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NEW NME EXPRESS MUSICAL

World's best rapping paper

Here it comes the masterplan
We got **DAF** we got **Japan**
Got no **Bilko** got some **Wilko**
So don't stop, go hippity hop
See if the **Bunny**men hit the top
Add some arty **Funkapolitan**
That's most of the paper in the can
So don't be square, just be real bold
And buy this issue that you hold



Young South Bronx unwraps the rapping revolution

See Centre Pages

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
1	1	STAND AND DELIVER Adam & The Ants (CBS)	4	1
2	3	CHEQUERED LOVE Kim Wilde (RAK)	3	2
3	2	YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY..Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	2
4	4	STARS ON 45 Starsound (CBS)	5	1
5	6	SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	4	5
6	7	OSSIE'S DREAM Spurs F.A. (Shelf)	3	6
7	12	BETTE DAVIS' EYES Kim Carnes (EMI)	3	7
8	13	I WANT TO BE FREE Toyah (Safari)	2	8
9	8	KEEP ON LOVING YOU Reo Speedwagon (Epic)	4	8
10	9	STRAY CAT STRUT Stray Cats (Arista)	4	9
11	23	WHEN HE SHINES Sheena Easton (EMI)	3	11
12	—	DON'T LET IT PASS UB40 (Dept Int)	1	12
13	5	GREY DAYS Madness (Stiff)	5	4
14	16	IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN The Undertones (Ardeck)	2	14
15	10	THEME FROM LLOYD GEORGE Ennio Morricone (BBC)	7	1
16	22	THE SOUND OF THE CROWD Human League (Virgin)	3	16
17	28	BEING WITH YOU Smokey Robinson (Motown)	2	17
18	17	TREASON Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	3	17
19	—	HOW 'BOUT US Champagne (CBS)	1	19
20	—	AIN'T NO STOPPING Enigma (Creole)	1	20
21	30	KILLERS LIVE E.P. Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	31
22	11	AI NO CORRIDO Quincy Jones (A & M)	5	11
23	—	THE ART OF PARTIES Japan	2	23
24	24	DROWNING / ALL OUT TO GET YOU The Beat (Go Feet)	3	24
25	29	THEME FROM CHARIOTS OF FIRE Vangelis (Polydor)	2	25
26	—	ALL THOSE YEARS AGO George Harrison (Dark Horse)	1	26
27	26	ABOUT THE WEATHER Magazine (Virgin)	2	26
28	—	ROCKABILLY GUY Polecats (Mercury)	1	28
29	18	ATTENTION TO ME Nolans (Epic)	8	7
30	—	CARELESS MEMORIES Duran Duran (EMI)	1	30



Quit dreaming, Bill



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
1	1	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER Adam & The Ants (CBS)	27	1
2	4	STARS ON 45 Starsound (CBS)	2	2
3	2	WHA'PPEN? The Beat (Go Feet)	3	2
4	3	THIS OLE HOUSE Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	3
5	—	QUIT DREAMING AND GET ON THE BEAM Bill Nelson (Mercury)	1	5
6	5	HOTTER THAN JULY Stevie Wonder (Motown)	28	1
7	25	COMPUTER WORLD Kraftwerk (EMI)	2	7
8	—	TALK TALK TALK Psychedelic Furs (CBS)	1	8
9	11	HIGH INFIDELITY Reo Speedwagon (Epic)	4	9
10	—	LONG DISTANCE VOYAGER Moody Blues (Threshold)	1	10
11	7	CHARIOTS OF FIRE Vangelis (Polydor)	4	7
12	29	BAD FOR GOOD Jim Steinman (Epic)	2	12
13	10	PUNKS NOT DEAD The Exploited (Secret)	3	10
14	—	THE ADVENTURES OF THIN LIZZY Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	14	
15	6	POSITIVE TOUCH Undertones (EMI)	3	6
16	19	STRAY CATS Stray Cats (Arista)	9	4
17	27	I AM PHOENIX Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	2	17
18	—	PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX Au Pairs (Human)	1	18
19	—	THE DUDE Quincy Jones (A & M)	3	19
20	20	FAITH The Cure (Fiction)	6	7
21	8	ROLL ON Various (Polystar)	3	8
22	14	GO FOR IT Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	5	9
23	—	EAST SIDE STORY Squeeze (A & M)	1	23
24	—	DISCO DAZE AND DISCO NIGHTS Various (Ronco)	1	24
25	18	MAKIN' MOVIES Dire Straits (Vertigo)	20	3
26	12	JOURNEYS TO GLORY Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	12	3
27	9	LIVING ORNAMENTS BOX SET Gary Numan — Beggars Banquet	5	2
28	13	CHART BLASTERS '81 Various (K-Tel)	1	6
29	22	BARRY Barry Manilow (Arista)	21	3
30	—	FAIR WARNING Van Halen (Warner Bros)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(8)	Don't Slow Down UB40 (Dep Int)
2	(4)	I Want To Be Free Toyah (Safari)
3	(6)	Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag Pigbag (Y)
4	(1)	Why Discharge (Clay)
5	(2)	Slates The Fall (Rough Trade)
6	(3)	Candy Skin Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
6	(—)	Too Drunk To Fuck Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
8	(25)	Go For Gold Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
9	(7)	Chance Meeting Josef K (Postcard)
10	(5)	Dogs Of War The Exploited (Secret)
11	(23)	Don't Dry Your Tears Delmontes (Rational)
12	(12)	Poor Old Soul Orange Juice (Postcard)
13	(16)	Nagasaki Nightmare Crass (Crass)
14	(10)	Obsessed 999 (Albion)
15	(11)	All Systems Go Poison Girls (Crass)
16	(15)	Rebel Without A Brain Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
17	(29)	Simply Thrilled Honey Orange Juice (Postcard)
18	(20)	Dreaming Of Me Depeche Mode (Mute)
19	(13)	Just Like Gold Aztec Camera (Postcard)
20	(—)	Charm Positive Noise (Statik)
21	(21)	Ceremony New Order (Factory)
22	(9)	Sing Me A Song EP Marc Bolan (Rarn)
23	(—)	Number 11 Dead or Alive (Inevitable)
24	(26)	Touch Zeitgeist (Human)
25	(14)	Testcard EP Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
26	(28)	The Complete Disorder EP Disorder (Disorder)
27	(—)	Kerb Crawler Au Pairs (021)
28	(—)	Attention Stockholm Virna Lindt (Compact)
29	(22)	You're No Good ESG (Factory)
30	(17)	24 Hours The Chefs (Attrix)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	Punks Not Dead The Exploited (Secret)
2	(—)	Playing With A Different Sex Au Pairs (Human)
3	(2)	To Each A Certain Ratio (Factory)
4	(—)	Anthem Toyah (Safari)
5	(4)	Mesh And Lace Modern English (4AD)
6	(3)	He Who Dares Wins Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
7	(—)	Heart of Darkness Positive Noise (Statik)
8	(5)	Lubricate Your Living Room Fire Engines (Accessory)
9	(7)	Prayers On Fire Birthday Party (4AD)
10	(9)	Closer Joy Division (Factory)
11	(8)	390 Degrees of Simulated Stereo Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
12	(13)	Ultimate Action Action (Edsel)
13	(10)	Signing Off UB40 (Graduate)
14	(12)	Toyah Toyah Toyah Toyah (Safari)
15	(30)	Unknown Pleasures Joy Division (Factory)
16	(11)	Dirk Wears White Sox Adam & The Ants (Do-it)
17	(6)	Concrete 999 (Albion)
18	(15)	Live Misty in Roots (People Unite)
19	(20)	In Berlin Blurt (Armageddon)
20	(17)	Stations Of The Cross Crass (Crass)
21	(14)	In The Flat Field Bauhaus (4AD)
22	(16)	Whatever Happens Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
23	(—)	How The West Was Won Rankin' Toyah (Greenleaves)
24	(—)	Inflammable Material Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)
25	(22)	African Girl Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
26	(—)	Sheep Farming In Barnet Toyah (Safari)
27	(21)	Hex Poison Girls (Crass)
28	(19)	Bagpipe Music Art Objects (Heartbeat)
29	(24)	Thirst Clock DVA (Fetish)
30	(18)	Grotesque Fall (Rough Trade)

REGGAE

1. Wideawake In A Dream Barry Briggs (Dynamic)
2. Another One Bites The Dust
General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greenleaves)
3. Hopelessly Without You
Carol Thompson (S&G)
4. In The Middle Of The Night
Yvonne Douglas (S&G)
5. I Will Always Love You
Heather (Mass Media Music)
6. Natural High Claudia Fontaine (JB)
7. Can't Get Enough Johnny Clark (Art & Craft)
8. Without You Jennifer (SS Music)
9. Cool Running Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
10. Love A Dub Ranking Dread (Greenleaves)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W.2



FUNK

1. Wikke Wrap
The Evasions (Groove Productions)
2. Turned On To You * Eighties Ladies (Melodic)
3. Let Somebody Love You * Keni Burke (RCA)
4. Back To My Roots Odyssey (RCA)
5. If You Want Me * Barbara Roy (Roy B)
6. On My Own Debra Laws (Elektra)
7. Dancin' The Night Away * Vogue (Celsius)
8. Two Hearts Stephanie Mills (20th Cent.)
9. Give It To Me Baby Rick James (Motown)
10. Body Talk Imagination (R&B)

* denotes import
Compiled by Tim Palmer, Groove Records, London W.1

INTERNATIONAL UNITED STATES

- 1 (9) Bette Davis Eyes Kim Carnes (EMI)
- 2 (3) Being With You
Smokey Robinson (Motown)
- 3 (2) Just The Two Of Us
Grover Washington (Elektra)
- 4 (4) Angel Of The Morning
Juice Newton (Capitol)
- 5 (14) Stars On 45 (Atlantic)
- 6 (6) Take It On The Run
Reo Speedwagon (Epic)
- 7 (7) Living Inside Myself Gino Vannelli (Arista)
- 8 (8) Sukiyaki A Taste Of Honey (Capitol)
- 9 (10) Too Much Time On My Hands
Styx (A & M)
- 10 (11) Watching The Wheels
John Lennon (Warner Bros)

SPAIN

- 1 (1) Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime
Korgis (Zafiro)
- 2 (2) Te Quiero Tanto Ivan (CBS)
- 3 (4) Te Quiero Jose Luis Perales (Hispanavox)
- 4 (5) El Dorado Goombay Dance Band (CBS)
- 5 (3) Johnny And Mary .. Robert Palmer (Ariola)
- 6 (6) De Do Do De Da Da Da
The Police (A & M)
- 7 (7) Another One Bites The Dust Queen (EMI)
- 8 (9) Super Trouper Abba (Columbia)
- 9 (8) No Me Hables Juan Pardo (Hispanavox)
- 10 (—) Woman John Lennon (Hispanavox)

FIVE YEARS AGO

- 1 Fernando Abba (Epic)
- 2 No Charge J. J. Barrie (Power Exchange)
- 3 My Resistance Is Low Robin Starstedt (Decca)
- 4 Fool To Cry Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
- 5 Silver Star Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
- 6 Combin' Harvester Wurzel (EMI)
- 7 Arms Of Mary Sutherland Brothers & Quiver (CBS)
- 8 Silly Love Songs Wings (Parlophone)
- 9 Can't Help Falling In Love Stylistics (Arco)
- 10 More More More Andres True Connection (Buddah)

TEN YEARS AGO

- 1 Knock Three Times Dawn (Bell)
- 2 Brown Sugar Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
- 3 Jig-A-Jig East Of Eden (Deram)
- 4 Malt And Barley Blues McGuinness Flint (Capitol)
- 5 My Brother Jake Free (Island)
- 6 Indiana Wants Me R. Dean Taylor (Tame Motown)
- 7 I Am I Said Neil Diamond (UNI)
- 8 Heaven Must Have Sent You Elgins (Tame Motown)
- 9 I Did What I Did For Maria Tony Christie (MCA)
- 10 It Don't Come Easy Ringo Starr (Apple)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

- 1 Strangers In The Night Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
- 2 Paint It Black Rolling Stones (Decca)
- 3 Wild Thing Troggs (Fontana)
- 4 Monday Monday Mama's And Papa's (RCA)
- 5 Sorrow Merseys (Fontana)
- 6 Pretty Flamingo Manfred Mann (HMV)
- 7 Sloop John B Beach Boys (Capitol)
- 8 When A Man Loves A Woman Percy Sledge (Atlantic)
- 9 Promises Ken Dodd (Columbia)
- 10 Shotgun Wedding Roy C (Island)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

- 1 Surrender Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 2 Runaway Del Shannon (London)
- 3 Frightened City Shadows (Columbia)
- 4 More Than I Can Say Bobby Vee (London)
- 5 On The Rebound Floyd Cramer (RCA)
- 6 You'll Never Know Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
- 7 But I Do Clarence Henry (Pye Int.)
- 8 Blue Moon Marcell (Pye Int.)
- 9 What'd I Say Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
- 10 You're Driving Me Crazy Temperance Seven (Parlophone)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

OUT OF CHAOS... CHAOS!



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

OPEN AIR A SPECIALITY

THE SPECIALS are to headline a big open-air benefit concert in Coventry next month — at the Butts Athletic Stadium on Saturday, June 20, starting at noon. Their guests on the bill will be Hazel O'Connor, The Bureau, The Reluctant Stereotypes and The People. The show is being staged to protest about the recent murder in Coventry of Asian student

Satnam Singh Gill, with proceeds going to the city's various Asian and black community organisations.

Tickets cost £3.50 and they are available now in Coventry at Inferno Records, Foleshill Advice Centre, Lanchester Polytechnic SU and Warwick University SU — as well as at Inferno Records of Birmingham and Leamington Anti-Racist Committee.

As previously reported, The Specials also headline a Carnival Against Racism at Leeds Potternewton Park on July 4 — supported, among others, by The Au Pairs and Aswad. A new Specials single is issued by 2-Tone on June 5, featuring three new self-penned songs — 'Ghost Town', 'Why' and 'Friday Night, Saturday Morning' — with an extended version of the first title on the 12-incher.



The first pic is the greatest: Mike Lave's May '79 Specials session, still the definitive image

Pauline Black. Pic: Anton Corbijn



BLACK-OUT!

PAULINE BLACK and The Selecter are to go their separate ways after two years together, as she now feels the time has come to branch out on a solo career. Says Pauline: "I took the decision, because I felt that my ideas were going in a different direction from the other members of the band."

Selecter intend to play two final dates before Black breaks away, though they are both in New York — at Bonds Club on June 16 and 17. On her return to London, she will start work on her first solo album, for autumn release.

Commented the band's Neol Davies: "It's an amicable split and I wish Pauline well in her career. It's important for musicians to keep moving forward. The group will continue, and we are going into the studio to record new material after our New York dates." At present, there is no intention of replacing Pauline in the line-up.

Maytals in June

TOOTS & THE MAYTALS return to Britain next month for a short tour, including appearances in two major open-air events — both on the same day, and nearly 150 miles apart! On Saturday, June 13, they're on stage in mid-afternoon at South London's Crystal Palace Concert Bowl in the 'Summer In The City' show, for which Ultravox have already been announced as headliners — then they will be whisked by helicopter to Walsall in the Midlands, where they appear at 7.30 pm as UB40's special guests in their outdoor show at the town's Fellows Park soccer ground.

Their other dates are at Brighton Top Rank (June 12), Edinburgh Tiffany's (15) and Nottingham Rock City (16). They then leave for a string of concerts in Europe, including an appearance in the Montreux Jazz Festival, but it's possible that they will subsequently return here to play a couple of nights at London The Venue. Brighton tickets are £3.50 and £3, while at Edinburgh and Nottingham they'll all be £3. A new Maytals album will be released by Island in July.

● UB40 have cancelled their other projected open-air concert at Norwich Football Ground on June 6, and have moved Scarborough Floral Hall to that date instead of June 8. And their show in June 20 is at Brighton Conference Centre, not Birmingham as originally listed.

RCA's pet

BOW WOW WOW have finally signed for RCA records, as *NME* predicted in March when the band's projected UK tour collapsed after manager Malcolm McLaren took them away from EMI.

At that time, he was already having discussions with RCA, and it was thought that they might pick up the tab in order to salvage the tour. It didn't work out that way, but the band have now eventually signed a long-term worldwide agreement with the label.

Initial outcome of the deal is a new single out this week, with the appropriately canine title of 'Chihuahua'. They are currently in the studios recording an album for release in the latter part of the summer — and to coincide, they'll be undertaking a "holiday" tour, confined mainly to coastal resorts.

No jobs for Joke

KILLING JOKE have changed their minds about performing at the massive free festival in South London's Brockwell Park this Saturday (noon-7 pm), to welcome the Peoples March for Jobs to the capital. They had announced earlier that they'd be appearing in the event, but last weekend they issued a statement reversing that decision.

Their reasons for pulling out are given as "internal politics between the TUC, One Parent Families and different organisers of the event". The band add that they would have liked to play for this benefit — "but it is completely out of our hands".

The Brockwell Park concert is officially headed by Pete Townshend with a pick-up band

— which, we're told, will contain some "all-star surprises". New additions to the bill are Jim Capaldi & The Contenders, the Barry Ford Band and Martin Besserman — with Aswad, The Members, Tour De Force and The Quads already set.

Tom Robinson has confirmed that he'll be putting in an appearance — supposedly in a non-singing role, but who knows? And the spokesman added: "There'll be a number of surprise guests, including some who have London concerts over the weekend and therefore don't want their names mentioned in advance". So consult the Gig Guide for an indication of who might be expected to turn up.

The Peoples March culminates on Sunday (31) with a rally in London's Hyde Park at noon, followed by a march to Trafalgar Square.

Skids rejig

THE SKIDS have called off a seven-date Scottish tour, due to begin next weekend. Reason for the cancellation is that they've been working in former Slik drummer Kenny Hyslop, Mike Bailey's replacement, but rehearsals were interrupted for a week due to a family bereavement — and in view of this, they felt they wouldn't be ready in time to fulfil these gigs.

The band still hope to re-arrange five of the shows — at East Kilbride Olympia, Edinburgh Playhouse, Dundee Caird Hall, Aberdeen The Venue and Inverness Ice Rink — for the latter part of June. But the other two dates, at Haddington Corn Exchange (tomorrow, Friday) and Glasgow Kelvingrove Park (Sunday), can't be re-scheduled as they are CND rallies — and these will still go ahead without The Skids.

INVEST IN PRECIOUS METAL.

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.



Pic: David Corio

SPRING IS IN the air, the sun is shining and the little birds are singing. Isn't it wonderful?

"I ate it, meself," says Wilko Johnson. The man in black is definitely unimpressed. "Always the same this time of the year. I see these little buds poking their heads out and I think 'Yurgh! Get back, yer bastards. They're sorta mockin' my mortality...'"

Be this as it may, Wilko Johnson has more cause for seasonal cheer than normal this year. 'Ice On The Motorway', his latest LP with The Solid Senders, has re-established Canvey Island's answer to the combined professions of psychiatry and professional hairdressing as a popular and credible musical force in his own right. Add to that the productive niche he's found for himself in Ian Dury's rejuvenated Blackheads, and bastard buds or not, things are currently looking up for our mad axeman.

Wilko's contribution to English rhythm'n'blues, and his lingering influence on guitarists everywhere, are too well known to need trotting out again. But to be enjoying the fruits of not one, but two successful careers as he's doing now, well, that's living to some purpose. The strain, if there is one, is certainly not showing, even though his schedule's stopped him having a free weekend ever since he signed up with Dury last year.

"It's been great. You don't have time to get messed up at all. It only takes a couple of weeks off the road for me and I start going through this 'Ohhh, what the hell am I doing this for?' It seems really futile. And then you go out on a gig, and you understand what it's all about."

"And since the present Senders line-up got going, I've found it's the best working situation since the early days of Dr Feelgood, in that we're all good friends with no frictions. When it came together with Russell (Strutter, bass) and Alex (Bines, drummer), I'd just about found my way back to some kind of sanity. I was very much out of control a lot of the time before that. What with finding myself without a group after Dr Feelgood, and then trying to get something going again."

The new Solid Senders (still a trio unless/until Wilko can talk

PAUL DU NOYER meets Sgt. Wilko. Heyah, heah, hup hup! Etc, etc . . .

pianist John Denton into going professional) have, with the acclaimed LP and a string of great shows, proved themselves in a way that Johnson's first attempt to set up a group never quite managed. The old Senders, you might recall, brought out an indifferent Virgin LP and then crumbled under the pressure of rivalries arising out of their efforts at band democracy. Now, Wilko says, he's got the bottle to really front a group, and he's found sidemen prepared to let him act as the driving creative force.

"I found out that it doesn't have to make you a horrid tyrant."

The plan is to establish the Senders on something like a systematic footing — an intention which he made clear to Ian Dury at the time of joining the Blackheads. In any case, his role within that band has been clearly fixed.

"It was such a good band that I was confronted with, that it was for me to fit in with that. The role I was trying to play with the Blackheads was providing that basic rock'n'roll element."

With no certain commitments on the Blockhead front at the moment, Johnson is free to indulge, with Alex and Russell, in his first and one true love: rhythm'n'blues.

"I just believe it's the best kind of music that was ever invented . . . The big pitfall is that you're just gonna be revamping, in an inferior way, music done over a generation ago, in a different continent, in a totally different world, in black America."

Ah yes, I was just about to ask you about that . . .

"To overcome that, it's down to producing original material. It's difficult, but it has to be tried. When we did it with the Feelgoods I thought it was going to lead to a whole blues scene. But in the end, although we did influence new groups, it wasn't in a blues way. It would be nice to see it happen, because the British method of rhythm'n'blues is good."

But at worst, it can lapse into that stale, beery clique thing, like trad jazz, can't it?

"Yeah, well just look at rhythm'n'blues as 'you gotta play 'Dust My Broom', I can't understand that. If, instead of

just trying to do what Elmore James did 30 years ago, you rip off slyly, and selectively, and also say something about you, you can come up with something new, a valid kind of music."

"And the way to play new rhythm'n'blues that isn't just a hollow mockery, is to draw from your own experiences. In songs, the imagery should have some kind of reality, not just be exotic sounding — all these awful songs where people talk about jumping on freight trains: it just doesn't go down on British Rail! There's plenty of other things. I mean, life can get pretty dramatic if you want it to" (laughing enigmatically, as one who knows) "and there's plenty of reasons you can say a lot about it. R'n'B is a living thing. It always connects for me, when it's done right."

He does it right. For a practical demonstration of the argument outlined above, you could do no better than to consult 'Ice On The Motorway', wherein it's Wilko's own numbers — far more than the cover versions, in fact — that demonstrate how deadly effective English rhythm'n'blues can be in the right hands.

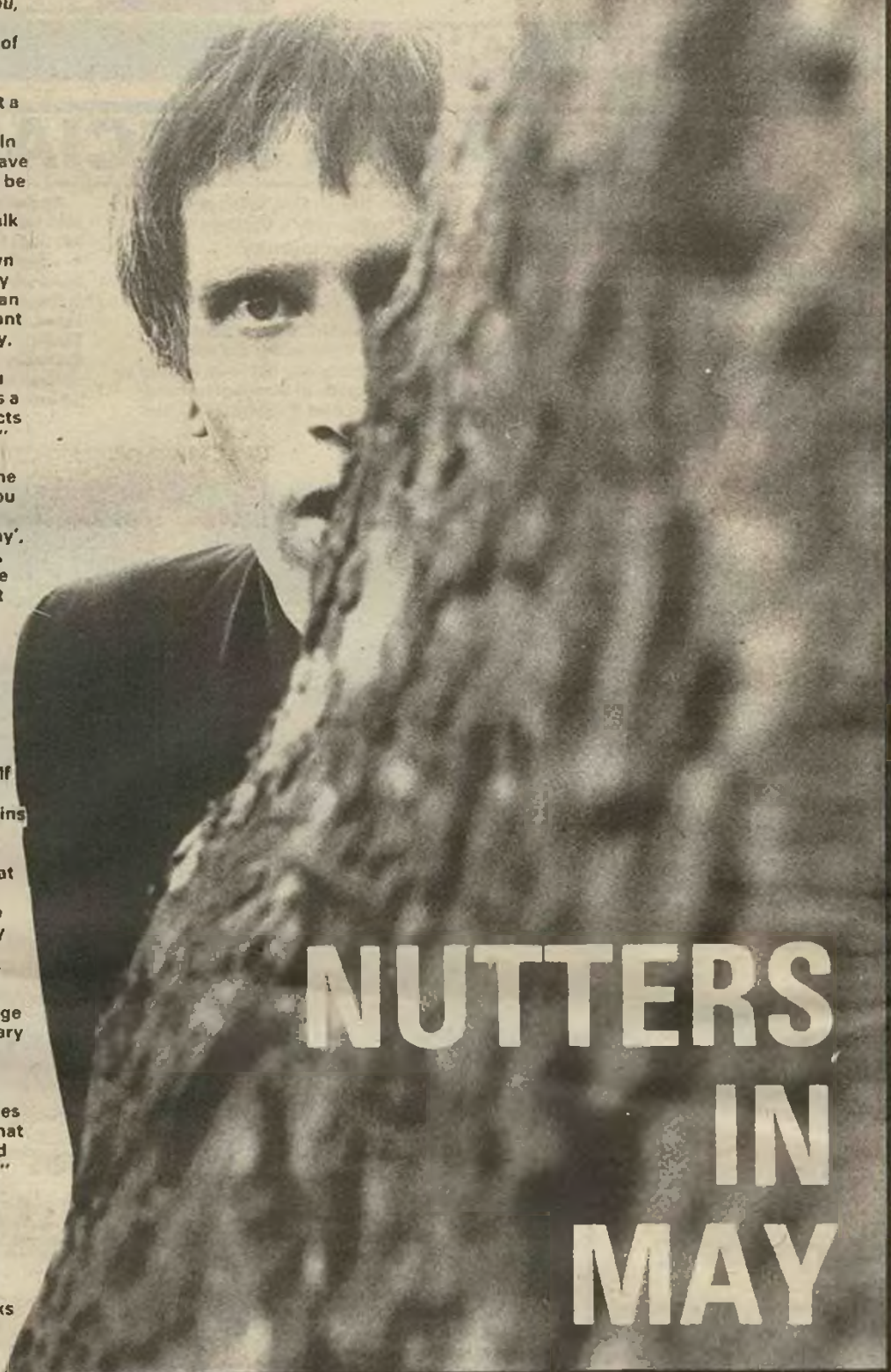
"Then again, the greatest line in rock'n'roll is 'Awopbopaloobop Alopbamboom' — top that if you can! But I could write half a dozen songs a day if I just wanted to include freight trains and mojos, but I'd feel daft singing them."

It's especially apt, then, that he should find himself collaborating with one of the masters of the contemporary English vernacular lyric.

"Ian's world and my world are different. Ian's particular magic is in taking the language and the attitude of the ordinary bloke, and that's what's so appealing. It's like, all of us, behind our image, we're all kind of soppy, and he manages to capture that. Whereas" (that sly grin again) "I s'pose I tend to dramatise things more . . ."

Afore y' go, though, any more words of advice for budding guitar heroes? (oh God, I shouldn't have said 'budding', should I?)

"Yeah! For Christ's sake, somebody get some new licks — and save us from these bloody synthesisers!"



NUTTERS IN MAY

A pimp on the face of American art



Eric Mitchell says hi. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

"I'M REALLY DEPRESSED. Nobody likes me. I don't

have any friends and now I don't have any money either," Patti Astor's Vickie, like Sedgwick out of Swanson, whines during *Underground USA*, the successful, cultish remake of *Sunset Boulevard* and *Heat* from young New York filmmaker Eric Mitchell.

The line which sums up the futility of a generation manque — a generation existing in a twilight zone between the Hollywood Babylon of the '30s, the Warhol Factory in the '60s and the Blank Generation — is addressed to Rene Ricard, himself a Factory actor and former lover / guardian of the late Edie Sedgwick.

"I think people were happy about the way we built their parts around them. A lot of things came out of Rene because he had been living with

NEIL NORMAN talks to director Eric Mitchell about the making and faking of *Underground USA*

Edie Sedgwick for a long time and he carried that with him and could talk about it. And Patti had been an underground actress and was playing an underground actress. What's greater than that?"

By putting N.Y. ennui on display with such authenticity, Mitchell simply allows it to dissect itself.

His own performance as Victor is a comic gem; a deadpan exercise in Method minimalism, thrown into sharp relief on meeting him. A Czech-born American, Mitchell seems permanently switched to semi-automatic, pausing to reload his vocal magazine only whilst lighting a Marlborough

with the butt of another.

One of the most impressive things about *Underground USA* is the way it sounds. Apart from the soundtrack, which throws James Chance and Walter Steding into combat with early Tamla (primarily to define the space between Victor's world and that of the others), the dialogue rings with humour and authenticity. Mitchell prefers to work from scripts, tailoring them to the actors as they rehearse, rather than through improvisation, which he finds boring on screen.

"People were playing parts whether they were playing themselves or the idea of themselves. At the time I went out every night trying to listen to what everyone was saying. They'd say things like 'I've just been to The Cave, you know? And I got so sunburned. Somebody took some faaabulous pictures of me.' It's totally mundane, this stuff, you know? 'Are you going to the party tomorrow?' People say that all the time. I've heard it

about a hundred times in the week I was here. 'Are there any parties tomorrow?'"

Visually, the movie has a Boormanesque quality in its deployment of colour and groupings. A gallery opening has liggers lined up like ducks against a startling red wall, recalling the opening shot as a battered Chevy cruises past the studs preening and posing in the wasteland near The Hudson Bay Trading Co.

Wherever you look there is something, or someone, for sale. Victor is the amoral apotheosis of this philosophy, pursuing a singleminded

Continues page 8



Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

SHOUXSIE SHOUX

SEX SYMBOLS

Carolyn Jones (Morticia in *The Addams Family*)
 Brigitte Bardot
 Alain Delon
 A young Jim Morrison
 A young Clint Eastwood
 Christopher Lee
 Julie Newmar (Catwoman from *Batman*)

ANIMALS

All cats
 Aardvarks
 Armadillos
 Wallabies
 Wombats
 Foxes and wolves
 Sloths
 Ring tail lemurs
 Orang utangs

MAGAZINES

Zoom
 The Face
 Zigzag
 Smash Hits
 Club International
 Sunday Times Colour Supplement



Pic: Michael Putland

FILMS

Ubu Roi
 Onibaba
 Eraserhead
 Shivers
 Alien
 Freaks
 Chinatown
 42nd Street
 Repulsion
 Fantasia

PASTIMES

Drinking
 Eating food with garlic
 Speakers Corner on a sunny afternoon
 Reading how wonderful people think Siouxsie & The Banshees are
 When my feet meet Gavin Martin's face
 Wasting space in *NME*

Time Out . . . out

SINCE May 6, the staff of the capital's news, arts and events listings magazine *Time Out* have been occupying their Covent Garden office.

The magazine, begun in August 1968 by Tony Elliott and usually referred to in the national press as 'radical', 'left-wing' and 'alternative', became one of Britain's quirkier one-off publishing successes. Five years back, a 64-page issue sold 42,000; now 112 pages reaches almost 90,000 in sales, with a current turnover of £3 million.

The 64 staff members who create that turnover are currently unemployed — Elliott and his management (five others) dismissed them at noon on May 20. The notices served on them were one culmination in a dispute which has dragged on for five months over major changes in the *modus operandi* of the magazine.

It was the management who stepped in first, attempting to revoke rights held by employees for the previous twelve years, claim spokespersons for *Time Out's* NUJ/NGA/SOGAT union chapel. The profits earned by the magazine have always been reflected in salary adjustments awarded after traditional annual pay negotiations. This time the management awarded themselves a 25% rise (£15,000 annual salary for five people; £12,000 for two) plus company cars, then refused to discuss the employees' own pay claim. Instead, they unexpectedly

offered only a 2½% rise — and an alternative of the sack.

All of the now-dismissed employees were paid an annual salary of £8,700. That principle of parity-equal pay for all who work towards the magazine's success, whatever the 'status' their job is considered to have, is the crux of the current stalemate in negotiations, which has deprived entertainment and accommodation seekers of three issues of *Time Out* so far. "Parity is our most passionately held-to principle," says staff spokesperson Beatrix Campbell.

There are other provisions management wish to revoke from their erstwhile staff:

1. A clause which extends the wages and condition of *Time Out* employees to *Time Out's* subsidiary publications.
2. 2½ weeks of paid maternity leave, and
3. The chapel's current right to consult management over new projects into which the profits they earn might be invested. *Time Out's* chapel has no power to stop such projects; only to ask questions about them for a period.)

"Tony has made it clear he wishes to expand his interests in whatever way he wants to with *Time Out's* profits," says Ms Campbell. "Previous such efforts, such as *Sell Out* magazine (which ended after six issues in '75, losing approximately £25,000) and *Time Out New York* both failed and the staff was never consulted on them. By contrast, our suggestions are treated

with a remarkable lack of curiosity."

Founder/owner Elliott denies this: "As far as I am aware they have been consulted on everything. It's narrowed down to the simple question of what people are paid to work on *Time Out* — and those are rates established against the magazine's profitability.

I can't predicate the same rates of pay against any other enterprise I might want to start or take over, because such enterprises might not at that point be successful enough to support those rates of pay." Which means, say the sacked staff, that their ex-boss intends to start or take over other projects free to offer unfairly low wages.

Since the dismissal notices took effect, the occupiers have been supported by a continuous picket line composed of many freelancers to whom *Time Out* offers work, some of them also writers for *NME*. On Wednesday May 20, the staff unexpectedly found they had almost been locked in — management had padlocked the fire exits. "We had to get the Fire Prevention Officer to explain to management this was illegal," said news editor Duncan Campbell. The entries and exits of staff have been 'overseen' by an increasing group of outsiders — at presstime, around-the-clock guardianship of all building entries and exits was down to SHOWSEC, who normally look after things like Bruce Springsteen's heavier equipment.

Elliott says he brought in security "One, to make sure no-one got angry and damaged company property; and two, to make sure only the dismissed staff were allowed to occupy the building."

The *Time Out* battle has largely but incorrectly been portrayed as a dispute over money rather than principle. No mention has been made in the nationals of the several very serious news stories *Time Out* has been able to circulate on the strength of its listings — such as coverage of the Official Secrets trial, a major press freedom case of the past decade which went virtually unreported elsewhere.

Tony Elliott has complained to the national press that if he were to "start a *Time Out* cinema, even the ice cream lady would have to be paid £8,700". Negotiator Andrew Ryan, speaking for the staff, replied that his colleagues "would want an ice cream lady to earn £8,700." In point of fact, the chapel's bargaining rights extend only to publications and would not be applicable to ice-cream sellers in any cinema operation.

Last Thursday, *Time Out's* pickets were themselves approached by an ice cream vendor who asked to sign their petition. "I support you all the way," he stated enthusiastically. "And I want everyone on that staff to have an ice cream on me!"

— CYNTHIA ROSE

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EDWARD L. FOX looks into the Futura of Cabaret F with Hermine, the tightrope-walking torch singer who's taking it over



KITSCH IN SINK CABARET

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

KID CREOLE GUMBO

- 2 cups cooked fresh or frozen shrimp
- 2 cups crab or chicken meat cut into bite sized pieces
- 2 tablespoons bacon drippings
- 1 green pepper minced
- 1 onion minced
- 2 stalks celery diced
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 (1lb. 14 oz.) can tomatoes
- 1 (1 1/2 oz.) can diced okra
- 1-1/2 teaspoons salt
- dash pepper
- 1 clove garlic crushed
- 1 tablespoon file powder
- rice

Thanks Island — now how about the cooking instructions?

MONDAY NIGHT events at the Latin Quarter will continue after Richard Strange's Cabaret Futura bows out at the end of May. The Wardour Street torch has been passed to a French lady called Hermine, who will be co-presenting acts and performing herself.

Hermine is a small figure who sings quiet, funny songs to a tinkly piano. She soothes the minds of the drinking and lounging audience away from thoughts of the hail of unemployment statistics going on outside. Her songs

are all about repression and physical pain.

The voice is imperfect and fragile, with a strong accent. She begins her act on a high stool in the dark, a red bicycle lamp held in each hand below her face, and sings a 'torch song' called 'Blue Angel' in the red light. She disappears, then re-enters the light to sing again in a hesitant, distant style, like she was performing in public for the first time.

Always on the misty fringes of the art-rock scene, she was the tightrope-walker Chaos in Jubilee and appeared in *The Alternative Miss World*, reading *Kublai Khan*. In 1974 she performed with the cabaret

group The Moodies, with her enduring piano player Rod Melvin. From October to February this year she made irregular appearances at the Comic Strip.

She was born in Paris; her last name is Demorlane; her favourite singer is Roy Orbison; she lives in North London. And she has a four-song single out: 'Torture', 'Veiled Women', 'Born A Woman' and 'Foxes Will'.

'Torture' is recorded in a horror-show arrangement which points up the literal meaning of a startling metaphor of love as excruciating torment. It has Eno-esque cartoon piano,

violent percussion, and taped sounds cut off sharp as razors. The words are delivered in an echoing deadpan.

'Born A Woman' was first recorded by Nashville singer Sandy Posey. 'It's a mad, sexist, '60s song. Nick Lowe did a version and added a lot of rubbish to it.'

'Veiled Women' is based on a letter she received from Saudi Arabia. 'It's about women being flogged in public.'

One can imagine how that went down at the Comic Strip...

'They booked me to do the musical breaks. It was a ridiculous sexist thing to do: you book a woman to do the

Sony invent the world's smallest personal hi-fi.



musical breaks, but the men are supposed to make you laugh. There are so few women comics.

"It's good fun some nights. It depends how pleased I feel with myself. As for the show itself, I'm getting tired of it because I know all the jokes. There are people there who haven't changed anything in their acts since October.

"Then there are the drunks who laugh for the wrong reason. I can't stand that drunken laugh. I want the audience to laugh not at me but at what I'm trying to put across."

Onstage, Hermine performs in futuristic apparel from Modern Classics.

"I have been wearing Modern Classics for the last three years but a lady called Bibiche makes my clothes now. The others are too much Blitz."

In *Jubilee* Demoriane walked the tightrope and sang 'Je Ne Regrette Rien'. She had taken up the tightrope during an exhibition at the Tate, when a gymnasium had been set up.

"There was a tightrope, not high, and I practised balancing. I went back every day. It closed after four days because someone hurt themselves lifting weights or something. I was really disappointed. In fact I got that very tightrope, because they didn't know what to do with it, it was just discarded. I would set it up in parks, in back gardens, and soon I was getting better, almost professional, and people were asking me to perform at festivals, garden fetes and so on."

She was booked by a theatre in Paris to walk the tightrope in a play about Freud.

"There were six weeks for rehearsal and for me to find a place to put the tightrope, but it didn't work. I couldn't find a place. There was no room for it — it was a traditional theatre. Eventually I attached it to the first balcony, but the manager complained and took it down while I was changing. I stayed on and did little parts."

In July last year Hermine organised a show in honour of Jean-Paul Sartre, who had died that month. It was held in the Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Square, and featured This Heat, Furious Pig (their first gig), Family Fodder (their only gig), People in Control and dancers. There was "pulp music" by Anne Bean and Paul Burwell.

Her next single, latest controversial problems permitting, will be a version of Dory Previn's 'Valley Of The Dolls' b/w her own song 'TV Lovers' — "a song with a lot of cliché words and a drum beat by Martin (Furious) Pig. The record company are being difficult... I'm in the same spot I was in last year."

From June 1 she and performance artist Anne Bean will be taking over the old Futura premises for Monday night events. Hermine promises "performance art, audience participation, odd groups, and a Desert Island spot, where someone with interesting records can talk about them."

"We managed it with the Sartre thing, so I don't see why it shouldn't work again."

Meanwhile from the USA, something Futura-istic this way comes...

MODE-US AVANT-GARDE

READERS OF THRILLS Weird Publications Parades (4.8.80 and 29.11.80) will be familiar with *Public Illumination*, the world's smallest concept fanzine, and will know its editor Jeffrey Isaacs as 'Zagreus Bowery'.

What they won't know is Isaacs' other incarnations — Eddy Grand of the Eddy Grand Trio and 'alternative' journalist Spicy Lafayette — on his native New York turf. (All Isaacs' *noms de guerre* in this war of urban conquest are taken from the names of New York streets on which he has lived).

In daily life a sculptor's odd jobs man, the enterprising Isaacs has done well with *PIM*: his latest issue sports colour. He

CYNTHIA ROSE previews the London launch of a New York mag and events scheme

has raised the money to keep his magazine growing by organising an 'events venue' he calls 'Avant-Garde-a-Rama' — a week at a time of performance art, music, visual spectacle and fashion which moves about various New York venues.

Now a British friend of Isaacs' named Steve Gregson has decided to bring the Avant-Garde-a-Rama format across the Big Pond — and he's tied in its opening with the launch of a new Isaacs magazine, *Central Intelligence*, which will be available simultaneously in London and New York.

"I've already got an underground mag in *PIM*," says Isaacs. *Central Intelligence* will

be more overground." And as *CI*'s London editor Seamus Potter contends it will also be news-orientated.

The team began formulating *CI* at the end of last year, but the idea of a London Avant-Garde-a-Rama stretches back further. Gregson and two friends, Rory Allam and James Welsh, "had been talking about doing something similar for a year — then we noticed Cabaret Futura".

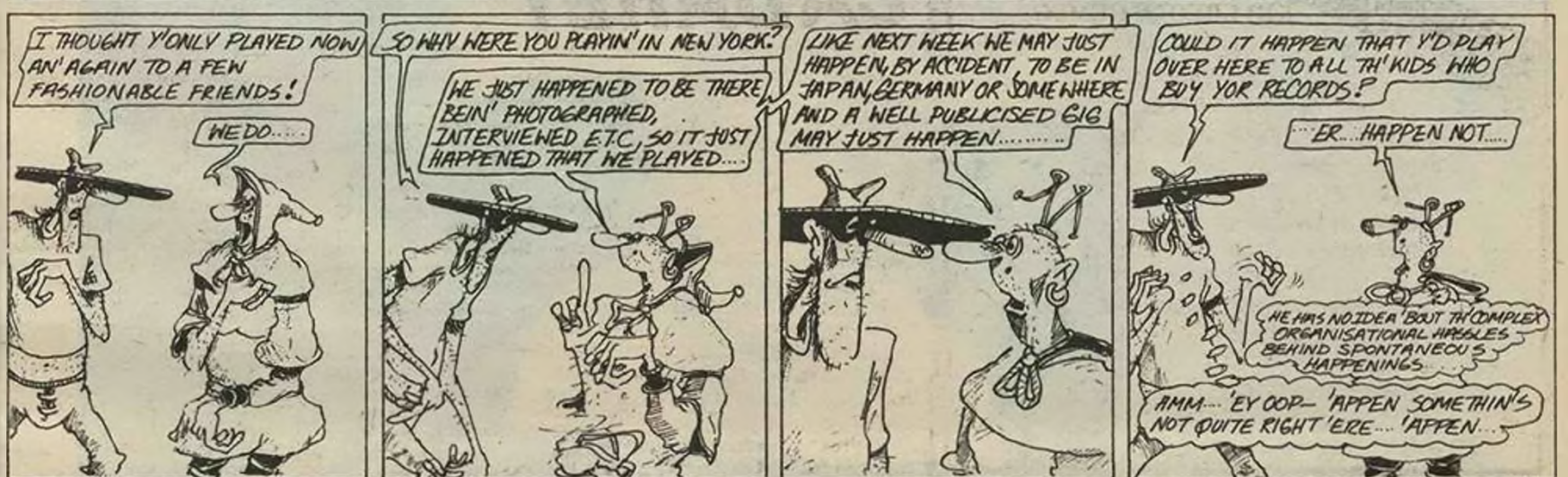
Gregson is a painter, who also plays with Distribe; Allam a founder member of Michael Nyman's band and ex-member of OHM. Welsh and Allam had been working together in a group called Pure Forms, but Welsh was previously one of

The Distributors: "a band of performance artists from all over, who, because we were based in Wakefield, got lumped into that whole 'Hicks From the Sticks' thing". Welsh has been working in performance art for seven years himself, operating in art schools, theatres and galleries. The idea of an inroad into rock intrigued him.

The three argue it was Cabaret Futura's healthier period which decided them 'AA' could work in the London context, "although that's not at all how we see Avant-Garde-a-Rama. It just showed there was an audience that could be tapped. We want a strong musical context, but AA will not be just about music." Gregson promises "painting and sculpture" as well as "video and film and events — things like a painting jam to

■ Continues over

THE LONE GROOVER



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Daughters of America — prepare to meet thy groom!

AMERICA — the home of the free, the immovable bastion of rockism run wild — has never been able to boast much of a tradition in the electronic pop field, despite the attempts of New York's Suicide duo and a host of Ohio groups to dent the walls of indifference.

The latest wave of British futurists or even their German mentors must mean less than zero to the middle American rock fan, cocooned in his soothing cushion of AM AOR. I mean, who needs Kraftwerk when you've got Kansas?

It is against this backdrop that a quaintly named New York City synthesizer trio — Our Daughter's Wedding — are trying to provide an electronic alternative to the ballsy guitar-based rock bands that still infest the majority of Manhattan clubs.

Their second self-pressed and promoted single, the mellow, hypnotic 'Lawnchairs' has already made an impression on the *Billboard* disco chart. With the recently-enlisted help of Ed Balman's 99 set-up, who are distributing the disc, the trio seem set to make an even bigger mark and confidently expect the single to shift over 10,000 copies — quite an achievement for an independent single by a virtually unknown group.

ODW — synth players Layne Rico and Scott Simon with vocalist Keith Silver — have been based in New York for the past three years, though they began life in their native California playing mild, melodic new wave rock. After first

Our Daughters Wedding picture

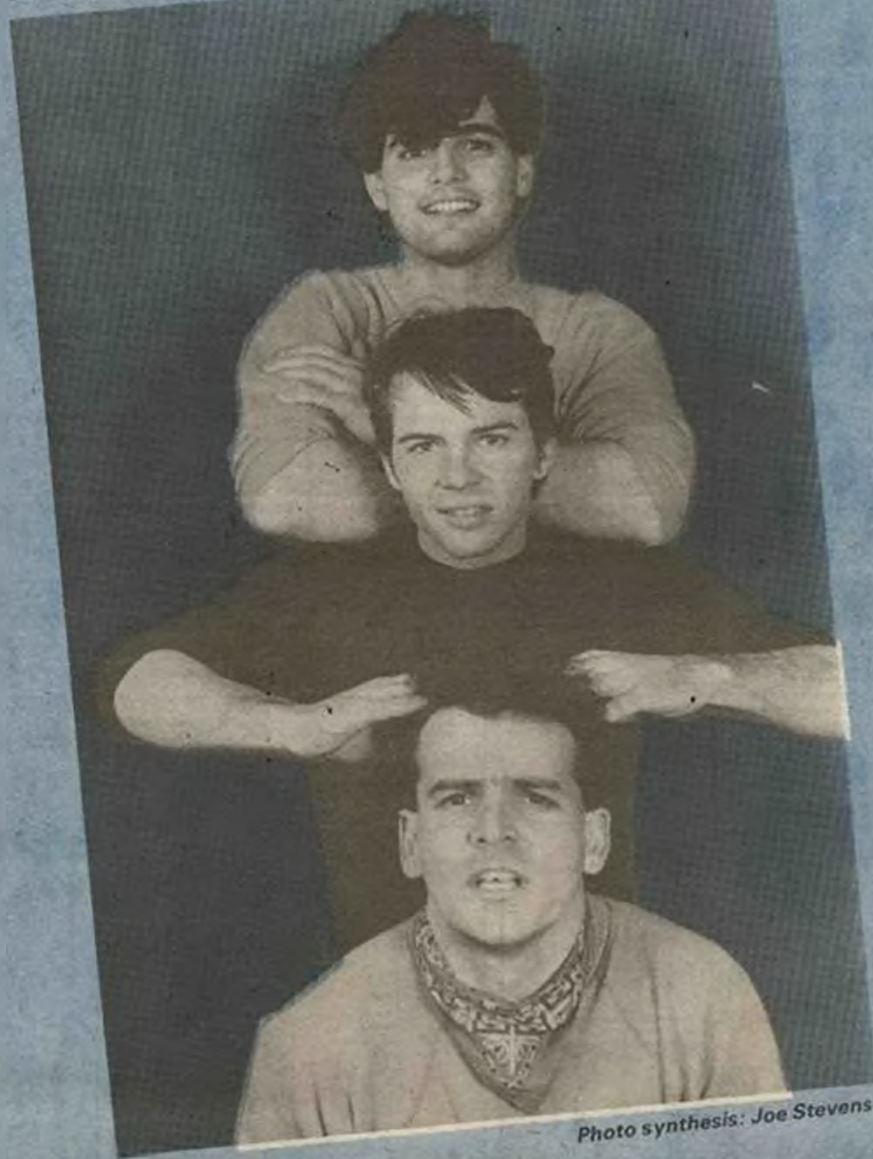


Photo synthesis: Joe Stevens

incorporating keyboards and changing the group name, they went completely electronic last year and now play sweet-toothed synth pop instantly reminiscent of Orchestral Manoeuvres although ODW tend to go for a more rhythmic, tougher feel.

"A lot of people have compared us with Orchestral Manoeuvres," says Keith, "but we've never really heard very much of their stuff, just the odd single."

"We've always wanted to use keyboards and synths 'cause they give us the chance to do a lot more visually on stage than we used to be able to do as a rock band. A lot of electronic bands seem to be purely into a listening thing, but we're not really into that or the whole robotic thing. We try and emphasise the human qualities."

Even a group as straightforward and accessible as ODW, however, tend to have a harder time of it than their British counterparts.

"There isn't really any sort of tradition for this sort of music in the States. We still get a lot of predictable rock reactionaries saying stuff like 'where's your drummer?' But there's nothing particularly weird about the stuff we play, a guitar band could play it. We use all the same basic structures."

But ODW are not set to make any major claims for their music and its methods, content to avoid theorising and let the sounds speak for themselves.

"If people like us they like us. We just use these instruments 'cause they're fun to play with. It's a blast!"

— ADRIAN THRILLS

AVANT-GARDE-A-RAMA

■ From previous page

music, or a sculpture that doubles as the mike stand."

Pure Forms appeared at Cabaret Futura themselves on April 6 and were not totally pleased with the experience. "A lot of artists," says Welsh, "were wary of Cabaret Futura because they felt it wouldn't fairly represent them as artists — but of course that's wrong. It's up to them to influence how things go."

"It was healthy mostly because it helped start things off," says Allam. "There's such a lack of interest here in anything experimental."

Putting together the bill for AA, however, presents them with few problems. "Just by word of mouth," offers Welsh, "We've got enough contributors for a month."

What about money? "It's like anything creative these days," says Gregson, who cites himself and Allam as currently among the unwaged. "You have to go out and do it yourself; do your art as cheaply as you can and then get it out for free if possible."

"We're only hoping to pay the performers and pay our overheads," states Welsh. "We want to avoid the Arts Council, having dealt with them in the past and having become disillusioned with public funding. The best thing is to be self-sufficient."

"People don't realise," adds Gregson, "how creative they can be in their 'spare time' — are they going to get up and be positive or not? If they can just keep their imaginations alight and not sit about being docile, the unemployed would be a threat to the Government. Why just sit, drink away what money you have, and grouse?"

Avant-Garde-a-Rama will make its first London appearance on Thursday, June 25, at Fulham Town Hall. By September there will be a gallery week with exhibitions and events every night. In between, Gregson, Allam and Welsh plan to "spring up in numerous places, not necessarily limited to London," though they are in search of a central West End venue.

Central Intelligence is currently being printed in New York, to coincide with AA's London debut.



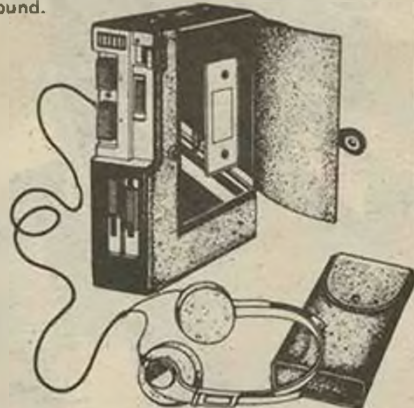
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UNDERGROUND USA

■ From page 4

ambition. And if Vickie is the vampire, Victor is the ghoul, preferring dead flesh to live because it can't bite back.

Mitchell is neither voyeur, like Warhol and Morrissey, nor active participant; whether it's Victor the stud or Mitchell the filmmaker — he is *our* pimp.

Mitchell finds that audiences tend to pick out a favourite character despite the absence of the normal Hollywood balance of 'heroes' and 'villains'. While Victor's asphalt jungle existentialist is a hoot, my favourite is undoubtedly

Ricard's Kenneth, whose spaniel looks and self-conscious emotional outburst convey humour as well as a deeper portrait of pathos and despair. And the movie is naturally

self-conscious, dealing as it does with a world of narcissism where consciousness of the self is often the only proof of existence. It is to his credit that Mitchell can criticise this world and maintain a considerable degree of compassion.

"I'm one of them. In some respects, sure. Ultimately the purpose of the movie is something you look at and see yourself. You should not praise

yourself but look at it and get out of it. It's good to get out of things. Even in your work you got to move; you really have to destroy everything you did before in a way and I hope I can do it."

Making movies in these times isn't easy, and Mitchell freely admits a desire to work within the mainstream.

"To hustle money I feel you're almost making as much of a compromise with a cultural institution as with a commercial institution, except when you deal with a cultural institution your movie doesn't go anywhere, you know what I'm saying?"

Ray Lowry



"This knowledge must never get beyond these four walls, gentlemen. I've stumbled on the blueprints of Elvis Presley's motor-powered false pelvis and battery-driven artificial leg!"

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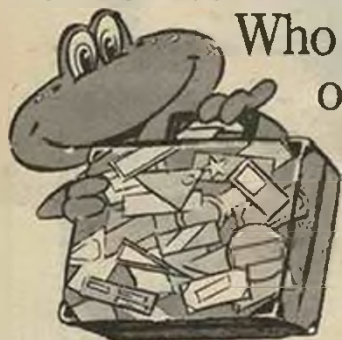
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NATIONAL EXPRESS** »»



Elphick: "Any dummkopf who sinks it is bad taste to joke about Nazis will be GASSED!" Himmel, etc, etc.



AMERICA MAY make lousy cop and 'tec series, but there's little doubt that in the field of sitcoms they've got a subtlety and panache the British rarely equal.

With *Fawlty Towers* re-runs breeding boredom if not yet contempt, there's nothing, aside from the occasional on-form *Agony, Shelley* or *Summer Wine*, to challenge the supremacy of *Taxi*, *Barney Miller*, and the majestic *Soap*. At the side of these, ours come across like animated seaside postcards or sad parables of wasted middle-class lives, replete with telegraphed punch-lines, token stereotypes, and a pervasive air of numbing stasis.

Until *Private Schulz*, that is.

Jack Pulman's wry six-part series about the petty con-man unwittingly drafted into the dirty tricks department of the SS is marked by a peculiar easygoing gentleness which sets it apart from both the mainstream British and American sitcoms; no jokes are forced, no lines overstated, and its slightly farcical tendencies are tempered by the most deftly accentuated

characterisations to appear on the box for quite some while. The fact that Pulman can spread each episode over nearly an hour, instead of cramming everything into thirty minutes, undoubtedly accounts for much of the

gentleness.

Thoroughly irreverent, *Schulz* has already poked fun at Germans, Jews, English peasants and aristocrats, undertakers, spies, policemen, people in uniform in general, and institutions as nebulously

abstract as "duty", "honour", and "The Dunkirk Spirit" — but never with needless cruelty, relying instead on a subtle sense of the absurd and a one-jump-ahead use of stereotypes: we don't so much laugh at the stereotype as at the conventions which make the stereotype what it is.

The 'dirty tricks' theme gives plenty of scope for historical revision; so far, *Schulz* has been directly involved in the famous Dutch Border spy incident, the Salon Kitty brothel and the forged fivers play, and we should probably expect to see him similarly involved in every famous incident of the entire war by the end of the series.

This week's episode saw him getting involved in the Dunkirk retreat, in a reverse fashion, taking an unplanned day return to England to distribute the aforementioned fivers. On parachuting into Kent, he's immediately sussed as a spy by dint of the fact that he's curiously garbed in plus-fours and bowler hat and asks for coffee in a pub. A ludicrous caricature Englishman, he's only exceeded in absurdity by the 'real' Britons he encounters, poetically over-the-top examples of wartime rusticity, not unlike H. E. Bates on acid.

Michael Elphick, who plays *Schulz*, strikes a fine balance between resigned bewilderment and canny self-interest, his demeanour



ANDY GILL invades D. Visions with the birth of Schulzmania

sliding smoothly from bluff capability (in the German scenes) to paranoid uncertainty (in the English scenes) — a change given the slightest of charges by an almost imperceptible "Germanisation" of voice and phrasing in the latter. This provides a sly touch or two of irony, such as when *Schulz* asks the lugubrious English counter-spy Melfort (Ian Richardson, who also plays *Schulz*'s superior Major Nauheim in the German scenes) whether he would "mind to keep an eye on my case, please?"

Melfort, in fact, deserves a series of his own. A bleakly countenanced cross between Clement Freud and a country squire, he arranges to meet *Schulz* in the bar of the local hotel, where they'll recognise each other by their buttonholes

— *Schulz*'s a dandelion, Melfort's a daisy — then undergoes the agonies of indecision as to whether he should wear the daisy or not: "Should I... put the daisy back, do you think?"

"Well, there are two arguments against it sir. In the first place, it gives him the advantage, and he may have spotted you talking to us, and that could scare him off. And secondly... we didn't bring the daisy with us."

"Oh."

One of the nicest touches in *Private Schulz* is the way the episodes are punctuated (and given an historical context) by snatches of spoof propaganda newsreels. For the British, this means lashings of backs-to-the-wall, gung-ho Tommy Atkins joviality; for the Germans, a more menacing tone of ruthless bonhomie is in order:

"... as it is realised that Germany is truly a good friend. (pause) ... Soon, all Europe will know it..."

It's too early yet to consider a possible follow-up series of *Private Schulz*; all we can do is wait and hope that for once, the BBC puts taste above ratings and lets us enjoy the pairing of Elphick and Richardson for a few years more. Meanwhile, there's no need to worry about *Schulz*'s eventual fate: there's a canister stuffed with two million quid's worth of forged fivers just waiting to be picked up, remember...



"Why not, man?" Pic: David Corio

GREEN ICE FOR A GREY STONE

BILL WYMAN is happy.

His first attempt at a movie score is currently wafting around the action of *Green Ice* (just opened in the West End); he has a blues album out soon which he recorded at the Montreux Jazz Festival three years ago with Muddy Waters, Buddy Guy and Junior Wells (called 'Drinking TNT And Smoking Dynamite'); he is currently working on a book of photographs for friend and neighbour Marc Chagall and, by way of a change, he is just finishing work on the new Stones album before preparing for the inevitable tour early next year.

1981, he admits with a grin, has been a very good year.

Interestingly enough, the 'Silent Stone' is the only member of the group who has consistently gone out of his way to achieve goals outside the

NEIL NORMAN introduces a new contender for the Ennio Morricone soundtrack your way to stardom award

group, with three solo LPs to his credit and photography and other peripheral interests occupying the space between tours and recording.

Movie soundtracks have long been an interest, and he had experimented with a few atmospheric pieces before being introduced to Jack Wiener, the producer of *Green Ice*. How did it all start then, Bill?

"I was thinking of descriptive music. I was reading *Beowulf* and I thought 'Suppose I was writing music for *Beowulf* and Grendel in the underground mire?' — I don't know why. I wrote this music and played it to a few people and asked them what it made them think of.

They said it sounded quite eerie and reminded them of a cave or something like that. I thought that was good. It worked."

Taking a few demos along to dinner with Wiener on the suggestion of a friend who knew they were still looking for someone to write the score for *Green Ice* (they'd already rejected those proposed by Chuck Mangione and Keith Emerson), he surprised himself as well as the producer by landing the job.

"I went home that night and I thought, God, what have I done? I thought maybe I've gone in a bit too deep."

Frustrated by the lack of creativity in playing bass guitar, Wyman was nonetheless aware that his solo albums weren't very good. 'Green Ice' is, however, a good soundtrack — and is quite acceptable listening in its own right. Wyman borrows legitimately from Ennio Morricone and Jerry Fielding in the deployment of instruments and sounds throughout the picture. He is a great Morricone fan and credits the Italian westerns with his initial source of inspiration.

So Wyman joins Emerson, Vangelis, Mike Oldfield and Queen in writing movie scores.

"I think it's a natural progression from playing popular music. You can experiment more. If you find a door squeaks nicely, you could use it. You can't really use it in a rock and roll song."

What really attracted him to the medium, though, was that it was the absolute opposite of writing rock and roll songs. Songs start with an idea which might broaden and expand into a finished form entirely different from the original idea. Movie music works the other way around.

"You can't start and let it go where it naturally goes as you

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL



Continues over

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Gabi a-gogo

PAUL MORLEY DIVES INTO THE D.A.F. DISCO — AND WON'T COME OUT

FREEDOM

WE WERE five, and then four, then three, and now we are two!"

The German deviationist duo D.A.F. Sit next to each other in a room, telling me their story and explaining their designs.

The dramatic white boys Robert and Gabi are dressed in dark, uncomplicated clothes, their hair is brutally sheared, sharp and bristly, their faces are smooth and challenging. There is an accursed edge of aggression in their appearance, a sensual menace contained within the cropped hair, stern chins and alacritous eyes. On the cover of their Virgin LP 'Alles Ist Gut' the two pose as prize fighters staring out the camera and sweating glamorously. Their accents unpredictably shift the familiar personality of the English language, innocently pervert the realised rhythm.

"Up until quite recently people thought that we were distant and aggressive."

They look like a couple who would prefer to keep secrets. They don't look gormless. Not soft.

"We are not very tense! We are much easier than some people think!" Musicman Robert is speaking — his command of English is not as experienced and crafty as Gabi's, but neither is it a senseless puzzle.

"I have to ask you — sometimes I get the feeling that especially English people are afraid of us. I have the feeling that people place D.A.F. in a heavy... category. It is funny, because we are not heavy! We are not tense, always thinking... We enjoy life!"

They're fun people?! Not tired.

"We're not as heavy as we look!"

They're optimistic!? Not bad.

"We are optimistic. Because we don't just

see the negative side of life. We see positive things as well." Gabi takes over. "I think that you can achieve everything if you put enough power into it. We don't have a political or philosophical ideology. I hate ideologies actually. I really like to do everything, and everything is good and everything is bad. Ideologies are too narrow..."

Gabi calculates that he cannot change the world by screaming at everything with brute force. Like Ibsen, D.A.F. feel that the essence of freedom is to fulfill one's call absolutely.

"The way I dress... one day I will dress like a soul boy, the next day like a skinhead, the next day like a leather gay boy — all these different images. I change every day, and sometimes twice a day. I get up as a skinhead and I go to bed a soul boy. I like to do a lot of things, I like a lot of things. You don't find your identity in what you are doing but more in what you are. You don't find your identity in ideology, you do not have to decide for the world. You only have to decide for yourself."

Robert reasons: "We don't expect people to follow us, because we are nothing. We just give them kicks! We don't mean kicks as escapism, but kicks so that you see things that you normally don't see. We mean to give people something without saying this is our way and it must be your way. They retain their choice, because people are so free. Our music is like the cinema. We don't say that you have to go to the right wing, or the left wing, or you have to do this. We just give people colour and images. Like at the cinemas they receive so many pictures and afterwards they can think for themselves."

D.A.F. are not mean. Not alien.

"I get disappointed when people come to our gigs and take us too seriously."

Come closer.

Not that close.

YOUTH

"Punk is coming to Germany, and it is perhaps even more serious there than it is or was here. There is no youth culture in Germany or Europe. Here there is a whole

industry surrounding youth culture, music, fashion, so the young can do a lot in certain ways. In Germany there is no industry selling fashion to the young, and so the whole thing is much more radical. They can't easily go to shops to buy their things, so it is much more desperate in a way. There are these riots at the moment and the punks are very much into those."

CONFLICT

THE ELECTDISCO music is a seething celebration of sex, automation, intervention, isolation, competitiveness, a pouting pungent collaboration between precision, pressure, pace and improvisation. The prepared courts the unprepared. The deliberate is upset by the unprompted. D.A.F. electronic music is theatrical, random, urgent, a sensational criticism of the routine tape / synthesizer rites and drills.

"Some punk rockers say that we have more power than The UK Subs. We are not interested in making a cult out of using synthesizers. We are not into the synthesizer sound."

D.A.F. electronic music stretches and unnerves. It rips, whips and shakes. D.A.F. disco music is a severe encouragement, a matter of conflict. The music never dries up. D.A.F. sound alive.

Robert constructs the music — shattering percussion, synthesizer orgies — and Gabi sings his intoxicated, enlightened lyrics with savage disapproving eroticism. Disco decay is combined with a scientific intrigue. Robert and Gabi have the determination and ingenuity to represent their theories / desires with intricate but accessible majesty, and D.A.F. defy the mediocre with the heroic edge of greatness.

Dance with D.A.F. Damn with D.A.F. Drink with D.A.F. And delight in how they disgrace the vain and inane new vulgarists Spandau, Duran and Visage.

D.A.F. are as glorious in their mix'n'match of dance and discovery as Magazine, as radical an extroversion of mobility as A.B.C. And

'Alles Ist Gut' is the strongest LP of the year: maybe because of the conditional European objectivity, the unspoilt Germanic features, its coherent structure, but certainly because of its contagious power.

GERMANY

"It's difficult to explain but we tried to make a German music. It is difficult to determine what is German and what is not German. Certainly we did not want to copy Anglo-American rock. We are not a rock band, and it had to be German music and contain the atmosphere of Germany. We lived in Germany, we are German, so it would be completely unnatural for us to copy British or American atmosphere. It's difficult to define what is German about our music, I just think that it is very German, both lyrically and musically."

RESOLUTION

ROBERT AND Gabi are from Dusseldorf and have lived in London for nearly two years. They left Germany because the traditions and restrictions meant that "nothing was happening that could encourage us" and to receive recognition in Britain was to stir the slow hearts of German pop fans. In London there was space to move.

Now they talk of a change in Germany, a dedication to deviation, an appreciation of new styles and agitation, and D.A.F. are accepted — 'Alles Ist Gut' has sold 17,000 copies in four days and will love being in the charts. D.A.F. didn't expect this success. Robert talks of a lot of potential among the young in Germany waiting for "the kick." D.A.F. could be the kick.

Gabi was one of 20 punks in Dusseldorf in 1977.

"We 20 started to form bands and do fanzines, but I found it boring because it was simply a copy of English punk. I started to look for other things and met Robert, who had a completely different attitude to the

possibilities of music."

Robert studied classical music. His teachers tried to make him play Mozart, he rebelled and was attracted by the modern movements of Bartok and the newer Russian composers.

"It wasn't normal that a student would play modern music, but my teachers let me because I could play it better."

Robert's curiosity led him towards straight jazz and free jazz: infatuations with these musics faded quickly.

"I was looking for a music with higher potential," recalls Gabi, "and Robert was looking for a spirit behind music, a new power. We decided from the very beginning not to do a punk music but to build a new thing. We wanted to produce a unique new music that was not directly inspired by other music."

Another early decision was to sing in their own language.

"It is crazy the situation about pop in Europe. There is an Anglo-American pop imperialism throughout the world, and in Europe when people make pop music they usually tend to copy. And it is always a bad copy — a German singing in English who just cannot sing in English. For us it was logical if you are a German to sing in German. We must be very insistent that we do not compromise because our music would lose a lot if we sang in English. I think we are a really international group. Everyone can understand us."

Is German a practical language to sing in? "It's a very good language to sing in. It has a very complicated rhythm, a very good precise rhythm, and for the music we do, mainly with sequencers, it fits very well together. There are so many syllables in the German language, and the rhythm of the language fits very well into the sequencer rhythms. It is better than what you can do with English. English is so relaxed."

SECURITY

"Life is so much more secure in Europe from the very beginning. There is a lot more money. By the time you are 18 you have everything. You buy your car... so there is not that much interest in other things, just an interest in a secure future. You build your house... It is all very easy. Germany is a very easy country to live in really. It is also very boring. The riots that are occurring not only in Germany but in countries like Switzerland — these are very safe countries where there should be no reason to riot, but there is. Because it is so boring."

DISCO

DA.F. ARE easily bored and hard to please and their fun must be strong. Robert and Gabi will not be put out. Originally D.A.F. were a five piece.

"We didn't want to dictate, and if you give your ideas to other people and you're not dictatorial then your ideas only get half through because your ideas are played over by other people. It doesn't sound like your song. We had definite ideas about what we wanted to do."

The basis of D.A.F. has always been the tension generated by Gabi's elevating devotion to dance being controlled and contorted by Robert's euphoric, disturbed behaviour — two contrasting but equally punishing rejections of the obvious, the easy.

"The relationship works very well because of our different backgrounds, the different approaches and attitudes to what is the same action. It is a good balance."

Gabi says that he doesn't really listen to music. He dances, works, eats to it. Robert uses sound in a more purist manner. He listens. D.A.F. music can be absorbed, felt, listened to and moved to.

"From the very beginning it was disco influenced. Our ideas have always been orientated towards creating a new disco sound, using the disco beats to project a new music."

Why disco?

"We are very much into disco music. We don't like music that is too much for the head. Body music is important. We found that the normal punk, rock and roll rhythms were too boring and static. Our music has changed a great deal as the other members left. It used to be a collage of ideas, no one idea was carried through to an end."

"For me the new LP is the first product that I can say is 100 per cent what I wanted. (This doesn't mean that the next LP will be the same!) Now the music is very mighty, you could say. It is not superficial like English pop music. I think that we play a sort of pop, but not an easy pop. It's deeper I suppose... it's hard to explain. Our music is more ambiguous than normal easy pop. It is body music for complicated movement not easy movement."

Is dance the only way they want people to respond to their music?

"It is one response, but dance is the most important because if it starts with dancing all the other things will follow. When the body is moving it is easier to get through other things. There are people who do it the other way round. We think it is very important that there is adventure in music and also that one of the main functions of music is to get people to move. It has always been like that since ancient times — music is for moving. If there is more than it can come across through the motion. If people move they can understand much more than if they don't move."

Do the straight new music academics

consider that DAF compose an authentic new music or do they think that you are recklessly compromised by scandalous pop distractions?

"We are acknowledged by the new music scene — Stockhausen with disco beat and things like that. The art scene do see much in us. They appreciate the complexity in our music. We prefer to play for the dancers than for the people who take it too seriously. There is no point in people standing there and thinking how complicated the compositions are. They are very different from other things and in some ways the academics are right when they talk of minimalism and atonality. All of that is true. But there is no point in thinking too much about it."

We should take it for granted and just grip the excitement?

"That's right. We make a lot of effort to ensure that music is of high quality and it is danceable. It is a pity when people only see one side of it."

ART-EE

"It is so stiff, there is no loss. Art music is so boring, so what is the point. We played in Frankfurt once over two nights. The first night was for the art people, the culture people in Germany. They sat there saying, Ah yes so this is D.A.F. Mmmmmmmmm... And the next

would like to play it but only for private fun, because I don't see the point in imitation. There are a lot of bands who imitate. Like A Certain Ratio — for me it is too much imitation. Sometimes they are really good, but sometimes Chic is better."

"Some of the new electronic disco groups, they should concentrate a little on not imitating. All the bass lines, I know them from two years ago."

D.A.F. would never consider lifting an obscure sublime funk bass line?

"No, because it would not be true. It would be black funk but without the feeling. It becomes more attitude than truth. I like some of those new electronic funk things but sometimes there is no kick behind it, no spirit, no joke. It is too much the attitude funk is cool so now we play funk."

D.A.F. do not affect cool. They don't need to. They concentrate on quality. There is immense discipline and thought powered into their music.

"We are very very selective about our ideas. If we have an idea that reminds us of something else that exists already, if we have just a little doubt about originality, then we put it away. Immediately. We have had good numbers that in feeling but not melody slightly resembled something else. So we didn't use it. We don't just play around on synthesizers, we concentrate and select. The most work we do really is selection."



Gabi, Han(d)s, Fuss, Robert. Pic: Peter Anderson

night we played for the kids, free people who don't have the problem of analysing, and this night was a real party! The whole hall was dancing!"

JOKE

GABI SAYS that at home he plays only disco 12" and funk records. D.A.F. music curiously transfigures disco patterns and greedily inherits the naughtiest funk details. D.A.F. electrodisco fearlessly upgrades fat and shady funk dissonance. The sound is wide and wifful.

"If you hear our music through a good sound system, it is not a light sound, like a light pop sound for radio. The sound is not thin. It is more like a funk band, with lots of bass for the bottom of you. We don't want to imitate black American funk bands because we are not black and we are not American. I like to hear and dance to black funk, and I

Game humour seeps slyly throughout D.A.F. music. The music isn't completely sarcastic, but edges, flutters in the music seem witty and satirical. Irony and humour are an integral part of the overall impact.

"It is good that somebody says this. In Germany it is a little easier to see this because of the words. They are quite funny — not HA! HA! HA! but they are ambiguous, they exploit clichés. But also the music, it can be serious and intent and then there are like PINGS!! that are really funny. They are unexpected. I think it is funny if there is a great deal of tension and then the tension disappears but not in a way that you expect. When tension explodes in an unconventional way it can make people laugh. It's like jokes, jokes are a tension building up and then a release."

Rock music invariably rejects such subtleties, such details. Rock music never unsettles. Do D.A.F. consider that rock, as formality, as routine, as music, is played out? "Not really. It has an important function in

society. It is so powerful it will last for a long long time. I cannot say that rock music has finished. But I think people's attitudes towards the music are changing. I think that more and more people will go away from rock, and a lot of bands will go away from rock. Like, for instance, we don't like to tour very much and we don't have much equipment. All these rock bands with their managers and PAs, I think it is finishing. It must be more efficient. We certainly do not want to lose ourselves into the rock business. We will use business in our own way."

"We can do everything with two. We can carry all our own equipment, we go to our gigs carrying our samsonite suitcases. No roadies! We don't want to have the rock habit. We don't understand it. It's so expensive, it's too much hassle and there is no relationship between the output and the effort."

"We're more interested in technology and mobility. We're very minimal... our stage set is a tape recorder with all the electronic programmes and it is the same tape recorder I have at home to listen to disco music. It's no special thing. Sharp double deck! We like playing live but we don't want to get into the routine. It's good when you play just a couple of gigs and then one month nothing. Then you can change the programme for the next gig. It's always a new thing, it never loses its kick."

"Gigs are party time and to get into a routine would ruin the party."

MACHINES

"We use tapes but we are very free in what we do. Robert can play what he wants. He must always be in time with the music, have discipline, but he can move how he wants to. You have more freedom with machines than with people. People say that we work with machines and so it must be too stiff or whatever. We think the opposite. We think that to work with machines is liberating, more exciting."

STAR

ROBERT AND Gabi sit next to each other on a sofa in the office of a publicist at Virgin Records. D.A.F. are amongst a massive and expanding Virgin cast of moderns that is the result of desperation or philanthropy — Japan, Richard Strange, Magazine, Simple Minds, The Passage, Peter Hamill, B.E.F., PiL, Ken Lockie, Human League, Skids are all vying for attention.

Are D.A.F. lost in the confusion? They think not — they claim they prefer to be part of this fearful sell. Previous records were released on the prosperous Mute.

"We do not have a conventional record contract with Virgin. We have a special one. We are in control. It is a production deal — we give our finished product to the company. It is not a Virgin contract. It is our contract."

Mute were not overjoyed that D.A.F. went to Virgin.

"From the very beginning it was our intention to go to a major label because of the distribution system. Our attitude is that we want to make music for as many people as possible, not for an underground elite. It is very boring when you are playing for the same 10,000 people."

Is it that you want to affect millions of people with the stressed quality and power of your music, or is there a love of glamour attached to that ideal?

"Maybe the star thing is a little bit there, but it is not important." Gabi falters. "Maybe... to be honest... probably there is a little bit wanting to be a star... I'm not sure. It's not relevant, on the surface, but perhaps somewhere hidden it is. But we think that it is important to play music that is of high quality, that is different but that is understandable. That is understandable not through compromise but through logic."

Is it worth persevering?

"It is not serious like a crusade, but it is important. It is interesting for us as an experiment, trying to reach a mass, and it could be interesting for lots of peoples. Normal music played on the radio doesn't open up the mind — our music had a lot to do with associations. When people hear it they can imagine this and see this and this and this. It opens people, and other music tends not to. We want to attract people, but not on one level and not to one end."

LOVE

GABI DELAGO-LOPEZ is a crypto-star. Robert Gort is a cryptic foil, and Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft are exquisitely contemporary. D.A.F. are an extreme, supreme, available power of anti-complicity that complements the new colour and overwhelms the electro-pop slightness and the new vulgarist insouciance. Not dull, I ask Gabi if being a D.A.F.-naut leads to a 'good life'.

"Yes! I am happy! Most of the time... Music is not our life, it is a part of it — a good and important part than we enjoy. But there are lots of other things. There is love and dance and music..."

In that order? "Maybe!!"

RED ALERT

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SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE CRAMPS: Googoo Muck (IRS) Baby, this is rock'n'roll with a savage brrrrrrrawwwarr! Lux Interior walks all over the fake, fey rockabilly revivalist hairdressers. 'Googoo Muck' is slithering proof of the Cramps' right to assume the title of the legendary lost Elvis Presley band. "I want the most, but I'll take the least," moans Luxury lasciviously to a beat that's cruising '55, slicked down and steamy. Punk gang warfare in an alley, a flash of steel under the boardwalk; a record for anyone who wakes up at twilight and starts to itch. 'Muck' is flipped with 'She Said' which keeps up Cramps' practice of issuing new B's. It's an intonation of murderous intent; spitooned around a crazy evangelical hillbilly monologue. Kentucky friend, and they don't mean chickens. Remember 'Deliverance'? This is nastier, when they cast the Jim Morrison film, Lux Interior is going to play the bathroom scene.

STEVE WINWOOD: Night Train (Island) Steve Winwood's rightful single choice is a total evolution. The former Traffic boy wonder slinks onto the solo dance floor with a clean pair of heels, a worthwhile remix and the fattest slab of soul on offer all month. 'Night Train' is also a good shot from lyricist Will Jennings who manages to match the midnight testament funk he ragged on 'Street Life'. Winwood himself must be about ready to try some live performances, he sounds so fresh and inspired again. But 'Night Train' is really a record for dancing to — not analysing.

ALTERED IMAGES: A Day's

Wait (Epic) This is so timid and coy it can hardly bear to crawl out of its precious little shell. More dumb new rock, that's all. No backlash, no jive, I just can't stand its cutesy clichéd arrangement. Pop music! Doesn't it make you sick?

SELF-CONTROL: Falling (Dancing Sideways) Self-Control's debut EP was one of 1980's quiet delights. The North London duo of Bernie Doyle and Dermot O'Keefe are not augmented by Emma Fischel but still provide a mix of expertly economical synthetics, rhythms and vibes. What matters most is that Self-Control's personal style deserves wider recognition, even if it isn't conventional hit parade material. 'Falling' bears the stamp of their beguiling humour and atmospheric composition — Self-Control aren't comparable with anyone else, they prefer to measure up to their own standards. I like that. You can contact them at 141 Brecknock Road, London N19.

UDO LINDENBERG: Berlin 12" EP (Island) Udo Lindenberg draws his references from pre-war Germany to condemn the rising fascist movement in Europe with a mixture of sound and visuals, an uncompromising foreboding. I hope people react to the cover in the appropriate way. The collage of news stories make a tough point. They should make a human being feel ill.

BUCKS FIZZ: Piece Of The Action (RCA) There is nothing intrinsically wrong with the odd slug of MOR brainwashing I suppose. This is bound to be number one anyway. Six million *Sun* readers every day can't be wrong and in a few years time

Bucks Fizz will probably be the focus for a dewy eyed and mannered camp cult. Their record is the ultimate in subliminal valium fantasy. I'd like this group a lot more if they were called Bloody Mary but then they wouldn't get much change out of *Toppy*.

VIVIAN STANSHALL: Calypso To Colapso (Charisma) "Calypso to colapso, maybe perhapso." "A teeming torrent of linguistic lunacy and cocktail crooning to start the dipsomania revolution. Stanshall is a dab hand at turning out nifty numbers with absorbing instrumentation, his 'Teddy Boys Don't Knit' album is full

outré? Hardly, it couldn't be more straightforward. Maybe it's about the Burt Lancaster character who sets out to swim across America. The layered second half is highly effective, insinuating a fragment of new movement with each phrase. Very soothing example of late Wire '79.

GEORGE HARRISON: All Those Years Ago (Dark Horse) This is why they should never have reformed. George Harrison's sincerity may not be open to doubt but the results are very sad indeed. Embarrassing even.

MODERN EON: Child's Play

Firelight fandango with MAX BELL

of them. The rogue steel drum adds verisimilitude to a natty combo, combo, combo I. Who was that masked sax player?

BUNNY WAILER: Dancing Shoes (Island) The sound you can't refuse as Bunny does up The Wailers in contemporary manner. This is new romance — made in a hot country as you can tell.

ULTRAVOX: Stood Still (Chrysalis) Strangely off-beat and nervous'd out. Ultravox and Connie Plank vamp up some surreal trickery but the joke wears thin second time around. That's when you realise it is only another heavy metal record after all.

WIRE: Our Swimmer (Rough Trade) Pre-split Wire offered this to EMI, as a commercial demo which was accepted, and as a finished work, this, which was rejected. Too

(Dindisc) 'Euthenics' was a good double-sided single from Modern Eon, a Liverpool area group. Now they're at Dindisc M.E. have regressed into an overblown Yes-type travesty. If the singer has got any sense he'll knock the Jon Anderson bit on the head and start again. It's got to be a serious disadvantage old son.

GARY U.S. BONDS: This Little Girl (EMI America) A Springsteen song, sound and production, with his band playing. It leaves me cold.

THE ACTION: I'll Keep On Holding On (Edsel) It's not often the *NME* collective overlook a record but I'm ashamed to admit that this was found gathering dust fifteen years late. Fortunately, Edsel have re-released The Action's great lost album and George Martin-produced singles from the height of the

'65 ace beat era. Soul purists and Marvelettes vets may demur but I reckon The Action's Kentish Town face pop still stands up.

DELBERT MCCLINTON: Shotgun Rider (Capitol) Delbert in a pic bag! Yeek; High country smooching for swinging rustlers, a pumping gas soundtrack that deserves to reinstate McClinton's status as an R&B standard. Smooth and intense.

FK9: Our Condition E.P. (Abstract) The Anglo-Scottish FK9 are out of the Stirling resistance and heading for a bigger splash. Giving both value for money and mental stimulation FK9 are slightly hampered by a production that fails to do justice to their instrumental finesse. Solace is found on the 33½ B side 'All That Fall', which reminds me in parts of the mood on Bowie's 'Cygnets Committee'. Singer Toby Oakes has something to say on record although FK9 are still searching for a suitable platform for sympathetic live treatment. Look them up.

DEAD OR ALIVE: Number Eleven (Inevitable) Oh, but Scott Walker is very in. And The Doors are definitely in. Are Dead Or Alive in? They're hilarious. They have got to be joking? Pete Burns stops at nothing in his attempts to cross Jacques Brel with Perry Como and 'es got a loovly voice. Odd looking geezer too isn't he? Pop symphonies with a difference or just some more gaudy chattels? Hah, that's stumped you.

LINX: Throw Away The Key (Chrysalis) No great shakes. Linx have remixed one of the duffest songs from 'Intuition' without any discernible improvement in my ears. Fans will want to hear the new song

'The Ice Is Melting' which is predictable fare. Wet even.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: Talking (Cocteau) Sounds like bad Orchestral Manouvres circa '78. Dull beyond belief. Bill Nelson produced. A Flock Of Seagulls indeed.

EMMYLOU HARRIS: Bad Moon Rising (Warners) I'm glad that John Fogerty is getting checked out by so many disparate sources. The re-workings of his material by everyone from Bruce to Dave Edmunds to Emmylou prove a) that his songs are timeless pearls b) that he does them best. There is no substitute (but I expect he likes spending the royalties).

HORTENSE ELLIS: (Love Comes From) Unexpected Places (Burning Rockers) A combination of sophisticated, orchestral pop reggae and unabashed sentiment becomes an alluring sound in Hortense Ellis' grasp. Kim Carnes also appears in unexpected places — she wrote the lyric — while hubby Alton, who should know what his wife is alluding to — produced the effects. (This disco cut is offset by a guitar section that's straight out of the bridge on 'Haitian Divorce'. What a useless piece of information that was).

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: I Understand (EMI) I've never liked Angelic Upstarts records but must give credit to Thomas Mensforth and his pals for attempting to loosen their ready to ruck image and replace it with some white rockers stance. Subject wise Mensi continues to worry and fret at the heels of racial unrest like an endearing bull terrier, reciting a poem of some tolerant aspect across a rather subdued Angelic dub. Laid back Upstarts!

AU PAIRS



New Album

**playing
with a different sex**



May 27	LONDON	Marquee
" 28	LONDON	Marquee
" 29	LONDON	Marquee
" 30	BIRMINGHAM	University



BOB MARLEY was buried in Jamaica last Friday, May 22, amid spectacular scenes of public mourning and celebration for the dead hero of reggae music.

After two ceremonies in Kingston, Marley's body was taken the 75 miles to the north coast parish of St. Annes where it was interred in a hastily constructed mausoleum on the hillside at a spot called Nine Miles, near to the house where Marley spent his early married life.

The day before the funeral Marley's body lay in state at the National Arena, a large concrete gymnasium originally constructed for the British Commonwealth Games in 1962.

The lines of people queuing extended in serpentine pleats the length of the building, and every so often there'd be a scampering and a scurrying as the lines fragmented; then the police ran in spraying tear-gas, and little youths, all ready in their running shoes, shrunken grannies, country dreads with their shorn-off trousers frayed below the knee, Twelve Tribes dreads with handsome red, green and gold tams, turbanned African daughters, groups of corn-rowed schoolgirls, all pell-melled away from the police advance.

But the people kept coming back, shouting to the police how Babylon must learn to respect the Dread. It's commonly asked in Jamaica — have all the Bob Marley fans ever checked his words? Because if they had, maybe the police would have had more empathy with the funeral rites of the man whose criticism of them was noted internationally, who had loved reasoning about Jah Rastafari, rolling the words round his tongue as if he couldn't say them enough, they tasted so sweet.

The girl's name was Marie, and she was twelve. She should have been in school, but she'd cut class to attend Marley's lying-in. She was leaning against the back of a police-car, dabbing at her eyes.

Marie wouldn't give up, she loved Bob Marley. Her mother had courted to Marley tunes, before she was born. The lines were orderly again now, no more tear gas, and she would wait for hours if necessary, to wind through the cold grey assembly hall, be-ribboned with red green and gold pennants, hung with Wailers' backdrops of Selassie and Marcus Garvey, dotted with Biblical texts.

And there, surrounded by the same policemen he'd been spending a large proportion of his life avoiding, lay Bob Marley.

You could tell he'd just been in Miami, because the embalmers had refined a film-star cleanliness of line that Marley's living spirit had always blurred with motion. Cased behind glass, resembling a waxworks image of Bob Marley, the lying-in underlined that the corpse was merely a house for the spirit, and that the house had been locked up. Owner gone away.

After a private family service at the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, the coffin was returned to the National Arena, where another public service was held, conducted in Amharic and Geez (African languages), as well as English; an odd mixture of pleas to Jesus countered with shouts of "JAH! Rastafari" from the congregation of conflicting churches, and tributes from the politicians Marley had castigated for so long.

BOB MARLEY'S FINAL RETURN HOME

King of Reggae laid to rest in Jamaica



Report by Vivien Goldman
Photographs by Adrian Boot



Top: Marley's family assembled at the National Arena. Below: the final resting place at St. Anne's. Bob & Rita's first home together is on the right.

Above: Marley's son Ziggy, his mother Cedella Booker, and his wife Rita (centre), perform at the funeral service.

Odd, in this municipal fluorescent setting, to hear the reedy call-to-prayer chants you'd associate with a muezzin in a mosque; to see the elaborate brocaded priests' robes shimmer silver-blue or scarlet beneath elaborate fringed umbrellas, as if they were the Wise Men trekking across the desert in daylight. Marley, temperamentally a peacemaker till circumstances didn't permit it, would have liked to see the blend of faiths and States.

Before his death Marley had joined the Ethiopian Orthodox Church and changed his name to Berhanie Selassie, meaning Light Of The Trinity.

The Wailers performed — minus Tyrone Downey — backing Bob's mother Cedella in a gospel song. Unused to the microphone, her voice kept on vanishing — a shadow of the night before, when rehearsing at the Tuff Gong studios, her voice had been sonorous, heavy with lamentation. Junior Marvin provided a focal point, and the I Three sang with wrenching passion the 'Rastaman Chant'.

MARLEY TOOK his friends back to his roots for the internment. He made them retrace his own steps from the country to Kingston, in reverse

— down the long road formerly called Norman Washington Boulevard, and now re-christened Bob Marley Boulevard. It's the city's main exit, a bleached-out, African looking avenue that crosses deep gullies, and is lined with a kinetic mosaic of colour: squares of rusty zinc nailed together for walls, brightly-painted signs on tiny shack shops.

Up ahead, a sound system truck blared Marley music as the mile long procession worked its way through drenching rainy season floods and streets lined with shouting, jostling people. The waves of emotion were almost physical; the streets had been full of people singing snatches of Marley for days; now they were united in public.

To get to the actual site of the specially constructed mausoleum was as difficult as reaching any pop festival, with so many Twelve Tribes natty dreads dressed in white, red, green, gold, that the packed hillside overlooking it resembled a field of poppies and daisies.

The other two thirds of the original Wailers did not attend; Bunny Wailer wouldn't check for funerals (though this was more of a party), and Peter Tosh had horrified many by saying on the radio that Marley's finest hour was when he, Tosh, was in there supplying the 'decoration'.

However, there was one reunion: whatever had passed between the Wailers and their ex-manager Don Taylor was resolved in the crisis. Taylor's strong arm supported the bereaved family publicity.

Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, described the rites as being very Egyptian, very cultural: the way the tomb was constructed, rough-hewn, did give it the air of an antique shrine.

The low rise of the shrine is feet away from a wooden shack painted red, green and gold, rough-edged logs lapping on the walls, small squares of window frame vegetation so lush the colour leaks on to the walls.

Here, says Rita Marley, a sudden smile splashing her sombre face, she spent the six happiest years of her life, with Bob; here their eldest child Ziggy (who's already making music with the Marley Juniors combo, The Melody Makers — Bob had been writing songs for his youth for years) was born.

This monument, this shrine, is on the spot where the couple used to sit out and reason under a tree, tracing the blazing stars, listening to the see-sawing, screeching, night insects. One hundred yards away Bob's mother Cedella was born.

Before Rita had smoothed the Jamaican flag over her husband's casket with the extra affectionate pat of a mother tucking in her child, she'd placed a bag of good collie weed inside. Now, Rita said, she felt sure that Bob was sitting on the hillside, happily able to smoke a spliff again.

He would be watching, perhaps with amusement, the government plans to reinforce their Order of Merit medal with a special park dedicated to him; the authorities hadn't always given him such respect. He would be listening to the Wailers' plan to continue the group, using the original material of all the members; structuring the team differently, now that the leader wasn't around.

Rita said that after all the pain, it was better that Bob should be at rest and at peace in Nine Miles where he'd been happy. One thing she was sure of: "The works will continue."

FUNKAPOLITAN

It's arty farty just for you
A pure beef bass through and through
It's the Funkapolitan sound and style
They wanna make you smile
While they make their pile



Five eights of Funkapolitan show uplifting effects of the fast food. Left to right: Simon Superace, Toby Andersen, Tony Dixon, Nick Jones, Kadir Guirey. Pic: David Carlo.

THAT NAME, for a start. It sounds like an attempt by the ice cream trade to break into the lucrative jazz funk market... cinema ads with a George Benson-style soundtrack and Saint Tropez models wrapping lips round a Walls Funkapolitan on the dancefloor of the Club Mediterranee... When what, in fact, the Funkapolitan tag is meant to suggest is some thoroughly modern marriage between black American cool and European *savoir-faire*; high elegance and low get-down.

"I like the name because it sounds like Funkadelic, and has that Funk bit up front," says verbal mainstay Nick Jones. "And because we like to think of ourselves as a bit cosmopolitan."

"I suppose it's a bit like playing punk rock and being called The Punks," reflects Toby Andersen, the group's keyboards operator and musical director. "A lot of musicians have said they like the name, but they don't think the music lives up to it... we are improving though."

He uses the term musicians as if to describe a race slightly apart. Most of the group are still a little uncomfortable about their lack of instrumental polish and technical knowhow, especially now that the revered record company is finally in sight.

Musicianship, however, has never been Funkapolitan's *raison d'être*. It all started as a bit of a laugh really, another excuse for a clan gathering party, another way to be a bit flash, a bit of a cool devil, and just possibly an alternative to art college or working in an antiques shop.

They play an odd, English style of soft funk. Not the usual rehash and hammering of old James Brown riffs but something faster, lighter, and poppier, with piercing Vox organ harmonies and three vocalists upfront, sometimes rapping, sometimes singing and sometimes something halfway between the two.

Their first gig was at Kensington Market last October — a couple of dozen friends, a borrowed drum machine, two extended disco riffs and Marks and Sparks champagne — since when their ascendancy in the capital has been brisk, to the point where they recently filled a 400 capacity hall by word of mouth and had a row of record company A&R men drooling at the back.

They've never bothered with the conventional rock circuit, considering original venues to be an intrinsic part of the Funkapolitan style, and their sporadic appearances have been a crazy paving through the nether regions of London nightlife. They've done high society low life and low society high life — which is to say that they've been known to play frightfully posh parties (the Duchess of something's) and get written up in the junior gossip columns of *Ritz*. On the other hand they've played the Notting Hill Gate Wimpy Bar (twice), and had their name in *T-Zers*.

They played the NME Christmas party (to widespread indifference), and the Royal College Of Art ball (to widespread hysteria). They have guest lists longer than the queue at the DHSS and have always towed about a determined following of freeloaders, mostly art and fashion types and a small clan of the younger sisters of debutantes, who have adopted the merry funkateers for their very own teenage crushes.

"It makes them feel glamorous," says Nick of these. "It doesn't take much to get them on your side. They're all younger than us and damned attractive."

Connections like these are bound to bring the group under attack from those who see a working class pedigree as the definitive measure of human worth, but class is class and arse is arse so let's not get baffled by tribal war like that.

The core of Funkapolitan come from 'enlightened' middle class backgrounds, which means they got sent to Holland Park Comprehensive (where they first met, and where guitarist Guirey still attends), talk nice, and have oil paintings rather than posters on the walls of their rooms.

"We love art," says Nick, who has seen the inside of an art school but never on a regular basis. To prove it the group wrote their 'Modern Art Rap', written for their Royal College gig just as their 'Fast Food Rap' was written for the pioneering Wimpy Bar shows. Admission was by burger and the group hoped to persuade the fast food chain to let them do a nation tour of Wimpys. The idea, alas, came to nothing.

Funkapolitan tuned in early to the



The Fast Food Rap

Well I was walking down to Notting Hill Gate
And I see the folks in a state
So I looked up above and I fell in love
There was a sound around just hit me
I said it hit me, it hit me
It hit me from the Wimpy.

It's eat here, take away too
This is mass production just for you
See the shakes and grab the fries
The band upstairs will shake your thighs
I said you eat it up and you wash it down
And you know that your stomach is out of town
This is fast food funk and triple thick
If you eat this stuff you gonna be sick
And Your Friends Looks ill and you know that
You wanna get him a happy hat

But it's nicely wrapped and it tastes so good
So you queue up in line for the second time
I said, root beer, apple pies
Gimme an order of french fries
Then the guy behind the counter who's really OK
Gives you the change and hands you the tray
Then you stumble back and steady yourself
Look around the room and sit on a shelf
Pick it up bash it in your face
When you eat this stuff there ain't no waste



Like a Picasso that's second hand
And you want to get a drawing by Cezanne
You want a Rembrandt but you have no cash
I said red, blue, blue black and green
This is the rap that's got to be seen
So you throw your Man Ray in the air
And your Max Ernst down like you just don't care
Look at the line feel the form
This must be Bonnard before he's formed

Said Walter Gropius Corbusier too
High tech perspective just for you
Rodchenko's fine Dali had the line
Design a chair, paint a square
Dali had the longest hair
Smash it up and call it sculpture
This is what we call our culture

A brush stroke here a brush stroke there
When I draw a line I just don't care
Walking down New Bond Street
I'm hip to the jive and I rock to the beat
I look around and all I can see are these
Things called galleries
Oh, spirit and acrylic
You better make sure you don't spill it
Tintoreco and El Greco
Both these guys are worth a deco
I said Rodin, Gauguin
Don't you forget Cezanne

implications of the rapping revolution bursting out of the Bronx and have been quick to exploit the form in their own fashion, though they are still a long way from achieving the razor sharp multiple MC delivery of the US originals. So far they've been largely content with the unison chanting rather than the interplay of voices that their three man frontline allows.

Aside from Jones (the "capitalist genius" of the group) and Andersen (its "Frustrated musician"),

Funkapolitan's original line-up was completed by Thomas Dixon on bass — a tall, easygoing creative intelligence described by others in the band as "a beatnik" — and the Guirey brothers Kadir and Sagat. The diminutive Kadir is perhaps the most forceful presence on stage and certainly the best vocalist, younger brother Sagat taking up guitar around the time of the group's formation.

The quintet was soon joined by the third voice of one Emile Ollivere, universally known as Simon the Super Ace, an originator of a rap which starts: "Well I'm a super ace from outer space and I'm here to rap to the human race..." Halfway through their life, Greg Saleen on congas and Terry President, drums, arrived to save them from the embarrassment of the drum machine, and put the group onto a

rhythmic footing more in accord with their ambitions.

From the outset Funkapolitan have sported an easy sense of style, going in for comfortable soul boy leisure wear of jeans, loafers and jersey shirts, or smart suits and jackets from A. Rebours, tailor to the stars. More recently they've been showing up in the blander, classic look of King's Road haberdasher Antony Price, whose brother recently took over management of the group from their own hands.

As a group their ambitions so far have been comparatively straightforward. "We're here to rock the nation," says Nick James simply, with the calm detached tones of an English diplomat explaining why his government has a gunboat outside the palace of the local sheik. "We want to make present disco obsolete, and we want to make number one."

Such bald statements of ambition are not generally well received in the somewhat hypocritical climes of the rock business, but it is at least honest. The group have recently been shopping round the biz for a record company contract, with Phonogram looking likely to pull out the plum.

"I felt really ill after a week of visiting record companies," said Kadir. "We went and saw Mickey Most, cos he's good at getting hits, we almost touched him through his panstick."

How Funkapolitan will be received outside of the rather cosy world of London bohemia remains to be seen. Having already avoided conventional venues so determinedly, they are all too aware that they are likely to find themselves bouncing round Britain's motorways in a transit van before long, and view the prospect with mixed feelings.

Their music is already mutating, evolving away from the rather predictable patterns they've used this far and taking on more percussive, and yes, Latin elements. Apart from the raps — whose verbal dexterity helps make up for any vocal shortcomings, they have a few tunes that could see them with a hit on their hands: 'Time And Space', 'Play The Game' and more.

Their greatest asset is probably the sheer exuberance they pump into a performance, the charm and humour that come across — they're not so self-conscious they're afraid to be gauche.

Whether they'll be seen merely as a dilution of the new black American music — the cocktail extravaganzas of Kid Creole, the unrelenting challenge of the Bronx rappers, and driving rhythms of the hard funk outfits — remains to be seen, and will probably rest as much on their willingness to take themselves and their talents seriously as much as on any direction they receive from the record company.

Funkapolitan themselves remain determined to avoid being merely US parasites — "With the music comes a culture," says Nick. "And it's English. We're not trying to be anything that we're not. We just want to push things along a bit."

Neil Spencer

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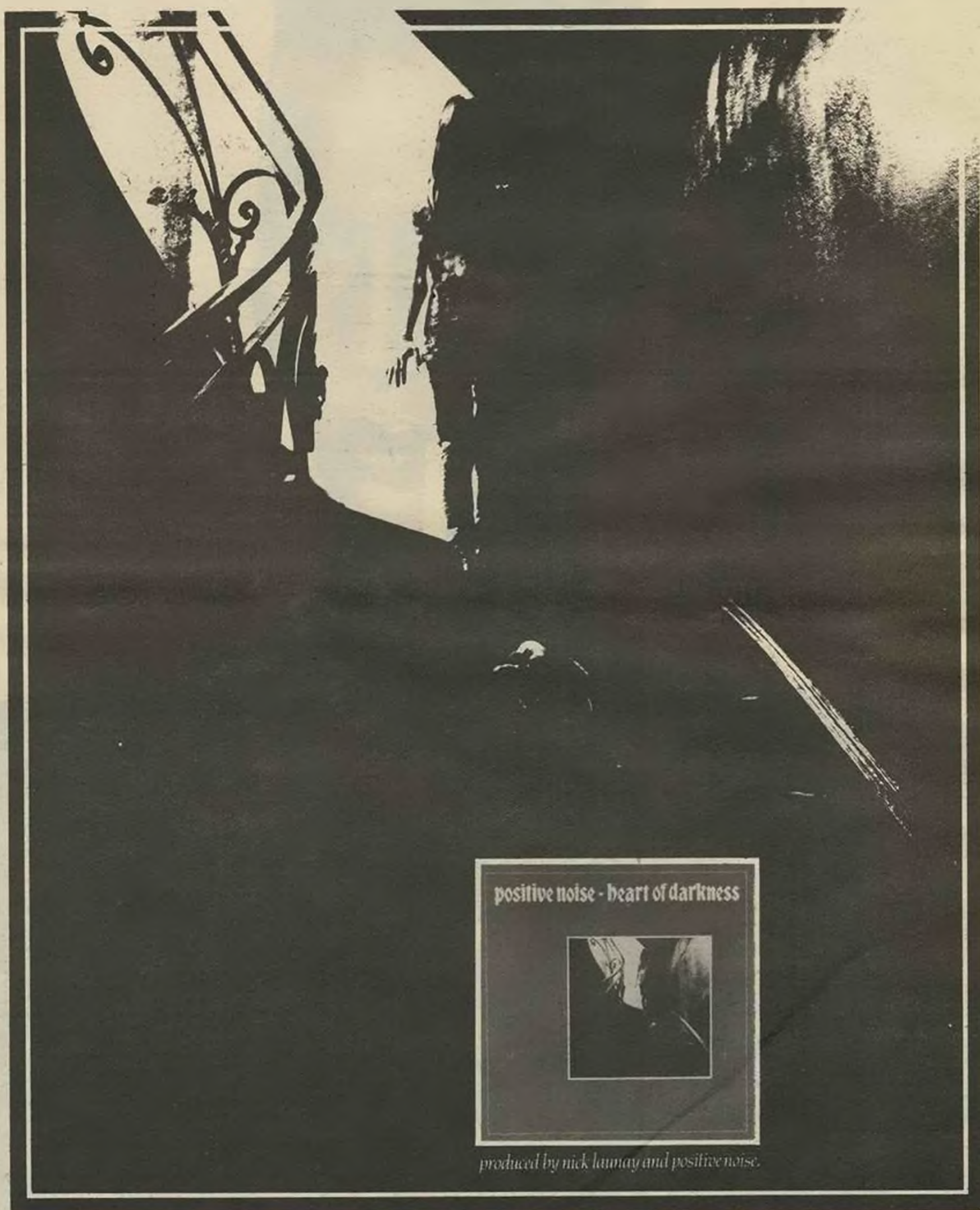


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The art of tacky tee pees



IAN PENMAN chuckles with 'Melvin And Howard' director JONATHAN DEMME

JONATHAN DEMME — jovial, nervy director of *Melvin And Howard*, a semi 'road' movie with quite a few differences and a soundtrack of Country and Western music as long as a redneck's prejudices — is enquiring as to my regard for a UK group named Killing Joke. He, it seems, loves 'em.

I'm quite casual in my negative response. Peter Anderson helpfully adds how boring it was making even a brief cameo appearance in a recent KJ tour. Hang on a minute: Jonathan Demme — *Killing Joke*?

"'Wardance' especially!"

Demme says he's glad the *NME* are down for an interview — he wants to buzz us for information on all his other favourites, like The Damned, The Desperate Bicycles, Joy Division, They Must Be Russians. But this is no mere Yankee affectation: his knowledge of and passion for all this stuff proves to be far superior to ours. My first ever interview with a film director and he wants to talk about what I've been edging away from for ages. God demme!

Still, even I couldn't help but raise a more than curious chuckle over a 16mm film he's made with Los

Angeles punk group Suburban Lawns, illustrating the narrative of their song 'Gidget Goes To Hell'...

We're sat in a perfectly round office at the top of the West End offices of CIC, who're handling *Melvin And Howard*, Demme's portrait of one Melvin Dummar, a Salt Lake City blue collar worker, amateur C&W singer/songwriter and disputed recipient of 160 million dollars' worth of the late Howard Hughes' vast fortune. The film, however, is more concerned with the intervening years in Dummar's life — between giving a lift to a bedraggled and bruised old bum (Hughes — or so Dummar says he said) and the almost surreal windfall. *Melvin And Howard* didn't 'take off' in the States until earlier this year, when it was awarded two Oscars — one for Bo Goldman's Original Screenplay (he also scripted *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*) and one for Mary Steenburgen as Best Supporting Actress.

"Personally, I was never satisfied with the advertising campaign over there," recalls Demme. "I think it's a funny movie and nothing in the campaign suggested that. I also think it's misleading to hang the whole thing on the Howard Hughes aspect of things when that's not really what the movie's about."

It's more sort of the real Ordinary People.



Pic: Peter Anderson

Jonathan Demme

"That's right!"

Country singer Faron Young, not some twisted megalomaniac billionaire, is Melvin's greatest idol — he even named his son after him, says Demme. The opening few minutes of *Melvin And Howard* feature a classy cocktail of juicy cactus highway toons past and present — snatches of which come over as Melvin tunes his pickup radio over a variety of local stations.

It turns out that Melvin (who in the film gets Hughes to sing along to a song he's just written called 'Santa's Souped Up Sleigh') has ambitions in the music business — as well as now

wanting to be an actor. He appears briefly in Demme's version of his own life story as an attendant at a Greyhound bus station. Does Demme keep in touch with him — would he use him again?

"We talk a lot on the phone — he wants to know how business is doing! He did a lot of funny improvisational stuff in that scene that we just couldn't keep in 'cos it was too long. I definitely want to use Melvin again. He's very funny."

Do you believe his version of the Hughes' will story?

"Yeah, I do. There's a whole

complex array of supportive information. Also, it's much more mind-boggling to think that he dreamed up the whole hoax and carried it off that far, could get that good a phoney will. One critic in the States said that because something so extraordinary happened to someone so ordinary no one could believe it — and I think that's true."

The will which turned up on Dummar's doorstep one day years after he gave the weird old guy a ride was analysed and counter-analysed by prosecution and defence sides alike (other potential beneficiaries being rather upset at Dummar's claim) and eventually thrown out of court — but not altogether with a bounce. Evidence gathered by forgery and handwriting experts suggested that Melv's will was far from a fake.

Anyway, enough of conspiracy theory — what about *Crazy Mama*? This film — which just recently had its British premiere with a short run at London's Scala — is probably the best thing to come out of Demme's five year association with Roger Corman's New World production company during the first half of the last decade. It's way wide of the Corman exploitation mark(et) so inexplicably adored by a certain kind of two-faced camp vegetarian cineaste. An affectionate sort of South Western gangster movie — the family that holds up together, holds out together — it transcends the Corman genre in much the same way that Scorsese's *Boxcar Bertha* did, featuring a typical New World spot of role reversal: three generations of woman folk defendin' their often legal right to be free and in free enterprise. There's quite a few similarities to *Melvin And Howard*...

Continues over



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□ From previous page

"Yes, that's a strange coincidence. I saw it again just after *Melvin And Howard* was finished. There's also a lot of popular songs in the soundtrack . . ."

And a lot of tacky architecture. "I love that stuff! Someone's got to make a record of it, you can't just let it pass on. *Sleep in your own tee pee tonite!*"

TV in your tee pee, in fact. Demme, it turns out, got involved with Corman whilst spending a time draft dodging in London . . .

"I was just being interviewed for a publicity job — which I'd done back in New York for United Artists — and Corman said 'Do you like motorcycle movies?' and I said y-e-s, and he said 'Would you write one?' so suddenly I was writing a script for him. I worked for him for the next four or five years. I totally enjoyed it, yeah."

Demme never had any technical education in the ways of the cinema, claiming to have been "totally ambitionless" in his earlier days, "apart from at one point wanting to be a veterinarian." "I'll be doggone — or rather, he nearly was."

Amongst things he's now working on are "an American family comedy about sex" called *Love Hurts* ("I plan on using at least five versions of that song") and a movie with New York group The Feelies, tentatively titled *Dawn Of The Feelies* — "a parody of *The Last Waltz*, *Eraserhead* and *Dawn Of The Dead*!"



Stan and Ollie get themselves into another nice mess



AFTER all these years Laurel and Hardy still have them falling about laughing. Though they continued churning out films way past their '30s prime they'd already stockpiled a legacy of shorts and features that has proved far more durable than their contemporaries of either the silent or sound period. Their amiable comedy was invariably turned in on themselves rather than the world outside and thus inspired a lasting affection. Neither maudlin nor malicious, the Beau Chumps stumbled through life on the strengths of Ollie's absurd confidence in his harebrained schemes. His logic had them busking 'The Good Old Summertime' in the dead of winter, joining the Foreign Legion to forget (only to forget what it was they wanted to forget), and testing a boat for leaks by filling it full of water. And when Stan — incidentally the real-life comic genius of the duo — overcame his timidity to assert his own scrambled intelligence on a situation, Ollie would compound the idiosyncrasy by taking him seriously: Stan answers the phone. "Hello . . . it sure is." "Who was it?" asks Ollie. "Aw, just someone having a joke . . . I said 'Hello' and he said 'It's a long distance from Atlanta, Georgia' and I said 'It sure is'." Ollie, visibly indignant, responds "Someone should put a stop to these practical jokers!" Fraternally yours, Sons of the Desert (NME chapter).

VIDEOBORE?

No way, says Ian Penman

Deathwatch

Directed by Bertrand Tavernier
Starring Harvey Keitel, Romy Schneider
(Contemporary)

DEATHWATCH is French director Bertrand Tavernier's unsettling revision of what was apparently a Science Fiction novel by David Compton called *The Unsleeping Eye*. Tavernier's title, as far as I can gather, has little to do with the Genet play of the same name — and probably even less to do with what passes as SF in the cinema these days: bum bruising sound effects and the roller coaster chasm of astronomically expensive fake other-worldly backdrop.

Deathwatch is to its originary genre what Altman's *Popeye* is to his — a subtle deconstructive fable which restores all the grittier emotional aspects inherent in any human story. *Deathwatch* deals with the inner life rather than outer space of our future, not to say present; what with the recent advances in media technology — to single out just the area of science the film is concerned with — we are living in an SF story, albeit one published a few decades ago.

Unlike recent shots at the movies, *Deathwatch* doesn't seek God-like sustenance from a superior (whether that's always superior?) or those powerful alien conspirators, but focuses instead on the imperfection of the human animal: the pains and pleasures of which are increasingly numbing in a world of faster and faster activity. Or, at least, that's the way.

Roddy (Harvey Keitel) is the white-haired technician/director of the major NTV television network, who has taken sci-fi to the next level — by having a miniature video unit implanted in his head, whatever he sees upon it is automatically relayed back to his studio, whatever he looks at is a pre-recorded material for reportage. He has both lost his own "private" life and in the process has duped — those around him of one. The one flaw in this event is that his sight must be exposed to even a minimum of light at all times, and he has to carry a small torch around with him: "All this technology and I have to walk around like a boy scout," he smirks. "It all relies on a dollar 98 Ever Ready."

He is half conscious of the fact that this is a dodgy step forward for his perception and possibly even a step down for his morality; even as he remarks that it's the "toy to end all toys" he is fatally attracted, drawn further into the vicarious possibilities.

The first project after the operation has been proven successful is to be a programme called *Deathwatch*: a real, slow, "natural" death — an increasingly rare occurrence — is to be serialised in every intimate detail. The cynical head of NTV, Vincent Ferriman (great performance by Harry Dean Stanton) justifies it by way of jogging mute minds with the ultimate scare reality can offer, but also knows it's the ultimate sell to a jaded audience: "36% find it offensive," he remarks half way through the venture, "and stay with us."

The "star" has been selected — her face billboarded all over — even before she has been informed of her imminent demise, never mind given her consent . . .

Katherine Mortenhoe (Romy Schneider) refuses to give this consent at first — her doctor comments that, if nothing else, her rebellious nature will be the 'death' of her — but eventually

concedes; the rest of the media aren't about to let her die — let alone rest — in peace, anyway. However, once the agreed NTV fee has been handed over — along with 36 hours 'freedom' before the programme begins — she does a runner.

The basic development of the narrative from this point is fairly obvious — Roddy tracks her down, befriends her, stays with her and shares her 'secret', never revealing his true identity — or function, which he has now become inseparable from or reducible to.

Tavernier, though, draws out and shades into the couple's *Messidor*-like trek resonances which transcend the straightforward potential of the premise. I refuse to give much away — and if you want to appreciate *Deathwatch* as fully as possible I'd say steer clear of any reviews that might blab.

Whatever, it is an urgent and never hysterical film which cares passionately about the nature of the images that every day shape or shatter — shutter? — our lives and ideas; it clearly — and clear headedly — remarks that no public image is free of responsibility within the social, political and economic contexts it is made and consumed by. After all, you don't have to believe in snuff movies to find camerawork that presents blood, grief and other extreme moments of modern life with more than a smack of voyeuristic sensibility — there's the *News* every night, for instance, and the image of media hoards mastering Katherine Mortenhoe with alternative titles like 'rights' to her death is familiar too familiar for comfort.

Furthermore, because the unwilling protagonist is a human NTV, a actually impersonal, impersonal is that little bit more politically pertinent; she isn't about to be the passive 'tragic heroine' in someone else's film — but even the willful Katherine is easily pinioned down to just that role through each and every little look Roddy gives her.

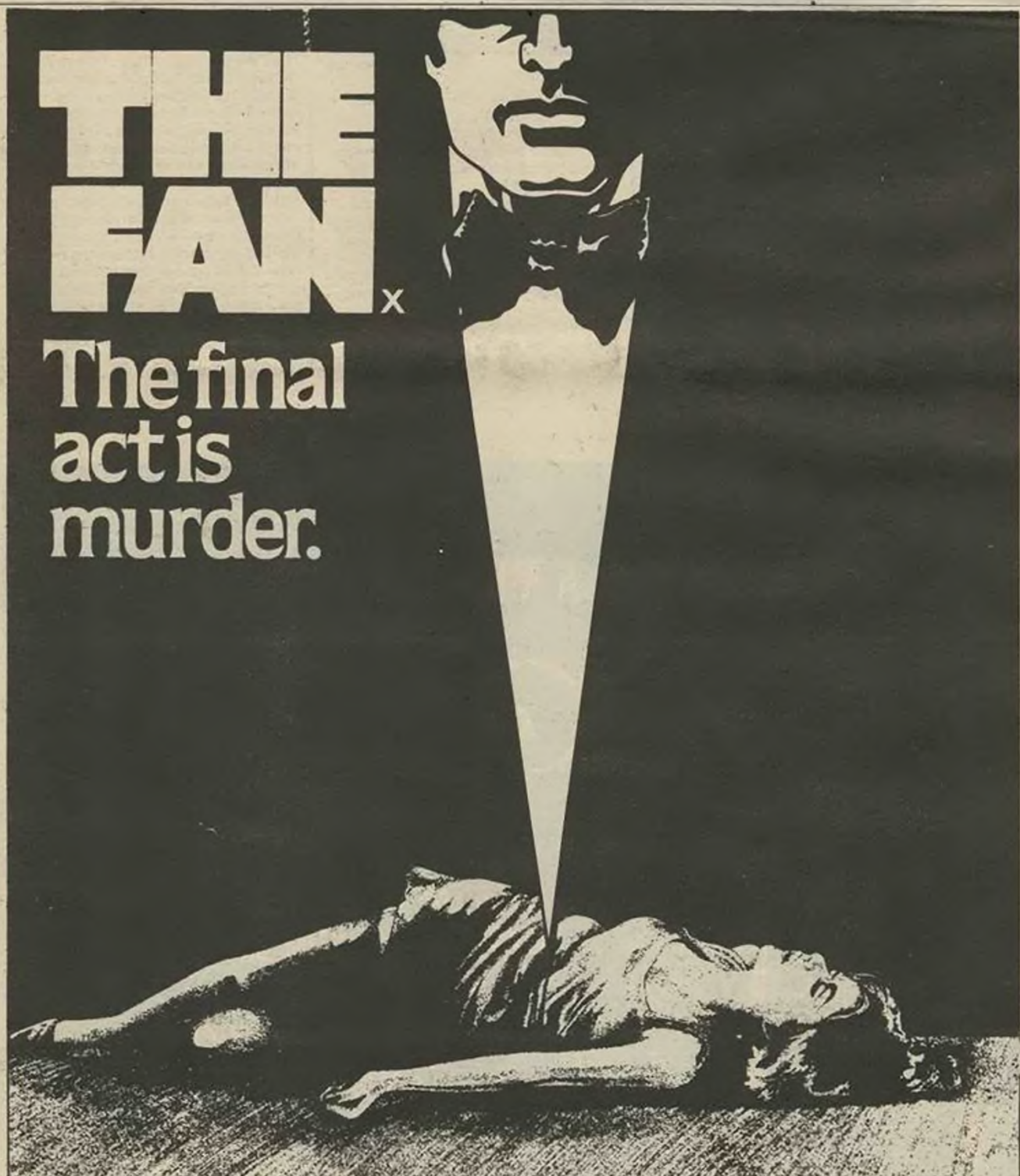
Katherine delivers some fitting like her own 'interpretation' of matters early on. Employed as a writer of trashy romantic fiction she has to work with a computer partner named Harriet, who rejects any plot — or word — that isn't commercially, structurally perfect. Katherine is determined to argue with it — until finally she asks the silicon oracle a desperately rhetorical question: "Are we really too exhausted to make up our own stories?" Positive, answers Harriet.

I've left some crucial details out of this resume of *Deathwatch* — the disconcerting setting(s) Tavernier has used in order to convey both the sense of a time and cultural climate far enough away in the future to prevent, but near enough today to be bloody depressing, for instance — but purposely so, and in sympathy with the film's own rare flexibility, I hope.

It is modestly but compulsively sited between the rush and ruses of Hollywood — an institution Tavernier does respect — and the more outwardly thoughtful tradition of European cinema. (Something Tavernier perhaps jocularly acknowledges in the opposition of 'leading men' — action man from the city Keitel and Max Von Sydow as Katherine's reclusive, cultivated country-dwelling first husband). Keitel puts in yet another winning performance in a weird role and Romy Schneider is more than his equal.

Deathwatch is a 'major' film in the more useful and uncommon sense of the word — simply much more important than most of the dope we're too ready to swallow in the cause — or as the effect? — of mega budget mainstream cinema.

Tavernier's *Deathwatch* won't get onto our billboards. Would NTV's?



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SAFARI



What if Japan threw a party —and nobody came...?

*"And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever:
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it for ever."
— Youth and Art: Robert Browning*

DAVID SYLVIAN, lead singer and lyricist in Japan, is an ordinary bloke from South London. Underneath his death-white bleached hair, dark roots begin to make their presence felt. Underneath a plaster-pale face rough stubble starts to show through. Sylvian wears a normal white shirt with the sleeves rolled up. He has dark hair on his arms.

Mick Karn, Japan's bass player and principal stage dancer puffs on a full plug of old fashioned pipe shag. Just to confuse the impression Karn sports a rather vivid skunk-style crop and several shades of eye-shadow where his eyebrows once were.

In my misspent youth I was inclined towards an approximation of this look myself. So were thousands of other kids hooked on David Bowie, Ziggy Stardust and the glamorous self-expression that image allowed.

Looking now at the members of Japan I remember a time when there was nothing happening in rock and roll outside of Bowie and Roxy Music. There was nothing to do, nowhere to go and no one to see. The antidote of dressing outrageously (or so it seemed at the time) provided a welcome relief from the deadly pub rock scene. It added spice to school and danger to journeys on the tube. Eventually I grew out of this phase and now look back on it with acute embarrassment.

To their credit Japan never overcame the desire to maintain such an image, nor do they cringe at a memory that has often backfired on them.

Japan have missed so many important boats on their voyage towards acceptance that they have come to resemble that rare hybrid, the unicorn. Noah was a heartless bastard but he had nothing on the English rock press.

In 1976 Japan arrived in a blaze of tacky controversy. Their 'Adolescent Sex' record missed the tag end of glam.

Three years later they recorded the single 'Life In Tokyo' with Giorgio Moroder but were too early for the white disco sailing.

In 1981 the vogue is for futurist references and new romance. Japan now look the part and might easily cash in. But they don't even play dance music!

Karn and Sylvian perch on a bed in Norwich on the second night of their current tour and examine the timetable. "It's partly our own fault," says Karn. "We could have had spikey hair and done punk stuff. We avoided that. Now the category is for futurism and people are saying this is your time, your time has finally come! We deliberately avoid it. If we become really successful now people will only say 'oh! you're part of that' and when that dies we'll die with it."

So what are Japan about? What do

■ Continues over

David Sylvian and
(inset) Mick Karn
— fading away
gracefully like high
class muzak
should.



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Can't Get Enough



■ From previous page

they want from life?

"Success in England isn't important to me at all," remarks Sylvian with prosaic honesty. "Success is staying together and making enough money to survive without being in a rut; without compromising."

Actually, Japan are already compromising — not their music, but their singer's sanity. Sylvian hates touring England intensely. "Our music is much more effective on record, it's not designed for playing live. On stage we try to reproduce our sound exactly, we use tapes and treatments. Most people don't like that idea. I don't like typical rock venues."

And I don't particularly care for Japan's music at all although I find myself swayed by their simple, straightforward approach.

Sylvian maintains that "at the end of this tour I'll decide whether we ever do it again. I have to get away from the rock set-up. I'd like to use film focussed on a mesh in front of the band. That way you won't concentrate on the band. You'll see the musicians' shadows but you'll ignore them."

"Our music needs to be sat and listened to in a hall. It never works if people are standing up and getting crushed. I can see how uncomfortable they are. I give what I would like to hear and receive which is an atmospheric type of show. This style of rock touring is *extremely boring*."

THE PREJUDICE against Japan has lingered a long time. They are still associated with a surrogate New York Dolls past. Karn understands why. "Although we were

adamant at doing our own thing that first album was a caricature. We did the most awful demos to prove a point." The songs were hangovers from school days in Catford. "We can't relate to it when kids say that the first two albums are their favourites because we hate them."

Now that Japan have discovered their natural sound — a broad wash of electronic harmony with bare rhythmic colouring and no noticeable dramatic changes — I wondered if they were working towards a master plan. Sylvian is a methodical, clinical singer who replaces emotion with ambient elongated vocals. The songs are stately. I find most of their set repetitious with the exception of a few numbers that indicate an ability to juggle the imagination: 'Rhodesia', 'Life In Tokyo' (re-released by Ariola) and the starkly attractive 'Taking Islands In Africa', co-written with Riuchi Sakamoto from Yellow Magic Orchestra. Sylvian is delighted with the freshness Sakamoto brought to the band but doesn't espouse the Moroder collaboration.

At the moment Japan are in danger of finding two singles in the charts as 'The Art Of Parties' looks set to smash. 'Tokyo' is a far more commercial proposition even so. "Giorgio was a very limiting producer actually. We could have done an album but I'm glad we didn't. He's got a sound that's very successful. It suits him so he won't listen to another opinion. In fact the things we urged him to do I now hear cropping up on Sparks records (laughs hysterically)".

Sylvian used to see Japan providing a high class muzak. "That's been done and passed. An element may survive. See, I think that most people don't just sit down and listen to a record anymore. They read or write or whatever and use it as background. Our music is designed for listening to intently or as quality muzak; none of the sounds are particularly obtrusive."

Unfortunately, in the process of evolving Japan have started to bore themselves. Sylvian only writes about nine songs a year and reckoned the band was getting stale. As a result guitarist Rob Dean is no longer a group member but a hired hand. When the time comes for a photo call Dean says "you don't want me in the

pictures, do you?" and Sylvian agrees: "No! You stay here!" His voice is unusually blunt.

"The guitar is the hardest instrument to adapt; it's such a standard thing. Players like Robert Fripp and Adrian Belew are great but they only have one style. In a band that's a serious limitation, it holds you back even when you're trying something new."

"I'm not saying that Rob did that but..."

In future Sylvian will play more guitar himself and augment the Japan line-up with guest musicians. Former Hawkwind violinist Simon House (who appears on 'Gentlemen Take Polaroids') will figure and there are plans for a brass section and extra percussionists.

Sylvian is a great fan of late Motown pop and Smokey Robinson whose 'Ain't That Peculiar' and 'I Second That Emotion' Japan have covered. A lot of their imagery is black-inspired but I struggle to grasp the soul in their music. Most of the lyrics seem meaningless.

Karn finds emotion in "all our songs". Sylvian says "The words are just phrases and cut-ups, clues to help the listener along. To me they are personal. I come up with the titles first — again, they aren't designed to force anything."

A lot of those titles are reminiscent of Talking Heads and Eno.

"Are they? I never realised. My conscience wouldn't let me take something deliberately from another person..."

You seem very influenced by David Bowie.

"I can't avoid it. He's influenced the whole music scene. I could have been more when I was younger. Have I taken anything from him? We may have similar attitudes that crossover but I was really brought up on soul music. I revert to that, it's stable. We used to play traditional soul sets until we did it to death."

FROM WHAT AN outsider can gather a Japan tour is a rather sedate and civilised affair. They travel in a small bus that smells of puke ("that's the laminate

cupboards") where they listen to J. S. Strauss. They are chaperoned by an amiable bodyguard called John whose main role is to fend off the attentions of young women.

Japan's biggest market is the country Japan, where they can regularly pack out the massive Budokan stadium. Here they are literally treated like gods, or successors to The Beatles. Sylvian finds this ironic and doesn't enjoy it.

"There's no attitude in the music that the glam tag can be applied to. Even when we started I didn't think we were glam because that implies something theatrical, whereas we lived the part off stage. I won't drop my image to suit anybody but in Japan it's frustrating because we work hard on a show and the girls scream so much they can't hear it."

Now the screaming and mobbing has started to happen in England.

"It's so out of context with what we do! That's why I feel we're not achieving anything by touring except to satisfy people's curiosity."

How much longer do you plan to be in this group?

"I'm already doing it longer than I thought I would. When we started I thought I'd enjoy the audience reaction but now I've experienced it I don't like it anymore."

Judging from the first night house at Nottingham's Rock City the potential for a mass Japan following is enormous.

"Yes, our audience has tripled in three months. I dunno if they're into the pose or the music. I got the feeling we could have been any one of a number of bands and they would still turn up."

Do you like the new futurist movement?

"No. I feel neutral about it mostly. I don't see them and what I hear on the radio I don't care for."

Karn, who has provided musical assistance for Gary Numan on the LP 'Dance' and featured on his singles packages, is more specific. "The best thing about it is the fashion. The music will die — it already is dated and superficial."

Decadent?

"The fashionable side of decadence. It isn't unhealthy."

Does Sylvian take any interest in

fashion?

"No. I enjoy dressing for myself but it isn't an extension of my character anymore. I often dress quite conventional."

Is video an appealing medium for Japan?

"No. Certainly not video discs. They kill the imagination."

Japan's individual members are more interested in plastic or traditional art. Karn is an extremely accomplished sculptor who has exhibited with huge success in London. He's entirely self-taught. Sylvian's brother, drummer Steve Jensen, is a useful photographer Anton Corbijn informs me, adding "I like people who are good at more than one thing but don't talk about it."

Indeed there is such a lack of pretension about these boys that rather than having been stifled by a hype or an image that doesn't suit the climate Japan's biggest problem now is a lack of any substantial visual character.

Unlike, say, Spandau Ballet, who for some reason have had opinion polarise around them, Japan are not known to be vile or fab enough for the press to exploit.

In Sylvian's considered opinion "people either love it or they aren't interested at all. I know lots of people like that."

True. I don't know anyone who actively hates Japan or their music. Maybe that's the trouble. Perhaps they'll have to do something really outrageous like grow-beards and affect beer guts.

Is their beauty only skin deep after all?



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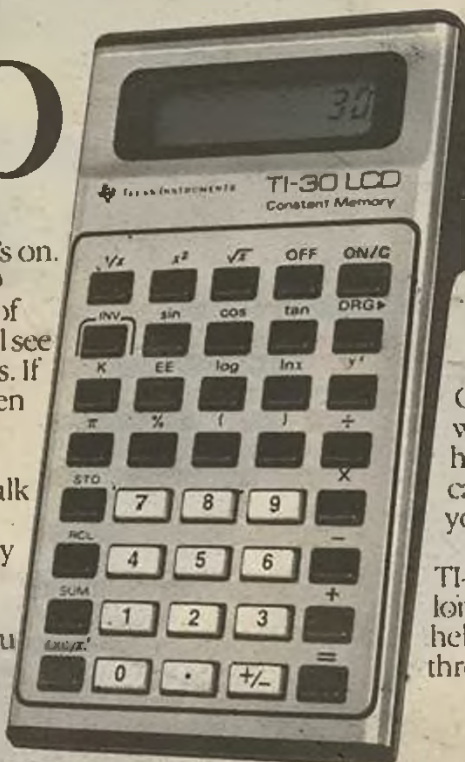
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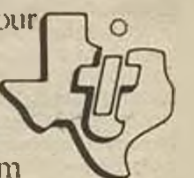
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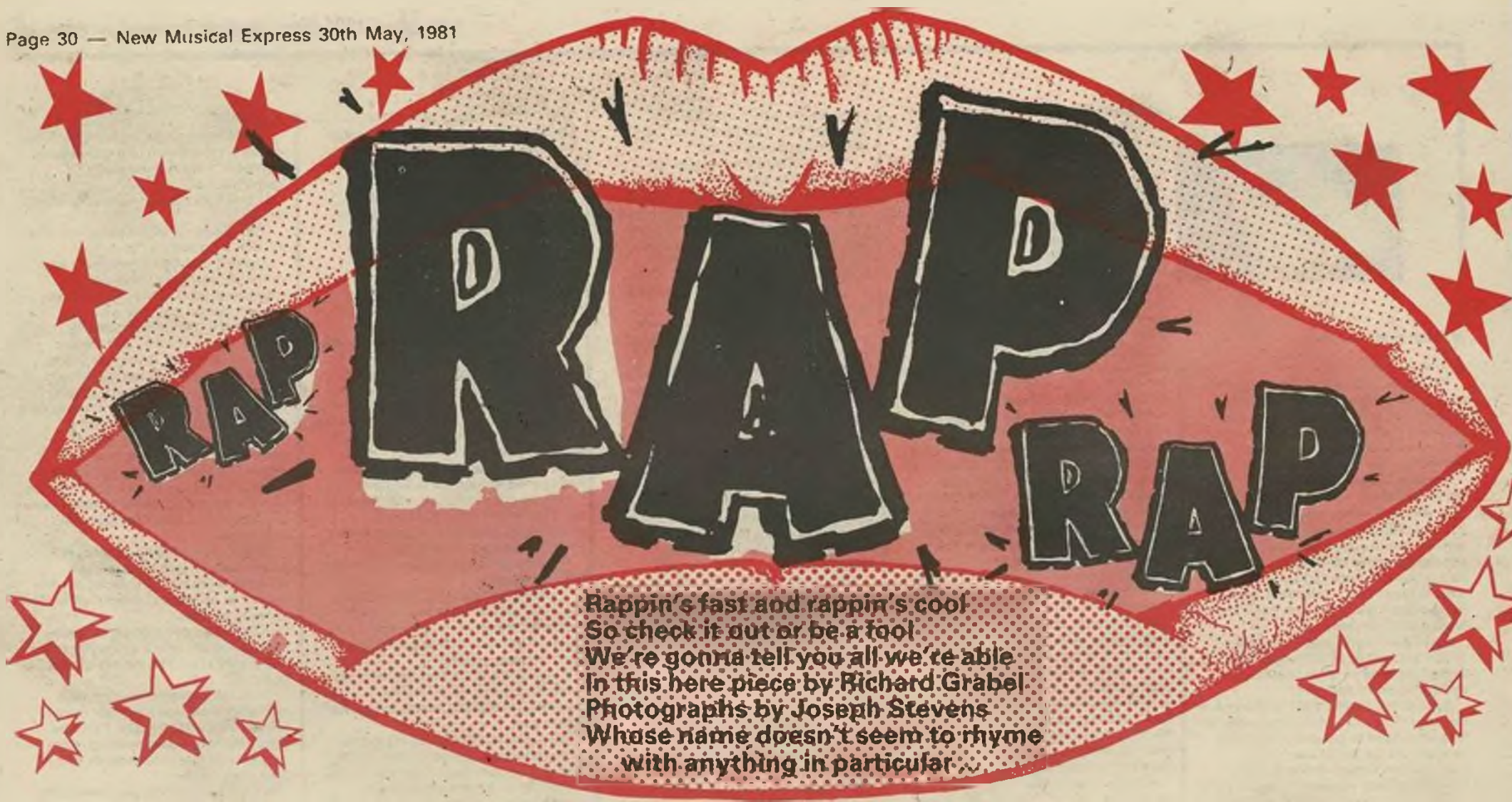
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LAST SUMMER, when Kurtis Blow's 'The Breaks' was the sound of New York city, sceptics said it was a novelty hit and that 'rapping' would never last. They were wrong.

Naturally enough Kurtis Blow's album turned out to be a disappointment — he records for a major label, and major labels still think in terms of albums. Rapping is a music made for singles. 12" singles, whose liberating opportunities for stretching out and riding a beat the form fully explores.

As is so often the case with something black and streetwise, it took a white interpretation (white wash?) to make it palatable for mass consumption. So Blondie's 'Rapture' hitting the top of the pop charts in the States finally pushed rap music over the line that divides minority cults from true pop crazes. Suddenly, rap is the thing to dance to, to play at parties, to be curious about. A form instigated by black teenagers in the South Bronx is becoming indispensable for blacks and whites catching up to the new funk.

Blondie at least had the decency to acknowledge their debt. "Flash is fast, Flash is cool" (a Harry murmurs, introducing her rap. The line refers to Grandmaster Flash, the leading light of rap, the king of the quick mix, the Bronx's fastest fingers on the turntables. The man is fast and cool, so cool he's even cold to pass interviews. Three times I had been set to meet him and the Furious Five, and three times they had cancelled.

The third time, I called Flash at home in the Bronx to make sure he was coming. A man identifying himself as "Flash's secretary" took the call. "Can you send a car up here for us?" he wanted to know.

I explained that I had no car. "Well you know we ain't even getting paid to do this?" Flash's secretary said. I said they were getting paid in ink.

"In ink?"

In publicity. Spread the fame of Flash. Turn more people on to rapping. OK, the secretary said, they'd be there. They never showed.

Which goes to show that with rap we're not dealing with a well-oiled mechanism of the music biz machinery. Rap is mostly from and for kids who know more about street hustling than media hustling. It's marketed mostly by entrepreneurs more interested in fast money than such niceties as royalty payments.

The rap youth are fresh-faced and naive, which is part of their charm, but also leads to them being frequently exploited. Everything about the rap phenomenon, from the strutting bass lines to the way the records are distributed, is funky, grass roots. So when I interview the Funky Four Plus One, they wind up asking me questions about the business, like how long they should have to wait before getting paid by their record company. They are amazed to discover they should be entitled to regular accountings. The whole phenomenon harkens back to the days of the late '40s early '50s when scores of local operations sold what were called "race records" for the black juke joint market. There's a similar widespread lack of square dealing, but against that a lot of adventurous music is getting slapped quickly onto vinyl.

Rap is putting its roots out everywhere,

making itself felt. James Brown does 'Rap Payback'. Junie Morrison does 'Rappin About Rappin'. Coatl Mundi (Andy Hernandez of Kid Creole) appropriates the form for 'Me No Pop I'. Lakeside stick some rap into 'Fantastic Voyage'. The Clash dub it up on 'The Magnificent Seven' and get played on black radio station WBLS for their trouble. Talk about crossover!

Rap is growing and moving. The records are starting to catch up with the action on the street — meaning the house parties, block parties and clubs. The fancy turntable work pioneered by Flash is finally being recorded. This involves cutting back and forth between two turntables with the same record, to reconstruct the record — the famed "quick mix" — and also manipulating the turntables manually to get a phrase of music, or a beat, or a word, to play over and over. You can hear this stuff on Flash's 'The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel' (Sugarhill) and on Trickeration's 'Rap Bounce Rock-Skate' (Sound of New York).

There are new arrangements and textures. Bambaataa's 'Zulu Nation Thrown Down' (Paul Winley) is built on a spare, soothing, organ-and-bass sound, almost a Young Marble Giants of rap.

And rap keeps reaching out to other contemporary disco/funk for ideas, then throwing them back with new moves added. The Treacherous Three's 'Feel The Heartbeat'

(Enjoy) borrows the bass line of Tanya Gardner's 'Heartbeat' and uses it cunningly.

But the Funky Four Plus One's 'That's The Joint' (Sugarhill) is still the rhythmic paradigm of the form. The rap-rhyming is almost choral in arrangement, the five voices cutting back and forth in counterpoint, teasing the beat, pulling back and then rushing to the break — "That's the joint" chanted in unison. The backing track is impeccable. If you're only going to buy one rap record, this is the one.

Though Grandmaster Flash played hard to get, it wasn't hard to get the Funky Four Plus One to talk. It was hard to get them to stop. They treat being interviewed and photographed as something new, maybe even a good excuse for a party. They come bounding into Joe Stevens' studio with tape box blaring (mostly old Motown), ready for anything. Yet they're shy enough to freeze up when the camera starts clicking — they're not used to it. When we talk, one of them — Jazzy Jeff — never says a word, but it soon turns into a jumble of voices spilling over each other, all agreeing, all shouting and rushing to make the same point.

The Funky Four Plus One are Kevin Smith, Keith Caesar, Rodney Stone, Jeff Miree and Sharon Green. "And don't forget our DJ," they tell me. "Keith Williams, known as DJ Breakout. He's it. If he mess up, we mess up." They are better known by their rapping tags — K.K. Rockwell, Keith Keith, Little Rodney C.,

Jazzy Jeff and Sha-Rock. As in:
"I'm K.K. Rockwell 'cause I rock so well
Everytime you hear my name it rings a bell
I'm Keith Keith you can call me Keith Caesar
The reason why I'm a woman pleaser
I'm Sha-Rock and I can't be stopped
For all the fly guys gonna hit the top."

TAGS ARE very important in rap, and in this rap is related to another important activity of New York's ghetto kids — subway graffiti, or "writing", as it's called. Graffiti has been called "a postcard from the ghetto to the rest of the city". We're not talking about casual squiggles or vandalism. The real "writers" are artists executing complex designs with amazing graphic technique and eye for colour. The most common motif is a stylized rendition of the writer's tag — *Blade*, *Futura 2000* and *Seen* are among the current leaders.

Rappers and writers both aim for a high recognition factor, so repeating the tag becomes important. It's a matter of assertiveness, proclaiming one's bravado and style, reaching for stardom in a star-obsessed society.

I put it to the Funky Four Plus One that what they and the graffiti writers do is an advertisement to the world, saying "I'm coming up from the bottom and here I am." Rockwell: "That's what it is."





Sha-Rock: "That's why we put so much into it. 'Cause we came a long way, and we want to get recognized for what we did."

Another form of ghetto youth culture related to rapping is breaking, a competitive dance that involves executing complicated acrobatic movements. The guys in the Funky Four Plus One, like a lot of other rappers, started out by teaming up for breaking competitions in the local parks.

Rodney: "That was before rapping started. It was B-Boying, wild dancing, on the floor, spinning around. The MCs, all they used to say was 'B-boys, are you ready?' and the B-Boys would get down. It'd be sides, like me and him would break against some others."

Keith: "Same with the DJ battles; my equipment against his, my crew against his crew. It started in the parks. Everybody used to bring out their sets and play out."

Rockwell: "Then it got to a certain point where one DJ would go to another DJ's area and they'd have battles. You'd curse the other DJ out, you know, saying 'I'm the best, you take your trash home'."

Keith: "It was DJs and B-Boys. All the groups had MCs but the MC wasn't into rhyming or unity yet, they were just talking, like radio announcers. Then it got to a point where somebody started 'Hip, hop, hip hipity hop' and 'To the beat y'all, freaky y'all.' And people started wanting to hear that."

What records did you B-Boy to?

Keith: "Breaking records, fast records. Like James Brown, 'Sex Machine', 'Apache' by the Incredible Bongo Band, Sly and the Family Stone..."

Rockwell: "Anything that was really funky."

Rodney: "Our group back then was the Brothers Disco. This is how we'd do our party: we'd play some freaky music, then a lot of B-Boying. Then we'd play slow records. Then we'd tell them it was over and where we were gonna play next time."

Keith: "If you did a good show you could be sure that people they'd definitely be there when you'd play again."

Rodney: "They when we started hip-hopping, we'd always use hit records. If a DJ played a record and everybody liked it, we'd make a routine off that record."

"At first the MCs didn't do rhymes, just little sayings that the people started getting into. They started hearing it so much they started liking it. Then it got into long raps. First it was just one MC, then two. People used to think that five MCs would never work out. We were the first group with five MCs."

Sha-Rock: "Then later everyone had this five or that five. Furious Five, Fantastic Five, Fabulous Five."

Keith: "The people that used to follow the DJs, like DJ Hollywood, they used to be against Hip-hop. We're young teenagers, and Hollywood and them, they had a mature crowd. It was looked on as something for

kids."

Sha-Rock: "Until they had to get into it 'cause that was what the younger crowds would come to see."

Rodney: "Back then there wasn't too many places in the Bronx that would let hip-hoppers in their clubs. 'Cause the younger crowds were wild, and a lotta people were scared, they didn't want a lotta kids in there who didn't know how to act."

The rap clubs in the Bronx are still looked on as dangerous by most whites.

Keith: "Well, sometimes they'd be fighting, like people from different territories. If I was with one group and you was with another group and you stepped on my shoes I might want to start something with you. But it wasn't really wild."

Jeff: "It wasn't about fighting or nothing. Everybody'd just be dancing and we'd be hip-hopping and it was a good party."

Where's it happening now?

Rodney: "Right now it's in the roller skating rinks, and the T-Connection, and the Disco Fever. Now people will be skating while we're hip-hopping."

After being in various combinations, the group as they are now got together in the summer of '78. Sha-Rock, Little Rodney C, Jazzy Jeff and Raheem, now of the Furious Five, were the original Funky Four, in '77. They introduced the first female MC.

Rodney: "She was the first girl rapper in the

world. Now some girls are saying they're Sha-Rock, or they're Little Sha-Rock. You see groups using our tags."

Rockwell: "It was more like a boys' sport, like basketball. You wouldn't figure a girl to be doing it."

Sha, did you worry people wouldn't accept you?

Sha-Rock: "No, because when I started it was just beginning, the MC thing. I didn't feel awkward because I started when it all started."

Rockwell: "Eventually it got to all girl MCs and girl DJs."

Keith: "But they die."

Rockwell: "'Cause it takes skill. You can't do it just for the gimmick. It won't last long."

Are the raps and routines hard to memorize?

Rodney: "At first. You just say them over and over. You're sitting on a bus and people start looking at you."

Sha-Rock: "I used to stay up late practising and my mother used to say 'Child, when are you going to sleep?' That was my whole life."

The stories start to sound like something out of the Coasters' 'Yakety-Yak'.

Rockwell: "My mother used to say, 'Boy you better go to sleep, you failed this test, you failed that test, you better stop that dancing and running around in the street'."

Sha-Rock: "My mother too. She'd say 'Stop going into them juke joints'."

BY 1979 the Funky Four Plus One and Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five were the two top rap groups, the kings of the Bronx. Every weekend they jammed 'em in at the T-Connection, the Back Door and the Spot. Then the Sugarhill Gang came out of nowhere (Englewood, New Jersey, actually) with 'Rapper's Delight', and the Bronx kids got a shock.

Keith: "When Sugarhill came out we had everything planned to make a record, we just didn't have anybody to make a record for."

Rodney: "After Sugarhill came out with a record we knew we had to do it, 'cause they was getting all the credit. We were the original street rappers. None of them knew how it felt to be out in the street or play in a club till four in the morning."

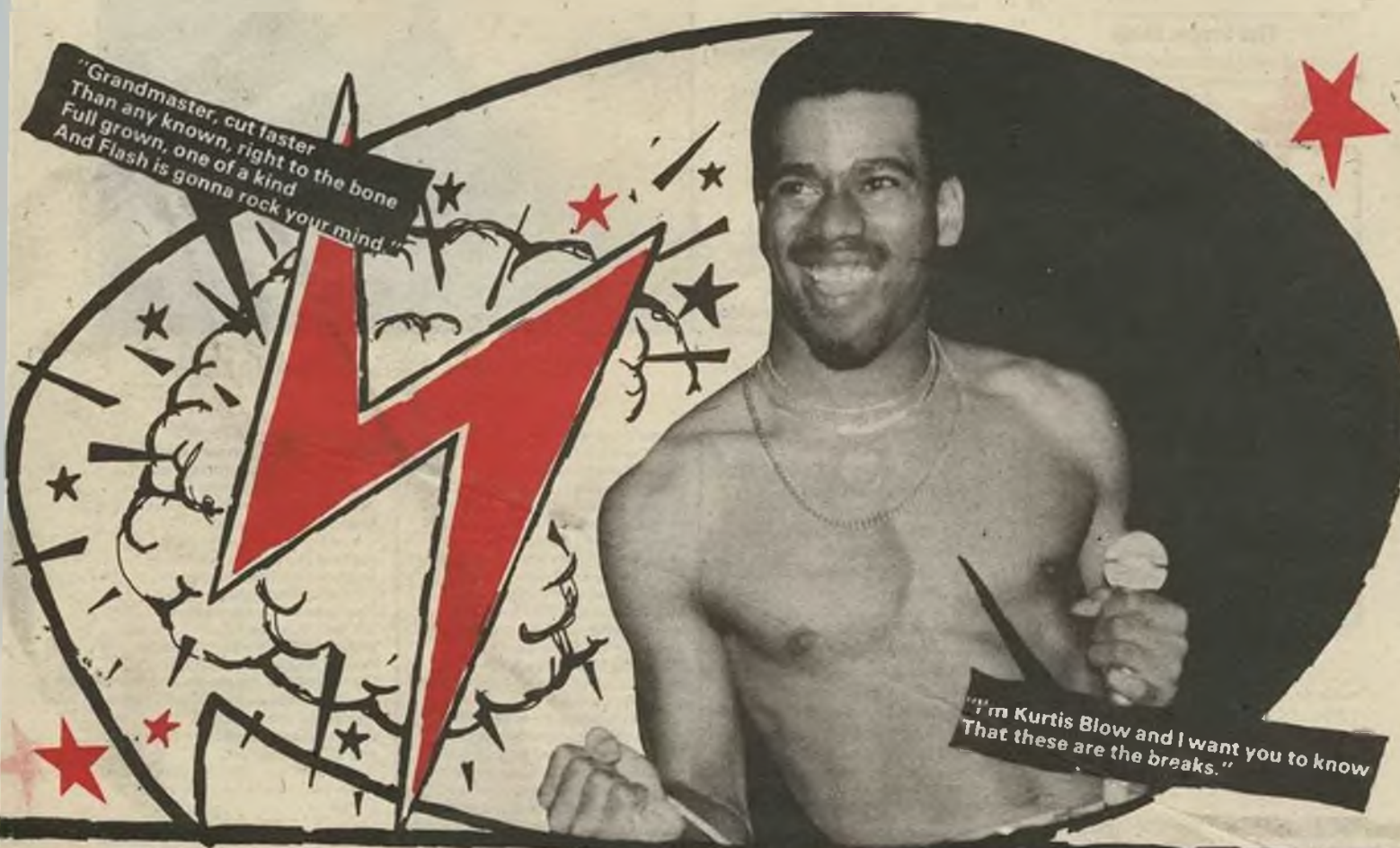
The chance for both groups came in the form of Bobby Robinson, who runs the Enjoy label out of a Harlem record shop. In the late '50s early '60s Robinson recorded The Channels, Gladys Knight and the Pips and Lee Dorsey. In the last three years he has been one of the sharpest talent scouts on the rap scene, putting out the first records by the Funky Four Plus One and Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five. Currently he's got the Treacherous Three and the Disco Four in his stable.

Robinson's problem has been holding on to his charges. Both Flash and the Funky Four left Enjoy after one record, enticed over to Sylvia Robinson's (no relation) expanding Sugarhill label.

Grandmaster Flash and the Five did their best record so far, 'Supperappin', for Enjoy, but the Funky Four Plus One really flowered after the move. Coincidentally, the riff they brought in for 'That's The Joint' gave the Sugarhill house band its finest hour.

Keith: "Miss Robinson came to us. She sent her scouts out to a couple of our parties, and they liked us, and they asked us if we'd like to

■ Continues over



From previous page

get down with Sugarhill."

Rodney: "We thought, well, they were the first one to start it, so it would be to our advantage to get down with them."

Keith: "But she didn't pump our records like we were expecting her to pump it."

Rockwell: "We figured people like punchlines, like 'that's the breaks'. So we made a record with a punch line, 'that's the joint'. We figured we'd wake up one morning and hear it on the radio. But she's not pushing it. (Actually it's played on the radio and in clubs frequently). We know how cool we are."

Rodney: "And she knows. But being that she produced the Gang first she wants them to always be number one."

Sha-Rock: "But it can't be like that too long, 'cause if you say you are number one you got to live up to it."

Rodney: "We can't just go out and say, 'Hey, we were the first.' We got to show them."

"We could make a record a day. We see what happens in the street. We get ideas there."

AS AN EXAMPLE of instant street culture, rap is almost too good to be true. It captures the mood and swing and sass and swagger of ghetto kids in a way no music has for years.

Which makes it dangerous to analyse, because it's too easy to play instant sociologist with this stuff. There is a tendency among the white, downtown art elite in New York to treat rap as exotica to be put on display. It's telling that the first performance by a rap group downtown was the Funky Four Plus One's appearance at The Kitchen, not a club but a SoHo "artist's space".

That was late '79. Last month, a "Sugarhill Night" at The Ritz demonstrated the commercial ascendancy of rap. It was packed. The crowd wasn't the arty cognoscenti but just anyone who'd heard this funny talking stuff at a club or on a passing box and got hooked. They weren't there for detached observation. They got down!

Sha-Rock: "A lot of people at The Ritz we knew from the places we played like the Mudd Club or The Kitchen. We went out ourselves to play places like that so we'd get known to people down this way."

If rap is so dripping with authenticity it's in danger of being put on a pedestal, by the same token it's too much a grass roots movement to go away. The kids on the street dig it too much. Rap is going to be heard, it's going to sneak into all kinds of funk and dance music. It's going to have children and bastard children and hybrids of all sorts.

It's going to put you to a test. How much of that beat can you stand before your mind or your feet cave in? To the beat 'n' all.



SYLVIA ROBINSON goes way back. She started out as a young teenager, recording for Atlantic under the name Little Sylvia, scoring a multi-million seller, 'Love Is Strange' (Groove) in 1956 on a duet as Mickey and Sylvia. In 1974, as Sylvia, she had a disco hit with 'Pillow Talk' (Vibration), a record that paved the way for the simulated sex of early Donna Summer.

In '75 Sylvia and her husband Joe Robinson took the profits from 'Pillow Talk' and set up All-Platinum Records in headquarters in Englewood, New Jersey. All-Platinum had Shirley and Co. ('Shame Shame Shame'), The Moments (now doing business as Ray, Goodman and Brown) and earlier-era holdovers Chuck Jackson and Hank Ballard. Sylvia started writing and producing for The Moments.



All-Platinum eventually faded out. In '79 it was revived, using the same offices and studio, as Sugarhill Records. Sylvia created a rap group, the Sugarhill Gang, to go with the label. Their 'Rapper's Delight' first put rapping on the map.

How did she come to sign Grandmaster Flash and the Funky Four?

"I knew of these kids from the Bronx. I had heard tapes of them and my kids were playing the rap records the other companies were putting out. The first Grandmaster Flash record really knocked me out. I felt if I had put that out I could have brought it all the way home. They are really natural street rappers."



And then by chance they were brought to me and I was just tickled."

Robinson wouldn't elaborate on who brought them and why. So I asked about the fabulous Sugarhill house band.

"They're the same musicians that travel with the Sugarhill Gang on tour. I put them together as a band, with the group."

"There's Doug Wimbish on bass, a white drummer named Keith Labianc, Bernard Alexander on guitar, a horn section called

Chops. The arrangements are by Clifton Chase. We call him Jigs."

"Our concept is done before we even go into the studio. On 'That's The Joint', the musical ideas came from a record that the Funky Four brought in by Taste of Honey, and we added the funk part to it. We take bits and pieces of stuff and add our own funk."

The Sugarhill Gang's borrowing of the bass line from Chic's 'Good Times' in fact began a tradition of rap records borrowing rhythms from more mainstream disco/funk.

I asked Robinson if she had got complaints from Chic.

"We had so many complaints from everybody but Chic. Everybody was very nosy about it."

But no threats of lawsuits?

"No. Chic made money off it, so there's no problem there. They were credited. (My copy of the record indicates they weren't). They may have made more money off my record than they did off their own."

The company has had a good year?

"Oh, thank God."

What are you doing right? Everyone else says business is bad.



"I'd say God has been good to me. Because I have known bad times too. You have to have hit records. But you have to go with different records and different ideas, because the market has changed so much. Sometimes they catch on, if you're lucky. I've been lucky."

What about the majors moving in on rap? Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic was at the Ritz for the Sugarhill show.

"Yeah, did you see him hug and kiss me? I used to record for him, when I was thirteen years old."

"They have to recognize what's selling. Blondie number one with a rap song and all. They may not like it but they have to deal with it."

Your friends may already know...

Foot odour doesn't stay tied up in your shoes

Every time you take a step, you pump foot odour into the air around you, because everyone has a little foot odour. You may not smell it because you've grown used to your own odour. But other people do! And shoes can't keep the "news" from getting out.

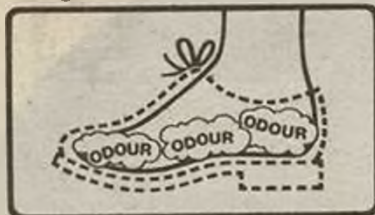
That's why you need ODOREATERS... a unique blend of powerful, odour destroying charcoal with anti-bacterial fabric. ODOREATERS insoles "eat-up" the odour of feet, socks, shoes and absorb perspiration for 3 months. Guaranteed! And because ODOREATERS are foam soft, you'll walk with an extra cushion of comfort, too.

ODOREATERS are available where foot care products are sold.



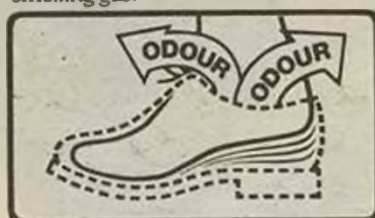
The Sweat Shop

Temperatures can reach 65°C here. If you start to sweat at 31°C think of your poor feet. And they can't even get a cooling drink.



The Smell Factory

When sweating starts, bacteria go to work. Result? A very potent, foul-smelling gas.



The Pumping Station

Think of the bottom of your foot as a bellows or air pump. Every time you lift your foot and step down again, it circulates air... not just inside your shoe but out of the side of your shoe as well. Congratulations. You've just polluted the air with your own very personal odour.



Combe OdorEaters
because foot odour doesn't just stay in your shoes

TOSHIBA COMPETITION RESULTS

IF YOU THINK we were besieged with takers when we announced the NME-Rough Trade C81 Cassette, then you should have seen the response when we offered to take your ears walkies the Toshiba way!

Walk Away With a WALKY was the challenge. Ten Toshiba (KT-S2) Personal Stereo Cassette Players (and snap-in FM tuner) were the bait.

All a reader had to do to Walk Away With a WALKY was to tell us precisely what music they'd select to play on a WALKY if they found themselves in the following three situations:

- (1) In Bed
- (2) In Space
- (3) In Trouble.

Predictably we received scores of 'The Bed's Too Big Without You', 'Space Oddity' and 'Help!' — but having sifted through the thousands of entries and getting it down to 10 finalists, it was 18-year-old Fiona Reid from Bradford who scooped everyone with these selections:

- (1) 'I'm Always Touched (By Your Presence Dear)' — Blondie
- (2) 'Blinded By The Light' — Bruce Springsteen
- (3) 'Going Underground' — The Jam.

Currently the envy of all her friends, Fiona claims: "Allowing for baths and sleep, my Toshiba WALKY is more or less a permanent fixture about my person."

And if, over the next few weeks, you see someone in your neighbourhood going WALKY it could be any of the following

"I walked away with a Walky!"



Pic: David Corio

— says winner Fiona Read (above)

runners-up, who each receive a Toshiba KT-S2:
David Griffiths from Kidderminster (very droll, Dave — he put Cristina's 'Is That All There Is!' for all three categories); Steve Chomlak from Slough (Steve reckons he'd play Max Bygraves' 'Deck Of Cards' if he were in trouble — and he'd deserve to be); Mrs J. I. Martin of Burgess Hill (who insists her third choice would be Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March') or R. Hamilton from Glasgow, who would 'Blame It On The Stones'.
Annette Small from Walsall claims her reason to be portable as 'I want to annoy people with my singing'. Keith Lindsay up there in Tamworth would play The Beach Boys' 'I Get Around' if lost

in space and Chris David of Walthamstow, London, says Doris Day's 'Move Over Darling' is a most appropriate song to play in bed. We daren't tell you what Annette Small chose...
In closing, we particularly enjoyed the entries from G. Thompson (Worthing) and A. Lambson (Hartlepool).
Thompson's three shots were (1) 'Oh Bondage Up Yours' — Joyce McKinney (2) 'Rocket To Russia' — Ronald Reagan (3) 'Another Brick In The Wall' — Jimmy Boyle. Lambson selected three imaginary Eno tapes: music for (1) sleepwalking, (2) spacewalking and (3) running fast.
And that's it. Winners please allow two weeks for delivery of prizes.

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN Heaven Up Here (Korova)

MOODY BLUE in silhouette, four figures standing stranded on the sands; the last new wave has ebbed away and our furry friends have fixed their gaze on new horizons — the misty majestic mountains of distant Wales. A flock of seagulls scatters, panicked by some unseen disturbing force... 'Heaven Up Here', the picture says, and you-know-what below. Ah yes, reading everything into nothing is symbol when you know how. Enough: time we took the plunge.

One, two, three... it's the music inside that counts. Such music! Echo And The Bunnymen have moved on yet again, and, in moving, made more moving music than they've ever done before. 'Heaven Up Here', the group's "all-important second album", as we say in the trade, is a reserved sort of work, one that calls for time to know and grow. Four plays on, and all I thought of 'HUH' was — huh! Gone the instant, clicky charm of those early single tracks, the easy appeal of the last (first) LP. This one might take a while, crocodile, but patience yields a rich reward. Now, I think I love it.

The EP they put out recently, you'll remember, gave the group a taste of real chart recognition, which was gratifying. But it also had them sounding suspiciously like A. N. Other Rock Band, which was worrying. In that respect we can rest assured now, because however far they've developed from the fragile, idiosyncratic character of 'Pictures On My Wall', 'Villiers Terrace' and so on, the new noise on offer here belongs to the Bunnymen alone. 'Heaven Up Here' is

darker yet more passionate — where before they were cautious, detached — and softer yet more powerful. Power, as this music proves, is not the preserve of men with wide mouths and gatecrashing guitars. Power arises out of emotions, properly expressed. Side one soon sets the tone and the tempo: strong and sombre on the surface, warm and alive beneath. 'Show Of Strength' opens, followed with 'With A Hip', 'Over The Wall' and 'It Was A Pleasure'. It was. Twin impressions: the dramatically matured voice of Ian

McCulloch — increasingly ambitious, and successfully so — and the improving musicianship of Sergeant, Pattinson and de Freitas. What the arrangements have lost in delicacy, they've gained in fluency and scope. And while we're at it, one big *Crackerjack* pencil to producer Hugh Jones, whose handling of the group's progression never falters.

Special mention must go to the first side's closer: 'A Promise' is the album's giant. Melody is rarely one of the Bunnymen's strong points, but this one is beautiful —

haunted by fine, plaintive vocals that flirt with desperation, almost a broken moan in places (I Mac as a true Bunny wailer), sealing the song's status as perhaps the classic Echo track to date.

'HUH', the title cut, gets the second side going in vigorous fashion. 'The Disease' is short, morbid and strange. Next is 'All My Colours' — like 'Promise', it's one of the first landmarks to form in the mind's eye as you first explore the record's dark and unfamiliar territory. Jangling guitar and some subdued chant-singing merge in with an, um, tribal(ish) beat — Pete

LPs

de Freitas' finest three-point-something moments, actually — to produce an unusual and welcome addition to the set. 'No Dark Things', 'Turquoise Days' and 'All I Want' complete the whole affair, restoring the style and atmosphere of the beginning with a satisfying unity. It could be charged that the new songs lean too heavily on

atmosphere — I can hear cries of 'pretension' and 'indulgence' coming from the other side of a sand dune — and it's true that the lyrics deal in mood more than meaning. (Hats off to Del Shannon, though, in 'Over The Wall', where his immortal lines "I'm walking in the rain/To end this misery" sit snugly next to snatches of McCullochian angst like "The monkey on my back/Won't stop laughing".) Little point, you might think, in dropping the smokescreen and camouflage, only to replace them with the metaphorical variety. Well, the wilful obscurity rap would stick if it weren't for one thing — the emotional power of Mac's voice itself, and of the players themselves, to communicate something to the listener on their own terms.

There's a touch of the epic to this LP, a touch of the grandiose. It's a development I was uneasy about myself for quite some time — and if you cherish the hesitant Bunnies of old then you could resent this new-found confidence. More rushed, I suppose, than the long-standing repertoire of the first set, these 'Heavens' songs are vague, unfocused. But burrow down and, believe me, you'll unearth a work of substance.

Meanwhile on Merseyside the evening falls, and paper men gather on every street corner, calling their name: Echo... Echo... Echo... Enough said. Paul Du Noyer

A promise

VARIOUS ARTISTS Mutant Disco (A subtle dislocation of the norm) (Ze Records)

AT THE END of the 70s Michael Zilkha, New York theatre critic and heir to the Mothercare clothing emporium, teamed with French T-shirt designer Michel Estaban to form Ze Records. Ze Records materialised and developed around an exciting upsurge in New York music which was to encompass a whole host of styles with awesome integrity and finesse. It shaped up to the post 'Saturday Night Fever' special club mix, the anarchic club funk of James Chance, the pulsebeat of the city's ethnic music, and by revising visions of the swing and torch song eras produced colourful and many-sided talents on all the old angles.

With many of their singles only available at the falsely inflated price of a 12 inch single, none of the more attractive Ze pioneers and revivalists having played Britain and an all too predictable desire to annex the performers into a precious cult, it's quite possible you may not have encountered what is some of the most involved and involving music around. If so point yourself in the direction of 'Mutant Disco' (admittedly a somewhat misleading title) and see how music can make you move, your heart swing and satisfy your head. 'Mutant Disco' is a collection of the most thrilling 12 inch singles of the year, 1980, and is a must for anyone who loves music.

(re)production still intact. The complicated history and fragmentation of Kild Creole and The Coconuts is a whole story in itself but suffice to say any group masterminded by the staggeringly talented August Darnell is bound to dominate any compilation on which they appear. So it is on side one of this album with Coati Mundi, Gichi Dan and Don Armando's Second Avenue Rhumba Band all being "shots off the Coconuts main block", according to the telling sleeve notes by Ian Penman (not the DJ from Newcastle) and of course The Coconuts themselves make a superb record with their reworked version of 'Mardi Gras' (a song which is a pool of sidemen who play with elegance and energy, restraint and resolve, it would

seem that Darnell holds all the ace cards and the others' skill is knowing when and where to play them. Not so! the 'Gichi Dan' track and the Don Armando tracks feature sidemen, notably producer Ron Rogers, and present sidemen, adding new dimensions to the situations and schemes already expressed by Darnell. It's the difference between falling in love, making love and the humour in 'affairs' where roles and myths can

influence or alienate prospective sweethearts. 'Gichi Dan' is a splendid symphony rolling its way over popular mythology — stretching it out and turning it about — perhaps the smoothest and classiest Ze sound on the album, with expansive disco orchestration inspired more by Motown than electro innovations or tropical transformations, it moves with a nubile and engrossing bass into a

steamy boggle. Between Fonda Rae's super-vamp on 'Deputy Of Love' and the Coconuts' soft focus maiden blushing in a tizzy, this great big flashy hedonistic carnival shows the idiosyncrasy of submitting to set roles, of trying to reverse them... the very acceptance of the things. It's a glorious sun-drenched world of inter-relationships and inter-musical treats, trapezing from era to era and idiom to idiom with ease and agility. Over on side two the Ze set-up shows its adaptability and versatility with old faces

in new positions, matched with what appear to be partners and ideas from the opposite end of the spectrum to which they usually work in. But then the whole idea of Ze is precisely to topple such expectations and tear down such barriers. None Hendrix, formerly lead singer with Labelle, sings with Material on the rush single 'Bustin' Out' and both performances have a marvellous cutting edge of energetic pride. However there's a squealing guitar which works itself up to a screeching end of song solo which is the one black mark on the whole LP. But the track still bodes well for the future recordings of Material, now on Ze after having released their first two singles through independent labels.

Was (Not Was) present what is probably the most staggering track on the album with its space age bass, abrasive arc of background guitar and heavy-lidded lyric all linked together by a compulsive electro-synth drum rhythm warmed and nurtured out of its usual staleness. Wayne Kramer, formerly of MC5, and out of prison after a seven-year stretch, is featured on this one along with a large portion of Parliament and Ray Charles' trumpet player. The track is masterminded by Don Fagenson, again a whole new sound.

To understand that what works in hard times is good times, while others get into silly political prancing, physical pouncing and apocalyptic there's a party in NYC and everybody's invited. If you miss it I'll feel sorry for you.

Twisting

RICHARD STRANGE The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange (Virgin)

IN 1913, the Russian poet Vladimir Mayakovsky presented a one-man play entitled *Vladimir Mayakovsky: A Tragedy*, in which, attired in toga and laurel wreath, he celebrated his poetic genius, chanting his own name as he ascended into heaven. Boris Pasternak said of the play "The title contained the discovery (there was genius in its simplicity) that the poet is not the author but the object of lyric poetry, addressing the world in the first person. The title was not the author's name but the description of contents."

And so it is with pop music: the eponymous album, the incessant self-obsession, the infatuation with image, all serve to emphasise the

position of rock star as object of rock music. With *The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange*, this implication becomes overt, as the fictional alter-ego steps stage centre and demands attention.

I'd rather not take this too seriously, thanks.

As a political tract, an expression of Richard Strange's innermost thoughts and theories, *The Phenomenal Rise* makes a fine soap opera. Come looking for ideology and you'll need a pretty high resolution microscope to make out anything of substance at all.

This isn't too surprising: there are no "politics" in this album for the simple reason that Strange has no politics other than himself. His claim, on the demise of the Doctors, that he intended to move into politics can perhaps best be viewed as the expression of

an unslaked ego lacking the means to make substance of dreams. Strange would like the acclaim, the power, without the responsibility. Perhaps it's just as well he didn't make out politically. "Europe welcomes Richard Strange", indeed!

Hence this "political fantasy", a *Mein Kampf* daydream of *realpolitik* machinations rather than theory — none of your namby-pamby "issues" here, we're talking about the nuts and bolts of sheer POWER! — and possibly an exorcism of Strange's darker urges, in that his megalomaniac musings have manifested themselves in a form which implies their sublimation. Butter before guns, so to speak.

Musically, the album is a big disappointment. Apart from a few moments where the ghost of Wigwam can be sensed wandering darkly around in the background, the

music accords fairly strictly with "old world" rocky archetypes of a particularly dull and leaden kind. There's a pleasantly 'Euro' feel to the opening chords of the title-track — not in a hackneyed, 'moderne' sense, but more as a kind of urbane, Mediterranean sensitivity — that drowns all too quickly in the flood of melodramatic bombast which follows.

This track is, nonetheless, one of the three highspots on the LP, the others being an exhilarating 'On Top Of The World' (I think we get the picture, Richard) and the long available 45 'International Language'. Other than these, only the nouveau rockabilly of 'Gutter Press' lightens what is actually a pretty turgid scheme of things, a dull stodge which reaches a nadir with the execrable 'Who Cries For Me' (Argentina?). This godawful sentimental mess has some of the most dreadful backing vocals you're ever likely to hear, courtesy of, amongst others, Positive Noise's Ross Middleton.

In a sense, *The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange* is an album whose *real* story (taken on its own amoral terms) lies in the way it reaches us: the timing, the subtle but effective promotional build-up, the import-only 'Live Rise' foretaste, the new career with a new label... sometimes the less-than-phenomenal rise is the one to watch.

Andy Gill

Take a bow

The Psychedelic Furs Talk Talk Talk (CBS)

About The Weather... Magazine
Chequered Love... Kim Wilde
Stand And Deliver... Adam And The Ants
Candy Skin... Fire Engines
It's A Love Thing... Whispers
Nightclubbing... Grace Jones
Alles Ist Gut... D.A.F.
4 Hours... Clock DVA
Fresh Fruit From Foreign Places... Kid Creole
W.O.R.K... Bowl Tolls Tolls

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS



'Ruff Ruff Ruff' is a rock LP. You know what I mean? I can easily think of ten reasons why I wouldn't have it in my home — and then there's the lyrics! Remember 'Highway 81 Revisited'? Butler Rep does. Recall 1972? The Psychedelic Furs do. What's the weather like round your way?

Paul Morley

BARRY MELTON Level with Me. (Rag Baby)

AN IMAGINATION

"Come on in Barry — your mother tells me you think you're a fish?"

"It's like this, Doc. I once used to play guitar with Country Joe McDonald and the Fish. You may have seen us performing our infamous Fish Cheer at Woodstock the Mudbath on the recently rescored *Heroes of Rock and Roll*."

"That was a long time ago, Barry! This is nineteen eighty some. We'd all look pretty silly if we still stood around in fields muttering about the Pigs and Vietnam and listening to tedious guitar boogies played by prematurely ancient young men with long hair and

beards, wouldn't we? You see, Barry, as we get older we live increasingly in our memories. Look at me — some days I wake filled with an unnameable dread and lie pinned to the bed by sheer terror at the thought of how much life I've lived and how little I probably have left. When you get to my age, Baz, time isn't just tripping by on winged heels — it's riding a sodding jet plane! Hell is getting older. Naturally we cling to the past — we were younger then.

"Yours is a classic case of post-hippy depression, Bazza old fruit slice, recording songs with titles like 'Astral Lover', 'San Francisco Shuffle', 'You Gave me The Sunshine', and writing something called 'Colorado Town' with your old mucker D.J. McD. — a song

about getting busted for dope! (Translation, please, writes a post-modernist).

"Barry! Barry, you are listening aren't you? You're not nodding out on me? Listen, Barry, forget about Woodstock and chop that silly bubble-cut, curly hair off for God's sake! That'd be a start, would it not Barry? That and the beads. Oh God, the beads!

"What's that, Barry? Visiting time over, already? Christ, it gets shorter every time, doesn't it? I think it's something they put in the coffee here. How the hell did I get in this place, anyway, Barry? If only I could remember! But I keep drifting off into reveries of other times and other places. Maybe it'll all come back to me someday. Bye for now, Barry."

Ray Lowry

DOLL BY DOLL (Magnet)

INDISPUTABLY one of the most exciting and inspired live groups in the UK, Doll By Doll have always promised more than they delivered on record. The patchy gothic romanticism of 'Remember' saw the exhilarating 'Palace Of Love' diluted to dull rock fodder and the mysterious 'Butcher Boy' reduced to a catalogue of tricks. 'Gypsy Blood' was similarly disappointing, over-emphasising Jackie Leven's Romany credentials and dressing them up in designer clothes for the mass consumer market.

'Doll By Doll', as its title suggests, is stripped of unnecessary embellishments and, to all intents and purposes, is the album they have been wanting to make all along. It also proves, once and for all, that Doll By Doll's

VARIOUS ARTISTS Sehr Gut Kommt Sehr Gut (L.A.S.C.H./Buro — German Import) VARIOUS ARTISTS Schallmauer Sampler (Schallmauer — German Import)

THE HIPSIDES and the flip sides of the new German music: If the wildly inventive output of the Dusseldorf contingent continues to win the critical accolades, it's the more basic thud of their hardcore brethren that is pulling in the public.

It figures, even if it seems a little unfair, as the Dusseldorf contingent are represented on 'Sehr Gut...' as drawn from the groups who in one form or another made up Germany's first wave, thus preparing the way for the later-come punks. Still, the hardcore has come on some... going by the very mixed Schallmauer collection. Though much of it is given over to the backs-against-the-wall bleatings of the likes of Dortmund's Modern Heroes and the godawful Clox; and the guttery speed pop rush of Neuss' Popstars and Originalton West, its quality ratio is restored by the ever-excitable KFC, who get four songs on side two.

Despite their protestations to the contrary, KFC sounds pretty hardcore to me, but they're both exhilarating and funny with it. Their cluster opens with a mock radio introduction from the popular German pulp detective Jerry Cotton after which KFC get all frenzied over some great pulsating bass lines. Better are the coolly strutting sexual politics of Ostro430 and frustrated teen lament 'Akne' from VD (no, it doesn't mean the same there).

For entertainment though, 'Sehr Gut Kommt Sehr Gut' is the winner. It's by far and away the best programmed

compilation I've ever heard, opening as it does with Die Geldschweine's title track, an ad for an imaginary K-Tel collection of German New Wave's greatest hits, featuring, of course, snippets from them all. The playful tone set, the comedy's continued through Xao Seffcheque's D.A.F. pisstake 'Progress Dreams', the Vielleichtors' 'Bring Your Body To The Party', Sternahgel's whimsical 'King Kong' and the more musical jibing of Nachdenklichen Wehrpflichten's 'Free Jazz Isn't Curable'.

The more familiar D.A.F. even succumb to the parodic mood with their great screeching disco 'Sample And Hold', while Der Plan — bemoaning a lack of ideas — take a Boyd 'Non' Rice looped rhythm as a foundation to their 'We're So Tired'. Kraftwerk provide short continuity noises between tracks. And so on.

The compilation's great fun — almost as good as the Dusseldorf Christmas compilation.

Chris Bohn

DER PLAN Normalette Surprise (Das Buro — German import)

OR THE RETURN of the dangerous clowns. These boys might look cute, what with their painted faces, funny voices and white suits, but theirs is a subtle perversion of the norm. With sweet electronic noises, they approximate the surface gloss of pop, which subsequently erodes upon closer inspection to reveal the sharper satirical intention of their songs. Der Plan wittily document and distort the aspirations and passions of their suburban Dusseldorf neighbours, gently mocking their timidity and presenting comically simple solutions to their seemingly complicated problems.

Their compassion thankfully checks a tendency towards plain sarcasm, thus allowing them to smile at 'Renate' — a Chaplin-like figure defeated by household gadgetry — or to get maudlin with the deserted lover of 'Sie Hat Mich Verlassen' without them lapsing into sneers or condescension. Indeed their infectious tunes are written more for their subjects than for out-of-towners, as the inclusion of a great collage of daft Deutsche Schlagermusik indicates. Unfortunately their predilection for the form overwhelms them elsewhere, like on the whimsical 'When The Sun Has Faded' and 'The Insect', which both veer away from simplicity towards a Jonathan Richman-like simple-mindedness.

But those are minor aberrations. If you have any doubts flip back to the single side and play the deliriously dopey 'Back To The Atmosphere' — an escapist plea if ever there was one. Recognising the pointlessness of straightforwardly ranting against the stultifying conservatism of their state, Der Plan instead pretend to play along with it, to be a part of it while every so often tripping it up and throwing it on its back. And suddenly it don't half look funny twitching and flailing away to no avail.

Chris Bohn

● Das Buro records are available from Ton Bild Wort Vertrieb, Fürstenwall 64, D-4000 Dusseldorf 1, West Germany. Schallmauer from Schallmauer, Industriestrasse 22, 4 Dusseldorf, West Germany.

intuitive obsessions are more relevant to the real world than most other purveyors of timeless anxiety and personal paranoia.

A captivating and provocative album, its power to lure the listener into its extravagant world is equalled by the integrity of its content. Leven often uses words like 'love', 'soul' and 'heart' in his lyrics and, as employed on this LP, the suspicion that they are mere motivating clichés never occurs. The cadence and texture of the music are so perfectly attuned to the lyrics that the songs strike the brain, the heart and the body with equal force.

Their priorities remain the same. The sweet, brutal combat of the sexes.

Neil Norman

into place beside the fields and valleys of Leven's 'Main Travelled Roads'. Listening to the album, it comes as no surprise to find the remaining songs credited simply to Doll By Doll. 'Up' significantly comments on the LP as a whole. "I wanna be up / Don't wanna be down again / I wanna be up / Don't wanna drown my friends / And I will keep that feeling / Keep it all my days."

Simply, Doll By Doll have at last got it right. The Leven / Shaw partnership is now without peer when it comes to their particular fusion of the art of darkness and the commerce of the soul. And the light is growing stronger all the time.



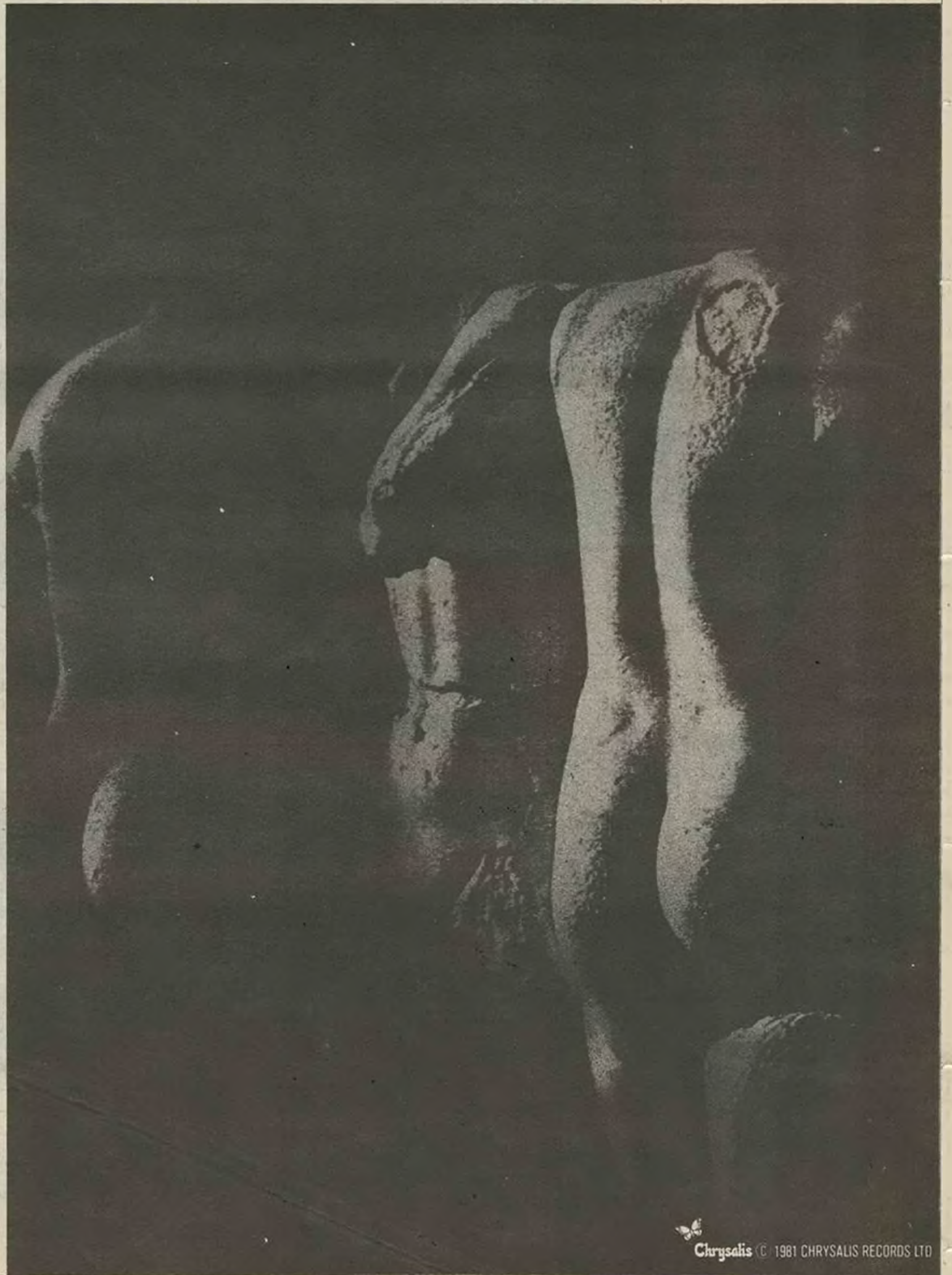
Jackie Leven's eyes

Carl

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CLASSIX NOUVEAUX Night People (Liberty)

"STARES suggest that we're an alien race," sings cousin Sal on 'No Sympathy, No Violins', "there's no escape from the look on your face." Heartfelt sentiments, no doubt, but the indications are that no-one cares much about Classix Nouveaux either way. And quite honestly, less alien music than 'Night People' has yet to be heard — the sense of familiarity, as manifested in trite, banal lyrics, music of agonising mediocrity and sterility, and to cap it all, abysmal self-production is overwhelming.

How's this for a futurist visionary: "Now I wonder are our lives our own/Now I wonder, I don't know. . . ("Every Home Should Have One")? Or this: "Silence is the only friend/Feels like we've reached the end/Of a movie. . . ("Or A Movie")? Well, I mean, they printed the lyrics, so they asked for it.

Possibly the real trouble with Classix Nouveaux is that they're not terribly musical. Gary Steadman is a competent enough guitarist, but B.P. Hurdling's drumming is as dead as a metronome. As for Solo's horrendous voice, it could be Roger Chapman having a haemorrhage or perhaps the Gibson Brothers throwing up. When he can't think of anything else to do, he lets loose one of his awful soprano shrieks, a noise which without chilling the spine nonetheless succeeds in curdling the blood. Solo's only authentic moment on 'Night People' is 'The Protector Of Night', whose gothic pomposity enables him to sing to his own confused image. Most of the other songs, such as 'Tokyo' or 'Inside Outside', are just plain embarrassing. One suffers less listening to Barclay James Harvest. In the end, of course, Classix Nouveaux are pure vaudeville, and their music will never be more than an incidental part of their act.

Barney Hoskyns

You're so vain . . . Classix's Sal
Pic: David Corio

ORIGINAL MIRRORS Heart-Twango And Raw-beat (Mercury)

WHERE the best of the new Scottish bands are returned to a kind of enclosed introversion, the Original Mirrors are still busy trying to open up pop, to make it epic. 'Heart-Twango And Raw-Beat' is a patronising fanfare of adolescence, full of Skids-ish "la-la-la" chants, and hooks from similarly "epic" teen anthems of yesteryear.

To match this vision of celebration, Mike Howlett has given them a colossal upfront pop sound, less a wall than a ceiling of sound. The rampage of drums and guitars is not the only neo-Spectroscopic feature of 'Twango': castanets from 'Be My Baby' hiss on the chorus of tacky 'Golden Years' re-run 'Don't Cry Baby', the stomping glitter-rock of 'Dancing With The Rebels' has a Larry Knechtel-style bass as booming and organ-like as the one on 'Walking In The Rain.'

Yet it's significant that Howlett produced those two other prize artefacts of pseudo-nouveau pop 'Echo Beach' and 'Enola Gay', because much of this LP fits in nicely with that particular lineage.

The swank and swagger of

VIDEO-ADVENTURES Musique Pour Garçons Et Filles (Recommended)

PACKAGED in a printed plastic sleeve similar to the first Faust album, this 8-track 10-inch from France's Video-Aventures is a triumph of concision, packed with little snippets of theme and texture which never outstay their welcome, nagging bits of whimsy constructed largely from ghostly synthesiser and assorted keyboard figures strung around quaintly ramshackle percussion.

A floating sextet masterminded (mistressminded! persominded?) by Dominique Giraud, editor of *Un Certain Rock Français* magazine, V-A are described in the press release as "(possibly) the bridge between Captain Beefheart



and The Tornadoes", a comparison evident in both their quaint, stripped-down version of 'Telstar' and the more free-form angularities of 'L' Ballade Des Cardiaques', which closes side two.

A spooky soundtrack of sorts, 'Cardiaques' is the longest track here (five minutes), and a fine example of the way apparently

the Original Mirrors has the undeniable gloss of intelligence about it, yet the enterprise as a whole feels heartless. Songs like 'Please Don't Wear Red', 'When You're Young', and 'Darling . . . In London' are petite vignettes blown up to the size of anthems, lost in a turgid swirl of sound which only

covers the inadequacy of the music.

Like Bill Nelson, who produced the Mirrors' first single, Steve Allen is a magpie with a museum of influences to draw on, and like Nelson he tries to fuse them all into one cogent pop vision.

The trouble is, 'Heart-Twango And Raw-Beat'

"random", unconnected elements can combine to produce a perfectly cohesive, evocative whole.

The first side is notable mainly for 'Tina' and Cyril Lefebvre's steel guitar, swooping smooth and lustrous over a fast percussive shuffle and a variety of synth and guitar soars and slides. The effect is gently blissful, cool but innocent, a combination captured even more succinctly in 'French Kiss', 37 seconds of touchingly naive piano chords whose effectiveness lies in its simplicity and brevity.

'Music For Boys And Girls' is quite delightful, a refreshing change in these days of foppish Fashionism and browbeating Burundi bludgeoning. For twenty minutes, it seems like summer's here. Perhaps it is.

Andy Gill

RED CRAYOLA with ART and LANGUAGE Kangaroo ? (Rough Trade)

WHEN your songs have titles like A Portrait of VI Lenin in the style of Jackson Pollock or Born to Win (Transactional Analysis with Gestalt Experiments), you need a strong sense of humour to avoid sounding pedantic. Mayo Thompson, leading light of the Red Crayola with Art and Language, has recently been working with Pere Ubu, a group whose essential absurdity is both funny and provoking. The same aims underlie 'Kangaroo ?' latest release by the Red Crayola.

According to the press release, the 15 tracks "represent and reproduce various monstrosities; the grotesque certainties of artistic and political cultures." It goes on to state that "the sources of contradiction in the bourgeois world are not to be discredited by unambiguous, unironic, alternatives, but rather in discursive complexity and didactic absurdity."

'Kangaroo ?' states its intent in the title track, an allegory of Captain Cook's discovery of the kangaroo set to music that springs about with the odd charm of the animal itself. "No one knew what the creature was/Some men went

ashore because/Animals must have a name/The truth emerged much later when/The aborigines told those who'd come to stay/That Kangaroo meant what did you say?"

'A Portrait of VI Lenin in the style of Jackson Pollock' is two parts, the first a critique of the rebellious American action painter operating in a capitalist system.

The second is a sarcastic look at Lenin, determinism and the attitudes that have led to the Soviet attempt to castrate art by harnessing it to the service of the State.

The cure-all self-help palliatives of modern psychology come under attack in 'Born to win' (transactional analysis with Gestalt Experiments) where an uncouth accent explains a method of abolishing losers that is represented as the state religion of California.

The idyllically pastoral 'Milkmaid', already available on the Rough Trade cassette, and 'the Tractor Drivers' pictured staring up from the field at a jet stream in the sky, both assert the dignity of labour and the inner beauty of honest toil which matches up to an idea of progress as calculatingly optimistic as a Russian propaganda poster.

By contrast 'Marches No 23 24 and 25' set to a comic toy soldier melody, is an illustration of the savage moral one-upmanship of the kind of conservatism which our present PM epitomises.

A fascination with the history of the Russian revolution and the contradiction between early idealism and the realities of the so called Communist states run through 'The Mistakes of Trotsky' the instrumental '1917' and 'Plekhanov' and if there is a discernable personal stance beneath many of the songs, it's loosely Marxist idea of the importance of economics in social and political understanding.

The LP's contrasting ideas are set in a warm, mocking music with an elastic, airy structure that leaves plenty of space for its many tangents and surprises. Aided particularly by Lora Logic's winsome, jazzy voice, the sound is versatile, evocative and cheerfully accessible.

Lynn Hanna

LIGHTNING STRIKES

BILL HALEY & HIS COMETS A Tribute To Bill Haley (MCA)

PLANNED, apparently, before the old fellow's unfortunate demise, this collection is fair value: 25 original mono recordings that span the peak years of his popularity, namely '54 to '58. Bill Haley's not to everybody's taste, even in those days of rockabilly revival, but if he's to yours then this is obviously your opportunity to get stuffed, as it were.

'A Tribute To' takes in the inevitable chestnuts ('Clock', 'Alligator', 'Rattle And Roll') plus those horrible novelty songs ('Rock Lomond', 'Rocking

Through The Rye'), some interesting period pieces ('Teenager's Daughter') and plenty more besides. Very good sleeve notes, too.

For my money, though, Haley was already past his best by the time success came around in 1954. For the real business, check the pre-rock explosion stuff he cut for the indie Essex label in '52 and '53, lovingly preserved on 'Rock The Joint!', issued by Rollercoaster Records. So good it'll twist yer kiss curl.

Paul Du Noyer

DENIECE WILLIAMS My Melody (CBS)

DENIECE WILLIAMS was one of the first of the new breed of little-girlish singers with high,

squeaky voices that began to phase out the breathier, huskier soul queens of the early seventies. Appropriate, then, that she should here be teamed up with Thom Bell, who was one of the principal figures behind this swing to outright commercialism.

Thom Bell is a great man, but 'My Melody' is really just another job. It is depressingly short on surprises, and therefore no exception to the general rule that the Denieces of this world tend to get palmed off with material of outrageous mediocrity.

There are three exceptions: the single 'What Two Can Do' really is very pretty. 'Suspicious' may be Montego Bay reggae, but its melody is strong enough to override instinctive misgivings. Finally, 'Strangers', one of only

two cuts on the album not co-written by Bell, proves that super-orchestral soul can occasionally deliver the goods.

Barney Hoskyns

ROGER TAYLOR Fun In Space (EMI)

LOOK, a man can only take so much. This album really annoyed me, you know? It's not so much the music, even though it's pretentious, insipid and quite frankly, bloody old-fashioned. It's the sheer smirking ignorance of the man that makes me see red. You wanna example? I give you one. 'In My Country', a long and drawn out would-be anthem that plods along with an excess of percussive bluster, says that all (political) parties are the same.

Can he really believe that?

In the same song he says he "don't have no truck with no power game." Hmm, how come then he's an integral part of Queen, surely the most pompous, grandiose and narcissistic of rock acts. You want more? In 'Good Times Are Now' he warbles quite confidently that "Life in the future might never come to pass. You know the good times are now." Well, we know that life is uncertain, I could be torn apart by Queen fans tomorrow, but good times now? Do I hear three million voices of dissent? Do I hear your voice? It might be fun in space for all I know but down here it's a different story, Roger.

Julian Wilde

CUDDLY TOYS

Guillotine Theatre (Fresh)

THE RETURN of Ziggy Stardust. I wanted to hate this album but couldn't work up the necessary energy. 'Guillotine Theatre', though recently re-mixed, was recorded two or three years ago and yet manages to drag up (no pun intended) more guts, fire and commitment than many of the present set of poseurs who share Cuddly Toys' preoccupation with clothes, make-up and expensive videos. The two previously released singles 'Astral Joe' and the Bowie / Bolan collaboration 'Madman' are both on the album. The days when Cuddly Toys can shock are long gone but they can still surprise.

Julian Wilde



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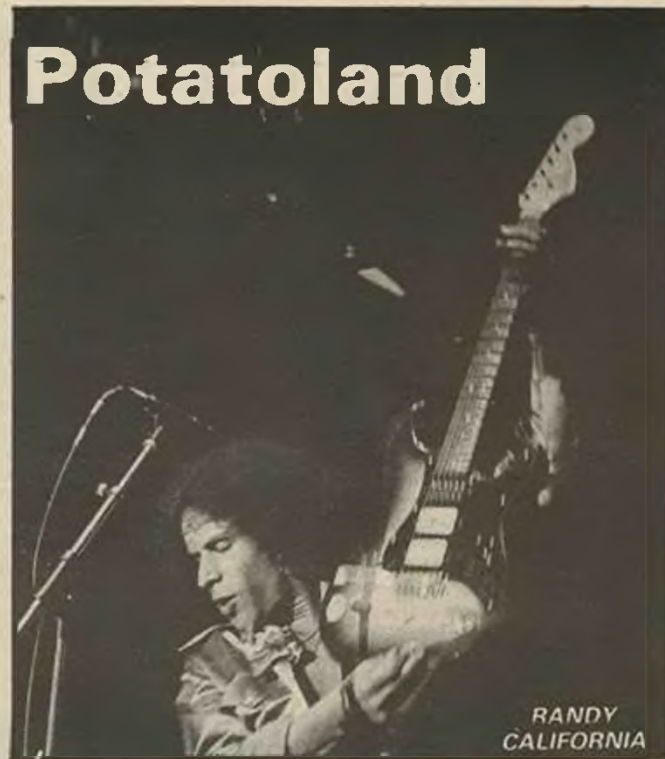
Pilgrimage from Potatoland

SPIRIT

SPIRIT return to the UK next month after a long period of inactivity, thanks mainly to the interest generated by their near-legendary but only recently released album 'Potatoland'. Front man Randy California — who last toured here as a solo act, guesting on a Gillan tour — is reunited with fellow founder member Ed Cassidy in a new-look line-up, which also features Liberty on bass and original 'Potatoland' keyboards man George Valuck.

They appear in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on June 16, then headline concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon (17), Birmingham Odeon (19), Manchester Free Trade Hall (20), Lancaster University (21) and Bristol Colston Hall (22). Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3 and £2 — except at Lancaster where they are all £3.50 — and the promoters are Straight Music. Support act on all dates is Inner City Unit.

The last official Spirit tour here was in 1978 as a three-piece, but the new line-up plans to perform material from their older albums (like 'Twelve Dreams Of Doctor Sardonius') as well as from 'Potatoland' — and they have a single culled from the latter to tie in with their visit, titled 'Turn To The Right'.



RANDY CALIFORNIA

EURYTHMICS SET TO GO



... Well, Annie is. Not so sure about Dave

ANNIE LENNOX and Dave Stewart, of the now-defunct Tourists, release their first Eurythmics single this week on RCA — titled 'Never Gonna Cry Again', it comes in both 7" and 12" forms, and it features guest musicians Holger Czukay and Jaki Liebeck of German band Can.

But when Eurythmics make their debut on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* next Tuesday (2),

Annie and Dave will be joined by a different set of musicians, including Blondie drummer Clem Burke.

This flexible line-up will be a feature of the band, who will be touring Britain in the autumn to coincide with the release of their first album — though it's possible that, prior to this, they may appear in one or two summer events.

Pyramids still shakin'

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS, newly returned from their tour of troubled Poland, are going on the road again — this time a little closer to home. They play Glasgow Maestro Club (June 3), Aberdeen Victoria Hotel (4), Edinburgh Nite Club (5), Middlesbrough Rock Rock Garden (6), London Camden Dingwalls (11), Liverpool Brady's (12), Retford Porterhouse (13) and Cheltenham Eve's Club (14), followed by their first gigs in Dublin at the Magnet Bar (19 and 20). To coincide, they have a four-track maxi-single issued by Virgin next week, featuring 'Tennessee Rock 'N Roll', 'Alright Alright', 'Muskat' and 'Too N-N-N-Nervous To Rock' — the first track is from their debut album 'Skin 'Em Up', and the other three are brand new.

□ **TOYAH** had to postpone their concert at Hanley Victoria Hall on May 19, after Toyah Willcox collapsed through exhaustion after the previous night's gig. The show has now been re-scheduled for June 8, and existing tickets remain valid.

□ **TRIMMER & JENKINS** play London Fulham Greyhound (this Sunday), Bedford Civic Hall (June 6), London Stratford Green Man (9), London Putney Star & Garter (13), Croydon Cartoon (15), Bath Moles (20), Plymouth Polytechnic (22), Exeter University (23), Stroud Marshall Rooms (24) and London Regents Park Bedford College (26). The album 'The Fantastic Trimmer & Jenkins Live From London's Fabulous Comic Strip' is issued by Charisma on June 12.

□ **ADAM & THE ANTS** are playing two nights at the St Austell Cornwall Coliseum on June 9 and 10, honouring a previous commitment to perform there. These will be their only UK dates until the autumn, when they're expected to undertake a full tour — and they're already sold out.

□ **PRIME SUSPECT** have undergone a line-up change, with Howard Johnstone (formerly with the Deaf School offshoot Swim) taking over on guitar from David O'Brian. The new-look band are in action at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (June 5), Southampton Joiners Arms (6), Stamford Robin Hood (11) and Portsmouth White Swan (13).

□ **DOLL BY DOLL** headline at London Victoria The Venue on June 8, supported by Manufactured Romance, and this will be their only London show in the foreseeable future — in fact, the only other gig they have lined up is at Derby Blue Note next Wednesday (3). They'll be featuring material from their self-named debut album for Magnet Records, out this weekend.

□ **THE CHEATERS** have newly confirmed gigs at Manchester Lamplight Club (June 2 and 8), Carlisle Mick's Club (3), Greenock Victorian Carriage (4), Paisley Technical College (5), Perth Rankine (6), Glenrothes Rothies Arms (7), Worcester College of Higher Education (12) and Derby Lonsdale College (13).



□ **SIAM**, the four-piece Oxford band fronted by Jacqui Brooks (above), are playing a string of London gigs to promote their new A&M single 'Don't Look Back' (released June 5) — at Victoria The Venue (tonight, Thursday), Herne Hill Half Moon (Friday), Islington Hope & Anchor (Sunday), Covent Garden Rock Garden (June 5) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (11). They also support The Psychedelic Furs at Birmingham Odeon (this Saturday) and London Hammersmith Palais (June 2).

□ **DEFUNKT** fly into London to play a one-off gig, as part of a wider European tour. It's at Victoria The Venue on Saturday, June 13.

□ **THE PIRANHAS**, whose gig at Brighton Polytechnic this Saturday (30) was to have been a one-off, have now decided to undertake a series of selected live dates. First confirmed are at Winchester King Alfred's College (June 5), Reading University (19) and Nottingham University (20).

□ **BUDGIE** add Dumfries Loreburne Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Rayleigh Crocs (June 5) and Pontefract Blackmore Head (7) to the previously reported date sheet.

Thompsons headline

THE THOMPSON TWINS next week begin their first headlining tour, tied in with the June 5 release of their debut album 'A Product Of...' on T Records (distributed by Arista). Confirmed dates are at Oxford Scamps (June 1), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (2), Norwich East Anglia University (4), Brighton Sussex University (5), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (6), Exeter University (7), Bristol Trinity Hall (10), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (13), Leeds Warehouse (16) and Liverpool Brady's (19). Support act is The Electric Guitars.

Lyceum nights

THE LYCEUM Ballroom in London, which has been threatened with closure for over a year, now looks certain to continue operating at least until the end of 1981. The closure was intended only as a temporary measure, for renovation purposes, but it would nevertheless have deprived London of one of its major rock centres for many months. Now promoters Straight Music are booking their Sunday rock shows through into December, and among those already confirmed are Angel Witch, Vardis, White Spirit and Raven (this Sunday); Gang Of Four, Scars and Pigbag (June 7); Theatre Of Hate (14); Shock (21); and Kraftwerk (28) — support acts for the last three have still to be set, but admission in all cases is £3.

● THE UK SUBS are also headlining at the Lyceum and unlike those above, their show is on a Thursday night — June 18 (tickets £3).

and Bauhaus days

BAUHAUS have lined up their first gig series of 1981, promoting their current album 'In A Flat Field' and single 'Bela Lugosi's Dead'. The highlight is a headliner at London's Lyceum Ballroom on Thursday, June 25, supported by The Birthday Party and Vic Goddard's Subway Sect. Other confirmed dates are Newcastle University (June 17), Liverpool Royal Court (18), Nottingham Rock City (19), Aylesbury Friars (20), Brighton Jenkinsons (21), Leeds Tiffany's (23) and Reading Top Rank (24). They also hope to have a new single on release in time for the tour, with their next album to follow in September.

□ **THE MO-DETTES** play seven nights on the trot, starting at Newport Stowaway next Wednesday (June 3) — followed by Banbury Winter Gardens (4), Hereford Shire Hall (5), Llanelli Glen (6), Porthcawl Stoneleigh Club (7), Cheltenham Eve's Club (8) and Bath Nero's (9).

□ **ELLA FITZGERALD** is the latest big-name addition to the Capital Jazz Festival, to be staged over four nights in July on Clapham Common in South London. She appears on Saturday, July 25.

□ **RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON** are playing a short series of dates, prior to leaving for festival appearances in Europe. They visit Glasgow Third Eye Centre (tonight, Thursday), Dumfries Theatre Royal (this Saturday), Peterborough Key Theatre (June 7), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (14) and London Woolwich Tramshed (16).

□ **FREEZE** — whose only major London date so far was at the National Club in Kilburn, at the end of their recent UK tour — have now been lined up for two nights at London Victoria The Venue on Friday and Saturday, June 5 and 6. Support act is Torso.

□ **RICHARD HAVENS** is playing an engagement at London Ronnie Scott's Club at short notice. He's there all this week until Saturday (30).

□ **THE MOODY BLUES** have completely sold out their concert at London Royal Albert Hall on June 9, so a second show has been added at that venue the previous night — Monday, June 8. Meanwhile, the band's new single 'Gemini Dream' / 'Painted Smile' is issued by Threshold this weekend.

□ **GEORGE BENSON** tickets for his fifth and final show at London Wembley Arena on June 10 will now go on sale at the Rainbow Theatre box-office this Saturday (30) at 10 am. Original plans for them to be sold last weekend had to be abandoned, as the tickets were not printed in time.

□ **DAVID ESSEX** returns to the "legitimate" theatre to portray the poet Lord Byron in the play *Child Byron*. It opens at London's Young Vic Theatre on July 20.

DATA CONTROL

BLACK SABBATH and **MOTORHEAD** are to co-headline a massive open-air rock concert in the Potteries area of the North Midlands on Saturday, August 1. It's the third outdoor metal event to be announced for that month, and arguably the heaviest of them all — so it's not surprising that it goes under the banner of "Heavy Metal Holocaust". The site is new to rock shows of this nature — the Port Vale football ground at Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent in Staffordshire.

Three other big names have still to be confirmed for the concert, and the organisers stress that they are approaching major acts (including a top American attraction), and not lesser bands which come into the "support" category. The gates will open at noon, with the concert itself running from 1.30 to 11 pm. Promoters are Straight Music and Camouflage Ltd.

Advance tickets cost £7.50, and they are available by post from Camouflage Ltd, 1 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL — it's postal orders only made payable to "Camouflage Ltd" (no cheques or cash accepted), and enclose s.a.e. Tickets are also available to personal applicants from tomorrow (Friday) at the various outlets listed below. On the day, admission will be £8.50.

Port Vale's Vale Park ground is unique for a Fourth Division club, in that its actual grass surface is second only to Wembley Stadium in area. The promoters are providing for a 35,000 crowd, and they confidently expect to achieve that figure.

The site is easily reached by road, as Stoke adjoins the M6 — leave the motorway at Junction 15, and take the A50 to Burslem. Rail travellers should head for Stoke Station, where there will be a continuous bus shuttle service to and from the Port Vale ground.

● It's already evident that August is going to be

the heaviest month ever, in terms of open-air events. Besides the Port Vale event on August 1, there's Thin Lizzy at Milton Keynes the following Saturday (8), AC/DC and Blue Oyster Cult at Castle Donington (22) and the Reading Festival (28-30). That still leaves Saturday, August 15, free — but don't be surprised if that date is soon filled, as well.

● The Reading Festival organisers have said that this year's event won't be all-metal like the last one. Even so, there'll be a fair proportion of heavy bands, with Gillan tipped as one of the headliners. In somewhat less frantic mood, Ultravox are favourites to top the opening night (Friday, 28).

● To clarify the postal booking arrangements for the Thin Lizzy concert at Milton Keynes Concert Bowl on August 8 — advance tickets are £7 from NJF/MK2 (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), PO Box 45Q, London W1A 4SQ, and enclose s.a.e.

TICKET OUTLETS

TICKETS for the Port Vale concert are on sale from tomorrow (Friday) at the following outlets:

Virgin Records at Brighton, Bristol, Cardiff, Coventry, Glasgow (Megastore), Milton Keynes, Newcastle, Portsmouth, Sheffield and Southampton;
HMV Records at Bedford, Bradford and Exeter;
Mike Lloyd Records at Hanley, Newcastle-under-Lyme and Stoke;
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BLACK SABBATH AND MOTORHEAD CO-HEADLINING

Metal holocaust in the Potteries



BLACK SABBATH

NOUVEAUX NEWS

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX have made a few changes in their extensive UK schedule, reported last week — and they've announced that the two support acts on all dates will be American band Our Daughters Wedding and Wasted Youth.

This marks a hectic spell for Wasted Youth, who've been busy supporting The Psychedelic Furs on the road, and now immediately switch to the Nouveaux outing.

The venue at Bradford on June 2, undetermined last week, is now set as St George's Hall — but two other projected

dates, at Aberdeen (5) and Edinburgh (7), have had to be cancelled. But a new gig at Doncaster Rotters on June 8 has been slotted into the tour, which goes out under the banner of 'Night People'.

● BETTE BRIGHT has had to scrap two gigs in her UK tour, also announced last week. Manchester Rafter's (tonight, Thursday) is off as the club has closed, and the Royal Iris boat trip from Liverpool on June 3 has been cancelled. But an alternative Liverpool date has been set — at Brady's on June 5.

THE JAM SET LONDON DATE

THE JAM have decided to play London after all, during their "fun tour" next month. Eleven dates were announced last week, several at seaside resorts, and the remainder at a selection of their favourite venues — and it seemed that London failed to qualify for either category! But now they've had a change of heart, and have slotted in a concert at the Rainbow Theatre on Wednesday, June 17.

Tickets are all at the one price of £4, and are limited to two per applicant. They're being sold by personal application only (no postal bookings accepted) at the Rainbow box-office, from ten o'clock tomorrow morning (Friday, 29) — so take your sandwiches and get there early.

Barclay James K-O'd

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST were forced to cancel the last three dates of their UK tour last weekend — at Bristol (Thursday), Southampton (Friday) and Leicester (Saturday) — when Mel Pritchard was knocked down by a car, as he was alighting from the tour bus prior to the Bristol gig. He was rushed to hospital, where no broken bones were found, but he is suffering from severe bruising. However, the scrapped shows have already been re-scheduled, and existing tickets will remain valid for the revised dates — which are Leicester De Montfort Hall (July 1), Bristol Colston Hall (2) and Southampton Gaumont (3).

Smokey: autumn visit

SMOKEY ROBINSON is to tour Britain in the autumn, as part of his Silver Anniversary Year. The Motown star, who's sold 50 million records in the past 25 years, begins a jubilee tour of the States this weekend — and he'll be bringing his full production to the UK later in the year. With his latest single 'Being With You' currently on release, Motown have started work in America on a 90-minute TV special titled *Salute To Smokey Robinson*, though it's not yet known if it will be seen in this country.

Fassbender fandango

SUSAN FASSBENDER and Kay Russell, who made the *NME* Top Twenty earlier this year with their single 'Twilight Cafe', take to the road for the first time next month. They play Bradford University (June 13), Durham University (18), York University (19), Retford Porterhouse (20), Exeter University (23), Harrow Middlesex & Herts County Club (24), London Marquee (25), Leeds University (26) and Newcastle University (27).

MANX POLECATS

THE POLECATS, who are on tour this week in the Low Countries, are planning a new series of British dates next month — starting with a visit to the Isle of Man for two nights at Summerlands in Douglas on June 8 and 9. Also set are Nottingham University (12), Redcar Coatham Bowl (14), Brighton Sussex University (17), Dunstable Queensway Hall (18), Birmingham Polytechnic (19) and Bradford University (20), with a major London show still to be slotted into their schedule. The band's first Phonogram album 'Polecats Are Go' will be issued in mid-June to tie in with these gigs.

● MATCHBOX are also visiting the Isle of Man — they're playing a one-off at Douglas Palace Lido on Sunday, June 7.

● THE PIRATES (June 8) and Dr Feelgood (9) join The Polecats in their two Isle of Man dates, both of which are part of the 1981 TT Rock Festival at Summerlands. Other nights feature Hot Gossip (6 and 7), Feelgoods and Pirates (10) and The Sweet (11). There will also be special guest bands, with Killing Joke tipped as one.



Joe's Jumpin' Jive

JOE JACKSON is back in action with a brand new band called Jumpin' Jive which — in an effort to break away from the current plethora of sameness — harks back to the jump, jive and swing era of the 1940s. The line-up includes two saxists and a trumpeter, plus piano and drums, with only bassists Graham Maby retained from Jackson's previous band.

The outfit won't even be playing Jackson's own songs, and instead will concentrate on the likes of Cab Calloway and Louis Jordan. (*Who? — Ed.*) A string of British dates is being set for early summer, the first confirmed being at Nottingham Rock City on June 25, and an album and single are also likely. But Jackson stresses that Jumpin' Jive isn't a permanent venture, and he plans to get back to his "own music" before the end of the year.



Making Enz meet

SPLIT ENZ return to the UK at the end of next month to headline a string of seven shows, in which they'll be featuring material from their recently released A&M album 'Waiata', as well as their current single 'History Never Repeats'. The New Zealand outfit headline at Guildford Civic Hall (June 25), Nottingham Rock City (26), Liverpool Royal Court (27), Manchester Apollo (28), Cardiff Top Rank (30), London Hammersmith Odeon (July 1) and Portsmouth Guildhall (2). Support act is Department S.

● Department S are playing a series of dates in their own right, prior to the Enz tour. First confirmed venues at which they'll be performing about Vic's whereabouts are Retford Porterhouse (tomorrow, Friday), Cheltenham Eve's Club (Sunday), Wolverhampton Lafayette (June 4), Manchester De Ville's (5) and Liverpool Brady's (6).

Rainbow debut by new Oldfield band

MIKE OLDFIELD has formed his own backing group for the first time in his career. For previous live appearances, he's always used session musicians, but he now intends to keep his new band together on a permanent basis.

Known as Oldfield Music, they make their UK debut at London Rainbow on July 30 (tickets on sale from May 30, prices £5 and £4.50). This follows an extensive European

tour, starting on June 15 and visiting 12 countries in four weeks.

It's expected that further British dates will follow later in the year. The band's line-up features Maggie Reilly (vocals), Mike Frye and Morris Part (percussion), Rick Fenn (bass) and Tim Cross (keyboards). It was learned this week that Oldfield's classic 'Tubular Bells' album has now sold over ten million copies worldwide.



DICKSON'S DASH

BARBARA DICKSON is going out on an extensive midsummer tour, tied in with her new Epic album 'You Know It's Me' and the single culled from it 'My Heart Lies' (released on June 5). Most box-offices open next Monday (1), with ticket prices £5, £4 and £3 at all venues — except Croydon, where it's £5, £4.25, £3.75 and £2.50. Dates are:

Reading Hexagon (July 4), Hatfield Forum (5), Croydon Fairfield Hall (6), Brighton Dome (7), Poole Arts Centre (9), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Manchester Apollo (13), Hull New Theatre (14), Birmingham Odeon (16), Liverpool Royal Court (17), Derby Assembly Rooms (18), Sheffield Crucible (19), Guernsey and Jersey (21-24), Southport Theatre (26), Redcar Coatham Bowl (28), Edinburgh Playhouse (29 and 30), Aberdeen Capitol (31), Falkirk Town Hall (August 1), Glasgow Kings Theatre (2), Dundee Caird Hall (3), Irvine Magnum Centre (4), Motherwell Civic Hall (5), Bridlington Royal Hall (7), Coventry Theatre (9), Ipswich Gaumont (10), Chelmsford Odeon (11), Crawley Leisure Centre (13), Oxford New (14), Taunton Odeon (15), Cardiff New (16), Southampton Gaumont (17) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (18).



DATA CONTROL

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MAY

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Sat 30 Birmingham Odeon on stage 7.30

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29 Squeeze
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31 Julian Lloyd Webber
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1 The Beat
1 Fundamental Frolic with Elvis Costello,
Ian Dury & The Not The 9 O'Clock
News Team
1 Ted Nugent
2 Prince
2 Psychedelic Furs
2, 3 Wishbone Ash
4 Ornette Coleman & John Stevens
5 Toyah
6 Rita Coolidge
7 Pat Boone
7 Gang Of Four
7 Light Of The World
9 U2
9 Whitesnake
10 George Benson
11 Trust
11 Sky
11 Judie Tzuke

13, 19 UB40

13 Ultravox
14 Theatre Of Hate
15 Classix Nouveaux
17 Spirit
18 UK Subs
19 Teardrop Explodes
20-22 The Tubes
21 Shock
22 Cramps
23-25 Sammy Davis Jr
25 Bauhaus
28, 29 Kraftwerk
29, 30 Peter Tosh
31 Angel Witch/Vardis

JULY

1 Split Enz
1 Duran Duran
2, 3 Kraftwerk
11 Iggy Pop
18, 19, 25, 26 Capital Jazz

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MON. THE LINE

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TUE JUNE 2 Haircut one vaguely

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AERIAL FX

WED 3 Piece from Oxford seized by

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TOOTS & THE MAYTALS

Friday 26th & Saturday 27th June £4.00

TAJ MAHAL

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

UB40 head the list of major tours opening this week. Their outing coincides with the release of their second album 'Present Arms', and it's easily the most impressive schedule they've undertaken so far, highlighted by a big open-air concert at a Midlands soccer ground. This comes later in June, and meanwhile they open their travels at St. Austell (Monday) and Cardiff (Tuesday).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Shakin' Stevens
Barrowhaven The Inn: Spider
Bedford Rock Club: Diamond Head
Belfast The Pound: The Gas
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ida-Red
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: The Cramps
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Andy Lloyd & The Wedge
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
Bolton The Gaiety: Capsule Electric
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Bradford The Beacon: Private Dicks
Brighton Concorde Club: Brian Brain
Caerphilly The Crown: X-Effects
Canterbury Albery's Wine Bar: Naughty Thoughts
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Newtown Neurotics/The Mugshots
Chesterfield Star Inn: Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes
Cleethorpes Clouds: Mistress
Colchester St. Mary's Art Centre: Killing Joke/Ski Patrol/Psycho Hampster
Coventry General Wolfe: Grace
Coventry Tiffany's: The Undertones
Croydon Leslie Arms: Shotgun
Derby Havana Club: Musical Youth/Fast Relief/Alternative Route
Edinburgh Odeon: Wishbone Ash
Egham Shoreditch College: The Spoilers
Eton Christopher Hotel: Chinatown
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: Richard & Linda Thompson
Glasgow Waterfront: H2O
Guildford Civic Hall: Judie Tzuke
Guildford Surrey University: Classix Nouveaux
Guildford Wooden Bridge: The Mighty Strypes
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Hurt/Friends & Enemies
Hornsea Theatre: New Opera/Agony Column
Leeds Amnesia Club: Soft Cell
Leeds Fford Green Hotel: Budgie
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Doggy Tactics
Leeds Victoria Hotel: Fault
Leeds Warehouse: Nine Below Zero
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Leicester Bosworth College: Inside Story/Mandela
Liverpool Brady's: It Must Be Love/The Enemy/Sense of Doubt/The Front Room
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
Liverpool Warehouse: Body
London Archway The Wellington: Dave Ellis Band
London Barnes Bulls Head: Jan Ponsford Quintet
London Camden Dingwalls: The Blue Cats/Daddy Yum Yum
London Canning Town Bridge House: Chris Thompson & Friends
London Chelsea Kennedy's: Gillie McPherson
London Clapham 101 Club: Taiwan
Pins/Back Door Man

London Covent Garden African Centre: The Sound/A Popular History Of Signs/To The Finland Station
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Manufactured Romance
London Euston The Pits: Motor Boys
Motor/The Kindergarten
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: Katch
London Fulham Golden Lion: Park Avenue
London Fulham Greyhound: The Dumb Blondes/Stolen Pets
London Fulham Kings Head: Quasar
London Fulham The Swan: The Papers
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Jody St./The Razz
London Hammersmith Odeon: Whitesnake
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Zitz/The Kasuals
London Islington Empress Of Russia: Roaring Jelly
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Shots
London Kennington The Cricketers: Big Chief
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Razzzy Dazzy Spasm Band
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Ike Isaacs Duo
London Marquee Club: The Au Pairs
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Rio & The Robots
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Stagetruck
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: A Bigger Splash
London Putney Stars: The Identical Twins
London Putney Star & Garter: Johnny Mars
London Putney White Lion: Inch By Inch
London Ronnie Scott's Club: Richie Havens (until Saturday)
London Soho Pizza Express: Martin Drew Quintet
London Southall The Cavern: Mr E & The Imaginations/The Feelers
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: The Strollers
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford
London Stratford Green Man: Dr Gossill
London Victoria The Venue: B Movie/Siam
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Footwarmers
London Wembley Arena: Status Quo
London Wembley Brent Town Hall: The Quads
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Aorthodox/Pieces/Nyanaaty/Wounded Soldier/Innascence
Manchester Band On The Wall: Butch Thompson/Dave Donohoe Band
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: The Fins
Manchester Henry's: J. G. Spoils
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin Horse
Milton Keynes Compass Club: The Detours/Jah Lizard
Neath Talk of the Abbey: Shakatak

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Nottingham Rock City: Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura
Oldham Football Club: Dave Berry
Peterborough Bull & Dolphin: The Cassettes
Preston Warehouse: The Reluctant Stereotypes
Reading Target Club: Ian Mitchell Band
Rugby Benn Memorial Hall: The Psychodelic Furs
Sandwich White Horse: Blue Country
Sheffield City Hall: Girlschool/Aliz
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: The Elements
Sheffield Limit Club: Bill Nelson & The Practical Dreamers/Hot Cuisine
Sheffield Penguin: Chevy
Sheffield Star Hotel: Phoenix
Skelmersdale The Old Dog: Martin Carthy
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: Misty In Roots
Stockport Smugglers Club: The Images/Zanathus
Wakefield Unity Hall: Trust
Warrington Parr Hotel: Showaddywaddy
Wolverhampton Lafayette: Tenpole Tudor

FRIDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willey & The Poor Boys
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Lost World
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
Blackpool JR's: Spider
Brentwood Hermitage Club: Fast Eddie
Bridlington Spa Hall: Status Quo
Brighton Alhambra: In Step
Brighton Sussex University: Jimmy Lindsay
Bristol Mutual Aid Centre: Geek Corporation/Bikini Mutants
Bristol Polytechnic: The Original Mirrors
Caerphilly The Crown: Tiger Bay
Cambridge Corn Exchange: The Undertones
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Diamond Head/Desolation Angels
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: Mistress
Corby Youth Centre: Musical Youth/Fast Relief/Alternative Route
Coventry General Wolfe: Sneaky Pierre
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlite
Coventry Warwick University: Roaring Jelly
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Manhattan Transfer
Croydon The Cartoon: Den Hegarty & The Random Band
Derby Derbyshire Yeoman: The Bopcats
Derby Star Club: Discharge
Edinburgh Nite Club: Theatre Of Hate
Edinburgh Odeon: Toyah/D.J. Kane & The Millionaires
Edinburgh University: Fascination
Eton Christopher Hotel: Telemacque
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Wishbone Ash
Glossop Arts Festival: Chris Barber Band

Grimsby Pestle & Mortar: Blitzkrieg Petrol
Hanley Victoria Hall: Girlschool/Aliz
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Black Market
Hayes Bricklayers Arms: The Chevrons
Haywards Heath The Taverners: Rye & The Quarterboys
Holywood (Co. Down) D.B.'s Club: The Gas
Horncastle Town Hall: The Cruisers
Huddersfield Polytechnic: The Psychodelic Furs
Leeds St. Chad's Hall: Agony Column/The Ankh
Leeds University: Up Against It
Liverpool Brady's: Bill Nelson & The Practical Dreamers/Altered Images
Liverpool Empire Theatre: The Four Bucketeers
Liverpool Warehouse: Geddes Axe
London Brentford Red Lion: Chukk Farley
London Camberwell King's College Hospital: The Chets
London Camden Dingwalls: Huang Chung
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: Chris Thompson & Friends
London Chelsea Kennedy's: The Identical Twins/Lynn Sheridan & Nick Carthy
London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
London City Polytechnic: Zeitgeist
London Clapham Two Brewers: Kleen Heels
London Clapham 101 Club: Bop Natives/The Crying Shames
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: The Breakfast Band
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Brian Copsey & The Commotions/Thunderboys
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Marquis De Sade
London Euston The Pits: Hank Wangford
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Saints
London Fulham Greyhound: The Freshies/The Lasers
London Greenwich White Swan: Moontier
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Keys
London Hammersmith Odeon: Whitesnake
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Golinski Brothers/Zues
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Siam/Bumble & The Beez
London Hornsey The Railway: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Au Pairs
London N.19 Lauderdale House: The Hot Band
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Safita
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: Avenue
London Putney Spencer Arms: Results!
London Putney Star & Garter: Mr. E & The Imaginations/The Feelers
London Queensway Porchester Hall: Aswad/Ras Angels
London Rainbow Theatre: Squeeze/Otway & Barrett
London Soho Pizza Express: Joe Newman/Al Casey Quartet
London Southall Community Centre: The Quads/Misty In Roots

London Southall Hamborough Tavern: Zitz
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: True Life Confessions
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice
London Tooting The Fountain: Shotgun
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Mr. Clean
London Victoria The Venue: Joe Ely/Mickey Jupp
London Wandsworth The Roundhouse: The Papers/Walking Wounded
London Wembley Arena: Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Academy One/The Room/FK9
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: A Bigger Splash
London W.C.1 October Gallery: Robin Williamson
Luton Fairs: Cafe Blues
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Rita Coolidge
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: Pure Product
Manchester Pips: Marquis De Sade
Manchester Raffles: The Reluctant Stereotypes
Midhurst The Eggman: High Risk
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Trust
Norwich East Anglia University: XTC
Oxford Caribbean Club: No Difference/Reasons For Panic
Oxford Pennyfarthing: The Spoilers
Peterborough The Crown: Martin Carthy
Poole Arts Centre: Judie Tzuke
Rayleigh Croc's: Chevy
Redruth London Hotel: Jude The Obscure
Ryde Lo W. La Babalu: Warhorse
Sandwich White Horse: Pete Rose Band
Scarborough Penthouse: Bette Bright & The Illuminations
Sheffield Marples Club: Flux Of Pink Indians/Icon
Shifnal Star Hotel: Frenzic Evidence
Southampton (Woolston) New Bridge Inn: Chester
Stirling Albert Hall: Jim Wilkie/Old Hickory
Timperley Manor Farm Club: Dave Berry
Tolmorden Golden Lion: Private Dicks
Tolmorden Recreation Centre: Chas & Dave
Warminster The Athenaeum: The Mob/The Review/Null & Void
Weston Manor Lodge: The Crew
Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: J.G. Spoils
Whitehaven Whitehouse: Shakatak
Windsor The Wheatshed: Lights Out

SATURDAY

Aldernham Red Lion: C-Saim
Ashford Stour Centre: Crass/Poison Girls
Banbury The Mill: Chevy
Bangor (Co. Down) Co-op Hall: The Gas
Bedhampton The Swan: The Motifs
Birmingham Arena Theatre: Robin Williamson
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Brian Brain/The Androids Of Mu
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts

Continues over

GIG GUIDE

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Birmingham Odeon: The Psychedelic Furs
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
Birmingham University: The Au Pairs / The Pinkies / Fast Relief
Blackhill Comrades Social Club: Red River Rock
Blackpool J.R.'s: Spider
Bradford University: Nine Below Zero
Bridgend Leisure Centre: The Four Bucketeers
Brighton Centre: Manhattan Transfer
Brighton Polytechnic: The Piranhas / The Chefs / Dick Damage
Bristol Colston Hall: Black Roots
Bristol Trinity Church: Flying Saucers
Burnley Lower House Canteen: The Chevrans
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: The Zorkie Twins
Cardiff Med Club: Zipper
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: Remember This
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Judge Dred / Black Market
Cheshamfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
Colchester Essex University: XTC
Coventry General Wolfe: The Cruisers
Croydon The Cross: The Bopcats
Deeside Leisure Centre: Status Quo
Dudley Galaxy Park: Dave Berry
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Tich Turner's Escalator
Dumfries Theatre Royal: Richard & Linda Thompson
Edinburgh Nite Club: Bill Nelson & The Practical Dreamers
Eton Christopher Hotel: The Crying Shames
Folkestone (Sandgate) Windsurfer: Ghost
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Toyah / D.J. Kane & The Millionaires
Glasgow Strathclyde University: Theatre Of Hate
Halifax Foggy's: Private Dicks
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: Girlschool / AIIZ
Ilford The Cranbrook: Rye & The Quarterboys
Leeds Haddon Hall: Dodgy Tactics
Liverpool Brady's: The Purple Hearts
Liverpool The Masonic: The Check
Liverpool Warehouse: Export
London Camden Dingwalls: Billy Karloff & The Extremes / African Star
London Canning Town Bridge House: Gerry McAvoy Jam
London Chelsea Kennedy's: The Idle Flowers / Simon Chamberlain
London Chiswick Town Hall: Canyons & Matches / Crazy About Love
London Clapham Two Brewers: Spitzbrook
London Clapham 101 Club: The Flatbackers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Saints / Bumble & The Bees
London Euston The Pits: Remipeds / Rick O'Shea & Friends
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Rialtos
London Fulham Greyhound: Salt / Italian Parcells
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Satellites / Lucky Saddles / Auntie Pus
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Hammersmith Odeon: Whitesnake
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Red Beans & Rice / Fast Eddie
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Arrogant
London Herne Hill Brockwell Park (noon-7 pm): Pete Townshend / The Members / The Quads / Aswad / Tour de Force / Jim Capaldi / Barry Ford
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Resistance / A Bigger Splash
London Highgate Jacksons Rock Club: Chuck Farley
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Acidtones
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Morrissey Mullen
London Marquee Club: Long Tall Shorty / Eddy Steady Go
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Irving Street Band
London N.W.5 Interaction: Jam Today
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Zero Hour
London Putney Spencer Arms: The Flood
London Putney Star & Garter: Jazz Sluts
London Putney White Lion: The Soul Band
London Rotherhithe Waterside Theatre: New Cross
London Royal Free Hospital: Any Trouble / Rio & The Robots
London Soho Pizza Express: Al Casey Quartet / Joe Newman
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: John Cooper Clarke & The Invisible Girls
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Mr. Clean
London Victoria The Venue: Joe Ely / Mickey Jupp
London Wembley Arena: Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Attempted Moustache / Josef K
Loughborough Town Hall: Tenpole Tudor
Luton Fairs: Koko la Tango
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: The Stilts
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: Mistress
Manchester Polytechnic: Altered Images
Manchester Portland Bars: Whippies
Manchester (Rusholme) Birch Community Centre: Stiff Bennett & The Memos
Margate Royal Albion Hotel: Desperate Measures
Nelson Boro' Bank Club: Rockabilly Rebs
Newcastle City Hall: Shakin' Stevens
Newcastle Post Office Inn: Red Umbrella
New Haw Parkside Club: Lights Out
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Spring Offensive
Oxford University Exeter Hall: Judie Tzuke
Reading Central Club: Jimmy Lindsay
Redcar Coatham Bowl: Trust
Redruth London Hotel: Jude The Obscure
Reidford Porterhouse: Bette Bright & The Illuminations
Salsbury King & Bishop: Larry Miller Band
Sheffield City Hall: Wishbone Ash
Shifnal Star Hotel: Denizens
Southampton Victory Club: Dub Allup

Amateurs
Swindon Oasis Centre: The Undertones
Tamworth (Hopwas) Chequers: Victorian Parents
Thornhill Youth Club: The Radio Ghosts
Torquay Town Hall: Classix Nouveaux
Watford Red Lion: C-Saim
Westerham Little Theatre: Back Door Man
Weymouth College: White Lines
Whitley Bay Mingles Club: Standard Issue
Wick Rosebank Hotel: The Dolphins
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Yeovil Classic Cinema: The Review / The Mob / Bikini Mutants / Null And Void
York The Forge: The Deaf Aids / Bert's Band

SUNDAY

Bedford Bunyan Centre: Tempole Tudor
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham Star Club: De-Go-Tees/Mystery Guests
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bishop Stortford Railway Hotel: Patrik Fitzgerald
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Brighton The Kensington (lunchtime): Slaves Of Janet
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Bury The Derby Hall: Robin Williamson
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: The Amyl Dukes
Canterbury Odeon: XTC
Carlisle Market Hall: Status Quo
Chapel St. Leonards Holiday Park: Dave Berry
Cheltenham Eve's Club: Altered Images
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Judie Tzuke
Croydon Leslie Arms: Shotgun
Darley Dale Northwood Club: Saracen
Durham Big Jug Club: Red Umbrella
Edinburgh Tiffany's: Chris Barber Band
Exeter University: In The Red
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Rita Coolidge
Glasgow Pavilion: Shakin' Stevens
Gloucester Leisure Centre: The Four Bucketeers
Hailsham Crown Hotel: The Breathers/All That's Fiction
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: The Albion Band
Hull Humberdale Theatre: Spider
Hull The Blue Bell: The Watsons
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Girlschool/AIIZ
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
Leeds Haddon Hall: Whippies

Thursday May 28
THEY CAME FROM BEYOND SPACE (Directed by Freddie Francis 1967). Lame, low-budget *Bodysnatchers* rip-off with Robert Hutton lending off the dreaded red-freckles invasion. Jennifer Payne pouts, as well she might (ITV London).

ATTACK! (Robert Aldrich 1956). Characteristically subversive war drama from Bob *Dirty Dozen* Aldrich, strongly cast — Jack Palance, Lee Marvin and Eddie Albert — and cliché-free. (BBC 2).

Friday May 29
BRUTE FORCE (Jules Dassin 1947). Burt Lancaster flexes his magnificent pectorals but the real star of this seminal prison drama is Hume Cronyn's vicious, slit-eyed warden. (BBC 1).

Saturday May 30
DECISION AT SUNDOWN (Budd Boetticher 1957). Randolph Scott Western for the kind of people who find *Bonanza* interesting. (BBC 2).

THE LIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD (Kevin Billington 1971). Lurid Jules Verne yarn, brought viciously to life by the once-promising Billington. Some chuckles as Yul Brynner and Kirk Douglas squabble over Samantha Eggar. (ITV all regions).

Sunday May 31
SWEET WILLIAM (Claude Whatham 1979). Sam Waterston the sour bastard, Jenny Agutter the sweet bitch in wet Beryl Bainbridge 'love' story. (BBC 2).

Stirling Albert Hall: Chris Barber Band
St. Neots Open-Air Concert: The Rank
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys
London Battersea Arts Centre (evening): Shusha/Saffron
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Camden Dingwalls: Commander Cody
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Little Roosters/The Whizz Kids
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Clapham 101 Club: The Screaming Henrys/The Odeons
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: The Original Mirrors/Motor Boys Motor
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: H.G. & The 100 Years/Marcella Mah. Insex
London Finchley Torrington: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
London Fulham Golden Lion: Night
London Fulham Greyhound: Trimmer & Jenkins/Martin Besseman
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: Flying Saucers
London Hammersmith Odeon: Whitesnake
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Yes Men/China Blue
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The Chevrans
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Fix/Bop Natives
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Siam
London Kennington The Cricketers: Morrissey Mullen
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX, who last did the rounds as headliners of the '2002 Review' package, are now on tour in their own right. Catch them in action this week at Guildford (Thursday), Torquay (Saturday), Plymouth (Sunday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

THEATRE OF HATE will be playing around 30 dates over the next month or so, appearing for the first time as a quartet, following the departure of guitarist Steve Guthrie. Initial gigs are at Edinburgh (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Aberdeen (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Leeds (Wednesday).

RITA COOLIDGE flies in, hot on the heels of the chart success of her 'Very Best Of...' album, to play a series of concerts — starting at

London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): Young Jazz Big Band
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Jazz Sluts
London Putney White Lion: True Life Confessions
London Rainbow Theatre: The Beat/The Belle Stars
London Soho Pizza Express: Pat Smythe
London St. Martins Lane Duke of York Theatre: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Razz
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Ivory Coasters
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Angel Witch/Vardis/White Spirit/Black Axe
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky 8's
London Stratford Green Man: Wide Open
London Tottenham The Railway: The Razz
Daisy Spasm Band
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Kenny Davern/Fred Hunt Trio
London W.14 The Kensington: Hank Wangford
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Normanton Carlton Club: Rockabilly Rebs
Northampton The Romany: Dealer
Northwich East Anglia University: Nine Below Zero
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: Visible Targets
Peterborough Slickers: The Breakfast Band
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: Classix Nouveaux
Reading Hexagon Theatre: Manhattan Transfer
Reading Top Rank: The Undertones
Redhill Lakers Hotel: The Mets
Saltburn Zetland Hotel: Rank Zerox/Russ &



Monday June 1
BUTTERFIELD 8 (Daniel Mann 1960). Liz Taylor, over-emoting and over-dressed, won an Oscar for her risible portrayal of a high-class hooker in this turgid John O'Hara potboiler. (BBC 1).

Tuesday June 2
THE SKIN GAME (Paul Bogart 1971). Amiable comedy with crafty con-man James Garner and Lou Gossett outwitting the crackers way out West. (BBC 1).

Wednesday June 3
VILLA RIDE! (Buzz Kulik 1968). Yul Brynner, Robert Mitchum and Charlie Bronson dying the death in messy Mexican revolution 'epic'. Sam Peckinpah had a foot in the script. (ITV London).

London New Cross Royal Albert: A Bigger Splash
Wild Dave
Sandwich White Horse: Whirligig
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: Flux Of Pink Indians
Stockport Portland Bars: Marquis De Sade
Wardley British Legion: Red River Rock
Waterlooville White Hart: Prime Suspect
Wolverhampton Fiesta at Monmore Green
Speedway Stadium: Slade/Diamond Head etc.

MONDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Rita Coolidge
Aberdeen The Venue: Theatre Of Hate
Bath The Roxspot: Neon
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: Swing
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
Birmingham Nite Out: The Drifters (for a week)
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw
Blackburn King George's Hall: Slade
Blackpool Grand Theatre: Chris Barber Band
Brighton Top Rank: The Psychedelic Furs
Bristol Granary: Altered Images
Carshalton The Crickets: Avenue
Chigwell Epping Forest Country Club: The Inversions / Imagination
Dunstable Queensway Hall: XTC
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Leeds Haddon Hall: The Elements
Lichfield Arts Centre: Victorian Parents / Decadence

Manchester (Friday), Glasgow (Sunday), Aberdeen (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Coventry (Wednesday).

THE MOODY BLUES may come into the mouldy fig category, but they still have an enormous following in this country. So doubtless there'll be many who will welcome the band's first UK tour for a year, beginning at Sheffield (Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

There are several significant one-off events this week, the most important being the carnival in South London's Brockwell Park on Saturday, marking the culmination of the People's March For Jobs — and featuring such names as Pete Townshend, Aswad, Jim Capaldi

London Camden Dingwalls: Commander Cody
London Canning Town Bridge House: Depeche Mode / Mad Shadows
London Charing Cross Heaven: Bill Nelson & The Practical Dreamers / Josef K / A Flock Of Seagulls
London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Lines / The Bees
London Euston The Pits: Albania / Animal Magnet
London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Manufactured Romance / Press Gang
London Hammersmith Odeon: Ted Nugent
London Hammersmith Palais: The Beat / Nervous Kind / Linton Kwesi Johnson / Belle Stars
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Sleep / A Bigger Splash
London Kennington The Cricketers: The Unloaders
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Kenny Davern (for three days)
London Marquee Club: Tempole Tudor
London N.4 The Stapleton: Dave Ellis Band
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: A Bigger Splash
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Brunel
London Tooting The Castle: Future Daze / The Silence
London Tooting The Fountain: Shotgun
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Elvis Costello / Ian Dury / Chas & Dave / Hot Gossip / Not The Nine O'Clock News team, etc. (MENCAP benefit)
London Victoria The Venue: Manhattan Transfer
London Wardour St. Latin Quarter: Furious Pig / Harry Kipper / People In Control / Anne Bean & Hermine Demorlane
London Wembley Arena: Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Dolly Mixture / The Chefs
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London W.14 The Kensington: The Papers
Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Newcastle City Hall: Toyah / D.J. Kane & The Millionaires
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: The Watsons
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
Portsmouth Guildhall: Wishbone Ash
Preston Guildhall: Shakin' Stevens
Redcar Hydro Hotel: La Lowlife
Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's Flying Saucers
Sheffield Marples Club: The 4-Skins
Southampton The Victory: Warhorse
Southsea South Parade Pier: The Motifs
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: UB40
Stockton Club Fiesta: Carl Green & The Scene
Sunderland Old 29: The Toy Dolls
Swansea Top Rank: The Undertones
Theford Breckland Sports Centre: Paris 9
Whitburn & Maredon Social Club: Red River Rock

TUESDAY

Bath Tiffany's: Graduate
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Money
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: UB40
Cardiff Top Rank: XTC
Carlisle Market Hall: Slade
Crawley Leisure Centre: The Four Bucketeers
Derby Assembly Rooms: The Undertones/TV 21
Harlow Louella's Club: Spider
Hull New Theatre: Shakin' Stevens
Hull School of Architecture: Fire Brigade/Clone 81
Leamington Crown Hotel: Victorian Parents
Leeds Compton Arms: Really
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
Leeds Warehouse: The Original Mirrors
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: Jimmy Whitherspoon
London Balham The Bedford: Shotgun
London Camden Dingwalls: Cottonbuds
London Canning Town Bridge House: Motor Boys Motor/The Outpatients
London Clapham 101 Club: The Flood
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Haircut 100/Empires/The Americans
London Euston The Pits: Bumble and The Bees/Kid Freedom
London Fulham Greyhound: Geno
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Quarterboys
London Fulham Golden Lion: Nightwork
London Hammersmith Odeon: Wishbone Ash
London Hammersmith Palais: Psychedelic Furs/Depeche Mode/Siam
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Jody St/Photo Penix
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: A Bigger Splash
London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue Jazz band
London Islington Pied Bull: Limehouse
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Marquee Club: Tempole Tudor

and The Members.

Another open-air event takes place in the Midlands on Sunday, though this one has no political or social overtones. It's the annual Wolverhampton Fiesta, with Slade topping half-dozen bands.

The biggest indoor concert of the week is the MENCAP benefit at London Apollo on Monday, with such stars as Elvis Costello, Ian Dury and Chas & Dave, not to mention the *Not The Nine O'Clock News* team.

The wild man of rock, Ted Nugent, pops into London for a one-off at Hammersmith on Monday... And the following night sees the UK debut of America's prince of funk, who aptly goes under the name of Prince — he's at London Lyceum.

London N4 The Stapleton: The Razzzy Dazzy Spasm Band
London Putney Star & Garter: The 45's
London Soho Pizz Express: All-Star Jazzband
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Exciters
London Stran Lyceum Ballroom: Prince
London Stratford Green Man: The London Apaches
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: The Alligators/The Wrecktangles
London Victoria The Venue: Basement 5
London Wembley Arena: Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Flying Padovanis
London Wood Green Nightingale: The Outskirts/Spot The Joker
Manchester Polytechnic: Theatre Of Hate
Middlesbrough Town Hall: Toyah/D.J. Kane & The Millionaires
Middlesbrough Wellington Hotel: Martin Carthy
Newcastle City Hall: Rita Coolidge
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: Culture Shock
Nottingham Albert Hall: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: Jimmy Lindsay
Reading Hexagon Theatre: Judie Tzuke
Sheffield City Hall: The Moody Blues
Sheffield Limit Club: Altered Images
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Status Quo
Southampton Gilbies Club: Dub Allup
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: Manhattan Transfer
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Bette Bright & The Illuminations

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Money
Birmingham Opposite Lock: Jimmy Whitherspoon
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Blackpool Grand Theatre: Syd Lawrence Orchestra
Bradford University: The Original Mirrors
Bristol Colston Hall: Judie Tzuke
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Coventry Theatre: Rita Coolidge
Derby Blue Note: Doll By Doll/Emotional Blue/Kevin Hewick
Dudley College of Education: Sub Zero
Edinburgh Buster Brown's: Those French Girls
Glasgow Maestro Club: The Shakin' Pyramids
Hull Zoological: Fault
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Shakin' Stevens
Leeds Amnesia Club: The Mood
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
Leeds Warehouse: Theatre Of Hate
London Camden Dingwalls: The Reluctant Stereotypes/Remipeds
London Chelsea The Roebuck: The 45's
London Clapham Clockhouse: Shotgun
London Clapham 101 Club: The World Service
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Aerial FX/Red Shoes
London Euston The Pits: Case
London Fulham Greyhound: The Gas/The Lasers
London Hammersmith Odeon: Wishbone Ash
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Exciters/Luna Park
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: E.L.34/New Mania
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London Peckham Walmer Castle: the Firm/The Elite
London Soho Pizza Express: Ian Henry Quartet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: J.J. & The Flyers
London Stratford Green Man: Nicky Barclay Band
London Victoria The Venue: The Red Crayola/Furious Pig
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Aztec Camera
Luton Sands: The Stop Band
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians
Manchester Beech Club: Bitling Tongues
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Household Name
Margate The Ship: Ghost
Newcastle City Hall: The Moody Blues
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Classix Nouveaux
Newport Stowaway: The Mo-dettes
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Nottingham Rock City: Soft Cell
Oxford Scamps: Dum Dum Dum
Poole Arts Centre: The Psychedelic Furs
Portsmouth Guildhall: Jimmy Lindsay
Sandwich White Horse: Perry White Band
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: Ornette Coleman's Prime Time
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Status Quo
Southampton The Victory: The New Brendas/3X
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Stevenage The Swan: Spider
Swinton Duke of Wellington: Rockin Horse
Taunton Black Horse: Graham Larkbey

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 28th May **THE DUMB BLONDES** + Stolen Pets £1.25

Friday 29th May **THE FRESHIES** + The Lasers £1.50

Saturday 30th May **SALT** + Italian Parcels £1.50

Sunday 31st May **TRIMMER & JENKINS** + Martin Besserman £1.00

Monday 1st June **MANUFACTURED ROMANCE** + Press Gang £1.50

Tuesday 2nd June **GENO** featuring Geno Washington + Rye & The Quarter Boys £1.50

Wednesday 3rd June **THE GAS** + The Lasers £1.25

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BILL NELSON
JOSEF K & A FLOCK
OF SEAGULLS
In Heaven
9.00PM-3.00AM MONDAY JUNE 1ST
OVER 1500 SEAGULLS IN UNDER 1000 AIRCRAFT AT CHANNING CROSS
WCC TICKETS £1.50 FROM SMALL SHOP, BOOKSTALL, WINEY
TOWN, MONMOUTH AND PREMIER BOX OFFICE ON THE NIGHT



Thursday May 28th
THE BUTTS
Elephant & Castle

FLESH HABIT
+ CL2

SOUNDS 01-733 5764 80p

THE PITS
GREENMAN, EUSTON ROAD, NW1
Licensed 8.30 till 1am — Opp Gt. Portland St. Tube

Thursday 28th May £1.50
MOTOR BOYS
MOTOR
+ Kindergarten

Monday 1st June £1.50
ALBANIA
+ Animal Magnet

Friday 29th May £1.50
HANK WANGFORD

Tuesday 2nd June £1.50
BUMBLE & THE BEES
+ Kid Freedom

Saturday 30th May £1.50
THE REMIPEDS
+ Rick O'Shea & Friends

Wednesday 3rd June £1.50
CASE
+ Allen Alliance

D.J. SLY FOX

ROTTERS
ST JOHNS PRECINCT, LIVERPOOL (Tel 051-709 0771)

PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS PRESENT
Wednesday 10th June

JUDIE TZUKE
+ MAESTOSO

Featuring Woolly Wolstenholme from Barclay James Harvest

Advance Tickets: £3.00

Tickets by post from PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS, 20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Enclose SAE for other outlets and times see local press. Must be over 18 years of age. No dress restrictions. No membership required.

MONDAY 1st JUNE
PEOPLES MARCH CONCERT
YORK HALL, BETHNAL GREEN E2
7.00 - 11.30

IVORY COASTERS
SURVIVORS
LOUGHSWILLY
BARI DISCO! £1.50

JACKSONS
Jacksons Lane Community Centre,
Archway Road, London N6
(Opposite Highgate Tube)
Tel. 340 5226

Saturday 30th May
CHUCK FARLEY
(ex Mna! Ticket)

"If Lowell George were still with us
he'd be looking for a gig with this
band"

Joe Punter
8.00pm. Members £1, others £1.50.

REMIPEDS
TOUR OF TRUMPTON 1981

MAY
Wednesday 27th
ROCK GARDEN

JUNE
Saturday 30th
THE PITS

Wednesday 3rd
DINGWALLS

Friday 5th
101 CLUB

Sunday 7th
HOPE & ANCHOR

Thursday 11th
THE STARLIGHT

Saturday 13th
THE HALF MOON

Wednesday 24th
HERNE HILL

Thursday 25th
GOSSIPS

CANTERBURY COLL.
OF ART

More dates to be added

REMIPED INFORMATION
723 6301

AGENCY: Simon Low I.T.B. 439 8041.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

GANG OF FOUR
scars
PiGBAG

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2

SUNDAY 7th JUNE at 7-30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2249
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5086

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WISHBONE
ASH
IN CONCERT
NUMBER THE BRAVE
RE-WEAVE THE FUTURE FROM OLD SONGS

Supported by THE NICKY MOORE BAND

TAUNTON ODEON MONDAY 1st MAY	EDINBURGH ODEON THURSDAY 2nd MAY
BRISTOL COLSTON HALL TUESDAY 1st MAY	GLASGOW APOLLO FRIDAY 2nd MAY
LANCASTER UNIVERSITY THURSDAY 21st MAY	SHEFFIELD CITY HALL SATURDAY 30th MAY
HULL CITY HALL FRIDAY 22nd MAY	PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL MONDAY 1st JUNE
BIRMINGHAM ODEON SATURDAY 2nd MAY	HAMMERSMITH ODEON TUESDAY 2nd JUNE
LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL SUNDAY 24th MAY	GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL THURSDAY 4th JUNE
LIVERPOOL EMPIRE TUESDAY 26th MAY	BRIGHTON DOME FRIDAY 5th JUNE
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL WEDNESDAY 27th MAY	OXFORD NEW THEATRE SATURDAY 6th JUNE

RAINBOW RE SCHEDULED TO HAMMERSMITH ODEON
all tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 except GUILDFORD ALL £3.50
HAMMERSMITH £4.00, £3.50, £3.00

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 412544 Open 8pm — 2am

Wednesday 3rd June £1.50 on door
Nightclubbing Dancelight

SOFT CELL
RONNY + RUSTY EGAN + STEVO

Thursday 4th June Adv £2.00
TRUST
+ VARDIS

Friday 5th June Pay on door £2
Futurist Night —
Live on stage
SHOCK
+ Special Guests

Saturday 6th June Adv £3.00
JUDIE TZUKE
+ MAESTOSO
featuring Woolly Wolstenholme from
Barclay James Harvest

Thursday 11th June Adv £2.50
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
+ OUR DAUGHTERS
WEDDING

Friday 12th June Adv £3.00
TEARDROP EXPLODES

Postponed Until July

SUGAR MINOTT
Tuesday 16th June Adv £3.00
TOOTS & THE MAYTALS
+ Inner Roots

Friday 19th June Adv £2.50
BAUHAUS
+ SUBWAY SECT
+ BIRTHDAY PARTY

Wednesday 24th June Adv £3.50
KRAFTWERK

Thursday 25th June Adv £3.00
JOE JACKSONS
JUMPIN' JIVE

Friday 26th June Adv £2.50
SPLIT ENZ
+ DEPARTMENT S

Wednesday 1st July Adv £2.50
DURAN DURAN

Thursday 9th July Adv £3.00
IGGY POP

Tickets from: Rock City Box Office, Virgin, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office,
Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark —
Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks & Sanctuary, Lincoln or by Post from Rock
City. Enclose SAE.

theatre of hate

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2

SUNDAY 14th JUNE at 6-30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2249
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5086

UB40
IN ASSOCIATION WITH DEREK BLOCK

'Present Arms'
at **WALSALL F.C.**
(FELLOWS PARK WALSALL)

SATURDAY 13th JUNE 2pm
with **Toots & The Maytals**

& SPECIAL GUESTS

TICKETS £4.50 (£3.75 to Dole Card Holders)
Available from FELLOWS PARK WALSALL and

BIRMINGHAM	CYCLOPS AND VIRGIN
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BURTON ON TRENT	R.E. CORDS
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HANLEY	MIKE LLOYD RECORDS
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LONDON	LTB AND PREMIER
MANCHESTER	PICCADILLY
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BO DEREK
A Change of Seasons
Progs: 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.30, Late show Sat 11pm.

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

3 **CINEMA CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS**

4 **CINEMA CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS**

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offer you the chance to see a
HERMAN SHOWMAN PRODUCTION
an open air festival in . . .

TORHOUT, WERCHTER, BELGIUM on the 4th July by

DIRE STRAIGHTS
ROBERT PALMER

THE PRETENDERS
ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
THE UNDERTONES
TOOTS & THE MAYTALS D.C. MATICS
+ more groups to be announced
The price of £52.00 includes

★ A Ticket for the Concert
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Departure from London on the evening of the 3rd July. The concert being on the 4th July and returning on the 5th July
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RECORD NEWS

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

A OUTLAW and KILTORCH present
OUT OF THE CULTURE BUNKERTHE
TEARDROP
EXPLODES.ALSO PLAYING THE DELMONTES
FRIDAY 19th JUNE 7:30pm

TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50

FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, & USUAL AGENTS
(SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)ELTON LP
RELEASED

ELTON JOHN'S previously reported new album 'The Fox' is released this week by Rocket, and it marks several changes of style for our lad — which isn't surprising, with Chris Thomas producing some of the tracks, because he's previously worked with such luminaries as The Sex Pistols, Roxy Music and The Pretenders. Remaining tracks were produced by Elton and Clive Franks — and the composer credits are shared between Elton and Bernie Taupin, Gary Osborne and Tom Robinson.

In America there's been a legal battle over who should release the album — his former label MCA, or Geffen Records to whom he recently signed. Los Angeles courts this week ruled in favour of Geffen.



● Diana Ross has left Motown after a long association and signed with RCA Records. At present, the deal is for the United States and Canada only, but she's reported to be anxious to integrate all territories under one logo as soon as possible. ● 'Don't Stop By' is the new Tygers Of Pan Tang single from MCA, due out on June 5 and taken from their 'Spellbound' album. The B-side is a live version of 'Slave To Freedom', and on the 12-inch there's a bonus live track called 'Raised On Rock'.

● Robyn Hitchcock, former Soft Boys leader, has his debut solo album out this week on Armageddon Records — titled 'Black Snake Diamond Role', it includes his recently released single 'The Man Who Invented Himself'. He's currently rehearsing with his newly formed band, in readiness for live appearances.

● A six-album boxed set, containing 83 of Burt Bacharach's best-known compositions, has been launched by Reader's Digest. All are original recordings, and among the numerous artists featured are The Carpenters, Dusty Springfield, Dionne Warwick, Cher, Herb Alpert, Gene Pitney and Gladys Knight. Only available by mail order at £21.95 (including p&p) from Reader's Digest, 7-10 Old Bailey, London EC99 1AA.

● Random Hold, who broke up after their U.S. tour with Peter Gabriel last year, have reformed and signed with RCA. The new line-up features original members Dave Ferguson (keyboards) and Pete Phipps (drums) — plus newcomers Sue Raven (vocals), Steve Wilkin (guitar) and Nigel Hardy (bass). Their single 'Walking On The Edge' is due out shortly.

● The Flying Lizards have their second album issued by Virgin on June 5 — titled 'The Fourth Wall', it features founder David Cunningham, lead vocalist Patti Pfaffen and "a cast of thousands". It's preceded this weekend by the single 'Lovers And Other Strangers'.

● 'New Life' and 'Shout' are the tracks on the new Depeche Mode single, released by Mute Records this weekend.

● Four-piece band Nautyculture have their new single 'Someday Sunday', penned by singer and guitarist Doug Gordon, issued by Charisma this week. And they're currently lining up a string of London dates for June, to be followed by a UK tour in July.

● Solar Records — whose roster includes Whispers, Shalimar, Lakeside and Dynasty, among others — have signed a worldwide deal with Elektra/Asylum, with UK distribution by WEA. First rush release is the debut single from eight-piece girl band Klymaxx, titled 'Never Underestimate A Woman', with their first album following soon. Coming shortly are a single and LP from Dynasty, plus a Midnight Star single.

● Colin Newman has his second solo single issued this weekend by Beggars Banquet subsidiary, 4 A D Record. It's called 'Provisionally Entitled The Singing Fish', and Newman not only produces but also plays all the instruments.

GANGING UP ON POVERTY

GANG OF FOUR, just back from a European tour, have their new single 'To Hell With Poverty'/'Capital (It Fails Us Now)' issued by EMI on June 15 — in both 7" and 12" forms. And to mark the occasion, they headline a one-off show at London Lyceum on Sunday, June 7.



● To tie in with her current UK tour, Judie Tzuke has a single titled 'I Never Know Where My Heart Is' released by Rocket this week. It's a track from her hit album 'I Am The Phoenix'.

Bonanza for
Cherry Red

A COMPILATION album titled 'Perspectives And Distortion', issued by Cherry Red early next month, is described as "the acceptable face of Avant-Garde". Among the many acts featured are Robert Fripp, The Virgin Prunes, Kevin Coyne, The Lemon Kittens, Morgan Fisher, Eyeless In Gaza, Five Or Six and Lol Coxhill.

Other albums from the same source include the double LP 'An Evening With Quentin Crisp' (a monologue from his stage show), 'Six Empty Places' by A Tent (featuring ex-Edge keyboards man Gavin Povey and African saxist Dudu Pukwana) and 'On Earth 2' by former Ugo guitarist Kevin Harrison.

Also next month, Cherry Red release a 12-inch single titled 'Polar Exposure' by Five Or Six, with a nine-track B-side playing at 33-rpm — plus a 12-inch from Eyeless In Gaza called 'The Eyes Of Beautiful Losers', which has five tracks. Orthodox singles are 'Tribe' by Soul (formerly known as B-Film) and 'Something Sends Me To Sleep' by Felt.

● To tie in with their headliner at London Lyceum this Sunday, Angel Witch release an EP titled 'Loser', with 'Suffer' and 'Dr Phibes' on the B-side. It's their second on the bronze label, and features their new drummer Dave Dufort from The EF Band. The band are now busy preparing material for their second album, to be recorded in the summer.

● New four-piece band Villa de Ville have signed a long-term deal with Hood Records, distributed by RCA. Their debut album 'For The Time Being' is scheduled for August 10 release, to be preceded in July by a single, titles still undecided.

● Former Real Thing and Al Jarreau drummer Nigel Martinez has his first solo single 'Behind My Back' released by Pinnacle this week — and besides producing, he's also featured on vocals, drums, bass, guitar and brass! From the same label comes 'For Your Love (Part 1)', by Delroy Washington, and both singles are available in 7" and 12".

● Liverpool hard rock outfit Rage have their second Carrere single out on July 3, in picture-disc form. The double A-sider couples with a live version of 'Bootleggers 81' (taped in Paris earlier this year) with a track from their recently released debut LP titled 'Roll The Dice'. Rage were formerly known as Nutz.

● On June 5, Ariola/Arista release a specially priced double LP, featuring Clive James narrating his latest rhyming epic 'Charles Charming's Challenges On The Pathway To The Throne'. It's a satire on the life of Prince Charles (portrayed by Russell Davies, who also plays 28 other characters), with Pamela Stephenson playing such roles as the Queen, Princess Anne, the Queen Mother and Esther Rantzen. The three principals will also be performing the work live at London's Apollo Theatre (Shaftesbury Avenue) for three weeks from June 9.

C-81 now on
general sale

THE NME-ROUGH TRADE compilation cassette 'C-81' goes on general sale in shops throughout the UK this week, as the first release on Rough Tapes, the company's new cassette offshoot. It still contains 24 tracks running for 81 minutes, though The Specials and Linx have now been replaced at the request of their record company, Chrysalis. Suggested retail price is £3.75 — which shows how well 25,500 NME readers fared when they purchased it for only £1.50.

Also out this week on Rough Tapes (not available on disc) is 'Live At The Lyceum' by Cabaret Voltaire. A number of other Rough Trade albums, both in catalogue and upcoming, are also being made available in cassette form.

● Nico, the ex-Velvet Underground singer, returns in June with her first album in seven years. Titled 'Drama In Exile', it is on Aura Records, with whom she recently signed. It contains seven new Nico songs, plus Bowie/Eno's 'Heroes' and Lou Reed's 'Waiting For The Man'. Nico will be playing a number of selected live UK dates to coincide with the LP's release.

● Rutland Records, who've just renewed their distribution deal with Pinnacle, have signed Swiss rock band Blitch and will be issuing their single 'First Bite' shortly.

● Stoke heavy metal band Demon debut for Carrere on June 5 with the single 'Ride The Wind', and their first album 'Night Of The Demon' is scheduled for mid-July release.

● Newcastle band White Spirit have a one-off single 'Nowhere To Run' out on local independent Neat Records, who originally launched The Tygers Of Pan Tang.

● 'Automatic'/'Give Me Work' is a double A-side single marking the debut of five-piece Hereford band Thirty Seconds. It's on Birmingham label Initial Records, with distribution by Stage One.

RISQUE PROMOTIONS present

Sat 30th May — The Town Hall, Loughborough, Leics — 8:00 pm — 1 am

TENPOLE TUDOR

+ CAMEO ROLE ADVANCE TICKETS £2.50

Friday 5th June — The Town Hall, Loughborough, Leics — 8:00 pm — 1 am

THEATRE OF HATE

+ SUPPORT ADVANCE TICKETS £2.25

TICKETS FROM THE BOX OFFICE LOUGHBOROUGH TOWN HALL REVOLVER RECORDS — LEICESTER RECORDS — DERBY SELECTADISC — NOTTINGHAM RANDES RECORDS — COALVILLE OR BY POST — RISQUE PROMOTIONS, LEICESTER WAY, 6-10 EASTGATE, LEICESTER — INCLUDE SAE

DOMINION THEATRE

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON W1

Derek Block presents

JOHN
COOPER CLARKE
& THE INVISIBLE GIRLS

PLUS SUPPORT

SATURDAY 30th MAY 8pm

TICKETS £3.00 £2.50

AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, & USUAL AGENTS

MAGNUM
LIONHEART

THE LYCEUM

The Strand

THURSDAY 11th JUNE 8pm.

Tickets £3 in advance £3.50 on door

Available from Lyceum Box Office Tel: 836 3715, London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Ave, Tel: 439 3371, Premier Box Office, Tel: 240 2245 and usual agents.

Rainbow

CONCERTS

REGGAE AT THE
100 CLUB

100 Oxford St, London W1

Thursday 26th May

TALISMAN
+ BLACKHEARTNew Wave at the
100 Club

Tuesday 2nd June

MARTIAN
DANCE

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IN THE ALBUM CHARTS FOR 9 MONTHS
AND STILL GOING STRONG!

All the singles are still available.

UB40 Food for thought King.GRAD 6

UB40 My way of thinking I think it's going to rain today.GRAD 8

UB40 Earth dies screaming Dream a lie.GRAD 10

GRADUATE RECORDS, 1 UNION STREET, DUDLEY, WEST MIDS.

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THAMBI & THE DANCE

The First Single

Too Late To Fly The Flag
b/w She Doesn't Talk



Virgin

Produced by Mick Glossop

Reggae Runnings



SEEN at the controls above the celebrated Thane of dub operating out of the heart of Midlothian: Papa Swi the Lionheart.

Sole proprietor, sound system selector and toaster at Edinburgh's "First and foremost reggae congregation" the Ital Club, Papa Swi ne Schweitzer K Oddoys established the club in the city on October 1 1976 and presently boasts a membership of 1,600, hosting appearances by The Gladiators, Cimarons, Eclipse, Reggae Regular, Tribesmen, Misty In Roots and others during its existence.

"I named the Club after the first dub album I ever bought, 'Ital Dub' by Augustus Pablo," claims Ghanaian born Mr Oddoys. "I thought *ital* best described my aspirations for the Club, as in its literal meaning it refers to the Rastafarian diet of natural, ethnic and largely vegetarian food. From this we derive the general interpretation of the word as anything natural (natty), ethnic and *rahtid!*"

Papa Swi is seen in residence at the Ital Club, upstairs at the Playhouse every Sunday 8 pm to 1 am.

'Drum Song'/'Rocking Of The 5,000', Wayne Jarrett's 'Satta Dread' and The Tamilins meets Taxi for 'Baltimore', Clocktower Records are distributed by Brad's Record Den, 3756 White Plains Road, NY.

Also new on US pressing is a Studio 1 eight track showcase entitled 'Various Artists Volume III', featuring two titles apiece from Johnny Osbourne and Jackie Mittoo, and one each by Delroy Wilson, Alton Ellis, Jeff & Marcia and Brentford Rockers.

Two lemon vinyl discmixes issued on the Stafford Douglas-owned Art & Craft label dispense Al Campbell and Lui Lapki with adaptation of 'Hold On To Love' (ACD 009) and Earl Cunningham, 'Don't Let Me Wait In Vain' (ACD 010).

Other new discmix titles include: Dean Stone and Kojack, 'Sweet Love Of Mine' c/w Fatman Ridim Section, 'My Love' (Top Ranking International); Hortense Ellis produced by brother Alton with

'Unexpected Places' c/w 'Wooden Heart' (Burning Rockers); Black Crucials, 'Precious Love' c/w 'Natty Culture' (Masai); and Heather (Perky) featuring Tipper Ranking, 'I Will Always Love You' c/w Natashe (4½ years old) with 'Baby Love' (Mass Media Music).

A reggae special takes place at the Cliffs Pavilion, Southend-On-Sea this Thursday, May 28 with live on stage Misty In Roots and rocking to Jah Tubbys ranking international. The event opens at 7.30 pm and advance tickets are £3.30 from the Pavilion box office or £3.70 at the door. Nearest station: Westcliff.

The West Indian Federation and the Black Musician Inc declare Saturday, May 30 Hon. 'Bob Marley Day', to be held at Porchester Hall in Paddington with 10 hours of Jamming from 2 pm until midnight with Rico, Tan Tan, Jackie Mittoo, Bob Drumbago, Hortense Ellis, King Sounds, Junior English and sounds by King Tropical and Sir Coxsone. Special oldies selection by DJ Toots. Heavyweight promotions display of T Shirts, badges, books, tams, scarves, posters. Donations to Jamaica Cancer Fund. Admission: £3.50.

Finally, later that same night live on stage at Cubes, Roseberry Place, Dalston, E8 the great Johnny Osbourne.

Penny Reel

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Japan

Hammer-smith Odeon

DAVID SYLVIAN is beautiful. He reminds me, through the nobility and chill of his face, of my girlfriend, but he has the smile where she has the sex. I'm not being hollow — this is hallowed stuff. For his smile alone, Sylvian is a contemporary classic: a molten modern. It doesn't matter that he's sexless — too fragile to fuck — he is a visual narcotic, a sugar-frosted boy wonder. Look don't touch. Sylvian is a scent from heaven.

Now that Japan have refined their tartist craft and a silhouetted dance music is represented by happily subtle light visuals, the group and image coincide conveniently if not resplendently with the new colour: the dim romance, the syn-gloss. They've drifted from being irrelevant auroral uglies to a place where their unstained character, exotic nonchalance and effete dramaturgy forms such a fictional thrill the mainstream vision of fashion is all but theirs. They may pretend that they're above all the trying twaddle of trend and cult but can't deny that it is the shift in teen favour towards the quasi-enigmatic, glamboyant and decorated that will give them legal British success to reward their unbelievable confidence. They will embrace this and so they should.

The *Daily Mirror* will feature them. They will be SEEN. Davey Siverman will be SEEN. We voyeurs can gossip. Hit parade action spreadeagles normal reactions. Dave Silkscreen is — after all this time — one of '81's major new pin ups, pinned with Cope, Toyah, wet Wilde, Belle Jennie, Roger and Wakeling, scarface King and dare I say it Devoto (this time!). Of course, Sylvian is vacant next to Devoto, and Japan music an oily ostentation next to Magazine: magnificence, but please give me a hundred personal appearances from Sylvian and the strawberry smile for every one from Strained Strange and Hustler Egan. At least Sylvian breathes cool anti-vulgarist air.

Japan are an event group. A slavish audience — Japan can fill two nights at the Odeon and they're not yet a hit group — is treated to a big and monied sound, charging colour, nominal smoke and each Jap playing his part with relaxed correctness. Skin, axe and wardrobe stay put, putting business before self. Bass Khan, looking ill or fossilised like one of his sculptures, plays a deadpan lizard foil to the infantile Sylvian, shifting around the stage and up the ramps deviously dragging away attention from where it must be.

Sylvian advances, dances and freezes in motion so like Ferry it's debasing: it's like he is a surgically exalted version of the original Bryan. He saunters down the ramps to fraternise in slow passion with those who adore, letting them touch his imperiously waved hand whilst the smile widens with vanity until it's almost sublime.

After ten minutes of Japan's teenybop Simple Minds material — sumptuous in parts, dank most of the time — it was time to go. Not even a piece the liquid Sylvian wrote with the Great Sakamoto had any celebrative passion. It was possible to stay an hour appreciating the suaveness of the presentation, the certainty of the musicians and the charm of the sugar angel.

Sylvian was ever so slender, wore slate grey and smiled a lot. Japan are easy to forget. But I like looking.

Paul Morley

Heaven must have scent you



The Beat

Birmingham

THE WAY to tell how well a Beat gig is going is by Saxa's smile, and tonight he was grinning so wide the ends nearly met at the back, out-dazzling even his tasteful floral trousers. What else could we do but smile back?

The Beat may steal, from both Caribbean and English beat music, but the fusion that results is undeniably their own. And, unlike many, they never dilute their sources or compromise its message, they simply transform it into militant, joyful dance music. If only a few representatives of Her Majesty's beloved Government could've been there to witness the relish with which the audience sang along to 'Stand Down Margaret'... I don't think they'd have liked it much, because this is not whining, sterile protest, but a positive defiant stance. 'I'm Your Flag' is far above the current crop of anti-war tunes, and there's a CND stall next to the souvenir sellers. The Beat put their money where their mouth is, and what's more, you can

dance to it.

They've doubled in size since I first knew them: Roger and Saxa were early additions, but now the live show includes ex-roadie Dave 'Blockhead' on keyboards, trumpet from Saxa's mate Salin, and an appearance by a serious young man called Lionel who will eventually be taking over from his dad on sax for most live dates. Cedric Myrton of the Congoes has also been around on some nights, but Birmingham unfortunately missed out.

Of the songs, all the old favourites were there with the exception of 'Hands Off She's Mine', a chauvinist parody that was a little too subtle. They went down best, of course, but served to make the extra depth and quality in the new songs even clearer: more room for the irrepressible Saxa to show off, for drummer Everett to prove his ample talents, for bouncy Star Roger to preach his love and unity thang.

So what's appen? We danced fit to drop, then went away feeling tired and happy. And the Beat goes on...

Sheryl Garratt

LIVE!

Parliament - Funkadelic

New York

P-FUNK do for the modern funk show what The Grateful Dead did to the rock show in the late '60s. They alter the time frame of the event, change the meaning performers and audience have for each other. In a few years, P-Funk may be as much of a nostalgia act as the Dead are now, playing for a cult of die-hards, but for the moment they are blowing conventions apart.

The P-Funk show is a marathon, a several-hour series of movements, full of highs and lows. In a seated venue, this would have been disaster, but at the Ritz, where you can drift in and out, it's fine, though the sound system isn't up to the band's multi-voice requirements.

The crowd here tonight, mostly young, black and ready to groove, knows this and keeps the ball rolling on their own. Circulating around, dancing in every corner, blowing whistles, talking back to the stage. P-Funk plays to a cult that knows the programme, the symbols and the plot.

George Clinton had announced his retirement from touring. But the quality of the Parliament - Funkadelic recorded output has been slipping lately, and Clinton may have felt the need to personally whip the Thang

back into shape. So he's back, in his long blonde wig, cranking up the mad machine and cheering on its parts.

This is a scaled-down version of the P-Funk show — no elaborate stage set, no Mothership descending from the rafters, not as many costume changes as usual. But George Clinton's idea of a scaled-down show is anyone else's idea of a three-ring circus. The stage is crowded with bodies. Girl singers (The Brides of Funkenstein) wailing sweet and crazy, while guitarist Michael Hampton rediscovering the lost and maligned art of the guitar solo, pushes the psychedelic-improvisation-within-funk idea to new limits.

Sly Stone's appearance in the midst of all this is the night's weirdest occurrence. Sly walks on, plants himself behind some keyboards, and the band launches into a truncated medley of his early hits. Sly hardly sings, letting the Brides handle most of the vocals. Five minutes later he's gone, as if to say, "Hi folks, just wanted to let y'all know I'm still alive."

The only element of past P-Funk shows I missed was Phillip Wynne, the ex-Spinners vocalist who's been working with Clinton lately. Without him there was no one voice to serve as a focus, and the madcap chorale sometimes lost their way. But that was all part of this up and down rollercoaster. Richard Grabel

David Sylvian pic: Phillip Grey

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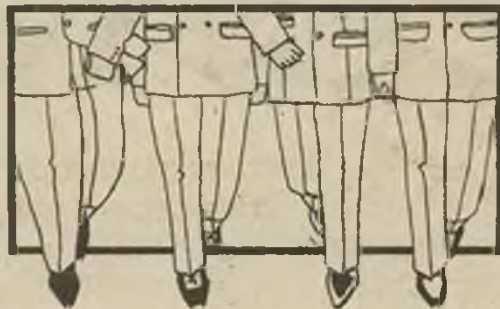
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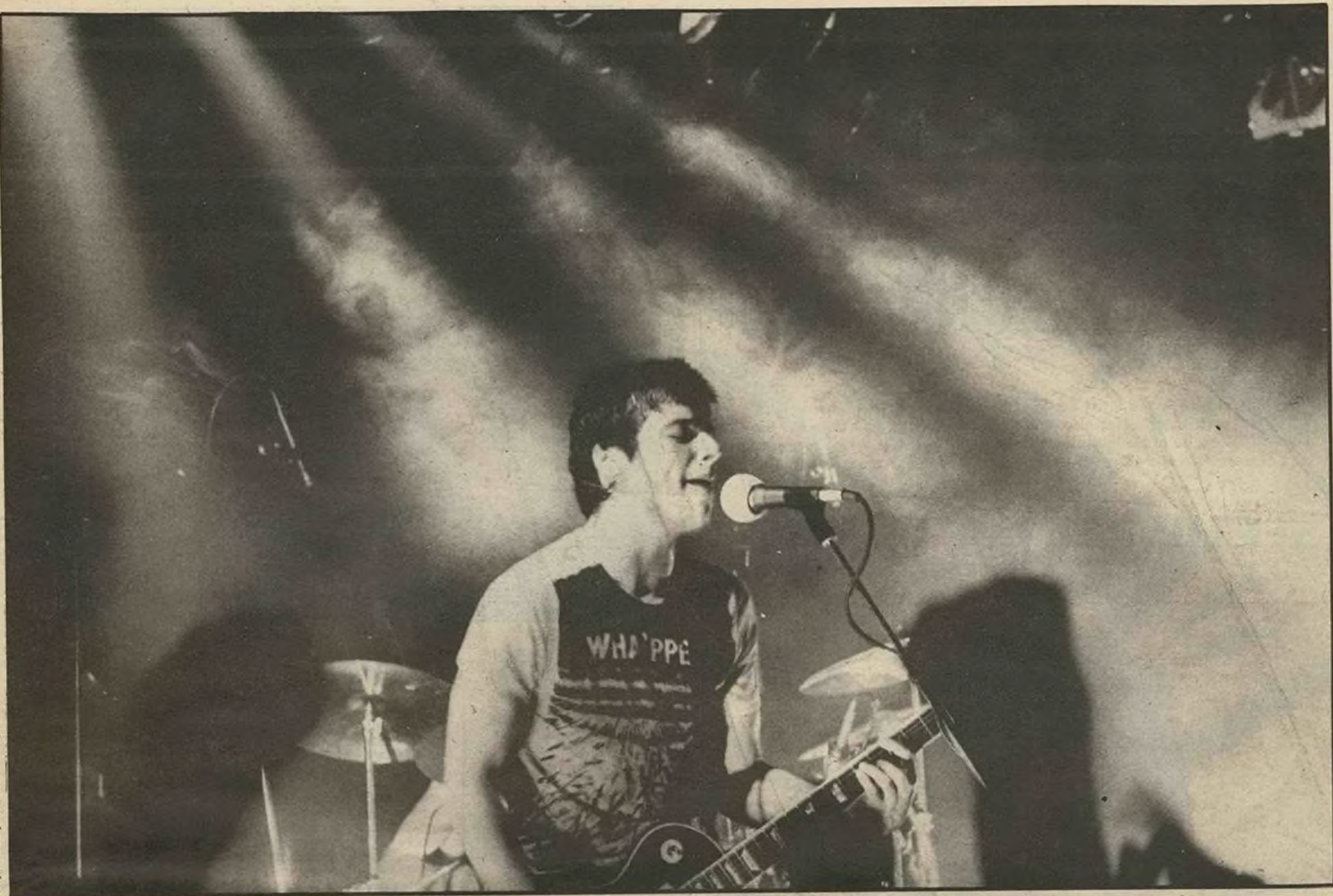
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Tones help you breathe more easily

The Undertones

Hammersmith Palais

THEY'VE WON, the Tones. They've defined the pop pursuit as the adventure of the receptive, an enduring means of pleasure and cajolery, a sorcerous scene of desire. They've blended, with blessed insinuation, intuition, coincidence, contemplation and design, and moved with valuable motivation from mischievous innocents to intimidating seducers without relinquishing their grip on a fundamental and insuperable pop perception. Pop? A fancy law. At the heart of 'Tone smiling pop is an unnerving cynicism. The Undertones calculate, translate, appreciate, embrace the glorious accidental and they DEVASTATE.

A light confection has improbably matured into a stringent liqueur, a bashful charm has exploded into a vivacious self-deprecating style. They've avoided becoming predictable exponents of an exact, specialist romance-pop, and it's more of a case that they've simply got better. Their development implies a stamina, a paganism and cosmopolitanism that was never anticipated. And to look at them! There can be no such thing as an Undertone clone. All the glamour and colour about The Undertones is powerpacked into their songs. The Undertones compose songs that on a clear date can be assumed to be the most succinct and successful ever: see? Pop? A delicate association.

And their enigmatic, energetic quality is working. At the Palais, The Undertones, mixing their considerable classics with 'Positive Touch' pieces were sing-along-agreed like heroes. It was a pop concert. Pop? An outrage. It was how it should be. Structured immaculately so that the familiar lifted us through the brand new, the slow prepared us for the swift: a scandalously smart sequence of pop songs that cut long stories short with insoluble cunning, each containing irresistible detail and just the right amount of dare. Dare? A pop dazzle. Dazzle? A pop ideal Presented with unabashed joy, a radiating patience. Concentration from guitarers, anonymous reliability from drummer (all this lovelier than it sounds, of course), haphazard idiosyncrasy from Fergox and Dambassian that never interfered with the show's fluency. It was superior excitement, purged of all complication or vulgarity. Pop? The Undertones. Yes!

The songs grip without mercy: a vice of melancholy, motion, commotion, reversion, supplication, protest. The group understand the divine energy of melody; command this energy with unique compulsion. The Undertones seem inexorable, certainly inescapable. Half way through one of the best pop concerts of all time — pow! — I had to think that The Undertones are the greatest group of their kind that there's ever going to be, Undertones pop? A wonder. They're the wondertones. And that's that.

Paul Morley

Siam

Rock Garden

WEARING Hawaiian shirts and churning out summer pop, Red Shoes are interminable and dull. Their music is as flat as flip flops, their stage act about as fluent as The Barracudas with backache.

After a handful of gigs Siam are already signed to a major label. One reason for this is vocalist Jacqui Brook, the kind of derivative package who's going to have a wide appeal. She's Toyah O'Con but less robotic; she's Lovich, Hagen and Siouxsie but with a safer, more conventional sexuality.

The band's way of living up to the exotic concept of their name is to be . . . futurist, that vaguest of all possible musics.

The keyboards are airy and inconsequential; the guitar tight and repressed. The drumming is less modish, white rock rather than the now universal off-disco. Because there's no bass the very orthodoxy of these rhythms dominate the songs. Old Siam — been there a thousand times before.

But it's this *deja vu* — not forgetting Jacqui's theatricality and that micro-mini kimono — which will probably ensure a sort of tired success. It's a pity because her voice is direct and strong when it's not being pushed into over-dramatic shapes. I wish good honest posing would come back: acting seems to be dominating the music scene more and more.

Paul Tickell

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Robert Hilburn, L.A. TIMES 2.4.81

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Blue Six Sekule gathers breath

Rap-ier sharp

Out On Blue Six The Chefs

Moonlight

TONIGHT WHAT'S cooking? Actually, it's only brewing: a nice cup of tea, if you like. The Chefs play very modest, very English pop. Typically their version of 'Femme Fatale' manages to be innocent as much as eerie, more well-watered aspidistras than flowers of evil.

Bassist and vocalist Helen McCookerybook sets the tone of the band: self-deprecating, almost folksy. She's so straight-faced singing 'You're Such A Sweetie' that the song must be ironical...? The charm, amateurishness and slightness of The Chefs gives them a sort of skiffle sensibility. In fact, on 'North Bound Train' Helen could be a contemporary Nancy

Whiskey, headed out on the Six-Five freight train for the land of the indie ethic.

It's as if the band are enjoying their failure of nerve, of ambition. A pity, because with Russell Greenwood on drums and Carl Evans and James McCallum on guitars, The Chefs can rock it up if they want to, as they proved with 'Let's Make-Up' and the bouncy Delmonte-like '24 Hours'.

Out On Blue Six from Manchester are an altogether heavier bunch: disco rapping meets Delta 5. Vocalist Kate Sekules (in appearance midway between Holly Italian and Margo Random) doesn't so much sing as talk, ten breathless words to the beat, a verbal stream whose observations are sharp and pointed. Likewise the music: boney honed guitar (Carl Marsh) and disciplined keyboards (Geoff Woolley)

splinter over Mike Daly's brick solid drums.

Pushing the whole show is ex-Eltifits bassist Nigel Holland. He sings on 'Boys Will Be Boys'. He has too charismatic a voice to be given only the one number; interesting mush, too: pretty boy meets boxing glove.

Representatives of Dindisc and Virgin left before the set was over: not commercial enough for them, apparently. Sure, Out On Blue Six are harsh, but the force-fuelled riffs of 'Personal Politics' and the girl talking originality of 'Examples' and 'Mogadon Sunday' mean that the band insist on exploding into your consciousness.

Already better-known bands have found OOBs too uppity as support slot: psycho-disco, sinister beat music that doesn't dwell on its own darkness is difficult to follow.

Paul Tickell

Glaring at the Rut boys

Ruts DC Cuban Heels The Gas

Lyceum

THREE BANDS, each of whom has or has had its good points, but none of them distinctive enough to ensure really lasting music.

The Gas, an energetic and versatile three-piece, took the stage following the Vigilantes' poorly-attended performance. A set comprising everything from reggae to rock'n'roll gave opportunity for taut, inventive axe solos and disciplined vocal harmonies, and as an example of polished post-punk rockrama, The Gas are just fine. Reservations come, however, with things like their latest single, 'Ignore Me', which does no justice to their potential whatsoever. Only the Ramones could ever minimise romance with truly poignant irony.

Having just released the undistinguished 'Sweet Charity' as a follow-up to the mighty 'Walk On Water', it was up to the Cuban Heels to make amends. Fortunately, they were in amazing form. The band are to be applauded for getting their chosen style together before being over-exposed, and although they're far from spectacular, and John Milarky (with his limp wrist) has nothing of the presence necessary to bring them off as a live act, their sheer professionalism means that one is never bored.

The Heels sound is tight and intelligently balanced between guitar and bass. It flows without gaps, and despite the oppressive over-stylisation of Milarky's voice, it has all the panache of '60s style with '80s texture. Nick Clarke's fretless bass playing expertly circumscribes the sound, and Ali Mackenzie is a phenomenal drummer. Meanwhile, as Milarky attempts to work the space he has on stage, guitarist Laurie Cuffe remains

immobile and self-involved on his right, catching each stray gap in the sound as it opens and spilling notes into it. Finest moments on this occasion came with the last minute of 'Get In Fashion', 'My Colours Fly', and the very hard-driving 'Walk On Water'. A sharp, effortlessly controlled set; one could almost believe in "style" again.

Ruts DC have unfortunately reached that stage in their career where outside comment seems immaterial. Their following has been consolidated, and anyone who is actually going to sit down and listen to their latest record will already have bought it. I was never much of a follower, even in the days of Malcolm Owen, but even so the venom of 'Staring At The Rude Boys' isn't lost on me. Occasionally tribal warfare throws up such spirited pieces of rhetoric.

Nevertheless, the signs of the Ruts' ossification are those meaty SG power chords and the submerged tubular thud of Dave Ruffy's drums. Although the sound is tempered with an Oberheim sequencer, a sub-'Kill City' sax, and old stalwart Bill Barnacle's trumpet, stuff like 'Dangerous Minds' off the new LP is gothic schlock-rock of the very worst kind, and even such old faves as 'Demolition Dancin'' and 'Mirror Smashed' are beginning to sound a bit staid. 'Love In Vein', the tribute to Malcolm and warning to all (with its killer line, "don't want ya in my arms no more..."), works well, but is immediately succeeded by 'Stop Screaming' which has become little more than glorified heavy metal.

With another newie, 'Despondency', Ruts DC go depressing all over and give away the fact that without Owen they cannot write songs. The dub numbers, such as 'Jah Wars', milk the audience's devotion for all it's worth, but even they have lost that essential vitality. Sadly, it's clear that Malcolm was their presence and their inspiration, and that without him they'll never matter again.

Barney Hoskyns

Thompson Twins Electric Guitars

Marquee

ALL GOD's children, so the theory goes, got rhythm; it's my suspicion that The Thompson Twins are blessed with a bit more than most. And so are their audiences. There are moments tonight when the Marquee is a seething mass of moving humans. Eventually, the stage itself gets swamped: overrun by a Muppet Show cast of dancing invaders hitting whatever comes to hand, including themselves, in a free-for-all percussive orgy.

And when it's all over, instead of merely clapping or calling for more, this crowd actually carries on — percussing away until such time as the group reappears to join them. Twin sets are like that: unpatterned, unplanned to the point of spontaneous combustion, when there's only the beat and shared sense of rhythm to carry things through. That's a lot of reason they're so good.

The rest of the reason, of course, is what the Thompsons put on top of all that rhythm. Good music, growing better all the while. The line-up seems in a permanent state of revolution, or at least expansion. At

present, lead vocalist Tom Bailey is diversifying his role — moving away from bass to accommodate the former Soft Boy Matthew — as well as slowly disappearing under an extravagant haircut. This is welcome (the diversifying, not the disappearing) and proves them to be as good as their word; where others only talk about experiment and barrier-breaking, the TTs go out and do it. The more their following grows, the less safe they play it.

The Thompson Twins offer you thoughtful songs (like 'Politics' and 'Perfect Game' and 'She's In Love With Mystery'), played with a sense of adventure which lends fresh meaning to 'live music'. Good for The Thompson Twins. Good for us, too.

Serving up the support were Electric Guitars, the five-man unit whose 'Health' single emerged recently via the Bristol Fried Egg label. Songs like that and 'Continental Shelf', also featured in the set, reveal them as a proposition of some promise: it's muscular music, strident and tough. Vocals roam erratically along the four-man front line, and it's hard to form a focussed impression of them on one sighting. Even so, there's enough of interest here to warrant your attention.

Paul Du Noyer



Sigs: still in a rut?

Victims Of Pleasure

101 Club

SOMEWHERE among all the great singles that appeared last year, and promptly disappeared without a trace, was one called 'When You're Young'. A lovely chunk of swirling, synthesised song'n'sound, it was the wonderful debut of a group named VOP, or Victims Of Pleasure for long. If they never do anything so good again, they'll still have done a lot. And live delights like tonight suggest to me that they'll go further — or else prove for ever that there really isn't any justice.

In a well-worn but thoroughly appropriate phrase, VOP pop is modern pop: modern in the sense that it's essentially of the '80s, and pop because, given its chances, this stuff would be loved by thousands. And maybe you as well. VOP pop is simple, and straight ahead, and almost unfashionably easy to like.

Steve Gail plays synth; Chris Wykes and Gez Prior do likewise on drums and guitar respectively. Kenny Jones plays bass, and sings, and tells terrible jokes in between. The music they make is rich with melody, where other acts would try and get by on mystery, or what passes for it. VOP are not at all mysterious: just enjoyable and smart.

Not unnaturally, it's 'When You're Young' that highlights the set; but numbers such as 'If I Was' and 'Disconnect' are much more than padding. VOP pop is a pleasure. May it claim many more victims.

Paul Du Noyer

THIS IS NO ORDINARY MAN

KEN LOCKIE THE IMPOSSIBLE



THE IMPOSSIBLE KEN LOCKIE

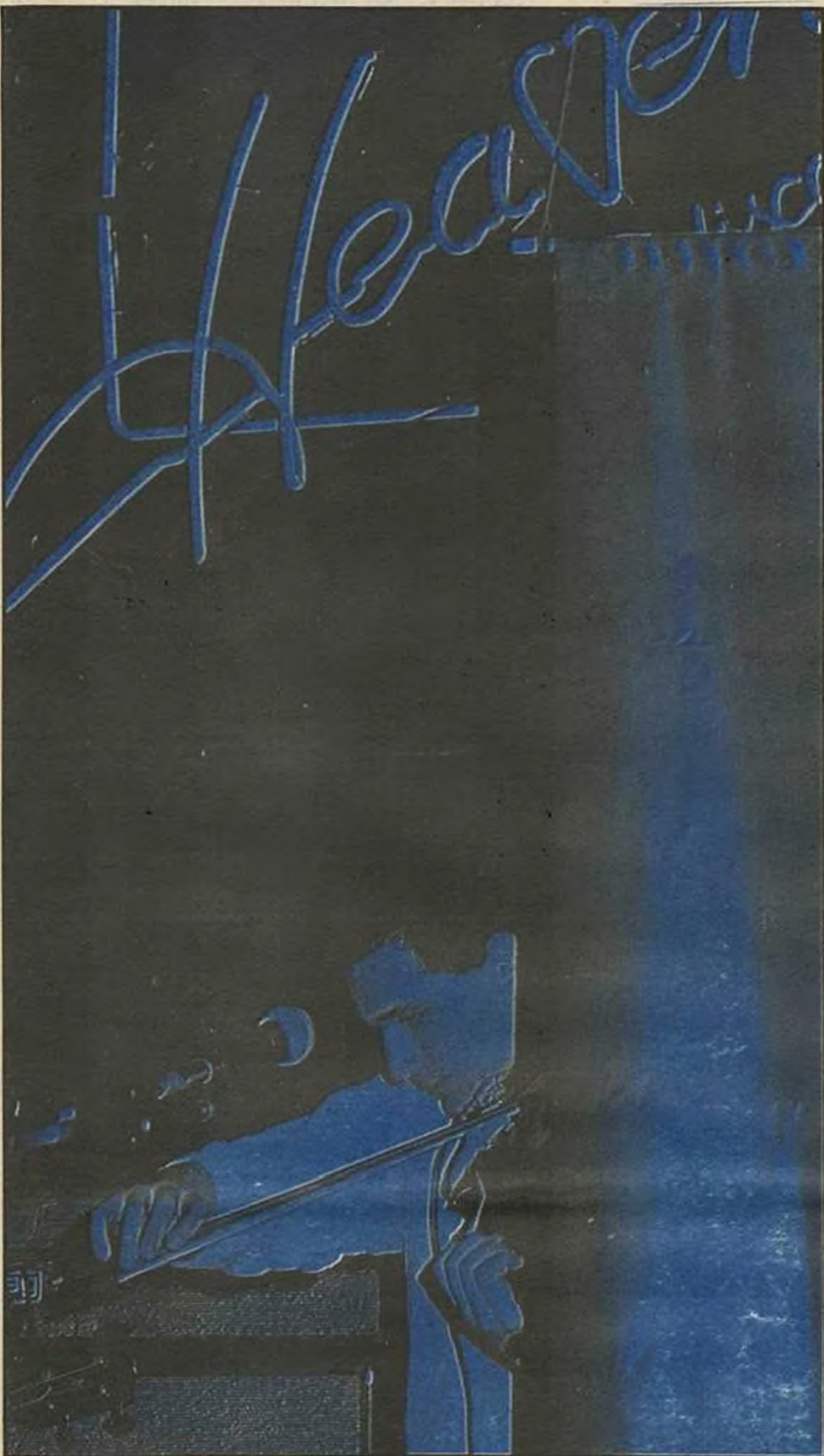
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Tuxedomoon's Blaine Reininger

The sl-Eazybeats

Tuxedomoon

Heaven

A WILD NIGHT in Heaven. The good, the bad and the beautiful drift like so many skeins of silk blown through the corridors and caverns occasionally coming to rest at the bars or the stages for midnight entertainments.

This Heat have devastated and decimated many with harsh volume and unsettling rhythms, challenging conceptions about rock groups with a fury and commitment that leaves most of the competition standing. The plainchant and folk whimsy of 'Pax Romana' followed by the crisis rhythm of 'Triumph Of The Will'. The funk backbeat recalls the Teutonic morsels of Can, but the Pan pipes, kazoos and atonal dissonance are closer to a new wave Incredible String Band. A tornado of sound. Few will sleep tonight.

The Plastics try to invest the proceedings with a modicum of 'normality', but they come too late and stay too long to be effective. By the fourth number I am aware of how numbingly ordinary they are. A bunch of new yellow dogs with old tricks, they have insisted on the longest soundcheck, leaving This Heat and Tuxedomoon, both of whom deserve greater clarity than they get tonight, with the dogs; it isn't fair, but since when has all been fair in rock and roll?

Despite the aural mud they have to wade through, Tuxedomoon put on a brave show. Whichever way you look at it, theirs is music for the city. Electric violas and violins, synthesizers, drum machines and saxes are the dominant materials for their soundscape; Winston Tong's sundered vocals create the figures that inhabit it. They look great, theatrical academics vying with the crazed histrionics of purple strobes and sulphurous flares as the stage grows darker and darker

and we are drawn farther into the dark hypnosis of their sound.

They begin in style, with the four principals augmented by Vicki Aspinall on violin and an unknown (to me) lady cellist. Some of the music is familiar, much of it is not. All of it is dangerously attractive, though they are forced to abandon subtlety for a rather more limited volume than would be desirable under different circumstances.

Even so, their music creates an almost tangible presence. The ultimate soundtrack music that renders the cinematic process obsolete. For me, it lies somewhere between the gothic horror film and the sleazy beat of the private eye. Bernard Herrman meets Henry Mancini. The pieces I recognised were the Hungarian swirl of 'Jinx', the alien torture of '59 to 1' from the 'Half-Mute' LP, 'The Stranger' and, I think, 'Victims Of The Dance'.

In spite of Blaine Reininger's mildly contemptuous comments — "It's real nice to see you here looking so pretty and all", "Well folks, it's been really groovy playing for you this afternoon" — delivered more against the rock caucus than the audience, they are summoned for an encore, ending on an up note with 'Mama Everything Is Fine In Heaven'.

Whether it is the structure of the music or simply the inclusion of strings that prevents the industrial drone one associates with similar combinations, Tuxedomoon create a sound that is positively organic, somehow contriving to feed on and nourish simultaneously the imagination of the listener. Communication is, after all, a two-way process and, as far as I am concerned, Tuxedomoon communicate. They may not necessarily make you feel good, but they certainly make you feel.

Neil Norman

Pauline Murray The Scars

Manchester

THIS WAS an evening for unashamed indulgence in transient euphoria, a celebration of a fresh, perfect pop art form. We hungry, northern consumers greedily imbibed the sound that's for serious hedonists everywhere, a ritzy new package for reticent stylists who've rejected the bland Ants' dance and the Futurists' fatal hollowness.

The rock weeklies' momentary flirtation with The Scars is a worthwhile infatuation, a rare change from the gratuitous encouragement given to lesser five-minutes-fads on their way to the front cover of *Smash Hits*. And though dotting acclaim necessarily

sows the seeds of impending backlash, by the time the cracks are sensed in The Scars' cosmetic facade of power and passion, they won't need us anymore. They'll be established. They'll be huge! Scars deserve this ironic justice.

Tonight, though they proved they've developed into a smoother, more controlled outfit than was The Scars of their 'Adult/ery' period, they've still retained the essential ingredients that made them such vital contenders in those early days. Rob King's dusky, husky vocals soulfully mesh into Paul Research's mournfully resonating guitar work; their skillfully structured, dramatically well-balanced songs evoke a tension unique to themselves. The Scars have grown up painfully slow, but through them, another terrible beauty has been born.

Pauline Murray's artistic beauty has always been

criminally under-estimated and/or ignored since the demise of her Penetration project. Admittedly, Penetration were always destined to fail as a punk group with Pauline at their helm; she was simply too graceful, too guilelessly charming for the role of prima-punkette.

As front-girl with her present outfit — John Maher, Robert Blamire, Peter Barratt and Wayne Hussey — she's no longer the pathetic misfit wailing clichéd, mock-anarchic phrases of the 'Don't Dictate' genre. Instead, Pauline has become the sophisticated focus of attention, almost a personification of the web of musical forms her band are currently spinning; she's certainly as captivating a female performer in her own way as Toyah, Harry and Gogan are in theirs.

Mick Duffy

• SPLODGE •



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ACROSS

- 4 See 28
6 Iggy/Bowie song currently covered by Grace Jones
9 His albums include 'Cry Tough' and 'I Came To Dance' (4,7)
10 & 33 The classic Beach Boys album, from 1966
13 J. J. Osterberg's old band (3,7)
14 To Jones what Tyne is to Wear
15 Magical R&B vocal group whose oldies include 'People Get Ready' and 'Gypsy Woman'
17 Music from the Pope's personal collection!
18 Craftsmen who work with wood?
19 US r&r revival outfit briefly popular in early '70s (3,2,2)
20 No you berk, not *Norwood!* (3,4)
22 One-hit wonders; their 'Young Girl', sung by Gary Puckett, was a '60s No 1 (5,3)
23 Veteran US producer who's worked with Otis and Aretha, Clapton and Stewart (3,4)
24 '60s English songthrush (© The Alley Cat) whose gimmick was that she sang in bare feet (6,4)
26 John Joseph Mellor in prole role (3,8)
27 Newman or Jones
30 Old Boomtown Rats hit (4,2,6)
32 Indie like a cadaver!
33 See 10

DOWN

- 1 Remember him this way — it looks good on the WEA/Beggars Banquet profit & loss account (6,9,3,3)
2 Rockabilly, Cuba Libre style (3,6,8)

- 3 Peter Pan of Pop, © Jimmy Savile
5 'My World'? It wasn't for long... (3,4)
7 Mr Stigwood's boys, lawsuits permitting (3,4)
8 Classic ska instrumental (4,2,8)
11 if in the mackintosh and wellington boots
12 Velly fine gloop name
13 As a group, good name for those black plastic things that exercise your hi fi (3,7)
16 Veteran of English blues and R&B (4,6)
21 US r&r instrumentalist for whom the twang was the thing y'all (5,4)
25 Essex anarchists of the label of the same name
28 & 4 Debbie Harry movie vehicle
29 Dave's oppo, c.f. 'Ossie's Dream'
31 Easy listening segment of 'More Specials'

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

ACROSS: 1 'Treason'; 4 (Roy) Harper; 9 'Positive Touch'; 11 Clash; 13 Eric Idle; 14 Tubeway (Army); 17 Slim (Jim); 18 'Daddy Cool'; 20 Scat; 22 'Proud Mary'; 23 (Tubeway) Army; 25 'Wh'appen'; 28 'Pop Muzik'; 29 Comets; 30 John (Peel); 31 Bill Nelson.
DOWN: 1 Tenpole Tudor; 2 Alvin Lee; 3 'Ossie's (Dream)'; 5 Psychedelic Furs; 6 Roy (Harper); 7 (John) Peel; 8 (Lene) Lovich; 10 'Ossie's Dream'; 12 'Hey Joe'; 15 Bedford; 16 (Tina) Weymouth; 19 Lou Reed; 21 Tony Wilson; 24 Photos; 25 (Bill) Wyman; 26 Phil; 27 Camel; 29 Can.

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Don't call me chicken, pigeon

Readers fling Tony Parsons' knife back between his feet.

Referee: Monty Smith

INTRO

Well! One editor, one deputy editor, one features editor, one news editor, two associate editors, one production editor, one special projects editor . . . And you would have us believe our letters are not edited?

Marc Draco, Crews.

On the contrary, we've never made any secret of the fact that readers' letters are edited — often quite ruthlessly and always with the intention of making the writer look feeble and foolish. — MS

JIMMY JIMMY

Quite apart from a large proportion of Tony Parsons' attack on James Dean being based on his alleged homosexuality (it's a pity he wasn't black and Jewish as well, eh Tony? Then you could've really nailed him) what I find really disturbing is Tony's eye for an eye sense of justice, whereby shooting a dog deserves to get you murdered, and his general contention that people's behaviour can be divorced from its social or emotional context. According to this line of thought, events like Brixton are acts of pure mindless violence and the offenders should be dealt with accordingly (presumably by hanging, if Tony's being consistent). Honestly, I don't think Tony Parsons knows his left wing from his arse.

Alastair, Wishaw.

Unlike J.D., eh A171 — MS

I was 14 when Jim (Stark) first arrested me, scowling and pained. Crying out from the TV screen. I wanted to shout to my parents "Hey! Come and look, see what I'm feeling!" That was seven years ago. Adolescence is awkward. I clung like you to the icon, bought biographies, badges, vintage magazines and photos, at the same time I was buying singles by Slade, Gary Glitter and T Rex.

In retrospect (though not to your paranoid degree) I feel embarrassed, but I haven't burnt all my old singles. They're my personal heritage. If anyone asks me now who I admire most as an actor, I don't lunge at them "Jimmy Dean! Jimmy Dean!" and gush out his life story. I list him among eight or ten: Hurt, De Niro, Brando, Sutherland, Clift . . .

You have pointed out the more evident of his 'imperfections'. The most irritating of these for you, it seems, is the suggestion that he was bisexual (God, what a worthless wimp). You have also distorted facts, completely misquoted others or simply bullshitted to bolster your predictable, neat little cross-section of all the vitriol ever levelled at James Dean.

James Dean took his art seriously. He didn't preen himself; he didn't frequent the Hollywood socials. Between acting he worked hard at his music, his painting, his photography, his reading and writing. He removed his glossy portraits from the Warners office. He walked out of the 'private' preview of *Eden* when a girl referred to his 'pretty face'. On the big screen he scratches his arse more than he sucks in his cheeks. In 1954 there was no image (not for him). He wanted respect, not worship. You have simply swallowed the belches from the Hollywood greed machine and it made you green with envy.

Montgomery Clift, who you say was 'better looking' than Dean, sat down and watched Jim's films over and over on hearing of his death, crying like a baby because he'd ignored Jim's curiosity and need to talk.

You attack James Byron



Dean with a verve and venom like he was a Hitler or a Reagan. Why does he embarrass you? Because you can't come to terms with your previous idol worship? You feel ashamed because for a few years you allowed the image of a dead man change your life. So you exorcise it like this.

James Dean's death was tragic. Not because we lost a pretty face. It was tragic for him. He was a human being of great means who achieved only just enough, only just in time.

How about growing into James Dean? It's much more rewarding.

Chris Broderick, London NW3

God that Tony Parsons is a real man. He'll beat up on a dead faggot any day of the week.

Lamont Cranston, New York, New York.

Personally, I throw up on faggots — unless they're accompanied by mushy peas (pease pudding at a pinch). — Della Smith

'The ginger's romanticism of brute truck drivers

Well, Tony, this gay doesn't romanticise truck drivers, let alone brutes. This gay holds any pompous little person who refers to me as a 'ginger' with a similar contempt that any self-respecting black would hold a white who referred to them as a 'coon'.

As for Sal Mineo being "a victim of a Hollywood homosexual murder . . ." You mean like Sam Cooke was a victim of a heterosexual murder? The old Fleet St phraseology — add 'homosexual' to 'murder', 'attack', 'party', 'cat', 'dog', anything, and you've automatically doubled the shock quota.

"The misogynist view of women is indistinguishable from the racist's view of blacks," says Tony (I presume he means the white racist's view of blacks). Seems the heterosexual's view of gays is somewhat similar.

John Warburton, London SW11.

Own up time. At no place in his original copy did Tony use the word 'ginger'. Not once. I put the word 'ginger' into Tony's copy. The word Tony used was 'bender'. I trust this clarifies the situation. — MS

MATCHSTALK MAN

I stopped reading your estimable publication recently as I felt it had become far too trendist. I only bought it for the *Gig Guide* this week due to the non-appearance of *Time Out* and found that someone had stuck old Lowry behind a typewriter. Congratulations, sir, a move of truly inspired genius. Mind, there was a review by Penny Reel that I couldn't understand at all. Wayne Fury, Whipps Cross, London.

Funny, that. — A relatively bright chimpanzee

Do we really have to be informed of the internal workings of Ray Lowry's stomach?

Wynkin de Worde, Harna Bay, Kent.

Count your blessings it wasn't CSM on his internal workings — a miracle of sewage engineering and no mistake. — MS

OBITS

I and I just wonder how long Bob Marley will be allowed to

rest in peace before some prat like Tiny Portions starts kicking his corpse around. Jah Shub-Niggurath and Yog Sothoth, Manchester.

As today (May 18) is the sad anniversary of Ian Curtis's death I decided to re-read your article of 14.6.80. Whilst finding it I noticed that the article before was about Malcolm Owen. And in the issue (19.7.80) that you reported the death of Malcolm Owen you reviewed 'Closer'. Coincidence! Choc Minty, Wolverhampton Well! Amazing! Knock me down with a feather! Phew! Who'd've thought it! etc. — Arthur Koestler

JUICY BITS

Jessica Lange (Burchill's *Quick Before They Vanish* 23/5/81) a "skinny vacuous hippie"? I don't believe it; I've never seen such a strapping wench up there on the silver screen since . . . oh, Lana Turner, I guess. She's right about the *Postman* though, it's dead flat (unlike Jessica).

Sissy Boy, Stevenage.

Are you being heterosexual or homosexual? — MS

Isn't Glenda Brownlow fat! Chris Petite, Tottenham.

Hands up all those who heard David Coleman say "This is the first time in an FA Cup Final that the winning goal was scored by a man from the other side of the world . . ."

That's some shooting. Hugh Betteridge, Clifton, Bristol.

NUMBNUTS

I am writing by accounts of Samuel K.B. "Nuts" Among effectually to letter, namely "Where is Beatles band? book". Who beneath retirement really care? Forget Beatles band. Listen to the Khe Sanh Blues Band band. Here is New Way music. This political: "I click finger, hamster jump off cage, I click other finger, hamster jump off cage/Napalm falling all around/Think I'll go depart away."

Hence conceit. Third World man, hamster. Clever. This music unable to be written by Paul McCarthy. Sheeps! Numbnuts, Among — how a loonie. Goodbye.

John K.B. Among, Khe Sanh. Who could argue with that? — MS

FILLERS

On seeing my letter printed in *Gasbag* I thought "Great — fame, fortune and stardom at last!" But then I saw that instead of putting "devoted Jim fan" you put "devoted Jim fan". So what do I get — wads of crap-take! Have another go.

Graham, devoted JIM fan, Scunthorpe.

Honestly, the lengths you guys go to to stay in the closet. — A Doctor

If laughter is infectious, is that why they're called The Cure? Clive, Menningham, Bradford.

OUTRO

I used to read NME as a form of escapism; I now want to give myself up.

Mich Hugeton, Islington.

Right. You might be habit-forming. — MS

Beret Chic

OUT GOES BAROQUE NEO-REVIVALISM (bustles, bangles and bidets) and in comes the delinquent English graduate bohemian look. The beret has been borne aloft for decades — revolutionaries, existentialists, jazz buffs, TV sit com morons, a perennial in hi fashion circles — but the latest crop of wry young poseurs seem to be clinging ruefully to its beat/be bop connotations.

One group, Two Bonzos And A Berk, have 'created' a whole image around this angle and this lead is being taken up; already a poseur's club — the Tiff Taff — boasts a house band named Who a la Rhonda Is In Work?

We take you right back to the roots of the phenomenon with a selection of snaps from forty years of beret and dimple . . .



Jazz bohemian style: drummer Kenny Clarke 1941



Fifth army style: Field-Marshal Montgomery 1944



Cuban revolutionary style: Che Guevara 1965



New York militant style: Yoko Ono 1972



Mod style: Clacton scooter boy 1964



Jamaican style: Dillinger 1976



Cheeky chappy style: Malcolm McLaren 1977



Boy Scout style: Captain Sensible 1978



Young Soul Rebel Stile: The Bureau 1981



Dept S Style: Vaughan Toulouse 1981

SHOCK ANNOUNCEMENT:

Are Virgin Records really "undiscerning opportunists gobbling up Glaswegians like bureaucratic piranhas"? No they're not, claims irate spokesman Al Clark. In a swingeing riposte to recent attacks upon the world's most wonderful record company appearing in *NME* pages (including Archibald Frills' recent *Cuban Heels* review), Al proclaims thusly: "A new band, it would seem, stops being interesting as an automatic consequence of signing to Virgin. What do you think we do to them? Force producers on them? Ritually emasculate them at the entrance to Vernon Yard? Immediately deprive them of the very qualities that attracted us to them in the first place?" Um, give in. What do you do to them?

A name game for you: Strawberry Alarm Clock, The Exploding Seagulls, Peanut Butter Conspiracy, A Flock Of Seagulls, Solitary Brick. Which of the above groups (a) do not exist and never did exist, (b) used to exist ten years ago but don't anymore and (c) exist at this very minute? In order, the answers are (b), (c), (b), (c) and (a). There now, wasn't that fun?

Pass the man-size, Scottie: sniffs and tears at the final night of Cabaret Futura as we know it. But then, you were probably there yourself, weren't you. You wasn't? Well, the night's attractions included Richard Strange, of course (bothered by rentamob yahoos calling out for *Doctors Of Madness*), The Event Group (victims of some high-spirited canning, ably fended off with a cricket racket, or whatever you call them) and — *mais inevitablement* — Ricky O'Jobson. Jobbers, reports our correspondent who's too clever by half, was sporting a dashing Jean Orpheo Marais look. This is thought to mean he's gone blond. Assisted by two female musicians, Richard J's performance was similarly blighted by the unruly antics of a tired and

emotional audience. The Cab Fut roadshow, though, is soon to complete a rather successful tour. (Hope that means we won't be getting any more T-zers from that place — Ed).

Spandau Ballet, Woody Woodmansey's U-Boat and Blodwyn Pig are just three of the UK acts not to feature in the US disco charts this week. Those that do, however, include Lene Lovich, Duran Duran, The Cure, U2, Depeche Mode, Medium Medium, Bauhaus, Adam And The Ants, Heaven 17, Soft Cell, Pretenders, Gang Of Four and The Stray Cats.

Stray Cat sticksperson Slim Jim seen sharing a half of lager with Bruce Springsteen in Amsterdam over the weekend.

Culdest of all cult groups The Shaggs — American girl combo who did 'Philosophy Of The World' about ten years ago — have reformed to make an LP.

Out with the new and ring in the old: Clock DVA have suffered a split due to "musical differences".

And New Order are to play at the mushroom gobbling spectacular at Glastonbury this year.

WELL WELL WELL. BENNY, the bearded quarter of Abba, has confessed his personality crisis to the *Daily Mirror*. "I can't imagine myself as a pot-bellied man of 45 dancing around on stage," he says. From which we can only infer that he is not a close student of the group's own videos.

PR gem of the week award goes to Tony Brainsby's office, who rang in with the mind-boggling line that "Steve Strange had such an effect on the Italians that half an hour after he arrived the Pope was shot." Just a minute, doesn't this mean, therefore, that when the Holy Father eventually visits Britain that — no, no, it couldn't, it couldn't.

News York New . . . Lydon'n'Levene seen leaving The Candy Store, an East 9th

T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

Street shop with a world reputation for ganja delights. And Bonds Club, on Broadway, has invited the NY rock press to two-quid-a-head dinner with The Clash. But whose heads, we wonder? Meanwhile, it's sad to report the imminent closure of Hurrah's — the new wave emporium that staged American premiers for The Specials, OMITD, New Order, Dexys and many more. Reasons offered for the venue's demise are a surfeit of clubs and the practice of top acts demanding more dollars than a smallish operation can afford.

Sub-teen sensationette Brooke Shields has been dropped as poster girl for US anti-smoking ads . . . possibly due to the storm surrounding

her controversial jeans promo, wherein she poses provocatively and whispers sweet commercialisms like "Nothing comes between me and my Calvins". Which is enough to put one right off one's Woodbines, don't you think?

Or the news that bizzaro futurists The Loved One are claiming they've revived The Tornadoes' 'Telstar' — arguably the only decent futurist tune ever, apart from the *Dr Who* theme. TLO's version, they say, stars a computer called George.

Several *NME* personnel currently walking with heads turned at 180 degree angles after surprise Soho walkabout by the great Clint Eastwood. Staff on the spot decided not to grant an interview, but report that in real life, the star might be described as "orange".

Spritely bandwagon-hopping Linda Ronstadt — presently playing Mabel in a Broadway production of Gilbert & Sullivan's 'Pirates Of Penzance' — is privately

abandoning her new wavism. The gel is now to be found sticking a white gardenia behind her ear whilst digging through songs associated with Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughn and Ella Fitzgerald for her upcoming jazz LP.

Hold the penultimate page! (Nah, that just doesn't sound right, somehow). The Stray Cats have a last-minute show this Saturday (May 30) at London's Rainbow, prior to overseas commitments. All tickets are £3.50.

Congratulations to French rock mag *Best*, for revealing that Ginger Baker is to join PIL — a story uncannily reminiscent of *NME*'s April 1st jape, when we reported exactly the same thing. No congratulations, though, to Manchester's *City Fun* magazine who couldn't tell a hoaxer from a hoaxee, and mocked us accordingly.

AND FINALLY this week, one of the bonnier *bon mots* (must put in a good word for our Belgian readers now and again, what?) to come our way in, ooh, literally minutes, courtesy of ass-shakin' Tina Turner. Fresh from some sell-out gigs and looking an extremely well-preserved 40, she turned up at Spandau Ballet's US debut the other week. Asked where the legendary Ike was these days, she replied: "Didn't he die on March 28, 1969 in Abilene, Kansas, 12 years after his presidential term?" Ha ha! Oh cruel, cruel — but very cool. If only we understood the joke.

Well, that just about wraps it up for another week. So, on behalf of all of us here, it's good — er, you what, chief? It's not enough? Hell, in that case looks like we're gonna have to give 'em stuff like . . .

The fact that Jah Wobble has changed the name of his band, man, from Kerrang to Human Condition — possibly because of the former's connotations of the louder and grosser members of our great big worldwide musical fraternity.



Who says the British film industry is a dead duck? Despite the Iron curtain security on the Pinetree studios backlot, lensperson Beate Nilsen managed to smuggle out this tantalising on-set shot from the forthcoming Cecil Beaton before west started extravaganza *The Creature From The Blue Lagoon*, starring motion picture-land's latest dynamic duo, Butch Shields and John Cooper Clark. "It's like fab gear, wack," said John, before rushing off to do the controversial coconut scene. Another *NME* exclusive!

NME

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BETTER BADGES

This Last Week

1	(31) Sandinista — The Clash	20p
2	(11) Ceremony — New Order	20p
3	(2) Mark — Theatre Of Hate	20p
4	(5) Unexpected Guest — UK Decay	20p
5	(38) Nagasaki Nightmare — Grass	20p
6	(4) Stray Cats	20p
7	(8) Ant Music	20p
8	(15) Let Them Eat Vaseline — Thatcher	20p
9	(18) Tengole Tudor	20p
10	(7) Toyah Black & White — Toyah	20p

NEW RELEASES: Russ Of Pook Indiana 1", Clash — Sandinista 1", 1 1/4", Josef K 1", Jam — Start 1 1/4", Gang Of Four — "History" 1 1/4", Delta 5 — "D.V." 1", Pere Ubu — "An Oh Walking" 1", 23 Skidoo — Shape 1", Bunch — "Ans Police 1", Roll A Joint 1", Boyzmen 1" or 1 1/4".

NEW FANZINES (inc. P&P): Poser 8, 40p; Jamming No. 11, 50p; Crazy 55p; 103 — Fashion Fanzine 85p; Over The Top 1 — Heavy Metal 40p; Panache 15 — Anz Special 45p; 10.3 85p; Story So Far 4 Tramps — (Josef) 45p; Shake 11 60p; garage band 45p; 2G 80p; (Image & Culture) 90p; Syn Rock 95p; Sluts 35p.

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