

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

Forever blowing bubbles

D.A.F.

**Sex unter wasser
and other sensual stories**
by Lynn Hanna

James Blood Ulmer

Jello gets hitched

De Niro & Duvall

Anthony Moore

Bad Manners

Pete Shelley

Outcasts

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
4		UNDER PRESSURE Queen & David Bowie (EMI)	3	1
2	6	BEGIN THE BEGUINE.....Julio Iglesias (CBS)	4	2
3	7	FAVOURITE SHIRTS.....Haircut 100 (Arista)	3	3
4	1	EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES IS MAGIC The Police (A&M)	5	1
5	3	JOAN OF ARC Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	4	3
6	10	PHYSICAL.....Olivia Newton John (EMI)	4	6
7	9	TONIGHT I'M YOURS.....Rod Stewart (Riva)	6	7
8	13	LET'S GROOVE.....Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	3	8
9	2	WHEN SHE WAS MY GIRL Four Tops (Casablanca)	5	2
10	20	I GO TO SLEEP.....Pretenders (Real)	2	20
11	16	BED SITTER.....Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	2	11
12	24	AY AY AY MOOSEY Modern Romance (WEA)	2	12
13	8	LABELLED WITH LOVE.....Squeeze (A & M)	6	5
14	14	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE Diana Ross (Capitol)	5	14
15	25	STEPPIN' OUT.....Kool & The Gang (Delite)	3	15
16	5	HAPPY BIRTHDAY.....Altered Images (Epic)	7	1
17	(—)	DADDY'S HOME.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	17
17	15	WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN Fureys (Ritz)	6	12
19	(—)	TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH.....ABC (Neutron)	1	19
20	12	GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	8	5
21	18	LET'S HANG ON.....Barry Manilow (Arista)	9	11
22	11	IT'S MY PARTY...D. Stewart & B. Gaskin (Stiff)	8	1
23	(—)	THE LUNATICS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE ASYLUM.....Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	1	23
24	(—)	CAMBODIA.....Kim Wilde (RAK)	1	24
25	17	OPEN YOUR HEART.....Human League (Virgin)	7	7
26	(—)	YES TONIGHT JOSEPHINE.....Jets (EMI)	1	26
27	22	IT'S RAINING.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	5
28	22	THE VOICE.....Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3	22
29	26	VISIONS OF CHINA.....Japan (Virgin)	2	26
30	27	THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS Toyah (Safari)	8	4



Cliff's back at 17 and 19



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
1		PRINCE CHARMING Adam & The Ants (CBS)	3	1
2	4	QUEEN GREATEST HITS.....Queen (EMI)	3	2
3	3	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	3	3
4	5	GHOST IN THE MACHINE.....Police (A&M)	8	1
5	2	DARE.....Human League (Virgin)	6	1
6	9	THE BEST OF BLONDIE.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	4
7	7	SHAKY.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	10	2
8	8	TONIGHT I'M YOURS.....Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	8
9	12	ALMOST BLUE.....Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	4	6
10	19	PEARLS.....Elkie Brooks (A&M)	2	10
11	15	RAISE.....Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	2	11
12	6	SPEAK AND SPELL.....Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	6
13	(—)	CHART HITS '81.....Various (K-Tel)	1	13
14	26	HOOKED ON CLASSICS Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	9	3
15	10	MOB RULES.....Black Sabbath (Mercury)	2	10
16	11	EXIT STAGE LEFT.....Rush (Phonogram)	4	7
17	(—)	TIN DRUM.....Japan (Virgin)	1	17
18	28	ABACAB.....Genesis (Charisma)	10	2
19	(—)	WIRED FOR SOUND.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	8	6
20	14	LOVE IS.....Various Artists (K-Tel)	4	9
21	23	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN Barry Manilow (Arista)	6	3
22	(—)	ALL THE GREATEST HITS Diana Ross (Motown)	1	22
23	(—)	DE NINA A MUJER.....Julio Iglesias (CBS)	1	23
24	24	GEORGE BENSON COLLECTION George Benson (Warner Bros)	2	24
25	17	STILL.....Joy Division (Factory)	6	10
26	21	SUPERHITS 1 & 2.....Various (Ronco)	10	3
27	27	BEST OF.....Rainbow (Polydor)	2	27
29	16	HEDGEHOG SANDWICH Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC)	5	10
30	(—)	BODY TALK.....Imagination (R&B)	4	12

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(3)	6 Guns.....Anti Pasti (Rondlet)
2	(1)	Sunny Day.....Pigbag (Y)
3	(2)	Sweetest Girl.....Scriffi Politti (Rough Trade)
4	(15)	In God We Trust (EP) Dead Kennedys (Statik Red)
5	(7)	Indian Reservation.....999 (Albion)
6	(—)	Four More From Toyah.....Toyah (Safari)
7	(4)	Dead Cities EP.....Exploited (Secret)
8	(11)	White Car In Germany Associates (Situation 2)
9	(28)	Alienation.....Crisis (Ardkore)
10	(6)	Never Again.....Discharge (Clay)
11	(—)	Friday 13th (EP).....Damned (Chiswick)
12	(5)	Kids Of The '80s.....Infa Riot (Secret)
13	(8)	Thunder In The Mountains.....Toyah (Safari)
14	(9)	Just Can't Get Enough Depeche Mode (Mute)
15	(16)	Razors Edge.....Defunkt (Hannibal)
16	(10)	Everything's Gone Green New Order (Factory)
17	(24)	Harry May.....The Business (Secret)
18	(22)	Fast Boyfriends Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
19	(—)	Lie Dream Of A Casino.....Fall (Kamara)
20	(20)	Police Story.....Partizans (No Future)
21	(21)	Stretch.....Maximum Joy (Y)
22	(17)	Good To Be The King Mel Brooks (Luggage)
23	(26)	Reality.....Chron-Gen (Fresh)
24	(13)	When You Were Sweet 16 The Fureys (Ritz)
25	(—)	Evacuate.....Chelsea (Step Forward)
26	(23)	All Out Attack (EP).....Blitz (No Future)
27	(12)	Sexual.....U K Decay (Fresh)
28	(18)	No Room For You.....Demob (Round Ear)
29	(—)	Lost And Lonely The Higsons (Romans In Britain)
30	(30)	Work.....Electric Guitars (Recreational)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(2)	Speak And Spell.....Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(1)	Still.....Joy Division (Factory)
3	(4)	On Stage.....Exploited (Exploited)
4	(3)	Pleasure Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
5	(—)	Movement.....New Order (Factory)
6	(5)	Carry On Oi.....Various (Secret)
7	(18)	Incontinent.....Fad Gadget (Mute)
8	(6)	Present Arms In Dub.....UB40 (Dep Int)
9	(8)	Let Them Eat Jellybeans Various (Alternative Tentacles)
10	(9)	Wise And Foolish.....Misty (People Unite)
11	(7)	You Scare Me To Death Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
12	(11)	Anthem.....Toyah (Safari)
13	(10)	Red Mecca.....Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
14	(—)	For Madmen Only.....UK Decay (Fresh)
15	(15)	The Last Call.....Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
16	(26)	Sound Of The Sand David Thomas (R. Trade)
17	(13)	In The Flat Field.....Bauhaus (4AD)
18	(—)	4th Drawer Room Associates (Situation 2)
19	(19)	Present Arms.....UB40 (Dept Int)
20	(16)	Ballad Of Etiquette Richard Jobson (Cocteau)
21	(21)	Unknown Pleasures Joy Division (Factory)
22	(24)	Rids The World.....Scientist (Greensleeves)
23	(—)	Best Of The Damned.....Damned (Chiswick)
24	(17)	Playing With A Different Sex Au Pairs (Human)
25	(27)	Funeral In Berlin.....T. Gristle (Zensor)
26	(12)	Punks Not Dead.....Exploited (Secret)
27	(—)	Heartbreak.....Chris And Cozi (R. Trade)
28	(28)	Closer.....Joy Division (Factory)
29	(25)	Rock Until You Drop.....Raven (Neat)
30	(20)	Fruit Of Original Sin.....Various (Crepuscule)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1	Rose Marie/Collier Dub Lone Ranger (Black Joy)
2	Love Me Tonight.....Trevor Walters (Magnet)
3	Natty Dread Time.....Junior Roots (Black Roots)
4	Brixton Trial and Crosses Prince Hammer (Josiah)
5	Let's Make Love.....Instigators (Lovebirds)
6	I've Got To Find You.....Dennis Brown (Black Joy)
7	Just A Little Bit.....Carol Thompson (S&G)
8	Give Me Love.....Johnny Osborne (DeRoy)
9	Ways Of The Lord.....Aswad (CBS)
10	Youth Attack.....Desi Roots (Hawkeye)

Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1



US DISCO

1	Killmanjaro.....Letta Mbulu (MJS)
2	Can You Feel It.....Funk Fusion (WMOT)
3	69.....Brooklyn Express (One Way)
4	Will I See You Tonight?.....Zaffra Bros (Weelend)
5	I'm Down If You're Down Simon & McQueen (Landmark)
6	Ahh Dance Fine Quality featuring Cuz (Sugarhill)
7	Love Fever.....Gayle Adams (Prelude)
8	Love Message.....Lowrell (Zoo York)
9	We Want You On The Floor.....Lakeside (Solar)
10	You're In The Pocket (US remix) Linda Taylor (Groove)

All US imports
Compiled by Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52
Greek Street, London W1

INTERNATIONAL WEST GERMANY ALBUMS

This Last Week		
1	2	Quietschfidello.....Electronic (Philips)
2	1	Greatest Hits.....Queen (EMI)
3	1	Dich Zu Liebewn.....Roland Kaiser (Hansa)
4	5	Ihre Schoensten Lieder Joan Baez (Metronome)
5	4	Time.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
6	7	Shaky.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
7	9	Ideal.....Ideal (IK)
8	10	Ghost In The Machine.....Police (A&M)
9	6	Schliess Die Augen Und Traeume James Last (Polydor)
10	12	Music Wonderland...Mike Oldfield (Virgin)

Courtesy 'Billboard/Der Musikmarkt'

CANADA SINGLES

This Last Week		
1	4	Every Little Thing She Does...Police (A&M)
2	1	Private Eyes.....Hall & Oates (RCA)
3	6	My Girl.....Chilliwick (A&M)
4	3	Arthur's Theme Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)
5	5	Tryin' To Live My Life Without You Bob Seger (Capitol)
6	8	Friends Of Mr. Cairo Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)
7	7	No Reply At All.....Genesis (Atlantic)
8	2	Start Me Up.....Rolling Stones (R. Stones)
9	12	Waiting For A Girl Like You Foreigner (Atlantic)
10	10	Hard To Say.....Dan Fogelberg (CBS)

Courtesy 'Billboard/Canadian Broadcasting Corp'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	Under The Moon Of Love.....Showaddywaddy (Bell)
2	If You Leave Me Now.....Chicago (CBS)
3	Somebody To Love.....Queen (EMI)
4	You Make Me Feel Like Dancing.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
5	Money Money Money.....Abba (Epic)
6	Love Me.....Yvonne Elliman (RSO)
7	Living Thing.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
8	If Not You.....Dr Hook (Capitol)
9	Lost In France.....Bonnie Tyler (RCA)
10	Rock 'n' Me.....Steve Miller Band (Mercury)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	Ernie.....Benny Hill (Columbia)
2	Jeepster.....T. Rex (Fly)
3	Cos I Luv You.....Slade (Polydor)
4	Gypsies, Tramps And Thieves.....Char (MCA)
5	Johnny Reggae.....Piplets (Bell)
6	Banks Of The Ohio.....Olivia Newton-John (Pye)
7	Tokoloshe Man.....John Kongos (Fly)
8	Till.....Tom Jones (Decca)
9	I Will Return.....Springwater (Polydor)
10	Surrender.....Diane Ross (Tamil Motown)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	Green Green Grass Of Home.....Tom Jones (Decca)
2	Good Vibrations.....Beach Boys (Capitol)
3	Gimme Some Loving.....Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
4	What Would I Be.....Val Doonican (Decca)
5	Semi-Detached Suburban Mr Jones Manfred Mann (Fontana)
6	My Mind's Eye.....Smile Faces (Decca)
7	Holy Cow.....Lee Dorsey (Stateside)
8	Just One Smile.....Gene Pitney (Stateside)
9	Reach Out And I'll Be There.....Four Tops (Tamil Motown)
10	What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted Jimmy Ruffin (Tamil Motown)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	Tower Of Strength.....Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
2	Take Good Care Of My Baby.....Bobby Vee (London)
3	Moon River.....Denny Williams (HMV)
4	His Latest Flame.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
5	Big Bad John.....Jimmy Dean (Philips)
6	The Time Has Come.....Adam Faith (Polyphone)
7	Walkin' Back To Happiness.....Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
8	Take Five.....Dave Brubeck (Fontana)
9	Midnight In Moscow.....Kenny Ball (Pye)
10	I'll Get By.....Shirley Bassey (Columbia)

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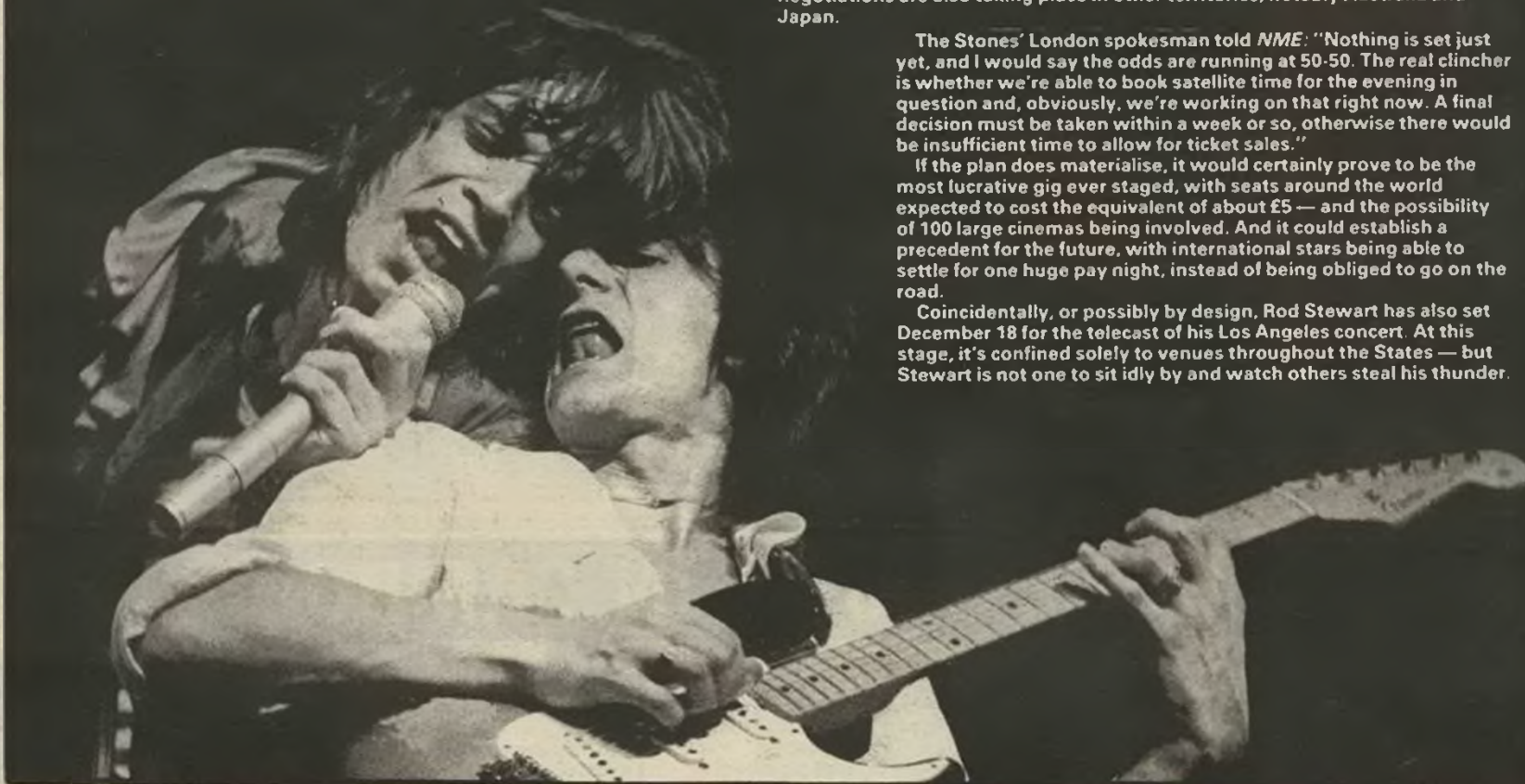


BAD MANNERS 31



DAF 34

Stones telecast 'most lucrative gig ever staged'



Jagger and Wood — set to set alight the satellite? Pic: Joe Stevens

THE ROLLING STONES' widely-publicised plans for the TV screening of one of their live performances, originally intended for coast-to-coast transmission across the United States, have now assumed altogether more ambitious proportions. They are now working on a project for a global telecast of the show, which would be linked by satellite to theatres and cinemas in key cities around the world.

The band have already arranged to play before an invited audience at Bond's Casino in New York on Keith Richards' 38th birthday — Friday, December 18 — and, although U.S. cinema screening is already sewn up, the prospect of an overseas relay depends entirely on whether all the technical problems can be overcome in the limited time available.

The scheme provides for the concert to be piped to four London venues — the Rainbow Theatre and the Odeons at Hammersmith, Marble Arch and Leicester Square — as well as to a couple of leading provincial cinemas and, in view of the time difference, it would be a midnight matinee in this country. Frenzied negotiations are also taking place in other territories, notably Australia and Japan.

The Stones' London spokesman told NME: "Nothing is set just yet, and I would say the odds are running at 50-50. The real clincher is whether we're able to book satellite time for the evening in question and, obviously, we're working on that right now. A final decision must be taken within a week or so, otherwise there would be insufficient time to allow for ticket sales."

If the plan does materialise, it would certainly prove to be the most lucrative gig ever staged, with seats around the world expected to cost the equivalent of about £5 — and the possibility of 100 large cinemas being involved. And it could establish a precedent for the future, with international stars being able to settle for one huge pay night, instead of being obliged to go on the road.

Coincidentally, or possibly by design, Rod Stewart has also set December 18 for the telecast of his Los Angeles concert. At this stage, it's confined solely to venues throughout the States — but Stewart is not one to sit idly by and watch others steal his thunder.

Weller yes, but no Jam at Poetry Olympics

SORRY, BUT Paul Weller won't be joined by The Jam when he appears at the Poetry Olympics next Monday (November 30). Last week's NME news story, reporting that the group would play, was based on some mis-information.

However, Paul will still be there to read his own poetry, as part of the three-day event being staged at London's Young Vic theatre, starting this Saturday (28) with, amongst others, Linton Kwesi Johnson and John Cooper Clarke.

The Weller set will last up to half an hour, and he'll be sharing it with two collaborators in his Riot Stories publishing venture, Aidan Cant from Newcastle and Anne Clark from Croydon. Work by both guests has appeared in *Riot Stories* and *December's Child*, and further contributions, including work by Weller will be included in a special Poetry Olympics issue of *New Departures*.

The Monday session at the Young Vic is now sold out.

CATS CREPE OUT

THE STRAY CATS have now confirmed the first eight dates of their pre-Christmas tour, their first in this country since the early part of the year. And to coincide with their outing, they have a new single issued by Arista on December 4, titled 'Little Miss Prissy' — it's taken from their current album 'Gonna Ball', though the B-side features two previously unreleased live tracks, 'Sweet Love On My Mind' and 'Something Else'.

The band, currently playing a string of U.S. dates on The Rolling Stones' tour, highlight their UK schedule with an appearance at London Lyceum Ballroom on Tuesday, December 15. Other venues set are Bristol Locarno (December 13), Brighton Top Rank (14), Edinburgh Odeon (17), Leeds University (18), Sheffield Lyceum (19), Liverpool Royal Court (20) and Nottingham Rock City (22).

Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50 only (London); £2.50 and £2 (Edinburgh); and £3 only (elsewhere). More dates will be announced later.

THE JAM have lined up a strong batch of guest acts for their four mid-December concerts in London, which are being billed collectively as

'Absolute Foundations'. The first two shows at the Michael Sobell Centre in Finsbury Park feature Department S and The

Questions (December 12) and Second Image and The Rimshots (13), while the other

two at Hammersmith Palais have TV21 and Rudi (14) and Ruts DC and Reaction (15).

IAN DURY & The Blockheads are to play a one-off Christmas show at London Lyceum Ballroom on Tuesday, December 22 (7.30 pm). Surprisingly, it will be the first time Dury has headlined at this venue, his only previous appearance there being with the Stiff package. Promoters are Straight Music, who are lining up a number of special guests for the show. Tickets are all at £4, on sale now.

THE FUNBOY THREE, the Specials breakaway group who make their NME chart debut this week, are likely to make a surprise appearance in one of the Jobs For Youth concerts at London Rainbow this weekend.

ORANGE JUICE have undergone a series of line-up changes, brought about by "long-standing personal differences finally coming to a head". As a result of this upheaval, the band has now slimmed to a nucleus of three — Edwyn Collins (songwriter, guitar and vocals), David McClymont (bass) and newcomer Malcolm Ross (guitar), who joined recently from Josef K.

WENDY WU has left The Photos, to be replaced by a singer called simply Che.



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SHADOWS WERE long and a crescent moon was visible in the sky at twilight on this past All Hallows' Eve. And in the Cypress Lawn Cemetery, south of San Francisco, something... funny was happening.

It was the marriage of one Jello Biafra, singer and chief ghoul for The Dead Kennedys, to Therese Soder, once teenage leader of the late, unlamented psycho-poppers, The Situations, now full-time Kennedys consort.

The graveyard was over-run with more than 300 living celebrants and around 3000 of the deceased variety. Basic black was *de rigueur* for all, with pink hair and plastic penis-noses among the chic concessions to fashion. The rosy-cheeked bride was decked out in a funereal Victorian taffeta number and her mottled main squeeze sported a nightshade cape and Abe Lincoln stovepipe hat, befitting his political bent. Biafra has not been quick to forget his three per cent share of the popular vote in San Francisco's last mayoral election. Nor have his befuddled but beaming parents.

Mr and Mrs Bouchet flew in from Colorado to see their boy and his betrothed united in unholy matrimony, and they were joined by Mr and Mrs Soder. Mr Bouchet, a bearded, amiable fellow, spoke highly of Biafra's innate morality.

"He doesn't drink, smoke or take drugs," said Jello's dad. "Of course, this is a special occasion."

"But this sort of sensationalism is hard on his mother," admitted Jello's mom, a prim, bookish-looking woman.

"It's so exciting," said the bride's mother, adding: "It has as much chance at success as any other marriage these days."

The wedding party mounted the steps of a handy mausoleum surrounded by looming palm trees. Bride and groom blushed with the glow of a few stiff drinks. "Gimme a hit off that beer," barked the demure Therese as she reached

Gang plans hit after punch-up

GANG OF FOUR drummer Hugo Burnham and guitarist Andy Gill were injured in a contretemps at a Doctor Feelgood gig last Friday.

The trouble began inside the hall at the end of the gig at Goldsmith College, New Cross, South London when Burnham stepped in to stop his brother from being "mob handled". He was held back and punched in the face and the ribs. A further scuffle ensued outside which resulted in Gill sustaining two cut tendons in his wrist. Gill has lost the use of two fingers and is not expected to be able to play the guitar for another three weeks. According to doctors, had the bottle sliced the front of Gill's wrist he would have suffered the permanent loss of his left hand.

Commented singer Jon King: "This sort of thing happens to people all the time at gigs and it's disgusting. I know it's totally fucked us up."

Despite the injuries, the group hope to play New York's Roselawn Ballroom on December 29. The date is being arranged by their new manager Ian Copeland, brother of Police manager Miles Copeland.

The Gang were intending to record their third LP over the next month with Conny Plank in Jerlin. This has had to be put back till January, and there is now a strong possibility that they will go to Nassau rather than Berlin to record.



Jello (left) gets hitched, courtesy of Bruce Loose (right). The guy in the mask? Fuck-nose... Pic: Chester Simpson.

HONEYMOON IN CAMBODIA...?

the hastily-improvised altar.

"Neither of you is gay, right?" asked Bruce Loose, front-man for California's atonal answer to PIL, Flipper. "No," growled Biafra, "get on with it!" Loose is an ordained minister of the Universal Life Church, a mail-order ministry, so he was tapped to perform

the ceremony.

"Before I go any further," said Loose, "does anyone here object to the union of these two lovely young people?" "Yeah!" shouted half of the crowd in unison. "Tough shit," said Loose.

"Do you, Therese, take this screaming faggot as your

unlawful wedded hubby, in sickness and in health, especially in sickness, until your mutual karma gets fucked up?" demanded Loose. "Hey! I said I wasn't gay!" yelled Biafra. "Don't get wise, man," Therese warned. "I do."

"Do you, Biafra, take this creature of the night as your

wife, no matter how ugly she looks in the morning when she wakes up?" "I do," he said, with a touch of resignation.

"I had to gouge him into marriage with Mace and bullets," explained Therese after the traditional kissing-of-the-bride and throwing-of-the-rice, followed

by the drinking-of-the-tequila. She passed a half-pint flask to Biafra and continued: "We were engaged for over two years, and we plan to have a hell of a time for another five or six years. Perhaps we'll spend the night in some sleazy motel. But first, on to Target to get smashed. Who's got the drugs?"

The reception was held at the headquarters of Target Video, whose production wing was responsible for the DK footage which was projected onto a wall as the guests arrived. Refreshments consisted of a variety of sugar-coated breakfast cereals, straight from the box, including Alpha Bits, Banana-Flavored Frosted Flakes, Cocoa Krispies and Froot Loops, washed down with case after case of cheap beer. Entertainment was provided by D.O.A., the blistering, blustering punk band from Vancouver, and a food fight that left the dance floor covered with multi-coloured crumbs and our groom smeared with the wedding cake that had read "R.I.P. Therese and Biafra".

"Oh, dear," fretted Jello's mom. "That cape has to go to the cleaners now. You know, I made it for him. I suppose it will end up in the Jello Biafra Archives at the University of Colorado library. For some reason, they've let me accumulate quite a collection of his memorabilia there in a spare corner."

A journalist from one of the Bay Area daily newspapers approached Biafra, as he wiped the icing off his cape. "Well, where's the lucky couple going from here? Holiday in Cambodia?"

"No," spat Biafra, glaring at the reporter and leaving the building with his new wife in tow. "Honeymoon in Libya."

— MICHAEL SNYDER



In the air tonight: Police, Pretenders, Blue Rondo, Haircut.

Radio UK — is it static?

WITH THE moguls of the recording industry currently taking a hefty swipe at the activities of home-tapers, it's ironic that these self-same protectors of vinyl-power should actually finance a couple of South London housewives to spend their days involved in this very occupation.

"It all began in July last year," explains May McGee, one of the remunerated reel-to-reelers. "My husband's employed in the music business and one day he and his managing director began discussing the problem of obtaining accurate information about the records being played on Radio One and Capital. At the time, the only way of finding out what was being played was to check the scripts of each show — and these were inaccurate because so many programmes get changed at the last minute, with new releases being added and so forth. They decided that the only way to come up with accurate figures was for someone to set up a system whereby all the programmes could be monitored."

The idea became a reality shortly after, when May McGee and her friend Janie Hornall, together with their husbands, formed a company called Sham Tracking and installed a number of tape-decks plus additional equipment in the Hornall home — the idea being to record every programme relayed on Radio One and Capital, then, later, tabulate the various record plays.

"The brunt of the work fell on Janie at first," admits McGee. "I still had another job at the time, doing books for a garage. But I'd come in at 5.30 and then work through till midnight, until things got established."

Sham Tracking proved an overnight success. Every major record company in the country wanted the McGee-Hornall tabulations and the company was soon able to expand, spending some £15,000 on equipment and adding Radio Two to the list of stations covered by its monitoring activities.

Currently, Hornall's home houses half a dozen Revox decks, along with multifarious amps, tuners and photocopyers. "And May's got exactly the same amount of equipment over at her house. Both systems run all the time, so if there's a power cut or some other problem at one home, the tape decks in the other house will continue to function. We've also got another playback system in the house of a girl who now works with us."

Sunday night is crunch time for the Sham Trackers. Their week ends with the taping of the Tony Blackburn show, after which all listings are fed to a nearby computer firm, the results typed out and promptly delivered to waiting customers throughout London. By morning, every on-the-ball recording company in the metropolis knows how it fared airwise throughout the previous week — info deemed invaluable by those who equate radio-plays with chart status and ensuing prosperity.

But do myriad radio-plays guarantee chart success? McGee has little doubt that this is so.

"Take the case of Laurie Anderson's 'O Superman'. Now that was a record which wasn't even released here. But it still gained a lot of plays and when it was released, it charted straight away."

Or in other words — as the success of the Sham operation proves — the airwaves evidently now rule Britannia.

— FRED DELLAR

THIS WEEK'S AIRPLAY CHART

- (18) POLICE Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic
- (17) PRETENDERS I Go To Sleep
- (15) BLUE RONDO A LA TURK Me and Mr Sanchez
- (15) HAIRCUT 100 Favourite Shirts
- (14) EARTH WIND & FIRE Let's Groove
- (14) QUEEN & DAVID BOWIE Under Pressure
- (13) SOFT CELL Bedsitter
- (12) ELO Twilight
- (12) JETS Yes Tonight Josephine
- (12) JULIO IGLESIAS Begin The Beguine
- (12) KIM WILDE Cambodia
- (11) ABC Tears Are Not Enough
- (11) GODLEY & CREME Wedding Bells
- (11) JAPAN Visions Of China
- (11) IMAGINATION Flashback
- (11) MODERN ROMANCE Ay Ay Ay Ay Musi
- (11) OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN Physical
- (11) ROD STEWART Tonight I'm Yours
- (11) SPANDAU BALLET Paint Me Down
- (11) ULTRAVOX The Voice
- (10) CLIFF RICHARD Daddy's Home
- (10) KOOL & THE GANG Stepping Out
- (10) ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK Joan Of Arc
- (9) DIANA ROSS Why Do Fools Fall In Love
- (9) STATUS QUO Rock 'n Roll
- (8) BOOMTOWN RATS Never in a Million Years
- (8) CLASH Radio Clash
- (8) GEORGE BENSON Turn Your Love Around
- (8) LOOK Tonight
- (8) TENPOLE TUDOR Throwing My Baby Out With The Bath Water
- (7) ALTERED IMAGES Happy Birthday
- (7) BILLY BREMNER Loud Music In Cars
- (7) DURAN DURAN My Own Way
- (7) FUN BOY THREE The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum
- (7) HUMAN LEAGUE Don't You Want Me
- (7) LEVEL 42 Starchild
- (7) SHOWADDYWADDY Footsteps
- (7) SQUEEZE Labelled With Love
- (7) TEARDROP EXPLODES Colours Fly Away
- (6) DAVID BOWIE Wild Is The Wind
- (6) DR FEELGOOD Waiting For Saturday Night
- (6) FOREIGNER Waiting For A Girl Like You
- (6) KIKI DEE & ELTON JOHN Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever
- (6) LONNIE DONEGAN & SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS Cumberland Gap
- (6) MADNESS It Must Be Love
- (6) SAD CAFE Follow You Anywhere
- (6) STEVE WINWOOD There's a River
- (6) 999 Indian Reservation
- (5) BAD MANNERS Buena Sera

(Chart courtesy of Sham Tracking. Figures in brackets represent number of Radio One plays in the week.)



SUPERFANS! Is that how you think of rock photographers? It's not exactly how they look at it from the sweaty recesses of the pit, under the shadow of omnipresent security hulks ... or in the draughty studios where they are expected to work magic in front of large pieces of paper. *The Biz*, a free exhibition marking the creative progress of rock photography in the last few years, run from November 30 to January 4 at London's A Critical Eye gallery, 22 Maddox St, W1 (629-5059). Three shots each from the work of Barney Bubbles, Janette Beckman, Derek Ridgers, Peter Ashworth, Fin Costello, Jill Furmanovsky, Chalkie Davies, Diana Miller, Gered Mankowitz, Mike Laye, Carol Starr, Rocking Russian, Virginia Turbett and our own Anton Corbijn (who at a tad over eight feet tall has never had much lip from 'security' folks) will be included. Picture of John Merrick by Anton.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

John, Paul, George & Ringo ... Paul, Rick & Bruce ... Peter, Paul & Mary ... and now!

Koichi, Masahiro, Tatsuya & Hiroyuki

... Well, it's got a ring to it. PAUL TICKELL tackles a team of oriental rock superstars. Meet The Mods (!)

A BAND from Japan called The Mods? You can almost see the plane landing at Heathrow airport, and two delegations of stereotypes alighting: the neat dark-suited Japanese businessmen on the one hand, and on the other the band — a Japanese Jam in tonic threads.

This is how I imagined The Mods: had to, given the cultural associations of their name. However, when one culture consumes another over an international distance, associations go out of the window — even out of the boutique. In fact, The Mods aren't mods at all: dressed like a cross between cleaned-up punks and chic bikers, they proclaim that they're a ROCK 'N' ROLL BAND.

Vocalist and rhythm guitarist Tatsuya Moriyama is well aware that for years now in the west the decline of rock and roll as we know it has been announced. He knows this, and he doesn't care.

"You have your trendy and fashionable bands and your Human Leagues, but there will always be people who are

into rock and roll. And why shouldn't there be? There's room for more than one sort of music. The world thinks of contemporary Japanese pop and rock as synth music, but we want to stress the guitar — rock and roll."

The words spoken by Tatsuya reach me indirectly. Some of The Mods' songs may have English titles and the odd English lyric, and the biggest influences on the band may be '60s English beat and '70s punk, but not a Mod speaks the language. Our interpreter is Kaz Utsunimoya; he works for Watanabe, a Japanese music publishers who have offices on the Charing Cross Road. Watanabe publish The Mods who are signed to Epic / Sony. The band's two albums (so far only available on import) have sold 1½ million copies between them back home.

Tatsuya, the founder of The Mods and their chief writer, started the nucleus of the band in the mid-'70s. He hit on The Mods title because of his liking for the early Who. The Kinks are another favourite. By dint of working early '60s influences into something more



Guitarist Hiroyuki Chisaki and singer Tatsuya Moriyama ... the banzai Mod doo dah band. Pic: Peter Anderson.

contemporary, Tatsuya is adamant that he arrived at a punky sound independently of British punk.

When I point out that The Mods' number 'All By Myself' (nothing to do with Eric Carmen) has a Pistols intro, Tatsuya replies that it's a "big coincidence" as he wrote the song in '75; then corrects me by saying it's a Jam riff anyway — 'In The City'. Of course, when punk did penetrate to Japan, The Mods were quick on the uptake. Since then they've been less interested in the British scene, apart from a liking for 999. And The Clash: always 'rioting' and later rolling versions.

Tatsuya may occasionally do a Pete Townshend flail on

stage, but it's a Strummer posture he holds longest. Similarly, live, bassist Koichi Kitazato likes to move like Simonon, and for all I know drummer Masahiro Kaziura may be wearing the driving gloves which Topper used to grip his sticks with in '79. All The Mods love 'London Calling' and 'Sandinista', and the influence of these albums can be seen on songs like 'Eyanacoota' which stand out from their heavier also-ran punk metal material.

The Clash have never toured Japan but are set to do so next year. Even the interpreter Kaz gets excited at the thought. Maybe The Mods will support them, though I wouldn't be surprised if the populist city rockers already have their eyes on some

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PLUS a free prize draw to win one of 100 Sony Walkman 2's. Yes we're giving them away!

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*PRIZE DRAW RULES

1. The Free Prize Draw is open to UK residents only, except for employees of Sony and their agencies.

2. Only one entry per person will be accepted.

3. Prize Draw will take place on 30 January 1982. Winners will be notified by post no later than 28 February 1982. Winners names and towns can be obtained by sending SAE to 'Sony Winners' at above address.



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struggling Tokyo street band.

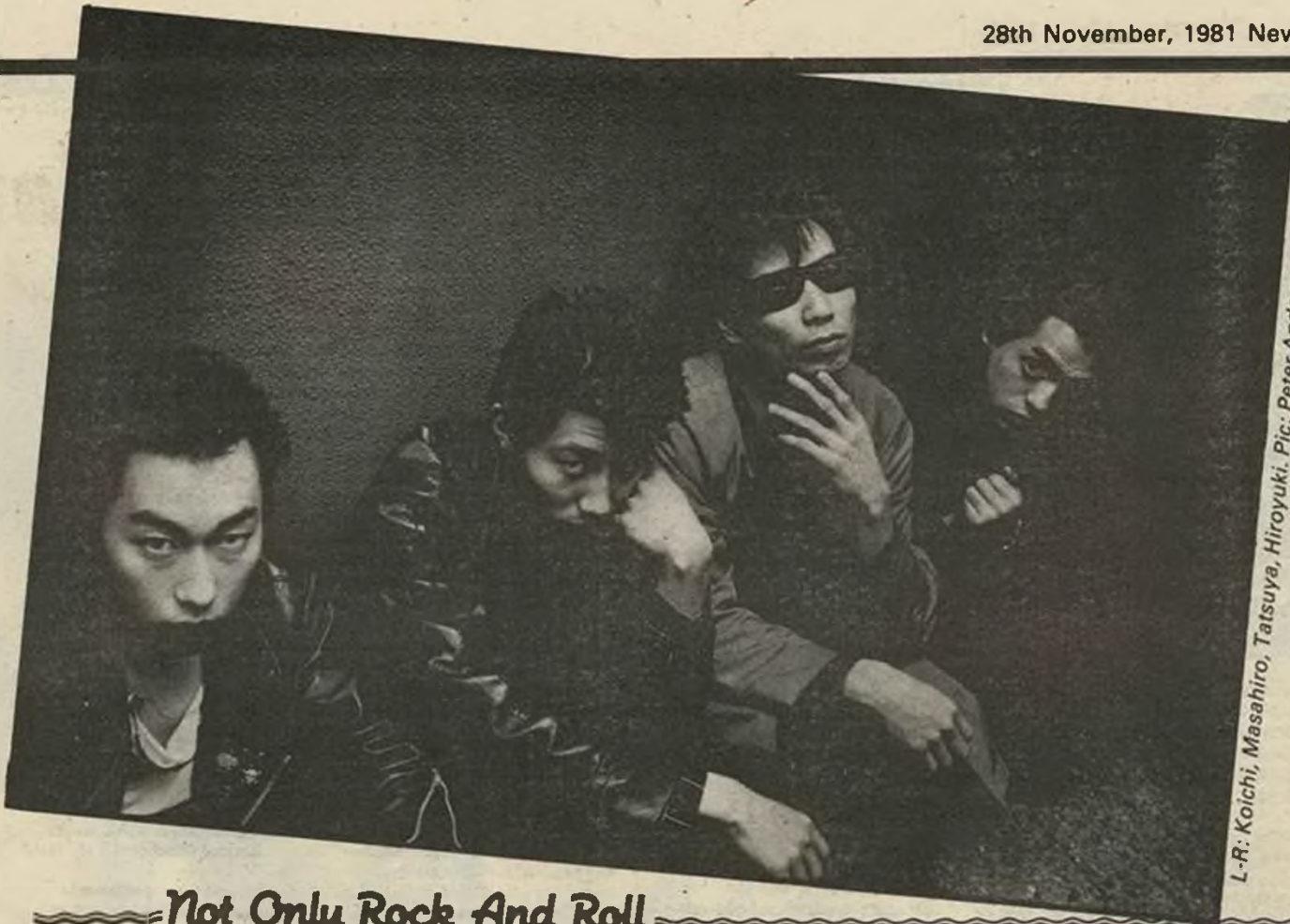
Last July The Mods supported The Jam during their tour of Japan. Paul Weller took them aside and warned them about misleading mod revivalists if they ever gigged in Britain. The Mods heeded the advice and recently did three nights at the Marquee — one of them deserted due to the England v Hungary bore — billed as The News Beat.

The name is taken from one of their albums. The other, 'Fight Or Flight', was recorded at Matrix studios in London earlier this year, because the band thought that being over here would help to get "a Chris Thomas sound", whose work with the Pistols they admire.

Not surprisingly, The Mods think of themselves as quite the little 'n' r' outlaws, and Tatsuya describes his lyrics as "a reflection of the life of youth in Japan". He believes that young Japanese, rather like Americans, live in a class system which leaves many of them too well fed and satisfied to be drawn into any kind of subcultural dissidence.

However, Japanese youth do find something to kick against — the Crystal Set. This phrase is more or less untranslatable, but refers to the smart straight world of the right clubs, preferred brand names on your cigarette packet or clothes, and general smoothness: the conventional bored face of materialism. The typical crystal boy or girl will visit high street shops and discos and like Boz Scaggs; and The Mods say: Death to these Jap soft soul people!

In their home country the band attract older audiences; some of their fans (like The Mods themselves) are well into their twenties. This is unusual for Japan, where the average audience is thoroughly teenybopper. "We



L-R: Koichi, Masahiro, Tatsuya, Hiroyuki. Pic: Peter Anderson.

leave all the pretty young girls for your band Japan," says Tatsuya.

He prides himself on having a rough male following.

He prides himself on having a rough male following. Obviously not too rough, though: the vocalist has been disturbed by some of the ragged casualties he's seen around Soho and Piccadilly. "We haven't been in England long enough to learn a lot, but what we've seen we find striking, shocking, sad."

The Mods won't have time to fill out their social observations: they were only here for a few days to do the album, then flying back to Japan where they're in the middle of a big tour playing to 2,000-seater venues. Earlier in their career, though, they championed the use of smaller places, and more or less started the club circuit in Japan.

If you've been amused by some of The Mods' attitudes and their mis-reading of rock 'n' roll and the British music scene, temper your superiority with the thought that mis-appropriation is often the very lifeblood of popular culture.

Not Only Rock And Roll

Ray Lowry

THE GREAT DEBATE --
No. 774

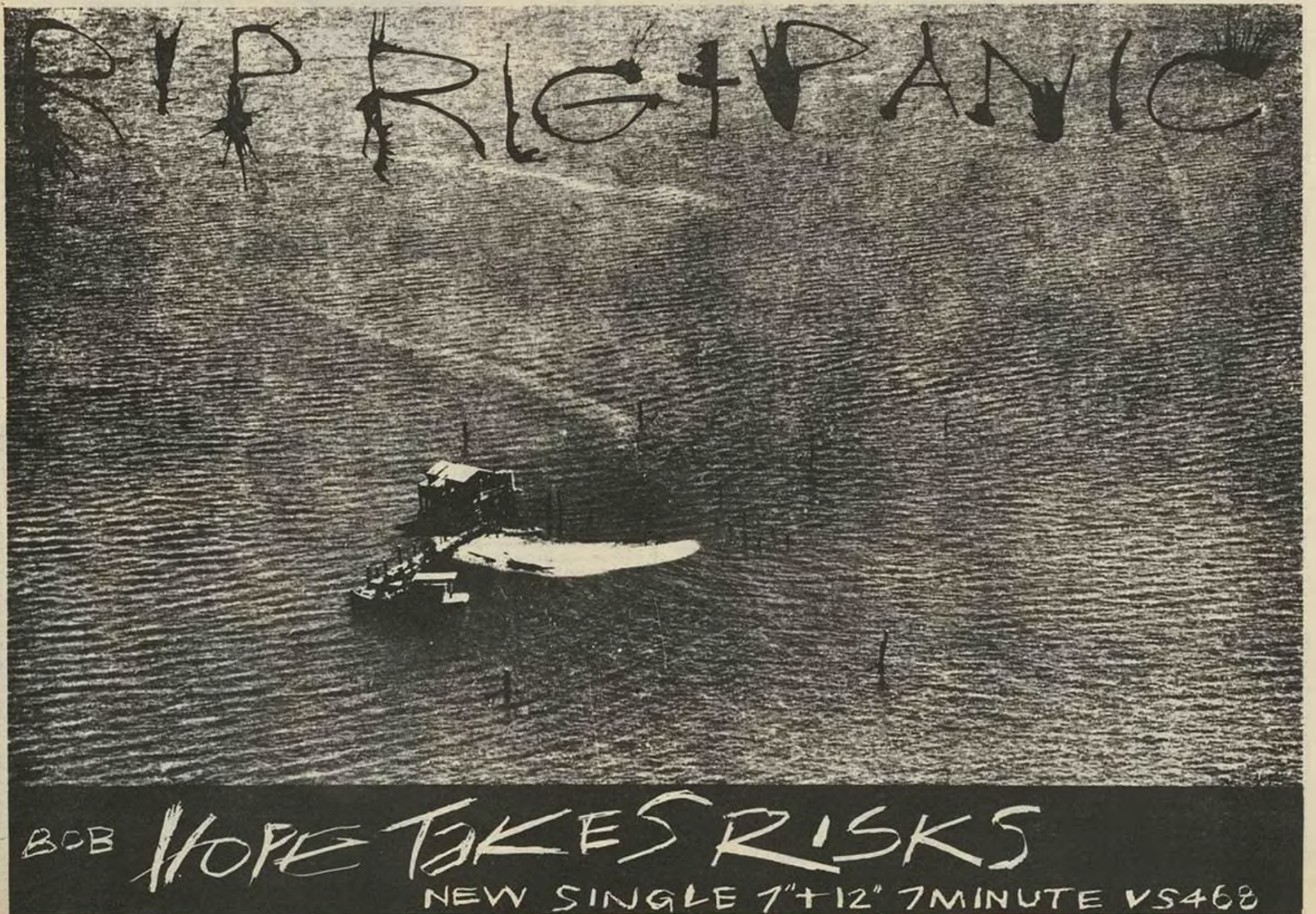
.. YOU MIGHT AS WELL
GIVE UP REALLY
AND GET PISSED
AND STONED ALL
NIGHT..

LOUNGE AROUND IN
LEATHER SHORTS AND A
DINNER JACKET,
SMASHED OUT OF
YOUR BOX ON COCAINE,
WATCHING VIDEOS &
THINKING ABOUT
THE WEATHER.

I MEAN, WHAT'S IT
ALL ABOUT REALLY?
IF THEY'RE GOING TO
DROP THE BOMB, ANY-
WAY, AND YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO SEE THE
END OF THE ROYAL
FAMILY IN YOUR OWN
LIFETIME...

IT'S ALL A
BIT POINT-
LESS REALLY,
ISN'T
IT?..

THAT'S WHAT WE TRY
TO COMMUNICATE
IN OUR MUSIC -
POINTLESSNESS..





I HADN'T of course forgotten about the Crosby by-election: it was going to be my first golden run representing the Fun Party, but I reckoned dear Shirley couldn't sit up to the one competitor who's more loveable and always much later. I bowed out with appalling grace: I'm a grown man, so how could I not? Science, after all, gives me a resting place free of authority and tradition. Life, before all, is there to give me room to better your lives.

I will stand soon: the Fun Party can be the voice of the lovely ones, a saviour for all the poor people. As one of our slogans has it — The Fun Party: For The Poor People. You walk for work, we'll walk to the off license.

The Fun Party, I promise, will not be a party of bare bums but a party of bare-faced cheek. Our resident cartoonists will be Ken Pyne, Bank and Honeywell, and our star humourists will be Jeffrey Bernard and Alan Brien. All this will of course contribute to an intensification of the quality of your life. Bad taste jokes will be banned. Spandau Ballet jokes will be incredibly encouraged: but they must all be true. Like this one . . .

Spandau Ballet are in the recording studio upsetting their thoughts onto vinyl and singer Tony Norman doesn't half fancy a sandwich. He goes off to the kitchen, finds the bread, and searches for a knife. Somebody points out the standard bread knife on a shelf. "No," he murmurs, "I'm looking for a small knife. I only want a small sandwich."

Send in true Spandau Ballet jokes and win yourself a bottle of Smirnoff silver label vodka! Prove their truth, mind you. I'll consider Kevin Stapleton jokes. Something funny about Ray Lowry I'll probably mortgage my mansion for.

SO WHAT is this about Heaven 17/B.E.F. recording a single with Cabaret Voltaire? Could it be the gorgeous Mal's chance to appear on *Top Of The Pops*? (Mal is not cross-eyed, unlike David Sylvian of Japan). Neither party will own up that they are going to bed together: I can tell you that the partnership is inevitable and could also include a Yellow Magic Orchestra tycoon. I will get this majestic unit to compose the theme tune for the Fun Party: lyrics by Dudley Moore. British Electric Foundation's 'Choice Dylan Selection: Plain and Milk Rocked Plates' should be released by July 1982,

produced by Bob Last and Mickie Most. ABC's cover of 'Tangled Up In Blue' could be appearing on their next LP, or at least a B-side somewhere along the way, and they are thinking very hard about taking my advice and using Trevor Horn (ex-Buggles, producer of the divine Dollar — act of the year with DAF) as the producer of their next single. So far ABC have turned down the Linx and Human League tours, and still refuse to play at my Xmas party at Heaven. I will get them!

SIUXSIE and the Banshees are back in the country after spending money and emotion in the United States. They're already waist-deep in clubbing: tripped over Severin at the Heroes and Beat Route, looking a very rich young man. He'll be playing bass on Lydia Lunch's support spot on The Cure's tour . . . Cure's Robert Smith will be playing guitar. I kissed Lydia's hand at Le Beat Route, she bit off my little finger. Wonderful!

Robert himself was doing his utmost to live up to last week's NME piece. His new passion is Pernod and blacks: he hated me suggesting his fave tipple was (gulp) beer. He said that the *Christian Weekly* had interviewed him that day and referred throughout the interview to his 'immorality'. (The Fun Party being The Immoral Majority, I was glad of the publicity, as much as I don't need it.) The Banshees' great Singles Collection 'Once Upon A Time' is out in a week with sleeve notes by, yes, Morley.

ANTHONY PRICE, the man who started making suits for Ferry and then started selling them along the Kings Road, is shocked at the way the appalling Duran Duran wear his sublime clothes. He makes them as work of the arts and then the crude Durans use them like donkey jackets, all rolled up at the sleeves and creased round the knees. It's so dispiriting. Incidentally, you can now buy Price suits at the less imposing Ebony for a mere £350. (Ebony is on London's reasonably priced South Molton Street for those of you who live in Watford.) As my friend Billy Connolly says, £350 is a stupendous snippet for us showbizzy types and hopefully for beautiful you too. Anyway, the Fun Party will be dishing out Price suits on the National Health when we get our deserved power. Love to the lover.



Duran's Simon, SDP's Shirl, Spandau's Norm — no admission to the Fun Party



"Don't you think you're shovelling on the schmaltz a bit thick — getting the ape to sing 'My Way' before he falls off the building!"

Tomorrow's fish and microchip papers

"IRONICALLY, sound is a very visual medium . . . one's mind is constantly being triggered towards images . . . but sound also is the original event, much more than something removed from it." So says Bill Furlong of Audio Arts — who produced the first English cassette magazine back in 1973, and whose catalogue (Audio Arts, 6 Briarwood Rd, London SW4) includes the likes of Yeats, Duchamp, and James Joyce immortalised on tape.

I found out about Furlong through the latest issue of Australian cassette mag *Fast Forward* — for my money still the top cassette mag on the international scene and the inspiration (so it seems and so sayeth the *UK Press Gazette*) for London's launch last week of *SFX*, the capital's first cassette 'zine.

Fast Forward 007 continues its slick format of coloured plastic sleeve enclosing cassette, crossword (!), and a virtual road map of contacts, contents and other info (for 007, an amusing article about Spies and Spy movies). Ads are contained on this printed sheet, so the cassette itself contains 60 minutes of full tracks from a range of Aussie bands. Interviews with 'ambient' outfits are often run over the track featured and when there's a star turn interview (this one: J. Lydon) it's long and interviewers make an effort to challenge obvious contradictions made by the interviewee.

Visuals are superb as ever

CYNTHIA ROSE sorts out the cassette zine scene

Right: SUB/POP



and with only one duff track (Ronnie And The Rhythm Boys) *Fast Forward* has to be the style-setter for Stowaway freaks. Write them at their new address: Box 251, Fitzroy, Victoria, Australia.

SFX is London's new contender — for 50p, fifty minutes of material and ten of ads on a C60 you can afterwards record over.

Issue 1 has Spandau Ballet, Linx and Madness, Phil Lynott and Annabella. Juxtapositions are clever if a bit on the obvious side: Suggs reads from the script of *Madness*' movie then Madness discuss their history as portrayed in the film; Middlesex Hospital's C&W-mad gynaecologist Hank Wangford, who plonks in London pubs, enthuses over Costello's C&W conversion; Spandau's Kemp brothers tell us that "a few years ago groups used to be made up of . . . musicians; now they're made up of creative people, conceptualists". (Listen to *SFX* hosting Phil Lynott's dissertation on the song he wrote in which he 'acted' the persona of the Yorkshire Ripper and you may find yourself in disagreement with the Kemps.)

It's early days of course — plenty of rock stars have to be heard to be believed — but my Best Bets were Annabella on 'trusting' Malcolm ("of course he's ripping us off, it's only

natural") and impersonating Michael Jackson, and *SFX* editor (our own ex) Max Bell solemnly 'investigating' home taping. The fact that *SFX* cannot play more than 30 seconds of music (other than commercials, of which their Dentyne one is tops, or demos) is frustrating

and my dancefloor consensus at The Venue from Those Who Had Heard was that the mag slightly resembles a choppy slice of Capital Radio. It's available at your local newsagents for testing now.

SUB/POP is the American fanzine whose enthusiastic following of the pan-American independent scene has at last logically led them to the cassette 'zine format, too — in order to play what they've been plugging in print. If you want real musical adventure, *SUB/POP* is a cert: a wealth of truly individual work from transregional America excluding Frisco, LA and New York and containing many goodies such as Visible Targets, a fake Ronnie Reagan interview that's a stitch, full-blooded instrumentalists Pell Mell, an all-female quartet from Oregon called The Neo Boys who fully earn their Patti Smith moniker, Get Smart!, The Men, Embarrassment and (remember *Thrills* 29.1.81?) even a contribution from The Church Of The SubGenius! Worth every penny of \$5.00 (which includes postage) from the Lost Music Network, Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507.



JUST TWO of the 1000 peaceniks who took part in London's first major youth demo since the '60s last Sunday. The march, followed by a rally in Hyde Park, was organised jointly by Schoolkids Against The Bomb and Youth CND. A SAB petition of 20,000 signatures was also handed in to the BBC, protesting at their continuing refusal to screen *The War Game* — Peter Watkins' horrific portrayal of life after The Bomb — and, in the words of SAB spokesperson Giles Perrett, to "let the BBC know we're aware of their bias towards Government policy on nuclear disarmament".



WILDER

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- ★ Squelch control
- ★ Volume control
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- ★ RX & TX LED indicators
- ★ Call tone button
- ★ Retractable antenna
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FIRST

DAVID MURRAY'S tenor saxophone drifts — languid, urgent, remorseful — from the little speakers resting on Anthony More/Moore's worktable. A few short variations on the movie theme that Moore's written for Dieter (Yello) Meier's new thriller, which Murray has a 'cameo role in. "He's very cool. Has a saxophone with him all the time."

We walk from Moore's austere flat near Regent Street over to a cafe for a mid-morning cup of tea.

SERVICE

THE RELEASE of 'World Service', Anthony Moore's latest bulletin in a series of increasingly compulsive despatches, has caused a ripple of good reviews in a pond which the protagonist seems content to keep calm most of the time. I would say that this often alarming record is one of the best realisations of that perennial favourite, doom-phobia, to appear in a long while. But he's bothered by some of the views I've expressed.

"I found what you said very interesting — bitter, negative? That's a bit of a problem for me. I don't want to have any reactionary quality, a bitterness about not selling records."

Actually it seems more of a general disgust at the malaise in humanity.

"This is true. I do have a dreadful outlook on humanity. But I play love songs, and the irony aspect is never as important as the simple emotion. I'm doing these gigs soon, but I have nothing figured out. I was thinking about what you said about 'Outta Angels', 'can we believe him?', and I thought I *could* structure them as really over-the-top irony. But in the end I'm motivated by much more hippy ideologies about music. I really like to *play* music. That's why I could never fit in with Henry Cow. That was so oppressive."

Moore sips his tea as a respite. He's a voluble, effusive talker.

For new readers, Anthony Moore began to garner public attention around 1973 in a rather warped cabaret trio called Slapp Happy; their early work is just being re-released. The group subsequently joined up with Virgin compadres Henry Cow and eventually capsize as Moore lost interest and Dagmar (vocalist and ex-spouse) worked with Cow and, later, Art Bears. How does he view Slapp Happy now?

"Did I like it? Never! It's namby-pamby and twee," he laughs. "I like to listen to The Clash. I enjoy this rock'n'roll thing," he adds guilelessly.

'World Service' often seems like a selective gathering of reference points all messed up, a stamp album with the faces scribbled into scowls. Are there particular sources of inspiration?

"Sounds. I'm very

sound-orientated. If a particular sound doesn't do anything for me I'm not interested. Things like drum sounds and guitar sounds, you can tell straight away if the whole thing is unadventurous. I can't stand anything pretentious, very arranged — the Genesis syndrome. I went to see Peter Hammill and was very disappointed: all symphonic song structures, very conventional. On the other hand... I saw The Clash at the Lyceum and their dynamic control wasn't good.

"There aren't so much a lot of instruments on 'World Service' as a lot of sounds. There was always a temptation when mixing it to empty out the tracks because they seemed over-full. But it's mostly played live."

Alive and writhing. Indeed — try 'Broke'n Idle' as a slug of orchestrated chaos. But who are these guys who play on it — Le Cretin Bleu, Orb, Matt, Lu?

Moore's almost gerbil features, crowned by a ragged splash of hair,

breaks into giggles. "Those are their real names! They're not disguises. The reasons they sound mysterious are that you haven't heard of them before."

Oh, come on — 'Bleu' is the producer as well!

"Anybody can produce, if you've got a good engineer. The producer's just some kind of dictator. I have to turn down a lot of producing jobs."

What sort of people?

"New wave-to-futurist groups. But I can't bear to sit in a producer's seat and go through those role things — I don't like to be authoritarian. I don't want to have to tell anyone who can't get it together how to do it for themselves. I'm not tempted to play. Unless I was asked to," he adds as an afterthought.

Tape trickery is something that comes naturally to A Moore. 'World Service' begins with Ricky Villa struggling to explain a Cup Final goal.

"I just heard that on a video in the

studio. Villa saying 'a goal is a goal' struck a very deep note. Like Gertrude Stein saying 'a rose is a rose'."

Who's that speaking in the middle of 'World Service' itself?

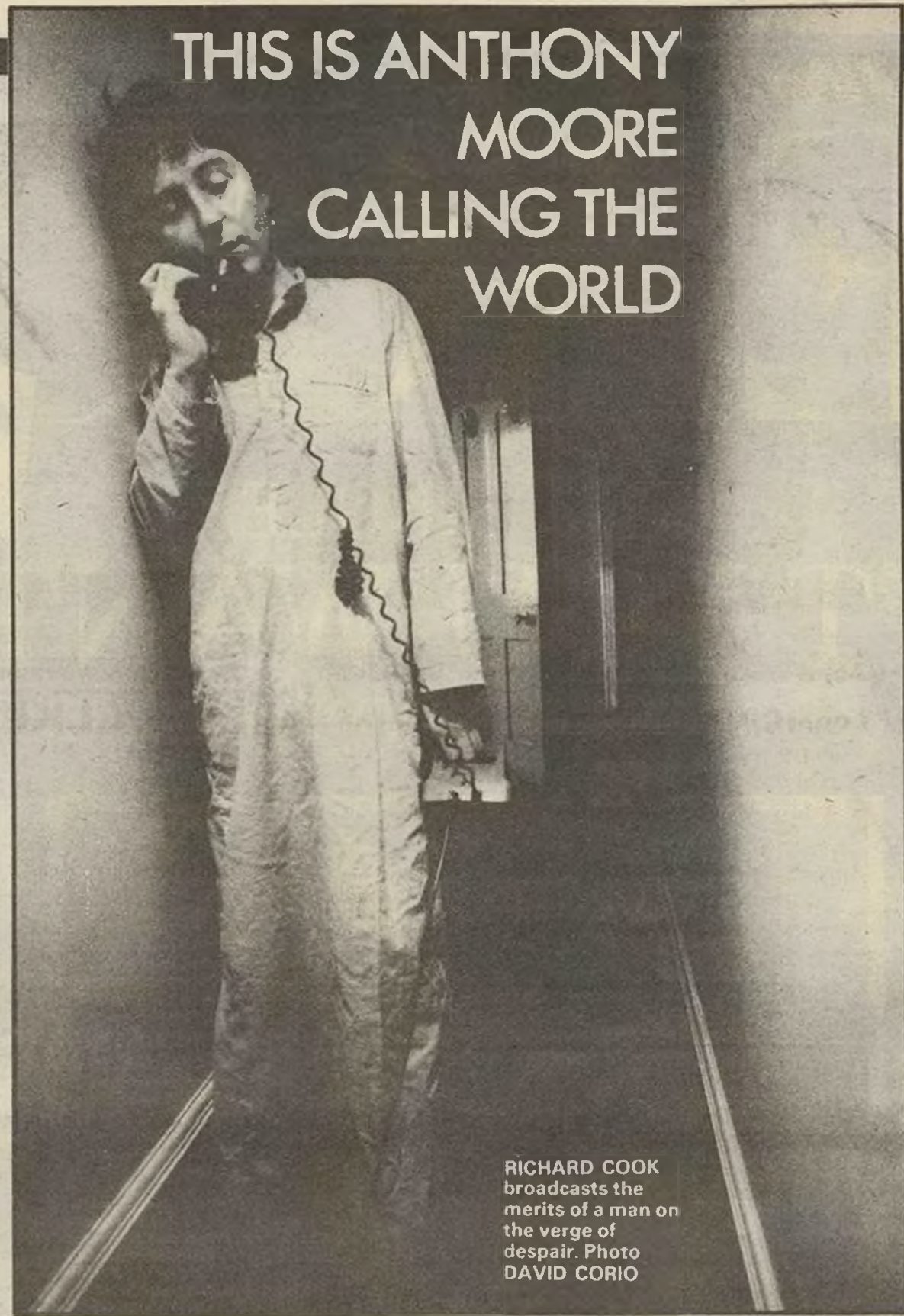
"It's some weird tape Le Bleu found — Rudolph Steiner lecturing in America, with Thornton Wilder doing translation. But I don't know what he's saying. It's purely a sound thing."

Will tapes be used in a live setting?

"Probably not. I'll just have to try recreating the songs differently — if it doesn't work, I won't do it. Extravagant ideas about tapes... I feel very uneasy about that. You can either have the tape by the PA and it's very mysterious, a 'Where's that coming from' level of titillation; or like when I saw Orchestral Manoeuvres, they had a tape machine right up front. But that was pretty boring as well as a show."

A show? Maybe that's trying to get away from the idea of

THIS IS ANTHONY MOORE CALLING THE WORLD



RICHARD COOK broadcasts the merits of a man on the verge of despair. Photo DAVID CORIO

conventional 'gigs'?

"Well, I, um, er... I suppose I have a fairly traditional approach to playing live. I don't want to go through the pretensions of special effects. I'm hopefully going to rely on the music, but I don't have a clear concept. Actually, no!" he whirled, "of course I'm going to break things down — I'm bound to! I'm not going to have three bands on or something; my own set will be very conservative but there'll be theatrical events around it. And it'll probably get stranger as I work it out. The venue? I don't care, it could be the most revolting nightspot or under a railway bridge."

WORLD

'FLYING DOESN'T Help'. A Moore's jarring collection of neo-pop songs which appeared early last year to a mostly flatulent response, came out on his own Quango label. Why has that been wound up?

"It was in existence only to bring out my record. Can you imagine what I did for six months? I did it all, going to the factory, the printers, the record shops. I sleeved every album. We pressed 15,000 and they're all gone. But performing the function of a record company is not what I want to do with my life."

Complete control, though?

"I'm not frightened by record company control. I don't feel like I'm going to be pushed off course. I make a living and I've never sold any records, really." He looks entranced with the idea — imagine, me! "I'm totally fearless. And 'Flying Doesn't Help' isn't licensed. It's free."

So what comes next?

"Maybe an album project for Dagmar. She could do an amazing job on Weill and Brecht songs. Blegvad (his old Slapp Happy cohort) is coming back from New York. Somebody wants us to do a tringle, a three sided single. And there's a film project in Germany coming up."

How did you get involved in the Dieter Meier film?

"I've known him for years. An extraordinary bloke, really energetic and prolific. Around 1972-3 we did some videos in Frankfurt. Three-minute comedy sketches."

Pretty early for video work wasn't it?

"I have this uncanny feeling it's all been done before. The Gas video thing — it's so obvious, the idea of DIY video is over-dramatic, it's been going on for years."

Though not necessarily for public consumption or distribution, I suggest. How about a video for 'World Service'?

"The sound of this word 'video' is bad to me. I think of over-the-top untalented promotional shit. But I do have two video concepts in the pipeline: a ten-minute one for three tracks off 'World Service' which will be very home-made; and to approach the next album as a video with a soundtrack. The record would just be a sound representation of the images."

Been to any good gigs lately?

"Ummm... Rip Rig And Panic? I'm a bit nervous about saying that because I suppose they're very topical; but I really enjoyed seeing them, on an uncritical level. Other gigs I stand there and think, what's wrong? The Raincoats as well — really brave, they really go for it."

SLAPP

MY FAVOURITE question. 'World Service' sounds a lot of the time like a man on the verge of despair. Can you refute that? Moore stares at the citizen traffic in the street outside.

"Only by insisting that it's possible to be on the verge and still keep going. I wouldn't put any money on the Ban The Bomb people. When I look around... I see no faith in the human race. We're all fucking disgusting. But all the conundrums and proverbs are the results of man's wrong thinking. I insist on my right to confront old-fashioned logic. To be full of despair and full of love at the same time."

Certainly A More/Moore's chirrupy personage is not the type you'd have pegged as prophet of melancholy. Delivering his commentaries at his own pace, Moore — like Lear, Shelley, Newman — is an individual to value; a gremlin to keep an ear on. Something to balance the notional loss in all this ersatz enterprise? This is a service the world should be watching. Happy?

The Lone Groover Benyon



THE HUMAN

LEAGUE

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THE CAR PURRS along the country lanes of the small estate which houses Martin Rushent's recording studio. We're on our way to a riverside village restaurant and our path is flanked on either side by the rusty glow of autumn leaves. Dressed in a battered leather jacket, Pete Shelley looks dishevelled with his eyes drooping into flabby pouches, he turns towards me and smiles.

"The colours are lovely at this time of year," he observes with disarming relish.

Shelley is here to remix and re-record some tapes for a session on Radio One's Kid Jensen show. The three songs he's chosen all come from the forthcoming 'Homosapien' LP, the first collection of Shelley songs since The Buzzcocks disintegrated with 'A Different Kind Of Tension'. His album has been held back for various reasons and won't be released until the New Year because, as far as Shelley is concerned, "once bonfire night comes around it's not worth doing anything".

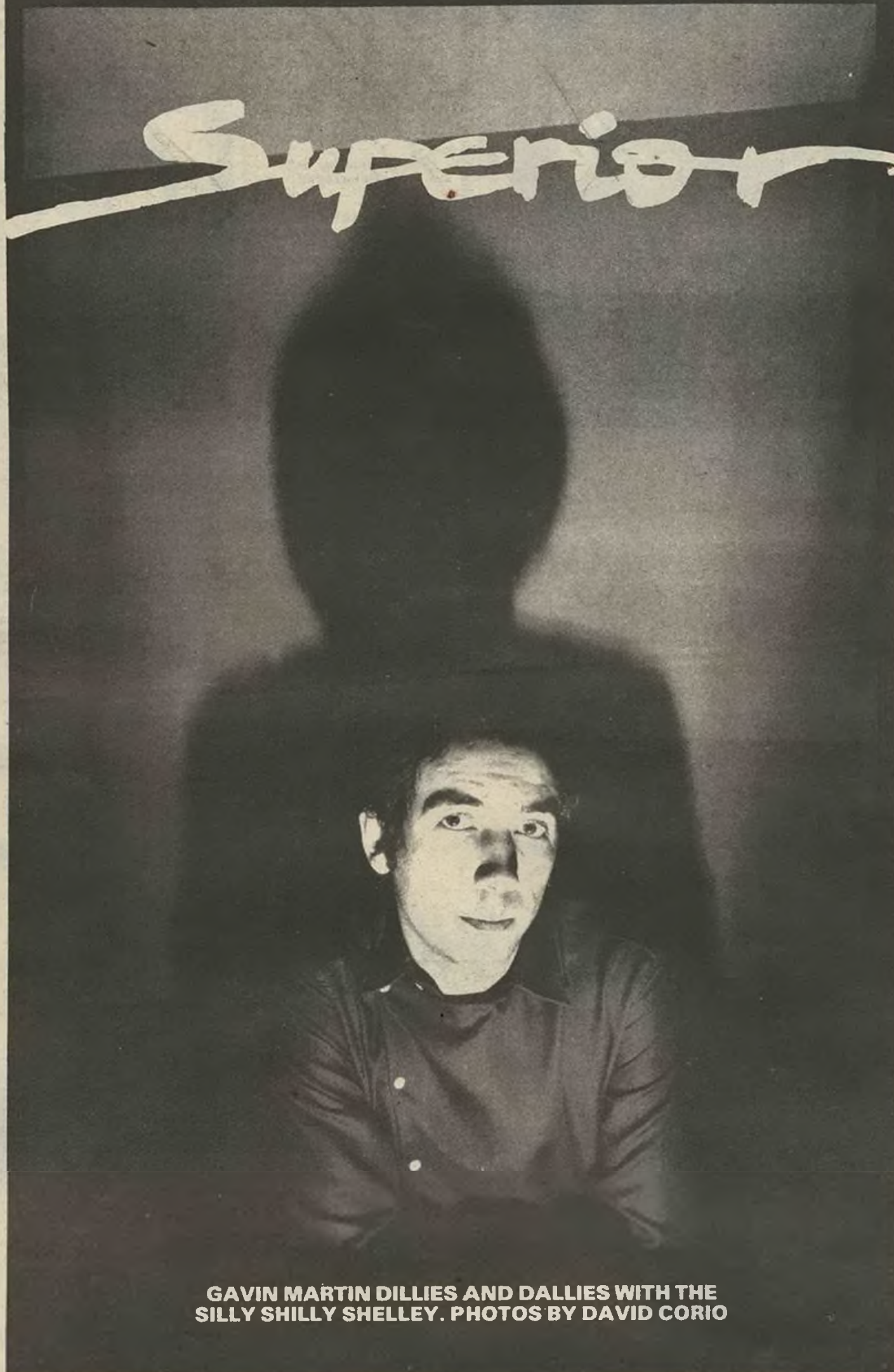
It is a fresh and enticing departure for him. Although it still has traces of the cosmic blandness and vacuous 'why-are-we-here?' type posturing which bedevilled the later stages of The Buzzcocks, he and Rushent have come up with a very attractive sound featuring a tenacity and descriptiveness which many of the new electronic practitioners lack.

"We came here in February to record demos but as we started to do them they sounded more and more finished, so we nudged them in that direction and within a few months we'd come up with three finished tracks. Just me and Martin in the studio with all the machines," he says, glowing with a childlike pride and wonder.

Shelley appears to be an astute and single-minded musical alchemist — the image presented on the cover of his excellent 'Homosapien Boy' single. As he picks through his stilton cheese he talks cheerfully about his holidays in Spain, drinking wine and eating seafood until the sun went down, going to Yugoslavia with his parents and then coming back to his friends in Manchester and dividing his time between there and the serenity of Rushent's Reading studios. It does seem to be an enviable, not to say, luxurious lifestyle.

But when we return to his chalet for the interview, relaxed and charming though he is, Shelley proves to be a confused and confusing character. A few of his answers are marked by long pauses, blank stares and rather wistful "I don't know". On several occasions he seems to be fading into the shadows of the late afternoon, almost trying to hide his small frame behind a screen of cigarette smoke.

Shelley has just reason to be confused: when The Buzzcocks split at the beginning of March, there followed a tussle with EMI Records as he tried to wrest himself from what he considered to be an unsatisfactory contract. Then there was the added



GAVIN MARTIN DILLIES AND DALLIES WITH THE SILLY SHILLY SHELLEY. PHOTOS BY DAVID CORIO

instability of working on his own for the first time.

"I'd like to have seen The Buzzcocks go on but there was other things they wanted to do so they went off and did them. Things hadn't been hunky dory for a long time, there were a lot of financial problems. I miss some aspects of being in a band and other aspects I haven't missed yet. We used to get on quite well together; we were working with each other for about six months of the year after all. It was almost like leaving school I suppose."

Martin Davis, a close friend of Rushent's, was in the process of setting up his Genetic Record label as the first tapes for the 'Homosapien' LP were completed. After some consultation Shelley signed a deal which has already led to the release and success of the LP in the States.

"Getting all the deals finalised took a long time. But it didn't really take all that long to do the album. Although it was spread out over six or seven months it just took a little longer to

make than a Buzzcocks album."

Doesn't he ever miss the flurry of Mancunian activity from whence The Buzzcocks — according to legend — came?

"Manchester was just the same as anywhere, you just do what you think you can do best. It's a big place so it's no surprise that quite a few people who live there have been able to capture the nation's attention. It's a nice place."

Hasn't it got bleaker in the past few years?

"No really there are lots of interesting things happening."

Like what?

There's a long pause while Pete looks to the ceiling for inspiration.

"Mmmmm I don't know, you've got me stuck there."

ONE OF THE things that is happening sporadically in Manchester is The Tiller Boys, the group with experimental leanings who paved the way for Shelley's present solo

work. They have a new album due under the curious title of 'Strange Men In Shades With Spanners'.

Does he regard his work with The Tiller Boys as a drawing board for his own creations?

"Well, obviously there's a lot of coincidences and correlations but the others probably don't see it that way."

"The important thing for me is to get down all the ideas which I've got onto the finished record. Some of them are hard to explain all at once so in a way it's like an oil painting — you start with the background and then you have to build up to the smaller details in the foreground. But with a group you have to do it more like a photograph."

BESIDES THE SEX Pistols the two groups who made the most compelling and individual set of punk singles were undoubtedly X Ray Spex and The Buzzcocks. Both had a distinctive yet expansive sound, were marvellously packaged in a way which made buying them an event and, from 'Oh Bondage Up Yours' to 'Ever Fallen In Love', there existed two ingenious and explorative visions of the modern world being unfolded.

With EMI releasing a compilation of the seven Buzzcocks singles how does he feel about the possibility of competing with himself for a place in the charts?

"I think it's great. I was trying to get it out last Christmas and EMI tried to sell it into the charts, but the dealer price was too high so everyone bought the US import instead."

"I think it's about time for a retrospective, obviously they're just doing it to cash in but it is a good album. It puts the singles into some kind of perspective and it fills in the gaps because there are at least twelve tracks that have never been on albums."

But pop dreams come to an end; one reason common to both X-Ray Spex and The Buzzcocks was a very old one of which I thought anybody involved in rock n roll would be aware. Poly saw flying saucers and got religion; Pete began to see illusions and started asking what was the meaning of life. He's still seeing and still asking.

"People couldn't survive if the slightest thing happened to the system because we're living in an unnatural system. I couldn't make a pair of shoes or a shirt, all we can do is to consume fish fingers and buy cars. I think if people don't start asking themselves the question, Why are we here? then we aren't going to be here for much longer. We're going to be somewhere else."

I don't disagree with him but a lot of the songs from the last Buzzcocks album and new songs like 'Qu'est-ce que c'est que Ca' seem so bland and fragile that the effect is nursery hour triteness rather than real human soul searching. They sound like the sort of thing anyone could come up with after their first trip.

"That's probably because they were inspired by acid," says Pete simply.

How do you look upon it, as an influence, a kick or something altogether more mystical?

"Yes to all three I suppose. I don't like to separate cause from effect."

One of the impressions I got from listening to pieces of the new LP, featuring Shelley as the primitive philosopher or Shelley as the lovestruck dreamer who won't grow up — a kind of cross between Geoffrey Chaucer and Peter Pan — is that he sounds too introspective for his own good, almost unable to see beyond his own destiny or existence to external realities.

"I suppose to people with no problems it could seem that way. I don't analyse

Pete Shelley gets up and goes to make a cup of tea. I looked around the room at his toys — drum machine and programmer, a video, and various gadgets. Looking out the window at the rolling hills and the forests I think of the calm smiling man in the kitchen and what he's just said. He can't be far wrong, I thought.

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MADNESS



New Single Out Now

It must be love

Spring 1994

reviewed by
julie burchill



SAGAS OF THE WEEK

TOM JONES: Come Home Rhondda Boy (Polydor)
THE CORY BAND WITH THE GWALIA SINGERS: Stop The Cavalry/The Longest Day (Stiff)
Men Of Harlech, onto glory, see your banners wreathed in story! The Saxon foe surrounding — Britons win the field! (Our school song.) Everybody looks good when they're taking over and when the Welsh are taking over they go over the top. Bevan, Burton, Bassey, Squires, Shaky, Lloyd George, Jones — even 25% of moi! — curtain up, light the lights, Taff's got nothing to hit but the heights! With the Welsh, ham and heart-rending goes hand in hand — the flamboyant bravado of early success doesn't negate the edge and power of genuine emotion. OK, so one of Tom's medallions would feed a Welsh family for a month, but — if you can tear yourself away from Caesar's Palace for a second, Thomas — this is straight from the heart-land of song and saga. *Even though* when Tom comes on like A. J. P. Taylor he can't help *coming on*, if you get my drift, *even though* he makes standing on a mountain sound clumsily carnal — there's a Methodist choirboy in his madness.

The Cory Band and the Gwalia Singers (from the Rhondda and Swansea) are what Tom Jones yearns for while he wastes away in Las Vegas. This should be 1981's Christmas Number One, as the Jona Lewie original should have been 1980's. This cute little veto of a future nuclear war is backed with a beautiful celebration of D-Day, and they go together like Kahlua and cream, there is *no* contradiction; the brave, true soldering of the Second World War Allies could not possibly be further from prospective American bumbling button-pushing cowardice.

Why, I'd say this record is the smartest thing Stiff have done since they showed Wreckless Eric the door!

FASHIONABLES

RIP RIG & PANIC: Bob Hope Takes Risks (Uh Huh! Productions)
Really great mindless Motown from my town. Rip Rig Panic sound the better for drink. Bristol people are different from you... they don't live in the England of North-South conflict — they just go out on a limb and get all wacky and remote. I was prepared to loathe this stupidly-named fashionable band. But can't stop it! Love it! Buy it!

PERRY HAINES: What's Funk (Fetish)
Perry Haines talks a good tune, but some things just don't work unless you're black. You can't dance to a manifesto — Perry's footwork must have been a mite restricted up there on his soap-box. He has overstretched himself to the point of snapped elastic, but he still has that reckless megaconfidence, that mark of a man smiled upon by *The Face*. This moanalogue sounds like something the SDP would dance to at one of their hideous "discos". And Perry would have made a negligible Negro.

HEATHER JENNER, WHERE ARE YOU?

OTTOWAN: Help, Get Me Some Help (Carrere)
LOVELY PREVIN: I'll Never Get Over You (Secret)
THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Don't You Want Me (Virgin)
BARRY MANILOW: The Old Songs (Arista)
ELVIS COSTELLO: Sweet Dreams (F-Beat)
INCOGNITO: North London Boy (Enigma)
Minstrels in maudlin mood. "I should have known you'd never share my name," whines Costello. Well, we can't all be called ELVIS! There is such a thing as swinging, non-po country music — I'm thinking of early Dolly Parton such as 'Dumb Blonde' and 'I Don't Want To Throw Rice' — but the stuff Costello is currently giving the kiss of life to is no less or more than a mawkish bore, an attempt to make a manifesto out of being just another notch on Tammy Wynette's wardrobe.

The Human League give away a poster that shows half a dozen Norman Hunters in mean mood. We mutilated our copy and shoved it under the Kitty Litter. It is proving very waterproof, being glossy. Samson Oakey — who resembles Phil McNeill at the height of punk — needs to have a haircut and the stuffing knocked out of him. But it takes two to do it (duet) wrong. This could be a swinging little song if given to two black singers with GREAT VOICES. Phil and moll sound sallow and callow. So many people should be silent songwriters. You could be in folklore instead of on *Top Of The Pops*. Look at Phil Spector. No, don't look at him like that!

The Human League must stop using the singles chart as an agony column sometimes. And my scout tells me there are no cocktail bars in Sheffield. And they're too sensitive. They could learn a lot from...
Ottowan! Like the Tweet Song, Ottowan have captured the package tour market — people buy their production great quantities to remind them of Carmen or Juan or both. The latest offering from the Peeling Man's Mac and Katie Kissoon lacks the UNBALANCED GLEE of their earlier hits (the seminal "D.I.S.C.O." and the stupendously stupid 'Hands Up'), but they are still satisfactorily psycho on this outing of apocalyptic angst; "I'm screaming like hell but nobody hears me, NOBODY HEARS ME!"

Lovely Previn dabbles in the ignoble trade of poncing off old standards (and surnames) because you have nothing of your own to sell. Her press release insists that she "breathes a new lease of life into the song." Does it to death, actually. I'm convinced it's the worst record I've heard in years — but don't take my word for it!

Incognito's bleating belle tries to make a Hell's Kitchen out of Mill Hill. "He'll buy you, he'll sell you, the North London Boy / He'll take you, abuse you, the North London Boy." ("Mmm, sounds like fun" — Tennessee Williams.)

Barry Manilow is very rinkle-tinkle maudlin... like Elton John without a Watford

F.C. in his life. Getting nostalgic for nauseous slop, Barry looks back in anaemia, coming across like a secular Pat Boone trying a spot of black (vinyl) mail. Barry blows his audition for the hot spot of resident chanteuse at Little Bern's Club Left, rubbing two pieces of wet wood together in his improbable dream of lighting a torch that will burn forever. Will it be a hit? Will Nanette Newman feature prominently in Bryan Forbes' next flick?

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

KIKI AND ELTON: Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever (Ariola)
Ariola, Cinderella! Not so much Berry Gordy as beri-beri. Kiki and Elton are obviously aiming at the Christmas market and the Christmas spirit, which makes people open their heart and forgive homosexuals (ones with nice voices, anyway). Elton and Kiki cry into their communal truss, ponderously.

MORE SINGLES FOR YOU STOCKING!

PHIL SPECTOR'S CHRISTMAS SINGLES — THE RONETTES / Frosty The Snowman, DARLENE LOVE / White Christmas, THE CRYSTALS / Santa Claus Is Coming To Town (Spector International)
THE NUPTOWN KEYS: The Best Of Christmas (EMI)
FOGWELL FLAX AND FREEHOLD JUNIOR SCHOOL: One-Nine For Santa (EMI)

NEVADA: In The Bleak Midwinter (Polydor)
GUIDING STAR: Come Sing With Us (Eagle Records)
The Poor Man's Nathan Chasen extends the annual hand of seasonal good will — but only so you'll put money in it. The Ronettes always sounded like petulant trolls and poor old Frosty doesn't get away without ritual mutilation, but Darlene Love — Spector's favourite voice — turns in her usual routine spectacular performance. It's sad to think that Phil Spector was once so jolly he could think about things like Christmas. What will you get for Christmas this year, Phil? An extra Doberman, a new Baretta?

The Nuptown Keys turn in a cute little synthesizer medley. Some carol singer with an enterprising mind, a cassette machine and a healthy disregard for the home-taping laws should nab it and tote it around as a door-to-door backing-track.

If there's one thing that makes me want to VOMIT at Christmas — absolutely my favourite time of year. All those presents! — it's not over-consumption of hooch and holly but RECORDS FEATURING BRATS. Fogwell Flax and Co sing a disgusting honorary-American vehicle about a noble trucker who helps a raggedy tyke achieve his Christmas ambition — "Lots of presents to make our Christmas Day". Although my sentiments exactly, the sickly way in which they are expressed makes me hate a) all truck drivers and b) all raggedy tykes. Garbage painted nursery colours. Humbug!

Guiding Star turn in a cozy medley of gorgeous carols. They do have nice voices,

though. Phil Spector should see about cutting his Christmas record with these folk next year and leave the Ronettes under their bridge. Wonder what the assorted boys and girls of Guiding Star would look like in high heels, bouffants and bee-stung lips!

Nevada give us a pedestrian re-run of the old Gustav Holst/Christina Rossetti toe-tapper. Which gives me the chance to relate to you kids my favourite anecdote concerning Artistic Solipsism. A long, long time ago, Christina's brother the poet/painter Dante Gabriel loved madly a babe named Lizzie Siddons who served as the model for his finest work. When she died (she'd been hitting the laudanum) he was heart-sore, and poured his grief into several epic poems which he slipped into her cask.

Several years later, the landlord came to call. Dante Gabriel was intellectually and financially bankrupt. So what did he do? He had Lizzie exhumed and retrieved the poems, whereupon he published them for fiscal game. What a swine! Never trust a poet, girls! They'll steal the sonnets off your back!

YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIRE THEIR SAUCE

GARY GLITTER: All That Glitters (Eagle Records)
THE SIXTIES: Cliff's Greatest Hits (Telefunken)
THE HI-LITES: Stylistic Love (EMI)

Medleys are good for one thing only — deflating the ego of a pompous, disliked pop singer, rubbing his nose in the dirt of BEING PAST HIS PRIME. I can't wait till, say, Gary Numan has to do a two-bit amalgam of 'Are Friends Electric?/Cars/Complex/ Die You Die'. To that disco beat, Gary! Wouldn't it be fun to hear Len Cohen do a medley? Or Pete Hammill? Yes, medleys are great ammunition in the war against ponderous prannets.

Sadly, only the nice guys have been hit so far; The Hollies and now poor old fat Gary, the embarrassing Uncle of Punk, the Diana Dors of Pop. He deserves better than this — a nice retirement in Brighton or Marbella at least. Do we want to touch? — not with Lech Walesa (a five foot Pole!), Uncle!

The "Cliff" medley is complicated slightly by the fact that the lead singer of The Sixties never attempts to disguise his French accent. It's you, isn't it, Johnnie Alliday? Medleys just don't sell, anyhow, when the victim is as omnipresent as the real "Cliff". The Sixties only hope of a hit is to kidnap "Cliff" and keep him out of circulation and the charts for six months.

The Hi-Lites move slowly though The Stylistics stately, sloppy songs — too slowly, in fact, so slow that it walks on the edge of being pulled in for loitering. The authenticity of their boss warbler — he obviously went to the same vet as Russell Tompkins Jnr — is quenched somewhat by the fact that Russell boasted a flamboyant castrato, not a Valiummed hernia. But it's never too late to stop, look, have a poke around Johnny Mathis' garbage can...

COMEDIANS!

GROUCHO AND CHICO MARX: Ev'ryone Says I Love You (MCA)

Gorgeous! Coati Mundi declares UDI! I never saw the point of the Marx Brothers till now! Who says economists can't have a great sense of humour! Karl and Friedrich, what a pair!

GARY NUMAN: Love Needs No Disguise (Beggars Banquet)
Biggles Cocks It Up... Pilot here and pile it there! A very tinny sound... not so much something nasty in the woodshed as something neurotic in the biscuit barrel. The underwhelming mediocrity of this here Exhibit A-side, the case for the prosecution must concede that it feels a sneaking admiration for a poor sucker with adenoids, dandruff, and a growing bald spot passing itself off as a cold, black-clad, unfeeling humanoid. But let's leave Sheena out of this.

MADNESS: It Must Be Love (Stiff)

Scenario: Madness get Detention for doing a Labi Siffre song. First Teacher: "Sick. Doing a Labi Siffre song." Second Teacher: "Just about the sickest thing you can do these days."

But never mind, children! In two years time all seven members of Madness will be off to Junior School! Then maybe they'll stop bullying us Infants into buying their records!

HEY, WHITE BOY, WHAT YOU DOING UPTOWN?

VIC GODDARD: Stamp Of A Vamp (Club Left)
"Vic Goddard; A New Career In A New Club" must have looked great on the drawing-board. On record it's up an uncool-de-sac — smoke-choked in a half-hearted low-tar sort of way. Vic burns the torch at neither end — and besides, the torch is really only Bernie's lighter. Too lumpy for Julie London to spit at, too brash for Tony Bennett to do a double-take at, it is worthy of Sailor after Moss Bros. You could do worse. The backing is divinely brassy, soft shoe sleaze immaculate — unfortunately the edge is taken off this fun cocktail of zoot suits, toothpicks and painted toenails by a front-man crooning with a set of tatty tubes worthy of Little Weed out on a Bill and Ben Beano. Shing — hick! — "MELANCHOLY BAYBEE!"

SAMMY DAVIS JNR: (I'd Be) A Legend In My Time (Polydor)
Heart-wrenching stuff when one recalls Sammy's haunted heartbreak of yore — the ghost of Kim Novak past — but the vet-stricken grief is being laid on with a gang of trowels by the second verse and when you should be shelling out for this and slashing your wrists you recall Confucious — "Man with glass eye cry half as much as other men." Cruel but true, Connie. Still, any given two-eyed white Protestant — see any Oi band — could learn a lesson in not carping about your humble beginnings from this one-eyed black Jew.

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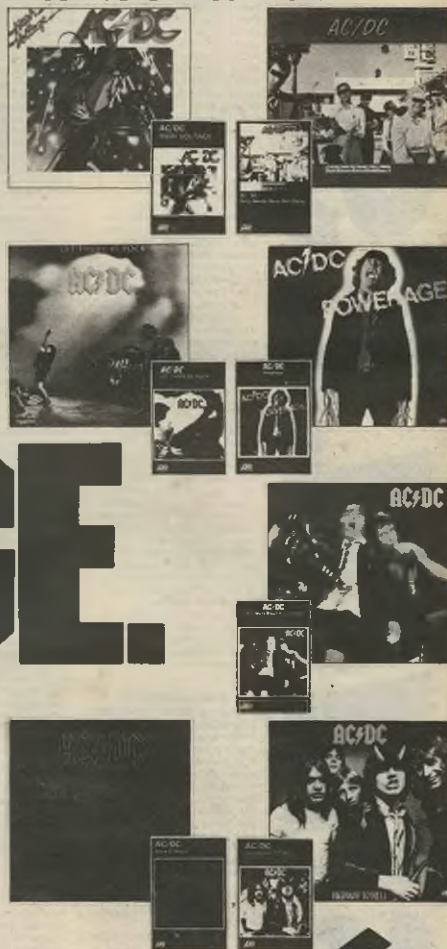


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IT'S AN eternal and well-worn truth that water is one of the great dividers, and the Irish Sea couldn't divide us more completely from the troubles of Northern Ireland if we wanted it to. The Troubles have a regular slot on television, so we never have to give them much thought.

Certainly we rarely make the effort to imagine what it might be like for a teenager living there from day to day, probably out of work and unquestionably sealed off from the rest of the world. Their lives are processed into a general picture, broadcast worldwide in news bulletins and half-hour documentaries, but are only absorbed as another vague category of information.

Perhaps the only attempt to give some sense of teenage life in Northern Ireland, though it's specifically limited to the punk scene in Belfast, is John Davis's brilliant *Shellshock Rock*, but few English people have had the chance to see it.

This is the first time either Peter Anderson or I have been to Ireland, let alone Belfast. We were not horrified or appalled by what we saw, but then at this moment the city seems to be in a relatively peaceful state — perhaps because the IRA is once again concentrating its activities in London. What came across more strongly was a simple but oppressive sense of dullness, of emptiness.

Since Gavin Martin's fully comprehensive retrospective on Northern Ireland's punk scene just over a year ago, that scene has not only signally failed to develop beyond primal punk thrashings but the few one-time pointers forward have either disbanded or merely dropped away.

Dessie Potter's Stage B, one of the few bands taken by Gavin as "cutting away the restraints of tribalistic ties and making music which functions on more than a social basis," have split up; the Harp Bar, Belfast's equivalent of, say, the Music Machine, has become a country'n'western striptease saloon; and more drastically, a large majority of the punks themselves have actually disappeared.

One band, however, is still going strong, and that is The Outcasts, Belfast's longest-surviving punk act. It's they whom we came to see, and it's they who embody, perhaps more consciously than any other band, the essentially apolitical nature of Belfast Punk '81.

"The Outcasts' popularity says much about the state of Belfast's music scene. Hard-bitten, reactionary, and insular are terms that go some way to describe their music, their following, and their reputation."

(Gavin Martin, October 1980)

Gavin will forgive me, I'm sure, for "taking account" of his own position as one-time Belfast rock journalist. As he himself concluded in that excellent piece: "Perhaps I wouldn't have got so jaded so soon if my job didn't require me to put things under such close scrutiny." The Outcasts are "reactionary" and "insular" because that is the necessary condition of the scene of which they are the mainstay. But the punk scene there became a ritual, because elsewhere punk was, in media terms, "dead".

As Martin Cowan, eldest of the three brothers in the group and its only songwriter, puts it: "Belfast has always been a dirty, rotten city and it always will be. The troubles have nearly killed everything."

But what should not go ignored is that The Outcasts continue to offer to the fans that follow them not only entertainment and excitement but a degree of real hope. They are not a routine, reactionary live act, and nor is their latest single, 'Programme Love', a routine, reactionary punk record: it's a full-blown and starkly emotional piece of music, interestingly-produced, stabbing with power.

THE EVENING we arrive, the band are playing the Pound, a dingy hole of a place which used to be the Harp's only real rival. When the latter was in its heyday, the Pound became a garrison of heavy metal. Now even the heavy metal groups seem to have vanished.

Outcasts' manager Ross Graham and his extremely beautiful wife, 'Noo, chauffeur us over to the club, which sits in desertion between the Markets and the River Lagan's dockland estuary.



CULTURESHOCK ROCK!

Barney Hoskyns and Peter Anderson (pix) survive a night in Belfast with the town's longest surviving punk band, The Outcasts.

When we get inside, it becomes very clear just how seriously Belfast's punk scene is in jeopardy (sadly with nothing to take its place). Granted it's a Tuesday night, it's still sadly empty for Belfast's only really well-known punk band. But there's something further you've got to weigh up: to be a punk in Belfast means risking life and limb 24 hours a day. These kids can't afford taxis, and the bus service stops serving at 11 o'clock.

Martin Cowan takes me aside to tell me of the omnipresent threat the punks call the Spiderman.

"The Spiderman is your average Belfast guy, in his early 30s and out of work, either extreme Catholic or extreme Protestant, who hangs around in a loose group of similarly-inclined guys, gets very drunk, and stumbles out of the pub looking for trouble. When they get bored of beating each other up, they beat up punks, and that usually means kids of 15. 16."

Re: the song/anthem 'Gangland Warfare' 1st verse:

"Walking from the Harp on a Saturday night, Ducking round the corners, keeping out of sight. 'Cause the boys from the King Arthur Are dying for a fight"

• Last verse:

"Then you hear them coming, your heart starts thumping. Then you're on the ground, feel their boots stomping round your head"

Crude stuff, for sure, just like for Peter and myself the whole scene's like a crazy flashback.

But it's not a con. The song's based on a very real experience: punk here is an escape which only leads back to the violence it's trying to lose. Forget London 1977, great inspiration though it was for Outcasts and all here the violence is real, random, and above all apolitical. The actuality of the troubles is not the romance of clashing crusades, it's a bloodbath.

Memories of Punk London become increasingly remote. As one punk in Gavin's story put it, "the less we look to London the better, because London follows fashion and we'll be here when The UK Subs and the rest have disappeared."

When The Outcasts take the stage, the small crowd starts its energetic, communal rompalound. For the band, the ritualistic may have become a little trying, but there is absolutely no sense of weariness either onstage or beneath it. Apart from anything else, Belfast's been through about ten waves of punk since '77, and every gig reveals new, ever-younger faces.

The band give their all tonight, full-throttle energy and dedication. While Martin slashes at a battered Telecaster, his stocky frame bent over it with all the tension and aggression of a boxer (which he says comes from ex-pro dad), Greg on bass holds the centre of the stage screaming a blond-spiked head into his mike, his posture, owing to a near fatal car accident 18 or so months ago, engagingly awkward. Behind them, the dual drum unit of Colin Cowan and "Wee Raymond" Falls (a 16-year-old skin who joined last Christmas) provides an admirably tight, confident powerhouse, and at stage right lead guitarist Colin "Getty" Getgood blazes out flaming Strat licks that only heighten the group's dynamic thrust.

This is a band that is most definitely not satisfied with punk's standard three-chord, head-on attacks, a band that has never stopped rehearsing until it's got the sound down to an absolute tee. It is very tight and it really moves.

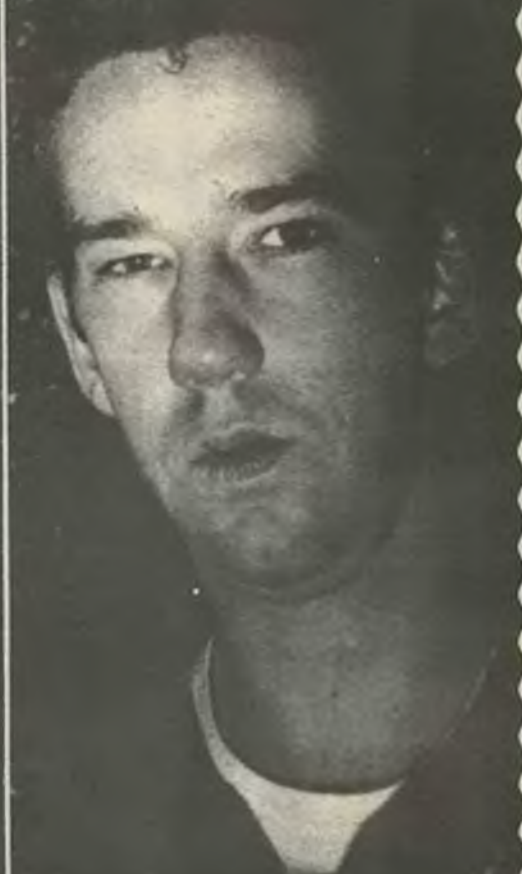
"For all those who said punk was dead in

Belfast," as Greg says in the film *Self-Conscious Over You*.

In a city whose principal notion of live entertainment is the country'n'western cabaret clubs which ring round its outskirts in amazing abundance, it's encouraging enough to find even one punk club at its centre. Add to this the crucial fact that in Ireland the religious significance of the family as a social unit of the community has a far more pervading and determinant effect on the consciousness of teenagers than anywhere else in the United Kingdom, and you begin to sense that even now, in 1981, two years after England has all but forgotten the Pistols, the Damned, and the Roxy, this is nothing short of a bleeding miracle.

Ever wondered what happened to the highly promising Ruefex (if you ever heard of them in the first place)? Why, the lead singer

Continues over





From previous page
jacked it in, got married, and settled down to live a "normal life".
What else?

AN INTERESTING question raises itself at this point: not so much why as *how* The Outcasts have kept going when all around them bands — including outfits like Protex, who got a deal with Polydor, were hyped as the new Beatles, and even made it to New York — have disbanded, lost touch, sunk without a trace?

Well, here's a cute, pertinent little irony: in the daytime, da brudders Cowan — Martin, Greg, and Colin — run a painting firm, one of

whose numerous jobs it is to drive over to the Falls (Belfast's Catholic-apocalyptic wasteland) and commence washing off the endless graffiti and the superb IRA murals which literally line the streets from one end to the other. Some steady job that must be. Yet they're all still alive, and all still intent on one overriding objective: to keep The Outcasts going. And they will keep going, of that I have no doubt.

But what of the troubles, you may be asking — are we going to shirk the issue? The trouble is that The Outcasts don't want any part of them: like many others they share in a very pronounced contempt for the "legend" of Stiff Little Fingers, refusing to forget that the

entire thing was hyped by a *Daily Express* hack, nor that before his involvement SLF were nothing short of a longhair heavy metal band. And yet, for my own part, 'Inflammable Material' is still a brilliant, compulsive record, whatever that band has gone on to produce in the name of "rock" music.

Perhaps what The Outcasts, especially the angry, introverted Martin Cowan, are too prepared to ignore is that it's actually the troubles which have prevented an adequate body of feelings and opinions about music in general, and the possibilities of the Belfast scene in particular, from emerging. Granted SLF pulled out, sold out, dozed off, at least they grappled with the thing for a moment.

The Outcasts formed in 1977, after both Martin and Greg had been over to London, seen what was happening, and purchased the requisite Westwoodian accessories. Before punk there was Lou Reed and Bowie, who'd inspired a series of baggy-trousered Bowie nights in Bangor, just ten miles west of the city. After the Bowie clones had flirted with punk and moved on, the scene inevitably hardened, and Outcasts gigs began to fill up with very tough kids they'd never seen before.

Greg and Martin readily admit that at this stage of the band's career (if you can call it that) they couldn't play their instruments, but their gigs nonetheless got wild enough for their third appearance at the Pound to prompt a massive raid, batons and all, by the Territorials. Not long after, the Harp bar, a Republican watering-hole a mere five minutes away, became the main punk stronghold.

It was with this move that all the talk about punk being a force of unity started up. Roughly speaking, young Catholics and Protestants forgot the religious and political barriers that were designed to segregate them and joined together in the common purpose of getting pissed out of their minds and smashing up furniture.

That at any rate is Martin's angle. The day after the Pound gig we drive up to a prison-like and financially disastrous new university at Coleraine, built there because Derry (half an hour away) was thought to be too dangerous, and while Big Self pound through their interesting support set (half-rock, half-reggae), Martin gives me his personal lowdown on political spokespersonship.

"I never want to speak for anybody, all that dole-queue escapism is a load of rubbish. Belfast has made me a valid person, and I'm angry, but I don't want to be part of a working-class movement. I like our songs to be moody, dark, and evil, but there's no political violence in them. People misinterpret my lyrics; like 'Magnum Force' was a piece of observation, not a political statement."

I'd been warned that Martin was "moody" and "reclusive", but that if I could "open him up", I'd find the engagingly cynical humour of such songs as 'Just Another Teenage Rebel'. In the event, he talked the more "open", not to say "garrulous" Greg right out of the conversation.

The Outcasts have been Belfast's leading punk band for some time now, but they claim to be getting, if anything, more "hardcore" all the time. Both Martin and Greg look back on their debut LP, for example, 'Self-Conscious Over You', with a mixture of shame and contempt, claiming it was a misguided attempt to sound like The Undertones.

"The LP was a mistake from start to finish," says Martin. "Punk itself was getting very repetitive, but we should never have tried to abandon it. No matter what happens, punk will always be there, because deep down inside it always was."

"Punk is a part of me and a part of us all," says Greg. "It's our whole life."

"I try to make our sound as original as possible," continues Martin, "but it's still essentially punk. All the original bands, like The Clash, have gone so soft, or it's just, y'know, a formula, like The Professionals. I mean, the reason we formed was The Sex Pistols. The Sex Pistols just revelled in things, and I like to get that humour into my songs... it's like going back to 'School's Out' and that sort of thing."

The Outcasts are proud of Irish punk, and remain sceptical of British hardcore.

"There's lots of bands over here who've been over-influenced by The Undertones and The Moondogs and that stuff, but I still say The Defects would blow Discharge offstage any night."

Nevertheless, both of them liked The Exploited on *Top Of The Pops*, and both want to know why bands like that aren't coming over to Ulster. True, The Subs and Anti-Pasti visited recently, but that was just about Northern Ireland's lot for the whole year.

"The punters accept the narrow nature of their musical horizons and appear very contented with what is on show." (Gavin Martin, October 1980)

TONIGHT AT THE University of Coleraine, The Outcasts aren't playing to the punters, though to be sure the regular collection of fun-time lunatics who've accompanied the band wherever they've gone for the last three years — known collectively as "the locusts", and given nicknames like "Old Bag" — are to be found imbibing the usual amount of complimentary dressing-room booze. This gig, says Greg, is purely for the money.

And when we see the paltry collection of flared-trousered, duffle-coated students who slowly mill into the ugly, barren hall that otherwise serves as the university's "canteen", Greg's mercenary attitude is easily justified. There is, however, one hilarious specimen of the variety known as "new romantic", who, when the band eventually takes the stage, freaks out in such unprecedented spasms and convulsions that by the end of the set he is practically unconscious. Poor guy, he's probably so starved for live music that he'd pay the same tribute to Saxon. Still, he was having a good time, unlike anyone else.

But however harmless and muffled the general reaction of this audience, The Outcasts still deliver with their customary enthusiasm. From their primitive first single, 'You're A Disease', through 'Magnum Force' and 'Clinical Love' (with its echoes of 'I Wanna Be Your Dog'), past the morbid, reflective 'Winter', to their gorgeous punk-disco version of 'Angel Face', The Outcasts are never half-hearted.

As we say goodbye after the show, it's obvious they've had a good time, and equally obvious that it would take quite a lot to defeat them. They've had a very successful French tour this year, America is on the cards in the imminent future, and a couple of dates in London at Christmas seem almost certain.

The Outcasts may ignore the troubles, but then what choice have they got? Reprisals are a feature of everyday life: as a Belfast band you simply cannot afford to sing about them. Stiff Little Fingers got out fast, but The Outcasts have to survive. And in the dirty, lifeless city of Belfast, to have found some kind of alternative to its morass of conservatism — whether of the family or of the violence itself — is no mean achievement.

DOLLY MIXTURE



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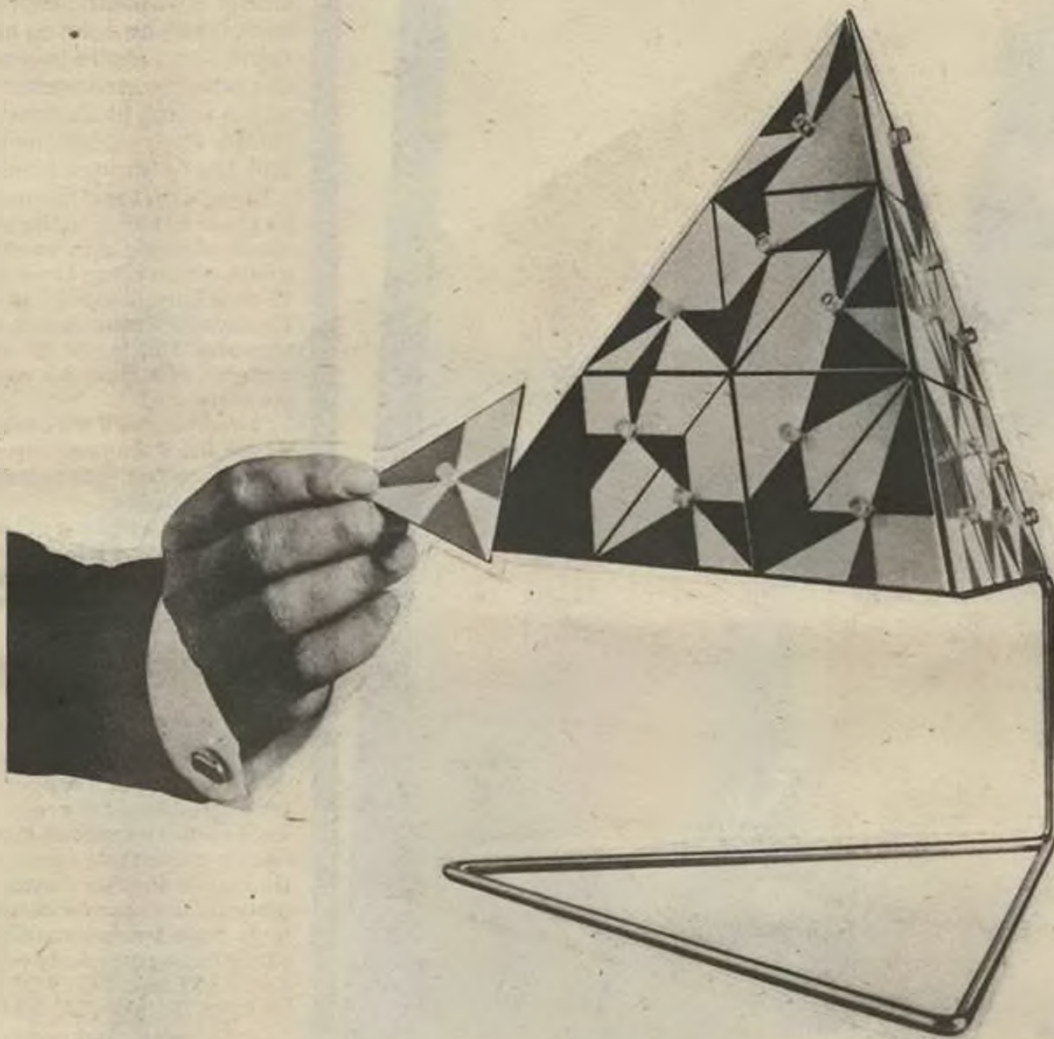
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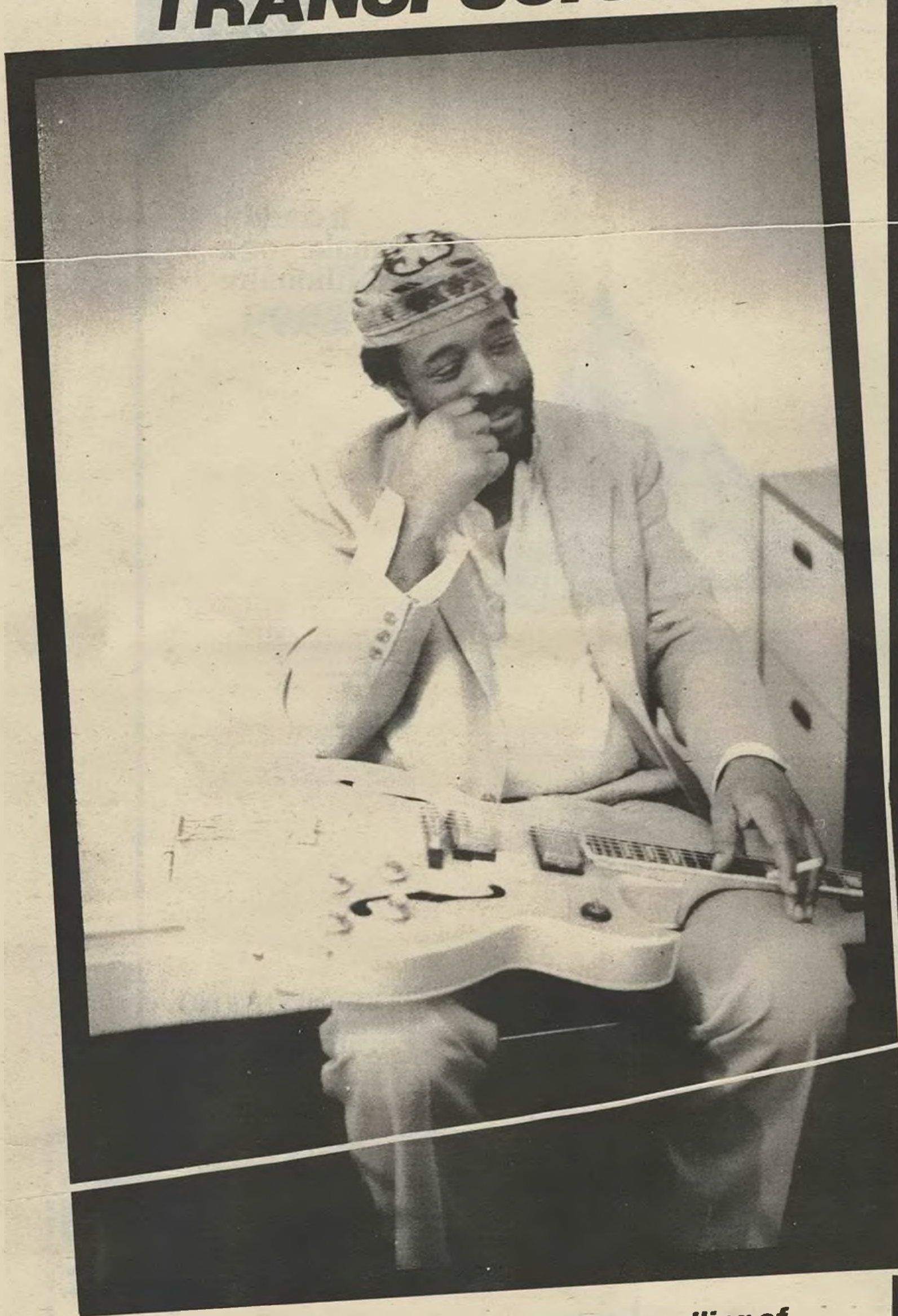
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JAZZ GETS A BLOOD TRANSFUSION



James Blood Ulmer discusses the selling of harmolodics with Richard Cook. Photos by Pennie Smith.

JAMES BLOOD ULMER seemed faintly bemused by it all. Sat square in his little hotel chair like some Great Panjandrum surprised by a person of some impertinence, eyes rolling beneath his embroidered headgear, this amiable behemoth with a bonecrushing handshake gradually got his thoughts together: an awkward giant who decides he will talk, after all.

This is no fairy story, though. The fuss that blew up around this improbable crusader for innovation last year is likely to go back into overdrive in the light of current circumstance. With more and more new groups dabbling in the possibilities of metallic funk rhythms and jazz-derived improvisatory colourings, the harmolodic field Ulmer is presently working out of can clearly be seen as a fertile territory to aspire towards (although the arthritic incompetence of most of the young pretenders could render such ambitions laughable — still, that's enough bitching).

Blood's personal momentum can also be taken as being on the upswing: a moderately big-time contract with CBS, a new album ('Free Lancing') and a 15-date European tour, of which last Thursday's Venue outing was the last stopover. This is one cat who's working, and glad of it. How is it with CBS? A big step forward?

"I don't know if it's a step forward or backward. If they sell harmolodics it'll be a step forward," the voice growled with mock balefulness.

Columbia's signing of Ulmer is, perhaps, tainted with the hint of an obligatory but unenthusiastic nod to 'minority interests'. How much control did he have over 'Free Lancing'?

"Oh, we produced it. They let that one through." Blood's eyes twinkled.

ONE TOUCHDOWN for our side, anyway. Like just about everyone, I suppose, I'm undecided about the record, though we'll come to specifics later. Just how wide a market this music will comb through is another matter. There is one mountainous barrier between Ulmer and large-scale acceptance which no amount of marketing ingenuity will break down: **THE VAST MAJORITY OF YOU DO NOT LIKE INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.**

I don't need to work myself into a muck sweat to prove the point. The attention-span of the hearing public (that's you, Jack) needs a symmetrical box to squeeze itself into, a neat peg to hang its preconceptions on. Without words, a little easy channelling of emotional interpretation in glib ciphers, you are lost. You don't know where to start.

The respectable ghetto of 'Jazz', for want of a better word, is ultimately institutionalised by this stigma of unapproachability. The unflinching appeal to the emotions of a Parker, a Coltrane or an Ayler is as searingly direct as could be imagined; but it's a means of expression equally bound up in imaginative powers of virtuosic stature. The directness and complexity, that magnificent paradox which has brought about some of the greatest of music, conspire to forbid greater acceptance by the blank majority.

Instrumental music's place, instead, is with the matchwood jingle motifs of novelty (The Shadows, UB 40, The Specials), the transparent ambients grandeur of a Last or a Morricone or the trance-surrender void of a Tangerine Dream.

That's what gets liked. That's what you can kid yourselves to. 95% of the pop/rock audience are at heart Barry Manilow fans, whatever their age, class or circumstance, and they want to stay that way.

So what chance has Blood Ulmer's unremitting, sulphurous music got of making inroads into this soporific consciousness? Shock tactics to massacre indifference, cuff the listeners into awareness? *You're not gonna listen to that shit, man, you're gonna listen to this!* There's something appealing about this. It's not going to be possible, for much longer, to cram Blood's capacious frame into some 'jazz' hole anyway.

"Jazz? Ain't nobody calling for no jazz. I used to get called to play jazz gigs... I play jazz all the time myself. What do you think I'm playing?" he asked mischievously.

Ah, I try not to put labels on things.

"Well, it's a harmolodic approach to music. I'm gonna keep working on that."

Which brings us to the nucleus of the Ulmer oeuvre as it now is: harmolody, a different



focus on the inter-relationships between rhythm, harmony and melody that is a struggle — and a painful, wracked struggle it can sometimes be — to develop something genuinely new from these frayed components. Just now that's adding up to interplay of fearsome ferocity built on a rhythm of confrontation, very ornery indeed.

Why is it always so hard and fast? "Hard and fast?" Blood seemed perplexed again. "You mean the guitar or the drums?"

Well, the whole sound. "Aww, I just play the guitar, man! You have to ask the drummer! But I like it to go that way. It's something you have to listen to. Other music, the energy be so low, you could be sitting talkin' to your girlfriend or drinkin'... this is hooked up for you to listen. I don't know — for me, it's different to playing with Art Blakey, Joe Henderson, the Coleman band — any band I've played in. The only way you can water the music down is to play with fewer people. Just me and the bass player. Or I could just play by myself, me and the guitar."

Blood's live set featured only a trio, wired into a continuous harmolodic intensity of crescendo proportions, with just a couple of vocals to cool out the instrumental pressure. A visibly stunned Venue audience listened for the heavy new funk they'd heard about — and it wasn't there! THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH FUNK MUSIC!

"We don't use funk rhythms — we use drone rhythms. A rhythm that goes around in a circle, you keep hearing it. It ain't rock rhythms — there the focus is on the snare drum. You got to keep a hard back beat. We have the illusion of a rock beat with the bass drum — "he boomed his feet on the floor in demonstration — "that's what we call the people ingredient. When the musician improvises he has a beat to himself and that's what gets put in the music."

I wondered if the melody might become obscured at times with all this hyper-activity.

"You didn't hear no melody? Shit, man, are you crazy? How'd you get your job?" Blood laughed his squeezebox wheeze. "The rhythms come from the melody! You have to have the melody first, and that dictates what the melody is going to sound like. You can't just start swingin' and then play something. I'm glad you don't say I sound like Coleman, anyway. That's what everybody says."

They must have cloth ears. Coleman's melodies have (until recently) always used the simplest of rhythms as a base.

"Hey, you heard the Coleman band lately? You're talking about when he played be-bop. His band is modern, up to date!"

What do you think of it (Prime Time)?

"Oh, man, those guys is harmolodic!" he said ecstatically. "That isn't simple. It's six times harder than conventional music. You have to learn the instrument and then transpose it."

Are you going to play with Ornette any more?

"Yeah! I check his band out for him! He say, is the guitar player right? and I tell him. But he plays a symmetrical harmolodic and I play a diatonic version. It's the difference between dancing in your head and dancing on your feet. They're both good!"

Not much dancing with his first number last night, though. The Blood band came out and drove into a shapeless, almost rambling tune that had jaws dropping all over the shop. That was giving them a pretty hard time, wasn't it?

"But the melody was very pretty!"

He jumped out of his chair, got out his big old Gibson guitar and picked out the melody of that same number. It sounds like an ancient, ghostly Spanish tune on my tape. Tarnation, Blood, you didn't make it sound like that! Not through the PA, the fuzz, the bass-drums backdrop!

The wheezing laugh comes out again, and by now I was laughing too.

"Don't blame it on the music, man! The melody is really the only thing that interests me."

He played another theme, more oblique but full of charming melodic touches. "Stuff like that ain't easy!"

These melodies are like whole numbers in themselves. How much improvising do you do?

"As soon as the melody finishes, you lose

yourself."

How do you get back together, then? "Start the melody again."

But how do you know when to start it?

"Any time you wannal!"

So how do you know when to stop improvising?

"Well, how do you know when you wanna stop writing?" he gasped. "When you get fuckin' tired! In my case, I can never reach what I wanna reach. Every song, after the melody I try to go somewhere — WHEE WAH WAH — and then I give up and start the melody and take the song out! Harmolodically, you got to keep the melody and harmony going at all times. You should learn to play the guitar some!"

Do you make concessions to an audience?

"Aw, no, before we left New York I knew every song we'd play every night — and I didn't count the people."

What happens if they don't like it?

"Shit, man, I've been playing music twenty years and they don't like it! You play music for your own soul. The worst thing that can happen — you don't make money." Blood doubled over in another laugh. "Music can do something to people. They wanna hear it — your friends'll be saying, play something for me; so you play them a song and somebody else wants to hear it; then a manager come by and say, Hey, some people wanna hear you play!"

HOW DOES HE rate an intangible like 'beauty'? The Blood guitar sound is rather, er, unlovely.

"Unlovely?" Blood chewed the word over like a hound nosing a dubious truffle.

Yeah — not much like George Benson, is it?

"Oh, well — ". He picked up the guitar and began a sweet Bensonesque soliloquy. C'mon James, you're just taking the piss — you don't play like that on stage!

"But you just asked me to play like that!"

By now we were practically busting a gut.

"It's because I try to destroy the guitar."

Transpose the sound. This — "a Django-type shuffle" — is already built into the guitar. We just need some new stuff — everything's going down, politics, everything...

At this juncture, bassist Amin Ali walked in to see if Blood was ready for the trip to the airport. Just a few more points, then: one of the best things on 'Free Lancing' is, ironically enough, a 'song', 'Where Did All The Girls Come From?' something to dust away all those old R&B cobwebs. The lyrics are no more than a ramble of genre couplets, but the music is something else again — the component parts of crusty blues stripped down and reworked into a free-ranging ball of spikes that still spins with a lethal velocity of purpose. Live, the Ulmer trio took it even further into a different dimension, twisting it inside out until the improvisation grew agonisingly taut.

How do songs fit into the harmolodic scheme of things?

"I can't sing no harmolodic songs, but I hope there is someone who can. A lot of people like words. Sometimes straight music can confuse people, but music is a hook-up for where you came from and where you're going. It's not like sex. If you were in a place where 999 people out of a thousand liked the music and you didn't, it wouldn't be the music you didn't like. It would be the reaction of the people. If we came and set up in your house and played for you, explained to you what we were doing, you would appreciate it." Blood grinned at the idea. "You'd say, Hey, these guys come over my house and played this shit specially for me! I'd've loved it!"

Depends who it was, I think. The great 'where to next?' problem that has plagued jazz since, it seems, the chicanery of jazz-rock became obvious is probably bothering critics more than it is the players; most in the vanguard of the new jazz are attempting to find solutions by sifting through the great weight of their heritage and selecting the interesting parts. For a man with a jazz background, it would be feasible to find Ulmer doing the same; but he's not content with any such archaeology.

Is he deliberately rejecting the tradition of what's gone before?

"Yeah, yeah." Blood wrinkled his nose at the thought of the burden of black music history. "I wish that music, that temperate music, would just die out. That's not like real music."

So you want to take on the innovator's mantle?

"No, I just want to play the right music. You look at this band on TV now." He motioned towards a starch-collared silver band playing on a silent television screen. "You know they ain't playing. That's something that's been played before."

This is why this man, if anyone can do it, will be the one to take up the challenge of creating a new music out of the tatters of jazz, funk, any meathead category you want to pick. Unlike Blythe, Murray, Taylor, even Coleman, he harbours no fondness for a tradition, makes no conscious attempt to refurbish it to try and bring about something fresh. No matter for now that 'Free Lancing' sees him some way from the goal as yet (and it's still an essential record, for all its shortcomings): James Blood Ulmer is still a player to pin your hopes on. He's a great geezer to know as well.

There was lots more to ask, but a departure lounge for New York was calling. Are you still glad to be in America, Blood?

"I don't know about that. Sometimes... I think America and England is close. Brothers — and sisters. In trouble!"

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(United Artists)

TRUE CONFESSIONS pollute a late 1940s Los Angeles, but the sacred institution at the hinge of this cunningly realised narrative has long haunted our broken language; the movement of confession can bind or separate lovers, confirm or retract any relationship distilled by the viscous propulsions of trust and veracity.

Confession holds good — not solely as stopgap for eternal judgement in the discourse of Catholicism. Beyond the traffic of murmured sin through mortal grille, the loaded structure of confession contains our most private and public exchanges — it is the submerged imprisonment of "permissive" bodies, where evasive defences are hesitantly shed in hint-laden intimacy. Confession is the very moment when permits are issued or denied.

True Confessions has a deliciously knowing measure of such moments — the telltale expression rips up well-intentioned illusion, the facetious aside drills straight to the heat of disclosure — and delights in the convolutions of a good corrupt set-up. There is nothing so good as detection for opening a can of wormy complicity, and nothing so saturated with sin as Catholic dogma — which two worlds are reluctantly merged to mutual embarrassment in *True Confessions* when a murder victim proves to be a posthumous snitch trailing an intersection of guilty parties.

Robert Duvall's Tom Spellacy is a seasoned homicide detective unable to flinch from dismaying and dismal clues alike in an investigation which accelerates from backlot murder to a lair of vested interests and bloated scruples stinky enough to open up J.J. Gittes' swollen bridge. A cadaver which calls for two stretchers and initially seems little more than an ebb-tide felony — "She's a nine-to-five stiff; no overtime," declares Spellacy's sidedick (Kenneth McMillan) with spittle to spare — turns up its own macabre R.S.V.P.: a gaudy tattoo



Duvall and De Niro in *True Confessions*: "Sorry, Bob, it was part of the deal. You got the kipper tie and I got the snazzy brooch."

MYRIAD RICHES IN A TWO BOB FILM

around which many lives are linked and hands tied, the bearer dead testimony to a circuit of bankers and brokers in exhausted carnal economy.

Things are muddy: deals wheezed around, careers pursued or pissed upon, all business before a backdrop of dirty linen no biological agent could salvage. Tom Spellacy's brother Des is a partner in — if not to — all this sludge and slumming, a Right Reverend Monsignor advancing his career with an air of concerned spotlessness.

Desmond Spellacy (Robert De Niro) is a small island of ecclesiastical coherence, toes testing the hot water of beneficial duplicity as he attempts to drag his Church's cloistered ideology into

the realty world. Older shepherds like Burgess Meredith's brittle Seamus Fargo — "If he has his way there'll be pay toilets in the rectory next" — are bothered by the latest bounds, but pragmatism prevails. The business of their calling, observes Monsignor Spellacy, "is saving souls — and we need somewhere to save them in."

The hygiene of the high altar is sacrificed, as sticky feathers scatter off the backs of vulture and vampire whose crust has been bought; priesthood grazed by falsehood in a pecuniary penumbra.

It is a quintessential quandry, after all — submission to weakness is the precondition of grace, the promise of salvation rests on the predictability of sinners. And with

one little elbow shove from one or other of the Spellacy boys, all the slick city angels shall fall . . .

Spellacy vs. Spellacy? With just one viewing I'm not sure I made all the connections, so couldn't spoil things for you even if I wanted to. What is unavoidably clear is that *True Confessions* is a timeless and near flawless film; rare and acute, deliberately low-key but thoroughly enervating, palpably unique.

The sombre, theatrical direction (Grosbard's last film was *Straight Time* with Dustin Hoffman in 1977) seems immersed in the sense of ceremony and catechism being portrayed. A poignantly pungent script insures that people are never overshadowed by truths and intangibles, are steadfastly anchored in an imperfect conversational world where sediment and sentiment obstruct the most determined seeker after fragile ideals.

True Confessions was originally a novel by John Gregory Dunne, and has been transposed to the screen by Dunne himself and (ex?) wife Joan Didion — who've done this kind of thing before, but never so knowingly.

There hasn't been heard such resonant and tightly phrased movie dialogue for a long time; acid nuances wrench out the dirt from distinguished faces, and every putdown — every damn damnation — brings personal deterioration a lot closer. Duvall has an enviable arsenal of poison darts — Tom Spellacy is a man who relishes any

chance to publically undress illegitimate authority and reveal its nervous system of indiscretions.

It's a tribute to the underhand provess of this script that it manages to distinguish itself — without undue flourish or fanfare — at the hub of what is so obviously an actor's showcase. By this I don't mean exclusively the two big guns (their support is superb) but it is of course on De Niro and Duvall that so much of the attention will settle.

It will come as a minor relief to De Niro watchers that he finally has a break from slapping women about and shooting off his mouth and pistol — not that we invest the least credence in any of those wet psycho-sexual critiques of him (and Marty; hi Marty!), but for those who do Desmond Spellacy is demonstration that here is no mere Method madman. Although if *True Confessions* is anyone's 'steal' it is Duvall's. Tom Spellacy walks in the light more, is louder.

De Niro and Duvall look as if they're loving it — the fraternal difference; glances of alliance and winks of reproach — and wind up the inner emotional measure to a profoundly affecting pitch.

The brasher brother tramples all over ceremonies but feels injustice like a burn; the young Monsignor is a model of clerical restraint nonetheless teetering between redemption and self-annihilation.

Their mutual resolution extends into a hurting assessment of faith, sadness and loss. *True Confessions* contains much sweet sorrow.

Ian Penman

RING A ROUND THE ROSARIES

Absolution

Directed by Anthony Page
Starring Richard Burton, Dominic Guard, Billy Connolly and Dai Bradley (Enterprise).

A SCOTS hobo (played by Billy Connolly) pitches his tent in the grounds of a Catholic public school, and introduces its star pupil (potential seminary and priest material, played by Dominic Guard) to the joys of the beat life: drinking, smoking and aftershave — Old Pagan, of course.

The scholar doesn't just go off the rails, he gets downright perverse and starts telling sins in confession which he hasn't actually committed and generally winding up his Fr confessor. The priest — also the lad's Latin master — is acted by a great Welsh ham with 'Richard Burton' stamped on it in purple.

Things get complicated when the hobo is murdered, and another pupil (Dai Bradley, clattering around in calipers) gets in on the act — not to mention acts of confession, true as well as false. We're certainly in the land of camp gothic, and it's no surprise to learn that the script is by Anthony Wicker Man Shaffer.

When *Absolution* stops being over-wrought and over-blown (with a dabble in homo-eroticism along the way), it starts to be plain silly rubbish; there are even shots of fellows in cricket whites in the middle of winter.

Real life priests throughout the land — in an attempt to toughen up on penances and hand out long, dull shock treatment — are believed to be passing tickets for the film through that little grille in the confessional box.

Paul Tickell



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STARTING FROM THREE: Would you believe, an Italian Woody Allen?

National Disgrace's CHARNEL HOUSE

UNLIKE CANNES — arguably the most important of the international market places — the London Film Festival isn't competitive. But if it were, only one of the 100s shown this past month presented itself as a clear winner.

In terms of impact on both the public and critics, Victor Schonfeld's *The Animals Film* was the big hit, and deservedly so. *The Animals Film* is a coolly presented indictment of man's brutality towards anything he has deemed sub-human and thus

suitable for inhuman treatment. By showing us all those things we've heard about, but don't want to see, it somehow implicates us all.

Schonfeld's film begins with the round up and destruction of unwanted pets and moves through sport, training animals for our entertainment, the farming of animals for increased profit and finally the terrifyingly cruel experiments conducted on animals in the name of research.

Down on the factory farms hens are debeaked and caged in the dark, sows are racked up, fucked and thrown on their backs to suckle their young before being eventually fried, veal are deliberately kept anaemic, and so on. In the laboratory monkeys are pumped full of LSD, alcohol, toxic substances, cosmetics, all to test the safety levels of man's unnecessary pleasures. That medical research might've been justified is candidly dismissed by one scientist participant interviewed, when he admits that most research is repetitive due to competition and ultimately worthless anyway.

The conclusion is a sombre one: only human beings are capable of rationalising cruelty on such a mass scale in pursuit of pleasure and, above all, profit. The accumulation of images, some secretly filmed, backed by Julie Christie's excellent commentary and counterpointed by Robert Wyatt's electronic soundtrack, culminates in the Animal Liberation Front's raids on research establishments. In such a distorted world, their extreme response appears to be the only sane and proper one.

The Animals Film raised a lot of points and, it seems, the consciousness of its audience. The LFF patrons being what they are, though, they couldn't always see a point staring them in the face. A scene from Helma Sanders-Brahms' *No Mercy No Future*, in which a chicken's throat is cut as part of the preparation for a feast, caused controversy beyond its importance. The director explained after the screening that she had presented the feasters killing the food they're about to eat and asking forgiveness for stealing a soul as being a less callous attitude than the Western way of allowing someone else to do the slaughtering.

The scene is one of many bloody incidents in the disturbing biography of a schizophrenic girl searching

midst of a neighbourhood visibly crumbling.

Despite the attempts by directors Linda Williams and Raul Zarlisky to attest to the life in the music it seemed like a subterfuge. The survivors reminisced of the times when other, great bluesmen played on Maxwell Street, and only Blind Arvella Gray (who died as the film was being completed) and John Henry Davis, who recognised that the good old days were gone, maintained their dignity.

As did Sun Ra in Robert Mugge's *Sun Ra: A Joyful Noise*. Though insisting on expounding his, um, idiosyncratic theses on the Ra way of life, the mystery man of Saturn commanded a considerable respect by dint of the dizzily cacophonous music presented in the film and the awesome loyalty accorded to this portly father figure of the new jazz by his musicians, many of whom share living quarters at Ra HQ.

A heady trip through Ra's cosmos, intercut by crazy moments like Marshall Allen forcing his alto sax through an astounding display of overblowing, or the master suddenly appearing atop a skyscraper, bullfrog cheeks plastered in chalky blue greasepaint, gold Lone Ranger mask over his eyes, coming out with a pearl like "Some call me Mr Ra — others call me mystery."

As many of the shots were Ra's ideas, we also get daft sequences like the camera whirling round him like a moon round its home planet as another fortune cookie homily is delivered.

Bix: Ain't None Of Them Play Like Him Yet was something of a disappointment. The longest (nearly two hours) of the films, it showed director Brigitte Berman's obvious love for Bix Beiderbecke's music over-nourished on sugary narration and a tendency to over-romanticise to excess.

Beiderbecke died fifty years ago, aged 28, from a combination of pneumonia and alcoholism. He left the Jazz Age its tragic young man — a cornet player whose plaintive, deeply affecting sound can still shiver in the records he left behind.

Berman rounded up an amazing number of contemporaries to draw on their memories and in the almost mystical way they recount the spell-binding effect Bix had ("A mallet hitting a chime") and the montage of stills and hissing records something of that tingle can be felt.

Yet too much is glossed over — Beiderbecke's alleged homosexuality is never mentioned, nor is his strange fascination with contemporary classical music properly covered — and the parallel aqualor and pandering to commerciality by the dance orchestras of his time is too glibly dealt with.

Best if you listen to his 1927 record of 'Singin' The Blues'; you'll hear some of the most profoundly felt jazz a white man every played. There was nobody like Bix.

ALL THAT JIVE

Richard Cook on Festival jazz

JAZZ HAS an affinity with the cinema — a browse through David Meeker's excellent *Jazz In The Movies* will verify how often musicians and scores have enlivened B pictures — and in apparent anxiety to record a part of an American folk heritage whose roots are rapidly passing out of living memory, many young American documentary makers are turning to the subject. Some recent efforts were parcelled into a separate (darn this pigeonholing!) section at this year's LFF, and taken as a whole it was an enjoyable enough ramble through some of the backwoods of black music on film.

Most came over as labours of love, directors and researchers captivated by a music and trying to translate that affection onto celluloid. Lorenzo De Stefano's *Talmage Farlow* celebrated the career of the quiet, retiring sign painter from North Carolina who loves to play guitar and who, thirty years ago, found himself acclaimed as the world's best (most of his old Verve albums of the period are available as imports).

De Stefano's film portrays Farlow as a kind of musical Will Rogers: playing in clubs is OK but, y'know, fishing is just as much fun. Tal ambles through his philosophies with the air of a man whose house overlooks the rest of the world. There's a lot of guitar too, most notably a piledriving version of 'Fascinating Rhythm' played in Tal's front room. He has it stop on a dime and merely chuckles at the feeling.

More serious is... *But Then, She's Betty Carter*, a film by a young black woman (Michelle Parkerson) on an older one, the bebop singer in the title. Parkerson runs a carefully contained undercurrent of cynicism and defiance through her film which, while concentrating (rightly so) — Carter is a magnificent artist) on the vocalist in performance, puts over a shrewd if sketchy idea of what it is to be a black woman in America today.

Carter's resilience and dual life (singing star and tough-minded neighbourhood mother) cracks home; though Parkerson lets some shots run on too long and has to rely on cheap stock.

On the same programme, *Maxwell Street Blues* showed encroaching despair in place of any spirit of affirmation. This almost desperate picture of one of the last of Chicago's districts where blues can still be heard on the street seemed like a death-rattle for the music: ancient bluesmen scratched at tattered, ramshackle instruments and coughed through cheap amplification in the

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Chris Bohn on the final week of the London Film Festival

through Berlin's guest workers and down and outs for a substitute Christ figure. It is bravely filmed from the inside of the girl's mind with an imagination only slightly less lurid than Ken Russell's.

Difficult to watch maybe, but better ugliness presented as such than the dubiously tasteful treatment Japanese director Shuji Terayama doles out to the further adventures of submissive masochist O in *The Fruits Of Passion*. O, too, is looking for a Christ-like father figure and she inexplicably finds hers in Klaus Kinski's Sir Stephen. To prove the depth of her love she allows him to sell her into a Shanghai brothel.

Once you know *L'Histoire* ees set at the point of China's liberation from Western business concerns, you shouldn't be surprised by Terayama's characteristically incompetent, comic cocktail of erotica, exotic ritual and revolutionary politics. The sort of soft focus nonsense Hampstead liberals can go see with a clear conscience.

Good taste, urgh! The post-Woody Allen school of comedy have it in abundance, though most of his pupils are more taken with its trappings than Allen himself. Of the two sub-Woody comedies on show the Italian Massimo Troisi's *Starting From Three* was the funnier and more engaging. For him Catholicism is as great a cross to bear as Allen's Jewish upbringing, his family is as equally clinging, his subsequent neuroses and shyness just as useful for pulling girls.

Starting From Three is, however, more nimble than Allen of late, its slight knockabout humour epitomised in the bit where he engineers a nonchalant meeting with a girl by running around the block to bump into her, only being too out of breath to say anything once he's made contact.

THE other Allen surrogate, Albert Brooks, shares his master's self-selfishness. As the director and hero of *Modern Romance*, he substitutes jogging for the analyst's couch and grinding down whine for wit. According to him the American way of love is murder — i.e. a long, slow suffocation of partners. And if that don't work, try boring them to death.

The Canadian way of love, as propounded by Donald Shebib in *Heartaches*, is all



CUTTER'S WAY: Would you believe, John Heard makes good?

warm puppies and wet women. Masquerading as an enlightened female buddy-buddy movie, his two heroines are allowed to call the shots for a while before the conventional plot forces them towards stereotypical conclusions.

Fortunately there was more fun to be had in the good humoured films than in comedy. Films like the excellent, ultimately tragic *Cutter's Way* or the alternately irritating / intriguing puzzle of *Le Pont Du Nord*. The former is emigre director Ivan Passer's first American offering to live up to his Czech reputation, and he can also take credit for being the first person to instil signs of life into the hitherto plain, Gary Cooper-ish John Heard.

For a change, the normally staid Heard is meaty-mouthed and dirty-minded, the one-armed, one-eyed crippled Vietnam veteran Cutter of the title who, despite his handicaps, leads his guilt-ridden, weak but otherwise healthy buddy Bone (Jeff Bridges) on a vengeful crusade against the respected businessmen they believe to be responsible for a vile sex killing. His values warped by his injuries, Cutter's bluff bravery is as much governed by sheer bloody-mindedness as misguided notions of macho heroism. Heard's unpredictable hovering between nobility and drunken hysteria provides the film with its brilliant core.

Rivette's lower key *Le Pont Du Nord* is equally engaging — an obliquely witty boardgame strategy worked around the charms of Bulle Ogier, as an ex-terrorist bankrobber, and her daughter Pascale as her delinquent companion, living out a

confusing fable on the streets of Paris.

Location shooting and the constant clatter and hum of the streets integrated into the soundtrack combine to draw the viewer deep into a film in which the plot often threatens to lose him.

WHILE *Le Pont Du Nord* is very much located at the heart of the city, Bertrand Tavernier's *Coup De Torchon* is a bitterly funny excursion into French provincialism with the twist that it has been superimposed onto a sleepy North African colony in 1938. It's as if the dozing village of *Clochemerie* had been subjected to Frantz Fanon's psycho-analysis of the colonial condition, whereby the illnesses it has caused in both the colonisers and colonised are exposed.

The former are projected as inescapably corrupt, vile and vicious rulers, but because they're the bosses they've decided the norm. In such a demoralised state only an amoral avenging angel from the ruling class can begin to effect a clean up — until the homegrown revolution takes over, that is.

Tavernier's angel is a spinelessly blubbery and harmless police officer,

played by the excellent, tubby bearded Philippe Noiret (who in his braver roles epitomises the Provincial Frenchman for non-Francophiles) who after being pushed around once too often, sneakily manipulates those around him to eliminate or incriminate each other.

Volker Schlöndorff's *The Forgery* also features a European out of place in an exotic environment. Bruno Ganz is a journalist covering the civil war in Beirut, where he finds in the confused and conflicting loyalties of the opposing sides (Christian / Western v. Moslem Palestinian traditionalists) a physical reflection of his state of mind.

As a fictionalised documentary about the war, filmed on location against the background of the dispute, it is informative and exciting, but the thematic link-up of his love and foreign affairs is too forced. Nevertheless it's the best account of journalists at work and investigation of their ethics and neutrality this side of *Lou Grant*.

Another German first: Peter Fratzscher's Berlin based *Asphalt Nacht* is the first music film not to make insiders cringe. It's simply a celebration of the city night and though its lovingly sentimental tone is set by no end of Ian Hunter ballads, the bristling, antagonistic friendship between its two punk and MCS hangover protagonists is likeably sour. And at least both have got the good grace to recognise the irony of their respective clichés before they've finished leaving their lips.

Another time, another place, but the mood isn't that far removed. King Vidor's silent 1928 classic *The Crowd*, complete with live orchestral accompaniment composed by Carl Davis, is this year's LFF revival and its theme is nothing if not topical. An ambitious youngster arrives in New York seeking fame and fortune, briefly finding both when his advertising slogan wins a competition, before losing all when he throws in his job and joins the growing numbers of unemployed.

Vidor sensibly recognises that there is some joy to be had outside the monotonous daily grind — until circumstances and conventions conspire to kill it. Then, it suits the powers-that-be to keep their labour pool feeling guilty. Those same powers will crush spirits wherever they can find them. You don't believe me? Go see *The Animals Film*.

A FESTIVAL FIVE

The Animals Film Dir: Victor Schonfeld
Coup De Torchon Bertrand Tavernier
Tell Me A Riddle Lee Grant
Cutter's Way Ivan Passer
The Forgery Volker Schlöndorff

AND FIVE FLOPS

The Tyrant's Heart Miklos Jansco
Malevil Christian de Chalonge
1922 Nikos Koundouros
Voice Over Chris Monger
The Fruits Of Passion Shuji Terayama

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an interview

with Montenegro director
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VIDEO SYNCRASY

The sight (and sighs) of music

THE NIGHTS are drawing in and the videos multiplying. Our comprehensive reviews roundup — a "Christmas Special" — will be with you soon. In the meantime, what's on (official) release that's interesting or likely to be obscured by the leviathan end of the market (*Toyah At The Royal Wedding*, et al)?

For music-lovers, the most interesting bet looks like *The James Brown Story*, an hour-long documentary on JVC for £21.95 — which we'll be reviewing soon. Vids have an hour-long *Julia London* (slightly) *Show* (£24.95) and two hours of Frank Sinatra in *Old Blue Eyes Himself* (also £24.95).

Chrysalis are putting out *The Best of Blondie* (60 minutes for £29.99) and the excellent film *Babylon* (90 minutes at £39.99) which

features Brinsley Forde of Aswad and a fine reggae soundtrack. Stuff *The Blues Brothers*. Debbie's film noir/faux pas (depends on which cineaste you listen to) *Union City* is out on Intervention (price unknown) but the greatest value for money — or for aesthetic and intellectual considerations — has to be Nic Roeg's *The Man Who Fell To Earth* (EMI, 134 minutes for £39.95), which of course features John Merrick in the title role.

For buffs, there's Jack Nicholson and Laszlo Kovacs' camerawork in *Hells Angels On Wheels*, directed by Richard Rush in 1967 and now available on Magnetic (91 minutes, £34.95). For buffs of another kind there are now ELEVEN, count them, *Carry On* films available on video. Well, we won't go into that...

Access Channel Five are an independently funded organisation working in and around video. In conjunction with neighbours the Midland Group they are staging a four-day show which encompasses videos from the music, art, fashion and related worlds — including some Factory produced footage, some new Cabaret Voltaire stuff, and loads from other independent sources. There will be afternoon and evening stretches on December 17-20 at the Midland Group Arts Centre in Nottingham, although AC5 say they are looking to take their portable



James Brown — hot on the video. Illustration by Mark Fairnington.

ten-monitor colour system 'on the road' and show their wares wherever suitable. Details aren't finalised as yet, but if you think you have a tape they'd like to see and show, contact: Paul Smith c/o The Guitar Society, 30 Chatsworth Avenue, New Basford, Nottingham or ring 0602 788175 evenings.

The London Media Research Group are now pursuing video as one arm of their activities, citing "wider access of use, distribution, and the creative potential allowed by the technological

advances of the medium" as their brief. They are involved in two video orientated projects — one an analysis of "pop music's role in popular culture over the last 20 years" utilising a collage of interviews with musicians, journalists (see my agent, comrades) and fans and concert footage of selected groups... whilst the other appears more nebulous, being some form of exchange with the trade union movement examining certain industrial disputes. Further information: LMRG, 35 Hill House, Harrington Hill, London E5.



PLUTONIUM BLONDES

From CAB to CND in one

IT'S HEARTENING to report that CND's conference at Queen Mary College elected its first female chairperson ever: 37-year-old Joan Ruddock, who runs the Reading Citizens Advice Bureau and has spent the last year tirelessly campaigning against the proposed Cruise missile site at Greenham Common.

Ruddock is extremely representative of the tremendous 'new wave' of support CND has attracted during the last year; her involvement with the movement began when Carter spoke of the neutron bomb, and escalated into full-time work when Greenham Common was named as the first missile base site.

The CND conference also took two other decisions which may 'radicalise' its image — it called for Britain to withdraw from NATO and it decided upon additional "non-violent direct actions" to be undertaken against the siting of foreign bases and research centres in the UK. The conference also voted in favour of greater involvement with the trade unions.

BRIGHTON No Nukes Music — in conjunction with their local CND and ANC groups — have organised a day event for Saturday, 28 November at the Pavilion Theatre, New Road, Brighton. It will include stalls, video, jumble, kids' events, 'alternative Muppets' (I), food,

and so on. There are creche facilities for kids and in the evening from 8.30-12.30 there will be a music and cabaret performance featuring a string of acts headlined by Hypgnosis and Kim Fuller and finishing with a Cambridge-based reggae band, Hondo.

THIS ANNUM sees Pluto Press celebrate their tenth anniversary in publishing and one product they can justifiably celebrate is their new paperback *The Politics Of Nuclear Disarmament* (£2.50) by Martin H Ryle. It's a strong addition to their growing stock of anti-nuke literature and the question it addresses is the one raised but never solved by the upheavals of the '60s: the nature of conflict between the 'military-industrial complex' and the civilian citizen... and why it is irreconcilable. *The Politics Of Nuclear Disarmament* begins with this sentence: "The 'problem' of nuclear weapons admits of only one solution: they must be scrapped". But it ends with Shelley's paean to hope and defiance — the psychological resources Ryle seeks to awaken: "To defy Power, which seems omnipotent; to love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

No one could have put it better but in between protesting and the poetic lie nearly 100 pages devoted to considering nationalism, internationalism, and the cause of European nuclear disarmament and the relationship of all these questions to democracy in Britain. Well worth a read, from: Pluto Press, Unit 10, 7 Chalcot Road, London NW1 8LH.

— CYNTHIA ROSE



EDITED BY IAN PENMAN

Mark Fairnington

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NME — July 11th 1981.

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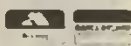


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DOUG TRENDLE is the frontman with the nine piece Bad Manners, infamous on the sun and in the star's and mirror's for baldness, eating, fatness, stupidity and a stretched tongue. His alternative names, Fatty and Buster Bloodvessel, are associated with these things, as well as pickled onions.

"I never want to eat or see another pickled onion again in my life," he vows, desperately, referring to a moronic onion orgy on *Tiswas*.

He was once a terrace terrorist, but says he hates violence. He shaves his head every other day and has never in his life eaten more than two beefburgers at one sitting.

The media's delight in and encouragement of Trendle's gabby, gutty combinations has provoked his susceptibility to the disorder of the ludicrous — seemingly swamping his sensible characteristics. Trendle's geniality has led to the emergence of the grotesque, beefburger-blind, loose-tongued clown.

"I find all that kind of press easy to do," he says, trying to decide whether it controls him or he controls it.

"Sure, I speak a load of crap in the press now, but I know that I'm doing it and I go over the top. They ask me mundane questions like, How long is your tongue? I say 13 inches. They write it down. You get forced into these things but you do it because it's funny and because it will further your career.

"It does piss me off that there's such a slanted representation of what I am and what I'm about . . . but, look, when I do a serious interview, which is rare, then I'm pretty serious and it's clearer what I'm about. When I do a silly interview, which is most of the time, then I get silly — and *that's* what I'm about, but you don't really get to see what for. I just feed off the interviewer. Also I do a lot of the interviews for Bad Manners and my view of what Bad Manners is about is the worst of the band and that gets gobbled up by the press as the one and only side to Bad Manners.

"I am the real vulgar one in the band . . . I'm the one who wanted

Continues over

THE FAT BOY sits at the back of the coach, squatting on life. The naughty boy sits on the back row of the luxury coach, shouting smut, swigging farcical gulps of white wine, grinning to within inches of hysteria, contemplating the drifts and froths of his life.

The boy who is bonkers is not averse to a little reminiscence. The garrulous boy, all chins and veins and larking eyes, a swell, fluted parody of the Michelin Man, lets a graceful belly flop over the waist band of blue tracksuit trousers and undoes his past.

His eyes shine bright in the speeding darkness of the coach: his fleshy mouth splashes into wonderful shapes.

"I've never had a hang up about my size. I've played on it, sure. I mean, Ian Dury was a big influence on me."

His lively, humoured voice isn't that different from Dury's own.

"I see a cripple singing! I'd never seen anything like that before. And me being really fat, I had no worries at all about singing on stage . . . he helped me in getting rid of any inhibitions about it, and using what I was. He's classed in some ways as a freak, and so am I. But what is a freak?"

"With our group, we've always played on a sort of oddness, used it. We never wanted to do what other bands did. I mean, our ambition is to go on as long as the Stones, who were really ugly like us. And we always had the intention that I was going to be the most unlikely lead singer around . . .

"Good wine this."

He passes me the bottle. I take a daintier gulp than his and, wondering which one of us is going to play straightman during this performance, ask him if he wanted to be in a pop group to change the world or to improve his own life.

There's a pause you can almost smell.

"I never wanted to change the world, and I never wanted to make my life radically better."

Another pause that appears to darken the coach.

"I just wanted to do something where the stage was involved. Y'know, all of this goes right back to childhood."

The coach zips forward: the fat boy dips into an opened past.

"At primary school I was always the one who had the major parts in the school plays. If I didn't get three major parts I used to throw little tantrums to myself. I remember in one play I didn't get any of the leading parts and it wound me up so much I over acted. I had a small part but I out acted everyone. That must be the show-off within me. . .

"I was never good at English,

which you need to be good at to be an actor. I was never good at subjects like that . . . things like art I was real good at and I used to involve all that in my acting. I used to take acting very seriously. I had to be the best.

"I wanted to be an actor but I had a real difficulty in reading and spelling . . . I missed a real long time at school when I was seven due to a car accident and I was always a way behind. There was a big gap between my pals and me. I rebelled against that straightaway. I said, I don't need to read!"

Were you backwards?

"Naah. 'Cos I used me mouth. I used to be a real muck around kid,

even though I used to take things like art and acting real seriously. 'Cos I couldn't be an actor 'cos of me reading and writing difficulties I took up singing. Pissing around with the group at pubs and clubs to have a good time and make some music. We never wanted to make it big. We never wanted to become famous to become rich. I just wanted to do my best singing in the group. I never looked that far ahead.

"When we were doing the pubs and clubs something like the Electric Ballroom was just something to dream about. The Electric Ballroom!"

His eyes show that the pleasure of it all is still with him.

"And then record companies started to come along and that used to really freak us out. We were just

having a good time."

And the 'realities' of responsibility and reason drop in to trap you?

"Not really . . . In some ways we never wanted success and when it started to happen our reaction was . . . well, yeah, we fell into the trap of being . . . silly. We were a silly band. We would do anything for a laugh."

Why?

"We're that sort of people. We enjoy having fun. We enjoy being silly. We have some ridiculous times as a band and I don't think that's a bad thing. It's like, why do people get drunk at the weekend? Why? Is there any point in getting drunk? It's a release. To get out of it is good. Just to have a good time. Everybody needs it, in one way or another."

BAD MANNERS

From previous page

the sleeve of our last album to be a nun having a shit in a field."

Why the heck?

"I get a kick out of it. I think it's really funny."

Why? "Ask the same thing of the Bonzos."

And what would they have said? "My wife bought an electric iron in 1923."

So Bad Manners would be taken as some kind of absurdist blow out?

"That's right. I mean 'Ne Ne Ne Na Na Nu Nu Nu' — what a stupid fucking first single! It's really ridiculous! Nobody in the world would release that as a first single."

We did! And it really changed the world, we think, in certain ways. We made the world look a bit more absurd, and that's a good thing."

Confounding their own intentions Bad Manners have strung together brassy, offensive, cretinous, oafish hit singles in the manner of a gaudy banner hung with gormless glee above the relentless formality of chartland. Baddy bulls in the sanguine chart shop, losing all the screws they can, wearing pathetic costumes, raving in the filthy pit of their own predictability... Bad Manners is Carry On Pop.

"Carry On films I love, but they weren't ridiculous enough. They

could have been well more ridiculous."

WE TALK ON a 50 seater coach that moves through the Sunday morning hours between St Austell, Cornwall and Stoke Newington, London. Manner members — a truly loony assembly, happiest cracking pots — play Scrabble or sleep or drink or talk, all very courteous and surely not just because of the press presence. They sweated out their stupidity and dislocated discretion in front of hundreds of Western bald boys and fresh faces just a few hours before.

Trendle does not, as I'd been led to expect, spend the hours following a performance sat in his underpants. Bad Manners are reasonable blunderers.

So, I say to Trendle, you're not a happy-go-lucky derivative shitbag of a group betraying the confidence of a nation's youth in the name of entertainment, ultimately a con?

No fist crushes my nose, no tongue whips out my eyeball. A soft voice says: "No. I've never considered ourselves a con. We've never been a money grabbing group, or else we'd have been a four piece not a nine piece. We have a lot of real financial troubles."

To survive as long as we've

survived is in some ways a miracle, but it's pointless bragging about that. But we see all these three, four piece bands with twice as much money as us and here we are still struggling. This is the first time we've ever had a coach for touring. We think we've reached something new. We've got a fucking coach! It's a classy thing to have."

But how is Bad Manners entertainment different from Blue Peter entertainment?

"They've got a dog, we haven't."

How is Bad Manners 'fun' different from Bucks Fizz 'fun'?

"We go out to play, we tour, and we do that because we want kids to come out and enjoy us. We want to enjoy ourselves on stage and put enjoyment across to the people out there. A party occurs. It's nice to have a party every night. It's very exhausting, mind you. Bucks Fizz to me were just made up for the Eurovision song contest... then again when we formed we would've loved to have played the Eurovision song contest. To fuck it up."

What would have been your alternative?

"I would have shown my arse."

What the hell does that achieve?

"A little kick for us. Things like the BBC and record companies seem to control the group really heavily."

How is showing your arse going to

shatter that state of affairs? It's going to confirm their prejudices that here are a bunch of louts that haven't got a thought in their heads."

"Are we louts?"

It could be perceived as such if your alternative BBC blandness is the bland arse gesture.

"It wouldn't just be me showing my arse... we'd look so different from the rest of them. We would be in jeans, we would be odd looking, and we would be ourselves — we would be honest. That's how we would be different."

"I know what you're saying; you're asking is it obvious that we're against superficiality, what is our alternative to the plastic world of niceness, and does it add up to something?"

"I think we're working towards something that is strong on those levels. The fact that we're not run of the mill in our appearance and attitude, I think that's important. And we are ludicrous people, a very strong collection of characters, and we stay true to that. We're not dishonest and we see ourselves as being intelligent as well as silly. Our alternative is based in fun... we are musicians, we want to be taken seriously on that level, on the level of like musical historians, but we're also comedians, laughter-makers. The importance of comedy is high or else Monty Python wouldn't have had such an impact."

What makes you laugh?

"I've always got off on Monty Python, even before everyone started speaking Monty Python language. I love Dame Edna Everage. I like the humour of Linton Kwesi Johnson. I like Ian Dury's approach to music. I tell you who's the funniest, where a lot of our influences come from... the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band."

So you do want Bad Manners to be taken seriously as a funny band, not dismissed as a crude crew of demented toss-pots out for what they can get?

"Obviously, and I think we deserve to. But to do that we couldn't make all our songs really funny 'cos then we'd just be classed as a sick, stupid group. So we do 'Just A Feeling' and 'Lorraine'. You see Bad Manners are very consciously into absurdity. We're not simply pissing around. We react to the world's straightness and we do that by entertaining and by being silly. I think it's really nice looking out into an audience and seeing them really smile. That really boosts me."

DOUIG TRENDLE is obviously not the unstable fatuous muttonhead his record company — truly witless — would want us to believe. He's slightly uncomfortable with the goof legends of The Tongue and The Fat.

"Well, you've got me a little sussed out. But I continue to play along with it because somewhere inside all the rubbish written down there is me. And people are interested in me, because I'm different, because I keep cheerful. And the way I'm written up, the bits of Buster the character that they play on, it brings out the silliness which is something to do with how we portray the absurdity of it. It's funny innit, me causing all that fuss?"

But you're driven on by a sober awareness, something that is unfairly neglected in the pursuit of Fatty fun?

"My awareness has always been with me. I've always been aware of what I wanted to do and of the outside world. Everyone has a certain amount of awareness, it's all down to how you use that awareness..."

What has been the single biggest influence on the direction of your life — an entertainer, parents, education?

"Er..." Trendle stutters. "I think I know what it is... I'd rather it wasn't mentioned."

After many minutes of fluent talk and argument Trendle is suddenly perturbed.

"My... awareness..." He waits to see if I'll move on.

"It's actually because I'm adopted, I believe. Nobody knows I'm adopted. I'd prefer it not to go in the interview. No, hang on, I've enjoyed the interview, use it. No one else has written about it. I'm not freaked out by my adoption. It's never frightened me. The reason that I don't want to speak about it is because of me mum... who ain't me real mum. It's a very interesting thing to talk about. It's definitely an important part of me. I think it would freak me mum out if she read about it..."

The coach stops in a lay-by. I get off to let out some of the white wine. Doug sits in the dark at the back of the coach, perhaps not sure that he likes doing serious interviews after all.

Two days after I see Bad Manners pump four air into the notion of whimsicality in St Austell. I see Madness make fine adjustments to their cutting comicality at London's Dominion Theatre. The two groups are often compared: always to Bad Manners detriment.

"The stupidity of the press saying we rip them off is appalling," mutters Trendle.

Bad Manners are an hallucination next to Madness, who are prim and proper next to Bad Manners. Bad Manners live appeal to the kid inside me; Madness don't. Bad Manners appeal to the part of me that loves Charles Hawtrey and George Formby; Madness to the part of me that values Max Wall and Ken Dodd.

Madness are smart; Bad Manners obsessively retarded. Their pathways are completely different. Their audiences are similar: Clean babies, low teens, high teens, plain adults and bald boys. Bad Manners have the hero. "Fatty! Fatty! Fatty!" rises the chant as Trendle stamps onto the stage, arms aloft, scalp gleaming, face burning with a kind of gratitude. His performance is meticulously rash: he wallows in the extreme unlikelihood of his hero-popularity.

Does he feel that his faithful following are looking to him for something beyond crazed entertainment?

"I always try and give my utmost on stage. When the crowd play off of you you've got to give your utmost. And you have to get feedback off the crowd so that you can give your whole."

Do you see any dispute between your charley-role as entertainer, and parts of the audience, the bald-boys for example, perhaps searching for something beyond entertainment?

"We don't always attract just skinheads. But I would never deny them! They've always been with us. They're really into good time music and we play good time music. The fact that I've got a shaven head, they may associate with that obviously. But the fact that I jump around and enjoy myself gives them hope to enjoy themselves."

"I don't think the world's that nice a place, but there is enjoyment. That's why we've never been a political band. We've never wanted politics to take over the band. We play good time music even though they're not good times at the moment."

Do events take over — you become straight political because of the type of audience you attract?

"Well, we're a working class band... so we're immediately classed as political..."

You're reaching young people who have yet to make their minds up about drives and issues: is it enough to be maddies?

"I don't know if they come to a gig to see politics."

Are the bald boys getting something out of your unlikely triumph?

"Possibly. It's an easy thing to identify with because I'm an unlikely sort of chap to be up onstage. And a lot of them are... freaks. But you know there isn't a vicious look or anything. In places like China someone who shaves their head — and who is fat! — is classed as a God. We, in this country, think that it means someone is nasty and aggressive. Where we get that from, it's so obvious: it's the press. All the way through we've got slagged off for playing to skinheads... even though it was just us playing music and the skinheads turning up. Maybe because they identify with me, and because they want to enjoy themselves."

"It's a short life, we only live once, so we might as well enjoy it."

Do you place value in your entertainment or are you saying you enjoy yourselves with no greater considerations?

"When we go on stage it's a complete build up for us, the whole day... we have a few drinks, we get into the party mood, we go out on stage and what's in our hearts is to get the kids up dancing and to enjoy ourselves on stage. If it became monotonous for us and we were forcing kids to have fun that would be bad. As it is it's good time music, it's a motivation."

Is it enhancing the quality of people's lives or is it merely

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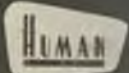
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THE COMPLETE SEXUAL EDUCATION IN MYTH AND MORALITY D.A.F. STRIP DOWN FOR THE SENSUAL REVOLUTION WORTE:LYNN HANNA WATER:ANTON CORBIJN

EROTICISM & PHYSICALITY

Gabi and Robert in the big deep.

And if D.A.F.'s language articulates a single aim, it's a reaction against the impoverishing effects of easy, artificial glibness.

Unlike most pop groups, D.A.F. don't dither, and sitting in another anonymous hotel lounge, both have an air of alert assurance. Robert Gori is a classically trained musician; Gabi picked up his musical training in punk. Gabi likes Spanish seafood; Robert's favourite foods are heavy, traditional dishes. Sex, says Gabi, is the most important part of his life, while Robert smiles more circumspectly: "I like a mixture. Sometimes this, sometimes that. I change."

"We have such different backgrounds. We are quite different people. We think it's important for a good friendship that you like the other person without thinking in the same way."

GREIF NACH DEN STERNEN

D.A.F.'S RELAXED, self-contained confidence comes partly from a success that's been achieved without losing control. 'Gold Und Liebe', their fourth LP, sold 50,000 copies in Germany in its first week of release. With the sales of 'Alles Ist Gut' this has elevated them to the fifth biggest selling German speaking group.

Their minimalist ethics stretch from their music to a shrewd, strict manipulation of the industry and a simple, streamlined organisation which means they can still set up on stage with the minimum of equipment. Although it remains to be seen if the implications of a wider appeal will distort the delicate, unorthodox D.A.F. balance, for the moment they feel that it frees them further from the pressures of an industry which is less inclined to meddle with such a clearly effective formula.

ROBERT GORI WAS born in Bavaria in the south of Germany, Gabi Delgado-Lopez in Andalucia, southern Spain. It's tempting, and just a little too obvious, to attribute the opposites that meet in D.A.F.'s radical dance essence to a sensational collision of different cultures: a lush, sensual temperament matched against a solid, serious, considered determination.

For now, D.A.F.'s rich passion and careful drive is one of the most enriching forces in modern music.

Gabi: "It's never been our intention to be a group for a certain number of people. We think it's quite arrogant to play for a certain scene. It's what we always wanted, to be a group for the masses. We've been very careful not to be put into the rock business thing by the industry just to avoid the star thing."

"In the beginning it was like we were just the merry dais. There were the *tanze* and the music going out. Robert playing drums and me singing. Now it has changed a little bit, because the audience is making stars of us, which is impossible to avoid. What we are trying to do is avoid being rock stars and be more party stars."

"We don't feel ourselves under any pressure. We don't have a manager, we're doing everything very much ourselves, and it's possible to keep a lot of control. It's not work, it's pleasure oriented. I would stop if it gets to be work. I would stop immediately, because music is a good part of our lives, but it's only a part, not even the most important. Especially with two people, it's a very relaxed way to work."

DEUTSCH ENGLISCHE FREUNDSCHAFT

D.A.F.'s German/American friendship was first formed as an ironic, ambiguous response to the sort of cultural imperialism which, on one level, subjugated European music to British and American pop patterns. Since their success, they've paved the way for an explosion in home-grown German music, although when they first started three years ago they found the atmosphere of their own country so stifling that they left for London where they have lived for two years.

D.A.F. are pleased to have been the instigators of a new native vitality, but they view the traditional, punk-inspired format of most of the groups singing in German with some disappointment.

"It's a good thing that there are so many of them," Gabi says, "because it's finding your own musical identity. When we started we thought it was very important to make that point. There are some good bands, but the quality of most of them is very poor. It's like ska or punk, or any movement that's considered a trend, you always lose a lot of power. It's like putting water to the wine." D.A.F.'s own unique distillation of a disco design has subtlety, depth and breadth, a layered series of surprises beneath a meticulously stripped structure.

Gabi: "If you reduce everything, it must be very, very atmospheric, the feeling must be very powerful to come across. It's really a question of finding exactly the right point, so that you get a picture of it."

Robert: "I'm looking always for a special kind of atmosphere in the music. I'm looking for power or for total sweetness, always that point."

Perhaps because for the last two LPs D.A.F. have finally found their ideal incarnation as a duo. 'Gold Und Liebe' is less of an obvious departure from its predecessor as 'Alles Ist Gut' was to 'Die Kleinen Und Die Großen'.

Gabi: "We chose to continue the theme of 'Alles Ist Gut'. It's quite different, but it's a development. Sometimes it's necessary to concentrate on a very little spot so that it's really powerful, but when you get more secure, you can play with more things."

"The picture on the cover of 'Alles Ist Gut' is a very big close-up. Now the camera is a little further away. That's what we wanted to do, not only show the naked construction but also the things surrounding it."

If the British response to D.A.F. has not so far been exactly overwhelming, it's partly due to the lingering vestiges of insularity that place scant importance on understanding other languages. Typically D.A.F. see both the good and bad points of the volatile state of British music which contrasts with the more staid German industry and more stable chart processes.

Robert: "I like the British atmosphere. It's very fast. Here every month or so you have a really good new hit. But I also like the German development of music. It goes a bit slower and maybe it's a bit deeper."

"The English should be open more to other languages. I don't speak very good English, but when I listen to the songs, I hear some words and it gives me an impression. I'm open to it. Sometimes I think the English don't try to hear. It's a bit narrow."

SEX UND LIEBE

IT'S FOR NO tangible reason that the D.A.F. duo are oddly disconcerting. Dressed in their customary severe and functional style, with hair close-cropped, smooth skins and courteous, co-operative expressions, Gabi and Robert have a self-possessed poise that's tinged with a buoyant air of self-awareness.

Gabi has a habit of finishing a phrase with a suave, polished smile that's somewhere between the consciously charming and calculated sign of natural good-nature. Robert, who speaks English less fluently, is inclined to grin more spontaneously, as if communicating some private appreciation of an irony.

D.A.F.'s sense and control and deliberate quality is reflected in a visual image that is a subtle and unselfconscious celebration of a masculinity that is rarely stated in rock without an accompanying crudeness.

Robert: "It's very simple and also very direct. Those are the clothes we like to wear. It's very much an intuitive approach to a picture."

Gabi: "It's quite erotic and it's also masculine without getting into this rock guitar pose thing. It's just very body-oriented. We like male bodies and we also like female bodies. But normally men don't dare to present themselves this way, men are normally surrounded by symbols. Perhaps they don't think their bodies are strong enough."

It's appropriate that D.A.F.'s optimism and energy should result in an instinctive, obsessive sexual soundtrack. D.A.F.'s music conveys a dark and desirous understanding of eroticism and an intense curiosity for sensation that makes it a delicious, unassuaged immersion in physicality. In a sense that's simultaneously traditional and innovative: sex is also used as an illustration and metaphor that goes further than the physical.

Gabi: "Sex has so many different aspects that you can explain something very well through it, much better than through anything else."

LICHT UND BLINDHEIT

OUR LANGUAGE is not a narrative language," says Gabi. "It's more a signals language. We're not putting messages across, we're just describing things in an intuitive way, using moving music which gets the body first. In a simple and primitive form, although it's primitive in a good sense, you can put a lot of information. And for me, if you're well-informed, you can see both sides of anything."

"But normally, especially in the Western world, because of a dualistic way of thinking, everything is either good or evil. I think it limits the way you are. We are trying to put across both things at the same time."

Robert: "It's not at all narrow-minded. It leaves you with more imagination." D.A.F.'s brilliant use of ambiguity can result

in stunning songs like 'Alles Ist Gut' where a dogged, reassuring repetition of "Don't say anything/Close your eyes/Think of nothing/Believe me/Everything is good" is set against a synthesizer that alternates between the tenuously soothing and a dangerous atmosphere that's fraught with sinister insecurity.

'Gold Und Liebe' is separated into a light and dark side, between songs like 'Love At First Sight', 'Sex Under Water', 'Have You Decided What To Wear Tonight?' and 'Muscle', 'Waste Your Youth', 'Grab The Stars', although all of the songs on both sides are equally ambivalent.

Gabi: "We wanted to separate them out because that's also how we are. We are interested in different things. Sometimes we're really light and sometimes we're quite dark. I'm interested in holding hands but I'm also interested in sadomasochism."

"It's like children don't think in patterns of good and evil. We are very interested in this innocence, so that you can play with everything without considering these barriers. It's a little bit dangerous, but it's interesting."

And can you prevent harm as a consequence of actions that are based on innocence?

"You can't. It's not our function. We are responsible for what we are doing, but it's our very own responsibility, not a responsibility for other people. It sounds worse than it really is. It's just that normally when you're doing something it goes through many filters, through the information that you've got before. At the end you don't do the thing that you wanted to originally. We are trying to avoid these filters, and they work mainly through separating between good and evil. You can't avoid them out of calculation. You can only avoid them if you're innocent."

"There are people who say we are playing with fire in our hands," says Robert with some justification. "But it's good, because why should you be afraid of anything? We are not afraid at all, of nothing."

GOLD

IF D.A.F. STANDS for confrontation, then their aim is also reassertion, reclamation and redistribution, and the Gold in the LP title is synonymous with power.

Gabi: "In real life and in language more things are taken away from the people. Like love is no longer available as it once was. A word like love is really perverted in the media. You have advertising like 'Cars Love Shell Oil'.

It's very important that you take back the language and also the goods. One of the things that is happening at the moment, with riots in Britain and Germany, is that people are getting things back."

"Also the machinery of telling the people that they must get things is always getting stronger. You see 'Get your tape-recorder, get your hi-fi system, get your television'. And people can't get it because they don't have the money. Everyone wants gold now because no-one has got it. The relationship between the offer and the possibility to get this offer always get more disproportionate. So what happens then, as a part of the progression, is that people say, we'll take it now. They can't afford a Walkman, so they smash a window and take one out. People destroy windows now to get their gold."

"I think D.A.F. are very much about giving things back, first the language and the atmosphere and the body. For instance, love songs for a long time were really out, because people did them in a very repulsive way. So we are giving the love song back to the people as a good, serious thing. We are trying to give people the body and the rhythm back."

"Like the disco beat is a good beat, but the whole thing surrounding it makes people less at liberty to serve the ways of moving. Fear of the future, of the war, is becoming more and more dominant. People are really under pressure. Sometimes it's good to have fear because it gets you to the point where you say, OK, I must do something. But normally it ends up in resignation. People live more by avoiding things than doing things, and your whole life is determined more and more by the things you fear, not the things you like."

"We are trying to give people back the courage to do things. And you can see that this idea works in Germany, there is something happening. Three years ago it was a really boring country with nothing going on, completely safe. Now it's like an explosion, not only in music but in everything."

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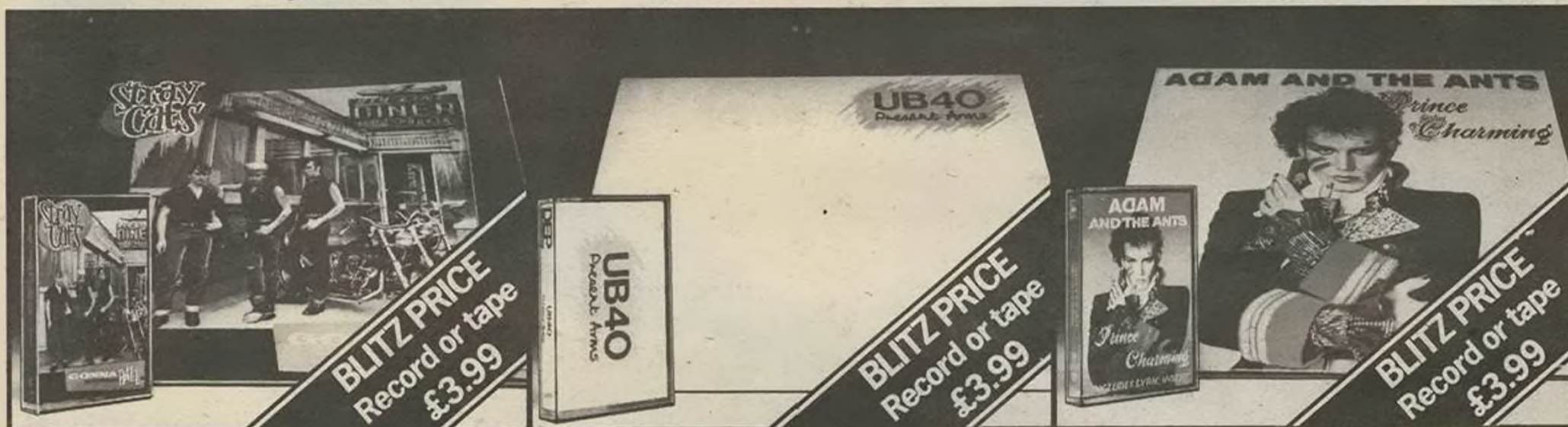
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Staking a claim on the hardcore heart

DEAD KENNEDYS
In God We Trust, Inc. (Statik)

Just before he so charmingly ejected me from the last Dead Kennedys London concert, Lyceum a bouncer could be heard at the door goading on Anti-Nowhere League fans from Tunbridge Wells to "show these fucking yanks the way home. . .", a sentiment which exemplifies perfectly the present gulf between British and American "hardcore" punk. A couple of lines from 'Nazi Punks Fuck Off' seem too apposite to be ignored: "If you've come to fight get outta here/You ain't no better than the bouncers. . ."

Hardcore in Britain has become a movement of mindless, mostly apolitical violence. Exploited fans and Lyceum bouncers are simply two sides of the same coin, both seemingly anxious to stamp out constructive thought and social awareness.

By saying that I do not mean to imply a wholesale condemnation of either Punk or Oi. Both are fascinating for the direct threat they pose to a new bourgeois intelligentsia of Pop. As Gene October said in a brilliant statement in *The Face's* punk retrospective, "what the media's got on its plate now is the real fuckin' tough stuff, people like The Exploited, who are really radical. . . it's real glue music — nothing to think about at all. It's the revenge of Punk! Your average fuckin' kid can't afford to dress up like one of Depeche Mode. They can hardly afford to go to the Lyceum." The frightening irony is that what is "radical" about hardcore is its extreme reactionary stance.

Hardcore in America, on the other hand, is like terrorism in West Germany: it's bourgeois. On the West Coast, particularly, Punk is a revolt against the American dream, the superficially classless nirvana of sun, surf, and golden, pneumatic bodies. Black Flag, D.O.A., and The Angry Samoans are doing what Rotten did in Jubilee year; screwing the system. And in San Francisco, the Dead Kennedys are taking it one step further — towards spokespersonship and self-consciousness.

Where British Apocalypse punk is now almost as humourless and reactionary as heavy metal, The Kennedys are a direct throwback to that earlier landmark of Frisco satire, 'We're Only in It For The Money'. So when Jello Biafra screams "Nazi punks fuck off!" at UK punks (precious few of whom are actually Nazis), the message fails to penetrate: it gets blocked by a tribal

mentality for whom such explicit statements betray the aggressively vague *spirit* of the thing. The more pronounced the message, the further removed it is from the amorphous carnage and revelry of British hardcore.

The Kennedys are hardcore in American terms but not English ones, which is perhaps why they seem to exaggerate the frantic, amateurish spirit of punk, as though Jello were trying to hide his true satirical self. Introducing the blasting one minute three seconds of 'Nazi Punks' with the words "overproduced by Martin Hannett take four. . ." he is openly confessing to the inverted artifice of the whole hardcore scheme of things.

But does Jello get anything through to Americans? Is he really a punk figurehead? Are the Californian punks amused by the fact that he ran for mayor of San Francisco — do they get the point? Listening to, say, 'Religious Vomit' on this eight-track 12" EP, it seems unlikely. A truly dedicated punk would have to learn its lyrics (which are printed) in order to be sure of what song he was singing.

Musically, the greater part of 'In God We Trust, Inc.' is beyond the grace of appeal, though the odd inspired surprise turns up — like the couple of minutes of jazz sleaze which start off 'We've Got A Bigger Problem Now', or the finale of 'Rawhide' which could almost be a heavy metal version of Pere Ubu's 'Misery Goats'.

There are important matters at hand on 'IGWT, Inc.', above all the sinister emergence and growth of the new religious right. But when on 'Moral Majority' Jello bawls out obscenities at Anita Bryant, I am reminded of Phil Ochs saying that his favourite recording of one of his own songs was her version of 'Power And Glory'. It makes me realise that what the Kennedys lack above all is a true sense of irony.

For it is only though a disciplined and consistent political irony that alterations in political consciousness take place. Only by means of a proper grasp on the absurd can the truth of American hypocrisy be brought to heel. In this context, Gavin Martin's contention that, compared with The Dead Kennedys, a group like The Ramones are capable of nothing besides a 'witless bluster' seems unduly short-sighted. Songs like 'Kommando', 'Today Your Love, Tomorrow The World', and even the latest LP's 'The KKK Took My Baby Away', have had a far more profound political effect on me — for the very fact that they are sung from *within* a pop framework — than 'Holidays In Cambodia' ever will.

Barney Hoskyns

VARIOUS ARTISTS *The Devil's Music (Red Lightnin')*

THE DEVIL'S MUSIC was a highly acclaimed series of documentary films about blues and bluesmen made and shown by the BBC in 1976, and this double album collects together the music from the series. Recorded in Mississippi, Memphis and Chicago, it features a selection of lesser-known bluesmen working in a variety of styles, from the most rural country bluesmen like B. B. King's cousin Booker (Bukka) White to the smooth, jazzy soul/blues of Fenton Robinson.

Understated delights abound: the delicate, precise fingerpicking of Mississippi guitarist Sam Chatmon features a few snapped bass-string lines that almost sound like this week's hot funk bassist, the trio of Moss Visson (piano), L. T. Lewis (drums) and Sonny Black (harp) turn on a light, sophisticated bounce rhythm that'd tickle anyone's rhythm buds, and Laura Dukes (b. 1907) sings the most astoundingly joyful version of 'Crowd' imaginable. . . and to a ukelele, yet.

Elsewhere, chilling harmonica winds echo round South Side alleys courtesy of Billy Boy Arnold, but the overriding impression that comes off 'The Devil's Music' is of the common spirit that links all the black music of this century, the spirit that will never allow anybody's humanity to be denied, and of a culture created to defy that denial.

Charles Shaar Murray

SOFT CELL *Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret (Some Bizzare)*

'Tainted Love' was perfect — the functionary textures of electro pop shaken and shaped to invoke the remorse of a forgotten juke box gem. Soft Cell, wracked by burned out passion, mustered a smart finger-popping beat sharp enough to take them from Northern soul boy oblivion into an expressive modern dance. Well, what else could two little love lorn lads do?

Not much, is the answer provided by 'Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret'. The immediate impression one gets from a swift glance at the sleeve and a perusal of the lyrics is that of a tacky but fashionable marketing hook. What you expect to find is that the record will expose the purpose or mock the transparency of this mondo/back alley porno sleaze chic, baybee. But the conclusion is that Soft Cell really have mistaken onanism for orgasm.

From the title to the plain package concealed under Marc Almond's jacket on the cover, to the increasingly weedy and embarrassing songs like 'Sex Dwarf' and 'Seedy Films', the Soft Cell sex strategy should offer something spicy, rude and even a little wonderful.

Instead we get a faithful representation of Soho soul selling; droning backing tracks, clammy slobbering lyrics which almost breathe down the back of the neck and a cold detachment from (imagined?) partners and feelings. The cabaret angle becomes all the more absurd and vacuous when its inherent promise and subtlety isn't carried out.

'Entertain Me' is a bad sign. It draws the metaphor between personal and audience relationship and is one great mincing nellie of a track — a tired tarty final fling reminiscent of nothing so much as an old track from Queen.

'Seedy Films' is another obscene phonecall, a flat (un)sexy set of words which weaves its way from backseat to backstreet by way of reedy clarinet accompanying David Ball's instrumental inventions. Again the scenario is parodied closely, so closely that it's hard to see any dividing line of razor edged wit or a sting in the tail that separates song from actuality. Soft Cell's intentions remain at the best suspect and at the worst unexplained.

Sex should be something to get involved with but Soft Cell are conceptualists who rely on too many preconceptions and play around with too many ideas to convince you of any personal energy or

It's Silly Celly Time, Kids ...



Marc & David make sure get their name in lights.

commitment. They have a precious quality which is a direct line from the camp effiteness of Freddie Mercury, the squalid side of Lou Reed and the more kooky preoccupations of Frank Zappa and it's a preciousness which negates any humour their subject matter should have.

It's not all sex au go go, but when Almond and Ball step back and leave the sleaze pits they come over like the futurists that time forgot. They've enjoyed their 15 minutes courtesy of the 'Tainted Love' 12 inch and now they're retreading over old territory on areas magnified and far more fully explored by Bowie, Roxy and, even, The Jam ('Frustration').

The new single 'Bedsitter' is a Radio One workshop ode to the lonely and aside from 'Tainted Love' it's the only thing that holds the attention. Soft Cell are very plain fare — unspectacular music and very drab and flat lyrics, wrapped in a hint of special promise which is never realised.

There's certainly no need for sophistication or intellectualism, but neither is there any excuse for disposable cheapness and inanity, Soft Cell seem to try for the latter and end up with the former. I preferred them as two little love lorn lads.

Gavin Martin

THE PROFESSIONALS
I Didn't See It Coming (Virgin)

IN WHICH the sidemen move centre screen and poorly mimic the mugging that made them facetious, fleetingly famous and finally forgettable.

In The Sex Pistols — where they were bawled into position by Messie Mackie McLaren — Cook and Jones were the ideal strong-arm back-ups to the Rotten Sneer, but without someone to guide their collective cosh they're just another couple hoods scratching out a racket for a living.

It's not even a case of the cheaper the crook the gaudier the patter, as nothing on 'I Didn't See It Coming' entertains by default. The bully boy bravado of tracks like 'Kick Down The Doors' and 'Crescendo' are considerably deflated elsewhere by the conscientious attitudinising of 'Payola' and 'Friday Night Square'. Additionally either they, or Virgin, lost their bottle and brought in Police producer Nigel Gray to grind down all the rough edges into a mush suitable for American radio rock play and little else.

But then, having lost their punk credibility through the stupidly broadcast crossover intentions of their Greedy Bastard collaborations with Phil Lynott, they've got to look for an audience somewhere, and who better than that gullible section of Anglophile American consumers hungry for Pistol mythology without quite understanding what it was all about anyway? To these folk, Professional conformity will come as an uncommonly pleasant surprise — see, it's not so hard to own a Pistol spin-off record, after all.

Gray has made sure of that by multi-tracking the speed blurred guitars into a metallic orchestral slur, thereby replacing shrill post-punk excitement with pre-hysterical muddy tensions to stamp the whole LP with the dull thud of rock integrity. In other words bully boy shit masquerading as true grit.

Chris Bohn

THE SKIDS
Joy (Virgin)

FROM THE cover's horrendous mismatch of Eisenstein's *General Line* with a patriotic Ealing war movie, say *The Foreman Went To France* — Jobson (not unlike a juvenile Gordon Jackson) as heroic peasant straining eyes and sweaty brow at some golden future in the sun — to the incredible nonsense of lines like "Oh shift thy feet, O peasant one / Pull and tug thy burden . . .", it is clear The Skids have this time broken all reasonable barriers of taste and credibility.

From start to finish and back again, 'Joy' is one great idiotic farce of a concept album, an ersatz folk epic of toil and brotherhood, a spurious trek through war and agriculture in quest of the blood and the soil. Sounds like fun? For a man who scarcely six months ago was swanning about in tweed jackets and cricket pullovers, it presumes on nothing in the listener short of abject gullibility.

Then again it may be just another form of entertainment. Perhaps even the grime and the three days' stubble are synthetic compound. After all, who could forget Jobson's lowdown on the definitive



Black Black Always Black Black

THE STRANGLERS
La Folie (Liberty)

THE STRANGLERS are the great exiles of rock'n'roll, and for some time now they've been making records which sound both dispirited and resentful. That said, I still believe there is a place in our hearts for their curious blend of pessimism and romanticism. At times the sheer sense of fatigue and indifference in their music is almost cathartic.

'La Folie' — 'Madness' — is an uncomfortable, frequently unhappy jumble of snarls and sighs, but it shows that the group's obstinate despair can still manifest itself in both brash, hubristic satire and bleak, heart-sick melancholy. The stark but Byrne-ish and bellicose 'Let Me Introduce You To The Family' and the strident, self-reflective 'Man They Love To Hate' prove that the group can progress musically without compromising the essential misanthropy. For once, Dave Greenfield's keyboards work up to something more than distractive asides.

Similarly, Cornwell's strange compassion is newly illuminated by the moving 'Tramp', with lines such as: "A lost woman long ago / Does she miss him, does he know? / Does it matter in the snow?" Here The Stranglers are actually making the effort to write attractive music.

I should stress that these are exceptions. For one convincingly angry success like 'Let Me Introduce You . . .', there are three or four sombre and pretentious failures: the

low-key, throwaway offensive — (almost a case of *token* male chauvinism!) — of 'Non Stop', a decidedly unbaroque vignette of a nun's repressed love, a schoolboy prank like 'Pin Up', or the chronically weary 'Ain't Nothin' To It', The Stranglers at their staliest ever.

The most exasperating thing about the band is the lack of intelligence in the actual sound of the music. Where once Jean-Jacques Burnel's grunting bass and Greenfield's secondhand Manzarek organ doodlings were hallmarks of punk bloody-mindedness, all four members now play as if they simply weren't interested. The keyboards are bland and frequently redundant, Burnel's bass sinks yet further back into the cleavage of Jet Black's zero degree beat, and Cornwell's guitar is all but lost in the fray. 'La Folie's' production is unnecessarily full — if one felt they had even thought about economising somewhere that might be forgivable.

The most impressive thing on the LP is 'La Folie' itself, sung in original *Francais* don't you know. It's high romanticism with a few strings — or at any rate mellotrons — attached, but there's no swooning victory of love here. The song is a dirge about madness, a sad lament sung in Cornwell's most deadpan tone with high, craning guitar, overbearing keyboards, and lines like "Et si parfois l'on fait des confessions / A qui les raconter — *mame le bon dieu nous a laisse tomber* . . ." It is at such unhappy, religious moments as these that The Stranglers' dark vision begins to shine.

Barney Hoskyns

Earth, Wind — and Dire!



Hoskyns gets to grips with Jobbo's 'Art'.

rock'n'roll upbringing of cleanliness next to godliness?

But what will 'Joy' mean to the kids of Europa? Could it be The Day The Baggy Trousers Stood Still? Of course not. 'Joy' has about as much to do with fields and mountains and brotherhood as Malcolm McLaren has to do with leafy glades and rowing boats. Governed by the same pomposity and thirst for glam heroics that lie behind everything Richard Jobson has ever done, it is an impeccably assembled,

scrupulously researched, and utterly fraudulent piece of music.

Admittedly, Jobbo takes himself with more than a pinch of salt — though a block of the stuff would possibly be more in order — but there is still a habitual and vacuous showiness about him, perhaps a bad faith in pop itself. On the first Skids singles the sham was excessive and unco-ordinated enough to provide a refreshing respite from the likes of The Boomtown Rats

and Eddie & The Hot Rods, but his mouth is getting mealier every year. Perhaps 1981's stint at Cabaret Futura has deluded him into thinking he really is a genius.

"Too many hymns going down", go the album's opening words. "We can be taught blood and soil." If this informing sentiment were borne out by singing that wasn't emotionally counterfeit, and if The Skids were really playing a modern folk music and not a bombastic plastic rock of

star-spangled acoustic guitars over mighty Meat Loaf drums, then the thing might work. They might have pulled it off. But as those drums once again come crashing back into the brain — on, say, the last verse of 'A Memory' — the fields fade from the frame, the soil turns soundproof, and Jobson is revealed as another rock'n'roll clown.

Sure, so there's a few quite pretty moments on 'Joy' — in 'Blood And Soil', 'A Challenge', and 'The Men Of The Fall' — but they're outweighed by a preponderately hygienic production which makes a mockery of Jobson's earnest attempts at vision. The result is often something like the Bunnies' 'All My Colours' as hypothetically performed by, say, REO Speedwagon. Perhaps the album's only authentic song is 'Fields', which at least has the half-way decency not to pretend it isn't pretentious. One of the year's more tuneful examples of epic pop nonsense.

So: approximately three quarters of an hour of unmitigated mirth is, if you so desire, in store in your stores. As a matter of interest, on 'A Challenge', Jobson almost confesses to the whole crime: "The parasite within me / Drowned among the flak / Releasing my bravados / The stunt of my attack . . ." A more stunted stunt than 'Joy' will not be heard this year.

Barney Hoskyns

Ordering on the ridiculous

NEW ORDER
Movement (Factory)

"Darling. Look I know it's Christmas and a time for gaiety and laughter but I couldn't just buy you the usual. I care deeply for you. I care so deeply I want you to have this. It's not just an LP. It's by a group called New Order who, if you've not come across them, are a deeply moving experience as far removed from 'pop' music as we are from our parents' lifestyle. (Their lead singer committed suicide last year and this is their first full statement since then so, as you can imagine, it's very real). Play it with the lights out on Christmas Day and think of me my darling. Try not to be too sad. See you in the new year,

Toby."

Somehow, New Order are afforded a reverence, a poignancy. They get the same reaction amongst journalists as might an afternoor screening of *Song Of Bernadette* to a packed house of wobbly old grans. The music they present seems to



compose a certain mood — a grave pause for reflection, a doomy beauty — fitting for an afternoon when you're bed-ridden, depressed, philosophical and everyone's gone out.

I don't think the people who cry for New Order, hope for them even, are particularly pretentious. I do think they're weak, because they've obviously been looking for such an 'honest and noble' vehicle to invest in all their rock adulthood. New Order in turn provide the perfect soundtrack for all these desparate farewell notes sent into *Gasbag*, the ones that always try to end as 'heavily' as possible — "he gaveth for others so that others might live".

New Order's LP isn't important in significance, The Tapestry, or even in interest value. Aside from a very rousing opening track it's terrifically dull, cornering the market in tender tonal bass harmonics brooding across rumbling drums that wash from speaker to speaker in the epic style. I know what an immediate cliché this is, but 'Movement' really is the direct descendant of mid-'70s Pink Floyd, LPs like 'Dark Side Of The Moon' where cloistered bunches of adroit, bland, earnest musicians working on a project.

All the emotion, direction and strength here has to be provided — not interpreted — by the listener. If you feel sad and guilty enough an LP like this can become what you want. New Order merely wait out the crocodile tears for you and, yes sir, in this case they're certainly enough.

Some will decide, whatever, that those who can't 'respond' to 'Movement' are philistine cynics with no soul. Some will decide, like me, that a mug and his bad records are forever united. And some poor sod will receive 'Movement' for Christmas.

Danny Baker

Jerry Harrison takes a cue from the Cliff Richard school of pose. Pic: Anton Corbijn



Or turning to Red

JERRY HARRISON
The Red And The Black (Sire)

ONCE MORE into the calloused heart of urban living: the city seen as bubbling swampland, the graveyard of hope mouldering under the shadows of the neon signs. 'The Red And The Black' deals a disinclination to shirk from the consequences of this dabbling; rather it casts a coldly admiring eye over the rivets in the panels of the compound, fatalistically laughs — "How does it feel to have lost your way?" — as the rhythm dances right off into oblivion.

Jerry Harrison doesn't deviate one whit from that idea; he simply has the lens on a different focus. His solo record — abetted by contributions from Bernie Worrell, Nona Hendryx, George Murray and Adrian Belew, among others — is on the surface a personalised extension of 'Remain In Light', the white approximation of study-funk taken to the precipice of craziness by the vocal parts. But this is Harrison, remember, not Byrne; and his voice isn't that prone to tonsil-ravaging paranoia. Instead he has the music perform the same function.

This music can be pretty extraordinary, you understand. There's something unpleasant behind the easy strictures of funkification. Every so often you can catch a hint of something about to burst out, an enraged funk octopus ready to writhe on the surface of an inky sea. It always, finally, refuses to break cover.

It's indicative of the reality here, because the

strength in Harrison's ideas comes from what they imply, not what is stated. Instead of useless, chest-beating synthesising or guitaresque, only gobbets are offered up, a vapour trail of synthetics. These are busy tracks which are full of holes too.

Harrison's words amplify the Heads' vista of a life succoured on the TV dinner. 'No More Reruns' is a bleak idea of regret folded into bitterness by the onrush of maturity: 'No Way/No Alarm' has an acoustic structure spreadeagled over a barbed assemblage of noise: "Knock out / black out / lock out / look out / in and out / ride it out" etc. It provides an uncanny recall of Simple Minds' 'Twist/Run/Repulsion'.

Most troubling, perhaps, are the dislocations of disco conventions in 'Fast Karma/No Question' and 'Magic Hymie'. The expression is as locked as Conrad Veidt's in *The Man Who Laughs*: is it a welcoming grin or a grimace of pain? Only on the abstract interpolations of 'Worlds In Collision' (Adolf Hitler, by the sound of it) does the execution overreach itself.

There it is. These blocks are arranged with calculated efficiency but the ambiguity is enough to supplant accusations of head games. Very clean and shining: something to play with, dance to (it's very danceable) or think about. As with Talking Heads, these are commentaries, not solutions. You have to think those up for yourselves. But this might help to wake you up first.

Richard Cook

THE TEMPTATIONS
The Temptations (Motown)

IGNORING the fact that The Temptations must have made an LP called 'The Temptations' at least once before, let us observe the primary interest of this record, which lies in its being one of those "comings-together" of dream vocal group and dream producer — in this case Thom Bell, who is starting to become ubiquitous again. It was nearly eight years

ago that the two factors first came together over a drink in Philly, and for a number of reasons the project's been delayed ever since. So was it worth the wait? Has Thom Bell pulled the Temps out of the musical swamp they've been in for... about eight years, actually? Is this a vital soul LP?

Nope, it ain't. Oh, there's some good stuff alright, like 'Evil Woman', where Dennis Edwards growls and grunts properly for the first time in yonks (though of course he'd only just rejoined the group), and there's a classic

Bell/Creed falsetto slowie in 'Open Their Eyes'. But these are heavily outweighed by half a dozen or so examples of the inveterately slick white pap Bell's always had up his sleeve as a last resource. Not that he's directly responsible for the songs themselves, at least not the worst ones... it's not impossible, of course, that he got in the Gordian knot.

If you want to hear what Bell's still capable of, check out 'Habit' on the Stylistics LP.

Barney Hoskyns

SLADE
Till Deaf Do Us Part (RCA)

HERE THEY are again, Slade, minus the shiny suits (a few guide-dogs-worth there, I'll bet), but just the same, making a religion out of noise, drawing cartoons of themselves in the bar top slops, acting off, and being useless. Here is an album hinging entirely on the lame pun of its title: a mutilated extract from the C of E's greatest hit, implying both blind fervour and irreverence towards churchy ideas of properness. 'Deaf' — what we all crave and expect as a transitory effect of exposure to a testifying Slade.

At least they come clean about the ritual nature of what they're up to. They open with

a seedy organ intro over which N. Holder proclaims the glory of exorcism through "this rock and this roll". But what does this magnificent preamble urge us zealots into? 'Lock Up Yer Daughters'. That's what. Slade proceed to muddle their way through two sides of lads, lager and loose women (as they would have it). Bandits in a play-pen, tearaways in a time-warp.

It's sad. Not only is the record boring and deliberately thick, but it doesn't even work on those terms. Slade sound dreadfully worn out, about as convincing as Alexander Haig on a peace march. I'll admit though, that the guitarist comes from good stock, and that his mum and dad had plenty of taste.

Dave Hill

STEVE MILLER BAND
Circle Of Love (Mercury)

STEVE Miller continues to be Steve Miller. He tells us how his "baby" calls him "sugar plum", he trundles out Steve Miller visions of bubblegum and rock 'n' roll heritage, delivers them in that oddly demure Steve Miller manner, and sets them in that Steve Miller production style that continues to be thankfully something other than the plush gush usual to American product-shifting fatsos.

Side one has four songs on it, songs about ambivalence towards girlfriends, the desire to travel unhindered by the chains of a conformist existence, the business of juke-bopping, and the nature of affection. They are shallow, and will be familiar in style.

Side two has one long song, called 'Macho City', which is a put-down of those uncool politicians and their love of power games. There is roughly two minutes of singing, then the band gets into a mean, low-down

groove with various effects, before fading into a thunderstorm at the end, which symbolises the potential doom of mankind. This is clearly an attack on the established order, and will cause many to go sympathetically 'tut' as they scour the waste-bins for thin bits of cardboard.

The Space Cowboy's revolution will be cleansed of guilt, and horizontal. Nice dream, Stevie.

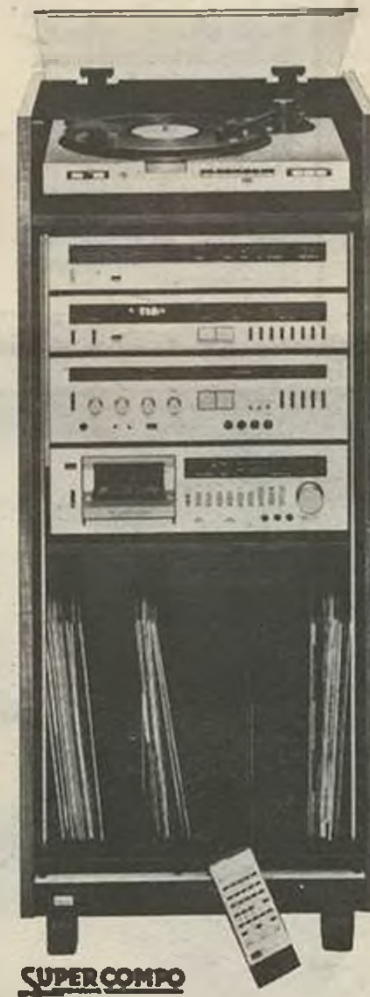
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1. SHINKA SENVEST
2. ETH HALCS
3. CILDYSPEECH SURF
4. WEHAVEAT
5. MAAD DAN HET STAN
6. CUBER STENGPINERS

Abridged Rules:

1. Prizes awarded in order of merit to entrants correctly identifying six names and suggesting the most apt song title and performer.

2. Competition open to UK residents except employees and agents of Warner Lambert, Sansui, or anyone connected with the competition.

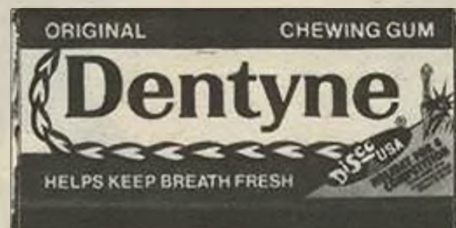
3. No cash alternatives.

4. No correspondence entered into other than supply of list of winners or full rules upon receipt of SAE at the comp. address.

5. Entrants are bound by the full rules of the competition.

Entry Form: Send to Dentyne Fresh Sounds, MCH, PO Box 72, Camberley GU15 2BD to arrive no later than January 29th, 1982, together with 2 wrappers from Dentyne packs for each entry. (If you do not wish to cut your magazine, write your answers on a blank sheet of paper.)

1. _____	3. _____
2. _____	4. _____
	5. _____
	6. _____
Suggested song title _____	
Recorded by _____	



Look out for the Dentyne DISCO USA special competition packs and you might also win a great Jetsave holiday for 4 in America! (Separate entry and proofs of purchase required.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DIANA ROSS
Why Do Fools Fall In Love
(Capitol)

THOUGH THEY may never quite equal the banality of beauty queens tearfully vowing to use their (worthless) titles to simultaneously save the world and operate a successful road haulage business, *pop stars* are persistently credited with having far loftier ambitions than they actually harbour.

Hearing one's record played over a car radio for the very first time can be the ultimate hackle-raiser, after which everything else in life is just cold chow mein and the only remaining cheap thrill is in attaining the dubious distinction of being famous for being famous. It's this career move that Diana Ross seems best suited to. All that's required is something strikingly fashionable to wear, the ability to exchange insincere platitudes on chit-chat shows and press agents with sufficient self-interest to make certain that their "account" doesn't get to read reviews of this nature.

Diana Ross may well make a virtue out of aspiring to nothing, but even when she was a singer Supreme, she was always far more preoccupied with the creative talents of Yves Saint-Laurent than Holland-Dozier-Holland. Indeed, it's a tragedy that she no longer pays as much attention to her artistic skills as she does over her depilatory requirements. Could be that the only motivation Diana Ross now has for making albums is that it's an excuse to disport her trim self on the gatefold sleeves thereby sating any fantasies of being a *haute couture* mannequin.

If Diana Ross can only get her jollies masquerading as Cheryl Tiegs, then so be it. But, whereas over the past

THE EL DORADOS
Bim Bam Boom (Charly)
THE SPANIELS
Great Googley Moo! (Charly)

SPOTLIGHTING a pair of black vocal quintet compilations culled from the archives of the Chicago based Vee Jay catalogue, and featuring the label's two most fruitful acts.

Latterly ascribed "doo wop", the vocal group style had its roots in gospel music, minstrel singing, blues and vaudeville acts such as The Mills Brothers, Delta Rhythm Boys and The Inkspots, and was the precursor of rock'n'roll, soul and even Jamaican rock steady. It flourished in America during the '50s, though was largely unheard in this country apart from the odd Platters and Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers title, and spawned scores of analogous outfits, including The Ravens, Clovers, Orioles, Penguins, Flamingos, Moonglows and Hank Ballard's Royals, to name the best known. A detailed study of the genre is to be found in the Roy Carr and Miles collusion *Coop shoop shoop-be doop shang-a-lang a lam-a aw-fergit it*... published in the September 18, 1976, edition of *New Musical Express*.

Both outfits represented

five years the mighty Motown Machine could subjugate such vacuity and enforce some degree of control, now she has moved to a new label and adopted the role of self-producer, Diana Ross offers her most slipshod work ever.

The voice that was once a unique contradictory blend of innocence and worldliness now sounds frayed, weary and passionless. She's so distracted that she can't even devise a new slant to either



The El Dorados circa 1955; eat your sleeve off, Blue Rondo.

Things that go 'Doo-Wop' in the night...

here lined up with a lead vocal, two tenors, a baritone and a bass. The Spaniels were native of Gary, Indiana, and Vee Jay's first signing, with 'Baby It's You' their earliest waxing in 1953; The El Dorados hailed from Chicago itself, and made their recording debut in 1954 with 'My Loving Baby'. Of the two, Pinkie Lee's El Dorados are

my personal preference, though apparently they were the less successful with the American record buying public. The group's biggest hit was the up tempo 'At My Front Door' — later recorded virtually note for note by another Vee Jay artist Dee Clark of 'Raindrops' fame — which reached number two in the US R&B listing in 1955

and also made the national 100. My own favourites, however, are 'I'll Be Forever Loving You' — 'Is it yes, or is it no? Should I stay and be happy dear, or should I go? If this is so...' — and the plaintive 'Fallen Tear', both of which were given sympathetic readings in the early '60s on the debut Marce's album,

'Blue Moon'.

Also of interest are the ballad, 'Lights Are Low'; the jerker 'My Loving Baby'; the title track, which gave its name to the US R&B magazine of the early '70s and makes both musical and lyrical reference to 'At My Front Door', and 'Annie's Answer', a reply to The Midnighters' 'Annie Had A Baby', and a further chapter in the 'Wallflower' (Roll With Me Henry) saga originally the dominion of Etta James.

The Spaniels, led by James "Pookie" Hudson, made their name with 'Goodnight, Sweetheart, Goodnight', an eccentric composition of great charm and pronounced bass vocal. I rate it second only here to 'You Gave Me) Peace of Mind', a ballad in classic mould. Other slow sides such as 'You're Gonna Cry', 'False Love' and 'Baby It's You' discover the canine brethren in their happier medium. Of singular curiosity is a sprightly pop item entitled 'Tina', which is hitherto unknown to me except as it is almost identical, notwithstanding a slight deviation of lyric, as one 'Lana', recorded as the flipside of 'Laugh' by The Velvets circa 1960 and purportedly penned by Roy Orbison.

Penny Reel

CEDRIC MYTON AND THE CONGOS
Face The Music (Go-Feet)

GET UP with it: Cedric Myton's music is upfulness defined. 'Face The Music' is Cedric Myton's fourth album as leader of The Congos, but it's only the second to have a British release, following The Beat's decision to license the debut 'Heart Of The Congos' back at the other end of this year. 'Face The Music' does just what it says and defies the listener to do otherwise.

Using a session crew which includes drummer Santa Davis, Rico and Dick Cuthell

on horns and the very prominently featured harp player Jimmy Becker, Myton achieves a staggeringly rich sound, simultaneously lush and crisp, utterly relaxed and yet seemingly possessed of boundless energy. Nowhere is this more apparent than on the opening cut — the proud, loving 'Can't Take It Away' — and on the second side's 'Dance All Night', which has the same feeling of gut-level joy found in Bunny Wailer's 'Rock 'N' Groove', in many ways the most uplifting reggae album of the year and still unreleased in the UK.

Myton sings in a tone of controlled ecstasy — when it hits you feel no pain. This music faces you.

Charles Shear Murray

Roy Carr

The Teenagers' 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love' or Brenda Lee's 'Sweet Nothings' — but then, it's difficult to comprehend why she selected either of these songs in the first instance, or a solo version of 'Endless Love', for she performs them as if absentmindedly humming along to the originals on the radio whilst showering. Such commitment shouldn't pass unrecognised!



ON TOUR

Fri 27th Nov POLYTECHNIC NEWCASTLE
Sat 28th Nov UNIVERSITY ABERDEEN
Wed 2nd Dec POLYTECHNIC SHEFFIELD
Sat 5th Dec GENERAL WOLFS COVENTRY
Mon 7th Dec HOLY CITY ZOO BIRMINGHAM

Thurs 10th Dec NITE CLUB EDINBURGH
Fri 11th Dec NIGHT MOVES GLASGOW
Fri 18th Dec ELECTRIC THEATRE LEICESTER
Thurs 22nd Dec NELSON COLLEGE BURNLEY
WATCH PRESS FOR FURTHER DATES



'IN THE GARDEN'
New album
and cassette

RCA

THE METEORS In Heaven (Lost Soul)

In the first place, The Meteors have an axe to grind. The sleeve notes issue a resounding carp about the 'pansy' image of the current rockabilly bands, who, moan The Meteors, are too obsessed with dressing up and bopping. They're too soppy, and songs about monsters are much, much better. Well, for me, the most immediate thrill of The Stray Cats was the thought of flabby old purists getting all upset because of Setzer's exotic, blow-dry quiff and his pendulum earrings, especially when at the same time they could punch out a slab of meanness as effective as 'Runaway Boys'.

As enthusiasts will know, The Meteors are totally locked into the little green bogeymen syndrome, something which characters like Billy Lee Riley were doing for Sun way back with 'Flying Saucers Rock And Roll.' O.K., so much for tearing a strip off The Meteors' theory.

The sleeve notes refer to The Meteors having moved on to a style of their own, and it's true that they have a



...Or just 'Uuurghh!'

A Meteor catches sight of a New Order badge.
Pic: David Corio

hollow quality to their sound which you can easily construe as reverb from a crypt if you really want to. There's no real harm in them. If what you want is club-foot rockabilly that goes bump in the night, then those boys are capable exponents going happily hoarse in your service. There are fifteen tracks of it here, and a suitably beery dirge precedes the first of them.

Are The Meteors about taking a sense of creeping insanity in a disturbed world and equating it with a time-honoured obsession with zombies, Martians and madness to create an expression of deranged delinquents taking their dementia to a symbolic conclusion? (ie, the world's possessed with insanity). Or are they nutters with a novelty to flog?

Make up your own mind. They're not truly convincing as either, and it's the easy option to take or leave that finally let's them down. The Meteors won't persuade you to sell your soul. Just take good care of your jugulars and give the 'pansies' a chance.

Dave Hill

THE TIME The Time (Warner Bros — import)

PRINCE has had such an impact on large sections of pretty bored American youth, that Princelets (Princelings?) were only a matter of course. The Time are the first to get a break from a major.

The connections are close; The Time are from the same streets as their guru (Buffalo NY, of Rick James fame), via

the same management to the same record label.

Again, the same as Prince, they are tagged 'Punk-Funk', yet 'Funk-Rock' would be nearer the mark. Their sound owes as much to the electro-synthesised pop/rock of recent months as it does to the bass rhythms of Fatback or Kool, yet seemingly bears no relation to whatever punk was/has become/will be.

The Time's tracks are built on an apparently computerised bass and drum

that repeats itself all the way through, and has the weight to serve as a foundation yet is light (almost jaunty) enough not to get bogged down. To both contradict and complement this come two keyboards and a lead guitar in a beserk drama of aerial combat as they soar, circle and swoop kamikaze style into one another.

Morris Day's vocal rides the whole thing supremely; degrees of macho ego, latent menace, blase sexuality and a

throwaway sense of command (ghetto war-chief fashion). He sings about being young, being cool, being horny and everything that goes with it, without the studied sleaziness of Prince. But they're not cult figures, are they?

This album is another facet of a roots music coming back home. It's too good to miss, act now, seize The Time!

Lloyd Bradley

LIGHTNING STRIKES

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL

The Simon And Garfunkel Collection. (CBS)

Once, way back, sad young Americans with hash in their fingernails, and protest on their minds, were not considered the stuff of decent musical entertainment. It was thought that they do not wash very often, and spent too much time sitting-in in lecture theatres. Simon And Garfunkel were, I'd guess, the PR men of the campus generation. They may have strummed drop-out ditties about staying up late and not doing much, but they were unerringly sentimental, and hence, tapped vast vein of vulnerability where sopiness and the safe and 'alternative' held hands.

Then they made An Epic, and then they ruled the world, and to-day they are endlessly re-markable back-catalogue of a rose-tinted '60s. This is a comforting, good-taste re-write of history that will fit nicely into this year's Habitat Xmas stocking.

Dave Hill

ROGER CHAPMAN

Mail Order Magic (Kamera)

CHAPMAN was one of the definitive voices of English '70s rock. 'Mail Order Magic' finds him uncertain of a role for the '80s. So he sticks with the licks, and the musicians, that he knows best. But whose appetite is so insatiable that they need even more of this stuff, however competent?

Paul Du Noyer

THE TIMES

Pop Goes Art! (Whaam!)

IF I TOLD you their sleeve credits include Syd Barrett and Andy Warhol, that their song titles include 'I Helped Patrick McGoonan Escape', and that their label logo is '60s comic-strip pop art; then you'd get a shrewd idea as to which times The Times are infatuated with — one of them even wears a Campbell's soup tin around his neck.

Inevitably, their music is a loving re-creation of all things swinging and switched on, some of its period touches being uncannily accurate. It's harmless, peppy pop, locked in its own fizzy time bubble. As with their near relations in the psychedelic revival, you're best advised to groove to them uncritically, or else simply leave them in peace.

Paul Du Noyer

HERMAN RAREBELL

Nip In The Bud (Harvest)

AN EDUCATION in the downfall of hippydom, that is; the pursuit of apolitical hedonism, pig-headed arrogance dressed up as soul-baring, and a kind of dismal outlaw concern with modern cosmetic trivia. Herman (a drummer and Scorpion) and his friends are loud, stupid and frequently offensive, from cover, to sleeve notes, to lyrics to playing. An album to make Jimmy Page die of embarrassment.

Dave Hill

SPYRO GYRA

Freetime (MCA)

JUST the job for those hi fi buffs/bore who listen to their equipment instead of the music, as it's got all sorts of different noises and sounds and things that must completely span the frequency response bandwidth (or something). Other than that, it's fifth generation jazz; technically perfect, musically overloaded and emotionally null and void.

Lloyd Bradley

DAVID GATES

Take Me Now (Arista)

IN THE Late '60s and early '70s Gates wrote some decent stuff for Bread; at least their MOR tunes made a change at a time when most other acts were going country or ludicrously metallic. Now, though, Gates is one of a million churning out LA singer-songwriter soft rock, all production flab and flat lyrics.

Paul Tickell



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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

the Damned

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE BLACK FLAG

KING GEORGE'S HALL
THURSDAY 26th NOVEMBER at 7:30

TICKETS £1.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE KING GEORGE'S HALL BOX OFFICE TEL 900 AM 5:00 PM
MON-FRI 10:00 AM 5:00 PM SAT 10:00 AM 5:00 PM TEL BLACKBURN 51887
OR £3.00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY
FRIDAY 27th NOVEMBER at 7:30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE VIKING RECORDS SHOPS 51887 HANLEY
STORE ON TRENTEL TEL 26641, 23 HIGH ST, NEWCASTLE U/LYME TEL 610940
105 HIGH ST, JUNCTION TEL 84660 OR £1.00 ON NIGHT

PORTSMOUTH LOCARNO
THURSDAY 3rd DECEMBER at 7:30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LOCARNO BOX OFFICE TEL 0705 254 91
OR PORTSMOUTH HNS RECORDS, VIRGIN RECORDS, OR £1.00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

WIRRIANA STADIUM
FRIDAY 4th DECEMBER at 7:30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE WIRRIANA STADIUM BOX OFFICE TEL PETERBOROUGH 61861
OR PETERBOROUGH & CAMBRIDGE ANDY'S RECORDS, OR £1.00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

LYCEUM
SUNDAY 6th DECEMBER at 7:30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFESBURY AVE TEL 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTON TOWN RD, NW1 TEL 493 5088

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THE SLITS

CARMEL

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
MONDAY 30th NOVEMBER at 8:00

TICKETS £3.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE TEL 744 2817
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFESBURY AVE TEL 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245
ADVISORY 22, KENTON TOWN RD, NW1 TEL 493 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

BILLY COBHAM'S

Glass Menagerie

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
WEDNESDAY 9th DECEMBER at 8:00

TICKETS £4.50, £3.50, £2.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE
TEL 240 1000, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFESBURY AVE TEL 439 3371
PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

Stray Cats

LYCEUM

TUESDAY 15th DECEMBER at 7:30

TICKETS £1.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL 836 3715
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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE PRETENDERS

THE FLYING PADOVANIS

DOMINION THEATRE
TUES WED 15th 16th DECEMBER at 8:00

TICKETS £4.00, £3.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL 590587
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFESBURY AVE TEL 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE
TEL 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT

TOUR NEWS

GIRL BANDS IN PACKAGE

THE ANDROIDS OF MU and Rock Goddess are co-topping an all-female package, which also features The Gymslips on selected dates. With more gigs still to be finalised, those confirmed so far are Bristol Trinity Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Camberley Agincourt (Saturday), Oxford Caribbean Club (November 30), Lancaster Styx Club (December 2), Leeds Warehouse (3), Coventry General Wolfe (4), Blackpool JR's (5), Doncaster Yarrowburgh Club (6), Manchester Ardri Ballroom (7), Brighton New Regent (9), Cannock Double M (11) and Cambridge Sound Cellar (12).

The tour promotes the album 'Making Waves', a collection of tracks by all-girl bands, available now through Rough Trade. Other acts featured on the LP, besides those involved in the package, include Mistakes, Guest Stars, Real Insects, Belles, Amy & The Angels, Ministry Of Marriage, Tango Twins, Nancy Boys and Sisterhood Of Spit.

London additions set for Squeeze

SQUEEZE, who open their UK tour this weekend (see Gig Guide), have added a second London concert to their schedule — because their originally announced show at Hammersmith Odeon on December 10 has now sold out. The extra date is at the Rainbow Theatre on Thursday, December 17, and tickets are on sale now. A Flock Of Seagulls have been confirmed as the support act from December 1 onwards — prior to which they headline in their own right at Dudley JB's (this Saturday), Sheffield Limit (Sunday) and London Charing Cross Heaven (next Monday), promoting their current four-track EP 'Modern Love Is Automatic' and previewing their upcoming February album.

and Pretenders

THE PRETENDERS, who also begin a major British tour this week, have added a fourth London show to their itinerary. They were originally announced for shows at the Lyceum Ballroom (December 13) and the Dominion Theatre (15 and 16) but, owing to heavy ticket demand, they have now filled the interim date by playing a second show at the Lyceum — on Monday, December 14.

THE CORPORATION, London's latest addition to the cool school of funk, have confirmed another two of their occasional live appearances — at the Plaza Hotel in Bayswater (this Sunday) and the Embassy Club in Bond Street (December 6).

RECORD NEWS

Armageddon Records continue their policy of expansion by signing more acts to the label — including Manchester four-piece Bee Vamp, who are about to begin work on their first album and single for the label. Also signed are Manchester jazz-soul singer Carmel and Liverpool band The Room, who will both have debut singles out early in 1982. And this week sees the release of the first single from Sheffield-based outfit Artery — titled 'Afterwards', it's coupled with 'Into The Garden', which appears on the newly released Moonlight Club compilation. And prior to Bee Vamp's debut for Armageddon, they have single out this week on Manchester label Monsters In Orbit Records, titled 'Valium Girls'.



DIRTY HARRY is the name of a new rock band, who are about to make their presence felt on the recording scene and the tour circuit. After hibernating for a year, vocalists PAULINE GILLAN and PAUL DEAN put the outfit together in the summer, and they've just finished recording debut tracks. They are now geared for releases early in the New Year, to be followed by extensive live work around the country.

THE POLICE, whose pre-Christmas concerts (December 14-23) have already been announced and are virtually sold out, have decided to play an extra show in Scotland — a New Year's Eve special at the Royal Highland Exhibition Hall, Ingleston, near Edinburgh. Tickets are all at the one price of £4.50, and they are available by post from Police Box Office, 1-2 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL — Postal Orders only made payable to "Straight Music Ltd.", enclose SAE, and specify clearly that the tickets are required for the Edinburgh concert. The December 31 show is timed to finish at 10.30pm, and we're assured that extra public transport will be provided to take people back to city centres.

Edinburgh tickets will also be available from this Saturday (28) to personal applicants at seven outlets — The Other Record Shop (Aberdeen), Speed Records (Ayr), Cathy McCabe Records (Dundee), The Other Record Shop and Playhouse Theatre Box-Office (Edinburgh), Virgin Megastore (Glasgow) and Virgin Records (Newcastle). Tickets will not be available from the venue itself.

The Police have a new single released by A&M on December 4, as the follow-up to their chart-topping 'Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic'. Titled 'Spirits', it's taken from their current album 'Ghost In The Machine', and was written by Sting. The B-side 'Low Life' was penned by all the band, and is not on the LP. Initial pressings come with a folded poster of the group.

STOP PRESS. The three Police shows at Wembley Arena (Dec. 14-16) are now sold out. No more applications, please.

Police add Hogmanay special in Edinburgh



Rebel with a cause

STEVE HARLEY & Cockney Rebel have been lined up for a ten-date pre-Christmas tour, climaxing in two London shows. They visit Manchester University (December 4), Sheffield University (5), Redcar Coatham Bowl (6), Edinburgh Playhouse (7), Aberdeen The Venue (8), Nottingham

Rock City (10), Hatfield Polytechnic (11), Aylesbury Friars (12) and London Victoria The Venue (14 and 15).

Rebel's personnel for this outing comprises Rick Driscoll and Alan Darby (guitars), Lindsey Elliott (drums) and Gavin Hodgson (bass) — plus newcomer Andy 'Roots' Qunta, from Hazel O'Connor's Megahype, on keyboards. They'll be previewing Harley's new single 'Touch You', to be recorded right after these dates with Midge Ure producing, for release in the New Year.



New partnership by Squire, White

FORMER Yes stalwarts Chris Squire and Alan White launch their new partnership this weekend, with the release by Atlantic of their single 'Run With The Fox'. The track, written by the duo together with lyricist Pete Sinfield, features Squire (bass and vocals), White (drums) and the St. Paul's Cathedral Choir. The B-side 'Return Of The Fox' additionally features Dave Lawson (keyboards) and Nikki Squire (vocals). With Yes now strictly a no-no, Squire and White are currently in the process of forming their own band, and details are expected in the New Year.

Meanwhile, December 4 sees the release (also on Atlantic) of a compilation album titled 'Classic Yes', comprising many of the band's most familiar tracks. As a bonus, the LP includes a free single, coupling live versions of 'I've Seen All Good People' and 'Roundabout'.



Clint Eastwood & General Saint have their first album issued by Greenleafs on December 4, and the ten-track set it titled 'Two Bad D.J.'. A single released at the same time couples 'Talk About Run' and 'Healing In The Balmyard' — with longer versions of both titles featured on the limited edition 12-inch version.

Bow Wow in 15-band Christmas punk fest



BOW WOW WOW have been added to the bill of the 'Christmas On Earth' punk extravaganza at Leeds Queens Hall on Sunday, December 20 — along with Chelsea, American band Black Flag, The Insane and G.B.H. And completing the line-up are two German punk outfits, Trockener Kecks and Lama. Acts previously announced for the show are The Damned, The Exploited, UK Subs, Anti-Pasti, Anti-Nowhere League, Vice Squad, Chron-Gen and Charge.

This makes a total of 15 bands, which is probably the most ever to be featured in a major single-day festival. And because of the size of the bill, promoters Straight Music have brought forward the starting time to 12 noon, with an expected 11pm finish. Ample transport will be available after the event.

Advance tickets at £4.50 are on sale at the Queens Hall box-office and numerous outlets around the country. They may also be obtained by post from Straight Music Ltd. (to whom Postal Orders only should be made payable), 1-2 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL, enclosing SAE. Tickets on the day, if any remain, will cost £5.

● Black Flag are flying in specially to play three shows — besides the Leeds event, they guest with The Damned at London Lyceum (December 6) and with The Exploited at London Rainbow (12). They're expected to return for a more extensive tour next year.

STOP PRESS. Bow Wow Wow will now play their show at London Lyceum (postponed from this week) on Wednesday, December 23. Existing tickets remain valid.

NELSON JOBS ON



BILL NELSON gets together with the ubiquitous Richard Jobson to play a short series of dates under the banner of 'The Invisibility Exhibition', which also feature David Claridge and the Yorkshire Actors Company with their stage presentation of the classic 1919 movie *The Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari*. The package can be seen at Leeds Warehouse (tonight, Thursday), Newcastle Jesmond Cinema (Friday), London Victoria The Venue (Sunday) and Birmingham The Botanical Gardens (December 4). This all ties in with the release this weekend of the album 'Das Kabinett', composed and performed by Bill Nelson, and used by the Yorkshire Actors as the incidental score to their *Caligari* production — it's on Cocteau Records, with distribution through Rough Trade and Pinnacle.

● Other acts newly confirmed for The Venue in London include Lindisfarne, who play a one-off in the capital on December 5, prior to their Christmas season in Newcastle; and Alberto y Los Trios Paranoias, whose festive fling is the previous night (4).

BEAT GOES ON AND ON

THE BEAT have lined up a few more gigs for next month, in addition to their replacement show (reported last week) at Hanley Victoria Hall on December 11. They'll now also be appearing at Leicester University (December 8), Bath University (13), Exeter University (14) and Cardiff Sophia Gardens (15) — supported on all but the Leicester date by Birmingham band The Mood Elevators. All these gigs are supposed to be low-key and unannounced, so it's possible that there'll be one or two others which we haven't yet unearthed. It's understood that a special London Christmas show is also planned.

The Mood Elevators, who complete their current tour with The Chefs at Kingston Polytechnic on December 3, subsequently gig in their own right at Stourbridge Art College (4), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (5), Birmingham Billisley (7) and Birmingham Westhill College (10). They're also playing an Alternative Christmas Extravaganza at Birmingham Holy City Zoo on December 21.

LEAGUE TAKE ON ANOTHER STRIKER

THE HUMAN LEAGUE have named Michael Douglas as their third keyboards player on their current UK tour, which opened last week — though it's stressed that Douglas, who can be heard on the Orchestral Manoeuvres hit album 'Architecture & Morality', won't become a permanent member of the line-up. The band are also anxious to clarify that, although their tour has been widely described as a sell-out, there are still tickets remaining (all at £4.50) for their show at Stafford Bingley Hall on December 21 — this is because it was a late addition to the rest of their schedule. TV21 have now been added to the League's tour as special guests.

Heels festive shows

THE CUBAN HEELS are to play two special end-of-year gigs in their native Scotland — a 'Belated Nativity Night Party' at Glasgow Maestro's on Sunday, December 27; and an 'Early Eve Hogmanay' at Edinburgh Valentino's the following night (Monday, 28). James King and The Lonewolves support at Edinburgh, but the Glasgow support act hasn't yet been named.

□ HERE & NOW have lined up four pre-Christmas dates, prior to recording their third album for New Year release. They're at London Mile End Queen Mary College with Black Slate (tomorrow, Friday), Birmingham Golden Eagle with Dangerous Girls (December 10), Doncaster Co-op Club (11) and Slough Studio 1 (13).

□ FLUX OF PINK INDIANS have been forced to cancel all their gigs until further notice, following the departure of their two newest recruits — who were apparently sacked following their failure to turn up at a recording session. The band say that all gigs will be re-scheduled as soon as new members have been found.

● From Rocket Records comes a Johnny Warman single called 'Three Minutes'. It's a remixed and edited track from his 'Walking Into Mirrors' album, and the lyric is a vision of the final three minutes before a nuclear weapon explodes.

● Stiff Records release a seasonal single this week in the shape of 'Little Star' by the Save The Children Fund Choir, with all proceeds going to the worthy cause they represent.

● Brian Brain has a new single out this week on Secret Records called 'Jive Jive'. It's coupled with 'Hello To The Working Classes', and it comes in a gatefold sleeve.

● A five-track 12-inch maxi-single by Dawn Patrol is released by Dinosaur Disc this week, distributed by Pinnacle. There's also a special picture disc version available by mail order from the label at 17 Barons Court Road, London W14, at £4.10 (including p&p).

● Johnny Bristol has his first album on the Hansa label out this week, titled 'Free To Be Me'. It's unusual in that three of the tracks were produced by Gus Dudgeon, which is the first time Bristol has worked as an artist with a producer.

● Armageddon Records are moving into reggae and other aspects of black music and, as a first step, have signed Grenadian band Icarus. They'll have a single out after Christmas, with an album — supported by a UK tour — to follow in February.

● Sax Star Barbara Thompson has got together with Rod Argent to record a duo album titled 'Ghosts', with Jon Hiseman producing. It will be released by MCA in February, and preceded by a single culled from the LP in January.

● A 34-track punk compilation cassette titled 'Hard Core Or What?' features bands from as far apart as Brazil, Italy, Sweden and the UK. It costs just £2 (including p&p) from X-Centric Noise Tapes, 17 West End Road, Cottingham, North Humberside HU16 5PL.

RECORD NEWS CONTINUES ON PAGE 50

FOR YOUR HI-FI'S ONLY

Having saved the world once again, our hero looks forward to an evening of aural delight, listening to a little music with a good bottle of red. He places the record on the turntable — but the sound is not good. "I don't know much about these things," said the blonde, "but I'd say you have a deficiency at both frequency extremes, considerable loss of midband information, a hump around two kilohertz and poor channel separation." "Where did you learn that?" asks our hero. "From this," she replies, producing a well-thumbed copy of Practical Hi-Fi. "The December issue includes a brilliant Video Supplement, reviews on the Technics RS270MX cassette deck and revolutionary Pickering XSV7500 Cartridge and lots, lots more." He moves across the room and lays down beside her. "Amazing," he murmurs "turn up the lighting I've got some reading to do."

PRACTICAL HI-FI

December issue OUT NOW

Bedsitter-land erotica

SOFT CELL, whose huge chart success with the single 'Tainted Love' is now being emulated by its follow-up 'Bed Sitter', launch an attack on the album charts this weekend with the release of their first album on the Some Bizzare label. Titled 'Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret', it contains ten tracks including their two single hits — and apart from 'Tainted Love', the LP is entirely self-penned by the duo. The record company claims advance orders in excess of 200,000, which should guarantee a sizeable impact on the Top 30.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

JAMES BROWN

Revue

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
SATURDAY 5th DECEMBER at 7-30
TICKETS £5.50, £4.50, £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 10-30 AM - 1.00 PM, MON-SAT
TEL: 021 643 8101, 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
WEDNESDAY 9th DECEMBER at 8-00
TICKETS £4.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE, TEL: BRIGHTON 25495 OR BRIGHTON VIRGIN RECORDS, POLYSOUND, SONY MUSIC, CRYSTAL, OR £4.50 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

CHRISTMAS ON EARTH

The Damned, The Exploited, UK Subs, Black Flag, Anti-Pasti, Anti-Nowhere League, Chelsea, Vice Squad, Charge, Trockener Kecks, LAMA, Chron-Gen, The Insane, G.B.H.

QUEEN'S HALL
SOVEREIGN ST., LEEDS
SUNDAY 20th DECEMBER at 12-00 am
TICKETS £4.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE QUEEN'S HALL BOX OFFICE, 9-00 am - 6-00 pm, MON-SAT, TEL: 0532 319612, OR £4.50 ON DAY
FINISH AT 11 PM

TICKET OUTLETS

AVON	RECORDS UNLIMITED
BATH	RECORDS UNLIMITED
BIRMINGHAM	RECORDS UNLIMITED
BLACKBURN	RECORDS UNLIMITED
BRADFORD	RECORDS UNLIMITED
BIRMINGHAM	RECORDS UNLIMITED
CARDIFF	RECORDS UNLIMITED
CHESTER	RECORDS UNLIMITED
COVENTRY	RECORDS UNLIMITED
EDINBURGH	RECORDS UNLIMITED
GLASGOW	RECORDS UNLIMITED
HANLEY	RECORDS UNLIMITED
HULL	RECORDS UNLIMITED
LEEDS	RECORDS UNLIMITED
LIVERPOOL	RECORDS UNLIMITED
LONDON	RECORDS UNLIMITED
MANCHESTER	RECORDS UNLIMITED
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE	RECORDS UNLIMITED
NOTTINGHAM	RECORDS UNLIMITED
SHEDFIELD	RECORDS UNLIMITED
STAFFORD	RECORDS UNLIMITED
WOLVERHAMPTON	RECORDS UNLIMITED
YORK	RECORDS UNLIMITED

Special Coach Arrangements
Leaves: Sunday 20th Dec. at 8-30 am.
from Victoria Coach Station - Bay 25
Returns: 12-00 midnight Price: £7.00 return

TICKETS £4.50 (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE BY POST FROM CHRISTMAS ON EARTH STRAIGHT MUSIC LTD., 1 MUNRO TERR., LONDON SW10 0DL. PLEASE ENCLOSE S.A.E. FOR FAST RETURN. POSTAL ORDERS ONLY

U.S. stars due in 1982

ALICE COOPER is now looking good for a major UK tour around February. Although still unconfirmed, it's understood that he's planning a string of at least four London concerts, as well as dates in key provincial centres. And there would be a new album and single to coincide with his visit.

TEDDY PENDERGRASS is now being lined up for a full British tour, following the success of his sell-out London concerts earlier this year. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith is pencilling dates for the late winter or early spring, details to follow in the New Year.

FRANKIE VALLI & The Four Seasons will be touring Britain again in the New Year — their only confirmed booking so far is a week at Watford Bailey's from February 14, but their schedule will also include a string of major concerts, and full details will be announced shortly. Also set for UK tours in early 1982 are **The Stylistics** (March) and **Gladys Knight & The Pips** (April), but it's not expected that dates and venues for these two acts will be available until the New Year.

Eurythmics gigs

EURYTHMICS, the band who rose from the ashes of the now-defunct Tourists, have announced plans for their first major tour. The line-up features Annie Lennox (vocals and percussion), Dave Stewart (guitars and synthesizers), multi-instrumentalist Sir Timothy Wheatley and ex-Selector Adam 'Dub' Williams — who will be recording and mixing each date live on stage, as well as operating the computer programmed drum machines.

Supporting their current RCA album 'In The Garden', they visit Newcastle Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Aberdeen University (Saturday), Sheffield Polytechnic (December 2), Coventry General Wolfe (5), Birmingham Holy City Zoo (7), Edinburgh Nite Club (10), Glasgow Night Moves (11), Leicester Electric Theatre (18), Retford Porterhouse (19) and Burnley Nelson College (22). Further dates, including a prestige London show, will be announced next week.

□ **THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS** have been booked as support act on the previously reported UK tour by Rose Tattoo, opening on December 4 and culminating at London Hammersmith Odeon (19). The five-piece band, whose single 'Criminal World' was released last month on their own Revenge label (through Island), are currently completing work on their debut album 'Sweet Revenge' for New Year release.

□ **SECOND IMAGE**, the North London funk band, play their most important gig to date when they support The Jam at London's Sobell Centre on December 13. With their new Polydor single 'Can't Keep Holding On' just released, the outfit also headline next month at Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (2), London Barracuda Club (18) and Haywards Heath Taverners (24).

□ **THE BUREAU** will be introducing their new guitarist Patrick Cunningham on their package tour with Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers and The Mo-dettes, opening tonight (Thursday). Belfast-born Cunningham replaced Rob Jones in the line-up, after the band returned from their American tour with The Pretenders.

□ **THE COBRAS**, the six-piece outfit now featuring ex-Feelgoods lead guitarist John Mayo, have London-area gigs at Stockwell Old Queen's Head (this Saturday), the Marquee Club (December 4), Lambeth The Angel (5), Fulham Golden Lion (10), Croydon Star (11), Finchley Torrington (13) and Chesham Town Hall (17).

□ **TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS** will be playing during the Right To Work march, taking place this Saturday in Kingston-upon-Thames. And new London dates added to their 'Grubby Gesture Against The Puritan Backlash' tour are Lambeth The Angel (December 2 and 9), Clapham Two Brewers (3 and 10) and Ewell Polytechnic (4).

CHARITY LINE-UP AT GOLDEN LION

THE LINE-UP has now been confirmed for the charity week being staged early next month at London Fulham Golden Lion, in support of Capital Radio's 'Help A London Child' campaign. It features Jackie Linton, Denny Laine and Friends (December 2), Alex Harvey Band (3), Grand Prix (4), Chris Thompson & The Islands (5), former Fleetwood Mac star Peter Green (6), Q-Tips (7), Richard Strange (8) and the Starfighters (9). Admission throughout is £2.50.

TOUR NEWS



DOLLY MIXTURE are headlining a Right To Work benefit in West London this Saturday (28) — at St Matthew's Church, W14. They can also be seen in action tomorrow (Friday) at London Herne Hill Half Moon, and further gigs are being lined up in support of their new single 'Been Teen', released this week — it's the first to appear on Paul Weller's new label, Respond Records.

□ **HAIRCUT 100** headline the opening night of a new rock venue in Leicester (Sandacre Street) called the Electric Theatre on December 11. Other bookings next month include Eurythmics (18) and the package featuring Roddy Radiation, The Bureau and The Mo-dettes (19) — which means that the package won't now be appearing at Leicester Polytechnic on December 8. Two more dates for Haircut 100 are at Brighton Top Rank (tomorrow, Friday) and St. Albans City Hall (December 12).

□ **SPIDER**, whose latest string of one-nighters was announced last week, have now cancelled the bulk of them — and that's because they've landed the support spot on the Slade tour, opening at Sheffield Lyceum on December 6 and climaxing at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 20. They will still be playing their own gigs at Bristol Granary (December 12), Mier Wagon & Horses (26) and Manchester Ashton Spread Eagle (31), but the rest of next month's dates are being re-scheduled for January.

□ **THE EXPLOITED**, already set for a headliner at London Rainbow (December 12) and an appearance in the Leeds 'Christmas On Earth' festival (20), have now slotted in three more gigs between those two dates — at Cardiff Top Rank (13), Bristol Locarno (14) and Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (16). Then they're off to the Channel Islands "to entertain the tax exiles".

□ **HAWKWIND** have added another date to their short mid-December tour, announced last week — it's at Plington Festival Theatre on December 11, which now becomes the opening show. Tickets for their London Rainbow show on December 18 go on sale tomorrow (Friday) priced £4, £3.50 and £3. Prices vary elsewhere, so check with local box-offices.

□ **THEATRE OF HATE** headline a one-off No Nukes concert at London Central Polytechnic on Friday, December 4, supported by The Outskirts and Hondo. Tickets are £2 (students and unwaged) and £2.50 (others), available from Rough Trade, Small Wonder and Bonaparte.

□ **UK DECA** are going on the road to promote their newly released debut album 'For Madmen Only'. First five confirmed dates are at Reading Top Rank (November 30), Cardiff Top Rank (December 1), Preston Warehouse (3), Weston-super-Mare Birbeck Island (5) and a CND benefit at Haverfordwest Market Hall (5). Further gigs follow shortly.

□ **BOYS OF THE LOUGH** come to town this weekend to headline a concert at London's Mermaid Theatre on Sunday. This climaxes their current UK tour, for which other remaining dates are Irvine Magnum Theatre (tonight, Thursday), Glasgow Theatre Royal (Friday), Colne Municipal Hall (December 6) and Newcastle-under-Lyne Bridge Street Arts Centre (7).

□ **VIC GODARD** is playing a handful of club dates with Subway Sect, to coincide with the release this week of his first single on the Club Left label (through Island) — titled 'Stamp Of A Vamp'. They are London Club Left (tonight, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Saturday), Kirklevington Country Club (Sunday) and Leeds Warehouse (next Monday).



Dollar go live

DOLLAR — the duo who now have a string of charts hits to their credit, and whose latest single 'Mirror Mirror' is heading in the same direction — are undertaking some live work for the first time. They open with two nights at Epsom Baths Hall on December 16 and 17 — tickets priced £4.75, £4.20, £3.75 and £3.20 available from MJM Records, 16 High Street, Epsom — then play a four-night stint at Luton Cesar's on December 20, 21, 22 and 24 (tickets available from the box-office). These pre-Christmas shows are the prelude to further gigging in the New Year, details to follow shortly.

AIREY DEPARTS FROM RAINBOW

RAINBOW and keyboards player Don Airey have parted company, because — says Airey — "I've had three very good years with the band, but after being on the road continuously for such a long time, I felt the need for a change." Although he insists that the split was amicable, Airey says he hasn't been very happy since Cozy Powell left Rainbow, adding: "Bashing our way through old Rainbow and old Purple material, night after night in 1981, wasn't doing any of us much justice." Airey is at present involved in separate projects with both Graham Bonnet and Gary Moore, and he's also writing a work for keyboards and symphony orchestra which he hopes to record next year. Meanwhile, there's no word yet from the Rainbow camp regarding a replacement for Airey.

□ **CLEO LAINE**, John Dankworth, George Melly and John Williams appear in a benefit concert on December 13 at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal, in aid of the Solomon Mahlangu Freedom College in Tanzania. Tickets are £9.50, £8, £6.50, £5 and £3.50.

STILLS

RETURN OF THE GIANT



ON TOUR

NOVEMBER

28. HULL. THE TOWER
30. LONDON. HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

DECEMBER

1. SHEFFIELD. LYCEUM
2. NEWCASTLE. MAYFAIR
3. GLASGOW. NIGHT MOVES
5. BRADFORD. UNIVERSITY

URGENT

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LIMITED EDITION FREE 7 INCH FEATURING
EXTRA TRACK AND INTERVIEW

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Thurs 28th November (Adm £2.50)
AFTER THE FIRE
Plus Rob and the Rustlers & DJ Jerry Floyd

Fri 27th November (Adm £2.00)
GRAND PRIX
Plus special guests & Jerry Floyd

Sat 28th November (Adm £1.50)
OVERKILL
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Sun 29th November (Adm £1.50)
THE 0-1 BAND
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Mon 30th November (Adm £1.50)
720
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tues 1st & Wed 2nd Dec (Adm £2.00)
Welcome Back

Thurs 4th December (Adm £2.00)
SAMSON
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Fri 5th December (Adm £2.00)
NASHVILLE TEENS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Sat 6th December (Adm £2.00)
COBRA'S
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers and other Hot and Cold Snacks available

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD., LONDON NW1 01 267 4867

THURS 26 THANKSGIVING WITH
RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS
EX SPECIALS
IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS £2.50

FRI 27
TOUR DE FORCE
DISCO VOYD £3.50

SAT 28
TOP SECRET A PANIC £3.50

SUN 29
THE EXCITERS
LINDA'S LOST PATROL
ROOM FOR HUMANS

TUES 1 CROUCH END NIGHT
FLYING CLUB, DAMP JUNGLE, WESTERN PROPAGANDA £3.75

WED 2
FROM JAMAICA TO SHOW BY PUBLIC DEMAND
DILLINGER £3.75

THURS 3
★ **MARI WILSON** ★
WITH THE IMAGINATIONS
COMING UP

FRI 4
★ **Dr. FEELGOOD** ★

SAT 5
★ **WED LONE RANGER** ★

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 26th November £1.25
CLOCKS + Lino's Lost Patrol

Friday 27th November £1.50
JO ANNE KELLY'S SECOND LINE
+ Mad Shadows

Saturday 28th November £1.50
SHEA RAMAH + Plain Characters

Sunday 29th November £1.50
IVOR BIGGUN AND THE D-CUPS
+ The Naturals

Monday 30th November £1.25
HOLLYWOOD EXILES
+ Reflex

Tuesday 1st December £1.25
1990 + Benny and the Meatballs

Wednesday 2nd December £1.25
DEVOTION + Animal Luxury

THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford St W1

Thursday 26th November
live reggae

SURVIVAL

+ Support

Tuesday 1st December

THE METEORS

+ Support

UNIVERSITY ESSEX
Students Union Hall Colchester

DEPARTMENT S

Plus Support

28th Nov 1981

Tickets £2.00
doors open 8.30.

Please phone before setting out, check but avoiding major disasters, here is...

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

EVEREST THE HARD WAY
THU 26 NOV Band of earnest young Scots whose sound is built on sombre vocals and Gothic k-beats, a bit threatening, sounds...

RIO & THE ROBOTS
FRI 27 NOV Modern pop group, announced Record Mirror, with a sure emphasis on catchy songs and a beautiful girl singer... Go see them, also support act... KILLER WALES.

WRECKLESS ERIC
SAT 28 NOV Some of Stiff's finest A's. Live it's energy, raucous fun, the wheedled voice, a great thumping back-up and a lot of songs as good as 'Whole Wide World'.

SUN. MENAGE A TROIS
MON. TELEGENS
WED. EUROPEANS
THU. 3 DEC. Rhythmic, disturbing dance music, songs, 'Kinky' between B2's & Gilling.

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till 11.00, except SUNDAY when it's 7.00 till 12.00. REAL ALE AND COCA-COLA RIGHT THROUGH TO BE 18. OUR SEVEN DAYS OF NOV 1981. MILL CHAM. MOST DAYS, WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & LIME ST. OLD COFFEE GARDEN. PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 0262 61229. PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 5363.

WHAT TO DO

Funkapolitan

WHA PA CHA & THE WHITE BROTHERS
7.30 PM - FRIDAY - NOV 27TH - UNIVERSITY OF LONDON - MALET ST - WC1

Special Performance
ZILA BIG BAND
DUDU
PUKWANA'S
FUNKY AFRO JAZZ
SOUND
Fri 27th November
8pm - 1am (£2.50)
100 CLUB
100 OXFORD ST

JOHN THE BAPTIST
+ Support
Wed 2nd Dec
MOONLIGHT CLUB
Railway Hotel
100 West End Lane
London NW6 (624-7611)
Open 8.30-12.00
£1.50 Entrance

NORTH EAST LONDON POLY
Livingstone House, Livingstone St
Stratford E15
presents
BLACK MARKET
+ **MIKADO**
FRIDAY 27th NOV, 8.30 £1.50

160-162
Victoria Street,
London
SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors open
7.30pm
Main Band
on at
9.30pm

Thursday 26th Nov £3.00
THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
+ LYDIA LUNCH

Friday 27th Nov £3.00
SHAKATAK

Saturday 28th Nov
Under 18s 5pm show £2.00
Over 18s 8pm show £3.00
ALTERED IMAGES

Sunday 29th Nov £3.00
INVISIBILITY EXHIBITION
Bill Nelson, Richard Jobson, Yorkshire Actors, CO David Cluridge & Cocteau Films

Monday 30th Nov £2.00
ANIMAL MAGNET
+ Sinister Circus

Tuesday 1st Dec £3.00
MISTY IN ROOTS

Wednesday 2nd Dec £4.50
HEATWAVE
Thursday 3rd Dec
Private function, VIP
cards not applicable

COMING SOON

Friday 4th Dec £3.50
ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIS

Sat 5th Dec £3.50
LINDISFARNE XMAS PREVIEW

Monday 7th Dec £2.50
THE FALL

Tuesday 8th Dec £2.00
FAD GADGET

Wed 9th Dec £3.00
PIG BAG

Thursday 10th Dec £2.00
AZTEC CAMERA + BLUEBELLS + SPECIAL GUESTS

Fri 11th & Sat 12 Dec £3.50
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ALL TICKET PRICES INCLUDE FREE BROCHURE CHEQUES NOT APPLICABLE

WAH! at ULU
Malet St., WC1
7.30 Saturday 5th Dec
+ 10p temporary membership if without student card.
Crucial Social. Door tickets not guaranteed.
If in doubt tel: 580 9551 ext 27

MOONLIGHT

100 West End Lane W6
West Hampstead Tube - Jubilee Line 625 5445

Thursday 26th November £1.50
FAMILY FODDER + THE LINES

Friday 27th November £1.75
THE GAS + Dream Cycle Seven
Lord of the Dance

Saturday 28th November £1.50
THE HARLEQUINS + Admit One

Saturday lunchtime (12.30-2.30) Free
THE ALMOST BROS + The Limit

Sunday 29th November £1.50
PLAIN CHARACTERS
+ The UDU

Monday 30th November £1.50
THE DARK + Jump Squad

Tuesday 1st December £1.50
Liverpool site out with
NEWKON + 3-D FISH IN SEA

Wednesday 2nd December £1.50
JOHN THE BAPTIST
+ Prime Suspect

STARLIGHT

Sundays 7.30-10.30

Thursday 3rd December £1.75
Geordie Invasion tour
ZAP + RED PERFORMANCE
+ SILENT SCREEN

Thursday 26th November £1.50
DRASTIC MEASURES
+ Syntex

Friday 27th November £1.50
THE DELTAS + Howard Jones

Saturday 28th November £1.75
NEON BLONDES + The Americans

Sundays - Closed

Monday 30th November £1.00
CATWAX AXE COMPANY
+ Support

Tuesday 1st December £1.50
THOSE MAGNETIC EXTRAS
+ Regula S

Wednesday 2nd December £1.50
DISCOVOID + Ghost

Thursday 4th December £1.50
THE EMPTY VESSELS + The Sibe-rians

BARRY DICKIN & ROD MACSWEEEN FOR ITB PRESENT
NINE BELOW ZERO
Sun. 29 Nov at 7.30
ODEON HAMMERSMITH
Tel: 01-748 4081
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50

Japan

ONANARE ZOR ENIGMA GE KOZ

THE CORNISH COLISEUM
MON. 7th DECEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 0208 750001

PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
TUES. 8th DECEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 023 2471

LEEDS QUEENS HALL
THURS. 10th DECEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 0532 471

LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
FRI. 11th DECEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 0525 2471

LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
SAT. 12th DECEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 051 2471

MANCHESTER APOLLO
SUN. 13th DECEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 061 2471

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
MON. 14th DECEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 0208 750001

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
TUES. 15th DECEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 031 2471

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
THURS. 17th DECEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 021 2471

BRIGHTON CENTRE
SAT. 19th DECEMBER 8pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 0273 2471

LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
SUN. 20th DECEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 0533 2471

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE
MON. 21st and TUES. 22nd DECEMBER 8pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 0208 750001

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
WED. 23rd DECEMBER at 6pm
Tickets £4.50 and £2.50 from 10.00 am. Tel: 01-748 4081

AIRSTRIPE ONE
Sun 29th Nov -
EMBASSY CLUB 7
Old Bond St
Free bar & food. Adm £8.00 with tickets available from Rough Trade Bonapartes & Small Wonder. Bar 8.30 - 11.30. Band onstage 11.30 open till 1 am WED 9th dec - Starlight. First 30 people receive free 4 track cassette NOTHING IS FOREVER

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28 Glen Campbell	8 Bucks Fizz	20 Slade
29 Below Zero	8 Echo And The Bunnymen	20, 21 U2
30 Slits	9, 10 ELO	21, 22, 23 Japan
30 Shakin' Stevens	13 Pretenders	21, 22 Gillan
30 Chick Corea	13 Ralph McTell	21 Ian Dury
	14, 15 Joan Armatrading	23, 24 Elvis Costello
	14, 15, 16 Police	23 Bow Wow Wow
DECEMBER	15 Stray Cats	24, 26 Blizzards of Ozz
1, 2, 4 ELO	16, 17 Duran Duran	31 Black Sabbath
4 Stranglers	16 Saxon	
4-5 Orchestral Manoeuvres	17 Squeeze	JANUARY
7 Linx	18 Hawkwind	1, 2, 3 Black Sabbath
8 Damned	18 Hot Gossip	FEBRUARY
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Wednesday 2nd December + Jerry Floyd
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Friday 4th ONLY AFTER DARK
Saturday 5th December + SHORT COMMERCIAL BREAK
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Nationwide Gig Guide



Pretenders

Pic: Pennie Smith.

THE PRETENDERS are undertaking their first and only UK outing of the year, starting in Liverpool on Friday — and on the same day in Hatfield. SQUEEZE embark on one of their rare UK sorties. They're preceded tonight (Thursday) by THE CURE, who open their schedule in Edinburgh — while London sees the first night of the intriguing package co-headlined by RODDY RADIATION, THE BUREAU and THE MO-DETTES.

ELO's sell-out concert series gets under way at the Wembley Arena on Tuesday, and

that night also marks the beginning of JOAN ARMSTRONG's re-scheduled tour, following her recovery from illness. Among other acts stepping out this week are OZZY OSBOURNE and WAH!

The 'Jobs For Youth' weekend in London includes a string of free concerts for the unemployed at the Rainbow, among them headliners by MADNESS (Friday) and THE BEAT (Saturday), while WEAPON OF PEACE perform for the mass rally on Sunday afternoon.



Squeeze

Pic: Pennie Smith.

Thursday

26th

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: The R.B.'s
Alva Glen Alva Hotel: The Dolphins
Ashington Leisure Centre: Ralph McTell
Ayr Way Inn: Selton
Bath Moles Club: Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans
Bath Technical College (lunchtime) and Bath Horbie's (evening): Vox Akimbo
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ida Red
Birmingham The Bredon Cross: Shades
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Carnation/The Traitors
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Odeon: Cliff Richard
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Last Detail
Blackburn King George's Hall: The Damned/Anti-Nowhere League
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Braintree Essex Barn: The Blue Cats
Brighton New Regent: The Chefs/Mood Elevators
Bristol Colston Hall: Rue De Remarx
Bristol Stonehouse: Mind Tunnel/Glass Life/Author Unknown
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Variations/Flat 19
Chesterfield Star Inn: Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes
Chippendale Goldiggers: The Look
Coventry General Wolfe: The Newmatics
Coventry Queens Inn: Furious Apples
Coventry Warwick University: Altered Images
Croydon Cartoon: Monkey
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Max Boyce
Derby Rainbow Club: Chelsea
Dublin RDS Stadium: Ryan
Durham Brewers Arms: The Stingrays
Eastcote Bottom Line: Hipnosis
Edinburgh Odeon: The Cure
Exeter Boxes: In The Red
Exeter University: Jacques Loussier
Guildford City Hall: Rick Wakeman
Hanley Victoria Hall: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
Hull The Oriental: Whammer Jammer
Hull Spiders: Nym Nym
Irvine Magnum Theatre: Boys Of The Lough
Kingston Polytechnic: Alien Kulture
Leamington Spa Winston's: The Mosquitos
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Saracen
Leeds Warehouse: Bill Nelson & Richard Jobson
Leicester Nags Head & Star: The Future Toys
Leicester Polytechnic: Nine Below Zero
Liverpool Brady's/The Cave: The MIS Band
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon
Liverpool Polytechnic: Department S
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: The Strangers/Taxi Girl
Liverpool Star & Garter: French Lessons
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
Liverpool University: Hokusai
London Camden Dingwalls: Roddy Radiation/The Impossible Dreamers
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: SJ & Her Gam
London Clapham 101 Club: Motor Boys
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Everest The Hard Way/Burlesque
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: Weapon Of Peace
London Fulham Golden Lion: Panic
London Fulham Greyhound: The Clocks/Lino's Lost Patrol
London Fulham Kings Head: The Drivers
London Greenwich White Swan: Excalibur
London Gt. Portland St. Albany: Room 13
London Hackney Chats Palace: Eddie Prevost Band
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:

Dream Sequence/Strange Persuasion
London Hammersmith Odeon: Thin Lizzy
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Drastic Measures/Syntax
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Kino Mundo
London Islington Pied Bull: The Volcanoes
London Kennington The Cricketers: Lee Kosmin
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Lambeth The Angel: Wargasm/Premature Ejaculation/Havoc
London Marquee Club: After The Fire
London Middlessex Polytechnic: Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes
London North Polytechnic: The Beatroots
London N.4 The Stapleton: Starcore with Nicky Barclay
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Free Hand
London Putney White Lion: Jo-Ann Kelly Band
London Soho Pizza Express: Alex Welsh Band
London Southall White Swan: The Attendants
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Johnny Storm & Memphis/Rebel Rousers
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Merger/The Microdots
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Ricky Cool & The New Band
London Stratford Green Man: Scorch
London Victoria The Venue: The Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Family Fodder/The Lines
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Hambl & The Dance
London Woolwich Tramshed: Praxis/Burlesque/The Locusts
London W.1 Club Left: Vic Godard & Subway Sect
London W.1 Penthouse Club: True Life Confessions/Baby 'n' The Monsters
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: The Danny Adler Revue (for three days)
Luton Cottars: Energy
Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Pointer Sisters
Manchester Ardri Ballroom: Section 25
Manchester Devils: Bee Vamp/Biting Tongues
Manchester Free Trade Hall: Hot Gossip/The Berlin Blondes
Manchester Polytechnic: John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett
Manchester The Gallery: The Distractions/Catwax Axe Co.
Manchester University Oak House: Stilts
Matlock College: Tandoori Cassette
Newcastle The Coopers: The Rhythm Methodists
Norwich East Anglia University: Rory Gallagher
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Rock City: Linx
Oxford Bacchus Wine Bar: The Difference
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Chinatown
Oxford St. Catherine's College: Rio & The Robots
Plymouth Ark Royal: British Intelligence
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Black Roots
Preston Warehouse: UK Decay
Sheffield Jakko Wine Bar: The Cardboard Cellar
Sheffield Limit Club: Remipeds
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: The Human League
Sheffield The Big Tree Hotel: Patis
Slough Fulcrum Centre: Tenpole Tudor
Southport Arts Centre: Bob Wilber Group
Wellingborough British Rail Club: The Fantoms
Wokingham Angle's: Juks Jump

Friday

27th



Madness: London Rainbow

Aylesbury College of Further Education (lunchtime): Curfew
Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel: The Dolphins
Basilston Woodlands Youth Club: Epics/Stress
Bath University: Dr Feelgood
Bedford Horse & Groom: Energy
Birmingham Aston University: Department S
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Nightingales
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Odeon: Cliff Richard
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teaser
Blackpool JR's Club: Spider
Blackburn Galleries: Moscow
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Richard Thompson
Bradford St. George's Hall: The Strangers/Taxi Girl
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: Birds With Ears
Brighton Top Rank: Haircut 100/Buzz/New Moon Through Glass
Bristol Plough Inn: Embee & The Bulldogs
Bristol Trinity Hall: The Androids Of Mu/Rock Goddess
Bristol University: The Ivory Coasters/Taliman
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Spring Offensive
Cardiff Community Centre: Wenym
Cardiff Grassroots: Living Legend/The Review
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Deep Machine/Desolation Angels
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: Whammer Jammer
Cirencester Royal Agricultural College: Sub Zero
Cleethorpes Peppers: The Drifters
Coventry General Wolfe: The D.T.'s/Paris
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlites
Crawley Leisure Centre: Max Boyce
Croydon Cartoon: The Pencils
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Syd Lawrence Orchestra
Durham St. Cuthbert's College: The Cheaters
Edinburgh Odeon: Gary U.S. Bonds
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Ralph McTell
Farnham Coach House: Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band
Glasgow Night Move: Duritti Column
Glasgow Pavilion: The Cure
Glasgow Theatre Royal: Boys Of The Lough
Guernsey C.I. The Hermitage: The Pulse
Hatfield Polytechnic: Squeeze
Henley Town Hall: The Rascals
High Wycombe College: The Kindergarten/The Virgins
Horncastle Town Hall: The Brooklyn Dukes
Kingston Waves: The 01 Band/Survivors
Lancaster Trades Hall: Walked-Up Nuns
Launceston White Horse Inn: Mr. Zoot
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: The Berlin Blondes
Leeds Warehouse: Animal Magnet
Leigh Labour Club: A Pencil

Liverpool Empire Theatre: The Pointer Sisters
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: The Pretenders/The Flying Padovanis
Liverpool The Masonic: Burning Airlines
Liverpool University: Wah!
London Abbey Community Centre: Titus Andronicus/The Chefs
London Barking North-East Polytechnic: Bob Wilber Group
London Brentford Red Lion: Chuck Farley
London Camden Dingwalls: Tour De Force/Disco-Void
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Central Polytechnic: Alien Kulture
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Amore Amor
London City Polytechnic: Mxyzptlk/Mirror Co.
London Clapham Landor Hotel: Starcore with Nicky Barclay
London Clapham Two Brewers: Talk Like That
London Clapham 101 Club: Sad Among Strangers/Treatment
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Rio & The Robots/Killer Wales
London Cricklewood Red Lion: Shotgun
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: The Swim
London Fulham Golden Lion: Peter Green
London Fulham Greyhound: Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line/Mad Shadows
London Fulham Kings Head: The 45's
London Hackney Chats Palace: The Walking Wounded
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: Shades
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Charge
London Hammersmith Odeon: Thin Lizzy
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Dolly Mixture/The Exciters
London Holloway North Polytechnic: Delta 5/Maximum Joy
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Ricky Cool Band
London Islington Royal Oak: That's Cooking
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: Bumble & The Bees
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
London Lambeth The Angel: Baby 'n' The Monsters
London Lewisham Lee Centre: The Papers
London Marquee Club: Grand Prix
London Mile End Queen Mary College: Black Slate/Here & Now/Tony Allen
London N.4 The Stapleton: Lickmalolly
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Wailing Pumas/Cayenne
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Zila Big Band
London Plumstead The Ship: Vaguely Divine
London Putney Half Moon: Mickey Jupp Band
London Putney White Lion: The Republic
London Rainbow Theatre (Jobs For Youth concert): Madness/Clint Eastwood & General Saint/Chris Thompson & The Islands/Alexei Sayle
London School of Oriental and African Studies: Prince Far I/The Beatroots
London Soho Pizza Express: Tony Coe Quartet
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Incognito
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Little Roosters/Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London Strand King's College: Art Zoyd
London Stratford Green Man: Hotline
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Little River Band
London Tottenham The Spurs: Human Beans
London Trent Park Polytechnic: Mari Wilson & The Imaginations
London University: Funkapollitan/The White Brothers
London University College: Hambl & The

Dance
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Naphtali
London Victoria The Venue: Shakatak/The Colabs
London Walthamstow Assembly Hall: Altered Images
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Gas
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Colours Out Of Time/Ambivalent Pilots
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: The Cannibals
Loughborough University: Rory Gallagher
Lymington The Railway: The New Brendas
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Linx
Manchester UMIST: The Microdots
Newcastle Jesmond Cinema: Bill Nelson & Richard Jobson
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Tytan
Norwich Penny's: Heatwave
Oxford Pennyfarthing: The Vetoos
Plymouth Ark Royal: Canyon
Remsgate The Flowing Bowl: Ghost
Reading Top Rank: Samson
Reading University: Trimmer & Jenkins
Retford Porterhouse: Siam
Rickmansworth Watersmeet: Chelsea
Scunthorpe The Cocked Hat: Arrowmatic Tors
Sheffield Cats Club: The Cardboard Cellar/Steve Cooper Blues Band
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: The Human League
Shifnal Star Hotel: Rough Mix/The Apostles
Shoeburyness Sportsman's Club: The Cruisers
Silsoe College of Agricultural Engineering: Tandoori Cassette
Southampton Kingsland Hall: Xena Zerox
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Rick Wakeman
Southampton University: Jacques Loussier
South Shields Legion Club: Saracen
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: Shakin' Stevens
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: The Solicitors
Uxbridge Brunel University: Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes
Walsley Leasowe Castle Hotel: Paul Costello & Friends
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: The Deckchairs
Wokingham Angie's: Ruthless Blues
Wolverhampton Barley Mow: Sub Zero
Worthing Montague Theatre: Marillion

Saturday

28th



The Beat: London

Aberdeen West Hill Inn: Ralph McTell
Barkingside Old Maypole: The Cruisers
Bathbridge The Oasis: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Hawks / Close Rivals
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
Birmingham Odeon: Cliff Richard
Blackpool JR's Club: Spider
Bradford St. George's Hall: The Cure
Bradford University: Rory Gallagher

Nationwide Gig Guide

Brighton Pavilion Theatre: Hondo / Hipnosis
 Camberley The Agincourt: Androids Of Mu / Rock Goddess
 Canterbury Kent University: Red Shift / Black Market
 Canterbury University Darwyn College: Naughty Thoughts
 Gershalton St. Helier Arms: Jets
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Onlookers / The Dads
 Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
 Colchester Essex University: Department S
 Coventry General Wolfe: Vendetta
 Coventry Warwick University: Animal Magnet
 Cromer Links Pavilion: Dr. Feelgood
 Croydon Cartoon: Little Sister
 Croydon The Star: The Cannibals
 Derby Lonsdale College: Tandoori Cassette
 Dover Red Lion: Ghost
 Durham University: Scritti Politti / Orange Juice
 Ebbw Vale The Level: The Dynamos
 Edinburgh Odeon: Hot Gossip / The Berlin Blondes
 Edinburgh The Place: Station VI
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Linx
 Farnborough College: Hambl & The Dance
 Farnborough Recreation Centre: Shekatak
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: The Pretenders / The Flying Padovans
 Greenock Victorian Carriage (lunchtime) and Dumfries Nith Hotel (evening): The Dolphins
 High Wycombe Nags Head: The Mighty Strypes
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: Siam
 Hull Tower Ballroom: The Slits
 Irvine Amanda's Disco: The Dolphins
 Kingston Right-To-Work March: True Life Confessions
 Leeds Haddon Hall: Johnny Storm
 Leeds Ship Inn: The Cardboard Cellar
 Leicester Saffron Lane Club: Dawn Fury
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: The Damned / Anti-Nowhere League
 Liverpool The Masonic: Stun the Guards
 Liverpool Warehouse: Asylum
 London Bethnal Green Four Corners Club: Guardians Of The Ancient Wisdom / One Ego
 London Camden Dingwalls: Top Secret / Panic
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Biddie & Eve
 London Clapham 101 Club: Disco-Void / Howard Jones
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Wreckless Eric / Spiral Models
 London Edmonton The Cock: Raunch And Roll
 London E.C.1 The Loft: Conversations / Zeitung Da
 London Feltham Football Club: The Deltas
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Dance Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Shea Ramah / Plain Characters
 London Fulham Kings Head: Ricky Cool Band
 London Hackney Chats Palace: Cooking For Pleasure
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Birds With Ears
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Macondo
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Thin Lizzy
 London Horse Hill Half Moon: A Bigger Splash / Between Pictures
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Bumble & The Beez
 London Islington Pied Bull: Sinyx / Assassins Of Hope / Terminal Disaster / Rudimentary Peni
 London Kenish Town Bull & Gate: Morrissey / The Untouchables
 London Lambeth The Angel: The Untouchables / Shake Appeal
 London Marquee Club: Overkill
 London N.4 The Stapleton: Dave Ellis Band
 London NW1 The Cellar: Martin Carthy
 London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: Seeds Of Creation
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Stop Band / Tropicana
 London Poplar Young Prince: Shotgun
 London Putney White Lion: Ricky Cool & The New Cool
 London Rainbow Theatre (Jobs For Youth concert): The Beat / Tom Robinson / OK Jive / Joe Jackson
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Martin Carthy / John Kirkpatrick / Howard Evans
 London Soho Pizza Express: Andre Beeson Quartet
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Cobras / The Extras
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London Stratford Green Man: Reg Haynes Outfit
 London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Glen Campbell / Diane Solomon
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Naphtali
 London Victoria The Venue: Altered Images
 London Waterloo Young Vic: Poetry Olympics with John Cooper Clarke / Linton Kwesi Johnson
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Lydia Lunch / UT
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Colours Out Of Time / Ambivalent Pilots / Replaceable Headz
 London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: Gilly Elkin Band
 London W.14 St. Matthew's Church: Dolly Mixture
 Macclesfield Harlequins: Wenym
 Maldstone West Malling Greenways: The Drifters
 Maldon Jubilee Hall: Shades
 Manchester Nick Greenwood Venue: Embee & The Bulldogs
 Manchester University: The Look
 Newcastle City Hall: Gary U.S. Bonds
 Newcastle University: Wahl
 Norwich East Anglia University: Squeeze
 Northampton County Ground: Tenpole Tudor
 Nottingham Midland Group: Hocketus
 Oxford Penny Farthing: Dicken
 Oxford St. Edmund's Hall: Dangerous Girls
 Plymouth Ark Royal: Canyon
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Max Boyce
 Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: Survivors
 Retford Porterhouse: Vic Godard & Subway Sect

Rushden Windmill Club: Energy
 Salisbury Highpost Hotel: The Nashville Teens
 Salford University: The Ivory Coasters
 Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: The Strangers / Taxi Girl
 Sheffield University: Clint Eastwood & General Saint
 Shifnal Star Hotel: U.X.B.
 Skegness Festival Theatre: Heatwave
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Herb Miller Band
 Southampton Joiners Arms: Games To Avoid / Dancette
 Southampton University: Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes
 Southport Arts Centre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 St. Albans City Hall: Nine Below Zero
 Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: Incognito
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
 Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: The Mosquitos
 Wakefield Breton Hall College: Surfin Dave & The Absent Legends
 Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: Chevy Chase
 Wisam Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Peas
 Wokingham Angie's: Telemaque
 Woodford White Hart: Human Beans
 Worthing Fountain Club: Marillion



The Cure: Stoke

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: Hot Gossip / The Berlin Blondes
 Birmingham (Aston) The Holte: Rockit
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
 Birmingham Time & Place: Animal Magnet
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
 Blackburn King George's Hall: Nico / The Fall / Eric Burdon / The Blue Orchids
 Bournemouth Badger Club: Marillion
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: Whammer Jammer
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
 Brighton Pedestrian Arms: The Star-Beats
 Bristol Colston Hall: Ozy Osbourne Band
 Bristol Locarno: The Damned / Anti-Nowhere League
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Cardiff New Theatre: Billie Jo Spears
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Mad Shadows
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Shakin' Stevens
 Croydon The Star (lunchtime): Starcore with Nicky Barclay
 Edinburgh Odeon: The Pretenders / The Flying Padovans
 Gillingham Central Hotel: Incognito
 Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: Wahl
 Glenrothes Rothes Arms: Powerhouse Boogie Band
 High Wycombe Nags Head: The Alligators
 Ilford Palais: Atomic Rooster
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Herb Miller Band
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Ralph McTell
 Kew Palace: The Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Kirkcaldy County Club: Vic Godard & Subway Sect
 Lancaster University: Rory Gallagher
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: Fallen Angels
 Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: Rosie Hardman
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Original Chris Barber Band with Lonnie Donegan
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: Mike Osborne Septet
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Willie Garnett / Brian Leake Trio
 London Clapham 101 Club: Chinese Radio Operators / Stubbom Streak
 London Covent Garden Africa Centre: As, Hem, Syrup / The White Brothers / The Times
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Menage A Trois / Alternative Tones / Twilight Zone
 London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: Marcia Barrett (of Boney M)
 London E.11 The Eagle: Martin Carthy / John Kirkpatrick / Howard Evans
 London Finchley Torrington: Ricky Cool & The New Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Dana Gillespie
 London Fulham Greyhound: Ivor Biggan & The D-Cups / The Naturals
 London Fulham Kings Head: Rye & The Quarterboys
 London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): Graham Read's Futuristic Rhythm
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Nine Below Zero
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The 45's
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose
 London Lambeth The Angel: The Beatroots / Damaged Youth
 London Marquee Club: The 01 Band
 London Mermaid Theatre: Boys Of The Lough
 London N.11 Standard Sports & Social Club (lunchtime): Young Jazz Big Band
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra
 London Parsons Green White Horse: Double Image
 London Putney Half Moon: Gordon Giltrap

London Putney White Lion: Starcore with Nicky Barclay
 London Rainbow Theatre (Jobs For Youth concert): Black Slate / Barry Ford / The Members / Alexei Sayle & surprise guests
 London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny Parker
 London Southbank Jubilee Gardens (3pm): Weapon Of Peace
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co.
 London Stratford Green Man: The Funky B's (lunchtime) / Mikado (evening)
 London Tottenham The Spurs: Lickmallooly
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: Overkill
 London Victoria The Venue: Bill Nelson & Richard Jobson
 London Waterloo Young Vic: Poetry Olympics with Roger McGough / Tom McGrath / Paul Weller & The Jam
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Plain Characters / Rapido Volume
 London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: The New Brendas / The Avengers
 London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: Granville Harding's Lig
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Sweet Substitute / Pete York's New York
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Corporation / Flex
 Lynham The Pegasus: Wenym
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Human League
 Manchester Royal Northern College of Music: Hocketus
 Newcastle Ashington & Hurst: Saracen
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Norwich East Anglia University: Department S
 Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: New Age
 Peterborough Halcyon: Energy
 Plymouth Ark Royal: Canyon (lunchtime) / Quarry (evening)
 Portsmouth Locarno: Tenpole Tudor
 Poynton Folk Centre: Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators / Ann Chesters
 Preston Moorak: Moscow Philharmonix
 Reading Top Rank: Squeeze
 Redhill Lakers Hotel: The Waiting Pumas / The Incognito Blues Band
 Royton The Railway (lunchtime): Stits
 Southampton (Woolston) Newbridge Inn: Games To Avoid / Look Back In Anger
 Southend Cliffs Pavilion: Rick Wakeman
 Southport Theatre: Heatwave
 Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: The Detroit Emeralds
 Stoke Kings Hall: The Cure
 Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: Max Boyce
 West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Sub Zero
 Woking Centre Halls: The Nashville Teens
 Wokingham Angie's: Cruise
 Worcester Old Pheasant: Jeffshoe & The Overalls / Millionaire Meklos & The Continentals



The Passage: London

Bath Le Metro: Vox Akimbo
 Belfast Whittle Hall: The Strangers / Taxi Girl
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
 Birmingham Cedar Club: Vice Squad
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
 Birmingham Odeon: The Human League
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Jeffshoe & The Overalls / Millionaire Meklos & The Continentals
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Cryer
 Birmingham Sloopy's: Hot Pencils
 Bristol Granary: Chelsea
 Bury The Derby Hall: 100% Proof / Mickey Mouse Murders
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Ozy Osbourne
 Cardiff University: The Look
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Montage Real Estate / Mandrake
 Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes
 Coventry Apollo: The Cure
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: The Damned / Anti-Nowhere League
 East Kilbride Olympia Ballroom: The Gladiators
 Harlow Benny's Nightclub: The Barracudas / Small World
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Leeds Warehouse: Vic Godard & Subway Sect

XMAS DEADLINES

AS USUAL, a special double issue of NME will be published in the week before Christmas — and there'll be no issue at all during Christmas week itself. This means that the Gig Guide printed in the NME dated December 19 will list two weeks of dates. What's more, in view of the holiday arrangements, we need them extra early to ensure their inclusion. So if you have any gigs you wish to be included in the NME Christmas issue, remember that the period involved is

DECEMBER 17-30

and please bear in mind that the very latest we can accept them is first post Wednesday, December 9. So don't wait until the last minute — pop 'em in the post right away. And remember that, for the two weeks in question, the absolute

DEADLINE IS DECEMBER 9

Leicester Parnell Rooms: Embee & The Bulldogs
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Linx
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Rick Wakeman
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Exciters / Lino's Lost Patrol
 London Charing Cross Heaven: Talisman / A Flock Of Seagulls / Nasmaak
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Pokadots
 London Clapham 101 Club: Triple Echo / Perfect Crime
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Telegraphs / The Ya Ya's / Flesh For Lulu
 London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: Chick Corea & Gary Burton
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Hollywood Exiles / Reflex
 London Fulham Kings Head: John Spencer Band
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Shakin' Stevens
 London Hammersmith Palais: The Slits
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Double Agent
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Up-Sect / Dekko
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Elaine Delmar (for a week)
 London Lambeth The Angel: The Keys
 London Marquee Club: 720
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Monkey / Helen Webb
 London Putney Half Moon: Martin Carthy / John Kirkpatrick / Howard Evans
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: Jacques Loussier (for two weeks)
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Starr Jazzband
 London Southall White Hart: Step By Step
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Marines / Things In Bags
 London Victoria The Venue: Animal Magnet / The Sinister Circus
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Dark
 London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda: Diversen / Stimulin
 London W.1 Embassy Club: 25th Street
 London W.1 Gillyray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 Margate Winter Gardens: Max Boyce
 Middlesbrough Gaskins Plus One: Clint Eastwood & General Saint
 Newcastle City Hall: The Pretenders / The Flying Padovans
 Oxford Caribbean Club: Androids Of Mu / Rock Goddess
 Oxford Scamps: The Birthday Party
 Preston Moorak: Moscow Philharmonix
 Purfleet Circus Tavern: The Drifters (for a week)
 Reading Top Rank: Tenpole Tudor
 Sheffield Cats Club: The Cardboard Cellar / Wards Experience
 Sheffield City Hall: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
 Sheffield Marples Club: The Blue Orchids
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Thin Lizzy
 Southend Zero 6: Wreckless Eric
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 St Albans City Hall: Billie Jo Spears
 Stockport Mirlees Social Club: The Perennials
 Sunderland Annabel's: Verba Verba
 Swansea Top Rank: Gillan / Budgie
 Watford Bailey's: The Grumbleweeds (for a week)

Tuesday 1st

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Odeon: Linx
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Money
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Johnny Parker / Harry Walton / Ray Smith
 Brighton Dome: The Cure
 Bristol Colston Hall: Gillan / Budgie
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Marillion
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Thin Lizzy
 Cardiff Top Rank: Tenpole Tudor
 Cardiff University: Tandoori Cassette
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Purple Hearts / The Reaction
 Chester Edwardians Club: The Precautions
 Chippenham Goldiggers: Nine Below Zero
 Coventry Priory Hall: Embee & The Bulldogs
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Acker Bilk Band
 Danford Railway Hotel: Johnny Silvo
 Glasgow Doune Castle: The Dolphins
 Harpenden Three Horseshoes: Chris Barber Band
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
 Leeds Richmond Hotel: Dodgy Tactics
 Leeds Tiffany's: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: Ozy Osbourne Band
 Leicester University: Dr Feelgood
 Leigh-on-Sea Crooked Billet: Martin Carthy / John Kirkpatrick / Howard Evans
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Flying Club / Damp Jungle / Western Propaganda
 London Canning Town Balmoral: The Wrecktangles
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: Wit Of A Banker
 London Charing Cross Heaven: Killer Wales
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: King's Swingers
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: Mitch Dalton Jam Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Talk Like That
 London Fulham Greyhound: 1990 / Benny & The Meatballs
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Activated / Urban Dissidents
 London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London Lambeth The Angel: Apocalypse
 London Marquee Club: Samson
 London Piccadilly Legends: Panic Button / Eddie Steady Go
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Empty Vessels / Josie & The Pussy Cats
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Re-Flex
 London Stratford Green Man: Beggars Opera
 London Victoria The Venue: Misty In Roots
 London Wembley Arena: Electric Light Orchestra
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Nuekion
 London W.1 Embassy Club: Calling Hearts
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Squeeze
 Newcastle The Mitre: Zap / Red

Performance / Silent Scream
 Sheffield Bridge Hotel: The Cardboard Cellar
 Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: The Slits
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Joan Armatrading
 Southampton Solent Suite: Mike Osborne Septet
 Southampton Top Rank: Heatwave
 Southend Cliffs Pavilion: Billie Jo Spears
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: Siam
 Wolverhampton Frankley's: Jeffshoe & The Overalls / Millionaire Meklos & The Continentals
 Wrexham Memorial Club: Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes

Wednesday 2nd



Joan Armatrading: Leicester

Aberdeen Valhallas: Thirty Bob Suits
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
 Birmingham Odeon: Squeeze
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Brighton Dome: Linx
 Brighton Top Rank: Nine Below Zero
 Cardiff Great Western Hotel: Al Grey & Buddy Tate
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Shakin' Stevens
 Cardiff Top Rank: Gillan/Budgie
 Carshalton Cottage of Content: Empty Vessels
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Marillion/Tangam
 Chatham Old Ash Tree: Naughty Thoughts/The Pulsaters
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Corby Strathclyde Ratters Bar: 'A' Levels
 Croydon Cartoon: Jenny Darren Band
 Croydon The Star: The 45s/The Marines
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: Billie Jo Spears
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: Tandoori Cassette
 Hull University: Department S
 Lancaster Styx Club: Androids Of Mu/Rock Goddess
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: Joan Armatrading
 Leicester Nags Head & Star: Electroplex
 Leicester Phoenix Arts: Mike Osborne Septet
 Leicester Polytechnic: The Newmatics
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Ozy Osbourne Band
 Liverpool Warehouse: Vice Squad
 London Battersea Arts Centre: Paul Downes & Phil Beer
 London Camden Dingwalls: Dittlinger
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Simon Purcell & Jeanette
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Talk Like That
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Europeans/Mixyztlik
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: The Stargazers
 London Euston The Pits: The Beatroots
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton & Denny Laine
 London Fulham Greyhound: Devotion/Animal Luxury
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Cliff Richard
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: James Smith Experience
 London Holloway North Polytechnic: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 London Hounslow Maria Gray College: Rio & The Robots
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Lambeth The Angel: True Life Confessions
 London Marquee Club: Samson
 London Mile End Queen Mary College: Rory Gallagher
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite
 London Soho Pizza Express: Keith Smith's Hefty Jazz
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Urban Dissidents/Enola
 London Tottenham-Court Road: The Horseshoe: The Volcanoes
 London Victoria The Venue: Heatwave
 London Wembley Arena: Electric Light Orchestra
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: John The Baptist
 London W.1 (Dean Street) Gossips: The Talk
 London W.14 Sunset Jazz: Ricky Cool Band/The London Apaches
 Loughborough University: The Strangers/Taxi Girl
 Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: Chris Barber Band
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Pretenders/The Flying Padovans
 Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians
 Manchester (Choriton) The Seymour: Stits
 Manchester University: Wahl
 New Romney SeaHorse: Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs
 Norwich East Anglia University: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
 Plymouth Ark Royal: Direct Lines
 Plymouth Barbican The Navy: Martin Carthy / John Kirkpatrick / Howard Evans
 Plymouth Top Rank: Tenpole Tudor
 Poole Arts Centre: Ralph McTell
 Retford Porterhouse: Discharge/G.B.H.
 Sheffield Royal Park: Whammer Jammer
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: The Human League
 Stafford Nags Head: The Square Pegs
 Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: Second Image
 Swinton Duke of Wellington: Rockin Horse
 Worcester Dinesy Coppertops: Jeffshoe & The Overalls/Millionaire Meklos & The Continentals
 Worcester Western Futuristic Bar: Embee & The Bulldogs

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 25th November BOP NATIVES £1.00	Sunday 29th November THE 45s £1.00
Thursday 26th November KINO MUNDO £1.00	Monday 30th November DOUBLE AGENTS £1.00
Friday 27th November RICKY COOL £1.25	Tuesday 1st December DISCOVOID (ex Flatbackers) £1.00
Saturday 28th November BUMBLE AND THE BEEZ £1.50	Wednesday 2nd December RE-FLEX £1.00

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8 pm — 2 am

Thursday 3rd December RORY GALLAGHER £3.50 adv Friday 4th December ASWAD £2.50 adv	Thursday 10th December STEVE HARLEY and Cockney Rebel £3.00 adv Friday 11th December SQUEEZE £3.00 adv
Saturday 5th December ROSE TATTOO £3.00 adv Wednesday 9th December THE BUREAU + THE MO-DETTES + RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS £2.50 adv	Saturday 12th December NILS LOFGREN £3.00 adv Wednesday 16th December SLADE £3.50 adv
Friday 18th December SUZI QUATRO £4.00 adv	

Must be 18 years of age or over. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Way Ahead Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords, 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

THE GOLF CLUB
383 Euston Road, N.W.1
Licensed 8.30-1am
Opp Gt Portland St Tube

Thursday 26th November ALTERNATIVE CABARET + Combo Passes £2.00	Monday 30th November THE NICE MEN + The Three Laws £1.50
Friday 27th November MILES OVER MATTER + The Treatment £1.50	Tuesday 1st December CLOCKS + The Reactions £1.50
Saturday 28th November LEMON KITTENS / EYELESS IN GAZA £2.00	Wednesday 2nd December Reggae nite DAMAGED YOUTH with DJ Ronnie Williams £1.50

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thu 26
Schatzberg's SWEET REVENGE 4.00 7.25 +
THE HOT ONE 2.10 5.25 9.00

Fri 27
Schatzberg's SWEET REVENGE 4.00 7.25 +
THE HOT ONE 2.10 5.25 9.00

Sat 28
Schatzberg's SWEET REVENGE 4.00 7.25 +
THE HOT ONE 2.10 5.25 9.00

Sat 11.30 All night
BEATNIKS: THE SUBTERRANEANS + PULL MY DAISY + BUCKET OF BLOOD + BEAT GIRL + MAN WITH A GOLDEN ARM + 7

Sun 29
Weir's MAN OF MARBLE 2.00 5.00 8.00

Mon 30
Joan Crawford triple:
HUMORESQUE 3.40 8.10
+ DANCING LADY 2.00 6.35
+ Crawford interview 5.50 10.20

Tue 1st
Classic horror triple:
Ulmer's BLACK CAT 3.30 7.10
+ ISLAND OF LOST SOULS 2.15 5.55 9.30
+ ROUNDS OF ZAROFF 4.40 8.20

Wed 2nd
SOLDIER GIRLS 1.20 4.25 7.30 + FRANCIS JOINS THE WACS 2.35 5.40 8.45

Thu 3rd
TAXI DRIVER 3.10 7.00
+ PERFORMANCE 1.20 5.10 9.00

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVE
Sep Perfs. Seats: 1000. Last perf. Mon-Fri. All weekend perfs. Bar, Pkg. nearby

1: **MOMMIE DEAREST (AA)**
Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.0, 8.00 Late show Sat 11.05

2: **Monty Python & The Holy Grail (A)**
Wk & Sun 2.0, 7.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 FULHAM ROAD
Seats: 500. Last Sep Prog. Lond bar. Doors open 15 mins prior

1: **MOMMIE DEAREST (AA)**
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

2: **SHOGUN (A)**
Sep Progs 1.45, 5.0, 8.30

3: **"10" (X)**
4.10, 8.30

4: **PRIVATE BENJAMIN (AA)**
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 2.0, 7.15

5: **Steven Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)**
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

ABC 1, 2, 3 BAYSWATER (QUEENSWAY)
1: **MOMMIE DEAREST (AA)**
Progs 2.0, 4.25, 7.35 Sun 4.30, 7.35 Late show Sat 11.00

2: **MIDNIGHT EXPRESS (X) Wk & Sun 4.0, 8.30**
McVICAR (X) 1.45, 8.15 Sun 8.10
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.00

3: **KRAMER vs KRAMER (A)**
4.20, 8.40 Sun 4.15, 8.50
THE JAZZ SINGER (A)
2.0, 6.15 Sun 6.15 Late show Tonight & Sat 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 EDGWARE ROAD 723 5901
1: **MOMMIE DEAREST (AA)**
2.25, 5.25, 8.30 Sun 5.25, 8.30
Progs 1.50, 4.45, 7.45 Sun 4.45, 7.45
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15

2: **MIDNIGHT EXPRESS (X)**
Wk & Sun 4.10, 8.35
McVICAR (X) 2.0, 6.20 Sun 6.20
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15

3: **ALIEN (X) Wk & Sun 4.45, 8.40**
THE FOG (X) 3.0, 6.50 Sun 6.50 Late show Sat 11.15

4: **SHOGUN ASSASSIN (X)**
1.40, 5.25, 9.10 Sun 5.25, 9.10
HOME BEFORE MIDNIGHT (X)
3.10, 6.55 Sun 6.55 Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15

Special after Monday only all seats 12 as all shows cinema for a season.
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FRIDAY 27th NOVEMBER 8pm
TICKETS £2.50 in advance, £3.00 on door FROM TOP RANK, VIRGIN AND USAMA AGENTS

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THE HUMAN LEAGUE

Mon 21st December at 7.30
BINGLEY HALL · STAFFORD
Tickets: £4.50

Box Office, Bingley Hall, Weston Road, STAFFORD
Mike Lloyd Artists, 23 High Street, Newcastle Staffs. (0782) 610940
Cyclops Sounds, Piccadilly Arcade, BIRMINGHAM (021) 643 2196
Sundown Records, Lichfield Street, WOLVERHAMPTON (0902) 772370
Lotus Records, 40 Mill Street, STAFFORD (0785) 48240
Mike Lloyd Music, 15 Percy Street, HANLEY (0782) 24641
Piccadilly Records, Piccadilly Arcade, MANCHESTER (061) 236 2555

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)

THURSDAY 26th NOVEMBER
BILL NELSON INVISIBILITY EXHIBITION

FRIDAY 27th NOVEMBER
ANIMAL MAGNET

MONDAY 30th NOVEMBER
VIC GODDARD AND THE SUBWAY SECT

Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

MCP & Kitch 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

Tread Carefully in the Circus Ring
HARLEQUINS
+ Support
MOONLIGHT CLUB
Sat, November 28th, 8pm

RICHMOORE PRESENTS

LINDISFARNE
+ Pete Scott
MON 7th DEC 8pm
SWANSEA TOP RANK
0792-53142

TUES 8th DEC 8pm
LOCARNO BRISTOL
0272-276193

The EXPLOITED
with Special guests
BLACK FLAG
TOP RANK CARDIFF
SUN 13th DEC 8pm
0222-26538

Follow The
BEATROOTS
Thurs 26th Nov—
North London Poly
Fri 27th Nov—
School Of Oriental Studies (Prince Far-I)
Sun 29th Nov—
Lambeth Walk, The Angel
Fri 4th Dec—
Bedford College (Q-Tips)
Wed 9th Dec—
Kennington, Cricketers
Thurs 10th Dec—
180 Club
Fri 11th Dec—
Upstairs at Ronnie Scotts
Sat 12th Dec—
Upstairs at Ronnie Scotts
Wed 16th Dec—
Kennington, Cricketers

NELSONS
49 Durnford Rd
Wimbledon SW19
(Behind the Sportsman's public house in Wimbledon Football Club)

Wed 25th Nov £1.00
BATTZ

Thurs 26th Nov £1.50
HAMBI AND THE DANCE

Sun 29th Nov £1.00
THE AVENGERS
plus the New Brander

Wed 2nd Dec £1.75
Stan Webb's
CHICKENSHACK
- Fast Eddie

MARSHALL ARTS PRESENT
WEDNESDAY 16TH DECEMBER 8 P.M.
SQUEEZE
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GAUMONT THEATRE BOX OFFICE. TEL: 0703-29772
VIRGIN RECORDS IN SOUTHAMPTON AND PORTSMOUTH
AND SETCHFIELD RECORDS BOURNEMOUTH.

MIDDX POLY S.U.
presents
Thursday 26th November

THE BUREAU MO-DETTES RODDY RADIATION
(ex Specials) **AND THE TEARJERKERS**

All Seats, White Hart Lane N17
Tube: Wood Green. Bus: W3
Rail: White Hart Lane

£1.50 students £2.00 others
8pm. Order of Bands a Surprise, so get in early

THE MEKANIX

Sat 21st — The Duke, Greek Rd, Deptford
Sun 22nd — Goldsmiths Tavern, New Cross
Thu 26th — Southern Stars, Deptford
Fri 27th — Hatfield Poly (with Squeeze)
Sat 28th — NUJ Benefit, Crypt, Deptford
Sun 29th — Reading Top Rank (with Squeeze)
Tue 1st — Dartford College, Dartford
Thu 3rd — Southern Stars, Deptford
Fri 4th — Prince Rupert, Plumstead
Sat 5th — Duke, Greek Rd, Deptford
Sun 6th — Goldsmiths Tavern, New Cross

Derek Block presents
THE CURE
plus GUESTS

26th NOV.
EDINBURGH ODEON

27th NOV.
GLASGOW PAVILION

28th NOV.
BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL

29th NOV.
STOKE KINGS HALL

30th NOV.
COVENTRY APOLLO

3rd DEC.
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

All tickets £3.50 & £3.00 except
Hammersmith Palais, all £3.50

DIVERSON at The BARRACUDA
1 Baker St. W1 (903 2062)

Monday 30th Nov
STIMULIN DIVERSEN

Monday 7th Nov
RIP RIG AND PANIC
9.30-2.30am. Every Monday with the best dance music in town

Members £3.00 Non-Members £3.50

King Charles Hotel

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NOVEMBER
29th — INCOGNITO
30th — PETER POWELL — UNDER 18 NIGHT

DECEMBER
1st — THE DAMNED
9th — REAL THING

11th — DEPARTMENT S
13th — HOT CUISINE
15th — SECRET AFFAIR
16th — DR FEELGOOD
17th — GERRY FORD
20th — MORRISSEY/MULLEN
23rd — Q-TIPS
27th — CHRIS HILL
31st — HIGH TENSION

LIVE ADS



FINAL SOLUTION PRESENTS
BAUHAUS
 ZEITUNG-DA!
 BLAZING AFFAIR

7.30PM FRIDAY DEC 11TH
 WALTHAMSTOW ASSEMBLY HALL
 FOREST ROAD - E17
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 ADVANCE TICKETS £3.50 FROM
 SMALL WONDER, HONKY TONK, ROUGH TRADE
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SUNDAY 29 NOVEMBER
 AT THE
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**RECORD
 NEWS**

- **Tottenham Hotspur**, who had a hit single before the Cup Final with 'Ossie's Dream', have now come up with a Christmas sing-along LP containing 33 tracks — including Glen Hoddle singing 'Hey Jude'. As a bonus, there are also goal-scoring extracts from the Cup Final commentary. It's on the specially formed Cockerel label, set up by Towerbell Records, and it's titled 'The Tottenham Hotspur Party Album'.
- A special edition 12-inch EP from Vice Squad is released by Bristol label Riot City Records, combining their two previous EPs 'Last Rockers' and 'Resurrection', and featuring a colour picture sleeve containing the lyrics to all six tracks. From the same label comes an EP by Wigan band The Insane called 'Politics', and an EP by Sheffield band Abrasive Wheels is scheduled for December.
- 'Raiders Of The Lost Dub' is a reggae compilation album of dub music, released by Island on December 7. Among those featured are Black Uhuru, Burning Spear, Walling Souls, The Paragons and Sly & Robbie.
- Kent trio The Arnold Incorporated have their second album 'Ghost Of Blossom' available this week on the local Ace Records label, through usual independent outlets. It consists of nine self-penned tracks.
- Two 12-inch EPs issued by 4.A.D. Records this week are a four-track instrumental set by Df Juz titled 'Vibrating Air', and the second release from Leeds band Dance Chapter called 'Chapter Two'.
- Perry Haines, who helped to develop the styles of both Spandau Ballet and Duran Duran, emerges as a solo recording artist on the Fetish label with the single 'What's Funk?'. Featured on the track are saxist Gary Barnacle, Judy Nylon and the backing vocals of Incognito's Tessa Webb.
- Britain's first licensing deal for African Records has been set up by the Obi label of South London, whose initial releases are by Sunny Okosun, Warrior and General Ebenezer Obey. Obi buy the master tapes from EMI and Decca in Africa, and produce the albums in London — allowing them to sell at £4.50, compared with the average import price of £6.50. More releases are planned for the near future.

MADNESS have their tenth single issued by Stiff this weekend. It's a re-working of 'It Must Be Love', which was originally a hit for its composer Labi Siffre in 1971. The B-side is 'Shadow On The House'.

BAD MANNERS release a seasonal EP on Magnet this week, titled 'Special R'n'B Party Four EP'. Main title is a re-vamped version of 'Buona Sera', and the other tracks are 'Don't Be Angry' (from the current LP) plus two previously unissued titles, 'The New One' and 'No Respect'.

TENPOLE TUDOR join the Xmas album frenzy with a new LP called 'Let The Four Winds Blow', out this week on the Stiff label, with a free patch included in the first 10,000 copies. The cassette version contains one extra track, 'Sea Of Thunder'.

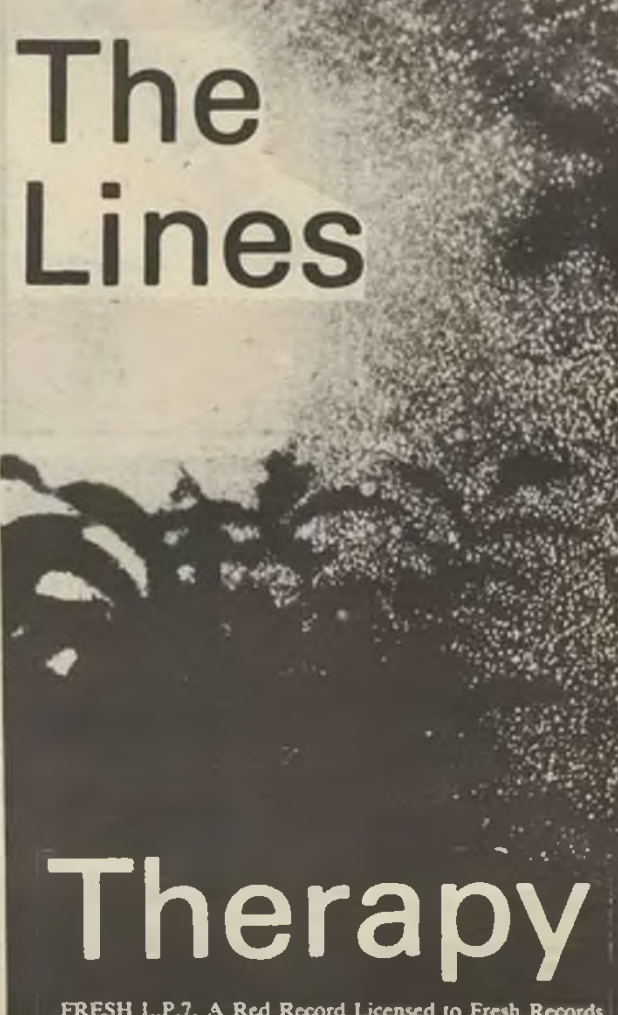
- Bim have a new single out on Swerve Records (through WEA) this week, titled 'Wally Rap'. It's the first to feature the band's new line-up, following Bobby Henry's departure due to ill-health — he's now been replaced by guitarist Silence.
- Trojan release three newly recorded reggae albums this week, the first being 'Disarmament' by Ras Michael & The Sons Of Negus, their first LP to be issued here since 1976 — its theme is of peace and total disarmament as preached by Emperor Haile Selassie which, of course, is one of the main beliefs of the Rastafari cult. The other two albums are both by Prince Far I — 'Voice Of Thunder' and a different version of the same set, featuring extended dub mixes, titled 'Cry Tuff Encounter Chapter IV' and featuring Far I's studio band The Arabs.
- John Hart is the sax player with Rockin Dopsie's Cajun Twisters, and he has his first solo album 'The Blowing Man' out on Sonet Records, with The Cajun Twisters featured throughout along with Swedish blues pianist Slim Notini. From the same source comes 'A Couple of Cajuns' by The Ardoin Family Orchestra, a black Louisiana band whose music bridges the gap between the cajun and zydeco — and the LP also features cajun fiddler Dewey Balfa. A third new Sonet album is 'Frozen Alive' by one of America's leading contemporary bluesmen, Albert Collins, recorded live in Minneapolis earlier this year.



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Ian Penman sizes up the small screen

Thursday, November 26
THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS (Eugene Lourie 1953). Based on a Ray Bradbury story (*The Foghorn*) and filmed on a flimsy budget, this Beast is saved by master craftsman Ray Harryhausen and his rhedosaurus. Could be read as anti-nukes seeing as how it's an atonic bomb test in the Arctic that triggers off all the monster mayhem. Lee Van Cleef muddled up in a minor part somewhere. Daft. (BBC2).
THE ALIENS ARE COMING (Sandy Dirk 1980). Tonight is terror night, as ITV try to programme against BBC2's beastie with a totally unpredictable tale of things from outer space trying to possess our bodies. Frankly, outer space things, you can have my body. I just don't know what to do with it any more. (ITV).
Friday, November 27
TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE (Richard Thorpe 1941). There have been more Tarzan movies made than I've had hot toddies, and most of them are probably best forgotten. Johnny Weissmuller is the noble savage himself in this one, Maureen O'Sullivan his char lady and Ronald Reagan plays Cheeta. (BBC2).
NED KELLY (Tony Richardson 1970). "Mick" Jagger sports unmentionably absurd whiffs of glued-on goat fluff on his chin and chops, chews on what he obviously imagines is an Aussie-Irish working class accent and drops loads of other heavy clangers in this fetchingly pastoral but ultimately pretty wet 'Western style' Australian outback junk. Didn't go down well in the Big Country, apparently. Needless to say. (BBC1).
(P.S. LWT viewers, SOAP has picked up again — a much better bet for Friday night.)

Saturday, November 28
SOUTH SEA WOMAN (Arthur Lubin 1953). From *Here To Eternity* doppleganger with Burt Lancaster brawling, Virginia Mayo sprawling and Chuck Connors screwing up his face. (BBC2)

GRIZZLY (William Grier 1976). Grizzly attempt to cash in on the subliminal success of *Jaws* and *The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms* (ie the menace of giant rubber animals) with all its money riding on Willie Nelson as the Jellystone-type creature goes berserk and a cast of unknowns struggling to keep up with his consumption. (He is searching for his own particular Fay Wray — some bloke called Jack Daniels.) (ITV).
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? (Robert Aldrich 1962). Sororic high drama jinx between Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in Robert Aldrich's classic darkly comic dissection of fading Hollywood facades and kinship aggravated by grandiose delusions. Brittle and bitchy. (BBC2)

WAR AND PEACE Pt 3 (Sergei Bondarchuk 1963-67). Hammy Russian soap opera — interminable, immoral and with no grasp of narrative nuance. (BBC2)

Sunday, November 29
PASSPORT TO PIMLICO (Henry Cornelius 1948). Perfect wintry Sunday afternoon fare, doubly welcome as LWT appear to have dumped their 'season' of old British comedies. In Pimlico, Stanley Holloway presides over the local community, eagerly grasping the chance to whoop it up during the bleak period immediately following WWII. Lovely stuff, and one of the very finest Ealing comedies; wait for Margaret Rutherford's grand entrance towards the end. (BBC2)

WAR AND PEACE Pt 4 (Sergei Bondarchuk 1963-67). The most expensive film ever made comes to its conclusion. Next week: Woody Allen in *Love and Death*. (BBC2)

OUT OF SEASON (Alan Bridges 1976). Emoting runs high in Vanessa Redgrave's low-life hotel and she can't seem to be able to make up her mind between old Yank lover Cliff Robertson and randy young daughter Susan George. "Sordid rubbish!" — NME. (BBC2)

Monday, November 30
WAR OF THE PLANETS (Anthony Dawson 1965). What a

good, original title! And what a rare pleasure it is to see on our small screens a rotten old Eytie B-movie dubbed into risible 'English'. Special effects courtesy the people who do the Christmas lights down Hartlepool High Street. (ITV Thames).

THE LOST MOMENT (Martin Gabel 1947). They sure brought in the big guns to deal with Henry James' *The Aspern Papers*: Robert Cummings, Susan Hayward and Agnes Moorhead. (BBC2).

Wednesday, December 2
THE RARE BREED (Andrew V. McLaglen 1965). Liberal slices of ham as Maureen O'Hara tries to flog her Hereford bull to James Stewart and Brian Keith. A very rare breed indeed: the filmus familiaris. (BBC1)

THE PARALLAX VIEW (Alan J. Pakula 1974). The dark side of *All The President's Men* as Warren Beatty's reporter, investigating a senator's assassination, uncovers a frightening series of decalcs. A superior conspiracy thriller but probably too showy and shadowy to make much impact on the box. (ITV)



Monty Smith sorts out the circuit releases

ABSOLUTION (Directed by Anthony Page). Richard Burton's father confessor finds himself in a catechism-22 situation when half the boys at his seminary own up to murdering Billy Connolly (I know he's not that funny, but even so...) — or does he and have they? Anthony Shaffer's convoluted whodunnit is reviewed in *Silver Screen* this week. (Enterprise)

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON (John Landis). Good, clean, lycanthropic fun from the man who brought you the *Blues*

Brothers disaster. *Werewolf* is nearly as funny as *The Howling*, a low-budget shock job that previewed Rick Baker's amazing on-screen werewolf transformation technique earlier this year. Boy, was John Landis mad! Reviewed 14.11.81. (Barber International)

THE BURNING (Tony Maylam). Stupid psycho-drama. Reviewed 21.11.81. (HandMade)

MARILYN — THE UNTOLD STORY (John Flynn and Jack Arnold). Did you know she had a really ugly brother? Musselman's Law. This TV flick qualifies for being done under the Trade Descriptions Act. Reviewed 21.11.81. (Rank)

MOMMIE DEAREST (Frank Perry). More Hollywood necrophilia as Faye Dunaway becomes Queen Bitch for a day. Well, 2hrs 9mins anyway. She's playing Joan Crawford by the way, right up to the hilt. Reviewed next week. (CIC)

MONTENEGRO (Dusan Makavejev). More jokes about foreigners, women going mad and battery-operated, dildo-carrying tanks. Ian Penman goes into the hidden meanings next week, when we also give Mr Makevejev the chance to explain himself. (New Realm).

TRUE CONFESSIONS (Ulu Grosbard). A very hard piece of work, beautifully written and performed, that emerges as the only serious contender to *Southern Comfort* for 1981's Best Film. Joan Didion and Gregory Dunne lay waste the way for laymen and Catholics alike as Los Angeles circa 1947 (cf *Chinatown*) rises like a phoenix with clipped wings from the mass of graft and corruption. Robert Duvall was born to play the cop, Robert De Niro quietly disintegrates as the priest. Reviewed this week. (United Artists)

WOLFEN (Michael Wadleigh). Stylish thriller that's very impressive when concentrating on Albert Finney's dour cop and Gregory Hines' 'spunky' morgue technician, less so when the big ecology message bludgeons its way through. Even so, it sure makes Antonioni's video doodlings look silly. (Warner Bros).

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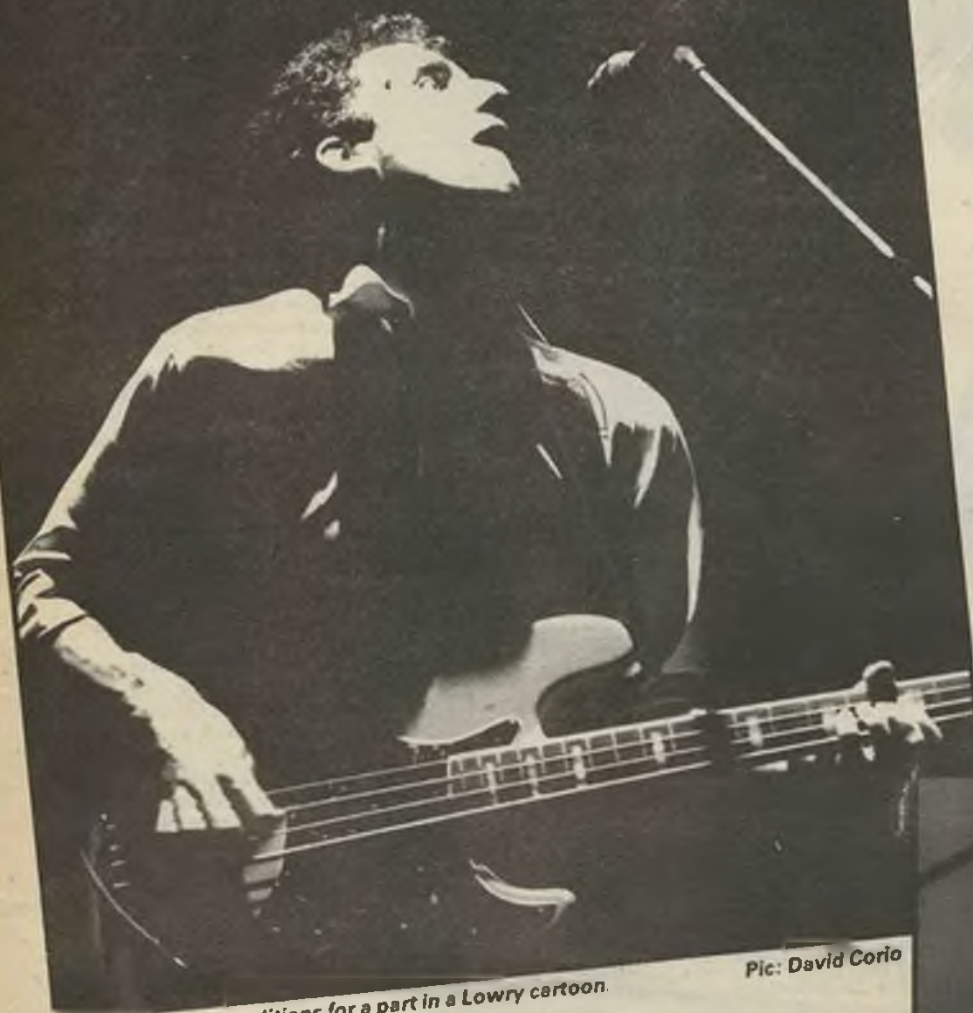
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THE PURSUIT OF GRAND SCHEMES



Andy McCluskey auditions for a part in a Lowry cartoon

Pic: David Corio

THE MADNESS MONSTER!

Madness

DOMINION FROM HIS little hole in the bottom left hand corner of the canvas, raider Chas glances up at his Madness mates and moans to himself at their sanity. Chas, the custodian of the slap and the sticky tickle, wants some knotty action: more we are the diddy men than we are the cordial professional pop performers, more crazy foam than padded caution. From his little home at the left hand side of the stage Chas plots his disruption — the rescue! — of the workmanlike Madness show. Chas the mad-ness monster plans to tear apart the predictable gaiety, poke holes in the sensible fabric. What's it all about when your favourite pop group, the group that you're in, gets all smooth on you! It can't be easy, it's more than telling a few jokes and drenching the drummer, but Madness musn't grow up standard and drippy.

(Take risks to stay frisky. Dash around to stay fresh. Bite hard on the wit. The wise and the merry must marry. Be a sport. Squeeze those spots.)

The straight and bent men of Madness dabbled at the Dominion in their uniforms: bar Chas. I think Chas reckoned they they represented all the colourless elements of British football — they were all about stiffed character and ponderous commitment. Chas wanted to see something of the rollocking unexpected, the ridiculous unsuspected, and strived defiantly to put a jitter-bug down their collective trousers.

(Take this. Take that. Are you there? Don't you want to speak to me? I'm going to whack you if you don't watch it.)

Chas wore army gear, with a CND symbol on his helmet. His contribution to the music was some maybe trumpet sparps, some you-never-know volleys on a snare drum, and some strapping "1-2-3"s during 'Shut Up'. He killed, or sold, his time on stage trying to crack the faces of his Madness musoap's and upset their timing. He ragged and jolled with diverting sincerity. He ran through over up and under his colleagues, seriously arranged around the expensively elegant stage, as if a harmless but keen hooligan attempting to unnerve a stuffed, stuffy bus queue. Chas was obviously repulsed by the prosaic glossiness of the stage

equipment that Madness can now afford, and views such trappings as a disfiguring threat to the insolent letters of the Madness beano law. He was thinking, if we're going to spend money on stage decoration why not spend it on objects, scenery and toys that are not so palpable as this rock'n'roll trench. This Madness set up may once have belonged to Bad Company. Perhaps it was this stage environment that superintended Madness' dissident fastidiousness. Chas was not in favour of what seemed to be sulkiness. He ran a few circles dropping rubber spanners into the secure works, but it wasn't much use. Sugar! Some Madness players even seemed to be bothered by Chas's poltergeist peskiness. A few times Chas whispered something into Suggsy's ear, and Suggsy just didn't want to know.

(Maybe I should go solo, pondered Chas, as he somersaulted across the stage. Maybe I should trumpet for Pigbag, or percussion for A Certain Ratio. Wonder if they'd smile more?)

A few times Chas and Suggsy got in a mix up when it came to the between-song chat. Suggs laboured through a joke about the lack of men's toilets in the theatre, Chas delaying the slash line with some aimless encouragement for the poor seated audience. Madness kept calm: they were clearly not irritated enough by the enchanted deliverer of mischief. Chas was the one sparkling link with the Madness of video and comic and he was considerably anxious about Madness's passive presentation of The Happy Hit Makers Go Soapy. His naughtiness slapped against their nonchalance and this time it got beat.

Madness as a group got bled by the bogey that it's difficult to be anything above and beyond the competent pop group in The Theatre. Chas knows an irregular way into the secret of theatre triumph (everything you feel you should do, for fancy's sake do the opposite) and appreciates that a plain Madness is pleasant and no more. If Madness are to survive as a live act that serves justice to their shining comic invention then they must be much more of a scandalising pleasure trip.

And off Chas goes for another despairing sprint around the stage.

Paul Morley

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark

Hammersmith Odeon

IT STRIKES me that Orchestral Manoeuvres in The Dark are a group floundering in the swamp of paradox, uncertainty and futility which is the logical fate of those too entranced by fundamental questions of Life and The World for their own peace of mind. Throughout this extraordinary, contradictory event, it was hard not to agree with P. Morley's conclusion in a recent *NME* singles column, that OMD have indeed "gone mad."

Here are OMD pondering the unfathomable, and matching these monstrous speculations with diabolical, grandiose music to fit the tone. Here are OMD on a stage, projecting themselves from backdrops of pure, fabulous colour, and photographic studies of clouds parted by the drenching light of sunset. Yes,

a spectacle; heaven comes to Hammersmith.

What a fine, clean, enveloping spectacle, too. The dazzling visuals cleverly isolate the four persons of the live OMD to their own sector of stage territory with dramatic effect; each human component is a framed unit of stark significance. Entering The Odeon, perhaps one minute late, to the rending, earth-moving mood of 'Sealand' is something akin to gate-crashing a celestial cathedral with God conducting the service. OMD have taken certain implications of their 'Architecture And Morality' and made them multi-sensuous. The MOR masses are captured, convinced, converted. It's just the tasteful side of gross. It's a challenge to disbelieve it, and it's a marvel to behold. It's a literal representation of OMD's intentions, and it makes your jaw go sick. That's one thing.

Here's another. There are certain hints at counterpoints to make you laugh out loud. Firstly, there is Andy McCluskey, a man who is too tall, and composed entirely of elbows, knees and shoulders. His exaggeratedly stumbling dance steps get closer to

convulsions on stilts the longer the show goes on. He is earnestly aped by the great mass of the hordes with a rapt enthusiasm found only in those who have seen the light. The whole persuasive, imposing impression of encompassing magnificence punctured by sheer absurdity is truly compulsive, and almost out of control.

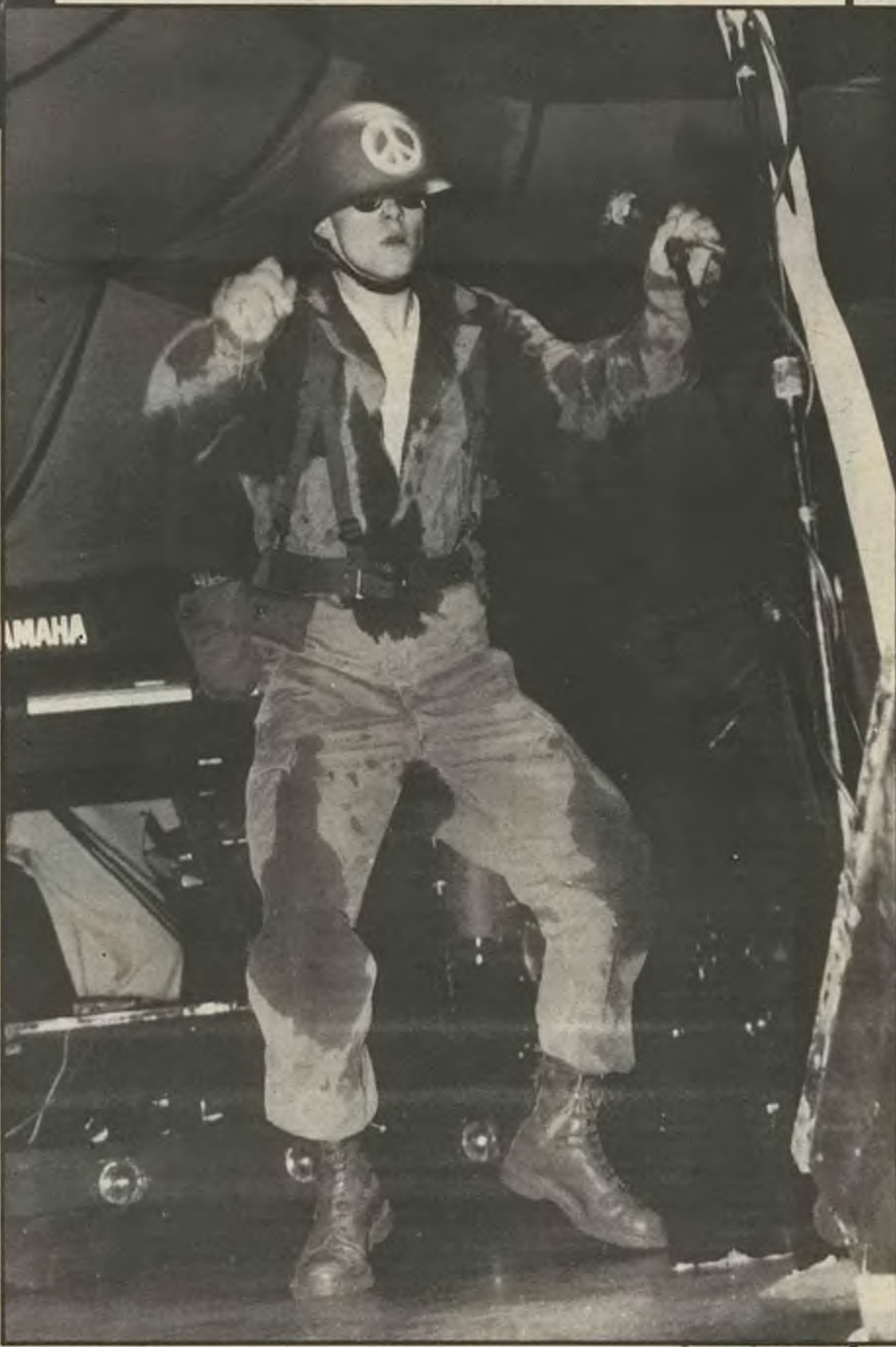
By accident or design, OMD unhinge the sense of awe that they inspire. They seem determined to create it, yet simultaneously sabotage it with silliness and straight-faced insanity. Their quest for real majesty and its perfectionist contrivance are disrupted by lunacy, the utter daftness of parts of their tunes, and the softly, homespun tilt to their manner.

The repeated swooping from older, bouncier, and apparently less weighty material, to the new, only adds to their possible embarrassment at going the whole hog. It's weird. It looks like they're baulking at the realisation of obsessions that are irresistible. Maybe they realise that the pursuit of grand schemes would make them look funny, anyway.

Maybe no-one would come if they played it completely straight.

Dave Hill

LIVE!



Chas demonstrates his Limited Nutty Strike Capability.

Pic: Peter Anderson

(VERY) MANNERS

of the evening broke out and Bad Manners entered on a cue of violence. Accompanied by eight Burundi-beating guards in Busbys from one of Her Majesty's Regiments, they whipped into 'Just A Feeling' and the reaction was Pavlovian pandemonium. This was maintained through a perfectly professional set, isolated from anything that might have been going on in the auditorium — as on *Top Of The Pops*. Bad Manners have had a seemingly never-ending run of hit singles, about six that are all exploited to the full. The other songs are mere deviations from the chartbusters, so although I haven't got any of their discs I felt I knew the set backwards. It's more or less Quo meets Two Tone, and none of the songs are any good, but they're simple, catchy and strong on those marchin' rhythms.

Back in the audience, Her Majesty's Constabulary had joined the fray. Every so often I'd turn round to see a fan being dragged away by one of the boys in blue, but I suppose that's normal at football matches like these. If a bloke gets knocked over then it's only natural that eight others are going to start kicking his head in. Isn't it?

Meanwhile, Bad Manners had stopped their last song. Poor Buster, by now stripped to his underpants (not a pretty sight), had to take a stand against the fact that some waif was getting a free lobotomy down at the front. "All we wanted to do was have a good time, a party," he blubbers. What he fails to recognise is that to the average skin violence is inherent in having a good time.

Simon Fellowes



The latest Trendle in glamour lingerie?

Pic: Peter Anderson

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ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS



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THE BLACK TORNADO

Cecil Taylor Unit

Roundhouse

IT'S IN the air, it's gone. I bore witness to the Cecil Taylor Unit and couldn't, really, come to any decision. The totality of Taylor's force (and I was prepared) was enough to overpower any resistance; but it relaxed any grasp on specifics too. It held out one hand for coercion and clenched the other in refusal.

That can be a thrilling paradox, of course, and at some point in the gradient you can stop off and take in the view. A quartet is a leaner group for the pianist than most of his recent records have showcased, so the players' responsibilities were thrown into sharper relief. Rashid Hakr must be the most conscientious listener of all Taylor's drummers: less free-spirited than Cyrille or Murray, his choice of emphases and impeccably crafted stickwork were roped almost entirely to the leader's own vehicle of momentum. Bass players can suffer in Taylor groups, and William Parker had to struggle —

against poor sound, against a rhythmic mesh which seemed to allow no way in. The more tranquil passages gave him his chance to bow through selective counter-melodies.

The closest attention, though, must be paid to the contest between Taylor and Jimmy Lyons. Lyons must be the bravest sax player in jazz. The task set for him is to promulgate the melodic shape of the music while this terrifying storm is raging all around him. He knows that if he falters the conflagration will at once go beyond his control; if he builds a line to a climax too soon he'll have to try and claw his way back in again. Some labour.

But Lyons, a study in dapper concentration, still made it. With Taylor always at his heels, the altman's patient imagination discovered playing of raw beauty, sometimes nettled into the extremes of register, mostly fretting over segments of the scale and melding the fragments into something strong enough to face the tornado.

Which memory of Cecil Taylor lingers most? The

stamina (The Unit's set ran an hour and forty minutes, plus a ten minute resume as an encore), the drive to go beyond endurance? The hands rushing over the keys, fingers stretched to chipchop the board as if he were chiselling into stone? The unearthly voicings — right hand icepicking the treble, the left excavating a glowering response, the two hurtling together and apart again? The beginning: Taylor and cohorts wordlessly exhorting in voice the spirits from a darkened stage? The finish: the pianist sings again, a last invocation as the music sank out of the atmosphere?

In the end, I was . . . lost. This is so much: dumped down in the centre of a labyrinth, everybody pointed up, but the demands on concentration and response turn the faculties to mud. Music of the most intense purity, simply beyond compare — that's my fault. Anchorless, the only causeway is (glorious) surrender. The only knowledge is that Taylor's perfect control finds the right path.



Cecil pummels 'Is planner

Pic: Val Wilmer

At the close, the pianist put on his glasses, got up and walked off without a word, the work done. You can never recapture it again.

Richard Cook

ADULTERATED

Bow Wow Wow The Dancing Did Re-Flex Zeitung Da!

Zigzag Club
AS A kickoff for this new club in the Great Western Road, the eclectic lineup seemed to bode well. Thanks to a total lack of organisation, the evening itself was an almost unredeemed non-event.

As an example of standard rockist incompetence, not to say injustice, the most interesting of the three new groups, Dancing Did from the Vale of Evesham, arrived at four in the afternoon, failed to get a soundcheck, and only managed to play half their set before being told that due to a shortage of time they must conclude. Later they had their expenses reimbursed. Bow Wow Wow were picking up a cool two grand.

Good old Zigzag, champions of struggle and independence.

The opening act, Zeitung Da!, are an arty dance band who rely heavily on a synthetic keyboard rush which submerges the other, more inadequate parts of the sound to the point of inaudibility. The male instrumentalists stand about like dummies, leaving the shapely, Lovich-voiced girl singer to make all the running.

They seem to have no new ideas about dance or pop, and their songs are at the moment rather feeble. Once they've started to play properly as a group, something more may come of this unadventurous setup.

Re-Flex, meanwhile, are clearly an ex-heavy metal band. They've obviously hit on the idea of adjusting their

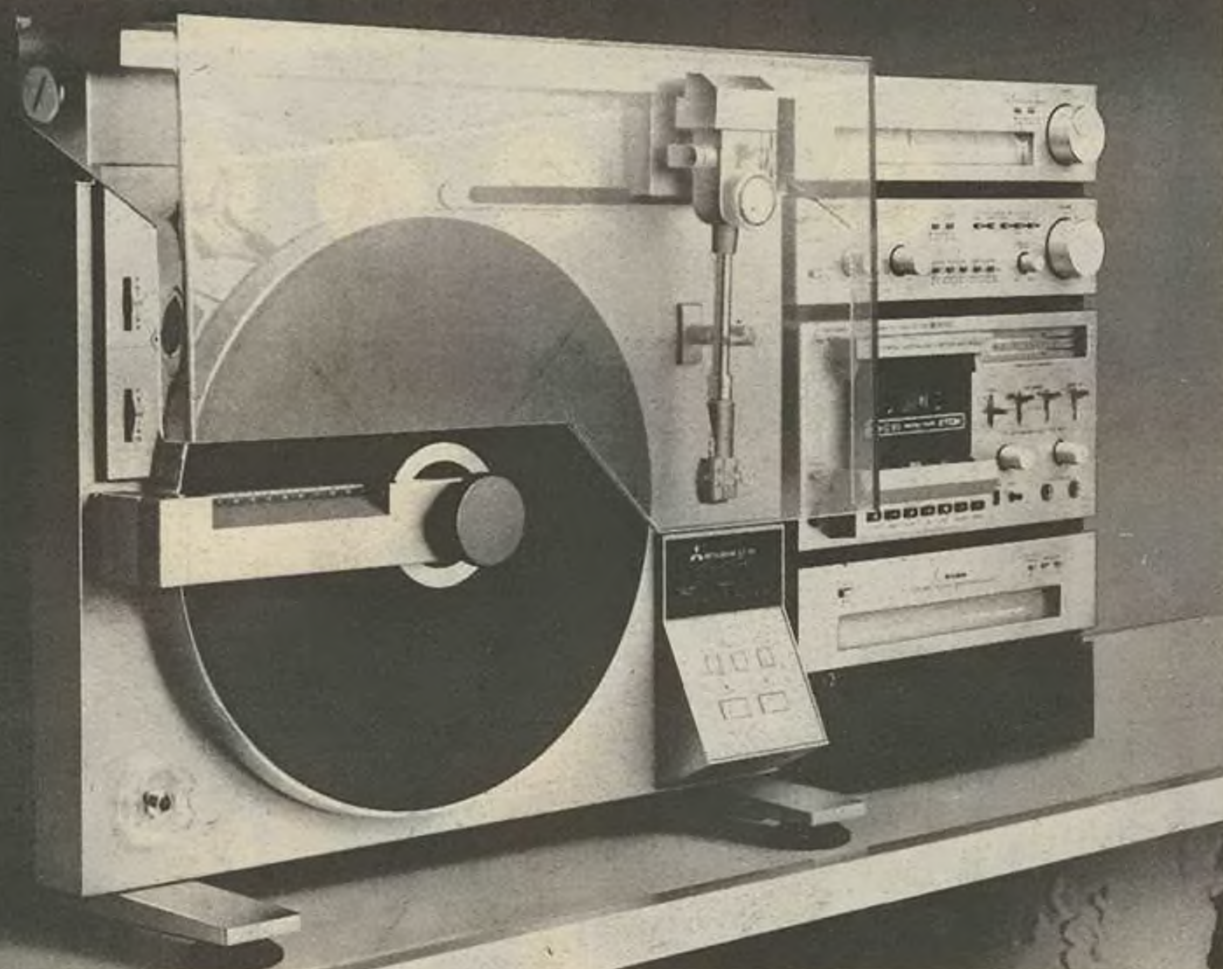
sound to the funk axis, a la Wild Cherry, but songs such as 'Praying To The Beast' and 'Hitline' only too clearly betray their origins. That the thing is carried off with a certain humour and panache is not intrinsically a justification for this unwelcome novelty.

The Dancing Did immediately pierced through the dull leisureliness of the occasion. This excellent four-piece is playing a highly original, wait for it, *pastoral Edwardian rockabilly*, a delightfully rough, tough little sound whose untapped source is mythical village England, specifically in their case the county of Worcestershire, from whence they hail.

This band should be playing truckstops in Texas. They are wholly wonderful. As long as they don't become just another Stiff curio — there are shades of Tenpole in the design and the demeanour — they are destined for great things. Songs like 'The Wolves Of Worcester' and 'Squashed Things Off The Road' are played with a rough-hewn grittiness that transcends their novel impact, and singer Tim Harrison's vocal style is a brilliant concoction of burps, burlies, and whimsical doggerel, taking the guttural echo of the great rockabilly singers — eg Warren Smith — into another dimension.

Here The Polecats meet Gilbert and Sullivan — check out the single 'The Lost Platoon'; and there's a splendid discobilly, if I may be permitted the term, in the *chef d'oeuvre* of 'The Day The Vikings Invaded The Cricket Match On The Village Green At Upton Sodbury', and if that sounds a little too quaint, rest assured that The Dancing Did are dirty and poetic enough to

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Mystic Orange Bikini Atoll Rampent

Rotherham

I'VE JUST invented a Chinese proverb: "It's only a phone call, so speak very quickly." This will be relevant. In the North, we have these things called Working Mens' Clubs. This will be relevant. This event was a heat of the "Rotherham Rocks with Radio Hallam" contest. This is irrelevant. Three groups: Mystic Orange, Bikini Atoll, Rampent (sic), all queuing patiently outside the phone box. Each group got paid £8. Each group played for forty minutes: a handful of 10ps for a phone-call to fame. Mystic Orange gave us the wittiest part of the evening. They set off a smoke-thing. It set off the fire-alarm thing. We were ushered out. It was witty like a David Niven coffee advert is witty. Silly old Mystic Orange. They'd been together 2½ years. In somebody's front room, I suspect. The drummer was possessed by a demon: concentration. Before they went on they couldn't find the stage door. They wandered through the bar in their orange (I see!) boiler suits. They couldn't find the door anywhere. The dilemma of Modern Western Man, lads. They stayed on the phone too long. They must have been reversing the charges. I felt like I was paying. After a few "numbers" they took their boiler suits off. The bass player must have had two legs in one hole. He took ages. Bikini Atoll were brighter, sharper. At least

A TENDER INTERVENTION

Pigbag The Raincoats

Leads

FEEL THE queue (breathe), see the cold (breath); buy the package. Pigbag and The Raincoats play the Bierkeller, a wide, low-ceilinged hall, and the hall packs; one half here to see Y Records' new propagandists, the other three-quarters here to support the band that has for so long supported them. Go see the old trade / new trade Rough Trade!

Pigbag headline but you must know that they're mint, that they touch and bounce, that they raise eyebrows. You've read it here.

This crew are funk headcases, tamed hooligans, clever thieves — Pigbag play safe but Rip, Rig & Panic venture? The formula is more infectious; surfboy haircuts go ape crazy!

Now, The Raincoats need talking about.

The Raincoats mean a lot of things to a lot of people. They never had the abrasive menace of The Slits (who, as Jane Suck said, sounded like a car starting up) back THEN (but that's for history lessons), but they were THERE, they were a part of THAT. "The Raincoats" has been sprayed many times. (Better forget THOSE days and talk 1981 or Morley won't love me).

They never had the horrendous power of the Au Pairs (remember the first time you heard Lesley's voice!) but they had the anger (defiant not bitter), another voice raised in protest.

The Raincoats sung (no sexless screech), The Raincoats succeeded. They inspired women and excited the women's movement (a good kick / a helping hand), injecting some pop vitality. The Raincoats keep pumping

sense and build on the warmth of their relationship with their audience. They have supported the struggle (a great benefit band and one who made a pallid public meeting PARTY!) and been taken to heart by those in struggle.

The Raincoats show a little compassion, make a tender intervention and ride the fury. Tonight they go accessible to a wider audience, play simple harmony (no pretensions) and enjoy themselves, single style. The Slits and those dirty kids from Moseley made, between them, the two best Peel sessions, no question, (the sessions were great because these two "serious girl bands" had power, Pistols-style. Was it some quaint "novelty"? Don't be a jerk!) but The Raincoats still have passion . . .

This Heat's Charles Hayward rattles and rolls on drums in the corner, almost sitting in the wings, while the three girls stand close up, out front, stage left. The bass pushes gently but the violin roughs up, drawing out the

high notes and resin squeak. Bowed strings mean sounds you've never heard from a guitarist, (horns meet six-string meets synth), an animal alternative to heartless machines for those of you impatient with the ageing crash of axemen.

When the Gang Of Four sung about Long Kesh (talked specifics) they introduced kids, some for the first time, to the existence of hidden concentration camps across the water. When The Raincoats discuss rape they reply to the rock 'n' roll big dicks, on their own ground, the rock 'n' roll circus; no education for the political sophisticates but, for us, a realisation that ideas quietly whispered could be argued and amplified.

They lead you with music to new possibilities, new pop theories.

Raincoats play with a purpose (so far so good) — you decide whether they achieve.

Join the struggle; The Raincoats won't mess you around.

X. Moore



A Pigbagger fondles 'is 'phone

Pic: David Corio

ADOLESCENTS

carry it off. They play with an energy, a humour, and an original vision that I found genuinely inspiring.

It was mildly encouraging that when, after half an hour, the group was informed that their time was up, there were faint protests from a small proportion of the audience, and these people must have sensed, as I did, that here was something a little newer than usual.

After the The Dancing Did, Bow Wow Wow couldn't have provided a more sanitary and depressing contrast had it



Annabella Pic: David Corio

been their explicit intention to do so. The message here is slick, unadulterated professionalism, from Matt Ashman's permanent but very unconvincing sneer to the non-stop choreographic wet dream of Annabella, Boo and Flo (her two clones, one a little shorter, the other a little taller). Annabella does, it must be admitted, possess the cutest smile in Christendom, but since you know she's been groomed and tutored into the ground, the Hollywood starlet charm starts to wear a little thin.

In these expertly calibrated throes of pop sexuality, the secret is the group's poise as a self-contained professional entity, as though everything referred back to McLaren. What's impossible to feel, when the place is crowded out with the usual Westwood entourage of designers and hairdressers, is the irony of the music's posited theme of adolescent escape, the pop-pastoral picnic vision behind the album. This show is strictly cosmopolitan, a vision of energy and fun thoroughly circumscribed by the world of adult success.

It may be that the tenuousness of this irony is holding the group back from the kind of success that Adam — who is playing open havoc with the myths, images, and appurtenances of entertainment — has achieved. We have here three fine musicians, a highly original dance pop sound, and an irresistible girl singer who dances beautifully and holds the eye riveted. What we don't really have is any great sense of fun, rural or otherwise. Perhaps in a year's time that old Fagin will find he's over-manipulated his own gulle.

Barney Hoskyns

to begin with. But they must make all their calls after six and at weekends. They were very derivative. In Working Men's Clubs they don't like you to play your own songs. You do three spots and you can do one song of your own and then it's hold on tight to your dreams. All original stuff tonight, though. Self-penned, anyway. The sort of stuff that Mickie Most used to like on *New Faces*. He'd have loved Bikini Atoll; he'd have said they were of now, of today, although he'd have said Now! and Today! They were described as a rock and pop band, which must mean that they eat rock and drink pop. It had to mean that. They probably won the heat. They certainly had no cool to lose. The singer kept coming out with Chinese proverbs: "Play snakes and ladders on my thighs", she said. The queue outside the phonebox was getting restless. They made us pay and pay. If brevity isn't the soul of wit then Bikini Atoll are very witty. They're like a month-long David Niven coffee advert heard over the phone. At least they didn't squint at the stagelights like Mystic Orange did. The idea of a rock contest is silly anyway. There, I've said it. The audience were all sitting still, peering into the phone box. I went home and missed Rampant (sic) which means that they were the best group of the evening. A new way to appreciate music in these restless times: go home before any of the groups come on. Hold on tight to your dreams. I thought Albert Ayler was a genius until I heard him on *Jazz Record Requests*. The crowd outside the box is getting restless but it's only Restless Ergo Sum. Pippipippip.

Ian McMillan

Tracks include:

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- Tuff We Tuff
- Ina Your Rights
- African Children
- Ways Of The Lord*
- He Gave The Sun To Shine
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- *current single

NEW ALBUM
'NEW CHAPTER'

CBS 85336 CBS 40/85336



James Blood Ulmer

Pic: David Corio

BLUE BLOOD

James Blood Ulmer

The Venue

JAMES BLOOD Ulmer's only London gig this year began with a volley of desperate noise and closed on a triumphal flourish. The change came simply from slowing things down a little and turning to the blues. When Blood played fast, you knew he could play guitar; but when he played the blues, you knew why he was playing — the feeling came crashing through.

It took a long time for that rapport to emerge. For 40 minutes I stood in a kind of bemused awe at the sheer frenetic drive of Blood's music. It was like a cerebral HM jazz; a racket, but a clever racket, where all three musicians played constant hectic solos that would suddenly collide in brief bursts of ensemble precision. It was a loud, vast, ugly, juddering force that left the audience well distanced, curious but rarely compelled, able to do little more than watch despite a tangible urgency to dance.

Thus far, Blood looked set to repeat the flaws of his new 'Free Lancing' LP. His singing was gruff, tense and inaudible, while his speed on guitar condemned him to reveal little but technique, and no heart at all. Amin Ali on bass and drummer Cornel Rochester impressed in a similarly abstract kind of way, the latter notably thrashing at everything in sight as if trying for the fastest onstage heart

attack in music history.

Then, gradually, things changed. Blood's amiable stage presence took out the tension. He ambled around, hunched over the fretboard, pausing only to sway from side to side and beam at the crowd. His pleasure was infectious. The din began to take shape, his guitar hit a bluesy tone, and the set resolved itself into a glorious, raggedy jazz-blues, tied to a dancing backbeat.

The trio clamoured through a great, joyous 'Free Lancing' before Blood stole the honours on a new song that allowed him some rare, almost contemplative, lyricism over Rochester's quickfire circular riffing. Another new track followed, welcome for its clipped guitar and relaxed beat, before the set climaxed with an extensive and superb 'Are You Glad To Be In America?', here brimming with a brash charm and fierce, rough-hewn blues guitar.

As recoveries go, this one was late but telling; and Blood ended the evening with his reputation intact, his penchant for busyness finally laid aside. I left mulling over the bitter irony that while CBS have rushed out his mediocre 'Free Lancing' LP, they still refuse to release Arthur Blythe's last two albums, the former of which, 'Illusions', contains some of Blood's best recorded work to date. Jazz may be the teacher, but record companies are notoriously slow to learn.

Graham Lock

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Jack O'Diamonds

Pic: Peter Simons

Reggae Runnings

THE GUSSE Clarke owned Music Works imprint brings forth the latest album from JA vocal trio **Mighty Diamonds** this week. Entitled 'Changes' (1981), the recording is a 10 track set distinguished by inclusion of the group's current 'Pass The Kouchie' hit, and also features their interpretations of Bob Marley's 'Hurting Inside', Johnny Osbourne's 'All I Have is Love' and Leroy Sibbles' 'Party Time', plus a selection of assorted new songs. A bass and drum rendition of the set is also released on the same label and bears the original legend 'Dubwise'.

Out on RCA is the Sugar Minott LP 'Good Thing Going' — formerly up on pre-release via the singer's own Black Roots outlet — and includes his title track national chart entry, plus versions of The Association's 'Never My Love' and Bacharach-David's 'Walk On By'.

Two 10-track toast excursions up from Florida on Joel Gibson's JGM outlet are a debut Lul Lapki set: 'Late Night Movie' (JGML 6044); and a various artists compilation 'Top Ranking DJ Sessions Volume II', featuring contributions by Jah Thomas, U Brown, Weedy Dread,

Trinity and others.

A pair of new discomix waxings released on DA Forbes' PRO label: Charmaine Burnette, 'Am I The Same Girl' c/w Session In Session, 'Direct Response (Inst)' (PRO D 001); and N W Ten, 'Cool Cool Loving' (PRO D 003).

Other new 12" titles are: Ricky Lee Smith, 'Reggae Time' c/w Wasimba & Sweet Harmony, 'Dub Time' (Mass Media Music MMM 12-1005); Gregory Isaacs, 'Permanent Lover' (PRE 20 12); The Blackstones, 'It's All In A Game' c/w 'Hypocrite' (Riff Raff RF DC 7901); and The Instigators, 'Let's Make Love' c/w Paulette & Sophia, 'How I Feel' (Love Birds LB 001).

On 7" pre-release emerge two new Niney productions: Peter Broggs, 'Blood Stain' c/w Nine Created New Sounds, 'Foot Drum'; and Reggae George, 'Trodding Along' c/w Observer Style, 'Two Thousand Ver' (Observers); Lee Van Cliff, 'Different Fashion' (Dance Hall); Delton Screechy, 'Get Up Stand Up' (Nigger Kojak); Mikey Jarrett, 'Sadat' c/w Papa Life, 'Wha Dat' (Jah Life); Michael Palmer, 'Angella' c/w Radix, 'Angel Version' (Yah Wee Gone); Yellow Man & Fat Head, 'Soldier Take Over' (Tanka — Blackness In Motion); and The Taxi Gang, 'Soldier Man Rock' (Taxi).

SOAS Ents presents Prince Far I And The Arabs onstage at School of Oriental and African Studies, Malet Street, WC2, on Friday, November 27. Doors open 7.30pm.

In the sound system arena Chismic Promotions present a Rub A Dub Clash Of The 80's on Friday, November 27 featuring four the hard way in a 81 Sounds Clash with from London — Frontline; from Birmingham — Jah Lion; from London — Christopher; from Nottingham — Quantro. Session commencing 7pm — dawn. Tickets in advance: £3.50; at the door — £4.00. — PENNY REEL

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THE FAT BOY sits at the back of the coach and cuddles the bottle of wine. He grins absent-mindedly. Then that pest of an interviewer gets back on the coach, determined as he is to get under the fat boy's skin. Am I taking the piss out of the world, or simply a family entertainer? . . . curse the interviewer. What will he ask now? Were you cautious about

"I think I'm being absurd but to a normal — whatever that actually is

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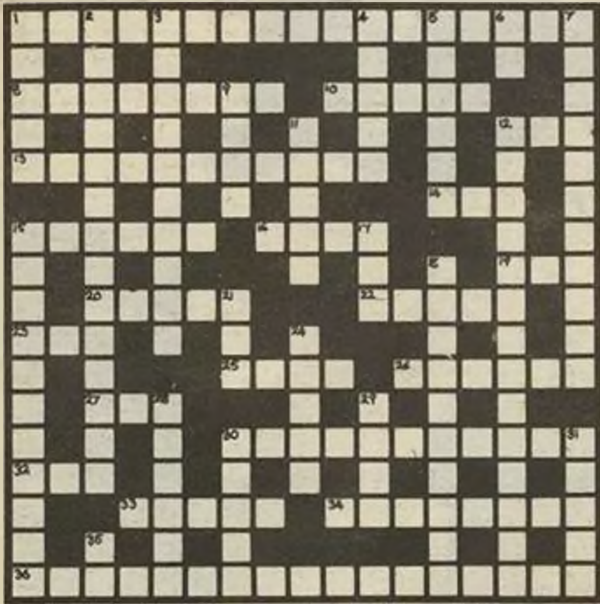
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NME X-Press Word



- 1 Limited edition of a Depeche Mode single? (4,4,3,6)
8 Close to her but didn't quite chart (4,4)
10 Melodies for sore throats? (5)
12 Style of music found initially in South Korea, apparently (3)
13 Bands with paranormal powers, perhaps (11)
14 Hear here? (3)
15 Disciplined time-keeping (6)
16 Scrambles in at Weymouth (4)
19 Mistakenly eat cannabis (3)
20 Weapons for nightspots (5)
22 Dangerous film trick could prevent growth (5)
23 Not in 15? (3)
25 Note art work in jazz style (4)

- 26 Fishy publishing company Townshend has a finger in (3,3)
27 Carve a record out of vinyl (3)
30 Highest turnover of discs? (6,5)
32 Independent video outfit — piped from the North Sea? (3)
33 Musician and Hi-Fi component (5)
34 Just one ice cream or a small brass instrument (8)
36 Koestler's spirit in the works of the Police (5,2,3,7)
Down
1 Grace both Steve and Mick with this name (5)
2 Out of tune rehearsals require devious business deals (5,9)
3 Bruce's defunkt photographic 18 (6,4)
4 Series of gigs arranged to start at Stourbridge (5)

- 5 Stylus proverbially hard to find in a haystack (6)
6 We are America! (2)
7 Huge mule a man swopped for a band (5,6)
9 Microphone that can be relied on (4)
11 The art of expression in sound! (5)
12 Clip or sit it out with this group (7,7)
15 Only signing; perhaps, of lead vocals (4,7)
17 Small advertisements (3)
18 Beyond the speed of sound (10)
21 What the Jam does for a performance? (3)
24 Monthly military band number (5)
28 Pat out a rhythm? (3,3)
29 Three-piece in a riot? (4)
30 The Trower bird (5)
31 Rock and rolling (5)
35 Diddley's social problem? (1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

1 Penthouse Tapes, 7 See 31 Down, 9 Tour, 11 Vibe, 12 Jam, 13 Lyric, 14 Kate, 15 Paul, 16 Taste, 17 Tina, 19 Shaved, 20 See 36 Across, 22 Tear, 24 Squeeze, 26 Toy, 27 Coma, 28 Trout, 29 Glue, 30 Soft, 34 The Exploited, 36 and 20 John Cooper Clarke, 37 Mother, 38 Epic, 40 EMI, 41 Long, 43 Rotten, 44 Festival, 47 Cooke, 48 Electric Guitars, 49 Guy (Fawkes). Down: 1 Private, 2 Nutbush City, 3 Hat, 4 Street, 5 Sun, 6 Small Change, 7 Cherry Vanilla, 8 The Candidate, 10 Banana Republic, 14 Kerouac, 15 Pink, 18 I.P.C., 21 Let's Submerge, 23 Roy, 24 Sattie, 25 Eve, 31 and 7 Across Fritz The Cat, 32 Nice, 33 Reizos, 34 The Heat, 35 Anxiety, 36 Jon, 39 Pye, 42 Greg, 45 Stu, 46 A.C.R.



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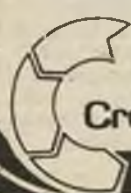
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MUSICIANS

FIRST of all the Ants ripped off their true fans. Now listen to the radio:

Ex-Buzzcock Peter Shelley is being taken over by love ('Orgasm Addict?'). There's Elvis Costello crooning about roses (who to? 'Oliver's Army?'). Then there's new reggae kings The Clash (as in 'White Riot'), Skids' Jobson reciting poetry, and even Siouxsie seems to have deserted her punk roots for Futurism.

What the hell's going on? *Chris Sneed, Goole.* Could it be 'The mellowing effect of age and money' or something like that? — NS

MANDIES

Thursday 12th November, Newcastle — Gillan
Friday 13th November, Newcastle — Gillan
Saturday 14th November, Newcastle — Gillan
Sunday 15th November, Newcastle — Rick Wakeman
Monday 16th November, Newcastle — Judas Priest
Tuesday 17th November, Newcastle — Judas Priest

And those prats on the telly wonder why there's a glue sniffin' and alcohol problem in the area.

Chris Moiser, Fenman, Newcastle.

Have you ever seen that famous John Heartfield montage of a German family sitting down to platefuls of chains and old iron? Sounds about the same. Whatever happened to The Hotpoints? — NS.

WRITERS

THE NME does seem to have lost a lot of its humanity the last few months and it becomes most evident when CSM does one of his infrequent articles or reviews. He is able to articulate his emotions about whatever he writes about, fumbling over a topic occasionally but behaving like he is the one great authority on the subject, just throwing out ideas without trying to push them onto the reader.

Two writers in particular have shut themselves off from this approach lately. You know who, Morley and Penman. They are both good writers but neither is performing as well as they were a year ago. Back then Morley was falling in a love with a different group every week (Repetition, ACR, Fire Engines, Au Pairs, Josef K) and Penman, with his torch song and Robert Palmer pieces and Costello concert and album reviews, was finally starting to let his heart shine through his usual dense somescreen of words.

Now Morley is so shrill and defensive about his love for seeming frivolities that he has to cite hip philosopher of the month Arthur Koestler to rationalize his affection for Stimulin and Penman has started to get precious and cute again, as his infamous Madness piece shows.

What Morley said about British pop writing is true,

from what I've seen of it. There is a dangerous reliance on convention in even in the likes of *Zigzag* that should be gotten away from. On the other hand just how dominant should experiments be? They can still work. Morley's Jim Kerr monologue and Penman's Heaven 17 piece are recent proofs of that. But he seems to be demanding that all pop writing should be in some avant garde pseudo-Burroughs or Wolfe style. If the music under discussion does not lend itself to that sort of format does it become useless itself?

Morley and Penman seem to be creeping farther and farther out on a limb, suggesting that a spectrum of bands even wider than the ones they admire are bad simply because they don't wear the right clothes and go on boring old tours instead of making personal appearances in discos. Are The Jam or the Comsat Angels supposed to be somehow less vital than 23 Skidoo or Heaven 17 for these reasons? That is the dumbest load of bullshit I've ever heard. The music of all four of these bands excites me and that is enough for me, regardless of what shape their guitars are or what liquor they drink.

For a while NME was seeming to be swamped by this glittery image, but you have pulled back from the brink in the last few weeks. Despite Midge Ure's cynical comments your recent covers have featured such unhip topics as The Clash, The Kennedys and unemployment marchers. Outside of Gavin Martin's gullible acceptance of Jello Biafra's rantings and Barney Hoskyns' insistence that acid is the path to true enlightenment, your articles have been generally more intelligent of late. If the recent funk sloganeering has caused some of your writers to think about and defend their own beliefs, fine. It's good to have your assumptions challenged once in a while.

Penley and Morman have forgotten the truth of that statement, though. They act like they are scared to show doubt any more. Their rave about the Human League and Kid Creole and their superficial concepts of love like they were the height of all human endeavour. Everything has to reek of love, sex, speed and irony and if it doesn't, fuck it. The world view doesn't leave much room for X, Laurie Anderson, Thomas Dolby, to name 3 subjects of NME features by other writers, or anybody else who thinks there's more to life than sharp suits and a disco beat.

Are you two really so sure you know all the answers? Start leading with your hearts again instead of your mouths. Loosen up. There are new writers with fresh ideas hitting the press and if you don't watch it, you could end up like Parsons and Burchill. You'll be in such a hurry to stay ahead that one day the world is going to turn around and leave you behind.

Jerome Wilson, Lanham, MD, USA.

P.S. Whatever *did* happen to Jane Suck? I think she changed her name — NS.

Ink what you think to: GASBAG, NME, 5-7 CARNABY ST. LONDON W1V 1PG.

Letters
Edited
by
Neil
Spencer



Carry On Gasbag

Paul Morley, Ian Penman & Lynn Hanna star in 'The Road To Recovery' ('U').

Directed by Neil Spencer.

Produced by The Readers.

An IPC release.

NME's writer is something to be. Readers, please don't put them off all the time.

The voice of Jap reader.

Incidentally, please don't ask me for 10p every time I go to the gig.

Me? Never — NS

Let's FACE it, Paul wants more lee-way to get away with his less and less discerning speed-way journal-ISM! Constructed as a kind of nouvelle vague-ness, his 'style' is a magnificent conceit. Those damned literalists (Calvinists to a man) have a not unreasonable liking for specifics, which you, Mr Morley, seem to abhor. Many readers are alienated (in a negative sense) not by your 'content' or 'ideas', but rather by your image, or your signature, as Scritti's Green would have it.

Freedom should not be abused and if you abandon the (conventional) disciplines of pop writing, you do not automatically have the right to cobble together vague arbitrary notions, unconnected, formless arguments, abstract diatribes, namedropping, half-digested quotations and various bits of critical theory, and expect to be accepted/imitated. Like much of the music you write about, your quality is sporadic, transient and unstable. Fine. But why do you want your mode to be the norm? Surely you don't expect everybody to want to be troubled and disturbed by the music/language they consume; a lot of people with troubled lives actively seek stability and consistency in these artefacts. Besides, if they all shared your tastes you wouldn't have anything to gripe about and then you would have nothing to write about!

No, I'm afraid your attitude towards pop-writing eternally smacks of, in your own words, "that ridiculous groove or rebel rousing" and you seem to see your own discourses as "some kind of propaganda". You come across as arrogant and inadequate, which is a shame and uncharacteristic of your reviews. Penman would have used more irony, and he only (de)rides the Derrida bandwagon.

As I'm 'out' here and you're 'in' there this letter will, no doubt, be dismissed as a symptom of the disease.

Jon Ward, Winchester. P.S. The Jam backlash is ill-considered and petty. Stop it.

What Jam backlash where? As for the disease, your letter is not so much a symptom, more a natural anti-body. — NS

I'm sick and tired of people slagging off Paul Morley and Ian Penman. What does it matter if you have to read their articles twice before you understand them? This



CAR OF THE WEEK

So you're back to advertising those damn pretentious overweight XJS's; I'm disappointed with your lack of taste.

Car of the month for November is the Lotus Esprit Turbo: 150 mph and 30 mpg. To you, only £17,000 squire. *The Driver.*

To me, damn silly. Maybe Midge Ure's ready to trade in his rotten old Porsche. — NS

induces you (or so it should) to think, which is something most readers don't like to do about pop music. They have the sharpest taste around. I'd have Morley's careful, thoughtful analysis mixed with superb taste and genuine love for music any time over the stupid simplification and condescension of young upstarts like Paul Tickell.

Morley knows that punk/new wave was the start of a new, fresh set of values. But with the likes of Tickell etc. we're right back to the dusty old set of values, slowly but certainly and almost unnoticed. The former can feel the love and romance of pop music, the latter can't. Morley, I love you, don't you ever stop writing, you hear. *Peter, Holland.* He hears, he hears. — NS

Congratulations NME (7th Nov, 1981) on a partial return to form. This edition saw a reversion to the sort of incisive, informative and intelligent journalism for which your paper was once renowned. Recommended reading being Paul Tickell's film reviews, Vivien Goldman's article on The Beat, Lynn Hanna's critique of Adam's new LP, Richard Cook's superb analysis of Defunkt live, and finally Steve Taylor's rebuke to Paul Morley's recent diatribe against the present journeuse. Carry on the road to recovery. *Dorothy (Pectorals not Polemics) Lamour.* You make it sound like a Bing Crosby and Bob Hope revival. Surely we're worth more than that? — NS

SMITHY

It's 1981 and the Hip Priest is talking to his journalist acquaintances. Harks back to years as a swastika arm-bandit, beating on the heavy metal trash-uh, drinking beer-uh, dropping acid-uh. The journalist acquaintance, impressed relates this:

Mark Egbert Smith, fab profit demigod of our suburban backwater country, scourge of wet-liberals-uh, sentinel of the spaceways-uh, Lion of Judah-uh, Be-bop-a-Lu-Luh/meanwhile on the joke letters page the edit-uh lambasts Gary Bushell for similar but less extreme behaviour. Supporting Oi groups and not writing for a hip beat-paper. . .

(End-of-Fall-parody, start-of-letter)

So what goes on? Why did Hoskyns not berate Smith, yet Morley berated Bushell? My own opinion is that Smith was winding Hoskyns up, saying all things which were anathema to the NME hip credo. . . I expect you'll be deluged with letters from social workers and students. Either that or Smith is bonkers, and Hoskyns is World Champion Wet Liberal for not telling him so. Can you please tell me which? *Shib Niggurath, Newport, Gwent.* I for one don't feel the slightest bit scourged — NS

MASTERS

I'd just like to congratulate you on the terrific design of your *Dancin' Master Manual*. The cassette is smashing but, on attempting to bring the music and the manual together into one harmonious whole, not only does the manual not fit in one's cassette case, but you didn't

even get your plates lined up so my little pages are all untidy.

I think you should produce something glossy and colourful to make up for this upsetting incident. Nevertheless, I love you. *Handsome, Beeston, Nottingham.*

You're pretty wonderful yourself Handsome. I'm anxious to blame the manual alignment on our printers but they probably wouldn't print such an allegation, so can I suggest judicious use of the scalpel and scissors instead? — NS

I happen to be one of those forgotten foreigners who should not bother to get the NME *Dancin' Master* offer. One gets a bit confused why we are not welcome to order the tape. But I guess it's not worth the trouble to get it available for us. The market is not profitable enough. I'm really disappointed and I don't think I'm alone. *Bjorn Borg.*

The IPC distribution control in charge tell me the import taxes payable at each frontier customs post made overseas offers impossible. Nonetheless some of our esteemed international audience ordered anyway enclosing extra p&p. Next time we'll straighten it out beforehand. — NS

DANDIES

If the high spots according to Lynn Hanna (NME 7.11.81) on the new Adam And The Ants LP. are 'Prince Charming' and 'Stand and Deliver' then I hesitate to hear the low spots. She refers to them as "the two best tracks". All I can shriek is HELP!

It's ironic really when one looks back at the NME *Book of Modern Music* which stated about Adam (before his domination of the Western

world) that "The art of fooling all the people all the time has again been proven a redundant concept". A Doctor writes: "Let's all hope dandyism is soon eradicated from the surface of this planet, if no other..."

John McDonnell, Strandhill, Co. Sligo, Eire.
Not this doctor John; dandyism is like most other things; there's the noble (Oscar Wilde) and the corrupt (take your pick). — NS

POLITICAL SCIENCE—

In Andrew Tyler's article *Turning to Green* in NME (31.10.81) he made an extremely stupid and ill-informed attack on anarchists. Suggesting in relation to the discontented state of society e.g. riots, etc. that Revolutionaries use the climate of the times as a rationale for venomous cant and worse. Nihilists, anarchists, assassins and other lazy sods make it their own excuse. As an anarchist I would like to set the record straight on several points.

Most anarchists are pacifists and against revolution in the sense of wanting a violent overthrow of the system, rather they believe in opposing the system via involvement with individual issues such as homelessness e.g. squatting, animal liberation and nuclear disarmament. If they win a victory in any one of these issues they do not become complacent thinking the battle is over, but see each issue as merely one facet of the corrupt nature of authoritarian government, moving on to other matters which are just as important. So much for being lazy. Obviously there are some anarchists who are prepared to use or encourage violence but they are only a small minority.

Furthermore, many of the ecological groups described in the article use or preach anarchistic policies such as decentralisation, direct action and alternative life-styles. Most of these groups and Andrew Tyler, however, put their faith in our 'democratically' elected government to bring about some permanent change in the way society functions.

There are no easy solutions to the problems that face the world even if anarchism was to prevail, but I think that it at least deserves some mention amongst the possible solutions, and not to be dismissed so glibly as merely an irritant to societies' problems.

Mark Bebbington, Harrow, Middlesex.
Obviously any political credo that embraces Bakunin (bombs and cloaks) and Kropotkin (peace and love) is bound to get people confused, including some anarchists. At least it admits of others ways of classifying and organising society other than on strictly economic lines — NS.



WEATHER

Nice to see that, for a change, science got some coverage in your music paper *Turning to Green*. Knowledge does equal power. However, the Top Ten Hazards omitted mention of what many scientists consider the major environmental threat to society: carbon dioxide pollution of the atmosphere through the burning of fossil fuels and destruction of forests.

Although the scientific uncertainties are great, it has been predicted that this pollution will result in a global warming of 2 to 3° Centigrade by the middle of the next century. A climatic change of this rapidity and magnitude has not occurred for thousands of years and the CIA have been sufficiently concerned about the social impact to commission a special study.

Carbon dioxide is a colourless, odourless, and tasteless gas, which is maybe why it doesn't figure in the Top Ten. Does an environmental hazard have to be seen to be a problem? Most climatologists would rate carbon dioxide problem number one in the Top Ten, being red and not wanting to be dead, we place it second to the threat of nuclear war. Brigid Cherry & Mick Kelly, University of East Anglia, Climatic Research Unit, Norwich.

AND FINALLY

Every week the last 'letter' in *Gasbag* is a short little attempt at a witty, hip, cool, trendy comment. Well this week can't you make it mine? (Oh and please can you put one of those sarcastic little comments at the end of it as well? Gosh, thanks. Shazbabes. Just part of the service. I think that about wraps up this 'answer' — NS

CAT'S THE name—Al E. Cat, private investigator. Welcome to my dustbin...

Well, pickings is slim on the garbage scene this week. Who'd be AJ Webberman in this recession? Doesn't anyone throw out *real* garbage any more? Better dig deep...

Just by way of a change, here's a FACT for you: Julio Iglesias (if that's how he's spell) is the biggest-selling CBS artist in the world, and that means bigger than Dylan, larger than Springsteen, massiver than Earth Wind And Fire, enormouser than Adam Ant, and even giganticer than The Psychedelic Furs. In the last four years, the pushing-40 Latin swoon-inducer has sold 70 million albums, a lot of them in South America. This is also thought to outstrip sales of the entire *Blue Rondo* catalogue. Julio, by the way, used to be a reserve goalie for Real Madrid — as revealed by *T-Zers* some months ago, in fact, until he broke both his legs and took up singing instead.

Jimmy Page is scoring the sequel to *Death Wish*, named *Death Wish II* believe it or not, currently getting created by old NME stalwart Mick Winner.

Au contraire to an exclusive snippet in last week's *Snouds* (recommended for hardened waste-paper addicts only), there's absolutely no truth in reports that 10-year-old Zowie Bowie (son of...) is cutting a single for Postcard. It seems that during a recent interview, *Orange Juice* were practising the age-old craft of the wind-up. Or 'lying', as it was known in my day.

Speaking of that Thin White personage, and once more *au contraire* to reports elsewhere, the Carr'n'Murray masterpiece *Bowie* (the best book yet, says its subject) has not been withdrawn from sale, for murky legal reasons or otherwise, and may be bought with impunity at all the best greengrocers...

Jeez, you can't believe anything you read (except for me, of course). Even though it's still being advertised, *The Fall* won't be supporting Nico in Blackburn this Friday, the 27th. In fact, they pulled out two weeks ago.

But you can believe that The Bollock Brothers were lined up to play before the Queen, as backing band for Alvin Stardust in the Royal Variety Show — because Jock MacDonald told me they were. For reasons of decency and general credibility, the group are looking for a new name, too...

SEE from this here scrap that 'O Superman' is getting a US re-issue thanks to its



T-ZERS

English success. And its perpetrator Laurie Anderson will soon have a new thingy performed in New York.

New York, as it happens, was the setting for a live debut by Band Apart, the NY/French act, at the Mudd Club. Muso-folk from Richard Hell's group and Material filled out the sound, while Hell himself and Nona Hendryx helped fill out the crowd. The show was organised by Belgian mag *Soldes Fin De Series*.

A message for my millions of choirboy readers: *Animal Magnet* are looking for one of you in each town on their tour. Your job: to light the 100 candles in their stage-set candelabra. Your reward: modest. Ring Steve Spiro on 01-493 8366 and find out if you're surpluse to requirements.

AFTER all those spins and cartwheels mourning the demise of Wigan Casino, it seems the place has gone and opened again: "That's the third time it's happened." I was told by a young soul rebel as I crawled into the warmth of his 24" baggies, only to be rudely ejected. The indignities we felines put up with! Fortunately I was able to find refuge in his Adidas bag without him noticing. All there was in it was a pair of very smelly socks and some half eaten sandwiches, together with the programme for the England-Hungary match; I was shocked to notice



Well, well, well, David Gahan de la Mode beats pretty boy Sylvian to the cover of a Parisian fashion mag...

Now that the bottom has fallen out of the Japanese movie industry, the *Seven Samurai* trade in their swords for guitars. What they're playing we shudder to imagine...

Greenwood still hadn't played Hoddle but all's well that ends well — I'm planning a stowaway holiday to the Costa Pacquet myself next year.

That bloody tape is still blaring out the office windows, that 'Dancin' Master'. The 'C81' was bad enough — which reminds me, Rip Rig & Panic's Sean Oliver told me the only money he'd ever seen from the several Essential Logic sessions he played while with the group was the £100 he made on royalties from the Logic track on the NME 'C81'. Meantime the Riggers are trying to find a record company willing to take on their second LP.

Strange Aboriginal drums beat in my ears and my whiskers quiver with strange vibrations; it's a message from down under that one of the hottest new Oz properties is militant Aborigine reggae combo *No Fixed Address*, who climax their set with electric didgeridoo. Are you listening Rolf Harris.

Fancy, there I was watching the *Cliff* documentary through the window of my local electrical shop, when there was Harry, I mean Cliff (he was always known as Harry in my time down the 2 i's expresso) on an NME Poll Winner's Concert in the '60s, being heralded by News Editor Derek Johnson, back in the days when the gent had hair. As if that wasn't enough excitement NME editor Neil Spencer, looking like he'd spent a night on the tiles with the rest of us, also got a look in making some nasty comment or other about Har, I mean Cliff.

Seritti Politti's Tom planning a new year package hol in Russia.

A Vatican walkabout for The Dead Kennedys last week...

In response to Gaz Bushole's heartfelt plea regarding the whereabouts of O! laureate Garry Johnson, the Alley Cat, who's always in the know, can reveal that the scribe has formed a band called The Buzzkids and has already recorded 'The Chelsea Girls', 'Boys Of The World' and 'I Don't Wanna Die' for posterity. The Alley Cat believes they wouldn't say no to a fat cheque either, but then he's been slumming it with Errol, and picked up some of his cynicism.

Eek-ological footnote: re-cycle your refuse in a socially-acceptable manner. Bung it across to me, the Squire of Squalor. But FAST.

NME

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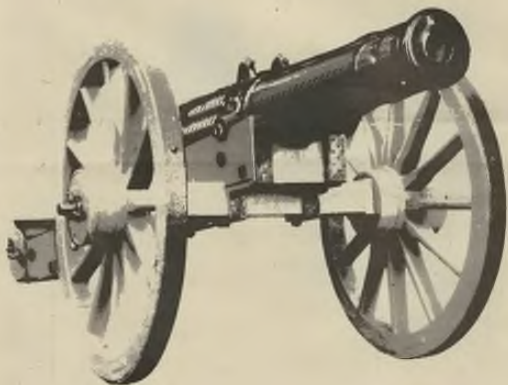
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