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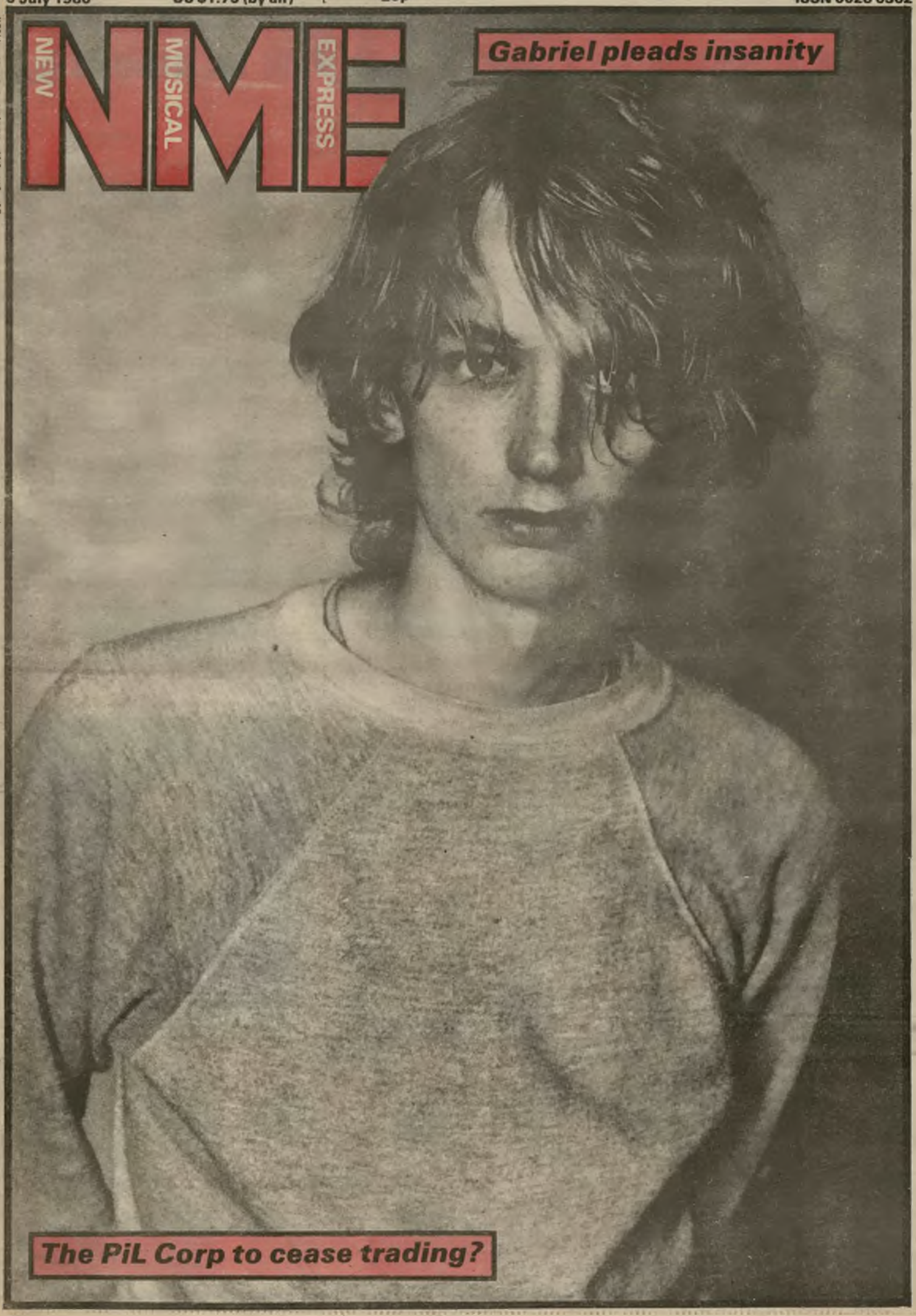
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Gabriel pleads insanity



The PiL Corp to cease trading?

Keith Levene swallows a bitter PiL/Photo: Anton Corbijn

NME CHARTS

Week ending July 5, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks	Highest
1	(1)	Crying	Don McLean (EMI)	7	1
2	(2)	Funkytown	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)	6	1
3	(3)	Back Together Again	Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)	7	3
4	(5)	Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime	Korgis (Rialto)	5	4
5	(19)	Simon Templar	Splodgenessabounds (Deram)	2	5
6	(25)	Jump To The Beat	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)	4	6
7	(6)	Behind The Groove	Teena Marie (Motown)	5	6
8	(—)	Xanadu	Olivia Newton-John & ELO (Jet)	1	8
9	(—)	Waterfalls	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	1	9
10	(4)	Theme From Mash	The Mash (CBS)	8	1
11	(11)	Substitute	Liquid Gold (Polo)	5	11
12	(8)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	7	8
13	(12)	Play The Game	Queen (EMI)	3	12
14	(9)	You Gave Me Love	Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)	8	9
15	(19)	My Way Of Thinking	UB40 (Graduate)	2	15
16	(29)	Could You Be Loved	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	2	16
17	(15)	Rat Race/Rude Boys Outa Jail	Specials (2 Tone)	6	6
18	(—)	Use It Up And Wear It Out	Odyssey (RCA)	1	18
19	(14)	Messages	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	3	14
20	(7)	Over You	Roxy Music (Polydor)	7	4
21	(21)	The Scratch	Surface Noise (WEA)	4	21
22	(—)	Theme From The Invaders	Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M)	1	22
23	(10)	No Doubt About It	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	9	1
24	(—)	Big Teaser/Rainbow Theme	Saxon (Carrere)	1	24
25	(—)	To Be Or Not To Be	B. A. Robertson (Asylum)	1	25
26	(—)	Christine	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	3	24
27	(27)	I'm Not Your Steppin Stone	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	27
28	(—)	Cupid	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	1	28
29	(13)	Breaking The Law	Judas Priest (CBS)	4	13
30	(—)	Whole Lotta Rosie	AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Does She Have A Friend — Gene Chandler (20th Cent.)
Lip Up Fatty — Bad Manners (Magnet)
Babooshka — Kate Bush (EMI)
Let My Love — Pete Townshend (Atco)
If You're Looking — Leon Haywood (20th Century)
Sunset People — Donna Summer (Casablanca)

Stunning underwater shot of Bobby the M wrestling with an octopus. Pic: David Corio.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	The Rose	Bette Midler
2	(2)	Coming Up (Live At Glasgow)	Paul McCartney & Wings
3	(4)	It's Still Rock & Roll To Me	Billy Joel
4	(5)	Little Jeannie	Elton John
5	(6)	Steal Away	Robbie Dupree
6	(1)	Funkytown	Lipps Inc
7	(10)	Cupid/I've Loved You For A Long Time	Spinners
8	(8)	Against The Wind	Bob Seger
9	(13)	Magic	Olivia Newton-John
10	(12)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson
11	(7)	Cars	Gary Numan
12	(15)	Tired Of Toein' The Line	Rocky Burnette
13	(9)	Biggest Part Of Me	Ambrosia
14	(17)	Shining Star	Manhattans
15	(16)	Let Me Love You Tonight	Pure Prairie League
16	(14)	She's Out Of My Life	Michael Jackson
17	(32)	In America	The Charlie Daniels Band
18	(22)	I'm Alive	Electric Light Orchestra
19	(11)	Call Me	Blondie
20	(26)	Gimme Some Lovin'	Blues Brothers
21	(18)	Lost In Love	Air Supply
22	(21)	Should've Never Let You Go	Neil and Dara Sedaka
23	(27)	All Night Long	Joe Walsh
24	(19)	Don't Fall In Love With A Dreamer	Kenny Rogers/Kim Carnes
25	(30)	More Love	Kim Carnes
26	(31)	One Fine Day	Carole King
27	(28)	Two Places At The Same Time	Ray Parker Jr & Raydio
28	(33)	Misunderstanding	Genesis
29	(38)	Take Your Time (Do It Right)	The S.O.S. Band
30	(20)	Hurt So Bad	Linda Ronstadt

U.S. Charts courtesy 'Cashbox' magazine

US ALBUMS

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

US Charts courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks	Highest
1	(3)	Flesh & Blood	Roxy Music (Polydor)	5	1
2	(2)	Hot Wax	Various (K-Tel)	3	2
3	(4)	McCartney 2	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	6	1
4	(7)	Magic Reggae	Various (K-Tel)	6	4
5	(1)	Peter Gabriel	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	5	1
6	(—)	Uprising	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	1	6
7	(8)	Sky 2	Sky (Ariola)	11	2
8	(—)	Saved	Bob Dylan (CBS)	1	8
9	(20)	The Photos	The Photos (CBS)	2	9
10	(5)	Me Myself I	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	6	4
11	(9)	Champagne & Roses	Various (Phonogram)	5	4
12	(6)	I Just Can't Stop	The Beat (Go Feet)	6	3
13	(19)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	37	1
14	(16)	Diana	Diana Ross (Motown)	2	14
15	(18)	Duke	Genesis (Charisma)	14	1
16	(22)	21 at 33	Elton John (Rocket)	5	10
17	(10)	Ready & Willing	Whitesnake (UA)	4	5
18	(—)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	1	18
19	(23)	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway	(Atlantic)	2	19
20	(13)	Shine	Average White Band (RCA)	5	13
21	(11)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	38	3
22	(17)	Chain Lightning	Don McLean (EMI)	2	17
23	(12)	The Magic Of Boney M	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	12	1
24	(14)	Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	17	1
25	(15)	The Great Rock & Roll Swindle	Soundtrack (Virgin)	3	15
26	(25)	Defector	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	2	25
27	(26)	The Up Escalator	Graham Parker & The Rumour (Stiff)	4	17
28	(30)	The Wanderers	Soundtrack (GEM)	2	28
29	(28)	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark	(Dindisc)	3	19
30	(29)	Just One Night	Eric Clapton (RSO)	8	5

BUBBLING UNDER

Now We May Begin — Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)
Heroes — Commodores (Motown)
Sings Lieber & Stoller — Elvis Presley (RCA)
Killer Watts — Various (Epic)
Blue Meaning — Toyah (Safari)
King Of The Road — Boxcar Willie (Warwick)

Bobby the Z: "Ugh. I hope that don't happen to my hair now that I've found, whaddya call him, Jah?" Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

INDIES

Singles

1 Love Will Tear Us Apart — Joy Division (Factory)
2 Lord Lucan Is Missing — Dodgems (Criminal)
3 Going Through The Motions — Prefects (Rough Trade)
4 Obsessions Of You — Ska Fish (Illegal)
5 Final Day E.P. — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
6 Man Next Door — Stiffs (Rough Trade)
7 Sex Machine — Crawling Chaos (Factory)
8 Ballad Of Miss Demeanor — Flowers (Pop Aural)
9 Shopping For Clothes — Snatch (Fetish)
10 Wheel In The Roses — Rema Rema (A&D)

Albums

1 Closer — Joy Division (Factory)
2 Ska Fish — Ska Fish (Illegal)
3 Second City Static — Various (Static)
4 Colossal Youth — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
5 Totales Turn — Fall (Rough Trade)
6 Do Animals Believe In God — Pink Military (Erica)
7 Music For Parties — Silicon Teens (Mute)
8 Die Kleinen Und Die Bosen — DAF (Mute)
9 Instant Classic — Not Sensibles (Big Bent)
10 Dome — Dome (Dome)

Chart by: Bonaparte Records, 284 Pennonville Road, London N1

REGGAE

1 Let Me Love You — Dennis Brown (Crazy Joe)
2 Why Girl — Earth and Stone (Crazy Joe)
3 When I Think Of You — Rudy Thomas (Rudy T. Tone)
4 A1 Sound — Sinbad & Little John (Youth in Progress)
5 Rat Inna The Centre — Archie and Lynne
6 Since I Fell For You — G Nooks (Joe Gibbs)
7 You Miss Si Mouse — Lux (Lepki)
8 Eventide Home — Trinity (Crazy Joe)
9 Girlfriend — Barry Brown (Midnight)
10 Drunken Master — General Echo (Powerhouse)

Chart by Maroons Tunes, 19 Great Street, W.1

DISCO

1 Back Together Again — Roberta Flack / Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)
2 You Gave Me Love — Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)
3 Funkytown — Lipps Inc. (Casablanca)
4 Let's Go Round Again — Average White Band (RCA)
5 Behind The Groove — Teena Marie (Motown)
6 Jump To The Beat — Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)
7 Let's Get Serious — Jermaine Jackson (Motown)
8 Keep In Touch — Freez (Calibre)
9 It's Alright — Sho Nuff (Fantasy)
10 The Groove — Rodney Franklin (CBS)

Chart by: Powerhouse Roadshow 368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

1 Tears On My Pillow — Johnny Nash (CBS)
2 I'm Not In Love — 10 cc (Mercury)
3 Misty — Ray Stevens (Janus)
4 The Hustle — Van McCoy (Avco)
5 Have You Seen Her — Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
6 Disco Stomp — Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick)
7 Doing All Right With The Boys — Gary Glitter (Bell)
8 Moonshine Sally — Mud (Rak)
9 Eighteen With A Bullet — Pete Wingfield (Island)
10 Whispering Grass — Windsor Davies/Don Estelle (EMI)

Week ending July 8, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1 Alright Now — Free (Island)
2 In The Summertime — Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
3 Groovin' With Mr. Bloe — Mr Bloe (DJM)
4 Sally — Gerry Monroe (Chapter One)
5 Goodbye Sam Hello Samantha — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6 Cottonfields — Beach Boys (Capitol)
7 Up Around The Bend — Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
8 It's All In The Game — Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
9 Down The Dustpipe — Status Quo (Pye)
10 Something — Shirley Bassey (United Artists)

Week ending July 8, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1 I'm Alive — Hollies (Parlophone)
2 Crying In The Chapel — Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 Mr Tambourine Man — Byrds (CBS)
4 Heart Full Of Soul — Yardbirds (Columbia)
5 Looking Thru The Eyes Of Love — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
6 To Know You Is To Love You — Peter & Gordon (Columbia)
7 In The Middle Of Nowhere — Dusty Springfield (Philips)
8 Colours — Donovan (Pye)
9 One In The Middle (EP) — Manfred Mann (HMV)
10 Leave A Little Love — Lulu (Decca)

Week ending July 7, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1 Good Timin' — Jimmy Jones (MGM)
2 Ain't Misbehavin' — Tommy Bruce (Columbia)
3 Please Don't Tease — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4 What A Mouth — Tommy Steele (Decca)
5 Robot Man — Connie Francis (MGM)
6 Made You — Adam Faith (Parlophone)
7 Three Steps To Heaven — Eddie Cochran (London)
8 Cathy's Clown — Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)
9 Shakin' All Over — Johnny Kid (HMV)
10 Cradle Of Love — Cliff Richard (Columbia)

Week ending July 5, 1960

NEWS

Stranglers out

THE STRANGLERS' British tour goes ahead next week on schedule — and it's likely that more dates will be added to those already announced.

The tour was salvaged last Friday when the three members who'd been in a French jail for almost a week on a charge of inciting violence — Hugh Cornwell, Jet Black and Jean Jacques Burnel — were released, the first two unconditionally and Burnel on bail of 100,000 francs (about £10,000).

The accused are now required to report back to the court when summoned — probably in October — either to face trial, have the charges dropped or be re-bailed. They are hoping that by that time the court will be prepared to settle for a fine rather than a jail sentence.

Speaking from his Nice hotel on Friday night, manager Ian Grant told *NME*: "Even our lawyer was surprised when the boys were freed so quickly. At best, we thought they'd be held until Monday. At worst, they could have been in custody until October.

"The prosecution pulled all the usual strokes. They even raised the age-old issue of Jean Jacques' national service in France, but fortunately we had the documents with us to prove he was exempt. Apparently they also contacted Interpol to get details of the band's record in other countries, but the telex didn't come through with the information in time for the court hearing — which is just as well!"

There is no question of The Stranglers not surrendering to their bail in October, though it seems that, if found guilty, the least they can expect is a fine of the same amount, which allegedly is the extent of the damage caused at Nice University where the trouble occurred.

The main worry, said Grant, is over Burnel — because it was he who spoke to the audience in French, and is therefore regarded by the police as the main culprit. But the band still insist that they in no way incited the riot, and are hoping to prove that this was not an isolated instance. (British band Screen Idols had a similar experience with under-power generators when they played Nice University at the end of last year, though there were no riots or police involved.)

The question of The Stranglers' finances is also causing concern. The present hassles come on top of Cornwell's jail sentence in March and the civil action in which the band have been involved. But Grant insisted that The Stranglers will continue come what may — even if their company is forced into liquidation.

The band cancelled their Athens concert, because they weren't freed in time to make the necessary ferry bookings. But they were playing in Italy yesterday and tonight (Thursday) — then it's a show in Palma on Friday, back to Italy on Saturday and home for their UK tour starting at the London Rainbow next Tuesday.

Naughty boys bailed, so UK tour is on

IS WILKO A BLOCKHEAD?

SPECULATION that Wilko Johnson is to join The Blockheads, suggested in *T-Zers* two weeks ago, was heightened this week with the news that he has disbanded The Solid Senders and has a new single coming out on July 18 — produced by Ian Dury, backed by The Blockheads and on the new Blockhead label. The A-side features the Don Gibson classic 'Oh Lonesome Me' and it's coupled with 'Beauty'.

Dury's right-hand man Kosmo Vinyl wouldn't be drawn on the extent of Wilko's association. "All will be revealed in a week or two," he said.

Neither would he comment on whether Dury himself will subsequently appear on the Blockhead label — but since it's being distributed by Stiff, for whom Dury currently records, it seems a logical development.

One school of thought believes that Wilko will act as vocalist with The Blockheads when Dury is off the road. But it's also rumoured that he will join the band permanently, filling the vacancy created by the departure of Chas Jankel, so bringing a stronger R&B feel to the outfit.

Left: Mr Dury. Top: Mr Wilkinson. Pix: Barry Plummer. Alain de la Mata (French person, why do you ask?).

Pauline goes Invisible

PAULINE MURRAY will be going on tour in the autumn, making her solo debut almost a year after the demise of Penetration.

She plans to perform with The Invisible Girls (Martin 'Zero' Hannett, Steve Hopkins and Robert Blamire), who've previously been associated with John Cooper Clarke — so it's possible that he may also be joining the tour.

As reported two weeks ago, Pauline and her ex-Penetration colleague Blamire have joined forces with manager John Arnison to launch their own Illusive Records label. Now comes news that they've signed a worldwide distribution deal with RSO Records, and release their first single — Pauline's solo 'Dream Sequence' — on July 11. It was produced by Hannett and features The Invisible Girls, and there's a limited edition ten-inch version.

Pauline is already back in the studio working on her debut album, planned for September release — and her British dates will be timed to aid its promotion. Tours of Europe and America are being set up later this year.

McLaren row shock

MALCOLM McLAREN emerges from hibernation this week as the mentor of a new four-piece outfit called Bow Wow Wow — the first band he's managed since The Sex Pistols. And he's pulled off something of a scoop by signing them to a long-term £55,000 deal with EMI, the company which dispensed with the Pistols after only a few months, when McLaren was handling them.

The band's first single is rushed out this weekend, titled 'C-30 C-60 C-90 Go', and there's already an album and film in the pipeline.

Some four months ago, as reported in *NME* at the time, McLaren took over Adam & The Ants — and promptly sacked Adam Ant, who has since formed a new group of the same name with whom he's currently touring. The three remaining original Ants — Matthew Ashman (guitar), Lee Gorman (bass) and Dave Barbe (drums) — have been retained by McLaren as the nucleus of Bow Wow Wow. And as previously reported in *T-Zers*, the focal point of the band is a 14-year-old Burmese girl named Bess Man, whom he discovered in his local laundrette!

Naturally, the release of the single is calculated to stir up maximum controversy — the twist this time is that 'C-30 C-60 C-90 Go' celebrates home taping. Written by McLaren, set to the band's own music it goes, in part:

"It used to break my heart/When I went in your shop/And you said my records/Were out of stock/So I don't buy records in your shop/I tape 'em all. . .

"Policeman stopped me in my tracks/Said hey you, you can't tape that/You're under arrest cos it's illegal. . ."

So where does this leave EMI who, as a member of the British Phonographic Industry (the organisation which protects artists' copywright), could hardly afford to be seen endorsing the heinous act of home taping? Or could they?

"We don't have a position on Bow Wow Wow," is the official EMI line. "The song is an everyday story of 1980s folk. As members of the BPI we wholly endorse the BPI's attitude to home taping."

The BPI told *NME* they find it "very odd" that EMI have got involved with Bow Wow Wow's song. In no way would the BPI condone home taping, which they consider to be "the biggest problem of all facing the record industry".

No individual has ever been arrested for home taping but the BPI has begun taking action — under the 1956 Copywright Act — against Toshiba and Memorex, in both cases over ads which the BPI alleges encourage it.

Ramones due

THE RAMONES are due back next month to play two major shows in London. These would be during the week of August 17-23, and details are currently being finalised by the MAM Agency. The band's brief visit falls midway through an extensive European tour, and they're likely to return here in September — when they've finished on the Continent — for a string of college dates

● **XTC** are being lined up for a major UK tour in mid-autumn, starting in early October and running into November, their agent John Giddins told *NME*. The outing will tie in with the release of their new album, which they're busy recording at the moment.

● **UK SUBS** are already back in action with a new line-up — quicker than they dared to hope when drummer Pete Davies and bassist Paul Slack left the band a couple of weeks ago. Singer Charlie Harper and guitarist Nick Garrett have now brought in ex-Cyanide drummer Steve Roberts and bassist Alvin Gibbs, who was previously with The Users and more recently with Brian James & The Brains. The new-look Subs are currently busy rehearsing, and are planning to begin a series of live dates in August.

● **ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80** appear at London's Little Bit Ritzy Cinema in Brixton tomorrow (Friday), while **Linton Kwesi Johnson** and **Aswad** play the same venue this Saturday. And tonight (Thursday), the Ritzy stages an Oval Records bill with **Mobster**, **The Mistakes** and **Local Heroes**. These shows are part of the Lambeth Summer Festival, the event which was to have included The Specials' free concert on Clapham Common — until the GLC stepped in and banned it.

● **PSYCHEDELIC FURS** have two late bookings this weekend — at Liverpool Original Club (tonight, Thursday) and Manchester The Factory (Friday).

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT

OFF THE RECORD

● Controversial San Francisco band **The Dead Kennedy's** have been signed by Cherry Red Records, and have their single 'Holiday In Cambodia' out this week — it's taken from their album 'Fresh Fruit From Rotting Vegetables', due in early August. From the same label comes a bizarre version of Rod Stewart's 'D'Y' Think I'm Sexy' by **The Hybrid Kids**, a name which cloaks the identity of ex-Mott The Hoople man Morgan Fisher

● **Aura Records** have signed North London band **The Girls**, and release their first single 'Clap Clap' this weekend in a full-colour picture bag.

● **Cupol** are a unit comprising one half of Wire, Graham Lewis and Bruce Gilbert, and they have a 12-inch single titled 'Like This For Ages' out this week on the 4.A.D. label. The B-side is a 20-minute piece called 'Kluba Cupol'.

● **Swell Maps** will have their long-awaited second album 'Jane From Occupied Europe' issued by Rough Trade in late July. They're also planning a retrospective LP comprising material dating back to 1974, while guitarist Nikki Mattress is in the studios working on a solo single.

● The new single from **The Hitmen**, out this week on Urgent Records, is 'OK'/'That's Not Me'. They're being lined up for a series of dates to promote it.

● **Bill Nelson** has just completed work on his first album for two years, 'Quit Dreaming And Get On The Beam', and shortly be releasing it on his own Cocteau Records label (distributed by Spartan). He has just issued his single 'Do You Dream In Colour?' through the same outlet.

● Virgin release the 17-track album 'The Immediate Story', drawn from that label's catalogue during its 1965-70 existence. Acts featured include **The Small Faces, The Nice, P. P. Arnold, Nice, Twice As Much** and **Mick Softley**.

● **Jimmy Lindsay's** new self-penned and self-produced single, issued by Gem this week, is 'I Wanna Dance'. The B-side 'I'll Be There' was recorded live at London The Venue with his band Rasuji

● **Degeband** are back in action this month after a long lay-off, caused by a serious road accident in which all the members were involved. Their double A-side single 'Latin Lady'/'I Can See For Miles' is issued by Rutland Records (through Pinnacle), to be followed in late July by their album 'Test Flight'.

● WEA issue a ten-single pack featuring "the best heavy metal tracks available on catalogue". The package comprises four singles by **AC/DC**, two each by **Saxon** and **Montrose**, and one each by **Van Halen** and **Stingray**.

● **Andy Fairweather Low** releases his first single for Warner Brothers this weekend— titled 'Let Ya Beedle Lam Bam', it's taken from his first album for four years, the recently released 'Mega Shebang'.

● Four-piece Brighton band **The Chels** debut next month on the local Attrix label with a four-track EP.

● **X-ENects** have their first single out on the new Pre-Fab label. And they've come up with the gimmick of putting both tracks — '19 (French Gymnastics)' and 'Female Pulse' — on the A-side, and leaving the B-side completely blank!

REPTILIAN ROD

THE CLASSIC collectors item track 'In A Broken Dream' by Python Lee Jackson (alias Rod Stewart) is released by Young Blood Records this weekend. It comes in EP form with two previously unreleased Stewart songs, 'The Blues' and 'Cloud Nine', and sells at £1.15. Alternatively there's a 12-inch version in a limited edition of 5,000, featuring 'In A Broken Dream' and 'The Blues', priced £1.49. These two titles are also on a standard seven-inch single, though initially this is only available for juke-boxes. When Stewart recorded these tracks nearly ten years ago, he received a standard session fee of £50!

● It's getting heavier throughout the UK, from the North-East to the South-West. Newcastle label Neat Records have signed local HM trio **Raven**, and release their first single '(Don't Need You) Money' in late July. And Bristol label Heatbeat Records (distributed by Spartan) have launched a Heavy Division, the first single being 'Pride Before A Fall' by **Stormtrooper**

● Sire Records have signed Brighton band **The Piranhas**, who were previously with local label Attrix and Virgin. Their first single is a revival of the Elias & The Zig Zag Flutes hit 'Tom Hark', which was No.1 back in the Middle Ages. Other tracks are 'Getting Beaten Up' and 'Boyfriend', and it's issued on July 18.

Lambrettas hitch

THE LAMBRETTAS have run into trouble over their new single, which Rocket had planned as 'Page Three', from their debut album 'Beat Boys In The Jet Age'. But now they've been served with a writ on behalf of *The Sun* newspaper, who object to the lyrical content of the song — claiming that it gives "an undesirable image of *The Sun*". The initial court hearing was taking place soon after *NME* closed for press this week.

ROY HARPER (right)

ROY HARPER's new single 'Short And Sweet', issued by Harvest this weekend, is culled from his current album 'The Unknown Soldier'. The B-side features two tracks recorded live at Guildford Surrey University during his recent UK tour — 'Watersports' (a protest about dogs fouling pavements) and 'The Unknown Soldier'. Harper's previous album 'Bullinamingvase' had to be withdrawn from sale after EMI was successfully sued by Blue Boar Motorways over the track 'Watford Gap' — but this has now been replaced by 'Breakfast With You', and the LP is now available.

Half-Year Chart Points

THESE ARE the best-selling records for the first six months of 1980, based upon the weekly Top Thirty charts published by *NME* — with 30 points awarded for a No. 1 listing, 29 points for a No. 2, and so on.

ALBUMS

1. REGATTA DE BLANC (The Police) 533
2. OFF THE WALL (Michael Jackson) 451
3. GREATEST HITS (Rose Royce) 415
4. ONE STEP BEYOND (Madness) 388
5. PRETENDERS 342
6. THE MAGIC OF BONEY M 290
7. DUKE (Genesis) 287
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Several acts in the above list, including The Detroit Spinners and Hot Chocolate, each had only one hit during the period. A number of other artists scored with two or more hits, so here are the leading Singles Artists for the last six months:

1. BLONDIE (322 points); 2. THE BEAT (309); 3. MICHAEL JACKSON (284); 4. Madness (268); 5. The Nolans (261); 6. The Specials (260); 7. The Pretenders (258); 8. Liquid Gold (220); 9. Dr. Hook (218); 10. Detroit Spinners (208).

NEW JACKSON CHALLENGE

MICHAEL JACKSON, who figures prominently in both album and singles chart points, has a new single issued by Epic this weekend — it's the McCartney song 'Girlfriend', taken from his 'Off The Wall' LP. Despite his success in the UK, Jackson will not be coming here in the foreseeable future.

He will only undertake overseas visits as part of The Jacksons, and the group are inactive at the moment while Randy recovers from major surgery — he came close to losing a leg in a road accident and, although it has now been saved, it will take him some months to recuperate. Meanwhile, Michael is now busy considering several film offers

The new Skynyrd

THE ROSSINGTON COLLINS BAND finally emerge next week in the wake of the sadly defunct Lynyrd Skynyrd. Formed by the two ex-Skynyrd guitarists Gary Rossington and Allen Collins, and featuring two other ex-members of that band, the line-up is completed by three new musicians including girl singer Dale Krantz. Their debut album 'Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere' is released by MCA on July 11, and their delayed visit to Britain — originally planned for March, but postponed because their LP wasn't ready in time — is now expected in the near future.

LP imports at UK prices

IMPORT ALBUMS, usually available only at vastly inflated prices, will be sold at standard UK prices in future — at any rate, as far as four labels are concerned. These are Atlantic, Elektra, Asylum and Warner Brothers — who, together, make up the giant WEA Organisation. This company has set up its own import facilities, making available American releases which do not have a UK release date — and at normal prices. In fact, they'll be on sale here before they come out in America — for instance, 49 albums scheduled for August release in the States are already on sale in Britian, under this new operation. They include sets by such names as David Ruffin, Shaun Cassidy, Richie Havens, Seals & Crofts, Cheech & Chong, Donna Fargo and Stuff.

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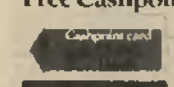

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METALLURGY

Judas, Scorpions in Rainbow bash

JUDAS PRIEST and The Scorpions have now been confirmed for Rainbow's big 'Rock Monsters' open-air event at the Castle Donnington Racing Circuit in Leicestershire on Saturday, July 26 — plus two American bands, Riot and Touch, the latter playing their first-ever European gig following the release this month of their new Ariola album. Also provisionally set are April Wine, for whom confirmation is expected next week.

Rainbow's RITCHIE

One more name has still to be announced for the show — it won't be either Black Sabbath or Sammy Hagar, who were on the original list of provisional acts—but a spokesman intimated that one of America's top heavy metal bands are expected to be sewn up within a few days. Rainbow are anxious to ensure the best possible sight and sound reception at the site — and with this in view, they are installing giant video screens on both sides of the stage, plus quad towers with 80 kilowatts of power.

More ticket outlets have been arranged, in addition to those listed two weeks ago — at all London Virgin stores, Ipswich Gaumont, Peterborough Wirrans Stadium, Gloucester Leisure Centre, Loughborough Castle Records, Middlesbrough Town Hall, Long Eaton Record Centre, Doncaster Angie's Records and Lancaster Earore. Advance tickets are £7.50.

Rooster re-form

ATOMIC ROOSTER, one of Britain's top heavy bands of the early '70s, hve been re-formed by original members Vincent Crane and John Ducann. Best remembered for their No. 1 hit 'Devil's Answer', they had both Carl Palmer and Chris Farlowe in their ranks for spells during their heyday. Crane (keyboards) and DuCann (guitar) are at present auditioning for a permanent drummer, and intend to retain the band's original trio formal. Their single 'Do You Know Who's Looking For You' is issued by EMI this weekend, and they'll be featuring it in a one-off gig at London Camden Music Machine on July 18. Rooster will undertake an extensive UK tour in the autumn, to coincide with the release of their self-titled album.

JOHN DuCANN (left) and VINCENT CRANE

SAMSON PILE IT ON

SAMSON have added 11 more dates to their tour schedule reported two weeks ago, including a couple of London headliners They've also cancelled three gigs and switched several others. The brand new dates are at **Scarborough** Taboo (July 7), **London Marquee** (11), **Bristol** Granary (14), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (17), **Arbroath** Condor Club (20), **Inverness** Caledonian Hotel (23), **Edinburgh** Nite Club (24), **Sheffield** Limit (29), **Bath** Pavilion (30), **Norwich** St. Andrew's Hall (31), and **London Camden** Electric Ballroom (August 1).

Instead of visiting **Northampton** Paddock tomorrow, they now play the town's MFN Club tonight (Thursday); and in **Aberdeen**, they're at the Music Hall on July 21 instead of Ruffles the following day. **Hull** Wellington Club moves from July 7 to 28, **Wakefield** Unity Hall from 17 to 16, and **Blackburn** King George's Hall from 24 to 8 The two gigs off are **Manchester** Ritz (July 6) and **Ayr** Pavilion (20). The rest of their original dates are unchanged, and still more are likely to be added.

ASH NIX READING

WISHBONE ASH will not, after all, be appearing in the Reading Festival — for which they were announced two weeks ago as special guest act on the third day, August 24. A spokesman for their agent John Sherry explained that Ash are already contracted to play two festivals in Germany at the time of Reading and, although negotiations had taken place, they had never committed themselves to the British event. The Reading organisers are expected to fill the Sunday gap by slotting in one of several acts that have still to be confirmed.

Matchbox buzzing

MATCHBOX have lined up a number of festival appearances this summer — they headline the Brighton Country Music Festival on July 12, join Darts in the open-air event at Mildenhall Speedway Stadium (26) and appear in a circus big-top at the Minehead Festival (29) And as reported last week, they top one of ATV's series of concerts at Nottingham Theatre Royal on July 16. In August, they're off to Finland, where their 'Buzz Buzz A Diddle It' is currently No. 1 — then they leave for their first tour of Australia, where their 'Rockabilly Rebel' is climbing the charts. The rockabilly band are, in fact, at present charting in eight different countries — one here in the UK. Magnet are making available 10,000 picture discs of their current hit 'Midnight Dynamo.' Their second album is due out in early October.

Cousins retires

— AND ROY HILL JOINS STRAWBS

THE STRAWBS have undergone a major personnel upheaval, following founder member Dave Cousins' sudden decision to quit the band. After a 13-year span, he has opted to leave the music business altogether, in favour of an executive position in commercial radio.

But The Strawbs have wasted no time in finding a worthy replacement in Roy Hill, a noted bandleader in his own right. And John Knightsbridge (guitar) and Bimbo Acock (sax) are also being brought in to augment the existing line-up of Chas Cronk, Brian Willoughby, Tony Fernandez and Andy Richards. The new-look band make their live debut at Swindon Oasis (this Saturday) and London Victoria The Venue (Sunday).

Geno's return to UK

GENO WASHINGTON returns to the UK next month, hot on the heels of the No.1 hit he inspired for Dexy's Midnight Runners. Together with his new band of U.S. musicians, called his American Ram Jam Band, he's undertaking a two-month tour here. And to coincide with his visit, Pye are issuing an EP on their Flashback label comprising 'Hi Hi Hazel', 'Que Sera Sera', 'You Got Me Hummin' and 'Different Strokes'. Gigs confirmed so far are:

Norwich Cromwells (August 21), **London** Cumberland Hotel (23), **Stoke** Trentham Gardens (24), **Scarborough** Taboo (26), **Manchester** Factory (27), **Hull** Lemworth Country Club (28-30), **Kendal** Arts Centre (September 1), **Torquay** 400 Club (3), **Yeovilton** Heron Club (4), **St. Austell** New Cornish Riviera (6), Talk Of Yorkshire (11-13), **Helensboro** Trident Club (16), **Rosythe** Lion Club (17), **Kirkaldy** Bently's (18-19), **Lyneham** Pegasus Club (25), **Bridlington** 3 B's (26), **Birmingham** University (27), **Worthing** Assembly Rooms (29), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (30), **Stockport** Poco Poco (October 2-4), **Caerphilly** Double Diamond (5-6), **Gwent** West Glamorgan Institute (7), **London** Middlesex Hospital (10), **Newcastle** University (16), **Aberdeen** University (17) and **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (18)

RAM JAMMING

THE RAM JAM BAND — Geno Washington's former backing unit who, as previously reported, have just been re-formed by original guitarist Pete Gage — return to live action this month with a tour of **London**. They play Fulham Golden Lion (July 10), Clapham 101 Club (12), Herne Hill Half Moon (13), Camden Music Machine (16), Canning Town Bridge House (17), Fulham Greyhound (20), Maunkberry's W.1 (22-24), Camden Dingwalls (30) and the Marquee Club (August 10). They'll be undertaking a nationwide college tour in the autumn, to coincide with the release of a new single.

STEVIE: Wembley wonders

STEVIE WONDER may be coming to Britain in the late summer or early autumn — but then again, he may not. And if he does, he may be playing Wembley Arena — but on the other hand, he may not. That's the truth behind a report that he's been booked for a week at Wembley from September 1. Promoter Barry Marshall, who is allegedly bringing Wonder in, told *NME*: 'I've been chasing Stevie for months, and I still have no confirmed deal. And various other people are after him, too. Certainly there are dates pencilled in — not only at Wembley, but at Hammersmith, the Rainbow and other places.

'In the final analysis, it's all down to Stevie. He's working on a new album and, knowing him, there's no telling how long that will take — he may not even come at all this year. If he does and he picks me as promoter, I'll be delighted, but I've no guarantee of that — nor of any dates.'

Floyd tickets

SEVERAL HUNDRED tickets are still available for Pink Floyd's weekday concerts at London Earls Court next month. The two weekend shows — on Friday and Saturday, August 8-9 — are now completely sold out, but at press-time applications were still being accepted for the Monday (4), Tuesday (5) and Wednesday (6) performances.

Tickets are £7.50 plus 25p booking fee, and are available from G P. Productions, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only, enclose SAE, state preference for date and second choice, and bear in mind that tickets are restricted to six per person. It's understood that some seats with a slightly obstructed view will be available on the doors each night — details to follow.

IN BRIEF

CARL RADLE, the highly rated bassist who worked with Eric Clapton for many years, has died at his home near Tulsa. He was 37, and was suffering from a chronic kidney complaint. Radle was associated with Clapton from the days of Derek & The Dominos, and previously worked with Delaney & Bonnie, as well as recording with many other rock stars of that era.

LINDA McCARTNEY'S film *Seaside Woman*, which won the Palm D'Or Award at the Cannes Film Festival, has its UK premiere at London St. Martin's Lane Odeon on July 10 as support to the new Peter Sellers movie *Being There* — and the two films will then go on general release together. Linda's picture features music by herself and Wings, and the title song is released as a single by A&M on July 11.

PHIL LYNOTT is now on the road to recovery from the eye injury, sustained when he was attacked on leaving the Southampton Gaumont. It was feared at one time that he may lose the sight in one eye, but specialists in America have prevented this. He has now had the stitches removed from the injury, though he's been warned that his sight may be blurred for some time.

PRESTON AND SYREETA DUE

BILLY PRESTON & SYREETA — who were originally expected in the UK early in the New Year, at the time of their smash hit 'With You I'm Born Again' — have at least been confirmed for a British visit. They're being brought in by Marshall Arts in August, and dates were being finalised as *NME* closed for press — details are expected next week

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Following the accident that put Richard Pryor into hospital with massive burns last month, a shroud of secrecy has descended around the severely injured actor/monologuist. A police statement that the accident occurred when Pryor was allegedly purifying some cocaine with ether was denied by both his management and his doctors, but since then no statements relating either to his current condition or to the circumstances which caused it have been released. Pryor is apparently able to walk — albeit painfully and with difficulty — and the first of a lengthy series of skin-graft operations has taken place, but a spokesperson for WEA — who release Pryor's records — told *NME* on Monday that their telexes to their Los Angeles office inquiring about Pryor's condition have gone unanswered

Peter flew into a cuckoo's nest

A journey into Gabriel's darkness

THE room is grey and unwashed. Like me. My function is unknown. The action is to talk, or try to talk, to these broken, bitter, distraught individuals whose fantasies fill up the small rooms where they roll through and roll out their existence. In the mind's lying eye: colour, adulation, achievement, attention, interest, success, and so hope and triumph. In the room: a table, a chair, a bucket, a teddy bear.

The room smells.

Peter has been here for years. A dozen, somebody told me. I've been visiting his kind for years. Last week I was talking — humouring, comforting, aggravating — to One who has 'decided' he is Mick Jagger, fallen idol and part rude boy of yesterday. That thought looks after him.

Peter's dream is a little more complicated. He has invented a fantasy with proportions that are almost impossible to protect.

Like most of them, he believes he is an entertainer. But Peter's fantasy has reached foolish extremes. His fantasy bewilders me. He imagines he is uncompromising, brilliant, enigmatic and that, having left a controversial rock group in the middle of a roaring success, he modestly suffered a period of 'cult' status before a ridiculous world-wide critical *and* commercial success.

One day, he will have to let go, and it will hurt him.

Peter makes noises with blocks of wood and bits of metal recorded on a cassette recorder a relative once left him. These noises are his LPs. They're actually almost attractive.

Peter also designs covers, with crayons and backs of envelopes, and writes extensive, loving 'reviews' of his music, as if for the *Sunday Times*.

Peter is crouched in a corner of his room when I enter, plucking excitedly at the skin under his eyes. He's looking older, even haggard. I sit on the wooden chair and he springs up, stares at me through wild eyes, suppresses a sorry giggle, tugs at the seams of his baggy blue jacket. He inches across the wall to the centre directly opposite me, never taking his eyes off me. I smile. He spits. God, what an aggravation.

My role is that of journalist interviewing Peter for a Top Newspaper. I hate perpetuating Peter's fantasy, but I'm told that in such cases it does not do good, but nor does it do harm. It just maintains the state. There is no chance, so I'm told, of relieving Peter.

I do this a lot. I am tired of it.

THESE DAYS, I far prefer Bill Frindall's comprehensive cricket statistics to the chart listings, but I still look at the charts if only to see whether my faves have invaded. Whoops of delight, for instance, great this week's BBC number 45 — unsettling circumstances, but still the song 'Love Will Tear Us Apart, demolishes everything near it.

A blink or two, blase at that, accepts that Peter Gabriel is at number one in the LP charts.

I amusingly note that Gabriel's third solo collection of scraps and spasms, nightmares and daydreams, has skidded to the middle of the road, and could well snap together like a lego brick with the Traumas Of Our Times (ghosts, politicians and drowned youth), just as 'Dark Side Of The Moon' did.

Equally obviously concerned, full of moral niceness and kindly sentiments, thick with impudent musical intrigue and congenial musical magic moments, conspicuously laced with relevant weariness and wariness. Just what we all want and need: a beautiful cry of despair. A suitable package of puzzlement, pessimism, abstraction and paranoia, acted out professionally and containing enough philosophical and political flavour to soothe the rumbling guilt of the passive rock consumer, cheer up the baffled rock industry and be a convenient showcase for the pent up critic. Once it's all over, we can settle down again.

"Yeah, this album has sort of landed in the middle of the road," hums Gabriel, "I didn't expect it. I didn't really know what to expect. I think it's better music than I've ever made."

In this circus, a good collection of circumstances will help an apparently incongruous item to the top of the charts. A naughty hit single, say.

(Many months ago, when I reviewed 'Jeux Sans Frontieres', I placed it with and under the similarly slanted and scenic singles by Magazine, Faithfull and Christine. This was to make the point that those three singles ('A Song From Under The Floorboards', 'Broken English', and 'Is That All There Is') made their points far more convincingly and scandalously than 'Frontieres'. Gabriel's breakthrough (if you'll excuse that term) was quaint and correctly 'strange', far more assuring and logical than those other three. Think about it: it was an obvious hit. There was nothing truly random or violent about its intrusion.)

A hit single accelerated the inevitability of Gabriel's third LP scorching to success (excuse me again). Along with: Gabriel's Genesis past. Even in times of apparent obscurity this gave him a considerable fanatical following. Along with: that low rumbling guilt. The colourlessly conformist weirdness of Gabriel's methodology. A team of rock names — Fripp, Weller, Bush, Collins — appearing on the LP.

"They weren't collected as a marketing gambit to appeal to the widest possible spectrum."

It adds to the curiosity. A circumstance.

PETER GABRIEL Three', for all the tags of riskiness and vital realism that can possibly be hung on its songs and apparent conceptual coherence, is a meticulously commercial LP. That is not to say automatically awful; but certainly not innovative.

In times of stress, something like this — rewardingly and in a chart context unusually self/doom conscious — turns up. The surprise would have been if it had failed; and the surprise will be if it fails to stay close to where it is for many months.

'Peter Gabriel Three' is timely, routinely desperate, virtuously distinctive (a few steps ahead it gets mannered) and straightforward.

"I don't think it's very straightforward," says Peter Gabriel, with a formidable lack of affrontery.

"I did think I was taking risks with this LP. In hindsight, after hit singles and its success in the charts, it is very easy to say that-it's commercial. But when I presented the single to the record company no one thought it was going to be a hit, and it is sufficiently out of the American mainstream to cause me being dropped as an artist over there and for the LP to be axed."

(The fundamental risk Gabriel claims he made with this record was to alter the way he constructs songs. The music was built up from an original unorthodox rhythm. The words fell in with the shape that the music gave them.

"I was really trying to pull away and start again with this LP. For me personally to abandon my traditional style of writing, to use this rhythm approach, was taking a risk and was a total re-evaluation."

A risk within the Gabriel context.

"That's the only way I can take risks.")

Atlantic, Gabriel's American company, decided that 'Three' was "commercial suicide". This is nothing to gloat over, just another indication of the conservatism of the industry. Mercury released the LP.

Even as I write — one eye on Wimbledon, one eye on the cleverly intimidating cover of 'Three' — it's easing its high-performance way into the American charts, spitting its melodramatic messages of despondency and

"I wanted to sit at the piano for hours and hours and scream or whatever it was, just a real release of emotions, which was one of the main attractions of rock music for me . . ."

Analysis
PAUL MORLEY

Case studies
ANTON CORBIJN

confusion. 'Peter Gabriel Three' could well inspire all sorts of people to talk seriously about alienation when previously they confined themselves to set pacing and clean living.

Gabriel's success is not a terrible thing. Such gentle sincerity is an odd thing to sell so well. But there is a plainness about Gabriel's interest in madness and stupefaction, almost a listlessness about his drama. The honesty is admirable; the art shallow. Gabriel's success, the myriad of deflections and bitter-sweetness that constitute the commercialism, is more interesting than the music: that is a little drier than even the best of his chart company, has a few more dimensions to it, but it is not as maniacally arresting and vivid as it needs to be to escape meaning just as little as that company.

(A half of a problem, and we're all aware of that.

For a while Gabriel and I talked about success and communication: whether Gabriel's ideas are reaching more people because his records are selling more, or whether the quality was spreading out and being absorbed into the mainstream, popular mass of circulation, calculation and lying.

Is the honesty and provocation strong enough to survive? Are there diminishing returns? Gabriel said he was aware of the problem. He said he didn't know the answer — who does? — but that he thought his LP in the charts would "make people think".

Gabriel talks about 'Biko', a song I think is the worst example of his attempts to convey fear and animosity.

"If some kids hear that, they might think, Who the fuck's he? Er . . . and they then may be intrigued to go and read the Donald Woods' Penguin paperback. Then they will come across something a lot more substantial in terms of what goes on in the world, than I can put into three verses. But it is a pointer. I think one can function in that way."

Is that as much as can be achieved in a social-political way with rock the way it is?

"A pointer can be as powerful as a catalyst, and can either drop in a corner and fizzle out or start the reaction.")

IS SUCCESS important for Peter Gabriel?

"I think . . . erm . . . yes, but it's changed shape. When I started off with Genesis, and this seems to be so with a lot of young musicians, success had more to do with it than anything else. Not it all, but there is a lot of ego tied up. I wanted to sort of scream at the world . . . and yeah . . . it was definitely ego momentum that I could see there.

"When I left Genesis I think the whole slant of it changed quite a lot of that, and now I have different criteria."

Gabriel mentions screaming at the world. Although he seems not to do that as much as indignantly berate it and prance through its horror with mild outrage, using the word 'scream' suggests that Gabriel feels a deep need for expression.

"I felt I could repress the middle class English person with soul music . . . I wanted to sit at the piano for hours and hours and scream or whatever it was, just a real release of emotions, which was one of the main attractions of rock music for me; perhaps the second just being the excitement of it."

Gathering up all the acclaim drooling Gabriel's way lately one would begin to think that he is more sensitive than most. Does he think that?

"Erm." There is a very long pause. Gabriel smiles at the pause, gives it a little stroke.

"Initially I was going to say yes, but over the years I've thought more and more that beneath the facade people are very much the same. We're all frightened of certain things. There is no real us and them. When people strip themselves psychologically you see the same basic lumps of humanity."

He stops himself. He looks puzzled. "That's not very well expressed. Everyone has their problems, their fuck-ups . . . some people can see them better than others . . .

"I'm not terribly happy with my string of thought."

(In conversation, Gabriel is very uncomfortable and awkward. He is a lot more incoherent in speech than he looks in print, where the words are all joined up for him. Much of his awkwardness could be an act, but if so it's only to cover up existing discomfort and inarticulacy. His answers are full of repetition, pauses, and are often half-hearted. It's very irritating. (Poor me).

Whilst I'm talking to him he stares into my eyes; not arrogantly or mischievously or blankly but with a profound sense of tolerance. I find I can't hold his gaze for long. More often than not I look at his socks. Sheer black nylon, they are, with stripes. Robert Fripp wears the same kind. I bet Brian Eno does too, and David Bowie. And Dean Martin used to.

Gabriel also laughs as if he's scared you'll mock him for laughing. He frowns like he's lost, and although he never actually screwed up his nose and scratched his head he seemed to be on the verge of just that for most of the time. Now and then he tells me that he is not very happy with his "string of thought", and his hesitancy and stuttering is infectious.

I can't wait to leave him alone; as much madman as he is genius he is nonetheless fairly adept at mimicking both.)

SILENCE. Peter attempts to act confidently and happily. It's no use. He still appears nervous and hopeless. This behaviour hardly befits such an inventive and visionary entertainer, but I must not notice that. I ask him a question: my voice starts off too loud, I quickly correct it.

Are you excited that people want to know about you?

Peter relaxes ever so slightly, as if melted a mite by my own nervousness. He slips self-consciously into a rehearsed routine.

"It doesn't excite me at all, but . . . erm . . . I'm sure anyone who functions in public must have some desire for attention. Otherwise they wouldn't be there. I believe that we can create the situations in our lives that we need for ourselves. Positively or negatively."

Peter looks pleased with what he's said. I wonder what issue of *Readers' Digest* that's from?

I ask another question — is it important for musicians to write about their experiences and fears and to share that with people? — and get the expected stark reply.

"There is one quote, and I don't know who it's by . . ." Disappointment appears in his eyes for a split second at forgetting something so important. "I never seem to get those things right, but the quote has always seemed to me to be right: 'A man who writes about himself in his own time writes for all men in all times'."

Peter half smiles. Spittle rolls out of the corner of his mouth. He stares into my eyes, increasing the volume of silence. I bite the inside of my lip. Peter scratches his nose. Silence.

SOME DEFINITIONS should be fluid, when they are not meaningless — rock 'n' roll certainly, and let's remember blues. Blues is restless. Or The Undertones are blues. Blues is whining and worrying and going around in circles. Blues is a treat.

I don't fall off my chair when Gabriel The Troubled — whose rock has never competed in the same spaces as Townshend or Springsteen — tells me he feels his music is blues.

"Yeah, sort of. A lot of it seems dark and depressing in the same way that blues is dark and depressing, and I know that by playing it I feel better and can clear some of the shit out of my system and that is how I would like it to work for other people.

"Blues does that. Emotional content is very important for me in my songs. I think a lot of people perhaps working in what are often described as similar areas to me, 'fringe', are very interested in the intellectual concepts of the music. And where I think that can be very interesting, I think the heart has to be where I start.

"Emotion is what is important. And I still get a real rush when an idea comes through that really does something to me, and I hope I can relay that. I just think as I've gone on I've got more articulate at relaying that, those . . . ideas is the wrong word . . . *moods*."

Moods is a weak word for what you're trying to say.

"Mmmm. I think there is a place where music directly plugs into the nervous system, and the words on top of it, they're sort of abstraction, mental abstractions . . . but . . . it's a gut feeling."

SILENCE. The atmosphere in the room is dreary, vague. I tread carefully, not wanting to disrupt Peter's fantasy. Simple questions are best. Peter's stock of philosophical replies is not big.

Do you chronicle your life through music?

"Er, not consciously. That's not my purpose. But I think it does happen."

Looking back at your works, can you see how you have grown up?

"Yes I can see that."

I push on, perhaps recklessly, towards something vaguely therapeutic, I suppose. In what ways?

Peter chuckles thinly, to cover up an annoyance. "I think . . . just really I know better how to say things in words and music than I did before."

In what way?

Peter momentarily loses concentration and stares forlornly at a mark on the wall. Almost imperceptibly, he brightens: looks up towards his eye brows.

"Definitely in the past four or five years I've felt that I've had to open myself up in a way that I would not have chosen to do. I . . . I . . . I feel that, um, you know, I feel more exposed than I have done previously."

His legs have been split apart as he stood against the drab wall opposite me: his hands tightly at his side. He brings his legs together. Abruptly. He brings his hands together. Abruptly. He slips down the wall until he's squat on the floor, and draws his knees up to his chin. He giggles dizzily.

Does exposing yourself embarrass you?

"It can do. When I feel I make a fool of myself. But I think it's important to be prepared to make a fool of yourself. It's important for me because I'm actually inhibited, and would naturally go numb or de-sensitise rather than throw it out."

Peter stands up quickly and flings his hand over his mouth to shut himself. His eyes pop wide open. We were getting close to the reality of Peter's condition.

Silence.

Continues over

"I'd just been in conversation about repression and it was beginning to bug me, and I just left all my clothes in the gents and walked back through the room with nothing on"

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Petering Out

From previous page

I AM OF course being gratuitously bitchy when I say that I don't like Peter Gabriel, but there's little else to do. In harsh daylight, surrounded by objects of joy and the things I love, Peter Gabriel becomes to me the thinking person's David Essex. The performer with the heart of gold, the puppy eyes and the soft talk; an energetic artfulness and mysterious privacy. Making music that isn't as grand as the creator hopes.

"I think for it to be of any significance at all it has to be grand for the people who make it, but it needn't necessarily be grand, or seen as grand, by the people that listen to it. In other words I don't think you have to get too deeply involved."

For me Gabriel's music can be mildly titillating. For many it has exhilarating artistic shape.

For Gabriel. "It's definitely more than just titilating! It's always hard to put into words. I think if it moves people or stimulates them the way it does me, or the way other music has, then that's fine."

How precious. Gabriel's heart is in the right place. A number of times he says that he hopes he is getting through to people as much as music got through to him. It's a lovely, simple thing to hope.

"Just from the '60s and all the idealism that went with it, all the naive thoughts that rock could change the world . . . I don't think you can, but I think you can make people more aware and that's what I'm trying to do."

We're awash with simplistic, admirable sentiments. For me though, Gabriel's force and emotion is diluted by his use of language, which seems erratic and tame. Original intentions may be interesting or ambitious, but the results never seem complete or incisive, never seem to put any pressure onto the situation. With their erraticism and hollow dignity, they seem to mystify.

"I think the words on this LP are much less cryptic and mystifying than they were on previous LPs. I think they're fairly clear. I still enjoy words that aren't simple and direct, but I don't feel that they're right for me to be writing at the moment . . . erm . . . e dreamlike type of writing is currently out of fashion, but we do spend a lot of our time, sleeping, in a dream state.

"Something I relate my own words to are images in films. I think there are . . . erm . . . pictures and things which can plug into the unconscious mind in the same way that I think music can plug into the nervous system. Erm, so I still feel that I should argue that it is a valid form of expression. But I am trying to do things in a lot more down-to-earth fashion now."

Gabriel seems to be dropping gentle hints about his days with Genesis and earlier solo work, where flamboyance superceded directness. In the past does he think he's failed?

"Some of what I did before makes me cringe, but not all of it . . . and . . . I'm losing my thread again . . . redirect me . . ."

More trickery. Gabriel maintains that a 'dreamlike' technique of writing is currently unfashionable. This may be so. It doesn't undermine the technique, which can be used honourably and exotically — though not particularly well by Gabriel (I feel).

"In the '60s it was seen as street chic, whereas now it is not so relevant. In think that as a form it can be as powerful as any other. I quite often see my words as film or visual images. I think I am more articulate in pictures than I am in words. I'm trying with my words just to make pictures."

The pictures on this wall seem out of focus and out of control, but in context (McCartney, Roxy, Sky) slickly disturbing.

Gabriel's words and images seem to come from a faulty memory. Claims in their favour do not convince me. He is dealing with characters, charades, situations and confrontations that are all too familiar, and does not direct us into any new places. The words do not bear too much examination.

They seem to be tidy and subdued. The songs are cultured, cultivated echoes of books, newsy events (news highlights, news headlines), magazine articles we know too well. Gabriel adds more shade and light, but no new shape or insight, to the terrorist, war, habit, vanity, faith and reality. It is interesting that a number one LP should deal and doodle with travesty and tragedy, evolution and organisation, but it's not exciting the way Gabriel doesn't seem to extend, doesn't seem to upset or distinguish existing attitudes.

At best his songs confirm; they never startle. But it is his private reality, and presumably things are this clean to him.

"I think fantasy and reality are always very confused and I think the confusion between fantasy and reality is one of the things that interests me most. I mean it's like going east and west with fantasy and reality and either poles, and if you go far enough in one direction you come to the other. If you go far enough into reality you go into pure fantasy and vice-versa."

SILENCE. Peter looks hurt. His stare returns to the mark on the wall. Slowly, I crack my knuckles. Peter's breathing steadily grows louder and slower. Is it hard work for him to expose himself? The question seems too bare. I think Peter has given up. Nothing more to say. Wait. A flicker. He's dragging through old memories, 'real' memories. One last deep breath; he talks.

"Yeah, especially, I think, on a social level, with friends. I mean in a sense music and performance has always been there as a vehicle, erm, almost a therapeutic vehicle."

To purge yourself?

"Yeah." He giggles to himself.

What's up? I ask a little over-pleasantly. He grins broadly, showing ugly yellow teeth.

"There was one occasion after I'd moved to London . . . I disappeared to the gents and I'd just been in conversation about repression and so on . . . It was beginning to bug me, and I just left all my clothes in the gents and walked back through the room with nothing on and . . . er . . . was ridiculed for quite a while afterwards . . ." His voice trails away.

Does he find life complicated? The question jolts him into a reply.

"Er, no, not especially. I think it's a struggle."

Peter looks puzzled. We're not talking about his fantasy, but about the things that put him in this place. I return to the fantasy quickly. Peter squats down again and picks his toe nails. So does he hide behind his music?

"I don't feel that I'm still . . . well, maybe . . . I was going to say that I don't think I act anymore but perhaps I do when I sing in the first person in situations which obviously aren't my own. In real life . . ." He loses his thread.

"I think uh mentally I'm still . . . there . . . on the operating table."

In control?

"No, I'm the body, not the doctor."

Peter shudders. He trips over to the corner of the room. He drops his head into his hands. He looks up. He looks at me. He looks through me. He stares into his own version of things.

Silence.

(The murmurings amongst writers with extensive LP collections and/or long memories have lately been settling self-mockingly around psychedelia. In such a climate, where it becomes more and more certain there's nowhere to go and less opportunity for play, where the best music jumps between love and death and self, we're closing in on not a revival but the continuation of a music more myth than matter.

I think Gabriel's music is bubblegum psychedelia.

The chaos inherent in the music, the mix up of repetition and drama, the dim atmosphere of promise, strangeness and still-life, suggests the music on 'Peter Gabriel Three' could be some sort of precursor for music that more convincingly and critically will confront realities, challenge conformist attitudes, set up its own internal discipline, and play with itself.

Gabriel politely refutes the suggestion that his music has tendencies towards the psychedelic. Maybe thinking of the lunacy of Lother And The Hand People rather than the jolly spitefulness and sick gaiety of Wah! Heat. Who knows? Psychedelia's the wrong word for what will happen, anyway, and we should get rid of it right now.

"I do think," says Grabriel, "that there will be a tendency again, that musicians will use music as a tool for learning about themselves."

What fun! We're going to have a great time.)

I ASK Peter if he feels that it is important for him to continue. We had been talking about the frightened, restricted rock industry, and people like Peter's position within it.

"I have no crusading feeling . . . I don't feel I belong to a privileged group of conscience prickers . . . I think . . . integrity is important. For instance . . . the Crystal Gale television programme the other night had as a guest B. B. King . . . the whole show I think was sickening . . . it smacked of insincerity, but as soon as B. B. King came on there was a tremendous dignity and integrity. With those two things the box was transformed.

"I think it's very important for people like that . . . in this business that's how they should function and be able to function, how people should function in the charts and the record business . . . and I don't always think I'm that clean and honest, but I like to think I'm trying to be."

I go to leave the room. "He made his excuses and left," remarks Peter softly.

He lays down on the floor and starts sobbing. I walk down a few bleak corridors. Back to my own room. Small and grey. A table, a chair, and a typewriter.

And a few tears.

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EDITED BY CYNTHIA ROSE

Hairy Mink De Ville anxious for the interval. Pic: Peter Anderson

MAN or MINK?

FRIDAY NIGHT just past the witching hour has swept an SRO audience into wild weekend euphoria and Willy De Ville takes the stage for his second show of the evening at London's Venue. With a brand-new line-up plus Three Musketeers-type moustache and goatee, Mr De Ville (nee Borsay) proved himself once again the most stylishly-dressed performer since Miles Davis, and the owner of a voice few come close to matching. Slinking his way through material that commenced with the brilliant 'Slow Train' through rockers like 'She's So Tough' and a razor-edged 'Soul Twist', he ventured to the outer precincts of New Orleans Zydeco stompers . . . not to mention the inimitable Lee-Dorsey-in-the-Moulin-Rouge ya-ya of 'Bad Boy'.

De Ville was fronting a band which matched the consummate artistry crochet for quaver: hand-picked in New York and New Orleans, a youthful rhythm section dove-tailed expertly next to more experienced players. De Ville himself often chose to cool the theatrics in order to play stinging guitar lines and snaky slide solos.

Encountered afterwards at a hotel near Victoria Station, De Ville (accompanied as usual by wife Toots) looked fit and bright-eyed compared to former days when certain chemical excesses caused him to appear moody, irascible and heavy of eyelid. His face is still unbelievably gaunt, cheekbones so deep they could house starving families — but his complexion bears a healthier glaze.

"I was planning to move to New Orleans but I keep feeling this urge to return to Paris. New York is the pits; I don't see anything happening there at all. Musically it's all bands who look like geeks, play like geeks, and sing about being geeks! Like The Feelies — who needs it?"

De Ville stuck it out in New York long enough to virtually clinch a new record deal, however. "Yeah, it looks like I'll be going with Ahmet (Ertegun: Head of Atlantic). I can at least talk to the guy, there's a rapport and a sense of respect there. After Capitol, it's a relief to deal with somebody who appreciates style and is willing to take a chance."

The fiascos which surrounded the release of his 'Le Chat Blue' left De Ville bitter and angry. The album, recorded in Paris, is easily the artist's strongest to date; in many respects an artistic breakthrough as forceful and individual as 'Astral Weeks' was for Van Morrison. The powers-that-be at Capitol, however, having bracketed De Ville in the Bob Seger mould of street machismo, failed to take note of the maverick record's aesthetic merits, while groaning about its absence of an obvious single.

"The record wasn't so much released as it escaped. A few copies here and an import copy in the States. Capitol are doin' shit about pushing it."

With 'LCB' stranded in limbo, De Ville managed to get some exposure through former producer Jack Nitsche, who used Mink De Ville performances for the soundtrack to 'Cruisin', which incurred the wrath of numerous gays. "As far as my involvement" says De Ville, "I'm not crazy about what I laid down, but I'm not ashamed, y'know."

Willy De Ville has weathered a bad period in his career and come out fighting.

NICK KENT

Short, sharp, shocking cast in overly familiar harangue. Pics: Mark Rusher

BEATING THE BLUES

DISGRACEFUL! Deplorable! Bad taste! When a brace of Tory MPs abandon their stiff upper lips and resort to this kind of brouhaha about a play they've never even *seen* . . . well, we could be twigging something here.

A Short, Sharp Shock!, a bitterly satirical attack on the Thatcher Government, is the item which has the Blue Meanies foaming at the mouth. It depicts Margaret Thatcher's rise to power and her swingeing attempts to impose extremist right-wing policies on both the Conservative Party and the British people.

Although farcical, and sometimes fantastical (in Hunter S. Thompson style), the script is firmly rooted in documentary evidence. Cabinet ministers (all played by women) reiterate, in only *slightly* exaggerated form, their own published words; while the lines of Sir Keith Joseph — convincingly portrayed as a jabbering lunatic — have been lifted almost verbatim from his speeches.

"We couldn't think up anything as crazy as what he'd actually said," explains Tony Howard, who co-wrote *A Short, Sharp Shock!* with Howard Brenton.

The duo spent nine months researching the play, Howard even attending the last Tory Party conference in Blackpool. "Horrible and mindblowing," is how he describes it. "What was really shocking was discovering that there's a huge extremist wing that has forced its way into the Conservative Party and the rest aren't facing up to it at all. I wanted to shriek with horror at what these people were saying."

The Tory squeals of protest ensured full houses every night but Howard is worried by a possible backlash when people realise the play is not quite the obscene and outrageous extravaganza they've been led to expect.

"The *Daily Telegraph* ingeniously claimed we hadn't been *tough enough*," he laughs, "so we're offering a free hammer and sickle to any *Telegraph* reader who can send us attacks on the Cabinet vitriolic enough to put in the play. I mean, we're keen to make it as savage as possible."

A Short, Sharp Shock! is playing at the Theatre Royal, Stratford E.15, until July 12, when it moves to the Royal Court for a further three weeks. It *is* short and sharp but it's hardly as shocking as its target, next to whom, as she boasts in the play, "Harold MacMillan was a *Communist!*"

GRAHAM LOCK

It's Not Alive!

IF THE warning signs of a self-inflicted recession within the record industry have caused distress, then the current BBC/MU dispute underlines the fact that it's not the most conducive time for new vinyl careers to be launched or established even further.

So what precisely is going on?

On June 1st, the Musicians Union called a strike of its members as a protest against the BBC's decision to sack five staff orchestras — part of its policy of immediate financial cutbacks.

By pole-axing these five regional orchestras, the Corporation claim a possible saving of half-a-million pounds.

In retaliation the MU has prevented both BCC Radio and Television from broadcasting any 'live' music. The sanctions are supported by the ABS (Association of Broadcasting Staff), who have refused to transmit any music programmes.

Though a month old, the full effect of the MU ban has yet to be felt. For the moment, the loss of *Top Of The Pops* and the music spots on programmes like *Saturday Night At The Mill* give some indication of what could transpire if the dispute is protracted.

The Proms would not be aired and neither would peak-viewing family plug-shows like *Seaside Special*.

On top of that, 'live' BBC Radio sessions would automatically cease, making it increasingly difficult for aspiring artists to receive even token exposure.

MU official Brian Blain likens the dispute to a log-jam, with the BBC warlords refusing to enter into a sensible dialogue with negotiators.

The Beeb may claim such redundancies to be part of the programme of financial cuts, but contradict themselves by suggesting that they intend to re-deploy saved funds by employing freelance musicians.

"There is no indication," claims Blain "that the BBC would suddenly increase the amount of live pop music because of savings on staff orchestras."

Actually the whole affair appears to have Machiavellian overtones. By the use of Government Legislation, the Beeb may have sunk the off-shore pirates, but they are now having to compete for listening audiences within a network of highly-profitable regional commercial stations.

Their sackings are being interpreted by many not so much as penny-pinching but as an opening gambit in re-structuring programming to boost listening figures. As such, minority tastes — something the BBC once prided itself on catering to — could be sacrificed in favour of broad-appeal format radio.

However, if it reduces its weekly allotment of 'live' music broadcasts, the Beeb will forfeit a proportionate amount of its 127 hours of needle-time licensed to the Corporation by the copyright agency, the PPL (Phonographic Performance Limited).

Aside from the pressures of public opinion (which Brian Blain argues is always an important weapon) the economically-threated British record industry may try and apply reconciliatory pressure. Obviously, the industry would welcome an increase in BBC needle-time but, at the moment, would settle for return to normal service.

Bill Fowler, WEA Records' Director Of Promotions, echoes the sentiments of many majors. His consortium, he says, will continue to put out major releases but adds that if the dispute isn't settled quickly, it will effect new signings who depend upon 'live' BBC Radio sessions for initial exposure and cause certain releases to be temporarily shelved.

Whilst the small indies can get by (as they've done before) with minimum radio exposure and limited sales, the majors now desperately require maximum air-time and massive turn-overs of both cash and trash to survive.

If the BBC refuse to bend and exhaust their yearly needle-time allocation, than the majors could be compelled to suspend production of all new releases — or only issue those records guaranteed to score saturation airplay on commerical radio.

For once, the record companies might get behind the MU and help them implement their 'Keep Music Live' slogan.

ROY CARR

ROCK STARS' WIMMEN REVEAL — Instalment 30

THE WAY to a rock idol's heart is through his stomach, the ex-Mrs Peter Frampton told *People* magazine recently. It's a reaction to the junk-food life on the road, contends Mary Frampton, now the companion of Darling guitarist Hal Lindes, and authoress of *Mary Frampton and Friends Rock and Roll Recipes* (Anchor/Doubleday).

A "slender English beauty of 31", Mary was married to Frampers from '72-'78, when both were vegetarians. Now, through her luminous connections with rock's top tax bracket, Mary is able to reveal that Linda McCartney keeps the kids quiet with Exorcist-style pea soup; that Pattie and Eric Clapton chow down on for homemade 'Paradise Chews'; that Paul Butterfield relishes 'happy chicken' (?); and the Gibb brothers go for good old English grub like Yorkshire pudding, honeyed pork, and steak pie.

A 'self-taught' cook, Mary still giggles about the time she served up a saucepan of curry she had previously spilt on the floor, and about the oversized marrow she stuffed and secured before baking with *needles* (oh those depraved rock and rollers!). ("I completely forgot about the pins until everyone was eating. I thought I was going to be sick.") If you want to enjoy Ron Wood's "favourite quaff", just fork out for 3 or 4 passion fruits, skin 'em and extract the pulp, and then pour boiling water over it, letting it drain into a teapot. It serves four. And lest you think Mary is alone in her obsessions, we can reveal that the underweight David Bowie has also recently donated his favourite recipes to a cookbook called *Harmony in the Kitchen*.

BEVERLY HILLS

Thrills!

BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT

Debbie's ass may be in someone else's jeans, but her mind's on her beer.

DANGEROUS VISIONS

DEBBIE IN CATHODE RAZE

SWEET LORD, don't time just fly. It seemed that only yesterday Deborah Harry was the New Wave's very own trashy Marilyn clone, posing for all the world like a cheap Times Square hooker, fighting with drummer Clem Burke on Dingwalls stage and injecting the recherche sound of early girl groups into the then-punk world of electric razor guitars and howling vocals.

There was a time when Debbie Harry took the what-more-can-you-show-me rebel stand and told interviewers about a one-time heroin habit and weird scenes inside Max's Kansas City.

No more, though.

Right now, it would appear that Ms Harry has put all that behind her. And she is well on the way to becoming middle America's blonde, bad girl sweetheart. Certainly, last week, she took two great leaps forward in consolidating her position in the world that doesn't

SHAM 69
THE NEW SINGLE
UNITE AND WIN

NOT TAKEN FROM THE NEW ALBUM "THE GAME"
polydor

care too much about rock & roll: she graduated from records, promo films and concerts to both the big and the small screens.

The Harry contribution to the big screen is in the movie *Roadie*, where, along with Art Carney, Alice Cooper, Roy Orbison, and Don Cornelius, she supports Meat Loaf in the epic described by its publicity blurbs as "the story of a boy and his equipment". Deb helps it play straight into everyone's uninformed fantasy of what goes on behind the scenes in the wild and crazy world of rock and roll.

On the small screen, Debbie turns up as the lead attraction of TV commercials for Gloria Vanderbilt's de luxe Murjani designer jeans. Sashaying through romantically foggy back streets to some funky club while the soundtrack (slogan: "if you know where you're going you know what to wear") caresses the viewer into believing that she can be as hip and groovy as Debs if she crams her ass into the same brand of jeans may not seem on the face of it to be too auspicious a TV debut — except for two things.

You have to realise that in America such commercials — being better made and more expensive than the programmes they interrupt — can actually sell a performer more effectively than a TV series. Certainly Cheryl Ladd's reputation was enhanced far more by commercials than by all those episodes of *Charlie's Angels*.

Also, out of all possible products, designer jeans have to be guaranteed to put Ms Harry constantly in the public eye. The all-out warfare between various denim manufacturers means that, day or night, not a viewing hour goes by without some young woman flouting her blue-clad ass inside the tube on behalf of Gloria Vanderbilt, Jordache, Zena, and their competitors.

The only sour note in the whole business is that Deborah Harry wasn't Murjani's first choice. The initial approaches went to baby sex symbol Brooke Shields. Ms Shields' price tag, however, was too high and the ad men settled for the cut-rate Debbie (Brooke will be selling teen-line jeans for Zena.)

Of course, this could be the start of the full-scale co-option of the New Wave. Is it just a matter of time before Joe Strummer is out there telling us all about the great smell of Brut? Remember, we warned you here first.

MICK FARREN

Debbie and Lorna Luft at the "Roadie" premiere

ROCK RUINS NATURAL RHYTHM SHOCK!

DIT-DIT-Da, dit-dit-da-aargh! According to Dr. John Diamond, a former professor of psychiatry at Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, some of the rhythms used in popular music can interrupt the heart beat and weaken it. The beat in question (dit-dit-da, dit-dit-da, you know that one) came into prominance with The Supremes in 1965 and can even now be detected in Bee Gees songs. Other rhythms (those found in the music of Bach, Beethoven, Johann Sebastian Strauss and Wild Turkey) do not affect the body's central-monitoring system. A spokesperson at the Sigismund Freud Institute for disgressed gentlefolk lent his considerable professional acumen to Dr. Diamond's findings when he commented: "Ven ve hear ze zound of ze heart unt blood vessels are going da-dit-dit unt zo on. Zimple scientific chuzpah tells ze man in ze Virgin Mega-store viz ze one pound recording token unt ze handful of loose changes zat hearing ze rock unt roll beat ze are subconsciously zinking ze old ticker is kaput. Hence ze stress signal goink up, ambulances crashink and people zuch as me accumulating monies beyond ze dreams of evarice. Zo, ve are not sayink for von moment zat rock music is causink cancer, also ve are vorking on this von too. Nein, but it weakens ze body and zo raised ze patient's vulnerability to vatever is set up. Q.E.D."

MEANWHILE a commissioned report submitted to the Noise Advisory Council from John Bickerdike and Anne Gregory (*An Evaluation of Hearing Damage to Attenders at Discotheque*, Leeds Polytechnic £4.75 inc. p&p) suggests that disco-goers run a small but detectable risk of damaging their hearing. The proportion of sufferers is small — only one person in 40,000 — but with regular disco attendances at 9 million and going up even as I write this nonsense, the findings prove conclusively that as many as a hundred people will suffer hearing damage by the time they reach the age of ninety — sensationally, this is even less than the number of people who will go naturally deaf, many of whom never even attended a disco or a seminar on grant-wasting.

The Council whilst agreeing that enjoyment is derived at stress-aid discos, are recommending a code of practice to local government, the managers of discotheques and other interested parties.

Dr. Diamond, who tested 20,000 rock records in the course of his research, names The Supremes, Wings, The Rolling Stones, Janis Joplin, and the Bee Gees as 'the 5 worst offenders'. Elvis, however, gets a clean bill of health. Is Dr. Diamond suggesting that the King may have had natural rhythm? And does this mean the end of Giorgio Moroder as we know him? I said does this mean

MAX BELL

Lowry

"We're done for men. The SPG have got the bomb."

CAREFUL!

MOTELS

The new album includes the single 'Days are OK'

Capitol

EST 12070

INSIDE DOPE

By DICK TRACY

Reality effect?

A RECENT issue of *Police Review* provides evidence both that the Legalise Cannabis Campaign are having an effect and that the forces of law and order are set for a counter-attack.

In an article entitled *Why Cannabis should not be legalised* Detective Sergeant David Gale of Avon and Somerset's drugs squad claims that "So powerful has been the propaganda onslaught that the ignorance of the facts . . . has led many people, including police officers, to believe that the drug is practically harmless and its legislation is imminent. They are wrong on both counts. The drug is highly toxic and is becoming a menace to public health."

Gale then goes on to quote from a selection of rabid anti-marijuana scientists who, it appears, are currently staging a strong push to return us to the marijuana hysteria of the '30s.

Drs Kolansky and Moore are quoted, claiming that "the severity of its effect is unpredictable and that acute psychotic reaction can occur in a mentally healthy individual from even a single dose." Also Andre McNichol, who estimates that "20 per cent of those who experiment with hashish or marijuana will require professional psychiatric care."

Gale digs up evidence that regular use of marijuana results in permanent brain damage, while citing evidence to show that, in the American States that have decriminalised, seizures have shot up by as much as 55 per cent.

Happily these extreme views were countered in the following issue by a debunking article from LCC's Don Aitken who began by pointing out that Andre McNichol has publicly blamed marijuana for his own two psychotic breakdowns. He quotes from Senator Eastland's 1974 enquiry, entitled *The Marijuana-Hashish Epidemic and its Impact on United States Security*, where evidence was given that: "On the basis of these facts, speculative connection between cannabis use and brain damage is highly suspect. Unfortunately, this type of report is typical of much of the research done in this field."

As for decriminalisation in the States, Aitken cites a three-volume statistical enquiry which concludes: "No significant increase in use, no increase in health problems, and a saving of $25 million in law-enforcement costs in California alone."

Aitken finishes by saying: "In the aftermath of the Bristol riot, of which cannabis law enforcement was clearly one of the causes, police officers

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must think carefully about this subject. I would encourage any police officer who is interested to study the evidence for himself and not rely, as Sgt Gale has unfortunately done, on compilations of selected and sometimes distorted material produced by extremists."

****

A SOMEWHAT cryptic news story in *New Scientist* provided some meat to the consistent rumours about tobacco companies' involvement with marijuana. The article claimed: "Several tobacco companies plan to incorporate marijuana in their products if and when it is legalised. But, contrary to popular opinion, there are no trademark registrations on the choicest marijuana trade names, such as Acapulco Gold."

This is not for want of trying, it appears, but the British Trademarks Registry has flatly refused to consider any applications in advance until the law changes, when they will be issued on a first come first served basis.

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THE information which you are about to read could well mean the end of publishing as we know it. From Pluto Books — the fearless idealists who risked life and limb by bringing *The Boy Looked At Johnny* to an ill-prepared world — comes a serious compounding of the original misdemeanour in the form of *Only Rock'N'Roll*, a collection of comic strips and cartoons by Ray Lowry.

A damning indictment of everything that has ever happened, *Only Rock'N'Roll* contains no less than 72 strips, 21 single-frame cartoons (some of which are from *NME* and some from *New Manchester Review* so unless you read both publications you won't have seen them all and even if you have you've probably lost 'em) and — never before published — a pathetic photograph of the unbalanced sketcher attempting to look like Eddie Cochran.

Pluto Books — for nefarious promotional purposes of their own — are offering pre-publication copies of the tome in question (the first 500 or which have actually been touched by the author, who signed the little bleeders to prove it) for the outrageous sum of £1.50. This offer is open to anyone with sufficient energy to send £1.50 to *NME* offer, Pluto Press, Unit 10 Spencer Court, 7 Chalcot Road, London NW1 8LH. Cash or cheque enclosed please.

Lowry himself was contacted by this office and requested to make a short statement concerning the book. He told *Thrills!*: "Aw Christ. Can I wring yer back in 'alf an' ower?"

Lowry

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CAREFUL!

MOTELS

The new album includes the single 'Days are OK'

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YOUTH KKKULTURE AND FASCIONS

THE BORING existence of leaving school for the dole queue and a consequent search for excitement takes some kids from British Movement and National Front marches of an afternoon to Two-Tone gigs at night. And with RAR promoting black raggae bands whose own songs can include blatantly racist lyrics, who, if they are honest, will point a finger at confused teenagers? Life on the dole can seem remarkably similar to standard brainwashing techniques: long periods of deprivation destroying all concepts of security, and leaving the victim disillusioned and desperate to find something *real* to relate to. Extremist political groups and weird religious cults thrive in such an atmosphere and appear tireless in their efforts to convince the disillusioned that only *their* perspective can solve all the problems.

The Young National Front paper *Bulldog*, for instance, now includes a whole page assuring future fascists that many prominent rock stars are rooting for the master race. *Bulldog 16's* Rock Against Communism headline reads simply "Skids play Nordic music", and described the Skids' sleeve as "based on a typically Aryan poster from the in-famous pre-War Munich games." The album's title, 'Days in Europa', is praised because Europa was "the name of a proposed Ideal Aryan state." In the same issue, Rod Stewart is said to be under considerable pressure from "the Reds in the music business" to keep what they describe as "his racist views" quiet, claiming that back in 1970 he stated "I think Enoch is the man ... I'm all for him ... The immigrants should be sent home." Lyrics from the track 'The Ball Trap' on 'A Night on the Town' are quoted with glee as proof of his continuing racist beliefs.

"I Feel Like A Wog', a track from the Stranglers LP, is reviewed enthusiastically as "extremely offensive to members of the coloured community", while words from the Ramones' 'Road To Ruin' ("I don't like Communists" and "I don't like the Viet Cong") are the source of an RAC prediction that "The Ramones are one band who definitely won't be playing for RAR." And, in case the kids aren't too impressed by *Bulldog 16*, the RAC News offers for *Bulldog 17* "Eric Clapton, Frank Zappa, David Essex and more." Hmmmm.

If carefully selected rock quotes seem like an overly subtle way of attracting converts to a Youth Movement, there's no mistaking the traditional approach of Viking Youth. Their 25-year-old Gruppen-fuhrer Paul Jarvis feels that it's the rhythm of 'marching music' rather than rock which should inspire the country's youth. Viking Youth's magazine, *Young Folk*, offers one scapegoat for all the world's problems — and with headlines like "Boycott Black Jungle Music" it's not difficult to spot the culprit.

Those who like reading are also being offered the latest in the British Movement's attempts to cash in on those hordes fascinated by the mysteries of the great unknown. The BM's book 'UFOs Nazi Secret Weapon" reveals that Adolf fled to the Antarctic with a fleet of U-boats carrying whole UFO manufacturing plants — later reassembled inside the 'hollow earth' — and one day the Third Reich will appear in the sky in saucers and Adolf (whose vegetarian diet means he won't have aged too much) will descend to earth and start "the great commie pogrom". Why, I ...

FRANK TALK

KIDS PLAY NORDIC MUSIC!

ROCKING THE REDS!

ROD STEWART IN ENOCH POWELL SHOCK

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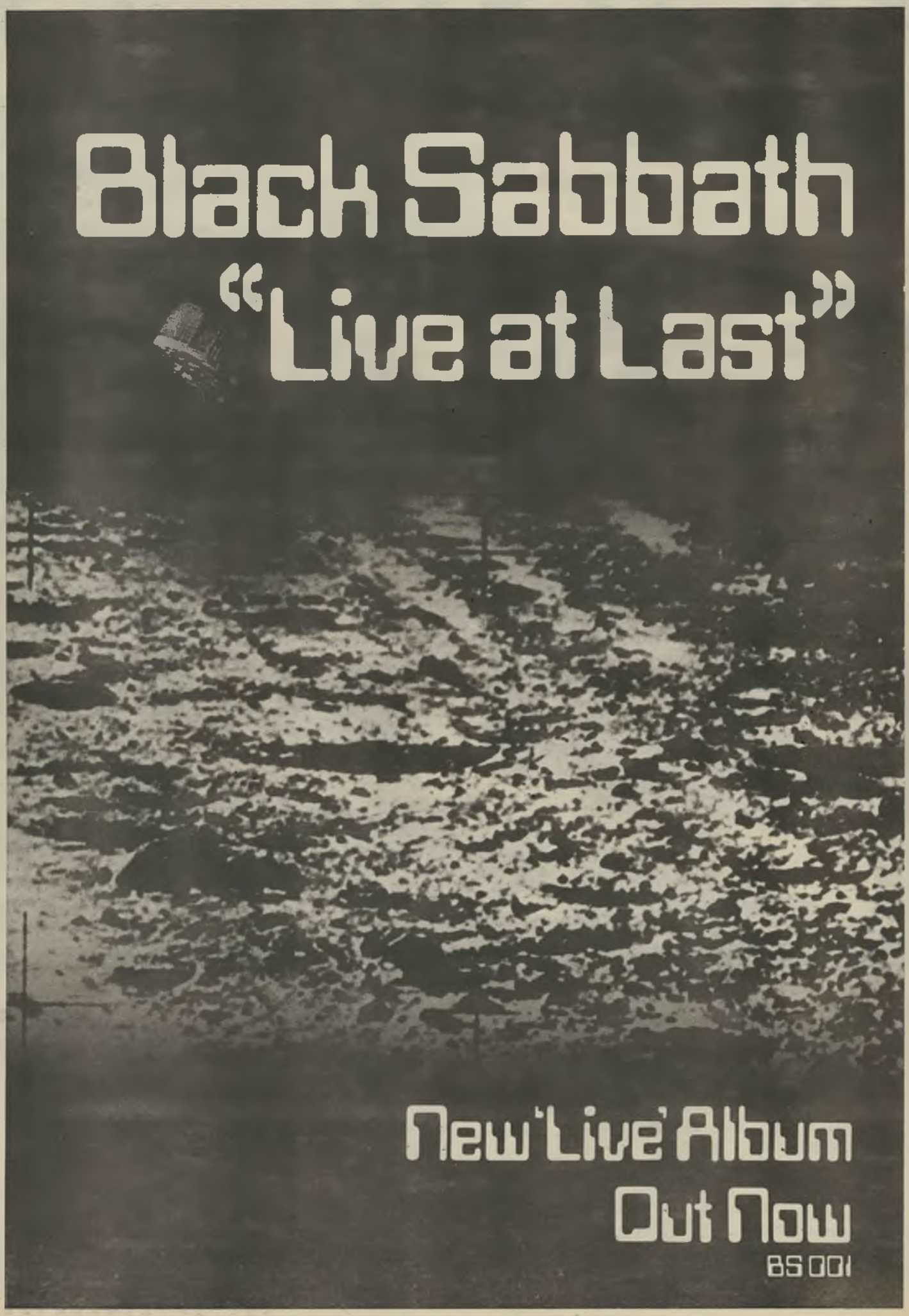
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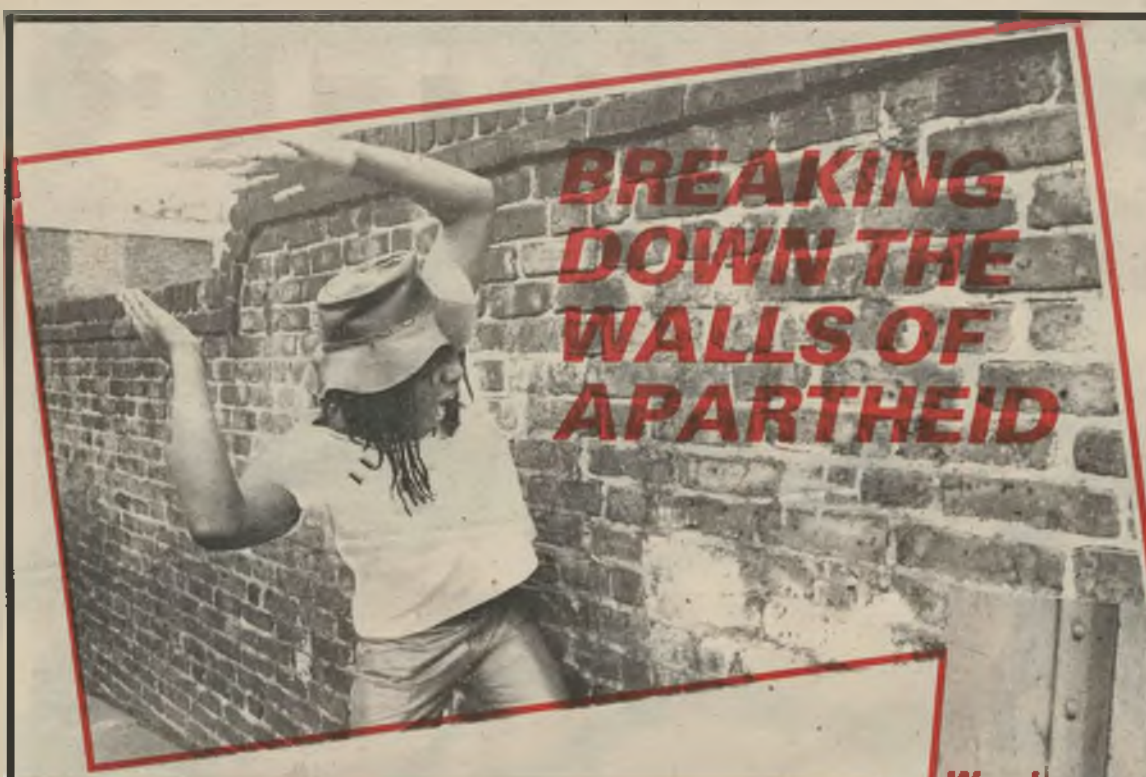


BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF APARTHEID

Born into virtual slavery in Zimbabwe MATAYA CLIFFORD left to find his freedom ... and found the music industry

Words: GRAHAM LOCK

Pix: TOM SHEEHAN

ZIMBABWE ROCK

"I WAS born in a village in the country. Then my folks worked on a farm for a white man who grew tobacco and we were taken into child labour, when I was about five or six.

"The whole family would be up by dawn — about four o'clock — and out in the fields. That's *everybody* — mothers took babies on their back.

"It was heavy, man. The little kids would be picking tobacco. I mean, we were *exploited*. It was for no pay. Sometimes we'd be allowed to go to school, as payment. Each white man would have a little school on his farm, some out-building, so maybe after work the kids might go to school, and that's all the payment I got.

"You've heard of working for a pittance? Well, a pittance is when you get a tiny bit, but these people never got anything, just a little ration and everything else on credit from the man's shop — and that meant he wouldn't pay them *forever*.

"I tell you, Zimbabwe was in bad shape then, man."

Mataya Clifford shakes his dreadlocked head in regret. His eyes have a faraway look and I guess he's not really seeing the small, cosy living-room of his Shepherd's Bush cottage where we're now sitting. He's a short, stocky man, clad in leather trousers and a bright yellow T-shirt whose 'Zimbabwe Rock' logo neatly incorporates two of the major loves of his life.

"In 1967, when I left, there was no guerilla war. It was a very politically alert society and the people were always enthusiastic that things would change. But there was also the hand of the oppressor, lingerin' and hoverin', and saying 'hey boy, back in your shack — hey boy, don't do that — hey boy, you can't walk in here, it's for white folks only'. All ridiculous things. I couldn't handle that, it's one reason why I left."

Mataya pauses and chuckles sadly. "There was a sense of freedom here, but the actual things I had run away from were still very much in evidence. Like applying for jobs. You know that typical case that every black person'll tell you? You ring for a job and they say 'yeah, come along, the job's yours' but when you get there and they see you're black, it's 'oh, sorry sir, the job has gone'. I've had that a thousand times."

THERE were times when Mataya Clifford badly needed that job. He arrived in England, fleeing UDI, armed only with an old guitar, a tiny suitcase and a handful of change. He had no contacts and nowhere to live. It was, he says, a struggle to survive from Day One.

"It was difficult, man. I spent a lot of time fighting just to stay in the country, even though I'd left an illegal regime. It took me years to get a permit. I did bits and pieces to get by, odd jobs here and there, and I played in the clubs, just me and my acoustic guitar."

Clifford's goal was to get a record deal but it took six years of hiking around the companies before RCA signed him up. Then things went wrong from the start. The material he wanted to record was deemed "uncommercial" by the company and had to be scrapped. It wasn't until 1975 that his debut album hit the shops.

A patchy, largely acoustic, effort, 'Road Of Life' had weak lyrics but several fine tracks highlighted Clifford's strengths — like the bright, rhythmic bounce of 'Time Is On Your Side' or the lazily hypnotic scatting on 'Kings Road', reminiscent of early Van Morrison. When it sank without trace, RCA and Mataya Clifford parted company "by mutual consent".

A few months later, Clifford signed with Virgin; but again there were problems. His single 'Star Fell From Heaven' made *NME* Single Of The Week, but received no airplay. An album (same title) was released but a promotional tour with Can fell through.

Mataya grimaces. "A few days before the tour, someone from Can broke an arm or a leg and with that my whole promotion went out the window."

The result — 'Star' fell into undeserved oblivion. Altogether tighter and more tuneful than its predecessor, side two tailed off into orchestral bombast but the first side was a sparkling display of soulful punch. At the time, though, Virgin were moving into reggae and punk and Clifford's unique brand of funky pop got lost in the rush for Richard Branson's first million. After one last alarmingly medcap scheme to team Mataya full-time with Can had failed, Virgin dumped him with scant ceremony.

His next step was to put together a band. Mat Stagger, that was just beginning to make a name for itself when two members — Paul and Jazz — left to form Killing Joke. Mataya admits to a small degree of gall that within a few months Killing Joke had a record out and plenty of press coverage while he was still all but unknown.

"I think I deserve a little recognition, man. 'Cause I've paid my dues, you know. I've been here thirteen years and, OK, I've made some bad records but I've made some good ones too and they just haven't been heard."

Right. And it's not just bad luck.

Mataya takes a deep breath. "I'll tell you what I think. I think there's an element of racism in the music industry from record companies to publishers to radio and TV stations to newspapers. It's not a matter of individuals, of people saying 'I don't like you 'cause you're black' but of saying 'sorry, it's black music, we can't use it'.

"The radio people have ignored my music, have ignored a lot of black British music. Lock at 2-Tone — they wouldn't play ska when it first came out but now it's played by mixed bands it's all the rage. And, OK, that's great — but people were *denied* that music by the radio."

Airplay, insists Clifford, is the key. "These days anybody can make a record and press it but that's as far as your freedom goes. You're still left with the radio 'cause you have to be *heard*.

"I mean, what can you do? Scream at the BBC? I just don't know, but I hope they open their hearts 'cause black kids don't have a future in the music industry here. They can't earn a living if their records are refused airplay."

This is true. The time allocated to reggae on the radio is so minimal that, when these programmes were on, desperate Rastas began turning up at the studio with their latest singles and a knife to persuade the DJ to play them. Reggae programmes are now pre-recorded, but the DJs still get incredible hassle.

MATAYA'S latest musical foray is 'Living Wild', a 12" released on the small, independent Do-It label. It's a stylish single, one of the best things he's ever done, funky synthesiser dance-music, with an airy feel somewhere between Eddy Grant and Curtis Mayfield. Despite favourable reviews, after one play on 'Round Table' the record has ominously vanished from the airwaves.

"We were told that DJs don't like playing 12" singles," Mataya raises his eyebrows in disbelief, "so we're brining out a 7" version and then we'll see what happens."

If the answer's nothing, the ending of racist rule in Zimbabwe has opened up new options and Mataya is brimming with ideas.

"I'd like to start a whole new music industry for Zimbabwe, that's one of my aims," he enthuses. "It's a brand new country with a lot of potential. I think I'll have to go back, maybe start a 24-track studio and harness the local talent. Yeah!"

Are your family still in Zimbabwe?

"Yeah, man." Mataya's eyes take on that faraway look again. His voice is suddenly quiet and sad.

"The year before last, in 1978, my younger brother was killed by the Selous Scouts. They said he was running errands for the guerillas, the freedom fighters, so they came and took him away, and they beat him, and they killed him, and they left him out in the woods. Just left him out there dead.

"And my parents looked for him, and they found him." Mataya pauses for a moment, just staring into space. "The Selous Scouts had told them 'we'll bring him back later' but they'd already killed him and dumped his body. "After days of searching, my father stumbled on him in the woods, dead and decomposed. He recognised him by his shoes and bits of jewellery and he had to carry him for about a mile back to the village."

He sighs and slowly shakes his head. "That made me very uptight, I just felt sickened, you know. But then I looked at it and said to myself that over 20,000 men and women have been killed so he was just one of many who contributed their life to win the freedom that we now have."

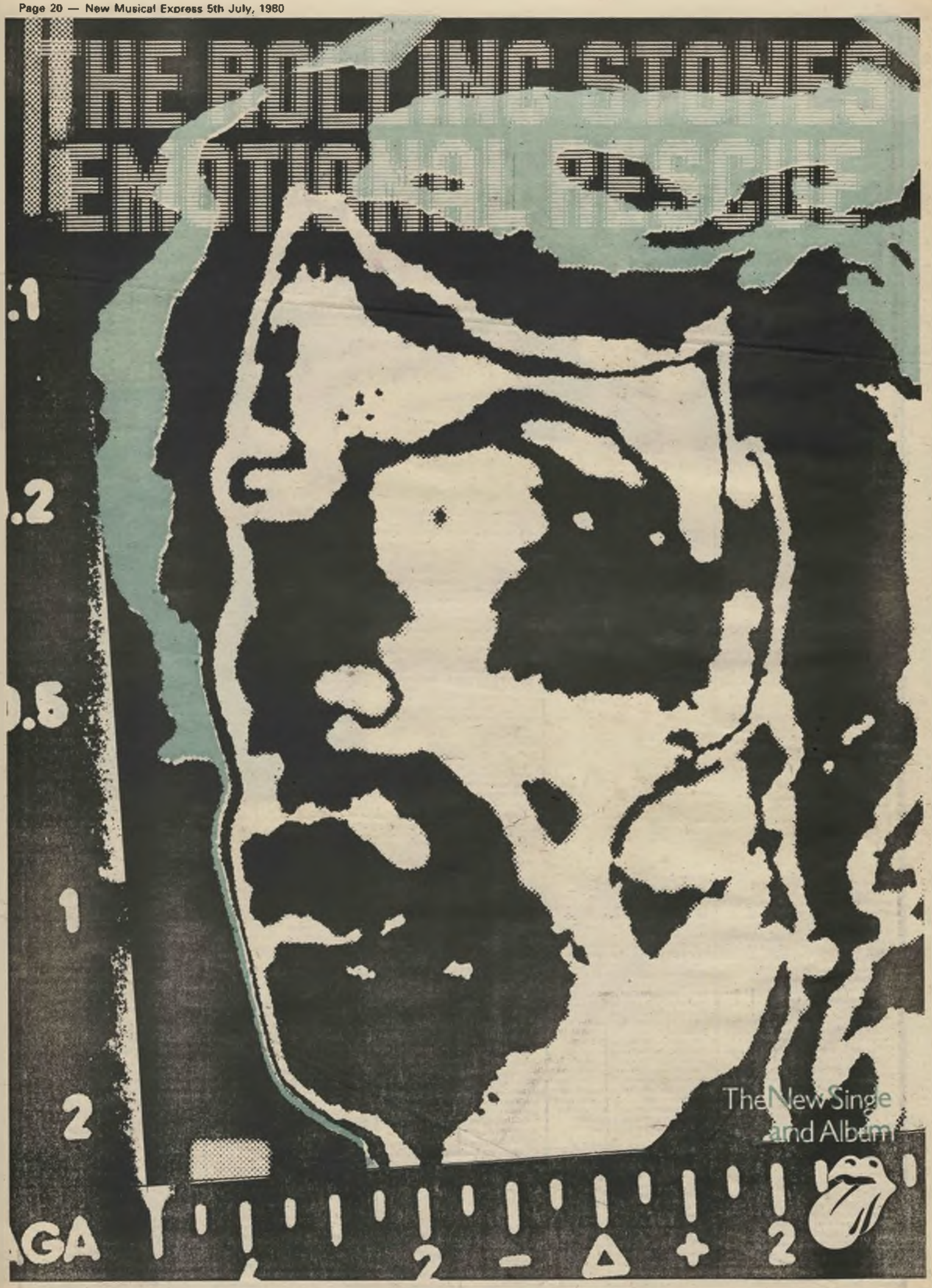
I murmur some banal condolences, and Clifford departs to make a pot of tea. When he returns, I ask him how pleased he was that Robert Mugabe won the Zimbabwe elections.

"Whoooeeee!" Mataya whoops gleefully and punches the air. "Robert MU-GA-BE! That was *great*, man. There was a big plot by Thatcher and Carrington, they wanted the Bishop to win and team him up with Smith, but they blew it. They thought they could divide the blacks and still rule, 'cause that's the colonial system. That's what they do here too, the employers split the workers so they can rule.

"No, man, the British blew it. You wanna know if I was glad? Yeah, I was jumpin' up and down. And it freed me here, too. I don't have to worry about the BBC and the record companies so much 'cause I feel all the things they've denied me here, I can now get back home."

A few spins of 'Living Wild' will convince you that if Mataya Clifford leaves England the loss will be entirely ours. On the other hand, who could begrudge him his bubbling ambition to be the first Zimbabwe rocker?

Mash it up in Zimbabwe, man!


THE ROLLING STONES
EXOTIC RESPONSE
The New Single
and Album

SINGLES

Reviewed by Ian Penman

Captain Kirkegaard meets the Hack Wave

THE RHYTHM OF LACK

i) **GRACE JONES: Private Life *(Island)*.** The 'A' side perfect choice — you could recall, perhaps, somebody's special on Torch Songs last week. Otherside, a reading of Joy Division's 'She's Lost Control'. *"I've lost control . . ."* she sings. No, she hasn't; she seems to have found a control, of sorts.

Two sides: two extremes. 'Private Life' is mental contempt from hard physical love; 'She's Lost Control' is despair on despair — a starved and stunned and shaken song, sunk low in sexuality and melancholy. The stasis of Doubt. The rhythms of Lack. (Love has split me apart.)

Jones pursues. She purposefully gives her more subjective self air in 'She's Lost Control'. Screams and lament. This way. Help in a deathly song.

'Private Life' is rapped. Jones has A Delivery of a timing. The ease and tease of the rhythm is idyllic, eyes-shut soft and funky, momentous. Shakespeare and Dunbar are a toughly svelte and swell-headed display, a perpetual on-day. You might say. Immaculate funkdub. Moving their fingers and toes in sympathy with every sharkswim flick of Jones' contemptuous plastic vocals.

It is a simply up to date thing, and you ought to love it to death. 12" next week. Crying tonight.

ii) **DETROIT SPINNERS: It's A Shame *(Tamla Motown)*.** The old-fashioned way, we even get treated to original Tamla Motown label and sleeve (you know, one with all their albums advertised on its back). We tend to call something like this A Classic, which, because I'm in a good mood, I won't forward a semiotic argument against. A classic what? It's too loud to be a Torch Song, but not very happy, all the same. It confirms and alters and messes about with all our poor cliched thoughts about the most fundamental of our occupations — something discreetly called "loving". Considering how much attention love receives in humankind's lyric sheets, it's surprising how few songs or singers manage to convey anything but a feeble, outsider's version of the subject, the principal industry being the mystery of the sexual dance, and so few arrangements rhythmically telling. It's a sham(e).

Detroit Spinners, though, could easily convince the most repressed of souls that the only reason the telephone was ever invented was so they could rhyme it with *"alone"*.

Then there is the Tamla Motown rhythm factory at the back, a shake of a bass tread and a heavenly upper lawn of harmony embellishment. It's a formula, but no problem, the most important thing is the big gap between treble and floorboards. The most Classic bit is the Intro. Just because the guitar phrase lasts that *extra* instant, that hesitation before orchestration, that blissful pause. A wordless and sexual dash. Semi sigh! Surely they didn't use stopwatches.

THE RHYTHM OF TACK

i) **TELEX: We Are All Getting Old *(Sire)*.** A toy of a joy, for when the germ-free desire for "serious reflection" is exhausted and I feel a bit lighter-headed . . . a small gramme of Telex, that elusive beaty caprice!

Telex are real gone artifists, who play for today around limited, functional but immensely likeable sounds and imagery. They *know* the value of knowing you're transient. 'We Are All Getting Old' is a smashing pop piece with a shape culled from the synthesiser (Arch Villain. Boooo! Hisss!) Like Silicon Teens, Telex don't allow themselves to be used as camouflage, to be but a cliched version of someone else's synth ideology, to regurgitate banalities expected of the genre. 'We Are All Getting Old' is a sly critique of hedonism, and a good tune. It makes sensual and public moves. It keeps great rhythmic time. It circulates in and draws from everyday leisure and pleasure. (A pub noise). Thoughtfully played, produced and packaged; it's only a bit of electron bliss in a productivist capitalist society in a state of decaying industrialization, but I like it.

ii) **ZZ TOP: Cheap Sunglasses *(Warner Bros)*.** At last! The corrigible Heavy Rock outlook on sexuality: *"What really knocked me out was her cheap sunglasses!"* ZZ Top understand the nature of irony, and the guitar sounds like it's been or is being ironed. 'Cheap Sunglasses' is crippled with quaint, crass charm. Their best since 'La Grange', no 'messing'. A bit of a slug. Nail it to the cross, boys: *"Now go out and get yourself some big black frames/With the glass so dark they won't even know your names."* And the beards aren't for sale, they're for real.

iii) **THE MO-DETTES: Paint It Black *(Deram)*.** The girls on their new label. The girls (who) have everything they need. There's a photo insert and a flexi-disc giveaway ('Twist and Shout') and the sleeve is an epitome of tasteful tack. I like all the contradictions but the whole thing is almost too perfectly conceptual to actually listen to. I wish I hadn't. Ramona's weird unCommon Market dialect is the only black mark in an otherwise very dull, plodding arrangement. Take it back because you've painted it slack. Very figuratively cute and '60s and all (although the very thing I was looking forward to most isn't present: the old Deram label) — but a pose *is* a pose *is* a pose.

iv) **THE MONOCHROME SET: 450 Lines *(Dindisc)*.** Doesn't work (for me) for all the reasons that Telex do: so *formal*, so *studied*, and marginally less unsure of what expression to wear next than Bernard Levin on Samuel Beckett.

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: There, There, My Dear *(Late Night Feelings)*. The sleeve notes are more like sleeve notes than lyrics, which is what they turn out to be, thereby deserving this week's prize for speed (writing and) singing: *"Keep quoting cabaret, Berlin, Burroughs J. G. Ballard, Duchampe, Beauvoir, Kerouac, Kirkegaard, Michael Rennie. I don't believe you really like Frank Sinatra."* Apart from the fact that someone has left an 'e' out of, er, Captain Kirkegaard, these make for a very pert little statement — an oddly intense and productive set of words. The clincher is probably: *"I'd listen to your records but your logic's far too lame and I'd only waste three valuable minutes of my life with your insincerity."* Yes, and I do start to wonder when the same chap starts going on about the *"young soul rebels"* he's searching for if it's a monumental exercise in irony? If they can sell records without selling hack emblems of rebel coherence (viz. The Special's 'Retrace' — a more monstrous piece of hackwork we may never hear) then good show. Rather like The Mo-dettes, though, Dexy's Midnight Runners were spoilt for me by actually having to listen to them. That sounds awfully like conceptual-arty wank, I know. It really means it's for dancing to and I'm far too tired. Not that fast, anyway. 'B' side is the Northern Soul Classic, Cliff Noble's 'The Horse'. Hell is soul bags.

SHAM 69: Unite And Win *(Polydor)*

THE CHORDS: The British Way Of Life *(Polydor)*

THE COCKNEY REJECTS: We Can Do Anything *(EMI)*. Which last title just about sums up the rancid state of affairs — The Hack Wave? They can do anything, these hollow men. Terrorism is inviting — selected parts of buildings in which interview situations are taking place; they would all perish along with their scaly skinned cohorts from flabby organs such as *Sounds*, whose constant reference to join-the-dots (join the nits, more like) essentialism like 'Street Level' verisimilitude as an index of cultural worth gets stupider every week. Where will it all end? What people merely choose to do or choose to choose among an under-determined set of choices is only a partially reliable index of anything. (The kids are 'alright' in relation to what?) Square covers, round records, and the 'message' somewhere between the two.

MONTE CAZAZZA: Something For Nobody *(Industrial Records)*. What? An analytical statement in respect of Art-schtuck bullshit music production. We are to regard 'Monte Cazazza' as our 'subject'. Thus we get 'Something For Nobody by Monte Cazazza'. To treat 'Something For Nobody' as a transcendental artefact (alienable, that is, from its subject, 'Monte Cazazza') is to hide a history and context of production — which is indeed not confined to 'Monte Cazazza' alone, nor even to those Cockney Rejects of the performance art circle, Throbbing Gristle, who are 'involved' in this record, but to the whole history of that scabby arm of modern-popular-music which has OD'd on and injected-into-discourse a singularly conniving Art-derived code of discussion and expression.

The methodological necessity is sleight-of-hand. The institutional salesperson conceals themself as a mere functionary: *I'm just doing what comes naturally*, etc. Just a job, man. We are left with a parcel of crap, self-alienated production, and . . . participatory criticism?

Some colleagues would seem to want to uphold a critical liberalism with respect to this: that any code of expression is *au fait*, so long as it . . . well, so long as it is able to chance its arm. So long as it 'affects' them/us. Such criticism seems to be little more than a mirror-image of the (alienated) product. It only has internal details. To participate

■ Continued over page

Dexy's: this week's prize for speed writing/singing, but hell is soul bags — the trousers not the hold alls, dimmo. Now point out Andde Lask, go on.

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SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

in such other worldly dreaming is to revel in a comfy cult-ural internal sitcom. (Always the promise of 'new things').

Writing against such Platonic wateness is resented — the assumption seems to be that analysis is avoidable and that we confine ourselves to a chat 'about' The Music itself instead of, perhaps, trying to deal with assumed (in both senses) positions, to deal with a subject, locate it and go on. The mercenary ideology of the moderne-music-world is operated on the presupposition that people don't ever get pissed off, that someone ever does substantively change their mind. Sure people change their format, musical, stylistic commitments, but . . .

The concern here is representational, not thematic. The search for iconographically correct (socialist) bric-a-bac — The Political band for to ease the 'aPolitical' critic's conscience — is beside the point. Text-by-discourse does not necessarily mean or result into new representation and then (a) mortified 'recognition' (Anyone for Iranian social realism over disco drumming?) it is rather the cultural practitioner admitting the vulnerability of their product (as text). There is a difference between, on the one hand, a commodified insight of modish-operaistic-ideological, pseudo-caressant (pip-pip to any Mod, Disk or Rudie), or the (al)truistic-technicality that artists can sympathise with the world of the workers and, on the other, a deconstruction of detail in production.

For the record, Monte Cazazza and are so far up their own a-Mecedant arse it hardly matters: Brian Gysin cut-ups, songs about Mary Bell, random rape collage. If've got to fill this paper up, otherwise I'd have just typed 'piece' and had done with.!

THE PREFECTS: Going Through The Motions *(Rough Trade/Vindaloo)*. Along with pre-album Subway Sect, The Prefects are probably the archetypal variable of 'legendary' status, taking it to extremes in terms of doing nothing but doing it with integrity. Were it not for the belated release of these two songs, from Peel sessions of a decade of years back, we could have been forgiven for doubting the existence of The Prefects at all. At least as A Coventional Rock Group — more of a private discussion. 'Going Through The Motions' b/w 'Things In General' is worth a chapter in an Everyband history of what we used to call New Wave music, although now it can't help but seem very much a period piece, very *of its time*. The factors, features, desires chipped through it have all been digested. It's lovable in the past tense. Very very noisy (noisier than any Hack Wave guitar war). They once did a song called 'The Bristol Road Leads to Dachau' — what happened to that, says Paul.

ANDDE LEEK: Move On (In Your Maserati) *(Begger's Banquet)*. More recent historical interest. Andde Leek left Dexy's Midnight Runners a couple of months ago, and has the press clippings on his pic sleeve to prove it: *'Andy hated being a star'*, *'Dexy Man runs from success'*. Bit of a contradiction in terms? Or maybe he just doesn't dig woolly hats and moustaches. 'Move On' is soulful slow in a rocky/Lamont (remember him?) son of way, with a good bridge and an odd quip or two: *"Move down to New York City, where idiots act and mime,"* for instance. I would have played it a lot in 1975.

GLAXO BABIES: Shake (The Foundations) *(Heartbeat)*

THE GAP BAND: Oop Up Side Your Head *(Mercury)*. Two tarnished traces of soul imagination. Glaxo Babies share a bass player with The Pop Group, and just go to show what you can do without going over the top, metaphorically speaking. 'Shake (The Foundations)' is The Pop Group without tears — was crossed in the late out by a really 'free'-a-plenty of horn blowing. Tut tut. Rub the very very dated 'Pepper's Delight' style exhortations off the Gap Band riff and you have an equally ensnaring beat. But they're both too deft to undress.

SKAFISH Obsessions Of You *(Illegal)*. When was a self-perpetuated notion of 'ugliness' ever a missile so far youth-culture acceptance? Skafish has a decidedly dead selection of American rock and roll devices to 'back up' his marketable malaise — he should best be regarded as The Ghost of Alice Cooper and allowed to stew in his own juice. Anyone found to be taking an interest in the band's spectacle should be taken aside and insulted — something like, 'execrable voyeur', say.

Mo-dette gets a look-in

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Lots of Promos & American 12" on the wall in Kings Cross

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou at, Romeo?

In the interests of good business, Philip Lynott plays the Irish romantic type of rock star one more time. Paul Du Noyer helps re-enact Shakespeare's famous Liverpudlian balcony scene.

"Come down, Paulie . . ."

Pic: Jorgen Angel

LONG GONE are the days when *NME* writers used to routinely return from assignments with Philip Lynott complete with back-slapping anecdotes of casual camaraderie and amiable banter. Since those halcyon times of 'Jailbreak' in 1976, when the boys were back in triumph and Thin Lizzy reached twin peaks of popularity and prestige, measures of suspicion and disillusionment have set in on both sides.

Successive releases of recent years have met with the now familiar allegations of stagnation and decline in Lizzy's creative powers — and by implication in those of Lynott himself. A while ago, the process culminated in the comprehensive trashing handed out in these very pages to his long-awaited 'Solo In Soho' set.

In the few days I spent with Philip Lynott — travelling, drinking, seeing the band in action — it wasn't difficult to sense the reserve that typifies his relations with potential critics now. For my part, I came away with the image of a group that's far from finished, but one which works more on the principle of efficiency than on that of risk. And to spend time inside such a successful, large scale enterprise — a livelihood for far more than four people — is to wonder if it's merely naive to expect anything different.

Lynott takes his responsibilities seriously — to the Thin Lizzy organisation which depends upon him, to the unswervingly loyal following on which he ultimately depends, to his family. And the pressures are not enviable.

Out in public — on the stage, in the hotel bar, the radio talk-in — Lynott can assume the familiar roles like an old overcoat. It seems to keep everyone happy, and he seems to enjoy it. But the private Lynott is a much more complex proposition. And nearly impossible to know.

The modern Philip Lynott interview, he'll imply, is not an occasion for soul-baring. It's for publicity.

We sat in a dishevelled hotel room that overlooked the Liverpool skyline — soot-black clusters of Victorian chimney pots, landmarks, seagulls.

TO BEGIN, the talk was of Thin Lizzy's first album of the '80s. Called 'Chinatown', like the single, this might be the record, more than any previous one, to assert the band's contemporary relevance or else consign them once and for all to that plodding pantheon of heavy rock heroes — still successful but bereft of anything interesting to say. What'll it be like?

Lynott anticipates press reactions with a weary slur: "At worst it'll be the same. People will say 'Another Thin Lizzy album' like previous albums. People are just going to say 'When are the band going to do something different, blah blah blah.' I figure that's the way it'll go at worst.

"But at best I think there'll be a whole new lease of energy, because I've got a lot of the softer things that used to slip into a Lizzy album out of me system with the solo album. And all I want to do now is something really aggressive."

Lynott will speak about his commitment to change and development, but what about his audience? The core of Thin Lizzy's support lies with those celebrated headbanging types — unswervingly loyal, perhaps, but notoriously conservative in tastes. I wondered if he'd admit to taking that restriction into consideration?

"Yeah, well, sometimes. I think it's the same with every band that's successful: they're limited by their success. I'm not too ashamed of anything we did before because we did it with integrity.

"Whether it was good, bad or indifferent we thought it was the best for what we could do at the time. And so, consequently, I've always tried to change on a ratio that has been acceptable to the band on musical terms, and to the audience — because if they pay to see Thin Lizzy they're expecting to see something like the band they seen the last time around. Then we come up with a happy balance.

"We're always caught with this paradox that we don't change quick enough for the people who are reviewing us, and yet we change too quickly for the people who are paying to see the concerts — and somewhere in between is where the band's heart lies. It's the paradox of success: the reviewers are always waiting for us and we'll be trying to show the audience that there's more to us than just old hits."

Then you'd agree that some of the criticisms haven't been entirely out of order?

"Oh yeah. I do honestly think that criticism is very important for a band like Lizzy. But it must be criticism that we can relate to. It's just very hard to see people criticise the thing that you do and have the thing totally arse about tit."

And all of a sudden I got the feeling we were about to move on to 'Solo In Soho'. Sure enough . . .

"Like, I'll go on about the review in the *NME* of my album, because the guy reviewing it, he totally fucked up. He didn't know what he was talking about. He had it in for me, y'know?

"Because certain people had said I was the acceptable face of hard rock as far as the new wave was concerned — now, I never fucking gave myself that title. I've never been scared of the unknown. There was a time when punk was unknown and people went 'Well the guys can't play, he's not singing in tune, they're shit' and I went 'No, I like 'em. There's nobody playing around, they've got energy which half the bands around today haven't got, they're playing short tight little numbers and they shock you into thinking.' And that appealed to me, but I wasn't jumping onto any bandwagon.

"Now this asshole for some reason seemed to think 'Right, he must think he's the fucking prophet here. I'll get him.' Now maybe I'm being totally wrong in my criticism of him, maybe I'm getting *him* arse about tit. But when he went for my album *that* was more on his mind than what he was listening to: 'Cos I read between the lines and the guy was a total fuckin' arse-hole.

"And if he had have said that to me face I would have stuck him out there and then. Simply because an insult is an insult, not criticism.

"Now that might be my narrowmindedness, or a lack of seeing the other fella's point of view, but I don't see myself that way. I don't honestly think that I can be the leader of a band, an organisation like Thin Lizzy, and *not* take into account other people's opinions. So I honestly feel that I do listen to criticism, other people's points of view, and bear them in mind and make a decision.

THIS HARDENING of attitudes marks something of a departure for a man who's hitherto enjoyed what some would call more than his fair share of sympathetic press. His conclusions about the *NME* review sound seriously haywire. But more than anything else, Lynott's hostility is symptomatic of how much he resents being underestimated — and perhaps of a conscience which is irritated by guilty suspicions that he's underestimated himself.

We all know, for instance, about the long-acclaimed Lynott image, now as familiar and reassuring as a pantomime character — the gangster of love, the swaggering, sly, swashbuckling street-fighting hero with a head full of Celtic legend, everyone's pet idea of the essential romantic hoodlum. As a stereotype it's undoubtedly served him well — and there's just enough of it in his real nature to support its existence — but does he grow impatient of being confined by it?

"I think it upsets me now when people say it to me all the time. Obviously it must be there — and I do play up to it. I can't really fool meself into thinking that I don't play up to it. And it must appeal to me to a certain extent. But I think the thing that I dislike about it most is that it's only a part of me.

"Like, if people go 'Oh since he's had the kid he's written 'Sarah' and 'A Child's Lullaby', the guy's gone a bit soft' . . . The thing that people don't realise is that with having the kid now I'm far more protective. So if someone slags me now — or if, for example, the Ayatollah in Iran, now I'd fucking kill that bastard if I got me hands on him, because he could start a Third World War and my kid could be living in a fucking wasteland.

"I'm far quicker to get annoyed over a bastard like that than I was before I had the kid. It bugs me now. Before, I'd hear about a child molester, never bugged me too much. I'd say 'Man, that's real tacky, attacking kids.' But now, the thought of someone attacking *my* kid fucking drives me crazy. I'd wanna hang the bastard.

"And it's making me twice as quick to go off the mark with the temper, and be angry, and protective — *as well* as making me very soppy and that.

"So, when they continually play up 'Oh he likes to be seen as the hard man, the romantic' — there's other parts to me. I'm a lot more complicated than the paragraph you read about where they're summarising Philip Lynott the romantic, the lover, the hard aggressive man, the father. I suppose I do live up to that a certain amount, but I have noticed that now I keep, especially in interviews, very protective.

"It doesn't bug me, y'see, if you go away and write 'He's the Irish romantic lover type of rock star' because I'm so used to reading that. I think 'OK, that's the interview he wants.' But because I'm not in control of the article that you're gonna write, I'll be protective of how much of myself I really show. Because, really, the reason for the interview is maybe to promote Thin Lizzy, or to promote the solo album.

"And you see, the national press do such a botch job on me all the time, whether it be about

■ Turn over, Rover

■ *More from before*

the drugs things, or whether it be about me private life, they really fucking go for me by the throat 'cos they're looking for another Rod Stewart type to do weekly articles on.

"I've learned how to do a bland interview, where it's all controlled what I give out. Because I don't like the scum press — the scam press — I detest it."

Right. Fine. But getting back to the immediate bone of contention, let's chew over that 'Solo In Soho' thing some more. A bewilderingly diverse collection of songs, I venture that I don't find above half of them in any way successful.

"Yeah, well, for me a little more than half. But I kinda thought I'd get that, 'cos I just went in to be self-indulgent. But time just ran out for me. I didn't really have two years to make an album — it was I had two months to make an album and two years to talk about making it! But I think it'll prove itself in the long run. All in all it was successful in that I got more from it than anyone else — and I don't mean that financially. Ha!"

Why did you make the album in the first place?

"First of all it was an abundance of material. I had a lot of songs which obviously didn't suit Lizzy. And I had the ego to think that I could make a solo album. And the record company, all of a sudden people were making me offers to go into the studio and be completely self-indulgent, and I thought it was about time. I have a great interest in the recording side of things, and I would eventually like to do some production. The rate of improvement in electronic equipment that is going on is really phenomenonally fast, and it was a good period for me to come to terms with that.

"The reason I was pleased with the finished result was that with more than half the album I succeeded in what I was trying to do. Some of it, I thought I'd failed, but now I have a greater understanding of new instrumentation, and working with strings, and if I can use that to help Thin Lizzy in the future, it'll only make Lizzy a better band. But I'm not too keen to pursue a solo career really. In fact I think it'll be a long time before I do a solo album again. I built up a longing to do it, and now that it's out of me I've done it."

You're quoted as having given up "trying to be Bob Dylan". Was that an admission of defeat or do you still care about developing as a serious writer?

"When I first started writing songs there seemed to be this great thing, that music seemed to be peaking. The Beatles were just doing better and better albums. Van Morrison was peaking. And Dylan too, he just didn't seem to be making any mistakes. It seemed like, fuck man, everybody's peaking.

"I'd kill the Ayatollah if I got my hands on him, because he could start World War Three and my kid would be living in a wasteland."

"So, like, I went into the studios early on thinkin' I had to create this *masterpiece*. And then — all of a sudden — it all just stopped, y'know? Y'heard albums that *weren't* as good as the one before, and this great disillusionment set in — that people just didn't go on for ever writing better and better and better, that they actually dipped, or might go two steps back to go one forward.

"And it was about this time that I hit on the theory that you have to learn by mistakes, and that you can't just go on getting better and better. And that's when I knew I wasn't going to be able to write 'Desolation Row', 12 verses and every verse a killer. There was gonna be songs where I fail. I wanted to keep improving but I realised to keep improving I had to publicly make mistakes.

"I couldn't just write a pile of songs and say 'that's shit, we won't release that'. I realised with the pressure of business you do have to publicly make *faux pas* and just try and survive."

Much as I've liked Lynott's work in the past, a lot of his recent work has seemed below par — in particular, some of the lyrics are let down by a tendency to go for the easy rhyme, rendering them coy or facile.

"Yeah, well if that happens it probably means I've put the emphasis on another part of the song — I've concentrated on the bass or the intricacy of the arrangement, and run out of time on the lyric. Reading the book even (*A Collected Works Of Philip Lynott*), I can see that in recent years I have for some reason given up on the heavy love lyrics, the marathon pieces, whether it be because I've been too busy gigging, or too busy getting a new guitarist or whatever, the problems of the last year and a half.

"You brought it up, but it's one of them mental notes that've clicked into me head and said, like, I gotta get back and start writing good lyrics! I think the book in that respect has really showed me that 'you gotta get back and start concentrating; this is yer third book and it doesn't seem to be, like, there's good pieces in here but if you took it seriously you could be a good lyricist!' Y'know? I have to sit down now and write.

"And I haven't done that lately, because of datelines or deadlines and stuff. Plus a lot has happened to me, I think, like getting married and having the kid, stuff like that. So all I can say is that I may have forgotten about it for a while, but I'll be getting back into writing far more. I won't go for the quick rhyme."

As an instance, Lynott describes one of the new Lizzy songs, 'Hey You'.

"Every night I change the lyrics because I haven't got what I know I'm trying to say. It's about how when you leave your home town everybody goes 'You've got it made now man, you're off'. And when you get to London you haven't, you've just solved one set of problems for another. And I'm trying to get that 'Hey you got it made, your record's in the hit parade' and they don't realise your problem now is getting the *next* hit or whatever.

"The amount of kids that go 'I wish I was you, you've done everything!' and I think 'Jesus, if you only knew the problems I fuckin' have, trying to maintain, and improve!'"

IF LYNOTT shows a tendency to over-react when confronted with what he considers malicious or misplaced criticism, then it's at least balanced by the scrupulous honesty and cool realism he displays in his own self assessments.

I've always thought him the only writer — and Thin Lizzy perhaps the only band — still working in the hard rock medium to be actually *worth* and Scott Gorham. But I wonder if the more than the most casual scrutiny, because the strength of so much of their past material is unquestionable. For the sheer stylishness and imaginative power they've shown themselves capable of, their failures, when they occur, are among the few in that field I could bother to be disappointed about.

Live, the new Thin Lizzy are shaping up to be as satisfying as any of the past formations. After the extended loan of Midge Ure from Ultravox (both as temporary guitarist and as supplier of additional keyboards) the line-up currently makes use of Darren Wharton, an 18-year-old newcomer from Manchester, on keyboards (albeit a fairly subdued role) and the new guitarist Snowy White, brought in after his work with Pink Floyd.

In strictly visual terms White has still to integrate himself effectively, looking ill at ease at his end of the pyrotechnic frontline he forms with the long-standing partnership of Lynott main man was attracted by the apparent quietness of the new boy's temperament, given all the well-documented traumas the band underwent at the hands of his fiery and erratic predecessors, Gary Moore and Brian Robertson?

"Yeah, well we were looking for that solidness, y'know? The thing is, we got on well with Brian Robertson, but Brian was very independent.

"Gary was a different type of character. Gary was very dependent, but in a way, because of his knowledge of the guitar he was a bit of a musical snob. He figured that because he knew more about the guitar than anyone else in the band he therefore knew how the band should be run better than anyone else in the band.

"But with Snowy, Snowy's very quiet — but then so is Brian Downey very quiet. But quiet guys are the hardest to understand, because when they say no they mean no. They say it quietly but it's as strong as somebody screaming it, like me. Snowy'll go 'No, I don't want to play the song that way', and shows the strength of character. Obviously, we've gone for a little more security — someone who wanted to be in the band, and who wanted to have his say in the band but not just use it for his own benefit, who wanted the band to *be* a band.

"I think potentially now, if we can stay together, I think we can develop stronger now than with Gary. And I'm not saying that because every time you get a new guitarist you have to say 'this is the one!' But I think it balances better now. So potentially, we're up." And away. But it would be easy for Lizzy just to coast along for years, wouldn't it?

"Er, I'm not sure really. I'd love to be able to think so, it'd pay the mortgage on the house! But I don't think so. I know we have very loyal supporters, but I think they're very loyal because they know that we're taking care of integrity. They know we're trying to give them the best programme, the best album, best T-shirt, that we can possibly do. Like, I'll spend all day, or a week, trying to get on to me management to make sure the album is sold cheaper, do a deal with Boots, do a deal with HMV, or that there's a good sleeve on it. I think because of that we've got loyal supporters.

"If we gave up on our supporters, just to coast along, then within a year the supporters would give up on us."

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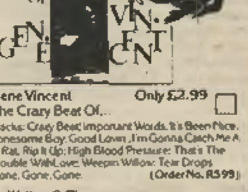

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"All the kids wanna do is just keep on rockin' "

Maybe. But where are we tonight?

Hmmm, a Franco-American 'hard rock' band, supporting Black Sabbaff. Sounds dodgy. Will anyone defend Shakin' Street's credibility? Well, er...yes

THE STREET OF SAN FRANCISCO

By Max Bell

BRIGHTON PROMENADE

NO SURPRISE to find Brighton is a dismal sweep of drizzle. Homegoers out for the air slide along a soaking street where three people are having a conversation. They are discussing the relative merits of the British climate.

One of them snaps away with gusto, intermittently observing that "the English love Brighton". The object of his remark, a dark woman of foreign extraction, murmurs through the rain. "Yes, I lurve it too. But why it always so wet? Ze promenade is like Nice, but ze weather is not so good. You pay forty pounds a night for a stinky hotel room here and zére are 'oles in the ze sheets. Pah!"

The third member of the troupe considers belting for the aforesaid hotel room opposite the ocean view. Inside the large white-washed Regency block the lights of a British hostelry beckon, all this weather is inducing a thirst.

The lady slouches against Brighton's railing and gesticulates crossly. "Forty pounds a night and you freeze your ass off. In America you get a good room for twenty dollars a night."

THE BRIGHTON CENTRE

A HALF full house. Tonight is heavy metal night. Brighton Centre's six thousand auditorium fills with sound and some people. Young people in loving mother denim jackets with a riot of colours that shout the odds. Van Halen, Styx, Led Zeppelin, Kiss, Rush, Status Quo, Black Sabbath. SABBAF! SABBAF! The colours and the war-cry, the kids are up in arms. Hands dip into the arc light, feet stomp out a heady rhythm. Black Sabbath are headlining but Shakin' Street are on stage. The audience, ninety five per cent heterosexual adolescent male (thank you *New Society*) are alternately amused, confused, angered, enthusiastic at this momentary intrusion.

One devotee to another: "Ooo the fuck's this?" — "Dunno, Shakin something?" "Oo the fuck are they?" — "Dunno, some band."

I'll tell you who Shakin' Street are. They are indeed a band — of Franco-Americano-Tunisian origin. A five piece loud and arguably heavy metal band, though I myself prefer the hard rock description.

Shakin' Street, part of the Sandy Pearlman team of productions, are obviously a guitar band. On stage left we have a refugee from the group Richard Price wishes he'd invented — The Dictators — this is Ross the Boss Funicello, a small and stocky mid-twenties native New Yorker who Memphis Sam is wont to describe in his frequent moments of madness as "the greatest guitar player in the history of the universe". The audience are happily oblivious of the significance of this label.

Next to him is a bass player called Mike Winter. He speaks his first tongue American with a heavy French accent, having been resident abroad for some considerable time. Another exile, an American in Paris.

On stage left is Eric Lewy, every inch a Frenchman. Impassive, a cool guitar player, dressed in leather of course, swarthy and distantly moody. Not fond of the press or alcohol, doesn't smoke, likes Clash, East Coast rock.

Behind him is a drummer, natch. Jean-Lou Kalinowski, mixed parentage, swarthy set of features. Doesn't do interviews.

At the very front of the stage is Shakin' Street's chanteuse, a woman, Fabienne Shine. Is a British heavy metal audience ready for this? No they are not. A few people lower themselves to yell "garremoff." Not many though because, firstly Fabienne Shine doesn't encourage their cheap lust by taunting them. Secondly, they are manifestly scared of her sex. Thirdly, she is old enough (28) to be some of their mothers, a fact that leads to great hilarity on your writer's part. The majority of the early crows are no more than ten years old. Goddam it, *they'll never see nine again.*

The older boys look more sheepish in their colours but disappear into the anonymity of the chant and the clapping, moving together when they approve like some compulsive beast. When they don't like it they tell the group. This makes life easier all round.

Your writer, hardened old cynic that he is, enjoys this spectacle immensely. He likes Shakin' Street and shouts out for his favourites, almost like a real fan. Not finding room to execute the favoured dance routines, such a wow in an unrestricted area, he is confined to a basic pogo which serves an admirable purpose. It is not a dance that goes down well in these parts.

Whipping himself up into a devilish frenzy the poor chap is leaping and remonstrating, getting drunker by the minute. He fumbles in a plastic bag and produces several cans of tepid liquid, alternately gulping and blowing smoke over the impressionable youngsters around him. A well-meaning by-stander might have told him to calm down and stay incognito as some of the bigger boys dislike this alien show of appreciation.

Foolishly oblivious of the startled glances, the hapless idiot begins to bellow a war cry of his own in response to the groundswell of "Sabbafs" and "gerrofs". Roughly translated he is shouting "Fuck Black Sabbath and all they stand for". Luckily he lives not to regret this idiosyncrasy.

THE DRESSING ROOM

E-FACTOR, the road-manger, and Shakin' Street are discussing their gig. The post-mortem. "Was it loud enough? Last night was too loud, too distorted."

Could have been louder, I say.

Ross the Boss dispenses beer and good cheer while the group sit and puzzle out their latest press releases. The critics today are mixed. Some like their album a lot and some hate their single. "The Dictators without a sense of humour".

"Haw, haw, hew". Ross likes that one.

Fabienne wonders why so many of them make such a big deal out of her being a woman. An older woman at that. She fixes the evil eye on her papers and snorts derisively. "I'm not so old! Debbie Harry is older than me! 'Oo cares!"

'Oo cares indeed.

Ross brightens her up. "But they said you had some class and that woman in the Plasmatics doesn't. That's true. Yuk, they are the wooorst".

"But Debbie 'Arry is sexy, n'est-ce-pas?"

"Oui, but she ain't as sexy as she used to be. Haw, haw. Blondie used to open for the Dictators and man she was sumpin' else."

Fabienne addresses me sweetly and motions to the bottle of wine. "Feenesh it. You know that the girls from Debbie's old group, ze Stilettoes, Snooky and Tish, zey sang back-up on our second album."

THE INTERVIEW AND THE OCEAN VIEW

ERIC LEWY and Fabienne Shine, the founders of Shakin' Street slump across beds and sip orange juice, thereby putting me at a considerable disadvantage.

"Can I keep my 'at on?" But of course.

Eric the moody only begins to loosen up when I let slip that I love Pavlov's Dog. "We lurve zem too". I knew they did. A bit of simple psychology is always useful on occasions.

Warming to the task I wade in with a couple of rudar questions.

Why, I wonder, are Shakin' Street, a band of calibre and finesse, supporting such old ogres as Black Sabbath and Budgie. Why, I wonder, are they being aligned with the ninety nine per-cent of worthless junk that constitutes the British HM scenario?

"We are an 'eavy metal band and our management, Sandy is Black Sabbath's manager, means it's easier for us to get this tour."

Wouldn't you rather play with some more modern (!) combos?

"We 'ave done. In France we played the Montmarson Festival, the punk festival. That was when Marc Zermati from Sky Dog (a European record label with credibility) give us the name Shakin' Street. Before zat we 'ad a terrible name — Spit Bell. Then we played with ze Clash, Sex Pistols, Damned. We were not as 'eavy then as we are now."

(Afficionadoes of the *NME* may well remember the infamous Montmarson Festival and the expert coverage this organ provided).

In 1978 Shakin' Street fragmented from their original line-up. Two members of the group went off to form Telephone, a leading new wave group with a fine line in stage presence and meaty lyrics. The guitarist of the time, Armik Tigrane, was also booted out. "We 'ad problems with 'im.'e was a junkie. Subsequently 'e didn't care to do our songs."

The debut 'Vampire Rock' disc is as Fabienne allows "an 'orrible record."

One night, after a Blue Oyster Cult gig in Paris, Ms. Shine struck up a conversation with an intense American. "For an hour we talked about architecture,American 'ard rock, ze Doors, New York and French food but not about 'im and me. Eventually I ask 'im 'oo are you and he said Sandy Pearlman. I said 'w-h-a-t! I've wanted to meet you for ages and I thought you were fat and bald! But no, he is very young looking, intelligent, 'e looks like a student. So I asked 'im if he would produce our album."

Pearlman, taken aback by this effrontery merely agreed to "listen" to 'Vampire Rock'.

"E phone me back one day and said 'the album is dreadful, it stinks, it's horrible, but I like it. Also I'm a very expensive producer. O.K.?' "

Fabienne okayed with CBS in Paris, a marriage made in hell.

But Fabienne's sophisticated manner of dealing with humanity has always stood Shakin' Street in good stead. An acquaintanceship with Ron Wood led to Ian Stewart playing piano on 'Vampire Rock' a favour the group repaid by flattering the Rolling Stones' more durable numbers with some similar treatments. When I tell them that the song 'I Want To Box You' reminds me of 'Sympathy For The Devil' and 'Gimme Shelter' I am not contradicted.

Instead Eric starts to tell me a cautionary tale about the time Shakin' Street shared a hotel with those pussies Van Halen and AC/DC. The gist of it is that these two bands had also supported Black Sabbath only to overtake them in the popularity stakes.

I mention that I hope the same fate befalls the Street — if only because they are a more esoteric proposition.

Fabienne perks up. "Esoteric? Black Sabbath wants to be esoteric." We had a good laugh about that one.

■ *Continues page 51*

The moon in June shines down on Ms Shine. Pic: Tom Sheehan

Public Image Ltd.

Corporation Executive Report To Shareholders

No dividends on live gigs

Wimpy Bar undertaking given

Boardroom putsch against Mr. Wobble?

PiL unveil plan for film division

Sir Keith talks bluntly to EEC management consultants C. Bohn & A. Corbijn (pix).

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD and America hardly seemed made for each other.

Yet having successfully defied Britain's star caste systems and ugly myth makers, earlier this year PiL suddenly decided to take on the world's grossest rock and roll machinery at their own game. Who came out on top depends on who's doing the scoring.

Despite their rigid no-tour policy, they compromised themselves a little by agreeing to a nine-date schedule spread across a month and the breadth of the US. The manoeuvre was set up to ease the release of 'Second Edition' by Warner Brothers on an American public whose belated interest in punk/new wave — with whom PiL are no doubt associated — meant taking The Clash to their hearts.

From this side of the Atlantic we got an odd view of this sudden display of business acumen, as seen through the perceptions of bemused American observers. Firstly, there was the spectacle of the concerts themselves: wild and strange affairs that John Lydon and Keith Levene mocked and ridiculed with their refusal to get drawn into the performing routine, while the humane axis of Wobble and Atkins, more concerned for the audience, tried to establish a sense of order.

Secondly, there came a spate of solo Lydon interviews, a surprising departure from the corporate press meetings we're used to here.

Things didn't appear to be as solid as they once were.

AMERICA PROVED to be a cathartic experience for PiL. It was a test of strength that shook them up considerably, polarising certain aspects of their make-up, destroying forever other ideals and aims.

"What America amounts to is that we don't ever want to do gigs again," reports a fraught Keith Levene, "and we definitely don't want to be a rock and roll band because of it. About two of the gigs were good, and all the others were just hell, you know. And sometimes we ended up by abusing the audience by playing rinkydink tunes and they didn't know the difference. Other times we just did the set and it was awful. That was America really — all they want is rock and roll stuff."

Closely following their return home came rumours of PiL's accelerating demise. Martin Atkins, drummer of nine months standing, announced his departure. He intimated, too, that Wobble was no longer happy with the corporation.

"When it comes to members of PiL," says Levene, "Martin Atkins is no longer with us. But he was never part of PiL, he was just like a hired drummer, and as we won't be playing live ever again, we no longer need one. As for the rest of PiL, it consists of me, John, Jeanette Lee, Dave Crowe and Wobble . . . um, at the moment. It's just, like, as a thing PiL is internally changing. We hope to the advantage of the public and us . . ."

JUST BEFORE the story broke of Atkins' split, Levene had invited *NME* to talk — at a guess about the corporation's shaky state. He wanted to talk alone. This in itself was novel, as he'd always appeared to be the least talkative at their corporate gatherings.

As I waited last week in Virgin's press office, a press officer dealt deftly with the sudden influx of calls from news editors with a scent of Atkins' departure.

Levene arrived late and extremely agitated, looking deathly white. He apologised, saying he'd been up all night toying with a new synthesizer system.

We adjourned to a quieter room and made three unsuccessful attempts to start a conversation, the last one going 40 minutes before Levene decided that he was too inarticulate to carry on. More agitated than ever, he called PiL film-maker Jeanette Lee to remind himself why he wanted to talk in the first place.

"Yes, hmm, huh huh. Yes, I've told him that. Not yet . . ."

More relaxed, he replaced the receiver and after a brisk walk to a new office we started again, this time successfully. Contrary to Levene's legendary 'difficult' behaviour, he opened up on most everything, though he spoke evasively about PiL's ongoing "internal changes". As intimated earlier, letters from abroad indicated that PiL were not as united as they had once been — for instance, the Lydon solo interviews, and now Levene's request to speak alone.

"I'm glad you brought that up," says Levene, finally calming down. "It wasn't like that. A few weeks before we did the US tour, John and me went over to do some promotion and did some 20 to 25 interviews together. And I spoke at length for hours, but when the press came out it was all John Lydon, right? And that hurt my feelings. I don't care about the star aspect, it just bugged me — I told them loads of things and they never wrote them down. It was like John knows everything. He doesn't like it either. There's nothing wrong between me and John — we're really together.

"The reason I asked to do this interview alone," he explains, "was because I'd never done one alone, and I just thought I'd like to, you know, talk about music, talk about me a bit more.

"The thing is, with what PiL are doing now, apart from Dave and Jeanette's thing, what John wants to do and what I want to do are similar, so talking about me is like talking about me and John. I just wanted to put the points over, because John won't talk at length. He just gets into 'you either like it or you don't buy it', whereas I'd be more into answering questions at length."

Evidently Wobble, by lack of reference to him and through biting criticisms, isn't in favour with Levene at the moment. His position is rendered cloudier by Lydon and Levene's imminent departure to the States without him to work on a movie soundtrack for Michael *Woodstock* Wadleigh, while Wobble apparently will stay in Europe pursuing solo projects.

The release of his album 'The Legend Lives On — Jah Wobble In Betrayal' also incurred the guitarist's wrath, principally for its alleged use of rhythms that had been discarded by PiL, and that Levene wanted to stay that way. In his view, PiL means total commitment, and anything he released would appear under the corporate heading with the full knowledge of the others.

"We can all do solo work, yeah, but it comes under PiL, not Jah Wobble. We always knew that Wobble was making the record, but we didn't know anything about it, so I don't see that it connects with PiL at all — whereas I see any of the stuff I do as always connecting with PiL. The thing that Wobble did was a mercenary act. I didn't like him using backing tracks from PiL that I didn't want people to hear.

"I don't personally like his record at all, but Wobble thinks it's a masterpiece which, if the people don't pick up on it now, they will later — he even compared it to Van Gogh somehow!"

A current persona non grata he may be, but, I felt that Wobble's album was a quietly understated, likeable affair, with a few outstanding tracks, like the earlier single 'Dan MacArthur' — which even Levene concedes is good. It's difficult to imagine its good nature causing so much offence. There must be something deeper at the root of Wobble and Levene being at loggerheads.

The guitarist points to Wobble's behaviour in America; apparently he was getting sucked into the rock and roll routine of giving the kids an encore, because they'd paid their money. Yet at the same time, according to Levene, he would say he was fed up with playing 'Public Image' — to "get the kids going".

"I said to him: 'Were you doing that?' That didn't occur to me ever," asserts Levene. "I never thought we'd do this to get them going, this to get them satisfied and this to get them off. Never. It was always a totally open situation. Apparently at the LA gigs, I was walking around without my guitar on and I didn't notice for six or seven minutes. I was just shouting and talking to the audience, yeah? At other times I did other odd things, like sometimes I'd fling food at them — it was always a totally open situation."

"I don't personally like his record at all, but Wobble thinks it's a masterpiece...he even compared it to Van Gogh..."— Keith Levene

With all this talk alluding to Wobble's misdemeanours, and at other points to his exclusions, I wonder whether PiL would exist without any one of its present component parts.

"Hang on, let me think about this. It's a funny question . . ." He hesitates. "The way I see it, quite honestly, is that if Dave, Jeanette, me or John . . . or anyone . . . left, it wouldn't be PiL. I just see us as one . . . I don't know. Ask me that question again and I'll give you an answer."

Okay, do you think that PiL would split if any one of its present members left?

"Yes I do," he answers categorically. "If any one of us left then PiL would no longer exist. Yeah."

If that is the case, I hope any rifts are quickly healed.

Levene's commitment is undoubtedly total, so what does he demand of fellow members?

"Honestly, total honesty. And I get it from everyone apart from Wobble."

Oh no!.....

LET'S CHANGE the subject. PiL were formed in 1978 by Levene and Lydon, two survivors from unsavoury punk experiences, with Jah Wobble, the then non-musician, defining their sound with his highly inventive, sonorous basslines. Created as a healthy antidote to rock and roll excess, the three, with early drummer Jim Walker, established themselves as an independent corporation. Making records was supposed to be just one of their functions.

Levene was an early member of The Clash. The excitement of his first punk band was only temporary.

"All I knew at the time was that I really wanted to be in a band. We really fired at the time, me and Mick Jones (Strummer hadn't arrived yet). We had a good thing, but Mick was always rock and roll Mick: I didn't realise then just how much I resented rock and roll. In the end it was either me or Mick. Any numbers I got together they didn't really understand, so I eventually left and they really wanted me to go.

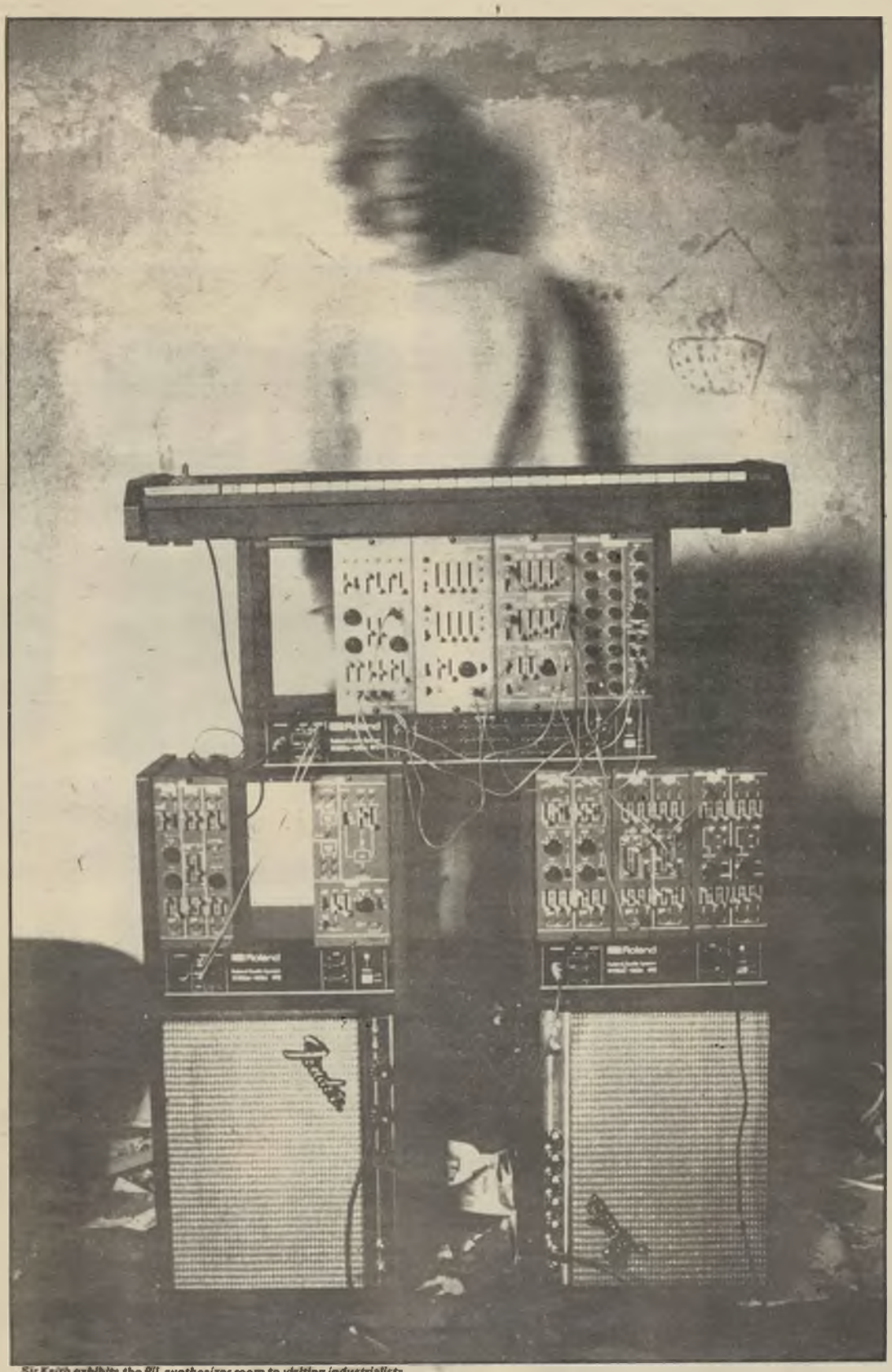
"But The Clash isn't really my roots. It's like the same thing that happened to Eno and Roxy Music, happened to me and The Clash. They just weren't me, as you can see from where they've gone. Compare PiL and The Clash now, and you can see the difference right?"

His distrust of rock and roll isn't directed at the originals, but those who continue to repeat them today. Citing his early tastes as The Rolling Stones, he followed rock's developments through to the "fill your head with rock" period of The Nice and Cream, believing in its importance right up until Marc Bolan turned commercial in the early '70s.

"That's when bands all became the same, and it got very boring. Funny thing was that I never realised at first that rock — The Rolling Stones — all came from black music, the blues. And I really came to hate all those '50s Chuck Berry riffs. I love it for what it was, but all the rock and rollers I know, like ex-Rich Kid, Glen Matlock and all that lot, makes me ill. They are all so into that and think that it's so important — if only they'd fucking get away from it, into something that *is* important . . .

"My personal thing has never come from black music, and I'd hate to be involved with the blues or anything. I never get the blues. I might get down, but the blues haven't got anything to do with me, right? When I left The Clash, I joined a band called The Quick Spurts

Mr. Wobble and Mr. Lydon in the conference room



Sir Keith exhibits the PiL synthesizer room to visiting industrialists

and I told them that if I could amputate their little fingers I would stay with them, because I hate all that 12-bar shit, you know?"

PiL consciously and deliberately avoided the usual rock and roll paths. It meant, says Levene, de-learning rock guitar, which he hated as such anyway. Wobble's presence was integral to the process; not being able to play, he would invent his own basslines for Levene to work from, and additionally he wouldn't know whether Levene was playing the 'right' thing anyway.

The results on the 'First Edition' album were marked, but at the point the band still seemed to be relying heavily on each other, which meant that riffs were often sustained too long and without enough variation.

'Metal Box' though was justification of the PiL approach. By this time Levene, Wobble and Lydon had grown sufficiently confident of their own abilities to stray away from each other. Levene would come in at glancing tangents to Wobble's bobbing bass, shunning heavy chording and extensive soloing for a more exhilarating, rapier thin sound that would whip its way around the murk quite brilliantly. The effects are still liberating in their freshness, despite the plethora of guitarists who have since adopted Levene's guitar-as-sound method.

Commenting on their progression, Levene says: "'Metal Box' was an example of me getting into sound more and John getting into the mixing desk more; which meant therefore more experimentation in the studio, using it like a mechanical synthesizer almost. On the first album we had the numbers and recorded them with as much bass and treble as possible, and with as little rock and roll as we could get away with. With 'Metal Box' we had the numbers, but this time we got into producing them as well."

As D.A.F. have correctly pointed out, instrumentation has as much to do with present music patterns as the technicians who use them. PiL have fortunately thus far avoided falling back onto them. As to their future, Levene has almost dispensed with guitar altogether, forsaking it for synthesizers.

Though the PiL synth room has apparently always been the showcase of PiL's South London base, they're now following through more seriously the experiments began on 'Metal Box', to which Lydon contributed the orchestral parts of 'Swan Lake'.

"It was great to watch him do it, because he did them totally out of tune to the rest of the track, yet they were just fucking great and so important to it," Levene smiles.

But haven't the pitfalls of electronic pop been made only too apparent by the limitations already run into by the currently successful exponents of the style?

"I don't know the limitations that you're talking about. It's like the rock and roll guitar thing that I've broken away from. It's like all those fucking people and Eno, and I hope I don't end up sounding like either of them. But it's very hard, if you've got a string synthesizer or moog, not to end up sounding a bit like Eno. He didn't establish patterns, but he definitely broached new barriers very early on. No one yet has done anything else different from him — as far as I can see."

MUCH TO Lydon's chagrin, Eno is increasingly influential on Levene's outlook. Not only for what he's done in rock, but also for a shared interest in functional and mood musics. Surprisingly to some, including me, Levene considers 'Metal Box' to be mood music, whereas I'd consider even those tracks that sound superficially easy, like 'Chant' and 'No Bird Do Sing,' too turbulent to take a passive role when it's playing.

Levene thinks otherwise. "I think that's where people get PiL wrong, because the thing is, I know when you initially hear it, it just sounds like very fucking heavy and intense, yeah, but if you sort of introduce yourself to it, then you realise it's the ultimate mood music."

Eh? Please explain . . .

"People don't realise there's 32 levels of different things you can get off in PiL music — like, if you listen to 'Death Disco' three times you think it's a good disco track, but if you listen to it 13 times, you think fucking hell, there's a whole spectrum of stuff that you can draw from it. PiL's music doesn't meet the eye or ear on first appearance or listening."

Director Michael Wadleigh recognised its various levels, claims Levene. 'Metal Box' was presented to him along with others from the Warners catalogue as possible contenders for a soundtrack to his upcoming, as yet unnamed, movie about the relationships and similarities between wolves and red indians — their outsider sensibilities, pack hunting, instinctive behaviour. Picking up on 'Metal Box,' he contacted PiL.

"I met loads of guys in America who spoke about PiL, but he was the only one who knew what he was talking about," says Levene. "It was very interesting what he was saying. He had a lot of respect for us, and he's the only one who could pick up on those 32 levels of moods I was talking about earlier; he could pinpoint and talk about them on certain tracks — and I knew what he was talking about because I made it.

"He offered us a third of the soundtrack and I hope that we impress him enough that we can do all of it. He wants us in our music to possibly find sounds for what a wolf sees and hears and smells when it sees a human and so on. We might just end up doing vocal sounds through John and treating them."

How does John feel about PiL as mood-makers?

"John's really into it being dance music, but the good thing is that it's not obviously mood music, it's like down to the listener — it doesn't have to be mood music, if you're not in the mood for it."

But what is it about muzak that fascinates him?

"I've always been into Wimpy Bar music, Golden Egg music, you know? You got all these musicians, who're probably technically brilliant, creating an amazing juxtaposition of feeling. It's just incredible, you don't know where it comes from, you know? I was going to make an album of music called 'Music For Wimpy Bars.' There's a certain thing about it, I don't know what, but I'd definitely expect to hear that sort of thing in a space capsule.

"The whole ideal, the whole thing of doing mood music, is so important, because it's there and so hard to avoid. I'm not just into rock, I've got all these moods and feelings and they've just got to be out out. That's why I'm definitely into doing film soundtracks . . ."

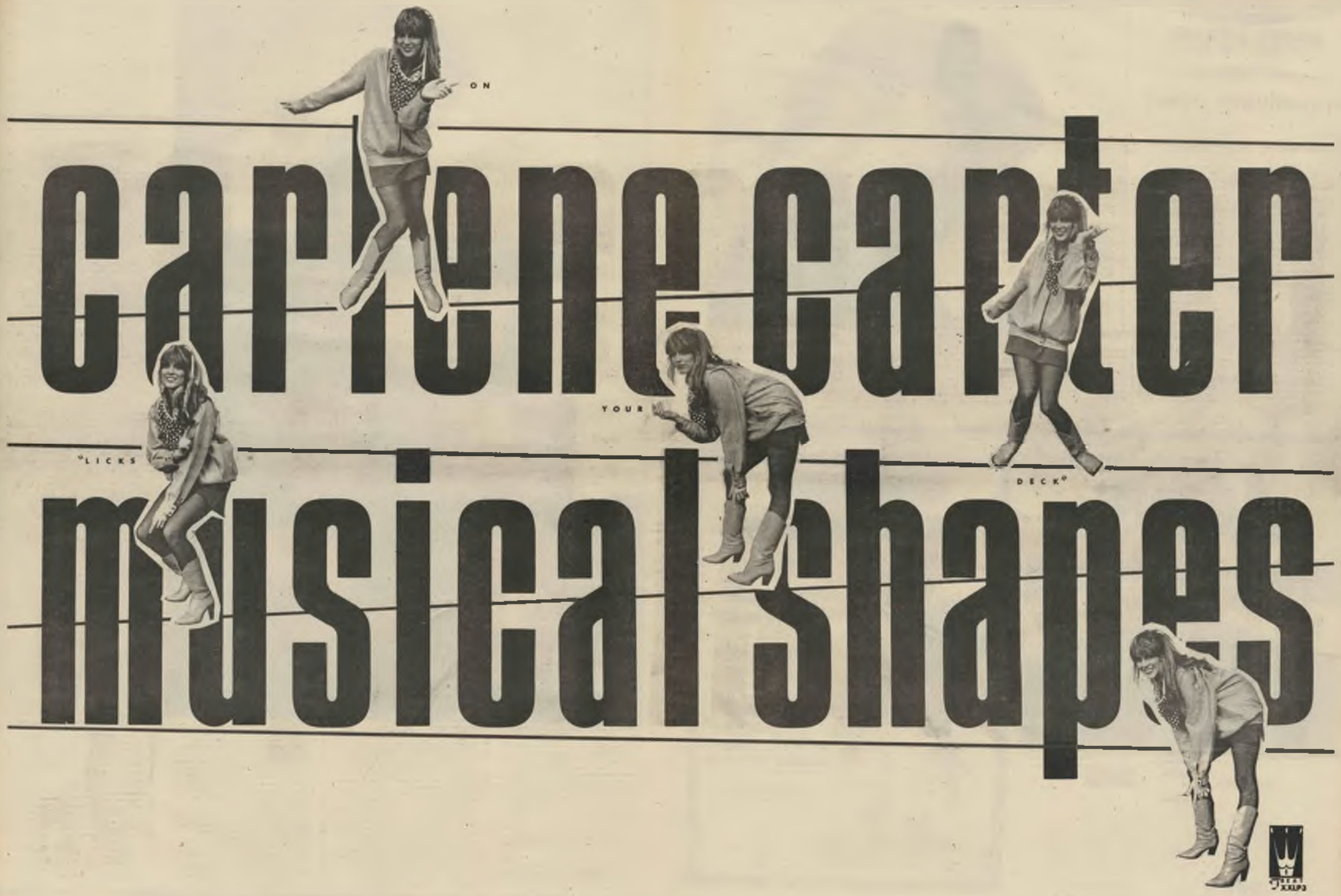
NOW NO LONGER a band as such, more a corporation, the added emphasis on sound *and* vision is designed to bring PiL's other members into the creative process. Dave Crowe (their part-time accounts man, photographer etc.) will be helping Levene construct a multi-purpose studio for recording, filming and video, the ultimate dream being for PiL to put out video albums made by themselves and Jeanette. Sounds a bit of a dream, Maybe?

"It's not even an idyllic set-up, it's realistic. It doesn't just mean pictures of the group playing music, it's just bullshit doing that. But we're redirecting our concentration onto sound and vision — vision especially — because going around as a pop band playing live seems to be communication to the wrong people."

Sometimes talking to Levene, and Wobble too for that matter, sounds like a conversation with a publicity blurb for a particularly zippy firm, the way all those saleable catchphrases roll off the tongue. Obviously with the seeds of the corporation concept planted, those cute little slogans sprout easily, as do convenient hooks for vaguely queasy, callous explanations for individuals' sudden departures, particularly their long string of drummers.

And if the PiL corporation sometimes sounds like a retreat from reality, they'd probably argue that it was strategic one.

Continues page 47


carlene carter
musical shapes
ON
YOUR
"LICKS
DECK"

SILVER SCREEN

Apocalypse now?

Zombies — Dawn Of The Dead
Directed by George A. Romero
Starring David Emge, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross and Scott Reiniger (*Target International*)

NIGHT OF The Living Dead finished on an odd moment of hope with one of the most cynically brilliant endings of our time: its black hero, having survived endless assaults on a lonely house on the prairie from thousands of mindless zombies, emerges bewildered from the cellar only to be shot by gleeful rednecks on a successful clean-up operation of the returning dead.

The rather broad hint was that in a society ruled by the gun, the wrong people would wrest control. Well, time's moved on since that glorious movie, and by *Zombies* far more dead are on the move — and they're winning. Winning implies perhaps some prior motive so let's just say that they're taking over.

The opening of Romero's sequel is as strong as its predecessor's ending. He picks up on the story in a panic-ridden TV station, where the studio director's losing control to unhelpful scientific cranks, while his technicians roam around drunk. A couple — Francine (Gaylen Ross) and lover boy helicopter pilot Stephen (David Emge) — decide to escape the mayhem with two members of a SWAT clean up squad, Peter (Ken Foree) and Roger (Scott Reiniger).

This gun-toting duo have just returned sickened from a raid on a hotel occupied by Puerto Ricans, much to the disgust of one bigot — they're living better than he is, etc. And in the middle of all this murderous mayhem a Roman Catholic priest observes: "We must stop the killing or lose the war." They later come across a cellar full of unburnt dead about to come back to life.

The quartet fly away from the horror to the sanctuary of a closed-in shopping mall, which they clear of the zombies to create their own consumerist heaven. Just when they think they're really safe, a gang of marauding Hell's Angels raid the place, opening it up for the zombies, too, and off we go again . . .

Romero's *Zombies* has nothing at all to do with suspense — apart from the pantomime *look behind you!* kind. Instead he builds up on horror through the accumulation of gore and the intimation that the apocalypse has truly come. His zombies are everywhere, swarming across the countryside and through the cities. Only those glorying in killing look like surviving, but it appears so easy when the targets are as slow-witted and unreal as the walking dead, and we can feel our blood lust rise along with the characters.

The endless splatter becomes — deliberately — absurd while the racy, fast-moving script has the verve and incision of the best comic books. And if the movie's jokes are oft-repeated — especially the one about zombies being drawn to the mall by instinct — they're good ones, and *Zombies* is strong enough to carry their repetition.

Despite its heavier emphasis on horror slapstick, *Zombies* is full of pertinently witty little observations of the foibles of American consumerism and the offhand violence of a society whose inhabitants have easy access to weapons. Fortunately they're presented brazenly enough to render them palatable.

Whether America survives this onslaught from the mindless will be decided in the third part of Romero's projected trilogy, its working title reputedly being *Zombies In The White House*. So what's new?

Chris Bohn

Zombies — Dawn Of The Dead: David Emge wishes he'd switched to the Gillette Super-safe razor.

The most terrifying film ever...is back

JAWS 'A'

ROY SCHEIDER
ROBERT SHAW
RICHARD DREYFUSS

JAWS

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On The Box

Friday, July 4
SACCO AND VANZETTI: In 1920 Massachusetts two Italian immigrants were arrested for murder. They were self-confessed anarchists and the case against them divided America. Giuliano Montaldo's 1971 reconstruction is worthy (ie a bit dull), well enough acted by Gian Maria Volonte, Riccardo Cucciolla, Cyril Cusack and Geoffrey Keen, and the sort of thing that Joan Baez would sing about. In fact, she does. **(BBC 1)**

Saturday, July 5
THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS: Beeb 2's horror season continues with Robert Florey's 1946 mood piece, dominated by saucer-eyed Peter Lorre as a demented astrologist driven even loonier by the severed hand of a murdered pianist. Also starring J. Carrol Naish and Alan's dad Robert Alda. Completing the bill is Hy Averback's *Chamber Of Horrors*, a gimmicky shocker from '66 which comes replete with klaxon blasts before each murder. Patrick O'Neal does a fair Vincent Price impression but it's low-budget, unfrightening stuff. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday, July 6
TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME JUNIE MOON: Irrepressible Liza Minnelli has her face burnt off by acid, teams up in hospital with paraplegic homosexual Robert Moore and introverted epileptic Ken Howard, and they all live happily ever after. Or something. First rate piece of utter rubbish, directed by Otto Preminger in 1969. **(BBC 2)**

BUONA SERA, MRS CAMPBELL: Diverting 1968 comedy from Hollywood veteran Melvin Frank, with Gina Lollobrigida as a bright mama who's been accepting paternity payments from three separate American airmen — and then they return to Italy for a squadron reunion . . . Good cast (Shelley Winters, Telly Savalas, Lee Grant) made great by the presence of Phil Silvers. **(BBC 1)**

Monty Smith

A Slave Of Love
Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov
Starring Elena Solovey and Rodion Nakhapetov *(Osinis)*

NOT the dirty-mac sex-in-chains epic the title might suggest. *A Slave Of Love* is rather a tedious exercise in Soviet propaganda, flimsily disguised as romantic melodrama. It's 1917, in the Crimea, where a typically shifty petit-bourgeois film crew frittor away the summer cursing the nuisance of a nearby Civil War that has restricted film supplies and held up work. Slowly, inexorably, frivolous leading-lady Olga (Elena Solovey) falls for dashing prole cameraman Victor (Rodion Nakhapetov), who's secretly filming White Army atrocities and smuggling the reels back to the brave Soviets. That this frothy rehash of Stalinist clichés should achieve widespread release while Tarkovsky's magnificent *Mirror* is barely allowed out of the can tells you all you need to know about official Soviet culture. Less Red than dead.

Graham Lock

Box Office

London
1. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Director: Irvin Kershner)
2. **Friday The 13th** (Sean Cunningham)
3. **Kramer vs Kramer** (Robert Benton)
4. **The Final Countdown** (Don Taylor)
5. **The Tin Drum** (Volker Schlondorff)

Regions
1. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)
2. **Midnight Express** (Alan Parker)/**Taxi Driver** (Martin Scorsese)
3. **The Exorcist** (William Friedkin)/**Exorcist 2: The Heretic** (John Boorman)
4. **The Wanderers** (Philip Kaufman)
5. **Scum** (Alan Clarke)

(Screen International)

Almost Overlooked

A Slave Of Love

Angi Vera
Directed by Pal Gabor
Starring Veronika Papp

A FINE study in ethics v. survival. The scene: Hungary 1948, under Rakosi; a crash course in Stalinist education for specially selected workers. Vera (her name's reversed in the title, as in a roll-call), believing betrayal to be an essential ingredient of day-to-day living, causes a sensation when she testifies — quite unnecessarily — about a one-night stand with her married tutor. *He* thought she was in love, but *she* only loved him as an immediate authority/power figure; *he* crumbles and *she* is swept to greater heights. Oppressively stark interiors and bleak exteriors, of course, but Gabor's deployment of warm colour tones still kiss Ms Papp's pre-Raipashite bloom. A remarkable film.

Vivien Goldman

Wobblies
Directed by Stewart Bird and Deborah Shaffer

Dawson J
Directed by Don Mason and Nicky Malleson
Starring Roger Watkins, Brian Hoskin and John Joyce
(ICA London until July 9)

TWO SHORT studies of the worker as victim of the boss machine. The first in the celebratory, heroic mould, the second *(Dawson J)* in the modern rhetorical idiom.

Wobblies aims for the heart. It operates along simple, narrative lines. Old newsreels and photographs are used as well as contemporary interviews with the now octagenarian remnants of that ancient pre-World War 1 cult which sought to radicalise the mass of unskilled US labour and fetch them up into 'one big union' . . . be they dockers, sweat shop operatives or the savagely abused loggers. The International Workers Of The World's case was plain and painful. And so was the official remedy. Many of them were shot down or had their skulls cracked open by the guardians of law and order. The leadership and the more feisty of the rank and file wound up in jail or exiled themselves to the newly revolutionary USSR. By the mid-'20s the movement had perished. Worn away by the State and by their own internal bickerings. The attempt to ideologise human misery, to convert it into a definitive, unequivocal treatise had failed and with that failure came the abandonment of their own membership.

The makers of *Dawson J* suffer the same complaint. There is an air of fancy accents about this one. A feeling that it cherishes not the working bruvver it purports to serve but its own line in impeccable bullshit. The people involved (acting as a group of suspended shop stewards and supporters) are not so much portrayed as deployed. Their purpose being to issue a slab of stark and vengeful rhetoric that poses as God knows what . . . "an original and penetrating assessment of the power of the media in misrepresenting the trades union struggle." There's a case here, of course. Journalists of every description are guilty of distortion of one shape or another. But *Dawson J*, "born out of anger", is not about to turn the tables however hard it thumps.

Andrew Tyler

COP THIS

OK — put down your Rizlas for a minute. This is the BALL 2 coupon speaking and if any of you 'orrible lot want to see this here SECRET POLICEMAN'S BALL what NME was going on about last week then put me with BALL 1, pop us in an envelope, include your name and address, and NME (based at Secret Bells, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby St, W1) will send you a pair of tickets for a highly secret late night screening of said comedic occasion, to be held in London on Tuesday, July 15. Alright — get on with it!

BALL 2

ALBUMS

Tyranny and mutation revival

Eric Bloom and Buck Dharma of Blue Oyster Cult advance to do battle with Neds of this world. Pic: Graham Stewart.

BLUE OYSTER CULT
Cultosaurus Erectus *(CBS)*

SINCE the glory of 'The Reaper', it's been all downhill for Blue Oyster Cult. 'Agents Of Fortune', the album built around that classic track, took the metallic imagination and occult preoccupations of their previous records and added a lethal touch of sophistication: undoubtedly one of the best albums of '76. Together and in contrast with 'Secret Treaties' and 'On Your Feet Or On Your Knees', it established BOC as the world's heaviest heavy rock band.

Their deterioration since then has been as grim as the parallel decline of Britain's once finest, Thin Lizzy. 'Spectres' took a distinct AOR tack, the live set 'Some Enchanted Evening' portrayed the Cult as just another bloated American stadium supergroup, while last year's 'Mirrors', their first record without the guiding hand of Sandy Pearlman, was a pathetic mishmash of twee love songs and turgid harmonies.

But straight from the title, 'Cultosaurus Erectus' — a well ironic appellation for the shortest dinosaur rock band on the planet — sets them firmly on the right track at last.

For a start, it's LOUD — not because it features bare-chested men screaming their lungs out and strangling their Gibsons in the familiar sorry demonstrations of machismo that motivate 99 per cent of heavy metal halfwits, but because the music drives the volume with its own power.

Donald Roeser long ago proved himself the contemporary master of danger volume guitar (a position disputed in my mind by Aerosmith's Joe Perry until his dismal Joe Perry Project debut set), and here he's given full rein, though always in context. Producer Martin Birch has ditched the flatulent 'fat' sound of recent Cult albums, and the pulverising guitar work and violent climaxes finally have the streamlined context they require.

The songs, too, are a vast improvement. For a while there they 'grew up', seeming embarrassed about their sometimes clumsy comicbook scenarios, but confidence flows throughout 'Cultosaurus Erectus', rendering their fantasies suspension-of-beliefable.

To take just the first side: 'Black Blade' is a sly sword-and-sorcery vignette co-written by the inevitable Michael Moorcock, wherein man has become slave to his own decimating blade and planetary doom beckons; 'Monsters' has our hero hijacking a rocketship to flee a world in chaos; 'Divine Wind' depicts the downfall of a society or individual through dealing with the devil, in the form of *"fast food, fast cars (and) jackets in waistcoats"*; while 'Deadline' recalls 'Then Came The Last Days Of May' in its brooding sense of imminent malevolence.

The musical settings range from an eerily pleasant sound *a la* '(Don't Fear) The Reaper' for 'Deadline', through nervous 'jazz' overtones (sax courtesy of Mark Rivers) on 'Monsters', to stultifyingly heavy almost-blues on 'Divine Wind'.

The second side is less unified because it spreads itself further for subject matter, but if anything it rocks out even harder. Funniest track on the album is 'The Marshall Plan', where some poor cuckolded hick tries to win his girl back from the rock star who's stolen her away, by forming his own band. Somehow his feeble attempts at aping Tony Iommi and Ned Nugent don't quite match up to Buck Dharma's lusty recreations of his own guitar-mashing past . . .

If it had just one song with the haunting power of '(Don't Fear) The Reaper', 'Erectus' would be the Cult's best record to date. As it is, 'Unknown Tongue' is the closest they get: *"Picture me in many voices/Make them all sound like one/Let me see your sacred mysteries/Reveal to me the unknown tongue . . ."* Strange, morbid, perverse, and rather absurd, it refreshes places other hard rock bands don't even know exist.

All this and best cover of the year too? I think they may be onto something here . . .

Phil McNeill

Bob Marley looks into a bleak future. Pic: J. B. Sohier.

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS
Uprising *(Island)*

"But even without the forceful pressures of the slaves, the slave system was collapsing surreptitiously from within . . ." **(The Caribbean: Franklin W Knight: Oxford)**

'UPRISING' is in a natural progression from its two immediate predecessors, 'Kaya' and 'Survival'.

'Kaya' had critics moaning that Marley had gone soft, militant backbone turned to slush in the spine — although at this distance of time, well compensated for by 'Survival's' African liberator aggression, it's easy to appreciate as an album of fine songs, a brief intermission for exquisite ostrich entertainment.

'Survival' was a wardance.

'Uprising' is a statement of consolidation, a tactical retreat from the front line to consider strategy. As such, it's a discussion, Marley proffering thoughts, observations, notes.

In his opinion — and here he's more punk than he ever was in the days of 'Punky Reggae Party' — there's no hope, the problems are impossible to resolve: *"We no know how we and them a go work this out . . . we no have no friends in a high society."* ('We And Them').

Equally: *"Well, it seem like total destruction the only solution, and there ain't no use, no-one can stop them now."* ('Real Situation').

In 'Redemption Song', a daring move for Marley as he performs solo, with an acoustic guitar, for the first time in his 20-odd year career — just the way he does most days in his own backyard/hotel room, in the spontaneous singalongs that punctuates The Wailers' weeks — Marley's voice is serious, personal. Just to *you*, he offers his reason for continuing to make records (with the Tuff Gong operation, label, studio and distribution, revitalising Jamaican music production, he has other ways of making money now): *"All I ever had is songs of freedom, won't you help to sing these songs of freedom . . .*

BRIAN ENO & HAROLD BUDD
The Plateaux Of Mirror *(EG Ambient 2)*

BRIAN ENO & JON HASSELL
Possible Musics *(EG Editions 7)*

HERB ALPERT
Beyond *(A&M)*

WELL-KNOWN itinerant penman P. W. Pascal was today charged with loitering without intent in a Platonic house. He is said to have denied the charge, claiming terrorism, and made a statement to the effect that, *the work of a critic (especially one besotted with old dub and new names) ought to consist in assembling sharp rejoiners for a particular (if sometimes irrational) purpose . . .* and not to flood an already entrenched market with more of the same old slack adjectives, verbs, models and assumptions.

Pascal claimed temporary insanity, due to moral and fiscal undernourishment. An IPC spokesperson later made a statement to the effect that a pair of welder's goggles were helping them with their inquisition. Word play is suspected.

(Two statements from Eno to the effect that he is the same old nefarious, flabby fine-art worm. One from Herb to the effect that he lives up to his name.)

(Clue: what well-known homeopathic drug does 'tijuana' rhyme with?)

The only thing separating these objects from one another — apart from air, me and cardboard — is that B. Eno is, as everybody knows, an 'intellectual'. Oh, and 'Erb has a 'eavier bass player.

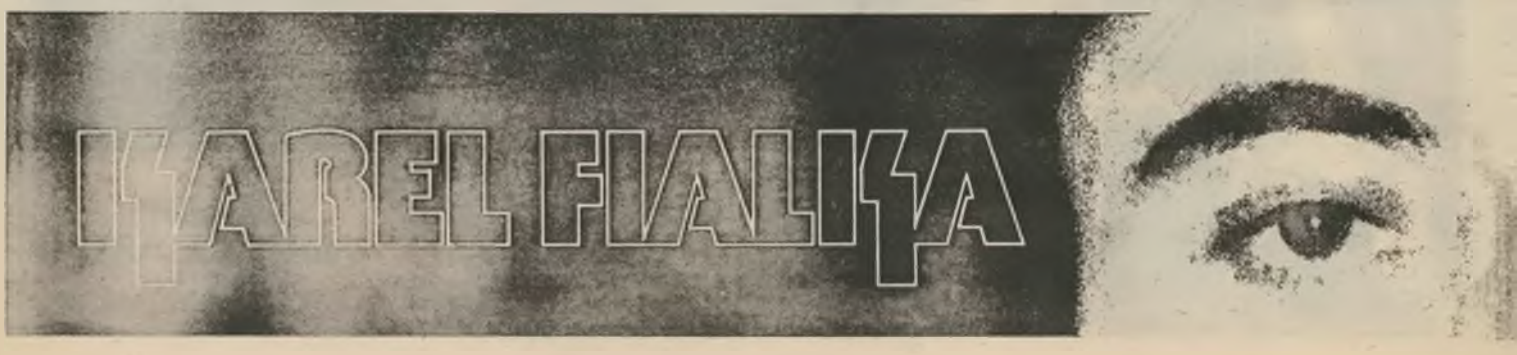
B. Eno has insented a Press Release, for the release of info to the press about his latest collaborative ventures in 'ambient music'. That's 'muzak' with a Press Release from B. Eno. Read on . . .

"The emergence of significant numbers of art school graduates (familiar with the multi-levelled messages of high art) as makers of the New Music has changed the heretofore uni-levelled pop tradition into a form for multi-levelled, hybrid sound images."

Or,

"Generations fed on hypocrisy, self-righteousness, and mock sincerity can't be blamed too much for an automatic smirk at the word 'sincere' . . . irony can be a lot of fun to play in, but it's no substitute for the direct transmission and reception of heart-felt messages. The coyote's howl is heard with deep feeling (if not approached ironically) because it's FELT deeply by a creature who knows only how to be itself and say what it means."

Apart from being grossly unfair to coyotes (very wily



After the wardance is over

Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery, none but ourselves can free our minds, have no fear for atomic energy, cos none of them can stop the time . . ."

But crucially, despite the bleak prospects for personkind on this planet, Marley's view is not nihilistic. In a kind of non-specific optimism, he indicates that he and his team are raring to go, and won't vanish: *"You a go tired fe see me face, can't get me out of the race . . . I want to disturb my neighbour cos I'm feeling so right, I want to turn up my disco. Blow them to full watts tonight, in a rub-a-dub style . . ."* ('Bad Card').

'Uprising' is easy to 'read' from track to track. It forms a tight, coherent statement of intent, with 'Zion Train' the only repetition/excess. Pretty though it is, it relies too much on familiar cliches.

Even 'Pimpers' Paradise', the only song that doesn't immediately fit into the overall theme, makes sense. In its evocation of a woman social swinger (*"She'll be laughing when there ain't no joke"*), Marley's talking about people who let themselves be manipulated for others' profit, through insecurity. Again, the underlying message — it's time to decide which side you're on, 'cos there may be no next time.

Musically, The Wailers make a return to the slow, sultry rock steady era, with Family Man's bass as sparse as it was in the days when he and his brother Carty first joined the (then) Wailers trio, back when the Barrett Brothers were The Upsetters house band.

Though the melodies are beautiful, 'Uprising' is in no way a pretty-pretty album *a la* 'Kaya'. The Western rock 'n' roll influence (Junior Marvin's near heavy metal live guitar breaks) has vanished. It's a return to strictly Jamaican basics. In fact, the main lack is *more* overt JA-style; at the end of each song, the rhythm is itching to burst out into a full-blooded, lengthy dub. The Wailers should let it happen, not on a separate side, but right in there along with the song, showcase fashion.

Marley and The Wailers — whose line-up has remained surprisingly little changed over their lengthy career — have recorded over 20 albums, and there isn't one I don't still listen to with pleasure — the kind of pleasure you get from a hearty meal, not from junk fast food. 'Uprising' is a fine addition to The Wailers' anthology.

Marley and the lads never let us down. Would that The Rolling Stones had stayed awake the same way.

Vivien Goldman

Mike Finney and Steve Perrin of The Distractions — happiness is a contract with Island Records. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

Mr Eno in conversation with silicon chip. Candid snap: Kate Simon.

Heartbeats and bruises: love or contusion

THE DISTRACTIONS
Nobody's Perfect *(Island)*

THE BEST music this year has been about and for love: love as stimulus/symbol/metaphor of these — 'The Correct Use Of Soap', 'Seventeen Seconds', 'Closer' — the songs on 'Nobody's Perfect' are the most familiar, but they are still inextricably bound up with the reasoning that love is not a comfort but a major catastophe.

Manchester's The Distractions, part of an Island 'team' that looks increasingly exciting, illustrate that the superficially conventional need for love need not be banal. Within unashamedly conformist structures, The Distractions' intimate and illuminating use of language defers anxiously to a stupid, cruel world, whilst their beautiful crafted music succeeds by confirming cliches with intense spirit ('Paracetamol Paralysis'), twisting them with unexpected depth ('Something For The Weekend') and transcending them with nimble invention ('Waiting For Lorraine').

The Distractions are unaffectedly original, eclectic but not secondhand. They do not disguise their accents, and sing of what is, what hurts and what is wrong with acute insight. Nobody's perfect, nobody's typical, nobody's flawless, nobody's right . . . this LP tells no lies. That's really tough.

The group use the basic plots and affairs (a lot of hanging around for phone calls, drifting into comatose states in discos, missing out on parties . . .) pop-lying-loving-infatuation and elevate them into the metaphysical. There are layers within layers in their songs: to approach them lazily is to miss out on contrast, contradiction, deception, mystery.

Such completeness and compelling virtuosity are rare in the pop song. We have to look towards Motown, Otis Redding, early Beatles, to experience similarly concentrated moods of sadness, retrospection and introspection.

The Distractions are most often compared to The Undertones and Buzzcocks because of their visual implausibility and the similarity of musical, lyrical, melodic and dynamic concerns. The Distractions, though, are a much more demanding listening experience. They have a penetrating sureness that those other romantic wonder boys can never quite match.

Throughout 14 songs a wounding pace and passion are maintained; a disorientating mix of seriousness and playfulness. Steve Perrin and Adrian Wright's sensational guitar relationship is constant drama in itself ('Untitled'), wound so tight you can't see a join. Either one is prepared at anytime to spiral off into breathless cosmic space ('Nothing').

Beautifully introduced harmonies melt all over ('Boys Cry'), moving to tears ('Leave You To Dream') or savaging the song ('Paracetamol Paralysis'). The Jon Astley-Phil Chapman production is better than I dreaded; uplifting, urgent, ever so slightly displacing the songs.

Mike Finney probably never took his hands out of his pockets in the studio, but his sly, northern soul vocals convey all the irony, anxiety ('Wonder Girl'), exhaustion, dark bitterness ('Waiting For Lorraine'), compromise, heroism ('Untitled'), tension and more that the songs contain.

Heart beats up sadness. Heart beats up joy. This is heart beat music that bruises the soul.

Paul Morley

beast) and providing us all with a handy pocket definition of the art school graduate (I'll refresh your memory: *"a creature who knows only how to be itself and say what it means"*, this is obviously the work of an *inferior* form of intelligent life. Or a pair of specious con men. Or both.

How the hell do B. Eno/J. Hassell know what the coyote is on about? That's right — they haven't a clue. The comparison between 'ironic' and 'heartfelt' messages is so much nothing: any emotion is complex and obscurely produced and can never be 'directly' 'transmitted' or 'received'.

It's a joke. *"Significant numbers of art school graduates . . . as makers of the New Music"?* A lot of solemn, vile, seriously-cheery quacks 'practise' in the space won by others, more like.

B. Eno has made a jolly career by 'identifying' certain common responses to the urge to be, you know, creative. Given a certain history it is easy to identify with the noises he makes. It's a very old, well-established tradition. The trouble is that that kind of stuff is regarded (by himself *and* listeners) as marvellously special and yet somehow common. All you need to play the game yourself is the deck of cards.

As it is, both 'The Plateaux of Mirror' and 'Possible Musics' fail to resonate — even given the B. Eno context: aesthetically, they're 'nothing he hasn't done before, better' — because they make a big deal about spoiling their own purity of intent. That is, because of the excesses of genteel, arty pretence, their success as 'muzak' is negligible. All the bits and maps get in the way. The ersatz reserves of shallow 'intellectual' essence B. Eno tacks onto everything he touches will not allow his 'ambient' music to lie back as it should, dispersed and empty.

The most important thing about 'muzak' is that it is *functional* more than it is ever meaningful. Beyond the consideration of it being a *product*, it is perfectly *meaningless*. And as B. Eno *et al* so strenuously try to fix A Meaning to their muzak, it's bound to fail. With muzak, you sit back and, maundering, meaningful get.

Here is where 'Erb Alpert succeeds. He even has titles from an Eno show 'Kamali', 'Beyond', 'The Factory'). He even has a heavier bass than his last album. 'Beyond' is more monstrous and delicious in every respect. It sounds like 'Black Market' Weather Report fed through a trade test transmission; while rain stopped play . . .

Because it is so perfect — *beyond* words! — the best compliment I can pay it is silence. Its presence is mighty and hollow. I've had supper three nights in a row in it.

'Erb, 'im heavy heavy, mon.

Ian Penman

Toyah-ing with plays

X
Los Angeles *(Slash)*
LOVE
Best Of Love *(Rhino)*

FIFTEEN years and the Vietnam war later and Los Angeles has gone from Love to X — from Arthur Lee to John Doe and Exene.

In 1965 Love started life as a pop group, and they were always at their best elaborating on that theme. They had a declining string of hits and finished in disarray, although it's probable that the chip on Arthur Lee's shoulder was partially responsible for his best social and sexual commentaries.

In 1980 X are necessarily self-conscious, aping not the dress styles of the second British invasion, but some of its accentuated nihilism. Here's the difference: Arthur Lee's Love were ironic from the name upwards.

This "Best Of" contains a selection of his bitter-sweet vitriol ('Can't Explain'), his personal drug experiences ('Signed D.C.'), his feelings on the draft, the atom bomb, girls. The beauty of Lee's writing at its best isn't the specific subject matter so much as its universal appeal; the addicts, the casualties, the girl friends are constantly recognisable.

Still, 'Best Of' is not that. The best of Love is the sum total of all their albums. What you get here is the familiar contrast of soft-centred singing and mean snarling, Lee's half-caste soul pose and his refusal to compromise for chart acceptance. There are better Love songs than 'Your Mind And We Belong Together' or 'Orange Skies' but few better songs about LSD. More importantly, there are harder, nastier Love songs than these — 'Bummer In The Summer', the indispensable 'The Daily Planet' — but if you cared enough you'd make the effort to dig those out in their original setting.

X's 'Los Angeles' makes no attempt to strike a universal chord. It exists to further the mythology of hard abuse without moral come-back, lyrically hell-bent on manipulating certain pass words ('Nauses'); it exists to line up with the street smart proletariat against the idle rich ('Sex And Dying In High Society'), amongst X's jumbled list of sensations and conceits ('The World's A Mess; It's In My Kiss').

As an album of songs, 'Los Angeles' is so committed to today that tomorrow it might be out of date. To be level with X they obviously don't worry about anything as mundane as tailoring their material to include entertainment value (they don't have a sense of humour either, yet they're accidentally funny). X are what they set out to be; loud, obnoxious, ordinarily arcane.

The fact that they've wheeled Ray Manzarek out to produce, play organ on one cut, and give credence to their mediocre version of The Doors' 'Soul Kitchen', doesn't imbue them with any sophistication. When you've heard one of their songs . . .

Without drawing any further comparison, the same could never have been said of Love — they attacked electronics and used nuclear sound effects (five from Nevada, folks), they also came from the wrong side of town, covered other people's songs ('My Little Red Book' and 'Hey Joe'). And that wasn't what made and could still make Arthur Lee 'viable', as one part of the sleeve note so indecently remarks. He understood the mundanity and the lies, the failure and the buzz, but best of all, he had immaculate taste in shades.

Max Bell

TOYAH
The Blue Meaning *(Safari)*

LIKE IT or not, Toyah Willcox is emerging as one of the faces of 1980.

With *Jubilee*, *Quadrophenia*, *Shoestring* and *The Tempest* behind her, this year has seen the tigerish Toyah concentrating her energies on the four-piece band she fronts. The result is 'The Blue Meaning'. In actual fact their debut album, last year's 'Sheep Farming In Barnet' being no more than an anthology of previously available singles.

The problem with Toyah's most important vinyl venture to date is that it still sounds too much like an album made by an ex-trainee at the National Theatre, all histrionics and melodrama but no real substance underneath it all. Rather than baring her soul on record, Toyah is still really just *acting*.

Her obsessions throughout are darkly sinister and perverse, ranging from the supernatural on 'Ghosts' and 'The Mummies Of Guanajuato' through re-incarnation on the title track to masochistic sex on 'Love Me' and 'She'. But it all sounds forced — Toyah plays the game simply for effect.

Even the lighter-hearted stuff is pretty embarrassing. 'Spaced Walking' is an indulgent piece of whimsy, an Eno-esque backdrop over which the chanteuse squeaks: *"Floating down the Oronoco/On a breeze from Ale Poco/Mushrooms/Soft-shoe shuffle/Soft shoes talking . . ."*

The band — organist Pete Bush, guitarist Joel Bogen, bassist Charlie Francis and drummer Steve Bray — complement Toyah's obsessive sixth-form poetry with a pounding, spatial rock that, for all its surface grandeur, is still far too conventional to be tagged moderns.

The sound is characterised, even dominated, by Pete Bush's baroque keyboards, the guitarist hardly getting a look-in as far as solos go. On 'Mummies Of Guanajuato', the leaden soundtrack is only salvaged by Bush's watery organ. The same can be said of the plodding 'Insects'.

The rest is too fussy and ornate by far for these ears, though Toyah's over-emphasised whining is hardly going to be any the less successful for her band's musical convolutions: 'The Blue Meaning' already has the distinction of being the first LP that independent distributors Spartan have sold into the Woolworth's chain.

Now, what else is there to stop Toyah from being one of the faces of 1980?

Adrian Thrills

Did Glenda or Vanessa ever do THIS for their art? Trouper Toyah risks leprosy in the cause of a good pic for Al Johnson.

LIPPS, INC
Mouth To Mouth *(Casablanca)*

DISCO, we are told, is dead on its feet. Still, like its moribund musical cousins, it stumbles on.

The absence of *Top Of The Pops* leaves us guessing at what Lipps, Inc might actually look like. All sorts of gaudy lurex goodies despoil themselves across my imagination; but then, it may not be a dance troupe at all. It may be a range of cosmetics. Or a cartoon. Whatever it is, it sounds perfectly synthetic, like the whipped cream you can buy in America that spurts like shaving foam out of pressurised cans.

Only a mature person would deny that 'Funkytown' is a gloriously stupid record. Perhaps not a truly great stupid record in the tradition of '96 Tears' and almost anything by The Ramones, but definitely a

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Jamming with Jimi (again)

JIMI HENDRIX
Nine To The Universe *(Polydor)*

PREAMBLE: Jimi Hendrix's recording career proper (excluding juvenilia and session work) lasted approximately four years, from late '66 to late '70. During that time he redefined the role and language of the electric guitar, the function of the rock instrumentalist and the relationship between contemporary black and white popular musics. Most important of all, he used the electric guitar as a means of expression in a manner unmatched by any rock instrumentalist before or since, becoming in the process the only instrumentalist of genius ever to work within the field. Indeed, Hendrix achieved so much that it becomes almost misleading to think of him as a guitarist *per se*. The guitar was the medium that Hendrix used to confront and exorcise his own demons, and since the existing vocabulary of the music and the instrument was inadequate to the demands that he placed upon it, it was necessary for him to develop a new one. This vocabulary has since been (ab)used by just about every crappy HM guitarist on the planet, but that wasn't Hendrix's fault.

Amble: Since Hendrix's departure from this plane of existence (man), his work has been reissued, repackaged, overdubbed and subjected to endless permutations. Since he was an obsessive jammer — and an equally obsessive recorder of these jams — many records have been issued containing music performed and recorded by Hendrix for his own amusement rather than for public consumption. 'Nine To The Universe' is one such, and it features — at various moments — Mitch Mitchell and Buddy Miles (drums), Billy Cox and Roland Robinson (bass), Larry Lee and Jim McCarty (guitar) and Larry Young (organ) kicking an assortment of two-chord funk motifs around the studio during the spring and summer of '69.

In almost every example, you hear the rhythm section doing their best to figure out exactly what the hell Hendrix is doing, and what he is doing is almost without exception extraordinary — if you consider it as 'guitar playing'.

Possibly the easiest way to misinterpret Hendrix's work is to listen to it in terms of 'guitar playing', to think of it as a collection of notes and noises, to analyse it in terms of "how it is done". Those should be afterthoughts: the main issue is the *content* of the work rather than its form or method. When you hear Hendrix, hear the person rather than the instrument.

What you hear is something akin to a moth beating its wings on a window, a ceaseless attempt to break down the walls of heartache. Hendrix's work is a series of explorations of one question ("Is this love or just confusion?") and one proposition ("There must be some way out of here"). Everything else is just footnotes.

Hendrix's stylistic devices are still in circulation courtesy of the metal hordes, but his real spiritual successors are musicians like Andy Gill and Keith Levene. 'Nine To The Universe' is more an album for people who already listen to Hendrix and know why than for the curious beginner who mainly knows his hits from the 'progressive' section of the pub jukebox, but its merits are manifold, and the closing 'Drone Blues' is one of the most likeable pieces he ever committed to tape.

Forget the guitar. Just listen to Jimi Hendrix.

Charles Shaar Murray

Jimi drums up his own support. Pic: Alec Byrne.

contender. And only a mature person could overlook the inanely simple statement of universal ennui involved in a lyric that goes, simply: *"I talk about it, talk about it, talk about it, talk about it/Talk about, talk about, talk about mo-o-o-vin'!"*

Perfect! Who among us has not talked and talked and talked about it? And what poetry there is here! The talk seems to go on forever, but 'it' remains vague and indefinite. The act that should conclude all the talk remains hazy, it never quite happens. Perfect!

You probably think this is all a bit preposterous, but people spend days and nights and even whole lifetimes searching for this sort of deep significance in a Bob Dylan record when they could get it from their transistor radio every hour on the hour.

Anyhow, 'Funkytown' is one of four tracks on the Lipps, Inc album, written and produced by Steve Greenberg.

Since two of the other tracks are just fluffy hokum, and since the entire album only lasts about 28 minutes, I couldn't in good conscience recommend that anyone actually buy it. Mind you, no one is buying albums anymore anyway. Taping is cheaper and more fun. And it has far more subversive implications for the rock industry than such things as the independent charts.

Maybe that doesn't suit some of you. And you can't see how something as disposable as 'Funkytown' could possibly be a good record. Fine. Stay uptight and one day you'll be out of sight.

Paul Rambali

STEEL PULSE
Caught You *(Island)*

"I'm interested in reggae because it wounds or seduces me," said the Ghost of Roland Barthes, mindful of a recent *NME* article on Linton Kwesi Johnson. "Can that be a *class* error? A *white, liberal bourgeois* fetishism?

"Surely not. The bourgeoisie has no relish when it comes to (erratic) (erotic) language, which it cannot employ as a disruptive element in day-to-day living. Musicality, for them, is only an instrument of decor, a mere trace of production — and reggae (hub) (of dub), at its highest and sketchiest, is definitely more a *production of traces*.

"The character of its aesthetic is the abrupt loss of continuity: the unexpected cut-away, the irruption. It is a music of purest *impulse*, a politic skein stretched over clandestine rhythm."

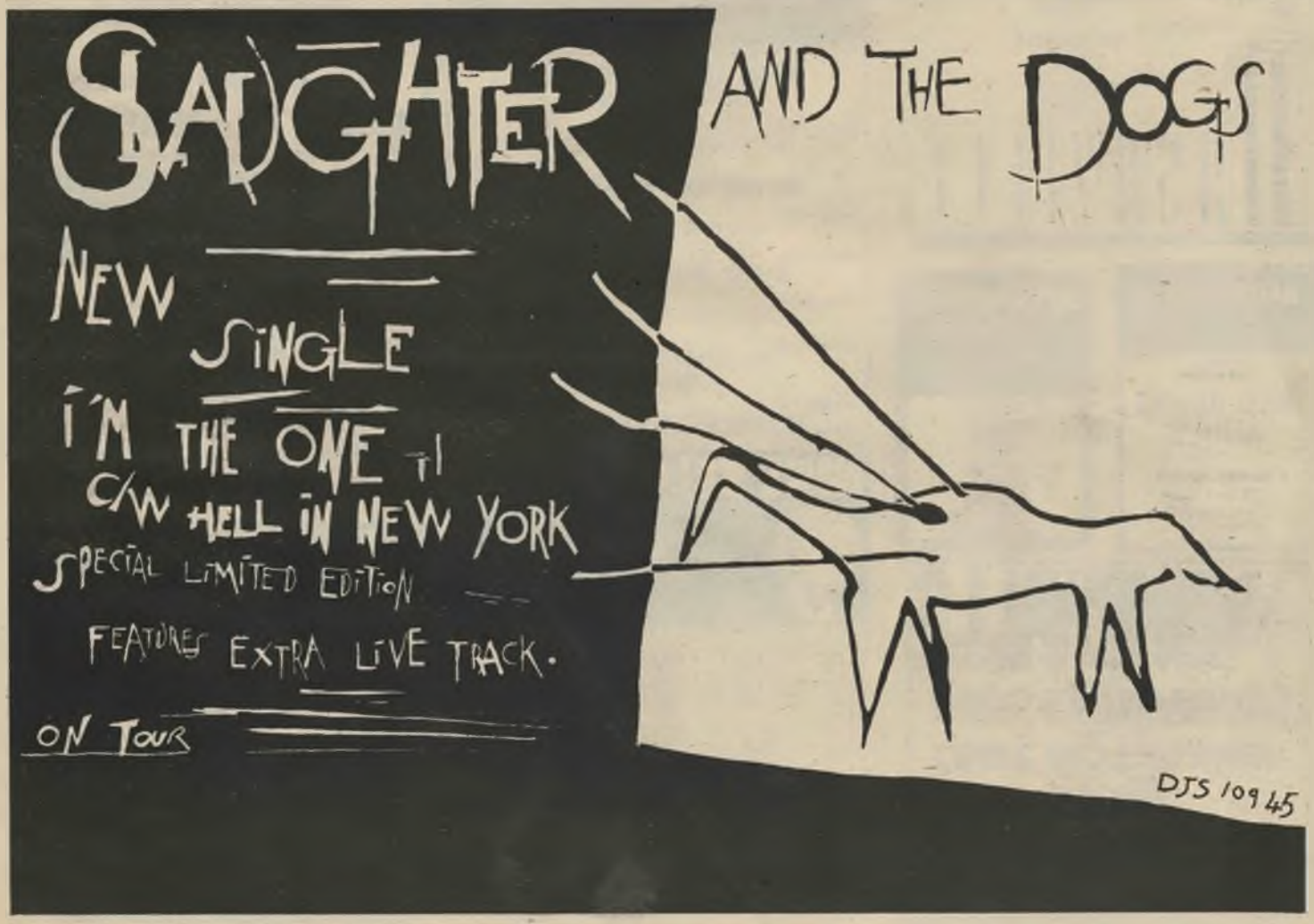
And the first thing to say about Steel Pulse is that, no, I can't dance to them.

Steel Pulse have a great future behind them. 'Caught You' is so wholesome, so achieved, so pretty, so polite — so dull.

'Caught You' is skank-floss and streamlines and big deals going up and down about nothing much. The opening song 'Drug Squad', for example, is a proclamation of self-pity in the face of the long face of the law, the singer having tried to take some dope through customs and customs seeing, customs doing as customs will, they search and find. And, so what? The only moral to the tale I can find is an immoral one — i.e., I would advise the singer that if he wants to smuggle drugs through customs there are more ingenious places to put them than, quote, your *"big boots"*.

'Shining' is about the sun shining. It is what is known as a filler — always such a sad affair; or rather, the state of affairs which makes them necessary is. And this is a record of fillers.

Ian Penman



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AVAILABLE – ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK AND SPIN WONDER RECORDS

STRANGE MUSIC PRESENTS

CANNED HEAT

THE INMATES
NINE BELOW ZERO

LYCEUM
STRAND W.C.2
SUNDAY 6th JULY at 7·30
TICKETS £2.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL 836 7711,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL 240 2245,
OR BOOK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD, NW1 TEL 485 9060

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday, July 2nd 75p
THE WORKS

Thursday, July 3rd 75p
THE LEMONS

Friday, July 4th £1
8 EYED SPY
(from N.Y.C.)

Saturday, July 5th £1
THE COMBO

Sunday, July 6th £1
THE THE STUTTERS

Monday, July 7th
CLOSED PRIVATE FUNCTION

Tuesday, July 8th 75p
CLIVE LANGER & THE BOXES

Wednesday, July 9th £1
LITTLE ROOSTERS

NEW CORNISH RIVIERA LIDO CARLYON BAY

Rock Club

IN THE BIG HALL

SATURDAY, 5th JULY
THE PHOTO'S
Tickets £2.50 in advance

SATURDAY, 12th JULY
THE STRANGLERS
Tickets £3.50 in advance

ADVANCE TICKETS -
SAFFRON RECORDS - ST AUSTELL & TRURO · VIRGIN RECORDS - PLYMOUTH
MR PICKWICK - CAMBORNE · JAMES MUSIC - PENZANCE ·
SOUND MACHINE - NEWQUAY ·
& FROM NEW CORNISH RIVIERA LIDO CARLYON BAY
2 miles east of St Austell off the A390 TELEPHONE PAR (072 08) 4261

THE BECKETT

320 Old Kent Road, S.E.1

Thursday, July 3rd 75p
MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS
+ Nuthin' Fancy

Monday, July 7th 50p
CANNIBALS + Steve Hooker Band

Tuesday, July 8th £1
STEVE HUNTS CABLE CAR + The Talk

Wednesday, July 9th 60p
WEAPON + Red Alert

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday 4th July £2.00
VICA-VERSA
+ The B-Movies

Saturday 5th July £2.00
Q-TIPS
+ XFX

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS

HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS

MIDNITE LEMON BOYS
SUNDAY 6th JULY 7·30pm
JENKINSONS, KINGS WEST SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON
Tickets £1.90 in advance, £2.50 on door (+ VAT) Under 18s
FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, KING RECORDS (BOREHAM), AFFRIT RECORDS

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Little Willy**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Blackburn Golden Palms: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Strandkid**
Brighton New Regent Club: **Mickey Jupp**
Bristol B.G. Hess Great Hall: **Press Button A / Stung**
Bristol Crockers: **The Fans**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Dangerous Brothers / Daz Kapital / Sunburnt Spinach**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cheltenham The Centre: **Paul Beer**
Coventry College of Art: **Rockin' Louie**
Cromer Crabs Club: **The Running Dogs**
Derby College of Art: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The Significant Zeros**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Nine Below Zero**
Hull Wellington Club: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Spectres**
Liverpool Original Club: **The Psychedelic Furs**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Commander Cody**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Angelic Upstarts / Chelsea**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Spencer's Alternative**
London Catford The Squire: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham 101 Club **The Expressos / Edt 13**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Insiders**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Roy Sundholm Band**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Afghan Rebels**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Chris Barber Band**
London Greenwich White Swan: **The Time Flies**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **First Aid**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Features / The Sneakers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lamons**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Inner City Unit**
London Old Kent Rd, Thomas A'Beckett: **Margo & The Space Virgins / Nuthin Fancy**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Joe Temperley / Brian Lemon Trio**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Remember This**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Kleen Heels**
London Tottenham-Court Rd Dominion Theatre: **David Essex (until Saturday)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Splodgenessabounds**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Pencils / The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Woolwich Transhed: **Rocket 88**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Windows**
Manchester West Indian Centre: **Naughty Boys / The Worms**
Middlesbrough Newport Club: **Dave Berry**
Mossley Buckton Castle: **Direct Hits**
New Brighton Riverside Hotel: **Dick Smith Band**
Northampton M.F.N. Club: **Samson**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Perranporth Green Parrot: **Metro Glider**
Portsmouth Victory Club: **The Foundations**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bernie Parry / South Parade**
Preston Warehouse: **Dangerous Girls**
Reading Target Club: **The Rhythm Squad**
Rochdale Tropical Club: **Vibrant Thigh / Outer Edge**
Rosythe Lion Club: **Delegation**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Mike Harding**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Athletico Spizz 80**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Bop Cats**
Weymouth Cellar Vino: **The Scavengers**
Wombourne Civic Centre: **Sub Zero**

Friday

Abergavenny Town Hall: **Toys / The Lads**
Aberystwyt Metropole Theatre: **Angel Witch**
Bath Terry's: **Press Button A / Stung**
Bedford Horse & Groom **The Locators**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Blackpool Cleveleys Showbar: **Dave Berry**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Bars: **Choc's**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Spider**
Bristol Crockers: **The Fans**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Bop Street**
Burton 76 Club: **Trespass**
Cannock Mid-Cannock Sports Club: **U.X.B.**
Cardiff College of Music & Drama **The Stains**
Cardiff Llandaff College: **The Traitors**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The Chasters**
Cheam Bubble Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Chislehurst Ravensbourne College of Art: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Dangerous Girls**
Colchester Embassy Club: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
Cromer The Albion: **Percy & Sid**
Dingwall Town Hall: **Those Intrinsic Intellectuals**
Dorking Halls **Mike Harding**
Falkirk The Crossbow: **Capital Models**
Fareham Prices College: **Girlschool**
Farnham Art School: **Poser**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Significant Zeros**
Henley-on-Thames King James College: **Motley Crew**
Hoylake YMCA: **Pieces Of Glass / Rod Fisher Band**
Jersey St. Helier Gloucester Hall (for three days): **Jersey Jazz Festival with Muddy Waters / John McLaughlin / Oscar Peterson / Georgie Fame / Maynard Ferguson etc.**
Kettering North Park Club: **The Bell Hops**
Launceston Town Hall: **Metro Glider / The Brainiac 5 / Ian & The Muscletones**
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **The Fabulous Poodles / Dick Smith Band**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **Otway & Barrett**
London Barnet Middlesex Polytechnic: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Brixton Little Bit Ritzy Cinema: **Athletico Spizz 80**
London Camden Dingwalls: **X / The Swinging Cats**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Members**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Chevrons**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Blurt / Size 9**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Directions / The Decorators**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Shots**
London Golders Green Ivy House: **Treatment / Psycho Hampster**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel **Basement 5 / Delta 5**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle **Thieves Like Us**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Dance Band**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **G-Eyed Spy**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Chelsea / Manufactured Romance**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jabuls**
London Putney Star & Garter **Tony Botay / Los Amigos**
London Putney White Lion: **Terminal Snack Blues Band**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar **Killer Hertz**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Frank Holder / Tony Lee Trio**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Attendants**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Broadcast**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Allen Kulture**
London Tottenham White Hart **Breathless**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Talisman**
London Victoria The Venue: **Marvin Gaye**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tennis Shoes / The Holidays / The New Monkees**
Manchester Factory: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Manchester Millstone: **Crispy Ambulance / Graham Massey**
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Loud 'n' Lazy**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Nine Below Zero**
Norwich The Manor House: **Razor Bill**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms **Steve Ashley & Chris Leslie**
Scarborough Penthouse. **Q-Tips**
Sheffield University: **The Trend**
Solihull Teachers Centre: **Armpit Jug Band**
Southend Elms **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
St. Albans College of Further Education: **The Tea Set / The Bodies**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **The Photos**
Topley Basement Club. **A Sudden Sway**
Truro Milestone Village Hall: **Crazy Caven & The Rhythm Rockers**

Saturday

Aylesbury Civic Hall: **Hi-Tension**
Bedford The Crown: **The Locators**
Birmingham Mercat Cross. **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool Cleveleys Showbar: **Dave Berry**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Dangerous Girls**
Boston Blackfriars Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Bars. **The Scavengers**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Chefs**
Bristol Jackson Social Club: **Shades**
Broxworth House Club **Flying Saucers**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms. **Remember This**
Coventry Charter House. **Double Yellow Lines**
Coventry Stanton Club: **Johnny & The Jailbirds / Bop Street / Rockin' Louie**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Denny Laine Band**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Boss**
Dunfermline Northern Roadhouse: **The Significant Zeros**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Creation Rebel**
Gloucester Brockworth House Club **Flying Saucers**
Harrogate Cock 'n' Castle: **Xanthos**
Harrow Co-op Hall: **Chaos / Nerve Gas**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Mickey Jupp**
Horncharch The Bull: **Spider**
Huddersfield White Lion **Treatment**
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dick Smith Band**
London Brixton A Little Bit Ritzy: **Linton Kwesi Johnson / Aswad**
London Camden Dingwalls. **The Rent Boys / Living-In-Tents**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Bad Manners / Headline / Reality**
London Camden Music Machine. **Ronnie Lane Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Kicks**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The VIP's / The Art Objects**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **The Prize Guys**
London E.1 Brady Centre **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Dance Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Voyager / Nuthin Fancy**
London Fulham The Cock: **Telemacque**
London Hackney Adam & Eve **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, Free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Thieves Like Us**
London Herne Hill Half Moon **Doll By Doll**
London Islington Hope & Anchor **The Combo**
London Kensington The Nashville **Yachts / The Decorators**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
London N.W 2 Hog's Grunt: **The Phoenix Four**
London N.W.6 North Polytechnic: **The Vincent Units / Allen Kulture**
London Peckham Ivanhoe Hotel **The Time Flies**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Isaac Guillory**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Burns / Patrick Moore's Solar Eclipse**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Talisman**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rocket 88**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Out / The Catchies**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **The Jets**
Ludgershall Memorial Hall: **Crazy Caven & The Rhythm Rockers**
Luton Kingsway Hotel: **Yakety Yak**
Lychett Minster Chequers: **Choc's**
Manchester Millstone: **Otway & Barrett**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Renegades**
Newcastle Maddison's Club: **Skin Tight (for three days)**
North Walsham The Feathers: **Percy & Sid**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Girlschool**
Peasfield Royal Oak: **Impulse**
Perth Plough Inn: **Those Intrinsic Intellectuals**
Peterborough Black Horse: **Poverty Street**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Tom Yates Rock Band**
Retford Porterhouse: **Q-Tips**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Cabaret Voltaire / Veiled Threat**
Shifnal Star Hotel. **Descending Escalators / Positive Ions**
Slough College: **Vardis / Nuthin Fancy / The Stiffs / Head**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **The Photos**
Stoke Rose & Crown: **Strange Brood**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Split Image**
Swindon Cabana: **Press Button A / Stung**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime) **The Peste**
Wolverhampton Wolfren College **Samson**

Sunday

Bath Tiffanys: **The Photos**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Shake Appeal**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime). **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cleethorpes Pier Pavilion: **Johnny Storm & Memphis**
Dunfermline Kinema: **Girlschool**
Exeter New Vic: **Metro Glider**
Gorseinon West End Hotel: **Graham Larkbey**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Bastille**
Gretna The Club. **Dave Berry**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Impulse**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Ilford Cranbrook: **First Aid**
Ipswich The Kingfisher **VHF**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning South-side
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nine Below Zero / The Combo**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham. **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Balloons / Cheap Perfume**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Spectres**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Wasted Youth / The Gunners**
London Herne Hill Half Moon. **Step**
London Islington Hope & Anchor. **The Strutters**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Broken Hearts**
London Marquee Club: **Yachts**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Sons Of Cain**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Tucker Finlayson Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **The Razz**
London Putney White Lion: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Richmond Brolleys **Sledgehammer**
London Soho Festival **Sad Among Strangers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lennie Felix**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head. **The Time Flies**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Canned Heat / The Inmates / Nine Below Zero**
London Victoria The Venue. **The Strawbs**
London Woolwich Transhed: **Splodgenessabounds**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Hefty Jazz**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Cottage Tavern: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **Denizens**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Saffron Summerfield**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Motley Crew**
Weston-super-Mare Bleadon Hill Youth Centre: **Press Button A / Stung**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Boss**

Monday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **Girlschool**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Otway & Barrett**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentlemen Jim**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Vardis**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **Poser**
Greenock Victorian Carriage **The Significant Zeros**
Leeds Marquis of Granby **Treatment**
London Camden Dingwalls: **UB40**
London Camden Music Machine **Pagan Altar**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Jane Kennaway / Huang Chung**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Pits / The Escorts**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle **Embryo**
London Kensington The Nashville **The Step**
London Marquee Club **The Mo-dettes**
London N.4 TheStapleton **The Syndicate**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Cannibals / Steve Hooker Band**
London Putney Star & Garter **Penny Royal**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Louis Armstrong Anniversary Concert (Humphrey Lyttelton / Alex Welsh etc.)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Watch With Mother**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steel Pulse**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **D.A.F. / The Lines**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Organisation**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar. **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goodies**
London W.14 The Kensington **Juan Foote 'n' The Grove**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Things**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel **Gwalhir**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Remember This**
Reading Cherry's Bar **Firebird**
Scarborough Taboo: **Samson**
Sheffield Intake, The Burly: **Blood Sculpture**
Slough Alexander's: **Sledgehammer**
Slough Studio One: **The Attendants**
Stafford Top Of The World **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Watford Bailey's: **The Tremeloes (for a week)**

Tuesday

Ayr Pavilion: **Girlschool**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Samson**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

TUFF GONG BASH

BOB MARLEY & The Wailers return to the UK to continue their Tuff Gong tour, kicking off at Brighton Centre on Tuesday and Wednesday.

MAJOR ONE-OFFS In London this week: BOB HITE (left) and CANNED HEAT at the Lyceum on Sunday, and MENSI (right) with THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS at the Electric Ballroom on Thursday.

REST OF GIG GUIDE

Bournemouth The Woodmen: **The Scavengers**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Beats Working**
Brighton Centre: **Bob Marley & The Wailers**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Marvin Gaye**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Otway & Barrett**
Darwen Craven Heifer: **Direct Hits**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Bill Caddick**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Top Ten Club: **A Sudden Sway**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **UB40**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Roy Sundholm Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Moonwalkers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Dave / S436**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Kleen Heels**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **Pagan Altar**
London Epping New Country Club: **Boss**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Features**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Reluctant Stereotypes / Modern Jazz**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **Spider**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Clive Langer & The Boxes**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Planets**
London Marquee Club: **The Blues Band**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Mutiny**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Live Wire / The Talk**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
London Rainbow Theatre **The Stranglers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Stars Jazzband**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steel Pulse**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Chefs / The Louder Animal Group / The Objeks**
Malvern Phoenix Club: **The Wild Boys / The Samples**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Dangerous Girls**
Oxford Scamps: **The Snooks**
Sheffield Saddle Inn: **Strange Brood**
Swansea Top Rank: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Swansea White Swan **Warm But Windy**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Paris 9**

Wednesday

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford College Vaults Bar **156 Band**
Brighton Centre: **Bob Marley & The Wailers**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Mo-dettes**
Croydon Crawdaddy **Agony Bag / The Locators**
Derby Assembly Rooms **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Dunfermline Belville Hotel **The Significant Zeros**
Dundee Marryat Hall: **Girlschool**
Farnham West Surrey College of Art: **The Monochrome Set**
Gt. Yarmouth Wheels: **The Running Dogs**
Liverpool C.F. Mott College: **The Accelerators**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Clive Langer & The Boxes**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club **The Gas / Stiletto**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **Geoff Castle's Strange Fruit**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Europeans**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Martian Dance / The Apaches**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Little Roosters**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett **Weapon / Cheap Perfume**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker Quartet**
London Streatham Rookery Theatre **The Albion Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Creation Rebel / The Mothmen**
London Wandsworth Nero's Palace: **Pagan Altar**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Roy Sundholm Band / The Jackals**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Hotpoints**
London W.C.2 New Merlin's Cave **John Stevens' Away**
Norwich William IV: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Grey Goose: **Otway & Barrett**

TOUR NEWS EXTRA

Girlschool oral exams

GIRLSCHOOL, one of the busiest bands on the gig circuit, have lined up another string of dates running through into August. They visit **Fareham** Princes College (July 4), **Nottingham** Boat Club (5), **Dunfermline** Kinema (6), **Aberdeen** Ruffles (7), **Ayr** Pavilion (8), **Dundee** Marryat Hall (9), **Edinburgh** Nite Club (10), **Newcastle** Mayfair (11), **Retford** Porterhouse (12), **Peterborough** The Fleet (16), **Northampton** Guildhall (17), **London Camden** Electric Ballroom (18), **Bristol** Granary (19), **Plymouth** Fiesta (21), **Penzance** Demelza's (22), **Rickmansworth** Watersmeet (25), **Stafford** Bingley Hall with Motorhead (26), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (27), **Grimsby** Central Hall (28), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (August 2), **Hull** Wellington Club (4), **Colwyn Bay** Pier Pavilion (6), **Leeds** Fforde Green (7) and **St Albans** City Hall (9). Still more dates are being finalised.

Dangerous dates

DANGEROUS GIRLS, who've been on the road non-stop this month, have now extended their self-promoted tour through July. With more dates being finalised, their confirmed gigs so far are **Chorley** Joiners Arms (4), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (5), **Nottingham** Imperial Hotel (8), **Ipswich** Kingfisher (13), **London Old Kent Rd.** Thomas A'Beckett (14) **Kidderminster** Bulls Head (19), **Malvern** Nags Head (22), **Reading** Target Club (24), **Minehead** Regal Cinema (25) and **Exeter** Rougemont Gardens (26).

Spider on patrol

SPIDER, the four-piece Liverpool band, have a prestige **London** date next Monday (7) when they headline at Camden Music Machine. And throughout July, they have a Tuesday night residency at the Windsor Castle in London's Harrow Road. Other gigs this month, aiding promotion of their current Alien Records single 'Children Of The Street', are at **Brentwood** Hermit Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Hornchurch** The Bull (this Saturday and 19), **London Chiswick** John Bull (11 and 26), **London Southall** Hamborough Tavern (18) and **New Barnet** Duke of Lancaster (25)

Flatbackers gigs

THE FLATBACKERS are playing a number of dates to promote their debut self-penned single 'Pumping Iron'/'Kid From Kidbrooke', issued by Red Shadow Records on July 18, with the first 5,000 copies in picture bags. The girls are at this stage confining themselves mainly to the **London** area, with gigs in and around the capital at Clapham Two Brewers (July 7, 14, 21 and 28), Fulham Greyhound (10), Camden Brecknock (19), Upstairs At Ronnie Scott's (22) and Clapham 101 Club (29) but they venture a few miles out of town to play **Reading** Target Club (this Friday and July 31) and **Gravesend** Red Lion (8).

LIVE ROUND-UP

HOYT AXTON, the U.S. singer-composer who's virtually a legend in his own time, is to headline at London Victoria The Venue on August 9 — the day before his previously reported appearance in the Portsmouth Country Festival. He'll be featuring tracks from his latest album 'A Rusty Old Halo' and single 'Hotel Ritz', both released this weekend. Accompanying him on the visit will be his mother Mae Axton, famed as the co-writer of the Presley classic 'Heartbreak Hotel'.

HOT CHOCOLATE appear in concert at St. Austell New Cornish Riviera on Saturday, August 16 (tickets £5). This is one of only two appearances they'll be making this summer, although they will be going out on their usual extensive autumn tour — details to follow shortly.

EMMYLOU HARRIS headlines this year's Lisdoonvarna Festival, Ireland's top folk-and-country event, which runs for three days from July 11. Also coming from America are Kate & Anna McGarrigle, The Roches and Rockin' Dopsie & His Cajun Twisters. Local and UK acts include The Chieftains, Richard & Linda Thompson, The Blues Band, John Martyn, Paul Brady and The Boys Of The Lough

EDDY GRANT & The Front Line Orchestra play a one-off date at London Southgate Royalty Ballroom on Friday, August 1 (advance tickets £3, on the night £3.50). The previous evening Don Everly appears at the same venue (£2.50)

LEO KOTTKE and Leon Redbone have now both been confirmed for this year's Cambridge Folk Festival (August 1-3), which is being headlined by Don McLean. Other U.S. acts already set include Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee and Rockin' Dopsie. The event will again be filmed by BBC-2 and edited into a series.

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CUL '80

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CAPITAL RADIO JAZZ FESTIVAL '80

Details and artists subject to change without notice.

We wish to advise readers that the Capital Radio Jazz Festival advertisement in last week's New Musical Express incorrectly stated that **Van Morrison** would be appearing on Saturday 12th July in The Great Blues Party.

Van Morrison's exclusive U.K. appearance will be at The Capital Radio Jazz Festival on Sunday 13th July.

THE Venue

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ALBUMS EXTRA

Reggae in a new tradition

TRADITION
Runaway Love *(RCA)*

THE Tradition troupe emerging out of the Harrow Road reggaemart — a musical artery pumping sinuously from Ladbroke Grove to Harlesden — are gwa'longside Aswad, Black Slate, Steel Pulse and Zabandis among the pioneer bands of black musicians to venture into the white rock clubs during the third generation.

This legacy leaves its due mark on their music, a blend of tricksy pop reggae that moulds to best advantage under the duress of onstage rapport, a feature in complete contrast to its static isle of Springs counterpart which nourishes the sound system and the blues dance and rarely ventures outside of it.

Tradition dispense cute melodies and breezy harmony choruses to create a lightweight offshoot of this Jamaican root. They are occasionally innocuous, sometimes even bland. At their most characteristic they are one of the relatively rare bread of male lovers rock protagonists, as exemplified by their best song 'Moving On', which was also the title of Tradition's first LP.

'Runaway Love' lacks the forthright appeal of this erstwhile debut set, David Tyrone's inspired producing having been dispensed with in favour of Kofi Ayivor's more smooth approach.

The first side maintains a singular lack of flamboyance throughout its length, with the unfortunate result that the consecutive tracks are barely indistinguishable from each other, although 'Mash Down' with its *"gwa' long so"* motif which previously served The Wailers' 'Hypocrite' admon ion, is a memorable effort, whilst the composition reiterating that 'Time' is the master in the manner of Johnny Ace and John Holt also has its moments.

The more immediate moments are to be found on the second side, in particular the 'Music' eulogy to the band's own profession which purveys all those lovers rock traits one hears in such abundance in the huddle of a blues dance at the weekends.

'African Queen', my own favourite track, boasts an unusual flair in the course of its accusatory plea, although the treatment owes more to the realms of white R&B rock than traditional reggae.

Competent though they are, Tradition nonetheless need to seriously re-examine their dynamic if the band are ever to achieve the success they very nearly approach.

Penny Reel

The grand Tradition. *Pic: Jean Bernard Schiez*

PETER GABRIEL
Ein Deutsches Album
(Charisma)

ALSO kleiner Mann, was nun?

Ein alte Sensationswerbung, 10,000 extra Platten hier in England zu verkaufen? Oder ein ehrlicher Versuch seine Lieder mit dem deutschen Volk zu Teilen? Und warum hoeren wir nur Lob ueber Gabriel?

Es ist nicht wichtig, ob er in deutsch oder englisch singt, weil Gabriel in beide Sprachen das Elend der Welt abschweecht, daher das Buergertum kann es leichter verschlucken. Ja, viele Kuenstler *sind* buergerlich, aber machen nicht alle buergerliche Kuenstler buergerliche Kunst.

Gabriel hat ein schoene Redensart, die wir bewundern koennen, aber finde ich sie affectiert und fuehllos.

Braucht man geschmackvolle Kunst? Ich nicht.

Wolfgang Amedeus Mozart

IMPORTS
by Fred Dellar

BLACK RANDY, who's LA white, has his own version of 'Say It Loud, I'm Black And I'm Proud', the lyrics running *"James Chance, take down your mother-fuckin' pants/You're stealing my act and it ain't no goddam romance."* A sentiment which, apart from maligning the Contortionist, also indicates where Randy and The Metrosquad, his partners in psychotic soul, are coming from.

And though Randy's album is titled **'Pass The Dust, I Think I'm Bowie' (Dangerhouse** — available through Pacific Records), it's evident that he'd rather hail from Watts than from Bromley and if he has listened to any Bowie discs in recent years, then the stylus got stuck in the middle of 'Fame'. Metrosquad are pretty much in accord.

Constructed to antagonise all rock'n'roll humanity through sieg-offs like *"Johnny Rotten, you're long since forgotten/Dee Dee Ramone, you're left alone/Patti Smith, you're a worn out myth"*, 'Pass The Dust' is nevertheless as high in musicality as it is in obvious entertainment value, Metrosquad being a high-octane six-piece well able to kick out both jams and the jazz, while Randy, bless his little James Cotton socks, is never beyond a giggle or two in the lyric division — one particular case in point being 'Marlon Brando', a paean which reveals: *"Marlon took his Learjet to the Indian nation/They thought he was Led Zeppelin on a rock vacation."* Love it? Of course you do.

Next, the instant cop-out as I flip through a few recent imports worthy of mention, numero uno being **'The Best Of Love'**, a new 16-track compilation on **Rhino**, reviewed elsewhere. On **Epic** there's **'Found All The Parts'**, a 10" four-track job by **Cheap Trick**, filled by 'Such A Good Girl' (1976), 'Take Me I'm Yours' (1977), 'Day Tripper' (1978), 'Can't Hold On' (1979) and containing a bonus 7" single in 'Everything Works If You Let It'. And, finally, **Backstreet** offer the soundtrack to **'Where The Buffalo Roam'**, the Hunter S. Thompson flick, which contains variously twisted versions of 'Home On The Range' concocted by Neil Young, along with stock jukebox items by Dylan, Hendrix, The Four Tops, The Temptations and Creedence Clearwater.

Me — I'm heading back to the 'phones to tune into **'Rockin' The Juke Box Down' (Esrwig)** by **The Jelly Roll Kings**, three black guys all in their 40s or 50s, who regularly knock 'em dead at Smitty's Red Top Lounge, Clarksdale, Mississippi. Technically proficient they are not and Ladbrokes will give you good odds that the Kings are never gonna make it. But the threesome know all there is to know about jumpin' R&B and making folk feel good. A lot of bands could learn from them.

ROCKATTA DE BOMBE

THE POLICE

+SQUEEZE+UB40

+SKAFISH from the USA +JOHN PEEL

SATURDAY 26th JULY **MILTON KEYNES** CONCERT BOWL

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Roy Carr looks at the Sony Stowaway and sniggers at the promo pics.

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I'VE NEVER found walking and chewing gum at the same time too much of a problem. But my one big hang-up has been unsuccessful attempts to perfect the street-smart skill of struttin' the sidewalk with a cumbersome stereo cassette-radio rammed up against one ear.

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The Stowaway's function is exclusively that of a highly sophisticated stereo playback system, but skillfully miniaturized for maximum mobility.

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LIVE!

Weller on the Loch. Pic Harry Papadopoulos.

The gumboot season starts here

Loch Lomond Festival

A GOLD stiletto heeled shoe, occupied, sinking slowly into a mud puddle; that's my most vivid memory of the second Loch Lomond Rock Festival — a festival haiku; that and Waldemar, the *Guardian* fine arts critic who's starting to think that Feargal Sharkey might be more interesting and relevant than David Hockney.

Perhaps it wasn't a complete waste of a day (and at least I didn't have to go back for Day 2, which featured a medieval arts festival or some such outdated exercise — jousting and the like I expect).

Arriving backstage was like walking on to a construction site — a large puddle/lake, more mud, temporary roads and buildings, men in wellingtons — where some waggish deb had had the wizard wheeze of holding a wedding reception. (The tossed-salad chef seemed to have least to do.)

Out front it was 15 minutes before the advertised starting time and the second band, The Cuban Heels (or Cuban Rebels if you believe the official programme), were walking on stage in front of 1,500 people to play a highly accomplished half hour set which quietly outclassed virtually everyone else who appeared throughout the day.

Lacking any of the specific tribalist appeal practised by certain of the other acts, the Heels must rely on the quality of their songs (personal recommendations: 'Too Much Too Loud' and 'Where The Days Go') arrangements and performance. Despite sundry subtle attractions these abilities, though considerable, may remain overlooked by a blundering music industry sitting in amongst all these spinning plates plotting graphs, consulting statisticians and making safe, short-term bets.

The Regents had dropped out two days beforehand, affectively preserving the mystique which has us all wondering about this exciting new group.

The Only Ones gave enough notice to be replaced by Punishment Of Luxury, who were barely acknowledged by the crowd.

Whatever Theatre of Cruelty outrages Punilux may have perpetrated in the past now seem reduced to highly stylised puppet dancing and a yellow demon mask. More odd than threatening in any way, musically or otherwise, and a waste of the only opportunity to present something genuinely unpredictable.

The crowd — identifiable tribes of punks, skinheads, rude boys and some stray HM enthusiasts who perhaps didn't realise that they didn't have to go both days — just wanted to see more of the things they knew about already, which is why The Chords (celebrating their 100th gig, apparently) got such a strong reaction.

In a selection of improvised headgear, wrapped in blankets, sleeping-bags or sheets of plastic they pogoed in the rain and didn't seem to mind.

"I'd like to apologise for the rain," announced Chords guitarist Chris Pope. A wonderful gesture, Chris.

Actually The Chords were OK; a good rowdy band, I'm sure they're among the better Jam impersonators.

By now we were up to something over 10,000; over a quarter of the promoter's over-confident prediction, and certainly more than I'd expected to show up. And what better to cheer everyone up before the Pause For Thought with SLF than that zany crew of funsters The Banana Splits?! Sorry, Bad Manners?!

Seemingly an unlikely collaboration of skinheads, navvies and failed Butlins comedians set up to respectabilise public drunkenness, fat people and to bring about a peer group wherein the best thing to be is a diehard original skin, but I'd doubt whether anybody who actually covers 'Monster Mash' could ever expect to be taken seriously for their music.

The first ska band to play a summer season in Blackpool?

A brief outburst of intra-audience beercan throwing (as opposed to the normal stagewards, usually landing in the press enclosure) had preceded Stiff Little Fingers' appearance. But this was an isolated incident and the audience's boredom was soon channelled into pogoing the grass into mud, cheering Jake Burns' righteous tirades and falling into the stream.

Midway through the set your conscientious correspondent was disturbed from noting insights on wet paper and contemplating the gold stiletto by a series of psychotic looking individuals, thickly coated in mud, shoving past from the front.

Great to see everyone was having fun at last.

SLF were being as good as ever, Jake Burns' voice having recovered from the ravaged croak apparent at the end of their recent tour. We'd already had all the usual things you get at SLF concerts: the bit about how we're all the same really even if some of us have got different haircuts or foreign origin; stopping mid-song to berate the bouncers for their crowd control tactics (always a popular one that).

Though occasionally they may seem too much of a perfect, market-researched ideal of strife-torn Irish punk rock group, I'm still inclined to believe that SLF mean it all — even if such desperate sincerity is ultimately becoming meaninglessly repetitive. Tame, predictable rebels always do well in this business.

So, often, do hollow, pretentious pop groups.

The Tourists brought the day's only tinge of showbiz glitter and sophistication. They just wafted by in the distance without having any effect whatsoever. They were a lot better than I had expected.

The Jam came on at 9.30, exactly as scheduled. The people who had spent all day leaning over the stage barrier turned a few shades whiter from additional pressure applied 30 yards back, and the extensive team of 'security executives' were kept busy extricating limp bodies from the throng.

With the promise of previewing new material and Paul Weller's earlier declaration of wishing to escape the archetypal Jam sound in favour of something more rhythmic and simplistic, this was at least something a little special for a Jam gig, and certainly preferable to any £30,000 firework display or mirror-balls attached to hot air balloons.

The Jam's consistent and steady improvement throughout their career has been extraordinarily admirable and they could easily have been my favourite group if my interest in such things had been more casual. The new songs, particularly the first two, easily maintain the standards, but it's in a series of strikingly-different new sections tagged on to familiar songs where The Jam reaffirmed their continuing creativity.

Of the new songs 'But I'm Different Now' appears the weakest, being reminiscent of mid-'60s Beatle styles, and less immediately distinctive than the other two.

hear me

X

Nashville

ALONG with The Dead Kennedys, X are reputed to be the best of America's so-called new wave.

Playing before a largely American audience (judging by all the young girls chanting "L.A! L.A!"), they didn't have too much difficulty winning them over. A four piece fronted by Exene, an overweight Wendy Wu look-a-like, their guitarist entertained folks by continually doing the splits, while beaming an oh-so-Californian smile.

Most of their material comprised toned-down Pistols riffs or puncky Chuck Berry sound-a-likes; one song was dedicated to Jerry Lee Lewis — well, they were playing the Nashville — and another was the obligatory number about speed.

The audience loved them, and seemed to know all their songs in advance. I'm sure they did lots of encores and thanked everyone for being such a wonderful audience. But me, I left early.

Words and pic David Corio

'Pretty Green' is good, strong, more typical Jam with a memorable chorus, but is surpassed by 'Start', a slower, more involved, soulful number "about communication", featuring high-pitched singing from Weller and Foxton.

New songs aside it was just another good Jam gig, remaining at a consistently high standard by the strength of the material and not really being of special significance otherwise until such times as 'When You're Young', suddenly featuring a new quasi-dub section, and extra sections on some of the others, including 'Eton Rifles' and 'Tube Station'.

During the fifth encore audience pressure hurled a group of people through a space in the crash barrier, with enough others following on to make crowd control impractical.

A couple of brave souls clambered on to the stage for what presumably is a moment of glory before being instantly escorted away. Everyone else was content to merely stand a few feet closer before leaving peaceably at the end.

"Riot at Festival!" claimed the papers next day. "Punk and Mods clash!"

Just as well we didn't know about that at the time. It could've been dangerous!

Glenn Gibson

The Beat on the heat. Pic Bryn Jones.

Stand Down 2-Tone

The Lookalikes

Belfast

THINGS are going very well lately for Dublin's Lookalikes; not only has their debut single been licensed to a major London label but they also secured the prestigious support slot to Thin Lizzy on their annual ritualistic around Britain, bore-in.

Inside the monstrous edifice of the King's Hall The Lookalikes remind me of one of those multi-coloured superballs that are sold in toyshops. They're all bright and shiny and if I watched them for too long I'd soon be sick but, thankfully, they bounce around and soon get lost. They specialise in diluting the flimsy and repugnant area of spineless rock and pop over the past few years; they can muster whatever pride they have and take their place behind Bowver Bob and the Rats, Squeeze, The Vapors and The Tourists.

What you get is the obvious elements predictably glued together: that buoyant boppy bass, rapid fire drum rolls, sugary frivolity at the keyboards encased in perspex guitar interplay. All of which prove useless in the absence of good songs and sharp delivery. The singer is the most obvious Weller clone I've ever heard, but he carries of the mimicry like a true chump, sounding more like a Scott Walker for funerals rather than the Woking wonderboy.

It was all a little too much; all that brittle, squeaky, diversionary music is becoming just a tedious blockage to true invention. As the train travelled back to the sticks I thought of An Idealogical War game: let's go for an all-out Archives revival to rid ourselves of this desterdly dilemma forever.

Gavin Martin

The Beat

Leicester

THE heat rises in this high box of a university hall. Downstairs you can't see the stage through a steaming sea of people who are packed in place from wall to panelled wall; in the balcony the sensation is similar to standing in a sauna fully clothed.

At one side of the stage there's a dignified, grizzled, slightly stiffened figure. And the solid presence of the 50-year-old Saxe forms the perfect foil for the child-like charm of The Beat's mercurial toaster. Ranking Roger's characteristic wide-brimmed hat makes him look fragile, like a by-gone illustration of innocent youth. His elastic legs pump and his thin arms swing as he skips, skanks, freezes in a dance stance at the front of the stage. Beside him guitarist Andy Cox and David Steele on bass lurch and bend. While at Saxe's side the smooth, stern faced Dave Wakeling sways slowly as he sings.

But say ska these days and you're likely to provoke a pointed sigh. And although the loose description fits a porous structure that's proved flexible enough to stand very different styles, part of the 2-Tone triumph was the creation of an identity so complete it made much of what followed look like cheap imitation.

In essence the genre is a dancebeat that effortlessly fuses personal and political statements. If its basic function is escapist, it's also realistic multi-racial social comment that's optimistic just by virtue of what it is. When it works — as it does across the wide spectrum of Specials Selecter, UB40 — it's still definitive early '80s pop; a genuine expression of authentic emotion that's commercial enough to touch a huge audience. And since their initial brittle cover of 'Tears Of A Clown', The Beat have caught up with and, in some respects, overtaken even the best.

Appropriately their strength is in the subtle way they shift rhythm. There's a nervy pulse of intricate percussion behind the felt thud of mobile bass, the clipped keyboards and guitars are economically integrated into the whole. Wakeling's fluid voice is pitted against the inspired phrasing of Ranking Roger's toasting. And Saxe's breaks are bliss: a spare, elegant stream of sound that swoops around each song.

The components all blend in a sound that's as natural as the way they incessantly swop styles. They have instinctively grasped the dynamics of a dancebeat in that they understand the fractional spaces between the threads of each instrument that makes the combined onslaught irresistible.

The Beat's isn't a blatant exhibition of challenging aggression and the points they make are often hidden beneath the surface of their pertinent pop songs. Their presence is epitomised by Roger's ebullience and they create an atmosphere that's hard but happy. Tonight they seem frustrated by an apparent lack of appropriate participation. But from what I can see the cause of the audience's reticence could be the sheer impossibility of lateral movement.

The set starts at full tilt and runs through 'Big Shot', 'Rough Rider', the rich swirl of 'Noise In This World', Andy Williams' 'Can't Get Used To Losing You' is saved from bathos and severely butchered by the chopped rhythm and staccato toasting until you're left with only the tune which Saxe takes and elaborates until it's transformed. The heady jigsaw syncopation of 'Hands Off . . . She's Mine' is carefully introduced as satire. Like 'Best Friend', 'Mirror In The Bathroom' is a coolly disconcerting study of narcissism.

"How many of you here are into unity?" Roger asks before 'Whine & Grine/Stand Down Margaret'. It's pure pleasure to hear such a spirited denouncement of the Prime Minister that contains the unforgettable line *"What a short, sharp lesson — what a third world war."* And judging by the shoal of raised arms its irony is appreciated.

By the time Roger comes back between encores shouting "You want to dance? Ire," an over enthusiastic rude girl is led waving from the stage and the crowd is responding by helplessly bouncing higher, you stop moralising, rationalising and comparing — you just *feel* it. The fact that there's so much of it around hasn't yet sapped the strength of this sound.

And it won't stop The Beat.

Lynn Hanna

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Echo And The Bunnymen
Frantic Elevators

YMCA

IF THIS is the lull before the cosmic storm then the Frantic Elevators might turn out to be the Freddie and the Dreamers of their generation.

A motley, ragged collection, they construct a set that relies too heavily on the singer's forced jollity and the guitarist's mistaken conviction that sustained feedback and parody poses are funny. They're not.

Workmanlike vocal performances, Beatles covers and sub-Cheap Trick steals are added as a precarious reminder of power-pop's hey-day but the feeling they leave me with now is of stumbling into somebody else's cabaret act. Private wisecracks don't encourage public approval.

Echo and the Bunnymen have to rid themselves of an equally worrying self-consciousness — although all kinds of allowances are made on account of their fresh virility and occasionally stunning sound. They spent too long standing around twiddling thumbs and whittling about the PA (heard that one before), ended up making amends by repeating two numbers and were uncertain as to their status.

"We're supposed to be professionals," Ian McCulloch muttered as bassist Les Pattinson fiddled agonisingly with his tuning. Unfortunately Echo are still amateurs when everything gets too much for them to cope with. Unless they want to play for a coterie all the time they'd better work that discrepancy out of their systems.

These points don't detract from the group's potential as brand leaders. They've been tagged as arrogant when they're obviously nervous about the effect they're having.

Guitarist Will Sergent worries more than most. Playing simple stuff with an undeniable psychedelic intensity (doesn't matter whether you agree with that definition), he prefers to gaze into the safety of his amplifier. I didn't expect a guitar hero but a little bit of spontaneous participation could make him as interesting to look at as he is to hear.

Down at the front as the Echo faithful insist on the pogo, not a very convincing dance in the circumstances, McCulloch and Pattinson lean into their work with shaky enthusiasm; powerful material is aimed slightly too far above the head to encourage the necessary chemical reaction. Time should iron out such faults.

Remember, before this tour the Mighty Ones had never managed to string together more than three — or was it two — consecutive appearances.

The songs are most successful when they're least similar. 'Rescue' and 'Pride' reiterate riffs, over-emphasise phrases and intonations. Separately they are strong; in tandem they create a gap in concentration.

If I'm being hard on Echo it's because their naivety should have run its course, because at their best they are superb, suggesting heights of melodic inventiveness and a live demon that I want to see exorcised now.

McCulloch is a sex symbol, less precious than Iggy, less explosively casual than Morrison. He carries the imagery of *All That Jazz*, explains the funny nightmare of 'Villiers Terrace', meets the creatures with oblique rage on 'Monkeys' and 'Crocodiles', committing you to follow the allusions and enter into different social milieus with a knowing distance. 'Villiers Terrace' is particularly perfect, drawing a scene of wholescale degeneracy that surpasses The Rolling Stones playing the same game.

More fanciful moments — 'Going Up', 'Stars And Stars' and the new 'On the Wall' leave space for the band to gather momentum, driven relentlessly towards sudden climax by the impeccable

Bunnyman McCulloch. Pic Sandy Essons.

Psychedelia Part One

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drumming of Peter De Freites.

The audience departed in high spirits after three encores and two action replays, the whiff of dry-ice (nice touch) remaining as a preamble to the exit music, Pink Floyd's 'Brick In The Wall'. They've got a good sense of humour.

Was that the blues he was singing? Well, yes it was. Next time how about a light show?

Max Bell

Mink DeVille

The Venue

FRIDAY NIGHT and the gang's all here, putting the week on hold for a few hours, putting their best shoes forward, celebrating a rare mood that threatens for once to lift the roof off this nowhere-cafe.

Mink DeVille seem almost impossibly good. The result of expectations raised by the 'Blue Cat' album, and anticipation swayed by Friday Night. Mink DeVille's music is nothing if not custom-made for Friday Night, although it would suit Saturday too. Sunday, I'm not so sure. Let's try to forget blue Monday . . .

For this moment at least, no effort is needed to dwell in Willy DeVille's world. So intensely does he live his part that he must pass like some sort of ghost through the real world. In the same way that Tom Waits' unflinching characterisation of the jazz-soaked drunken hipster's downbeat life actually does, against all odds, bring it to life . . . so can Willy DeVille evoke his beloved pavement beat of Spanish Harlem.

It wasn't the Corso ballroom, of course it wasn't, but it might well have been in his mind; and if someone's belief is strong enough, it will suspend your disbelief.

Deville from hell's kitschen

As with Tom Waits, you have to enter into a little private deal with DeVille, put your stake on his soul, so to speak. You pay your money and accept his premise — something we Europeans seem happily inclined to do when what is being paddled is the whiff of mythical Americana. In this case, the warm boardwalk nights and teeming tenement blocks of New York's upper east side circa 1963, moving and fingerpopping to The Drifters' *baion* rhythms.

But it would be unfair to leave that stock image standing. It's the usual cardboard backdrop critics erect behind them, and while they do deserve it, they aren't quite so confined to that one particular stage.

The band — Louis X Erlanger on guitar and Kenny Margolis on keyboards plus a new rhythm section and sax player recruited in France — run the gamut of rhythm'n'blues, gut-rock, bayou stomp, ballads and cabaret. They're like a finely-tuned engine with Willy's hand on the wheel and you in the back seat cruising down any number of rock'n'roll avenues.

Willy DeVille. Pic: Peter Anderson.

Again like Tom Waits, there's an element of cabaret and fond caricature in Mink DeVille; an exaggerated image, like Willy's exaggerated pompadour. The relief is sharp, a little bit too two-dimensional at times, but that was OK because no-one was especially concerned with reconciling the illusion with the reality anyway. I was hardly surprised to find Serge Clerc in the audience, for instance . . .

Yet for all the fantasies he plies there's nothing ingenuous about Willy DeVille. The terms of the deal are understood. He leans back on his cuban heels, grinds his hips into the guitar, and pushes his part to the hilt. His band, whom I would have sworn if didn't know better were all from the same uptown Hispanic mould, fall in behind like a supporting cast of street brothers.

A person could get carried away with this East Side Story. But then, it was Friday Night, and now it's Blue Monday. And I guess ya hadda be there . . .

Paul Rambali

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Meaddws Festival

Edinburgh

PAST the creche, between the craft/wholefood/junk stalls, the Ban!/Save!/Legalise! . . . petition tables, out beyond the Rotor Whirler, we have the teenage corner of Edinburgh's annual Meadows Festival.

Doors albums on a broken Dansette thunderbox with the treble turned up.

Backaways, beside the plastic sheet protecting the mixing desk from sudden heavy rain, the sound was fairly insipid, but not bad enough to disguise a fab line in attractively trashy

Psychedelia Part Two

On the back of a beer truck stand Z and the Arabs, who are showing us how The Cure are getting to be as popular an influence as Gang Of Four or Joy Division. In this case they're also showing how such things can be a fine, creative starting point for a band unafraid of their own unorthodox virtues.

Less wispy than The Cure, they displayed a grasp of the positive aspects of psychedelia so important in much of 1980's best pop — as do The Delmontes (reports of whom had provoked my visit) who used to listen to their keyboards and particularly strong vocals from Julie Hogg.

Mentally amplified and imagined into the Nite Club they came out rather wonderful. Also good to see a predominantly female band up here, where previously there had only been The Ettes.

The Legalise Cannabis balloons were selling well and, as more and more people showed up with elaborately painted faces, psychedelia became rampant with Mowgli and the Donuts.

Led by the ubiquitous Wilf Smarties, Mowgli have been

You guessed it: Another Pretty Face. Pic: Harry Papadopoulos

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around for longer than anyone can remember, probably tolerated for their lack of self-indulgence and Merry Pranksterish humour (expressed through clothes and enigmatic stage announcements) — though undoubtedly, beneath the wacky capering, they take their meticulously arranged melodic rock with utmost seriousness.

A genuine curio, but still more fun than the surly, anonymous Cheetahs, who've evolved from R'n'B to workmanlike rock with little to either recommend or criticise about it.

Another Pretty Face were forced to curtail their set on account of some people in the audience who had been hitting each other.

APF are great victims of social injustice these days — everywhere they go they find something else to be angry about, and it's badly affecting their music. No longer are they the fresh, exhilarating band who seemed so promising last year.

They still know what they're doing. I hope they still know what they want.

Glenn Gibson

Joan Armatrading

Hammersmith Odeon

IT'S NICE that success has wrapped its golden net round Joan Armatrading in the five years since I first saw her play a Spare Rib benefit at the Marquee. On the other hand, seeing Joan solo with her rhythm guitar was *hard;* seeing her with ther current lumbering dinosaur of a backing band, was soft. They overwhelm her, even with her painstakingly evolved assertive freedom on stage.

With each macho foot stomp and thrash of shaggy mane from guitarists William Bodeen or Ricky Hersh (from Macon and Tulsa respectively), I felt an unusual surge of national pride. Why schlepp all the way over to America just to haul back these tred-dad rock'n'rollerkhutzes? Answer: to allure the US AOR audience?

Each song revolved on an agonisingly predictable cliche, its musical value so debased by years of over-use that it seemed inexcusable to strike those chords at this point in time. Then, just as I was thinking how like Little-Feat-in-'71 the band were sounding and how rock and roll really shouldn't be a sterile, unchanging museum artefact (though it looks like it is), I gathered from the stage that Little Feat's Ritchie Hayward was drumming.

As to Joan, she, herself, her, was *hard*. Her rhythm guitar scratched like a cat and slithered like a snake; multi-textured. She sang, with feeling, the olds and news. 'Love And Affection'. 'Down To The Ground' 'Simon' (new ersatz why bother reggae). 'Me Myself I' and so on.

Generous set — the band drove me out after an hour and 20 minutes (I was counting). Imagine assuming that because you'd recently played with Eric Clapton that was unmistakable heavy credentials, in 1980! The shame of it; all those superb lyrics *("He wants her to have a simple mind . . .")* trapped in time-warp music — like seeing a 3-D film without the specs.

I'll come and see you next time you play solo, Joan.

Vivien Goldman

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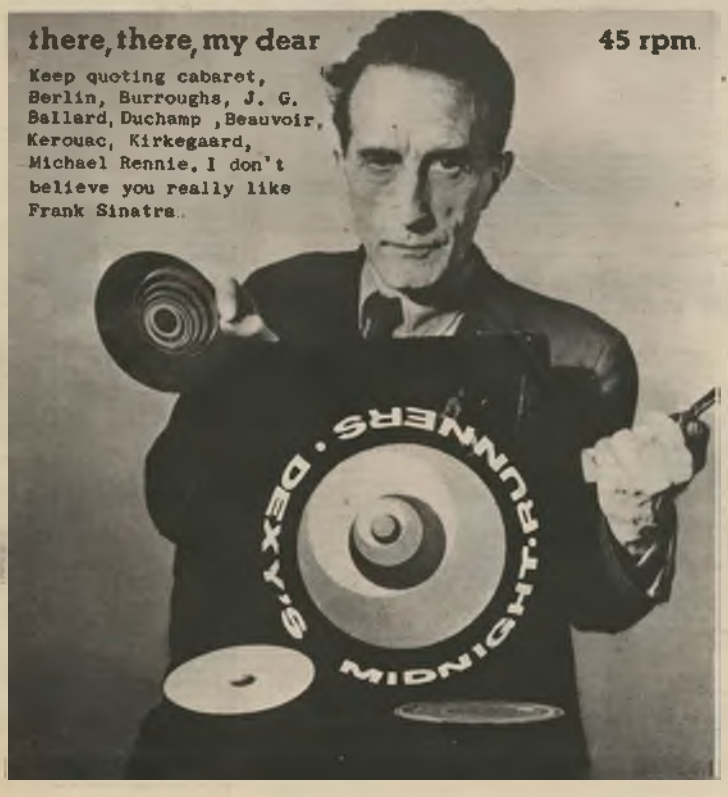

From page 47

Board meeting

allowing them time to gather forces and ideas for their collective assault on Virgin and their future outlets. Levene believes that their markedly different approach will no longer work against them with their parent company, although he'd earlier complained of them cutting PiL's next recording advance by half. So the corporation is now looking for addditional ways of financing itself outside the recording industry.

"I'm thinking about getting money from companies like ITT, if it's possible," states Levene. "I'd rather be financed by them than a record company, because I don't necessarily want my money to make an album, but as facility for a form of creative output."

What about ITT's dubious involvement with the CIA and other shady activities?

"We can't do anything about them, so I just like the idea of getting money from them, perhaps draining them of some money they might spend on arms, or whatever. It's a bit cynical. But it's important to check things out. I mean WB ain't my ultimate company.

"I'm not interested in politics," contends Levene, though. "I don't like talking about politics at all. Maybe I don't understand enough to talk about them. There's party politics and people politics. The first doesn't interest me, they're just different amounts of bullshit to me. People politics are important though, but people are not together enough."

Hence the formation of organisations.

"Hence the formation of PiL," he ripostes. "Our politics were not to have middlemen, in the form of managers, producers, artistic directors, secretaries. Whatever. Hence we run our own affairs. Like, PiL were always a limited company, and the idea was for it to be more a corporate thing than a band thing."

How does he take to business dealings?

"It scares me sometimes that we might lose PiL, or be put inside for tax. I worry about it, maybe because my old man's Jewish. My mum isn't, nor am I, but maybe I inherited worrying from my dad. John doesn't worry about it at all, he just lives through it. But I want to do the business side of things, so I worry — I'll learn to get over it."

Lack of management caused PiL a few problems in the States, where they found themselves confronting the record biz bureaucracy of myriad small departments like artist direction and artist development, all with preconceived ideas of how rock and roll should be run.

"It's just terrible," moans Levene. "You're trying to tell them your ideas and all they say is 'you gotta get a manager'! We say we want to talk directly to the record company, and they're still going on, 'he doesn't have to be called a manager'. It's really flogging a dead horse.

"We got this guy from artist development on the road, right, supposedly watching us develop. And the only development that I got from the tour was not to tour or have anything to do with rock and roll anymore. That's how much I developed."

Rock and roll alters people's perceptions. It's a two way thing. Groups are given great expectations by record companies and are eventually let down badly. And the public, hankering after stars, treat musicians as such; and soon neither side knows how to act.

"It's a real drag though," says Levene. "But I can understand new bands coming up wanting to be stars. I understand their motivations and values, but if they realised it was mostly illusion they wouldn't get deluded, and probably wouldn't have formed the band in the first place.

"PiL was the nearest thing I wanted to get to being in a band, and now we're not touring it's everything I always wanted it to be.

"I really think the band as such is the old fashioned part of it. You know, people should learn from history, that it's not like that anymore."

LATE on in our conversation Levene had completely recovered from the nervous extra-helpfulness which led to the inarticulate beginning. Even when we were having problems communicating, it wasn't so much from his reputedly difficult, as in moody, nature, as his desire to express fully what he was saying.

Stories of his surliness, especially with one-time drummer Richard Dudanski, cloud his reputation. Like the time soon after Dudanski joined when PiL played a surprise gig at Manchester's Factory Club, which accelerated Dudanski's disappearance.

"I'd said: 'Let's do the gig', right? replies Levene. "And then I realised that Dudanski hardly knew any of the numbers and we had a row which didn't have anything to do with anything apart from speed paranoia on Dudanski's part. But it wasn't that I wanted the gig and the rest didn't. Like, I'm friends with Dudanski now.

"I am difficult to work with, but those I do work with understand me. So's John — we're all fucking difficult to work with. We're temperamental, but because we know each other it's not a barrier. They'll just laugh at me being difficult, and John calls me a yapping dog sometimes. I'm known as Bad Baby, and John, I call him Big Baby. That's because in the studio if things aren't right, I'm telling him that something's no good, you know?"

How about PiL's attitude to their public? The feedback they've received is mixed. Some people consider them Johnny Rotten's new backing group, others as a joke. Many are still intimidated by them, both as individuals and because of their unconventional approach. Then there's the live *Stranger In A Strange Land* theory that audiences are easily manipulated.

"It surprises me that people would rather be scared of us than find us great for getting into new things, making original music," says levene.

"They just don't seem to pick up on that. It's like anything new, angry and truthful and realistic gets avoided. Capital Radio would avoid us. It's just like special programming to keep the fucking morons quiet, but we're not morons, and I don't think people are morons . . . though I'm changing my opinion."

Why?

"The general lack of feedback that PiL have had. Just the way people are in general."

He later modifies this. "I'm observing people all the time. I won't say I like them, but with every individual I'm totally open, until I kind of realise where they're at, and then I decide whether to give myself to them or not. I don't mind being hurt by people, but I won't let an arsehole hurt me like I used to. It used to really fuck me up. I don't feel a bighead about it, but I'm more open to people than anyone in PiL. I'd be the last person to say 'oh that fucking moron', you know?"

ARTISTS are by nature selfish and they'll go to extraordinary lengths to protect their personal vision from outside interference. An artist will only work in a group or organisation as long as his form of expression isn't compromised, and if he can't get his own way he'll act ruthlessly to obtain it.

Even so, when Levene cynically refers to Martin Atkins as a "former employee" of the PiL organisation and talks hatefully of present member Jah Wobble, we outsiders can only look on uneasily at his seemingly callous behaviour, and perhaps worry how such talk will affect PiL's future, despite Levene's assurances of their stability.

Yet without that essential selfishness, PiL wouldn't have come anywhere near this far; their music depends on the brave juxtaposition of their individual extremes, only working because each member is fully realising his own ideas without hindering the others. But it would be disastrous if they refuse to accommodate each other under the collective PiL umbrella.

PiL so far have been a vital independent force in modern music. The corporation re-shapen to take in movie and video-making will place even greater strain on their emotional and material resources; I hope they've the strength to support their additional ventures, as many of us have invested too much for them to give up on us now.

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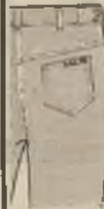

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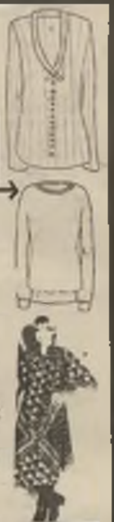

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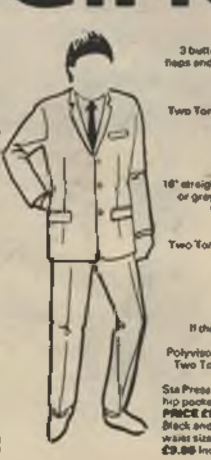

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Shakin' Street

■ From page 26

SEXISM

NOW THAT Fabienne and myself are cloistered above the ocean we start to deal with the nitty gritty, the burning question of the times — Sexism.

"Some guys in the audience I know don't take me seriously. They can't believe it, they hate me, they hate women. I try to get through to them. When they make those signs at me (peace flashes, clenched fists etc) I do it back. Then they know I've seen them. They like it if you look them in the eye. In France I interviewed some fans and they told me they were pleased I did that, I make their night. That's nice whether you're a girl or a guy. The public is warm to you. Rock and roll is about communication and expressing that . . . anger."

Still, it's a fact that women are conspicuous by their absence at your average metal gathering. That in itself must be slightly frightening for a classy performer like you.

"Zank you.

"Sometimes I am scared, frightened to be vulgar or over sexy. I like sexual performers but the singing is more important, even an ugly band can be sexy. And yes, it is boring to be always surrounded by men. I love seeing women there. America, California is good for that — I wish there could be more women in England, or France, some of them must be into heavy rock."

I am surprised that the French metal hurlant atmosphere is comparable to ours. In France, perhaps they are annoyed that Shakin' Street, despite a top ten album and single, have departed for the different vineyards of the sunshine state. Or maybe they have a complex because Fabienne chooses not to sing in French.

"No, the public loves us, the public is not pissed off. The media are crosser, and more sexist. We have problems with journalists."

It would seem that Shakin' Street are at a crossroads. Revered on their home turf they spend their time in the USA, sporting a make of hard rock that relies primarily on the gonzo lead of an ex-Dictator, the lynch-pin of a fine group who were, ironically, more popular in France than they ever were in New York. Outside the Boss the instrumental chops are seen to be adequate on a stage. Fabienne is becoming a compulsive visual focus but the others are stolid rather than spectacular. They will have to find an audience that enjoys them for their songs and not their pose but a touch more drama wouldn't come amiss.

"I know this but I don't want to make those silly mistakes — the wrong gestures, attitudes, crude movements,. Our music is too fragile for that."

I admire the spirit of no compromise and hope that Shakin' Street don't get lost in the tawdry glob of second rate machismo that is the metal muse. It's a complex problem for a band trying to avoid a complex. Whether you like it or not the success of Fabienne Shine in her favoured role is just as important a blow for personal expression as the stance adopted by the Mo-Dettes or the Slits or the Body Snatchers or Siouxsie Sioux.

In this mans mans mans world of rock and roll it will be encouraging to know that you don't have to flash your tits to get excited.

So come here boy! You heard about the Streets?

Huh!

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DOWN: 1 'Police And Thieves'; 2 'We Are Glass'; 3 Coasters; 5 Sam (The Sham); 6 '(You'll Always) Find Me In The (Kitchen At Parties)'; 7 Rory (Gallagher); 9 Clive James; 11 'Float On'; 12 (Four) Seasons; 15 'You'll Always (Find Me In The Kitchen At Parties)'; 19 Pete (Townshend); 20 (Commander) Cody; 21 Peter; 22 '(You'll Always Find Me In The) Kitchen (At Parties)'; 24 Lyrics; 27 Art (Garfunkel).

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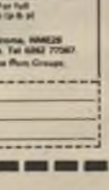

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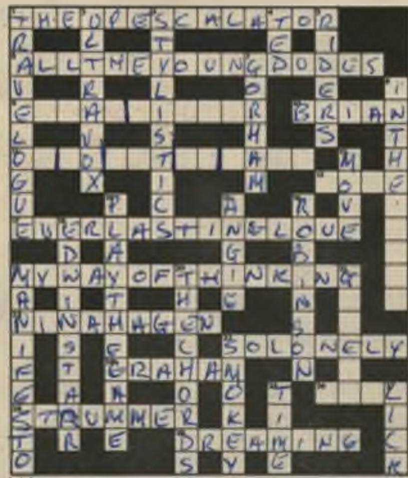

ACROSS
1 Graham Parker climber (3,2,9)
Mott standard writ. & prod. by D. Bowie (3,3,5,5)
9 Keyboards playing brother of a Texan guitarist (5,6)
Big screen Python hero
11 Maxine Brown oldie which was a 1973 hit for Rod Stewart (2,2,3,2,4)
13 See 21
1968 No 1 hit for the Love Affair (11,4)
Second hit for Graduate Records (2,3,2,8)
Teutonic punkette (4,5)
Police 45 (2,6)
Chapman or Nash
26 Pretenders label
Aka Mellor, daddy was a bank robber etc.
Blondie single

DOWN
Human League LP
John Foxx's old band
Soul group whose biggest hit was 'I'm Stone In Love With You'
Nutcase heavy metal star
5 & 8 Doors classic (6,2,3,5)
Thin Lizzy guitarist
8 See 5
Like the race Jeff Lynne came from
Freddie Mercury's latest bit of poncing about (4,3,4)
The former Mrs Bowie
See 23 down
Soul veteran who made a disco comeback (sic) with "Contact" (5,5)
Roxy statement
A,E and G?! (3,6)
& 13 A Moody Blue (lose ten points on credibility index if you get this one right)
& 16 Motown magician
Lennon/Bowie collaboration
Taste a guitar!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS ON PAGE 51

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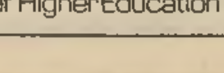

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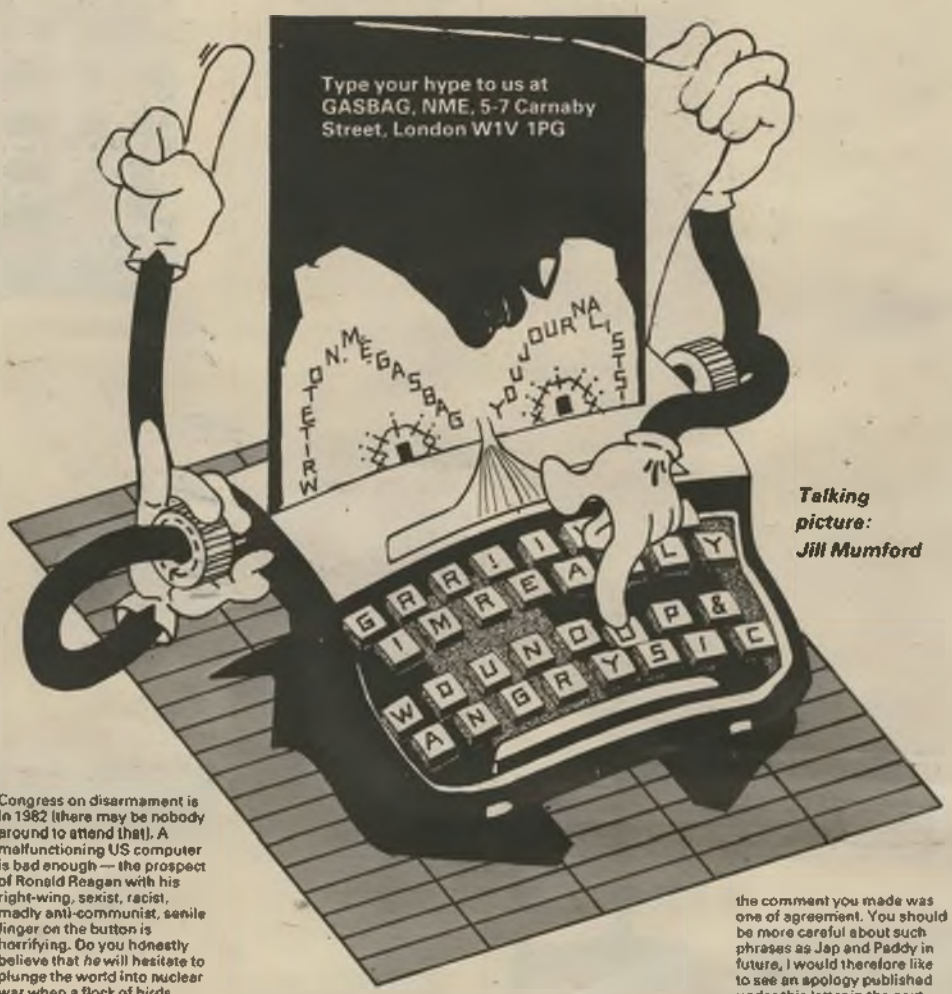

Talking picture: Jill Mumford

I AM writing to you because I can no longer contain my feelings of total contempt for Ian Penman. When I read his articles before, I was faintly amused by the style (an attempt to obscure everything?) and rather appalled by the blatant vindictiveness. But his discussion with The Pop Group and The Slits was the final breaking point.

It was truly amazing to see how Penman managed to reduce their arguments (which *were* disappointingly naive) to absurdity through his own carefully weighed, apparently meaningful yet ultimately irrelevant replies.

Penman describes The Pop Group's music as "a zombie repetition of old and pretentious phrases." It is obvious that he is oblivious to the fact that this is so much more applicable to himself. He is the 'Covey' in O'Casey's *The Plough And The Stars*, who is desperately trying to impress others with "Jenersky's Thesis on the Origin, Development and Consolidation of the Evolutionary Idea of the Proletariat."

Now that I have exposed Penman for what he is, can I have his job?
David Hedley, Bangor, C. Down.
Certainly not. You sound like you'd actually understand the little feller over a jar. — M.S.

Dear, dear *NME* — Ian Penman's Slits/Pop Group piece was a hoot. It stood conventional interview roles on their heads. The groups were asking *him* questions, looking for *his* motivations. And he? He was rambling like a proper rockstar (dogmatically vague, ho ho). It was the perfect solution to the interview conundrum — musicians who feel self-conscious about declaiming, journalists who don't.

In short, it was lovely, and terribly significant. Shouldn't Tom Wolfe now interview Ian Penman? Or, even better, can't Penman interview his own, self-important, silly self?
Zorro, London W1.
Best of all, how about P. Morley interviewing Lon? (Fact: Lon Pinmoon is almost totally unpretentious. He just shows up pompous musicians where and when applicable, that's all. — M.S.

How long are you lamebrained sonsofbitches gonna carve out bits of the book without expecting the good buffalo, my reincarnated friend Oscar, on your backs you crazy scumsuckers?

Three goddam weeks ago it's the 'weird turn pro' trip, then some Limey with a hick American style apes the vein and jabbers about Mace in the middle of a singles review. Now some hop head with a sports car for a name rips off the Auden quote to make him look like a master of the arts or something.

I'm ordering three more margharitas to wash down these reds and then I'm gonna find some serious degenerates and a satchel full of pharmaceuticals, fly over there with them and rip out your collective lungs.
The Other Plagiarist
You don't get a job either. — M.S.

Just how much did the Maggietollah pay Jab S. of Victory College (June 28 issue)? Jab's attitude is myopic, thoughtless, panicky and, above all, brainwashed — too much *Daily Torygraph* and/or *Daily Mail*.

Fact: Both of the last two World Wars were preceded by an insane armsrace and in the (not exact) words of Einstein (who indirectly got us into this nuclear mess), "If the Third World War is fought with nuclear weapons, then the Fourth will be fought with bows and arrows."

There are at present 12,400 nuclear weapons in Western Europe and the next UN Congress on disarmament is in 1982 (there may be nobody around to attend that). A malfunctioning US computer is bad enough — the prospect of Ronald Reagan with his right-wing, sexist, racist, madly anti-communist, senile finger on the button is horrifying. Do you honestly believe that *he* will hesitate to plunge the world into nuclear war when a flock of birds triggers off that billion dollar computer's alarm systems? Well, I don't.

But US politicians aren't *that* stupid. By situating cruise missiles *here*, with *their* fingers on the button, they can "play" at war in the White House, happy in the knowledge that America is safe since the Russians can only reach Western Europe. And by God, after the Soviets have had their cities decimated and their innocent citizens burnt alive, they won't hesitate to unleash the full treatment on *us*.

Optimistic estimates are that "only" 10 million British will die. Whoever perishes, you can bet your bottom dollar (sorry!) that it won't be Thatcher and Co. They'll have a lead-lined, champagned-stocked bunker under No. 10 — where the Queen and Prince Philip will join them for a little high tea. Maybe our Defence Secretary, Sir Francis Pym, will also be there — the same Pymple who agreed to CRUISE missiles in the UK without even consulting Parliament or the British public. That's democracy! (In other Western European countries, such as Sweden, there was an open public debate before the decision was taken.)

You don't have to be a communist to question US foreign and defence policy; you only need to be a human being.
Gillian Whitworth, Hyde, Cheshire.
£1000 shelter winner. In the words of Spike Milligan, "What are we going to do now?" — M.S.

Why is it that Los Angeles Airport can supply dark blue water for aircraft toilets and crisp lettuce for in-flight salad when Gatwick can manage neither?

The beauty of dark blue water is, of course, that one can't tell that it has been used before, while the benefits of crisp lettuce need no comment from me.

It goes to show that LA is not as clueless as you would have us believe.
Sid 'Footprints' Grauman, Stockport, Cheshire.

Gary Crowley of *Fun Factory* used to work for *NME*, right? Danny Baker, who scribbles for *NME*, is presenting *20th Century Box*, right? So what's next? Parsons and Burchill on *Mr & Mrs?*
Bernard Braden, Pebble Mill, Birmingham.
They failed the audition — M.S.

Is it too early to start the Gary Crowley backlash? After four appearances on *Fun Factory* he has already established himself as the favourite for this year's Prat of the Year. In-depth interviews, off-the-cuff remarks, clever tricks with bananas, dyslexia, spots — yes, he has it in the bag.

Move over, Gary Numan — your eight minutes are up!
Big Phil, Homerton.
Got two words to say to you, Phil: BOLL- . . .
That's enough, Gary — M.S.

Dear Sir, though I may be a personal friend of his or something, and even acknowledge similar fealty to The Doors, I am nevertheless not "a passing Max Bell" as ascribed in your recent publication, nor indeed any other kind of Max Bell.

I am yours faithfully
Penny Reel, or something.

I have just been reading a book by Tony Palmer called *The Trials Of Oz* about the prosecution of *Oz* magazine in 1971 over their 'school-kids issue'. One of the schoolkids involved was one Charles Shaar Murray. I quote: "He's a Jewish Pantheist. Doesn't turn on because he has weak lungs. Says he is a clumsy lover. 'I have all the sex appeal of a mouldy sock.' Believes in the brotherhood of man and dawning of the age of Aquarius. Started a journalism course in the Autumn."

Wow. Peace and love man. Could this CSM be in any way related to yours? Great-grandson, perhaps?

Yours wide-eyed with wonder.
Pete Allen, London SW8.
Great-grandson is correct. You win this week's star prize, seven copies of the soundtrack from *Hair*. — M.S.

Reading *Gasbag* recently I noticed that when a Japanese reader wrote to you, you were deliberately racist. This was done by writing 'Ying-tong yiddle-ipo' below the letter. Although some readers may regard it as amusing, it is the start of Nazism in Britain. I'm serious — the letter below the letter from the Japanese reader warned us to fight against the BM and NF, and the comment you made was one of agreement. You should be more careful about such phrases as Jap and Paddy in future, I would therefore like to see an apology published under this letter in the next issue of your journal.
Displeased Reader, Leeds.
What about us wops? — P Rambali.

Seeing as how your reviewers like to act 'hipper-than-thou' when it comes to LPs by Bob Dylan, Paul McCartney and Eric Clapton, I'd like to review you lot.

Paul Morley: Easy to take an instant dislike to. Graham Lock: A nice reviewer. Lynn Hanna: What's your phone number? Nick Kent: A conceited sod. Danny Baker: Ditto.

I've filed the rest of you under 'Unclassifiable'. How's *that* for a vote of confidence?
The Phantom Reviewer, Liverpool.
I'm guessing, but you're Declan McManus, right? — Joe Loss.

I would just like to praise you on your very understanding Christian article on the album 'Saved' by Bob Dylan. I found it reassuring that this man should use his talent to light the way for misguided youth. I used to consider the music industry was an instrument to destroy the manners and morals of Mankind. How joyful I am to be wrong.

Yours in God.
William Biglord, Salvation Army, Werther.
Subscription to *Young Soldier* winner. — M.S.

I don't quite know how to approach writing this letter, because however I put what I want to say it will come out sounding like a torrent of bitterness.

As a fan of Bob Dylan since 1964 and as a fellow Jew, I have thought of Dylan not only as my favourite composer of all time, but as a spiritual brother, closer because of our Judaism.

So it is with a very uneasy and ambivalent feeling that I listened to 'Slow Train Coming' and now 'Saved', to find Dylan abandoning Judaism for Christianity.

I don't want this to sound bitter and twisted, honestly, but I just can't comprehend his conversion to Christianity when one looks back through history and sees the persecution that Jews have suffered, in the name of Christianity — The Martyrs of York and The Spanish Inquisition of Torquemada, for instance.

Finally I would like to address the last part of this letter to Dylan himself: I have not lost the love of your music, it has been a part of my life for too long for that to happen but rather that I feel that I no longer think of you as a spiritual brother, but just another singer.

And one final thought: Though you may be into Christ as you have been into many things over the years, being a Jew is being a member of a club you CANNOT resign from (and I don't want that to sound like a superior kind of statement AT ALL).

You were born a Jew and will die a Jew.

Shalom Bob.
Stewart J Tray, Crumpsall, Manchester 8.
Sh'long to you, too, Shtew. — Bob
Is this guy serious? — The Man In The Glass Booth.
I believe for every drop of rain that falls, etc. — The Bachelors.

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Total: £70.75.
Worried, Aberdeen.
Net pay (per week): £84.00. Expenses: Drink £89.46 ...
***You're worried?* — M.S.**

Stereo articles?? Doesn't CSM know that Northern minds only work in mono? Bloody elitist.
East Side Jimmy, Preston.

OK chaps, just a couple of points about the Morley / Jagger confrontation. I can sympathise with Morley regarding the government, but to look towards rock bands, past or present, for a solution or solace is just a shade naive. All they can do is anaesthetise us for a couple of hours or so.

The way I see it is that the country is dominated by the cash nexus, so you have to sell bits of you to get by, therefore everyone compromises to a certain extent.

Because of the above there is a sliding scale of: on the right, commercial success and on the left, critical or artistic acclaim. There is also a whacking great grey area into which it is convenient to stack bands like ... the Stones.

Unfortunately, nothing changes, you still pay your money and take your choice.

Still it's nice to see that some of us are idealistic — (Mr Morley?)
Paul Beveridge, Brighton, E. Sussex.
P.S. I am not an art student, nor was I pissed when I wrote this.
You could've fooled us. — M.S.

Jagger was right about *NME*. You're all a bunch of silly bastards. You think your reviews are so wonderfully witty, with a dash of long words. Each week you regurgitate crap and hope the 'uneducated kids' will buy it. Well ... bollocks.
Lemrac, Council House.
Lifelong subscription to *NME* winner. — M.S.

Screwing up your nicely typed letters: MONTY SMITH

T-ZERS

FRANKLY WE'RE sick to the back teeth (whatever that means) of lead *T-Zers* whose sole gist is the current whereabouts of John**John Lennon**, the state of **Mick Jagger's** bank balance (thanks to the Inland Revenue for this one) and the facts about **Paul Weller** coming out of the closet. So rather than bore you stiff with the antics of these petty bourgeoisie we've decided to kick off with another **Elvis Presley** exclusive.

Yep, the man who put the cheese into cheeseburger is back. At least his progeny are. See, one **Lee Shalski** has announced that he is indeed THE SON OF ELVIS, a love child at that, and Lee, who hails from Arkoma, Arkansas, goes on to mention that there may be others like him. Apparently the Fat One told him backstage in Little Rock, 1972, "I used to date your momma. I guess I got her pregnant. Shucks I'm sorry son. Pass me that tomato sauce." Visibly overcome with cucumber relish, Elvish continued, "You know, no one touched your momma before me and no-one after ehher. She and I had an affair in April, 1957. Then I had to take off because I had a show in Philadelphia. Later your momma got mad at me." Luckily Lee doesn't hold anything against Elvis. And neither do we . . .

More dead people: **Professor Longhair** had to kick the piano to get an album ('Crawfish Fiesta') in the US Jazz charts . . .

And some almost dead people. Last Tuesday both the *Mail* and *Mirror* carried interviews with members of **The Who** group — **Daltrey** and **Townshend** respectively — under headlines describing them as 'wild men'. Maybe. There's a bootleg of the infamous Who Cincinatti concert going the rounds at present. It's called 'Stampede' . . .

No one was killed when **John Cale** played at an Eindhoven festival last week. His partners included **Billy Cobham** and **Judy Nylon** (on drums) . . .

Meanwhile a narrow squeak for **The Specials** in Osaka, Japan as Ska-fans attempted a Brit-style stage invasion. Tour manager **Rick Rogers** was carted off to jail as a result and The Specials had to spend the night locked in their hotel. As it happens they were too frightened to venture forth anyway . . .

MAYBE IN the circumstances it would be a good idea if we heeded the call of Tory MP **Toby Jesse** who recently called for the scrapping of Radio One. In place of **Reid, Blackpool, Travis** and **Peel**, Jesse suggests the BBC use "serious musical and educational programmes and bring back the cat what!" Hear, hear sir . . .

West Coast band **X** played their first British gig at London's Nashville last Thursday. In attendance were **Madness' Chris Foreman** (who?), a **Genesis P. Orridge, Lemmy, Brian James** and **Holly** of the Ities . . .

Fascinating isn't it? Only marginally less so is the roll call of honour for **Steve Honda's** Venue stint. Seen checking out **Cockney Rubble** were some **Boomtown Rats, Protex, The Skids, Kate Bush, Rusty Egan, Wings, Tony James** and **Douglas Bader**. Indeed the guest list was so long (use your imaginations) that 400 people were turned away at the door, including members of **Mink De Ville**, due to play there the following night. Steve's own performance was described as "limp" . . .

Talking of Mink, the label-less ones attracted a fair number of Venue liggers too, including **Lene Lovitch** and **Danny Kustow**, *if* they count . . .

Credibility at long last for Magnet. They've just signed **Taj Mahal** to a ten year contract, LV's an option . . .

Those incorrigible old Welsh hippies at the *Observer* (**Richard North** and **Tom Jones**) had a field day at Knebworth under the **Pendennis** guise. Like most sensible people they spent the entire time getting thoroughly newt-like back stage . . .

Bad news for **Lydia Lunch's** fan. The less than slim-line Queen of Siam failed to meet her London obligations last week due to a "mysterious infection". Still there's always another day, eh Lydia? And besides we weren't going to go anyway . . .

NEWS COMETH from Germany that **Jah Wobbleski** and **Holger Czukay** (pronounced Zcewklargent, the **Can** man, are working on a joint project. In a radio interview compered by **Angus Mackinnon** the pair played some happy marching tunes which our informer reckoned sounded "pretty damned hard, I don't mind telling you". The debonair Wobble is now exulting in monies derived from the **PiL** coffers but is adamant that all is well bandwise . . .

Actually **Lydon** and **Levene** are busy as bees writing a film score about Wolves and Indians for one **Michael Wadleigh** (producer of *Woodstock*) . . .

While we're on the Teuton case, **Wolfgang** (what else) of **DAF** (who else) is engaged on some homework of his own. When asking the way to a local reggae sound system, he's reported to have quothed: "Where can I find the place where they play the bass much too loud?" will he too follow **Harry-Upp** and **Nina Schlagen** to white dread delirium and besides who cares? . . .

As recession time hits the music biz where it hurts it's particularly distressing to note that the smaller independent stores are facing imminent closure. One well known example, Oasis of Newport Court, London, are compensating for the clamp down by charging a paltry three quid for brand new albums, a figure well below the retail mark. Will Virgin follow suit? Oh look, a pig just flew past the window . . .

"A proper stitch-up" is how shapely starlette **Danielle Baker** described the London *Evening Standard* piece on himself. The article, cobbled together by well known tee-totaller **Bill Grundy**, was entirely free of condescension and so Mr. Baker (13) is currently consulting a 300lb Samoan lawyer . . .

THIS IS more like it. A bizarre twist to the **McCartney** Tokyo fiasco. Reliable sources suggest that the carpet in question may well have once belonged to **Mr. J. Lennon**. Apparently, the imported substance was presented by Johnny to Paulie on a New York visit as a going away gift. Now how d'ya sleep, you spineless weed? . . .

Brussels' hip literati out in force last week for a festival in honour of **Picasso** and **Jean Cocteau**. Other featured attractions included an exhibition of Factory Records artefacts and **Richard Jobson** reading his own poetry *(Shome mishtake here? — Ed)* . . .

Any acid heads out there who wish to gain a bit of perspective on those daffy '60s are best advised to swan down to London's ICA cinema tomorrow (Friday) at 6.45 pm to see **Peter Whitehead's** extraordinary film *The Fall* — it'll tell you all you need to know about the violent civil unrest in America around the time of **Martin Luther King's** assassination, the Pentagon protest, etc. And on July 8 and 9, at the same screening time, the ICA are showing Whitehead's little seen *Fire In The Water*, a more personal, obsessional look at the '60s from a late '70s vantage point, which includes vintage footage of **Hendrix, The Who** and **the Stones**. Top notch cinematic weirdness guaranteed . . .

Not content to have his philosophy trumpeted abroad in *NME* **Michael Jagger** undertook the inevitable overkill with the weekly scam sheets to promote his group's less-than-satisfactory 'Emotional Rescue' debacle. The man with the golden nose told anyone who was listening that "drugs are bad. Anyone who buys an ounce (chance would be a fine thing) of cocaine at today's prices is an idiot." Why not tell **Keith Richards** this, Mick? In any case our man who reads these things tells us that in 1975 the **Rolling Stones** allegedly spent £250,000 on cocaine and that was just (cut, cut) . . . .

Still, the Glimmer Twins are quite happy to waste valuable resources elsewhere. The promotional launch of their new LP, supposed to have taken place at the Duke of York's barracks in Chelsea, was cancelled at the drop of a spoon when Keef whimsically called a halt and nobbed off Statesward. Never mind it only cost EMI £25,000. How dreadfully quaint . . .

Disco Christien **Donna Summer** has joined up with **David Geffen's** new record label. Donna promises lots of gospel this time around. David's last venture was the famous independent Asylum . . .

One man who still knows the value of money is **Malcolm McLaren**, seen checking out **Art Pepper's** opening night at Ronnies after haggling with the doorman over admission . . .

My life, is nothing sacred? **Led Zeppelin's** ill-starred guitarist **Jimmy Page** narrowly (sorry) escaped serious injury after an incident in Vienna last Thursday. An intelligent Armenian student threw a fire cracker stagewards which exploded in the vicinity of Page. He later continued though understandably in a state of shock. It now seems that concerts in Austria are unlikely ever again . . .

And finally a happier note to end our column. Lovely **Linda McCartney** told the world last week that if she'd never married the Lull of Kintyre she'd "have loved to be an *NME* photographer" . . .

And if I'd never become an *NME T-zer* writer I'd have loved to be Mrs. **Paul McCartney**, but that's quite another story, doctor . . .

Pic: Harry Papadopolous

Pic: Justin Thomas

This week's T-zers Concept: SLF and fans.
Above: The secret is out. It may take a chimpanzee a thousand years to type out the works of Shakespeare but he can already churn out SLF songs. Ali McMordie is caught exchanging coded messages outside the monkey house at Calder Park Zoo, Glasgow.
Below we see Ali McMordie (for once again it is he) surrounded by vast hordes of the band's more mature admirers, anxious to touch his clothes.

Pic: Harry Papadopolous

Stars and their girlfriends, part 15.
Paul Weller and the equally famous Jill, almost sneak into a very nice still-life of a car with a cabin behind it. Jill has achieved fame through that oft-quoted phrase, "I had to talk to Bruce, cos Paul was out with his girlfriend."

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9	(—)	Jam — Tube Station	20p
10	(8)	Cross — Anarchy & Peace	20p

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