

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Playing the Fall

COSTELLO
ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES
STRAY CATS
GO GO'S

HENDRIX BIOG
POLY STYRENE
PUNK FUNK/PRINCE LPS
AMERICAN WEREWOLVES
WIN A MEAN STREETS VIDEO



THE FALL
THE RISE OF CITIZEN SMITH
BY BARNEY HOSKYN'S

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
4		EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES IS MAGIC The Police (A&M)	3	1
2	1	HAPPY BIRTHDAY Altered Images (Epic)	5	1
3	9	WHEN SHE WAS MY GIRL Four Tops (Casablanca)	3	3
4	2	IT'S MY PARTY... D. Stewart & B. Gaskin (Stiff)	6	1
5	10	LABELLED WITH LOVE Squeeze (A & M)	4	5
6	6	GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	6	5
7	16	JOAN OF ARC Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	2	7
8	15	TONIGHT I'M YOURS Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	8
9	12	HOLD ME B.A. Robertson & Maggie Bell (Swansong)	4	9
10	3	ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS Jam (Polydor)	4	3
11	(—)	FAVOURITE SHIRTS Haircut 100 (Arista)	1	11
12	18	WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN Fureys (Ritz)	4	12
13	21	PHYSICAL Olivia Newton John (EMI)	2	13
14	26	BEGIN THE BEGUINE Julio Iglesias (CBS)	2	14
15	13	OPEN YOUR HEART Human League (Virgin)	5	7
16	11	LET'S HANG ON Barry Manilow (Arista)	7	11
17	8	BIRDIE SONG Tweets (PRT)	9	2
18	(—)	LET'S GROOVE Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	1	18
19	(—)	STEPPIN' OUT Kool & The Gang (Delite)	1	19
20	14	IT'S RAINING Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	5	5
21	(—)	LOVE ME TONIGHT .. Trevor Walters (Magnet)	2	21
22	19	RUSH LIVE Rush (Exit)	2	19
23	24	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE Diana Ross (Capitol)	3	23
24	30	TWILIGHT Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	24
25	22	WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE Bad Manners (Magnet)	7	11
26	5	OH SUPERMAN Laurie Anderson (Rough Trade)	5	3
27	7	THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS Toyah (Safari)	6	4
28	(—)	FLASHBACK Imagination (R&B)	1	28
29	(—)	UNDER PRESSURE Queen & David Bowie (EMI)	1	29
30	(—)	THE VOICE Ultravox (Chrysalis)	1	30



Here we see Earth, Wind & Fire, in the singles chart at No. 18, on the point of falling over backwards — the result of malevolent cosmic vibes attracted to the scene by the band's pyramidal pose and their extremely loud clothes.



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
1		DARE.. Human League (Virgin)	4	1
2	(—)	QUEEN GREATEST HITS Queen (EMI)	1	2
3	2	SHAKY Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	8	2
4	10	THE BEST OF BLONDIE Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	4
5	3	GHOST IN THE MACHINE Police (A&M)	6	1
8	8	ALMOST BLUE Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	2	6
7	29	EXIT STAGE LEFT Rush (Phonogram)	2	7
8	4	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN Barry Manilow (Arista)	4	3
9	(—)	PRINCE CHARMING..... Adam & The Ants (CBS)	1	9
10	5	MADNESS 7 Madness (Stiff)	5	2
11	(—)	DOUBLE TROUBLE Gillan (Virgin)	1	11
12	13	STILL Joy Division (Factory)	4	10
13	9	LOVE IS Various Artists (K-Tel)	2	9
14	(—)	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	1	14
15	16	ABACAB Genesis (Charisma)	8	2
16	(—)	DIARY OF A MADMAN ... Ozzie Osbourne (Jet)	1	16
17	14	HEDGEHOG SANDWICH Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC)	3	10
18	6	HOOKED ON CLASSICS Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	7	3
19	(—)	WIRED FOR SOUND Cliff Richard (EMI)	7	6
20	7	SUPERHITS 1 & 2 Various (Ronco)	8	3
21	11	OCTOBER U2 (Island)	4	11
22	12	HAPPY BIRTHDAY Altered Images (Epic)	7	12
23	19	BODY TALK Imagination (R & B)	3	12
24	(—)	MONSTER TRACKS Various (Polydor)	1	24
25	(—)	SPEAK AND SPELL Depeche Mode (Mute)	1	25
26	(—)	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE Diana Ross (Capitol)	1	26
27	29	NO CAUSE FOR CONCERN Vice Squad (Zonophone)	2	27
28	(—)	PLEASURE. Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)	1	28
29	27	PHYSICAL Olivia Newton John (EMI)	2	27
30	15	GOSH IT'S BAD MANNERS Bad Manners (Magnet)	3	14

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	Sunny Day Pigbag (Y)
2	(1)	Dead Cities EP Exploited (Secret)
3	(6)	Sweetest Girl. Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
4	(3)	Never Again Discharge (Clay)
5	(4)	Thunder In The Mountains. Toyah (Safari)
6	(—)	6 Guns Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
7	(7)	Just Can't Get Enough Depeche Mode (Mute)
8	(5)	Everything's Gone Green New Order (Factory)
9	(8)	Kids Of The '80s Infa Red (Secret)
10	(11)	Sexual U K Decay (Fresh)
11	(15)	Stretch Maximum Joy (Y)
12	(16)	When You Were Sweet 16 The Fureys (Ritz)
13	(9)	Police Story Partizans (No Future)
14	(28)	Indian Reservation 999 (Albion)
15	(—)	No Room For You Demob (Round Ear)
16	(10)	Mr Clarinet Birthday Party (4AD)
17	(14)	Barbed Wire Halo Annie Anxiety (Crass)
18	(—)	Fail Out Club Wanderlust (Happy Birthday)
19	(24)	Work Electric Guitars (Recreational)
20	(17)	Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag Pigbag (Y)
21	(12)	All Out Attack (EP) Blitz (No Future)
22	(19)	Reality Chron-Gen (Fresh)
23	(13)	Message/Speech. Associates (Situation 2)
24	(25)	Run Of The Dove The Last Chant (Chicken Jazz)
25	(—)	Trance Drowning Craze (Situation 2)
26	(—)	Good To Be The King Mel Brooks (Luggage)
27	(27)	Saeta Vegas Nico (Flick Knife)
28	(23)	Wonderful Offer Laura Logic (Rough Trade)
29	(30)	Leather, Bristles, Studs etc. GBH (Clay)
30	(22)	Little Voices Swamp Children (Factory)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	Still Joy Division (Factory)
2	(3)	Pleasure Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
3	(—)	Speak And Spell Depeche Mode (Mute)
4	(10)	Carry On Oi Various (Secret)
5	(7)	You Scare Me To Death Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
6	(2)	Present Arms In Dub UB40 (Dep Int)
7	(12)	Let Them Eat Jellybeans Various (Alternative Tentacles)
8	(4)	Wise And Foolish Misty (People Unite)
9	(—)	On Stage Exploited (Exploited)
10	(8)	Total Exposure Poison Girls (N Trix)
11	(6)	Punks Not Dead Exploited (Secret)
12	(16)	Anthem Toyah (Safari)
13	(5)	Red Mecca Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
14	(27)	Ballad Of Etiquette Richard Jobson (Cocteau)
15	(14)	In The Flat Field Bauhaus (4AD)
16	(9)	Scientist Rids The World Scientist (Greensleeves)
17	(11)	Closer Joy Division (Factory)
18	(18)	Playing With A Different Sex Au Pairs (Human)
19	(21)	Rock Until You Drop Raven (Neat)
20	(15)	Present Arms UB40 (Dept Int)
21	(17)	Prayers On Fire Birthday Party
22	(—)	Curse Of Zounds Zounds (Rough Trade)
23	(—)	Penis Envy Crass
24	(13)	The Last Call Anti-Pasti (Rondolet)
25	(26)	Unknown Pleasures Joy Division (Factory)
26	(24)	Burning Blue Soul Matt Johnson (4AD)
27	(30)	Cover Plus Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
28	(22)	Emotion/Sound/Motions I'm So Hollow (Illuminated)
29	(19)	Fruit Of Original Sin Various (Crepescale)
30	(—)	Deceit This Heat (R. Trade)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1	Look How Me Sexy Linval Thompson (Jah Guidance)
2	Tribute To Mothers Lone Ranger (Abissa)
3	Prophecy Little Roy (Jafan)
4	Push Lady Push Ringo (Black & White)
5	One Draw Rita Marley (Tuff Gong)
6	New Broom Horace Andy (Studio 1)
7	Rosemarie Collie Bud / Lone Ranger / Carlton Livingstone (Technique)
8	Righteous Dread Sammy Dread (Dread At The Controls)
9	Lots Of Loving Tony Tuff (Black & White)
10	Top Ten Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1

FUNK

1	Sure Shot (Instrumental) Tracy Webber (RFC)
2	We'll Make It Mike & Brenda Sutton (Sam)
3	Can't Hold Back Kano (Mirage)
4	Hupendi Muziki Wangu Kid (Sam)
5	Don't Send Me Away. Garfield Fleming (Beckett)
6	I'm Down If You're Down (Instrumental) Sam & McQueen (Landmark)
7	Come Let Me Love You Jeanette Lady Day (Prelude)
8	Ahh Dance Fine Quality (Sugar Hill)
9	Kilimanjaro Letta Nbulu (MJS)
10	This Must Be Heaven Jerry Carr (Cherie)

Spinning Disc, 15 Cross Street, Manchester 2

INTERNATIONAL US ALBUMS

1	Tattoo You Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
2	Foreigner 4 Foreigner (Atlantic)
3	Escape Journey (Columbia)
4	Nine Tonight Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
5	Precious Time Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
6	Bella Donna Stevie Nicks (Modern Records)
7	Give The People What They Want The Kinks (Arista)
8	Innocent Age Dan Fogelberg (Epic)
9	Heavy Metal Soundtrack (Asylum)
10	Don't Say No Billy Squier (Capitol)

US SINGLES

1	Private Eyes Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
2	Start Me Up Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
3	Arthur's Theme Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)
4	For Your Eyes Only Sheena Easton (Liberty)
5	Tryin' To Live My Life Without You Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
6	The Night Owls Little River Band (Capitol)
7	Hard To Say Dan Fogelberg (Epic)
8	I've Done Everything For You Rick Springfield (RCA)
9	Here I Am Air Supply (Arista)
10	Waiting For A Girl Like You. Foreigner (Atlantic)

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	If You Leave Me Now Chicago (CBS)
2	You Make Me Feel Like Dancing Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
3	Mississippi Pussycat (Sonet)
4	Don't Take Away The Music Tavares (Capitol)
5	Play That Funky Music Wild Cherry (Epic)
6	Under The Moon Of Love Showaddywaddy (Bell)
7	Hurt Manhattans (CBS)
8	If Not You Dr Hook (Capitol)
9	When Forever Has Gone Demis Roussos (Philips)
10	Love And Affection Joan Armatrading (A&M)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	'Cos I Luv You Slade (Polydor)
2	I Will Return Springwater (Polydor)
3	Till Tom Jones (Decca)
4	Johnny Reggae Piglets (Bell)
5	Maggie May Rod Stewart (Mercury)
6	Tired Of Being Alone Al Green (London)
7	Gypsies, Tramps And Thieves Cher (MCA)
8	Watch Queen Of New Orleans Redbone (Epic)
9	Banks Of The Ohio Olivia Newton-John (Pye)
10	The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down. Joan Baez (Vanguard)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	Good Vibrations Beach Boys (Capitol)
2	Gimme Some Loving Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
3	Semi-Detached Suburban Mr Jones. Manfred Mann (Fontana)
4	Reach Out And I'll Be There Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
5	Stop Stop Stop Hollies (Parlophone)
6	High Time Paul Jones (HMV)
7	Green Grass Of Home Tom Jones (Decca)
8	Distant Drums Jim Reeves (RCA)
9	What Would I Be Val Doonican (Decca)
10	Holy Cow Lee Dorsey (Stateside)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	His Latest Flame Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	Take Good Care Of My Baby Bobby Vee (London)
3	Big Bad John Jimmy Dean (Phiips)
4	Walkin' Back To Happiness Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
5	The Time Has Come Adam Faith (Parlophone)
6	Girl In Your Arms Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	Hit The Road Jack Ray Charles (HMV)
8	Take Five Dave Brubeck (Fontana)
9	Tower Of Strength Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
10	Moon River Danny Williams (HMV)

NEW
MUSICAL
EXPRESS
NME

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Thieves hold up dandy highwayman

No set — so no dates set

PLANS FOR Adam & The Ants to play a string of London concerts just before Christmas were thrown into disarray at the weekend, following the theft of a pantechon containing the spectacular 'Prince Charming' stage set which Adam had specially commissioned for the shows at a reported cost of £10,000.

It's understood that the band were planning a five-night stint

at a major West End venue, leading up to the Christmas holiday — but the entire project was jeopardised when the lorry was stolen from beneath railway arches at Blackfriars.

Unless the set is recovered within days, the shows will have to be called off because — if they are to go ahead — an announcement must be made within a week or two, to allow time to deal with the huge

volume of ticket applications. Agent Ian Wright told *NME*: "The theft has thrown us completely. We were due to start rehearsals this week, but it would take another four or five weeks to rebuild the set, and this would mean that no shows would be possible until well into the New Year."

Work will not begin on a replacement for some time, in case the original set is

recovered. As Wright pointed out, it is of no conceivable value to the thieves, who probably thought they had nicked a lorry-load of booze. His fear is that, in their frustration, they may vandalise the contents.

The stolen vehicle is a light blue Bedford pantechon, registration JLA 284K. Any information leading to its recovery would not only lead to Adam's shows going ahead, but would also guarantee — at the very least — tickets to one of the concerts. (You're too generous — Shaw Taylor.)

Cabs in suspended animation

CABARET VOLTAIRE have gone into a state of suspended animation, following the departure "for an unspecified period of time" of keyboards man and tapes wizard Chris Watson — who has joined Tyne Tees Television, where he'll be working in the studios on sound and visual equipment.

His decision has resulted in the postponement of concerts being arranged for the UK, New York and Europe — and the remaining two Voltaire members, Richard Kirk and Stephen Mallinder, now intend to work with other musicians as well as concentrating on their own individual projects. Both have expressed a wish to be working live as Cabaret Voltaire next year, and they also hope to work with Watson again in the future — though the duration of his sabbatical with Tyne Tees is flexible, and could conceivably become permanent.

Meanwhile, the band have just finished recording three new tracks with drummer Allan Fish, who played with them on their recent North London Polytechnic date — and these are being slotted for New Year release. Also, the soundtrack of the film *Johnny Yes No* is being prepared for release soon after Christmas.

Prior to this, Voltaire will have two singles issued simultaneously through Rough Trade at the end of this month — 'Jazz The Glass' / 'Burnt To The Ground' on seven-inch and 'Eddie's Sout' / 'Walls Of Jericho' on 12-inch.

Cook, Myers and Mc Veigh all injured

PROFESSIONALS ESCAPE IN DEATH CRASH

PAUL COOK narrowly escaped death when he and two other members of The Professionals were seriously injured in a road accident during the band's American tour last Thursday. All three are now in hospital, with Cook having sustained a dislocated neck, while bassist Paul Myers has a

broken leg and guitarist Ray McVeigh a fractured arm.

John Curd of Straight Music, whose involvement with The Professionals is his first venture into management, told *NME* that the U.S. tour had been going exceptionally well. They had completed their East Coast schedule, and were working their way through the Mid-West when the incident occurred just outside Minneapolis.

They had been invited to a party in their honour, though Steve Jones elected to remain in the hotel, and were being driven along Freeway 12 when, says Curd, a car came hurtling towards them on the wrong side of the road. A head-on collision followed, resulting in the death of the driver of the other car, and critical injuries to the band's chauffeur. Their sound engineer Kevin Harvey

was also badly hurt.

Needless to say, the remainder of the five-week tour has now been cancelled — and the band will be in no position to resume work until the New Year.

Ironically, their long-delayed Virgin album which finally sees the light of day this weekend is called 'I Didn't See It Coming'. Equally significant is the release date — Friday the 13th.



Paul Cook: dislocated neck

Now Factory start mail order video

A CERTAIN RATIO, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Cabaret Voltaire and New Order are among the groups featured in a new hour-long video which marks Factory Records' entry into the rock video arena.

The compilation, already available through the Manchester label's continental cousins Factory Benelux, is the first in a series of three video cassettes. A Joy Division video is due out in the New Year, to be followed by a selection from A Certain Ratio in the spring.

Although the label have been involved in the production of promotional videos for over two years, the new cassette — *A Factory Compilation* — is the first on general sale. First shown in Amsterdam at the start of the month, it has already sold over 200 copies in Belgium and should be available on import through Rough Trade by the end of the week.

According to Factory generalissimo Tony Wilson, the marketing of independent videos in the UK is still at an experimental stage. "Because of the prices in Belgium, the compilation will mail order

from there at about £20, which we think is a little expensive. We hope to have the prices down to about £15 or less by the time we start releasing videos in Britain in the New Year."

The Joy Division video *Here Are The Young Men* is the first scheduled for full British release. Containing largely live footage, some of it shot at remarkably little cost on 8mm film, it was compiled and captioned by Wilson along with the members of New Order.

"One of the difficulties with selling videos through the shops," continues Wilson, "is that you get a chain of distributors, wholesalers and shopkeepers who all insist on adding their own mark-up to the price. That's how you get all those £29 or £30 rock videos in the shops."

"We want to try and keep the retail prices of our videos as low as possible — and the best way to do that is through sending them out by mail order. It's still a bit of an

experiment for us."

Among the tracks on *A Factory Compilation* are OMD's debut single 'Electricity', filmed live at Hammersmith Odeon, ACR's 'Back To The Start', New Order's 'Everything's Gone Green' single, Cabaret Voltaire's 'No Escape' and contributions from Section 25, Durutti Column and Crispy Ambulance. It is available on either VHS or Betamax tape by sending an international money order for 1,750 Belgian Francs to Factory Benelux at 2 Rue Keymvelde, 1050 Brussels, Belgium.

● Following The Gas's video LP, reported last week in *NME*, comes news of another independent rock videocassette now on release. It has been put together by Scottish garage band The Strutz, who claim that their video (sic) cost only £20 to make. It is available for a blank cassette (VCR or Betamax) from the group themselves at 74 High Street, Burntisland, Fife, Scotland.

—ADRIAN THRILLS

VIDEO SYNCRASY

NME's new video column begins on page 28.



A Certain Video ...

Jobson's 14 roles

RICHARD JOBSON is to appear in a new London production of a play by W.H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood, which hasn't been staged since 1947 — because of the economic problems created by the enormity of the cast. Titled *Dog Beneath The Skin*, it's currently in rehearsal for presentation at the New Moon Theatre from November 20. Director Julian Sands has overcome the hurdle of the large cast by having all the actors play more than one role — in fact, Jobson himself plays no less than 14 different parts.

Because of this commitment, plans for The Skids to tour Britain before Christmas have been shelved. A Virgin spokesman said that, although they are anxious to unleash their new style and approach upon the public, they won't now be able to go on the road until the New Year. Even so, Jobson is taking time out from preparing for the play in order to rehearse with the band, so that they can promote their upcoming album 'Joy'.

Rossington Collins Band

THE NEW ALBUM

THIS IS THE WAY

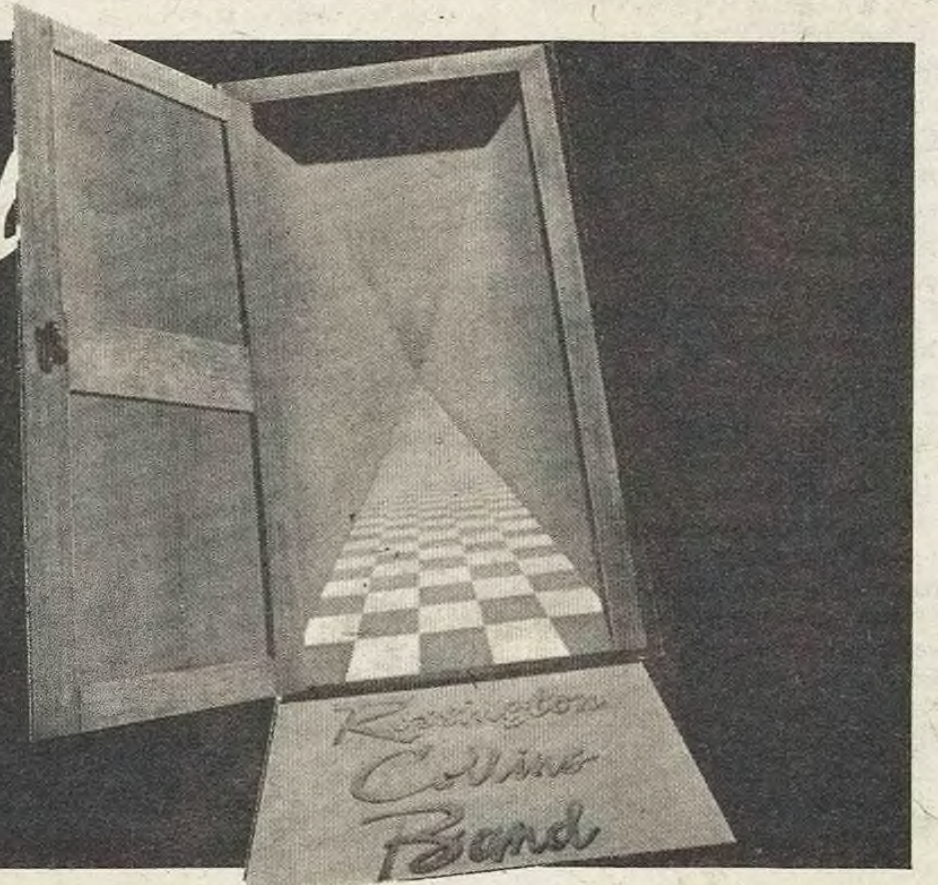
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Cellar trips over

THE GROOVY Cellar, the Piccadilly club which for the last six months has been the nucleus of London's celebrated psychedelic revival, finally closed its doors last week.

Clive Solomon, who opened the venue in collaboration with psychedelic group Mood Six, marked its passing by noting that the Cellar "will no longer be open to misconceptions for its lack of acid, sandals, beads and kaftans" (a swipe at popular press cynicism) "and its reflection of pop creativity, the boutique, Antonioni's *Blow Up* and '60s attitudes — yes, love and peace."

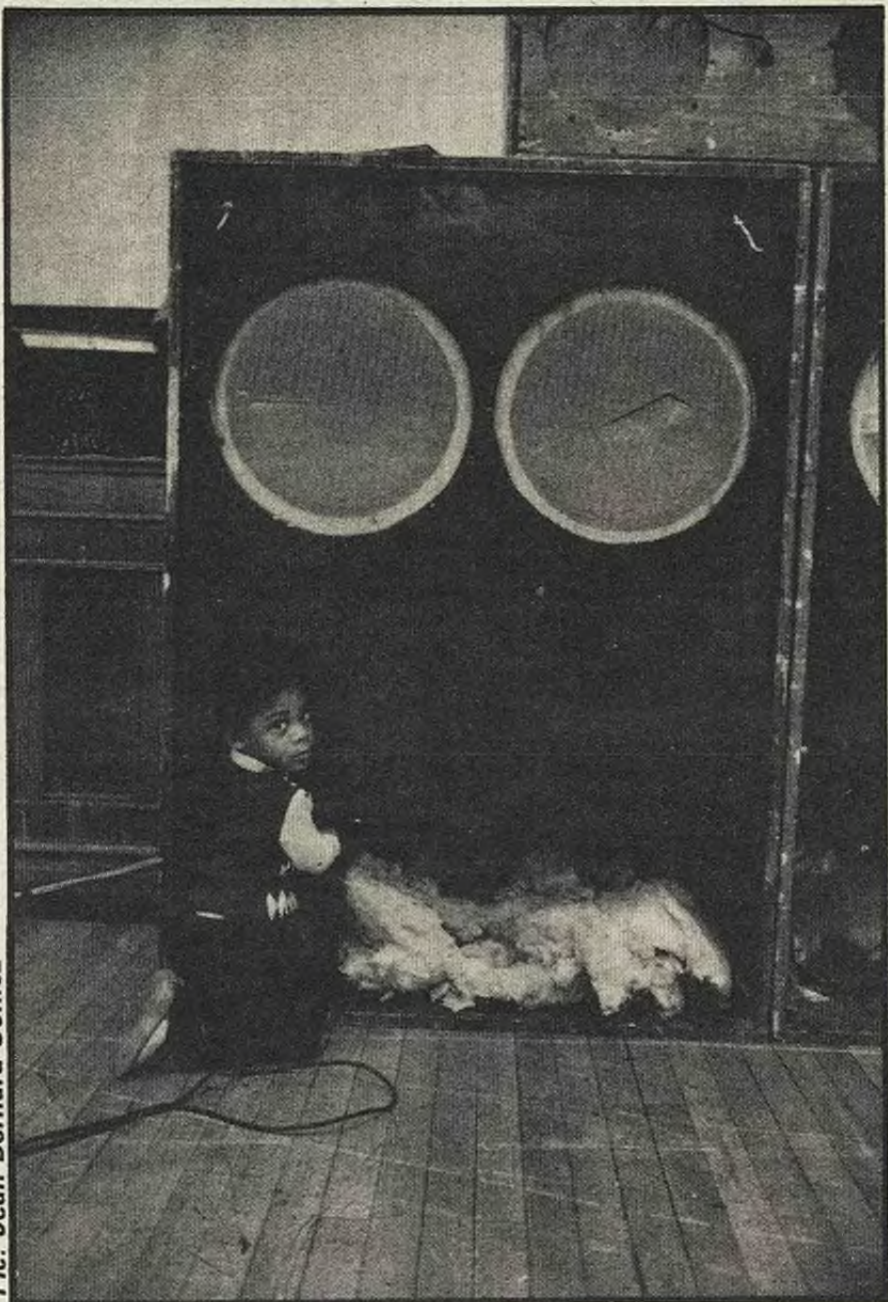
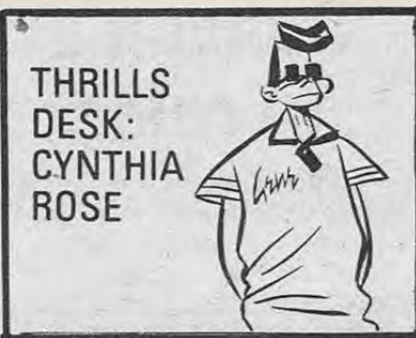
Backlashes apart, this doesn't mean that 'the movement' — whose leading practitioners are finding the term 'psychedelic' an increasing liability — is grinding to a halt. Warner Brothers are planning a compilation LP, provisionally entitled 'A Splash Of Colour', to feature Mood Six, The Barracudas, Miles Over Matter and others. And the Cellar is eventually to emerge in an enlarged re-vibed form, to be known as the Fantasy Attic.

Solomon also observes, enigmatically, that "the Regal, DJs The Doctor and James, the Compact Organisation, Paul Weller and many other kindred spirits understand."

— PAUL DU NOYER

Skin change

GARY HODGES, The 4-Skins' singer who last year told the *Observer* he was an ex-member of the British Movement, has recently left the band, to be replaced by Tony Cummins. When we mentioned the Skins' lead singer's BM associations last week, it was Hodges we were referring to, not Cummins.



Pic: Jean Bernard Schieff

Yet another toaster called Junior...

Southern Unity

AS A PART of its recent "ongoing programme of music and music-related work" (which includes a course of basic recording technology being held for kids by Dave Ward of Gateway studios), South London's Battersea Arts Centre will be holding a series of concerts by fave local sound systems, open to the public for 50p, to be held at 7pm on Sunday, November 15, 22 and 29.

Among the systems competing for the Arts Centre's title of Best In The South will be Young Diamond, Imperial Lovers, Buchanan, Killer Watt, King Naza and Zulu Warrior, with three systems competing each Sunday. The original plan, according to the Centre's organisers, "was for eight or ten local sounds to compete in pairs but the response was so great we had to enlarge it. Two weeks ago we had Jah Shaka supported by Jamah, who are local, and we were packed out. Of course, you only have to whisper Jah Shaka and that's it, but we're also keen to interest people in these newer, local sounds."

Tickets are available in advance from the Arts Centre box office. Battersea Arts Centre is located on Lavender Hill, London SW11 (223-8413); ring for details of which systems appear which evenings if you're a particular fan.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Picking up the pieces of P-Funk

GEORGE CLINTON and his P-Funk empire now look set to accept an out-of-court settlement of between half and one million dollars from Warner Bros Records, following the \$5m action brought against the company by Clinton earlier this year. Clinton's claim was that the last Funkadelic LPs had not been promoted well enough.

The litigation has been hampered by a drugs charge involving both Clinton and Sly Stone. After much publicity, the bust actually amounted to nothing; the charges were thrown out of court after it was found that Clinton and Stone had been arrested merely for possessing freebasing equipment.

Clinton's involvement with drugs is no secret however, and appears to have been on the increase in the past year. The Uncle Jam label failed to get off the ground, leaving a lot of unreleased material, and many musicians have left the P-Funk fold, including bassist Bootsy Collins. Both Parliament and Funkadelic are without recording contracts.

It is expected that Clinton will use some of the money from Warners to repair the P-Funk mothership, beginning with the release a new twelve inch single entitled 'Hydraulic Funk' featuring Clinton, Sly and Bobby Womack.

— LLOYD BRADLEY

These bands are not interested in playing concerts, they want to play in discotheques for their own audiences who may want to dance. The fashion that goes with this dance music is based round ZOOT SUITS, ITALIAN PINSTRIPE SUITS and BAGGIE TROUSERS WITH BRACES, etc...

... and don't you dare wear the wrong thing! Absurd handout from Edinburgh's Valentinos.

GRAFITI OF THE WEEK

"Lee Harvey Oswald, where are you now your country needs you?"



GLEN BAXTER'S particular mixture of *Boys' Own* with Steve-Martin-style surrealism has made his cards (illustration above) hip communiques for the cognoscenti. But as with all such subversions, its time for Going Public has arrived, and tomorrow an entire collection of Baxter's humorous sketches and sequence-stories will be published by Jonathon Cape at £4.95, under the title *The Impending Gleam*. In addition, Londoners will be able to see his stuff on exhibition until Dec 5, at the Nigel Greenwood Gallery, 41 Sloane Gardens, London SW1. Some poetic justice perhaps that one of Baxter's earliest supporters was Andy Brown of New York's famous Gotham Book Mart — mentor also to Patti Smith as a poet and to two other idiosyncratic artists, the Gothic draughtsman Edward Gorey, and then-commercial-artist Andy Warhol.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

PUDSEY



"No mon — I'm a pasta man!"

STRAIGHT TO THE FRIDGE, DADDY-O...

ANDY CZEZOWSKI used to be an a.p.e. — that is your average punk entrepreneur. He was just one of a shifting collection of people who in the mid to late '70s briefly managed the likes of Gen X, The Damned, Wire, Adam Ant and other bands. What distinguished Andy, though, was that he ran the Roxy in Covent Garden.

It's a punk legend which he wants to live down. Having spent the last 18 months raising the £170,000 and more necessary to turn a South London property "into the only club of its kind in the capital, maybe even Europe", he doesn't want any impromptu decorating going on.

No glue on the floor, urine slopping around the toilets, or puke on the stairs."

No. The Fridge (open six nights a week, with live shows on some of those) is yet another New Concept in Entertainment. Cabaret Futura with a permanent address?

"We'll be looking at all sorts

of weird and wonderful things, and though it's not strictly a rock club we will be having bands. We want to get involved with what is current and help people achieve their goal — perhaps by giving them rehearsal facilities. I want to get involved with things during their rise — I leave the peak period to the masses. I wouldn't put on punk or reggae or HM, because they're things which aren't breaking new ground any more."

Brixton (where the club is located — almost opposite the police station) used to be a stopping off place in the late 19th / early 20th century for popular entertainers who divided their time between dates in Brighton and London. In fact the area used to boast its own music halls and people's palaces (which the young Charlie Chaplin used to visit). But this is not a tradition which Czezowski will be seeking to resurrect, with his talk of excluding "the rough and ready element" from his club, of maintaining "standards", and of eventually opening an upstairs cocktail bar and restaurant which won't serve anything vulgar and fried.

Behind Andy's fast-talking elitism there are however

some refreshing innovative ideas.

"The professional approach has been lacking in London clubs for too long. We've got to break this idea that performers get paid peanuts and that people get in free. That makes for a circus with no respect. If people want to see an act in my club, then they can pay for the pleasure of doing so. There'll be no guest-lists of any description. There's been far too much of the 'Hey, man, I was in your band ten years ago, let me in' attitude."

The Fridge (so called because of the glacial themes to its interior) may work as a business proposition because of Czezowski's attention to administrative detail. For example, members will be able to book in advance by phone in order to avoid the disappointment of crossing London and finding the place full. Andy doesn't think that the club's location in Brixton will put people off it, and says that the area's bad reputation has been much exaggerated. (Having lived there myself for four years, riots and all, I'm inclined to agree.)

Czezowski's name may have a rich Polish emigre ring to it, but in fact his background is not a wealthy



one: he went to school in Brixton itself, and his parents still live in the area. They and other relatives have put money into the club, though this only accounts for a small fraction of the whole sum required. EMI have put £20,000 into The Fridge, and this gives them rights over recordings made there and involves an A&R deal with Czezowski keeping a look-out for new acts.

He comes over as the swashbuckling species of entrepreneur, driven by high risk, and talks coolly about the nightmare of raising the

cash — and about bankruptcy as "nothing to be ashamed of".

At the moment things are looking good for Czezowski. Applications for Fridge membership (£25 per year) are rolling in. You can make a move towards member status (and be able to sign guests in) by writing to Fridge Headquarters, 1 Cathedral St, London SE1. The form which you'll get in return will enable you to pay an entry fee and afterwards decide if you want to cough up and join. Opening

night is probably November 18.

Andy and his business partner and girlfriend Susan Carrington used to frequent these very same premises 15 years ago as mods. Then the place was the Ram Jam Club, and Solomon Burke, Ike and Tina Turner, Wilson Pickett and Otis Redding played there.

The Fridge has a lot of living up to do.

— PAUL TICKELL

**MARTYN WARE**

FILMS: Clockwork Orange, Rollerball, Altered States, Jaws, Zardoz, Being There, Close Encounters, Carrie, The Exorcist, Taxi Driver

BOOKS: Clockwork Orange, and any factual books I can read spasmodically in between other pastimes

TV PROGS: Whatever is on when I have time

FOOD: Japanese, Polynesian, French, Indian

DRINK: Cocktails, saki, champagne

STAR SIGN: Taurus

PASTIME: Sex, sex and more sex

MAKE-UP: Jacques LaFitte No.6 range

ACTORS/ACTRESSES: Robert De Niro, Martin Sheen, Marlon Brando, Malcolm McDowell, John Hurt, Jack Klugman, Lauren Bacall, Rita Hayworth, Carmen Miranda, Esther Williams, Ingrid Bergman, Grace Kelly, Tula Finklea (like her legs)

GLENN GREGORY

FILMS: Carrie, Jaws, The Sentinel

BOOKS: Riotous Assembly, Sense Of Freedom

TV PROGS: Quincy, Winner Takes All (only when John Smith was on)

FOOD: Tuna fish salad (with rice), melon, cup of tea — £1.15

DRINK: Pimms 1 to 33

STAR SIGN: Taurus

PASTIME: Romance

ACTORS/ACTRESSES: Cary Grant, Noel Coward, Hedy Lamarr, Katherine Hepburn, Audrey Hepburn, Rosalind Russell, Ann Sheridan, Natasha Kinski

CAN'T STAND: Barbara Stanwyck

IAN CRAIG MARSH

FILMS: Apocalypse Now, Taxi Driver, Jaws

BOOKS: I don't read books, just Newsweek and Time

TV PROGS: Jaws Review

FOOD: Home made muesli, tuna fish, bananas and brown bread

DRINK: Manhattans, Polish pure spirit

STAR SIGN: Aquarius

PASTIME: Sleeping

MAKE-UP: Clinique

ACTORS/ACTRESSES: Robert Shaw, Martin Sheen, Robert De Niro, Greta Garbo, Marlon Brando

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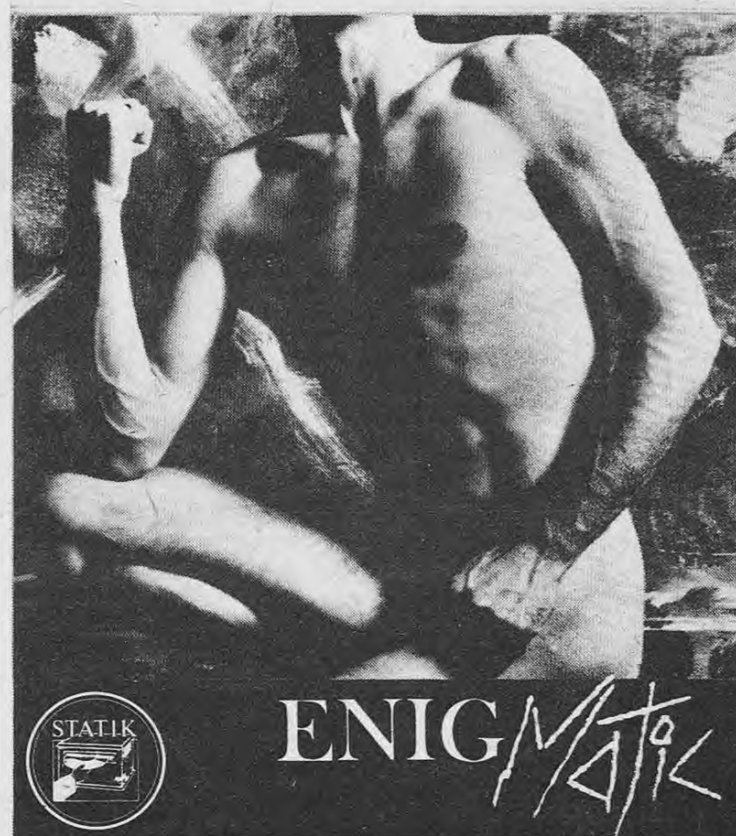
By DAVID THOMAS & PEDESTRIANS

ID OF PARTICIPANTS	
D. THOMAS - SINGER, P. GREEN - LIBRARIAN	
R. THOMPSON - OF R. & L. LINDA THOMPSON	J. GREAVES - HENRY COW
A. FIER - FEELIES, LOUNGE LIZARDS	M. THOMPSON - RED GRAYOLA, PERE UBU
P. MOXHAM - YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS	P. HAMANN - SUMA ENGINEER
E. THORNTON - BONEYM, AKA TAN-TAN	R. CARNEY - TIN HOLEY SWOLLEN MONKEYS
A. RAVENSTINE - PERE UBU	S. KRAUSS - PERE UBU
C. CUTLER - ART BEARS, HENRY COW	A. GREEN - FORMER PERE UBU

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TRI-ZINE SCENE

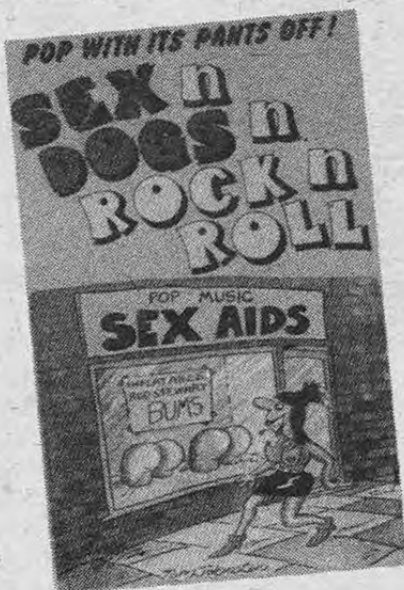
BITCH BITCH is an old-style 'zine from Woking, keen to promote fave raves *The Sleep*, from whose lyrics come the mag's title. It takes time out to lecture (paying £5-£6 for an anarchist T-shirt doesn't make you a threat to society, it makes you stupid), to note prime gig sites around Guildford and Woking, to speak with Mark Turner and Theatre Of Hate, to ink in an amusing little game of music biz Monopoly, and produce updates of old Roxy mates from the punk heyday. 30p (send large SAE) from The Editor, 7 Northaw, Wych Hill Lane, Woking.

Reindeer Times (60p including P&P) is produced by "one-half of the team which produced 'The East Is Red' for London's ICA" — and it's full of class and sass. Its funniest feature has to be 'Quest For Weirdness', an hilarious parody of *I-D*'s photo-and-caption street surveys, involving "the few who managed to escape the clutches of *I-D*... bored by rising champagne costs, tired of middle-class values and overgrown gardens they have taken the fabric into their own hands... the tightest satins cannot contain them nor bulging denim hold them." Also Cheese Dreams, a surrealist questionnaire, Dave Balfe interviewed (what drugs were Teardrop on during *OGWT* and

TOTP respectively?? Read on...) and an opinion-piece on 'costume parties'. Mucho amusing — from Studio 47, Bluecoat Society Of Arts, School Lane, Liverpool L13 BX.

That leaves us with only *Chainsaw* (70p all in) a stapled 'zine which includes a flexi with one track by each band interviewed in the mag. That's Alien Records' chronic Tronics doing 'Love Backed By Force' from their album, Evesham's Dancing Dids (shades of Furious Pig in their 'The Rhythm Section Sticks Together') and the *Eraserhead*-style vaudeville of 'Rites Of Passage' by Scunthorpe's Instant Automotons. The latter two tracks are exclusive to *Chainsaw*, as is their Royal Wedding retrospective complete with complaints about Royal portraiture, particularly "on the back of the five-pound note". Was the Editor the man who hacked at Princess Di's pic in the National Portrait Gallery? Write to: Box 787, 1 North End Rd, London W14 8ST.

— CYNTHIA ROSE



Sex'n Dogs'n Rock'n Roll (Hook Books, £1.95) is a 100-page collection of cartoons by Tom Johnston, much of it taken from his regular contributions to London's *New Standard*. Johnston's at his best with the wry send-ups of musical fad and fashion — aptly, the style is fast and disposable. But the humour's at its limpest with an infantile succession of penis-fixated visual gags. Whatever, the whole volume only lasted me from Tooting Bec to Clapham North — four tube stops — and at nearly two quid, it makes for an expensive smile.

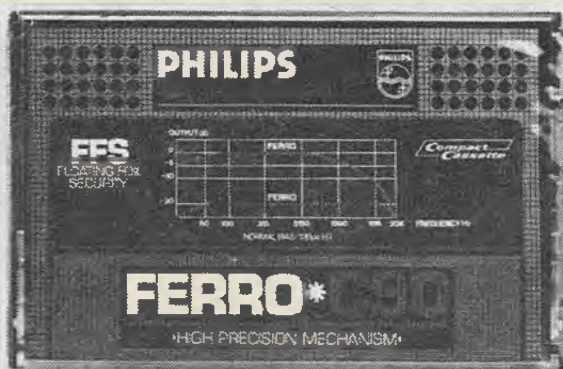
— PAUL DU NOYER



Poly Styrene and daughter Celeste. Pic: Ed Fenton

There is no need to refer to the dB level (250 nanovolts per meter) and then expressed in dB as the undistorted headroom. When the curve representing 3rd third harmonic distortion meets that representing saturation level the data is often not consistent. At high recording levels the non-linearity of the tape is predominantly third order and it is thus safe to ignore lower inter-modulation products. New techniques can be devised which can yield much more reliability of readings. Almost all distortion related figures are dependent on the bias/EQ trade-offs of the decks on which the tapes are used. The values serve both as a guide to suitable levels and as a comparison.

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ED FENTON hears Poly Styrene wish all her old fans a Merry Krishmas

ANOTHER GIRL, ANOTHER PLANET

"Would you like to sip peppermint tea, Whilst floating around the galaxy, Will you take of in a time machine, Discovering places where nobody's been?"

'Skydive', Poly Styrene, 1980

POLY STYRENE has not gone mad, as I had been warned. Nor is she a recluse: she was happy to be interviewed last week, and she was extremely open and friendly. But as I talked to her I couldn't help feeling that we were on separate planets. Poly Styrene, you see, has found God.

I begin by asking Poly Styrene why she doesn't gig any more, why she seems to be avoiding the limelight. "I've got so much going for me internally that I'm not so worried about external things," she replies. "At the moment I'm just doing what comes naturally."

Are you still politically active? "Actually, I'm more into God than politics right now — whatever you call God. Because if you get into it, everything becomes so clear. You know the right political things to get involved in."

Is the CND, for instance, the "right thing" to get involved in? "The CND is obviously praiseworthy, but I think it's a lost cause."

You're expecting a nuclear war?

"I think it's inevitable. You've just got to look at history; the world is always destroyed at a certain period in time. But we aren't going to be completely annihilated just yet. According to the books I read, we've got another 400,000 years to go."

The books she reads are Indian scriptures called the Vedas. They are also much studied by the Hare Krishnas — a sect which holds a deep fascination for Poly. She follows a lot of their principles.

"They're the highest people in the world," she enthuses. "They know that there's not just one life — they're going to this amazing planet when they die. So they're not too worried about what's happening down here."

How long have spiritual things been dominating your mind?

"I got into it when I saw a UFO in Doncaster after a gig on our last tour. It completely blew my mind — I just had to go searching for more knowledge. Inevitably it's going to lead to religion in the end."

It also led to the break-up of X-Ray Spex. Basically the other band-members thought she was insane, and Poly realised that she had nothing in common with them any more.

She also needed time to sort herself out. She was suffering from exhaustion. So after months of inactivity she reluctantly agreed to dissolve the band in mid-1979.

Since then she has recorded one solo album, 'Translucence'. It's a beautiful and soulful piece of work, but it was released to a tepid reception late last year. She reveals that she wrote many of the songs while still with X-Ray Spex, but for a long time felt they were "too personal" to be released.

Are you working on a new album at the moment? I ask.

"Not as such. I'm working on some songs."

Are you still under contract to United Artists?

"Er, I'm not sure exactly. My manager would know about that."

Poly Styrene has certainly not been idle in the last two-and-a-half years. She got married last year, and now has a three-month-old baby girl called Celeste. She has learned to play the piano. She is organising a fashion show, to take place in January or February, the proceeds of

which will go to charity.

She has no interest in the current music scene. "It's like the age where talent doesn't count," she says, referring to the new crop of synthesizer groups. She dislikes performers such as Toyah, Siouxsie and Adam because "they represent the whole consumer thing. They don't care about anything in the cosmos except money."

I mention 'Prince Charming' by Adam And The Ants, and Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love'. She isn't familiar with either of them.

Personally, as a fan, I'm sorry that Poly Styrene is so unproductive musically these days. But she has no regrets.

"Maybe some people are unhappy about what I'm doing. But you can only do what feels right to you. If you can sleep all right at night then I think that's good enough."

My last question is: Will you be joining the Haris soon, Poly?

She laughs and says cryptically, "No, I'll leave that to Lora Logic!"

What is the dreadful truth about Lora Logic? Are the Haris going to split due to musical differences? Is 'Hare Rama Hare Krishna' really Himalayan for 'Oh Bondage Up Yours'? And where does George Harrison fit into all this?

Stay tuned.

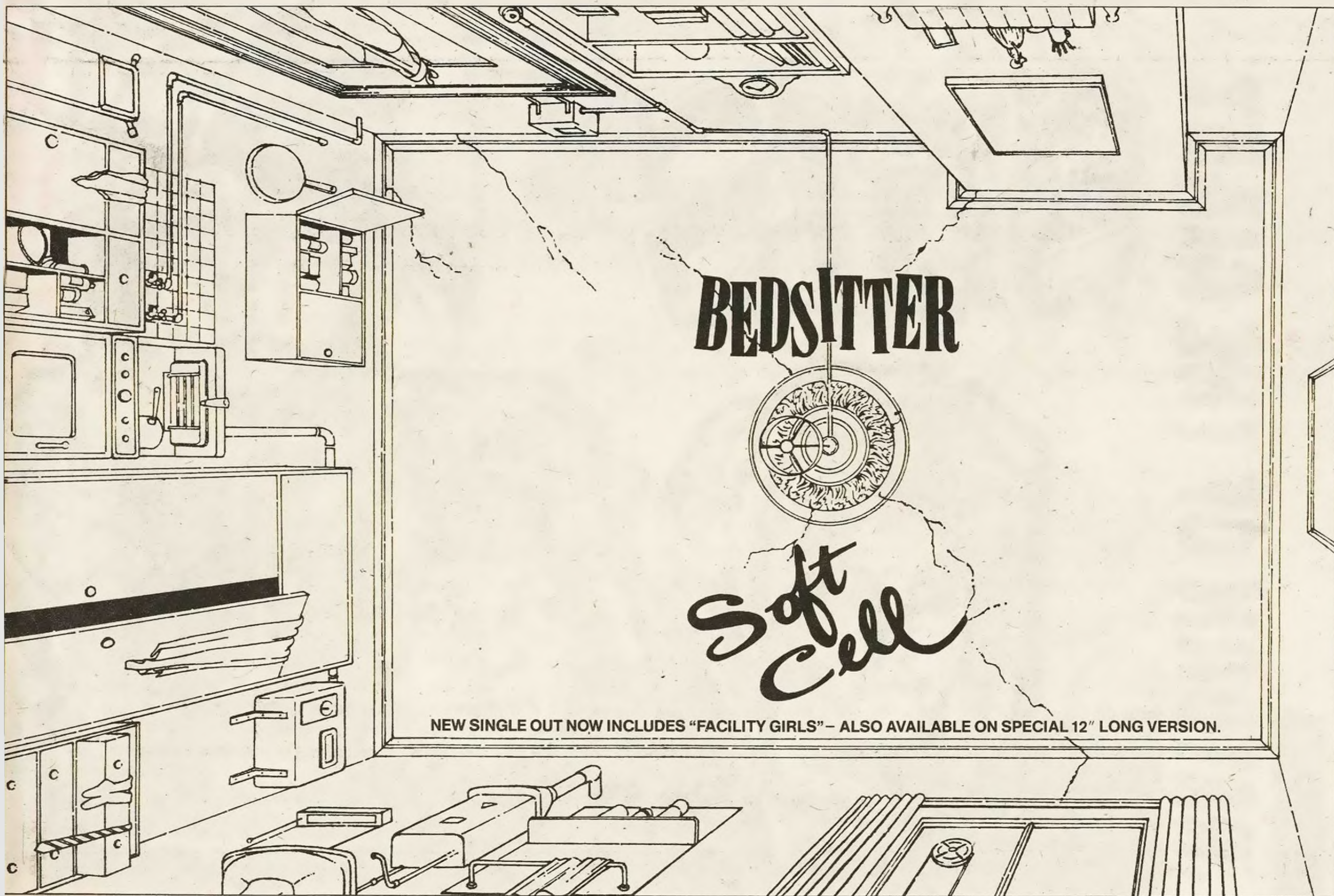
Lowry



"I thought I'd never see anything more nauseating than the guitar used as a penis substitute. . ."



"But the sight of it being used as a teddy-bear substitute is beginning to run it a close second."



YOUNG GERMANY CALLING

WITH A TWINKLE in his eye, Holger Hiller tells me that the bar we are in was the hangout of the famous German murderer, Herr Honka. "He used to meet old prostitutes here, take them up to his apartment above the bar, kill them, and put their bodies in the wall!"

We order our first beers as dawn creeps onto the St Pauli streets. He has brought me here to Der Goldener Handschuh specially for the jukebox, which plays German Schlager; his favourite music next to Phil Spector's. Our fellow bar patrons enjoy it too. Three old frauen are hopping and slapping their knees in a drunken improvisation of the Bavarian dance.

Palais Schaumburg are Hamburg's contribution to Der Neue Deutsche Musik, a fraternity of musicians led by DAF which includes Pyrolator and Der Plan in Dusseldorf and 17-year-old Andreas Dorau — who is already anticipating an avalanche of female fanmail in the wake of his new found popularity. As singer and frontman with Palais Schaumburg, Holger Hiller craves a similarly enthusiastic reaction.

Playing with Palais Schaumburg, what kind of reaction would you like?

"I would like a screaming audience. It's too bad that the people are so cool nowadays. They should scream and dance. Last New Year's Eve we played a gig where the girls were screaming. They loved it."

Did anyone try to rip your clothes off?

"No."

In the song 'Green Angle Canoe', you say "I wring your neck, take your hands off my girl". Is that about ultra-macho guys?

"Yeah, and the thing is, when

I'm walking around stage I'm not macho at all. I'm making a fool of myself."

How did you come to write that song?

"We were thinking, what could we do that would annoy the Hamburg punks, because they're really sort of dogmatic. And when we played it they reacted very strongly. They were shouting and throwing beer cans. Everybody had fun. It wasn't real aggression."

What do you want to do with Palais Schaumburg?

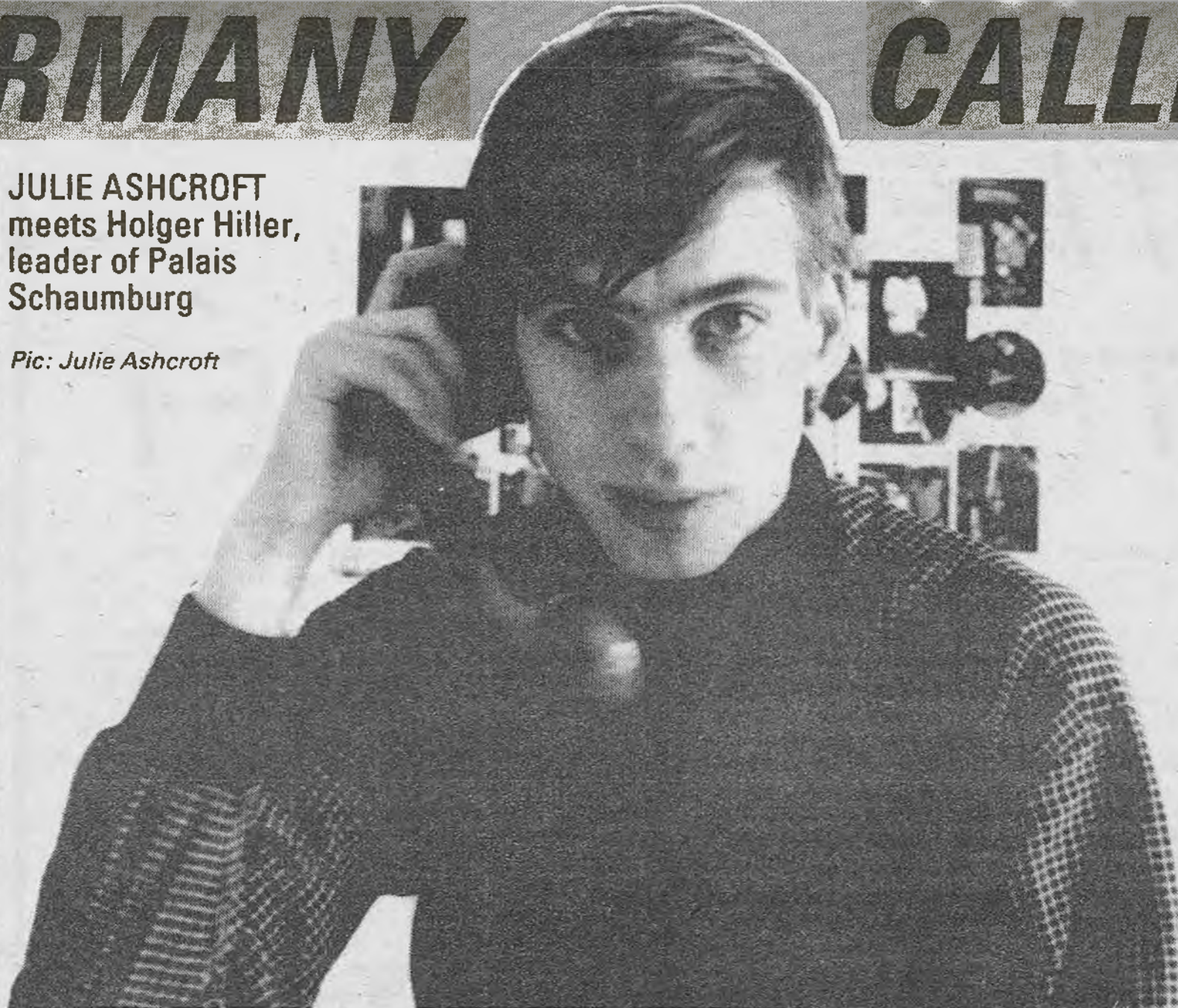
"We want to enrich German culture. No, it's just that we were fed up with the scene. Bands in Germany tried to copy styles that were popular in America five years before, and that's really terrible. Now people are trying to pick up the tradition that was here. It's a new fascination."

What image do you want to present?

"We want people to recognise that it's Palais Schaumburg, and that it's a German band. That's important because when I was in England,

JULIE ASHCROFT meets Holger Hiller, leader of Palais Schaumburg

Pic: Julie Ashcroft



some people were saying, 'It's nice music, but I want to hear it in English'. People should see that we're not like any international band who could sing in English. We couldn't do this music if we sang in English."

Has this stand encouraged other German bands?

"Yes, look at Andreas Dorau! When he first came to me for guitar lessons, he was just a kid wanting to learn a few rock and roll riffs. Now he has the catchiest new LP in Germany!"

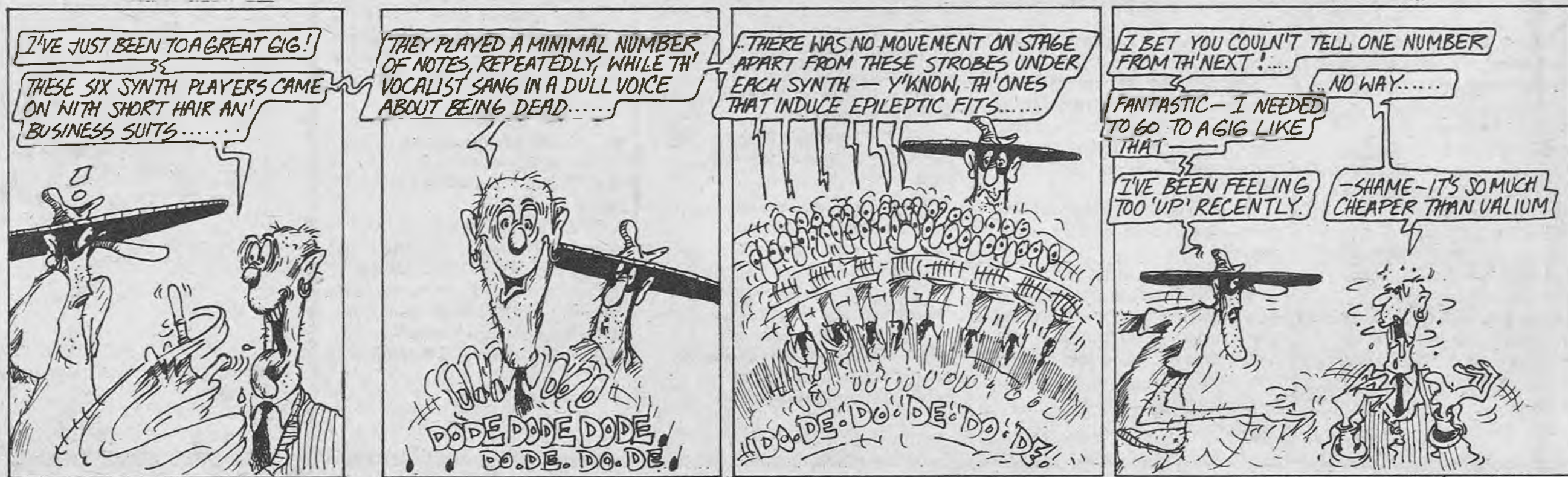
Your singles were on Zick Zack and now you are on Phonogram. How do you feel about this move from an independent to a large label?

"It's not really any different because we didn't sign an artist's contract. We just sold the rights to the record."

Phonogram has much more possibility to get it into the regular record shops, because independent labels are not established in Germany."

Palais Schaumburg play London on November 15, supporting Depeche Mode.

The Lone Groover



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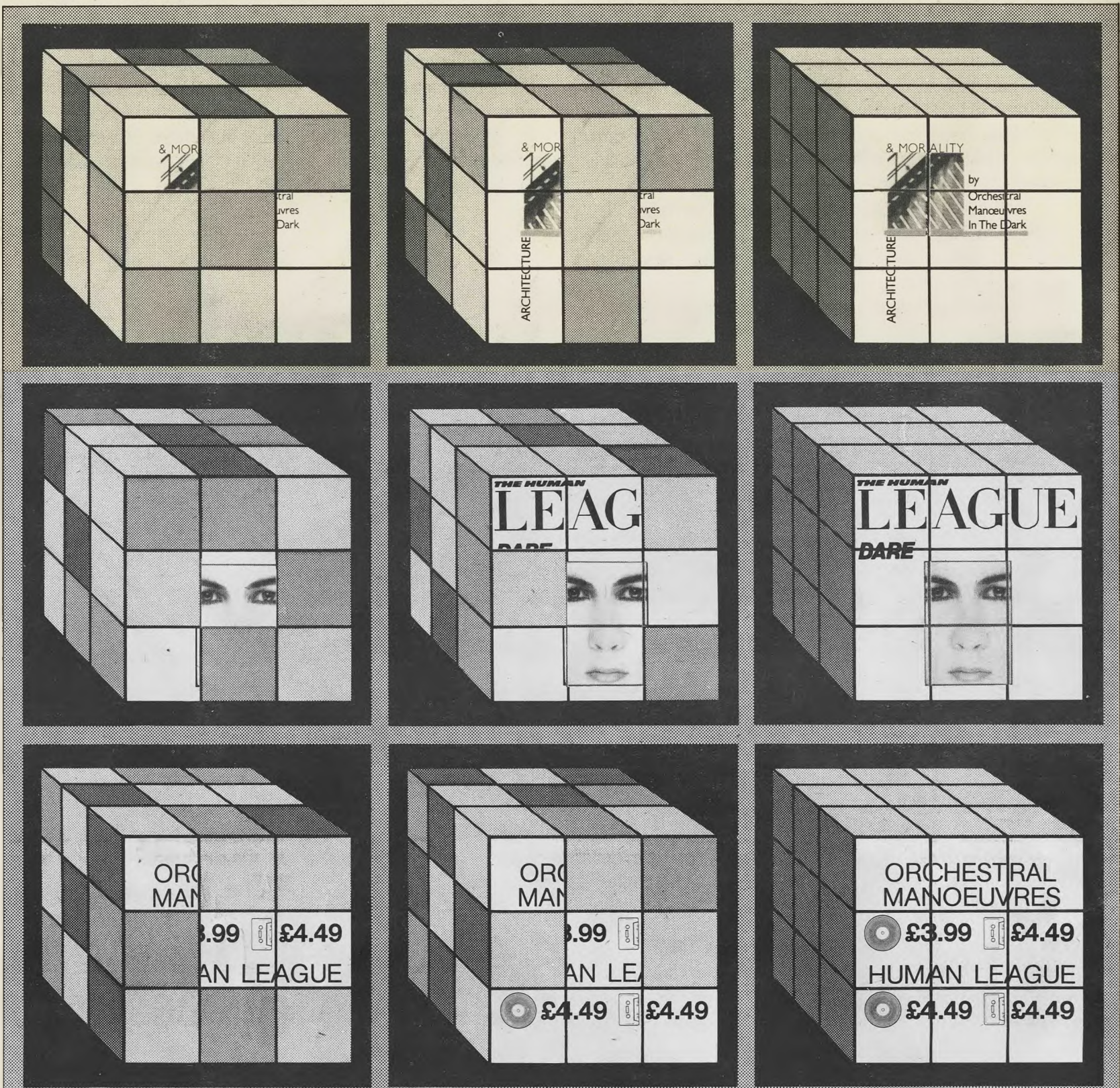
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My aim: to appreciate and respect the things of my experience and to set them free, applauding the ferocity of all life forces, ignoring the serious aim of language and making fun of it. Do not be afraid of me! A corrupted consciousness is not a dangerous thing, I promise. We all make mistakes.

Take **Rusty Egan**, for example. The man may have the publishing rights to the new **Soft Cell** LP with its hundred thousand advance orders, the man may well have offices in Peking and Sri Lanka — but current betting at Ladbrokes and William Hill makes him evens favourite to be the Most Unfashionable Man Of The Year. Others in the running include **Richard Jobson** (2-1), **Midge Ure** (3-1), **Julian Cope** (6-1) and **Ray Lowry** (11-4). My bet is on outsider **Chris Sullivan**...

Maybe I should begin again. But first, let me tell you that the enjoyment of beauty simply as beauty is an intolerable frivolity. But we know better, don't we? Remind me to tell you to read about the beautiful-but-so-much-more-than-that **Bryan Ferry** in the current issues of *Cosmopolitan* and *Interiors*. See Ferry's living quarters — better even than **Jobson** and **Severin**'s place opposite the apartment of a well-known Conservative politician! Look at the immaculate state of decoration affairs in Ferry's palace — and he deserves every

priceless antique in the place — and wonder just where he conducts his business activity and all other exercises. The place is spotless, the carpets not to be trodden on, the beds not to be...

Actually, that's not true, as much as I'd like you to believe it. Why, only the other week me and Bryan were filing our fingernails on a Mediterranean beach, swapping compliments and Italian shoes, wondering whether power over people's minds was the main personal desire of our lives. He wanted to know all about **Clare's** tongue, but I'm a very secretive person and refrained from explaining to him just how... different **Clare** is from the public image. Is she safe, he asked? I showed him my scars, emotional ones every one. He cursed and wrote a couple of songs. The songs he wrote are great adventures. I told him that he should get the splendid new **Clock DVA** to back him on the numbers, but he wasn't sure. He simply said: "Teeth are for biting" and went off for a swim...

Well, I'm terribly sorry about all this sordidness, as sorry as you are. I told Bryan that **Penman** dearly wished to spend an evening with him, but he expressed concern at the rampant preciosity and introspection in **Penman's** work...

I asked Bryan for some advice concerning my new haircut — the advice was wonderful. My new haircut took me to Le Beat Route and introduced me to a whole crowd of new people, plus I didn't have to buy myself a drink all night! Ferry knows a thing or two about hair style. **August** mumbled something

about me looking like **De Niro**, **Steve Dagger** decided my look was exactly what **Tony Hadley** had been striving for all these years, and everybody else just knew I was following the sweet smell of success. By the end of the evening the only thing that separated me from insanity was a red ribbon...

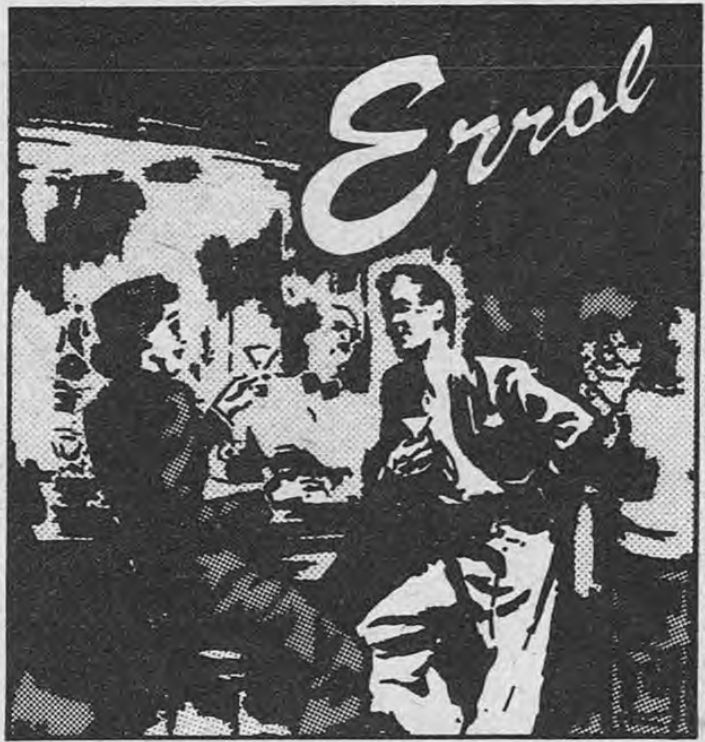
The values of sexual masterpieces are intrinsic... I can make an art of anything... and still my true sweetheart languishes in a secret pool, quite beyond my reach. If anything, a Bryan Ferry song would be the thing to charm her. "Thus, even **Zarathustra**, another time loser, would believe in you." Our philosophy circle discussed this sentence alone for hours over fragrant pernod and blacks at Le Beat Route. But she wasn't there. She is never anywhere I go... yet, still, I see her every day. Why does she torment me so!... Dreams are not enough. Boy meets girl!

Ask **Martyn Ware**: a married man, a happy man no doubt. Ware, a man described by Virgin Records as chief troubleshooter, co-director, and multi-faceted synthesiser player with **British Electric Foundation**, finally married his belle, the lovely red ribbon **Karen** at the Sheffield Registry Office on the morning of Thursday November 5. At the party the night before, your immoderate immodest **Errol** won the dancing contest and expressed a formal fury at **Andy McCluskey's** absurd pronouncement that **Heaven 17** have somehow given up.

Martyn is spending his honeymoon in Hollywood, courtesy of your good fresh mate **Errol's** expense account. At the party the night before **Martyn's** marriage to **Karen**, Sheffield celebrated **ABC's** debut appearance on *Top Of The Pops*. "No one's recognised me in the laundrette yet," said singer **Fry**, "but little girls have started to giggle on the bus."

WOULD YOU believe that I spent the latter half of my weekend in the land of tartan, drunken deciduity and some of the slickest, swishest nightclub action in Christendom. No, not Le Beat Route again! This was Scotland. Scotland is where that spirited and shambolic samba showband **Blue Rondo A La Turk** spent the latter half of their weekend too. The increasingly notorious **Gary McGroffie** put them on at **Maestro's** in Glasgow and **Valentinos** in Edinburgh, where they put me up in the castle.

Now, would you believe me if I told you that even **Blue Rondo** are far from happy with their sure-to-chart debut single, or at least with **Pete Wingfield's** weak-kneed production of 'Me And Mr Sanchez'? Or that **Spandau milder Steve Dagger** was once arrested for obstruction while giving away copies of the *Ms London* freebie magazine? Or that **Pop Aural's Hilary Morrison**, former **Flower** and flaneur of **Fast Product**, is launching a new four-piece all-female band **Sangria**, currently collaborating with **Heaven 17** and **Troy Tate**? Or that **Blue Rondo's** next single is to be the chunkier, funkier 'Time'? Or that **Cliff Richard** and **Gillan** were on the guest-list for the Edinburgh show? Kiss me! And again!



B. L. Hutchinson

H A V A N A

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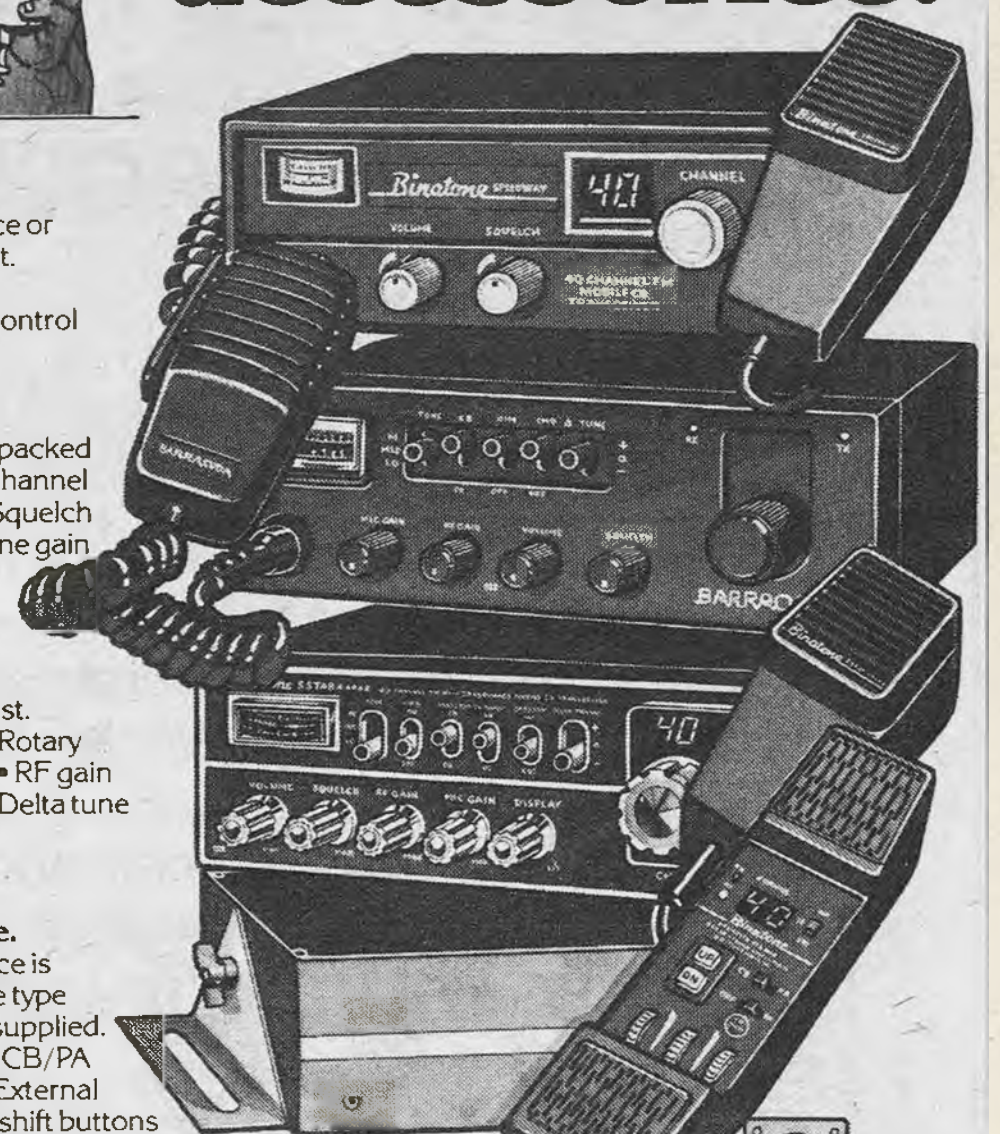
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HALFORDS



The candidates — clockwise from top: Egan, Sullivan, Cope, Lowry, Jobson and Ure. Send your votes to Errol, who will discount them.

Lowry



"How old-fashioned can you get? He's only living in the '50s — rather than the Renaissance or pre-war Berlin."

Peace through polyrhythms: the new T. Dream...

"DO YOU like this hologram?" asks Chris Franke. A small black UFO is sitting on the table; when I try to take the coin resting on top, my fingers touch only air. It's an illusion.

The illusion in Tangerine Dream music is in its pretensions to symphonic greatness, as far as I can hear. Synthesised wedding cakes creak under icing a mile thick. But their recent records have at least taken on a tougher rhythmic cast, which is down to Franke's sequencers. "We are in a sort of *polyrhythm*," he says with a certain pride. "You can almost dance to it."

Almost. Anyway, electronic grandmaster crash or not, the Dreamers have been making waves for the anti-nukes movement of late. They recently played a gigantic Concert For Peace by the Berlin Wall and have declared intentions to pursue the issue further.

"It was a big satisfaction for us to use our popularity for a reason like that, to play for peace. Most people think that a single person cannot do anything, but we don't believe that. You can build a chain reaction by communicating with people." Franke lights another in a chain of Marlboros, speaks with a clipped precision. But how can Tangerine Dream music contribute to this dialogue?

"The music still doesn't have words. You can't say 'this is a tone for peace, this for war'." I stare into my coffee in the plush surroundings of the

Kensington Hilton and try to match Franke's impeccable politeness. I always think it's very amorphous music — what sort of statement can that make?

"It's not meant to be a message. If you do something for peace, you give an initial power to other people."

So you're content for the gesture itself to be a statement?

"Sure. Many people wear opinions as badges. And many have a lack of information that can be remedied by the music world."

Solid IBM logic, I guess. But isn't there a built-in disadvantage in that the TD audience is largely conservative — and complacent even?

Franke shrugs it off. "It varies — that is not the experience I

Here we see der UFO-spotter at work. He has located an alien visitor and is carefully monitoring it for signs of life. Suddenly it speaks. "Do you like this hologram . . . ?"

have from meeting members of the audience. It sometimes seems a very intellectual crowd."

Are you going to undergo any bother in Germany for what you've been doing? Press or other vilification?

"We're doing it at a time of riots and unrest. There is a

concern that such events may be misused. But after Berlin, which was a big success, people ask why we didn't do it before."

So the campaign will continue?

"As much as possible. There is already a big movement, in Germany and elsewhere. I hope

we can do something like this in England next spring."

Do you see yourselves as the elder statesmen of electronics?

"Well, we didn't start yesterday," he chuckles. "But it's still stone age development. We can go on now for many more years. We're not a pop group, maybe we'll never do

Top 40 music. But we always want to do something new." I can't really hear much difference between 'Phaedra' and 'Exit'.

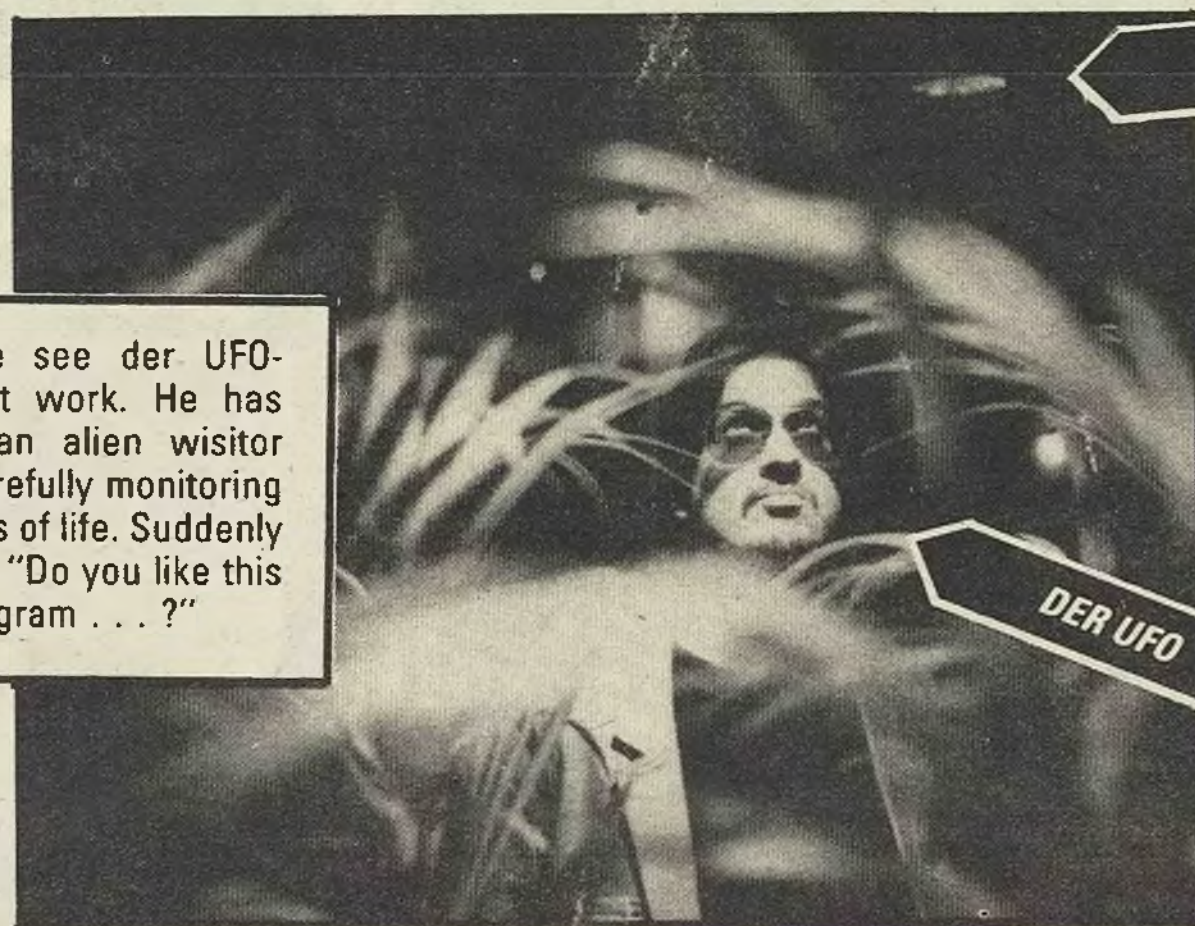
"We are into more complexity, shorter pieces. More song-like. The pop groups — Numan, Human League — they can be experimental too."

"We are free from music pressures," he says after a long pause. "Whatever we do is what we want to do at any one moment."

We finish by chewing over the approaching video age. A TD video is coming up soon. I reckon the *Violent Streets* soundtrack is the best thing they've ever done. What sort of movies do you like, Chris?

"I wish we'd done the music for *Alien*. I like SF films that aren't just fairy stories. I'm not totally convinced by action-type films . . . *Altered States* is a try for a different type of story. But still it is mostly clichés. I hope that *Alien* director will make another film."

Ridley Scott — your synthesizers are ready!
— RICHARD COOK



Pic: David Corio

DER UFO-SPOTTER

DER UFO

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Ray Lowry



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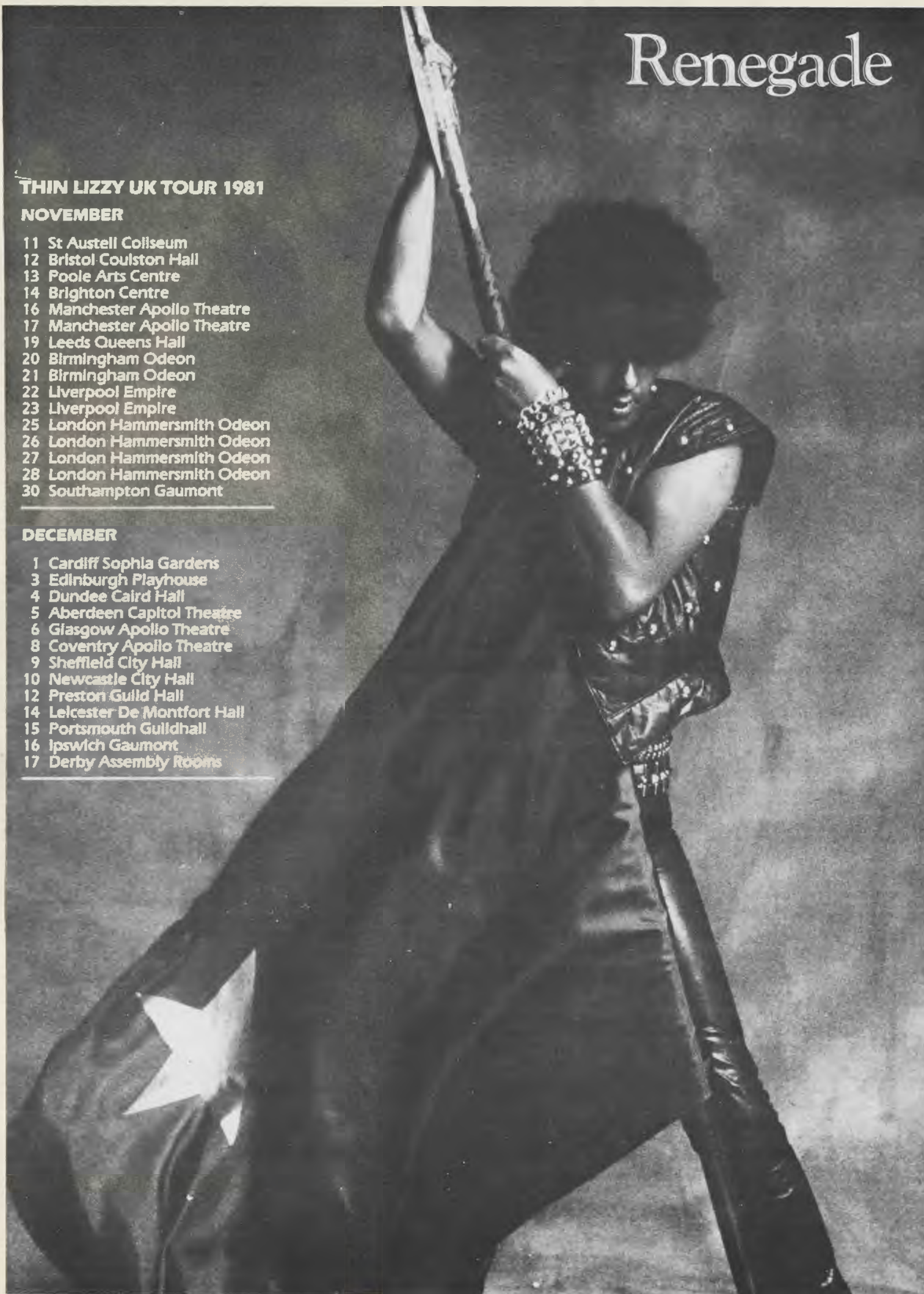
THIN LIZZY UK TOUR 1981

NOVEMBER

- 11 St Austell Coliseum
 - 12 Bristol Coulston Hall
 - 13 Poole Arts Centre
 - 14 Brighton Centre
 - 16 Manchester Apollo Theatre
 - 17 Manchester Apollo Theatre
 - 19 Leeds Queens Hall
 - 20 Birmingham Odeon
 - 21 Birmingham Odeon
 - 22 Liverpool Empire
 - 23 Liverpool Empire
 - 25 London Hammersmith Odeon
 - 26 London Hammersmith Odeon
 - 27 London Hammersmith Odeon
 - 28 London Hammersmith Odeon
 - 30 Southampton Gaumont
-

DECEMBER

- 1 Cardiff Sophia Gardens
 - 3 Edinburgh Playhouse
 - 4 Dundee Caird Hall
 - 5 Aberdeen Capitol Theatre
 - 6 Glasgow Apollo Theatre
 - 8 Coventry Apollo Theatre
 - 9 Sheffield City Hall
 - 10 Newcastle City Hall
 - 12 Preston Guild Hall
 - 14 Leicester De Montfort Hall
 - 15 Portsmouth Guildhall
 - 16 Ipswich Gaumont
 - 17 Derby Assembly Rooms
-



"A vigorous, painstaking, patient, and implacable sobriety in the work of destruction . . . is more surely imperative today than the general mobilisation of art and artists, than turbulence or improvised agitation under the mocking and tranquil eyes of the police." (Jacques Derrida, 1966)

WE WILL FALL, SANG Iggy Stooze to the accompaniment of John Cale's viola, but he might have continued, *When we dead awoken . . .*

The Fall are still the most important band in the land, and still taking patient stock of our pompous and stupid myths. Mark Smith knows that before we can wake up we are going to have to die just a little, and a certain depression of life never did thought any harm.

When we have immersed ourselves in his vision, we will wake out of our social slumbers, our living death of mass culture. And we will each of us have the right to dream our myths all over again, preferably into extinction.

I still believe Mark Smith is the only really important writer and singer in the vast, myth-saturated culture of Pop. I have seen the truth of a popular music culture and its name is Mark Smith. So here in this *NME* Fall cover story we could maybe see the very rationality of Pop's game of fame, and journalism's game of order and hierarchy, turned over and disgorged on itself.

OK: out of the eulogy and into the story. On with the journalism, except that:

**My journalistic acquaintances
Go Soft, Go Places
On record company expenses,
Lose humour, manners become barb,
writers
Don't know it, smart hedonists
('C 'n' C-S Mithering')**

BUT I'M LAUGHING, Mark, I'm laughing, it's a riot. "The bursting of the human face into laughter and the return of masks . . ." (Foucault). A biopic of Mark's countenance would tell the same story: a beautiful face creased up with irony, stretched into a shape by violent delight.

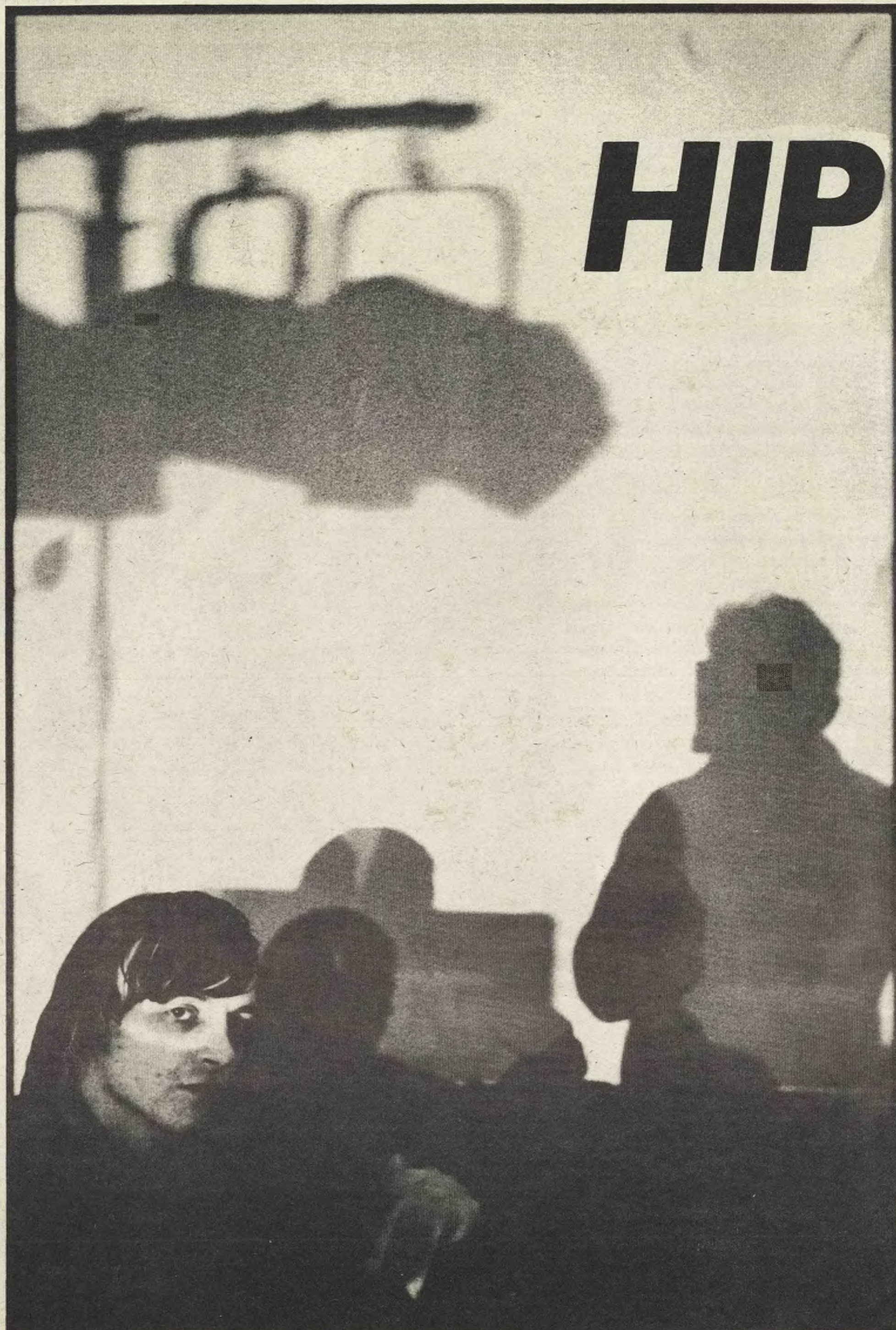
The Imperial Cinema, Birmingham, is the last stop on this fall's short whip round the country. To Mark's pleasure, The Fall are supporting Nico, whom we must all continue to love, honour, and support.

But maybe to you The Fall is just a name which slides into press space along-side a lot of other names — like, say, "Joy Division", "Magazine", "Teardrop Explodes" . . . and then again maybe The Fall never fell into place at all.

Dave McCullough will remind you that "the danger is to look on The Fall as an idea", and it's difficult to get this further idea out of one's head. Since, however, The Fall take some three hours longer to arrive than promised, there's plenty of time to work it out.

So. The Fall have always been Mark Smith, born 1958, and a bunch of much younger, very dedicated and very silent Mancunians. They come not from the university Manchester of Buzzcocks, Joy Division, old uncle Tony Wilson and all, but the northern, industrial part of the city.

When 'Live At The Witch Trials' and



MARK SMITH & A SHADY PHOTOGRAPHER

'Dragnet' came aching out of the greyness and squalor of it all, McCullough went verbosely ape and the rest of the world cringed.

That was 1979: the rock press pregnant with the legend of Joy Division, punk in disarray, many frustrated souls in chains. Since this year's 'Slates', an innovatory 10" milestone and the tightest, cleanest, and perhaps most concentrated Fall product to date, the cringing has been traced back to the 'Prole Art Threat'.

For what Mark Smith really brought tidings of, and what the furiously ugly punkabilly of 'Fiery Jack', 'Rowche Rumble', and 'Psykick Dancehall' really brought spewing out over the nation, was an ascendant proletarianism whose anger and arrogance could only be penned in and explained as lower-middle-class shame. One thing was for sure, no real prole would ever dare take himself so seriously.

Surely rock was meant to be fun, as in punk — no? Punk was a gift of the newly McLarenised media to the mass of provincial oiks: let them eat it. Of course we all hated the class system, but wasn't it better to stay working-class than fuck it up and risk aspiring to classlessness?

What no one sussed was that Mark Smith

was an alien. In other words, an average sort of Mancunian Joe who just happened to have struck on a vision of what made him proletarian in the first place. Instead of monotonously lambasting a hypothetical "them" for having made him indignant, bored, and uneducated, Smith dreamt the whole thing up from scratch. Single-handed, his pen far mightier than Joe Strummer's guitar ever was, he reinvented proletarianism.

And thus was born the white crap about "the white crap that talks back . . .", the press incarnation of the sarky, belligerent anti-hero. (A working-class hero being by now a contradiction in terms.) 'Dragnet', the live 'Totale's Turns', and 'Grotesque (After The Gramme)' were collections of dirty, eclectic garbagem and rock, wastelands of sound without themes, messages, or politics. These records *were* politics, living conjurations of the crass and the grotesque in Northern prole life. They shone and stung without preaching, but then how do you preach to the media-converted anyway?

"Stupidity is contemplated: sight penetrates its domain and becomes fascinated; it carries one gently

along and its action is mimed in the abandonment of oneself. . ."
(Michel Foucault on Andy Warhol)

MARK SMITH STUNG us back into an oral tradition of narrative fragments and cultural contradictions. The Fall were the true and absolute fall of rock 'n' roll — rock 'n' roll as fetishised in the form of the three-minute pop classic, with all its famous 45s and elaborately coded themes of love and dance. By 'Slates' of last spring, the "songs" had become "tracts", random pile-ups of imagery and statement. Here was a prole pop, an ill-tempered trash, that seriously proposed itself as ART.

And what it implied was that the whole bastion of comfortable working-class traditions — the institutions of barbiturates, boozing, and bingo — could be transformed, could even perhaps transform themselves, into a deep cultural "revolution".

Down in the south, we know nothing concrete of the "working men's clubs", the whole lunatic vaudeville of northern life. Proletarian culture in London is swamped by the "higher" culture programmed into us by such new weapons of the status quo as *The*

PRIEST

THE MARK SMITH INTERVIEW

Barney Hoskyns meets Citizen Smith, prophet of the proletariat, who transformed barbiturates, boozing and bingo into a cultural revolution. Photos Anton Corbijn.

South Bank Show (congratulations, Elvis) and the Gate cinema network. Nor could your average golden-hearted cockney really be counted as one of Smith's "grotesque peasants".

What Smith was really singing was a kind of folk music, a ranting and raving poetry which demanded ears rather than eyes. "In the poetry of the folk song," wrote Nietzsche, "language is strained to its utmost that it may imitate music; continuously generating melody scatters image sparks all round, which in their variegation, their abrupt change, their mad precipitation, manifest a power quite unknown to the epic and its steady flow..."

And that "steady flow" holds good for everyone from Yes to The Sex Pistols to Joy Division. For the entertainment industry of "Rock" and "Pop" (and they are *not* antithetical) is a monolithic, epic construct, an enormous self-servicing scheme of comfort, hierarchy, and identification, however "powerful" or "passionate" the music.

In this absolute sense, The Fall do not belong in the same universe as your average favourite alternative pop groups. They do not fit in the marketplace of mild equivalences. They show up virtually the whole of the rest of rock as a gross, illusory hype.

The Fall return us to a world that has been interfered with, a culture that is no longer "real" or "realistic". But only if you are prepared to kill off your past, only if you let the "real" of your securities and comforts spill out like superfluous intestines and allow the madness of the crass and the grotesque to feed among your memories, will you profit by the association. For through this massive cultural overdetermination we lose our cultural selves and perhaps gain a certain epistemological freedom.

The Fall is not the music of pure physical abandon, but we are scarcely ready for that yet. The Fall is the cultural catharsis we must undergo before beauty can be grasped — an almost inert, meditative passage through our social selves that can only be called spiritual.

Real desire cannot be attained inside the insidious synaesthetico-cultural trick of Pop. The Fall may politically propel you outside it.

RIGHT. WELL THAT'S that cleared up. Now for the serious stuff. The eventual appearance. The charisma and authority simply oozing out of his old black pullover. And more. For while the "lads", as Smith in his scout-leaderish way calls them, play billiards next door with grim concentration, I'm given the go-ahead for "The Mark Smith Interview".

Composing his skeletal limbs into a comfortable slouch, Mark reaches for his pint, and kicks off on the subject of the second American tour.

"We're pretty proud, coz we paid our way this time. And we played places where they hadn't had a band for ten years. Those kids in the midwest have got no preconceptions, so you're taken on your true worth. We got a lot of catcalls, but it was like starting all over again, it was great."

Does he still think America is a classless society?

"I've never actually said that, your editor said that. But, y'know, I still think there's a lot of bullshit pulled over people's eyes about

every other country in the world, and we're taught that this place is the best when the more places you go the more you realise it's the fucking worst. I hate that sort of obligatory anti-Americanism. I mean some of those bands on the West Coast are worth about twenty fucking Teardrop Explodes and they've been fighting for years, they can't even get an independent label deal."

Did they play anywhere in the South?

"Yeah, Texas... we went down to Memphis and hung out with The Panther Burns, whose guitarist is, y'know, Alex Chilton, and that was incredible."

"Memphis is the place to play all right — the PA is two fuckin' microphones, and you say, Where's the PA? and they go, Aw, it'll be alright, use this mike over here! And the PA guy's just sittin' there playing Charlie Feathers and all this shit. It's great. Those people really don't give a shit about anything."

Is he feeling any particular pressures at the moment? What about all those old questions of responsibility and that twaddle?

"Well, yeah, after America I'd just had enough, like we'd gone through so much of this responsibility stuff and it felt really bad. I

change it ever day, and sometimes it gets quite hairy."

THIS WEEK SEES the release of a new Fall double-A side single, 'Lie Dream Of The Casino Soul' and 'The Fantastic Life', both of which sounded pretty superb in concert. What will the next LP be like?

"The songs are more accessible, like we've got a really good producer and that shit. It's the first time I've ever let anyone else do the production, coz the next album is gonna be like what we've got live, it's a well-produced noise, and that's what we're going for. After America, I stopped taking writing so seriously. I was taking *myself* too seriously, especially in America, like we played universities and these guys go, 'You're one of the best writers I've ever read in my fucking life'. and nobody's ever said that to me here, nobody ever gives me a compliment. But after they say that to you in America, you stop worrying about it, y'know."

"But I still write lyrics in the same way, cutting things from newspapers and stuff. I'm really into the ridiculous ways people abuse the English language. I like the letters page in the *Daily Mirror*."

Does he still believe in the 'Prole Art Threat'?

"Yeah, I think it could blow people's heads off, but then again if everybody was conscious of it, it probably wouldn't be any good. When the students got hold of rock'n'roll, that's when it started going downhill. That's what you learn from going down to Memphis, y'know, those innovators are still there, and nobody's heard of them. And Sun Records sits, like, between a garage and a porn shop and you hardly notice it..."

Has he paid the price of fame yet?

"Well, the beauty of Manchester is that you can't really be a star there. I'm not well-known there. I don't lead that kind of life. And I've never had a real picture of where the Fall stands nationwide. I mean, we started off on this British tour and we didn't think anyone was going to come. We've been really surprised."

"You do get rain, of course, especially when you're taking a lot of speed and that, you start looking in mirrors and getting ulcers. But Kay always keeps me on me toes (Kay Carroll,

system. It's incredible to me, y'know, they laugh at the skinheads, they laugh at the punks, they laugh at the heavy metal kids, and then they turn round and say the Americans are bigoted and fascist!

"And also, a lot of those kids who went to the Wigan Casino... this is what 'Lie Dream Of The Casino Soul' is about, y'know, those kids are not interested in rock at all, it's fuckin' tragic. Young, healthy kids... I mean, that's why record sales are going down, coz it's a lot of shit, man, and of course these kids think of The Fall as the same as all these other pretentious groups. And that's why 'Slates' came out, as something totally, y'know, unfathomable, neither an EP nor an LP, and also partly why we've left Rough Trade and the whole independent scene."

"I think we are different, I really do. Y'know, when I meet other bands, I just don't relate to them. I can't speak to these mollycoddled artists."

The trouble is, isn't the idea of permanence and commitment antithetical to the whole scheme of a popular culture.

Kay Carroll (having just sat down at the table): "Yeah, all you're talking about is that The Fall sell this many records so a cover feature on The Fall is gonna sell this many copies, that's all Pop's about. Investigative journalism's gone out the window, the approach to bands is all just so contrived. But you ask whether things can change within the pop music culture we've got? I think it can."

What kind of effect does Mark Smith think The Fall's music has on people?

"I've always wondered about this, coz I've always worried about whether we depressed people too much, but when I think about it, our music's like the stuff I listen to anyway. I've always found, like, that the Top Thirty is more depressing, coz most of it's so sentimental, and nothing is more depressing then sentimentality."

"Well, take the heavy metal thing," says Smith, "that is quite healthy. There's a whole bunch who live at the bottom of our street and when I walk past they shout things at me, in a fairly Teutonic way! It's like the biker kids I was brought up with, who, like, talk about once every half an hour, but they're great, y'know. The Heavy Metal kids get the problem out of the way, they don't talk about heavy metal all



THE FALL & FRIENDS

was worried, you get all the worries of groups you think are coming behind you — and especially me, I have to put up with fucking bands on TV, like, watering it all down. I don't care what anybody says, I have to put up with a lot of that. But I can throw it all off now, y'know, and Karl's helped me a lot in that way (Karl being Karl Burns, original Fall drummer, who's just rejoined), he's brought a bit of jollity back into the band. You can 'ave a crack with Karl, coz everyone else gets too serious about The Fall."

Smith uses the word "concentration" to describe his approach to change and development. What does he feel about his songwriting at the moment?

"One of the things that got me screwed up was I was writing these songs that were like tracts. I gotta be careful with that or I'll end up like someone like Peter Hammill, who I admire very much. I mean, his texts tend to be like just a few pages of prose. All this tour there's been people walking out coz they can't handle it. I'm amazed that people sit through concerts, but I think about half the people are making that commitment, which is great."

"At the moment, I almost have a nervous breakdown before each gig about the set, coz I

manager and mother-figure). We've got an inbuilt thing to knock us down when we get too high."

Did rock'n'roll fall with The Fall?

"Nah, not really. I always felt strongly about the class thing, like art-college people pretending to be working-class groups, and the working-class groups selling their asses at the first available opportunity. I always hated The Soft Machine and the Cambridge scene and all that. Y'know, when I was about 16, I used to take acid and go round clubs wearing swastika armbands, me, Tony, Bramah, and Una (original Fall members), and we used to try and cause fights with heavy metal gangs and get bands to play proper music and real heavy stuff like that. But it's funny, coz that's all coming back now, like with Oi."

"We're out to get a new audience of kids who maybe like Slade and heavy metal, y'know, like 'Prole Art Threat' was slightly inspired by the way that Andy Gill piece was edited, making me out to be some kind of nutcase. I mean, Andy was right behind us, but the piece was slanted by wet liberalism, and the Prole Art Threat is what that whole thing's about, the destruction of these ridiculous liberal views which perpetuate the

the time. And maybe that's a lot more healthy than getting involved in the whole philosophy of it all."

SHE PATRONISING these kids by reducing them to his subject matter? Doesn't it bother him that their "straightness" is the substance of the status quo?

"With council-subsidised pop concerts starring The Fall, things will never change. But I think people should know about the country... England is really, like, fuckin' interesting. I went down to Plymouth, and they're great down there, and it's great to take my stuff to kids who are part of England, part of what I write, and who don't have, y'know, culture. England is *what they are about*..."

"One of me favourite bands was The Saints who naturally got really bad reviews. I saw them right back at the beginning of '77, and they were, like, the best."

"But did you ever see them on Top Of The Pops? They were doing 'This Perfect Day', I think, and they looked, y'know, just slightly wrong! They all had these pullovers on, and they were really, like, *dirty*, and really over the top, and the singer stood at this strange angle,

CONTINUES PAGE 56

THE DAMNED



FRIDAY 13TH

EP

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Wed 18 LEICESTER, De Montford Hall

Thu 19 BRADFORD, Tiffany's
Fri 20 COLWYN BAY, Pier Promenade
Sat 21 MANCHESTER University
Sun 22 READING, Top Rank
Mon 23 BRIGHTON, Top Rank
Tue 24 CARDIFF, Top Rank
Wed 25 BIRMINGHAM, Locarno
Thu 26 BLACKBURN, King George's Hall

Fri 27 STOKE-ON-TRENT, Victoria Hall
Sat 28 LIVERPOOL, Royal Court Theatre
Sun 29 BRISTOL, Locarno
Mon 30 DUNSTABLE, Queensway Hall
DECEMBER
Thu 3 PORTSMOUTH, Locarno
Fri 4 PETERBOROUGH, Wirina Stadium
Sat 5 WEST RUNTON, Pavilion
Sun 6 LONDON, Lyceum Ballroom

BUBBLE BATHS & GLAM-A-GO-GO

LA'S TEEN QUEENS ARE POPPING OVER. RICHARD GRABEL
FINDS THE FACTS BEHIND THE FACE-PACKS
PHOTOS: JOE STEVENS

THE LAST time The Go-Go's were in England, they were an LA cult band that had been discovered by Madness and invited over to play support on some dates. The Go-Go's were taken under the wing of the 2-Tone crew. Madness got them a one-off single deal with Stiff, and The Specials took them along as their support act too.

The Go-Go's were adaptable — guitarist Jane Wiedlin came back from that trip sporting a skinhead look.

The Go-Go's are still adaptable. This time they come to England with a different status. They've got a Top 20 album in the US charts, and a Top 40 single. They've traded their nouveau punkette rags for frilly, chiffony things, added loads of soft glamour to their look, and started on the road to becoming young America's sweethearts.



KATHY VALENTINE

The Go-Go's come on very cute. But they're never cloyingly sweet, nor overly ingratiating. Their songs debunk more pop myths than they reinforce. The Go-Go's have substance, beneath the stance. They may not be The Raincoats, but they're not The Dolly Mixtures either.

In fact, by busting into the US charts, The Go-Go's have proved themselves miracle workers. It's an achievement the odds were heavily against. Since the *NME* stopped printing the US charts every week, you readers have been spared the regular sight of those extremely unattractive lists. Lately they've been worse than ever — superstar formula rock and treacly ballads rule.

And there, sitting up next to all that pap and calculation, are The Go-Go's, getting through with blasts of real pop devotion — skittish, breezy and bold tunes. In the context of those dismal charts the effect is all the more stunning.

'Beauty And The Beat' is an exuberant, crafty album, with five great songs and none I wouldn't want to hear again. The real gem, though, is 'Our Lips Are Sealed', a luscious slice of modern girl-group romanticism and probably the best American pop-chart hit this year.

Underlying the song's catchy chords and angelic harmonies is a spirit that's a definite departure. The old-style girl-groups were always worrying about their reputation — see 'My Boyfriend's Back' or 'People Say' — and sang about romance as if it were their only possible salvation. In 'Our Lips', the girl tells her lover "It doesn't matter what they say".

The girls in other Go-Go's songs aren't hanging on their men, they're playing the game to fulfil their own needs, though sometimes love takes them by surprise. 'Our Lips' was co-written by Jane and Terry Hall, a friend from the days of touring with The Specials. "He sent me the lyrics and I re-worked them and wrote the music," Jane says. "It was something we'd talked about together. It's a common problem for public-figure type people. People discuss your private life."

GINA SCHOCK



MEET The Go-Go's during a two-day stopover in New York on their way to a short tour of England. For them it's two days of playing public figures — radio station interviews, a record store album-signing appearance, photo sessions, and me. I'm part of the schedule, another job to be done. The Go-Go's act like five sisters, joking and giggling and fighting, and don't really let an outsider in. But, refreshingly, they don't try to hide their bitchy side for my benefit. They argue, act surly and spoiled when they feel like it, make no secret of how much they hate the routine of signing autographs and posing with company executives for the trades.

Ah, the well-oiled efficiency of the star-making machine. Don't believe it. It's



JANE WIEDLIN

11.30 on a Saturday morning and we're supposed to be setting out for the Long Island shopping mall for the "in-store appearance". I'm at the meeting place, the hotel coffee

shop, and so are two Go-Go's. But Kathy and Gina have gone off to the deli around the corner. And Charlotte's gone back up to her room to fetch her make-up. There's a commotion out in the lobby, and we move to investigate. Someone's stuck in the elevator between floors. It's Charlotte. We all start calling out to her, "Charlotte, are you OK?" and the hotel employees start doing the same, very amused. It takes a half hour for the mess to get untangled and a slightly shaken Charlotte to be freed.

Finally we're all together and pile into the limousine. There are five Go-Go's and me. Lead singer Belinda doesn't say anything because she's stuck up in the front seat with the driver. Jane and Charlotte write most of the songs. Jane has a high, squeaky voice and pixie looks, but is the most serious-minded. Drummer Gina is the most hard-nosed, a vigorous defender of anything The Go-Go's have done or ever will do. Bassist Kathy spends most of the day looking like she'd rather be somewhere else.

The first thing I want to know is how seriously The Go-Go's take their own myths. In 'This Town' they sing that Hollywood "Is so glamorous." Do they believe it?

Jane: "No, that song is very sarcastic. I guess people don't pick up on that."

It's hard to know. It might be sarcastic but it might also be celebrating the LA scene.

Jane: "That's The Go-Go's style of writing, I think, to have a celebratory sound with a serious direction."

Kathy: "We actually hate everything. Sing about death and destruction."

Gina: "With a pop feel. Ha."

Charlotte: "In articles, people always talk about us as fun-loving this and that. Sure, we do come off that way and we do have fun when we're out doing things. But there's a lot of serious overtones to the music and the lyrics."

Cute girls constructing a pop image are on the horns of a dilemma. The Go-Go's want to be attractive and commercial, and they also want to be taken seriously. For now, the signals they send out have them tagged as the eternal LA fun-loving teenagers.

Gina: "Well that's good."

Jane: "That's bad."

Gina: "What's wrong with it?"

Jane: "I resent being pictured as a one-dimensional character, that's what."

Gina: "Better than no dimensions."

Jane: "Personally, I don't want to be like the female Madness. I don't want to be like a cartoon character."

Charlotte: "I think we already are."

POP IMAGES. Live, The Go-Go's are bright and bouncy, as decorative as Christmas lights. The approach limits them as it defines them. I find them an easy-to-take pleasure. Their voices blend beautifully, their catchy songs translate to the stage with surprising freshness. But I could understand people not taking them too seriously.

Jane: "What should we do, wear men's clothes on stage? Slash our wrists? You could get upset about it, or you can keep doing what you're doing and hopefully people will eventually realise that you are not writing about fun in the sun 24 hours a day and that we do more than ride around in convertibles all day long. Certainly people would like to market us that way, it's the easiest thing to do. But I think it would be just offensive for us to go out of our way to look like we needed to be taken seriously."

Pop images. On their album cover, The Go-Go's are fresh out of the bath, towels around their bodies, faces masked in cold cream. The shot is meant to take the piss out of the "typical" glamour image. But they have it both ways. On the back are shots of the girls in bubble baths, made up and looking glamorous. Very girlish.

Kathy: "We like being girls. We really do."

Jane: "The front cover is a joke. We could've been all beautiful and glamorous."

Charlotte: "Most artists wouldn't dream of looking anything less than perfect on their album cover."

Is sex important to selling The Go-Go's?

Jane: "I get very irritable when I don't get it. No, I don't know. It's helped us and hindered us. Considering how many of our audience are young girls, I don't think sex is that important. For them it's a role model thing."

Charlotte: "I think anybody that's competent and having a good time is sexy. That's one of the things that's sexy about us, that we're up there doing it. I think we're good-looking girls as far as American beauties go, I think we're an interesting collection."

THE RECORD store, a chain store stuck in a suburban shopping mall, is mobbed with Go-Go's fans. They're lined up four abreast in a queue stretching the length of the store. I spend some time asking people what they like about the band.

Guy: "I like their music. The melody lines are excellent. Besides that, they're real pretty."

Girl: "Their style. Their outfits. Their voices. Why, do you know them? 'Cause they're an all-girl band, they get noticed a lot."

The Go-Go's smile and chat away, but on the way back to the city they're clearly exhausted. After a day of this, do they think of themselves as pop stars?

Charlotte: "No, but other people do. People think you're a star."

Do you feel a part of any pop tradition of girl groups?

Charlotte: "I think we're very different. But looking at rock history books I think we have a place there, because of what we've done. I think there is something substantial to what we've done."

How do you define it?

BELINDA CARLISLE



Jane: "A well-made hit by females that was conceived and performed by females."

And what next? A perfect teenage single from a perfect teenage album, how do you grow from that?

Jane: "Then you record the perfect young adult album. I don't know. We've never tried to predict what our sound was going to be like."

CHARLOTTE CAFFEY



Lowry



"In the light of recent events, the controllers have decided that we can show the controversial War Game film, after all."



PLUTONIUM BLONDES

In *Thrills* 26.9.81, we told how the local people of Luxulyan, Cornwall, had successfully defied the Central Electricity Generating Board's attempts to begin test drilling for a nuclear power station on the (private) property of farmer Rex Searle and his wife Doreen — and how the local police and judiciary were giving them full support.

But the CEGB took their case to London's High Court of Appeal, where Lord Justices Denning, Lawton and Templeman (Denning presiding), ruled on Oct 23 that John Alderson, the Chief Constable of Devon and Cornwall, did have the 'right' to remove the demonstrators by force. The court did not order him to do so, but during the hearing they gave the CEGB what the power station's opponents describe as "plenty of advice about exactly how to remove us from the site by force".

It was in view of this, the Cornish Anti-Nuclear Alliance revealed to *Thrills*, that they made a "tactical decision to withdraw — on our terms, on our date, and using everything we could use to our advantage". The date they chose was Halloween — Oct 31. It was the day the CEGB had originally announced as the date by which they would have finished drilling.

The housewives, homeowners, and children occupying the site over the past half-year (described by Lord Denning as 'criminal conspirators') told *Thrills* that they had had to consider "the best thing for the anti-nuclear movement as a whole. Any violent confrontation would have lost us our very broad spectrum of support".

It would also have put Chief Constable Alderson and the police in a "difficult" position, say the militants. The CEGB were "really sick about our decision" commented CANA organiser George Pritchard. "They tried to get local police to move in ahead and cause a confrontation but the police refused."

John Alderson says the CEGB asked him for a "show of strength", too, when they came to move their officials back onto the site. Instead, Alderson arrived alone except for his faithful local bobby Constable Penlerick. "These protestors have acted with maturity," he commented, adding that he hoped he could set an equally mature example for "police everywhere".

The CANA's clever manoeuvre had concrete, immediate results: Penwith Council ordered a full investigation into the building of the power station and its possible effects on the

community; many more councillors came out openly in support of the campaign against the station; and "one thing the national press has avoided mentioning," stressed a campaign organiser, "is the huge amount of Tory support we're now getting. An awful lot of Tories ring and write to say that the Tory party will now also give us their support".

Certainly on the platform of the rally CANA held just prior to ending the occupation, Conservative MP Robert Hicks of Bodmin joined the Truro Liberal MP David Penhaligon to say that both supported everything which had gone on at Luxulyan "one hundred per cent". And the national press didn't notice that, either.

The future? Those most directly concerned — Rex and Doreen Searle — say they are happy with the decision (on which they were the first to be consulted) because they realise that "when a nuclear site is actually named, you've got to mobilise thousands, not just hundreds, of people to really stop it."

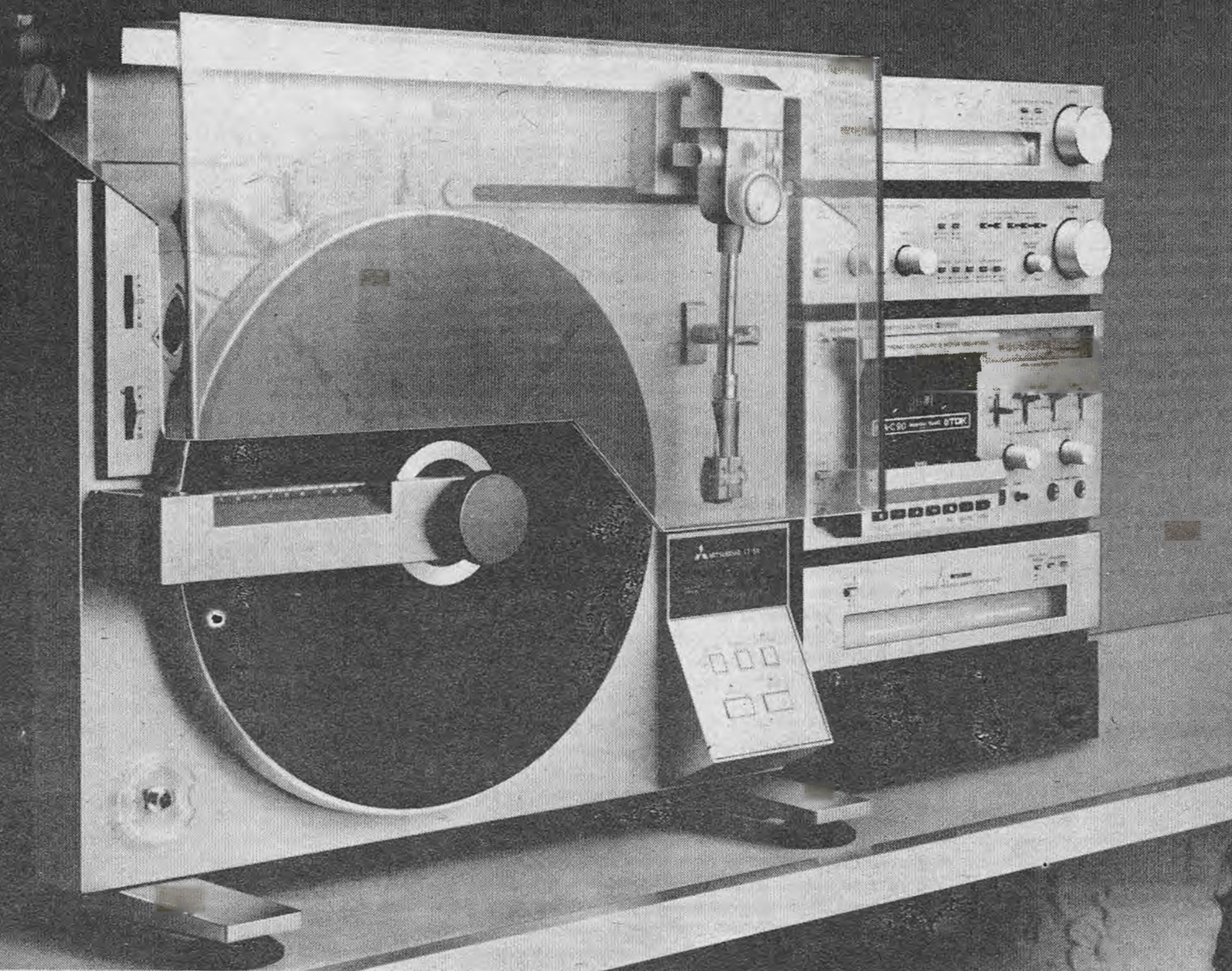
In January, the CANA will now be meeting the CEGB in a public debate before their County Council; each will have 1½ hours to state their case after which the Council will "ask plenty of questions". CANA are preparing a ½ hour film for the occasion, about the Torness site; meanwhile, local groups like Radioactive and Chain Reaction continue their benefit gigging (and Survival Music plans to pitch in as well).

"In all, we've run a two-year campaign so far," say the CANA, "And possibly we'll be going for a few more years before we win. But we will win." In the meantime, any donations and/or help — financial, musical or imaginative — are welcome. Contact: George Pritchard, Penhalven Cottages, Redruth, Cornwall (0209-860194).

NO NUKES MUSIC is celebrating their success at the CND rally (particularly the well-attended Poison Girls gig the eve of the demo, which had to be re-sited at very short notice and still attracted a happy crowd of 400) with a gig at Brixton Town Hall on Thursday, November 19. The line-up is as follows: The Members, Talkover, The Papers (whose lorry gig during the march was as big a hit as The Jam), and faithful cabaret comedian Tony Allen. Doors open at eight; tickets are £2; or £1.75 in advance from Rough Trade, Honky Tonk, Beggars Banquet (Earls Court), Bonaparte Kings Cross, Moonfleet Records, Clapham and the Grain Barn, Brixton. With production of a UB40, admittance is £1.50 only.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

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by lynn hanna

photos anton corbijn

singles



daf

Serious contenders: Second Division

KIM WILDE: Cambodia (RAK). In which the elder Wilde's Rak-track record nearly crashes off-course. There are signs of incipient Eastonism in this banal, air-brushed ballad. The story of an airforce wife, an American mission and a man whose character changes in Cambodia is only saved by Kim's touching gullibility which breathes belief into every tortured, tinsel word of it.

EDDIE MAELOV AND SUNSHINE PATTESON: Times Are Hard (Human).

Despite their gracious good-manners, Eddie Maelov and Sunshine Patteson are masters of a light entertainment that goes further than you thought. Their songs sound stilted without the twists and slants of their live performances, but in their natural cabaret habitat they're intimate, delicate and endearing, weaving an intricate web of irony with a great deal of cleverness and charm. 'Times Are Hard' can only serve as a polite introduction, but it also extends an invitation.

LORA LOGIC: Wonderful Offer (Rough Trade).

A fluid, surprising fusion of free-spirited funk with a big, exuberant bass-line beneath glockenspiel, synth, sax and Lora Logic's lovely, idiosyncratic voice. An inspired meeting of assorted sensibilities of the type that made Thomas Leer's 'Four Movements' so oddly alluring.

LINX: Can't Help Myself (Chrysalis).

What has happened to the Linx pop-funk connection since the summery daze of 'Intuition'? I like the way that their partnership produces master-crafted crossovers that hint at all sorts of styles without compromising their individuality, but 'Can't Help

Myself', like their other recent singles, is a soft/self-centred confection, more sugared than spiced. A pleasant, passing sensation rather than something you can seriously savour.

ALVIN STARDUST: A Wonderful Time Up There (Stiff).

Possibly spurred on by the success of the ubiquitous Shakin' Stevens, an elusive, leather-gloved glam hero returns with a cheerful rockabilly-gospel paean. Against all expectations, it's a single performed with such verve and *joie de vivre* that it should show some of the younger pretenders a clean pair of platform heels.

THE STRANGLERS: Let Me Introduce You To The Family (Liberty-United).

For once not stifled by their own pomposity, The Stranglers produce a swift, twitchy single that sounds motivated by mischievousness instead of suffocated by self-importance. Their black and bitter bile at the expense of the family is a nervy, needled condemnation with an edge of impatience that's been sorely lacking in their leaden output of the last few years. Personally, I couldn't care less if this marks their creative renaissance or whether they continue to stagnate in a vast, dull, insular arrogance.

costello



Marriages Not Made In Heaven

GEORGE JONES AND ELVIS COSTELLO: Stranger In The House (Epic). A turgid tale of domestic discord in a C&W standard,

The best cross-section and choicest selection: Six interchangeable singles of the week.

DEUTSCH AMERIKANISCHE FREUNDSCHAFT: Goldenes Spielzeug/El Que (Virgin). You can admire DAF's deftness in condensing modern dance dictates or you can fall in love with the DAF theatricality and flourish. Either way, or both, the simplicity and skill of the DAF design has already made Robert Görl and Gabi Delgado-Lopez sizeable popstars in their native Germany, and they deserve your rapt attention too. 'Goldenes Spielzeug' and 'El Que' are two more exhilarating examples of the speed and flexibility and soul that place DAF's pop right up against the dark heart of the era. An elegant manipulation of the bare necessities of dance music and a determined assault on a debilitating drabness.

MATERIAL WITH NONA HENDRYX: It's A Holiday

told with comforting clichés, mawkish wallowing and an air of sentimental conservatism. Honestly, I've tried to keep an open mind about Elvis' authentic excursion into the country of real men and Marlboros, but I guess you either loathe it or you love it, and I can only feel the former.

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS AND LONNIE DONEGAN: Cumberland Gap / Wabash Cannonball / Don't You Rock Me Daddy-O (Cuba Libre).

Is this what happens when rockabilly notices that its 15 minutes are almost up and the future's catching up fast? Novelty, desperation and jollity make bad bedfellows in this jumpy, scuffling skiffle; a revival which would be better left resting in peace.

GODLEY AND CREME: Wedding Bells (Polydor).

10cc: Don't Turn Me Away (Mercury). Godley and Creme's lame excuse for a song compounds its felony by plundering several sections from an honoured soul heritage. While 'Wedding Bells' really is rather an offensive piece of rubbish, 10cc achieve the impossible by sounding even wetter. A song so spineless that it arouses no response whatsoever.

Let Downs Get Downs and Put Downs

IMAGINATION: Flashback (R&B).

Insipid piece of rent-a-funk radio filler from the shameless hussys who wear those awful outfits.

BUCKS FIZZ: The Land Of Make Believe (RCA).

Plodding anthem that aims at

CRISTINA: Things Fall Apart (Ze).

The lean, lithe vocals of Nona Hendryx and the furious, dazzling funk of the mighty Material make for a record that's a perfect example of Ze at its hottest and hardest. A clear, clean sweep across an immaculately conceived, sure, high-hearted dance stance, and a classy, irresistible, city-smart design for fast, loose living. And on the B-side of this herald of Ze's Christmas album, there's that grown-up/little girl lost Cristina: permanent, pouting victim of disappointment and impermanence. This time her set of droll, sexy, ironical/comical poses illustrate the shortcomings of the festive season, and, as usual, Cristina's complaint is that real life will keep on rudely interrupting the great expectations she can't quell. There was a time when I thought the Cristina creation was mainly for male consumption. Lately I've regarded her invention as inspired.

THE ASSOCIATES: White Car In Germany (Situation 2).

What can I say, again, except: that if rock is regarded as something more than a primal scream, if its function goes further than vain attempts at coercion, then The Associates' pop should be nearer the top? 'White Car In Germany' is a worthy successor to 'Message/Speech', fourth in the line of The Associate's single statements. A smooth, majestic motion, an ominous atmosphere and a song that slowly circles around a still, steady centre. The Associates use their music in the most mysterious and basic sense of communicating mood. This time they sound stirred but not shaken.

JOHN FOX: Dancing Like A Gun (Virgin).

Spirited, emotive and stylish; a detailed sweep of electro-disco that pulls a fresh trick at each twist and corner. A clear, energetic construction that's strong on a spy-intrigue suspense. A record that should further chart John Foxx's

re-emergence as a subtle, off-centre star.

STEPHEN MALLINDER: Temperature Drop (Fetish).

Cabaret Voltaire are already responsible for one of this year's finest LP exercises in accessibility and innovation. Working on his own with 'Temperature Drop', Stephen Mallinder takes a simpler, more streamlined approach to the 'Red Mecca' metallic collage method, with a track whose huge, stripped perspectives are almost an excursion into electronic dub. An icy, sparse and urgent single, with an air of nervous dislocation and a stern spirit of confrontation such as only a Cab could capture.

NICO: Saeta (Flicknife).

Disturbed ghosts flit about like bats in this lush sequel to a lost legend. Nico broods imperiously as a swirling mist of melody lets in a little light on her mysterious haunted melancholy. A single with a sweet taint of claustrophobic nostalgia.

the product of an impure hippy heart.

CLIFF RICHARD: Daddy's Home (EMI).

Excruciatingly slow doo-wop in praise of paternity by a man of irritating, consummate niceness. Perhaps his picture on the cover will age in his place.

Going Anywhere?

HAVANA LET'S GO!: Spanish Cabaret (Polydor).

Having blown it, so to speak, with the execrable 'Torpedoes', Havana Let's Go continue their bad joke at the expense of a borrowed culture with a Spanish cabaret, strictly chips'n'Watney's Red style. How can you hope to emulate a fleet-footed Latin night-flight when you sound as if you're wading through the aural equivalent of platefuls of cold porridge?

THE GO-GO'S: We Got The Beat (I.R.S.).

Froth, fizz and dizzy pink prettiness are so convenient for a record company with an eye for packaging unthreatening femininity. Let's not judge too harshly or too soon, but 'We Got The Beat' really is an extraordinarily ordinary song.

ANIMAL MAGNET: Welcome To The Monkey House (EMI).

More entrants for the Emperor's New Clothes Awards '81, this time dressed in Stephen Lynam's Reluctant Emigre Collection, or so we are informed. Animal Magnet make a lumpy, jumpy fairly orthodox piece of pop with adept percussive trappings that appear to have been grafted on gratuitously. 'We're going to be rich tonight / We're going to be

huge.' On this showing anyway that would seem unlikely.

THE BUSINESS: Harry May (Secret).

Among the more skilful of the bands who make up the suspect, self-sufficient Oi subculture, The Business bring out a rather monotonous rabble-rouser that's nevertheless of a higher quality than the output of many of their counterparts. The B-side, 'National Insurance Blacklist' is an expose of the unofficial blacklist operated by the building trade on anyone felt to be troublesomely left-wing. A melodic barrage of HM guitars carry a song constructed with sympathy, consideration and a fair amount of care.

23 JEWELS: I'll Pay For This (Temporary).

Nick Simpson's cathartic, confessional style of songwriting can veer towards embarrassing bathos. Almost equally often, it's a stunning, emotive reworking of conservative rock structures. An example not of proficiency but promise. Available from 73, Herbert Rd., Nottingham.

The End NOELE GORDON: After All These Years (EMI).

While millions mourn Meg, Ms Gordon gives a frank account of the behind-the-scenes battles that ended her eventful tenure of motel management: 'And if I had to fight, would you throw me out? / Would I drown in a sea of tears / No put it down to love, after all these years.' Now if only Noele had surrendered Crossroads with equally good grace...

deville



MINK DEVILLE: You Better Move On (Atlantic).

The macho romantic swaggers and skulks through a Spanish scenario that's littered with tender regrets, discarded resolves and cheap red roses. Mink DeVille's method of seeing off a rival is languid, resigned and just a little ridiculous.

THE KINKS: Predictable (Arista).

Ray Davies' long and chequered career as a writer and performer has left him a remarkably sane and honest man for a rock star. It's a shame, then, that this record sums up its title so succinctly.

STEVIE NICKS: Leather And Lace (WEA).

Resonant nasal whine from a perennial child of nature. Twee, contrived drivel that's

THE PROFESSIONALS

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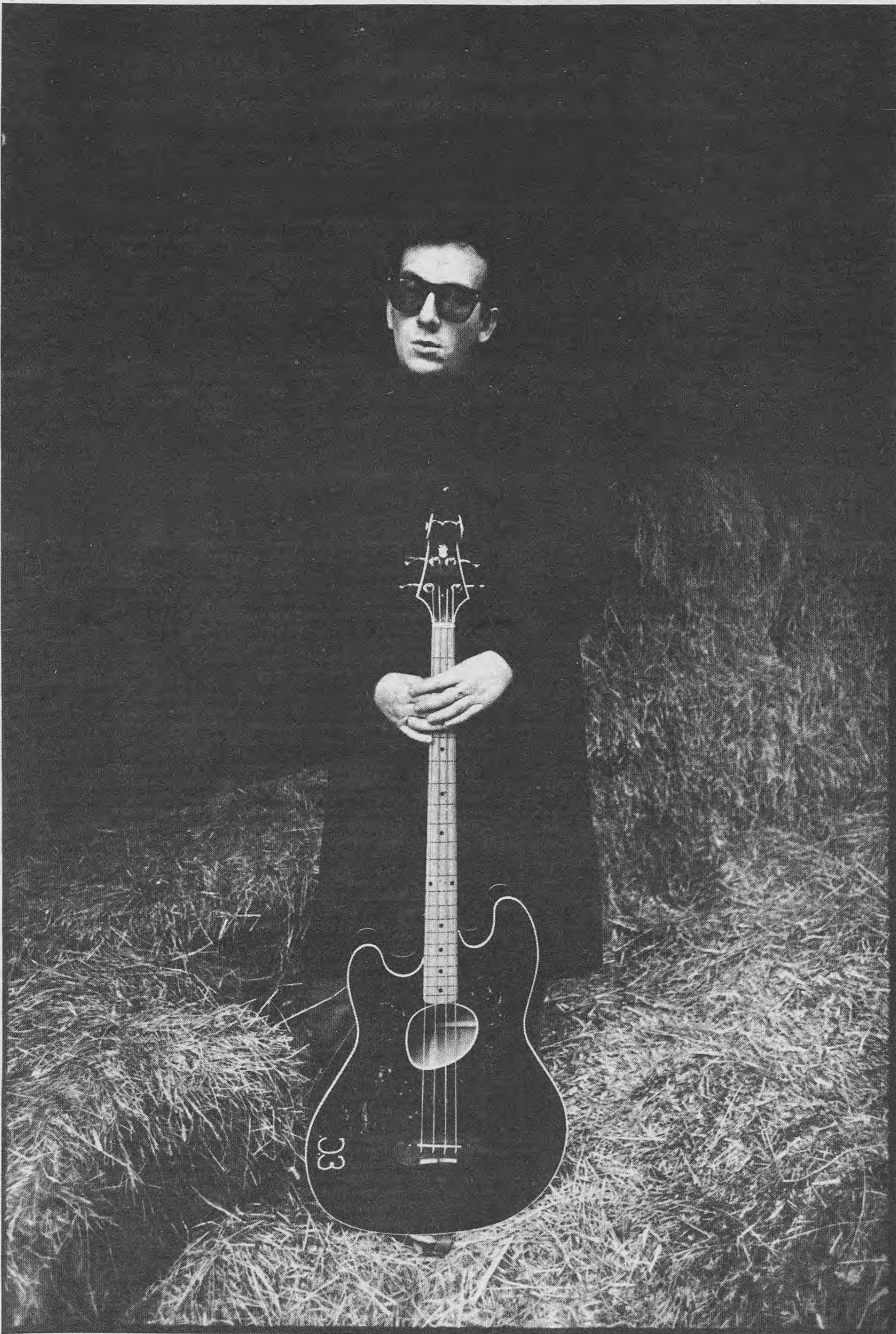
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THE NEW SINGLE
'THE MAGNIFICENT'

Virgin





ALMOST TRUE

Elvis Costello goes to Nashville to record 'Almost Blue'; Gavin Martin stays on the South Bank
Photo by Anton Corbijn

A DANGEROUS VISIONS SPECIAL

JUDGING BY his appearance earlier in the week on Russell Harty's weekly wine and cheese spectacular, the reason Elvis Costello maintains a low profile in the pop media is because what he has or wants to say hardly makes for the most interesting or image-enhancing material.

Sunday night's South Bank Show documentary, which followed Costello and The Attractions recording their latest album 'Almost Blue' with producer Billy Sherrill, failed to reveal more than a layman's guide to recording in Nashville and make more than a surface incision into the whole Costello myth. A fact which reflected just as much, or more in fact, on the South Bank production team as on Costello.

Driven by a slow, serious approach following *The Artist In Exile In Search Of New Expression*, the documentary laboured under the weight of its own misconceptions and by the time the decks had been cleared of politeness, confusion and some very stilted and barely believable keyhole scenes (like Elvis the hick cult star meeting legendary Nashville producer Sherrill for the first time), we were left with a closing which posed more questions about Costello and the Nashville visit than most of the preceding 55 minutes had done.

Perhaps the fact was that, as journalist Allan Jones said early on in the programme, there was nothing illogical or bizarre about Costello going to Nashville to record the album. The country influence had always been there in his work (from the use of Clover as backing musicians on 'My Aim Is True' to the 'Stranger In The House' freebie given away with 'This Year's Model') and he's never been the type of performer to stick with one format for any length of time. A delve into the country heritage was a logical step after the search for renewed briskness and simplicity on 'Get Happy' and 'Trust'.

And, apart from a frantic rearrangement of Hank Williams' 'Worn Out Shoe', Costello was playing this one for real — which is something the South Bank boys seemed loath to accept.

Interviewed wearing dark glasses, showing something very close to a double chin and gradually edging out of a camera-shy nervousness, EC gave the customary reasons and motivations for making the album; and then became a semi-narrator and travel guide to Nashville and the history of country music in general. This was all quite acceptable stuff — the bare bones of country music that even a greenhorn like myself was acquainted with — but it was at the expense of any real prodding or probing, merely establishing Costello's credentials and providing a timely plug for the album release.

A programme which centred on Billy Sherrill's upfront, deadpan bluntness rather than Costello's self-conscious inscrutability would it seemed, have made for a much more lively and humorous hour's worth of TV. When someone hits a bum note in recording, Sherrill says "I won't say who he is — but he's playing bass" and when, later, he's interviewed aboard his river cruiser about the possibility of the record being successful he responds "I hope so, I'll buy another boat." It was moments like this that kept Sherrill's reputation unassailable and made him the undeniable star of the show.

The Costello/Sherrill relationship was little more than a working one. Costello and The Attractions appeared anxious to impress and were worried and confused by the producer's lack of commitment or enthusiasm. The viewer was never fully convinced of the 'artistic validity' of it all, and everyone seemed peculiarly anxious to keep fiscal concerns out of the reckoning; but perhaps the above comment from Sherrill says more about his involvement than they'd like you to believe.

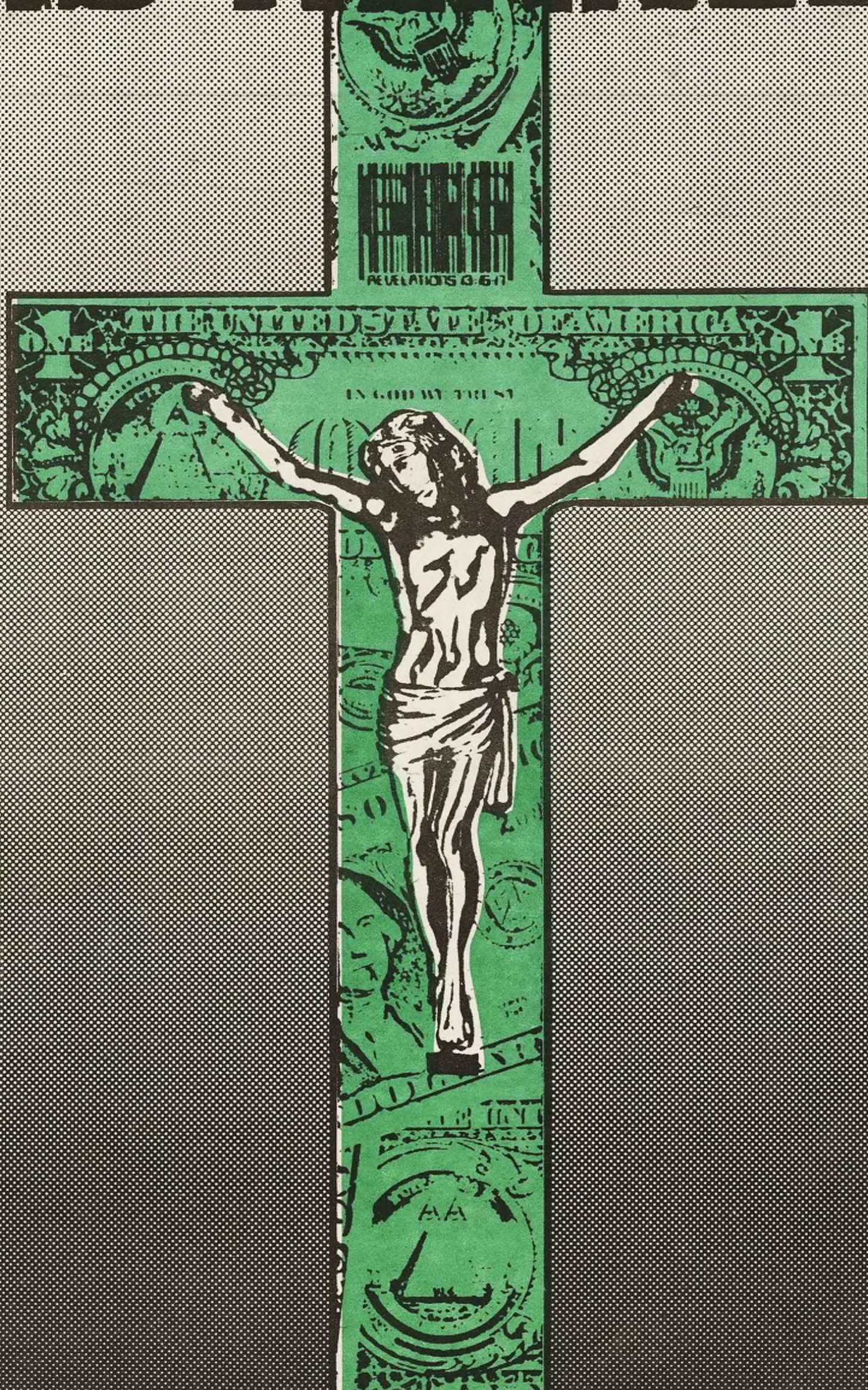
The programme continued its bland non-committal course when it followed the group to a genuine C & W club in Aberdeen, where they merely surveyed the scene rather than asking some of the dyed-in-the-wool punters for their opinions or even bringing Elvis out to meet them. But then the main rule of the programme was — pass no judgement and cause no controversy.

It was left to Costello to throw a thin web of intrigue over the whole affair. Mumbling morosely about the contradiction within himself about the old 'live fast, die young' mythology built around country stars like Hank Williams and Gram Parsons, Costello couldn't help being "inexorably drawn to it" even though "You don't die young romantically". He closes with the statement that "This business sucks you in after a while. It's not really based around truth and I've had the disturbing feeling that what I do is a perversion of truth for quite a while."

I found it hard to sympathise though I didn't doubt him. But what was going on behind the shades? Was Costello having a little laugh to himself? Or giving us a juicy ending to keep his own myth buoyant? Worse, I actually think he was being honest, but the last people I'd expect to get the answer from would be the South Bank Show production team — or, indeed, Costello himself.



DEAD KENNEDYS



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Silver Screen

Wolfen

Directed by Michael Wadleigh
Starring Albert Finney and Gregory Hines (Warner Bros)

A STRANGE comeback for sure: Director Wadleigh's first movie since the epochal (if it fits your taste in epochs) *Woodstock* is a pro-ecology private eye vs Jungian werewolf fable, script bristling with darkly humorous one-liners and swung on the unruffled scruff of Albert Finney — nobody's candidate for Mr Trendworthy.

Finney is Dewey Wilson, a cop the force couldn't contain, recalled when the intellectual skills of his former employees slap up against a minor massacre too rum for anyone in Manhattan to contemplate.

The limbs got scattered like confetti, and all the boys with the badges can come up with is a hunch that maybe cannibals are moving in on the mugging patch. In the first of a good few similarly pitched scenes, two ambulance jobsworths argue (off screen, on soundtrack) over the aftermath when one cadaver's head plops off like a swiped toffee apple: "You pick it up, I ain't."

Wadleigh shifts into murder mystery territory expertly, taking up all the misleading clues and linking in some effective Big Brother sub-plot as the more advanced machinery of the modern policeman scans everyone from ideologically warped terrorists to an ex-Ton Ton Macoute bodyguard. This is left to develop through the nets of the main narrative — an ambiguous unstated critique — implicated as a kind of death-by-harranguing, an unethical reduction of flesh and history to facts and figures.

Wilson hitches up with Whittington, an impish black forensic expert and as far as we can tell the only residual buddy left over from his years on the beat. Gregory Hines is a sharp foil to Finney's crumpled cool — more Pryor than Quincy, all jive as he delves into another ruptured liver — and their wisecracking comradeship is one of the features which pulls *Wolfen* free whenever it threatens to get tangled up in its own conceptual undercarriage. I particularly fell for Wilson's choice of cookies as the thing to bite on inbetween morgue slabs.

Finney and the force just have a rapidly increasing store of severed limbs and blind-alley signifiers to stew in — the killer leaves no traces of weaponry in the victim's flesh, and burgles for innards rather



"Yeah, and dis guy sure had problems wid facial hair. He said he was takin' a collection for de R.S.P.C.A. I said 'Yur takin' the mickey!' and dat's when he started howlin' blue molder . . ."
Griffin Dunne (left) and loony SAS assailant (above) in *An American Werewolf In London*.

Back Roads

Directed by Martin Ritt
Starring Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones (Rank)

A GOOD STORY bears a lot of re-telling; *Back Roads* comes from a long line of good stories (drifters and ladies of the streets, hitching on truckers' roads, raisin' a ruckus in the South) and it bears another hearing.

Mobile, Alabama: Amy Post (Sally Field), a pretty but ageing prostitute, picks up sometime boxer Elmor Pratt (Tommy Lee Jones), who subsequently gyms her on the tab. But when Elmor saves her from being busted and the two find they have no more ties in town — he's sacked from the car wash, she's warned off peeking at her young son by his adopted mother — they decide to try for California.

This is where the road movie takes over. When the couple are on speaking terms they bawl and rage at each other, unable to figure out why everything goes wrong for them. "Car trouble?" asks one driver. "Just trouble," is Elmor's weary reply. There are no friends on this road.

Along the way, Ritt gradually builds his picture of a loafing, corpulent American Southland. Saturday brawlers swill beers and start fights at the drop of a stetson; surly proprietors slop coffee into roadside diner cups. The trek is played primarily for humour, but Ritt runs alongside a parallel distaste for the less friendly aspects of the South straight as a Louisiana railroad. When they get as far as Brownsville and Amy meets trouble in the form of Angel, the local madame, events take a particularly acrid turn.

The conservative heart of *Norma Rae* — which made it so acceptable to the Hollywood establishment — is more obviously present in *Back Roads*, perhaps. Yet if anything Ritt's liberal concern is more subversive here. There's nothing like a comedy for making serious points.

Richard Cook

LOOPING THE LUPUS

An American Werewolf In London

Directed by John Landis
Starring David Naughton and Jenny Agutter (Barber International)

AN AMERICAN Werewolf In London is a horror comedy. So well does it blend comedy and horror that no-one laughed. And when they did, they laughed in all the wrong places. But this was a critics' preview, and critics often do.

Gene Kelly and Warren Zevon have nothing to do with it. It isn't a black comedy. It isn't trashy horror. It isn't a macabre comedy like *Arsenic And Old Lace* and it isn't a horror spoof like *Young Frankenstein*. In fact, I have now lost sight of what it actually is.

It has a werewolf in it, and sex, and more sex, and carnage. It's written and directed by John Landis, but it doesn't have John Belushi in it. It benefits, like *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, from a sturdy cast of British character actors. And it's set in London, where the Underground is full of bondage punks and men with umbrellas and briefcases, and people complain about inflation instead of the weather but nevertheless it rains throughout the film.

Such is the level of aside — cute, often corny, and resolutely American Throwaway — strewn along the path of the hapless werewolf . . . as he makes his way from a

hospital bed to Jenny Agutter's bed and on to oblivion in the eye of the full moon.

The moon also waxes ineffably across the soundtrack: three versions of 'Blue Moon', by Bobby Vinton, Sam Cooke and some forgotten Doo Wop specialists; 'Moondance' by Van Morrison; and in a moment of high lunacy, 'Bad Moon Rising' by Creedence Clearwater Revival. 'Marquee Moon' by Television must've been deemed too obscure and 'By The Light Of etc' too kitsch, though I'm surprised they let that stop them.

An American Werewolf is dedicated to Jim O'Rourke, Clint Eastwood's stand in and an old pal of John Landis. Landis reportedly conceived the idea during his days of stunt work with O'Rourke, before making and then undermining his reputation on *Animal House* and the costly *Blues Brothers*. It goes a long way towards redeeming both his name and the studio mortgage.

It's a film that offers the sort of preposterous entertainment provided by *Altered States*, including a very similar transformation sequence. I found myself laughing at the extremity of gore and shocked by the lameness of wit, but the cumulative effect is more or less what Landis must have intended.

It's also the kind of film that asks its audience to come prepared. About four or five drunken friends should do. On a Friday night. Before the Biryani.

Paul Rambali

than external baubles — whilst Wadleigh lets us loose in an almost equally baffling other world of special effects. Heat sensitive photography and speedy tracking simulate the bloodthirsty course of IT, as IT dips into sewers and rips out pedestrians. We know IT isn't human at any rate . . . or is it?

The rest is a logarithmic vector swapping between

sub-plot and set piece — with the vertebral chills coming as much from eerie psychological dips (a subcultural settlement of Red Indians in New York's grimmer byways) and thoughtfully etched details (the half-joke prophecy offered up by a stained glass mosaic halfway through Wilson's trek) as the gorier ricochet from IT's revenge.

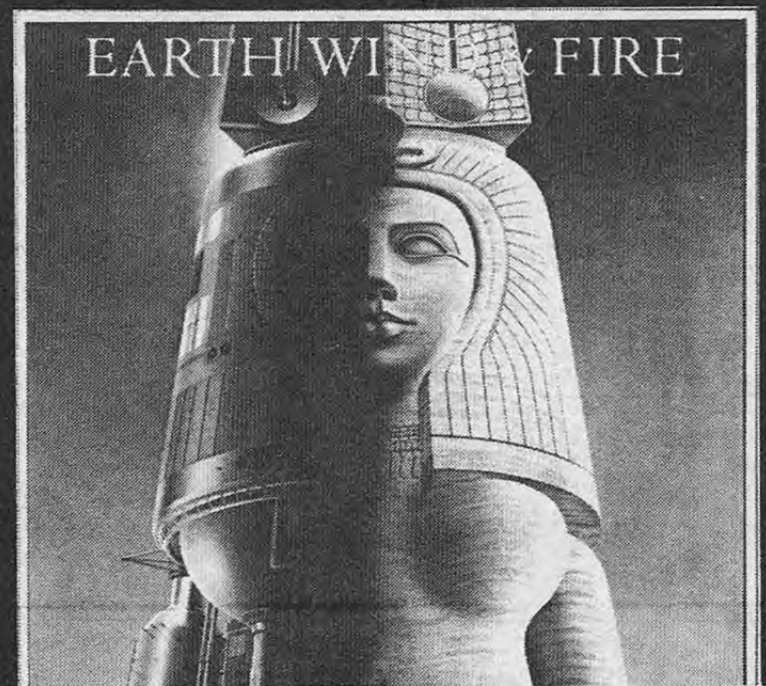
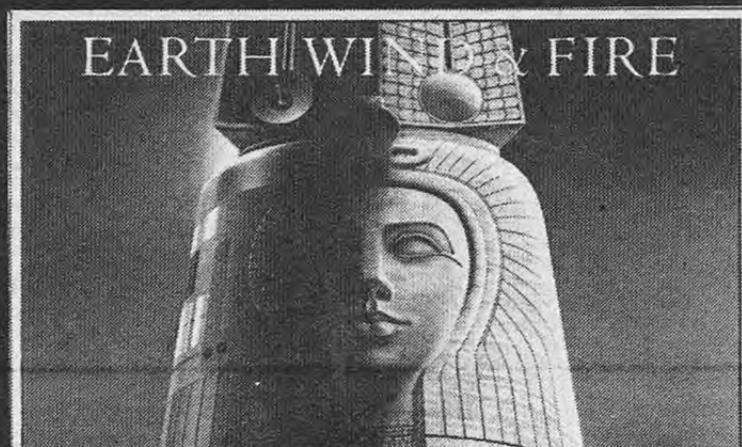
Revenge? I'll leave the specifics of the denouement to your viewing, but it's not a straightforward mad alien shocker; the 'moral' is compounded of ecological investment and a bile bitter distaste for the sweep of political interests over the rotten hollow of inner city life.

This is unfortunately the point where *Wolfen* flails apart — the MESSAGE being

too heavily and hastily levered over a hitherto quiet and nimble directorial pacing of undercurrent and action. I could really have done without this penultimate cosmic spasm, but there's no invalidating the rest.

Let's hope Wadleigh is back from the wilderness for good. Oh, and keep away from the kennels.

Ian Penman



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WOLFEN

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AS THE 25th London Film Festival's premier showing of Peter Weir's *Gallipoli* is officially press embargoed until its December release, let's begin with *The Grass Is Singing* — a film Weir might've made had not Michael Raeburn got there first. What with its supernatural undertone, Doris Lessing's first novel isn't an easy one to translate to screen, though superficially it's a straightforward, soapy account of a dowdy South African woman's slow breakdown under the combined strain of the heat and a harsh existence on a dirt poor farm. Its friction emanates, however, from the woman's profound sense of alienation that is bound up with her white presence in Africa, her growing revulsion for the dourly honorable husband whose unwillingness to exploit the land — like their wealthy neighbours — is ruining them and, finally, from her fear and loathing of the African she cannot, or will not, understand.

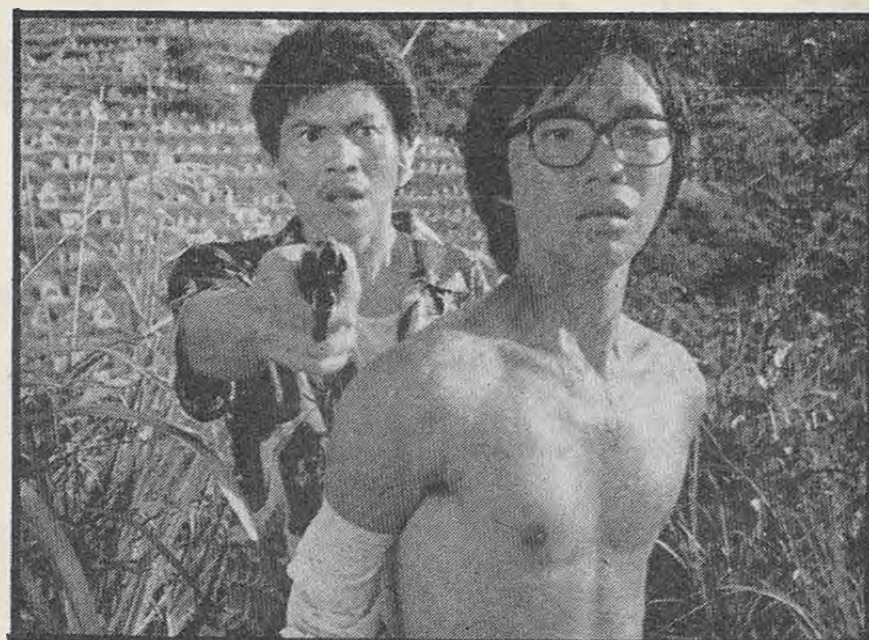
The novel implies the land's rejection of any intruder sensitive enough to notice his presence is unwelcome, which is the most uneasy aspect to transmute into film. Raeburn's responses to the problem are in some senses too literal and thereby only partially successful. Fortunate in his casting of (usually) Southern belle Karen Black as the SA woman Mary Turner, he too often has her pricking under the beating sun, or more inexplicably staring at a pulsing outcrop of rocks, when he tries to convey her failing relationship with her surroundings. The sort of scenes that Peter Weir would've charged with mysterious unspoken power are here a bit too transparent — possibly because we've seen them done better in *Picnic At Hanging Rock* and *The Last Wave*.

Nevertheless, *The Grass Is Singing* has its strong points, notably Black's excellent portrait of a woman whose racist attitudes are abhorrent to her precious European nature, but because they're inbred in the society she was born into she can't escape them. (It plays at the National Film Theatre on November 19.)

European gentility — don'tcha just love it? Ask the Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany seeking asylum in neutral Switzerland how they feel about it. Swiss director Marcus Imhoof's accusatory *The Boat Is Full* coolly documents one motley group's futile attempts to evade his country's brutal wartime immigration regulations and indicts his countrymen's selfish ability to be cruel while appearing so kind. Though occasionally too slow and protracted to stand the second viewing I gave it, it is still valuably revealing of Switzerland's smalltown mentality that criminally limited their role as sanctuary from the surrounding Nazi barbarism.

Aurelia Steiner, the fictitious poetic narrator of Marguerite Duras' languid two part *Aurelia Steiner — Melbourne/Vancouver* is yet another victim of Nazi atrocity — only she's a survivor. A fragment of this lengthy letter to a longed-for lover reveals that her mother died shortly after giving birth to her in a concentration camp, which is the one clue to the narrator's yearning for security.

As a film it makes for a great radio broadcast. Duras dispassionately recites her prose/poem to tranquil images of a Seine boattrip — in *Melbourne* — and lapping waves, the sky, a logging area and a wooden home — in *Vancouver*. The visual accompaniment would be corny if there weren't an emotional distance between what you see and what you hear, and it does induce a properly receptive mood for Duras' oddly compelling voice. The resulting picture



Don't Play With Fire

MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR

Chris Bohn makes his first report from this year's London Film Festival



The Grass Is Singing.

from Steiner's autobiographical and often obscure musings is a displaced person struggling to assert herself, to experience something other than the horror of her memories.

European art movies — don'tcha just love them? Well, yes, actually.

LET'S SURFACE from the gloom for a moment with the bucolic Czech comedy *Cutting It Short* (directed by Jiri Menzel), playfully set in a village brewery. The seemingly gratuitous sub-theme of encroaching automation aside, it is a straightforward farce about a married couple whose happiness is disrupted by the loud, unwelcome arrival of the husband's brother. The volume of his voice has an effect on the smooth running of the brewery as shattering as *Tin Drum* Oskar's scream on glass. He doesn't tell so much as yell — and then unceasingly — tall stories spiced with family gossip and dubious wisdoms. At one

point he speaks of his uncle who gets drunk with two dentists. In their inebriated state they pull each others front teeth. How unfortunate, suggests the bemused wife. Not really, continues the brother, blithely — "Imagine if they were vets who castrated bulls!"

Nothing so charmingly funny in the extremely black, exceedingly cruel comedy of Tsui Hark's *Dangerous Encounters — First Kind* — a Hong Kong vice film which has been ill-advisedly but hilariously dubbed into Americanese and re-titled *Don't Play With Fire* since I saw it in Edinburgh. The poor synchronisation and incongruous yankee-isms only highlight the absurdity of a teen-gang film based on the vicious logic and breakneck pace of a *Tom And Jerry* cartoon.

However, its excessive violence goes beyond realism into the realms of slapstick, making it as grotesquely watchable and funny as Romero's *Zombies*, though

CHARIS

STATIK

the early sequences in which the delinquent heroine skewers her pet mouse on a pin and impales a neighbour's cat on the barbed wire railings below will quite rightly offend animal lovers. These acts of cruelty suggest that boredom is the prime motive behind her criminal activities — they include bombing a cinema, pressganging three saps into service for the ridiculous hi-jacking of a coach full of Japanese tourists and, finally coming to the plot proper, inadvertently involving them in a heroin ring squabble with Vietnam vets.

Swift, amoral, guiltily exciting nonsense, the vitality of which makes it the most entertaining film of the festival so far (draw your own conclusions). And it contains the festival's single best moment: Two cops investigating the heroin racket enter a gay bar in plainclothes. "Say," smirks the barman, "are you cops or just lousy dressers?"

The other film whose violence is almost incidental is the documentary **Cross And Passion** — about the Catholic girls' school of that name on the Turf Lodge estate of Belfast. Directors Kim Longinotto and Claire Pollak record the pupils talking about their lives and unsurprisingly they're mainly preoccupied by sex and boys and sin. Intercutting scenes of religious instruction and a priest in a pulpit with the girls' instilled fears, the short says a lot in a necessarily loaded, emotional way. The starkest, unaccompanied street shots speak louder and more universally. Everytime an armoured truck pulls through the desolate estate the kiddies' Pavlovian response is to hurtle bricks and stones at it, while the combination of H Block graffiti and the fact that no men are seen — outside soldiers, a priest, and the visiting community band Steel'n'Skin — somehow says most of all.

Ultimately *Cross And Passion* is too scatty and impressionistic to tell us anything we didn't know, but its personal approach is both refreshing and new in light of television's objective and aloof investigations. Catch it sometime next year on Channel 4.

Finally let's close this week's report with another press embargoed Australian film, **Winter Of Our Dreams** (John Duigan), which in the wake of *The Return Of The Secuasus Seven* establishes the mellowing out of '60s radicals as this season's favourite theme. A touch more introspective than John Sayles' amiable American comedy, *Winter* makes the pretence of opening its hearts and veins, yet, like its too sensible, soul-less protagonist Rob, it somehow remains non-involved. To be reviewed more fully on release.

For TV movies and circuit releases see On The Box and In The Can, p61.

THE LAST THING Walter Hill needs this morning is some jumped up reporter sniping questions at him while a photographer snaps away in the background. Despite the evident hangover, his inherent affability and steel-rimmed humour eventually surface without too much effort while he maintains an appearance not a million miles removed from a bear with a sore head or an aggrieved Cajun swampdweller. In London to promote *Southern Comfort*, his fifth feature film as director, Hill has been painting the town red with his producer and long time business associate, David Giler, who appears the picture of health compared with the bewhiskered director.

When I ask him how he first became involved in films Hill summons up an answer to the first question of the day in a simmering growl.

"Well, I was about to be drafted and when I wasn't I just kind of drifted into the business through a series of small, opportune accidents which meant that I didn't have to earn an honest living for the rest of my life."

Those 'small, opportune accidents' included work on drama documentaries, writing screenplays as fast as people turned them down and generally hanging around the movie fringe looking for clues.

Leaving his options open, he began scoring on several levels; having written the screenplay for John Huston's *The Mackintosh Man* he was appointed second assistant director on *Bullitt* and *The Great White Hope* only to return to screenplays again for Sam Peckinpah's *The Getaway*. The success of this last movie enabled Hill to flex his own muscles as a director and *The Streetfighter* was his opening gambit. Following this with *The Driver*, *The Warriors* and *The Long Riders*, he has, according to many, topped the lot with *Southern Comfort* which, for all its overripe thematic content, is brim full of atmosphere, imagery and action without an ounce of flab.

This slender portfolio contains evidence of a film-making sensibility that is clearly at odds with the crop of young turks who currently hold sway in contemporary American cinema. His films owe more to the likes of veteran adventure storytellers like Raoul Walsh and Howard Hawks with the edgily surreal bite of Samuel Fuller thrown in for good measure.

As a man with "an overweening love of westerns," Hill works within an old-established tradition without consciously looking over his shoulder at past masters. A literate man though by no means an academic film-maker (he majored in History and English Literature at



Walter Hill looks askance at contemporary trends. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

Home truths from the hospitality suite

Neil Norman meets Walter Hill, bastard offspring of the Hollywood brats

Michigan) his slowburning drawl articulates a deceptive 'Plain Man's Guide to the Movies' attitude that covers a keenly perceptive and intuitive grasp of films as the new literature. The future holds several interesting prospects.

"The thing that is farthest along would find David and I sitting in the opposite chairs. He has a script that's a real winner. It's a comedy romance and he's going to direct it while the 'master brutalist' here is going to produce it. As far as me directing again we're talking about several things. One of them is a story a bit like a Lorca play — kind of romance and desperate emotions. It takes place in Mexico and has an American protagonist. We always manage to have enough things in the trunk so that when money shows up we can say: 'Do you want one of these or do you want one of those?' A Kingsley Amis novel called *The Green Man* is also down there in the chute. . ."

How would he spend a massive budget — say, 40 million dollars?

"40 million? I'd spend it on a large Civil War job. I think 40 million for a large canvas Civil War drama would be money well spent. Embarrassing fees for myself, naturally. . ."

He doesn't theorise about film — either the process or

the content. His movies punch their way out of the screen at you. Like the film-making equivalent of a gunslinger, it's as though he shoots first and asks questions afterwards; a point he emphasises when I ask him about the ideas behind *Southern Comfort*.

"Well, it doesn't really happen that way. That's more theoretical than we would work. I made a film in Louisiana (*The Streetfighter*) and there was a sequence in it that took part in the Bayous and David immediately said 'You know, that would be a great area to do some kind of adventure or survival story'. We kind of worked out the story and it spun from there."

It is an unusually atmospheric environment.

"Yeah. It really is. It's a son of a bitch to make a movie there but that kind of Cajun culture is something that hasn't been shown very much."

Did a lot of his ideas arise from his reading?

"Yeah, I read a lot of novels. Everything is somehow connected with or based on something else. It's all theft."

"One of the things that amuses me about critics is how they are constantly looking for what they call the 'original' talent or something. I've never seen an original movie. That's no problem. What's good is how well a

movie is done, not how original the conception is. Conversely, if you set ten people out to do exactly the same thing it would come to be ten different things."

What about the consistently violent aspect of your films?

"There are certain dramas where it would be dishonest not to deal with it. The whole thing about violence is whether it is gratuitous, which is highly subjective. People are terribly concerned about violence for a lot of reasons but one of the reasons given is that violence in films will inspire other human beings to do violence."

"I've always been amazed that the people who believe this are precisely the people who do not believe that the death penalty will in any way deter human beings from committing acts of violence. Is there any reconciliation of these two? Or are these just gratuitous remarks by me?"

The difference, I suggest, is that the death penalty is real and that film violence, however realistically presented, is part of an imagined process.

"But they think it inspires people to do real violence. I don't know. I'm not saying that I'm for the death penalty or anything like that. . ."

"Violence is part of drama. It's been part of drama since the Greeks and the

Elizabethans. Take away the violence and there's not a lot left. Would you skip *Oedipus Rex* because of the terrible scene where he gouges his eyes out with a brooch? It's rough stuff. . ."

As indeed are Shakespeare and the Jacobean.

"The Jacobean? Right. I don't think movies have gotten close to them."

His opinion of his contemporaries is guarded though he admits to liking new movies "less and less".

"We're the last of the land pirates here. We don't have this academic background. I think it might better profit directors to study poetry and history. Nor do I think that there is anything so complicated about making movies that you need to study it for four years."

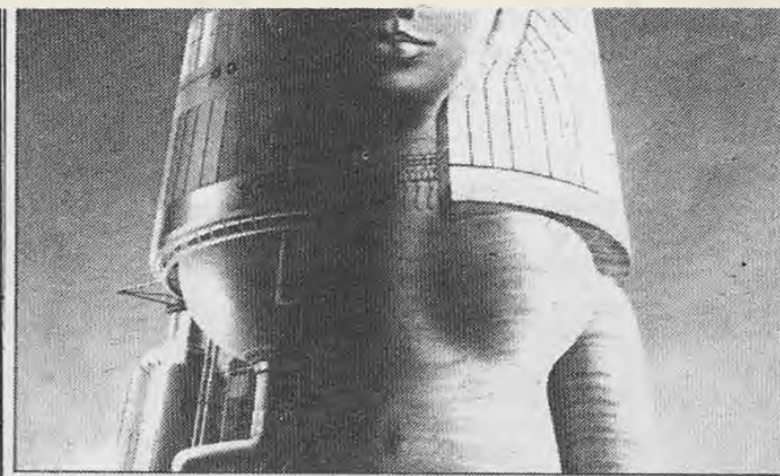
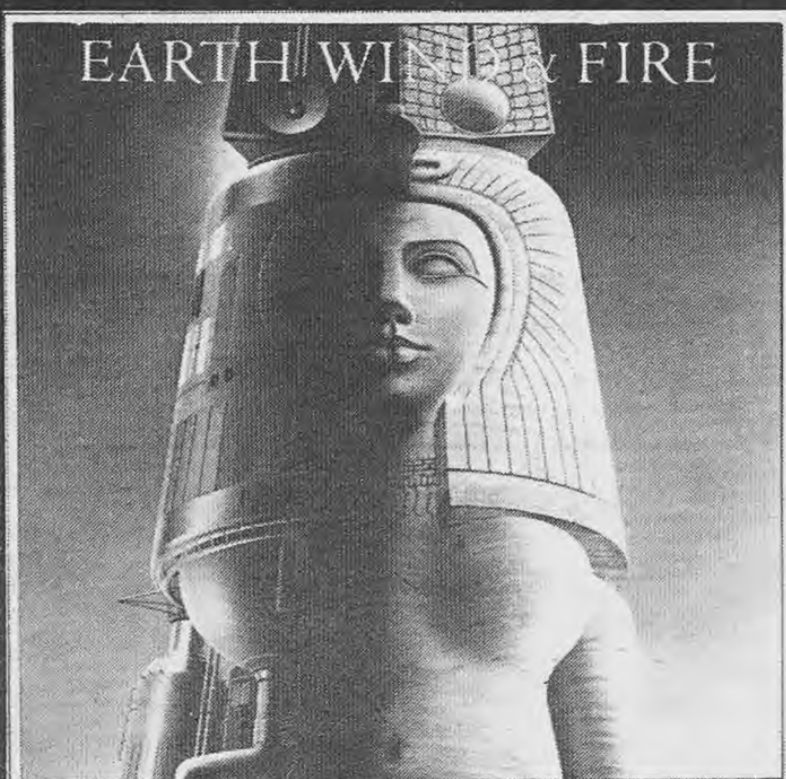
While agreeing that for some directors it might prove a "fair subject", he ultimately leaves little doubt as to his own preferred sources.

"I don't tend to make movies about New York housewives having nervous breakdowns."

As we pack up to leave, Hill's parting shot concerns the roll of film Jill has gone through during the interview.

"You may get one good one out of that bunch. 'Portrait of a hangover'. . ."

Perhaps so. But it will also be the portrait of a rare breed.



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VIDEO SYNC RASY

IAN PENMAN rewinds the raison d'être and videological position of NME's new column

Confessions Of A Cathode Addict

OVER THE TWO days "off" I had to unearth the unveiling of this policy statement I was supposed, I suppose, to be researching my subject. What I did was catch up on recent developments in afternoon TV...

Some researchers have said that the TV junkie's brain waves slip into something precariously similar to a pre-sleep phase some 30 seconds after focussing on the box. As is probably already known but rarely consciously admitted, TV is the most consistently available means

most of us have of escaping or obstructing our unwanted realities. Like many leisure aids, TV can be abused to the point of addiction: a point where, for instance, what is being watched is far less important than the fact that *it is televised*.

The opportunities for fixing TV multiply: our slice of the 'recession' aside, more and more households install more and more screens. The much-printed video "revolution" — I think we'll dispense with that term as soon as possible — is at this stage of its life a sort of muddled, infantile amalgam of the other two big household shifts — monochrome to colour, acquisition of second set. More like the latter, inasmuch as it's a form of strategic counter-attack against the TV corporations — an auxiliary admission of defeat.

Home video — piracy and feature film purchases — represents the dispersal of TV viewing *not* over more surfaces, but across viewing *time*; after all, you could *fill* your home with portable sets and still be wound up at midnight for want of a good tranquilising horror movie. Video permits the far from idle luxury of opening up the closed-down.

The video effect that will operate most on most of us will simply be a tangential tampering with the mainsprings of our TV addiction. It does have other, more social side-effects — being able to by-pass family channel rows; prolonging that wonderful night out through an early morning in, in front of a choice plucked from the videobore's shelf; and so forth. It's possible to t(r)ap the marginal documentary and still militate towards the pub or the club or the library . . .

The possibilities are obvious, although it may well be pointed out to me by Enraged of Salford that only a playground with the unreal hours of the pop industry permits such dalliance and delving around. I don't know about that. I do know that, ordinarily, like a large percentage of the population, I'll glumly waste my hours in front of anything; video is, at worst (?) a kind of liferaft when the going gets *too* rough (does ANYONE watch *Diamonds?*).

Once you start to get used to your Video Cassette Recorder as just another member of the consumer family — another spin-drier or percolator — and the tapes are building up, unlabelled, a certain liberal

attitude sets in and you find things get taped — in your absence — that otherwise wouldn't be opted for. Whole new worlds are rendered anew — from the politically pertinent to the refillable soap: chance to salvage things which the TV Guide made look like lost causes (I'm working on the assumption that you're already beyond salvation or cure).

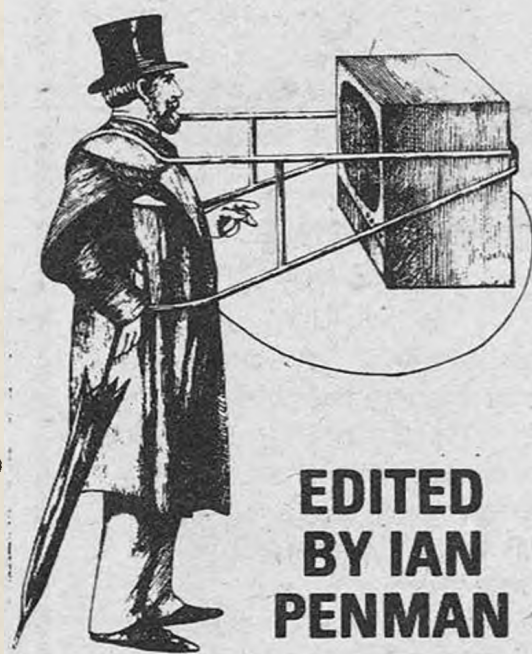
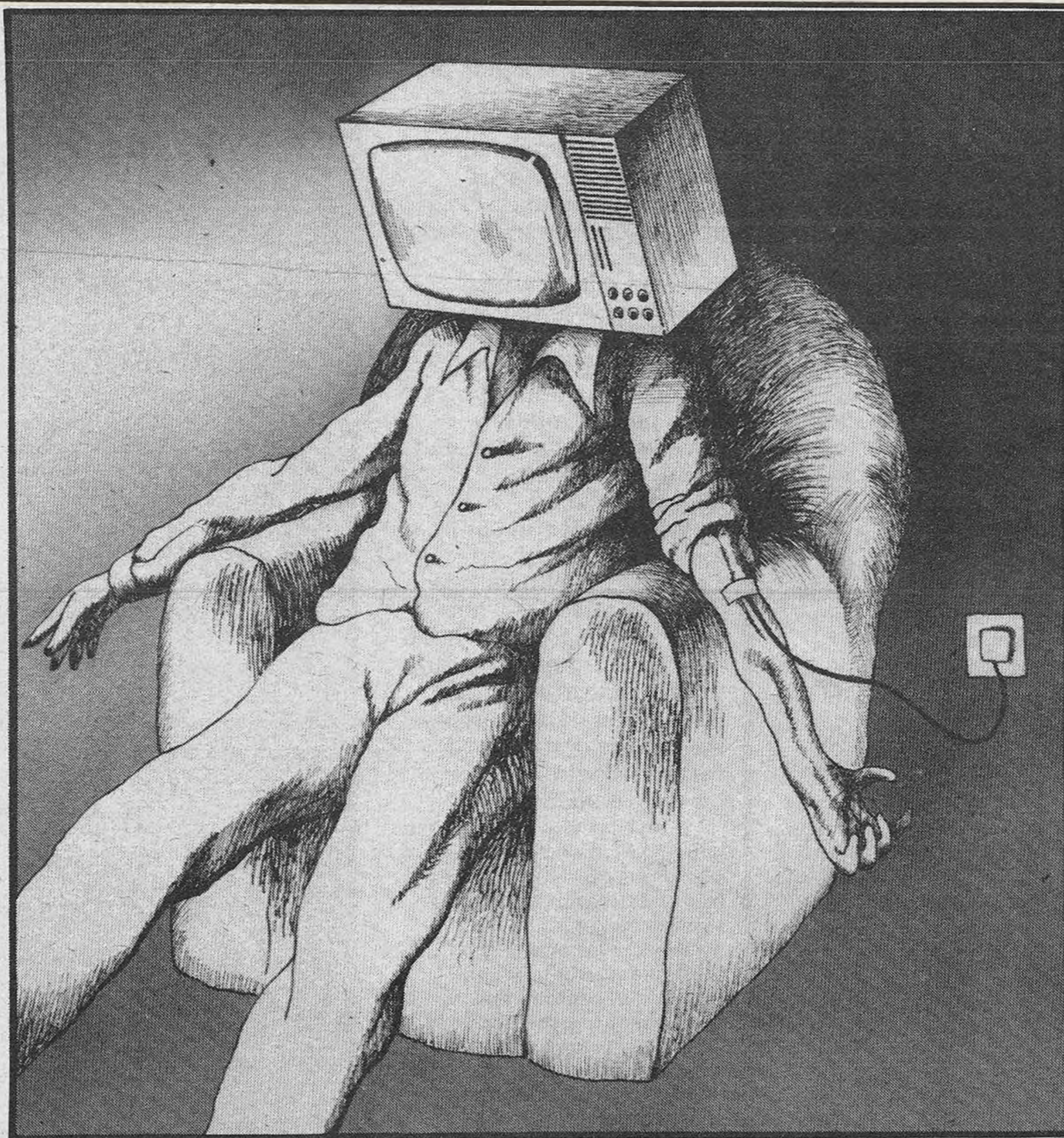
Video Cassette Recorders are reasonable enough to rent (between £17 and £20 a month depending on the modernity of your model) and it's estimated that the ½ million currently in

household use will have increased to something like three million by 1985.

At the moment Video is in multi-media vogue. The colour supplements are hatching adverts and pull-outs, TV ads proliferate, the high street lights up with illegal signs and W H Smith's magazine racks are stacked full of video 'Literature' of the *Practical Hangliding* hack hobbyhorse genre (cover shot featuring an unlikely looking semi-nude enthusiast of the hobby in question).

Even with the advent of the Fourth Channel, it's unlikely

that many of us will be able to take the content(s) of our TV set into "Our own hands", but the modifications offered by home video are more than attractive. It should be pointed out — if only for my beleaguered social conscience — that video has a wider range as interpersonal tool, with potential in community education, job training, catching bank robbers (much as it may pain *The Clash*) and as a cheap way of mapping out or mopping up your particular slice of the landscape. Not to mention the video Art world (ever).



**EDITED
BY IAN
PENMAN**



BASF LH C60 3 pack 1.85



BASF LH C90 3 pack 2.45



BASF C90 Chromdioxid
twin pack 2.50



TDK MA C90 metal	2.75
TDK MA C60 metal	1.85
TDK MAR C60 metal	2.60
TDK MAR C90 metal	3.70
TDK D C60 Dynamic	0.65
TDK D C90 Dynamic	0.95
TDK D C90 3 pack	2.50
TDK D C120 Dynamic	1.20
TDK AD C60	0.99
TDK AD C90	1.35
TDK AD C90 twin pack	2.20
TDK AD C120	1.90
TDK OD C60	1.05
TDK OD C90	1.48
TDK SA C60 Super Avilyn	1.30
TDK SA C90 Super Avilyn	1.50
TDK SAX C60 Super Avilyn	1.50
TDK SAX C90 Super Avilyn	2.05



SONY CHF 90	0.80
SONY CHF 60 3 pack	1.90
SONY CHF 120	1.15
SONY AFH 60	0.99
SONY AFH 90	1.25
SONY CDA 60	1.45
SONY CDA 90	1.90



MEMOREX MRX3 C90 0.79



MEMOREX MRXI C60
twin pack 1.90



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MEMOREX MRXI C120	
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NME 14.11.81

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There is also the space for the kind of freeze-frame critical assessment of moving visual media previously only afforded to academic cineastes and professional pedants.

This brings us into the vexed area of the video-film culture interchange (gulp). Problems in the cinema pre-existed video's entry into the breach. The contention that video will wreck havoc on attendance at the local Odeons and ABCs is dubious, given that annual admissions to the box office in Britain have been declining for decades: 581 million admissions in 1959 through 251m in 1969 to 112, by 1979.

Video will never compete with Cinemascope for sense-surrounding spectacle — because in purely technical terms, the transference of films designed for the silver screen onto the sitting room screen necessitates a loss (dispersed across various ratios) of approx 43% of the picture.

Some things will never transfer entirely successfully onto the smaller screen: an *Altered States*, an *Apocalypse Now*, any old Altman — such things just won't crush into a different medium, unless wholly reconstituted.

On the plus side, video could provide a convenient and timely memory bank for a film industry which is literally fading into oblivion due to the flimsy quality of the colour stock it uses to record its wares — and the technology of video reproduction is being

sharpened all the time, to insure the maximum definition, tonal range and brightness.

The "Video Revolution" is selling video as the advertising media sell everything else — as a clean, a-historical object which will realise your cosiest dreams and seal off your most devilish desires. No hi-fi, no drink, no video can do this of course; but you should scarcely need me to tell you that.

The message of the domestic Video Cassette Recorder is a marginal change compared to, say the electric light or the individual automobile. But it does offer, most crucially, a wide range of *miniature* options — minor but substantial pockets of resistance and aesthetic self-help (see our story last week on the Gas Video LP — an area of activity this column will definitely pursue).

Video is cheap, malleable and creeping in. It'll surround you soon and if nothing else make you wonder what you ever saw in certain things. Approach with due care and attention. Removal of the safety tab will prevent accidental erasure.

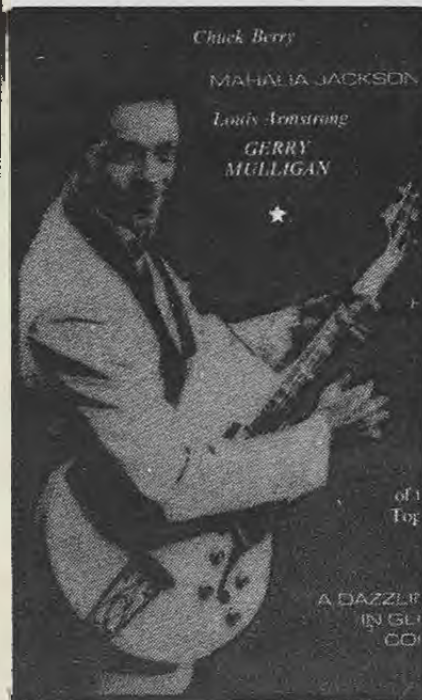
VIDEOGRAPHY

'Film Into Video' in the Autumn 1981 issue of *Stills*.
Goodbye Gutenberg ... Hello Hollywood? in the Summer 1981 issue of *Sight & Sound*.
The Complete Video Guide, Tim Smith (Virgin Books, £1.95).
Video Index No 3 Autumn 1981 (Link House, £1.50).

We video idiots at *NME* have yet to concretely determine the shape and shades of *Videosyncrasy*. But we will do once a sufficient amount of response — in the way of information, speculation, and actual software — arrives on the column's desk. We're more than open to all kinds of feature cassettes — and not just those with a tenuous relationship to 'rock culture'. We'll cover anything — and with our own VHS facilities. With the help of your contributions, we'll attempt everything from videobore enthusiasm to the more resonant aesthetic, commercial and legal details. We don't want this to degenerate into CB radio unctuousness... we want the spark that something like video inspires in everyday conversation. Fast forward. — I.P.

It couldn't be VCR . . . !

WIN!!



Just one of the many stars we're Chucking your way via *Jazz On A Summer's Day*!!!

NME ATTEMPTS to lunch, sorry *launch*, its brave new home technology column this week with special assistance from the video distribution company Hikon Video.

Under the delusion that we reach an affluent readership, Hikon have kindly donated a number of negotiable format (VHS Beta) videos from their current catalogue (standard price: £39.95 a throw) as the tempting prize in a competition Barry Norman would doubtless call competition if he knew of its existence.

To wit: five copies of Bert Stern's renowned 1960 documentary *Jazz On A Summer's Day*, a visually luxurious and historically innovative rendering of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival (including performances by Thelonious Monk, Mahalia Jackson and Chuck Berry) — newly issued on video and soon to be reviewed in *NME*. Plus: five copies of Martin Scorsese's 1973 classic *Mean Streets* — a fable of minor-league Mafia mayhem in New York's Little Italy, crammed with R&B classics and hardly able to contain the performances of Robert De Niro and . . . ah, well, see Question 2 below.

'Cos what we want you armchair cineastes to do is answer a mere three questions — none of which should tax the movie Merlins we know lurk out there — and complete the tie-breaker on the coupon.

Of course, the *Videosyncrasy* Editor reserves the right to sneer at all entries received, 'accidentally' misplace them and no, sorry Officer I don't know anything about this bloke seen flogging video cassettes in Carnaby Street this morning . . .

Well, it beats bloody syndicated bingo.

WIN!!



Expletive deleted from an explosive meathead!!! That man De Niro in *Mean Streets*.

1. When Bert Stern made *Jazz On A Summer's Day* he was already one of the most renowned photographers / photojournalists of his day. His name is linked in particular with a famous Hollywood actress of the time — whose photo session with Stern was the last she was ever to do; she was dead a few days later, in 'tragic circumstances' as they say. Her name was:

- a) Rita Hayworth c) Rita Webb
b) Rita Tushingham d) Marilyn Monroe

2. Who plays Charlie — the over-charitable sidekick of Robert De Niro's anarchic Johnny Boy in *Mean Streets*? Is it:

- a) Harvey Keitel c) Hari Krishna
b) Harvey Smith d) Harvey Korman

3. A famous big name producer / director in present day Hollywood has just completed work on his new film *One From The Heart* (soundtrack by Tom Waits; The Doors featured prominently in this geezer's last opus) which utilises apparently startling and time-saving new video processes in its making. The tycoon's name is:

- a) Sam Goldwyn c) Francis Ford Coppola
b) Sam Kydd d) Martin Scorsese

To: NME VIDEOSYNCRASY COMPETITION No. 1, 55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP.

1) 2) 3)
In no more than TEN words complete the following slogan:
"I reckon the handiest thing about this here Video Revolution, like, is....."

Name Age

Address.....

Tick which video movie you would like of you submit a winning entry:

☐ *Jazz On A Summer's Day* ☐ *Mean Streets*
Tick the appropriate format ☐ VHS ☐ Beta

Closing date for all entries: November 30, 1981.

This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of New Musical Express and the staff of Hikon Video. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future edition of NME.

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For £7.75 it will keep cool truckers warm this winter.

Only available from Yorkie, the chunky, quilted Convoy Jacket has a handsome navy blue matt finish with Yorkie emblazoned on the left breast.

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ANDY & PAUL



ORCHITECTURE

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark — OMD to their friends and anyone with spelling problems — have rubbed their sleepy eyes and emerged from hibernation, back into the light. Once again they're blinking in the dizzy glare that goes with two more hits ('Souvenir' and 'Joan Of Arc'), a new LP ('Architecture And Morality', no less) and a major tour. Where

have they been?

"Well, we do consciously not over-release records," begins Andy McCluskey, feeling an epigram on the way. "It seems that people who go for the throat . . . end up getting kicked in the arse a year later. And we're quite happy to be just below the level of the top bands. We're not seen to be achieving, so if we ever don't achieve we're not seen to be not achieving. We do perhaps underplay ourselves. It gives you more room for *manoeuvre* dare I say?"

Andy McCluskey has a realistic idea of OMD's place in the wider scheme of things: rarely hated, rarely loved with any obsessive passion — simply there, comfortably successful and more or less accepted everywhere. His partner Paul Humphreys is probably no less perceptive, though it's invariably the more talkative

Another monumental edifice unveiled, OMD return to the drawing board with a fresh dilemma — to design or to resign . . .

Specifications by
Paul Du Noyer
Blueprints by
David Corio

McCluskey whose outlook dominates interviews. So Paul sits by, listening intently, as Andy articulates his way through self-constructed mental mazes.

"I'm getting bored of telling people we're not *trying* to have hits. Cos we keep having 'em. The more I say it the more silly it sounds. The songs are written for *us*, and we shouldn't expect that anyone else will want to listen to them. If we did, we'd start to get like the people who think it's their God-given right that their fans should buy their records, which is just a conceit. And," (here comes another one) "we're *proud* that we're not conceited."

"But the times I've read in print where I've said we don't *intend* to have hit singles — people must read that and think 'Bollocks!', you listen to 'Enola Gay' and it's got 'hit' written all over it . . ."

He sits back in self-absorbed bewilderment. They're a neat, conscientious pair, very thoughtful, somewhat suburban in aspect. The polite haircuts, the soberly meticulous clothes, their restrained behaviour — it all confirms the group's low-key image, a study in tasteful anonymity.

"We're not a publicity band. We're not faces on posters and household names. And we choose to be like that. We're anti-personality cults, and such a large percentage of music sells on personality cults. I mean, you can't tell me that you could divorce Toyah Willcox from her music and people would still buy it. If Spandau didn't dress the way they do would they sell a quarter as many as they do?"

"We're pretty plain to look at. We do dress in a certain manner, but it's just, like, clean and tidy, 'modern' in the loosest sense of the word."

OMD'S IS, INDEED, one of pop's quietest success stories. From the nervous, synth-pioneering days on Factory Records ("Tony Wilson had confidence in us long before we did") and the lightweight triumphs of 'Electricity' and 'Messages', through to this, their third album — the group have made a smooth and lasting connection with the nation's pleasure instinct, without causing any undue agitation or commotion.

"But it almost backfired on us last year in that we just tried to look ordinary on stage — but you go on *TOTP* wearing your dad's sleeveless cardigan and a thin tie, then you get people at the gigs next month wearing sleeveless cardigans. People seem to need it. Even when you're consciously not trying to start a fashion you end up starting an anti-fashion... I mean, when I was a kid and went to see Steve Harley I'd really like to have had a bowler hat but I couldn't get one. I had a denim jacket that had Kraftwerk and Tangerine Dream on the back when I was 15."

But enough nostalgia. This particular day we while away in Terminal One of Heathrow Airport, waiting for a flight to Liverpool. With Humphreys and McCluskey are the two semi-official members of the band,



L to R: Paul Humphreys, Martin Cooper, Malcolm Holmes, Andy McCluskey.

percussionist Malcolm Holmes and synthist Martin Cooper; all four are from the same Wirral neighbourhood. ("We're very conservative when it comes to new people. We're a bit cliquy.") And McCluskey's irritation at missing the morning plane — thanks to a slow connection from Italy, where they'd just done some TV work — is compounded by other concerns.

Specifically, he's expecting bad reviews for the about-to-be-released 'Architecture And Morality': news that Paul Morley will be doing the honours on *NME*'s behalf preys on his mind repeatedly. Andy is quite open about having a morbid preoccupation with Paul Morley. (In due course, in last week's issue, Paul obliged with one of those magnificently ambivalent carve-ups.)

The LP's title, for a start — McCluskey's the first to admit that 'Architecture And Morality' has a rather ponderous ring to it.

"It sounds very pretentious. I'm sure if we hadn't used it for our title I would have thought it was pretentious for anyone else. But it seemed to make sense for us."

Apart from being two attractive words, he explains, "architecture" and "morality" represent the dual characteristics of OMD's music. The rigid, rhythmic electronic framework being its architecture, and the words, the melody and emotion amounting to its morality; two essential and complementary counterparts. Of course OMD's achievement, it hardly bears repeating, was to overturn the notion that synthesised music was inevitably clinical and clever-clever.

Even if "there's still too too many bands that use synths who want to play at being robots", McCluskey feels "in this country at least, enough has been done now to prove that the synthesiser is a versatile instrument and it's basically the person behind it that creates what it is."

The title's significance, however, goes further than a mere metaphor. It's taken from a book called *Morality And Architecture*. Architecture is an interest of McCluskey's these days, but morality more so.

"The title makes sense to us in terms of the way we're thinking now, and some of the sounds we've used on the album. We've got a more religious leaning sound."

"I'm much more interested in spiritual things than I was in the past, not least in things like Joan Of Arc, who's just one of my many

favourites which include Bernadette Of Lourdes and all those other religious revelations. We certainly haven't 'got God', it's just that we're interested by the strength of religious theologies, and I'm intrigued by people who can take it all that seriously."

Although not a believer, McCluskey has an outsider's fascination for Catholicism in particular. I would guess that he's drawn to that intoxicating certainty, and strength of purpose, so evident in stories of the saints — qualities so painfully absent in his own modern world, a moral void that obsesses him, and something which seems to shape the grandiloquent orderliness of OMD's newer work (that, perhaps, and the haunting legacy of Joy Division).

IT WASN'T always that way. As early champions of the band have noted, OMD's initial appeal was bubblegum with a particularly fresh-flavoured sophistication. At the time of the first LP, Andy recalls, that approach was quite deliberate: a move away from electro-tedium and high seriousness towards "the overtly dancey, bright and melodic."

"But we realised eventually that that was cutting off your nose to spite your face, because we were capable of more than just little melodies and uptempo dance music. I think we're viewed by people who know us only from our singles as being a 'synth pop band' and it's a mould which is unfortunate, because we're not capable of only that."

'Architecture And Morality', then, develops the introspective moodiness that seemed to characterise the second LP 'Organisations'. Like it or not (and many won't) McCluskey takes this mission seriously, and believes the process has much further to go, whatever accusations of pomposity — or speciousness — might follow.

"I think the biggest thing that you could flaw in our music is that we don't consciously motivate people to do anything different. We're not really political. Which, if somebody believes you should be, we're fair game for that criticism. Whilst we're not happy with the way things are, presenting something coherent that you believe in, that other people could make use of, is very difficult for us. We haven't got anything that we really believe is the right way — not because we're resigned to our fate, but because I don't see a way out."

"It appears to me that some of the new bands, and I think Morley's latched onto it, I may be wrong — it's like 'There isn't an answer. Not because we don't have the potential, but because you can't motivate everyone to agree with one way of doing something. Therefore we'll never get ourselves to point one and all move forward. Everyone's going off at so many tangents."

"I feel that someone like Heaven 17, they've reached that point of resignation. They've said: we surrender, you can't do anything. We're all gonna die. So then it's like, Hey, let's have a party instead! Dancing in the ruins till the bomb drops on you."

"What's been called the 'new pop mentality' is a resignation. For most people, I know, it isn't a conscious thing: they just want a good time, they haven't rationalised it. But for someone like Morley, I suspect that he's decided, 'It's not worth it'."

"I think this 'new pop' thing is a direct inheritance of Joy Division. I think JD were the very last band who could come along and look for something. Now, it's, You can't do anything. Let's have a good time until we're all dead'. A few years ago people felt they could do something — champion this, get the social conscience in, let's get people going. But after years of beating your head against a brick wall you just go: it isn't worth it, it's a waste of time."

"I mean, how do you expect people who love Charles and Di to understand that the monarchy is a joke, that without it we'd all begin to be better off? People are so happy with the way things are, just careering on. And once you say, 'There's some other way to do it,' people don't want to know. And you resign. So you just come and join the party, all the way to heaven."

"I don't think there's anything worth saying any more, musically. There's nothing worth experimenting with. 'Breaking down the barriers of modern music' and having 'new' things in the charts is a complete dead loss. The only thing left is some sort of communication — or good times. We want to communicate. And it's difficult for us, because they're not very tangible things."

"I feel 'Architecture And Morality' is the last album we'll do which is purely involved in music. I do want to start saying things in lyrics now. The more I think about it, experiments in music are a waste of time. The strength of songs is in what they give you, what they make you feel. And intellectual games based upon the history of popular music is not at all what I'm into any more."

'Resignation' is the spectre which stalks McCluskey's thoughts: he's keeping it at bay, but wonders if it's worth the struggle. Resignation, whether it's by embracing an unquestioning religious faith, or throwing yourself into escapist hedonism, is growing more seductive with each day that passes. On the other hand, McCluskey is far from sure what it is he wants to communicate through OMD. Quite amicably (it's a civilised relationship), he and Humphreys wonder aloud if they'll even be able to take these demanding new directions together.

"There's no guarantee that two people are always going to develop along parallel lines."

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- 19 — LEEDS, *Polytechnic* "
- 20 — GLASGOW, *Night Moves*
- 21 — EDINBURGH, *The Night Club*
- 25 — BELFAST, *Kings Hall*
- 26 — DUBLIN, *RDS Hall*
- 28 — WOLVERHAMPTON, *JB's*
- 29 — SHEFFIELD, *Limit Club*
- 30 — LONDON, *Heaven*



TATTOO VOUS?

LES STRAY CHATS RENDEZVOUS WITH LES HELLS ANGELS. PAUL RAMBALI PUTS ON A TRANSFER TATTOO FOR A ROCKABILLY EXCURSION TO PARIS. NEEDLES 'N' INK PENNIE SMITH.



SLIM JIM & LEE ROCKER

THE LIFT DOORS open and out steps Brian Setzer, barefoot, bedraggled and barely conscious. He shuffles across the hotel lobby, scratching his naked tattooed shoulders. The desk staff are suddenly frozen with helpless revulsion.

Luckily for them, it has just turned mid-day and the lobby of their £80 a night luxury hotel is almost deserted.

Two swollen bloodshot eyes, the retinas shrunken like voodoo idols, are raised in their direction. The desk staff wince with pain and apprehension. What unholy demands is this thing going to make? A blood transfusion? A 12-year-old virgin? A change of rooms? "Uh, have ya got any aspirin?"

This is too much for them. Four pairs of hands reach at once for the packet of aspirins. Out of either compassion or fear, they proffer the whole packet, but hurriedly, at arm's length, and brushing aside any thanks, as though giving money to a leper.

THIS IS HOW Brian Setzer of The Stray Cats began a day of promotional appearances at various radio stations to mark the release in France of the second Stray Cats album.

The Stray Cats now sell more records in Japan than they do in Britain and more records in France than almost anywhere else. Their new album went gold there on advance sales alone.

They are to millions of French kids what Adam Ant is to millions of British kids — a teenage wet dream and parental nightmare. With their colourfully overstated outlaw rocker image they have captured the eternal pop market, caught the full heat of pubertal frenzy, and pocketed the change from a nation's paper rounds.

Of course it fits that The Stray Cats should be the recipients of all this pussy-love. They have a vivid rock'n'roll image and the French like vivid rock'n'roll images. They have a sassyish cartoon toughness that is too clean and cuddly to be threatening but wild and outrageous enough to be exciting. Their audience in France is too young to remember that The

Sex Pistols destroyed rock'n'roll and young enough to believe that The Stray Cats invented it.

To round it all off, The Stray Cats are into motorbikes, and the French are even more obsessed with motorbikes than they are with rock'n'roll.

Thus it was a neat publicity coup to have The Stray Cats escorted on their tour of Paris radio stations by members of the ultimate motorcycle gang, the fully-affiliated Paris chapter of the Hell's Angels.

The French Hell's Angels are less greasy than their British or American brethren. They look like paunchy middle-aged time-warped Los Angeles beatniks, but they obey the common urge to rub a little uncomprehending terror into the marrow of the ordinary law-abiding citizen. A popular way of doing this is to ride around the elevated dual-carriage Paris ring road late on a Saturday night, but going the *wrong way* and at great speed.

The Stray Cats have become friends with the Paris Angels, as they have with the British and Dutch Angels, as a result of their appropriation of elements of the rocker image. The Angels are understandably possessive about this image which they earn by hard commitment to their own lifestyle and which brings with it certain fraternal rewards. They don't like it when a passing rock group with an eye for a fetching dissident pose borrows their hallowed image.

If you wear it, you wear it with their consent or you don't wear it at all. And you have to earn their consent.

The Clash apparently ran into trouble with the Dutch Hell's Angels for this reason. So did The Stray Cats. But they were tested — not with actual danger so much as with the threat of it — and passed. Their manager, Tony Bidgood, has several beautifully detailed tattoos done by Don Cockell in the Finchley Road, who has done many of the group's tattoos. He also has a crude skull and crossbones done by one of the Dutch Angels, at a moment when he was in no position to refuse.

The French Angels like to avoid publicity as a rule, since it usually leads to trouble, but they have agreed to be photographed by the press and TV cameras for once as they chaperon The Stray Cats around Paris.

Five of them arrive at the hotel, including Joel, the club secretary. I ask him for an interview and he agrees; but not now, he's too busy. In fact, he's not busy at all. I ask him again later, and again later still, and get the same reply. I am impressed with his politeness. After all, a mean stare would have been enough to put me off. I am also impressed with his refusal, as being interviewed usually appeals to a person's vanity and from this it can be deduced that Joel's self-esteem must spring from a very strong and self-contained source.

He did, however, explain why he likes The Stray Cats. "Because they are our friends."

The logic of this is irrefutable.

THE STRAY CATS set off with Brian Setzer on the back of one of the Angel's bikes and Slim Jim Phantom and Lee Rocker in the back of a limousine. Setzer has just

bought and restored a '53 Harley which he is having shipped over to England.

"I've had it about four months and I haven't even got to ride the damn thing! See ya by those things and they're kinda like up to hippy specifications — all chopped, not like a stock bike. I had to go and find original forks and a seat and all that, which are pretty hard to come by — as a matter of fact they came from a barn in Indiana. Now it's pretty much stock, but like a hot rod. It's like if you were cool in the '50s what you'd do to it."

Setzer says he's been riding bikes since he was 12, but this is the first big bike he's ever owned.

"After I rode Pete's — Pete from The Pretenders — Bonneville I thought shit! I gotta get myself a Harley. I thought it'd be kinda cool — when and if I ever get all the dough — to have a Triumph in the States and a Harley in England!"

Of the three members of the group, only Setzer actually rides a bike.

"Snortin' coke in the back of a limousine is more my style," says Lee Rocker, grinning sarcastically from behind a pair of mirrored shades.

The Stray Cats are greeted at their first stop by an avalanche of photographers and fans. Inside the studio, Slim Jim relaxes by combing his hair and wiping the grease on the microphone. "Don't worry, you look fine," says the radio DJ as the red light comes on to signal the start of the interview.

"Okay kids, we're witnessing a riot here in the radio station as The Stray Cats arrive accompanied as usual by the Hell's Angels and surrounded by photographers, groupies and fans. And what have they come to do? Simply to deliver their new album, titled 'Gonna Ball'. So here they are, The Stray Cats... I'd like to know why you never go anywhere without the Hell's Angels — how did it start?"

The Cats start to giggle as faces crowd around the studio window. "They're just good friends of ours," says Setzer. "How did you meet them?"

"We met them in England; Charlie and those guys..."

"How? They just happened to be at a club where you were playing?"

"Yeah. That sounds good. That's exactly what happened." "But you don't always talk to the people who come to see you..."

"No. We talked to them though."

"Are they your bodyguards?"

"Nah. Just our friends."

"And they never want to play with you? It must be frustrating for them."

Setzer is not surprisingly rather taken aback by this one. "... Uh, I think maybe we should change the subject."

To everyone's relief, the studio monitors usher in the opening bars of 'Little Miss Prissy', a surly white-boy stomp on the riff from Chuck Berry's 'Memphis'.

BRIAN SETZER & ANGEL CHUMS



as Duane Allman's on 'Statesboro Blues'. The presence of the Stones' Ian Stewart and New Orleans veteran Lee Allen doesn't hurt either.

"Lee Allen played sax on all the original Little Richard and Fats Domino cuts," enthuses Setzer. "Ian Stewart knew him and gave him a call for us. He was working as a janitor in a high school in California!"

They invited Lee Allen down to Monserrat in the Caribbean where they were recording. Setzer calls it "a tropical hell".

Why Monserrat?

"Because it saves us a lot of money — tax wise."

Not exactly the right environment for bone-hard city blues though...

"It fucking sucked! But you could go into a garage and turn on a tube tape recorder and make a great record. I'm convinced of that. There's only one studio like that left in the world that I know of, and I'm planning to do the next album there, if he'll have us. I'm not going to tell you where it is because I don't want anyone to get there ahead of me, but it's somewhere in England. Only in England would they do that. In America they'd throw the shit away!"

Setzer makes no apologies for the group's shift from rockabilly towards rhythm'n'blues.

"I never preached rockabilly. I always said I like blues and R&B. We just took a little gamble and played what we felt like. If you're a rocker, you like all that stuff. I like it, and I'm damn well gonna play it. 'Storm The Embassy' wasn't rockabilly — as much as I love rockabilly, I'm still a hillbilly."

A hillbilly — but not a patriot...

"Naah. 'Storm The Embassy' was just a comment on how everybody felt at the time — obviously it's a little more complicated than that, but, yeah, that's what I felt like doing. It pissed me off."

Lee Rocker's father is a musician with the New York Philharmonic. Brian Setzer's father is a construction worker. Setzer started playing in Stones-style bar bands when he was 14. A few years later he heard that some friends were forming a band that would be getting gigs in Manhattan. They were The Bloodless Pharaohs — and he is featured with them on two songs on Marty Thau's '2X5' New York compilation.

"I'd do anything to get out of Long Island and in to Manhattan," he confesses. "So I joined. A lot of what we did sounds like early Roxy Music. I liked it at the time. I was learning how to play and I liked doing all this technical stuff. I know how to read and all that. I learned from a guitar teacher and I know all the jazz chords and all that crap."

Rumour has it that Setzer once auditioned for The Cramps...

"No," he smiles. "I almost did. I probably would have had a good time with that band. I heard they needed a guitar player, but at the time I had the Cats and I didn't want to leave them. It would have been a gas because they were an established band and I could have started playing all over."

Rumour also has that Jake Riviera stole the master tapes of The Stray Cats' first album...

"... Yep. He thought we were going to remix the album. We had no intention of touching Dave Edmunds' stuff, but he got paranoid and that's why he stole the tapes. He gave them back in the end. I guess he realised that what he did was silly. I don't think we had to use force."

ANOTHER RADIO station, another bout of routine questions, and then another, and another. There are only so many questions to ask The Stray

Cats. Setzer's replies are always as good natured and diplomatic as possible. Slim Jim and Lee Rocker, on the other hand, model their responses on Marlon Brando in *The Wild One*.

Having just flown in from New York the previous day — and for one or two other reasons besides — the trio do not begin to function on all cylinders until some way in to the evening, when they are the guests of Europe 1, one of the big French stations, for an hour-long show with a small studio audience. Europe 1 claim an 'exclusive'. So did all the other stations visited that day.

Questions about the Hell's Angels — whose friendship with the group is a subject of deep fascination for the French — receive the familiar guarded replies, which just adds to the fascination. It's hard to tell whose is the greater reflective glory: do The Stray Cats bathe in the Angels' glory or do the Angels bathe in The Stray Cats? At any rate, the publicity only benefits The Stray Cats.

To the listeners of Europe 1, the group proclaim (tongues not entirely in cheek) their main interests in life... whisky, women and rock'n'roll. Anne, who is 13 years old, would like to know how they get their tattoos.

"How? I wake up in the morning and they just appear on me," says Setzer. "It's just something that I like to do. I like to put pictures on myself."

Pierre, who is also 13 years old, would like to know how they do their bananas, which is the picturesque French way of describing a quiff.

"It's just grease and hair spray," says Slim Jim. "And a comb you need as well. But mostly just grease."

Marilyn, who is 17 years old, would like to know if girls could form a rockabilly group.

"Yeah," says Setzer. "Why not? I've never seen one but it sounds like a good idea. Somebody better get on that right away. They can support us on our next tour!"

LATER ON, THE group, the Angels and the entire promotional circus go to a restaurant for supper. A freeloader, who admitted he drives an ambulance by day and simply tagged along with the crowd, managed to draw attention to himself by pointing out the surreptitious visits being made to the toilets by various members of the Angels and The Stray Cats.

"Who are you?" asked Setzer, menacingly. "Do we know you? Is this guy with us?"

The freeloader sank into a guilty silence. "Did you just get a free meal from The Stray Cats?" Setzer's hand grasped the neck of a wine bottle. The freeloader began to look worried.

"Nobody does that to us, man..." Setzer picked up the bottle and poured the visibly relieved freeloader a glass of wine. The Stray Cats left the restaurant on the pillion seats of the Angels' waiting Harleys.

Around three o'clock that morning, in an old garage in a deserted factory district of Paris that serves as the Angels' clubhouse, Brian Setzer was jamming the blues on an acoustic guitar with Slim Jim and Lee Rocker keeping time on whatever came to hand and the Angels lavishing the kind of hospitality they are notorious for.

If the French teenagers only knew it, all their major subcultural fantasies would have been fulfilled. I'm afraid rock'n'roll is here to stay.

Now is the winter of our disc-event.

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PRINT

The Beat: Twist And Crawl by Malu Halasa (Ed Pie £3.95)
THIS BEAT biog gets interesting a page or two before the end when normally quiet, retiring bassist David 'Shuffle' Steele makes what Trotsky had to say about art sound passionate and relevant. The rest of the book, especially given the vibrancy of the band's music and their style as people, is a dull affair, reading like a series of comprehensive but very platitudinous music paper features. There are plenty of photos of the band, but none of their entourage (girlfriends etc) who regularly get mentioned in the text.

Paul Tickell

New Rock Record

by Terry Hounscome and Tim Chambre (Blandford £5.50).
AT LAST, the new and improved family size version of the rock album discography originally launched in a DIY version a year or two ago.

Now sporting a glossy cover and readable print, *New Rock Record* boasts 526 pages, listing more than 30,000 albums recorded by over 5,000 groups and solo artists, ranging from The Temple City Kazoo Band to The Teardrop Explodes, Louis Jordan to The Jordanares, Splodgenessabounds to Psychotic Pineapple and folkies like Young Tradition through to Rough Traders such as Young Marble Giants.

An immense amount of additional research since the last edition is plainly evident and the updated index, which lists around 40,000 musicians and the discs to which they have contributed, is alone worth the price of the book, being a virtual rock *Who's Who* in its own right. Errors and omissions will be obvious to buffs casting only a cursory glance through the tome, but set against what Hounscome and Chambre have achieved, such faults seem negligible and the book's claim to be unrivalled in its sphere is the whole truth and nothing but.

If you prefer facts to theories and opinions, then this is one to add to your rock library.

Fred Dellar

All You Needed Was Love: The Beatles After The Beatles.

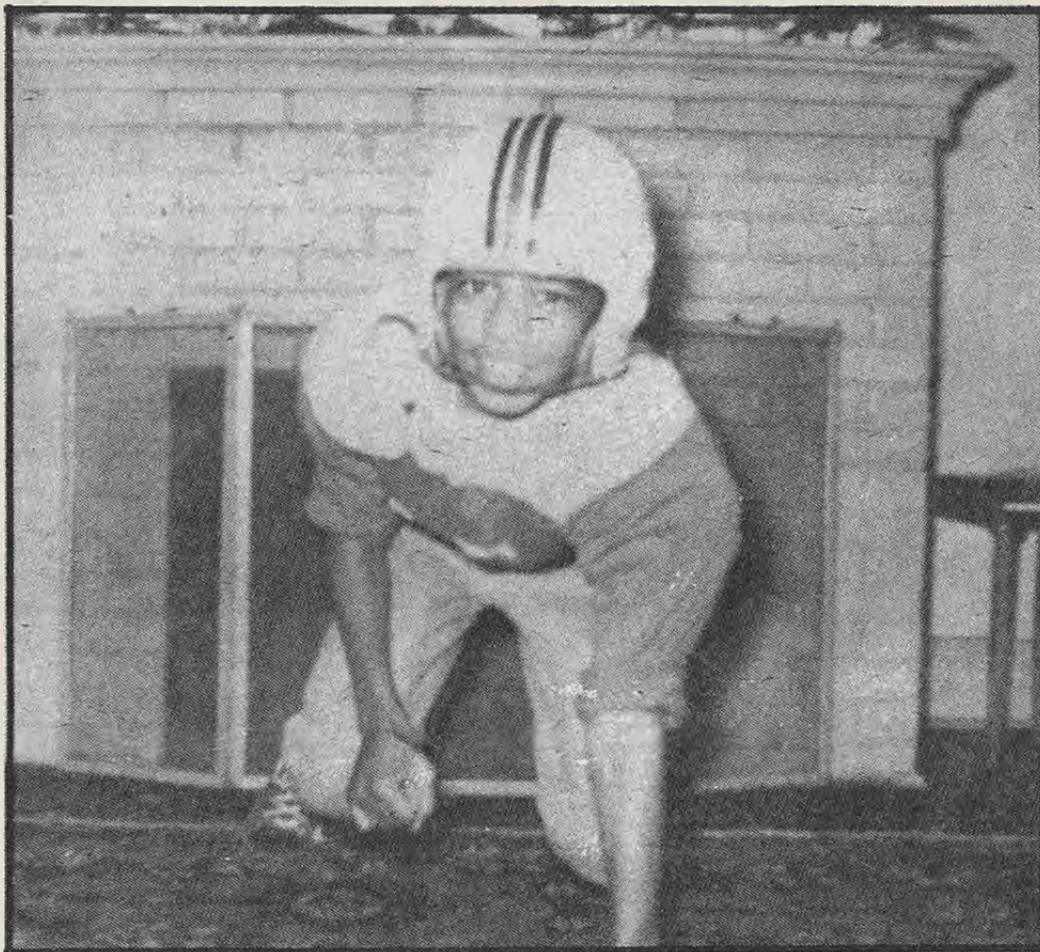
by John Blake (Hamlyn £1.50)
THE *Ad Lib* columnist of the *Evening Standard* has written a collective biography of the individual Beatles after their split, and has managed to come up with no new facts and certainly no new insights. And why all the padding, such as pages and pages of John Blake paraphrasing Ed Sanders paraphrasing Manson's 'interpretation' of 'The White Album'?

Paul Tickell



Above: BB at 16 with National Steel. Note to young stylists: the tilt of BB's titer is estimated at 20 degrees, reckoned by scientists to be the coolest angle of all.

Below: Jimi at 13, guarding the family fireplace. Note to young stylists: lumpy shoulder-pads and football helmets are not considered cool at any angle, unless you happen to hail from Akron, Ohio.



PURPLE PRAIZE

'Scuse Me While I Kiss The Sky: The Life Of Jimi Hendrix
by David Henderson (Bantam £3.95)

B.B. King: The Authorised Biography
by Charles Sawyer (Blandford £5.95)

IS THIS LOVE or just confusion? The rock biography generally turns out to be a less than lovely thing; it mostly falls somewhere between the serviceable and the repulsive, between a respectable just-the-facts-ma'am and laying the scandal and smut on with a trowel. Curiously enough, dead artists tend to attract the latter approach, and — even more curiously — David Henderson's Hendrix biography reveals itself to be the least irresponsible work of its kind that I have ever read.

For a start, Henderson manages to pole-vault the principal obstacle blocking the path of most people who've written about Hendrix: the sex-and-drugs-and-cosmic-consciousness barrier. A work published several years ago by Curtis Knight, a musician with whom Hendrix worked briefly before coming to England, concentrates entirely on this angle while contriving to reflect as much of Hendrix's glory as possible onto Knight himself. The result was a particularly repellent hybrid: self-serving hagiography in which it was stated that Jimi Hendrix was a messenger from the gods, the world's most perfectly stoned superstud and Curtis Knight's best pal!

Henderson, on the other hand, performs the comparatively rare biographer's feat of communicating to the reader some idea of who his subject actually was. Jerry Hopkins' *No-One Gets Out Alive*, for example, simply strung masses and masses of Jim Morrison anecdotes together in chronological order without ever telling me who Jim Morrison was. From this book, a real Jimi Hendrix emerges, a chronologically shy kid who poured his day-dreams into his guitar, got picked on relentlessly at high school and in the paratroopers, undeniably strange no matter how hard he tried to fit in.

And this real Jimi Hendrix loved jumping out of aircraft. In a marvellously intuitive section near the front of the book, Henderson links up Hendrix's experience as a paratrooper with the sounds that he would become legendary for creating. "He had reveled in the sound of the big plane lumbering through the air with the intense weight of its human cargo. The sound of the door opening was even more enthralling. The rush of air into the cabin, the howling singing of the wind surging in, augmenting the sound of the engine. It had been a true marriage of machine and nature: the sound, the energy. And then falling. Falling away from that sound, farther and farther towards the earth, where he would float like an angel towards its silence and its life..."

The majority of the writing about Hendrix has been by white writers: Henderson, as a black, squarely confronts Hendrix's experience as a

black, the confusion he felt around black nationalists, the racism that he encountered when he moved out of the primarily black music scene he was in before he emigrated into the white rock world, the fact that his management wanted him to work with white musicians (i.e. get The Experience back in) when he wanted to work with black musicians... and also evokes the soul circuit that Hendrix started out on and the importance of that tradition to the music that he went on to make.

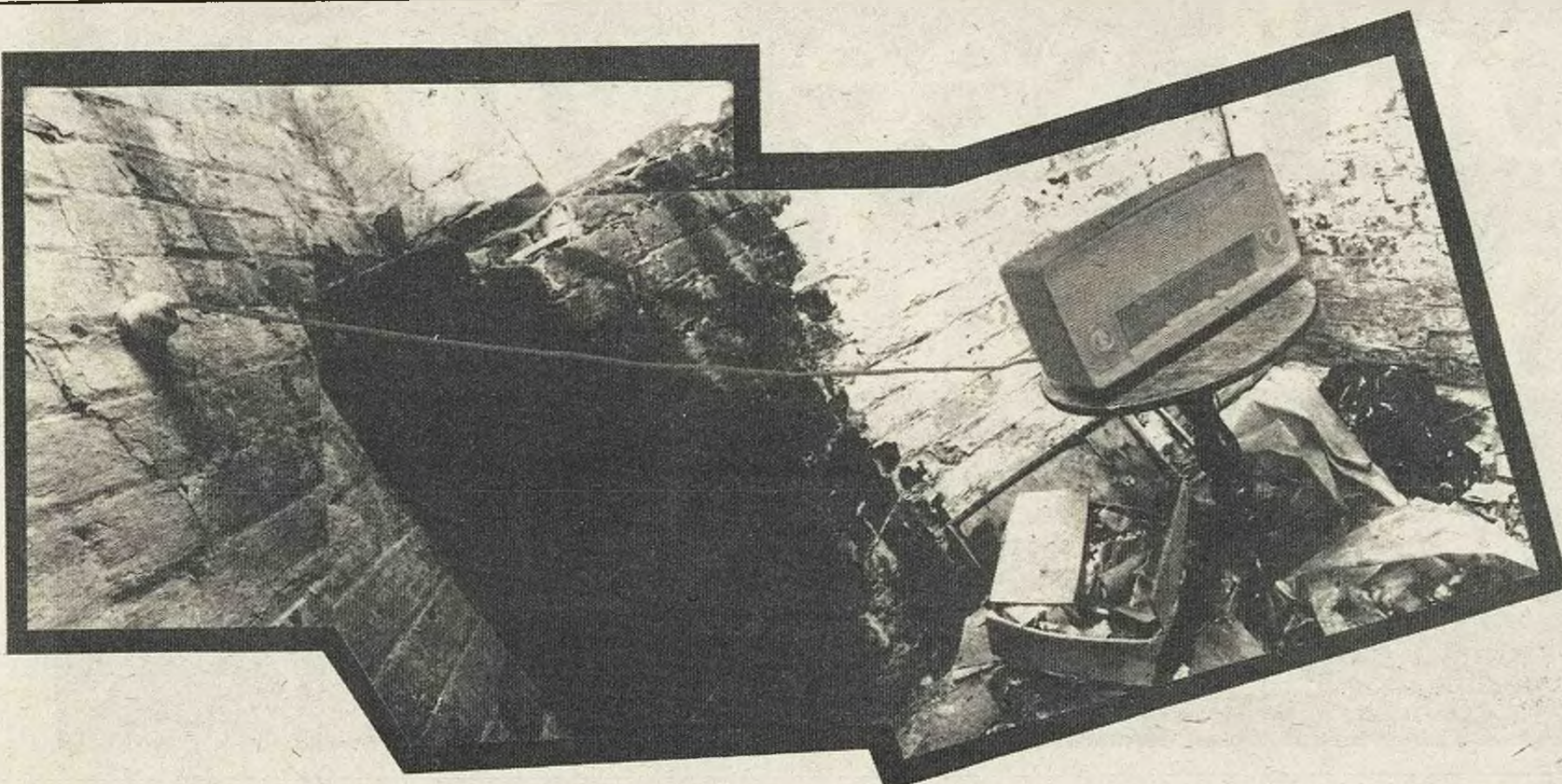
A couple of bite-sized quibbles: in a tradition developed as much from pulp fiction as the pulp biography, Henderson describes the bodies of his characters as if he's trying to sell them to the reader. Nowhere is this more inappropriate than in a closing passage where a girl called Alvenia is in the hospital refusing to believe that Hendrix is dead until she sees his body. Henderson describes her body as "well put-together" at this point, and it seems a startling obtrusive occasion on which to leer at her and invite the reader to do likewise.

The other beef concerns the snippets of technical information about Hendrix's gear which Henderson includes. Since he gets much of it obviously wrong, it is plain that he couldn't really give a shit what kind of guitar Hendrix played at any point in his career. This is not in itself culpable, since it is not necessary to know what kind of paintbrush Munch used to paint 'The Scream', but if one is going to attempt to include such data for the benefit of people who are interested, one might as well make the additional effort necessary to get it right. It is pointless to state that, before Hendrix got his first Stratocaster to use when he was with The Isley Brothers, he played a Fender Duo-Sonic Telecaster. They are two different instruments: was it a Telecaster or a Duo-Sonic?

Still, 'Scuse Me While I Kiss The Sky is the most powerful, intuitive and intelligent biography ever written about a rock musician, and anybody with even the slightest interest in the work of Jimi Hendrix can lay out the four quid without the slightest hesitation. No-one has ever affected me more deeply with an instrument than Jimi Hendrix, and David Henderson has written the book about him that I always wanted to read.

Charles Sawyer's *B.B. King* is as solid and sane as its subject. He discusses the life, work and context of the master bluesman with a minimum of fuss and a maximum of exposition. His research into the circumstances of King's early life is little short of magnificent and his portrait of the man is compassionate and admiring without ever becoming indulgent. In their different ways, these books are model biographies: Henderson answers the question 'Who was Jimi Hendrix?' and Sawyer adroitly handles 'Who is B.B. King?'

Charles Shaar Murray



VICTORIAN Parents

The Debut Album

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LPs

THE SPACE CADETS
The Space Cadets
 (Vanguard — Import)
SPUNK
Tighten It Up
 (Gold Coast — Import)

APART FROM the power and the glory of 'Electric Spanking', marred only by an odour of death as that set becomes the requiem for an era soon departed, and a couple of 12" gems from J. Walter Negro and Captain Sky, 'don't try it' was reaching epidemic levels.

Brains were going soft from an excess of overproduced cossetting, and hips and feet were seizing up through lack of use. Then out of a damp, slate grey October shot two thunderbolts of fiery primaries; The Space Cadets and Spunk. The funk was back... it baaad! it blilack!

Two new bands both fighting for the same cause, yet representative of two generations of the boogie, thus coming across on different levels. Spunk are unknown, working out of Curtis Mayfield's Curtom set up in Chicago (nice to hear you're back in the world Curt) and The Space Cadets' hardcore is Bernie Worrell and Yvonne Lampkin, (both ten-year Funkadelics), Kevin Goins, brother of the late Glenn (P. Funk lead guitarist cut down in his prime three years ago) and a chap named Nairobi Sailcat, who from the cover photo looks like he's been around.

With a grounding like that, The Space Cadets know exactly how far they can take it, and boy it goes all the way. Bernie Worrell was always considered wild, even by Clinton's standards and this set has all the inspired keyboard berserking he put into his solo set 'All The Woo In The World' without any self-indulgence, and showing through strong in the smaller outfit.

He takes what might be called lead on most tracks but such is the understanding between him and the bass and drum, that you're never really sure. Most of it is dance-floor nastiness, rhythms that defy you to stand still, interfaced with musical lunacy telling you "Catch it if you can"... the spirit of The Flashlight.

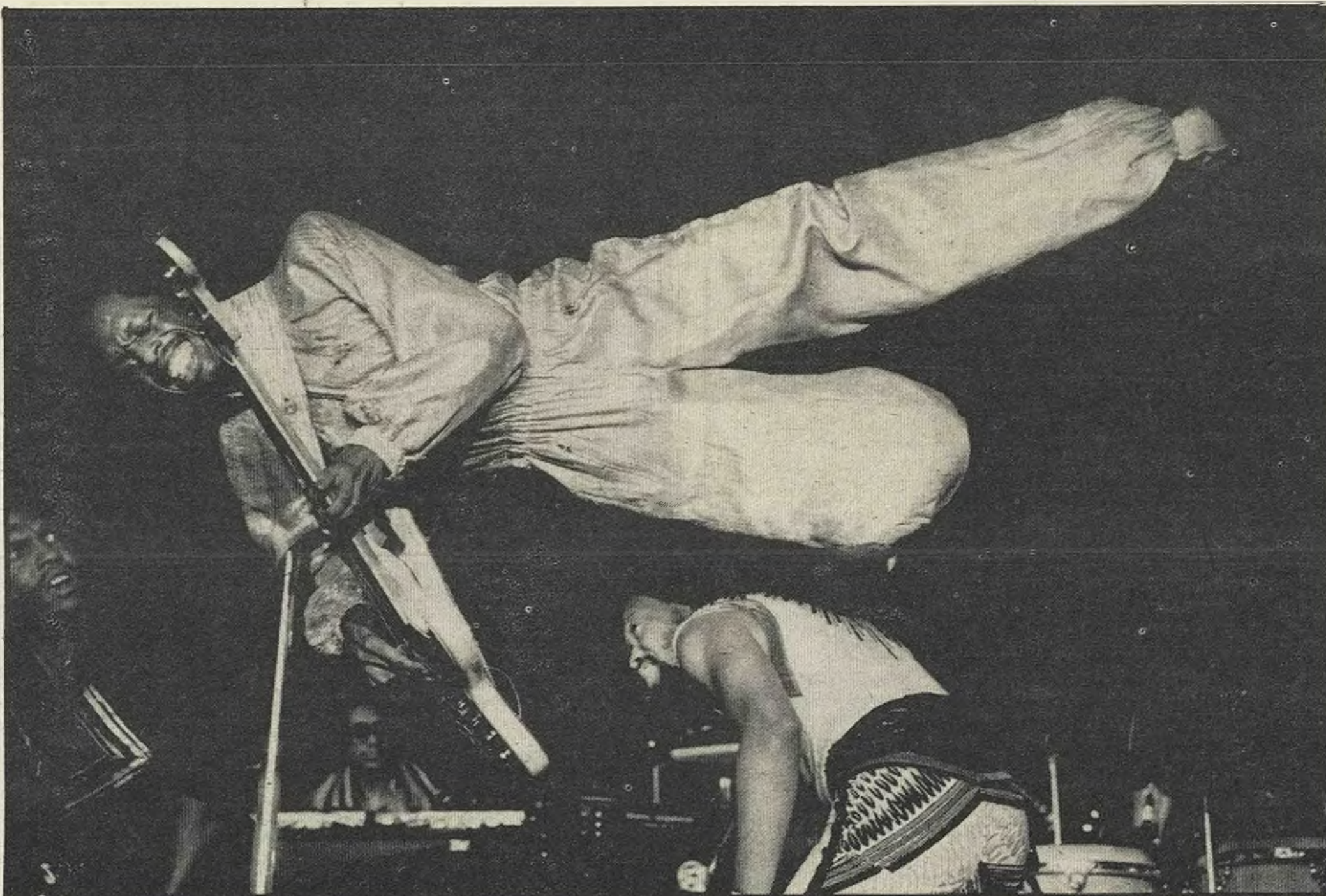
Hopefully, this isn't a one off and the Cadets stay around at least as long as it takes for Spunk to find their feet because they've got all the right moves now, but are still groping about a bit.

They are much more the conventional hard funk line up: big band, plenty of horn and millions of vocalists. Their inexperience shows in an apparent over-eagerness to please which tones down the act at times, instead of coming straight from within on every cut. Four tracks show their potential; handclaps, bass lines, marauding keyboards and guitar overridden by a careless, lazy rap. Nothing much when you look at it like that, but funk never is, it's all about a feeling and these kids have got it.

Pity every song doesn't hit that spot but, like their cover designs, it's something time alone will take care of, and in these days of having next to nothing to get out of bed for, 50 percent of an album at first try isn't at all bad.

Check the album not the 12" though, as that's where the real deal is, couple it up with The Space Cadets and you'll put England back on the one... Tune in if you funk'n!

Lloyd Bradley



EW&F get some air.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

RAISE HIGH THE COSMIC BOOTY

EARTH, WIND, AND FIRE
Raise! (CBS)

ARISE, Sir Maurice, dubbed Kalimba! You're back on form! After the epic disaster of 'Faces', with its bogus concept-album overkill and string of singles failing to even dent the American and British charts, 'Raise!' is a return to the mighty confidence of 'I Am'.

Well, almost. Actually, there's no one song, neither the formulaic single 'Let's Groove', nor the frantic 'Lady Sun', nor the spattered rock of 'Changing Times', which stands up to, at any rate, the first side of that masterpiece. There's no 'Let Your Feelings Show', no 'Can't Let Go', and nothing slow that so much as touches the grandeur of 'After The Love Has Gone'.

But so what? Maurice is still one of cosmic funk-rock's great commercial producers, and 'Raise!' is a thundering collection of the best noises around, urgent, controlled, and meticulously glossy. Horns pump and spurt in golden ecstasy, percussion stamps and cracks through the usual mass of

nibbling guitars and synthesizers, and White's voice is as strong and soaring as ever.

Sometimes time is tight but a bit trite, as on 'My Love' or 'Wanna Be With You', but you're still left holding a non-stop rock disco symphony of immaculate pressure and quality. On 'Lady Sun' and 'Evolution Orange' there are instants of such sudden pleasure and sexiness it's almost breathless. 'Kalimba Tree / You Are A Winner' runs a stunning synth programme alongside Jerry Hey's suction-pump horn arrangement and even when this drops into a blast of prime heavy metal guitar the sense of control is still magnetic.

If at first the splendour of it all seems a little blatant, rest assured that after a few plays it'll blossom into complete physical joy. 'I've Had Enough' is a perfect strike-out and for a finale 'The Changing Times' is an exhilarating hard rock thumper of an anthem, all twittering synths, bloody, splayed Les Pauls, and a massive, insistent chorus which leaves one floundering about in inter-racial chaos.

All'n'All a bit of awright. Raise the salute.

Barney Hoskyns

PRINCE
Controversy (Warner Bros)

PRINCE HAS an urge in him which sometimes comes out as a nightingale, sometimes a vulgar pierrot and then occasionally just a babyish gurgle. Here is a minstrel who sings of his bedtime succour — a modern prince, mark you — and may have the captives seduced, only to dash the accomplishment away; straddled o'er an earthquake of rocky showtime guff and peacock proud of Mr Reagan to boot.

I'm still frightened of Prince — allured by the promise, alarmed by the chintzy crud of his live routine, partially assuaged by this new 'Controversy'. Prince's value continues to lie in the merger he affects — implicit rather than explicit — of categories usually taken for granted as token dualities (love/sex, rock/soul) or as irreconcilable opposites (pleasures/politics, gaiety/acute). We will get nowhere quickly searching Prince's practice for principles of judgement: he is not uniformly lovable or loyal.

A Christian God. A God-fearing Country. The Original "funk" — Sex. Triplets which Prince plays with during the course of 'Controversy' — inconsistently, with an often absurd nobility of purpose. Prince obviously does not regard Sex, Politics and Popular Music as perverse bed (wherever) mates: they are alignable aspects of Being. The screwiest thing about 'Controversy' is the dispersed division between rosy-checked humanist and slutty-confessional; the Moral Majority will not know whether to fete or castrate this hammy spiritualist.

Prince refuses the Outlaw part offered him, detects

SOME DAY MY PRINCE WILL COME ...

nothing unnatural in his private or public affairs: his sex, his singing, are accomplices of Law and Order (in a symbolic sense) rather than crimes against it. To regard himself as indecent, a kink, devious — this would render the pleasure of his deeds a cerebral rather than sensual one, the vicarious intellectual pleasure of the away-day Outsider (a popular pose amongst rock 'n' rollers both nimble and thick) thinking he is engaged in forbidden activities. Prince believes — in some kind of God, in the onslaught of a universal love. Or is there a gag in his mouth?

To put it bluntly: Prince's prick is the source of his pride, the guarantee of his love. The fissures of the flesh intrude upon even his more visionary Political plateaux.

There can be no knowledge, Prince avers, without bodies set free from the bondage of repressive persuasions. Or, as the irresistibly titled 'Sexuality' puts it: "Sexuality is all I ever need/Sexuality — I'm gonna let my body be free."

Of course it is not wise to take this sort of stuff too literally; does a 'freed' body come that simply? Perhaps by necessity of the (word) processes of his chosen medium, any transference of his political views onto record will condense the heterogeneity of Prince into an easy entertainment, a potted provocation, little more than a glib fib. Thus transcribed he conspires or compares with Reagan and the Moral Majority not insofar as anyone is 'left' or 'right' of

the impossible centre, but because their politics are all somewhere over a rainbow... "People call me rude/I wish we all were rude/I wish there was no black and white/I wish there were no rules." ('Controversy').

When Prince gets 'explicit' about earthly as opposed to earthy powers, it's no less ambiguous: a kind of polymorphous perversion of political life. In 'Ronnie, Talk To Russia' he seems to be putting the blame squarely on those nasty Reds and urging Ronnie to play a conciliatory Audie Murphy type — pipe of peace 'n' all that — complete with the sort of advice the

bar-room whore with a heart of gold (sic) might give her avenging sheriff: "Ronnie, if you're dead before I get to meet you/Don't say I didn't warn you."

Prince's work ethic ('Let's Work') has got more to do with the subject viewed exclusively as sex machine than with the New Protestantism and in 'Annie Christian' he seems to be (that phrase again) shifting the blame back to the harbingers of New Amerika; whatever, the track in question is eerie, incorrigibly subjective and very funny (the punchlines have a lot in common with Defunkt: "Everybody say 'electric chair' — ELECTRIC CHAIR!!!"

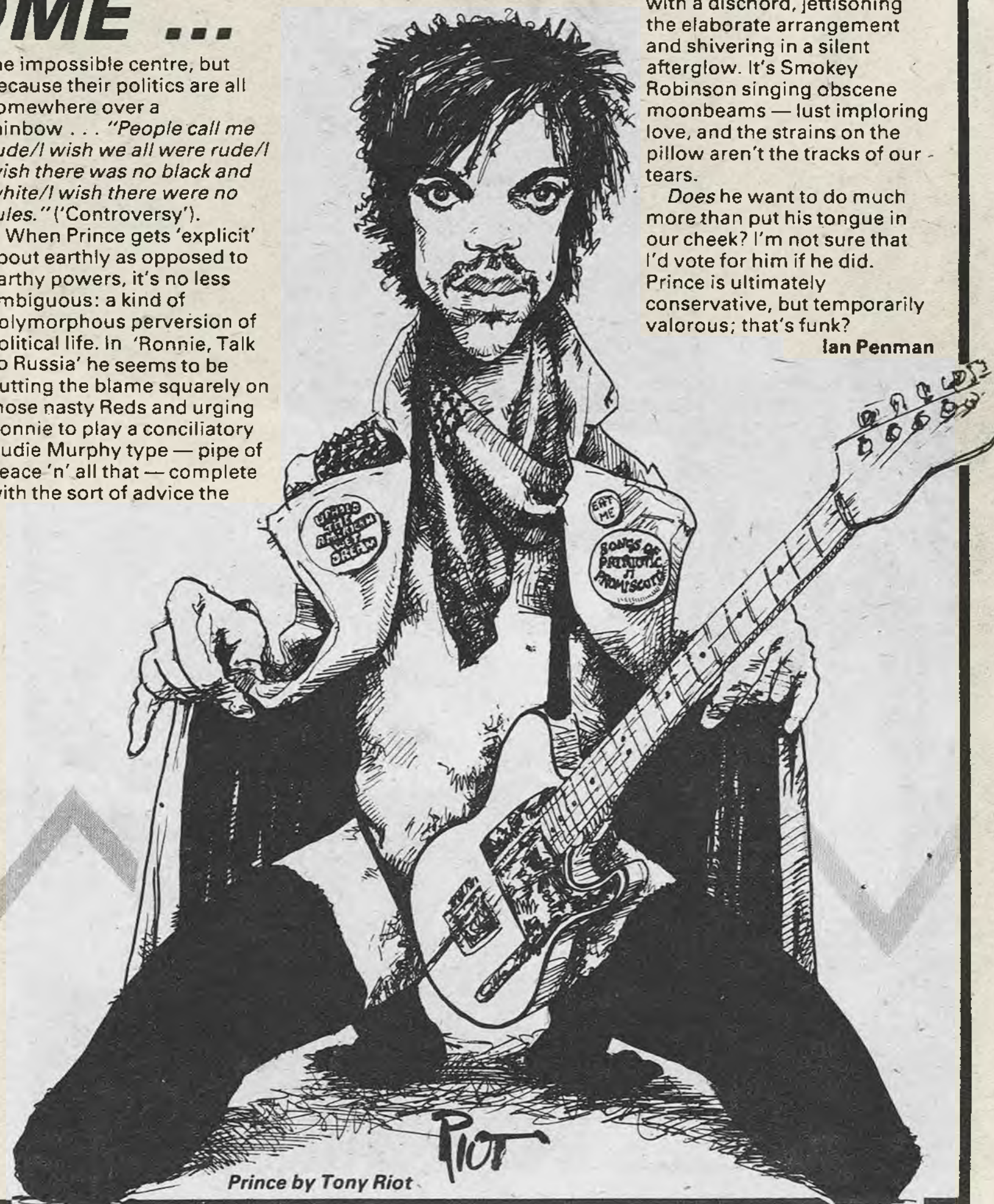
Maybe Prince is as utterly wet and naive as it all seems to unfortunately hint. He simply can't understand what all the fuss is about! Prince himself doesn't appear to be in any pain over his manifold contradictions — he doesn't even present them as such: they are present. His polemic comes in pouts rather than shouts, spouts or spurts... and perhaps he secretly realises that, of course, contradiction is ultimately more intensely 'thought provoking' than bald, blank policy statement can ever be.

So, so, 'Controversy' is packaged as a collection of quibbles and queries unified under a vaguely 'conceptual' sign. And I like it. I obsessively like two of the eight inclusions ('Do Me, Baby' and 'Annie Christian') and all in all it's a more elaborately and easily realised music than last year's 'Dirty Mind'. Prince can get really expansive with his voice (how the abstract gospel intro shifts into a sexy smoky falsetto stutter in 'Private Joy') — and his constructive appliance of synth techniques assures that the sheer aesthetic and structural power of the music — thud and skim, shudder and tightening — has as much in common with Kraftwerk as with the more obvious Hendrix and harmony funk lineage.

Sex is his shrine, and that's where Prince's confusing charm works best. 'Do Me, Baby' recalls the likes of Imagination in its slippery slipstream, but is so much better. Prince comes complete with a discord, jettisoning the elaborate arrangement and shivering in a silent afterglow. It's Smokey Robinson singing obscene moonbeams — lust imploring love, and the strains on the pillow aren't the tracks of our tears.

Does he want to do much more than put his tongue in our cheek? I'm not sure that I'd vote for him if he did. Prince is ultimately conservative, but temporarily valorous; that's funk?

Ian Penman



Prince by Tony Riot

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS

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DAVID THOMAS AND THE PEDESTRIANS
The Sound Of The Sand And Other Songs Of The Pedestrian (Rough Trade)

'THE SOUND Of The Sand' is David Thomas on a walking holiday away from Pere Ubu, its Pedestrian emphasis extending an occasional Ubu motif discernible in 'Have Shoes Will Walk', 'The Art Of Walking', and Thomas's prophetic cries of "I want my shoes... I'm gonna walk... Watch me go now" from the latter LP's 'Lost In Art'. This ambulatory trait reaches its apotheosis in 'Man's Best Friend', the track that closes 'Sand' with a heartfelt tribute to the lower extremities: "My feet are / My Special Friends. / They push me home. / They ask no questions / And they push me home."

As one of the many people who found 'The Art Of Walking' more of a plod than a jaunt, I approached 'Sand' with no little anxiety; but these new Pedestrians offer a very different outing. The first surprise is their make up. Richard Thompson (yes, that one) plays guitar and dulcimer; Young Marble Giant Philip Moxham is on bass; Anton Fier, Feele, Lounge Lizard and dedicatee of 'Datapanik In The Year Zero', is on drums and percussion; Eddie Thornton, aka Tan Tan, ex-Boney M, plays trumpet; and the only other Ubu around is synthesizer man Allen Ravenstine.

The second surprise is that such diverse and distinct styles gell so well, giving Thomas seamless, resilient yet flex-textured support. Thompson's fleeting guitar recalls the Chuck Berry / Robbie Robertson school as opposed to Ubu's heavier Muddy Waters R&B slide roots, but his ability to draw on a wealth of folk and jazz styles is even more crucial. While Pere Ubu were never an orthodox rock band, the fact that none of The Pedestrians come from a remotely mainstream rock tradition allows Thomas far greater range and freedom of expression than he's had before.

His vocal style hasn't so much changed as broadened, relishing this quieter context and taking on new subtleties so that, for instance, the edgy restraint of 'Sound Of The Sand' (track, not LP) is as moving as it is unlikely. The vocal *tour de force*, though, is Thomas's rendition of 'Sloop John B' (yes, that one) where, backed only by drums and trumpet (both of which were overdubbed later), he creates a funny, nightmarish atmosphere, varying the speed and pitch and melody as the song goes on.

As the music exists at a tangent to convention, so its sentiments carry an implicit criticism of the old rock ethos. This LP is not aggressive; it prefers to walk; it respects nature; it warns against "big dreams" and egos that go "me me me"; it admits to confusion; it believes in love in a way that is believable; it welcomes correspondence but recognises "hard questions tend to not get answered". It plays at 45 rpm.

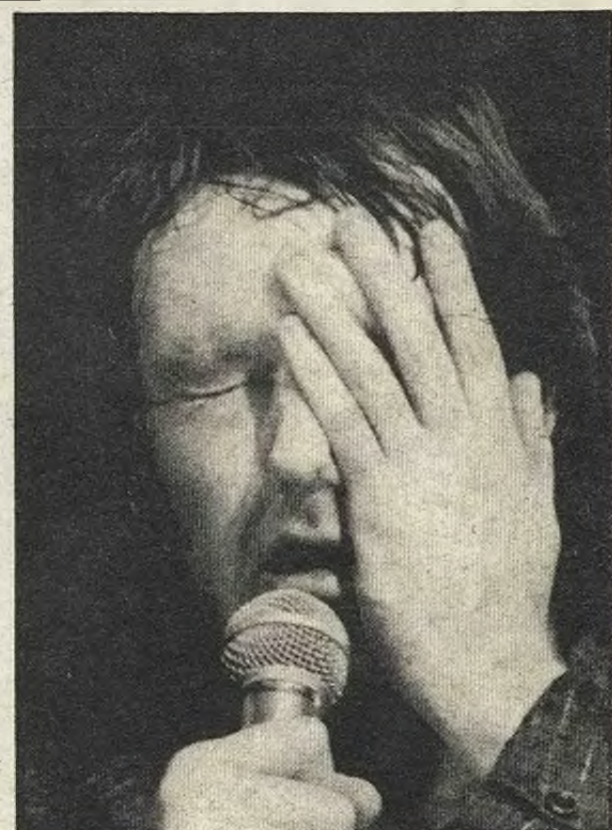
Thomas's songs have a kind of perverse naivety; a child-like simplicity dislocated and distanced just enough to stop it becoming childish or twee. His sleeve-note to 'Man's Best Friend' — "This song does not endorse Self-reliance. It merely notes a temporary relief that can be found in the doing of simple things" — could apply to the whole LP, which posits a world where birds, crickets, the sound of the sand are beneficial forces, where people dance a jig or fall down with happiness, where the answer to the question "What would you do / If all hope / Walked away?" is "Go out and bring it back". Even atomic physics is celebrated on 'The New Atom Mine', which is too perversely naive for my nuclear paranoia.

The Pedestrians play on seven tracks. The Golden Palominos and The Eggs (various Pedestrians plus guests) account for three more tracks, while the remaining 'Happy To See You' features old and new Ubus in the guise of The Trees. Most tracks are embroidered by Thornton's sharp, catchy horn riffs and Thomas's worried humour. But the LP has a cohesiveness that goes beyond this; a relaxed spirit, an aura of goals achieved that Pere Ubu haven't really managed since 'The Modern Dance'. It's idiosyncrasy and its sense, its discipline and its humanity, are rare and valuable assets in a rock world currently plagued by posers and pseudo-funk.

Don't let David Thomas And The Pedestrians walk on by.

Graham Lock

Old Lags Make Good...



DR. FEELGOOD
Casebook (Liberty)

HOW DO they do it? Nine Below Zero, Little Roosters, Red Beans And Rice, The Blues Band... the list of pretenders to the dusty R&B throne presents a sad litany of boogie bands grinding rhythm to a blue and bound up on an eternally short circuit. The Feelgoods, though, they made sure they stayed with the immortals. Lee Brilleaux tips you the wink, gets in some more IPA and — well, time for another record? Why not?

The Feelgoods might not stand for analysis; still, it's not all that hard to see how they've stayed the course (for nine years — that's some feat for a crew of Saturday night ravers). 'Casebook', 16 tracks in a probably belated best-of, sets out all the evidence. Formula music — like The Isley Brothers and Joy Division — driven on by one of the great rhythm sections, Dr Feelgood's obsessions (drink, women and drink) are played as a way of life, not just a genre flirtation. A hedonism unaffected by the foppish trappings of a current vogue has its place too.

Anyway, it's not as if Dr Feelgood have been content with grimy R&B status. This is also a pop group, if of a different temperament to the frail ones who now hold the stage. Hence their association with a knowing old dog like Nick Lowe, whose assistance resulted in delirious belters like 'She's A Windup' and 'Milk And Alcohol' (as well as 'That's It, I Quit', a favourite whose absence I rather regret).

You want disposability, the heat of the moment, you go to 'Hong Kong Money' or the latest 'Waiting For Saturday Night', which shows Johnny Guitar stepping into the Wilko/Mayo lineage without trouble. You want existential mayhem, you hear 'Put Him Out Of Your Mind' (who is this 'Him'?) or the daft 'No Mo Do Yakamo', actually another scandalous omission. From the scratchy Wilkoisms of 'Roxette' and 'Back In The Night' to the chrome finish of 'Saturday Night', Dr Feelgood tune the machine but use the same motor. The real title of this record is 'Another Bacon Sandwich'.

Richard Cook

Or Stay Shaky...



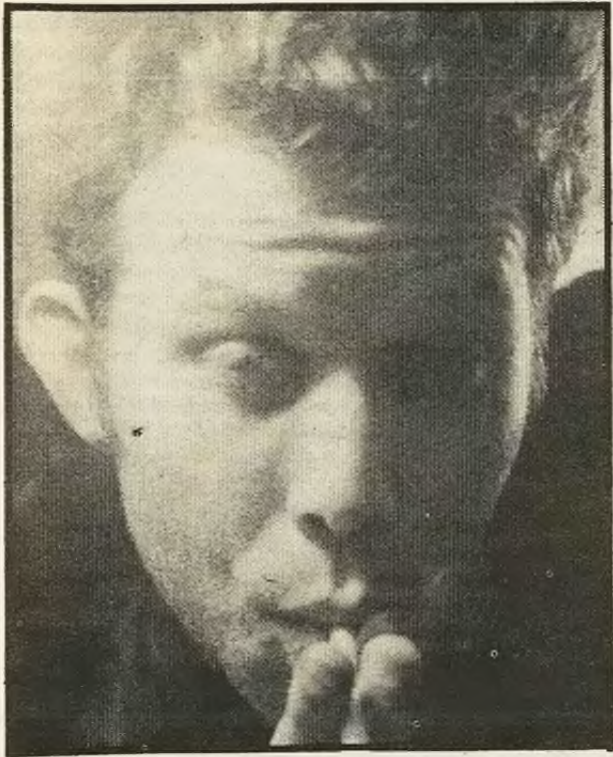
SHAKIN' STEVENS
Shaky (Epic)

IT'S THE first LP he's made as a big, big star. Three of its songs are already hits ('You Drive Me Crazy', 'Green Door' and 'It's Raining') and one or two more could easily do likewise. And the assurance of success seems to shine throughout the sound: sparkling, polished and confident.

Half of it written by Stevens himself, the material is predictably period in its inspiration, but given Stuart Coleman's crisply contemporary production gloss, it all merges comfortably into standard '81 daytime radio noise. As usual, Stevens and Coleman round up a respectable selection of studio musicians, get loose and get on with it.

And you know the results: formulaised fun, bland and bouncy.

Paul Du Noyer



TOM WAITS
Bounced Cheques (Asylum)

THE TITLE is a bit of a slap round the chops to the buyer and a fair summation of the album's contents. 'Bounced Cheques' is a retrospective compilation of Waits material from 1974's 'The Heart Of Saturday Night' to last year's 'Heartattack And Vine' set but is cruelly made a must for the Waits' aficionado by the inclusion of the previously unreleased 'Mr Henry'.

Marketing-wise, then, it's a rather callous stroke but, for latecomers to the special creativity and often peculiar stylisms of Tom Waits, the album is a good place to become acquainted with the width of his preoccupations and the depth of his visions.

It's a world peopled by the characters of 'Emma's 49er' in 'Eggs And Sausage' from 'Nighthawks At The Diner' — 'I'm in a melodramatic nocturnal scene/I'm a refugee from a disconcerted affair.' They spill out into the street in 'Heartattack And Vine' and they take their dreams and their hopes with them to the depths of the crazy dissolving American dream and tear the heart out of the damn land in 'Burma Shave'.

Waits is a jazz-sweetened schemer and masterful dream diviner with a respect for dream and aspiration which parallels the best torch song composers (like Cole Porter and Sammy Cahn) — his beautiful 'I Never Talk To Strangers' duet with Bette Midler is conclusive proof of this — but he also acknowledges reality and inadequacy. On 'Tom Traubert's Blues' he says "No I don't want your sympathy/The fugitives say that the streets/Aren't for dreaming now/Manslaughter dragnets and ghosts that sell memories/They want a piece of the action anyhow go" and pinpoints the malaise which swirls like a murky mist around the idyllic armchair viewed 'street' of popularised misconception.

'Burma Shave' and 'Heartattack And Vine' (with its Paradise Lost aphorism — "Don't you know there ain't no devil/There's only God when he's drunk") both show Waits' awareness, cold evocative visions and his ability to do something useful with oddly matched and what are often, on the face of it, constricting musical formats.

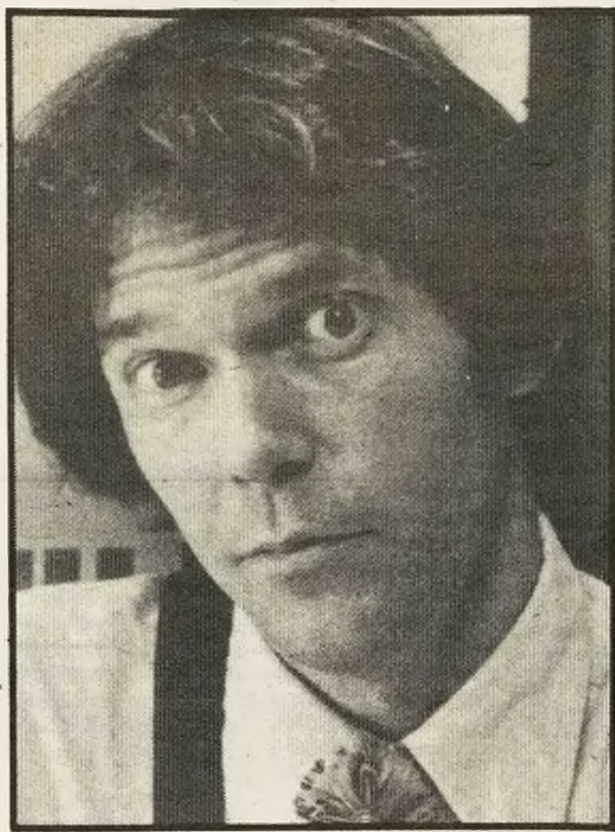
It's sad then that, amidst all this bleeding humility, savaged desire and spinning, celestial Kerouac-clarified narratives, it's been seen fit to include the totally disposable snooze-along-a-lush myth 'The Piano Has Been Drinking', which is an unreleased live improvisation — Waits getting caught up in himself and taking the sort of liberties that are best left to retiring showbiz superstars.

However, coming on strong in a cast which includes the cute 'Jersey Girl', the wild, funny and snapping 'Whistlin' Past The Graveyard' and the rolling bejewelled prose of 'Diamonds On My Windscreen', as well as those tracks already mentioned, 'Mr Henry', an outtake from 'Heartattack And Vine', shows great promise for the next album.

Especially notable on the latter song is Waits' expressive vocal performance, which takes in many moods in a short space of time and shows him moving away from the stubborn and overbearing vocalese he's nurtured in the past, into an area which could win him many new admirers. For all its pluspoints I can't see 'Bounced Cheques' attracting many of those.

Gavin Martin

Better, Or The Same



NEIL YOUNG AND CRAZY HORSE
Reactor (Warner Bros)

I ALMOST wish there had been a day the music died, because out there on the West Coast the addled musical community make it die every day for their own benefit. Neil Young is an exception: he may have contributed to the dire state of current American music, but he's also fought against — well, commented on with a cry — the process which made it that way.

A couple of years ago his 'Rust Never Sleeps' album was less a surprise than a continuation of what Young had always been about: re-assessing and self-assessing, without an overdose of narcissism. In fact, the advent of punk and new wave gave him an excuse to be voyeur, interpreter of past musical myths, and social realist all at the same time — "Welfare mothers make better lovers," etc.

'Reactor' sets the several sides of Young in motion with a vengeance, especially the ragged riffing of 'Opera Star', "You were born to rock", sings Young; but he never revels in the mythology of the situation: there's a savage ironical chorus of "Ho-Hos". Young doesn't want to feel comfortable, prefers a beat to an exact drum sound, and entices the band to play with more desperation than energy: hey, hey, it's better to work out than sound like finished product.

Unfortunately, the album doesn't quite live up to its opener. 'Surfer Joe And Moe The Sleaze' tries sharpening up Springsteen's 'Spirits In The Night' but introduces ironies only to fall over them. 'T-bone' has more of an ironical balance: good times are reversed, and '30s and '40s hungry blues re-written in grotesque captions ("Got mashed potatoes/Ain't got no t-bone" repeated ad nauseam) by a financially fat man — who knows it. 'Get Back On It' tries more of the same, but is a boogie bore, just as 'Southern Pacific' is Young's archive piece, a tedious re-meet of Casey Jones and a Ghost Rider on a Mystery Train. Young and band are much more at home on 'Motor City' and 'Rapid Transit', burlesque rockers crippled by feedback and whining vocal bewilderment: "Every wave is new until it breaks."

So far so good — even if some of the best riffs this side of Tom Petty have to go with the most appalling short solos. But then comes the complete blow-out: 'Shots'. Young can never resist trying to make an epic on each album an up-date of 'Down By The River'. But it can't be done: the form won't take it, especially when the themes are so soured and paranoid. There's no expansiveness here, just Young stretched miserably over a rolling rhythm and storm sounds, messed up even more by the search for the Transcendental Riff, the Holy Grail.

Forgive him these Pythonesque moments. On the other cuts, he knows better. Which is a lot more than his peers know.

Paul Tickell

EURYTHMICS *In The Garden (RCA)*

THE TOURISTS may be one of the least nostalgia-inducing groups I can remember. Eurythmics are Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart — two leading lights of the aforesaid group. So it's a little uncomfortable to report that I've had my prejudices shunted somewhat and yes, this album really is okay.

It's more: it's very good. For Lennox and Stewart, it's a welcome step forward from that shrill and arthritic

powerpop into mature music of subtle shades and true fluency. Conny Plank produces, instrumentalist Holgar Czukay contributes (as do Can drummer Jaki Liebeck and Blondie's Clem Burke.) And though no doubt the Teutonic two confer some prestige and precision on the project, its success can fairly be credited to the former Tourists themselves.

So what went right? Pretty well everything. The arrangements are delicately hypnotic; the duo's writing goes for a sophistication that doesn't try too hard,

soothingly evocative of moods and atmospheres. And while the melodies are strong (favourites of mine being 'Never Gonna Cry Again' and 'Belinda'), Annie Lennox's vocals are mellow and understated — making for an often intriguing combination.

As a whole, the LP isn't entirely free of the trite and the repetitive, for example the sung-in-French 'Sing Sing'. But the lapses are limited, and there's enough of quality to suggest that these two Tourists, at least, have finally come home.

Paul Du Noyer

JERRY HARRISON FROM TALKING HEADS

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GQ
Face To Face (Arista)

LONG TIME no heard — remember 'Disco Nights'? Here's another classic, 'Shake', as good as Heatwave at their most methodically Tempertonian: starts off with a 'You're Too Late' piano chop, feeds into a staggered, spilling bass drive, woodblock handclaps, drunken waltzing strings, and winds up on a tiny, expert jewel of a rap.

The rest is a bit too soft, a bit too sweet, but there's a bearable rock-reggae on 'You Put Some Love In My Life', a big boogie smacker on 'Boogie Shooogie', and a languorous hanging gardens of doo-wop on 'Sad Girl'.

Barney Hoskyns

T.LIFE
Something That You Do To Me (Arista)

T. LIFE was the guy behind the control desk on Evelyn King's 'Shame', though you wouldn't guess it from this. Like a lot of people he can move from the slackest funk ('Smokin'') to the trashiest disco ('I Can't Stop Dancing') without batting an eardrum. I'm slack and trashy and it still means nothing to me.

Barney Hoskyns

IT'S FAD DAD!

FAD GADGET
Incontinent (Mute)

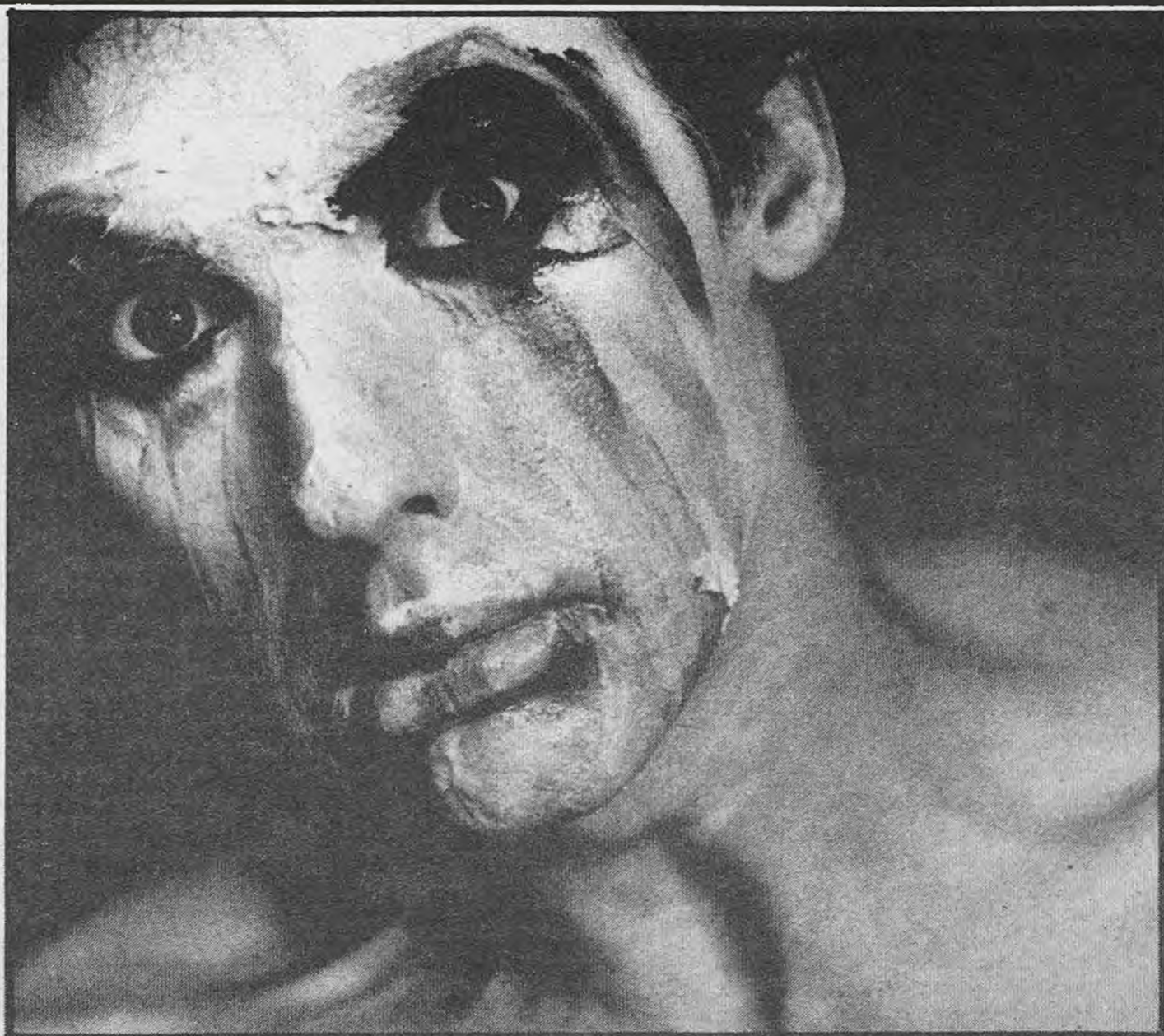
THE FIRST Fad Gadget album, like the excellent series of singles, held musical ideas and black humour in equal but disturbing balance. The unorthodox synth sounds and tolling percussion were all the more effective for bearing the stamp of Fad's own voice — human, but too fascinated by the grotesque to be humane. Fad as a gothic inner visionary version of Iggy?

'Incontinent' — as you'd expect from an album recorded at the same studio and with many of the same musicians as the first — is more an enterprise of consolidation than adventure. At times it's even plain disappointing, especially the instrumental title track which could easily be re-named 'Trivia' and stuck on the B-side of Soft Cell's unimaginative piece of avant-funk 'Memorabilia'. Other cuts on the first side are little better, especially when drummer Nick Cash keeps a tom-tom rolling beat. The ponderousness is truly oppressive during 'Swallow It' and 'Saturday Night Special' when Fad trades off his reputation for perverse lyrics rather than living up to it.

Side one may draw close to self-parody, but side two (maybe with the exception of the sinister, whispering hissing mood music of 'Manual Dexterity' and 'Diminished Responsibility') is a more exhilarating prospect. Even tempo-wise it's more up: listen to 'King Of The Flies' with its atonal steel drum. This is the kind of understated musical dislocation which Fad feeds off best, and there's more evidence of it with the guitar of 'Plain Clothes'.

'Innocent Bystander' is even better: it's the song's simplicity which moves, with Fad articulating that he can't hide from the stares of types (you and me, the audience?) who'd be content to sit and watch blood clot after an accident. The brooding nature of the material (check the sleeve with Fad as evil Punch and Fallen Angel) is off-set by female backing vocals and exultant piano. If only the rest of the album had this kind of control. What's the title, again?

Paul Tickell



Take it easy greasy. Fad by Anton Corbijn.

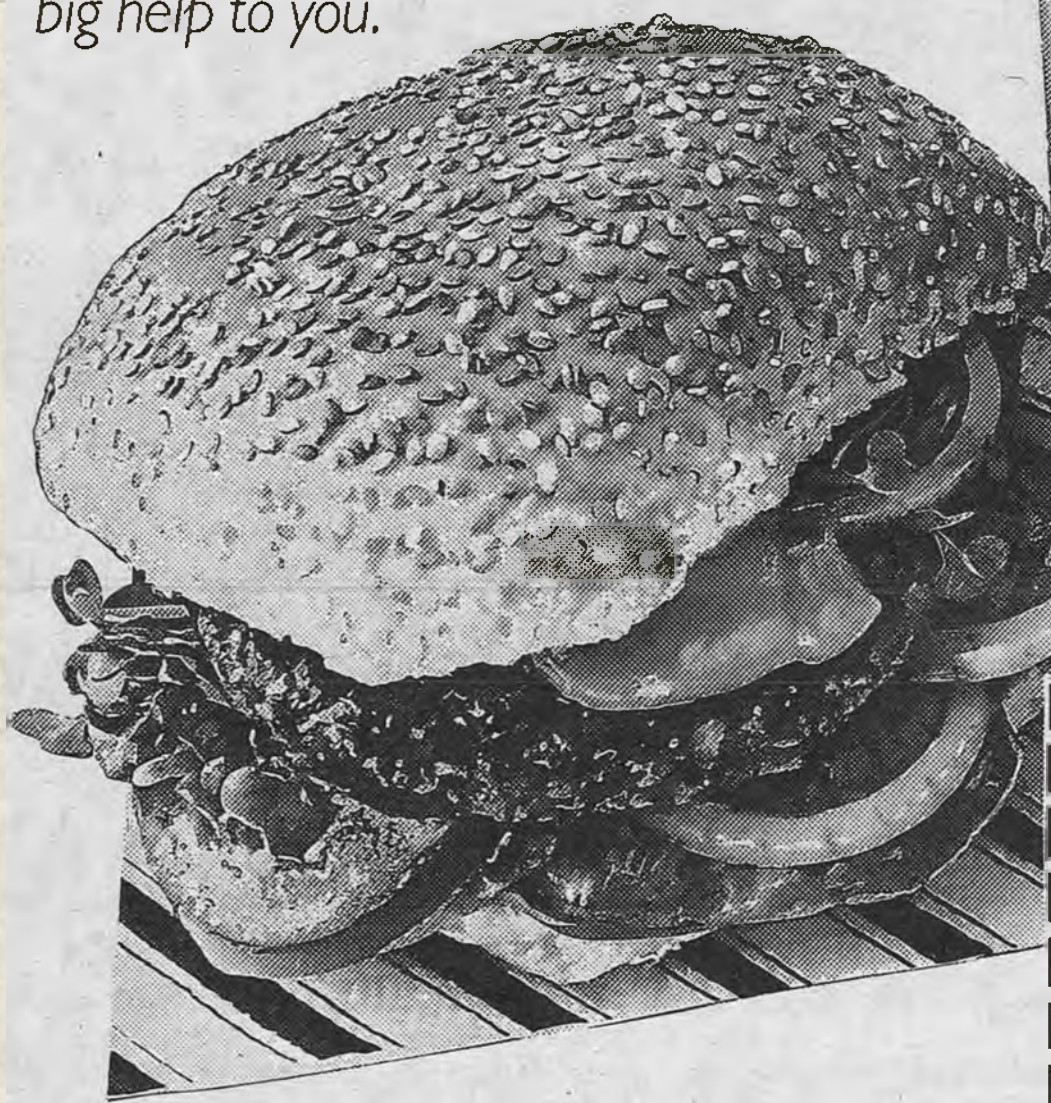
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POISON GIRLS Total Exposure (Xntrix)

THIS album marks a convenient space from which to view those Poison Girls, the fury, the anguish and the theory.

That Poison Girls want to change the world is something they should be very proud of. Delve deeper, and we read that this is not 'politics' or 'movements' so much as 'Your Life'. They want you to start acting differently. The world is in your hands, if you're prepared to believe it. Poison Girls use pop music for purposes of education.

It is nice to discover that Poison Girls do not patronise their fans. (Yes, I think they are fans). They are not content to reduce the question of: The World — Nice Or Nasty? to a simple matter of Us-together against Them-together. I believe that Poison Girls are not taken in by the elementary, catch-all solution that persuades people never to look to themselves for the answers. They want to persuade us to see through the con, look beyond our range of planned destinies and defy them. Defiance

brings unity, brings improvement.

A Poison Girls concert slapped onto a record: turn up, join in and opt out.

Poison Girls, a group, an image and some songs (like all the others) are a complete idea only in conjunction with Poison Girls, the vision, the intent, the quest. This makes it difficult to appreciate them except in terms of values like 'honesty' and 'purity'.

I'm not too sure about this strategy. Often, the only effect of their fierce noise and virulent delivery is numbness and a headache. The tone of undiminished aggression at all costs not only seems obsessive, but belies the existence of anything else. Poison Girls do not offer inspiration. You wouldn't know that contempt is not enough. The harshness, and the ugly texture, overwhelm any seeds of tenderness. 'Persons Unknown', 'Don't Go Home Tonight', 'Tension'; these are all shrewd and stirring messages. But the whole leaves only a sense of abandon. Bitterness swamps all. Bravado and stance smother hope and vision.

The method sells the meaning short.

Dave Hill

SUN RA Nuits De La Fondation Maeght Volume 1 (Recommended)

INSTRUCTION to the Peoples Of Earth: This is your opportunity, your chance to take up the quest, to adopt the Solar-Myth Approach, to gaze on the pictures of infinity. The doors of the horizon are thrown back, its bolts are unbolted: Sun Ra and his Arkestra!

Or maybe just a little trip to Saturn. 'Nuits De La Fondation Maeght' is the 19-strong Arkestra in St Paul-de-Vence in 1970. Something to show up the new psychedelia: Ra was into mind-expansion 25 years ago, but time and space are the playthings of the Saturnian eminence. By spinning the fusty old big band cadaver on its head and still retaining a discipline as awesome as that of the Magic Band, the master has an alternative musical universe at his command.

Sun Ra: to have the impossible beat by reinventing the possible. The second side's electronic wonderland of 'The Cosmic Explorer' is a colossal indulgence that unbelievably works because it's so

determinedly out there. Ra sidesteps everybody else's way with a synthesizer and goes for the craziest and most outlandish burbling and sonic windstorms imaginable, as if it were — a toy! Of course it is! Just when you think it can go no further, the Arkestra horns thunder in like a boulder through a greenhouse roof.

Elsewhere, there is an exhortation to join the space-world ('Enlightenment') a short display of Ra's pianism ('The Star Gazers') and 'Shadow World', a black box of galvanic percussion over which the horns gyrate and John Gilmore is outraged enough to overblow a grisly, disembowelling tenor solo.

This is not one of the great Sun Ra records (Volume 2 is better, in fact) — it doesn't take off the way the Arkestra usually can, ploughing across dimensional barriers; it doesn't make plain the great sweep of the Ra continuum. Given the disgraceful difficulty in obtaining Ra waxings, though, it's still necessary, even if only as a stepping stone to 'Angels And Demons At Play', 'Live At Montreux', 'Omniverse' or 'Strange Celestial Road'. Give up your death for him!

Richard Cook

LIGHTNING STRIKES

KING TUBBY & ROOTS RADICS Dangerous Dub: King Tubby Meets The Roots Radics (Copasetic)

SCIENTIST & ROOTS RADICS Scientist Meets The Roots Radics (Salena)

Again??? I do believe these gentlemen already know each other. Roots Radics are currently reggae's top session band, and King Tubby and Scientist are dub masters of different generations. On the appropriately titled 'Dangerous Dub', King Tubby delivers a series of ominous, brooding dubs which are highly appropriate to the Radics' solid, unflashy style, but their music lends itself equally well to Scientist's more buoyant, upful approach. Radics also provided the rhythms for Scientist's highly acclaimed 'Scientist Meets The Space Invaders' set for Greensleeves, and the whole schmear is taken to its (il)logical extreme on an even newer package entitled — believe it or not — 'Scientist Rids The World Of The Evil Plague Of Vampires'. What next?

Charles Shaar Murray

SAD CAFE Ole (Polydor)

THESE seven well permed Mancunians get more eclectic and LA every day — like Racey playing The Eagles playing Dr John. Have Sad Cafe cracked the US market yet? And does anyone give a toss apart from the band themselves and their bank manager?

Paul Tickell

PATTI AUSTIN Every Home Should Have One (Qwest)

ON THIS album's liner notes Quincey Jones reckons 'I feel I've always known and loved Patti'. He actually meant that. So, the last thing he should have done was to produce a record for her. Surprisingly though, 'Every Home Should Have One' isn't swamped by the overbearing production that has become his trademark. In fact it isn't anything, and apart from letting you know that Patti Austin has a good voice it's instantly forgettable. Perhaps next time, if she doesn't try it herself, she'll use a producer with a bit of bottle.

Lloyd Bradley

REX SMITH Everlasting Love (CBS)

THE SUNKISSED virility and Oil Of Ulay sensitivity so tamely presented as Rex Smith on the cover shops, together contrive a result akin to John McEnroe under medical hypnosis. The music is similar, though possibly worse.

Dave Hill

MIKE BATT Six Days In Berlin (Epic)

AN UNSPEAKABLY tedious, stupid, spiritless, spineless, worthless job lot of multi-musical fusion idiocy. The sleeve humour turns your stomach. File next to 'War Of The Worlds', 'Love Songs' by The Beatles, and 'Evita'.

Dave Hill

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by DEREK JOHNSON TOUR NEWS

LINE-UP FOR EASTER C&W

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, Don Williams, Marty Robbins, Jerry Lee Lewis and Roy Orbison are among artists confirmed for the annual Country Music Festival, to be staged at London's Wembley Arena next Easter (April 9-12). It's the 14th year of the event, promoted by Mervyn Conn and this time sponsored by Silk Cut — and as usual, there will subsequently be extensive TV and radio coverage. The line-up of artists at present is:

FRIDAY (April 9): Kris Kristofferson, Mel Tillis, Earl Scruggs, Billy Swan, Guy Clarke, The Dillards, Jerry Foster, Cynthia Clawson.

SATURDAY (10): Boxcar Willie, Porter Wagoner, Roy Clark, Kitty Wells, Jimmy C Newman, George Hamilton IV, The Wilburn Brothers, Grandpa Jones, Rose-Marie, Roxon Roadshow.

SUNDAY (11): Marty Robbins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Ronnie Prophet, Lloyd Green, Terri Gibbs, Razzie Bailey, Wendy Holcombe, Tom Gribben & The Saltwater Cowboys.

MONDAY (12): Don Williams, Roy Orbison, Jeannie C Riley, Alabama, The Superpickers, Lonnie Donegan, Terry Mc Millan, Mary Bailey.

Prices have been reduced for the 1982 festival, and the range is £5.50 — £17.50 (one day), £19 — £33 (two days), £28 — £49 (three days) and £36 — £65 (four days), with tickets already available. The festival package will also be travelling on to the Continent, to play six major European dates. Additionally in the adjacent Wembley Conference Centre, there will be a gospel concert on Good Friday (9) and a 'Best Of British Country' bill on Easter Monday (12) — both free to holders of festival tickets.

MORE MANOEUVRES

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES in The Dark have now virtually sold out their current UK tour, including the extra dates which were added recently, so they've added two more London shows — at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on December 4 and 5 (tickets £4.50, £4 and £3.50). These are preceded by another new date at Nottingham University on December 3 (all tickets £3.75). OMD will also be visiting Ireland immediately before Christmas, playing Belfast Whitla Hall (December 20) and Dublin Stadium (21).

VICE SQUAD RAIDING

VICE SQUAD play a series of dates in their own right, when they complete their current tour with Anti-Pasti. They're at Birmingham Cedar Club (November 30), Liverpool Warehouse (December 2), Carlisle Market Hall (3), Hull Tower Ballroom (4), Nottingham Boat Club (5), Sheffield Limit Club (6), Middlesbrough Gaskins Plus One (8), Leeds Brannigans (9) and Manchester Devilles (10). They're also preparing a new EP for January release by EMI.

□ **MARILLION** have added Luton Mad Hatter (November 23) and Worthing Montague Theatre (27) to their extensive autumn tour, reported last month. And on November 18, they now appear at Corby Kingfisher instead of Coventry.

□ **DANGEROUS GIRLS** — the Birmingham band who, despite their name, are all male — interrupt recording sessions to play Cardiff Central Hotel (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Fighting Cocks (Saturday), Oxford St. Edmund's Hall (November 28), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (December 4), Birmingham Golden Eagle (10) and Dudley J.B.'s (11).

□ **HANOI ROCKS** are rated as one of the hottest Scandinavian properties of the moment, and are currently the top live band in Sweden and Finland. They arrive in London this week to record an album for Armageddon Records and, during their visit, will be taking time out to play a few gigs in the capital. So far set are London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (this Sunday), Fulham Greyhound (November 18) and the Marquee Club (22). Several more dates, including a likely appearance at The Venue, are being finalised.

□ **RED BARON**, the top (and probably the only) Spanish heavy rock band, fly into the UK next week to record their second album at Ian Gillan's Kingsway Studios. And they'll be taking a break from recording to play London Fulham Greyhound (November 21) and London Marquee (22), the latter with Hanoi Rocks — see above. They plan a full-scale tour here in the spring, to tie in with the release of the new album.

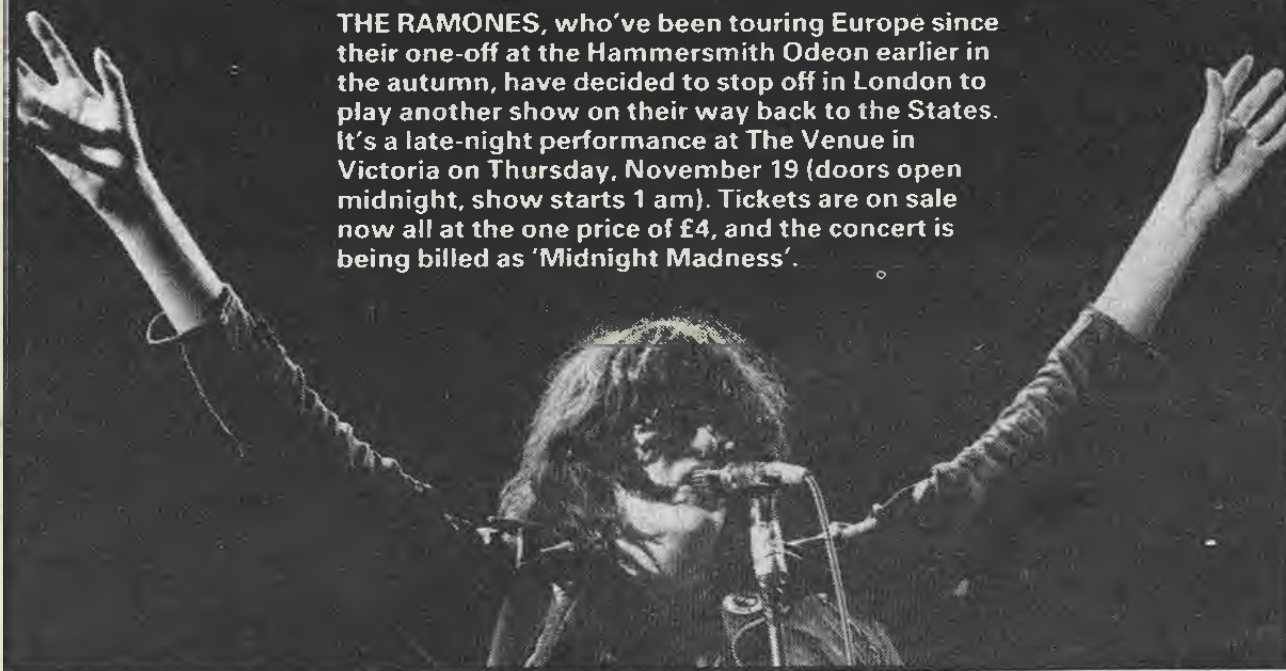
□ **RED STAR BELGRADE**, acknowledged as one of the best two bands to emerge from East Anglia during the past couple of years (the other being The Higsons), have signed with Stagecoach Records and debut material will be issued at the end of this month.

Among many gigs lined up for the group are Burton Libra Club (tomorrow, Friday), Newbridge Memorial Hall (Sunday), Uckfield New Centre (November 18), Uxbridge Pinn Inn Club (19), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (20), Wollaston Nags Head (21), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (24), Wokingham Angie's (December 3), Basingstoke Bucksin (4), Cinderford Rugby Club (5), Cambridge Great Northern Hotel (10) and Norwich Gala Ballroom (24).

RPO PLAYING QUEEN

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA and the Royal Choral Society are to perform the hit songs of Queen in a gala concert, attended by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, at London's Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday, December 8. Louis Clark, who recorded the hit album 'Hooked On Classics' with the RPO, has been commissioned to orchestrate Queen's music for the concert, which will be recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent broadcast and by EMI for release as an album. Tickets for the concert, which is in aid of the Leukaemia Research Fund, are available at the box-office priced £6, £4.50, £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50.

Ramones back in town



THE RAMONES, who've been touring Europe since their one-off at the Hammersmith Odeon earlier in the autumn, have decided to stop off in London to play another show on their way back to the States. It's a late-night performance at The Venue in Victoria on Thursday, November 19 (doors open midnight, show starts 1 am). Tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £4, and the concert is being billed as 'Midnight Madness'.

TONIC FROM THE CURE

THE CURE are administering another dose of their patent medicine, by playing a string of seven selected concerts, starting later this month and climaxing in a major London show. The dates are Edinburgh Odeon (November 26), Glasgow Pavilion (27), Bradford St George's Hall (28), Stoke King's Hall (29), Coventry Apollo (30), Brighton Dome (December 1) and London Hammersmith Palais (3). Tickets are on sale now, priced either £3.50 or £3 depending on the venue, and the outing has been arranged by the Derek Block Agency.

Slits, Dept S on the road



VAUGHN TOULOUSE of Dept S

THE SLITS hit the tour trail again next weekend, coinciding with the release of their new CBS album 'The Return Of The Giant Slits', which includes their current single 'Earthbeat'. They play Liverpool Polytechnic (November 19), Manchester University (20), Northampton County Rock (21), Hull Tower Ballroom (28), London Hammersmith Palais (30), Sheffield Lyceum (December 1), Glasgow Night Moves (3), Bradford University (5) and Brighton Top Rank (7). Tickets are now available at the venue and usual agencies, and all college gigs will be open to the general public. Further dates are being finalised.

DEPARTMENT S are playing a string of dates to boost their newly released Stiff single 'I Want' — they're at Newcastle Polytechnic (November 20), Glasgow University (21), Fife St. Andrew's University (22), Stirling University (23), Durham University (24), Keele University (25), Liverpool Polytechnic (26), Birmingham Aston University (27), Colchester Essex University (28), Norwich East Anglia University (29), Bradford University (December 2), York University (3), Leeds University (4) and London Southgate Royalty (5). They then go into the studios to record an album for New Year release.

League prepare for action

THE HUMAN LEAGUE have been spending the last few weeks rehearsing a brand new show for their previously reported UK tour, opening on November 20. They intend to add an extra keyboards player specially for the outing, though Ian Burden and Jo Callis will also be playing keyboards, with Burden feeding bass guitar through a new synthesiser arrangement.

Previous League tours have relied heavily on a taped backing, but this time only the drum backing will be taped, with all keyboards and vocals live. Visual director Philip Adrian Wright has been busy putting together a new slide show for the band's performance, which will feature all the material from their chart-topping LP 'Dare', as well as a number of tracks from their first two albums 'Reproduction' and 'Travelogue'.

To tie in with the tour, Virgin release a new League single on November 20, featuring a track from 'Dare' titled 'Don't You Want Me'.



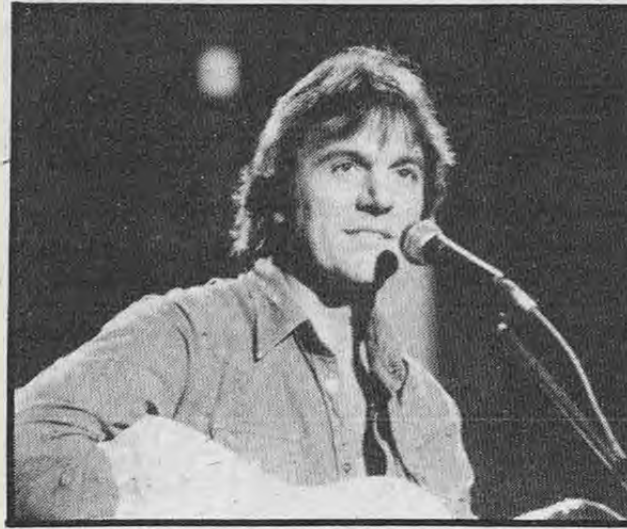
couple, with 'Seconds'. There's also a 12-inch available, which has the bonus of an extended dance treatment of the A-side.

The band have slotted in an extra gig at Stafford Bingley Hall on December 21 — all tickets £4.50, by post (with

SAE) from Mike Lloyd Artists Ltd, 23 High Street, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs.

Two Irish dates have been added to the tour schedule — Cork City Hall (December 14) and Belfast Ulster Hall (16).

McTELL MISSION



RALPH McTELL sets out on his annual concert tour this weekend, playing Dublin Olympia (November 15), Manchester Palace (16), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (18), Norwich St Andrew's Hall (19), Cambridge Guildhall (22), Coventry Belgrade Theatre (23), New Brighton Floral Pavilion (24), Newcastle New Tyne Theatre (25), Ashington Leisure Centre (26), Edinburgh Playhouse (27), Aberdeen West Hill Inn (28), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (29), Poole Arts Centre (December 2), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (3), Oxford Apollo (6), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (7), Stafford Gatehouse Theatre (8), London Tottenham-Ct Rd Dominion (13), Birmingham Town Hall (16), Derby Assembly Rooms (20) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (21). The London Dominion show is the fifth annual concert in aid of children's charities by McTell, whose new single 'England' has just been released.

HAGAR STORM THIS WINTER

SAMMY HAGAR returns to the UK early in the New Year for a 13-date concert tour, climaxing in two major London shows. His schedule comprises St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (January 23), Southampton Gaumont (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Sheffield City Hall (26), Glasgow Apollo (28), Newcastle City Hall (29), Liverpool Empire (31), Birmingham Odeon (February 2), Ipswich Gaumont (4), Lancaster University (6), Manchester Apollo (7) and London Hammersmith Odeon (9 and 10).

Ticket prices are £4.50 and £4 (London), £4 only (Lancaster) and £4 and £3.50 (all other venues) — and they are on sale now, except at Bristol where the box-office doesn't open until January 4, although postal bookings are being accepted immediately. Hagar's new album 'Standing Hampton', his first for Geffen Records, will be issued in early January as a prelude to the tour — it contains his current single 'Heavy Metal' as well as his upcoming single, a re-working of the classic 'Piece Of My Heart'.

● STYX were forced to cancel their show at Stafford Bingley Hall last Friday, because their lead guitarist James Young was unwell. The gig has now been re-scheduled for December 6, after their European tour, and existing tickets remain valid.

JAZZ-FUNK CORNER:

Incognito clubbing

INCOGNITO have now confirmed seven more dates, in addition to their headliner at London Victoria The Venue on November 21 — which, as reported last week, is one of several gigs lined up to showcase the Beggars Banquet jazz-funk compilation 'Slipstream'. The group also play Nottingham Madisons (November 19), Canvey Island Goldmine (20), Dunstable Tiffany's (22), Dartford Flicks (26), London Southgate Royalty (27), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (28) and Gillingham Central Hotel (29), with further dates being finalised. Besides leader and guitarist Paul Maunick and his new singer Tessa Webb, the tour band will consist of Roger Thomas (sax), Randy Taylor (bass), Trevor Murell (drums) and Errol Reed (keyboards).

Heatwave in November

HEATWAVE, whose new album is due out on the Epic label in the New Year, precede its release by undertaking their first UK tour for three years. They play Poole Arts Centre (November 20), Torquay 400 Club (21), Slough Fulcrum Centre (22), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (23), Southend Talk Of The South (24), Norwich Penny's (27), Skegness Festival Theatre (28), Southport Theatre (29), Southampton Top Rank (December 1), London Victoria The Venue (2), Reading Top Rank (6) and Brighton Top Rank (7).

STOP PRESS: TOYAH

TOYAH has added another date to her pre-Christmas tour — at Brighton Centre on December 17. All tickets £4, on sale from this Saturday (14).

□ **MISTY IN ROOTS** undertake a short Scottish tour over this weekend, visiting Stirling University (tonight, Thursday), Dundee University (Friday), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (Saturday), Edinburgh Playhouse (Sunday) and Glasgow Mayfair (next Monday).

□ **THE NEWS BEAT** are the top new-wave band in Japan, where their record sales exceed five million. And next week they fly into London specially to play three nights at the Marquee Club (November 18-20), which are to be recorded for a live album. There will be a special low admission price of £1.

□ **TANDOORI CASSETTE** — the new band featuring Zal Clemenston, Charlie Tumahai, Barriemore Barlow and Ronnie Leahy (who, incidentally, don't wish to be known as "a supergroup"! — have added two more dates to their debut tour, reported last week. They are London Kensington Royal College of Art (November 19) and Portsmouth Polytechnic (December 10). Their gig on November 17 is now at London Southbank Polytechnic, not Thames Polytechnic.

Radiation changes

A FEW changes have been made in the tour schedule by the package featuring Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers, The Bureau and The Mo-dettes — billed as 'The Good, The Bad And The Ugly' — announced last week. Extra dates have been slotted in at Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (November 30), Leicester Polytechnic (December 6), Liverpool Warehouse (15) and Cardiff Top Rank (20); and Oxford Scamps (November 30) and Liverpool Zoo Club (December 7) are now cancelled. A special white label EP of the Roddy Radiation band's first three demo recordings is being pressed, and will be available only at tour venues.

GOLDEN LION CHARITY WEEK

LONDON'S Golden Lion in Fulham is sponsoring another charity week this year (December 1-8), with all proceeds going towards the 'Help A London Child' campaign, co-promoted by Capital Radio. And once again, there'll be a "rock raffle", with such prizes as Jimmy Page's autographed acoustic guitar and a set of autographed Led Zeppelin albums — raffle tickets are available at four for £1 by post (with SAE) or in person from the Golden Lion, 490 Fulham Road, London SW6. Bands playing during the charity week will be announced shortly.

RECORD NEWS

Slade elpee

SLADE have their latest album 'Till Deaf Do Us Part' released by RCA next Monday (16), three weeks before the opening of their major pre-Christmas tour. Of the dozen tracks on the self-produced set, 11 were written by Jimmy Lea and Noddy Holder, while the other is a Dave Hill instrumental titled 'M' Hat M' Coat'.

● **Jerry Harrison** of The Talking Heads has his first solo album 'Red And Black' issued by Sire this week. It features various musicians who contributed to the Heads' last LP 'Remain In Light' and to their recent live appearances. A single from the album, titled 'Things Fall Apart', follows on November 20. A **Talking Heads** live album, recorded on their last tour with the extended line-up, is currently being mixed for New Year release.

● **Ozzy Osbourne**, whose UK tour begins at the end of this month, has a new single issued by Jet on November 20 — titled 'Over The Mountain', it's taken from his recently released album 'Diary Of A Madman'. The B-side is a live version of 'I Don't Know', which originally appeared on his first LP 'Blizzard Of Oz'.

● **Gregory Isaacs**, who's just completed a UK tour, has a new single released this weekend on the Pre label (through Charisma). Titled 'Permanent Lover', it's taken from his latest album 'More Gregory', and is available in both 7" and 12".

● **Birmingham band Fashion**, who previously recorded on their own independent label, have signed a worldwide deal with Arista. Their first single via this new outlet is issued this weekend in both 7" and 12", coupling 'Move On' and 'Mutant Move'.



TAXI GIRL FOR UK DEBUT

TAXI GIRL, currently the biggest record-selling band in France, are about to make their initial impact on the UK. This weekend they set out on tour as support to The Stranglers, and this coincides with the release of their first single in this country 'Cherchez Le Garçon' — it's on Virgin, to whom they've just signed for British distribution. They've just finished mixing their new album 'John Doe 1985', which will be issued shortly — and they're pictured above with Jean Jacques Burnel of The Stranglers (left), who produced the album.

● **Toyah's** producer Nick Tauber was responsible for Lorna Wright's new Radialchoice single 'Mirror Mile', which features musicians from both the Toyah and Joe Jackson bands. And it was written by Toyah's keyboards man Adrian Lee.

● **Five-piece Lancashire band The Effect** have signed to Initial Records, distributed through Pinnacle. First release is the double A-side single 'Abusing Myself' / 'Watch Me Dance'.

● **Experimental Records** is a subsidiary of the United Dairies label, and its first two albums out this month are a self-named LP by **Experiments With Ice** and the debut set by **The Shiny Men**, which features scat vocals by **Robert Wyatt**.

● **Survival Records** (through Pinnacle) release the single 'Get Integrated' / 'Technology For The Feet' by **Analysis**, a group using micro-circuit computer devices. From the same label comes the second single by **The Limit**, 'Take It' / 'Do It'.

● **Five-piece band The High Tide** have their single 'Baby Dancing' out on Sunday Morning Records — price £1 (including p&p) from The High Tide, c/o Stall No. 5, Sweet Charity, Kensington Market, Kensington High Street, London W8.

● **Danny Mirror**, who had a hit four years ago with 'I Remember Elvis', has got together with Presley's backing group **The Jordanaires** to record a medley of 50 well-known Presley songs — it's called '50 x The King' and it's out this week. A single from the LP, titled '5 x The King', actually features ten songs — five on each side!

Bomp hits Britain

ONE OF America's leading independent labels, Bomp Records, has opened its own London office. It will operate as a fully fledged company, with its own promotion staff and distribution (via Pinnacle) through a network of stores and indie outlets. Initial releases will be confined to American product, but British artists will ultimately be signed and recorded by the UK wing. First release on the new label is the album 'The Original Modern Lovers', a collection of early recordings produced by **Kim Fowley** — and this will be followed by the controversial **Josie Cotton** single 'Johnny Are You Queer?' which is already a hit on the U.S. club and disco circuit.

● **Luther Vandross** has contributed backing vocals on albums by David Bowie, Bette Midler, Roberta Flack and Carly Simon; he currently sings on dozens of U.S. radio and TV commercials; and he's also a top arranger, most recently for Bowie's 'Young Americans' album. Now he appears in his own right on the Epic label, with an album and single both titled 'Never Too Much'.

● A dub compilation album called 'Wild Party Sounds' — featuring **Prince Far I**, **Judy Nylon**, **New Age Steppers**, **London Underground** and **The Mothmen** — is released by Cherry Red on November 20, along with an LP by **The Reflections** titled 'Slugs And Toads'. Singles issued at the same time are 'Taboos' by **The Passage** (12-inch) and 'Others' by **Eyefess In Gaza** (seven-inch). And the label has upcoming albums by **Thomas Leer**, **Felt** and **The Misunderstood**, among others.

● **Eddie Maelov & Sunshine Patteson**, who recently toured with Ultravox, have a three-track 12-inch out on Human Records — featuring 'Another Teardrop', 'At The Cabaret' and 'Times Are Hard'. The first two titles are also available in seven-inch form. 'At The Cabaret' introduces an unusual stereo technique in that, depending on the way the stereo balance is switched, the track gives the impression of being heard either on-stage or from the audience.

TOYAH OFFERS ANOTHER FOUR

TOYAH has the follow-up to her hit single 'Thunder In The Mountains' released by Safari next Monday (16), and this time it's a four-track EP called 'Four More From Toyah'. It plays at 33rpm, comes in a picture bag and comprises all new songs, either written or part-written by Toyah herself — they are 'Good Morning Universe', 'Urban Tribesman', 'In The Fairground' and 'The Furious Futures'. The first 100,000 copies will contain a free flexi-disc featuring another new Toyah song, 'Stand Proud'. Also, a special limited edition picture disc of her chart album 'Anthem' will be available next month, in time for her previously reported Christmas concerts.

Fall augment: now six-piece

THE FALL have a double A-side single released this weekend on Kamera Records, with distribution through Pinnacle — with both titles, 'Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul' and 'Fantastic Life', written by the band's singer and leader **Mark E. Smith**. It's their first since their departure from Rough Trade, and it comes in a picture bag. With the return of drummer **Karl Burns**, the group have now increased to a six-piece — as well as taking part in a twin-drum line-up with **Paul Scanlon**, Burns will also be playing guitar and piano.

THE BUZZCOCKS are resurrected, albeit only temporarily, by way of an EMI compilation album issued this month. Titled 'Singles Going Steady', it comprises all eight singles recorded by the band for United Artists in 1977-79, both A and B sides.

IAN DURY, who has since moved on to Polydor, is to have a batch of his back material issued in compilation form by Stiff under the title of 'Juke Box Durys'. It's due out in December, but meanwhile his classic single 'What A Waste' has already been re-issued.

● Release of **Pete Shelley's** solo album 'Homosapien', originally planned for next Monday, has been put back by Island to December. This is apparently due to delays in issuing his new single 'I Don't Know What It Is', which finally made it to the shops this week.

KENNEDYS AT IT AGAIN

THE DEAD KENNEDYS have managed to surpass the excesses of their 'Too Drunk To Fuck' hit single on their new eight-track 12-inch EP titled 'In God We Trust Inc.' — released this weekend on the independent Statik label, and retailing at around £2.20. It's a blistering attack on contemporary American life, and includes such tracks as 'Nazi Punks Fuck Off' and 'Religious Vomit'. The sleeve is equally controversial, featuring Christ mounted on a cross of American dollars.



● A new **Marc Bolan** single is out this weekend on Cherry Red (through Pinnacle) titled 'Cat Black', a remixed version of a track from the album 'You Scare Me To Death' — and it's coupled with 'Jasper C. Debussy', which features such luminaries as **Led Zeppelin's John Paul Jones**, **Nicky Hopkins** and **Jim Sullivan**. Also available from this week is a full-colour picture disc of the LP 'You Scare Me To Death', featuring two previously unseen pictures of Bolan.

● **Ramkup Records** have signed singer-composer **Steve Teale**, whom they regard as a latter-day **Gerry Rafferty**. And tomorrow (Friday), they rush out his first single 'Miss Costello' / 'Parisian Girl'.

● **Birds With Ears** are currently putting the finishing touches to their debut single 'Fit To Burst' / 'Falling Apart At The Seams', to be issued by Attrix Records in late November.

● A typically verbose Virgin handout takes 300 words to tell us that **Rip Rig & Panic** have a new single issued on November 27, 'Bob Hope Takes Risks' / 'Hey Mr El A Gran Grin With A Shake Of Smile'.

● **Liverpool four-piece Afraid Of Mice** have their self-named debut album issued by Charisma on November 20. Produced by **Tony Visconti**, it contains 12 tracks, including their current single 'Pop Star'.

● **London-based band The Attendants** have a live cassette titled 'Big Night Out' available through leading independents at 99p — or by post from Tracksuit Tapes, c/o Unit One, Whitehall Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

● From this week, one of the hottest import albums of the moment — 'Morning Sun' by **Alphonse Mouzon** — is generally available in the UK on the London label (through Decca).



D.A.F., the German electro-funk duo whose full name is **Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft**, have scheduled a new single and album for Virgin release. The single is out this weekend in 12-inch form only, coupling 'Goldenes Spielzeug' (Golden Toys) with 'El Que' — and the LP 'Gold Und Liebe', recorded at producer **Conny Plank's** studio in the late summer, is out on November 20. The outfit, as featured on the LP, are **Robert Gori** (drums) and **Gabi Delgado-Lopez** (vocals). They hope to be touring Britain in the New Year, with a new stage set designed by **Conny Plank**.

BONEY BACK

BONEY M are back in action just in time for the Christmas market with a new single — which, surprisingly, is their first this year. Titled 'We Kill The World' (Don't Kill The World), it's issued by WEA this weekend. The seven-inch version is coupled with 'Boonoonoon', while on the 12-inch there's a 13-minute medley of the group's hits specially put together for the UK and called 'Six Years Of Boney M Hits'.

● **Rough Trade's** cassette arm **Rough Tapes** have two new releases this week. The first is 'Heartbeat' by former **Throbbing Gristle** members **Chris Carter** and **Cosey Fanni Tutti**. And the other is 'Beyond Jazz Funk', being a full recording of the late **Throbbing Gristle's** final London performance last December.

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(8-00 PM NORMAL SESSIONS) OR READING: QUICKSILVER RECORDS, ALDERSHOT; MEN'S RECORDS, WINDSOR; REVOLUTION, MAIDENHEAD; OPUS 1, OR £3-00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

NOT AT BRIGHTON

TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON

WEST ST, BRIGHTON

MONDAY 23rd NOVEMBER at 8-00

TICKETS £3-00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE, TEL: BRIGHTON 25895
OR BRIGHTON: VIRGIN RECORDS, POLYSOUNDS, CRAWLEY; CLOAKS, OR £3-00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

NOT AT BLACKBURN

KING GEORGE'S HALL

NORTHGATE - BLACKBURN

THURSDAY 26th NOVEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS £3-00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE KING GEORGE'S HALL BOX OFFICE, 9-00 AM - 5-00 PM.
MON-FRI (10-00 AM - 4-00 PM SAT), TEL: BLACKBURN 51887
OR £3-00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

NOT AT HANLEY

VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY

FRIDAY 27th NOVEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS £3-00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE MIKE LLOYD RECORD SHOPS: 5 LAMB ST, HANLEY (STOKE-ON-TRENT), TEL: 24641; 23 HIGH ST, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, TEL: 610940;
109 HIGH ST, TUNSTALL, TEL: 84660, OR £3-00 ON NIGHT

NOT AT PETERBOROUGH

WIRGINA STADIUM

BISHOPS ROAD, PETERBOROUGH

FRIDAY 4th DECEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS £3-00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE WIRGINA STADIUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: PETERBOROUGH 64861,
OR PETERBOROUGH & CAMBRIDGE: ANDY'S RECORDS, OR £3-00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2

SUNDAY 6th DECEMBER 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 2245.
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

JAMES BROWN

Revue

BIRMINGHAM ODEON

NEW STREET

SATURDAY 5th DECEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS £3-50, £4-50, £5-50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10-30 AM - 3-00 PM, MON-SAT.
TEL: 021 643 6101, OR ON NIGHT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6

MON TUES 7th/8th DECEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS £6-50, £5-50, £4-50, £3-50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE,
TEL: 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371.
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT.

TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON

KINGS ROAD, BRIGHTON

WEDNESDAY 9th DECEMBER at 8-00

TICKETS £4-00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE, TEL: BRIGHTON 25895 OR BRIGHTON:
VIRGIN RECORDS, POLYSOUND, SHIPWAY RECORDS, CRAWLEY; CLOAKS, OR £4-00 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

BILLY COBHAM'S

Glass Menagerie

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W6

WEDNESDAY 9th DECEMBER at 8-00

TICKETS £4-50, £3-50, £2-50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE,
TEL: 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371.
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT.

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90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

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REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 12th November (Adm £1.50)

THE GAS
Plus Cast 5 & Jerry Floyd

Friday 13th November (Adm £2.00)

PRAYING MANTIS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 14th November (Adm £1.50)

MOSCOW
PHILHARMONIX
Plus Empire & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 15th November (Adm £1.50)

A BIGGER SPLASH
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers and other Hot and Cold Snacks available

Monday 16th November (Adm £1.50)

720
Plus Elano B & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 17th November (Adm £1.50)

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Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 18th (Adm £1.00)

Thursday 19th (Adm £1.00)

Friday 20th November From Japan

Special Live Recording Of
THE NEWSBEAT
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

MARQUEE SPECIAL

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16th, 23rd, 30th
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THURS 12. FROM NEW YORK

B.M.T.s x SUPPORT
FRI 13 £2

THE BLUE CATS
x THE VETOS £3.30

SAT 14
G.T. MOORE & THE OUTSIDERS
x FUNGUS £3.30

MON 16 ZIM ZAM RECORDS
THE SWIM. STEPS.
DARTING TONGUES £1.75

ONLY LONDON SHOW FROM J.A.
DILLINGER
£3.75

WED 18
BUMBLE & THE BEEZ
x SUGGESTION £2.50

THURS 19
LARRY WALLIS & THE DANGERMEN, THE FORCE
with SEAN TYLER & DEKE LEONARD x LAST TOUCH £2.25

COMING UP... TUES 24
BELLE STARS

WED 25
KOKOMO
OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 8PM-2AM.

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW IN ASSOCIATION WITH MAM PRESENT

RICK WAKEMAN

in concert

MONDAY 23rd NOVEMBER 8pm

TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50

TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

MCD & Kiltorch presents

Rose Tattoo

plus Guests

APOLLO THEATRE, MANCHESTER
WED. 9th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B O Tel. No: 061 273 1112 3

ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM
FRI 18th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B O Tel. No: 021 643 6101

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
SAT. 19th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B O Tel. No: 01 748 4081

TBA International presents

the stranglers

with special guests
TAXI GIRL

and featuring
Mr. Spratt's 20th Century Popular Motets

RAINBOW THEATRE
Friday 4th December at 7.30pm

All tickets £4.00 from the Box Office
01-263 3148 and usual agents.

Slits



HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6

MONDAY 30th NOVEMBER at 8-00

TICKETS £3-00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3-00 ON NIGHT

IRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL

AYLESBURY

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 14th 7.30pm

NINE BELOW ZERO

+ O.K. JIVE

TICKETS: £3.00 from Earth Records, Aylesbury; Scorpion, High Wycombe; Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead; F.L. Moore, Luton & Dunstable; D.J. Holland, Leighton Buzzard & Bletchley; Hi-Vu, Buckingham; Music Market, Oxford; or £3.00 at door on night. Life Membership 25p. Reservations: Aylesbury 84568/88948.
ONE WAY STREET

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM

Tel: 0602 412544 Open 8 pm — 2 am

Thursday 12th November £2.00 adv

ALTERED IMAGES
+ Flock Of Seagulls

Friday 13th November £2.00 adv

NINE BELOW ZERO

Friday 20th November £3.50 adv

STRANGLERS

Thursday 26th November £2.50 adv

LINX

Thursday 3rd December £3.50 adv

RORY GALLAGHER

Friday 4th December £2.50 adv

ASWAD

Must be 18 years of age or over. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Way Ahead Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-records, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, AW Associates, Lincoln — In the Groove, Arnold — Rock It, Ilkeston — or by Post from ROCK CITY. PLEASE ENCLOSE SAE.

Saturday 5th December £3.00 adv

ROSE TATTOO

Wednesday 9th December £2.50 adv

THE BUREAU + THE MO-DETTES
+ Roddy Radiation

Thursday 10th December £3.00 adv

STEVE HARLEY and Cockney Rebel

Friday 11th December £3.00 adv

SQUEEZE

★ PERRY HAINES PRESENTS ★

SATURDAY 14th NOVEMBER

THE HIGSONS

plus Hotter Than Hot

THE YEOW BAND

Adm £2.50 DJ STEVE LEWIS Free Membership

All drinks 50p to 10.00pm
Best Dressed snapped for ID Mag

LONDON'S NEW DANCE CLUB

EVERY SATURDAY

ROX

ROYALTY SOUTHGATE N14
1 min Southgate Und. Stn.
Tel. 01-886 4112

Open 7 nights a week
Phone 01-684 1360

Wednesday 11th November £1.00

THE 45's
"Irresistable to even the most hardened voyeur" — Sounds, 5-part harmonies. Beach Boys? This lot are better.

Thursday 12th November £1.00

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Friday 13th November £1.00

S.A.L.T.
+ Diamond Chestnuts

Saturday 14th November £3.00

CHAS 'N' DAVE
+ Scorpio

Sunday 15th November Lunchtime Free

STARCORE
featuring Nick Barclay

Monday 16th November £1.00

KIMBO

Tuesday 17th November £1.00

FOREIGN LEGION
+ Flick of the Wrist

Wednesday 18th November £1.00

THE 45's
"Irresistable to even the most hardened voyeur" — Sounds, 5-part harmonies. Beach Boys? This lot are better.

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 12th November From Europe £2.00

GT MOORE AND THE OUTSIDERS
+ Blackheart

Friday 13th November £1.75

SUPERCHARGE + The Introze

Saturday 14th November £1.50

THE COBRA'S + Fast Eddie

Sunday 15th November 50p

MINNS & GOLD (folk duo)

Monday 16th November £1.50

THE GORILLAS + Output

Tuesday 17th November £1.50

SECTOR 27 + Support

Wednesday 18th November £1.25

From Finland

HANOI ROCKS FAMILY FODDER

NO NUKES MUSIC

THE MEMBERS+ TALKOVER+ THE PAPERS+ TONY ALLEN

BRIXTON TOWN HALL

TICKETS £2 UNEMP. £1-50

THUR. 19th NOV

MCD presents

Judas Priest

ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH

SAT & SUN 21st & 22nd NOVEMBER 7.30 p.m.

Tickets £5.00 £4.00 £3.00 Available from B/O Tel 748 4081 and usual agents

HOPÉ & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 11th November £1.00

BOP NATIVES

Thursday 12th November £1.00

TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS

Friday 13 & Saturday 14th November 1st LONDON APPEARANCE OF

RODDY RADIATION AND THE TEARJERKERS

Sunday 15th November £1.00

THE COBRAS

Monday 16th November £1.00

RHYTHM METHODISTS

Tuesday 17th November £1.00

TRIMMER & JENKINS

Wednesday 18th November £1.00

BOP NATIVES

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THE BASEMENT BAR

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

HAPPY HOUR 7-9

Thursday 12th November £1.25

007 + The Gents

Friday 13th November £2.00

DISCO

Saturday 14th November £1.75

7pm Start-Shelter Benefit

RED SHIFT: STANDARD DEVIATION
STRUCTURE: MICKEY MURPHY

Sunday Residency 15th November £1.00

LONG TALL SHORTY
+ Eddy Steady Go & Jerry Floyd

Monday 16th November £1.00

THE SOLICITORS + The Pests

Tuesday 17th November £1.00

Heavy Rock With

WHITE NOICE + First Offence

Thursday 18th November £1.25

THE EXCITERS + Lino's Lost Patrol

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We apologise for the reduction of last weeks ad.

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ROOM PRESENTS

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WISHBONEASH

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

FRIDAY 20th NOVEMBER 8pm

TICKETS £3.00 in advance £2.50 on door

FUTURIST NIGHT FEATURING

THE CUDDLY TOYS PLUS **MAD SHADOWS**

FRIDAY 13th NOVEMBER 8pm
ADMISSION £1.50

MOOD ELEVATORS PLUS **The Chefs**

WEDNESDAY 18th NOVEMBER 8pm
ADMISSION £1.25

RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS ex-specials

AND THE MO-DETTES AND **THE BUREAU**

FRIDAY 27th NOVEMBER 8pm
TICKETS £2.85 in advance £2.75 on door

BAR AVAILABLE TO CLUB MEMBERS
Nearest Tube: Uxbridge - M40 Two miles. Tickets from S.U. Kingston Lane, Uxbridge (39125)
ALSO FROM PETER'S GIG SHOP HIGHEST Uxbridge

Nationwide Gig Guide



y's Midnight Runners.

Pic: Peter Anderson



The Strangers.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

QUITE a week for unusual events, perhaps the most intriguing being by DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS, who become the first rock band ever to play within the hallowed portals of London's historic Old Vic Theatre — when they give the final performances of their 'Projected Passion Revue' for three nights from Friday.

Another significant happening is the oddly-titled 'Woodstock Revisited' punk festival at London Rainbow on Saturday, with THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS, SPODGENESS and ANTI-PASTI among a host of bands. And other one-off gigs of note are the GARY GLITTER 'Rock For Jobs' concert at Brighton on Friday, with OTWAY & BARRETT and CHELSEA; the new IRON MAIDEN line-up in action at London Rainbow (Sunday); and the first and only British dates this year by ALVIN LEE (Hammersmith, Tuesday) and ERIC CLAPTON (Wolverhampton, Monday).

Six new tours hit the road this week, and pride of place goes to THE STRANGLERS supported by French band Taxi Girl — they kick off at Birmingham (Sunday) and Cardiff (Monday), then play the first of two London shows at Hammersmith on Tuesday. Their contemporaries THE DAMNED will be going the rounds

at the same time, opening a hectic schedule in Newcastle on Thursday, with the Anti-Nowhere League in the support spot.

The chart-topping success of their single 'Happy Birthday' has boosted ALTERED IMAGES, virtually overnight, from club act to headline concert attraction. And they're cashing in on their new-found status by setting out on a major tour, commencing in Nottingham on Thursday.

Also packing their bags are DR. FEELGOOD, who play the first of around 30 dates in Loughborough on Friday; RORY GALLAGHER, who begins a jaunt round the campus circuit in Canterbury on Tuesday, with a big-venue tour to follow in the New Year; and SHAKIN' STEVENS, whose standing-room-only autumn schedule gets under way in Leicester (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

And a footnote for Londoners — TAPPER ZUKIE heads a reggae bill at the Rainbow on Thursday, ex-Special RODDY RADIATION plays two nights with his band The Tearjerkers at the Hope & Anchor (Friday and Saturday), and BOW WOW star in the re-opening party of the Zigzag Club on Monday.

Thursday

12th



Thin Lizzy: Bristol

Birkenhead Gallery Club: Atomic Rooster
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ida-Red
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Odeon: Judas Priest
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Last Detail
Bolton The Gaiety: Peruvian Drumstix
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: 20th Century Blues
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Brighton New Regent: Remipeds/Wa Pa Cha!
Brighton Sussex University: Boys Of The Lough
Bristol Colston Hall: Thin Lizzy
Bristol Green Room: Thin Air/Mind Tunnel
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett
Cardiff Central Hotel: Dangerous Girls
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Bad Manners
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Small World/The Reaction
Chesterfield Star Inn: Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes
Coventry General Wolfe: Hot Snacks
Coventry Smithfield Hotel: Sub Zero
Coventry Warwick University: Bow Wow Wow
Croydon Cartoon: Southland Outlaw Band
Croydon Fairfield Hotel: Billie Jo Spears
Deeside Leisure Centre: Boxcar Willie/Skeeter Davis
Derby Assembly Rooms: Rick Wakeman
Durham University: Neil Innes
Eastcote Bottom Line: The Breakfast Band
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
Glossop The Globe: Fault
Greenock Victorian Carriage: The Radio Ghosts
Ilford The Cranbrook: Naughty Thoughts
Lancaster University: Nine Below Zero
Leeds Warehouse: Fad Gadget
Leicester University: Level 42/Jools Holland & His Millionaires
Lincoln North Hykeham Memorial Hall: Crispy Ambulance/Total Stranger/6th Sense
Liverpool The Masonic: Burning Airlines
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
Liverpool Warehouse: The Exploited
London Camden Dingwalls: The BMT's
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles

London Calpham 101 Club: Wreckless Eric/Marillion
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Durutti Column/The Burpas
London Euston The Pits: Stolen Pets
London Finchley Torrington: Morrissey Mullen
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Fix
London Fulham Greyhound: G.T. Moore & The Outsiders/Blackheart
London Fulham Kings Head: The Drivers
London Hackney Chats Palace: Jazz Mine Quartet
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Gents
London Hammersmith Palais: Enigma/The HeeBeeGeeBees/Gidea Park
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Who's George/Splash
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave Ellis Band
London Islington Hare & Hounds: The Cannibals
London Islington Hope & Anchor: True Life Confessions
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Lambeth The Angel: The 45's
London Marquee Club: The Gas/Cast 5
London N.4 The Stapleton: Starcore with Nickey Barclay
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Maconda
London Oxford St. 100 Club: The Twinkle Brothers
London Rainbow Theatre: Tapper Zukie/Little Roy/Prince Allah
London Soho Pizza Express: Colin Purbrook Quartet
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Mad Shadows/Killer Wales
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford
London Strand King's College: Rio & The Robots
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: It's A Tight Rope/Mezzoforte/The Creamies/The Popes/Three X/The Crack/Andy Pandemonium (Battle Of The Bands semi-final)
London Victoria The Venue: TV21/Airstrip One
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London Woolwich Tramshed: Kill Your Sons/Vaguely Divine/Mila 18
London W.1 Raymond's Revuebar: The Lemon Kittens
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: The Electric Bluebirds
Luton Cesar's: Hot Gossip (for three days)
Luton Cottars: Spring Offensive
Malvern Mount Pleasant Hotel: Tone Quinn & The Stallones
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Cliff Richard
Manchester Ardri Ballroom: The Pinkies/Tarzan 5
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: The Cheaters
Margate Winter Gardens: Rage/Bailey Bros.
Middlesbrough Gaskins Plus One: Anti Pasti

Newcastle City Hall: Gillan/Budgie
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: The Damned/Anti-Nowhere League
Newmarket Variety Club: The Tremeloes
Northampton Five Bells: Ray Dorset & Mungo Jerry
Norwich East Anglia University: Mink De Ville
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Rock City: Altered Images
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Exit
Paignton The Coverdale: The Sting/Casual Posers
Plymouth Ark Royal: Crosstown Traffic
Poole Arts Centre: Depeche Mode
Preston Brambles Club: The Lulu Boys
Retford Eaton Hall International: Leon Rosselson/Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
Saffron Walden Youth Centre: Vigour Of Speech/3 Minute Warning
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: Tenpole Tudor
Sheffield Marples Club: Saracen
Sheffield The Big Tree Hotel: Sensible Shoes
Sheffield University: The Humans
Solihull Civic Hall: The Chefs/Mood Elevators
Southampton Triggers: Back Door Man
Stockport Smugglers: Stress
Stockport Town Hall: Stephane Grappelli
Telford Gemini Club: The Toy Dolls
Weymouth Baxters: The Time
Wokingham Angie's: Amity
Workshop (Dinnington) The Dragon: E-Plus

Friday

13th



Dr. Feelgood: Loughborough

Belfast Queens University: Billie Jo Spears
Birmingham Aston University: Altered Images
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: The Jets
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Stylex / Rockastyle
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Disco-Void
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Odeon: Judas Priest
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
Birmingham University: Tenpole Tudor / Thirteen At Midnight
Blackburn Galligraives: Moscow Philharmonix

Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Danny Adler Band
Bradford Queen's Hall: Southern Death Cult
Brentwood Hermit Club: Mad Shadows
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: Tammy Wynette
Brighton Dome: Gary Glitter / John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett / Chelsea
Bristol Granary: Slow Twitch Fibres
Burton Libra Club: Red Star Belgrade
Cambridge Sound Cellar: Albertos / Remipeds
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Tour De Force / The Wailing Pumas
Chapel-en-le-Frith Shoulder of Mutton: The Permanents
Cheltenham The David Roles Venue: Tone Quinn & The Stallones / Lindsay Bright & The Boys
Cirencester Phoenix Centre: Red Hot Mango Chutney Band
Coventry General Wolfe: Rage / Bailey Bros
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlite
Croydon Cartoon: The Pencils
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Alternative Route
Edinburgh Odeon: The Damned / Anti-Nowhere League
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Rick Wakeman
Ferryhill 101 Club: The Toy Dolls
Fokestone Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band
Glasgow Night Moves: Nico / On A Clear Day
Gloucester Leisure Centre: Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davis
Gosport John Peel: Daisy & The Petals
Gravesend Red Lion: Why This
Grimsby Community Centre: The Exploited
Guernsey C.I. The Hermitage: The Pulse
Guildford Surrey University: Level 42 / Jools Holland & His Millionaires
Hertford Castle Hall: The Plugs
Hull The Tower Ballroom: The Au Pairs
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Neil Innes / Grendel's Mother
Kingston Polytechnic: Any Trouble
Kingston Three Tuns: Virtual Image
Lancaster University: Bow Wow Wow
Launceston White Horse Inn: Forty Blue Fingers
Leeds Brannigan's: Splodgenessabounds
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Spirit Level with Dave Houldsworth
London Brentford Red Lion: Chuck Farley
London Camberwell School of Art: Stimulin
London Camden Dingwalls: The Blue Cats / The Vetoes
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Central Polytechnic: The Diagram Brothers / Maximum Joy
London City Polytechnic: Joyless In Gaza / Crown Of Thorns
London Clapham Junc. The Roundhouse: Plain Characters / Murphy Federation / Keith Tomlinson
London Clapham Lander Hotel: Starcore with Nickey Barclay
London Clapham 101 Club: The Papers / Bzar
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Johnny & The Hurricanes
London Elephant & Castle Southbank

Polytechnic: Rio & The Robots / Government
London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Supercharge 81
London Fulham King's Head: The 45's
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Ravenna & The Magnetics
London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: Talisman / Odin
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Lino's Lost Patrol
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: The Flying Padovanis
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
London Lambeth The Angel: The Clocks
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: The Exciters
London Middlesex Polytechnic: The Gents
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Steve Pheasant Quintette / Paz
London Oxford St. 100 Club: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London Plumstead The Ship: The Teleagents / Hepatitis Risk / Blueprint
London Putney Half Moon: Frankie Miller Band
London Ronnie Scott's Club: George Coleman Octet
London Soho Pizza Express: Dick Sudhalter / Keith Nichols Band
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Le Mat / The Diodes
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: The Ivory Coasters
London University: The Chefs / Mood Elevators
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Negro
London Victoria The Venue: Mink De Ville
London Waterloo Old Vic Theatre: Dexy's Midnight Runners
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: The Reflectors
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: The Breakfast Band
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: The Cannibals
Loughborough University: Dr Feelgood
Luton St Mary's Hall: Back Door Man
Malvern Winter Gardens: Madness / The Belle Stars
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Cliff Richard
Manchester Rafter: Fad Gadget
Manchester South Trafford College: Walter Mitty's Little White Lies
Mansfield High Oakem Rock Club: Saracen
Middleton De La Salle College: The Cheaters
Milton Keynes Starting Gate: Marillion
Newcastle City Hall: Gillan / Budgie
Newcastle Polytechnic: Steelcase Span
Northampton Black Lion: Groovy Underwear / Death Sentence / Syndromes / Breach Of The Peace
Nottingham Rock City: Nine Below Zero
Oxford Caribbean Club: The Kindergarten / The Virgins
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Sunfly
Paisley Technical College: Rip Rig & Panic

Nationwide Gig Guide

Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
 Poole Arts Centre: **Thin Lizzy**
 Preston Polytechnic: **J. G. Spoils**
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Barron Knights**
 Scarborough Taboo: **Anti-Pasti**
 Sheffield University: **Ray Dorset & Mungo Jerry**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Aucadian / Attrition**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Bad Manners**
 Sunderland Close Encounters: **Shakatak**
 Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
 Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **Shiva**
 Windsor Jethro's Wine Bar: **Fear Of Falling**
 Wokingham Angie's: **The Bucks Band**
 Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Sub Zero**
 Workington Slipped Disc: **Atomic Rooster**

Saturday

14th



Angelic Upstarts: London

Aberystwyth University: **Max Boyce**
 Aylesbury Friars: **Nine Below Zero**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Dangerous Girls / Riotous Bros.**
 Birmingham Handsworth Sports & Leisure Centre: **The Twinkle Brothers**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Chris De Burgh**
 Bognor West Sussex College: **The Cheaters**
 Bournemouth Bournemouth Hotel: **Xpertz / Prediction**
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Billie Jo Spears**
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Mr. Smith**
 Bradford University: **Weapon Of Peace**
 Brighton Art College: **New Moon Through Glass**
 Brighton Centre: **Thin Lizzy**
 Bridport Polytechnic: **Level 42 / Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
 Buxton Town Hall: **The Permanents**
 Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Tammy Wynette**
 Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Altered Images**
 Cardiff University Hospital Medical Club: **The Dynamos**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jackie Lynton Band / Chaos**
 Chesterfield Queen's Park Hotel: **Saracen**
 Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Way Of The West / Vendetta**
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Rage / Bailey Bros.**
 Croydon Cartoon (lunchtime): **The Wailing Pumas / The Chevrons / Incognito Blues Band**
 Croydon Cartoon (evening): **The 45's**
 Croydon The Star: **Chas & Dave**
 Darlington Arts Centre: **The Toy Dolls**
 Derby Moon Hotel: **The Jets**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Supercharge 81**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Rip Rig & Panic**
 Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Stephane Grappelli/Julian Lloyd Webber**
 Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **J. G. Spoils**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Rick Wakeman**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **Sub Zero**
 Huddersfield Leisure Centre: **Tenpole Tudor**
 Huddersfield White Lion: **Whammer Jammer**
 Hull Tower Ballroom: **The Exploited**
 Ifford The Cranbrook: **The Exciters**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 Leeds University: **Bow Wow Wow**
 Leicester University: **Depeche Mode**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **G. T. Moore & The Outsiders / Fungus**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Feelers**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Cayenne / Fast Food**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Cobras / Fast Eddie**
 London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Red Shift / Mickey Murphy / Standard Deviation / True Life Confessions / The Dispossessed**
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Mighty Honky Band**
 London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Jorge Morel**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Juice On The Loose / Lux Electro**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Starcro with Nickey Barclay**

Gig guide dates should be in our hands on the Wednesday, a week before publication. Send them to **Derek Johnson, Gig Guide, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.**

London Lambeth The Angels: **Calling Hearts / The Wahos**
 London Marquee Club: **The Cuban Heels / Moscow Philharmonic**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
 London NW1 The Cellar: **Donald MacGuire**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Reasons / Rio & The Robots**
 London Rainbow Theatre: **"Woodstock Revisited" with Angelic Upstarts / Anti-Pasti / Charge / Auntie Pus / Splodgenessabounds / Vice Squad / Chron-Gen / The Wall / The Insane**
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: **George Coleman Octet**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Dick Sudhalter / Keith Nichols Band**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Ohibo Paronti / The Burpas**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Jimmy Roche Band**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Negro**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Mink De Ville**
 London Walthamstow Saxon Futurist Club: **The Hollywood Exiles**
 London Waterloo Old Vic Theatre: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Chifs**
 London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
 London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Danny Adler & The Deluxe Blues Band**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
 Manchester Mayflower: **G.B.H.**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Hambi & The Dance**
 Manchester University: **The Au Pairs**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Gillan / Budgie**
 Newport Caerleon College: **Atomic Rooster**
 Northampton Black Lion: **Religious Overdose / Finishing Touch / Bullets For Silver / Work Shop**
 Nottingham Forest F.C. Jubilee Club: **Dawn Fury**
 Oxford Old Fire Station: **The Decorators/Dum Dum Dum**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoos**
 Peterlee Norseman Hotel: **Prophet**
 Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mr. Zoot**
 Poole Arts Centre: **Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davis**
 Retford Porterhouse: **Fad Gadget**
 Scunthorpe Sherper Hotel: **Arrowmatic Tors**
 Sheffield University: **Dr. Feelgood**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Nightingales**
 Skegness Town Hall: **The Damned / Anti-Nowhere League**
 Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Time**
 St. Margaret's Bay Red Lion: **Naughty Thoughts**
 Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Rockin Horse**
 Stroud Cotswold Playhouse: **Pendragon**
 Wallasey Dale Inn: **The Chase**
 Windsor-super-Mare Old Pier: **Skillet Lickers**
 Windsor Jethro's Wine Bar: **We're Only Human**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Final Frontier**
 Worcester College of Higher Education: **Vixen**
 Worcester The Dolphin: **Tone Quinn & The Stallones / Beki & The Cogburns**

Sunday

15th



The Damned: Grimsby

Bath Pavilion: **Madness / Belle Stars**
 Belfast Queens University: **Nine Below Zero**
 Birmingham (Aston) The Holte: **Breathless**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
 Birmingham Odeon: **The Strangers / Taxi Girl**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
 Blackburn New Bay Horse Inns: **Cliff Stocker Band**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Cardiff Country Club: **Black Door Man**
 Cardiff Top Rank: **Bow Wow Wow**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Exciters**
 Croydon Cartoon: **The Flat Tops (lunchtime) / The Drivers (evening)**
 Croydon Fairfield Halls: **Chris De Burgh**
 Croydon The Star (lunchtime) and London Putney White Lion (evening): **Starcro with Nickey Barclay**
 Darley Dale Northwood Club: **Saracen**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Level 42**
 Durham University: **Jacques Loussier**
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Tammy Wynette**
 Edinburgh Ital Club: **Misty In Roots**
 Framlingham St Michael's Assembly Rooms: **Fear Of Falling**
 Gillingham Central Hotel: **The Exploited**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Judas Priest**
 Glasgow Spaghetti Factory: **Del Amitri**
 Grimsby Town Hall: **The Damned / Anti-Nowhere League**
 Harrogate Leisure Centre: **Steeleye Span**
 Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **Billie Jo Spears**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
 Holmfirth The Nook: **Fault**
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: **Fiddlestone**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Gillan / Budgie**
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythmic Boys**
 London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**

London Clapham 101 Club: **The Screaming Henries / Short Commercial Break**
 London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **The Lemon Kittens / The Casual Labourers / Twelve Cubic Feet**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **GBH / A Taxi & The Mini Cabs / First Offence**
 London Finchley Torrington: **Johnny Mars Band**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Minns & Gold**
 London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G Band**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Alarm**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cobras**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 London Lambeth The Angel: **The Gents**
 London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davis**
 London N11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Salamander**
 London Rainbow Theatre: **Iron Maiden / Praying Mantis**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **John Taylor**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Jo-Ann Kelly's Second Line**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Depeche Mode / Positive Noise / Blancmange**
 London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's (lunchtime) / Nightwork (evening)**
 London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Janet Kay / Victor Romeo Evans**
 London Victoria The Venue: **John Holt / Black Roots**
 London Waterloo Old Vic Theatre: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Hanoi Rocks**
 London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **K Bon**
 London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Ron Russell Band**
 Luton Cottars: **State Of The Act**
 Middlesbrough The Empire: **The Stingrays**
 Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Red Star Belgrade**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Rick Wakeman**
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
 Nottingham Forest FC Jubilee Club: **Dawn Fury**
 Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Artists**
 Portsmouth Locarno: **Anti-Pasti / Vice Squad / Chron-Gen**
 Poynton Folk Centre: **Paul Metsers / White Nancy Group**
 Preston D F C Centre: **The Jets**
 Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Any Trouble**
 Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Loose / Shallow Garden**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **Rage / Bailey Bros**
 Slough (Cippenham) Alexandra's: **Diz & The Doormen**
 Stockport The Deanwater: **Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans**
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Bad Manners / Dolly Mixture**
 Wallasey Swan Hotel: **French Lessons**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Juvenessence**

Monday

16th



Altered Images: Doncaster

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Scorched Earth**
 Brighton Dome: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 Brighton Top Rank: **Anti-Pasti**
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Strangers / Taxi Girl**
 Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Stubborn**
 Caudon Lowe Staffordshire Peak Arts Centre: **Martin Carthy / John Kirkpatrick / Howard Evans**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Montage Real Estate / Devils Chariot**
 Chester College of Higher Education: **Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
 Coventry The Belgrade Venue: **Eyeless In Gaza**
 Croydon Cartoon: **Steve Boyce Band**
 Croydon Fairfield Halls: **Peter Skellern**
 Doncaster Rotters: **The Damned / Anti-Nowhere League**
 Dundee University: **Jacques Loussier**
 Fishguard The KG5: **Back Door Man**
 Ifford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Leicester Horsefair: **Trance**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Gillan / Budgie**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **French Lessons**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Swim / Darting Tongues / Steps**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Telegents / Hepatitis Risk / Contracts**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Daughters / Praxis / Ad Finem**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gorillas / Output**
 London Fulham Kings Head: **Me & G**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Animal Luxury / The Burpas**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **25th Street**
 London Kensington Imperial College: **Tandoori Cassette**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **John Parker & Stan Greig (for a week)**
 London Marquee Club: **720**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Joe Concorde Band**

London Rainbow Theatre: **Bad Manners/Dolly Mixture**
 London Southall White Hart: **The Gents**
 London St. Johns Wood The Crown: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Midnite Movies / The Blisters**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **That's Cooking**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Depeche Mode / Positive Noise / Blancmange**
 London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Madness/The Belle Stars**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Biddie & Eve / B-Movie / The Bollock Brothers**
 London W.1 (Baker St.) Barracuda Club: **Funkapollan**
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London W.11 Zigzag Club: **Bow Wow Wow / The Dancing Did / Zeitung Da / Re-Flex**
 Luton The Mad Hatter: **Squintin' Windows / The Drivers / The Dalex**
 Maidstone Mid-Kent College: **Rio & The Robots**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
 Manchester Golden Garter: **Kelly Marie (for a week)**
 Mansfield Civic Theatre: **Ray Dorset & Mungo Jerry**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Judas Priest**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears**
 Oxford Scamps: **Rip Rig & Panic**
 Preston Guildhall: **Rick Wakeman**
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Steeleye Span**
 Reading Top Rank: **Nine Below Zero**
 Retford Porterhouse: **The Exploited**
 Sheffield University: **Altered Images**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Chris De Burgh**
 Southend Zero Six: **The Bottles**
 Southsea South Parade Pier: **Daisy & The Petals**
 Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Stilts**
 Watford Bailey's: **Gene Pitney (for a week)**
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Eric Clapton**

Tuesday

17th



Alvin Lee: London

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
 Blackpool Kings Arms: **Martin Carthy / John Kirkpatrick / Howard Evans**
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Steeleye Span**
 Brighton Dome: **Peter Skellern**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Chris De Burgh**
 Bury The Derby Hall: **100% Proof / Jade**
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **State Of The Act**
 Canterbury Kent University: **Rory Gallagher**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Androids Of Mu / The Gymslips / Rock Goddess**
 Croydon Cartoon: **Detante**
 Dartford Railway Hotel: **Pyeowackett**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Rick Wakeman**
 Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Blancmange**
 Hull Tiffany's: **Saracen**
 Kingston Polytechnic: **Johnny Mars Band / The Gents**
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Dillinger**
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Ekofisque / Aquila / Blueprint**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Calling Hearts / Roulette / Easy Action**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Talk Like That**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Sector 27 / Bambi Kino**
 London Fulham Kings Head: **25th Street**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Alvin Lee**
 London Hammersmith Palais: **The Strangers / Taxi Girl**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Fute Daze/The Silence**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Harfoot Brothers**
 London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
 London Lambeth The Angel: **The Downbeats**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Tunkwu / Just Friends**
 London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Bright Spark**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Splodgenessabounds**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
 London Southbank Polytechnic: **Tandoori Cassette**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Virtual Image / Fear Of Falling**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Idle Flowers**
 London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Wrecktangles**
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Madness / The Belle Stars**
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **True Life Confessions**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Sad Among Strangers**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
 Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplite Club: **The Cheaters**
 Manchester (Prestwich) Wilton Lounge: **Rockin Horse**
 Manchester University: **Nine Below Zero**
 Middlesbrough Gaskins: **The Damned / Anti-Nowhere League**
 Newcastle Casablanca Club: **The Factory Videos / The Swamp Children**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Judas Priest**
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Tenpole Tudor**

Oxford Blades: **Gonzalez**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Tammy Wynette**
 Preston Guildhall: **Gillan / Budgie**
 Reading University: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davis**
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Chevy**
 West Bromwich The Bush: **Sub Zero**
 Wrexham The Look Out: **Back Door Man**

Wednesday

18th



Shakin' Stevens: Manchester

Aberdeen Arts Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Privates**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Rick Wakeman**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
 Blackburn New Bay Horse Inns: **Chevy**
 Blackpool Barons: **The Zanti Misfitz/In 2XS/The Elite**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **Gillan/Budgie**
 Brighton Centre: **Cliff Richard**
 Canterbury Kent University: **Level 42/Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice/Tangeant**
 Chapel-en-le-Frith Town Hall: **The Permanents**
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
 Corby Kingfisher: **Marillion**
 Corby Rafter's Bar: **Resistance**
 Coventry Hope & Anchor: **Attrition**
 Croydon Cartoon: **Jenny Darren Band**
 Croydon The Star: **The 45's/The Marines**
 Durham University: **Tenpole Tudor**
 Edinburgh University: **Jacques Loussier**
 Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Ralph McTell/Bert Jansch**
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Moscow Philharmonic**
 Hull Good Fellowship Inn: **Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans**
 Hull Tower Ballroom: **Altered Images**
 Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears**
 Keele University: **Rory Gallagher**
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **E-Plus**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Hambi & The Dance**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Damned/Anti-Nowhere League**
 Liverpool University: **Nine Below Zero**
 London Battersea Arts Centre: **Noel Murphy**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Bumble & The Bees**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Starcro with Nicky Barclay**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Praxis/Burlesque/The Locusts**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Maximum Joy/UT**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Amazon**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Hanoi Rocks/Family Fodder**
 London Fulham Kings Head: **The Exciters**
 London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Sam Mitchell/Wizz Jones**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Chris De Burgh**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Nice Men**
 London Holborn The Blitz: **Calling Hearts**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London Lambeth The Angel: **True Life Confessions**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Free Hand**
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
 London Plumstead The Ship: **Turkey Call/Soylent Green**
 London Putney Hall Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**
 London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Acker Bilk Band**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Hickory Lake**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **One Track Mind/King Kurt**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
 London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Madness/The Belle Stars**
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **The Gents**
 London Victoria The Venue: **David Lindley**
 London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Juice On The Loose/Red Beans & Rice**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Manchester (Ashton) Shade: **The Politicians**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Dillinger**
 New Romney Seahorse: **Zenith**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Peter Skellern**
 Poole Arts Centre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **Steeleye Span**
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Xena Zorox**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Judas Priest**
 Southport Theatre: **Tammy Wynette**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 St. Albans City Hall: **Boxcar Willie/Skeeter Davis**
 Stafford Nags Head: **The Starlings**
 Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Ray Shell & The Street Angels**
 Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
 Taunton The Taunton Hotel: **The Nashville Teens**
 Uckfield New Centre: **Red Star Belgrade**
 Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Chefs/Mood Elevators**
 Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Deathwish**
 Wokingham Angie's: **The Brewery Tappers**
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Atomic Rooster**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

NOVEMBER

12 Tapper Zukie
12 Enigma
12, 13 The Nolans
13-15 Dexys Midnight Runners
14 Woodstock Revisted
15 Iron Maiden
16 Depeche Mode
16 Bow Wow Wow
16 Bad Manners
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
18 Madness
21 Steeleye Span
21, 22 Judas Priest
22 Level 42
23 Rick Wakeman
23, 24 Pointer Sisters
24 Gary US Bonds
25 Peter Skellern
28 Thin Lizzy
28 Glen Campbell
29 Below Zero
30 Slits
30 Shakin' Stevens

DECEMBER

1, 2, 4 ELO
4 Stranglers
4-5 Orchestral Manoeuvres
4-6 Linx
6 Shakin' Stevens
6 Billie Jo Spears
6 Human League
7 Tenpole Tudor
7, 8 James Brown
8 Echo And The Bunnymen
9, 10 ELO
13 Pretenders
14, 15 Joan Armatrading
14, 15, 16 Police
16, 17 Duran Duran
19 Rose Tattoo
20 Christmas on Earth
20 Slade
20, 21 U2
21, 22 Gillan
23 Elvis Costello
24, 26 Blizzard of Ozz

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Thursday
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BIG HEAT 6.00, 9.15
+ Bogart in
IN A LONELY PLACE 4.20, 7.35
Friday
FREAKS 1.10, 4.10, 7.00, 10.00
+ ERASERHEAD 2.20, 5.25, 8.15
Friday & Saturday
11.30 ALL NIGHT WEREWOLVES
Saturday
ATLANTIC CITY 1.00, 4.25, 7.50
+ THE EUROPEANS 2.50, 6.15, 9.35
Sunday
W.C. FIELDS FESTIVAL 2.30, 6.45
Monday
Bad taste double:
uncut PRIVATE PARTS 2.55, 6.05, 9.15
CRY WILLE UNCLE 1.20, 4.30, 7.40
Tuesday
Ku Klux Klan double
BLACK LEGION 1.20, 4.30, 7.40
+ STORM WARNING 2.50, 6.00, 9.10
Wednesday
THUNDERCRACK 1.00, 4.15, 7.30
+ GLEN OR GLENDA 3.00, 6.15, 9.30
Thursday
Polanski
REPULSION 3.20, 7.10, 9.20
+ CUL DE SAC 1.20, 5.10, 9.00

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Progs: 1.10 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.50, 8.15 Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 SEAN
CONNERY in **OUTLAND** AA

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Progs: Wk 1.45, 3.55, 6.10, 8.30. Sun 3.30, 5.40, 8.00

4 MEL BROOKS' **HISTORY
OF THE
WORLD
PART I** AA

Progs: 1.10 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.50, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

5 **ALTERED STATES** X

Progs: Weekdays 1.10 (not Sun) 3.15, 5.45, 8.15
Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVE.

Sep. perfs. All seats bkkble. excl. 1st & 2nd perfs

Mon-Fri. Bar. Pkg nearby

WOLFEN (X)

Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.00

Late Show Sat 11.00

BLAZING SADDLES (AA)

MONTY PYTHON & THE HOLY GRAIL (A)

Wk & Sun 2.00, 7.15

ABC 1,2,3,4 EDWARE ROAD

WOLFEN (X)

Wk & Sun 4.40, 8.35

EYES OF A STRANGER (X)

3.00, 6.45, Sun 6.45

Late Show tonight & Sat 11.15

HIGH ANXIETY (A)

1.55, 5.25, 9.00, Sun 5.25, 9.00

SILENT MOVIE (A)

3.40, 7.10, Sun 7.10 Late Show Sat 11.15

BLAZING SADDLES (AA)

1.55, 5.25, 9.05, Sun 5.25, 9.05

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL (A)

3.40, 7.10, Sun 7.10

Late Show tonight & Sat 11.15

THE BURNING (X)

1.45, 5.20, 9.05, Sun 5.20, 9.05

WHEN A STRANGER CALLS (AA)

3.25, 7.00, Sun 7.00

Late show tonight and Sat 11.15

ABC 1,2,3,4,5 FULHAM ROAD

WOLFEN (X)

Sep progs wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.45

SOUTHERN COMFORT (X)

Sep progs wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.40

Mel Brooks' HIGH ANXIETY (A)

3.40, 9.45

SILENT MOVIE (A)

Sep progs wk & Sun 2.00 and 8.00

HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I (AA)

Sep progs wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.30

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)

Sep progs wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.30

ABC 1,2,3 BAYSWATER (Queensway)

WOLFEN (X)

4.30, 8.25, Sun 4.30, 8.20

EYES OF A STRANGER (X)

2.45, 6.35, Sun 6.35

Late Show Sat 11.00

CALIGULA (X)

Progs 1.00, 4.15, 7.30, Sun 4.15, 7.30

Late Show tonight & Sat 11.00

SOUTHERN COMFORT (X)

Progs 2.15, 5.00, 7.45, Sun 5.00, 7.45

Late Show tonight & Sat 11.00

All programmes of EMI Cinema subject to late change.

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End & Greater London Cinemas.
RING TELEDATA 01-200 0200 (24 HRS)

THE Venue

160-162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB Tel 828 9441

Doors open 7.30pm
Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 12th Nov £2.50
TV21
+ Airstrip One

Friday 13th Nov £4.00
Saturday 14th Nov
MINK DE VILLE

Sunday 15th Nov £4.50
The Legendary
JOHN HOLT
+ Black Roots

Monday 16th Nov £2.00
NAIVE YOUTH AWAKE (CND)
B-Movie, Bollock Bros, Biddie & Eve, D.J.'s Dave Archer & Whyo

Tuesday 17th Nov £2.50
THE JETS

Wednesday 18th Nov. £3.50
DAVID LINDLEY
+ El Rayo — X

Thursday 19th Nov £3.00
JAMES 'BLOOD' ULMER
+ The Higsons

Late Show £4.00
Midnight Madness with
THE RAMONES
Privilege Club Not Applicable

COMING SOON

Friday 20th Nov £3.00
CAYENNE + THE INVERSIONS + HIPGNOSIS

Saturday 21st Nov £3.50
INCOGNITO + The Scarlet Warriors

Tuesday 24th Nov £3.00
MONOCHROME SET + Afraid Of Mice

Wednesday 25th Nov £2.00
WASTED YOUTH

Thursday 26th Nov £3.00
THE BIRTHDAY PARTY + Lydia Lunch

Friday 27th Nov. £3.00
SHAKATAK
Under 15's 5.00pm Show £2.00
8.00pm Show £3.00
ALTERED IMAGES

Tuesday 1st Dec. £3.00
MISTY IN ROOTS

All ticket prices include free brochure. Cheques not accepted.

**GATE
CINEMA · NOTTING HILL**
221-0220 727-5750

**ADAM ANT
TOYAH**

**DEREK JARMAN'S
Jubilee** X

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Road, London SW9

Thursday 12th November KILLER WHALES + Mad Shadows £1.00	Monday 16th November MIDNIGHT MOVIES + The Blisters £1.00
Friday 13th November Psychodelic Nite To Be Announced £1.50	Tuesday 17th November VIRTUAL IMAGE + Fear Of Falling £1.00
Saturday 14th November OHIBO PARONTI + Burpas £1.00	Wednesday 18th November ONE-TRACK MIND + King Kurt £1.00

Direct from Jamaica
LONE RANGER
TONY TUFF
SAMMY DREAD
BLACK ROOTS PLAYERS
Very Special Guests
SUGAR MINOTT
+ TREVOR WALTERS
(Current chart — topping single "Love Me Tonight")
JAH SHAKA Sound System
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 21
8.00pm £4.00

Rainbow
FINSBURY PARK

Tickets from Rainbow Box Office and Usual Agents

MOONLIGHT 100 West End Lane W6 Sundays 7.30-10.30	STARLIGHT 100 West End Lane W6 Sundays 7.30-10.30
Thursday 12th November ! ARMAGEDDON PARTY NIGHT ! £1.75	Thursday 12th November WHO'S GEORGE + Competition £1.50
Friday 13th November GUILT EDGE + Jump Squad £1.75	Friday 13th November THE SHOPPERS + Were Only Human £1.50
Saturday 14th November CHEFS + Lino's Lost Patrol £1.75	Saturday 14th November JUICE ON THE LOOSE + Electro £1.50
Sunday 15th November HANOI ROCKS + Support £1.50	Sunday 15th November THE ALARM + Mercury Skank £1.50
Monday 16th November A POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS + To The Finland Station £1.50	Monday 16th November ANIMAL LUXURY + Purpose £1.50
Tuesday 17th November SAD AMONG STRANGERS + Admit One £1.50	Tuesday 17th November FUTURE DAZE + Silence £1.50
Wednesday 18th November MONTAGE REAL ESTATES £1.50	Wednesday 18th November THE NICE MEN + Support £1.50
Thursday 19th November LEE KOSMIN + Gin and the Tonics £1.75	Thursday 19th November SCHIZOIRE + Eternal Scream £1.50

DEREK BLOCK in association with BRUCE MAY presents
A CHRISTMAS CONCERT
IN AID OF CHILDRENS CHARITIES
RALPH McTELL
AND FRIENDS
DOMINION THEATRE
SUNDAY DECEMBER 13th at 7.30pm.
Tickets: £5.00; £4.00; £3.00.
from Theatre Box Office Tel: 01-580 9562 and usual agents.

MCP presents
SAXON
plus Special Guests
ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM
TUESDAY 15th DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.00 £3.50 £3.00
Available from B O Tel: 021 643 6101
RAINBOW THEATRE, LONDON
WEDNESDAY 16th DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.00 Available from B/O Tel: 01 263 3148
CIVIC HALL, WOLVERHAMPTON
THURSDAY 17th DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.00 Available from B/O Tel: 0902 28482
See Special Merchandising Offer in Current Saxon Album "Denim and Leather" on Carrere.

HEAVEN SOLUTION AND HEAVEN PRESENT
HAVANA LET'S GO
MIRAGE
IT'S IMMATERIAL
Heaven
MON - NOV 16TH
DANCE MUSIC & NIGHTVISION VIDEO
200PM-3AM UNDER THE SHELL MALL ST. W12
MON - NOV 23RD MATERIAL RESEARCH AND SALON

THE GREYHOUND
900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/N Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath N95 night bus to Central London
Admission £1.00 (£1.50 Fri & Sat)
8pm — midnight 10.30pm Sunday

Thursday 12th November
Mod Night
SMALL WORLD
+ The Reaction
Friday 13th November
TOUR DE FORCE
+ The Wailing Pumas
Saturday 14th November
JACKIE LYNTON BAND
+ Chaos
Sunday 15th November
THE EXCITERS
Monday 16th November
MONTAGE REAL ESTATE
+ Devil's Chariot
Tuesday 17th November
ANDROIDS OF MU
+ Gymslips + Rock Goddess
Wednesday 18th November
CHEMICAL ALICE
Thursday 19th November
Mod Night
007
+ FAB
+ Special Guests THE GENTS

ZIGGY'S
Bowie Club
at
The Imperial Suite
Headstone Hotel
North Harrow
Every Wednesday
Admission £1.50
Tomorrow Belongs to Those Who Can Hear It Coming
8-12.30 pm
Opp N.H. Tube

TAKEAWAY
Thursday 12th November
PRINCES LOUISE
High Holborn
Saturday 14th November
DENHAM EXPRESS
Denham Green

anaboori
Cassette
Ron Leahy Charley Tumahai
Zal Cleminson Barriemore Barlow
Imperial College London (November 18)
South Bank Polytechnic (November 17)
Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore (November 19)
Sound Collar, Cambridge (November 20)
Coventry General Wolfe (November 25)
Metlock College of Higher Education (November 26)
Silsoe College of Agricultural Engineering (November 27)
Derby Lonsdale College (November 28)
Cardiff University (December 1)
Huddersfield Poly (December 2)
Bradford College (December 4)
Lincoln College of Art (December 7)
Swindon Brunel Rooms (December 8)
Lowestoft College of Further Education (December 11)
SUPPORT — JON BENNIS

KINGS HEAD
4, Fulham High St., SW6 736 1413

Thursday 12th
DRIVERS £1.00
Friday 13th
THE 45's £1.50
Saturday 14th
S.A.L.T. £1.50
Sunday 15th
ESSENTIAL VILLAINS £1.00
Monday 16th
JOHN SPENCERS BAND £1.00
Tuesday 17th
25th STREET £1.00
Wednesday 18th
THE EXCITERS £1.00
Thursday 19th
TRIMMER AND JENKINS £1.50

101 CLUB
101 ST JOHNS HILL
Tel 01-223 6309

Wednesday 11th November
THE BALLOONS £1
Thursday 12th November
WRECKLESS ERIC £1.50
Friday 13th November
THE PAPERS £1.50
Saturday 14th November
THE FEELERS £1
Sunday 15th November
SCREAMING HENRIES £1
The following bands are all featured on the "From Bromley With Love" album.
Monday 16th November
Telegoons, Hepatitis Risk, Contacts £1
Tuesday 17th November
Ekofoque, Aquilla, Blue Print £1
Wednesday 18th November
Traxis, Burlesque, Locusts £1

Please phone before setting out, check but avoiding major disasters, here is:
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
DURUTI COLUMN
THU. John Marten minus sentimentality, NINE
JOHN AND THE JOINTLY HORRIFICANS
FRI 13. Archetypal 50's instrumental group who gave us such classics as "Rockin' Goose" and "Beatnik Fly" RESTLESS
CAYENNE
SAT 14. Ex-patriots from the jazz and funk/Disco bands of the 70's who've hit a winning streak playing Salsa.
SUN. G.B.H. + GUILTY INNOCENTS + OFFENCE
MON. **BAUGHTERS + PRAY + ADIFEM**
TUE. **CALLING HEARTS + ROULETTE + ACTION**
MAXIMUM JOY
WED 18. The Pop Groups implosion has produced Piebald, Rip Rio and now Maximum Joy who mix free form jazz with tribal rhythm.
THU 19. Darlings of the BEAT GROUP BOOM who write sounds "have thrown together every kind of R&B wall of sound pop, irresistible".
THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till 11.25. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 12.30 till 11.00. MOST DAYS WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST & JAMES ST. CO. COIN GARDEN. FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 826 1124. TIME FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 260 3361

MCP by arrangement with ITB presents
DIARY OF A MADMAN TOUR
GIZZY
ABOURNE
plus special guests
NEW BINGLEY HALL STAFFORD
TUESDAY 22nd DECEMBER 7.30pm TICKETS £4.50
Available from Mike Lloyd Music, Stoke-on-Trent
Lotus Records, Stafford
Sundown Records, Wolverhampton
Cyclops Records, Birmingham
R.E. Cords, Derby & Burton
Select a Disc, Nottingham
Penny Lane, Chester
Penny Lane, Liverpool
Piccadilly Records, Manchester
Virgin Records, Coventry
or by postal application to Bingley Hall Stafford. Cheques & Postal Orders made payable to Bingley Hall Stafford, Enclose S.A.E.

LIVE ADS 261 6153

MCP presents
SLADE
plus Guests
ROYAL COURT THEATRE, LIVERPOOL
THURS. 10th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel. No: 051 708 7411
CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
FRI. 18th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel. No: 0632 320007
ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM
SAT. 10th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel. No: 021 643 6101
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
SUN. 20th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel. No: 01 748 4081

SUNSET JAZZ
3 NORTH END CRESCENT, W14
Tel: 603 7006

Friday 13th November
THE BREAKFAST BAND
Saturday 14th November
DANNY ADLER + THE DELUXE BLUES BAND
Tuesday 17th November
NEW BANDS FROM ART SCHOOLS
Wednesday 18th November
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
+ RED BEAN & RICE
Thursday 19th November
TERRY SMITH BLUES BAND
Friday 20th November
ROCKET 88

THE ANGEL
on Lambeth Walk SE11
01-735 4309
(Lambeth Northern Tube)

Thursday 12th
THE 45's £1
Friday 13th
CLOCKS + Support £1
Saturday 14th
WRECKLESS ERIC £1.50
Sunday 15th
THE GENTS + Support £1
Tuesday 17th
APOCALYPSE 50p
Wednesday 18th
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS 50p
Thursday 19th
KEYS £1
Friday 20th — Red Beans & Rice
Saturday 21st — Reaction & Questions
Sunday 22nd — K K Khan Band

The ★ BELLE STARS
+ Support ★
PCLSU Presents
FRI 20th NOV
CENTRAL LONDON POLY
115, CAVENDISH ST
Doors Open 8.00
£2 Students & Unwaged
£2.50 Others
ADV Tickets 636 6271

THE LEMON KITTENS
THE CASUAL LABOURERS
12 CUBIC FEET
Nov 15. Saturday 7.30
African Centre,
38 King St WC2
£1.75 on door, £1.50 advance
ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK

DIAGRAM BROTHERS
+ MAXIMUM JOY
Polytechnic of Central London
New Cavendish St W1
Friday 13th November
£2.00/£1.50 Unwaged
Doors open 8 pm

LIVE ADS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block presents

THE CURE

plus GUESTS

THURSDAY 3rd DECEMBER
7.30pm

ALL TICKETS £3.50

IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 2812 KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & ALL USUAL AGENTS

DEREK BLOCK PRESENTS

the stranglers

Doctor Spratts 20th Century Popular Motets
+ Taxi Girl

SUNDAY 15TH NOVEMBER BIRMINGHAM ODEON. TICKETS: £3.75, £3.25

MONDAY 16th NOVEMBER CARDIFF, SOPHIA GARDENS. TICKETS: £3.50

TUESDAY 17th NOVEMBER **GOLD OUT** HAMMERSMITH PALAIS.

THURSDAY 19th NOVEMBER SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT. TICKETS: £3.75, £3.25

TUESDAY 24TH NOVEMBER NEWCASTLE CITY HALL. TICKETS: £3.50

THURSDAY 26TH NOVEMBER LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT. TICKETS: £3.50

FRIDAY 27TH NOVEMBER BRADFORD, ST GEORGES HALL. TICKETS: £3.75, £3.25

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 12th November £1.00
NIGHTWORK
+ The BaatzFriday 13th November £1.00
**HERSHY AND
THE TWELVE BARS**
Featuring Steve Waller
+ HildaSaturday 14th November £1.50
**RONNIE LANE
AND FRIENDS**
+ Full SupportSunday 15th November £1.00
S.A.L.T.
+ Thin Red LineMonday 16th November £1.00
ERAZERHEAD
+ The FireTuesday 17th November £1.00
DEVOTION
+ KeyzerhouseWednesday 18th November £1.00
**ROY WEARD'S
LAST POST**
+ Ready RubbedDEREK BLOCK PRESENTS
THE LAST PERFORMANCES OF
PROJECTED PASSION
REVUE
Featuring

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

Plus 'Dancing from
TORQUE
And Comedy & Chat from
GUEST CEMPERE
THE OLD VIC
WATERLOO ROAD, LONDON SE1
7.30 - FRIDAY-SATURDAY-SUNDAY - 13th 14th & 15th - NOVEMBER
TICKETS ARE £4.00 - £3.50 IN ADVANCE - AVAILABLE FROM L.T.S., PREMIER, KEITH PROWSE,
STAR GREEN AND THE OLD VIC (NO TELEPHONE BOOKINGS)THE 100
CLUB100 OXFORD ST. W.1
Thursday 12th November
Jamaican SuperstarsTHE
TWINKLE
BROTHERS

Tuesday 17th November

SPLODGENESSABOUNDS
+ ChargeTO
ADVERTISE
01-261 6153TOUR
NEWS

□ **ERIC CLAPTON** has brought forward his previously reported one-off concert at Wolverhampton Civic Hall by 48 hours. It's now next Monday (16) instead of Wednesday, and existing tickets for the original date remain valid.

□ **OZZY OSBOURNE** has added another two dates to his UK tour, which climaxes at London Hammersmith Odeon on Christmas Eve and Boxing Day — they are at Bristol Colston Hall (November 29) and Cardiff Sophia Gardens (30).

□ **TYTAN**, the new band launched by former Angelwitch kingpins Kevin Riddles and Dave Du Fort, make their live debut at Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom on November 27. This will be the first in a ten-day gig series, including London appearances — and a more extensive tour is being lined up to begin in mid-January, coinciding with the release of their first single.



DILLINGER

Animal Magnet

ANIMAL MAGNET have lined up a short series of provincial gigs, taking in Manchester Polytechnic (November 26), Leeds Warehouse (27), Coventry Warwick University (28), Birmingham Time & Place (29), Sheffield Limit Club (December 3), Glasgow Night Moves (4) and Edinburgh Nite Club (5). Back in town, they're appearing at London Victoria The Venue on November 30.

LOFGREN TO
PLAY SEVEN

□ **STILETTO** — the band featuring singer Bren Laidler, frequently dubbed "the brunette Debbie Harry" — have broken up. And together with songwriter Steve Daggett, Bren is in the studios this week recording a solo single. Otherwise, Bren and Steve are contractually free, and would like to hear from interested parties (0632-326461).

□ **DR. FEELGOOD** have added another date to their UK tour, reported three weeks ago — at Gillingham King Charles Hotel on December 19. The outing ties in with the release this week of their 16-track compilation album 'Dr. Feelgood's Casebook', from which the single 'Waiting For Saturday Night' has already been issued.

□ **PRAYING MANTIS** headline at London Marquee Club tomorrow (Friday), before joining Iron Maiden at London Rainbow on Sunday — both gigs featuring their new singer Bernie Shaw, formerly with Grand Prix. They'll be undertaking a major UK tour in the New Year, to coincide with the release of their self-produced album, for which they're currently negotiating a major label deal.

□ **BOW WOW WOW** say they will not be appearing at London Strand Lyceum on November 25, despite the gig having been advertised for two weeks, as they will be leaving for America the same day. But they do intend to play a major London show in the last week of December, and a venue is now being finalised. Meanwhile, a cassette version of their 'See Jungle' is now available, containing bonus tracks not included on the album.

□ **THE BELLE STARS**, now nearing the end of their long tour with Madness, subsequently headline two London shows — at the Central Polytechnic (November 20) and Camden Dingwalls (24).

□ **THE BERLIN BLONDES** have been chosen to support Hot Gossip on the last 17 dates of their nationwide UK tour, announced last week — from Ipswich Gaumont on November 19 to London Dominion Theatre on December 18. On one of the rest days, they headline in their own right at Leeds Florde Green Hotel (November 27). Later in December, the Blondes begin work on a new single for Scratch Records.

□ **AFRAID OF MICE** play a one-off London date at Victoria The Venue on November 20, to promote their upcoming debut album (see Record News). And at the gig, they'll be handing out their four-track flexi-disc — which is also available free at all HMV, Virgin and Our Price outlets.

NILS LOFGREN, who played a one-off at Hammersmith earlier this week, returns to the UK in December — after his current European tour — to play seven more dates, including another London show. They are at Birmingham Odeon (December 13), Manchester Apollo (15), Edinburgh Odeon (16), Sheffield Lyceum (17), Bristol Colston Hall (18), Brighton Dome (19) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (20). Tickets are on sale now priced £4.75, £4.25 and £3.75 (London); £3.50 only (Sheffield); and £4, £3.50 and £3 (elsewhere).

□ **PragVEC** are back in action after a year's silence. Susan Gogan and John Studholme have now been joined by Jeremy Harrington (ex-Monochrome Set), Wendy Glaze and Sue Scott, and they are currently rehearsing with drummer J. D. Harvey (also ex-Monochromes). They'll be going on the road as soon as they've developed their new show, and will shortly be recording with this line-up for Spec Records.

Dillinger and Wah
doing the rounds

DILLINGER, whose London date at Camden Dingwalls next Tuesday (17) was announced last week, has now extended his visit to take in four provincial shows. The Jamaican reggae star will be featuring material from his recently released A&M album 'Badder Than Them' at Manchester Polytechnic (November 18), Hull Tower Ballroom (20), Glasgow College of Technology (21) and Edinburgh Playhouse (23).

WAH emerge from an intensive spell in the studios, where they've been busy rehearsing new material, to play a string of live dates — when they'll be featuring their recently released WEA single, a re-recorded version of 'Somesay' produced by Ian Broudie. They play Liverpool University (November 27), Newcastle University (28), Glasgow Mayfair (29), Manchester University (December 2), Bradford University (3), Birmingham Imperial Cinema (4) and London University Students Union (5). Tickets for the London show are on sale from November 25, priced £2.50 (students) and £2.60 (others) — please ask at the venues for booking details of the other gigs.



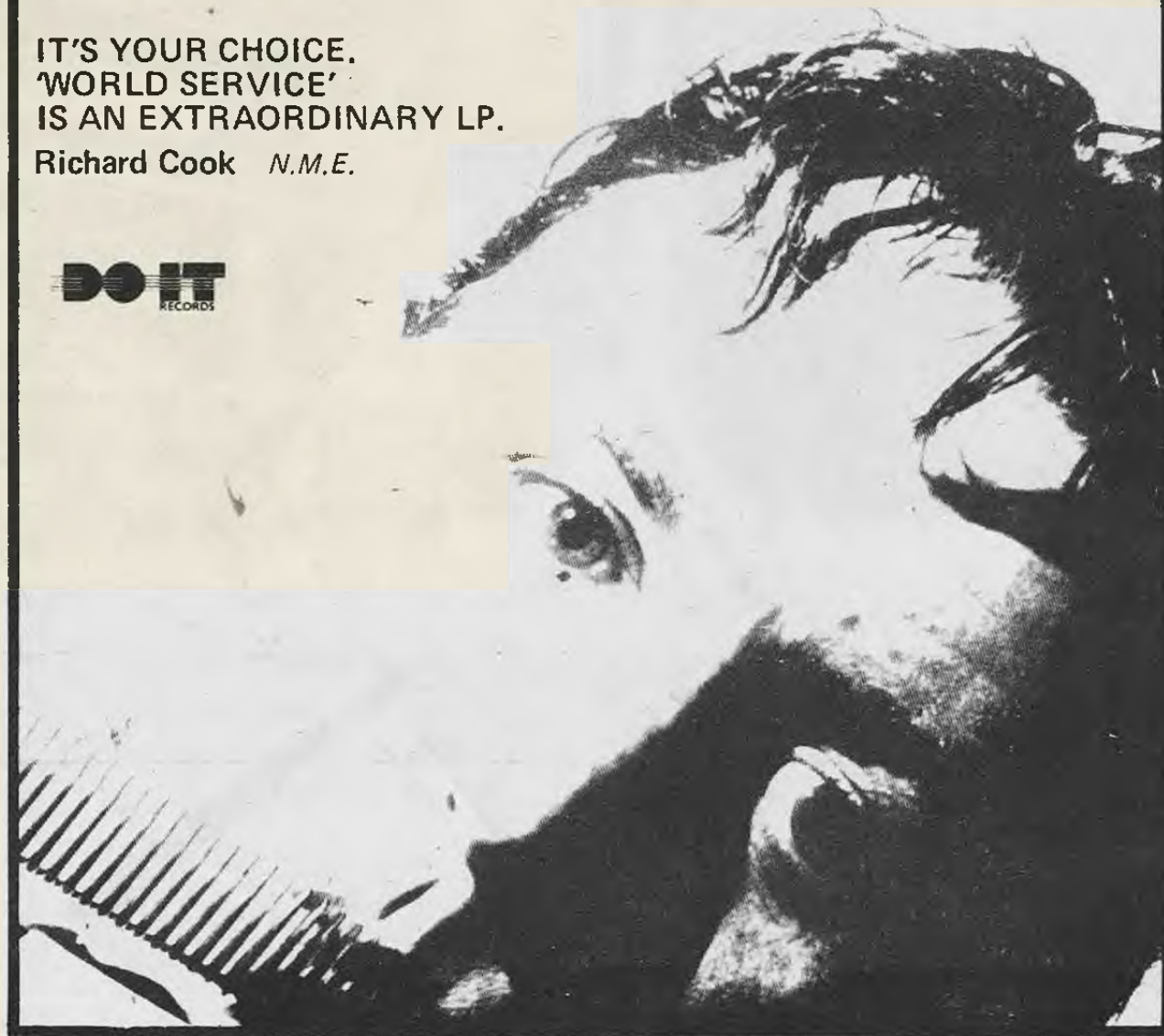
Anthony More

WORLD SERVICE

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Allan Jones *Melody Maker*

IT'S YOUR CHOICE.
'WORLD SERVICE'
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Richard Cook *N.M.E.*DO IT
RECORDS

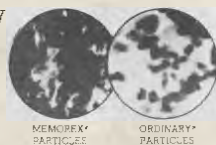
New Memorex High Bias II is coated with micro-fine needle shaped particles.

They're the latest development from Memorex and give the tape its distinctively sharp sound.

They also give us an improved maximum output level and an extremely impressive signal to noise ratio.

Which means, quite simply, that you can record music at higher levels with less distortion and then enjoy quieter solo passages with less audible hiss.

What's more, our binding process ensures that what you put on the tape stays



The New Memorex Tapes sound sharper than ever.

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It's encased in our unique fumble-free storage album and guaranteed to last a lifetime. Literally.

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MRXI, High Bias II, Chrome II and Metal IV.

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Is it live, or is it Memorex?



LIVE!

Stimulin Buzzz

Southgate Royalty

THE SATURDAY night Rox Club at London's infamous Royalty is the latest calling card in Perry Haines' 'Get Drunk On Funk' manifesto. From clothes designer to magazine editor to club manager, Haines obviously looked on his whole zestful strategy a lot more seriously than many people expected, and the fact that people can be successfully motivated to put an operation like his into action — no matter how scatterbrained — is one of the positive aspects of the last few years. You may be cynical about Haines and the whiteboy funk movement, but at least it's moving.

Buzzz are the opening band tonight, with an agility and scope which I found preferable to headliners Stimulin, and an ability to become by far the best of the post-Chic Britfunksters. Buzzz are a two guitar, bass, drums, keyboards and vocal line-up, the latter duties shared between the shade-sporting frontman and two skilful and sassy girl back-up singers. What primarily distinguishes them from the glut of tedious white and black funk merchants is that they keep the 'party party' invocations to a minimum and go for a pleasing expansiveness in both musical ingredients and onstage presentation.

With a gloss and sleekness to the bass which recalls classy classic Chic and a crisp boppiness to the guitars and harmonies very close to prime time Two Tone, Buzzz ride a fine line between corny pap and pure pop soul. These days, for a band like them to take to performing before releasing a record may seem like a roundabout route but in Buzzz's case it makes a lot of sense, their best songs are kitchen sink scenarios of the "you did me wrong running round town with every man / woman / drinking buddie available" type. Hackneyed for sure, but Buzzz rock music is so nimble, confident and contemporary that they carry it off convincingly and onstage the humour, affection and mock drama comes over very well, the repartee between the back-up singers and the Steel Pulse-like lead vocalist containing echoes of the interplay between Kid Creole and The Coconuts.

Buzzz have exemplary taste and can make for a great sexual and sensual cabaret; I don't think they'll ever be a prime force, but if they took the time to hone their finer points they could be one of the most professional, stimulating and commercial acts around.

Although Stimulin went down much better with the audience, I found their mode of '80s party funk and latin airiness a little too contrived and predictable. Again they obviously have a lot of ability — producing great slabs of effective musical heat and exhortation — but they often appear at a loss as to how best they should control and mould their potency, without putting it into a constricting and cumbersome format.

Still, even if I wasn't compelled or persuaded by either band, I was entertained and interested by the other — and these days that's a lot more than you can expect from the usual live performance.

Gavin Martin

Buzzz

Pic: Peter Anderson.

IT'S THE NEW HIVE JIVE!

New Order

Manchester

NOTHING MOVED. Everybody, everything was still. Lifeless. This frosty collage belonged to Manchester in the Winter of '81, a city enshrined in a tomb of ice.

Not that it was cold outside. Only our hearts were frozen.

JOY DIVISION IS DEAD.

And now you may laugh at the Manchester Mystique. But first, realise it's a killing joke, the catalyst that caused this city's stagnation. So much of the new Manchester music is frigid-rigid, its bones brittle as icicles, its shaky structures pieced together by pathetic plagiarists and frauds. The JD legend has grown more precious because no-one has arisen to take their place.

Only in forgotten fields are a handful of warm-blooded crusaders fighting to buy the myth — Passage, Chameleons, Diagram Brothers, Foreign Press — and you may come to praise them. But even between them they couldn't melt this frozen city's glaciated soul.

It isn't easy to forget the past.

WE SHOULD BURN THOSE MEMORIES.

Those intent on doing so were already claiming that an unseasonal Spring was breathing new life, and it was from their lips that a wayward whisper was threading its way across town. Tonight, almost exclusively on the strength of hearsay, approaching 2,000 people were lured by the legend and turned out to see New Order play the Ritz.

Until this evening, I had

never thought of New Order as any kind of New Beginning — only as a band slowly crumbling under both the pressures created by outsiders' unreasonable expectations and those masochistically created by themselves. So many aspects alienated me from them; their mindless flirting with fascist emblems, their apparent vinyl shyness and their perpetuation of their own cult status by their refusal to be interviewed. I grew tired of their clandestine charade.

In other regions the backlash had already started and the protective shell of mystery and intrigue was slowly being peeled away from New Order's once revered bodies. Their aura was no longer too intense. They were being regarded simply as an ordinary band. This was their re-birth.

THEY HAVE BURNED THOSE MEMORIES.

Tonight, New Order are humanised. The PA system is faulty, the guitars go out of tune, songs are erratically performed — everything is so wonderfully and spontaneously haphazard. Peter humbly apologises for the irregularities and Gillian even smiles. Nobody ever smiled at a Joy Division gig. But now there is warmth where once there was desolation and despair.

New Order have learned how to re-ignite the flames of sapping spirits. There is a modern torch music that toasts the soul, a music that's matured so much since last year, having lost all its clumsy physicalities and the awkward imprecision that once snagged at its silky finish. In a very real sense they've learnt how to

transcend the physical. Their music isn't a blind celebration of hedonism and lust, it's a meticulous revelation of their own catharsis and (spiritual?) growth out of tragedy. It's an almost religious phenomenon, but they do seem calmer now, the music is more content, yet still as terrible in its beauty. They are immovable.

New Order will be the most important Manchester band of the '80s because only they can overshadow the past, only they can re-write the JD fable so that it has a more happy ending. Something like:

NEW ORDER LIVES.

The city walls are burning. There is movement and life. This fiery collage belongs to Manchester, a city redeemed by the New Order. They will tear you apart. Again.

Mick Duffy



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RONDELET MUSIC RECORDS

by Ron Weiser

TV'S GOD-SLOT

Tom Verlaine

New York

TELEVISION WERE romantic visionaries. Back then, they were a shock — the newness of their stance, the starkness of their take on pop interaction, their constant searching and questing, were very new and wonderful things.

Tom Verlaine's new music is in form much like his old, but there are advances. His best new songs are, like some of Television's, infused with a sense of religious yearning, and the new 'Dreamtime' LP contains two of the most personal, intimately human songs he's written. Verlaine is a stubborn man who sticks to his virtues; he remains untouched by fashion or trend

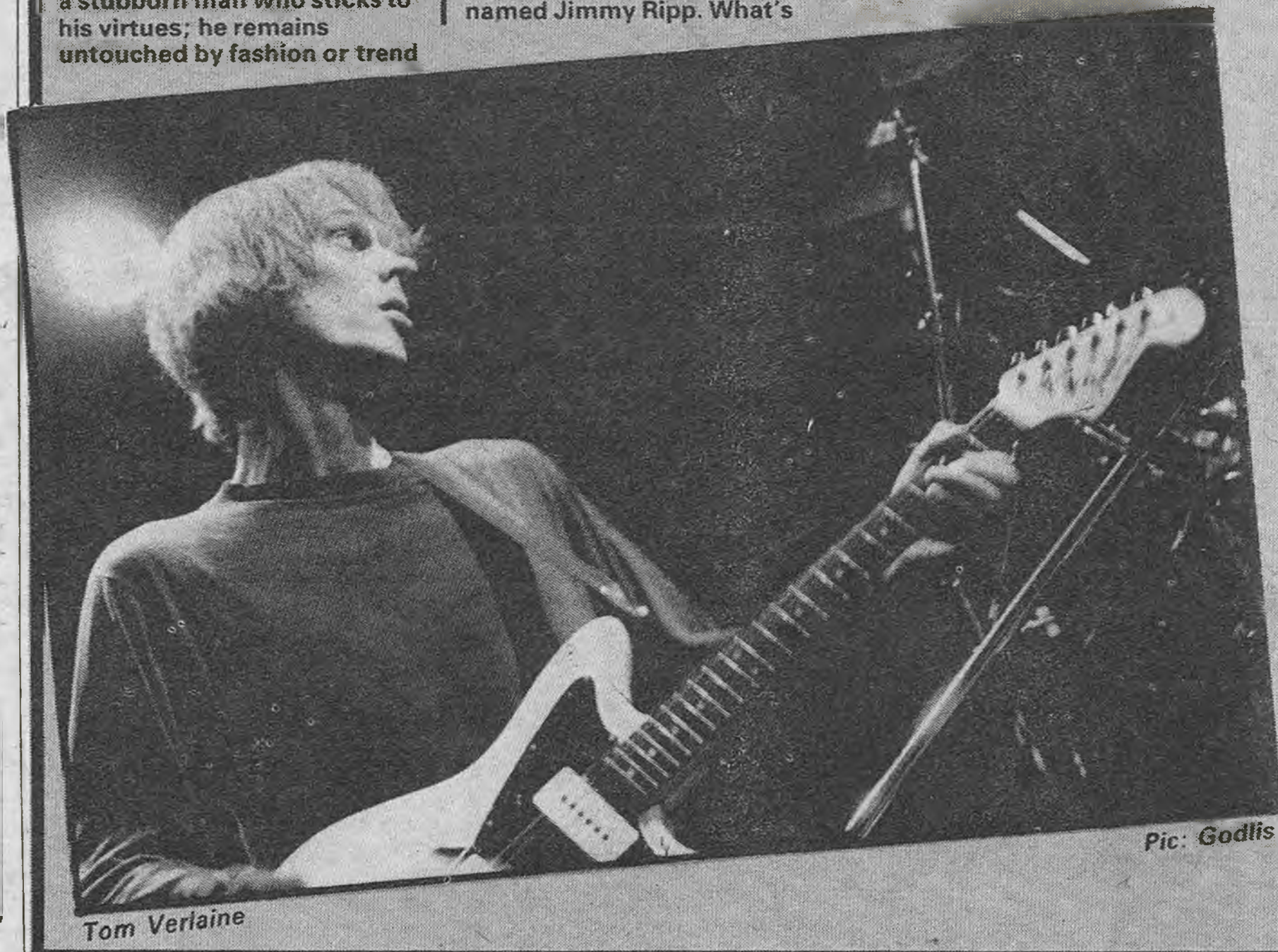
in any way, he stays in a world of his own.

This means that he clings to his weaknesses as well. His greatest weakness is a tendency to make epics, to stretch songs out beyond their limits, especially when playing live. Television influenced many bands that followed them — Echo, Wah!, U2 — but these bands added a crisper sense of writing great, concise, tuneful songs, but he often gives this talent too little of his attention.

Verlaine's new band retains Television bassist Fred Smith, has ex-Patti Smith drummer Jay Dee Daugherty on drums, a free-wheeling and powerful player, and a second guitarist named Jimmy Ripp. What's

missed most from Television is Richard Lloyd. Lloyd used to challenge and spark Verlaine. The competitiveness between them pushed Television to its heights. In the new band, Ripp stands aside, in Verlaine's shadow. Verlaine needs human company, human relief, an intrusion into his privacy, to make his other-worldly excursions palatable. In this band he's too alone.

But in other ways this is one of the warmest performances I've seen him give. He smiles and gestures and looks at us more, seems to open up. In 'Souvenir From A Dream' he puts on a hick



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TIME

accent and acts out a joke. Verlaine always built up a distance as protection against showbiz traps, but now he seems willing to meet the demand of a performance half-way.

The show's greatest moments are the songs from Verlaine's first solo album. 'Kingdom Come' is powerful, definitely making mincemeat of Bowie's version, and 'Red Leaves' is enticingly sweet. Best of all is 'Breaking In My Heart', which gets the sweeping, full-scale treatment this magnificent song deserves, ranging from exquisite delicacy to great forcefulness.

Verlaine's use of the guitar is, as always, special. Unlike blues musicians he doesn't use the instrument as a stand-in for the human voice. With the guitar, Verlaine is more a painter than a singer. His solos aren't based on the scales and blues riffs on which ninety-nine percent of pre-Television rock guitar was based. Nor are they based on virtuosity for its own sake. His aim is not, as in most great blues and rock playing, to get into the heart of his instrument, but to use his instrument to get into the heart of something much larger than himself. He's looking for sounds that can't be played, trying to create a music of suggestion.

Though he smiles more now, Verlaine's stance is still that of the loner, seemingly outside the entire give-and-take of human commerce, though his songs now show us more of the private man. Onstage he's still St Tom, and he could use some fiery blood standing up next to him. But he remains a fascinating figure, well worth watching.

Richard Grabel



Shake Shake

Pic: Philip Dean

SHRIMP COCKTAIL

A Night At The Popera

Screen On The Hill

AN AMBITIOUS and obsessive cabaret — of various shapes and sizes, in the flesh and on the screen — (obliquely) structured around a (fabulous) swinging '60s theme scheme of lost hedonistic innocence. Not a re-creation, but a recreation and an attempt at up-dating and adaptation. A cultural cannibalism. For its faults, a bright and diverting resistance to the mundanity and the mediocrity.

After the immaculate Virna Lindt's authentic tri-lingual

eurovision introduction came Mari Wilson And Her Imaginations, incorporating The Marionettes. The Beehive is a curious stylistic curio to be exhumed with such delight, but Mari has that Dionne Warwick-esque quaver refined to a fine artifice, and used to good comic effect on the obligatory Bacharach number. They play for about twenty minutes, which is about right.

None of the images which are formed on stage and screen are permitted to linger. A definite and limited time-attention span is self-imposed. Smoothly into a hilarious *World In Action* profile of Jean Shrimpton. "Where does a goddess go

from 217?" An extraction and an abstraction from an era of fast and furious conspicuous consumption; when the threat "It's later than you think," never had to be added to the exhortation "Enjoy yourself . . ."

An interlude . . . Carmel. Don't believe everything you hear. Quite right, and especially not here. Just two songs; more irrefutable evidence of her OUTSTANDING vocal talent. Effortless — it may not be so, but it seems so, which is, after all, in the nature of a transcendently superior gift. I am reminded of the uncharted regions explored by the great Tim Buckley, especially in the passion of 'Sweet Surrender.'

The Desired Effect . . . my heart cried out for more . . .

From here on things went awry. The Compact Organisation began to sprawl in undisciplined fashion. Pregnant pauses signified only emptiness. The compere — a tuxedoed, pantomime Ritchie Cunningham, up-town top-ranking for the night — failed to articulate or silence the inarticulate Hampstead hecklers, and the stage wasn't set for Shake Shake. Their obvious and obviously detached dance stance — singer fashionably part doll, part machine — focussed with naked destructive clarity the soft-edged hazy fantasia of the six-tease version of the trite and true. A self-defeating perspective. They were too shrill.

With The Men From U.N.C.L.E. in *Karate Killers* coming up next, I decided to take a raincheck, put on my raincoat and wonder: where does a goddess go from 217?

Mark Cordery

Kool And The Gang

Rainbow

RIGHT, LET'S get down to the serious business of a full and happy social life. Win at sex, cope with your relationships, express yourself through dancing, and stay up, up, up. Get yourself together! It's not such a bad idea.

Kool And The Gang never lose, Kool And The Gang stand for success in the weekend world. They encourage enjoyment and are masters of its attainment. I say that the appeal is not to do with chasing wealth or living out The American Dream. It's not just the party exhortations or the sickly sorrow, or even just the happy knack with which they contrive irresistible dance beats. As a piped radio and disco phenomenon, Kool And The Gang present utter precision, total self-possession and

untouchable self-confidence, so crafted and immaculate that it's almost unreal; a blithe monument to supreme control of mind and body.

They define the goals and embody them simultaneously like it's the easiest thing out, and once you're with them, nothing can touch you. Escapism, yes (though not so much as is assumed), but within the chosen boundaries, unbeatably functional.

Singer and star turn J.T. Taylor is attractively mobile, small, exquisitely groomed, and profoundly body-conscious. He croons, caresses, kisses hands, shows off and moves like silk. He's so seriously slick he's funny. The band throw some unlikely poses. Some of those guys are a little . . . fat? Compared to the media product, this is a bit on the silly side.

Oh dear. Just as the pace is picking up, here come the solo spots. Ungainly Gang members make ridiculous exhibitionist noises with trombones and trumpets, to ironic cheers and bursts of near-disbelieving applause. Suddenly, from being the shameless, seamless dream, Kool And The Gang are becoming a bit of a laugh.

Peaks of super-cool impeccability lost forever, the show, illogically, begins to roll. Taylor shrugs epically through 'Jones Vs Jones', idiot-raps all over 'Too Hot', and at last the band rushes with abandon through three of the most edifying steppers from the new LP. At last, everyone gets up to do the dancing business. Whistles blow, bog rolls are propelled (and efficiently cleared) and The Rainbow bursts into song. Good Time finally cometh.

Taylor glorifies his way through 'Ladies Night', and the lunatic chorusing of 'Celebration' says it all. The veneer goes pop and the dancing fools rush in. Don't ask me why it worked this way. Hell, I enjoyed it!

Dave Hill

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Richard Strange

Pic: David Corio

THE ULTIMATE BUSKER?

Richard Strange

Chelsea Art College

THE STRANGE is back. The one you should take seriously, the one you should consider as being more than the simple image paraded for your consumption. Look beyond the facade, the presentation, and it is quickly clear that here there are no empty gestures, no simplistic ideologies being touted and no glib styles being flaunted.

Strange appears, torchlit, Revox rumbling, escorted by Angus McClean on guitar, and David Winthrop on saxophone. The rock band has been stripped down to its essentials, leaving the space for exemplary contributions from the living and spontaneous musicians present. Eight weeks of constant playing has left the tape tighter and the visuals brighter.

The show is theatrical in the

British tradition which began in the days of Ray Davies, travelled through Ian Hunter and found its master in David Bowie. The effective use of slides and minimal lighting, bathing the scene in red or white, shows an awareness of unassuming yet efficient presentation. It is essentially non-radical, yet at the same time is arresting enough to make the implication that a simple spectacle is taking place. thank you, Bertolt.

As for the content, Strange is evidently dealing with the icon, the figurehead, and by necessity the implications of possible dictatorship through leadership. In setting himself up as a product of the 'Phenomenal Rise' he is most definitely not making any claims towards his own ego or megalomaniacal pretences. He is simply pointing out the limitless possibility of anyone being placed in that power position — from Adam Ant to Winston Churchill.

The slides Strange uses bear witness to this. Ranging from blow-ups of Lichtenstein's cartoon paintings, to Sutherland's crucifix (with Strange himself sardonically reconstructing the same pose, reflected onto the back projection), it is clear that the range of iconolatry extends far beyond the symbolic nature of personalities.

Richard Strange successfully deals with his interest/obsession by implication, leaving the deductions solely for the audience. When video-discs also become household necessities his work will be far more successfully conveyed and communicated, as he is working within an unequivocally accessible format. On the one hand you can regard him as the ultimate busker with the legendary silhouette, while on the other...

Simon Fellows

ROCK *Times*

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Fats Domino

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FATS DOMINO'S uniquely personable style isn't an irresistibly influential one these days; and in comparison with most of his Big Beat peers, his influence on the development of 'modern popular music' has been negligible. Little Richard, Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly — whether cast as sources for inspiration or reaction — have left marks of variable visibility in the creations of widely differing successors. Fats Domino has been virtually ignored by all but devotees and die-hard Teds, who will soak up anything which still radiates some of the glow from Their Golden Age.

But Fats Domino is still in business on his particular periphery. Perhaps because he is so seldom imitated, parodied, ripped-off, reviled, loved, hated, or even noticed, he has retained a certain freshness, while the odour of corruption rises noisily high from the decomposing body of the peer group. Fats Domino is not a victim of cultural necrophilia. Fats Domino has escaped. Or he is still at liberty. Fats Domino hasn't been used, used up, and can't outlive his usefulness.

He began, and ended, with a cool minimum of fuss; Fats Domino is no more capable of hysteria than a piano is of playing football. His style is a luxurious economy — something like a perpetual motion swing, very blue, very supple. Fats Domino doesn't creak. His slick, supportive, ten-piece band underdid it for an almost fatally long while, but as the show moved inexorably to its determined

end, they stepped up to the necessary heights and swung the stiffness out of everybody's limbs.

The entertaining bits come as expected — the horn section marches off-stage for 'When The Saints Go Marching In' and threads its way through the audience; Fats slams his piano across the stage with massive, satirical, rolling chords; a couple of the more youthful old pros in the horn section do a funky chicken; — but what I think was greater than the sum of the parts was a mysterious warmth and charm that isn't explained by

the calculations of Showtime.

It's something in the delight of Fats Domino's pronunciation of "ooooohooooohoooooh," the slurred middles of phrases, the way the ends tail off, or are omitted altogether; the sheer joy (after all we know / this time) in 'I — Found — My — Thrill... It's... not enclosed.

For the third and final encore Fats Domino puts on a raincoat; his imminent departure thus signified, he concludes with 'Ain't That A Shame.' Taking it easy, but taking it.

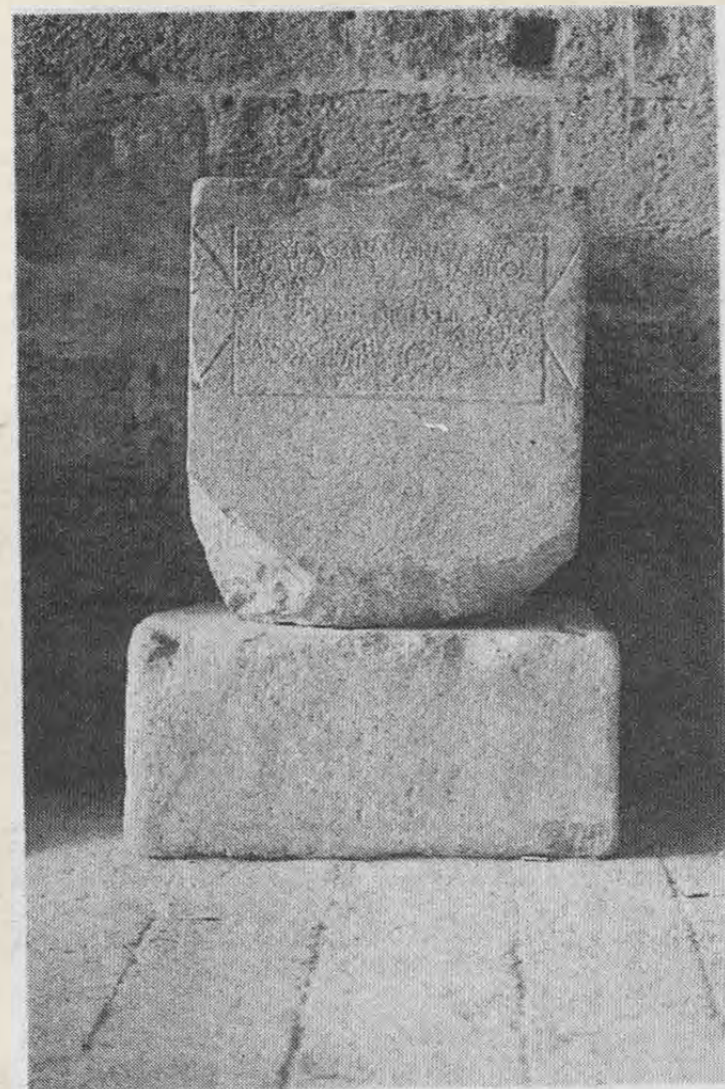
Mark Cordery



Fats Domino

Pic: David Corio

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THE FALL

FROM PAGE 15

I think he had a pint in his hand, y'know... fuckin' great! That was the great thing about them, there was no way the English could televise them. Yeah, I still play all their singles."

What does the next year hold in store? "I can't be sure, really, but I'm getting into the production scene more, because the sound becomes a much greater vehicle for the lyrics. Like 'Slaters' was much clearer than the previous stuff, coz you're getting rid of choruses more and more, and you're putting more literal stuff on it, and therefore it's important to have a good production behind it. Chilton, I always thought, did that great, and the album's gonna be like that, very dense and hard."

SOON IT'S TIME for The Fall to put these ideas into action, and the others quickly take their places on stage. Smith says the five of them would be totally mind-blowing without him, and by the second new song, 'Into C.B.', this is obvious. Dischords like church bells are expertly overlapped, treading on each others' tails, while over them Smith chants a twisted, snarling lyric concerning Citizen's Band radio. On 'Beer Park', 'Hip Priest' and 'Step Up', The Fall are playing the most intense, hypnotic

rock'n'roll since The Velvet's 'Sister Ray'; as Mark Riley keeps up a brilliant, fevered Cale organ part, Craig Scanlan batters his guitar, Steve Hanley's bass pins every beat to the floor, and the dual drum unit of Karl Burns and Paul Hanley never lets off its devastating power for nigh on ten minutes. After five of these, you feel quite simply entranced, ecstatic.

Smith sauntering about the stage with icily calculated indifference only adds to the sheer rigour of the sound. He addresses nobody, but his delivery is fanatical. Anger breaks over its surface, but a Fall gig is a vital confusion of sound and meaning, signifier and signified, a theatre of clamour and impersonality. Sometimes you can make out his words, at other times not; it doesn't matter, the challenge to both heart and mind is there.

Mark Smith and The Fall do this because they know that Pop, within the system it has created for its expansion, can only further represent itself. They know that it's time for a "popular" (or populist) but radical white rock to address itself to questions of art, culture, politics that Pop has only too conveniently ignored for too long. That Smith has managed to do this with a severe and violent humour and a vision of incomparable breadth, and without regressing to slogans and exhibitionistic vitriol, only testifies the more to the manifold importance of this group.

Within this kind of discipline, prole art really is a threat.

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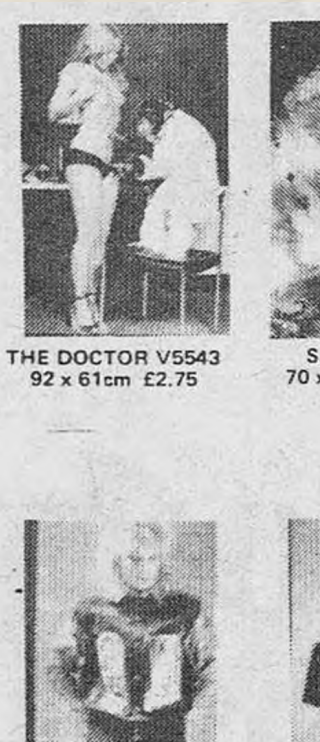
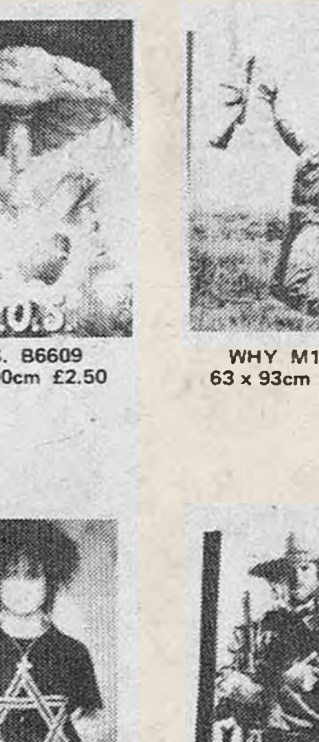
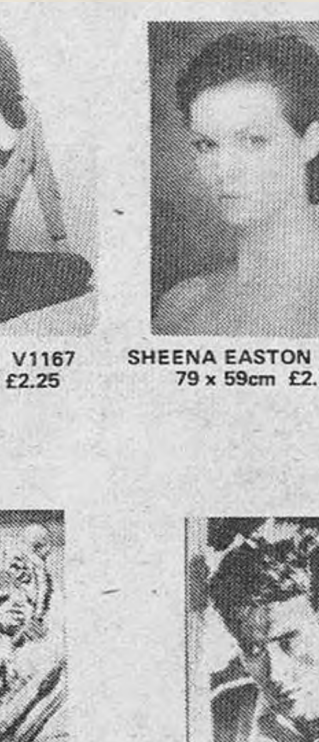
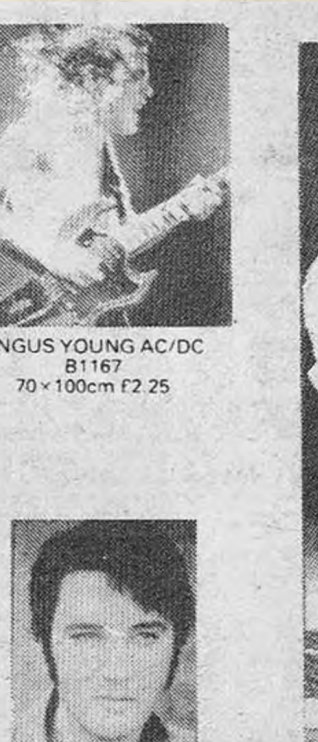
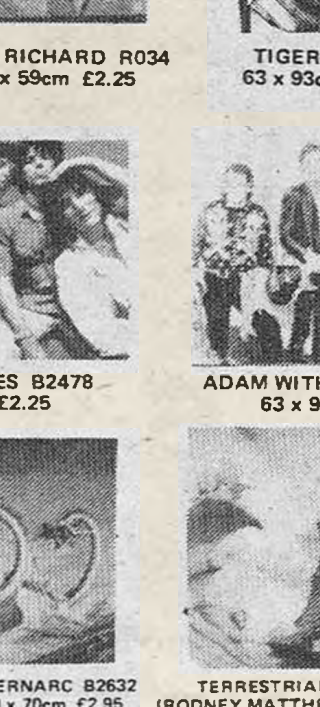
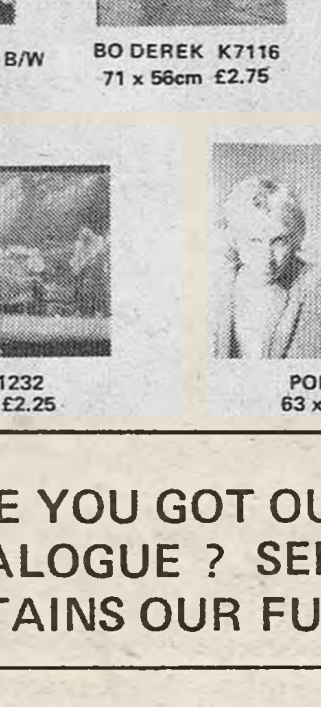
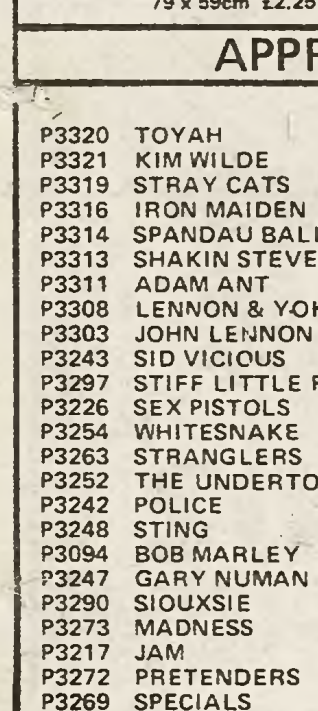
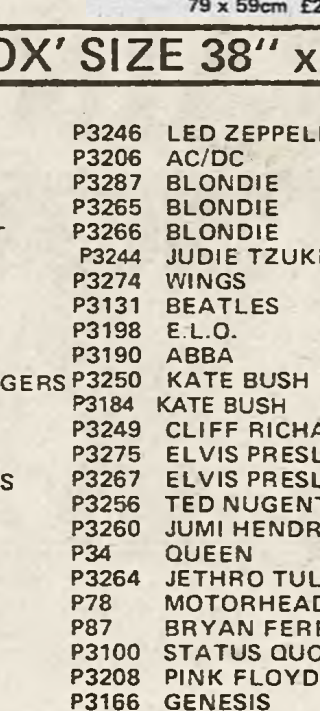
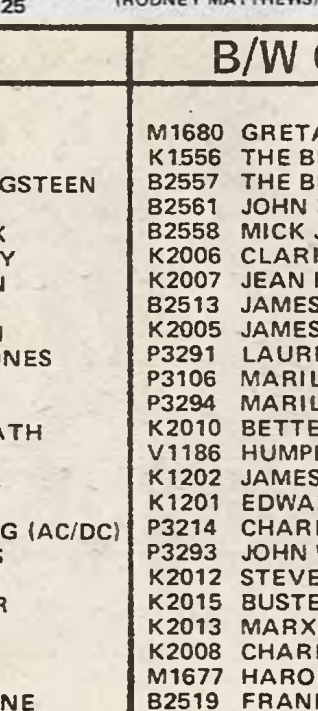
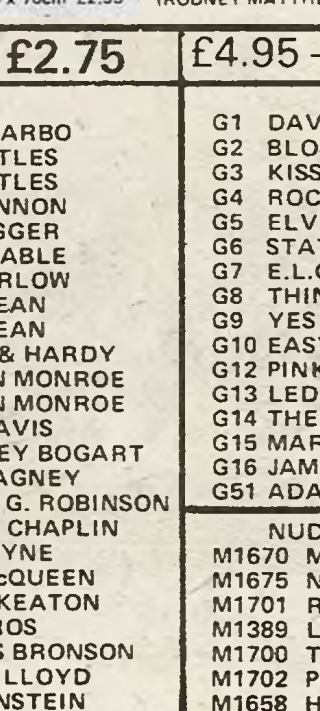
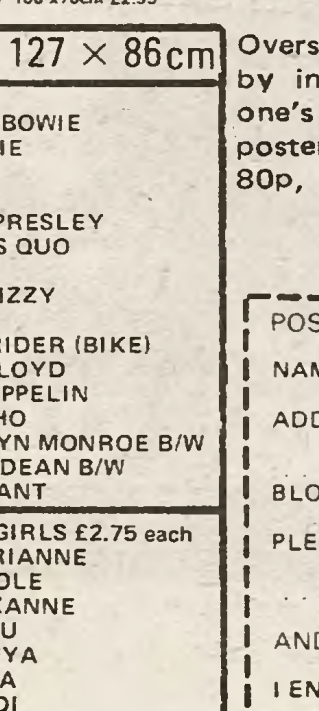
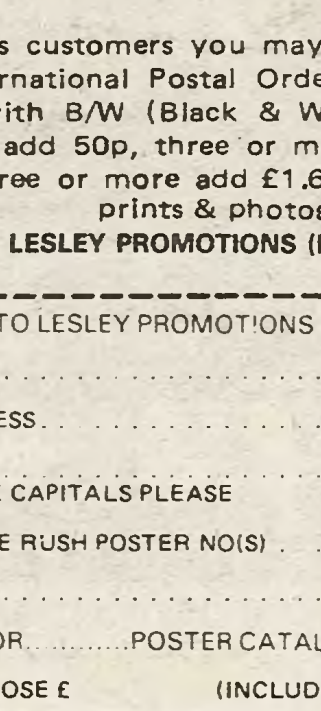
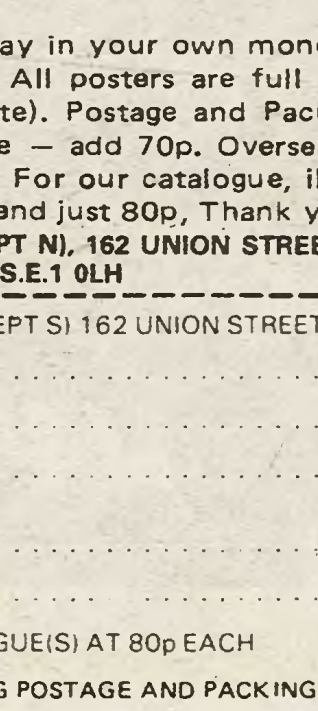
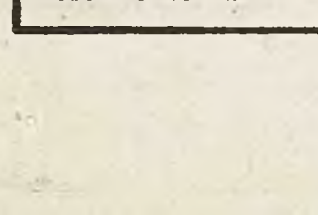
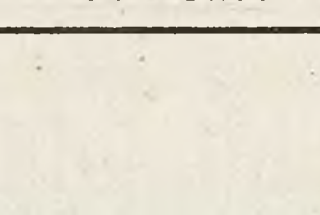
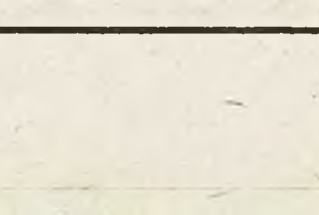
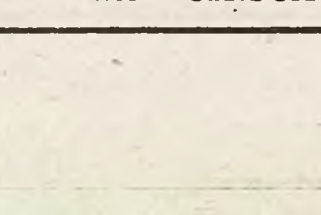
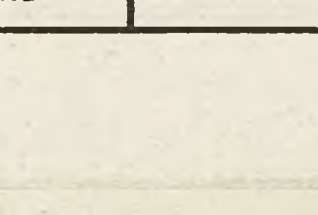
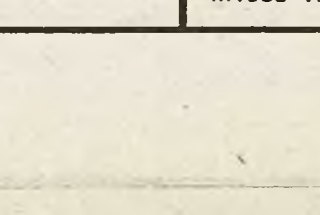
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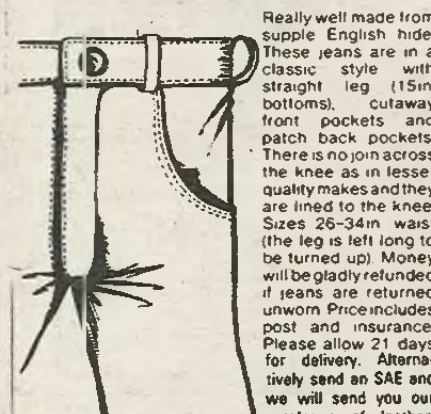
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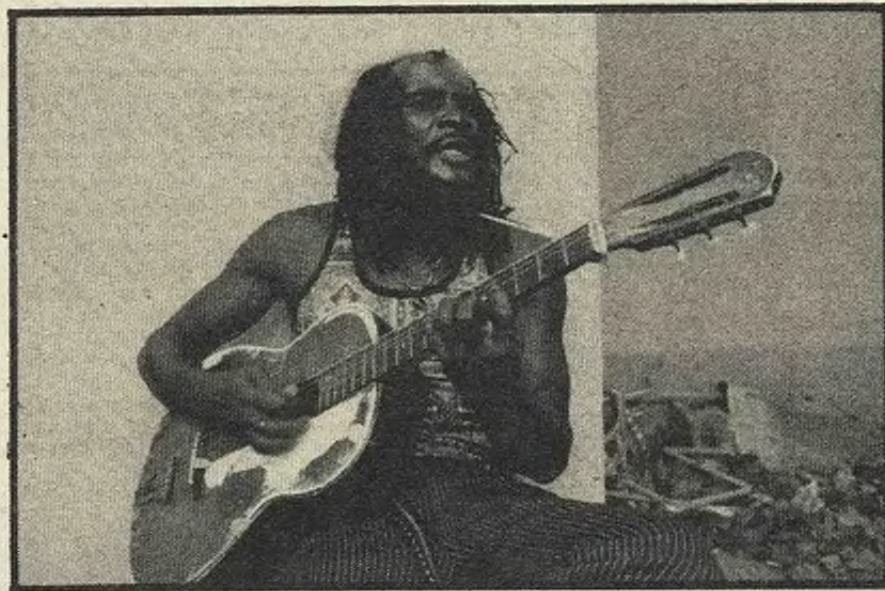
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THE third and latest album from self-proclaimed grasshopper **Pablo Moses** is released Stateside on the Island subsidiary **Mango** label and is currently available in this country via the usual specialists. Entitled 'Pave The Way' (MLPS 9633), the set is a nine track **Geoffrey Chung** production recorded and mixed at **Dynamic Sound** studio in Kingston, Jamaica and features the usual roster of **Dynamic** musicians, including **Val Douglas** on bass and **Mikey "Boo" Richards** on drums, plus also backing vocals from the **Home T4** outfit.

Also up from the US on **Hyman Wright's Jah Life** imprint is a **Various Artists** 11 track compilation produced by **Bunny Riley** and **Leroy Smart**, bearing the title 'Jah Life Smashing Superstars' (JL LP 009). Mixed and voiced at **Channel One**, the album contains three contributions apiece from **Barry Brown** and **Leroy Smart**, two each from **toasters Lone Ranger** and **Ranking Joe** and one **Tony Tuff** tune.

Also compiled is a 10 track toast production from **Henry "Junjo" Lawes** issued this week by **Greensleeves** of **Shepherds Bush** and entitled 'Whole New Generation Of DJ' (GREL 26). Recorded and mixed at **Channel One** with backing by the **Roots Radics** musicians,

Two versions of the song 'Love On A Two Way Street' **Barry Biggs** offers a self-produced interpretation with **Dean Fraser** providing saxophone dispensation of the same on its flip. Up on **Sonic Sounds** 12" disc **comix** **Three Judy Mowatt** provides the vocal for an **Ossie Hibbert** production of the title, and this is coupled with a **Franklyn Waul** guitar variation on the same theme.

Latest releases from **Studio 1: Alton Ellis**, 'Live And Learn' (SO 0046); **Jennifer Lara**, 'Natural Misty' (SO 0047); **Jim Brown**, 'Love In The Dance' (SO 04750); **Devon Russell**, 'Thanks And Praise' (SO 04751); and on **discomix** issue **Johnny Osbourne**, 'Unity' c/w **Roland Alphonso & Brentford All Stars**, 'Sir D Special'.

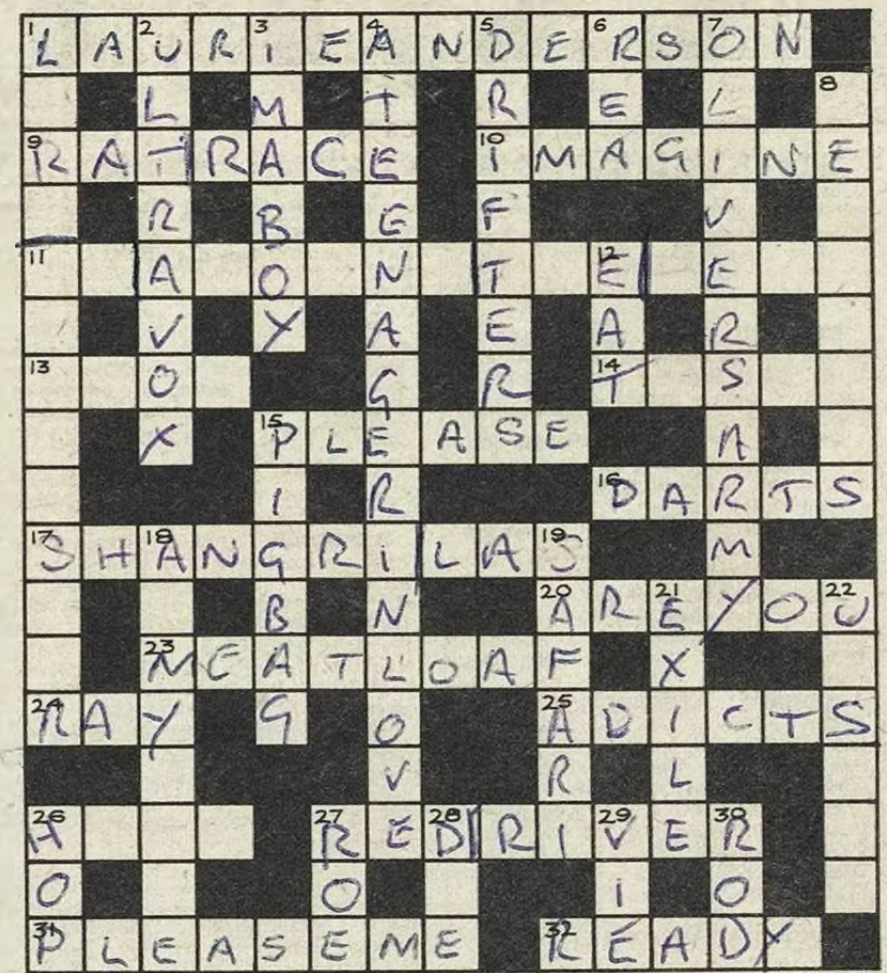
Following up his reggae chart topping 'Have You Ever?', **Dennis Brown** comes forward on **Techniques** out of **Chancery Lane** with 'I've Got To Find You'. Other new **discomix** releases include: **Trevor Hartley**, 'Hanging Around' c/w 'Gallows Bait' (PC PCDD 003) — produced by **P Cann**; **Ranking Joe**, 'Disco Skate' c/w 'Western Kingston Style' (Copasetic CPDIS 5) — produced by **Ranking Joe** and **Jah Screw**; **Norman T Washington**, 'Just As You Are' c/w 'Why You Cheating On Me' (Natural NAT 001) — self-produced; **Wasimba & Sweet Harmony**, 'Honours, Riches, Blessings' (Mass Media Music MMM 12-1003) — produced by **Chubby**; **Dwight Wilson**, 'I Really Want To Love You' (Lord David LD 001) — a **Lord David** production; **Colonel Shaft & Papa Sticks**, 'Rock We Ago Rock You' c/w **Mysterions**, 'Rockin Dub' (Nature NR 13) — arranged and produced by **Les Cliff**; **Horace Andy**, 'Have You Ever Been In Love?' c/w

George Robinson, 'Will You Still Love Me — 1981 Style' (Tad's TRD 9881) — produced by **Tad A Dawkins**; and **Cornel Campbell** with interpretation of **Paul Kelly's** 'Stealing Love' c/w saxophonist **Ossie Scott**, 'Stealing Love (Soulful Instrumental)' (IRC 30).

Soho reggae specialists **Daddy Kool** of **Dean Street** are carrying stocks of difficult to obtain ska and rock steady titles, including three **Prince Buster** Record Shack recordings from the **Melodisc** catalogue; 'Fabulous Greatest Hits', with original **Buster** shufflers 'Ghost Dance', 'Freezing Up Orange Street' etc; 'The Original Golden Oldies', a 13 track **Various** artists compilation featuring classics 'Humpty Dumpty' by **Eric Morris**, 'Oh Carolina' from **The Folks Brothers**, **Owen Grey's** 'Millie Girl' and others; and 'Original Golden Oldies Featuring The Maytals', assembling all **Toots** and company's recordings for **Buster** circa the early to mid '60s. Also newly available is **The Wailing Wailers** debut LP on **Studio 1**, and **Count Ossie** **And The Mystical Revelation of Ras Tafari's** triple 'Groundation' showcase.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across: 1 Birthday Party, 7 SOS, 9 Glitter, 10 Quickstep, 12 Twist, 14 Pere, 16 Penman, 19 Ringo, 20 Poser, 21 Simon, 25 Rental, 26 Show, 27 Doors, 31 Rock bands, 32 Drummer, 34 Pub, 35 The Strangers. **Down:** 1 Bongo, 2 Review, 3 Director, 4 Yes, 5 Album, 6 Thick ear, 7 Spotted, 8 Simple Minds, 11 Support, 13 Image, 15 Meryl Streep, 17 Numbers, 18 Video, 22 Research, 23 Anderson, 24 101 Club, 38 Rumble, 29 Edits, 30 Arias, 33 Bar.



ACROSS

- Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh — female singer — uh, uh, uh, uh, uh... (6-8)
- 1966 Who single (2-1-3)
- Dion, Craig Douglas and Marty Wilde all scored in 1959 with this number (1-8-2-4)
- Set of four blacks resulting from an awkward first (8)
- Chris, who's had recent minor hits with 'Fool (If You Think It's Over)' and 'Diamonds' (3)
- Costello single — that drunken slob Reed is bringing his mates with him now (7-4)
- They charted with 'The Shape Of Things To Come' (8)
- Blondie did this to the beat (3)
- Papa, I've just the thing for father's day — hold that you swine! (6)
- The Exploited in Northern Ireland? (4-4)
- Toyah's label (6)
- They wanted to kiss you all over (5)
- Perhaps they'll be on the bench for the British sides at the next World Cup (1-1-4)
- Danny and the Juniors were at it in 58 and 76 (3)
- Tommy fish-eggs (3)
- With whom Mr Hercules John scored his only number one (3)
- The American Bobby who benefitted from a rubber ball? (3)
- Mr Hot Legs at an angle (3)

DOWN

- Ian Dury rises above being a London blockhead (4-9)
- The band who

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IN NME
CLASSIFIEDS**



Monty Smith sizes up the small screen.

Thursday November 12
KIM (Directed by Victor Saville 1948). Little rabble-rousing but much derring-do in colonial India as Errol Flynn shows orphan Dean Stockwell how to hunt tigers etc in a lavish but hollow period adventure yarn; nowhere near as ripping as *Roger Of The Raj*. (BBC 2)

THE WIND AND THE LION (John G. Milius 1975). Nothing much else besides rabble-rousing in this curious would-be camp epic as Sean Connery's Riffian ruffian kidnaps Candice Bergen and charges, thereby incurring the wrath of the 'civilised' world and President Teddy Roosevelt in particular. (ITV)

Friday November 13
FRIDAY THE 13th (Sean Cunningham). A bit of enterprising programming from ITV as they slot Cunningham's low budget/high profit horror shocker into the witching hour on Friday the 13th itself. A shame they couldn't network it though. (ITV Harlech)

TARZAN ESCAPES (Richard Thorpe 1943). Johnny Weissmuller: "I suppose you think I spend all my money on bananas, nuts and carpet cleaner?" Parkinson: "Er... no, not really." JW: "Well, I do spend about 95% of it on those items. But I'm also very interested in Fred Dellar's NME Guide To

Rock Cinema. It's a most useful index to a neglected section of cinema." (BBC 2)

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS (John Paddy Carstairs 1949). Amusing diversion centred somewhat unpromisingly on the foibles of the English electoral system, bolstered tremendously by rich caricature from A. E. Matthews as the fruity Lord Lister. Would've been even better had Ealing made it. (ITV Thames)

THE CROOKED ROAD (Don Chaffey 1965). Stewart Granger as the corrupt dictator (sic — and his dictator is about as believable as George Cole's Trinian spiv), Robert Ryan the hardnosed journalist (hic) who wants to unseat him in a desultory thriller from a hard-up Brit B-feature studio, long defunct. (BBC 1)

MIND OVER MURDER (Ivan Nagy 1979). Quite where this silly little TV-thriller fits in to the autumn season of ITV Saturday night blockbusters is a matter for IBA and its advertisers to discuss. Deborah Raffin's the model with ESP who knows there's a nasty after her. Mind over matter, girl — I don't mind and you don't matter. (ITV)

BANG! YOU'RE DEAD (Lance Comfort 1953). A lighter theme: Two kids playing with a real gun accidentally shoot dead a cyclist. Don't panic — PC Plod (Jack Warner) sorts it out. (BBC 2)

THE LONG ARM (Charles Frend 1956). Early *Altered States* precursor in which Jack Hawkins plays a cop specialising in graphic Sandy Powell impersonations. (BBC 2)

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH (Michael Powell 1946). The stunning camera obscura sequence is just one of many genuinely bizarre set-pieces in this

(in) famous Powell/Pressburger extravaganza, an idiosyncratic fantasy that manages to tell an intriguing story and symbolise Britain's sad state of inter-dependence at the end of the last war. Camp cineastes love it, dear, and so do I. If you've got one, tape it. (BBC 2)

Sunday November 15
ROCKETS GALORE (Michael Relph 1958). Rank again jumping into Ealing's grave with a nonsensical sequel to *Whisky Galore*. (ITV LWT)

HEDDA (Trevor Nunn 1975). The Royal Shakespeare Company kindly denote their adaptation of Hedda Gabler to the masses. The masses, quite rightly, stayed away in droves. Glenda Jackson jumps around a lot. (BBC 2)

Monday November 16
SO GOES MY LOVE (Frank Ryan 1946). Banal period family film, Myrna Loy latching on to eccentric inventor Don Ameche. (BBC 2)

THE COLDITZ STORY (Guy Hamilton 1954). Convincingly boring depiction of POW life. (ITV Thames)

TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE (Abraham Polonsky 1969). Robert Redford leads the nasty white posse after poor little Indian Robert Blake in a tedious examination of a nation's guilt etc. Liberals love it. (BBC 1)

Wednesday November 18
THE BLACK BIRD (David Giler 1975). After England have tonked the Magyars (*Dreamer* — Ed.) celebrate with this ridiculous parody of John Huston's rotten old *Maltese Falcon*, George Segal playing the witless bastard offspring of Sam Spade. A muted hoot, and David Giler has since struck up a fruitful partnership with man of the moment Walter Hill. (ITV)



Monty Smith sorts out the circuit releases

ABSOLUTION (Directed by Anthony Page). Unlikely coupling of Richard Burton with Billy Connolly (gin and big yin?) in a seminary-set thriller which has been sitting on the shelf for a couple of years. To be reviewed. (Enterprise)

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON (John Landis). Can Landis get back his 'credibility' after the *Blues Brothers* balls-up? Laughter and lycanthropes in a reputedly sexy shocker, reviewed this week. (Barber International)

BACK ROADS (Martin Ritt). Good ol' boys and gals under the microscope in a romantic comedy from the *Norma Rae* team, Sally Field here partnered with Tommy Lee Jones. It works more often than not, thinks Richard Cook in this week's review. (Rank)

BLOW OUT (Brian De Palma). Beginning with a pie in the face for his 'feminist' critics and ending with a characteristically overblown setpiece, *Blow Out* is very much the mishmash of *Blow Up* / *The Conversation* / *Parallax View* everybody says it is. Travolta and Mrs De Palma make an attractive pair of innocents but the over-familiarity of the terrain makes it all curiously uninvolved. Reviewed 31.10.81. (Columbia)

CITIZENS BAND (Jonathan Demme). Made in 1977, before *Melvin And Howard*, Demme's easy-going depiction of CB radio in a small town community is a similarly likeable experience, now dusted off for its British premiere after the recent legalisation of the singularly boring craze. The way in which Demme can adapt to such unpromising material proves he is no ordinary talent. Reviewed next week. (Contemporary)

ENDLESS LOVE (Franco Zeffirelli). Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt are the unappealing adolescents going through the soft-core motions in a risibly overwrought melodrama which is more slimy bubble-bath than real soap opera. Reviewed 31.10.81. (Barber International)

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN (Karel Reisz). Listless hokum that whispers into the void as far as I'm concerned, but lots of

other people like it. Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons are very good in a BBC2 way, but there's no getting round the fact that the modern stuff is more interesting than the painstakingly recreated Victorian 'drama'. Reviewed 17.10.81. (United Artists)

HONKY TONK FREEWAY (John Schlesinger). A bunch of dodos descend on piddly-ass Ticklaw, Florida and a laff riot ("A laff riot!" — NME) ensues. Trashed by the critics, but since when have they made your eyes water? The splendid George Dzundza (and plenty of others) will do that to you and more as Schlesinger has great fun with the mild grotesqueries of everyday Americana. (EMI)

MARILYN — THE UNTOLD STORY (John Flynn and Jack Arnold). The untold story: Norma Jean Baker, born with a hare lip and a hunch back, overcomes her gross deformities, changes her name to Ruth Gordon, and makes it as an actress specialising in vulgar old women parts. Reviewed this week. (Rank)

MONTENEGRO (Dusan Makavejev). The mad Yugoslav's first film in six years is a Swedish-set *Diary Of A Mad Housewife* with Susan Anspach suffering fools and jewels gladly. Very, very funny... and tanks for the memory, Dusan! Ian Penman gets to grips with the gags next week. (New Realm)

RETURN OF THE SECAUCUS SEVEN (John Sayles). Sayles has given up writing junk for Roger



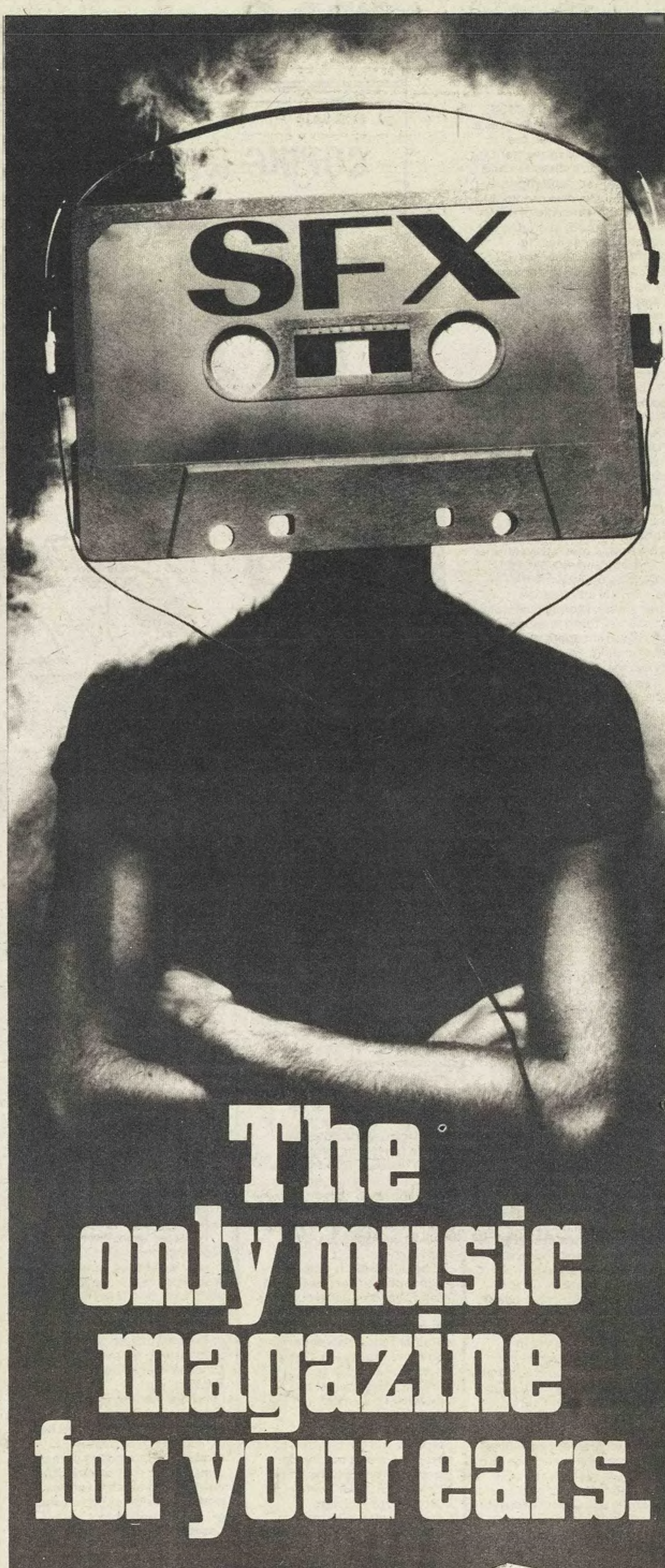
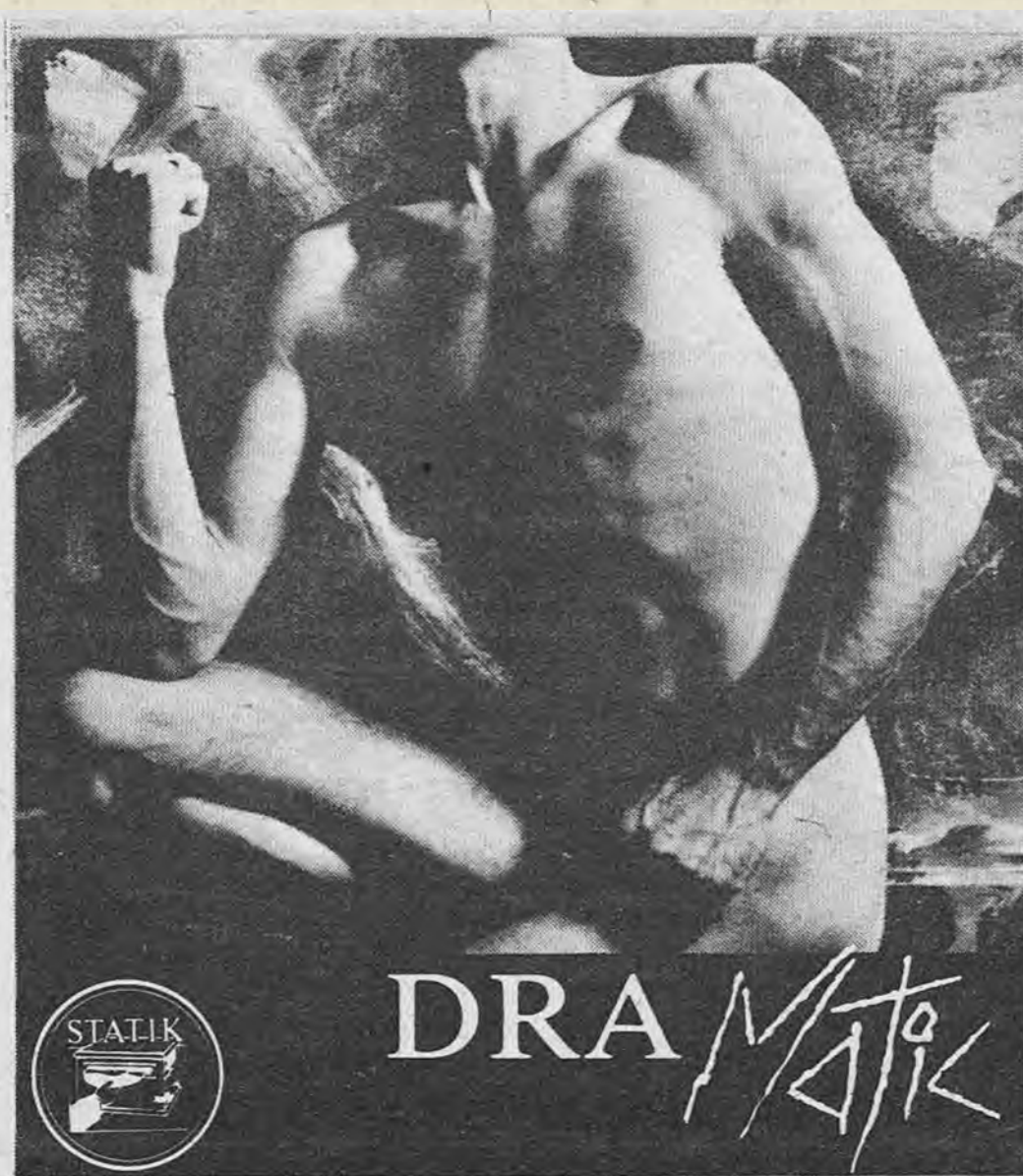
The perils of masturbation, graphically illustrated in *An American Werewolf In London*.

Corman and taken up writing rubbish for himself. This is the new, hip, 'alternative' American 'comedy' and it's so smug and relaxed you'll nod off, no sweat. Reviewed 7.11.81. (ICA)

SOUTHERN COMFORT (Walter Hill). Cosily ironic title for Hill's savage dissection of a group of National Guardsmen on weekend manoeuvres in the Louisiana swamp-forests. A highly-charged drama, beautifully put together and written with bellicose wit, it also works as fierce allegory (American imperialism and all that), building to a genuinely nightmarish climax. Reviewed 7.11.81. (EMI)

URGH! A MUSIC WAR (Derek Burbidge). Exactly what Penman said it was 31.10.81. (Osiris)

WOLFEN (Michael Wadleigh). Exactly what Penman says it is this week (which means that it sounds like a real dark horse of a movie). (Warner Bros)



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PAUL MORLEY'S polemic (31-10-81) against much current music journalism was a valuable source of argument for all those who believe, as I do, that the type of criticism he appears to stand for is both morally arrogant and intellectually misconceived. Ever since his emergence as a major critical force in the self-proclaimed movement for redefinition, re-direction and revaluation in contemporary music, Morley has gradually assumed the mantle of the misunderstood, alienated but nonetheless far-seeing prophet of the New Music. Few critics, with the possible exceptions of Burchill and Parsons, have generated as much hostility. I wish to state why I believe the attitudes Morley's writings evince are profoundly offensive.

To take one very obvious point of critical fraudulence, Paul berates Steve Taylor of *The Face* for treating "Ultravox the same as he will treat The Human League the same as he will treat the Clash." But why on earth should he do otherwise? Surely any kind of critical honesty demands that the critic brings much the same standards and evaluative criteria to every work that he, as a critical intelligence, encounters. Morley claims that this sort of thing is 'symbolic of the current spate of writers' utter inability to properly reflect the vitality and variety of music': such a statement, taken in context, belies a singularly misplaced conception of the journalistic function.

I agree that, as a vehicle for the conduct of acute critical debate about contemporary music, the interview has manifold shortcomings. As the journalistic equivalent of historical biography, it suffers from the same methodological defects; it automatically postulates an artificial and contrived relationship between subject and context. It nonetheless remains the staple of the rock press. If this involves a perpetual sacrifice of the writer qua critic to writer qua reporter, tough. But to reach the stage, as occurred in the notorious Gabriel / Morley encounter, of elevating the creative identity of the writer above that of the particular musical talent is wholly to negate an essential journalistic function.

I would not find such attitudes so offensive if they were openly paraded: a cultural position, such as that implied in Morley's work, of elitist contempt for all those in any way distanced, for whatever reasons, from this "invigorating and incisive" phase in post-rock is, I suppose, justifiable, up to a point. A Leavisite conception of the critical function, postulating a small, disinterested minority in whom lies the repository of moral awareness and cultural significance in a given society, is not very far from Paul's evident standpoint.

We both agree that rock music, call it what you will, is vitally important, and that an adequately functioning rock press should reflect changes and shifts within and without that music. The crucial point is, though, that the changes and shifts Paul refers to relate to a definite minority, an enlightened and self-congratulatory elite.

The seemingly incomprehension of the current wave of *NME* writers at the continued success of, for instance, Genesis betrays a cultural perception every bit as blinkered as that against which they rightly inveigh. Ultimately it is far more important to attempt to understand why umpteen million people should wish to lavish their hard-earned on Abacab, than to investigate the stylistic nuances of specific innovators, if that is what they be, in contemporary music. The cultural inequality of

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Illustration: David Henderson

the alternative approach I, and I suspect a good many other *NME* readers, find somewhat repellent.
N. K. Fisher

AND IT came to pass that The Great Morley girded his loins and climbed to the top of his ivory tower and looked upon the world of rock journalism and screamed "Why can't they all be like me?" his words automatically being transcribed on to the pages of the *NME* amongst many other 'thrills'. His article was a fair example of how he and the pisshead Penman have dragged *NME* down the bog. They both suffer from some kind of 'post rock vision' in which the past 20-odd years of rock'n'roll is expunged from the memory, and everyone really is a star for fifteen minutes so long as they have style and a transparent fun popability.

The only trouble with their philosophy is that this is 1981, World War 3 is just around the corner and with each day the Raygun-Thatcher administration becomes more and more draconian. Once upon a time rock was a rallying point against the 'powers of darkness' — The Beatles, Dylan, Doors, Jefferson Airplane, Steppenwolf etc may not have saved the world but they at least acted as a catalyst. The kids who got their heads busted at the Chicago Convention and Vietnam demos had someone on the radio and in the concert halls who shared their beliefs and helped to give them strength to carry on. But this 'new pop' that Morley-Penman devote so much praise to is little more than apolitical nite-club candy floss.

I realise that rock music is at its lowest ebb, in regards to imagination and spirit, but don't try to foist second best on us, don't expect the kids in the depressed north and Midlands to swan around in their old man's demob suit and Sunday's fruit salad. Get behind the bands that even in the current embryonic state can eventually bring back non-posed rebellion to rock'n'roll. Echo and The Bunnymen, Jam, Teardrop,

Dead Kennedys, X etc may well feed off rock's past but they at least show anger, they do go for the monster's jugular.
John Howarth, North Of Cambridge.

MORLEY trips over so many interesting points only to stumble on regardless. He says that Steve Taylor is "symbolic of the current spate of writers' inability to properly reflect the vitality and variety of popular music". Can you do that, Paul? Maybe, maybe not. How can anyone reflect the vitality and variety of 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' or 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais' or 'Satisfaction' with mere words? Perhaps music journalists should restrict what they write more to the people who make the music than the actual music.

The question which Paul Morley should ask is "Does it matter what anyone writes?" Also, Paul, last week the *NME*'s stars — Burchill, Penman and yourself — accounted for about two out of the sixty pages. You just aren't trying hard enough!
David Wheelwright, Newport Pagnell.

I find the mediocrity of the writing that fills the music press repellent because it has no substance or useful strategy. The amount of mail generated by my atrociously written rant at least suggests that what I do has some kind of 'point', and certainly is produced out of passion for exposition and enjoyment. I feel that much of what is written about rock is not memorable or insightful or challenging and that in such times this is irresponsible. There is a bewildering lack of writing about entertainment, new musics, shifts in attitude, that complements and aggravates a new political / moral awareness. I call for a stinging, irresistible mix and match of argument and analysis, much more variety in the writing, a much more vigorous exploitation of the pages available. Just some signs of life.

I'm not saying that all writing should be like mine or share my opinions and approach. I agree with David

Fending off readers' adulation, hostility and sheer indifference: PAUL MORLEY. Mostly hostility.

when he questions 'does it actually matter' and personally I work around and towards that seriously, frivolously, passionately, sometimes parodying the conceit involved or exaggerating the absurdity of trying to achieve a balance.

As a reader I'm bloody bored by the apathy and simple-mindedness of most pop writing and alarmed by its failure to allow for anything that exists outside a very narrow definition.

When I talk of 'post-rock' I'm not talking about leaving behind the great body of music that supplies the foundations but the persistent careless attitude that stifles new spirit and clings to the comfortable notion of rock and roll rebellion that has no validity in today's times; an attitude that directly contradicts the spirit of Dylan, Morrison etc.

I believe that there is music being produced today that could be as important to its time, in different ways, as the music Howarth's list celebrates if it was given positive support, and this involves a much more disruptive, daring and speculative standard of journalism. — PM

It has taken me a long time but I have finally figured it out. The reason Paul Morley raves about such groups as ABC, Fire Engines and Stimulin etc is purely and simply to get into bed with their members (no pun intended). Tell me Paul, is Singleton as hot as Gabi?

Micheal Segal, Michigan, U.S.A.
Well, Micheal, you seem to understand me as much as anyone. Actually it's Mark the guitarist in ABC that I'm after, but not a word to anyone. — PM.

Just wanted to thank Chris Bohn for a very thoughtful review of Joy Division's 'Still' and the insight provided into

my own character. Never could quite figure out why I had developed such an addiction to J.D. apart from their simple unpretentious beauty. They frighten me, liberate me, make me cry, draw me in, pull me out and generally play havoc with my emotions. It makes a little more sense now, this compulsion to confront and experience the deep and often confusing emotions they invoke.
Debbie, Louisiana, USA.

The acceptance of Joy Division as respectable players in the conventional rock and roll drama is fascinating. Earlier a correspondent coupled 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' with 'Satisfaction' — no controversy there. Yet it wasn't long ago that it was difficult to suggest that Joy Division could be considered serious contributors to the Grand Dialogue, equally as provocative and defiant as the darkest Dylan or Jagger. It's now deemed outrageous to imply that, say, Suicide, Associates, D.A.F., Cabaret Voltaire, Throbbing Gristle have important parts to play in the pursuit of new energy and independence. And if there was the greater access there should be to more varied, invigorating musics then we wouldn't have to feel guilty that we allegedly cannot come up with plausible explanations of the relentless success of Genesis, Queen, ELO etc., and it wouldn't be blandly viewed that the Oi works are the one legitimate cry of working class anguish. — PM

Thanks for your continued fair coverage of our industrial dispute — but no thanks at all for continued rewriting of Oi! history.

It's very flattering to imagine that I can create youth cults, but it's not true. All I did was give a name to a trend that existed, was on the build, and that had descended

from mass-supported street punk bands — Sham, the UK Subs, the Ruts, the Rejects, the Upstarts, Slaughter, the Lurkers etc — bands who, just like Oi and Apocalypse bands, the *NME* either ignored completely or dismissed as stumbling anachronisms.

Rather than your view of the *NME* as the *Guardian* of the pop press, surveying all before it fairly, the *NME* is actually based on ignoring majority sections of the Rock World. Thus no HM, hard rock, Oi! or Apocalypse style band could reasonably expect to get a favourable review in your pages — because you are actively committed to destroying them.

In contrast *Sounds* has always covered all music trends, and it's pure make-believe to suggest that no one would attack Oi! because of my association with it. Div Mac and Robbi Millar have frequently slagged Oi!, for example, while Johnny Waller was hardly complimentary. Just as I have been scathing in my condemnation of joke trends like Futurism and, cough, New Psychedelia.

What's most annoying is you carry on attacking Oi and Apocalypse Punk without any first hand knowledge of them. Which is why you can state that Oi! didn't exist before 'Oi—The Album'. The name didn't, but the bands did. The majority of today's Oi! bands were around at the time. The most I can be said to have done is united them as just one wing of the current punk resurgence which has also given birth to the Exploited / Vice Squad hoards.

Maybe if you weren't so paranoid you'd have spent more time reviewing the bands as opposed to reviewing me. You must have cloth ears if you think Oi! bands sound the same (The Partisans and Last Resort?, The Gonads and the Test Tube Babies?). Maybe if you'd actually listen to the music

and the words you'd appreciate that there are good Oi bands, bad Oi bands, and superb Oi bands like Blitz, Infa-Riot and The Business who are undoubtedly the current vanguard of the movement.

Finally there's no contradiction in dedicating the album to the spirit of Che Guevara. The 'party line' of Oi as endorsed by the Punk Conferences you never attended is solidly pro-working class, anti-system, anti-authoritarian, anti-tribalism and DECIDEDLY NON-NAZI. The recent anti-racist gigs made perfect sense from the tenets of the movement and incidentally the bands are now trying to organise Oi! CND and Oi! Hunt Saboteurs benefits. Maybe someone out there can help get 'em going... Yours fraternally,

Garry Bushell, *Sounds*, London WC1.
I consider Oi to be a cartoon caricature of the rock rebellion tack that I find so misleading — ultimately an acceptance of the status quo rather than a profound political action. Sham, UK Subs, Ruts, Rejects, Slaughter, Lurkers etc were dealt with by NME promptly and often supportively, but nothing 'happened', and no writer on NME from all the different viewpoints ever saw that Oi's mean-spirited messy dilution of punk was actually saying anything to anyone that was constructive or progressive. This was the honesty Bushell strives for, not smug cynicism. It's very hard to think of regular new things to say about a music that, like heavy metal, doesn't involve a great amount of detail or change. — PM.

Tell us Garry, when's Oi Against Behaving Like A Moron — NS.

IT'S THURSDAY, it's raining. It's *Top Of The Pops*. It's Altered Images. I was stirred. In fact the earth moved. I was captivated by the ultimate pop performance, the first purveyor of paedophilic chic — anarchy in petticoats, whirling with a child's precocious confidence in her bubble of sound, teasing. The tongue stuck out is stuck into your ear, she insinuates in her cotton socks, the vulnerability that inspires male adulation, a weird and ageless voice promising a child's amoral depravity. This is the real essential: boy meets girl and all in one dress. This makes the rest unimportant. Dinner is served, come and get it. Name and address withheld by request.
When Clare pulls out her tongue in front of the nation then you just know that what you're doing is worthwhile. — PM

Say, I said to myself as I started to look through the NME of October 27, wouldn't it be real fun of the only honest music paper in the world after making me buy it for three weeks in a row for a pound a piece now tells me I can't buy their fantastic cassette just because I ain't living in the not so Great anymore Britain? Say, I repeated, wouldn't that be REAL FUN! It wasn't. Just another Swede with no sense of humour.

So what scares you Ian Penman as you stalk the perimeter of rock'n'roll energy satisfying your delicate sensibilities? What stops you from taking the jump into that chasm of The Eternal Rock'n'Roll party where Little Richard, Free, The Sex Pistols, The Saints and whoever else GETS YA PUTTIN' IT OUT THERE BABY?! Don't let's all go introspect on rock'n'roll, vicar. ROCK ON SHEENA! Flatface.
What stops Penman from taking the etc. (apart from very feeble legs)? The love of a very good woman. — PM

Can I adopt Ian Penman? Bored with staying at home every afternoon.
Monty and Miss Gillingham 1981 have already got him. — PM

Penman's writing has finally got to me. His review of ABC was devoid of interest or attraction. It was pretentious — "ABC (say, see, flee)" — and above all nauseating: ABC are a sex machine are they? Does anyone most of all Ian himself consider the implications or real meaning of what he writes? Imagine worst of all what ABC think of it, if indeed they bother to read it. If anyone wrote this kind of shit about a band I was in I wouldn't know whether to laugh or sue. Ian is a redundant irritant. He fades (thankfully) into Paul Morley's shadow.

Sarah, Leeds.
You wouldn't believe it, Sarah, but there are those who think me and Penman are some sort of... pals or something. We're always being bracketed together. What can I do about it? It'll be Hoskyns next. — PM
Bracketed?
How polite! — IP

I expect in an article about the group Birthday Party to learn something of the group's music and something of the personalities of the members of the band. I do not expect and do not enjoy Barney Hoskyns' crazed hysterical exhortations on the state of the world and the state of music. I do not enjoy reading a list of the performers Hoskyns hates and those he enjoys. (I find it strange that a person who does not enjoy, on some level, the music of Springsteen or Blondie would even be writing on the subject of popular music.)

At the end of the article Hoskyns asks the reader to excuse his "angry, confused and misplaced rhetoric" as a substitute for the "bitter silence of his tears." I do not excuse his rhetoric and I do not care a whit about his psychological anguish. Your masthead lists several editors. Do they not edit copy that is given to them? (Oh yes — PM on behalf of etc.) What excuse is there for allowing such drivel?

Richard Fannan, Los Angeles.

I think that whatever it is the likes of Hoskyns is doing it must be wonderful because all you puritans get so bitter and twisted. — PM

1. Bruce Foxton is the music industry's answer to Ray Doyle of The Professionals.
2. Paul Burnett just delivered one of his great impressions of Bob off the Likely Lads. Bobby Brewster, Newcastle.
What a great country this is. Or is it? — PM

I wish to point out to this Green fellow of Scritti Politti then 'Gichi' is a derogatory word meaning South American negro (ie approximate to 'wog' or 'nigger'). I am sure Mr Green is aware of this judging from the predominance of ten-dollar-words in his interview — he is more than somewhat 'up' on language. Perhaps Mr Hoskyns mistranscribed and what he really said was 'ginchy' (sharp, snappy etc...) E. Reasons, Newport.

NME stoops really low. Reducing Jud's (Clock DVA) death to a joke is not very funny. I don't think taking heroin's clever either but it's still very sad that he died. Jo, Nottingham.
I'm sorry. — PM

If you think you've got a problems there's always somebody worse off than yourself... me!
Brian Tilsley, Manchester.
It's hard being me, Brian. — PM



We can pluck banjos, just for one day... Our wee Davie as the bohemian Brechtian Baal — eponymous hero of an upcoming BBC play produced by one Louis Marks. That's it. No more. What are you waiting for? The obligatory TZERS pun? Baallocks to that tired old routine.



T-ZERS

HI, HUMANS. It's Alley Cat here, back on the beat and prowling the old patch like I'd never been gone. Jeez, but this neighbourhood's changed some since I was coolest kitty on the block. Upstart mogs in every trash can, scavenging the week's leftovers like the world owed 'em a living. Well listen here, my feline failures, these old whiskers have been around and with my one good eye I've seen a thing or two. Retired I might be, but senile I ain't — and judging from the NMEs littering my litter lately, you guys look like you could use some guidance. So step aside and watch an old pro go, as your Uncle Ay-Cee presents a page of purr-sonality packed *Tail Pieces* — I mean, T-Zers...

Let's see now, what we got? Hmm, something 'bout Simon Dee getting arrested outside Buckingham Palace? And — can this be? — one about Marianne Faithfull being fined for possession! Hell, looks like nothing's changed since I was bossing this column after all. Anyhow, seems Simon Dee — he used to be the Robert Elms of his day — was done for knocking a copper's hat off outside Buckingham Palace, because the constable character wouldn't let him deliver a letter...

Heck, it was probably only Simon's message of congratulations to the happy, expectorant couple. Speaking of which, our commiserations to Lord Litchfield, who is now relegated to 163rd in line to the throne by reason of the impending birth. This may be just as well, going by his musical tastes — guesting on *Desert Island Discs* his selections did not include a single waxing by Eddie And The Hot Rods, or The Kursaal Flyers or Woody Woodmansey's U-Boat. (I mean, they're all big favourites of your modern

NME types, aren't they? Aren't they?)... Litchfield chose Fats Waller...

Anyway, speaking of glamorous young couples who've just announced a 'happy event' (this, children, is what we experts refer to as "continuity") Neville Staples of The Funboy Three has proudly declared himself to be one half of just such a couple — the remaining 50 per cent being his lovely Stella Belle Star. Of course, he may just be winding us up — indeed, Stella may just be winding him up. The announcement, somewhat unusually, was made on a Coventry to London Inter-City train, to one of NME's ever present reporters, Laura Hardy. Sensibly, the girl refused to give up her seat in any case — that's the mother's privilege, Staples, and you know it, so don't try it on...

Keep 'em coming, keep 'em coming... A Belgian chart success for Alvin Stardust (formerly Boris Karloff)...

Adam Ant (formerly Adam Ha-ha Ant) to sue a teen magazine for airbrushing the white stripe off his nose in an old picture...

A rousing "jolly well done!" to Buzz, said by our correspondent to have put on a splendid show at the Southgate Royalty supporting Stimulin...

New book by up-and-coming NME staffer Mick Farren, *The Song Of Phaid The Gambler* ("The first truly post 20th Century fantasy epic" — Mick Farren) has been snapped up by Catapult Productions and will be filmed "on location throughout the world". Phew! As Cecil B. DeMille said, that's some location. All you extras out there, make sure Mick buys you a drink or something...

Bob Geldof has lost his eyebrows...

Teresa Bazar, singer with Dollar, injured her leg when leaping through a window, having been advised that the window was made of toffee...



Orders piling in for the NME 'Dancin' Master' tape. Here in the T-Zers office, a black plastic bin-bag at the foot of the fire escape, I can hear them playing it up there and, you know, it sounds pretty damned neat. Lucky for you have-nots, there's an extra coupon in this week's issue, not to mention next week's...

BRISTOL'S Crystal Theatre group, it says here — but what's this got to do with music? If you ask me that's the trouble with this paper these — oh hang on — which includes the well-known rock act Shoes For Industry, is ten years old. To celebrate, the Crystals ("Britain's finest mindbuggery climax theatre troupe"), they call themselves) are staging a play about Cromwell, *The Protector*, at Hampstead's New Theatre from 10 November. After the show each night, there'll be special productions featuring Heathcote Williams, Dave Rappaport, Keith Allen and others...

It's kinda quiet down here lately, but even this back alley's heard tell the Willy DeVille tour is not going the greatest of guns...

WILL Elvis Costello be playing the trumpet at his Albert Hall extravaganza? Could be — start sweating, Miles Davis. What's more certain is he'll be doing some new numbers, like 'Human Hands'. And that he won't be making another country album...

Graham Parker is alive and well and cutting an R'n'B LP, sans Rumour, with Jack Douglas producing. No label settled as yet...

The Sinatra bandwagon rolls again — now there's an artist for you. David Bowie is lined up to play him in a bio-pic! Iggy Pop has covered 'One For My Baby'. Keith Richards has done one as well, but I can't read the handwriting...

And as for 'Tattoo You' being the Stones' much-trumpeted (Trumpets? No, not now, Elvis, please!) "return to form" blah blah — well, why is it full of out-takes from yonks-old sessions? So much so that Mick Taylor is taking action to get his playing credited! Incidentally, when next the Stones roll around these parts, will Ronnie Wood be with them, or is that a boot to be perceived in the region of his posterior?

Only Alley Cat knows — and he's off for his favourite milk cocktail...

August Darnell — a name I believe may be familiar to some of you out there — is negotiating some London shows with the Lyceum looking the most likely...

NME

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

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Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
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Research
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New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Gabel

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