NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

London's Burning

Floyd dates confirmed

IT WAS officially announced this week that Pink Floyd are to present their epic 'The Wall' show at London's 15,000-capacity Earls Court for five nights, from June 13 to 17 inclusive — confirming *NME's* exclusive forecast four weeks ago. They played a similar season at the same venue last year, though on this occasion the concerts will be filmed for their upcoming movie *The Wall*. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

Tickets are priced £8.50 and £7.50, and are available now by post from Pink Floyd, GP Productions, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only made payable to "GP Productions", ADD 30p per ticket booking fee, enclose s.a.e. and allow up to four weeks for delivery. Tickets are limited to six per applicant.

When applying, you are asked to write your name and address in the top right-hand corner of your letter IN BLOCK CAPITALS, stating date preference and second choice. Also mark day required on the back of your envelope.

ACTOR, POET, INTERVIEWER . . .

Richard Jobson — superArtist!

THE SKIDS have parted company with drummer Mike Baillie due to the usual "musical differences", and are currently recording a new single in Scotland with the aid of ex-Zones drummer Kenny Hyslop, though he is only a temporary replacement. The single is due out in late May, with an album to follow towards the end of the summer. The band aren't in any hurry to secure a permanent drummer, not only because they have no gigs in the foreseeable future, but also because vocalist Richard Jobson is busy with several projects of his own.

On April 28, Jobson makes his stage acting debut at London's Cockpit Theatre in a play called *Demonstration Of Affection*. There's a cast of four, and co-starring with Jobson — who comes to a sticky end in the plot — is Veronica Quilligan, who played Juliet in a recent National Theatre production. It's possible that, after its initial run, the play will move to London's prestigious Royal Court Theatre.

May 1 sees the publication of Jobson's first book of poems, title *Man For All Seasons*, to which Skids guitarist Stuart Adamson has contributed some illustrations. And Jobson has also undertaken a commission to interview a series of celebrities for a top European magazine, the first being actor Peter O'Toole.

Uhuru due

BLACK UHURU, one of the most renowned names in reggae music, are set to make their British debut this summer. The trio — Michael Rose, Ducky Simpson and Puma Jones — are undertaking a major European tour from the latter part of June through into July, and their schedule will include UK appearances. Details haven't yet been finalised, but it's already known that they'll be accompanied on the trip by those near-legendary kings of the Jamaican studios, Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare.

As a prelude to their visit, a new Uhuru album titled 'Red' will be issued by Island in early June — recorded earlier this year, and featuring the cream of Jamaican musicians, including Sly and Robbie (who also produced in conjunction with the band). It will be recalled that their previous LP 'Sinsemilla' was not only voted No 1 album of 1980 by both *Black Echoes* and *Black Music*, but it was also placed at No. 4 in *the NME* Writers' Albums Poll.

The burning of Brixton

One Sunday in South London: the day they burned the Front Line.

By VIVIEN GOLDMAN

THE POLICEMAN walked gingerly up to the car, as if he feared it was about to explode — not unreasonable, considering the amount of home-made Molotovs that had been fireworking Brixton skies for the last couple of days.

It was a yellow Allegro, recent registration. Probably quite a smart car, till the insurrection exploded. Now it lay on its side, windows shattered, sides caved in like a speed freak's cheeks.

The policeman's clean shaven bloom suggested a newcomer to the Force — confirmed when he turned to the youths sitting on the stoved-in bonnet, and smiled as he said: "Nice car, innit?"

"It's yours for 600 quid," the youth next to me whipped back.

"No thanks," the cop laughed.

"You don't sound like you come from round here."

"No, I've come in specially from North London. I'm new, anyway."

"What! Special import!" All the youths crack up. Mostly black, a couple of white kids.

Suddenly the copper looked round, and caught sight of a great gaggle of his brother policemen standing solemnly with

■ *Continues over*

MORE GREAT PLAYS THAN SHAKESPEARE.

TDK. The great name in tape cassettes.

NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1, England. Annual subscription $79.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing in the USA by Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, New York 11003, USA.

BRIXTON

■ *From previous page*

arms crossed on the other side of the street. All frowning in his direction. Behind them, two coaches packed with police; all looking his way.

A weak smile in the youths' direction, then the policeman walks back to his side of the corrugated iron, shrugging as shamefaced as any caught collaborator.

The Brixton streets are filled with solid phalanxes of police today. They block off end to end of deserted streets, dotted with gaping, smokey cavities. Blackened ribs of buildings loom like giant gallows from the cinders, the site of groceries and pubs. Virtually all the shells of premises were white businesses; often those known to be hostile to the Black Community. Record shops and hat shops remain untouched.

Whenever the action in a street seems to be slow, there's a sudden wild hubbub of whoops copped from Westerns, and police charge forward from both ends of the street, striking out at stragglers, cloudy riot shields bobbing, banging and jostling. Jousting at enemies, even if they have to make them.

But this is Sunday, the second day of Brixton's uprising — a mostly black, some white (Brixton's full of white fringe bohos and lefties) explosion of pissed-off people; a louder echo of Bristol's resistance at just this time last year. The first day was definitely a black military victory; it's crucial that the police put up a good show of strength today.

It's something to do with the sudden hot weather; perhaps also something to do with the ganja famine that means people with too much time on their hands can't cool out with their favourite illegal counter-revolutionary activity.

It also has much to do with certain statistics: although blacks constitute only 29% of the "black ghetto" population, they're 50% of the unemployed 16-19 age bracket. Plus, the police aren't all like the laudable Dixon of Dock Green friendly bobby sterotype. There's a remarkable lack of inhibition among the local police about demonstrating their negative opinion of "black bastards," and about creating the opportunity to make their opinions known.

Result: out on the streets, with an active brain to seethe at the daily petty degradations of stop and search, being treated like dirt.

"Yes," says Val, who's just left school and works in an office. "Now they've got rid of the Sus laws, they just pick you up on intent to steal."

He tells me a story about a fellow-student at a local School, who was beaten up in the school by policemen one day. It hasn't yet appeared in the newspapers. Val is glowing like he'd just won the Pools. The last two days have been a great release for Val — just the kind of thing he used to dream about all day at school: "I'd been longing for a bit of action."

Earlier in the day, he says, he saw a black policeman being stoned. "Not surprising, is it?"

He had laughed at a woman swanning out of a store, chic in a new (free) leather coat, imitates her dignified glide, then the panicked run of a youth clutching several pairs of (free) jeans, running to escape patrolling cops, straight into a TV news camera.

"But two days is enough," says Val decidedly. "We should cool it down. Two days is enough to show them that Brixton can stand firm; we don't have to take it."

VAL IS referring to a catalogue of assaults, that seem to have speeded up in recent months. Better known cases include the death of a young Brixton dread, Richard 'Cartoon' Campbell, just over a year ago; the 13 young blacks dead in the New Cross Fire, and the subsequent Day of Action demonstration; a general step up of racist National Front/British Movement activity — and then the most recent assault, last Friday.

There was a fight on Brixton's Railton Road, the 'Front Line,' and 18-year-old Michael Bailey was stabbed. As he staggered down the road, he was picked up by the police and bundled into a car. Some papers have made out that the youth resented him being looked after by the police; in reality, the other youth were concerned that the wounded man had been in the car half an hour, bleeding to death, with no efforts being made to get him to a hospital.

That was the start of the trouble. Next day, massed police gathered in the streets, as nerve-wracking for the wary local kids as the ominous birds in Hitchcock's film. A raid on a minicab office made other youths start reaching for the bricks.

"THEY'RE NOTHING but a bunch of hooligans," the middle-aged Irish lady said firmly. Her next door neighbour, an old Jamaican named Mr Smith, nods sagely beside her. He has locked up his two grown-up boys and wife so they can't roam the streets getting into trouble.

The night before, his wife hadn't got home till 2am, despite all his warnings; she'd been too excited looking at all the sights of the insurrection.

THE EARLY hours of the morning, after the second day of insurrection. The office of Race Today is full of workers and associates, including Frank Critchlow, who controls Ladbroke Grove's black nerve centre, the Mangrove. Two of the people are white, contrary to the rumours of Race Today operating in any hostile-white fashion.

It's a room ful of weary warriors, still on alert. When one youth goes out to buy a spliff and is questioned rather vigorously by the police, the Race Today women storm out, a troop of Valkyries to stamp on the liberty. Darcus Howe observes their teamwork and discipline with satisfaction; his people have been learning how to operate on the street over the years.

Darcus, a burly, powerful man in a T-shirt, says "Unite to struggle — Dare to win", reading the introduction he wrote in December 1980 to the *Race Today Review*:

"Only the most short-sighted of political pundits would blind themselves to the fact that the Irish struggle will in time be the source through which all social relations in British society are transformed. The similarities between Derry and Moss Side, between Belfast and Brixton, are too pressing to be ignored."

Darcus finds it more than a coincidence that today, of all days, Bobby Sands, IRA gunman, was voted MP for Fermanagh and South Tyrone — on the 42nd day of his hunger strike in the Maze prison, with medical opinion giving him two weeks to live.

While in Brixton, as Darcus puts it, "Pop goes the weasel. In 1985, we'll be having a post-mortem on 100 of these. All those reggae songs have come home to roost . . ."

NOT LONG after, the phone rings. It's Linton Kwesi Johnson, in Amsterdam giving a poetry reading with Oku Onuru, wanting to jump on the next plane home. Howe advises him to stay and brings him up to date: Coldharbour Lane wrecked, all the pubs in Railton Road. The Front Line burnt.

"The George?" Howe says, responding to LKJ's inquiry about a particular pub. "What George? It's gone to the cleaners. King, the t'ing's just a-bubbling and backfiring . . ." quoting Johnson's own lyrics back at him.

Howe puts the phone down; he's told LKJ that now his old poems' prophecy has been fulfilled amazingly accurately, he'll just have to write a new set for '85.

Howe's not the only one to see Brixton's insurrection as a crucial link in a nationwide chain of fires that may yet blaze in Manchester or Birmingham.

Pop goes the weasel.

VALERIE IS a student hairdresser. She couldn't get a job, and she was determined to do something with her time, not end up the way they'd intended her to be: a loser. The soundtrack to our conversation is wild — horses galloping past, loud as a factory floor, sirens whooping, the incessant mosquito buzz of helicopters. Irregularly, screams from distant corners.

Every so often, there's a sudden rush of runners pelting down the street. Ambulances, bright green SPG vans and regular police vans cruise continually, sometimes mounting the pavement like they do in car chase flicks.

She grabs my hand, suddenly tense.

"What are they doing over there? With those kids? I swear if those policemen think they're going to pick them up — they won't know what they've let themselves in for. There's been enough killing already."

Over on the other side of the council estate lawn, there's a group of youths, with one tall character who specialises in ripping down wall-s like old wallpaper and smashing the masonry to handy throwing size on the pavement. "Where's the vans?" I'd heard him mutter impatiently as I walked past minutes ago. Now they're coming into sight, and there's an almighty bomb of a blast — the giant's playing bowls, and the cop car picks up speed till it almost flies past us down the road, street-lights flashing off a crate in its side.

She says: "I'm just smiling because we're getting our own back. Black people have been cleaning up this country for tuppence ha'penny for too long."

Valerie sees the weekend's events in a historical context; England's been brutalising colonies and stripping them of their assets with the sensitivity of a bulldozer. It cannot continue indefinitely.

"You just can't go right on beating up people and taking liberties. Mind you, it's the same they've been doing with Ireland. That's why the Irish people round here are fighting alongside us. They live in the same lousy conditions we do, with no jobs and no money. We get along sweet.

"But I can tell you, I moved here from the country, and I still can't believe the aggro. Pure police, picking you up, specially the boys. Then when they throw the boys into jail — well, the girlfriends get very angry."

She laughs as the sirens banshee past again. "This is just the beginning, you know that? If they want to call in reinforcements from North London, or from Birmingham — well, so can we! You know what that means. War.

"My gran's over from Jamaica, she's inside the flat. She doesn't like what's going on. But she's used to her time. We're a different generation. We're not going to say 'Yes sir?' No sir?."

"How many rivers do we have to cross
Before we can talk to the boss? . . .
That's why we're gonna be burning and
a-looting tonight,
Burning all pollution tonight,
Burning all illusions tonight . . ."

('Burning And Looting', Bob Marley)

"Fratricide is only the first phase,
With brother fighting brother stabbing brother:
Them jus' killing off them one another,
But when you see your brother's blood jus' flow;
Futile fighting; then you know
That the first phase must come to an end
And the time for the second phase to show . . ."

('Down The Road', LKJ)

"Now yu si fire burning in mi eye,
Smell badness pan mi breat'
Feel vialence, vialence, bursting outta mi;
Look out!
It too late now:
I did warn yu."

('Time Come', LKJ '75)

WIN A WEEK IN NEW YORK WITH THE CLASH!

The Magnificent Insult

ONLY WITH NME do you get your last opportunity to insult The Clash in public before you're seen dancin' to their latest record.

Sharpen up your wit and hurl no less than Seven Magnificent Insults in the direction of The Clash — and then be prepared to leave the country double-quick!!

That's right, if your Seven Insults are truly magnificent and not just a right old load of unprintable rubbish then you and the companion of your choice could win an expenses trip to New York City with The Clash at the end of May/start of June.

You read it correctly the first time. What's on offer is a once-in-a-lifetime experience — seven action-packed days on Broadway with Joe, Mick, Paul and Topper!

And all you have to do is pen those Seven Magnificent Insults of no more than seven words each.

There's only ONE winner and if you don't enter then how are you going to win?

The idea of taking the winner all the way to New York City isn't so that you can be fitted with concrete boots and dropped in the East River, but to have one helluva time. Just remember, after you've insulted The Clash you've got to spend the week with them in the very same hotel!!

And what's more, upon your return we'll drag you up to NME's offices and get you to spill the beans about your jaunt, right?

Here's the full pay-out:

a) Return tickets for two to New York City.
b) Seven nights accommodation in the same hotel as The Clash.
c) Backstage passes to all seven of their Broadway shows.
d) A fist full of dollars as pocket money.

Winners will be expected to own a full 10-year passport — a vistors visa will not be arranged.

Now this part ain't a joke, this is very serious: Persons with extensive criminal records might find it extremely difficult to obtain an American visa. The rest of you, get filling in that form!

Pic: Pennie Smith

Post this coupon to: NME/SEVEN MAGNIFICENT INSULTS COMP, Levington House, 25 Levington St., London SE1 0PF.

Here are my Seven Magnificent Insults:—

1) .....
.....
2) .....
.....
3) .....
.....
4) .....
.....
5) .....
.....
6) .....
.....
7) .....
.....

Name ..... Age.....

Address.....

Phone..... Job.....

Should I be chosen as the outright winner of this competition, I hereby declare that I don't know of any impediment that might result in my being refused an American visa.

Signed .....

RULES:- This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except Employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines, the printers of NME, members of The Clash and the staff of CBS Records. The prize holiday, which is not transferable, must be taken as offered — there can be no cash alternative. If the winner is aged under 18 years parental consent must be obtained before the prize can be awarded. If the winner is unable to obtain a visa and/or a passport in time the prize will be forfeited and awarded to the sender with the next best attempt. The Editor's decision is final and entries imply acceptance of these rules as final and legally binding. Results will be published in a future issue of NME. Closing date April 27 1981.