't a problem, she says: "I've always been a tomboy, so it wasn't strange. I never got left behind. We always played pool together, drank a lot of beer together. But I'm glad to see so many girls playing guitar now."

She was always aware of the Velvets' importance, but even so she's surprised at the way their reputation has grown.

"Nearly every issue of New York Rocker or Rolling Stone mentions the band — that's very gratifying. Sterling and I do a lot of talking about it. It seems like it was only two months ago — I can hardly believe it's ten years."

Recently she made her own record on a four-track recorder at home, playing all the instruments on a version of 'Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow' and Chuck Berry's 'Around And Around'; now she and her husband are trying to raise the money to release it on their own label Trash Records.

Doesn't Maureen Tucker miss performing? "I enjoy my life — but I wouldn't mind a little whirlwind tour with The Velvet Underground. I wouldn't want to play with anyone else."

STARS & GRIPES

■ From previous page

Landis c/o Henry Jones, 428 E 9th St (Apt 14), New York, New York 10009, USA. Subsidise this man and his mission!

Boston Rocks, now up to issue 12, is published bi-weekly by the Newbury Comics firm — unusual for America with its tradition of a monthly rock press. It's good for local Boston stuff, area charts and indie info, but its features and interviews (Costello, Fleshtones, etc) lean towards bland info without an angle — though we do learn from Iggy that his is "a Dionysian rather than an

Apollonian art form" (eat dust, 'Journeys To Glory' sleeve designer!) and we get filled in on the paternity suit scene amongst Bostonian rock celebs. From: 286 Newbury St., Boston MA 02116 USA: price \$1.

And another final word in favour of John Holmstrom and Peter Bagge's *Comical Funnies*. As one Tommy Peters of Yonkers wrote to the editors after issue one: "There's not much left to laugh at today". Quite true, but this *apres-Mad* magazine monster lives up to its 'Lotsa laffs — only a buck' motto. Bi-monthly; send your dollar to PO Box 711, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York, 10113, USA.

HEALTH HAZARD OF THE STRAY CATS

SCOTS are suffering from a peculiar health hazard —

Too much pussy is bad for your health. Thanks and a tip of the tail to reader Iain Campbell, East Kilbride.

Yorkshire horticulturist Jimmy Page's brief spell of success ended at 12 noon yesterday when his unique money-suckle rose withered and died.

Not only did his bloom, with petals identical to pound notes finally bite the dust but all his precious cuttings fell victim to a mystery disease.

The heartbroken Mr. Page could not be found anywhere today to talk about his sad loss — it is as if he never existed.

Does Robert 'Plant' know about this? We think he should be trowelled... Ta to Eggy from Stapleford — an old staple — who spotted this unhardy perennial in the Yorkshire Post (2/4/81).



Jim Steinman—the man behind Meat Loaf

his first album **'Bad For Good'** is out now!

Jim Steinman is the man who wrote and arranged all Meat Loaf's hits, including the immortal 'Bat Out Of Hell'. And his first solo album is **'Bad For Good'**, co-produced by Todd Rundgren and featuring the same musicians as 'Bat Out Of Hell'. Don't wait to hear about it: get it now!

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THE BIZZARE BEATITUDES OF B-MOVIE

SUNDAY NIGHT in the Nottinghamshire mining town of Mansfield could at best be described as dull. Rain drenches the deserted market place as I meet B-Movie in the only pub that provides any sort of focus for local youth.

"This is the town the world forgot," they explain.

B-Movie are back at their home base for the weekend from assorted polytechnic courses around the country plus a spot of sightseeing in the capital for the group's two self-styled gentlemen of leisure.

Mansfield's last musical export was that elusive ex-glam rocker Alvin Stardust. B-Movie don't even come from the town itself, but from the scattered villages that surround it.

Wasn't their original environment a little isolated, I suggest?

"Well, the stage goes through every fortnight," they reply.

B-Movie make the sort of music that should be the staple diet of TOTP. It's a rich, lush pumping pop that's majestically melodic, powerfully atmospheric and driven by a natural exuberant energy. At their best, as their excellent single 'Remembrance Day' shows, B-Movie make dynamically beautiful pop songs, the essence of which they're not yet experienced enough to fully convey on stage.

Steve Hovington, Paul Statham and Graham Boffey met at school and played as a three-piece punk band until they drafted in Rick Holliday on keyboards. Because of the complete lack of venues in the area, the embryonic group were affected by what they heard on record rather than what they saw on stage, and they were moved more by early Ultravox than the Liverpool pop they've been compared with.

"The excitement generated by Ultravox in '77 was fantastic," enthuses Steve. "They were the first punk band to use synthesizers."

"I've also always liked the late psychedelic sound, like early Pink Floyd. I think we're quite a good blend between the modern electronic synthesiser pop and the older genre of psychedelic stuff. It's those two fused together."

B-Movie made some singles for Lincoln's Dead Good Records, but it was only 10

LYNN HANNA has a night out in Mansfield

months ago when they met canny Bizzare DJ Steve, now their manager, that they began to get any attention. A track on the 'Some Bizzare' album led to the single on Deram that since its issue a couple of months ago has been bouncing around the lower quarter of the Top 100.

"The Bizzare album was a good idea. We were glad to be part of it," says Rick. "Although our sound is at one end of the spectrum whereas people like Blah Blah Blah are at the other. Being on that was really the starting point."

The Bizzare connection also meant headlining at the Lyceum on only their third London appearance — without, incidentally, the benefit of either soundcheck or prior warning — during the recent day-long Bizzare bands extravaganza.

In common with many members of the new club movement, B-Movie are keen to keep off the treadmill of the established rock circuit, a decision which has perhaps been influenced by the tepid reaction of their local audience — "They just stand there, it's pathetic," they declare disgustedly — where the low-spot of their career was playing in nearby Workshop to a grand total of three people.

But B-Movie also have a distinct lack of pretension and a dislike of categories that makes them especially reluctant to be bracketed with the butterfly Beau Monde entertainers, even

if a large percentage of their audience so far could be described as futurist.

"I'm not keen on playing cliquy places," says Steve. "People aren't bothered whether there's a group on or not, they're just admiring each other. People view our music differently anyway, and we're not going to change it for any audience."

"We want to create a lot of atmosphere," says Rick. "And I like the sound to be danceable."

"I think our sound ought to conjure up an image in people's minds," adds Steve.

B-Movie's down-to-earth attitude extends to their lyrics, whether they're about what the group describe as simple observations of human behaviour and relationships, such as 'The Devil in Me' and 'Polar Opposites', or explore weightier themes.

'Remembrance Day' for example is an anti-war song about the generation decimated in the last world conflict.

"The gist of it is that I don't want to end up as a photograph in a silver frame looked on with nostalgia," explains Steve.

'All Fall Down' also deals with war and is that comparative rarity, an electro-pop protest song on nuclear proliferation.

"It's the only one of our songs that's overtly political," he says. "Rational argument just doesn't mean a thing anymore to this government."

Over the next few months the rest of B-Movie plan to move to London for a more concerted commitment to their music.

"We've got to the stage now where it's really serious. It's the only thing any of us want to do," says Steve. "Every record we've made has been one step further. It's been a natural organic progression. We're like a plant."

"Yeah," adds Paul. "And we're planning on blossoming around July."

B-Movie in full flower should be well worth watching.



Philthy Phil phlees phuzz

A WARRANT for the arrest of Motorhead drummer Phil 'Philthy Animal' Taylor was issued in London last week.

He had been due to appear on a drugs possession charge at Horseferry Road Court, but failed to turn up. Motorhead are currently in the middle of a US tour, and Taylor's lawyer told the court that he had intended flying over from America for the hearing, but found himself "stuck in that country" owing to the band's schedule.

The group are due to interrupt their Stateside schedule this week in order to play a short German tour, and the court was told that Taylor would put in an appearance on the way to Germany. There was no question of him trying to evade the charge, said his lawyer — but the Bench Chairman was unconvinced and issued a warrant for Taylor's arrest.

This is the culmination of an extraordinary series of raids and searches on Motorhead members and their entourage, which the band regard as undue harassment.



Wanted, half-dead or alive

Next Week In NME

FUNK WALLCHART

Part two of this splendid visual guide (and we'll have less of the sarcasm), from James Brown's itchy pants to all the disco breaks.

MISTY

From the funky black beat to black culture and politics in Britain today. As London simmers with racial tension Penny Reel talks to Misty about their beliefs and attitudes.

KILLING JOKE

Gavin Martin and Peter Anderson take the all-night strain to enter seven rooms of gloom with Killing Joke. Plus reports on benefit gigs by Dexys and the Ants, and The Specials... Nick Kent on the new Robert Gordon LP.. and a startling tale of the Scots supremacy (uh, we won't mention the 1978 World Cup just now).

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PLUTONIUM BLONDES

CND fights march ban

THE NORMALLY mild-mannered CND looks set for its first big prang with the authorities. It's likely to occur in Scotland's Strathclyde, where police have just stamped on an anti-missile march due to leave on May 6 from the Faslane Polaris bases and arrive at the centre of Glasgow the following day.

This police action is part of a blanket three-month ban of all marches in Strathclyde aimed specifically at damping Republican and anti-Republican fervour. It was at first thought CND would slip through a loophole due to the march's "traditional" nature, and police encouraged this belief.

Now organisers plan to fight back through legal channels but in any case suspect it's too late to "stop tens of thousands of people turning up for the march."

CND's London officials were intimating this week that the physical and emotional resources being pumped into the Strathclyde demo were such that if the march were prevented the movement itself could go down the pan. Says national organiser Sally Davison: "We fear it could lead to future bans. And that could effectively be the end of CND."

● HARDER CORE opposition to Government War Plans is being developed at local authority level. Some 80 councils — including most of Wales and a largish lump of Scotland — have now declared themselves non-compliant.

The lead came in September 1980 from South Yorkshire County Council which voted to prohibit from its domain *all* nuclear military installations, nuclear power plants and the transportation of nuclear muck along its rail tracks and by-ways.

Manchester followed at the turn of '80 and this caused something of a stampede.

Following the May 7 local election, CND intends gathering with reps of the dissenting eighty to consolidate opposition and plan battle tactics.

● A MORE ARTFUL approach to the subject will be found at London's Acme Gallery (43 Shelton Street) from May 12 to 30, where works donated by 60 artists will form an exhibit called *Artists For Nuclear Disarmament*. Relax — not all are pictures of the holocaust. You might even see a bowl of fruit, or a boy on a pony. All contributors, however, are philosophically for a world without N-Bombs and each item will be auctioned for the CND coffers on May 28 at the Gallery itself. Starting time: 7 pm.

ANDREW TYLER



NINETY THOUSAND people from 30 locations in this country marched against nuclear war fever over Easter, telling world leaders to cool down. Jobs Not Bombs, we don't wanna die. But stranger than fission: BBC TV News, unable to film more than an unspectacular few thousand at a go, reported a 'flop' turnout. Is this regular?

D. A. F.

DEUTSCH AMERIKANISCHE FREUNDSCHAFT



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DEUTSCH AMERIKANISCHE FREUNDSCHAFT

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THESE ARE THE DOLLIES WHO MIXED IT WITH THE MACHO MUSIC BIZ AND LOST

Cynthia Rose meets some '80s girls who've suffered rock sexploitation. Peter Anderson brings the shutter down.

WHAT DO the words girl group mean to *you*? The warm, soaring harmonies of The Ronettes and the dreaming-of-plastic-stiletto suburbs of The Shangri-Las? The varied female brigades of today's circuit, from the strictly proto-feminists right through the let's-just-shorten-the-skirts-once-more specialisers in self-promotion?

Or are those words just a tantalising clue: a hint that some ladies somewhere might actually be bringing some female awareness to a medium that adores them — but only as window-dressing.

Take the case of Dolly Mixture, a three-piece girl group — Debsey on bass, Rachel on guitar, and Hester on drums with vocals almost equally distributed — from Cambridge, currently burning up the lower end of the London circuit. Around in their hometown since '78 (when they were briefly a four-piece with ex-member Dawn, and even tallied a male vocalist "until he had a nervous breakdown"), Dolly Mixture came to London in late '79. Last summer they signed with Chrysalis for two singles and an option on an LP. That was when they discovered that girl group could spell TROUBLE.

"It was when we came to London," says Hester, "that we suddenly realised people could take us the wrong way. We'd played around Cambridge for a year and a half and nobody had ever mentioned image. We never thought further than the clothes we liked and the music which inspired us."

"It was our first cover versions," says dark haired Debsey, "which were our guiding lines. They felt so exciting, because no one else was doing that stuff. We did 'Dizzy' and 'Summer In The City' for instance. We liked the tunes and they were easy to pick up. And the classic girl group songs, they were just so uplifting!"

Hester: "You imagine them when you're playing them... It used to feel so good to play those songs; we loved them. We loved 'Baby I Love You'."

The only covers left now in the 17 song Dolly set are their popular rendition of 'Femme Fatale' and 'Foxy Foxy'. It became natural, they say, to begin writing their own

songs, as their tastes "didn't differ very much" and harmonies came easily thanks to "singing in choirs and that".

ENTER THE music press, as Hester recalls vividly. "Weeeeelllll... the first thing, actually, was a girl NME reporter (Deanne Pearson) who came along to our fourth London gig and just sort of stunned us by saying 'You're just dressing this way to attract men in the audience, you're trying to look young, schoolgirlish, cute' etc etc..."

"And we kept saying, 'No! We're not! We're NOT! That's totally against what we believe and what we do onstage'. She just wouldn't listen, nor did she indicate any interest in what we were saying and did want to do. And that was our first interview."

Rachel: "Ha! She did congratulate us on being 'clever' enough to choose this supposed image, though!"

"It was something to do with the clothes we wear and the fact that we're not particularly 'aggressive' — in inverted commas — onstage," says Hester. "Every single interview we've ever done people say 'why did you choose this image?'; they always go on about what's this image, what's this Little Bo Peep image, why don't you wear school uniforms and go all the way. That kind of sick thing. I mean so what — so what's a short skirt anyway?"

Well, something extremely tangible to the music biz proper, it transpired, when Dolly Mixture signed to Chrysalis. For their initial 45 they wanted "just an ordinary A and B side with 'Dead Rainbow' on the A side", and they hadn't decided about the flip. But they were told through then-manager Phil James that Chrysalis had only signed them because they wanted to release 'Baby It's You'.

The trio fought for a double-A single in order to get at least one original onto vinyl: they even went into an eight-track studio in Waterloo with "just an engineer" to lay down demos that might persuade Chrysalis to let them do more what they wanted. The compromise was settling for their own 'New Look Baby' on the disc with Roger Bechirian producing, though Bechirian's version of 'Baby It's You' was in the end replaced by

ex-Bay City Roller Eric Faulkner's. Bechirian simply refused to produce 'Dead Rainbow', say the band.

"With Roger Bechirian," Hester relates, "he was so much the big star that we weren't even allowed in — we had no choice in the mixing. He sent us out of the studio, then we'd hear that someone was going in to play tambourine on the record. We weren't even allowed to play our own tambourine!"

Debsey: "I just hate the sound of 'New Look Baby'. Though I think if it wasn't us, I wouldn't mind the production on 'Baby It's You'. Only it is us and it doesn't reflect what we try to do."

Hester explains that originally the band wanted Bechirian because "We really think he produces The Undertones well. But he seemed like, well, the ultimate male chauvinist."

And not the only one. When the single's pic sleeve materialised, it was covered in drawings of sweets and sported a sugar-tinted photo of the Dolly birds looking like frolicsome jailbait, with maybe a song in their hearts, but certainly not a thought in their heads.

"We were just really embarrassed by the whole thing. We didn't even

want a photo on the cover but the company said, 'You're a girl group and you have your picture on the cover or it doesn't sell'. And there was worse to come when our manager told us we'd sold 5,000 and we found out later from Chrysalis that it was only a fifth of that."

How many copies were actually pressed still seems something of a mystery.

Chrysalis parted from the Dollies and they parted from James (currently they are managing themselves while ex-Nips manager Howard Cohen looks after London gigs). Chrysalis' Roy Eldridge commented, "Our original agreement was for two singles and the LP option. But we'd been dealing with Phil James and they had had enormous problems with the first single, including disagreements with him, so rather than flog a horse the wrong way we decided it was easier to call it a day."

NOW DOLLY Mixture have a new three-track demo (with 'Been Teen', 'Hit With The Boys' — their own 'Rip Her To Shreds' — and the ballad-like 'Never Let It Go') of work from their current set, produced by Dave

weeks, they became enthusiastic enough to volunteer to finance the early stages of the film themselves. The bulk of the footage will still be financed by Arts Council/Arts Association grants

Dolly Mixture is being shot in colour on 16mm footage to a length of one half-hour and will include previously unrevealed Dollyfax such as the period the hapless trio spent shackled up at ex-manager Phil James' Soho residence and were reduced to busking for food money. There will also be a 30-second intro sequence by Hester's brother, a professional animator.

Simon West is an independent film-maker. Currently he's earning his lunch money from the BBC but making a feature short called *Dolly Mixture*, about ("and with the full participation of") the group. The film includes stock rock-cinema gambits: live concert footage, rehearsal shots, scenes of the band "sorting out" their music and discussing their interests — but also what West terms 'non-actuality bits' thought up by the Dollies to enlarge on the inspirations behind their music.

How did West decide on the girl group as a subject? Because a friend took him to a Dolly gig a few months back and when he subsequently encountered Hester, Rachel, and Debsey he was "just amazed by them. They live Dolly Mixture the whole time — they spend their whole time together and their personal life is centred round the group. Yet I found them totally un-egotistical."

Simon's crew agreed; after accompanying him round to various gigs and meetings over several

Murray, an engineer at Polydor studios who "let us have a lot of say in the sound". It's a much stronger indication of their personalised, tuneful, and female approach to Girlhood Today.

"We're dying to get a proper single out" says Hester.

Meanwhile, they continue learning in public: a task hard enough for male musicians but nigh-impossible for women who don't aim to fit the fashionable mould. Male critics "just seem to take the point of us as three girls to enact some fantasy of their own; the stories always become complete fairy tales and you'd never guess we've talked to the guys."

Nor do the trio feel too optimistic as females about pop itself as it stands today.

"I feel alienated from groups now," says Hester. "In a way I didn't from early Blondie, X-Ray Spex, The Undertones. I mean, I love some of the Teardrop Explodes' music but I just read the Jam book... and it's so much the boy-about-town thing! So many groups are going male-orientated."

"When the mod thing was at its peak," says Debsey, "it used to be a very for the lads, for the boys thing."

Hester: "Nothing seems to be for women! Punk didn't seem to be either, really. And anything like the movements around groups like Joy Division or Spandau Ballet are terrible."

Debsey clutches her rib cage, just as she did when describing how The Shangri-Las affected her. "Spirit!" she says "There's no spirit!"

Dolly Mixture seem determined in their unaffected love for the unassuming and entirely pleasing pop they produce. And after our short chat and my several glimpses of them onstage I'm not at all sure Debsey's right. There *could* be a whole new spirit in the night.

In fact, I didn't even need to ask if they have dirty dreams.



DOLLY MIXTURE: RACHEL, HESTER & DEBSEY



EMBEDDED INTO the vastly changed centre of Manchester, HMV Record Shop has never been my favourite. Too formal: like a library.

Today, hours before their concert at Manchester's Free Trade Hall, Girlschool are performing what appears to be known in the trade as a 'shop P.A.', a personal appearance to sign LP covers, single covers, scraps of paper, the pale skin of young limbs, the variable blue of denim, posters, tickets, t-shirts — an appearance that coincides with Easter school holidays so that fourth form poppets can claim their prize, their prestige, and have their warming milk-fantasy ever so slightly stimulated.

Girlschool are too polite and natural to question why they're doing it: they don't wish to upset fans nor bother management. They smile and sign: later they sigh.

Today, in the Manchester record shop, there's an orderly queue stretching from a counter, down some stairs almost out into the street. For half an hour the queue never gets any smaller: more serious looking dedicated dreamy denim boys arrive, the rare unsmiling girl. The four School girls accept the line of fans, the nervous faces and nagging denim, with charm and courtesy, hoping vainly to shut down the distance that the fans are happy to set up.

The day before, at a Preston PA, there was no queue. An unruly, but threatening, spread of dark-to-light blue denim crowded round the harassed girls, prompting an hour of fevered signing and much bemusement. The day after there will be a PA in Liverpool: the girls hope it will be their last. It's not hard to break down the four girls' initial pleasant defence of the function: if there was ever any faith in this form of communication, it's quickly dissipated.

"I never wanted people's autographs," announces Kim the guitarist in wonder. At the bank where she worked for a year to raise money for guitars and amps she pinned up a picture of Plant above her desk.

"I think it's really weird, all this signing of things. I'd never dream of it. I'd be too scared, too nervous. I went to gigs, enjoyed them, and then went home."

Wan faces gather. Wobbly voices announce specifications "Sign this please... with love to..." The girls scribble. There's an air of awe. There's little conversation. The queue edges forward.

The girls scribble: Enid Williams the bassist, whose face is permanently illuminated with an unsuspicious and cheery grin. Denise Dufort the drummer, small boned, wiry, receptive, sniffing on the edge of the dreaded rocktour cold. Kim McAuliffe (they never got round to changing their names), dense black hair, unpoetical black nail varnish; white face, agile eyes. Kelly Johnson the lead guitarist, untutored darkened butter-blond hair cascading around a dazed face, irresponsible blue eyes lighting up the hearts of all the little boys.

Kelly is the star: the thwarting heart throb, the forbidden pop star with a pure heavy rock boy following. She stands last in line: now and then when he gets to her, an older boy, a 17 year old, will bravely think out loud, "Oh yes, the one I've been waiting for."

"You get bombarded with strange thoughts when you're scribbling away," puzzles Kelly. The two days I'm close to Girlschool they spend three to four hours making their marks on anything biro shows up on: they can spend more time signing than playing.

"I feel silly doing it. I get very embarrassed."

Today, the little boys don't notice.

"You're shoved behind a counter and however much you try you get distanced and it is very embarrassing. But the fans see it in a different way. I try so hard to imagine myself on the other side of the counter. And they're all so young — 14, 15, 16. They make me feel so old."

Kelly is just journeying into the snidy 20s.

The queue finally peters out. Two punks discuss the idea of getting Girlschool's autographs. "We could sell them — do we know anyone into heavy?"

FIVE MINUTES after Kelly has signed the last poster, marked the last denim wrangler jacket, we arrive at the Free Trade Hall. As soon as Kelly has crossed Peter Street, the messy shapes of denim staining the stone stairs of the hall, two hours before the show starts, speed like iron filings to Kelly's magnet.

Surely the same boys who were just at HMV! Coming round for a second mark, another sign. A boy with desperately greasy hair needlessly held in place by a sweat band, stuck inside denim rags ruined by age and inattention, smugly tells me he's already got their autographs. Get one again, I tell him pointlessly. He does: this scrawl's on the inside of his jacket, the other was down the front of his jeans.

Kelly disappears under the possessive

weight of pre-ruined blue denim and the incongruously glittering patches of loyalty: soft pink, soft blue, clean wild hair fast eaten up by the absorbing blue denim. Within seconds Kelly can't be seen. A slow old man in flat cap and plastic glasses stops and asks me what's going on. All he can see is a mound of blue boys packing the pavement.

They're after an entertainer's autograph, I tell him politely. He tries to see through the denim, maybe expecting an Easton or a Bush. He shakes his head and wanders along the pavement.

Inside the scrum somebody gets marked and asks Kelly if she's married. As Kelly finally pulls away and makes for the stage door a boy

asks her for a kiss. Smack! Kissed quick. I'm walking next to Kelly. "Hope you don't mind?" he nervously asks me.

"We always have really sweet letters from fans," Kelly will tell me. "We've only had one dirty letter..."

Does she think she's a sex object? "A little bit... a mixture of that and the



Enid, Denise, Kim and Kelly.

BLACK LEATHER AT ST TRINIANS

GIRLSCHOOL FRENZY GRIPS THE COUNTRY AS ADOLESCENT BOYS DISCOVER THEIR VERY OWN ROCK'N'ROLL SEX SYMBOLS. PAUL MORLEY TAKES A MANLY LOOK AT THIS CRAZY PHENOMENON. ANTON CORBIJN TAKES THE PIN-UPS.

typical HM guitarist."

Girlschool seem to be these boys first (hetero)sexual experience.

"I don't know what to say about that ... who knows ... when you're playing onstage, they just want to touch you. Nothing is ever explicit. They're all really shy, they never try to pick you up. They want a kiss at most. Only because they'd feel stupid asking Ian Gillan or David Coverdale for a kiss."

Would they want one?

"Yeah, probably, at that age why not?"

"The whole thing, they're so committed, they're so loyal ... It's a special kind of feeling isn't it? It's good! It's not bad! It's not bad from your point of view all this. Surely! C'mon! It's harmless ... They're so young. They'll grow out of it — I grew out of Bolan."

GIRLSCHOOL, I find out, are an unweaned pop group with a HM following: an unstudied speed-pop group to see a shiver of sense in, if not to rationalise. They're aware of the games they're forced to play. "Yeah, it's all a game," Kelly says. "And our fans will realise it one day."

They don't now: don't you feel patronising?"

"Yeah, I feel all sorts of things. It's very confusing and complicated the whole thing, and it's only really happened these last three months. If you think about it all too much you'd just stop in your tracks and achieve nothing. You'd get so paranoid about the problems. I do get really paranoid ..."

See Kelly screwed up in her seat in the van driving through the snow from Preston to Manchester, refusing to look at the video playing of Girlschool coupled with Motorhead on TOTP. "It was so embarrassing ... I was so pissed when I was doing that ... It's over the top, and I get embarrassed watching the clichéd things ..."

See Kelly parading and preening on stage, attacking her guitar, steaming the little boys, stalking out a territory stage left, surly, broody, the neatest shape in HM ... a dream for all the dreamy denim-boys, the pink and ideal package for their patched denim Xmas stockings amidst the patches and cutout guitars. HM — it's a mystery? The little boys understand.

THE FAN

AT THE Preston record shop an eleven year old boy, perfectly be-denimed, freshly patched and badged, not yet past looking babyish, finally gets the girls' autographs. He tells me that he's an HM boy because all his mates are. And his older brother? "I ain't got a big brother." He sprints off.

After the Preston concert Girlschool take 45 minutes to satisfy another rash of signature sammies: some boys go round and round the queue to get different parts of their clothing and anatomy signed. Three boys, Colin, Paul and Geoffrey, aged between 15 and 20, try to let me into the secrets of their love. They tell me fondly about feeling associated with something.

"I like all sorts of music," says the senior Paul, "but the only music I spend money on is heavy metal, well, heavy rock. There are certain tracks off certain LPs played loud enough that send shivers down my spine."

What about girls playing heavy metal?

"I've got nowt against it! Nothing at all ..."

"Why do you want their autographs?"

"Prestige ... I suppose it's like a status symbol ... I haven't got many autographs, a few footballers."

"Will it be a thrill meeting them?"

"Yeah it will be ..."

They tell me they read *Sounds*.

"They have lots of tour information, heavy rock interviews ... they tell you about who's playing at Reading ..."

"You go to Reading?"

"It's brilliant!! The atmosphere, it's like a Cup Final ... It's like Mecca."

We have a strained conversation about AC/DC, Rainbow, Gillan, Bonnet, Cozy Powell: they're very serious about it and reveal an HM discrimination I never knew existed. They don't see my joke in HM, no apathy. It's difficult to puncture their rationale. Do they feel they live a fantasy?

"Yeah!! It's something to get away from realism, it's an outlet. It's nice to have that. If you want to let yourself go, let yourself go. How often do we get something in Preston? Not very often. Girlschool and Tiswas are about it in the next four months. Sally James! Ooh ooh!

"Do you fancy Girlschool?"

"Er ... yeah! What male doesn't?"

"Which one is your favourite?"

"Kelly!"

THE FREE TRADE HALL

THE FREE Trade Hall played a big part in my past. I saw my first pop concerts there; Bolan, Bowie, Stewart, Floyd. Then I got avid and stupid and went to see everything — Fanny, Steeleye Span, Sabbath, Purple, Mott The Hoople, Wings, Quo, Nugent, Rush, Trower, Gallagher ... It was a home of heavy metal, and I vividly remember the riot scenes, the carnage, the relentless stupidity of response, the enveloping Flash Bang Gallop.

For Girlschool the audience seem no different — in attitude, uniform, politeness and ultimate total submission — to audiences ten years ago, half lost and resenting any glimmer of glamour. The bar isn't very full — most of the audience have yet to start drinking. The only change in HM audiences is that they get younger. I count a dozen girls on my travels around the hall. Kim registers disgust and disbelief when I tell her. Just

before the show starts I hear two boys, staring hard at the glossy programme, discussing who's the best looking School girl.

Watching Girlschool, untouched by the noise but touched by their joy, I'm trapped between recalling the Free Trade Hall days when I was buoyantly naive of the realities of rock and observing the offstage antics with solemn cynicism, between resenting the passive clichés and material limitations of Girlschool's slinging speed-pop and relishing the improbable irony and unashamed corniness of their presentation.

The boys crush up to the stage front: a stormy sea of soiled denim, waving arms, excruciating faces.

"They're mad," says Kelly, "but I have to love them!"

Their arms stretch out to touch, they respond to any spoken word however dull or dumb, they're inspired to greater fury by an added explosion or a fancy show of lights, they're on the edge of screaming, they're definitely dreaming. They want ... something.

The long hair flails in the lights, the two guitarists snap and slide into their poses, legs apart, guitars stuck into groins, they rush up to the front of the stage to tease their admirers, high limited voices screaming to be heard above the unsteerable noise, the songs tumble through ridiculous climaxes and thrash to their inflated, infested finishes. The boys cry out; the girls are in control. And the show doesn't hurt me.

Girlschool rock the heavy metal stereotypes, mock the heavy metal rituals, resist the temptation of pomp, reduce the heavy metal pomp rise and cumbersome fall to minimal, manageable levels: an ugly music becomes acceptable if still stationary, a nasty, nonserisical nuisance of a music becomes a part of pop. If the little boys have to have their heavy metal shivers down the spine — *and they do* — then rather it's Girlschool than Saxon. The boys worshipping gross, arrogant, insecure, incurious men is disgusting. Worshipping girls who don't maltreat them, who enthusiastically pervert expectations, who ignore the majority of the crass HM constitutions, seems logical.

comes from the Motorhead association?

"Yeah, we do feel a little resentful about it. We were slogging away doing exactly the same thing for two years before anyone took any notice ... We're sort of fashionable now."

By association, Girlschool became a heavy metal group. They had to deal with the rituals, the boundaries, the fact that they share the same audience as obnoxious groups like Saxon and Whitesnake, that they were impelled to immerse themselves in some of the theatrical trappings of the music, that they are perhaps restricted by the oppressive loyalty of their fans.

THE KIM

KIM PERFORMS from stage centre and shares vocals with Enid and Kelly. She introduces the songs and rouses the rabble, allowing Kelly to perfect the silent and cursed act. She performs the task with undimmed politeness, chattily repeating the same words of greeting and encouragement every night: "This is for those of you who have a long way to travel home!" Cheers. "This is for those of you who are having a broken romance! ..."

"This is for this lot down the front getting crushed!" Difficult cheers. "Yeewalraat Manchester" Of course!! Her voice is flushed with decisive non-HM niceness. She's as arrogant and domineering as a bank clerk: the little boys don't notice.

I talk with her in the dressing room before the Manchester show and in the hotel bar after the Preston show. She chats easily, and she gets that from her parents.

It's Girlschool's notional normality and contagious enthusiasm that infuses their music with uncertainty and irony, even humour.

"Yeah, I think it should be humorous in a way. We don't want to be taken really seriously."

It's so unenlightened and limited — gimme me money, gimme love, gimme you. It's a load of nonsense.

"Oh yeah I know what you mean ... then

Saxon are a joke!

"I know, I know ... Saxon are a joke ... but don't write that down! They're nice blokes! That's the point! They're doing what they're doing and good luck to them."

And you have to share their audience.

"I know ... It's true. Saxon we just laugh at. But it's up to the fans. They don't have to like those bands. Surely they ain't pressured into liking those bands?"

I get so worked up about Saxon I end up ranting and raving. Look at those trousers! Finally a roadie, Enid's boyfriend, can't stand it any longer.

"How can you condemn a music because of somebody's trousers? It's fucking stupid!"

I contrive to calm down. So what thrills Kim about Girlschool music?

"The fact of being appreciated. I don't feel power. I just feel like pleased that people come to see us and enjoy it. You have kids just dying all over the place!!!"

THE DAD

I TELL Kim that I don't play pop LPs much anymore, but adore pop singles, especially sticking them on when I'm getting ready to go out.

"Oh yearh," she eagerly respond, and tells me about a current favourite. 'Big Noise In The Jungle' The Tiller Boys?

"Yeah. Oh, it drives me mad. It just goes on and on."

It turns out that her father bought it for her after hearing it on John Peel; delivering it with the message that Girlschool should write songs like that.

Parents seem to have been important in the formation and support of Girlschool; lending money, mortgaging homes. I surprisingly hear someone discuss the importance of John Peel in the girls' dressing room after the FTH show and find myself taking to Kim's dad — wise, proud, unstrict — there with Kim's mum, aunt, unseen cousin, for a typical family outing. We drop deep into a conversation about Bowie.



'When you're playing onstage, they just want to touch you. Nothing is ever explicit. They're all really shy, they never try to pick you up. They want a kiss at most. Only because they'd feel stupid asking Ian Gillan or David Coverdale for a kiss.'

The sexual and fantasy elements lock into place. The girls look right throwing those shapes and confronting those little boys in those coarse ways. It's a pop music, an entertainment that will burn up, a fantasy to quickly rip through. Girlschool music is murky and deficient — but they're the freshest, most refreshing, most dashing of the groups called heavy metal. They make the Rainbow, Saxon, Whitesnake mob seem even more sickening, saddening, stupid, sedating.

There are still, though, problems.

THE STORY

GIRLSCHOOL were formerly Painted Lady. Denise and Kelly joined original members Kim and Enid after certain upheavals.

"Right from the early days we all used to get singing groups together, just larking about, for something to do. It all really started because we were bored, we had nothing to do. So let's start a band! The next thing was getting instruments, and that was really hard. That's the thing about girls, usually they never get round to thinking about buying instruments. Being girls was an advantage in some ways, a disadvantage in others."

Does it bother them that their success

again, in HM the words aren't important, it's like an event, the gig, it's just a feel, an atmosphere, a noise."

What about moral fibre, I crack.

"What about it? It's much better coming to a heavy metal gig than beating people up in the streets."

How can you be even a fraction involved in a music that perpetuates such uncherishable notions of the female form and potential?"

Well, we're not sexist and it's just not a thing that concerns us, other groups attitudes."

Does your music make you feel sexy.

"Not really."

Do you think Girlschool are following through unerring HM rituals?

"We're just playing heavy rock! I don't know about any rituals. You make it sound like some black magic thing ..."

All these male heavy metal stars are downright dicks — sexless, stupid, you see Saxon on TOTP and laugh.

"Yeah, they kill us. It is a joke ... I agree with you in one way, but in another way ... You're talking about it all as if it's such a bad thing, and I don't think it is. There's a good side to it as well."

99% of heavy metal is retarded and absurd.

"Yeah, that's the thing about NME ..."



"What I like about Bowie, if I can use the word 'like', is that he disturbs me. I have this theory, if you are going to succeed in the arts — and music is an art — then you have to have something wrong with you. There is something about artists that is disturbed. I said this to Kim, you're never going to succeed because you're so bloody normal! Now Kelly on the other hand is a little bit special, and I can see that. Bowie is disturbed and it disturbs me."

He talks carefully and lovingly and tells me he feels lucky that he can appreciate music from all areas. He announces that he refused to let changes in music pass him by.

"I was determined to be if not right in the middle of it all then on the periphery and aware."

He talks romantically of Glenn Miller and The Sex Pistols, of progression. So what about the unchanging heavy metal?

"It's a repetition simple minded din. But I think Lemmy said it right, or he agreed right, when he said that a band is labelled by its fans. Personally I've never regarded the girls as heavy metal. Oh, it's a powerful, energetic music, but HM is very much a night out music. It's not full

A UNIQUE NEW SINGLE DUMB WAITERS

in a picture bag that actually plays-produced by Steve Lillywhite-CBS All66

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS



GROAN—NOT ANOTHER CALLED CATS!

Hang on, mate — we were the FIRST! claim The Blue Cats. Adrian Thrills starts the story of the Finnish and declines to argue. Well, look at them! would you?

TAKE A LOOK around the hall and they are everywhere.

Ponytailed girls in long fluttering skirts and dayglo ankle sox. Quiffily-coiffured boys in baseball jackets and bootlace ties.

The look is cool, the flags are confederate and the beat pounding from a set of battered speakers is unmistakable — the tinny twang of vintage rockabilly.

It could have been a typical juke joint just about anywhere. It could have been one of the pubs or clubs on the traditional British rock'n'roll circuit. Maybe the White Hart in Tottenham, the Southgate Royalty or the Carshalton Chic-A-Boom.

But this place could hardly be much further removed from London's hepcat clubland. This is the Suerjentalo, a large timber hall set picturesquely amid the pine tree at Humppila in southern Finland, a few hundred miles from the Soviet border. Though remote in the extreme — a good two-hour drive from the nearest city, the capital

Helsinki — this particular greasy hop is packed to its log-cabin rafters.

Unlikely as it seems, the youth of Finland are currently flockin' and rockin' in their thousands to the strains of the original '50s bop — good news for Croydon's Blue Cats, who are visiting the land of the midnight reindeerboogie as part of an extensive European tour.

Tonight's promoter Kari Heimonen reckons there are upwards of an unbelievable 500 rockabilly groups in Finland! The massive list includes the likes of The Lonestars, The Dollies, The Fairies and The Generals, as the graffiti on the dressing room walls readily testifies. Some of these groups even enjoy national chart status, although the actual sales figures this involves are not that staggering with the Finnish population well under five million.

But as The Blue Cats quickly discover, it is the British and American groups that are the biggest draw. The actual sound inside the hall is terrible, but they still go down a storm, their beefy yapping and yowling receiving a near-hysterical reception.

Unlike their fellow felines — the Strays and Poles — The Blue Cats lie much closer soundwise to some of the original southern rockabilly rednecks. Guitarists Clint Bradley and Carlo Edwards pay

energetic homage to the old masters Vincent, Presley and Burnette while bassman Mitch Caws and drummer Stef Edwards maintain the traditional slapping, bubbling rockabilly backdrop.

While their authenticity has brought them some recommendations to cherish — the likes of Carl Perkins and Marvin Rainwater have both vigorously sung their praises — it may also hold them back in the pop crossover stakes where the slightly more radical bop of, say, The Stray Cats has proved such a winner.

The Blue Cats have relatively little to say for themselves in interview, preferring to let the music stand on its own merits. But they are aware at least of a need to expand on their rockabilly roots.

Brothers Stef and Carlo — who formed the group as the more puritan Blue Cat Trio back in 1978, inspired by Gene Vincent's combo the Blue Caps — reckon their current line-up can do just that. They point to their dynamic 'Wild Night' single just out on Charly Records as an indication of what they are capable of achieving.

"If you're going to get anywhere, you've got to have some originality," says Stef. "At first, we learnt how to play all the old songs the way they were all played originally. But now we've developed and, almost by accident, we've

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ROCKABILLY COMBO



Big Clint drops in on Stef, Mitch and Carlo.

found ourselves playing them differently. I think we play in a very different style to a lot of the other bands around." Indeed! One of the most refreshing aspects of the latest

rockabilly boom has been the sheer diversity of its leading lights. The Blue Cats, Poles, Strays and Shakin' Pyramids are all remarkably dissimilar. But what do the blue boys think

of their contemporaries? "I think we're all in it together," says a diplomatic Clint. "The more the merrier! But I'll have you know that we've had our name long

before The Stray Cats and Polecats were around. We had an independent album and a single out as The Blue Cat Trio before the others were even heard of!



where they have been playing intermittently for the past year. But there's no time like the present to change that, as Carlo concurs.

"We want to try and get away from the rock'n'roll circuit a bit, particularly in Britain, if only 'cause they don't really want to know about live music that much anymore. They tend to get fed up with the new groups 'cause there are already so many groups that they can go and see.

"The best place for a live band is either up north or on the continent. When we played in Paris, they ripped the seats up! Just like a Gene Vincent show!"

Before disappearing back into Finnair, I ask the Cats for their own impressions of the undeniably healthy Scandinavian rockabilly scene. To a man, they reckoned Finland to be the most enthusiastic and genuinely appreciative place they had played outside the UK.

"Before we even came out here, we knew there was a bit of a scene," says Stef. "We had heard something of it back home. But we had no idea it would be as strong as this. They haven't got it quite right just yet, but they are on the way. They are pretty fussy about who they like too, so we had no idea how we would go down before we played..."

No sweat, cats — they Lapped it up.

The Blue Cats' claim to be one of the first of the new wave rockabilly groups is indeed backed up on record. Their first release was the 'Blue Cat Trio' EP, put out over two years ago on manager Tony Martin's Red Hot! label. This was followed last year by their album, again titled just 'The Blue Cats', on the Dutch Rockhouse label. The LP, and their two subsequent 45s, 'I'm Gonna Die' and 'Wild Night', are available in Britain on Charly.

"Personally, I think The Stray Cats are great," continues Clint. "We haven't got anything against them. The only thing I dislike is when people say that we jumped on the bandwagon. I suppose it's understandable in a way for people to think like that. That's what everyone expects, but it's just not the case with us!"

The Blue Cats are not yet a big name outside the cosy confines of the rock'n'roll club circuit here and in Europe,

FELÁ

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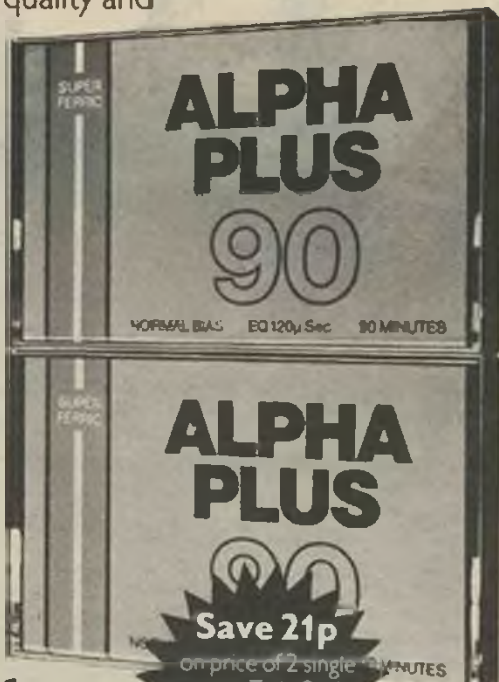


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SINGLES

ADAM & THE ANTS: Stand & Deliver (CBS). Who is that dashing young chap riding the fiery charger into the night? Who is he that sits tall in the saddle capturing all the ladies' jewellery and hearts? Musket in hand and gleam in his eye — why, it's none other than Tommy Steel in Columbia's 1968 clinker *Where's Jack?*

But soft, who comes in the slipstream? Up aloft a pantomime nag with training wheels, here comes the man of the hour! A video crew at his heels, a tri-cornered hat on his head, and the words "meeting Margaret was the biggest thrill of my life" playing about his lips. Adam Ant! With his trusted band of awandering minstrels bringing up the rear! What a life! (No ordinary sound effects, for Adam employs two chaps to bang together the empty halves of coconut).

'Stand & Deliver' is from no LP. 'Stand & Deliver' goes straight in at number one! 'Stand & Deliver' stretches the joke a touch thinner. And as he gallops by, splashing mud in the critic's face, we shout off into the night after this unstoppable rapsallion. "Take heed, Adam Ant! We'll see you dance at the end of a yardarm yet!" The rogue rends the night with his cackle.

JAPAN: Art Of Parties (Virgin). Japan might argue that they were ahead of the times, this being the moment of pretty man slap and them being the proverbial donkey's years at the game. However this argument can be applied in many ways. If, for instance, I stand outside my front door in January wearing nothing but Bermuda shorts people would be entitled to laugh. However, come July when everyone is swanning around in similar attire I can swell out my chest to its full measure and boast to anyone who will listen: "I was ahead of my time, you know."

This would be little recompense for those months of cold and humiliation, and, all in all, probably not worth it.

Where were we? Oh yes. Japan do a take-off of Roxy that must surely have The Barron Knights quivering in their huckleback boots, if not Mike Yarwood himself. The music is drab, clean and tasteless. Incidentally, there is no art to parties chaps — like boomerangs, you just throw 'em and hope to get one back someday.

TEARDROP EXPLODES: Treason (Mercury). Well we can wave bye-bye to the Channel Tunnel again. The kings of Dip have soured international goodwill by spitefully recording their latest single in French. First St Etienne, now this. Giscard must be wondering what they said wrong. This is not absolutely dissimilar to the tyrant 'Reward', only sweeter and even more normal. Let's hope their moth-eaten symphonies fall upon deaf ears this time.

MAGAZINE: About The Weather (Virgin). In a week when one magazine was handed the black spot, it grieves me to inform you of a second. Magazine, the brainchild of Manchester tycoon Sir Howard De Goldfinger, has finally folded. Sir Howard called together

his staff and informed them by way of a 'current single' called 'About The Weather'. Said one tearful employee: "We struggled away for a few years but interest was never there. Despite this it came as a great shock to hear this latest single that spelled it all out. After that, we know there is no hope."

Sir DeGoldfinger said from his home high up in his own forehead, "I think if we had battled on another eighty years there may have been light at the end of the tunnel. I am very sad."

SISTER SLEDGE: If You Really Want Me (Atlantic). A very, er, (frantic consultation with thesaurus for alternatives to 'good'), er, (have you ever tried to use one of these things? I mean for a simple word? Sure you need useless things like 'flightless bird' and there they are — ratite, emu, ostrich, cassowary — but try and rustle up 'good' and you'll be drawing pension sooner). Oh Jesus this is gonna take forever — we'll get back to this one, OK?

RUNNER UP SOTW
TWO MAN SOUND: Musica Latina (JDC). A dream punch, a party popper, no error. A crazy tempo to zazz it all up from the outfit that scored with 'Que Tel America?'. It's the remix on side two that is the hotcha, guts without the need to go overboard salsa. I love this record. I hope it gets a release here on 12". (The title incidentally translates as 'Can I Find A Buyer For My Old Lady's Bike?')

THE TRUTH CLUB: Sleight (Le Rey). Another of our cute independent gatherings where all manner of "Fed up with rock" musicians stand around and experiment with rhythms and abstract noise. The piano and trumpet are so inept I suspect they are being operated by farmyard animals.

MICHAEL JACKSON: One Day In Your Life (Motown). Dreadful muzak crumpet from the Motown vaults. A source close to Michael informs me that "Michael is a very private and individual individual. So don't go writing nothing about having too few cattle on his truck or nothing. I mean, if a guy wants to sleep in the chandelier I see it more as an expression of individuality than" (cont next therapy group).

GINO VANNELLI: Living Inside Myself (Arista). Gino thumbs his nose at the housing shortage in this social operetta. Like Manilow — only Manilow — this pitiful dirge only goes to strengthen my argument that there's just no rhyming 'gazumped'.

TALKING HEADS: Houses In Motion (Sire). Possibly a sister song to Gino Vannelli's 'Living Inside Myself', the opening line has David revealing he never wears socks "even in cold weather". Aha! Soon David will be beaming how he was ahead of the times, merely concreting my Bermuda shorts theory. Talking Heads' chart success is confusing to be sure, but given that it is, 'Houses In Motion' has every quirky chance going for it. Good rhythm. Good production. A solid NME recommendation no less.

SISTER SLEDGE: If You Really Want Me (Atlantic). Penguin... dodo.

DELIVERED BY DANNY BAKER



moa . . . kiwi . . . apteryx.
Just gimme a few more
minutes here.

JOHN CALE: Dead Or Alive
(A&M) Dead.

LAMBRETTAS: Anything You
Want (Rocket) Talk about last
week's socks. Like Secret
Affair, The Purple Hearts and
all them other nitwit groups,
The Lambrettas came out to
gulp air when 'taste' was
governed by an admission
stub to the front stalls. Now
they're high & dry, flopping
around on their bellies,
mouths opening and closing
without sound. An old slab of
dead fish wrapped in
yesterday's newspaper.
(Writer continues to wax
lyrical until he is fired).

REVELATION: Feel It (Ariola).
A hit sound from Ariola are an
odd set-up. Whereas all other
record companies do
everything but whirl a klaxon
in your ear to get attention,
Ariola live in an underground
hideaway, hidden neath
dense foliage and refusing to
reveal even the first two
digits of their phone number.
The only form of
communication they
distribute are baffling
nonsensical 'press-releases'
that come flying in the
window attached to flaming
arrows and signed cryptically
"Not from CBS". Yet this
rugged little major battles on
valiantly to stop itself
attaining any 'hits' or "Gold
ones for the foyer wall".
However they may have
blundered with "Feel It". It has
all the signs of a soul hit.
Mid-paced, short warm horns,
and sensible vocals (singing
deranged lyrics). Yes, a good
record indeed.

ROCKY SHARPE: Never Be
Anyone Else (Chiswick). Since
Shakin' Stevens' chartbuster,
the market is once again wide
open for rolling back the
decades. Rocky Sharpe — an
East End wheel vendor once
known as Georgie 'No Gristle'
Eels — returns to the
recording studio to moisten
his eyes and impart a cheesy
C&W ballad that would
perfectly suit Pat 'Some
Gristle' Boone.

OINGO BOINGO: Only A Lad
(IRS). Sprightly rock pop pace
fouled by vocals that Frank
Zappa left inside some
discarded breathalyser bag.
Appeal: to all shoppers who
delighted in Martha & The
Muffins' hit. Interesting to see
that the term 'oingo boingo'
is Haitian for "the small taped
ends of Western shoelaces".

SQUEEZE: Is That Love
(A&M). This is the third

review I've done of this. The
first said how flat it was —
being produced by Elvis
Costello and that — the
second revised this and said it
had its points and now the
third comes after saturation
play and commends it for its
all-round pop crucialness.
(Pop crucialness — good stuff,
eh?) Is it a good thing to have
something drummed into
you? 'Another Nail' and
'Muscles' didn't require it.
Still, I wager it's all worth it —
like the eyes of Dracula, this
single will soak down into
your quick. Deptford Fun City,
as somebody used to say.

EMF: Anti Bellum (RCA) 'Anti
Bellum' deserves to be heard
the length and breadth of the
land, not least for the female
singer's infuriating warble at
the end of certain words. If
you see it in the shop ask to
hear it. (Unless, of course,
you're in a butchers in which
event the entire exercise
becomes cloudy).

SISTER SLEDGE: If blahblah-
blah (blab). A very obedient
single from SS. (Don't look at
me like that — after tracking it
down I was sure going to use
something and that was the
best of the bunch). A vigorous
shuffle away from their norm
— Norm was always a bad
influence — and is their best
in ages. Definitely buy this,
especially on 12". Great
record.

TALKING REDS: The Pro-
gramme (MFF). A hoot.
Perhaps the most earnest
example of students in the
studio you will ever hear.
Bunches of free-thinking
free-forming Marxists grapple
with instruments and chant
lyrics like "We demand a
35-hour work week with a
minimum wage of eighty
pounds! To the out!" "Honest!
No tune, completely
hysterical words, and a sense
of rhythm bettered only by
the sound of three shilling
bits rolling around at the
bottom of the European Cup.
I'm hanging onto this one.

SPARKS: Tips For Teens
(Why). In 1942, Muriel Mael
gave issue to quadruplets.
One of them, John, grew up
to be a bluesbreaker and
notorious consumer of
pornography. Ronald and
Russell wanted to grow up
and be in a band. Well so far
they've only managed to be in
a band.

Ropey old Sparks, still
stuttering their way between
minor successes and the chasm
of hasbeenity are here on yet
another new label, like Bela
Lugosi giving his services to
any studio that'll support his
habit. 'Tips For Teens' finds
them firmly back in the rock
saddle after the kiss of victory
that Giorgio Moroder blessed
them with. Let's just say, it's
unmistakably *that* pair.

And what, I hear you ask,
what of the fourth Mael
brother, what of Chapman
Mael? Well, Chapman
spurned music and entered
high finance. At 26, he was
one of the wealthiest men in
America when at the peak of
his powers he invested all he
had in the doomed
Sino-Welsh arms race. When
the promised war failed to
materialise, a distraught
Chapman threw himself from
the seventh floor of the
Empire State (right to the end
he could never stand heights).
Fate took a hand and
Chapman landed in a passing
open-topped Bubble-Yum
juggernaut. From here he
changed his name to Elvis
Presley and the rest is history.
His motto still reads: "If you
can't beat 'em, like, y'know?"

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE UNDERTONES: It's Going To Happen (Ardeck). And
why not? This should rattle The Beat, who probably
thought they had the hot singles market cornered.
Maybe it's just absence and the heart, who knows?

The Undertones sound urgent, dynamic and fresh
enough to snuggle down next to the cheese and milk.
(After all, there's nothing worse than coming down in
the morning and, on opening the cupboard, finding all
last night's singles have gone off — is there? Well,
maybe there is but let's not bring relatives into this).

Undertones pop welded to angel trumpets and devil
trombones. Swing with 'It's Going To Happen', I mean, I
never even liked 'em before — get the drift?



John O'Neill, Feargal Sharkey



Billy Doherty, Mickey Bradley, Damian O'Neill

IN THE BATTLE FOR GALLACTIC SUPREMACY



HUMANS BELEAGUERED

Life in the League with only one haircut between them

WORDS: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

PHOTO: ANTON CORBIJN

"Watching them (The Human League) is like watching 1980!"
— David Bowie, 1979

IT IS 1981. At Virgin Records, employees are drinking champagne out of coffee mugs to celebrate the success of a long-playing record by someone named Gillan, while graven images of Richard Jobson stare lugubriously from the walls.

In an enclosed space some distance removed from these festivities, The Human League — the label's classic under-achievers — are engaged in a crisis meeting with senior personnel, the outcome of which will finally and irrevocably redefine the relationship between artists and company, or at the very least the prevailing assumptions concerning life on this planet as we understand it.

"We've given in! We've conceded everything!" declaims Philip Oakey, emerging from the conference room. He presents a faintly extraordinary spectacle. More arrogantly lopsided than ever, his asymmetrical haircut frames a face coated in sufficient quantities of cosmetics to give even members of Japan a three-week headache. Incongruously, he is clad in a plain black jacket and shirt and blue jeans.

He is accompanied by Adrian Wright, originally the League's visual person but now actively involved in the construction of noises as an additional responsibility, and by Ian Burden, the group's new keyboard player. Adrian is in the middle of a day of rapid and drastic moodswings; Burden merely looks tall and confused.

To the average rock voyeur — assuming that such a person exists and would admit to existing even if he did — the current Human League are not in the best of positions. With those members of the original band popularly credited with the musical brains of the operation occupying themselves with their British Electric Foundation and Heaven 17

projects to considerable critical acclaim (even though their stuff is actually dead boring apart from that brilliant single), it would seem that Oakey and Wright have been left as little more than custodians of a name and a haircut. After all, their first post-Marsh and Ware single was not a lot to write home — or anywhere else — about, and their synthesizer pop and technoglam visuals have been co-opted by a great many people who were playing orthodox pop and punk when 'Being Boiled' first came out on Fast Products.

"They did it better," responds Oakey to this latter point with no small degree of magnanimity. He is eating chocolate, which always renders him considerably mellower if not significantly healthier. "They've only got the money and the hit records, but we've got the satisfaction of knowing that we started it."

"The satisfaction and the overdraft," interpolates Wright.

We begin to discuss the differences made to Life In The League by the BEF defection.

"When Martin and Ian left," confesses Adrian, "we realised that we had nobody left who could actually play."

So how did this affect you?

"Drastically! We had to start playing. I started playing every day and so did he (Oakey) and we did 'Boys And Girls'..."

Oakey: "You went into playing and I went into quality control. That's the difference. The old Human League — and presumably BEF — work on a high level of 'inspiration'. No matter what nasties we'd say about them, they are certainly very inspired about what goes on in their heads and that's why their records can be so lovely. We work in a different way; we do loads and loads of different things and pick out the good ones and don't let them go through unless they are really good, get everything to its absolute optimum. We rehearse, in other words. Rehearsal was totally alien to the old Human League. We never even rehearsed for live. I would rehearse by singing to tapes..."

Ah yes, tapes. What's all this about Martin and Ian erasing all the old backing tapes that you used to use?

Adrian: "We wouldn't use their tapes again anyway."

Oakey: "It really surprised me. We went out

on this tour and we had to get three people in two weeks and teach them what to do. Two of them were at school and Ian we got in quite a deal later and didn't have much time to work out his lines. We still did absolutely new backing tapes for four new tracks. So we went to London and Bob (Last, founder of Fast and Pop: Aural and manager of both BEF and the League) said, 'Listen lads, you've only got one copy of these backing tapes, so you'd better get 'em copied'."

"So we made two copies of each: perfect, wonderful, studio copies which I took home. Then we read in the paper, 'Oh, ha ha, we've taken the tapes off 'em'. And the really sad thing is that we were using them ourselves to record other things over the tracks because we needed the tape..."

Oh what a tangled web!

"We'd only be doing the big hits from the old set anyway — 'Empire State' roared in at 53 — but when we tour next we'll have so much new stuff to do..."

MATERIAL IS not, however, the commodity in short supply. Instead... "We have a big problem: no money. I don't understand why. I mean, we haven't had any hit records, but we have no money and it's a real problem, being on a shoestring and trying to do something that looks amazing. I mean, it's ridiculous."

So, Mr Burden. What's it like being in The Human League?

"I'm not sure. I'm not in yet."

Philip: "Yes you are!"

Ian: "I'm not!"

Philip: "You are! It said so in the papers!"

Ian: "I should believe that then, shouldn't I? I don't know what's going on. I've been on a retainer for a two months and at the end of the two months we decide what I'm supposed to be doing. And we haven't."

Well, do you want to be in The Human League?

Ian: "Yeah, I'd like to carry on."

Is it okay if he carries on, Philip?

Philip: (expansively) "I'd love him to carry on!"

In that case, Mr Burden, welcome to the Human League.

Burden is, in fact, the composer of the current League single 'The Sound Of The

Crowd' (a considerable improvement over 'Boys And Girls') though the song is co-credited to Oakey, who explains this seeming incongruity by stating that he earned his credit by "telling Ian to write the song and then changing it once he'd written it." Oakey's current function would seem to be to tidy up and finish off the immense backlog of songs originated by Burden and Wright, the latter having blossomed as a vocalist, composer and instrumentalist.

Wright hints darkly that it was his desire to participate in the music that precipitated the breakup of the original League. This participation was prompted by his "getting well bored between tours while the others were writing and me having nothing to do but buy more slides." Oakey, for one, is heartily impressed by these displays of talent and determination from one who'd been little more than band scapegoat and fall guy since the beginning of the League.

In the meantime, BEF and The Human League — now once again on speaking terms — continue to work in weekly shifts in their old studio in Sheffield. Both the studio itself and the old Human League synthesizers and gadgets are jointly owned, so both factions take it in turns to go in and work. Despite all the bitching from the BEF side, Oakey contents himself by remarking that "they're not as tidy as they might be."

"Besides," he argues, "if Ian (Marsh) and Martin get to be as big as Abba, then we can sell our stories to the *News Of The World* and make a fortune. We've got pictures..."

Wright (gleefully): "Pictures!"

Philip: "...and I've got my story written up in manuscript form, all the dirt..."

Adrian: "My Life With Martin!"

AND THAT leaves the haircut, (Number 4 last year) once thought to be their sole asset... even that is temporary. Philip is threatening to get his hair cut totally different for the single after next. The consequences of that bode ill for the security of Western civilisation. Even more significant, Burden is threatening to make the League "really danceable". How does this affect Philip?

"Not at all. I can't dance. Not a single step. The girls tried to show me, but... not a single step."

Dancevision?

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SILVER SCREEN

Sniffin' out the state of Union

"YEAH! She smells good! She's nice, she's friendly. She's intelligent." Mark Reichert, director of *Union City*, hovers intently over a pint of Stag in a sordid Pimlico drinking establishment. He is not after all discussing one of the many cats who lap up the spilt milk in his debut feature but the acting merits of leading lady Deborah Harry.

Union City, an independent movie, has not smelt quite so good on the review pages. A slight, but I think endearing, tale of psychological jealousy and black romance, *Union City* is marred by the pitfalls of an over-ambitious design. A flimsy plot line is rescued by some solid cameos and occasionally dragged down into theatrical absurdity by a process of events that are elemental whilst still leaving too much unsaid; too much is imagined and not proven.

Reichert doesn't think the movie stinks but he isn't about to champion it whole. Neither is co-star Dennis Lipscomb who is also with us in S.W.1 chugging down the small beer and looking remarkably like Jack Nicholson. He even sounds like Jack Lemmon. "I get both of those. I take 'em as compliments."

Union City cost five hundred thousand dollars to shoot, a fair sum for a Kinesis-produced independent.

Reichert and Lipscomb (the latter a LAMDA graduate with a stage career that reached zenith when he followed David

MARK REICHERT spills the milk on his direction of *Union City*. **MAX BELL** mops up the mess.

Bowie's role in *The Elephant Man* argue that the more mannered faults in the film can be blamed on a poor producer's cut. "See, it's the kind of film you either hate or love. I won't apologise for it but I think it has a lot of energy. Deborah was taking on her first film role, so was Dennis and so was I as director. We shot the film in two ways. In a sincere manner and from an absurdist viewpoint. My cut — which was rejected — involved the audience far more. Now it's just a lot of slick shit going on which you'd omit if you knew anything about editing. Too glib."

Even so Reichert insists that the buffs may have missed the point of the action (a husband's impotent jealousy leading to a mental murder and domestic disaster). Reichert sighs.

"Everyone thinks that Dennis (as Harlan, Debbie's other half) goes mad because of the milk thief. No! It's 'cos the bum in the film taunts him about his wife." (Philip French, *Observer* critic, was a notable exception).

Cuckolded into a gruesome corner Harlan's degeneration is hard to take. "He's emerged as too unsympathetic," says Lipscomb sadly. "I'm being as sincere as possible, trying to make him appear disturbed and the cut makes him seem neurotic and emasculated."

Returning to the diminutive blonde who acquitted herself with some credit, Reichert points out that "in terms of exploiting Debbie, the tumultuous sex scene is also missing. There's a section where Larry (her lover) comes to her in the kitchen, she pulls back her bath robe and he has

her on the table".

Surely, the inclusion of this scene would have insured that vast crowds flocked into the American cinemas. In fact they tended towards the reverse.

"Heart Of Glass" hadn't broken then. We're re-releasing the film now with better distribution. "Autoamerican's" success in the States ought to set that to rights.

Meanwhile Reichert and Lipscomb are writing a script for a Berlin-based modern horror flick called *Echo*.

"There's plenty that's creepy going on in the world," Reichert remarks casually. "And most horror movies in America still rely on gothic stories or detective mysteries. I have more things on my plate." Reichert has plans to co-ordinate an idea of English writer Michael Hurst (the Michael James who scripted *Yanks*, *Quadrophenia* and *Bad Timing*) on a labyrinthine treatment of Henry James' *The Aspern Papers*. He has fingers in pies where lurk Mick Jagger and Bowie — David is keen to participate in a project entitled *Wings Of As*; it's about the French visionary madman or genius Antonin Artaud.

Lipscomb and Reichert are not disheartened at *Union City's* relative failure thus far. They put it down to experience. They are determined to weld the milieus of rock and cinema personalities. According to Dennis, "When Bowie was in *Elephant Man* there were kids at the back stage door with green hair. I didn't mind. Whatever gets 'em into the theatre."

"I'm a little fed up with the movie actually. I hear there's a good pub across the street from the Screen On The Green." I point him in the direction of a

particularly admirable Dutch lager and bid adieu.

Union City Blue? It's a start. Make up your own mind.

Max Bell

There's plenty that's creepy goin' on... — Mark Reichert. Below Top pic: Peter Anderson

La Harry cornered in *Union City*.

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La Harry cornered in *Union City*.

A step beyond ad art

BRITON Adrian Lyne was in Los Angeles to film commercials for an American soft drink when producer David Putnam (then domiciled at Casablanca Films) threw him the script of *Foxes* across a table "in between about fifteen phone calls".

Putnam — the man who also got Alan Parker and Ridley Scott from commercials into feature film-directing — said he doubted Lyne would take on the project; it was "an American subject for an American director".

But Lyne read it that night and was wowed. "The dialogue was just great. People were then obsessed with the 50s and 50s nostalgia; the only other thing was light contemporary movies like *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*."

Making the movie depended on securing Jodie Foster for its lead — the adolescent who most clearly articulates the consistent roles reversals of the plot. For *Foxes*, filmed in the high schools of California's San Fernando Valley and in LA, takes as its text the ironies of a contemporary society whose parents behave like children, leaving their young to wrestle unguided with the old American questions: identity, family, community.

Foxes is a serious movie about adolescents of this generation," says Lyne. "Something like the contemporary equivalent of *Rebel Without A Cause*", although I don't expect it could have the same impact."

Lyne's personal working experience came very much into play during filming his debut, from 18 months spent in accountancy ("Foxes came in on time and on a budget of 2½ million dollars, which is small but not miniscule") through TV production and fashion photography. Lyne's ex-wife was a Duffy-discovered model who introduced him to the Baileys and Donovans and left him with an enduring obsession for the work of Helmut Newton.

Lyne's film commercial company, Jennie and Co., once had Alan Parker under its contract for two years. Lyne himself is most well-known for the commercials which made his reputation as a stylist: Brutus jeans, Berlei bras, Levi's

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Smarting scratch attack

Foxes
Directed by Adrian Lyne
Starring Jodie Foster, Scott Baio (United Artists)

FOXES is an uneven cocktail of cloying clichés and telling archetypes — but ultimately far more engaging than its outline might suggest. Critically considered *a priori* somehow an irretrievably flimsy project — as though a film about the growing pains of teenage girls couldn't be anything else — *Foxes* is, in fact, a surprisingly black and bleak comedy which scours the mythical facade of its characters' Californian home and examines the contradictions of adolescence with an eye for the most smarting scratch of detail under the 'accepted' surface.

The narrative is constructed *American Graffiti* style (what each character becomes is balanced against what they've been) around four 16-going-on-21 year old teenyboppers: Jeanie (Jodie Foster) is both rebellious and reliable and resides over Annie (ex-Runaway Cherie Currie in a very creditable first performance) who is in danger of terminal delinquency, Madge (Marilyn Kagan) who is dowdy but keeps a secret 29-year-old boyfriend in the closet, and Deirdre (Kandice Stoll) who most desperately wants to be Really Grown Up.

Whilst Lyne is far too sharp to harbour any dumb adult nostalgia for the softly unfolding bud of teeny sexuality, he never rubs out the Good times altogether; but the almost desperate nature of much of the kids, kicks is set up for analysis — and without being Hack Freudian about the subject, parental influence is also investigated. What *Foxes* says about contemporary pressures on a developing sexuality isn't militant or

famous Route 66 jeans ad. Now "attention to detail" is what he cites as the advantage of an apprenticeship in commercials. "On *Foxes*, I shot four or five minutes a day — about eight times what I'd have to accomplish on a commercial. I couldn't get the amount of attention to detail I was used to."

Yet much of the strength of



The spark — Sally Kellerman and Jodie Foster in *Foxes*.

explicit — there's not a twitch of an allusion to menstruation, masturbation or any other — but is no less jarring for that. As the speed of our twentieth century cultural life ever increases and we have to take in more and more information at a consequently younger age, the span of adolescence (which has to take so much strain between the carefree child and anxious adult) is reduced to an ever thinner line: in fact, *Foxes* seems to suggest, it barely exists at all.

But *Foxes* is far from humourless — especially when dealing with the quaalude quagmire (I'm aiming for a column in the *Sunday Express*) of Californian sub culture — which is captured in the naive but inadvertently knowing perceptions of an age group that hasn't quite begun to take the rational, ruined world for granted; the local king pimp's glazed solipsistic gaze is

compared to the hypnotic eyes of a snake — "and the next thing you're on Hollywood Boulevard dressed like the Pointer Sisters".

With the penultimate help of some — by today's standards, fairly tame — blood and nastiness (Cherie Currie's drugged pallor is one of the most convincing I've seen in a fictional context) *Foxes* manages to be coolly moral without being moralistic: without the prop of any glaring Message, the critique of life being styled in a certain way is discomfortingly obvious — possibly why it flopped in the States. But don't be put off by the All American plot — these little foxes are made of much more than ticky tacky.

Oh, and as far as the adults go, Adam Faith puts in a great little tangential cameo as an alien accent whilst Sally Kellerman is impeccably neurotic.

Ian Penman

keys, Polaroids, lipstick, Tab and a half-eaten Hostess winkie) as the script injects into the first breakfast scene where four characters manage to establish themselves while all talking at once. *Foxes* is an important film — made for kids and taking them, for once, more seriously than the parents whose money will pay for the cinema seats. Don't pass it up.

Cynthia Rose

Worry, worry, worry

Scanners (X)

Written and directed by David Cronenberg (SF)

SPEAKING as one who has rarely claimed to have led anything other than an inordinately sheltered life, your humble servant cannot honestly claim to have encountered any motion picture entertainment that used the term 'revolting' in its promotional material prior to *Scanners*. Sad to relate, *Scanners* — the film that brings to our attention the threat which each and every one of us faces from misanthropic telepaths in our midst — is comparatively low in the gross-out stakes, as the absence of any major disturbances in the lower abdomen until a few minutes before the end of the last reel will testify.

Stripped of its dilapidated excuse for a plot — the scenario, such as it is, boasts fractionally less holes than the average household tea-strainer — *Scanners* presents a *Featured Gruesome Spectacle* comparatively early in the film and then sends the principal

characters whizzing around in chase sequences unravelling, the plot until a climax wherein a glorified version of the *Featured Gruesome Spectacle* resolves the situation.

The FGS is that of a person's head exploding as a result of malign pressure from one of the telepaths whose nickname provides the film's title (RIP, Cordwainer Smith). The first occurrence occurs reasonably unexpectedly and there's a fast cut so you don't get a chance to dwell upon it.

The telepaths achieve this (and other) unpleasant feats by performing facial contortions which would suggest — depending upon context — that they are either about to take an extremely difficult shit or else play a guitar solo. The climactic battle between the hero (Stephen Lock, who looks like a cross between John Travolta and a block of wood) and the villain (Michael Ironside, a Jack Nicholson lookalike who would clearly never wish to be caught resorting to such a cheap tactic as underplaying) wherein they each attempt to make the other one explode succeeds by sheer bloodstained verisimilitude while you're sneering at the actors' ludicrous expressions and the occasional shoddy special effect.

Incidentally, Patrick McGoochan disports himself as The Scientist wearing a Very Serious Beard.

Two more points: Firstly *Scanners* makes judicious use

of the fact that one can only fantasise effectively in any areas where technology has not already ruled out most of the creative possibilities. Though the film feeds off the paranoias generated by the existence of giant corporations answerable to no-one in particular and utilises a computer for one of its major non-bloody spectacles, its speculative area deals with those possibilities of the human mind which have not yet been credibly debunked. It is therefore still theoretically feasible, which means that those denizens of our hemisphere who don't yet have enough to worry about can start fretting about the Telepath Menace. Beats worrying about unemployment and racism any day, Jack!

Second point: *Scanners* is a hour and a half or so of competent entertainment that could quite comfortably fill part of a dull evening for the reasonably undemanding escapist. It is, however, preceded by a short film that is considerably more 'revolting' than the feature. It is an admiring documentary about a man who can only feed his ego by risking his own life and that of several horses in order to slaughter a tormented bull. An entire culture cheers him on and makes him feel like a Real Man. In such a world, the Telepath Threat takes slightly less than the highest priority on my revulsion-o-meter.

Charles Shaar Murray



First casualty of the psychedelic revival — an ex-Scanner

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prof. Daniel Miller with a Depeche Mode.

MUTE SPEAK CONTINUED

I couldn't actually see Daniel twisting Vince's arm behind his back as he spoke; but then, every 'major' label said it was impossible for Depeche Mode to reach anywhere near their full pop potential with Mute, and now that they're happily tucked away in the charts with all the luxuries of complete control, it does seem as if they have the best of all worlds — for a while at least.

As to Fad Gadget (Frank), Daniel met him when he was sharing a flat with *Sounds*' Edwin Pouncey, who was then a cartoonist drawing the 'Savage Pencil' strip. Edwin told Daniel about this geezer that used to lock himself up in a cupboard with a drum machine, and Daniel was instantly intrigued.

It was another right time, right place happenstance. Daniel was "in a very bad way mentally", trying to decide whether he should go back to film editing, or what. Recording reams of reels at home, disliking everything; still so staggered by the success of 'TVOD' that it verged on intimidation.

Rough Trade helped him through the crisis by giving him a job in promotion. "I was really bad at it." Meeting Frank decided Daniel to work with other people's music, that it was just as interesting to him as doing his own things.

Fear of flying; or realism? Daniel's at least conscious of his shortcomings as he is of his positive attributes. He says that Depeche Mode write better songs than he ever could, that both Boyd and Frank are better on stage than he could ever hope to be.

And because he's sufficiently drawn

to them to work with them on Mute, yes, he supposes they do reflect different bits of himself, more adequate externalisations of talents that Daniel recognises as there, but not quite *there* enough.

It's in the studio that Daniel relaxes into his element, with no need for public image or mask. Mixing at live dates, fingers flying over the board, Normal at the controls.

FOR THOSE that love a jape and a bit of mystery, Daniel's greatest wheeze is probably the whole Silicon Teens escapade. Remember The Silicon Teens, the world's first school-age synthesizer pop band, two boys and two girls? Darryl, Jacki, Paul and Diane, obvious heart-throbs worthy of a centre-spread in *Photo Love*.

"Yes," says Daniel, "I thought that if I was head of EMI, that's what I'd pay a million pounds for right now, a two-boy two-girl electronic pop group.

So I made one up.

"It was just a bit of a joke, really, which got a bit carried away."

The Silly-con Teens' 'Memphis Tennessee' and 'Let's Dance' are champagne pop, they tickle your ears and make you giggle. Daniel recorded them in his bedroom before 'TVOD', with the help of his *Chuck Berry Songbook*.

"I still love Chuck Berry. I listen to blues. That's where the guitar belongs, in the late '50s and early '60s.

Rough Trade's Sue Dunne, a rock and roll connoisseur, was chatting with Daniel about cover versions one day, and he played the old tapes to her for a joke. It was only when Rough Traders encouraged him that it even occurred to Daniel to release the tunes that were to provide Mute's greatest financial security, and purchase the luxury of being able to afford to work with DAF — they're expensive, because they're a group, not a solo weirdo.



Daniel takes his job seriously, producing over the heads of the Depeches.

up and got really aggressive — 'Will you admit that you're The Silicon Teens, or we can't print the story!' I refused. Some people have no sense of humour!"

The Silicon Teens album represents Daniel going along comparatively meekly with rock and roll traditions (hit single, album, tour... group...) and tends to pall, apart from the odd instant party flashes. It did fulfill the function of ensuring Mute's survival via a distribution deal with Phonogram.

"At last I was hated! I did compromise on that album; I did some originals, which was a mistake. *Sounds* said it was an insult to my rock and roll heritage! Perfect reviews. I enjoyed doing it, and I enjoyed all the reactions."

Plus, there was DAF waiting on the corner like Mr Right.

"They weren't playing rock, or funk, they weren't relying on past rock traditions at all — which I suppose is the criterion of what goes on Mute. Like Non — no compromises. I've always liked that. And a way of not being serious, even though you're serious about the music in a way."

Daniel thinks it's important that he never liked Eno ("too much like laid-back muzak"), Roxy Music, David Bowie, or any of the people he was supposed to like.

Now he and the other intrepid synthesizer explorers of the mid-'70s have spawned a new generation. Only five years for the new frontier to transmute into prefab housing estates with pocket handkerchief gardens.

What does Daniel think of all the pretty, stylish boys who've been toying around with half-baked no-heart half-dance ideas? He shakes his head.

"Bad. Very disappointing. It seems as if nothing's happened since 'TVOD' and the Cabs and Throbbing Gristle. It's all pop stuff, like Landscape — jazz rock played on synthesizers. Horrible. The synthesiser's not a musician's instrument."

Daniel shrugs, looking for all the world like a harassed supply teacher. Then brightens, reassuring as a TV announcer.

"Ah, the old clichés. They still ring true. . . ."

Normally.

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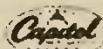
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LIMITED EDITIONS

Beggars Banquet

1960s

SUN RA

As instigator/composer/arranger of the Arkestra, keyboardist Sun Ra's abilities these past 25 years to concoct heady mixtures of be-bop, free jazz, funk, cosmology and more makes him the ultimate underground avatar. Though he has never expanded beyond cult status, Sun Ra's presence in the scheme of things is of undiminished importance. As inspirational touchstone, Sun Ra continues to influence those forever driven by the spirit of adventure.



THE LAST POETS

Forerunners of the current rapping craze, these four militant black consciousness poets first gained notoriety with their 'The Revolution Will Not Be Televised' and went on to produce several albums of innovative if erratic brilliance.

PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIC

'As it is written henceforth... That on the eighth day, the cosmic trumpet of Mother Nature was spawned to envelope this third planet in FUNKADICAL VIBRATIONS. And she birthed apostles Ra, Hendrix, Stone and Clinton to preserve all funkiness of man unto eternity. But! Fraudulent forces of obnoxious JIVATION grew. Sun Ra strobed back to Saturn to await his next reincarnation. Jimi was forced back into basic atoms; Sly was co-opted into a jester monolith and only the seedling GEORGE remained! And the followers of FUNKADELIA multiplied incessantly.

Cover notes, 'Standing On The Verge Of Getting It Up' They multiplied into Bootsy's Rubber Band, The Sweet Band, The Brides Of Funkenstein, Parliament, The Horny Horns, Phillippe Wynne, Bernie Worrell and, of course, Parliament/Funkadelic. After the mothership touched down in '76, George Clinton assumed responsibility for the future of funk, expanding it into a state of mind/body of life rather than merely music. To offer an alternative to the stentorian of disco he flooded the market with various forms of acid inspired subversion. He has influenced many but is in danger of losing his grip as self-indulgence whittles away at his originality.

WAR



A name synonymous with West Coast funk. Having cut their teeth on Eric Burdon and hippiedom, they returned to the ghettos of Watts and Compton to draw inspiration from the panorama of LA life, through hustling Hollywood to the strutting macho of the barrios, and present it all in fusion of rock and R&B they called first 'All Day Music' and later 'People Music'.

LARRY GRAHAM

Provided the bouncing bass behind Sly's Family Stone until 1972 when he quit to twang elastic bass with his own Graham Central Station. Today he sings sappy love songs but just about every funk bassist who trots out the familiar thumb-slapping, string snapping thumps and springs is giving Larry Graham some skin.

RUFUS

Sprung to prominence with the Stevie Wonder penned 'Tell Me Something Good' notable primarily for the sassy talents of Chaka Khan, belle of the belly button, they have endured surprisingly well in commercial terms while remaining basically half-baked.

LITTLE FEAT

One of the first rock bands to pick up the lopsided chunky rhythms of '70s black music and put them to good use on albums like 'Dixie Chicken' and 'Fats Don't Fail Me Now', which helped suggest ways for rock to move out of its torpor.

BRITFUNK I

Among the bands who laid the foundations for the current surge of UK funk activity were prototype mid '70s combi-like Gonzalez, The JALN Band, The Olympic Runners and Kokomo. Mainline commercial success eluded all, and most quickly fell victim to artistic torpor.

DAVID BOWIE

Rock and science fiction exhausted, Bowie turned to black America (Philly's Sigma Studios) for the inspiration for 'Young Americans' and 'Fame' and was duly rewarded commercially. Subsequent work hasn't shed the funk influence entirely.

BROTHERS JOHNSON

Launching themselves from under the wing of Quincy Jones, George Johnson (guitar) and Louis Johnson (bass) set out in the mid-70s to certify their slot as the flattest young funk instrumentalists in town. The hits have been regular, the quality slightly less so — though the likes of 'I'll Be Good Too You', 'Strawberry Letter 23' and 'Stomp' should continue to roll off the Bros J production line even though the word is that they don't talk any more since Louis got religion.



LINX

After innumerable false starts, the emergence of Linx pinpoints where New Brit Funk achieves both maturity and momentum. As Britain has no heritage of black radio, Linx masterminds Skerch and David Grant were directly influenced by '60s British pop, Motown and Stax to an extent that saved them from joining their contemporaries in slavish imitations of current Stateside stylings. Linx's naturally energised rock-based funkling should — unless their first three singles are their best shots — quickly establish them as an international force.



JIMI HENDRIX

Jimi Hendrix came out of soul music into rock, blues and beyond, but he played enough music to leave fallout everywhere, to influence everybody from the legion of guitar jockeys to Miles Davis to the funksters. When — belatedly — he became a hero to black kids as well as white, it was the casual funk accents of his rhythm guitar playing that stuck rather than the roar and grind of his endless soloing. His effortless dandyism and tormented cool left a strong visual impression and — along with Sly — his influence got black music out of the shiny suits and off onto the winding sartorial road.



THE ISLEY BROTHERS

After gospel, the twist, and Motown, the heavyweight trio of '60s soul etched a funk landmark with 'It's Your Thing' in '69 and repeated the feat in '73 with the dazzling '3+3', cleverly adding a surrogate Hendrix guitar from bro' Ernie to their vocal power.

CURTIS MAYFIELD

After pioneering the sound of '60s soul with The Impressions, Mayfield went solo in 1970 and immediately set new standards for the '70s with 'Move On Up'. His style over the next few years — particularly on the 'Superfly' film soundtrack with its effective integration of hard rhythm and lush orchestration — was never far from the surface of contemporary black music.



KOOL & THE GANG

The first band to blow a whistle on was as they took the US by storm with 'Funky Stuff' and 'The Bump' became the dance to do. Previously their heavy jazz rock leanings had denied them commercial success. They continued to put their creative side across on albums that contained and were sold by their dance hall boogies. Were hit hard by disco and are still out there somewhere, reeling about in banality.

TOWER OF POWER

Brassy funk/rock west coast combo, whose rapid fire uptempo outings like 'What Is Hip' wore out a few feet at the time. Thankfully disappeared into obscurity.

AVERAGE WHITE BAND

An early outbreak of Celtic funk, unfortunately the grit and mellowness the Scots borrowed from The Crusaders for the 'AWB' album and 'Pick Up The Pieces' subsequently deteriorated into mere routine.

JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON

Hardened R&B guitar veteran who outlasted most contenders in the sophisticated stakes with the deliciously sensuous and relaxed funk of 'Ain't That A Bitch' in '74. Again, subsequent outings merely reworked the formula.

THE GERMAN CONNECTION

Deutschland, electronic workshop of the world! Moroder got much of the credit for the rugged repetitive electronic effects he popularised — and which were later to be heard on countless disco, funk and electro art band records — but much of the groundwork was done by German rock musicians like Tangerine Dream, the ever innovative Can, and later, Kraftwerk.

GIORGIO MORODER

An Italian studio technician who claims to have invented Disco while working in Munich! 'One of the biggest problems with American R&B before disco was that you had to be a good dancer to dance to it. It was too complex for many white people. We simplified it. We started by emphasising the bass line — I think 'Love To Love You' was the first song with a bass drum played 1-2-3-4 all through'.

DONNA SUMMER

Quickly surpassed Gloria Gaynor to become sweetheart of the disco, thanks to Moroder's production techniques and her self-parodying role as aural sex aid.

TALKING HEADS

David Byrne's songs itch and twitch and cry out for funk rhythms, which is what they got as Byrne and Eno proudly announced the discovery of Africa to the world and expanded T. Heads to a ten-piece band with the addition of a variety of funk celebs including Bernie Worrell, whose credentials (James Brown, Parliament/Funkadelic) were impeccable.

NEW



BRITFUNK

With a new spirit abroad in Black American music after several fallow years — and a parallel downturn in the inventiveness and optimism of rock — a declared interest in and borrowing from funk were inevitable. The ever eclectic Pop Group had been among the first (though they took as much or more from straight jazz); A Certain Ratio were also among the first to co-opt funk rhythms, though they apparently learnt little else in the way of soulfulness or vocal power. Among the other white British bands to declare themselves 'funk' were Spandau Ballet, whose plodding beat was a parody of the real thing; Stimulin; Suede; 23; The Engines (who took their cue and very near their entire first record from James Chance); and Funkapolitan, Britain's first rapping outfit. Over the channel, Marko from Belgium show promise after one single. Mostly though, these bands offer more fashion than any advance on what's been done with funk elsewhere.

SLY & THE FAMILY STONE

One of the instigators of funk, Sly Stone — aka Sylvester Stewart — emerged in the late '60s with his Family Stone and immediately served notice of a profound originality with 'Dance To The Music', a driving mixture of hard soul riffs and west coast psychedelic exuberance. The band pursued the formula with dazzling success into the '70s, steamrolling racial and musical barriers and establishing Sly as a new breed of young American Black alongside Hendrix. Even a steady disintegration into cocaine lethargy and paranoia was turned into great music on 'There's A Riot Going On' and 'Fresh' though by the mid '70s Sly had gone too far down for the up stroke and slid steadily into obtuseness and forced exuberance that mocked his earlier triumphs, as did a recent attempt to 'disco-ise' his hits. His influence, however, is everywhere, from the bold bassline to the surfie brass and chorus exchanges, from the silky vocals to the sassy superlative persona. No one has yet surpassed the man at his former zenith, maybe the '80s can produce a worthy successor.



TAMLA MOTOWN

Though the might of the Motown hit machine was somewhat diminished by the turn of the decade, producer Norman Whitfield continued to uphold its reputation for innovation with a string of superlative hits with The Temptations ('Cloud Nine', 'Papa Was A Rolling Stone' etc.), Edwin Starr ('War'), The Undisputed Truth ('Smiling Faces Sometimes') and others. Combining more intricate versions of the TM '60s rhythms, powerful arrangements, and technically outstanding production, Whitfield's influence on funk and soul was immediate and far-reaching and certainly few of the Motown artists remained uninfluenced. Though most Motown artists — like Diana Ross — disappeared into mainstream pop, The Commodores, in their early incarnation, provided some mean early funk workouts with the likes of 'Slippery When Wet', totally unrecognisable compared to their later work.

MARVIN GAYE

Gaye's metamorphosis from slick soul crooner to conscience stricken introvert on the timeless 'What's Going On' epitomised the shift in black awareness in the early '70s and introduced a more reflective subtle style to the music whose resonance is still felt today, though Gaye himself appears to have lost his powers of innovation.

ISAAC HAYES

Helped originate the overblown orchestral style of the early '70s, more notably introduced the overblown over the top sex-/chains/macho theatric since ripped off by everyone from Clinton to The Village People. Has also written every TV cop show theme since 'Shakti'. Honest.

THE JACKSON 5

Are ABC and I Want You Back funk? Is a Cadillac an economical car? As funky pop goes, the Jackson 5 time and sweet, everyone's 'fayouge' fave, the able response to Camerons.

PHILADELPHIA

Though the Gamble/Huff Philly sound was elegant with flying cyrillic and a slick 444 rhythm for the most part, its outings with The O'Jays on 'Backstairs' and 'Love Train' and the like provided some of the highlights of orchestral, and put ideas into countless disco producers' heads.



STEVIE WONDER

Innovation was rife in the early '70s but 'Music Of My Mind', 'Talking Book' and 'Innervisions' were still stunningly different from most everything else. The influence of the latter two albums — in particular, the singles 'Superstition' and 'Living For The City' — was enormous, and Stevie was probably funkier more straight households than any other individual alive. In production, lyrical scope and technical innovation (particularly the now ubiquitous clavinet) this man has done wonders.

EARTH, WIND AND FIRE

Under Maurice White's all-embracing captaincy, EW&F succeeded in fusing together the finer aspects of soul, funk, smatterings of jazz and showbiz flash. To this, White then added his own genial brand of neo-hippy mysticism and a hard-edged delivery which continually distances the group from all other competition, even though at times he has overstretched the formula.

NORMAN WHITFIELD

Having parted company with Motown, the '70s producer par excellence set about carving himself an empire of his own. Working with the adaptable Rose Royce, he quickly established a new accessible soft soul subsequently widely emulated and hugely successful on sides like 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore'.

GRACE JONES

A fashion model in the Beyoncé Luns school, Jones managed to transcend initial scepticism with the cleverly produced 'Warm Leatherette', which welded funk styles with reggae rockers rhythms courtesy the ingenious Sly'n'Robbie powerhouse, and fronted it with '80s deadpan seriousness. Vocal chords still a limitation.



RICK JAMES

Former Motown session bassist who cut loose with his own thing on 'You And I' and updated the Sly Stone west coast cool cat persona into something he touchingly dubbed 'Punk Funk'. Should maintain well into the '80s.



MICHAEL JACKSON

Whereas Jermaine's and Jackie's solo outings appealed only to desperate JS fans, and musically just satisfied the artists' DIY instinct, Michael Jackson — always the group's focus — achieved such an overwhelming success with 'Off The Wall' that he pointedly exposed just how expandable the brothers were. 'Off The Wall' was as near a perfect album as you can get, produced by the ever-busy Quincy Jones, and providing the charts with five hit singles. Michael Jackson has, without question, the greatest voice in funk — a swooping, sensuous falsetto — and, still in his early 20s, more than this he has the future.

PRINCE

Currently one of the hottest properties on the stateside scene, Prince's music as exhibited on last year's LP is very much a continuation of Sly Stone's middle period output, with a fashionable, sultry and unashamed gay slant to lyrics and style. Though Prince, together with Rick James, currently occupies the prime position in the burgeoning 'Punk Funk' movement, more bands are on the way. Among those to watch for is Prince Charles & The City Beat Band (The Sound Of Young Boston) whose 'Gang War' is a current fave with those in the know.



SOFT FUNK

Born out of Clinton by Disco, in many ways this nebulous category represents the acceptable and marketable face of Funkadelic. It survives on instant appeal rather than subtleties, imitating rather than innovating, which is not to say it won't rock any party. It will! Songs rather than artists are the selling point and like its father Disco, it constantly spawns one hit wonders. Among the legions of recent months faves are The Gap Band, Sharon Redd, Shalamar, Kleeer, Skky, The SOS Band, Zepp, Free Expression and many more.

CHART COMPILED BY:

Nell Spencer, Roy Carr, Cliff White, Lloyd Bradley, (c) Funk 4 1981.

New Musical Express 2 May 1981

Part two next week

MUSICAL

PRINCE
Kenny
Breedon

A certain sound of the big let down

A CERTAIN RATIO
To Each . . . (Factory)

I GOT BACK home late this morning and it dawned: *To Each . . .* has no more or less profound an effect on me than boredom. Having deliberated and delved around it for a disproportionate amount of time, the scales fell from my preconception in an instant. Compared to memories of ACR live some nights, to the 'Graveyard and Ballroom' cassette, to the two 12"s never off the domestic sound system and measured against my demands of any LP anywhere in 1981 . . . *To Each . . .* is simply dull. But before we go any further — the formality of an introduction!

ACR know that there is no devastating originality or gain in being outwardly, awkwardly, 'different' (the pits that phonies like the Gang of Four and PIL inhabit: the slog! the pain of genius!). ACR tinker with funk, just as funk has tinkered with them. But this is no reason to judge them as a Funk Band. Why should it be? Obviously they're not going to pretend to be uptown street dudes (I've seen

ALBUMS

Hulme — it wouldn't fit at all). If it wasn't for the clicks and rolls of Donald Johnstone's drumming no one would suggest it; other ACR instrumental relationships have little to do with what is normally — narrowly — considered to constitute 'funk'.

Anyway, what is this mystery dance? Tim Buckley or Curtis Mayfield is funky with just a voice to hold onto; Richard Pryor or Bette Midler can be funky just telling a story; Miles Davis can go half an hour without making a riff and be as funky as the newest disco 12" in town. So let's cross it out and start again. ACR have been stropky prats but never copy cats: they take from the ideology of funk, scribble all over it, leave out bits, cross it out and start again — making public both their usage and the deletion. They realise it would be inappropriate — not to say inadequate — to masquerade as (just) A Funk Band; but since it is a vital part of their history the influence remains audible — an outline under the covers.

But on *To Each . . .* they let themselves down — slowly, with a dull thud and no resonance. Somewhere between Manchester and Manhattan — where the LP was recorded during their stay in October of last year. This, in fact, is one of the few facts on an annoyingly art-full sleeve; it makes mention of producer Hannet, two engineers and three graphics people but ACR = ACR. I don't see much point in this: it merely seems to accentuate that it conceals, makes more of a big indiscreet deal about their precious and preferred self image. The outside cover painting is pretty rosey by anyone's standards and the two images on the inside of the gatefold are oh all too typically Factory. WAKE UP!

And what a disappointment the sound is: throughout its nine tracks *To Each . . .* sounds as if it was played by people with hangovers into microphones wrapped in dusters and produced by someone with a very compressed, obsessively neat and tidy conception of sound. Compared to their past peaks and the way they've been produced, *To Each . . .* is disarmingly muted and mumbled, linear and lacklustre. The vocals — not there are that many words — appear to have been mixed down as near to inaudible as it was possible to get; the great gap between Simon Topping's deadpan moan and the pitch of the nameless young woman they often employ is thrown away. Tracks are over while you're still waiting for something to happen — excepting, that is, 'Winter Hill', which takes up a bland half of the second side with a thoughtlessly under-developed percussive stroll. They've managed to make these nine tracks sound more like roughs or demos than anything on 'The Graveyard and The Ballroom' (which contained four in common: 'Choir', and 'The Fox', 'Loss' and 'Oceans'). What were formally bright aspects here just idle and purr, disengaged and dowdy . . .

This A Certain Ratio begin to remind me of no one so much as

PLASTICS

Welcome Back (Island)
"VELLY BRAVE, Englishman, but also velly stupid" . . . is the phrase I most associate with Japan, because it was what psychopathic camp commandants were forever saying to plucky Brit escapees in the comics I mis-spent my childhood and pocket money on. Whether the same judgement will come to be passed upon Chris Blackwell of Island Records — for the faith and cash he's investing in this new Nipponese act — is something only time will tell. But something tells me he's right — or at least in the right — for on the strength of this LP, *Plastics'* music is a very healthy and welcome import: a new cross-cultural experiment of mutual benefit. I like it a lot.

'Welcome Back', as we know from Max Bell's recent *NME* foray into the land of the rising yen, is *Plastics'* third album, and comprises re-recordings from the best of the first two. I'd like to think that this LP will serve as a tasty Western sampler, that there's more and better to come; in the meantime, though, this introductory offering will

do nicely. *Plastics* make spirited facsimiles of UK and US original styles: pushed through the culture warp of a modern Japanese sensibility, the results are distinctive and enjoyable, and a valuable input in their own right.

Funnily enough, although the group are noted for this eagerness to suck in foreign influences (and an appealing honesty in admitting to it), their treatment of sources is so naively energetic that, lo and behold, they come out sounding fresher and more unique than a good three quarters of our own domestic product. Rock'n'roll attack, disco rhythms, glamour and flash, shameless name-dropping and wholesale stylistic larceny: it's all there and it nearly all works, to produce an effect that's often as electric as it's eclectic. If *Plastics* have the talent to perfect this

THE FALL *Slates* (Rough Trade)

'SLATES'. Six tracks. Ten inches. Two quid. More Fall rough and grumble . . . Not exactly a couth sound, but then The Fall aren't exactly what you could call an upwardly-mobile outfit, either — more like the stain on the smoked-glass tabletop that just won't wash away: the Prole Art Threat, as Smith calls it.

The Northern rockabilly of 'Fiery Jack' and 'Container Drivers' is sadly absent here. The Fall noise is (currently) a

Gruff, tumble and Fall boys

grinding mulch, quite "tight", for what that's worth, and almost totally devoid of frills. More gruff guitar grassrootisms and hectic mutterings, rising to that characteristic frenetic falsetto in places. "Don't start improvising, for God's sake!" mumbles Smith towards the close of 'Slates, Slags, Etc',

which is, like, six minutes plus of repetitive rumbles, a churning thick end of some wedge or other. This could get a bit restrictive, but then one "difficult" element's enough for any prole art threat, and Smith's wordy concerns are sliding further and further that way — mini-operas, maybe, small scenarios of life confused with



WAKE UP! A Certain Ratio pairing Peter Terrell and Jeremy Carr.

paranoid teenybop boys Spandau Ballet: built on what strikes me as essentially an arrogance lacking in confidence.

However, that said, it is unfortunate that things being as they are the first LP proper from a group of young lads like ACR is preceded by a build up out of all proportion to the event. Pop people are made deities before their second single — things are built up far too quickly, massively and carelessly. Groups like ACR shouldn't have greatness stamped on them too soon. Why can't we slow down a bit and wait . . . ?

IAN PENMAN

THE SEARCHERS *Play For Today* (Sire)

AFTER The Ramones and The Undertones, it seems appropriate that Sire should take on those earlier masters of naive pop — The Searchers.

This is their second album since their return to recording and it's yet another sharp collection of neat, melodic songs rendered with characteristic vocal harmonies and jangling guitars.

Once again, it's principally a collection of other people's music adapted to The Searchers' own needs.

John Fogerty's 'Almost Saturday Night' makes its second appearance of recent weeks after turning up on the latest Dave Edmunds' album. There is, alas, no real substitute for Fogerty's own cutting edge. Somewhat happier, though, are Alex Chilton's 'September Gurls', Moon Martin's 'She Made A Fool Of You', and Randy Bishop's 'Infatuation'. If The Searchers had had access to material of this calibre in the 60s, their career would never have floundered.

The question now is whether it's come too late. The first of their Sire albums was also exquisitely assembled and made little impact in sales terms. Let's hope that 'Play For Today' is more than wishful thinking.

PAUL DU NOYER

BOB EDMANDS

fantasy, rough-hewn, sore and scabby blocks of narrative, comment, invective and the like, scrambled up and spat out in gobs . . . The Fall, and especially Smith, have come a long way from 'Bingo Master' days, but without sacrificing their essential grating harshness for something as miserably meaningless as sheer smooth technique.

'Slates' is either a small epee or a big single, though there's no one track of obvious singularity here. Just six tracks, ten inches, two quid: more Fall rough and grumble.

Okay by me.

ANDY GILL

THE JAGS *No Tie Like A Present* (Island)

MEN, IT CAN BE DONE! The Chartham method of reviewing records in bed: Take a half-dozen or so cans of Special Brew or similar late evening beverage and make a note of the time — 1.30 p.m. — weather conditions — bright sunlight, sounds of happily fighting children, housepersons getting quietly demented on cooking sherry and Valium — and draw bedroom curtains tightly to exclude all direct light. Place Jags album on conveniently situated turntable (noting Robin Day murmuring in background from nearby radio) and retire to bed. Snap ring pull from first can, imbibe swiftly and pull blankets over head.

And, Godalmighty, up jumps the old Trems smasher. 'Here Comes My Baby!' Whatever happened to the Tremeloes? The scampi and cabbage booty circuit — bus conducting in Swindon — safe Conservative seats in the House of Commies? (House of Commons — don't you call it Commies?). Listening to this I realise that it was the Tremeloes I hated all those years back, not the song itself, which is really quite good. Fascinating, the way that the Jags singer can stretch the word "now" to three or even four syllables. I loik this one and Oi'll give it foive.

Quickly down a couple more nightcaps as the greatly enjoyable, 'I Never Was A Beachboy', thunders out of the Dansette. This is one of those Underdog of the School, type, wide-eyed protests of vulnerability / honesty that were a big feature of the punk self-purges. "I never ever was a beach boy! I never was a tough boy!" Me neither, mate — plus I had curly hair, a second rate satchel and a dreadful nickname to contend with.

Find third drink and sip through, 'Another Town, Another Place'. Bit mysoginistic this, lads, to say the least. Life on the big, bad rock and roll road, number eight thousand and some, but it moves, it moves. Singer sounding increasingly like a mix of Costello, Shamus O'Geldof and Jake Burns with a cockney accent, if you follow my drift.

Reach for next can, pick up cat by mistake and note Eddie Grundy — punk star of The Archers — moaning to his old man about his vile habit of washing his feet in the kitchen sink without removing the plates, on distant radio, as 'The Train and the Plane' clatters around the bedroom. Not the real train and place, of course. HA HA!! . . . the next track!!

'The train and the plane and the train and the plane didn't get me!' Acute travel paranoia diagnosed here. Discover stale sock under pillow along with half-eaten bag of crisps. Resume foetal position and shedder at 1984 style blast of hideous electronic music from passing ice cream van, happily drowned by final track, side one — 'Silver Birds' — an instrumental with a sort of Telstar chorus section.

Pass next side in coma, noting only that it's a less interesting rerun of side one. Fall profoundly asleep and wake to darkness and the sound of a blunted stylus thudding against the dead end of the final groove. Reflect on the folly of all human endeavour and make way downstairis. Fill kettle.

RAY LOWRY

Nipponese on the trapeze

technique, then it's potential is awesome.

They play fast, with an aggressive sense of adventure. By contrast to say YMO, *Plastics'* music is lively and untidy — a breathless chase after excitement and kicks. Mostly sung by the beautiful Chica Sato, their songs snatch at fashionable themes — money, media, art — in fractured buzzword English, never exactly exploring those topics, but whisking the listener across them like kaleidoscopic lightning guides. The Japanese take to tourism, even of the mental sort, like a nymphomaniac takes to sex.

'Cards', maybe the best piece here, deals with credit — of the American Express variety — with a consumerist passion, verging on fanaticism: "Someday you gonna make love with your cards! You've got to put your card into her —"

BLUE ANGEL
Blue Angel (Polydor)

A WORD to the world weary: Hear this record! That's HEAR THIS RECORD!! set in one hundred and some point bold type, the kind of thing they use for front page assassination headlines.

Done that? Okay, if you love the way that singer Cyndi Lauper's voice breaks on the word 'know' in the first line of track one, side one — "Maybe he'll knoweggrhh!" — then we're in business. This is the most wholly satisfying album by a young, new (to me) band that I've heard in a dog's age and I'm already beginning to think about strict rationing of plays — says a cupola-hunnerd a day — because records like this are so few and far between and I'm going to hear so much crap as a result of trying to find an equivalent shot of something as stimulating now that hope has been rekindled.

Does anybody know anything about this band? Whatever, they are a white, American (recorded in New Yawn) five-piece (makes them sound like a goddam dinner service, or something) with a lady singer, and they knock enormous lumps off anything else around whether it's wearing off-the-shoulder tablecloths and whiteface, jodhpurs and pudding basin haircuts or Nouveauxbilly inflatable guitars and trousers — I don't even care about sub-Clash, crass, collective hippies. They wouldn't recognise a life-affirming song if it bit them in the ass (or donkey as we Brits have it).

Lyricaly (I know that's wrong) it's all love and heart tremors, throatlumps and poisonous relationships — the kind of things that make life worthwhile and hideous in succession and have been providing the backbone of popular music lyrics since the year two. This band make it sound fresh and new again and can you really expect anything more from pop music than that? Lights, stage shows, drugs, lasers, robots,

A word in yer earpiece, NOW!

spaceships, nuclear missiles, helter-skelters, bear-baiting, long hair and bare chests? They all fall down to a good chewn. Remember how punk was a return to basics as well as all the rest of its significance?

These five musicians are called Johnny "Bullet" Morelli, who plays drums; Arthur "Rockin' A" Neilson, who plays guitar; John Turi, who plays keyboards and sax; Lee Brovitz, who basses; and Cyndi Lauper, who's a knockout singer, and together they've wrought a minor miracle with this album. God knows how they'd describe their music; I've a feeling they wouldn't be ashamed of being called a rock and roll band.

The boys play brilliantly powerful rhythms without in any way plundering the dark continent or stealing the poor old Sun sound that's been dragged out of the grave and *Dragged* so callously of late. There are some truly inspired sax breaks sprinkled judiciously here and there — and over the top of this rides the great Lauper voice!

She must be the young, white, woman singer of the moment, a million years away from the squeak, and burp school of the likes of Siouxsie Sue or Lene whatsit.

If anyone at their record company has any sense they must get behind this band and hype, break legs, threaten, cajole, smash jukeboxes, throw acid and generally raise the pitch of their voices to get them the attention they deserve.

SOMEBODY ENCOURAGE THESE PEOPLE!!

I'd've really gone over the top but I broke both arms and I'm writing this with my mouth.

RAY LOWRY

JERRY LEE LEWIS
Best Of The Country Music Hall Of Fame Hits (Mercury — Reflections)

JOHN Cooper Clærrgghhkk, the famous ex-Northerner, once told me that he believed people would always want to hear good chunes. A recognisable sequence of musical notes backing a recognisable human voice singing about things we all experience and can identify with — something along those lines.

This compilation from two of

Jerry Lee Lewis's 1969 recorded country albums fits the bill admirably. I could play this goddam' stuff for ever and probably still want to hear it one more time. The power of these country-cum-rockabilly songs must have something to do with the directness and simplicity with which their authors addressed themselves to the endlessly complex tangle of emotions that come into play in our relationships one with another. Like good poets — which I suppose the best of them were — they went for the

right words and images to convey a mood with unerring accuracy.

"I've never seen a night so long, when time goes crawling by, / the moon just went behind a cloud to hide his face and cry" or "Did you ever see a robin weep, when leaves begin to die, / like me he's lost the will to live, I'm so lonesome I could cry", from Hank Williams' wonderful I'm so Lonesome I could etc., one of five Williams songs on the album, are typically brilliant.

Anyone who claims any knowledge of, or interest in, modern popular music should know and love these songs — Cold, Cold Heart, I can't stop Loving You, Frauline, Jambalaya, I love you Because are all here and given great interpretations by J.L.L. The Killer is the killer is the killer. Probably the living, functioning link with the birth of rock and roll from the fusion of country, rhythm and blues and economic optimism. An immense talent.

RAY LOWRY



Five persons singular ... Blue Angel.

THE TUBES
The Completion Backward Principle (Capitol)

ASSESSING the Tubes' role in the storming of the palace of rockism back in the mid-70's is not so easy a task. At the time, their function as a kind of updated Mothers of Invention — significantly, both groups were based in San Francisco, that bastion of pretension and pseudo-culture — undoubtedly served a good cause.

Now, however, the Quay Lewis's of this world having been more or less discredited to

the point of ruin, their "satiric" theatre has been outmoded. White punks on dope don't count, the young and rich are talentless, and there's nothing left for satirists to do. Pitifully, the Tubes are reduced to making the very noises they once derided.

For 'The Completion Backward Principle' fits in perfectly with the brainwashing of bourgeois America by the likes of Styx and Kansas. It is music which virtually flaunts its succumbing to blandness. Muted heavy rock, it rests on

the solid, redundant platform of Bill Spooner's and Roger Steen's flash, hygienic guitar playing, and the keyboards of Mike Cotten and Vince Welnick. This is the sound of American technology in action.

Isn't the point really that since the band were first booed off the Fillmore West stage over ten years ago, Bill Spooner's original concept of rock theatre has become little more than a pleasant frolic? There comes a point when outrage must go back on its word. If you do

succeed in altering people's perspective on an art form, you will be the first to suffer repudiation when the alteration catches on. The concept-album image of the Tubes as an expanding company of immaculately grey-flannelled businessmen is too apposite to be funny.

Much of 'The Completion Backward Principle' finds its stylistic level somewhere around the area of Cheap Trick, Kansas, and Co. At its best, it hits highs of 'Mink Hollow'-period Rundgren quality. But 'Let's Make Some Noise' is synthetic blue-eyed rock'n'soul without the panache of even a Barry Gibb; 'Attack Of The Fifty Foot Woman' is embarrassingly tame Steely Dan; and the glib Japanesery of 'Sushi Girl' — "will my Suki girl find me in time, or will her Sushi spawn?" — should put anyone to shame.

Perhaps the only feature of 'The Completion Backward Principle' which might keep one hanging on is the fact that both 'Mr Hate' and 'Amnesia' — otherwise quite devoid of merit — conclude and/or are intercut with gratuitous snippets of expert funk — a sound that might be compared with the sublime fade-out of Prince's 'I Wanna Be Your Lover'. At the moment, however, we must say of the album that its principle of completion is certainly backward.

BARNEY HOSKYNs



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DISCHARGE
Why (Clay)

"Decontrol, decontrol, we're being shit on far too long."

What is it about this statement? What is the universal appeal encapsulated in its spare, succinct brevity — in the crafted linguistic flow from sinister newspeak (the twice repeated "Decontrol") to down-to-earth, monosyllabic Stoke-on-Trentiness ("We're being shit on far too long"), with its cunning contrast of an urgent present ("We're being shit on")?

What is it about this perfectly formulated statement that has kept it in the alternative hit parade ever since its release last November?

Perhaps the remarkable success of "Decontrol" — and of Discharge's two previous works, "Realities Of War" and "Fight Back" — lies in the response they strike in the youthful breasts of today: in the "horrific disturbing visions of war" which singer Cal Morris himself admits "fill his head", in the heartfelt questions Cal poses, such as "Does the system, does the system, does this system work?" in the calls to unite against an Orwellian "they" who run the government and send "us" to join their unemployment queues and fight their wars. Perhaps these are the contemporary issues which concern the many buyers of Discharge records.

Or perhaps it's because they play so fast.

Whatever the reasons, they are repeated tenfold on Discharge's new short-playing LP "Why" — ten tracks at 45 rpm selling for what their London-based press officer terms a "value-for-money" two quid. With a total playing time of approximately 14 minutes, "Why" is probably the shortest concert album ever. It's also one of the most fully realised.

Each track is like a 75-second nuclear attack. Watch out, here



Discharge . . . righteous wall of noise.

comes another one: **RADADA RADADA RADADA** *Scorched earth is all that's left where trees and flowers once grew RADADA RADADA* *A trail of destruction death and destruction RADADA RADADA* *(guitar break) RADADA RADADA* *Nothing left but waste land littered with human flesh and bone RADADA.*

That was 'Is This To Be'. You knew it wasn't still the preceding track 'Ain't No Feeble Bastard' because of the discreet pause between the two, didn't you?

Admittedly, there's no other way of telling apart from reading the lyrics on the sleeve, since the urgency of Cal's diction leaves everything masked in a veil of unintelligibility, but that's all

part of the intended effect. As each of Discharge's themes is just as harrowingly black and white as the next, it's only right that they should play the same riff throughout every song.

Some feeble bastards might suggest that Discharge's piling up of grotesque imagery — "Streets littered with maimed and slaughtered in rigid pathetic heaps . . . Men and women young and old out on the streets homeless . . . Etc" — such imagery, they might suggest, was either self-defeating in that it inureds one to true horror, or hackneyed in that it has figured in every schoolboy's poetry for 35 years.

Discharge's answer, one feels, would be even shorter than one of their songs.

PHIL McNEILL

GRACE JONES
Nightclubbing (Island)

The intro: The palm trees sway in a gentle sea breeze, the coconut-rum cocktail glistens beneath a sun-kissed canopy and the shimmering sound of Grace Jones comes gliding across the sands — a perfect summer soundtrack. I take a deep breath, close my eyes and wish I was there. When I open them it is still raining but a white label of the new Grace Jones LP has dropped into my lap and it sounds very good indeed.

The artiste: In her modelling days, they used to hang tailored suits on Grace Jones. Now they hang made-to-measure songs for her to croon and spit out. Name the style and Grace will shift the emphasis and the outfit accordingly, swinging from a droll deadpan to an uptempo skank, from a beach goddess to the stuck-up sophisticated nightclubber — too nice to talk to?

One of the tracks on the new LP is the supposedly autobiographical 'Art Groupie', although the singer characteristically gives little of the game away: "I'll never write my memoirs/There's nothing in my book/Don't ask me any questions/My personal life is a bore."

The sleeve: The cover shot of 'Nightclubbing' is by Grace's boyfriend and image-maker Jean-Paul Goude. Her body is caked in maroon paint beneath a black Giorgio Armani jacket and that prim pillbox cut. The stare is cold and impenetrable, a welcome as chilly as the music is warm and tropical.

The facts: 'Nightclubbing' is the fifth Grace Jones album, recorded, like the last one, 'Warm Leatherette' at Compass Point in the Bahamas and produced by Island's Chris Blackwell and Alex Sadkin.

The players: The musicians are the usual Jamaican sessioners supreme The Revolutionaries, Sly 'n' Robbie plus guitarists Mikey Chung and Barry Reynolds, percussionist Sticky and organist Wally

Bardon. They combine to etch out a shifting, soulful surface, an exotic ice-water backdrop for Grace's vocal veneer.

Drummer Sly is always at the helm, stretching the beat and contorting it into that familiar elastic wicked 'n' slick groove, occasionally coming close to perfecting the disco/roots reggae fusion that he's been striving towards for years in his solo work.

The time: 37 minutes, 25 seconds in all!

The songs: Nine in all. Three conventional cover versions, four co-penned Jones originals and two songs written specifically for the chanteuse, one by Sting and the other by Marianne Faithfull and Compass Point All-Star Barry Reynolds!

The opener, "Walking In The Rain" is an instant highpoint. Written by former Easybeats Vander and Young and originally recorded under the name Flash And The Pan a decade ago, the song is a mean and moody gem: "Feeling like a woman / Looking like a man / Sounding like a no-one / Making when I can / Whistling in the darkness / Shining in the light / Coming to conclusions / Right is night is tight / Walking, walking in the rain. . ."

The two other covers complete side one, Bill Withers' magnificent 'Use Me' and Iggy's 'Idiot' standard 'Nightclubbing'. The latter, of course, is probably the perfect song for Jones' sardonic, caustic deadpan, although its execution could be better, despite Sly's imaginative syndrum accompaniment. 'Nightclubbing', possibly the next single, is just a little too obvious.

Between the covers comes Grace's own 'Pull Up To The Bumper', percussive frothy funk, knee-deep in sexual metaphor: "Pull up to my bumper baby/And drive it in between!"

The autobiographical 'Art Groupie' opens side two, to be followed by another magnificent moment in the extended soft-focus accordion

Perfect made to measure madame

skank of 'I've Seen That Face Before (Libertango)', Grace slipping and dipping from English into bar-room French and back again. The sensual 'Feel Up' is brimful of calypso carnival sounds, the sort of song that the Belle Stars would do more than justice to.

The only times Grace seems ill-at-ease are as she swaps Trenchtown patois with, presumably, the sharp-lipped Sly and then tries to rock out on Sting's 'Demolition Man'.

But compensation comes again in the final track, the Faithfull-Reynolds composition 'I've Done It Again', with Grace back in her element, soulfingering her way through a melancholy mood-piece, reminiscent even of Joni Mitchell in parts!

The outro: I spent an otherwise-miserable weekend afternoon with the sound of Grace swirling around my little earphones, grooving on songs effortlessly sung but put together with a jeweller's eye for detail. It didn't transport me to funky Nassau and when I look out the window it's still raining. . . but there, but for the Grace of Jones go I.

ADRIAN THRILLS

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ETHIOPIAN Everything Crash (Studio One)

IT IS the English, of course, that pollutes the Caribbean isle of wood and water, Jamaica, though it is true the Spaniards also play a part, and that the foul American breed continue to do as much, "Hatred and scorn has torn us apart," regrets Leonard Dillon, and "corruption is slowly making lots of progress... corruption is tearing us to pieces today, corruption is taking the world away. Sufferation is playing a part, and mankind is getting stuck."

Introductions, however, are in order. Leonard Dillon is Ethiopian, a man of durable presence on the Jamaican recording scene, who is one time a member of a vocal trio named The Ethiopians, or more correctly a leading light of the group, in much the same way as Roger McGuinn is The Byrds or Arthur Lee is Love, or Frankie Valli the Four Seasons.

It is at Studio One around 1966 that The Ethiopians spring first into prominence with some superior rock-steady titles that include 'I Am Free', 'Owe Me No Pay Me', 'I'm Gonna Take Over Now', 'Dun Dead A Ready', before cutting the famous 'Train To Skaville' and teaming up with Sonia Pottinger and JJ Johnson for further success with the music in flux, including an album with the latter, 'Reggae Power'.

Shortly after this, one of The Ethiopians is killed — reportedly in a car crash — though the remaining two members pick up the pieces and cut a further LP for Johnson, 'Woman A Capture Man', before branching out on a freelance basis with regular single releases up to the mid '70s, when the second member dies leaving Leonard alone, though like I say Mr. Dillon is always the lead vocalist and writer of their material.

Following this, he briefly forms a six piece fundae outfit,



Early Ethiopians... then there is one

also named The Ethiopians, and this group record an album for Niney in 1977 'Slave Call', a chant set in the traditional style of the Mystical Revelation of Ras Tafari and very much the precursor of this present collection.

So, 15 years later Leonard Dillon is back with that most supreme of Jamaican studios in Brentford Road, gruffer of voice — in a way reminiscent of Joe Higgs — with a beautiful resonance and added depth, with eight crafted and perfectly balanced songs.

"What is wrong with this current generation?" he asks on the opening track 'When Will Be The End?' "Can't they stop living in total desperation? When will be the end of this all?"

The final track 'Everything Crash' dates from 1970, but might as well have been written tomorrow: "Firemen strike, water men strike, telephone

company too... every day carry bucket to the well, one day the bucket bottom must drop out..."

Side two opens with 'Locust' — "there's no meat on the bone, all a it gone a Rome, them a locust feeding off an I and I flesh, you see the more they get the more they want." — which plies a mournful flute and certain lyrical homilies taken from Dillon's 'Guilty Conscience' song from 'Slave Call'. Plaster thick and some will stick, tread on a worm and it will turn.

The final track is a reworking of the title track from The Ethiopians' 'Slave Call' set, here refurbished as 'Open The Gate'. Leonard insists "I don't have a red cent to pay, I've got to reach home one day. We're taken by force, scattered around the Caribbean coast," and concludes "Babylon you fall and your kingdom sinking."

PENNY REEL



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VARIOUS MOTHERS Grandmothers (Rhino)

SO, WHAT do old mothers do when their children leave home? Become grandmothers, as a rule. And, as we all know, there's no-one quite like 'em...

As it happens, I've often wondered what happens to former Mothers Of Invention when their tenure with Uncle Frank comes to an end; is there, perhaps, some small corner of America that is forever rude and ugly, where the windmills of the bourgeoisie are custom-built for tilting? 'Grandmothers' provides a few answers, with regard to half a dozen Mothers from the early years, without whom the satirical triumvirate of 'Freak Out!', 'Absolutely Free' and 'We're Only In It For The Money' might not have been quite as weird.

There's nothing here from Ray Collins or Roy Estrada, but the spine leads me to believe that this is merely Volume One of a several-album series, so there's plenty of time left for them. And who needs an album of greasy pachuco singing, anyway?

Instead, we have a variety of offerings dating from the early '70s, from such as Don Preston, Buzz and Bunk Gardner, Jimmy Carl Black, Elliott Ingber, and Motorhead James Sherwood.

Elliott Ingber's two tracks, 'A Bit Blue' and 'We Don't Feed No Livestock Here', are (respectively) a forgettable, harp-heavy slow blues and an endless boogie going barmy — certainly not up to the standard expected of a man who's played with both Zappa and Beefheart — while Jimmy Carl Black's '59 Chevy' and 'Trail Of Tears' are horn-laden grunt-rock outings, the latter of which sees the Indian of the group lamenting his people's betrayal.

Don Preston, whose recent credits include parts of the 'Apocalypse Now' soundtrack and The Residents' 'Eskimo' (and who's currently working on a project involving Robbie Krieger and The Knack's drummer), contributes three tracks, two of which, 'Sweet 15' and 'Eye Of Agomoto', are

LONG TIME vocal trio The Hepstones arrive in the UK from Jamaica this week for a series of summer shows, dates to be confirmed. A new LP titled 'One Steo Ahead' and issued Stateside on Sonic Sounds precedes them in the pre-release shops, with a further set due for issue by London company Third World. Harmony vocalist Naggio Morris has parted company with the group.

Also in town is keyboards virtuoso Jackie Mittoo — voted top musician in Canada's recent *Cheer* poll — who arrives from the land of the maple leaf with what he describes as "a bag of music", a number of self-produced tapes he is presently hawking around local record companies.

Meanwhile, the reformed Paragons trio of John Holt, Tyrone Evans and Howard Barrett have LPs due out on both Island Records and Third World.



"What's that? My boys getting a good review?" Uncle Frank Zappa

complex but fluid electronic jazz-rock with funny noises; typical Zappaesque in their busy but fairly pointless convolutions, they sound rather dated a decade later. His third track, 'I Can't Breathe', was recorded in 1970 with his drums/synth group Raw Milk, and it's a little fresher, with a fine sound-collage/slurred-voice/coughing finale.

The best stuff here, by a long stretch, is the material recorded between '69 and '72 by Buzz and Bunk Gardner with double bassist John Balkin, the trio

Reggae runnings

New titles issued on Jamaican Studio 1 out of Brentford road include: Jennifer Lara with interpretations of Toni Tennille's 'Do It To Me One More Time' and Johnny Osbourne's 'My Man'; Angela Prince, 'My Man Is Gone' — based on John Holt's 'My Heart Is Gone'; The Jay Tees, 'Buck Town Corner'; Lone Ranger, 'Love Bump'; Devon Russel and the Yoruba Singers with Albert Griffiths' 'Roots Natty Roots'; and Freddy McGregor, 'When I Am Ready', utilising the rhythm of a further John Holt song, 'Love I Can Feel'. Re-pressings from the label include: Roy Richards, 'Freedom Blues'; and Horace Andy, 'Oh Lord Why Lord'.

Two major reggae events in London on Bank Holiday Sunday,

May 3 (this weekend) are a Roots Rockers Festival at the Rainbow Theatre in Finsbury Park featuring Al Campbell, Rico, the five One Blood brothers, Jean Adebambo, Carol Thompson and female vocal trio Sister Love. The show is being compered by radio DJ Tony Williams and doors open 4pm until midnight.

The other is a Seven Leaves of Kensal Rise presentation at The Tabernacle, Powis Square, Ladbroke Grove, W11 where interested parties are advised to "assemble thy souls" from 2pm until midnight to witness the return of the original Duke Vin sound system with a selection of reggae, rock-steady, ska and calypso sides, plus also North London band Hardrock live on stage. Refreshments on sale include: roast fish, corn bread and juices galore. Tickets are £2.50 apiece, available from Hawkeye Records, 2a Craven Park Road, London, NW10; or £3.00 at the door.

PENNY REEL

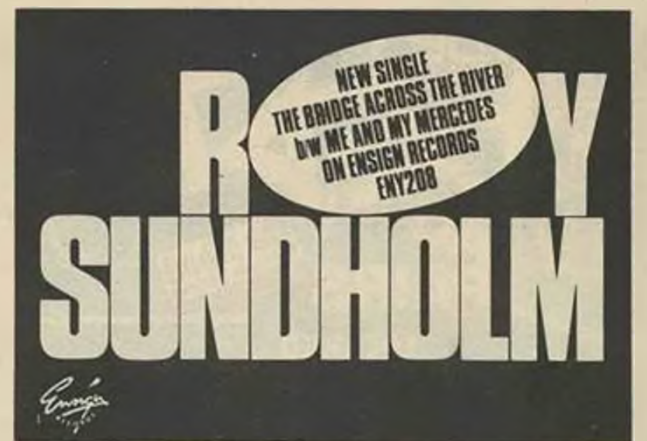
DAVID BOWIE
Another Face (Decca)
Christiane F. Wir Kinder Vom Bahnhof Zoo (German RCA)

Two faces of exploitation. David Bowie (nee Jones) is captured as elusive butterfly on the Decca compilation (incidentally released in roughly this format for only the ninety fifth time). So, thrill once more to such essentially British rubbish as 'The London Boys'. Test your twee rating on 'Please Mr. Gravedigger'. Remember what was surely best forgotten on the little-known and utterly wet 'Louie, Louie Go Home' (whatever did happen to King Bees' unusual guitarist Roger Black? Funny he never caught the public's imagination).

The only half-way decent song amongst this embarrassingly stagey collection is 'Love You Till Tuesday' which was to have been featured in Ken Pitt's aborted episodic film made for German TV (Bowie wrote 'Space Oddity' for that non starter too). The cover is a bad selection of anachronistic shots.

Only a person with more money than sense would even contemplate looking at one of these ailing buzzards.

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RECORD NEWS

Moodies: first for two years

THE MOODY BLUES have their first new album for two years released by Threshold on May 15, to coincide with their upcoming UK tour, previously reported by NME. Titled 'Long Distance Voyager', it's their first to feature ex-Yes keyboards man Patrick Moraz, who joins original members Justin Hayward, Ray Thomas, John Lodge and Graeme Edge. The new LP contains nine new original compositions.

● The UK Subs have a limited edition four-track EP issued by Gem this weekend. It consists of the two tracks on their current single — 'Keep On Running' ('Til You Burn') and 'Perfect Girl' — plus two previously unreleased tracks, 'Ice Age' and a French version of their last single 'Party in Paris'. It costs the same as an orthodox single.

● Blondie drummer Clem Burke, who's recently been working with Michael Des Barres, has produced the first single by New York band The Colours — and as they didn't have a regular drummer at the time, he also played with them. The A-side features two tracks playing at 45 rpm, 'Jealousy' and 'Growing Up American', while the 33rpm B-side comprises three numbers — 'Have You Seen Her', 'West End' and 'Rave It Up'. It's on Infinite Records, distributed by Fresh and Rough Trade. The band will be undertaking their first British tour in early June, details to follow shortly.

● Ex-Police guitarist Henry Padovani has formed a new band, with drummer Chris Musto and ex-UK Subs bassist Paul Slack, named The Flying Padovani. Their debut single 'Western Pasta' is on Demon Records.

● The dB's have a new single out tomorrow (Friday) on Albion Records, 'Judy'/'Cycles Per Second'. The A-side was recorded in London at the end of their recent UK visit, and the coupling is a re-edited version of a track on their current album 'Stands For Decibels'. They're now working in New York on their second LP, for late summer release.

● The Who's follow-up to their 'You Better You Bet' hit is now available through Polydor. From their 'Face Dances' album, it's the Pete Townshend song 'Don't Let Go The Coat'.



Toyah triple

TOYAH WILLCOX follows up her smash hit EP 'Four From Toyah' by releasing a new single on the Safari label next week, and this one has three tracks — 'I Want To Be Free', coupled with 'Walkie Talkie' and 'Alien' — all written by Toyah and Joel Bogen. Her new album titled 'Anthem' is due out in mid-May, to coincide with the opening of her previously reported UK tour.

Continues page 43

TOUR NEWS



Kraftwerk's RALF HUTTER

Kraftwerk tour delay

KRAFTWERK, whose first UK tour since 1976 was due to begin next weekend, have postponed their visit until mid-June. All their dates have been re-scheduled, and existing tickets remain valid for the revised gigs. Reason for the delay is that the band had ordered giant video screens from Japan specially for the tour, and these won't now be ready in time.

Additionally, they intend transporting the entire contents of their Dusseldorf studio, to use on stage in the UK — and there have been a series of "computer malfunctions" in their equipment. So they've decided to put back their visit, rather than go ahead with what they consider would be an incomplete show.

Due to heavy ticket demand, promoters Straight Music have added five new dates to the band's schedule — Glasgow Apollo (June 16), a second night at Liverpool Royal Court (21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Brighton Dome (27) and Oxford New Theatre (July 1). Tickets are £4, £3 and £2 — except Liverpool (all at £3.50) and Leicester (£4 and £3). Existing Liverpool tickets are now valid for the second show (June 21).

Revised dates are Manchester Free Trade Hall (June 15), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Sheffield City Hall (19), Liverpool Royal Court (20), Birmingham Odeon (23), Nottingham Rock City (24), Southampton Gaumont (26), London Strand Lyceum (28), London Hammersmith Palais (29), Bristol Locarno (30) and London Hammersmith Odeon (July 2 and 3). A third night at Hammersmith Odeon on July 4 is likely to be added.

BEAT: WHA'PPEN

THE BEAT, who release their second album on their own Go-Feet label on May 8, have added another London gig to their previously reported UK tour. They're already set to play the Rainbow on May 31, and the following day (June 1) they now play Hammersmith Palais — where the supports will be Nervous Kind, Linton Kwesi Johnson and The Belle Stars. (The Rainbow is open to the under-18s, but the Palais is not). The Belle Stars are, in fact, joining the tour on May 21 in Manchester and then play all subsequent dates. The new Beat LP is titled 'Wha'ppen' and it features 12 tracks, mostly originals penned by the band.

Cathedral seeks big act

LINCOLN Cathedral is to stage its first-ever rock concert on Sunday, June 28, as part of the city's festival fortnight. The organisers are now looking for a big-name attraction for this prestige event, which will also be covered by TV. Although profits will go to the cathedral's restoration fund, the band will still receive a fee. Interested parties should contact Jan Ayres on Lincoln 41080.

NUGENT COMING

TED NUGENT returns to the UK to play a one-off London concert, as part of a short European tour. It's at the Hammersmith Odeon on Monday, June 1 — and tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4 and £3. Promoters are Straight Music.

Tyneside's two-day rock festival

TYNESIDE is to have its first-ever open-air rock festival this summer, a two-day event over August Bank Holiday weekend (Saturday and Sunday, 29-30), coinciding with the Reading Festival in the south. It's to be staged at the 20,000-capacity Gateshead International Stadium, best-known as one of the country's top athletics arenas — and accordingly, well-served in terms of facilities and amenities.

Under the banner of 'Rock On The Tyne', six bands will

perform each day — and these will range from heavy metal, through straight rock to cult acts. The organisers say that they will all be top British or international artists. Details are currently being finalised by festival director Barry McKay, who is co-promoting in association with Olympic star Brendan Foster and the Gateshead Metropolitan Borough Council. The Bill will

be announced on June 19, and tickets will be on sale the next day.

● It seems unlikely that there will be an outdoor concert at Knebworth this summer. Capital Radio, who staged the 1980 event topped by The Beach Boys, have opted out this year. And promoter Harvey Goldsmith, who expressed interest before Capital stepped in, has also decided to miss out. So unless there's a surprise development, the rock calendar will be minus Knebworth in 1981.

Plastics in London

PLASTICS, the Japanese band whose debut album 'Welcome Back' is issued by Island next week, have now added two London dates to their first UK tour (reported last week). Their new opening date is now at West Hampstead Moonlight Club tonight (Thursday), then they go off to Europe prior to playing the rest of their British gigs, for which the newly confirmed final show is at London Charing Cross Heaven on May 18.

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JCC PROMOTING HIS BIG MOUTH

JOHN COOPER CLARKE takes to the road again next week, at the outset of an 18-venue tour, climaxing in a prestige London concert. He'll be performing both with a band and in a solo spot, and tickets are in the region of £2 to £3.

To coincide with his outing, Epic release a compilation LP titled 'Me And My Big Mouth' on May 8, comprising tracks culled from his three previous albums. Dates and venues for his tour are as follows:

Sheffield Polytechnic (May 6), Hull University (7), Newcastle Polytechnic (8), Glasgow Strathclyde University (9), Edinburgh Tiffany's (11), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (12), Bradford



University (13), Coventry Warwick University (14), Loughborough University

(16), Bristol Locarno (17), St. Albans City Hall (19), Manchester Fagins (20), Reading University (21), Norwich East Anglia University (22), Bangor University (25), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Aylesbury Friars (29) and London Tottenham Court Road Dominion (30).

● THE PHOTOS take a break from putting the finishing touches to their new album 'Crystal Tips And Mighty Mice', due out in late May or early June, to play three live dates next week — at Aberystwyth University (May 6), Banbury Winter Gardens (7) and Birmingham Aston University (8).

JUDIE IS RISING PHOENIX-STYLE

JUDIE TZUKE sets out on yet another concert tour at the end of next month, only a few weeks after completing her last outing. This latest series of dates aids promotion of her third album 'I Am The Phoenix', issued by Rocket Records next week, and the follow-up to her previous sets 'Welcome To The Cruise' and 'Sportscar'.

It consists entirely of tracks written by Judie and members of her band, including one of her most successful stage numbers 'Black Furs', and was produced by Paul Muggleton — who is the percussionist in her touring band, along with Mike Paxman (guitar), John



Edwards (bass), Bob Noble (keyboards) and Charlie Morgan (drums).

The tour schedule comprises Guildford Civic Hall (May 28), Poole Arts Centre (29), Oxford University Ball (30), Croydon Fairfield Hall (31), Reading Hexagon (June 2), Bristol Colston Hall (3), Nottingham Rock City (6), Norwich East Anglia University (7), Leicester De Montfort Hall (9), Liverpool Rotters (10), Birmingham Odeon (11), London Victoria Apollo (12), Manchester Free Trade Hall (16), Bradford University (17), Sheffield Polytechnic (18 and 19) and Newcastle City Hall (20). She also appears in the Glastonbury CND Festival on Midsummer Day, June 21. Further dates may be added.

Whitesnake: still more London gigs

WHITESNAKE have now added two further dates at London Hammersmith Odeon to their upcoming UK tour schedule, making a total of six concerts at that venue. Their previously announced shows at the Odeon (May 28, 29, 30 and 31) have now completely sold out, so they've slotted in the two extra gigs on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 9 and 10 — and these will definitely be the last as, immediately afterwards, they leave for tours of Japan and America. A donation will be made from the proceeds of the June 9 show to Capital Radio's *Help A London Child* appeal. Ticket prices are £4.50, £4 and £3.50, on sale at the theatre box-office, Premier Box Office and London Theatre Bookings. Promoters are Barry Dickins and Rob McSweeney for ITB, and the support act throughout the tour is American guitarist Billy Squier.

Au Pairs playing (with a different sex)

THE AU PAIRS, whose first Human Records album 'Playing With A Different Sex' is due out shortly, are supporting The Beat on the bulk of their British tour dates from Cardiff (this Saturday) to Edinburgh (May 18). And they've also been lined up for a string of headlining gigs, including a three-night season at London's Marquee Club. Dates in their own right are at York University (May 6), Colchester Essex University (8), Bath Nero's (12), Southampton University (13), Manchester Polytechnic (21), Liverpool Brady's (22), Newcastle University (23), Redcar Coatham Bowl (24), London Marquee (27-29) and Birmingham University (30). The support spot for The Au Pairs' own gigs is shared between Fast Relief, Tarzan 5 and The Pinkies. Marquee tickets are £2 (in advance) and £2.25 (on the door).

● THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS have added four more dates to their latest UK gig series, prior to leaving next weekend for a European tour with The Cockney Rejects. The extra gigs are at Dundee Maryatt Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (Saturday), Bedford Bunyan Centre (Sunday) and Bristol Locarno (next Tuesday, 5). Their next album is scheduled for early June release by Zonophone.



Hazel comes home

HAZEL O'CONNOR's previously reported one-off at Glasgow Apollo on May 9, marking her return from an extensive American tour, will feature a number of diverse support attractions. The show will open with a selection of videos, followed by actress Beth Porter presenting a comedy sketch, and a set by local band Positive Noise. New black and white band 21 Guns, who've just released their debut single on Shack Records (the label launched by Neville Staples of The Specials and Stella Barker of The Belle Stars), are also on the bill. And it's hoped that Richard Jobson of The Skids will appear in his role as the Scottish Poet Laureate! Tickets for the concert are priced £3.50 and £3.

DATA CONTROL



Tubes: signals are go

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for The Tubes' first British tour since 1979, plans for which were revealed exclusively by NME five weeks ago. They're playing 12 major concerts during the second half of June, including three in London. Already renowned for their spectacular visual shows, they'll be presenting a completely new production, incorporating material from their newly released Capitol album 'The Completion Backward Principle'.

They play Edinburgh Odeon (June 16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Sheffield City Hall (18),

UK TOUR SET FOR JUNE

Manchester Free Trade Hall (19), London Hammersmith Odeon (20), 21 and 22, Leicester De Montfort Hall (25), Birmingham Odeon (26), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28) and Southampton Gaumont (29). There is a possibility that one or two further dates may be slotted in by promoters Straight Music.

Ticket prices are £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50 — except at Hammersmith (£5, £4 and £3).

Leicester (£4.50 and £3.50) and St. Austell (all at £4). They go on sale at all theatre box-offices and usual agents from tomorrow (Friday).

The UK dates form part of the band's 1981-2 world tour, opening in Sweden next Monday and — prior to their arrival in Britain — taking them through Norway, Germany, France, Holland, Portugal and Italy. They then return to the States to start the second leg of the tour, which will keep them busy until early next year.

A new Tubes single titled 'Talk To Ya Later', taken from their latest album, is released by Capitol on May 11. It's coupled with the previously unissued track 'What's Wrong With Me'.

Light Of The World headliners

LIGHT OF THE WORLD — the group that operates under several different guises, with chart successes under their own name, as well as that of Incognito and Beggar & Co — are set for their first-ever headlining tour. They play Brighton Top Rank (May 27), Southampton Gaumont (28), Cardiff Top Rank (29), Bristol Colston Hall (31), Liverpool Royal Court (June 1), Manchester Free Trade Hall (2), Edinburgh Odeon (3), Middlesbrough Gaskins Plus One (5), Birmingham Odeon (6) and London Hammersmith Odeon (7). Tickets are on sale priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except at Brighton, Cardiff and Middlesbrough, where they are all £3.

NEW WISHBONE LINE-UP

WISHBONE ASH will have an unexpectedly new look, when they begin their nationwide UK tour in Manchester on May 16. Trevor Bolder, formerly of David Bowie's Spiders From Mars and Uriah Heep, will be taking the stage on bass and vocals. And for the first time in Ash's lengthy career, their line-up will include a lady member, with Claire Hamill contributing on vocals.

Claire takes time out from her solo career to join Ash on stage, for their European tour and subsequent Stateside visit, though the extent of her future involvement in the band is not yet clear. Bolder is currently rehearsing with the other members in readiness for the previously reported tour, which includes two London dates at Hammersmith Odeon (June 2) and the Rainbow (3).

Bolder comes into the Ash line-up as replacement for Martin Turner, who left the band at the end of last year. Claire is not filling a vacancy, but is augmenting the personnel.



The new line-up (left to right): ANDY POWELL, LAURIE WISEFIELD, TREVOR BOLDER, CLAIRE HAMILL, STEVE UPTON.

Members back on the road in style

THE MEMBERS burst back on to the scene with a new single, new record label, new line-up and a string of gigs. Since leaving Virgin, they've spent much of the past year working abroad — though more recently they've been busy writing new songs, and rehearsing with their new two-piece horn section and extra percussionist. They've signed a one-off deal with Albion Records for the release tomorrow (Friday) of their new single 'Working Girl'/'Holiday In Tanga Nike' — also available as a limited edition 12-inch, carrying a bonus six-minute disco track called 'Everyday Is Just A Holiday'.

They'll be gigging from mid-May through into June, and their first confirmed headliners are at Liverpool Brady's (May 16), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (22), Retford Porterhouse (23), Rickmansworth Watersmeet (29) and Canterbury Kent University (June 7). They also support XTC at London Hammersmith Odeon (May 21) and Birmingham Odeon (24), and further dates are being arranged by John Giddings of the TBA agency. The band are now being handled by ex-Stranglers manager Ian Grant.

Pauline's re-think

PAULINE MURRAY will no longer be calling her backing band The Invisible Girls on her current tour, as this name is directly associated with Martin Hannett and Stephen Hopkins, neither of whom is now working with her — nor plays on her latest album. Hannett and Hopkins are, in fact, at present recording their own album and working on a solo Paul Jones LP. This means that Pauline — now being backed by a line-up comprising Robert Blamire, John Maher, Peter Barratt and Wayne Hussey — has to find an alternative name for the group.



BILL NELSON GOING BACK ON THE ROAD

BILL NELSON is currently putting together a group, in readiness for a UK tour due to open in the second half of May. It will boost promotion of his first Mercury solo album 'Quiet Dreaming And Get On The Beam' (May 8 release), which was actually recorded two years ago, but delayed due to his management and record label change. On the LP, Nelson was responsible for all the songs, instruments and voices, except for saxophone (Ian Nelson) and a guest appearance by his former group Red Noise on one track. An extra instrumental album titled 'Sounding The Ritual Echo', recorded by Nelson in his home studio, is being included in the package as a limited edition. He has recently composed 25 musical pieces for the Yorkshire Actors Company presentation *The Cabinet Of Doctor Caligari*, which is about to be toured nationally and is being proposed as support on some of Nelson's upcoming dates.

SLADE OFFER THEIR KNUCKLE SANDWICH

SLADE have fixed four orthodox indoor concerts — two each on either side of their appearance in the open-air Wolverhampton Fiats on May 31, reported last week. They are at Oxford New Theatre (May 25), Canterbury Odeon (26), Blackburn King George's Hall (June 1) and Carlisle Market Hall (2). Reason for this mini-tour is that it ties in with the release of their new Cheapskate single, the follow-up to their 'We'll Bring The House Down' hit — it's a Holder-Lea composition titled 'Knuckle Sandwich Nancy', and it comes out on May 15.

DATA CONTROL

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Wed. 6th May SNIPS + Bank Notes	£1.25

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and his band

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15 May	MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
16 May	BIRMINGHAM Odeon Theatre	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
17 May	IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
18 May	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50, £3.00
21 May	BRISTOL Colston Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
22 May	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
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THE SPECIALS top the bill in a benefit for the unemployed at London Rainbow on Friday — which, appropriately, is Labour Day. The show culminates a march from Liverpool to London by an expected legion of the out-of-work.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: The Angelic Upstarts
 Banbury Winter Gardens: Vardis
 Bath Moles: Patrik Fitzgerald
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ida-Red
 Birmingham Cedar Club: 999
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Quads
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: The Tadpoles
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
 Birmingham Tower Ballroom: Killing Joke
 Blackburn St. George's Hall: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
 Blackpool Jenks Bar: J. G. Spoils Rock Band (for four days)
 Blackpool Opera House: Mike Harding
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
 Bradford Palm Cove: Surfin Dave & The Absent Legends
 Bridport South Dorset College: Back Door Man
 Brighton Concorde: The Nightingales
 Canterbury Alberrys Wine Bar: Naughty Thoughts
 Canterbury College of Art: Tour De Force
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Papers/The Imports
 Cleethorpes Peppers: The Bureau
 Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 Coventry General Wolfe: Ded
 Yampy/Axiom Branches/the Thin Fergs
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Roger Whittaker
 Dartford Thames Polytechnic Annex: The Pick-Ups
 Dublin Stadium: The Kinks
 Egham Shoreditch College: Paris 9
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Modern Jazz
 Farnham Art College: The Belle Stars/The Mighty Strypes
 Galasheils Maxwell Hotel: X-O-Dus
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: Leo Sayer
 Guildford Civic Hall: The Passions/The Fix
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: El
 Seven/Shrinking Men/Johnny & The Moondogs
 Ipswich Cinderella's: The Rank
 Amateurs/Talkback
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Zounds/The Astronauts
 Leeds Warehouse: The Uncool Dance Band
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
 Liverpool Brady's: Chain Of Command
 Liverpool Scamps: Watt 4
 Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
 London Acton White Hart: The Chevrans
 London Camden Dingwalls: Holly & The Italians
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Limehouse
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Dolly Mixture/The Rapiers
 London City Polytechnic: Girls At Our Best
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Edukators/Dux Hill Dance
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: OK Jive/Trax
 London Euston The Pits: Depeche Mode/Europa Lula

London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: Young Jazz Big Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Jazz Sluts
 London Fulham Greyhound: Paul Kennerley Band/Grace
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Margo Random & The Space Virgins
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave Ellis Band
 London Homerton Deuragon: The Artists/Limehouse
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Cheaters
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Razy Dazzy Spasm Band
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Ike Isaacs Duo
 London Marquee Club: The Thompson Twins
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Rio & The Robots



TEDDY PENDERGRASS, one of America's most successful black artists, makes his first appearances over here this week. He's at the London Apollo for three nights from Thursday.

RUTS DC headline their first major tour since assuming their new format, following the tragic death of singer Malcolm Owen last summer. They're initially in action at Manchester (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).

London Old Kent Rod. Thomas A'Beckett: Marquis De Sade
 London Putney Star & Garter: Big Chief
 London Putney White Lion: Inch By Inch
 London Soho Pizza Express: Ian Henry Quartet
 London Southall The Cavern: B Film
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: A Bigger Splash
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Q-Tips/Reluctant Stereotypes/Bop Natives
 London Stratford Green Man: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
 London Tooting The Castle: Excalibur
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Teddy Pendergrass
 London Victoria The Venue: Billie Jo Spears
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Plastics
 London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Matumbi
 Luton Cesar's: Chas & Dave (for three days)
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Undertones
 Manchester Polytechnic: Ruts D.C.
 Manchester Rafter's: Blur/The Method
 Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin Horse
 Milton Keynes Compass Club: Play Dead
 New Brighton Grand Hotel: Dead On Arrival
 Newcastle City Hall: Echo & The Bunnymen
 Newcastle Casablanca Club: Ski Patrol/Parting Shots/Insecure
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Gary Glitter
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
 Nottingham Rock City: George Thorogood & The Destroyers
 Oldham Lancashire Vaults: Shader
 Peterborough Fleet Club: Lionheart
 Peterlee The Norseman: Spider
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: Bob Harris Presents
 Sandwich White Horse: Blue Country
 Seaford The Great Dane: P. S. Band
 Sheffield The Penguin: Energy
 Southampton The Eagle: Talon
 Stockport Smugglers Club: The Out/Rhythm Romance
 Yarmouth (I.O.W.) Yam Yam's: Havana Let's Go

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys
 Birmingham Cedar Club: Ruts D.C.
 Birmingham (Handsworth) Farcroft Hotel: Babylon Rebels/The Tadpoles
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
 Birmingham Odeon: Leo Sayer
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
 Blyth Spartans Hotel: Snipa
 Bradford St. George's Hall: The Undertones
 Bristol Colston Hall: Girlschool/Aliz
 Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: Millstream
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Amyl Dukes
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Plain Characters/Strange Fashion
 Cleethorpes Peppers: The Drifters
 Coventry General Wolfe: Bright Eyes
 Coventry Queens Inn: Dealer
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlite
 Croydon Technical College: Back Door Man/The Shattered Dreams
 Derby Star Club: The Enemy
 Dublin Stadium: The Kinks
 Dundee University: Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls
 Dymchurch The Neptune: Silent Movies
 Edinburgh Nite Club: Holly & The Italians
 Edinburgh: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Still Earth
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: Music For Pleasure
 Hatfield The Forum: Billie Jo Spears
 Hereford Market Tavern: Sub Zero
 Hersham Comrades Club: Chester



TENPOLE TUDOR are also busy promoting their debut album, which rejoices in the title of 'Eddie, Old Bob, Dick & Gary'. They start their travels at Scarborough (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday) and Sheffield (Tuesday).

Hollywood (Co. Down) D.B.'s Club: The Outcasts
 Hornsea Ocean Club: Head-Hunter
 Lancaster University: Echo & The Bunnymen
 Launceston White Horse Inn: Greased Lightning
 Leeds University: Morrissey Mullen
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Dodgy Tactics
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Cruisers
 Leicester University: Manitou
 Lincoln (Hamswell) Butchers Nook: The Victims Of Romance
 Liverpool Warehouse: White Spirit
 London Camden Dingwalls: Little Bob Story/The Pak
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Bram
 Tchaikovsky/The Parachutes
 London Central Polytechnic: Oxy & The Morons/Cry Shark
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: Gillie McPherson/Susan Oz
 London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
 London City Polytechnic: The Flatbackers/The Outskirts/The Speedos/Walking Wounded/Jump Squad etc.
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Kleen Heels
 London Covehit Garden Rock Garden: Way Of The West/The Loners
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: Depeche Mode
 London Euston The Pits: Ian Mitchell Band/Terry Vision & The Screens
 London Farringdon The Fruity: Havana Let's Go
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Expressos/Metro Glider
 London Hackney Chat's Palace: Strangers In The Night
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Cliff Richard
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Sad Among Strangers
 London Hendon Midland Arms: The Shakers/The Olympics
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Cheaters/A Bigger Splash
 London Holloway North Polytechnic: Creation Rebel/Jah Woosh/London Underground/Bim Sherman
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Girls At Our Best
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
 London Marquee Club: The Thompson Twins
 London Mile End Queen Mary College: Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias
 London Northwick Park Hospital: No Difference
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert Avenue
 London Putney Spencer Arms: Results
 London Putney Star & Garter: Isaac Guillory
 London Putney White Lion: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
 London Rainbow Theatre: The Specials/Dambala/Pigbag/The People
 London Rotherhithe Waterside Theatre: OK Jive

FRIDAY

Aberdeen University: X-O-Dus
 Aylesham Welfare Club: Peter & The Test Tube Babies
 Bangor University: Zounds/The Astronauts
 Bedford Horse & Groom: C-Salm
 Birmingham Artware: Blur/The Method Actors

GIG GUIDE

London Soho Pizza Express: Kathy Stobart Quintet
 London Southall The Cavern: Jeep
 London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
 London University: Theatre Of Hate/Modern English/The Birthday Party
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Teddy Pendergrass
 London Victoria The Venue: Jim Capaldi/Grace
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Repetition/The Room/Creature Beat
 London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: The Whizz Kids
 London Wood Green Arts Depot: Burma Blur/Sons Of Cain
 Maidstone Medway Inn: Those Helicopters
 Maldon Jubilee Hall: The Americans
 Malvern Winter Gardens: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
 Manchester Pips: Dance Troup/Berlin Blondes
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: 999
 Neath Talk Of The Abbey: Chevy
 Newport Harper Adams College: Mickey Jupp
 Norwich Labour Club: Dissolute Youth/Falling Men
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Toad The Wet Sprocket
 Plymouth Polytechnic: The Cure
 Poole Arts Centre: Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon
 Rayleigh Crocs: Spider
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: Mike Harding
 Rochdale Rawston Arms: Shader
 Royston Meldreth Manor School: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Sandwich White Horse: Pete Rose Band
 Scarborough Penthouse: Tenpole Tudor/The Uncool Dance Band
 Seaford The Great Dane: The Fascinations
 Sheffield Polytechnic: The Bureau
 Shifnal Star Hotel: Rough Mix
 Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: The Shakin' Pyramids
 Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: Fear Of Flying/The Zorkie Twins
 Swansea University: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
 Theford Carnegie Rooms: Paris 9
 Walsall West Midlands College: Assyné
 Whitchurch Bronco's: The Lazars
 York College of Ripon & St John: New Model Army/Knife Edge

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: TV Personalities
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
 Bradford University: Echo & The Bunnymen
 Bridlington Spa Pavilion: Leo Sayer
 Bridport Colsox School: Talon
 Brighton Alhambra: Second Sound
 Brighton Polytechnic: The Chefs/El-Trains
 Bristol Colston Hall: The Cure
 Bristol Polytechnic: The Shakin' Pyramids
 Bristol Thornbury Arts Festival: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Bromsgrove The White House: Sub Zero
 Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: Fifty Ear Check
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: The Beat
 Carlshalton St. Helier Arms: Screaming Lord Sutch/Rock Island Line
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: London Underground/The Temper
 Chester Albion Hotel: Fear Of Flying
 Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
 Corby Nags Head: The Uncool Dance Band
 Coventry General Wolfe: Chevrolet
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Lionheart
 Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): The Chevrons
 Cuckfield Kings Head: Eclipse
 Dorchester The Antelope: The Skavengers
 Durham University: Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls
 Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: X-O-Dus
 Girvan Folk Festival: Boys Of The Lough/High Level Rancers/Sean Cannon/Alastair Macdonald/Adam MacNaughton etc.
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 Glasgow Dial Inn: The Dolphins
 Glasgow Technical College: Tenpole Tudor
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: Prime Suspect
 Hatfield The Forum: Stephane Grappelli
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: Zounds/The Astronauts
 Ilford The Crankbrook: Rye & The Quarterboys
 Kingston Three Tuns: Bram Tchaikovsky
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Shader
 Leeds University: The Undertones
 Liverpool Royal Court: Ruts D.C.
 Liverpool St. Catherine's College: Eat At Joe's
 London Camden Dingwalls: Hank Wangford/Travel Agent
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Billy Hurley & Friends
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: The Idle Flowers
 London Clapham Landor Hotel: The Artists/Limehouse
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Sad Among Strangers
 London Covent Garden Piazza (6pm): The 45's
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co/The Faraway Stars
 London Fulham Greyhound: Sore Throat/The Europeans
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Venigmas/Jump Squad
 London Hayes Bricklayers Arms: The Chevrons
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Resistance/Tranzista
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: OK Jive

London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Dingle Spike
 London Norwood Hall: Time Zone/Sharp Teeth/Limousine
 London N.4 The Stapleton: The Outskirts/Motor Boys Motor
 London Putney Star & Garter: Trimmer & Jenkins
 London Putney White Lion: The Soul Band
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Chris Rohmann
 London School of Economics: Roy Harper/Tymon Dog
 London Soho Pizza Express: Kathy Stobart Quintet
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: Mike Harding
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Teddy Pendergrass
 London Victoria The Venue: Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Dancing Did/Eye To Eye
 London Wood Green Arts Depot: Out There/The Dads
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: The Kindergarten
 Manchester Polytechnic: Holly & The Italians
 Manchester The Mayflower: The Exploited
 Northampton Black Lion: Energy
 Northampton Nene College: Religious Overdose/Fauvist-O/Where's Lisse/7/Directrix
 Nottingham Rock City: Gary Glitter
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Spring Offensive
 Oxford St. Katherine's College: The Mighty Strypes
 Plymouth Palace Theatre: Girlschool/AIIZ
 Preston Warehouse: The Out
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: Oscar Peterson Trio
 Redding Old Town Hall: Between Pictures
 Redditch Valley Club: The Flying Objects
 Retford Porterhouse: 999
 Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel: Blur/The Method Actors
 Shifnal Star Hotel: Bleeding Hearts
 Southend Top Alex: Fast Eddie
 Stockport Portland Bars: Zanathus
 Ullapool Ceilidh Place: Mike Maran & David Sheppard
 Warrington Lion Hotel: Still Earth
 Whitley Bay Mingles Club: Skinny Herbert
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
 Windsor Blazars: Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon
 York University: Q-Tips

SUNDAY



HOLLY & THE ITALIANS are back in the UK for the first time in almost a year, to tie in with the release of their debut album 'The Right To Be Italian'. See them this week at London Camden (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Cheltenham (Sunday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Leeds (Wednesday).

Ayr Pavilion: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 Bedford Bunyan Centre: The Angelic Upstarts
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
 Birmingham Odeon: The Cure
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
 Blackpool Opera House: Leo Sayer
 Bolton Swan Hotel: Shader
 Bournemouth Bunch of Grapes: Havana Let's Go
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Girlschool/AIIZ
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
 Bradford Princeville Club (lunchtime): Still Earth
 Brighton Jenkinson's: The Bureau
 Bristol Colston Hall: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
 Bristol Crown & Anchor: Blur/The Method Actors
 Bristol Locarno: The Beat
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Bury The Derby Hall: Jeremy Taylor
 Cambridge Clare College: Su Lyn Band
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Chinatown
 Chelmsford Civic Hall: Mike Harding
 Cheltenham Eve's: Holly & The Italians
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon
 Edinburgh Nite Club: X-O-Dus
 Gillingham 400 Club: Back Door Man
 Glasgow Rock Garden: Frenchways
 Glasgow University Union: Rhesus Negative
 Gysborough Loftus Club: The Uncool Dance Band
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: Creatures Of Habit
 Hull Groucho's: Head-Hunter



THE KINKS are undertaking one of their rare concert series in these sceptred isles, kicking off at Dublin (Thursday and Friday), Poole (Sunday), St. Austell (Monday), Oxford (Tuesday) and Leicester (Wednesday).

Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Leeds Kings Arms: Goff Jackson & The Huns
 Leeds Haddon Hall: Dodgy Tactics
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Little Roosters/Le Clique
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: Patsy Fuller
 London Covent Garden Africa Centre: Girls At Our Best/Artery/The Apocalypse
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Prize Guys/The Heartbeats/The Answer
 London Duke of York's Theatre: Alan Price & Friends
 London Finchley Torrington: Johnny Mars
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Alternative Cabaret
 London Hackney The Queens: Avenue
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Olaf
 London Hayes Bricklayers Arms: Fruit Eating Bears
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Rainbow Remipeds
 London Kensington The Cricketers: Morrissey Mullen
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose
 London Leytonstone Oliver's: Park Avenue
 London N.11 Standard Sports & Social Club (lunchtime): Young Jazz Big Band
 London Putney White Lion: Jazz Sluts
 London Rainbow Theatre: All Campbell/Rico/One Blood/Sister Love/Jean Adebambo/Carol Thompson
 London Soho Pizza Express: Tommy Bridges
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: True Life Confessions
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Ivory Coasters
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: 999/UK Decay/The Exploited/Anti-Pasti
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
 London Stratford Green Man: Wide Open
 London Tottenham The Railway: The Razy Dazzy Spasm Band
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Gilbert O'Sullivan
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: ABC
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Echo & The Bunnymen
 Manchester Custom Car Show: Jats
 Manchester Portland Bars: The Kindergarten
 Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: Delta Dixielanders
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre (lunchtime): Fear Of Flying
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Poole Arts Centre: The Kinks
 Sandwich White Horse: Whirligig
 Scunthorpe Berkeley Hotel: Roaring Jelly
 Sheerwater Community Centre: Chester
 Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: The Out
 Wakefield Unity Hall: Vardis

MONDAY

Aberystwyth Town Hall: The Bureau
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: The Tadpoles
 Birmingham (Hall Green) The Sherwood: The Civilians
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Spider
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Dawnbreaker
 Bolton Swan Hotel: Badger
 Box Hill The Burford Bridge: Ronnie Scott Quartet
 Brighton Corn Exchange: Girlschool/AIIZ
 Bury Rebecca's Club: Chevy/J. G. Spoils Rock Band
 Carlshalton The Cricketers: Avenue
 Castleford Sand Martin: The Uncool Dance Band
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Laughing Apple/The Heartbeats/The Answer
 Cleethorpes Elvis Presley Convention: Jets
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Stephane Grappelli
 Doncaster Rotters: Gary Glitter
 Gloucester Stonehouse: Blur/The Method Actors
 Guildford Civic Hall: Echo & The Bunnymen
 Hemel Hempstead Town Hall: European Theatre Of War

Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Keighley Funhouse Bar: Shader
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Undertones
 Lightwater (Surrey) The Club: Chester
 London Blackheath (open-air, 1-6pm): Rubber Johnny/Frankie Armstrong/Icarus/Leon Rossetson/Traitors Gait/The Bluebirds etc.
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Mad Shadows
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: A. E. Liquid
 London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
 London Clapham 101 Club: Calling Hearts
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Siam/Red Shoes
 London Euston The Pits: T. V. Smith & The Explorers
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Panic Button/Pressgang
 London Hammersmith Odeon: The Cure
 London Hammersmith Palais: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers/Shades
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Motor Boys Motor/Big Table
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
 London Marquee Club: The Shakin' Pyramids
 London Putney Half Moon: Jeremy Taylor
 London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom (all-day): The Shakin' Pyramids/Zip Gun/Deitas etc.
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Exciters
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Dolly Mixture/The Chefs
 London W.1 Gillyray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London W.1 Gossips: The El-Trains/The Corner Boys
 Manchester Club 1981: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 Northampton Crown Hotel: Dealer
 Northampton The Romany: The World Service
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
 Nottingham Rock City: The Beat
 Oxford New Theatre: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
 Oxford Scamps: Orange Juice
 Poole Wessex Hall: Mike Harding
 Retford Porterhouse: The Honey Drippers
 Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: Still Earth
 Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers
 Sheffield Marples Club: The Exploited/The Injectors
 Shifnal Star Hotel: Dinner At The Ritz
 Southampton The Victory: The Skavengers/Cava Cava
 Southampton University: Q-Tips
 St. Albans Horn of Plenty: Bram Tchaikovsky
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: The Kinks
 Stafford Malt & Hops: The Breed
 Torquay Tequila Bar: Havana Let's Go
 Tunbridge Wells College: Back Door Man

TUESDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Patti Boulaye (until Saturday)
 Aldershot The Owls: Morrissey Mullen
 Billingham Black Horse: Maxi & Mitch
 Birkenhead Gallery Club: Watt 4
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chevy
 Bolton (Bromley Cross) Railway Hotel: J. G. Spoils Rock Band
 Brighton Centre: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
 Brighton Sussex College: Back Door Man
 Bristol Polytechnic: Holly & The Italians
 Bury The Derby Hall: Geddes Axe
 Cambridge Raffles: The Breed
 Cardiff Top Rank: Echo & The Bunnymen
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Shattered Dolls/The Chevrons
 Chesterfield Technical College: 720
 Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: The Bureau
 Derby Assembly Rooms: The Undertones
 Dublin Stadium: Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon
 Glasgow Tiffany's: Gary Glitter
 Huddersfield (Cartworth Moor) Rising Sun: Shader
 Hull City Hall: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 Keighley Kings Head: New Model Army
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Blue Cats
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Cruisers
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: Linda Steer
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Robert Calvert/Limehouse
 London Euston The Pits: Bram Tchaikovsky/Metro Glider
 London Fulham Greyhound: Dolly Mixture
 London Hammersmith Palais: Girlschool/AIIZ
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Burma Blur/The Statistics
 London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 Londond Islington Hope & Anchor: The Outskirts
 London Marquee Club: The Shakin' Pyramids
 London N.4 The Stapleton: The Razy Dazzy Spasm Band
 London Piccadilly Planets: Panic Button
 London Putney Star & Garter: The 45's
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Rinky Dinks
 London Stratford Green Man: Juice On The Loose
 London Tooting The Castle: Hit And Run
 London Tottenham Prince of Wales: The Alligators/The Wrecktangles
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Meteors/Newtown Neurotics
 London Woolwich Tramshed: The Whizz Kids
 Manchester Polytechnic: Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls
 Newcastle Casablanca Club: Girls At Our Best/Eaten By Missionaries
 Northop Agricultural College: Fear Of Flying/The Zorkie Twins
 Nottingham (Gedding) Grey Goose: The Civilians
 Oxford Corn Dolly: Larry Miller Band
 Oxford Jericho Tavern: The F.B.A.
 Oxford New Theatre: The Kinks
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: The Cheaters
 Plymouth The Single Pear: Havana Let's Go
 Rochdale Lamplight Club: The Kindergarten

Sheffield Limit Club: Tengole Tudor
 Sheffield Polytechnic: Whippis
 Southend Rascals: Steve Hooker's Shakers
 St Albans City Hall: Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias
 St. Albans Horn of Plenty: The Exciters
 Worthing Assembly Hall: Mike Harding

WEDNESDAY

Aberdeen Valhalla's: The Cheaters
 Belfast Grosvenor Hall: Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon
 Belfast Ulster Hall: Matchbox
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Innovation League
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Brighton Top Rank: Echo & The Bunnymen
 Bradford University: Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls
 Bristol Bueno's: Havana Let's Go
 Caerphilly Double Diamond: The Drifters (for three days)
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Felt
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Coventry General Wolfe: Wild Boys
 Derby Assembly Rooms: The Cure
 Doncaster Rotters: The Uncool Dance Band
 Edinburgh Nite Club: Ruts D.C./The Deal Aids
 Glasgow Dial Inn: The Dolphins
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: Frenchways
 Hitchin Red Hart: The Exciters
 Hornsea Ocean Bar: The Kindergarten
 Huddersfield Eros Club: The Tygers Of Pan Tang



DISCIPLINE, a new band of all-star musicians including such luminaries as Robert Fripp and Bill Bruford, begin their debut tour at Keele on Wednesday. Joining them on the road, in their first British visit, are highly-rated New York outfit THE LOUNGE LIZARDS.

Keele University: Discipline with Robert Fripp/The Lounge Lizards
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
 Leeds Warehouse: Holly & The Italians
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Kinks
 London Camden Dingwalls: Nightdoctor
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: The M Dees
 London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
 London Clapham Two Brewers: The Spoilers
 London Clapham 101 Club: Bram Tchaikovsky
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Birthday Party
 London Euston The Pits: The Monsters
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Metro Glider
 London Fulham Greyhound: Snips/Arrogant
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Three Laws/Picture Movement
 London Kentish Town Forum Ballroom: New Order/Tunnelvision/Safehouse
 London Kings Cross Butchers Arms: Positive Signals
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Leytonstone Oliver's: Park Avenue
 London Marquee Club: Wasted Youth
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite
 London Putney Half Moon: Morrissey Mullen
 London Soho Pizza Express: Don Harper-Denny Wright Quartet
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: J. J. & The Flyers
 London Stratford Green Man: Jazz Sluts
 London Tooting The Castle: The Blue Beats/Limehouse
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Leo Sayer (for four days)
 London Victoria The Venue: Paul Brady
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Blur/The Method Actors
 London W.1 Embassy Club: Jets
 Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians
 Manchester Lamplight Club: Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias
 Margate Ship Inn: Spider
 Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: New Model Army
 New Romney Seahorse: Jack & Jill
 Norwich East Anglia University: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
 Nottingham Tiffany's: The Civilians
 Runcorn Cherry Tree: Whippis
 Sandwich White Horse: Perry White Band
 Sevenoaks Bligh's Hotel: Fruit Eating Bears
 Sheffield Marples Club: Prisoner
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Mike Harding
 Southampton Joiners Arms: Xena Zerox
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 Stirling University: Gary Glitter
 Stockport Warren Buckley Club: Images/Revue
 Stoke Bowler Hat: Head-Hunter
 West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Innovation League
 Wigan Pier: Asylum
 Winchester Railway Inn: The Exploding Seagulls
 Worthing Old Dukes: Back Door Man
 York University: The Au Pairs

DATA CONTROL

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30 Q-Tips
30-31 Teddy Predegrass

MAY
1 The Specials
2 Mike Harding
3 Roots Rockers
3 999
3 Gilbert O'Sullivan
3 Hot Gossip
4 The Cure
5 Girlschool
6-7 Leo Sayer
7 Pauline Murray / Scars
8 Mike Westbrook Band
8 Gary Glitter
9 Echo & The Bunnymen
10 Stiff Little Fingers
10 Discipline with Robert Fripp & Bill Bruford
11 Tygers of Pan Tang
12 Jack Bruce / Billy Cobham / Clem Clempson / David Sancious
14 The Ruts
14 Freeez
15 Manhattan Transfer
16-17 Japan
16 Pasadena Roof Orchestra
17 The Hollies
17 Humphrey Lyttleton
18 Barclay James Harvest
18, 20 Gordon Lightfoot

JUNE
1 Ted Nugent
2 Psychedelic Furs
2 Wishbone Ash
5 Toyah
5, 6 Landscape
6 Rita Coolidge
7 Light Of The World
9 Shakin' Stevens
10, 11, 16, 17, 18 Marvin Gaye
11 Sky
11, 12 Judie Tzuke
11, 12, 13 George Benson
19 Teardrop Explodes
23-28 Sammy Davis Jr
28, 29 Kraftwerk

JULY
2, 3 Kraftwerk

AUGUST
22 AC/DC

SEPTEMBER
29 — OCT 2 Johnny Mathis

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Saturday 9th May Adm £2
ALEX HARVEY BAND

Saturday 16th May Adm £2
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SUNDAY FUNKSHUN

Monday 4th May £2.50
NATIONAL SOUL ALLDAYER

Tuesday 5th May £2.50
THE INMATES

Wednesday 6th May £2.00
PAUL BRADY & HIS BAND

Thursday 7th May £2.00
PEARL HARBOUR
+ The Bluecats
+ TV Personalities

Late Night £2.50
LATE DISKOW with MANDY H

COMING SOON

Friday 8th May £3.50
BRIAN KNIGHT ALLSTARS
with Paul Jones, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Ronnie Lane & others

Tuesday 12th May £2.50
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RECORD NEWS

SPIRIT FOR UK PROMO VISIT?

SPIRIT — currently enjoying a new lease of life on the strength of their long-awaited album 'Potatoland', recently released by Beggars Banquet and now selling strongly — are likely to visit Britain in the near future to give the LP a further boost. The record company says that plans are being made for the band to come over for a brief tour "within the next month or two". Meanwhile, a single culled from the album is issued this week, titled 'We've Got A Lot To Learn'.



SOUNDTRACK LP FROM EMERSON

KEITH EMERSON has a new album issued this week by MCA Records on the Backstreet label, his first for more than two years. Titled 'Nighthawks', it's his musical score for the upcoming Universal film thriller of the same name, starring Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams — and it marks Emerson's soundtrack debut. A single extracted from the LP, called 'I'm A Man', is also released this week.

● All six current **Rod Stewart** albums and cassettes, issued by Riva through WEA, are being reduced in price in order to compete with the influx of cheap imports. They are 'A Night On The Town', 'Atlantic Crossing', 'Footloose & Fancy Free', 'Blondes Have More Fun', 'Greatest Hits' and 'Foolish Behaviour'. The dealer price is now £1.82, which means they could sell for as little as £2.50.

● This weekend **Cherry Red Records** release an EP by near-legendary sixties psychedelic band **The Misunderstood**, featuring three of their best-known titles — 'Children Of The Sun', 'Who Do You Love' and 'I Can Take You To The Sun'. The label is also planning to put out an album of previously unissued material, despite having some difficulty in tracking down the original members of the band.



DURAN DURAN take another stab at the charts, following their recent initial success with 'Planet Earth'. Their next single, issued by EMI this week, is 'Careless Memories' coupled with 'Khanada'. A 12-inch version will be available from next Monday (4), featuring an extra track titled 'Fame'.

● As a forerunner to next weekend's FA Cup Final, the **Tottenham Hotspur** football team have their own single out this week on Shelf Records (distributed by PRT). Written and produced by Chas & Dave, it's called 'Ossie's Dream' (Spurs Are On Their Way To Wembley!)

● The next **Hazel O'Connor** single, for release by A&M on May 8, is a track from her 'Breaking Glass' album titled 'Will You'. The B-side is the title track from her second LP 'Sons And Lovers' — an unusual coupling, by virtue of the fact that the two albums involved were issued on different labels.

Lennon, Beatles reissues

A BOXED SET of the eight John Lennon albums released through EMI is to be made available, in a limited edition, in the middle of May. Titles involved are **Live Peace In Toronto**, **Imagine**, **Plastic Ono Band**, **Mind Games**, **Walls And Bridges**, **Rock 'n' Roll**, **Sometime In New York City** and **Shaved Fish**. At press time, there was no official word on the cost of the set, although it's expected to retail at a special budget price — probably around the £30 mark.

At the same time, EMI is reissuing all The Beatles' albums — not as a boxed set, but individually. They will all be in mono, and again a reduced price is anticipated. The titles are **Please Please Me**, **With The Beatles**, **Hard Day's Night**, **Beatles For Sale**, **Help!**, **Rubber Soul**, **Revolver**, **Sergeant Pepper**, **Yellow Submarine** and the white album simply known as **The Beatles**.

● **GEORGE HARRISON** has a self-penned single titled 'All Those Years Ago' issued on Dark Horse Records on May 15. He's featured on guitar and vocals, with support from Ringo Starr (drums) and Paul and Linda McCartney (backing vocals). Harrison's new album 'Somewhere In England' is scheduled for June release.

Jam, Siouxsie: new singles

THE JAM — who set out next week on a tour of Japan, the States and Canada — have a new single released by Polydor during their absence. Titled 'Funeral Pyre', it's their first since 'Start', and it comes out on May 22 in a special colour sleeve. The B-side features a Pete Townshend song called 'Disguises'.

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees have their latest single issued by the same label on May 15, 'Spell Bound' coupled with 'Follow The Sun'. There's also a 12-inch version featuring a longer treatment of the A-side, plus a bonus track called 'Slap Snap'. All the titles are from their upcoming album 'Ju Ju', scheduled for summer release.



STERLING stuff from Stirling, Scotland — that's 'The A.N.K.L.E. File', a 12-track compilation tape put out by A.N.K.L.E. Records. The set includes two tracks by FK9 (a group who've been picking up some interest in London) as well as two songs by 22 **Beaches**, two from **Curious Reign** (whose 'Last Reign' is a powerful instrumental) and one apiece by **Vertical Smiles**, **The Fakes** and **White Walls**. But this reviewer's faves are the **Rhythm Method** track 'Insight', and the two contributions by **Those French Girls**, namely 'Autumn Rainwear' and 'Sparkle': modernist pop at its most promising. In fact, 'The A.N.K.L.E. File' is pretty good throughout, and it comes with pics of Napoleon Solo and Ilya

GARAGE BAND

Kuryakin on the case, so what more could you want? (Well, better recording quality would've been nice, come to think of it...) The address is A.N.K.L.E. Records, 53A Haig Avenue, Stirling, Scotland. **SMERSH** agents need not apply.

■ 'Those African Women Speak Frankly' is a tape by T.A.W.S.F. Send a blank C60 and SAE to 14 Westfield Park, Redland Park, Bristol BS6. They describe one side as "conventional", one side as "experimental". Both sides sound pretty weird. Recording quality is just a little better than terrible — they plead lack of equipment.

■ According to **Trick Switch**, their debut tape is "an exercise in sound texture experimentation". You've probably stopped reading already. *Not so fast!* This cassette LP — entitled 'Where's The Raft?' — is nothing like as tedious as you might expect. It's a nice assortment of noises, mostly indescribable, with titles like 'Benedict Arnold's Nightmare' and 'A Vow Of Celibacy'. The effect is soothing: satisfying as background music but just as interesting when you listen to it upfront. **Trick Switch** are a duo: Paul Cox and Ryszard Szafranski. The tape's available through **Rough Trade** in London and **Vibes** in Bury, or by post from Paul Cox at 4 Bury Road, Tottington.



Happy boys and girls — **Self** Control labelled **Dancing Sideways**.

Persons from ANKLE

Tapping the black plastic: **PAUL DU NOYER**

each incl. p&p. From Karl's **Empty Body** there's 'It Seemed Like A Good Idea At The Time', 'The Ghost That Never Returns' and 'Tearing Down The Walls Of Silence'. **Rickety V** have 'Elsewhere', while 'Home Vibrations' features 13 Various Artists.

■ From **Off The Beaten Track Records** comes **The Platonic Leaves** new offering, 'Metal Tin'. Packaged in a metal tin, it's yours for £1 or a C60 and SAE. Write to Duncan Jack, 73 Newmarket Way, Hornchurch, Essex.

■ **IME** have three tapes out: 'What's Left?' by **Roy And The Rovers** (£1.85 incl. p&p, free sticker and poster with the first 50,000), 'Caught Between The Jokey And The Heavy Meaningful' by **Carrots Or Men** (£1.85 incl. p&p) and 'Apocalypse 21' by **Arthur Scoggins** (£2.85 or in edited form at £2.15, both incl. p&p). **IME** is at Flat 3, 21 London Road, Reigate, Surrey.

■ The new single by **Self Control** is 'Falling' / 'Electricity', the third release on the **Dancing Sideways** label. **DS** can be contacted at 55 Sutherland Street, London SW1 or else at 141 Brecknock Road, London N19.

■ Anyone who's not entirely sure how to go about making an independent record should get hold of **Escaping Gas**, a free info mag put out by **Ears Pop Products**. It's packed with useful, well-written advice on recording, pressing, promotions etc., complete with price lists and contact addresses. So just send an SAE to **Ears Pop** at 113 Bonchurch Road, Brighton BN2 3PJ.

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DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

SINCE speakers invariably have the biggest "say" in forming the overall sound character of any hi-fi system, it goes without saying that they should be chosen with care. As the definitive speaker — one that reproduces the input signal with total — has yet to be built, the quest is to find the type that sounds most right to your ears on the kind of music that you listen to. Although each designer may pursue different routes in order to achieve roughly the same ultimate objective, it's still surprising how markedly different, speakers even of similar size, driver complement and construction can sound.

When the designer has the extra constraints of building to a small size or to a budget price his problems are considerably compounded. The subjects of this month's review both fall within the latter category. They're two compact bookshelf designs that retail at approximately £125 pair — the CD 20's from RAM and the Voyagers from Krystal.

These are two smallish British manufacturers that have done their bit in upholding Britain's pre-eminence in this particular branch of hi-fi. Turning to the RAM CD 20's first, they are pretty small measuring just 420

Squashed for speaker space?

BERNARD FUTTER ends his sentence on D.T.T.D., earning full remission with a look at compact budget speakers

× 250 × 230mm. Externally the finish is excellent although simulated wood grain veneer is employed.

It really is necessary to give them more than a cursory scrutiny to determine this though. I would guess that they would prove to have better overall resistance to marking than the Kosher article (steady on, old man — Ed). The grille pulls off to reveal the two drivers, a 205mm bass unit and HF tweeter. Thoughtfully the veneer effect has been continued on the front fascia for those preferring the look of the CD 20's with the grilles permanently removed.

Relieving the uniformity a bit is a black strip under the grille area which features a circular foam inset covering the port (a tunnel designed to feed forward



bass frequencies that would otherwise be dissipated within the cabinet). Auditioning took

place over a couple of weeks utilizing Direct cut and Mobile Fidelity Super Discs, master

tapes and FM radio sources.

Ancillary equipment was my usual Linn Sondek / SME S3 / NAD900 turntable combination, Quad 22/11 valve amp., Revox reel-reel deck and Technics ST 3500 tuner. Out of interest the much more expensive (£606 pair) Quad Electrostatic speakers were also employed for part of the tests as a reference. In the main though the CD20's and the Voyagers were listened to individually for longish periods as well as quick bursts of each alternately. So much for the methodology.

The sound of the CD 20's could be best described as a rather light and forward presentation. There was plenty of top end detail although much less so in the critical midrange. Bass performance was reasonable for such a small enclosure but could sound a bit wooden. Drums particularly on one track came over like a tea chest being struck! The CD 20's are certainly not particularly representative of the "accurate" British school and I understand this is a deliberate policy to widen their acceptance in European markets.

Moving over to The Voyagers the first thing that impresses is their diminutive size (330 × 230 × 205mm) even in comparison to the CD 20's and the exemplary standard of the real veneered cabinet. Here too this has been carried over to the

front fascia. Like the CD 20's the Voyager is a 2-way unit with a 165mm bass and a 65mm HF driver complement. On test the Voyagers impressed with their reasonably natural sound balance. The important midrange came over as very open and detailed and vocals sounded like a fair approximation of what I'm used to with my own Quad Electrostatics. Extreme top was superb and the triangle on Earl Klugh's Mobile Fidelity Super Disc version of "Finger Painting's" had real sparkle (nice one Ed). Bass response was fullsome for such a small enclosure but not particularly well defined.

In summary two compact designs with their own particular strengths and weaknesses. Certainly the Voyagers are the more accurate of the two, but the CD 20's will certainly find advocates with their more exaggerated response. Our oft quoted bit of advice concerning speakers still holds good however — take your favourite records along to your local hi-fi emporium and listen for yourself.

For further details: Voyagers, Krystal Electronics, Unit 19, Alfric Square, Maxwell Road, Woodston, Peterborough.

CD 20's, RAM Electronics, The Granary, Bracondale, Trowse, Norwich, Norfolk.



The Krystal Voyager speakers

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TECHNOLOGY THAT REACHES INTO THE FUTURE



WHEN the time comes to upgrade a budget integrated turntable, thought should be given to obtaining a replacement without a pickup arm fitted. Most of the better turntables are available in this form, often with boards pre-cut to take the more popular specialist arms. As the relationship between pickup arm and cartridge is a key one, its better to work "backwards". When you've chosen a cartridge that suits your system, an arm can then be selected that will prove compatible with it. A dealer should be of assistance here.

One turntable that leaves the user choice of arm is the Ariston RD 80 SL that I've been looking at over the last few weeks. It's a two-speed belt drive model that sells out at around £160. Like the cultish Linn Sondek from which it shares a common ancestry, the RD 80 SL incorporates a sprung suspended sub-chassis and arm board for maximum isolation from acoustic feedback.

In practice though this does mean that cueing must be undertaken with caution in order not to rock the arm board. The unit is exceptionally well finished and a vast improvement over some recent offerings from this manufacturer. The slim walnut plinth rests on a narrow chamfered steel base for maximum rigidity. There is just a single control, a red on/off rocker switch to the left front edge of the platter.

The platter itself weighs in at a hefty 6lb with mat which should ensure that speed constancy is unaffected by any voltage fluctuations. The smoked dustcover is friction hinged so that it will stay up at a pre-determined angle. A great improvement this over the double priced Linn Sondek. The

sample supplied was pre-cut for the popular SME series and I attached the series 3 arm from that manufacturer for test. Setting up does not take long and I let the unit "run in" over night to let the oil lubricated bearing spindle bed down.

As you would expect at this price level the RD80 SL performed very well and there was an almost complete absence of motor noise. What there was, could only be detected by putting an ear within inches of the unit. Speed changing is not very convenient as the platter has to be removed and the belt shifted to a different part of the pulley.

Most people will elect to keep to 33½ rpm constantly and its worth bearing in mind that the Linn Sondek does not offer this facility. As I didn't have two arms of identical type sonic comparisons between my Linn and the RD80 SL were a little difficult to organise. However by taping sections of the same records from each on a reel-reel Revox a good approximation could be gained.

The differences were subtle and I felt the Linn had a slightly better bass and a more open mid range. Given the fact that the Linn costs exactly double the price, that is an excellent performance from the Ariston RD80 SL.

Unit loaned by Bartlett's Hifi, 175 Holloway Road, London N7.

For further details on the Ariston RD80 SL contact: Ariston Acoustics Ltd., Prestwick Airport, Prestwick, Ayrshire, Scotland.

● Pressure of business has regrettably meant that this will be my last contribution to D.T.T.D. I would like to thank readers for their support and comments (both good and ill) over the last 3½ years.

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**Fad Gadget
Depeche Mode
Palais
Schaumberg
Furious Pig**

Lyceum
THIS OLE house, the London Lyceum, becomes a gilded palace of synths tonight as it plays host to Daniel Miller's Mute Records, a label that's been instrumental in the development of electronic music ever since its first release, The Normal's 'TVOD' / 'Warm Leatherette'. But there's much more to Mute than that, as this evening's diverse assortment of attractions serves to show. Beginning with...

Furious Pig! Now it isn't easy discussing people with a name like Furious Pig — such troublesome undertones of 1970 there — and that difficulty is made worse by their music. Perhaps best known as contributors of the most horrible one minute 28 seconds of the *NME* C81, the Furioses are four in number and peculiar by nature. The set began on time, with the predictable result that I missed most of it, but what I did see was really quite startling.

The Pigs are a sort of shabby barbershop quartet who shout and bang things and walk around in a line and that's about it. The one complete piece that I heard (their best number, said a passing Chris Bohn) was a succession of fearsome amplified growls, aggressively punctuated by hitting sounds — kind of simultaneously cute and ferocious. I'll have to hear more.

Lulls between acts — and these Lyceum marathons can be daunting — are eased by Mutant humorous film shows: the sort of thing that should be the rule instead of the exception at rock gigs, surely.

Palais Schaumberg, the German group who followed, played music somewhere outside of my tastes, but the spirited good humour of their approach was very likable. It's not every band that kick off with a song called 'The Meaning Of Life' and get away with it. They're electronic and, I suppose, experimental, but play with an advanced sense of fun; they're not for me but could be for a great many others.

Stealers of the show were probably Depeche Mode, the group from Basildon. D Mode are three synths and a singist, visually in the Spandau Ballet mould but musically a very interesting proposition in their own right. Accompanied by some severe outbreaks of dancing, they pumped out a set of rhythmic attractive pop, highlight of which was the lovely, flowing hit - that - should - have - been, 'Dreaming Of Me' — its title alone could make it the New Romantics' anthem. 'Boys', which followed, was harder but almost as good. They encored a fine performance with a new version of 'Price Of Love', Bryan Ferry's moving tribute to the man who makes

his trousers.

Fad Gadget — he or they, whichever you prefer — are the last to take the stage. Five willowy young fellows, dressed as morris dancing harlequins, Dr Feelgood they ain't. The rather effete spectacle that they present, however, is not borne out by their music, which is often raw and aggressive, especially the vocals of Mr Gadget. In fact Fad himself, once he lets go, is strangely reminiscent of Tenpole Tudor: a lanky, panicking streak, sweat-shined rib cage heaving under an open shirt.

The group line up with two drummers, one of them synthesised, plus guitar and keyboards: musically they represent electronic music's hooligan element. It's an energetic, entertaining set, well-stocked with decent material like the singles 'Fireside Favourites' and 'Ricky's Hand'. Midway, though, the show's appeal suffers a slight tailing off, and it's as if the group play faster, with increasing desperation, to less and less effect — a symptom, maybe, of a shortage of ideas. Or maybe it was getting late: the Mute night was fun while it lasted, but it lasted an awful long time.

Paul Du Noyer

Jerry Lee Lewis

Wembley Arena

IT HAD been a pretty average kind of day at the Wembley Country Music Festival.

Then Wanda Jackson appeared and pulled the switch that sent everything spinning back into a different timescale. Now a white-clad butterball of a woman, looking like everybody's favourite aunt, she suddenly belted out 'Let's Have A Party' and stripped all the years away, whetting the taste of those who savour rock'n'roll the way it was and setting the stage for Matchbox, who provided one of the most hard-hitting sets I've yet seen them play.

Currently super-suave and Vegas-slick, they moved through their chart successes with the ease and speed of an on-form Hurricane Higgins, chipping in 'Marie, Marie' and other accredited rockkillers till the first of the evening's aisle dancers made their appearance — a phenomenon which bemused some long-term cowpokes.

Carl Perkins, who followed, is 48 now, greying and bespectacled. He's a mite thicker around the waistline and heads a band that includes two sons on bass and drums. But, though he no longer cavorts as readily as he did even a few years back, he's still a crowd pleaser and, with a higher proportion of rockers forming part of this year's Wembley audience, rabble-roused from the onset, ripping into 'Matchbox' and moving through his array of old and approveds — a 'new' song turned out to be the usual familiar set of blues chords — till the whole band, including a stick-clicking drummer, shuffled forward in

battle-order for the inevitable 'Blue Suede Shoes'.

By this time all country cool had left the arena and gandy-dancers hopped and bopped wherever space would allow.

Into this minor maelstrom strode a black shirted Jerry Lee Lewis. Calmly he regarded his audience for a few seconds then, after depositing his cigar carefully at the end of the piano keyboard, he ran the back of his left hand up the keyboard in an opening arpeggio that acted like a clarion call to the faithful.

Within minutes the gangways became total dance-floors as Jerry Lee, stone-faced and impassive as ever-dipped into his time-box of devastators, hammering dissonant clusters on 'What I Say', holding his head high and slamming down a train rhythm for 'Folsom Prison', stemming the heatwave momentarily with a bluesy 'Over The Rainbow' before kicking away the piano stool and almost vaudevilling it through 'Great Balls of Fire' and 'Whole Lotta Shakin', an insolent flick through the Marcel, in mid-song, providing a Muhammed Ali touch.

Then what was turmoil became sheer frenzy. For Carl Perkins was up there alongside Jerry Lee and it was '56 once more, the twosome and Memphis Beat, Lewis' back-up band, jamming wildly, Carl knee-dropping and yelling "Hit it, Jerry Lee!", while his accomplice snarled and finally leapt on top of the Steinway to orchestrate the rock'n'roll riot.

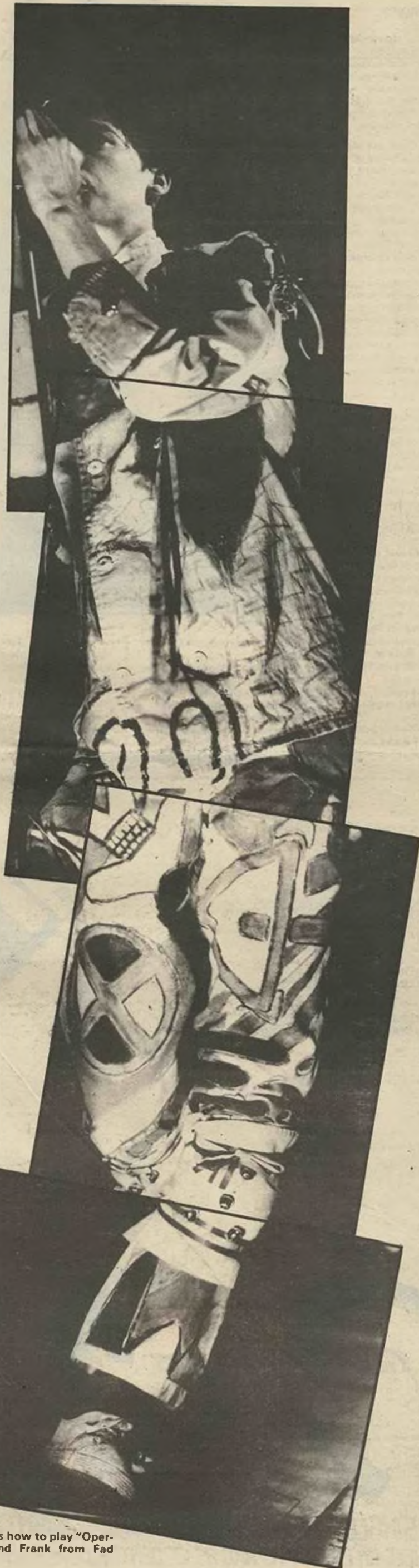
By now only those who had suffered heart-attacks were left in their seats, tears ran unashamedly from the eyes of the faithful and all was madness.

How it ended I can't quite recall. I just remember the endless cheers, the euphoria, the feeling of sheer exhaustion and the happiness of just being and taking part.

Even Jerry Lee smiled.

Fred Dellar

Anton Cobijn demonstrates how to play "Operation" with a camera and Frank from Fad Gadget.



Stiff Little Fingers

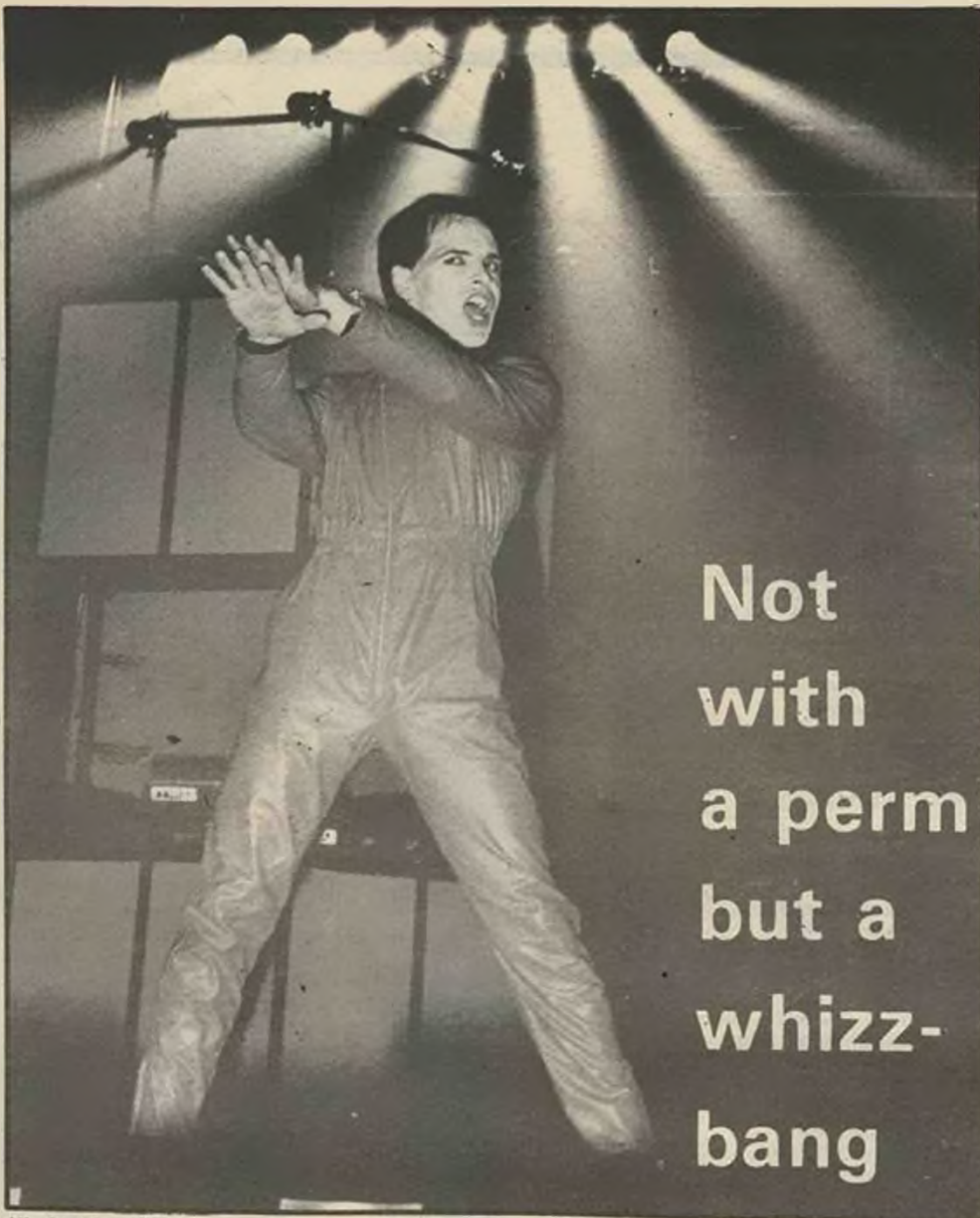
Guildford Civic Hall

AFTER A debut LP that made most of the competition in the commitment stakes look plain silly, Stiff Little Fingers almost fell into the same artistic trough that The Clash are still trying to climb out of, albeit for different reasons.

Whereas The Clash are still fighting the loss of focus of their original commitment besides the inherent problems of being A Major Rock Band, SLF's aim is still strong and true but their equipment has become a mite more sophisticated. Their second LP, 'Nobody's Heroes' was undoubtedly more competent musically than 'Inflammable Material' but its overall effect was that of a rather ordinary collection of songs given a traditional rock production. Their live outing, 'Manx', similarly reflected the rather muddled motivation SLF were suffering at the time.

Now that 'Go For It' has reaffirmed their ideals and shows a better understanding of the balance of power between words and music, SLF hit the road to re-establish their ability to deliver the goods on stage.

After a near-disastrous first gig in Belfast, their determination to win over the parochial punks of Guildford's environs is clear from the start. Zap! 'Roots, Radicals, Rockers And Reggae' rings out as an opener; Zap! Zap! 'Fly The Flag' and 'At The Edge' is the second strike; Zap! Zap! Zap! 'Safe As Houses', 'Gate 49' and 'Hits And Misses' form the devastating and varied follow-up, the rock reggae of the first forming a counterpoint with the odd pop of the second and the



His last bow(ie).

theme-like structure of the third.

While the balance and pace of the set is careful, the sheer power of their delivery curtails any notion that SLF are manipulating the audience. They don't perform the slight and rather

self-conscious 'Nobody's Hero', for example, despite vociferous requests from the crowd, though the temptation to do so after a particularly violent incident involving the local skinhead morons must have been strong.

Amazingly, they recapture the exuberant mood in the space of a couple of songs — Jake Burns, in particular, distilling the passion of the moment in a voice as harsh and uncompromising as Strummer's, and more tuneful. Those that haven't

Gary Numan

Wembley Arena

DESPITE the eloquence of Nick Kent's write-off last week, one would be hard put to pretend that Gary Numan's farewell concerts at Wembley were anything but stunning.

Kent is right, of course. Gary is (or can we now say was?) just a funny little space cadet playing with ideas and images too big for his astro-booties. We can take it further: his derivation from Bowie is more than pale imitation, since his whole appeal is based on reducing the master to a pale, melancholy little boy, a child born into a soulless, inhuman present and hiding himself in a self-constructed toyland of the future which never comes under threat from the real adult world.

Gary Numan was authentic for anyone who hadn't advanced beyond this stage themselves. Nevertheless, even though it may fairly be said that he presented the acceptable face of futurism before futurism itself had come into being, he was an influence — witness the presence in a by no means capacity audience of grizzled Richard Burgess and natty Peter Murphy of Bauhaus. Many had come to wave a sincere farewell. Above all, Numan knew how to stage a great show, and not even the cheapness of his music could prevent him from getting away with it.

Thus his farewell from the stage is to be regretted. The show commenced with Shock, in whose tedious sexist antics Numan appears

to have discerned some merit. Rampant, lavish females gyrate at the feet of muscular, domineering men; only Tic and Toc prevent the thing from becoming the choreography of a heavy metal album cover. But then Tic and Toc, standing with fluorescent light beams at the side of the stage on 'Angel Face', are just token eunuchs.

After a wait of only half an hour, the massive arena darkened and dry ice was pumped into the audience from behind the enormous screen which concealed the set. A terrific opening: two spacemen climbed aboard hydraulic lifts flashing with red lights and were raised to a position above the stage from which they could direct further lights. The stage glowed a sinister red. Finally, the screen was itself raised, and a vast circular relay of light was lowered in its place, forming a kind of crown over the stage. Out of the haze came 'This Wreckage'.

It was the largest, most spectacular stage set I've ever seen. No wonder the boy is retiring from live performance; this kind of extravaganzas must eat up the best part of a month's income. But in the meantime, what's wrong with extravaganzas? As a kind of futurist expansion of Bowie's '78 set, it works on the principle of bars and boxes of light which are programmed with varying arrangements and colours. One never tires of watching it because each number brings a new arrangement of light, position, and colour.

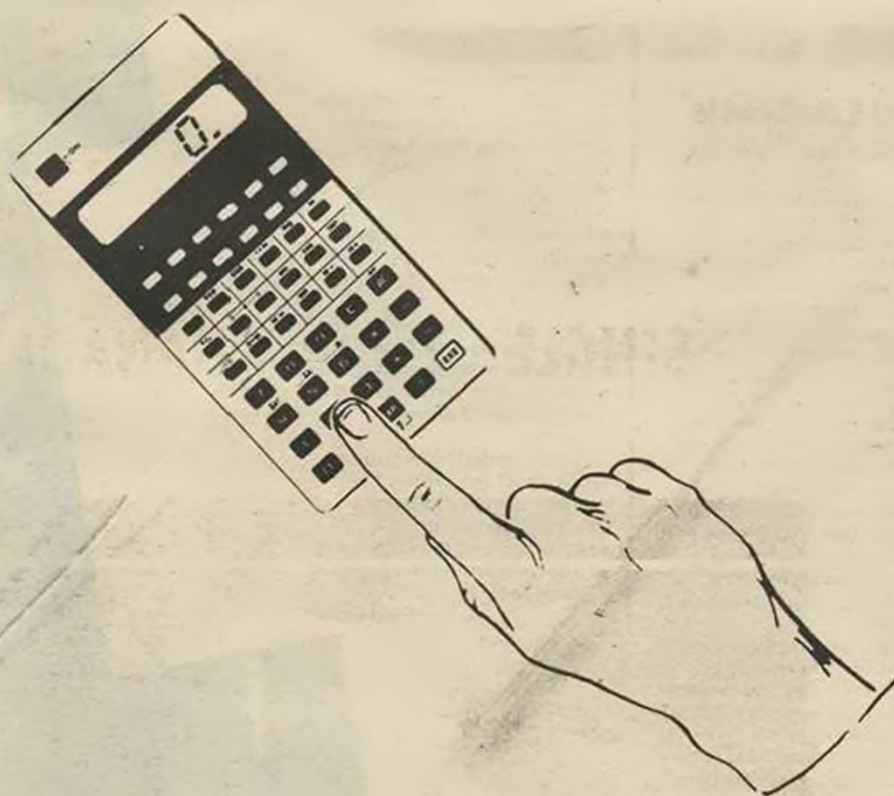
Numan's songs are the

been scared out of the door begin to dance again, and by the encores, 'Alternative Ulster' and 'Suspect Device', the depression of fear is squashed beneath an instinctive sense of purpose. The gig ended with bouncers handing out Coke to the

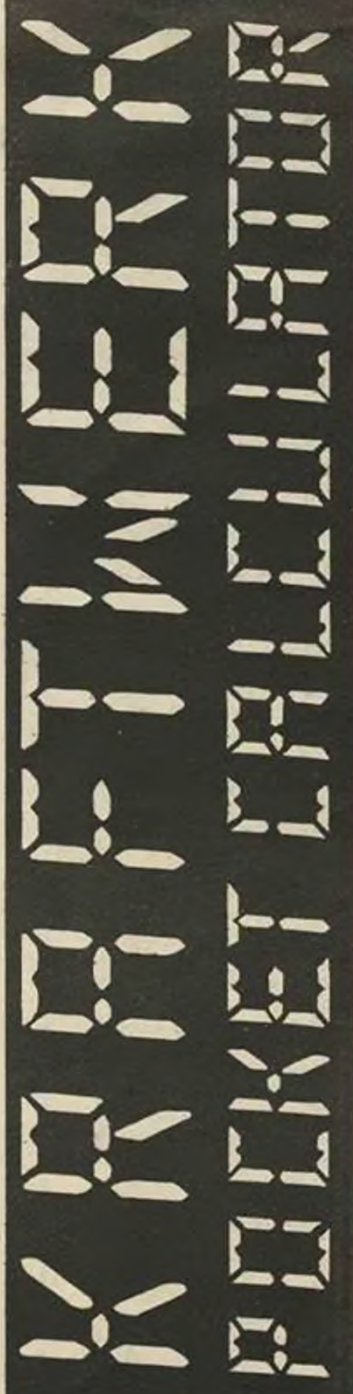
sweating survivors at the front.

Despite the attempt at a rock 'show' — high-rise backcloths and blinding white lights flashing into the crowd — SLF's strongest asset is still themselves, and the sooner they realise it the better.

- June
- 15 MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall
- 16 GLASGOW Apollo
- 17 EDINBURGH Odeon
- 18 NEWCASTLE City Hall
- 19 SHEFFIELD City Hall
- 20 LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre
- 21 LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre
- 22 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall
- 23 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
- 24 NOTTINGHAM Rock City
- 26 SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
- 27 BRIGHTON Dome
- 28 LONDON Lyceum
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- 30 BRISTOL Locarno
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barest outlines of tunes, but through the sheer quality of sound on stage he gets away with it. Every number is rendered note perfect, and every sound comes over with crystal clarity: the icy lacquer of the keyboards, the pulverising throb of the bass, Numan's ugly, grating voice. Much of it sounds identical, hence the importance of the stage's adaptability. 'Every Day I Die', for example, featured Mekon-like mutants on elevated platforms at the side of the stage (probably dear Tic and Toc again); at another point we were treated to a very nice film of Gary flying an aeroplane(?)

Superior moments came predictably with 'Conversations', 'Cars', 'Dream Police', and 'I Die, You Die', though the new single (title not announced) was pretty undistinguished. 'We Are Glass' brought an impromptu appearance from Nash the Slash (Gary's really getting in with the right people!), which was greeted with fervid delight. And at the end of it all, Gazza took the kind of bow commonly favoured by the likes of international pianists.

The show was really designed to promote the desired sense of Numan's isolation and fragility, and it's true that his snarling facial expressions and cute/ugly mug aren't those of an android. There is something fatally human about him, for he is every girl's little brother lost in space. And it was that which made him such a perfect teen idol.

Barney Hoskyns

There are signs, too, that the group may be outgrowing their audience; painted jackets, spiky hair and chains seem more incongruous than ever, but I guess that's the price you pay in the provinces.

Neil Norman



Pic and camouflage: Bryn Jones

Bringing the McCulloch back to his cheeks.

Bunnies wail back

Echo And The Bunnymen
Blue Orchids

Nottingham

BLUE ORCHIDS are a wonderfully refreshing mix of subtle surprises. Their delicate songs are poised between passion and a natural restraint, creating a pastel impression of rhythmic twists and layered melodies. Their sound is offset by flatly demanding vocals that add to their air of cool intrigue.

But despite the brilliance of the opening set, this was undoubtedly the Bunnymen's night; a final justification of the lavish compliments expressed during the course of their career and a realisation of hopes that had seemed squashed by the sluggishness in which they've lately been wallowing.

There's now not a scrap of camouflage or trace of dry-ice onstage. The cleanly-lit set is surrounded by plain white netting and the Bunnymen themselves are wearing casual clothes. From the first song, it's evident that they have outgrown the need for superfluous and distracting visual trappings. Like their appearance, their sound has been scrutinised and stripped, with anything extraneous discarded.

That sense of lush excess and lethargic glamour which had edged them perilously close to grating complacency over the past few months has completely vanished. In its place is a voracious and at times overpowering urge for self-expression. A chilling intensity that's almost unparalleled.

The most telling evidence of the transformation from the slurred, semi-comatose state they'd slipped into and their present hard hunger is in the split personality of Ian McCulloch. There's an oddly disorientating division between McCulloch transfixed when he's singing — every sinew stretched, his white, stricken face surmounted by that incongruously teased thatch of hair — and McCulloch uncoiling, lapsing into thick Liverpudlian asides between songs.

The Bunnymen's onstage arrogance has been superseded by a vital, crackling conviction and a relentless dynamic that stays unassuaged. Pete De Freitas' drumming is a racing pulse of scattered and shattered rhythm that propels the songs like a rush of blood to the brain. The guitars juggle on a nerve-ending of terrible tension. The voice and guitars are often at variance, held together by the thinnest and tautest of threads. The range of new numbers is equally stunning, but 'All I Want' stood out as one of the most startling love songs I've heard.

Now that they've stopped shadow-boxing, Echo And The Bunnymen are rearranging rock again, pushing it out and up into new, compelling patterns. It's no exaggeration to say that their glorious tangle of fresh feelings and unanswered questions is one of the very best in Britain. Catch it where and when you can.

Lynn Hanna

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BLACK LEATHER

FROM PAGE 15

of any social dogma. It's kids going out and forgetting. You have to have an outlet or you'd go round the bend. HM is escapism. I don't knock HM because it give people what they want."

But can a music so repetitive retain an authentic excitement?

"I agree with you. But it doesn't seem to lose anything with the audience, and that's the acid test. This is the thing. We have to accept that HM is a dinosaur music and any change is slower. So slight, you barely notice."

It's a very comfortable and comforting music.

"Oh sure. But sometimes people don't want to be disturbed. The people who come tonight don't want to be disturbed. They've been disturbed every day at home, at work, and they are disturbed because they have the potential to do something greater than they do. The trouble with our society is that it doesn't give many people the opportunity. If we all became David Bowie, who would do all the mundane stuff? Let's be perfectly honest about it."

Does it surprise him that Kim is in a pop group?

"It's probably because both me and her mother were always very much showbiz type people. I tried to be a singer, and then I got married and couldn't afford to pander to my whims and try to be a British Frank Sinatra. I got a job as a projectionist in a cinema just to be close to showbiz — that's how ridiculous it got. So I wasn't too surprised about Kim. But in other ways ... I always thought that she'd do something in art. She's very arty, she can rip out drawings, sculpt things ..."

Are you disappointed that she's in an HM group, cos it's so defined and limited?

"Well, I agree that it is, and I don't think that that's unknown to her or the other girls really. There's no doubt that Kelly especially has never liked being labelled a heavy metal group, and Kim herself thinks that we like playing this sort of music, we can play it well, why the heck should it be the fellas who can get away with it? When she first started going to bars and drinking, and you get used to kids growing up and doing the things you used to do however difficult it is, I went into a pub and she was drinking a pint of Young's special bitter. In my generation it was gin and tonics. And I said you can't drink a pint of Young's Special! She said why not? All the fellas do. Why can't I?"

So do you and Kim's mother live out your love of showbiz through Girlschool?

"Oh God yes. Let's face it, we're living it by proxy. I obviously don't like to take away any of the limelight, I want to stay in the background, but it is so nice to see them succeeding so well. We have to face up to the fact that we didn't make it and she has, and I'm so glad. The one thing I decided — our parents said to us get a steady job, get an apprenticeship, she was a hairdresser, I was just a ... bum — and I made my mind up that if I ever had kids I was going to make sure they had what they wanted."

"You only have one life and it goes so bloody quick. So I was right behind whatever Kim wanted to do. I would have liked her to have gone to St. Martins College Of Art and been a commercial artist, design record sleeves and things, and she agreed. Then one day she came home from school and said that she'd had enough of school, she wanted to be

famous and she wanted to be a rock star. I went ... oh! She said you were going to pay for the College Of Art. Why don't you pay for the equipment? So I said done."

THE KELLY

TALK to Kelly hours after Manchester and Preston gigs, at those times when you can be just a shade too sensitive. I say I find Girlschool uniquely relaxed and natural.

"Maybe you caught us at a good time. Maybe at the end of the tour we'll be cracking up. I can't stand long tours. This is going to be hell. We'll just have to keep going ... For four and half weeks. But I'm not sad about it, I'm glad ... But it gets on top of me ... Kim seems able to keep her head together ... I tend to get a bit crazy."

Kelly is properly erratic in her thoughts about the preposterous HM phenomenon, honest about her hesitations. "But I'm scared of being honest."

Does she find it absurd to find herself in a HM group?

"There are so many different angles to look at it ... one day I'll wake up and think, What am I doing, it's really weird, it's crazy. And then another day I'll wake up and think it's really good to be doing it — we have fun and the people who come to see us have fun. We're going to grow out of it the same as the people who come to see us are going to grow out of it. But I know that we're not a typical HM group. Yeah, of course I'm aware of the rituals. When you're off stage you can think it's really silly, but not when you're up on the stage. They want me to do those things and I want to do it."

Kelly admits she feels restricted and frustrated by heavy metal, and worried whether saying that is a compromise.

"But everybody must feel frustrated about what they do ... Of course I want more but I'm pleased to be in this group ... because we're doing something. I look back 18 months ago driving up the M1 in a Bedford van breaking down all the time and I see us now and I think, Yeah we must have come somewhere and that's good."

You've been labelled a HM group, and you've become one — do you feel obligated to follow through the cliches, adopt the set imagery?

"Now and again. Little bits. But we're trying to introduce things, but do it in a way that won't shock our audience."

You know half of me is with the NME attitude to heavy metal and half of me is with the Sounds headbangers. I do think you see heavy metal all wrong. I know it's a bit of a dead end, but there's nothing overpoweringly wrong with it ... Like last night you said what would it be like for other people to come along and see us, apart from the denim boys, but you have to be pretty special to attract all sorts of people. Like Bowie. That's one in a thousand. It's not just heavy metal that fulfils its audience's expectations. It's punk, futurism, everything else as well."

THE FUN

GIRLSCHOOL have made two LPs, I hope they don't end up making dozens, disappearing down that superstitious, fallacious road. I hope they shift their values and redirect their vision, respond to their love of Bowie, Simple Minds, Skids, pop excitement. I hope they don't last because as they are, a faltering flattering bundle of ambiguities, a delicate perverting parody of HM insensibility, they are different.

In the Preston hotel bar, in the early hours of the morning, Kim is getting sentimental, isolating the ingenuity of Girlschool's objective.

"We meet lots of people, we visit lots of different places ... we're really lucky people."

All the little dedicated denim boys will be flushed up and tucked inside their denim sheets, dreaming of Kelly, and the eyes, the colour of their ideal denim. All of a sudden Kim proclaims: "It's good fun, music."

Everybody laughs, and Kim immediately mocks her simpleton statement.

"Oh, good line — good fun, music! Ha! But it is!" she protests. "It is good fun!!!"

It is: is it? HM — it's a mystery. But perhaps Girlschool are right because they are wrong. The little boys understand?

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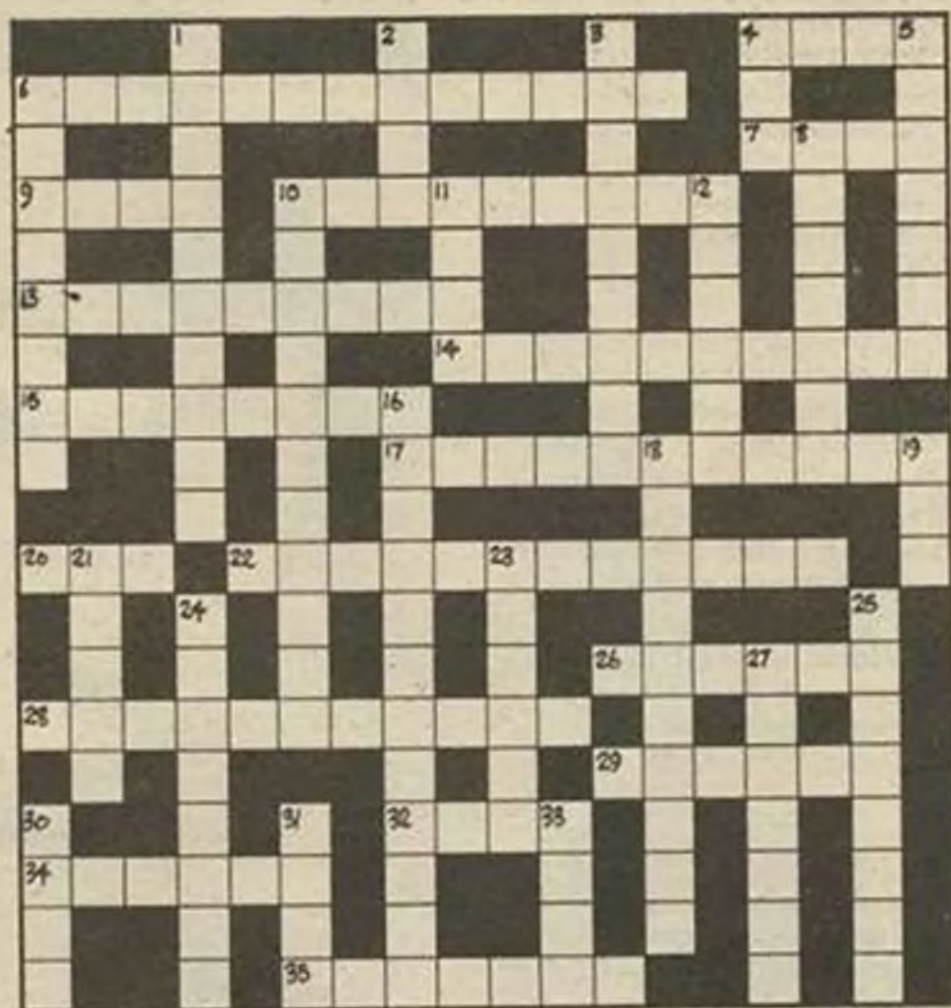
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- 4 F. Mac L. Pee
6 '80s punk combo fronted by Kirk Brandon, ex of The Pack (7,2,4)
7 Jones or Ivory
9 Daniel Miller's label
10 Inflammable Irish punk? (4,5)
13 Smallest Beach Boy (2,7)
14 Veteran soul singer whose versions of 'I Put A Spell On You' and 'Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood' inspired Alan Price Set and Animals hits (4,6)
15 & 27 Classic Smokey Robinson song (6,2,2,5)
17 Wendy Marann after the operation! (5,6)
20 Scaggs or Burrell
22 She found fame (and a fortune) by marrying a 7 across (6,6)
26 Blondie hit
28 Vaughn Toulouse's band (10,1)
29 & 11 J. Dean movie (4,2,4)
32 Aka Stuart Goddard
34 James or Roger
35 The city or the band (on second thought, just the city!)

DOWN

- 1 Who album (4,6)
2 Robin Williams' pre-Popeye role
3 Movie that continues Gene Wilder/Richard Prior partnership formed for 'Silver Streak' (4,5)
4 Buckley or Hardin (deceased)
5 Aka Pauline Matthews (4,3)
6 Apparently he's not impatient! (3,5)

8 Former Colleague of N.

Lowe in B. Schwartz (3,4)

10 Russ japed it (anag. 2 words)

11 See 29

12 OAP DJ

16 Castrato voice of Four Seasons (7,5)

18 Nocturnal activities of a geezer called Bonnett (5,5)

19 & 21 Cancel everything! Fresh instructions from Factory Records!

21 See above

34 & 24 Queen of Soul

24 See above

25 Paul McCartney's brother's group, they had a few novelty hits in the late-'60s

27 See 15

30 Hyx from the sticks?

31 Carmen or Clapton

33 Type of synthesiser named after the man who invented it

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Tony Willson; 5 (Peter) Gabriel; 7 Edgar Winter; 9 Allman; 11 Robert Altman; 13 Peron; 14 Demon; 15 'Let It Be'; 16 Al Green; 17 Cooke; 18 Southside (Johnny); 21 'Darlin''; 22 UB40; 23 'M*A*S*H'; 25 'Dirk Wears White (Sox)'; 27 (Bill) Haley; 28 'Dirk Wears White (Sox)'.

DOWN: 1 The Cure; 2 'Night Boat To Cairo'; 3 'Out Of Time'; 4 Kenny Jones; 5 Graham Nash; 6 Bill (Haley); 8 Ian Anderson; 10 'Trust'; 12 Jerry Dammers; 15 Lick; 19 Tubeway (Army); 20 (Southside) Johnny; (Tubeway) Army; 26 Ian.

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No 1 Chris Hunter.

Did anyone else notice Chris Hunter reading the *NME* in *Crossroads* the other day? What next? Meg and David strutting to 'We Don't Need This' Fascist Groove Thang? Allan Muirson, Ayrshire.

Well well well! Does this mean that "Crossy" has some taste? Love, *Fantastic Plastic Sarah*, London SW1.

"Corrie" be buggered. How are you ever going to live this one down? *Chris Shaw*, *Make-Beckie-Foster-Less-Gullible Society*, Leicester. PS And wasn't the ensuing dialogue oh so rockist? Right. So now we know the advanced viewing habits of the average *NME* reader (and I don't mean Chris Hunter). I think this calls for a distinctly non-brain-taxing Bag. Step right this way, Mr Amphong. — PDN.

It being near birthday of my correspondence to you from me, namely "Where Is Beatles Band?", I write saying since I find lots and plenties of facts. But please, Beatles band fans, restrain your ire. Beatles band fall apart and play no more "gigs". All facts I find in my book, namely "Where Is Beatles Band?" which I am in pain to publish soon and be damned, ha ha.

Information from correspondents: In Argentina, Osvaldo Castro claim Ringo Starr get hurt and dead from man also called Osvaldo! Coincidences! "Lord, Thy moves wondrously to behold." My correspondent in Australia doesn't have that knowledge and Osvaldo not too hot in English, ha ha. But I go off road. (*You do, Samuel, you do* — Ed.)

Paul McCartney married to photographic lens person and lives with sheeps! John Lennon hard to find. Exhausting correspondences claim a "Bag-In" (???) in Canada, near USA. Most sensual George Harrison in Bangla Desh, which is near India. He stopped the war there.

Loss of Beatles band so sad to pop music, so deep all is

dark in purple. But please, Beatles band fans, buy new book of mine to know all of Beatles band secrets! Cost 300 Ghana dollars. Goodbye. *Samuel K B Amphong*, *Nungua Accra*, "loyal" Ghana. You are Philip Norman and I claim my five Ghanaian dollars — PDN.

Andy Gill is quite right, and not alone, in complaining of the delays that occurred at the Woolwich Odeon on Saturday April 11 (*NME*, 18/4/81). There is no question that the delays occurred; we were and are as upset by them as he is. Inadequate apologies were, as he says, offered on the night, and we take this opportunity to make them more publicly and forcefully; but it should be pointed out that Andy Gill's review is basically an extended squeal of rage, rather than an attempt to analyse what actually happened.

Here is the long-awaited explanation by which Mr Gill sets so much store: the initial delay — that which kept people waiting outside the venue — was the result of an accumulation of problems throughout the day, the most serious of which was our lighting man's fall, onto the onstage monitoring desk, from a PA stack which then fell on him. The final delay — between the end of Nervous Kind's set and the beginning of UB40's — occurred because some of the band went to their hotel to change, and were held up in Brixton on their return.

This explanation was not offered at the time, because it wasn't available until too late. We'd managed to remain unaware of what was going on in Brixton (being inside the Woolwich Odeon all day) which is one reason that the band vehicle came to be stuck there in the first place.

The following are points on which Mr Gill has over-stated his case:

1. To say that Nervous Kind were "shoved onstage to keep us quiet" is unfair to them. They were the support band, they appeared for all the reasons that support bands ever do, and a lot of people thought them pretty good.
2. The merchandise was not over-priced by current standards, and the proceeds went not to UB40 but to the Autonomy Club. Andy Gill appears to have been unaware that the show was a benefit.
3. We do not in any sense represent the 'nouveau riche'. Anyone with half an ear to the ground would know that UB40 is all but technically bankrupt, as a result of the legal difficulties surrounding the new single and album.

We're glad that most of the audience was more reasonable than Andy Gill (some *did* in fact leave and get refunds; the allegation of complacency is unfair to them). His principles are very laudable, but his 'review' is naive, ill-informed, hysterical and lazy.

Once again, we apologise to all those who came to support the cause and/or to see the band.

Yours faithfully,
Simon Woods, Manager, UB40.

Thanks a lot, Andy Gill, for your excellent review of the appalling fiasco at the UB40 concert at Woolwich Odeon.

I thought the crowd were really apathetic too. The only reason I didn't walk out was that I'd paid £7 for two tickets and made a round trip of 20 miles to Woolwich, so I would have stayed all night just to blow a few raspberries.

Peter Thorne, Loughton, Essex.

Hold the front page, shock horror exposé! Phew what a scorcher, etc, etc. Are you ready for this?

A certain rather well-endowed female friend of mine recently made the outrageous claim that she was in the same class as your very own Ian Penman at school. I was just recovering from this revelation when she followed it up with: "And he used to fondle my tits during history lessons!" Can any of this be true? I'll always remember what my mother used to say to me: "Once a sexist groper, always a sexist groper!"

I think we should be told the facts about this beast, however horrible they may be.

Confused, Bilston. Sounds plausible enough to me. Unfortunately Ian Penman is unavailable for comment just now — PDN.

My local newsagent takes only a small number of *NME*s, and they sell out almost immediately, so I have to take a trip to W.H. Smith to obtain a copy. Every *jeudi* the shop is packed full of bright young things who thumb gleefully through your esteemed publication at their obvious leisure. Thus, the shop is left with a stock of *NME*s which are defaced with grubby fingermarks, torn and generally mutilated. Nobody ever seems to actually buy a bloody copy! Why bother when you can go into an *magasin* and flick at your will? One guy had the nerve to start the crossword — when he got stuck he put it back and went on to *Snouds*.

I have a solution to this problem: if the *NME* were shrink-wrapped like porno mags, then one would have no choice but to buy a copy, would one, eh? Now is that a good idea or is that a good idea?

John Names, Newport, Gwent.

Re your remarks about Phil Neal (Ian Penman's *Gasbag* 4/4/91) I would like to say that Phil Neal has done more for this country than you could ever do, and I would like to see you and chop your feet off. You are a typical southerner who is jealous of anything or anybody that is connected with Liverpool FC because they keep winning things.

GW Evans
I'm with you on this one, GW — PDN

Like a lot of rock'n'roll fans, I think the new Shakin' Stevens single — unlike 'Marie Marie' and 'This Ole House' — is one of the worst I have ever heard. I shall not bother to describe just how bad it is, but suffice to say I took it back to the shop and changed it for a copy of 'Jungle Rock' — which is a track he recorded with his former backing band The Sunsets about three years ago. This recently re-issued single may well be his next chart hit. And if 'Jungle Rock' by Shakin' Stevens And The Sunsets does make it, there's going to be a lot of red faces at CBS (Epic) Records.

Bill Nelson, Middlesex. Are you the real Bill Nelson, or an imitation? — PDN

I'll tell you why the staff of Camberley Our Price Records are so obnoxious: because they're just like the staff in practically every other record store in London. I borrowed a motor-cycle and did a survey of no less than fifty London record shops, and on asking for a record (which actually did not exist) was dealt with "obnoxiously" no less than 43 times!

I conclude the average sales person is suffering from the worrying side effects of too much Bucks Fizz and Adam And The Ants. Any better explanations? *Richard Sutcliffe*, London N1.

I was delighted to see Rusty Egan's futile attempts to knock the *NME* decimated by Monty Smith's comments at the end of his letter (*Gasbag* 11/4/81). It is now quite clear why Egan won't do an interview: he isn't capable of it. His letter showed that when he does attempt to express his own (?) thoughts he starts to contradict himself and, as a result, reveals himself as the ageing poseur that he really is.

Oh yeah, I forgot: I buy records at record shops, I read record reviews and I listen to DJs who play records — but I do realise what you're trying to do, Rusty. If I were you mate, I'd stick to selling Avon cosmetics in the future. *A Nolan fan*, *Southend-On-Sea*. The main thing is, how rich are you? — PDN

Every magazine that aspires to the name treads a thin line between the interests and capacities of the readers, and the interests and capacities of the writers. *NME* is regularly chided for its articles which are variously viewed as partisan, esoteric, and as a consequence, boring.

It is a matter of debate whether the fault lies with the reader or the writer. If you, the reader, do not feel attracted to an opinion expressed in an article, consider the fact that no-one is compelling you to read it; and to damn it



"Drop dead, Julie."

because it disagrees with your world-view is itself a comment on the breadth of that world-view. Conversely the writer, if he expects and hopes to be read, does not have a licence to write purely for himself. He is under a journalistic obligation to interest his actual or potential readers.

Of course criticism of the articles is healthy, as the calm exchange of ideas always is. But the noisy imbecilic heckling of certain writers — and the condescending *hauteur* that is their reply — serve only to widen rather than close the gap between the two.

Ernest Fasanya, Clifton, Bristol. An earnest exchange of ideas there, Frank. And dead right — PDN.

Paul Morley. Deep in the memory, what once was love... An eternity ago, there was a band you used to love with the same extreme passion you now worship good (but, comparatively, how good?) pop groups like Fire Engines and Josef K. One article after the demise of that band, then nothing at all.

To brood on the irreplaceable is pointless. Yet to force out the memory of something unique, by over-optimism about bands that are safe (in that they'll never delve deep enough into emotions to pull in the listener) is self-denial.

Pop now! Safe! Happy? I can't always be. There's a vacuum makes me feel hollow inside. You're leaving reality. Live. Emotion's not escapism. Don't walk away... L.S.

Hail, old friend: my guide, informant and sometime antagonist over the past ten years. In that time you've made me laugh, even when times have been so hard I've had to steal you off the news-stand. You've given me pearls of wisdom, *Thrills*, *T-Zers*, the smart-ass one-liner, and you gave me someone else on the jukebox.

You've changed writers, editors, offices, mastheads,

layouts, cover prices (but the ink still comes off on my fingers). You've kept The Lone Groover and Lowry, which at times reached the heights of sublime genius, the Crossword which always seems too easy — and a healthy interest in things other than music. I've given you my attention and concentration, reading and thinking, assimilating or discarding, or just laughing, but never finding you boring.

Looking back, we've had some good times you and I — ups and downs but always plenty of kicks. (I remember once when you printed a letter of mine in *Gasbag* — wow was I proud!) But now it seems something's gone wrong. One of us has changed in the past year, as I get nothing from you anymore. Still, it was fun while it lasted. Ten years is a hell of a long time. Hey! Remember when... No, enough. Hail and farewell, old friend. And thanks. *Tony Darke*.

Choke. An old cricketer leaves the crease. There's so much depression in the air, and uncertainty and fragmentation. *NME*'s not immune from that climate: like the letter before said, a lot of the current optimism strikes a false note, faintly strained. That said, *NME* still seems to me like the only place where anything worth saying gets said. We're not complacent, but we're not about to give up either. — PDN.

Is it true that PiL refused to be the first band to perform in space on the Space Shuttle, on the grounds that it lacked atmosphere? *The Demon Pazuzu*, New Bootle.

"Beam me up, Scottie..." Scottie? SCOTT WALKER!! (You do call him "Scottie", don't you?) *The other Frans Thijssen*. PS Was Fred Flintstone the first rockist? Thank God for lunacy — PDN.

Hey! The word is out that smells will be '82's thing. Uh, the pose is in the nose *er tour cela*. IN will be Buckwheat cooking, feet, malt whisky. OUT will be fish cooking, armpits, claret. The defunct Sniff label will be replaced by urgent, angst-ridden Olfactory Records. Doves of acoustic guitarists will mistake cries of "pick it" and cause mid-song hiatuses (hiati?) Go to it now, folks. Start in on that mid-face organ. It's (nost)rilly neat! Yours aye, *Chris MacLeod*, Torquay. PS No feeble puns below, please. God, the nerve of that PS! Guess I better call a halt right here... before I blow it — PDN.



"Beam me up, Scottie!"

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T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

BRRR! HOT IT AIN'T. So let's pretend that the year is 1977 and lo! through the mists of *tempus fugit* comes news of The Living Dead's fave corpses — Sid'n'Nancy breathe again in the U.S. Pistols/Punk documentary *D.O.A.*, which has just opened in New York City.

Revolving around the Pistols' self-destructive American tour, it features some startling footage of the boys making whoopee interspersed with shots of El Rotten looking bored and some 'what they meant to me' interviewettes.

Director Lech Kowalski, ably assisted by our very own Polish emigre Chris Salewicz, aims to enlighten Americans on the Brit-based punk phenomenon. In reality, an impartial observer writes, he only manages to educate via sequences of punk clichés, juxtaposing live Sham 69, X Ray Spex and others with film of high rise blocks, Deptford dereliction and the Westway. *D.O.A.* scores however, by centring on a "typical" punk figure named Terry (or Tel) Sylvester — a more charming example of the species that *Rude Boy's* Ray Gange. Much of the flick (technical term) is taken up with a voyeuristic non-interview with a dozing Sid and a nattering Badgley. Er, badgering Nancy that should be...

POSING! Depeche Mode's Embassy Club soiree attended by Dept S, Subs, Members, Banshees, Modettes and lookalikes Dave Vanian and Gary Numan, the latter sporting a fetching lavender pink trenchy and matching sideboards...

Chas and Divil Special person Neville Staples and Belle Star Stella Barker, a right pair of Royalists, will be tying the knot on, yes, July 29 and getting married shortly after. Errol Goldust will be best man and the whole event will be televised live on Harlech's new fourth channel...

Bare chests! Plasmatic Wendy O'Williams has been "at it again". A Cleveland Ohio jury found her not guilty of "pandering obscenity" (que?) as a result of a recent show in the city. Better luck next time Windy...

Aztec Camera recording debut album at Sigma Sound Philadelphia this summer. Barry White may produce...

JOSEF K finally finished second debut LP. Out June 12th... The amiable Bunnypeople themselves are



And to complete our collection of Lydons — one of a pair. An immaculate and hitherto unveiled figurine... the Martin Lydon. Tutored by Keith Levene, this exquisite multi-instrumentalist has just finished recording several self-penned ditties with The Bollock Bros House Orchestra conducted by John Lydon Snr. Mr Country J. McDonald will start the bidding... Pic: Julia McLintock



The enigmatic and learned Chris Cross (no relation) likes nothing more than his Monday night out at the Bexleyheath Washerama where he is frequently to be found poring over some weighty tome or other. Unbeknownst to Mrs Smalls, who "does the service", Mr Cross is in fact leafing rather rapidly through *Readers' Wives*, an illustrated modern fable. This activity is occasionally interrupted by some well chosen bon mot such as: "Has anyone got ten pence for the tumble?" (Vot, no gags about Vienna? Why do I bozzer wizz zeez pictures, hein? — Anton Corbijn)

currently recovering from the pleasant shock of playing at the Whiskey in Los Angeles (name in lights but no billboard). Such nice boys, they've knocked the camouflage gear on the head and now opt for a groovy white back-drop. Their guitar roadie assists on certain numbers...

Edwyn Collins — the lead singer of Orange Juice — played Nico — VU's lead singer — some songs when a Postcard party visited her in her new London home last week. She liked 'em muchly... And the Juice want Alex Chilton (Big Star, rock's rich tapestry, etc) to produce... Advertising round Bayern Munich's stadium during their recent tussle with the mighty Liverpool included a Bauhaus sign...

The *Sunday Mirror* let it all hang out on April 26 with a no holds barred interview with the late Keith Moon's Swedish girlfriend Annette. This Swedish lass reckoned that old Keith could be "a devil or a saint", and had "lovely brown eyes". What's more: "We went to an Italian restaurant in Knightsbridge, where I proceeded to stuff myself full of spaghetti while he tried to stuff me full of..." (Cut, cut, Ed)...

PECKING ORDER! Adam Ant has finally made it into the 'celebrity bird house' of the famous Chessington Zoo. Flanked (we kid you not) by such luminaries as Windsor 'Softly Softly' Davies and mad David Bellamy, the Ant tells about life above newspaper...

Film buffs corner: never mind Jodie Foster in *Foxes*, her real new film is *Carny* in which she gets trapped by a psychopath...

Disgusting isn't it? But not for much longer if tales of the new Hollywood purge are to be believed. According to an excellent little item in last Friday's *Guardian*, cocaine usage is so rife in Hollywood these days (these past 50 years) that every time a director shouts "Cut!" everyone reaches for the mirror. Meanwhile the film industry there is preparing for a McCarthyite era. An actors' strike will be followed by a directors' go slow. Righteous newsman and all round sane person Ed 'Lou Grant' Asner is leading a press boycott of the whole stupid affair. "People are condemning the use of cocaine but I don't consider it a life-threatening substance" Asner sniffs disdainfully...

The second issue of *The Nutty Boys Madness* comic can be purchased for 50p from M.I.S. PO Box 75, London N1. (free to fan club members)...

Max Roach's new band has a sax player called Odeon Pope... Quincy Jones' middle name is Delight...

THE PRIME MINISTER (the awful Madge) is interviewed on this Sunday's *Nai Zindagi Naya Jeevan* on BBC1. The Right 'Orrible one will lecture about race relations in England. Should be a real eye opener...

We've had one measly suggestion for a new name for Ms Murray's group (*Invisible Girls*' stalwart). The idea is Pauline Murray and the Ever Present Changes. This obviously will not do. Remember no prizes unless the moniker is ultra fab...

Don't forget to tune into the radio serialised *Star Wars*. Somehow it sounds much better on the old wireless...

Staffer Monty 'The Brigadier' Smith is currently on his annual AWOL in Skegness. The usual fiver to anyone who recognises this ample gent (clue: try the snug

at the Bull and Last, Ken Price Street. He'll be wearing a monocle and pink legwarmers)...

STOP PRESS: Kevin Rowlands of Dexy's infamy has just received a nine month suspended sentence for attempting to rearrange the features of another pop person following an altercation on their relative musical merits. Tsk, tsk, say we old hippies in the music press...

Those with nowt to do tonight (Wednesday 29th) why not sprint down to the Dub Club at the Tabernacle, London W11 to hear factions of the G of 4, Young Marble Giants, Viv Goldman (*Who?* — Ed) and various other friendly sorts playing discs old, new, borrowed and stolen...

The very same Tabernacle, Powis Square, played host to the mighty Jah Shaka last week. Venerable Plastics band was there to witness the spiritual dub warrior...

IS ALL strictly well at F-Beat? Rumours flying around the streets of Soho suggested that

all may not be when long time worker Andrew Lauder quit for a post at Island Records. Mr Lauder reckoned that his own reasons for leaving were under-employment. F-Beat may revise their standing vis a vis WEA Records but suggestions that Elvis Costello et al are about to depart for pastures new seem a trifle premature...

NME lens wizardess Pennie Smith shareas a Neal Street Gallery exhibition through May with illustrators Connie Jude and Martin Goddard.

Rankle vet? It has just occurred to a particularly clever and erudite Errol minion that the earlier announcement of Neville and Stella's pending wedding is made all the more remarkable by the fact that the name Stella Barker forms an anagram of Belle Star and Neville C. Staples similarly becomes Specials. Quite extraordinary eh?

But that's nothing to the news that the Delta 5 have just signed to Pre...

MADNESS down under and nearly out: The Nutty Boys on tour in Australia found their reputation preceeded them in Perth where 10,000 Australian dollars worth of damage (that's about ten bob) was done to seats. A Government Minister called for a banning of all pop concerts as a result. Far worse happenings though for Lee Kosmin when he visited the picturesque Bondi Beach. A ten foot wave of surf swept the plucky chap out to sea and he had to be rescued by two muscular beach types...

Hazel O'Connor has had an orange VW nicked. It's a very nice car with doors and a registration plate LLU 322D. If you see it call 403-6332. There's a reward...

Whilst in Cleveland Hazel was visited by two famous Bowie-ites: Toni Basil (she designs Dave's clothes and did the T. Heads last video), and Ava Cherry (she sang with Bowie on his more soulful middle period records). During the song 'Writing On The Wall' Haze rips up newspapers (all part of the act). A journalist in the audience spotted her tearing up the paper he works for, *The Cleveland Scene*, and promptly cancelled an interview he'd set up for the next day. That's class for ya...



The Scene to be seen. Bram Tchaikovsky is holding an informal wine and cheese 'do' to celebrate his 38th birthday. Naturally, stars from the world of showbusiness have gathered to pay homage to this eccentric composer. In a corner we find John Lydon being buttonholed by a familiar character — the party pooper. Let's eavesdrop a second.

Johnny: "Now I've got me hair up the hat's too small." Norman — an inveterate bore: "You should try taking the pith out of it, John." Johnny: "I think the band do that already." Norman (persistently): "Have you heard the one about the Englishman, the Irishman and the..." Johnny: "I'm afraid I'm going to have to throw you out."

NME

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
Monty Smith
Production Editor
Tim Greenhalgh
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr

Staff
Max Bell
Paul Morley
Adrian Thrills
Chris Bohn
Paul Du Noyer
Gavin Martin

Design
Caramel Crunch

Photography
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Angus MacKinnon
Paul Rambali
Danny Baker
Chris Salewicz
Bob Edmunds
Lester Bangs
John May
Penny Reel
Andrew Tyler
Ian Penman
Andy Gill
Graham Lock
Cynthia Rose
Vivien Goldnran
Lynn Hanna

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
Research
Fiona Foulgar
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.

Ad Director
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080
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(01) 261 6251
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(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Brian Gorman
Pete Christopher
Lee McDonald
(01) 261 6207

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BETTER BADGES

this List

- (1) Ceremony — New Order — 20p
- (2) Nagasaki Nightmares — Crass — 20p
- (3) Mask — Theatre Of Hate — 20p
- (4) Black & White — Toyah — 20p
- (5) Ant Music — 20p
- (6) Unexpected Guest — UK Decay — 20p
- (7) Ants Invasion 80 — 20p
- (8) C.N.D. — 20p
- (9) Cassette Pet — Bow Wow Wow — 20p
- (10) Let Them Eat Valium — Thatcher — 20p

NEW RELEASES

Flare Of Pink Indians 1", Clash — Sanohista 1", 11"

Josef K 1", Jam — start 11", Gang Of Four —

"History" 11", Delta 5 — "D.V." 1", Pere Ubu — "Art Of Walking" 1", 23 Skidoo — "Shape 1", Demob — "Ants Police 7"

NEW FANZINES (inc P&P)

Polar 8 40p, God Cray 50p, 103 — Fashion Fanzine 85p, Over The Top 1 — Heavy Metal 40p, Panache 15 — Ants Special 45p, 103 85p, Story So far 4

"Cramps/Jazz/Jerk 45p, Snake 11 80's garage bandst 45p, 20 11 11 image & Culture 90p

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