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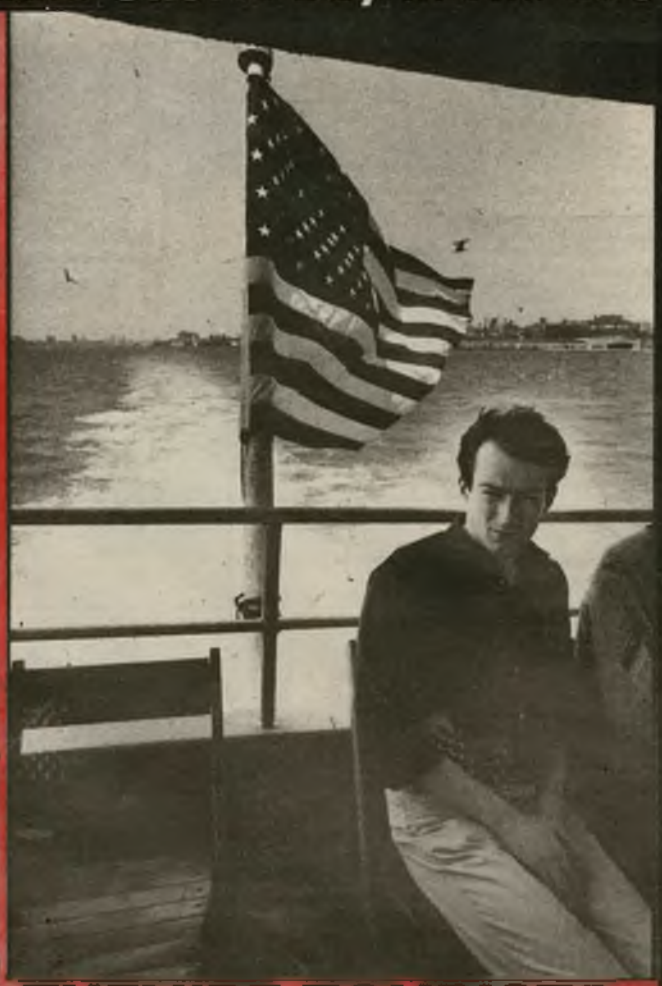

GANG OF FOUR

IN NEW YORK THEY'RE TOURISTS

Gang Of Four in New York: Clockwise from top left: Hugo Burnham, Andy Gill, Jon King, Dave Allen. Pix: Anton Corbijn

By Charles Shaar Murray

NME CHARTS

Week ending June 21, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks	Highest
1	(2)	Funkytown	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)	4	1
2	(4)	Crying	Don McLean (EMI)	5	2
3	(1)	Theme From Mash	The Mash (CBS)	6	1
4	(5)	Over You	Roxy Music (Polydor)	5	4
5	(7)	Back Together Again	Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)	5	5
6	(3)	No Doubt About It	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	7	1
7	(6)	Rat Race/Rude Boys Outa Jail	Specials (2 Tone)	4	6
8	(8)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	5	8
9	(10)	You Gave Me Love	Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)	6	9
10	(9)	We Are Glass	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4	3
10	(19)	Behind The Groove	Teena Marie (Motown)	3	10
12	(14)	D-A-ANCE	Lambrettas (Rocket)	4	12
13	(20)	Midnite Dynamos	Matchbox (Magnet)	4	13
14	(26)	Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime	Korgis (Rialto)	3	14
15	(16)	She's Outta My Life	Michael Jackson (Epic)	7	3
16	(—)	Messages	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	1	16
17	(12)	Let's Go Round Again	Average White Band (RCA)	7	12
18	(22)	You'll Always Find Me In The Kitchen At Parties	Jona Lewie (Stiff)	5	17
19	(18)	I'm Alive	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	18
20	(15)	Breaking The Law	Judas Priest (CBS)	2	15
21	(—)	Six Pack	Police (A&M)	1	12
22	(—)	If Loving You Is Wrong	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	22
23	(11)	Mirror In The Bathroom	The Beat (Go Feet)	6	4
24	(29)	Christine	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	2	24
25	(—)	Play The Game	Queen (EMI)	1	25
26	(—)	Jump To The Beat	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)	1	26
27	(23)	The Scratch	Surface Noise (WEA)	2	23
28	(—)	Little Jeanie	Elton John (Rocket)	1	28
29	(28)	Substitute	Liquid Gold (Polo)	3	28
30	(24)	Geno	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	10	1

BUBBLING UNDER

Sanctuary — Iron Maiden (EMI)
I'm Not Your Steppin Stone — Sex Pistols (Virgin)
Who Wants The World — Stranglers (U.A.)
My Way Of Thinking — UB40 (Bronze)
Could You Be Loved — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)
I Eye/Helium Song — Toyah (Safari)

Toyah holds her breath to see if she'll bubble into next week's top 30s.

US SINGLES

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

US ALBUMS

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

US Charts courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks	Highest
1	(2)	Flesh & Blood	Roxy Music (Polydor)	3	1
2	(1)	McCartney 2	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	4	1
3	(3)	Peter Gabriel	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	3	3
4	(7)	Champagne & Roses	Various (Phonogram)	3	4
5	(12)	Ready & Willing	Whitesnake (UA)	2	5
6	(9)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	36	3
7	(5)	I Just Can't Stop	The Beat (Go Feet)	4	3
7	(6)	The Magic Of Boney M	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	10	1
9	(22)	Magic Reggae	Various (K-Tel)	4	9
10	(8)	Sky 2	Sky (Ariola)	9	2
11	(4)	Me Myself I	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	4	4
12	(10)	21 at 33	Elton John (Rocket)	3	10
13	(15)	Duke	Genesis (Charisma)	12	1
14	(11)	Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	15	1
15	(—)	Hot Wax	Various (K-Tel)	1	15
16	(19)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	35	1
17	(14)	Just One Night	Eric Clapton (RSO)	6	5
18	(20)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	3	18
19	(—)	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	1	19
20	(28)	Sometimes When We Touch	Cleo Laine/James Galway (RCA)	2	20
21	(—)	The Great Rock & Roll Swindle	Soundtrack (Virgin)	1	21
22	(13)	Twelve Gold Bars	Status Quo (Vertigo)	13	2
23	(18)	Sometimes You Win	Dr Hook (Capitol)	20	7
24	(16)	Good Morning America	Various (K Tel)	4	16
25	(—)	Lady T	Teena Marie	1	25
26	(—)	Tangram	Tangerine Dream (Virgin)	1	26
27	(29)	Shine	Average White Band (RCA)	3	23
28	(17)	The Up Escalator	Graham Parker & The Rumour (Stiff)	2	17
29	(24)	Travelogue	Human League (Virgin)	3	14
30	(27)	Themes For Dreams	Various (K-Tel)	2	27

BUBBLING UNDER

The Blue Meaning — Toyah Wilcox (Safari)
Scream Dream — Ted Nugent (Epic)
King Of The Road — Boxcar Willie (Warwick)
Messin' With The Boys — Chene and Marie Currie (EMI)
Diana — Diana Ross (Motown)
Dreams — Grace Silk (RCA)

Orc Mans In The Dark do conjuring tricks to celebrate their double success in singles and albums charts. Pic Adrian Boot

INDIES

Singles

1 Love Will Tear Us Apart — Joy Division (Factory)
2 Final Days EP — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
3 Do Ya Think I'm Sexy — Hybrid Kids (Cherry Red)
4 Man Next Door — Slits (Rough Trade)
5 Getting Nowhere Fast — Girls Are Best (Record)
6 Eskimo — Those Helicopters (State of the Art)
7 Final Solution — Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
8 Squares and Triangles — Thompson Twins (Dirty Discs)
9 My Mind Goes Round In Circles — Squire (Stage 1)
10 You — Delta Five (Rough Trade)

Albums

1 Colossal Youth — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
2 Do Animals Believe In God — Pink Military (Eric's)
3 Heathen Earth — Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)
4 Retrospective — Pop Group (Rough Trade)
5 Bouquet Of Steel — Various (Aardvark)
6 Dome — Dome (Dome)
7 Die Kleinen Und Die Bosen — DAF (Mute)
8 Totales Turn — Fall (Rough Trade)
9 Moonlight Tapes — Various (Danceville)
10 Unknown Pleasures — Joy Division (Factory)

Chart by: Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1 Tel 278 3481

REGGAE

1 A 1 Sound — Sinbad/Little John (Youth In Progress)
2 Sitting And Watching — Dennis Brown (Taxi)
3 Weedfields — Desi Roots (Hawkeye)
4 Crisis Time — Pablo Gad (His Majesty)
5 Wicked Ago Run — Frankie Jones (Redemption Sounds)
6 Who Cork The Dance? — Bunny Lie Lie/Lee Van Cliff (JB)
7 Sometime Girl — Sugar Minott (Wackies)
8 Hear It In The News — Jah Thomas (Solid Gold)
9 Creation Rock — Michael Prophet (Vivien Jackson)
10 Reggae Mr Operator — Pablo Roots (Lightning)

Chart by: Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

DISCO

1 You Gave Me Love — Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)
2 Let's Get Serious — Jermaine Jackson (Motown)
3 The Groove — Rodney Franklin (CBS)
4 Let's Go Round Again — Average White Band (RCA)
5 I Shoulda Loved Ya — Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic)
6 Funkytown — Lipps Inc (Casablanca)
7 Back Together Again — Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)
8 Behind The Groove — Teena Marie (Motown)
9 Burnin' Hot — Jermaine Jackson (Motown)
10 Just Can't Give You Up — Mystic Merlin (Capitol)

Chart supplied by — Powerhouse Roadshow · Tel 01-368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 24, 1975

1 I'm Not In Love — 10 cc (Mercury)
2 Whispering Grass — Windsor Davies/Don Estelle (EMI)
3 Three Steps To Heaven — Showaddywaddy (Bell)
4 The Hustle — Van McCoy (Avco)
5 The Proud One — Osmonds (MGM)
6 Listen To What The Man Said — Wings (Parlophone)
7 Doing All Right With The Boys — Gary Glitter (Bell)
8 Tears On My Pillow — Johnny Nash (CBS)
9 Disco Stomp — Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick)
10 Sing Baby Sing — Stylistics (Avco)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 25, 1970

1 In The Summertime — Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
2 Groovin' With Mr. Bloe — Mr. Bloe (DJM)
3 Cottonfields — Beach Boys (Capitol)
4 Sally — Gerry Monroe (Chapter One)
5 Honey Come Back — Glen Campbell (Capitol)
6 Alright Now — Free (Island)
7 Goodbye Sam Hello Samantha — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8 Up The Ladder To The Roof — Supremes (Tamla Motown)
9 Yellow River — Christie (CBS)
10 Abraham Martin And John — Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 23, 1965

1 Crying In The Chapel — Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 I'm Alive — Hollies (Parlophone)
3 The Price Of Love — Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
4 Looking Thru The Eyes Of Love — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
5 Colours — Donovan (Pye)
6 Long Live Love — Sandie Shaw (Pye)
7 Trains & Boats & Planes — Burt Bacharach (London)
8 Got Live If You Want It (EP) — Rolling Stones (Decca)
9 The Clapping Song — Shirley Ellis (London)
10 One In The Middle (EP) — Manfred Mann (HMV)

20 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 22, 1960

1 Cathy's Clown — Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
2 Three Steps To Heaven — Eddie Cochran (London)
3 Robot Man — Connie Francis (MGM)
4 Good Timin' — Jimmy Jones (MGM)
5 Cradle Of Love — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6 Ain't Misbehavin' — Tommy Bruce (Columbia)
7 Shazam — Duane Eddy (London)
8 Handy Man — Jimmy Jones (MGM)
9 I Wanna Go Home — Lonnie Donegan (Pye)
10 Down Yonder — Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)

NEWS

METAL OVERKILL AT READING

UFO · LEPPARD · MAIDEN · WHITESNAKE · ASH

THIS YEAR'S Reading Festival will be a maelstrom of Heavy Metal.

In the wake of the current boom, the organisers have opted for a massive dollop of hard rock, with only the merest flavouring of new wave, and not so much as a taste of ska. This year marks the event's 20th anniversary, and the tenth consecutive year on which it has been staged at its present Thameside site. As usual, it takes place for three days over the August Bank Holiday weekend (22–24).

Topping on the Saturday night (23) are UFO with special guests The Pat Travers Band. The Sunday headliners are Whitesnake with guests Wishbone Ash. The Friday bill-toppers haven't yet been finalised, but among the names under negotiation are Rory Gallagher and The Ian Hunter Band with Mick Ronson.

Although the precise days of their appearance are not yet known, other acts already set are Iron Maiden, Def Leppard, Gillan, Krokus (from Switzerland), Ozzie Osbourne's new band making their UK debut, Magnum, Angel City (from Australia), Girl, The Headboys, Sledgehammer, Nine Below Zero, Q-Tips, Fischer-Z, Tygers Of Pan Tang, Hazel O'Connor and Trimmer & Jenkins. More names are being added.

Weekend tickets are £12.50 inclusive of parking, camping and VAT. Postal bookings are being accepted immediately at NJF/Reading Festival, P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ — cheques and postal orders only, made payable to "NJF/Reading Festival", enclose SAE and allow up to 28 days for delivery. If space is available, daily tickets will be sold on the gates, priced £5 (Friday) and £6 (Saturday and Sunday).

There has been much speculation about the local council wanting to end the annual festival, but promoter Jack Barrie told *NME*: "This is the last year of our current three-year agreement. But the council has assured us that, if it goes smoothly and there are no repercussions, our agreement will be extended."

More Metal Monsters

RAINBOW headline their first-ever open-air event in this country on Saturday, August 16, when they top a massive heavy metal spectacular at the Castle Donnington Racing Circuit in Leicestershire under the banner of 'Monsters Of Rock'. It's being presented by Paul Loasby and MCP for Woolteare Ltd., who are at present finalising six other metal acts for the bill — and *NME* understands that among those involved in discussions are Sammy Hagar, Black Sabbath and The Scorpions.

Advance tickets are £7.50, obtainable by post from Woolteare Ltd., P.O. Box 123, Walsall W55 4QQ (postal orders only and enclose SAE). They also go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at numerous outlets around the country — see page five for details. Admission on the day will be £8.50.

The circuit, a new venue for rock events, is three miles from East Midlands Airport — easily reached by road, by leaving the M1 at Junction 24. Rail travellers should go to either Derby or Nottingham, and there'll be a coach shuttle service to the site from both those stations. Gates open at 10am, the show starts at 1pm and finishes at about 10.30pm. And the promoters stress — no cameras, no bottles, no tapes!

● Despite reports elsewhere, there will not be a heavy metal show at Crystal Palace Bowl on August 9, nor another 'Garden Party' this summer.

● SAXON are now confirmed as special guests on the Motorhead metalfest bill at Stafford Bingley Hall on July 26. As reported, other acts include Girlschool, Angel Witch, Mythra, White Spirit and Vardis.

SLF School's Out Tour

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, already set for an appearance in the Loch Lomond Festival this Saturday (21), set out next month on a 12-date concert series which they describe as their "school holiday tour". Their schedule, which takes in several areas they haven't visited for some time, ties in with the release by Chrysalis of the band's new double A-side single 'Back To Front'/'Mr Fire Coal-Man'.

Dates are Malvern Winter Gardens (July 18), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (19), London Rainbow (20), Llanelli Glen Ballroom (21), Torquay Town Hall (22), Plymouth Top Rank (23), Portsmouth Locarno (24), Aylesbury Friars (25), Bath Pavilion (26), Poole Wessex Concert Hall (27), Ipswich Gaumont (28) and Coventry Tiffany's (29).

Ticket prices at Coventry will be at a special low £2, compensating for the band's last show there when Jake lost his voice. Two of the dates will be recorded for a possible live album, planned for the autumn.

Police top Dublin Fest

THE POLICE fly to Eire to top the Dublin Festival the day after their headliner at the Milton Keynes Bowl. It's at Dublin's Leixlip Castle on Sunday, July 27 (2–8pm), and the other acts on the bill are Squeeze, Q-Tips, John Otway and U2. This is the venue where The Boomtown Rats played earlier this year though, on this occasion, a larger site is being used. Tickets on the day will be £7, though in advance they are £6.50 — obtainable in the UK by writing to Murray's Records (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), Grafton Street, Dublin. In Ulster, they are on sale at Harrison's Records of Belfast, and there'll also be special coaches from Belfast to Dublin.

Specials free gig nixed by GLC

THE SPECIALS' projected London free concert, with The Selecter and The Beat, has finally been called off — and once again, the GLC are the villains of the piece. The show was to have featured past and present Two-Tone bands, including The Beat, The Bodysnatchers, and hopefully Madness. It was planned for Clapham Common on Sunday, July 13.

Ironically, the event had the full support of Lambeth Council, who intended to include it in their summer festival — and the police had raised no objections. But the GLC refused to grant a licence, following objections from local traders and a vicar who feared for his stained glass windows. Now London's loss is likely to be the Midlands' gain, because it's hoped to re-arrange the show for somewhere in the Birmingham area.

The Specials pay their first visit to Japan next week, returning to the UK to complete their second album. They'll be going on tour to coincide with its release in late August or early September.

Richard Pryor near to death

RICHARD PRYOR — actor, scenarist, comedian and America's most outspoken Black entertainer — is currently on the critical list in a Los Angeles surburban hospital. Pryor, star of *Blue Collar, Silver Streak, Lady Sings The Blues, The Wiz* and his own showcase *Richard Pryor Live In Concert* and coauthor of the script for Mel Brooks' *Blazing Saddles*, was given a 30% chance of survival on Monday after sustaining severe burns in a fire at his home.

The original story given was that Pyror had accidentally set fire to himself when a cigarette lighter exploded in his hand, but on Tuesday the Los Angeles Police Department released a statement allegedly made by Pryor to the effect that he had been purifying cocaine with ether to produce a high potency derivative known as 'free base', and that he had ignited the ether during the process.

Pryor's lawyers — and the hospital staff — insist that they know of no such statement.

This week, surgeons hope to commence a programme of skin grafts.

Ironists may care to refer to 'Cocaine', a routine included on Pryor's album 'Is It Something I Said?' (Warner Brothers, 1977).

"I snorted cocaine for about fifteen years. I must've snorted up Peru. Amount I snorted I could bought *Peru. Could given 'em the money up front and had me a piece'a property . . .*

"But I quit snortin' cocaine. Took me a while to figure out this shit'll kill ya . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

Stranglers dates

THE STRANGLERS have now confirmed 11 dates for their July tour, plans for which were revealed last week. Their schedule, taking in a number of leading concert venues, opens with a re-arranged date at London Rainbow — compensating for the band's cancelled show there earlier this month.

They play London Rainbow (July 8), Crawley Leisure Centre (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (12), Southampton Gaumont (13), Ipswich Gaumont (14), Birmingham Odeon (16), Sunderland Locarno (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Aberdeen Capitol (19) and Edinburgh Playhouse (20). Promoter is John Curd of Straight Music, who may be adding one or two more dates.

Tickets generally will be £3.50, though some venues will also have £3 seats. They're due to go on sale tomorrow (Friday), but check local Press and box-offices for exact details.

EMI dump Robinson

THE NEW album by Tom Robinson's band Sector 27 will not, after all, be released by EMI. The company has decided to terminate Robinson's contract, which dates from mid-1977 and the days of TRB.

"I don't think the new management at EMI wanted to risk a major commitment to something as new and untried as S27", commented Robinson. He has already been approached by several other outlets, but meanwhile S27 release their single 'Not Ready'/'Can't Keep Away' on July 4 via their own Panic Records label (through Faulty Products).

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The Bear is back

BOB 'The Bear' HITE

CANNED HEAT return to Britain after a lengthy absence to play a one-off concert at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, July 6 — tickets are on sale now priced £3, and the promoters are Straight Music.

Still fronted by Bob 'The Bear' Hite, and with the ever present Henry Vestine on bass, the rest of the current line-up is Jay Spell (keyboards), Mike Halby (guitar) and Fito Adeloto de la Parra (drums).

Boswell joins Live Wire

LIVE WIRE have acquired a permanent new guitarist in noted record producer Simon Boswell, who takes over in the line-up from Chris Cutler. Boswell, previously a member of Advertising before switching to production, will continue to produce the band as well as playing with them — and, in fact, he was responsible for their new A&M single 'Don't Bite The Hand' (out this weekend) and album 'No Fright' (June 27). Live Wire showcase the new LP in two London gigs — Camden Dingwalls (June 24) and the Marquee (July 19) and further dates are likely to be added.

● With Sammy Hagar's sixth Capitol album 'Danger Zone' just released, the label is also putting out his debut solo set 'Nine On A Ten Scale', dating from 1976 and previously only available here on import. And they are reissuing his 'Sammy Hagar' LP.

● **Clive Langer & The Boxes** have their single 'It's All Over Now' issued by F-Beat this weekend, followed on July 4 by their album 'Splash'.

● **Jimmy Lindsay's** new Gem single 'I Wanna Dance' comes out on June 27. The B-side 'I'll Be There' was recorded live at London The Venue.

● **Martha & The Muffins**, soon to tour the UK with Roxy Music, have their new single 'About Insomnia' issued by DinDisc on July 4 with a limited edition in green vinyl. From the same label on June 27 comes the single 'Strange Boutique' by **The Monochrome Set**.

● Birmingham band **Denizens** release a four-track EP called 'In The Crowd' on their own Citizens Records label — and there's a free 16-page colour book of lyrics and images included in the first 2,500 copies. It's available through Greduate, Rough Trade and other alternative outlets.

OFF THE RECORD

Undertones set their follow-up

THE UNDERTONES set out this week on a month-long headlining tour of North America, and leave behind the follow-up to their hit single 'My Perfect Cousin'. Released by Sire tomorrow (Friday), it's called 'Wednesday Week' and is culled from their current album 'Hypnotised'. The B-side 'Told You So' is not on the LP.

● **Gladys Knight & The Pips** release their new album 'About Love' through CBS on July 4. They'll be here at the end of next month to promote it on TV, and return in the autumn for a major concert tour.

● **Gerry McAvoy**, former bassist with Rory Gallagher, has his first solo album 'The Gerry McAvoy Jams' issued by Bridgehouse Records on July 18. The previous Friday (11), the same label issued the second single by East London band Wasted Youth, titled 'I Remember You'.

● The new **Throbbing Gristle** album 'Heathen Earth' is out this week on Industrial Records, distributed by Pinnacle.

● **The Dickies'** new single is 'Gigantor', issued by A&M on June 27. From the same label on July 4 come 'Paint Your Pretty Picture' by **Elkie Brooks** and 'Does It Get To You' by **Mark Andrews & The Gents**.

PAULINE NOT SO ELUSIVE

PAULINE MURRAY has been out of the public eye since the demise of Penetration, and so has bassist Robert Blanke, but that doesn't mean they've been idle. They've collaborated with manager John Amison to form their own label, Illusive Records, which is being launched early next month. And the first product will be a single by Pauline herself — details to follow in a week or two.

● **The Shadows** have signed with Polydor, after 20 years with EMI. Their first album under the new deal is scheduled for September, and the following month they'll be going out on a 25-date UK concert tour.

● Pinnacle are to distribute the new version of 'Wild Thing' by country-rock artist **Hank Wangford** on Cow Pie Records. Backing musicians include Andy Fairweather Low, Andy Roberts, B.J. Cole, 'Rabbit' Bundrick and Ricky Cool.

● A four-track EP by **The Blues Band**, out this weekend on Arista and selling at the normal singles price of £1.15, is not surprisingly titled 'Blues Band EP'. Titles are 'Maggie's Farm', 'Ain't It Tuff', 'Diddy Wah Diddy' and 'Back Door Man'.

● Pinnacle Records have signed a UK distribution deal with Brighton's Attrix label for the whole of their catalogue — which includes the two compilation albums 'Vaultage 78' and 'Vaultage 79'. But they are concentrating initially on **The Piranhas'** debut album and their new single 'Yep Yep Yep'.

MILITARY IN VIRGIN DEAL

PINK MILITARY, the Merseyside band whose previous releases haven't exactly been easy to obtain in Penzance and Inverness, have at last acquired national distribution as the result of a deal between Virgin and local Liverpool label Eric's. Virgin are releasing the band's debut album 'Do Animals Believe In God?' and latest single 'Did You See Her?' this weekend.

● A track from his current chart album 'Up The Escalator' is **Graham Parker's** new single, released by Stiff on June 27. Titled 'Love Without Greed', it's backed by a live version of the infamous 'Mercury Poisoning'.

● 'Burning Car' is the next **John Foxx** single, issued by Virgin on July 11. The coupling is 'Twentieth Century', the theme music for the new London Weekend TV series *Twentieth Century Box*, starting June 29 and featuring *NME* writer Danny Baker.

● Much-vaunted U.S. heavy rock band **The Plasmatics** finally get around to releasing their first single on June 27. Issued by Stiff, it's called 'Butcher Baby', and the two B-side titles are 'Living Dead' and 'Sometimes I'.

● **Athletico Spizz 80** have signed a long-term worldwide deal with A&M. Their debut album for the label 'Do A Runner', originally intended for release by their former independent outfit Rough Trade, will be issued on July 11. Their new single 'Hot Deserts' follows at the end of July.

● The new **Sham 69** single 'Unite And Win'/'I'm A Man' is scheduled for June 27 release by Polydor.

● **The Little Roosters'** debut album, originally scheduled for early summer release, has been set back by a change of personnel. Bassist John Hunt has left the band, and has been replaced by Stevie Burgess, who joins two of his ex-Cockaparrer colleagues in the line-up. The new team are now hard at work on the LP.

● Manchester band **The Freshies** release a double A-side single, 'No Money'/'Oh Girl' on July 4 on their own Razz Records label.

Presley: 'new' albums due

ELVIS PRESLEY died on August 16, 1977 — and to mark the anniversary, RCA are putting out a special eight-album set comprising mainly hitherto-unissued material. The release also coincides with the 25th anniversary of Presley's signing to the label. Included in the package is a book containing historic documents, information and pictures.

The set includes early live performances, an early unreleased benefit concert (44 minutes), alternative takes of movie songs (with false starts and chat), unissued performances from Las Vegas shows, ten selections from Presley's TV specials, a complete unreleased 1975 concert (65 minutes), Elvis accompanying himself on piano, his last eight singles (unavailable on albums), and Elvis talking about his thoughts and beliefs. The whole package consists of 67 performances of 78 different songs, plus the monologue, with a total playing time of almost 4½ hours.

RCA say it's "a gift to the millions of Elvis fans who continue to support him". It's also a gift that will cost you £35.

● **Broken Home**, the band fronted by singer-guitarist Dicken, have their self-titled debut album issued by WEA this weekend. It includes the two tracks on their new single, 'No Chance'/'Mona Lisa'.

● **Jimmy Ruffin's** follow-up to his smash hit 'Hold On To My Love', titled 'Night Of Love', is available as a 12-inch in a limited edition of 10,000. It's taken from his upcoming Polydor album 'Sunrise'.

● Due to the success of the film *The Wanderers*, Phonogram are reissuing the movie's theme song 'The Wanderer' by **Dion**, with which he first scored back in 1962. B-side is 'Little Diane'.

● Scratch Records release a 12-inch single by the newly re-formed **Beggars Opera** on June 27. It's called 'Lifeline', which is also the title of their upcoming album.

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13 CONCERTS SET

Wakeman solo trek

RICK WAKEMAN, who recently quit Yes for the second time, re-establishes his solo status by headlining a major concert tour in the early autumn. It will be his first solo outing since 1976, and he'll be featured on "assorted keyboards" (six different instruments) backed by a small band of lead guitar, bass and drums. He will also have new record product issued by A&M to coincide with the tour, though details are not yet available.

Dates are Newcastle City Hall September 18), Glasgow Apollo (19), Edinburgh Odeon (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), Hanley Victoria Hall (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Coventry Theatre (26), Reading Hexagon (27), Oxford New Theatre (28), Bristol Colston Hall (29), London Hammersmith Odeon (30) and Guildford Civic Hall (October 2). Tickets are on sale now at all venues, and the promoter is Richard Cowley of Cowbell.

Prior to the UK schedule, Wakeman plays a week of festivals in Italy. And after the final British gig, he and the band leave for a month-long tour of Europe.

● As reported, Wakeman and Jon Anderson left Yes last month, and have now been replaced in the band by the Buggles duo of Geoff Downes and Trevor Horn.

Span again?

STEELEYE SPAN — who finally disbanded a couple of years ago, after a string of personnel changes — are planning a comeback in the autumn. They are expected to headline a reunion tour in the late autumn, and to record a new album, but it's not yet clear if the re-formation would be on a permanent basis.

Warwick Records are compiling a Steeleye 'Greatest Hits' album for early autumn release, and it was evidently this news which sparked the idea of a reunion. The band's exact 1980 line-up hasn't yet been finalised, as several ex-members have contractual obligations, but it seems that Maddy Prior will be fronting.

PISTOLS FILM ON RELEASE: DETAILS

THE SEX PISTOLS' movie *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*, already showing at a few selected cinemas as well as in London's West End, goes on release from this weekend. The initial list of screenings is:

● **London suburbs** from June 29: Rank theatres in East Ham, Holloway, Kilburn, Romford, Shepherds Bush, Wood Green, Lewisham, Richmond, Streatham, Croydon and Watford; Classic cinemas in Hampstead, Hendon and Colindale; Granada theatres in Harrow, Kingston, Welling, Slough and Walthamstow. From July 6: Clapham Ruby.

● **Provincial**: Cardiff Plaza, Ipswich Gaumont, Loughborough Curzon, Manchester, Leicester and Hanley Odeons (from this Sunday); Cheltenham, Nottingham and Reading Odeons, Yeovil Classic (from June 29); Liverpool Odeon (from July 6); Brighton Odeon (from July 10).

Troubled times

ANY TROUBLE are playing a series of dates in the London area next month, and there's free admission for anyone buying their new album, because each LP contains a free ticket to one of the gigs — which are Islington Hope & Anchor (July 15), Clapham 101 Club (16), Kensington Nashville (17), Covent Garden Rock Garden (18), Kingston Three Tuns (19), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (21), Fulham Golden Lion (22) and Camden Dingwalls (25). The new album is 'Where Are All The Nice Girls?', released by Stiff on July 4. It's preceded on June 27 by the single 'Second Choice', on which the two B-side tracks are 'Bible Belt' (recorded live at The Venue) and Abba's 'The Name Of The Game'.

Laine extra

DENNY LAINE has now added five more dates to his re-vamped solo UK tour, in addition to his opening gigs at London Victoria The Venue (this Friday and Saturday) and the Loch Lomond Festival (Sunday), reported last week. Together with his five-piece band, he plays Nottingham Oscar Wilde's (June 25), Worthing Assembly Rooms (27), Portsmouth King's Theatre (28), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (July 5) and Chorley Park Hall Leisure Centre (16). Further dates will be announced over the next week or two.

Poodling around

THE FABULOUS POOKLES set out this week on their first tour for over a year, discounting their short series of concerts as support to Tom Petty earlier this year. Dates so far confirmed are Lancaster University (June 24), London Camden Dingwalls (26), Bristol Trinity Community Centre (27), Swindon Brunel Rooms (July 1), Stanmore Middlesex Country Club (2), Port Talbot Troubadour (3), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (4 and 5), Sheffield Limit Club (6), London Marquee (10), London Camden Music Machine (11), London Fulham Greyhound (15) and London Victoria The Venue (24). More dates are being added, and the support act is Ronnie Golden, described as "a new mystery artist".

CARL PERKINS IN WEEKEND EVENTS

CARL PERKINS headlines two more of the highly successful weekend hops at the Caister Holiday Centre, Great Yarmouth, this autumn. Together with country star Don Gibson and Canadian singer Carroll Baker, he appears in the third Country & Western Jamboree (October 10-12). And the following weekend (17-19) he's joined by Jack Scott and Matchbox in the fourth Rock'n'Roll Hop.

RAINBOW TICKETS

TICKETS for the Rainbow 'Monsters Of Rock' concert, reported on page 3, go on sale to personal callers tomorrow (Friday) at the following outlets: **Birmingham** Cyclops Records, **Coventry** Theatre, **Leicester** Revolver Records, **Sheffield** and **Leeds** Virgin Records, **Derby** and **Burton** R.E. Cords, **Nottingham** Selecta Disc, **Stafford** Lotus Records, **Stoke** Mike Lloyd Records, **Wolverhampton** Sundown, **Bristol** Rival Records, **Southampton** Gaumont, **Newcastle** City Hall, **Oxford** New Theatre, **Edinburgh** Odeon, **Glasgow** Apollo, **Manchester** Piccadilly Records, **Liverpool** Probe Records, **Cardiff** Spillers Records and **London** Rainbow and Ticket Machine.

People and Places

COUNTY TOWNS

● JAYNE COUNTY next month undertakes her first UK tour for more than two years, and her first ever as a woman. She''ll be promoting her newly released album 'Rock'n'Roll Resurrection', recorded live in Toronto last New Year's Eve. Jayne (erstwhile Wayne) retains only drummer Sammy Minnelli from her/his last band, and the new members are Joe Provede (keyboards), Jerry Gora (guitar) and Chris Gari (bass). Dates are London Camden Music Machine (July 12 and 26), Bristol Trinity Hall (15), Port Talbot Troubadour (17), Wakefield Unity Hall (18), Coventry Matrix Club (19), Sheffield Limit Club (22), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (24), Manchester Mayflower (25) and London Victoria The Venue (August 2).

● JIMMY LYDON's band 4 Be 2 have pulled out of their projected headliner at London's Electric Ballroom tomorrow (Friday), because their bassist is unavailable. Instead, they are now planning a London open-air concert on July 4 — the same day as WEA release their single 'Frustration', produced by John Lydon.

● THE CHORDS, whose new single 'The British Way Of Life' is issued by Polydor on July 4, are the special guests of The Vapors in their London Rainbow concert on June 28.

● THE CURE fly back from a European tour direct to Scotland, where they're playing a couple of gigs this week — at Aberdeen Ruffles (tonight, Thursday) and Edinburgh George Square Theatre (Friday).

● ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN have added Hull Wellington Club (July 3) and Ravensbourne College of Art (4) to their UK tour, reported last week, but have cancelled Manchester Osborne's on June 27.

● THE ONLY ONES have pulled out of the first day of the Loch Lomond Festival this Saturday (21), as they left this week for a 20-city tour of the States with The Who.

● BOB GELDOF is considering making his movie acting debut later this year. He is currently reading the script for the film *Dread In Control*, in which he would play a mini-cab driver. At the end of their lengthy world tour, The Boomtown Rats will soon be starting work on a new album, but are not planning to go back on the road for some time — so the film project would not disrupt their plans.

● 999 are just back from a massive tour of North America, which began way back in February. They were originally lined up for 80 dates but, due to highly favourable reaction, their schedule was extended to almost 100 shows in 17 weeks — which is claimed to be the longest tour undertaken there by a British band in recent years. They plan to return to the UK circuit in the summer.

● ADAM & THE ANTS have just completed a short tour to introduce their new line-up to the UK circuit. Joining Adam in the new-look band are ex-Banshees and Rema Rema guitarist Marco Pirroni, bassist Kevin Mooney and two drummers, Terry Lee Miall and Merrick.

● DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have added another two dates to their current extensive UK tour — at Hatfield Forum (July 15) and Ashington Regatta (20). London dates are still being finalised and will be announced in a week or two.

● THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS cancelled dates in Nottingham, Nuneaton and Birmingham this week, in order to shoot off to New York for some club gigs. But they'll be back for their show with the Soft Boys at London Camden Music Machine on June 28.

Samson head on

SAMSON hit the road at the end of this month headlining a nationwide tour to aid promotion of their debut album 'Head On' for release on July 11. The band, who recently signed with Gem Records, had their double A-side single 'Vice Versa' / 'Hammerhead' issued last week. Several dates have still to be finalised, including major concerts in London and Birmingham, but those confirmed so far are:

St Albans City Hall (June 28), **Plymouth** Fiesta (30), **Cardiff** Top Rank (July 1), **St. Austell** New Cornish Riviera (2), **Northampton** The Paddock (4), **Wolverhampton** Wolfren College (5), **Manchester** Ritz (6), **Hull** Wellington Club (7), **Portsmouth** Locarno (10), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (12), **Yeovil** Johnson Hall (15), **Wakefield** Unity Hall (17), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (18), **Peterlee** Festival (19), **Ayr** Pavilion (20), **Aberdeen** Ruffles (22), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (24), **Sheffield** Top Rank (25) and **Derby** Ajanta (26). Venues in **Edinburgh** (July 21) and **Inverness** (23) have still to be confirmed.

News Extra: p.38

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Friday 20th June
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
Sunday 22nd June
RAINBOW THEATRE
Monday 23rd & Tuesday 24th June

OUT THE BLEAK INDUSTRIALISTS & INTO THE BARS

DEBATE GOES ON

GANG OF FOUR INFILTRATE NEW YORK

LEFT CHANNEL

RIGHT CHANNEL

STEREO WORDS: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

"NE–NE–NA–NA–NA–NA–NU–NU . . ."

"Huh?"

"NE–NE–NA–NA–NA–NA–NU–NU!"

Now looks here. What's all this? Dave Allen, the member of Gang Of Four whose specific responsibility it is to play the electric bass guitar, has just pulled his shirt out of his trousers and — aided by the copious amounts of food and beer which he has recently consumed — inflated his stomach to an alarming degree of convexity. This accomplished, he begins to skank around the conference room of the offices of the New York City branch of Warner Brothers Records in a manner not terribly unlike that of the members and fans of the Rudie bands.

"I," announces Allen, still energetically skanking, "am the bleakest and most industrious member of Gang Of Four."

This stated, he adjusts his form of clothing, twists the top off another bottle of beer and collapses back into his seat. Another serious American journalist is about to be admitted to ask another herd of questions, and the Gang are about to conduct another bout of rigorous debate and self-analysis for the benefit of said worthy.

Around them, Warners' New York office is still and calm. Nothing, it seems, is going on there unless it bears some relevance to the visit of Gang [illegible] disturbs the air-conditio[illegible] stillness [illegible] it is the Gang's c[illegible]ent UK single 'Out[illegible]de The Trains Don't [illegible] On Time/He'll Send [illegible] The Army' playin[illegible] from a distant office. In the confe[illegible]nce room, the pizza [illegible] table; [illegible]n the corridors [illegible] photo[illegible]raphs of Fleetwood Mac, [illegible] and E[illegible]mylou Harris stare seren[illegible] into the void.

This i[illegible] the Gang Of Four's se[illegible]nd American mission. [illegible] the previous tri[illegible] they had gone over withou[illegible]port, sleeping three to a room in a less than opulent hotel on West 44th Street with a budget of $10 per diem. This time, things have improved slightly. Their first-and-thus-far-only album 'Entertainment!' has been picked up for US release by the brothers Werner and — having introduced themselves on the previous trip by supporting (read: upstaging) Buzzcocks — they are now headliners in their own right, which means that though they're still in the same W. 44th dive, they're now two to a room on a budget per diem of $25

Oh! The problem of leisure, what to do for pleasure . . . the Gang were supposed to have played four gigs over the course of a week in New York City, but the first one — a New Jersey date on which they were Special Guests Of (read: supporting) The Shirts — got blown out because some sort of accident outside the venue had severed all the powerlines. *Hence* no gig that *night*, hence the Gang Of Four making a regular spectacle of themselves getting pissed at Hurrah's, a leading *midtown* New Wave club.

For the purposes of the American assault, Gang Of Four became Gang Of Ten. In addition to the performers — Hugo Burnham (drums, talkover), Andy Gill (guitar, vocals, dialectic, beer), Dave Allen (bass, vocals, driving fifty blocks without stopping) and Jon King (singing, melodica, Space-Echoed washing-machine lid) — the party also included Linda Neville (business), John Botting (tour manager), Kevin Harvey (sound), Jol Burnham and Phil Allen (brothers of the rhythm section, crew) and lightsman Ray. There were also a journalist, a photographer and Gill's girlfri[illegible] Gill and Minou are in love, with [illegible] result that [illegible] see compara[illegible]ly little of them d[illegible]ng the trip.

Gang [illegible] Four do not believe in the individ[illegible]al, but there is considerable [illegible] of opi[illegible]on within the collective [illegible] — *not* politically — Bu[illegible] of the [illegible]nd. At various points [illegible] appea[illegible]led in a macho Lewis Lea[illegible]ers jacket, and at o[illegible]ers in a seriously smar[illegible] brown mohair [illegible]. He is in his elemen[illegible] slamming a huge rente[illegible]r down Park A[illegible]nue singing along with Cr[illegible] radio, and he states that if he wasn't in Gang Of Four, the only drumming jobs that he'd take would be with "either of the two Rolling Stoneses — the old ones or the new ones" (by the latter

CSM: *To what extent do you consider that assumptions concerning the language of rock — musical and otherwise — to be breaking down in the States?*

DAVE ALLEN: Oh, it's changing. It's definitely changing. Like you've seen for yourself, our gigs — I know they're small, with only a minority of the New York audience coming to see us — but everybody was getting off.

It's funny you should say that, because in Warners this afternoon, a big plaque appeared about the B52s selling 250,000 albums, which is really good. It's like that sarcastic ad you've got for *NME* over here about how people think that Joe Jackson and The Police are New Wave, but it's good in a way, because it's affected other gigs. The guy at Warners was lamenting because ZZ Top had only sold a tenth of the seats for Madison Square Gardens, which means that we've played to more people at Irving Plaza than they're gonna play to in Madison Square Gardens, which in itself must be pretty good. We're not coming over here to preach. What we're here for is to bring over Gang Of Four music and hope they'll like it. We say in interviews that we're not over here preaching about the state of England and how bad it is, we're playing music.

I wouldn't insult you by accu[illegible] of 'preaching', but I'm talkin[illegible] content of the songs like. 'Anth[illegible] 'Da[illegible]aged Goods' dealing with [illegible]

DA: A lot of journ[illegible]ed this, but what they th[illegible] Gang Of Four are Political with [illegible] about these asp[illegible]

But wh[illegible] News[illegible]and', you [illegible]

DA: Yeah! Because Gang Of [illegible] doesn't believe in the individual, and [illegible]lieve that whatever you do is 'political' w[illegible] small 'p'. We were just saying to *New York [illegible]cker* that we don't believe in the individual, which is what Americans *do* believe in, so obviously it's big news here, which isn't what we intended. We were just trying to explain to him that we think people *can* work collectively. I wouldn't be doing this sort of music if I hadn't joined Gang Of Four and worked collectively. I'd probably be trying to write songs and then bring them into a rehearsal room with a backing band. I could be like Sting and write songs for The Police, but Sting *is* The Police and I could never *be* Gang Of Four.

But neither could Jon, Hugo or Gill. . .

DA: Exactly, which is the great thing about it. We all write, we all have ideas. To push a band like that is pretty unique. I'm not saying that in a bigoted way to suggest that everybody else is wrong, just that us four work together really well.

When you say or do certain things which are outside the accepted rock language, are you criticising by example the rock which does accept that language?

DA: Yeah, we believe that rock music shouldn't be stereotyped and we're trying to bring an awareness to the audience that you can put ideas across musically and lyrically.

To what extent do you consider yourselves part of rock in the context of Rotten and Wobble's remarks to the effect that rock is by definition rubbish and that what they're doing is therefore not rock, do you conside[illegible] yourselves part of it?

DA: I don't think Gang Of Four [illegible] op[illegible]sition to rock music, because the op[illegible]o rock music could be said to be [illegible] which would then [illegible] what we do not want, to be [illegible] same time, we do [illegible]dition. We jokingly go on [illegible] Heavy Metal and Kans[illegible] definitely tryi[illegible] that answe[illegible] rock tradi[illegible] music. [illegible]e not a rock [illegible], fine. I would tend to [illegible] that they're not a rock band. I liked wh[illegible] did on 'Metal Box', but I don't know wh[illegible]d put it, how I'd define it. . .

HUGO BURNHAM: They may not be a rock band according to their own criteria, but they are part of rock, like it or not. I don't think they can stand outside. . .

Musically they may be outside rock, but socially and economically they're inside it. . .

DA: I think that's true.

JON KING: I think Public Image are part of rock. They play and everything. They've got precedents for what they do. . .

DA: How can you say 'we are outside rock music'? Who defines rock tradition?

JK: If 'punk rock' has always been a sort of liberal area where all sorts of peripheral activities can go on, if you can include Red Crayola in rock and roll, then you can definitely include Public Image. There are all sorts of precedents for what they do in Can and Beefheart. . .

DA: Can, to me, has always been a rock band. In my tradition of rock, of what I listened to when I was younger, there was a lot of Can and Beefheart and they were always rock musicians, but if PiL are saying they're not rock, then surely Can and Beefheart weren't. I think Johnny's fed up with *his* idea of rock, because PiL is four members just like Gang Of Four is. Maybe they're all fed up with it, John more so than the rest because of his involvement with the Pistols. That was rock music. That was punk rock. That was New Wave. That was a tradition.

JK: What they and we would probably like to do is siphon away that curiously mindless aspect of it which just recycles what's gone before in terms of style, like the mods just recycling a certain form of mid-'60s music. I'd like to do something different: put content back into music, which is difficult.

Do you consider political and musical radicalism to be inseparable? Is it possible to rationalise a radical sentiment within a traditional framework?

JK: Well, I think Tom Robinson explored that area quite well, actually. He had what might be called a radical consciousness within a very orthodox framework, and he got bored with it because I don't think it did what he wanted it to do.

ANDY GILL: Well, it did publicise certain elements, like he was incredibly influential within the Gay movement, but on the other hand it's very proscriptive. You can't do a lot of things you would want to do if you have that hierarchy of lyrics over music. The way we see communication is that the meaning is

PHOTOGRAPHS ANTON CORBIJN

The Brit band visits its American record company.

"There must be a bar somewhere."

Burnham wonders why the bog has window wipers.

he means The Clash).

Of the 'old' Stones, he will sigh, "I know they're 'unsound', but I love 'em anyway."

At university he did English and Drama, and his participation in Gang Of Four shortcircuited a promising career as an actor. He used to sport a crop that made Mensl look like Farrah Fawcett, but has allowed this to grow out "because people used to misinterpret my political position and black people wouldn't sit next to me on the bus."

He also has a mortgage on a house in Leeds, a fascination with powerful motor vehicles of both the 2- and 4-wheeled variety, is disapprovingly described by Jon King as "a very macho driver" and planned to spend the three-week holiday which was scheduled to follow the US tour by driving from California to New York in the most spectacular '50s vintage motor he could afford to rent.

EVERYONE has their own indulgence . . . Burnham drinks less than the rest of the group, with Gill, the band's most rigorous theoretician, being also the band's most outrageous piss-head. (Setting up 'drinking' vs 'discussing ontology' would be in Gill's case a false polarity: the solution being to discuss ontology while completely lunched out). In some quarters Gill is, I believe, legendary for his excesses in this direction.

"Everybody's entitled to have a drink," explains Jon King. "We like to have a drink. *Andy"* — meaningful stare at Gill *en repose* — "likes to have a drink."

"We're allowed to talk to girls, too," adds Dave Allen, the one who didn't go to university. "On the road, we're allowed . . ."

"Next question!" interrupts Burnham, anxious to keep the dialectic unbesmirched. "The discussion's getting too light. This side of the page is the heavy side, remember?" (Actually, the other side's the heavy side. Got it?)

"Our road crew when they first started working with us," reminisces King, "asked us, 'Is it all right if we drink?'. They apparently had the idea that working with Gang Of Four meant leading a fairly austere existence reading *Das Kapital* in the original Sanskrit and being generally bleak and industrial."

Hugo: "And now they know what we're really like . . . Kevin's reading material, which we'll all reading Len Deighton or Wilfred Owen or something, Kevin went out and got *Marx For Beginners* . . . you know, Cummins books."

In New York they act like tourists *(Ouch! — Ed)* The cars whizz around the city observing the rich canopy of New York life. In the Bowery, a baby falls from a first floor window. In Times Square, a young black man in cheapo pimp-flash slides up behind an older man and cracks a bottle over his head. The older man turns in slow motion as his assailant bawls, "Y'all wanna know who did that? I did that! Now are you gonna come and get me?"

Each time, the fights change, the cars move, and we're whisked off to something else. In Chinatown, a jeweller's shop sells silver necklaces that look like folded bananas. Money changes hands, the Gang get further and further ahead of their per diems. Jon King goes nuts and spends $60 on an ornate cowboy shirt which he doesn't wear on stage. ("A guy came up to me and said, 'Hey, you're wearing the same clothes you wore last time!' I told him that was because I hadn't lost it yet".)

He does, however, wear it to a reception held in honour of The Pretenders whose New York showcase gig at the Palladium takes place almost simultaneously with the second of the Gang's two nights at Irving Plaza.

The first wave of Gangsters — Jon King leads ten people to the door and politely announces, "Good evening, we're Gang Of Four. The other eight will be here later" — arrive just about in one piece after a babbling Allen has cause cardiac arrests among at least 73% of the motorists between 14th and 66th. The second are not quite so lucky. A lunatic driving without a licence cuts them up somewhere en route, Linda Neville sustains a sprained ankle — Hugo, who is driving, gets a wrenched wrist — and the car is a write-off.

"Call this an accident? This is just a scratch!" Andy Gill, who was feeling little if any pain at the time, allegedly told the coppers, further regaling them with a detailed description of a motorised calamity in which he was once involved in Leeds, and capping the anecdote with the immortal line, "Now *that* was an accident!"

But back at the party, Molly Parkin stands at the bar surrounded by an admiring cadre of young men. She is apparently dressed for an audition as the title role of *Bride Of Frankenstein*. Such a comparison would seem churlish and unwarranted were it not for the fact that she is wrapped in a winding-sheet and appears to have electrodes in her hair. Tommy Ramone, cropped and bearded, lurks in a corner, and . . .

"Oh, *no!"* gasps a lean, denimed blonde woman who works for Warners, "they've dug Johnny Thunders up and made him come to the party." It is indeed Johnny Thunders, who lurches over to the bar just as Jon King lurches towards the toilets. "I knew him when he was alive," she whispers *sotto voce* just before she greets him fulsomely and leads him to the dance floor.

But that's all bullshit. All the tourism and the getting out of it and the general jigging about are just what goes on around the real business, which is playing the music. They do it twice to the hip metropolitans who check them out at Irving Plaza, and once in a Long Island club called My Father's Place, where the kids dance better than their counterparts at the hip Manhattan dives, and the face on the floor is the bloke who caught the jacket that Neville Staples chucked into the audience when The Specials played there, found it fitted him and wears it every day.

ALL three times, the Gang do it to a turn. Despite their avowed intent to dispense with the usual cheap mechanics of rock 'heroism' and theatrics, they are the most impressive a band as can currently be found in rock and roll — and dig it or don't, Gang Of Four are in rock and roll. It's an individual abstraction of rock and roll, one based on creating enormous tensions through the use of dynamics and 'incomplete' phrases. Bass, drums and guitar each play part of a beat, each instrument requiring the intervention of another to complete the circle.

Hugo plays out of an aesthetic based on Charlie Watts and the best of James Brown's drummers, Dave Allen's galvanic bass comes from a strange intersection where Bootsy Collins crosses Dee Dee Ramone, and Gill, a law unto himself — slashes and sputters across the rhythm section like Wilko Johnson fighting off a possession by the shade of Hendrix during a Beefheart session. Jon King is all over the stage, tootling his melodica, windmilling his arms, shoving his hair out of his face.

Their music is naked: like an anatomical diagram or a watch in a transparent casing, you can see and hear every part of the machine going about its business. Gang Of Four are exorcism through dance; a rhythm

Continues over

completed by the audience, in a sense. Tom Robinson seems to have become the unfortunate victim of this discussion, but it seemed as if the meaning was extremely single minded and it's been constructed before it reaches the audience. You could go there and sing along, and by the time you walked out you'd lost it, which is why I think he decided to change tack. He got bored with it because it had become just another rock band.

When you play to American audiences, do you think they're just dancing, or are they getting any prods to reassess ideas about sex, or The Role Of The Musicians?

HB: I think it is getting across.

But in the end, if you did just get respected because of your way with a rhythm. . .

HB: I don't think that will happen, simply because. . .

JK: It's not good enough!

HB: We're not just putting that across. We're not saying that just because they're Americans they won't understand where your angst or whatever is coming from.

I didn't mean it as narrowly as that. You're being seen by a lot of people who haven't heard your album and are thus unfamiliar with the content of the songs. . .

HB: That could equally apply in England or Europe. So they see us live and jump around or whatever, but that's not where it finishes. They then hopefully go on to buy the record, read the sleeve, read the interviews, listen to the interviews blah blah. It doesn't stop with just seeing the band live.

JK: I think you can get a lot of ideas from seeing the band live. The whole *sound* of it puts forward certain propositions. Without hearing a single lyric I think you could tell most of

what we're about, really.

To what extent do you consider orthodox rock success to be desirable?

JK: That's like saying 'What would happen if you sold a million albums? Well, if you did that and supposedly came out with subversive ideas, you'd wonder if they really were alternative ideas after all. If you're unsuccessful you can sit there and say 'I'm being subversive.' You've got a kind of support because nobody's buying your records, that curious support. Well, if you did sell loads of records, it'd be like The Sex Pistols selling a million copies of 'Anarchy In The UK.' It's a really odd contradiction. If there was anarchy in the UK, they couldn't sell a million records. So what do you do then? If we sold a million records. . . I can't see it happening, but if it did, it'd be an extraordinary problem.

The Clash are in that situation right now.

And they're being charged with succumbing to musical — rather than political — orthodoxy.

JK: That's what Maurice Oberstein (CBS London bigwig) said just before 'Give 'Em Enough Rope'. *(in American accent)* 'You got to

keep the message but give 'em a few more melodies. Take The Clash. They've learned.' What they meant was that they've succumbed to the heavy pressure that Epic put on 'em to come up with the same ideas, but said differently.

What you're saying is that language used changes concept expressed.

AG: Punk rock wouldn't have been so notorious if it hadn't sounded so offensive to the majority of people. It sounded horrible, the sentiments were horrible, and then finally it became accepted.

But that implies elitism: there's a very thin line between being ahead of the game and becoming a focus for elitism.

JK: Yeah, right. I agree with you. It's very difficult. We did this radio interview this morning with this guy from LA and he said, 'Do you really think that what you're doing makes any sense at all to the kids?' We said that we had to say it so that they would understand it, and he said there was no place for it in pop music anyway.

AG: I think elitism and mass appeal are false polarities and it's not worth making an issue about. If only a certain number of people know what you're on about, that doesn't mean it's elitist. I don't see it as an issue.

JK: I think some people do try to cultivate it. It would be fair to say some people were elitist if for example they were singing about ontology and the hegemony of the bourgeosie. . .

AG: I don't think it would be at all fair to say that.

JK: I do. I think that language is incomprehensible to anyone who hasn't got a very specific form of learning. Elitism is using a very rarefied intellectual language.

I'm talking about terms like 'bourgeois hegemony'. . . that phrase that Scritti Politti use.

AG: I'm quite happy to use any sort of language whatsoever. That's where we differ. Where I think you're wrong is that it's a misapprehension that you consider who we're addressing to be a function of what addressing those people precisely *is*.

JK: I've read a lot of structuralism and listened to that Scritti Politti record and I've still only got a vague idea of what 'Hegemony' is about...

AG: Why shouldn't they use what they know?

JK: I'm not saying they *shouldn't*, but I'm saying that it's consciously elitist. If even people who're trained in that area can't grab onto it, what about people who. . .

AG: It's not true to say that it's consciously elitist. It's like saying '30% of the population know what this word means, and beyond a certain percentage it's okay to use it.' It seems really arbitrary and false. It's assuming that you have a certain audience and tailoring your language to fit that audience. If you say what you have to say in the way that you have to say it, then that statement will reach *an audience.*

JK: Well, I don't normally use those terms, and if I write a song in the terms that I normally use, then I'm not talking down to someone. For example, in 'Natural's Not In It', there's a line 'Dreaming of the perfect life,' which was originally 'Dreaming of the bourgeois life'. I'd thought, well, who knows what 'bourgeois' is? 'Dreaming of the perfect life' has the same meaning...

AG: It doesn't have the same meaning. 'Perfect' is a better line, but I could go out on the street and find a thousand random people and have a head count and ask them what 'bourgeois' means, but what would that prove?

JK: Nothing.

AG: Precisely. But Dave doesn't it know what 'bourgeois' means. . .

JK: I would say that 99% of the population don't know what 'bourgeois' means. I don't think you should use inaccessible language.

AG: Inaccessible to whom?

JK: Me! I don't go around talking about 'the bourgeoisie.'

AG: It seems really crude to go through things word by word and say, 'Well, *this* word is inaccessible.' It seems that words go together to make a sentence and that sentence might have a meaning and that meaning might be *completely* inaccessible.

JK: Well, I haven't the faintest idea what Scritti Politti are on about . . .

DAMAGED BRITS — SEND THEM BACK

From previous page

MORE GO4

that cannot be refused and a discussion of things that most of the rock music that these kids listen to pretends does not exist. *"Guerilla war struggle is the new entertainment!" "Love'll get you like a case of anthrax!" "Repackage sex — keep your interest!"*

Perhaps the most affecting part of their set comes when Gill steps to the front, his harsh, clamorous guitar momentarily stilled, his face lit from below with a ghastly, livid glare.

By contrast, the 'light relief' of silly encores such as Wilko's 'Roxette' — which partially misfired because Jon could only remember the first verse and therefore had to sing it five or six times — and Lou Reed'd 'Sweet Jane' — prefaced by Gill with "This is stupid!" — came as precisely the kind of rock and roll joy which is in such current disrepute.

Watching a Gang Of Four performance, one finds it hard to believe that they cannot become *a rilly, rilly successful group* . . . and then you wander into a New York record shop and see the Foreigner albums stacked up in their hundreds and hear the garbage they play on the radio and you think again. In 1980 it seems inconceivable that you'll hear Gang Of Four on US radio, but in 1977 it seemed inconceivable that these US radio stations would ever be playing The Clash and [illegible] 'Train In Vain' and 'Clampdown' are all over the radio. So maybe . . .

It all depends on what happens next. The last Gang single was vaguely disappointing: a marked contrast to the weight and conviction of the manner in which the same pair of songs were performed on the stage. And the next album . . . hasn't been written yet.

In a Warners cubbyhole, the Gang and Linda Neville sip coffee and debate goes on. Jon is pissed off because — as the only London-based member of the group — when he goes up to Leeds he finds that no new music has been written. The other three point out that there's nothing for them to do there except drink (in the pub where they're fairly sure that no-one will launch unprovoked attacks on them). In any case, where are the lyrics? And Jon needs some music to stimulate said lyrics . . .

In the world of Gang Of Four, another false polarity bites the dust: the false polarity between 'noticing the world' and 'having a good time'. The very existence of this false polarity suggests that 'having a good time' means consciously living in a world of illusion, of blanking out large areas of one's own existence and that of others, of a calculated, self-induced state of ignorance. It's this false polarity which has made the impression 'bleak and industrial' the Gang's longest-running bad joke. And furthermore . . .

I've forgotten what I was going to say.

AG: A *line* might be completely inaccessible, the summation of all of those words strung together.
JK: "Skank bloc bologne . . ."
AG: Okay, you go through all your words and you decide that they're all accessible to whatever percentage of the population they're accessible to, you then string 'em together and those words construct a meaning, right? But that meaning might be inaccessible. . . I'm trying to explain that this whole talk of 'messages' and 'ideas' is ill-founded. The way Jon's been talking the last twenty minutes, I think his terms are. . . awry. Jon's been saying that our songs don't use terms that are inaccessible to people, and that people understand what our songs mean, and they're not the same thing.
HB: The vocabulary may be understandable, but the meaning may be totally *(several voices are raised in cross-babble)*.
AG: Going backwards from that, it seems ridiculous to talk about individual words being understandable. So they are, but people. . . Let me explain it by giving some concrete examples, right. 'Natural's Not In It.' You could take a head-count and people would know what 'natural' means and 'is' and 'not' and 'in' and 'it', but strung together — 'Natural's Not In It' — what does that mean? It means something to us.
HB: Exactly.
AG: . . . you ask Jon what it means and he won't use the word 'hegemony' but he will give a definition of hegemony, which is what the song's about: when things appear to be natural, but aren't, because they've been learned and constructed by the bourgeoisie. *Well, surely it's more important to convey the idea than to teach people to use the word.*
AG: Well, precisely, yes, but if Jon does his head-count to discover whether people know what the phrase means when you put the words together your percentage drops by 300%, which is why it's completely naive and stupid to start talking about individual words having people understand them.
HB: I don't know if it's naive and stupid, but I think it makes more sense to talk about the meaning of the sentence rather than the actual vocabulary and how clearly *that* is understandable. I don't think the vocabulary is the issue.
There's also musical vocabulary. . .
HB: Yeah! Well, our musical vocabulary, in that it's different notes or different things hit with a stick or a plectrum. . . it's the way those things work *together* that make it a non-standard approach.
AG: What I'm saying, to take a different tack on the same subject. . . no, I won't.
JK: Why not?
AG: I've forgotten what I was going to say.

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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 rabbitting away on Radio 1.

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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.

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The cat said nothing.

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2	3	[illegible] FLESH & BLOOD	4·25	5·15
3	2	[illegible] ME, MYSELF, I	3·49	4·99
4	8	[illegible] THE UP ESCALATOR	2·99	4·99
5	4	THE BEAT I JUST CAN'T STOP IT	3·49	4·99
6	6	[illegible] READY AN' WILLING	3·49	4·99
7	12	[illegible] THE DEFECTOR	3·49	4·99
8	5	[illegible] McCARTNEY 2	4·39	—
9	11	[illegible] OFF THE WALL	3·49	4·99
10	7	[illegible] SKY 2	4·75	5·49
11	NE	[illegible] THE PHOTOS	3·49	4·99
12	14	[illegible] BASS CULTURE	3·99	—
13	15	JERMAINE JACKSON LET'S GET SERIOUS	3·79	5·29
14	9	ELTON JOHN 21 AT 33	4·15	5·85
15	10	ERIC CLAPTON JUST ONE NIGHT	5·75	7·15
16	25	TOYAH THE BLUE MEANING	3·49	4·99
17	RE	VARIOUS ARTISTS KILLER WATTS	3·49	4·99
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21	23	[illegible] CAUGHT YOU	3·99	—
22	17	[illegible] DREAMS	3·49	4·99
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32	21	PETE TOWNSHEND EMPTY GLASS	3·49	4·99
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36	47	G-FORCE (FEATURING GARY MOORE) G-FORCE	3·49	4·99
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Thrills

Photo: Marcia Resnick

Cramping their style??

MID-WAY through last month, primal delinquent psychobilly practitioners The Cramps played what proved to be their final gig with the current line up in Berkeley, California. After the show, guitarist Bryan Gregory went off in search of something to eat and never came back.

He disappeared with a girl named Andrelle, who operated the group's lights, in a van containing guitars and other pieces of the group's equipment.

Gregory, reportedly a former roadie for the original Psychedelic Stooges, was a founder member of The Cramps, but had apparently become disenchanted with the slow progress the group was making. His departure didn't come as a complete surprise to them, however, as he had been on the verge of quitting once before.

"He was getting to be a real stranger," Ivy Rorschach told Thrills from New York. "He said that he felt he was too old to carry on with rock'n'roll, and he couldn't handle touring anymore. He doesn't want to play or be in a band anymore. To tell the truth, I just don't understand. I'm just spelling out possible explanations. I don't know what it was."

Gregory's degenerate musicianship and all-round inhuman demeanour make it hard to credit the fate he's chosen for himself.

"It seems like he's settling down on the West Coast," says Ivy. "Something I would never have dreamed of him doing in the past. He's become enchanted by the whole thing of easy life in California.

"It's a seat of higher consciousness," she drily reminds us.

Despite his leaving abruptly in the middle of a US tour, the rest of the group say there are no ill feelings, and they are already planning a replacement.

"We've got our eyes on a girl who's in this group who have no redeeming value at all."

Better get out of your head or get out of their way.

THE HUMAN FLY

WET THRILL of the week

NOTED dandy Mick Jagger recently celebrated the completion of 'Emotional Rescue' with a new haircut and a few special snaps — cover shots for funky America periodicals *High Times* and *WET* ('The Magazine of Gourmet Bathing and Beyond'). The sessions took place the day after he'd had his famous shave and were conducted by superstylist Mary-Lou Green, 'conceptual hairdresser' and companion of the neatly barbered Robert Fripp.

For the pin-up above old Rubberlips stole Mary-Lou's own trousers and paid her back with a capella renditions of his new waxing. "He sure sounded full of beans," reports Ms Green, "But I had to slap a little more make-up on since he'd just cut the beard. I made those little airplanes so he would have something to do. By the time we got this shot I'd cut Mick's hair quite a bit but he didn't want it to look drastic, just a split-level fringe."

What Mick really enjoyed, it seems, were the attentions of ace lenslady Marcia Resnick, something of a celebrity in her own right. A native of Brooklyn, the flamboyant Marcia is famous for hanging out with the likes of Terry Southern and William Burroughs, for being a founder photographic contributor to *New York Rocker*, and for her two idiosyncratic books of personal photographs: *Re-Visions* and *Bad Boys: A Compendium of Punks, Poets and Politicians*. Her latest sitter (stander?) was elated to get approbation as a bona fide Bad Boy from such a "wild and pretty fabulous lady".

CYNTHIA ROSE.

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

1972: who says it can't happen here?

Floyd banned in SA

PINK FLOYD'S 'Another Brick In The Wall' plus the album from whence it came, has been declared "prejudicial to the State of South Africa" and banned. Since the single's February release, it has become something of a marching song in the apartheid state, particularly for "coloured" children, who have chanted the lyrics during recent school boycotts.

Until its withdrawal, the single had sold some 30,000 copies and was shaping up to be the all-time S.A. blockbuster.

Also banned recently are Frank Zappa's 'New York' and Marianne Faithfull's 'Broken English' LPs.

Meanwhile, moving westward, the following adaptation of the Floyd song was heard chanted during a commemorative march at Kent State University campus on the 10th anniversary of the killings: *"We don't want no registration/We don't want no draft or war/No cruise missiles over Europe/Carter! Brezhnev; Leave those kids alone/Carter! Brezhnev! Leave us kids alone/All in all, it's just another step toward the war."*

DICK TRACY/ANDREW TYLER

AMORALITY PLAY

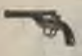
GERMANY in the '60s: a highway. A lively, attractive couple alternately flirt and try to tear themselves apart in order to flag down a ride to Munich. The titles roll . . . and we are in Munich, in the blonde girl's flat. It's not clear what has passed (has time passed?) but when our hero of the previous scene storms in, Maria (that's her name) isn't about to scrape off her face pack for a roll in the sheets. The two begin to grapple—seriously—and a gun tumbles from among the possessions they are flinging around. Maria seizes it and, kneeling on her bed, shoots Hans (that's his name) in the heart.

As he screams and sinks down, she stems a hand over his mouth. "Shut up! You'll wake the whole house!" she cries, and then, "Come on, I'll put you to bed." Ignoring the large round hole in his chest, she trots off to the loo and mixes a Disprin while flutes play. Hans dies before he can drink it.

Plotwise, that's the beginning of Maria's problems: disposing of an ex-boyfriend's body. Psychologically, it's the logical *extension* of Maria's problems . . . and for Maria read Anita Pallenberg, rock muse and Rolling Stone mistress, who plays her in this film, called *A Degree of Murder*. It was made in 1967, the year before Brian Jones' death and twelve years before both a gun and a young boy's dead body were discovered in Pallenberg's own bedroom. It was also made at the height of Anita's rule as the sexual force in the Rolling Stones' central menage. And in it she looks uncannily like Brian Jones' twin, with a short blond bob and eyelid-brushing fringe.

Even weirder is the fact that the film focuses on states of mind explicitly associated with rock and role: the idea that money can solve any problem; that mobility can be prolonged into genuine escape; that one may employ sexuality as a weapon without sacrificing something of one's humanity. And that the real desires of the two sexes are not just different — they are actually opposed.

A Degree of Murder concerns Anita/Maria's relationship with two men she picks up and pays to help her dispose of the corpse. "Why not tell the truth?" asks the first one, sensibly enough. "No!" replies his employer. "He only arrived here a month ago: nobody will miss him." That's the amorality play of the film in a nutshell, and what heightens its chill is a perfect period clarity: the action takes in TV, neon-lit hippie pads, Coca-Cola bottles, Cassius



Clay and James Dean posters, cornflakes and coffee bars. The hours of Maria's life we witness are directionless, erratically dictated by consuming selfishness and the equally consuming ennui which underlies it.

It's not the life of the Munich waitress Pallenberg is supposed to by playing: it's life on the rock and roll road — the endless coffees, the endless money to burn, the little larger events one is always moving towards or away from, the demands to be amused which can easily enlarge into dementia. Maria's dialogue (and the film is dubbed, which gives Pallenberg a lighter character than her own voice would have) consists of heys, nos, big deals, and constant 'I want that's.

The Pallenberg of *A Degree of Murder* and the Pallenberg of *Performance* (made 3 years later) are too similar for coincidence. And Volker Schloendorff, who wrote and directed *Degree*, is far too acute an artist (he went on to direct *The Tin Drum*) not to have intended every nuance. Brian Jones wrote all the music for Schloendorff's film: some bar blues, some morbid reeds, and a lot of Typical Movie Violins. Because the film is so specifically suspended in time (pre-pantyhose but post-miniskirt to be exact, gentlemen) it's really impossible to say how bad the score is, but it's certainly nothing to write home about. The concerns of the film, though, are something else again — especially when, the morning after the murder, Maria puts on some shades and goes out after someone to shift the body "for five hundred bucks". She looks unsettlingly like Debbie Harry.

London's Scala Cinema will be screening *A Degree of Murder* in a double bill with *Performance* this Saturday. The Scala is at 25, Tottenham Street WI, telephone 637-9309.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Thrills!

RED ALERT

IF NOSTRADAMUS was right, and the end of the world is next year, it will come with a big bang, not a whimper — you can bet your last rouble on that. It will also be the direct result of the stupidity of a tiny number of absurdly powerful men and women, and indirectly, the result of apathy from everyone else.

This Sunday the public has a chance to show the government and the nuclear industry how wrong-headed it feels them to be. The Labour Party is taking to the streets for the first time since Suez, their banner "Nuclear Arms, No. Peace, Yes". The demo will consist of a march in London, assembling at Belvedere Road on the South Bank, at noon, followed by a 3 pm rally in Hyde Park.

This is not the first or the last anti-nuclear rally, but it is the latest, and for anyone who wants to get directly involved in stopping the spread of nuclear missiles and nuclear power stations, that makes it the most important.

In their recent TV broadcast, the Labour Party pointed out a few facts:

1. Margaret Thatcher has already given the go-ahead for at least ten new nuclear power stations to be built in these once-fair isles, at a probable cost of £20,000 millions.
2. The government has *actively* encouraged the Americans to station a new breed of strategic nuclear missiles — the CRUISE missiles — in East Anglia. These missiles will probably be installed within the next three or four years.
3. Thatcher and Cabinet have given the go-ahead for our outdated and largely showpiece Polaris missiles to be replaced — at an estimated cost of a further £5,000 millions.

Although contained in the Tory Manifesto, none of these decisions has received any subsequent public consultation.

If any nuclear confrontation does occur, rest assured it will be over quickly for most of us: as the Labour broadcast pointed out, anyone deft and rich enough to fork out £10,000 for an underground nuclear shelter in the back garden will just be 'baked alive'. If you follow the government's own guidelines, on the other hand, as published in a startling little booklet entitled *Protect and Survive*, you face Armageddon in a home-made shelter under the back stairs (not forgetting to keep any fire extinguishers "handy".)

In straight economic terms, the present government equation has been one of making enormous cuts in public spending while underwriting a costly nuclear power and nuclear arms programme which itself exists as such a powerful lobby for only two reasons: money and political machismo. Nuclear power is big business; nuclear arms, like conventional arms, even more so. Those who pay for these programmes, with their money and their future, are the public.

Since the CND all but expired in the mid-'60s, successive anti-bodies have lacked both the central co-ordination and the will to tackle the supreme peril of nuclear warfare itself. Instead, they have concentrated on the nuclear power 'debate'.

This past weekend saw what might prove to be an historic meeting in Birmingham's Digbeth Hall where the Anti-Nuclear Campaign held its first annual general meeting, and delegates representing more than 120 affiliated groups voted to extend the fight to the abolition of all nuclear weapons.

Still only seven months old, the ANC is touted as "one of the most powerful grassroots political forces in Britain today". Represented were the Liberal Party, the Ecology Party, numerous unions, student and socialist groups.

Despite the "grassroots" tag, the ANC has aroused some scepticism, notably from anarchists and Friends of the Earth's national office, who are put off by what they call a centralist Politburo approach. They prefer to do battle on a local level instead.

In return, the ANC regards as slightly suspect the FOE's announcement of a Five Year Plan that will "turn nuclear power into a major issue at the 1984 general election". The parliamentary road, they argue, is the activists' black hole into which well-intentioned campaigns enter never to be seen again.

Despite these predictable squabblings, Digbeth did prove that nuclear opponents have finally disposed of their folk-amateur status and will continue the struggle in earnest.

Meanwhile, one of America's foremost nuclear experts argues in last week's *Time Out* that the prospect of a nuclear war in the next ten to twenty years is "a near certainty". He is John Gofman, until 1969 a luminary of the US scientific establishment; a participant in the Manhattan Project which developed The Bomb, and the man who later isolated the deadly Uranium 233.

Gofman argues that the entire energy supply business is a fraud perpetuated by powerful business monopolies whose priority is "to get a steady income from every living soul in the country".

He also argues that there is no such thing as a "safe level" of radiation. "The requirements for the containment of radioactive garbage are so far beyond human possibility that there is only one solution: to stop nuclear power".

In Britain, the numbers game continues: the TUC (while expressing firm commitment to nuclear expansion) now says it favours a reduction of the permitted dose in nuclear establishments . . . from five 'rems' to one rem.

According to official figures for 1978 (the last available) a total of 1,087 workers suffered doses of between 1.5 and 5 rems. If Gofman is correct, then these individuals and more face the prospect of death by cancer. That's if we should all live so long.

In twenty years, our escalation in arms, in nuclear power and nuclear waste, and in chemical weaponry, has been truly Orwellian. Sunday's protest is one opportunity to tell the Government that their present progression is *not* "in the national interest".

ANDREW TYLER

Roxy Music — Flesh & Blood

Sniff 'N' The Tears — The Games Up

Clash — Bankrobber EP

New Releases This Month

THE COLUMN TO WATCH FOR TOP SELLING NEW RELEASES

WEEK ENDING JUNE 20

Artist	Title	Company	Cat. No.	BEGGARS PRICE
Roxy Music	Flesh & Blood	Polydor	POLH002	£4.45
Motels	Careful	Capitol	ESTI2070	£3.99
Sniff 'N' The Tears	The Game's Up	Chiswick	CWK3014	£3.99
Toyah	The Blue Meaning	Safari	IEYA666	£3.99
Clash	Bankrobber EP	Dutch import		£1.50
Bob Marley/ Wailers	Uprising	Island	ILPS9596	£3.75
Pete Stride/John Plain	Laugh At Me 45	Beggars	BEG41	60p
Steve Hackett	Defector	Charisma	CDS4018	£3.65
Duffo	The Disappearing Boy	PUK	PUK2	£3.65
Quartz	Count Dracula	Logo	MOGO4007	£2.99
Girlschool	Demolition	Bronze	BRONX25	£3.20
Commodores	Heroes	Motown	STMA8034	£4.40
Devo	Freedom of Choice	Virgin	V2162	£3.95
Lou Reed	Growing Up In Public	Arista	SPART 1131	£3.65
Joan Armatrading	Me Myself I	A&M	AMLH64809	£3.65
Pete Stride/John Plain	New Guitars In Town	Beggars	BEGA17	£3.65
Southside Johnny	Love Is A Sacrifice	Mercury	9111081	£3.95
Karel Fialka	Still Life	Blueprint	BLUP5003	£2.99
Sex Pistols	Rock 'N' Roll Swindle	Virgin	V2168	£3.50
Diana Ross	Diana	Motown	STMA8033	£4.40
Johnny G	G-Beat	Beggars	BEGA16	£3.65
Elvis Costello	New Amsterdam EP	F Beat	XX5E	50p
Peter Gabriel	Peter Gabriel	Charisma	CDS4019	£3.85
Johnny G	Night After Night 45	Beggars	BEG40	90p
The Beat	I Just Can't Stop It	Go Feet	BEAT1	£3.65
Average White Band	Shine	RCA	XL13123	£3.75

FORTHCOMING RELEASE Merton Parkas — Put Me In The Picture EP

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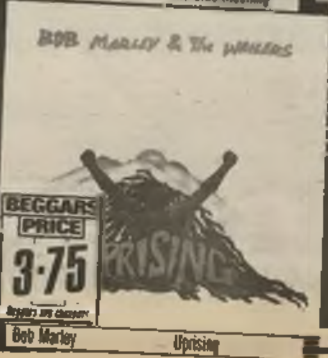
Motels — Careful

Toyah — The Blue Meaning



Bob Marley — Uprising

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GIDGET GETS HERS

The pissing about of Suburban Lawns

"FIRST there was this thunderstorm and then Su was moaning and murmuring through this echoplex and it sounded like the surf." This, according to Vex Billingsgate, was the genesis of his band's new single 'Gidget Goes to Hell'. It's the story of a teen queen called Gidget who motors down to the dunes in her sports car and is swallowed by a shark, a la Spielberg. Those riders of the New Waves who came up with it are called The Suburban Lawns (betcha thought it was The Dead Kennedys, huh?).

"Next thing we knew Su was being sued," quoth Billingsgate ingenuously, "for defaming the image of that Gidget in the films and TV things." *That* Gidget was the star of a series of empty-headed surf-comedy romances which epitomised '50s American film teenhood and made stars of Sandra Dee and Deborah Walley ('65's TV Gidget). The name 'Gidget' itself was formulated as a 'cute' contraction of 'girl' and 'midget'; Gidget's boyfriend (most memorably played by James Darren in *Gidget Goes Hawaiian*) was winningly called Moondoggie.

People may not have taken teens seriously then, but Gidget's creator, Frederick Kohner, take the whole thing seriously now. The creator of the surf bunny who sold a million suntans claims that the Lawns' record infringes on his copyright, and has asked them to desist ditribution and hand over all monies already taken to him. Stephen Lowy, the lawyer acting for Su Tissue and Vex Billingsgate, contends that the *idea* of Gidget was in effect deeded over to the public imagination as a result of its saturation popularity. (Indeed, it did give rise to the now-dated use of the word 'idget' as a synonym for 'moron'). The outcome of the case isn't exactly as pressing a question as when the big quake will strike. But it worries the Lawns, who want to be sure no would-be fan gets the wrong idea. " 'Gidget Goes to Hell' is absolutely the only Bee-Gees type number we do," Vex told the press firmly.

BEVERLY HILLS

Thrills!

Pic: Roberta Bayley

ARCHIVE FUN

OLD habits die hard — but this early surly line-up of Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers bit the dust pretty quick when one of its participants departed this life. Second from the left, Richard took his more publicised route to Hell, and Johnny Volume, oops, sorry — Thunders, over to the right has linked up with Wayne Kramer (once of the MC5) to form Gang War. All Johnny's bands have such pretty names (remember The Living Dead?). Maybe it's the monikers, but recruitment could be going better: Steve McGuire (studio specialist and bassist for Detroit group 27) turned down a Kramer invitation to join Gang War. In pique perhaps, the Gang have now shifted their centre of operations from Motown up to New York.

NICK DETROIT

Thrills!

VINYL ALERT ★ VINYL ALERT ★ VINYL ALERT ★

DISGUSTED by the money-grabbing nature of record stores who've taken to selling copies of Joy Division's free flexi-disc, Factory entrepreneur Tony Wilson has requested punters offered the artefact for cash to let him know via letters addressed to *Thrills*. The single 'Incubation' is an unlimited edition and should be available free to anyone who asks for it at better record shops.

Thrills!

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Ripping Yarns

REMEMBER the one about the £300 punk dress with the diamante-encrusted safety pins? Though held up as the *reductio ad absurdam* of punk-in-the-media, rich folks bought 'em and even Debbie Harry agreed to inhabit one for the length of a photo session.

Their 'conceptual' chic, with the brainchild of Zandra (no relation to Bernie) Rhodes, the famous fuschia-haired vendeuse who was ready to burst into 'Hello I Am Your Heart' but doesn't wear Swanky Modes. Zandra herself reminisced about the whole affair last week when she gave her free public lecture "Zandra Rhodes Looks to the '80s" at London's Victoria and Albert Museum.

"You'd be amazed how difficult it is to make dresses that *look* like they're torn," she told a gullible throng. "But it didn't actually do my sales any good because a lot of people who would have bought my chiffon dresses didn't want anything to do with the punk movement. But you have to stand up for what you want, sometimes you do something you believe in and it just doesn't have the effect it should have." The effect it should have (and the thrust of Ms Rhodes' lecture, which eschewed any mention of the '80s to provide a detailed depiction of her design career through 1979) is to *sell*. Every admonition to "fight for what you believe in" was balanced by a sobering "even though it *won't sell*".

Would-be futurist fashionmongers were also treated to a rather idiosyncratic style of imperialism . . . Zandra hated Mexico, but managed to swipe a lot of useful patterns off banana leaves and sombreros, and Japan was so boring she hid in her hotel room sullkily sketching the lilies ("still one of my best sellers!"). After visiting China, though, she was really inspired: "I dyed my hair red and, uh, invented these pagoda eyebrows." (Look out, Andy MacKay!) And in New York City's Museum of the American Indians, Zandra discovered the art of the Red Indian ("It was amazing to see that it wasn't just stringy old bits of leather and things") as well as gazzumping America with her Ultrasuede Cowboy Collection of '76. "You'll note that the Americans only did cowboys *this* year."

Ms Rhodes thinks we have the most exciting street culture in the world right here at home, but she feels her £300 and up interpretations of it don't get nearly enough press here. Stories about how her haute punk trunks got sent to the cleaners and came home with all the rips sewn up may be cute, but they just don't pay the rent. And although the audience were welcome round at her Mayfair shop to browse for "inspiration", they were reminded not to come in groups, as "clothes simply don't *sell* when there are onlookers."

Zandra was careful to remind us all our taxes are well spent on a national treasure like the V&A, though she did feel that attendees should rightfully have paid an admission fee to boot — *and* she's thinking of leaving her pricey punk collection to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art unless she's assured London will give it the historical prominence it deserves. All this left no time for any mention of the '80s at all. And no questions were raised about sweatshops or staff infections.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Pic: Anastasia Pantsios/LFI

Debbie impoverished by her investment in Zandra Rhodes rigs.

'I'm glad to see that punk rock is at last losing its rough edges and is beginning to display a more considered, mature attitude.'

JIMI HENDRIX + NINE TO THE UNIVERSE

Jimi Hendrix had but three years to get in his whole shot, even in the excelerated blur of 1969, it wasn't enough. He had outraged, menaced, seduced, evoked a generation. In three years, he'd done Monterey, Woodstock, The Isle of Wight and Johnny Carson! In the transition from musician to pop deity, he was feeling increasingly hemmed in. He couldn't take one more foxy lady. Despite the pressures he couldn't deny his own evolution. "Nine to the Universe" is an indication as to where Hendrix would have gone, the album was a result of unpressured, almost leisurely recording sessions done in 1969. The result is an opportunity to hear the Master at play, having fun. Release of "Nine to the Universe" has been a long time coming, in a way that's a pity, since it obviously intimates Hendrix had music on his mind whose scope lay well beyond the pop song format he had already helped to revolutionise.

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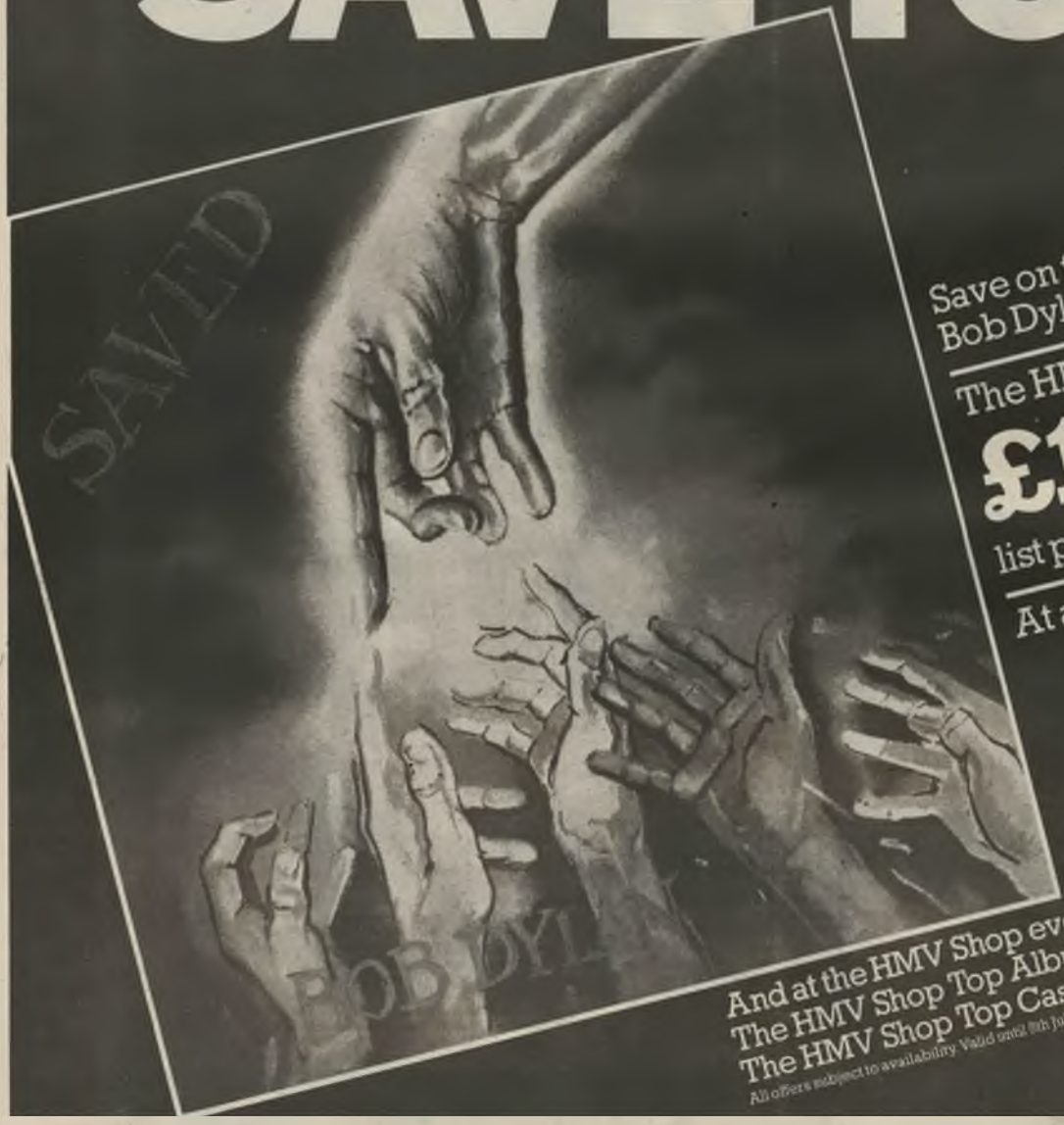

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Today's flavour of the month

by Adrian Thrills

WAH! HEAT

Pix Anton Corbijn

BACK ON the London stage. The pin-drop of a greasy black quiff hangs in suspended animation inches away from the top of a microphone stand. A bandaged arm clatters across the strings of a Les Paul guitar as thick, lucid Mersey brogue starts to harangue a docile London audience.

Draped in a white shoulder towel like a boxer ready to flay his punchbag, the man on the lip of the stage is angrily unimpressed with the mild disinterest a Druid Electric Ballroom is showing his band. And the tone of the lead-in, given extra urgency by a wacky country bass backdrop, is unmistakably bitter. The smugness and complacency of the south!

Wah! Heat are playing their first London gig — supporting the sensible, sanitised pop of Martha And The Muffins — and from the biting words of singer Pete Wiley, you could be forgiven for thinking it would also be the last.

Wiley has bags of style and an elaborate quiff. He's in love with the traditional flash and romance of rock 'n' roll. He is also as arrogant as they come and so hellbent on making such an unforgettable impact on his band's first visit to the big smoke that he falls easy prey to over-projection.

So the unsuspecting Saturday evening Electric Ballroom punters are lambasted for their stuffy complacency when, in fact, Wah! Heat had been given a reception that most up-and-coming bands would be pleased to receive.

But not Wiley. His tantrums and tirades are a brazen show of his confidence and the hopes he has for Wah! Heat: of the desire to be accepted on his own terms. It is the sort of attitude that could make him almost unbearable were Wah! Heat ever to become big stars. Yet, in the stultifying confines of a bland Martha And The Muffins gig, his temper comes as a welcome relief, something fresh, a bit at odds with the general mood.

At least it livens up the air . . .

PETE WILEY scrawled the sardonic legend 'Flavour Of The Month' across the top of a xeroxed press release advertising a recent Wah! Heat gig. His cynicism is directed at the current musical mainstream of all things Mersey — Wah! Heat included. Ironically, Wah! Heat share with the likes of Bunnymen, Teardrop Pink Military and the rest of the Liverpool bands an active contempt for the fashionable 'mainstream' scene and all the assumptions and preconceptions that it implies.

"It's dangerous 'cause people seem to expect too much of you. They come to gigs expecting the eighth wonder of the world. We want people to know that we're aware of that and we're not going to play along with it.

"Everybody talks about the 15 minutes of fame thing. It's getting a bit like that with all the Liverpool bands . . . so we'll have five minutes now and the rest later on, if that's alright!

"All my heroes aren't the people who make a big splash and then disappear from sight. The only people I respect are those who can last through, people who can make the initial impact and then keep on going, like Johnny Rotten or The Clash."

For such an obvious enthusiast, it is remarkable that Wiley has taken so long to get himself organised in a worthwhile group. Enticed away from university by the burgeoning musical activity of 1977, he was one of the cornerstones of the semi-legendary Crucial Three, the garageband which also spawned the leading lights of Echo And The Bunnymen and The Teardrop Explodes. Wiley played guitar in the Crucial Three in 1978, cutting his musical teeth on an instrument given to him by The Clash's Mick Jones with the words, "You can pay me back when you're famous".

With the inevitable demise of a band containing such starkly different talents as Ian McCulloch and Julian Cope, Wiley left with his current drummer Rob Jones, although it wasn't until last September that Wah! Heat got properly off the ground.

Encouraged and eventually almost bullied into the studio by Eric's label controller Pete Fulwell, Wiley and Jones found bassist Pete Washington and organist Mick Jones (yes, another one), who remains a part-time member, and cut the single 'Better Scream'. The song, eventually released on Eric's subsidiary Inevitable, is a powerful, ominous 11½ about the corrupting influence of power, inspired by a CIA plot to overthrow Castro by staging the second coming of Christ in Cuba.

Their debut gig followed last December when they supported The Mo-Dettes at Eric's. Soon after, Youngerman to be replaced by black bassman Washington who, fed up with the sterility of the Mersey reggae scene, elected to try his luck with a rock band for the first time.

"I didn't want to do reggae," he explains. "That's all my mates wanted to do: be the first good reggae band to come out of Liverpool. But all the reggae bands are only interested in how much money they are going to make out of it and who's going to be the toaster. I just wasn't interested in that. The only reggae bands I really like are Aswad and Steel Pulse - 'cause they've got a lot of rock things in there as well."

The 'Better Scream' single was released in the early spring to favourable reviews all round, its B-side 'Hey Disco Joe' also cropping up as one of the best tracks on the 'Hicks From The Sticks' compilation on Rockburgh.

By the time the tracks surfaced, the band had moved on and improved enormously, fully integrating the supple twists of Washington's bass playing with the hard, edgy guitar and drum sound and Wiley's melodramatic vocals. The temptation to re-record the single, however, or rush into the studios for the follow-up was resisted, at least temporarily, Wiley preferring to preserve the unique feel of the debut.

"We could do it a lot better if we got the chance, but that's not the point. The atmosphere of the first single wouldn't be there. It would lose a lot of the magic."

The band remain confusingly undecided about the future.

"We've got to the stage where we've got to make a lot of decisions, like whether to sign for a major record company and all that. But if we start getting too analytical about things like that, we'll lose a lot of the drive and atmosphere.

"We could sit there thinking that we shouldn't do certain things 'cause they're too conventional or not conventional enough. So, we're going to try and not let things like that get in our way".

WILEY IS an eager talker, when you can penetrate the thick Scouse tones to understand what he's saying. His head bubbles with confused and even contradictory ideas. He can change topic midstream, barely pausing for breath as Washington and Rob struggle to get a word in edgeways.

We all agree that music has to be danceable. That's definitely the thing. And it's got to be hard, but that doesn't mean that what goes on top has got to be conventional.

Another thing at the moment is that people think you're either a mod group or a conventional rock band if you play dance music.

"But dance music can be rebellious. Like all that early Beatles and Stones music was rebellious, but it didn't exclude people . . . another thing is that people probably wouldn't take as much notice of what we're saying if we sign with a major record label. We could sell 2,000 records on Eric's and people would probably take more notice of what we say. There again, there's also a lot of snobbery about the independent thing . . ."

Drummer Rob chips in with a few words that could have applied to the highly-charged Electric Ballroom gig later that same week.

"I think we're going to lose a lot of people who come along with preconceived ideas about the band. But if we do, I won't be bothered 'cause we've never made them any promises. There's a danger that people expect certain things of you."

Wiley is a determined individual out to prove both himself and Wah! Heat. His driving motivation, he readily admits, is one born out of a desire to get back at the people who have ignored him in the past. Like Weller and Costello, Wiley has a chip on his shoulder and is out for revenge. But is it a totally healthy attitude to have? Is it not a force born out of inadequacy? Wiley disagrees.

"It's not so much revenge. It's just that I want to be able to say something to all the people who have belittled us. You could argue that a lot of great rock music was driven by that, stuff like John Lennon.

"But it's not something I'm consciously coming up with. It's just there. But it's not just destructive 'cause we're doing something creative."

All he needs now is a haircut to go with the attitude.

Washington, Pete Wiley, Rob Jones.

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SINGLES

Reviewed by MAX BELL

ELVIS COSTELLO: New Amsterdam / Dr Luther's Assistant / Ghost Train / Just A Memory *(F-Beat)*. Costello's rise to the top of his profession would be almost frightening in its single mindedness were it not for the fact that the results are so listenable, so intriguing, beautiful even — certainly not an adjective that sprang to mind in the days when I only half caught his drift and was taken in by the bitter and twisted myth which bears no relevance in this context. But with that. The level of intellect at work in writing a song like 'New Amsterdam' is not one you'll meet very often in the rock business. How often do people turn up with a song book as stuffed full of wit, even wisdom, as this man Costello's? The standard standards, Porter, Coward, Lennon and McCartney (of course) must give credit to Elvis for his black comic punning and layered meaning.

'New Amsterdam' begins its life stabbing backs in retrospect, and then suddenly flowers into an account of high fashion and low life: contrasts imagery drawn from childhood (Liverpool) and a docklandscape, the reality of Rotherhithe against the pose of Wapping. Costello's language is never the hackneyed rubbish that passes for normal with his contemporaries, neither does he talk down to himself or his listener, assume some false street credibility — disgusting practices all. No, Costello's language at its best, rides a fine line close to poetry. A combination of literary traits that Ezra Pound and Eliot would probably endorse allied to a series of highly effective steals and reworked influences (some of them from Lennon, a la 'Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds', even 'Ob-la-di Ob-la-da' on 'Ghost Train' — I could be wrong) gives these songs a longevity and sense of tradition.

Before this gets too bogged down in supposition it's worth noting that 'Dr Luther's Assistant' is extremely funny peculiar, (an Owsley figure meets Marlowe at a nightmare drugged pace) that, yes, some of this is Elvis' back pages and that 'Just A Memory' is soul baring on a chilling

As the 50 pence version of the single isn't exactly an all-time best seller you might think that the better Costello gets the less records he sells. That's ridiculous; at a time of recession this bloke is heading for an ascendancy where few can follow. Just as long as he doesn't get religion . . .

JOY DIVISION: Komakino / Incubaton *(Factory-free record)*. The choking fact of Ian Curtis' unnecessary and hideously premature death is still impossible to believe — even the existence of this flimsy flexi-disc (a free charge of naked energy) seems more tangible than that unacceptable truth.

'Komakino', a vocal track of listless dimensions, will act as a bitter taste for the forthcoming 'Closer' album — not Joy Division at their peak but still Joy Division — the peak band.

'Incubation' — underlined as a Factory reject — is an instrumental, a wide open excursion into Oriental rage with Albrecht, Hook and Morris pumping out a sensual polyrhythm that is immediately recognisable, both in and out of character. Joy Division fans who haven't yet had the pleasure may want to check out the German improvisational group Popol Vuh, with whom they share some common psychedelic ground.

MAFIA: Rescue Me *(Groucho Records)*. This branch of the Mafia is from Dundee. Their cover of Fontella Bass' 'Rescue Me' has an infinitely greater degree of fire and soul than the majority of hip plunderers. Unlike Dexy's Midnight Runners, Q-Tips etc, Mafia even sound like they enjoy the stuff instead of ramming it down your throat as some wonderful favour from on high. The way some of those prats talk you'd imagine they'd invented soul music when they're not even fit to lick Joe Tex' boots. Mafia don't adopt obviously putrid gimmicks like wooly hats or false moustaches and don't assume that because they can make a record they are entitled to hold a definitive opinion on anything from Otis Redding to the price of socks, so they don't stand the faintest chance of gaining acceptance with the Rude Boys the rat-racers and the idemikit chart fiddlers. A pox on all of *them* and good luck to Mafia. Produced by the excellent David Balfe.

CLIVE LANGER AND THE BOXES: It's All Over Now . *(F-Beat)*. The ancient Valentinos / Bobby Womack classic gets slightly sunk by Clive Langer's engaging off-beat delivery. The single lacks the melodic variety of 'Splash' — production cleverness is no substitute for the original emotional impact. Langer has taken the skeleton of the song's meaning and broken it by refusing to compromise his automatic vocal. By adding nothing new in the way of interpretation (the electronix are passe this time) C.L. and the Boxes are hardly likely to capture the disinterested ear. Bit of an indulgence I'm afraid.

BIM: Delicious — Gone Wrong *(Swerve)*. Bobby Henry surfaces in a different disguise on a Sire subsidiary label with the anaemic moniker Bim and a timely skanking novelty number. A tastefully formulated unrequited love song that's long on vogue sax (let's face it, damn near all the modern soul hits have got a sax solo that's interchangeable with this one) and short on lyrical ingenuity. So there.

Illustrations: Serg Clerc

THE CLASH: Train In Vain / Bank Robber *(CBS — Import)*. This one's being snapped up by the tank load by Clashophiles from Tallahassie to Tooting. Not for Mick Jones' already heard version of 'Stand By Me' meets 'With The Clash' but for the B-side, a Dread-loaded rendition of the soporific 'Bank Robber', a typically gentle example of the Strummer world view — help yourself to what's rightfully yours. Unfortunately, the sweet reason behind lines like *"Daddy was a bank robber / Who never hurt nobody / He just loved to live that way / And loved to steal your money"* doesn't conjure up a particularly interesting image. What kind of rebel is this? I've known more dangerous gardeners.

And then 'Rockers Galore — UK Tour' is equally ickle yukky, pats on the back all round from Mikey Dread (how twee can ya get) and some throwaway regurgitation of a 'Bank Robber' dub that's guaranteed to send you kicking and screaming for the nearest Lee Perry.

SECTION 25: Girls Don't Count *(Factory)*. Girls don't count, money doesn't count, Section 25's irony doesn't work. Count me out.

CRAWLING CHAOS: Sex Machine *(Factory)*. Unusually for Factory this doesn't work either. Operations on other people's private parts, and intimate accounts of their diseased proclivities, are not generally considered suitable cases for vinyl treatment. Loved the elongated guitar break and the cover though. Really did.

BOB DYLAN: Saved *(CBS)*. The end of the world is nigh and you can bet your sweet nuclear fallout shelter that Bob Dylan isn't going to that place where they walk on hot coals and shower down with bog brushes. No siree; Bob is adamant, absolutely damn sure that *he* is saved. Thank you Lord. And it's a revivalist meeting, it's a man walking down Oxford Street with a sandwich board saying "Less Protein — Less Lust", it's a whole bunch of confused, idle rich white folks with personality problems, pretending to get down to that same gospel root that Bob chews; a holy roller charlatan. Last century he'd have been selling quack medicines in Missouri.

Flash back to 1966 — millions of spotty, confused, idle poor white folks are rooting through a dustbin and examining baffling and enigmatic stanzas. Many years are to be wasted in this fruitless occupation. Some time later, the incumbent dustbin owner has part recovered from a nasty bike spin that leaves him a few cards short the deck. 'Course that doesn't matter to the seekers, they maintain their faith and file into worship at the popular churches, Earls Court and Madison Square Garden, where Bob preaches the new found creed, Old Testament style. But that's OK too — because Jesus was Jewish and so's Bob, though he's hung up about it and all the confused white folks coming on forty (gulp) think well, maybe I'll carry on swallowing this guff although in normal life I'd never give it a second thought.

No doubt you can buy the album 'Saved' in a Virgin Establishment for £1.50 off. Try turning the tables over while you're in there. Perhaps *you* will be saved. But I wouldn't bank on it.

KILLING JOKE: Wardance *(Malicious Damage)*. Is this some kind of private joke? K.J. mash out the '77 tribal stomp with their customary call to anarchic arms but take themselves so seriously that one is naturally suspicious of their motives. Pour encourager les autres.

THE SLITS: Man Next Door *(Rough Trade)*. The Slits still haven't perfected either their spoof Jamaican accents or their Hugo Montenegro warbling. In fact, outside of copping a lot of trendy soulwoman stances it's extremely difficult to remember if they've learnt anything at all in the past two years. Is that the point? Iron Butterfly were never this bad.

BOK BOK: Come Back To Me *(Bok Bok)*. Kari Burns, Dave Price and Buzzcock Garvey stumble through fields of pop corn with all guitars blazing and tongues firmly in cheek. That's what is so great about new wave, it never looks back . . .

THE FRESHIES: Yellow Spot *(Razz Records)*. And neither does Chris Sievey of the Freshies. Ask him. Don't expect a sensible answer though, the Freshies are getting high, along with most of their currently square-eyed contemporaries. You'd have to have your head firmly up your arse if you hadn't noticed the trend, all done without the aid of mind expanding hallucinogenics as well. Not as good as 'Itchycoo Park'.

PLASTIC IDOLS: Adventure *(Clay)*. From Stoke-on-Trent, Plastic Idols tread where no man has ever trod before, unless you count David Bowie and who does nowadays? Full of angst, 'Adventure' benefits from a warped chorus and not much else.

ULTRAVOX: Sleepwalk *(Chrysalis)*. Assisted by Connie Plank they may be, yet Ultravox haven't really extricated themselves from a monotonous equation where limited shelf life and acute indigestion result.

THE JUMP: Shake Up *(Cave Man)*. Starts promisingly enough with a Rolling Stones bluff before dissipating into cracked actor tedium. Light on entertainment value.

PERE UBU: Final Solution / My Dark Ages *(Rough Trade)*. How did this one get in here? A re-release of the Ubu-Men's monumental slab of electric chair rock, 'Final Solution' is a reminder of the only excuse for the whole sorry charade, the unconscious elevation of an apparently trivial expression into a straight argument for modern art. Recorded in 1976, and suddenly that doesn't seem so far away. The new Pere Ubu album, 'The Art Of Walking' is due soon and Rough Trade will continue to delve backwards. Good idea.

HANK WANGFORD: Wild Thing! *(Cow Pie)*. An English country rocker with an absurdist name debuts on pedal steel fanatic B.J. Cole's independent label by covering Chip Taylor's moment of glory at less than breakneck speed. Raises the odd chuckle. For rednecks only but superior blues fans will not want to miss out on the snazzy harp solo. I like it, but then I like Cowboy Copas.

PAUL McCARTNEY: Waterfalls *(Parlophone)*. Being a naturally suspicious person, I'm wary of Paulie's supposed rejuvenation. After all if Derek Jewell likes him *that* much there's got to be a catch. Still, 'Coming Up' is undoubtedly alright, upfront triteness with little penetration. McCartney's still troubled by a tendency to disrupt a harmonious motif with a sudden splattering of disconnected romanticism. On 'Waterfalls', a bizarre execution, he falls into just that trap — witty little verses are compromised by chorus cliches.

▶ Continues over page

SINGLES

◆ *From previous page.*

'Check My Machine' the flip, is more peculiar, a deranged mixture of the developed madness which hasn't been in vogue since 'You Know My Name, Look Up The Number'. Ingredients that spring to my mind (purely opinion) are dub, Beaver and Krause, The Goons. Paul was evidently smoking the carpet prior to letting it all hang out, tape wise, so the cognoscenti may not approve. I don't know.

DEAD CERT: Time Bomb *(Certain)*. Confident start from this South London band. Flashes of original energy are occasionally compromised by a meandering arrangement but a major label might recognise their obvious commercial potential.

ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80: No Room *(Rough Trade)*. Grandiose operatic rumblings from the mad Spizz who has been seen to progress from unloved bill opener to a position of hard core punk power. I'm not impressed by the angular electric rushes — the whimsical stupidity of his ongoing fantasty 'Spock's Missing' is preferable. Not that it matters either way. If Rough Trade have done their sums right this will be a hit. Spizz goes platignum?

WHITE SOXX: Versailles *(MCA)*. Fourth dimensional recreation of the mystic time warp into which two maiden ladies fell during a visit to the Palace of Versailles — an occurrence that has been well documented by subscribers to the astral plane. Colin Wilson and Brian Wilson devotees may care to give it a spin. I enjoyed the near note for note Beach Boys imitation on the bridge but found that eight minutes of the bugger strained credulity beyond all reasonable bounds.

SILICON TEENS: Just Like Eddie / Sun Flight *(Mute)*. Another guaranteed hit for Silicon Teens; the subliminal beat goes on and on and on. Really far out.

GINA X PERFORMANCE: Weekend Twist *(EMI)*. And similar disposable twaddle from yet another empty headed German disco chanteuse. Jet setters and Kevin Ayers fans might fall into the trap but the rest of us will ignore Miss Performance and hope she goes away eventually.

THE CITIZENS: Satisfy The Citizens *(Cavalcade)*. They would.

LESZEK ALEXANDER: If I Had You *(Charisma)*. Leszek Alexander (who?) is in possession of a remarkably flexible voice and lousy material. His prime stab at stardom, a glossy MOR ballad, with no strings attached, is too reminiscent of Engelbert Humperdinck (younger readers may skip this allusion) to inspire any confidence, but 'Soul Music', perversely written by Sting, is ideal radio muzak which will corral housepersons and weenies alike in its ascent of the national chart. 7 to 2 on.

VAN HALEN: And The Cradle Will Rock *(WB)*. Air brushed philosopher posers Van Halen plunder Jimi Hendrix patents and add a dash of muscle-flexing wimp riffing that ain't worth a nickle. It's not heavy metal, kiddies, as your own feet should vouchsafe. For male models only.

SAXON: 747 (Strangers In The Night) *(Carrere)*. Sorry to be so one tracked about all this noise but after Saxon have mis-managed the opening lick to 'All Along The Watchtower' (see above) they fall off the same cosmic cliff as Van Halen. Asexuality rules the genre so strongly that an attempt at tenderness like this is merely laughable.

SAMSON: Hammerhead *(Gem)*. Samson made the mistake of cutting off their hair but anyhow none of these bands is fit to carry Ross the Boss's plectrum. After Shakin' Street they're all kissing dust.

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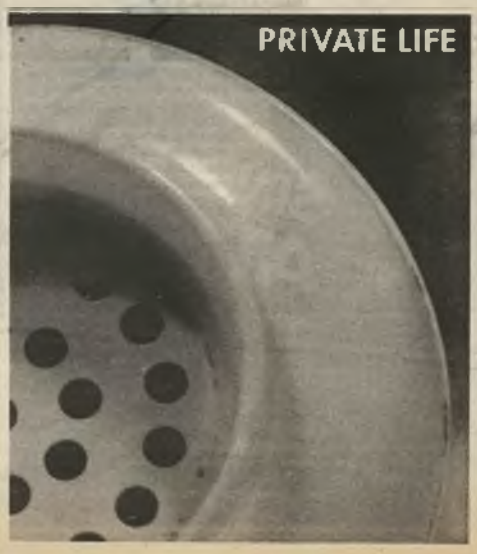


Linton Kwesi Johnson and the Delusions of Victory

The New Left Chic and the Old Soft Heart Shuffle

The Booshwah Blues

by Paul Rambali

"Tomorrow for the young, the poets exploding like bombs."
— W. H. Auden, Spain

LINTON KWESI Johnson has just released his third album of dread beat and blood for the bleeding hearts. The 'Bass Culture' of the title is his own debased culture, whose pride now resides in the bass that bubbles like the vengeful blood of human cargo.

Bass culture is his stock in trade, Bob Marley's stock in trade, Island Records' stock in trade, and if you listen very hard you can hear it bubbling along with the *ratatouille* in places like Islington and Camden Town, far away from the real melting pots.

Linton Johnson gives his bass culture a vivid, strident and forthright expression, clearly enunciating the patois, clearly denouncing the forces of its oppression — from the police to the misappropriated beliefs of Judaism. To number the latter amongst those forces has been his most vital statement. A wiser man than myself once said that religion is not really the bandage at all, but the wound itself.

Maybe so. Linton Johnson simply says that there is no Starliner, no going back to Africa, no refuge in myth . . . *The blacks are here to stay.* The wisdom of this is plain. For a wound to heal fully the bandage must eventually be removed, otherwise it will just fester.

And to suggest to the colonial peoples that they belong here, because many of them were born here, and they had better be prepared to fight to stay here, is something that has implications for *all* the people who live here. Because the Asians, the blacks, the Chinese etc *do* belong here. They, along with, ironically, many of the people who focus their discontent upon them, are the ones who have made the country rich. Ignorance is the only good excuse for not knowing the historical truth of that. The real trouble is that becoming rich has made Britain smug and complacent, insular and insolent.

The deep insistence of Johnson's words, the ominous, implacable tone of his delivery, the brave, grave tenor of his voice, all impart the fiercest conviction and courage. His outspoken expression of bass culture is to be admired.

But who is he speaking to? The natural assumption is that he is speaking to his people — he uses their slang, after all. But notice how clear and well rounded it is. Jamaican slang is usually like a soup to the outsider, and Johnson has no need to form his words so precisely for Jamaicans. He isn't talking to his people at all; he's speaking on their behalf. And always assuming they want someone to speak on their behalf, who, then, is listening?

ONE OF *NME's* writers thinks that Linton Johnson is a university educated dilettante, who somehow bastardises an earthy, vigorous culture to make it safe for consumption by a timid white audience afraid to venture into the roots jungle, unlike himself of course.

This is the most patronising of all attitudes to bass culture — the white man's awe of the noble savage. Naturally bass culture can and does speak for itself, and can ultimately only belong to the blacks, even though some of the feelings it expresses — via the only medium open to it — have resounded further and wider than almost any other voice in this century; down through jazz, rock'n'roll and disco. That, at least, is one good reason why Linton Johnson should try to make it intelligible to others as well.

So, who are those others?

In a word, the *converted*. The young, white, liberal, educated intelligentsia who find in Johnson's music an affirmation of all that they adore about bass culture. They are almost as patronising as our correspondent who deplores Johnson for taking that culture to them, except they are not so jealous and possessive of it.

What they're jealous of is the genuine righteous anger it can express against oppression, which is something their largely comfortable lives distances them from, even as their education inevitably awakens them to it. And every now and then, the bass culture they vicariously consume spurs them on to the idea of going out and Rocking Against something.

Linton Johnson, being in all respects but one part of the same intelligentsia, probably understands this. He probably knows that defining bass culture for *Guardian* readers will not heal the wound but it will help, because these people are influential, even if they are the angry, ineffectual liberals, who will debate the best way to bring down the miserable, invisible, institutionalised, self-serving forces of supposed power, given a lighted match they would most likely drop it in case it burnt their fingers.

Linton Johnson must know this because he is a part of it; at least, when he is Linton Kwesi Johnson, Poet from the Roots (on Island records and tapes) he is a part of it. Being black, of course, he is much nearer the point of throwing the match, but being liberal and educated that is not his way.

This isn't to say he emasculates bass culture by bringing it to these people; adding another pressed flower to their collections. The fact is, his first album was bolder and more militant than almost anything else reggae has ever produced. His words don't stare at the floor, nor at the horizon, but right back into your face. Yet for all their force and immediacy they are still poetic and representational. Remember the distinction about the way he uses his slang. He is representing bass culture in a very stylised, artistic way.

Yes, it's that word again: Art. But it isn't popular art, although it's based in a popular idiom. Check for illustration the difference between the way the same theme is treated on Lee Perry's 'Hailstones' and Johnson's 'Inglan Is A Bitch'. Johnson has to invent a stereotyped character who arrived in the '50s (encouraged by the British government, lest we forget) and now works on the buses in a damn fool country where the weather is always gloom. Lee Perry sees hailstones falling in London town and his spirits just sink.

No doubt a Jamaican could identify with both songs (and Johnson's records are not after all unpopular amongst Jamaicans) but his is a literary, calculated piece of work while Perry's is a garbled personal complaint. Johnson's work belongs more to the gallery, the recitation room, or the glass coffee-table than it does to the blues parties he sometimes sings about.

In that sense, he is a dilettante, though at least a purposeful one.

WHAT really hurts about all this is that Linton Johnson is caught in the same net as his admirers. It hurts because he is obviously much stronger than most of the floundering liberals who buy his records, and could become the crucial figurehead that some part of him seems to want to be. But then he isn't the only fish caught up in something woven by circumstance around all our better intentions.

The right wing skinhead you hear so much about doesn't actively hate blacks and reds and support the British Movement, *his real enemy is the liberal intelligentsia.*

The rise of Rock Against Racism went hand in hand with the rise of the new skinhead. RAR is comprised of the same liberal, educated students and ex-students who might buy Linton Johnson's records. They wave placards and press trite political dogma upon people of the same sort of age who left school to go to work because there aren't that many options and who resent being urged to donate their hard-earned leisure time to the service of politics. Politics! Leave it out . . .

The socialists with their high-principled, humanist causes *openly* try to win over the youth. They trust in the justness of their cause. They use language and concepts they have acquired at their places of higher learning, boiling them down to suspicious simplifications. All the while the fascists have ignorance on their side. That and human nature, because no-one likes to be told what is good for them. Socialist thinking revolves around concepts like the proletariat, the working class, the bourgeoisie, which conveniently exclude something as obstinate and irrational as a human being.

In 1978 the ambivalent, unconsciously angry youth looking for an outlet for fun and rage could choose between the earnest clichés of the left (often voiced by so-called art bandits) and the gut discontent of the dull right. It was a choice between Tom Robinson and Jimmy Pursey. (Some choice.) It was also one more example of the way the educated left in this country has never been able to reconcile its distance from the working class.

I'm not writing this out of some misbegotten urge to belittle the efforts of Linton Johnson, or even the people who listen to him, although they are the ones who least need to. They will hear the indignation, feel the wrath, and put him back on the shelf. Outside their confines, the poets burst like balloons.

THE SINGLE
'HEATSTROKES'
SOME STILL AVAILABLE WITH
FREE SEW-ON PATCH
ALSO RUSH RELEASED ON
12" WITH PICTURE BAG
RUSH
AR0233
arola

The Slits/Pop Group Revolutionary Tribunal passes sentence on Penman.

ROUGH JUSTICE

IN THE COURT OF THE PURPLE PARAGRAPH

Following a more-than-rigorous analysis of the last Slits/Pop Group single, the twin terrors of Rough Trade challenged Ian Penman to a verbal showdown. This is his account of the proceedings.

ONCE UPON a time there was a young man who fancied himself as something of a Modern Prince, and one day he set about ridding his country of a two-headed monster, using only a quill and his wit.

One half of this monster was made of boys, and its name was The Pop Group (Bruce, Dan, John, Mark and Gareth). The other half was made of girls and its name was The Slits (Ari, Tessa and Viv). And when The Slits were good they were very very good, but when they were bad they deserved to be banished!

There was an evil warlock behind the monster as well, and his name was ... Dick O'Dell. A manager!

You've probably guessed the identity of the young prince — dashing, flaxen-haired, tilts a good windmill — by now, and perhaps ajudged the degree to which his monster-ridding adventure was successful; you may be less familiar with his trusty sidekick, name of Bob — best damn donkey-driver this side of Caledonia — who joined eagerly in the quest to quash the unholy quall.

Just like Don Quixote, however, the young prince had trouble convincing his editors of the fantastic and subjective validity of his visions, and their rationale unfortunately triumphed in the end ...

(Which is why you're reading this instead of Penman's original text — Miguel de Cervantes.)

Fragments Of An Abortive Tete-A-Tetes

IP: *... I was very pleased with it. I thought it summed up in a very pleasing way what I wanted to say about certain areas of what you were doing.*

Bruce: What the bands or, say, what Mark was doing?

That single being a representation of The Pop Group and The Slits, I reviewed it as such."

Bruce: I was curious to know — I mean, I've never met you — the vindictiveness of it, the personal remarks ...

I thought it was utilised to a specific end, rather than being purely vindictive. Why did you think it was vindictive?

Dan: You didn't talk very much about the actual ...

Well I don't think any single, any album, exists in a vacuum. (Like) you review The Single: 'I think it's good, I think it's bad, I can dance to it', a shopping list of reasons. To go beyond that ... In terms of me having a relationship with the group, a past, etc., instead of saying 'Here's this record, I'm sitting at a desk reviewing it' — as though nothing exists outside of that. Aside from the personalized remarks, what was anyone's reaction to it?

Dan: I'd like to know what the intention behind it was.

Mmm, I don't know — I didn't plan it. The single turned up that week, I had a job to do — that's one intention. I was interested in saying certain things about the groups — that was another intention. There's a network of intentions, it isn't simple, I didn't set out to pull a carpet from under anyone's feet. I mean, it'd be like saying you had An Intention behind doing the record — narrow it down so. Although, I don't know, maybe you did have An Intention behind doing the record (?). I certainly don't look at things like that.

Dick: What, in terms of people's intentions?

No, in terms of I Have An Intention *and set out to fulfill it — and go about all over the place fulfilling intentions: Being Successful. I don't think it works that cut-and-dried. How do you measure it? Do you measure it in terms of your own personal satisfaction?*

(Pause.)

Bruce: What do you think about the *intent* of the record itself? Either that or of the two bands?

Why, is that what you think of what you do: that you have set intentions that you —

Bruce: No, no, no, no —

Because that's what I thought was wrong with it — I don't know if I communicated that adequately in the review — that you had kind of an agenda: 'we will do this, we will state this and we will state this in this way ...' which I thought was a bit dogmatic, at the same time as being rather vague: dogmatically vague. Which is an impression I got off both sides.

(More extrapolation around 'Intent'.)

John: You wrote basically *This is shit*, you wrote *This is shit because of this ...*

No, no. You're being dogmatic again.

Ari: What does 'dogmatic' mean?

Categorical. As I said, I don't believe in categoricals, you know, this is shit - meaningless, per se ...

John: Do you think the music's contrived as well?

I mean, if you think I —

Ari: I don't think you wrote what you thought of it, I think you put it in, sort of like a box, saying that's what it is ...

Sorry — what do you mean?

Ari: Well I mean you say it was contrived, you say it's rip offs, you say it's —

No, I didn't — at no point did I say it was contrived.

Ari: In the same way as you describe it like a sort of Hitler you're like making it sort of a politician game really.

That seems a big jump to me, I must say — to Hitler.

Ari: Not really, cos it's the same pattern y'know, right down to everyone ... I mean, you said you was pretty pleased about it, I mean, I was pretty pleased about it 'cos you did make a fool out of yourself making half a review of it, making about half a page or something.

Gareth: It doesn't really matter what he said, it's far too incestuous, our little talk.

Dick: I think we should be taking about ideology, not music ... Well, that's what it's really all about, isn't it?

Gareth: Are you gonna use long words?

Dick: N-o-o: *Titch.*

Well that's very a relative—

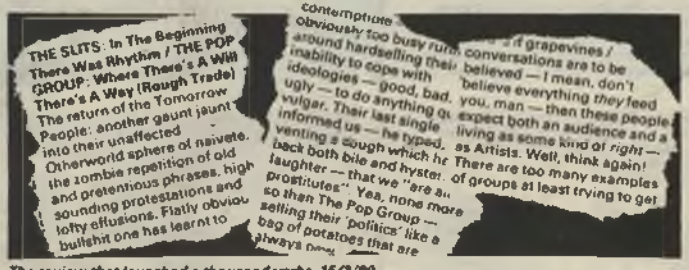
Ari: Well I don't understand long words ...

When does a long word become a long word?

Ari: Well, very contrived words, like 'isms and stuff.

'Contrived' *is a long word ...*

Dick: Let's try and bridge the gap.



THE SLITS: In The Beginning There Was Rhythm / THE POP GROUP: Where There's A Will There's A Way (Rough Trade)

The return of the Tomorrow People: another gaunt jaunt into their unaffected Otherworld sphere of naivete. the zombie repetition of old and pretentious phrases, high sounding protestations and lofty effusions. Flatly obviou bullshit one has learnt to

contemptuo

Obviously too busy ruin... if grapevines / around hardselling their conversations are to be inability to cope with believed — I mean, don't ideologies — good, bad, believe everything *they* feed ugly — to do anything qu you, man — then these people vulgar. Their last single expect both an audience and informed us — he typed, living as some kind of *right* — venting a cough which he as Artists. Well, think again! back both bile and hyster There are too many examples laughter — that we "are a of groups at least trying to get prostitutes". Yea, none more so than The Pop Group — selling their 'politics' like a bag of potatoes that are always

The review that launched a thousand verbs, 15/3/80.

Photographs: Anton Corbijn

Bruce: Yeah, we should be trying to learn something, not —
(Pause.)
Dan: This intentions thing. With The Pop Group, we were trying to make something maybe which had a positive vibe, basically, amongst other things —
I mean that's a word! ... 'Positive vibe'?
Ari: What would you say instead of vibe? Can you describe what vibe means?
I mean, you're talking about your intentions, and then —
Ari: No, there's no intentions. What's a vibe? It's a feel, it's a mood, it's the air that comes by you, does that not happen to you? I don't think it does, that's why you can't relate to the word. I mean you can relate to teddy boy shoes ...
(A reference to my footwear that afternoon.) What does that mean?
Ari: It doesn't mean nothing, exactly, so what ... It's like Catholics and Evangelics *(sic)* arguing about words, about words, and then they kill each other, whilst they're trying to say the same thing.
(Pause.)
Ari: I think for a start, you shouldn't even describe music like that. If you didn't like music or words, you should have said: I personally don't like this music because I don't feel nothing of it because the rhythm sounds contrived to me, or whatever you want to say, and so do the lyrics, because *I* have different ways of expressing myself. You went on about well it's like *that*, compare it to ... 'What's all this Rasta stuff in there, it sounds like a funk, dried up thing and ...' Know what I mean? It sounds like you're describing a machine, and music ain't machine. That's the problem with most people, they try and make music like a machine.

And then if you're so into sort of machine description and sort of factual description of music, you won't even like free music ...

I don't understand how people can describe music factual ...
Bob: There's two points with what's been talked about. One, the music press and critics exist and people exist and put records out. Now, what you said about intentions — *'It's just the feel, the vibe,'* whatever; *'you can't talk about it'* ... Immediately you ask anyone to explain that: they *'don't know,'* and that begins to be the case, you end up in all the shit about *'The Artist's Intention. The Artist, you can never talk to them about it ...'*

Ari: But if you wanna describe music you sort of go —
(A series of non-verbal rhythmic type descriptions.)
It's easy to describe a machine like that as well, a train or ... I don't see that there's anything special about music.
Ari: Well you can't say that a machine goes like —
(A non-verbal rhythmic type description.) Well a train goes like that, and that's a machine.
Ari: A train, yeah, but I'm talking about a machine like a robot or —
They all tick over, they all make noises. The heart's a machine ... Machinery's a rhythm too. Guitars are machines, recording studios are machines — where do you draw the line?
Ari: There's the machines that product and product and product, there's things like factories that make records records records — but when you got a speaker, and a fucking record player, it's not a machine ...

THE word 'evil' arises. Dan for one objects.
Ari: You said *'I don't say evil 'cos of the Church thing,'* OK, the Church is a fuckerles, humans made it like that but we don't make it like that, we're not like the evil people so we can use the word evil, we can use the word god, we can use the word devil.
(Much murmurs from Dan.)
Ari: You can! Like you can wear militant clothes. Clothes is the same as words: it's physical and —
Dan: No. I don't agree —
Ari: — it goes with spiritual. Otherwise you might as well walk around in a suit with a tie ...
(Dan points out that he is wearing a suit.)

"What's a vibe? It's a feel, its a mood, it's the air that comes by you; doesn't that happen to

you? I don't think it does, that's why you can't relate to the word. I mean, you can relate to teddy boy shoes . . ." *— Ari Upp.*

Mark Stewart.

BACK to lyrics.
I think it's very much a question of stating the obvious.
Dan: Is it obvious, to everybody? Or is it just obvious to you, because you're —
Dick: In touch. Very in touch with it ...
Oh, come on!
Bob: Are you very in touch with Vietnam, Ian? *(Chuckles)* Know what's goin' on? How many died yesterday?
Dick: To go with the lyrics there's a certain amount of passion, which surely is a communication?
Communicating what?
Dan: I think the obvious is sometimes so obvious that people don't notice it, they blank off. Do you think it's not worth communicating?

The 'obvious' questions are the ones worth dealing with.

(At this point, Ari switches off the tape recorder. After a minor tantrum, she confines herself to giggling with Viv in an armchair.)

Dick: Well if they're not interested in communicating, I am.
Bob: Well, all the crap that maybe resides in Cambodia, Ireland or wherever, well that crap equally gets in the road to do with groups, interviews, to do with how they're then represented in the press. It may be much more glorious to sing about it on stage and get it on record, but when it actually comes to boring, mundane ... What's wrong with talking? ... There seems to be all this artistic —

(Much murmurs of agreement from Pop Group camp. Murmurs from adjacent kitchen alternatively propose that my trousers be taken off. More giggles, etc., from Ari & Gareth. Things digress.)

Back to lyrics:
. . . there's economic structures, sexual structures, all sorts of structures which go to determine any 'political' problem and to use the words to do something about those problems . . . I'm not saying that it's not somehow active enough — just writing lyrics, you should be out fighting, etc. But I do think if you are going to write about problems and not 'activate' against them you have to give what you've chosen to do a lot of thought, and write in such a way that the words you choose are going to disturb.

I think to point at them (problems) in the way that I think has been done, in terms of worldwide wars, famines, so on, they exist, you see them on TV screens read about them in the papers ... I think you're doing little more than embroidering information, which is the information we all receive through the media: they exist, and they exist in certain manifestations, like starving children, tanks, whatever. And I think you could write lyrics which disturb those notions, lyrics that get more to the roots of why these problems start to come into the world.
Bob: The problem with all the Left groups in Britain, whose whole livelihood depends on all those struggles and talking about them — the way they talk about them, the language they use, it ghettoizes them. Most people go about their business day-to-day and you've got the Left *over here* with the cuddles'n'struggles, and their papers and it's all big bold titles and horrific pictures and things ...
They become their own cliche, their own parody.
Dick: Well I've never considered we had anything to do with that ...
No, but you're operating in the same way. Not even so much if you don't do it, you've got to be careful the way you signify publicly — you become your own parody by the nature of the way people regard the way people talk about politics — as something Out There.

(A number of different discussions ensue.)

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Our men in the stalls with the soggy hot-dogs and warm Kia-Oras round up the recent releases

The Tempest: Heathcote Williams' Prospero (left) makes with the evil eye.

Almost overlooked . . .

The Tempest

Directed by Derek Jarman
Starring Heathcote Williams, Toyah Wilcox

ROLL over Shakespeare and pay attention, you'd have liked this one. Derek Jarman's invocation of WS's *The Tempest* proves an atmospheric, visually compelling and unequivocally modern manifestation of what by all accounts was the bard's parting blast to the world.

The bard gets huffed into life with remarkable simplicity: Jarman's only two sets are an empty Victorian house and some deserted English sea moors, though both are made potent enough by clever camerawork and the odd time-warped pacing of the film.

The incarnation has as much to do with the spoken as the visual: the actors actually *talk* the lines rather than incanting them as sacred texts.

His attitude to the casting is no less radical. Prospero, the wizard on whose magical isles his enemies are cast by the tempest he has raised, is not the customary greybeard but a man in his prime, brilliantly portrayed by Heathcote Williams as dread at the occult controls. Toyah Wilcox plays Miranda as a robust tomboy rather than the usual prissy Victorian heroine (and proves she can act); Ariel, Prospero's "proud spirit" turns up in Devo drag, and Caliban is a disturbing naked buffoon, rarely the "noble savage".

Throughout there is a very real invocation of the psychic world — a more awesome manifestation of the forces featured in *Midsummer Night's Dream* — and the play only falters when it descends into obtuse homo-erotica in its final ten minutes; transfixing its intent, absurd in fact. Others, however, adore the scene.

Neil Spencer

Starting Over

Directed by Alan J. Pakula
Starring Burt Reynolds and Jill Clayburgh *(CIC)*

WITHERING satire of affluent, self-obsessed America or playful piss-taking? Ha-ha or ho-hum? It's your choice, and on it rest the chances of your loving or loathing *Starting Over*, another in a seemingly endless downpour of romantic comedies. But the ingredients of this souffle are staple — little more than a mentholated inhalation of 'meaningful' (their word, not mine) nonsense about WASPish America, a very inferior *Annie Hall* without any of the underlying acerbity of Woody Allen's wit. Films like *Starting Over* give divorce a bad name.

Angus McKinnon

Saturn 3

Directed by Stanley Donen
Starring Kirk Douglas and Farrah Fawcett *(ITC)*

THE one thing that lifts this inept sci-fi above its plagiaristic script and leaden direction is its unique cinematic concept of casting a human as the robot and robots in the roles of humans. This enables well-known actors like Kirk Douglas and Farrah Fawcett to syndicate their faces for a fee and take a well-earned rest while robot actors do the work with greater speed and efficiency. The ensuing exercise kept me awake for whole minutes at a time. An object lesson in how to revolutionise the economics of film-making and still produce movies of an extraordinary calibre. The rape of films to come.

Neil Norman

Sweet William

Directed by Claude Whatham
Starring Sam Waterston and Jenny Agutter *(ITC)*

THIS film has 'Made in Britain' stamped all over it. From the deafening chink of suburban cutlery to the even louder dining room wallpaper *Sweet William* sports a meticulous attention to detail which is almost obsessive — the BBC classic serial syndrome. Like a latter-day Caliban, Sam Waterston's William indulges his sexual appetites with an intuitive skill that leaves you breathless with admiration, his foxy features contrasting effectively with Jenny Agutter's dog-eyed vacancy. A nice film about nasty people, its script — adapted by Beryl Bainbridge from her own novel — consists entirely of five words. The sex is a bit coy, too.

Neil Norman

Tom Horn

Saturn 3

Sweet William

Saturn 3

The Tin Drum

Directed by Volker Schlondroff
Starring David Bennett and Angela Winkler *(United Artists)*

CHOOSING to stick with his three-year-old-body through the rise and fall of the Third Reich, why dwarf Oscar Matzerath plays on his child-like appearance to absolve him from adult responsibilities, while he slyly manipulates the forces around him to ensure his well-being. From his pint-size position, grown-ups appear absurd and stupid, especially when fumbling through sex or gorging on massive feasts — the film's two major pastimes. Thus he finds no problem getting his own way. Oskar, brilliantly played by then 12-year-old Bennent with a wide-eyed innocence shot through by a streak of malevolence, is the hero of Gunter Grass' awesome German classic, now effectively trimmed to movie proportions by Schlondorff without losing its essential rambling spirit or visceral impact. It's both funny and sad, the lovingly recreated pre-war border town of Danzig populated by powerless people, whose cowardice might evoke sympathy, but it's never condoned. By the end almost everyone's died an inglorious death, excepting amoral Oscar, an assured survivor . . .

Chris Bohn

Tom Horn

Directed by William Ward
Starring Steve McQueen and Billy Green Bush *(Warner Bros)*

EASY to see why the enigmatic McQueen, perennially the itinerant loner, was attracted to the Tom Horn character, a former Cavalry scout and bounty hunter who owes allegiance to no man but who, in the early 1900s, is dangerously out of date. Like Pike Bishop in *The Wild Bunch*, Tom knows instinctively that he's obsolete and, like Pike, he'll have no truck with the New Order of commerce and complicity. It's a remarkable film, dour and touching at the same time, a weighty addition to the noble art of the Western and McQueen retains his immense magnetism even if his immobile features remain as inscrutable as ever — it's impossible to tell, most of the time, whether his face is frozen in a grin or a grimace.

Monty Smith

Silver Screen

All Quiet On The Western Front: Richard Thomas wishes he was back with The Waltons

All noisy in the one and nines

All Quiet On The Western Front

Directed by Delbert Mann
Starring Richard Thomas, Ian Holm, Donald Pleasance and Ernest Borgnine *(ITC)*

ERICH Maria Remarque's famous book was first made into a film in 1930 by the appropriately-named Lewis Milestone — his *All Quiet On The Western Front* was literally a milestone in cinema history, a compassionate and moving study of the terrible, pointless waste of war.

The fact that the story — which traces the experiences of a group of comrades who, fired by the righteous patriotism of their class-teacher, all enlist straight from school — was told from the German point of view only added greater poignancy.

This fiftieth anniversary remake has clearly been put together purely as a commercial proposition. It lacks the gut emotions and sense of commitment which the work usually engenders, since few could fail to be affected by such a powerful story. Other directors would have undertaken the project as a labour of love; with Delbert Mann, it appears to have been a labour of labour.

While no-one could deny that he has constructed it adequately enough, he has clearly not been interested in interpreting it in his own way. This could have been a point in his favour, since it means that the film isn't invested with any phoney contemporary significance but the director's combined lack of flair, imagination, and originality proves numbingly fatal. Far from achieving the chilling pathos of the original, this is the most anaesthetised anti-war film I've ever seen.

The cast cannot be blamed for this. Indeed, one or two of the performances are very good. One should mention Donald Pleasance as the schoolmaster and Ernest Borgnine as Kat, the wily war veteran. Evan Richard Thomas, in the central role, makes a convincing stab at portraying the metamorphosis from callow youth to weary manhood, but his jarringly all-American accent is an extreme irritant in a work which should be carrying a universal message.

Bob Woffinden

Hurricane

Directed by Jan Troell
Starring Jason Robards, Mia Farrow and Max Von Sydow *(IIC)*

SET in a remote island in the South Pacific, this can of worms features several leading thespians disporting themselves in a manner that can at best be described as undignified and at worst absurd.

Hurricane purports to be Nature's answer to the technological disaster movie and consequently involves wind and wet to a considerable degree. Nino Rota's score sets the tone in the beginning with a Hawaiian Morricone '66 *(A Fistful of Ukeleles?)* played over the sort of lurid sunrise that only the Italians know how to achieve.

The mood of specific levity continues throughout, ably assisted by the dialogue which on one occasion has the Governor's daughter (Mia Farrow), on surveying the glories of Pago Pago for the first time, erupting with "I can't wait to get out my paintbox".

But what better way to get yourself out of a potentially awkward script situation than by having all your characters literally blown away? None apparently.

When the storm eventually arrives there is very little left for it to destroy. Towering walls of water (or rather *the* towering wall of water seen about seven times from two different camera angles) descend on to the grateful victims, who have obviously given up all hope of saving the movie or themselves. Jason Robard's volume increases in pitch with the hurricane; Trevor Howard, rather sadly cast as a drunken Oirish priesht, looks suitably benign until his miserable existence ends when a boat falls on his head; Max Von Sydow has evidently wandered in from another film and seems to spend much of his time trying to relocate it; and Mia Farrow, who has one good moment when her declaration of love literally brings the house down, spends the rest of her time looking waif-like in the midst of the chaos around her and contemplating her steadily improving sun tan.

Still, if they show this down South Pacific way I've no doubt it will have them rolling in the isles.

Neil Norman

Box Office

London

1 (1) **The Empire Strikes Back** (Director: Irvin Kershner)
2 (3) **Kramer vs Kramer** (Robert Benton)
3 (—) **All Quiet On The Western Front** (Delbert Mann)
4 (5) **American Gigolo** (Paul Schrader)
5 (4) **The Final Countdown** (Don Taylor)

Regions

1 **Phantasm** (Don Coscarelli)
2 **Midnight Express** (Alan Parker) / **Taxi Driver** (Martin Scorsese)
3 **Superman** (Richard Donner)
4 **Gone With The Wind** (Victor Fleming)
5 **The Brood** (David Cronenberg)

(Screen International)

On The Box

Friday, June 20
THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT: Great 1955 sci-fi movie starring Brian Donlevy as the professor of the title, whose space experiment leads to disaster. Its distinctly parochial Britishness adds to the suspense, rather than detracts from it. (BBC 1)

Saturday, June 21
THEY GOT ME COVERED: Wartime spy comedy with dull-witted wisecracker Bob Hope in good form as a journalist who gets involved with an international spy ring. With Dorothy Lamour, Otto Preminger and Donald Meek. (BBC 2)

SVEN KLANG'S COMBO: Highly acclaimed Swedish movie about a small-time jazz band which is disrupted by the arrival of a dedicated player. And suddenly the other members are forced into facing their own shortcomings. (BBC 2)

Sunday June 22
THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN: Solid John Sturges western based on Kurosawa's classic *The Seven Samurai*, starring Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen, Charles Bronson and James Coburn as the gunmen brought in to protect a small Mexican village from bandits. (BBC 1)

ONIBABA: Genuinely weird Japanese film about two women who survive by robbing Samurai lost in the long-grassed plain and dumping their remains in a deep pit. (BBC 2)

Monday, June 23
THE KILLERS: Don Siegel's film was originally made for TV, but the story, about hitman Lee Marvin murdering the peaceable John Cassavetes in the opening few minutes and then investigating why he was assigned the job, was considered too tough for 1964 audiences. Also starring Clu Gulager and Ronald Reagan. Recommended. (BBC 1)

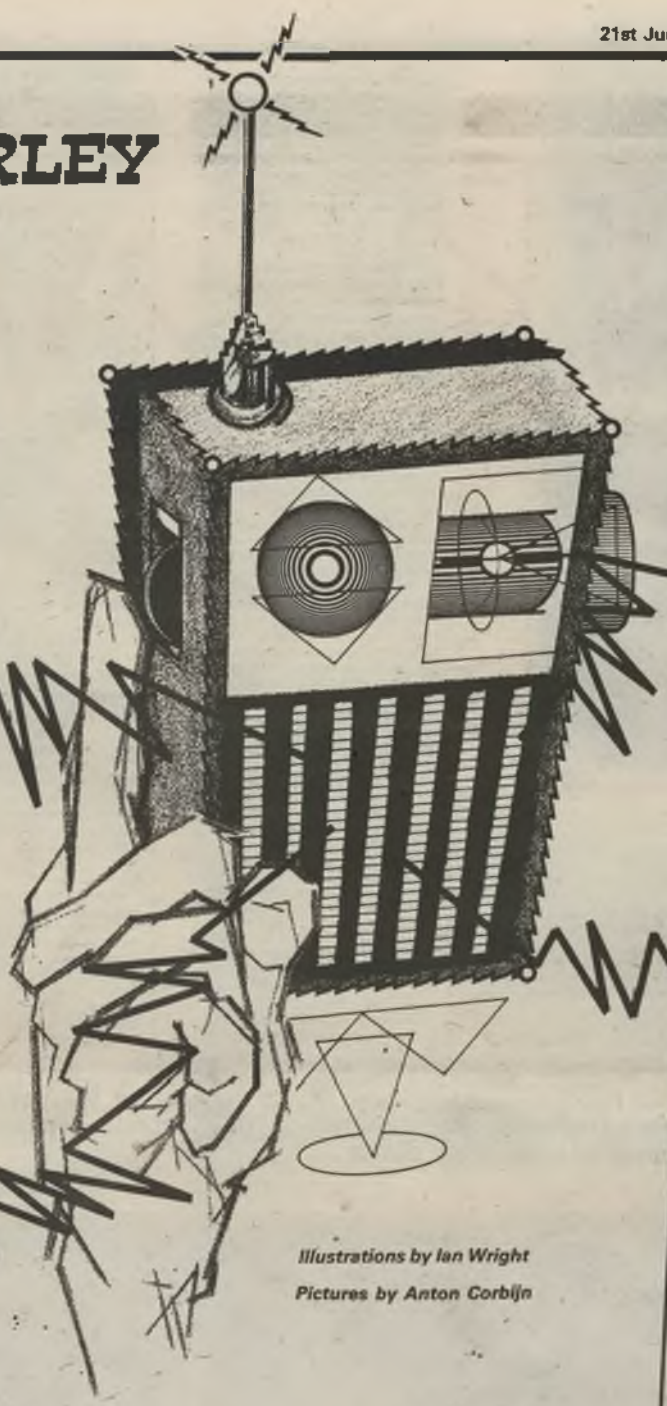
Chris Bohn

Value with
the Special Touch

PAUL MORLEY IN

Mike Read

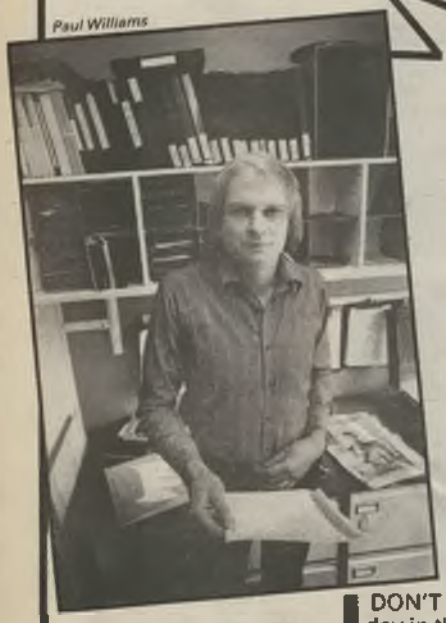
John Peel



Illustrations by Ian Wright

Pictures by Anton Corbijn

Andy Peebles


Paul Williams

ONEDERLAND

A day in the Radio One tunnel

I DON'T know what it was about spending a day in the well-intentioned Radio One world, but something was implanted inside me that enabled me, if that's the right word, to develop within a few days an odd affection for the Paul McCartney single.

My little tour around the nation's Number One pop station forced me to grow up a little bit, see things a little more realistically, more boringly.

It's not that the workings of Radio One softens the brain, it's just that you see things from all angles. You begin to appreciate the diabolical pressures of even pretending to cater to millions who range from the excessively extreme to the happily casual and who are all in their righteous way particularly critical of the service they receive from their over-paid servants and of the individual components within.

The man from the *NME* (a specialist paper operating in a rarefied world, it's pointed out to him a number of times) descends onto the network, walks the corridors, chats to a sample of its characters, toys around with its characteristics. He's trying to find out what, if anything, has tightened up Radio One's appearance and approach, but also to point out the grey, dubious areas of ordinariness, carelessness and self-importance. He is soon uncomfortably aware that he is approaching from one side of the mighty balance that Radio One have to laboriously, delicately maintain.

My approach is that there should be more and more of the unexpected, more irregularity, a quicker turnover of records, less and less silliness.

There are many more approaching from the other extreme — probably those who make up the bulk of the station's never ending audience — who would demand more familiarity and more silliness. It's the innate conservatism of the nation, the

Continues over

Radio On...

From previous page

conservatism of the BBC against the disgruntled voice of those who lament the lack of innovation, challenge and experiment.

But how *could* those things be? Radio One is just like another microcosm of an ancient and lingering problem. It comes down to safety and risk. And considering the dark shadow that that throws — the limitation and tradition of pop radio and how poor it can be — then perhaps Radio One is adapting and developing better than we imagine, and is currently a more positive station than it has ever been.

It's a big *perhaps*, but can it be another way?

MIKE Hawkes, a Radio One producer who in his time at the BBC has produced everything from Tony Blackburn's Breakfast Show through Kid Jensen's old Saturday Morning show now to Roundtable and Paul Gambaccini's American roundup, explains: "There is nowhere to start really. With Radio One you just can't sort of bracket it as one station. You've got to understand why Radio One does what it does do. You've got to appreciate that it is financed out of licence money which is paid for virtually by the entire population, therefore one is duty bound to sort of provide a service for everyone.

"So whilst it might be very nice that the breakfast programme should be full of Monochrome Set and Joy Division from my point of view and your point of view, it might not to all those people who'd much rather have the more accessible stuff."

Whether that's just because it's fed to them no one seems willing to find out. But Radio One, for a variety of deliberate and accidental reasons *has* matured; a maturity John Peel was noticing some months ago — and he was enough outside of the traditional Radio One strain to be worth taking notice of. That he is now very much part of "the team" and his worth even overstated, is significant.

There has been a growth, and those involved from DJs to controller, are aware of that; not to the extent of being complacent, but certainly of being *pleased*. Pleased is the right word. There is something a little charming, unassuming, about those involved in Radio One. The DJs themselves mix a kind of fanzine enthusiasm about music with a hard professionalism about broadcasting and the techniques of presentation.

Mike Read, whose mid-evening show neatly links with John Peel, admits: "A few years ago I never listened to Radio One, but I actually do now," And he's quite sincere.

Andy Peebles, who has given the afternoon slot a respectability and restraint not known since the days of Johnny Walker, is happy to say: "We all feel at this station that Radio One has more of a gut-feel than it did two, three, four years ago. It's a bloody good team, I have to say that!"

This enthusiasm and self-respect isn't all self-protection, carrying on the party line. In a number of ways Radio One isn't as stiff and stagnant as it once was; there does seem to be more emphasis on music; disc jockeys do not seem to be establishing themselves to the hideous extent that the Hamiltons and Blackburns were; there is more variety of programme.Huh!

The separation of One and Two immediately gave them important evening and weekend space, and this has been filled responsibly, creating a blend during the weekdays that travels from one extreme to the other with almost boring perfection: DLT to Peel, the chart, playlist and nostalgia stuff systematically dropping away, and the weekends filled with actually attractive specialities — Starchoice, Alexis Korner and the like.

Only someone tired of it all (living) would be unable to find something they needed, could find room for savage complaint.

Hawkes: "It was fashionable always for us to be attacked. We are there to be attacked, it's the Aunt Sally situation. It's not news to say that Radio One is really good. But I think that people are beginning to realise that what they've been attacking is actually beginning to serve them better than they realised. They haven't really listened to what is going on."

But if Radio One has assembled a bright, tight pattern of informality, familiarity, chart, chat, talk, LP, new stuff, special stuff and Peel, there still lurk the inevitable shadows.

Five to six years ago the guys here would be talking about how many supermarkets they'd opened in the last month, now they say 'Have you heard the new single by so and so, or such and such new LP?' " — *Andy Peebles*.

THE BREAKFAST Show is the most popular of Radio One's weekday programmes, and overall second only to Sunday's chart rundown, ironically hosted by Blackburn — which illustrates the popularity of predictability.

The day I tour the station, Travis is away. Another long holiday. Peter Powell, who would normally be expected to fill in, is busy deputising for Paul Burnett. Steve Wright is dropped in. He's coming to the close of his show as I arrive. Slight, hyperactive, whilst controlling his equipment — slotting cartridges into the machines, sorting records — he appears baffled and trapped. I'm introduced and he mumbles something about *NME*, and then whips around to cue a record. He's nervy, fiddly, but on the air, naturally, you don't know it.

Derek Chinnery, the soberly dressed, unimposing Radio One Controller, looks on, hands in pockets, at his brand new wonderboy, apparently satisfied.

The Breakfast Show needs perhaps a little more variety and imaginative verve on its make-up, and a move away from the friendly goon DJ. The problem is: how far can disc jockeys stretch to impress their own character through the programme before they shoot over the top and degenerate into celebrities to the detriment of the music?

Chinnery: "You are invariably judged by your strongest people, those that have the biggest audience, and for years we have been known as a station of Tony Blackburns. Now, let's not get into a discussion about Tony, that fact remains that he has been of great value, whatever he's done he has had enormous audiences. I'm not saying that Dave Lee Travis is a John Peel, but he's much more a man of the people. But at the same time we can't afford not to have some sort of showbiz pizzazz about the place, otherwise it could become very dull for a lot of listeners who want something other than Peel droning on . . ."

With Travis, Edmonds and Blackburn, the music is second best. Maybe that's not important, it just seems daft and dangerous that a face with the mouth can jabber and dribble away for two or three hours to millions, creating false impressions, pointless routines and awkward cults. Tony Blackburn grew into some sort of monster, perhaps an embarrassment.

Chinnery: "I am certainly aware of the syndrome of Radio One being judged as nothing but a station of Tony Blackburns. The same applies incidentally to individual shows. People think that one particular part of it is the whole show.

"Tony's now doing Junior Choice and it's the right place for him. He actually does like music such as 'Nelly The Elephant'. So you have to be particularly careful when you know that people are not listening totally as it were, appreciating and savouring each individual item — as we hope a lot of people are when they listen to Read, Jensen and Peel — that you don't put things in that stick out too much and colour the style of what you're doing.

"Which you could say is an argument for being bland, but not necessarily . . ."

"I wouldn't like to think that Radio One would ever become a minority audience network. There would then, for instance, be no value for the type of artist and performer that Peel is throwing up." — *Derek Chinnery*.

CHINNERY AND Steve Wright to his busy business, wander down pale corridors, turn down winding stairs, and then walk out through the gleaming foyer of Broadcasting House. A few slow steps and we enter the less fancy building slipped away next door, Egton House.

From Egton House managerial and production affairs are run. On the third floor the producers for the non-playlist shows have their little offices — such as Hawkes, Peel's John Walters, Nightingale's Trevor Dann — and upstairs on the fourth houses the producers for the daytime strip shows.

Chinnery's office is on the fourth floor. It's a home for him. Light and airy, tidy, and on the walls a few discreet Radio One souvenirs. Hardly ostentatious.

I catch Chinnery before a visit to the dentist, but the thought of what's ahead doesn't seem to wear him down. There's no edge in his slightly pedantic conversation, and he barely veers away from what you'd expect to be standard replies. He's richly tolerant. I get the feeling that if I asked why Radio One DJs weren't replaced by chimpanzees he would give a considered reply.

He has been Controller for two and a half years. Prior to that and before Radio One and Two separated, he was Head of Production for One. He joined the BBC straight from school, trained in the engineering department at Newcastle, and progressed through the ranks.

In his position, he claims, it is experience in radio that is more important than any musical qualifications. The street suss, as he would have it, he leaves to his 18 or so producers.

The noticeable growth of Radio One has coincided with his time as controller.

"It has been a natural growth. It's a lot to do with having producers who understand the shifts and changes in styles of music and giving them the freedom to operate and reflect that music in the way they see fit."

So is it that Radio One responded to the obvious changes in contemporary music, took risks, or simply feared a ratings loss?

"It's not fear, although we're interested in ratings because they demonstrate that you're providing a service that the listeners enjoy. There's no fear in that sense.

"I've never thought of it as taking risks, I've just thought of it as giving opportunity for certain types of programming to happen. The only risk would be if we overstepped the mark and went too far the other way. At the moment we retain an audience right through from Dave Lee Travis to Mike Read and John Peel, and we seem to have achieved a degree of success at serving the audience at both ends."

The risk element is relative. Risk within the track record of Radio One, which since its inception in 1967 really only slumbered into an objectionable cozy snooze.

"You say risks because you thought we were playing safe then . . . I think we were probably, and your readers may have thought that, because they are the sort of people who are ahead of the game, as it were. We've caught up. There was a great void in those days before the whole new wave explosion and so on. Everything was getting a bit dreary one admits . . . quietly, over a period of 18 months, a whole sort of revolution has happened, and we've kept pace with that."

There was no strategy, no sudden decision that you were lagging behind?

"If there are any conscious decisions at all it's just to say that Peelie has virtual freedom within the normal standards one has to observe here. He and Walters have carte blanche to reflect what they think is important in music today. There's probably more of a policy attached to the daytime programmes but the DJs and producers working there understand that, otherwise they wouldn't be working there."

CHINNERY IS confident that they are achieving a good blend throughout the day, that there is more emphasis now on a younger audience than there was previously, pointing out that the separation of Radios One and Two gave them more freedom to develop. He maintains that there is the right balance of new music, familiarity and non-music talk.

The major obstacle to their development now, he claims, is needletime — a legendary straitjacket.

It is not safety or lack of imagination that is causing Radio One to cut back on new releases, close down during the night, rely on sessions from established artists that tend to repeat old hits. It's the destructive and ever tightening demands of the PPL — in many ways The Record Industry, but known as the Phonographic Performers Limited. PPL demands that royalties are paid on each record the BBC plays, so that ultimately £35 of public money is being paid for every record. The PPL's argument is that this collecting function is a vital part of record industry income as it runs into millions.

It's a practice that inhibits Radio One and all radio, drastically restricts the broadcasting of new releases and gives the major record companies, who dominate the PPL, their dwindling illusions of power and control. Needletime restrictions has meant that an hour has been shaved off the breakfast show and there has been a complete loss of the three and a half hours on Saturday nights.

The aims and methods, the benefits of what the PPL enforce, meanwhile remain hidden. But for Radio One it's these grey day-to-day issues that critics don't often take into account. It's also difficult for

"It's not news to say that Radio One is really good. But people are beginning to realise that what they've been attacking is actually beginning to serve them better . . ."

—*Mike Hawkes*

FRIDAY Radio

Radio 1

1053kHz/285m
1089kHz/275m
Frequency details: page 49

News at 7.30 am and every hour until 6.30 pm, at 8.30 and 9.50

7.0 am
Steve Wright

9.0 Simon Bates
including
The Golden Hour
and Our Tune

11.31 Peter Powell
including at 12.30 pm
Newsbeat
with Peter Mayne

2.0 pm
Andy Peebles
including the
British No 14 Competition

4.31 Kid Jensen

5.30 Newsbeat
with Peter Mayne

5.45 Roundtable

Ian Dury and
Anne Nightingale
join Kid Jensen to review
the week's new records.
Producer MIKE HAWKES

7.30
Anne Nightingale
Producer TREVOR DANN

9.50 Newsbeat
with Frank Partridge

10.0 *Stereo*
The Friday Rock Show
Classic rock music, past and present, introduced by
Tommy Vance
Producer TONY WILSON

12.0-7.0 am
... Radio 2
... the ni...

Radio 2

693kHz/433m
909kHz/330m

5.0 am
News summary; weather

5.3 *Stereo*
Ray Moore
including
6.15 Pause for Thought

7.32 *Stereo*
Terry Wogan
including at
8.3 Sports Desk
John Fenton reports from Augusta, Georgia on the second day of the US Masters golf tournament.
8.27 Racing Bulletin
8.45 Pause for Thought
9.3 Radio 2's Top Five Albums

10.3 *Stereo*
Jimmy Young

12.3 pm *Stereo*
David Hamilton
including at
1.45 Sports Desk

2.3 *Stereo*
Ed Stewart's Request Show
including at
2.45 and 3.45 Sports Desk

4.3 *Stereo*
Much More Music
with David Symonds
including at
4.45 Sports Desk

5.0 News

5.5
Waggoners' Walk

5.20 *Stereo*
Much More Music
continued, including at
5.45 Sports Desk

6.3 *Stereo*
John Dunn
with music, news and views plus the strings of the BBC RADIO ORCHESTRA
including at
6.45 Sports Desk

8.2 *Stereo*
Friday Night is Music Night
Introduced by ... direct from the Elizabeth Hall, Ol... Kenneth Alwyn conducts the BBC Concert Or... leader John ... Besses o' th' B... conductor Roy ... starring ... Vernon Midgley including at 8.40 ... val talk by Mike ... Producer JOHN ...

9.55 Sports D...

10.2
Marks in His...
The day-by-day ... gated comedy ... starring Alfred ... with Robert ... and Miriam Margo... and a special gu... pearance by Davi... Music by the David Firman ... Written by Lau... TERRY RAVENS... MCGRATH, JIMMY ... and others. Producer ... (Repeat)

10.30 The O... Entertains
Robin Richmo... introduces ... from the w... and elec... Producer ... BBC ...
11.2 Sports D... John Fent... Augusta ... second d... Masters ...

11.3 Bri...
with ...
incl...
...

12.5 am Sp... John ... Augusta ... second day ... Masters golf ...

2.3...

some people to distinguish Radio One from the industry.

But Radio One *has* developed. Allowing for outside restrictions, does Chinnery see that development continuing?

"It's developing all the time. I think I've tried to explain that we don't have any vast hardened, concrete, carved-in-tablet sort of policies. The thing is open to development. We've got to respond to the trends as they come; we've got to give enough encouragement and exposure to new performers, give them a chance to prove they can do something which ultimately might affect the development of the whole industry."

But is Radio One quick enough to respond to those 'trends'?

"I don't want to sound complacent, but perhaps we're not . . . I hope we're not. The trouble is that the record industry, which we're closely involved with, are so oriented these days towards marketing the product, everyone is looking for labels.

"A marketing man for a significant record label could say that we're on the edge of a reggae boom, West Indian music is really going to take over. Now, does Radio One respond to a marketing prediction by a man who is actually trying to sell a product, or do we try and suss it out at street level and see how we go on?

"There was a time 15 years ago when the whole role of the disc jockey was that at every excuse to talk he would. A lot of us don't think like that anymore." — *Andy Peebles.*

AFTER THE Breakfast Show has supposedly started the nation in motion, the next cooling five and a half hours are filled by failed newsreader Simon Bates and former Luxembourg brightspark Paul Burnett. The talkers?

This duo attract the criticisms of stupidity, banality and glibness; of playing the irritating fool; of elevating themselves above the music. Their shows are run around the playlist although, as we'll see, that's not necessarily the kiss of death.

This palliness, it seems has been researched; it's what the public wants. If you are not witty and amusing enough to share the delights and puzzles of Radio Four, find local radio alarmingly bland and samey — to the point of distraction — then apparently you want this acceptable Radio One fun. The hit sounds, nostalgia, cosy chat . . . *entertainment!*

Chinnery: "Simon and Paul, yes, they are entertainers in a way that Peelie isn't — although he is. He won't admit it; because people do listen to Peel for what he's going to say because he's an amusing, interesting person, so he is an entertainer in a way.

"But you could argue that Paul Burnett is an entertainer more than anything else. All the audience research seems to show that this sort of style suits the time of day and the type of person who's listening. During the morning hopefully — and I only say hopefully because of the unemployment situation and all that — but *hopefully* the majority of people are at work or at school or at college and the vast majority of listeners are shown to be doing something else whilst they listen."

These assumptions are very much part of daytime radio. The function of daytime listening is seen as a complement to some typical daytime activity.

Chinnery: "There's no shame in admitting that. It's just a fact. The majority of listeners to daytime radio are doing something else . . . whether it is working in a small workshop; even the traditional housewife doing the washing or feeding the baby. They are not listening consciously, and an awful lot of listeners are on their own, say driving up the motorway, and it's well proved that they enjoy the company of the DJ. As well as the music."

Obviously I'm listening a little too closely, but don't Bates and Burnett slip into what could be defined as old Radio Two territory — ageing, too easy-going, patronising and *'friendly'*?

"It's a compromise all the time."

Here comes the big one.

"You can't please all the people all the time."

Classic. Carry on, Derek.

"But, er, I don't think it's spreading over to Radio Two, that carries overtones of a form of criticism that is a bit unfair. It just doesn't belong to Radio Two that you have a guy who does all that I've just described, a friendly human being who tries to understand what his listeners are doing, tries to amuse them and help them through the day . . .

"I think our chaps communicate pretty well.

"It is not necessary to announce your deep seriousness to the world for the world to take you seriously" — *Simon Bates*

HOW SERIOUSLY do you take yourself? I ask the smart Simon. And with that domineering, invigorated voice he almost shouts back at me "Oh very! very!" His sincerity knocks me backwards. Bates swivels around on his chair, whips on his headphones, smiles to his people . . .

We talk as he's broadcasting, and that's unnerving. He half answers a question. Earphones are popped on. A record cued. Instructions are shouted to his engineer next door. He begins an answer again. Selects a jingle cartridge. The record plays tinnily over his discarded headphones. Seems to be coming to an end. He doesn't notice. Talks. Suddenly swivels round, mike on, speaks jovially unto the nation. Mike off. Record spins. He continues answering . . .

I keep thinking that there'll be silence over the air, or a sudden burst of us talking about role and age.

Simon is a smooth operator.

Amongst all this there are phone calls, coffee, Anton snaps. Bates never wilts nor — surprising me — shows any signs of irritation. Through this the bits where he does his communication do seem a little mindless. Or at least very much second nature; no thought necessary, no script.

For the particular time-slot he fills, does he feel he has a role to play?

"Do I play a part? I don't think I am able to sustain that sort of performance for longer than half an hour . . . it's either me or it's not."

Who is he playing to?

"I don't think about that. The great myth I think — it's arrogance too — is to imagine that you are playing to *a* housewife or *a* commuter. I don't have any idea of that. What I try and do is play music that I think people may enjoy.

"You've got to come back to the basic fact that 80% of the people in this country don't enjoy their jobs. I love mine. I love working with music. I enjoy working with sound. I honestly enjoy 99% of the job. I sometimes get embarrassed when somebody comes up to me in the street or wherever and says, 'Hi Simon'. It makes me feel inadequate."

What I'd been saying is that Simon Bates, through the luminous personality, is elevated above the music.

"Oh . . . oh dear . . ." Bates stutters, not losing the self-mocking smile.

"I wasn't aware that I had become more important than the music . . . I mean, you're telling me news . . . that worries me."

He frowns, sucks in breath, lets out a couple of shrieks. *"Oooh! Ooh!* BLOODY HELL! I will never speak again." (Whips round, cues record, "Help yourself to a cup of coffee") "You have just said something that really shakes me rigid . . . Oh Christ . . . I would probably talk less than most people . . . I do believe that the music is the most important thing, which is why it worries me what you say. I know this sounds silly but things like I don't fade a record . . . I play it all the way through, you'll hear it all or not at all. I'm obsessive about that to the point that people around here find it boring.

"So you actually appal me. Good grief! What you've just said is that I'm a blabbering idiot!"

He laughs a little too professionally and turns to his engineer. "Can I have Suzi Quatro next please. I've just been put down horrible in here . . ."

All along, Bates claims, the music, rightly or wrongly, has been important. Can he impress that fact in the type of show he runs or are there too many restrictions?

"I don't have any restrictions, funny enough. We play ten oldies from 9 to 10 and they have got to count. And between 10 and 11.30 is based on the playlist. But I can honestly say to you that of all the stations I know about or work on I have the greater freedom here — *genuinely*, that's no party line."

I often think of Simon Bates as a caricature.

"I know what you mean; it is inevitable by the very nature of what I do. But no, this is me! Like it or lump it!"

You must think you do more than just link records.

"The mantle of the mouther!"

The Ghost Of Tony Blackburn!

"Ha! Ha! You mean I sound like Tony Blackburn."

"There are worst thing to sound like. He is a bloody good operator".

"We can't afford not to have some showbiz pizzazz about the place, otherwise it could become very dull for listeners who want something other than Peel droning on . . ."
—Derek Chinnery

THERE IS an inordinate amount of glamour automatically associated with disc-jockeying, basically because these flamboyant workmen have so much access. Many seem to be using it as a stepping stone towards being a professional celebrity.

Despite being perversely attracted to Bates, this is how I'd pegged him. Next in the line — beauty contests, I

Continues over!

... And On

From previous page

tell him. He actually loathes beauty contests. He laughs, loudly. But Paul Burnett does it, follows the precedent or the principle. That's how a lot of people see the DJ. Bland celebrity, actually no good at anything. A sort of pop Lesley Crowther.

"Is it? Well, I hasten to say that I don't see myself doing that sort of thing very well. But if you're offered that sort of thing then you're going to do it, mate."

Are you really?

"No . . . to be honest . . . because I couldn't do it and I hate doing the things that I do badly. I could never see myself doing that. I've never thought about it.

"Probably more than anyone else at Radio One I concern myself with the programme and do more work on it. I have to and my life is very channelled into it. I've never thought of myself as that . . . I know what you mean, becoming the jovial, slap on the back Ho! Ho! Ho!"

The Celebrity — empty but everywhere.

Does he think that he's patronising?

"I would really be rather upset if I thought I was. This isn't a cold thing . . . it would really sadden me if I thought I was patronising."

The time moves up to 11. Exactly on the pips Townshend's new record is unleashed. Perfect timing. "If I had heroes, Townshend would be one," says Bates, again unexpectedly.

This doesn't make him the most stylish and perceptive of DJ's, a man with his finger on the rock'n'roll beat. Recognising the context, his self-conscious ultra-professionalism and his own particular musical tastes, he and his show have little to do with the readers of this paper. Should all Radio One interest, be attractive to, the readers of *NME?* Derek Chinnery would perhaps say no. There isn't the space, the opportunity, the *need*.

Remembering where it is, and why it's doing what it's doing, the Simon Bates Show is, if not one of the best shows on Radio, certainly the best of its kind.

It's an acquired taste.

"I'm afraid it's become almost a dirty word, because the actual word playlist is one that implies all sorts of things which really aren't there." — *Derek Chinnery*.

"There is no one person saying that is on the list, that isn't. We're not always right but on the other hand we're not always wrong. No one is in this business." — Paul Williams.

DURING THE weekdays, from 3 am through to 6.30 pm, programming is based on the playlist — a Featured Forty, plus a lesser known secondary list which can feature anything up to a 100 singles. The concept of a playlist — an approached state of radio, [illegible] of its operation, and the general content of that list goes some way to defining the relation of standard British rad[illegible] and its relationship with the rock industry.

Every Tuesday afternoon Paul Williams (namely Peeble's producer) chairs an 'informal' meeting of the daytime producers, plus a representative from the weekend shows, with each producer contributing a selection of records he would like to go on the list. Heated debate ensues. The preceding week's list is combed, records that have outgrown their largely unspecified use, usually not more than eight to ten, will be dropped and replaced with similar sounding singles from the secondary list or the brand new releases.

"There is a strong rotation of the Featured Forty," announces Williams, using a euphemistic term that Radio One hopes is less monstrous than playlist. "And there is this secondary list of 100 records which is ridiculously long. I don't know of any other station that has such a long one."

Radio One is keen to show that this system is not as restrictive and damaging as is popularly imagined.

I asked Chinnery why there needed to be such a distinct separation between daytime and nightime programming?

"There is not such a separation as there once was. When it's said that there's a freedom for the nightime, [illegible] there is some form of restriction. I think if a daytime producer wrote play the same music as they do, they were left to their own devices."

The only difference (he's [illegible]) we decided to devote [illegible] that there ought to be a continuity [illegible] that people switching on any time during that period will hear the same style of programming, so that they know what to expect when they switch [illegible]

"Is the playlist a necessary discipline?"

"Well, it's not necessary. This is always the problem. I think I was saying, when you use words like discipline and freedom, it implies restriction and force. But [illegible] we have a list is because when you're actually programming 16, 20 hours music a week you've got to write something down!"

As Williams will say, the playlist isn't "the be-all and end-all" of Radio One. But it remains a significant slab of the immediately influential force of the station.

A lot of the records on the playlist seem to appear there automatically and obligatorily, despite Williams' claims otherwise. It's not necessarily Blondie who have the popularity to warrant immediate inclusion, but Stevie Wonder or The Beach Boys. Th[illegible] and this applies to their [illegible] emphatically pre-punk, [illegible] aw[illegible]

"It's good music. You can't deny that," Williams will say about routine singles such as Wonder, Beach Boys, Average White Band.

But you *can*. It *is* all taste and opinion, but surely far better to have daytime producers immersed in the world of Blondie, Jam, Police, Specials than McCartney, Joel and Manilow. This is not extreme.

The playlist *is* important, and this virtual monolithic status has been strengthened recently by the total ineptitude of Independent Local Radio to establish a relevant, competitive alternative to Radio One.

"Most of them," says Hawkes, "are sort of Radio One and a half.

"When the independents in this country were set up they said 'Aw, we're going to change the face of [illegible] in this country and we're going to really show you what music is about' and they all started to play [illegible] and Randy Edelman!"

The [illegible] thing which puts Radio [illegible] very good light.

[illegible] that to get on the list is [illegible] to get into the charts.

[illegible] leans over the battered desk in his small office, [illegible] to convince me that the playlist is a little darling completely under control.

"No, I wouldn't say you automatically get into the charts . . . not at all. We're looking for sounds that we think appeal to our listeners, and it's a scary point to use, but [illegible] and patronise.

"Now if a record we've [illegible] happens to get into the charts, great! Everybody's happy. We're onto a winner [illegible] that if, for various reasons, it doesn't then we'll still keep it on that playlist."

The impression, though, that Radio One is the charts, or that they make the charts.

"I would say that we help to decide some of the sounds [illegible] wouldn't say that we make the charts [illegible] marketing techniques that are involved with getting records into the charts that are none of my business to talk about."

"We aren't stupid up here." — *Mike Hawkes*.

A POISONOUS by-product of the playlist is that it supplies a focus for the industry, a channel through which records can be more easily swept into the charts. Because the industry is aware of the weak spots and is able to utilise the system to its advantage — as successfully as they are able to hype more obviously elsewhere — the playlist could be blamed for maintaining a damaging, regressive safety and familiarity in the music that is bought and played.

Radio One is biased towards the industry.

The rock industry, the network of major labels, are struggling aesthetically but mostly financially. There is a lot at risk. There seems to be a close connection between representatives of the major labels with most to lose, and the individuals of Radio One who have the enormous burden of being accessible.

When I mention the possibility of bribery to Paul Williams, he bolts back in his chair, abruptly loses his propagandist zeal. As he desperately tries to cover my condenser microphone with his hand, he stutters that he doesn't think that's worth going into.

"I can . . . honestly . . . say . . ." he picks his words, "that I have never been approached with a bribe." He maintains that there is never any outside pressure to play a certain record.

The network of pluggers that has developed is an example of the grey, seemingly irrelevant area where the manoeuvres of Radio One and the industry unfortunately touch. When I go to visit Williams I am slotted in between a horde of them plying Williams with mostly waste records.

"Pluggers," Hawkes says, "enter all radio producers' worlds. Their main aim is to get record of the week on the breakfast show which has the biggest audience. That is their goal — to get their records played on the daytime shows. Their second line of attack is to get them played by Read."

A top independent plugger can be paid £100 a week for four weeks efforts, plus bonus payments of £250 for a top 50 place, £500 for a top 20 place and a £1,000 for a number one. What these pluggers actually do, or can do in the time they have, who can tell?

It's an improbable and irrelevant network, if the producers and DJs are as in touch as they claim. There's an incredible amount of money involved.

"Oh, yes, there's pluggers straight out of school, 17, and they're

Continues page 46

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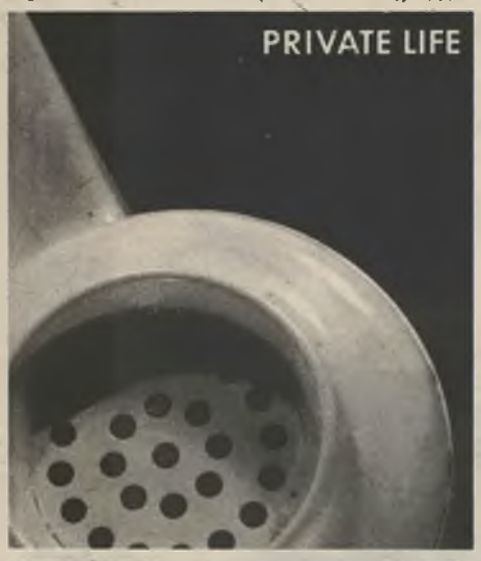

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Okay, Bob, this is judgement day. Pic: Brad Elterman.

"I said 'You know they refused Jesus, too'. He said 'You're not him'."

'Bob Dylan's 115th Dream' (1965)

BOB DYLAN
Saved (CBS)

FOLLOWING the hellfire preachings of 'Slow Train Coming', the humbler Sunday school temperement of 'Saved' is a pleasantly unexpected surprise. If last time his born-again Christian zeal revealed itself in vitriolic witch-hunting activities, Dylan is presently more concerned with celebrating his new faith with controlled fervour.

Worldly concerns are paid little head this time round; seldom does he return to the heavily demoralized America of 'Slow Train Coming', which portrayed in awefully self-righteous tones Christ forsaken civilization tottering on the brink of disaster into a hell of man's own making. In that sense, perhaps, the album summed up — albeit clumsily — the spirit of its time, while since its release America has been brought closer to confrontations, both with Iran and Russia. Reportedly its changing world position has prompted an upsurge of warlike feeling around the country, counterweighted by an equally powerful Christian resurgence.

If that be the case, better new converts listen to 'Saved' than its aggressive predecessor, as it's less likely to encourage the taking up of arms in a new holy war. 'Saved' as the title implies, is about giving thanks and praise to man's Saviour. Life on Earth is no longer important in itself, except as preparation for the eternity to come. The final conflagration is only alluded to briefly: *"Are you ready for the judgment/Are you ready for the terrible swift sword/Are you ready for Armageddon/Are you ready for the day of the Lord?"* ('Are You Ready?')

There speaks a contented man, who's found solace in Christ and who no longer needs the world, thus reducing death, one of Dylan's earliest obsessions (check 'Bob Dylan'), to a transitory stage. It must be very comforting . . .

A man so at one with himself and his chosen saviour hasn't got much to write about other than the celebration of his happy condition, but it's slightly disturbing to those of us who still care that he hasn't found a way of expressing it in a form suited to an artist of his standing.

Much of 'Saved' resorts to the oft-repeated language of gospel songs, but nevertheless it's by far his most skilfully composed album since 'Desire'. Dylan returns here to the sort of plain speaking which worked so well on the crafty patchwork job of country cliches on 'Nashville Skyline', thereby avoiding the knotted verbosity of his last two records. Hardly adventurous, but eminently workable.

The occasional glimpses of good humour help. In 'Covenant Woman', he makes a rare reference to the modern world, when he sings: *"I've been broken/Shining like an empty car/I'm just waiting on the Lord/To build and fill me up/And I'll know that he will do it/Because He's faithful and He's true/He must have loved me oh so much/To send me someone as fine as you."*

Despite the mawkishness of the last sentiment the song achieves a sensuous devotion through its combination of earthly love and heavenly praise, set to a 'Planet Waves' type tune made by the rounded evocative organ sound.

Like 'Nashville Skyline', the performances breathe new life into hoary old phrases. Again it's less Dylan's ability as a poet that engages us than the strength of his singing and well-wrought band arrangements. Everything is carefully placed — nothing left to chance. Dylan has dismantled the gospel form, taking its traditional heavy organ base, back-up trio singing and potent drive and reassembled it around a sturdy, urgent rhythm section (Jim Keltner/Tim Drummond), occasionally to startling effect.

NOT that the album openers offer much promise. 'A Satisfied Mind' (by R. Hayes/J. Rhodes) sees Dylan losing material wealth and gaining heavenly fruits in a too-conventional manner, with girl back-up singers echo-wailing his lines. It's mercifully brief, and the subsequent title track shows rapid improvement. Coming in speedily on a great scratchy guiter riff, soon joined by runaway piano, the tune builds up to a fever pitch hardly satisfied by Dylan's lyrics: *"I've been saved/By the blood of the Lamb"*.

The side closes with 'Solid Rock' a passionate gospel rocker worked around Jim Keltner's surefire drumming and some nagging guitar. If the track came from 'Slow Train Coming', Dylan would've denounced human frailty for searching for an answer among themselves, but from his more temperate standpoint he's content to observe:
"For me He was chastised/For me He was hated/For me He was rejected/From the world that He created/Nations are angry/Cursed are some/People are expecting/A false peace to come/But I'm hanging on/To a solid rock."

'Pressing On', opening side two, is undoubtedly the album's highlight. Dylan's lone voice and cautious piano come in hesitantly above a distant thud, eventually brought closer by the entrance of the band, and the tempo is gradually increased by steady cymbal splashes and the fervent gospel wailing of the backing singers.

It's an expert piece of emotional manipulation, overwhelming this listener with wave upon wave of charged sounds that reinforce the pursuit of the lyric, this being *"the higher calling of my Lord."* Out of context of the music the lyrics are worthless, but the combination of the quiet strength in Dylan's voice (as opposed to apologetic meekness) and striding tune imbue them with an undeniable spiritual conviction.

After that nothing is the same. 'In The Garden' recounts the Last Days of Jesus Christ from the garden of Gethsemane to the Resurrection, complete with flashbacks and Dylan's puzzlement that people didn't recognize Him as the son of God:
"When He rose from the Deed/Did they believe?/He said: 'All power is given to me/In Heaven and on earth/Did they know right then and there/What that power is worth?' "

The intertwined keyboards playing of Spooner Oldham and Terry Young almost whip the tune up to the exalted pitch of the earlier track, especially when the organ sidetracks into a blustery solo. More likeable than 'Saving Grace', its humble successor, whose one saving grace is the verse:
"By this time I'd have thought that I'd be sleeping/In a pinebox for all eternity/My faith keeps me alive but I'll still be weeping/For the saving grace that's over me."

Dylan further recounts how tough the road of life would be without his soul protector. I find his sorry tone hard to take, but then I don't share his belief.

Which is the crux of the matter. There's not much room for non-believers in Dylan's new world, though they have less cause for fear than they had from the Dylan of inquisitional 'Slow Train Coming'. 'Saved' is a solid, functional gospel album, made purely as a celebration of its creator's faith, limiting its audience to those who share it.

To give the devil his due, he's managed some persuasive tunes, but I don't know many Dylan fans who'll be satisfied with as little as that.

Will he return? Will anybody care? Don't wait up to find out.

Chris Bohn

ALBUMS

Seventy percent perfection

JOAN ARMATRADING
Me Myself I *(A&M)*

LAST year, Joan Armatrading said she'd like her music to get closer to rock'n'roll, and anyone who saw her bopping around the stage to a souped-up 'Back To The Night' knew she wasn't joking.

'Me Myself I' takes it further — and brilliantly. Only towards the end, with two ill-advised stabs at reggae, does she allow the pace and intensity to tail off. But by then she's already done enough to ensure that this, her seventh album, is easily the best since 1976's epochal 'Joan Armatrading'.

A lot of care has been taken to get the ingredients right. Recording in New York for the first time, Armatrading has assembled producer Richard Gottehrer (who handled the first two Blondie albums) and a group of musicians that includes Danny Federici and Clarence Clemons of the E Street Band, plus ace English jobsworth Chris Spedding on guitar.

'Me Myself I', 'Ma-Me-O Beach' and 'Is It Tomorrow Yet' are the rockers on the first side — light, pacy and fun. Spedding's scudding riffs slide around Armatrading's springy acoustic work while the drums, high and central in the mix, belt away like blazes. Armatrading takes the vocals with great assurance, riding high on the rhythm, her timing exact yet adventurous.

Even the side's two ballads, 'Friends' and 'Turn Out The Light', benefit from *loud* drums, their gentle swing given extra depth by powerful arrangements and the strength of the singing — Joan Armatrading can sound vulnerable but she's never coy or passive.

After these five tracks, which make for one of the most consistently enjoyable album sides I've heard this year, the flip is a little disappointing. Not to begin with, though: 'When You Kisses Me' funks around a quick-churning bass riff a la Gang Of Four then sprints into sheer joyous rock'n'roll; and 'All The Way From America' is a third, coolly passionate ballad, only a mite too string-laden.

It's the last three tracks which bother me. The closing 'I Need You' — strong voice, strong lyric — sets Armatrading against a busily-sawing string quartet, triggering my prejudice against such studied artiness. 'Simon', last reggae with rasping sax forays from Clemons, has the stiffest lyric she's penned since her debut LP. And 'Feeling In My Heart' is downright tacky — an exercise in Lovers Rock that falls awkwardly between froth and goo, plus the *least* heartfelt vocal on the album.

It sounds like a filler; yet Armatrading's recent BBC 2 special proved she has some excellent new material yet to go on record. So it must be down to dubious notions of variety.

Or perhaps it's a last, clinging remnant of that mellow rut in which JA was in danger of settling. The first seven tracks here blow away all those cobwebs in a gusty rocking breeze that excites and exhilarates.

If only she'd taken it through to the end, this would have been a *great* album but, as it is, 'Me Myself I' is classy, stylish and 70% perfection. For an album that breaks so much new ground, that's some going.

Graham Lock

Joan Armatrading communes with nature

SUICIDE
Suicide *(Z)*

ALBUM covers occupy an odd, paradoxical space somewhere between the functions of protective concealment (of a vinyl artefact) and contextual revelation (of musical content). Unlike quote-and-blurb-plastered book covers, album covers have to fulfil this latter function by a less direct system of signs and hints — a job often approached with rather less subtlety and sensitivity than Carter's foreign policy, as HM cover-watchers can attest.

Suicide's second album cover, like the record it reveals, is well-nigh faultless, a beautiful piece of cold photorealist chic, like a *Habitat* Coke Bottle-Top poster, which contains a revealing self-deprecating joke: the bloodstained water trickling down the plughole on the front cover comes not from the nearby hand, but — as the back cover reveals — from a cut inflicted whilst shaving the legs.

This is marvellous, because this is exactly that Suicide are: shaved legs *knowingly* masquerading as slit wrists.

If not exactly a satire on the whole NY hard-drug/social outcast schtick (it's not cutting enough for that), Suicide's is at least a wryly ironic view of that creaking myth. Like Springsteen, Suicide draw on an exaggeratedly Romanticised "street suss" spirit — but unlike the Jersey Devil, they apply it with an acute awareness of contemporary methods.

'Suicide' is incomparably better than the duo's first album, which, with one or two exceptions, I loathed. That thin, pasty affair, viewed in retrospect, was nothing more than a blueprint for this album, which carries on where the sumptuous 'Dream Baby Dream' 45 left off; this time around, the exceptions — the Hawaiian-evening ambience of 'Las Vegas Man', and the twee 'Sweetheart' — fall on the negative side, not the positive.

Which leaves an awful lot of extremely good music, including at least three possible singles in 'Diamonds, Fur Coat, Champagne', 'Fast Money Music' and 'Shadazz'. 'Diamonds', the opener, pumps a brash, brassy rhythm under a saccharine-sweet central melody echoed by Alan Vega's breathily erotic vocals, and draws out of these (contradictory?) elements a quintessential piece of modern pop that's twice as lush as the title suggests. 'Fast Money Music' takes a rapid generator-chug and cuts across it with a gloriously silly hook, and 'Shadazz' takes an idiosyncratic little hop, skip and jump into latin-reggae territory.

Elsewhere, the relentless pulse at the heart of Suicide varies from the earthy urgency of 'Dance' where the slightly altered multi-tracked vocals lend an air of almost psychotic exhilaration, to the subliminal vibration of 'Touch Me', the semi-conscious successor to 'Dream Baby Dream'.

Even 'Harlem', this album's equivalent of the dreadful 'Frankie Teardrop', succeeds through concision. A more fully-realised piece altogether, it avoids the rambling pretence of its predecessor by setting up an immediate tension — that nervous, sputtering-motor drum-machine and semi-audible string-synth whine — and layering dense, shifting cross-currents of sound and distant shouts and roars over the top.

Some mention ought to be made of Ric Ocasek's excellent production, which is full-bodied and Spectoresque for the most part, as befits the tongue-in-cheek grandeur of the material. Like the music, it fulfils its function — and more besides — whilst remaining well aware of its history.

'Suicide' is a captivating album, and grows more so with every play. Those who fail to be seduced by it are simply forcing themselves to dislike it — probably because of some half-baked prior notion of "synthesiser music".

That's their hang-up. Me, I'll take the shaved legs over the slit wrists *any* day. **Andy Gill**

Pic: Adrian Boot

Yes, Suicide can be painless

Remote controlled emotion

ROXY MUSIC
Flesh And Blood *(Polydor)*

FROM the rock critics' point of view 'Flesh And Blood' is the end of Roxy Music as we dreamt about them and it's an end that will see the group increasing its popularity for ever more. Roxy Music, now a suave core of Ferry, Manzanera and Mackay, and a team of those old rock music names, have reduced themselves or extended themselves, to selling bittersweet fantasies and seductive unhappy endings, making music where the nostalgic tendencies are impossibly correct, the modern moments ironically obvious and the moods delicately (remotely) controlled.

'Flesh And Blood's' experienced blend of sorrow, poignancy, easy rocksick, fake-privacy, vanity and gentle sentimentality supplies a perf definition of 'respectable' commercialism. *This* is pure pop(ular) music. And what it is is ultimate satisfaction (dealing in lack of same, of course). It is the logical development of Roxy Music, one we should have spotted way back. Only rock critics could exceed Ferry's vanity and demand anything more. Rock becomes pure escape, and the more hysterical we become inside our time machine, the longer it will go on.

So this is Roxy Music, 1980, at their most succesful, seamless and mechanical. It sounds very alien to me, who's showering a lot lately, correctly using soap. (Remember *those* comparisons — can they still continue?). Ferry is very much the protoganist, hardly the hero. But this isn't the democratic Roxy we used to mythologise, and now mourn. Like on solo Ferry indulgences, two prosaically interpreted non-originals 'The Midnight Hour' and 'Eight Miles High' (do I call them classics?) mingle speciously with eight weary confessions and pained memories.

Love is a drug, Ferry keeps saying. This way and that. In the dark, in the rain. The sufferings of a man in love, a man let down — Ferry sentimentally fretting never inducing sympathy or curiosity.

Ferry, the conservative poet, chants throughout with relentless trance-like intensity. He cherishes the tenderness, irony, hurt available from a cracked romance, languidly climbs the ups and downs, sings of nothing but the pretence and tears and . . . says nothing new. Bryan Ferry does say nothing more stylishly than most, he disguises the cliches well. But the same old scenes and the same new aches don't survive lack of new insight, for all their abstract 'delight'. As commercial art-songs, superficially intriguing and touching, they remain complete. They complete an impeccable commodity.

Romance is a great fuel for fiction; is endlessly popular. Bryan Ferry knows all the right moves. 'Flesh and Blood' has all the right moves. Romance, rhythm, reminiscence, regret . . . nothing actually achieved, no emotion actually shared. This could be Ferry's awkwardness; more likely it's his art.

'Flesh And Blood' appears to be the aftermath of repeated broken heart. But the heart is plastic. Says the cruel critic. Rock critics are bigger snobs than even Bryan Ferry, and we worry too much about some strange, vague artistic convictios; sorry, Bryan Ferry no longer has any chance of looking a hero through these pages with *this* perfection. Because cash. The Commodity and a severely controlled passion mean more to Ferry than culture or 'the crusade?' Ferry no longer fits where once he was king.

Presumably this is our hang up and means little to anyone else.

Paul Morley

Pic: Michael Putland

Ferry from the top, its a long way down

Howie comes clean

MAGAZINE
The Correct Use Of Soap *(Virgin)*

EVER since Magazine started, they've been expected to fulfil almost impossible expectations.

First exalted, then condemned, they've always been judged by high standards. Perhaps that is what caused them to retreat into the introspective self-importance of 'Secondhand Daylight', as Howard Devoto celebrated the inscrutable mysteries of his own mental glamour.

Then for reasons that Magazine themselves are probably unable to explain — a tour of America or, more likely, the musical chemistry between the band members — they've recently seen a resurgence of activity. Three singles issued in quick succession, a string of concerts in this country, a reported 14 or 15 tracks recorded for the album. And, of course, their new album itself.

The title 'The Correct Use Of Soap' is taken from a barely distinguishable line on the B-side of one of the singles. But whether its name is intended to be irritating, ironic or a droll disguise, the album is an attempt to breathe a less-rarefied air and break out of the precious atmosphere that had almost stifled them. It comes in a simple sleeve, the songs have uncontrived titles, and Magazine have at last made an album that is personal rather than a conscious projection of a calculated persona.

The start of side one is only the first surprise. 'Because You're Frightened' is an exhilarated rush of light, bright sound, as if they've suddenly shed a wearying weight of complacent pretension.

Instead of reclining all over the record, Devoto's voice sounds shaken and involved in a way that I haven't heard since 'Spiral Scratch'.

Fear, love, the fear of love and love of fear, are the album's fixations. For the first time in Magazine's history, intellect is applied to honest emotion, in an album that is self-absorbed but no longer claustrophobic.

As Devoto admits in 'Model Worker': *"I've been indulging in ostentatious display."*

His deft way of twisting words makes the mental surrender of 'I'm A Party' both hurt and humorous. *"Take me with you/I don't know where I've been/So all things being equal/I won't know where we're going/Do me a favour/Do whatever you want to/I will let you hurt me/Because I know it hurts you too."*

'You Never Knew Me' is moodily evocative, as Devoto embraces vulnerable fallibility: *"I'm sorry/I'm sorry I can't be cancelled out like this/We had to kill so much before we could even kiss/I don't know/I don't know whether I ever knew you/I know you never knew me."* And his quietly repeated question is far from rhetorical as he asks at the end: *"Do you want to?"*

The fast, excited 'Philadelphia' ends a side of enjoyable pop in the purest tradition — provoking, specific but strangely universal. By contrast, side two shows a desire to experiment that succeeds in every track.

It starts with a song that spins slowly into a dizzying sweep of sound as Devoto's deliberate delivery offers a brilliant balance of appraisal and experience: *"The newcomer arrives/possession and guilt in his face/apologises to the customs man/for the gaping hole in his suitcase . . . I'm ditching an empty suitcase/I've been living in storytown/I've been swimming in poisons . . . I've been blown about for years/on my way to you/but I still turn to love."* 'I Want To Burn Again' must be also a metaphor for his own mental state.

In the context of the album, Sly Stone's 'Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)' takes an entirely different perspective. And although they are both Magazine originals, the next two tracks are unnervingly familiar. Some delicately tangled dance-floor drumming drives 'Sweetheart Contract' that with its airy, girlish backing vocals is part parody yet as enchanted and entranced as very early Pink Floyd. 'Stuck' stalks a primeval landscape of raw soul-funk that has cunningly rearranged the components in a distorted approximation of the styles while Devoto declaims: *"I may love you out of weakness/Is that what I was afraid of?"*

'Song From Under The Floorboards' ends the album and in many ways it's the most explicit, ambitious and elegant incarnation of Devoto to date as he revels in a lucid, loved degradation: *"The proudest jewel inside of me/glows with pleasure at my own stupidity . . . I used to make phantoms I could later chase/Images of all that could be desired/Then I got tired of counting all these blessings/Then I just got tired."*

Martin Hannett — the man who produced 'Spiral Scratch', not to mention Joy Division's 'Unknown Pleasures' — has matched Magazine's skill with their new-found freshness so that they've never sounded more and more fulfilled. And Devoto's voyeuristic attitude to his own growth makes the album a vivid examination of a mind in which sensation is synonymous with analysis and the shedding of inhibitions an event which merits meticulous attention.

'The Correct Use Of Soap' makes 'Secondhand Daylight' superfluous in that it's the logical synthesis of the heady impatience of early Buzzcocks and the rich forceful flow of 'Real Life'. It is also Magazine's masterpiece.

Lynn Hanna

Devoto dispenses with the flannel. *Pic: Chalkie Davies*

ERIC CLAPTON
Just One Night *(RSO)*

IT'S IRONIC that this double album set of 'Eric At The Budokan' should be released so soon after his old friend Townshend's latest statement-of-intent. Where 'Empty Glass' shows Townshend attempting to come to terms with himself and his audience through a collection of honest, abrasive compositions with intelligent lyrics and a sense of commitment and passion, 'Just One Night' is a sorry exercise indeed and stands as the very antithesis of Townshend's work.

Just clocking the sleeve is enough to get your goat. Here we have Eric Clapton's new band, with such excellent players as Chris Stainton on keyboards, not to mention the truly superb Albert Lee on guitar — and rhythm section Henry Spinetti and Dave Markee are also no slouches — providing most of the guts to this pretty gutless effort, and RSO not only don't bother to use a photo of the ensemble anywhere on an utterly cheapskate sleeve, they're not even allowed the slight respect of being referred to as 'The Eric Clapton Band'.

In fact, cheapskate is the key word for this record (the "Don't Pay Over £6.75" sticker is hilarious in that respect). Eric had a big platinum hit album with the maudlin 'Slowhand' two 33⅓s ago, but then the follow-up 'Backless' stiffed out. So Mr Stigwood consults his pocket calculator and figures that it's double live album time. Just bung on a goodly ratio of the numbers from 'Slowhand', pack in some of the old standards ('Blues Power', 'After Midnight', as well as literally half the songs that appeared on Clapton's last live album 'EC Was Here'), and don't forget to send Eric to Japan to play the Budokan because that's pretty classy and trendy. Just drag the mobile in, and bob's your uncle! New band, new tour, and shiny new album.

Cynical stuff, huh? But not half as cynical as Stigwood and Clapton. This whole effort is stupidly shoddy, and will more than likely backfire horrendously on its instigators.

The album kicks off with a nondescript affair held together by that most wretched of rock cop-outs — mellow R&B running on an utterly sterile, sedate kind of 'pop' — called 'Tulsa Time'. After that (comparatively) rigorous exercise, they knock off a fatigued (as opposed to 'slow') blues — safe grazing ground this. The back-up boys dirge it up to suitably soporific effect while Eric's adequate white blues vocalese makes with the world-weary, pained 'cris de coeur' about the trials of having an 18-year-old wife who likes to *"hoochie-coochie down at the local saloon"* while poor old hubby Eric's back at the shack having his Horlicks and watching video-tapes of the Montreaux Jazz & Blues Festival. Passionate it isn't.

'Lay Down Sally' gets us back on the track, loose in the caboose, starting to feel perky but — let's not get rash now, the neighbours might complain. Minor league country blues singalong: expendable. And on to — yes, it's ballad-time. Eric once loved a women, you see, and when the affair fell through he was moved to write

Cooder: the thinker, a study. *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

passionate, real, naked songs that matched off decent 'heartache' lyrics with some really strong tunes and dynamite playing. That was 'Layla'. Then, after heroin she returned and now Eric writes the odd ode to his better half. 'Wonderful Tonight' isn't as cloying as, say, Dylan's 'Sara', but songs about turtle-doving it up in suburbia can't really hope to be anything more than light entertainment. Clapton's vocal is strong — convincingly so — and the tune's sweet but . . . oh this is absurd! I will not be listening to it again because it lacks anything at all vital.

This is the reason that Clapton has become so redundant. The man has absolutely nothing whatsoever to say musically or lyrically. So side two bungs together a duff Bob Dylan 'Street Legal' outtake of negligible consequence, a version of 'Worried Life Blues' that I can't even remember though I've played it seven times, a dolorous Clapton/Rick Danko collaboration of tired chord progressions and crackerbarrel philosophising so dreary I wonder if Clapton is going for the Will Rogers Of White Blues award ("I never met a man I didn't like" — Will Rogers/ "I never met a man I didn't like — except Will Rogers" — Lenny Bruce). Then there's an obligatory nod to the man who reinvented the country blues idiom by always writing his songs while watching *Green Acres* on his (portable) telly — J J Cale. I'll simply say that for superior versions of 'After Midnight' exist.

Side three . . . oh yes, more blues with Otis Rush's 'Double Trouble' lamentably performed — before Albert Lee gets to do a Mark Knopfler song of little consequence called 'Setting Me Up'. Then Eric returns, crooning *"Bet you didn't think I knew how to rock'n'roll"* and systematically proving to all the doubting Thomases that they were right all along.

Side four has 'Ramblin' On My Mind' — an inferior live shot to the version on 'EC Was Here' segueing into an uncredited 'Have You Ever Loved A Woman' which is Clapton's vocal *piece de resistance*, though yet again the 'EC Was Here' cut packs more conviction and atmosphere. On J J Cale's 'Cocaine' Eric dusts off his wah-wah pedal to give a solo mildly reminiscent of his 'Brave Ulysses' blitzkrieg, which prompts Lee — pitifully under-employed throughout the record — to pull off an ingenious piece of fretboard chutzpah. And for one brief moment the listener is granted music that invigorates, that sounds like the participants are doing a little more than going through the motions.

So Clapton finally gets a good band together, a group who will kick out all the stock clichés he's fallen into since his 'Ocean Boulevard' return and call him out. It should have been great, but these tracks are so flagrantly uninspired, it shocks me.

Nick Kent

Ry rides the reels

RY COODER
The Long Riders *(WB Soundtrack)*

EVERYBODY knows that a mensh godda do whadda mensh godda do and if a womensh goddamy shensh, why she'll jest keep her shilensh, bide her time and let him do it.

In Ry Cooder's case his talent and muse have led him through the entire gamut of American folk-lore, that's necessarily musical and social. He's tapped into the dust bowl, chronicled the rise and fall of the almighty dollar, ridden roughshod over presidents and snuck into some murky clubs where the sounds are jazz, soul, funk and even rock'n'roll.

There's not many folks more able than ole Ry when it comes to charting a nation's heritage of entertainment, be it focussed on the prairie or emanating from some dusty phonograph — if I was being expansive I'd say actually there was noone (white) with quite his credentials. So this soundtrack to Walter Hill's celluloid adventure, cue sepia tints of the James-Younger Gang, is a natural move for Cooder; it exhibits his perfect sense of timing, his ear for acoustic melody, his admiration for legend and the continuing folk blues.

It's by no means a one man show, Cooder is abetted by his hand picked henchmen, Jim Dickinson, David Lindley, Bill Bryson, Tom Sauber, Milt Holland et al. Neither can the music be considered strictly separate from its inspiration, the myth and reality of the post-Civil War outlaws who became anathema to the Yankee and heroes to the defeated Confederate. Whether Hill's movie matches Ry's score remains to be seen (I've not yet), but a cast that includes the brotherhoods Carradine, Keach, Quaid and Guest (one of 'em from National Lampoon) is rich in promise. Considering the obvious parallels and the constant market for class westerns it's a surprise this hasn't been attempted before, the Eagles worthy but hopelessly dated 'Desperado' notwithstanding.

For those stay-at-homes who must know what's what, the more obvious independent moments on 'The Long Riders' are delicate dulcimer rooted instrumentals like the gorgeous 'Seneca Square Dance' and Lindley's fiddle excursion on 'Cole Younger's Polka'. Ry doesn't get to sing much, though the closers on each side may be familiar; one, a low key 'Rally Round The Flag', which will please fans of 'The Very Thing That Makes You Rich' (Pico Payne and the Chambers Brothers carrying a mean background vocal), the other a revisited 'Jesse James' which unfolds the plot in studied flashback as befits the genre.

Don't be misled — this is not an electric jamboree and you'll need a skinful of bourbon inside before you start dancing. It is mood and atmosphere music with Cooder's stamp writ large. There's a new chapter in that story for later this summer.

Here you'll find tradition, the Wild West way. The James-Younger Gang robbed 'til they dropped (dead). Ain't that sho granpappy? Shiddown an' led Mr Cooder tell y'all a shtory.

Max Bell

PAUL McCARTNEY
McCartney II *(Parlophone)*

THIS is a low, low trip. You'd think Paul McCartney had far more than enough money to resort to cheap (sic) cons like this.

'McCartney II' is Paul's home-brew bitter kit that he literally knocked together at home with the minimum of technology and thought. It sounds like the most desperate of artists' memorial rip-offs, one of those that a company slings out after all the compilations but just before the dialogue album.

Only the single 'Coming Up' resembles anything like effort, but even that suffers because of the skinflint production job. Elsewhere, it's hard to know where to begin. There are soapy-dope ramblings like 'Waterfalls' and 'Summer Day Song' which take an age to finish and come across like 'Fool On The Hill' with a dozen anchors around its neck. Then there are a couple of instrumentals that only the most shameless of creeps would make public, all childlike and gooey-simple.

Which brings us to the true horror-show, 'Bogey Music'. It's based on the fairytale book (for the under-6's) 'Fungus The Bogey Man' and comes with a little explanation for all us sitting-comfortably adults. He makes the words and the tune up as he goes along. Sample: *"If you little bogeys all want to sing along, clean your bogey act up and learn the bogey song."*

But towards the end, McCartney cannot hold back his contempt any longer and out slips the keyword for this LP — *"without bogey music, life is incomplete, you know it is . . . SUCKERS."*

'McCartney II' isn't worth the plastic it's printed on. Neither is Paul, but he'll go on doodling and fooling his public because they're too frightened to ditch him and his past and he's too rich to be stopped.

But at 40, look at that face!

A picture of Dorian Grey.

Danny Baker

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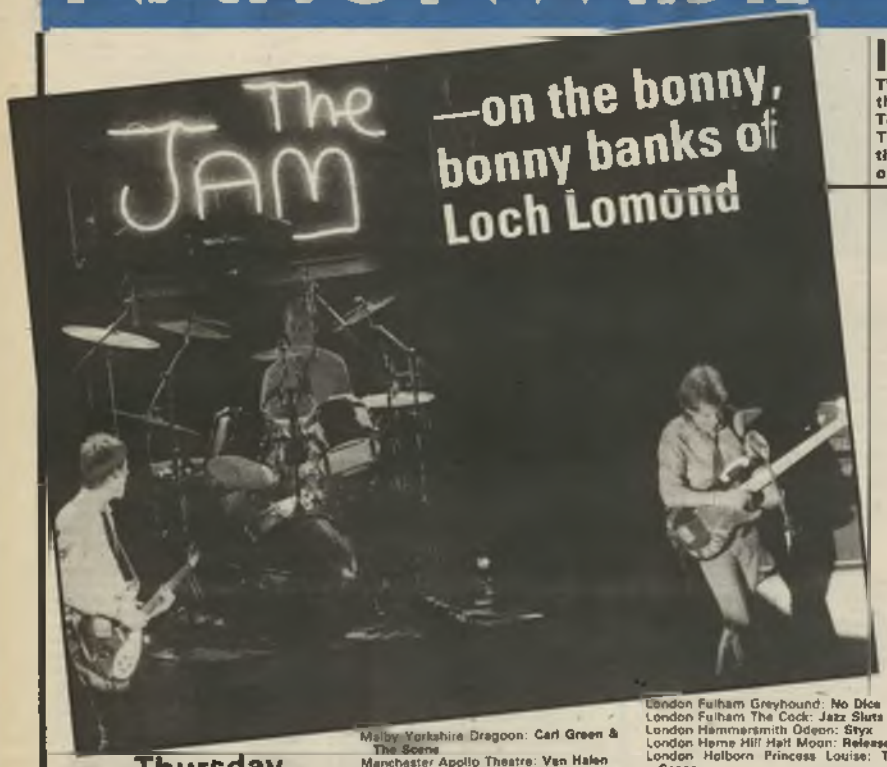

IT'S FESTIVAL TIME AGAIN

THE JAM top the bill on the first day of the second Loch Lomond Festival this Saturday. And it promises to be a mind-blowing event — with The Tourists, Stiff Little Fingers, The Regents, Bad Manners, The Only Ones and The Chords also in attendance. The site is 17 miles from central Glasgow on the A.74 road. Day Two's line-up is equally impressive, though rather more orthodox — see under Sunday for details.

Thursday

Bannockburn Tamdhu: **Dick Smith Band**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **The Cruisers**
Bath Moles: **Kevin Brown Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos / Little Willy**
Birmingham Cannon Hill: **Denizens**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Birmingham Hare & Hounds: **Vision Collision / Fast Relief**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Beat**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Night Shift / The Cadillacs**
Brighton The Centre: **Marvin Gaye**
Brighton New Regent: **Icarus**
Bristol The Granary: **The Pencils**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chesham Elgiva Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Cinderford Lion Hotel: **Johnny Coppin Band**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Slade**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **New Musik**
Exeter University: **Dangerous Girls**
Gosport John Peel: **Scissor Fits**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **The Vibrators**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Iron Maiden**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Idiot Dancers**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Outrageous Flesh**
Hull New Theatre: **Steve Hackett**
Hull Wellington Club: **Budgie**
Inverness Caledonian Hall: **Matchbox**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Kicks**
Leeds Brannigan's: **The Cockney Rejects**
Leicester University: **The Photos / Nine Below Zero**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inmates**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Angelo Paldino / The Spoilers**
London Catford The Squire: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Directions**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Expressos / Way Of The West**
London Finchley Torrington: **Marmalade**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **On The Air**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Cable Car**
London Fulham The Cock: **Rockies**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Pink Military**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Joan Armatrading**
London Hampstead Giovanni's: **Spartacus**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Wipeout**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Danny Adler & The Gusha Bros**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Billy Karloff & The Extremes / The Act**
London Marquee Club: **Neil Innes**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Splodgenessabounds**
London Putney White Lion: **Southside**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ruby Braff (for three days)**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London The Mall I.C.A.: **Glaxo Babies / The Diagram Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Robert Hunter**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Footwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Step / The Civilians**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Tour De Force / Cheap Perfume**
Malby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Van Halen**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **No Mystery / Phil Chapman / Balis Novak**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **The Russians**
Newcastle The Warehouse: **Delta 5 / The Au Pairs / The Distractions**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Medium Medium / XL5**
Nottingham Albert Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham University: **Q-Tips / Bad Publicity**
Portsmouth Guildhall **The Specials / The Bodysnatchers**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Tom Yates / Abalon**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Bad Manners**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **David Essex**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Chris Rea / Nick Battle**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **King Rock**
Sutton Red Lion: **Richard Digance**
Totnes Civic Hall: **Cross / Poison Girls**
Winchester Art College: **The Scavengers**
Wishaw Cambusnethan Priory: **H20**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **Mike Harding**

Friday

Avery Averyhill College: **Kick Out**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **Flying Saucers**
Bath Moles: **Seatbelts**
Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion: **Mike Harding**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Quads / Rockers**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Rush**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham (Shirley) Light Hall School: **021**
Birmingham University: **Lindisfarne**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **The Cruisers**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Whitesnake**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **The Spoilers**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **The Impales**
Bristol Colston Hall: **David Essex**
Bristol Turntable: **The Dominos**
Caithness Community Centre: **Matchbox**
Cannock Sports Club: **That Bizarre Unit / The Envelopes**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Blackcat**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Airport**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
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Kettering North Park Club: **The Polecats**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Odd Socks In Duetbin Man**
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Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Van Halen**
Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre: **Armpit Jug Band**
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London Camden Electric Ballroom: **4 Be 2**
London Camden Music Machine: **Slade**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
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London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Icarus**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Step**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Styx**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Release**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
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London Kenhington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
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London Kensington The Nashville: **Terpole Tudor / The Beards**
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London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Spider**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
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London The Mall I.C.A.: **A Certain Ratio / Section 25 / Durutti Column / Blurt**
London Tottenham White Hart: **The Rebel Rousers**
London University Union: **The Valentines**
London Victoria The Venue: **Denny Laine Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Fleetwood Mac**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Sound / The Cymbalines / The Emotional Jobs / The Models**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **The Riversiders**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The O.K. Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Marvin Gaye**
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: **The Beat**
Manchester Milltstone: **The Images**
Northampton The Paddocks: **The Cockney Rejects**
Nottingham Open-Air Festival: **B Movie**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Penzance Demelza's: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Peterborough Focus Club: **Electric Voyage**
Plymouth Abbey Hall: **Cross / Poison Girls**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Martyn Wyndham-Read**
Poole Brewers Arms: **The Scavengers**
Portsmouth South Parade Pier: **George Melly & The Footwarmers**
Preston Guildhall: **Steve Hackett**
Retford Porterhouse: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **They Must Be Russians**
Saltburn Philmore Disco: **The Real Thing**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Budgie**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Merger**
Southend Elms: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Southend Estuary Rooms: **Acker Bilk Band**
Southend Top Alex: **V.H.F.**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Nine Below Zero**
Stirling Sword Hotel: **Final Program / Visual Stanz / Green Rayo**
Wallsend Memorial Cafe: **Monoconics**
York University: **New Musik / Aswad / The Rent Boys / The Piranhas**

Saturday

Barrow Civic Hall: **The Real Thing**
Basildon Double Six: **The Flatbackers**
Bath University: **The Vapors**
Bicester Red Lion: **The Spoilers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes-/Mayday**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Sub Zero**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsomd Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bracknell Sports Centre. **Iron Maiden**
Braintree Essex Barn **Joe Brown**
Brighton The Northern: **Athlete B's**
Bristol Colston Hall: **David Essex**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Yakety Yak**
Chatteris Palace: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Coventry Warwick University: **Ken Wood & The Mikers**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Budgie**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **Pink Military**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Nine Below Zero**
Dunfermline Commercial Hotel: **Dick Smith Band**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Q-Tips**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Marvin Gaye**
Exeter University: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Matchbox**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Sledgehammer**
Hyde Town Hall: **The Images**
Ilkley College: **Agony Column**
Kingston Surrey County Staff Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Dogwatch**
Knaresborough The Mitre: **Xanthos**
Knebworth Park: **The Beach Boys/Santa/Mike Oldfield/Lindisfarne/Elkie Brooks/The Blues Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Rush**
Leicester University: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Loch Lomond (Strathclyde) Bear Park: **The Jam/The Tourists/Stiff Little Fingers/The Regents/The Only Ones**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tracie/Levi Dexter & The Rip-Chords**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Bad Manners**
London Camden Music Machine: **Slade**
London Camden Town Hall: **Jabula/Oshama**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Spider**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sore Throat**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mickey Jopp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Expressos/The Idiot Dancers**
London Fulham The Cock: **Johnny G Band**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **The Rhythm Hawks**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Styx**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Margo & The Space Virgins**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Little Roosters**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Piranhas**
London Marquee Club: **Long Tall Shorty**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
London Roehampton Froebell Institute: **The Pencils**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Town Hall: **George Melly & The Footwarmers**
London The Mall I.C.A.: **Airkraft/The Distributors/Music For Pleasure**
London Victoria The Venue: **Denny Laine Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Fleetwood Mac**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **The Three Degrees**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Soul Boys/Blood Donor**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **The Cruisers**
London Woolwich Odeon: **Faith Brown-/Dexy Jones**
Luton Kingsway Hotel: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Maldon Silver Era Club: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Chris Rea**
Manchester Rafters: **Red Beans & Rice**
Manchester Russell Club: **The Seat**
Mansfield Cock Inn: **Veiled Threat**
Meldreth Manor School: **Chris Barber Band**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Dedringer/Platform**
Newcastle University: **The Photos**
Norwich Keswick Hall College: **Mad Chateaux**
Oxford Edmund Hall: **Flying Saucers**
Penzance Guivat Mead House: **Dangerous Girls**
Peterborough Black Horse: **R.A.F.**
Poole Towngate Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Scarborough Taboo: **The Vibrators**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Cockney Rejects**
Southampton The Saints: **The Scavengers**
Southend Countdown Club: **The 45's**
Watford Mex's New Palace: **The Goddish Robe**
Weymouth College: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Wisbech Isle of Ely College: **Dave Berry**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Barkingside Old Maypole **The Impales**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Playthings-/Plastic Idols**
Birmingham Odeon: **Van Halen**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Shadowfax**
Brighton The Centre: **Rush**
Bristol Locarno: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Bury The Bridge: **Two-Tone-Pinks**
Cardiff Top Rank **The Vapours**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **Embryo**
Croydon Greyhound: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Edinburgh Valentine's: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Girvan Beach Pavilion: **Q-Tips**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **H20**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Dick Smith Band**
Herringthorpe Showground: **Matchbox**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Seventeen**
Lancaster University: **Joan Armatrading**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Photos**
Leeds Heddon Hall: **The City Limits**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Mona Hotel: **Breakdown**
Loch Lomond (Strathclyde) Bear Park: **Wishbone Ash/Denny Laine Band/Saxon/Lindisfarne/Gillan/Wild Horses**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sharafis**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ginger Baker's Energy/The Untouchables**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Shadowfax/Cable Car/The Uglies**
London Finchley Torrington: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Richard Digance**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Styx**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Piranhas**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Go-Go's**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Small Brothers/Levi Dexter & The Rip-Chords**
London Marquee Club: **The Merton Parkas**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Billy Emerson**
London Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre: **Richard & Linda Thompson/Tennis Shoes**

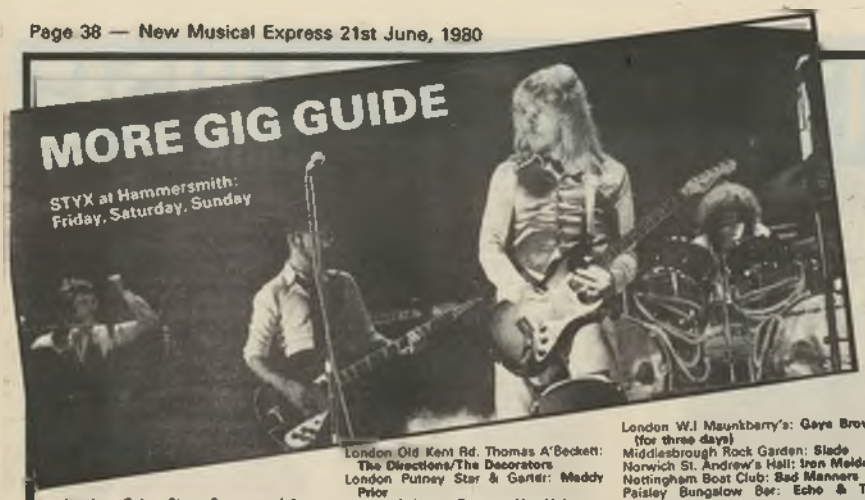
CONTINUES OVER . . .

Meanwhile, at Knebworth...

THE BEACH BOYS have the tough task of following the likes of Zeppelin, Genesis and Pink Floyd as headliners at this year's Knebworth concert on Saturday. It's a much more staid bill than in previous years, with Mike Oldfield and Santana among other acts appearing. It remains to be seen if it'll pull the hoped-for 100,000 crowd.

MORE GIG GUIDE

STYX at Hammersmith: Friday, Saturday, Sunday



London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang/Horsepower-/Diamond Head/Angel Witch/Praying Mantis**
London The Mall I.C.A : **Clock DVA/They Must Be Russians/Medium Medium**
London Wembley Arena: **Fleetwood Mac**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Pencils/Motley Crew**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Joe Lee Wilson**
Luton Cesar's Palace: **The Dooleys**
Macclesfield Bear Head: **J. G. Spolls Rock Band**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Diagram Brothers/Bee Vamp/The Pe[illegible]**
Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap**
Middlesbrough Empire Hotel: **Dave Barbarian**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Oxford New Theatre: **Steve Hackett**
Plymouth New Palace Theatre: **David Essex**
Pontefract Blackamoor Head: **Proposition [illegible]**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Ewan McColl & Peggy Seeger**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Triplanes**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Rochdale The Castle: **A Sudden Sway**
Sheffield City Hall: **Whitesnake**
Slough Alexander's: **The Cruisers**
Southport Theatre: **Marvin Gaye**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Iron Maiden**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Photos/The Donkeys**
Wavedon The Stables: **Chris Barber Band**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Bad Manners**
York University: **Linton Kwesi Johnson/Kevin Coyne**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Dooleys (for a week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **White Spirit**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Oral Sex**
Canterbury Albery's Bar: **Otway & Barrett**
Chatham Central Hall: **Budgie**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Pavilion: **Any Trouble/Fay Ray & The Rubbermen**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Restricted Code**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Matchbox**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Hatfield Red Lion. **Chris Barber Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Phantom Zone**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Steve Hackett**
London Camden Dingwalls: **John Smallwood/The Fixations/Begger**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wasted Youth**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flatbackers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rio & The Robots/96 Tears**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Allen Kultura/The Nurses/The Au Pairs/Patrik Fitzgerald Group**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Trierchy**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Weapon / Small Print**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Small Brothers**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Headboys**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Lennie Felix & Guests (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Slade**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Directions/The Decorators**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Maddy Prior**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Van Helen**
London Shepherds Bush The Wheatsheaf: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goodies**
London Twickenham St. Mary's College: **Icarus**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel (for four days)**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Fad Gadget**
London N.1 Maunkberry's: **Mystic Nits**
Newport (Gwent) The Inca: **Andy Pandemonium**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad [illegible]**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwalhir**
Nottingham University: **Ken Wood & The Mixers**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Q-Tips**
Penzance Demeliza's: **New Musik**
Plymouth Fleets Suite: **The Vapors**
Preston Clouds: **The Real Thing**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Gins & The Rockin' [illegible]**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **The Chizens**
Shrewsbury Tiffany's: **Bad Manners**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **David Essex**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Watford Bailey's: **Mud (for a week)**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
West Bromwich Sandies Club: **Dave Berry (for a week)**
York Vanburgh College: **Delta 5/Guy Jackson**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Milton Hotel: **Matchbox**
Anglesey Plas Coch: **Any Trouble/Fay Ray & The Rubbermen**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **New [illegible]**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limk**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Bastile**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **The [illegible]**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **The Zips**
Brighton Art College: **Margo & The Space Virgins**
Coventry Hope & Anchor: **The Failed Romantics**
Coventry Theatre: **Steve Hackett**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Dave Walters**
Heywood White Lion: **Wilful Damage**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Jackals**
Lancaster Lonsdale College: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Live Wire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Decorators/The Leopards**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mental Notes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Valentines/Japanese Toy**
London Greenwich White Swan: **The Pencils**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Beat**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Expressos**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Wasted Youth**
London Marquee Club: **The Lambrettas**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Mutiny**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Old Kent Road. Thomas A' Beckett: **Martian Dance**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Van Helen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazz Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Reluctant Stereotypes/Eyeless in Gaza**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club. **Dangerous Girls/Desirzone/The Pinkies**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Gaye Brown (for three days)**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Slade**
Norwich St. Andrew's Hall: **Iron Maiden**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Bad Manners**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Reading University: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Sheffield Blitz (at George IV): **Disease/New Model Soldier**
Sheffield University: **Nine Below Zero**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **David Essex**
St. Albans City Hall: **Toad The Wet [illegible]**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Black Sabbath/Shakin Street**
Tonbridge The Harvester: **The Marines**

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M. S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Top Rank: **The Beat**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Jedidiah Strutt**
Brighton Alhambra: **Airport**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Photos**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Otway & Barrett**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Darlington New Imperial: **Carl Green & [illegible]**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Iron Maiden**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Denizens**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **Dick Smith Band**
Inverness Caledonian Hotel: **Matchbox**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Agents**
Leeds University: **Guy Jackson**
Leeds Warehouse: **New Musik**
Leicester University: **The Vapors**
Liverpool Pickwicks Club: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Chris Rea**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Small Hours / The Uprights**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Moonwalkers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **General Accident / Tri Planes**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The 45's**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Moderns**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **Q-Tips**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Japanese Toy / Cheap Perfume**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chris Barber Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bobby Rosengarden Quartet**
London Wembley Arena: **Fleetwood Mac**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dumb Blondes / Spider**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Wee McGhee Band**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London W14 The Kensington: **The Pencils**
Loughborough University: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Norwich Whites: **V.H.F.**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellows: **Gwalhir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham New Inn: **A Sudden Sway**
Nottingham Playhouse Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Oxford Scamps: **Wow Federation / Dum Dum Dum**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **David Essex**
Retford Porterhouse: **Bad Manners**
Sheffield City Hall: **Clock DVA/Vice Versa**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Black Sabbath / Shakin Street**
Southampton University: **Billy Karloff & The Extremes / The Scavengers**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Torquay Town Hall: **Budgie**
York Goodryke College: **Nine Below Zero**

GIG NEWS EXTRA

London's Apollo opening

IT IS NOW confirmed that London's New Victoria is to re-open in the early autumn as the Apollo Victoria Theatre, thus confirming *NME's* forecast in our April 19 issue. This follows the purchase of the venue by Paul Gregg, who already owns the Apollos in Manchester and Glasgow. Again as forecast, the opening attraction is Cliff Richard who commences a three-week season (Sunday's excluded) on September 29 — tickets are priced £7.50, £6.50, £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50. Subsequent bookings will be a mixture of one nighters and short seasons, and it's expected that a number of autumn tours will choose the Apollo as the London venue in their UK itineraries.

Three years after the sudden closure of the New Victoria, it's now been decided that ticket-holders for concerts cancelled at short notice — by the Stanley Clarke Band, Bonnie Raitt, Hot Chocolate and Harry Chapin — will not have their money refunded. The liquidators say there are no funds available after payments to preferential creditors.

● London is acquiring three more concert venues for pop and rock. Impresario Donald Albery is making available the Piccadilly Theatre (capacity 1154), the Albery Theatre (979) and Wyndham's Theatre (769) for Sunday concerts.

● Nottingham Ice Stadium, with a capacity of over 3,500 is to open this summer as a major rock venue. Although well served with clubs, the town has lacked a sizeable concert hall for some years, and has been avoided by the big tours. This omission has now been rectified, and details of the first Ice Stadium shows will be announced shortly.

Q-TIPS MAKE TRACKS

Q-TIPS support their first Chrysalis single 'Tracks Of My Tears' (out this weekend) with gigs at **Nottingham** University (this Thursday and June 26), **Lancaster** University (Friday), **Edinburgh** Nite Club (Saturday), **Girvan** Beach Pavilion (Sunday), **Paisley** Bungalow Bar (June 23), **London** Marquee (25), **Coventry** Warwick University (26), **Watford** Herts College (27), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (29), **Coventry** West Midlands College (July 2), **Sheffield** Limit Club (3), **Scarborough** Penthouse (4) and **Retford** Porterhouse (5). Later in July they begin another tour of six weeks' duration, this time confined to coastal resorts, and tied in with the release of their new album.

WILD WILLY BARRETT

OTWAY-BARRETT TOUR

OTWAY & BARRETT (John and Wild Willy to you) cement their recent reunion by way of a month-long starting later this month. They visit **Canterbury** Albery's (June 23), **Cardiff** Chapter Arts Centre (25), **Gloucester** Crown & Anchor (26), **Southampton** Gryphon (27), **Tunbridge Wells** Rolley's (28), **Oxford** Oranges & Lemons (29), **Wolseton** Nags Head (30), **Cambridge** Great Northern Hotel (July 1), **Ipswich** Cinderella (2), **Norwich** Whites (3), **Leicester** Fosseway Hotel (4), **Manchester** Milltone (5), **Birmingham** Golden Eagle (7), **Coventry** General Wolfe (8), **Nottingham** Grey Goose (9), **Hanley** Rose & Crown (10), **Sheffield** Penguin (11), **Leeds** Royal Park Hotel (12), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (14), **Liverpool** Lincoln Inn (15), **Newcastle** Cooperage (16), **Stalgate** Barge Inn (17), **Durham** Castle Inn (18), **Dumfries** Oughtone (21), **Paisley** Bungalow (22), **Edinburgh** Eric Brown's (23) and **Hull** Wellington Club (24).

RAINBOW'S LIFT-OFF

LONDON'S Rainbow Theatre goes galactic for the summer! The multi-media spectacular *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy* is to be staged there for an eight-week season from July 16, and the whole front of the theatre is being re-designed as an intergalactic spaceport specially for the show. With a cast of 20 and five musicians, and music by Basil Brooks and Neil Mazda, the production is costing £300,000 to mount. Seat prices are £5, £4 and £3.

LIVE ROUND-UP

JO JO ZEP & THE FALCONS make their UK debut with London gigs at Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (July 6) and Victoria The Venue (17). The Australian band's single 'Shape I'm In' has just been issued by WEA International, with their album 'Screaming Targets' set for June 27 release.

NO DICE have three dates this month between recording sessions — at London Fulham Greyhound (tomorrow, Friday), Wakefield Bretton College of Education (June 27) and London Canning Town Bridge House (28).

THE BLUES BAND are doing two London dates next month — at the Marquee (July 8) and Canning Town Bridge House (9) — which are to be recorded. The best material from these sets will be included on their next album (together with studio tracks), for release in October to coincide with a major UK tour.

D.A.F. (that's Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft) return to the UK, coinciding with the release this week on Mute Records of their debut album. London dates so far confirmed are Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall (tonight, Thursday), Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (June 26) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (July 7).

THE HITMEN promote their second single 'OK' (on their own Urgent Records label) with gigs at Bristol Granary (tonight, Thursday), Coventry General Wolfe (June 25), Watford Well Hall College (27), Nottingham University (28) and Reading Wessex Hall (30).

VARDIS, currently touring with Budgie, have July gigs in their own right at Slough College (5), Bradford Princeville (7), Hull Wellington Club (14), Lancaster Styx Club (18), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (24), Birkenhead Gallery (25), Preston Warehouse (30) and St Helens Last Bridge (31). They're also one of the bands supporting Motorhead at Stafford Bingley Hall on July 26.

GARY GLITTER plays two more of his occasional comeback concerts at Wakefield Unity Hall (June 27) and Southport Theatre (28). Support acts at both venues are Cuddly Toys and The Glass Torpedoes.

RONNIE LANE, who has just released his first album on Gem Records titled 'See Me', has dates with his band at London Putney Half Moon (tomorrow, Friday), Glastonbury Worthy Farm (Saturday) and London Camden Music Machine (July 5).

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ has been taken over this week by Midlands label Big Bear Records, who are recording a live album featuring many of the area's up-and-coming bands. These include Ricky Cool & The Riahos and Little Willy (tonight, Thursday), The Quads and Rockers (Friday), Bright Eyes and Mayday (Saturday) and Playthings and Plastic Idols (Sunday). Admission is £1 daily.

IAN MATTHEWS and his band climax a European tour with an appearance at London Victoria The Venue on June 30. This will be their only UK date on this occasion.

THE RAM JAM BAND, who backed Geno Washington in the '60s, have been reformed by original guitarist Pete Gage. They have signed a worldwide publishing agreement with Chrysalis Music, are currently negotiating a major recording deal, and begin a UK tour next month.

GENO WASHINGTON will be headlining a series of UK concerts during his European tour from August to October, backed by his five-piece American band. Dates are being finalised by the Bron Agency.

MIKE HARDING is undertaking another tour, this time visiting "off the beaten track" venues — including Worthing Assembly Hall (tonight, Thursday), Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion (Friday), Poole Towngate Theatre (Saturday), Nottingham Playhouse (June 26), (Winsford Civic Hall (26), Harrogate Theatre (27-28), Scunthorpe Civic Hall (29-30), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (July 2-3) and Dorking Halls (4).

THE CRYSTAL PALACE
ANERLEY HILL, UPPER NORWOOD, SE19
(Crystal Palace roundabout)
SATURDAY 28th JUNE
SLODGENESSABOUNDS

PRESENTING
TRANZISTA
PROMOTING THEIR LONG AWAITED EP AT:
TRIADS LEISURE CENTRE, BISHOPS STORTFORD, THURS JUNE 19th
101 CLUB, CLAPHAM, LONDON, FRI JUNE 27th
ROCK CITY OPEN AIR CONCERT, CITY STADIUM, CAMBRIDGE, SAT JULY 5th
GREYHOUND, FULHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, WED JULY 23rd
DINGWALLS, CAMDEN LOCK, CAMDEN, FRI JULY 25th
MOONLIGHT, WEST HAMPSTEAD, SAT, JULY 26th
A GIG WORTH SEEING

MCP
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
Special Guests
RAINBOW THEATRE
SUNDAY 20th JULY 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50, 3.00, 2.50
Available from B O Tel 263 3148 9, LTB
Premier and Ticket Machines or by Postal Application

Live page

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday, 19th June 60p
ANGELO PALLADINO
+ Motley Crew

Friday, 20th June £2
ROCKETT 88
(featuring Alexis Korner, Charlie Watts, etc)

Saturday, 21st June £1
UPP

Sunday, 22nd June 70p
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Plaything

Monday, 23rd June 70p
WASTED YOUTH
+ The Leopards

Tuesday, 24th June 60p
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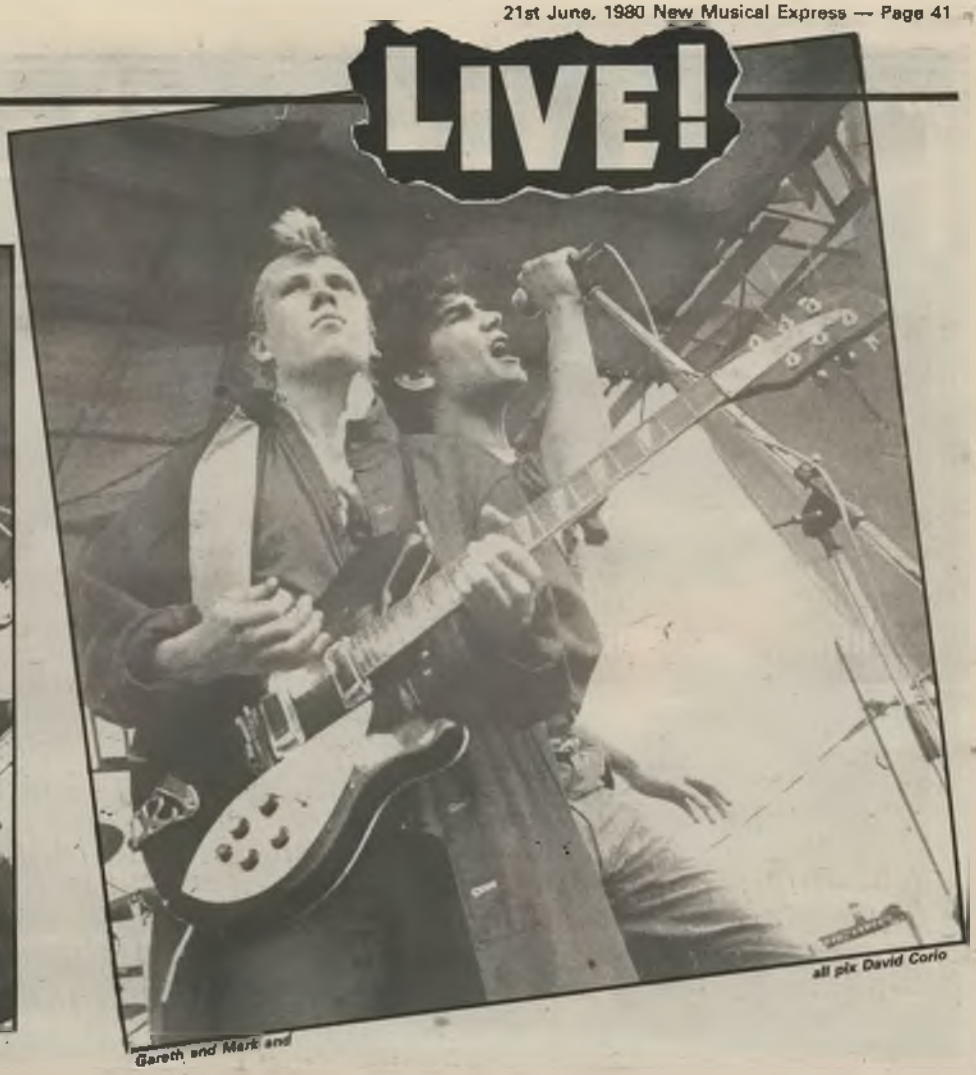

Gareth and Mark and

all pix David Corio

The Alexandra Redtime Bands

Beat The Blues Festival

Alexandra Park

"Let the last bastion of the bourgeois quake. Let the yellow running-dog lackeys of imperialism stutter and shake."

NO, it's not Radio Peking, it's John Cooper Clarke — the unlikely source of this stirring jargon being his early poem 'Psycle Sluts', performed today with appropriate relish.

But, then, this was an unlikely gig, part of a festival to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Fleet Street's only left-wing newspaper; the result of a tentative alliance between Rough Trade — freewheeling, anti-biz collectivists (excuse the shorthand) — and the *Morning Star*, daily organ of a British Communist Party long notorious for its authoritarian rigidity and mealy-mouthed theoretics.

The Left, especially in the guise of its many multi-initialled factions, enjoys nearly zilch credibility in the rock world, due largely to its consistent refusal to pay serious attention to youth culture, beyond sporadic accusations that it's all decadent or nihilistic or a commercial con.

It's always amazed me that Left papers like the *Tribune* or the *New Statesman* devote more space to opera, say, than rock music and then wonder why everyone in the Labour Party is over 40 years old. The political implications of post-'76 music — punk, RAR, RAS, independent labels, DIY recordings, the increase in women musicians, etc — seem to have gone almost unremarked in Left circles, which is one reason why a gig of this nature is so promising.

Suspicions remain that the CP is merely exploiting rock to draw in the crowds; that they and the Tories are merely two sides of the same coin and a genuinely radical critique of society is somewhere else entirely (like feminism, the ecology movement, nuclear disarmament).

And it's also a *heavy* irony, to say the least, that a festival such as this would be banned in a Communist country like Czechoslovakia, where musicians from the bands DG307 and The Plastic People Of The Universe have been jailed for playing rock'n'roll without a State licence.

As a further twist, though, I saw the Plastic People's album on sale at the Recommended Records stall, only one of many in a wide-ranging and impressive display of inter-Left unity. Obviously, there are no easy answers to the contradictions that this blossoming dialgoue will throw up.

The bands themselves tended to turn a blind eye. "It's a nice idea to play in the park" summed up most attitudes to the gig; and only The Pop Group publicised their sense of unease, dedicating 'Forces Of Oppression' to "all the Stalinists in the audience" and 'For How Much Longer Do We Tolerate Mass Murder?' to Leonid Brezhnev, in a sly reference to Afghanistan.

The sun was shining as, an hour behind schedule, The Au Pairs zapped into a spiky opening set of punky feminist pop. Their songs dissect everyday sexism with sardonic wit and shrewd insight, while the two edgy, biting guitars set the adrenalin madly pumping and Lesley Woods sang so intensely she looked likely to burst a blood vessel.

They play fast, choppy, tuneful music, delivered with passion and pleasure, somewhere between early Clash and abrasive Jam. The quality of new songs like 'It's Obvious' plus the fiery commitment they bring to old favourites like 'You' and 'Monogamy' prove The Au Pairs just get better and better.

Next came Essential Logic, full of funky introvert sax squiggles and awkward stop-start rhythms. Laura Logic is another strong woman singer, all deep hiccups and high whoops, but I find her music too contrived and jerky. After a few numbers, I beat a retreat to wander among the book-stalls, ice-cream vans, fire-defying motorcycle stuntmen and the exciting 'International City' — about ten tents filled with travel brochures for Eastern Europe. Hmm.

The only rain of the afternoon swept across the park at the start of John Cooper Clarke's set but his hi-energy, rapid-fire bop talk kept everyone happy.

"I'm not used to speaking in daylight," he observed cheerfully, "I think it's overrated."

Pausing merely to make rhythm noises like a man chewing toffee on speed, JCC — dressed nattily in tie, waistcoat, grey jacket and flannels — snapped and crackled through his slum-vista psychedelic comedies. Only with a lengthy chunk of 'Ten Years In An Open Neck Shirt' did the set begin to flag.

A bleeding figure stumbling across the stage like Banquo's Ghost brought an horrific interruption, followed soon after by an agitated steward's emotional speech on the evils of bottling people, and the gig teetered on the verge of ugliness. But JCC brought the audience round with a strong finish of 'Kung Fu International' and the epic 'Beasley Street', by which time the sun had luckily reappeared.

The Raincoats maintained the high with their richly-textured swing, mixing new songs with a selection from last year's album. They appeared unusually relaxed, willing to hurl themselves headlong into small flurries of freak-out intensity and Ana De Silva's harp debut was pure aural anarchy, making Bob Dylan sound like Larry Adler.

The Raincoats walk so many edges their set is like a juggling act, but when it all works like it did today, the tough, clattery rhythms meshing with swooping, sprinting harmonies, then they can be stunning fun.

As the evening grew chilly, so the music lost its glow. The Pop Group flared up intermittently, but their set was scrappy and disjointed, the guitars often inaudible. Drums and bass kept up a brave funky core but were left too exposed while the lyrics hung between passionate harangue and breast-beating anguish.

A line of theirs goes *"There is guilt and there is action"* and I'm not at all sure in which The Pop Group's music is rooted. They often sound smothering or perversely self-satisfied — assertion like *"We are all prostitutes"* leave little space for their much-vaunted 'tactics' to breathe.

The Slits too were in a low-key mood, ending the gig with a gentle anti-climax and trading on the crowd's indulgence with the same air of contrived naivety that comes over in their interviews. Pop Group drummer Bruce Smith was again superb, was again left to carry the set at times, although he did receive staunch support from Tessa Pollitt's booming bass and the famed wild man of loft-pop Steve Beresford, who guested on keyboards and weird noises.

Highlights were a sturdy 'Heard It Through The Grapevine', a quiet 'New Town' and the catchy new single 'The Man Next Door' an attractive loping reggae beat with funny lyrics to boot.

Against these were set the longeurs of meandering doodles with which The Slits seem increasingly fascinated, hitting a groove one moment and a rut the next; plus Ari Upp's fondness for screaming which, at the dark end of a six-hour gig, quickly becomes wearisome.

Still, she did berate the council for cutting down trees, presumably an obscure reference to Haringey Council's plan to destroy a large part of Alexandra Park by turning it into a car-park. Only money-mad bureaucrats could be so insensitive as to spoil one of London's loveliest parks with this obscene scheme that would deprive the people of fresh air and a bit of greenery.

Wouldn't ya just know that Haringey is a Labour council? I sped homeward, the contradictions falling too thick and fast for comfort.

Graham [illegible]

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Marvin Gaye
Edwin Starr

Royal Albert Hall

TWO OF the grand old men of Motown roll into town for an evening of embarrassing showbiz gloss, shambolic self-indulgence, tedious musicianship and the odd, occasional glimpse of true class. The trouble was that you had to wade through plenty of murky water to uncover the pearls.

First up is Edwin Starr, the old 'War'-horse of '60s standards such as 'SOS' and '25 Miles', whose career has enjoyed something of a rejuvenation over the past year or so through the hits 'H.A.P.P.Y. Radio' and 'Contact'.

The prince of paunch strikes onstage in a horrendous baggy white suite to a surprisingly low-key fanfare, his backing band spending an age to tune up.

Starr himself is a bluff, bumbling entertainer who makes a fool of himself at regular intervals throughout the show. He first indulges in an embarrassing spot of crowd rabble-rousing, proceeding to pull a dozen mannequins out of the audience — most of whom had paid £8.50 for the pleasure — to provide backing vocals on the obligatory 'War'. He then finishes a set which went steadily downhill with a set of ludicrously laughable high-kicks.

But if Starr's set was ruined by the misdirection of his obvious energy, Marvin Gaye's almost fell flat through a total lack of it. Where Starr was amiable and gregarious, Gaye is cool and distant, coming onstage in a plain grey suit and woolly cap distinctly at odds with the meaningless razzmatazz of his welcome.

But his movements are immediately more choreographed than the good-natured cavortings of Starr, his attempts at informality in the song introductions mannered and false.

The first half of a set which lasts just under two hours rambles on incessantly, weighed down by slushy, sensual ballads and Gaye's random rapping. Even the older songs — 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough' and 'How Sweet It Is' — recall the vapidity of watered down Vegas versions rather than the majesty of Motown.

Things pick up with a spirited rendition of 'Ain't That Peculiar', a high which continues into the inevitable 'Grapevine' and the closing medley of 'What's Going On' and 'Mercy Mercy Me'. Gaye looking far more at ease on his early '70s standards than the off-target attempts at re-living the old magic of Motown. On 'What's Going On', Marvin Gaye suddenly began to look real, began to look like one of the great soul singers, the soaring falsetto bringing a chilling serenity to the occasion.

But the ensuing tedium of another nauseating 'Mood' session with Marvin at the stool of his jazzy electric piano made one grateful that the singer didn't elect to make more show of his vaunted multi-musical talents.

It seemed remarkable that a man with so much soul in his voice and such obvious sincerity in his latter lyrics has so little energy onstage these days.

Ain't that peculiar?

Adrian Thrills

Pic David Corio.

Original Mirrors
Metro

Y Studios

PLAGIARISM, the blight of our time, is something we've all learnt to accept as commonplace nowadays. Such conscious theft of others' ideas was popularised by Bowie and Roxy, who both at least applied aesthetic principles to their reworking of source material with an aim to creating something vital.

For others it just seems an easy way out. Metro, who stood in for the absent Spectres, for instance, have creamed the surface off a few styles without attempting to get to the roots of them. There are elements of Talking Heads' spongy rhythms, the phased sideways glancing guitar approach of Phil Manzanera and studiedly modern (mid-'70s) singing.

What Metro lack in panache, Original Mirrors have in ebundance. Their entrance is stunning and they slam in immediately with their best known numbers — a deliberately camped-up version of Diana Ross's 'Reflections', the naggingly familiar 'Could This Be Heaven?' and the vulnerable 'Boys Cry'. It's all quite overpowering. The modern discoid rhythms are decorated with the nervous distant whine generated by the keyboards, and a candyfloss of "whooshhs" from the two supportive vocalists.

But again, once the rush is past the seams begin to show. Original Mirrors behave as if they consider themselves to be the ultimate '70s pop/rock band. Like Roxy, they look back to the last decades for ideas, even copping the Stones' 'Lets Spend The Night Together' riff direct for their own 'Soon Together'.

They leave no stone unturned; the glam rock teeny bop swagger of Glitter and Bolan fuses with the community swinging of Slade and Sham, all made modern by choral groans reminiscent of The Skids. The Bowie connection is made plain by their inclusion of 'On Broadway', which was once featured in his live shows.

The Mirrors' predilection for immediacy is reflected by their wholesale assimilation of attractive pop surfaces into their material, which is likewise appealing and equally insubstantial. Artful without being arty.

The final impression is of a band hedging its bets, but such a heavy outlay of ideas all at once is unlikely to be cost effective.

Chris Bohn

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The songs, strong enough in themselves, are enhanced by the ostentatious and chirpy performance of front-man Mick Brophy who, more often than not, upstages his co-members in an unashamed display of scene-stealing unparalelled since the discovery of Blondie . . . and we all know they're a group, don't we? Of course, on a stage barely ten feet wide body odour can be a problem, but a little more movement from the guitarists wouldn't go amiss, and they have so many wonderful sprays down at Boots these days, you know . . .

The Cheaters are quick to point out they are consciously anti-trend, anti-fashion; yet at times they unwittingly assume the characteristics of The Dreaded Mod Band.

But they are more the victims of a trend rather than part of it. They have the resilience to outlast any vogue, for though they are not the brightest of northern lights, their own aura is rather special. Timeless stylists with an eye for the sublime; yes, a band for all seasons.

I leave town that night with the effervescent 'I Wanna Be A Policeman', buzzing round my head ... a future hit.

Mick Duffy

Pic Steve Wallgren

Junior Soul Grows Up

Dexy's Midnight Runners
The Black Arabs

Brighton

LAST Friday night, I took a trip down to the coast and back through time to hear some of that *o-o-o-old* showstopping.

Not all the venues on the Midnight Runners Intense Emotion Revue itinerary are likely to be Top Rank, but it would help. The cheap red plush newton-entertainment - complex interior, in this particular case designed like a giant thru'penny bit — an architect's silent homage to the pre-decimal heyday of the Rank Leisure suite — brought back a world where Ties Must Be Worn on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays and the thirst for glamour and excitement is quenched from a tap labelled Watneys.

A dozen or so years ago it was in a place like this that I spent my Saturday mornings, trying to form profound and meaningful relationships with the opposite sex at the Junior Soul Club. Here I am, no longer quite so thrilled by the darkness and loud music, experiencing the partial fulfilment of someone else's fantasies, the Midnight Runners' Intense Emotion Revue. You can guess the form it takes from that title, no doubt. So let me hear you say . . .

The Black Arabs start to wind up the funk motor. They fit this bill so well, but they don't seem to fit in at all with the audience's pre-conceptions. They could be any Midlands Mecca soul showband of the sort various members of The Specials and The Selecter served time in. They generate the obligatory sweat in preparation for the headliners.

If Dexy's are the Ram Jam Band then The Black Arabs are definitely The Foundations. But this is lost on the crowd. They don't seem to recognise the tribute that is being paid to the era of tawdry third-string English soul copyists (not that the Arabs and Dexy's are without their own contemporary merits). Mostly, they came to Rear *that single*, and they fail to connect with either The Black Arabs themselves or the role they are playing tonight.

Incidentally, it's a great name for a group, and they definitely are black, but probably not Moslems. Wonder what Mohammed Ali would think?

Anyway, taking an old-fashioned soul tour to what is largely a new pop audience has its problems. Not the least of which is that most people haven't got a clue how to respond to the exhortations of Dexy's leader Kevin Rowland, his stylised patter and his personal fantasy about the function of Dexy's Midnight Runners above and beyond *that single*. This makes things difficult for him and interesting for me.

There's no doubt that Kevin Rowland is out to shape a movement. All the elements are already in place. The clothes, the music, the image, even in an ill-defined way the message, which is 'soul'.

His first words to us implored the new Soul Rebels to make themselves known. One or two people with pencil-thin moustaches and woolly hats responded excitedly to this, and soon enough no doubt there will be more self-proclaimed Soul Rebels. I don't know how 'genuine Kevin Rowland's belief is in his Soul Rebels. What does Jerry Dammers feel about the Rude Boys, or Jimmy Pursey about the Sham Army?

Leaving these considerations aside, Dexy's Midnight Runners are pure enjoyment. Their whole act is based on an old Stax/Volt tour live album, right down to the routines involving the musical question first posed by Ben E King, what is soul?

Kevin Rowland stops just short of the knee-drop to provide the answer, while the group reply with superlative arrangements in the style perfected by Steve Cropper. They know how to use the horn riff for hook and punctuation and how to wring every drop of feeling from it. They know how to put a song on slow burn and how to make a song catch fire.

For that, they've got a witness. Now let me hear you say . . .

Paul Rambali

... And Off

From page 30

earning huge salaries. Some of them earning more than the producers running the shows.

"If the record companies have got that money to throw around it's the record company's fault. If they're so paranoid that they have to spend that amount of money for some guy who is nothing more than a delivery boy — they could just as easily be bunged in the post."

"In the old days Berry Gordy at Motown decreed that all records should have a 15 second introduction so DJs could talk over them and feel comfortable — nowadays no one takes that into account, the records are just played." — *Andy Peebles*.

DESPITE THE limitations — not in the purpose and practicality of the playlist, which runs through daytime Radio One like lettering through seaside rock — but of the content, there is more substance and restraint to daytime programming than there has been.

Good new pop has changed the charts. Radio One does have to respond, and the DJs are talking less about themselves and the weather.

Andy Peebles is what you get halfway between Dave Lee Travis and John Peel. That's dry BBC perfection. Andy Peebles would be happy if you labelled him Enthusiast, and would hope that you'd acknowledge his expertise as all round broadcaster.

He's been disc jockeying in one form or another since the original mod days. Plucked from the desperate wastelands of Radio Piccadilly where he had been broadcasting for up to 20 hours a week, he has been one of Radio One's most successful signings. He is a career man, already very much a Radio One man, and also his own man. He calls himself "a great purist as far as Radio goes". His afternoon show is unpretentious, unsurprising, unfussy, in many ways mood radio.

It's the difficulty, the paradox of the disc jockey — there is no actual need for him. But there he is with all that tradition and all that myth to live up/down to. There is no middle ground between gross stupidity and calm negligible presence; between the gab and the drab. Or if there is it's a very fine line and people like Peebles, John Peel and Tommy Vance, within their own field of operation, are on it.

Says Peebles: "The days of the guys here being just the voice at the end of the producer's hands and brain are long gone. People are very involved in programmes now. Obviously Peel is totally involved, and I'm fairly involved in the structure of this programme. I enjoy being involved and I contribute a lot."

"People over the years have said that the term disc jockey is offensive, but I think that most people here have far more than the ability just to talk into the mike and link records, and I think that's very important.

"People nowadays need to think radio. You have got to think of it as a means of communication. It is not an excuse for you to impress your thoughts and philosophies, or have an ego trip behind the microphone which happens to be linked to the nation. You've got to think about entertaining the audience and being relevant, and it's the old adage in broadcasting — think before you open the mike. I think if you operate on that basis you're basically what radio's all about in the '80s."

"It's sometimes hard for me to remember that this is a job." — *Kid Jensen*

"I love the music! I am an enthusiast!" — *Mike Read*

MIKE READ and Kid Jensen formed the filter through which the music John Peel exposes and encourages is fed through to earn its "respectability". By playing The Monochrome Set and The Teardrop Explodes they give such unabashed pop records a zingier edge, soften them up.

It's this kind of abstract process, the way that Radio One as a network has approached the new wave and resultant off-shoots, that could be said to have cut the balls off the new wave as much as Virgin Records did. An attitude that they would see as positive and relevant, that elevated the whole 2-Tone schmiel into a monopoly to despise rather than a small part of a constantly shifting pattern. An attitude that could be seen as: at least they play post-punk, and actually more than adequately.

Or at least Read and Jensen (before he left for Atlanta) did. It's what happens to it after that that's dubious. It becomes part of the suffocating and outmoded balance Radio One has to maintain instead of shifting its emphasis. It was the Jensen and Read shows, their proximity to the Peel premise, that has given Radio One most of its fresh new image.

Read is the butt of even more hostile criticism, as if he's some namby pamby with his hollow heart stuck in glamrock days, or someone who sticks on all these trendy new wave records to win friends and favours. It's said his heart isn't in it. I think that Mike Read's heart is too much in it.

It was the BBC and not individuals that banned records, restricted free movement, perpetuated hypocritical illusions and delusions. It looks bad for Radio One, and it is bad for Radio One, but you can't wholly damn particular DJs who are as frustrated penned in by those often petty reactionary values as any of us would be and in some ways are.

Mike Read has a commitment to new pop and rock, certainly a deep enjoyment of it. But that enjoyment and commitment is based on odd, shallow reasoning, that doesn't help the suspicion.

I ask him why his preference is towards Jam and Sham rather than Rainbow and Genesis.

"Dunno. It's just a feeling within you. I don't think you can put your finger on it. I can appreciate all types of music.

"It's like seeing a pretty girl walking down the streets and she's got perfect eyes and a perfect nose and a perfect mouth and you think, 'Well, I really should fancy her. She's great'. And then somebody else comes along who has tiny tits and whose face doesn't quite fit and you fall madly in love with her.

"I think music's a bit like that. I can appreciate all kinds of music, but some more than others for no obvious reason. To be a bit glib about it, it's like beauty is in the eye of the beholder, that thing, only with ears."

AND THEN there's John Peel. His show, for all its blemishes, is still a phenomenon in broadcasting. Just lately it's got tantalisingly extreme, pushing out into dark, off-putting areas, featuring the primitive, the prosaic and the priceless almost arbitrarily. Ironically it has been pushed out a little because Read was covering certain punk-pop ground so well.

The Peel programme, though, all at once is a stimulant, a reflector, a catalyst, a collector, a home for wayward boys and girls, a trend follower, a trend setter, it's from the roots, it's from the soul, it's inexplicitly critical of the Rock Industry — and it's on Radio One.

And boy is Radio One proud!

It's a transformation. Radio One now recognises the value of John Peel and his producer John Walters, when not long ago Peel was stuck away in a little corner almost forgotten.

Part of Radio One's development and response has been their acceptance of John Peel into the fold, and a sense of reliance on him. It's as if the whole station looks to him for inspiration, taking heart from his enthusiasm and heed of his perception. Peel has become the catalyst for a musical enthusiasts forum.

But Radio One actually shows signs of placing a strange burden on the back of Peel and Walters. A number of times Chinnery and Williams use Peel as a defence for attacks on their lack of adventure, and proudly point to the amount of new wave stuff that is blessed by Peel and then broken in by Read. I wonder if it is necessary to work through this filter?

"The sort of people we're talking about have to prove that they can do it. You don't use major peak-time to put on what would be in a different field called New Faces . . . or new talent show. We don't call Peel a new talent show or Spot The Talent — or Tomorrow's Stars or something, it just happens. The fact remains he has featured an awful lot of artists who now appear on the daytime show, and not just those who have made a record but those who haven't yet."

SUPERFICIALLY things look good. Radio One has never been tougher, more varied and more alert in its 13 year existence. But if it wasn't for Peel and a few other areas of coverage, Radio One would be too soft. Too soft from the point of view that it needs to have a higher regard for its audience and their demands than it at present does. A lot of the assumptions that mould programming seem faulty and misguided.

By the very nature of the network's existence — why it is and where it is and so on — it contributes to an undesirable fantasy, and there need to be sharp stabs of realism, responsibility, investigation, a greater turn over of expectation amongst the entertainment and the jingling.

Mostly One lacks a sufficient critical edge, something that is truly consistent with the advanced state of the pop art. The playlist and the secondary list are conjured up out of standards that would have been pretty reliable ten years ago. The criticism need not be explicit, but it still can be a firm, major contributing factor. Radio One need not sacrifice its "non-attentive" listeners by tightening up. The effect on the industry would be forceful.

Radio One, though, does serve the nation in a lot of necessarily different and sometimes exciting ways; serves it better than could have been predicted two or three years ago. It is perhaps developing as well as it can, which isn't meant to sound relaxed but realistic.

It all comes down to what everyone I talked to hinted at but only Derek Chinnery came out and said: "You can't please all the people all the time."

But you can treat them all with respect. In many ways — considering radio limitation, its virtual nationwide monopoly, the balance it's forced to maintain, high conflicting expectations, the whole predicament — Radio One can never win. But it must make sure that it never gets lost.

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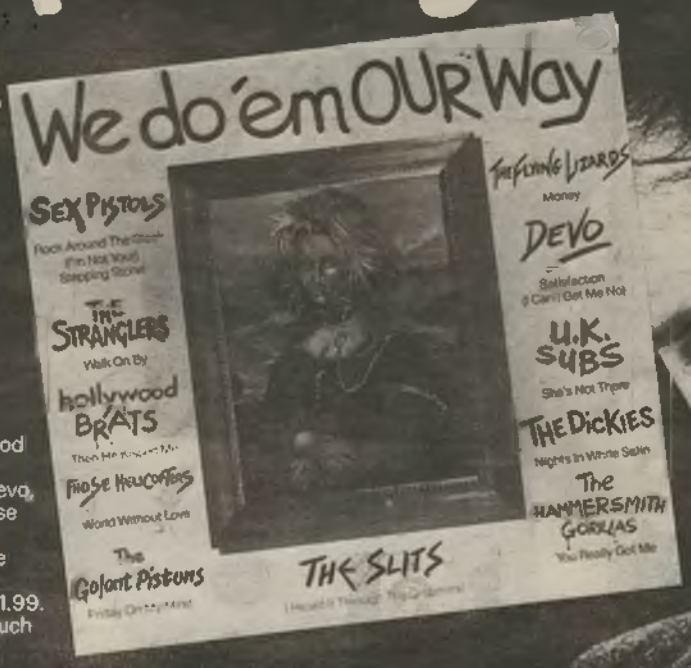

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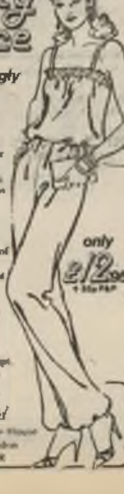

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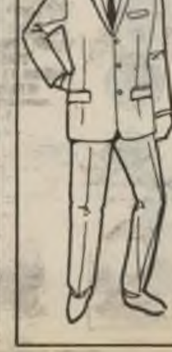

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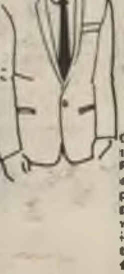

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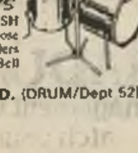

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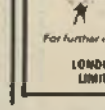

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NME X-PRESS WORD

ACROSS

5 The John Cooper Clarke Breakfast serial? (4,7,3,3)
7 & 26 Heavy metal chart LP, get off before it sinks (5,3,8,5)
10 The lone DJ?
11 Classic Van Morrison long player
13 Jam 45 (7,4)
14 The man in the shabby mackintosh
16 Briquette, Fingers & Co
17 Gone up the chart!
18 & 27 across Does his Columbo bit in the Rock'n'Roll Swindle
21 Tearful reggae act
22 She's the product of a rodent getting mixed up with the Quo!
23 & 27 down Another season in Division II
24 Her biggest hit was the 1975 cover, 'It's In His Kiss' (5,5)
27 See 18
29 See 12
31 '...... With No Name'
32 Costello soundalikes in small cars! (3,4)

DOWN

1 Not saying please, Drinking out of the saucer, things like that (3,7)
2 Attractive label (geddit)
3 Neck Ivy one (anag. 2 words)
4 Old leather mush, or the cost of a contraceptive! (6,4)
6 Elton John's song about Marilyn Monroe (6,2,3,4)
7 Ehr, Saxon LP (6,2,5)
8 Like the Great Train Robbery, West Ham being robbed of promotion, a Supertramp LP, that sort of thing (5,2,3,7)
9 Fleetwood Mac chestnut reputedly being made into a film
12 & 29 Advice from Uncle Phil (4,4,8,6)
14 Netted gun (anagram 2 words)
15 & 28 Swindle hit sung by Sidney
19 Late Beatles manager
20 His biggest '60s hits were 'The Wanderer' and 'Runaround Sue'
25 Iggy, Patti label
26 See 7 across
27 See 23
28 See 15
30 Palindromic Steely Dan LP

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FLEET STREET parallels: If *Record Mirror* is the 'wizard with chips' *Daily Star*, *Sounds* the 'soaraway' *Sun*, *Rolling Stone* the 'let's get things back to the way they used to be' *Daily Express* and *Melody Maker* the 'we're here because we're here' *Telegraph*, then *NME* must be either the fairplay *Guardian* or the *Clacton-on-Sea Evening Herald*. Hard one.
P. Brooks (locked in a newsagents overnight), Newcastle.
And *No Music Nose* is the *Isle Of Arran Shoemakers Monthly*. Either that or *Suck*. — M.S.

I realised that *Sounds* had reached the pits some time ago when they printed a picture of a gang of three-foot tall skinheads marching down the street with the caption 'Punk Power'. You're dead right, they *do* preach tribalism and violent rivalry, however they try to conceal it. Their letters page is constantly full of anti-skins/mods/punks/headbangers etc.

Sounds has become a very 'cheap' and nasty publication. *Sounds* to the *NME* is the *Sun* to the *Daily Mirror*, *Crossroads* to *Coronation Street*, Jimmy Tarbuck to John Cleese.

It has been a very frustrating having to read *all* of *Sounds* lately, so thank Christ you are back.
Dave, The Sic'em Pigs, Chertsey.
P.S. Michael Keeton can't really be American, coz his letter was quite interesting.
I agree with you 100%, honey. Have a nice day. — Michael Keeton, Rustic Lodge, Berks.

Six long weeks I've waited, that's six weeks of going down the newsagents to be told by the little old lady "It's not come again, luv."

Today, after getting up at five o'clock on a miserable rainy morning to trudge down to work because the bloody buses are on strike, I went to see my little friend expecting my usual Thursday let down. But no! "Yes it's come today, luv".

Suddenly the sun is shining as I run to the office and prepare to flip through my copy over a cuppa. Yes, it's the real McCoy. New chart format on page two and a revue of the ones we've missed, this is good; Lowry and Banyon still there, feature on Dexy's Midnight Runners. And it's still only 25p — this is too much.

Gradually the skies blackened, the rain started and the storm brewed. NO BLOODY CROSSWORD!
Frustrated Martin, Rotherham, Sth Yorks.
Just what do you lot expect for five bob? — Ten Across.

May I say that the last six editions of *NME* were the best ones yet! Please keep up the high standard of "Rock Impressionist" (© Tony Parsons) journalism!

Hollow laughs.
The Cynical Shoreditch Bastard.

Hil Futher to Richard Hell's article of a few weeks back, all about how he originated the craze among the punk set for torn T-shirts, safety pins etc. I'd like to draw your attention to a passage in Dali's *The Unspeakable Confessions of Salvador Dali*. Describing a high society party, Sal reports that "safety pins hung from the most beautiful hunks of flesh in New York". The party in question took place in 1934. Beat that, Richie.
Pete Scott, Doncaster.
Yes, but you got the impression that the safety pins were craning round the crotch of the Beautiful People's torn T-shirts, even in Richard's day, I always thought. — A. Prat.

It took me about 15 minutes to read Richard Hell's article.
Andy Warhol.
10.23 a.m. Wednesday April 16, '80. The scene, a kitchen in Brighton. Radio One blares its wunnerful one-coffee crackle. Simon Bates finished his 'Our tune' spot, today apparently dealing with a homosexual affair by an airman (who said Radio One can't be open minded?) and what does he say? "OK *New Musical Express*, take this!" Then he plays Judas Priest's song about erections. Fab, eh?
Love, THE Citizen, Brighton.
He's not called Bates for nothing, is Master Simon. — M.S.

Please, please tell me, how much longer must we endure the appalling, abysmal Radio One?

Why is Radio One run by a bunch of ageing cretins who are about as much in touch with the music of today as my granny?

Witness the exchange between Paul Gambaccini and Simon Bates regarding women groups on the day of The Bodysnatchers phone-in session. They claimed that between them the only other all female group they could think of was FANNY! Excuse me for thinking that since the advent of Fanny there has been The Runaways, Slits, Orchids, Dolly Mixtures, Mo-dettes, Go-Go's, Girls' School, Raincoats, The Lous and even Clout. Now of course non of these groups ever reached the illustrious heights that Fanny reached (!?) so how could we possibly expect these great in-touch, up-to-date 'young' DJ's and arbiters of British musical taste to have possibly ever have heard of them?

As for poor Tony Stewart being ever so polite to that swinging granny known as Anne Nightingale, as she asked her dazzlingly intelligent probing questions on the *Old, Old, Very Grey Whistle Test*. Why did he bother? I mean if Anne Nightingale has ever read a copy of *NME* it certainly doesn't show. And readers of *NME* would not have stopped buying/reading had he just been a teensy weensy bit firm with her and stood up to her inane questioning. I mean to say, what was all this crap about papers favouring some group? Was dear old, old, old Anne trying to suggest wunnerful Radio One doesn't know the meaning of favouritism (ha, bloody, ha)?

What is the poxy playlist if it isn't elitism and favouritism of the worst sort?

And please don't tell me it's worse in America, I don't live in America. And please don't tell me Capital Radio is great, I don't live in London.
H. M. Morrison, Edinburgh.
P.S. Do you think I could sue the BBC for brain damage?
They wouldn't understand the complaint. They didn't understand me. — T.S.

Hasn't *Whistle Test* gotten better since the Musicians Union strike?
Bob Harris, New Barnet.
Bitch. — Anne Nightingale.

May I, through your columns, request that Derek Johnson be given the job of Singles Reviewer once again. I notice that he still works on *NME* and I think it would be a nice touch to recall him as his reviews were always succinct and entertaining. I've been with you now (*NME* that is) since 1961, and in all that time there's been no one to touch Derek. He used to be on *Juke Box Jury* sometimes too, I remember. A dark, plumpish chap, am I right? Surely he hasn't put down his creative pen for ever? How about it?
Mike Bull (no relation to the pole vaulter!), London E3.
Derek would've been right chuffed to run off a few reviews but unfortunately he'll be too busy being the guest presenter on *OGWT* while Ms Nightingale attends a health farm. — M.S. (no relation to the feminists!)

Dear Sir or Madam, long ago in '68 I received some copies of your famous paper. Now again I'm very interested to read something in there. What's happened to Cream, Move and busker Don Partridge? Good luck!
Gunter Langrock, Luneburg, Germany.
Well, Gunter, as luck would have it those three fine acts should soon be appearing on BBC's *OGWT*, so my advice to you is to move. — M.S.

I write to you because I am an enormous Poco fan. For me, Poco is half my life. It is the best band in the world, and the most under-estimated. I know that your magazine pays much attention to 'less-known' bands and that is why I ask you if you could send me articles, pictures or other thinkgs about Poco.
Peter Van Leeuwen, Delft, Holland.
***NME* has no plans to cover this group in the immediate future. — A Fairly Medium-sized Spocoperson.**

I'm French and I read *NME* as much as I can. It's my favourite rock magazine. It helps me to know better the different new groups and to improve my English though I don't understand all you mean. The more I discover the London gigs, the more I realise nothing ever happens in my town. London is really the greatest music city and the next time I go there I would be pleased to meet you.

All you punks and all you teds, mods and rude boys write to me and speak of your favourite music and of your own problems.
Sonia Lopez, Toulouse, France.
For Mells, Lopez's full address send £20 (crisp new notes only, please) to Monty Smith, c/o The Fool And Bladder, London. — M.S.

I'm a Japanese student and would like to say something to The Vapors. Everytime when I listen to 'Turning Japanese' I feel odd. The number is all right. But I can't stand the melody featuring at the first. That is completely Chinese although they are singing about Japanese. They are obviously confused. Study more!!
Mimie K, Fulham, London.
Ying-tong yiddle-i-po, lads! — The Manager.

If you — and Jane Fonda and company — spent less time writing about the current hip nuclear sceme (more people died at Chappaquidick than Harrisburg) and started combating the NF and BM that exploit kids, then you would do more good. Stop passing around the [illegible] of problems. Come back to street level and fight things you can change.
GHFDUKM (The Letter [illegible]), Kerson, N. Ireland.
Sod the lot of them. But I know what you mean. — M.S.

Poor old Ian Anderson, you people really have it in for him don't you? Once again all the trendy little critics have been falling over themselves to throw mud at him and Max Bell is no exception. His review of one of the Hammersmith Tull concerts was unbelievably trite, nearly all of it being completely premeditated and predictable. All the old favourite anti-Anderson adjectives were there. He mentions audience enthusiasm, but confined to a sitting position, yet by the end the entire house were on their collective feet being positively rowdy — rushing the stage even.

Of course, Mr Bell wouldn't have known this as, under his own admission, he left after only an hour of the performance — less than half of the show. Rather like passing an opinion on sex with a beautiful woman before achieving orgasm. Doesn't Mr Bell know that all the fun comes at the end?

How can there be any doubt as to whether Anderson takes what he does seriously when he spends nine months of the year expounding it on tour all over the world? And how come Tull are still playing to full houses, even after twelve years when they are apparently so tedious? Are we Tull fans really that stupid to be taken in by them time and time again?
T. Hilton, S. Devon.
Yes. — M. Bell

Just how long does it take Max Bell to produce his singles review package? Very fluent, very cute, very sobering. Why does he bother? He's wasting his time, just like most of the poor sods he writes about.

Disposable pop? Recycleable imagination? Or what? Who cares?

Pack it in, Max. Take up scaffolding — if it all collapses at least you'll go with it. Or maybe you're a born survivor, perhaps you've got what it takes.

I've never read anything with so much pleasure since Dylan Thomas' 'Visit to Grandpa's'. But that made me smile. Max's piece made me feel uneasy, condescending prose for the literate masses? Come on, Max, get out while you're on top. You make everyone else look so small.
Cats Cybin, Norwich.
I know. Sickening, isn't it? — M. Bell.

It's said that a chimpanzee given a typewriter on which to peck at random will eventually (say, in a billion years) produce Shakespeare. This may not be a work of literary genius, but as a typing chimp, I notice that my efforts today seem to be making a lot of sense.

Neither I nor any of the chimps I know expect to live long enough to see our efforts published in serious circles, but believe me, nine out of ten apes could write *Gasbag* letters the first or second time we were strapped to our typewriters. In fact, I have it on authority that 86.3% of the *Bag* letters *are* actually written by monkeys, and a majority of the rest are done by *NME* staffers (which is nearly the same thing, I'm told).

Only the long letters are done by genuine human beings. Chimps can't write long letters because sooner or later one's luck is bound to run out and toward the end of the letter the words would degenerate to gibberish: *ski-uis. likhf;ogcxm,-lsmn-9398-23we-v?*
I'm pretty damn sure this is another of Bell's childish pranks. He went to Cambridge you know. Saw Shrewsbury lose 2-1. — M.S.

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T-ZERS

"Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think

Enjoy yourself, while you're still in the pink." — **Prince Buster**

"WELL . . . yes and here we go again'. . .

The new **Rolling Stones** album 'Emotional Rescue' has been delayed due to pressure from Atlantic's corporate lawyers resulting in what they term 'major revision' — ie. a track has been pulled out.

The offender is 'Claudine' a track by **Jagger** written about **Claudine Longet**, onetime wife of crooner **Andy Williams** who was convicted in 1976 of shooting to death her lover **Spider Sabich**. The decision that the song was too risky was a costly one seeing as how the album had already been pressed up, but pulled it has been and rumour has it that original (yawn) copies are already on underground sale for over £500 each. Why, that's damn close to a fortnight's wages for us hacks! Currently, guesses on the LP's actual release date are about as accurate as *(Buy a copy of The Star and insert a football joke here would you? —Ed).*

Meantime **Mick Jagger** is being keyed up for two film roles. One is the musical *Hot* which is described as "a horror story about a gang of mutants, victims of nuclear error in the past, who drift around today". Spiffing. Second, and just as ludicrous, is as **Charlie Chaplin** in an autobiopic *(He's been reading* Variety *again —Ed)* called *Charlies Aunt, sorry, Song.* Alongside him in this venture would be **Dirk Bogarde**. There's something ironic in that story coming as it does so close after **Brian Rix**'s retirement. Finally, Stones' manager **Peter Rudge** and writer **Nick Cohn** have founded a film production company, Big Films, and have signed a five picture deal with Parliament. One of these will be based on Cohn's upcoming article 'Speed Lives: Nowhere To Go'. . .

Finally *(This* T–Zer *has bowed out more times than Sham 69 —Ed)* Bally have produced their first musical pinball machine that features **The Stones** and plays chords from 'Jumpin Jack Flash' and 'Miss You' while you waste your wages, sorry, have engrossing fun . . .

IT seems that somebody was jealous of **Phil Lynott**. In a peculiar **'Frank Zappa** At The Rainbow' situation the thin black mick was layed low by a jealous boyfriend who aimed a rather sharp bottle at Phil's nut. A good shot too. Lynott, who at the time was signing autographs at his hotel in Southampton, was first soaked by a pint of beer and soon after retaliating found himself with an open forehead and in danger of losing an eye. Lynott later flew to the States for specialist consultation. He has apparently decided against taking legal action. Patched up, Lynott went onstage for the **Lizzie** gig in Cardiff on Sunday. Is this any way to treat such an old (41) gentlemen? . . .

Who remembers the time **Bob Geldof** was attacked on stage? Who remembers Bob Geldof? Well the **B. Rats** have been sauntering around in Australia these past months on what has been known as the 'Billabong Goolagong Circuit' and climaxed the tour with a bash at Surfers Paradise, near Sydney. Bob (real name **Ted Bouchsafe**) and the boys played for over two and a half hours to over two thousand people according to the band's publicist **Magenta** (real name **Kim Taylor**) **Devine**. The audience was made up mostly from surfers and ex-surfers and this being thus the band did a special surfing medley at the end of the gig, y'know, 'Fun, Fun, Fun', 'Surfing USA' and all the others, must've sounded pathetic. Two concerts had to be rubbed out during the trek when drummer **Simon Crowe** (ne **Lief Tonkins**) injured a hand when a frisbee struck him. This is a fact and were it not for these heady days of non-sexism we'd be cracking some awful joke about . . . well don't matter . . .

"A complete and utter fabrication" is how **Hazel O'Connor**'s publicist — another publicist — refutes persistent rumours that the self-obsessed, self styled punk princess is one of really famous **Des O'Connor**'s off springs . . .

But while some are flamboyantly denying any claims to fame others bashfully admit it:

Charlie Harper of UK Subs embarrassment is a true life cotton pickin nephew of **Cesar** 'The Joker' **Romero** of *Batman* infamy . . .

Sex and fags and . . . **Agnetha Faltskog of Abba** recently made a rickett in proportion with her, some say overly generous, ass. Ol' Aggy has been a leading figure in Sweden's 'Stop Smoking' campaign until recently when she was snapped lighting a snout in a swish Stockholm nightclub. The ensuing brouhaha caused a national scandal . . .

FROM Hollywood comes news of the decade's most dubious, though likely, come back. **Marilyn Munroe** has given an interview. Yup. Right now *T-Zers* has a horrible temptation not to tell any more but I guess they'd take our licence away. See Marilyn has contacted this medium *(audible groan of contempt from readership)* who says she told him that she'll be reborn again . . . as a man living on the isle of Capri. This has caused quite a ripple on the West Coast as the medium, one **Kenneth Kingston** is respected. The date of re-birth is given as December but, hey Marilyn, look what happened to *Melody Maker*. *NME* wishes to announce that we found **Monty Smith** in a trance like state at the bottom of the stairs mumbling that he was, in fact, the earthly receptacle of **Jim Morrison**. The time was about twenty past three, why do you ask? . . .

OK, so to some real meat.

A spy in Johannesburg (What's the word — Johannesburg!) tells us that **Jimmy Cliff** recently played Soweto, Durban and Cape Town on a lightning tour. On arrival Cliff is supposed to have knelt and kissed the soil of 'mother Africa' . . .

Have you heard that hairy old pseud **Patti Smith** is bringing out a dozey old double live album? With this she risks her comeback . . .

Peter 'Herman' Noone is working alongside **Tom Petty's Heartbreakers** in the studio to complete an album for **Bruce Johnson**'s new record label. Presumably the end product will be 'I'm Into Something Bad' . . .

Publicity stunts — They Do 'Em, We Print 'Em Dept: **ZZ Top** have formally approached NASA with a request to be booked as the first 'lounge group' aboard the space shuttle. The ZZ stands for Zed Zed Zzzzzz . . .

Well, we suppose, it's a fine line cash-wise between the NASA budget and what RCA will rush ya for the up-coming 8-record Elvis set. It will include 87 performances of 78 different songs plus false starts, laughter and talk it says here. Also there will be a section when Elvis talks about his feelings and beliefs. **Ronald MacDonald** is fifteen . . .

A fine piece of, albeit late, anagramming from **Steve Burgess of The Little Roosters**. The anagram is The Rude Tera Heckles Van Morrison. Clue: Think of **Edward Elgar** conducting a tank in the middle of the night. Hard eh? . . .

Speaking of **The Ruts** *(you've given it away now — Ed)* **Paul Fox** of the band rang us to say that last week's *T-Zer* about them pulling out of their gig with **Laurel Aitkin** and **Steel Pulse** wasn't strictly true. Seems they told promoter **John Curd** well in advance but he didn't want to drop their names from advertising *they* say . . .

Pull through **Richard Pryor** . . . how else is **Charlie Murray** gwine learn any more jokes? . . .

Still, following **Steve Naive**'s car crash **Elvis Costello & The Attractions** did an Italian TV special with **Jools Holland** from **Squeeze** filling in the vacant spot so maybe these things can be got around. Whoops! We just mentioned *that* country. Oh God! . . .

HOWAY the lads. The greatest centre half in the history of football (copyright **M. Bell**) **Jack Charlton** spotted doonat Dingwalls last week checking out **Doll By Doll**. The reason for Big Jack's interest? D By D's drummer is Burnley's former exciting number three shirts — **Dave McIntosh** . . .

And **John Cooper Clarke** had his best jacket ruined at the Ally Pally during the Communist bash when a chap dripping blood from a nasty head gash leapt stageward. Sketchley's estimate apparently more than CBS' latest advance . . .

More Poets! Grizzled old looney **Timothy Leary** is these days reported to be doing a stand up act and touting himself as The New **Lenny Bruce**. Worse! A teeny rumourlette *(A What?! — Edola)* tells us that **The Stranglers** want him for support on their upcoming dates . . .

Crunch! Try as we might there's no getting around these accidents. Next up is **Walter Becker** who OAPs amongst you will remember from the **Steely Dan** r'n'b combo. Ol' Walt Dizzy was hit by a car. Whether it was stationary or not we don't know but it can't rush the release of their 'Metal Leg' LP any faster can it? . . .

As news spreads of loveable nutter **Wilko Johnson** time in the company of **Ian Dury** and his boys, speculations mount that full-fledged **Blockhead**-dom beckons. . .

Are we twigging something here: joining the merry multitude (all thirteen of them at the last count) at this year's Knebworth will be a team of American scientists who'll be clambering up trees to monitor the possible effects of, uh, loud rock music upon our woody friends, though just what effects exposure to **Mike Oldfield** et al can have on animal vegetable or mineral elude us for the moment. It will probably bore trees as much as it bores us. . .

Finally *(What again? — Ed)* **Public Image** actually *did* play the *American Bandstand* jump show, inviting and causing a stage invasion. More absurd, they got a gig together on an Indian reservation! That's it! Dig out those old ponchos. Don't throw those moccassins away, dust off the **Redbone** five album set! Pass the peace pipe . . (inhalation of breath) . . whew. Life . . far out **Running Dear** . . .

Pic: Chris Walter

DANCING! *John Lydon entertaining on the indian reservation. Or is it 'American Bandstand'?*

WINNING! *Nick Mason Keeps the Spirit of '67 alive as he trounces allcomers in the first ever Bugatti Only race.*

Pic: Ian Richards

LOONING! *Kosmo Vinyl, sporting Robert De Niro chic, prepares to deliver a 'Taxi Driver' type karate blow to John Cooper Clarke at Ally Pally*

Pic: David Corio

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4(1)	Jam — Underground	20p
5(7)	Undertones — Black & Red	20p
6(3)	Undertones — Cousin	20p
7(-)	Never Trust A Hippy	20p
8(8)	Madness 'Big M'	20p
9(-)	Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle	20p
10(-)	Jam — Tubestation	20p

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