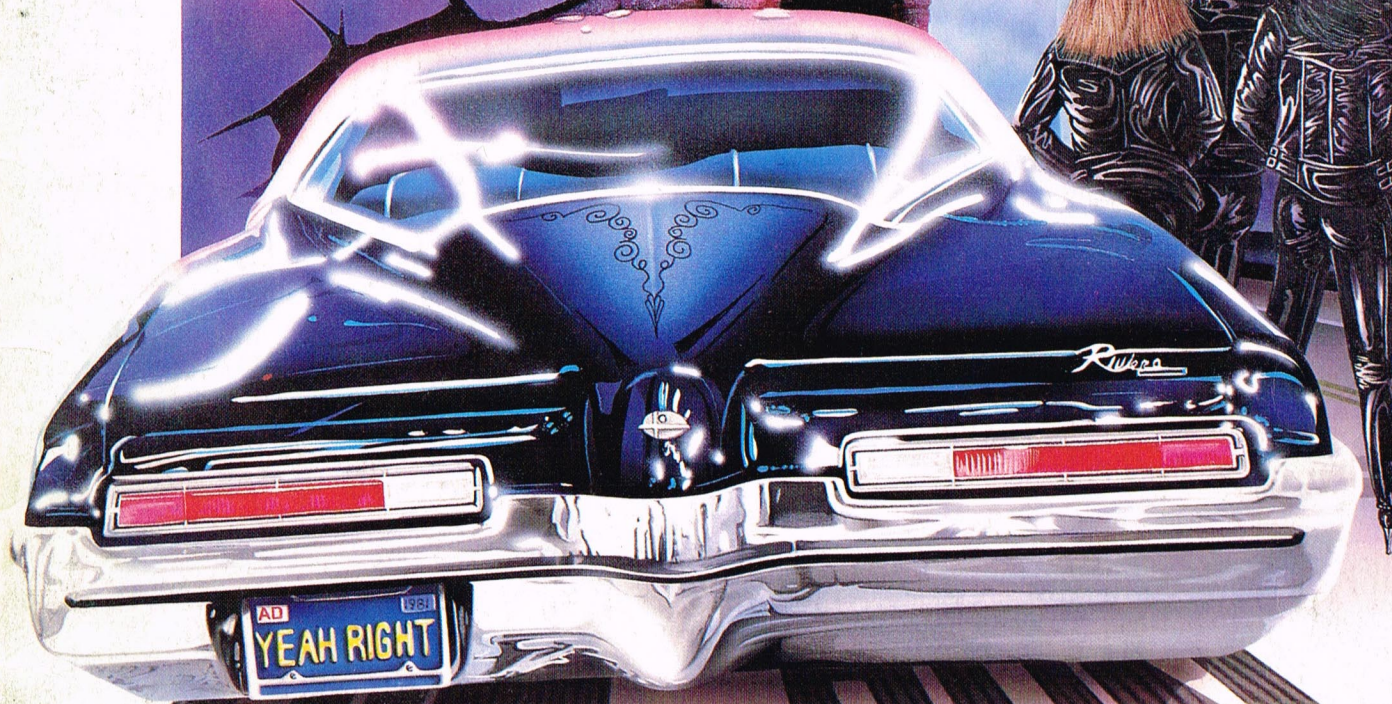


GIRLSCHOOL



AND



THE SLITS

**APRIL**

- |    |               |                     |
|----|---------------|---------------------|
| 14 | Sheffield     | Top Rank            |
| 15 | Hanley        | Victoria Hall       |
| 16 | Derby         | Assembly Rooms      |
| 18 | Middlesbrough | Gaskins + 1         |
| 20 | Newcastle     | City Hall           |
| 21 | Edinburgh     | Odeon               |
| 22 | Glasgow       | Apollo              |
| 23 | Preston       | Guild Hall          |
| 24 | Manchester    | Free Trade Hall     |
| 25 | Liverpool     | Royal Court Theatre |
| 27 | Birmingham    | Odeon               |
| 28 | Leicester     | De Montfort Hall    |

**MAY**

- |    |             |                |
|----|-------------|----------------|
| 1  | Bristol     | Colston Hall   |
| 3  | Bournemouth | Winter Gardens |
| 4  | Brighton    | Corn Exchange  |
| 5  | Hammersmith | Palais         |
| 15 | West Runton | Pavilion       |

WINTER TOUR



The first time I ever clapped my eyes on Girlschool was on the dangerously manic Motorhead tour of this Isle in the Spring of '79. The moment I spotted the bouncers in their brutal monkey-suits wading thru the sea of denims and leather, as fast as their legs could carry them, for the exits with — get this — EAR Plugs jammed into their heads I knew my luck had changed! Whoever it was that was making a noise big, bad and beautiful enough to send those cats literally scurrying out with their pink-scrubbed faces contorted, just had to be good. And I mean really, really g-o-o-d

Slipping instantly into my dancing shoes, I barged my way down to the front of the hall — but fast!

And there they were in all their polychromatic splendour. Girlschool! The name only registered a big fat blank in my mind at that time, but it didn't matter much. What did register was the impossibly raw, rugged sound that these four bints were pounding out of their instruments. It came straight from the groin and like a bullet fired from a .38 it pierced my heart..I was floored. Quick nurse, the screens. Boy, you should have seen my face the second time I ever got it together to see the mighty Girlschool.

It was only a year later, this time on the summer tour of Black Sabbath. Between times Girlschool had released their first single, 'Take It All Away' on the independent City Records. Only a comparatively small amount of singles were pressed up but it needed just one copy to impress enough of the right people that Girlschool were something very special. The result? A finer management team, Doug Smith and Wayne Bardell, the girls could not have picked, and a major record deal with Bronze — who know a thing or three when it comes to promoting rock and roll artists. Two more barnstormers disguised as singles had ensued, the adrenalin-pumping, 'Emergency' and the heart-stopping, razor-edged 'Nothing To Lose'. There was also the sharp as a new blade, Vic Maile produced album 'Demolition' just a promise and a few days (daze?) away from release.



And, like I said, you should have seen my face when Girlschool hit that stage. They weren't just good anymore; no matter how really, really they might have been before, it was nothing compared to this night. Nothing! Kelly, Denise, Enid, and Kim were little short of magnificent! No matter how over-the-top that might read to disbelievers, assuming there are any left alive in Britain, there simply isn't any other way to put it and still be telling the truth.

Gift-wrapped in leathers, the minutes that zipped past, once they'd plugged their guitars into their beat-up amps, plunged me and a packed solid Hammersmith Odeon into some kind of mythic rock and roll Eldorado you don't know exists until a band as wired and aware as Girlschool throw all the switches. Green 'GO' lights were flashing in my head all night, long after the crowds had demanded and got at least two scorching encores. Girlschool are a phenomenon of 'Eighties rock and roll!

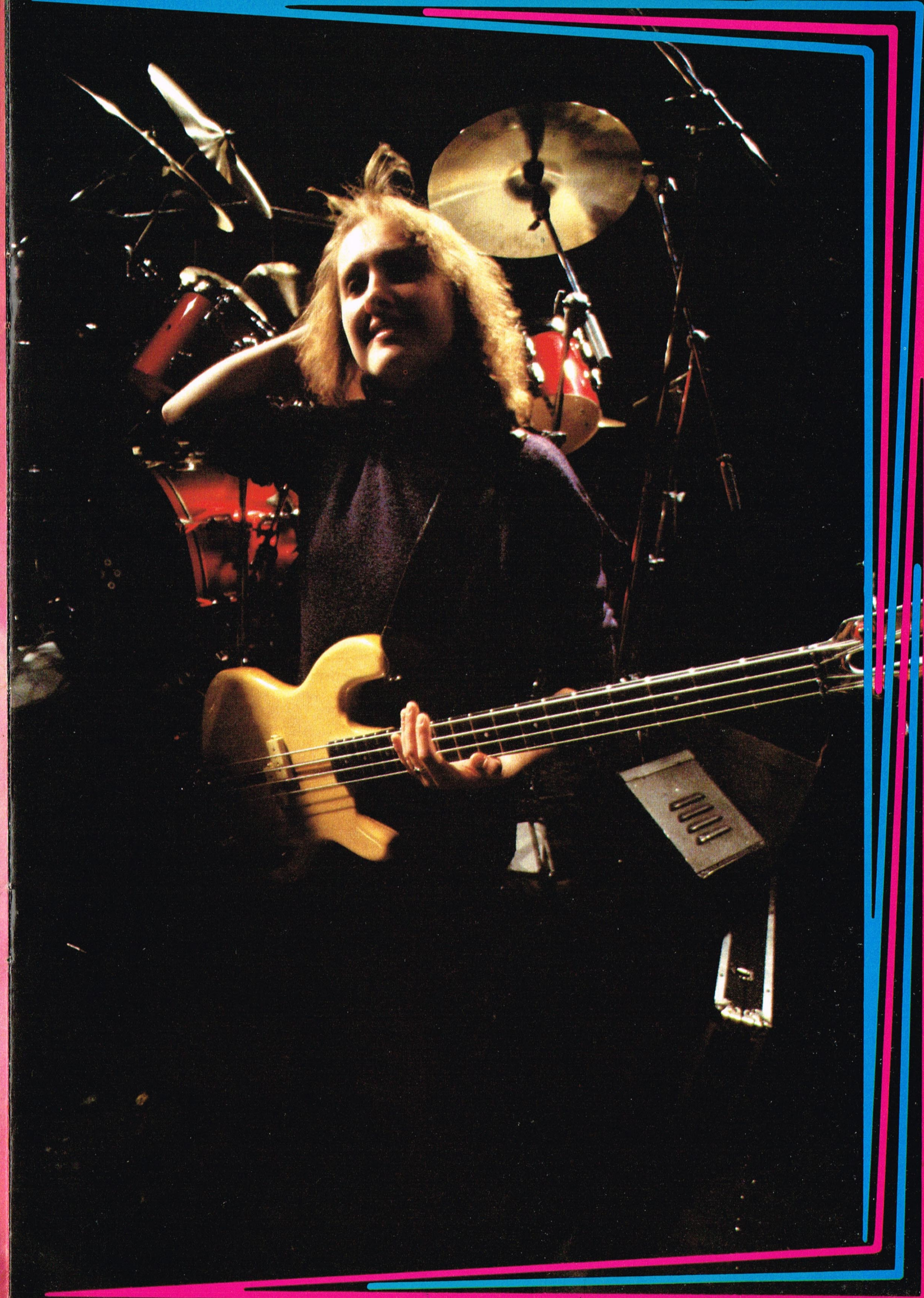
All female, they transcend all the barriers of gender-prejudice that have, shamefully, existed within the hard rock genre for so long. When they first formed in 1978 very few 'influential' biz-types admitted to taking them seriously. Right now, with their first top ten single still hovering in the nation's charts – the fine and fruity Head-Girl partnership, yielding the double-gunning 'St. Valentine's Day Massacre EP' – and their last Girlschool 45, the old Gun magnum-opus, 'Race With The Devil' coming as close as dammit to within a pulse beat of the top thirty, there must be a lot of those same hollow-headed 'record company execs' tearing up their bus tickets and stamping in puddles. Eat your hearts out suckers! Because Girlschool are here to stay, right? Girlschool are also one of the most unpretentious bands you could hope to support. Hardly the types to swish from one elegant music biz party, dahling, to the next and isn't it all so boring, Boris; you're more likely to spot the girls looning around and passing the bottle in the local. They are straight forward, down to Earth, fun people who enjoy life and would probably be playing in a rock and roll band whether we bought all their records or not. Simply they're in it for the same reasons we're all in it for: to make the most out of this life and to make the most of the music that turns you on. In this case the uplifting beat of Denise Dufort's drums which go like this this and this, the sonic boom of Enid Williams' hip swaying bass that literally bosses the sound into rhythmic shape, the beef-jerky rhythm guitar and shrill rasping vocals of Kim McAuliffe, and the sweeping motion of Kelly Johnson's lead guitar pyrotechnics as she struts and possessively guards her territory stage-left with the animal grace of a true star.

If 1980 was the first great year in the career thus far of Girlschool, then 1981 without a doubt is gonna be the clincher. Pretty soon now you are gonna burn your sweaty palms on a newly pressed copy of their second album, and when I say it's hot I mean if you don't handle this potato with kid gloves you are gonna wind up with third degree burns boy!

I reveal nothing. I leave the pleasure of finding out for yourselves the confection of illicit pleasures contained therein.

Meantime, sit back and ready yourself for the coming onslaught of good sounds/good times. The girls will be with you in spirit and in the flesh very shortly so make sure you are ready. Girlschool are forever, know what I mean, kid?

And if you don't agree with anything I have said here I will be over to sort you out so let me see you dancing! **THIS IS YOUR MAINMAN SPEAKING!!!**

















### Albums

"Demolition" (Bronze Bronx 525)

"Hit and Run" (Bronze Bron 534)

### Singles

"Take It All Away"/"It Could Be Better" (City Nik 6)

"Emergency"/"Furniture Fire" (Bronze Bro 89)

"Nothing To Lose"/"Baby Doll" (Bronze Bro 95)

"Race With The Devil"/"Take It All Away" (Bronze Bro 100)

"Yeah Right (You Can't Do That)"/"The Hunter" (Bronze Bro 110)

"Please Don't Touch"/"Bomber" and "Emergency" (Bronze Bro 116)

"Hit And Run"/"Tonight" (Bronze Bro 118)

"Hit And Run"/"Tonight" and "Tush" (Brox 118)

**Agency:** Bron, **Tour Promoter:** Straight Music,

**Trucking:** Transam, **Bussing:** No Problem, **Lighting:** Chameleon, **Sound:** Audiolease, **Tour Manager:** Tim Warhurst,

**Management and Direction:** Doug Smith/Wayne Bardell with help from Sue Manley, **Copy:** Mick Wall, **Photos:** Fin Costello, Steve Sparks, John Peck, George Bodnar, Chameleon Lights,

**Tour Merchandise:** Holy T-Shirts Ltd  
**Programme Design + Layout:** Steve Joule

Special Thanks to all our wonderful rowdies, Chameleon and Audiolease for fabbo lights and sound. All at Greybray and to John from Bedford for his help with our logo. And last but not least to all you looney headbangers wherever you may be.

Cheers!

Girlschool

