

14 June 1980

US \$1.75

25p

ISSN 0028 6362

BACK ON THE STREETS SPECIAL

NEW
M
M
EXPRESS

COOPER-CLARKE
DEXY'S SWINDLE
REVIEWS GALORE

JOY DIVISION, with Ian Curtis looking back Photo: Anto Corbijn

15 July 1956 — **IAN CURTIS** — 18 May 1980

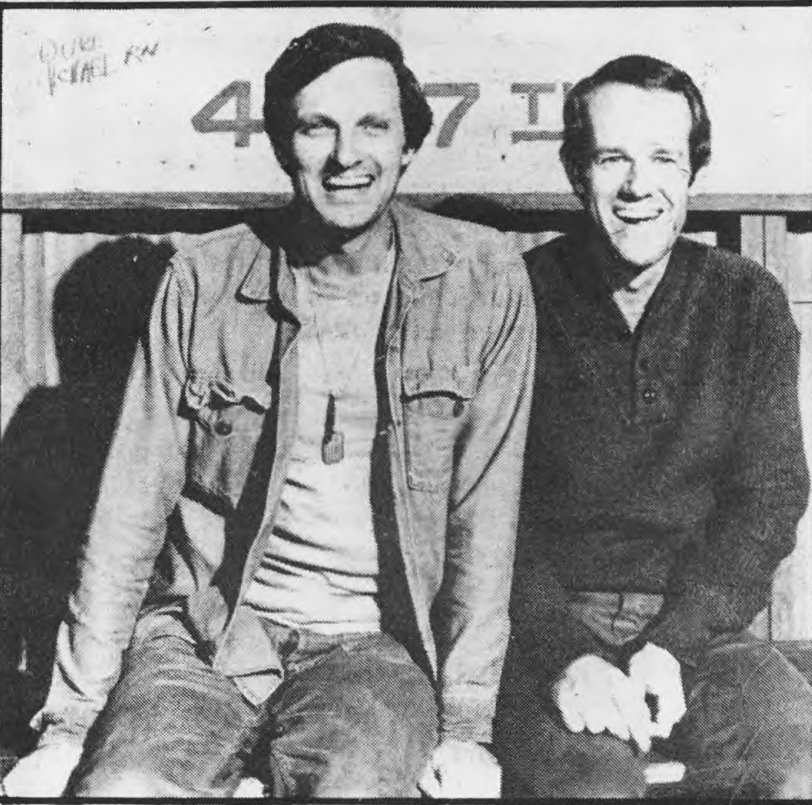


UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Highest Weeks
1	(1)	Theme From Mash..... The Mash (CBS)	5 1
2	(9)	Funkytown..... Lipps Inc (Casablanca)	3 2
3	(2)	No Doubt About It..... Hot Chocolate (Rak)	6 1
4	(10)	Crying..... Don McLean (EMI)	4 4
5	(5)	Over You..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	4 5
6	(6)	Rat Race/Rude Boys Outa Jail Specials (2 Tone)	3 6
7	(15)	Back Together Again Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)	4 7
8	(13)	Let's Get Serious Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	4 8
9	(3)	We Are Glass. Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3 3
10	(18)	You Gave Me Love Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)	5 10
11	(6)	Mirror In The Bathroom..... The Beat (Go Feet)	5 4
12	(16)	Let's Go Round Again Average White Band (RCA)	6 12
13	(8)	What's Another Year..... Johnny Logan (Epic)	6 1
14	(12)	D-A-ANCE..... Lambrettas (Rocket)	3 12
15	(—)	Breaking The Law..... Judas Priest (CBS)	1 15
16	(4)	She's Outta My Life..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	6 3
17	(11)	Hold On To My Love..... Jimmy Ruffin (RSO)	6 6
18	(20)	I'm Alive..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3 18
19	(23)	Behind The Groove..... Teena Marie (Motown)	2 19
20	(19)	Midnite Dynamos..... Matchbox (Magnet)	3 19
21	(26)	Just Can't Give You Up Mystic Merlin (Capitol)	5 16
22	(17)	You'll Always Find Me In The Kitchen At Parties..... Jona Lewie (Stiff)	4 17
23	(—)	The Scratch..... Surface Noise (WEA)	1 23
24	(14)	Geno...Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	9 1
25	(27)	Chinatown..... Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2 25
26	(24)	Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime Korgis (Rialto)	2 24
27	(30)	Police And Thieves..... Junior Murvin (Island)	3 27
28	(29)	Substitute..... Liquid Gold (Polo)	2 28
29	(—)	Christine...Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1 29
30	(22)	Fool For Your Loving..... Whitesnake (UA)	5 11

BUBBLING UNDER

Me Myself I — Joan Armatrading (A&M)
Sanctuary — Iron Maiden (EMI)
Little Jeannie — Elton John (Rocket)
New Amsterdam — Elvis Costello (F-Beat)
Messages — Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark (Dindisc)
If Loving You Is Wrong — Rod Stewart (Riva)



Number one with a Korean bullet and associated flesh wounds:
Hawkeye & Hunnicutt of M.A.S.H.

CHARTS

US SINGLES

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Funkytown..... Lipps Inc	
2	(2)	Biggest Part Of Me..... Ambrosia	
3	(4)	Coming Up (Live At Glasgow)..... Paul McCartney & Wings	
4	(5)	Cars..... Gary Numan	
5	(7)	The Rose..... Bette Midler	
6	(3)	Call Me..... Blondie	
7	(12)	Little Jeannie..... Elton John	
8	(11)	Steal Away..... Robbie Dupree	
9	(10)	Against The Wind..... Bob Seger	
10	(8)	Lost In Love..... Air Supply	
11	(6)	Don't Fall In Love With A Dreamer Kenny Rogers/Kim Carnes	
12	(18)	It's Still Rock and Roll To Me..... Billy Joel	
13	(9)	Sexy Eyes..... Dr. Hook	
14	(13)	Hurt So Bad..... Linda Ronstadt	
15	(17)	Let's Get Serious..... Jermaine Jackson	
16	(21)	Cupid/I've Loved You For A Long Time..... Spinners	
17	(20)	She's Outta My Life..... Michael Jackson	
18	(15)	Brass In Pocket (I'm Special)..... The Pretenders	
19	(14)	Stomp!..... The Brothers Johnson	
20	(16)	Ride Like The Wind..... Christopher Cross	
21	(24)	Let Me Love You Tonight..... Pure Prairie League	
22	(19)	Another Brick In The Wall (Part II)..... Pink Floyd	
23	(26)	Should've Never Let You Go..... Neil and Dara Sedaka	
24	(22)	I Can't Help It..... Andy Gibb & Olivia Newton-John	
25	(30)	Tired Of Toein' The Line..... Rocky Burnette	
26	(32)	Shining Star..... Manhattans	
27	(23)	Breakdown Dead Ahead..... Boz Scaggs	
28	(34)	Magic..... Olivia Newton-John	
29	(31)	We Live For Love..... Pat Benatar	
30	(36)	I'm Alive..... Electric Light Orchestra	

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Against The Wind..... Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band	
2	(2)	Glass Houses..... Billy Joel	
3	(3)	The Wall..... Pink Floyd	
4	(4)	Just One Night..... Eric Clapton	
5	(5)	Mad Love..... Linda Ronstadt	
6	(6)	Women And Children First..... Van Halen	
7	(8)	Off The Wall..... Michael Jackson	
8	(12)	Mouth To Mouth..... Lipps Inc	
9	(10)	Middle Man..... Boz Scaggs	
10	(11)	Empty Glass..... Pete Townshend	
11	(7)	Go All The Way..... The Isley Brothers	
12	(9)	Gideon..... Kenny Rogers	
13	(—)	McCartney 2..... Paul McCartney	
14	(14)	Duke..... Genesis	
15	(16)	Let's Get Serious..... Jermaine Jackson	
16	(20)	The Empire Strikes Back..... Original Soundtrack	
17	(13)	Christopher Cross..... Christopher Cross	
18	(18)	Sweet Sensation..... Stephanie Mills	
19	(15)	Pretenders..... Pretenders	
20	(24)	The Rose..... Original Soundtrack	
21	(21)	Go To Heaven..... Grateful Dead	
22	(27)	Scream Dream..... Ted Nugent	
23	(17)	Mickey Mouse Disco	
24	(22)	Departure..... Journey	
25	(36)	21 at 33..... Elton John	
26	(28)	One Eighty..... Ambrosia	
27	(19)	The Long Run..... The Eagles	
28	(23)	Light Up The Night..... Brothers Johnson	
29	(33)	Urban Cowboy..... Original Soundtrack	
30	(31)	Two Places At The Same Time..... Ray Parker Jr & Raydio	

U.S. Charts courtesy 'Cashbox' magazine

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Highest Weeks
1	(1)	McCartney 2.....Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	3 1
2	(5)	Flesh & Blood.....Roxy Music (Polydor)	2 2
3	(25)	Peter Gabriel.....Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	2 3
4	(6)	Me Myself I.....Joan Armatrading (A&M)	3 4
5	(3)	I Just Can't Stop.....The Beat (Go Feet)	3 3
6	(4)	The Magic Of Boney M Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	9 1
7	(8)	Champagne & Roses.....Various (Phonogram)	2 7
8	(2)	Sky 2.....Sky (Ariola)	8 2
9	(10)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	35 3
10	(22)	21 at 33.....Elton John (Rocket)	2 10
11	(7)	Greatest Hits.....Rose Royce (Whitfield)	14 1
12	(—)	Ready & Willing.....Whitesnake (UA)	1 12
13	(17)	Twelve Gold Bars.....Status Quo (Vertigo)	12 2
14	(9)	Just One Night.....Eric Clapton (RSO)	5 5
15	(11)	Duke.....Genesis (Charisma)	11 1
16	(—)	Good Morning America.....Various (K Tel)	3 16
17	(—)	The Up Escalator Graham Parker & The Rumour (Stiff)	1 17
18	(16)	Sometimes You Win.....Dr Hook (Capitol)	19 7
19	(20)	Regatta De Blanc.....Police (A&M)	34 1
20	(27)	Let's Get Serious Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	2 20
21	(28)	Iron Maiden.....Iron Maiden (EMI)	7 5
22	(29)	Magic Reggae.....Various (K-Tel)	3 20
23	(15)	Heaven And Hell.....Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	7 8
24	(14)	Travelogue.....Human League (Virgin)	2 14
25	(18)	Suzi Quatro's Greatest Hits..Suzi Quatro (Rak)	7 4
26	(13)	Sankes & Ladders.....Gerry Rafferty (UA)	7 11
27	(—)	Themes For Dreams.....Various (K-Tel)	1 27
28	(—)	Sometimes When We Touch Cleo Laine/James Galway (RCA)	1 28
29	(23)	Shine.....Average White Band (RCA)	2 23
30	(21)	One Step Beyond.....Madness (Stiff)	30 2

BUBBLING UNDER

Great Rock and Roll Swindle — Soundtrack (Virgin)
Tangram — Tangerine Dream (Virgin)
Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway — (Atlantic)
Danger Zone — Sammy Hagar (Capitol)
Bass Culture — Linton Kwesi Johnson (Island)
Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark — (Dindisc)



Number one with remarkable ease: Paul McCartney & friend.
Pic: Adrian Boot

INDIES

Singles		
1	Death & Destiny.....Mythra (Guardian)	
2	Name Rank & Serial No.....Fist (Neat)	
3	In The Beginning.....The Slits (Y)	
4	King.....UB40 (Graduate)	
5	Ricky's Hand.....Fad Gadget (Mute)	
6	Big Time.....Rudi (Good Vibrations)	
7	Captain Kirk.....Spizzenergi (Rough Trade)	
8	Anti cipation.....Delta 5 (Rough Trade)	
9	White Mice.....Mo-Dettes (Mode)	
10	Johnny Won't Go To Heaven.....Killjoys (Raw)	

Albums		
1	Bootleg Retrospective.....The Slits (Y)	
2	Raincoats.....The Raincoats (Rough Trade)	
3	Unknown Pleasures.....Joy Division (Factory)	
4	Self Conscious Over You.....Outcasts (Good Vibrations)	
5	Live At YMCA.....Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)	
6	Pass Out.....Inner City Unit (Riddle)	
7	Final Vinyl.....Teardrops (Illuminated)	
8	Stations Of The Cross.....Crass (Crass)	
9	20 Jazz Funk Greats.....Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)	
10	Dirk Wears White Soc.....Adam And The Ants (Do It)	

Chart by: Target Records, Royal Oak Yard, Bondgate, Darlington.

REGGAE

Singles		
1	A1 Sound.....Sinbad / Little John (Youth In Progress)	
2	Why Girl.....Earth and Stone (Errol T)	
3	Don't Feel No Way.....Dahamia (Nina Kupenda)	
4	Creation Rock.....M Prophet (Yabba You)	
5	Armageddon Man.....Willie Williams (Yabba You)	
6	Hear It In The News.....Jah Thomas (Solid Gold)	
7	Jah Love.....Al Campbell (JB Mus)	
8	Spinning Wheel.....Delano Stewart (Timbre)	
9	Let Me Love You.....Dennis Brown (Gibbs)	
10	When I Think Of You.....Rudy Thomas (Rudy T)	

Chart by: Maroons Tunes, 19 Greek Street, London W.1.

DISCO

Singles		
1	Funky Town.....Lipps Inc. (Pye)	
2	Keep In Touch.....Freeze (Pye)	
3	Space Princess.....Lonnie Liston Smith (CBS)	
4	Let's Get It Together.....El Coco (pye)	
5	Boops Up Side Your Head.....Crap Band (Phonogram)	
6	The Scratch.....Surface Noise (Groove)	
7	Back Together Again.....Roberta Flack (WEA)	
8	Sunset People.....Donna Summer (Pye)	
9	You Got What It Takes.....Bobby Thurston (CBS)	
10	Feels Like I'm In Love.....Kelly Marie (Pye)	

Chart by:— HMV Records, Oxford St, London W.1

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 17, 1975		
1	Whispering Grass.....Windsor Davies/Don Estelle (EMI)	
2	Three Steps To Heaven.....Showaddywaddy (Bell)	
3	I'm Not In Love.....10 cc (Mercury)	
4	The Proud One.....Osmonds (MGM)	
5	The Hustle.....Van McCoy (Avco)	
6	Send In The Clowns.....Judy Collins (Elektra)	
7	Sing Baby Sing.....Stylistics (Avco)	
8	Listen To What The Man Said.....(Wings Parlophone)	
9	The Way We Were.....Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	
10	Stand By Your Man.....Tammy Wynette (Epic)	

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 16, 1965		
1	Crying In The Chapel.....Elvis Presley (RCA)	
2	The Price Of Love.....Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)	
3	I'm Alive.....Hollies (Parlophone)	
4	Long Live Love.....Sandie Shaw (Pye)	
5	Trains & Boats & Planes.....Burt Bacharach (London)	
6	The Clapping Song.....Shirley Ellis (London)	
7	Colours.....Donovan (Pye)	
8	Poor Man's Son.....Rockin' Berries (Piccadilly)	
9	Set Me Free.....Kinks (Pye)	
10	A World Of Our Own.....Seekers (Columbia)	

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 17, 1970		
1	In The Summertime.....Mungo Jerry (Dawn)	
2	Yellow River.....Christie (CBS)	
3	Groovin' With Mr. Bloe.....Mr. Bloe (DUM)	
4	Honey Came Back.....Glen Campbell (Capitol)	
5	Cottonfields.....Beach Boys (Capitol)	
6	Back Home.....England World Cup Squad (Pye)	
7	Abraham Martin And John.....Martin Gaye (Tamla Motown)	
8	Up The Ladder To The Roof.....Supremes (Tamla Motown)	
9	Sally.....Gerry Monroe (Chapter One)	
10	Question.....Moody Blues (Threshold)	

20 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 16, 1960		
1	Cathy's Clown.....Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)	
2	Cradle Of Love.....Johnny Preston (Mercury)	
3	Three Steps To Heaven.....Eddie Cochran (London)	
4	Handy Man.....Jimmy Jones (MGM)	
5	I Wanna Go Home.....Lonnie Donegan (Pye)	
6	Shazam.....Duane Eddy (London)	
7	Robot Man.....Connie Francis (MGM)	
8	Ain't Misbehavin'.....Tommy Bruce (Columbia)	
9	Sweet Nuthins.....Brenda Lee (Brunswick)	
10	Mama.....Connie Francis (MGM)	

NEWS



UB40 join Police

THE POLICE are now set to headline the first major concert at the new open-air Milton Keynes Bowl on Saturday, July 26 (2-10.30pm), confirming NME's exclusive forecast at the end of March. The event is being billed as Rockatta De Bowl, and tickets cost £6, with The Police donating their fee to youth organisation charities.

Special guest stars on the bill were confirmed this week as UB40, and they'll be joined by Fashion and American band Skafish, with the possibility of one further act still to be announced.

As previously reported, the venue is an old quarry which has been reclaimed into a crescent-shaped arena, with a present capacity of just under 35,000. The opening show has been organised by the NJF and the Marquee, promoters of the Reading Festival.

At press-time, there were plenty of tickets available, but don't waste any time in applying. Postal bookings should be sent to NJF/MK1, P.P. Box 450, London W1A 4SQ. Make cheques and POs (no cash) payable to "NJF/Marquee", and enclose SAE.

Motorhead metalfest

MOTORHEAD, who recently scored a big chart success with their 'Golden Years' EP, headline a big one-day heavy metal show at Stafford Bingley Hall on Saturday, July 26 (starting at 4pm). And they're joined on the bill by Girlschool, Angel Witch, Mythra, White Spirit, Vardis and two or three other bands still to be finalised. All tickets are £4.50, and the promoters are Straight Music. Motorhead, who'll be previewing tracks from their upcoming Bronze album, will present their full stage show.

Tickets are available from Premier Box Office and London Theatre Bookings (London); Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham); Sundown (Wolverhampton); Mike Lloyd Shops (Hanley, Tunstall and Newcastle-under-Lyme); Piccadilly (Manchester); Penny Lane (Liverpool); and Virgin (Leeds, Bristol and Cardiff) - or by post from Straight Music, 1 Munrow Terrace, London SW10 (enclose SAE). The London outlets are also providing coaches from Kings Cross Station and return, at an all-in price of £7.50.

Jam for Loch event

THE JAM, The Tourists, Stiff Little Fingers, Gillan and Wishbone Ash are among top attractions confirmed for this year's leading open-air event in Scotland — the second annual Loch Lomond Festival, to be staged at the Bear Park site on Saturday and Sunday, June 21 and 22 (1-11pm on both days). The full line-up is:

● **SATURDAY:** The Jam, The Tourists, Stiff Little Fingers, The Regents, Bad Manners, The Only Ones, The Chords, Cuban Heels, Ra Bears.
● **SUNDAY:** Wishbone Ash, Saxon, Lindisfarne, Ian Gillan Band, Krokus, Wild Horses, Henry Gorman Band, Red Ellis and the Denny Laine Band.

Tickets are at the one price of £6.50 per day. They are obtainable by post from The Ticket Office, Loch Lomond Bear Park, Loch Lomond, Strathclyde, Scotland — postal orders only made payable to "Music Festival Scotland Ltd.", and enclose sae. And they are on sale to personal applicants at selected record shops in various towns in Scotland and the North of England, as well as at certain theatre box-offices including Glasgow Apollo and Edinburgh Usher Hall.

The loch-side site has been extended since last year, with improved facilities and a larger camping area. It's about 17 miles from the centre of Glasgow, from which it can easily be reached by train or bus to Balloch, where there's a linking shuttle service to and from the site. It's situated on the main A74 road out of Glasgow.

Slits, Cooper Clarke outdoors

THE SLITS and The Pop Group are among bands taking part in a day-long event (11am-11pm) at London Alexandra Palace this Sunday, June 15, which has been organised by the *Morning Star* newspaper. The rock bill — also featuring The Raincoats, John Cooper Clarke, The Au Pairs and Essential Logic — is only part of the festivities which also include jazz, folk, films, speciality acts and sideshows. Tickets are £2.80 on the doors.

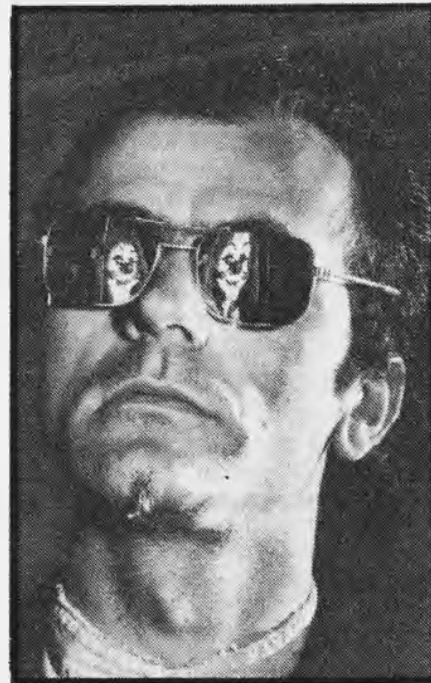
IAN CURTIS TRAGEDY

THE DEATH of Ian Curtis, lead singer of highly-rated Manchester band Joy Division, has provided the biggest shock of the past few weeks. Curtis, who was 23, took his own life — apparently following a domestic upheaval. The band had completed a new album called 'Closer' shortly before the tragedy, and this is to be released by Factory Records on June 27 — preceded this weekend by the single 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'. See centre pages.

STRANGLERS GIG PLANS FOR JULY

THE STRANGLERS will be going on the road again in the middle of July. Dates are promised for next week, but it's known that they'll be visiting areas they haven't played for some time — in Cornwall, Dorset, the South-East, the Newcastle area and Scotland. They'll be previewing material from their new album 'The Meninblack', currently nearing completion in Munich.

The band, whose new single 'Who Wants The World' has just been issued, cancelled their projected London Rainbow concerts last week — which were originally fixed when Hugh Cornwell was jailed — but they'll probably be compensating the capital in their July schedule. Cornwell has just finished writing a book based on his Pentonville



experiences, and publication negotiations are under way.

Nugent in UK tour

TED NUGENT is set for his first UK tour in three years. He's confirmed for seven dates in August, with at least one more to be announced. His visit ties in with the release this week of his new Epic album 'Scream Dream', following hot on the heels of his single 'Flesh And Blood'.

He plays London Hammersmith Odeon (August 1 and 2), Manchester Apollo (5), Edinburgh Odeon (6), Newcastle Mayfair (7 and 8) and Birmingham Odeon (9). Tickets are now on sale priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50 — except at Newcastle, where admission is on a one price only basis. Promoters are Straight Music.

Your Public NME

We deeply regret the non-appearance of the last six issues of the NME.

This was the result of a dispute between the International Publishing Corporation (IPC), which owns *NME*, and the National Union Of Journalists (NUJ), to which almost all of the company's journalists belong.

NME was one of several dozen titles hit by the dispute, ranging from *Woman's Own* and *Honey to Wizzer* And *Chips* and *Horse And Hound*.

The dispute arose out of a pay claim for 32% by the NUJ, who declared their intention to work to rule in pursuance of the claim after pay negotiations had broken down. IPC claimed that in so doing NUJ members as a body were in breach of contract and had "dismissed themselves".

Pay was stopped and for several weeks while negotiations to end the dispute were in progress journalists undertook an unpaid work-in. No

titles appeared, other than those prepared several weeks in advance.

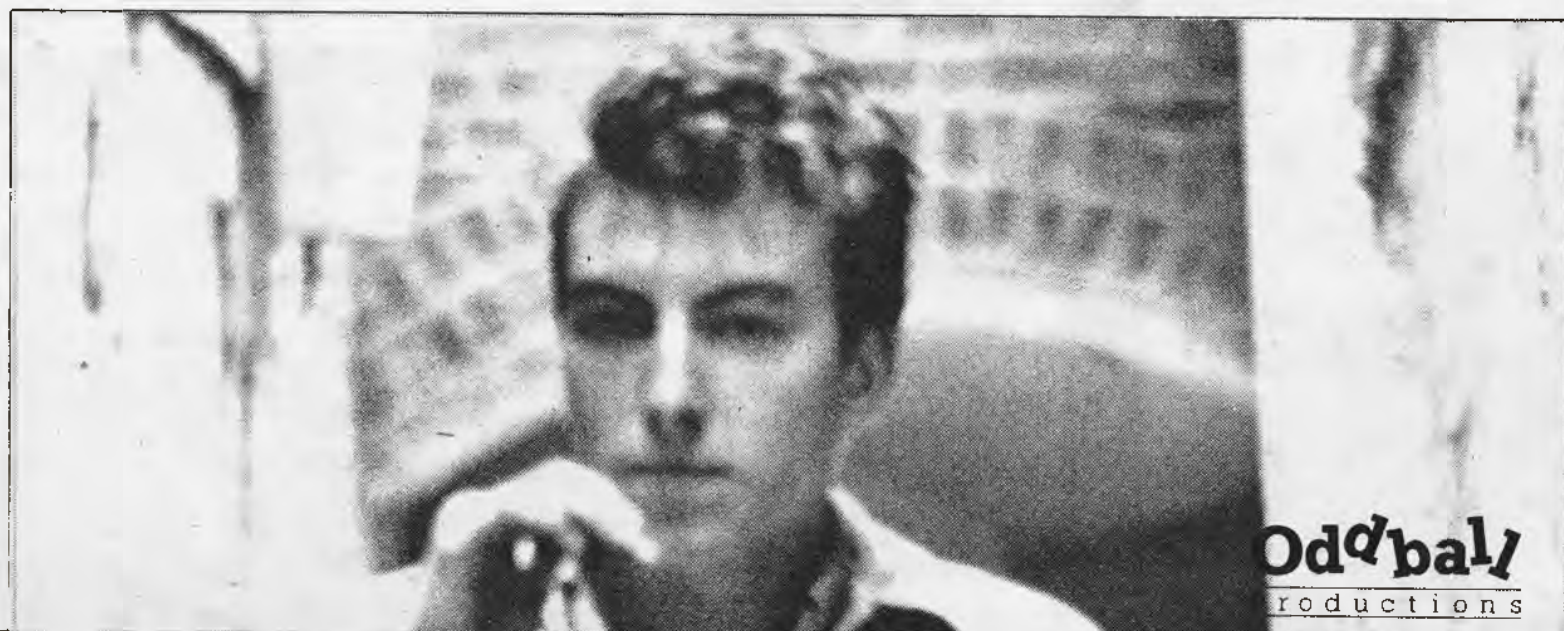
The talks that brought a re-instatement were not directly concerned with the pay rise but with back pay, which will be resolved inconjunction with ACAS, the government's arbitration and conciliation service.

During our absence a new rock weekly called *New Music News* appeared. We would like to take this opportunity to make clear that despite the similarity of its name *New Music News* is in no way connected with *NME*.

Another indirect result of the dispute was a shake-up at *Melody Maker* (also owned by IPC), which has resulted in two former *MM* writers joining the *NME* team.

We apologise again for the loss of sound and vision. We know there is no real substitute for the world's biggest selling rock weekly, and *NME* will continue to try and bring our readers the very best in rock and cultural reading for the modern age.

What's the MATTER BOY?



VIC GODARD & SUBWAY SECT

New Album featuring the single 'Split up the Money'

you don't have to be thick to be contemporary!

MCA RECORDS

1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1 3FW

OUR PRICE TAKING OVER HARLEQUIN

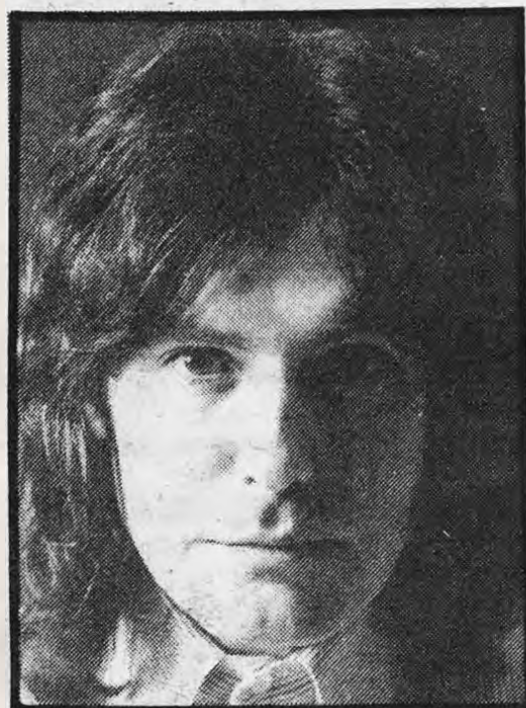
OUR PRICE RECORDS have bought out the chain of Harlequin record shops at a cost of over £1 million, and have so created the largest chain of independent record stores in the country. The take-over establishes a 57-shop operation in the Midlands and the South, with a £10 million turnover.

● The next Kate Bush single is 'Babooshka', issued by EMI on June 20. She has now finished work on her album, still untitled, for which September 5 release is planned.

● Out this week on Y Records (through Rough Trade) are The Slits' single 'Man Next Door' and a compilation album by The Pop Group selling at £2.50 called 'We Are Time' — and Glaxo Babies' four-track EP 'Limited Entertainment' follows on June 20. On the Rough Trade label this week comes the classic Pere Ubu single 'Final Solution' (recorded in 1976), with their new album 'The Art Of Walking' due in the summer.

● Leo Sayer's new single, issued by Chrysalis on June 20, is a revival of the Bobby Vee classic 'Love You More Than I Can Say'. It's taken from his new album, due in August.

● The Human League's first Virgin single 'Empire State Human,' originally released last October, is being re-issued this week in view of the band's current success. It's coupled with 'Introducing,' and the first 15,000 copies comes with a bonus single featuring two tracks from the 'Travelogue' album — 'Only After Dark' / 'Toyota City.'



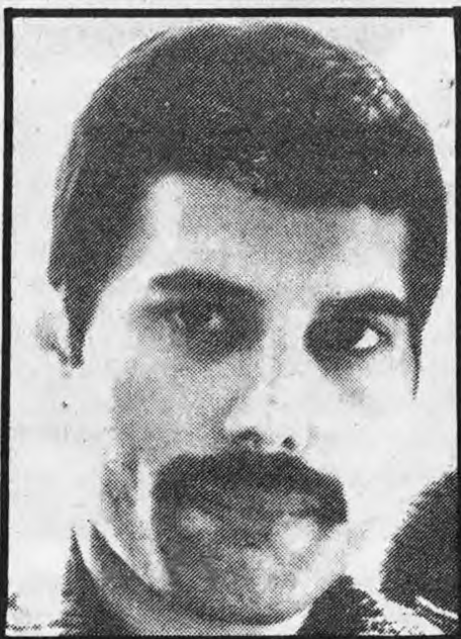
● Frankie Miller releases his seventh Chrysalis album this weekend — titled 'Easy Money', it was recorded in New York and Nashville. A single from the LP called 'So Young So Young' is already out.

MALCOLM McLAREN

In our edition of the 29th March we stated that the Sex Pistols' film *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* had been bought by Virgin Records from the Official Receiver following the bankruptcy of the band's ex-manager and his company. We now know that Mr. Malcolm McLaren has never at any time been made or adjudicated bankrupt nor has the Official Receiver been involved in his affairs or that of his company in any way and we apologise to him for the report.

LATEST RECORD NEWS

QUEEN PLAY THE GAME



MANUEL MERCURY (Que?)

QUEEN have a new album called 'The Game' issued by EMI on June 20. Although their double set 'Live Killers' came out in June last year, this will be their first studio LP since 'Jazz' in December, 1978. It contains ten tracks, including the two hit singles 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love' and 'Save Me', and was recorded in Munich over an 11-month period. One of the songs from the LP, 'Play The Game', has just been issued as a single. Despite upcoming U.S. and European tours, there are at present no plans for any UK dates.

● The first solo single by UK Subs vocalist Charlie Harper is issued by Gem on June 27. Titled 'Barney London Army', it's described as "partly a tribute to Jimmy Pursey."

● Heavy metal band Vardis have signed with Logo, and will have a 12-inch EP out soon. A live album follows in autumn to coincide with a nationwide tour.

● Jim Capaldi, the former Traffic stalwart, has signed to Carrere Records. His first single for the label 'Hold On To Your Love' is out this weekend, with his album 'The Sweet Smell Of Success' due on July 4.

● Latest rock'n'roll revivalists to land a deal are the Chuck Fowler Band, who've been signed by Rockburgh. Their debut single is the rock classic 'Mystery Train', issued this weekend.

● Bob Dylan's new album, issued by CBS on June 20, is another incursion into the God-rock which has been dominating his recent output. Titled 'Saved', it was recorded at Muscle Shoals and consists of nine tracks.

● Following the success of the David Essex single 'Silver Dream Racer', Mercury are putting out another single from the film of the same name — titled 'The Race', it's due on June 20th. His next album 'Hot Love' is due later in the summer.

● The next single from The Chords, planned for release by Polydor on July 4, is 'The British Way Of Life'. The track is 'Night Starvation' and it sells at £1.49.

● Slade release a six-track 12-inch single on Chas Chandler's Six Of The Best label next Monday. The title track is 'Night Starvation' and it sells at £1.49.

● Hull band The Akrylykz have their second Polydor single 'J.D.'/'Ska'd For Life' released on June 20.

● Siouxsie & The Banshees are currently working on their third album, and will be going on tour to coincide with its release. Meanwhile, their new double A-side single 'Christine'/'Eve White Eve Black' has just been issued by Polydor.

● Gillan, formerly with both Island and Acrobat, have now been signed by Virgin. Their first single for the label 'Sleeping On The Job' is out this week, with free sew-on patches in the first 20,000 copies. Their LP 'Glory Road' follows in August.

● Samson, who were on the point of signing with EMI, have instead inked a five-year worldwide deal with Gem Records. They pulled out of the EMI deal when a strike at the pressing plant delayed release of their double A-side single 'Vice Versa'/'Hammerhead' — which now appears this week on Gem. They'll shortly be announcing a full UK tour to coincide with the release of a new album.

● Girlschool, who've recently been supporting Swiss band Krokus in their UK concerts, have their debut album 'Demolition' issued by Bronze this weekend. Their single 'Nothing To Lose' has just come out.

Ultravox switch

ULTRAVOX have signed to Chrysalis Records, and have their first single for that label 'Sleepwalk'/'Waiting' issued on June 20. The band, now with new member Midge Ure, are at present putting the finishing touches to a new album for July release. Meanwhile, the band's former label Island this week issues a compilation LP called 'Three Into One', drawn from their three previous albums and featuring John Foxx as lead vocalist — this follows an abortive High Court attempt by Foxx to have the sleeve credits changed.

Police six-pack

THE POLICE are releasing, via A&M, a special collector's edition of all their hit singles plus two previously unissued tracks. The package comes in a transparent wallet, with new colour photos of the band and lyrics to all the songs. The five hit singles come in their original jackets, while the sixth features a specially recorded mono version of 'The Bed's Too Big Without You' and a live version of 'Truth Hits Everybody'. All six singles are pressed in blue vinyl, and the six-pack sells at a maximum £5.99.

COMPILATION SET FROM MOTOWN

MOTOWN have scored 248 British chart entries since 1960, including seven No 1 singles — and 40 of these hits are included on their 20th Anniversary Album, issued this week. It's a double set in a gatefold sleeve, selling at the special price of £6.50. Among the many acts featured are Stevie Wonder, Mary Wells, The Four Tops, Diana Ross, Jackson 5, The Supremes, The Temptations and Smokey Robinson & The Miracles.

● Following their two 'Metal For Muthas' albums, EMI this week issue a four-track EP sampler selling at £1.99, titled 'Muthas Pride'. Bands featured are Wild Fire, Quartz, White Spirit and Baby Jane. And on June 20, Quartz have a 12-inch red-vinyl EP released on the Logo label, featuring 'Satan's Serenade', 'Bloody Fool' and a live version of 'Roll Over Beethoven'.

● Aretha Franklin has signed a long-term deal with Arista, for whom she is currently recording a new album, due out in the summer.

● The Fabulous Thunderbirds — now back in their native Texas, but due to return to Britain in the autumn — leave behind a new single on Chrysalis. Taken from their LP 'What's The Word', it's coupled 'Sugar Coated Love' and 'Los Fabulosos Thunderbirds'.

● Wishbone Ash have just completed another 12-date UK concert series, during which some of the shows were recorded for a live album, planned for autumn release by MCA.

● Produced by Jeff Wayne, the new Justin Hayward album 'Night Flight' is out this week on Decca. An edited version of the title track appears as a single.

ICA rock week

LONDON's Institute of Contemporary Arts in The Mall is staging a Rock Week later this month, the first in a series of such events sponsored by Capital Radio. The shows feature some of the best developing out-of-town bands, and the line up comprises Wah! Heat and Modern Eon (June 17); The Fall and Ludus (18); Glaxo Babies and The Diagram Brothers (19); A Certain Ratio, Section 25, Durutti Column and Blurt (20); Airkraft, The Distributors and Music For Pleasure (21); and Clock DVA, They Must Be Russians and Medium Medium (22). Tickets are £1.50 (members) and £1.85 (non-members).

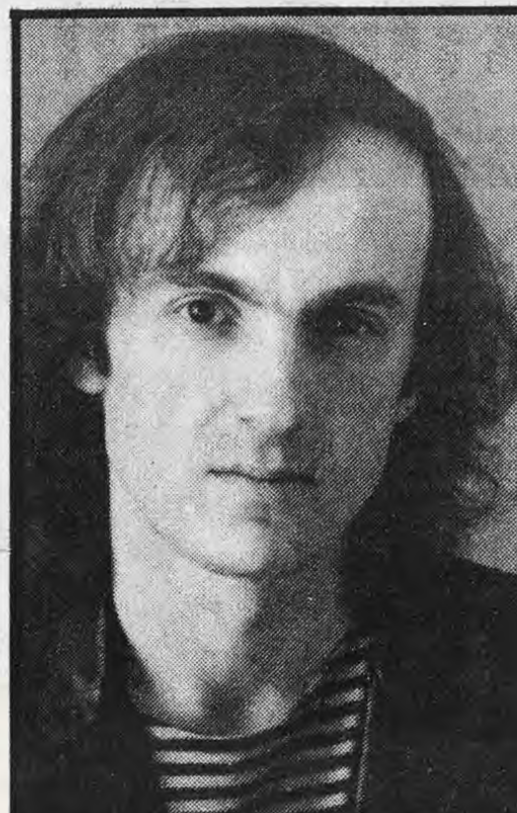
PISTOLS' LATEST RECORD SWINDLE

THE SOUNDTRACK album of The Sex Pistols' film *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* is released this week by Virgin. It's a newly-compiled single LP, and not a reissue of the previous double album of the same name. Out at the same time is a Pistols single in a four-colour picture bag titled 'Stepping Stone' (from the double LP) — coupled with 'Pistols Propaganda', which combines fragments of old songs with the voice of former BBC announcer John Snagge!

● Latest solo single from Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott is 'King's Call', his song about the night Elvis Presley died. Out this week via Phonogram.

● The Mekons have signed with Red Rhino Records and have their single 'Snow' issued next week, followed shortly by an album and promotional tour. Same label has signed Clicks featuring ex-Penetration guitarist Gary Chaplin, whose three-track EP 'Short Time' is due soon; and The Distributors, whose single 'Lean On Me' is set for August.

● Singles from Polydor this week include 'Ain't No Bigger Fool' by Gloria Gaynor and 'DK 50/80' by Otway & Barrett.



Sniff's PAUL ROBERTS

Sniff's free EP

SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS are back in business with a new single and album, released this week by Chiswick. The single 'One Love' comes with a limited edition free EP — which features 'Rodeo Drive' from the new LP, plus two tracks from their 1978 debut album. 'The Game's Up' is the title of the new album, the cover of which sports an original painting by the band's vocalist and songwriter Paul Roberts.

● THE ROLLING STONES' long-awaited and much-delayed new album 'Emotional Rescue' is now officially set for June 27 release on their own label, through EMI.

On stage: Vibrators,

THE CLASH next week play their re-scheduled London gigs, which were postponed at the tail end of their winter tour when drummer Topper Headon broke his thumb. But they won't now be appearing at the Liberty Cinemas in Balham and Mile End, as originally planned, as both these venues have since closed — so they've switched to the Hammersmith Palais next Monday and Tuesday (16-17). Unfortunately, existing Liberty tickets are not valid, and holders must apply for cash refunds. There are also alterations to two other re-arranged dates — they now play Newcastle Mayfair tonight, Thursday (instead of tomorrow), and Hanley Victoria Hall on June 18 (not tonight).



CRASS and POISON GIRLS co-headline another gig series at Swansea Circles Club (tonight, Thursday), Barry Memorial Hall (Friday), Southampton Ashby Community Centre (Saturday), Bournemouth Town Hall (June 17), Bristol Trinity Hall (18), Totnes Civic Hall (19) and Plymouth Abbey Hall (20). Admission is £1, and more dates are being set.

THE COCKNEY REJECTS are playing a series of gigs this month, including Grimsby Community Centre (tomorrow, Friday), Derby Ajanta Cinema (Saturday), Cardiff Top Rank (June 17), Leeds Brannigan's (19), Northampton The Paddocks (20) and Sheffield Limit Club (21).

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS play Scarborough Penthouse (tomorrow, Friday), Northampton The Paddock (Saturday), Nottingham Boat Club (June 17), Nuneaton 77 Club (18), Bristol Trinity Hall (19), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (20), London Camden Music Machine (28), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (July 4) and Manchester Factory (5), with more being finalised. Their second album is due out in late summer.

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Jobs...Jobs...Jobs...

see Page 57

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Still life: JCC & laugh



JOHN COOPER CLARKE

TWISTING white cigarette smoke hangs festooned against the green flock wallpaper of the pub, before rising to join the Los Angeles-like carpet that's gathering below the off-cream ceiling.

The succession of 40-watt bulbs create an illusion of actually making the place darker and the air is dank and heavy with that musty pub smell that used to reek from your parents' clothes when they came in after a Saturday night out.

On a small raised 'stage' three middle aged men are playing to about twelve regular patrons, with voice, drums and Hammond organ. It's for their benefit as much as the gathering's — typical pub performers, they truly believe that had they devoted more time to it they'd have made the grade, and even sadder, they still believe there is time. They belt away through speakers that at other times crucify the juke box selections, act as PA at raffles or, if conditions allow, will receive the radio signals from the cab office down the street, just as the guest singer is climaxing 'I Aint Half Proud Of My Old Mum'.

The only other sounds to cut the general air of depression are the sensuround rumble as a train goes overhead or the short blasts from the fruit machine as it signals 'Nudge Now'. Everyone is silent and miserable. From the Public Bar comes the sound of conversation and laughter. It's brighter round there and they don't switch the jukebox off for every piss artist who wants to jerk your tears with 'Ken and Harry — South London's answer to Sounds Incorporated' accompanying. But going to the Public is not a proper night out, is it? People like to be entertained...

As the unbearable swelling of 'Fools Rush In' finally collapses and the song ends, the singer tells the uninterested ensemble that 'We're gonna take a short break right now but...' and, snapping out of it, we feel obliged to talk. Immediately deciding to move on, my company and I don coats and hastily make for the door ashamed at the decision to enter in the first place. (It was the Sounds Incorporated

sign that swayed us). Just before leaving somebody asks me what I did yesterday.

"Oh, I met that John Cooper Clarke bloke. He's alright."

"Y'should've hired him f'this place."

Taking a last look over into the dismal tavern I shake my head.

"Well... you wouldn't believe it... but he's already done it. The chap's moved on."

THE Chap's moved on. The best album released so far this year is John Cooper Clarke's 'Snap Crackle and Bop'. This being so, it's a fine time to underline his position, sorting out the man, myth and magic.

The myth: The myth runs that JCC is some quirky, fun offshoot from rock'n'roll, an acceptable casualty, the underdog tagging along back there, a sign of rock's all-embracing conscience for the misfit artist, but essentially some idiot scratch'n'sniff holla hoop gadget, a family pet. Les Jamming, he's the lovable nut at the broad front of rock's search for something new, something diversive, somebody who's career can be dropped in and out of when the serious contenders get too weighty. A wild and crazy guy.

The Magic: The magic came the day Clarke met and teamed up with Martin Hannett. Instant success was achieved with 'Suspended Sentence', overlooked in the shadow of 'Psyche Sluts', the featured track on that first EP for Rabad. 'Suspended Sentence' came brooding over the airwaves one night at a time when brooding was strictly for the birds. I remember getting bowled back by his restrained brilliance. Here was someone who knew what humour was and even knew what to do with it! With 'Suspended Sentence' Hannett — tagged Zero on the day — crafted the same distant thunder production he was later to shape an unruly Joy Division with, while Clarke took the *Daily Express* code for Better Britain to it's lunatic conclusion.

"Bring Back Hanging For Everyone.../They took my advice, they brought it back/National costume was all over black/There were corpses in the avenues and cul-de-sacs/Piled up neatly in six man stacks/Hanging from the traffic lights and specially made racks/They'd

hang you for incontinence and fiddling ya tax/Failure t'hang y'self justified the axe/A deedlee dee, a deedlee dum/Looks like they brought back hanging for everyone!"

The only off-putting thing was that, by appearance, this bloke seemed to be bringing back Dylan for everyone.

The Man: Yesterday, at London Bridge and three years since Rabad's baby, I met John Cooper Clarke...

"Sorreh I'm late everybodeh..." and he lopes into the room a full two hours late. (A blow much softened by the location, I'd been showing Pennie Smith the hidden face of a forgotten London). Clarke's a little shorter than you'd imagine and though wiry, still wears his jackets at button-bursting point like a streamlined Tweedle Dum. I spend most of our initial introduction figuring out whether the suit he's wearing actually fits. He must

take a keen awareness in his physique, I decide, because the very first thing he does is ask one of his press officers whether she has any slimming pills to spare. "Be with yer in a minute, Danneh. Shall we go fer a drink? Dya know any pubs around here?"

One or two.

'Snap Crackle (&) Bop', even with my faith in him, comes at the most perilous time for Clarke's association with rock, fame and wealth. Since the patchy first album, he'd released only the live LP which saw his unbacked delivery strained to the full. He was milking it, in short. Pressure to bare?

"Oh aye... I was feeling it alright. Every time I asked someone for money... well it never came through y'know. my name was shit." John Cooper Shit, hmmm.

"I was the great lost cause and you always can find someone t'listen to yer if you've shifted a few units, in those places." He talks slowly constantly nodding the high piled hair

Still life: JCC & Surrey Docks



Britain's alternative poet laureate visits dockland for a laugh and a joke

DANNY BAKER gets in the wets and between the lines

Snap, Crackle & Paradox: PENNIE SMITH

which is becoming uncomfortably close to an anarchist powder wig. I'd always thought he'd talk faster than a Virginia auctioneer, but there you are.

"Especially after the clear one, the live album that is... I don't think that one did too well. Everybody kept saying, you should release a live album that's where your appeal lies. Then no bugger bought it."

In the book that comes FREE with 'SC(&)B' there's a short scribbled autobiographical story, 'Ten Years In An Open Neck Shirt'. It's no more than a loose teaser, but I wondered if this saw the beginning of — or rather return to — JCC story teller.

"Oh no... that was just a press hand-out I did for CBS. They were gonna write it themselves which would have been doubly embarrassing so I said give me an hour and I'll knock one out myself. I already had the 'TYAONS' idea worked out so I just truncated it down into one page. One page, aye. But I've got the proper one coming out in me next book, character studies and things, y'know. Like Charles Dickens."

And you feel comfortable writing about yourself?

"Oh yeah. Writing a story around meself I can always write meself in as the 'ero'."

It doesn't take long to notice that John Clarke is at his happiest when cracking a gag or reliving a story. His speech picks up speed and he laughs a lot. As for the mundanities of straight q&a interview, he answers dutifully, but the accent on certain particularly dull words or passages tips the wink that he sees the job of satisfying his press office as an especially ludicrous one. Not that he's patronising to me, the choice extracts you've read above were wheeled from our first hour's talk — the rest of the time was spent solidly going over Great Gags Of Our Time.

But they weren't quite ready f'you though eh?

"Well the Mudd Club, 'Ooorahs and Cee-beh-Gee-beh's were sound. I got on really well there. That Mudd Club is the ultra poseurs place though... the proprietor stands at the doorway lettin' em in by what they're wearing, y'know. Y'see em hangin' around there all night, beggin' to be let in, but it's 'Not in that jacket!' Like 'rip the lapels off and y'might be in business.'"

What happened at the Palladium?

"Oh aye, The Palladium," he pushes the glasses back up his nose and just lets the sentence rest there awhile.

"It were 'orrible really. That was the one I 'ad t'do t'pay fer the trip. Supporting Rockpile and David Johanson. There's about eighty balconies. I'er, I didn't do too good, no..."

I chuckle away but JCC is reliving the catcalls. His career these past few years have had more than a generous share of raspberries, roughs and rejections. The most vivid one I remember was the boneheaded bunch of guillotine hags who pelted him during his initial London appearances at The Vortex club. No good hearted ragging of rubbish was that display but a sickening pointer to the terrace mob jackass vandals that were to strangle the revolt of rock for the price of acceptance in the eyes of their barrel chested mates. Today the field is all theirs. Others like JCC and the few keep themselves to themselves and etch the living with distance and caution. The others, still crooning for peace and understanding, go like lamb(retta)s to the slaughter.

"I were only in New York about eight days though. There's always gonna be one guy who's local to yer. There were this guy, this Manchester geyser workin' fer 'is paper out there, who came round t'see us, y'know, he did an article on us."

that the ships moved to Europe you'll hear, centuries of poverty and exploitation forgotten because of fifteen of fair wages. History will make the dockers out as the oafs who killed the goose that laid the golden egg and it won't be only them. Already the British public have learned to despise and laugh at those greedy miners and car workers.

Walk around London's idle 'docks and bust a gut. Or walk up to any messenger running letters through the City or office cleaner or casual labourer and ask them how much easy money they made from the great dock bonanza.

Because those are the jobs into which dockland dissolved, the only doors left open when you're forty and finished. They were bought off with a lump sum, the alternative being work available at ever increasing distances — the London Docks is now at Tilbury which, of course, isn't in London at all. And so the lure of a new start with that 'security' in the bank — initially the dockers were creamed off for — is accepted and that's when the businessmen have the last laugh. The indoctrination during the 'boom' years becomes revenge. Employ a stevedore and he'll be nothing but trouble — the lesson has been learned.

Today, you can stand in the middle of Surrey Docks and scream 'Never Let The Bastards Grind You Down' until you're blue in the face. The only people who'll hear will be the developers drawing up plans for offices, luxury flats and Olympic Villages.

"I can't get down... I can't bloody get down. Help." Clarke's stranded atop a ten foot high rubbish mound left by a skip lorry and looks genuinely concerned. It's possible that had Pennie Smith not acted as Sherper Tensing he'd be up there even as you read this. "I broke me bloody ankle a couple of months ago and it feels proper dodgy," he begins to brush imaginary dust from his coat sleeves. "I thought I were gonna die up there for a moment... Dja get yer picture alright though, Pennie?"

The derelict bomb site of the Surrey obliques with a backdrop that could steal the shot from any subject, John Cooper Clarke, Salvador Dali, Ronald Reagan having a to-the-death fist fight with Leonid Brezhnev you name it, it's the wastes with their odd clumps of abandoned offices, huge vacant sheds off towards Deptford and the snakey forgotten roads going no place that snap down on my

bloody kids he bloody blames/The bloody weed is bloody turf/The bloody speed is bloody surf/The bloody train is bloody late/Yer bloody wait and bloody wait/A bloody bloke got bloody stabbed/Waiting for a bloody cab/The bloody pubs are bloody dull/The bloody clubs are bloody full/With bloody girls and bloody guys/With bloody murder in their eyes/It bloody hurts t'look around/Evidently Chickentown.

A bloody good riddance it seems.

"Well I figured if I'm gonna live near a citeh, y'know, I may as well live near the big one, and so a year ago I moved down t'Stevenage. It's a bit like Australia was in the last century — a new town, like — I've got the pioneer spirit."

By now his speech, and thought, are getting very spacey and slow. It's that dread time when the alcohol had drained through you and worn a hole in that part of your head that usually stops daylight from hurting you.

"I never slept in New York — went into a few comas though."

obviously his slimming aids had burnt out without much fuss, and the pair of us are secretly dying to get our heads down for a half hour. (Though this usually results in waking at eleven thirty when everything is closed and dark and you feel wide awake and useless).

"I attract stares still, I suppose, and I've had a fair deal of violent reactions. 'Kung Fu International' was done after I got jumped by six, uh six kids — somebody did a drop kick on me, BAM! I was the wrong guy apparently."

Looking at him — the hair, the glasses, the gangle — it's little wonder he gets singled out. Even my dad, on seeing him on TV, noted that he 'looks like a leg of mutton handcuffed' whatever that means. (Unlike David Bowie, of whom the same source commented 'looked like six pound of shit in a five pound bag'). I remembered JCC's last NME interview where he stated that his relationship with rock is the

OUR MAN IN CHICKENTOWN

Like me, Clarke never forgets a punchline or a routine and we laughed like idiots... Oh yeah, the interview.

"Well I did the northern clubs y'know. Not the full circuit, but I did some really rotten dives. In between jazzbands and strippers and that I used to get up and read about ten minutes of this Mickey Spillane type story I was writing. But it began to catch up with me and I couldn't ever end it. It just used to go on."

You must've taken a lot of heckling.

"No not really. Each episode had equal proportions of sex and violence every week and they just used to sit there. It used to go down quite well actually."

How very different from your public in New York...

"New York was bloody great," he giggles rubbing his hair, looking out over the Thames and its ghost town of rotting wharves. "A great place. Walking out y'door at two in the mornin' and have to dodge past the crowds on the pavement... the nutters skateboardin' down middle of the road..."

Do they treat you as though you've got this speech defect?

"I spose they do, yeah. David Johanson thought I were a cockney."

When I was in Carolina everyone kept asking me to 'talk like a Londoner' as though this delicate phrasing I possess was some kind of Scottish drawl.

"Still, I wanna get back there. I never slept at all first time out, went into a few comas though."

A GAINST all the odds in a pub around Rotherhithe, at ten past three we were asked to drink up and go. We walked down river and around the bomb site that was once Surrey Docks. Up until about fifteen years ago here was one of Europe's busiest timber ports. Now all that remains are a couple of huge tyres and, here and there, a few links from the monster chains that held Russian ships to quay.

As soon as dockers began getting paid a living wage the docks began to close. TV comics began to make dockworkers the standing joke for the striking, never satisfied working class animal. It was their own fault

attention. Every new year's eve at midnight, the whole port would be full of Scandinavian and Russian timber ships and, at the first stroke, they'd all sound off their foghorns and whistles and hooters so even young kids with no concept of 'out with the old, in with the new' would be sharply dragged from sleep and then made to tremble as the docks howled. The din would shriek for about two minutes and then stop, leaving only the sound of your tense swallowing as a six-year-old brain tried to reason why the sky was singing.

Seventeen years on, here's the whirr of a camera's motor drive echoing. Ambling down the 'road', John mentions that if ever a promo film were needed for 'Evidently Chickentown' — the stunning opener from 'Snap, Crackle & Bop' — here's the location, exaggerated true, but every bit as stark and twisted as the speed babbling, slicing, belting assault that introduces his LP, 'Chickentown', with Hannett's crazed and relentless drum machine gunning, was a quickly scribbled goodbye to Manchester.

"The bloody cops are bloody keen/Bloody keep it bloody clean/The bloody chief's a bloody swine/Bloody draws the bloody line/The bloody fun and bloody games/The

same as Lenny Bruce's was to jazz in that he liked the clothes and the attitude. I reminded him of this, wondering whether the position had changed. His answers are, anti-climatic to say the least.

"Oh aye, I read that. Tell ya the truth... I don't remember saying that. I couldn't believe I'd said it."

Why?

"Well," he's laughing slowly — one of the few people who can laugh slowly — "It's not the type of thing I go round saying — not the sort of thing ya can slip in a conversation," and by now he's laughing fast. And so am I. He enjoys the absurdity further. "Yes I was only saying to Alfie Higgins the other day, I said, 'Y'know Alfie my relationship with rock is very much the same...' but he can't get the rest of the line out."

I don't think he doubts that he does say these things, it's just... well so what? There we are both are keeping straight faces trying to pay each other respect and the pair of us scratching around looking for something that will cause people to say 'Hey, did ya see how that Cooper Clark fellow summed up his life and the world in general?' And of course,

◆ Continues over page

Still life: JCC & tyre



Still life: JCC & Paradise Street



Still life: JCC & Benson & Hedges



JCC IN CHICKENTOWN CONTINUED

From previous page

when we found this one tiny piece of quotable meat, it sounded as silly as arseholes.

But do you still listen, still buy records?

"Oh yeah, I bought... 'ang on I can't remember what the last record I bought was. But, y'know, it's the same old story — you play it five times and then start working yer way backwards again. I can have anything I like on CBS for free but I..."

... don't like anything on CBS, right?

"Seems so."

Was there ever a golden era for you?

I see his face pondering on whether to point out the egg on my chin. He decides to. "Yeah, the seventeenth century."

Walked right into that. No I mean in your career.

"Well the Vortex has got t'be among me top ten nightspots."

OK, let's talk about dying the horrible death. Those nights when, if laughter is infectious, you seem to have found the cure. What do you remember about that Vortex appearance?

"Well on nights like that you get anaesthetized very quickly. The main thing is that you can't be precious about it, specially not in those working clubs. Often I used to cop

right out and just tell jokes. You can buy this book, *Call And Response* it's fer handling hecklers. Like "They wasted a good arse when they put teeth in your mouth mate — proper gentle stuff like that. But you're usually given about five minutes to grab their collective imagination. At the Glasgow Appollo they don't even give your that."

Ah, Glasgow, Where under a hail of cans John pronounced the bout a draw and strode off. Good line that about 'a draw.'

"Well you've got to say something." Ha."

As he says that it hits me that though I can relish a death at a distance, his tone hints that the degrading, lonely memories are still just a bit too painful to chuckle about. That night hurt and still stings.

Are you a success now then?

"Er... yeah, yeah, I suppose so, yeah. But I've always wanted t'be on tele. I've done all the music things, y'know, but I'd love a talk show, really. Actually talking to others, I mean I'm sure I'm better at questioning than I am at being questioned."

Are you having any bother writing stuff these days?

"Well since we done the album I've been having a rest." Again the tone drops to a hollow raw-nerve level, "Which... which is a nice way of saying I've got a block, a writer's

A bloody bloke got bloody stabbed/Waiting for a bloody cab/The bloody pubs are bloody dull/The Bloody clubs are bloody full/With bloody girls and bloody guys/With bloody murder in their eyes/It bloody hurts to look around

...

block, at the moment." There no nasal laugh for once. "It's quite frightening actually... yeah..."

How long ago was the new record finished then?

"Well we'd been doing it for a year. One side of it is actually a year older than the other. But we actually finished up not that long before release. Not that we took so long recording it right only, we couldn't always get studio time."

Are you always gonna work with Martin Hannett?

"Well yeah, but er, always is a bloody long time." The cliché being too apt to resist.

LET'S leave the interview there. The days of the interview are over. Not just the couple of days I knocked about with Clarke — yeah, we met up later on to laugh with out the tape recorder, that frigidaire that strangles both parties' ability to relax, — but also the days of expecting the 'goods' from these woodworkers we shape as rock'n'roll stars. Most of them are idiots and the few others are joes going about their business, like Paul Weller and JCC, whilst a thirsty public and drunken press squeeze their heads for a few thousand droplets of assurance that the

rest of use are either too lazy to figure out or else too scared to assume.

John Cooper Clarke, well John Cooper Clarke smokes too much dope and, in the thumbnail sketch I can patch out, has too few genuine friends. He'll never be assertive enough, that's just the way he is, but his sense of humour — and more importantly his sense of history in humour, his gag file — is unmatched in his field. I suppose the way he lives can be described as pottering. He potters about and in the course of it manages to knock together an album, a great album, but one that he wouldn't really have minded had it not come out at all. Not that much.

The attitude, the clothes be damned, rock'n'roll is Clarke's hammock and he'll swing with it so long as no-one shines a torch in his face for too long. The glare and the pressure he really doesn't need, whereas most rockers need a good amount of 'anguish' so as not to feel total sponging shifts. 'On man, you think it's easy, but the pressure man.'

There's a touch of the Ian Dury school there too. The understanding whereby the public and the press have got you totally sussed out, all your angles, all your thoughts whereas only you know that they don't know or understand a thing about you. But what has been arranged is that people can feel absolutely safe in the knowledge that they share you — you're a mate — while you know that you need never open up the real secrets whilst these... well not exactly suckers, but similar, are content to think they've bothered you enough, they know all there is to politely know.

Journalists are never bought with trips, drink and free gigs but by 'the goods', an artist letting them think they've caught him with his pants down, the 'private' tears, shared laughter. (No writer ever gets very close to Ian Dury but ask anyone and they'll swear to die for him. Trying to get his 'goods' is like being at a Dutch auction. Oh yeah, sure he is a lovely bloke, but for canniness and cunningness he leaves Lydon and McLaren at the post). And so with Johnnie Clarke, I'm feeling safer, mainly because he has no team around him. He forgets too many appointments, gives too many half-arsed answers to be consciously playing Mr Nice Guy.

The difference is, JCC would really have to sit down for about two weeks before hand if he wanted to get together some kind of strategy for selling himself. He's not together enough, he's not bothered. So many will claim to be uninterested in selling themselves but paradoxically that is their angle. Clarke really does try, but as an interviewee he's lousy. Thank God for that. I can play 'Snap Crackle & Bop' without weighing it against a personality and an approach. Yes I like John Cooper Clarke, I think you should too.

Because the man is clean. Really clean.



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Lennon pic: Alex Agair

Lennon in South Africa Is the sell-out complete?

JOHN LENNON, one-time rebel and well-known man about downtown New York was recently spotted in South Africa, not, we hope, as a supporter of the British Lions' racist rugby tour there. Travelling alone to avoid recognition, according to the S.A. Sunday Times, his reasons for visiting such a god-forsaken land are nevertheless not revealed. The most we can glean from the confidential report into the ex-Beatle's habits — to quote: "John smokes, though not a lot, and eats only health foods, he drinks very little." — is that he was here on his holidays, as a change from his — and again we quote — "travels to India... (he) can play the sitar beautifully."

The Times' source was a local cabman, John Parker, whom Lennon

took into his confidence and together they went meditating atop Table Mountain, just behind Capetown.

He reports that Lennon was "very humble and good, quiet, not at all wild or rowdy." Gosh that's not how we remember ya, John.

But best of all the paper states that he's retired, but sells real estate from time to time. "He believes in the brotherhood of man, and says that all things should be equal."

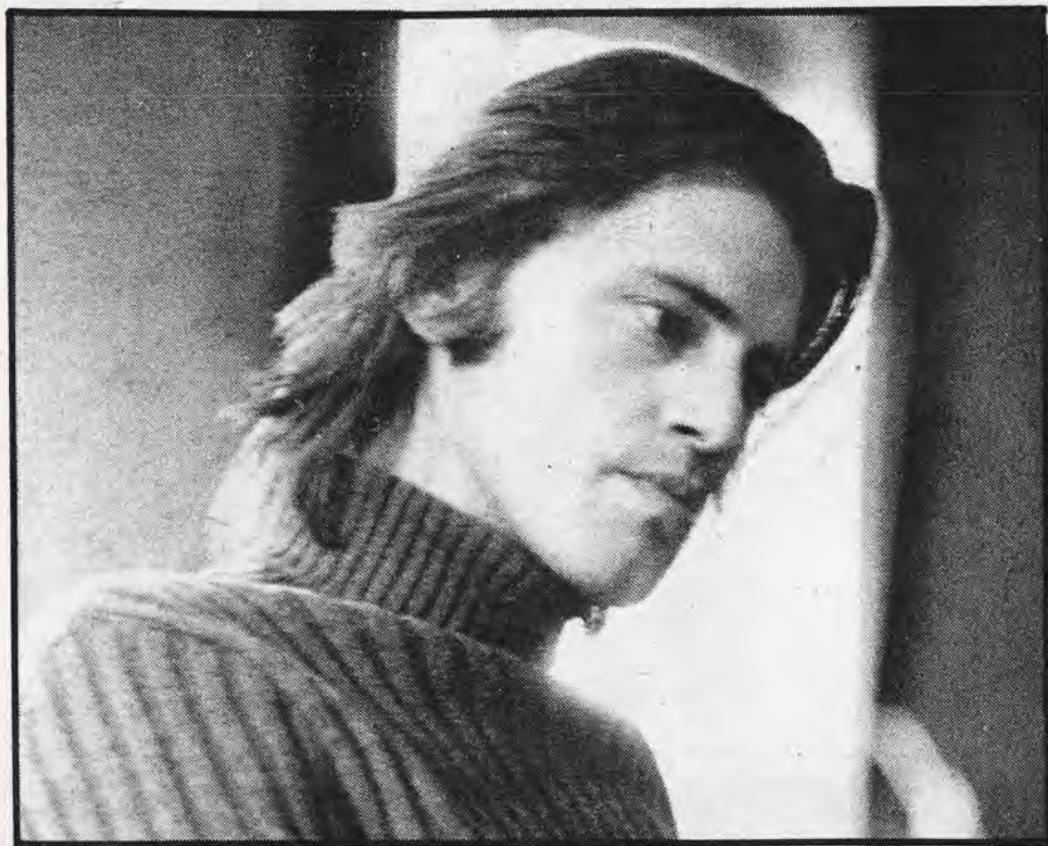
However: "Most of the time he doesn't have cash but he carries at least six credit cards with him."

Working class hero, huh!

Peter Hain, where are you now?

DANIE CRAVEN

Thrills



SAM THE SHAMAN

ENGLAND sees only sporadic productions of Sam Shepard's plays, but until this Saturday, London's Royal Court is still running his 'Seduced', a presentation about Howard Hughes as an archetypal American demon. A production of Shepard's Pulitzer Prize winning 'Buried Child' is also in rehearsal now at the Hampstead Theatre Club, and stars Julie Covington of *Rock Follies* fame. All part of a rather late recognition of Shepard's importance to rock culture...

It was back in 1971 that a young writer named Sam Shepard met a bookstore clerk called Patti Smith. Shepard was passing through, from Chicago, Nashville, Detroit, Kalamazoo — any spot on the national map of dreams you could name. He was full of the learnings and deferred loves of the pioneer and the traveller, and he invested them in the plays he wrote.

His first play was called 'Cowboys'; he told Patti Smith he'd written it at Christmas in '64, "on the back of used Tootsie Roll wrappers".

Patti took him home to read

poems and hear records; Shepard caught their life in another play, 'Cowboy Mouth', which he and she enacted onstage at the American Place Theatre April 29, 1974. Smith played Cavale, "a chick who looks like a crow", and Shepard played Slim, a man she kidnaps off the street to make him a rock star.

That same April, Smith and Shepard "dreamt a poem simultaneously". Smith wrote it out as 'dog dream', because it was about Bob Dylan's dog. It was also about the *Idea* of being Bob Dylan; Smith and Shepard shared their heroes.

Sam eventually drifted West, building a reputation along with a new kind of theatre: a theatre whose power resided in the restlessness of its imagery and language. A theatre so committed to experiment and to the incorporation of music and subcultural mythology that it proves elusive in actual performance.

A theatre, in fact, not unlike the music Patti Smith began to construct around the time Shepard published his first book (*Hawk*

Drugs for fun and profit

Army took acid test: official

JUNIOR Defence Minister Barney Hayhoe acknowledged in the Commons recently that the mind-altering LSD has been used on a number of volunteer servicemen as part of the Porton Down warfare experiments.

The chaps at the Defence Ministry had apparently been worried that the Russians or similar might deploy the dread mind-bender in a future war and wanted to test its effects in order to elaborate 'preventive' measures.

An MoD spokesman tells *Thrills* that the tests took place in the late '60s and involved 143 military personnel. The doses administered, he said, were "single and miniscule" and that there were "no observations to be made" on the results.

It is thought likely that little of any consequence was learned from the programme, which has now ceased.

More exciting activities at the Porton Down establishment have included the infection of 37 leukemia cancer patients with plagues thought similar to those likely to be used in biological warfare as well as the

showering of mice and rats with cs gas. a notable setback came in 1962 when a top scientist expired while experimenting with pneumonic plague.

FASCINATING Drug Fax: Valium — the G.P.'s favourite cure-all — has become the most successful 'new product' of the last decade with worldwide sales bounding from 720 million dollars in 1968 to 2,727 millions ten years later.

As a result, Swiss manufacturers Roche Sapac climb seven places on the world's top corporations chart — from 217 to 210.

If allowances are made for price and wage increases (150 per cent over the period) Roche experienced a more modest though satisfying 920 million dollar increase.

ANDREW TYLER

Thrills

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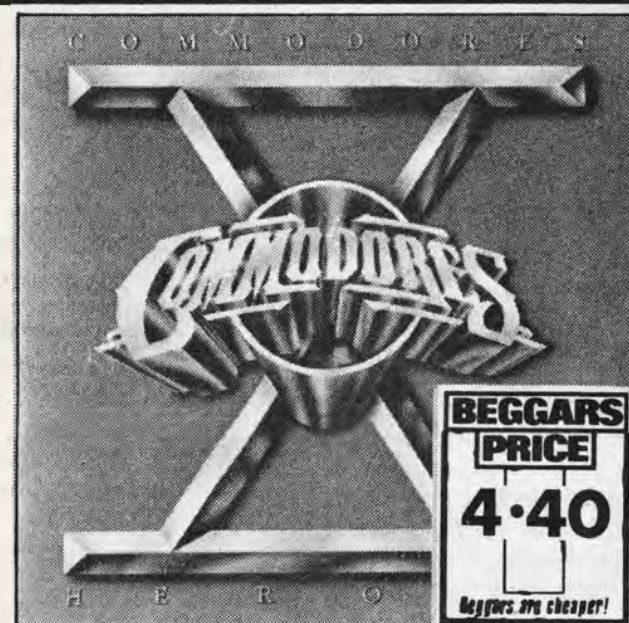
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Left: Sam Shepard. Right: Hugh McDermid's volcanic magnate recluse in 'Seduced'.



Thrills Theatre Review Shock!

Moon) and dedicated it to her.

Smith got stardom; Shepard got a ranch — and the day he signed for it the telephone rang and the caller was Bob Dylan. Hanging out with The Rolling Thunder Revue (result: *The Rolling Thunder Logbook*, published here by Penguin), Shepard was at last able to pick up some primary source info on Dylan's dog.

Among Shepard's admirers was film director Terrence Malick ('Badlands'). He knew Shepard's two screen plays: 'Zabriskie Point' for Antonioni and 'Me and My Brother' for Robert Frank. But it was the persona behind the rage which interested him.

Though it meant a long haul away from the ranch, Shepard was intrigued enough by Malick's ideas for 'Days of Heaven' to play the silent, isolated landowner at the heart of the movie's love triangle. And his stubborn romanticism provided a centre for the extraordinary film that emerged — the story of an era, but one whose characters are inhabitants of myth as much as history.

Last year, Sam Shepard was awarded the Pulitzer Prize, and recently he collaborated with New

York actor Joseph Chaikin on a one-man show called 'Tongues'.

Shepard's achievement has been remarkable: he's an artist who, despite his growing influence in film, rock, poetry, and theatre, manages to remain marginal and deviant... each of his creations explodes the previous one without devaluing it. His writing is heavy with shamanistic slang, rock and drug imagery, a blues heritage of endurance, and the traveller's ups and downs. Continually it revolves around or returns to music — and the deep desires it can tap.

Shepard deserves his strange status — and his mixed media coterie of fans. No other writer has successfully welded the potential poetry and worship, the explosiveness and rhythm, and the idiosyncratic heritage of rock to the theatre — still centrally a medium revolving around the word. His best plays carry all the compulsive inspiration of the best rock; his finger has always been on its pulse.

"People want a street angel," said his 1971 Cavale, explaining Patti Smith's then still-dormant vision of a rock messiah: "They want a saint with a cowboy mouth."

CYNTHIA ROSE

Spirits about to fly . . .

Festival of mind and body

Do you long to find the butterfly within? To discover your personal inner beauty and potential? So get off your bum then and down to this year's Festival For Mind-Body-Spirit (Olympia June 21-24).

Stand out exhibit is a giant chrysalis through which you can walk, roll or bounce so as "to experience the symbolic process of metamorphosis".

Metamorphosis is also the name of a tune specially commissioned from BBC New Age composer David Stoll to be performed on the first and last days by harp, flute, strings and three dancers.

No mere leaping around, you understand, but incorporating the symbolism of Rudolph Steiner's Eurythmy which "connects up with certain etheric forces and translates them through physical movement."

The threesome will make the journey from egg (this early sequence being "somewhat unresolved") to chrysalis (still slightly "disconnected") onto the resolution of the butterfly sequence done in really nice coloured silks.

Elsewhere it's business as usual; an array of products and techniques to aid fitness, nutrition, dream analysis, health and healing.

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ANDREW TYLER

Thrills

Lowry



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THE PHOTOS

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THURS 19 - LEICESTER UNIVERSITY

FRI 20 - KEELE UNIVERSITY

SAT 21 - NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY

SUN 22 - WAKEFIELD UNITY HALL

WED 25 - BRISTOL TRINITY HALL

THURS 26 - PORT TALBOT TROUBADOR

FRI 27 - BIRMINGHAM CEDAR BAIL'M

SAT 28 - MANCHESTER FACTORY 2

MON 30 - LEAMINGTON ROYAL SPA CENTRE

JULY:

TUES 1 - MAIDSTONE COLL. OF ART

WED 2 - TORQUAY TOWN HALL

THURS 3 - BARNSTAPLE CHEQUERS

SAT 5 - ST. AUGUSTINE NEW CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB

SUN 6 - BATH TIFFANYS

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 **BEGA 17**

John Plain and Jack Black appear by courtesy of Safari Records.

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Pic: Chris Walter

Pic: Epic Records

The Jesus Industry Little Richard, Bob Dylan

Hail the modern day profits!

THOSE of us anticipating another soulful bounding leap from Bob Dylan are going to have to face facts. Latest reports from the Zim camp indicate that the Big D. is even more engrossed in his devotion to the man on the cross. He has shaped his whole career and life to spreading the good word despite his old fans' disinterest and is currently doing a low-key tour of the States, playing at 2-5 thousand seater halls with a staid four-piece back-up band plus four female holy-roller types.

His repertoire consists of a few extracts from 'Slow Train Coming' plus a bountiful collection of new songs many of which will appear on 'Saved', his next album and Phase 2 of his manifesto railing against sin and urging devotion to Christ as the only way out.

This current tour has afforded Dylan the chance to get more voluble with his audiences. He now tends to break into abrupt spurts of sermonizing, informing his audiences that his current stance is no less dramatic a transformation than 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' and 'Desolation Row'. "People didn't understand what I was doing then. It took time for them to adjust". "We're not here to talk about eastern religions" (dramatic guitar flourish) "or occultism" (a more dramatic guitar flourish) "or transcendental meditation" (an even more dramatic flourish). "We're here to talk about the healing powers of Jesus Christ. He is the only way to salvation." "I tell ya, demons don't like the sound of that name. If you've got demons in you, I'm telling ya right now you won't enjoy this show."

With Dylan lurching on and off stage to allow individual performances by such as Clydie King who performs 'Cavalry' the audience, demons or no, tend to waver in their appreciation of this new stance although

the song "What Can I Do For You" apparently tends to draw crowds to the front of the stage in Billy Graham-like bursts of joyful submission.

Dylan still plans to remain aloof from the media but he did allow one Karen Hughes — a 24 year old Australian journalist — to share his views in the *Village Voice*. Hughes came away impressed, recalling the Dylan of '78 as a man in poor health working towards a serious nervous breakdown. He was apparently drinking to excess then and was "drunk on fear... I was in a real bad shape." Dylan now chooses not to drink alcohol whatsoever, instead getting a natural high from the communal prayer-meetings he conducts with the gospel singers just prior to taking the stage.

"You think times are hard now" he rails at the crowds these days. "You just wait... this is just the beginning of the end."

Meanwhile one of Dylan's original inspirations, Little Richard, is performing at the pulpit, warning audiences against the dangers of homosexuality — "I used to be a glaring homosexual until God changed me" quoth Mr Penniman, adding "If your brother's a homosexual, you must protect your little boy from him. Homosexuals are sick! And lesbians are sick too. What real woman would want another woman to touch her? She'd feel like something was crawling on her."

Penniman's sermons last an hour and include outbursts of gospel wailing after which a bowl accepting 'love offerings' i.e. cash is handed around. When quizzed about the money made from his revivalist gig, Penniman slyly stated, "I don't get expenses, I just do it for the Lord."

NICK KENT

Thrills!

A FLASH IN THE PAN

THE STONY-faced local councillors of Wandsworth, South London, nearly pissed themselves laughing last week, when they met as usual to consider planning applications. For included was a unique one from Balham-based experimental musicians Metabolist, a 4-member collective (Malcolm Lane, Simon Millward, Mark Rowlett, and Jacqueline Bailey on promo) who run their own independent label, Dromm Records. Metabolist were after permission to build a recording studio within the disused underground toilets next to Battersea Town Hall.

Dromm Records were duly rewarded with the permission they sought; but they must now gain a lease on the loos as well, before any singing in the bathroom can take place. It seems likely that the lease will be granted in view of the reluctant comment by Wandsworth's Director of Planning, who wrote in his report that "It is difficult to conceive of a suitable alternative use for underground toilets of such limited size."

Alternative? You could say that. Working originally from a squat in the Charing Cross Road, where one of their discs was recorded, Metabolist have produced an EP, an LP, and a single through Dromm. They have handled all artwork, editing, mixing, and promotion of their material, and because of this have been likened to Hackney's Throbbing Gristle and their Industrial Records. Metabolist prefer comparisons (certainly appropriate in the present circumstances) to pioneering Teutons, Can.

Could this historic planning decision perhaps be a pointer to the future, with more and more record companies being driven 'underground' in search of rehearsal and recording space? All it needs, according to Dromm, is a lick of fibreglass wadding to bring acoustic standards up to scratch, and you're away. The whole conversion operation is estimated at only £2,000

SEAMY UNDERBELLY

Thrills!



Metabolist. Pic: Jacqueline Bailey

How I got filthy rich and learned to love Dave Lee Travis.

My amazing secret revealed.



So there I was, lying in bed, picking feathers out of the hole in the pillow, flicking them at the cat and listening to DLT rabbiting away on Radio 1.

I weighed up my position. I'd just left school. There were only two things stopping me becoming the world's greatest rock star. 1. I couldn't sing. 2. I couldn't play anything. Then it hit me.

If I was going to grow filthy rich and ride a gold-plated, 18,000cc Harley Davidson, I'd have to get... wait for it... a job.

It was a horrible thought but it had to be done. I lay there wondering how. The cat held its breath.

But hark, what was this? Suddenly DLT was burbling about a special booklet that would tell all us school-leavers how to land our first job. Said he'd teach us all the secrets of writing letters to bosses, stunning them at interviews, stuff like that.

Promised us loads of fact sheets about different jobs we could do.

Would this man lie, I asked myself.

The cat said nothing.

I grabbed a pencil, noted the address and fell back exhausted. I wasn't used to manual labour.

Folks, that booklet really worked. And now, so do I. In a warehouse as a matter of fact, loading lorries. Already I earn three weeks' dole in one. And if I'm a good boy and wash behind my ears, they'll teach me to drive the forklift.

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THE CHANTEUSE Tina Charles is some seasons hence the very charming study of various photo displays printed in the annals of Essex, or at least Redbridge, on the happy occasion of her wedding and betrothment to Mr Bernard Webb. For some years Ms Charles is celebrated in musical circles for her famous recording of 'I Love To Love', which at one time is the nation's most popular tune, and during the heyday of 5,000 Volts the subject of some close controversy. The man she marries is the inventor of the modern or abstract joke.

Even then there is dispute on this score, although it never approaches the same heated debate as surrounds whether or not Tina Charles does actually sing on her records, rather it is a discussion of aesthetics, part of a larger dialogue that realises its denouement with the enjoyment of pavements. But that is another set of characters, and altogether another story.

From his earliest days Bernie Webb is recognised locally and wide as a youth of exceeding modern disposition, and is oftentimes encountered ambling along Halidon Street in the studied perfection of the Continental Walk, meanwhile lisping by numbers the popular hits of the day.

At this time, Baby Face Bernie is part of a small, but very select set of coffee bar cowboys known by the collective nomenclature of Bartlett in Check and his Stale Mates, much given to impromptu renditions of The Crystals' 'He's A Rebel' in the broadways of Hackney, and paragons of a singular form of aggression termed the nose bounce, delivery of which is generally preceded by the following exchange:

"Oo ya screwing!"
"Sorry."
"Oo ya ignoring?"
Nose bounce.

In spite of certain heretical practices, such as the wearing of crocodile-skin winklepicker shoes, Bartlett in Check and his Stale Mates are nevertheless very much to the fore of the emergent modernist movement. In the amusement arcades and bowling alleys, cafes and tailors of the East End, Anarchy, the Skeleton, bows and grins to everyone.

"We must be modern in everything," declaims Bobby Allison one time, "like, not just in our clothes and music, but in the way we think about everything! Sort of like a Picasso painting."

"Yes," assents Toni Fisher, "modern art lives for a flecking modern art world."

A few days later, Bernie Webb draws me aside. "Do you wanna hear a modern art joke?" he says.
I do.

"See, there's this bloke, see," says Bernie Webb, "and like, he goes into this shop, see, and he says to the geezer behind the counter 'can I have a box of matches.' See. So like the geezer behind the counter reaches out and gives him a box of matches, and he says sort of like 'thanks', pays him the money, and goes out."

"And ..." I say, following a short pause.
"And that's it," says Bernie Webb.
"But that's not funny," I say.

"Nah, it's a modern art joke," says Bernie Webb. "Like Picasso."

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FANZINES ROUND-UP By MAX BELL



Thou shalt read 10 Commandments

IT'S comforting to think that even after the dawning of the video age and Arsenal's abysmal European showing that the fanzine clings to existence.

The problem with the majority of the cyclostyled papers that hit the *Thrills* desk is their similarity in design; the stapled favourites, the sub-Burroughs (miserable junkie in any case) cut-outs, the stick-on headlines and murky pix all contrive to give their contents a quaint, near contrived appearance — yesterday's punks are tomorrow's BOFs.

How do you cope with that? In the North West, *Blackpool Rox* (up to issue 6, available 87 Anchorholme Lane, Blackpool, Lancs) sensibly concentrates on covering the local scene (War Crimes, Membranes, Black Angels) in conversational and often trite terms: Q: Are you still a Nazi band? A: That's me... It's not the N.F.... I just like Nazis. Fascinating. The paper does better providing a Blackpool news service and average graphics.

Barbed Wire (Guildford based, Flat 1, 70 Sydenham Road, Guildford, Surrey) naturally supports local heroes The Vapors but cheats by using the odd known writer (ho, ho). There's a

posthumous Sid Vicious interview in the Jan/Feb edition and a good selection of reviews and Surrey news with the angle on hometown heroes, Richard Ashworth, Identity Crisis, comprehensive and opinionated editorials, even some jazz! The quality of lay-out and picture presentation is high and so's the price — 30p.

Scrawl (c/o 36 Park Farm Road, Great Barr, Birmingham B43) maintains a proud Brum stance, is down on London trends and contains an interview with the Beat's Dave Wakeling and David Steele which is probably more interesting than anything you'll read in the weeklies. *Scrawl* try their hand at film reviews, slate *Rude Boy* and hang Meg Richardson on their unashamedly grotty cover. What more could you want for 20p?

Feast In The Garden (available D. P. Benson, 72 Churchfield St., Scunthorpe, South Humbs.) is a headache to read but is probably worth the trouble if you live in the

Humberside area. As well as articles on The Classics, Movers, and Another Pretty Face, you can wrap your chips in a problem page, send off for free tapes, keep in touch with other fanzines. 20p buys you that and a well developed social conscience.

The 10 Commandments (953 Sauchiehall St., Glasgow G3 7TQ) attempts to update the visual concept of the fanzine with a remarkable ambition. As well as documenting the locale, it covers bigger names (Clash, Purple Hearts), with no prejudice, offers advice on flat finding, explains futurism, comes in a nifty plastic package with a free Orange Juice flexi-disc and a variety of Glasgow pamphlets that you could pick up from a tourist office. For 35p 10 *Commandments* is undoubtedly the best value fanzine on the market, its visuals are distinctive and the non-music coverage is well researched and given equal prominence. It deserves support.



Steve Naive (left) Pic: Barry Plummer. Pic above: Denis O'Regan.

Steve Naive car crash

Solo projects abound So do split rumours

Attractions get unhappy

ELVIS Costello and company are doing the mystery dance again. The latest spate of rumours and conjecture on the future of the combo are already doing the rounds quicker than 'High Fidelity' plummeted from the Fun Thirty.

The story goes that a split between the minstrel and his musical accomplices could be on the cards in the light of Elvis's new Attraction-less EP and a forthcoming Attractions solo single with a possible album to follow.

But the plan for myopic world domination, it transpires, has not suddenly slipped five gears into reverse. A spokesman for EI's record label F-Beat tacitly denied even the remote possibility of a growing rift in the ranks: "There's no question of a break".

Nonetheless, an ongoing Graham Parker And The Rumour situation seems to be developing within the set-up with Attractions Steve Naive, Bruce and Pete Thomas free to

pursue projects outside their involvement with EI.

To this end, an F-Beat 45, 'Single Girl', penned and sung by Naive will be asserting the band's new-found independence on July 4. The trio also have ready an album's worth of material, recorded in Holland around the same time as 'Get Happy', although it remains to be seen whether the eleven tracks, reportedly mainstream pop fare, surface as an LP or a stream of singles.

Naive, meanwhile is still recovering from the after-effects of a car crash in Los Angeles in which a female passenger was killed. The crash meant that the band were forced to complete a two-month European tour plus one low key British gig at the Hope and Anchor last month without keyboards. The Rumour's Martin Belmont stood in on second guitar for the gig.

JERRY-LEE ABBOTT

Benyon



The Lone Groover

ON the right we see that not all Iranian ladies wear veils at all times, though we can see the point of the custom in this case. Our thanks to Castor Grana of Liege, Belgium.

And below, Captain America uncovers a vital secret formerly only known to Angus McKinnon. Our thanks to Eke Webb of Aylesbury.



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BOOKS

Rock History...The Odd Poet...Reader's Digest

The long haul to dullness

THE ROCK PRIMER
Edited by John Collis
(Penguin £1.95)

ROCK music, a subjective experience, lends itself best to subjective interpretation. Labouring under the brief of objectivity, *The Rock Primer* paints a flat, grey undercoat over the last (first?) 25 years. It narrows its sights on the rock virgin — whoever that may be — and reads like a sort of Angler's Guide To Rock'n'Roll.

Dividing into 11 categories — each in the hands of a different writer — it gives a short factual outline of the category followed by an annotated list of 20 crucial albums and a dozen or so singles. Thus 220 albums are recommended as definitive; together they form a book club introduction to popular music.

Apologies are made for any idiosyncracies in the selections. No albums by, at random, Toots And The Maytals, Ruth Brown, Laura Nyro or Todd Rundgren figure in their respective sections. Captain Beefheart is relegated to a footnote beneath Ry Cooder. Fair enough: the choices could be argued till the world stops turning.

Perhaps it would be more fun if they were. Instead the book hides behind the awesomeness of its subject, toeing the accepted critical line at all times, especially, though with difficulty, when the objective going gets

rough. This can best be seen in the choice of categories: the older ones are neatly cut and dried while the recent ones are vague and arbitrary (and the rich inter-relationships that sustain the music are lost in-between, not to mention the threads that pass through it: the connection between say, Roy Orbison, Buddy Holly, Jonathan Richman and Elvis Costello...).

The older categories submit to this treatment, having already hardened into solid dogma (the blues came up the Mississippi etc., etc.), whereas the more recent ones are forced to wriggle under the nibs of pens vainly trying to pin them down. The '70s', for instance, are glibly dismissed as a non-event that made way for something called 'punk', and both are regarded from a dull, orthodox viewpoint — the consensus of the recent rock press — that reflects very sharply the stagnant '60s bias of the writers.

If I were a Martian, recently captivated by rock and keen to know and feel more, I'd read this book and decide not to bother. To be fair though, the worst charge that can be made against it is that it's basic, and that's exactly what it claims to be on the cover.

Who would want such a basic guide is unclear. Penguin, as far as I know, do not yet have an outlet on Mars.

Paul Rambali

HERO DUST

By Tom Pickard (Alison & Busby £2.50)

WHEN the young W H Auden said "Tomorrow for the young, the poets exploding like bombs" he can hardly have had in mind the present officially approved roster of simperers — Larkin *et al* — whose idea of revolt would be not returning their library book.

Perhaps the likes of Dylan, Strummer and Kwesi-Johnson might have fitted Auden's bill better.

Rock and poetry don't flirt like they used to. The fabber daze of the 'underground' movement, when the muse fornicated freely with jazz, folk, blues and more, apparently came to little. Spike Hawkins got as lost as his fire brigade, Pete Brown turned inscrutable muso, Roger McGough joined the Sunday supplements, Adrian Henri got a name check on a Jam album, Brian Patten stayed stuck on his whimsical treadmill and Betjeman trounced them all on disc.

I suspect their present day equivalents just form bands and bypass the literary stage altogether.

Tom Pickard seems a lonely survivor from those times; maybe that's why this is called *Hero Dust* — managing to make a living as a poet is no small feat. Pickard's battle has always been survival, integrity, honesty. His poems celebrate those qualities in others just as they chart his personal struggle to maintain them in himself.

Pickard is a gritty son of the North East, the literary equivalent of Eric Burdon's and Mensi's respective sensibilities fused together. He writes from deep inside Albion's suppressed soul, poems about dole offices, police cells, bookies, football terraces, boozers, sex and drugs (but only very rarely rock and roll).

Petty officialdom is a favourite target; the officious civil servant, the corrupt council, the smug mayor:

*That gold chain was scraped
from the lungs of pitmen...*

*Your gown is a union leader
gutted and reversed*

Pickard's approach to 'the street' — a rock cliché, but rarely charted in contemporary British poetry — is as unconditionally anti-romantic as Cooper-Clarke's in 'Beasley Street':

*Hero guttersnipe
Cream of the scum
With a head like that
You should be hung.*

The more personal lyrical pieces spell out Pickard's 'order of chance' in less obvious ways, with 'Dancing Under Fire' and the title poem picking their way through the chaos of material fact — *Rusted wheels/cast iron cogs*.

Hero Dust is a selection of earlier books together with newer poems though there's nothing from Pickard's autobiographical prose gem *Guttersnipe!*. Contrary to academic opinion, real poets are never wimps.

Neil Spencer

LET'S not mince words: Derek Jewell's *The Popular Voice* (Andre Deutsch, £7.95) is a reverently dismal and miserably panoramic musical record of the '60s and '70s. For starters, "the extremes of punk are not for me," records Derek in his foreword — later returning to the subject in a brief piece on Don Lett's *Punk Rock Movie*: "sniffing and suchlike exhibitionism." Revolutionary insights! A miss.

Spencer Leigh's *Stars In My Eyes: Personal Interviews With Top Music Stars* (Raven, £3.95) is also inexorably tedious: foreword by 'bloody' David Hamilton and extreme punks like Burl Ives and Rod McKuen immortalised. Stars! Revolting idea. Lots of them about. A miss.

While we're on the subject, a word or less on *Ultravox: Past, Present and Future* (75p), a slim volume from the same impressionable young people who bring you the *In The City* fanzine. I would still rather listen to Roxy's 'The Bogus Man' than a note or nodule from Foxx *et al*, but then, I pride myself on being able to tell hollow idols from idle followers. Criticism is too good for them! Miss unless stricken with sickofancy.

Fanciful pseudo-intellectuals with access to London's fair centre should perspire at the prospect of being able to pick up two excellent bargains (short interlude for debate on notions of 'value for money') in textworm's paradise Compendium (234 Camden High St.): in the semiological basement bins are recently deceased myth breaker

Roland Barthes' autobiography of the same name, in hardback and a snip at £1.00, and Julia Kristeva's *About Chinese Women* is uncharacteristically straightforward (whatever that means).

Unrecommended is the latest paperback Gunter Grass, *The Flounder* (Penguin, £1.95), which chews on old metaphors with no particular plaise (*sic*) to go. A formerly informal style now simply dogma barking up the same trees: purple Grass. No doubt (in joke).

Deepest downright dogmatic, however, is Jack Kerouac's *Big Sur* (Panther, £1.25). Some of the lapsed campus niks around the office may care to dispute the verdict, but I think it's tediously and purposelessly neurotic and would never even have seen the printer's palms were it not for the inflated Kerouac myth — the beat hagiography (hagiographer: saint's biographer) industry. *Big Sur* is purportedly Kerouac 'coming to terms with his own myth'; he should have hired Barthes. Hysterically up its own bum, *Big Sur* is a dying fall done to death. Very downbeat.

In the mythologies line — and also available from Compendium — you would be better directed toward James Dean Revisited (Penguin Import, £3.50), a photograph-centred semi-coffee table study by Dennis Stock. A thousand words, and all that nonsense. Very ownable, very cherishable — oh, very well then, it's cheaper than a stupid LP.

Ian Penman

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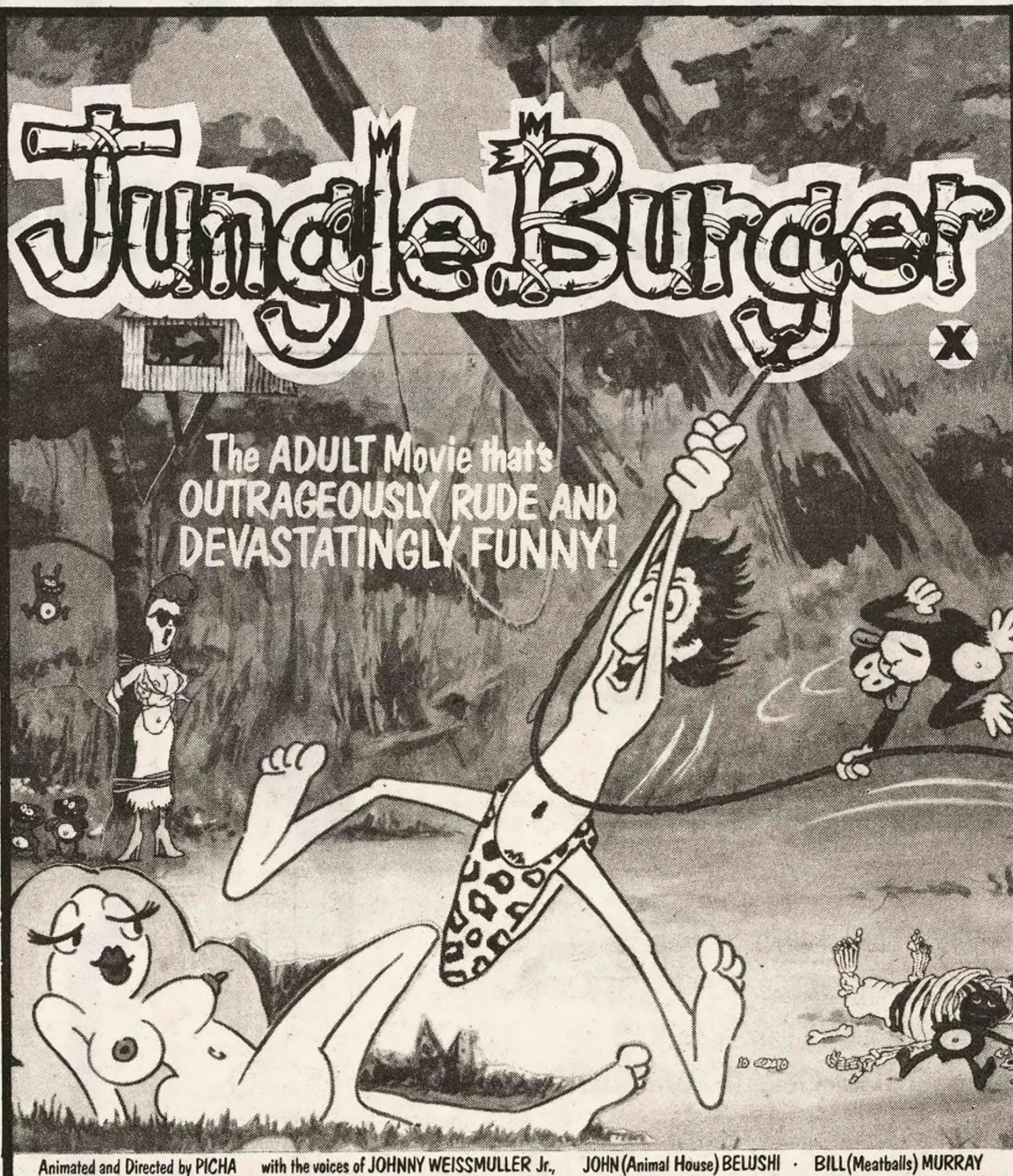
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Growing old gracefully

GOD, THERE are so many pitfalls for a 40-year-old rock and roll madam. For instance: Why is Grace Slick booked in at the London Inn on The Park doing twenty meaningless interviews in one week? Doesn't she know there's a pogrom on? Hasn't she heard about those brigades of yapping NW mongrels?

This though is so much extraneous detail. Skip Johnston — that's Grace's husband and manager — he has other worries. Such as, any moment now, Grace is going to make a gold-plated prat of herself by yelling or farting or pulling some cretinous face which Jill, the photographer, is going to capture on celluloid and plaster all over the pages of *NME*.

Look! Now she's got out her credit cards. She's being photographed with a handful of credit cards and pound notes in a bedroom of the Inn on the Park Hotel. Gracie, Gracie. Don't you know that's worse than Ed Muskie being found out in the arms of an Iranian male waiter?

Although Skip wouldn't actually say such stuff, with strangers present, an' all; being so dazlingly reserved and full of down home horse sense, an' all, his eyes and stout chin, they bespeak it. And, naturally, you have to sympathise because how easy can it be handling a 40-year-old anomalous rock star with a drink problem? Sorry, make that former drink problem. Grace has announced herself all cleaned out. No drugs, no booze, no more screwing around just to draw attention to herself.

So anyway, how easy can it be knowing that good intentions can go, boom, out of the window one of these fine Mill Valley days?

"So you're saying," says Grace to Skip, "that if you weren't here I'd go crazy. Haw haw haw!"

"Yeah."

"That's hilarious."

"Yeah, if I allowed myself..."

"to be sucked in by me..."

"...to go with the tide and didn't follow my convictions I wouldn't be able to hang onto it."

"Yeah," says Grace, sort of agreeing, or sort of not wanting an argument with the media eavesdropping.

"I used to be offended, very offended," she says, "because he used to express

displeasure at my outbursts. Being thrown in jail. Well, screw you, I decided, I'm over 21. I'll do what I want, you know. OK. If you don't like it, don't come down to the jail and get me out. I don't give a shit... which is really pleasant. So I used to think he was holding me back. Like you're holding me down from having my fun."

But not any more?

"No, not any more. He's very straight though." (Skip bristles at this.) "So the only trouble I have is communicating with him on a creative level."

"I'd get this idea, like I'm going to do this with an elephant tusk in my ear and play it in G and then we'll get a bassoon guy in and he's going... 'why are you telling me that? What has this got to do with anything?' Whereas with someone like Frangipane (producer of her new 'Dreams' album) he's that kind of goon too. So he'd get it."

"But I think it would be a mistake to live with someone like that. I'm glad he's the opposite."

Opposite? Straight? Isn't Grace aware that this is the most despicable of all slurs to heap upon a person in the field of entertainment? And your husband yet.

Do you see yourself like that? I ask him. (God, how I'm stirring it. How I hate myself.)

"I wouldn't say like she says, that I'm straight."

"Yeah," Grace quickly agrees. "That's a stupid word."

"It's stupid to put a label on it. By saying that, you're saying... 'and I'm not'. And I don't think we're that different."

"Yeah, the words aren't quite right. He's more earth person, y'know. Maybe that's it. And maybe I'm not quite on the ground. But straight's a dumb word. I use it all the time. We'll have to do something about that."

STRAIT used to be a word, back in the distant mists of hippydom, to delineate the enemy. The enemy being any one who believed in careerism and thought marijuana was a communist jazz conspiracy.

The enemy was always easy to locate. The good guys were the real problem. Woodstock would have you believe them to be an unwashed horde of simpering wets. And yet those same wets were duly capable of the old-fashioned thuggery.

Like on the sunny August day in 1967 when a headless corpse was found in the environs of Haight Ashbury. Victim of a drugs argument. Or in the following year when four murders were committed in one

month alone.

Hippies were most certainly a disparate species. Middle-class bright sparks full of abandonment and loathing for the while collar gadget conspiracy; intellectuals, feminists, anti-intellectuals, cripples, bikers, anarchists, star-gazers, pseudo-religious obsessives, not to mention the temporarily and permanently insane. Given this confused starting point, it's no wonder the 'movement' came to a dismal, inconclusive end.

The animal frenzy was probably best summed up by the public escapades and performances of Janis Joplin. Narratively, lyrically, the job went to Jefferson Airplane for whom Slick acted as chief beacon and range finder.

For five years the Airplane tagged and notated all of hippydom's unregulated frenzy, its flirtations with surrealism, nihilism, anti-corporatism, until the band itself was tagged and packaged by The Company and was resurrected as a head-in-the-cosmos money-spinning combo calling itself Jefferson Starship.

A lot of people felt betrayed by the metamorphosis but Slick believes it to be the logical end result.

The bourgeoisie are simply hippies without the attendant inefficiencies. Both aim to sate the senses. To revel in sensuality. Ideology is secondary. There are left wing bourgeois pigs and right wing bourgeois pigs just as there were dumb nigger-hating Hashburyites and Godless Marxists who wanted to poison the Potomac.

"The Sixties was a sensual revolution," she says. "Even with no money it's the same shit. Lie around and smoke a joint in bare feet or let's lie around in Gucci shoes. It doesn't make any difference. And it's real easy to get sucked into. I mean I haven't gone to the lengths of Elton John. I don't order fifty pairs of shoes at a time. But I think it would be quite easy to do that and I don't say I wouldn't either."

After the heavy rhetoric of 'Blows Against The Empire' and 'Volunteers' I wondered if she felt a bit of a fraud slipping into Starship's cultured live song bracket.

"I didn't know what to think. Probably the most unpleasant condition that one or several human beings can get into is not knowing what to do next. If we'd known what to say about why the '60s ethic didn't work I'm sure we'd have done it."

"We figured the whole thing was going to go on and on and more people were going to take acid, more of us were going to get enlightened. It wasn't like peace and love

kinda stuff it was let's make music and screw around instead of making war. And we thought that would continue to grow."

"To a certain extent it was pretty arrogant and it was also the hedonism thing that said if you get in the way of my fun, fuck you, but I would say that was mainly my personal fault rather than the people I knew. Most people were not that selfish and I wasn't really quite that selfish until '74 or '75."

BY 1970 the Airplane had disintegrated. Balin was playing hard-to-get and Jorma Kaukonen (lead guitar) and Jack Cassidy (bass) — suffering an attack of conscience — went on to seek shelter in the relative obscurity of Hot Tuna.

Kaukonen, she says, sensed earliest of all, or at least acknowledged earliest of all, that they were about to be wrung out and laundered by the music machine. Slick says she didn't notice and in any case she wouldn't have cared seeing how she "rather likes the publicity, the performing and the ya-ta-ta-ta showbiz thing."

As for her co-balladeers, these are her perceptions, plus some editorial embroiderings.

Marty Balin was the Mood Man. "A cross between James Cagney and James Dean."

Replacement drummer John Barbatta was a real tough poser. "Very much interested in being a rock and roll star."

Paul Kantner is very well-read, has an iron will and likes Thematic music. The original grim Teuton, he perceives Jefferson Whatever to be his band and he'll keep it going for so long as he sees fit.

"David Freiberg (keyboards/bass) is the perfect California hippie. Just perfect. He smokes dope all the time, he likes everybody, he's cool, he's laid back, nothing bothers him. And Craig Chaquico is a cross between New Wave and California hippy."

Her own role was that of the sarcastic star lunatic.

"And I liked it. I still do I suppose. I haven't been on stage for a while but I notice it in Skip's eyes, watching me, when I start doing this stuff. Then I realise I'm not in concert and I'm doing this performance. For one person." She's at pains to point out that she bears no animosity to her former cronies. She likes them. All of them. The ending in Lorelei two years ago when the group's equipment was axed, stabbed and set fire to, was a manifestation of the deeper turmoil in the band. Such violence never actually surfaced face to face. More a case of

Grace Slick, ex-hippie and rebel with countless causes, finally succumbs to the discreet charm of the bourgeoisie.



Kid Jensen says

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More Slick Stuff



From previous page

seething discontent and gradual, inexorable disintegration.

"It's not that I hated anyone. It was just low-key confusion all over. The record business was in a mess, overspending and over-selling everything. The bottom had fallen out of that and here was Starship imitating itself and trying to duplicate Marty's love songs because they sold. There was very little new to say and I was really at the end of trying to figure out why drugs weren't fun anymore."

Such feelings of disquiet developed on the three-hour train journey to Lorelei and were compounded by a severe case of the double runs (from both ends). Thus it was, a mere hour or two before the gig, she announced her retreat, sending Katner and co. into a flurry of pleading and cajoling and then, once they'd detected her resoluteness, into emergency conflabs on whether or not they should go on without her. They decided not. And that's when the crowd, many of them American servicemen, went on the rampage.

By way of a footnote, it's worth recalling here that Lorelei is the name of the town, the cliff that dominates the town and also of the siren that, according to German legend, lived on the rock and, with her singing, lured sailors to their death.

"I've heard jokes about the destruction being typical German-style. But I think it could have happened in the States or England given the wrong circumstances. In any case I decided to get back at them in Hamburg for burning down our equipment and the Second World War by dressing up in jackboots, being a jerk, picking people's noses and so forth."

The Hamburg gig was by way of recompense to her ditched colleagues. Her final performance.

She'd hired two outfits for the show. One a

svelte little Swiss Miss get-up, the other, the aforementioned Nazi regalia. She'd already changed into the former when a passer-by cracked that she looked oh so cute, a comment that made something "go wrong" in her head.

"It wasn't a nasty crack or anything but I thought: 'nah, screw that Swiss Miss shit, I'm gonna be a Nazi' and that's what I did. I can't say what triggers that stuff off in me. It's there all the time, that's for sure. You put alcohol on top and, boom, it all comes out. And you might not even be the target."

"It's like I don't have any middle range. I tried it once before and it's like death to me. It's like... 'OK, you're all through'. I guess all performers are a little corny like that."

HER OWN

lifestyle right now is one of extreme normality. Even her father, a 73-year-old retired investment banker, can once again make contact, deeming her all grown up. She lives in Mill Valley, California where a typical afternoon calls for a trip to the local Safeway for salad and crown sirloin burger for daughter China because that's her preference. An hour with the tumble dryer then maybe it's down to the laundry with the heavy draperies.

"It's really exciting. So I do music because music is how much like you am I."

This last comment is an allusion to her new quest for the common denominator. Or: I know how we're different. But how are we the same.

"I'm like you are," she says. "I'm Hitler. I am also Joan Baez. That's in you and that's in me. I'm like this school teacher rock and roll maniac and I don't know what I am."

And neither do RCA. File under what? Grace Slick no longer has a marketable disposition. Neither a band, booze or shtick to lean on. She's alone at last. Is anyone out there listening?



to yah

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Saturday	7th June	Manchester	Factory 2
Monday	9th June	Bristol	Locarno
Tuesday	10th June	Cardiff	Top Rank
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FIRST WEEK IN
CHARTS AT NO 25

TIFF
RECORD

The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle

Directed by Julien Temple
Starring Malcolm McLaren, Sid Vicious, Johnny Rotten, Steve Jones, Paul Cook.
Remnants of the old atrocity subsist, but they are converted into ingenious shifts in scenery, a sort of "English Garden" effect, to give the required air of naturalness, pathos...

— John Ashbery (Three Poems)

THIS conniving collage...

Out of the matted tangle, the density of contentious incidence, we are left with a staggered deposit of crappy, self-assured product(ion) — the Malcolm McLaren show, a profoundly unfunny situation(ist) comedy in ten acts.

The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle leads its audience, inevitably, through the trite and never testing naivety of a straightforward chronology: from the glueing together of The Sex Pistols 'by' McLaren (with Glen Matlock wholly excluded from the depiction) to their dissolution. The dissolution naturally only extends as far as the lame expedition to Ronnie Biggs in Rio and an admission of Vicious' death — no court case drama or documentary, nothing which might spoil McLaren's immaculate conceptualization of the Sex Pistols history; ie, as *his perfectly executed plan*. Unaccountability is the order of the frame.

The film rummages through the events of a supposedly well-defined area — a space and a time — threading a way between The Sex Pistols and assorted, associated phenomena, trying to establish a set of homogenous relations (in McLaren's own words: "a story you can sell") instigated at the off with the cast list characterizations. McLaren is The Embezzler, Steve Jones The Crook, Paul Cook The Tea Maker, Johnny Rotten The Collaborator, and Sid Vicious The Gimmick.

These characters act out a story (well, more a series of sketches) in which McLaren, Villain/Mastermind/Hero, is pursued by Jones & Cook. Only Jones and McLaren really have much 'acting' — the inverted commas being twofold for Jones — to do, with Rotten entirely absent (having excised all but live footage of himself), Cook playing himself (so he isn't involved), and Vicious out altogether on his own limb — if you'll pardon the expression — featured in a few songs set to relevant imagery, which you'll doubtless have seen before (the 'My Way' footage, for instance).

The storyline is structured around McLaren's 10 Step swindle, cut into segments like *How To Sell The Swindle* and *Don't Play, Don't Give The Game Away* — his 'foolproof' guide to record business exploitation.

Critically, the film has been accepted as a perfectly dutiful reflection of everything we ever knew about The Sex Pistols/punk... and, presumably, were happy not to question. Easy compensation if, for some reason, you're ashamed that your sympathy wasn't with the phenomenon 'at the time'.

Swindle is less about the framework and resonances of an intensely invigorating youth-cultural time(bomb) — whose flagrant dynamic and aesthetic deposed, destroyed and re-designed our codes of musical exchange (who is allowed to make records, what is allowed our attention, and how), fashion, social order — than a reassurance of McLaren's flagging, flogged out ego.

A 'better' film would be structured to reveal not one view but many, numerous pasts, kinds of connection, networks of determinations, all for one and the same thing... as here, with that mythology, that lump, the now safe and sedated, the 'The Sex Pistols' that may roll so blithely off the tongue. *Swindle* is another piece to add to the messy myth, but more — it is also a re-telling of it. That is crucial. And it stinks.

THIS far, after the sorry fiasco The Sex Pistols came to signify (Biggs, Bormann, Vicious, the later Cook & Jones fast food r'n'r

NEVER TRUST A SITUATIONIST



Malcolm explains his ten point 'plan to Helen

IAN PENMAN sees THAT film and complains of a lack of Anarchy in the one-and-nines.

recorded output), and which *Swindle* so lovingly, so 'objectively' documents, it may seem slightly late and lamentable an opportunity to carp. What's one more tiny string wart in a contextual leprosy? But *Swindle* is appalling because it is so violently anti-change... and surely things have changed sufficiently, and carry on doing so, to render *Swindle*'s very cheap comment quite redundant?

What I am maligning here is not so much the disappearance of *The Correct View of The Sex Pistols* and its replacement, in bad faith, by another, but more the eclipse of that form of history that was secretly, but entirely related to the deceitful, art-modish activities of one person. In the picture *Swindle* paints,

McLaren is allowed to be so sure of himself — it is as though HE ALONE were entirely responsible for everything, as though nothing else necessitated or characterized The Sex Pistols '76-'78 than his mercantile Art school consciousness. As though all that mattered about those records, noises, words, images and events — the vivid interplay of inputs, attacks, appearances, decisions — can be said to reside in McLaren's fine art/act of turning 'chaos into cash' (sic).

In *Swindle*, McLaren's build-a-brick history is his own return to grandeur, the solid guarantee that anything that has so far eluded his grasp may be restored to him — to his ability. Now that he

has lost in the courtroom, only theoretical vengeance is left him. The Sex Pistols — *his idea!* this film screams (or gurgles, depending on how liberally 'outraged' you may want to be by its grotty tableaux). With *Swindle* he is able to appropriate, to bring back under his sway all those things that are in fact distant from him by virtue of their difference in reality from the way they should be to suit his worldview (Rotten/Lydon being the class-ic example); to provide him with another feathery retreat.

Because *Swindle* is, paradoxically, so uneven — both in style and in content — The Sex Pistols are made to appear relatively straightforward, a proposition lacking jagged edges, a self-perpetuatingly sordid affair.



The metaphoric juggling which Julien Temple so attractively and aggressively discussed on a recent *South Bank Show* (he won me head over heels at the time, especially in the company of the wet *Rude Boy* director, Jack 'The Kids were on The Street' Hazan) is in fact tidy, directionless and bare. The cartoon sequences are pretty duff, pretty pointless, a pretty vacuous use of animation to no particular end — just shoved in awkwardly, mock-ambitiously. For the rest, it would be about enough to say that 'bad taste' has never had a worse representative...

As a tremendously hip and non-sexist and un-hung-up young person I doubt whether I could have fully endorsed the original choice of director for the original 'Who Killed Bambi?' project — pat and trendy purveyor of lovable 'trash aesthetic' soft porn, Russ Meyer... and to be honest, I don't think Temple's aesthetic battle with the raw material has produced a much more corrigible critical work. After having heard his comments apropos rock'n'roll's 'bloated corpse' and the music business's predatory base of image-prostitution, I had higher hopes.

A John Waters (*Pink Flamingoes*, *Desperate Living*, *Female Trouble*) touch would have perhaps benefited the latter, more 'sordid' stages of *Swindle*: Jones 'with' now-deceased professional pornographer Mary Millington, Cook & Jones in Rio with Biggs, Vicious being wheeled around Paris like a thoroughly doped prize chimp. Because the footage/direction remains impartial, the rock'n'roll 'corpse' lies undisturbed, is given a new lease of larger-than-life status. (It is lower than life, and should be — eek! — morally tried as such.)

It is a representation which protects people's "star status" sovereignty with a safe, unexposed shelter — makes their antics seem inevitable and alluring. Why buy a 'Vicious Doll' when you can use yourself?

With the introduction of the 'Bambi' motif in the final stages of the film, the symbolic equation is made clear: Bambi is rock'n'roll (or/and the innocent acceptance of same, as a 'natural' occurrence and historical object), and The Sex Pistols are supposed to have killed it.

But as *Swindle* itself manifestly shows (and is a symptom of) it was really the other way round. Only Lydon has emerged out of the rank ranks to breathe other than fetid air... and if anyone involved in The Sex Pistols ever understood and loathed the machinations of rock'n'roll enough to murder it, it was him.

(The only sequence in the film I found enjoyable is one where an early-on Pistols do a version of 'Johnie B Goode'; or rather, three quarters of the group do, whilst Rotten manically berates, blathers, howls utter and severe nausea with the twelve bar com-mode: "F-u-c-k. This is AWFUL. I HATE this sort of thing. Stop it.")

Ultimately, McLaren's self-important Situationist vectors — Art as Commodity, Commodity as Art — and the record business venality/mentality he claimed to be fighting through exploitation, are the two sides of the same corrupt, shallow system of thought. The economy of rock'n'roll imagination-sell — that killed The Sex Pistols.

Rock'n'roll: the great swindle.

At the close of the last Sex Pistols gig in San Francisco, Rotten speaks an all-embracing epitaph: "Ha-ha-ha. Ever get the feeling you've been cheated?" He's as much confiding in the audience as chiding them, it seems. The film should have ended (given that it has to start, anyway) with that comment.

It actually ends in a pile of newspaper clippings — the flat, 'factual' finale: the Vicious corpse. Fickle old rock'n'roll... the gluttonous corpse.



King Of The Gypsies

Directed by Frank Pierson
Starring Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon (CIC)

THE SAGA of a young man's struggle to shake off the dust of tradition. A story of courage, defiance and daring-do in which pony hooves twinkle by the water's edge and Stephane Grappelli plays violin with a hankie on his head.

Feel the pain of Dave's quandary. See his squalor and his sorrow in an uncaring "straight" world. He is a man cast adrift, belonging neither hither nor thither.

It is, above all, a story of America. The pain of an ethnic people tangled in the web of two cultures.

Will Dave flit to Hollywood with the lovely Sharon? (Sharon is a red-head ice skater with soft-top sports car.) Or will he be lured back by his ailing grandpapa to accept the ring and medallion that proclaim him ... King Of The Gypsies?

Eric Roberts is the snake-eyed, posturing Dave. Sterling Hayden the grizzly-voiced King Zharko Stepanowicz. Brooke Shields plays Dave's kid sister, Tita, who's supposed to be doe-eyed virginal but squeals like a Hollywood spoilt brat. Shelley Winters is the 104 year old Queen Rachel and does enough acting for her next four movies. Susan Sarandon is sublime as Dave's shamanistic mum. Judd Hirsch is Groffo the bug-eyed boor. Great Stuff Judd.

King Of The Gypsies is mis-directed by Frank Pierson who mixes his genres like a man bemused. Pierson is possessed of a cudgelling sensitivity and a notion that substantial plot-making is one carrot, a leek, a turnip and a pot of cold water.

King Of The Gypsies is violence. It is sentiment, dignity and madness. Each dished up in stark isolation. The result is cartoon artefact. Any resemblance to the more complicated life on earth is a distressing oversight.

Andrew Tyler

The Wanderers go through the picking-up-girls scene.



Literate Lunkheads

The Wanderers

Directed by Philip Kaufman
Starring Ken Wahl, John Friedrich and Karen Allen

NOT so much a tough teen gang movie as a comic Italian family melodrama set in New York Bronx of 1963, the Wanderers' members suffer all the pangs of growing up in a US youth film.

Though based on Richard Price's acclaimed novel, the Kaufmans' script (with Rose K.) moves from one stock teen situation to the next, mostly entertainingly but not always coherently.

It opens with Richie (Ken Wahl) making his girl (Karen Allen) pregnant and being later forced to do right by her, by her unscrupulous father. Meanwhile he leads the Wanderers through various scrapes and a final ding-dong bout during a football match with rival black gangs against the mysterious universal enemy called the Ducky Boys.

And on the way the boys romp through the Party Scene, the High Class Pick Up Scene, the Doo Wop Scene, the Best Buddies Falling Out Scene, and the Final Engagement Party Boys Breaking Up Scene.

The ending makes it a contender though: spying the upper class girl who spurned him, Richie follows her down the street to see her turning into a folk club where a passionate singer's performing 'The Times They Are A' Changin''. A nice touch, as are the comic performances Kaufman draws from the frighteningly ugly Baldies, especially their young female mascot PeeWee (Linda Manz).

A good noisy soundtrack, featuring Dion (of course) Smokey Robinson and the Isleys, strong locations and the right leads, notably Friedrich as Richie's nervously sensitive sidekick Joey, add up to *The Wanderers* being better than it is. Something went wrong — perhaps Kaufman's too literate? Get a lunkhead like Sylvester Stallone for the sequel.

Chris Bohn

Saturday, June 14

THE VIKINGS: Director Richard Fleischer on an early jaunt with Tony Curtis, whom he pits against half-brother Kirk Douglas in a 1958 viking picture noted for its action but not much else. (BBC1).

BARBARY COAST: Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea and Walter Brennan in a San Francisco adventure set during the 1850 Gold Rush (1935). (BBC 2).

Sunday, June 15

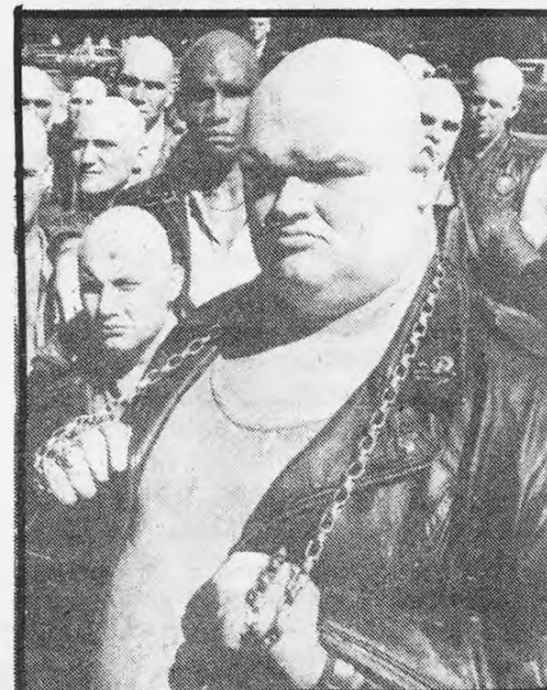
MAYERLING: Painfully drawn out historical drama based on the supposed suicide pact between Austrian Crown Prince Rudolf and his lover. With Omar Sharif, Ava Gardner, James Mason and Catherine Deneuve (1968). (BBC 1)

Monday, June 16

THE INTERNECINE PROJECT: James Coburn plays the unlikely role of a Harvard professor out to kill four Brits, who've cottoned onto his illegal activities, in a 1974 thriller directed by Ken Hughes. (BBC 1).

Wednesday, June 18

LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE: Shaun Cassidy and Linda Purl star in an American TV movie about two mentally handicapped people who fall in love and the problems they subsequently encounter. Apparently well thought of in America. (BBC 2)



Monty Smith's pin-up of the week: the chief Baldy from *The Wanderers*.

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THE 13th,
THEY BEGAN TO
DIE HORRIBLY.
ONE...BY ONE.

FRIDAY
THE 13TH

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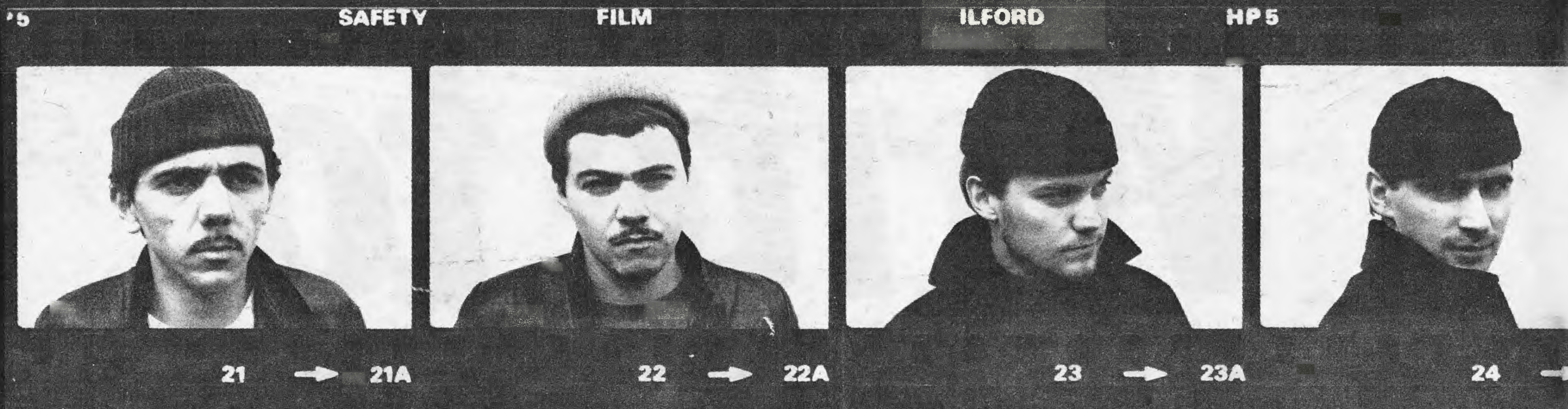
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OVERNIGHT BAG SENSATIONS

**Dexy's
Midnight
Runners
by
Gavin
Martin**



BIRMINGHAM is the miserably mangled product of twenty years' unwary architectural endeavours. It's a town filled with subways, precincts and multi-levelled monstrosities. Everywhere catacombs of screaming traffic go under, over and around pedestrian bystanders.

The eight guys who comprise Dexy's Midnight Runners live in this town. They spend most of their time here, it's where they go to meet them.

Singularly and collectively they're a sullen, suspicious and reserved bunch. They dress in austere anti-style, straightforward, sensible and workmanlike. At the train station they arrange themselves in an informal grouping around a litter bin, emerging one by one from the bar in a flurry of mid-length leathers, donkey jackets and tea-cosy headwarmers.

Their expressions are tight-lipped, stern and impenetrable, as we set off on a guided tour of Brum and some of the haunts they frequent.

We stop first of all at a cafe in Digbeth where the seats have been raped of upholstery and, in some cases, their foam lining. I pick the short straw and sit on a wooden bench drinking well-tanned and very leafy tea, wondering how the natives play pinball without any flippers on the machine.

Just back from a forty-date UK tour and with 'Geno' at No. 1 in the charts, Dexy's have to start getting used to the fact that they're hot property. Everywhere we go people stop and talk to the band. Outside the cafe a group of bubbling, smiling youngsters pose with them, invite them to a disco and ask for the inevitable autographs. "The Digbeth gang", smiles bassist Pete Williams.

Across the road Dexy's limber up for a few more snaps. They work their way into a continuous call and response chant, gradually latching on to the groove, moving in unison, defiantly oblivious to the surroundings. They're giving a rough acappella rendition of James Brown's 'Sex Machine' and as endless rows of cars and heavyweight trucks roar past they keep right on going, unperturbed by puzzled onlookers.

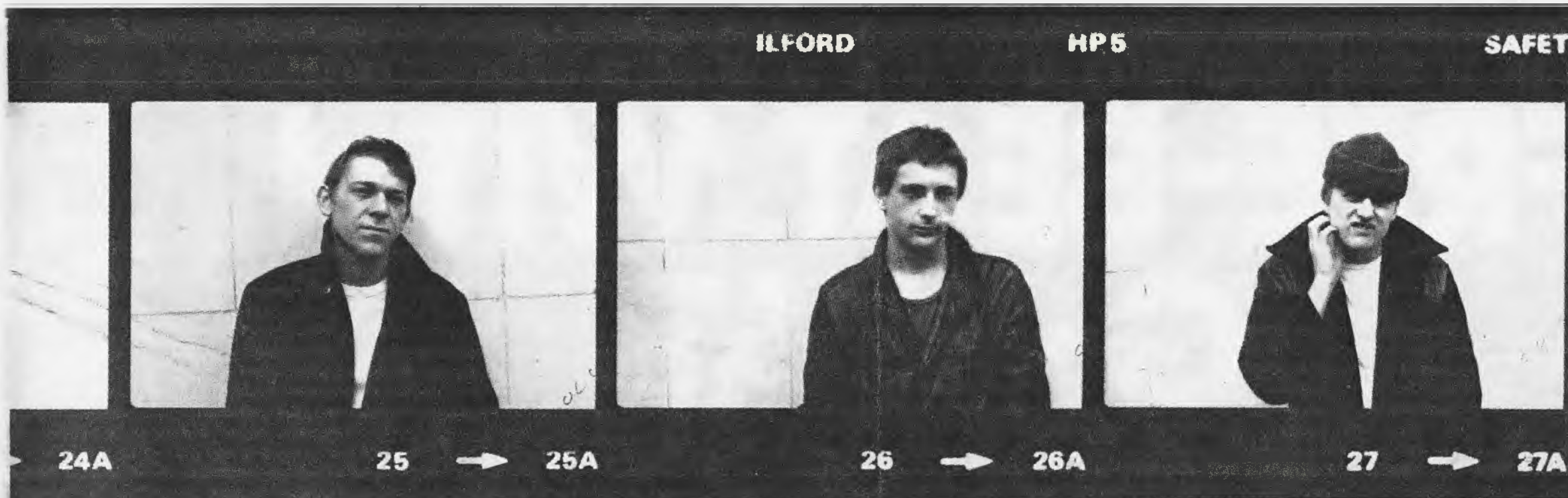
Their limbs and necks jerking their omnipresent sports holdalls sway in time-honoured style to the selfmade 'street level' harmony. "GIT ON UP — like a Sex Machine. SERIOUS — like a Sex Machine. GIT ON UP..."

The faces remain inscrutable.

KEVIN ROWLAND began to formulate Dexy's Midnight Runners as an idea, a vision and a masterplan in January 1978.

Now that may sound terribly pretentious and self-serious, but it is the impression one gathers when talking to Rowland. He isn't the sort of person who wants to be taken lightly and as a result he ranks as the most uncompromising/stubborn musician I've yet encountered.

By now, Kevin's much vaunted arrogance and insularity are well-known. But what worries me is his all too obvious paranoia. He's so afraid that anything he says is going to be taken down and used in evidence against him, that he sits and pontificates like he was Solomon or something — all concepts, theories and nebulous ideals. Maybe he just feels this is what is expected of a performer talking to the rock press...



Left to right:
Kevin Rowland, Al Archer,
Steve Spooner, Big Jimmy
Patterson, Pete Williams, JB,
Groak.

**Pictures by
David Corio**

Anyway, if while reading this you see the carpet slipping from under his feet, remember it's Rowland himself doing the pulling. He might sound as if he's just had the tablets of stone handed down to him from Mount Sinai, but really he's just as mixed up as you or me.

At 26, Kevin is the eldest member of the group. He is also the group's spokesman and strategist, guitarist and vocalist. He believes in his band, 'soul power', and God. He believes Dexy's Midnight Runners are going to change the face of rock and roll.

Kevin Rowland left school at 15, well pissed-off with the whole education system. "At school I liked English but I hated everything else. At one stupid stage in my life I wanted to be a journalist," he notes, with barely concealed scorn. "I was always picking up lots of prizes for English at the end of term. The rest I just didn't understand, I didn't want to know about. I was just lucky I had a good English teacher — the rest of them were really thick people. I just rejected the whole thing."

A series of jobs followed — navy on a building site, usher in the cinema, a warehouse employee. For a short while he worked as a hairdresser: "I found that a good way to express myself," he intimates, a degree of reservation firmly decrying any 'artistic' bent. For the most part then young Kevin worked against the grain — a fact he is anxious to stress, claiming it to be essential for a full understanding of what Dexy's Midnight Runners are all about.

In 1977 he finally emerged at the head of one of that year's many independent thrash outfits, the Birmingham based combo called The Killjoys. The group also included Al Archer. They released one record, 'Johnny Won't Get To Heaven', a wry little send up of the image Malcy was constructing for Johnny and the Pistols. The group soon fell apart however.

"When The Killjoys started I was really interested in punk. I read about it and I thought it was the greatest thing that had happened in ages. But then I got disillusioned."

Unable to reconcile his own creative desires with those of the rest of the band, Rowland retreated to a rich untapped vein of heartwarming music from the '60s. Rasping brass, shimmering organ and alluring passionate vocals.

"Al and me talked about the group after The Killjoys split up. We'd listened to lots of Geno, Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Sam & Dave, Cliff Bennett and loads of other people. We just wanted to form our own band and go out and do it."

Dexy's came together between January and July 1978, thieving gear, trespassing into warehouses in order to practise and spending most of their spare time in cafes talking about themselves, their band and their lives. There was some trouble getting the line-up finalised.

Firstly all those who answered the adverts placed in national and local press soon found out that the ad was, in Kevin's words, "a lot of lies about recording contracts and agencies." It stimulated a massive response, but seekers of a readymade fortune were shown the door.

"We also imposed a lot of things on people. It wasn't just a matter of liking our sort of music and wanting to play it. They had to fulfill lots of basic disciplines within the band."

They finally emerged after much changing of drummers and keyboardists with their present line-up: Kevin Rowland (guitarist/vocals), Al Archer (guitar/vocals), Pete Williams (bass), Groak (drums), Steve Spooner (alto sax), JB (tenor sax), Big Jimmy Patterson (trombone).

When we spoke, Kevin was talking optimistically about achieving an "equilibrium", but just a few days later keyboardist Andy Leek quit the band because he "couldn't stand the fame." His replacement is Pete Saunders who played on 'Dance Stance'.

WERE IN another cafe at the other side of town. I'm drinking a cup of (much better) tea. All are present and correct around either side of a bench. Space Invaders

machines make minor explosions, pinball machines (proper ones) click and chime up the scores, occasionally Abba wafts out of the jukebox.

Al and Kevin sit directly opposite me, tenor saxist and brass arranger JB plonks himself beside me. For the most part Al and Kevin do the talking, though sometimes JB will add a relevant comment, dredging up a trick adamant slur. The two guitarists look vaguely Chaplinesque with their thinline moustaches. Archer's got a stubby physique and a plump rubbery face. Kevin has fine, sharper features — a crooked nose and a pointed chin. His face is of dark pigment, there might be Italian or Romany blood somewhere in his family.

We've been talking for about five minutes after lots of guarded statements and sentences, when Rowland breaks into his stride to deliver *this*. He's talking about my trade:

"I think they've built up this black and white world where everyone hates the Nazis, likes Joe Strummer, eats brown rice, rebels against their parents, takes speed and doesn't smoke dope. They totally believe in it, they're engrossed by it. The most depressing thing is that now bands have come along and geared themselves to it. Bands have responded to the press and the press are loving it."

"The thing is, this world isn't so black and white. It's a lot more complicated than the press see it. They don't do nearly enough, they don't live in the right places and they don't do the right things. They should have a lot more people going round researching to find out what is really happening."

"This might be the last interview we do actually."

Why? "We're just totally disillusioned with the press. We've never really been represented properly. If we're not represented this time it'll be the last one."

Maybe Dexy's are being standoffish, but maybe they're just being strong — and God knows, that is a very valuable commodity. I ramble out a question asking them how much loyalty they owe to these kids, noting how groups with lots of members seem to attract many youngsters who can identify with a crowd of jostling bodies onstage.

"Yeah, from our point of view they certainly do. But before we go any further I want to say this: We're not going to start fucking preaching about what we're going to do. We're not going to be like The Clash or any of those other arseholes that say 'We're going to do this for the kids, we've got a responsibility to the kids' or 'We're going to get a place for bands to rehearse and give all our money back to the kids'. We're not going to say anything like that and then turn around in six months' time and not do them. We've got really strong plans on what we want to do, much more sincere and much more useful than anything The Clash have even talked about."

"But we aren't going to say them, we aren't going to make promises on what we're going to do. When we do speak out about these things it won't be in music press because all those people are already converted, they already are anti-Nazi or whatever. I intend to use whatever position I get to say what I want to say. But I think it's more useful to say it in the *Daily Star*, the *Daily Mirror* or the *Sun* because that's what people really read, the real people."

SO FAR Dexy's have played on two tours: the final leg of The Specials' opening Two-Tone bash at the end of last year and then their own tour which ended a few weeks ago. How do they take to life on the road?

"Touring learns from us, we don't learn from touring. We take our approach to the road, not the road's approach to us," says Kevin.

They spurn other Black Country groups like The Q Tips and Red Beans and Rice — already seen as signs of a 'Soul revival by some observers.

"We don't even want to talk about those groups, they've nothing to do with us," says Al curtly. The Black Arabs, a London-based combo who've been working under the managerial guidance of Bernie Rhodes for about two years, seems to be the only other group who interests them in this sceptred isle.

"Dance Stance", the group's tremendous first single, was licensed to EMI but came out on Oddball, a label owned by the aforementioned Bernie Rhodes (he managed and masterminded the early Clash, in case you didn't know). He's a notorious character is Mr Rhodes. When Joe and the boys parted company with him, megalomania was a term readily applied to Bernie.

"We thought it would be a good idea to get involved with him. Initially because we liked the fact that everybody hated him; if somebody is hated by a lot of people then there must be a lot of good in them."

So was there?

"Yeah, there's a lot of good in him. He's a very creative man. He turned out to be a bit of a fascist, but we wouldn't slag him off like other bands have."

Rowland says another reason for taking Rhodes' hand was because he knew it would mean getting slagged off by the press. "It's interesting to note that we've always enjoyed swimming against the tide," he muses.

It's also worth noting that Dexy's manager is David Corke. Formerly used car salesman (just like Bernie), he promoted the first Pistols 'anarchy' tour. David likes Dexy's because they're 'Abstract'. Kevin, already infamous for showing a clean pair of heels to unsuspecting ticket collectors on the British Rail inter-city service ('bunking it') says they like David because 'he's a crook'.

I keep hearing an undercurrent of Johnny Rotten in Kevin Rowland (the last rock record he liked was 'Anarchy In The UK', though he refuses to believe me when I say 'Geno' and 'Dance Stance' are the best two opening vinyl slabs from any band since 'Anarchy' and 'God Save The Queen'). From whatever vantage point he was peering, the boy definitely did look at Johnny, but he soon turned the other way; he has no admiration for what I see as the sound business sense of bands like The Fall and Public Image.

"I don't think they have. Have they? I don't know, I never read their interviews. Perhaps I should. But it sounds pretty much like rock and roll to me, what they do, it's got its roots in rock. The Sex Pistols were a real Chuck Berry band — like The Rolling Stones. Anyway Public Image are signed to Virgin — that's a big capitalist label."

Ouch! But you record for EMI.

"The reason we signed with EMI was because they've got absolutely no image and our group's got a very strong image. We've got total control at EMI. We could have had our own label but there seemed to be no point. We signed for an advance of £10,000 and we had to really hustle for that, they asked for specific breakdowns of how the money would be spent. We lost £4,000 on the tour and even before the tour began we had incurred loads of bills."

THEIR FIRST single was a little messy in the production area but the instrumentation was marvellously sweet and sour, relying on natural poise, not artificial technique. Kevin admits he was only developing a vocal style at that stage and his performance was hampered by echo-swamping at the controls. He points out that there is a marked progression in his style on 'Geno' and its B-side 'Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache'.

Personally I thought 'Dance Stance' was the most simple, the most direct and the wisest thing anyone has had to say about 'Ireland' in the past few years. It wasn't a cushion for the

wet liberal student type rebels who go for the unthinking stance of The Pop Group, Gang Of Four and The Clash to endorse their unworkable ideals. It simply set the country's solid literary heritage against the devious and supercilious practice of telling 'Irish jokes'.

The words are great: proud and acidic yet elliptical and deliberately hard to discern — a strength rather than a weakness in this case.

"I'll only ask you once more/You only want to believe/ This man is looking for someone to hold him in/He doesn't even understand the meaning/(You heard about) Oscar Wilde?/(I'm talking about) Brendan Behan?/(You heard about) Sean O'Casey?/(I'm talking about) George Bernard Shaw/... Shut it, you don't understand it/ Shut it! That's not the way I planned it/ Shut it! Just shut your mouth till you know the truth."

Truly a great record, 'Dance Stance' showed up the stupidity of rash generalisations — the black and white world that Kevin talked about earlier.

He's realistic about the probable effect of 'Dance Stance'.

"If it had been a bigger hit we would have got a better reaction. But people just said to me 'I agree with you'. That was something, but it didn't really do anything for me because they already agreed with it, y'know? I wouldn't mind hearing people argue about it, then they'd at least be thinking about it. I didn't hear anyone say they disagreed with the sentiments before the song but they agree with them now."

"No, I don't think it did any good."

'Geno' got to No 1 not just because it's as crisp and clear as an icebreaker, not just because it's an affectionate salutation to the most underrated musician Kevin Rowland ever had the pleasure to see (three times, in fact), but because Dexy's put it over in a way that makes you believe their love, their respect, is very real indeed. Obviously they are starting to influence others.

"Kids are starting to get interested in playing brass rather than wanting to be a guitar hero. That's really good," says an uncharacteristically enthusiastic JB. "You get them asking the price of a saxophone instead of a guitar."

Like everybody, Kevin Rowland has a dream. It's a dream I've got a lot of respect for. "I'd like to see the charts filled with soul, loads of feeling everywhere. I mean other people can have their musical choice and exist but soul hasn't been around at all. I just think, I really believe in my heart that rock and roll music is a spent creative force totally."

I LEFT Dexy's feeling that they were a bunch of weirdos, but when I thought about it for awhile they began to appear a lot less weird and a lot more sensible. I certainly wouldn't worry too much about not being able to comprehend the totality of the group. I'd much prefer to listen to their records or see them on stage, because that's where they work out, with sass, with swing, and with soul.

Ah yes — soul. It's what we're talking about! S-O-U-L, SOUL! Soul? It's impossible to define. I find it in music that Kevin Rowland finds redundant. It's a universal quality that applies to all great music. I hear it in Public Image, I hear it in Joy Division, and bless my cotton socks if I don't hear it in Dexy's.

They, of course, don't agree. "It's a totally different world. We just live worlds apart," stresses Kevin.

Even so, I can't wait to hear an LP from this group.

"We aren't going to rush into making our LP. Not like all those other bands. When we record our LP we want it to be really good," says Kevin.

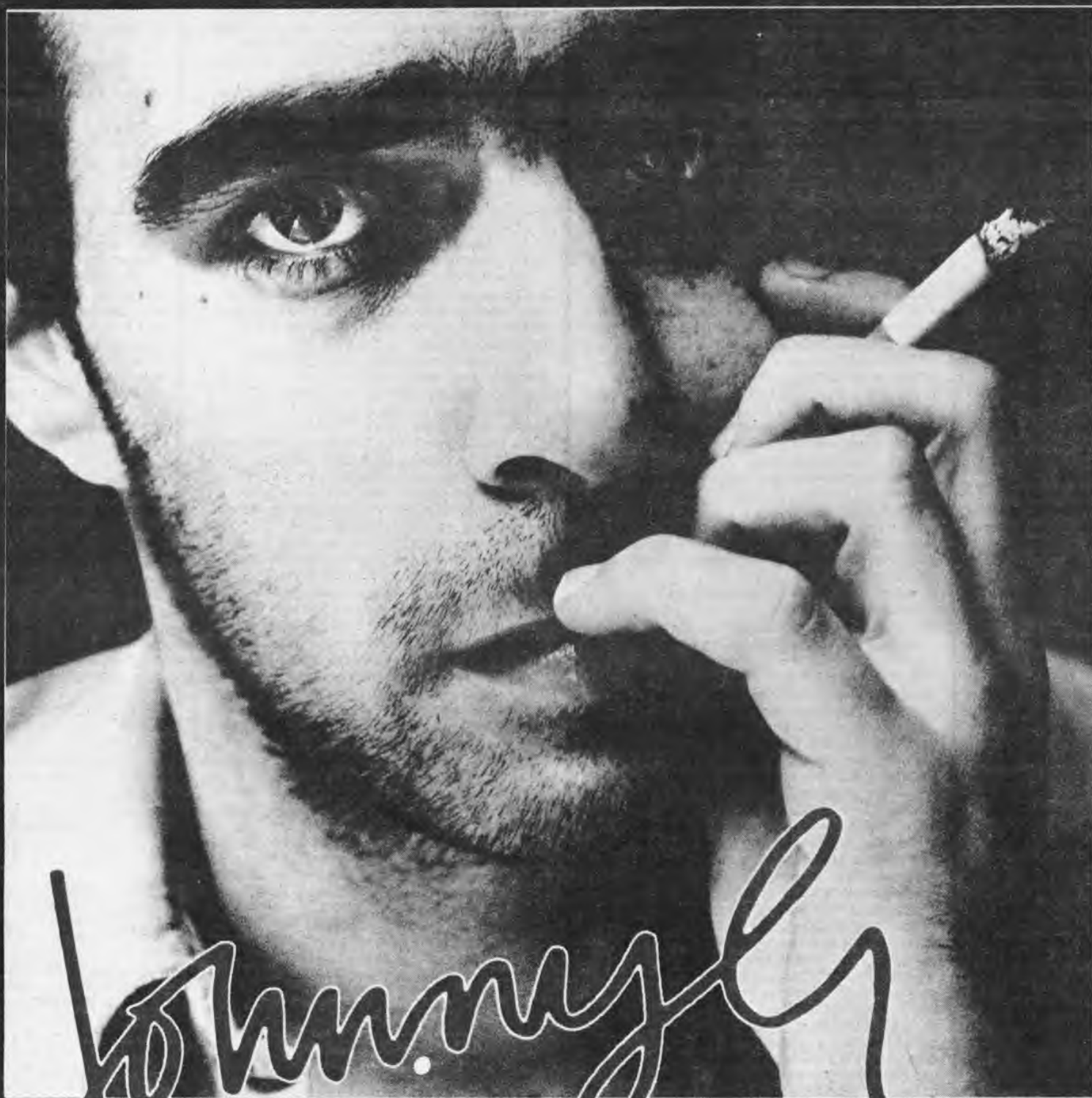
But can Dexy's last? With just a sounding board of soul, won't they become predictable?

"We've got a lifetime of experience," says Kevin. "We aren't going to live up to anyone's preconceptions. You better wait and see. Our second LP will be completely different to the first one. What can I say except wait and see?" I wouldn't miss it for the world.

“I'd like to see the charts full of soul. I really believe rock and roll music is a spent force.” — Kevin Rowland

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SINGLE: NIGHT AFTER NIGHT BEG 40

ABOUT 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Philip and Stuart Moxham return from a recording session in North Wales. Their car, on loan from their mum, had broken down, leaving them stranded for two days.

Now they sit in the shabby front room of a small rented house that Philip shares in Adamstown, one of Cardiff's poorer areas, drinking tea and catching up on the week's music papers.

"It says here you're the future of rock'n'roll, Alison." Philip sounds a mite surprised but very pleased. Alison Stratton shrugs and looks bemused. Not long ago, the Future of Rock'n'Roll was working as a dental nurse in Cardiff's Heath Hospital.

Alison is 21 but she looks younger, thanks to her simple print dress, her dazzling white plimsols and ankle-socks, and the auburn hair she wears in a fringe and ponytail. She's been described in the press as "wholesome" and "fragile" and like a country girl raised on Girl Guide rambles who's unprepared for city life. I ask her how she feels about these graphic assumptions.

"I don't know where they got that from," she gives a puzzled smile. "I've lived in the city all my life — and never been in the Girl Guides!"

Philip is sitting on the floor beside her. "I think it just comes from physical appearance," he suggests.

Alison frowns. "I dunno. I suppose I'm sort of fairly quiet."

Over by the window, Stuart Moxham joins in. "You do look incredibly neat and clean and things, don't you?"

"Mmm," Alison remains dubious as she lights a cigarette. She may look "wholesome" but she's practically a chain-smoker.

Stuart laughs. "Phil looks like an Oxfam advert. He doesn't just buy Oxfam clothes, he has that starving image."

Philip, tall, gangly, gentle, grins back at his brother. "Yeah, they should call it Moxfam."

FOR the Young Marble Giants, the last few months have unfolded like a fairy-tale, shooting them from provincial obscurity to sudden fame via their debut album, 'Colossal Youth'. Things happened so fast that, for now, they're still signing on and still rehearsing in Philip's front room.

As in all good fairy-tales, they were saved from the very brink of despair and frustration. "We gave ourselves three months," says Stuart. "If we hadn't got anywhere by Xmas, we were going to disband."

Instead, the band found themselves with Rough Trade and working on 'Colossal Youth'. The album, recorded in Foel Studios in North Wales, was finished in only five days but it's as refreshing and complete a debut as we're likely to hear all year; the strange tales of three people and their drum-machine. Fragments of melody float across dark spaces and softly clicking rhythm. Their effect is almost magical, utterly refreshing.

And yet it's a very basic, simple pop. Alison's cool, clear vocals are the icing beneath which Philip's bass scuttles crablike around rhythmic figures or rings out, tangy and plaintive, on lead while Stuart supplies steady chuka chuka guitar or smudgy peals on his extra-cheapo '60s Italian organ.

It's all so deft, so quiet, so telling: while the lyrics vary from delicate heartbreak tales like 'Brand-New-Life', jokey surrealism as on 'Choci Loni', the random images of 'N.I.T.A.' or the sardonic protest of 'Credit In The Straight World'.

An all-round success. And — with those rave reviews and nearly 8000 copies sold in less than two months — you'd think the band would allow themselves an iota of satisfaction.

"I'm disappointed that we didn't go far enough," Stuart frowns in concern. "There aren't enough weird sounds, it's very straightforward and smooth. We'd like to sound a bit rougher, like a European station on the radio at night."

I raise my eyebrows at this, appreciating the clarity of 'Colossal Youth', but I'm more taken aback when Stuart and Philip reveal the nature of their latest recording session. One of Stuart's projects is a solo EP of "testcard music".

"Six instrumentals that are totally inspired by, and totally imitate, the music you get with testcards on television," he explains. At 25, Stuart is the eldest Giant and by far the most loquacious. He's lived in Berlin, and generally has a little more *savoir faire* than the others. He also writes most of the songs.

Just now I'm staring at him in horror. But why, I demand, do you want to imitate testcard music?

He laughs. "We think it's great. Any kind of ambient music just isn't listened to seriously but it has a lot of merits. We've been influenced by testcard music, by nursery

rhymes, by popular classical music — all that light, fringe stuff.

"The sound of those great big cinema organs, fairground music" — Stuart is getting quite carried away — "I don't listen to it as much as, say, Radio One but I enjoy it a lot more."

Due first, though, is a Moxham brothers' single, 'This Is Love', with Stuart singing, under the name of The Gist. As with YMG lovesongs, it's very minimal, very romantic and very haunting. But that's another story.

THE Young Marble Giants story begins several years ago when Stuart Moxham had a friend who had a guitar. "He could play about four chords and I was really flashed out by that."

Stuart learned to play and urged on Philip,

who later switched to bass. Alison, meanwhile, began singing in makeshift bands with school-friends, never playing real gigs but performing in front-rooms and garages.

The three came together in a band called True Wheel which soon fell apart and, after various personnel shuffles and changes, Young Marble Giants took shape.

"It was, like, our ultimate band," says Stuart, "our first and last chance to play only the music we liked. If it didn't work, we were really fucked. We knew we'd have to go back to shitty jobs."

In 1979, looking for gigs, the new Young Marble Giants found Cardiff a desolate provincial wasteland. An unknown band playing their own, unusual brand of music — distilled from a ragbag of influences from Booker T to Kraftwerk, Duane Eddy to Eno — were not exactly welcome in the tiny circuit of Top 40 and Disco clubs. There was just one

suitable venue — another local band, Reptile Ranch, had started gigs at a coffee bar called Grass Roots and it was here that YMG played their handful of live sets.

"We'd be playing to about 20 people," says Stuart. "And most of them would walk out 'cause our music wasn't fashionable. We were so quiet, people didn't know what to make of us."

Grass Roots was repeatedly vandalised and, finally, closed down. But before it did, Reptile Ranch organised a Cardiff compilation album, 'Is The War Over?' and it was this record which brought YMG to the notice of Rough Trade, who promptly offered them the chance to record their own album.

"We were amazed at their attitude," Stuart still sounds a little incredulous. "I mean, we

♦ *Continues over*

Pic: Santo Basone

YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS hear the one about them being the future of rock & roll.

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YOUNG MARBLED & GIGANTIC CONTINUED

From previous page

were so desperate and naive we'd probably have signed anything." His laugh is half-elation, half-relief.

Later, he confides that at first the band felt a little paranoid that Rough Trade "were laughing up their sleeves at us, 'cause we couldn't understand why they liked us. I mean, we're not really into that new music and most of their bands I'd never heard of."

He smiles at the memory, then leans towards me. "Actually, one of my ambitions now is for Young Marble Giants to be the first Rough Trade band to get a Radio One Record Of The Week. I mean, we may use avant-garde sort of styles and sounds but we use them in a pop way; we try to be accessible. I think our stuff is pretty commercial, really."

As the band have mentioned that a major aim is to make a living from their music, I ask if this means they may leave Rough Trade for a major label. To ensure financial survival?

"No, not just to survive," replies Alison. "If we wanted to be millionaires, perhaps we'd consider it, but..." she dismisses untold wealth with a shrug of her shoulders.

CARDIFF Art College is a typical dribble of glass and concrete blocks. Tonight, the Young Marble Giants are playing their first hometown gig for nine months. Several weeks ago, they tried to get a gig at the college and were rejected because they didn't have a "name".

Now it's different. Along the corridor that leads to the canteen-cum-dancehall, a few tatty posters, to which YMG press-cuttings have been hastily Sellotaped, advertise the night's entertainment. Alison Stratton, on her way to the sound-check, eyes them with dismay.

"They're making such a big thing of this," she says, utterly serious, "it's bound to be a disaster."

She's nearly right. Technical hitches, a poor PA and cack-handed mixing all but ruin the sound. For most of the set, the band can't even hear their own drum-machine. Afterwards, they sit around looking drained and depressed while stewards clean up the dance-floor, tossing piles of empty beer-cans into large cardboard boxes and shouting drunken jibes at each other — "live sex on stage" — in a pissed attempt at smalltown wit.

Alison Stratton surveys the debris through unhappy eyes. "That was our worst-ever gig," she murmurs. "I feel terrible."

The Young Marble Giants have had little live experience. Apart from their occasional Cardiff gigs, four in London is their sum total. Onstage, they're extremely static and a little po-faced. Alison sings with her hands in her pockets while the Moxham brothers loom gauntly on either side of her, each with a cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth.

The effect is a cross between the casual and the terrified.

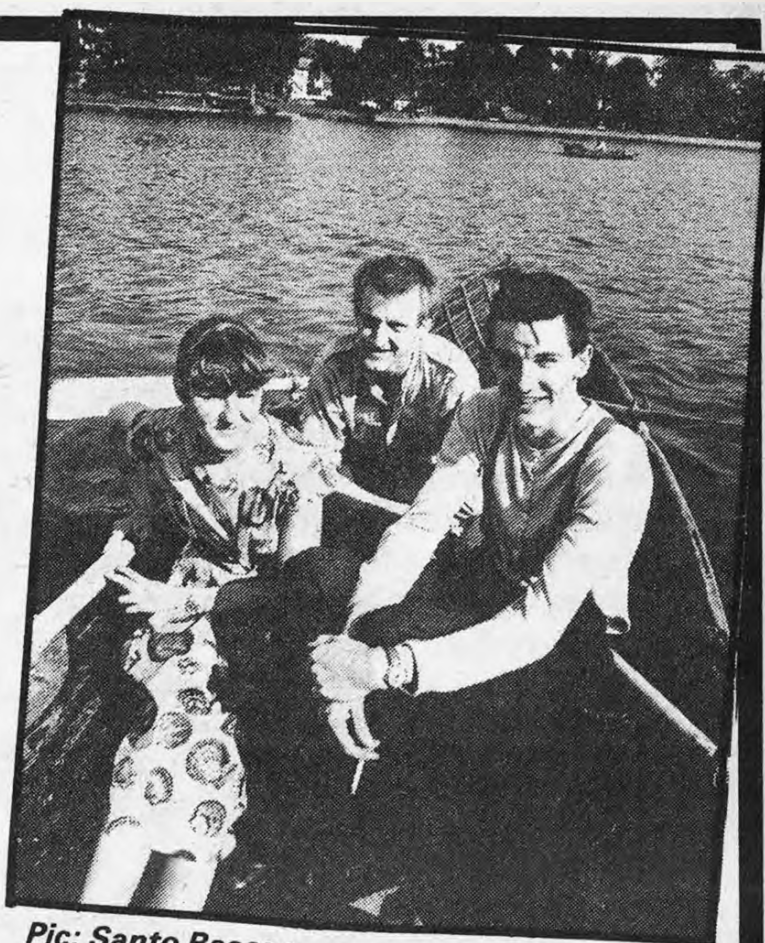
"We don't move because we're so scared," explains Alison.

Stuart embellishes a little. "As well as that, it isn't particularly dance music, it is minimal. I think we're quite English in a way, very restrained."

"But some of our songs, like 'Choci Loni', are quite funny, and people don't seem to realise —"

"It's probably the way I sing them," mutters Alison.

"— but if they'd all stand around and laugh, we'd be delighted," concludes Stuart.



Pic: Santo Basone

AFTER the gig, Philip Moxham and I are waiting in a dingy Indian take-away down a Cardiff backstreet. Philip is the tallest, quietest and — at 19 — the youngest Marble Giant.

He's also the band's emotional pivot. He and Stuart are brothers; he and Alison go out together. Band relations seem perfectly amicable. In the 24 hours I'm with them, the nearest they get to a cross word is when Alison and Philip stick out their tongues at each other.

As we wait for our chaipati and chips, Philip tells me that he's leaving Cardiff. "I'd really like to rent a cottage in North Wales for a while," he murmurs. "Go and do something on my own."

But what about the band? I ask.

Philip smiles shyly. "Well, I've got the opportunity now. As for the band... we'll see what happens," he shrugs as if to intimate that things will turn out alright.

But with Stuart already moving to London, won't there be problems? When I mention this to the band, Stuart consigns YMG to the scrapheap.

"Maybe we won't exist in three months," he declares earnestly. "We may all be doing other things, but I think we have to move on. I'd hate to get stuck in a rut."

One album and a handful of gigs are hardly a rut, I protest.

"Well, it is a dilemma," concedes Stuart. "I suppose it depends on how well we get on with each other. But we may all go our different ways."

"We have to treat ourselves as individuals," adds Alison. "It doesn't work, thinking that the band's got to be in the same place instead of thinking where you want to live. We tried that and it really got on top of us."

"Yeah, we were all living in the same house for a while," sighs Stuart. "I almost cracked up."

So the Young Marble Giants have no plans beyond a brief European tour in June and the imminent release of their debut single. It's a 4-track which I find slightly disappointing. Only 'Final Day' with its sinuous organ line, nursery rhyme tune and chill nuclear holocaust lyric can match the best of 'Colossal Youth'.

Still, the single does reveal the source of the band's extraordinary name. It comes from the picture of a statue they saw in a book of classical sculpture: the reference read:

"Young marble giants greeted the sailor from Cape Sounion as he entered the home stretch to Athens."

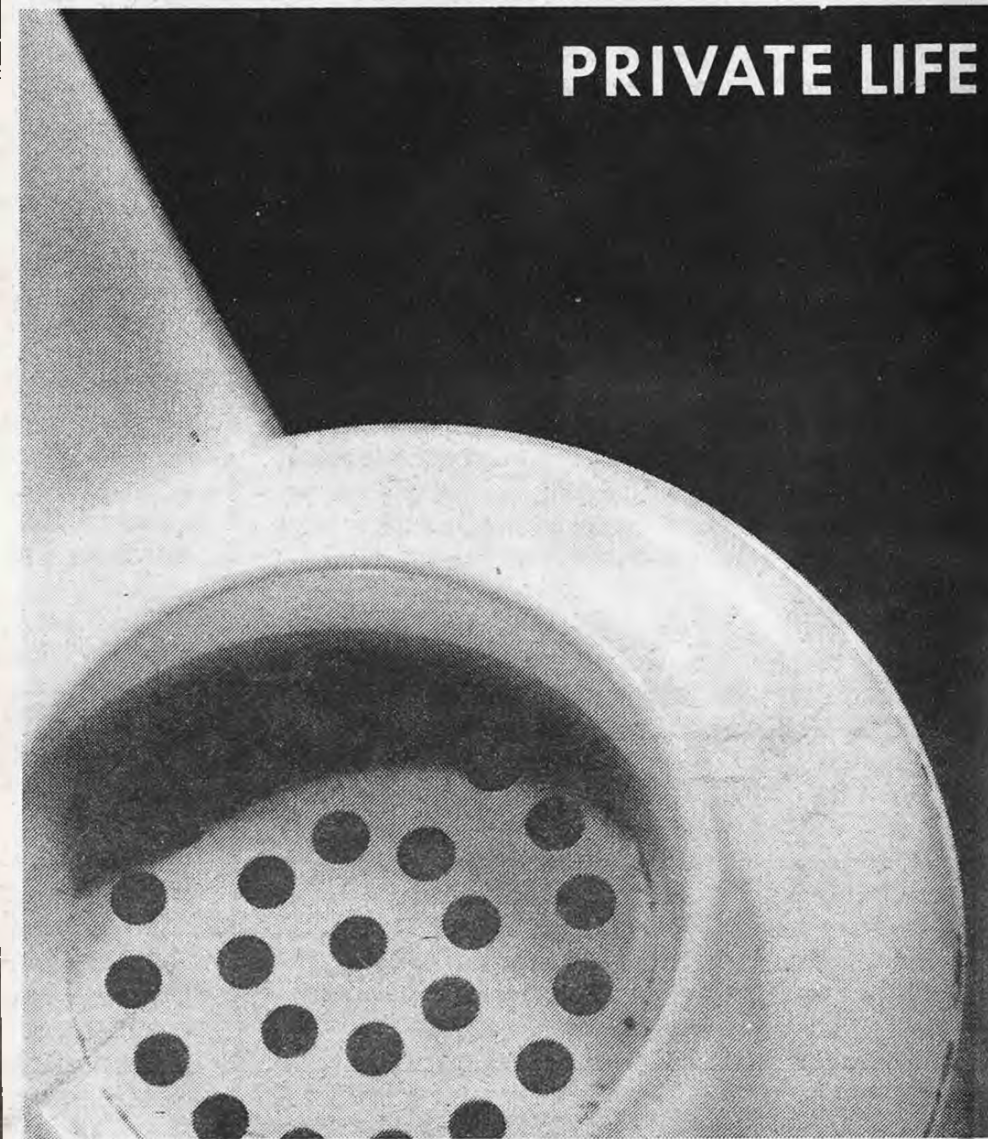
It fits perfectly. I can't think of a nicer album to come home to than 'Colossal Youth'.

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Page 73

PRIVATE LIFE



BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS

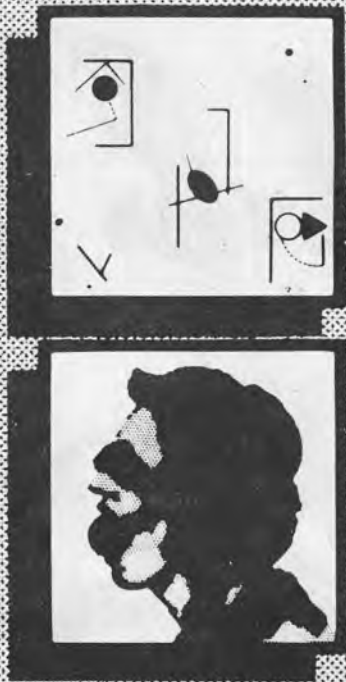
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SINGLES

JESUS! This situation is already totally out of control... so far six hundred singles have piled up on the NME National Affairs Desk. At any moment, that goddam mojo wire is going to start humming in that infuriating way it has and some vaguely coherent assessment of at least some of these singles is going to have to be worked up from these raw notes and fired out of a cannon towards Kettering, where the presses are already ready to roll.

They're all over the room now. I can hardly bear to look at them. I swear they're reproducing.

Already I've had to resort to Macing the bastards to keep them from climbing all over this typewriter. Where will it end?

A deputation sent by those scumbags at NME has just shown up at the door. They delivered six cases of Jack Daniels, fourteen gallons of Bass ale and three tons of grapefruit. My attorney has just pulled his head out of the toilet bowl raving deliriously about subjecting Kevin Keegan to thirty hours of the bastinado for kissing Margaret Thatcher without being taken violently ill immediately afterwards.

"I oughtta break both of his legs!" he screams, ghastly patches of corrugated green tissue erupting across his features. A small lizard crawls cautiously from his left ear, surveys the room and crawls back in again. "Nothing less than the bastinado will suffice here!" His eyes roll inward and he melts into a small puddle by the door.

(At this point, NME Editors were forced to move in and place Dr Murray under sedation. By the time he was sufficiently calmed to continue, a system had been set up to enable Dr Murray to clear the backlog by interviewing selected NME writers for their opinions and delivering raw transcript direct to the printers. The tape begins during a break for monkey's adrenal glands.)

CSM: Well, we might as well get started somewhere.

SEX PISTOLS: I'm Not Your Steppin' Stone (Virgin).

MAX BELL: Is this something they dug up from the vaults?

CSM: Yeah, it's off the Swindle album, but it wasn't in the film.

MB: This is great!

CSM: I've always loved the song. It sounds like it was recorded in a toilet.

(At this point, Paul Rambali arrives with beer).

PR: Holsten or Pils?

CSM: Pils... do you wanna say anything about this record?

PR: No, they're all rubbish anyway. Shall we do the Elvis Costello?

ELVIS COSTELLO: New Amsterdam EP (F-Beat).

MB: That's my favourite song on the album, 'New Amsterdam'.

CSM: Yeah, but is it a single?

MB: I haven't thought about it... 'Dr Luthor's Assistant' was an outtake from 'This Year's Model', wasn't it?

PR: This is Elvis' 'Basement Tape'. That's enough of that.

CSM: Really. Put the other side on. What's this one called?

PR: 'Ghost Train', it's an outtake from the last album.

MB: They all are. Maybe we ought to make some attempt to find out.

CSM: Sod it. Put another record on...

MB: It's all psychedelic music.

PR: Can I just say that Elvis Costello gets more surreal every time? It finishes with backward tapes.

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS: Could You Be Loved? (Island).

MB: It's very warped. Is this the new Police single? I've always liked Sting.

CSM: Look, do I have to be the straight man?

MB: Great chorus.

CSM: Very pleasant vibe... did I say that?

PR: It's pretty lightweight, Charlie.

MB: Chorus is still good. It's the

best part of the record. It's very opposed to the rest of the song.

FRANK ZAPPA: I Don't Want To Get Drafted (CBS)

MB: He goes on a bit though.

PR: It's the first smutty anti-draft disco song. Who'd want to draft Frank Zappa anyway?

CSM: Just because a single has been banned in America doesn't mean that it's any good.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Empire State Human (Virgin)

CSM: One of my favourite songs of the last couple of years. I'm confused about this, though. It's part of a double-single package with 'Only After Dark' as the A-side of the other one, but the League told me that this package was exactly what they didn't want out, because they'd already had one early '70s cover version out with 'Rock 'n' Roll 172' and they didn't want to throw 'Empire State Human' away like that. I think Virgin are buggering them about a bit.

MB: Oh, shut up. It's bloody awful.

CSM: Spoken like a true Quicksilver fan.

PR: Now, now. Come on, girls.

PETE TOWNSHEND: Let My Love Open The Door (Atco)

MB: It's sweet, isn't it?

PR: Very sweet. Almost sickly. Why doesn't he give those chords a day off?

CSM: It's a deliberately lightweight record.

MB: It's almost too clever. Could be the next 'My Sweet Lord'.

MAGAZINE: Upside Down (Virgin)

CSM: Let's get serious. What are all these lizards doing in here? I thought they were safe in my attorney's head.

PR: Not more psychedelia.

MB: Martin Hannett is the best producer in the world, now... I withdraw that.

CSM: Is it possible to talk about this record without making references to either illegal drugs or Martin Hannett?

PR: I think not.

PHILIP LYNOTT: Kings Call (Vertigo)

CSM: Obviously a tribute to Sid Vicious.

MB: Sounds like Mark Knopfler after a dozen Mandrax.

CSM: Knopfler's on this, I think... and make that twenty. I like this song the first time Phil wrote it.

MB: I didn't.

PR: Wake me up when it's over (record ends). Might as well go straight to The Eagles.

MB: It can't be any worse.

THE EAGLES: Sad Cafe (Asylum)

PR: It is.

CSM: I think I'd prefer Sad Cafe's song about The Eagles.

There's a line in this song that goes 'Things in this world change very slowly if they change at all' which is sickeningly apt.

U2: O'Clock Tick Tock (Island)

PR: Oh God, not another record

produced by Martin Hannett! CSM: Hannett really is Britain's leading auteur producer. No other producer's records are both so distinctive and have so much in common.

PR: So when's he going to make a hit record?

CSM: Um... Mike Chapman? Incidentally, this is the second warped Island record so far. The lead singer sounds like Patti Smith... meets Joy Division.

PR: I think they're the Irish Yardbirds.

CSM: Well spotted. 'Heart Full Of Soul', 'Still I'm Sad', 'For Your Love', singles like that...

PR: I'd like to hear an album of theirs.

CSM: You undoubtedly will.

THE STRANGLERS: Who Wants The World? (UA)

CSM: Not another psychedelic record... This sounds like The Nice in 1968.

PR: The Strangers always were a psychedelic group. In '76 people used to compare them to The Doors, gothic keyboards etc.

MB: No keyboards on this one (The B-side: 'Menninblack'). Sounds like something you'd expect to find on a Shadows Of Knight album. Pity it's not produced by Martin Hannett.

CSM: If The Ventures were on Rough Trade that's what they'd sound like.

FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS: Sugar Coated Love (Chrysalis)

CSM: Bit more bloody like it. The lyrics are dead patronising but I love the music. Sounds like real blues.

PR: This sounds like it was recorded in a gutbucket. That's a compliment.

NINE BELOW ZERO: Homework (A&M)

CSM: I hope Lew Lewis is really worried. A good dance record. I wish J. Geils still sounded like that. (A helicopter flies overhead, drowning out remainder of review).

ROBERT WYATT: Arauco (Rough Trade).

(Andrew Tyler enters the room wearing a bemused expression. Dr Murray invites him to join. He continues to look bemused).

AT: Is that intended for the public at large or is it a personal statement? What language is this? It sounds more friendly than English.

PR: It's the perfect counterpoint to a sunny afternoon. What is he singing about?

CSM: I like everything he sings.

AT: Is this supposed to be a Hunter Thompson parody? There's an air of unreality about this...

VAGABOND MOON: Willie Nile

(Vivien Goldman enters the room. I don't know how long I can keep going with all these distractions).

VG: D'you want to know what it's about? It's a list of all the American Indian tribes in South America who've been wiped out.

CSM: It's just typical of the great British public. Just because it's sung in Spanish they haven't got a clue what it's about.

LIPPS, INC: Funkytown (Casablanca)

PR: This is the Single Of The Week. The Human League could have had a hit with this if they'd thought of it first.

AT: What does this have to say about the human condition?

CSM: It says 'It's a funky town'.

AT: Is that the one you were

The GREAT SINGLES HUNT

By **DR. CHARLES S. MURRAY**
author of **FEAR AND LOATHING IN THE REVIEW ROOM...**



Illustration: Ray Lowry

Apologies to **Ralph STEADMAN**, **HUNTER S. THOMPSON**, the rest of the human race etc. . .

playing earlier on? It sounds better from the other room.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE: The It Man (Epic)

PR: Is this another Martin Hannett production? I can't wait to see The Invisible Girls on *Top Of The Pops*.

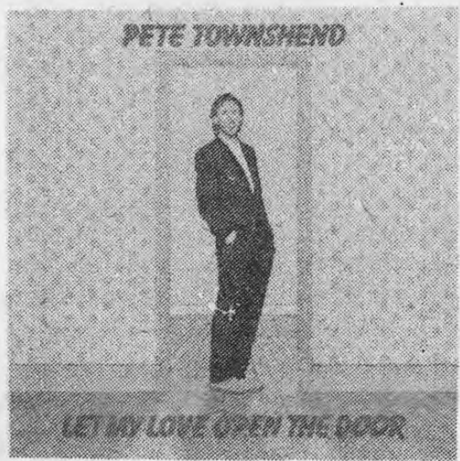
CSM: How'll you know it's them?

VG: I like the way that it all sounds muffled. Everybody else strives for clarity.

CSM: He always sounds as though he's got a heavy cold.

AT: Terrific singing. Frank Sinatra's got about five notes too.

CSM: Possibly the least suitable track from the album to have chosen for a single.



THE MEMBERS: Flying Again (Virgin)

CSM: Recorded in a cement mixer near Heathrow.

AT: This sounds like it was intended to be serious.

PR: If you're not paying much attention you could pretend it was The Jam.

VG: It sounds like a long journey when you're wishing you could reach the end.

AT: I think one should be suspicious of songs with a lot of words. Thank you, Lord Russell.

VG: Actually, it sounded quite good in a way.

WILD WILLY BARRATT: A Shot Of Red Eye (Red Eye)

CSM: Rush play Steeleye Span (a moment of silence).

AT: Take it off.
(An NME editor arrives to see how things are going. He looks worried).

THE TEMPTATIONS: Power (Motown)

CSM: He's got a very deep voice, hasn't he? I'm glad someone's still imitating 'Theme From Shaft'.

NS: The Tempts aren't what they used to be, though imitations of Sly and Norman Whitfield are. How many of the original line-up are left anyway? It's a pastiche. . . actually, it's

an O'Jays record.

AT: It's the funky cruel world disco polka. It smacks ever so slightly of insincerity.

PR: If the Temptations have rediscovered their social consciences, things must really be hard.

ROBIN LANE AND THE CHARTBUSTERS: Don't Cry (Warners)

NS: This is definitely the year of ripping off The Byrds' guitar sound, isn't it? It's a Fleetwood Mac clone. Who needs it?

We've already got The Tourists.

CSM: Speak for yourself. They've obviously never listened to The Pretenders at all.

AT: Or not carefully enough.

LEE DORSEY: Workin' In The Coalmine (Charly)

CSM: Is this the Upstarts?

PR: Definitely a record to kick off your shoes to.

CSM: So why've you still got yours on?

NS: As your editor I advise you to make this 'Re-issue Of The Week'.

VG: Play it next to 'P-Funk'.

BAD MANNERS: Lip Up Fatty (Magnet)

CSM: Jesus, the guitar's completely out of tune and the drummer's just fallen down the stairs. . .

PR: If Madness are the junior Blockheads, are this lot the junior Barron Knights?

CSM: Uh, no. . .

VG: It's supermarket muzak. Uptempo soma.

PR: I could do without soma that.

(At this point, Dr Murray's attorney awoke from his coma long enough to murmur, 'That joke was awful! Mace the swine!' before once again losing consciousness).



JOE JACKSON: The Harder They Come (A&M)

CSM: Not quite the best thing that Joe has ever done. In fact. . .

PR: Not quite the best thing that anyone has ever done. (B-side

'Out Of Style' is played). Quick, flip the single over! Better still, delete it and then sell off the residue as collectors' items. Collectors will buy anything.

LAMBRETTAS: Da-a-a-nce (Rocket)

CSM: Ya-a-a-w-n.



MYSTIC M & JAH STITCH: Israelites (Starlight)

CSM: I like the way they use the echo to turn the best into a Bo Diddley.

CSM: It's got lots of good bits in it. . .

VG: It'd probably sound good on a sound system. It's a good job of copying: he's got those very distinctive vowel sounds from the original.

GIRLSCHOOL: Nothing To Lose (Bronze)

CSM: They're playing 'Pretty Vacant'!

MB: They're an all-girl band, aren't they? This isn't really Heavy Metal, it's hard rock.

CSM: Sounds like Lemmy wrote the words.

MB: Doesn't really go anywhere, does it?

CSM: Should it?

WILLIE NILE: Vagabond Moon (Arista)

CSM: Is this guy supposed to be a new Dylan, a new Wilko or a new Mink DeVille?

MB: He's the new Loudon Wainwright, taking the piss.

CSM: Will someone please turn off the flanger? It's giving me a headache.

MB: I think an important new figure has arrived.

CSM: Oh, no. Not another important new figure. I hate people like that.

BASEMENT 5: Silicone Chip (Island)

MB: Doesn't sound as good on a record player as it does in a disco.

CSM: You mean the record is better live?

MB: It's popular in the

Midlands. I was up there at the weekend and everybody was raving about it on the soul circuit. The version 'Chip Butty' is much better. . . let's go down the pub.

CSM: I liked it a lot the first couple of times I heard it, and people are going to dig it if they hear it in discos and on the radio. Then it'll stop being amusing. It's good on record, though.

HAZEL O'CONNOR: Writing On The Wall (A&M)

CSM: Ah, the single of the media event. It's a real mediocre noisy record.

MB: It's produced by Tony Visconti. 'Diamond Dogs' was really the most influential Bowie record in terms of this modern shit. Can I not be quoted as saying 'this modern shit'? That wasn't a particularly smart thing to say.

CSM: This isn't a particularly smart record.

MB: Nice girl, though.

ALEX CHILTON: Hey! Little Child (Aura)

CSM: 'Bout time we had a bona fide cult figure.

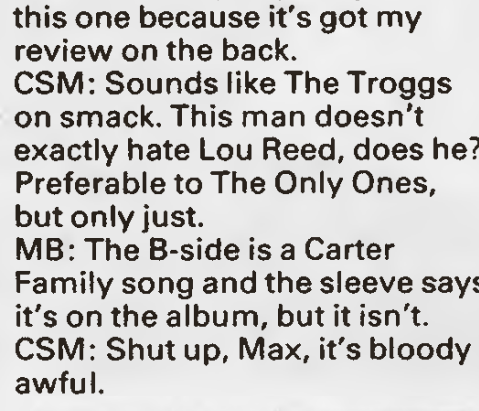
MB: I can't say anything about this one because it's got my review on the back.

CSM: Sounds like The Troggs on smack. This man doesn't exactly hate Lou Reed, does he?

MB: Preferable to The Only Ones, but only just.

CSM: The B-side is a Carter Family song and the sleeve says it's on the album, but it isn't.

CSM: Shut up, Max, it's bloody awful.



ELTON JOHN: Little Jeannie (Rocket)

MB: Sounds like a serious mistake to me.

CSM: It's an absolute identikit Elton John record. . . he used to sell these suckers by the tankerload a few years ago, so maybe someone's still in the market for a few more along the same lines. The sax seems to have escaped from a Gerry Rafferty record.

Participants with Dr Murray on the singles backlog: MAX BELL, PAUL RAMBALI, ANDREW TYLER, VIVIEN GOLDMAN, NEIL SPENCER, ADRIAN THRILLS & CHRIS BOHN.

MB: If this was a bag of chips I'd take it back.

CSM: Pity it isn't a bag of chips.

MB: It's number ten in the States, which means that he'll be making some money out of it, which means that there'll be more like this. . .

CSM: I'm still thinking about that bag of chips.

SELF CONTROL: Self Control EP (Dancing Sideways)

ADRIAN THRILLS:

Post-modernist garage enthusiasts. Very Wire, Joy Division, Talking Heads. There are only two of these geezers though it sounds more like twenty. If I were being cruel I'd vouch that never have so many been ripped off so accurately by so few. But I won't. Actually, it's the best record I've heard today, but I only came in a few minutes ago.

MB: It is the best record so far, the only one I can imagine wanting to listen to again. It's good value — none of the tracks is on an album — the material is varied, it's witty, the lyrics and tunes are memorable without being self-conscious.

Guaranteed enjoyment four times over.

UB40: My Way Of Thinking (Graduate)

CSM: Where's that bag of chips you were talking about?

MB: Another independent hit. A sophisticated strut but it's a bit pleasant where it should be dangerous. Junior Walker would approve, just.

AT: Stevie Wonder too, if the vocalist is anything to go by.

UB40 represent the acceptable side of punky-reggae progression. Definitely a hit.

THE VAPORS: News At Ten (UA)

MB: I didn't care for 'Turning Japanese' but I sang it against my will. I'm not making that mistake again.

AT: Me too. I'll stick with the bag of chips.

CSM: 'Turning Japanese' became a hit without actually getting the world interested in the group. This has a lot of powerchords going RRRRRRRR and bits of it sound like The Jam, but the song seems fairly incidental. Could you stop going on about bloody chips? I'm starving.

TEENA MARIE: Behind The Groove (Motown)

PR: Put this one on. It's going to be a giant hit. Have I ever lied to you?

CSM: Not since Friday. . . this record should not be played to diabetics.

PR: Three minutes into the record it starts getting interesting. It's the natural successor to Funkadelic's 'One Nation Under A Groove.'

NS: Can I just say my feet like it?

CSM: I prefer records upon which the entire body can be in agreement. Feet like this, hips are easy either way and head and heart are seriously bored.

NS: Goes on a bit.

MB: That's the point.

MARK PERRY: Whole World's Down On Me (Deptford Fun City)

CSM: This is the lumpiest, most leaden reggae I've ever heard. He doesn't really have the voice for this. . .

PR: Is this The Police? I always did like Sting.

CSM: I'd say 'Shoot The Drummer', but he sounds like someone already has. . .

PR: That's Mark playing the drums.

CSM: Whoooooops!

EDDY GRANT: My Turn To Love You (Ice)

PR: Doesn't sound much like reggae to me.

CSM: Maybe it's not supposed to be reggae. I liked 'Living On The Front Line', but this seems a trifle vapid.

PR: The Vapors? We've had them.

IAN HUNTER: We Gotta Get Out Of Here (Chrysalis)

CHRIS BOHN: Is this at the right speed?

CSM: Ellen Foley's singing backup on it. I've liked Ian a lot in the past, but this sounds pompous and pointless. It's a double single with a lot of live stuff on it, and one of the songs 'Sons And Daughters' appeals quite seriously to this maudlin streak I've been developing over the last few years. . .

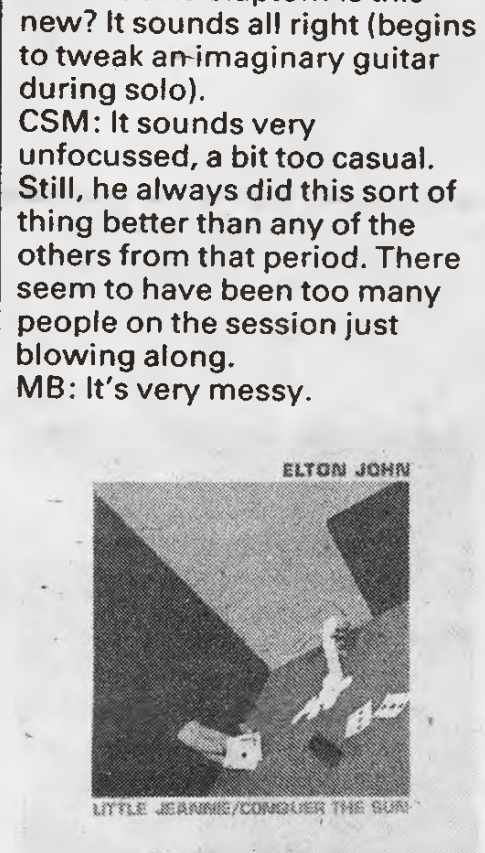
CB: I didn't recognize him at all, so that must be some kind of improvement.

PETER GREEN: Walkin' The Road (PVK)

MB: It's Eric Clapton! Is this new? It sounds all right (begins to tweak an imaginary guitar during solo).

CSM: It sounds very unfocussed, a bit too casual. Still, he always did this sort of thing better than any of the others from that period. There seem to have been too many people on the session just blowing along.

MB: It's very messy.



FLOWERS: Food (Pop: Aural)

CB: Bob Last thinks that there's some kind of vendetta against Fast Product these days.

CSM: Does he now? Let's reinforce his paranoia then. . .

CB: Very Andy Gill-ish guitar, isn't it? Not quite so fractured, though.

CSM: Everything he signs these days sounds like The Gang Of Four.

CB: Good primitive drums (B-side is played)

CSM: I like this one better. Quite nippy.

CB: Reminds me of something. The Slits?

CSM: Give 'em a great big hand. Jesus, my concentration is going. Have those bastards left any antifreeze or do we have to start on the vodka. . .

(At this point the tapes run out. Dr Murray is at present under sedation in an exclusive private nursing home somewhere off the Yorkshire moors, where he was later found attempting to sign the Whitby Foghorn to a 5-year recording deal. The NME National Affairs staff wish him the speediest possible recovery).

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At home with a Rut and his mum

WHEN you're in a rut . . .
Pity the poor Ruts. They must have come to regret the reckless bravery of that brilliant manifesto of theirs.

" . . . You gotta get out of it! Out of it! Out of it!"

It's impossible not to appreciate the irony — and it certainly didn't escape the innumerable pundits who've seized on the words to furnish their glib dismissals of the band in countless headlines — since a rut is exactly what punk has found itself in. The new decade dawns and under its cold clear light most punk is like a hangover — embarrassing and unpleasant. It's a predicament of which The Ruts are well aware.

'In A Rut' was hailed for the way it embodied the power of positive punk — when you could still believe that such a beast existed — an anthem ablaze with spirit and with commitment to something that mattered. It almost boasted of its own optimism, of its determination and excitement. Above all it was about change, and the will to change — in other words, about the one quality that was crucial to punk and the one quality which modern punk has so abjectly surrendered. Ironical, indeed, if The Ruts should fall victim to that trap they raged against with fierce eloquence.

Over the past months, while the band have quietly been preparing their own way around that trap, singer Malcolm Owen has been fighting a parallel battle to escape from a different and deadlier sort of rut — a fight which may not be finished, but which he believes he's winning.

Malcolm Owen's fight has been against his addiction to heroin.

Forced to cancel the last dates of their recent tour due to the painful throat condition which had taken away his voice, Owen has used the period of enforced convalescence to break his drug dependence once and for all. The other three, meanwhile — guitarist Paul Fox, drummer Dave Ruffy and bass-player Vince Segs — have been keeping themselves busy as the back-up band to Laurel Aitken, the old ska hero who's re-emerged from obscurity to play on the Secret Affair tour.

On a sofa in the front room of his Mum's house — a neat semi in the endless sprawl of West London suburbia towards Heathrow Airport — Owen talks in a hoarse but cheerful whisper about his plans for the future as well as the problems of the past, with Paul Fox beside him. The cups of tea and the chocolate cake were provided by Malcolm's Mum.

NOT LONG ago, The Ruts had the distinction of being the first new wave band to play in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. As Paul Fox recalls, "It was a totally different audience over there, like '77 in '79, flared jeans with rips in 'em."

"Which was handy in a way," Owen comes in, "cos a lot of our set is '77 music. Most of the stuff on that album, 'The Crack', was written in '77 but it took us until '79 before we could get a contract to record it. We could have taken that set to the States, but I got too ill — for six months I was a heroin addict. That's why I'm here at my Mum's house, 'cos I've just got over it. She sort of

kidnapped me one Sunday after I'd rung her up and said I've just got to stop. And she came and grabbed me.

"And now the boredom's killing me. It's just that my Mum won't let me out of the house in case I get hold of smack. I've got to be chaperoned everywhere. Which is good, y'know? It's such a dangerous thing."

Did it ever look as if the group was finished?

Fox: "Well it probably did to Malcolm, 'cos of what he'd been through. When we toured Europe he was going through turkey over there, he was in a right state and it was really hard work at one point. But the rest of us, we could never see us finishing."

Owen: "Yeah, well I had a lot of destructive thoughts, confusion, 'cos in that sort of state you don't know what the hell's going on. But I've been off it for weeks now, and I'm starting to see clearly already. Which is great, 'cos it's like starting all over again, fresh, wiped clean."

But how will you cope once you're back in the old routine?

"Well that's what I want to do now — because when I'm on the road I can't get hold of the stuff anyway. And your mind's taken off it because it's on playing and having a good time, and getting from one gig to another. It was when we stopped touring that I started — because I was so bored, that was the trouble. But it's a good period for me now, a rest period. I can sit down with the tapes the band have made, and write words to the music, which we can rehearse and get on record and take it out on the road."

There's no mistaking the strength of the singer's personal resolution. But how about the band? Aren't they

in danger of finding themselves stuck up the same creative cul-de-sac as so many others?

"Our music's really changed. We were going on stage and doing the same format every night, and in the end we couldn't put ourselves into it any more. We don't want to carry on just going 'one two free four' again because you can't do that any more. It's boring. I know the kids were getting excited down the front but I could see at the back they were getting bored. It was a real pain in the arse."

"We'll lose a few fans, but we'll gain a few. Like, the ones who want to hear '77 punk can go follow whoever's still playing it. But those who want to go on with us will come, and that's the sort of people we want there anyway. Like The Clash have changed their music. It's like growing up, isn't it? The Ruts are growing up. It's got to happen, and I'm really excited about it."

Of course, the road to hell is paved with good intentions, but Fox and Owen are full of concrete ideas as well — their aim is to incorporate a range of influences and textures, making full use of guest musicians, to produce music of greater complexity which, while it's less predictable, will lack nothing of the old energy and commitment.

"It's funny, we do songs like 'I Ain't Sophisticated' but a lot of our music is getting sophisticated, which I think is what people want. There'll be one or two that'll say 'Oh shit, why aren't they playing 'Babylon's Burning', but they'll get into it. It's just that they've got to realise you can't play the same sort of stuff for years and years. Which is why 'The Crack' should have come out in '78. We had it all there, that material, but no contract. It was good recording it but, at the same time we couldn't

help feeling it was a little dated for what we wanted to do."

I mention the single, 'Staring At The Rude Boys', and criticisms that it panders to the violent mentality of elements in their following.

"Reviews of that have twisted the words around, as if we're glorifying violence, but it's not that at all. It's about an event that happened. Reviewers didn't grasp that it was just a scenario."

Paul Fox joins in: "Also, I don't know what they expect you to fucking write about. It's stupid. If you write a home-truth then it gets slagged off 'cos it's too violent. If you write about something that's of no consequence then you're safe, because you're not stirring it."

"When you play to an audience there's two things happening: one, you're singing about things which are serious, like sus laws, but at the same time you're entertaining. People have got to have a good time after all. And we hope the kids, at the same time as they're enjoying themselves — I mean, it does educate people, rock'n'roll. You do get across."

If, when The Ruts are back in operation again, they can put even a half of their ambitious visions into practice then they'll have achieved a hell of a lot — and fulfilled the uncompromising promise of that debut song.

Malcolm Owen insists that they will: "It's never been easy, I don't think it ever will be, but we've all known that from the start. I'm confident — for myself and for The Ruts . . . getting ill was a godsend really, in one way, even though I've had a lot of problems. I'm better now, thanks to Mum."

"They come in handy, Mums, they really do."

This is true.

So what is a rock singer's mum? Someone who makes chocolate cake, washes Malcolm Owen's socks and keeps him off heroin . . . Whaat!? Paul Du Noyer takes tea at The Ruts' house. Jill Furmanovsky watches on.

Don't Walk Away In Silence

IAN CURTIS, lead singer of Joy Division and one of the most talented performers and writers in contemporary rock music, committed suicide on May 18th.

PAUL MORLEY & ADRIAN THRILLS pay tribute to the man and the group.

SO WHY do we get so animated and enthralled by Joy Division?

Rock's such an infuriating thing it's a marvel we get so consumed. Mostly rock is an unstable, stale slab of crudity and stupidity; an endless roll of superficiality and lies. Some people, though, achieve within it even more than the usual palatable, topical noise, create something beautiful enough to sustain our faith. The rock music that is above and past the status quo and narcissism of the enduring rock tradition that reaches us through business channels, that doesn't set up as its restraining barrier the cynical elements of Good Time and consolation, can be broadly split in two.

Good rock music — the palatable, topical stuff — is an amusement and an entertainment; the perfect pastime for this current season of hell. The very best rock music is created by individuals and musicians obsessive and eloquent enough to inspect and judge destinies and systems with artistic totality and sometimes tragic necessity; music with laws of its own, a drama of its own. The face of rock music is changed by those who introduce to the language new tones, new tunes and new visions.

The very best rock music will frighten us as much as it will entertain us.

It will always be the rock music that reflects the enormity of our struggle and our unease, that achieves a language you feel in your heart, your spine, your eyes, rather than that which submits to fame, fortune and fashion, that supports our faith in rock music. It's a faith worth having. It's certainly not a problem.

Joy Division throw us out of balance. Their music is undoubtedly filled with the horror of the times — no cheap shocks, no rocky horror, no tricks with mirrors and clumsy guilt, but catastrophic images of compulsion, contradiction, wonder, fear. The threatening nature of society hangs heavy; bleak death is never far away; each song is a mystery, a pursuit. The music is brutally sensual and melancholically tender. The songs never avoid loneliness, cruelty, suffering; they defy these things.

All this isn't out of a love for deep oppressive seriousness, we're not celebrating gloom. More it's a loathing for mediocrity and hypocrisy and complacency, the deceptions rock often seems proud to mould. There can be nothing so silly as believing that rock is a saviour, and nothing as outrageous as accepting it as an artificial attractive network of trash and flash. People tend to take rock music for granted — and never think what it could be.

Joy Division never took it for granted and

pushed its possibilities to the limits.

The very best rock music is art, and that is nothing to be ashamed of. Good rock music is entertaining and amusing, legitimate and intelligent, and from week to week, single to single, upset to upset, it keeps us going. The very best rock music — that is because of the roots, the hedonism, the delinquency and the screaming of rock tradition — is dramatic, neurotic, private, intimate and draws out of us more than just admiration and enthusiasm.

Whether it's Jimi Hendrix or Joy Division it suggests infinity and confronts squalor. In direct opposition to the impersonal exploitation of the rock structure it miraculously comes from, it cares for the inner person.

It is rarely straightforward intelligence and wit that produces the very best rock music, it is dreams, naivety, aspirations, intuition, exuberance... there are dreams that shout for a better world and a deeper understanding. These are the dreams of the very best rock music.

Joy Division make art. The prejudice that hangs around the word 'art' puts people off, makes them think of the untouchable, the unreachable and the unrealistic. Joy Division put reality into rock. Yet for all the intensity and violence of their images, the music never relinquishes a classic accessibility; rhythm, melody, atmosphere are awesomely sophisticated.

Joy Division make art. Joy Division make the very best rock music.

This is heavy stuff, and why not? Joy Division achieve something unique. Joy Division are not merely a hip new wave group on a fashionable independent label. Oh no!

THE month before what were to have been their first American gigs, Joy Division completed an impromptu set of British dates. In keeping with their corporate aversion to regulation and routine, the gigs hardly qualified as a tour proper.

Spread through April, they followed hot on the heels of the fortnight spent in Islington's Britannia Row studios on the new 'Closer' album. The dates took in London venues as diverse as the Rainbow, where they supported The Stranglers, to three nights at the Moonlight Club. Out of town, they went largely unannounced or were advertised only locally. Though a few of the dates were cancelled as Ian Curtis fell ill, it was a period of hectic and intense activity for the group.

The last of the gigs was in the University of Birmingham's High Hall on Friday May 2nd. It was also, fatefully, the last public appearance Ian Curtis made as vocalist in Joy Division.

Four days before the Birmingham gig, a video was filmed in Manchester for the forthcoming 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' single. The location — a disused, windswept

Dickensian warehouse converted into a rehearsal studio — seemed the ideal place for a Joy Division video. But the band's attitude to proceedings was withdrawn and disinterested. Even on camera, they seemed to have little time for such promotional niceties.

Such lethargy could hardly have been further removed from the mood in the university dressing room later that week as the band prepared for the Birmingham gig. Joy Division, despite their reputation as sober individuals, despite the myth of romanticised gloom that seemed to extend way beyond their vivid musical imagery, despite the cryptic humour of manager Rob Gretton, were earthy and easy-going people.

As Tony Wilson says, "To people they seemed a very gloomy band, but as human beings they were the absolute opposite."

The absolute opposite. Indulging in the customary dressing room horseplay and practical joking, beer swilling and football talk — Ian Curtis was a Manchester United supporter. Just because they painted graphic musical landscapes of unprecedented power in their work, didn't mean that Joy Division never joked or smiled in their quieter moments.

Or even split their sides laughing, as when 'Twinn', their red-headed roadie in chief, managed to shatter the dressing room window as he tried to sneak a couple of fans into the gig and then lied brazenly to the gig promoters when they came to investigate the rumpus.

But the earthy offstage demeanours — the blunt, wary Peter Hook, the mischievous Bernie Albrecht, the quiet, easy-going Stephen Morris and the shy, fragile, polite Ian Curtis — were transformed the minute the group stepped out into the misty blue and green glare of the stage spotlights.

Though a reticent student audience were sluggish in warming to them, Joy Division's power and purity of purpose was immediately apparent in the undiluted vigour of their music.

Their ultimate live set, characteristically, made few concessions to rockbiz tradition, the opening number being an unfamiliar, untitled instrumental built around a revolving drum motif, one of two new songs already written and rehearsed in the few weeks since the completion of the LP.

A ripple of cheers greets a feedback-ridden, faster than usual 'Shadowplay'. But Joy Division never stooped to easy games, and follow the familiar song with two choppy, strident ones from the new album, 'Means To An End' and 'Passover'. Indeed, it is only with the end of the slow, mournful 'New Dawn Fades' that Ian Curtis acknowledged the audience verbally for the first time with a curt 'hello'.

But the crowd, surprisingly, stand transfixed, their feet taking all of five numbers

to warm to the dark dance music as the swirling, shifting guitar and drum patterns of the hypnotic '24 Hours' give way to the pulsebeat of the throbbing bass introduction to 'Transmission'. The band's third single suddenly seems to take on the aura of the hit it should have been as the audience finally begin to respond with any real vigour for the first time during the entire gig, their reticence melting in the face of the frightening intensity of Joy Division's performance.

The euphoria rises through 'Disorder', Curtis's flailing robotic juggle dance taking on almost violent proportions as Morris and Hook hold down the backbeat with precision and power and Albrecht studiously picks out the purest improvised guitar solos.

The guitarist takes over on synthesiser for the two closers, both again from the new LP, the translucent 'Isolation' and the serene 'Decades', a track, like the awesome 'Atmosphere' or 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' that accentuates the delicate side of the group and provides a sharp counterpoint to the more physical hard rock that comprises most of their set.

Curtis, however, stumbles from the stage before the end of the song, totally exhausted and obviously showing signs of strain. The band, despite demands for more, return for only a sharp one-song encore, a re-vamped version of the 1978 Factory Sampler track 'Digital'.

IT doesn't really need saying, but Ian Curtis was highly emotional, deeply romantic and acutely sensitive. It was these qualities, plus an irrational willingness to take the blame for things, combined with a set of problems it's not relevant to reveal, that made him decide to leave us. A change of scenery, for him, perhaps, freedom.

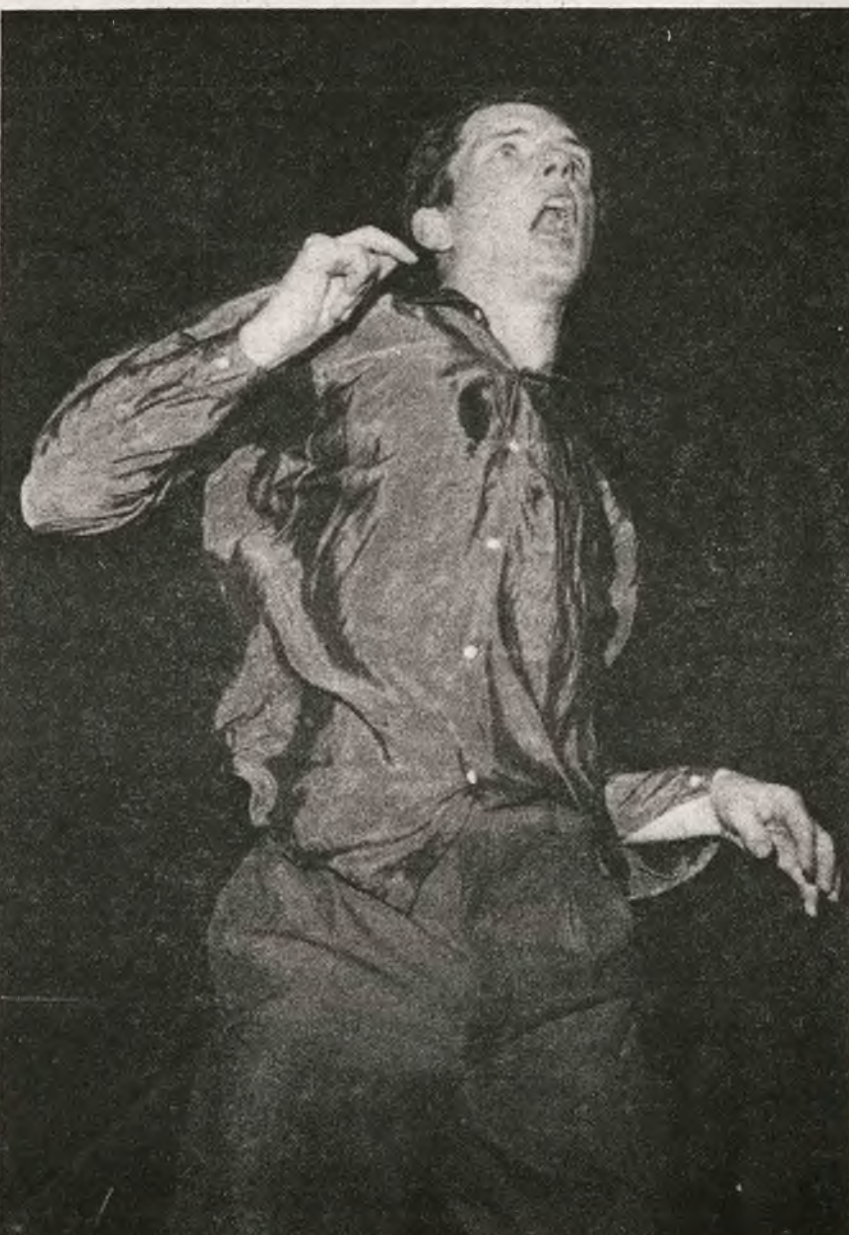
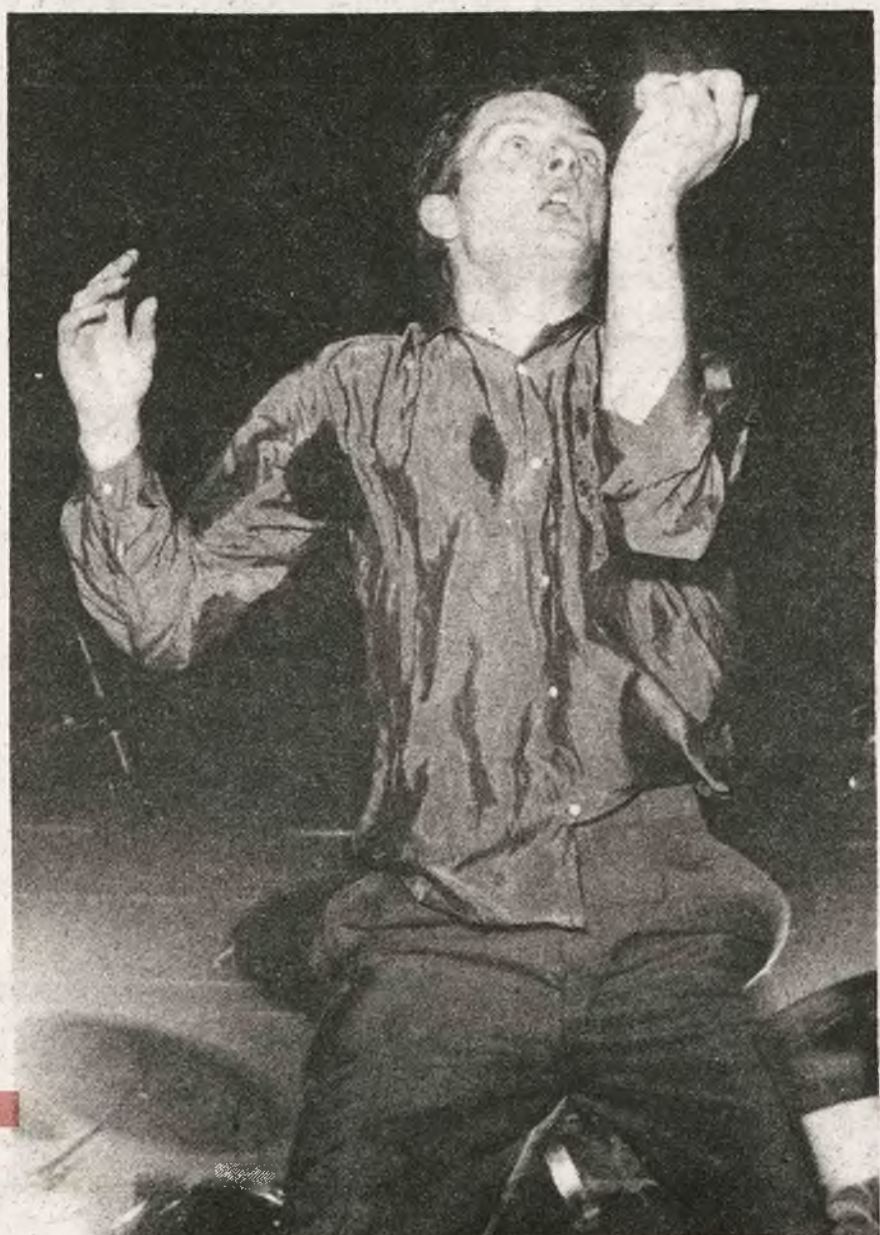
On Saturday, May 17, four days before Joy Division were to fly to America, he had visited his old house in Macclesfield to watch the televised film *Stroszek* by his favourite director, Herzog. Hours later, in the early hours of the Sunday morning, he hung himself. He was 23.

That a myth will develop is inevitable, if only because of the 'type' of group Joy Division seem to be, the passions they arouse. Ian Curtis' words are vivid and dramatic. They omit links and open up perspectives; they are set deep in untamed, unfenced darkness. He confronted himself with ultimate realities.

However it's written, this piece contributes to the myth. Things need to be said, things that would have been said anyway, without perhaps so much unconstrained emotion. Ian's leaving gives his words and his images a final desperate, sad edge of clarity. It's a

■ Continues over

Live pix: Kevin Cummins



Curtis shortly before his death. Photograph: Anton Corbijn



JOY DIVISION

perverse way for Joy Division to get their deserved attention.

When we listen to past and future Joy Division records the myth takes on new shape and stature. Our memories add to the myth. Ian Curtis' own myths, the myths he dragged up from the deep and tuned to our reality, inspire it.

The myth gets stronger... we might as well get on with it. Ian would love this myth. Ian Curtis was young, but he had already seen the depths. His death is a waste, but he had already given us more than we dare hope from anyone.

We were looking towards him.
And he was no longer there.

JOY Division played their first gig at the Electric Circus supporting Buzzcocks and Penetration in May 1977 after many months excited preparation. Their name then was Warsaw, having rejected the Pete Shelley suggestion of Stiff Kittens. The Warsaw was derived from 'Warzarza', a song on Bowie's 'Low'.

Warsaw were undistinguished, but there was a great belief and romance guiding them. Slowly, the noises formed. In the first months of their existence it was mundane business problems that hindered their natural growth. They recorded a four track single 'An Ideal For Living', and planned to release the EP using their new name Joy Division — joy division being the prostitutes wing of a concentration camp. Poor sound quality postponed the release, and even when it was put out, both as 7" and 12", it created no stir although something was obviously forming.

In 1978 Joy Division felt isolated, played few gigs, met their manager Rob Gretton, who took away from them cumbersome organising duties, and concentrated on developing their music. Martin Hannett took an active interest in the group, and he and Gretton became fifth and sixth members.

There was no great plan behind Joy Division linking up so neatly with Factory Records. It was just a series of circumstances that eventually developed into a funny logic. Joy Division had a quarter of the 'Factory Sampler', contributing two Martin Zero-produced songs. These two were the first indication that Joy Division had a special understanding.

Following the 'Factory Sampler', it was never certain that Factory could afford to put out another LP. And Joy Division, after early silly mistakes, were taking their time before committing themselves to a record contract. Finally, Factory took the plunge — and just in time as Joy Division had seriously considered signing to a Martin Rushent-run subsidiary of Radar Records.

"There was a point where we were thinking about signing, but we weren't rushing anything," Ian Curtis said. "We went down to London to see what kind of working relationship we would have, but by that time we'd already agreed to do the first LP with Factory. So we decided to wait and see how that went. It started selling well so we realised there was no need to go to a major."

The progress of Joy Division music could be logically followed from record to record, but still the completeness and strength of their first LP, 'Unknown Pleasures', was unnerving. From the rough contribution to Virgin's 'Short Circuit' — the naive, overstretched 'Ideal For Living' — and then what seemed like a shocking transformation to the anxious details of 'Digital' and 'Glass' from the 'Factory Sampler', the group had discovered their own potential. They had quietly, effectively travelled from one extreme to the other. On 'An Ideal For Living' they were coyly boasting that "This is not a concept it is an enigma". With 'Unknown Pleasures' they were offering no clues at all.

Every word counted, every line had a chilling penetration. Somewhere between 'An Ideal For Living' and the few months later when 'Pleasures' was recorded, a radical

transformation had taken place. Everything had fallen into place.

An audience began to look their way, but Joy Division never let go. They relished Factory's uncomplicated flexibility, contributing two extra songs from the 'Unknown Pleasures' session to Fast's Earcom 2, recorded two new songs for Sordide Sentimental and recorded a thrilling single for Factory called 'Transmission'.

They quietly established their independence; prolifically and ambitiously expanded upon their already considerable originality; unpretentiously discovered the capacity there is in rock for truly traumatic and radical developments. They played scores of gigs, but never made it seem like they were merely promoting product. They created their own pace. They made it look so easy. 'It' being something like an ultimate lack of compromise.

Joy Division match the haunting intensity of their music with a pragmatic, unfussy way of

Within a matter of days a maxi-single including a slow and quick version of the penultimate rock song of our times is released — 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' (a song they had traumas in mixing.) The LP 'Closer' (Hard 's', as in closer to the centre) is suffering production problems but should be out within six weeks. Without being insensitive we can thank who ever that it was complete. It is something you will never forget.

(Factory Records hurry to point out that the LP sleeve — a gothic portrayal of dead Jesus — was decided upon months ago. A photo-copy of the sleeve pinned on an NME wall for weeks does confirm this).

Ironically, because it probably would have happened anyway, there's a possibility 'Closer' will chart. So too the single. The name Joy Division means something more than it did a few months ago, due to both Curtis' departure and growing recognition of their magic. Curtis always anticipated commercial success, but felt it was more likely to happen first in Europe

“ Their music is filled with the horror of the times . . . images of compulsion, contradiction, wonder, fear. ”



Manchester 1979: l. to r. Bernard Albrecht, Ian Curtis, Peter Hook, Steve Morris. Pic: Pennie Smith

presenting it, using just a bit of self-conscious Factory art.

Only the cruellest blow could shatter Joy Division's brilliant confident development. Really, they show what is possible. They never dared wonder aloud what effect they were having. They never asked to be treated special. They never shouted for attention. They just got on with the job.

Joy Division's powerful work will naturally persist and live on. The name Joy Division will not be used by Hook, Albrecht and Morris. The group had decided a long while back that if anyone of the quartet should, for whatever reason in whatever way, depart the rest would, in cautious recognition of the fact they were making something special change the name of the group.

There are no set plans for the future, but it must be said that Ian Curtis was not the major force in the group. He wrote the words and offered contributions to the musical make up. Hook and Albrecht wrote the melodies, Morris composed the rhythms. Curtis was a dazzling focus, but the music is unique in itself. Each contribution was equal.

Hook, Albrecht and Morris are for obvious reasons impatient for the release of remaining Joy Division songs. There are many to come.

and America. All that's swept out of the way now.

There's enough songs for perhaps half an LP, with live stuff making up the other half, that may somehow, somewhere surface. For those despairing that they weren't one of the thousand and odd who found a copy of the Sordide Sentimental single 'Atmosphere/Dead Souls', 'Atmosphere' will be the B-side of a readily available American 12" re-recording of 'She's Lost Control' (a song incidentally on the B-side of Grace Jones next single). 'Dead Souls' will turn up eventually, somewhere. And the flexi-single 'Incubation' which you can get just by walking into a record store and asking for is not a limited edition and will be repressed until everyone who wants one will have one.

JOY Division's innate suspicion of the established music industry and their dissatisfaction with numbing routine extended to their dealings with the music press.

Though it landed them a reputation among many journalists as awkward customers, their distrust of the standardised rock interview procedures was genuine and largely valid.

The original plan for a Joy Division feature had been for a journalist to spend a day with the band, with an interview of sorts only a vague possibility. In the event, the formalised question and answer type interview in the dressing room was ruled out, largely by manager Rob, although the band themselves had differing opinions on the subject.

While Morris and Albrecht seem relatively unconcerned about interviews, Curtis was against too formalised a set-up. Peter Hook is the most hostile in his objections to the procedure.

"To me personally, it is redundant. I don't read interviews. I read the music papers but I can't read a question and answer interview. One of the best things I've ever read was Lester Bangs' article on The Clash in NME 'cause it wasn't actually an interview but it was full of stories and things about the tour. That was interesting but interviews as such I don't find interesting."

But doesn't a refusal to do interviews put up an unnecessary barrier around the band?

"The way we look at it is that any interview is a bit forced. The only reason a journalist wants to do an interview is that it makes it easier for him to write his piece. But to me it is obvious that if you spend a bit of time with people and get to know them in a very informal way, you'll get a lot more out of them."

Ian almost begs to differ.

"I can see the point of interviews. People want to know why things are the way they are. If they buy a new car, they want to know how it works. Why does it do this? Why can this car go faster than that one? Why does it look better than that one?"

Rob Gretton interjects to make wider, perhaps not so valid, points about the media in general.

"I can understand that journalists are just doing a job. What I don't agree with is the job they are sent out to do. I think it's a very stylised, outmoded way of doing things. The average guy in the street tends to read his paper and takes what he reads as the truth."

"I think that they don't analyse it enough. The average guy in the street just takes it in. I think the fault lies in the press 'cause they don't make it clear that any article is just a purely personal opinion."

THE impact of Joy Division can only grow stronger, more importantly so than any myth. Joy Division can not clean away the trivia and delusion of mass-based rock music, but they throw a shadow over it all. They emphasise the vanity and vulgarity of the rock musics so recklessly publicised and glorified by industry and media, the plain mundanity of the majority of pop, and their own complete lack of conceit or ego indicates the uselessness of pretending rock is some sort of weapon of change. The very best rock is part of a fight, part of a larger decision, a widespread perception, something that actively removes prejudice and restriction.

Rock's greatness is its emotional effect on the individual. Joy Division's worth is immense to every individual who does resent their strange awareness, who does not mock the lack of explanation of artistic emotions. The struggle and the conflict never ceases. There is no real safety, no consolation, and often the evil, futile boundaries of existence become too claustrophobic.

Ian Curtis decided to leave us, and yet he leaves behind words of such strength they urge us to fight, seek and reconcile. Joy Division will not change The World. But there is value; there has to be.

The effect of Joy Division, the unknown leasures each individual fully tuned into Joy Division discovers, can only be guessed at. But the moods and the insight must inspire us, excite us, challenge us...

The value of Joy Division is the value of love.

the Regents



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ALBUMS

Gabriel: music without frontiers

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
Bass Culture (Island)

FROM somebody so rightly respected as Linton Kwesi Johnson I suppose any new album is good news — even when, things being the way they are, the news it carries is more than likely to be bad. So here's his third, 'Bass Culture'.

Merciless realism, expressed with eloquence and force, is the most striking quality of his work. It burns with a sense of purpose; it's got the ring of authentic experience, and of bitter conviction. Hope and humour aren't totally overlooked either, yet the one consistent tone is of a solemn dignity. It's deeply serious, and sometimes it's beautiful.

That said, this particular album isn't all I might have hoped for. 'Forces Of Victory', its impressive predecessor, managed to match the uncompromising power of Johnson's poetry with reggae music that was strident, confident and triumphantly memorable — and by comparison, 'Bass Culture' is a rather less satisfying affair. The vision is still there, but somehow the movement is not.

So why the lack of impact? The album draws, after all, on much the same pool of musical talent as the previous efforts — production by the mighty Bovell, with Jah Bunny, Rico, Webster Johnson and others also in evidence. For one thing, the new compositions simply aren't that strong, and the arrangements often seem uninspired. Johnson himself is tending merely to recite, where once he *performed*, almost relegating the reggae to the role of a passive picturesque backdrop — like a lecturer relying on slides. What's missing is that powerful integration of sound and significance.

In three songs, for example, it's as if he's opted for some vivid descriptions of reggae's appeal and potency, as a substitute for simply demonstrating it. Both the title track and 'Reggae Sounds' address themselves explicitly to the music of Johnson's culture and community — and rank, incidentally, amongst the best poetry he's yet committed to record. Similarly, 'Street 66' uses the focus of a reggae party to depict one small incident in the now-familiar pattern of black youth's experience of white authority. Through a heady rush of metaphors, the songs contrive a complete identification of music and struggle: bass culture. "Music of blood, black reared / Pain rooted, heart geared", "... foot drop find drum, blood story, bass history is a moving is a hurting black story."

More directly political comments are offered in the self-explanatory 'Reggae Fi Peach', 'Di Black Petty Booshwah' and 'Inglan Is A Bitch' which details the older immigrant's slow drift towards disillusionment. As music, all three are rather anonymous, but the lyrics are effective — even his calculated lapses into doggerel, like "The Special Patrol them a murderer / We can't let them get no furdere."

The closing cut, 'Two Sides Of Silence' suffers an irritating free-form jazz backing which is distracting, although lyrically it's little short of brilliant.

But the most surprising inclusion is 'Lorraine', delicately arranged, a winsome little tale

PETER GABRIEL
Peter Gabriel (Charisma)

ALTHOUGH I've only possessed the record for some three days, the sheer ferocious power of conceit, vision and performance that blazes out of virtually every bar of music on this, Peter Gabriel's third solo album, is so obvious and so courageously implemented that this reviewer is currently in a state of virtual awe at the achievement.

Third time around, Gabriel has stepped out of the shadows that have shaped his music and musical persona all too often before, and stands revealed as a man not merely completely devoid of pose, but totally convincing and ready to address central human issues with the forthright perspective of a Parker, Costello or Springsteen.

Combine this candour with an almost unbreachable ingenuity in regard to the taut, compulsive musical arrangements backing up Gabriel's voice and one has a record so strong it demands to be used as a yardstick against which other records are judged.

To details, then. 'Peter Gabriel 3' easily outclasses all previous work by the quiet, idiosyncratic Gabriel, although the mulekick irrepressibility of its predecessor's 'D.I.Y.' and more essentially the brilliantly conceived 'Mother Of Violence' foreshadowed the precinct the singer-composer is currently occupying.

The latter number juxtaposed a numbingly fragile piano melody and vocal against a song whose contention was that "fear is the mother of violence" and whose mood ultimately took on a choking, claustrophobic effect that was disarmingly effective.

This is just the kind of ingenuity Gabriel excels at — not the 'look folks, I'm so unpredictable' ingenious dalliances of Bowie's 'Lodger', say, but substantial ploys used as a means to a substantial end.

Gabriel has fully committed his work to the vision of both mirroring a society facing moral bankruptcy in the current dank climate of emotional turmoil whilst using the music almost as a hammer to both challenge this sense of dread and wake up the listener: to arouse passions, to combat apathy, to face up to our emotional/spiritual malaise and finally — with the transcendental anthemic 'Biko' — to assert the positive qualities of humanity even in the face of extreme adversity.

Dread is the keyword to the emotional malaise of the Western World right now — far more pertinent than 'decadent' — and a number of the greatest artistic statements made in the last few years, be they films like *Taxi Driver* and *Apocalypse Now* or music like 'The Idiot' and Graham Parker's last two albums, have dealt with the often crushing consequences of facing up to this particular spectre.

Certainly a number of our strongest new wave bands — The Fall, Joy Division, Human League — address the behemoth with varying degrees of articulacy and success — though at the same time far too many prefer to dance in the ruins.

'Peter Gabriel 3' aims, whether consciously so or not, to place these shots into perspective. 'Intruder', the opening cut, makes no bones about its intentions. The production and arrangement mate a dank echo-laden drum pulse against eerie piano trickles, guitar strings coil and uncoil and the synthesizer performs ominous muted shrieks. The overall sound has a brittle, twitching quality as Gabriel — the intruder — stalks into the scenario. This is furtive music — as vivid as it is scarily impressive.

'Intruder' makes its point well but is best viewed as the preface to 'No Self Control', Gabriel's current single and the second track on this odyssey. A startling piece of music, as close to an aural *Taxi Driver* as one can get, the arrangement follows Gabriel's feverish manoeuvres stroke for stroke, utilising synthesizers against the comparative primitivism of the stunning vibraphone passages (redolent of Javanese music) (as performed by Frank Sumatra, Nick? — Ed.) and building up the pressure with a near hysterical mass chorus of the song's title.

'No Self Control' is a masterpiece of conceit and implementation: Gabriel and producer Steve Lillywhite are bent on taking mighty gambles with arrangement but both know that the results will work because there is an implicit understanding of why each instrument, each ingredient is being used.

The music on 'Gabriel 3' often explodes over into an area where the components themselves can muster a very real sense of awe. 'I Don't Remember' is a great song made even greater by an intrepid, near volatile, rhythmic propulsion that holds up a wicked combination of evil powerchords buzzing over in reverb, agitated but audaciously thrilling bass runs and off-the-wall synth settings that swarm together and sting like killer bees.

One could write pages describing the plethora of stunning musical moments on display throughout the album: Paul Weller's great chunky guitar chords on '... And Through The Wire', the guitar blitzkrieg courtesy of XTC's Dave Gregory and Robert Fripp in 'Not One Of Us', the brilliant, innovative drumming of Phil Collins on 'No Self Control' and Larry Fast's synth and bagpipes embellishments side by side with Jerry Marotta's marvellously vivid percussion on 'Biko' — all deserve the highest commendation.

Yet above and beyond all these highlights, it is Gabriel who is in control and it is his music and his breadth of vision, as much as any other consideration, that brings such moments to blossom as well as framing them in a context where the whole

of unrequited love for a girl at the bus stop, on a rainy day. "I said 'Let's go back to my place for some coffee' / You frowned and said 'Why, kiss me butty'."

The piece is utterly untypical of the LP, but welcome; and the strangely haunting guitar of John Kpiaye works endearingly well.

In total, 'Bass Culture' is a disappointment only in terms of the high standard Johnson's already set for himself. In every other sense, it's still essential

listening. The pity is, perhaps, that the message will never get through to those who most need to hear it.

Paul Du Noyer

It's a knockout album from Pete, folks! Pic: Pennie Smith.

is consistently more than the sum of its parts.

Side Two commences with the slyly capricious 'Games Without Frontiers', the previous single, before careening into 'Not One Of Us', the finest number that Pete Townshend of 'Who's Next' vintage never conceived, with its overtones of vindictive smugness.

Yet the album climaxes — literally, as this is the album's last number — with 'Biko', musically anything but a rocker. An emotive mournful work utilising African chants with an elegant wide-screen arrangement, Gabriel sings with an urgency, a hearteningly anguished passion, avoiding all the pitfalls evident in documenting the wretchedly corrupt assassination of Steve Biko by white South Africa.

His concern is to attempt a sense of very real humanity even in the face as something as inhuman as Biko's murder. "And the eyes of the world are watching now," he simply echoes as this imperious chant gathers a taut, truly splendid momentum at its conclusion, before the song is overtaken by a recording of an authentic African chant.

As a composer Gabriel now strikes me as a man with all the lyrical force and the same commitment to that crucial sense of the humane that Kevin Coyne also has. But whereas Coyne is musically most determinedly a primitive and thus too one-dimensional for his own good, Gabriel has the talent to orchestrate his concerns with dazzling panache and authority. He is determined to lay claim to big stakes.

Gabriel has now moved into that choice echelon where the truly vital songwriters are to be found. Only Costello's 'Armed Forces' and Parker's 'Up Escalator' deserve to be mentioned beside the myriad achievements of 'Gabriel 3'.

It is destined, I'm already convinced, to become one of the '80s' seminal works. On the one hand it is the sound of a man breaking stride and grasping for his moment, on the other it is the sound of an artist fully coming to terms with himself and his sense of values. The result is a courageous tour-de-force that anyone who even cares slightly about the current state of rock should take heed of.

Nick Kent

ELTON JOHN
21 AT 33 (Rocket)
BERNIE TAUPIN
He Who Rides The Tiger (Asylum)

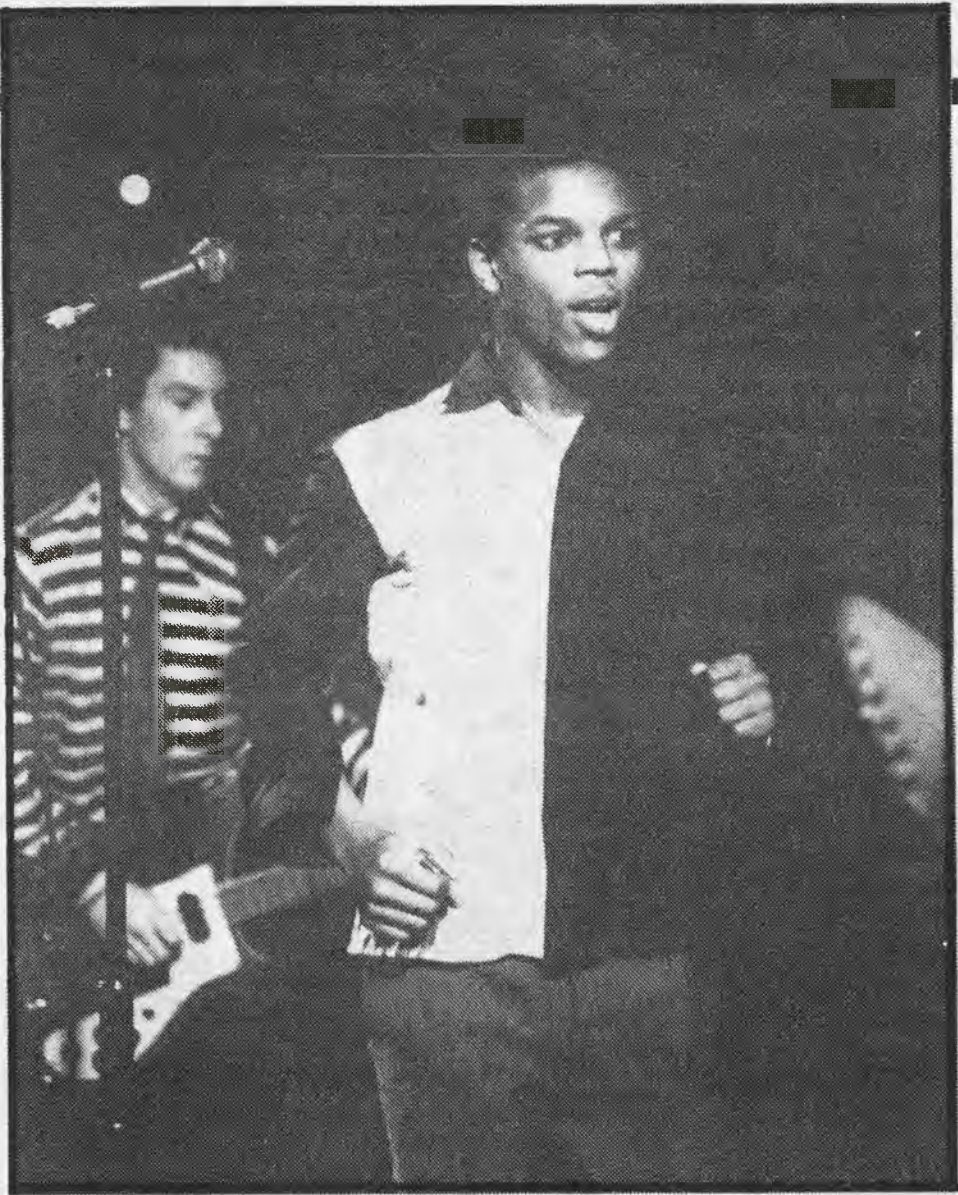
TEN years on Elton's conceit doesn't fit quite so comfortably as it did during his grotesque but refreshingly absurd flirtation with glam rock.

And the fact that one has to go so far back to recall his most endearing moments is indictment enough of the title's gunfighter boast. 21 albums in the can by the age of 33 and what has he got to show for it? To my count, one good melody in the past five years ('Song For Guy'), and a whole heap of padding. His best tune being largely instrumental pinpoints his long-term problem in finding a good lyricist. That is still unresolved.

This time he tries out with four, and together they flit uncomfortably from style to style. Tom Robinson's are the most surprising contributions, but they disappoint by conforming to the John canon — floundering without a cause, it would seem. He does, however, contribute the album's one witty line: "And every cat I meet's a tom" (from 'Never Gonna Fall In Love Again').

Elsewhere Judie Tzuke and Gary Osborne plunder Mills and Boon to flesh out some maudlin tunes, and the quartet of lyricists is completed by John's





Some of us out here are still Devo

DEVO
Freedom Of Choice (Virgin)

THESE things operate according to a series of unwritten rules, resulting in a crowing, ritual dance of destruction: ritualised writing, the product of an equally ritualised response to a superficial earful of the third Devo album. 'These things' are the mechanics of interest and boredom by which those involved on a 'critical' level with modern music measure their transience of taste, their instability of judgement, and ultimately the impotence and corruption of a rapacious medium which survives in that form only through the buttressing of those same mechanics of interest and boredom. The dance of destruction celebrates not only a 'bad' Devo album (which it isn't), but the critic's own inconsequential and spineless chameleonism. 'Freedom Of Choice' will be slagged-off not because of any intrinsic merits or demerits, but because the rules dictate that The Third Devo Album is a Bad Album. And the rules say that because that's what you want to hear.

Well, screw you, sunshine, because the Devo backlash ends right here.

'Freedom Of Choice' is a distinctively American album. It has a distinctively American title (of course), and distinctively American concerns — which are, in no particular order, sex, sex, sex, and a bit more sex.

As an illustration of what's distinctively American about sex, consider Joseph Heller on a recent *Book Programme*, showing interest in David Lodge's new novel because of its apparent tension between sex and work: "In my books," he says, "sex is work!" Americans, it's safe to say, lead the world in the elevation of bodily functions to art-forms...

Sex in 'Freedom Of Choice' is often disguised and euphemised, but only very thinly. In many ways, this is the perfect Devo album — for, if dealing with humanity as a collection of biological blobs, what better activity with which to illustrate that essential "bio-blobriness" than the tired old two-backed beast, the squelch and sneeze of flesh on flesh and its associated rituals? 'Freedom Of Choice', like much (all?) pop music, is a fairly mechanical soundtrack for a fairly mechanical pursuit.

Musically, the album's more of a whole than previously, and stripped of the quirky spikiness which characterised 'Q: Are We Not Men?'. Doubtless the absence of such small-beer ear-catching gimmickry will provide much of the ammunition for the dance of destruction in which "interest" is equivalent to oddity, and "boredom" to the lack of oddity, but what, ultimately, does it matter? 'Freedom Of Choice' is packed with eminently danceable rhythms and eminently memorable melodies: basic, chunky building-blocks put together with Lego-brick logic to serve a general end rather than a particularised, momentary frisson. There are no lead-guitar breaks, but plenty of bursts of punctuated rhythm guitar; noteworthy textural approaches like Alan Myers' drum-sound on the title-track (Myers is an astonishingly adept percussionist, in case you hadn't noticed) and there because the end demands them, not just for their own sake. Do you really believe that any of Devo's madness lacks the most

reunion with Bernie Taupin. Though they should've known better than to look back, at least their 'Chasing The Crown' has some life, being a re-run 'Sympathy For The Devil', casting the pianist in the Jagger role of tempter.

Still, one halfway decent track doesn't offer much hope for the future. And at his current success rate, I'd expect his next good melody somewhere around 1984.

Evidently Taupin didn't bother saving his best stuff for his own set 'He Who Rides The

Tiger'. Both albums offer laboured impressions of a dull-witted Englishman abroad in America, who seemingly spends all day soaking up TV in dingy motel rooms. His solo songs, co-authored with guitarist Dennis Tufano, smack of regurgitated experiences, stale, secondhand and far removed from the scenes they describe.

Change of partners aside, John and Taupin songs remain pretty much the same. Maybe they were made for each other?

Chris Bohn



stringent of methods?

What I can make out of the lyrics behind the ugly American-vernacular titles like 'Girl U want' and 'Ton O'Luv' suggests that these are songs of "cretin simplicity", to use Zappa's apposite phrase from his 'Ruben And The Jets' project.

That, in fact, is the most appropriate reference-point for this album: 'Freedom Of Choice' is the 'Ruben And The Jets' for the '80s, done with the same spirit of loving authenticity and satirical slyness, but done for a contemporary age, as if Devo are already looking back on this decade with a nostalgic smirk.

Yes — the perfect Devo album!

Andy Gill

JOE ELY
Live Shots (MCA)

TAKING into account the acute identity crisis that plagues the genre, it's not really surprising that much of what currently passes for country music neither receives nor warrants a fair shakedown.

At its bizarre and grotesque extremes, one is confronted with the bogus guise of stubble-chin outlaw chic and the ludicrous spectre of a Fistful of Gibsons symbolising Winchester repeaters, the rampant narcissism of rhinestoned cowboys, macho truckers still looking to push back mythical Last Frontiers and the inevitable steel guitar baying at the moon. Attempting to separate such carnival trappings from the music it (mis)represents is impossible. cursory examination exposes myriad retrogressive fantasies in preference to the remotest suggestion of cliché-free reality.

In the midst of such confusion, The Joe Ely Band somehow manages to flourish with immunity.

Whereas the majority of country albums on offer positively reek from the stench of advanced decay, Joe Ely possesses the temerity to still treat the music as a vital living form. At this time, his presence is as important to country music's survival/development as that of Gram Parsons and Hank Williams before him.

Free from the unnecessary

commercial pressures that often cause inspired rock musicians to lose their perspective, Ely (often assisted by songwriter Butch Hancock) has, over three studio albums, distilled innumerable everyday influences, transforming the ingredients into a reflection of contemporary western folklore as opposed to summoning up ghosts from a bygone era.

Ely may re-interpret established themes of love won, lost, drawn and betrayed, celebrate plain ol' Saturday night hedonism or call on a couple of rockabilly standards, but it's never performed with the slightest suggestion of stale nostalgia. Drawn almost entirely from his familiar repertoire, this album recorded around various night-spots succeeds as well as any record can in offering some indication why a Joe Ely appearance can be relied upon to be that extra bit special. The fact that Ely was embraced as opposed to being bottled-off when he recently supported The Clash was not due to token acceptance by association (remember, Suicide almost lived up to their name in the same slot), but entirely due to his genuine ability to connect without compromise.

In eschewing Young America's new wave theory of reversing into the future, Joe Ely is one of the few visitors to these shores who can guarantee himself a genuine welcome and a readymade audience.

Roy Carr



Left to right: Roger, Roger and Roger. Beat pix: Santo Basone.

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THE BEAT
I Just Can't Stop It (Go-Feet)

EVERYBODY smash up to your seats and rock to this brand new Beat... skanky product abounds and people who think it all sounds the same are going to wonder why people think they need any more of it.

Well, anybody whose personal bomb-shelter already houses the Specials/Selecter/Madness catalogue and even the smallest selection of original ska and recent reggae will know that it doesn't sound the same, and that this isn't the last gasp of a fad but the exploration of another section of a musical area that already encompasses everybody from PiL and Gang Of Four to The Members and The Police and The Clash. In their different ways, all these groups are juggling Anglo-American and Anglo-Jamaican musical elements, and every time the pieces fall in a different order someone finds a different music.

Take these sticks, toss 'em six times, look up the musical hexagram... The Beat are born under a rising sign, and while their music is more like 2-Tone than it is 'like' anything else, that doesn't mean that it has nothing new to say for itself.

Where The Beat score is in the almost alarmingly casual way that they preserve the integrity of their ingredients — their '60s poppy guitar is devastatingly authentic, their reggae 'arder and ruder than their competition's — while blending them with an enviably seamless ease. Where The Specials, even at their best appear to be trying to create a particular fusion, The Beat just do it as if there was no incongruity to resolve in the first place. And once they've done it, there isn't. Right?

They open up the album with their last two singles: both witty, melodic and rhythmically as inventive as anything heard in the last couple of years. Anyone capable of tapping their foot — let alone dancing — should have noticed that The Beat's beat is a different tank of skank. Though they seem to have a structural formula — intro, verse, chorus, verse, chorus, toast, dub, verse, chorus — the elements are always deployed cunningly enough to keep you hanging on for Ranking Roger's bits, which contrast beautifully with the studiously deadpan lead vocals of David Wakeling. Roger's bits are always the hooks — remember 'Teeyahs Of A Clone' and 'Anzaf mi darter'? On this album he gets plenty of space to do his stuff, and he doesn't waste a second of it.

The Beat's other secret weapon is Saxa, and his poised, airy solos are always right on time, coming in exactly where and when he's required with what is required and laying back the rest of the time.

Whether dodging the gunfire in 'Click Click', roasting the 7% for whom and by whom the country is run in 'Big Shot' or politely letting the Prime Minister realise just how much she is disliked in the wonderfully elegant 'Stand Down Margaret' which grows organically out of 'Whine and Grine' (itself a derivative of Prince Buster's 'Rough Rider', which crops up on the first side), The Beat maintain tension, interest, even a little suspense.

The album's dodgiest moment is the already controversial reinterpretation of the epochal Andy Williams cultural milestone 'Can't Get Used To Losing You'. On some occasions it slips into place with the same exquisite balance displayed elsewhere in the album, on others it seems graceless and incongruous. It's the only section of the album that even seems like an error of taste.

Notice we haven't talked (much) about ska in this discussion. The omission is entirely deliberate. The Beat do not play no ska, just like Mississippi Fred McDowell do not play no rock and roll.

What they do play is a post-2-Tone British pop music that is musically richer, smarter and harder than anything else from the current cycle, as well as containing enough lyrical twists and crawls to keep you coming back even after you've gotten through wallowing in the beauties of their sound.

We need a great summer album round about this time; one that provides action, relaxation and stimulus, and this looks like the likeliest candidate of the present bunch. This is the music that mash up the nation, this is The Beat that cause a sensation. 'Just Can't Stop It'? Take the tip, idren. Don't even try.

Charles Shaar Murray

GP's 'Escalator' — but The Rumour need a lift

GRAHAM PARKER
The Up Escalator (Stiff)

BY NOW, Graham Parker could probably write some sort of epic treatise on the subject of honour without profit. It is to his lasting credit that as yet he hasn't, but he must be heartily sick of piling up endless mantlepieces full of critical plaudits with no corresponding boom in public recognition. Certainly, his name is known; certainly, his gifts are respected and admired; certainly, he receives less than his due.

'The Up Escalator' rearranges many of the motifs. He has recovered from his case of Mercury poisoning to reappear on Stiff with an album recorded in New York under Jimmy Iovine's efficient if characterless production auspices, and Bob Andrews has withdrawn from his bandleading role with The Rumour, though he will rejoin them for non-Parker projects. Though Andrews' replacements for the sessions are certainly 'good musicians' — Nicky Hopkins on piano and E Street organist Danny Federici — the music is worryingly bland.

This is unfortunate, since the superlative songwriting stride that Parker hit with 'Squeezing Out Sparks' has by no means abated. Some of the most powerful and affecting songs of the last couple of years have been on that album and this

one: the intensity of Parker's passions and the strength of his refusal to forgive others what he would not forgive himself are nothing less than exemplary. Much has been said and written recently concerning the musical and emotional bankruptcy of 'rock': on the latter charge Parker is the only character witness that the defence needs.

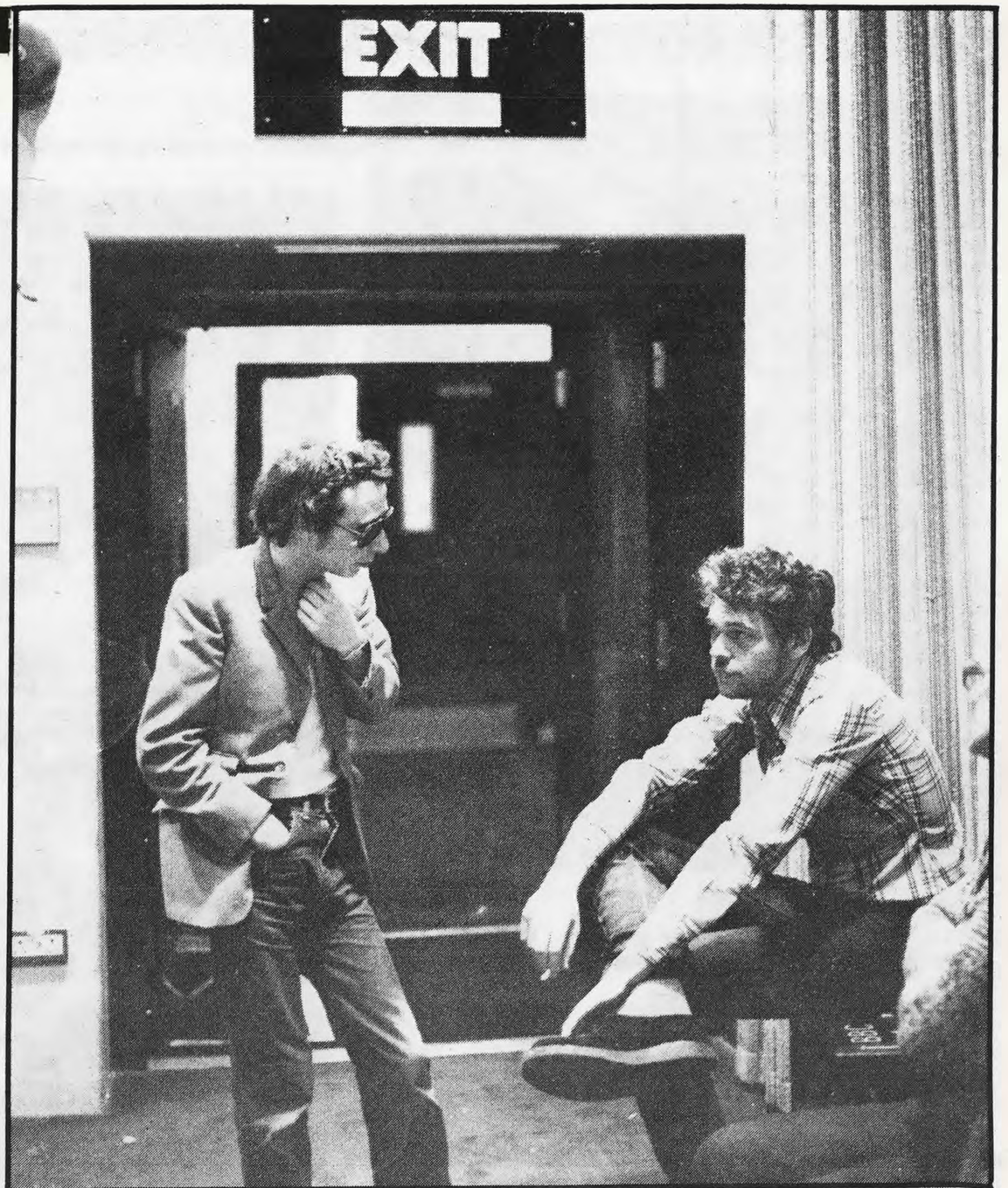
On the former charge, the jury is still out. 'The Up Escalator' is distressingly irrefutable evidence in favour of the proposition that Graham Parker and The Rumour have outgrown each other. The arrangements and performances on this album are 'professional' in the worst sense of the word: slick and perfunctory, a shocking contrast to the strength and commitment displayed by Parker's singing and songwriting.

This isn't necessarily an indictment of The Rumour: they sounded infinitely more interesting on 'Frogs Sprouts Clogs And Krauts', their seriously underrated 'solo' album of a year or so ago, and one expects no less from them when they reunite with Bob Andrews and make their next one. It's just that the partnership seems to have outworn its usefulness: both parties' destinies could best be fulfilled elsewhere. The Rumour should follow their collective

nose, and Parker would benefit from musicians who will do more for his songs than simply frame them in arrangements from the 'Blonde-On-Blonde' by numbers school. The keyboard temps are probably the worst offenders, but one expects more than mere slickness and accuracy from a rhythm section with the proven excellence of Steve Goulding (drums) and Andrew Bodnar (bass).

The end result is that the album sounds alarmingly tedious to a casual listener not in a mood to pay attention to lyrics. However, anyone with sufficient faith in GP to make the effort of will necessary to relegate the music to a simple supporting role will find some serious attempts to engage heart and mind. 'Stupefaction' — Parker's current single — finds him raging at the lengths to which people will go to tolerate the intolerable, "feeling like a wheel without traction," he snarls. "Turn on the TV, turn on the radio, turn up the volume, nothing seems to matter / Lay back and slumber, call up the number, ask the operator what spell we are under ... stupefaction!" The song is not patronising, though. Parker admits, "Can't see the point but I can see the attraction."

The territory explored on the 'Sparks' tracks 'You Can't Be Too Strong' and 'Passion Is No Ordinary Word' is drilled ever



"Well, you know where the door is, Martin ..." Parker and Belmont share a joke. Pic: Pennie Smith.

deeper on 'Love Without Greed', where he admits the inadmissible: "I'd like to find a lock and key, hold you down in one place for me/I can't own the flesh and blood that I need, you can't have love without greed."

Similar sentiments have been expressed before, but never in the tone of one who knows that they are unacceptable.

Bruce Springsteen appears to contribute a surprisingly ineffective backing vocal on

'Endless Night', wherein Parker attempts to balance two opposing imperatives: a desire to face up to the truth and a paralysing fear of such a revelation: "I can't bear to see the way things look in the light /



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if I could only find the switch that turns ON the endless night ... "It is appropriate that Springsteen guests on this particular number, since Parker's morality is comparable to that displayed by Windscreen on 'Darkness At The Edge Of Town'. If only he'd sung better. Sigh ...

We haven't exhausted the album's Fine Moments by any means, but those who wish to hear for themselves will do so and those who don't won't, so why go on? In terms of content, Parker's development as one of the only real songwriters in the game has demonstrated exactly why he has more important things to do than fight Dexy's and The Q-Tips for that jive-boy soul-shoes turf that he staked out in '75. His angry, cawing voice is unable to soften for the radio the way Costello's and Jackson's can, but — though I have vast respect for both those gents — the day that either of them can sing as 'ard as Parker will be a cue for considerable celebration.

My admiration for Parker's abilities as vocalist and composer have never been greater, but maybe he and The Rumour should examine their relationship as rigorously and unsentimentally as possible. They are friends, they have an easy familiarity and mutual respect which is more than admirable, but the band don't play an unpredictable or surprising lick from end to end of the album, and Parker's songs need music as honest and defiant as the material itself. Singer and band ceased to be a winning combination when Bob Andrews opted out. Parker burns as hard as ever, but the band won't catch fire.

After all, passion is no ordinary word. It's not manufactured, it's not just another sound that you hear at night ...

Charles Shaar Murray

League presents a platform boot for the '80s

THE HUMAN LEAGUE
Travelogue (Virgin)

SO ORTHODOX, so conventional. The synthesizers may forever ebb and flow, burp and squeak, construct layer upon layer of lush, textured sound ... but the beat goes on.

This band believe in active intervention in the musical marketplace, grabbing a piece of the action for themselves. A Fast Product with a big deal, The Human League are standard pop. It's just the same old song.

Once upon a time, computer sound synthesis, electronic hardware and the integration of visual presentation into musical performances were considered the mechanism for building a new art form. Everything that had been incapable of expression became suddenly accessible, precise and exact. It was a medium well adapted to deal with the harsh reality of man overshadowed by technology. A new sound for a new age?

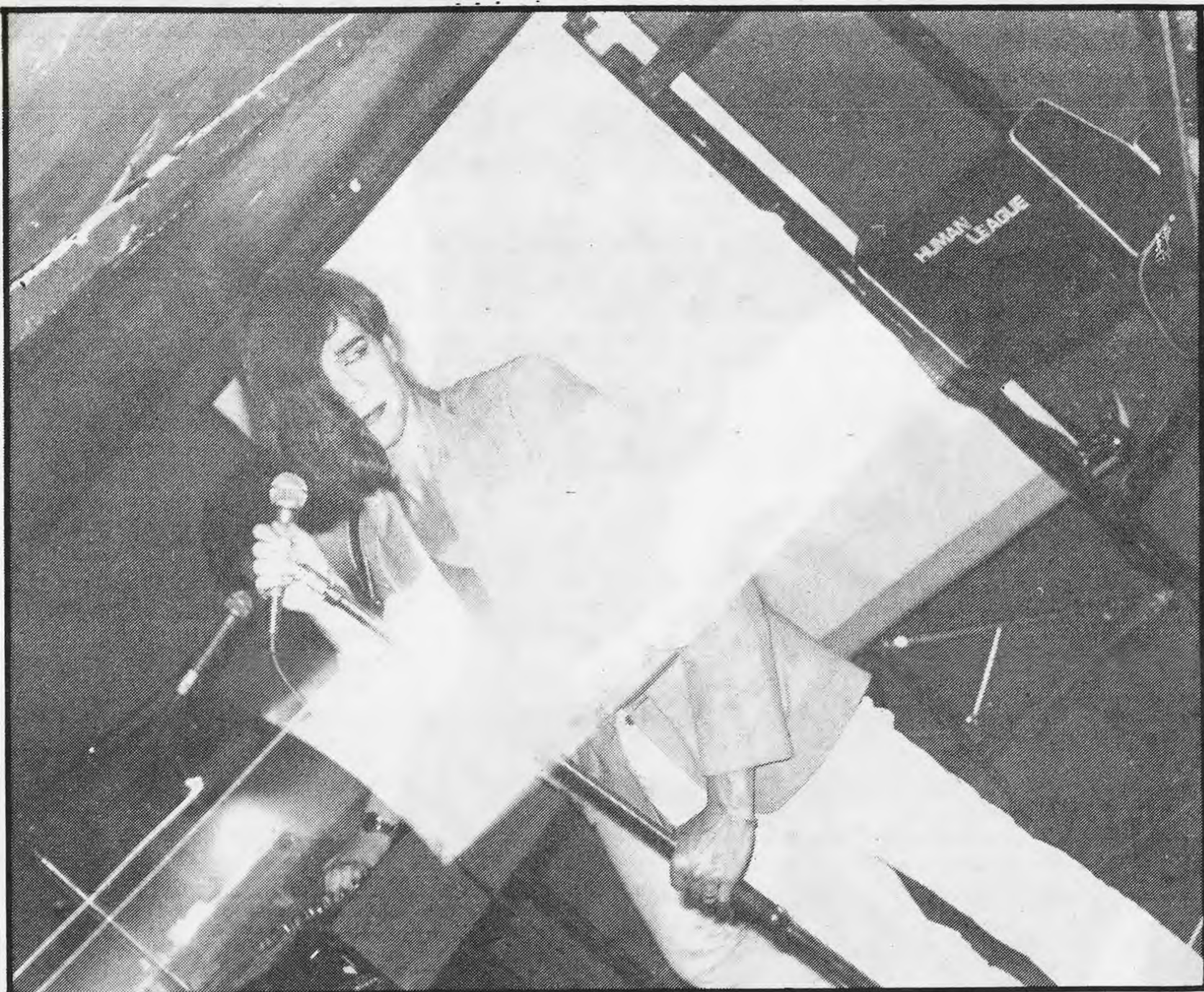
Hey! Hey! Rock'n'Roll! Back into the future, reverse into tomorrow with The Human League. No doomy electro-trances here, no modern mystics, no pretentious obscurantism. Instead, the Gary Glitter/Mike Leander axis is the unseen force at work — the endless commercial potential of the handclap, the stacked heel footstomp, the clenched fist.

Mercifully, their latest single 'Rock'n'Roll Part 1' is absent, but glam rock is directly represented by Mick Ronson's 'Only After Dark'. As raw material it's the finest number of the whole bunch. The League neatly sidestep Ronno's Annette Peacock copy but run headlong into no-go disco of the kind they attempted last year under disguise of The Men.

In effect, 'Travelogue' finds the band stuck in the same rut they occupied after the release of their first album 'Reproduction'. Much touted in their early days, these two albums expose a lack of individuality and a complete inability to come to terms with their instruments.

In the battle for the populist vote, Numan has made all the running, but the League are in danger of being forced further back by those moving in his chart slipstream (Orchestral Manoeuvres). They badly needed a strong album to regain momentum. Admittedly this has scraped the Top Twenty already, but its impact is as superficial as its content. The lyrics are clumsy, the vocals sound like grammar school attempts at a Gilbert and Sullivan opera and the production is now standard Virgin issue — aural message aimed limply at the aiwaves.

Still, it would require a master's touch in the studio to compensate for this material.



Phil Oakey displays ectoplasmic leanings. Pic: Bryn Jones.

Their much revered interest in the works of Philip K. Dick and J. G. Ballard never emerges with much conviction. The band thrash around with Dick's transcendental autobiographical style and Ballard's subjective sci-fi, but on cold vinyl it becomes more like The Members' 'Solitary Confinement'/'Sound Of The Suburbs' songbook ('Life Kills') and The Modern Lovers' 'Roadrunner' ('WXJL Tonight').

More significantly they have fashioned nothing on this album that could not be played as effectively by the boring traditional line-up of three guitars and a set of drums. Why bother with synthesizers when all you wanna play is 'Johnny B. Goode'?

Chris Ryan

Better off deaf

FISCHER-Z
Going Deaf For A Living (UA)

AS ONE of the few people who felt that 'Word Salad', Fischer-Z's first album, was not without its better moments, 'Going Deaf For A Living' strikes me as a big disappointment.

A lot of the blame for this must rest at the door of guitarist/singer John Watts, for writing such thin, throwaway material as 'No Right' and 'Four Minutes In Durham (With You)'; but even where the songs are halfway decent, as with 'The Crank' and 'So Long', they're spoilt by indifferent, unimaginative playing and

arrangements.

At their best, such as on 'Going Deaf For A Living' itself (the only satisfying track here), they're capable of creating some quite euphoric fragments of modern pop music; at their worst — the unfunny in-joke 'Limbo' — they sound like 'good' musicians doing a punk parody.

'Going Deaf For A Living' stands no chance at all in whatever context you care to name, unless the title-track scores as a single. Otherwise, an album of lamentably little worth will meet its deserved fate in the bargain bins.

Andy Gill

The hit factory calls in the new technology

DIANA ROSS
Diana (Motown)
JERMAINE JACKSON
Let's Get Serious (Motown)

NOT THAT it means shit but Tony Thompson is the best drummer in the world. You'll understand that I'm not the type given to pressing an ear next to a speaker so as to evaluate individual musicianship on a scale of one to ten — if it don't leap right out at me straight off I rarely grant a record a reprieve — but the best way to begin a

review of the new Diana Ross album is to say that Tony Thompson is the best drummer in the world.

Diana Ross is far from the best singer in the world, but when you're being written, produced and supported by the Chic Organization all you really need to be able to do is tell in key and hang on to your hat. The Chic singers certainly can't sing, Sister Sledge have yet to learn how to croon through fixed grins (hey gals, I can let you have Donny & Marie's home number if you want), Sheila B. Devotion hasn't a clue what she's on about anyhow and phrases accordingly. That leaves Norma Jean, who nobody seems interested in (possibly cos she's on *Bearsville*, f'chrisake), and now Diana Ross.

Now though I love all those artists' collaborations (collaborations, that's a laugh! Like saying 'Anarchy In The UK' was a joint effort between Chris Thomas and Paul Cook) with

Edwards and Rodgers, the meeting with the fading Diana has produced the very finest vinyl yet from the re-re-re-doubtable hit factory — and it takes a lot for me to swallow my distaste at Diana Ross, with all her multi-media across-the-board slick appeal.

At first sight and sound you may think the LP is just a predictable proving ground for Chic, but it's more. This is the most interested they've sounded in a while and confirms, as I suspected, that much of the last Sister Sledge LP was merely the tat left over from the originals presented to Motown.

It's far tougher and far less tuneful than anything Motown have ever released, and effortlessly humiliates all that snarling, fu-fu-funky, let's rock and roll bullshit that the company have spent the last decade or so trying to impress us with

Lowlights on 'Diana' include the obligatory ballad, which is



obligatorily dreadful, and the long track 'Have Fun' which doesn't sound finished and has a major cock-up with a false ending. Otherwise it's solid. Nile Rodgers' guitar at the ploy-out of 'Upside Down', the great brass in 'I'm Coming Out' — gosh I wonder if the gays will make that a powerplay, yawn — and there's always Tony Thompson, who, I don't know if I told you, is the best drummer in the world.

'Let's Get Serious' is the rogue Jackson's third attempt at not being left in the starting stalls, though more interestingly I note that Stevie Wonder has chosen JJ to be his nasty alter-ego. For his own projects Wonder thinks it's all too important to break loose anymore — besides, all those

You're so sheer,
you're so
Chic...
Pic: Robert
Ellis

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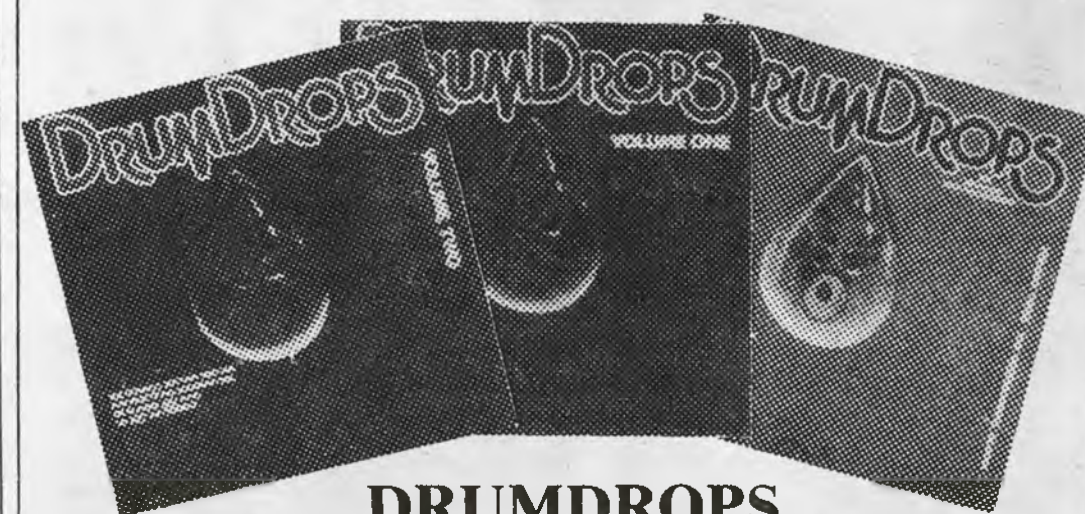
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NME 580

harsh brass riffs upset the gladioli — so here, under the guise of Writer/Producer, he shouts and bellows and exorcises all that funky stuff right out through his medium mouthpiece Jermaine.

The big hit single and title track is the best example of this. Talk about everything but the kitchen sink! Still, it's not as terrible as I first thought, and at other places on the album Stevie takes a blow — ha ha ha — and Jermaine tries to be as warm as younger brother Michael, misses by a few tearjerkers and an affair with Tatum O'Neal, but still stays afloat. With this he can at last forget those earlier boobos of his, and at the next family get-together he can actually talk shop with his kin without getting looks of pity and stop those "we'll stand by you son, even though you're a catastrophe" speeches from dad.

No, Jermaine's alright — and as soon as he eases up on the mechanical handclaps, gets a good bass riff and stops trying so bloody hard, his albums might justify the ludicrous price you'll be rushed for this. 'Let's Get Serious' is actually worth about £2.25, which is twice the

price I'd have given you for Motown this time last year.

They say you don't know what you've got till it's gone, well... ol' Tamlia have certainly had time to reflect on that and I bet even now they don't realise their plight. Their talents are meagre even if the names are 'big' and their back catalogue unmatched. The only way they're gonna avoid folding when the recession really hits is to open the doors, sweep out all the trophies, all the shit too, and start to learn why people buy records in 1980. Diana has chosen two of the right ears to whisper into, but Jermaine is still the faithful dog and company man he always was. Huh, it's the label's twentieth anniversary and still no-one's got the balls to stop Stevie Wonder lousing up tracks with that twee pigeon-lunged harmonica blowing of his.

I'd ask Tony Thompson to do it but, as the greatest drummer in the world, he is undoubtedly crazy.

Danny Baker

THE FOOLS

Sold Out (EMI America)

New York spoof-poppers The Fools try on the impossible —

making a funny rock record — and hardly even struggle past first base. They don't know whether to laugh or cry, so what do they expect us to do?

The Fools forget you can only lampoon your influences — in their case, everyone in the entire pop history of America who ever wrote a song about dating girls or going to the flicks (Walt Disney included) — by ensuring that your own numbers can stand on their own two feet. As it's only on rare occasions like 'Night Out' that they're funnier than, say, The Rubinoos, they compensate by beefing up the approach to sound all trashy and hectic and new wave.

Also, The Fools would eventually like to become any one of the *real* pop groups they imitate, being a pretty soft-centred bunch at heart. They want a hit single, but only by recycling old ones.

And lastly, The Fools think they can endear themselves to us by slaughtering David Byrne's 'Psycho Killer' with a paltry ode to poultry name of 'Psycho Chicken'. They're wrong.

Mark Ellen

Let them eat sugar puffs

AMANDA LEAR Diamonds For Breakfast (Ariola)

IS she any relation to Edward? I do not know; but she shows the same fondness for turning out nonsense. Take the sleeve of this (basically worthless disco) album, on which she coos: "To me, every tear, every frustration, every heartache is a precious diamond... I pity people without feelings, they don't have diamonds for breakfast."

And yet in a tiresome world where lots of people don't have anything at all for breakfast, nor lunch nor supper either, the spectacle of Ms Lear wearing her real diamond teardrops, as she does for the front cover, isn't especially edifying. Oh well, let them eat sugar puffs, I suppose.

This kind of disco, for chic jet-setting types, serves much the same purposes punk did for kids in the dole-queue — it offers the idle rich their own

outlet for musical expression, unworried by an absolute absence of talent. I'd rate Amanda Lear somewhere just below Slaughter And The Dogs.

One track excepted — 'Insomnia' which is slow mysterious cabaret à la Dietrich and rather good — 'Diamonds For Breakfast' is standard Munich studio product; instant disco, slipshod and silly. These Ritz people, they simply lack the capacity for embarrassment. The jewellery, by the way, is by van Cleef and Arpel — well naturally. The voice, I think, is by Black & Decker, but this is only a guess.

Paul Du Noyer

THE SLITS

'Y3' (Y3/Rough Trade)

'Y3' HAS no sleeve notes, no credits, no clear track-list and is housed in a plain white cover. Rough Trade would like to disown it; they've taken to warning prospective buyers of its pitiful content.

'Y3' is around half an hour of cacophonous wailing, stifled abysmally recorded live noise, stoned giggles, grossly self-important ego-preening, endless pseudo-ethno-bongo boogie and claustrophobic aggro-phobic dork scratchings from the last shreds of The Slits' psycho scrap-book.

Is it: (a) an in-depth exploration of mutant human voice as instrument?

(b) a spearhead attempt to drive bootleggers to bankruptcy?

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Mark Ellen

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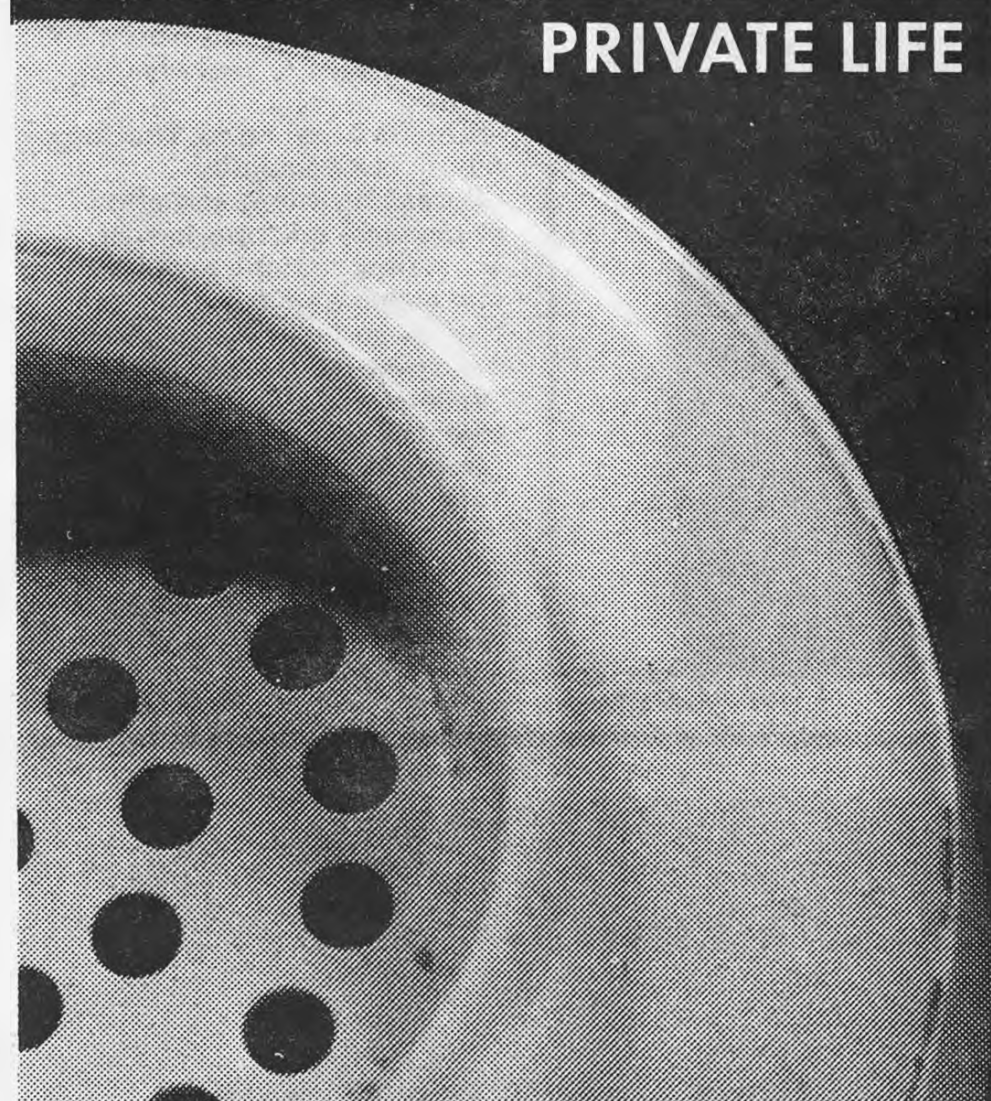
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The missing link between Dr Moog & Johnny Morris

JAH WOBBLE

The Legend Lives On... Jah Wobble in 'Betrayal' (Virgin)

WELL WHAT would you do if you were in a band infested by complacent pseudo mega-stars, whose infatuation with the Pink Floyd life-style bordered on the self-destructive? One live gig per album wouldn't exactly gratify your spirit of adventure, would it? Being an artist, you would search into the depths of your soul and realise you must seek another outlet for fulfilment, and being Jah Wobble, you would make a solo album.

And Mr Wobble's first bold step towards independence leaves us with an enigmatically inconsistent album of intriguing ambiguity.

The album is a success. For most of the time Wobble manages to keep far enough away from the beaten track already well trod by his Pil buddies. He offers us an obscure definition of white reggae, a refreshingly unique interpretation of a style I thought had long since been milked dry.

The most effective track is 'Betrayal', without doubt the highlight of the album, and a single to boot (economically minded readers take note). It's a song of jagged aggression and disarming bitterness. Drawling vocals are snarled with a chilling intensity of feeling. Jah Wobble becomes Jilted John grown up: "I saw you with another man... Betrayal, Betrayal, BITCH!"

'Beat the Drum' is a less harsh, mellow reggae ditty featuring warbling vocals and Magic Roundabout organ; a deceptively appealing track, although a complete contrast to 'Betrayal'; a song that seems to improve with every listening. But the high standards set by these, the first two tracks, are not maintained and a rather different critical approach must be adopted.

The album is a failure. With the subsequent deterioration of material, Wobble embarks on a steady decline that he fails to halt. His marked

uncertainty of purpose and lack of continuity is emphasised by 'Not Another', a track you'll swear belongs to the confinements of that 'Metal Box'. And now cliché follows cliché. "Today is the first day of the rest of my life" is the kind of first form philosophy you can read on the back of matchboxes.

And because Wobble produced the album himself, we are treated to his childlike self-indulgence at the mixing desk. 'Pineapple', a totally nondescript non-starter of a track is nothing more than a studio effects demo. It parallels the knob-twiddling obsession of Mr Partridge's 'Take Away' project; fun-time for bored artists, and the joke's firmly on the paying punter. Time for a laugh?

The album is a joke. Those wags at the Virgin press office tell us that Jah Wobble is a typical Spurs supporter; so he obviously has a great sense of humour. And hence the silly cover: Jah posing against a one-dimensional backdrop portraying a desert land of eastern promise. The man takes cover behind a palm tree planted in a flower pot... a Freudian slip perhaps, reflecting his infertility of ideas and consequential shame; he thus seeks to hide from the accusing world? ... Nah, couldn't be.

And then we have the collection of animal sound effects randomly interspersed throughout the album. There's the farting monkeys, the demented twenty birds and the howling werewolves... all this and more. A learned friend of mine tells me that the erotic squelching noises featured on 'Dan McArthur' could only have been made by making love to a blow-up rubber doll. And he knows about these things.

Wobble's absurdly premature claim to legend status is firmly quashed with the gradual deterioration of this album. As a tribute to the genius of Dr Moog and to the versatility of the very wonderful Mr Johnny Morris, it is unparalleled in the history of rock. But apart from its wider cultural value, musically it's nothing more than an expensive giggle.

Mick Duffy

JUDIE TZUKE

Sports Car (Rocket)

GOTTA problem here. Here's a lovely lady with a voice that twists and turns, who sings as though she cares and doesn't have to resort to the meaningless vocal gymnastics of the lamentable Bush. But her songs don't quite provide the

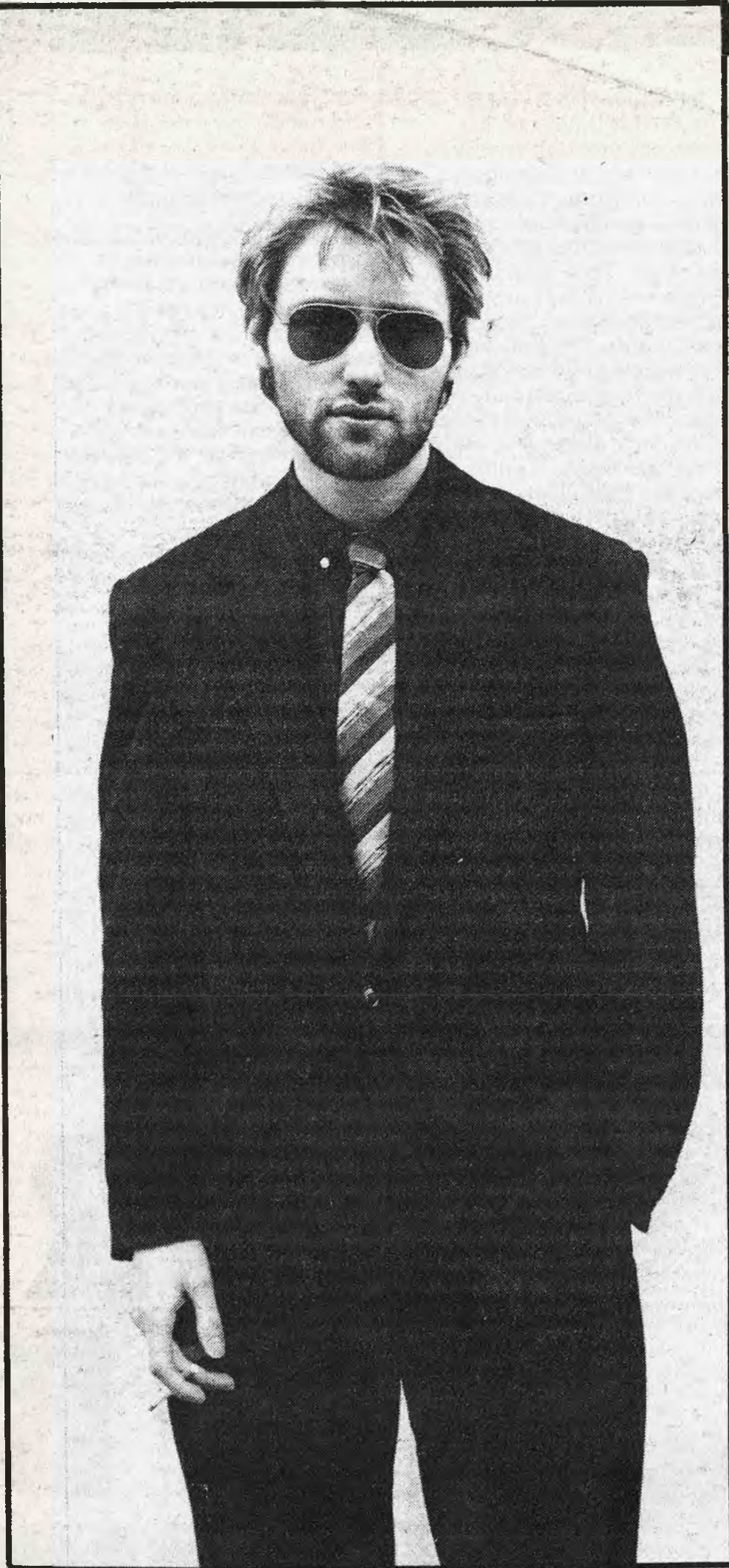
sort of platform she deserves. The lyrics are often sketchy, reticent or just meaningless and melodically too there are problems — though even real dullards come spiked with fleeting hooks.

The title track is the most direct cut on an album that's undoubtedly well produced. Here the lyrics really say

something, even if it's only "Your boots match your hair, your eyes match your socks" and "Under your polish, the engines don't go." It's a put-down and it's delivered convincingly.

If only there were a few more like this I'd be able to say I liked this album. If only...

Fred Dellar



OK, make an animal noise, Wob...

Pic: Pennie Smith.

THE VAPORS
New Clear Days
(Liberty-United)
THE JAGS
Evening Standards (Island)

HERE we see the sellable face of junior new wave: Britpop, brittle and fast, all hooks and catches and bristling with nervous ambition. With short, light and streamlined songs, The Vapors and The Jags lead this field with ease right now.

Traditionalists to a man, both groups work with strictly '60s definitions, wired up with late '70s vitality and fashionable modern, hard-edged lyrics for extra relevance. The routine description is 'classic pop' — a sacrosanct format unchanged in twenty years except for its periodic facelifts. The Vapors demonstrate how much you can still do inside ancient guidelines; The Jags just seem stuck.

'New Clear Days' (a grim pun in two senses) is The Vapors' debut and no disappointment; the album is instantly likeable and keeps on getting interesting after that. Just as in 'Turning Japanese' (included here) singer David Fenton has a way of twisting the simplest ideas into striking images, which are melodic and addictive. Brisk and bright as the music might be, pressure is everywhere and menace lurks at every lyrical turn.

On the other hand, The Jags' album is a peculiarly depressing thing; somehow it's impressive and oppressive. Sure, they're tight, professional and clever and know where they're going — but the facile flash gets me down. Nick Watkinson's singing never rings true; the songs themselves are gimmicky and shallow. The Jags' energy always sounds like it stems from sheer determination instead of real excitement. Ah well, set a cliché to catch a cliché: they got no soul...

Paul Du Noyer

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SUZI QUATRO
Greatest Hits (RAK)

THE Emmeline Pankhurst of rock and roll!

She's pure burlesque now, of course — her latest offering 'I've Never Been In Love' could quite easily be Whitesnake (despite its definite non-hit status it is included here posing as a greatest moment; always a sign of desperate straits) — but think back before retrospect impaired your vision of Little Miss Muppet . . . how do you think this paper would have reacted to a band like The Raincoats in the early '70s? They were into QUEEN, for God's sake.

Quatro, her warm leatherette jumpsuits, that pulsatingly huge phallic Fender, the bunch of plug-uglies backing her up — it was a mighty, major breakthrough and a hot date for most Thursday nights.

The quixotic quills of that Lennon and McCartney of the '70s, Chinn and Chapman, set little Suzi up with a stream of brash new pulp, class-crass scenarios from 'Can The Can' through '48 Crash', 'The Wild One', 'Too Big', 'I May Be Too Young', 'Your Mamma Won't Like Me', 'Daytona Demon', 'Devil Gate Drive', (a major breakthrough, this — "A-one, a-two, a-one, two, three, four" — Mickey Most teaches Suzi to count) . . .

It seemed as though she could go on forever simulating press-ups in the studio, but when she finally fell from grace she reacted to the Summer Of Punk '77 with a gory shot, 'Tear Me Apart' ("If you wanna win my heart"). No good, the latest flames were already waiting in the wings.

The twin absorptions of Chinnichap were always Mamma and De Debil — aimed at the age group who no longer let their Mamma tuck them in, or if they did they'd rather have had their eyes jabbed out with red-hot knitting needles than admit it to their pubescent pals. Debbie Harry, of course, has



"Emmeline who? . . ." Pic: Mike Laye.

stolen Suzi's audience — she's the Number One Mother Figure now, her and the delicious Sting. 'Mama's Boy' was Suzi's revenge, wherein the bitter bile of rejection explodes, leaving behind a bigger mess than the transformation scene in *Carrie*; her revenge on the immature hordes who deserted her.

It was a cheap shot, an awful song and a Quatro-Tuckey original; Sweet, Mud, Smokie, Suzi — abandon all hope ye who walk out on Chinnichap. Don't these dummies realise that their most creative moments will inevitably be under the thumb and auspices of Chapman and Chinn? I heard Smokie on the radio the other day, bragging about how great it is to be free of Chinn and Chapman so that their artistry can soar like a bird — and what are they doing? Bobby Vee's dead skin!

Suzi is thirty next month. She has sold five times as many records as said delicious Sting, but there is no way out. Maybe she could throw Len Tuckey under a racehorse.

Tony Parsons

PAT TRAVERS BAND
Crash And Burn (Polydor)

THIS kind of music is not so much slowing everyone else down, as begging raucously to be left behind. But because the hard rock/HM wooden-axe gladiator only really got going in the 1970s, it's less obvious that this kind of brain fungus should be rammed into its sepulchre for once and for all.

There's no edge to this music. Even Bob Marley's 'Is This Love' gets shoved into the grinder and emerges sounding as flat as a lollipop that's been walked into a shagpile carpet.

Browse through the typical muscle-garlanded pectorals and equipment specifications on the sleeve! There's even an instrumental called 'The Big Event' that they play in the waiting room in purgatory.

Heavy metal ranks alongside the battered copy of *South Pacific* that every home should boast. Your patchoulli'd grease-monkey mutha would like it.

Kevin Fitzgerald

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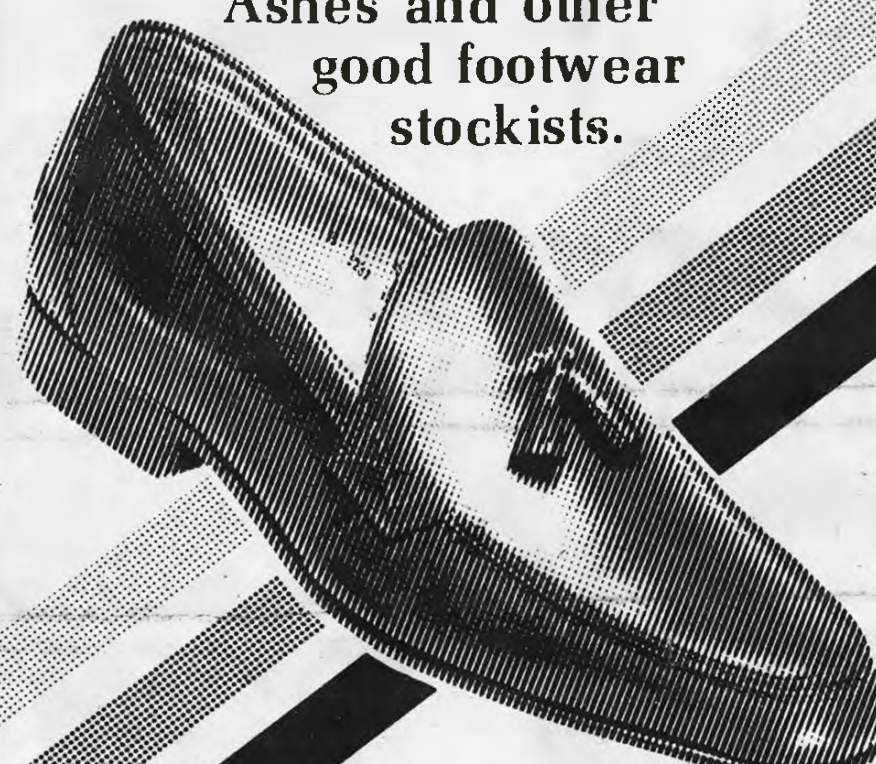
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LEIBER AND STOLLER
Only In America (WEA)

JERRY LEIBER and Mike Stoller were the kingpins of uptown R&B. Tin Pan Alley traditionalists, crossover specialists, they became the most successful non-performing songwriting and production team in pop music history. They and others like them buried rock'n'roll.

This album is, as they say, their story — or at least part of it. What's left are (some of) the songs from the stage show *Only In America* which opened at the Roundhouse last month and is soon to transfer to the West End. Set on the last day of 1959, it involves the "adventures" of a black, a white boy and a Puerto Rican in a Brooklyn slum.

Purely by accident, this now familiar recycling - old - product - in - no - particular - chronological - order type package tends to complement rather than detract from the music in the grooves. Leiber and Stoller brought many sophisticated techniques to pop recording but they also applied a hard-headed ruthlessly exploitative business sense and artistic discipline that had hitherto been almost unknown in rock'n'roll. Small scale entrepreneurs like Sam Phillips didn't last long when

Rock 'n' roll is a businessman's game

these guys entered the ring: once producers in the north and west of the US had come to grips with rock'n'roll, the days of the pioneers were over.

Leiber and Stoller were only two of the many uptown R&B producers cutting records in the early '60s, but they all shared one important difference from rock'n'roll — the intention of creating a contrived effect rather than allowing the lead vocalist to interpret the meaning of the song. So developed did this technique become that by the mid-'60s many of Leiber and Stoller's artists were virtually faceless: all that mattered was the lyric showcased by the musical arrangement and vocal harmonies.

L&S became professional songwriters in the early '50s, composing exclusively for black R&B performers. When the 'jungle' music began to attract white audiences they crossed over and developed several genres that were widely influential.

The period most thoroughly covered here is the duo's work as independent producers/songwriters for Atlantic in New York from 1957-63. Bringing The Coasters with them from Los Angeles, they set up a production line of hits for the black vocal group including the company's first Top 10 hit 'Searchin'/'Young Blood' (cut in L.A.) in 1957 and their first No. 1 'Yakety Yak' the following year.

'Searchin' was a rolling rhythm and blues based number with a pounding alley cat piano. 'Yakety Yak', featuring the stuttering sax of King Curtis, was a situation comedy with classic teenage lament lyrics, outlining all the chores the singer has to do before he can cut loose on a Friday night.

Subsequent singles (which are almost all included on the album) like 'Along Came Jones' and 'Charlie Brown' were less successful, but 'Poison Ivy' was a return to form and was their last big hit in 1959.

When The Coasters' chart

lifespan was over their mentors turned to The Drifters. 'There Goes My Baby' was an intriguing combination of Latin rhythm, high gospel vocals and R&B strings. Once again the follow-ups were more conventional and less interesting and Leiber and Stoller decided to commission songs from other composers, including Phil Spector ('Spanish Harlem' for Ben E. King) and Mann and Weil ('On Broadway'). Unknowingly they helped create the Brill Building style sweatshops that came to dominate US pop until the invasion of the beat groups in '64.

So Leiber and Stoller were clean white rock and rollers, battle-hardened entrepreneurs. They provided songs for hundreds of artists including The Rolling Stones ('Down Home Girl') and Presley ('Hounddog' and 'Jailhouse Rock'). Purveyors of Americana, they learnt to take care of business early. They wrote 'Treat Me Nice' and 'Baby I Don't Care' for Presley in 1½ hours flat, though the fact that "a very large man" arrived to remind them that they were late with new material may have speeded up the artistic flow. Baby, that really is rock and roll.

Chris Ryan

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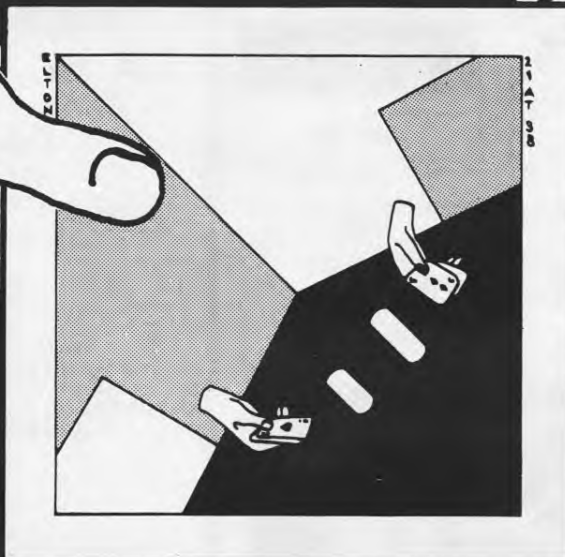
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+ Illustrations

Saturday 14th June £2.00
SAMSON + The Fist

NINE BELOW ZERO
CHRISTMAS TOUR '80
June 19 LEICESTER University
20 NORTH STAFF'S Polytechnic
21 DUDLEY, J.E.'s
24 SHEFFIELD University
25 YORKS, Goodryke College
27 & 28 LONDON The Marquee
July 2 SALISBURY College of Technology
4 NEWPORT SHROPSHIRE
Harper Adam's College

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McGhee, Richard & Linda Thompson, Leon
Redbone, Richard Digance, Vin Garbutt, Rockin
Dopsie and The Cajun Twisters, The Cambridge
Crofters, Juggernauts String Band, Rambling Jack
Elliott and Silly Wizard, Burt Jansch Conundrum,
Tony Bird, The Mathews Bros, Bob Gibson, Diz
Disley & Hot Guitars, Pierre Bensussan, Claudia
Schmidt, Johnny Silvo, The Arizona Smoke
Review, Neil Lewis, Foggy, Brian Cookman,
Warren Wyse, Mick McCresdie, Larry Law, John
Spires

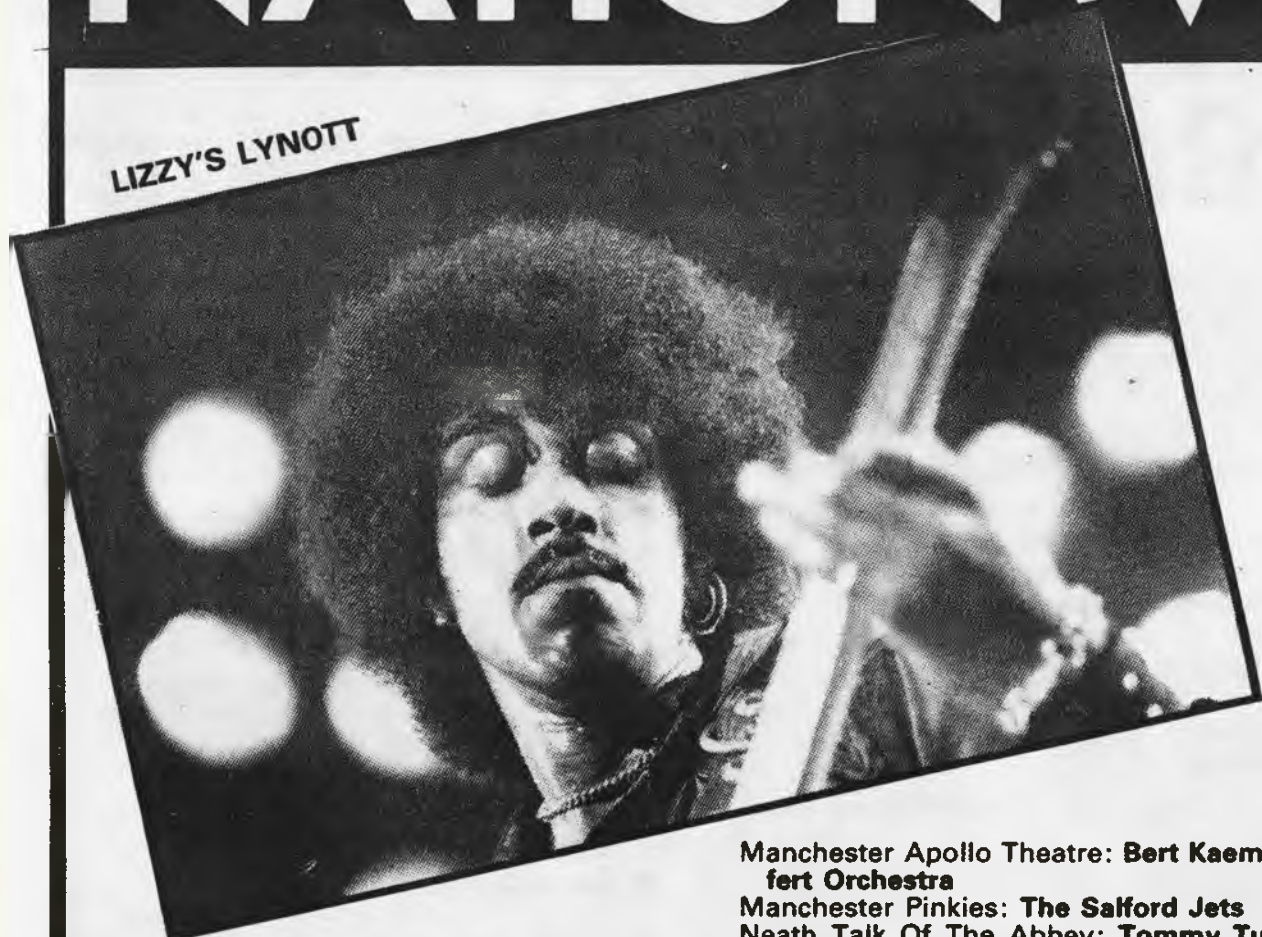
Tickets: £9.50 for the weekend
(including Friday night)
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Camping 30p per person

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

LIZZY'S LYNOTT



Thursday

Barnockburn The Tamdhu: **Bestille**
 Bath Moles: **Sphere**
 Bath Pavilion: **Madness**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Little Willy**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Slade**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
 Blackburn Cloggers: **Mike Soar & John Guy/Heather Whittaker**
 Brighton Basement Club: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
 Brighton Centre: **Joan Armatrading**
 Bristol Granary: **Budgie**
 Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
 Chatham Town Hall: **Girlschool/Vardis**
 Clacton Prince's Theatre: **David Essex**
 Cleethorpes Shakers: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Paris 9**
 Coventry Theatre: **Thin Lizzy/The Lookalikes**
 Dundee Caird Hall: **Iron Maiden**
 Durham Collingwood College: **Roaring Jelly**
 Durham University: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
 Guildford Civic Hall: **The Vapors**
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Cavalry**
 Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
 Inverness Caledonian Hotel: **Bad Manners**
 Leamington Crown Inn: **Dangerous Girls/Denizens**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Dance Band**
 London Catford The Squire: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
 London Deptford Arms: **Outrageous Flesh**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Denny & The Diplomats**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Splodgenesabounds**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Icarus**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Southside**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Southside**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **The Distractions**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Eddie Thompson & Guests** (for three days)
 London Putney Half Moon: **Paz**
 London Richmond The Castle: **Jeep**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Ruby Braff/Brian Leman Trio**
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
 London Stratford Theatre Royal: **The Albion Band**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Alan Holdsworth**
 London Wandsworth Southbank Polytechnic: **The Sinceros/Trimmer & Jenkins**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The 45s/The Idiot Dancers**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Zoots/Geneva**
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**

Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Bert Kaempfert Orchestra**
 Manchester Pinkies: **The Salford Jets**
 Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **Tommy Tucker/Split Rivitt**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Rush**
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Clash**
 Newport The Stowaway: **Q-Tips**
 Norwich Cromwells: **Tribesman**
 Norwich St Andrew's Hall: **Samson**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Saxon**
 Perth Plough Inn: **Restricted Code/Positive Noise**
 Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Scissor Fits**
 Portsmouth Locarno: **Matchbox**
 Rochdale Tropical Club: **Gods Gift / Enigma**
 Salford Pinky's Place: **Two-Tone-Pinks**
 Sheffield Huggy Bears: **A Sudden Sway**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **Pink Military**
 Southampton Joiners Arms: **Lights**
 Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Angel Witch**
 Stevenage The Swan: **Spud & The Fabs**
 Swansea Circles: **Crass/Poison Girls**
 Swansea Dublin Arms: **Andy Pandemonium**
 Watford Town Hall: **Magnum**
 Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Hound Dog**
 Whitby Spa Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**
 Withernsea Grand Pavilion: **The Beat**
 Workop Old Ship: **Veiled Threat**

Friday

Barnstaple Chequers: **Q-Tips**
 Barrow Railway Club: **The Cruisers**
 Barry Memorial Hall: **Crass / Poison Girls**
 Bath Moles: **Alarm Clox**
 Bicester Nowhere Club: **Motley Crew**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **No Faith**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Bert Kaempfert Orchestra**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
 Birmingham University: **Eclipse / Pasadena Roof Orchestra / George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Bognor Church Farm: **Saxon**
 Brentwood Hermit Club: **The Pencils**
 Brighton Centre: **Thin Lizzy / The Lookalikes**
 Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
 Brighton Top Rank: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
 Canterbury Kent University: **Paris 9**
 Cardiff University: **Andy Pandemonium**
 Coventry Stanton Club: **Hound Dog**
 Croydon Crawdaddy: **The Boyce Band**
 Croydon The Star: **The Citizens**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Sub Zero**
 Dundee College of Education: **Bad Manners**
 Dunstable Civic Hall: **Toyah / The Rent Boys**
 Durham Bede College: **Roaring Jelly**
 Durham University: **Lindisfarne**
 Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Fun City**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Wah! Heat**
 Edinburgh Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Iron Maiden**
 Glasgow Burns Howff: **H2O**
 Glossop Surrey Arms: **District 13**
 Grimsby Community Centre: **The Cockney Rejects**
 Harstoft Shoulder Of Mutton: **Sector 27 with Tom Robinson**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **Dangerous Girls**
 High Wycombe South Bucks College: **Spud & The Fabs**
 Kettering North Park Club: **The Dominos / Blue Cat Trio**
 Kidderminster Town Hall: **Nine Below Zero**

TOURS GALORE

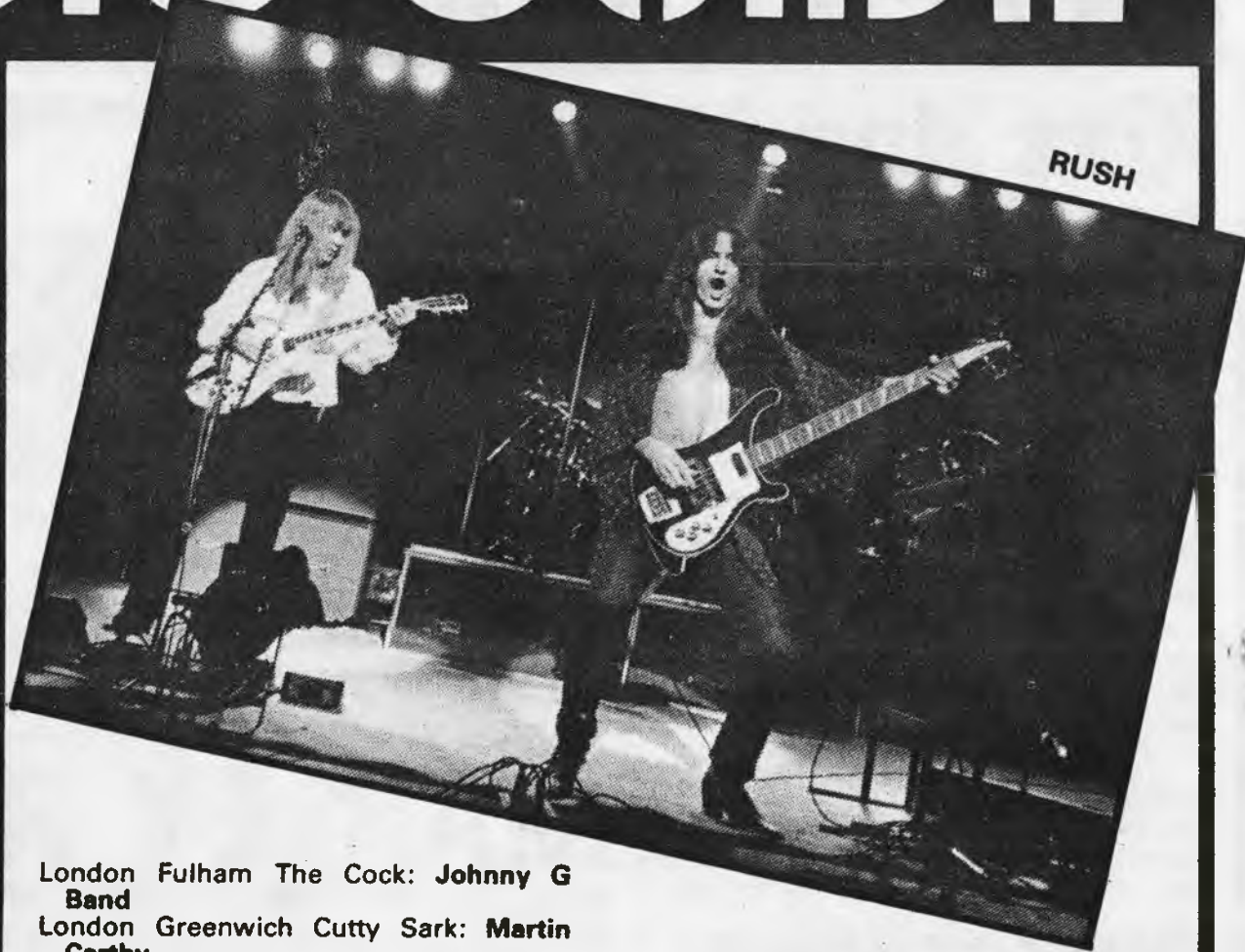
During the six weeks of our enforced absence, around three dozen major tours set out, plus a number of others which don't quite come into the "major" category. Some are already over and done with, so we needn't dwell on them, but others are still going strong — including **THIN LIZZY**, **RUSH**, **WHITESNAKE**, **THE BEAT**, **THE SPECIALS**, **IRON MAIDEN**, **JOAN ARMATRADING** and **THE VAPORS**, to name just a few. Unfortunately we can't catch up on them all, in terms of picture coverage — specially as another batch of tours gets cracking this week, among them **FLEETWOOD MAC**, **STEVE HACKETT**, **VAN HALEN** and **LINDISFARNE**. And there are London gigs by **FRANK ZAPPA**. For precise details of where and when they're all playing, please check the day-by-day listings.

Leeds University: **Slade / The City Limits**
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Chicken Shack / The Newtown Neurotics**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **X-Effects / EMF**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Directions / The Cheaters**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Ritmo Bop**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Sinceros**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Keys**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **Boss / The Screaming Addabs**
 London Marquee Club: **The Stop / The Reluctant Stereotypes**
 London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
 London Putney White Lion: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
 London Royal Albert Hall: **Marvin Gaye**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnight Express**
 London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Terminal Snack Blues Band**
 London Tottenham White Hart: **Black Cat Trio**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Vibrators / Device**
 London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Kimberley County**
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The O.K. Band**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Whitesnake**
 Manchester Osborne Club: **Cabaret Voltaire**
 Manchester The Millstone: **Two-Tone-Pinks**
 Mansfield Civic Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Margate Winter Gardens: **David Essex**
 Nelson The Railway Workers: **The Accelerators**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Rush**
 Newport The Village: **Budgie**
 Nottingham University: **Bad Publicity**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
 Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Vapors**
 Southend Elms: **Flying Saucers**
 Torquay Town Hall: **Madness**
 Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Beat**
 Worthing Assembly Rooms: **The Specials / The Bodysnatchers**

Saturday

Barkingside Old Maypole: **Johnny Storm & Memphis**
 Basildon Essex Centre Hotel: **Flying Saucers/Gina & The Rockin' Rebels/Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
 Bath Moles: **Sneak Preview**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Marvin Gaye**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
 Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Three Degrees**
 Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **The Specials/The Bodysnatchers**
 Bracknell Bridge House: **Motley Crew**
 Bradford Queens Hall: **The Squids**
 Brighton Alhambra: **Woody & The Splinters/Bright-Tones**
 Brighton Basement Club: **The Golinski Bros/The Chifs**
 Cardiff Grassroots: **Dangerous Girls**
 Chatham Town Hall: **Flying Saucers**
 Clacton Westcliff Hotel: **Spasmodic Caress**
 Coventry Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
 Cromer West Runtun Pavilion: **Toyah/The Rent Boys**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Bert Kaempfert Orchestra**
 Derby Ajanta Cinema: **The Cockney Rejects**
 Derby Belper High School: **Roaring Jelly**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
 Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Sector 27 with Tom Robinson**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Steve Hackett**
 Grangemouth Town Hall: **Bad Manners**
 Huddersfield White Lion: **Knife Edge**
 Leicester University: **The Beat**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Billy Karloff & The Supremes/Last Chance**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The 45's**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Live Wire**

RUSH



London Fulham The Cock: **Johnny G Band**
 London Greenwich Cutty Sark: **Martin Carthy**
 London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Hound Dog**
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre(lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Hit Men**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
 London Rainbow Theatre: **Saxon**
 London School of Economics: **The Photos**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Quartet**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London University College: **Slade**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Nine Below Zero**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dan I/O Jah**
 London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
 Luton Royal Hotel: **The Citizens**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Whitesnake**
 Manchester Portland Bars: **District 13**
 Mansfield Sherwood Club: **Strange Days**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Pink Military**
 Middlesbrough The Oak Leaf: **Carl Green & The Scene**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Iron Maiden**
 Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Vapors**
 Northampton The Paddocks: **The Psychedelic Furs/Trance**
 Oxford Polytechnic: **Lindisfarne**
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Wah! Heat**
 Reading Target Club: **The Moonwalkers**
 Rochdale Grace Fields Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Sawbridgeworth Parsonage Farm: **Mad Chateaux**
 Sheffield Hallamshire Hote: **Veiled Threat**
 Southampton Ashby Community Centre: **Crass/Poison Girls**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Thin Lizzy/The Lookalikes**
 Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Bitter Lemmings**
 St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Madness**
 Stoke Burslem Queen's Theatre: **David Essex**
 Torquay 400 Club: **Q-Tips**
 Weymouth Pavilion: **Rockhouse**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

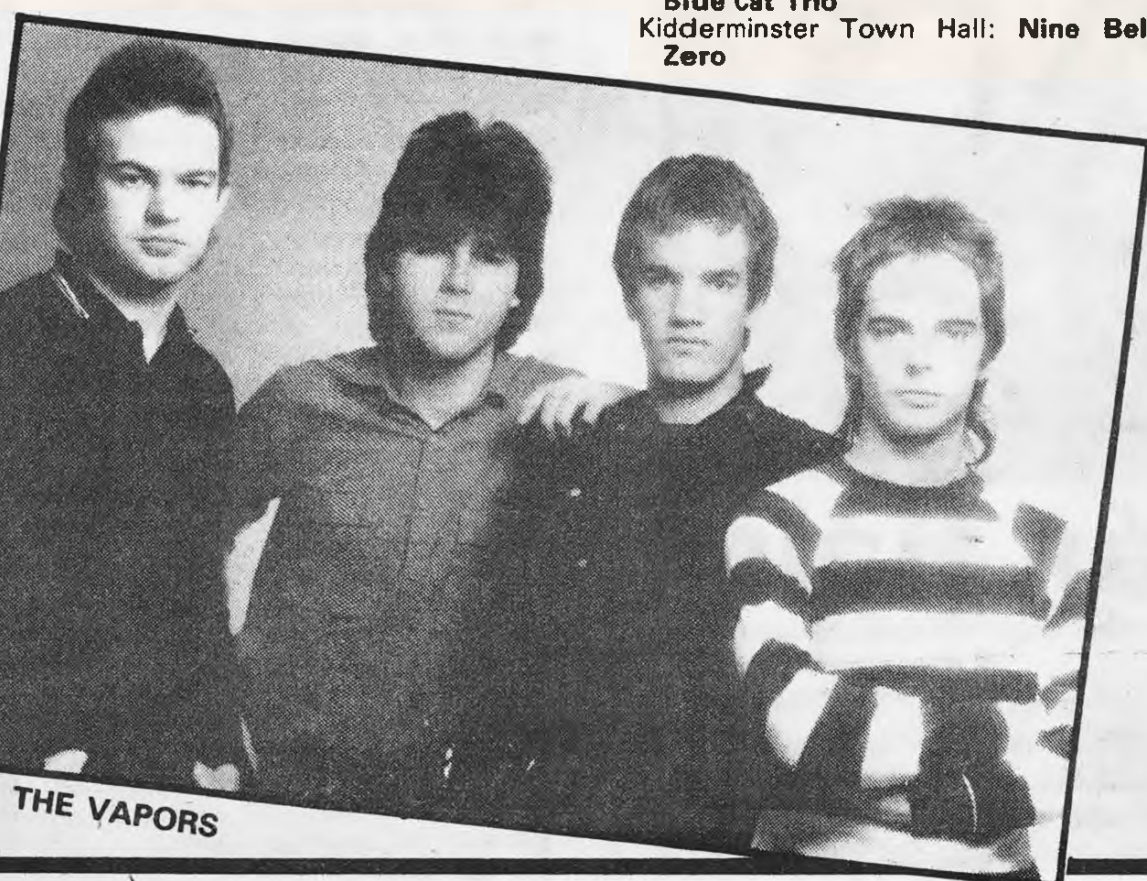
Sunday

Ashington Leisure Centre: **Lindisfarne**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Dirty But Nice**
 Brighton Jenkinson's: **Sector 27 with Tom Robinson**
 Bristol Locarno: **The Beat**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Thin Lizzy/The Lookalikes**
 Croydon The Star: **Tennis Shoes**
 Dundee Barracuda: **The Vapors**
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Bert Kaempfert Orchestra**
 Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Mike Harding**
 High Wycombe Town Hall: **Budgie**
 Leeds Fan Club: **Pink Military**
 Leeds Haddon Hall: **Knife Edge**
 Leeds Queen's Hall: **Rush**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
 Leeds Staging Post: **Dodgy Tactics**
 Liverpool Mona Hotel: **Breakdown**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dangerous Girls**
 Birmingham Drakes Drum: **Kicks**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
 Birmingham Night Out: **Showaddywaddy (for a week)**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Money**
 Blackburn The New Inns: **Dave Berry**
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Oral Sax**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Joan Armatrading**
 Carlisle Market Hall: **Lindisfarne**
 Chelmsford Civic Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Chester Deeside Leisure Centre: **Rush**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **David Essex**
 Doncaster Rotters Club: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Vapors**
 Fife Rosyth Palace: **Bite The Pillow**
 Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Fun City/Insect Bites**

CONTINUES OVER . . .



THE VAPORS



IRON MAIDEN

NEWS EXTRA



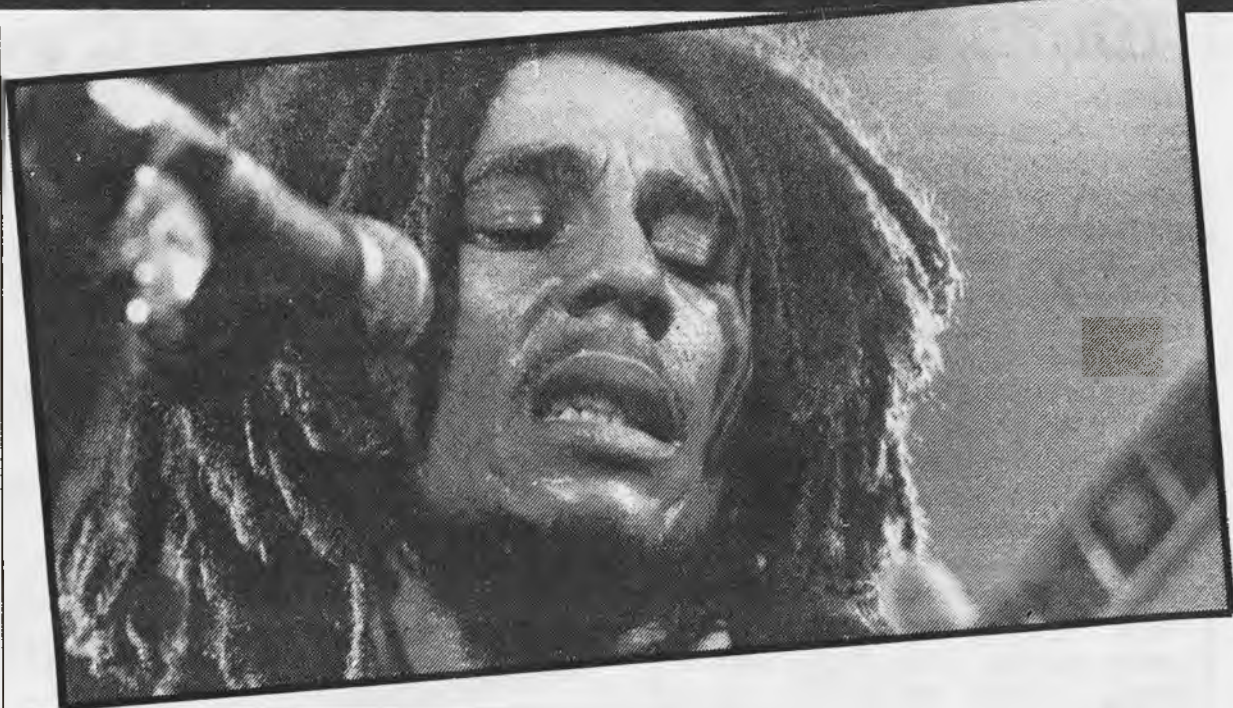
TOUR HIGHLIGHTS YOU'VE MISSED

Kiss due in September

KISS have now re-arranged their British visit, originally planned for late June, but postponed due to recording commitments. But they will only be appearing at Stafford Bingley Hall (September 5 and 6) and Wembley Arena (8 and 9) — originally planned concerts in Edinburgh and Brighton have been scrapped, due to the unavailability of suitable dates. Ticket prices are £4.75 only (Stafford); £5.25 and £4.50 (Wembley) — existing tickets are still valid, but further supplies are available for new purchasers. Following their departure from the Casablanca label, the band's new album 'Kiss Unmasked' appears this week on Phonogram's Mercury logo.

LINDISFARNE BUSY MONTH

LINDISFARNE are playing eight concerts this month, coinciding with the release tomorrow (Friday) of their new Phonogram single 'Friday Girl'. Supported by Michael Chapman, they visit Durham University (this Friday), Oxford Polytechnic (Saturday), Ashington Leisure Centre (Sunday), Carlisle Market Hall (June 16), Sunderland Empire (17), Middlesbrough Town Hall (18), Nottingham Albert Hall (19) and Birmingham University (20). These dates are in addition to their festival appearances at Knebworth (June 21), Loch Lomond (22), Belfast King's Hall Showgrounds (28) and Cork Macroom Castle (29). As reported, they'll also be undertaking their traditional extensive autumn tour (details to follow).



MARLEY RETURNS

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS, who headlined the Crystal Palace 'Garden Party' last Saturday, return to the UK after a European trek to play further dates here in July — and, as they've been promising, these include their first visit to Scotland. The six gigs are at Brighton Centre (July 8 and 9), Glasgow Apollo (26 and 27), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (12) and Stafford Bingley Hall (13). Ticket prices are £5 and £4.50 (Brighton); £4.75 and £3.50 (Glasgow); and £4.50 only (Deeside and Stafford) — and they're on sale now at the venues, as well as selected outlets in the respective areas. Following the release last week of the new Marley single 'Could You Be Loved', Island issue his new album 'Uprising' on June 20.

Laine solo tour hiccups

DENNY LAINE'S solo tour, which the Wings stalwart had been scheduled to open at Leicester De Montfort Hall on June 19, is being totally re-vamped. All nine concerts (announced during NME's absence) have now been cancelled, as the original promoter has pulled out. Instead, a more extended tour is now being lined up — the first two confirmed dates are London Victoria The Venue on June 20 and 21. Provincial gigs, to be announced next week, will be confined to weekends

through July and August due to Laine's work schedule with Wings.

With Laine on guitar and vocals, the line-up for his backing band comprises Wings colleague Steve Holly (drums), Andy Richard (keyboards), Mike Piggot (guitar), Gordon Sellar (bass) and JoJo Laine (backing vocals). With Laine's solo single 'Japanese Tears' recently released by Scratch Records, his album of the same name is scheduled to be issued in early October.

Roxy's live music

ROXY MUSIC, whose album 'Flesh And Blood' and single 'Over You' are currently high in the charts, have confirmed nine major UK concerts as the climax of a six-week European tour. They are Brighton Centre (July 23), Birmingham Odeon (24 and 25), Manchester Apollo (26 and 27), Glasgow Apollo (28 and 29) and London Wembley Arena (August 1 and 2). Support act is Martha & The Muffins.

Tickets for the provincial shows are on sale now priced £5 and £4, with additional £3 seats at Birmingham and Glasgow. Wembley tickets (£5, £4 and £3) go on sale to personal callers this Saturday — or they may be ordered by post from Wembley Arena Roxy Box Office, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 0DW (cheques and POs to 'Wembley Stadium Ltd.' and enclose SAE).

The Roxy Euro-tour began a fortnight ago, but without drummer Paul Thompson who has sustained a broken thumb. Session man Andy Newark is sitting in for him temporarily, and he joins the nucleus of Bryan Ferry, Phil Manzanera and Gary Tibbs — who are augmented on the road by Neil Hubbard (rhythm guitar) and Paul Carrack (keyboards). Support act in Europe is The Original Mirrors. An American tour follows in the late summer, by which time Thompson is expected to be back in action.

LED ZEPPELIN are also off on their travels this month, playing concerts in Austria, Germany, Holland and Belgium. Although nothing is yet fixed, these European gigs could well preface UK appearances in late summer or early autumn.

TOUR ADDITIONS

WHITESNAKE have added second shows at Manchester Apollo (this Saturday) and London Hammersmith Odeon (June 24) to their extensive UK tour. Special guests on all dates are Gary Moore and his new band G-Force.

JOAN ARMATRADING adds London Rainbow (June 21) and Lancaster University (22) to the tail end of her British tour, and also plays an extra early evening show at Oxford New Theatre tomorrow (Friday). Support act throughout is Paul Goodman.

THIN LIZZY have now re-arranged their concerts which were postponed when Phil Lynott was suffering from throat trouble. They visit Coventry Theatre (tonight, Thursday), Brighton Centre (Friday), Southampton Gaumont (Saturday) and Cardiff Sophia Gardens (Sunday). In all cases, existing tickets are valid.

DAVID ESSEX had fitted another eight dates into his current tour itinerary — at Stoke Newington Theatre (this Saturday), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (June 17), Poole Arts Centre (26), Leeds Grand (July 6), Hull New Theatre (7), Guildford Civic Hall (8), Guernsey Beau Sejour Theatre (10) and Jersey Fort Regent Gloucester Hall (12).

STYX have sold out their two concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon on June 21 and 22, and an extra show has now been slotted in on Friday, June 20. Tickets are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2.

FLEETWOOD MAC have slotted in yet another show at London Wembley Arena, making six in all — it's on Friday, June 27. The band's new single 'Think About Me', taken from their 'Tusk' set, has just been issued by WEA.

BLACK SABBATH, who recently completed their UK tour, will play three more dates when they return from their current European trek — at St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (June 24), Southampton Gaumont (25) and Brighton Centre (26). The latter is a re-scheduled gig, for which original tickets are still valid.

BUNNYMEN AND PINK MILITARY

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN preview their debut album 'Crocodiles', due out on Korova early next month, with gigs at Brighton Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Huddersfield Cleopatras (Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), Sheffield Limit (June 17), Norwich East Anglia University (18), Birmingham Cedar (19), Retford Porterhouse (20), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (21), Edinburgh Valentino's (22), Grangemouth International Hotel (23), Paisley Bungalow (24), Liverpool Pickwicks (25), Leeds Fan Club (26), Manchester Osborne Club (27), London Tottenham-Ct. Rd YMCA (28) and Nottingham Ad Lib Club (30). PINK MILITARY promote their album 'Do Animals Believe In God?' and single 'Did You See Her?', just released on the Liverpool-based Eric's label, with gigs at Sheffield Limit (tonight, Thursday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (Saturday), Leeds Fan Club (Sunday), Hull Wellington Club (June 16), London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (19), Derby Ajanta (21) and Newcastle New Tyne Theatre (27). They're supported on the final date by Wah! Heat, who also have other dates in their own right at Edinburgh Nite Club (this Friday), Paisley Bungalow (Saturday) and London ICA (June 17).

Budgie's flight



BURKE SHELLEY

BUDGIE — the Welsh hard rock trio featuring Burke Shelley (bass and vocals), John Thomas (guitar) and Steve Williams (drums), who've spent much of the last two years working in North America — are gigging in the UK again this month. Their tour ties in with the release of an EP titled 'If Swallowed, Do Not Induce Vomiting' on the Rockfield-based Active label, distributed by RCA. Confirmed dates so far are:

Bristol Granary (tonight, Thursday), Newport The Village (Friday), High Wycombe Town Hall (Sunday), Blackburn King George's Hall (June 17), Wakefield Unity Hall (18), Hull Wellington Club (19), Scarborough Penthouse (20), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (21), Chatham Central Hall (23), Torquay Town Hall (25), Yeovil Johnson Hall (26), Dunstable Civic Hall (27) and London Strand Lyceum (29).

MORRISON DATE AT ALLY PALLY

VAN MORRISON and Ray Charles have been added to Capital Radio's three-day London Jazz Festival at the Alexandra Palace (July 11-13). Morrison will be backed by a seven-piece outfit, while Charles is bringing his big band.

Among the many other acts appearing in the event are Kenny Ball, Acker Bilk, Chris Barber, Annie Ross, George Melly and The Midnight Folies (Friday, 11); Morrissey-Mullen, Zoot Money and Ronnie Scott (Saturday); and Georgie Fame, Osibissa, NYJO and 2nd Vision (Sunday).

NEW MUSIK EXPRESS

NEW MUSIK, whose four-track single 'Sanctuary' is issued by GTO on June 20, play Horsham Capitol (tomorrow, Friday), London Camden Music Machine (Saturday), Northampton Nene College (June 17), Manchester Polytechnic (18), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (19), York University (20), Penzance Demelza's (23), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (24), Leeds Warehouse (25), Oxford University (26), Melksham Assembly Hall (27) and Southampton Le Saint's College (28).

MORE GIG GUIDE

Hastings Pier Pavilion: The Specials/The Bodysnatchers
Hull Wellington Club: Pink Military
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: The Gimmicks
Leicester University: Q-Tips
London Camden Dingwalls: Narrow
Faint/Wheelz/Bantu
London Canning Town Bridge House: Wasted Youth
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Zoots/Wave Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Eric Blake/The Talk
London Hammersmith Palais: The Clash
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Small Brothers
London Kensington The Nashville: Martine Dance/Manufactured Romance
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Mike Carr & Guests (for a week)
London Marquee Club: The Citizens
London N4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
London Old Kent Rd Thomas A'Beckett: The Spoilers
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Shepherd's Bush Wheatsheaf: Fred Rickshaw's Hotel Goolies
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: TV Personalities/The Nightingales
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Steve Hackett
Manchester Band of the Wall: District 13
Newcastle City Hall: The Three Degrees
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Bad Publicity
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
Rayleigh Cross: Johnny & The Jailbirds
Reading Cherry's Bar: Turbo
Salford Duke of Wellington: The Salford Jets
Stafford Bingley Hall: Fleetwood Mac
Swadlincote Newall Club: The Cruisers
Swansea University: Sector 27 with Tom Robinson
Wakefield Unity Hall: Iron Maiden
Watford Bailey's: Delegation (for a week)

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: The Vapors
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Dansette Damage
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Mad Chateaux
Blackburn King George's Hall: Budgie
Bournemouth Town Hall: Crass / Poison Girls
Bradford College Vaults Bar: Terminal Three
Bristol Colston Hall: Joan Armatrading
Cardiff Top Rank: The Cockney Rejects
Cardiff University: The Photos
Coventry Tiffany's: Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs
Fleet Fox & Hounds: Wizz Jones
Guildford Wooden Bridge: Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band
Hull City Hall: The Three Degrees
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Iron Maiden
London Camden Dingwalls: The Records

London Clapham Two Brewers: The Cavalry
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Viewers / The Mighty Strypes
London Deptford Albany Empire: The O.K. Band / Silly Boy Lemon
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Pencils
London Fulham Greyhound: Japanese Toy / The Valentines
London Hammersmith Palais: The Clash
London Kensington The Nashville: The Spectres
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Sons Of Cain
London New Cross Royal Albert: Mutiny
London N4 The Stapleton: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Royal Albert Hall: Bert Kaempfert Orchestra
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazz Band
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Shrink
London The Mall I.C.A.: Wah! Heat / Modern Eon
London Victoria The Venue: Snips / Modern Man
London Wembley Arena: Frank Zappa
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: 80 Pop / The Locators
London W.C.1 Institute of Education: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Rush
Manchester Beach Club: Dislocation Dance
Margate Winter Gardens: The Specials / The Bodysnatchers
Newcastle City Hall: Van Halen
Newcastle University: The Reluctant Stereotypes
Norwich City College: The Running Dogs
Portsmouth Locarno: The Beat
Sheffield Blitz (at the George IV): Ludus
Sheffield City Hall: Steve Hackett
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: David Essex
Stafford Bingley Hall: Fleetwood Mac
Sunderland Empire Theatre: Lindisfarne

Wednesday

Bedworth Civic Hall: Mike Harding
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Speed Limit
Birmingham College of Food: Denizens
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Slade
Bradford College Vaults Bar: Night Shift/The Cadillac
Bristol Trinity Hall: Crass/Poison Girls
Chatham Central Hall: Iron Maiden
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Van Halen
Glasgow College of Technology: The Vapors
Glasgow Doune Castle: Bite The Pillow
Guildford Wooden Bridge: Dangerous Girls
Halifax Good Mood Club: Eclipse
Hanley Victoria Hall: The Clash
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: David Essex
Leeds Pack Horse: The Gimmicks
Liverpool The Masonic: Asylum
London Camden Dingwalls: Rocket 88
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Any Trouble/The Rest
London Fulham Golden Lion: Kicks
London Fulham Greyhound: Steel Survivor/The Pits
London Fulham The Cock: The Radical Sheiks

London Hammersmith Odeon: Joan Armatrading
London Hammersmith The Swan: Jeep
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Soft Boys
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free Beer
London Marquee Club: Q-Tips
London Putney Star & Garter: Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase
London Soho Pizza Express: Ruby Braff/Brian Lemon Trio (for four days)
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Matchbox/Levi Dexter & The Rip-Chords/Johnny & The Jailbirds
London The Mall I.C.A.: The Fall/Ludus
London Tottenham The Spurs: Sons Of Cain
London Wembley Arena: Frank Zappa
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Red Beans & Rice/The Mafia
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: First Offenders
London W.14 The Kensington: The Pencils
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Rush
Middlesbrough Town Hall: Lindisfarne
Much Wenlock The Plough: Bad Publicity
Newcastle City Hall: Whitesnake
Northampton Sunnyside Hotel: Dave Barry
Norwich East Anglia University: Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs
Norwich Whites: Wendy & The Gobsnappers
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Oxford Scamps: Beast
Sheffield City Hall: The Three Degrees
Sheffield Royal Hotel: Veiled Threat
Silloth Sunset Inn: Johnny & The Roccas
Slough Fulcrum Centre: Marvin Gaye
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: The Specials / The Bodysnatchers
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Wakefield Unity Hall: Budgie



Seven by Van Halen

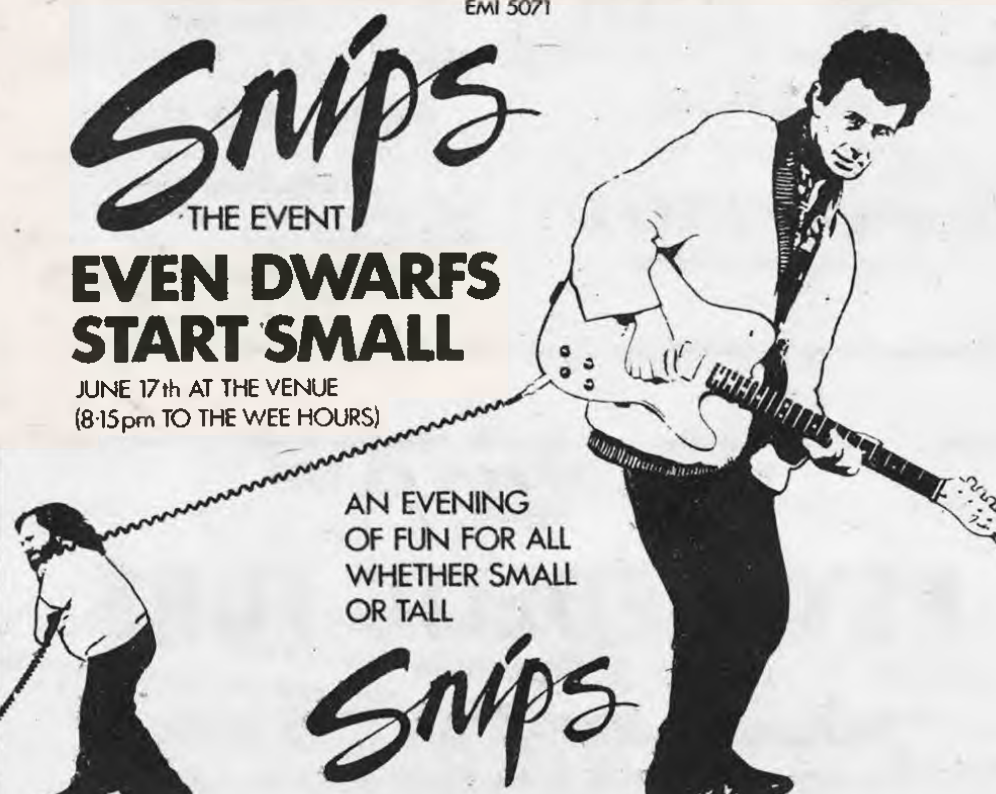
VAN HALEN are returning to Britain, on the crest of the current heavy metal wave, to play seven major concerts — at Newcastle City Hall (June 17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Manchester Apollo (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Birmingham Odeon (22) and London Rainbow (23 and 24). Tickets are on sale now priced £4.50 and £4 (London), and £4 and £3.50 (all other venues). The gigs aid promotion of the band's latest album 'Women And Children First', released by WEA in April.

Srips
NEW SINGLE
YOU'RE A WONDERFUL ONE
EMI 5071

Srips
THE EVENT
EVEN DWARFS
START SMALL
JUNE 17th AT THE VENUE
(8:15pm TO THE WEE HOURS)

AN EVENING
OF FUN FOR ALL
WHETHER SMALL
OR TALL

Srips



STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS **HEAVY METAL**
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
TYGERS OF PAN TANG
HORSEPOWER
DIAMOND HEAD
ANGEL WITCH
PRAYING MANTIS

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 22nd JUNE at 6:00
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
RUSH
Permanent Waves
BRIGHTON CENTRE
KINGS RD., BRIGHTON
SUNDAY 22nd JUNE at 7:30
TICKETS £4.50, £3.50, £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE CENTRE BOX OFFICE, RUSSELL RD.
10:00 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. MON-SAT, TEL: 0273 202881, OR ON NIGHT.

**THE OLD
QUEEN'S HEAD**
133 Stockwell Road, S.W.9

Wednesday 11th June
THE DAVE
Thursday 12th June
KLEEN HEELS
Friday 13th June
BRUNEL
Saturday 14th June
ZOOTS
Sunday 15th June
OUT OF ORDER
Monday 16th June
CRITICS
Tuesday 17th June
OVAl NIGHT

930 3647 ICA
JUNE THE MALL SW1
TUE WAHI HEAT
17 MODERN EON
WED THE FALL
18 LUDUS
THU GLAXO BABIES
19 DIAGRAM BROS
FRI A CERTAIN RATIO
20 SECTION 25
DURUTTI COLUMN
BLURT
SAT AIRKRAFT
21 THE DISTRIBUTORS
MUSIC
FOR PLEASURE
Sun CLOCK OVA
22 THEY MUST
BE RUSSIANS
MEDIUM MEDIUM
TKTS £1.50 + 35p M'SHIP
SPONSORED BY Capital Radio

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY
Thursday June 12th 1980
The Friars Aylesbury Eleventh Birthday Party
With
**THE
SPECIALS
THE
BODYSNATCHERS**
COMPLETELY SOLD OUT
Unfortunately no tickets will be available at door on night
Bravo Delta '80 ... Aylesbury furthest point from sea in Britain ... Re-check Map.
... Over!

L.S.E.
THE PHOTO'S
+ Any Trouble
Tickets £1.50 in advance Social Sec
£1.75 on the door
L.S.E. Main Building, Houghton St.
Aldwych W.C.2
Tubes Holborn & Temple Enq 01 405 1977
SAT 14th JUNE 7.30 pm BAR

NEW CORNISH **RIVIERA LIDO** CARLYON BAY
Reef Pub
IN THE 2,000 CAPACITY BIG HALL

STRAIGHT MUSIC presents
MADNESS
SATURDAY 14th JUNE
Tickets £3.00

The Incomparable
MIKE OLDFIELD
IN CONCERT
TUESDAY 17th JUNE
Tickets £4.00

ADVANCE TICKETS -
SAFFRON RECORDS - ST. AUSTELL & TRURO • VIRGIN RECORDS - PLYMOUTH
MR. PICKWICK - CAMBORNE • JAMES MUSIC - PENZANCE •
SOUND MACHINE - NEWQUAY •
& FROM 'NEW CORNISH RIVIERA LIDO' CARLYON BAY
2 miles east of St. Austell off the A390 TELEPHONE: PAR (072 681) 4261.

NINE BELOW ZERO
CHRISTMAS TOUR '80
June 5 DUDHAM St. Cusper's
6 SCARBOROUGH Penthouse
7 CARLISLE Micks Club
11 CAMBRIDGE King's College
12 KINGSTON Three Tons
13 KIDDERMINSTER Town Hall
14 LONDON The Venue
15 SOUTHEAST Shrimper's

DO YOU LIKE SOUL MUSIC?
THE STEP
FRIDAY
13th JUNE
Tel. Amp Management 437 4228 or 434 3611/2/3

**2nd
Loch Lomond
Rock Festival**
MID-SUMMER
SOLSTICE
21st and 22nd JUNE 1980
SCOTLANDS
GREATEST
ROCK FESTIVAL
CAMERON BEAR PARK,
Alexandria, Dunbartonshire

SATURDAY
The Jam
THE TOURISTS
The Only Ones
Bad Manners
The Chords
The Regents
STIFF
LITTLE
FINGERS

SUNDAY
WISHBONE
ASH
WILD HORSES
GILLAN
KROKUS
Indisfarne

HURRY
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TICKETS AVAILABLE
from the following agents:-
(25p Extra Booking Fee!)

ABERDEEN The Other Record Shop	EDINBURGH Listen Records The Other Record Shop Virgin Records	LONDON Virgin Megastore
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*THE MANAGEMENT RESERVES THE RIGHT TO ALTER THE PROGRAMME WITHOUT PRIOR NOTICE!
JOHN CAULFIELD for MUSIC FESTIVALS (Scotland) LTD. CAMERON BEAR PARK, Alexandria, Dunbartonshire

TICKETS
(ADVANCE BOOKING)
DAY TICKETS
£6.50
£7.50 ON THE DAY
WEEKEND
£12.00
CAMPING,
CAR/COACH PARKING,
REFRESHMENTS, ETC.
AVAILABLE

THE Venue
160 VICTORIA ST. SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5882

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O.'s only) from The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing
7pm-3am.

Weds 11th £2.00
BLACK SLATE

Thurs 12th £2.00
HOLDSWORTH & CO

Fri 13th £3.00
ROOT JACKSON AND THE G.B. BLUES COMPANY

Sat 14th £3.00
9 BELOW ZERO + SUPPORT

Sun 15th £2.50
GONZALEZ

Mon 16th £2.50
FALL OUT + LAST CHANCE

Tues 17th £2.00
SNIPS + MODERN MAN

Weds 18th £2.00
SUPERCHARGE

Thurs 19th £3.00
ROBERT HUNTER

Fri 20th-Sun 22nd £3.75
DENNY LAINE & HIS BAND
featuring STEVE HOLLY, JO JO LAINE, ANDY RICHARDS, GORDON CELLAR, MIKE PIGGOT PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS DUFFO + EXVI

Mon 23rd-Thurs 26th £4.50
STEVE HARLEY & COCKNEY REBEL
plus special guests, THE PARANOIDS

Friday 27th £3.50
MINK DEVILLE

Sat 28th £3.00
MICKY JUPP

Sun 29th £3.00
MELODY MAKER BATTLE OF THE BANDS

Mon 30th £3.50
IAN MATTHEWS

Coming Soon Weds 2nd
JIMMY CLIFF
(2 shows, 8.15 & 10.45)

ALTERNATIVE2
on Broadway
CLARENDON HOTEL
On the roundabout, Hammersmith

This Thurs June 12th 8 pm
"SWEET SOUL"
RED BEANS & RICE
+ Icarus reggae
Tickets: £1.75 in advance £2.00 on door

Next Thurs June 19th 8 pm
"ERIC'S IMMORTAL"
PINK MILITARY
+ Icarus + Straps
Tickets: £1.75 in advance £2.00 on door
Rough Trade, Virgin Ticket Machine, Beggars Banquet (Earls Ct) L.T.B.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
BUDGIE
SLEDGEHAMMER
SHAKIN' STREET
VARDIS
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 29th JUNE at 7-30
TICKETS £3.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 12th June 60p
ANGELO PALIDINO
+ The Rest

Friday 13th June 80p
JACKIE LYNTON

Saturday 14th June £1
SYNCEROS

Sunday 15th June £1.50
GINGER BAKERS
Energy & Untouchable

Monday 16th June 60p
WASTED YOUTH
+ Naked Lunch

Tuesday 17th June 60p
TURBO
Featuring Tony McPhee of Groundhog fame
+ Spare Parts

Wednesday 18th June 60p
REEL TO REEL
+ Shadows Records Night 3 Singles
Flatbackers Red

Thursday 19th June 60p
ANGELO PALIDINO
+ The Spoilers

YMCA 112 GT RUSSELL ST., WC 1
01-636 7289
Y STUDIOS PRESENT

Saturday June 14th
ORIGINAL MIRRORS
+ The Spectres
Tickets £2.00 advance, £2.50 on the door.

Saturday June 28th
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
+ Support
Tickets £2.00 advance £2.50 on the door.
Tickets available from: Y-Studios, Virgin Ticket Machine, L.T.B
Postal Applications from Y-Studios S.A.E.

GUY JACKSON
appearing at
Leicester University
June 19th
York University
June 23rd
Leeds University (early)
June 25th
York University (later)
June 25th
Wakefield Unity Hall
June 27th
with Gary Glitter
Info from 01-950 1491

THE COFFIN CLUB
Presents
PSYCHEDELIC FURS
+ Support
Saturday June 14th 7.45 p.m.
The Paddock, Weadon Road, Harpole, Northampton.
One mile off the M1 Junction 16.
Tickets available,
Rags Clothing Co., 49 Kettering Road, Northampton or pay on the door.
Tel: Northampton 38139 for any further details.

PRESENTING
TRANZISTA
Something Different
Look Out For Them
ENQUIRIES:
RAY 0223-47802

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Road N.1.
WED JUNE 18th
The
MODS
Adm 50p Coming.....
Wed 25th The King Beez

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 11th June 75p
THE CANNIBALS

Thursday 12th June 75p
THE AGENTS

Friday 13th June £1
THE KEYS

Saturday 14th June £1
JOHNNY MARS 7th SUN

Sunday 15th June 75p
THE PLAGUE

Monday 16th June FREE
THE SMALL BROTHERS

Tuesday 17th June
CLOSED FOR PRIVATE FUNCTION

Wednesday 18th June £1
THE SOFT BOYS

CRYSTAL PALACE HOTEL
ANERLY HILL, UPPER NORWOOD
NINE BELOW ZERO
SPECIAL GUEST
HAZEL O'CONNOR'S FUNDAMENTALS
MONDAY 23rd JUNE at 7-30
PAY ON THE DOOR £1-50

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
LAST TWO DAYS OF THE FUTURE SHOCK FESTIVAL WITH
DEVICE
THU 12 The B52's rhythms with wit-tier lyrics & arrangements. THE CALCOONS sing
X-EFFECTS
FRI 13! Making waves in the night peoples subconscious with their clever & catchy songs underpinned by trilling keyboards. E.M.F. support
THE DANCE BAND
SAT 14 Too good to miss said Santos. Their set of 60's soul makes you realise how crummy disco is
ORANGE CARDIGAN BADACTORS
SUN 15 TEMPORARY TITLE
THE 300M
MON 16 + WAVE BAND
THE VIEWERS
TUE 17 + THE MIGHTY SISTERS
ANY TROUBLE
WED 18 Sort of Joe Jackson Top 40 sound!!
EXPRESSO'S
THU 19 Sandle, Drew Shapiro, Stones, Jakes, influences
The Doors open 8.45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7.30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails right thru. Our restaurant is open 8.30 till last orders at 11.45pm Monday thru Saturday. We are on the corner of King St & James St. old Covent Garden (100m from tube station).
PHONE: 240-3961

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday 12th June
SPIDER

Friday 13th June
CLIENTELLE

Saturday 14th June
CAR THIEVES

Sunday 15th June
DAVE BLOSSE BAND

Tuesday 17th June
ONE EYED JACK

101 CLUB
101 St Johns Hill : 01-223 8557
Wednesday 11th June
FAD GADGET
+ Support
Thursday 12th June
RICKY COOL & THE RIALTOS
+ Support
Friday 13th June
Closed for Private Function
Saturday 14th June
THE 45's + Voxpop
Sunday 15th June
THE VALENTINES
+ The Cheaters
Monday 16th June
THE TINS + Cable Car
Tuesday 17th June
THE MICE + Support

THE BECKETT
320 Old Kent Road, S.E.1.

Monday 16th June £1.00
GRAND OPENING NIGHT
with **9 BELOW ZERO**

Tuesday 17th June 60p
WASTED YOUTH + Industrial Music

Wednesday 18th June 50p
JAPANESE TOY + Steel Survivor

Thursday 19th June £1.00
SPLODGNESSABOUNDS + Piss Flaps

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following

JUNE
12th Red Beans & Rice
13/15 Marvin Gaye
14 Saxon
14 Original Mirrors
15 Toyah
15 Slits, Pop Group
16/17 Clash
17, 18, 19, 21 Joan Armatrading
17, 18 Frank Zappa
18 Matchbox
20, 22 Styx
20 Iron Maidens
21 Knebworth Rock
21, 22 Jam at Loch Lomond Festival
22 Battle of the Bands
23, 24 Van Halen
23, 24 Whitesnake
24 The Beat
25, 26, 27 Fleetwood Mac
27 Samson
28 The Vapors
28 Echo & Bunnymen
29 Budgie

JULY
4, 5 Steve Hackett
11, 12, 13 Capital Jazz
26 Motorhead
26 Police at Milton Keynes

AUGUST
1, 2 Ted Nugent

SEPTEMBER
8, 9 Kiss

FLEETWOOD MAC
at
Wembley Arena
June 25, 26, 27

POLICE
at
Milton Keynes
Sat July 26th

Heavy Metal MOTORHEAD
AT
Bingley Hall, Stafford
Admission & London Coach Tickets

KISS
AT
Wembley Arena
Sept 8, 9

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Electronics can offer a career with a great future. And this is your chance to train for work as an Electrical/Electronics Technician for the Electronics Industry.

HOW DO I TRAIN? By taking one of our special one-year, full-time courses which start in September 1980.

They are run throughout England and Wales under TOPS, the Training Opportunities Scheme.

WHAT WILL I LEARN? A wide range of essential subjects including electrical/electronic principles and practices, microelectronics and communication studies. With the possibility of six to eight weeks spent in an industrial attachment. And additional subjects will be included to meet the needs of local industry.

On successful completion of the course, you'll be awarded the Technician Education Council's Certificate in Electrical/Electronic Engineering.

AM I ELIGIBLE FOR TRAINING? You should be at least 19* and ideally passed the City and Guilds Electronic Technician Intermediate Certificate, or the City and Guilds Part II Certificate in electrical or

*All courses are open to both men and women who are looking for a job or prepared to leave their present one to take up training. They should also have been out of full-time education for two years, and not have been on a TOPS course in the last three years.

electronic craft subjects or their equivalent. If you have a knowledge of maths or physics to 'O' level or CSE grade 1 standard you will also be considered.

HOW AM I PAID? During training you'll receive a weekly tax-free TOPS allowance, and travelling and/or lodging allowances may also be paid. All tuition fees are met by TOPS.

WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT A COURSE IN ELECTRONICS? All you need to do is contact the Manpower Services Commission, Training Services, District Office that is nearest to your home, quoting (NMI).

WE'LL PAY YOU TO QUALIFY.

SUNDERLAND. Mr D. Pilter, Lynas House, Frederick Street. 0783 42811
CROYDON. Mrs. S. Gazeley, 17 Lansdowne Road, 01-680 1411
MANCHESTER. Mr N. Ward, Boulton House, 17-21 Chorlton Street, 061-228 6581
BOURNEMOUTH. Ms L. Sydenham, Bracken House, 14-16 Christchurch Road, 0202 22055

WEST LONDON. Ms M. Robinson, 3 Angel Walk, Hammersmith, 01-741 0455
BRISTOL. Miss J. Upton, Minster House, 27 Baldwin Street, 0272 277116
SHEFFIELD. Information Point, Milton House, Charter Row, 0742 738311
CLEVELAND. Mrs B. Fuller, Levick House, 7 Woodlands, 0642 241071

TOPS
TRAINING OPPORTUNITIES SCHEME
Manpower Services Commission

JOBS . . . JOBS . . . JOBS

LONDON BOROUGH OF
REDBRIDGE
SOCIAL SERVICES
DEPARTMENT

STUDENTS VACATION WORK

£1.64 per hour —
£1.86 per hour

We require students to help care for residents in our residential homes during the summer months.

Further details from Brenda Elliott on 01-590 5411 or Beryl Ryan on 01-551 1944.

For Details of

Recruitment Advertising

Ring Duncan George
on

01-261 6446

START LIVING-START NURSING.

Train to Nurse the Mentally Handicapped on nearly £60.00 per week.

If you're 18 or over, the career of a life-time awaits you. Train as a State Registered Nurse for Mentally Handicapped adults and children and you'll gain a professional qualification (RNMS) recognised throughout the world.

Mentally Handicapped people are usually born with a defect and will probably never develop more than a child-like attitude to life. As a specially trained nurse you would be able to help them develop their abilities more fully and so enrich their lives.

It's a job that needs a lot of patience and understanding, but the rewards are tremendous.

Calderstones, near Whalley, is an acknowledged national leader in this field of nursing, having pioneered many new techniques. Train here and you'll get the best possible start to your new career.

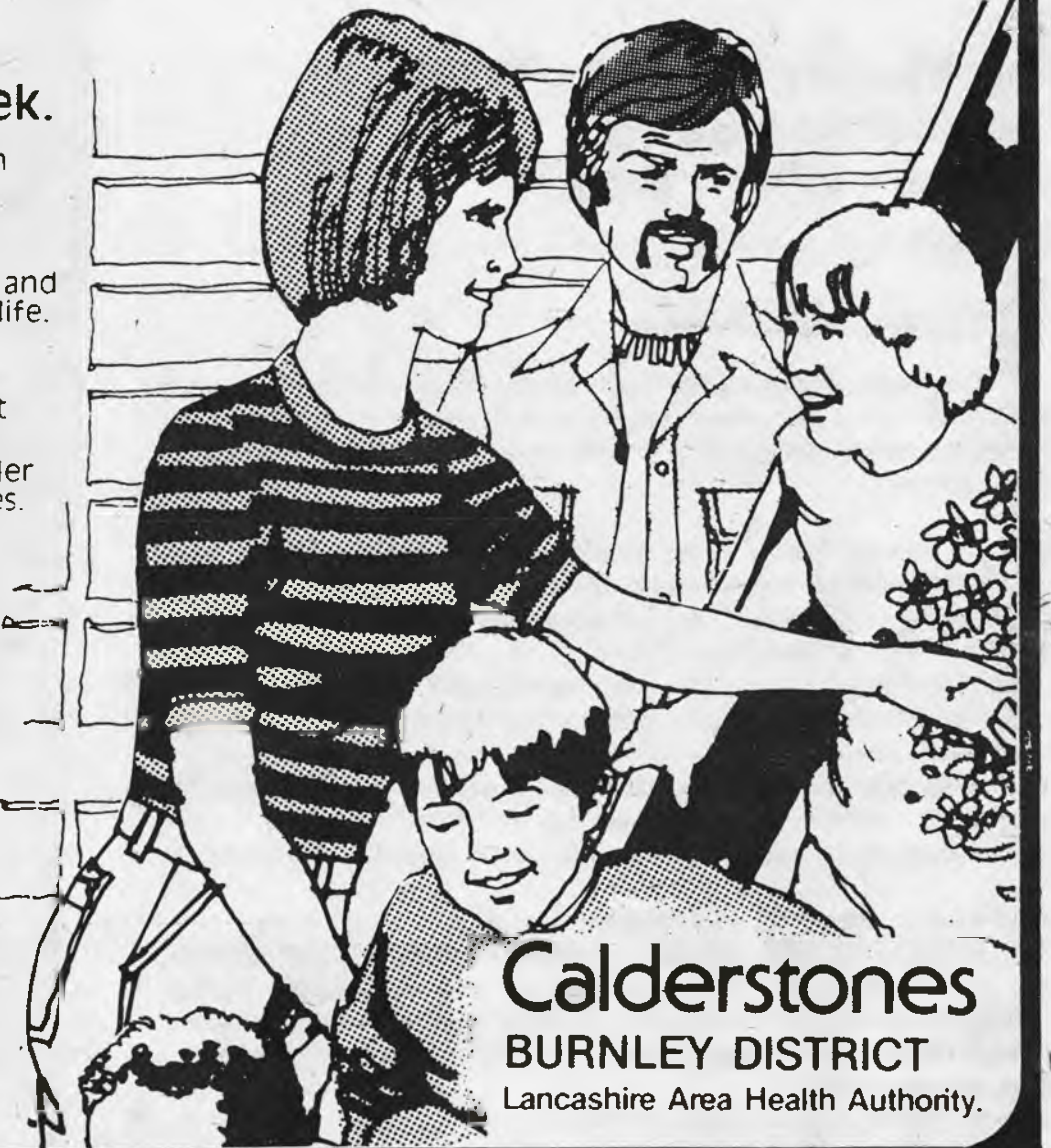
Men or women are now needed for the next intake in September. You should preferably have 4 'O' levels, one being English Language, English Literature, or History. Alternatively, if you don't possess these, we would ask you to take the General Nursing Council Test.

Calderstones is attractively set in a Village Garden layout and accommodation is available.

Your salary will rise each year during training, which lasts 3 years. There are also good allowances for weekend work. Successful completion of training means you will then be qualified to take a Staff Nurse's post and your future prospects and earnings potential are virtually unlimited.

For further information, please apply in writing to: Mr. R.E.O. Dorgu, Director of Nurse Education, Education Centre, Burnley General Hospital, Casterton Avenue, Burnley, Lancashire. Tel: Burnley 25071, Ext. 2167 or 2168.

Informal visits welcomed, telephone the Personnel Department, at Calderstones, Whalley 2121.



19-26? Find yourself a niche

...WITHOUT FALLING INTO A RUT

It's a truism that the career which thrilled you at 25 can be the job which bores you at 45. And for young people today it's more important than ever to choose employment which offers both security and challenge all one's working life.

Today's retail industry is expanding as never before... and a sector which offers both security and scope to young men and women is the High Street chain store. Littlewoods are pre-eminent in this field, with more than 110 stores in the UK, more being built and a sales turnover which has quadrupled in six years.

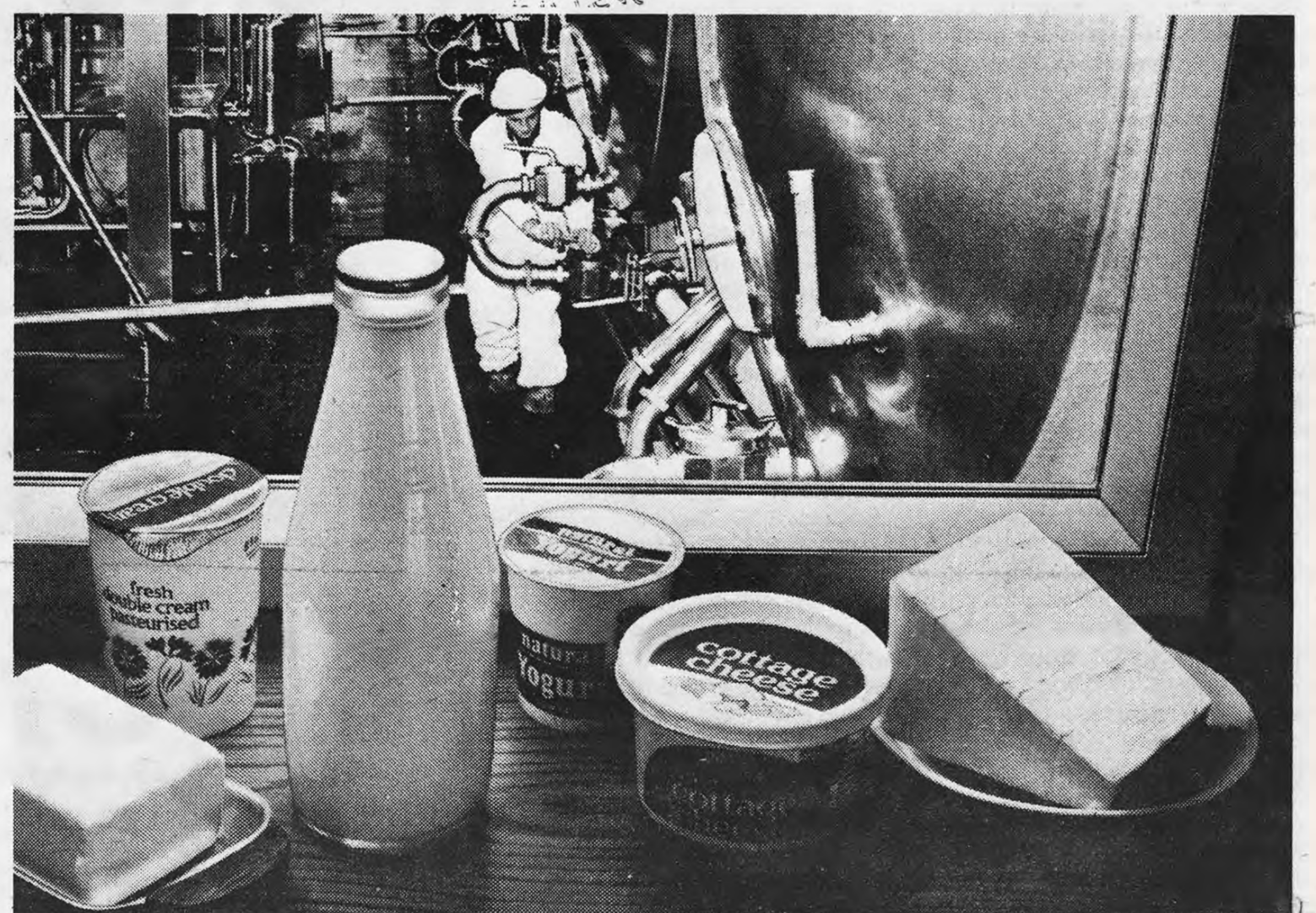
To prepare them to manage these stores — and later to fill senior executive positions within the Littlewoods Organisation — young men and women undergo 5 years of planned development as part of the Littlewoods Management Training Programme.

The financial rewards are good. We'll start you off at £4,170 p.a., plus an accommodation allowance and a London weighting where applicable. Regular increases during training lead to a salary of over £6,600 p.a. (on today's values) plus a bonus and rent-free company house on your first appointment as a Manager.

If you are aged 19 — 26, possess a minimum of 2 'A' levels and are prepared to accept a high degree of geographical mobility, we'd like to hear more about you.

Applications are invited from both men and women, who should write for an application form to: — Ian Tremayne, (Ref. MT/15/NME), Management Appointments Department, Littlewoods, JM Centre, Old Hall Street, Liverpool X. Please ensure that your initial reply reaches us within seven days of today's date.

LITTLEWOODS



With over 30 million litres of milk processed daily

The answer to your future could be on your doorstep.

If you're looking around for a career in a secure modern industry why look further than your doorstep? Today's Dairy Industry serves millions of homes throughout the country. Its dairies and creameries employ thousands of skilled people in the vital areas of processing and manufacture, research and quality control. If you're looking for an outlet for your scientific schooling you could find the grass is literally greener with the modern dairy industry.

With science 'O' and 'A' levels you can take a three year sandwich course leading to OND or HND in Food/Dairy Technology and to responsible management positions in the Dairy Industry. For those who have the right kind of 'A' levels there are a number of Food courses run at degree level, in particular a four year sandwich course leading to BSc Hons. Food Technology at The National College of Food Technology, Weybridge.

If you've got the ability and the potential, the

industry will help you by offering special grants during the final years of courses with a dairy specialisation. To find out more about the rewarding British industry on your doorstep please complete the coupon below and send to:

Mrs. H. C. Hagen, Dairy Industry Training & Education Committee, Giggs Hill Green, Thames Ditton, Surrey. Telephone: 01-398 4101 Ext. 436.

Please send me information on careers in the dairy industry.

NAME

ADDRESS

The Dairy Industry

LIVE!

The Black Warrior. Pic David Corio.

Bob Marley And The Wailers Joe Jackson Band Average White Band Q-Tips

Crystal Palace Garden Party

"... the poets of negroism oppose the idea of an old Europe to a young Africa, tiresome reasoning to lyricism, oppressive logic to a high stepping nature..." (Frantz Fanon, "The Wretched Of The Earth").

SO LET's dance! Okay. Even Marley, potentially the most important political entertainer alive, seemed content to follow the Wailers' imperative beat along with most everybody else on Saturday. It was that kind of day.

The dippy logic that held sway had scores of otherwise sensible fully clothed adults wallowing like hippos in the muddy lake separating the stage and crowd. Others more irresponsibly perched in the charming willow trees surrounding the site. One eventually snapped under the strain, its unnecessary destruction greeted in some quarters by heavy cheers.

As already noted, it was that kind of day.

The audience's one rational moment was their mud-slinging reply to Joe Jackson's bad-mouthing. If the stupid prat thought he could consolidate the current critical swing in his favour through ill-tempered harangues, then he's dumber than his manner suggested.

Some new songs indicated that he's too bright to plumb such levels. The black 'The Evil Eye', touching on voodooism and butchery in Peckham, sounded fun, highlighted as it was by the tasteful line "I got The Cramps on the stereo". But mostly he resorted to Strangers-styled belligerent boogying, which intimidated some into applause, but turned off as many others; me included.

Maybe Jackson thought it his duty to disrupt the soporific atmosphere of the event until his spot. Lord knows the Average White Band gave him good cause. Their languid riffing lapsed into plain laziness, with odd moments of tension quickly dissipating once the pattern of false endings was established. All sweetness and light and no shade. They wouldn't have noticed if we left and vice versa.

Q-Tips' singer Paul Young's fixed grin implied a like rigidity but he still looked vulnerable enough to be affected by an audience. His obsessive love for old soul is genuine enough, but why he should want to mimic the masters' styles so faithfully is natural.

His mannerisms and the band's relentless efficiency make them a good show band and not much else, although their cabaret presentation worked surprisingly well on 20,000 people, too. That's down to their strong ensemble playing and a clever non-stop programming of standards, like 'Tracks Of My Tears', 'S.Y.S.L.J.F.M.', 'How Sweet It Is To Be Loved By You' and 'Sweet Soul Music'.

They were more popular than DJ Andy Dunkley — he must've left his copy of 'This Is Soul' at home.

Marley's importance as a crossover artist shouldn't be either overlooked or denied. Whatever people's attractions to him — his beautifully taut singing, the increasing disco sophistication of the Wailers, or what he has to say — they've placed him in the enviable position of a militant with a potentially large audience. Going by his last album 'Survival' he hasn't yet shirked his responsibilities.

Obviously many people at Crystal Palace came for the Event or the hits, but I doubt that they were disappointed. Having recently returned from Zimbabwe's independence celebrations, Marley and the Wailers are currently expressing their elation at the birth of a new black state through a set of renewed ardour, in which their belief in Rastafarianism combines with a more embracing spiritual love.

The post-revolutionary awareness of 'Exodus' seems especially fitting now, and consequently 'Jamming' and 'Exodus' played out the set. The Wailers' superbly confident, yet gentle rhythms supported Marley's ailing voice. Earlier they radically improved 'Rastaman Vibration' by fleshing out the dull purity of the original album track, and throughout they played with cool poise.

They reinforced their hardness with the warning shot 'War', the victory song 'Zimbabwe' and the resilient 'I Shot The Sheriff', revitalised by the I Threes' assertive back-up. Of the new songs, one boldly identified them with their roots: "We don't have no friends inna high society".

But the most revealing was Marley's acoustic 'Redemption Song', which had him singing, ironically judging from the song's tone: "Won't you help me sing/Another song of freedom/Because all I hear/Redemption songs". He sang it with a sly hint of mockery that belied the seriousness of the subject of slave trading. Very strange, but I'll wait to hear it properly before making up my mind.

Marley and the Wailers still cut it. With the passing of time they're getting smoother, but at the same time more ruthless, and Marley the Warrior hasn't laid down his sword yet. Someday he'll possibly face similar problems to other political entertainers, of keeping the momentum and spirit alive, but as his political beliefs are deeper rooted in his Rasta faith and the more concrete struggle of the Third World, they're a lot harder to lose sight of. He's made diversions before ('Kaya') and then come back.

And with Zimbabwe's victory still fresh he's hardly likely to stop now.

Chris Bohn



GUESS WHO CAME TO TEA

The Beach Boys Wembley

WITH A sort of soothing grandeur, the symphonic strains of Brian Wilson's 'God Only Knows' floated majestically around the cavernous hall as it gathered in its audience. Then the taped orchestra was switched off and — suddenly — there were the six eternal adolescents, singing a springy hymn called 'California Girls'. Applause was roared and joyful — partly because it's a great song, but mostly because one of the six was Brian.

All those golden notes swooped and shone and the choral voices soared, and classic followed on classic like the waves that come crashing into the shore: 'Sloop John B', 'Darlin'', 'Do It Again', 'Little Deuce Coupe', 'Good Times'... for maybe the first 40 minutes the full force of that unsurpassable repertoire was turned on us in all its splendour.

And this is how they lined up: in standard-issue Beach Boy beard, cowboy hat and well-cut white suite, Mike Love played ringmaster, all

hammered-up razzamatazz and show business — still the cheerleader, slipping into nasal teenager whine for 'Be True To Your School', ra-ra-ra; it's his calculated showmanship which gets the show on the road and keeps it there. Al Jardine at his side, in ethnic Western wear, pitches in with 'Schoolday', latest in the group's long line of Berry lifts, effective enough but definitely unnecessary.

Spruce Bruce Johnston, back in the band on keyboards at stage left, contributes to the syrupy smooth croon of 'In My Room'. And Dennis — he made it after all — sits up back and thrashes away at 'Catch A Wave', before slipping off awhile to make way for replacement drummer Bobby Figueroa, one from the small pool of extra musicians filling out the live sound. Carl Wilson, dark suited and sober, stands firm and undemonstrative, casting regular glances to the figure behind the piano...

Brian Wilson sits still, seemingly relaxed but strangely detached, and confines his role to quiet chord accompaniment, his gaze wandering blankly over

the crowd. And the crowd gazes back while the band ritually erect the fantasy he created to its full-blown size before our eyes. 'Cottonfields' follows, and an extended 'Heroes And Villains' during which its writer lifts his bulk from the stool to walk aimlessly away, hand in pockets. The piece concluded, he strolls back, and Johnston leans to his mike: "Nick Kent we know you're out there, and we're glad you love us."

Routine plugs for Knebworth and the new album come next, with a selection of stuff from it forming something of an interlude in the set. 'Keepin' The Summer Alive' is a fair song, despite the sad and faintly desperate ring of its title, but the soppy Jardine ballad that followed — complete with gushing curtain-call for its subject, his wife Lynda — merely serves to increase impatience for the 'real' material again. Significantly, these were the only modern inclusions in a show that otherwise ignored their post-'60s product completely.

More puzzling games of

musical chairs followed, with Brian periodically abandoning his post to be replaced by Dennis or Bruce or by Mike Meros. 'Surfer Girl', however, saw both Brian and Dennis in vocal action and marked the night's triumphant return to classic form for the final run, "Is everybody ready for a full audience participation situation?" yelled Love. And, come 'Help Me Rhonda', everybody was.

Carl Wilson lent his mellower approach to 'God Only Knows', and then it was 'Wouldn't It Be Nice'. Berry's 'Rock'n'Roll Music' had Brian at his liveliest, while 'I Get Around' and 'Surfin' USA' swept the momentum up to the end of the set.

For encores we were given 'Good Vibrations', 'Barbara Ann' and 'Fun Fun Fun'. It made a bizarre sight — the assembled cast danced, sang and generally fooled around in a good-humoured approximation of rock'n'roll mayhem while, all the time, the man at the piano sat apart, fidgeting with his fingernails as though he wasn't in their show at all. But never mind. It was Brian Wilson's first public

Three lessons on how to be a Mothersbaugh. Pix Peter Anderson.



Devo

Rainbow Theatre

THE MAN on the door taking tickets is an American, part of the crew. He smiles a polite, friendly smile, like an assistant in a hamburger chain. "Devo is already on," he informs me, unnecessarily.

I want to tell him it's okay, I'm not a dump spud, I can already hear them, but the reference to Devo in the singular throws me. Devo is already on? Smile. Have a nice day. We're *all* devo. It's like entering a mass rally for the Rev. Sun Yung Moon, for

reasons that aren't entirely accidental. Welcome to the church of Devo. Time to abase yourself once more on the altar of human stupidity. My tomato and I find our pews.

We've missed the filmed prologue, and the Smart Patrol are already busy shoving the poles in the holes. An admirably economic version of the arsenal of effects available to the contemporary touring attraction is on hand.

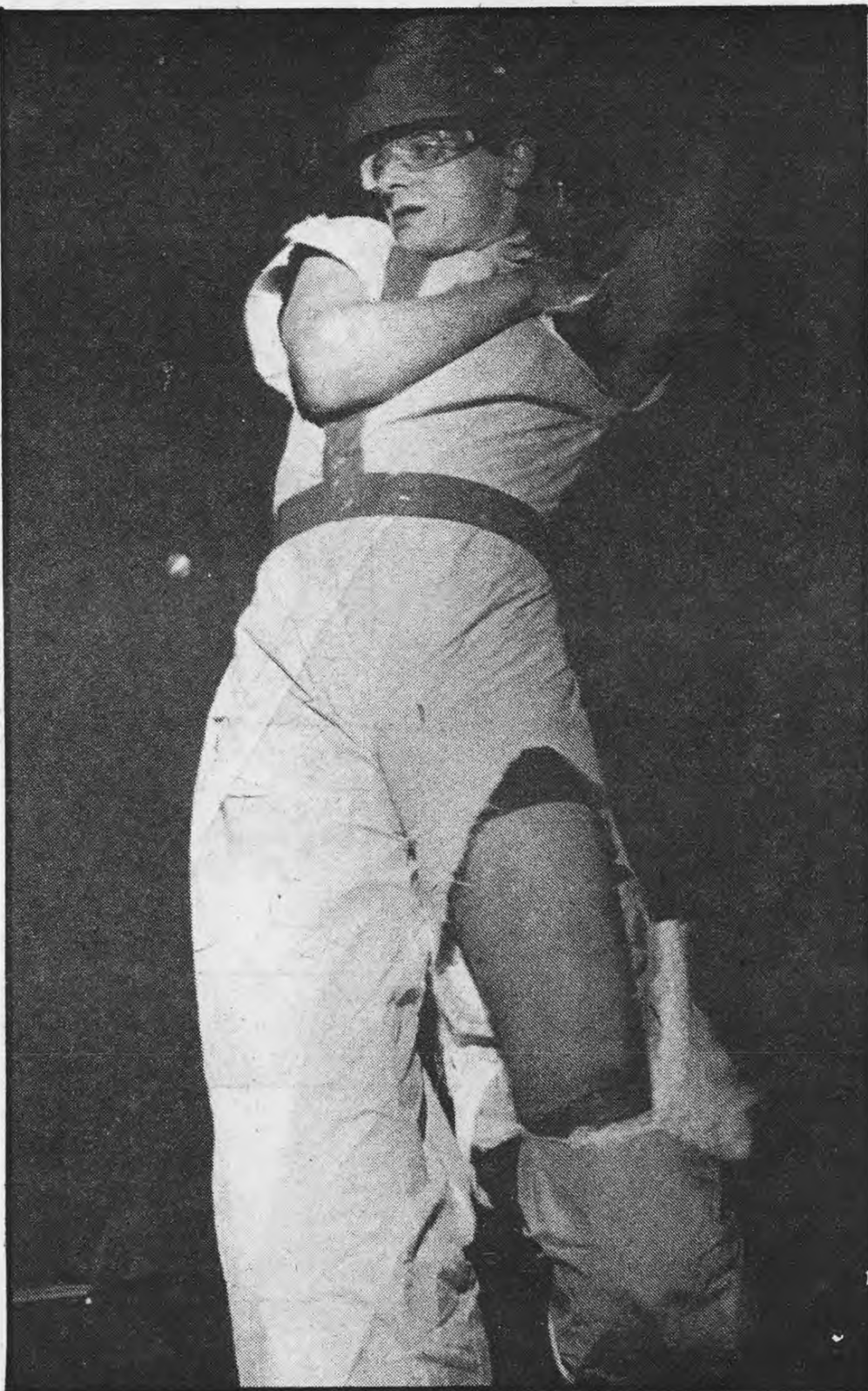
Devo have gone Arena Rock, making themselves, efficient touring organism has taken over the old cinema, the

sort of organism heavy metal groups have to invest in to help build their sluggish following, like circuses committed to ever greater extravagance to keep the rubes amused. Of course, Devo have always said that they wanted to get to the heart of the beast.

... And here they are. They're even beginning to find their audience, to use one of the beast's terms, and it's a strangely average one. Or

perhaps that's not so strange after all... if the spud fits, wear it. No-one seemed to object when Devo shone bright lights in their eyes, the way Rush or Rainbow do to their fans. No-one laughed either, although some couldn't help but smile at the silly men in the funny hats making their auto-reduction of rock'n'roll.

Compared to their last show over a year ago, Devo were more choreographed than



drilled, more of a spectacle than a threat. It's always been hard to tell with them where the spectacle leaves off and the send-up begins. They like to keep us guessing. Well, I give up.

I know that lesson number one is establish the name. I laughed at the slickly-staged excesses of the new big-time Devo concert, even though I

missed the nasty totalitarian implications of the last one. I know they make an heretical bubblegum mockery of the music and all it stands for. But I don't think they love it enough to *really* hate it.

That, more than any commercial concessions they might make, will be what steals their purpose.

Paul Rambali



Bewildered Brian and his bleached boys. Pic Peter Anderson.

gig here in 15 years — and he made out okay.

And The Beach Boys? As a living band, meaning as a

continuous creative force, The Beach Boys barely exist any more. All their glories are old, well-preserved glories. As a

kind of magnificent monument, for occasional inspection and respect and enjoyment, I've got to say

they're in pretty good shape. Middle-aged, perhaps, but true to their school.

Paul Du Noyer

Buzzcocks

Manchester

PETE SHELLEY is someone I can identify with. His teenage angst was mine also. Sitting alone in your room whilst soulfully croaking along to well-worn and scratched copies of 'Love You More', 'What Do I Get' and 'Promises' is something that any more ordinary, yet sensitive mortal might sometime admit to.

No Room at the Inn: And tonight Buzzcocks have come home. Not to some palace-type arena, but to the cramped confines of the humble Manchester Polytechnic hall. Seven hundred people and the place is bulging; packed. Squeezing my way through the sardined masses in the foyer I somehow reach the ticket desk; I'm on page four of the guest list. Everybody in Manchester knows somebody who knows a friend who knows a Buzzcock.

Upon this Rock... In the beginning there were Buzzcocks and the circus electric; a city came alive and were led out of the darkness of gloomy industrialism into a promised land of light and hope. But when these Buzzcocks went away, a band called Joy Division returned the people from whence they came, and left them there, manacled and desolate.

The Second Coming: Shelley returns and convinces us that everybody can still be happy nowadays. The fuse is lit as Buzzcocks take the stage; and with the first few bars of 'I Don't Mind', the place erupts into a frenzy of demented pogoing. The Buzzcocks' sphere of influence extends way past the front 30% of 'enthusiasts', beyond the subsequent 30% 'interested', cutting deeply into the back 40% 'normally apathetic'; nearly everybody's dancing.

The band storm through a mini-medley of greatest hits before cautiously introducing a handful of new songs. By far the finest of these is 'Strange Things', (dedicated to Ian Curtis) with its incessant rhythm and a most sombre mood. A gentle hint of things to come? All pop bands have to grow up sometime and even Buzzcocks can't play Peter Pan forever.

Only the first half of their set is broadcast on the radio — the rehearsed half; when the three million intruders leave for John Peel, the fun really begins. Buzzcocks erratically produce an improvised jumble of assorted mouldy-oldies: 'Fast Cars', 'Boredom', 'Noise Annoys'... And the beat stutters on. As yet another song breaks down half way through, Shelley euphemises. "We're basically not a very good band, but if you enjoy it we do."

And everybody *should* have enjoyed themselves at tonight's party.

The Scourging of the Temple: But I'm worried; the morbid looking press pilgrims from the south seem to outnumber the ordinary punters. In every corner reticent, paranoid hacks mingle together, comparing notes, swapping clichés, looking for some deep significance behind the first Buzzcocks gig of 1980.

I want to seize their note-books and expell them from this northern temple; they have no place here. Tonight is not about progress or change; it's about Manchester reliving some hazy crazy past that seemed almost forgotten. Nostalgia. *Apocalypse Now!*

Mick Duffy

Rock Law . . .

The Police

Newcastle

FORGET everything else. Sting is the next Nicholas Roeg film, must be.

Anyway, before I forget everything else: Newcastle. Newcastle was memorable for the most insipid glass of orange juice I've ever tasted; the boomerang twang of local accents — *why aye man!*; conversation about the current Nicholas Roeg film (Art Garfunkel); the next Police chorus, should be ('Driven To Tears').

Nicholas Roeg makes good films. I imagined him being on hand for this. To cut everything up, forget it all, and dub it all back together again — something like, somehow, the way Sting's songs are produced; or *seem* to be produced; *illusions* (the original title of Nicholas Roeg's current film).

I first saw The Police coming out of a taxi in my hotel room, from TV at the end of the bed (one of the beds: there were two). The Police *weren't* in the bar downstairs. The bar was decorated as a ship's cabin and was full of loud business-like laughs; draught laughter you might say, medallions around necks,

seats fashioned from barrels. Get the picture. Not the sort of place to meet Nicholas Roeg's next film.

At the post-gig reception (which wasn't in the mock cabin) Sting did turn up, so

did his two friends from that group they're all in. All the music papers were there. (I could be wrong — I don't think *New Music News* sent anyone, although a rumour got around that they had, and

he was selling copies of the publication outside the City Hall, all night).

The Police at Newcastle City Hall was a very informal arrangement. It was more of a

'do' than anything else. The individual songs, even words, simply chains of decorative lights, signifiers strung between The Hometown Gig and The Star(dom). In my guise as The Ghost of Roland Barthes, I clung onto the latter: the lure of the lonesome ladder to fame (inevitably, the Nicholas Roeg film): 'Is It A Snakepit?' An empirical study in three rooms, with chorus lines. Keep it up; keep it up . . .

The Police played their instruments and they played them 'well'. Copeland, drums: the cool, correct side of the adjectives 'slick' and 'professional'. Summers, guitar, grimaces: sporadically struck hold of the adjective 'sharp', alternatively, solo-ing, gritting his teeth, grinding his axe, 'stupid'. Sting, voice rather rusty skank, rather inaudible bass: should have stayed in bed for his voice's sake but soldiered — the show must go — on.

This was the last date on the Worldwide Tour, and Hometown Gig for Sting. A two-in-one-night charity benefit for, I think Newcastle Boys Club. Aisles of smiles. 'Are-you-alrights?' On the night. Bring and buy. Or cry.

Everything is, naturally, geared to the home crowd. It's like the winners parading the cup through their borough, rather than working hard for a place in the final. Lindsfarne

pre-third-album Police would (have) be(en) inappropriate, not to say pointless, not to say pompous, not to say that I wouldn't still go ahead with it, but anyway . . .

It was simply and mostly successfully a celebration of what The Police have been and done and seen and been seen as and sung, as far as their audience are concerned, so far along the tightrope. Throw another six. And . . . (waiting for Sting?) . . . the beat goes on.

Tonight, for me a member of the audience in enough senses of the word, it was the predictable few songs: the tremendously sexy 'The Bed's Too Big Without You', which Sting had the good taste (not) to dedicate to The Ghost of Roland Barthes; the tremulously abandoned 'Walking On The Moon'; the high-pitched symbolism of 'Message In A Bottle'. Substitute your own beloved ones: they were all there, four-square.

Sting played at being The Ghost of Tim Buckley, on and off. Maybe they should have played in Durham's fine castle. That *would* make a good dub album: 'Durham In Dub. Y-I-Man!' The review would have to be lost in the post, though, or d(r)ead on arrival.

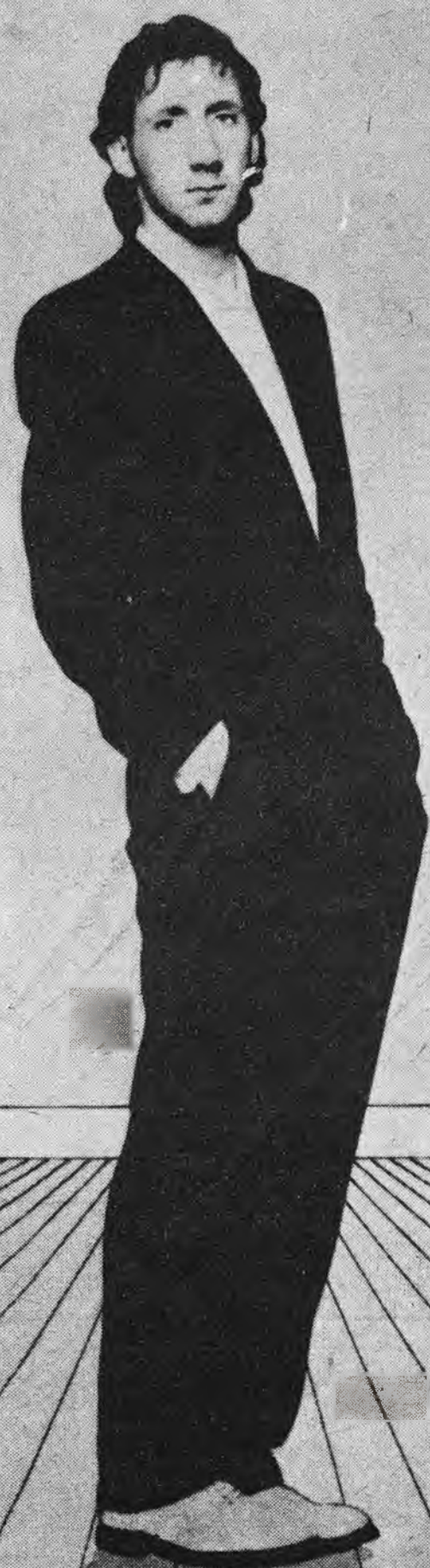
The Ghost of Roland Barthes missed the press coach. He spent too much time trying to decide whether to appear with his heart or his head in his hands. Or maybe it was his tale between his legs. Anyway you look at it, it was: bad timing. The same old story. *All characters, incidents, coincidences entirely fictitious.*

(Now why don't I tell more people than I have already that I met Sting? I didn't.)

Ian Penman

Sting — just hanging about.
Pic Brian Aris.

PETE TOWNSHEND



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And Public Disorder

Public Image Limited James "Blood" Ulmer

New York

NOBODY EXPECTS Public Image Limited to sell massive amounts of vinyl to the American public. So to see the "Sold Out" sign on the Palladium marquee was exciting, and heartening. Of course a lot of tickets were sold to people who just wanted a glimpse of the "legendary" Johnny Rotten, but it was more than that. PiL took a large theatre full of people and got them to listen and respond to something different. That meant a lot.

The choice of James "Blood" Ulmer to open showed consummate good taste. Ulmer's music is as challenging in its way as PiL's, and the two are linked by a common funk. In PiL, reggae and funk mingle in the rhythms as an implied presence, while Ulmer uses funk as an explicit foundation. Either way, it's still Africa talkin' to ya', mind and body.

Ulmer had a full-force band with him, comprising three horn players, two drummers (Ronald Shannon Jackson and Calvin Weston, both explosive), bass, and two guitarists, including Ulmer himself.

The two drummers kept up a polyrhythmic dialogue — a jungle-drum-talking-in-the-night feel — while the bass funk-walked across some imaginary dance floor. The horn parts alternated between James Brown-style soul charts and rave-up free bop. Ulmer's guitar did just about everything, from soaring improvisation to playfully

tossed off bits of post-psychedelic embroidery.

The set showed Ulmer's music continuing to grow into an identity of its own, out of the beneficent shadow of Ornette Coleman and the whole dubious idea of "jazz-rock" and into something danceable, almost traditionally structured (song based) but full of invention, accident and surprise. Surprise — the crowd loved it.

PiL begin. Just bass and drums, Jah Wobble and Martin Atkins setting up a thunderous, wall-shaking and body-moving noise. A sound you feel in your bones.

Johnny Lydon and Keith Levene walk on, Lydon grinning, bouncing, playful, Levene stationary, emaciated, ghostly-looking.

PiL are supposed to be "anti-rock", standing against the conventions of expectation and its manufacture. You expect their show to contain elements of self-criticism, self-analysis. "Careering" fits this concept; it could be "about" so many things, but the "jagged metal-bad life" of a musician promoting his music is certainly among them.

The show does defeat the expectations of a rock band performance in many ways: their approach to pacing is neither the classic strong start, slow down, big-build-up-at-the-end scheme nor the punk pull-out-the-stops approach. Instead there are long lulls when the music almost becomes a monotonous flow; then comes the peaks, redeeming everything — not through virtuosity but through daring.

I expected Lydon to be aloof, petulant, a difficult and un-loveable bastard. I was

wrong. He is personable and open. He has a limited set of moves. His vocal wailing is evocative, but so well-defined it's no longer surprising.

He crawls around the floor, dives for coins thrown from the audience, writhes and shakes his body like a weapon. And he charges all these moves with charisma — that trite and over-used word that applies here so perfectly.

He is a star, but what gives him the edge of drama is that he's not bothered about surrendering that role or abandoning those moves when the opportunity arises. Tonight, his plan to share the stage with his audience causes the set to finally self-destruct — a conclusion which to PiL is probably more than acceptable.

At the start, between bouts of leaping and skanking, Lydon bends down and sings to the front rows, shakes hands, kisses girls.

What a charmer! On to Vegas! Almost.

Levene is an erratic player, but when he's on, he's on. A lot of the time he's a barely noticeable backdrop to the sound. But then he'll cut loose with something startling, edged with distortion. His thing is sounds rather than notes. Around New York, Arto Lindsey of the Lounge Lizards and DNA and Pat Place of the Bush Tetras are trying something similar. Levene leans more to electronic effects than they do, and he's more sly about how he slips in his showmanship.

I don't often know what to do with PiL music in my living room. It doesn't fit in or around the normal range of household activities and rhythms of living. Deliberately so, I'm sure. This was

Continues over



John Lydon. Pic: Ebet Roberts.

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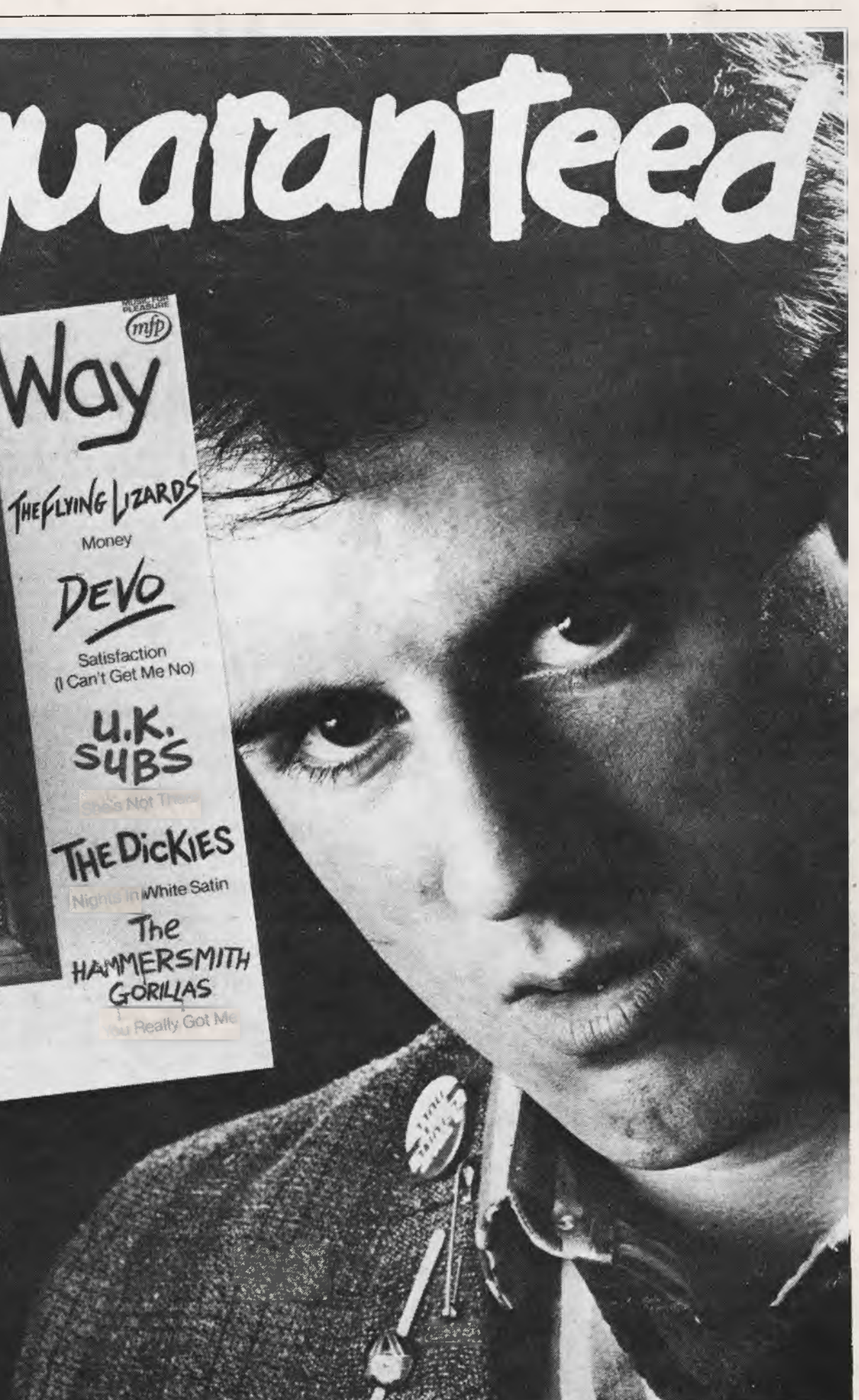
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♦ From previous page

different. The sound seemed clearer than on record, the rhythms more riveting, Levene's harmonics and Lydon's flights of vocal fancy demanding greater attention, and giving greater rewards for it.

Midset, they do 'Public Image', and play at being a rock band for a few minutes. It's exhilarating, they do it so well. But it's a curious thing. That number could almost be taken for a "theme song", and it's the only thing they do that

sounds like 'God Save The Queen'.

After a while, Lydon starts bringing kids up on stage to be guest vocalists. When a crowd of nine or ten punky-looking kids has massed, he hands a music stand and lyric sheet to one of them and joins the kids in the crowd on stage, just bopping around, grinning broadly. The "guest vocalist" sings / talks the lyrics with uncannily good imitations of Lydon's characteristic inflections.

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Derry micks kick the Hobbit

The Undertones

Guildford

AN UNDERTONES backlash is well overdue. Even they must be tired of hearing how amazing they all are.

The inordinate amount of favourable press they have received since they first began in 1977 must eventually create an adverse reaction in someone, somewhere. Who cares if they're an irrepressibly likeable bunch of Derry micks? They're just blokes after all and their apparent indestructibility is bordering on the obscene.

I remember being at school when Tolkien became fashionable, and everyone and his brother carried battered copies of 'The Lord Of The Rings' around in their briefcases, endlessly quoting passages about Gandolph, Frodo and bloody Mordor. I refused then to read it on principle, and I still haven't got round to approaching the fantasy to end all fantasies. And The Undertones may have to face a similar prejudice now.

But in the incongruous vastness of Guildford's Civic Hall the crowd waited less in tense excitement than in joyful, almost complacent anticipation for their favourite heroes. Three-piece support band Moondogs played a hectic, raucous set which was distinguished mainly by their appalling nerves. Although it warmed up the audience for the main attraction they could have been almost any rock band.

The first thing one notices about The Undertones is their complete lack of pretence and their refusal to compromise to the star system affecting everyone from Shirley Bassey to The Police. They probably act the same way now as they did during those early Belfast gigs.

Unfashionable without being aggressively antifashion, their scruffy, down home appearance is at its most effective in Feargal Sharkey — singer and focal point of the group. His old/young face reflects the qualities of his voice which combines insolent teenage innocence with the more mature aggression of Roger Chapman. The rest of the band, the brothers O'Neill, Mickey Bradley and bashaway drummer Billy Doherty sustain an anonymous visual while producing that clipped, concise rock undercurrent that washes through the mind and tugs at the toes.

And it doesn't just affect the pack of devotees at the front of the stage. The whole place was moving.

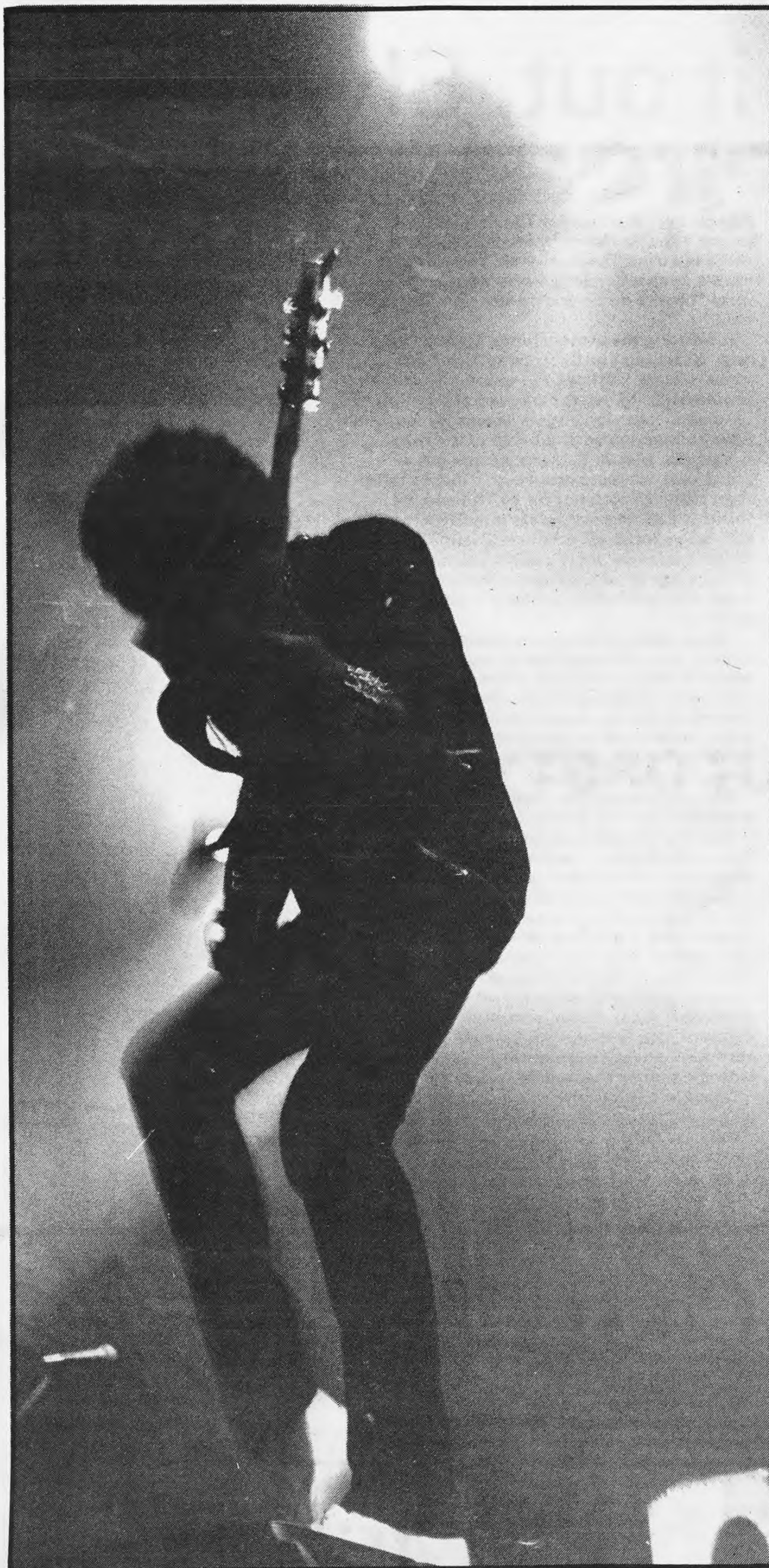
It's difficult to select aspects of the band for critical purposes simply because all the elements one normally discusses are so well integrated within the structure of the whole. The single most impressive feature is their newly-developed songwriting abilities.

The ironic 'More Songs About Chocolate And Girls', 'My Perfect Cousin' and my personal favourite, 'What's With Terry' shine like beacons alongside the superficial exercises of 'Teenage Kicks' and 'Here Comes The Summer'. This is reinforced by the new album which comfortably includes 'Under The Boardwalk' whereas on the first album it would have stood out like a perfect finger among a handful of sore thumbs.

They performed it for the first time live as an encore along with a toned up version of Slade's 'Coz I Luv You'.

Unafraid of being seen for what they are, not what their fans want them to be, their ambitions are perfectly tuned to their abilities which develop at the same pace. And for the first time, I'm looking forward to what they come up with next. But it's only now they're beginning to warrant the praise lavished on them in the past.

Neil Norman



Above: who can tell the cardboard cut out from the real Lynott? Pic Bryn Jones. Left Sharkey grins and bears it. Pix Santo Basone.

At the end of one song, the bouncers make a move to clear the stage. Lydon tells them to bug off. The bouncers keep doing their dirty work, Lydon walks off, Levene following.

"John and Keith have gone off," Wobble tells us. "We'll try to carry on." And they do, for one song, a slithering skanking improvisation.

They leave, Wobble telling us we were a good audience and making it, for once, not

sound like a gesture. The house lights go up quickly. There are a very few boos, mostly an astonished silence, a sense of the un-ordinary having taken place.

Clever, clever. PiL had taken us from that first rush of curious anticipation and craning of necks to the state of being provoked, excited, full of questions. The best state of mind, in short, in which to leave an anti-rock concert.

Richard Grabel

Thin Lizzy

Newcastle

A SHRILL whistle sets the whole hall shrieking and as the first wave of hysteria subsides it's replaced by a tumult that suggests the show has started. But it hasn't. The cause of the applause is a rather ordinary roadie who's wandered onstage; for the tenth time in as many minutes I wonder weakly at this strange sequence of ritual worship.

Next there's an explosion so enormous I fear it's part of a plot to sabotage Thin Lizzy. But the audience leap from their seats, surge

into the aisles and although the stage is still obscured by smoke, the uproar is such it makes the previous enthusiasm look a little lame.

This is indeed dementia: invisible guitars materialise all around me; heads flail madly in a determined attempt to grow so giddy they lose even what remains of their senses. And beside me someone springs on a seat, bawls "LIZZY" in tones that imply only they can save him from some terrible torment.

Then, overcome by emotion, he loses his balance, grabs my shoulder for support and we both topple backwards into the row behind.

I recover and edge towards the safety of an invisible guitarist whose studied concentration suggests he's a more sensitive soul and with some trepidation contemplate the stage.

But Thin Lizzy themselves are a soothing sight and it's impossible to relate such a pretty picture with the chaos it's causing.

Lots of lovely lights show the familiar figure of Phil Lynott, a thin line of devil-may-care moustache above his lips, leather jacket open over silver neckerchief and coffee-coloured chest. The two guitarists sport pudding-basin page-boys that are a truculent compromise between long and short hair. One is blonde; one is brunette; both wear black and silver and brand new boots and the entire trio flounce and romp round the stage like the male equivalent of Charlie's Angels. Their shiny hairstyles frame arranged expressions; they smile frequently to show rows of pearly teeth and every so often one of them leaps lightly on a monitor and pouts and poses with the pleasure and pain of it all.

The Human Face of Heavy Rock introduces the number in his lush accent and makes lots of announcements that include the word "Newcastle": "Newcastle Brown", "Newcastle City", plain "Newcastle", even "Sunderland" for luck; whatever he says the reaction is the same. They cheer the start of a song and they cheer at the end of it; they cheer all the solos; they even cheer when he coughs.

Songs from the last album, bits from the next, selections from 'Solo In Soho' and old standards like 'The Boys Are Back In Town' and 'Don't Believe A Word' are crushed, chewed and spewed out smoothly in a show that's so polished it reflects nothing but its own empty shine.

Personally I prefer the quieter interludes when the guitars stop smirking and howl sympathetically and a spot lights Lynott who sings lovesongs looking rakishly sly. To their credit Thin Lizzy have never been a band for Boys Only and I witness the touching spectacle of mixed head-banging as devoted couples tenderly mingle manes.

The show lasts over two hours. I yawn, I sigh, I shift from foot to foot as thunder-flashes, dry-ice, the illuminated Thin Lizzy logo and set pieces like both guitarists nestling up to each other while Lynott looks on like a fond father or Phil himself reflecting a spot light on his bass and bouncing it back into the clamouring crowd all follow each other in formal succession.

It's all part of the same fairy-tale that through rock and roll you can go from mundane rags to all sorts of riches. Identify with Thin Lizzy and you too can conquer the stage or even Life itself with the careless ease of the glamorous, big-brother-hero. They even come complete with a Prince Charming who is at least honestly dishonest and has a sense of humour. Any man who can spotlight a cardboard cut-out of himself (it's cheered of course, both when they think it's him and when they realise it isn't) deserves the credit for knowing what principles he's playing with.

Thin Lizzy are as shallow as a huge Hollywood musical that's extravagant, spectacular and entirely escapist. But then who wants reality when they can have entertainment? I was just disappointed their logo didn't light up 'The End'.

Lynn Hanna

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Cleave it out, Elvis!

Elvis Costello And The Attractions

Paris

LINCOLN, Yeovil, Paris, Lyon: from England's backwaters to the conurbations of France the Costello tour roars on, nightly refuelled by the energy it inspires.

En route, keyboard player Steve Naive has had to pull out, the victim of a car crash. His replacement is a surprise, Martin Belmont, guitarist with The Rumour. The resultant twin-guitar based sound is a less sophisticated but funkier mix than before; James Brown's rough diamonds rather than the polished pearls of Smokey Robinson.

It's certainly a sound suited to tonight's venue. Le Bataclan is a Parisian Marquee, cramped, seatless and sweaty with a strong reputation as France's home of blues and soul. As if in acknowledgement, The Attractions play Sonny Boy Williamson's 'Help Me', a slow-burning, bubbling blues stew, with more than a taste of 'Green Onions' thrown in.

The song is one of a half dozen non-originals performed, which includes the other Elvis' 'Little Sister', a lollipop already licked by Ry Cooder and now crunched and swallowed by The Attractions. Cooder stressed the seductive qualities in the number; Costello is out for retribution.

Bitter resentment remains the stock-in-trade of Costello the songwriter, in spite of the almost "born again" joy of Costello the man. He is still passion's slave, the difference being that no longer does "everybody have to feel his pain." One can only assume that his Muse is treating him more kindly these days.

The change in image is absolute, from the profuse thanks and garrulous stage chat (his accent is pure Liverpoolian) to the ecstatic squirming as Elvis repeats the final line of 'Secondary Modern'. Belmont's resonant guitar flourishes fade away with the song.

Generally, the band seem happiest pelting through the set's fastest numbers. 'Mystery

Dance' and 'Waiting For The End Of The World' (appropriately introduced as "a message from The Ayatollah") are revived with a double helping of *brio* and a mini-Niagara pours constantly from Costello's chin.

It's during the atmospheric 'Lipstick Vogue' and 'Watching The Detectives' that Naive is most missed. Without the spooky hyphens provided by his organ, the central build-up of tension in 'Lipstick Vogue' seems forced, with little connection with the rest of the tune.

Visually, Martin Belmont seems out of place, and not just because he's inches taller than either Costello or Bruce Thomas. He's thickset and often wanders into Elvis' mid-stage territory, whereas the lightweight Naive's role was more peripheral, cordoned off by a barrier of keyboards. Naive's joyous leaps are replaced by Belmont's guitar-hero grimaces.

The guitarist is obviously accustomed to playing in a more egalitarian organization, while Thomases Bruce and Pete seem content to be subordinate sidemen. (Pete sits calmly behind his drums, occasionally mouthing the lyrics, with a look so phlegmatic that you'd think his trousers would have to be on fire before he'd be disturbed.)

But this is more than just a physical attraction, and it's churlish to belittle Belmont's success in fitting quite neatly into the band's sound — as well as adding a new dimension of his own — at short notice.

The different approach is welcome in itself, and is accentuated in view of the precise, clipped sound which dominates 'Get Happy!!'. The contrast in guitar styles highlighted in '(I Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea' is a treat. Costello deals with solos the way a cleaver deals with meat, blitzing through to the bone. Belmont's style is more sustained and earthier, here complementing, there duelling with the man in the middle.

Costello's voice is strained, it could do with oiling, but no one seems to notice and the cheers are raucous and constant. Whatever happened to Paris's aloof reserve?

Frazer Clarke



Costello, the frog butcher. Pic Mark Coleman.

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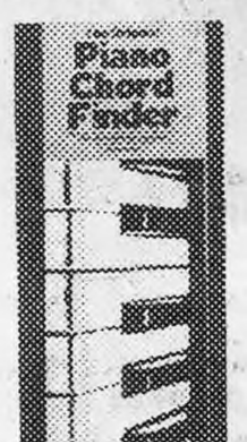
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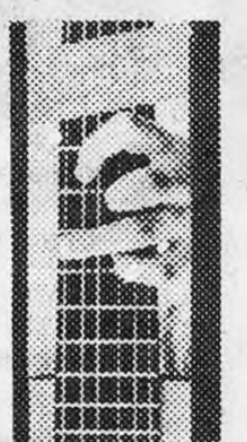
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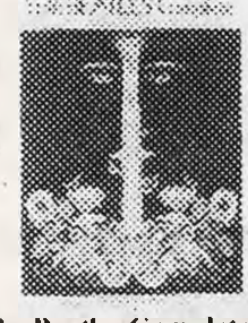
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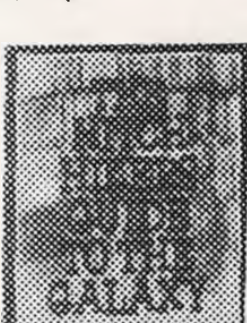
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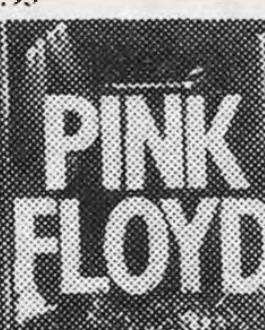
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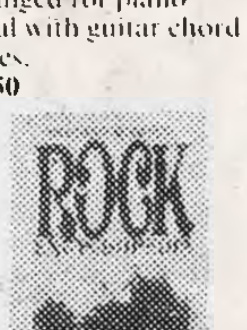
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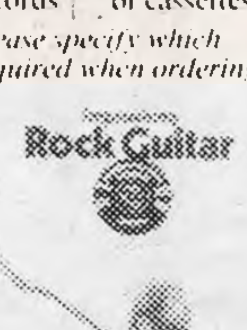
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CHART BACKLOG

During our enforced six week absence, the immensely authoritative *NME* Charts have, of course, been denied to you all and we know from past experience that the more

punctilious amongst you like to keep check. So here are the UK singles and albums charts for the first two weeks. The others will follow in later issues.

UK SINGLES May 3

This Last Week		
1	(1) Call Me	Biondie (Chrysalis)
2	(2) Geno	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)
3	(3) King/Food For Thought	UB40 (Graduate)
4	(4) Coming Up	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
5	(5) Sexy Eyes	Dr Hook (Capitol)
6	(6) Toccata	Sky (Ariola)
7	(7) Silver Dream Racer	David Essex (Mercury)
8	(8) Working My Way Back To You	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)
9	(9) Talk Of The Town	Pretenders (Real)
10	(10) Don't Push It Don't Force It	Leon Haywood (20th Century)
11	(11) Night Boat To Cairo (EP)	Madness (Stiff)
12	(12) The Goove	Rodney Franklin (CBS)
13	(13) Check Out The Goove	Bobby Thurston (Epic)
14	(14) January, February	Barbara Dickson (Epic)
15	(15) Dance Yourself Dizzy	Liquid Gold (Poio)
16	(16) Kool In The Kaftan	B. A. Robertson (Asylum)
17	(17) Don't Make Waves	Nolans (Epic)
18	(18) My Oh My	Sad Cafe (RCA)
19	(19) My Perfect Cousin	Undertones (Sire)
20	(20) Staring At The Rude Boys	Ruts (Virgin)
21	(21) Hi Fidelity	Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F Beat)
22	(22) Missing Words	Selecter (2 Tone)
23	(23) I Shoulda Loved Ya	Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic)
24	(24) Turn It On Again	Genesis (Charisma)
25	(25) Breathing	Kate Bush (EMI)
26	(26) Poison Ivy	Lambert & Knott (RCA)
27	(27) In The City	Jam (Polydor)
28	(28) Stop	Brothers Johnson (A&M)
29	(29) Living After Midnight	Judas Priest (CBS)
30	(30) Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Carrere)

UK ALBUMS May 3

This Last Week		
1	(1) Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitfield)
2	(2) Twelve Gold Bars	Status Quo (Vertigo)
3	(3) Sky	Sky (Ariola)
4	(4) The Magic Of Boney M	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)
5	(5) Iron Maiden	Iron Maiden (EMI)
6	(6) Bobby Vee Singles Album	Bobby Vee (United Artists)
7	(7) Duke	Genesis (Charisma)
8	(8) Suzi Quatro's Greatest Hits	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
9	(9) By Request	Lena Martell (Ronco)
10	(10) Hypnotised	Undertones (Sire)
11	(11) Snakes & Ladders	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)
12	(12) Barbara Dickson Album	Barbara Dickson (Epic)
13	(13) Heaven & Hell	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
14	(14) British Steel	Judas Priest (CBS)
15	(15) Country Number One	Don Gibson (Warwick)
16	(16) Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)
17	(17) Sometimes You Win	Dr Hook (Capitol)
18	(18) Tell Me On A Sunday	Marti Webb (Polydor)
19	(19) Facades	Sad Cafe (RCA)
20	(20) Pretenders	Pretenders (Real)
21	(21) Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Carrere)
22	(22) Snap, Crackle & Pop	John Cooper-Clark (Epic)
23	(23) Eat To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)
24	(24) Tears And Laughter	Johnny Mathis (CBS)
25	(25) Heartbreakers	Matt Monro (EMI)
26	(26) The Specials	The Specials (2 Tone)
27	(27) Ska 'N' B	Bad Manners (Magnet)
28	(28) Brand New Age	U.K. Subs (Gem)
29	(29) Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)
30	(30) One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)

UK SINGLES May 10

This Last Week		
1	(2) Geno	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)
2	(4) Coming Up	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
3	(6) Toccata	Sky (Ariola)
4	(7) Silver Dream Racer	David Essex (Mercury)
5	(1) Call Me	Biondie (Chrysalis)
6	(13) Check Out The Goove	Bobby Thurston (Epic)
7	(-) What's Another Year	Johnny Logan (Epic)
8	(3) King/Food For Thought	UB40 (Graduate)
9	(5) Sexy Eyes	Dr Hook (Capitol)
10	(12) The Goove	Rodney Franklin (CBS)
11	(19) My Perfect Cousin	The Undertones (Sire)
12	(10) Don't Push It Don't Force It	Leon Haywood (20th Century)
13	(8) Working My Way Back To You	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)
14	(23) I Shoulda Loved Ya	Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic)
15	(-) No Doubt About It	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
16	(9) Talk Of The Town	Pretenders (Real)
17	(25) Breathing	Kate Bush (EMI)
18	(-) Golden Years (Live EP)	Motorhead (Bronze)
19	(30) Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Carrere)
20	(18) My Oh My	Sad Cafe (RCA)
21	(11) Night Boat To Cairo (EP)	Madness (Stiff)
22	(17) Don't Make Waves	Nolans (Epic)
23	(-) Ne-Na-Na-Nu-Nu	Bad Manners (Magnet)
24	(-) Hold On To My Love	Jimmy Ruffin (RSO)
25	(-) This World Of Water	New Musik (CTO)
26	(-) She's Outta My Life	Michael Jackson (Epic)
27	(-) Down In The Tube Station At Midnight	Jam (Polydor)
28	(-) Fool For Your Loving	Whitesnake (United Artists)
29	(26) Poison Ivy	Lambert & Knott (RCA)
30	(-) Let's Go Round Again	Average White Band (RCA)

UK ALBUMS May 10

This Last Week		
1	(4) The Magic Of Boney M	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)
2	(1) Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitfield)
3	(3) Sky	Sky (Ariola)
4	(8) Suzi Quatro's Greatest Hits	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
5	(7) Duke	Genesis (Charisma)
6	(2) Twelve Gold Bars	Status Quo (Vertigo)
7	(-) Empty Glass	Pete Townshend (Atco)
8	(10) Hypnotised	Undertones (Sire)
9	(6) Bobby Vee Singles Album	Bobby Vee (United Artists)
10	(9) By Request	Lena Martell (Ronco)
11	(11) Snakes & Ladders	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)
12	(12) Barbara Dickson Album	Barbara Dickson (Epic)
13	(5) Iron Maiden	Iron Maiden (EMI)
14	(16) Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)
15	(29) Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)
16	(14) British Steel	Judas Priest (CBS)
17	(13) Heaven And Hell	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
18	(21) Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Carrere)
19	(20) Pretenders	Pretenders (Real)
20	(17) Sometimes You Win	Dr Hook (Capitol)
21	(-) Wild Horses	Wild Horses (EMI)
22	(19) Facades	Sad Cafe (RCA)
23	(30) One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)
24	(27) Ska 'N' B	Bad Manners (Magnet)
25	(24) Tears And Laughter	Johnny Mathis (CBS)
26	(-) 17 Seconds	The Cure (Fiction)
27	(-) Glass Houses	Billy Joel (CBS)
28	(15) Country Number One	Don Gibson (Warwick)
29	(23) Eat To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)
30	(28) Brand New Age	U.K. Subs (Gem)



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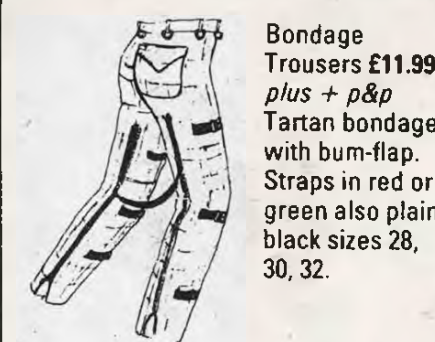
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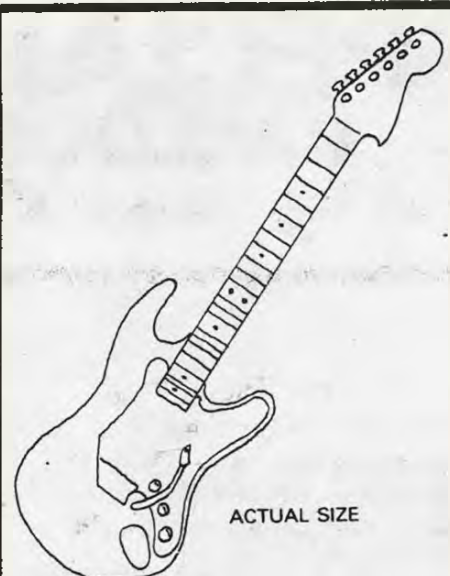
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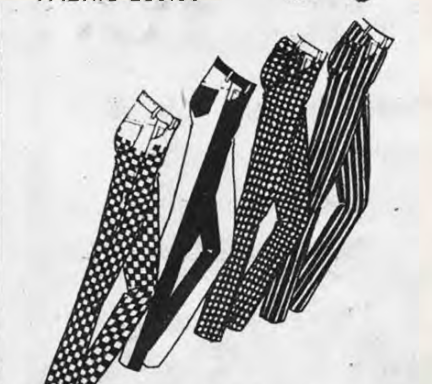
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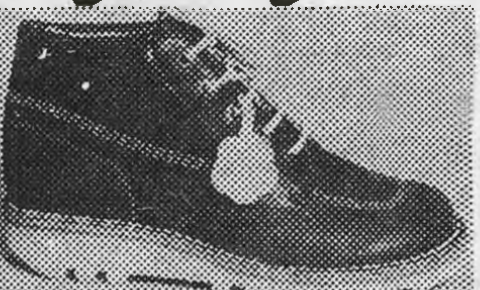
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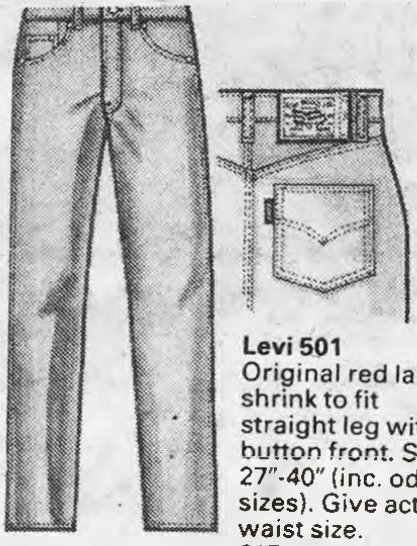
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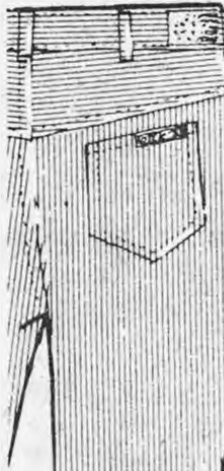
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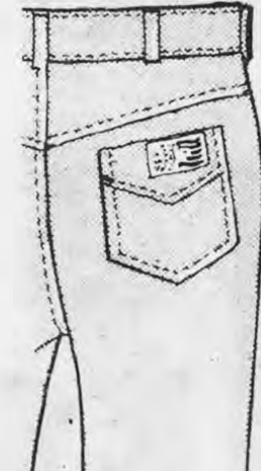
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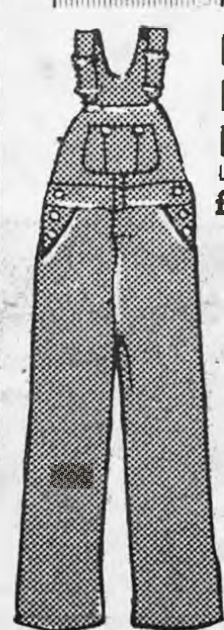
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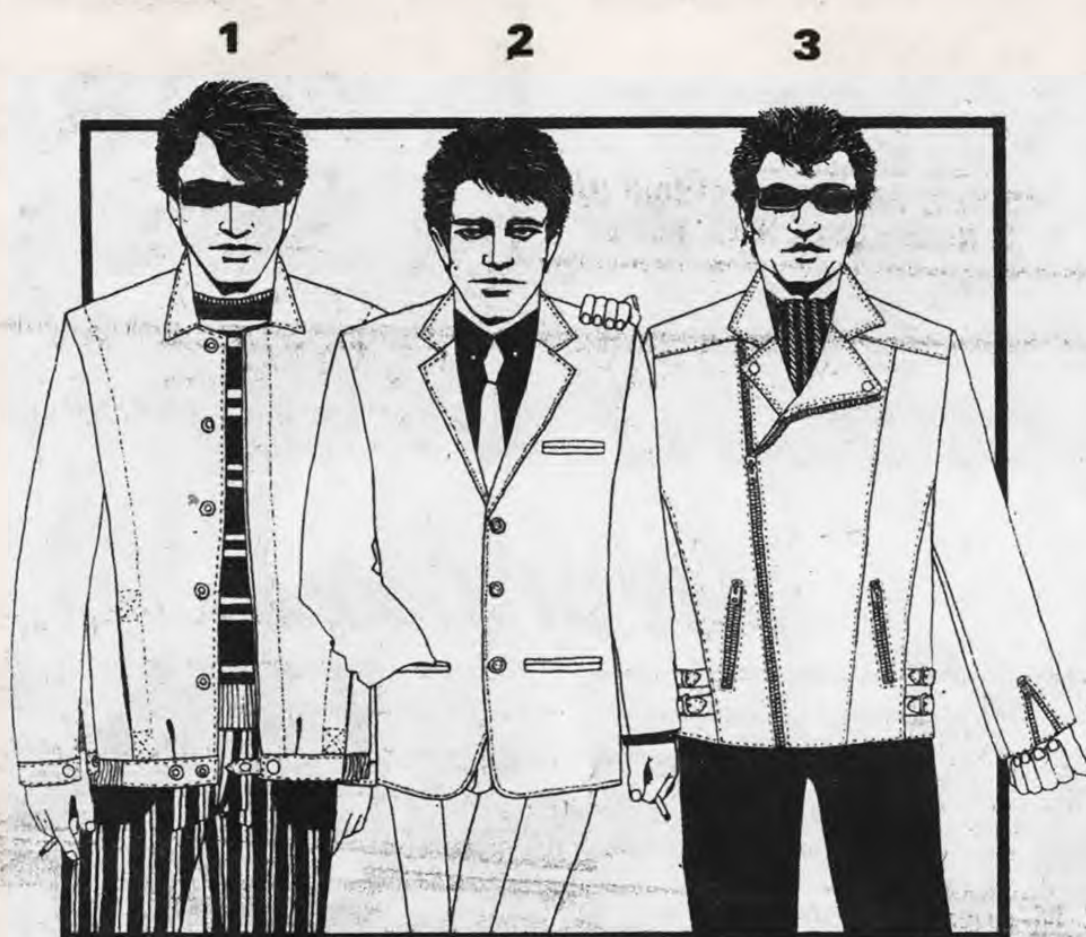
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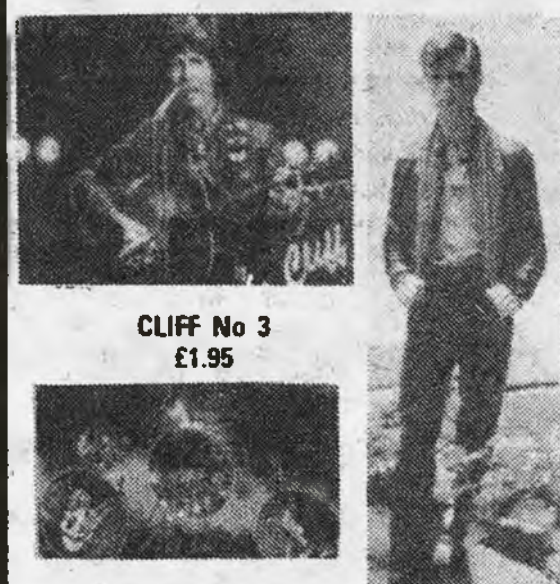
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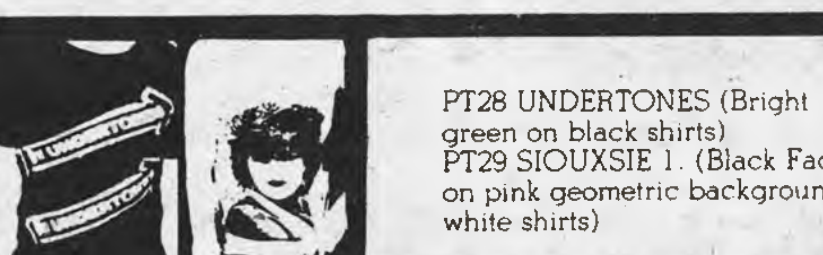


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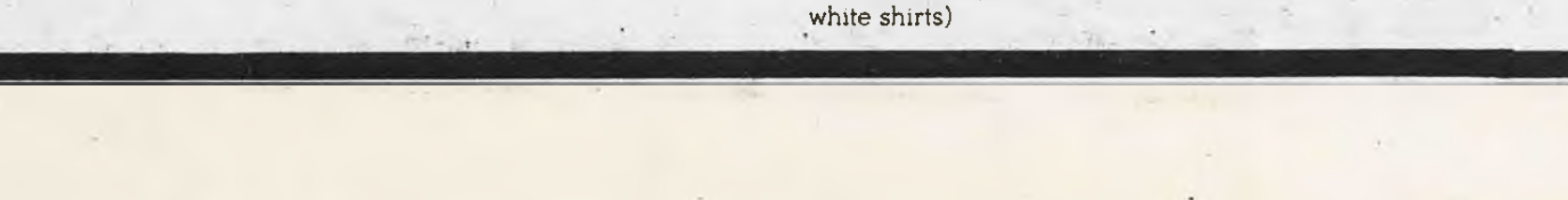
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THIS letter started out as a bit of vitriolic retribution aimed at the wholesale slugging we 'yanks' receive in your paper. (Offhand, in cheek, the snide aside. You know, the casual denigration that casually dismisses 200 million people). However, a hand to the wrist and an eye to the times reveals too much anger and too little thought, so here goes . . .

The vessel you're torpedoing (ie. the U.S.), despite the obvious, is more than a ship of fools. Oh, we've had our share of that commodity but there is the odd stowaway still managing to function as a reasonable facsimile of a human being.

In point of fact, our shortcomings well outweigh our long at present, and no one's moving to balance the scales. The word 'patriotism' has taken on new and frightening overtones, to these ears at any rate. Smiling, middle class college students, straight off boxes of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, make regular newscast appearances proclaiming their willingness to tramp over to Iran / Russia and die for their country.

Door to door distribution of collective guilt is common practice in America. This time, despite its validity, the doors are slamming in guilt's face. Any mention of examining our former relationship with the Shah and his political police receives a patently icy stare complete with cold shoulder. The Iranian's hopes of drawing attention are forlorn. All sympathy was buried in the hateslide resulting from the hostage taking. And of the resulting media attention? Well, all meaning has been lost in the wordslide.

Meanwhile, Carter is reinstituting registration (with conscription soon to follow, no doubt) of all draft eligible males between the ages of 19 and 20. I'm 19. I'm frightened.

About that ugly American shit, though . . . don't subscribe to that prejudice. It comes strictly via hate via hip.

As one whose life has been unalterably changed by English music circa '77 on, what have I been doing towards the betterment of the human condition? Working in my Dad's garage for the past 3 years as car-wash-boy-cum-janitor and feeling the cement of disillusionment hardening about my feet.

But you see, I've bought this guitar and . . . uh, you heard this one before?
Michael Keeton, Illinois, USA.
Yeah. Go tell it to the Marines. — PR.

For God's sake Kevin Fitzgerald! Your self-righteous mortification at The Cockney Rejects' attitude to life smacks of a narrow-mindedness verging on the puritan. You damn them for not upholding a scrupulous morality of your own invention. Why should they? Such a straight and narrow path is not the only means to personal fulfillment. I would have thought someone old enough to remember Sooty would have long since come to appreciate this. What you need, my lad, is a little respect for other people.

Besides which, your holier-than-thou denouncement of *Sounds* smacked of complete self-delusion. If you think there is that much difference between *Sounds* and *NME* then you flatter yourself. You must surely see that both papers juggle fads wickedly and both play an inescapable part in exploiting the people caught up in the Rock Machine. In essence you are both alike, the difference is only in the style.

I have always thought of this difference in style along the lines of *NME* being The Establishment, *Sounds* being Anti-Establishment. *Sounds* is

funnier, more unpredictable and more irresponsible, *NME* is more authoritative and (occasionally) more interesting. That's fair enough. But watch out *NME* that you don't get *smug* — the disease that the Establishment is prey to! Kevin Fitzgerald's article was disgustingly smug and self righteous.

Sarah Tyzack, Gateshead.
You know, I really hate to see you young people involved in all this 'aggro', but honestly Sarah, my Kevin's really got a point about *Sounds*. You know, I remember the days when *NME* and *Sounds* might almost have been allies — competing for readers and stories, but preaching the same message. But no longer. "In essence" — in terms of musical ideology — the two now seem to be in total opposition. While *Sounds* actively encourages tribalism and empty trends, my Kevin and his *NME* pals actively discourage them.

Compared to that, you know, all the other differences — in look, in writing standards and so on — are unimportant (though even in those respects they're now miles apart since *Sounds* have at last stopped imitating *NME* so slavishly).

And as for "funnier", my

dear — well, I do hear Bernie Winters is very big in Gateshead!
— Kevin's Mum.

"This incredible, violent modern attitude that man means nothing, that he's got to stand alone, that his strength is just in his mere existence, is obnoxious to me."

Pete Townshend knows nothing.
Jean-Paul Sartre, no fixed abode.

Come on, Jean-Paul, you've had your chance. Can't you just rot away quietly like everybody else? — GOD.

So The Clash are recording sessions at New York's Electric Ladyland Studio, eh? Yes, the world's number one street credible band can now wander off to distant parts of the world and produce their

'garage band' sound in the confines of the big old ("I'm so bored with") USA. The advantages of being superstars eh? And what's this . . . Paul Simonon flying off to Canada? I really love the way my favourite band have progressed. I just can't wait for the new album with the Roger Dean artwork and Joe Strummer's forthcoming book of poetry. And we're all waiting in suspense for Mick Jones' solo album — who'll be on it I wonder? Joe Ely? Or even Jimmy Page?

Your last edition was taken up by some pseudo-poetic band called Joke Division. Yeah the intensity of their music must have been really something, Neil. I too am partial to intense music like the theme tune to *Doctor Who*. I know exactly how this kind of music appeals to your writers. I mean who could like that other pile of garbage like

Genesis, Led Zeppelin etc? What the world needs is more street bands like The Clash who will never fall to the pits of being stars. We need more people of the calibre of CSM who are willing to express their enthusiasm for such bands like The Clash. I mean he's supported them all the way from the very start and quite right eh?
Jethro Tull, Jesmond, Newcastle.
Shurely shome mishtake here? — PR.

And another death goes by. You bastards. You, in collaboration with Radio One, have caused the split of the world's greatest rock'n'roll band. And you probably don't even know they've split up.

It was oh so desperately unhip to even listen to them, so you just said "Oh, Ramones Clones" — or that they sound like Status Quo so stick them in the next bin. But why? Was their hair too long for English punk? Listen, they took punk for what it was and still is by the ones that know: FUN! "But punk was about anarchy" you say — BOLLOCKS I say. They've inspired countless groups up and down the country, always got their singles into the Top 60, and their first album was the first independent album

into the Top 30, not SLF's.

So Esso, Pete Stride, Nigel Moore and Howard Wall weren't the most talented of musicians, but to these ears their noise was the best noise. And those names mean nothing to you do they? You still do not know who they were.

Roger (I'm still in the Grapevine), Luton.
Of course we do. It's The Drones. — PR.

"The whole 'pop' scene with its emphasis on the 'counter culture', has done more than anything to destroy the manners and morals upon which Western society has been based. In the 'pop' world, more than anywhere else, there has been a systematic overt defiance of the whole gamut of limits which have, in the past, been judged necessary to separate civilised and uncivilised living." — *Mary Whitehouse: Whatever Happened To Sex?*

"Psychiatry is one of the nest of subsystems we call society. Actually society does not exist. It is just a metaphor for you acting in certain (patterned) ways, or socially. Likewise, psychiatry as a concrete reality, does not exist. It is simply an elite group thinking and acting in patterns, with the rest of us colluding. In real terms, it has the substantiality of a soap bubble." — *Michael Barnett: People Not Psychiatry.*

Therefore, if pop records are anti-social, and society doesn't exist, does this mean that if I don't record anymore I won't get locked up?
Puzzled Wavis O'Shane, Frozen wastelands of the North, South Shields.
Sounds like you need a good psychiatrist. — PR.

Having been mentioned in *NME* as 'Sector 25' and reviewed in *Sounds* as 'Section 27', Section 25 have now copped an off-hand review under their own moniker in the same issue that *T-zers* go on to mistake them for the very wonderful but somewhat different Delta 5 . . . what is it with you guys at *MM*?
Sector 27.
Stress. — Richard Williams.

Through your letters page I would like to beg all fellow Yes fans to refuse to take any notice of this pathetic new Yes / Buggles venture, i.e. don't go to concerts or buy albums until they see the error of their ways and get back together again.

Let's face it, fellow Yessers, can you imagine that prat from Buggles(!) singing 'Starship Trooper' or 'Close To The Edge' in that repulsive nasal whine of his? No, neither can I. So let our slogan be: "No to the new Yes!"

Yours appalled,
Phil from Kentish Town.
I would have thought that the perfect replacement for Jon Anderson would be another prat with a repulsive nasal whine. — PR.

I could write to you and moan about the way this country is run and how Anarchy rules and how I detest the system that we live in and how mod is just a passing fashion and rock'n'roll is crap and how 'Eric', 'the naked painter' of Anti-Art is very very modest and why I think NF is for talbots, but I am not going to. *Phil the punk, Bexhill-on-Sea.*
I could say that I hate letters that begin "I could . . ." and end with "But I'm not going to.", but I'm not going to. — PR.

Give me a pay rise or else you won't be able to print this.
N. Geeay.
What's a 'pay rise'? — An IPC employee.

Why don't you start a Feargal Sharkey backlash and wipe that stupid grin off his face?
Willoughby Fairfax, Liverpool.



Bag driven by
PAUL RAMBALI
Designed & built by
CARMEL CRUNCH

T-ZERS

AND it came to pass, after 40 days and nights, that *T-Zers* returned from the wilderness bearing tidings of little consequence and two pay cheques. For overdrafts were legion among the tribes of the Journalist, who had not eaten during their exile, nor given into false prophets and publications, but endured, yea even unto the first and last *T-Zer* ... that's enough of that, on with the show ...

Not to be outdone by Samuel Thwapes a Mr David Bowie was spotted visiting the Virgin Megabore Tuesday last by eagle-eyed reader Gary Minns. David was dressed to kill in an old anorak, shades, and jeans with a decrepit duffle bag over his shoulder. "His hair looked like it hadn't been washed in six months, or at least since the most recent Pink Floyd concert," said Minns. Bowie purchased nearly forty quidsworth of albums and singles including records by *The Human League*, *Q-Tips*, *The Go Gos* (huh?), *Throbbing Gristle* and *Elvis Costello*. "D'ya like Elvis then?" quipped Minns. "No I only bought it for the cover," David retorted tartly. Earlier in the week Bowie (still him), Robert Fripp and Richard Thompson were noted laughing gamely at the *Roche Sisters* London date. David seemed to bore the girls for a solid half hour and was wearing a mac he is alleged (legal term) to have stolen in New York. David (as we shall now call him) is currently residing in the Smoke and recording a new album of course ...

Ry Cooder hasn't been spending all his time in the jacuzzi either. The one eyed banjo sexto supremo has written the score for *Walter Hill's* western *The Long Riders*, an excellent project which features the talents of the Carradine Bros, the Keach Bros, the Quaid Bros, the Guest Bros and the Osmond Bros. Also on hand are Ry's sidekicks like Jim Dickinson, David Lindley etc. There's a new Cooder solo due this summer too ...

AH Crystal Palace! As the Asurf lapped against stage front at last Saturday's Garden Party, several patrons were observed gagging at a strange smell caused by the intrusion of a dead duck thrown at the feet of Joe Jackson. We won't bore you with an incessant list of the liggers present ...

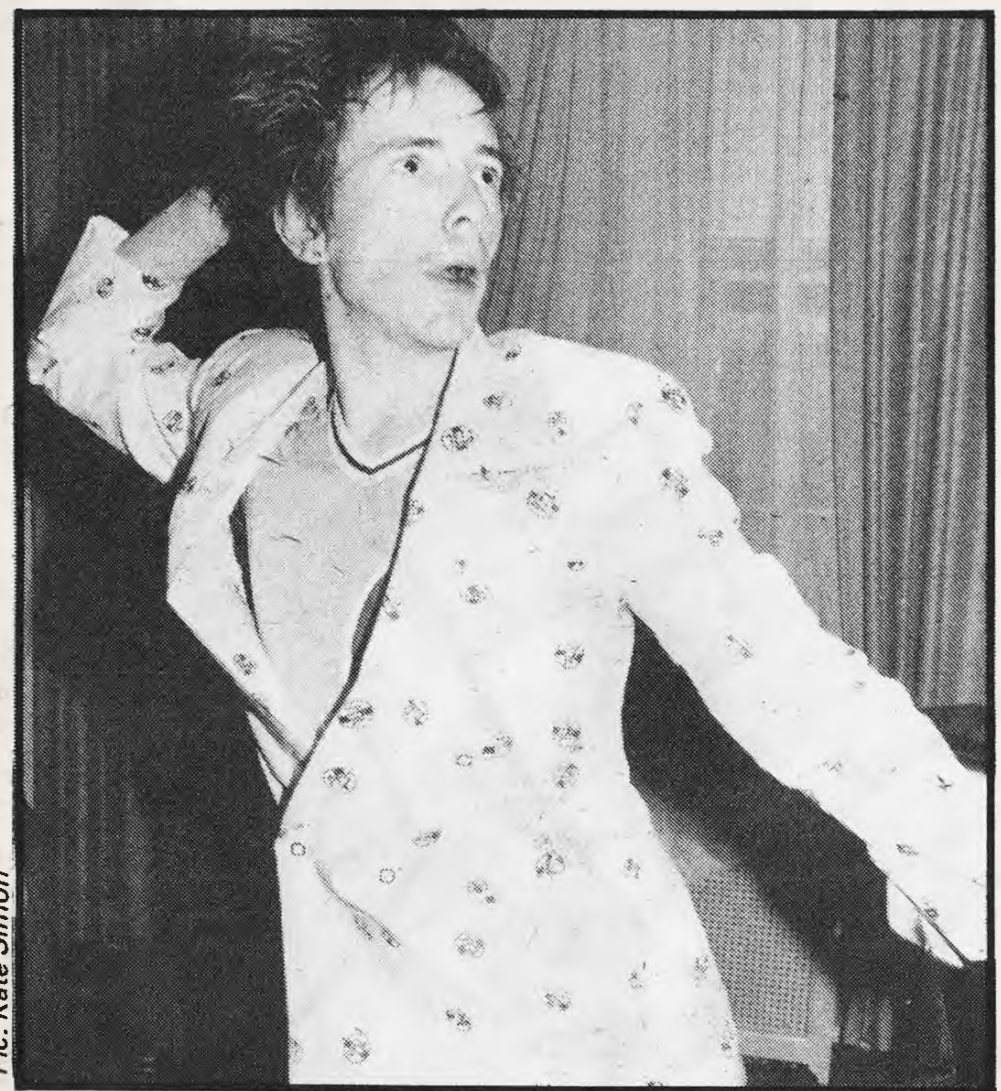
We might as well get the obligatory column of *Clash Teasers* over with: On their recent Euro-tour the Hamburg gig featured a heavy duty brawl started by hard core punx 'betrayed' by the new *Cashbox*-cover Clash. As the fight spilled to the stage Joe Strummer laid one on someone and was among many questioned by cops. No charges were made ...

Support on the Clash UK tour will be *Whirlwind* not *Mikey Dread*: "We couldn't afford it," said an uncustomarily tight-lipped K. Vinyl ...

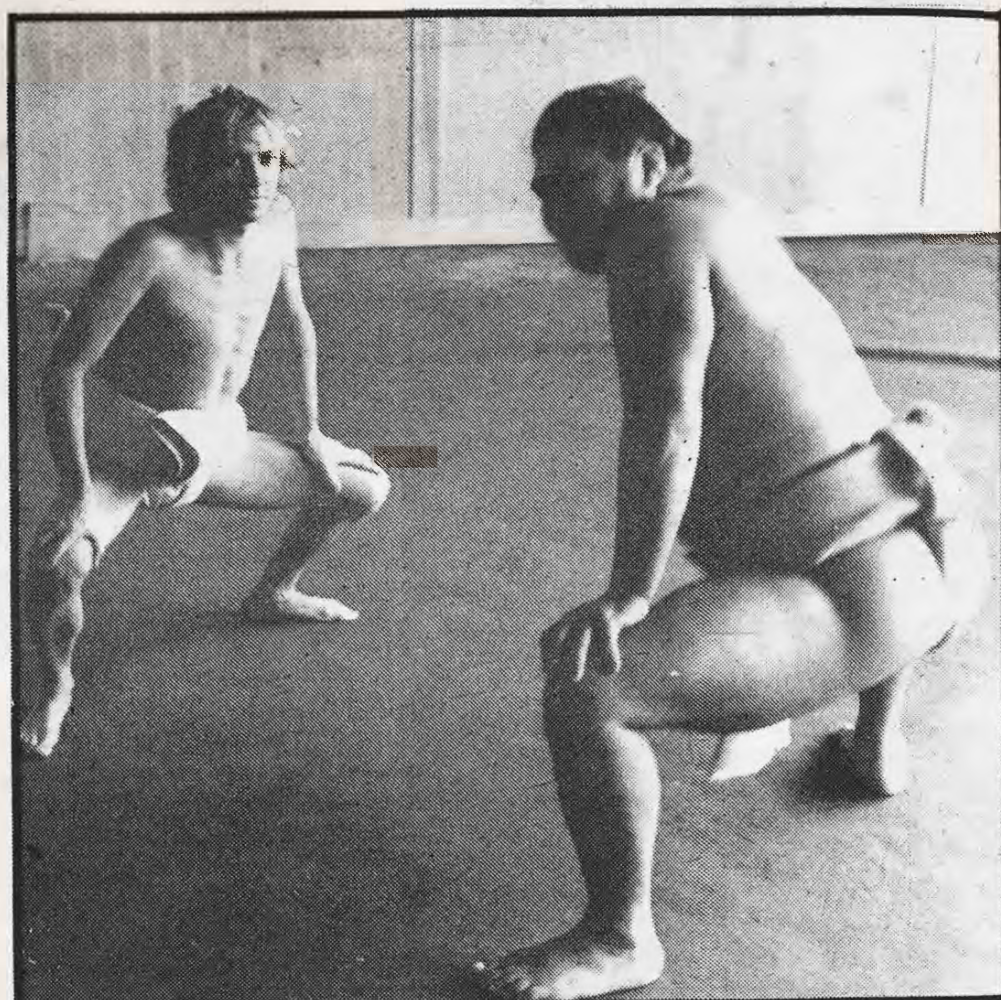
Anyone spot James Johnson's interview with Joe Strummer in the London *Evening Standard*? Joe, alias John Mellor, remarked "I suppose my best known remark will always be: 'I'm not really working class at all'. I've been thinking about this a lot lately and I've come round to thinking in some ways only somebody from my background could be doing what I do." Funny that ... Debbie Harry has been



David & Tripp form a small, intelligent, highly mobile unit at The Venue to watch *The Roches*.



Fashion notes: Lydon takes New York boudoirs by storm in *PIL* jacket.



You can fool sumo the people sumo the time — Andy Summers goes native.

making more important pronouncements recently. She said on a US radio interview: "I would personally like to break out of the traditional format of what a rock and roll band does, because it's really a rut. I'd like to play supermarkets, parking lots or a shopping mall would be just great. Everybody goes to shopping malls to hang out anyway. It's real modern." Don't be sillier than you can help Debbie dear ...

Thin Lizzy guitarist Snowy White (zz) augments *Pink Floyd* for their August brick building courses at Earls Court, the Far East and US. It's a living ...

Where's Ian Dury now that we've all forgotten about him? And whatever happened to *Pearl Harbour & The Explosions*? The first San Francisco new wave band since *The Grateful Dead* to be signed to a major label (no fanfares please) have split up,

sniff. Pearl E. Gates is now in England getting her "artistic integrity together" (thanks R. Stone) ...

Editor Jann Wenner ups his incredulity count another ten places: The hapless publishing magnate took exception to a review of the latest J. Geils album 'Love Stinks' in his own organ, *Rolling Stone*, and wrote a letter in his own letters page; the reviewer got it all wrong, 'Love Stinks' is a fine album etc. Previous cases of Wenner intercession include *The Rolling Stones* and *Bob Dylan*. Is there a record Wenner doesn't like, wonders *T-Zers*? (For the record, the album is indeed a stinker ...)

Former *Sex Pistol* Dave Goodman is being hindered by the publishing forces of *Boosey and Hawkes*, who've refused him permission to cover Elgar's popular tune 'Land Of Hope And Glory'. Anybody who feels strongly about this outrage can vent their feelings in the form of a petition to the aforesaid company ...

THE widely-ignored news *trag Then?*, not content with the serialised paranoid ravings of convicted criminal and well known grafter *Dick Nixon*, has decided to run the obligatory Two-Tone Phenomena story as well. Such is the journalistic prowess at their command that a sub-hackette had to call *NME* to find out if it was true that "ska is a mixture of rock and reggae". As any fule kno, ska is what you get after a cut heals ...

The unlikely liaison between those punky *Ruts* and resurrected skanker *Laurel Aitken* has come unstuck. The band were forced to pull out of their support slot at Sunday's incredibly sparsely attended *Steel Pulse* gig after a behind the scenes ...

The same week that erstwhile tearaway *Henry Miller* died his fellow countrymen very nearly started not one but two world wars, or maybe nearly started one world war twice. The cause was not the *Ayatollah*, nor even those contemptible *Ruskies*, but our old friend computer error ...

Bizarre and implausible casting news has it that former White House resident *Jerry Ford* is to star with *Walter Matthau*, *Jack Lemmon*, and *Sid Poitier* in a new movie called *Three Solitary Drinkers*. Ford plays the president, the other guys do the drinking ...

The *Pretenders'* recent tour of the US of A was not a hit with many writers, who found the band "pretentious" and "conceited", particularly in their choice of *Wagner's* 'Ride Of The Valkyries' (*Apocalypse Now* version) as opening music. We knew it all along ...

THE Low Grade and Bernard Delfont of punk, *McLaren* and *Rhodes* are back in operation together in Camden Town. *Rhodes'* proteges are *The Black Arabs* and *Vic Goddard*; *McLaren* meanwhile has decided not to become a punk rock star after all, and has set up his backing band of ex-*Ants* with a 14 year old female singer who was 'discovered' in Malcolm's local laundrette. Talcy was seen making a furtive entrance into the offices of

EMI records on Monday, presumably to blag a complete set of *Max Bygraves* albums ...

At *The Beach Boys'* Wembley summer bore on Sunday (buckets and spades optional) bleach boy *Bruce Johnson* pronounced thusly from the stage: "Nick Kent, we know you're out there, and we're glad you love us!" Funny, that's not what Nick told us Bruce ...

New *Blue Oyster Cult* album malignantly titled 'Cultosaurus Erectus'. *Echo And The Bunnymen's* debut meanwhile dubbed 'Crocodiles' ...

SO, what did you do while you were away? Not a lot. (You mean you 'worked as normal' — Ed.) Well, *NME's* enforced six week summer camp sojourn saw a dramatic improvement in the silky footer skills of the office collective. Indeed a team of dots, playing a strong and arguably over-physical *Rough Trade* team in the first leg of the *Geoff Barton* Charity Shield, steamrolled their way into a promising 4-1 lead. Regrettably, complacency set in during the second half and *Rough Trade* edged their way to a narrow 8-4 victory with a *Rene*-style display ...

Other than football, there were plenty of drinks and ice-cream, visits to old pals, visits to the record mart with our old and unplayed *BOC* and *Planxty* albums, and more football. And welcome aboard the *NME* ship me hearties to *Cynthia Rose*, *Chris Bohn* and *Viv Goldman*. Now get the kettle on and finish that *Nolan Sisters* review ...

And fond farewells indeed to our more than token intellectual *Angus MacKinnon* who is now pursuing a course in applied ascetics at the University of Cologne. And *Mark Ellen*, once of this parish, has thrown in his lot with those bounders at *No Music Nose*. By the bye *NMN*, thanks for supplying some kind of alternative to *Spun*os while we were away, we appreciate it. Now piss off ...

T-ZERS addenda: Some facts for your diaries: next *Talking Heads* single a 12" 'Cities' with two live tracks to flip; *Ray Manzarek* produced LA punksters *X*, they ship on *Claude Bessy's* (*Slasherette*) label. *Robbie Krieger* demo with *Red Shift* floating around the vicinity. If *Krieger's* lucky tho it'll never see the light of day in an English speaking country ...

T-zers Education Correspondent *Stu Dent* called to say that *Jimmy Pursey* took on the Cambridge Univ. Debating Society single-handedly and won. We wonder if the opposition have had their chance to speak yet ...

York's Red Rhino label will be releasing *The Mekons'* new single 'Snow', with an album to follow. The newswires are humming with rumours that *Mary Mekon* has been seen busking in Paris with a violin ...

Back in the USA, the Meek's ex-Fast cohorts *Gang of Four* set an unusual precedent at their Palo Alto gig when they canned their own support band, a local HM outfit for being "too macho". Wimps ...

NME

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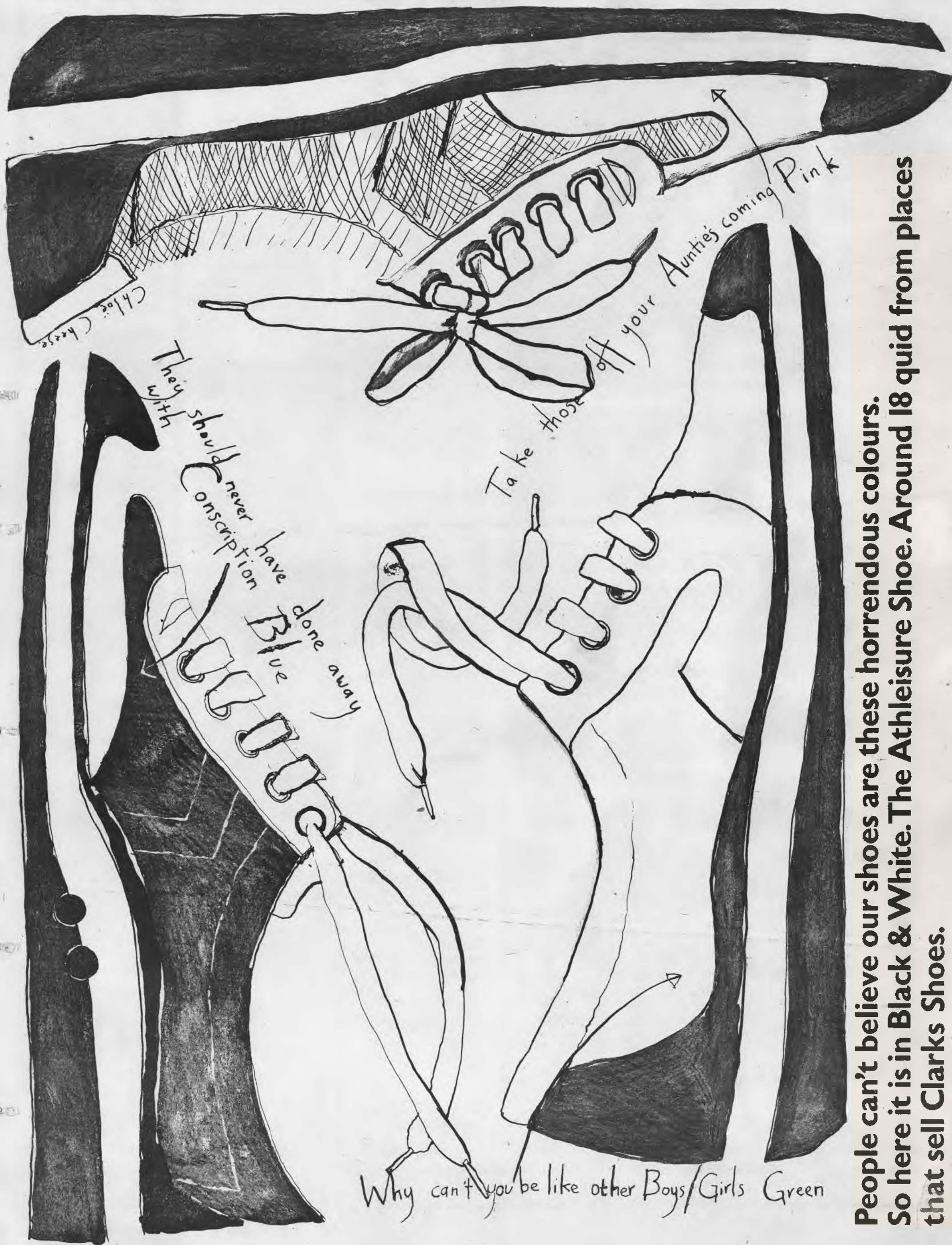
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