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NEW NME EXPRESS

FUNK: THE NME WALL CHART
KILLING JOKE MISTY IN ROOTS
MEMBERS DYLAN DATES BEAT LP
CRONENBERG



Clare glances fondly at Edwyn. Pic by Robert Sharp.

BEAM US UP SCOTTIE!
THE NEW FLOWERS OF SCOTLAND





Happy? The Exploited's Wattie, runner-up in a May Day Clark Gable lookalike contest, is transfixed with bonhomie as his single hits the No4 slot in NME's new national indies chart.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(15)	Stars On 45.....	Starsound (CBS)	2 1
2	(1)	Theme From Lloyd George Ennio Morricone (BBC)		4 1
3	(2)	Making Your Mind Up.....	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	6 1
4	(7)	Grey Days.....	Madness (Stiff)	2 4
5	(3)	Good Thing Going.....	Sugar Minott (RCA)	6 3
6	(4)	Can You Feel It.....	Jacksons (Epic)	5 4
7	(10)	Attention To Me.....	Nolans (Epic)	5 7
8	(—)	Stand And Deliver.....	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	1 8
9	(11)	Muscle Bound.....	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	5 9
10	(6)	Lately.....	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	9 2
11	(—)	You Drive Me Crazy.....	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1 11
12	(9)	Einstein A Go-Go.....	Landscape (RCA)	7 4
13	(26)	Only Crying.....	Keith Marshall (Arrival)	3 13
14	(8)	Night Games.....	Graham Bonnet (Vertigo)	5 4
15	(20)	Can't Get Enough Of You Eddy Grant (Ice/Ensign)		2 15
16	(13)	It's A Love Thing.....	Whispers (Solar)	8 7
17	(22)	Drowning/All Out To Get You The Beat (Go Feet)		3 17
18	(21)	New Orleans.....	Gillan (Virgin)	6 18
19	(5)	This Ole House.....	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	9 1
20	(23)	Bermuda Triangle.....	Barry Manilow (Arista)	4 19
21	(12)	Just A Feeling.....	Bad Manners (Magnet)	6 12
22	(—)	Stray Cat Strut.....	Stray Cats (Arista)	1 22
23	(18)	Crocodiles.....	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	4 18
24	(19)	Flowers Of Romance Public Image Ltd. (Virgin)		6 12
25	(14)	And The Band Played On.....	Saxon (Carrere)	4 14
26	(28)	Al No Corrida.....	Quincy Jones (A&M)	2 26
27	(—)	Keep On Loving You.....	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	1 27
28	(—)	Is Vic There?.....	Department S (Demon)	1 28
29	(—)	Hit And Run.....	Girlschool (Bronze)	2 25
30	(—)	Swords Of A Thousand Men Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)		1 30

BUBBLING UNDER

Treason — Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)
The Sound Of The Crowd — Human League (Virgin)
Why — Discharge (Clay)
The Third Man — Shadows (Polydor)
When He Shines — Sheena Easton (EMI)
Flying High — Freeez (Beggars Banquet)

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
May 9th, 1981

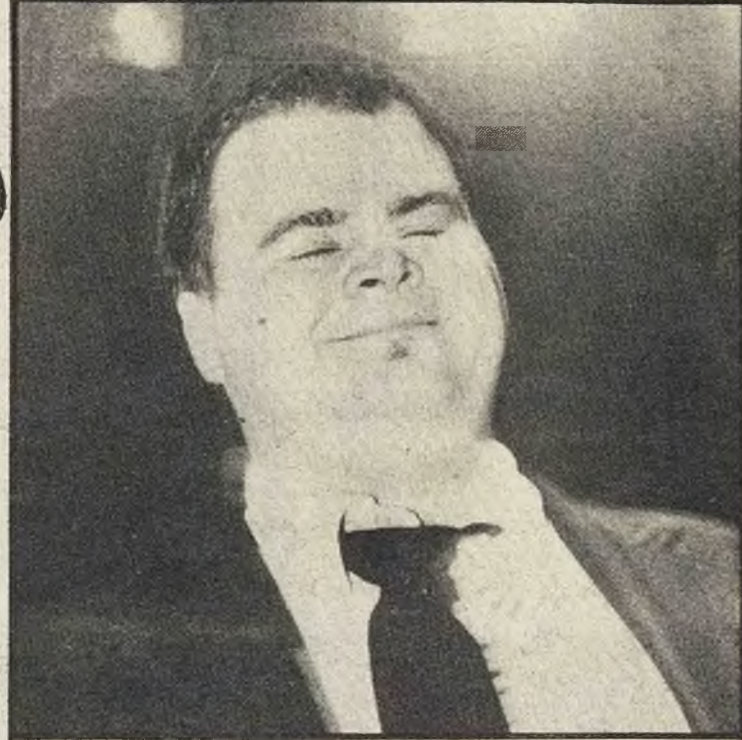
US SINGLES

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Morning Train (Nine To Five).....	Sheena Easton
2	(3)	Angel Of The Morning.....	Juice Newton
3	(5)	Being With You.....	Smokey Robinson
4	(4)	Just The Two Of Us.....	Grover Washington Jr.
5	(9)	Bette Davis Eyes.....	Kim Carnes
6	(7)	Take It On The Run.....	REO Speedwagon
7	(2)	Kiss On My List.....	Daryl Hall & John Oates
8	(8)	Her Town Too.....	James Taylor & J D Souther
9	(6)	Rapture.....	Blondie
10	(10)	Somebody's Knockin'.....	Terri Gibbs
11	(13)	Watching The Wheels.....	John Lennon
12	(22)	Living Inside Myself.....	Gino Vannelli
13	(24)	Sukiyaki.....	A Taste Of Honey
14	(20)	How 'Bout Us.....	Champaign
15	(16)	Ain't Even Done With The Night.....	John Cougar
16	(21)	Too Much Time On My Hands.....	Styx
17	(18)	You Better You Bet.....	The Who
18	(19)	I Love You.....	Climax Blues Band
19	(12)	Don't Stand So Close To Me.....	The Police
20	(23)	Sweetheart.....	Franke & The Knockouts
21	(11)	While You See A Chance.....	Steve Winwood
22	(28)	A Woman Needs Love (Just Like You Do) Ray Parker Jnr. & Raydio	
23	(—)	Stars On 45.....	Starsound
24	(27)	I Missed Again.....	Phil Collins
25	(—)	This Little Girl.....	Gary U.S. Bonds
26	(—)	America.....	Neil Diamond
27	(—)	What Are We Doin' In Love.....	Dottie West
28	(30)	Love You Like I Never Loved You Before.....	John O'Banion
29	(14)	I Can't Stand It.....	Eric Clapton
30	(—)	Say You'll Be Mine.....	Christopher Cross

Courtesy "Cash Box"

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Hi Infidelity.....	REO Speedwagon
2	(2)	Paradise Theatre.....	Styx
3	(3)	Face Dances.....	The Who
4	(5)	Arc Of A Diver.....	Steve Winwood
5	(11)	Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap.....	AC/DC
6	(4)	Moving Pictures.....	Rush
7	(7)	Winelight.....	Grover Washington Jr
8	(8)	Greatest Hits.....	Kenny Rogers
9	(9)	Dad Loves His Work.....	James Taylor
10	(6)	Double Fantasy.....	John Lennon/Yoko Ono
11	(10)	Another Ticket.....	Eric Clapton
12	(12)	Crimes Of Passion.....	Pat Benatar
13	(16)	Being With You.....	Smokey Robinson
14	(14)	Zenyatta Mondatta.....	The Police
15	(13)	The Jazz Singer.....	Neil Diamond
16	(15)	Guilty.....	Barbra Streisand
17	(18)	The Dude.....	Quincy Jones
18	(19)	Back In Black.....	AC/DC
19	(17)	Autoamerican.....	Blondie
20	(20)	Loverboy.....	Loverboy
21	(24)	Face Value.....	Phil Collins
22	(23)	Nightwalker.....	Gino Vannelli
23	(25)	Zebop!.....	Santana
24	(21)	Gap Band III.....	Gap Band
25	(—)	A Woman Needs Love.....	Ray Parker Jr & Raydio
26	(29)	Christopher Cross.....	Christopher Cross
27	(26)	The Nature Of The Beast.....	April Wine
28	(30)	Extended Play.....	Pretenders
29	(22)	Sucking In The Seventies.....	Rolling Stones
30	(—)	Modern Times.....	Jefferson Starship

US Charts Courtesy "CASH BOX"



Not happy? Pere Ubu's David Thomas, winner of the Clark Gable lookalike contest, is stricken with angst as his LP strolls into the indie Top 3. David also works part-time as a bar-stool intellectual at The Muscular Arms, Putney (prop: Nat Spizz).

UK ALBUMS

			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier Adam & The Ants (CBS)		24 1
2	(2)	Hotter Than July.....	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	25 1
3	(16)	Living Ornaments Box Set Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)		2 3
4	(10)	Jazz Singer.....	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	23 4
5	(3)	Future Shock.....	Gillan (Virgin)	3 3
6	(30)	Chart Busters '81.....	Various (K-Tel)	2 6
7	(8)	Faith.....	The Cure (Fiction)	3 7
8	(4)	Come An' Get It.....	Whitesnake (Liberty)	4 4
9	(4)	The Flowers Of Romance Public Image Limited (Virgin)		4 3
10	(12)	Hit And Run.....	Girlschool (Bronze)	3 10
11	(6)	Makin' Movies.....	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	17 3
12	(13)	Face Value.....	Phil Collins (Virgin)	9 2
13	(11)	Journeys To Glory Spandau Ballet (Reformation)		9 3
14	(14)	Go For It.....	Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	2 14
15	(20)	Vienna.....	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	13 2
16	(6)	Sky 3.....	Sky (Ariola)	5 3
17	(21)	To Each.....	A Certain Ratio (Factory)	2 21
18	(—)	Double Fantasy John Lennon & Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)		23 1
19	(—)	Chariots Of Fire.....	Vangelis (Polydor)	1 19
20	(17)	Manilow Magic.....	Barry Manilow (Arista)	38 3
21	(15)	Intuition.....	Linx (Chrysalis)	5 10
22	(—)	Christopher Cross Christopher Cross (W. Bros)		4 16
23	(—)	The Dude.....	Quincy Jones (A&M)	1 23
24	(—)	Hi Infidelity.....	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	1 24
24	(—)	Very Best Of.....	Rita Coolidge (A&M)	6 16
26	(19)	Face Dances.....	The Who (Polydor)	7 5
27	(—)	Making Waves.....	The Nolans (Epic)	9 12
27	(27)	Author! Author!.....	Scars (Pre)	4 20
29	(18)	From The Tearooms.....	Landscape (RCA)	5 18
30	(23)	Psychedelic Jungle.....	The Cramps (A&M)	2 23

BUBBLING UNDER

This Is Ennio Morricone — Ennio Morricone (EMI)
Axe Attack Vol 2 — Various (K-Tel)
Prayers On Fire — Birthday Party (4AD)
The Completion Backward Principle — The Tubes (Capitol)
Living Ornaments 1979 — Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)
Living Ornaments 1980 — Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)

INDIES 33s

- 1 To Each..... A Certain Ratio (Factory)
- 2 He Who Dares Wins... Theatre Of Hate (SSSS/Burning Rome)
- 3 390 Degrees Of Simulated Stereo... Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
- 4 Lubricate Your Living Room... Fire Engines (Accessory)
- 5 Prayers On Fire..... Birthday Party (4AD)
- 6 Mesh And Lace..... Modern English (4AD)
- 7 Signing Off..... UB40 (Graduate)
- 8 Closer..... Joy Division (Factory)
- 9 Unknown Pleasures..... Joy Division (Factory)
- 10 Dub Landing..... Scientist (Starlight)
- 11 Dirt Wears White Sox..... Adam And The Ants (Do-It)
- 12 Stations Of The Cross..... Crass (Crass)

INDIES 45s

- 1 Candy Skin..... Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
- 2 States 10'..... The Fall (Rough Trade)
- 3 Why..... Discharge (Clay)
- 4 Dogs Of War..... Exploited (Secret)
- 5 All Systems Go..... Poison Girls (Crass)
- 6 Rebel Without A Brain... Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
- 7 Obscenes..... 999 (Albion)
- 8 Nagasaki Nightmares..... Crass (Crass)
- 9 You're No Good..... E.S.G. (Factory)
- 10 Sing Me A Song EP..... Marc Bolan (Ran)
- 11 Touch..... Zeit Geist (Human)
- 12 Ceremony..... New Order (Factory)

REGGAE

- 1 Rub A Dub Style / Natural High... Al Campbell (Greensleeves)
- 2 In The Middle Of The Night... Yvonne Douglas (S&G)
- 3 Natural High..... Claudia Fontaine (JB)
- 4 Hopelessly Devoted To You... Carol Thompson (S&G)
- 5 Love Is What You Make It... Investigators (Inner City)
- 6 Checking It Out..... Sonia (S&S)
- 7 Wide Awake In A Dream (pre 7')... Barry Briggs (Aftik)
- 8 Happiness Forgets..... Erol Dunkley (Nutty Congo)
- 9 Just Can't Win My Soul (pre 7')... Sugar Minott (Jabba Roots)
- 10 Gone West..... Desi All Stars (Black Joy)

DISCO

- 1 Stars On 45..... Starsound (CBS)
- 2 Ai No Corrida..... Quincy Jones (A&M)
- 3 Candidate For Love..... T. S. Monk (Warner Bros)
- 4 By All Means..... Alphonse Mouzon (Excalibur)
- 5 Can You Feel It..... Jacksons (Epic)
- 6 Good Thing Going..... Sugar Minott (RCA)
- 7 Body Talk..... Imagination (R&B)
- 8 Happiness Dance..... Clash (CBS)
- 9 60 Thrills A Minute..... Mystic Merlin (Capitol)
- 10 Time..... Light Of The World (Phonogram)

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 Fernando..... Abba (Epic)
- 2 Save Your Kisses For Me..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
- 3 Jungle Rock..... Hank Mizell (Charly)
- 4 S-S-S-Single Bed..... Fox (GTO)
- 5 Get Up And Boogie..... Silver Convention (Magnet)
- 6 Silver Star..... Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
- 7 Love Me Like I Love You..... Bay City Rollers (Bell)
- 8 Disco Connection..... Isaac Hayes Movement (ABC)
- 9 All By Myself..... Eric Carmen (Arista)
- 10 Convoy GB..... Lauri Lingo & The Dipsticks (State)

Week ending May 8, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 Pretty Flamingo..... Manfred Mann (HMV)
- 2 Daydream..... Lovin' Spoonful (Pye Int.)
- 3 Sloop John B..... Beach Boys (Capitol)
- 4 You Don't Have To Say You Love Me..... Dusty Springfield (Philips)
- 5 The Pied Piper..... Crispian St Peters (Decca)
- 6 Bang Bang..... Cher (Liberty)
- 7 Shotgun Wedding..... Roy C (Island)
- 8 Hold Tight... Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
- 9 Alfie..... Cilla Black (Parlophone)
- 10 Sound Of Silence..... Bachelors (Decca)

Week ending May 13, 1966

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 Brown Sugar..... Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
- 2 Knock Three Times..... Dawn (Bell)
- 3 Double Barrel..... Dave & Ansell Collins (Technique)
- 4 Mozart 40th Symphony..... Waldo de Los Rios (A&M)
- 5 I Don't Come Easy..... Ringo Starr (Apple)
- 6 Remember Me..... Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
- 7 Theme From Love Story..... Andy Williams (CBS)
- 8 Jig-A-Jig..... East Of Eden (Deram)
- 9 Indiana Wants Me..... R Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)
- 10 Hot Love..... T. Rex (Fly)

Week ending May 12, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 Blue Moon..... Marcell (Pye Int.)
- 2 You're Driving Me Crazy..... Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
- 3 On The Rebound..... Floyd Cramer (RCA)
- 4 Runaway..... Del Shannon (London)
- 5 Don't Treat Me Like A Child..... Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
- 6 More Than I Can Say..... Bobby Vee (London)
- 7 Theme From Dixie..... Duane Eddy (London)
- 8 Wooden Heart..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 9 Frightened City..... Shadows (Columbia)
- 10 African Waltz..... Johnny Dankworth (Columbia)

Week ending May 13, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

YOU DO CALL IT ENNY, DON'T YOU?

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

Eight shows in summer

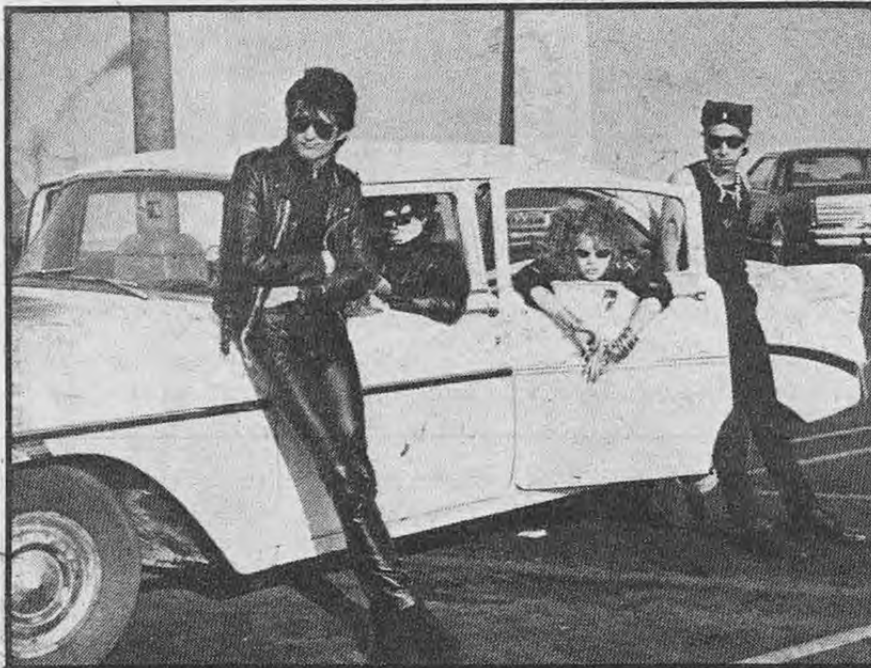
DYLAN VISITS MAGGIE'S FARM

BOB DYLAN was this week confirmed for a string of midsummer concerts in Britain — six in London and two in Birmingham. It's his first visit since 1978, and comes as a surprise even to co-promoters Harvey Goldsmith and Barry Clayman, who were totally unaware until a week ago that Dylan was ready and willing to perform here.

He appears at London Earls Court — where he played six concerts three years ago — from Friday June 26 to Wednesday July 1 inclusive. Then he moves out of the capital to play two shows at Birmingham International Arena at the National Exhibition Centre on Saturday and Sunday, July 4 and 5. The two venues each have a 15,000 capacity, and all shows start at 8 pm.

As on his last visit, Dylan will be backed by a full band — though, because of the short notice, details of the line-up aren't yet known. Neither is it clear whether in view of his recent conversion to Christianity his concerts will have religious overtones. There were plans last year for him to take part in a Billy Graham crusade, but it seems he's no longer associated with the Graham organisation. Although material from his 1980 album 'Saved' can be expected in his set, Goldsmith anticipates he will concentrate mainly on "the old favourites".

Tickets are available by postal application only, and for both venues they are priced £8.80 and £7.80, including booking fee. They are available now from Bob Dylan, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only (no cheques accepted) made payable to "G.P. Productions", and enclose s.a.e. The date of the show for which tickets are required should be written clearly on the back of your envelope, and up to six weeks allowed for delivery.



THE CRAMPS (above) return to Britain, hot on the heels of their chart success with their album 'Psychodelic Jungle', to headline a two-leg tour. And to tie in with their visit, a single titled 'Goo Goo Muck' (pressed in gooeey yellow) is issued by IRS through A&M on May 15 — it's a re-mixed track from their hit album though the B-side 'She Said' isn't on the LP.

They play Nottingham Rock City (May 14), Edinburgh Nite Club (15), Glasgow Strathclyde University (16), Leeds Tiffany's (17), Keele University (20), Retford Porterhouse (22), Liverpool Royal Court (23), Huddersfield Club Eros (25), Loughborough University (26), Manchester University (27) and Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (28).

Then they're off to the Continent to play 13 gigs in France and the Low Countries, returning here in mid-June for a further string of dates — these are still being finalised, but will definitely include a major London concert. The Meteors are the support act for all the May dates.

51
52
51
18

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE



Pic: Andy Rosen

Belles, Scars, Girls at ICA

THE BELLE STARS (above), Fad Gadget, Altered Images, Scars, Blur and Girls At Our Best are the headliners in the fourth Rock Week to be staged at London's Institute of Contemporary Arts in The Mall. And for the first time, video selections — including some produced by bands on their own — will be screened during the intervals. Tickets are £2.50 (plus 40p ICA day membership), and the full line up comprises:

The Belle Stars, Talisman and Kan Kan (Tuesday, May 12); Fad Gadget, Eddie Maelov and Sunshine Patteson, Tom Dolby and Matt Fretton (Wednesday, 13); Altered Images, Manufactured Romance and Case (Thursday, 14); Scars, BIM and OK Jive (Friday, 15); Blur, Birthday Party and The Ivory Coasters (Saturday, 16); and Girls At Our Best, Bumble & The Bees and Animal Answer (Sunday, 17).

● This week, The Belle Stars are supporting The Clash in four concerts on the Continent. They return to headline the ICA gig and at London Camden Dingwalls (May 14), and on May 21 they take over the support spot in the second leg of The Beat's tour — climaxing in two London shows at the Rainbow (May 31) and Hammersmith Palais (June 1).

Taj, Aswad, Au Pairs for Glastonbury

THIS YEAR'S Glastonbury Fayre marks the event's tenth anniversary, and the organisers are re-erecting the 50-ft silver pyramid — with the stage set halfway up — which was a feature of the original 1971 festival. It will be sited on a major ley-line. For the first time this year, there's a CND involvement, with all proceeds being donated to that campaign. Once again, the three-day event is held over the Midsummer Solstice (June 19-21) at its usual site — Worthy Farm, Pilton, near Shepton Mallet in Somerset.

Among acts who have agreed to appear are Roy Harper, Gordon Giltrap, Judie Tzuke, Taj Mahal, Hawkwind, Ginger Baker, Tim Blake, John Cooper Clarke, Decline And Fall (ex-Only Ones), Tim Pickett, The Au Pairs, The Members, Supercharge, Aswad and Talisman. Advance tickets at £8 each (for the full three days) are available by post from CND, 11 Goodwin Street, London N4 3HQ.

Quads join month-long March For Jobs

CLASH OR WHO FOR MASS RALLY?

ALTHOUGH NO OFFICIAL confirmation could be obtained from either source, both The Who and The Clash have been mooted as headliners of a massive rally in South London's Brockwell Park at the end of the month-long People's March For Jobs.

It is already predicted that a minimum of 100,000 fans and protesters will attend the park event, many of them having hauled themselves at least part of the 280 miles from the march's origin in Liverpool.

Brockwell Park, scene of an impressive Anti Nazi League festival in the summer of 1979, will be the most conspicuous of a sequence of musical fund-raisers being laid on by march organisers, the TUC.

Before the May 1 starting pistol there were already donations from The Specials and The Jam. But perhaps the most devoted support comes from Birmingham's The Quads, who were themselves unemployed 18 months ago, as was the dad of lead singer Josh Jones. Marching by day and playing by night, the group have so far committed themselves to 17 dates at all the major stop-overs along the way.

They are as follows: Stockport Poco-a-Poco (tonight, Thursday); Congleton, at an undecided venue (this Saturday); Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (May 11); Telford Oakengates Town Hall (13); Wolverhampton Poly (14); Walsall Town Hall (15); West Bromwich Sandwell Valley (16); Birmingham Bingley Hall (18); Nuneaton Co-op Hall (19); Coventry Technical College (20); Rugby Workers Union Club (21); Northampton Nene College (22); Bedford Corn Exchange (23); Hemel Hempstead Highfield School (26); Wembley Brent Town Hall (28); Southall Community Centre (29); and London Brockwell Park, Herne Hill (30).

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

NEW SINGLE

THE WAITING

b/w NIGHTWATCHMAN

MCA 699

MCA RECORDS
1 Great Pultney Street, London W1R 3FWBackstreet
RECORDS



MARK THOMAS



CONNY JUDE



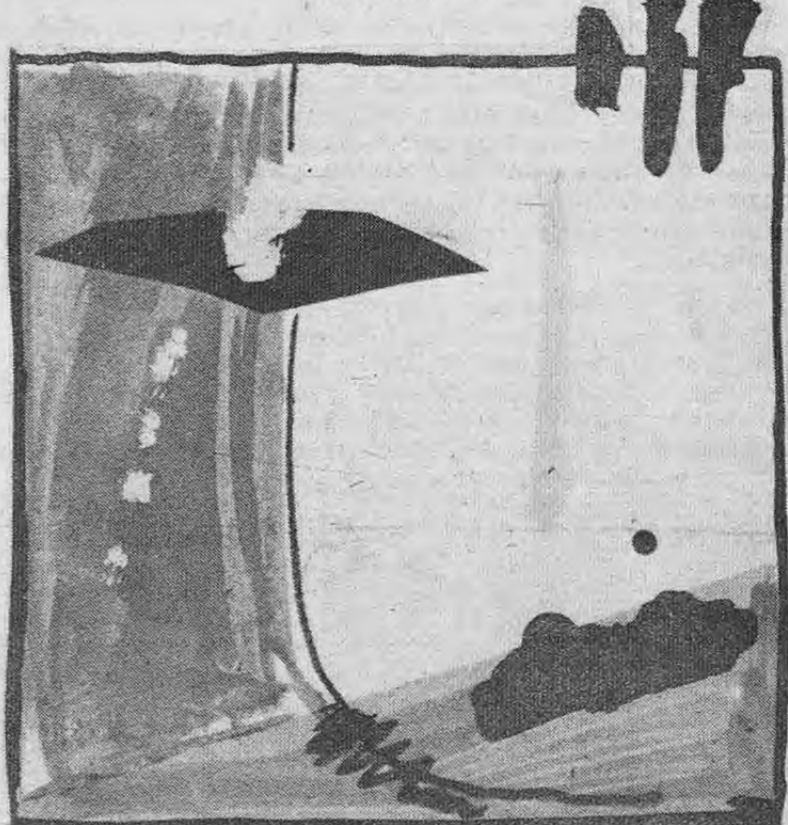
PENNIE SMITH



ANDREW DOUGLAS



MARTYN GODDARD



BILL SMITH

VITAL CULTURAL CLUE 103

FOR FOUR YEARS, graphic designer Bill Smith has handled all The Jam's packaging, recently culminating in his first

TOTP-orientated video of the lads. Last January, it occurred to Smith he'd like to see an exhibit of work by all the people he'd "used at one time or another in connection with work for The Jam, Jimmy Pursey, The Associates, The Ruts, The Cure, Genesis and the other groups I do".

Smith approached London's Neal Street Gallery with his idea and to his surprise they said "Great, just put it together and bring it in". So he proceeded to galvanise five

professional acquaintances (all, like himself, freelancers) and asked each to contribute ten pieces of work.

The contributors include noted NME lensperson and frequent exhibitionist Pennie Smith, as well as Bill Smith himself, plus illustrators Mark Thomas and Conny Jude, and photogs Martyn Goddard and Andrew Douglas. Most have marshalled at least some completely new stuff for the outing (entitled 10 x 6), but the styles of each artist will probably already be familiar to most rockophiles.

Conny Jude's inimitable representations

of reality, though spread over a number of differing publications, have continued to gravitate towards images of rock idolatry ever since her Royal College of Art show with its Soho street frontage (speciality: the Elvis collector's window). Martyn Goddard holds the record for shifting copies of the *Sunday Telegraph Magazine* thanks to his full-face cover shot of Debbie Harry and accompanying feature. Mark Thomas — an airbrush-oriented illustrator working in advertising and the *Radio Times/New Scientist* field — Smith met when he did the ad graphics for The Jam's 'Start' single. And photoq Douglas works regularly with The

Psychédélic Furs, New Musik, Toyah and The Associates.

Organiser Smith says his own offerings will also be half new work in "a mostly simple and abstract style along the lines of the sleeve I did for The Cure's 'Boys Don't Cry'". At presstime it seemed that Smith had achieved his aim to assemble "as completely variable an assortment as possible". Check it out — it beats sex education and will be on show from May 7 through May 23 at the Neal Street Gallery, 56 Neal Street, London WC2 from 10-6pm Mondays through Saturdays.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Stiff and Blocks in post-matrimony alimony acrimony

DURY TAXIS TO NASSAU

IAN DURY, currently recording a solo album in Nassau, has already laid down three tracks with top reggae sessionmen Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. Former Blockhead member Chaz Jankel has also contributed to these tracks, though the main reason for his presence in the Caribbean is to record his own solo LP. It's understood that a number of leading Jamaican musicians will contribute to Dury's set, with the line-up varying from track to track.

A spokesman told NME: "This is a pre-arranged plan on the part of both Ian and the band to widen their scope. The Blockheads will also be recording their own album, and there will be a joint live LP later in the year." The live LP, which will be taken "from all eras of

the band's existence", should include performances with Chaz Jankel, Wilko Johnson and occasional guest-star Don Cherry. All three albums are expected to appear on Polydor.

Suggestions of a break between Dury and The Blockheads — inspired by his solo recording and his solo appearance in the MENCAP London charity concert on June 1 — can be discounted, with the news that they are to appear together in Holland's Pink Pop Festival on June 8, followed by festivals in Denmark (27) and Norway (28).

● ACCORDING TO Blockheads keyboards player Mickey Gallagher, the band's departure

from Stiff was less than amicable, writes Nick Kent.

"Certain people at Stiff were trying to put us in our place, so to speak," Gallagher claims, further alleging that Stiff were to blame for the relative commercial failure of the 'Laughter' LP and 'Sueperman's Big Sister' single.

"I can only put it down to the label's policy of deliberately slackening off that those records failed to sell as well as they should."

Peter Jenner, Ian Dury's manager, was less forthright when these points were put to him. Although he thought 'Sueperman' to be as

"commercially viable" as 'Rhythm Stick', he was reluctant to attribute their failure completely to Stiff.

"There's nothing I want to put my finger on, and I don't wish to imply anything beyond... well, there was a rather fraught period towards the end of our dealings. Put it down to the differences between soldiers and generals. The move was made despite the efforts of the label's 'soldiers' who always backed Ian and the band to the very, very best of their capabilities. I only wish I could say the same for certain generals."

Dave Robinson, Stiff supremo, was in no mood to bandy words, when asked about Dury.

"I'm not very much interested in answering any of these questions. They're not stimulating my imagination. Now a good court case... I haven't had one of those for a long time."

Ginger calls our bluff — almost

GINGER BAKER tried to get his own back on NME this week, in response to our April Fool news story five weeks ago which implied that the master drummer was joining Public Image Ltd.

An official handout from his management announced that the name of his new band would be Ginger Baker's Public Image, which appeared to have been inspired by the NME item. Our initial reaction was to seek Virgin's response to this plagiarism, and the wheels were set in motion to obtain quotes from PiL's John Lydon and Virgin boss Richard Branson.

Meanwhile, we tracked down Baker's manager Roy Ward — who finally admitted that it was a put-up job. The band's correct name had been sent to all other papers, but a special one-off

Baker for PiL

GINGER BAKER, legendary drummer and founder member of 'supergroup' Cream, has joined Public Image Ltd. He is now in intensive rehearsal for

handout was prepared for NME's benefit in the hope of catching us out. Close, but no cigar.

Ginger Baker's Nutters — their genuine name — are just back from an Italian tour, and are currently rehearsing for their debut British dates. Their first UK appearances are at London Marquee on May 18 and 19, and the rest of their gigs will be announced in a week or two.

Besides Baker, the line-up features Keith Hale — writer of Toyah's hit 'It's A Mystery' and, like Ginger, a fugitive from Hawkwind — plus satirical rock duo Trimmer & Jenkins.

THEY LOOK a nice couple. Timidly tottering into view, they remove layers of cautious rainwear to reveal Eddie dressed in '50s evening suit — white jacket, bow tie, black trousers — and Sunshine with immaculately pinned-back

EDDIE & SUNSHINE sculpted by CHRIS BOHN

Revox tape recorder — an unlikely modern feature of their stage set — and they add occasional live guitar and keyboards. Their songs are clipped tableaux vivants, the duo interpreting them with the studied concentration of kids at dance classes.

care anymore, least of all Eddie and Sunshine.

The only aspect to survive the group is the duo's predilection for performance. In GM they used to act out some songs, but performance in such a rock setting is invariably uneasy and their often clumsy variant was no exception. Yet going by their

up with their present act, which is far more potent than is immediately obvious. Like those old songs, memories of it linger on.

Fortunate that their re-emergence coincides with a breakdown of rock purists' restrictive codes, they now have clubs to go to where tolerant yet critical audiences allow some highly erratic but adventurous performers a chance to play

appearances can be deceptive.

This couple is a timeless one, difficult to place — could be *Coronation Street* or maybe *This Happy Breed*. Their faces are expressionless, almost gormless, emotions hidden by heavily applied grease paint. This couple is as deliberately moulded as golden Gilbert and George, the 'living sculptures'

Eddie and Sunshine are an odd couple who've emerged from the ashes of Gloria Mundi to take advantage of the more pragmatic audiences now populating clubs like Cabaret Futura. Their new, understated adventure into what they quite accurately describe as modern cabaret couldn't be further

brave new act, it was the setting that was wrong more than their ideas. Consequently, they're far better received under their new guise.

To date they've only completed some half dozen shows since their debut at a party opening up the V Video studios in which we're sitting. At the time they were still

first before making up their minds.

"It's been great in a way coming across the Cabaret Futura," concurs Eddie. "We were really dreading the idea of coming back to play at places like the Marquee. Playing these new clubs is really much more exciting for performers, as people act and react to what

of the late '60s who used to gyrate on a pedestal while tunelessly intoning 'Underneath The Arches'.

But nothing Eddie and Sunshine do is aimed at such an obvious response button, a rigidly sweet reading of 'Magic Moments' aside. Mostly, they throw out hooks in the shape of slides and pictures dredged from either their own past or more common archives, which they juxtapose with quietly impressive songs.

Music emanates from a

removed from the tortured noise GM used to make, which was condemned by its nature to increasingly empty rock sweat joints like the Marquee and the Music Machine.

Gloria Mundi were angst-ridden obsessives, tailor-made for small cult followings. They signed to disinterested major RCA, who reluctantly released two overwrought, under-worked albums 'I Individual' and 'The Word Is Out' into an uncaring world. By the time the second came out nobody seemed to

working on new ideas.

"As it was a party we didn't want to do anything bitter," says Sunshine. "So we just decided to dress up..."

"And we loved it," interrupts Eddie. "The people liked it too. It was really nice to work onstage, discovering that they liked it — after all these years we managed a performance without half of the people throwing cans and the other half coming backstage after trying to find out the meaning of the lyrics. It was a very nice feeling..."

So they pursued it and came

you're doing."

Still smarting from their experience with Gloria Mundi, they're approaching recording more cautiously this time, though they've just released a single, called 'Lines', on Human Records. Unsurprisingly, taking into account their very visual presentation, they're equally interested in video and have already completed a couple with London video maker Peter Shelton.

Evidently, Eddie and Sunshine want to be seen and heard. Catch them on the Cabaret Futura tour.



Frayed cuffs? 'Fraid so.

Pic: Peter Anderson

Ray Lowry



"Now over to our community relations correspondent for a gullible, white, middle-class, university-educated non-entity's view of today's events."

Next Week In

NME

JAMES DEAN

Tony Parsons lacerates the legend

THE CURE

Chris Bohn and Anton Corbijn take The Cure in Chelmsford

DISCHARGE

Paul Du Noyer (not to be out done by Bohn and Corbijn) takes a trip to Stoke-on-Trent and falls out with Discharge

(A Doctor writes: Lacerates? Discharge? The Cure? Is this a medical issue?)

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YOKO: LIFE ON MY ONO

IN NEW YORK promoting his new Beatles biography *Shout!* journalist Philip Norman was surprised to receive a phone call from Yoko Ono, after he'd made a brief TV appearance on a local chatshow talking about John Lennon. Norman was invited over to meet Yoko in the Dakota Building apartment where the Lennons had spent their last years together, and the resultant interview was published in last week's *Sunday Times*.

In a conversation that's inevitably laced with pathos — the subjects covered included stories of John's now-renowned period of domestic contentment, the couple's earliest encounters and their traumatic though temporary separation, and Yoko's efforts to cope with her sudden bereavement — there's also evidence of her resolve to remain active. Gradually, she's emerged from seclusion to pursue a career as an artist in her own right. With the single 'Walking On Thin Ice' already released, Yoko's now immersed in work on the solo LP she's recording with producer Phil Spector.

But for the moment, of course, it's her reminiscences of John that offer the most interest: like the moment that they met backstage after Lennon's surprise appearance with Elton John in New York, and decided to give their marriage another go — or the tale of their craze for health food ("It's so ironic. Since December I've been telling Sean, 'Eat anything you want. It doesn't matter.'")

Although she betrays a distinct coolness on the subject of the other Beatles — "the in-laws", as she refers to them — Yoko does recall one revealing quote: "John used to say he'd had two great partnerships — one with Paul McCartney, the other with Yoko Ono. 'And I discovered both of them,' he used to say. 'That isn't bad going, is it?'"

— PAUL DU NOYER



THE MEMBERS' rehearsal room is a cramped pit called The Bunker in the heart of Notting Hill. In a basement below the secondhand clothes shop where JC spends his Saturdays, the group are running through the songs from a fresh chunky funk set. From the noise that filters through the pavement to the street outside, it's obvious that, despite tribulations that would have broken most bands, The Members' snappy pop enthusiasm is still intact.

Steve 'Rudi' Thompson is the only person from their recently recruited horn section, and he's playing sax sitting down, cradling crutches and the broken leg he sustained on holiday.

"We were all really jealous when he went, 'cos we haven't had a holiday for ages," complains Nicky Tesco. "We told him to go break a leg. And he did."

Just as in their early days they incorporated reggae rhythms into white chart pop, the sound of the cellar is a dis-Membered funk. Fed through a cheerful chart accessibility, it keeps a proper respect for the real feel of the style, and results in an energetic hybrid that's characteristically their own.

In a restaurant further down the road, JC and Nicky explain the origins of their funk connection and the sudden sharp flurry of interest in a group who slipped into oblivion when their contract with Virgin unceremoniously ended. Both have just a touch of the wide-boy about them and the quick wit that comes from six months spent on the proceeds of week-end wheeling and dealing down the Portobello Road.

"If you're making your money on street deals you become finer and sharper and keener. That does help," says JC.

After successful punk / rock / reggae singles like 'Sound Of The Suburbs' and 'Off-Shore Banking Business', The Members' Virgin honeymoon ended when their second album, named with unfortunate aptness '1980, The Choice Is Yours', failed to supply the sales that the company felt were necessary to continue their commitment. While Virgin faced financial difficulties, says JC, the group were constantly demanding the facilities they'd been promised when they signed.

"We wanted to release things exactly as we recorded them. Richard Branson said 'Why don't you do a version of 'Offshore Banking Business' called 'Off-Shore Wanking Business'.' We just looked at him in horror."

Would you buy a used rhythm from these men?



Pic: David Corio

DANCE MUSIC FOR THE DISPOSSESSED

LYNN HANNA finds funk in the bunker with
a rejuvenated duo of JC and Nicky Tesco

"It's the kind of thing you expect your kid brother to say, not some guy who's head of a company," adds Nicky. "It was just too much really, the fact that the whole organisation is in the hands of someone with the maturity of a 14 year old."

THE SPLIT didn't immediately dishearten them. With their air fares paid for by an advance from their agent, last September The Members went off and toured America

and Canada, a trip which was successful enough for them to consider setting up permanently in the States.

"New York's a great place, but I imagine it would kill us if we stayed there too long. It's 24 hours living, and if the place is open we'll be there. At least in London you're guaranteed some sleep."

On their return to England they were greeted by long-faced managers, one of whom was solemnly assuring them there was no money

available while the other arrived for financial meetings in an incongruously expensive American limousine.

The Members hid their equipment to stop it being sold, decided with perverse optimistic logic to expand to a horn section and retreated to The Bunker for the sort of thorough rehearsals that they'd never really undertaken since they'd started.

"We didn't get any confidence from anybody last

year," says JC. "We just fell back on the five people in the band and realised that you don't have to have a large organisation around you."

"It's where your power base lies," explains Nicky, "and the trouble with a lot of bands is that their power base lies where they think their financial base is. That's wrong, because if your emotional strength isn't within your unit, then obviously it's not working. I suddenly realised that the band were actually my best friends. If I was to leave, where would I go? What would be the point?"

It was in America that The Members dropped rock and started playing the music that gave them most pleasure; funk tinged reggae rhythms that gradually grew into their self-styled Dance Music For The Dispossessed.

"We didn't want to go in the direction of a lot of our compatriots from '78 who have gone into the heavy rock thing," says JC. "They're just getting back to the old macho thing."

"We get a lot more out of showing we can handle rhythms," adds Nicky. "And I'm just not built like a rock vocalist."

WHILE THEIR musical base has moved, The Members' subject matter has stayed the same, and although they stop short of political preaching, they've always illustrated their environment in songs that are incidental social sketches.

'Working Girl,' their single released through a one-off deal with Albion Records that the company now hopes to extend, was inspired by Nicky's feelings on being supported by his girlfriend and trying to reconcile unemployment with self-respect. Ironically, she lost her job a week after it was written. 'Man Overboard' is about losing control over your life in a society where credit facilities are constantly promoted as an easy way out of financial problems. 'Boys Like Us' was written after The Ruts' vocalist Malcolm Owen overdosed.

"It was just some stupid mistake," says Nicky. "I was very morbid and maudlin at the time. The song's a statement about where people like us come from."

"I didn't really want to see pages and pages of laudatory plaudits about him. But it would have been nice if the papers had been a little more aware of what his commitments had been to a lot of things. He was a good bloke and The Ruts as a band have had a lot of time for good causes. It sounds naff now, but good causes are important. And sometimes responsibilities have got to be faced. It's not necessarily politics; it's the day to day living on the streets, especially if you live round this area where, thank God, the whole race thing is a lot less tense than in Brixton."

With these sort of views and their past roots in punk realism, it's hardly surprising that The Members don't see their re-emergence as contributing to the dance stance that's purely escapist partying.

At present The Members' resilience looks on the point of paying off and the months they spent routinely trudging tapes round bored record company executives may not have been in vain. As well as the Albion deal, JC has a solo single "I Don't Have A Decent Pair Of Casual Trousers", for imminent release on Fresh.

"We're not frightened of anybody anymore. What was so good was you'd walk out of an office after somebody had just said that they couldn't hear a single in your songs, and think 'Stupid bastard, he doesn't know what he's talking about.'"

In 1981, the choice may be theirs.

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON



A Poser — one Gina P in home-made rubber (plant) gear at Demonic Dress Night at Hell



SAY CHEESE

TAKE HOPE nouveau snapshooters everywhere. Just one year ago American Ted Polhemus and his English girlfriend/partner Lynn Procter bought their first camera; on May 7 their joint photographic exhibition *Posers* opens at London's Photographer's Gallery for a month's run.

Between Ted's previous background (studies in social anthropology) and Lynn's (computer programming for the Civil Service) and the exhibition has of course come a lot of old-fashioned hustling and hard graft. Among its results have been stints with the ICA organising exhibits and events, joint books (two on anthropology, one on fashion) and a belated 'punk' column for *Vogue* entitled 'The Other Society'.

"It was meant to be a sort of anything-that-isn't-the-Court-Circular idea of 'other'," claims Lynn now, "but it did bring us in contact with Blitz and all that just when it began so we bought a camera to record stuff for the column. Then we started taking pictures of everything which interested us, and it began to mount up — especially colour because no one will print colour. So we took it to the gallery — but we were astonished when they decided to take us on as an exhibition."

The pair's orientation is as media-conscious as that of the folks they've documented ("The most hassle we ever got was from people whose pictures we *didn't* take"); witness the 'manifesto' they've concocted to 'explain' their subject to an already saturated public. It's intent on the usual (if not strictly factual) point that today "style is as important as music". See even more pix of the Blitzed types in *Posers* (the gallery is at 5 Great Newport Street, London WC2) and judge for yourself.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

With A Little Help From My Friends, M'friends...

IT'S COMMONPLACE for hale and hearty showbiz celebrities to campaign on behalf of the sick and the handicapped. But when Radio Luxembourg disc jockey Stuart Henry commenced his Multiple Sclerosis Research Appeal last month there was one difference — he was campaigning in the role of one afflicted.

Multiple Sclerosis is a disease which attacks the central nervous system. No one knows its cause — or its cure. In Britain alone, there are 50,000 sufferers. Stuart Henry was diagnosed as having the complaint almost four years ago.

When it was announced that the Stuart Henry Multiple Sclerosis Research Appeal was to receive a £10-a-ticket launch at the Venue, the easiest thing for the music industry would have been to post off a donation and carry on trying to remedy its own ailments. That the Venue was packed to capacity last Tuesday was out of genuine regard for Stuart Henry.

Henry, who laughingly refers to himself as "a cripple out of the closet", admits that as he underwent a gradual process of physical deterioration, it took him some time to actually come out and face the truth.

"At first," he says, "it's those little things like suddenly being



Stuart Henry and Ollie

unable to do up your shirt buttons . . .

"The last thing that anyone with any kind of handicap wants is to become an object of curiosity. I did go through a period when I was . . . er, embarrassed. Mainly because I no longer lived up to that swingin' image that's associated with my profession. But that quickly passed.

It was because of the one-to-one intimacy exclusive only to radio and the freedom that Luxembourg's format afforded him that Henry decided to make public his affliction.

"When you see the kind of response that the appeal got at the Venue, it gives you encouragement and sustenance. The will to survive is a very natural human response — all you have to do is to learn how best to cope. Now, I feel that I can still do the job that I love and that my affliction doesn't prevent me from functioning.

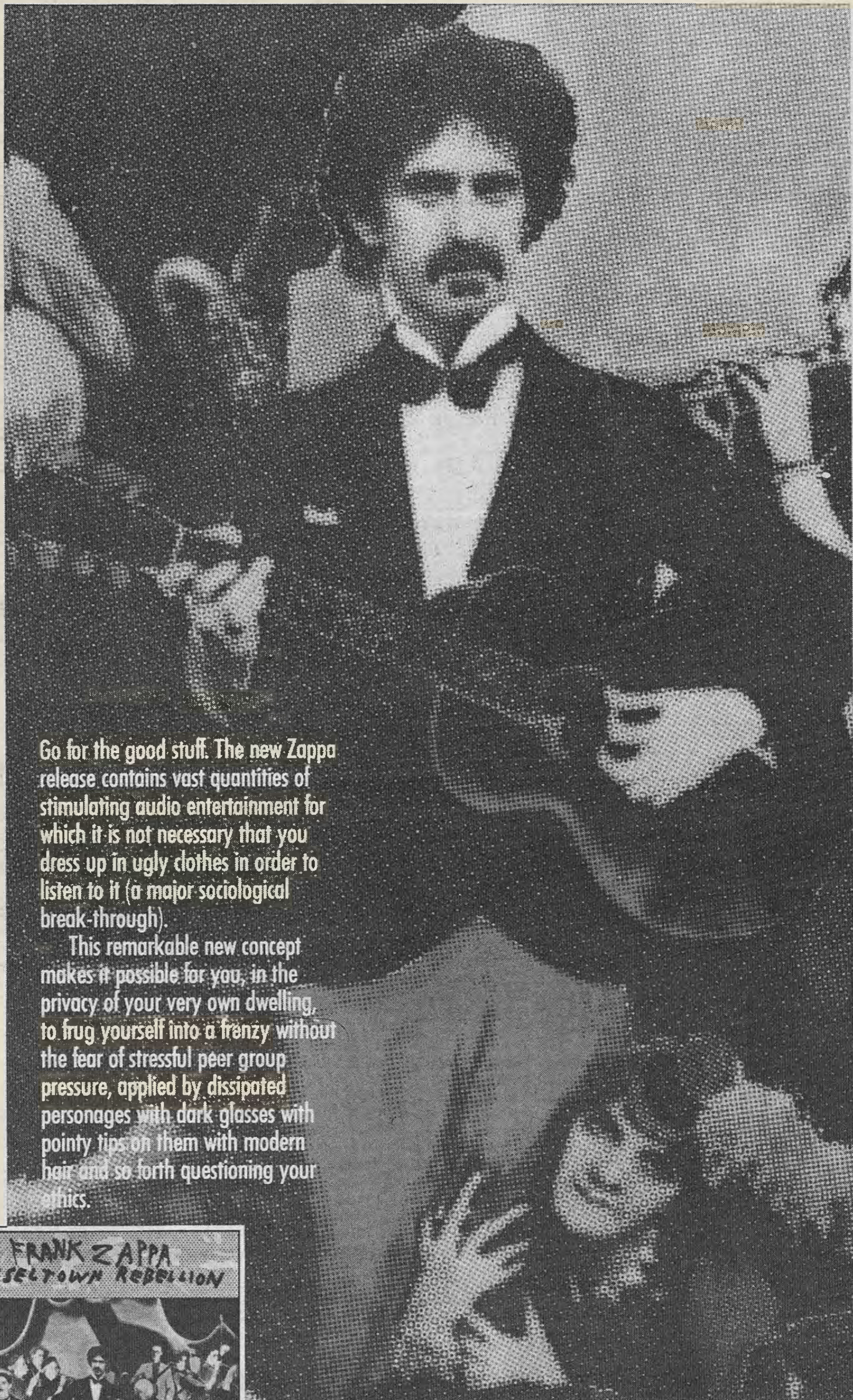
"And truthfully, I can't afford to retire."

And there was me thinking I'd got problems!

— ROY CARR

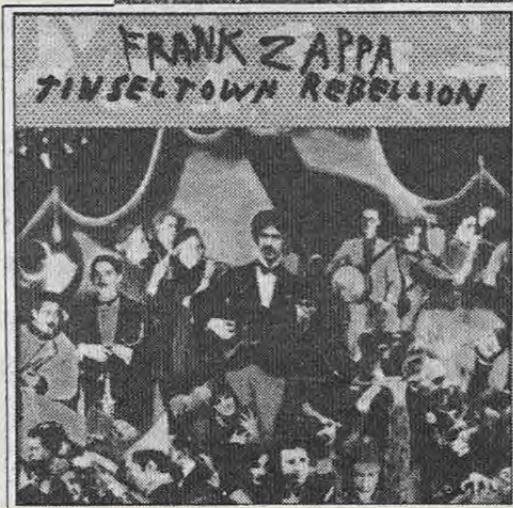
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TINSELTOWN REBELLION

FRANK ZAPPA

Frank Zappa
Tinseltown Rebellion
CBS 88516 40-88516



If you thought all Swedes were Abbarantos, think again. Report and pix: MARK RUSHER

THE SWEDISH IMAGE abroad is ice-cool Borg, bright white Abba, blond hair, blue eyes. They're healthy, wealthy and wise.

But it's not a good idea to judge anything by Abba — especially Swedish music. They have more in common with our Royal Family than with a rock band. Theirs is the picture that sells postcards and matchboxes and sauna mats in Swedish tourist shops. They help to create an image of Sweden that any proud upstanding Social Democrat worth his weight in Kroners would be pleased with.

They are clean, middle class and unthreatening. The only safety pins near them are the ones on their babies' nappies. Despite upheavals in their wedded bliss, they are still the perfect family to which all good Swedes are meant to aspire.

Thankfully there is more to Sweden than meets the eye. It's true that in comparison to us they have a really high standard of living. Stockholm is clean and public transport runs on time. If you don't have a job then you get high unemployment benefits. There's the semblance of sexual equality. It doesn't feel tense like London or Liverpool.

The state has become a sort of high tech nanny figure.

Despite everything, Stockholm blossoms with new bands. Everybody you talk to under 30 seems to be in one.

Pink Champagne are one of these. The thing that makes them different is that they are all women, and Sweden isn't full of all-women punk bands.

When I met them, they had just completed a spot on a prime time TV special in celebration of International Women's Day. The programme consisted of famous Swedish women drifting onto a sickly pink set, doing something womanly, and drifting off again. Pink Champagne were not happy with the way they had come across.

"We should have been more suspicious. We got the very lowest money, the shortest time, the ugliest set and we played badly. They didn't care about us. Still, next time we won't do it."

That'll show them. Pink Champagne were formed 18 months ago. English punk caused ripples in the normally passive Scandinavian fjords. The Sex Pistols opened doors. They were like the masterkey for a whole block of new unused flats.

"They came as a real shock to us, but a really positive one. We couldn't really have existed as an all-women's band four years ago. If we had done, we would have to have been so technically perfect. Punk made us realise that you didn't have to practise for 20 years before getting up on a stage."

It's Ann who answers. She's the lead singer, and in some ways appears to be the most



Pink Champagne from top: Stina, Karin, Ann, Gugge

confident. On stage she runs, jumps and whoops. Very theatrical, and very energetic. She's like a cross between Nina Hagen and Joe Strummer. You might not understand the Swedish she sings in, but you get the feeling. A snarl is the same in any language.

"When we first started, the response was really good, though some people said we

were just trying to make it as sex bombs. If we sang about things that made us angry we were called aggressive and hysterical, whereas male bands who sang about the same things were called strong and visionary. It's not a worry to us



N.Y. GETS IT TAPED

SONY STOWAWAYS and portable tape-radio "boxes" are everywhere in America these days, defining the rhythm of the streets. But until now the idea of cassette-only releases such as BEF's 'Music For Stowaways' or Bow Wow Wow's 'Your Cassette Pet' has been untried in America.

Now a new company called Reachout International Records is about to step into the gap with a series of independently produced cassettes featuring otherwise unavailable live performances.

The first release, scheduled for the end of April, is a live tape of Eight-Eyed Spy, a New York band that included Lydia Lunch on vocals and George Scott on bass. The band broke up following Scott's death last year. The performances were taped at various clubs, and remixing was done by Chris Stamey of The dB's.

The next releases, in May, will be James Chance and the Contortions, recorded at two New York clubs and mixed by Chance himself, and The Dictators, recorded in New York and mixed by Dictator guitarist Andy Shernoff. All releases will be album length or longer and produced on high-quality tape.

Reachout International is the project of Neil Cooper, a former booking agent with a background in the mail-order business. "I've been working on the concept of cassette-only releases for over a year," Cooper told me. "I was really surprised when people in England started doing it and beat me to it. But it's fine, they've created a market for it, created some acceptance for the idea."

The contracts involved are for one-off deals and are non-exclusive, so that the bands can record new material for cassette release and then later re-record the same songs for a record.

In America, Cooper plans to do a lot of his selling by mail order. In England the cassettes will be sold through independent record distributors. Cooper also plans to put out a newsletter about cassettes, to be mailed to Reachout's customers. The newsletter will list cassette-only releases around the world and run articles on topics such as the special requirements in mixing tapes for cassette reproduction.

— RICHARD GRABEL

though. The problem is in their heads, not ours. We just get on and play."

The music of Pink Champagne is not unlike Gang of Four's — powerful driving drums and bass, and that feeling that they might just fall apart at any moment. They don't. They never let up. Even a sensitive song about love is delivered in this manic style.

"Well, before punk, there was an alternative music scene in Sweden," says Karin, lead guitarist and youngest member. "It was called the New Swedish Music Movement, and it was all folk music. We wanted to be a rock and roll band. We were the first women's band that dressed up. We were never ashamed at being on stage."

I'm always a sucker for such a confident approach, but in Sweden you really need it if only to get through an eight-month winter. Stockholm is very cold and mostly full of snow. Its two million Swedes huddle together waiting for spring.

"Swedish people aren't naturally brave," says Karen. (Is anybody, says I?) "We've been protected by the Welfare system for so long. We have houses. We have money. People are afraid to say anything against it. Our parents' generation are so proud of what they have created here. It's not so much poverty that makes us fight, but more what we think about the state politically. We know this system is no good."

But how does music fit?

"Rock and roll is a weapon," enthuses Gugge. "It's one way to fight back. The state doesn't approve of punk. It threatens. Here in Sweden we have this movement called the

Non-Smoking Generation. The idea behind it is to encourage young people to lead clean lives. It's anti-drink, anti-drugs, anti-cigarettes and anti-rock music. This is the kind of moralism that we are up against. The government supports this movement. We feel our music must show an alternative to this. We have to say something useful."

I know what she means. In Sweden it feels like a political gesture to light a John Silver on

Ann: "Working collectively has really helped us. You're always kept on your toes. We once were asked to pose in a really smart clothes drinking pink champagne in this terrible Swedish magazine. We didn't do it. But if I had wanted to do it, the rest of the band would have said no. Then we would have talked about it. We have the control over the band. Not any one individual or big record company."

Karin: "We need each other anyway, because none of us are so very good. Individually we might be bad, but together we're really good!"

Whether or not Pink Champagne believe this for the rest of their lives remains to be seen, but spending time with them gives you no reason to doubt it. Their music reflects their life style. They play music that threatens, that questions and makes you think, that shows there's more to Swedish music than conquering the world.

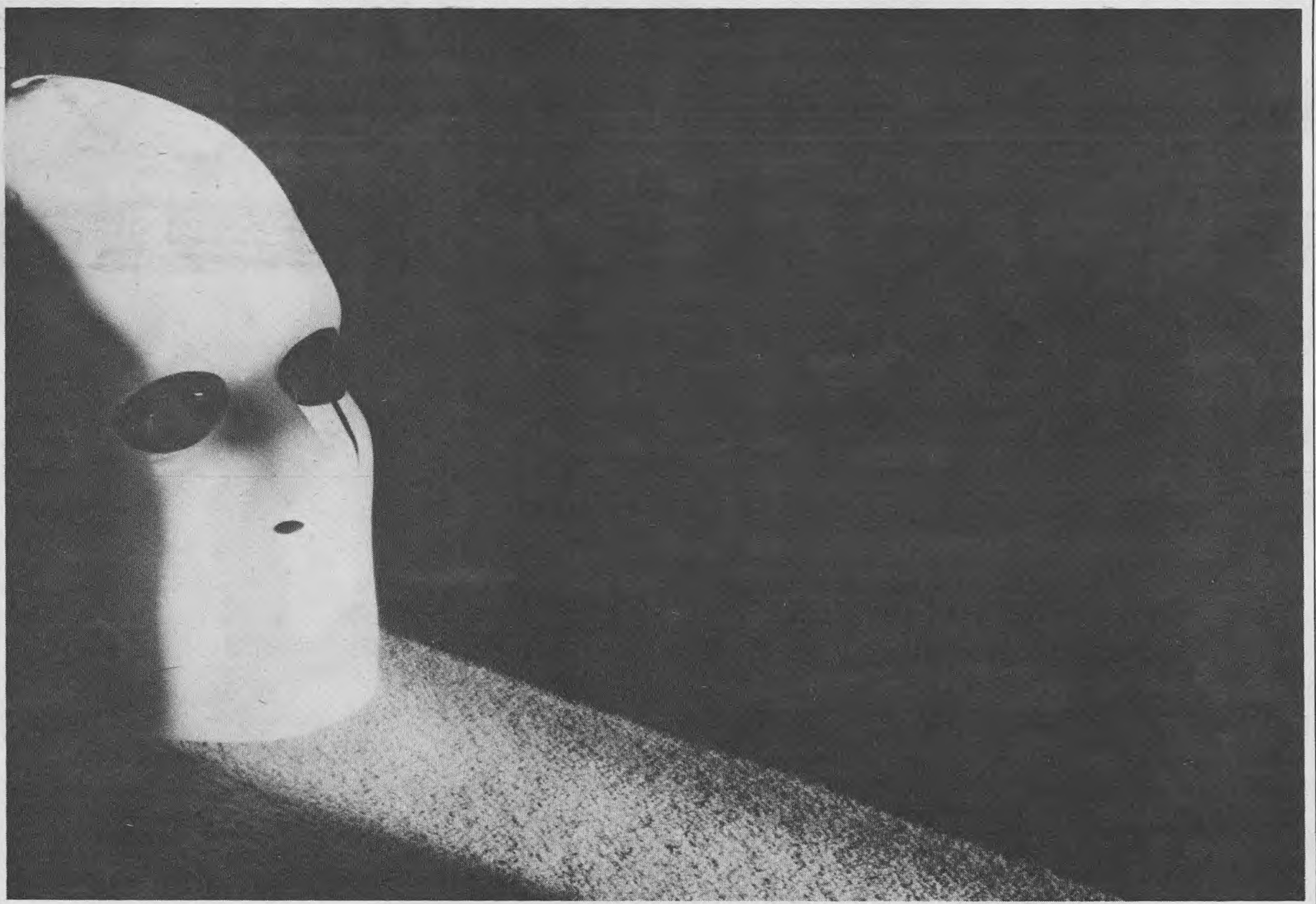
Ann: "We play music because it's the only way for us to survive... not economically, but emotionally. The world is suffering from a cold climate at the moment, and we all need to find something that makes us feel warm."

THE MEMBERS NEW SINGLE
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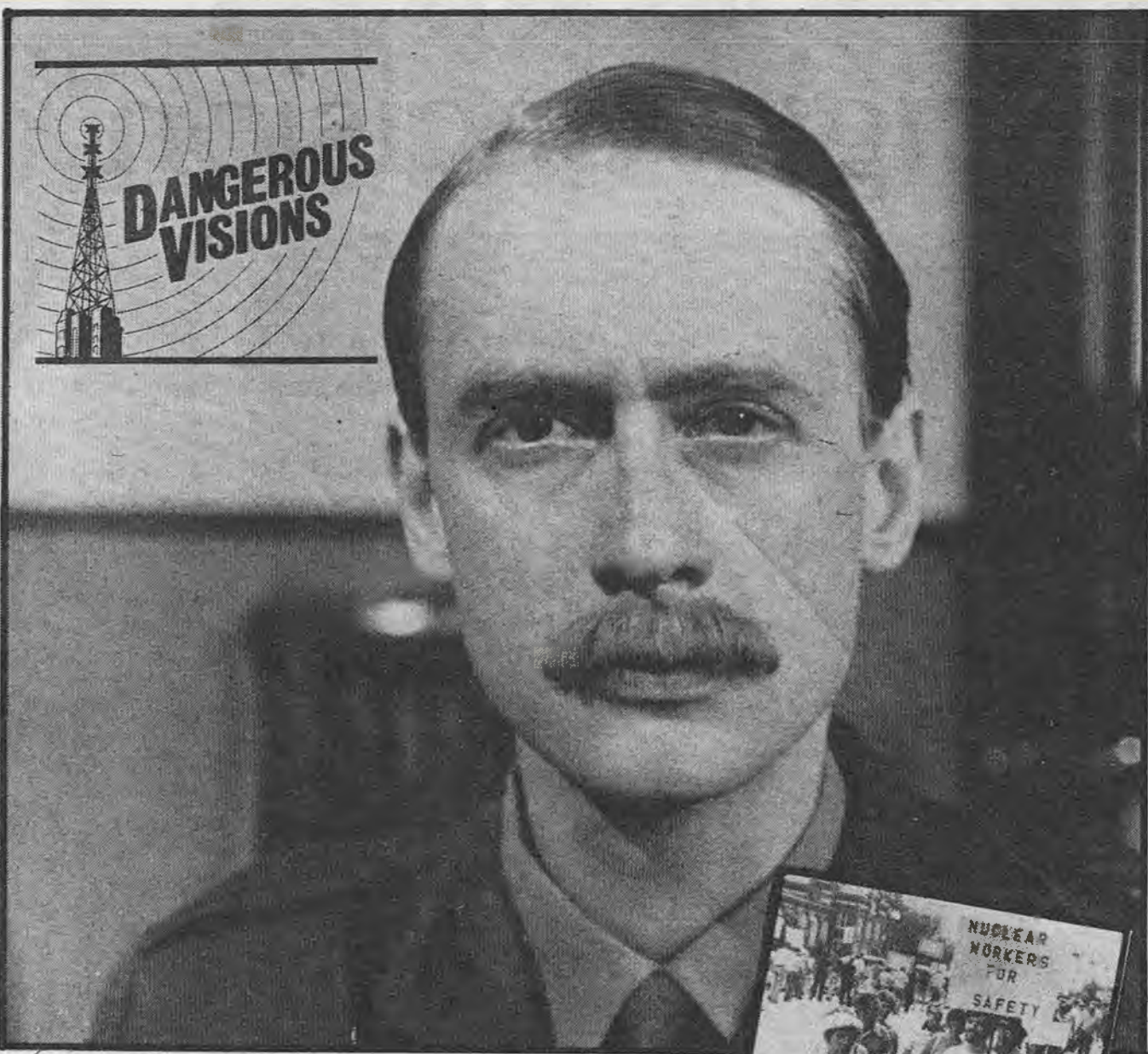
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Philip Bowen as the 'mad' Captain Colthurst.

GUILTY BUT INDIFFERENT

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, during the Easter Uprising, Captain Bowen Colthurst, a British Army officer stationed at Dublin's Portobello barracks, suddenly and for no apparent reason took four Irish prisoners from their cells and had them shot by firing squad.

A fellow officer, Sir Francis Vane, protested. The Army's response was to transfer Vane and promote Colthurst to security officer at Portobello.

One of Colthurst's victims was Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, a well-known journalist, Irish nationalist and pacifist. After the murders, Colthurst led a raid on Skeffington's home in the hope of finding incriminatory evidence that might, retrospectively, 'justify' the killings. He found nothing.

Largely through the efforts of Vane and Skeffington's widow, Hannah, the Army were obliged to court-martial Colthurst. But Vane was not called to give evidence; and instead of investigating these, and other, murders, the Army produced a series of doctors who claimed that Colthurst had been on the verge of insanity for years, though, strangely, none of them seemed to have mentioned this before.

Colthurst was sent to an asylum, only to be released a mere 20 months later. His file is still "not available" to the public.

This curious and chilling episode was the subject of *The Crime Of Captain Colthurst* (*Chronicle*, BBC 2, Monday), a documentary-drama which recounted the facts in a clear, economical style only to fudge the central issue of Colthurst's 'insanity'. Philip Bowen played the Captain as a fervid, pop-eyed lunatic, although the evidence assembled by director Bruce Norman — including an eyewitness report — clearly implied that this was not the case and that the insanity was simply a ploy used by the British authorities to prevent further inquiries.

Did Colthurst and the Army Command conspire to murder Skeffington and the other Republicans? *Chronicle* didn't ask, though they did reveal that Colthurst and other British officers came from Anglo-Irish, land-owning, Protestant families who had good reason to fear the Catholic demand for home rule.

The programme ended, a trifle sententiously, with a comment that although Skeffington was now an Irish hero, many of his current supporters had forgotten that he was first and foremost a pacifist.

This is undoubtedly true. But perhaps a more pertinent conclusion would have been the fact that the British Army is still involved in similar killings, and injustices against the Irish people. Take, for example, the evidence of Ian Phillips, an ex-commando who served four months in Belfast in 1973, and who alleges in a pamphlet written by ex-soldiers: "The shooting of unarmed suspects by Army snipers was carried out with the full knowledge of Commanding Officers." And only a few weeks ago in Londonderry, two Army land-rovers drove at high speed into a crowd, killing two. The *Sunday Times* reports that the Army have no plans to hold an inquiry into the incident; while the police say that they are treating it as an ordinary "road accident".

I know it's common practice for those in

TV screened by GRAHAM LOCK

power to blame their crimes on "accident" or on other people (Stanley Kubrick's *Paths Of Glory*, BBC 2, Thursday, showed a harrowing example of the latter), but recent British Governments appear to have forgotten — especially where the black and Irish communities are concerned — that one of the touchstones of a democracy is that those who enforce the law are also subject to it.

The week's most striking example of this not happening, though, came from America. Michael Grigsby's *For My Working Life* (ITV, Tuesday) dealt with the radiation threat faced by workers at the Goodyear Atomic Plant in Portsmouth, Ohio, the USA's chief producer of Uranium 238 (used for nuclear weapons). Worried by the lack of safety precautions, the workers found themselves caught in a classic Catch-22 — the owners of the plant, the Department Of Energy, are also responsible for setting and enforcing safety standards, and seem unlikely to prosecute themselves for failing to keep to their own arbitrary and often inadequate regulations.

What's worse, the authorities refuse to admit — despite some horrific evidence to the contrary — that there is any danger at all; they also threaten to sack anyone who questions this. Meanwhile, the community lives in fear. One woman, interviewed while pregnant, said "I will be sick with worry until I see that he has all his toes and fingers". A voice-over revealed that her baby was later born with no hands. Another woman described the death of her husband at 32 years old. Somehow, "alien" cells had formed in his body, attacking the healthy ones and causing intense pain. Later, as his blood was affected, it began to clot in his lungs and he literally drowned in his own blood.

The only hopeful note in the programme was the response of the workers — ordinary, reasonable people who had become rapidly politicised by the company's intransigence. Given the rare chance to articulate their thoughts on TV, they drew conclusions on their plight not far removed from those of Marxist theoreticians (though delivered in a far more convincing way): that two basic truths about the capitalist system stand out — that it places profit above people's lives and that the only way to fight back is through strong working-class solidarity. An eight-month strike in 1979, backed by pickets and marches in Washington, was only the beginning of the struggle. But it was a beginning.

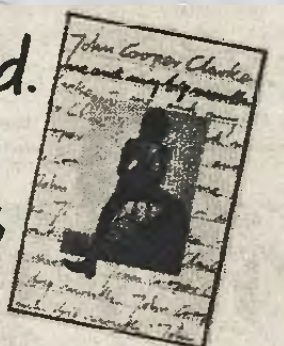
In *The Crime Of Captain Colthurst*, during the raid on Skeffington's home, a soldier guarding his widow murmurs apologetically, "I didn't sign up for this". Her reply is simple: "Do something about it, then".

In Portsmouth, Ohio, at least, people are standing up for themselves and "doing something" about the crimes of the authorities. There's hope for us yet.

John Cooper Clarke



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'Me And My Big Mouth' EPC 84979 40-84979

THOMAS HARDY would be hard pushed to create a more wretched pathetic fallacy. Picture Wigan and its narrow grimy backstreets under an overcast sky and ribbons of smoke from towering chimneys. A cold wind and endless rivulets of rain run together down the antique hilly streets.

In one of these streets a group of 20 or so punters form a bedraggled queue outside a small club called Trucks. Some have hitched from up to 100 miles to be here for the first Killing Joke performance of 1981. It's hard to tell if their shabby display of spiked, dyed hair, bondage gear and bedrolls is making the scene look worse than it actually is or vice versa.

Whatever, Trucks is certainly a strange venue for any group to play. Its surreal decor takes the 'garageland' ideal to almost insulting extremes. The dancefloor is marked out into a three dimensional grid by scaffolding which serves no discernible purpose other than as an irritant to the dancing. Exhaust pipes, hub-caps, steering wheels and any other car parts or motoring accessories that came to hand have been used to decorate the walls. Along one side lies a disused coal lorry, the driver's cab providing the home for the house DJ.

The whole scenario is slightly sad, disembodied and barely believable — like something out of a low budget punk-in-the-apocalypse type movie.

Something has drawn these two groups of people, the fans and Killing Joke, to this deserted and uninspiring no-man's-land of Northern England. They are both committed to an ideal of fun and tension, looking for a darkly comic musical blitzkrieg for the dying days.

The setting seems to be a place that time forgot, serenely inhaling a thin smoggy air, not paying much attention to reality. Killing Joke bring their mysticism and hedonism, the fans bring their energy and compulsion. They're both looking for a cathartic frazzle of the psyches and a consolidation of attitudes and individuality.

But it's all a bit too weird. Reality has to raise its unwelcome head. We've been in Wigan half an hour when I learn the gig has been cancelled, the promoter being unable to provide the necessary power for the group's P.A.

Paul, the group's surly drummer, knows what's going on: "This is one of the Killing Jokes that follow us around everywhere we go."

"**I**F YOU'RE going to talk to me, you'll have to speak in English. I've no time for journalists anyway — least of all your type," Martin 'Pig Youth' Glover grumbles at the tabletop.

Oh yeah, I reply, and what type's that?

"Irish ones. It's not your fault, I just don't trust Irish people. I might be the king of the Irish but that doesn't mean I like them."

In the crowded motorway cafe,

heads turn to focus on the odd exchange taking place between myself and this tetchy bass player swathed in an oily sheepskin overcoat, making pseudo symbolic scrawls on his ever-present sketch pad and occasionally fingering his matted, glue-streaked dreadlocks.

So you're a racist?

"No I'm not. Don't come political with me when I'm sitting here eating my lunch. I've never been political."

Perhaps it's unfortunate that most of the time I spend getting familiar with Killing Joke is in the company of the wilfully deranged and obnoxious Youth. His opinions and state of mind are often tangential and are a cause for concern to the rest of the group.

Youth is in fact still suffering from a hallucinogenic drug, the after-effects of which he hadn't bargained for. He took what he now believes to be a tab of Snoopy acid and a chain of events took place which he and the rest of the band would rather not discuss. What seems to have happened is that Youth went mad, burning a collection of crisp five pound notes outside his bank and getting up to God knows what else between then and three days later, when Killing Joke's publicist was called to Chelsea police station to find him wearing only a pair of boxing shorts. He ended up being sent to a mental home.

"Somebody slipped me the acid. I wouldn't have taken it myself if I'd known what would happen — but the mental home was great. I went crazy, sure, but then I began to see the funny side of life. I made a lot of friends in there, though it was really weird because I was in the ward for all the flashers. It was quite amusing."

TALKING TO YOUTH is not an easy business. Often he simply refuses to answer at all, or his reply is so obtuse that its relevance escapes everyone — including himself. His thought processes fluctuate between paranoia and inanity, as if he is trying to read between the lines of the conversation. It may be unfair to try to make a representative character portrait but . . . After a day in his company his traits begin to lose their humour. He becomes a spoilt, self-important brat rather than an amiable loafer who plays Vicious style bass, loves reggae and admires Denis the Menace. Rather than living his insanity like a cartoon script, he often seems to wear it like a badge.

When he's left onstage at Tiffanys in Leeds or nursing a bottle of whisky in the corner of the dressing room moaning "Nobody loves me", he cuts a rather pathetic figure.

According to fleeting acquaintances Youth has always had a boring, obdurate side to his character and he hasn't really changed over the past month. Those close to him however are aghast at what they see as a total change in personality.

Paul: "We're going through a lot of problems with Youth at the minute. He's become really hard to work with and it's affected everybody around the group and a lot of humour has gone out of the band as a unit."

Youth was brought up in South Africa. Like most of Killing Joke his background was fairly comfortable though not always stable. He used to worship Sid Vicious but "that was three years ago" — now he likes



A pack of Jokers. Above: big Youth. Opposite, clockwise: Jaz, Youth, Paul, Geordie.

Sheena Easton, Pinnochio, exotic nature and Aleister Crowley in no particular order. He is actually quite handsome, his boyish looks providing the group with the nearest thing they've got to a heart-throb. His appearance onstage is always accompanied by the warmest

welcome.

He's incessantly drawing on his notepad while giving everyone within earshot pretentious and half-baked theories on Salvador Dali and Aleister Crowley (he claims the latter had the definitive last word on journalists when he told them to "mind their own business"). Perhaps this explains why he wants to meet Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page — renowned for his Crowley fixation — though

ostensibly he wants the meeting for "psychological reasons" and because he desires to spend a weekend in the guitarist's Scottish castle. Zeppelin manager Peter Grant is in turn believed to be interested in meeting Youth, to tell him what he thinks of Youth's pestering phone-calls to Page's personal secretary.

Undoubtedly Youth likes winding journalists up, relishing the opportunity to behave like a

A SINGLE BY WEAPON OF PEACE

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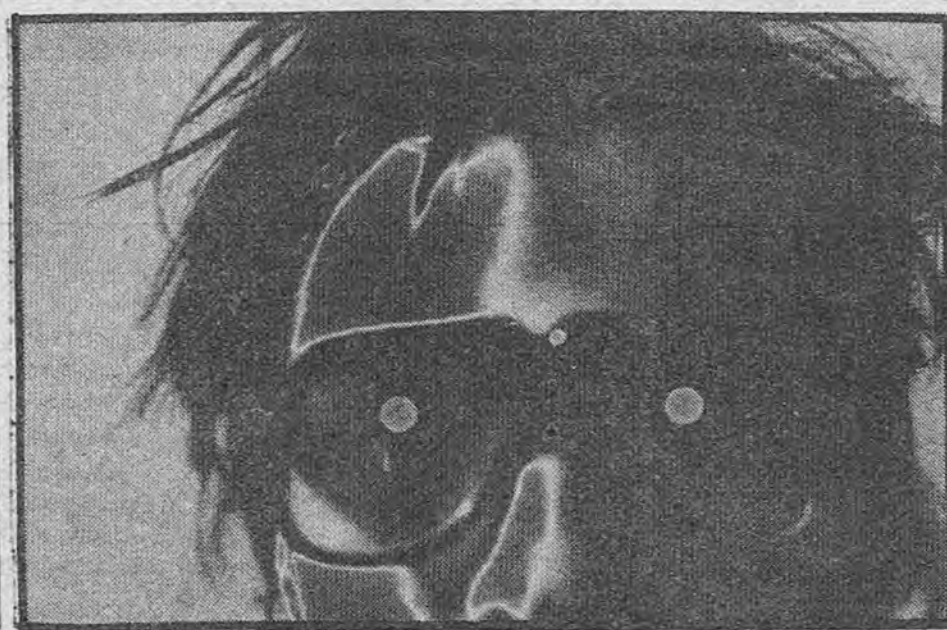
IN WIGAN



Killing Joke take their grim gallows humour on a tour of the grimy north. "Is it always this bad?" asks GAVIN MARTIN.

"No," Jaz tells him. "Sometimes it's worse."

Funny pix: PETER ANDERSON



"Just like that!" Roll over Tommy Cooper and tell Sooty the news — The Wizard at work.

Even the continuous soundtrack of warm black beating reggae gradually becomes part of the contiguous ennui.

Most of the time is spent reading — Youth alternating between his Morrison biography and a sci-fi novel, Paul reading George Bernard Shaw's *Man And Superman*, while Dave The Wizard circulates a collection of metaphysical and occult tomes among interested parties. The fact that everyone is consuming cough mixtures and assorted cold remedies only helps to deaden the atmosphere further.

Dave's role in Killing Joke presents the most striking materialisation of the group's (and specifically Jaz and Paul's) interest in magic and accompanying gobbledegook. Like The UK Subs, they believe their formation was mystically ordained. When I enter the van, the first conversation that takes place is a bewildering discussion between Paul and Dave with myself as intermediary. It concerns the significance of the four basic elements, the importance of the soul and the afterlife. Jaz tells me that of those four basic elements — fire, air, water and earth — it is fire which seems to have followed Killing Joke around. So it was when he first met The Wizard living in the squat above him. Dave was about to perform his daily fire ritual.

"So we said what's all this about and sat down on the floor to watch. He went through all the usual preparations and then performed the ceremony. Well I'd seen fire-eaters before but never anything like this. It was a flame about 15 feet high, he breathes fire spiritually. He *becomes* the fire — which is the way we play our music. Everything we do is an invocation, and what he's doing is invoking the fire. I felt we just had to have him in our stage act."

Before the performance the following night Dave, in his satin breeks armed with his seven-sided star on a stick and his obedient dog at his heels, goes about his preparations. The stage is filled by the smell of incense and a pentacle is chalked out on the dancefloor. He ties his hair back in a ponytail and daubs his tattooed face with grease paint. He resembles Ian Anderson.

A curtain with prints of planets and stars — just like kids buy at Halloween — is draped at the side of the dancefloor and to the accompaniment of a taped drum machine he stands onstage to recite from one of his fusty old magic books. The gist of the rant is that the will of man is the only law and woe betide those who should dare ignore their primal yearnings. The audience exchange nudges, smirks and raised eyebrows, but suddenly they jump back in shock as Dave

approaches the dancefloor waving a blazing torch to clear a path to the centre of the pentacle.

"Babylon!" he screams, arm outstretched to the East.

"Gi' us a light mate," shouts a wag with a cigarette sticking out the corner of his mouth.

The Wizard breathes fire high up to the ceiling and the audience, who by now have formed a circle round the spectacle, don't notice the band wander onstage. When they start to play, it takes some people by surprise.

After the show a fan spots The Wizard scurrying out of the dressing room to feed his dog.

"There he is," he indicates to a friend. "He's a bloody nut. He's bloody great he is."

Making an inscription in his notebook, the mystery man smiles. "Even if only one person is thrilled by what I do makes it all worthwhile."

THE KILLING JOKE live performance is, even on their own admission, in a state of disrepair. After the Middlesboro performance Jaz admits it was a "shit gig". In Leeds the following evening they have to leave the stage twice and nobody argues when I say it was another shoddy performance.

Visually it seems keyboard/vocalist Jaz has to overcompensate for guitarist Geordie and bassist Youth, whose movements rarely go beyond stepping back and forth from the microphone to deliver backing vocals. It is a mite hypocritical when Youth tells the audience to dance.

For me the main problem with their music is its total reliance on a literally punishing power. They all admire AC/DC, and feel that music must have a searing forcefulness. To me it just sounds ancient and raucous — and, in many of their songs, unnatural. 'The Unspeakable One' for instance has a deceptively wry humour which echoes some of Arthur Lee's lyrics for Love, but it's drowned out by the ponderous force. Ultimately, their music is only capable of expressing anger.

Killing Joke are a stubborn, insular outfit. They make music for themselves, and draw on few direct musical precedents. Whether they like it or not, their commitment to a basic brutalising music has seen them adopted by the post-punk slippstream. They float somewhere above, and between Crass and Theatre of Hate. They use the words Killing Joke to capture the grand paradox of the human condition and the various twists of fate brought about by everyday situations. The theory and the idealism behind their music are more attractive than the recorded or

Continues over

three-year-old who's just had his rattle stolen.

"I'm his reincarnation," he says, lying in bed writing a letter to his granny and pointing at the cover of the Jim Morrison biography *No One Gets Out Of Here Alive*. Well who else could I be?"

His latest project is to get a book of his poems and drawings published, partly because he's unable to write song lyrics, as he gets too depressed,

and partly because he feels inspired.

"It won't just be about that acid experience. It will be about one experience — life. Like 'T' stands for tarot but it also stands for tourism."

Mmm, quite. I talked to Youth quite a lot and very little of what he said made any sense. Perhaps the most pertinent thing he said was when, acknowledging his own obtuse manner, he smirked: "Isn't life like one big Agatha Christie novel?"

I SEEM TO have met Killing Joke at a difficult time. Apart from the occasions I try to start a conversation, the entire party spends the three days cocooned in an unappealing lethargy.

In their small crowded tour van which carries three personal roadies, the band themselves, Peter Anderson and me, Dave 'The Wizard' and his dog, plus the occasional fan, the sullen mood is seldom disrupted.

OF PEACE

THE EXPLOITED

THEIR FIRST ALBUM



SECRET

WARDANCE

From previous page

live evidence.

'Wardance' opens their set. Introducing it, Jaz says: "Let's be realistic — we've only got a few years left so let's make the most of it."

The song draws a depressing, negative picture. It doesn't seem to offer any hope to the group or their fans — it feels like a visit to the mortuary. So what happens when the end comes, Jaz?

"Look, the ending when it comes won't be through a nuclear war or atomic bombs or any of that shit. It'll be natural disasters like earthquakes and floods. It's just the earth's way of cleaning itself and getting rid of the natural waste. It's like everything — life, rock and roll and the world: it all goes in circles and when the time comes the world will get rid of all the crap and those who survive will start a new civilisation, much better than the last one."

"'Wardance' is just about the way things are — it's about coming to terms with reality, one could say. It's taking a light-hearted attitude to it all, having a bit of a bop and a bit of a giggle. It releases the tension and the paranoia in anyone. In Germany they loved it, they were like wild pigs rushing all over the place."

Though none of the group admit to admiration for any of their contemporaries, they do admit to a certain sympathy for some of the aims currently being expressed. Recently they played the Trafalgar Square CND rally — though not with the attitude expected on such an occasion.

"Listen, that was a laugh. We just went to see the fools. We weren't playing under the CND banner, we were playing under the Killing Joke banner. We played 'Wardance', which was

hilariously funny. It was a Sunday and there was a most sombre mood to the whole occasion. If you consider that 15,000 people couldn't draw one positive result out of that gathering you realise how pathetic the whole thing is."

Youth: "Maybe it was expected to happen anyway, Jaz."

Jaz: "Yeah, I know. The irony of it."

Youth: "Exactly, whose joke is it? But you've got nothing to be fucken scared of, have you?"

Jaz: "I'm not on about being scared, I'm just saying the results people got out of that CND thing were actually nil. The only way to stop a nuclear armaments campaign in this country would be to get a blueprint of the atomic bomb and send it to the government and say we've got one of these in every city and unless you meet our demands the first one goes up tomorrow. Ha!"

IN MIDDLESBORO the Gaskins dressing room is spacious and allows a number of fans to swan around after the gig telling the group that all in all they are the best thing since sliced bread. One guy gets an autograph on his hand, his jacket, and in his book. The task completed he sits down quietly opposite his friend. Five minutes later he's bent over rigid in his chair and his face is growing very red. "I'm going to be..." Too late! A little pool of purple puke has stained the carpet but no one takes any notice.

Meanwhile his friend has started a barrage of questions and is getting short shrift from everyone, bouncing from one band member to another. Why don't you play Huddersfield, Morecambe, Liverpool? Do you want to be famous? Who's the most sensible member of Killing Joke? The group answer



his questions as succinctly and abruptly as they do mine and those of a fanzine writer the following evening ("Yes" or "No" where possible).

Although I sympathised with the plight of the latter our 'Boro pal was going on a bit. Eventually everyone ignores him and heads for the van.

"Can I come along with you?" he asks. No reply. He follows them down the staircase to the door of the van.

"Please give us a lift. I'm miles from home. I might get beaten up by skinheads on the way back."

Nobody gives a damn. I wonder why he even bothered leaving his house in the first place.

PERHAPS THE BIGGEST asset in Killing Joke is drummer Paul. Along with Jaz he's the group's founder member and his loose approach shows a way out of their usual meshed musical massacre, be it with the diverted disco rhythm of 'Change' or the electric Glitterbeat of 'Tension'.

He's also the only member of the band said to be given to violence.

"Well, I just take these irrational outbursts sometimes. I've hit everyone in the band at one time or another, except Geordie. There doesn't seem to be any point in hitting him."

What does Killing Joke mean to him?

"I think it's better for people to come to their own understanding if they want to. We aren't putting across any manifestoes because it's for individuals. The best way for it to work is for people to grasp that in their own time through listening to it, if they're interested."

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 2¼ 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 7½ dB below. At 15 kHz, the ferrics have the greatest recording capability (about -12½ dB). The chrome group averages. The average A-weighted noise level is lowest for the ferrichrome (-57½ dB), a figure almost matched by the average in the chrome-bias group. The average ferric-tape noise level is -51½ dB. The lower noise level and higher midrange headroom of the ferrichromes produce the best midrange S/N ratio (an average of 660%). The chrome bias group is a close second (587%), while the ferric noise level resulting from the standard second equalization curve used with the ferrics puts them in last place on the whole (just over 50 dB). The dotted curves for maximum high-frequency output represent, again, 3% third order

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"Killing Joke is not just one attitude — well it is one attitude, but it applies to a whole diversity of things. It means different things to everybody. What Youth or Jaz will say about it will be from the same springboard but will be completely different to what I have to say."

John Lydon says that you're an evil bunch, with your personal interest in the occult and The Wizard doing his fire dance during your performances.

"I find his preoccupation with family Catholicism a lot more evil."

Granted. But star-signs and astrology are things that interest and influence Killing Joke a lot more than music. Isn't all that a bit irrational?

"No, not at all. I'm over the moon (groan!) about it — I don't go up to someone and ask them when their birthday is. I just find it interesting that there are similarities in certain types that I see. Like the four basic elements we talked about earlier — to me that is blatantly obvious. Those four basic elements are in everything."

"And take the colours of the planets. Each one has a subconscious significance to you. You can see the influence those colours have on people. If they're subjected to red all the time they become violent. So it links up, everything has its significance. But people can take it too far."

"For myself I just find it interesting to my life and I think a lot more people could benefit from an open attitude to things that they don't really understand."

What else is important to you apart from Killing Joke?

"Nothing, because it's not just a band, it's a way of life. It's what my way of life is at the moment and this is an expression of what I feel about life. What's more important than living and getting the most you can out of everything? I enjoy a whole range of things but they take a secondary importance to the way I live."

KJ MAKE A LOT of their attitude, their energy and dynamism, but on the second day of their tour I

already sense that they're enveloped in their own torpor of cynical complacency. Not that they should be firing streamers out the window each time they enter a new town, but the general lack of communication and sluggishness mirrors the faults in their music and their presentation, which fall far short of their own claims.

Their attitude obliges them to make a predictably tedious remark about journalists every time I enter the van or come into a room. Jaz had already decided what sort of piece I was going to write within the first few hours of our meeting. So why don't they do a Dexys?

"Because my main concern is that Killing Joke, those two words, get out wherever it's possible for them to get out."

It's not that KJ are unfriendly or unpleasant, it's just that their dogmatic and selfish laziness makes it impossible to generate a realistic or stimulating dialogue on their music.

"You're the journalist, you're here for our entertainment. Ask us some inspiring questions," says Paul in an uncharacteristically flippant mood.

Youth takes Peter's camera and snaps away 30 pictures of practically nothing, like a spoilt child vying for attention, and refuses to give it back. It seems to me he's using his position as a licence to be downright rude.

At Leeds the following night Tiffanys' DJ is in a panic because somebody has stolen the two cartridges from his disco deck. Guess who?

Killing Joke's aims and worldview may be presented as being substantially different from other rock bands — but you'd be forgiven for thinking otherwise when they engage in half an hour's worth of *really interesting* exchanges about exploits with groupies and assorted dirty deeds, after the performance. It's only rock and roll, I guess. Finding myself falling asleep in the corner, I head off to bed.

BEFORE I LEFT I asked Jaz if things were always so stagnant, if they were always so untogther.

"Of course we're untogther,

we thrive on it. Actually it's sometimes even more boring than this. But each gig is different. We become completely different people onstage."

The overkill and sordid imagery of their music sets me in mind of The Stranglers — the same dark visions, rat-pack mentality and unimaginative robotic beat. Though their 'Killing Joke' debut album was a chart hit and the new single 'Follow Leaders' could easily make it to the Top 5, neither their performance in Gaskins or in Tiffanys even half-filled the hall. A regular following of about 20 or so faces appeared at each venue — not a particularly large number.

"Even at this time words can and do seem misleading, though there are times when they are a comfort and a strength," says a little note in The Wizard's book of axioms. Killing Joke themselves don't have much time for words. They refuse to discuss their history at length and spend most of the interviews I conduct with them pointlessly slagging off their last two *NME* features.

Jaz: "All the time journalists are criticising the system, they're condoning the system to the ultimate. They write in English, they use letters from an alphabet to form words. So I accuse you of being cultural and surely culture is the one thing in this world that is causing all the wars and slowly whitewashing away basic natural human instincts. All journalists do is condone all that they moan about."

The Killing joke strategy? Their way out of the inescapable cul de sac?

"It's just a question of coming to terms with the way things are. We can all play different types of music, but it must be music that helps me come to terms with the way my life is. We just play music about what we're going through and use a lot of imagination to expand on certain subjects. Everything we write about we go through."

"I believe if you confront reality and bring it onstage people can have a laugh at it — and come to terms with something in their lives."

Carl Wilson

Today's music is shaped by only a handful of musicians. Carl Wilson, founder member and leading light of the Beach Boys, is one of them. He's now taken time out for his first solo album featuring the single 'Heaven'.



Candy Records

Carl Wilson Album: CRB 84840
Single: 'Heaven' CRB A 1152



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The Gas

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14	LYCEUM	LONDON
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HOT STUFF

TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE
FOOL TO CRY

Side Two

MANNISH BOY

WHEN THE WHIP COMES DOWN

(Live version)

IF I WAS A DANCER (DANCE Pt.2)

(Previously Unreleased)

CRAZY MAMA

BEAST OF BURDEN



SUCKING IN THE SEVENTIES

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

PIGBAG: Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag (Y). Shove your Burundis in with your undies! Bristol's children cop that beat! Horn-ridden, drum-beatin' tribal stomp, furious pigs goin' to a go-go, going, going, gone. The nearest your living room will get to a whirling dervish convention, a bigger and better surprise of the week than the Yorkshire Ripper's wife losing her teaching job. These credentials: Ornette, samba maraccas, Staxadance horns, Bootsyfied bass — could add up to total disaster. Instead, the week's aflame! You'll dance if you're lame!

FELA ANIKULAPO-KUTI: Sorrow, Tears & Blood (Arista). Fela on seven-inch is like just settling in for a long night when he says he's got to get back to his wife before morning. Usually these undulating snakes of Afro-beat, funk, and morning-after saxophone come as a whole album side, not this coitus interruptus teaser. Still, it's a way to taste the motion before committing yourself, as they say. Oddly and ominously, the Arista album includes Fela's fiery anti-multinational song, 'I.T.T.' without most of the blazingly specific words. Let's hope that the vampire allure of the fabulous "international market" never makes the man that's touted as "the Marley of the '80's" do what so many reggae artists (though NEVER Marley) did in the '70's — alter their angle of thrust, assuming that blander would be bought more. Fela is, undoubtedly, a master; the *New Statesman* accuracy of his sung political exposes will only win him a larger audience in the end — or else why is the *Daily Mirror* doing so well while *The Sun's* sinking downhill?

CURRENT OBSESSIONS: Faceless Rite (Bland Ol). A single that slipped through the regular reviewer's sieve, 's got me hooked. Obsessive playing it for two weeks doctor, pass the penicillin. Current Obsessions come from Cardiff, and because they sound gentle and Debbie, the singer, has a sweet, breathy voice the package could recall the late lamented Young Marble Giants. But Current Obsessions do it different. The music gift-wraps cool jazz, spiralling drum dub effects, and Debbie crooning, "You must be mindless, you're certainly lifeless, I feel sick when I see your face..." and other cute comments on sexual/personal politics ("even in the summer you don't get any warmer, I can't communicate like this... fuck it, what's the use...") Get it from Lewis, 9a Wordsworth Ave., Roath, Cardiff, or Debbie, 22 Lochaber St., Roath, Cardiff. Five tracks! Enjoy, enjoy!

THE PASSAGE: Troops Out (a disc by night and day). It's not easy to combine a direct political message with dance music without crushing the pulse in slogans. This week there's a lot of singles people trying it — Fela, The Mistakes, the Tarzans. The Passage are the most successful. 'Troops Out' 's synthesiser is horror-film eerie dancing its

top line stepper motif, while the keyboards battle out a bass line. The drums just thunder. The 'Hip Rebel' side has a tinkling oriental tootle on top, over a rhythm as violent as the action the Passage deplore. Now there's a structure/content debate — why make non-violent music in such an aggressive rhythm? Still, we're programmed to physically respond to certain dance rhythms and the Passage have cracked the combination.

SUZI QUATRO: Lipstick (RSO). When I heard that line about wearing other peoples' lipstick, I naturally assumed that it was about boys borrowing their girl friends' for that special gig. Then Suzi works herself up into a righteous lather over "inhale the scent of someone else's lipstick" and I realised that she's just re-treading the old "lipstick on your collar" trail I thought we'd forgotten about somewhere around the time that people started to get colour TV. Still, Suzi's assertive about giving him the old heave-ho after the stinking embrace. Hold it — she never says whether the lover wearing the lipstick's a boy or a girl. Maybe she's more of a modern girl than she makes out.

LONE RANGER: Love Bump (Studio One pre). Hey, let's talk about sex! After all these people agonising about their stations in the sex war, snitching each others' lipstick and being locked out of locker rooms, it's a refreshing change to come across people that just — lust. The Lone Ranger's quite happy to jump through all the required hoops: he takes his baby to the movies ("nuff excitement!") buys her some light refreshments, then when its time for his part of the bargain (you should just hear how the Lone Ranger rolls out "When you're young and in love" like he was asking for Durex at the barbers!) he discovers she's already gone out on a trial run. What a tribulation! Classic Studio One meat-grinder rhythm.

THE MEMBERS: Working Girl (Albion). Anthemic as the Eton Boating Song, Nicky Tesco extends the "We Are All Prostitutes" line to cover the pimps' angle; in love with a working girl who may look like the Before picture, but pays the rent while he lies around in the dirt, and so on. Straightforward social observation of a common, little discussed phenomenon. Raises the interesting question of the sudden appearance of the word "love" when "money's" around. Where does lust and affection turn into dependence and control? Tesco's immensely patronising about his meal ticket, who, he proclaims like a Rajah referring to a favourite concubine, he'll never send away. My advice to you, sister: buy yourself a pretty young boy for a spot of role reversal. Then change your mind, and devote all your sexual energy to something else; like making more money?

THE TARZANS: Boys Game (021). From Birmingham's resuscitated 021 records —

half men and half women (don't know whether it's from the waist up or down) with personal politricks pop. The woman singer reckons she's been counted out of boys games from those first giggly days in the playground on up. Listen mate, from my experience you ain't missing much. The kind of lyrics that try to give the world a nudge to help it shift on its axis. Good luck

THE MISTAKES: Radiation (Twist N Shout). South of the River Thames flag-wavers, all women, more uninhibited than a page three pin-up, The Mistakes sing about peoples' confidence that our noble leaders are far better at deciding about where they should park nuclear items around our towns than we are. As direct, thus as funny for those who find these things funny, as The Tom Robinson Band, with all their sloganeering aspects. The Mistakes also succeed in singing about equal pay for women in '16 Pins', over a sturdy bass-driven hop skip'n'jump tune. Lyrically, oblique can be better, as the old Pop Group found out.

ZRU VOGUE: Cumunolimbus (Adolescent Records). And so the colonisation of African music (the reggae of the '80's) begins — before most people here have ever had the chance to hear the real stuff. The A-side of Zru Vogue's record is blatant avant gradexstuff, aims to be eerie but bellyflops on some hideous guitar riff that confirms the Daniel Miller thesis: guitars should properly be left where they belong, in the late '50s and early '60s. But eh B-side is wild war whooped-up drum batteries, with a soupcon of Balinese gamelan for seasoning. Before serving — beware the neo-African avalanche.

JOSEF K: Picture (Postcard). More of those ringing, distorted sweeps of guitar that mean New Psychedelic. Or is it New Romantic... at any rate, the overall effect is of stern noble young profiles silhouetted against stormy skies, poised — posing — on a windswept mountain crag. Josef K sound like they're attracted by the nobility of agony, as exemplified in Franz Kafka's hungry, anguished mug shots. So many Jimmy Deans! Oh what a feeling!

Party Time

With SINGLES

SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR...VIVIEN GOLDMAN



THE WHO: Don't Let Go The Coat (Polydor). Apart from Lennon, Townshend's the Trad Rock Star who can most unblushingly be referred to as A Good Man. As you'd expect the lyrics' protagonist appears to be a misunderstood young hopeful with a morality to back up his actions, though Bill Sheeimchik's production muffles the words something awful, so I'm not clear what the coat actually represents. Some saviour's mantle? Succeeds in suggesting some ideas about Social Living — we're sure to get the hang of it some day, says Pete. Musically, a gentle rocker.

MARIA MULDAUR: Tenderness (Polydor). Produced by Bill Wyman, the former sensualist Maria drowns among awful swooning violins. Totally unconvincing, almost embarrassing.

MUSICAL YOUTH: Political (021). From the Saltley Music Workshop written about recently in NME; straightforward classical reggae, with shouting, chanting vocals that recall Misty's Pucky, who in turn recalls Burning Spear, so there you go. Some people would disagree with M. Youth's plea for more work for the two million unemployed (haven't read the news lately, mate — we're straight in line for three very shortly) but who's more suitable to discuss a chance for the youth than Kevin, Michael, Fredrick and Patrick of Musical Youth, who are all around 11? Staggeringly competent musically, it's tantalising to guess what might happen if they free up their ideas a little by the time they're 15 or so.

TAN TAN: Theme From A Summer Place (Rough Trade). Since Rough Trade tackles reggae so rarely, it's intriguingly oblique that they should release such a timeless elegant instrumental. Tan Tan — Eddie Thornton — is, like Rico, one of those legendary JA sessioners who came to England many years ago, in time for the R&B boom. He played with George Fame, the '65 Tamla Motown package tour of England, and ignoring the lengthy list of credentials, joins up here with The Cimarons' rhythm section for a piece of playing so skilfully executed and free within its own discipline that it can easily be dismissed as MOR. Which it is; but only in the same way as a Morris Minor: perfectly functional, with a highly satisfying shape. Tan Tan's phrasing alone is

worth some serious closed-eyes concentration. Right for the new cool mood (where's that sun? and pass that Modern Jazz Quartet disc). This music is more in line with looking for second hand Modern Jazz Quartet records than the current reggae vanguard, as exemplified in:

MUTABARUKA: Every Time A Ear De Soun (High Times pre). The current label to watch, controlled by sessioner guitsie, Chinna, reggae's Wah Wah Watson. Mutabaruka is a Jamaican poet who, Linton Kwesi Johnson informed me, was writing poetry before Michael Smith and Oku Onuora. He's responsible for a poetry book called 'Outcry' and one track on a Light of Saba album, he's involved with drum culture. Now, via Linton, Oku and Michael ('Mi Cyan Believe It') Smith, Mutabaruka's obviously twiggled his time has come. His new record is well out there in the front line, with dramatic use of silence, and dub-inspired vocal decay and repeat. He's talking about violence in dances and streets, he sounds red from the heat of the firing from all nations and stations. From the gun-fire intro, you're startled, and the 45's so full of surprises that it's difficult to dance to till the murderous rhythm drops back in... "Dem say 'run, don't walk. Shut your mouth, don't talk!' Dem say 'Comb your head, nasty Dread!' Dem say 'Disco beat sound more sweet!'" Listen, it's lethal.

KRAFTWERK: Pocket Calculator (EMI). Did they ever realise what they were unleashing? The German originators sing about the musical sound of those elegant slimline pocket calculators with sufficient melody and funk to keep you bobbing quite happily at the top. Outside, meanwhile, the palaces of power crumble and ministries, mansions and maisonettes teeter gently in the polluted, unnaturally high wind.

RIUICHI SAKAMOTO: Riot In Lagos (Island). Obviously what's happening: Japanese dub disco. Yellow Magic Orchestra human takes simple, poignant phrase and whirles it in a centrifuge, sends it through the big blue brushes at the Car Wash, wrings it through a mangle, spraying silver drops of notes, goes hang-gliding in it, takes a sea cruise among the stalactites and stalagmites of a secret underground river, then switches to the silence of the big wave when you're surfing. And you can type to it.

VOICE FARM: Double Garage (Systematic Records). West Coast weirdness weaned on things that go gallumph in the night while slithering all over the window prior to eating you up. Disco-tech sleek backing.

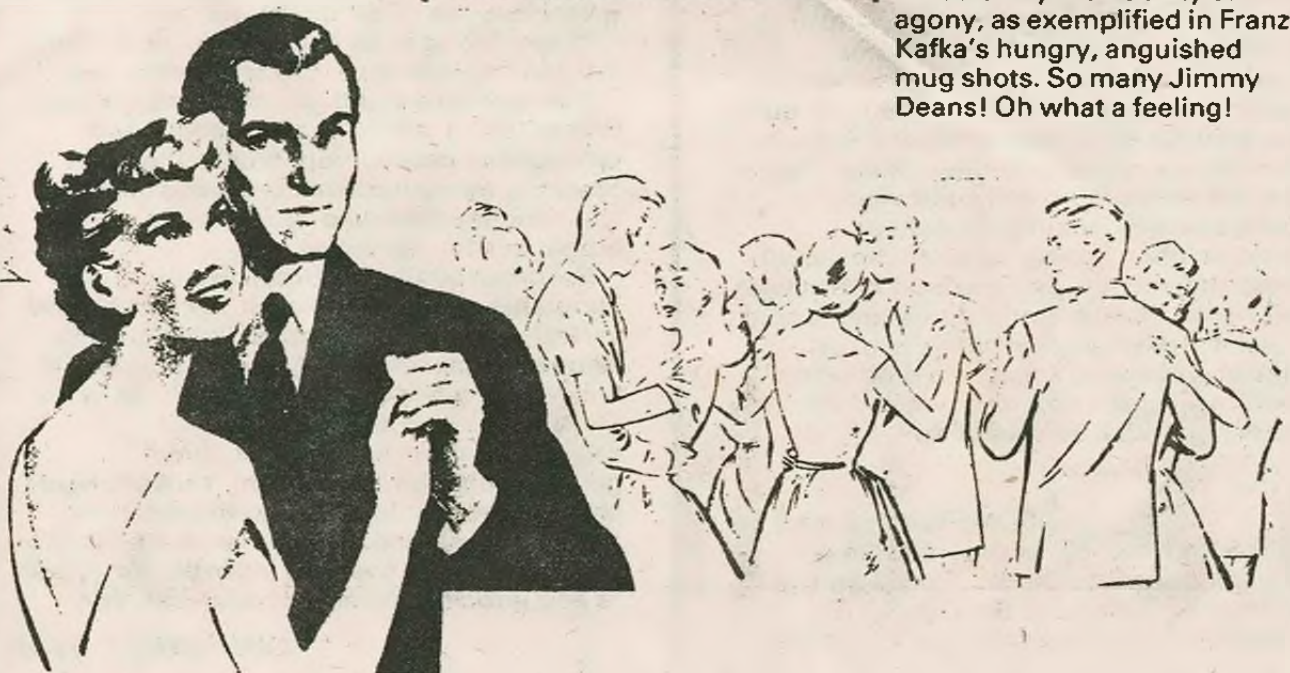
BILL NELSON: Banal (Mercury). Big and mellifluous like a blowzy bar-room beer-swillers embrace, Bill talking about *A Rebours* sense of decadent isolationism, tarting it all up with some unabashed lead guitar melodies.

JOE WALSH: A Life Of Illusion (Asylum). A complete time warp back to '74 or so. Doesn't sound as good as it did then, because it isn't as good as that stuff to begin with, apart from the stylistic time-slip.

FREDDIE MCGREGGOR: Leave 'Yah (JB). Freddie's a singer to check, specially since 'Joggin' and 'Natural Collie', both extra-classics. Here he's produced by Al Campbell over his 'Jamming' hit rhythm and he's competent, of course, as he sings about Jah; but coming after 'Natural Collie's' idiosyncratic attraction it seems like something knocked out on the side, an old tune, nothing special. Forward Freddie!

JOHN DOWIE: It's Hard To Be An Egg (Factory). Lay it on us, JD! The world's first egg-shaped 45! Even Bristol's Fried Egg label didn't hatch that one up. This rather surreal single moves from lamenting the fate of eggs guillotined by savage housewives to racial connotations ("They say we're the same as well, underneath the shell"). Martin Hannett's production swings from a waltz to a music-hall player of spoons cum tap dancer. It's hard to be an egg, but easy to laugh about it. I want you to just think about that one, will you?

MOZABITES: Soul To Save (Rock Steady). Definitely the most unusual record of the week. Sounds like what's supposed to happen when you've swallowed a handful of mushrooms — mutant Indian ragas over reggae drums. Help, the room is getting bigger and I'm about to fall into the typewriter and — swinger on a serious subject. Although it's a hard tune, it needs to be played superpersonally loud to anything like approach the Grand Canyon magnificence of the man's sound.



PRINT

Stalin wasn't stallin' when he told the Beast of Berlin that he'd never rest contented 'til he'd driven him from the door.

The Jim Jones Kool-Aid Death Test

JULIE BURCHILL surveys the wreckage of twentieth century political scandal and moral turpitude as represented in recent books.



"You do as I say son — else I'll purge you."

"I LOVED STALIN. I never would accept that Stalin was all that bad as he was portrayed. . . I don't switch in the middle of the stream. Purged, yeah, sure he purged. The goddamn allies had infiltrated his high command. Enough to drive anybody insane. And all of a sudden along comes Krushchev, and Stalin is a son of a bitch. . . I couldn't accept what the hell they would want to discredit Marshal Stalin for. That loyalty is still down deep in me today. If it hadn't been for Stalin Russia would never have won that war. The people fought not for Mother Russia; they were fighting for Stalingrad, Leningrad and Stalingrad by God. . . Nine hundred or eleven hundred goddamned days at Leningrad eating dead flesh. And then at Stalingrad, by God. That battle lives in my mind. At the University I met a former Nazi who was there. . . He said that mass, it actually dimmed the rising of the sun. . . they were singing, singing the Internationale. Old people, he thought, this is laughable. But they kept coming on and coming on. They ordered to fire on them. The people kept on coming. . . couldn't stop them. Mowed down bodies. . . and then at the end he said. . . here come the young. . ."

This was the silent, the true Second World War, not John Wayne films or Colditz courtesy. The heartfelt of soul behind the monologue was Jim Jones, hypnotic, later psychotic leader of the Californian commune, comprised largely of blacks and old poor, that called itself the People's Temple.

It flourished, along with Moonies and other loonies, in the early '70s, a late-comer's/have-noter's last chance to sample the now sour Swinging '60s ongoing encounter situations — but soon moved itself to Guyana, where in November 1978 Jim Jones encouraged/strong-armed his disciples into committing "revolutionary suicide" via cyanide-laced Kool-Aid. These people weren't no Merry Pranksters, they were too down to fool around! — their Kool-Aid, a sugar-coated grotesque American finishing touch to a rose-coloured grotesque American story.

In the righteously horrifying *Black And White* (Hamish Hamilton) the fastidious Shiva Naipaul looks at Jim Jones and shivers brilliantly. There isn't much that doesn't make

him recoil, actually; he's revolted by communism, America, white liberals, Black Panthers, the '60s, social change, California, well practically everything, I'd guess, but cricket and cashmere. Neither does Naipaul choose to pick over 900 skeletons of sad stories; instead he inspects the society that allowed and encouraged 900 lost souls to trapeze halfway across the globe in pursuit of their potty Pied Piper and his jungle Utopia. (All the better to save the Welfare payments, my dear. . .) The plague of creeping libertarianism. . . you can do your own thing, you can do it to death! No use civil liberties types being horrified when the "free" blacks choose to take one of the few escape routes right out of wriggly racist America; a black country, death.

Why, the sly Rev Moon is recruiting right now! Jim Jones' dreams of a small socialist state starring J.J. as Man of Steel made him flee the capitalist cesspool where he was born in confusion, made him initiate useless, joyless suicide in confusion, telling his followers that the American Army would be in to butcher them any moment now. That his black followers believed him speaks volumes for American morale. Rev Moon, though, loathes Communism and relies on tried and trusted Western democratic values: conning money out of people, encouraging xenophobia, alienating, brainwashing.

A lot of American establishment figures, senators and the like, are being embarrassed by various old snapshots of them mugging with Moon and saying things like "Good luck with your sincere anti-Communist crusade" at the mo; wouldn't surprise me if the press dug up one showing Moon and Milton Friedman kissing and hugging, their views on capitalism, Communism and "freedom" are so SNAP! If you need a laugh you should read *Free To Choose* by Milton and Rose Friedman (Pelican) — it's like a Ladybird primer, written for its peers by a very smarmy six-year-old.

I especially like Milton's observations on 1932 austerity: "Millions of people were unemployed. The standard image of the time was a breadline or an unemployed person selling apples on a street corner." Dig the plodding pathos. *The Little Match Girl* ain't in it! But hear this for gall — "The vast

production of war material that made the United States the arsenal of democracy and unconditional victory over Germany and Japan." — Well, we'll take our unconditional victory back, thanks a lot Milton, it belongs to us and Russia — your cowardly little country conveniently missed the (long) boat again. You've never won a war. You just massacre out of pique.

What's both funny and repellent about Friedman is that he can't grasp the idea of anything that he can't hold in his sweaty hand and clink in his pocket — truth, idealism, history. These are foreign countries to him — worse, they are doity woids.

He speaks the same language as Malcolm Muggeridge, though the Mug would wince with monastic distaste if he thought so. His re-issued *Chronicles Of Wasted Time Volumes 1 and 2* (Fontana) attempt to tie in this boring old rope with the endless sleep of the TV tout. As social history it's one big worm's-eye view bore-job of a rivetting and heroic era; but as a testimony from one who's forever rambling on about "morality" and "faith" it's really filthy. Instead of bending a drunken old priest's ear, like any other good Catholic big mouth, Muggeridge has to write TWO BOOKS about his "wrongdoings" and folly, and then exploit them for all he's worth.

He writes like Milton Friedman after watching a few episodes of *The Forsyte Saga*; all clumsiness, commas and pretentious empty words like "hence" and "thenceforth" every other sentence. He makes a great show of growing in grace but he's just a sham; boastful and self-regarding, like a beery old rocker who gets God and then uses it as just another excuse to show off and churn out product. "All my drinking, dear boy, I should have been thinking."

Young pretender Christopher Booker, one from that clutch of bullies and benders who make up *Private Eye*, shares a couple of Mug's tell-tale signs of post-senility — screams and jumps on a chair when he sees a Communist,



Friedman the freezer

wears God like very smelly aftershave — but the important thing is that he isn't totally intent on simply parading his own bogeymen up and down the page and reducing important people and events to walk-on parts and props. His collection of essays *The Seventies* (Penguin) is nowhere near as hack as the ghastly title suggests — a lot of them are quite deep, actually. Good bits on Mountbatten, Milton Keynes, Jeremy Thorpe, David Frost — and some devastating anti-consumer crusades based around Solzhenitsyn.

Every so often Booker falls into the Slough of Despond, though, and you hear him almost audibly sigh "All the world's problems would be over if only we were all white asexual males who attended a first-rate prep school." When these lapses occurred I wished viciously to poke him with a pointed stick.

SOME NAMES AND LABELS from the '60s scandal shooting gallery; Mandy Rice-Davies, "good-time girl", and Peter Rachman, "wicked landlord". Mandy Rice-Davies was the missing darlink

A land fit for pundits? Malcolm Muggeridge considered as beery old rocker

Good bit on Milton Keynes



The Mug by Kevin Kallisher

between her Sugar Baddy Rachman and teenage slum sex-zombie turned uptown fly-by-night Christine Keeler, the kid who toppled Macmillan's collection of sadly missed decent Tory duffers when it turned out she'd been mixing it up with Eugene Ivanov, a glam, glorious Russian naval attaché, and Jack Profumo, Minister for War.

Mandy's autobiography (Sphere) tends to shift herself to stage centre somewhat, but you get a good sniff of the real goods. She tends to strike a literary 'My Way' pose (Yes! I survived!) but being sweet and far from stupid her conceit inspires affection more than anything else. "I have never been a great beauty, yet all my adult life I have fended off men." "Yes, Kevin Rowland says the same thing. "Every man's sexual fantasy — it's a curious role to play in life." He says that too. "Eugene was one of the most charming people I have ever met. Very handsome in a James Bond sort of way, very easy to talk to, warm, generous too — his frequent gifts of vodka and caviar always presented with a little joke about 'the luxuries you capitalists appreciate'. I really became interested in Communism and very curious about Russia when I met Eugene. I had not been the least interested in school — I should not imagine Solihull ever had a branch of the Young Communists."

M R-D: "Isn't he interested in women?" Stephen Ward (decadent Harley St. doctor, the Mixer. He committed suicide when the Profumo Affair exploded): (proudly) "He's a Russian, they don't allow that sort of thing." M R-D: "You could never be a Communist. You won't even share a cigarette." S.W.: "That's not the point at all."

When the court cases and headlines blew over, Mandy was just 22; time for a tour of Europe's luke-warm spots (Eve's Bar in Munich, anyone?) singing "Let's Do It" and what have you. Then she tried Israel.

"I was falling in love with Israel, particularly Tel Aviv. It really is an ugly city, totally new." She opened a nightclub; come the Six Day War in 1967 it served as a bloodbank and propaganda centre. From Moshe Dayan onwards, everyone loved the brave blonde icon, this headline who had forsaken erogenous for war zones.

Rachman by Shirley Green (Hamlyn) is an altogether darker face. Polish, his family gone in Nazi concentration camps, Peter Rachman came to Britain as a refugee after the war. He took a sweatshop job for a pittance, sat in his Dickensian room and learned about capitalism, about never-never, about get-rich-quick, all about trashy Yankette tiger skin TV commercial post-war Britain. In the swim of the cesspool, Rachman made his pile. So he was a little over-enthusiastic. He wanted to be a good capitalist, a good citizen. The

CONTINUES OVER



MEANWHILE
ON SIDE TWO...

1 WAITING FOR AN ALIBI



2 DO ANYTHING YOU
WANT TO

3 SARAH

4 CHINATOWN

FEATURING ON
SIDE ONE...

1 WHISKY IN THE JAR

2 WILD ONE

3 JAILBREAK



BREAKOUT



4 THE
BOYS ARE
BACK IN
TOWN!

5 DON'T BELIEVE A WORD.

6 DANCING IN THE
MOONLIGHT.

5 KILLER
ON THE
LOOSE!



☆ Action! Thrills! Excitement!
☆ Thin Lizzy's
hit-singles
collection.

POLYSTAR

PRINT

Mandy Rice Davies — scandal galore. Later she forsook erogenous for war zones.

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

post-war entrepreneur at his best/worst. The genteel Tories couldn't imagine this kind of man. Now they're led by one. Rachman's attempts to mix idealistic mouthings with acquisitive action, the country house and the army of monster automobiles, toyed with by Society . . . the blueprint for the pop star lifestyle.

He got on the wrong side of the Krays, he got sick, he lost Mandy. No more chemmy chez Rice-Davies, thinking nothing of putting £10,000 on the shoe. No more Princess Margaret in his nightclub. New money . . . it goes so quickly. Loot needs roots.

His empire dust, it wasn't long before Rachman was dead. Then the slime seeped out . . . the harassment, the Alsatian dogs. Labour made promises to tenants and won the 1964 election. Their Rent Act "outlawed" harassment. Oh yeah? On an old Shepherd's Bush site of Rachman's the Council built four tower blocks. Dossers slept in the corridors; assaults took place in the steel-lined, vandal-proof lifts. Police were recently called to the first fatal stabbing.

Labour's craze for high rise blocks and housing estates — and their razing of old communities in a banal and sterile equation of "new" with "good" — are a curse to this day, black tenants being constantly harassed on London housing estates by the kind of council tenants who put the "trash" into "white".

In 1963 a German press photographer paid a thug to urinate over his grave at the Jewish Cemetery, Hertfordshire. His name derives from the Hebrew Rachamim. Nearest translation — the abstract noun 'Pity'.

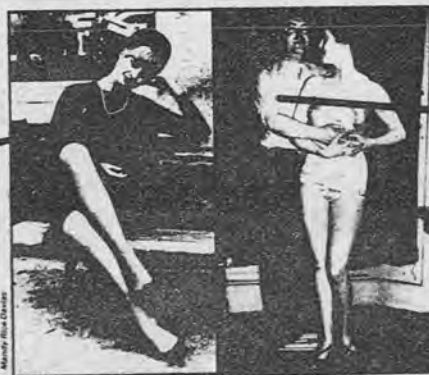
Alexander Korda, a refugee from Hungary, did well here for a little too. He made films like *That Hamilton Woman* — history as soap opera. Anyway, his nephew Michael, boss of Simon & Shuster, thinks he was real neat and has written a book about him called *Charmed Lives* (Penguin).

See the cover! See Garbo, Churchill, Leigh



Mandy Rice Davies

and Olivier! (garnishing/disguising a quartet of seedy Kordas). The index is heaven . . . but Michael Korda seems sure that we're all dying to hear about his uncle's undistinguished parade of marriages and re-marriages. Oh no,



Williams! Flash bastards, the lot of them! Let me tell you about the time my uncle Alex . . . There is actually one good bit worth reading — pages 134 to 155 for a rare account of just how cowardly America was when it came to entering the war against the Nazis. For the rest of it, it's smaller and much drabber than life ('Larger and more romantic than life!' insists *Time*), peopled by glove puppets tilting at the windmills of Michael Korda's mind.

Peter Rachmann, 'wicked landlord'.

'This woman is the best writer God ever created.'

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Yep, it's so drab it might as well be fiction. Judith Krantz' *Princess Daisy* (Corgi) is yet more bilge by a hack who hasn't yet realised that by loading moolah in a heroine's pockets or titles on her head you don't make her a giant amongst men or even interesting.

I devour printed fact so I never expect too much from fiction; still, I expected more than bore from the veteran patron saint of singles Rona Jaffe (read the stupendous *The Last Chance* and *The Other Woman*). *Class Reunion* (Coronet) is awful, as though written by an alien with a risky grasp of the language; it pertains to be X-pose of blue Fifties bourgeoisie. But no! Please read *Jayne Mansfield And The American Fifties* (Bantam) by Martha Saxon, a Massachusetts Historical Society Brain — I swear this woman is the best writer God ever created — for the real dirt — and it is dirt, the sob of anything in a skirt — on sex rules and roles during the Hot War of stifling starlet America. Taste the decapitation of glamour by the sham, shallow Sixties brats, feel that peculiar destructiveness and hysterical madness of post-pleasure America. Wallow in that melancholy exclusive to seeing through and kissing off the American Dream.

Krantz' priggish and lackadaisical heroine could learn volumes from a real life hero too. Lauren Bacall's *By Myself* (Coronet) is both remote fairytale and as easy to identify with as breathing. New York City, being so poor, beauty, cameras, magazines, being discovered, Hollywood, a different kind of camera, being so young — meeting Bogart, LOVE. Unarguably and indelibly the greatest love story (except maybe, baby, Kim Philby's

reader! You don't want to hear about: Chaplin, Coward, Dietrich, Eisenstein, Graham Greene, Keir Hardie, Laurence Harvey, Hayworth, Kruschev, Lenin, Lombard, Mountbatten, Rothschild, Stalin, A J P Taylor or Esther



GARY U.S. BONDS

Gary U.S. Bonds, who rocked the sixties charts with "New Orleans" and "Quarter To Three," is back!

His hot new album combines Gary's unique rock 'n' soul style with the production of Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band's Miami Steve and Garry Tallent.

'Dedication' is a stunning 10 track collaboration, including unique versions of Jackson Browne's — "The Pretender" and Dylan's "From A Buick Six," three brand new Springsteen songs, and a duet by Gary and Bruce.



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DEDICATION

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Kim Philby, spy.
Is honour only in blind obedience?



Philby and the splendid *Climate Of Treason* by Andrew Boyle (Coronet) for the real souful, glorious story inside British Intelligence, garnering and giving all kinds of useful facts and figures to his secret love. Russia in the springtime: violated, stunned, strong, fighting, dying, winning, beginning. The Red Flag toppling the swastika all over Europe and branding brave young hearts all over the world. Why, in 1945 even Britain elected two Communist MPs to Parliament (Mile End and West Fife). Then something went wrong, some terrible warp of roots and history. America got the Bomb and Truman boasts of it to Russia. The arms race. REMEMBER WHO STARTED IT.

silent war) ever told.

My Silent War (Granada) is Russian resident Philby's own account of his career of righteousness (so much fuss has been made about Chapman Pincher's stupid hackwork for Sidgwick and Jackson — on no account buy this book, which is criminally just a collage of old rumours and (Foreign) office jokes. Read



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Then something went wrong, some terrible warp of roots and history. America got the Bomb and Truman boasts of it to Russia. The arms race. REMEMBER WHO STARTED IT.

Britain began to take orders from the ludicrous cowardly comedian. Well-born, good-hearted young men high in the Civil Service and Government were repelled and appalled. A great English revolution thus took place during the Forties and Fifties, one lone desperate silent raid by Nunn May, Burgess, Maclean, Blunt, Blake, Fuchs and His Nibs the Philanderer, Philby himself, bent on recompensing Russia, some modest reparations for the twenty million sacrifices.

The accusations fly thick and fast now. Any dead, decent Intelligence man is prey to much stage-declaming of "TRAITOR!" and "TREACHERY, that most HEINOUS of crimes!" Such jingoism neatly sidesteps the issue of MORALITY, and of RIGHT and WRONG.

The considerable number of Germans that Britain was able to "turn" during the War — were these men traitors? Is honour only in blind, unquestioning obedience to the "leader" of the country you were born in? Philby and his band of merry men were born in Great Britain and found themselves in a banana republic, the 51st State of America, a state to which they owed no loyalty.

Kim Philby smelled America's metallic bloody breath and recognised the kiss of death. He had a tryste with history, in a cold and sometimes cruel climate. And well, when you see the sides that Russia's backed since then — Castro, the Viet Cong, black Africa, now Salvador — against the second-wind Fascist hordes, when you see the deep certainty of that flag and the massive moral fibre of those masses — oh pathetic West, all your neuroses and wastage and crime-trash — you realize that there's never been anything so terrible and beautiful and eternal.

England was never this good, but Philby's Legion wanted it to be. They didn't want us to be mindless throwaway trash. They were the last true patriots, red-blooded and cool-headed and lion-hearted. They didn't spy; they merely settled the 51st State's debts of honour.

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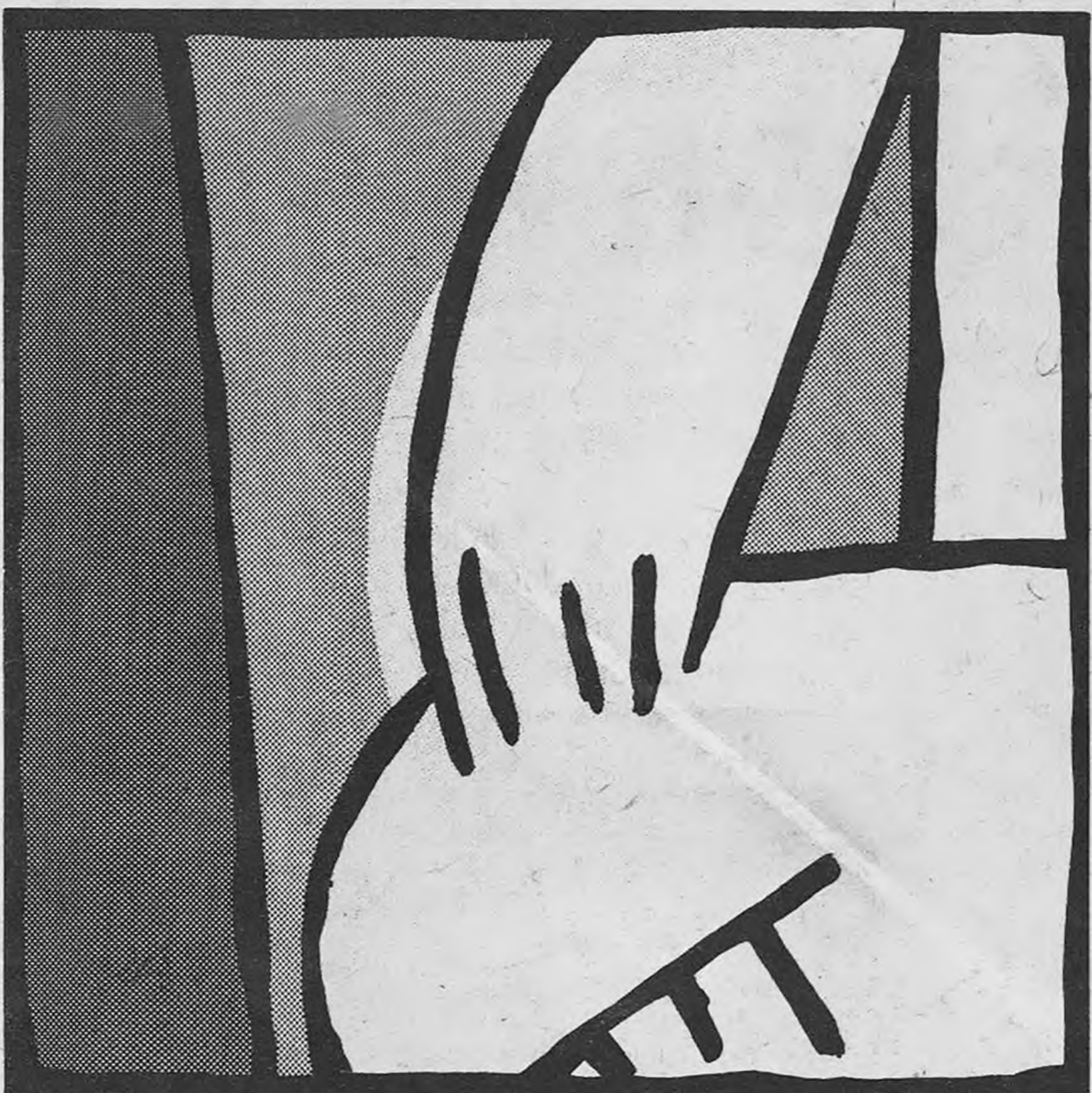
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SMITH/MARKOWITZ

MUST IT BE

CAST:

Clarence Baker — manager
Walford Tyson as "Puck" — lead vocalist
Delvin Tyson as "Duxie" — harmony vocals
Delbert McKay as "Bertie" — harmony vocals
Tony Henry — bass
Dennis Augustine — rhythm guitar
Barry Facey — lead guitar
Chesley Sampson — guitar
Joe Brown — keyboards
Bedau — saxophone
Antionette — vocals
Smokes — compere/mainman
Chris Bolton — sound
Spark — roadie

SMOKES: "When we trod this land, we walk for one reason. The reason is to try to help another man to think for himself. The music of our hearts is roots music: musics which we call history, because without the knowledge of your history you cannot determine your destiny; the music about the present, because if you're not conscious of the present you're like a cabbage in this society; music which tells about the future and the judgement which is to come. The music of our hearts is roots, Presenting MISTY IN ROOTS..."

"In roots. Imagine, trees are known by their fruits, but the children of man they invent military weapons to gain supremacy. I say natural progression. MISTY IN ROOTS. This one called 'Sodom And Gomorrah'. Strictly food for thoughts. Total destruction!"

TELL me something of the Southall music scene from which you come.

Puck: "Well, Southall music is established from time really, because there was a whole heap of old group that was around here for yonks, you know, from black man deh a England. You have groups like Crescendes, play for all the old people. Is the old people teach us how for play from the beginning. Old musicians in Southall. Is a man named Sylvester teach me. From schooldays."

What kind of music, reggae same way?

Puck: "No man, all kind of music. Them man there deal with rhythm and blues, waltz, calypso — and reggae! The band grew out of scenes really, just friends around Southall and things."

Clarence: "In Southall you've got one reggae. Like in most area, everyone knows everyone. Most of us went to school in Southall and we all went to the same clubs and things like that. In those times Bertie and Puck used to do a little singing over backing tracks at school, and it developed from there really."

Who else has come up from the same Southall scene?

Puck: "Young musicians? Well, all The Enchanters, Unity..."

Clarence: "The Enchanters and those bands they came after us, three years after us. Whereas Misty was a progression of what was in Southall before."

When did you start out?

Puck: "About 1971."

Were you gigging at this time?

Puck: "Well, you could talk about gigging. We did one or two shows in a few clubs around here so. We used to play places like Four Aces (Dalston) and all that from long time back. From there we used to back a man named Nicky Thomas and he really showed us how to play the music with craft. He used to teach us how the runnings go and we used to go all over the country with him."

You were his regular backing band?

Puck: "Yes from time."

Did you play the Empire in Leicester Square that Boxing Night show in 1976?

Puck: "Yeah. Yeah."

I saw that show. He came on wearing a kilt. (Raucous laughter.)

Clarence: "Actually we was late, we were supposed to come on third and he didn't want to come on. He give up his place, and I think it was Cimarons come on. He wanted to go on after Cimarons to make Tapper Zukie come on last, but by the time Cimarons come on time was running out because it was really late you remember? It was getting on for about five o'clock in the morning. Yeah, we went on last man."

There weren't many people left.

Puck: "You understand. Basically, we was doing our own thing still, but though he was



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with us, he was good, and he teach us a lot."

Bampi: "Well most man them interested in music from them really small. 'Cause in my case, when I was in St. Vincent, which is where I come from, is like when you all seven or eight you play about with Coxson things, and from there when you come to England now you just carry on. Like playing a little soul, as Puck told you before, a little jazz and a little this, and eventually we all just get together somehow. Up to now."

YOU ALWAYS played a lot of Rock Against Racism gigs or benefits of one sort or the other. Why?

Clarence: "It is like that. We have played benefits of many different kinds. We've played Rock Against Racism, we've played for handicapped kids, and we've played because it is a good cause, and Rock Against Racism in the time it began was a good thing because it was based on bringing people together. Black kids and white kids coming together. Anything where people can be united is a good thing. We gave our support to that because it was a good thing at the time."

Puck: "The way that came about was... It wasn't an organised runnings where you say them have nationwide things when we play, because it was like people used to hear about Rock Against Racism and them wanted to establish a show, and them would phone us up and say Rock Against Racism and ask us if we wanted to play."

You still play benefits?

Clarence: "We still play benefits, yes. If a man calls us up and asks us to do something in a good cause we consider it."

The first LP came out in Belgium. Why?

Clarence: "We did the Counter Eurovision in

...brimstone,
fire, death in
a Sodom and
Gomorrah?..
Reasoning
with
Misty In Roots
By Penny Reel
Pix By
Jean Bernard
Sohiez

Belgium in 1979. It was our reply to the Eurovision Song Contest, which is not really dealing with culture or what culture is about, it's a commercial thing. Some people got together and organised a Counter Eurovision, which invited people from all over Europe."

Do you get a better response abroad then you die in England?

Puck: "England is roots. The music in England, you have a different feel compared to Europe."

Clarence: "In Europe the music is new to a lot of the people. In England it had always been here in a way. In Europe there is a big response to the music, but when we play in England we get a good reaction same way."

Who writes your material?

Puck: "It is an inspiration how man feel. Is how music come about. Nobody really. Nobody set down how we should sound. It was a sound which was created at a certain time."

A lot of the songs deal with subjects such as, say, Sodom and Gomorrah. The people you are often singing to would seem to be those very same citizens of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Puck: "The Sodomites. Well, basically we are living in Sodom and Gomorrah and we can't really hide from it."

What are you saying to those people. Do you see them as Sodomites?

Puck: "No! well personally me, the way I feel, well I understand it and I try to be different from it; I don't really want to indulge in most of the things that say people would do. So, if I could understand it and say, well, right now this is what I understand, try it for yourself."

"I say brimstone and fire gonna mash up Sodom and Gomorrah. Logically we mean that through the world and through society

being so bad the outcome must be total destruction."

Total destruction for...

Puck: "For society. The human race itself, because..."

Yourself?
Puck: "Well, of course. All of us will go in it in the end, but it is who will be able to overcome it once it has all been destroyed."

Are you trying to tell the people out here to change?
Puck: "Of course. That is the objective. Understand and don't be led. Just because certain people teach you certain ways that they conduct their lives, don't mean that you or me must conduct our lives in the same fashion. We must try to learn what is right and what is good and do what is right and what is good."

AS PEOPLE unite, what else are you involved in outside of music?

Clarence: "At the moment we're involved in nothing but music, and everyday living, which is surviving. We have tried to create something, not for ourselves but for the young people in the area, like our creative and educational works centre which we tried to establish, which we did establish at number six Parkview Road. That was destroyed last year during the demonstration, and the building was also destroyed. Since all that was destroyed we have not got the capability nor the property or anything to carry out those works. So we're consigned to just what we know, which is music."

You know what resulted from all this, the trials and...

The tribulations. Do you feel you are up against something too big to carry on? Or is it lack of finances?

Puck: "You see, for a start we never have no finances really, and the little things we have is from time, through a little bit of money here, a little bit of money there. And what man work for really you put in and build up what you need, a PA we buy, a van, but we don't have nothing. Is only these things accumulate through years."

Sure. Same as everyone.

Puck: "Is nothing you could say is too big for us, because how long we've been living? Well, I man a live for 25 years and I've always lived under the same condition, and until the day I die I can't see anything gonna go different, because all I can see is just getting dread and dread and... Nothing ever change man, just have for hope."

You don't see that there will be a change? You don't see Armageddon coming in three years or something?

Smokes: "You can't look for signs, because the time will come when you don't even know it is coming. You don't look for signs but if you are not blind, when it appear you will know."

Joe: "Is like a man who read the Bible every day, or when him get the time for read it, or however way him penetrate the Bible, and him can check for the prophecies of the Bible, and him see the prophecies of the Bible come true each day in a him life where him live. Him can't really say to no specific date, like say, Well, God is coming like three years or... Him have for just live from day to day, and know say well if him no live good, anytime God come him are go feel it too, just like the heathens."

Why haven't you carried on with the community centre?

Clarence: "With the community we had no choice. We tried to establish something. We had no finance, like Puck said, and yet we look around us and we were playing music and doing things, and we had things to occupy ourselves."

"When we look around us and the community, they youths who was running round the streets having nothing to do, nowhere to go, being harassed and picked up by the police and them things. So we tried to widen what we were doing to them, in a way, to form a creative centre which give them a chance to do anything from art to drama to engineering. That was the aim which we tried to develop within the centre."

"Now last April, during the demonstration, police came in and destroyed the centre, destroyed all the equipment and the council then came and broke the building down. Now the building was all we had, really the foundation, and once that was gone we had no property to carry on."

"I do not think that nothing of righteousness can be established in this land, but still the foundation have to be laid."
Don't you believe there is any righteousness in England?

Clarence: "There's righteousness everywhere, but wherever righteousness starts to spring there's so much wickedness to tramp it down."

What land do you think righteousness can be attained in?

Clarence: "There is very few land; that is why it is really difficult to find it within yourself. If you can find it within yourself then you can pass it on to another."

Do you think Babylon system covers the face of the earth?

Clarence: "That right. It has gone as far as you can see, as far as you can reach."

Puck: "It is in all corners of the earth. When you talk about culture, it isn't my culture that rule the world, it is what certain species of man decide to impose upon other species. Other people have different ways of going through life, them do things different you understand, but certain people don't see it so,

TOTAL DESTRUCTION



they want the world to run how they want and not how you want to run it because of your culture. Superior culture them call it."

You believe the white race responsible for the wickedness on earth?
Puck: "Well in this time, yes. There is no lie about that, it is the truth. Because what is going on in the world, it wasn't the black people that cause it, it wasn't the Chinese people that cause it, it wasn't the Indian man that cause it, but the white people who come out of Europe with their technology."

And all share the taint?
Clarence: "Not all. From you look, the world is like this, there's two forces in the world, there's good and there's evil. And within every nation there's a good man and a bad man, and the same thing that the ordinary man in Europe is subjected to, the forces which control him, is the same that was subjected upon all the nations of the world. The ordinary man in England is just led."

Puck: "It is the ones that has gone so deep into their knowledge, to discover things that man don't really have to know about to survive, you understand? and because they have gone so far and they have increased their knowledge in things that they shouldn't really trouble that the world is in the state that it's in."

Clarence: "And they impose their knowledge not only on the Indian man or the black man, they put it even on their own."

Puck: "There are men who just take the world as it is, because the world could have been a pure place. We needn't have some of the disease that is around now if man never go and trouble some of the things they shouldn't really trouble. You can't say that all the white people do that, even black man indulge in it now, because them..."

Clarence: "Them want the water from the same cup."

Puck: "It is those that dealt in the technology and the knowledge of things that they had no reason to go and trouble who cause it."

Clarence: "The sorcerers, astrologers, and call them scientists and all kind of isms."

Spark: "Especially ists..."

Puck: "It is the same thing I show you man, that the world finish because the amount of pollution of things they have created, of which they have no control, is causing on the world. I even see upon telly the other night that future generation of man might all be deformed because of the wickedness these people who dealt in the science and the knowledge have caused to come upon the earth."

How about the scientist who invented penicillin?

Puck: "There has always been doctors on the earth, or in the earth. Doctors are people who know certain things or put their minds to these things, and it is passed onto them through generations. Like certain man know certain herbs where if you use can make you

better, and penicillin is just a fungus, isn't it, and it grows out of things that is deteriorating through natural process. The man who realise that this fungus can cure people if them use it, all him done is a natural thing, and it is very logical. If it is good for you, use it."

"But when you talk about the nuclear thing now, which even them boy themselves can't even understand or know how to control and can't even get rid of. And look what it's doing to the earth."

"That is madness, and that is the heights of their knowledge. It is that that's causing the cancer and all them things coming on now, and new disease that man don't even know about. Them suck out the iron out of the ground, they dig out hole in a the ground, and it cause all kind of madness to happen man, all kind of catastrophe in the earth."

Ravaging the mother.

Clarence: "Exactly! And it all comes back again. It is a warning, because if a man go on this way it can only lead to total destruction."

CLARENCE, CAN you tell me how and in what way you were changed by what happened last April?

Clarence: "Last April, well I think it made many people a lot wiser: a lot wiser to what is actually happening in this time. Because, I see not just what happened to myself, but what happened to our centre, what happened to many people in Southall."

"I've been through the courts and I've seen many innocent, innocent people been sent to prison."

"I have heard about it all from South Africa and Rhodesia, and I see it right here. It does not surprise me because I know that if a man takes wickedness to another man's home, and in his home he disrespects him and makes him a slave in his home, when this man free himself then he have no choice but to bring the same oppression back."

You would see yourself as an oppressor then if you had the chance?

Clarence: "An oppressor? No. I believe in God the Almighty. I believe that if I live my life in a correct way and the right way, God the Almighty who created all things will guide me in righteousness, and anything that is due unto me will be given unto me in righteousness. It is then up to me as man how I use this thing. I can either use it in righteousness or in folly. If I use it in folly it will be taken away from me."

Before the riots you came different, you looked different, you didn't dread.

Clarence: "Yeah, during the riots I wore dread, because I grow my locks now for about a year before the riot."

Puck: "I don't know why you call it riot now, beca..."

Clarence: "Well, they call it riot now. I use their term, but I would not call it riot, it was



a... I don't even know a word to describe it. I was dread before that, and more time I think it was all my dread that saved me from some terrible thing."

HOW DO you see the reggae coming out of Jamaica now? What do you think it defends?

Smokes: "Well, times will change it, it depends on the times in Jamaica. There's some terrible music going to come out in the next few months, because the slack bwoy them can't keep up with it."

You think there's too much slackness going down at the moment?

Joe: "Yeah man, more than..."

Puck: "No, there's some hard man coming out and some a new man a bring out, but the slackness was earlier last year, the end of '79, '80. A whole heap of slackness just start come."

Why do you think that is?

Puck: "Because of man mind isn't it?"

I always consider Jamaica the roots of righteousness.

Puck: "Not of righteousness, of reggae." **And of righteousness, in a sense that somehow the people there seem to have a more spiritual understanding.**

Spark: "That's a whole heap of crap."

You don't think that?

Clarence: "Righteousness. You see in every land where there's oppression there's a man who is crying out to be free, and in his cry he'll always cling to things which is true, because that's the onliest way he can free himself, by doing things which is right. In Jamaica it's no different because you have many man who have separated themselves from that corruption that goes on within Jamaica. They have moved to the hills, they've moved to the mountains."

That's what I am saying, there's this spirit in Jamaica...

Clarence: "Not just in Jamaica. Everywhere you look you will find them because right here in England is the same thing I am doing on a smaller scale. I'm not in the sunshine; I'm not where fruit's good; I'm confined to having to go in the shop and buy my food. I cannot grow it in the way I would like to grow it, rightfully."

"That is the difference between here and Jamaica. In Jamaica God has blessed the land, anything will grow, and when you appreciate that and know the power and greatness of God, then you could only give thanks and accept it and live. Here it is much more difficult to live."

Joe: "The inspiration different still."

Puck: "It's a different place, England dread man."

Duxie: "It's not real is it? It's no real at all."

Bampi: "I feel it's best for us to come out man."

Spark: "I feel that every black people want to do that."

DO YOU seek repatriation to Africa?

Smokes: "It depends what you mean by repatriation, because you have a lot of people saying repatriation this, repatriation that, but to understand repatriation, you know, you have to understand situation what surround you."

Puck: "Consciousness cannot leave this because you see it come back to Sodom and Gomorrah. The story of Sodom and Gomorrah show you well right now there was a time when there was two cities that was really bad, and the thing that was going on in there was terrible. Now liken that unto the societies that we live in."

"It is said that this place here is so terrible by the things that go on, and if you're conscious of it you will know how bad it is. The time came when those who understood the runnings in Sodom and Gomorrah had to come out, and there was none but one who understood the runnings, and it was said unto him well come out of Sodom and Gomorrah or get destroyed, and bring out your family, and if at anytime anyone of you look back you would also be destroyed. It is such. The people who live here, if they cannot give up what they have here, they cannot leave it."

So you cannot give up the living you have here?

Puck: "Of course I could."

Clarence: "I could give up the living I have here, because the living I have here is just sufferation in a way."

Puck: "Life is not the way it should be."

Clarence: "Man is supposed to be strong."

Why do you stay in England then?

Clarence: "Why? It goes back to history again. I can take you on a long trail back through history, because the same way I had no choice for being out of Africa, I had no choice for being here, that is myself, in my generation, in my time."

You see all black people as belonging to Africa?

Puck: "Truth is that the black race originally came from Africa, and that is the truth."

The truth is that every race originates from Africa.

Puck: "No, no, no, because how it go nobody knows where man originated. Some scientist claim, yes, life started in Africa, but we will say that there was a place on earth where life did start, but nobody knows."

"To consider it logically, it could have been the Middle East, and we will say that the Middle East was a part of Africa in that time, in that sense; but differently we must look again and look at the developments of the history of the movements of the people on the earth, and we would see that the black people wasn't

TOTAL DESTRUCTION



living in the interior of Africa, the black people was living in the Middle East, around Egypt, the Canaan where Israel there now, all Sudan, round the edge of Persia, Iran and them places. Them days is of the black man country.

"Further up were the Syrians who gradually came down from the steppes of Asia and came into Egypt and eventually went back to live in Canaan after driving out the black people.

"The Jews came down from Syria and went into Egypt, and from Egypt, because they were enslaved in Egypt, from time they went back into Canaan, where is called Israel in this time."

Clarence: "Which was the land which was given unto the Jews."

Puck: "And the Canaanites were the black people. Because if we look upon the history again, like how the Bible show you the sons of Ham, which was Canaan, and Ham was the ancestor of the black race. Canaan was a brother of the African which was in Egypt, which was called Cush in them time, and was black people. The same as the Elamites, they was black people, the Chaldeans, them was black people; and all through the white people was coming from the steppes of Asia, because as we read it in the history, man used to be united from the beginning, but through man became so great and their knowledge became so massive, the Creator himself stepped in and intervened in the development of the world because man was too great."

Clarence: "As it happened through the wickedness of man, the earth was divided and a portion of the earth was given unto every nation. African was given unto the black man; Europe was given unto the white man; Asia was given unto the Chinese and Indian man."

"If you check it logically now, the Jews came from the son of Sham, the one called Shem, the Caucasian race, and Ham is the black race, the negro race, and the family of Ham included those who were living in the Middle East.

"Then they were driven to the wilderness of Africa, because those people were not living in the wilderness of Africa, the wilderness of Africa was occupied by another set of people who was called the bushmen. In this time you could see them as the pygmies. People like the pygmies were the original inhabitants of the interior of Africa. The black people come down, them invaded them."

(Scenes of earthquake appear on the TV screen).

"A terrible thing that."

"Earthquake?"

"Yeah."

"Again!"

Clarence: "Yeah, it's happening all over the place. See those things will happen, because from man start to destroy the earth them things will happen."

SO WHY do you think we're all here now? You say we don't come from here originally.

Puck: "It's our destiny man."

Clarence: "Well, I'll show you..."

Is this the Mystery Babylon of the Bible?

Puck: "You feel so?"

Perhaps.

Puck: "Well, Mystery Babylon isn't a country. I don't check it as a country. I check it as forces that man can't really understand. Basically, yeah, England them had a whole heap of knowledge, and logically their system is what was transported all through the earth, their parliament ways and different things, the democracy. The thinkings behind that, it was developed somewhere else, it wasn't developed in England. It was developed in Rome before England, and before Rome was the Greeks, before Greek was the Persians, before the Persians was the Egyptians, which was the black people. So civilisation started in Africa, and now the final outcome of it as..."

Chorus: "Babylon the Great!"

Puck: "And who take it now is the big boy, America, because all the struggle of Europe gone into build the United States."

You don't see Russia as being Babylon as well?

Puck: "Well, there is a part of them is all brothers man."

Do you not see any change that you can effect in this country? I mean, would you rather see in a Labour than Tory government, or do you think it is all...

(Uproar. Heated debate.)

Puck: "That is stupidness."

Spark: "It's nothing to do with it."

Clarence: "It's like this now, you see I think politics, religion, and all them things are a greater cause of all that go on in the world."

Puck: "Yeah man, is division man."

Clarence: "Religion, politics, some call themselves socialists, some call themselves communists, some call themselves capitalists, and is a whole heap of ism, ism, and division..."

Puck: "Man is as such, they are easily led."

Yet you give your support to a lot of people who would call themselves socialist.

Puck: "Probably these people should in theory have a better understanding of life than others, because they think more of a social way that man can exist."

"You see what I mean, instead of division and division and division. No, we've never seen it work, so you don't know, and it isn't what a man call himself that really give them the standing as human beings."

Is what him do. Clarence, you've said to me in the past that you've worked with these people and they live as they preach.

Clarence: "Well, you see living is such that a man will tell you anything, but then what that man live will tell you the truth of that man."

Now when we give our support to anyone we consider, right what is the cause and why is this man doing this thing. And if there is any good reason in why he is doing it we'll support it, and we'll show him our way, the way we show our way to the people we're playing to.

"Our music is about this, truth and right. Our music is of the things we live, the oppression we feel, the things we learn from the Bible. It is of God."

Puck: "Logically, if everybody was to sit down and to think if I do this and it's going to hurt my friend, it's wrong, because you shouldn't hurt another man in any form. Your objective as a human being is to try and live a peaceful co-existence with everybody."

Sure. I can't understand why... Or rather, I can. I can see that people get greed for gold and greed for...

Puck: "You see where it come now? It's the greed. That is how the world went bad because certain members of the human race decided to get greedy to control certain lands for money..."

Clarence: "Tell me, what is gold?"

Puck: "...and they start forming opinions, they start making vanities. Is stupidness man. Gold is earth, is stones that come out of the earth. It has no value."

Clarence: "It has no value, it is worthless, but man put value on it. It has no value itself, and Africans use it for no value. To the African it has no value, that's why he never dig the earth to get it."

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.

Puck: "The South American, the Australian man, the diamond where them see, all them things there is just stone man, and though certain people develop a certain idea in their mind just through them greed control wickedness that they give these things certain value..."

Clarence: "And make it control their life."

Puck: "If you have it you have a better social standing, because you then become rich. It's stupidness man, we don't need them things there."

Clarence: "Them kill them brother, them kill them father, them kill them mother over those thing which is of no value."

Puck: "We need the rain to fall, we need the sun to shine, we need our food to grow. That's all we need to live. Is fool them people though man, them trick people, they make certain people think certain things worth such and such. Because have you ever heard of priceless. What is priceless?"

It's something you can't put a price on, but then truly you cannot put a price on anything.

Puck: "Yeah, I understand."

You can't put a price on life.

Puck: "You can't put a price on sunshine."

Clarence: "That is where man is tricked. Everything has a price."

WHAT DO you seek to achieve with your music?

Clarence: "It is enlightenment. Because in true living and through the way we live, certain things of enlightenment have come on to us, and in return we can just pass it on to those who can see what we say in our music. It's just enlightenment."

How about being stars out there?

(Derisory laughter.)

Clarence: "Being a star out there?"

Duxie: "Stars shine at night."

Clarence: "And shine from the heaven."

So you don't look for stardom out of this?

Puck: "No, you see stardom is..."

Clarence: "An illusion."

Puck: "Yes. It is not real."

So Puck, you don't see yourself as a budding Elvis Presley?

Puck: "No, no, no, because my mentality is different. I understand these things. I know. Y'see, you have to check say now everything that you going to do in your life you have to pay for. So if you do things that is not good or right, then when the time comes when you have to pay for it, you have to pay for it. Therefore, if you're gonna talk about stardom, stardom is a word, but recognition as musicians is something different, because it is good to know that a man have developed a craft in controlling instrument, in creating sound. That is good."

"As I was saying, the old drummer will teach a younger one, and as he gets older his skill, his craft becomes better, he improves on it; and the satisfaction you get from producing sound in them forms is nice. To be recognised for his craft in playing music."

You want to be recognised as a good musician?

Puck: "As nice music, craft man, skill."

Clarence: "A conscious man playing conscious music."

Would you not get gratification from the situation where everyday when you pick up the newspaper you see people writing about Misty, and everyday you switch on the television and someone's saying about Misty?

Clarence: "That depends what they're saying, and if everyday they're saying about Misty, and everyday they're writing about Misty, they can't be saying nothing good about Misty because Misty must be something else from the writing everyday."

Smokes: "There is purpose you see, there is purpose why they portray certain thing and people for different purposes."

Puck: "Money."

When they portrayed The Beatles in those times...

Puck: "Money."

Just?

Puck: "Wasn't it?"

CONTINUES PAGE 61



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- may 26th portsmouth guildhall
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- may 31st london rainbow
plus support "mood elevators", "linton kwesi johnson" & "belle stars"
- june 1st london hammersmith palais
plus support "nervous kind", "linton kwesi johnson" & "belle stars"



GO FEET
RECORDS

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doors of your heart
all out to get you
monkey murders
i am your flag
french toast (soleil trop chaud)
drowning
side two
dream home in nz
walk away
over and over
cheated
get-a-job
the limits we set

produced by bob sargeant

cat. no: beat 3
also on tape: tcbt 3

Banking with the ESP and cerebral shlock

NEIL NORMAN cut the croissants with *Scanners* director **DAVID CRONENBERG**, telepathically tipped by *NME* light years ago as the one to watch.

"I WANTED to make sure that the scanners in the film had a relatively specific kind of telepathy and ESP because it didn't include things like psycho-kinesis and moving inanimate objects; so given the concept of what 'scanning' was and what I conceived of it as one person's mind in another person's body even more than mind to mind you end up with things like exploding heads and expanding veins almost quite naturally. To me quite naturally..."

Even David Cronenberg, frequently alluded to as 'Canada's King of Schlock Fantasy' or whatever, has to laugh at the implications of that statement. To be discussing calmly the effect of an exploding head is bizarre enough, but to be doing so with a charming, bespectacled young man who resembles nothing so much as a college graduate in a suite at The Savoy is pushing credibility to the outer limits.

As I'd arrived early, breakfast was brought in for the director half way through the interview and while accepting coffee I declined his offer of one of the accompanying croissants. They reminded me too much of the

parasites in *Shivers*. Needless to say, Cronenberg fell to with a hearty appetite.

After six years and four films, David Cronenberg is hot property. A totally self-taught filmmaker he is, like Roger Corman, able to construct effective and commercially viable films on a low budget which, given the prevailing climate of film finance, is an undeniable asset. *Scanners* continues to explore the director's obsessive theme of 'science gone wrong' central to *Shivers*, *Rabid* and *The Brood*, altering the aspect of genetic mutation from the physical to the cerebral. The effects, though (courtesy of special make up expert Dick Smith), remain disturbingly visceral.

"Opticals are too occultist for me," he laughs. "Special effects make up is much more plastic and feels real."

Cronenberg has turned down several 'occultist' scripts, preferring to work from his own non-supernatural concepts. What is the compulsion, I wondered, for his continual investigation of the more organic themes of procreation and regeneration?

"I don't believe in an afterlife. For me the mystery of mind and body is that they come together and they both go out together. When I was reading about some of your English kings who were totally obsessed with succession and lineage part of it had to be that it was the only way they could conceive of physical immortality. The idea of life everlasting in religious terms wasn't enough. It had to be a physical manifestation of

themselves that was going to continue to live on. Are children really a continuation of you or is that total illusion or such an abstraction that it's not really worth anything? My father died about 6 or 7 years ago and I find myself embodying him in many ways physically and psychologically. Right after he died I started to stand like him and walk like him. It was very creepy. I realised I was trying to keep him from dying by completely embodying him and I think it's similar with your own children; but does that mean anything to my father? That is what it's about I think, and if it

seems a bit overheated and extreme and intense it's because when you focus on that kind of thing it tends to be that..."

Extreme and intense they may be, but Cronenberg's films, especially the early ones, also possess a subversive sense of humour; and while *Scanners* may not actually be a barrel of laughs, it does have a fruitfully optimistic conclusion. He has fun with the imagery too, as when two scanners meet and talk inside the head of a giant sculpture prior to being attacked by agents who are subsequently scanned to

smithereens by the hero.

Cronenberg's films have the same kind of alien, offbeat feel to those of George Romero, a fact that he attributes to his environment (Toronto — Romero operates from Pittsburgh) outside the mainstream influence of Hollywood and LA. He doesn't have the weight of the masters on his shoulders in the same way perhaps as Carpenter and Bogdanovich have. He uses a quote from *Scanners* to illustrate his point.

"With all those other voices in your head how can you hear your own voice?" A lot of young

'Right after my father died I started to stand and walk like him. It was very creepy' — David Cronenberg

directors who have been brought up in an academic way rather than being trained as apprentices on set come to their first films very conscious of every camera move that Hitchcock ever made, every long shot that John Ford ever made and Howard Hawk's approach to woman. You get John Carpenter talking about making a film with Howard Hawks women in it. I'd like to



Cronenberg and croissant. Pic: Peter Anderson. Above — Scanning the light fantastic.

know what John Carpenter's women are like. I think the desire to merge with the past which has a sort of holy glow now makes it more difficult. I'm happy to be free of that."

And with a new script, *Videodrome*, completed as a first draft (another suggested project, David Cronenberg's *Frankenstein*, has been abandoned to his relief), *Scanners* his most successful film to date and an assured sense of his own intuitive grasp of filmmaking, David Cronenberg has several reasons to be cheerful.

Neil Norman

D.A.F.

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SILVER SCREEN

A MOVIE of the same name appeared in 1945. It starred John Garfield and Lana Turner and through great deftness and plot contortion managed to steer round the main sexual meat intended by the author.

This then is not so much a remake but a good and steamy first stab at James M. Cain's 1934 novel.

The story is of a Depression drifter who happens on a remote Californian diner called Twin Forks. He soon swindles himself a steak and egg lunch and is ready for the next stop up the line when he is suddenly rivetted by the unmistakable sexual sparks coming off the owner's wife.

It happens that the proprietor — a Greek immigrant with dreams of empire — requires a man to work his service station. So the hobo stays. And thereafter he and the wife plunge into a quickening spiral of lust, murder, fantasy and revenge that, in the '30s Depression decade, had its own inescapable moral conclusion.

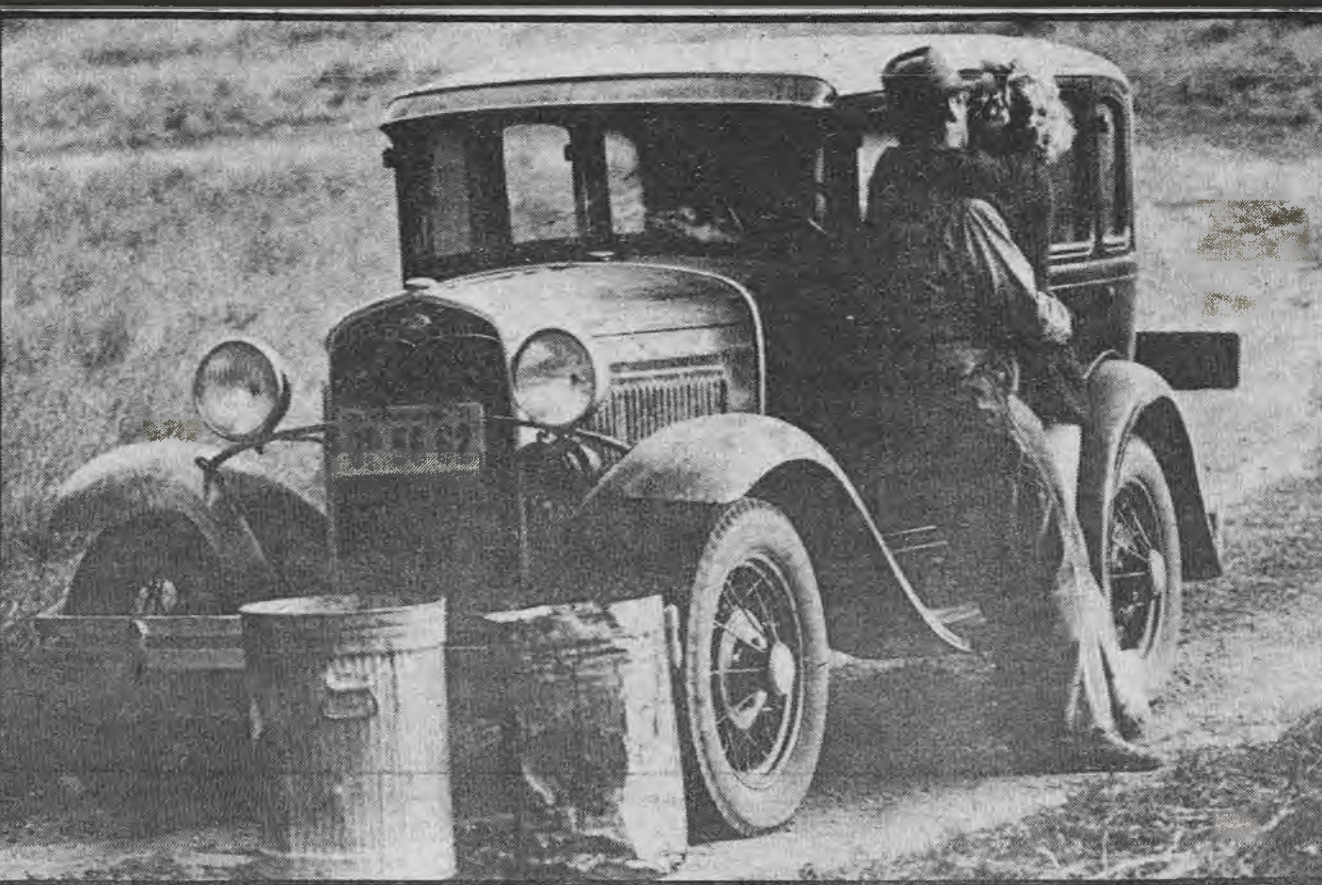
The plot is snaking, fast-paced and by '80s

The Postman Always Rings Twice
Directed by Bob Rafelson
Starring Jessica Lange, Jack Nicholson, John Colicos. (ITC).

standards bordering on melodrama. What director Bob Rafelson has achieved is the discovery and perfect exploitation of a rare and smouldering chemical mix — Lange and Nicholson. And there's the force.

He screen tested more than 120 actresses, including the wife of screenwriter David Mamet, before settling for Jessica Lange. Known previously as the vacuous sex doll of the *King Kong* remake

she was considered a mistaken choice in many film circles. Rafelson reports "talking to her a great deal", working



Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange upstaged by two dustbins and a motor in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*

California steaming

meticulously through the part. What results is a new and enormously powerful screen presence.

The role of failed starlet Cora required someone with huge sexual thrust. Lange has this and more. It needed a woman

who wouldn't wilt under the all-male barrage of leading man Jack Nicholson, who with Rafelson and producer Andrew Braunsberg was joint progenitor. Lange not only stands firm, she seems to have moderated some of Nicholson's own crude tendencies. The bug-eyed crazy of *The Shining* follows through with more complexity, more subtlety and even tenderness.

Not that tender love joins these two together. They meet with the force of a road accident. They indulge in violent, mauling (unsimulated) sex and seem unable or too scared to pull apart. They want some manner of freedom and though they look for it in one another... for each of them it's a different thing.

For Frank it can be a game of craps behind a Chicago bus station; or a ticket to San Francisco. What Cora wants is for her coarse husband to drop dead and leave behind the

financial security for which she married him. As their affair builds steam they hatch murder. But when it finally happens, their lives start spinning faster and wilder leading them to the inevitable '30s conclusion. Rafelson himself changes pace at this juncture, leaving the stifling roadside diner and emerging into the harsh lit world of courtrooms, insurance offices and the streets of a Depression town.

As always he is fanatical about the style and look of his film. From Sweden he brought *Cries and Whispers* cinematographer Sven Mykvist who gives him a sharp-contrast almost black and white feeling to the colours... but with a hazy edge to them.

Plus period cars are out, since Rafelson worried that his audience might "swoon" over them and get distracted from the plot. Except where plushness is a statement, he deploys plain black Fords. And there's no cramming of interiors with art deco objects. Too predictable. The styling is invisibly natural, as is the screenplay by Mamet.

Postman will probably be slapped down for its contentious mix of eroticism and violence, one leading and feeding on the other. The scene where the lovers slip into each other just yards from the murdered body of Cora's husband is going to outrage. But even the outraged will probably feel in their gut why and how such a thing could happen.

Rafelson himself has always worked intuitively, favouring characters who drive themselves to their own fateful conclusion rather than working out plodding good politics.

Towards the end, with a child on the way, Cora announces to Frank her own three commandments and probably those of Rafelson too: With children be natural; remember we have each other; follow your instincts.

Rafelson, without a hit since 1970 and *Five Easy Pieces*, is back amongst the big money.

Andrew Tyler

"Hotter than any uncurbed passion to hit the screen since *Last Tango in Paris*."

—Playboy



JACK NICHOLSON
JESSICA LANGE

IN A BOB RAFELSON FILM

The Postman Always Rings Twice

The Funhouse
Directed by Tobe Hooper
Starring Elizabeth Berridge, Cooper Huckabee, Sylvia Miles (CIC)

TOBE HOOPER likes making movies about families — sick ones. The barmy inbred redneck cannibals in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* were the Family, Charlie Manson's, transplanted from California to the Lone Star State. There's a sly one-liner about Manson in *The Funhouse*, a film concerned with another extended family — this time of travelling fairground people.

If these types are a bit dodgy and seedy (just as the entertainment they sell is rather tawdry and suspect), then the decent folks in the film don't come over any better: they tend to be bad alcoholic parents, presiding over straight nuclear families cemented by neurosis rather than love. Naturally, they forbid their children to go to the fair.

But they go anyway, and derive such guilty pleasure from the experience that they decide to stay overnight with companions in the fun house, a sort of phantasmagorical ghost train (great set). Their adolescent sexual fumbblings are interrupted when they witness a murder — a family affair, of course, with one show person doing in another.

The killer wears a Frankenstein mask and underneath looks like the successful coupling of the Elephant Man and the beastie from *Alien*. When the mutant starts chasing the kids, the stress isn't so much on the fact that he's violent and

psychopathic but that they've brought down a kind of vengeance on themselves by stealing from and making fun of (shades of *Freaks*) the fairground folk, especially a fortune teller. Mind, she's no angel, running a pricey sideline in perfunctory sex therapy.

Just like there was no let-up once that chainsaw started to buzz, the second half of *The Funhouse* is all climax. It's shock after shock, and the effect doesn't wear off but increases: that's clever, not crude.

Each crescendo of terror is accompanied by the cackle and laughter of the clockwork dolls and puppets in the funhouse. You aren't sure whether to laugh with them — or cry out. There's a similar feeling of ambiguity to much of the acting and dialogue. How do you respond to the caring able-bodied normal-faced father of the thing-y, when he says his son likes a spot of fishing and "ain't a bad feller"? There hasn't been such spiciness since *Ssssnake* and its perverse prof, so you split your sides, then somebody gets split with an axe...

The film assails rather than assuages the audience's voyeurism, and offers no way out of the disturbing position into which it is claustrophobically ham(!)mered — more so during the closing sequence when the action spills down into the cellar of machinery underneath the funhouse. The works! you almost feel a bit of sympathy for the 'monster' when it looks like he's going to get his nuts crushed, then... Well, like the large toy Dali-esque eye in the funhouse itself (blinking or winking?), go see for yourself. The film's torn and unevenly distributed emotions are the stuff of cult and very popular films.

Paul Tickell

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THE FUNHOUSE

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WILLIAM FINLEY introducing ELIZABETH BERRIDGE and KEVIN CONWAY as the Barker in
THE FUNHOUSE Executive Producers MACE NEUFELD and MARK LESTER Written by LARRY BLOCK
Produced by DEREK POWER and STEVEN BERNHARDT Directed by TOBE HOOPER
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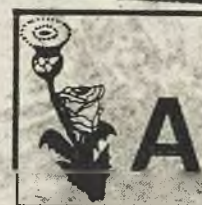


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The most terrifying 3 hours of your life.

NOW IN THE WEST END. FROM SUNDAY ALL OVER LONDON.



THE SET

ALMOST DEVASTATINGLY ugly, crouched low over a valley, Glasgow sprawls like a beast, pulsing slowly. A vast motorway complex enables it to connect the city with the surrounding countryside, justifying its connection with the heart, which beats slightly faster.

The song of the Clyde — a lament: once a teeming industrial city (home of the world's finest shipbuilders), now hopelessly drowning in a recession from which it can never recover. On the banks of the Kelvin river stand the few tourist attractions, the Museum and Art Galleries, built, incredibly, back to front. A story is told that when the architect saw it, he threw himself from one of the turrets in despair.

The image of the Glasgow Spirit, the Hardman, the Swagger, and the Razor King, has become a romantic cliché; from 'No Mean City' to Mollie Weir, from Billy Connolly to Jimmy Boyle.

The young and trendy disguise the desperation bravely. Glasgow's trendy is a thin exterior. In town, beneath the Rock Garden bar, is the Rox restaurant (to eat and be seen in). Very chic and modern when you walk in, but you've already ordered before you notice that the black tablecloths are not smart, crisp cotton but crumpled, and the cutlery is Habitat. Outrageous posers all in-tune and with a vitality that laughs in the face of tame Edinburgh punk-chic.

Forty miles away, there is Edinburgh: Festival City, modestly basking in a relaxed affluence and like London, equipped to welcome visitors and tourists. People seem politely distant. The young and trendy seek entertainment more as a matter of course than a means of enjoyment. Hip Nite Club clientele hug the bar, keen to be seen; bouncers circulate discreetly, carrying huge, indiscreet walkie-talkies — eager to report trouble that will never happen. There's no threat, no danger.

THE PLOT

(We are based in Glasgow)

THE MUSIC: The successful perpetrators of the Glasgow myth staunchly insist on a public deterioration, so you know the faces: Alex Harvey (an earlier Jimmy Pursey), Maggie Bell, Frankie Miller, Nazareth... What a solid, hard-drinking, hard-hitting, tough rock tradition for a new, modern sound to break through. Small

THE PLAYERS

(The cast slowly assemble)

FIRST A LULL, a time of quiet inspiration and influences either despite of or due to a succession of musical fads and fashions. Then a

host of unrelated pockets of activity. The *Ten Commandments* is formed in defiance of shoddy fanzine tradition, and from winter '79 onwards, it highlights the groups now involved: Positive Noise, Restricted Code, The Alleged, The Radio Ghosts, Newspeak (now the Laughing Apple), Orange Juice, H.O., Altered Images, Aztec Camera, The Dreamboys, Recognitions, Edinburgh and elsewhere. The new groups are The Scars, TV Art (to become Josef K), The Dirty Reds (to become Fire Engines), The Clubs, The Flowers, Boots For Dancing, The Visitors, New Apartment, The Delmontes... Edinburgh documents its past with a lazy efficiency, and the local writers rise up.

Ronnie Gurr's early fanzine *Hanging Around* champions the new wave. He later appears in *Record Mirror*. Johnny Waller champions The Skids, diligently churns out many issues of his *Kingdom Come* fanzine, and earns the position of *Sounds*' man in the Lothians. Ian Crauna reviews for the *NME* and later becomes *Smash Hits* editor. Glenn Gibson repeatedly raves about the new Scottish talent and is resolutely ignored.

In February 1980, Orange Juice release 'Falling And Laughing', and Postcard takes the 'Funky Glasgow Now' show to town, featuring Orange Juice, Josef K and The Go-Betweens.

In April the Glasgow compilation 'Second City Static' comes out featuring Positive Noise, Restricted Code and The Alleged. Step we gaily... This is the way — demo tapes, John Peel sessions, live reviews, support tours, Richard Skinner sessions; daytime radio! Singles, recording and publishing contracts, the press, alternative charts — the real charts — television! In August, Edinburgh's Valentino's hosts a Frank Sinatra Night featuring four groups: The Associates, The Scars, Josef K and The Fire Engines. A near-legendary bill (and a modestly attended concert).

The music press credibility combination of Paul Morley and Dave McCulloch starts to gaze slowly northwards, and by autumn the country starts to read about their findings.

The press is history — now let's look more closely...

THE ACTS

NOWADAYS, IT'S very rare to see any of Glasgow's main four groups playing at home; indeed the last time we saw them, Orange Juice were supporting The Undertones, Altered Images were supporting Adam And The Ants and

Positive Noise were supporting Rangers... I mean, Simple Minds, Restricted Code were the last to leave the local circuit. But when they were all playing regularly, it was usually in Paisley's Bungalow Bar because of Glasgow's atrocious lack of venues. A disgusting little hole by any standards, it was still one of the few places to see groups. At any one of the main four groups' concerts, there would be various members of the others. Ross Middleton (as Maxwell Park) reviewed them all for *Sounds* — including his own group Positive Noise! They all witnessed the Paisley punks out in force to pogo along Altered Images; Orange Juice still sound-checking an hour after the audience were all in; Ross burned his hand trying to sing and smoke a cigarette at the same time...

Paisley is eight miles away from Glasgow's city centre, and about eight years behind the times. Punk didn't die in the West of Scotland; it crawled into a corner in Paisley, shut out the world, teamed up with the subversive Practical Anarchy, and re-appeared on the Groucho Marxist label. The Fags, Defiant Pose, Urban Enemies, XS Discharge — various levels of notoriety — were all more interested in the chance to appear on vinyl than the politics of the anarchists. The last Groucho Marxist release was XS Discharge's 'Life's A Wank' EP — heavily influenced by Public Image, and doomed to obscurity (the title alone limiting any possible airplay).

On the brink of the Scottish explosion, an unknown group, The Associates (with a fairly obscure single, and an anonymous, professional album 'The Affectionate Punch' already recorded on Fiction Records) packed their bags and moved to a flat in Edinburgh (rented by the record company) to play some warm-up gigs, release the album and receive the press.

In the Bungalow, many people stood in silence, stunned by the talent and, in particular, the staggeringly beautiful voice of Billy McKenzie. The album proved to be a poor indication. How quickly they abandoned strategy; packing up again, to head for London and play it to death. That first discovery was by far the most precious and exciting. But the Associates were an inspiration to many: the return of singing as an art, and suddenly everyone wants to sound like Billy McKenzie.

Ross (Positive Noise): "Hey, Tom, guess what — those bastards have beaten us to it..."

Tom (Restricted Code): "What are you talking about?"

Ross: "Altered Images — they've got a single out. I saw it in the window of Listen..."

Kirsty McNeill and Robert Sharp live in Glasgow and (with Robin Hodgins) started the Scottish fanzine, *Ten Commandments* in late '79. Kirsty and Robert wrote, photographed and designed this story.



THE DELMONTES

When a mock-up Altered Images single sleeve in the style of Japanese import appeared in the window of Listen Records a year ago, the above phone conversation took place (Glasgow gossip travels fast).

Despite having the biggest local following, Altered Images enjoyed the least critical support from local media and groups: a fact that they now delight in digging out in the course of interviews. Apart from their fans, the reactions were either to ignore them, condemn them, or all the fuss was about. But no one can put into words the enigmatic appeal of the singer, Clare Grogan.

The group send a tape to the Banishes (undeniably a major musical influence) and are offered the support slot at Glasgow's story began last March when they nervously went on that stage with Later, Clare met Siouxsie and the Banshees in her dressing-room. It was a strange contrast of vulnerability and experience: Siouxsie, black in bold thick mask of stage and make-up, resembled an ancient monarch; Clare in demure Jean Brodie dress, excited. The Banishes were impressed (it must be) and flattered to inspire emulation and pledged their whisks off on tour and guided companies in search of record.

Prior to bedding down finally with CBS, ever-cocky group manager extending her career into the cinema. Last year, local film producer Bill Forsyth scoured the city's bars and restaurants for the face to fit his film and discovered 'Gregory's Girl' was a hamburger joint. Clare — as Susan in the film — triumphs in the end...

Gerry McElhone (brother of bass player Johnny, son of a local MP) put the word about that Altered Images want to be the latest unsigned group in Glasgow. "a chance" was the unanimous retort.

While some people start yelling 'So Young!' and 'True New Pop!', the more general opinion — that Altered Images are a very mainstream, unsentimental group, completely riding on Clare's charm and style — is strongly reinforced with the release of their first single. 'Dead Pop Stars' is a dull, heavy work, and the credit to the group or to producer Steve Severin. It systematically destroys the charm and the youth vaguely like Black Sabbath, with a wonder bonus, but it should never serve as an excuse. At just 16, Altered Images are in Wales just now, recording their first album. I hope it's an improvement on their single. And with Severin again producing, it's unlikely that they can even out-Banshee the Banishes!

Outside of the group, Clare is producing. Last year, local film producer Bill Forsyth scoured the city's bars and restaurants for the face to fit his film and discovered 'Gregory's Girl' was a hamburger joint. Clare — as Susan in the film — triumphs in the end...

IT'S WINTER, and we're in Edinburgh's trendy Nite Club to see Positive Noise. Ross (weir, poet, main Noise) rushes over and says there are lots of record comp any people up. He persuades his increasing intoxication. By the time Positive Noise go onstage, Ross can barely stand, and he embarks on an unintentional, hilarious display of clowning, culminating in him unbuttoning his shirt right down to his trouser buttons. There he is singing 'She paints my delirium' and his trousers are round his ankles! Their press comes quickly, of course it's easier from the inside: remember we were all forced to read about Nick Kent's eating habits.

Morley raves. Ross said that it was really Morley's girlfriend who wrote the article. Her picture later appears on the back of the single 'Give Me Passion'. McCulloch raves: but stop to quiz Ross about his growing reputation for telling tall tales. Ross can do wonderful impersonations...

Restricted Code... Noise, graduated from obscurity to the Dunes Castle scene — a rude, manager, sloppy clientele) via Second City Static, and earnestly strove to perfect their rapid individual sound. All the while trying to drop the early comparisons

CONTINUES OVER

**SCOTLAND'S
NEW ROLE IN
THE PERFORMING ARTS**
BY KIRSTY McNEILL PIX ROBERT SHARP



THE LOUNGE LIZARDS

The Lounge Lizards will be appearing as special guests of Discipline on the following dates:—

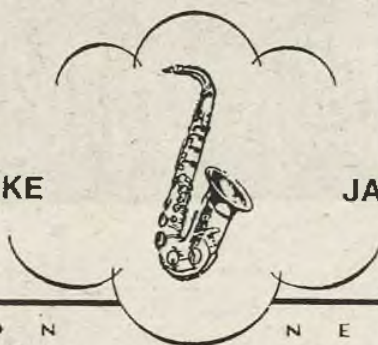
6 May Keele University
7 May Manchester Polytechnic
8 May Liverpool University
9 May University of East Anglia,
Norwich
10 May Her Majesty's Theatre,
Haymarket, London
12 May Captain Video, Paris
13 May Captain Video, Paris
14 May Roubaix Colisee, Roubaix
15 May Paradiso, Amsterdam
16 May Universite, Bruxelles

The Lounge Lizards will also be appearing at the Venue, Victoria on May 18th.

They have an L.P. out on Editions EG Cat. No. EG ED 8.

FAKE

JAZZ



L O N D O N

N E W Y O R K

Editions
EG

SOUTHERN SOUL

In many ways the gospel-derived, country-inclined southern soul scene was (still is, what's left of it) the antithesis of funk and suffered accordingly as the beat of the street gained prominence. Nevertheless, some of the earliest examples of funk came from below the Mason-Dixon line.

Excluding James Brown (who, although a southern artist, had picked up "big city ideas"), the first southern funk forms stemmed from New Orleans, where Allen Toussaint wrote and produced funky hits for Lee Dorsey ('Working In The Coal Mine', etc) and others as early as '66. Two years later, also under Toussaint's direction, The Meters emerged as the most basic, metronomic funk outfit of all time.

Up in Memphis, Stax went funky in 1968 with Johnnie Taylor's 'Who's Making Love' leading to the likes of Rufus Thomas ('Do The Funky Chicken/Penguin, etc') and the re-modelled Bar-Kays ('Son Of Shaft', etc). In 1971 Stax also grabbed Jean Knight's 'Mr Big Stuff' from Mississippi, while in the same year Atlantic got Betty Wright's classic 'Clean Up Woman' from Miami's TK outfit, who later brought the world a gang of soft-funk/disco stars, including KC & The Sunshine Band ('Sound Your Funky Horn') and George McCrae ('Rock Your Baby').

Throughout the late '60s/early '70s there were many more examples of the south recognising the funk (the previously-gospel-styled soul preacher Joe Tex's hit 'Gotta', for instance) but generally speaking the confederate south opted out of, or has been excluded from, the Funk Union.

OHIO PLAYERS

Born out of mainstream '60s soul via James Brown and Funkadelic (with whom they were early label-mates), the Players first grabbed attention in the early '70s with a startling line in sado-masochistic artwork and protofunk recordings ('Pain', 'Pleasure' & 'Ecstasy', hit the big time in '74 with full-funk 'Skin Tight' and 'Fire', then slowly eased their way into spaced-out oblivion.

FATBACK BAND

Probably the NY 'street music' originals and certainly the only ones to carry it through to today. First hit big with 'Nija Walk' and 'Street Dance' and continued via 'Wicky Wacky' and 'Keep On Stepping' into 'I Gotta Get My Hands On Some (Money)' last year. In the early days, they laid claim to inviting bunches of neighbourhood kids into the studio with them "for hand claps, vocals and to generally create a party atmosphere". As we all know by now, they were rapping six months before the Sugarhill Gang with 'King Tim III' (Personality Jock).

JAMES BROWN

By whom '60s R&B was grabbed by the very vitals, turned on its head and led kicking and screaming round the perimeter of mainstream '60s soul to play stud to the muthas of the '70s. The question is, without James Brown would funk exist as we know it today? Answer: if you have to ask you just ain't funk!

After outclassing his R&B contemporaries to become 'Soul Brother No. 1' in 1964 JB and his brand new bag of frustrated jazz musicians (sax, idiosyncratic, polyrhythmic extemporisations that, together with Brown's pioneering personal independence, were the blueprint for all who followed. Essential sidemen on his '60s classics ('Papa's Bag', 'Cold Sweat', 'Say It Loud', 'Give It Up Or Turn It Loose' et al) included saxist/arrangers Nat Jones, Alfred 'Pee Wee' Ellis & Maceo Parker, bassists Bernard Odum & Charles Sherrell, and drummers Melvin Parker, John 'Jabo' Starks and Clyde Stubblefield. In 1970 a new, younger band — The J.B.'s featuring William 'Bootsy' Collins on bass and brother Phelps on guitar — brought freshly energised force to the funk on hits like 'Sex Machine', 'Super Bad' and 'Soul Power'. JB's settled down into a less innovative amalgam of old and new, at first led by Maceo and trombonist Fred Wesley until they too split to Clinton. Meanwhile James himself refuses to lose and although no longer the main man, is still capable of outfunkin' the best of the rest. Of 'Good Foot', 'The Payback', 'Get Up Offa That Thing' etc. His latest U.S. single, 'Give The Bass Player Some', is among the hardest of today's funk yet stems from one of his '67 riffs, that's how far ahead of the field he was.

SALSA

Salsa (Hot Sauce) is to America what reggae is to Britain — the popular music of an immigrant Caribbean culture; in this instance, the exotic produce of both Cuba and Puerto Rico.

Its roots stem from firebrand big bands fronted by Perez Prado, Machito, Chico O'Farrill, Noro Morales, Tito Puente and legendary conga drummer Chano Pozo, who, in the post-war '40s, attracted the patronage of modern jazzers Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and Stan Kenton to produce 'Cu-Bop'. This in turn translated into the more commercial Mambo and Cha Cha crazes and the popularity of the Latin jazz combo of Willie Bobo, Cal Tjader, Mongo Santamaria, Candido, Joe Cuba and Ray Barreto. A return, in the early '70s, to more ethnic values not only saw an upswing in the fortunes of such wildly exciting performers as La Lupe, Celia Cruz, Oscar De Leon, Johnny Pacheco and Orquesta Marlow but the Ray Barreto-directed Fania All-Stars.

NY STREET FUNK

The urban answer to the lush production of Motown and Philly, Funkadelic without the flash, latent without being laid back, was the music that rocked the east coast ghettos. The ingredients were readily available: neanderthal bass, a sprinkling of horn riffs and live talk or a chant for a lyric, so kids on every corner were doing it and a few (B.T. Express, Mandrill, Brass Construction, The Key Gues) made it big. Unfortunately though, unlike two of its biggest hits ('Changin'' and 'Movin'') it's neither changed nor moved, and just got left behind.

(PRODUCTION) DISCO

Disco shook up a lot of things, both musically and socially, as white America shook its thigh for the first time since Chubby Checker. So all embracing was it, that 90% of soul/jazz music was affected in one way or another and shock waves are still apparent, but most noticeably it brought about the rise in importance of the producer in direct ratio to a decline in emotional contribution by the artist. A host of has-beens, nearly-weres, and thankfully weren't's discovered it was much easier to tell other people to work to a formula (4/4 beat, synth, plenty of percussion, meaningless chant and half-naked rubles (skates optional) on the cover) and sell it through 'A.N.P.' (Amv Nitrate Promotions) than do something themselves. Van McCoy, Quincy Jones and Tom Motton were its founder fathers, but the records are so utterly devoid it's impossible to bring any to mind.

THE CHIC CLIQUE

In which already successful backroom writer/singer musicians find their own thigh and thrust themselves into the limelight. With Disco providing the opportunity and muscular beat, and perhaps Brothers Johnson's breakout being the inspiration, in '78 and '79 from out the studios came Ray Parker Jr. as Raydio, Nile Rogers and Bernard Edwards as Chic, David Williams and James Jamson II as Chanson, and McFadden and Whitehead as themselves.

All of whom among others provided some of the most memorable hits of the era but didn't dramatically affect the flow of the funk.

JAMES CHANCE

Rose to prominence in post punk New York City on a heady mixture of aggression (attacking audiences), borrowed visuals (modelling himself on the look of '60s jazzers), notoriety, opportunism and talent. Chance has claimed affinity with black giants like James Brown, Charlie Parker and certainly never balked from using their extensive heritage to his own ends, adding a tortured dementia of his own on sides like 'Contort Yourself'. Has been variously James Chance and The Contortions and James White and The Blacks. His last set of musicians left to become Defunkt, while Chance himself has quit Ze Records, but is still active and more popular than ever. Artistically erratic, he has been widely influential.

PACIFIC JAZZ RECORDS

Richard Bock's Pacific Jazz record label was (along with Contemporary) regarded as an L.A. equivalent of Blue Note. Having established itself in the early '50s with such cool cats as Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, Chico Hamilton and Bud Shank, by 1960 the label had been renamed World Pacific and was making great capital of the popularity of funky soul jazz: first, with sanctified pianist Les McCann, then such hip Hammond - tough tenor duos as Richard 'Groove' Holmes and Curtis Amy, before drummer Lenny McBrowne's ill-fated 4 Souls paved the way for Amy proteges, The Jazz Crusaders.

More than any other aggregation, the ebullient team of Wilton Felder, Joe Sample, Sly Hooper and Wayne Henderson epitomized the very best blending of hard-edged jazz and sweet soul music.

Whereas both the label and the majority of its premier artists came unstuck when attempting an A-Go jazz-rock fusion, The (Jazz) Crusaders have survived to this day.

BLUE NOTE RECORDS

Throughout the mid-'50s and late-'60s, Blue Note Records all but directed the style of Black American jazz with the same creative consistency with which both Motown and Stax served soul music.

In the same year as Elvis signed to Sun, Blue Note's biggest asset were The Jazz Messengers — a hard-bop quintet (initially) co-lead by drummer Art Blakey (35) and pianist Horace Silver (26). It was Silver's distinctive back-to-the-roots brew of down-home gospel, blues and backbeat in such compositions as 'The Preacher' and 'Doodlin' which originally gave rise to the term 'funky' and led to such groups being promoted as purveyors of 'soul jazz'.

In '56, Silver left to inaugurate his own quintet which, like The Jazz Messengers, was regarded as the toughest musical assault course for such young rookies as Benny Golson, Lee Morgan, Donald Byrd, Stanley Clarke, Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter, Bobby Timmons and The Brecker Brothers.

JOHN COLTRANE

There has probably never been a musician in living memory who drove himself with such creative and spiritual fervour as saxman John Coltrane. Unlike most innovators, when he died, aged 40, in 1967, Coltrane had at least been fortunate enough to see even his most metaphysical ideas acclaimed internationally. However, upon the great man's passing, the avant garde movement was deprived of a leader and it was left to Coltrane's former sidekick, Miles Davis (aided by Wayne Shorter) to help open up entirely new avenues of expression.

DISCOGRAPHY

1964 James Brown — Out of Sight.
1965 James Brown — Papa's Got A Brand New Bag.
1966 James Brown — Money Won't Change You.
Lee Dorsey — Get Out Of My Life Woman — Working In The Coal Mine.
Jazz Crusaders — Uplight.
James Brown — Cold Sweat — I Can't Stand Myself.
The Bar Kays — Soul Finger.
1968 James Brown — I Got The Feeling — Licking Stick — Say It Loud, I'm Black and I'm Proud.
Sly and the Family Stone — Dance to the Music — M'Lady — Everyday People.
The Meters — Sophisticated Sissy.
Marvin Gaye — I Heard It Through The Grapevine.
The Temptations — Cloud Nine.
Johnnie Taylor — Who's Making Love.
1969 James Brown — Give It Up Or Turn It Loose — Mother Popcorn — Ain't It Funky Now.
Sly & the Family Stone — Stand / I Want To Take You Higher.
— Thank You Falsettime Be Mice El Again.
The Meters — Cissy Strutt.
Lee Dorsey — Everything I Do Gon, Be Funky — Give It Up.
The Isley Brothers — It's Your Thing.
1972 The Crusaders — Crusaders 1 LP (incl. Put It Where You Want It).
War — The World Is A Ghetto LP (incl. The Cisco Kid).
Stevie Wonder — Music Of My Mind LP (incl. Superwoman).
— Talking Book LP (incl. Superstition).
Marvin Gaye — Trouble Man LP.
Curtis Mayfield — Super Fly.
James Brown — Honky Tonk.
— Get On The Good Foot.
The J.B.'s — Pass The Peas / Hot Pants Road.
The Temptations — Papa Was A Rolling Stone.
The O'Jays — Back Stabbers LP (incl. Love Train).
Joe Tex — I Gotcha.
1973 Herbie Hancock — Headhunters LP.
Marvin Gaye — Let's Get It On LP.
Stevie Wonder — Innervisions LP (incl. Higher Ground & Living For The City).
The Isley Brothers — 3+3 LP (incl. That Lady).
Kool and the Gang — Wild And Peaceful LP (incl. Jungle Boogie).
Donald Byrd — Black Byrd.
Ohio Players — Funky Worm.
Fred Wesley & The J.B.'s — Doing It To Death.
Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes — The Love I Lost.
Timmy Thomas — Why Can't We Live Together.
Graham Central Station — GCS LP.
Chairmen of the Board — Finders Keepers.
Eddie Kendricks — Keep On Truckin' LP.
1974 Blackbyrds — Do It Right.
Stevie Wonder — Fulfillment's First Finale LP (incl. You Haven't Done Nothing & Boogie On Reggae Woman).
Ohio Players — Skin Tight LP.
The Crusaders — Scratch LP.
— Southern Comfort LP (incl. Stomp And Buck Dance).
James Brown — The Payback.
— My Thing.
— Papa Don't Take No Mess.
Parliament — Up For The Down Stroke.
The Blackbyrds — Walking In Rhythm.
The Commodores — Machine Gun. Bothered — Keep On Dancin'.
— South African Man.
Rufus — Rags To Rufus LP.
— Rufusified LP.
Allen Toussaint — Southern Nights LP.
Average White Band — AWB LP (incl. Pick Up The Pieces).
1975 Earth, Wind & Fire — That's The Way Of The World LP (incl. Shining Star).
Gaye Washington Jr. — Mister Magic LP.
Parliament — Chocolate City.
The Commodores — Slippery When Wet / The Bump.
Fatback Band — Wicky Wacky — Keep On Steppin'.
Van McCoy — The Hustle.
Donna Summer — Give Me Love.
Gil Scott Heron — The Bottle.
1976 Parliament — Motherhip Connection LP (incl. P Funk (I Wants To Get Funked Up) & Give Up The Funk (Fear The Roof Off The Sucker)).
The Clones Of Dr. Funkenstein LP.
Bootsy's Rubber Band — Stretchin' Out LP.
Earth, Wind & Fire — Spirit LP.
Brothers Johnson — Looking Out For No. 1 LP (incl. I'll Be Good To You & Get The Funk Out Ma Face).
Rise Royce — Get Wack.
Undisputed Truth — You + Me = Love.
James Brown — Get Up Offa That Thing.
— Body Heat.
Cameo — Rigor Mortis.
Gil Scott-Heron — Johannesburg.
George Benson — Breezin' LP.
Ronnie Laws — Pressure Sensitive LP.
Fania All-Stars — Live Salsa! LP.
1977 Parliament — Funkentelechy Vs. The Placebo Syndrome (incl. Flash Light).
Bootsy — AHH. The Name Is Bootsy, Baby! LP (incl. The Pinocchio Theory & Munchies For Your Love).
Earth, Wind & Fire — All 'N' All LP (incl. Serpentine Fire & Jupiter).
Brothers Johnson — Right On Time LP (incl. Strawberry Letter 23).
Kraftwerk — Showroom Dummies.
Heatwave — Boogie Nights.
1978 Larry Graham — Star Walk LP.
Bootsy — Player Of The Year LP.
Ain't No Funkin' Now.
Rick James — Come And Get It LP (incl. You And I).
Quasar — Quasar LP.
Brass Construction — Celebrate.
Ian Dury — Rhythm Stick.
Heatwave — The Groove Line.
Funkadelic — One Nation Under A Groove.
Chick — C'est Chic LP.
Jacksons — Destiny.
Roy Ayers — You Send Me LP.
Evelyn Champagne King — Shame.
Shalamar — Disco Gardens.
Village People — Y.M.C.A.
Donna Summer — Now That We've Found Love.
1979 Larry Graham — My Radio Sure Sounds Good LP.
James White & The Blacks — Off-White LP.
Earth, Wind & Fire — I Am LP (incl. Boogie Wonderland).
The Crusaders — Street Life LP.
James Brown — It's Too Funky In Here.
Shalamar — Big Fun LP.
McFadden & Whitehead — Ain't No Stopping Us Now.
The Whispers — And The Beat Goes On.
Ian Dury — Reasons To Be Cheerful.
Michael Jackson — Off The Wall LP.
Curtis Ward — Ring My Bell.
Al Hudson — We Can Do It.
1980 The Contortions — Buy LP (incl. Contort Yourself).
Kid Creole & The Coconuts — Off The Coast Of Me LP.
Prince & The New Power Generation — A Certain Ratio — Shack Up.
Sugarhill Gang — Rappers Delight.
Brothers Johnson — Stomp.
James Brown — Rapp Payback.
Zapp — More Bounce.
Kurtis Blow — The Breaks.
Positive Force — We've Got The Funk.
— Hotbox Fatback LP.
Gap Band III LP.
The Jacksons — Triumph LP (incl. Can You Feel It).
Grandmaster Flash — Super Rappin' LP.
Was (Not Was) — Wheel It Out.
Defunkt — Defunkt LP.
Sharon Redd — Can You Handle It.
1981 Fire Engines — Get Up And Use Me.
Material — Temporary Music EP.
Coati Mundi — We No Pop! LP.
Wildman — Life In Reverse.
Two Man Band — Musica Latina.

DONALD BYRD

Initially, Donald Byrd enjoyed the most popularity becoming one of the most recorded jazzmen ever: legend has it that over a three year period he was in the studio practically every day. Byrd — also a doctor of ethnomusicology — underwent a drastic personality change translating his awareness of Black America's social dilemmas and the importance of both James Brown and Motown, into a passionate pursuit of fusionizing. This resulted in Blue Note's first million — selling LP 'Black Byrd' and DB abandoning jazz to front a band of funksters of the same name.

MILES DAVIS

For close on 35 years, whatever trumpet player Miles Davis has recorded has virtually become the current mode in jazz. When, after 'In A Silent Way' (1969) — regarded by some as his last 'pure' jazz album — Davis boasted he was to form an electric rock band even more adventurous than that led by Jimi Hendrix, 'Bitches Brew' proved him to be a man of his word. If rock-style superstardom was instantly forthcoming for this self-assured innovator whose influence pervades almost every stratum of contemporary black music, then it can be said that such post-'Brew' sidemen like Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett, Joe Zawinul, Billy Cobham, Jack DeJohnette, Michael Henderson, Reggie Lucas and Shorter — also did exceedingly well for themselves. But as Davis said, 'Everybody I get is special. All the guys I've used have changed the whole style of music today.'

THE CRUSADERS

After their abortive spell at Motown The Crusaders dropped the Jazz pre-fix and went decidedly electric, reaching a much wider crossover audience than was ever possible in the jazz scene. Although the addition of 'Street Life' with Randy Crawford gave them their biggest hit, Crusaders personnel have featured on hundreds of vital sessions with the likes of Marvin Gaye, Steely Dan and Bobby Bland. They continue to influence the funk world but their later recordings have lacked the vital tension that the double horn attack of Wayne Henderson (now departed) and Wilton Felder gave to such seminal discs as 'The Second Crusade', 'Unsung Heroes' and 'Southern Comfort'. They should return to their Texan, Freedom Sound best soon if Hubert Laws joins.

RONNIE LAWS

Yet another Blue Note label graduate, A contemporary of The Jazz Crusaders (and brother to Hubert, Eloise and Debra), this Texas sax man spent time leading the Earth, Wind & Fire horns before delivering Blue Note its largest-ever selling debut album, 'Pressure Sensitive'. By no means innovative or superior to so many other players working the same funky turf, Ronnie Laws nevertheless proved his box-office appeal when, in 1980, he promptly sold out two shows at Hammersmith Odeon with minimal advertising.

CTI

Former Verve Records A&R whizz-kid Creed Taylor struck out on his own and kept America's bargain bins full for the best part of the late '70s. Taylor's policy was to permutate a squad of accomplished musicians like Blue Notes Freddie Hubbard and Stanley Turrentine plus Eric Gale, Joe Beck, Idris Muhammad, Grover Washington Jr, Hubert Laws, George Benson and Bob James. Apart from the fashionable glossy gatefold sleeves each over-produced CTI album is distinguishable by the premeditated up-market pitch at easy listeners plus the inclusion of one obligatory dance track. However, CTI served a purpose in transforming Benson and Washington from sessioners into fully-fledged superstars.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

What the word 'Disco' conveyed to most of the world's population was Travolta in white suit struttin' to The Bee Gees in 'Saturday Night Fever' — white boy as black ace face in superimp threads. The movie was enormously popular but Disco as a musical genre was never heard of its momentum and quickly spiralled downwards in a parody of its consumerist self. Gloria Gaynor ('I Will Survive') and Sylvester ('Highly Real') had some of the best of disco sides and The Village People sold Disco's gay New York origins to the straight world before sinking beneath the waves.

GEORGE BENSON

Benson's Wes Montgomery-derived guitar style was so effectively showcased on a succession of slickly-produced CTI albums that not only has he become a millionaire but simultaneously influenced an entire generation of guitarists. Then, with the release of his Warner Bros debut, 'Breezin'', George Benson became the first jazz artist to sell one million copies of an album. His smooth-as-silk singing may have taken preference over his guitar playing to the point that he now shares the same space with Johnny Mathis, but despite sell-out accusations, Benson is still capable of picking licks with the best of 'em.

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS

Little new in the Salsa/Latin schol was achieved until the emergence, towards the tail-end of 1976, of Canadian-born August Darnell's Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band. The visuals were a combination of '30s elegance and '70s pimp flash, the music was a concoction of latin rhythms, big band swing, soul sass and disco dash. Having undergone a drastic streamlining, Darnell manifested as Kid Creole & The Coconuts with a circus of idiosyncratic celebrities like Cristina and Costi Mundi which could possibly dominate the '80s in much the same way that George Clinton influenced the '70s.

UK JAZZ/FUNK

This is what the hip set want, the 'thinking kids' music', but in reality is nothing more than disco with a sax. Born and bred in the suburbs, where Deejays picked up on album tracks by US jazzers as dance floor fillers. It has now come to town as so much money was put into promoting it that there is very little alternative. A whole scene (fashion, clubs, attitudes) has grown up with it and it is now reaching a state where music is running third to throwing water about and dressing up. Bands have evolved, but as they are never anything more than pale imitations of US groups they have never attracted anything above cult followings. Is in danger of going the same way as Northern Soul by being too introverted, but at the moment is a lot of fun for kids even if it has minimal musical value. All the deejays are overweight and balding... is that a side effect?

US JAZZ/FUNK

Started off as 'fusion' and Herbie Hancock was among the instigators with 'Head Hunters' in 1973, but after disco it became a vehicle for name jazzers to cash in on and (so they thought) not lose any credibility. Was quickly picked up in England, but a lot of it just isn't basic enough for US dance floors. Grover Washington is this month's special, but it fluctuates between him, Hancock, Benson, The Family Laws and The Crusaders.

THE JAP CONNECTION

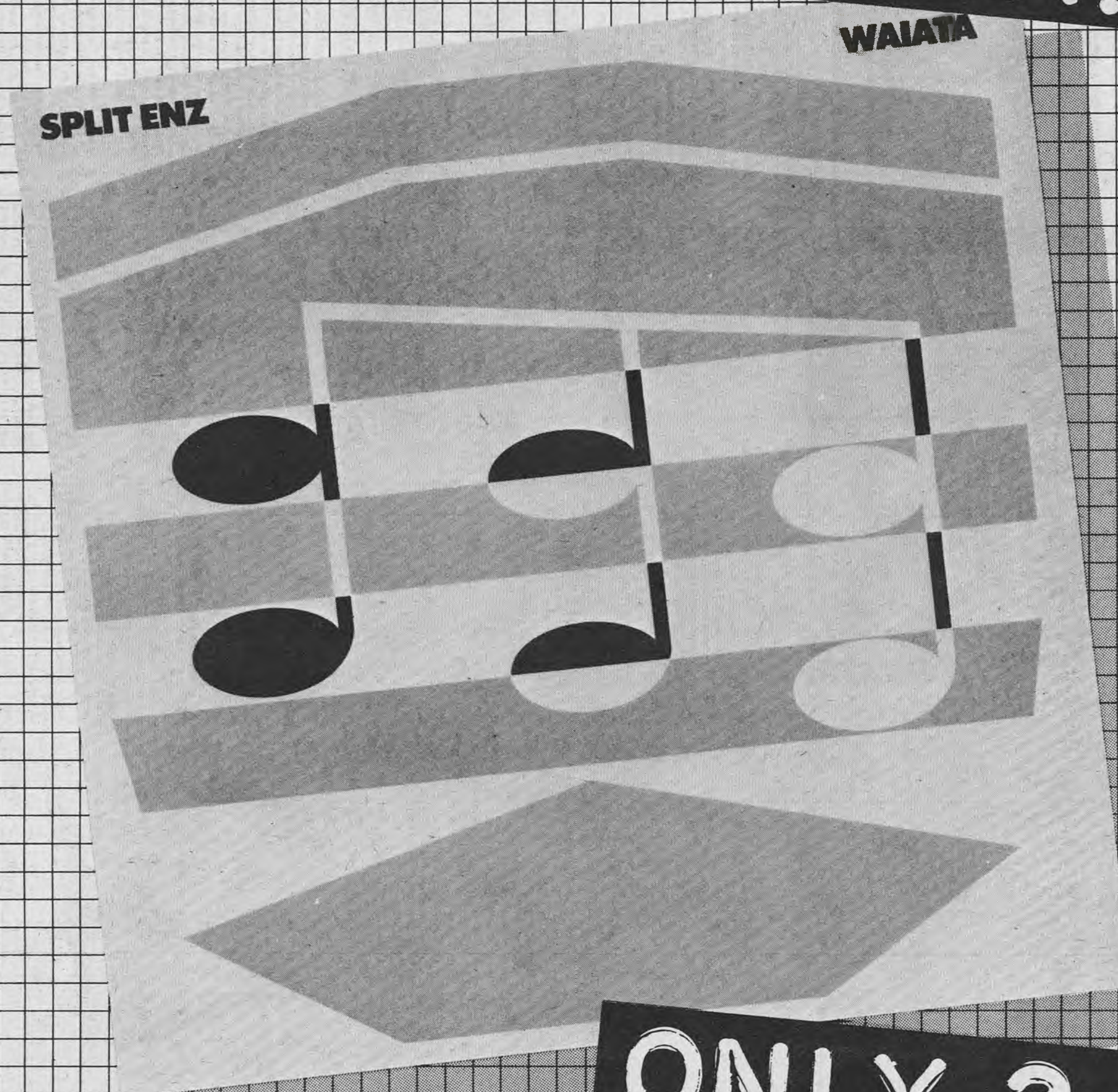
Can whites sing the blues — can Japs play jazz? It stands to reason that an advanced techno-society such as the Japanese should be intrigued by the technical expertise needed to simulate the illusion of jazz playing. Mastery of the process becomes one more giant step towards total westernisation. However, when muzak makers like Dave Gruen and Bob James are lured by the Japanese as contemporary jazz giants, then serious doubt is thrown on whether jazz is comprehended as a means of true self-expression or just another exercise in skill. So practically every jazz album of note may be reissued in Japan, and artists like Herbie Hancock record exclusively for that market, but when the actual audiences are prepared to pay and listen intently to the kind of emotionless recordings they subconsciously hear for free in elevators and restaurants, then the conditioning process has gone horrendously wrong. Hopefully, once the mechanics have been fully absorbed, there will be those musicians capable of revealing a spark of emotion. If not, ...

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New Musical Express 9th May, 1981

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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

with Television and Talking Heads.

Out of the limelight, excluded from the London media's initial enthusiasm, Restricted Code improved quietly and determinedly. An outlet eventually turned up in the shape of Bob Last, who was looking around for groups to fit in with his latest concept Pop: Aural — "Modern records for radio and dancing". Well, he probably felt in danger of being left out. (His much earlier glories with The Human League, The Mekons and Gang Of Four are now deep in the hazy past; 'Earcom' is forgotten; and the Flowers are rather inactive).

It's late summer and there's a new group in Edinburgh. Influenced by Josef K and Captain Beefheart, big fans of Richard Hell (more 'Blank Generation' than 'Pretty Vacant'). Long before becoming this year's phenomenon, they are playing with a new vibrancy and excitement; all the right emotions, fast and furious songs — 'Get Up And Use Me', 'Discord', 'Everything's Roses'. Fire Engines are young, lean and exciting.

Much impressed, Alan Horne of Postcard Records attempts to arrange the release of a Fire Engines' live tape on his I Wish I Was A Postcard flexi-label. (To be partly financed by *Ten Commandments* and given away free in a future issue.) But Fire Engines communicate best onstage: they note his interest and mutter vaguely about not wanting to be trendy. Meanwhile, Bob Last is busy indulging his obsession with the concept of the Concept, and padding out Pop: Aural with shoddy product like *Boots For Dancing and Drinking Electricity* — ignoring what was on his very doorstep. Within weeks of hearing about Alan's intentions, he had whisked Fire Engines into the studio and rush-released 'Lubricate Your Living Room' as background music on Pop: Aural.

Josef K take Fire Engines with them as support to play in London. Hungry for the new — particularly new and Scottish — and quick on the uptake now, London media is raving before local journalists have a chance to put pen to paper.

Morley declares his three favourite groups to be Fire Engines, Josef K and Orange Juice, and for several weeks constantly refers to Fire Engines throughout his articles. Later, *Snouds* print the most completely absurd adulation yet of the new Scottish groups, and Fire Engines are thrown high on a pedestal. This ridiculous press can only accelerate their decline. Their urgent, exciting energy is so immediate that there's barely time to package it; they spin fast and furious: if you haven't yet seen them, it may already be too late.

April '81 — a prestige gig at the Embassy Club, London. Fire Engines play to everyone from Frank Zappa to Clem Burke. Later, Davey Henderson, singer, is seen shaking hands with fattened business men. Is it still possible to get up and use them?

In the wake of Fire Engines, Restricted Code were afforded little time or promotion for their first Pop: Aural single 'First Night On'.

Undaunted, their second single, 'Love To Meet You' has just been released. There are hints of interest, the group is rising with confidence. Back home after supporting Fire Engines at the Embassy Club, singer Tom Cannavan said it was like playing to "a compilation photo of the music business." Their immediate plans include an album, Bob Last, and the possibility of a production company.

If the Flowers want to get some mileage out of this Scottish beat boom, they really should heave themselves into the studio and re-release 'After Dark'. The trouble is that their singer Hilary is so busy with Pop: Aural and her Danceteria project. At Flowers gigs Hilary was always telling the boys to go the bar and the girls to dance. Interviewed about Danceteria in a newspaper article recently, she said, "I much prefer the term populist music to pop, but whatever you call it... we're developing our own cool from Edinburgh street level." (Edinburgh street-level exists only in the form of the horrible Exploited). Hey sister! We don't need this fascist groove thang!

Pop: Aural's latest acquisition is Frank Hannaway — a 62-year-old accordionist. Is there such a lack of younger talent?

UPWARDS AND ONWARDS

IF YOU believe in magic, Orange Juice (despite their reputation for erratic performances) can be the warmest, most entertaining group you'll ever see. Edwyn exudes star potential: in appearance, in talent, in joyful abundance. He is clearly destined to become a Pop star. With the huge financial backing and dirty-dealing of a major record company it could be tomorrow. But on Postcard Records, as the Sound of Young Scotland, it will be totally unique.

Formed at the end of '79 to release Orange Juice's first hit single 'Falling and Laughing', and funded mainly with sheer enthusiasm, Alan Horne has now steered Postcard Records to the status of a major independent label. (Additional finance, advice and distribution is through Rough Trade.)

With eight fine, critically acclaimed singles to his credit, any further Postcard releases are virtually guaranteed to achieve alternative chart success. But for his groups Aztec Camera, Josef K, and in particular Orange Juice, this is no longer enough. They deserve real chart success. Rough Trade can neither afford — and flatly refuse on principle — to follow the major companies' pattern of expensive advertising, sales promotions, radio pluggers and chart-hyping. Alan now realises that to get daytime airplay, the records must have a slick, professional, radio-gear production, and yet still be acceptable as Postcard releases.

Therefore, future records will have to satisfy three criteria: his own, the group's, and the radio producers'. Success with integrity lies somewhere between impossible, a long slow process, and an act of God; but having come this far decrying the old rock/music biz traditions, for Postcard to do

otherwise would be totally unacceptable.

The release of their second single 'Blue Boy' last summer heralded a torrent of media praise for Orange Juice. (Despite Edwyn announcing it as their 'rock single', deliberately aimed at winning over the music press); and a growing mountain of fan mail to Postcard and correspondence to *Ten Commandments* installs Orange Juice as firm Scottish favourites.

It's October, and we're in Valentino's in Edinburgh to see Echo And The Bunnymen. Earlier, we bump into Ian McCulloch — drugged and dazed — who starts talking about the new Scottish groups. He says that he's seen enough of Orange Juice to know that they want to be like Bunnymen and then promptly lifts the entire, distinctive drum intro to 'Blue Boy' in an attempt to liven up his dull, flop single 'The Puppet'. Soon after this, the third Orange Juice single 'Simply Thrilled Honey' throws a healthy freshness in the face of the jaded competition.

Travellers abroad report back with tales of Orange Juice records being played in a Paris disco, a New York nightclub, and on the San Francisco Bay area local radio station.

The fourth single, 'Poor Old Soul' came out last month. (If this one doesn't make it, the next one surely will). Back in the end of '79, drummer Steven Daly was sharing himself out between Orange Juice and the Fun 4, and spending his spare time raising the money to finance two singles, 'Singing In The Showers' by the Fun 4, and 'Chance Meeting' by Edinburgh group TV Art — who had just read Kafka and become Josef K.

Josef K developed and progressed over the following months and became the second group on Postcard. (A series of events in the early spring brought hippy dippy Australian group The Go-Betweens to Glasgow, as Postcard house-guests. Before they finally had to leave, they recorded a single 'I Need Two Heads' which was released on Postcard last October).

The presence of Postcard was formally announced last April: Funky Glasgow Now! — two concerts: one in Glasgow, one in Edinburgh, featuring Orange Juice, Josef K, and the Go-Betweens.

On the strength of their first two Postcard singles 'Radio Drill Time' and 'It's Kinda Funny' Josef K are warmly received by the press as a "serious new sound". Innovators of sorts: guitarist Malcolm Ross was wearing warpaint on stage long before Adam Ant's warrior image was even a twinkling in McLaren's eye.

In interviews they stubbornly clam up: sullenly belying their humour.

At the end of the year they record their first album in Edinburgh, before going to Brussels with Orange Juice to play a New Year's concert. While over there, Josef K record 'Sorry For Laughing' as a single on Les Disques du Crepuscule. If not actually their best song, it certainly proved to be their best recording to date. Alan had doubts about the quality of their

album, and halted production at the eleventh hour. Josef K returned to Brussels to record their first album for the second time. This much-improved work should finally be allowed to reach the shops.

Aztec Camera — the latest Postcard group — are True Romantics (nothing to do with fat men swathed in teatowels and tablecloths). If you're alive, the haunting beautiful melodies from the young heart of Roddy Frame will send shivers up your spine. Just one listen to their tape is enough to send McCulloch shutting up to Glasgow to feature them. Earlier this year, in Edinburgh's Nite Club, Roddy is perched on a high stool, playing 'We Could Send Letters' on a twelve-string acoustic guitar. There's a hushed silence of appreciation from an audience that's more inclined to groove to 'Warm Leatherette' than these sort of 'normals'.

Already they're moving on from the sound of their first Postcard single, 'Just Like Gold', to jazz chord arrangements: from the Michael Parkinson theme tune to Bread.

With Orange Juice currently thinking about asking Sheena Easton, Nico or Paul McCartney to work with them, we could see a race from within Postcard to release the most widely-appealing MOR record in the whole history of independence!

Towards the end of his management of Josef K, hip Alan Campbell — Edinburgh school-teacher by day and entrepreneur by night — had turned his full attention to managing Edinburgh group The Delmontes, and releasing their first single, 'Tous Les Soirs', on his newly-formed Rational record label.

The Delmontes started to turn up on support slots turned down by Orange Juice and Josef K. The secret is not to see this group more than once: otherwise the seemingly coy reticence of vocalist Julie Hepburn (she has been compared to Julie Driscoll) will start to show itself as bored indifference. 'Tous Les Soirs' recently managed to cull a second round of press reviews: it's a straight — and surprisingly uncredited — copy of that obscure old '60s Castaway number 'Liar Liar'. Dig deeper into Lenny Kaye's 'Nuggets Original Artefacts From The First Psychedelic Era' and you'll find most of The Delmontes' live set.

It's pure coincidence, of course, that Johnny Waller — who wrote a Delmontes feature for *Snouds* and got their picture on the front cover — should happen to share a flat with their manager, Alan Campbell. Rational is now expanding to include The Visitors — a competent, rather bleak Edinburgh group (despite John Peel continuing to champion them, they remain ignored, as yet, by almost everyone else), and Gigantic Daze (formerly Adultery, then Still Life).

Richard Branson kindly appeared in person at the grand opening of his latest Virgin Megastore in Glasgow last summer. Not content with just having The Skids play on the roof, the daring old eccentric had to go one better and climbed up a flagpole to erect a windsock proclaiming this

to be Scotland's largest record store. Still not getting enough attention, he dropped his trousers and shows his fat behind to the assembled crowds in the street below. He throws out a few pound notes — which are promptly blown back in his face.

So with one foothold in Glasgow, he slowly starts looking about for further possessions. What should he find but Cuba Libre: conveniently pre-packaged containing The Cuban Heels, The Shakin' Pyramids, Willie Gardner and James King), and about all that's left for the taking in the new Scottish boom. He sweeps up the lot. Either Cuba Libre negotiated a monstrous promotional budget to be split among the individual acts, or Virgin have just poured the lot into The Shakin' Pyramids, in the hope of being able to cash in on the latest rockabilly revival, because the tatty trio have been pouting out of adverts everywhere for their single, tours and album. Formerly The Rockin' Reefers (the trio have now become a conventional quartet with the addition of a double bass), they're all quiffs and spliffs. They are about to take a trip — pouting all the way — into a bag marked mediocrity.

EPILOGUE

EVERYTHING'S Roses! Well, it's a bit healthier anyway. . .

New venues are springing up in Glasgow, doing away with the inconvenience of travelling to Paisley's black hole, the Bungalow Bar.

While the old, old groups continue to drag themselves round the circuits, a new, fresh wave of groups are rehearsing and perfecting. Drawing some inspiration from Orange Juice and Aztec Camera, they tend towards a sound more suited to Radio 2 than John Peel; The Bluebells, The Jazzateers and the Secret Goldfish will all go on public display shortly.

And still more are coming. . .

The Hellfire Club is fast becoming a major part of the services offered to up 'n' coming (and well-established) groups in Glasgow. Converted from a dilapidated tenement basement by Davy Henderson (no relation to the Fire Engine of the same name) and his girlfriend Jackie, it offers ludicrously cheap rehearsal and recording facilities — and advice in abundance. (House-band, Sophisticated Boom Boom — an all-girl unaffected, trash-pop outfit — impressed Richard Jobson on a visit to the club; he's taking them down to the Barge to record a single 'Let's Talk About Sex'). The Shakin' Pyramids recorded their first single at the Hellfire; likewise local groups The Dreamboys and The Poems.

While this story of the new Scottish talent has been unfolding, the phenomenal rise of Sheena Easton has made history. Breaking all sorts of chart records, conquering America, and the latest Bond theme song, she is the true rags to riches success story.

It's unlikely that any of the new groups will even sniff at success on this scale . . . but to see Orange Juice on *Top Of The Pops* — well, I'd be simply thrilled, honey!

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THE BEAT

Wha'ppen? (Go Feet)

ALL THINGS considered, 'I Just Can't Stop It', The Beat's heroic first LP was not an easy record to beat. And 'Wha'ppen?', The Beat's second LP... hasn't. Not that it's not a damned fine effort in its own right. It's just that, well, events could prove me wrong (this isn't unknown) but I'd be surprised if this year's offering should yield such a bumper crop of classic 45s as that last impressive collection. (Remember: 'Mirror In The Bathroom', 'Hands Off She's Mine', 'Stand Down Margaret', and then the superb 'Too Nice To Talk To' tiding us over.)

It's really fairest to talk about Beat '81 in the present tense (particularly as they're so committed to exploring the present tension: Beat songs address the issues of their day like the very best journalism) but, that said, a couple of backward comparisons might help me tell you which way the group's music seems to be moving. Let's get on.

'Wha'ppen?' is a good title. I know it's just a greeting, but it puts you in mind of somebody both alert and uncertain — and that's right because, given Things As They Are, we should all be the former and really can't help being the latter. So The Beat remain well and truly on the case, but the new songs aren't so exuberant: they're more subdued and cautious in mood, even tinged with cynicism sometimes. Overall the sound is smoother and mellower; that characteristic, stabbing urgency is more controlled, something which fits the songs' increasingly reflective nature. And no, they don't do a single Andy Williams number, either.

What they do do, though, goes something like this. There's 'All Out To Get You', the current hit: brisk Beat beat with matching attack and persecution complex. Flip-song 'Drownings' also around: slower, an atmospheric amalgam of dream and drama; it has the storyteller wrestling, in metaphor, with that old equation of success and pressure. Luckily, these people are never glib: singer David Wakeling's treatment is invariably thoughtful, and just as invariably, jolted out of brooding by the lively second-vocal role of Ranking Roger, adding vibrancy and an extra dimension of meaning.

On the subject of lyrics, in fact, the only role for me is simply to list the themes. They don't need 'interpreting', for while they're never so obvious as to be uninteresting, they are direct and understandable, free of the coy obscurity and pseudo-poetry that are common currency in rock writing, even among otherwise great musicians. Where were we?

Oh yes, the set's first number is called 'The Doors Of Your Heart' — and that faint, lingering disappointment I feel with the LP derives from the way it never recaptures the excellence of this remarkable opener. A lovely, soothing tune drifts poignantly across an unmistakable message — concerning love in both its personal, romantic sense and then its wider practical application. "This one your unity rocker, Lord" is what the man says... is what the man means.

If, as I say, nothing else quite matches that standard, then some others at least come close, and no number lets either side down too drastically. Rounding out side one, there's 'Monkey Murders' and 'French Toast (Soleil Trop Chaud)' — both attractively up-Beat dancers, the latter one (not self-written) being pure



Spotlight kid, Beat's Roger. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Caribbean flavour: even if the dense *patois* makes it hard to catch Roger's banter, the sun shines through in no uncertain manner. Phew, what a scorcher. And I nearly forgot 'I Am Your Flag', a slab of cold reality, and one of the more intelligently-conceived political songs you're likely to hear.

Side the second brings us 'A Dream Home In New Zealand', pure anti-escapism, with a spooky sound that's either a didgereedoo or a synthesiser (let's not get technical about this) and then 'Walk Away'. 'Over And Over' is distinctly rhumba-styled, with more self-searching lyrics: an odd combination of topical and tropical. 'Cheated', which follows, offers a cutting look at mass-media's value-loaded

gobbledegook: "It's a joke but it's not funny/Cheated cheated/Change the truth until it's worth money." "Get A Job" displays the talents of Saxa on top form (there again, what track doesn't?) and, finally, 'The Limits We Set' presents the view from dead-end street.

And — pausing only to note the vital contributions of drummer Everett, guitarist Andy and bassman David Steele — that, approximately, is wha'ppen. Memorable, stylish modern dance music, sharpened by a radical sensibility: it's plenty to be getting on with, and I suspect you'll get on with it just fine. After all, even the second-best Beat LP is no bad thing to be. Now... Beat it!

Paul Du Noyer

ALBUMS

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Chaka gotta lotta

CHAKA KHAN

What'cha Gonna Do For Me (Warner Bros)

CHAKA KHAN is on the brink of becoming one of the decade's soul queens, and 'What'cha Gonna Do For Me' can only push her further towards it.

Her voice isn't sweet, nor is it especially versatile, but it has more power and direction than most of the soul "pretenders" of this world put together. This album puts fading primadonnas like Aretha Franklin way back in the shade, and one can hardly help remarking that Arif Mardin is doing so much more with Chaka, production-wise, than he could ever do with Aretha.

'What'cha Gonna Do For Me' is a collection of great songs and great musicians. There is a spirit and energy to this album that most soul artists haven't a hope of finding. Only two songs, 'Fate' and Jerry Ragovoy's vacuous 'Night Moods', fail to make the grade.

Everything else, from the opening version of 'We Can Work It Out' (far superior to Earth, Wind, and Fire's 'Got To Get You Into My Life', with which it has inevitable affinities) to the reworking with Dizzy Gillespie himself of 'Night In Tunisia', is an absolute joy.

The sweet dives and melancholy retorts of 'Any Old Sunday', the very Wonderish 'I Know You, I Live You' and 'Father He Said', the breathtaking 'Heed The Warning', with its brilliant synth programming courtesy of David Richards (buy the 12"): all these and more add up to one of the year's essential soul releases. Enough said, I hope.

Barney Hoskyns

Swollen...

SWELL MAPS

Whatever Happens Next... (Rather/Rough Trade)

AT LAST they can be revealed, these more clandestine adventures of Epic, Biggles, Nikki, Jowe and Phones, the five chums who attended that same school of inspired eccentric amateurs as Kevin Ayers and Syd Barrett. Similarly branded as oddities, Swell Maps by-passed inhibiting standards of competence to create startlingly good, unexpected sounds from the sort of noise and melody juxtapositions difficult to arrive at through educated channels.

The Swell Maps survived on their wit and intuition through two erratically fine elpees — 'Trip To Marineville' and 'Jane From Occupied Europe' — and then sensibly broke up before their chance method and offbeat humour

became forced. At their abandoned best their vigour encouraged the listener to indulge their more wayward ramblings, isolated as they were on "official" releases, but a double album's worth of out-takes, live and home recordings and failed experiments will stretch the patience of their most committed followers.

There are some wonderful compensatory moments, however, in the shape of a rougher romp through 'Midget Submarines' and the previously unavailable songs 'Vertical Slum' — a pointed re-working of popular clichés — and 'Bandits One Five' — a squeaky, creaky dogfight tale.

Ultimately, 'Whatever Happens Next...' gambles on the conceit that SM fans care enough to desire hearing formative, half-finished or rejected Maps product spanning '74-'80 and loses simply because about half of it is Not Very Good. Proceed with caution if you don't want to foul pleasant memories.

Chris Bohn

Barney Hoskyns

paradise

nothing good ever starts / Julie Ocean — always on fire. "Julie Ocean" is a swirling sway of a song with a beautiful yearning melody somewhere between lack and desire, possibly the highpoint of the whole album. Just under two minutes of indefinable magic written by John O'Neill, it's sentiment and longing mirrored by younger brother Damian's 'Sigh and Explode' on side two.

Separated from the gaudy excesses and superficial trappings of London, The Undertones keep refreshing because they still have the natural fervour of a music fan, absorbing a whole range of influences and approaching their songs from sharp new angles. On 'When Saturday Comes' they go over what is familiar ground but fill in the spaces with a dense, fully realised sound which shows echoes of The Bunnyman and has an older and wiser lyrical slant.

The Undertones' life in Derry — new marriages, new ambitions and new

perspectives — puts them in a position where they can create a music and a world which is like a *Coronation Street* for the record deck: well crafted, very accessible and highly entertaining.

The Undertones know no time for pointless fantasies or toeing the line set by their own history. They've matched their instinctive sensibility with astute maturity and Feargal boxes quaver clever around swooping and whooping street choir harmonies — the quilts of Bradley, J & D O'Neill have never been sharper. Opposite the modern hieroglyphics on the inside sleeve are four lollypop sticks with a sticky slap of orange ice on one, a green muffler on the next, a bar of pink lathered soap on the next and a cake slice on the last.

What does it all mean — a sweet and warm lubricated pop lovingly crafted and presented? Or just some playful and colourful shapes to mess around with?

Whatever, the last track on the album provides an answer of sorts. "Another time in a difficult place — Forever paradise."

Well, what else?

Gavin Martin

SPLIT ENZ Waiata (A&M)

"WAIATA" is a Maori word meaning "a joyous celebration of song and dance", and as such it's a bit of a misnomer for the new Enz album; only half the story, really.

Split Enz were never a particularly joyous outfit in their former guise, despite some spirited attempts at surreal rock theatrics. Underneath the greasepaint and the oddball costumes, lurking just behind the clownish ho-ho antics, was a sad and painful obsession with death, impotence and (mental) deformity, the cruel flipside of the ecstatic acid dreams of the late 60s.

The 'Woman Who Loves Me' side of the 'Mental Notes' album was a tour-de-force of personal torture, an obviously painful exercise which was far more successful than many gave them credit for.

But hang on a second — wasn't 'I Got You' one of the more handsome singles to grace last year's charts? And didn't they appear just a little subdued on *TOTP*, not quite the Caligari's Cabinet mummies' show one might expect, more like an honest to goodness Beatles-band pop group? Just when we thought they'd disappeared for good, they resurfaced in a completely different form.

'Deftly handled, clear-headed 80s pop'

Well... not quite completely different, actually. 'Waiata', the second new-Enz album, sees them shedding their old skin with a certain reluctance, as if they're concerned with the loss of credibility that might ensue from a wholehearted commercial plunge.

And they obviously experience some difficulty reconciling their two faces, collecting the more traditionally complex art-rock material together on side two, and the more direct pop songs on side one. They really shouldn't worry; the latter are both more appealing and more deftly handled, clear-headed 80s pop which at its best approaches the sublime perfection of the Devo of 'Freedom Of Choice'.

Choruses are the Enz's major strength, salvaging even quite badly-constructed songs like 'Iris' (which they have the cheek to rhyme with "desirous"!); but even good hooks can't save much of the stuff on the second side — thin, texturally pleasing, but ultimately insubstantial pieces for the most part, reaching a nadir with the closing 'Albert Of India', one of two instrumentals by keyboard player Eddie Rayner (the rest are by either Neil or Tim Finn) which display all the usual drawbacks associated with keyboardist's compositions. Fine as film music, perhaps, but not something I'd actually like to listen to.

For the future, perhaps we can expect an entire LP of pop next time? Relax, you guys — no need to be ashamed.

Andy Gill

SPIRIT

The Adventures Of Kaptain Kopter & Commander Cassidy in Potatoland (Beggars Banquet)

'POTATOLAND' was first recorded by Spirit's eccentric guitarist Randy California in 1973, during one of his more unnerving periods. Spirit were in disarray after their final album, 'The Twelve Dreams of Dr Sardonicus', failed to please Columbia's corporate cheeses.

California managed to maintain a solo contract that resulted in the neglected depressive assault of 'Kaptain Kopter' but plans for a Spirit trio album (with long time drumming stepfather Ed Cassidy and pianist John Locke) were aborted when Epic took exception to a number called '1984' that was to have been the lynchpin for an ironic gaze at contemporary America.

'1984' and the 'Potatoland' album were previewed by BBC steam radio and then shelved, becoming the legendary property of hard core fans, many of whom have consistently petitioned Columbia to release the tapes. Last year they did so, maintaining a hold on '1984' itself.

The theme of 'Potatoland' seems innocent in retrospect; it was never intended as anything other than a simple home truth, not a po-faced slice of hippy paranoia. Using the familiar technique of substituting an imaginary setting for the real world in order to look for love, peace and all those funny things, it now consists of a suite of connected songs, all characterised by California's grasp of strong melody and sweet vocal expression. While the linking dialogue may not satisfy the rigorous examination of today's fraught society there is no denying the form and humour of the tunes, most of which have more to do with food than George Orwell, thank God.

But it's side one that may provide the new Spirit with their commercial salvation. Here are three newer numbers (recorded in 1979) that fit quite naturally into the progression of sophisticated studio extravaganzas which California was perfecting on 'Future Games' and 'The Spirit Of '76'.

Assisted by a select cast, especial praise to John Locke and Mike Bunnell for their lavish keyboards, and some particularly effective orchestral arrangements, these songs exemplify California's continuing ability to utilise his talents in a tasteful setting. 'We've Got A Lot To Learn' and 'Open Up Your Heart' could both be unorthodox hits (I wish) — whilst the trademarks of the band leader's electric guitar and Ed Cassidy's booming metronomic percussion are guaranteed to delight Spirit fans everywhere.

The secret must be to interest a few more people than the converted though and the album's nifty artwork and silly comic may just do that. Incidentally, the music inside is mostly liquid gold.

Max Bell

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STIFF RECORDS

**DEUTSCH
AMERIKANISCHE
FREUNDSCHAFT**
Alles Ist Gut
(Freundschaft/Virgin)

IN BERLIN and Zurich the kids are rioting, while back home in Britain the urchins don masques and have a ball in celebration of the new clod-ism — "Work till you're musclebound" indeed! — that has liberated them from the need for more constructive emotions.

It might all have been so harmless if Appollonian body worship hadn't been elevated to the level of a religion by the inane preachings of the likes of Spandau Ballet, whose fatuous philosophising carelessly confused opposing Futurist and Suprematist/Constructivist dogmas, which are about as relevant to today as the group's claims to making white European disco are justified.

The dumb colour delineations aside, what's so European about their dance? Certainly not the stern, atrophied apologies for funk riffing; and contrary to the impressions the Ballet dancers give, Europeans crack their frowns long enough to smile occasionally. . .

Especially DAF, who haven't stopped looking, laughing and absorbing since they got here two years ago. Coming from an older, more traditional society — Germany — less tolerant of youthful muscle flexing. DAF are bound to find much of the pop politics here bemusing, though they obviously welcome the atmosphere that allows it to flourish.

Most importantly, their alien status lends them the necessary detachment to be far more objective about it all than most of us born into it. Which is why the ardent satires of 'Alles Ist Gut' are so valuable: they're both sympathetic reflections and pointed commentaries on the fads and factions that occupy the dance halls. If they're primarily about London, their applications are still universal.

'Alles Ist Gut' is one of the few records that totally immerses itself in the world of

outside. It's also the first genuinely original European disco LP since early Moroder/Summer collaborations and Kraftwerk's 'Trans Europe Express'. This, their third LP, is a distillation of disco that avoids sinuous beat.

Now down to a duo, sole musician Robert Goerl swathes it in stark yet sensuous strands of synthetic noise that are as superficially attractive as they are inwardly sinister. (Personally I miss departed guitarist Wolfgang Spelmans' chance intrusions, but 'Alles Ist Gut' hasn't really got time for such sentiment.)

The tunes — sometimes as desolate as ACR's unfairly maligned 'To Each' — are devastatingly simple frames for vocalist Gabi's sexily intoned words, whose clipped songs are direct and stingingly accurate, but not without compassion. The latter is obvious when he

'Sato-sato', its ecstasies and passions in 'My Heart Goes Boom', 'The Robber And The Prince' and 'As If It Were The Last Time', and its cool in 'Don't Lose Your Head'. The scene set, he then points up the absurdities of its current polemics.

Thus 'Everybody Fights Everybody' introduces "the new evil dance", also fingered in 'The Mussolini' — incidentally the craziest dance song since Lou Reed's 'The Ostrich' — which mocks canvassing on the dance floor: "Get up, shake your hips, clap your hands, do The Mussolini, dance The Adolf Hitler, move your ass, dance the Jesus Christ." But why worry? challenges the title song 'Everything Is Good'. Let's dance among the ruins. Anything goes anyway, right?

If you believe that, skip past 'Alles Ist Gut' and dance on into oblivion — and on the way you'll be missing out on an entertainment, the emotional and intellectual accuracy of which should clear the hall of budding Neros and other empty-headed fiddlers. Being non-aligned, DAF's alternative is to provide a vital springboard for others to use. Don't abuse or waste it.

Chris Bohn

Gabi und Robert — who called us DAF?

DAF — initiative

modern disco while remaining conscious enough to see what's really going on

outlines the glamour and basic joys of disco: the deliriousness of dance on



Leder ho,

LA DUSSELDORF Individuellos (Albion)

LA DUSSELDORF, of course, are what's left of the epochal, highly influential Neu! following Michael Rother's departure. Since that band's demise, multi-instrumentalist Klaus Dinger and double-drummers Hans Lampe and Thomas Dinger have satisfied themselves making LPs which continue the Neu! tradition of endless repetition and carefully-structured dynamic build up.

Unfortunately, these LPs have rarely satisfied anyone other than themselves, and 'Individuellos' is hardly likely to change this situation, being a fairly shabby example of the above formula leavened slightly with a few nods towards a darkly good-natured Germanic Romanticism which comes across like nothing so much as an old SA reunion in a noisy bierkeller.

Santana shock

SANTANA Zebop! (CBS)

THIS, the eleventh Santana album, or thereabouts, opens with a Cat Stevens song, 'Changes'. This is just about the only difference of note between 'Zebop!' and all that came before. Some would say it is a change for the worst. Others would say that would be somewhat difficult to achieve; but then, they've probably not heard it.

Andy Gill

THE REDDINGS The Awakening (Epic) T. S. MONK House Of Music (Mirage)

WHAT WE have here are the eager-to-impress kids of two of the greatest individual exponents in contemporary black American music: soulman supreme Otis Redding and that eccentric pioneering Be-Bop pianist, Thelonious (Sphere) Monk. But not once do the respective offspring give any indication of possessing those qualities that ensured both men immortality. All that these kids can do is scamper for the most

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HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS *The Right To Be Italian* (Virgin)

SUDDENLY, the streets of dowdy London town are festooned with garish pop-pink posters. Everywhere you see her pointing at you: the skinny girl, over-made-up in the sleeveless shirtwaist dress so beloved of the conformist '50s, with a pair of cheap ruched gloves drooping down the arms awkwardly cradling a Fender Stratocaster. As an album cover it is merely a 'big mistake'; as the chosen 'image' to project



performance (abetted by harmonies from the ubiquitous Ellie Greenwich, over massed strings and dramatic heart-pumping chords) which gives Chrissie Hynde a fair run for her money.

Unfortunately, Hynde's patented 'tough girl' pose/formula has impressed Vincent enough for her to attempt a similar, melodramatic coup. The result — 'Just Young' — is woefully misconceived. 'Just Young' is Holly Vincent's only personal failure.

Holly and poison ivy . . .

Holly Vincent (and her Italians) on the masses, it's an unmitigated disaster.

It seems like so long ago — far too long, in fact — since Holly and the Italians first caused ears to prick up. The first flurry of gigs conveyed an obvious potential, spearheaded by a debut single, the irrepressible 'Tell That Girl to Shut Up'.

Charlie Gillett's Oval label — still sounds great, possessing a verve, ingenuity and sparkle that nothing Holly Vincent and her band have recorded since has come close to eclipsing. Brusquely signed to Virgin Holly and the Italians seemed to lose their perspective (and potential audience) due to aimless skittering-around, staying under wraps whilst releasing a couple of sub-standard singles for Virgin that went nowhere fast. Both 'Miles Away' and 'Youth Coup' are present on this album, as is an utterly redundant re-recording of 'Tell That Girl to Shut Up'.

The latter is only useful to pinpoint the reasons for a number of this album's shortcomings. The buoyant amateurishness of the original performance has been mutilated into going-through-the-motions professionalism.

Heavy-handedness is probably the album's chief problem. The basic instrumental sound here is guitar-orientated — most songs are driven along by lunging power chords that mangle Holly Vincent's '60s power-pop sensibility tunes into ungainly, ham-fisted exercises in heavy riffing, more in synch with pallid Heavy Metal boorishness than the flighty gleam these works scream out for. Basically, Vincent's co-workers — her band and producer — are not merely irritatingly inadequate; they seem virtually bent on sabotaging her endeavours by thrashing out the same old

bloodless dullard thump-ups.

The sad fact is that Holly Vincent, in spite of everybody else's drab endeavours to prove otherwise, is a reasonably talented pop composer and a strong singer possessing a rich, vibrant singing voice that projects and pitches excellently. With a decent producer this album could have been a formidable pop tour-de-force. The signs are easy enough to pin down. On 'Just For Tonight', a non-original probably dating back to the halcyon days of the Shirelles, she musters up an excellent, evocative vocal

Everywhere else, she appears to understand implicitly what it takes to create '60s girlie-group pop within an '80s context. Most crucial, her voice has character and conviction enough to cut through even the most stagnant swamp of sound 'Miles Away', 'Do You Say Love', 'Baby Gets It All' and even 'Race Against Romance', the ultra-bombastic finale, succeed in showcasing her talents even though virtually everyone else involved is fumbling about, brainlessly detracting from the thrust she alone is able to muster, despite it all.

Nick Kent

LIGHTNING STRIKES

SUNS OF ARQA *Revenge Of The Mozabites* (Rock Steady)

FOR the guilt-ridden liberal who has everything — a record which belongs to more minority groups than most! A curious cocktail of Eastern tablas and Irish jigs, with here and there a dash of Spanish flamenco, served with a twist of Jamaican dub for added Caribbean piquancy. You think I'm joking, don't you?

Andy Gill

WILSON PICKETT *Right Track* (EMI)

LABEL changes over the years have taken Wilson Pickett through Atlantic, RCA, and now EMI, but like so many other artists who feel the need to change with fashion, he never really pulls it off.

The tunes are mostly deadly dull formula disco and have nothing of the required excitement. Pickett himself sings as he always has done, with wholehearted determination, but backed by flaccid strings and the Huddersfield Ladies Chorus he doesn't have a chance. The album ends up as a sad reflection on all that is worst about this rapid turnover industry.

Dorota Koc

ALI THOMSON *Deception Is An Art* (A&M)

NOT in every case, though . . .

Andy Gill

ROCKET 88 *Rocket 88* (Atlantic)

A live album . . . musicians who've all been around a long, long time . . . having a jam . . . you'd be forgiven for thinking the results must be pretty awful. As a matter of fact, this record is really a bit of a treat.

Rocket 88 is a loose association, a pool of experience and talent. Some of them are well-known, some aren't — one's a taxi driver, one's a member of the Rolling Stones — and every so often they take time off and get together and put on a show. This LP, recorded live in Germany, is a sort of showcase: very roughly, it covers the field of boogie-woogie plus blues and jazz and rock, all played with an enthusiasm that's infectious and a swing that's irresistible.

Personnel include Charlie Watts on drums, Alexis Korner, Ian Stewart (on sleeve-notes and piano) and Jack Bruce — whose own 'Waiting For The Call' provides a highlight of one side. Most of the material is fairly traditional — but it's to Rocket 88's credit that the treatment is never merely academic.

Paul Du Noyer

MIKE BATT *Waves* (Epic)

THE great thing about "musician's" albums is that the rest of us need not buy them. The great thing about "producers'" albums is that even fewer need buy them.

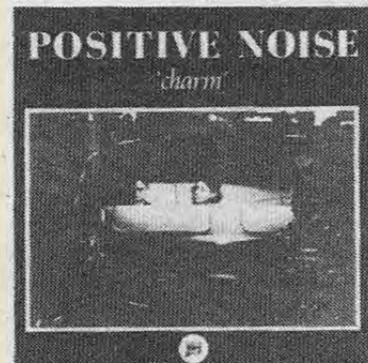
Andy Gill

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ho-hosen!

Side two's 'Dampfriemen' and 'Tintarella D', especially, are bizarre mixes of R'n'R, drinking songs and blustery psychedelia which conjure up a strangely sentimental atmosphere of backslapping, beerswilling, bellylaughing boorishness; a sort of 80s version of the healthy *lederhosen* life filtered through a few euphoriant milligrammes. Uncomfortable, to put it mildly.

Another old Neu! tradition, that of taking one or two basic themes and stretching them out to fill two sides of an LP, is here exaggerated to tiresome extremes, leaving the whole affair imbued with a sad sense of *deja vu*. 'Lieber Honig 1981', for instance, though pleasant taken on its own, is almost a carbon copy of 'Menschen 1', itself reprised needlessly in 'Menschen 2'. Get the idea? If so, rest easy — there aren't all that many other ideas to get on 'Individuellos'.

Andy Gill

Waiting for a miracle

tiresome brand of mainstream disco to regurgitate a preponderance of meaningless buzz words and irrelevant riffs.

The Reddings — Dexter (vocal and twangy rubber band bass) and Otis III (guitar) — squander their energies on local youth club standard facsimiles of the Brothers Johnson. If the Reddings haven't inherited any

of their old man's full-blooded passion then neither do Thelonious Jr (drums and vocals) and his chirping sister Boo Boo exhibit the droll humour or the adventurous spirit of the head of their family. What's more, neither act has even one half-decent song between them.

Whereas there's a remote possibility that the Reddings might pull off a freak hit given that they half-inch the material for Michael Jackson's next solo album, T. S. Monk require nothing short of a miracle. The queue starts on the right!

Roy Carr

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS

UNDERTONES SWITCH

THE UNDERTONES have been forced to re-arrange four dates on their current UK tour. Three have been moved from earlier this week and are now re-set as follows: Derby Assembly Rooms (June 2), Leicester De Montfort Hall (8) and Coventry Tiffany's (9). The fourth was scheduled for tonight (Thursday) at Birmingham Odeon, but is now switched to June 20. Venues remain the same and existing tickets are valid for the revised dates, though refunds may be obtained if desired. Oxford New Theatre, originally announced for June 20, has now been cancelled.

DAVE STEWART GIGS

DAVE STEWART, whose single with Colin Blunstone "What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted" recently reached No. 12 in the *NME* Chart, is going on the road again with his own group Rapid Eye Movement — whose line-up consists of Pip Pyle (drums), Rick Biddulph (bass and vocals), Jakko (guitar and vocals) and Stewart himself on keyboards. Full tour dates will be announced shortly, but it's already known that they will headline at London Victoria The Venue on Tuesday, May 26.

MARTYN IN DEMAND

JOHN MARTYN has added another date at London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre to his mini-tour later this month — his gig there on May 23 is now virtually sold out, so he's slotted in a second concert the following day (Sunday, 24). Martyn, just back from a tour of Canada, has signed a long-term worldwide deal with WEA International — Phil Collins will produce his first album under the new agreement, with recording scheduled for June and release for early autumn.

DENNY LAINE'S TRIO

DENNY LAINE, whose departure from Wings was revealed by *NME* last week, is to work in future in a three-piece. He said at the weekend that he's been rehearsing solidly with bassist Phil Curtis and drummer John Hollywood, and they'll be recording an album in June for autumn release, with a tour to follow. "The fact that it's a trio forces us to give everything we've got to produce an exciting sound", he said. Laine confirmed that his decision to quit Wings was made after they had completed recording their album in Montserrat, and it became obvious that they wouldn't be touring — "which is the whole purpose of being in the business, as far as I'm concerned".

□ **TONY CAPSTICK** celebrates his chart success with the single 'Capstick Comes Home' by playing concerts at Affreton Leisure Centre (tonight, Thursday), Lincoln Theatre Royal (this Sunday), Burton Town Hall (May 12), Preston Charter Hall (13), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (15), Hull New Theatre (17), Chesterfield Aquarius (19), Bradford St. George's Hall (20), Wakefield Unity Hall (23), Doncaster Civic Theatre (24), Rotherham Civic Theatre (25), Leeds City Varieties (26) and Sheffield Crucible (28).

□ **RITA COOLIDGE**, whose new single 'I'd Rather Leave While I'm In Love' is issued by A&M this weekend, has added another date to her UK tour — at Aberdeen Capitol on June 1. Support act on all her dates is the Paul Kennerley Band, whose debut A&M single 'Jealous Love' is also out this weekend.

□ **THE COMSAT ANGELS** play a one-off in their home town of Sheffield at the Top Rank next Tuesday (12), supported by Clock DVA and The Past 7 Days. . . . And **CLOCK DVA** have two gigs this weekend in their own right, at Leeds Fan Club (tonight, Thursday) and Brighton Polytechnic (Saturday), to preview their upcoming Fetish Records single '4 Hours'.

□ **THE SOUND** have so far confirmed four dates for this month — Kingston Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), London School of Economics (Saturday), Coventry Warwick University (May 16) and London Covent Garden Africa Centre (28).

□ **MODERN JAZZ** have added four more dates to their ongoing tour — London Euston The Pits (tonight, Thursday), Oxford Penny Farthing (Saturday), Birmingham Holy City Zoo (May 18) and London Marquee (20). Their second single is due out later this month on Magnet.

RILEY'S NEW SOUND

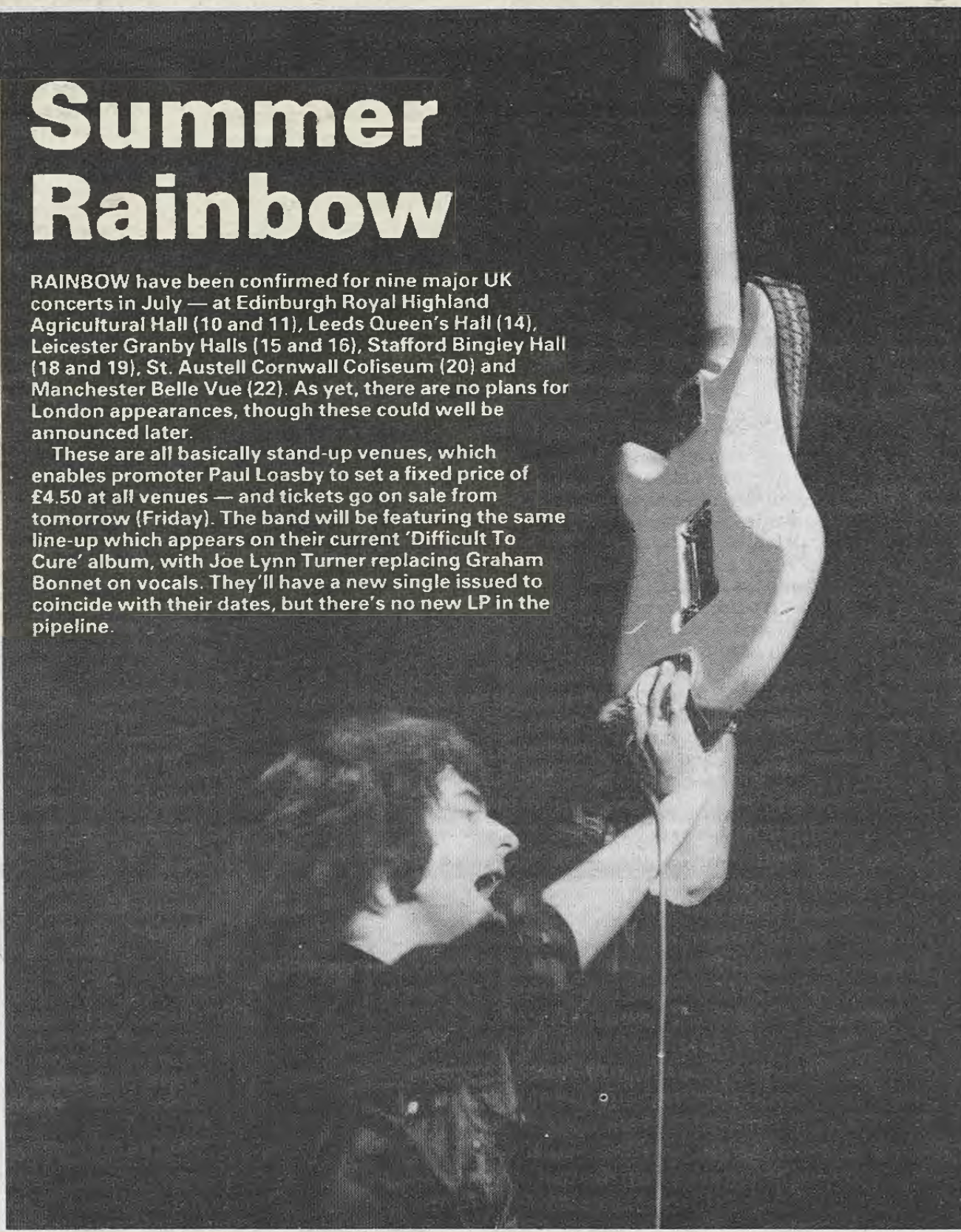


BUMBLE & THE BEEZ, the new band formed by ex-Steel Pulse and Headline member Michael Riley (above) are bringing a new approach to reggae music by featuring violin and bass in a percussive role as they don't use either drums or drum-machine. Joining Riley in the line-up are ex-Headline colleague Winston Blissett (bass), plus Nick Page (lead guitar), Dan Lea (rhythm guitar) and Simon Walker (violin). Upcoming London gigs include Herne Hill Half Moon (May 15), the ICA Theatre in The Mall (17), Canning Town Bridge House (18), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (19) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (30).

Summer Rainbow

RAINBOW have been confirmed for nine major UK concerts in July — at Edinburgh Royal Highland Agricultural Hall (10 and 11), Leeds Queen's Hall (14), Leicester Granby Halls (15 and 16), Stafford Bingley Hall (18 and 19), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (20) and Manchester Belle Vue (22). As yet, there are no plans for London appearances, though these could well be announced later.

These are all basically stand-up venues, which enables promoter Paul Loasby to set a fixed price of £4.50 at all venues — and tickets go on sale from tomorrow (Friday). The band will be featuring the same line-up which appears on their current 'Difficult To Cure' album, with Joe Lynn Turner replacing Graham Bonnet on vocals. They'll have a new single issued to coincide with their dates, but there's no new LP in the pipeline.



Girlschool term extended

GIRLSCHOOL — who, two weeks ago, added eight dates to their current UK tour — have now extended their outing right through to the end of this month, by slotting in a further dozen concerts, making an overall total of 36 gigs. The extra shows have been set by promoters Straight Music as the result of the huge interest in the tour, with every date so far completely sold out. And from the beginning of next month through into July, the band will be boosting the

growing Girlschool momentum in Canada.

The newly confirmed dates are at Portsmouth Guildhall (May 17), London Woolwich Odeon (19), Oxford New Theatre (21), Bath Pavilion (22), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (23), Torquay Town Hall (24), Taunton Odeon (25), Bradford St. George's Hall (27), Sheffield City Hall (28), Hanley Victoria Hall (29), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (30) and Ipswich Gaumont (31). A II Z continue in the support spot.

Donington: Blackfoot step in

BLACKFOOT, the Southern rock band who made their UK debut last year as support to The Scorpions, are the latest act to be confirmed for this year's Monsters Of Rock festival at Castle Donington on Saturday, August 22 — joining headliners AC/DC and Blue Oyster Cult. The bill is being announced in dribs and drabs, evidently because promoters Wooltare are anxious to release names immediately they are finalised, and there are still two — and possibly three — more bands to be tied up for the event.

As previously reported, advance tickets at £8.50 are available by post from Wooltare Ltd. (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), PO Box 123, Walsall W55 4QQ, enclosing s.a.e. But they are now also on sale to personal callers at 69 outlets throughout the country, from Aberdeen to Exeter. Most major cities now have a ticket outlet, either at a leading record store or theatre box-office. Tickets on the day will cost £10 each.

Duran hitting the high spots

DURAN DURAN, hoping to emulate the success of their chart hit 'Planet Earth' with their newly released follow-up single 'Careless Memories', have been confirmed for an 11 venue summer tour.

This is easily their most important outing to date, concentrating exclusively on leading theatres and halls, and climaxing in a headliner at London Rainbow.

The band also plan to visit Europe during the coming months for a series of festival appearances, as well as undertaking debut dates in America.

Their tour schedule comprises Brighton Dome (June 29), Southampton Gaumont (30), Leicester De Montfort Hall (July 1), Manchester Apollo (3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Glasgow Tiffany's (5), Edinburgh Odeon (6), Liverpool Royal Court (8), Oxford New Theatre (9), London Rainbow (10) and Birmingham Odeon (11).

Ticket prices vary from one venue to another, but the maximum anywhere is £3, and they should be on sale at all box-offices by this weekend.

THREE FOR YOU2

U2, whose three-month American tour ends in late May with a headlining concert at the New York Palladium, return to Britain to play just three dates early next month. They are at Salford University (June 4), Aylesbury Friars (6) and London Hammersmith Palais (9) — the Friars show is in connection with the club's 12th anniversary celebrations — and Altered Images are the support act on all three gigs. These will be U2's only British appearances until the autumn, as they'll spend most of the summer recording their new Island album, the follow-up to 'Boy' — and it's expected that their next set of dates will coincide with the LP's release.

OTWAY & BARRETT MAKE UP

JOHN OTWAY has teamed up again with Wild Willy Barrett, only a month after announcing (for the ninth time) that they had split irrevocably! Their tenth reunion takes the form of a guest spot on the Squeeze tour, reported last week and opening in Manchester tomorrow (Friday). There have been a couple of changes in the original schedule, with Doncaster Gaumont (May 14) cancelled, and Leicester University (19) added.

● **WASTED YOUTH** have been booked as support act on the upcoming three-week Toyah tour, culminating in two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon. The band's new single 'Rebecca's Room', a collaboration between Fresh Records and Bridge House Records, is out this week.

SIX EXTRA FOR XTC

XTC have added another six dates to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago, with the prospect of one or two more still to come. The new opening date is now at York University on May 14, and the other confirmed extra gigs are Blackpool Tiffany's (16), Doncaster Rotters (26), Nottingham Rock City (27), Colchester Essex University (30) and Canterbury Odeon (31). The tour is promoted by the TBA Agency.

FAIRPORT'S REUNION

FAIRPORT CONVENTION have switched their annual reunion concert from the village of Cropredy to the near-by Banbury Broughton Castle Park, in order to accommodate more people, and expanded it into a two-day event. Those appearing include Ralph McTell, Richard Thompson, Dave Pegg and Dave Mattacks (Friday, August 14); and Fairport, Bert Jansch, Martin Carthy and John Kirkpatrick (Saturday, 15). Advance tickets are £2.50 (Friday) and £4 (Saturday) from Woodworm Music Ltd., PO Box 37, Banbury, Oxon OX1 7RR.

GAYE CALLS IT OFF

MARVIN GAYE will not be touring Britain next month, despite the announcement of dates and venues in some sections of the music press last week. In fact, his tour schedule was released by the promoters — but cancelled a few days later. It seems that Gaye, who's been resident in the UK for some while, felt that he wouldn't have sufficient time to rehearse with the band of US musicians. It's stressed that the tour WILL go ahead, but it's unlikely to be in midsummer, and early autumn now seems the more likely time.

LOTW: TRIPLE SPLIT

LIGHT OF THE WORLD, the group who have enjoyed chart success under several different names, are to split into three different units. They will still go ahead with their major UK tour (announced last week), when all their various configurations will be featured — but apart from this, the existing members will operate separately (with the necessary augmentation) as Light Of The World, Incognito and Beggar & Co. All three groups will have singles out during the summer and, to tie in with the tour, there will be an album of Light Of The World's best material.

SLOMAN QUITS HEEP

JOHN SLOMAN, who has been vocalist with Uriah Heep for the past 18 months, has now left the band to pursue a solo career. He's currently in the studio working on a new single and album, details of which will be announced shortly. He said this week: "I've enjoyed my stay with Heep, but I now feel that my musical ambitions lie in a different direction". As yet, there's no word from the Heep camp regarding his replacement.

□ **FLÖ & EDDIE** are back in London for another concert this weekend. They return to The Venue in Victoria this Saturday (9), and tickets are currently available priced £3.50.

□ **HERE & NOW** play four gigs in the North of England next week, all with a £1 fixed admission charge. They are Bury The Derby Hall (May 12), Manchester The Squat (13), Bolton Institute of Technology (14) and Leeds University (15).

□ **THE PURPLE HEARTS** are doing a few dates this month to emphasise that, contrary to rumours, they haven't split up. They visit Rayleigh Crocs (May 14), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (16), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (19) and London W.1 Gossips (20).

□ **PAT BOONE** — singing star of the '50s and '60s, with over 50 million record sales and 13 Gold Discs to his credit — plays a one-off concert at London Victoria Apollo on Sunday, June 7, as apt of a short European tour. Promoters are Kennedy Street.

□ **EDDIE MAELOV & SUNSHINE PATTESON**, whose first Human Records single 'Lines' is out this week, will be appearing on all dates in Richard Strange's Cabaret Futura tour (announced last week).

□ **TENPOLE TUDOR** have added two more dates to their May tour, reported two weeks ago — both London gigs, they are at Woolwich Tramshed (14) and Rainbow II (24).

JARREAU IN LONDON



AL JARREAU and Albert Collins are the latest additions to the Capital Jazz Festival, to be staged on Clapham Common on South London (July 18-19 and 25-26). Among the many names already set are Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Lightnin' Hopkins and Mel Torme, with two more headline bands still to be announced. Tickets go on sale from next Monday (11) at Capital, leading ticket agencies and selected record stores — price £7.50 per day (only £1 for OAPs and under-12s) or £25 for four days.

RECORD NEWS

UB40 LAUNCH OWN LABEL

UB40 have settled their dispute with Graduate Records and have now formed their own label called Dep International, which will be distributed through Spartan. The first release this weekend is a double A-sided single, 'Don't Let It Pass You By'/'Don't Slow Down', also available as a limited edition 12-inch featuring longer versions of both tracks including dubs. The band's new album will be out within the next few weeks to coincide with a major British tour, dates to be announced shortly.

- Manchester band **The Passage** have their second single issued this weekend on their own A Disco By Night & Day label, through Virgin — titled 'Troops Out', it's a newly recorded version of a song on their debut album 'Pindrop' on the Object label, and it refers to Britain's military presence in Ulster. The band's new album 'For All And None' follows on May 29.
- **The Resistance**, currently supporting Holly & The Italians on the road, have their single 'Survival Kit' issued by Fontana tomorrow (Friday).

TV21 in the picture



TV21, the Edinburgh band currently touring with The Undertones, have signed with Deram and have their first single 'Snakes And Ladders' issued on May 15. It was produced by Ian Broudie (of The Original Mirrors) and Alan Winstanley, and it's coupled with 'Artistic Licence'. The first 20,000 copies come in special presentation packs with a free single featuring 'Ambition' and 'Playing With Fire' — which were the A-sides of their two previous singles on their own independent Powbeat label.



THE CUBAN HEELS have their debut single issued on Virgin-Cuba Libra on May 15, coupling two self-penned titles 'Sweet Charity' and 'Pay As You Go'. The Glasgow foursome have also written sufficient material for an album, and expect to be recording this shortly, with a view to autumn release. They have two London gigs coming up — at the Marquee (tomorrow, Friday) and the Lyceum with Ruts DC (May 14) — as the prelude to a major British tour, currently being lined up.



HUANG CHUNG, the four-piece London band, have signed a long-term worldwide deal with Arista. They've already gone into the studio to start recording with producer Rhett Davies, and their first single is scheduled for June release, with their debut album following in the autumn. Meanwhile, the band can be seen in live action at London Marquee this Saturday (9).

- **Michael Des Barres** has been in the studio with producer Mike Chapman to record a single titled 'Camera Eyes', for release shortly. It's the first time for six years that Chapman has recorded in the UK, having moved to the States in 1975 with Nicky Chinn.

- Glen Matlock, Mike Rossi, James Stevenson, Graeme Potter and Calvin Hayes comprise **The Swingers**, and they have a single issued by Magnet tomorrow (Friday). It's a re-working of The Ronettes' classic 'Be My Baby'.

- Rock duo **Trimmer & Jenkins** are taking time off from their involvement in the new Ginger Baker band (see separate story) to finish work on their live album. They are now mixing tapes for the LP, titled 'The Fantastic Trimmer & Jenkins', and Charisma have scheduled release for June 12.

- Due to the success of **Sugar Minott's** current single 'Good Thing Going', Trojan are re-promoting his first album 'Ghetto-ology', originally released two years ago. The set is completely self-penned and self-produced.

- **John Cougar's** new single, issued by Riva this week, is 'Ain't Even Done With The Night'. It's taken from his hit U.S. album 'Nothin' Matters And What If It Did'.

- **Randy Crawford** has a new album 'Secret Combination' and a single titled 'You Might Need Somebody', both released by Warner Brothers this weekend.

- Champagne Records (through DJM) are launching a subsidiary called EDM, covering all aspects of futurist, new funk and electronic dance music. First release is by South London band **Tokalan** titled 'Coming To Get You' — radio mix on one side, disco mix on the other. Initially issued on the band's own Athena label, it's now available in both 7in and 12in.

Elton single

ELTON JOHN has a new single titled 'Nobody Wins' issued by Rocket this weekend. It's an English version (lyrics by Gary Osborne) of a French song, which he heard while on holiday in France last year. The track is also included on his upcoming album, now officially titled 'The Fox', although a release date hasn't yet been set. The B-side of the single is 'Fools In Fashion' by Elton and Bernie Taupin.

- Rutland Records, who've just renewed their distribution deal with Pinnacle, have signed Swiss rock band **Bitch** and will be releasing their single 'First Bite' shortly.

- Rage Records, whose roster includes such bands as **Lonesome No More** and **Music For Pleasure**, are looking for new Futurist bands who write their own material and "have something exciting and commercial to offer". Interested parties should contact label manager Nick Stolbert at 5 Theobalds Road, London WC1 8SE.

- Elektra are reissuing the second Love album, featuring the infamous **Arthur Lee**, this weekend. Titled 'Da Capo', it was originally released in 1967 and — following the band's split four years later — has now become a collector's item.

- Cherry Red have released a new single by **Eyeless In Gaza** titled 'Invisibility'. Upcoming from the same label is 'Polar Exposure', a 12-inch single by **Five Or Six**.

- **Rick James** has his new album 'Street Songs' issued by Motown next Monday, and it features guest appearances by several of his label colleagues — including Stevie Wonder, The Temptations and Teena Marie. James' own group The Stone City Band provide the backing, with Narada Michael Walden playing drums on one track.

- Ex-Heavy Metal Kids lead vocalist **Gary Holton** has joined forces with **Casino Steel**, former keyboards player with The Boys, and they've signed with the recently launched Pinnacle Records label. Their first single, out this weekend, is their version of the Kenny Rogers hit 'Ruby (Don't Take Your Love To Town)'.

- **The Expressos'** new single, issued by WEA on May 15, is called 'Kiss You All Over'. And their recently completed debut album is scheduled for June release.

- The 18-track compilation set 'The Best Of **Gordon Lightfoot**' is confirmed for release by WEA on May 15, the date on which he opens his British tour. Dealer price is £2.44, so the retail price to punters should be at budget level.

VOLATILE VOLTAIRE

CABARET VOLTAIRE have just completed work on the soundtrack of a new film by British director Peter Care, titled *Johnny Yes No*, from which tracks will be released in due course by Rough Trade. They are also in the process of recording a new album, featuring a version of 'The Third Mantra', for late spring release. And Hadito Sasaki of the Yellow Magic Orchestra has invited the group to record an LP with him during the summer.

Prior to these albums, they'll be issuing at least two singles, as well as recording a joint single with the British Electric Foundation. And to complete this burst of activity, a cassette album of the band's last London appearance (at the Lyceum in February) is issued by Rough Trade on May 15. Meanwhile, a movie is currently being made about Cabaret Voltaire, including live footage — and they are planning British dates later this month.

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JAPAN

WITH GUESTS

MODERN ENGLISH

EDINBURGH ODEON

CLERK STREET

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TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 12:00 PM - 7:00 PM, MON - SAT, TEL: 667 3805, OR ON NIGHT

ROYAL COURT THEATRE

ROE ST., LIVERPOOL

WEDNESDAY 13th MAY at 7:30

TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE BOX OFFICE, 10:00 AM - 6:00 PM, MON - SAT, TEL: LIVERPOOL 708 7411, OR AT DOOR ON NIGHT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6

SAT/SUN 16th/17th MAY at 7:30

TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT

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Thurs 7th May WASTED YOUTH Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd Adm £2.25	Mon 11th May THE BYRON BAND (ex Uriah Heep) Pretty Flamingos & Jerry Floyd Adm £2.50
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Sat 9th May HUANG CHUNG Phillip Jap & Jerry Floyd Adm £1.50	Wed 13th May HOLLY & THE ITALIANS Plus Resistance & Jerry Floyd Adm £2.25
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READING FESTIVAL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

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THE PEOPLE

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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

ENTS SATURDAY 9th MAY

The sound Black

& SUPPORT

The Haldane Room,
LSE, Houghton St., London WC2 - £2.00 on Door
Advance tickets £1.80 from LSE Union Shop

Holborn temple Doors Open 7.30 pm

THE GREYHOUND

FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 7th May	THE BOYS + Siam	£1.50
Friday 8th May	MICKEY JUPP + Fast Eddie	£1.50
Saturday 9th May	SUPERCHARGE 81 + Venigmas	£1.75
Sunday 10th May	BOB FLAG & B.A. LOON	£1
Monday 11th May	SPANGS + Panic	£1
Tuesday 12th May	STANLEY FRANK + Dan Russell Band	£1
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D.J. Sly Fox

KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES LTD by arrangement with Rock Exchange Ltd present

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U.K. Tour 1981

11 May	LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
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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
23 May	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00

All performances at 7.30pm EXCEPT Hammersmith Odeon at 8.00pm

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FLUX OF PINK INDIANS

Mon 11th May £1.00 in adv from Box Office & on door.

Caesar Promotions presents

The star of television's "Oh Boy!"

Shakin' Stevens

22 May BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens
23 May BRIGHTON Dome
6 June BRISTOL Colston Hall

All tickets £3.50

May

4 THE ROCK GARDEN
5 BLITZ
7 THE GREYHOUND, FULHAM PALACE RD on stage 8.30



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

MAY	31 Marti Caine
6-7 Leo Sayer	31 The Beat
7 Pauline Murray / Scars	31 Lena Martell
8 Mike Westbrook Band	JUNE
8 Gary Glitter	1 Fundamental Frolic with Elvis Costello,
9 Echo & The Bunnymen	Ian Dury & The Not The 9 O'Clock News
10 Stiff Little Fingers	Team
10 Discipline with Robert Fripp & Bill	1 Ted Nugent
Bruford	2 Psychedelic Furs
11 Tygers of Pan Tang	2 Wishbone Ash
12 Jack Bruce / Billy Cobham / Clem	5 Toyah
Clemson / David Sancious	5, 6 Landscape
14 The Ruts	6 Rita Coolidge
14 Freeez	7 Light Of The World
15 Manhattan Transfer	9 Shakin Stevens
16 Pasadena Roof Orchestra	9 & 10 Whitesnake
17 Japan	11 Sky
17 The Hollies	11, 12 Judie Tzuke
17 Humphrey Lyttleton	11, 12, 13 George Benson
18 Barclay James Harvest	19 Teardrop Explodes
18, 20 Gordon Lightfoot	20-22 The Tubes
21 XTC	23-28 Sammy Davis Jnr
21, 24 The Undertones	28, 29 Kraftwerk
23, 24 John Martyn	JULY
23, 24 George Duke & Stanley Clarke	2, 3 Kraftwerk
24 The Dooleys	AUGUST
25 Dave Brubeck	22 AC/DC + Blue Oyster Cult
26 & 27 Andrae Crouch & The Disciples	SEPTEMBER
28 Whitesnake	29 — OCT 2 Johnny Mathis

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Thursday 14th May 7.30pm

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The LYCEUM

OUTLAW PRESENTS

THE RUTS D.C.

CUBAN HEELS

THE GAS

THURSDAY 14th MAY 8pm

ALL TICKETS £3.00

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

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Wednesday 6th May A BIGGER SPLASH £1	Sunday 10th May BOP NATIVES £1
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Friday 8th May PUNCHING HOLES £1	Tuesday 12th May EVEREST THE HARD WAY £1
Saturday 9th May THE BARRACUDAS £1.25	Wednesday 13th May THE TEMPER £1

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THE *Venue* Main Band on at 9.00 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 7th May PEARL HARBOUR + THE BLUE CATS + TV PERSONALITIES £2.00	Monday 11th May ALTERNATIVE ENTERTAINMENT NITE with THE FLYING FRATALINIES + THE STARGAZERS + TORSO + BIDDIE & EVE £2.00
Late night LATE DISKOW £2.00	Tuesday 12th May SHOCK + DEPECHE MODE + FURIOUS PIG £2.50
Friday 8th May BRIAN KNIGHT ALLSTARS with PAUL JONES, RONNIE LANE & DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH £3.50	Wednesday 13th May Copnascetic Night with LITTLE ROY + NIGHT DOCTOR £3.00
Saturday 9th May PRETTY THINGS £3.00	Thursday 14th May SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET featuring DOUG SHAM & AUGIE MEYERS £3.00
Sunday 10th May SUNDAY FUNKSHUN £2.00	

COMING SOON

Friday 15th May LINDISFARNE + Trimmer & Jenkins £3.50
Saturday 16th May BRUCE COCKBURN & HIS BAND £3.00
Monday 18th May LOUNGE LIZARDS £2.50
Wednesday 20th May MICHAEL PROPHET + KINGSOUNDS £3.50
Friday & Saturday 22nd & 23rd May FOUR BUCKETEERS FROM TISWAS £4.00
Friday & Saturday 29th & 30th May JOE ELY + MICKEY JUPP £4.00

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

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Banbury Winter Gardens: **The Photos**
 Bicester Kings Head: **C-Saim**
 Birkenhead Park Rugby Club: **Attempted Moustache**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida Red**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **UK Decay**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Cravats / The Evereadys**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
 Blackpool JR's: **Naughty Boys**
 Bognor (Barnham) Murrell Arms: **Hot Vultures**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bradford Tavern in The Town: **New Model Army / Joolz / Little Brother**
 Brighton Concorde Club: **Ski Patrol**
 Bristol Busby's Club: **Dave Berry**
 Bristol Granary: **The Flatbackers**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Mobster / Odd Hits / Red Shoes**
 Chatham Town Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Eyeless In Giza / 3-Way Dance / Human Cabbages**
 Coventry Tiffany's: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
 Darlington Turks Head: **Erogenous Zones**
 Dundee Hong Kong Bar: **The Cheaters**
 Eastcote Bottom Line: **Morrissey Mullen**
 Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Nashville Teens**
 Exeter University Devonshire House: **In The Red**
 Farnborough The Old Ford: **The English Country Blues Band**
 Grangemouth International Hotel: **AVO-8**
 Hatfield Polytechnic: **Tranzista**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Chaps / The Set**
 Hull University: **John Cooper Clarke**
 Hull Wellington Club: **Blueprint / The Screaming Cataleptics / The London Boys / The Vets**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall**
 Leeds Fan Club: **Clock DVA**
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Girls At Our Best**
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Beat / The Au Pairs**
 Leicester Palace Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
 Liverpool Brady's: **The Front Room / Perspective**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Modern Romance / Bad Actors**
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Leszek**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Beans & Rice / Limehouse**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Malchix / Strangers In The Night**
 London Euston The Pits: **Modern Jazz**
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**

London Fulham Golden Lion: **Park Avenue**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Boys / Siam**
 London Greenwich White Swan: **The Artists / Limehouse**
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Lower Levels / Sons Of Cain**
 London Hayes Brook House: **The Chevrons**
 London Hornerton Deuragon: **720**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Shots**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Kensington Imperial College: **Sad Among Strangers**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Razy Dazzy Spasm Band**
 London Marquee Club: **Wasted Youth**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Black Market**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **C-Sharps**
 London Putney White Lion: **Mr E & The Imaginations / The Feelies**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Don Harper—Denny Wright Quartet**
 London Southall The Cavern: **Stella Rebella / The Raz**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Heartbeats**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Pauline Murray Group / The Scars / The Dumb Blondes**
 London Stratford Green Man: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 London Tooting The Castle: **Kleen Heels**
 London Tottenham The Spurs: **The News**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Pearl Harbour / The Blue Cats / TV Personalities**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tour De Force / Grace**
 London W.1 The Embassy: **Bucks Fizz**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Cure**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Discipline / Lounge Lizards**
 Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
 Margate Winter Gardens: **Naughty Thoughts**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Ruts D.C.**
 Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald / Jah Lizard**
 Newcastle Spectro Arts Lab: **Prefab Sprout**
 Northampton The Morris Man: **The World Service**
 Norwich Scamps: **The Higsons / Falling Men**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Japan**
 Port Talbot Troubadour: **Tenpole Tudor**
 Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Spider**
 Reading The Riba Riba: **Havana Let's Go**
 Sandwich White Horse: **Blue Country**
 Scunthorpe King Henry VIII: **The Uncool Dance Band**

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN finally arrives in Britain at the weekend for his delayed tour, postponed from a month ago because he was fatigued, exhausted and totally bushed. Together with the faithful E Street Band, he begins his re-arranged dates in Newcastle (Monday) and Manchester (Wednesday). Pic: Joe Stevens.

Sheffield Limit Club: **Holly & The Italians**
 Stockport Smugglers Nightspot: **Images / Paris & The Atmospheres**

FRIDAY

Alfreton George Hotel: **Head-Hunter**
 Bangor Gwynedd Glanrafon Hotel: **Eaten By Missionaries / Kent Street Ejections / Insecure**
 Belfast Folk Festival (for three days): **Donovan / Ralph McTell / Boys Of The Lough etc.**
 Birmingham Aston University: **The Photos**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Vision**
 Birmingham Collieron / Xpertz
 Birmingham Co-op Festival Suite: **Musical Tooth / Fast Relief / Alternative Route**
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
 Bishops Stortford Triad Centre: **Fast Eddie**
 Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Undertones**
 Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Up Against It**
 Burton 76 Club: **Matchbox**
 Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: **Woden Forge**
 Caerphilly The Crown: **Tiger Bay**
 Canterbury Odeon: **Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins / Le Kuck**
 Colchester Essex University: **The Au Pairs / Tarzan 5**
 Colchester Guisnes Court: **The Outpatients / Invasion**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **The Flatbackers / Channel A**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Midnite Follies Orchestra / Velvet / Sweet Substitute**
 Dunmow Foakes Hall: **Shades**
 Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Cheaters**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Altered Images / Dream Boys**

Eton Christopher Hotel: **Dave Ellis Band**
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
 Folkestone Toby's Disco: **Silent Movies**
 Glenrothes Rothies Arms: **Strutz**
 Hailsham The Crown: **Spider**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Kinks / The Ak Band**
 Harlow Technical College: **Misty In Roots / The Newtown Neurotics**
 Hatfield The Forum: **Mike Harding**
 High Wycombe Bucks College: **The Attendants**
 Hull Oriental Hotel: **Blitzkrieg Patrol**
 Kidderminster Comberton Arms: **Sub Zero**
 Lancaster Greaves Hotel: **The Kindergarten**
 Lampeter St. David's University: **Fear Of Flying / Precautions**
 Liverpool Brady's: **UK Decay**
 Liverpool University: **Discipline / Lounge Lizards**
 Liverpool Warehouse: **Eric Bell Band**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
 London Brixton Town Hall: **The Heartbeats / Answer**
 London Camden Club 94: **Back Door Man**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Salt / Fay Ray**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson / Susan Oz**
 London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
 London City Polytechnic: **Blurt / The Method Actors / Blancmange**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Kleen Heels**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Dirty Strangers / The Boz**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Snips / Fruit Eating Bears**
 London Ealing Town Hall: **The Decorators / The Lucky Saddles**
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Mod / BIM**
 London Euston The Pits: **Red Beans & Rice**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Saints**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Mickey Jupp / Fast Eddie**
 London Hackney Chat's Palace: **The Americans**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Short Stories / The Almost Brothers**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Girls At Our Best / The Refreshers**
 London Hornsey the Railway: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Punching Holes**
 London Kensington Royal College of Art: **Havana Let's Go / OK Jive**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
 London Marquee Club: **The Cuban Heels**
 London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
 London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Tour De Force**
 London N.W.1 Film Co-op: **A Popular History Of Signs / The Mighty Strypes / Peking Opera**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ojah**
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford**

London Putney Spencer Arms: **The Flood**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Jazz Sluts**
 London Putney White Lion: **Nicky Barclay Band**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Gary Glitter / The Dumb Blondes**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Brian Knight Allstars**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Eyeless In Giza / Artery / Map Of Africa**
 London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **The MGA Band**
 London W.C.1 Birkbeck College: **Jam Today**
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Tranzista**
 Manchester Pips: **Naked Lunch / Some Weird Sin**
 Manchester Rafter's: **TV Personalities**
 Manchester University: **Squeeze**
 Middlesbrough Mandy's: **The Uncool Dance Band**
 Milton Keynes Virgin Shop (5 pm): **The Army**
 Newcastle King's Head: **The Wax Boys**
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Bureau**
 Newcastle Playhouse Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Newcastle Polytechnic: **John Cooper Clarke**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **Japan**
 Norwich Whites: **The Rank Amateurs**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Alex Harvey Band**
 Oxford Caribbean Club: **The West City 5**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Wildlife**
 Retford Porterhouse: **Tenpole Tudor**
 Sandwich White Horse: **Pete Rose Band**
 Scarborough Penthouse: **Ruts D.C.**
 Scarborough Taboo: **The Exploited**
 Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Cure**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **Phil Littler Band**
 Slough Leisure Centre: **Matumbi / Creation Rebel / London Underground**
 South Normanton Storthfield Country Club: **The Civilians**
 St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Glen Campbell / Diane Solomon**
 St. Helens College of Technology: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
 Stockport Portland Bars: **Revue**
 Sudbury Rising Sun: **Zitz**
 Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Chevy**
 Wells Sherston Hotel: **The Dangerous Brothers / The Space Hamsters**
 Whitchurch Bronco's: **The Breed**
 Worcester Waterside Club: **The Flying Objects**

SATURDAY

Abergele Winkups Holiday Centre: **Dave Berry**
 Aylesbury Friars: **The Beat**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Exploited**
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Johnny Osbourne**

Birmingham Odeon: **Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
 Bradford The Crown: **Dealer**
 Brighton Polytechnic: **Clock DVA / Birds With Ears / The Red Squares**
 Brighton The Northern: **The Zip Guns**
 Burton Continental Club: **Pile Driver**
 Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: **Clone**
 Cambridge Harvey Court: **Perfect Vision / The Little League**
 Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Johnny & The Roccos**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Sore Throat / No Comment**
 Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jennies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Ruts D.C.**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Tenpole Tudor**
 Dunfermline Belville Hotel: **Dance Solution**
 Durham Castle Chare Arts Centre: **Leviathon**
 Durham Town Hall: **Therapy / Hombr / Matthews Brothers**
 Durham University: **The Bureau**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Plastics**
 Eton Christopher Hotel: **Jeep**
 Folkestone Veterans Hall: **Anti-Establishment / No Control**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Hazel O'Connor / 21 Guns / Positive Noise**
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: **John Cooper Clarke**
 Glasgow Technical College: **The Cheaters**
 Harlow Playhouse Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
 Hatfield The Forum: **Paco Pena**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Silence / Future Daze**
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Huddersfield White Lion: **Private Dicks**
 Hull Good Fellowship: **The Uncool Dance Band**
 Keighley The Wellington: **Omen**
 Kidderminster Boars Head: **The Kindergarten**
 Kinghorn Cuenzy Neuk: **The Dolphins**
 Launceston White Horse Inn: **Smart Alec**
 Leeds Centenary House: **Free State**
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Chevy**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Dodgy Tactics**
 Leeds Staging Post: **Naked Lunch**
 Leeds University: **The Cure**
 Leek Southbank Hotel: **The Deep Six**
 Leicester Polytechnic: **Pauline Murray Group**
 Leicester University: **Eaten by Missionaries / Insecure**
 Liverpool Brady's: **TV Personalities / The New Egyptians**
 Liverpool Lark Lane Community Centre: **Attempted Moustache**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **The Check**
 London Battersea The Invitation: **The 45's**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Tom Gribben & The Saltwater Cowboys / Metro Glider**

GIG GUIDE

London Canning Town Bridge House: Sunfighter / Eddie The Cat
 London Charing Cross Hospital Rag Ball: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos / The Chefs / Nightdoctor
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: The Identical Twins
 London City University: Steve Hooker's Shakers
 London Clapham Laudor Hotel: The Artists / Limehouse
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Sad Among Strangers
 London Clapham 101 Club: Fay Ray / Sad Lovers & Giants
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Rio & The Robots / Eat At Joe's
 London Epping Rendezvous Club: Patrik Fitzgerald / Attila The Stockbroker
 London Euston The Pits: The Little Roosters / The Imports
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Supercharge / Venigmas
 London Hackney Adam & Eve: The Blue Cats
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Gun Control
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Echo & The Bunnymen
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Cuddly Toys / The Pickups
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave Ellis Band
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Remipeds
 London Highgate Jacksons Club: The Acidtones
 London Hillingdon Bricklayers Arms: The Heartbeats
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Barracudas
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Morrissey Mullen
 London Kings Cross Starcross School (afternoon): Tour De Force / Jam Today
 London Marquee Club: Huang Chung
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The OK Band
 London Rainbow Theatre: Johnny Osbourne (re-scheduled date)
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Lou Killen
 London Rotherhithe Waterside Theatre: Red Rinse
 London School of Economics: Black Slate / The Sound
 London Soho Pizza Express: Digby Fairweather Quintet
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Back Door Man
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Leo Sayer
 London Victoria The Venue: Flo & Eddie
 London Westbourne Park Meanwhile Gardens (free, noon — 5.30 pm): 012 / Blue Midnight / Inner Force / Real Imitations
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Girls At Our Best / Boys Will Be Boys
 London W.11 Tabernacle Community Centre: Moa Ambassa / Mighty Observer
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Japan
 Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: Head-Hunter
 Manchester Mayflower: Discharge
 Manchester University: FX
 Matlock Pavilion: Prison Life
 New Brighton Grand Hotel: Fear Of Flying
 Newcastle City Hall: The Kinks / The Ak Band
 Newcastle University: Cimarons
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Arts Centre: Grace
 Northampton Roadmenders: UK Decay
 Northampton White Elephant: The Crew
 Norwich East Anglia University: Discipline / Lounge Lizards
 Nottingham Rock City: The Undertones
 Nynhead Town Hall: Fractured Entertainment / Bikini Mutants
 Oxford Penny Farthing: Modern Jazz
 Portsmouth QEOM: Johnny & The Tanx
 Redbourn Hall: The Handsome Beasts
 Retford Porterhouse: Alex Harvey Band
 Scunthorpe Henry VIII Hotel: Hobbies Of Today
 Sheffield University: Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias
 Shifnal Star Hotel: Primal Screamers
 Shipley Civil Service Club: The Elements
 Southampton Joiners Arms: Dub Allup
 Southampton University: Squeeze
 St Albans City Hall: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 St. Neots Rock & Roll Festival: Shades
 Stoke Wagon & Horses: Rockin Horse
 Weybridge National College of Food: The Sleep
 Whitley Bay Mingles Club: Samurai
 Willenhall The Cavalcade: Sub Zero
 Winchester Railway Inn: Two Faced
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: Holly & The Italians
 York University: The Piranhas

SUNDAY

Barton-on-Humber Assembly Rooms: Gaskin
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
 Bolton Swan Hotel: Medusa
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
 Brighton Jenkinson's: Ruts D.C.
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Burnely Bank Hall Club: Private Dicks
 Cambridge Arts Theatre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Janine
 Cheltenham Eve's Club: The Exploited
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Leo Sayer
 Eastcote Clay Pigeon: Second Image
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias
 Edinburgh Valentino's: Orange Juice/Blazing Saddles
 Glasgow University Union: Rhesus Negative

Glenrothes Rothies Arms: The Cheaters
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: Fay Ray/Still Life
 Hatfield Stonehouse: Spider
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Mike Harding
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Lancaster University: The Bureau
 Leamington Royal Spa Centre: Chris Barber Band
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 London Covent Garden Africa Centre: The Laughing Apple/Facial Hair
 Leeds Tiffany's: Japan
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: The Undertones
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: The Cure
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys
 London Battersea Arts Centre (evening): Jam Today
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Little Roosters/The Enerjetics
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: Debbie & The Bear
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Red Rinse
 London Clapham 101 Club: R.P.M./Dead Roses
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Sad Among Strangers/Treatment
 London Duke of York's Theatre: Richard Digance & Friends
 London Finchley Torrington: Lee Kosmin
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Dana Gillespie
 London Fulham Greyhound: Bob Flag & B.A. Loon
 London Hackney The Queens: Avenue
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Black Roots
 London Hayes Bricklayers Arms: Gun Control
 London Haymarket Her Majesty's Theatre: Discipline/Lounge Lizards
 London Camden Dingwalls: Talk/Wipe Out
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Bop Natives
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Morrissey Mullen
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Friendly Islanders
 London Putney White Lion: Sphere
 London Rainbow Theatre: Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall
 London Soho Pizza Express: Keith Nichols
 London Southall White Hart: Zitz
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Ivory Coasters
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
 London Stratford Green Man: Wide Open
 London Tottenham The Railway: The Razzzy Dazzy Spasm Band
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Carpettes/The English
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Bones of Contentment
 Manchester (Altrincham) The Unicorn: The Naughty Boys



JOHN COOPER CLARKE is seldom absent from the gig circuit these days, but his latest tour begins officially in Hull on Thursday — followed by Newcastle (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Edinburgh (Monday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and Bradford (Wednesday). The gigs tie in with the release of his compilation LP *'Me And My Big Mouth'*.

Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Kings/The Ak Band
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Gods Gift/Blades Inside
 Manchester (Whitefield) Masons Arms: Rockin Horse
 Matlock Northwood Rock Club: Geddes Axe
 Newbridge Memorial Hall: The Exploited
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre: Grace
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Northampton The Romany: The World Service
 Norwich Theatre Royal: Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon
 Oldham Lancashire Vaults: J.G. Spoils
 Oxford University: Watch With Mother
 Pontefract Blackmore Head: Chevy Rayleigh Crocs: Shades
 Reading Old Town Hall: Between Pictures
 Sandwich White Horse: Whirligig
 Stockport Brookfield Hotel: The Salford Jets

MONDAY

Bath Weston Hotel: The Alarm Clox
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw

SQUEEZE go back on the road this week, with new keyboards man Paul Carrack replacing Jools Holland. For their first UK outing in almost a year, they're promoting their new album *'East Side Story'*. They get under way at Manchester (Friday), Southampton (Saturday), Exeter (Monday), Hanley (Tuesday) and York (Wednesday). **THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS** have lined up what is easily their most impressive tour schedule to date, taking them to a string of leading

Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Limelight
 Bradford Vaults Bar: Up Against It
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Girlschool/AIIZ
 Carshalton The Cricketers: Avenue
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Fast Eddy
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: John Cooper Clarke
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Travelling Campbell & The Shoes
 Exeter University: Squeeze
 Grangemouth International Hotel: Nationwide
 Guildford Surrey University: Jack Bruce and Friends
 Hanley Victoria Hall: The Beat
 High Wycombe Nags Head: Long Tall Shorty
 Hull Romeo & Juliet: The Uncool Dance Band
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Keighley Funhouse Bar: New Model Army
 Lancaster University: The Bureau
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Goff Jackson & The Huns
 Leeds Warehouse: Plastics
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Cure
 Lincoln Post Club: Dave Berry
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Barclay James Harvest
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall
 London Acton White Hart: Chalice
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Alien / Alliance / The Case / Picture Movement
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: A E Liquid
 London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
 London City Polytechnic: Shock / Depeche Mode / Furious Pig
 London Clapham 101 Club: Dan Russell Band / The Jaks
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Stolen Pets / Dead Roses
 London Elephant & Castle School of Printing: The Orange Cardigan
 London Euston The Pits: The Reluctant Stereotypes / The Outpatients
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Spangs / Panic
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Red Rinse / 3.00 a.m.
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Gas
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Al Haig (for a week)
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Kim Lesley
 London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
 London Soho The Great Wall: Snips
 London Southall White Hart: Relay
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 London Victoria The Venue: The Flying Fratallines / The Stargazers / Torso / Biddie & Eve
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Out On Blue Six / The Chefs
 London W.1 The Embassy: Famous Names
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 Newcastle City Hall: Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Visible Targets
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
 Oxford Scamps: UK Decay
 Rastrick The Oak: Private Dicks
 Runcorn Cherry Tree: Rockin Horse
 Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers
 Sheffield Marples Club: Music For Pleasure / B Troop
 Sheffield Top Rank: The Undertones
 Sheffield University: Red Zoo
 Southampton Victory Club: The Secret
 Southend Zero Six: Chevy
 Sunderland The Old 29: The Toy Dolls
 Wallacey Labour Club: Attempted Moustache
 Ware College: Back Door Man
 Warrington Parr Hall: The Spinners
 Welwyn Garden City The Fountain: Stephen Miller / Lol Coxhill
 York Arts Centre: No Swastikas / The Vectors
 York Wentworth College: Blue Orchids

TUESDAY

Ashington Leisure Centre: The Chieftains
 Bath Nero's: The Au Pairs / Fast Relief
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
 Birmingham Locarno: The Beat
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Odeon: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chevy
 Bournemouth Pavilion Theatre: Patti Boulaye (for five days)
 Brighton Basement Club: TV Personalities
 Bury The Derby Hall: Here & Now
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: T Boys / Ukraine
 Cheltenham Technical College: Ruts D.C.
 Chorley Lamplight Club: The Cheaters
 Coventry Theatre: Girlschool / AIIZ
 Dagenham Robin Hood: Flying Saucers
 Dartford Railway Hotel: Hot Vultures
 Derby University: The Spoilers
 Doncaster New Outlook Club: B Troop
 Edinburgh Odeon: Japan
 Elland The Barbados: Private Dicks
 Hanley Odeon: Squeeze
 Hertford Independent Press Benefit: The Shots
 Ipswich Warehouse Club: Back Door Man / Multi Vision / The Daughters / Waterfall
 Keighley Kings Head: The Elements
 Leamington Crown Hotel: Product

venues, and opening in Lincoln (Tuesday) and Doncaster (Wednesday). No doubt they'll be featuring material from their latest album *'Talk, Talk, Talk'*. **BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST** traditionally headline one UK tour every year, and their 1981 outing takes place this month, with initial concerts at Liverpool (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday). **SHAKIN' STEVENS** celebrates his recent No. 1 hit *'This Ole House'* by playing a major tour, confined to the principal theatre circuit. He kicks off in Birmingham on Wednesday, with

Jets supporting. **MANHATTAN TRANSFER** bring their style and technique to the UK concert scene and, such is their popularity, they're playing a string of five nights at London Apollo from next Wednesday. Provincials shows follow. **JACK BRUCE** is back on the boards this week, playing a couple of gigs with a group of well-known "friends", among them Billy Cobham. Dates are in Guildford (Monday) and London (Tuesday). **HAZEL O'CONNOR** returns from her extensive American tour to play a special hometown one-off at Glasgow Apollo on Saturday.

Leeds Packers Wine Bar: Xero
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: Leo Sayer
 Lincoln Drill Hall: The Psychedelic Furs
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: The Kinks / The Ak Band
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: John Cooper Clarke
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Wanderers with Stiv Bators
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Rye & The Quarterboys / Vampire Bats
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: Linda Steer
 London Clapham 101 Club: Square Wave / The Loners
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Outcasts / The Whizz Kids
 London Cricklewood Production Village: True
 London Euston N.M. Club: The Mighty Strypes
 London Euston The Pits: Five Or Six / Ben Watt / The Happy Few
 London Fulham Golden Lion: White Lines
 London Fulham Greyhound: Stanley Frank / Dan Russell Band
 London Hackney Deuragon: The 4-Skins
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Quasar / The Amyl Dukes
 London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Everest
 The Hard Way
 London Islington Pied Bull: Jody St.
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: The Cruisers
 London N.4 The Stapleton: The Razzzy Dazzy Spasm Band
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Astrals
 London Piccadilly Planets: Panic Button
 London Putney Star & Garter: The 45's
 London Putney White Lion: Katy Heath Band
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London Southall The Cavern: The Gatecrashers / The Nancy Boys
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Orange Cardigan
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Rinky Dinks
 London Stratford Green Man: Fast Eddie
 London The Mall ICA Theatre: The Belle Stars / Talisman / Kan Kan
 London Tottenham Prince of Wales: The Alligators / The Wrecktangles
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Jack Bruce & Friends



JAPAN hadn't intended to tour here this year, but they changed their minds in response to the pleas of their followers. And they can be seen in action during the coming week at Nottingham (Thursday), Norwich (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Leeds (Sunday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). Pic: Anton Corbijn.

London Victoria The Venue: Shock / Depeche Mode / Furious Pig
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Biting Tongues / The Pinkoes
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall
 Manchester (Ashton) Tameside Theatre: Mike Harding
 Manchester Polytechnic: UK Decay
 Newcastle Casablanca Club: Erogenous Zones
 Newcastle City Hall: Barclay James Harvest
 Norwich St. Andrew's Hall: The Cure
 Nottingham (Gedling) The Grey Goose: The Civilians
 Peterborough Gladstone Arms: The Look
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: Mary O'Hara
 Sedgfield Hope Inn: Roaring Jelly
 Sheffield Top Rank: Clock DVA
 Southampton Floaters: The Secret
 Southend Rascals: Steve Hooker's Shakers
 Uxbridge Three Tuns: John Kirkpatrick

WEDNESDAY

Aberdeen University Union: Thin Red Line / The Metabolists
 Aldershot West End Arts Centre: John Kirkpatrick
 Birkenhead Park Rugby Club: Attempted Moustache

Birkenhead St. James: Asylum
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
 Birmingham (Hall Green) Horseshoes Hotel: Sub Zero
 Birmingham Locarno: The Beat
 Birmingham Odeon: Shakin' Stevens / Jets
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Bradford University: John Cooper Clarke
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: The Hornets
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Eyeless In Gaza / Five Or Six
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Cottenham Alexandra's: The 01 Band
 Coventry General Wolfe: Spoiled Negatives / Flack Off
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall
 Derby The Bell: Culture Shock
 Doncaster Rotters: The Psychedelic Furs
 Dublin Stadium: Gordon Lightfoot
 Edinburgh Odeon: Barclay James Harvest
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Juvenessence
 Harrogate Royal Hall: Mike Harding
 Huddersfield The Vic: Private Dicks
 Leamington Crown Hotel: Dealer
 Leeds Marquis of Granby: X-Press
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Blitzkrieg Patrol
 Leeds The Meanwood: The Elements
 Leeds Warehouse: Bette Bright
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Japan
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Basement 5
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Cock Sparrer / The 4-Skins / The Business / Last Resort
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: Leszek
 London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
 London Clapham Two Brewers: The Spoilers
 London Clapham 101 Club: Skid Marx
 Killers / The Lot
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Colours / Blakes Institute
 London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: The Chefs
 London Euston The Pits: Snips / The Banknotes
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Cobras
 London Fulham Greyhound: Famous Names / Duxhill Dance
 London Hampstead Starlight Club: 720
 London Haringey Lazars: Language From Memory / Michael
 London Holborn The Blitz: Calling Hearts
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Temper
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Marquee Club: Holly & The Italians
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Macondo
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm / The Elite
 London Piccadilly Planets: Naked Lunch
 London Putney Half Moon: Morrissey Mullen
 London Soho Pizza Express: Brian Lemon Quartet
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: True Life Confessions
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: J.J. & The Flyers
 London Stratford Green Man: Jazz Sluts
 London The Mall ICA Theatre: Fad Gadget / Tom Dolby
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The News
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Manhattan Transfer (for five days)
 London Victoria The Venue: Little Roy / Nightdoctor
 London Wimbledon Tennessee Club: The Groovy Boys
 London W.1 The Embassy: Fast Food
 London W.1 Gossips: The Spiders
 London W.1 Langans Brasserie: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 London W.14 The Kensington: Rio & The Robots
 Luton Cesar's: The Drifters (four four days)
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band
 Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: J.G. Spoils
 Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians
 Manchester The Squat: Here & Now
 Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: Makaton Chat
 Newcastle City Hall: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 New Romney Seahorse: Echo II
 Norwich East Anglia University: Plastics / Jody St.
 Nottingham Heart Good Fellow: Gwaihir
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
 Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: The Salford Jets / Chris Sievey & The Freshies
 Oxford Scamps: Wow Federation / The Jazz Insects
 Portsmouth The Elms: Johnny & The Tanx
 Rotherham Assembly Rooms: The Uncool Dance Band
 Sandwich White Horse: Perry White Band
 Sheffield Marples Club: Heritage
 Sheffield Royal Hotel: Red Zoo
 Shrewsbury Music Hall: The Bureau
 Southampton University: The Au Pairs / Fast Relief
 Southwood Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 Stockport Warren Buckley Club: Stress / Naughty Boys
 Sunderland Alexandra Ballroom: Erogenous Zones
 Swinton Duke of Wellington: Rockin Horse
 Wigan Pier: Eat At Joe's
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Leo Sayer
 York University: Squeeze

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HULL CITY HALL FRIDAY 22nd MAY	PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL MONDAY 1st JUNE
BIRMINGHAM ODEON SATURDAY 23rd MAY	HAMMERSMITH ODEON TUESDAY 2nd JUNE
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WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCK GARDEN
MALCHIX
One of the funkiest attractions this side of THURSDAY 7th Captain Beefheart, said NME.

SNIPS
One time vocalist with Sharks, now brings his attention-grabbing stage visuals to an Eno-influenced, minimal-music outfit. 9 o'clock single heavily tipped. Special matinee performance FRI. MAY 8th. Fashion show as well from 1pm.

RIO & THE ROBOTS
Reggae in soul dance band fronted by the ebullient Ms Rio. Ferocious new wave guitar gives the set an unexpected attack. SAT. MAY 9th. Plus Eat at Joe's.

SUN. MAY 10th Sad among Strangers - Treatment
MON. MAY 11th STOLEN PETS - DEAD ROSES

THE OUTCASTS
Five piece all the way from Hollywood...Ireland 1 and currently the toast of Belfast. Fast hard pop TUE. MAY 12th music. Plus The Whizz Kids.

THE COLOURS
Trio-Drum machine, sound and film exponents whose WED. 13th show is mercifully free of naval gazing.

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Sun 10th Rock Garden*
Fri 15th North-East London Poly, Stratford
Thur 21st Greyhound, Fulham

New double A-sided single out on Brave Tapes: 'My Kind Of Lover/It's So Good It's Incest' available nationwide through independents.

Free tickets for Rock Garden available NOW at: BONAPARTE, Kings Cross, VIRGIN Megastore and Marble Arch, ROUGH TRADE & MOONFLEET, Clapham.

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DATA CONTROL

GARAGELAND

REGGAE RUNNINGS

LOCAL lovers rock songstress **Carroll Thompson** — whose 'I Am So Sorry' for Santic was declared the top song in the genre during 1980 — has a new discomix title out on Bethnal Green's S&G label, coupling two self-composed items:

'Hopelessly Without You' and 'You Are The One I Love'. The same label also brings forth the debut release from Upton Park's **Errol Bellot** discouraging on the interesting subject of 'Babylon'.

Also making their recording debut is Saitley's precocious **Musical Youth** outfit, who release that

further dates to be announced.

Latest 12-inch discomix titles issued by Greensleeves of Shepherds Bush are: **Al Campbell** with a version of Ronnie Walker's 'Really Really Love You' c/w 'Rub A Dub Dub'; **Rebel Regulars** and **General Saint**, 'Jah Love' c/w 'Irregular Dubs Parts 1 and 2'; **Johnny Osbourne** and **Papa Tullo**, 'Back Off' c/w **Roots Radics**, 'Craftsman Dub'; **Walling Souls**, 'Who No Waan Come' c/w **Al Campbell**, 'Unfaithful Children';

NO cassette news/reviews this week: just a run-down of independent record releases...

■ **Garageland** is proud to bring you, complete and unexpurgated, this exclusive interview with Harlow group **Precept** who've just released their first single on Airplay Records. Distributed by Pinnacle, it's a double A-side featuring 'Better Day' and 'So Superstitious'. So what sort of sound are they striving for?

"Well, basically we're a rock band."

Anything else?

"It's pretty hard to describe. I suppose it veers towards new wave."

Thank you.

■ Fourth single by Burnley's **Notsensibles** is 'I Am The Bishop'/'The Telephone Rings Again'. It's on the Snotty Snail label, produced by Paul Fox of Ruts DC, and it's available through RT and usual outlets.

■ **The Outcasts**, Northern Ireland's premier punk band, have now left Good Vibrations and set up their own label GBH Records. Their first single on the new label 'Magnum Force' is now nationally available.

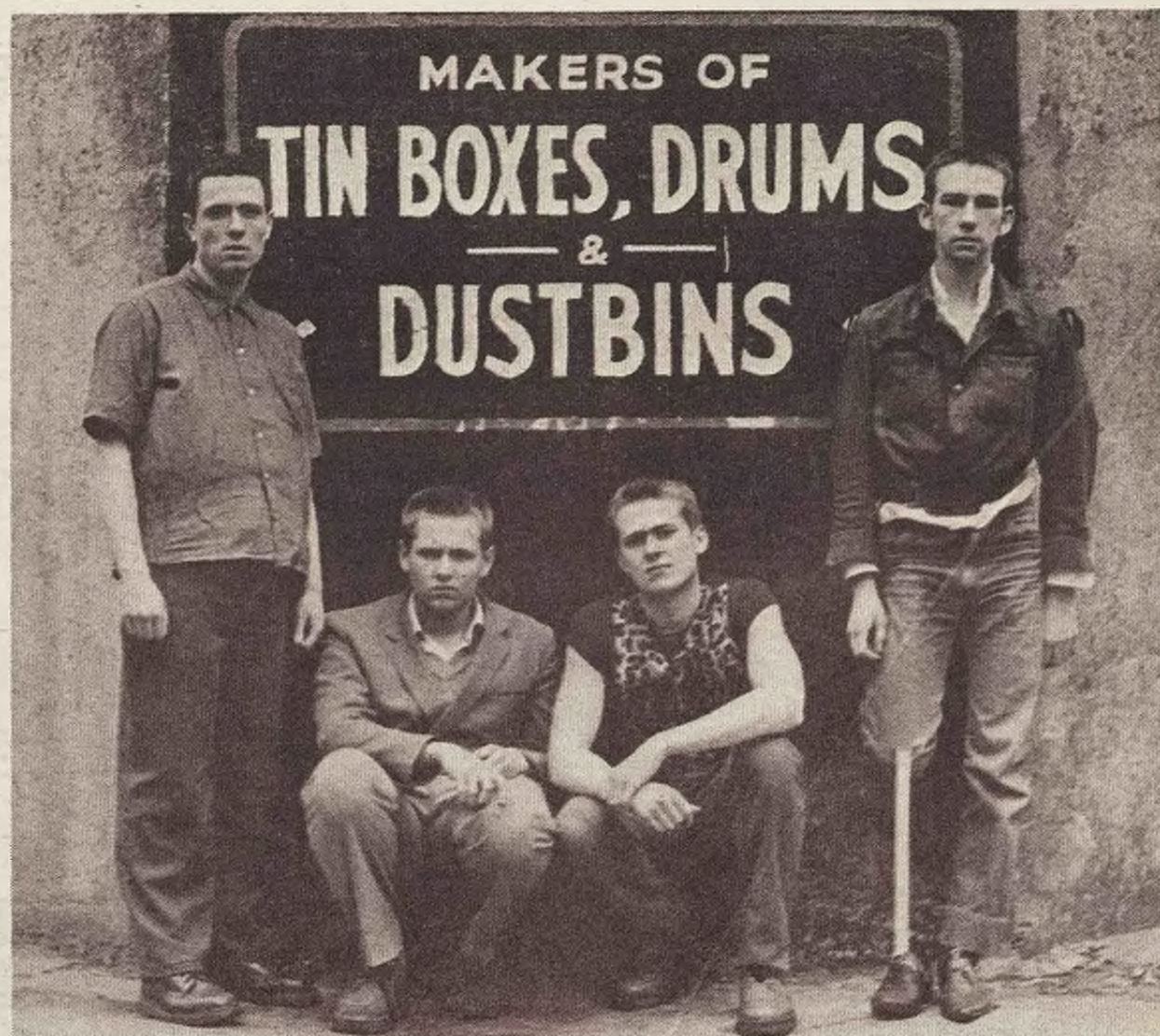
■ Following up their 'Showing Off To Impress The Girls' single Bristol's poetry/danceband **Art Objects** release their debut LP on Heartbeat Records complete with fold-out book and poster. The record is distributed by Revolver, The Triangle, Clifton, Bristol 8.

■ **The Tronics** have just signed to Alien, and they've got a new single called 'Shark Fucks', available through RT and Dinosaur Discs.

■ Two new singles on Eskimo Vinyl: 'I Couldn't Jump' by **Henry's Final Dream** and 'Happy All The Time' by **The Janglelites**. Both

at The Tabernacle, Powis Square, London W11. Sounds by the **Mighty Observer** with Spiderman at the control and Mr Smart on the microphone. Admission is £1.00. Females free before 9 pm.

PENNY REEL



Outcasts go for GBH.

Pic: Kathleen McDowell.

INDIES ROUND-UP by PAUL DU NOYER

uncommon commodity in UK reggae the 7-inch single for 021 Records: 'Generals' c/w 'Political'. Led by former Techniques **Freddy Waite**, the band's ages range from nine to 13 years.

Meanwhile, Bristol octet **Black Roots** have issued a four track EP on their own Nubian label consisting of: 'Bristol Rock', 'Tribal War', 'The Father' and 'The System'. The group are preparing for a busy touring schedule this summer with forthcoming engagements at Barnstaple's Royal Norfolk (7), London's Starlight Club in West End Lane (10), Exeter Tiffanys (20), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Combe Martin Old George And Dragon (June 5 & 6), Bath Moles Club (26), Bristol St Paul's Festival (July 4), Reading Central Youth Club (11) and

Wayne Wade, 'Poor And Humble' c/w **Bunny Lie Lie**, 'Babylonian'; **Al Campbell** and **Junior Pumpkin**, 'Rub A Dub Style'. Also issued — on the company's subsidiary Cool Rockers label — **Junior Brown** with the self-written and produced 'Girl You Come Over' c/w 'Maybe'.

Four top sounds meet this Friday, May 8 in the famous roots stadium of Acton Town Hall, Uxbridge Road, W3 for The Golden Reggae Jamboree — "which is not a jubilee, but a sight to see" — with the powerhouse quartet of **Jah Shaka**, **Sir Coxson**, **Stereograph** and **Young Lion**. Admission is £3.00 at the door and the event takes place from 5.00 pm evening until 1.00 am.

Finally, Ting International Promotions invite one and all to "come nice up the Grove" each and every Friday from 7 pm to midnight

cost £1.20 (incl. p&p) from 21 Northfield House, Peckham Park Road, London SE15. (For an extra 50p they'll pop in a Eskimo Vinyl release.)

■ 'Sid Vicious Was Innocent' is the title of **Helpless Huw's** four-track EP, re-released by US Records. It's being distributed by Rough Trade/Graduate, or else you can send £1 plus 25p p&p to US Records, 56 Streetly Lane, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands.

■ **Treatment** have a single entitled 'Stamp Out

Mutants/'Doncha Know?', on sale to all mutants for £1 (inc. p&p) from The Mutant, 4 Lower Addison Gadn, London W14.

■ **1The Point** single 'My Mind'/'Mr Benson', listed in *Garageland* 18/4/81, is also available through Rough Trade and Fresh and other independents, but in case of difficulty write to Pendulum Records, 15 Stanwick Court, Thorpe Road, Peterborough PE3 6BW.

■ Pop Records, "Caversham's one and only record label", have

two EPs on offer: 'Magnifico', a four-track by **El Seven**, and 'Hazards Of The Home' which features three from **The Shrinking Men** and two by **The Beavers**.

■ 'Sleight Of Sound'/'Looking For Lost Toy' is a double A-side by **The Truth Club/Fote**, brought out by Le Rey Records in conjunction with Coded Information Systems. Rough Trade, Fresh etc are distributing, or you can send 99p (plus p&p) to Init One, Oxford Walk, 150-154 Oxford Street, London W1.

THE RIGHT TO BE ITALIAN

"Some people achieve greatness, others have it thrust upon them... then there are those who are born Italian."

On Tour in May
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7 SHEFFIELD Limit Club
9 WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic
12 OLD GREY WHISTLE TEST BBC2
13 LONDON Marquee

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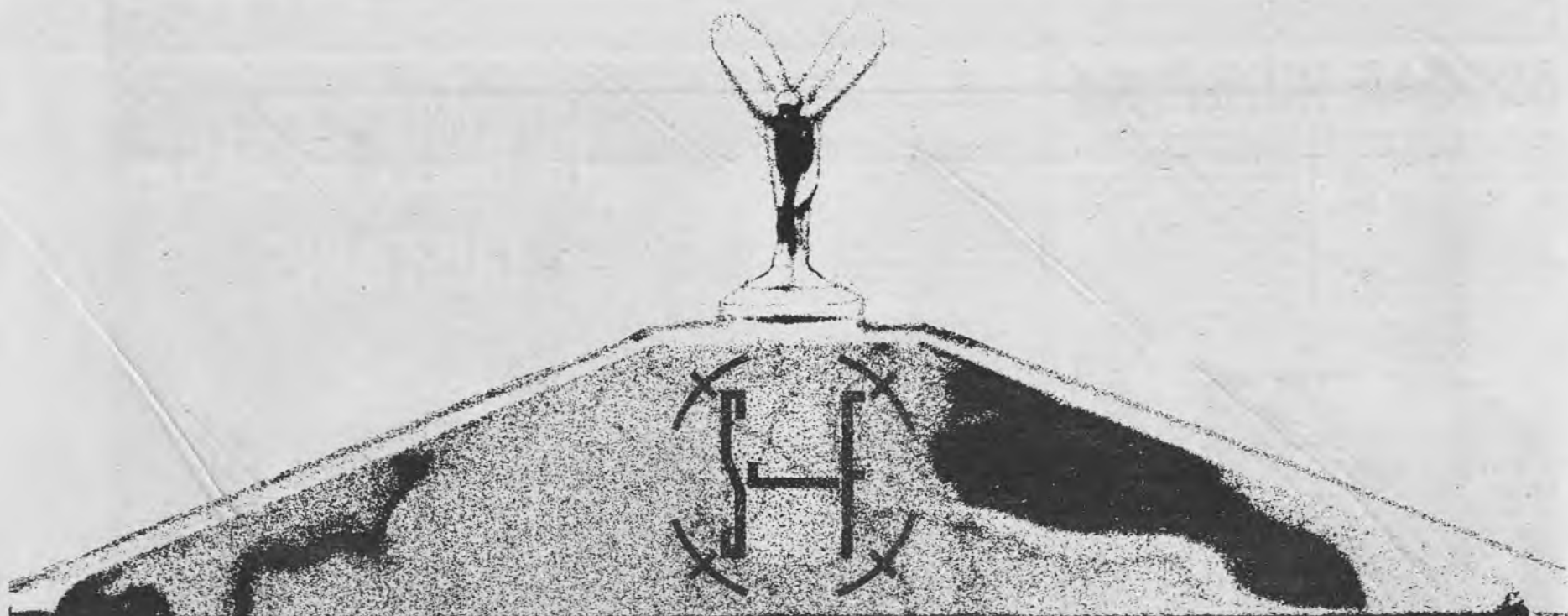
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12 MANCHESTER Apollo 13 DERBY Assembly Rooms 14 BRADFORD St Georges Hall 15 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic 16 MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall 17 CARLISLE Market Hall
18 NEWCASTLE City Hall 20 INVERNESS Ice Rink 21 ABERDEEN Capitol 22 DUNDEE Caird Hall 23 EDINBURGH Odeon 24 GLASGOW Apollo

R
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!

The Plastics in the Moonlight. Pic: David Corio.



PLASTICSEEN!

The Plastics

Moonlight
Where are the clowns? Send in The Plastics.
Whereas the alarmist Yellow Magic Orchestra possess this persistent desire to substitute some abstract ideal for the tangible facts of living, the illusionist Plastics, with a curious combination of the cynical brief and the romantic belief, are just plain clowns. Japanese japers with portable precision tirelessly stabbing at all the tacky cultural forces that mean to spite us or subdue us in this sodden world. Runny wits with hearts of Japanese gold tricking, clicking, snickering and bickering with the confidence of the affluent.
The Plastics are shrink wrapped, cosy to a T, superfluous satirists, a barmy tactile popist company nagging at us for our reliance on consumption, comfort and convenience.
Slotting them into some kind of context you can all understand, they're funnier than Original Mirrors, but not as funny as Josef K; clumsier than Grace Jones, but not as clumsy as The Thompson Twins; dafter than B-Movie, but not as daft as Discipline. The kind of screwy, edgy, sweet-scented glam group that fit nice and neat and

spiritually tidy into the honeyed Island Records cast. They're Island's obvious pack up your worries and smile, smile, smile group.
As with YMO — and they're not as magic or as tragic as that evolutionary inevitability — it's fulfilling to search for significance and to observe that the disturbed and strictly suggestive music is of a crisis and of a confusion of ideals. The best Japanese pop music — enough to fill three 90 minute cassettes — concerns itself with the comedy of betrayal and the tragedy of entertainment. It's a very guilty music and paradoxically very jaunty, and is generous in its distortions of the traditional niceties.
Showcased at the Moonlight, The Plastics were choked by standard gig limitations and hindered by the bitter fact no writer has yet made them contrarily attractive. Are The Plastics special, different, bad tempered or what? A borderline case, I would say, and if you want to know about pop music come to me and not Richard Skinner. They're not normally reliable and bland enough to be boring about, and not shaken and incredible enough to dress with myth. The best thing about them (if I have to deal on those levels) is the

way they look.
The Plastics are theatre: four lean frozen fruit-eating boys and ceremoniously meticulous and transparent girl. A collection of raw cheek bones, deathless eyebrows, flawless skin, beguiling baggy clothes, sharp teeth, informed stares, knobby fingers; an attractive almost grotesque portrayal of disintegration and preoccupation, with a degree of blurred ritual. They can't help but look exotic and rich and secretive, and they probably melt in the cold and glow in the light.
Chica Sato, who sings or dances, performs damned by an oversize turquoise bow. She overacts discreetly, bites off the matter with a praised laugh, dances of course like some tiny flame, forces away the tears of happiness, is neither indifferent nor direct. For the gullible and the lonely, certainly something to stare at.
The boys form an intimate intellectual background for her vain fluttering and sanguine acting. The small stage is illuminated with random colour and comic inflation, the minor music presents itself as excitement, an authentically artificial rhythm section pops, pumps, plans; an unerring skill is unveiled with pithy confidence.

Subtract the novelty and absurdity — even leave it in place — and The Plastics fit into a place I would call home: new pop or, now that it's finally reached *TOTP*, the new colour. The colour music of The Plastics demands mass attention and is daft without it.
I kept imagining them breaking into 'It's A Mystery', 'Dead Pop Star', 'Sorry For Laughing', and the broken choreography recalled in ways the sexual rhythm of Bow Far Out ouch. There was nothing special or reinforcing without their pleasing visuality and shocking pink sense of humour that separated them from or elevated them above any number of resourceful, impressionable new colour groups. They're not great: they're an interest. I could make up something about them. It is better to abstract than immediately to satisfy. It is better to be impertinent than to cut grapes with blunt knives. It is not done to mock the rituals of trappism. I'd rather talk about ABC.
Even Virgin could make millions out of ABC. They played the Moonlight four days after Plastics and I could think of a million myths to mould around their bodies. I'll save it for next week.
ABC! Believe me. I know you do.
Paul Morley



Terry Hall. Pic David Corio

The Specials The People Pigbag

Rainbow
There were a lot of skins and austere teenagers in the crowd. As the gig was a benefit for the march against unemployment which began in Liverpool on May Day and which will end in London later in the month, there was also a

number of older lefties: again, no frills, Spart-an ...
But this was an audience out for fun — and The Specials, as the hardcore insisted, tossing the band's name derisively at Pigbag: *Specials clap clap clap*. Pigbag battled on, even winning over some of the dissenters. They're a relentless outfit (founded by a former Pop Group bassist) who dash out funk in fast neurotic rushes, Afro-jazzy and Burundi tinged

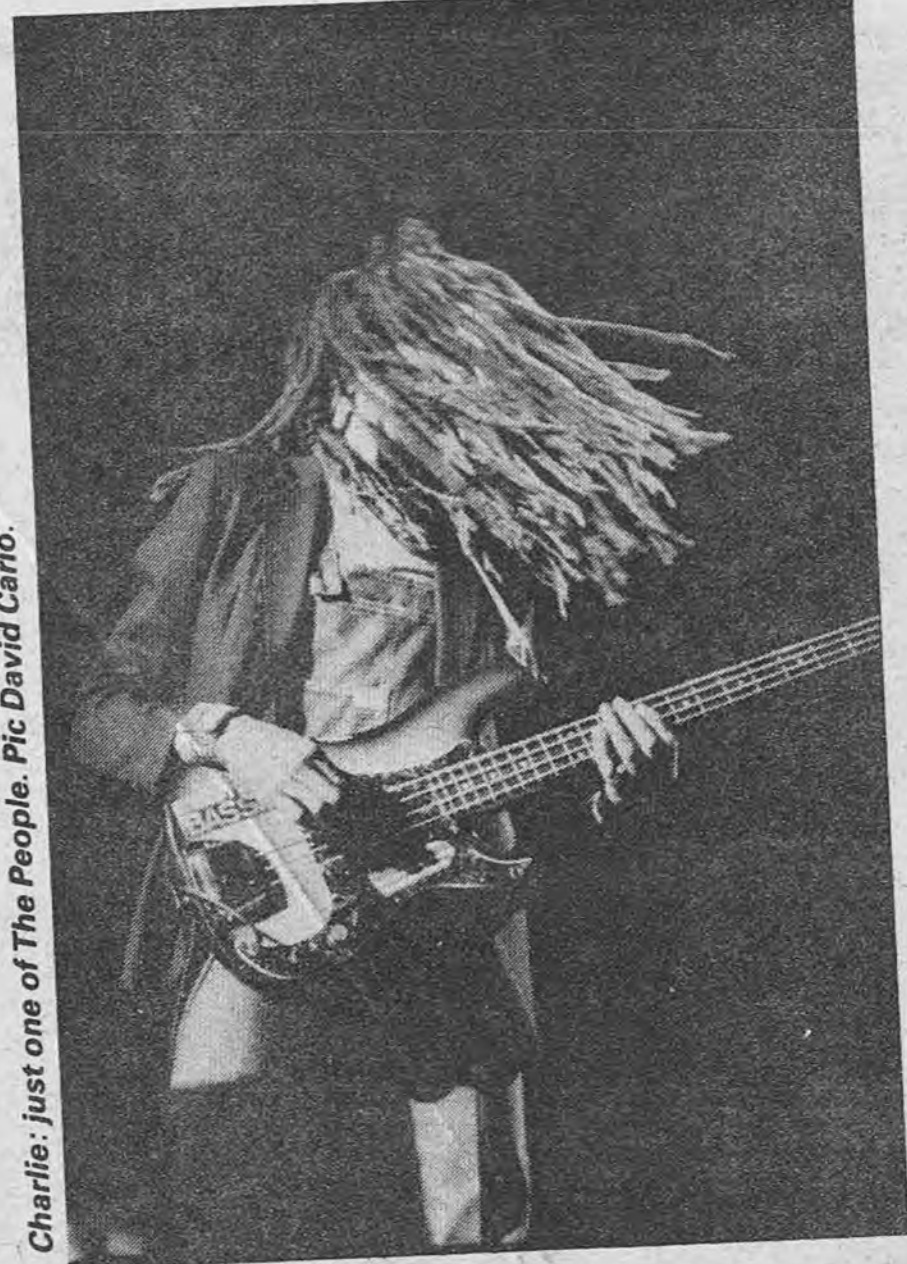
rather than an in-groove thing. Imagine rough footnotes to Miles Davis or the Blood Ulmer band without the delicacy, and you begin to get an idea of the way this youthful six-piece clash and clamour through fleeting orchestrations of trumpet, sax, guitar, percussion, drums and turbine bass.
Pigbag don't use a vocalist but still manage to find a focus. They avoid that over-spiritualised distant

stance which often goes with their kind of improvisation. So they pulled the audience with them — me too, and I don't even go for this musical bag ...
There were no Specials chants during The People's set. They got everyone moving very quickly — perhaps too quickly as the set started to tail off a bit. Still, there was plenty along the way: from the reggae and exotic keyboards of 'Jordan' to the hard rock and

screaming guitar of 'Free The People'. With an in-between of ska and soul, the eclecticism was a healthy catchy affair, reflecting the fact that the personnel hail from bands as different as Selector and Gods Toys. The People have hits on their hands, though their first single 'Musical Man' isn't the most immediate of tunes.
Enter The Specials, and the whole Rainbow dances — not just the first 20 or 30 rows. Without its seats, the venue is no longer the cold arabesque tomb it's reputed to be, even though there are still sound problems. At first The Specials came over sloppily, sliding over 'Concrete Jungle'

and 'Rat Race' rather than getting stuck in: it was surface noise, perfunctory R&B with ska embellishment. But not for long: the band started to fight, to win their status all over again.
The turning point came with a new song 'Friday Night And Saturday Morning'. Who else apart from The Specials could take the subject of a depressing night on the town and turn it into a piece of wise pavement hard poetry? 'Do Nothing' proved that lyricism goes with the grit: the instruments painted pictures as well as making stabs. Likewise with 'Stereotype'

Continues over▶



Charlie: just one of The People. Pic David Corio.

From previous page

whose arrangement was deft, punning, but founded on energy. Another highspot was the anti-racist toasting during 'Why': very Big Youth, very 'Natty Cultural Dread' era.

Terry Hall was on great form: his prose vocals keep things down-to-earth and at the same time allow the rest of the band to shine through. He acts as a sort of MC — literally during the magnificent extended vaudeville of 'Nightclub'. He's the perfect foil for nutty jogging-on-the-spot Dammers and his over-the-top organ breaks: green onions turned purple.

Ex-Bodysnatcher Rhoda joined in for the occasional song, while throughout Rico did his usual: the emotional

fullness of his trombone would liven up a funeral parlour. 'Gangsters' and 'Too Much, Too Young' made for rousing encores, and there was a second exploratory rendition of the forthcoming single 'Ghost Town'. It's by turns spooky, funny and sad: a lament for places like Linwood and Corby. The song is a further example of the way The Specials, like The Jam, are giving their version of Britain in the depressed '80s.

They're popular visionaries, pessimists with uplift: not for them modernist psychosis and grey noises from gloomy rooms. "Enjoy yourself." The Specials encourage the audience ironically but genuinely.

Paul Tickell

Adam Ants Dexys Midnight Runners Lene Lovich Rick Wakeman

The Venue

FORGET, for a second, the all-star line-up: the man that really matters tonight is Stuart Henry. He's the Radio Luxembourg DJ who discovered just four years ago that he suffers from the crippling disease Multiple Sclerosis. It's that sad fact which led to this evening's music biz invitation-only extravaganza: a launch for the Research Appeal which Stuart, Luxembourg and the MS Society all hope will bring in funds and draw attention to a terrible condition that claims 50,000 sufferers in this country.

Tonight's tickets are £10 apiece, with everybody involved offering their services for free. Add to that the celebrity-studded turnout of the audience, and it all amounts to an impressive gesture of support — for the cause and for the man himself, from the people in his own industry. When the compere Billy Connolly leads Henry on stage to get things underway, some degree of showbizzy schmaltz seems inevitable, but that's not to deny the genuine warmth of the occasion. . . or its value.

So it's heartening in a way to see Kevin Rowland — a man who's not commonly noted for gestures of friendliness — committing Dexys to the affair, however uncongenial he might find the evening to be. There are precious few soul rebels in the house, young or otherwise (and the gig is *definitely* licensed for alcohol beverages), but the Midnight Runners throw themselves into the performance with true grit and gusto.



Adam: just one of the Ants. Pic David Corio.

It was a short set and maybe not an ideal one by their normal standards, but this was the first opportunity I've had to see the group and I was profoundly impressed. Through all the upheavals in line-up, Dexys have hung on like grim death to the things that made the debut LP so special. Old songs, new songs, they're all belted out with impassioned energy and technical flair: a proud, powerful sound. Between songs, Kevin overstates his case with condescending

waffle, I think. But he's okay, really, because on the strength of music like theirs, Dexys Midnight Runners at least have something to be arrogant about.

After all that intense and emotional stuff, the appearance of Lene Lovich and her group almost takes on the aspect of light relief. From the opening 'Say When' to 'Lucky Number' near the end, their brand of bright, hard-edged pop is welcome entertainment. I can't say I'm especially excited by it, but

found it all enjoyable enough at the time. And it's about time that somebody credited Lene with pioneering a visual style that's since been adopted by female "new" romantics everywhere.

On the other hand the next act up, Rick Wakeman, has dropped the gladrag glam trappings just as everyone else was picking them up again. Tonight he's like a boyish prep school Latin master, in short hair and soberly casual clothes. The very brief performance he

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Ker-ang

100 Club

SO WHERE is Jah Wobble now? Back on a rock stage, of all places, as a corner of a trio whose direction is slyly suggested by the sound of their name. In light of his former PIL comrades' aggressive anti-live policies, it's an odd place to find him, even if his leaving was allegedly caused by his resolve melting before audiences during their ill-fated US tour.

But Wobble's urge to perform now has less to do with justly maligned conventions of recording / touring spirals than with the pleasure of playing. And given the fluid nature of his new venture — with ex-PIL drummer Jim Walker and guitarist Animal — an audience necessarily provides both a check on indulgence and a gauge for their progress.

No concessions are made, just that there's none of the fruitless antagonism that turned PIL gigs into negative parodies of performance. PIL were right to stop performing. Meanwhile Ker-ang have discovered a much easier way

of beating pop at its own game: they simply sidestep it. No real problem while Wobble stays out of fashion, but Ker-ang betray no desire in getting caught up again.

A purely instrumental trio, their music is denser than Wobble's earlier solo projects. Taking their cue now from Jim Walker's marvellously frenetic, multi-layered drumming — as opposed to the meccano-syn drums that powered Wobble's gentle, hazy reggae/disco rhythms of old — they're correspondingly more purposeful. However, the surface shift of emphasis towards "rock" is belied by Wobble's characteristically melodic lines and, more importantly, the utterly unique visceral effect his playing has. While he and Walker work together tightly, Animal is left to prowling on his own, playing seemingly random flurries and percussive clatters that prevent the riffs atrophy.

The joy in Ker-ang is watching three musicians playing together, responding to each other's emotions and needs, instead of just sticking to pre-planned parts. Ker-ang are a powerful — not a power — trio. There is a difference.

Chris Bohn

The Lines The Decorators The Colours

Moonlight

THE COLOURS come in one grey tone. Dreary, modern, keyboards, bass, drums and vocals intensify themselves to no effect over drum machine funk. The lyrics were as banal (blue skies and all) as they were paranoid and angst-ridden (silly fellows wandering lost in Amsterdam).

At least the accompanying film show, with its strong '50s Cold War and nuclear bias, was intriguing: a lot of the images were, presumably, taken from old Ministry of Defence information 'shorts'.

The Decorators just keep improving and nobody takes any notice. Now if they were from New York instead of Uxbridge...

However, if you've ignored the illogical finger of fashion and acquired the band's two singles — throw them away! For in no way do they capture the warmth of The Decorators

live, especially Mick Bevan's voice: Peter Perrett minus affectation and plus muscle-and-blood. Mick looks good, too: a handsome revenge on — of all people — Phil Daniels.

Behind the singer, rhythm section and guitar are tight, and Joe '90' Sax knows when to blow a song open at the right soulful time. It's the band's achievement to cover the dark melancholic areas of 'Strange One' and 'Pendulum And Swings' with a stylish, non-arty aloofness and still sound committed: the older Iggy can do it, so too The Decorators in their quieter Anglo-psycho way. They aren't yet depressed by the inattentive public; they know they're good.

In their more instrumental way, The Lines touch the same subjects as The Decorators, but they're all drive and no focus: sound without vision. Jazz-funky with trombone and trumpet interjections and some stop-starting guitar, they'll probably come over better on vinyl. Unfortunately, I couldn't really 'see' them for those Decorators.

Paul Tickell

Hearts Full Of Soul

gives is similarly toned down: no dry ice and concept albums, silvery capes or silly capers. Instead we get two keyboard pieces, short and sweet. Whatever happened to the ogle of punk demonology, the man whose reputation was synonymous with excess? (In fact, as it transpires, the Venue stage was simply too small for Rick's standard show. Phew.)

Headliners Adam And The Ants, meanwhile, remain as dedicated to showmanship as

ever. By their own admission they're tired tonight, having come straight from America, and their set did lack the overall force that they're capable of. True troupers, all the same: the set was flash and as brash as you could wish for. The frontman's developed his stage-presence to a height unmatched since the peak years of Bolan — the man whose career is uncannily paralleled by Adam's own. And if the substance in the Ants' work is

a matter for conjecture, then there's no denying the style.

I don't go too deep beneath the surface of Antmusic, and in that way I've always got a kick out of it ('always' meaning since he went into partnership with Marco, that is). Taken on a non-analytical level, this is the great, ephemeral, perfect pop that people are always paying lip service to (but seem to find unacceptable when it's actually popular). I only hope Adam doesn't start believing

in the importance of being Ant-ist — pomposity kills pop.

All that worried about tonight's set was that, apart from the new single, everything they played was written over six months ago. The show was simply the 'Frontier' LP plus 'Cartrouble' and 'A.N.T.S.'. Maybe America's the first concern now, but the pressure's on to come up with fresh ideas for '81. Sheer momentum assures the next LP's success — but beyond?

Paul Du Noyer



Kevin does the soul salute. Pic David Cario.

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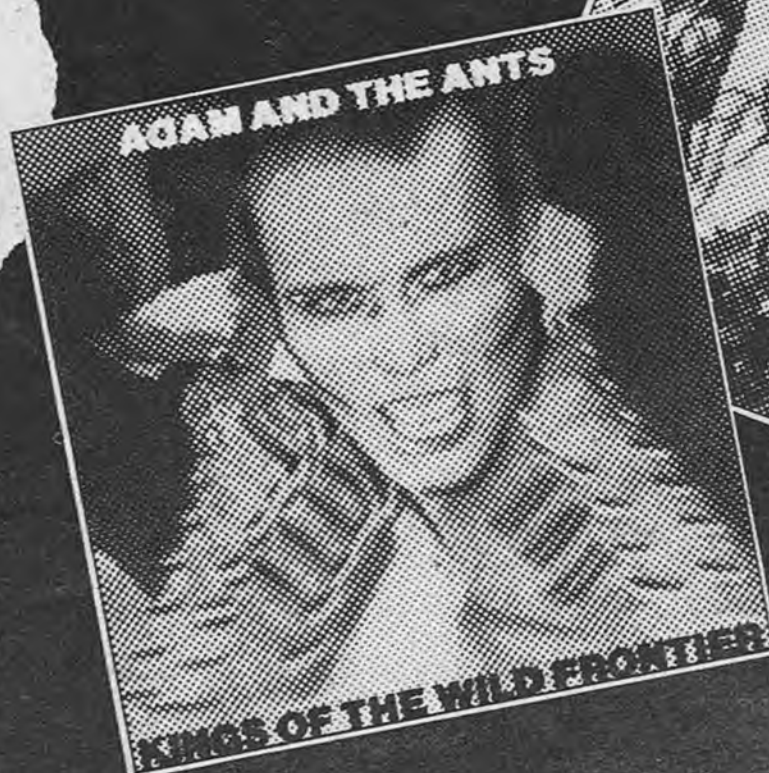
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Michael Thelwell Brixton

A BLACK youth stands up at the back of the hall. "I was born in South America. Any struggle that happens in Surinam tomorrow, against my people there, I will go and sacrifice. Africa, my parents come from there. Must I seek the solution of blacks, I mean of me, in Africa, or in Surinam, or in Holland?"

Crushed into the Abeng Community Centre, some 100 people, mainly black, erupted. Above the shouting and clapping, the joyful voice of a Rastaman cried out, "Must seek it in yourself, man."

The occasion is the author of *The Harder They Come*, Michael Thelwell, giggling in Brixton.

In his book, words aptly replace the music of the film, conveying information, but also catching rhythm and feeling in exactly painted scenes. When he speaks, his clear measured delivery

makes easy sense. He's a soft voiced, tall academic, a US Professor of Afro-American studies who left his native Jamaica when 19 and subsequently was involved in the American South civil rights struggles. His theme is Caribbean culture, restoration of roots torn out by a 400 year old process of "destroying and crediting native institutions".

"It had always been told to me in schools that when I studied the tradition of British literature — Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare — I was studying literature, but when I went to a corn shelling match, or a nine nights funeral celebration, and I listened to stories and legends, of ghosts and spirits and duppies, and of heroes and badmen, I was involved in what? It clearly wasn't literature, what was it, bongo foolishness, child's play?"

In the first half of *The Harder They Come*, Thelwell deals with the 'bongo

foolishness' lie, catching the root value and African nature of old Jamaican hill communities. Thereafter, hero Rhygin seeks fame in Kingston, trapped between grinding poverty, Robin Hood generosity and an increasingly disconnected 'star bwai' self-image, fed by American B-movies. He returns home near his end to find it destroyed by the bauxite industry, tourism, death and neglect. Eventually he is gunned down by the same Babylonian police system that controls the ganja trade from which he and his Rasta partner have righteously lived.

What pleases Thelwell the most is the book's reception by his fellow countrypeople, for whom it was written. Ironically, it is not yet available in Jamaica, although the *Jamaican Daily News* is to serialise it and Thelwell himself threatens to pirate a cheap edition. He joyfully describes

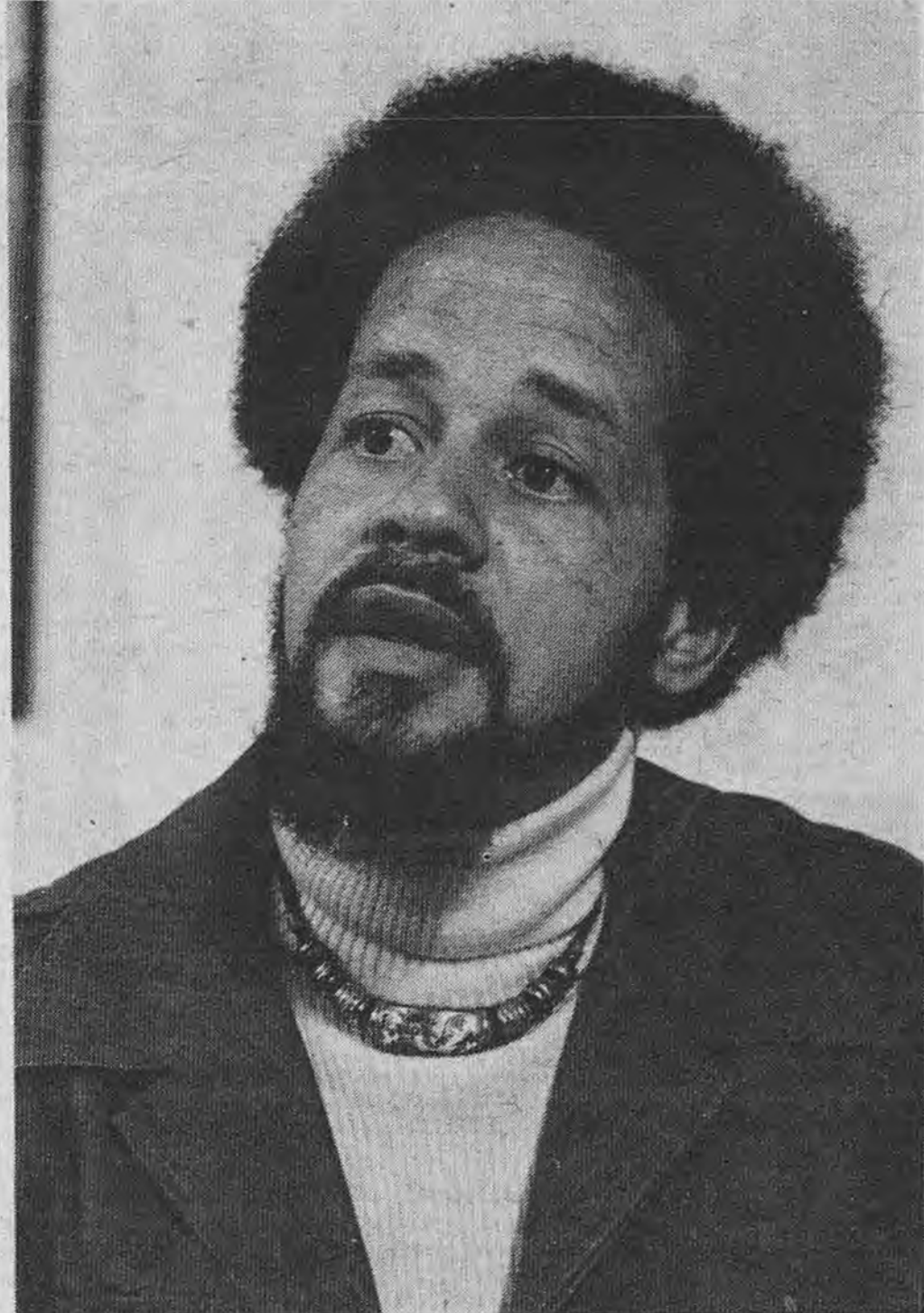
readings to Jamaican fruit pickers in Massachusetts, who started chanting and clapping where the narrator breaks off and the characters speak with the expressive rhythms and phrases of their own dialect.

"The language ought to be given the dignity it deserves," Thelwell affirms in response to anger in Brixton about dialect often treated in schools as a "debased form" of language. Some black teachers have started to use the book in classes. As with Linton Kwesi Johnson's readings, the youth have reacted with loud enthusiasm.

At the Africa Centre gig three days earlier, a middle aged black wearing a pin stripe criticised Thelwell somewhat belligerently. "You and I are not of the people. Our responsibility is to translate what our people need."

Translators often wander far from the original. Thelwell stays close.

Tim Malyon



Michael Thelwell. Pic: Tim Malyon.

The Lemons OK Jive

Marquee

THERE's already a buzz, as the business calls it, about OK Jive. The crowd at the Marquee was made up of its fair share of celebrities, A&R people, agents and that type of conventional thing.

The band tread the straight and narrow, too: no shocks, no surprises, just a string of light poppy — often ska-derived — numbers which will fit nicely with Radio One. OK Jive are also going to look acceptable on *TOTP*: almost all of them (two guitars, rhythm section plus vocalist) wear those brightly coloured but orthodox stage clothes which no conscientious stylist would be seen dead in.

If the presentation is as well-worn as some of the faces in the band, there's still a lot of *joie-de-vivre* about. The guitars are lively, one of them on occasion setting country picking style against a straightened out reggae beat: a low-key meeting of Rockpile and The Police.

Carrying the whole show is vocalist Ruby, whose virtue is to not try too hard and to keep her lyricism relaxed rather than pushy. Holding things back is half the battle in

showbiz and Ruby, with her quiet sexiness, well knows it. She could start giving Hazel O'Connor and other automaton lessons now. A pleasant band, but irrelevant.

The buzz about The Lemons has turned to a drone. They've grown as tiresome as their grass skirts, garlands (parodic primitivism, Honolulu style!) and jokes — especially the banana ones: singer Tammy Jacobs hasn't enough of Bette Midler's vulgarity to be able to carry off that kind of sexual gobbledegook.

The humour is as mechanical as the band's musical pastiches: ska and reggae with a lot of high-school-hop deodorised '50s R&R and innocuous mad-as-hell rockabilly. At times they even take delight — thanks to electric piano, sax and trumpet — in intentionally ragged jazz arrangements: just how little Frank Zappa started off!

One or two of The Lemons' songs sounded catchy but that was because they are so close to other things, including Doris Day's 'Deadwood Stage'. Whip-crack-away! the band in spite of their lumpen following are old-fashioned cabaret, just what the upper-class twit ordered for his Oxbridge summer ball.

Paul Tickell

Jan Garbarek, Egberto Gismonti, Charlie Haden

Shaw Theatre

AFTER this trio's routine 'Magico' for ECM, I went expecting no more than a lazy meander through pastures old, enlivened perhaps by bassist Charlie Haden's perennial intelligence. Instead I was inexorably enslaved by two often extraordinary hours of heart and mind interaction.

Gismonti plaited a cross-hatch of 12 and eight string guitars, fingering tunes of rustic simplicity and finding strange chiming tones like a cellarful of ancient clocks.

Garbarek was massively authoritative on soprano and tenor: icily penetrative whorls, clear as the sound of

fingers striking crystal glass. Starkly spaced phrases would gradually break into charging serpentine runs before an equally spare resolution.

As for the bassist, well, Charlie Haden is really some sort of superman. How he manages to merge an endless momentum to a time all his own, locate a seam of original melodies and keep an earthing pulse for his companies is beyond me. But he does.

Individual numbers began and closed as naturally as breathing. Maybe there was something of the recital about it, but the sheer fascination of how each player applied himself to the problems set by

the nakedness of the format made for compulsive listening.

Egberto (that seems to be his name) played piano some of the time and came on as a surrogate Jarrett, all flower and no stalk. Still, the high point came with a soprano solo over a piano/bass progression that was so harrowingly intense it might have pierced a heart of diamond.

Dressed like a troupe of itinerant mountain folkies, the players did not speak to us; but the stern Garbarek's shy smile at the closing acclaim said it all.

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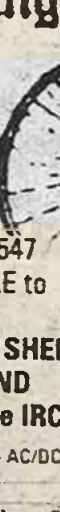
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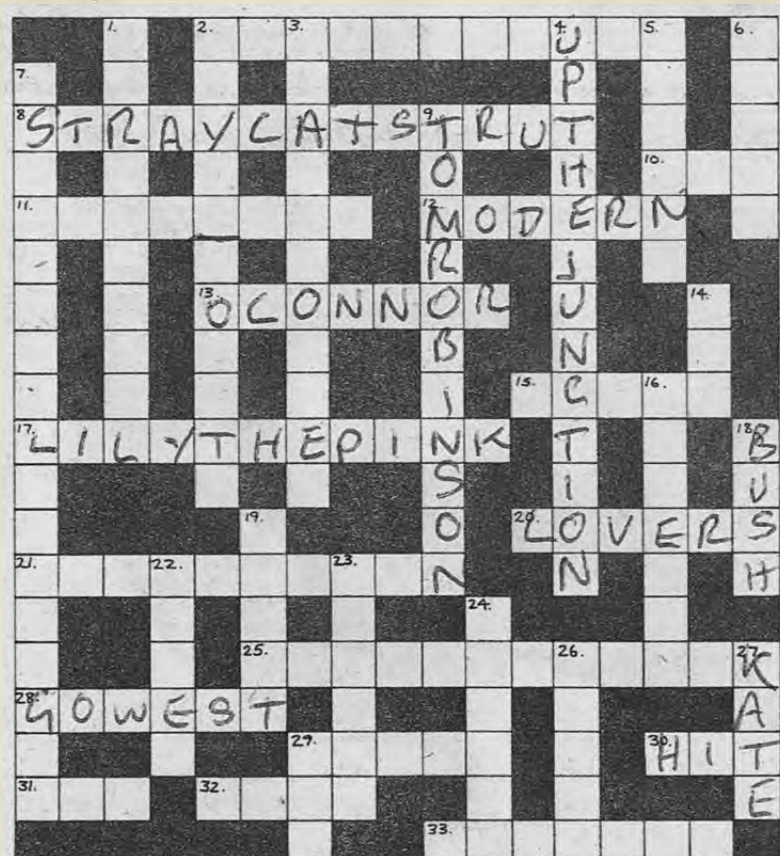
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ACROSS

- 2 East London indie label band, or the result of Tory policies on juvenile unemployment! (6,5)
 6 Rockabilly version of 'March Of The Mods'?! (5,3,5)
 10 A rockist guitar?
 11 Aka MacManus
 12 & 20 'Road Runner' supporters
 13 'Azel or Des
 15 Distinguishing marks identifying Scottish group
 17 Old Scaffold hit (4,3,4)
 20 See 12
 21 'One To One' is his current single (3,7)
 25 See 6
 28 Village People album (2,4)
 29 See 16
 30 Strike a record?
 31 '70s pollwinning rock trio — shame about NOW!'s extinction too!
 32 Instrument
 33 Garrity or Starr

DOWN

- 1 Roedean or St Trinians!?
 2 Currently Jayne . . . (5,6)
 3 Walthamstow based independent (5,6)
 4 Squeeze 45 (2,3,8)
 5 Surname of '60s US singer whose hits included 'Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini' (on Rough Trade, we seem to remember)
 6 & 25 Drifters classic from the '60s (5,3,9)
 7 A Lux Interior hallucination (11,6)
 9 Minor Boston rearrangement! (3,8)
 14 Another '70s pollwinning rock act (Alan Freeman'll walk it, this week!)
 16 & 19 across Lack of barter (anag. 2 words)
 18 See 27
 19 & 24 Julian Cope's all-time fave rave
 22 Tony /-----/ Brown
 23 See 26
 24 See 19
 26 & 23 Liberal Beake?
 27 & 18 Busk heat mixture
 29 TV series in which Peter Vaughan played the patriarch of a Sarf London family

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 4 'Tusk'; 6 Theatre Of Hate; 7 Mick; 9 Mute; 10 Jake Burns; 13 Al Jardine; 14 Nina Simone; 15 'Tracks Of (My Tears)'; 17 Randy Newman; 20 Boz; 22 Bianca Jagger; 26 'Atomic'; 28 Department S; 29 'East Of (Eden)'; 32 Adam; 34 Taylor; 35 Chicago.

DOWN: 1 'Face Dances'; 2 Mork; 3 'Stir Crazy'; 4 Tim; 5 Kiki Dee; 6 Tom Waits; 8 Ian Gomm; 10 Judas Priest; 11 '(East Of) Eden'; 12 (Jimmy) Savile; 16 Frankie Valli; 18 'Night Games'; 19 & 21 New Order; 23 & 24 Aretha Franklin; 25 Scaffold; 27 '(Tracks Of) My Tears'; 30 Styx; 31 Eric; 33 Moog.

Misty In Roots

FROM PAGE 25

For a lot of youth it was something other than money.

Puck: "No. The Beatles was the invasion of the world by the great giants in England. Wasn't it? Because when they find that The Beatles start selling in England, the next step was to sell them all over the world."

You do not think The Beatles make great music?

Puck: "Well, I did hear one of John Lennon's music that was great music, yes."

Bedau: "Lennon is hard, but the vibes is commercial."

Clarence: "The hardest band to come out of England, but they could have been much harder if it didn't turn into what it did turn into."

Do you think any of the English bands are going on with constructive things in this time?

Clarence: "Yeah man, them enough of them. Them enough of them going on with constructive things."

(Hoots of derision and exclamations of "rahtid!")

Clarence (assertively): "There's enough of them going on constructive, them bands here now is the same like everything. Because they're constructive you're not hearing about them, you're not reading about them. You probably don't even check them. I sure if you go in a hall in a Birmingham you bound to find man playing in there who is..."

Spark: "Crap, you know."

Clarence: "Yes I. There's enough man doing constructive things, but they haven't... No one's heard about them. No one cares about them."

How about the local reggae bands? They seem to deal with righteousness.

Puck: "Very few reggae bands in my mind deal with strictly righteousness."

Aswad?

Puck: "Aswad hard."

Clarence: "Aswad are the hardest."

Joe: "Aswad are one of the next roots bands in this country to go on with anything serious."

Black Slate too.

Bampi: "Them is good blokes, it's a pity them..."

Smokes: "You can't really set up yourself to judge..."

Clarence: "You can't chuck on man them ways, just say there's enough man do constructive works, man."

Only in reggae though, not in other music!

Puck: "Penny, it doesn't look upon what a really go on in a the race. It isn't music that tell a man, woah, a buck up themselves and think that that there a carry the swing, is it?"

Yes it is. I mean you have got groups out there putting out some very evilous works, encouraging some extremely negative attitudes.

Clarence: "You must see what the man is trying to tell you. It's true. In this time here Penny, in this time here reggae music is the onliest music which is crying out for Jah and saying, look I don't want Rome, I want to serve Jah, I want to serve him continually."

Puck: "A whole heap of gospel music around too. You know them man have to have soul to sing them kind of music. Some

hard music man, all the old soul man them.

"What you have to understand, the English music scene to me it don't give me no vibes, because the man them I don't find them so tough, them too la lala lala, lovers rock and so..."

Duxie: "Soft."

Puck: "It pure stupidity man. Them thing there is pop music man. They no play me to make you feel within yourself contented."

Duxie: "They say that the media is more soft music, lovers rock style, but the media may have to call on Jah, they can't deal with lovers rock."

Bedau: "I see it as a form of compromise."

Smokes: "Listen, all you go in a dance right? You see them all a pack of man stand up in the corner and them tongue long down. Wha' them a wait for?"

Puck: "Them a lust"

Smokes: "Them a wait for la lala for drop now. You understand? And then you see a sort of gal come in a dance now, they come and buss pose, so as to say I wonder if I can la la la with that man there tonight."

Clarence: "Life is much too serious for that."

Puck: "There is time when man think about that and there is a time when man don't think about it, because you pass through it. For you is no longer a youth, you is no longer naïve to the things that's around you. You put them feelings there aside man, because them things is pure personal feelings. You is a big man, you grow up long, you is not a little boy who go on stupid."

Bedau: "So Puck, Puck, what you must also understand that is what the media cater for these things. The illusion of love and that, that is a way of life to some people. Whether it's right or wrong for me, that's the choice I have to make when I gonna play music. And dread reaching the time you see, well watch, right now to go in a hall seeking to look for the fittest gal to squeeze in the corner, that is negative. That is just exposing my weakness as a man. To be so weak as to give myself over to woman and hold temptation. Man have to be able to control it."

Clarence: "Man have to be discipline man. Man is supposed to be strong."

Why do you think the media deal with this music so much?

Clarence: "Because it suits them."

Puck: "They're too simple, and being so simple the only thing they can deal with is a woman's body."

Clarence: "Or a pretty car, or something like that. It's so much easier to give a man a simple thing, but when you show him the truth..."

"But you see people have not got a choice of thinking in this time here. There's a certain set of people — the media think for the people."

Bedau: "What you must understand is we as musicians have a responsibility, 'cause music is a force in itself. People check things through music, and if you're not gonna be responsible the people who take aspiration from your music vibes is like you no really care no more. It goes back to the same thing as how a man see life is how he conduct himself through life. You know say that if you do things that is right, then that becomes a shield against all evil forces, because there is good and evil in everywhere you go."

Clarence: "The greatest thing is when a man can look at your works and say, yeah, that was something worth doing."

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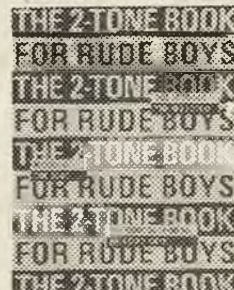
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WITH YOUR CHOICE OF POINT

FOOTY COKEY?

I'm sure I can't be alone in noticing Ron Greenwood's awe inspiring revelation to millions after Engalnd's latest football debacle, in that he stated without the merest hint of hesitation that his 'line was on the job'. Does anybody know who or what his 'line' is? After wasting half an hour watching the England football team's attempts to pass the "Friends Of Romania" pre membership aptitude test I came to the conclusion that who (or what) ever this 'line' is, he, she or it was participating in a far more pleasurable pastime than watching England play football. Simon Wekeling, London SW5. Answer in the latest issue of Toot! the hedonistically inclined football fan's magazine. — I.P.

Extra Fine

PENNY?

Just as I was finishing to read my non-sexist, non-racist NME this week, my eyes chanced to run down the editorial column. It was here that I learned that the positions of editors and staff were filled exclusively by white males. Of the 19 contributors only four were female, and with the exception of Penny Reel — who I am unable to determine — none are black. So it would seem that in NME, the rock

weekly where the journalists are the real stars, only the print is black, only the most junior writers are female, and for the rest ther white male remains dominant. Does this mean that ultimately NME is a white middle class liberal intellectual playground, containing a few token women and that the blacks in Brixton, etc, are to be patronised but not allowed through the playground gates. Or is there some other explanation? Studs Lonigan. There's not a lot of point in isolating NME as representative of this very common socio-cultural contradiction — but besides, your 'logic' defeats us: how can you tell a citizen's colour from their name? And for myself, I am a freckled working class socialist hedonist casual (as distinct from professional — eg academic) intellectual — and it's a good thing to be. So there! — I.P.

PUNNY?

As Kevin Rowland does not allow alcohol at his concerts, does it make him an anti-beerist? Simon Davis, Marple I'm not sure, but it makes a Dexy's gig the very anti-thesis of any concert I've ever been to. I.P.

"We ks you, Luton!" cries Errol Golddust. Don't mock the afflicted, I say. None of you have to live here. Do you think we're proud of UK Decay or something? About all the town has going for it are Luton FC and a remarkabbbly non-racist police force (though this is made up for quite sickeningly by an MP of ours). Yes, Luton! Urban wasteland drowning in apathy and senile Toryism. NF infiltrate local SDP! Shock, horror dolequeness! It's that kind of place. And I've had two faulty C81s so far, and haven't yet played the latest replacement. Michael Sandy. It's not our faulty — I.P.

Flexible Fine

Can I be the first to say that the picture of Nico on page 53 of the week before last's NME looks just like Glenda Brownlow from Crossy? Sheena (possibly of Easton fame but more likely from Hale) This really is the endy. — I.P. Really? — Max Belly. Really — Gavin Martini. I've been reading NME since 1972, so I feel I have the right to ask a question. What's America? Mark Makowski, Acocks Green, Birmingham. A place where they have more soap opera than Birmingham. — I.P. Really? — Glendy. Really. — Benny.

Medium

Tony Parsons' Dangerous Visions (March 7) didn't include the most inexplicable love story of our time — that of masochistic America's unrequited affection for Mother England. Alas! Alack! When will we ever learn that the things that make us great are not the only clearly identifiable ANGLO aspects of our culture. The rotten, stinking racist, capitalist, etc. attributes of American society are also directly traceable to their putrid Anglo-Saxon Protestant roots. We could have been more Iberian, you know. We could have been more like Brazil, where three races have been able to intermarry effortlessly, to the extent wethat they have effectively started their own race. But blind fools that we are, we have repeatedly looked to the uptight Native Sod for cultural impetus, and we have spilled blood all over the world for the greater glory of all things Anglo.

The hypocrite who wrote that column would do well to bear in mind that, despite our propaganda, we have never had a cultural melting pot in this country (except, thank God, regarding cuisine). We are Anglo — to the core — the good ol' USA is nothing more or less than what you get when you throw a bunch for Britons out into the middle of a vast wilderness. It also has the unparalleled misfortune of being the bastard child of a country that still prizes legitimacy above all else. Woe to us all. . .

Furthermore everybody in these parts knows that the only reason our city got a fair shake in your mag is because Cynthia Rose is from Dallas. Down with Americaophobia! The Rugged Individual, Austin Texas.

Ms Rose's parents live in Dallas but in actuality she hails from Ann Arbor (and is proud of BOTH). Otherwise — surely you can't have failed to notice my own unrequited love for some of your country's institutions? I's a natch'l born brown bagger! — I.P.

This boy perplexes me — A National Health Psychoanalyst.

Broad

May I congratulate the staff of the world's hepcattiest rock weekly on producing the world's most reactionary rock weekly — with regars to the future of energy resources etc. on a global scale. The facts — coal and oil will not last forever and an alternative power source must be used or our speakers must be powered by a stack of Duracells bigger than John Peel's collection of Sex Pistols white labels. Until the nation's narcissistic females (and some males?) are prepared to donate their bronzed images to a solar cell umbrella across the nation nukes must be tolerated.

Enginebeard Gooch, Pembroke.

£20 billion expenditure on nukes might get us 9% of the total fuel bill be the end of the centry: that's cheap? And anyway, even if you stick the waste in steel encased glass containers and bury it — it still gives off one hell of a stink (though what they're actually doing is — FACT — flushing it in the Irish Sea). — P.B. Ed.

Extra Fine

Transcription of last two minutes of last Art History lecture of term: "The picture planes that ironize the ambiguities of the systematic expectation of the iconography are resolved often equivocably. The programme and strategies of the artist which can be said to be a polymorphic configuration of cross code redundancy optimised in the position of the composition and its ideo otic function. Contrasts no less significant that it is the image which is really thought of as interior and in a sense this was responsible for the format which once more refer to the cinema screen format, and of course . . . the impetus for the . . . 'Hers is a lush situation' . . . (looks at screen) . . . which I'm not sure that is (changes slides) is it that one? Does anyone happen to know . . . ? Anonymous. Monty's on leave at the moment. — I.P.

Steno

SMITHY'S DIARY?

My interview with Mark E. Smith: Me (indicating my friend and confidante, Big Derm): "He's got all your records". M.E.S.: (looking disparagingly at my spiky hair and bondage trousers): "And I suppose you've only got 'Bingo Master's Break Out'" Embellish this with a few op-Art visuals and we could be on a winner. John Parker, Horwich, Lands. Er, it's a bit low on contention . . . — I.P.



Gasbag

I saw Mark E. Smith going into the bugget bar at Manchester Victoria train station on Saturday 4th April. What did he buy? Perhaps a senior British Rail spokesman could enlighten us. Anon Andrews, Prestwich. "Fags, p?lates, etc." — A senior British Rail spokesman enlightens us.

Flexible Fine

WALLY!?

NME dateline 25 April 81 advertised that the next NME would reveal "the mystery of Paul Morley's sudden interest in Heavy Metal." Well we all know the chap is a prat but I remember when he was an overweight long-haired, headbanging prat editing a heavy metal fanzine in Manchester. He could also be seen in the halcyon days of the Electric Circus, prancing about outside a Clash gig sporting flares — or was it — mirrored loons? Let's dig out those old fanzines and shove 'em where A Certain Ratio shove nuts. The All Seeing Eye Eye SALE! You missed his Dory Previn phase, maybe? — I.P.

Medium

Not to begrudge "the reincarnation of the 1969 Velvet Underground" their success, but . . . A few months ago Paul Morley, whilst enthusing over Orange Juice, as is his wont, declared that the next single by the band would be "the one" and promised that if it wasn't a hit, he'd resign from the paper and commit suicide — now I see that the said single — 'Poor Old Sole' (sic) — is not actually shifting in massive quantities, and I was gleefully waiting for Paul to do as he had promised. But no! This week I see you have given the record a place in the singles charts, despite its lack of sales. Was it really worth it simply to save his life? I think not and can only hope that he will now do the honourable thing; his country expects it of him.

Hunter S Norton. Ah, but in his heart it's Number One! Juicy (we call them Juicy). — I.P.

Broad

As far as I'm concerned, Paul Morley is PROOF POSITIVE that black holes do exist.

Someday, Mr Morley, the weight of all your bullshit will collapse in upon itself, creating a huge vacuum that (hopefully) will suck in all the excess baggage that NME carries leaving us with, dare we hope, the bare bones of music critique — the skeleton, as it were, my suggestion, Mr Morley — retire to the seaside and write the neo-existentialist manifesto that you yearn for. Better yet . . . retire to the seaside and do nothing at all. Matter (with a dash) realism indeed! If I ever catch up to that one I deserve what I get. Lynne Fischer, Milwaukee, USA.

Nice Polecats article, but what about Paul Morley himself? Is he good in bed? The Mighty Hope of Muswell Hill. Well, he is looking a bit worn out. — I.P.

Extra Fine

FUNNY?

Mes chers amis, Pourquoi tenais je le NME de Aout 1979? Il a eu rien dans il, sauf on mots croises que ja n'ai pas fini. En reference de Mme Anne Nightingale programme Francais — mon dieu! Elle est une vieille perte ennuiant. Veuillez accepter, messieurs, mes salutations tres dtinguees. M Charles de Gaulle, Glenrothes. We here at NME say: If music be the food of love — turn up the bass! — I.P.

The QE2 isn't a boat it's a ship, Hitler wasn't German he was Austrian, Paul Rambali isn't a journalist he's a sap — agreed? Pazuzu, New Barnet. No, he's a wop. (Just for the sake of the gag, Paul.) — I.P. Cop out! — Anti-Pasta League. Spokesperson.



Edited By His Nibs Ian Penman

T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

HANG 'EM HIGH, as the bishop said to the actress. Here's a heck of an anecdote. **Michael Jackson** is over in England (swoon) and guess what? The first phrase he uttered on clearing his pet chandelier through HM's customs was "Where is famous **Adam Ant** jacket?" and later "Where can I get me one?" Errol's press agent pointed him in the direction of Berman's, Theatrical Costumiers to the gentry. When he isn't practising his cut and thrust and mounting his stamps Michael will record with **Paul McCartney** for a superstar project.

Much **Beatles** news in the air. The remaining trio are to record a tribute to **John Lennon** under the unlikely title of 'All Those Years Ago' (bit morbid). A sample of the lyric which will obviously be numero uno for many moons to come is: "I'm shouting all about love / While they treated you like a dog / When you were the one who had made it clear / All those years ago". Fab, eh? **George Harrison** wrote it and the copyright is Ganga Publishing.

Two students were arrested as fans gathered to celebrate **Ringo Starr's** wedding to **Johann Sebastian's** little known niece **Barbara**. They were charged under the Public Order Act for shouting obscenities and behaving in manner likely to cause a breach of the peace (we're sure **John Lennon** would have approved of this).

PETE TOWNSHEND (the h is silent) has been seen three (count 'em) nights in a row at the Venue. Monday he caught **Lightning Raiders**, Tuesday was the Multiple Sclerosis benefit (see Live page 52) and Wednesday he caught **The Passions**. Christ knows what he caught Thursday.

Also at the MS appeal launched by **DJ Stuart Henry**, who suffers from this incurable disease (see *Thrills* page 4) were some **Bay City Rollers** (who?), **Bob Geldof**, alias **Cook** and **Jones**, **Sparks** (what year is it exactly?), **Stuart Copeland** with beard and matching chest wig, **Princess Margaret**, **Ronald Biggs**, **Lady Di** and **Chas**. There was a raffle and an impromptu session of postman's knock in the bogs where the noise was horrendous. The bands weren't much cop either.

The rename the **Invisible Girls** comp has been won by **Andy Carter** who suggests **Pauline Murray** and **The Mints**. Very good. If he contacts Messrs **Garnett** and **Loasby** at 86/7 Wimpole Street, W1 he may learn something to his advantage. There again he may not.

A VAST THERE me hearty brigands! Posers ahoy! Last Tuesday the Embassy Club's Midnite Matinee for **Stimulin** attracted the usual bunch: some **Funkapollitan**, fresh from their success in the *NME's* groovy wall chart, **Spands**, **Durans**, **Clock DVAs**, **Members**, all mixing it with **Belle Stars**, **Clem Burke**, **Pete Townshend**, **Howie Devoto** and **Lord and Lady Kennett** (it was a wild evening save for the absence of many paying customers. . . . (Don't we have anything better than this load of Ritz-type tripe? — Ed.)

Plastics kicked off their tour at the Moonlight and held the audience spellbound for, ooh, forty minutes. Their language comprehension caused a few broad yuks recently (can you speak Japanese smartass?). **Toshi** phoned Island to say that "dummer has put honorable stick into self and is sick". Panicked, an Islander cabbed to the scene of the incident only to find that **Plastics** have mechanical



As a wise man once said: "When I hear the word Culture, I reach for my bicycle clips!"
Pic: Jean Bernard Sohier

drummer as you already know. Japanese joke . . .

Film bores corner: **Genesis P. Orridge** and **Howard 'the duck' Devoto** spotted at cult S&M flick *La Maitresse* (that's *The Mistress* for our slower readers) at the NFT. Shoulda heard the popcorn crunch when those two walked in . . . and **Duck** rounded off the evening with one and ninesworth of *Snow White* and *the Seven Dwarves* (Disney's version not Orson's).

JOHNSON is the toast of the West End after graciously agreeing to confine his acting activities to the Cockpit which ain't anywhere near theatreland. **Pete Townshend** (this is getting ridiculous) had a minion call for tickets and **Phil Daniels** gave the thumbs up. After **Jobson** let go of his neck **Daniels** told a different story but this being a family

paper. A friend of a bloke who once met someone's uncle who'd reckoned he'd seen an actor once was quoted as saying "This chap is



Wild Person Of Rock, (ret'd), **Rick Wakeman** ponders the dastardly theft of his haircut.
Pic: David Corio

astounding. **Gielgud** doesn't come into it mate. The devil of it is that he's never appeared on the boards before. What!" The play's the thing and it's called *Hamlet*, er no, **Pete Townshend**, no, it's *Demonstration of Affection*. Worth a gander just to hurl the toms and snigger at **Dickie's** purple doublet and hose . . .

Eddie Van Halen, Errol's least fave guitar mangler, just wedded a Soap Opera starlet. Title of her profession is 'One Day At A Time'. Neat . . .

'Snoother fact for your scrapbooks: **Sheena Easton** will try and get through the title song for the new **Bond** fiasco. Song is "When He Shines". Very original . . .

Elton John paid fourteen thousand green ones for the old **Goon** scripts at **Christies**. He's reputedly "looking for a few jokes to liven up the act. It hasn't been the same since I gave up playing the piano and

no-one laffs any more".

John Lennon's infamous erotic engravatures will go on sale soon in NYC . . .

The first **Debbie Harry** album to feature **Andy Hernandez** who has a lovely bunch of coconuts all his own . . .

New album from **Kid Creole and the C's** themselves is 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places'. It was not recorded in **Covent Garden** . . .

Chris Frantz, **Tina Weymouth** (double swoon) and some reggae people including **Tyrone Downie** and **Sly Dunbar** involved as **The Tom Tom Club** . . .

Beat fans of the world: **The Action** album on **F-Beat** subsidiary **Edsel** is wonderful. **Paul Weller** wrote the liner notes . . .

Spirit are to tour here pronto, **Randy California** mailed **Errol** a fetching and candid snap of himself topless to prove it . . .

HOLD YOUR breaths: **Springsteen** for the Venue? Stranger things happen at sea **Horatio** . . . Ask **Ian Botham** up for **GBH** on a 19 year old sailor. Will he get bails? Boom boom . . .

Apparently **Mike Oldfield** has just bought a £15,000 home musical computer called a **Fairlight**. It's taken him a week to learn it. The gubbins should be on disc tomorrow . . .

Boomtown Rats tour manager fell out of a coconut tree in **Bangkok** and broke his leg in six places. **Fingers** had his wallet stolen also . . .

CND finally getting tough with police — stop — threatening to take the **Metropolitan Commissioner** to court unless he lifts the blanket ban on marches imposed April 25 — stop — **CND** claim their whole future imperilled — stop — unless the increasingly popular catchall prohibitions are stopped — stop . . .

Here's one about the £10,000 nuclear fallout shelter that got flooded out by rain just 24 hours after a **Staffordshire** family began a gruelling survival test in it. "This never would have happened in a nuclear holocaust," said the managing director of the firm that made the beauties. Our **Science Correspondent** writes: "This is absolutely bloody typical . . ."

Ian Copeland, head of **FBI Booking Agency** and third member of the notorious **Copeland Brothers**, is opening **South America** to new music (read — his clients). **Copeland** is booking the **Poliedro** in **Caracas**, **Venezuela** with the likes of **XTC**, **Jools Holland**, **The Stranglers** and **Robin Lane** and **The Chartbusters** . . .

David Byrne and **Bernie Worrell** caught **P-Funk** at the **NY Ritz**. **Byrne** recently returned from **Bali, Indonesia**, where he went to holiday and study the local music. Next **Talking Heads** record to feature **Gamelan-Funk**? . . .

Stevie Wonder amongst the assembled multitude at **Teddy Pendergrass' London** show on **Saturday** . . .

Here at *NME*, meanwhile, we find ourselves agonising over the decision to print a transcript — which just sorta fell into our hands — of a taped telephone talk between the couple they're all talking about: yes, winsome wee lass **Sheena Easton** and the mystery man in her life (whose existence she so valiantly tried to deny in Tuesday's *Daily Mirror* probe). **Sheena** (long-distance from Hollywood): "Coo-eee, honeybunch" — and various intimate terms of endearment — "Sheeny-weeny here, how's tricks, the noo." Gruff male voice: "Allo? Look it's **Vic** 'ere. You winding me up or something? Don't know what's going on but I haven't had a minute's peace lately wifout some nutter or other ringing me up. Wait till I get me 'ands on the bugger behind all this." Pip pip pip pip . . .

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

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Danny Baker

Chris Salewicz

Bob Edmonds

Lester Bangs

John May

Penny Reel

Andrew Tyler

Ian Penman

Andy Gill

Graham Lock

Cynthia Rose

Vivien Goldman

Lynn Hanna

Cartoons

Tony Benyon

Ray Lowry

Research

Fiona Foulgar

New York

Joe Stevens

(212) 674 5024

Mick Farren

Richard Grabel

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.

Room 2529

Kings Reach Tower

Stamford Street

London SE1 9LS.

Ad Director

Percy Dickens

(01) 261 6080

Ad Manager

Peter Rhodes

(01) 261 6251

Classified Ads

(01) 261 6122

Live Ads

(01) 261 6153

Ad Production

Brian Gorman

Pete Christopher

Lee McDonald

(01) 261 6207

Publisher: Eric Jackson

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BETTER BADGES

This Last Week

1	(1) Ceremony — New Order	20p
2	(2) Mask — Theatre Of Hate	20p
3	(3) Unexpected Guest — UK Decay	20p
4	(4) Black & White — Toyah	20p
5	(5) Ants Invasion '80	20p
6	(6) CND	20p
7	(7) Cassette Pet — Row Wow Wow	20p
8	(8) Protest & Survive	20p
9	(9) Ant Music	20p
10	(10) Let Them Eat Valium — Thatcher	20p

NEW RELEASES

Flux Of Pink Indians 1", Clash — Sandinista 1", 11", Josef K 1", Jam — start 11", Gang Of Four — "History" 11", Delta 5 — "D.V." 1", Pere Ubu — "Art Of Walking" 11", 23 Skidoo — Shape 1", Demob — Anti Police 7"

NEW FANZINES (inc P&P)

Poser 8, 40p, Jamming No. 11, God Crazy 55p, 103 — Fashion Fanzine 65p, Over The Top 1 — Heavy Metal 40p, Panache 15 — Ants Special 45p, 103 38p, Story So Far 4 — Cramps/Jean Jeti 45p, Shake 11 60p's garage bands! 45p, ZG 81/T/Image & Culture 80p

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4 LEICESTER DE MONTFORD HALL
5 DERBY ASSEMBLY HALL
7 BIRMINGHAM ODEON
8 BLACKBURN KING GEORGES
9 NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
10 LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
11 SHEFFIELD TOP RANK
19 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION
20 BRIGHTON TOP RANK
21 LONDON RAINBOW
23 AYLESBURY FRIARS
24 LONDON HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

UNIVERSITY NORWICH 25

GAUMONT IPSWICH 26

WINTER GARDENS CLEETHORPES 28

PAVILION WEST RUNTON 29

OASIS SWINDON 30

TOP RANK READING 31

JUNE

TOP RANK SWANSEA 1

TIFFANYS COVENTRY 9

PAVILION BATH 10

RIVIERA ST. AUSTELL 11

ODEON TAUNTON 12

POLYTECHNIC PLYMOUTH 13

GUILD HALL PORTSMOUTH 14

WINTER GARDENS MALVERN 16

TOP RANK CARDIFF 17

COLSTON HALL BRISTOL 18

TOWN HALL TORQUAY 19

NEW THEATRE OXFORD 20

CIVIC GUILDFORD 21

ARTS CENTRE POOLE 22