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**Bunnymen · Armatrading ·
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NEW NME MUSICAL EXPRESS



Jagger lips it up. Pic: Anton Corbijn

1/10/80

ROLLING AWAY THE STONE

THE MICK JAGGER INTERVIEW BY PAUL MORLEY

UK SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks	Highest
1	(2) Crying..... Don McLean (EMI)	6	1
2	(1) Funkytown..... Lipps Inc (Casablanca)	5	1
3	(5) Back Together Again Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)	6	3
4	(3) Theme From Mash..... The Mash (CBS)	7	1
5	(14) Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime Korgis (Rialto)	4	5
6	(10) Behind The Groove..... Teena Marie (Motown)	4	6
7	(4) Over You..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	6	4
8	(8) Let's Get Serious Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	6	8
9	(9) You Gave Me Love Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)	7	9
10	(6) No Doubt About It..... Hot Chocolate (Rak)	8	1
11	(29) Substitute..... Liquid Gold (Polo)	4	11
12	(25) Play The Game..... Queen (EMI)	2	12
13	(20) Breaking The Law..... Judas Priest (CBS)	3	13
14	(16) Messages Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	2	14
15	(7) Rat Race/Rude Boys Outa Jail Specials (2 Tone)	5	6
16	(12) D-A-ANCE..... Lambretta (Rocket)	5	12
17	(13) Midnight Dynamites..... Matchbox (Magnet)	5	13
18	(21) Six Pack..... Polaris (A&M)	2	18
19	(—) Simon Templar Sploognessabounds (Deram)	1	19
19	(—) My Way Of Thinking..... UB40 (Graduate)	1	19
21	(27) The Scratch..... Surface Noise (WEA)	3	21
22	(10) We Are Glass. Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	5	3
23	(19) I'm Alive..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	18
24	(22) I Loving You Is Wrong..... Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	22
25	(26) Jump To The Beat..... Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)	2	25
26	(18) You'll Always Find Me In The Kitchen At Parties Jona Lewis (Stiff)	6	17
27	(—) I'm Not Your Steppin Stone Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1	27
28	(—) King's Call..... Phil Lynott (Vertigo)	1	28
29	(—) Could You Be Loved Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	1	29
30	(—) Police & Thieves..... Junior Murvin (Island)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Waterfalls — Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
Use It Up And Wear It Out — Odyssey (RCA)
Kenedu — Olivia Newton-John (Jet)
Della And The Dealer — Hoyt Axton (Young Blood)
Theme From The Invaders — Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M)
To Be Or Not To Be — B. A. Robertson (Atlantic)



Sploog etc actually earn some genuine publicity with their passion of praise to the Saint. Highest new entry. Pic: Neil Anderson.

INDIES

Singles
1 Love Will Tear Us Apart..... Joy Division (Factory)
2 Final Day E.P..... Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
3 Just Like Eddie..... Silicon Teens (Mute)
4 Girls Don't Count..... Section 25 (Factory)
5 Holiday In Cambodia..... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
6 Terror Plane Flotation..... Animals and Men (Strange Days)
7 Did You See Her..... Pink Military (Epic)
8 Head Solution..... Pans Ubu (Rough Trade)
9 No Room..... Athletics Sports 80 (Rough Trade)
10 Whole World's Down On Me..... Mark Perry (Deafdrum Fun City)

Albums
1 Colossal Youth..... Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
2 Half Mute..... Tuned Moon (Ralph)
3 Taster Turn..... Fall (Rough Trade)
4 Do Animals Believe In God..... Pink Military (Epic)
5 Rock and Roll Resurrection..... Jayne County (Suffair)
6 Movie From The Deal Club..... Various (Walling Dead)
7 Dome..... Dome (Dome)
8 Heathen Earth..... Trubbing Grime (Industrial)
9 Retrospective..... Pop Group (Rough Trade)
10 Songs For Land Tortoise..... Cramps (Illegal)
Chart by: Sanspareil Records, 268 Pentonville Road, London N1.

REGGAE

1 I Wanna Be With Jah..... Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
2 A1 Sounds..... Captain Sinbad and Little John (Youth Progress)
3 Why Girl..... Earth and Stone (Crazy Joe)
4 Drunken Market..... General Echo (Powerhouse)
5 Girl Friend..... Barry Brown & Jah Thomas (Midnight Rock)
6 Love Jah With All My Heart..... Big Youth (Nages & Majest)
7 Ruler Girls In Jacket..... John Wayne (Roots 1)
8 New Market Town..... Rankin' Spinner (Big Dant)
9 Rastalet Cold..... Hugh Mandel (Man Music)
10 Creation Rock..... Michael Prophet (Yabby You)
Chart by: Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, London SE14.

DISCO

1 Funky Town..... Lipps Inc (Casablanca)
2 Keep In Your..... Freesty (Pye)
3 Hanging Out/Open Seams..... Kool & The Gang (Phonogram)
4 Daps Up Side Your Head..... Gap Band (Phonogram)
5 Let's Get Serious..... Jermaine Jackson (EMI)
6 Sunset People..... Donna Summer (Pye)
7 Use It Up And Wear It Out..... Odyssey (WEA)
8 Whistle Bump..... Deadspin (WEA)
9 Feels Like I'm In Love..... Kelly Marie (Pye)
10 Is This The Best..... The L.A. Gang (Phonogram)
Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W1.

NME CHARTS

Week ending June 28, 1980

US SINGLES

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

US ALBUMS

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

US Charts courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks	Highest
1	(3) Peter Gabriel..... Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	4	1
2	(15) Hot Wax..... Various (K-Tel)	2	2
3	(1) Flesh & Blood..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	4	1
4	(2) McCartney 2..... Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	5	1
5	(11) Me Myself I..... Joan Armatrading (A&M)	5	4
6	(7) I Just Can't Stop..... The Beat (Go Feet)	5	3
7	(9) Magic Reggae..... Various (K-Tel)	5	7
8	(10) Sky 2..... Sky (Ariola)	10	2
9	(4) Champagne & Roses..... Various (Phonogram)	4	4
10	(5) Ready & Willing..... Whitesnake (UA)	3	5
11	(6) Off The Wall..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	37	3
12	(7) The Magic Of Boney M Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	11	1
13	(27) Shine..... Average White Band (RCA)	4	13
14	(14) Greatest Hits..... Rose Royce (Whitfield)	16	1
15	(21) The Great Rock & Roll Swindle Soundtrack (Virgin)	2	15
16	(—) Diana..... Diana Ross (Motown)	1	16
17	(—) Chain Lightning..... Don McLean (EMI)	1	17
18	(13) Duke..... Genesis (Charisma)	13	1
19	(16) Regatta De Blanc..... Police (A&M)	36	1
20	(—) The Photos..... The Photos (CBS)	1	20
21	(—) Dreams..... Grace Slick (RCA)	1	21
22	(12) 21 at 33..... Elton John (Rocket)	4	10
23	(—) Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)	1	23
24	(20) Sometimes When We Touch Cleo Laine/James Galway (RCA)	3	20
25	(—) Defector..... Steve Hackett (Charisma)	1	25
26	(28) The Up Escalator Graham Parker & The Rumour (Stiff)	3	17
27	(23) Sometimes You Win..... Dr Hook (Capitol)	21	7
28	(19) Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark... (Dindisc)	2	19
29	(17) Just One Night..... Eric Clapton (RSO)	7	5
30	(—) The Wanderers..... Soundtrack (GEM)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Killer Watts — Various (CBS)
Elvis Sings Lieber & Stoller — Elvis Presley (RCA)
Scream Dream — Ted Nugent (Epic)
The Blue Morning — Toyah Wilcox (Safari)
Saved — Bob Dylan (CBS)
New Clear Days — The Vapors (Liberty-United)



US 40 and you be joint highest new entry in the singles chart. Pic: Justin Thomas.

5 YEARS AGO

1 I'm Not In Love..... 10 cc (Mercury)
2 Tears On My Pillow..... Van McCoy (Aveco)
3 The Hustle..... Showaddywaddy (Bell)
4 Three Steps To Heaven..... Ray Stevens (Janus)
5 Mista..... Windsor Davies/Don Emile (EMI)
6 Whispering Grass..... Mud (Rak)
7 Moonshine Sally..... Manfred Mann (HMV)
8 Disco Stamp..... Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick)
9 Doing All Right With The Boys..... Gary Glitter (Bell)
10 Listen To What The Man Said..... Wings (Parlophone)
Week ending July 1, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1 In The Summertime..... Mungo Jerry (Dunnet)
2 Alright Now..... Free (Island)
3 Operator With Mr. Blue..... Mr. Blue (IDM)
4 Castanets..... Beach Boys (Capitol)
5 Baby..... Gerry Monroe (Chapter One)
6 Goodbye Sam Hello Same..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7 It's All In The Game..... Four Tops (Tama Motown)
8 Up Around The Bend..... Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
9 Yellow River..... Gary Glitter (Bell)
10 Honey Come Back..... Alan Campbell (Capitol)
Week ending July 1, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1 I'm Alive..... Hollies (Parlophone)
2 Crying In The Chapel..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 Looking Thru The Eyes Of Love..... Gene Pitney (Stateside)
4 The Price Of Love..... Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)
5 Colours..... Donovan (Pye)
6 One In The Middle (EP)..... Manfred Mann (HMV)
7 Get Live If You Want It (EP)..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
8 Mr Tambourine Man..... Byrds (CBS)
9 Heart Full Of Soul..... Yardbirds (Columbia)
10 To Know You Is To Love You..... Peter & Gordon (Columbia)
Week ending June 30, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1 Good Times..... Jimmy Jones (MGM)
2 Ain't Misbehavin'..... Tommy Bruce (Columbia)
3 Three Steps To Heaven..... Eddie Cochran (London)
4 Baby's Gonna..... Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)
5 Rebel Mutt..... Connie Francis (MGM)
6 What A Mouth..... Tommy Steele (Decca)
7 Please Don't Tease..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8 Credit Of Love..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9 Made You..... Adam Faith (Parlophone)
10 Down Yonder..... Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)
Week ending June 29, 1960

Vicious interviews

CHARLY RECORDS this week launch a series of three-track singles called *Triple Dynamite*, featuring classic '60s R&B and soul. The initial batch includes releases by *Lee Brown*, *The Masters* (original '60 line-up), *Betty Wright* and *Jimmy Reed*. In the next few months, Charly will be issuing other material that's long been unavailable, from such sources as *Vee Jay*, *Sensu*, *Jewel* and *Mint*.

● Four albums out this week on *Chiswick's Ace Records* label are *'Kings Of Rockability Vol. 1 and 2'* (featuring *Steeply La Beef*, *Link Davis*, *Gene Wyett* and *Glenn Barber* among others), *'Sounds Of The Gulf Coast'* (with *Johnny Winter*, *Andy Charles*, *The Velvetones*, etc.) and country artist *Eddie Noack* with self-titled LP of his own songs.

● West Coast band *X* arrived in Britain this week for promotional visit, tied in with the release of their album *'Los Angeles'* on *Scratch Records*. They'll be playing a special gig at *London Camden Dingwalls* on Independence Day, July 4.

● The *Parasoles*, currently supporting *Steve Harley* on tour, have their new single *'The Love Job'* — produced by *Roy Wood* — out this week on *Hurricane Records*.

SID VICIOUS interviews are featured on both sides of a new single, set for imminent release on the *Wonderful Records* label, with national distribution by *Pinnacle*. Titles of the two dialogues are *'Naked'* and *'I'm Ashamed'*.

● The *Korgis*, currently figuring strongly in the singles chart with *'Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime'*, have their second album *'Dumb Waiters'* issued by *Rialto Records* this weekend.

● More oldies from the immediate catalogue, recently acquired by *Virgin*, this time two singles. *The Small Faces* are first with *'Tin Soldier'*/'*Rene*' on July 18, followed on August 1 by *Rod Stewart* with *'Little Miss Understood'*/'*So Much To Say, So Little Time*'.



● *Laurel Aitken* follows up his *'Rudi Got Married'* single with a new release this week on *Secret Affair's* 'Sly' label — *'Big Fat Man'* coupled with a re-working of his 1971 song *'It's Too Late'*. He was backed by some of *The Ruts*, who were helping him (and themselves) out, while their singer *Malcolm Owen* was indisposed.

● Dublin-based band *The Blades* release their first single *'Hot For You'* on July 11 on the recently formed *Energy* label, and they'll be coming over in late July to tour.

OFF THE RECORD

● CBS are launching a new series of compilation cassettes, each playing 30 tracks. The first three, due out on July 25, are *'Chart Breakers'* (featuring *Abba*, *The Nolans*, *David Essex*, *The Meters* and many others); *'Super Soul'* (with *The Three Degrees*, *Isley Brothers*, *Dorothy Moore*, etc.); and *'Country Number Ones'* (including *Johnny Cash*, *Charlie Rich*, *Tammy Wynette* and *Lynn Anderson*). The series is called *'30 Track Pack'* and the cassettes sell at £4.99.

JAPAN have been signed by *Virgin* to a long-term worldwide deal, and are about to start work on a new single and album for autumn release, to coincide with a series of selected British dates.

● *Black Uhuru* — one of Jamaica's finest reggae groups already praised by *NME* — have their first album *'Sinsinella'* issued by *Island* on July 4. It was produced by *Robbie Shakespeare* and *Sly Dunbar*, who also play on all the tracks.

● *Praying Mantids*, currently touring Britain with *Iron Maiden*, have been signed to *Gem Records*. Next week they start recording their first album for the label, but meanwhile a new single is released on July 4 — titled *'Praying Mantids'*.

● Next release from reggae band *Capital Letters*, issued on the *Greenleafs* label this weekend, is a four-track EP titled *'Bread & Water'*. Price is 99p, and distribution by *Spartan*, *Jatani* and *Rough Trade*.

● New independent label *Supernatural Records* have their first single out this week — *'Routin'* by *Screen Idols*, who were previously signed to *EMI's* ill-fated *Cobra* label. Distribution is by *Spartan*, who are also handling *Secret Records* — and the latest single on that label is *'In America'* by *London Band The Civilians*.

● A 20-track compilation set called *'Skinhead Reggae'* is now available on *Trojan*. Titles include many chart hits from the late '60s and early '70s, by such names as *The Pioneers*, *Desmond Dekker*, *The Heavy J All Stars* and *Dave & Ansell Collins*. It sells at £3.99, and the first 5,000 include a free copy of the single *'Skinhead Moonstomp'* by *Slimmy*.

THE MERTON PARKAS are back with a new single titled *'Put Me In The Picture'*, issued by *Beggar's Banquet* on July 4. And they'll be previewing it at *London Marquee* this Sunday (28).

Magazine double pack

MAGAZINE have a double-pack single issued by *Virgin* on July 18, with the first 15,000 selling at a specially reduced price. It features *'Sweetheart Contract'* from their current album *'The Correct Use Of Soap'*, plus the band's first-ever live tracks. They are *'Feed The Enemy'*, *'20 Years Ago'* and *'Shot By Both Sides'*.

● The German version of *Peter Gabriel's* current hit album is being issued in the UK next week. In a limited edition of 10,000. For this LP, *Gabriel* has re-recorded all the vocals in German and re-mixed four tracks.

● The long-awaited debut album by *London reggae outfit Black Slate*, titled *'Amigo'*, finally sees the light of day this week on the *TCD* label. And they are lining up a tour to promote it.

● *Michael Rickford*, lead singer and guitarist with *The Hollies* for two years, has his first solo single *'Dancing On The Edge Of Danger'* released by *Sonet*.

● The *Buzzcocks* are using brass and strings in sessions for their new album, being recorded in *London* for autumn release. It's being produced by *Martin Hannett*, who was also responsible for their classic *'Spiral Scratch'*.



● Latest compilation LP from *K-Tel* is *Gordon Galt* showcase called *'Performance'*. The 16 tracks are drawn mainly from his three albums for *Electric Records*.

WYNDER K BACK — MINUS FROG

MICK WEAVER returns to the recording scene this week under the name of *Wynder K*, and thereby hangs a tale. In the late '60s keyboard man *Weaver* ran a successful club band called *Wynder K Frog*, who also recorded for *Island*. After they split up, *Weaver* worked for a while — subsequently working with such luminaries as *Joe Cocker*, *Keel Hanley*, *Frankie Miller* and *Ian Matthews*. He was also writing consistently — including the



theme for *Granada TV's World In Action*.

Now *Weaver* has gone back into the studios to record some of his new material, with the help of *Blackheads* drummer *Charlie Charles* and guitarist *Neil Hubbard*. The first fruits of these sessions are a single titled *'Frenetic'* issued by *Rockburgh* this weekend, and attributed to *Wynder K (no Frog)*.

There's a possibility of gigs to promote the single.

Blondie in studios



● *A&M* have picked up the world rights to the soundtrack of the film *Breaking Glass*, starring *Mazel O'Connor* (who wrote the score) and *Phil Daniels*. The LP is due out next month, followed by the movie in mid-August.

BLONDIE are back in the recording studios cutting tracks for a new single, to be released as quickly as possible. It'll be the first time in almost two years that a *Blondie* single hasn't been culled from an album.

● An *MCA* single this weekend is a reissue of two of *Steppenwolf's* most popular tracks, *'Born To Be Wild'*/'*The Pusher*', with the additional track *'Magic Carpet Ride'* on the limited edition 12-inch version. At the same time from *MCA* comes the first solo single by ex-*Roogalator* keyboard man *Nick Pylas*, titled *'To Be In To Buy'*.

● *Andie Lee*, who left *Dury's Midnight Runners* shortly before they hit the No. 1 spot in the charts, has his own single *'Move On In Your Master's Hand'*, rushed out by *Beggar's Banquet* this weekend.

● Sheffield-based band *The Comet Angels* have their second single *'Independence Day'* issued by *Polydor* on that very day — July 4.

● A 12-inch EP by *Bram Tchaikovsky*, to be issued by *Rader* next month, contains six tracks and sells at £1.99.

● *Amli Stewart* and *Johnny Bristol* combine forces on an Atlantic single released tomorrow (Friday). It's a combination of two songs, *'My Guy'* and *'My Girl'*, both written by *Smiley Robinson* — and *Amli* and *Johnny* duet them simultaneously!

● The first *Cuddly Toys* single on *Fresh Records*, out this weekend, is *'Madman'*. It's an unreleased composition by *Marc Bolan* and *David Bowie*, written only days before *Bolan's* death.

THE COCKNEY REJECTS' latest single on *EMI's* *Zonophone* label is *'We Can Do Anything'*. It's issued tomorrow (Friday), the same day as their headline at *London Camden Electric Ballroom*.

● German heavy metal five-piece *Accept* are to have their product issued here through *Logo Records*. Their album *'I'm A Rebel'* comes out on July 11, with the title track issued as a single the previous week. The band are planning to tour here shortly.

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Story".
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Story".
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Story".
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Story".
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Story".
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Story".
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Story".
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"The Greenleafs
Story".
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Good Show Classics Vol. 22
"The Greenleafs
Story".
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Good Show Classics Vol. 23
"The Greenleafs
Story".
£2.99 (1) £3.99 (2) (3)

Good Show Classics Vol. 24
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Story".
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NEWS WAVES

● **THE LAMBRETTAS** headline another string of dates next month, tied in with the release of their debut Rocket album *'Beat Boys In The Jet Age'*. Their schedule takes in *London Marquee* (July 1), *Portsmouth Locarno* (15), *Torquay Town Hall* (16), *Bournemouth Steedside Centre* (17), *Cardiff Top Rank* (18), *Bath Pavilion* (19), *Norwich Cromwells* (21), *Birmingham Top Rank* (22), *Nottingham Theatre Royal* (23), *Shekness Sands Show Bar* (24), *Withernsea Grand Pavilion* (25) and *Bradford St. George's* (26).

● **MARTIN ATKINS**, who quit as *Public Image Ltd's* drummer two weeks ago, is already busy putting together his own band with a view to going on the road as quickly as possible — he's currently rehearsing with ex-*Cowboys International* bassist *Pete Jones* and, at the same time, auditioning guitarists. He'll be going out as *Brian Brain*, the name under which he released a solo single *'They've Got Me In The Bottle'* earlier this year. Now signed to new independent label *Secret Records*, he'll have his second single *'Another Million Miles'* issued early next month, with an album to follow in late July.

● **THE VIP's** take time out from recording their new *Gem Records* single to play a string of gigs in the London area — at *Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle* (this Saturday), *Clapham 101 Club* (July 5 and 26), *Old Kent Rd. Thomas A Beckett* (16), *Kingston Three Tuns* (18) and *Hammersmith Swan* (19).

● **UK SUBS** have been decimated by the loss of bassist *Paul Slack* and drummer *Pete Davis*, whose departure from the band is attributed to the usual "musical differences". The split comes at an awkward time for singer *Charlie Harper* who, as reported, releases his first solo single *'Barny London Army'* next week — and is now unable to promote it. *Harper* and guitarist *Nick Garrett* have already started auditioning for replacements, but don't expect the new-look *Subs* to emerge for a couple of months or so. Meanwhile, *Gem* are planning to issue a live album by the old line-up, recorded at their last *London* concert.

● **THE PHOTOS** have added three dates to their current *UK* tour, announced two weeks ago — at *Manchester Middleton Civic Hall* (July 17), *Sheffield University* (18) and *Brighton Jenkins* (20) — and a major *London* show has still to be finalised. The band's new single *'Friends'*, taken from their debut album, is issued by *Epic* on July 4.

● **THE RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES**, who've been supporting *The Specials* on their seaside tour, have their own *London* gigs in July at *West Hampestead Moonlight Club* (3), *Covent Garden Rock Garden* (4), *Fulham Greyhound* (8), *Horne Hall Half Moon* (10), *the Marquee* (12), *Clapham 101 Club* (17) and *the Kensington* (22). The band's second single *'Confused Action'* is released by *WEA* on July 11.

Extra Roxy show

ROXY MUSIC have added a third night at *London Wembley Arena* to their upcoming *UK* tour, due to exceptionally heavy ticket demand. Their arena shows on *August 1 and 2* have sold out, so they have now slotted in the extra gig on *Thursday, July 31* (NOT August 3 as incorrectly reported elsewhere last week).

Tickets are again priced £5, £4 and £3, and they are available by post from *Wembley Arena Box Office*, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 0DW — cheques or postal orders to *'Wembley Stadium Ltd'* and enclose SAE. They are also on sale to personal callers at the box-office.

● **THE OTWAY-BARRETT** tour, reported last week, has an unusual admission policy. Entry at all dates is only by producing a copy of the duo's latest single *'DK 50/50'* (which can't be bought on the night at the gigs). If you've got a copy of the single with you, admission is free — otherwise you can't get in.

Ultravox back in action



CONCERTS IN AUGUST

ULTRAVOX undertake their first major tour for almost two years in August, aiding promotion of their new album 'Vienna', their first for the Chrysalis label — it was produced by the band and Conny Plank, and it's released on July 11. This will be their first outing with their new line-up, now comprising Midge Ure (vocals and guitar), Chris Cross (bass, synthesizers and vocals), Warren Cann (drums and electric percussion) and Billy Currie (synthesizers, piano, violin and viola).

More dates are still in the process of being finalised, but those confirmed so far are Lincoln Drill Hall (August 2), Blackburn King George's Hall (3), Doncaster Rotters (4), Liverpool Rotters (5), Torquay Town Hall (6), Newport Stowaway (7), Wakefield Unity Hall (8), Brighton Jenkinsons (10), Manchester Rotters (13), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (15), St. Albans City Hall (16) and London Strand Lyceum (17).

H'Wind marathon

HAWKWIND headline a special seven-hour concert at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, July 13 (starting 3.30 pm), to mark their signing with Bronze Records and the release of their new live album. They'll be presenting a two-hour set with their full light show, and past members of the band will be taking part in addition to the present line-up of Dave Brock (vocals, guitar and synthesiser), Simon King (drums), Hugh Lloyd Langton (guitar and vocals), Harvey Bainbridge (bass and vocals) and Tim Blake (synthesiser, keyboards and vocals).

Support acts are Nik Turner's Inner City Unit, Wahl Heat, The Beat Nixs and The Androids Of Mu — promoters are Straight Music, and tickets priced £3.50 are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents. The band's first Bronze album 'Hawkwind — Live 1979', recorded on their tour last autumn, is set for July 11 release and includes such classics as 'Silver Machine' and 'Master Of The Universe'. It's preceded this weekend by a single coupling 'Shot Down In The Night' (an edited version of one of the LP tracks) and a live version of 'Urban Guerilla' (not on the album).

● Prior to the Lyceum show, Hawkwind play a warm-up gig at Cromer West Runton Pavilion on July 11.

NAMES IN THE NEWS

CREATION REBEL

are playing a series of selected headliners, aiding promotion of their critically acclaimed album 'Starship Africa'. They visit London Brixton Little Bt Ritz Cinema (July 2), Folkestone Less Cliff Hall (5), London Victoria The Venue (9) and Bath Mole Club (16). After a 14-day Italian tour, the reggae band return to play London Fulham Greyhound on August 6, and further dates are being arranged.

JIMMY CLIFF

makes one of his rare London appearances next Wednesday (July 2), when he plays two shows at The Venue in Victoria (8.15 and 10.45 pm). Other upcoming venue bookings, not previously reported, include a special reunion gig by The Straxx (July 8), Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons from Australia (17), Rodin's 'Dopple & His Cajon Twisters' (29) and Don Everly (August 1).

SLEDGEHAMMER

play a series of July gigs between recording sessions of their new album, which is being produced by Gillen bassist John McVey. With their original bassist Terry Pearce now back in the line-up, they visit London Strand Lyceum with Budgie (this Sunday), Richmond Brockley's (July 6), Slough Alexander's (7), Croydon Greyhound (11), Reford Parterhouse (12), Hull Wellington Club (14), Peterlee Festival with Samson (19) and Cambridge Agincourt (26).

MATCHBOX

are among the headliners of the third annual Brighton Country Music Festival, being staged at the 5,000-seater Brighton Centre for three days from July 11. Among the many other acts appearing are Poacher, The Milkshakes, The Duffy Brothers, Malcolm Price, Pete Stanley, Little Ginny, Pats Sayers, Patsy Powell, Kelvin Henderson and Grass Roots. Full booking details from the Centre Box Office, Russell Road, Brighton BN1 2GR (Brighton 202681).

JUNIOR WALKER

and The All Stars arrive in the UK for a one-nighter tour next month, with their only London appearance set for Camden Dingwells on July 31. Their visit spearheads a mini-invasion by a number of U.S. "veterans" during the late summer and early autumn — including Del Shannon, Bobby Vee and Roy Orbison. And The Drifters will be back again for their usual lengthy autumn tour.

THE I-THREES

are to headline their own shows in Britain for the first time, when they play two nights at London Victoria The Venue on July 15 and 16 (tickets £3.75). The trio — comprising Rita Marley, Marcia Griffiths and Judy Mowatt — are, of course, Bob Marley & The Wailers' vocal team. And they'll be playing the Venue gigs after Marley's UK tour, in which The I-THREES will be featured in their own set, ends at Stafford on July 13.

SPLODGENESS

celebrate the success of their first single 'Simon Temple'/Two Pints Of Lager And A Packet Of Crisps Please' by playing a string of dates at Coventry Warwick University (tonight, Thursday), Slough Merry Makers (Friday), London Crystal Palace Hotel (Saturday), North Talk Of The Abbey (July 3), London Woolwich Tramshed (6, 24 and August 21), Scarborough Pantheons (July 25), Edinburgh Nile Club (26), London Camden Music Machine (31), Dudley J.B.'s (August 9), Leeds Florde Green (10) and Folkestone Less Cliff Hall (23). They're all headlineers — providing their name will fit on the posters!

STEVE HILLAGE

is looking for musicians to form a new band. He specially needs a singer-guitarist to share lead vocals (and who ideally can write), and a bassist is also required. Any bona fide genius who reckons he qualifies should contact Steve Lewis at Virgin — (01) 727 8070. Hillage will be recording a new album in September over in the States and, providing his band comes together in time, intends to play some British dates later in the autumn.

MICKEY JUPP

ventures out of London to play gigs in the colonies at Southend Shrimpers (this Sunday), Brighton New Regent Club (July 3) and High Wycombe Nags Head (5). Back on the London circuit, he visits St. Bartholomew's Hospital (tomorrow, Friday), Victoria The Venue (Saturday), Kensington Nashville (July 10), Islington Hope & Anchor (12), Kensington Arms (16) and Woolwich Tramshed (24).

STEEL PULSE

headline two nights at London Victoria The Venue on Monday and Tuesday, July 7 and 8 — advance tickets £2.50, on the night £3 — and they have a hometown gig at Birmingham Top Rank on July 10. These tie in with the release of their new island single 'Caught You Dancing' and album 'Caught You'. A few more dates will be added before they leave for a European tour at the end of next month.

IRON MAIDEN



officially end their massive UK tour next Tuesday — but not content with playing 45 dates nationwide, they've decided to wind up the proceedings with a three-night stint at London Marquee Club next weekend. On July 3 they'll be supported by Raven, and on July 4 and 5 by Fiat. After their appearance in the Reading Festival on August 23, already reported, they leave for a nine-week tour of Europe.

THE LAST ROUND-UP

JOURNEY, one of America's hottest box-office attractions, are coming to the UK in the early autumn. They are so far confirmed for two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 2 and 3. The band's new album will be issued by CBS to coincide.

● VOYAGER promote their new RCA album 'Act Of Love' with London gigs at Fulham Greyhound (July 7), Victoria The Venue (10), Fulham Golden Lion (15) and the Marquee Club (21).

● MARVIN GAYE follows his recent concerts at the Albert Hall and the Rainbow by playing another London show — at The Venue in Victoria on July 4. It's part of an Independence Day celebration at The Venue, and tickets are £10.

● ROY SUNDHOLM has July residencies in London at Canning Town Bridge House (every Tuesday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (Wednesdays) and Fulham Greyhound (Thursdays). He also plays at the Marquee on August 2.

READING FEST



Rory tops on Friday

RORY GALLAGHER has now emerged as the bill-topper on the opening night of this year's Reading Festival — Friday, August 22. Other acts confirmed since the first line-up was announced last week are Samson, Praying Mantis, The Helions, The Pencils and The 01 Band. Negotiations for The Ian Hunter Band are not now looking very promising, but among acts now being sought by the organisers are The Gary Moore Band, Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel and The Blues Band — plus several more support acts. The present running order, with other attractions still to be slotted in, is:

FRIDAY (22) 3-11.30 pm: Rory Gallagher, Gillan, Krokus, Nine Below Zero, Fletcher Z. Praying Mantis, The Helions.
SATURDAY (23) noon-11.30 pm: UFO, Pat Travers Band, Iron Maiden, Angel City, Q-Tips, Samson, The Headboys, Trimmer & Jenkins, The Pencils.
SUNDAY (24) noon-11.30 pm: Whitesnake, Wishbone Ash, Osaze Osbourne Band, Del Lppard, Magnum, Giel, Typers Of Pan Tenz, Sledgehammer, The 01 Band.

August gigs by Barbara

BARBARA DICKSON headlines a short 11-date summer tour in August, prior to going into the studios to cut a new LP — this will be issued in the autumn to coincide with a full-scale tour she'll be undertaking at that time. Recently awarded a Gold Disc for sales of her 'Barbara Dickson Album', she is now busy promoting her new single 'In The Night', the follow-up to her smash hit 'January February'.

Her summer dates are Kenilworth Showground (August 1), Sheffield Crucible (2), Southport Floral Hall (3), Irvine Magnum Centre (4), Edinburgh Playhouse (5), Motherwell Civic Centre (6), Falkirk Town Hall (7), Gloucester Leisure Centre (9), Taunton Odeon (10), Poole Arts Centre (11) and Jersey Gloucester Hall (13).

TED NUGENT ADDS

TED NUGENT had added a third night at London Hammersmith Odeon to his UK tour, reported two weeks ago. It's on Sunday, August 3, and tickets are on sale now priced £4.50, £3.40 and £2.50.

Knebworth reprieve

KNEBWORTH will continue as an annual event, say the new promoters Capital Radio, despite the relative disappointment of the 1980 concert last Saturday — when less than half the hoped-for 100,000 attended, with estimates varying between 30,000 and 45,000. Capital say that, as festival promoters, they're still learning — and they learned a lot from this year's show. But it seems likely that in future years they'll revert to the tried and trusted formula, of a major rock band topping the bill.

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AN NLF/MARQUEE PRESENTATION



Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed

HERE WE go round again. There's a word in the back of some people's minds these days. Now and then events bring it to the tip of their tongues, where the sour taste causes it to be swallowed back down or else spat out whole like a lump of phlegm from the sub-conscious.

Once out, it assumes its own horrendous proportions, hanging in the air, sliding down the wall, slithering across the floor... causing feelings of embarrassment, confusion, trepidation and helpless resignation. But this nausea soon passes, and then the worst thing of all happens: the word begins to make sense. It fits. It's time to get *psychedelic*.

This isn't the cue to start another stupid tribe though someone's bound to try. And it doesn't mean another dead teen sub-cult has risen again to join the zombies already traipsing around Limboland, though again it could happen. Beyond the obvious, beyond the sheer historical imperative of a long-ferred hippie revival, there is an odd glimmer. Behind the enormous uncoolness of it all is a little imp of the perverse. It's been prodding away at various cerebella of my acquaintance.

There's all this weirdness and insanity going on around you, the imp is saying. All this fear and conservatism, everybody clutching at the past with one hand and groping for the future with the other. The only way to fight this insanity is with more insanity. Rub the bastards' noses in it! Show them how weird things can really get!

Go ahead and laugh if you want. My face isn't exactly straight either. The hippies have been utterly discredited, right? Of course they have. All that cosmic hogwash... Acid in the water supply... Peace and love, etc. It's hard to believe people ever took Donovan seriously in the first place. But this is something new we're dealing with. It arises, out of a small problem of descriptive language.

Time and again of late one of the new crop of English bands presents itself to a reviewer. Time and again the reviewer begins to feel that lump of phlegm forming. It applies too well to so much of the music these bands are making to be kept down for long, but the pejorative connotations force the effort. It's such an unhip word, and these bands are, by and large, pretty hip. So are the reviewers. But

**Remember what the white rabbit said?
No? Well, never mind, there's worse
things to worry about — like the return of
psychedelia.**

eventually it comes out. *Psychedelic*.

Suddenly all sorts of hoary old concepts attach themselves as if someone had switched on an electromagnet. These bands are underground, for instance, because they don't have hits; they mean nothing to the kind of person who buys Costello and Pretenders albums, and very little to buyers of Specials and Vapors singles. They are progressive in that they try to bend the old musical forms or invent new ones. Perhaps they even like to jam on the quiet.

Oh Gawd! Suddenly I dread the consequences of this. Extending the boundaries of music, exploring the frontiers of the mind, and other such nonsense... It's not all Martin Hannet's fault either, because not all of these bands have had records produced by him, although it helps.

Look, pretend you never read this. It wasn't real, it was just a momentary nightmare flashback, it'll pass. Pretend that names like The Teardrop Explodes and Echo And The Bunnymen don't recall the time when groups had names like The Grateful Dead or Lothar And The Hand People. It's such a pat, easy, obvious comparison to draw.

Pretend that Echo And The Bunnymen don't make the sort of sound you'd expect to find on a 13th Floor Elevators album. They've never even heard of them. They like the Velvets, sure, but the what Floor Elevators? Echo And The Bunnymen are just a promising new group from the north of England, that's all. It's not their fault that people try to squeeze them into absurd theoretical clothes.

And look what they have to put up with because of it... Driving through Liverpool in the obligatory run-down Transit on their way to Southport, they pass some friends at a set

of traffic lights. One of them flashes a peace sign at the occupants of the van. It's a joke. The Bunnymen squirm in their seats.

"I told you the psychedelic revival is on," says Ian McCulloch, who must be used to these annoying little jibes. He scratches his head wearily, making his hair look even more dishevelled than it did a moment ago.

"It certainly is in our area. But I haven't got any strong memories of that period at all. We never got into it, we were all too young anyway. The only records I can remember from that time were the clichéd ones like Scott McKenzie rather than the heavy psychedelic things, which I still haven't heard."

What about drugs, done a lot of them?

"Er... I get drunk occasionally."

THE BUNNYMEN came into being about two years ago, part of the welter of groups who had heard events in London calling. Echo was the name of their tape recorder, recently replaced by a real drum kit. Real drummers are in short supply in Liverpool, but the Bunnymen found Pete DeFraithe, who was about to go to University but was glad to have a good reason not to.

His recruitment wrought a change from the thin, haunting, resonant semi-acoustic sound of their first Zoo single, 'Pictures On My Wall', to fluid electric rock overdrive with plenty of vitality and few inhibitions.

Will Sergeant and Les Pattison, guitar and bass respectively, allow Ian McCulloch the prominent role both onstage and off. It was he who first pulled the group together; it is he who gives it its most marked characteristics. On the evidence of a gig at London's Lyceum

some months past I expected to find him full of pompous conceits, such was the contempt he suddenly displayed when the Bunnymen were offered to the canteen as a little morsel of things to come, alongside Teardrop, Manicured Noise, A Certain Ratio and the often ludicrous Psychedelic Furs.

Apart from besting the Furs at their own billing, the Bunnymen turned in such an arrogant, moody, disdainful and almost fearsome performance that I had to find out if they really thought they were as good as they actually were that night.

So, here we are in a pre-fabricated polyvinyl seatfront cafeteria at Southport that The Bunnymen have inexplicably chosen as the venue for the afternoon, about to find out.

Ian, wearing an angst-ridden old overcoat with his shirt buttoned to the top against the chill existential winds — attesting to the fact that he's seen *The Man Who Fell To Earth* six times — scratches his head for a moment or two before explaining what was going through it on the Lyceum stage...

"I was fed up with all these... um... hard groups knocking around like The Psychedelic Furs and even Joy Division, that I just felt were shallow. I even quoted lines from other people's songs. It was just frustration, I suppose. People are told what to like a lot of the time, and I quoted from Joy Division, a band whom people are told to like. That audience was really... what's the word? They weren't reacting at all. Perhaps it was our fault, but I think it was something in the audience there, a cool aspect. I quoted Joy Division because if they'd been up there, playing a bad set, they'd have got the reaction that nobody else got."

"It was supposed to be some sort of hip bill of bands, and I hate that kind of thing. We tried to shock them out of that in a way, by going on and playing pretty straight-ahead rock without the airs. The Psychedelic Furs are quite straight-ahead but they try and cover it up with certain poses. I mean if that's psychedelic..."

"People who like us normally didn't like us that night, but I thought we were miles better. We could've played safe but we didn't. I did see something then... That perhaps we should be doing something like antagonising people..."

Will has been looking increasingly bemused. "I dunno," he says. "I wasn't into it."

■ Continues over

Mind-expanding words:
PAUL RAMBALI

Mind-expanding pics:
ANTON CORBIJN

More Bunnies



Will Sergeant. Why not?



Pete D'Arates, Will Sergeant, Ian McCulloch, Les Pattinson



McCulloch comes from the Shadows

From previous page

at all. Mind you, I didn't even know what was happening with the audience. I had sunglasses on."

"Yeah, but you didn't like it on a playing level. There's more to playing live than just getting the notes right and everything. What annoyed me about the Lyceum thing was that there were a lot of real idiots there who were trying to feel like they weren't idiots, they were in on something. They're not in on it. There's nothing to be in on."

"A lot of people say it's post-modernist. What is that? It doesn't exist. It's just a tag, and that's what the whole night was about. Categories."

Les decides to interrupt this diatribe: "Categories are inevitable, but you can fight back. Wait till our new ska single comes out!"

"If people come along expecting something," continues Ian, "it's perfectly okay to use things like arrogance to tell them you're not that thing... The Liverpool thing, for instance. All these wacky bands. There's nobody wacky in Liverpool. It's no more wacky than anywhere else."

The word is actually *quirky*, but the point is the same. I bet there are times when Echo And

The Bunnymen wish they'd called themselves something else.

Incidentally, since Ian mentioned Joy Division, it ought to be pointed out that the two groups do have a lot in common. And this time it isn't Martin Hannet. It's Iggy Pop.

THE MUZAK in the cafeteria is slowly sending everyone to sleep. At least I hope it was the muzak. It might have been the drowsy off-season resort town instilling itself into its visitors, or the dutiful recollection of past exploits, such as the fact that Les used to be a boat-builder while Will was a cook and Ian was on the dole. And the fact that they're all about 20 and this is their first group. These and other faint incidental details add to the mounting torpor.

Time to get serious. What's your motivation, what does it all mean?

"I don't know," replies Ian. "It gets harder as

we go along to be motivated."

Oh. Where's the fun in it, then?

"There is no fun in it," says Will. "Anyway, we'll all be in the army soon."

Ian misses this joke because he's been gazing thoughtfully at nothing at all. Suddenly he mutters a single word...

"Ego."

"Yeah... ego. It's all kinda gratifying your ego. We want to do things that are valid; good songs, that mean something sincere. But ego's always at the back of it."

There you have it! This question has been asked in a lot of different ways of a lot of different people and Ian McCulloch has just given it the straightest answer it's ever had. He wasn't being particularly ironic, nor was he apologising. Just giving an honest answer. There's no message, no crusade, no need to tell you what's wrong with your life, no burning purpose... Being in a group is a good

way to travel and experience things, thinks' Ian. And Will?

"This tour we're doing now, I'm hoping that by the end of it I'll like playing live, and I'll feel less tense on stage. That's about the only thing I'm hoping for."

"Sometimes," says Ian, "you go on stage and you feel that you have got something to say, and you want them to listen and understand, but other times... you just want to be great at what you do. There is a need to be great at what you do, whatever it is, but that doesn't mean you have to have a mission or a message of some sort. Although we do analyse what we do, and we think, a lot of the time, that it's not that good. Our ego's aren't big enough to disregard self-criticism. I've got to go for a piss."

Ian gets up from the table. I turn to Will and ask if he agrees with all that's been said.

"I think all this arrogance business that you two were talking about earlier is a load of crap!"

The silence that follows this declaration is so pregnant that someone should really get up and offer it a seal.

"...I like the quirky groups, basically." So do I.

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EDITED BY CYNTHIA ROSE



TRUE



KID MAKES GOOD!

NOW he lives on the 19th floor of the tallest council block in Britain. But then he was a callow youth studying tree surgery. He had to give it up — couldn't stand the sight of a sap.

Even so, Danny Baker, 23-years-old last Sunday, dreamt of appearing 'on the box'. "If Michael Miles can do it, why can't I?" he used to say to his fellow bark scrapers. Amidst hoots of derision, he put on his best tie and went to fight in Angola as one of the dogs of war. But his visa was out of date and Danny Baker, ten months older than Paul Weller, was forced to accept a job as receptionist with *NME*, a best-selling music paper.

"Well, it was better than making tea for Mark Perry when we was doing *Sniffin' Glue*," he said to ITN News. Amidst gales of laughter, he

peppered his writing with old Max Miller and Les Dawson jokes and became the least reliable of *NME*'s writers. But his time was up and Danny Baker, four years younger than Tony Parsons, was called onto London Weekend TV to front the dynamic youth-orientated show *20th Century Box*. That catchy theme, by the way, is the work of John Foxx, better than pouncing around in pop groups, eh John?

"Television is the last challenge," Danny says, demurely adjusting his pink blouse. (Fact: Last January Danny Baker, at least two decades younger than Bob Monkhouse, got married because he thought it would be "better for my TV image".) "We've shot *20th Century Box* in black and white because colour's so passe, dear. Besides, it's much cheaper."

The programme goes out on Sundays at 2.00 pm, in the London area, well clear of the football, true, but still too close to closing time for comfort. "But our exciting line-up will speak for itself," says Danny. A series of interviews with the show's producer, Janet

The first show's on hang-gliding, to be followed by penetrating insights into nesting, teaching ravens to fly under water, and across the board entertainers Spandau Ballet, the Barron Knights of the art chic circuit. Remember: BBC2, Tuesday nights. Enjoy it.

MARCO TARDELLI

Jeremy 'Danny' Baker Smythe



The official 'working-class lad' picture from LWT

REAL MEN:

NO Ramoaning in the camp of the Forest Hills Four when brother Marky Ramone briefly carried out a threat to leave the order. Instead, even older disagreements were summarily set aside and the three remaining leather boys rang up ex-brother Tommy, two years retired from drumming. Tommy volunteered a little time, and Marky was eventually wooed back — who's a happy family? — leaving DeeDee free to tell all to writer Frank Rose for a new coffee table opus, *Real Men*.

Ominously subtitled 'Sex and Style in an Uncertain Age', *Real Men* profiles DeeDee (photographed with his blonde wife Vera) as one of three 'sample' New Yorkers. The others are gay interior designer Norm Rathweg and pro hockey player Pat

Hickey. Now under new management (new whizzkid Gary Kurlist, who manages Talking Heads and The B-52's, has replaced older whizzkid Danny Fields), The Ramones finally allow DeeDee to reveal to the reading public: "I wanna be normal real bad."



Pic: Pannie Smith

KLARK KENT IN KOLLUSION?

OWN UP, Klark Kent. How much longer are we supposed to believe in the ridiculous 'Stewart Copeland' — or, for that matter, in his equally implausible fantasy band, 'The Police'?

Lured around to the superstar recluse's Shepherd's Bush retreat by the promise he'd be marking release of his debut ten-inch albumette with a full public acknowledgement of the hoax, *Thrills* was disappointed to find Kent percolating in his tired old game of charades.

Heavily disguised as his fictitious alter-ego Copeland, the singer insisted that he, KK, was really away in Beirut with his private army and devotees from the Church Of Kinetic Ritual.

OK, we said wearily (best humour him), couldn't you just

'impersonate' yourself — that is, Klark Kent — for our photo?

"That would only confuse the issue and cause further scandal. It would be a pointless exercise, it would be like interviewing the guitarist of Blondie and saying 'Look, what we really need is a picture of Debbie, so could you put on this wig...'"

Give Kent his due: he sure takes his publicity stunts seriously. Still posing as the improbable Copeland (son of a CIA man, so the yarn goes, yawn, brother a financial wizard etc etc), Klark — well known, of course, for his scientific work, his ballet, his Armenian writings and Portuguese poetry — explained why the new album is an entirely solo effort.

"Well, there is the problem there of Kent's relationship with other

musicians, which is dominated by the fact that as his physiology responds to his accentuated artistic output, his body chemistry is thereby affected in an unnatural way.

"The pong that comes off of him, the stench, makes it very difficult for him to work in a close confined atmosphere with other musicians. This is probably the main reason why he works alone in the studio, although it does require that the engineer wear lead underwear."

Other details of KK's career, from his original discovery in Minnesota as boy-genius Klark Kunt ("we had to change that for obvious reasons") through to his works of global manipulation with the shadowy Kent Foundation, are too familiar to need recounting here.

But what of this dumb gimmick, the whole far-fetched 'Police' project, the joke he's been running as a sideline to his own career for three years now?

I mean, let's face it — three ageing musicians that dye their hair and conquer America masquerading as New Wave, featuring a retired schoolteacher called (wait for it) 'Sting' who becomes a sex-symbol from Bombay to Basingstoke simply by singing like Bob Marley with a peg on his nose... a jolly jape, to be sure, but doesn't Klark realise no-one can believe they're for real? Why doesn't he just pay off the two hired stooges and come clean?

More to the point, who'd give a shit about 'The Police' if it weren't for the (carefully leaked) Kent connection?

PAUL DU NOYER

Not that critics of the book will let him off the hook with that: "None of these men is a father," complained *People* magazine, "which makes this group a misleading sample." More sex and style soon in this uncertain age however; The Ramones will be with us again in August.

CYNTHIA ROSE

★ SWINDLE UPDATE ★

THE 48a2s, the world's dodgiest band, puppeteered by the planet's biggest blagger Jack MacDonald, have found a home at WEA for their notorious second single 'Frustration', which is backed with their idiosyncratic version of 'I Can't Explain'.

The company must hold out high hopes of a large return on the product, bearing in mind the band's earlier record company dealings. Formerly signed to Island on a one-off basis for the release of the John Lydon-produced 'One Of The Lads', the boys didn't like the way it or they were handled, and subsequently vented their displeasure by trashing an office, causing damage running into thousands.

Unsurprisingly they didn't find it easy convincing another label of their peaceable intentions. And their future might have been further hampered by the departure of their best musician Youth Martin, the bassist they shared with Killing Joke.

if musician's ability were a prime consideration.

As it was, the group was formed by Lydon's younger brother Jimmy with malingering MacDonald, as a bizarre joke in celebration of their Pistols connection. And Youth's uncanny resemblance to Sid Vicious got him the job.

However, the joke's since backfired on a gullible public, whose hearty response has encouraged the boys to take themselves seriously. The Lydon connection aside, we at Thrills find it difficult to understand the public's fascination after witnessing their packed Venue concert, which consisted largely of PiL-like instrumentals blotched by MacDonald's ugly rugby songs, and Jimmy amiable covers of pop standards.

It would seem that the rock'n'roll swindle continues.

TOUCH N. GO

Thrills

GIRLS

ABOUT TOWN



burning bras, and likes men to light her cigarettes. A self-confessed moody loner, living in an exquisite mews house full of fine carved antiques and memorabilia of her successful half-century as a singer. A coffee-table book on Cole Porter lies on her glossy baby grand piano, a reminder of her association with the devastating wit of many '30s musicals. Porter wrote a song specially for Elisabeth, called 'Solomon'. She begins to sing it, her vibrato resonating like a flicked crystal glass: "Solomon had a thousand wives."

"What comes next, Elisabeth?" "Oh, he looks after them very well, and in the end he has to kill them all," she answers, then delivers her special fruity trooper's laugh, richer than the average giggle.

When she was a small girl in New York, Elisabeth was already a romantic. She rushed to bed at night and dreamt about her latest crush — the church organist, or the priest. "I used to dream these dreams, but the fade-out was always the kiss. That's all I knew." Miss Welch still believes you can fall in love across a crowded room — she's proved it.

Her mother would find her huddled in a ball at the foot of the bed, under the sheets. She never told her off, because that would have killed the character. "And I certainly am a character, no doubt about it," cracks Elisabeth.

She scoots her landlord's agent in the courtyard — he still hasn't fixed the damp in the bedroom.

"I saw your name in the papers," ventures the agent.

"That's right," Elisabeth purrs. "I killed seven people — you'll be the eighth."

Definitely a character. In fact, Elisabeth has weathered the many changes in the

NOTHING could be camper than the sight of Ms.

Elisabeth Welch singing 'Stormy Weather', regally swanning round in a neck ruff surrounded by neo-Busby Berkeley chorus lines of prouetting sailor boys at the end of Derek Jarman's controversial (I fell asleep/the editor loved it.) film of *The Tempest*.

The amateur sailor boys look on adoringly, hanging on her every note. With good reason; Ms. Welch's delivery, at age 71 or above 60, depending on whether you believe

her or her P.R. — is a flawless gem. Elisabeth was the first chanteuse of 'Stormy Weather' in this country, in a 1933 review called *Dark Doings*. Four shows a day, starting 11.30 a.m. Her emotion is restrained, but affecting. As she sings, "I'm weary all the time," a refined languor creeps over the listener's senses — refreshingly different from the more usual 1980-style "I'm really shattered."

Ms. Welch would prefer to think of herself as Miss. She thinks the Women's Movement's about



The Lydon set seen outside Holloway Prison at the start of their Don't Free The Strangers campaign.

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entertainment business remarkably well. As the age of musicals died, she was already working in the fledgling days of radio, alongside luminaries like Arthur Askey and Stinker Murdoch. She had her own show back in '34: *'Soft Lights And Sweet Music'*. In those days, radio personalities all wore evening dress — gowns for women and black tie for gents, lack of vision notwithstanding.

Elisabeth was in at the start of TV at Alexandra Palace, too. "till the war came, of course, and the Americans started to beat us". The cameraman had his head under a big cloth and performers stood stock still for their head shots.

Even when she was crippled for years with chronic arthritis (she's now got two new hips), Elisabeth delivered the goods in *Pippin*, directed by Bob Fosse.

Now she worries about rising rents, like everyone else. "All I ask is not to be a beggar. No, I'm not always in work, but... I manage to pay my way. I never feel lonely, as long as I've got a telephone."

Miss Welch thinks the sailors in *The Tempest* were all lovely, but she hasn't seen the film. Her rendition of 'Stormy Weather', backed with the equally charming 'You're Blase', has been released by Industrial Records, independent home of Throbbing Gristle. Miss Welch has never met the Industrial mob; I tell her about T. G.'s Genesis P. Orridge and Così Fanni Tutti. "Genesis?" says Elisabeth thoughtfully. "Really..." Not that a funny name would phase her; Elisabeth's motto is taken from lines she sang in 'Pippin': "I believe if I never grow old, I'll stay young till I die."

"Theatre people have always lived as they wanted to live. It's an old-fashioned word — bohemian."

VIVIAN GOLDMAN

Bebe (centre) waits to pick up ... the cheque.



TO SAY that Bette Midler's *A View from a Broad* is the acceptable face of from-the-bottom-up rock journalism these days may drive you straight to stories of truly greater grit (*'Teacher Leaps to the Rescue and Saves 42 Dying Frogs With Kiss of Life'*). But hang on in there, remembering what the Divine Bette counsels (*'The only thing I put above sentiment is revenge'*) and

lend a thought to Bebe Buell, 'friend of the stars'. Bebe (*'There is absolutely one thing that I want you to understand: I am not and never have been, a groupie'*) talks it up about her rock star relationships in a recent issue of *Oui*.

And better to lend a thought now than an ear later; Bebe's LP *Covers Girl* is still very much an ongoing situation, with Ric Ocasek and Rick Derringer roped in to add a little

class to production. (Tunes are rumored to include BB's versions

of *'Little Black Egg'* by The Nightcrawlers and *'Lime Red Book'* by Love).

Once dubbed by New York magazine the *'fillet mignon of rock'*, Ms Buell has multiple claims to fame. The mignon metaphor has been cooking for awhile, and Bebe's personal history combines notes of irony (her first modelling job was for *Bridas* mag) with prophecy (one stint as cover girl on *Girl About Town*, the truly free magazine). In November '74 she was looking wistfully naked in the centrefold of *Playboy* and she graced the cover of *Oui* itself in January of '76.

None of this, though, is what made Bebe Buell a name to conjure with in the rock consumer's world. In the music biz gossip mill, Bebe is renowned for her celebrated friendships with Todd, Rod, Mick, Jimmy, Elvis (the live one), and now — Stiv Bators. Apparently it all started at age 10, when a preteen Bebe went with her Mom to see the Stones at the Virginia Beach Civic Centre.

"I wanted to run up and take a picture of Brian Jones. Finally, my mother went to the bathroom, and I ran to the very front row. I was kneeling there, looking up like I was in church, and this cop grabbed my arm. So Keith walked over to the edge of the stage and kicked him! It was great. He said, 'Leave her alone, she's only a little girl.'"

At 14, Bebe's first boyfriend was one Paul Cowell (how many remember *The Cowells*?). He blew the deal when he unthinkingly announced that he had "met this other girl and she takes birth-control pills, and we do stuff and I like it". Bebe was crushed, but life went on. Eventually there was a move to New York, where she became a feature of Max's Kansas City in its heyday, and met Todd Rundgren.

"He was my very first."

Alas, though, in the upper strata of rockdom life and love rarely run smoothly.

"It got weird when he went cosmic. I was into the fun of the rock and roll lifestyle, and he became not boring — he's never been boring — but sort of monogamous with himself. He started reading books like a maniac; the whole house turned into a book — and he started doing fifteen projects at once. I just got to the point where I needed more affection. Liv, our baby, was two months old when we broke up. He left me for another girl in Texas."

The pieces, however, are picked up and Ms Buell goes on, sparing *Oui* and these few of the details.

On Mick Jagger: "He's got the only phone book with Marlon Brando in it."

On Jimmy Page: "Jimmy looked great on tour when he wore riding pants and boots up to his knees, but Dirk Bogarde pulled off that Nazi-domination - I'll - beat - you - later - look better than anybody."

On sex: "I'm kind of like Audrey Hepburn — I'm very old fashioned. I'd rather kiss and pet for three or four hours than hang from chandeliers."

On Real Life: "I really love to clean house. I vacuum when I get nervous. That was one of the things that drove Todd crazy."

But before we all say aaaaahhh, spare a thought for the fact that Bebe is not disrespected by her own sex. Her looks have inspired such picky fasciades as Marola Reinick and Lynn Goldsmith. And Patti Smith has patched up more than one fight between the muse and Smith's old friend Todd. "Patti was always real sweet to me. She never treaded on anybody's turf and she was one of the first people to give me confidence. She said, 'Bebe, you've got a really risqué mouth.'"

"I did these really sexy underwear pictures for *Playboy* and Patti told me she jerked off to them. I was flattered."

MICK FARREN

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THE FRIDAY Mensi had a bath because his mum was going to see him on the telly was a once a year day in more ways than one. The long standing ban on The Angelic Upstarts appearing in their native North East was temporarily lifted. Tyne-Tees Television had invited them to take part in their Friday Live programme, play a couple of numbers and then join in a debate entitled, 'Violence, an illusion or a reality?'. Other participants would include senior police officials, a Tory MP and a judge, amongst others of note. Light the touch paper and stand well back.

The reason for the Upstarts' banishment from their own kingdom is politically controversial and suspiciously sinister. Trouble at their gigs, Mensi has always insisted, was seized upon by the police as an excuse to silence a band that was making too much noise about the Liddle Towers' affair.

The programme began with a fact: Crimes of violence increased by 24% over the last year in the North East. Sir William Elliott, Tory MP for Newcastle North knew why: "There's not enough discipline in schools!" — A passionate assertion. "Bring back conscription!" proclaimed a caller during a phone-in spot. But local headmaster, Ken Dyos, had formulated his own personal hypothesis: "Violence amongst school-girls was at its worst at the time of the platform shoes." Thank God society is rid of that menace once and for all.

Things only began to get interesting when the accusation was finally made: The Angelic Upstarts use violence to enhance their image. Why else would the

programme's producer choose to superimpose flames onto the film of the band's first number? A trite and hackneyed attempt to present the Upstarts as hellish demons from some subversive underworld. But the propaganda was eagerly swallowed by Basil Griffiths, vice chairman of the Police Federation. He looked on in disgust: "Violence should not be popularised... there is never an excuse for it."

Mensi's first contribution to the debate then betrayed the real reason he came. "Blair Peach's wife wouldn't think it was a good thing either."

The fuse was lit and the sparks began to fly. On one side we had the conservatives of traditional authority, on the other side the radicals of the

new society (half a million people under the age of 24 are out of work) of suppressed youth. Neither side would make the slightest concession, they were whole worlds apart; a massive culture gap was exposed.

And Mensi continued to attack the law; his feelings are deep rooted but often based on fact; "Forensic evidence said Blair Peach was killed with a heavier weapon than a truncheon." So what were the police fighting with that day? But the bait wasn't taken.

Sir William Elliott was as broad in his condemnation of working class 'delinquent' youth as Mensi appeared to be in his condemnation of all police. He described the Upstarts' fans in the audience as "moronic people", their

violence stems from their own lack of confidence. Mensi was puzzled. "How do you know we're violent? How do you know...?"

"Because you're interrupting me now," interrupted Sir William.

Thankfully, the articulate skills of psychologist Peter Ward often saved Mensi from the sharp tongue of this petulant MP. He provided intellectual substance to the passionate, but less articulate reasoning of the Upstarts' leader. He also told the most illuminating story of the evening. That day he had witnessed 30 Oxford undergraduates rioting in the streets of their university town. The police stood by and watched. They were prepared to tolerate post-exam antics of celebrating students; they were prepared to bend the law, to make an exception. Ward went on to say that if these students had been working-class kids, belonging to some recognised sub-culture, e.g. skinheads, then he would not have a different tale to tell.

So are the police guilty of blatant social class discrimination? Mensi's own story, not fully covered by the show, suggests this might well be so.

A little while ago, after the QPR v Sunderland match in London, he was walking along with 30 of his best chums when he was arrested 'on sus', taken down to the station and later charged with threatening behaviour. Mensi, unsurprisingly has many grievances about the way he was treated but sub judice law prevent us from detailing his account of events. His case is heard on June 27.

MICK DUFFY

Benyon

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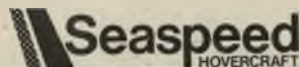
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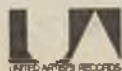
If anyone asks, I wasn't in.
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If anyone cares, I begin to
doubt,
Until I killed Geneva.
I couldn't see the mark on the
gentleman's head.
I couldn't join the dance in the
engineer's tread.
I got up and walked. I was
already dead.
Until I killed Geneva.

What they reveal, he says, is the British company is in

"After five sessions, it was mutually decided that they would not appear this year."
Despite the faintly nagging tone of the foregoing, the Thrills desk is happy to recommend the Olympia Festival as a stimulating and rewarding day out. While we remain vigilante in regard to the Aquarian spiv element, we also acknowledge Wilson's proud and honest boast that he is simply "trying to do a good job as conscientiously as possible."

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The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle (Virgin Books 80p)
The Adventures Of Una Persson And Catherine Cornelius In The Twentieth Century (Granada £1.25)
 by Michael Moorcock

"Appropriate (adj): belonging or peculiar (to); suitable or proper (to, for). Appropriate (verb, transitive): take possession of; take to oneself. . . ." — Concise Oxford Dictionary.

IN THE neatest cultural heist since St Sid co-opted 'My Way' from Frank Sinatra, Michael Moorcock has appropriated (v.t.) the entire structure, plot, legend and *dramatis personae* of *The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle* from its owners and proprietors and fully subsumed it into the Jerry Cornelius mythos which has formed the basis of his best work over the past 15 years. This heist is nothing less than appropriate (adj).

Described variously as 'the newspaper of the novel of the book of the film of the record' and 'the cheapest novel of 1980', Moorcock's contribution to the *Swindle* has manifested itself in the unlikely form of a broadsheet newspaper containing numerous stills from the film, old stills of the Pistols, relevant newspaper clippings and a novelette in which well-known Moorcock characters slip in and out of the film synopsis mingling with the events that appeared on the screen.

The one exception is Jerry's mum — the finest character Moorcock ever created — who is, of course, the cinema usherette portrayed on screen by Irene Handl, who was probably the inspiration for Mrs Cornelius in the first place. In

a sense, Malcolm McLaren becomes another exception simply by not appearing in the novel at all except as the object of common pursuit. In Hitchcockian terms, McLaren becomes the McGuffin.

Otherwise, Bishop Beesley still guzzles chocolate, Frank Cornelius still endeavours to triumph by connivance and treachery, Lemmy's leather carapace still shields a heart of gold, Jerry Cornelius himself still gets the shakes, Miss Brunner is still nervous . . . all Moorcock's regulars have popped into the plot as if they owned it, and the author's unashamedly partisan prose is by no means flattering to the film and its sponsors. Moorcock's participation in the *Swindle* has produced an artefact considerably more honourable (in its fashion) than much of what surrounds it.

The Adventures Of Una Persson And Catherine Cornelius In The Twentieth Century is more familiar Moorcock territory: Jerry's sister and her best friend indulge in recreational time-travelling through everything from post-revolutionary Russia to rock and roll London with diversions in all directions, geographical and temporal. Beg, borrow, buy or appropriate (v.t.) at your earliest.

Charles Shear Murray

PRINT



One of the several thousand shapes thrown by Debby in the Bangs' opus.

The Furniture Effect

Blondie

by Lester Bangs
 (Omnibus Press £3.95)

OBVIOUSLY what we have here is a fast buck. Obviously, I'm not sure exactly how fast, but I've heard stories . . .

Actually, what we have here is a fast book. It lasts about two hours, it's 8 x 10 inches big, and roughly six millimetres deep. One thing it definitely isn't is cheap.

The author is Lester Bangs, a leading figure in genzo rock journalism, but not normally associated with this type of enterprise. Being a bit of a novice at it, Bangs rather gamely pitches his efforts at the literate Blondie fan. One wonders whether the popeploitation market will stand it, let alone understand it. But to his credit, Bangs refuses to let circumstances get the better of him and asks at the very outset the question integrity virtually begs in the context of large expenses of photography set against small areas of type. He asks: "Can cheesecake keep you on the charts for 72 weeks?"

The answer seems to be: "Well, yes, maybe, and then again, no." Much research has gone into providing this answer. Granted a lot of it was confined to the group's press cuttings, but I still defy him to say it took less time to write this book than it does to read it, as I have a sneaking suspicion he one day might.

Fact is, Bangs has put a surprising amount of effort into explaining the Blondie Phenomenon: pointless effort, considering who will buy the book, but effort nonetheless, and even a little localised legwork. He has scraped the bottom of the Bowery for anecdote and reminiscence, nostalgia and recrimination. He grapples with the Blondies' schizophrenic image of themselves, poised halfway between Pop and Art, and in the process comes up against their paranoia. He makes the case for their ymura appeal being pure Pop-Art, the unexpected essence of the Warhol avant-garde.

To paraphrase Bangs (who was himself paraphrasing someone else at the time): Blondie is just an item of furniture singing love songs to other items of furniture.

And, goah, yes, it is the real thing between Chris and Debbie.

Paul Remballi

Q·TIPS

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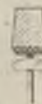
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'WHERE ARE ALL THE NICE GIRLS'

SINGLES

Reviewed by: PAUL RAMBALI

CHEAP TRICK: Found All The Parts (Epic import). Cheer up! There's still a place for robust rock fun, and I'm not apologising for that. Cheap Trick's 10-inch EP features an unissued track apiece from the four recorded years of their existence, two live and two studio, plus a bonus copy of their new single from the soundtrack of the film *Roadie*, called 'Everything Works If You Let It'. Here is a band that's not afraid of platitudes.

Cheap Trick belong in the crass, noisy mainstream, making the sort of crass noises that always accompany puberty rites, just like The Beatles did. Remember The Beatles? Forget The Beatles. Cheap Trick are a better band than the mainstream could possibly merit, with just the right combination of finesse and unsavory. Here's hoping they get even richer than they are already.

THE PLASMATICS: Butcher Baby (Stiff). The Plasmatics are a bunch of low-rent sleazo degenerate New Yorkers scumsurfing their way into the public consciousness on the strength of a highly visible pair of female mammary organs belonging to the 'colourful' Wendy O Williams. Wendy seems proud of her endowments, such as they are. Two old but still firmly rounded orbs about the size of ripe Spanish oranges that jut out proudly from her fulsome torso and... It's no good, I can't go on. Confining this review to the salient features of the group proves beyond me. Let's discuss the music instead.

Better still, let's not. It could have come from a bad live recording of Devo in 1975, and sounds like The Tubes without a budget. The one inspirational moment comes about midway through with the sound of a guitar being sawed in half. But the pathetic prurient appeal of The Plasmatics will go far with the ever less discreet voyeurism of public appetites. What I mean is, if you want to see porn, why waste your money on this stuff? The real hard stuff is just as cheap, and just as squalid, and just as boring.

DEAD KENNEDYS: Holiday In Cambodia (Cherry Red). More stralings from the numb zone of U.S. sensibility. The Dead Kennedys rake over the ashes of 'Nam for their latest single, 'Holiday In Cambodia'. These miserably ineffective musical insurgents have been brushed off like a fly on the backside of the beast they want to provoke, but their titles are still good for a quick (very quick) chuckle.

They could be the Country Joe and the Fish of their generation, but as far as

penetrating the psyche of their despised America goes, these guys haven't even reached Saigon. Regardless of which, I look forward to their comments on the despised Aystolish.

THE UNDERTONES:

Wednesday Week (Sire). Right about now this column needs a little innocent light relief, and who better to supply it than The Undertones? Almost my favourite group, barring about a hundred others. No doubt the fetching, plaintive tones of 'Wednesday Week' will be achingly familiar to those who already own their second album. No doubt its lack of overt jollity will come as a surprise to those who don't. Looks like the chums have got another mediocre hit on their hands.

THE Q-TIPS: Tracks Of My Tears (Chrysalis). Tired covers of tired old soul standards are getting to be one big drag. You may think it's nothing short of heretical to call 'Tracks Of My Tears' a tired old soul standard but it has passed through so many hands since it left those of William S. Robinson that it's virtually exhausted. Hold this up to the light of the original and it becomes almost transparent.

The Q-Tips made a smart move when they covered the relatively obscure 'Letter Song' for a burgeoning young soul enthusiast market. But I didn't know this song at all I would still be unimpressed.

THE STEP: Love Letter

(Direction). Similarly impotent pleading of the same lost cause on the re-activated CBS soul label (you didn't know CBS had a soul label, but you knew they would have). The Step — who relegate the covers to the flip side and strike out with a song that is largely their own work — are one of the insipid soul recreationist bands who ply their second-hand trade amongst the many middle-aged incumbents who infest the haunts of the musical business in this town (no Funkytown at all) trying desperately not to let go of the youth this sort of music reminds them of.

The thing to watch out for here is the element of burlesque. Sorrow memories of the original period will fade, and be replaced by a rosy, cherished affection for the trappings of the era. Then all that will be left will be a parody, which is what groups like The Step and The Q-Tips are working their way unwittingly towards. They could one day be the Black Bottom Stompers of soul.

NOEL MCCALLA: Beggin' (Direction). In the meantime, groove on this. A cover of a

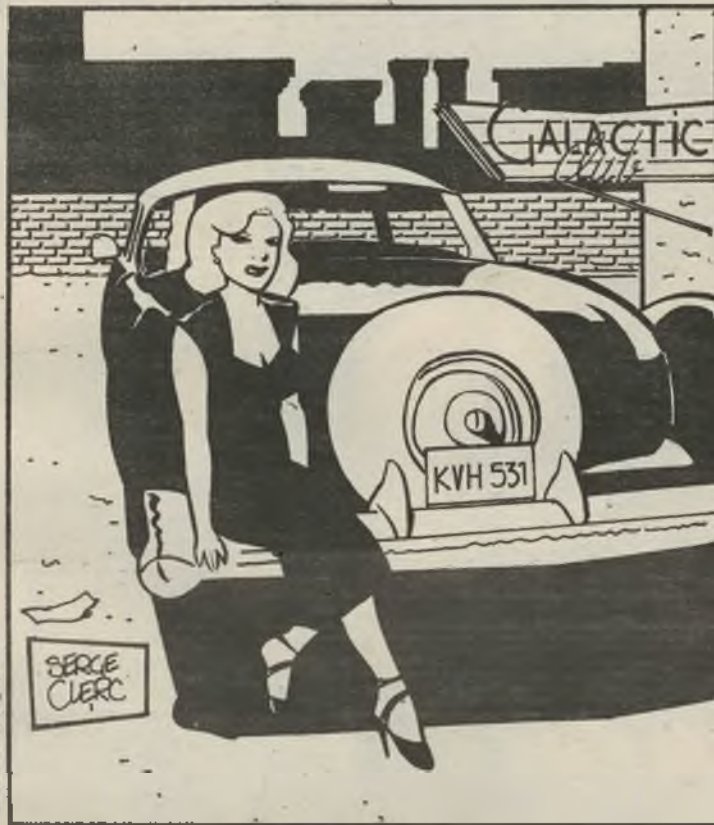


Illustration: Serge Clerc

minor English soul hit by a group called Timebox by an English soul singer called Noel McCalla, formerly of Moon. The period update is impeccable, the insistence of the riff is indisputable (it does, after all, belong to The Four Tops), and those involved show a measure of real class.

LAURA WARMAN:

Impossible To Love You (Dis/Disc). My technical advisor tells me this is what's known as a big beat ballad. I trust his judgment in these matters, and would only add that the appropriate cathedral-like atmosphere has been achieved by the instrumentation but is let down somewhat by a lack of all-consuming passion in the vocal department.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY: Mr

Clarinet (Missing Link). The Birthday Party are an avant-garde Australian group (no sniggering at the back please). This is a very good record for the twisted few. Not a million light years away from Para Ubu in its evocation of pain, fear, ugliness, confusion and alienation. Presumably there is a dark heart of the Australian psyche, up river from their own particular Saigon; at any rate, this group seem to want to reach it. I'm not sure that they live up to these pretensions, but they sound serious, and

next time they appear in your dimension it would be worth going along to find out. The Birthday Party is an ironic misnomer; their kind of fun seems to verge on hysteria.

GRAHAM PARKER & THE

RUMOUR: Love Without Greed (Stiff). Poor, worthy Graham Parker, one of life's Little Men, like Buster Keaton entering the department store and failing to notice the mob behind him. He's still struggling up the down escalator.

Parker has assimilated his contemporaries beautifully, or perhaps it's the other way around. Whatever, this surging, swirling, stern and portentous single leaves nothing to chance, based as it is on 'Between You And Me', which I always did think was the one indispensable thing he ever recorded.

The B-side is the never-before-released etc. 'Mercury Poisoning', is that the quicksilver nature of fame he's talking about? Don't answer that.

CRISTINA: Drive My Car

(Zel). A fey, limp, feckless, android version of a song once recorded by The Beatles. Remember them? Forget it.

NICK PLYTAS: To Be Is To Buy

(MCA). Far more eclectic, whimsical, cross-bred and drolly surprising than the improbable Ms Cristina. Difficult, on the other hand, to get a grip on Nick Plytas' chosen direction, as it used to be called. Definitely a very surreal record, which reminds me, if Elvis Costello is looking for a new keyboard player, here's a good place to start.

JOHNNY G: Night After Night

(Beggars' Banquet). **JOE WALSH: All Night Long** (Asylum). Alcoholic tunesmith Johnny G is something more than a poor man's Joe Walsh; Joe Walsh, however, is not much more than a rich man's Johnny G. Both these records celebrate the benefits of oblivion but are too hung over to remember what the benefits are. Both view the

subject from a wry, resolute distance, making it sound thoroughly unromantic and dreary. Indeed, they actually both sound very similar, surprisingly enough, although Joe Walsh's probably cost a hell of a lot more to make. Of course, they would both cost exactly the same for you to buy. (Johnny G to join Eagles shock?)

OTIS WATKINS: If You're

Ready To Rock (Stiff). A very thinly disguised Geraint Watkins lets his feet take a stroll down the keyboards for your barrelhouse delectation. Barrel by Watneys. Themes by osmosis. Sung by default. A wop bam boom. Yeah!

THOMPSON TWINS: Squares

And Triangles (Dirty Disc). A popular independent single in the frail oil-beat mould. The Thompson Twins have either been paying a lot of attention to Talking Heads, or else to The Student Teachers, which is unlikely. Those who cherish the half-realised extrapolations of new rock might like this, but on the other hand some patience would be better rewarded.

SHAKIN' STREET: Solid As A

Rock (CBS). Energetic, clichéd hard rock from France with the almost obligatory female frontperson on hand to thrust it that bit further into the marketplace. The fake live production is by Sandy Pearlman, someone else who's not afraid to deal with platitudes (why do you think he wanted to produce The Clash?). This sounds uncomfortably like The Dictators without a sense of humour.

DION: The Wanderer

(Phillips). Re-issue of a classic piece of foot-loose Italian-American rock'n'roll sexual bragado. Next time I find myself falling for some girl I'm going to heed Dion's words and "jump right into my car and drive around the world."

Continues over

Late at night,
I park my car,
Take my place
at the singles bar

Apologies to Bryan Ferry



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

JOY DIVISION: Love Will Tear Us Apart (Factory).

You knew this was going to happen. I make no apologies. It's impossible to suppress the legend that will come to enfold this group like the magnificent gothic shrouds of their music. Death can cast a terribly morbid spell. No wonder they themselves make jokes about it being all part of Factory Records' five year plan.

The night before this was

recorded Ian Curtis was given a copy of Frank Sinatra's 'Greatest Hits' for reference. Apparently extraordinary amounts of time and money were spent getting the mix right, though still they weren't completely satisfied, and there are two slightly different versions of the single. I'm not all that fond of this particular song, as it happens, but I was of the group, and this deserves the praise that was coming its way anyway.

The title is more poignant than you could guess. The sleeve looks like a tombstone. It is a tombstone.



Ian Curtis. Pic: Anton Corbijn



don't mention the war

but we can mention Peter Gabriel's
current album now available in German

peter gabriel

"ein deutsches album"

Includes hit singles "Spiele Ohne Grenzen"
and "Keine Selbstkontrolle".
Produced by Steve Lillywhite
6302035



SINGLES

■ From previous page

SHEILA B. DEVOTION: King Of The World (Carrere). Bernard Rogers and Nile Edwards give the auteursists among us a field day. This is another one of those endlessly cyclical Chic conceptions. You thought The Clash were chancing it when they set about building a career on three chords? Chic have more or less done it on two and nobody's even noticed. 'King Of The World' disguises the fact that Sheila can barely sing, with some gratuitous reverb devices — which also help enliven the well-worn formulae of the music. This is nowhere near as good as 'Spooer', nor a patch on the B-side of the latest Norma Jean single, whose title escapes me.

CLIVE LANGER & THE BOXES: It's All Over Now (F-Beat). This novelty treatment of the classical Bobby and Shirley Womack song adds more weight to the argument against Clive Langer ever succeeding as a pop star. Part of the trouble is his voice, which, if production work gets him on the ground, would easily secure his future as understudy to Fred Emney.

SNIFF & THE TEARS: One Love (Chiswick). America has already taken to Sniff & The Tears in a mild, comatose sort of way. The lukewarm appeal of 'One Love' poses no threat to their further ascendancy. If and when it is a hit, Nils Lofgren will have to ask



Buster Keaton of rock, anybody?

Pic: Godlis

himself a few searching questions.

THE POP RIVETS: Back From Nowhere EP (M. T. Sounds). Five new cheeky, irresponsible noises from the unabashedly punky Pop Rivets, including the very timely 'Sit Back In Anger'. Something of a conceptual raspberry, I feel, as the Rivets are at pains to point out that they're going nowhere, and they think it's today, yesh. Oddly familiar configuration of words, that last bit...

THE BARRACUDAS: Summer Fun (Wipe Out). An almost passable frolic from The Barracudas, who must wish they all could be California boys. It's passable in that it's probably no better nor worse than hundreds of novelty surf records of the time, but The Barracudas have overshot by a long mile the line between innocence and inanity. They look more than a little bit stupid beached up there on their imaginary dune. The weather, at this point in time, is the least of their problems.



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N

Or so Chris Bohn claims
in this study of Germany's
most formidable new band

NO ANGST
Germany's
Already living in

Which brings us to Deutch Amerikanische Freundschaft, the Düsseldorf-based band whose first British single "Kebabtraum", released earlier this year, so savagely satirised the aforementioned fears and attitudes.

Above a great jittery electronic rhythm pattern, punctuated by martial drumming and ugly, explosive guitar outbursts, an hysterical voice points to the hole in the barbed wire where all the Turks

Either that, or they leave the hall promoter.

D.A.F. don't cater for the non-committal: it's all or nothing for them. Currently, they're to accompany the release of their first British (but second) album *The Small And The Beautiful*. This writer met them for coffee and cakes in Holland Park five days after their opening London gig.

The band's core of Lopez (vocals), Wolfgang Spelmanns (guitar) and Robert Gori showed up, while their fourth, floating member Chico

But the perception clear enough? "It's definitely not a discriminatory song," he counters. "It's the other way round, showing how stupid these fears are. Everything is deliberately exaggerated. It has nothing to do with the Turkish people. In 1968, 500,000 were in the Turkish area, and then the Turks work together with the New Wave scene. That's why I sang at the end: 'We're the Turks of tomorrow'."

The late Mittal's house split up a few months after Lopez left to join Spelmanns and Gorn D.J.'s. But things weren't too easy for them either, as he left shortly afterwards, leaving the duo and their first synth player Kurt Dahlke to record "In

"The singing, too, isn't like rock 'n' roll or pop singing," comments Lopez. "It's sometimes like in a better speech, not a Nazi thing, but it's in the German character, that CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! way of speaking. The irony, of course, being that he's Spanish."

"Yes," he smiles, "when we love or dance songs normally they've got Spanish lyrics."

Which is not to imply that Germans don't make love.

But more importantly, they confront problems on a personal level, hence the heavy sexual politics of the songs on *The Small and the Big*. They seek to unravel the useless clichéd romance American love songs, and from liberate rigidly unworkable ideologies, liberating both and

Computer pages 51

THOSE

ELUUVUUSIVE

"The winds of March that made my heart a dancer,
"A telephone rings — but who's to answer?"

A GRAMME of purest saccharin.
Something so very hookline —
Those elusive singing telegrams.
Remind me of who?

THAT'S HER secret. Still, appropriately enough, my subject tonight shall be the Torch Song, additions to and adaptations of...

Songs for and from the scorned and spawned in love, songs for the waltzing wounded: involvement, insecurity, indemnity. Torch Songs — what is it in them we require? The lineaments of petrified desire... and such celebration as attends to the language and materialism of (Mutual) celebration, such behaviour — from the mellifluous to the metaphysical — as perchance shall end up singed by the flames.

LOVE IS undoubtedly the tender trap: would that many potential crooners had kept theirs shut.
How many songs or singers can conjure up and combine both the ham and genuinely heartbroken Humiliated, to emerge with that essence rare? Convincingly composed convictions are few on the stoney ground: it's a lyrical finesse, a graft supreme, that converts and conveys... the stained-sheet, drained-glass, bleary-eyed psychosis... the shared shard of lust left. Some can. Most can't.

The fluffed, fluffed, 'natural' love song shudders like a pet, with all sexuality compressed sleeping within it. The works that cut through — light, lustful, lachrymal requia — moan aloud (if often a touch sotto voce). A regular rhythm, a blunt confessional, a blue box, an hysterical under-breath mutter — all the way from Tony Bennett in 'I Wanna Be Around' to Tom Waits' last ulcerous dying why?-ing breath. Life's sliced and spiked, pent up and lonely in imaginary lamplit lounges, on couches, on streets, always apart.

Disenchanted love sings itself free from the rocks — on the rocks, please — forlorn and crumpled in a film noir idyll oasis: shiny shiny tumblers on folded napkins, attentive to alcoholism. Inseparable sentries along cigarette-smoke-waxed mirrors (oh! the mirrors) that reflect mutely or refract cruelly all the besotted diffidences and differences. The malevolent mood rings hollow: sentimental schizophrenic.

Sold out, again. A dupe, adieu.
In the successfully acid index of hedonistic reality — coupling and coping with it: obsessive, culpable in loss, dead drama, drama & more drama — detail is *de rigueur*: signs surrounding, shading or aiding the broken back of *amour*. Drained like last night's drug; the lost weekend. The empty space must be deliberated over, dressed up and helped home: first aid for the helpless style.

Rock & roll, needless to say, is generally incapable. Inacceptably cocksure — it can't dance or can't be danced to — all wrought in turd clumps of iron-refuse guitar and an iron resolve to stick to the tail of unimaginative rhythmic sway. What kind of night out, or in, is that?

It reviles its passed ships, rather than reliving them — it wholesails a cloying catalogue of rotten forbidden fruit (palliative druggery, psychological rape, motorway foodstuff), and then collapses into the safe, safe and sorry sanctuary of guilt... the pique of post-prandial Morality, cf., patron(ising) saint of Dull Good Blokes Mr Everlasting Everlasting Pete Townshend.

"Christ! You don't know the MEANING of heartbreak."s

It deals not so much in the sweet, sweaty lines of spleen, sexiness and sin (rock & roll is never ever RUDE, only symbolically pornographic) but with levels of merest mean tolerance.

For the lure of a fore of bitter deconstruction we must seek out another's alleyway... olive-tanged allusion, a sneering snatch of harsher sensibility summoned upon. Try this for sighs:

"Handkerchief comforts me/But don't misunderstand/It's just an allergy/To cheap perfume/in private parts/And hypocrites who feed on broken hearts.../Tired smiles/Censored romances/Premature sighs/Now it all makes sense.../Nocturnal interludes/Like so many tsetse flies/Nocturnal interludes/Damaging merchandise/Make-me-believe-it solitude."s

I may be late in latching onto Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, but still, I couldn't keep that to myself now, could I? And

recline in their rhythm section: yum yum! All finger click, powdered nose and string bass. An essentially nocturnal music: the later phone call, the sharper stiletto, a more marginal melancholy, baby. And do they know about the socially stigmatised stylistic blows of words!

"If I choose to sleep with you/Don't mistake me for a whore/Let me leave my number on your wall/CALL ME/Goodness always calls for an encore..."s

Something is achieved beyond any intended effect. The language wins out over its usage: more than expected of it, an overflow in depiction. The song sings what the rational code doesn't say. Explicit phrases and direct statements of its discourse, mediated through an heterogenous rhythmic accent. A thorough transcript of temporal thoroughfares — but that's not, not quite the whole story...



This peer-Chic-group fast-florence pronounce a discreet frequency between straightahead enjoyment and stubborn thoughts — pockets of resistance — scattered through it. It's like a dream (metaphors at night). It's an always sleepy, but nevertheless vigilant machinery, distinguished from dream work by unexpectedly realistic reminders — the Savannah Band aim tiny arrows, carefully shot and

implanted, which restitch the flat tableaux, the soapy and exposed saga: where the surface divulgence is broken off by the emergence of one of these flirty flights...you get a glimpse of (its) unfounded foundation.

That's where the action of the *real* song takes place. (Find the styles).

The discriminating determinants (those who provide the driving seat for what the music says) behind Dr Savannah are Messrs Stony Browder Jr. (arrangements, vocals, guitar, piano) and August Darnell (lyrics, vocals, bass) — the Nile-Rodgers with respect to this one.

August Darnell is also responsible for most of what makes up the recorded output of currently infamous (a fraction of fifteen?) NY disco pervers, Cristina Monet — whose recent adaptation of Leiber-Stoller's 'Is That All There Is?' was singles-paged out for praise in the *NME*.

Her style, not surprisingly, is not much of a divergence from

What are Torch Songs? Who sings them? Why are they so upset?

Ian Penman flits like a lovelorn moth around the resurgence of an old and hallowed genre. Empirical and embittered, his study details all there is to know about heartbreak with and in lyrical finesse.

Savannah Band territory — although it is *different* — with some askew, druggy-Lindsey de Paul vocals the only striking superficial dissemblance.

"I won't share you with another mate/I'm not that liberal/And you're not that great."s

Her French is excellent — another triumph for common marketing policy, another link in the (signifying) chain binding Cristina, wrist and lisp, to her Savannah mentors.



The 'Cristina' object d'artifice has a timbre, imprint, guile, presence most aptly equational to an opening whisper from one other Savannah samba: "Pence que j'étais une femme solitaire..."s
She bathes in a lighter cocktail than her backers, but the insolence pours from the same shaker. Not yet, yet one step (*un pas encore*). The 'Cristina' drama is most sensitively received as a bit of a one-off totality, a dizzily dropped calling card, a goofy 'b' movie — an erratic, even erotic, even parodying graft of musical veils and mimetic mascara. A contrived ballet, cute and too chic and childishly persuasive all the same. If you have (many morning



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SINGING

hours to idle away...

Failing such transparent reason, what is there but bedroom migraine?

OCCUPYING a less similar but not altogether stranded plot is Ms Lydia Lunch, of sufficiently changed cultural persona(e) to merit the loosely conceptual company of our aforementioned August (-Darnell) crew.

She now sits on the other side of the fence from her previous imaginary self: voice a shriek, body mute, image anathema to the 'seductive' devices of consumer-suck modern-popular-etc. 'Queen Of Siam' (Ze Records Import—come on Island, she's not more of a risk than Cristina or Suicide, is she?) is a proposition fixed on the tenderest of odd-ID muzak, beautiful because it keeps alive defunct genres with a kiss, (voice not without affectation, stilled anguish cheering up on the rhythms of words, tones, jokes of images).



She transgresses expectation, breaking with the permed set (of) fixed positions in current scrapbook mod-pop-sic. Irid riffs strung around newer words signifying archaic sermons based on histrionic image prostitution; hiya Clash!, opening out a different tissue of meanings. The problem of doing something 'different' and crossing through hybrid formalisms, and pleasing yourself, aesthetically speaking, is surprisingly solvent.

Within the album the two sides stir a partnership of bongo-dip pop-choc sticks and post-'Horses'-ish-little-Catholic-girl-lost sonnets, as velvet nightclub caustic and calm and sensual as Patti S. might have carried on being had she read Goethe and aped Sarah Vaughan instead of running for president of the global rock & rifle village. Lonely tabs of piano and pines of sax accompany Lydia in concerted definition of the most offhand slouch of a voice, pace Dean Martin's comeback gig. Here are veils and crimes, rhymes and retribution worthy of a Sinatra reconstituted in gender...

"We had a date, 12th St & 81/If you're gonna be there, don't be late/Instructed as such, without a soft touch/It would have mattered, it didn't, that much/I waited for you, a minute... or two." Great indignant twist of jive in her voice, now. "Well, just

what kind of girl do you think I am?" Beatific horn section swoops, then calms. "Fumbling around/Lit a cigarette/Smoked it to the ash, and then lit up again/Blow smoke rings, blind in the air/If you're coming baby, you're just TOO IN ARREARS/I'm too impatient/And you're just too late!... My attention span is just not that great."s

An opera-ette that stops just a minute short of Chrissie Hynde's inflamed 'Private Life', itself just covered more than adequately by Grace Jones, whose reading transforms bitter invective into blank verse... even so, the traces of the track's tearing emotion cannot but inhabit Jones' (deliberately?) inhibited version. Whatever, it works to whatever effect you find in it, oh accomplice:

"Sentimental gestures only bore me to death/You've made a desperate appeal, now save your breath/Attachment, obligation, regret—shit, that's so wet/And your sex life complications... are not my fascinations."7

This new Jones arrangement of her projected shadowy outline is very much a popular music sidelines diary, in which she has noted and recorded her own purchases and purchase on events; or maybe it's a privileged tracing of some prevailing tendencies in rock textuality—a tautology if ever there was one?—if you care for a camphor dab of cynicism. Which might be 'in the spirit of' (as they say) the work. For what less can one say about an 'A' side which begins with our Daniel Miller's bratting post-'Outer Limits' Warm Leatherette' gem, and ends with your Bryan Ferry's some-might-claim prophetic pre-'Heart Of Glass' silver, 'Love Is The Drug'?



Where once Billie Holiday could glance back at Teddy Wilson, Lester Young and The Entire Count Basie Orchestra, Grace is luckily provided with the (entireless Sly Dunbar (drums, as they say) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass guitar), not to mention Chris Blackwell and his Compass Point Studios. Nassau, Bahamas. (If you look hard enough, you can hear The B52s).

Despite all that, and despite the FACTORY SAMPLE NOT FOR SALE sticker—which Winston Rodney has also had put on the latest Burning Spear album: odd, that—I nearly sold her album unheard. What a small bigot!

TELEGRAMS

The lesson to be learnt here: be not dissuaded by names of their connotations—be a bit interpretative. The covered song is as enjoyable as its language—albeit covered, for you, in private associations. It is as acceptable or exceptional as its lyrical make-up, which has priority over any cosmetic contextual considerations. Good readings may have to adjust, to battle a bit, but in the end, it's the song not the singer. Although, of course, a voice like Smokey Robinson's doesn't happen every day, as they say.

Until recently I would have harboured unexpected empathy for that old tune our parents used to sing—"they don't write songs like THAT anymore". Had they been referring to the songs written for my favourite (piss) artist Dean Martin, or for the unsurpassed, tranquil/speedy Sinatra then they were undoubtedly correct in their analysis:

"I would sacrifice anything come what might/For the sake of having you near/In spite of a warning voice that comes in the night/And repeats, how it yells in my ear:/Don't you know little fool you never can win./Why not use your mentality?/Step up, wake up to reality."s

Or the things Billie Holiday had to sing, her voice a register sparking above dislocation and disbelief:

"Why was I born?/Why am I living?/What do I get?/What am I giving?/Why do I try to draw you near me?/Why do I cry, when you never hear me?/I'm a poor fool but what can I do?/Oh baby, why was I born to love you?"s

Billie Holiday is played at the end of Nicholas Roeg's *Bad Timing*, ironically and tenderly, with a song called 'The Same Old Story'; the film begins with Tom Waits' 'Invitation To The Blues'—that's a rather tasteful trajectory. And in *American Gigolo* Paul Schrader uses Smokey Robinson and 'The Miracles' 'The Love I Saw In You' to perfection in a Travolta-mirror-gaze style scene:

"The way you wrecked my life was like sabotage/The love I saw in you was just a mirage."

—a nice choice, where that all-time epitaph 'Tracks Of My Tears' would equally have fitted the bill:

"In the close-up it's easy to trace, the tracks of my tears."7s

Nothing—genre-al or single song—is simply contained within the limited representational company prescribed it by a dull, rational criticism— which calls it 'soul' or 'new wave' or so forth. Something like—what we might call—the Torch Song is a "differential network, a fabric of traces referring endlessly to something other than itself..."7t

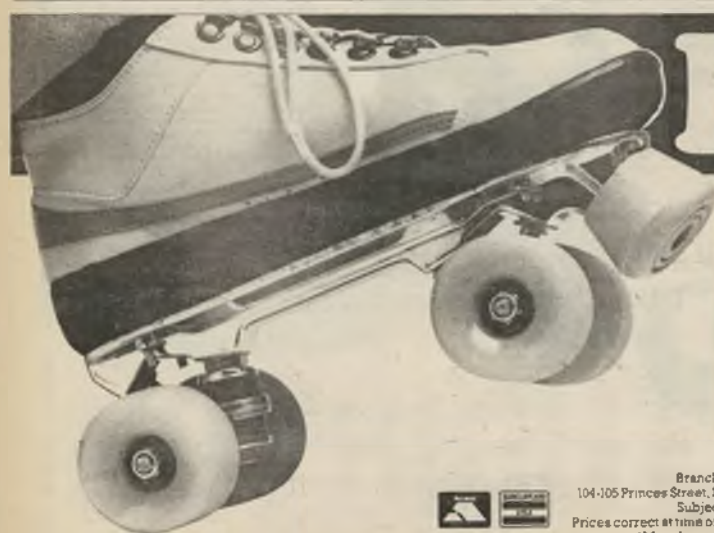
Cooler, more alert criticism redefines with (in) difference, over and above staid boundaries, prepared for the risk of splitting up, at any moment. It has its heart in displacement.

"Those stumbling words..."

"That told you what my heart meant."7t

Those Churchish References...

1. & 12. 'These Foolish Things' (Marvel-Strachey-Link). Pick your own version. Mine was by Billie Holiday, but for someone else.
2. 'Step Right Up' (Waits). From 'Small Change' (Asylum) which also contains 'Invitation To The Blues', as heard in *Bad Timing*. The Ghost of Dean Martin.
3. 'Nocturnal Interludes' (Browder Jnr.-Darnell). From 'Dr Buzard's Original Savannah Band Meets King Penett' (RCA). Tip the record store that stocks them.
4. 'Call Me' (Browder Jnr.-Darnell). From 'James McGroes H.S. Presents Dr Buzard's Original Savannah Band Goes To Washington' (Elektra import). Fly the flag for this.
5. 'Don't Be Greedy' (Darnell). From 'Cristina'—conceived by and starring Cristina Monet—(Zef!land).
6. 'Knives In The Brain' (Ver Plank/Grant-Lunch). From 'Queen Of Siam' (Zef!Buddah import). No sleeve notes.
7. 'Private Life' (Hynde). From either 'Pretenders' (Real) or 'Warm Leatherette' (Island). Buy us all a Guinness with the royalties, Dan.
8. 'I've Got You Under My Skin' (Porter—who else?). Try 'Frank Sinatra. Twenty Golden Greats' (Capitol). Too serious!
9. 'Why Was I Born?' (Hammerstein-Kern). This and 'These Foolish Things' are on a surplus of Holiday compilations. But do get one with a decent cover.
10. The same applies here. Try and get their 'Greatest Hits' for side two's immaculate listing together of 'The Love I Saw In You Was Just A Mirage', 'The Tracks Of My Tears' and 'What's So Good About Goodbye'—which has the classiest line of all: "How can farewell be fair?" Awww!
11. *Deconstruction and Criticism*, Various (Routledge, 265pp, hardback £8.95). I lifted the quote from a review and do not actually possess a copy myself—but if anyone at Routledge cares to send me a review copy... For fans of Derride and duvidwadem.
12. The trace of one who is absent, but of course.



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WHSMITH

Nice Up The Summertime Blues Dance

REGGAEDICALLY speaking, it's currently all too easy to turn into one of those old buffers with hardening of the aural arteries — remember the good old days? More and more, sound systems seem the salvation, so sisters, stretch your ears and your imagination, pretend your bedroom Dancesette's a big dub station.

Just for the novelty, here's the good news to chase away those blues. Despite the endless why-bother stacks of appalling dull records, a few goodies slip through and this week is devoted to the nice times. Call it ostrich entertainment week, when all about us reggae labels (e.g. Dennis Brown's DEB) are folding, and reggae shops too.

DENNIS BROWN: Sitting And Watching (Taxi). Teaming the master singer with the classic killer rhythm section of Sly and Robbie, on their own label is like pairing Diane Ross with Chic. Kick your heels and point your toes to Sly's new syn-drum pattern, a whip-poor-will call that bounces cheekily round the flat-of-the-hand snare, and Robbie's dipping, stepping bass. Grind up close, then pull away, and listen to what Dennis has to say — actually, his sound moral edicts about not giving your heart and soul to vanity aren't as important as the way he sings them: ooh-ooh cooing, like a Lorelei luring you with melody. Everyone in the room's humming along. Instant party, with an elegant dub.

THE TAMLINS: Baltimore (EMI). Oh, Baltimore, ain't it hard just to live... at the neighbourhood blues dance, Weasel hitches his socks higher as he starts another sort of skank. The Tamlins are a sob-sweet male trio, and Randy Newman's song suggests untold sadness in observations snappy as film clips. The rhythm here's a hip-sucker, and the room seems to sway to the steady tidal ebb and flow. Must be a hit sound, it deserves radio airplay. When this record's on, hug a little closer, maybe rub cheeks.

FREDDIE MCGREGOR: Joggin' (56 Hope Rd pre). Bought at first for kitsch value, then discovered to be an irresistible charmer, the face you're surprised you're still glad to see the morning after. A literal description of the youth of today keeping fit for the fire by jogging (through the streets of Kingston? Across sandy beaches? Through sandy gullies, perhaps?) nicely toggled up in the right gear. Very important, this: "They're wearing Adidas, they're wearing de Puma". Check it out.

JENNIFER LAURA: Consider Me (Studio One). This same woman sang back-up with Prince Lincoln Thompson of the Royal Rascals recently, that same man who's currently wandering round London Town in a downcast state, hit by the recession in the record industry. One of the greatest individual talents to come out

DENNIS BROWN sits, watches, smiles.
Pic: Fin Costello

ROCKERS TIME



of Jamaica in the last five years, it's a shame. Jennifer Laura sings low and full of fire. Her talents are thrown away on the lyric — platitudes after platitudes, regardless of whether they're true or not. Still, she makes a succulent sound over a pneumatic Studio One rhythm which exudes class if not originality. Let's hope she gets access to more studio work, with more chance of self-expression.

SEXUAL POLITICS SECTION

LITTLE JOHN McMORRIS: Modelling (Youth In Progress). This precocious tyke sounds as if he's a husky voiced eight year old. Cradlesnatchers / paedophiles please line up on the right, as Little John details his immense pulling power because he's "so sexy". As to his "sister princess", she's the best in east and west. The delivery is a counter-key to the chugging rhythm, nicely out of tune. The flip's a toast ordinaire, contents-wise, but Captain Sinbad rides the rhythm well, daring to utter words when all the music's suddenly pulled away from under his tongue, dub-wise. Good Sound System Sound (G.S.S.S.).

BARRY BROWN: Girlfriend (Midnight Rock). Barry Brown obviously sees no irony in singing a reggae song (a school of music which some associate with songs about truth and rights and liberty et al), which pre-supposes that woman is the property of man: "Lend me one of your girlfriends and have them from one to ten. You only see some now and then, when it's

weekend." Still, his sociology's accurate; there's many people floating round the planet whose harems are extensive enough to warrant a social secretary or lots of embarrassing encounters. Alternative scenario: The woman with the tight dress and high heels rushes into the blues dance. She stops at the door, looks round anxiously, fiddling with her high-piled hair-do. Spots a man in the far corner, hidden in the shadow of the speakers, and swiftly winds her way to him, through the jam-packed dancers. He looks down at her seductively, casually hands her a spliff. She takes a deep drag, and hands it back with money. He pushes the money deep in his inside pocket. She has one quick, close dance with him, then it's back on the streets again. Everybody has to earn a living somehow there is a recession on.

DHAIMA: Don't Feel No Way (Nineskulpends pre). Dhaima is a dreadlocked American woman who tuned into the Dread way a couple of years back and cut a classic, "Inna Jah Children" with Joe Gibbs. This is another class tune and worth seeking out, but remember to chortle wryly at the lyrics. On the A-side, Dhaima confines herself to running after the flip she really lets rip: "O Rastaman, I want to cook your ital meals for you, stay here and have your child, patience is a virtue that I must learn, you must direct I the right way". Strictly ego-stroking time. Those horns rilling free as bird song enchant and make you want to dance. An A-1 sound.



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ON A LIGHT summer evening groups of concert-goers are threading through the gardens surrounding Leicester's De Montfort Hall, and I'm waiting at the back of the building, at the foot of a flight of concrete steps, just inside a door that divides two worlds.

In the real world on the other side of the stagedoor, many women rightly refuse to allow the existence of sexism any influence on the way they live their lives. But backstage the scene has nothing to do with post-punk modern music where women musicians, women advisers, women friends and well-wishers are becoming commonplace.

This is the physical working of an early '70s-style travelling rock circus. And it's a man's world.

Loud laughter comes from the kitchen off the corridor where members of the male support act are cooking chips. Archetypal roadies wearing worn jeans and that dazed, slightly desperate expression that comes from a rootless, desolate existence wander through the rooms. Hard, hurried conversation takes place between the harassed men who are responsible for the mechanics of the show's success. A harsh manager briefly berates a young representative of the record company as a bearded local radio reporter recounts his recent interview with Genesis.

This is a world that rests on a rigid, ridiculous division of the roles of the sexes that still runs through this age group and strata of rock. The atmosphere is sordid and cynical; it epitomises everything I hate most about the rock industry. And as I lean back against a bare brick wall, I'm trying not to feel intimidated.

At last a large man with an affable, battered face comes to collect me.

"You're not Lynn Hanna are you? Oh, sorry. I thought you was just wiv someone."

He leads me up the stone stairs. At the top he stops, hesitates and knocks deferentially and very gently at a green door.

This bastion of male organisation, clichéd male caricatures and outmoded male values is built around a woman.

JOAN Armatrading is regarded as reserved, a person who jealously protects her privacy. For the past eight years she has been making her own individual music; and she has an awesome reputation that depends not only on her continuing commercial success.

This year she will be 30. Throughout her career she has insisted that the industry takes her entirely on her own terms. Yet she's a woman who describes herself as not strong but "stubborn".

She opens the door, we shake hands and I step into a cool, cream room where the colour from a bright bank of flowers is bounced back by the dressing table mirror. Joan Armatrading is wearing jeans, a check shirt and there's a calmness about her that makes me feel insubstantial.

She's a sturdy, solid woman who radiates the composed serenity of self-respect. She has a disconcertingly direct gaze, a careful way of concentrating on questions but a slight hesitancy in speaking that at times tips over into the inarticulacy of someone who communicates through another medium.

As I sit on the edge of my seat and talk far too fast, her face folds frequently into the heavy curves of a huge grin. She has a lively laugh and a way of ending answers with that steady, honest smile.

YOU'RE back touring again. People used to say that you were nervous on stage. Has that changed? Or is it still something you view with trepidation?

Yes, I still get nervous. But it's not as bad as it used to be. Or it doesn't last as long, but it like that.

One of the things about your new album 'Me Myself I' is that all the songs on it were written in under an hour. Is that another indication that you feel more natural about things; that you feel more confident?

I don't think so. I think it just says that those songs were written very quickly. I wrote them all pretty close together. You'll probably find that the next ones I write will take about three days each or something. It's just that that batch went really well, flowed really easily. It doesn't mean to say that that's what's going to happen all the time.

So you think it was probably just coincidence?

Yes. And it was probably because I was really in the mood for writing songs because I was ill and I had to take time off. I had a lot of time to think about what I wanted to write. And I had a lot of ideas saved up. I knew pretty much the style of the songs I wanted to do. So I'd sort of prepared it in my mind without actually going to the guitar or the piano. Then once I felt well enough to get up and start it was all there and it just came out. Whereas usually a song wouldn't flow so easily because I wouldn't have had so much time to think about it.

Is that something that affected you, spending three months in hospital?

Yeah. It wasn't three months. I can't remember how long it was. But I was six months getting better. It's um... well, it was alright (she laughs).

Did it give you time to think? That's the thing that's supposed to happen when you have enforced time off.

No, I was just thinking about getting better. I didn't use my time worrying or re-thinking what I'm doing. I was just thinking about the songs I wanted to do.

THE TITLE of 'Me Myself I' sounds very self-assertive. I think that what interests a lot of women about your career is that you've never become packaged for a male world and yet you've succeeded in it. It seems that the album title says that. Do you still feel that you're fighting things? Or is it easier now to be yourself?

It's easier for people to take me as they find me, if you know what I mean. I don't find lots of people telling me, or trying to tell me, what to do so much. If people give me good advice then I'll take it. I'm not so stupid as to believe everything I think is

Continues over

HER HERSELF SHE



Photographs Anton Corbijn

A conversation with Joan Armatrading

by Lynn Hanna

Her Again

From previous page

automatically right. But about certain things people know it's no good saying 'Joan, I think you should do this' because they know I'm not going to do it.

But the song isn't an ego song. A couple of people have said that, but it isn't. It's written about things I'd really like to do. I'd love to go to Japan and China and have lots of cars and stuff like that. And I do enjoy being by myself. Not all the time. But there are times when I really enjoy it.

From a feminist point of view, some women would say that they need to spend time apart from men for a while to develop their own identity. For instance some women's aid centres won't let men in.

I think it's not even from men. I think it's just from other people in general. A lot of girls get led by other girls just as easily as by men. You see girls dressing exactly the same. They're not twins or anything.

No, I just think that people should try and be individuals. It doesn't stop them getting involved with other people. It's not saying 'stand apart'. It's just that if you don't want to do something and you really don't want to be persuaded then you should try and stick up for yourself.

Do you think women have more pressure on them to conform? That's what I meant about the title 'Me Myself I' — it's almost like saying: "I am myself so take me on my own terms." I don't know whether you read NME but Deanne Pearson did a piece on women in rock and she started by saying that you were probably an inspiration to today's new wave of women writers because you refused to be stereotyped. Was it hard for you? Were there pressures on you when you started?

There were a few. But I'm a bit blinkered as well. I was especially at the beginning. But if you know what you want and if you know how you want to be then it's a bit easier.

Some people maybe don't quite know how they want to be. I'm not saying that I know myself so well, but even right at the beginning, if anyone tried to suggest how I ought to dress or maybe that I wrote singles instead of songs, I'd have to say 'If that's what it is, then forget it.'

It didn't bother me because I didn't listen.

Was it anything to do with being black?

No. It just came from me, just from how I am. And how I am is how you could be.

I mean, I'm not trying to tell you to be like me. But it's just because of how I grew up. Although I had brothers I always spent a lot of time on my own. And when you go to the pictures on your own and you ride your bike on your own, you tend to learn to rely on yourself. It's from that, it's not really from anything else.

Over the past couple of years there's been a tremendous upsurge of women in rock that I think is one of the most encouraging things about it's future.

Yeah. There's a lot of women leading bands now and I think

that's great. They used to say that women couldn't do rock. That's certainly not true. And there's different styles.

I think Blondie's great. She seems really strong too. She seems to know what she's doing and what she wants out of it.

That's interesting; to some people she'd seem the exact opposite of you.

She looks the exact opposite! But I don't know if a label her ideas are the same as mine in that she knows what she wants to be and how she wants to be presented.

Do you think she has chosen to be presented as she is?

I think a lot of it, yeah. Because she's so natural with it. I've seen women — I won't mention names but I'm thinking of someone specifically and she's been told exactly what to wear, when to move, how to hold the mike and it's really stiff. Whereas Blondie just gets on with it.

I could be really wrong but it just feels as if she's got some control over what's happening.

IF YOUR career have you achieved what you wanted? You've got a lot of respect but perhaps not as wide an audience as you could have.

What I want to achieve I think will take a long time. I hope I'll be writing a long time. I don't know about performing and stuff but certainly writing.

Do you see success in terms of record sales?

You don't have to see it as a fullstop. But you need it to measure what's happening. If you make a record and only five people buy it, you know that somewhere along the line something isn't quite right. A hit single's alright, but I like to think of the album selling because it's more important that people hear many songs rather than just an A and B-side.

I write because I really enjoy it. But it's also my living. I need to make some kind of money from it, otherwise I'll have to do something else for it. You have to be realistic. It's not just art for art's sake — although of course it is in a way. But you're also doing it to run a car and stuff. It's like working in an office in that sense.

You seem a strong person to me. I think you must be to have succeeded so well in the way that you have.

I don't think I'm strong, although people say that. I think I'm more stubborn than strong. Stubborn and blinkered.

What do you mean by blinkered? You've used the word before.

Because when I saw myself I sort of looked like this (she holds her hands to her face and looks straight ahead). I didn't see those bits (she gestures at either side of the room) which were people saying 'Well, maybe you should do this or come here and be this' or whatever. You know?

You wouldn't be distracted?

Yeah.

So how strongly do you feel feminism has touched you and your work. Do you feel it's something in some way natural in yourself that you haven't had to think about?

I haven't had to think about it. The movement is there to make you think about it. But I was trying to get the same things without somebody saying I should be trying to get them. Like

they say 'Well, you should join this or join that.' Well, I don't feel I need to because I'm doing my bit anyway. It's great that they're there to make certain women aware that they don't have to be something they don't want to be.

But then things get confusing because people start telling women what they shouldn't do. If a woman wants to stay at home and have kids then there's nothing wrong with that — it's great.

I find feminism is something that you tend to have forced upon you. You're going along with your own life without really thinking about it then something happens that forces you into a realisation of the issues.

For instance, it seemed strange to me waiting downstairs amongst the paraphenalia of a big rock star. There's male roadies, male organisers, things being done in a traditional way. Yet you're up here representing almost the complete opposite of the old male rock world.

Yeah. But that's what happens. You need all that lot to make it work. I think I did have one girl roadie once. And I suppose I could have more women. But you'd still need the same sort of people. You need the record company, you need the manager, you need all this...

She stops as the door opens and a slightly desperate manager apologises but reminds her it's time to change. "And you need him coming in saying 'Excuse me'." "You see?" she turns to me. "It all works."

BACK IN the bar I watch Armistead's audience arrive. They look respectable, established, very socially acceptable. A small but significant proportion are black. And although there's many more women at most concerts these days, a large percentage is female: some sit with men, some stand in pairs, some circle in slightly self-conscious groups, trailing coats, handbags, perfume, the paraphenalia of conformist femininity.

When the curtain goes up I notice the same strange disparity that I saw backstage. It's the difference between Joan Armistead's ideals and the methods she employs to achieve her aims.

An elegant and expensive stage setting is lit by a large lighting rig. A selection of male musicians with impeccable rock pedigrees (ex-Clapton, ex-Little Feet) frame a woman in a white shirt, black pants and flat pumps whose strength spills out from the stage and runs in a rich vein through her remarkable voice.

In conversation she gives no indication of the range of feeling she explores when she sings. She can hold a half in utter silence while her voice drops to a wounded whisper, cause a fierce shiver of unaccountable elation as her songs strip a sudden sharp passion.

From a distance she has the same quiet confidence, the same warm charm that she projects in person. But her voice seems almost set apart from her — a naked expression of total soul that bares all the shades of emotion.

She was right: for her, it all works. She's a realist who has refused to be corrupted; a pragmatist who has used the available material, yet made it work for her own ends. A subversive who doesn't shout about the revolution she helped to start, her concert is a celebration of uncompromising individuality. And when she leaves the stage, this polite and restrained looking audience storms into the aisles and screams for more.

In a world where it's still simpler to live by the rules and play the roles, Joan Armistead will only act herself.

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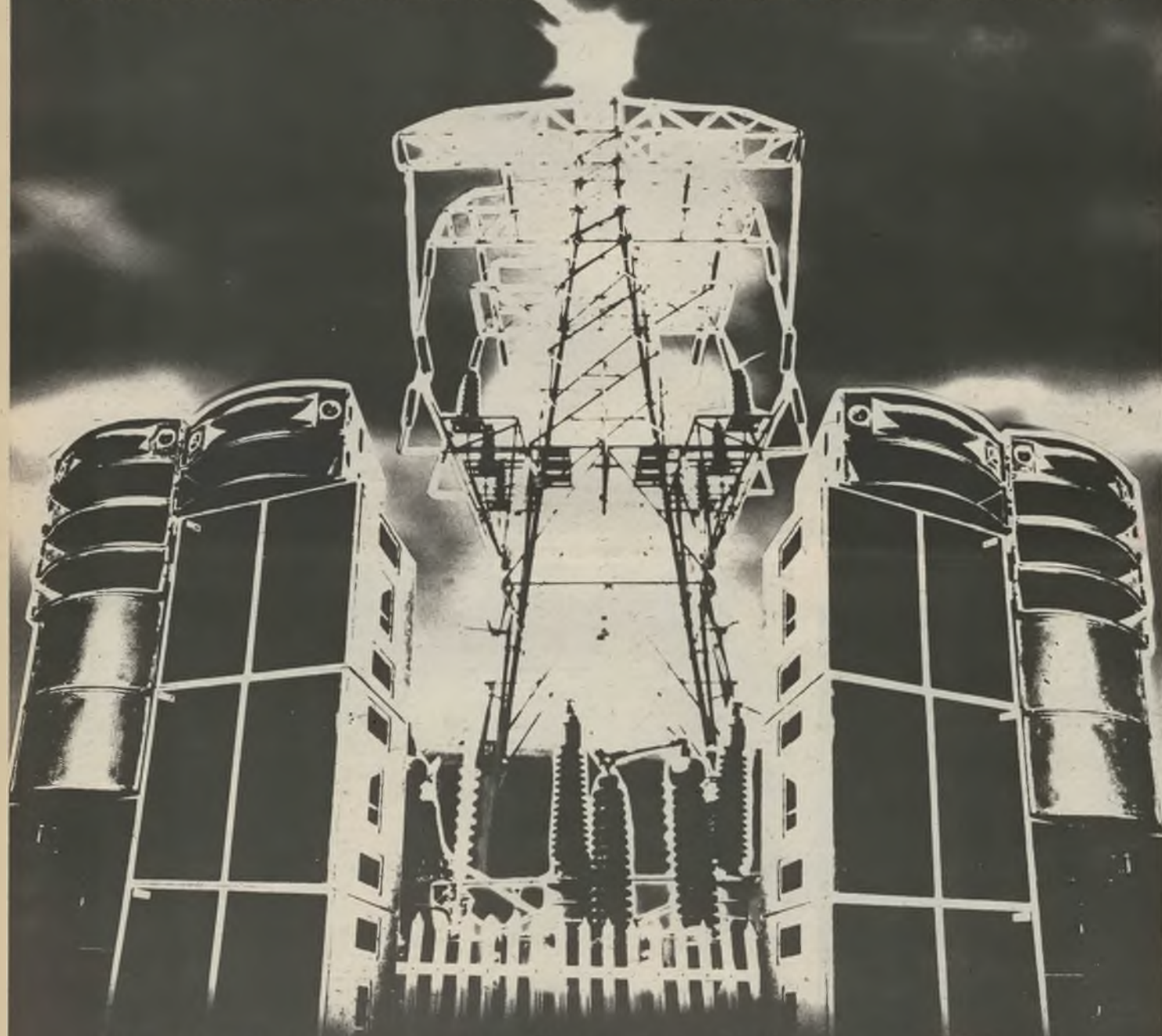
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SEX PISTOLS

"**M**Y ONE criterion for making movies is that it ought not to be possible to show them on television." With a self-mocking smile, Derek Jarman — whose three films to date, *Sebastiane*, *Jubilee* and *The Tempest* are unlikely candidates for the small screen in the immediate future — delivers statements like this in a truly effervescent and disarming manner, laughing easily, gesturing like an actor and punctuating sentences with "Do you know what I mean?"

At our first meeting over lunch he alternately defended the work of contemporary independent filmmakers and regaled me with stories of the making of *The Tempest*.

Of the latter my favourite concerned the playwright Heathcote Williams (Prosper) who, as a member of the Magic Circle and natural raconteur, found himself entertaining the crew every night over supper. On one occasion, he decided to pass the responsibility over to a hapless technician with neither the ability nor the inclination to perform. Having himself threatened to do so if the man refused, Williams climbed on to the refectory table at which all were seated, undid his flies and proceeded to decant the results of nine pints of cider over the assembled company, victuals and all.

Like the novelist William S. Burroughs, Jarman's artistic versatility defies classification, and despite the lack of any formal training in films, his reputation as a director grows stronger with each film he makes.

A painter who began working in theatre design, his first professional involvement with the movies was when Ken Russell invited him to create the sets for *The Devils*. The result illustrated not only his experience in stage design but also his attraction towards the German Expressionist cinema; the symbolic, towering walls of London to some extent recalling the erotic construction of *Metropolis*.

At about the same time he began experimenting with Super 8mm, producing home movies about his friends and colleagues, and the remainder of that period was spent working with Russell on *Savage Messiah* and the unfinished *Gargantua*.

Always the outsider, regarding himself as an amateur amongst professionals, he drifted briefly into the Film Coop where serious film-makers like John Duncanson and Tony Rayns continually discussed the semantics of film. Finally, he turned down the offer of designing *Tommy*.

Regarded as a Sunday Painter by his former associates and a film dilettante by the Coop, he literally had no home to go to, and as in many cases of artistic displacement, he found himself knocking on the doors of the Arts Council. The critical success of *Sebastiane*, which was the result of that approach, surprised him as much as anyone, and when asked why the actors spent most of the time naked, his customary reply is that the budget didn't stretch to include costumes.

Inspired by the punk movement in the same way as David Minge was to make



Derek Jarman: "Budget? What budget?"

Odd socks, please — I'm British

NEIL NORMAN talks to DEREK JARMAN, the man who's brought Shakespeare into the '80s. TOM SHEEHAN poses.

Rude Boy, he assessed the situation, saw the potential and put *Jubilee* together with breathtaking speed. Too fast for some, including Nick Kent, who saw it as little more than spurious exploitation, though viewing it now and understanding the philosophy behind the project does, I think, allow the film to rise above further accusation of that kind.

A violent mélange of documentary speculation, inflammatory statements and extreme reactions, it characterises the entire punk movement. But due to the structure, it also conveys humour, sadness and in conclusion, an appalling sense of loss.

Loss of innocence is also a major theme in *The Tempest*, a project he's been working on for ten years. The finished article is a version of the fourth script, and despite heavy cuts, the one that remains most faithful to the text.

One early script had the imposed framework of Prospero, as an old man, being interviewed by a reporter about the events of his life, and the story told in flashback. He abandoned that in the end in favour of a more straightforward narrative.

"I really like the play, and if you really like something you are very reticent about altering it. I knew that to make it into a film — a completely different work — I was going to have to rearrange it."

"But I never wanted to cut up Shakespeare as Marowitz might have done. I mean *Jubilee* is a cut up film, deliberately constructed like a

fanzine, with some original information, some secondhand information, speculation, a bit of this and a bit of that, rather like a fanzine cover.

"We made *The Tempest* more relevant by taking it visually out of period. Some actors might be Victorian, some might be in Renaissance costume, someone else might be in a white boiler suit like Ariel — you are not really aware that this is a modern dress production or of any period, and it keeps the whole thing shifting. The setting and the lighting also help wonderfully in achieving this."

"I really like the lighting in Expressionist films. If you have dark areas on film it leaves room for the audiences' imagination to take off..."

Although pleased that *The Tempest* has been received so

well, he is aware of the trap of repeating a successful formula and would rather court the challenge of being disliked. I wonder if there wasn't a temptation to react to criticism purely for its own sake?

"We'll see. I could tell you I planned *The Tempest* down to a tee but it seemed to me that it just happened when we actually did it. And it seemed to me that decisions were communal rather than personal, although I did make decisions as to who was to be involved in it. But when you've got fifteen people in a room together in Stoneleigh Abbey, the situation takes over and becomes the film. Especially if you are making a low budget film."

"With £150,000 to make a film you accept the situation you're in and you work with it rather than against it. If you've got £150m then you say 'The Eiffel Tower's not big enough for the shot, we'll add another 30 feet'... I can almost see them doing that in some of those Hollywood movies. 'Well dear, you're perfect for the part, but you're going to have to have a nose job.'"

Jarman calls the current situation of film-making and financing "horrid", especially the way British money is pumped into "Yoghurt films for LA". Ideologically, he yearns for a time when directors like Roeg and Schlesinger can "get hold of their own futures and make English films... Hitchcock said that after *Psycho* he became his own master... One would love to see more English films."

"That's what is so refreshing about *Radio On*, *Rock n' Roll Swindle*, *Nighthawks*, *Jubilee* and *Scum*. Like them or not, they are all set here and now in different ways."

Interestingly enough, with *The Tempest* Jarman has produced the first successful independent film of the current crop that isn't "set here and now". With a cinematic muse that relies on his freedom to experiment, adapt and change, one senses that the future is already being threatened. Bigger budgets will inevitably mean increased pressure and less control.

The distributor for *The Tempest* is ominously called Mainline Films, and within days of telling me he didn't want to talk about his new project, *Nowton*, it was announced in the press as part of a package of independent films... a situation he is clearly unhappy with. We'll see.

As I gathered my stuff together at the end of our second meeting, I noticed he was wearing one green and one orange sock. Both were luminous. I forgot to ask him if he had a similar pair. Do you know what I mean?



Toyah as Miranda as Cinderella in *The Tempest*



Hide in Plain Sight: Jimmy Caan does his bulldog bit.

Some kind of truth

Hide In Plain Sight

Directed by James Caan
Starring James Caan, Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo and Barbara Rae (CNC)

A TRUE story this and therefore all the more testing a directorial task for James Caan who continues to cut himself a fine niche in hard-hat radicalism.

There is much of the flavour of Cessavetes here. The brawn and grease of an inherently decent class of dumb-oxen patriot whose faith in the Washington establishment is not all that it used to be.

Caan plays one such individual. A Buffalo, N.Y. factory worker with one good suit, an unfaithful wife and a loathing of subversive scam elements whom he sees as undercutting the foundations on which his life precariously tilts.

Unlike the yuppie wreckers and scoundgers, his values are a matter of quiet conscience and if, on the surface, he seems the placid family man then the world is due a colossal jolt. For you can take Caan's eye or his wife but look out anyone — be it Government, mafia or any unspecified permutation of the two — who tries to part him from his adorable infant siblings.

In fact as the film opens, our hero already has restricted access. Mainly baby-sitting duties while his lacquered-up ex-wife tarts around town with a third rate mafia bank robber.

Caan swallows these indignities. He's learnt how on the factory floor where to lose an arm and a job in the same week is roughly par for the course.

But now the plot takes on an uncomfortable twist. The ambitious boyfriend pulls a bank raid for his mafia masters, the execution of which is hammy and vile in the extreme. When his face and name are plastered over the daily news, those that run him decide he must first marry Caan's ex and then give himself into the custody of the law.

The nature of the betrayal gradually dawns on the meekhead and he decides to grass. In return, he is introduced to the fledgling 'witness relocation programme'... a Federal

scheme offering informers of his stamp a new, anonymous life in a location far removed from those that might seek deadly revenge.

With him go Caan's ex and the kids. And what follows is Caan's increasingly uncompromising attempts to locate and recover the children.

As a director, the most urgent obligation was to offset the sweet-caked sentiment inherent in the storyline. One man battling big Government and Italian baddies for the right to his kids is the stuff of sheer melodrama. The fact that the story is a true one (circa 1967) helps not one bit.

The tactic deployed is to unfurl the plot against a background that is unremittingly grubby and



Caan again, mush?

dank and in which all but the honest triumvirate (the hero, his girlfriend and best pal) exhibit an air of weary cynicism.

The contrast is in fact too sharp. Caan's honest-john good buddy is practically Bilko fodder and the girlfriend is so thoroughly nice in her little black dress and string of pearls that she best belongs in another less fraught movie.

As for Caan himself. In the early reels he is all etiquette. The rage, we are to believe, lying far beneath the skin. But etiquette and haw haw befuddlement hardly sit well on a man we know to be of the Nicholson school of fist-thumping angst. To delay an exhibition of these powers is to saddle himself with a two-legged horse.

But then these are real people and events. And you have to suppose that an over-riding temptation was to protect their innocence by depicting them as entirely innocent dupes of a heartless regime. Alas for Hollywood, such people don't exist.

All the same, it's a piece of some integrity, a lot of sobs and not a little inspiration.

Andrew Tyler

Almost Overlooked

American Gigolo

Directed by Paul Schrader
Starring Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton (CNC)

A dispassionate peak through the blinds of Bel-Air, whose wealthy inhabitants can pay the price of anything but seem to know the value of nothing. Richard Gere gives a cool, credible performance in the title role, seemingly aloof but ultimately as lonely as the aged women who purchase his mercantile affections. A grim sexual murder begins to intrude on his cocooned existence about the same time as a younger woman (Lauren Hutton), forcing the gigolo to face the empty life he leads. The appeal of this life, to him, to his tricks, to us, is highlighted by the chic, glossy camerawork and opulent locations, and then it's gradually upset by the sordid underbelly exposed through the murder. Director Schrader (*Blue Collar*, *Hardcore*) makes his point keenly enough for this film to have been an unexpected hit in America, despite, or perhaps because of, the catchpenny ending, and the use of a top fashion model in the female lead. The fact that the Gere role was originally planned for John Travolta hints well enough at what the point is.

Paul Rambell

1941

Directed by Steven Spielberg
Starring John Belushi and Ned Beatty (Columbia)

THIS is Spielberg's *Bad Timing*. Even without the post-production difficulties of Iran and Afghanistan you have to wonder about a movie that attempts — in this sorry decade — to deliver up the message that war is hilarious. Perhaps Spielberg anticipated the kind of critical ecstasy that met Joseph Heller's *Catch 22* — clearly, he sets about resurrecting the same mood of lustful hysteria. But then Heller's context was the comfortable early '80s when Americans could swagger on account of their wealth and muscle. Times change. But you don't have to be an American to recoil from 1941. This is Spielberg's bad timing on two counts. Hysteria is fine for so long as it's relieved by moments of introspection — a touch of poignancy perhaps, a dab of pain. And for so long as, at root, the characters are plausible. Heller orchestrated in such a manner. Spielberg orchestrates like Danny Key guest conducting for the London Symphony — banal mayhem.

Andrew Tyler

Friday The 13th

Directed by Sean S. Cunningham
Starring Adrienne King and Henry Crosby (Warner Bros)

A knife scythes through the air. A head rolls. A body lurches on like a decapitated chicken. Sensitive souls shiver in the circle while the less credulous among them continue to idly flick popcorn down into the one pound sixties. It was one of those. A brief of shock horror exploitation and no budgetary restraints whatsoever on the pig's blood. *Friday The 13th* borrows with neither shame nor thanks from the vastly superior *Halloween*; its flimsy plot turning on another group of marily unsound teenagers getting picked off one by one, this time in a much cheaper, secluded out-of-doors location. And as for its claims to being a thriller... *Friday The 13th* is about as suspenseful as 1000-year-old elastic. Worse still, although proving the truth of something or other, my local fleapit reports a brisk business as late as Wednesday the 18th.

Paul Rambell

Box Office

London

- 1 The Empire Strikes Back (Director: Irvin Kershner)
- 2 Friday The 13th (Sean Cunningham)
- 3 Kramer vs Kramer (Robert Benton)
- 4 All Quiet On The Western Front (Delbert Mann)
- 5 The Final Countdown (Don Taylor)

Regions

- 1 Quadrophonia (Franc Roddam/Sean Connery)
- 2 Adult Fairy Tales (Who Cares)
- 3 Midnight Express (Alan Parker/Taxi Driver (Martin Scorsese))
- 4 Zombies (George A. Romero)
- 5 Every Which Way But Loose (James Fargo)

(Screen International)

'ello, 'ello — what's goin' on 'ere, then?

NME is giving you the chance to sample big screen luffs for nowt, is what. Listen, Charlie Murray's seen *THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S BALL* and he reckons it's a hoot. No, not the namby-pamby version that ITV put out last Christmas — this is the real, uncensored thing. The one with Tom Robinson sticking up for gays and Peter Cook putting the boot in to senile judges. The one with Pete Townshend and John Cleese, Michael Palin and Billy Connolly. And Anna Ford. To see this historic comedic occasion, all you've got to do is cut out the Ball 1 coupon we're printing this week and put it in an envelope with the Ball 2 coupon we're going to print next week and post it to: *THE SECRET POLICEMAN, NME, 5/7 CANNABY ST, LONDON W1V 1PG*. What we'll do is treat the first 250 applicants to a late night London preview of *THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S BALL*. Don't panic, the tickets admit two people.



On The Box

Friday, June 27
BEDTIME STORY: Brando's never at his best when attempting to play for laughs and he flounders badly in Ralph Levy's cumbersome '64 comedy about a couple of common vying for Shirley Jones' affections. And here he's pitted against the easy urbanity of David Niven. (ITV London)

CLARIE'S KNEE: The best-known of Eric Rohmer's celebrated 'Moral Tales' and, as in all the others, nothing much happens. Rohmer's obsession is the discreet charm of the bourgeoisie so you'll have to be in the mood. He's sharp, mind, and pretty subtle — lots of perceptive, understated observation — but his films have less to do with what people are doing than what is going on in their minds as they are doing it. The stars are Jean-Claude Braly and Aurora Clavin. It dates from 1970, and some people consider it erotic. (BBC 2)

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN: It's got to be worth a couple of chuckles as Peter Cushing and Forrest Tucker trudge after the Yeti in the Himalayas. Val Guest directed in 1957, from Nigel Kneale's script — funny that, it seems like only last week they showed *Quatermass*. (BBC 1)

Saturday, June 28
NIGHT OF THE DEMON: Dana Andrews' scottish psychologist is well and truly given the wiles in Jacques Tourneur's 1957 chiller, taken from M.R. James' *Casting Of The Runes*. It heralds the start of a slew of horror double bills, and this week's companion piece is *Freddie Francis' The Ghoul*, an unpleasant shocker from 1975 starring Peter Cushing and John Hurt. (BBC 2) Monty Smith

Derek Jarman's TEMPEST

by William Shakespeare



'One of the most original and masterly films ever made in Britain' Alan Brien, Sunday Times

'The most truly spectacular British film for years — one of the most successfully authentic and truly poetic adaptations of Shakespeare — my endorsement for this rare film is unreserved and unqualified' David Robinson, The Times

'Continuously entertaining' Alexander Walker, Evening Standard

'The Bard's rebirth in the cinema' Nigel Andrews, Financial Times

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"DYING ALL THE TIME...
LOSE YOUR DREAMS
AND YOU WILL LOSE
YOUR MIND."



NOT FADE AWAY (and radiate)

The Mick Jagger Interview — It's only Rock 'n' Roll
so who cares if it's the decade the music dies?

By Paul Morley

Pix Anton Corbijn

In the room, Mick Jagger and I are sat on a nice sofa, and we're messing around.

Mick Jagger is stood up, he's looking small, his legs don't fill his fawn trousers. With no beard he looks fresh. He's not looking much like a legend: but sometimes old legends aren't allowed to fade away.

Jagger is back in Europe for visits, interviews, old fashioned promotion for 'Emotional Rescue', the first Stones LP of the '80s. There were something like 18 Stones LPs in the '60s, and about half that in the '70s, including compilations and 'lives'. The Rolling Stones discography is much loved, much lauded, much analysed; those records changed our lives, more than just a pebble being moved on the beach.

By the time that the Stones had stretched themselves, erratically and bathetically, to the 1978 'Some Girls', which rode on the lithe back of the summer hit 'Miss You' to become their biggest statistical hit, even *Rolling Stone* magazine thought it probably didn't matter much except to the diehards. A pitiful editorial retraction went some way to illustrating the state of misplaced paranoia and helplessness in which the '60s child had ended. But then the *NME* had to have two goes before it got it right, indicating that the '70s child was simply (complexly) in a State.

The Rolling Stones, from a loveless low, prepared themselves for their third decade, via the odd court case, silly Canadian antics, divorces, barbaric indulgences, the Stones reality being even more shaped by the silly press. They were also preparing themselves for middle-age, which couldn't have been easy, but a lot of us have no memories of the '60s, and we didn't care, though somehow in the back of our minds, we realised we probably had to care.

In the room, Mick Jagger is winking at me. The Rolling Stones office is near the Kings Road, at an address the taxi driver couldn't find. Jagger, the '60s devil, the '70s posaur, is now the '80s charmer. His face, with a complexion that money can buy, crinkles and reacts actively and unselfconsciously, and he laughs easily.

Away from the romanticised chaos, insanity, unrarity of a Rolling Stones tour, stripped in the daylight and my eyes of any monstrous image, away from the hysteria and gossip and rich indulgence, another lifetime away from the '60s ecstasy he aroused, courted, exploited, Jagger looks what he is; a clean-cut casually dressed entertainer with an interesting past, who likes his cricket, his fun and his lifestyle. He's living in New York mainly, a city he talks about with relish, though "I still feel English a little bit."

His lips are something of a let down. His wink isn't. He has his *NME* strategy well worked out, and seems to enjoy the tussles we have. The accent is transparently cockney. Restless, he moves around a lot. A couple of cans of beer are drunk. For some of the time huge mouthfuls of ham sandwich are talked through, distorting his features. Half way through our one and a bit hour talk he scuffed but expensive shoes are kicked off.

Too many people are becoming obsessed with pop music. The position of rock and roll in our sub-culture has become far too important, especially in the delving for philosophical content. — Mick Jagger, February 1969.

TALKING TO Mick Jagger should not be an Event, but because of rock's state, the dread and the submissiveness, that's what it is. This is how much we're caught up in things — we talk to Jagger, we say we don't care, attack him, mock him, implicitly ask for his advice, we put him on the cover, we make this further contribution to the typical themes.

Interviewing Mick Jagger is necrophilia. Jagger is rock's life and he is rock's death. Jagger is a reason why rock music became so 'important' — the Stones refused the original given orthodoxy of pop music, they sang darkly but openly about sexual exploitation, mental disintegration and physical immersion — and caught up in the inevitabilities of growth and decay he is a reason why rock dies. The Rolling Stones grew too old and too big, and their clichés threw shadows over attempts for new rock music to radically alter the new, pleasant rock conventions, conventions that became as boring as all that rock is meant to attack.

The Stones paradoxically — after the abnormality and realism of their best works — began to comfort their audience: their audience comfort them. This relationship cannot be dislocated, it's part of rock's failure. No longer can the Stones protest about growing up into a world seen as cynical, uncaring and unaffected. They have grown up. They hang onto their lost youth, fake their protest and lose belief in whatever the celebration and indignation was ever about and for. They're babbling.

And that's what rock music mostly does: babble. The rock music that the majority talks about and responds to, the rock that is offered safely and attractively.

[This] Rock's lack of coherent expansion is lamentable. Tradition and convention seem permanent structural features, the music insular and spiteful. Anything that strays beyond its limits is generally treated patronisingly and fearfully. Rock has become a dilution of sources, a furtive fund of clichés,

a list of names and events. This is what rock music has become to many people, because the wrong things have become important.

The Rolling Stones crawled from the brand new chaos of the '60s and early '70s, shook off a peculiar culture concussion, and by the time they were 'in control', had a fake dignity and ended up selling lots of records and still receiving attention (oddly based on their old images). It's a long way from Magazine or PIL, but close enough to Fleetwood Mac and Foreigner to be seen as successful survival. They represented that part of rock which had become a matter of economics and manipulation, not a force that's fighting away the crap, blasting away restriction. The Rolling Stones changed sides; perhaps the only way to survive.

Rock is still alive and kicking, but not in the places where most attention is. There is great rock music, but it blows away from where the majority is looking. The Stones, with their tradition, position and disposition, help blow it away. They'll beat us to death yet.

Maybe I'm talking to Mick Jagger because he's the loneliest person alive. Or... he made records that dealt so violently and derisively with paranoia and persecution and isolation, and The Rolling Stones were lunging attacks on the straightforward amorous clichés of popular music that still fill people's minds. Their songs dealt with jealousy, breakdown, resistance, were arrogant and disorientating, and never wanted the hearer to settle. 'Exile On Main Street' is such a dark, distraught LP, is it any wonder Jagger pronounces the word 'death' so strangely? These best songs have not lessened in value. The word is perhaps beauty. But it's this total honour for the past that drags us back so much.

Not only am I performing necrophilia by interviewing Mick Jagger, by remaining sensible and interested throughout the interview I'm coming close to (ah) professional suicide. As I sit talking to Jagger, brown writing this piece, the absurdity of it flares up so bright I don't think I'll ever recover. Jagger attacks me, I attack Jagger, and we both attack each other's belief of what rock is and can be. Rock seems a sorry thing afterwards. How can I continue getting hysterical about it? What exists? The need to find belief, the need to remain innocent?

Rock music is not in control, and no one thing is in control of it. It runs all over the place. It means something different to everyone. To some it is nothing more than margarine, to others it can be art, and for many it is just a distraction. For Mick Jagger it has become, horribly, sadly, contentment.

Have you ever felt you were losing your sanity?

Yeah, sometimes. But I don't think at the moment.

Have you ever lost it?

No [guarded]. Not completely. I try to hang on. What keeps you hanging on?

I dunno... (shrugs) really... it's easier to ask what drives people around the bend, what kind of people have really gone to the edge. Most people don't really go to the edge. I mean, I think it's just because you have a really stable bottom part to you. Something underneath. It's difficult to say when it doesn't happen to you what it would be like.

What would you imagine it would be?

I dunno. I've seen people do it. But I don't know what it is that actually sends them there. That's the thing, it's difficult to bridge the gap... People have gone either temporarily or permanently over the edge because you can't really see it from their point of view. It's really hard.

Do you think that there are people looking towards you — for some sort of sign?

Yeah, but there's a pretty few of them. I never waited on anyone's word. I can't ever remember thinking that. I suppose there are people. Stupid, I think.

Do you feel a rebel — if you ever did?

I don't think I ever did. Since I was about 14. Well, I sort of ran out of rebelliousness about 16.

You must have felt idealistic?

(Unemphatic) Yeah...

And from those early days felt that you could carry it in some way?

Yeah, you did.

And felt you had the power.

Well, you didn't have the power. You hoped you did. You felt you might have, if you had the chance. By the time you get anything you know that the power is absolutely useless, and you couldn't do anything with it even if you had it. It's all imagination, a load of old bollocks. That's self-centred again. Thinking that you have something that no-one else has got.

People put you in the position where you almost did.

Yeah, almost. Almost is the key word.

You're saying idealism is irresponsible?

No, not at all. But I don't think that the Rolling Stones were idealistic... They may have been nihilistic slightly. But they weren't idealistic so much, only as far as music was concerned. We really just wanted to make records or do what we wanted to do. Instead of being told, which is more or less the position people find themselves in now. Were those the complete boundaries you set yourself — just wanting to put out records and play gigs? You must have had other ones?

There were others, but those were the most

• continues overleaf

"I don't have to sell my soul as much as you!"



g from your page
omized stories. That was what we were
licking at. People didn't want you to play
in their towns, people didn't want you to
play in their towns. You had to be
unfortunately focused against that rather
than anything more interesting.
Did you feel that reflecting young people's
unease was important?
Yeah, that was a good period. But it can't
go on for ever, with a group of individuals or a
general man.
Don't you feel that's letting people down
— and that's why people feel that you
relinquished something important and turned
against you?
Yeah, maybe, but I don't know if they really
did or if that's something that's just been
cooked up by the NME.
You're harping on it. It seems Mick
Jagger has become conservative — it only
because you've lost your idealism.
I'm not sure I've really lost it, my idealism.
I don't think it was really idealistic in the sense
you're trying to say. Because you've got to
remember that it was over — it was gone so
quickly, that period, that period, that everyone
is living under a sort of forced thing. When they
actually discover whatever it is, they don't like
it in themselves, the fact that this is all
that they were living under, some illusion that
had been served up to them that I don't really
believe in any more. Only slightly, it had an
effect. But it was very small. There are people
who still think that Rod Dylán is that, that or
the other — people get disappointed in him
because he doesn't play folk music. Any more.
People get annoyed with themselves and take
it out on the object.
You sense hostility and spatchy towards
you?
Not really. I don't really get any. Most of the
people I see don't seem to be like that at all.
People feel that you could still contribute to a
very vague and perhaps vague cause.
Yeah, I think that's the problem. It's very naive
and very vague. I don't think anyone can put
their finger on it, and then if you can't then it's
a last one. It's not the fact that I'm
conservative, maybe they're just frustrated
that whatever it is has never happened.
Don't you feel that this is all we're talking about
(Broad smile).
You must be aware of developments in rock
over the past four years — a new awareness
that the Rolling Stones don't correspond to.
Yeah, well that's a sort of obvious thing. It did,
but then they seemed to burn out. They didn't
seem to last the course these people.
What is the cause? A cause?
The cause is lacking. It's almost having a
burst of energy, but you've got to... things
go so quickly in England, they always have

concerned about the media.
England is totally controlled by the media.
And NME is totally controlled by a large
company. It is controlled by a very large
conservative company, even though it's
supposed to be allowed to do what it wants —
I suspect it's not — and the NME, for all its
boldness, is writing on the wall, all this
advertising posing — it is an old-fashioned out
of date institution, which we don't even need.
When it goes on the street, no one gave a shit,
loosely pushed into someone's hand. I guess
it's a bit.
Anyone on the street. Who cares if the NME
doesn't come out? I think that's a totally phony
for the NME, which is part of a huge capitalist
tool, to pose for these young children who
don't know me, who don't even care about it if
it's pointed out to them, because they've got
no idea. They just don't understand. Posing
is this sort of moral to this young movement —
it's a load of old bollocks. It's just exploiting
them. Same as the Daily Mirror does. Or The
Sun page three. It's the same fucking thing.
We've all got to sell our souls, but make sure
it's just part. You do.
No. I don't have to sell my soul as much as
you do working for a huge company like the
NME. You're literally working for IPC, not any
individual.
So you haven't sold your soul as much as I
have?
No. In fact I had to fight my way out of the
situation that you are in now, my first record
contract when I was a kid, with Decca. There
were no American companies that supplied
any choice back then. I had to go to Decca.
There were no other choices. And you were
very much in the position of having to do
more or less anything you were told to do
more or less anything you were told to do.
People felt that you could still contribute to a
very vague and perhaps vague cause.
Yeah, I think that's the problem. It's very naive
and very vague. I don't think anyone can put
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What is the cause? A cause?
The cause is lacking. It's almost having a
burst of energy, but you've got to... things
go so quickly in England, they always have

LOVE to imagine that they are. That's just a
fantasy.
But in 1972 why mention? Because must have
been long afterwards.
No, they weren't shocked enough that you
didn't want to continue and try and build on
something.
On what?
A very shaky foundation. You've already set
yourself on a very dodgy course which has
been going on and on, and you've had a lot of
trouble, so you went to try and keep yourself
level-headed a bit after you've had this
experience.
You weren't particularly fighting for or
against anything?
No. I don't think that's necessarily what
must do. They just have a good time.
It doesn't stop there. The music goes out to
people.
Of course. But you can't think about each and
every one of them. All you can do is write what
you can write and play what you can play. You
can't really think of the unknown
musicians in each person that hears the
music.
The culture of rebellion, all the things that the
Stones are held to represent — and therefore
same sell out against — are you saying that
you just the way you've been handled by the
media that it has ended up this way?
Yeah, I think it's a lot to do with it, looking back. At the
thought I was in control of everything. It
wasn't a lie. Not at all. I wasn't, isn't, true of
me. A lot of bands may be more
satisfied now, but that's because they've
seen everything that's happened. And they've
seen their contemporaries burn up quickly.
Some people just burn up.
Yeah, don't have anything to say, or can't be
satisfied. Or want to go and do something
else.
I think you mustn't put too much
emphasis on the cultural side, when isn't even
the NME, which is a very small number of
people. That's a bit of criticism of the media.
They're a lot of people, but they're a lot of
people. And the answer is, No, it's a lot of
old bollocks. There was a period about two or
three years ago where it was fashionable to
say that we were a load of old bollocks.
I thought and to say Elvis was a load of old
bollocks, never really had him. But I mean,
so what? That's just a phase. When you
actually meet the person who said it they
never say anything to you.
Your critics feel even if they're not
contributing to something important they're
at least knocking down something that is
valuable. That you stand for.
Yeah, I'm sure of that. It didn't last for very
long.
It's still going on, and you're getting old
and the twenty-year-olds are getting old.
Aren't you getting old at the same rate as me?
What about the tame one?
But it's not necessarily that if you're young
you're good and if you're old you're bad. Both
can be really dishonest. There is nothing
worse than seeing someone really over the
top play.
You give me parodies.
Yeah, you parody each other. That's one of the
things you can do as you get older. You can
take the piss out of yourself as they were when
you were younger, and yet can then project
something else that you couldn't do then.
You're very important then if you're younger, you
don't have the breadth you have as you grow
old. The expression, the ring of emotion, I
suppose you're expressing yourself fully.
You were desperately to. Like when I was 20 I
wanted desperately to have the breadth of say
Oscar Rooding. I don't. Whereas now I think I
can express it all, although I can't sing as good
as he can.
It's not fulfilling to be mediocre between that
and what you can do.
Yeah, it would be. You'd be great. But
what tends to happen is that you have one and
not the other. You can't get past that. There
are exceptions, and those are the ones that
turn you on.
The album seems to be very different
about rock and roll. It seems to be just a
simple form of entertainment.
No, I'm not trying to do that. You're wrong.
Um, (Phases) No, I'm just concerned that
people don't accept what I'm saying. It's stupid
for people to take things blindly. And it's
boring, just to see another band with a high
energy level is not necessarily any good. It's
ok, I'd rather see a band with a high energy
level. I don't like it. Maybe it was 16 the high energy
would be enough. I've never seen it for the now.
I need it, but I'm not enough.
What inputs are there going like the Rolling
(bawdies) I don't know... really...
You're looking for fun still, looking to express
yourself?

Yeah, I'm looking to express myself. If I can.
This is a very limited method of expression.
But that's what it is, a good old bit, you really
have to give your best. It's not a very good
expression, and that's the thing which stops
me from going around the world I think.
Yeah, I've never been improved, I've never improve.
What towards... is it for yourself?
Yeah, it's something for yourself. To be a
better writer is one of the main things.
Performing is like something else, I'm not
interested in being a better performer, I never
really was.
Superstitious, again, is that?
Yeah, it's there. But what can I do about it?
Not be smooth and move to smooth things
out, not have the mythical story life.
Yeah, I can also have a traumatic life if I want
to, but I don't think it's going to do me any
good.
So how you maintain your appearance and
reducing through music that is important.
I don't particularly want to encapsulate it in
one little thing. I mean, like in much more
complicated than that. One day you could feel
like this, down, and the next day you could
think "Oh it's a lovely day, and why should I
worry?" You can see that. Even a change in the
weather will affect people. I'm not playing for
an easy life, but I'm not playing for one that is
more difficult than it should be. A lot of people
are like that. They want to make life difficult.
The Rolling Stones perpetuate the idea that
it's easy to escape the life we have to suffer.
Yeah, maybe it's not enough. We're
being complacent... I don't want to be
complacent... I don't want to be complacent.
That's what entertainers are for. That's a part of
it. It's to show that one life is difficult, by
certain methods, and that's the Judy
Garland of the mode, and then how life can be
easy and beautiful, which is entertaining
people so they really feel better. It's both
things. You have to do both. What I was
saying about expressing your emotions...
when you're young you often feel sexually
frustrated (clenched voice). Oh I wish I could
fuck her! (Laughs) I wish I could fuck her!
I wish they didn't have so much money!
Whatever, a lot of frustration goes into that,
and then they've got to live that. Of course,
you've got a lot of money you still wish you
didn't have.
What does money give you?
Freedom to move around is the most
important thing. I don't like to work where
the next meal comes from. I don't think you
can live on it.
You don't think that? Of course I feel more
secure than someone who is out of work.
Do you feel totally safe?
Yeah, I do.
I'm a bit. By politics, the effects. And you feel
safe.
Do you ever think about anything you could
do about aspects of this media?
Yeah, but there you go. I don't think that
you can do anything about it. It's a very
small part of the whole of a society.
There's a little bit and you can do. Not an effort.
I think that's a better way of seeing it.
Yeah, I used to think that I could do an awful
lot. That's a probability when I was taking too
much work.
What is your value of yourself?
I value myself highly.
Never taken notice of what people tell you?
Yeah, but then you learn to be more
modest about it.
Has the media bothered you a lot in that way?
Yeah, that and going on the road makes you
Continuous every

"Emotional Rescue? Nah, just put 'IT'S ON SALE' in big letters at the bottom of the page."

JAGGIN'

From previous page

immodest as well. It does, cos you're getting all this attention, and that's when I start going around the bend. That's why I don't like it. Not doing 'it', but it seems to affect me because my personality changes, warps. You become horrible. Yeah.

You don't think you're horrible.

I'm not really, but I do become horrible on the road. I become rude, vulgar, loud-mouthed, immodest, self-centred. . . . The Mick Jagger we all know and. . . Well, it's a load of old bollocks.

The first thing my mum said when she heard I was going to interview Mick Jagger was 'Be careful' — she thought I was going to be pumped full of heroin or something. I don't have any (laughs). It's a good thing that you've got a mum who worries about you. My mum wouldn't have worried about me.

Do you feel trapped?

No. I would if I lived here. Not because I was Mick Jagger, but just because I lived here. A lot of what you're saying suggests you're in a corner, that you'd rather be over there.

Most people would be rather doing something that they're not. Over the green hill, what's it called, I've forgotten the cliché. But I would feel trapped if I lived here because I feel that it's a very trapped society. Most people feel like that.

Is that why we build up these myths and pad this fake culture?

Yeah, I do think that. It's also like that in America — all those evangelists. American rock music is largely impotent — a result of a slack music media in some ways. . . . I don't think that. I think the media is a result of the music scene.

Rolling Stone — it's all a dull hippy self-righteousness, very restrictive.

I think that that's really there and that they just reflect it. In other words they're just dealing out to their readers. The circulations are tiny compared to what yours are viz a viz the population, or the group that they're trying to sell to. They don't have much influence. But doesn't Rolling Stone perpetuate myths and preserve the status quo much more than NME does?

(weighs in) Yeah. . . . I think they (Americans) get what they deserve, America is a very conservative country. It has a terrific musical background and heritage, same as we do here, but I feel that their heritage is much stronger — on a music you don't like level. Like The Eagles, that's based on a real musical background.

But it's so bland!



Yes, it's very bland. So's a lot of country music, which is where it comes from. R&B and blues itself is incredibly conservative music, in its form and content. Those two branches of rock music which are the main basis of rock and roll and popular music of every kind, it all very much relies on the bedrock of those things. And those things in America are very much more ingrained than they are here. Black music is the most important thing to you. You've never for want of a better word been in anyway arty — always rooted in the black.

Yeah, that's what my thing is. What my basis is. And that's a very conservative style and content. Of course, it's got its quirks and strange twists. . . .

You've tried to develop that?

A bit, (attempts modesty) — I think we've succeeded a bit. I can see the point. . . . that's why a lot of British bands are so successful, because they manage to change those things, those styles that they base themselves on, into something more interesting than they are now or were. British bands are continually successful like that. In Britain itself we don't have this basis, though, and that's why we're always looking for a change. You've got to change quickly. We're running out of changes in this country. But we've got other problems with our conservatism. Our society's got other conservative aspects that don't exist in America. It's a much more free society in some ways, not so free in other ways.

"Don't tell me when to stop! I'll know when."

America is all about the notion that 'It's Alright, It's Easy, It's Forever'. . . . It's turning sour.

Yeah, and America's also about that you can make as much money as you want and no one is going to care. Money here has got to be rather a dirty word.

Don't you think it's more constructive to set realistic boundaries to your life rather than just sitting back?

Oh yeah, you mean good time and all that. Do you set realistic boundaries and is it in your music?

Yeah, I think so. I don't think our music is all that bland. Certainly not bland like The Eagles, and it's also not the opposite of bland either, like a determined effort not to be bland. I don't mind to be bland occasionally. You can be bland with a twist. Seemingly bland. Hey, that's enough isn't it! For the NME! You're already on to page 87, where are we going? Is that bloke still there that Keith likes? The thin one. . . . (Nick Kent is alive and well, writing for NME & rehearsing his band — Ed).

Don't you want to promote the new LP, 'Emotional Rescue'?

Nash! Put 'it's on sale' in big letters at the bottom.

That's a broad hint to go.

Yeah. Don't forget to print all that stuff about the NME.

Why 'Emotional Rescue'?

Well, it's just someone who's in trouble.

You?

No, I'm the one who's doing the saving! (laughs)

Are things a lot clearer for you these days?

Things are a lot clearer, but you go through phases. Now it all seems clear to me. Six months ago it wasn't, it was like a struggle. Everything goes up and down in your life, your personal life — and your musical life. It all interacts. Now it's June and it shouldn't be very nice in repressed old England but it seems to be rather nice. Things change very much with people. I feel very clear right now yeah. But I think that you need to go back into the middle again to get something out.

Looking back (yawn) people would 'know' Mick Jagger through the LPs and the controversial events — how would you say you've developed?

Keep moving. . . . keep one step ahead of it. There's a temptation to stand still. People always say 'What are you still working for?' Exactly!

Well fuck you! Let me just do what I want to do. Don't tell me where to stop. I'll know when I feel like that.

Does it irritate you when people ask why are you hanging on?

Well, they say why are you still going, why did you do it in the first place. There's no real difference in the way that you feel. See, people think — they also imagine and fantasise that you've got all this money and birds and swimming pools — and they imagine that once you've got all that you should stop. It doesn't work out like that.

I never works out how you want it or, as someone once said, you can't always get what you want. And artists and entertainers — so that's all he is? have been rebelling against all forms of hypocrisy, as well as against conventional, tired concepts of love, morality, religion and death longer than rock'n'roll's been alive (and dead), so does it matter that The Rolling Stones grew up, gave up and could yet be the last rock'n'roll group making it up and making money? (They almost out manoeuvre Dado — as self-appointed critics mocking the end result of The Creation and recreating something even more rapid and vain.)

Yes, it does matter. Which is probably why the posing — is that all it is? — goes on. Some sort of resistance, or perhaps a further hallucination. Something that doesn't succumb to mediocrity and acceptance and ignorance. Something that can get pretty condescending. . . . but means well! That doesn't get condescended by r'n'r's complication, or seduced by the commonplace. To what ends? The same old ones, presumably.

Jagger holds his views on the basis of rock limiting itself to the opportunities given through blues and R&B, with all the many implications. He's almost proud of its limitations. The Rolling Stones reworked and elaborated on those influences brilliantly, but it can't go on and doesn't have to go on. There are plenty of places rock can go without relinquishing its natural excitement and purpose. There are plenty of people doing that now, even if realistically no one wants it. (A fundamental problem.) (Deadpan).

The rock'n'roll that The Sunday Times, The Observer, the BBC, and some of the music press eulogises and deals with so simplistically and acceptingly, is dead. Maybe Mick Jagger isn't dead. He's alive enough to point out that rock writing as we have let it grow and be misunderstood is dead. And by allowing himself to be interviewed he points out, inevitably, inscrutably, that rock'n'roll as we have worshipped it is the dearest thing of them all.

Who sucks more out of the corpse, Jagger? NME? Or You? Or so what?

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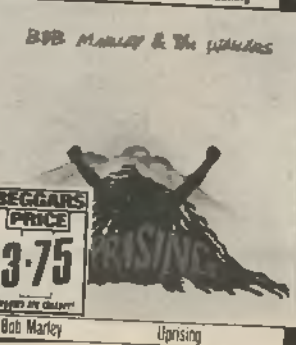
Artist	Title	Company	Cat. No.	BEGGARS PRICE
WEEK ENDING JUNE 20				
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Motels	Careful	Capitol	EST12070	£3.99
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NME June 2nd 1980



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ALBUMS

"The Stones' malaise... is that they have nothing pressing to deal with, no tension. Jagger sings draped in a variety of poses."

VIC GODARD & SUBWAY SECT *What's The Matter Boy? (Oddball)*

EVEN back in the days when Subway Sect paid some lip-service to hard core punk ideals, leader Vic Godard stood out from the nihilistic excess like a pair of sore thumbs. In common with the confusion of independent labels, jobs for the boys, the right haircut, the Luddite enthusiasm, Vic Godard was prepared to bide his time and wait — actually a lot longer than most — for the right place in which to propagate his new beatnik philosophy.

Somewhere along the line he grew up too, didn't change his style so much as improve upon it; his good luck and ours.

'What's The Matter Boy?' (produced by B. Rhodes, written and arranged by V. Godard, released by MCA who haven't given credits where credits are due) is one of the year's more interesting and satisfying debut albums. As with Durutti Column's first, the delay is an advantage, proof of its creator's modest proposal.

There are twelve songs, continuing and elucidating the subdued, intelligent humour of 'Ambition' and 'Split Up The Money', relying on acoustic verve, extremely melodic rhythm, piano colours and bedside syncopation. In other words Godard's ear for a good tune is complementary to his penchant for the bizarre, the commonplace and the refined wit of a good troubadour.

Maybe it's just me, but trying to spot the inevitable strains of influence, the most consistent analogies were drawn with Ray Davies' early Kinks (vintage) and Lou Reed's most streamlined Velvet Underground (third album).

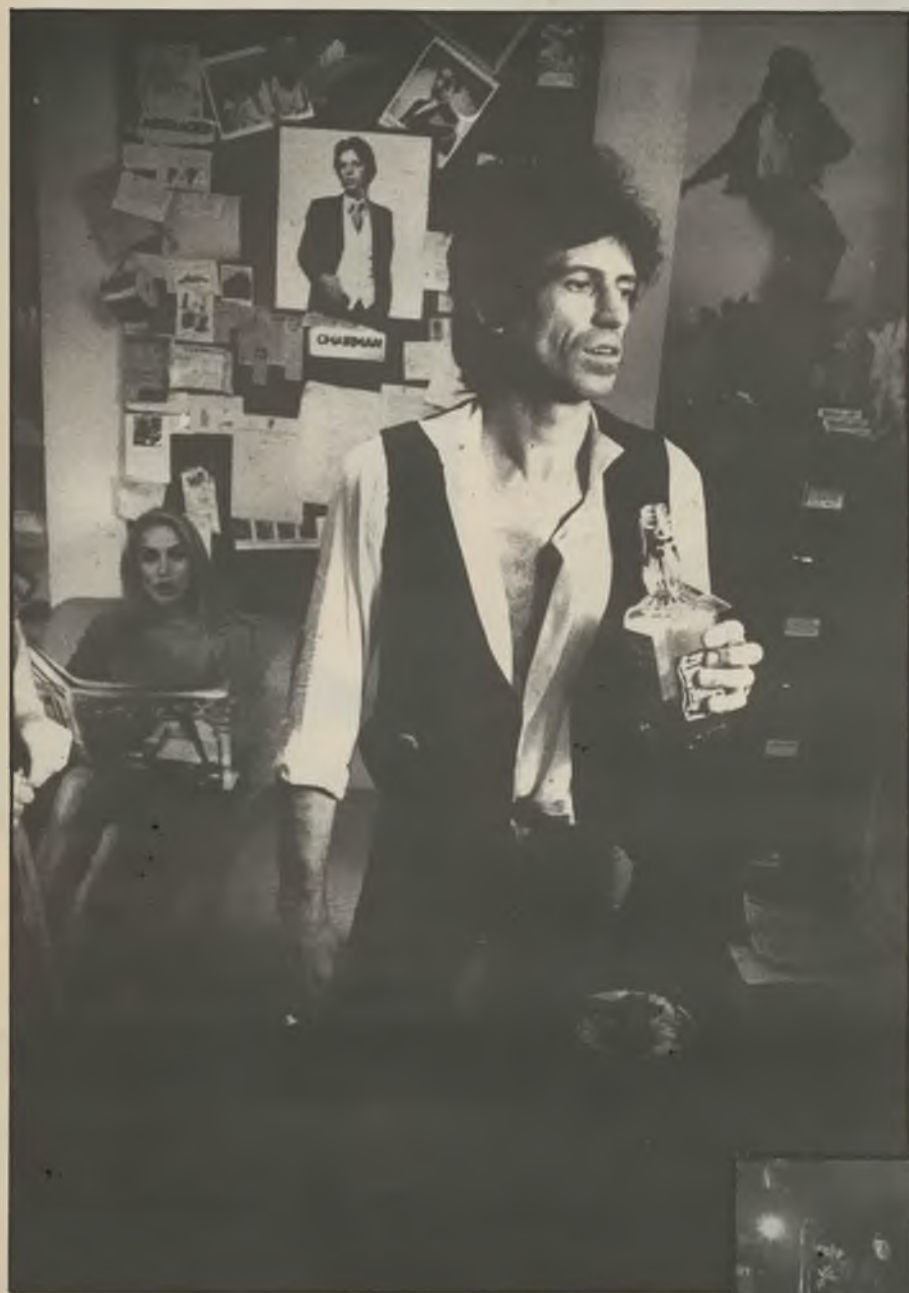
If everything about 'What's The Matter Boy?' is low-key except its success, it comes close to failure on two occasions — 'Birth And Death' and 'Make Me Sad', the opening and closing numbers, where the strength of the writer's romantic conviction is endangered by self-pity. Still, the combination of straightforward lyricism and oblique subject matter/references (flower arranging, the Pink Panther, imagined crime) put these songs into focus; they benefit from the unsettling contrast.

Elsewhere Godard keeps his distance from relationships and settings. He's brusque on 'Watching The Devil' and 'Stool Pigeon'; resigned on 'Exit, No Return'; funny on 'Double Negative' and expansive on 'Empty Shelf'.

The arrangements increase in lushness on side two — with some of this material you could even imagine strings and stuff. When an effect is used, a sparse doo-wop or jokey calypso, it's executed in the finest taste. If I don't quote the lyrics back at you it's because they wouldn't work out of context, it wouldn't be fair.

The rest is more than alright, from the cover to the sound to the fact that the songs slot into a mood without being encroaching or didactic. I don't know if this is everything its maker hoped it might be, but Subway Sect fans have good reason to be delighted.

Mex Bell



THE ROLLING STONES *Emotional Rescue (Rolling Stones)*

THE BEST Rolling Stones music has always achieved an alchemy between Mick Jagger's sly awareness of what is going on musically in the outside world and his exquisite taste in sources to pilfer, and Keith Richards' fervent rocker primitivism.

When mated properly, the results can be thrillingly good, but when this odd couple find themselves creatively at odds, egos intertwine like antlers and the dominant aesthetic crumbles under the weight of moody indolence.

'Emotional Rescue' has been preceded by the usual rumours of Jagger-Richards squabbles, flare-ups at sessions, and differences of opinion over choice of material, arrangements and mixing. The two parties apparently mixed the tracks separately, and it's not that hard to denote a Richards mix here or a Jagger mix there on the album. Such inconsistencies however tend to take a firm back-seat to the overall feel, which is far more abrasive and richly textured than the comparatively shambling standards of much of 1978's 'Some Girls'.

That album caught the ensemble very much up against the wall, the new wave threatening them on the one hand, their commercial standing also on a shaky footing. 'Girls' stripped away all extraneous embellishments, honing up on some decent songs and relying on that uncanny cross-breeding of instinct and ingenuity. 'Rescue' could well be seen as a fairly logical follow-up in the sense that the band whack out a surfeit of typically Stonish rockers whilst Jagger chooses to tackle more diverse material, be they further forays into disco, reggae, the orchestrated ballad...

The opening track springs out with stinging staccato guitars grates Ron Wood, a pleasingly sloppy yet tight rhythm section and a howling and yelping Jagger vocal that attempts to pick up exactly where 'Shattered' left off, before jumping into a gutsy-if-slight Stones disco riff, employing dominating horns to cut against the guitar stalling. The lyrics, mostly lukewarm improvised toast-ups, have Jagger informing his cohorts to 'get up, get out into something new' but the track, entitled 'Dance' (sarcastically an inspired title) is simply aural amygdalite. A short invigorating rush — neither as lamentable as 'Hot Stuff' nor as substantial as 'Miss You' — it rests solely on its instrumental drive and its brevity.

The guitars swarm forth to give 'Summer Romance' a fizzy

Above: Jerril Hall catches up with all the hot pop news in *Monotony Maker*. Keef drowns his embarrassment. Pic: Anton Corbijn. Right: the Sect's first gig at the 100 Club — we were all there, where were you? — just four years prior to overnight success with *'What's The Matter Boy?'*. Pic: Stevenson.

raucousness but the uplift created by the band is once again the sole virtue of a song that not only retreads quite flagrantly the riff from 'Respectable' but also has Jagger being too clever-clever by half with lyrics and interpretation, to the point where he descends to the level of a rich man's Bob Geldof. Like Geldof, he charges vocally like a bull in a china-shop, overturning the slim conceits inherent in the song, yet never delivering.

'Send It To Me' is Rolling Stones reggae — better than the lamentable 'Cherry Oh Baby' but still too pedestrian in its execution. Another slight conceit of a song, it has Jagger doing a 'Some Girls' style run-down of nationalities — 'She might be Rumanian/She might be Bulgarian... She might be the alien.'

The side's closing number — 'Indian Girl' — has Jagger crooning a supposedly sensitive peasant to some Third World babe-in-arms, aping any number of Jamaican singers — not to mention Willy de Ville, a comparison much enhanced by Jack Nitzche's excellent arrangement which stops the song from drowning in its own superficiality.

In fact with one marked exception, the first side basically pinpoints the Stones' malaise. There is nothing pressing to deal with, no tension or commitment to the songs. The band are left to play stirring reprises of oft-trammelled turf while Jagger, aware perhaps of their shortcomings, overcompensates by taking to vocallizing draped in a variety of poses.

The second side starts off with a raucous roustabout with Jagger doing his Cockney-sparrow routine to the hilt, buoyed up by the fervour of the instrumental cut and thrust.

The full flowering of Jagger's constant fidgety role-playing comes with the title cut. A strong infectious piece of calculated commercial fare, it's at once invigorating and absurd. Musically it's great, with a marvellous toping dynamic that faces off a disco rhythm alongside an almost 'Exile'-like classic Stones

Continues over

"As with Durutti Column, Subway Sect's delay in releasing their debut album has been an advantage."



■ From previous page

essence. Jagger however gets too carried away with his vocalising, beginning in an unbecomingly falsetto similar to Barry Gibb (to be fair to Jagger, it sounds like he's trying to ape Curtis Mayfield, but the Gibb comparison is closer to the truth). When the Stonesy sections occur, Jagger sounds great, but his attempt at a Max Romeo-like spoken bit is absurd not merely because he can't quite pull it off but also because the words are so po-faced ridiculous. "I will be your knight in shining armour/Riding a fine Arab charger" indeed!

Amidst these lightweight thrump-ups, clumsy conceits and musical pleasantries, three tracks stand out as first-rate Stones material.

'Let Me Go' is pure 'All Down The Line'/'Rocks Off' Stones raunch, nothing at all new but still an exquisite rocker. From the first note, it impels you to move to its ramble-ramble ¾ rhythm whilst Jagger and Richards duet, both obviously in their element.

'She's So Cold' is a strong rocker that could have been truly great. Again the opening Keefchords sugar something special, a promise Jagger keeps with a passionate lusty hack of a voice. The lyrics are good, the blood runs hot, yet somehow the song doesn't build. It screams for tension, a spiralling surge of acceleration, yet somehow stays static, hanging onto a sense of anticipation never fully realised.

'Down In The Hole' is also a strong contender. A morose blues built around a minor chord sequence, the band with a commitment that recalls the tautness of 'Exile's' brilliantly claustrophobic 'Ventilator Blues'. Jagger attempts a vindictive overview of a society in ruins, using some deft imagery as well as carving out the curled lip snarl of a vocal to fine effect, until suddenly he lapses from the vocal mode he's chosen and his accent becomes that of a Cockney barrow boy. A telling moment, it signifies more than anything else just how lost Jagger has become amidst his personae and masks. Fortunately the track's considerable charm is only damaged slightly, holding its ground by dint of Sugar Blue's eerie doomed harmonica vamp.

Negative conclusions regarding 'Emotional Rescue': The Rolling Stones have nothing to say and, however smart or immediately exciting the music here is, the fact that Jagger's voice cannot fit comfortably into any comprehensive niche is proof positive of that. To those who haven't grown up in the shadow of the Stones, this is no essential album, and Jagger sounds like a fool at times whilst Richards' only vocal — a schlemmish tatty affair entitled 'All About You' — is simply wretched.

Nothing here matches the force of Graham Parker or Peter Dinklage's new albums. By comparison 'Emotional Rescue' is devoid of passion, bloated with clumsy posing and artifice.

Positive conclusions: The group is not resting on its laurels, and however off-kilter certain of Jagger's vocal exercises may sound, he is at least attempting to stretch out beyond the precincts 'Some Girls' mapped out. At least three out of ten tracks are great Stones, works worthy of inclusion on 'Exile', whilst the others more often than not have a persuasive if superficial appeal.

As a Stones fan who's moved from virtual sycophancy to simple intrigue, 'Emotional Rescue' is... well, acceptable.

Nick Kent

Come in, no. 69—your time is up

SHAM 69 The Game (Polydor)

AS IF it needed reiterating, here is the final proof that Sham 69 should have trusted their better instincts and called it a day with their short-lived 'split' of last summer. As it was, Jimmy Pursey's ill-fated liaison with ex-Pistols Jones and Cook predictably fell through. Sham reformed and now a new album is in our midst.

The sad, damning truth is that 'The Game' would surely never have seen the light of day were it the work of anyone other than a 'name' band. It should never have got past the Polydor quality controllers.

The corny symbolism of the sleeve sets the tone for what lies inside. The front depicts a roulette wheel, inside which a pair of chained hands stretch in vain towards the rising sun of a new era. And — wouldn't you just know it! — the silver ball of the wheel is stuck at number 13. Heavy stuff!

The title track, and indeed most of the album, sees Pursey coming across as some sort of senile uncle philosophically lecturing his juniors with 'meaningful' pearls of pissed wisdom. Life, we are informed, "is a game/Everybody can play/It's all a game". Not marbles though. Jim seems to have lost them some time ago.

Things go from bad to worse on 'Human Zoo': "Cut my

strings and let me go/I'm not Pinochlio!" Danny Baker reckons Mr Punch ought to sock him in the nose every time he comes out with that one. Then there's 'Run Wild, Run Free': "Life is too short/To throw it all away."

Jim sounds sincere in his protestations, but it is a hammy, hackneyed Hughie Green sincerity, forced and hollow. Funny that, because he was so much more convincing singing about Borstal breakouts and little rich boys than acting the sage.

Pursey, of course, has always dealt in caricature and stereotype. But in the past, particularly on their crisp debut album 'Tell Us The Truth' and even their slightly off-target stab at rock opera 'That's Life', Sham have been carried though by Pursey's wit and strength of character.

'The Game', however, reeks of unintended (?) parody and, once the guffaws at the lyrical inadequacy subside with a few plays, the gut reaction is one of pity. Have Sham come to this?

Musically, the fare is closer to dull early-'70s rock than '77 punk, rusting cast iron rather than heavy metal, the grimaces almost audible on Dave Parsons' guitar solos.

On side one, only the last single 'Tell The Children' and bassist Dave Treganna's 'Lord Of The Flies' have any semblance of melody. Side two is similarly uniform apart from



"Aven't you seen Pinochlio then, Ade?" "Plc: Pannie Smith (played by Pannie Smith in the interests of dialectical continuity)." Adrian Thrill

the two obligatory acoustic songs for losers — Dave Parsons' 'Simon' and Jim's 'Poor Cow' — both coming over as lip-service to progression. I suppose it is a shade better than bitter cynicism — the usual

lot of rock and rollers whose star is on the wane — but Sham's slide into crass mediocrity is nonetheless a sorry one. Fanx, but no fanx. Adrian Thrill

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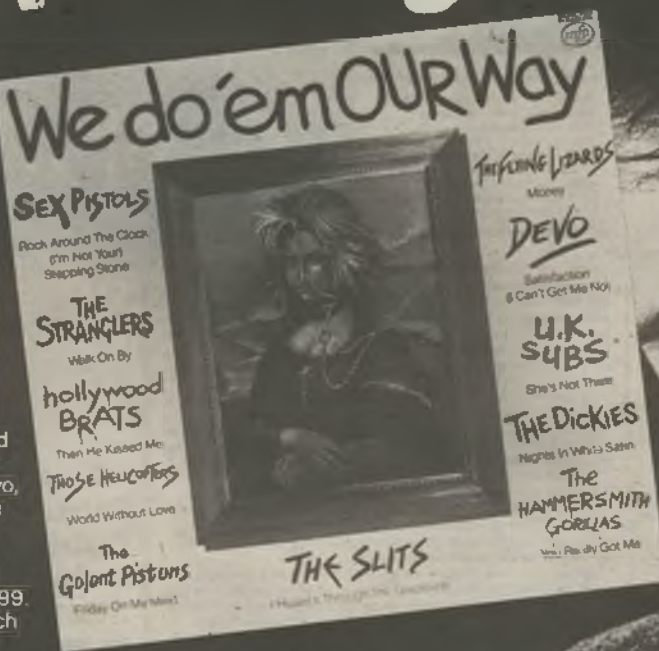
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Base metal turned to gold

SHAKIN' STREET
Shakin' Street (CBS)

DESPITE its much-touted "revival", current heavy metal has really hit the pits.

On the one hand you have the boorish boys who ape their elders but can't disguise their clumsiness with excuses about bringing it back to the roots. At the other extreme there's the tarted-up remnants of the '70s super-groups who've been recycling their riffs and role playing for so long they've forgotten where fantasy ends and real life starts. Lyrically they're all reactionary purveyors of a comforting past when a man knew much better what a man was supposed to do. Musically they're stuck in the same old stagnant groove. Whether it chooses to call itself hard rock or heavy metal, the sound is equally abysmal.

Which makes Shakin' Street all the more extraordinary. Against the odds they've come up with an album that's a triumphant celebration of the style. And while staying well within the old structures they've somehow transformed them. In what reads like a legendary game of Consequences, singer Fabienne Shine met producer Sandy Pearlman at a Blue Oyster Cult concert in Paris. He took a band that already included the Californian ex-Dictator Ross The Boss over to the West Coast for a year. The result was Shakin' Street's second album and a minor revolution in hard rock.

It has to be said that at least some of the difference is due to the fact that the words are sung by a woman. While Fabienne sounds as if she fully intends to be victor, not victim, she's no mecho Quatro I'm-more-male-than-a-man imitation. She keeps the right inflection but avoids the boring sweat and swagger. Although the lyrics are nothing more than a respectful retread of rock myths, when she's blathering about rebellion, refusing to compromise or being a star she makes it all sound artless.

And Ross The Boss makes you realise what damage has been done to the genre of the rock guitarist in the blind search for brutal display. His playing is fluid, melodic and economical. With Eric Lewy he gives new credence to even the oldest clichés.

Elsewhere there's the same sense of a loving exercise in style. And whether you thought that Pearlman castrated The Clash or established them in their true métier on 'Give 'Em Enough Rope', there's no mistaking his achievements on this album. This music glows rather than grinds. The melodies are fresh, the arrangements fluent and the sound is shot through with a genuine flash of fire.

It's because Shakin' Street have approached the escapist ideal of classic rock and roll with lively affection instead of using them as a cold vehicle for worthless affirmations of a meaningless lifestyle that they've transcended the traps.

Fabienne and Eric Lewy have between them written all the tracks. Acoustic guitar starts the pastel delicacies of 'Suzy Wong'. Ross The Boss dives through some dizzying acrobatics on the speedy assertion 'Generation X'. 'Solid As A Rock' has ecstatic taped applause that swoops round a fake-live anthem. Jean-Lou Kellnowski's resonant drumming sustains the stately, searing pace of 'I Want To Box You' while the guitars burn behind Fabienne's aerial chantings. Only 'So Fine' is something of a let-down, as an insipid song is saved half-way through by some upkited guitar.

Overall it's a record characterised by its grace, charm and poise. Those qualities and its mobile sense of freedom and fun make it the exact opposite of what heavy metal has come to mean, but an inspired illustration of all the style should stand for.

Lynn Hanne



Fabienne shine. Shakin' Street Pic: Stevenson

THE PASSIONS Michael And Miranda (Fiction)

QUITE how The Passions ever managed to get mixed up (sic) with the men/women that constitute their writing momentum on 'Michael And Miranda' is one question that goes deliberately begging here. If these people exist, then why do they exist and why do Claire, Richard, Clive and Barbara get mixed up with them? More importantly, taking M&M's existence as read, why do Claire, Richard, Clive and Barbara imagine that anyone else could care less about them, should want to hear about them, or feel any empathy or hatred for them? And if they don't exist (which is more likely, given the one-sided, j'accuse nature of damn near all the songs) then our pals in the hot-seat have manifestly failed to bring their fictional creations to life.

If I'm being kind, and talk about modern fractured pop, nervous edges, angles that are probably lost on the average layman/woman, The Passions still barely cut their cloth according to their taste. 'Pedal Fury' may be a piece of black comedy about a cyclist who gets run over by a Corvette Stingray and then has an out-of-body experience to prove it, but was the party insured? Moreover, the line 'Intrepid mistress of the black tarmac' seems to me a very

high-falutin' description of so mundane an event. Or is that the point?

Apparently The Passions can make themselves appear interesting to the listener, as on 'On No, It's You', where a naughtily little emotion called humility crawls in for a second and it's possible to sit back and enjoy the musical variety provided by Mr Timperley's kilimba. But this aberration is given short shrift by 'Snow' — a song that contains a very dull reference to cocaine and paranoia.

The Passions reserve their thematic angst for those favourite stand-bys, the universal sexist on 'Why Me' and the pervert on the tube ('Man On The Tube') who turns out to be the figment of somebody or other's imagination.

Most of the time the writers give the impression of trying to cram too many words and tor-

many obsessions into too small a bag, so the results spill out in a horrible confusion which is neither abrasive nor entertaining.

On 'Palava' they do come close to formulating a coherent *raison d'être*: 'How can I get to the point/Without going round in circles/The games you play, I don't want to play/I don't have the time to talk in riddles all day'. Then, yes, the feeling is mutual.

Humpty Dumpty might understand what The Passions are on about but I'm afraid it's too subtle for me. This band is craving an indulgence by forming a collective. It doesn't add up to much. **Max Bell**

CREATION REBEL Starship Africa (4D)

SOUNDS like the dub of a dub, dubadub style; probably the dub purist's dream. If you listened to Dennis Bovell's recent 'Iwah Dub' and thought it

had too many pretty-pretty tunes, slaver over 'Starship Africa'. It's a conversation between friends, with minimal words; the real dialogue is in the silences.

The album is credited to Creation Rebel, a competent reggae showband — if you go and see them on the strength of 'Starship's' outer limits abstractions, you'll be disappointed. Creation Rebel's rhythms are the raw material, dub-stretched to an abstract but functional new shape, like the web a spider weaves on LSD.

The main credit on this album really belongs to Adrian 'Hitrun' Sherwood, the producer. Although he hasn't received Bovell-level accolades, he's responsible for many fine dubs, notably Prince Far I's 'Crv Tuff Encounter' series (one on Sherwood's old Hitrun label, one placed with Front Line through lack of funds).

Here and now, Sherwood's obviously let his imagination run riot. Scarcely any of the original instrumental sound remains — a marked contrast to most dub LPs, which are basically instrumentals with a dash of echo and reverb thrown in for effect here and there.

There is a solid pulse of bass throughout, though, virtually untreated. New melodies are ripples of piano re-created as temple bell chimes, or melodic fragments into half-heard yodellers three hills away.

Everything is minimal, almost subliminal. The more you listen, the more complete the shards of sound become. The bare bones begin to dance, and you recognise them as complete mobile sound sculptures, shimmering and shifting to cross-rhythms, rooted by bass.

The original instruments, almost unrecognisable now, are silver UFOs, whistling past the window of your craft, whirling till they disappear humming over the horizon.

Vivian Goldman
(Yeah, but you can't dance to it — a passing Max Bell)

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A man not of the world

PETER GREEN

Little Dreamer (PVK)

THAT Peter Green should have returned to rock music at all after nine years in the wilderness is surprising enough. That he should still be so articulate, musically at least, is a miracle.

This is Green's second album in the year since his comeback. Like the first, 'In The Skies', it is a record of almost horizontally relaxed borderline blues, treading roughly the same territory as Dire Straits and Eric Clapton.

Peter Green has the edge, of course. His touch is more personal. His voices — the world-worn, dreamy vocals and poignant, vulnerable guitar — are so natural, they're almost confessional.

At his peak, Green's 'purity' and subtlety were what set him apart from his fellow 'guitar heroes'. He was a sensitive performer; as it transpired, too sensitive for the '70s. Now, somehow, his new producer Peter Vernon-Kell has helped him find a niche where he can work again without pressure, in privacy.

The results, on this album, are funkier than 'In The Skies', more vocal-orientated. Green takes Albert King's 'Born Under A Bad Sign' and makes it easy listening — no mean feat, and no travesty either. The best of his originals (songs credited to his brother Mick) match it for fluency and simplicity, with lyrics that dwell on losing, crying, laying down on my pillow when the sun goes down... Old clichés that, in Green's hands, ring all too true.

Ultimately, in 1980, Peter Green's presence is pleasing but irrelevant; an anachronism. Nobody wears his badges or T-shirts, or even knows what he looks like. Apart from last year's solitary NME interview, all you have to go on is his music.

'Little Dreamer' is the sound of a sad and empty man.

Phil McNair

IN '78, Etta James toured with the Stones and ended up with a Warner contract, a Jerry Wexler produced album and more copy to stick in her scrapbook than she'd acquired during her whole 17 years at Chess. Since then it's been the old forgetteroo. Not a peep outta Warners. Nor from that host of short-contract admirers who'd been programmed to scream in accordance with the whims of the Publicity Machine. Sickenin'g? Right.

But then things like that happen all too frequently in this business. Cheer today and groan tomorrow. Happily, someone's had the good sense to sign Etta to another contract, with the result that a brand new album is filtering through to the more knowing kind of inner shops at this very minute. Produced by Allen Toussaint and featuring songs mainly composed by the Sea Saint boss and Willie Hutch, the disc is called 'Changes' (MCA T-Electra) — sorry, it's not that title fool you.

Etta thankfully remains the same as ever, ready to sell but refusing to sell-out. Disco, you won't find it here. It's real black music, the sort that soul singers would give their eye-teeth to sing, rugged R&B with the dirty changes, funk so dirty that you practically have to wipe your hands with Swarfage each time you play the record. Sometimes there's a mild let-up in the heat — as in the case of 'Don't Stop', a Toussaint novelty that harks back to the '50s in style but still sounds a good bet for an '80s single. But in the main it's the sort of thing that once made Aretha great — hang-on-and-grit-your-teeth fare. Even if there isn't any brouhaha around right now, go out and get two copies of 'Changes'. One to play — and one to merely remind you that good R&B, in the rotund shape of Peaches James, is alive and kicking.

Conversely, 'Philosophy Of The World' (Red Rooster/Rounder), by The Shaggs, rates among the most horrendous releases of our time. The Shaggs — a two guitar and drums outfit from Fremont, New Hampshire — comprise three sisters, Betty, Helen and Dorothy Wiggin, whose musicianship has to be described. The Shaggs will never play a correct chord if a wrong 'un can be found: they sing harmonies that The Beach Boys are still searching for and create time structures that Brubeck never heard about. The news is that Zappa loves them, while it can only be a matter of time before Malcolm McMoneybags moves in for the kill. Meanwhile, The Shaggs remain truly blunderful.

Fred Dellar



Kid Jensen says

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ACROSS

4 See 26
6 & 12 Cut original of 'Let's Heng On'
8 The hit from 'Flesh & Blood' (4,3)
9 20 Pulls rank on Lost Planet Airmen
10 Thick pacer? (5,5)
11 See 25
13 His second solo LP was Bowie-produced (3,4)
14 She needs a good polish!
16 See 15
17 Apparently turns Dee on!
18 & 29 Moptops oldie (1,4,4)
23 Give Pote lapel (enag. 2 words)
25 Later Moptops oldie, sometimes described as their most experimental single
26 & 4 Chose baby arranged in coastal location!
28 La Lovich's debut hit (5,6)
29 See 18

DOWN

1 Covered by The Clash on their first LP (6,3,7)
2 Featuring G. Numan as a pane (sic) in the ass! (2,3,5)
3 Lieber & Stoller wrote their classic hits
5 The Sham?
6 See 15
7 Irish axeman (I know this one!) — R. Coleman
9 Australian-born smart-ass of the small screen (5,5)
11 Remember The Floaters No 17 (5,2)
12 See 6 across
15 & 6 down & 22 & 16 across A single (did ya expect any more?) (5,6,4,2,2,3,7,2,7)
19 Who? Yes...
20 See 9 across
21 Green or Baumann?
22 See 15
24 Wordy stuff?
27 Currently putting it about in *Bad Timing*

Last week's ANSWERS

ACROSS: 5 'Snap Crackle And Pop'; 7 'Women And Children (First)'; 10 Noel (Edmonds); 11 'Moondance'; 13 'Strange Town'; 14 (Peter) Tosh; 16 (Boontown) Rats; 17 'Geno'; 18 Steve (Jones); 21 Waiters; 22 (Suzi) Quatro; 23 Elton (John); 24 Linda Lewis; 27 (Steve) Jones; 29 'Dear Miss Lonely Hearts'; 31 'Horse (With No Name)'; 32 The Jags.

DOWN: 1 Bad Manners; 2 Magnet; 3 Kevin Coyne; 4 Johnny Cash; 6 'Candle In The Wind'; 'Wheels Of Steel'; 8 'Crime Of The Century'; 9 'Rhannon'; 12 'Dear Miss Lonely Hearts'; 14 Ted Nugent; 15 'Something (Else)'; 19 (Brian) Epstein; 20 Dion; 25 Arista; 26 'Women And Children (First)'; 27 (Elton) John; 28 'Something (Else)'; 30 'Ais'.

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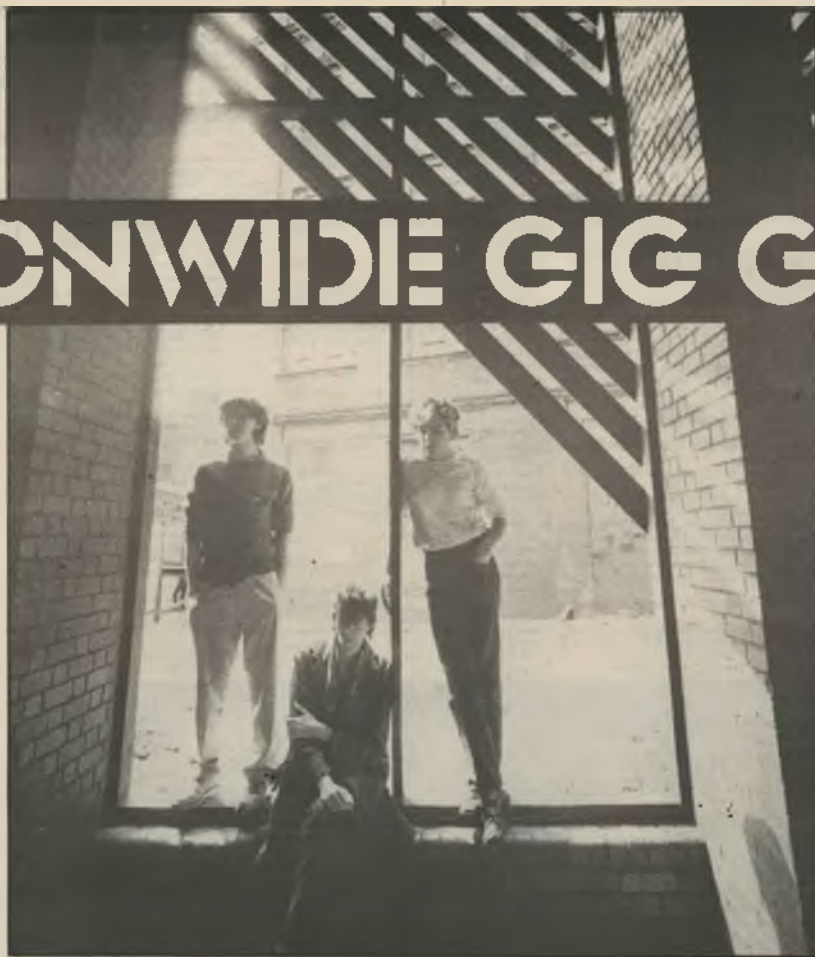
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THE RAINBOW THEATRE, 232 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, FINSBURY PARK, LONDON, N4.

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN (right) are currently engaged in their most important tour to date, promoting their debut album 'Crocodiles'. The highlight of their outing is a prestige London show on Saturday, but they're also in action this week at Leeds (Thursday) and Nottingham (Monday). Our Kevin Cummins picture shows — from left to right — Will Sergeant, Ian McCulloch and Les Pattinson. Not sure which one answers to the name of Echo, though.



NOT A SCINTILLATING week on the gig circuit, by any means. There's plenty going on, and a surprisingly large number of gigs for the time of year — but no major tours starting, and a pause in the plethora of summer festivals. Even so, there's a number of big-name tours already on the road, including Dazy's, The Photos, Steve Harley and Iron Maiden. And the week's outstanding one-off is the return of Mink De Ville (London, Friday).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Barnackburn Tamdhu: The Strides
Barkingside Old Maypole: The Cruisers
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Little Willy
Birmingham Market Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Than
Blackburn Cloggers: Strawhead
Bodmin Jail Club: Metro Glider
Bradford Queen's Hall: Jeddiah Strutt
Brighton Basement Club: Delta 5
Brighton The Centre: Black Sabbath/Shakin Street
Burntwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
Carlisle Truck Inn Motel: Johnny & The Roosters
Cardiff Lion Hotel: Johnny Coppin Band
Clacton Barbarella's: Shades
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: Denizens
Coventry General: Wolfe: The Failed Romantics
Coventry Warwick University: O-Tips/The Penelope/Spidogenesis/Boys
Gloucester Crown & Anchor: Otway & Barrett
Gt. Watkings Youth Centre: Steve Hooker Band
Guildford Civic Hall: Steve Hackett
High Wycombe Nags Head: White Lines
Hucknall Miners Welfare: Slide
Hull Wellington Club: The Au Pairs
Leeds Fan Club: Echo & The Bunnymen
Lincoln Cornhill: The Needles
London Camden Digswells: The Fabulous Poodles
London Canning Town Bridge House: Angelo Padellaro/China Town
London Carlford The Squire: Yakety Yak
London Chiswick John Bull: Talamasca
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Spectres/The Zeds
London Deptford Star & Garter: The Time Files
London Finchley Torrington: Big Chief
London Fulham Golden Lion: Denny Adler Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Manufactured Romance/The Far Cry
London Fulham The Cock: Afghan Rebels
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: D.A.F./Dome/Cupel/Blurt/The Door & The Window
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Cadillac
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Gas
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: X
London Marquee Club: Neil Innes
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: New Iberia Stompers
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett Temple Tudor
London Putney White Lion: Johnny Mars
London Shepherd's Bush Trelatier: Speedball
London Soho Pizza Express: Bobby Rosengarden Quartet
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: The Damians
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The O.K. Band
London Victoria The Venue: Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London Wembley Arena: Fleetwood Mac
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Rent Boys/The Leopards
London Woolwich Trenchard: Allen Holdsworth
London W.14 The Kensington: The 45s
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Iron Maiden
Manchester Band On The Wall: Detroit
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Dazy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs
Newcastle The Copperage: The Marks
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Oxford University: New Musik
Oxford University College: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Poole Arts Centre: David Essex
Poole Brookly Sands: Joe Brown
Port Talbot Troubadour: The Photos
Preston Folk Centre: Christine & Joe White
Rayleigh Cross: Johnny Storm & Memphis
Reading Monday Club: Trance
Scarborough Taboo: Fashion/Wahl Heat
Sheffield Limb Club: Bad Manners
Southampton Joiners Arms: The Bisters
Southend Seams: Outrageous Flesh
Sunderland Old Twentynine: Carl Green & The Scene
Winstor Civic Hall: Mike Harding
Witherside Grand Pavilion: The Vapors
Worthing Rendezvous Club: Delegation (for three days)
Yeovil Johnson Hall: Budgie

Birmingham Market Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Moseley Festival: UB40
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teaser
Birmingham Top Rank: The Best
Bournemouth Mead House Hotel: The Scavengers
Brighton Alhambra: Sharafa
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: Black Cat
Brighton The Centre: David Essex
Bristol Trinity Community Centre: The Fabulous Poodles
Bristol Ten Gables Club: Yakety Yak
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetline
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Fashion
Dunstable Civic Hall: Budgie
Exeter University: Matchbox
Fatenham Community Centre: The Stingrays
Gateshead Ravenshill Club: The Cruisers
Harrogate Theatre: Mike Harding
Kettering North Park Club: The Rebel Rousers
Knighton Norton Arms: The Stains
Leeds Wiggie Wine Bar: Dodgy Tactics
Leicester De Montfort Hall: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: Captain Video
Llandyfaul Bledyffryn Hall: Madax Man
London Camden: Dingwells
London Camden Music Machine: Shakin Street
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jettyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: Steve Hooker Band
London Chiswick John Bull: The Rookies
London Clapham 101 Club: Transziste
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Lonsdale Ig More/The Cadillac
London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton's H. D. Band
London Fulham Greyhound: The Distractions
London Fulham The Cock: Jazz Sluts
London Greenwich Trident Hall Theatre: Jacques Loussier
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Fad Gadget/Vice Versa/Clock DVA
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Scene
London Holborn Princess Louise: The Famous 5
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Manyas
London Kensington Nashville: The Vibrators
London Kensington Nashville: The Vibrators
London Marquee Club: Nine Below Zero
London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber Johnny
London Putney Half Moon: Chicken Shack
London Putney Star & Garter: Roger Brooks Band
London Putney White Lion: Danny Adler Band
London Soho Pizza Express: Kenny Pavens Quartet
London St. Barn's Hospital: Flying Saucers
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: Dr K's Blues Band
London Tottenham White Hart: The Domines
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Scala Cinema: Disco Zombies/The Myrterons
London University: The Salford Jets
London University Union: The Mistakes/The Strait/Jam Today
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Manicow
London Victoria The Venue: Mink De Ville

London Wembley Arena: Fleetwood Mac
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Wasted Youth/The Apaches/General R & The Meanies
London Westminster Bridge Rd The Towers: The Cruisers
London W.1 Portman Hotel: The River-riders
London W.C.1 New Martin's Cave: The O.K. Band
Manchester Portland Bar: The Backroom Boys
Manchester Assembly Hall: New Musik
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: Pink Military
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: Chris Rea
Nottingham Greyhound Stadium: Bad Hackett
Nottingham University: Armpit Jug Band
Oxford Dranges & Lemons: Dangerous Girls
Portladswe Dwyer Arms: Cromlech
Reading University: Twelfth Night
Scarborough Penthouse: Bad Manners
Slough The Merry-maker: Spidogenesis-sounds
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Steve Hackett
Southampton The Gryphon: Otway & Barrett
Southend Elms: Dynamite
St Austell Polgoth Inn: Metro Glider
Swansea University: Slide
Wardour Wall Rail College: The Hitmen
West Malling Greenways: Chris Barber Band
Wokington Carnegie Theatre: Richard Digance
Worthing Assembly Rooms: Denny Laine Band

Saturday

Baldock The Victoria: Spud & The Fabs
Barkingside Old Maypole: Shades
Barnsley Staincross Club: Ada Wilson & Keeping Dark
Bassendon Double Six: Cable Car
Belfast Kings Head: Showgrounds: Lindisfarne/Van Morrison/Mike Oldfield
Birmingham Market Cross: Handsome Dealers
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street
Birmingham Sutton Carnival: Helpless How/The Frets/Vedette
Birmingham The Sydneyham: Remember The Bournemouth Jumpers Tavern: The Scavengers
Brighton The Centre: David Essex
Bristol Ashton Court Festival: Dangerous Girls/The Directions
Bristol Granary: Dedgar
Bunton Transport Club: Strange Days
Cambridge Great Northern: The Needles
Canconk Troubadour: Kicks
Cardiff University Hospital College: Raging Jolly
Carlton St. Helier Arms: Glas & The Rockin' Rebels
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: Exit 13
Cromer Kings Head: Percy & Sid
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Slide
Dartford YMCA: Triarchy/Schmitz
Evesham Public Hall: The Rager/Emotion Pictures
Folkestone Less Cliff Hall: The Enid-Idolles
Gosport John Peel: Thieves Like Us
Gravesend Red Lion: Embryo
Guildford Free Festival: Johnny Coppin Band
Harrogate Theatre: Mike Harding
Hastings St Clements Cave: Richard Strange
High Wycombe Nags Head: Ray Dorset & The Insiders/Volunteer Subjects
Hornchurch The Bull: Spider
Hornchurch Central Theatre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Liverpool The Old Police Station: The Accelerators
London Camden Dingwells: Jackie Lynton's H. D. Band
London Camden Music Machine: The Psychotic Furs/The Soft Boys
London Canning Town Bridge House: No Dice
London Chiswick John Bull: Sed Among Strangers
London Clapham 101 Club: Tennis Shoes
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Valentines/The Works
London Crystal Palace Hotel: Spidogenesis-sounds
London Deptford Star & Garter: Void/The Go-Go's
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Bishops
London Fulham Greyhound: Voyager/The Fall Out
London Fulham The Cock: Johnny G Band
London Hackney Adam & Eve: Rockhouse
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Hammersmith The Swan: Jeep
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Twelfth Night
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Fashion
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Ricky Cool & The Rikatos
London Kensington The Nashville: The Go-Go's
London Lewisham Concert Hall: Chris Barber Band
London Marquee Club: Nine Below Zero
London N.14 The Stapleton: Sons Of Cain
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: Jase
London Putney Star & Garter: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Rainbow Theatre: The Vapors / The Choir
London School of Economics: Delta 5/The Vincent Units
London Soho Pizza Express: Kenny Pavens Quartet
London Southbank Polytechnic: The Flat-heads
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Tottenham Ct. Road YMCA: Echo & The Bunnymen
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The Choir
London Victoria The Venue: Mickey Jupp
London West Ealing Leyland Youth Centre: The Decorators/Furniture
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Expressors/The Almost Brothers
Luton Baron Of Beef: Cinematix/Pneumonia
Manchester Midland Hotel: The Cruisers
Manchester Polytechnic: The Distractions
Manchester The Milestone: Zenathus
Manchester Zodiac Club: The Cadillacs
Mansfield Swan Hotel: The Jets

Friday

Ayr Pavilion: Dazy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs
Barnsley: Brian Damage Group
Bath Pavilion: Iron Maiden
Birmingham Golden Eagle: The Moos/The News

Newbury College of Further Education: Voyagers/Sloan
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: Cebarret
Nottingham The Peddocks: Bad Manners
Nottingham University: The Hitmen
Oxford New Theatre: Iron Maiden
Poole Arts Centre: Steve Hackett
Portsmouth Kings Theatre: Denny Laine Band
Reading Target Club: Long Tall Sherry
Rayleigh Travellers Joy: Mad Chateau
Sheffield University: Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel
Shifnal The Star: The Naked Housewives/Orin/Yella Curtin Rayls
Southampton Joiners Arms: Lone Wolf
Southampton Le Saint's College: New Musik
Southport Theatre: Gary Glitter/Cuddly Star
Torquay Pelican Inn: Metro Glider
Tunbridge Wells Railway: Otway & Barrett
Warrington Lion Hotel: White Spirit
Warwick Red Lion: Double Yellow Lines
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Worthing Pier Pavilion: Die Laughing

Sunday

Bath Pavilion: Slide
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bradford College Vaults Bar: Mysterious Footsteps
Brighton Jenkinsons: Bad Manners
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Buxton Opera House: Chris Barber Band
Cardiff Top Rank: Steve Hackett
Cork Macraon Castle: Lindisfarne/Van Morrison/Mike Oldfield
Cromer Pier Pavilion: Alet Blk Band
Croydon Greyhound: Shades
Durham Rushford Club: Dave Barry
Edinburgh Harvey's: The Marks
Exeter New Vic: Metro Glider
Glasgow Countdown Bar: Restricted Code
Glasgow Downe Castle: H20
Glasgow Tiffany's: Dazy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs
Ipswich Royal William: The Needles
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Liverpool Mona Hotel: Breakdown/Alexis Korner
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Brixton George Canning: Southside
London Camden Dingwells: Red Bees & Rice
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Chiswick Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre: Traitor's Gait
London Clapham: Two Brewers: Sed Among Strangers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Dave/Birthday Party
London Finchley Torrington: Nine Below Zero
London Fulham Golden Lion: Ricky Cool & The Rikatos
London Fulham Greyhound: Soulyard/The Heyday Players
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Johnny G
London Highgate The Wellington: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Wasted Youth
London Kensington The Nashville: The Small Brothers/The Thompson Twins
London Marquee Club: The Merton Parkas
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster The Moonwalkers
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: Al Ward Band
London Putney Half Moon: Midnite Folie Orchestra
London Putney White Lion: Chicken Shack
London Soho Pizza Express: Keith Nichole
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Time Files
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Budgie/Slidehammer/Shakin' Street/Vedette
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: David Essex (for a week)
London Woolwich Tramshed: Max Collier's Rhythmic Aces
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Pamela Knowles Trio
Manchester Portland Bar: Zenathus
Newbridge Memorial Hall: Dedinger
Newbury Central Hotel: The Winners
Norwich Cottage Tavern: The Stingrays
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Medium Medium
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: Dangerous Girls
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: Otway & Barrett
Ponteract Blackmore Head: Knife Edge
Poynton Folk Centre: Johnny Silvio
Reading Cherry's Bar: Vox Pop
Redhill Laker's Hotel: The 45's
Rotherham Wath & W. Melton Club: Strange Days
Southport Civic Hall: Mike Harding
Stafford City Hall: The Dooleys
Slough Alexander's: Black Cat

CONTINUES OVER . . .

Overnight developers

THE PHOTOS

The Photos (Epic)
OH GOD, not another one. Not another faceless futile fashion-conscious and nondescript little pop band showing out more shallow sleek and shoddy songs, all tidy trite and twee and about nothing and supposed to please everybody?

Well, right first time actually; it isn't. The Photos are not faceless futile and all the rest of it at all — in fact they're quite appealing in a modest sort of way.

Fronted of course by winsome Wendy Wu, The Photos are mostly about good tunes played fast. The crude punk rust of their earliest days — commemorated here on an extra giveaway album — got itself sophisticated and softened into pop, but not completely; for all the surface gloss of the production the band still give an impression of awkwardness that wants to sound slick. With the odd exception, the Wu vocals are pure and assured, nicely offset by the guitar-edged hardness of the group (Steve Eagles, Otis Harrison on drums and Dave Sparrow on bass).

Everything really good seems to be on side one. 'Irene' and 'Barbarellas' are great: tough melodies and sadly nostalgic lyrics. And 'Friends' is a ballad that achieves a classic simplicity. In fact, for a band who boast they've "got nothing to say that hasn't been said before", all their lyrical pictures are finely drawn.

All the more reason to do without that limping version of Dusty's 'Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself' which closes side two.

Paul Du Noyer Pictures of Wendy... Pic: Steve Bell.



RANDY CRAWFORD

Now We May Begin (Warner Bros)
RANDY CRAWFORD'S was the voice on 'Street Life', last year's hit single from The Crusaders. And now Messrs Felder, Hooper and Sample renew the acquaintance by writing, producing and playing on the Cincinnati singer's fourth solo album.

The result, to my surprise, is a marvellous array of subtle shadings and textures. A record of muted power that exudes class and style with every note.

I've had my doubts about The Crusaders' recent work, which seemed often to stray beyond that narrow line dividing blandness from sophistication. In particular, they suffocated the bluesy attack of B.B. King on the two albums he did with them. But on 'Now We May Begin' their restrained, jazzy feel works perfectly and Randy Crawford sounds both a more relaxed and a more flexible singer than she did with the albeit impressive mainstream soul slant of her previous album, 'Raw Silk'.

Within the sumptuous ambience created by Felder's soft-core funky bass, Hooper's versatile drums and Sample's shrewd use of strings, there is a good deal of variety, from the smoky regret of 'Last Night At Danceland' to the suave bump 'n' grind of 'Same Old Story (Same Old Song)', which received an earlier airing on the Blues Boy's 'Take It Home' LP. Two other uptempo numbers, 'Blue Flame' and 'My Heart Is Not As Young As It Used To Be', indicate the strength of Crawford's voice, while a few plaintive ballads, including the self-penned 'Tender Falls The Rain', reveal a smooth sensuousness that almost coaxes emotion from every supple turn of phrase.

The album closes on a note of superb melodrama with 'When Your Life Was Low'.

Randy Crawford may be a refined taste but it's not a hard one to acquire.

Graham Lock

THE GLADIATORS

Gladiators (Virgin)
REBEL MUSIC veterans meet name funky producer in an all-out bid for rock-rack accessibility. The Gladiators gaze euphorically towards the sky, and in case we miss it in the music, the sides are labelled "flaming" and "glowing" respectively. Has someone been playing with matches while Babylon fiddles?

As it goes, 'Gladiators' consists largely of innocuous, hum-along reggae de bland. 'Feel Like A Star', for instance, has a typically infectious melody that unfolds lyrics as improbable as the title suggests. On 'Oh What A Joy' they sing in earnest praise of moderation and temperance against a backdrop of nasty syndromes. Songs like that are, to put it kindly, so-so.

But such atrocities as 'Behind Closed Doors' and 'Mine For All Time' (sub-Eurovision sales and benjo-sodden weeperama respectively) only elicit incredulous wince. The rest just yields uncomfortably to Eddy Grant's insensitive production, typified by a flatulent and ever-present moog, megalomaniac horn arrangements, FM-perfect bass-runs, and all those sumptuous vocal harmonies relegated to aerosol value.

Compare Marley's 'Duppy Conqueror' and the Studio One perennial 'Mello Carol' (both recycled here) with the original versions, and Grant's quart-inna-pint-pot hall-mark really springs into relief.

Unless one is seeking fresh illumination on how badly The Gladiators have succumbed to rockbiz colonisation, this album is pointless. With the Front Line now dismantled, perhaps The Gladiators' best option is to exorcise themselves completely from Vernon Yard. Then we might see a return to earlier scintillating form. Meanwhile I cannot recommend this current drive!

(to Heile). Rick Joseph

CHART BACKLOG

UK SINGLES — May 17

This Last Week		
1 (1) What's Another Year	Johnny Logan (Epic)	
2 (1) Gend	Dazy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	
3 (2) Coming Up	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	
4 (3) Tootsie	Sly (Arista)	
5 (4) Silver Dream Racer	David Essex (Mercury)	
6 (5) Call Me	Blondie (Chrysalis)	
7 (10) The Groove	Rodney Franklin (CBS)	
8 (24) Hold On To My Love	Jimmy Ruffin (RSO)	
9 (15) No Doubt About It	Hot Chocolate (Epic)	
10 (16) Golden Years (Live EP)	Motorhead (Bronze)	
11 (14) I Shoulda Loved Ya	Norah Michael Walden (Atlantic)	
12 (6) Check Out The Groove	Bobby Thurston (Epic)	
13 (11) My Perfect Cousin	The Undertoners (Sire)	
14 (26) She's Gonna Be My Life	Michael Jackson (Epic)	
15 (1) Mirror In The Bathroom	The Best (Go Feet)	
16 (22) Don't Make Waves	Noelie (Epic)	
17 (10) King/Good For Thought	UB40 (Graduate)	
18 (17) Breathing	Kate Bush (EMI)	
19 (1) Just Can't Give You Up	Mystic Merlin (Capitol)	
20 (30) Let's Go Round Again	Average White Band (RCA)	
21 (1) Theme From Mash	The Mash (CBS)	
22 (1) You Gave Me Love	Crown Heights Allstars (Mercury)	
23 (28) Foot For Your Loving	Whitesnake (United Artists)	
24 (12) Don't Push It Don't Fence It	Leon Haywood (20th Century)	
25 (9) Sexy Eyes	Dr Hook (Capitol)	
26 (13) Working My Way Back To You	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	
27 (1) Police And Thieves	Junior Murkin (Epic)	
28 (19) Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Mercury)	
29 (25) The World Of War	New Musik (GTO)	
30 (1) Staring At The Rude Boys	The Ruts (Virgin)	

UK ALBUMS — May 17

This Last Week		
1 (1) The Magic Of Boney M	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	
2 (2) Sky 2	Sky (Arista)	
3 (2) Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitehall)	
4 (4) Suzi Quatro's Greatest Hits	Suzi Quatro (Rak)	
5 (1) Bobby Vee Singles Album	Bobby Vee (United Artists)	
6 (5) Duke	Genesis (Chrysalis)	
7 (20) Somewhere You Win	Dr Hook (Capitol)	
8 (1) Hypnotised	Undertoners (Sire)	
9 (1) Twelve Gold Bars	Status Quo (Vertigo)	
10 (1) By Request	Lena Martell (Roc)	
11 (17) Heaven And Hell	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	
12 (1) Empty Glass	Peter Townshend (A&O)	
13 (1) Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	
14 (12) Barbara Dickson Album	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	
15 (13) Iron Maiden	Iron Maiden (EMI)	
16 (11) Snakes And Ladders	Gerry Rafferty (UA)	
17 (1) Just One Night	Eric Clapton (RSO)	
18 (14) Raggett De Blanc	Police (A&M)	
19 (1) Sports Car	Jodie Truitt (Rocket)	
20 (18) Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Capitol)	
21 (21) One Step Beyond	Madness (Sire)	
22 (27) Glass Houses	Billy Joel (CBS)	
23 (24) She's A Winner	Bad Manners (Magnet)	
24 (25) Tears And Laughter	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	
25 (26) 17 Seconds	The Cure (Fiction)	
26 (30) Brand New Age	UK Subs (Genn)	
27 (32) Facades	Sad Cafe (RCA)	
28 (21) Wild Horses	Wild Horses (EMI)	
29 (1) The Correct Use Of Soap	Magazine (Virgin)	
30 (1) Animal Magnetism	Scorpions (Mercury)	

UK SINGLES — May 24

This Last Week		
1 (1) What's Another Year	Johnny Logan (Epic)	
2 (1) No Doubt About It	Hot Chocolate (Epic)	
3 (2) Gend	Michael Jackson (Epic)	
4 (3) Coming Up	Dazy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	
5 (15) Mirror In The Bathroom	The Best (Go Feet)	
6 (8) Hold On To My Love	Jimmy Ruffin (RSO)	
7 (2) Coming Up	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	
8 (21) I Shoulda Loved Ya	Norah Michael Walden (Atlantic)	
9 (1) Check Out The Groove	Royce Music (Polygram)	
10 (16) Don't Make Waves	Noelie (Epic)	
11 (5) Silver Dream Racer	David Essex (Mercury)	
12 (2) Theme From Mash	The Mash (CBS)	
13 (7) The Groove	Rodney Franklin (CBS)	
14 (20) Let's Go Round Again	Average White Band (RCA)	
15 (4) Tootsie	Sly (Arista)	
16 (19) Just Can't Give You Up	Mystic Merlin (Capitol)	
17 (18) Breathing	Kate Bush (EMI)	
18 (10) Golden Years (Live EP)	Motorhead (Bronze)	
19 (13) My Perfect Cousin	The Undertoners (Sire)	
20 (1) You'll Always Find Me In The Kitchen At Parties	John 13 (Sire)	
21 (6) Call Me	Blondie (Chrysalis)	
22 (12) Check Out The Groove	Bobby Thurston (Epic)	
23 (1) Back Together Again	Roberts Flack/Danny Hatterday (Atlantic)	
24 (22) You Gave Me Love	Crown Heights Allstars (Mercury)	
25 (1) King	UK Subs (Genn)	
26 (1) Let's Get Serious	Jermine Jackson (Motown)	
27 (29) This World Of War	New Musik (GTO)	
28 (23) Foot For Your Loving	Whitesnake (UA)	
29 (1) King	Don McLean (EMI)	
30 (20) Staring At The Rude Boys	The Ruts (Virgin)	

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17 (1) Just One Night	Eric Clapton (RSO)	
18 (14) Raggett De Blanc	Police (A&M)	
19 (1) Sports Car	Jodie Truitt (Rocket)	
20 (18) Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Capitol)	
21 (21) One Step Beyond	Madness (Sire)	
22 (27) Glass Houses	Billy Joel (CBS)	
23 (24) She's A Winner	Bad Manners (Magnet)	
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25 (26) 17 Seconds	The Cure (Fiction)	
26 (30) Brand New Age	UK Subs (Genn)	
27 (32) Facades	Sad Cafe (RCA)	
28 (21) Wild Horses	Wild Horses (EMI)	
29 (1) The Correct Use Of Soap	Magazine (Virgin)	
30 (1) Animal Magnetism	Scorpions (Mercury)	

BRITAIN'S MOST EXCITING MUSIC FESTIVAL

CAPITAL JAZZ

AT ALLY PALLY 11-13 JULY

FRIDAY 11 JULY 12 noon to 10pm **DIZZY GILLESPIE**
SAVOY SULTANS • KENNY BALL
CHRIS BARBER • ACKER BILK

THE BASIE ALUMNI • MIGHTY JOE YOUNG • GEORGE MELLY • MIDNIGHT POLLIES
CONCORD ALL-STARS • ROSE MURPHY

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Provincial numbskulls make an exhibition of themselves

LIVE!



Another conceptual blur of Wah! Heat. Pic Peter Anderson.

Out of town sounds / ICA

Wah! Heat Modern Eon

WAH! HEAT's leader Pete Wyley is the sort of person who wants to give out-of-towners a bad name, like Scottish football fans do when their team plays Wembley. Obviously believing he's got some heavy cross to bear, he spent most time between numbers haranguing a receptive ICA audience for their lack of response.

As they'd behaved as respectfully to Wah! Heat as they did to Modern Eon, it's difficult to know what was upsetting him, though judging by Adrian Thrill's feature last week, he makes a habit of insulting crowds. But why he should choose this moment to bare his provincial background like a livid scar is beyond me at a moment when most Northern bands are welcomed like liberating armies at this particular dull moment in London's rock'n'roll history.

Admittedly, the sight of colour supplement punks in expensive leathers, dog collars and feads turning out for the opening night of the ICA provincial rock week deserved some kind of rebuke, but he'd have done better just getting on with it.

Because Wah! Heat plainly don't need such arrogant bullying to win friends; their swaggering rhythms are tough enough to stand alone. Though not particularly inventive, they've fashioned some solid hard rock out of striving, probing bass and keen, sharp drumming, against which Wyley bounces some guitar playing as belligerent as his mouthing off.

Surprisingly effective, in a mad-bull-on-the-loose sort of way, Wyley

displays a better understanding of dynamics than he does delicacy, and consequently their more melodramatic numbers, like 'You Better Scream' and one called, I think, 'Seven Minutes To Midnight' work best.

Their chosen encore of Dylan's 'Positively 4th Street' seems specially suited to Wah! Heat's, or at least Wyley's, aggressive stance. Spitting out words with a venom that would make present day Dylan think his judgement day had come early, Wyley obviously enjoyed the ferocity of the number's put-down.

But as yet, Wah! Heat aren't as good as their name.

Compared to their fellow Liverpoolians, Modern Eon are positively cute. They share with The Psychedelic Furs a predilection for mysteriously swampy atmospherics, but they avoid the Furs' occasional lapses into dirge-like blow-outs by keeping their songs within tighter frameworks.

They're more romantic, too, though that usually manifests itself in a sort of gloomy despondency, which turns out to be their best feature in 'Choreography' — a doleful song that opens with bitter sweet chordings before evolving into the moody refrain of 'Don't dance'.

The phased guitars and washes of synthesizer and sax make things all quite dreamy, even when the rhythms are more boisterous, but there's enough attack to prevent it all getting too wistful.

Given the incongruity of the billing, Wah! Heat's acidic bitterness proved a better balance for Modern Eon's occasional flowery sweetness than one might have at first expected.

Chris Bohn

The Fall Ludus

NEARING the ICA, we could see the sleek limousines and vast chauffeured Rolls come gliding to a halt outside... The Fall arriving, one supposed, but no — just the elite imbibing culture at an exclusive arts event next door. The ICA itself was playing host to another clique of a different sort.

First off were a band that I've often cared for in the past, the Linder-led Ludus, whose unusual music can really thrill sometimes. But not this time; short as the set was, I got bored and disappointed by the way they played. The welcome, hard ridges of solid sound only surrounded morasses of slop. Drums rumbled and bass grumbled, Linder hiccupped and warbled at random. Duelling saxophones squealed like trapped hamsters. It was dull, smug in its minority status and, like the audience, static. People looked on with studious frowns, dancing only with their eyebrows... jazz attitudes were everywhere.

I'd like to thank the DJ for playing Elvis' Sun Sessions straight after.

Save for a gay sprinkling of *Blitzkrieg*, the night's sartorial keynote was serious black, and the gig was feeling correspondingly sombre. But trust the wacky, irrepressible Fall to change all that. Mark Smith's men delivered a typical set — beset with paradox yet stimulating still; a set that actually happens, as opposed to a routine to be

unveiled then put away till next time.

It's not easy passing judgements or offering consumer guidance on The Fall — Live At The Which? Trials, as it were. They're so idiosyncratic there's no way they'll become massively popular, so awkwardly individual it's impossible to guess their effect on anyone but yourself. I enjoy them well (although that's said not to be the response they want) but



it's odd to watch them being smothered in cult approval.

The Fall attack and satirise rock'n'roll, but of course it absorbs them like everything else. They played some new songs, some old songs, and got called back for encores by a foot-stomping following. Just who felt genuinely disturbed or challenged I couldn't guess.

They sounded great: all surface un-attraction but quickly addictive. Smith sings like Eddie Waring toasting; the words are bizarre, the ideas kaleidoscopic; the guitars jangle, whine and drone. You can pogo to them.

The Fall are much better than they like to admit.

Paul Du Noyer

Glaxo Babies The Diagram Brothers

THE NOISES of the north and west came to London last week not with a bang but an apologetic whimper, neatly shrinkwrapped in the coaly cocoon of a Capital Radio-sponsored 'rock week', the first of three at the ICA.

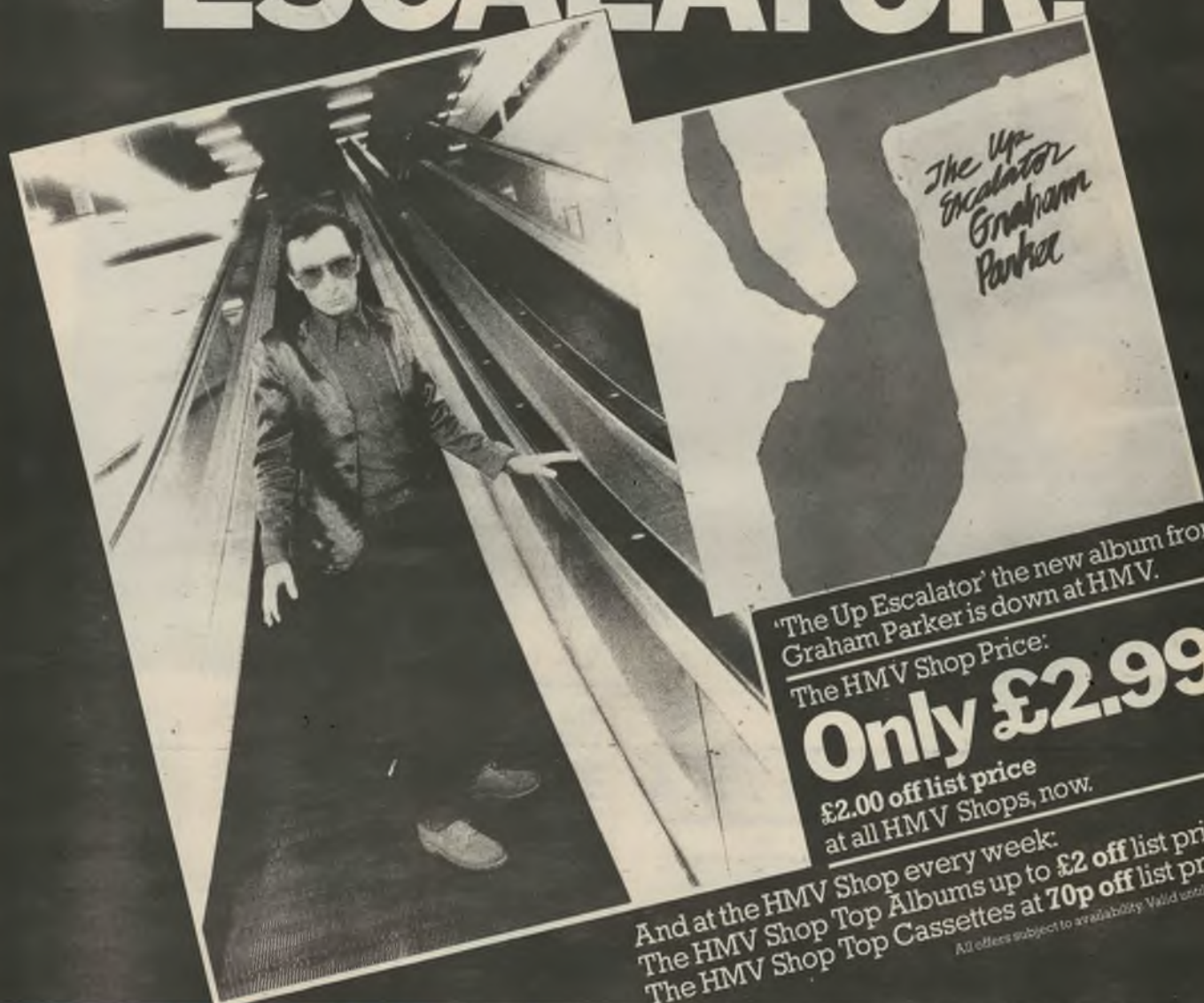
A laudable idea on paper, this platform for the provinces sagged under the weight of its polite packaging. Presenting up and coming bands as some sort of atrocity exhibition of bleak numbskulls from the north is not only patronising, it is also liable to breed a host of preconceptions.

Manchester's Diagram Brothers were at least aware of the hole they were being pushed into and did their best to combat it with their wry wit, introducing a song about seal-culling with the memo, 'We're not an oppressive band... Industrial Manchester, and all that, but this song is about something we feel pretty strongly about...'

The Diagram Brothers are the pop group that the likes of The Members and Piranhas never quite became. Titles like 'Bricks' and 'There Is No Shower' recall the celebrated sound of the suburbs. But the Brothers take things a stage further by wedding their earthy, everyday lyrics to a more inventive musical approach.

Continues page 51

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From page 49

Not so appealing are their snobby put-downs of ordinary Joes like the disco kids ('Mr Wonderful') and scooter addicts ('Bikers'), although the cynicism is yet again tempered by their approachable good humour.

The same commodity (humour) probably ceased to exist a long time ago in the dreary, concealed world of Bath's rebels-without-a-clue, The Glaxo Babies, who delivered an overlong set of garbled funk, disjointed mechanical rock and pseudo-political claptrap.

Their continual switching of instrumental roles — there are between three and a dozen people onstage at any given time — is more an empty gesture than any great blow for band democracy. They also slag off the venue and the audience so vociferously that it is some wonder that they condescended to play in the first place.

Plenty of 'relevant' snippets are thrown into the cauldron from a sub-Pop Group video of Third World suffering to taped extracts from the

he attacks his dopey revelations with the gall and disturbing naivety of Jonathan Richman.

His songs might be genuinely meant, but it's difficult to tell when his rhyming is so apallingy funny. At present the few songs he gets between sets is enough, unless you have the misfortune to cross him in the corridor.

Blurt are the other Factory oddballs. Led by performance artist Ted Milton on sax, the ungainly trio (made up by a loopy guitarist in oversize trousers and a ruthlessly rudimentary drummer), they cross Captain Beefheart's racing subterranean nonsense funk with the highbrow intensity of James White's over-the-top blowing, and still manage to amuse. That's down to Milton's facial contortions matching his heavily echoed sax mugging and mock primitive singing.

It's rumoured that Milton was at one point mooted as replacement for Mark Stewart in The Pop Group. Now that would have been fascinating, but for now Blurt'll do fine.

surface as shy as their composer. But underneath, there's a subdued strength at work that draws the listener deeper into the pieces. Vaguely classical in approach, Reilly layers flurries of delicate notes onto restrained rhythms; most touching is 'Requiem For A Father', with its variable emotions fluctuating between anger and sadness.

A Certain Ratio's confidence has increased in proportion to their ability, a fact perhaps underlined by sensible Simon Topping's present willingness to dance about like Jerry Lewis auditioning for the Afrika Corps, what with his sombre uniform, goggles and cap.

They're great, much improved even since their enjoyable gig at the Scala only six weeks ago. Now their darkly fertile funk is more purposeful, perhaps losing some of its nagging amateur charm of old; but the resourceful adventurousness that lead earlier to brash experimentation of dual trumpets and / or whistles set against Peter Terrell's electric noise, is followed through to occasionally overlong, usually valuable improvisations.

And when they get too carried away, there's always Donald Johnson's intense, chatterfunk drumming to hook onto.

Chris Bohn



He Must Be A Russian.

Clock DVA They Must Be Russians Medium Medium

OVER the road in the park in the drizzling rain, the military band plays a sad 'Bell Hf' to pensioners in wet deck-chairs. Sunday night melancholy hangs heavy in the air. As it turns out, the last of the ICA gigs isn't much livelier than its rival attraction at the bandstand.

Opening the show are Medium Medium, a four-piece group who are at best no better than their name implies.

Things start off quite promisingly, every number exhibiting a strong rhythmic bias: at times the delivery is pure James Brown, and none the less welcome for being so unexpected, moving occasionally towards The Pop Group in overall feel. Medium Medium make useful use of cliffhanging rhythms punctuated by sudden drops into crypto-funk chopiness — and this effective use of resources goes some way to improving the poor impression left (a) by the guitarist's penchant for prefabricated angst, and (b) the singer/sax player's Ziggy Stardust haircut.

Next on stage were, among many others, John Wayne, Mr Kruschev, Robin The Boy Wonder and Yuri Gagarin the first man in space... and They Must Be Russians as well.

As with The Human League, this band contrive to offset a measure of visual tedium by the use of witty and eclectic slides — though the significance of those depicting mounds of war corpses I'm far too stupid to appreciate. TMBR come on uncompromisingly bleak (that word again), not to mention industrial, forbidding and forboding — a facade that's marginally undermined by the vocalists plaintive requests for "more echo, please" after every song.

Third and last of the groups (and how wrong the term *band* sounds now, so robust and jovial a word) were Clock DVA.

Hicks From The Sticks, like the two previous acts, Clock DVA promote their own strangeness with a dedication and care which borders on the fanatical, and I rather like them. Shrouded throughout in mysterious darkness, they're illuminated but briefly by a sinister strobe, revealing the saxophonist's beard and precious little else. Their music grows fearsomely and conspires to make you feel like an intruder even though you did pay two pounds to come in (and 85p for a lager blah blah blah).

Clock DVA I do have time for, but the moral of the evening seemed to be: if you want to overturn the traditional rock format, discover which of its constraints are really limitations, and which are valuable disciplines.

Paul Du Noyer

Unlike The Glaxo Babies two nights before, the four band members manage to change instrumental roles unselfconsciously and without jarring the overall mood of the set.

The best band on the night, their two recorded songs 'TV Me' and 'Wireless' (out as a single), suggest an infatuation with the communications industry, though their forthcoming 45 'Lean On Me' bears more than a passing resemblance to the Gang Of Four's 'Anthrax'.

Airkraft, who hail from Halifax, could hardly have been more of a contrast.

The most professional group over the three nights I spent at the ICA, they were also the most inspired and workmanlike. Whereas most of the bands walked that challenging tightrope between populism and a more leftfield outlook, Airkraft were dull and unambitious; a bad youth club band.

Their only asset is the occasional soaring guitar line that is a hallmark of the new pop but even in those stakes, Airkraft fail to get off the ground through their tendency to over-elaborate with flatulent, flashy solos: the extended live version of their single 'Move In Rhythm' being a prime offender.

While Airkraft are more proficient than The Distributors and Music For Pleasure, the erratic promise of the latter should stand them in better stead.

Adrian Thrills



A Blurt (above) and a Distributor.

All pix David Corio.



A Certain Ratio.

Iranian embassy siege to impassioned pleas to Carter, Thatcher *et al*. But, despite all the hot air, no new insights or answers are so much as hinted at.

I appreciate their concern. Their pompous, righteous manner of articulating it leaves a lot to be desired.

It's time The Glaxo Babies grew up.

Adrian Thrills

A Certain Ratio Durutti Column Section 25 Blurt

THE FACTORY roadshow has taken to bringing their own clown to put on between acts. His name's Kevin Hewick and

Section 25 are the sort of band that work well in theory but are less interesting actually to listen to. Their austere wrought rhythms are minimally embellished by a guitarist more interested in sound than conventional technique, and their bass-playing singer intones monotonously mainly one-line songs with only slight variations. D.A.F. do this sort of thing far more exotically, but given their self-imposed limitations Section 25 can be surprisingly effective, as on one song that works up from a "I want your body / I want your mind" chant to an awesomely frightening intensity.

And their singer has a skull to match Eno's or Howard Devoto's — if that's any consolation.

Durutti Column (a.k.a. Vini Reilly plus backing rhythm tape) perform guitar instrumentals that are on the

Airkraft The Distributors Music For Pleasure

SATURDAY night and it is the turn of West Yorkshire. The three bands on the bill were all featured on the Rockburgh 'Hicks From The Sticks' compilation; a scrappy album, yet one which may come to be judged less harshly with hindsight.

Music For Pleasure, from Leeds, are an updated mid-'70s progressive glamrock quartet. They play with a spiky rush instantly reminiscent of The Skids or Ultravox! although their wet, squeaky synthesizer sound could do with the customary modernisation.

Only the vocalist, however, seems capable of injecting much wit or sparkle into the fray, jibing the small crowd over the numerous false endings in the set. The rest of

the band seemed too concerned with looking cool.

Still, there is discernable promise in songs like 'No Buses To China', 'Tragic Minds' and the single 'The Human Factor'. Catch them in six months time and marvel at the improvement.

Wakefield's Distributors are altogether harsher and more intense, their set falling roughly 50-50 between austere instrumentals and chunkier, aggressive rockers in the Gang Of Four mould.

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The Clash Holly And The Italians

Hammersmith Palais

AT TIMES The Clash appear so immersed in their own myth it's difficult for them and us to see each other straight. Ever conscious of their future position in the history books, they've fashioned their collective rock'n'roll persona to fit it even more perfectly since their American tour, where their less threatening traditional approach has now won them lots of new friends as well as influencing *Rolling Stone*.

Really, it's all too easy to sneer now at the returning heroes, immensely confident with their American conquests behind them. But, for better or worse, just another rock'n'roll group well versed in the mores and manners of the genre seems to be all that people wanted, after all.

And as the distance in time from The Clash's forgotten days of cheap, if well-meant political sloganeering grows, they do seem to get better. America has obviously helped. The Clash of today are extremely polished and prepared, most every gesture and action pre-planned. And whenever the Clash play London, they do so as conquering heroes anyway, regardless of being away or not.

So to Hammersmith Palais, this step already immortalised in their best single 'White Man In...' The Clash are what you'd expect and more, not so much the last gang in town, as the only one left, all opposition obliterated in their own eyes. But as their playing has obviously strengthened with the passing of time, they've become less prone to error, and consequently more predictable.

While their music has been enriched by the assimilation of their roots, it does make them more conservative musically. Their lack of adventurousness is reflected in their programming, which followed the pattern established on their last tour.

'Clash City Rockers', 'Brand New Cadillac' and 'Safe European Home' are rapidly performed by a band at their most winning. Simonon's great curved bass lines combined with Heaton's drumming to create a perfect springboard for Jones and Strummer's cross-cut chording. Strummer's voice, as garbled as ever, battered this listener at least into temporary submission.

As usual Micky Gallagher came on for 'Jimmy Jazz', but wasn't really effective until the dubby effects of 'Revolution Rock'. This time more songs from 'London Calling' were included, which become The Clash far better than their earlier stuff, but the brace of new songs they showcased was largely too inaudible to be properly assessed.



The Clash. Pic Bryn Jones.

Mythman In The Hammersmith Palais

'White Man In Hammersmith Palais' was prefaced with "Let's not get too sentimental about this," from Mick Jones, but they seemed conscious of another myth being completed, by

their presence.

While maintaining a high level of professionalism they were OK, but they're too far gone to be forgiven for the forced endearing amateurism that surfaced for an

impromptu 'Hit The Road Jack' that fell into a lazy version of 'Police And Thieves'.

Strummer later accidentally dropped his mikestand into Topper's drumkit and the gig

hear me

had suddenly degenerated into a shambles. I got bored, well-wishers got confused.

Holly and The Italians share The Clash's trad rock leanings, but have yet to attain their sharpness. Whereas the billtoppers are always colourful, the Italians make hard work of their dull, grey music based around well-churned over riffs. Since adding an extra guitarist

they've forsaken happy poppiness for more determined power chording, and have consequently lost the ready charm they once had. Holly upfront is their one contact with the new age, but her yawning accent apart, they have nothing new to offer.

But then, neither have The Clash.

Chris Bohn

Fleetwood Mac

Wembley

SATIN the Grand Tier South of Wembley Arena it's hard not to feel both a hardening and softening of the old cultural corpus. One's responses grow weak and flabby through being subject to three hours of popular middle-brow entertainment; one's neck grows stiff through constant craning to one side, as if caught in an expanded moment at a tennis match.

But to digress a moment: it strikes me as rather absurd that rock groups, unlike other consumer items, get more costly as they get more popular. Why do 10,000 people have to pay up to a tanner a head to endure the inferior acoustics and seating of the Arena when 3,000 people only have to pay £3-odd for a relatively intimate time in places like the Rainbow? It can't all be down to operational costs.

Some people, somewhere, must be getting very fat. Bigger groups mean bigger profits.

Fleetwood Mac more or less top the current season of arena rock largesse live in inflation-ridden, recession-bitten Blighty. The Beach Boys, Santana, Mike Oldfield, Pink Floyd and others are all appearing about this time. All these blazing names in the AOR canon... how is a poor adult to choose?

I chose Fleetwood Mac. It was easy. I like their singles. Always have. Remember 'Man Of The World'? One of the saddest records ever made. A record that came from the bottom of a bottomless well of despair, from the end of a rope. Sadder than Billie Holiday. More forlorn than Skip James. A record that really hurt.

I wanted to make this known somehow, but how do you tell 50,000 people that they're getting short changed? That there was something more here, the vestiges of which I still respect, something far more sublime and moving than that 'Rhiannon' song that everyone was expecting to make them tremble? Who the hell am I anyway? Didn't even pay for a ticket.

Fleetwood Mac nowadays is Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks, who were the architects of their revival and are the mainstay of their appeal. In a contemporary American frame of reference, Nicks is a cypher for Linda Ronstadt and Buckingham used to be a cypher for Tom Scholz but is now one for Tom Petty. He is very new wave; he throws a lot of new wave shapes and uses up a lot of new wave energy.

Of the cultivated individual identities that the band have learned to project — an important aspect of arena rock is highly visible and distinct role models for the kids, as one American rock manager calls them; sort of 'who's yer favourite Fleetwood?' — of these separate characters that take turns to act as focal point for the band, Buckingham is almost tolerably human compared to the precious Nicks.

Having written the bulk of the music that comprised their set, he worked hard to put it across and seemed to be enjoying the effort as much as the foregone response. To their credit, however, it was put across with a minimal amount of the fuss and gimmickry usually endemic to this kind of event. What contrivance there was revolved around Nicks, who obviously had no doubt in her mind that she was the star of the show; worse still, she was probably right.

She and Christine McVie both wore wispy chiffon creations that made them look like butterflies in the distant footlights. Stevie Nicks kept leaving the stage when she had nothing to do, only to re-appear with her hair re-arranged and some new layer of translucent apparel presumably spun by the wraith-children she consorts with when not creating music. A red scarf tied to her mike stand marked her absence.

I believe this is known as 'the enigmatic Stevie Nicks'.

At one point she even spoke to us, quite breathlessly. "I don't know what it is about you tonight, but you're special. You're making us really nervous, so you must be special!"

Aw shucks, Stevie. Set you say that to all the crowds.

Anyhow, the silly concerted little fawn was shown the door with her limited talents when Christine McVie took the lead for the finale of 'Songbird'. If we're talking about mere technical range then McVie puts Nicks to shame, let alone qualities like passion, authority, warmth, depth and gentleness, all of which McVie's voice seems to possess as second nature. I would have settled for hearing her sing all night, but I left contented after one song, wondering if she doesn't feel any ignominy or injustice at having to play second fiddle to the hideous Nicks. And that was an evening with Fleetwood Mac. A polite, professional and almost perfunctory affair. I wasn't quite as bored as you thought I would be.

Paul Rambali



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UB 40

Nottingham

IT ISN'T an auspicious start to the evening. As I wait at the entrance an apologetic student announces there are "objections" to my presence. An employee of UB 40 arrives, airs the unsolicited opinion that NME is "the worst music paper in the world"; then, having first refused to admit me later berates me for missing the support act.

It isn't much better inside: a lofty sports hall with a basketball net suspended incongruously over the stage and behind a blank window high in the wall a blue-shirted security guard paces quietly, surveying the students.

But as UB 40 appear on stage a strobe cuts across them, smashes the air into fleeting fractions so that the group are caught in countless vital frames. It's an inspired blitz of black and white that successfully sharpens their stage presence. Unlike the best of the 2-Tone bands, UB 40 invite rather than attack; instead of the former's fierce frontal assault, their stage act emits a steady, spreading, lateral warmth.

Visually it's hard to imagine a band more diverse. A closely-cropped, fresh-faced, college-clean guitarist flanks each side of the stage. The back is bounded by the be-suited keyboards player, the singing, grinning drummer and the hatted percussionist who periodically joins the movement that stirs the middle of the group. An orange-haired, red-shirted, thin-shaded saxophonist stands beside a dreadlocked bass player who swoops smiling chat with the crowd.

And behind the front line the group's official umpire skanks with light, deliberate delicacy: eyes shut, half-smiling, his hair a stringy halo round his head, he moves like a visionary lost amongst the private intricacies of an aural ecstasy.

UB 40 differ from other multi-racial line-ups in that they haven't incorporated so much of rock's hard heat. Yet neither is their sound characteristic of most contemporary reggae: it's denser and more driving; there's less

space for the imagination; it's more tangible than teasing. And although their music is awash with its influences, these have been moulded into a coherent whole so that their sound is individual and authentic.

It's the strong, sad swell of melody matched with their strangely inflexible rhythmic structure that results in music tailor-made for the feet. The opening edict: "We no want to see no-one standing still. We just want to see you dancing" is immediately obeyed. The first song sets the hall seething and viewed dispassionately it's like watching a ritual juggling act as each acrobat attempts to execute maximum manoeuvres without causing insufferable annoyance to his neighbours. Of course there are several members of the audience who resort to the time-honoured practice of sitting on each others' shoulders thus successfully obscuring almost everyone else's view; still, at least all six of them can see.

The group's set is similar in structure to their sound — not so much building to a series of high-apots as maintaining a constant quiet heat. Each number sounds similar: a hard, healthy pulse of bass and percussion beneath a smooth skin of keyboards and guitars, the whole pierced by liquid sax that wells up from the soulful centre of each song. But in the high hall the sound spirals upwards and most of the lyrics and announcements are irretrievably lost.

Sex curls like cigarette smoke round "Burden Of Shame": "I'm a British subject and proud of it/But I carry a burden of shame." And one of the best numbers, announced as "Rocking Against Thatcher", has sparing sax that skates on its surface as Norman Hassan and Jim Brown rain down blows of brilliantly broken percussion.

Perhaps as they gain confidence it's the encores that are the best part of the evening; more biting and fiery, more spirited and soulful as UB 40 are hailed back three times by a crowd who are now delirious with dancing.

Me? I went home miserable. Maybe it was just the mood I was in.

Lynn Hanna

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HAIL Paul Rambali, for the correctness and ideological credibility of his 'Booshwah Blues' article. At last, someone else understands the alienation caused by the unchangeable elitism of the liberal intelligentsia. However, at the same time it shows the pathetic state of a multi-factionalised Left. All I want to know is how to tie in the Clash's 'Give 'em Enough Rope' to this argument. John Kidiscord, London E14 'Seesy. Just shove it right in there. — M.S.

Paul Rambali's article 'The Booshwah Blues' on the self-defeating nature of preaching to the converted needs questioning in two respects.

The educated liberal middle class can be more of a hindrance than a help it is true. There has always been an uneasy relationship between worker and intellectual on the Left, but remember that workers and students together brought France to a virtual standstill in 1968. To claim, as Rambali does, that the right wing skinheads' real enemy is the liberal intelligentsia is ridiculous. His real enemy is the parasite who rules and exploits him in the name of patriotism and profit.

Secondly, is it correct to state that angry liberals 'given a lighted match they would most likely drop it in case it burned their fingers'? Recently angry educated persons have dropped the lighted match in my part of the world in order to burn down the summer houses and cottages of the educated English middle classes.

Irony? P. Roberts, Penygroes, Gwynedd. Terribly ironic. — M.S.

I'm not writing this out of some misbegotten urge to belittle the efforts of Paul Rambali, or even the people who listen to him, although they are the ones who least need to. They will hear indignation, feel the wrath and put him in the bin. Outside their confines, the paranoid, half-heard hacks burst like balloons. Good innit!

Gary Wirth, Ramford, Essex.

Can I be the first, or even the second or third, to suggest that if Paul Rambali — who you sometimes, when drunk, admit is a member of your staff — is related

to/knows/has ever seen/or more specifically originates from the same country as Claudio Gentile (well known 'footballer') that he be sentenced to death. Come on rock hacks, I know that this is the excuse you've all been waiting for — make Rambali your whipping boy.

Evel 'n' Hair, Thrumpton, Nottingham.

You won't believe this but Rambali, his swarthy features breaking into a grin as wide as the Mediterranean as he slyly pops an olive stop his pistachio, insists he's English. You won't believe it 'cos we don't believe it. And we suspect he doesn't really believe it, either. Mind you, it's a fact that he detests football so exactly what kind of wop that makes him is open to debate. — M.S.

I was surprised to see the article in your June 14 edition about The Undertones at Guildford by Neil Norman, where he referred to The Undertones as 'Derry Micks'. Being Irish I was offended. I would also notice that your paper would not refer to the negro people as niggers. Paul, Fulham SW6.

That's right. We here at NME abhor racial distinctions. Except in the case of wops. — M.S.

Listen — how the hell can we do without nuclear arms? They are the only thing to stop the Russians coming over here. Their foreign policy is



I must warn you that anything you write to



GASBAG

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aggressive. Every kid with an 'elutiatric' system wants to let everyone else in on it. Our small, under-equipped, token army just won't have a hope.

The Romans got bored with security, the first German Jews didn't believe it.

They won't like your paper. Job S, Victory College, Camberley, Surrey. So? We don't like your letter. Big deal. — M.S.

The pro-nuclear disarmament article-cum-ad for the Labour Party's march made a refreshing change from the usual media line. But what's this? "Since the CND all but expired in the mid-'60s..."

OK, maybe it did, but this (as you never tire of telling us) is the '80s. CND today is not merely surviving, it's thriving, rapidly gaining support as the stupidity of the government's weapons policy becomes more obvious. What's more, even Youth CND has been resurrected. Admittedly, it's a bit shaky so far but I expect it took Lazarus a bit of time to adjust, too.

Anyway, look out for YCND's paper 2nd Generation. And CND, for anyone who's interested, is at 29 Great James St, London WC1N 3EY. Graham McCaffrey, Taunton, Somerset.

I read every last word of the 'Red Alert' piece in last week's Thrills... most of them for the first time. Despite the whole wad being attributed to me, I, in fact, wrote perhaps 30 per cent of the total, the rest being written by some kind of communist aged nine... a person(s) I've never met. While I too yearn for a nuclear free future I reserve the right to say so using my own mouth.

The Real Andrew Tyler

I was a bit disturbed to read the Thrills article on Crass the other day (June 14 issue). I've not heard much stuff by Crass, certainly none of the tracks in question, so I'm not really

writing about them. However it may surprise you to learn that some of us out here are actually Christians — I am, though I don't exactly shout about it much.

By all means, if you don't believe in something, you've every right to say so as loudly as you like. But there comes a point when making sick, obscene comments about Jesus, Christianity, or anything else that people believe in deeply, gets beyond a joke.

So maybe it's not trendy — sorry, street-cred. — to believe in God, but more so to believe in rock music which you take so seriously. If I was to make a sick joke about Ian Curtis (I wouldn't — I hold a lot of respect for him actually) you'd condemn me soon enough. I take Curtis just as an example; think of the many 'martyrs' of rock — it just 'isn't done' to make obscene and potentially upsetting remarks about them.

By now you probably think I'm a total square with no sense of humour. I hope not. This is the first time I've ever really complained about 'blasphemy'; I laugh as much as anyone at plenty of 'God' jokes but there is a limit. Actually, I thought the pic. from 'Bloody Revolutions' was rather good but the closing comment of the article wasn't. It was more than "pretty sick", if I may quote.

So to all those who derive enjoyment from taking the piss out of Christians and Christianity: don't just slag off something you don't understand, just because it's the thing to do, rebellion, stuff the middle-classes and all the rest. True 'anarchy and peace' could never be achieved until people learned to respect other people's beliefs and feelings — even if they disagree with them.

Christine, St. Annes, Lancs. Oddy enough, I agree with you. And I'm an atheist. — M.S.

How wonderful it is to see your marvellous mag 'back on the streets' again (maan). It's been so tough to determine what's credible and what isn't over the six week absence.

Whilst reading the 'Anarchy held at bay' — again! piece in Thrills lately I could hardly fail to miss what is becoming an oh so frequent dig at H.M.V. Record Shoppe being... "the most expensive... sorry biggest chain in the world" (yo ho).

It seems to me that your whole opinion of H.M.V. Records is formed on the view of the Oxford Street Store, which, although probably one of the best stocked and most diverse stores in London, is hardly typical of H.M.V. in the provinces.

The H.M.V. Record Shop in Derby is probably the most price-competitive shop in town and one which, we hope, is integrated into the local scene.

The people decide what records are wanted/needed and ultimately which records are stocked. Local bands are given full support (eg. debut singles by local heroes Asti Pesti sold at no distribution cost or profit — all proceeds going directly to the band).

It is one thing making a snide, generalised slugging of the H.M.V. chain — but you should see what some of the more individual provincial shops are providing before tarring everyone with the same brush.

We care about the kids who come in to see us. We are prepared to back up our promises with action. We refuse to be censors of the public taste — and if you want to know how many Crass records we have destroyed 'phone Rough Trade or ask

the fans in Derby!

Freedom of speech means printing this letter! T. Keith Armstrong, Manager H.M.V. Records, Derby. You're welcome. And thanks for the record tokens. — M.S.

Monty Smith, you are a wanker. You printed my letter about Whistle Test being better 'cos of the Musicians' Union strike, but you changed my name to Bob Harris! I know by doing that you made it funnier, but my mum doesn't believe it was my letter.

Bob Harris, New Barnet.

Thank you for being the only music paper to decently pay tribute to Britain's most awe-inspiring rock band. Your cover and feature not only shows your superior taste, but it clearly defines the weakness of Snouds (who stuffed a hypocritical tribute between the H.M. punky uglies).

Yours is a very fine music paper. Mick Middles, Cheshire.

Alright, so Ian Curtis is dead. I'm not a bastard but I just want to say your article on Joy Division was the most pretentious load of crap ever written. "In the early hours of the Sunday morning, he hung himself. He was 23." Sorry, but that's it. That is all there was to the story. The rest of it was drivel.

I saw Joy Division in Nottingham when they supported John Cooper-Clarke. The crowd weren't 'transfixed', weren't "eloquent enough to inspect and judge". No, they were pissed. Sorry if this attacks your art school intellect, O.K. I liked Joy Division. I'm sorry

Ian Curtis is dead but are you?

You are bastards. It's a wonder you didn't call him "The King of Rock 'n' Roll". You succeeded in making a show out of it. Sorry, but you are all tits. Ian Curtis was a neat guy who killed himself and you're a load of pseudo intellectuals who can't report truth, only pretentious shit taken from your 'Rogers Thesaurus'. I do hope you sold extra copies, you money grabbing parasites, on the Ian Curtis tragedy.

Anyway, I'm sorry Ian Curtis is dead. I'm sorry you make money out of it. But most of all I'm sorry for you and the people who listen to you. Charles Littleford, Ar Werth, Nottingham.

What sort of letter would you have written if we'd ignored his death. Charlie? — M.S.

Back in March '79 I bought the Pistols' 'Swindle' album. They've since released five singles from it and I've bought all of them. Am I the kind of person Richard Branson dreams about? A. Punter, Outer Hebrides Zzzzzz. — R.B.

Yes, if they advertised peanut butter in the NME I'd go out and buy some. Ricardo, Sussex Coast.

I dunno. With inflation at 30%, nuclear alerts every three days and Melody Maker back on the streets, the BBC have now put Popeye on at 4.15pm — and I'm not home by then. What the hell's the world coming to? Beaker, Rhayader, Powys.

Dear M.S., can you honestly tell me you understand half the letters printed in Gasbag, 'cause I'm damned if I can. Maybe I'm studying the wrong subjects? O.B., Thetford, Norfolk. Sure, I can understand half the letters. Probably the same half that you can. — M.S.



Turning the crystals green: Monty Smith

Vodka, tonic, and graph-hics: Jill Mumford

T-ZERS

"Cricket, lovely cricket

Hit the ball before it reach de wicket." — Jah Thomas



SIR LLOYD COXSON, sound system operator extraordinaire, faces up to a googly of a British summer.

FUNNILY ENOUGH the big news of the week is NOT, repeat NOT, the fact that David Bowie has completed an album for release in September. Nor is it quite true to insist that Charlie Records' soon come Lee Dorsey album, with sleeve notes by one Joe Strummer, is the veritable bees knees of this here column-a-fun. Nope, nuh-huh and hang on to yer tooth picks you worthless bunch of scumbags it's well worn Dutch rock bore Herman Brood who captures today's gutsiest headline.

If you want sex and smut and sordid gossip, look elsewhere. We bring you facts and the facts are that after a sultry liaison with Los Angeles and Orchids person Laurie McAllister (15) Herman took the daffy morsel back to sensual Amsterdam, toyed with her fancy awhile and then ditched her, oot the door. As night fell Hermy felt the familiar pangs of guilt ricochet through his manly frame and promptly mailed Ms. McAllister a massive rubber member as a form of intimate keepsake. Imagine Brood's surprise now to receive a daily letter from Ms McAllister with a fragment of said dildo enclosed.

But rather than harp on this sort of thing we prefer to draw attention to two Rhino Records discs. One of 'em is a 'Best Of Love' that promises to cheer up these psychedelic '80s, 't'other's a release by the Bakersfield Boogie Boys whose influences are Devo, Flying Lizards, late Marianne Faithfull, Vanilla Fudge and Marie Haggard.

This week's Fun Factory includes a video of Joy Division singing 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' and J.D.'s manager Rob Gretton is producing demos for former Spitz sideman Pete Petrol's new band.

Feeling the pinch? Virgin this week axed a part of their ambitious roster. Said Members' J.C. on hearing of his group's imminent departure: "This is the happiest day of my life." Nicky Tesco quoth simply: "They were lucky not to get their ass sued."

Who's next? Mike Oldfield? (we wish, we wish).
Aye, but there's life in the old dog yet as the following riddle will vouchsafe. Question: Which record business mogul, when informed of the state of his company's business, said "It's about time we got ourselves one of those spa groups?" Answer: Hirsute philanthropist Richard Branson. Thank you. Al Clark.

AND IT'S good to know that success and money haven't spoilt sensitive rock personality Chrissie Hynde who joined The Heartbreakers on stage in New York in what eye-witnesses kindly describe as a state of mental undress. Chrissie wasn't too sure of the words to obscure chestnuts like 'Do You Love Me', 'Great Big Kiss' and 'Johnny B. Goode', but made up for it by tabbing the mike from Johnny Blunders and informing onlookers that they were "Quaaluded-out hippies... stupid ass-holes who wouldn't know a good rock band if you saw one. I'm glad that now I'm a rich rock star I don't have to put up with people like you." Ms Hynde then spent the second set lying face down on stage.

Interfering with Thunders poise (not good at the best of times), and throwing glasses and bottles at the ungrateful audience. After the Heartbreakers left stage she continued to hurl abuse at the docile patrons, despite attempts to bring the curtain down on her debacle. The end came when Chrissie collapsed in tears. Bit of a Grace Slick-Janis Joplin type situation, what?

Back in beleaguered Britain, unfortunately the country responsible for harbouring this precious minx, weary hacks were seen scuttling out of a press preview of *Where The Buffalo Roam* (a film based on the twisted legend of Hunter S. Thompson with music by Neil Young) muttering that it was not such good value as the good Doctor's *Great Shark Hunt*.

Thank God that Siouxie

press of ignoring them at their peril, and draws on a lineage that includes Miles Davis and John Coltrane. We'll ignore Jewell's priceless comment that the staff of our fair organ is composed of "mewling, puking infants" because Shakespeare beat him to it (nice one, Bill) but we will point out that Steven Ward of the *Sundry Grimes* phoned this office to ask us, "Who are Japan? Only we've got these super pix of them and we wondered if it would be worth running some wordettes with the glossies." How much was Derek paid for this latest masterpiece? Perhaps it was the standard NUJ rate, perhaps it wasn't.

And talking of Japan, NME smudges Pennie Smith has nipped over to the land of Nippon to unveil an exhibition of her inimitable snaps. Expect plenty of pix of visiting

band are holding their recently finished tapes to ransom. Good thinking lads, stick it out as long as possible.

And trouble for The Beat: Roy Jenkins' favourite band Ranking Roger and Co found themselves powerless at Coventry's Tiffany's recently when management switched off at the stroke of midnight, thus rudely interrupting 'Ranking Full Stop' and turning The Beat into pumpkins.

ALL-GIRL band The Spiders just lost their singer when she ran off with a Nipple Erector and was never seen again. Anyone who thinks they can assist should call Sally on 01-629-7348. ... And The Bodysnatchers suffered a similar slice of pod-like invasion when their drummer

Glass' (zzz) which has a 6-side called 'Trois Gymnopédies (First Movement)'. It's unavailable anywhere according to this press release. 'Cepting that Erik Satie does it pretty good.

NME will announce the results of Beggars Banquet's New Logo Competition shortly.

And a farewell to Bert Kaempfert, whose mellifluous melodies soothed many two weeks ago. After his UK tour Bert went to Spain on his and promptly dropped dead. Bert was the bloke who sold The Beatles to Brian Epstein back in Hamburg Star Club days. Still, he did write 'Spanish Eyes' and 'Strangers In The Night', so he must've had his moments.

Following the suggestion of appealing anti-intellectual Ian Penman (real name Lon Pinmoon), our editor dug deep, man, into a fascinating book by Dick Hebdige called *Subculture: The Meaning Of Style*, one of the witty little New Accents series which includes stuff like *Structuralism And Semiotics* and *Formalism And Marxism* and Bert Thumper's Guide To Homebrewing (Shurely shome mishtake here? — Ed). Pray sample a snippet of Mr Hebdige's extraordinary insight: "Thus it was that the punks turned towards the world a dead white face which was there and yet not 'there'." We think we know exactly what he means; after all, poor Bert Kaempfert was there one minute and yet the next, not 'there'. Anyway, at least we now know from whence Lon gets his 'ideas'.

More sordid stories: Our Bad Boys Of Rock Correspondent (East London division) reports that The Cockney Rejects allegedly at daggers drawn — literally! — with support band Kidz Next Door in a recent Birmingham gig fracas situation.

At last the truth can be told: Charlie Watts, ashen-faced drummer with The Rolling Stones pop group, says he hates rock'n'roll. "Rock'n'roll is a load of old rubbish, isn't it?" he told a startled *Daily Mail* writer. "I like the people involved, but not that whole showbiz thing." Well done, Charlie Watts! We here at T-Zers have long thought of rock'n'roll as a load of old rubbish. In fact, we're never going to mention it again. Bye...!



Who are these men and why aren't they smiling?

Left, Mick Fleetwood and Wembley Arena. Right, Skeffish's calling card.



Sioux conducts herself in a favourable and seemly manner. This star of stage and screen has been implementing her new album of late with guest appearances from ex-Pistol Steve Jones.

Glad to see Derek Jewell is in full control of his aesthetic faculties. The bewildered old fool is this week at the very centre of a plot designed to overthrow the Western World as we know it. Writing about the group Japan in last week's *Sunday Times* magazine, Jewell gives his wholehearted consent to the effeminate ones, compares them with Lemon and McCartney ("Twenty years on, Japan have that Beatles' calm, almost magisterial presence. They have, they think, worked it out; they sit like wise men blah blah"), accuses the music

Brit rock stars peeing against pagodas in these pages soon.

While we're casting aspersions (there goes one now) who could possibly have bought enough Photos albums to put it straight into the top twenty?

THAT lovable veteran of the capital's literary coterie Charles Smash autographed a Madness LP for a kid in hospital recently, adding the legend "I don't like Mods — (Secret Affair Wank)." We're sure they do, Chaz.

Chart topping honchos Dexy's Midnight Runners are still in dispute with EMI over the release of their imminent album 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels'. Unhappy with their royalty rate, the

quit to finish her 'A' levels. Interested replacement drummers of the tender gender (Sexist! — Ed) can call up Chrissie and ask for Hugh. No drag artists, please, unless they're extremely convincing.

In case you're wondering why we aren't covering Knebworth, well we didn't think you'd be interested in the antics of a lot of boring old has-beens. And that goes for the Loch Lomond festival which Live! is consigning to selective reportage. That festival attracted 5,000 drunken Glaswegians who spent the entire time chucking bottles at S.L.F. while a fierce wind whipped up the Khyber.

Anyone for a quick hoot? Gary Numan returns to the world of vinyl with 'We Are

NME

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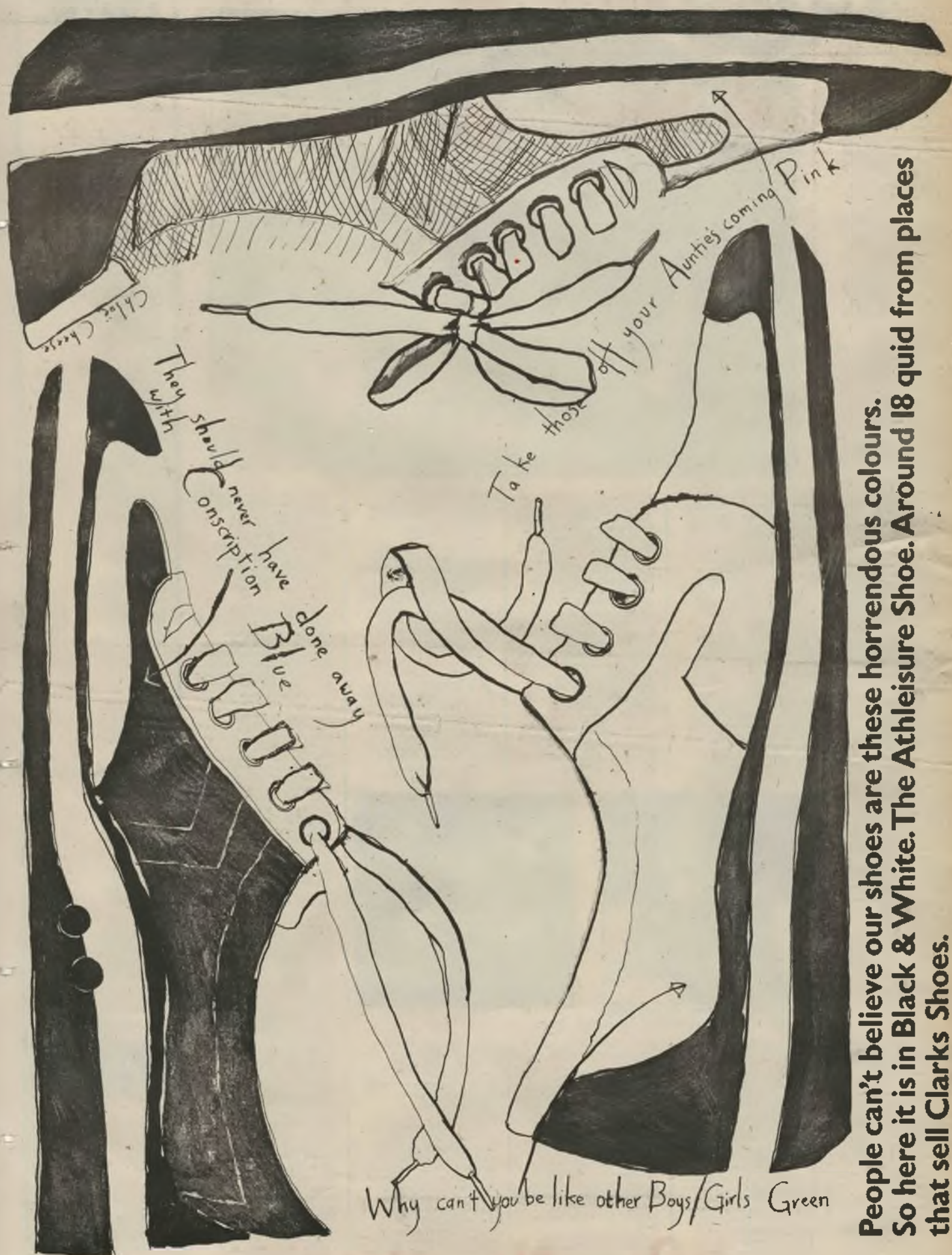
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This Last Week	
1 (U) S.L.F.	29p
2 (U) Joe - Underground	29p
3 (U) Medusa - Hypnotised	29p
4 (U) Job - Dreams	29p
5 (U) Underneath - Black & Red	29p
6 (U) Crisis - Anxiety & Peace	29p
7 (U) For A Lazy Soul	29p
8 (U) Bury's Midnight Runners	29p
9 (U) Never Trust A Nigger	29p
10 (U) Class - Ours	29p

NEW RELEASES
20p Monodiscs, 3-Tape, Ten Pole Tether, Scars, Monodiscs, Fashion, Product, Sunlight, Shock, Tea-Gut, Night Doctor, Trust, AC/DC, Debris, Monodiscs, Anti Invasion, Only Ones, Bambi, The Racers, Sweet Devil, Eyewitness, 5. Cress Love, Cress Love, Anarchy & Peace, Fight War, R.A.F., Spitz, No Regs, Soft Boys, U.K. Decay.

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