

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

THE BEAT GENERATIONS

A ROOTS STORY BY PAUL MORLEY



PLUS

ROXY MUSIC

PINK FLOYD

PAULINE MURRAY

UK SINGLES

This Last Week

Highest

Weeks In

1

(5)

Winner Takes It All

Abba (Epic)

2

1

2

(1)

Upside Down

Diana Ross (Motown)

4

1

3

(9)

9 to 5

Sheena Easton (EMI)

4

3

4

(2)

Use It Up And Wear It Out

Odyssey (RCA)

7

1

5

(11)

Oops Upside Your Head

Gap Band (Mercury)

4

5

6

(3)

More Than I Can Say

Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)

6

2

7

(13)

Give Me The Night

George Benson (Warner Brothers)

3

7

8

(6)

Babooshka

Kate Bush (EMI)

6

5

9

(22)

Oh Yeah

Roxy Music (Polydor)

2

9

10

(4)

Could You Be Loved

Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)

8

3

11

(17)

Funkin' For Jamaica

Tom Browne (Arista)

3

11

12

(23)

Mariana

Gibson Brothers (Island)

4

12

13

(8)

There There My Dear

Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)

5

8

14

(7)

Xanadu

Olivia Newton-John & ELO (Jet)

7

1

15

(14)

Lip Up Fatty

Bad Manners (Magnet)

3

14

16

(25)

Private Life

Grace Jones (Island)

2

16

17

(26)

Are You Getting Enough

Hot Chocolate (Rak)

3

16

18

(—)

Tom Hark

Piranhas (Sire/Hansa)

1

18

19

(—)

Ashes To Ashes

David Bowie (RCA)

1

19

20

(16)

Wednesday Week

Undertones (Sire)

3

16

21

(21)

Burnin' Hot

Jermaine Jackson (Motown)

3

21

22

(—)

All Over The World

Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)

1

22

23

(—)

Band Robber

Clash (CBS)

1

23

24

(13)

Jump To The Beat

Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)

14

2

25

(29)

Love Will Tear Us Apart

Joy Division (Factory)

6

12

26

(18)

Emotional Rescue

Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)

6

8

27

(—)

Lonely Desire

Tina Marie (Motown)

1

27

28

(—)

Sleep Walk

Ultravox (Chrysalis)

1

28

29

(20)

My Way Of Thinking

UB40 (Graduate)

8

8

30

(—)

Back Strok'n

Fatback (Spring)

1

30

NME

CHARTS

Week ending August 16, 1980

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week

Highest

Weeks In

1

(4)

Flesh & Blood

Roxy Music (Polydor)

11

1

2

(1)

Xanadu

Soundtrack (RSO)

5

1

3

(—)

Back In Black

AC/DC (Atlantic)

1

3

4

(2)

Deepest Purple

Deep Purple (Harvest)

4

2

5

(7)

Uprising

Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)

7

4

6

(5)

Give Me The Night

George Benson (Warner Bros)

4

5

7

(16)

Diana

Diana Ross (Motown)

8

7

8

(6)

Emotional Rescue

Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)

7

1

9

(15)

Closer

Joy Division (Factory)

3

9

10

(8)

Off The Wall

Michael Jackson (Epic)

44

3

11

(9)

Searching For The Young Soul Rebels

Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)

3

9

12

(24)

Peter Gabriel

Peter Gabriel (Charisma)

11

1

13

(14)

I Just Can't Stop It

The Beat (Go Feet)

12

3

14

(3)

The Game

Queen (EMI)

5

1

15

(13)

Sky 2

Sky (Ariola)

17

2

16

(10)

Another String Of Hits

Shadows (EMI)

2

10

17

(17)

Vienna

Ultravox (Chrysalis)

4

17

18

(22)

Regatta De Blanc

Police (A&M)

43

1

19

(20)

King Of The Road

Boxcar Willie (Warwick)

6

8

20

(18)

Manilow Magic

Barry Manilow (Arista)

3

18

21

(19)

Magic Reggae

Various (K-Tel)

11

4

22

(—)

Beat Boys In The Jet Age

Lambrettas (Rocket)

2

22

22

(—)

Live 1979

Hawkwind (Bronze)

1

23

24

(—)

Multiples

Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M)

1

24

25

(—)

Do A Runner

Athletico Spizz '80 (A&M)

1

25

26

(21)

Rhapsody & Blues

Crusaders (MCA)

2

21

27

(12)

McCartney 2

Paul McCartney (Parlophone)

12

1

28

(11)

Me Myself I

Joan Armatrading (A&M)

12

4

29

(—)

Breaking Glass

Hazel O'Connor (A&M)

1

29

30

(—)

Big Hits

Small Faces (Immediate / Virgin)

2

26

This Last Week				Highest	Weeks In
1	(5)	Winner Takes It All	Abba (Epic)	2	1
2	(1)	Upside Down	Diana Ross (Motown)	4	1
3	(9)	9 to 5	Sheena Easton (EMI)	4	3
4	(2)	Use It Up And Wear It Out	Odyssey (RCA)	7	1
5	(11)	Oops Upside Your Head	Gap Band (Mercury)	4	5
6	(3)	More Than I Can Say	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	6	2
7	(13)	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Brothers)	3	7
8	(6)	Babooshka	Kate Bush (EMI)	6	5
9	(22)	Oh Yeah	Roxy Music (Polydor)	2	9
10	(4)	Could You Be Loved	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	8	3
11	(17)	Funkin' For Jamaica	Tom Browne (Arista)	3	11
12	(23)	Mariana	Gibson Brothers (Island)	4	12
13	(8)	There There My Dear	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	5	8
14	(7)	Xanadu	Olivia Newton-John & ELO (Jet)	7	1
15	(14)	Lip Up Fatty	Bad Manners (Magnet)	3	14
16	(25)	Private Life	Grace Jones (Island)	2	16
17	(26)	Are You Getting Enough	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	3	16
18	(—)	Tom Hark	Piranhas (Sire/Hansa)	1	18
19	(—)	Ashes To Ashes	David Bowie (RCA)	1	19
20	(16)	Wednesday Week	Undertones (Sire)	3	16
21	(21)	Burnin' Hot	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	3	21
22	(—)	All Over The World	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	22
23	(—)	Band Robber	Clash (CBS)	1	23
24	(13)	Jump To The Beat	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)	14	2
25	(29)	Love Will Tear Us Apart	Joy Division (Factory)	6	12
26	(18)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	6	8
27	(—)	Lonely Desire	Tina Marie (Motown)	1	27
28	(—)	Sleep Walk	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	1	28
29	(20)	My Way Of Thinking	UB40 (Graduate)	8	8
30	(—)	Back Strok'n	Fatback (Spring)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

You Gotta Be A Hustler — Sue Wilkinson (Cheapskate)
New York New York — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
You've Been Gone — Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)
Can't Stop The Music — Village People (Mercury)
Black Night — Deep Purple (Harvest)
I've Just Begun To Love You — Dynasty (Solar)



"Oy, Spizz!"
"Loved what ya did to Ferrari's 'Virginia Plain'." "I?" Major Tom raised from the dead in Bowie's 'Ashes To Ashes', standing at No 19 in NME singles chart.

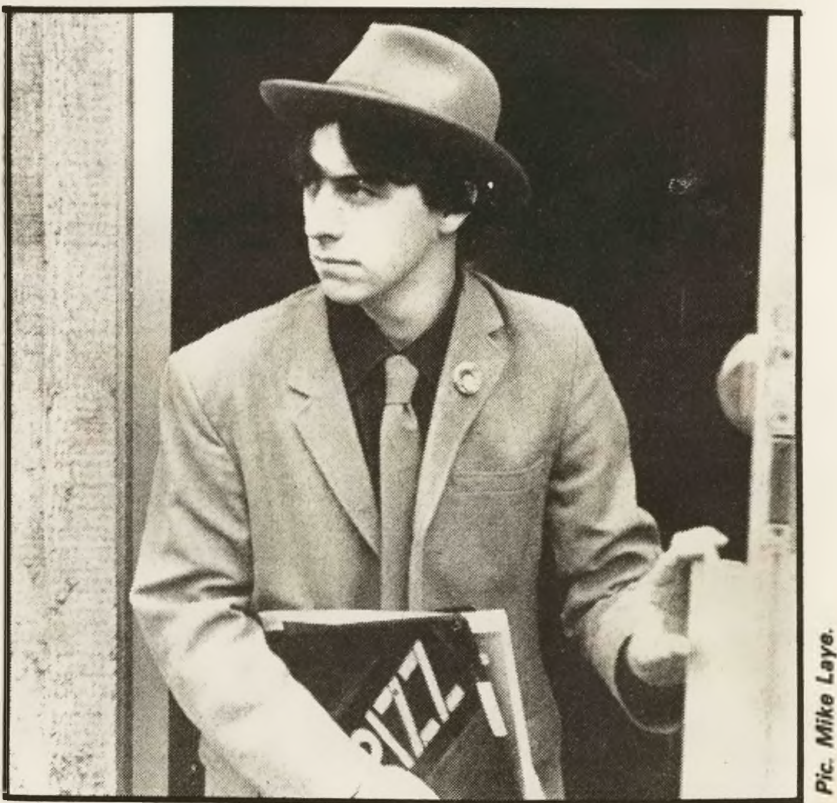
This Last Week					
1	(1)	Magic	Olivia Newton-John		
2	(4)	Take Your Time (Do It Right) Part 1	The S.O.S. Band		
3	(2)	It's Still Rock & Roll To Me	Billy Joel		
4	(9)	Emotional Rescue	The Rolling Stones		
5	(10)	Sailing	Christopher Cross		
6	(3)	Little Jeannie	Elton John		
7	(6)	Tired Of Toein' The Line	Rocky Burnette		
8	(7)	Shining Star	Manhattans		
9	(5)	The Rose	Bette Midler		
10	(12)	More Love	Kim Carnes		
11	(8)	Cupid/I've Loved You For A Long Time	Spinners		
12	(32)	Upside Down	Diana Ross		
13	(16)	Let My Love Open The Door	Pete Townshend		
14	(15)	Misunderstanding	Genesis		
15	(19)	Boulevard	Jackson Browne		
16	(18)	Take A Little Rhythm	Al Thomson		
17	(17)	Love The World Away	Kenny Rogers		
18	(20)	Into The Night	Benny Mardones		
19	(22)	All Out Of Love	Air Supply		
20	(30)	Fame	Irene Cara		
21	(21)	Jo Jo	Boyz Scaggs		
25	(25)	Old-fashioned Love	Commodores		
23	(23)	Stand By Me	Mickey Gilley		
24	(26)	One In A Million You	Larry Graham		
25	(27)	You're The Only Woman	Ambrosia		
26	(31)	Give Me The Night	George Benson		
27	(28)	I Can't Let Go	Linda Ronstadt		
29	(33)	Late In The Evening	Paul Simon		
30	(34)	Lookin' For Love	Johnny Lee		

This Last Week					
1	(1)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones		
2	(3)	Hold Out	Jackson Browne		
3	(2)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel		
4	(4)	Urban Cowboy	Original Soundtrack		
5	(6)	The Game	Queen		
6	(9)	Against The Wind	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band		
7	(8)	Diana	Diana Ross		
8	(7)	The Blues Brothers	Original Soundtrack		
9	(12)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross		
10	(10)	S.O.S.	The S.O.S. Band		
11	(11)	Empty Glass	Pete Townshend		
12	(5)	Heroes	Commodores		
13	(15)	Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere	Rosington Collins Band		
14	(18)	Fame	Original Soundtrack		
15	(14)	One For The Road	The Kinks		
16	(25)	Give Me The Night	George Benson		
17	(16)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson		
18	(19)	The Empire Strikes Back	Original Soundtrack		
19	(28)	Full Moon	Charlie Daniels Band		
20	(31)	Xanadu	Original Soundtrack		
21	(13)	Just One Night	Eric Clapton		
22	(23)	Middle Man	Boyz Scaggs		
23	(22)	Duke	Genesis		
24	(20)	McCartney 2	Paul McCartney		
25	(17)	There and Back	Jeff Beck		
26	(21)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson		
27	(—)	T.P.	Teddy Pendergrass		
28	(26)	The Wall	Pink Floyd		
29	(40)	Real People	Chic		
30	(35)	Rhapsody and Blue	The Crusaders		

US Charts: courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine

BUBBLING UNDER

Compass, Kumpas — Dalek 1 (Back Door Open)
20th Anniversary Album — Various (Motown)
There And Back — Jeff Beck (Epic)
With Love — Marty Robbins (CBS)
Unknown Pleasures — Joy Division (Factory)
Voice Of America — Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)



"What?"
"Thanks. Didya ever hear what I did to your 'Moonage Daydream'?"
Normally ebullient Spizz is found down in the dumps on hearing that he's no longer a cult figure, now that Athletico Spizz 80 have entered the album charts.

INDIES 33s	REGGAE
1 Closer.....Joy Division (Factory)	1 Tel Aviv.....Winston McCleod (Orbit)
2 Voice Of America.....Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)	2 Dry Land Tourist.....Danny Dread (J Wax)
3 Live.....James Chance and the Contortions (Invisible)	3 Happy Anniversary.....Greg Isaacs (Cash and Carry)
4 Colossal Youth.....Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)	4 Don't Want To Be No General.....Dennis Brown (DEB)
5 Manchester Musicians Collective.....Various (MMC)	5 Runaway.....Winston Jarrett and the Flames (Sha Flames)
6 Shape Of Finns To Come.....Various (Cherry Red)	6 Balarena.....Ringo (Greedy Puppy)
7 Unknown Pleasures.....Joy Division (Rough Trade)	7 Top Ranking.....Jah Walton (Popular Demand)
8 Totales Turn.....Fall (Rough Trade)	8 Rat Inna The Centre.....Archie and Lynne (High Note)
9 Music For Parties.....Silicon Teens (Mute)	9 Torturing.....African Bros (Black Link Int)
10 Los Angeles.....X (Slash)	10 Serious Thing.....Horace Andy (Bullwackers)

Maroons Tunes, 19 Greek Street, London W1

INDIES 45s	DISCO
1 How I Wrote Elastic Man.....Fall (Rough Trade)	1 Use It Up And Wear It Out.....Odyssey (RCA)
2 Shack Up.....A Certain Ratio (Factory)	2 Funkin' For Jamaica.....Tom Browne (Arista)
3 Crewsy Fixers E.P.....Crewsy Fixers (Bix Mix)	3 A Lover's Holiday.....Change (RCA)
4 Final Achievement.....In Camera (4AD)	4 Jump To The Beat.....Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)
5 Love Will Tear Us Apart.....Joy Division (Factory)	5 Upside Down.....Diana Ross (Motown)
6 Born In Flames.....Red Crayola (Rough Trade)	6 Oops — Up Side Your Head.....Gap Band (Mercury)
7 Snow/Another One.....Mekons (Red Rhino)	7 Brazilian Love Affair.....George Duke (Epic)
8 Not Ready.....Sector 27 (Panic)	8 Take Your Time.....S.O.S. Band (Tabu)
9 Splits.....Lilliput (Rough Trade)	9 Back Together Again.....Flack/Hathaway (Atlantic)
10 Final Day E.P.....Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)	10 Burnin' Hot.....Jermaine Jackson (Motown)

Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1

Charts by: Powerhouse Roadshow — 368 9852

5 YEARS AGO	10 YEARS AGO
1 I Can't Give You Anything (But My Love).....Stylitics (Avco)	1 The Wonder Of You.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 The Last Farewell.....Roger Whittaker (EMI)	2 Neanderthal Man.....Hotlegs (Fontana)
3 Barbados.....Typically Tropical (Gull)	3 Lola.....Kinks (Pye)
4 It's Been So Long.....George McCrae (Jayboy)	4 Something.....Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
5 If You Think You Know How To Love Me.....Smokey (Rak)	5 Tears Of A Clown.....Smokey Robinson (Motown)
6 Jive Talkin'.....Bee Gees (RSO)	6 Rainbow.....Marmalade (Decca)
7 Sailing.....Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	7 Natural Sinner.....Fairweather (Decca)
8 Delilah.....Alex Harvey Band (Vertigo)	8 Alright Now.....Free (Island)
9 Blanket On The Ground.....Billy Jo Spears (UA)	9 Love Like A Man.....Ten Years After (Deram)
10 Give A Little Love.....Bay City Rollers (Bell)	10 25 or 624.....Chicago

Week ending August 19, 1975

Week ending August 19, 1970

15 YEARS AGO	20 YEARS AGO
1 Help.....Beatles (Parlophone)	1 Apache.....The Shadows (Columbia)
2 I Got You, Babe.....Sonny and Cher (Atlantic)	2 Please Don't Tease.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3 Everyone's Gone To The Moon.....Jonathan King (Decca)	3 Mess Of Blues.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
4 You've Got Your Troubles.....Fortunes (Decca)	4 Because They're Young.....Eurythmics (London)
5 We Gotta Get Out Of This Place.....Animals (Columbia)	5 Shakin' All Over.....Johnny Kidd (HMV)
6 Catch Us If You Can.....Dave Clark Five (Columbia)	6 When Will I Be Loved.....Everly Brothers (London)
7 Zorba's Dance.....Marcello Minerbi (Dunwin)	7 If She Should Come To You.....Anthony Newley (Decca)
8 Walk In The Black Forest.....Horst Jankowski (Mercury)	8 Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport.....Rolf Harris (Columbia)
9 All I Really Wanna Do.....Byrds (CBS)	9 Good Timin'.....Jimmy Jones (MGM)
10 In Thoughts Of You.....Billy Fury (Decca)	10 I'm Sorry.....Brenda Lee (Brunswick)

Week ending August 19, 1965

Week ending August 18, 1960

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**STAND DOWN
MARGARET**
(New Version) (DUB)



New double 'A' side single



DR FEELGOOD, who haven't played a major tour of Britain since the end of '79, head out on an 11-date UK jaunt that commences at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion on September 12 and moves on to play Birmingham Cedar Ballrooms (13), Redcar Cotham Bowl (14), Edinburgh Tiffanys (15), Liverpool Rotters (16), Brighton Top Rank (17), Malvern Winter Gardens (19), Norwich University of East Anglia (20), Doncaster Rotters (22), London Hammersmith Palais (23), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (24) and Manchester University (27).

A Nick Lowe-produced single, 'No Mo Do Yakamo' / 'Best In The World', will be released by UA on August 22. Both titles are culled from the Feelgoods' 'A Case Of The Shakes' album, due out on September 12.

Following the UK dates, the band embark on a world tour that has them playing gigs not only in countries like the USA, Germany and Japan, but also in Thailand, Hong Kong and Fiji.

**'GOOD
'GOOD
ACTION**

Selector test album out live

THE SELECTER are to play four club dates this month before going into the studios with producer Roger Lomas to record their second album. Venues to be played are Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic, where there will be shows at 5 pm and 9.30 pm, Sheffield Limit Club (1 pm and 5 pm), Leamington Spa Centre (9.30 pm only) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (7 pm and 11.30 pm). The early

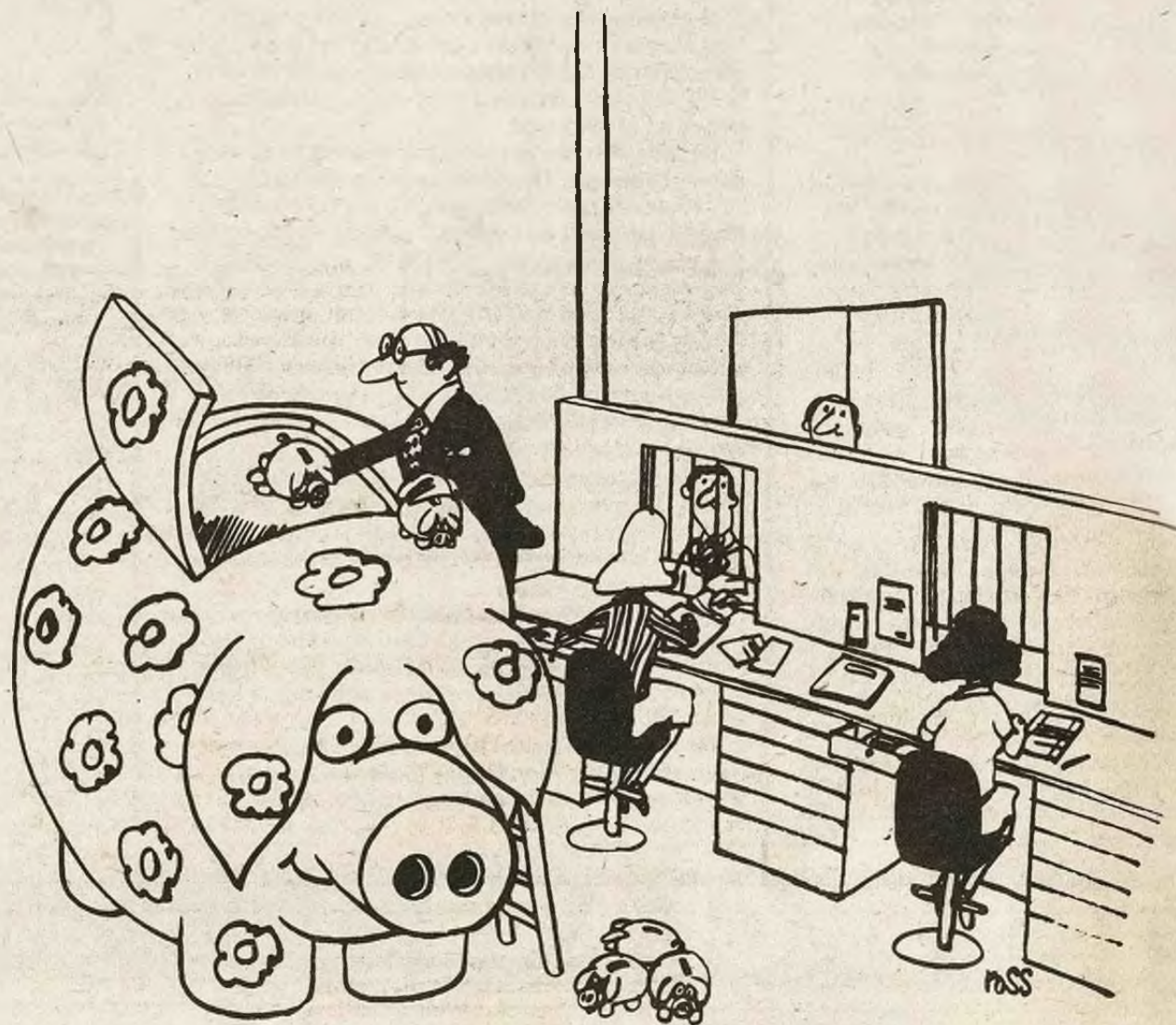
shows will be unlicensed, enabling under 18s to be admitted, and ticket prices will be lower: £1 for Sheffield and Middlesbrough and £1.50 at Coventry. Tickets for all late shows will cost £2.

☐ **SPLODGENESSABOUNDS** play two gigs at London's Woolwich Tramshed on August 21. The afternoon session, which commences at 3.30, is for kids under 15 only, and all

attending will receive a free packet of crisps and an orange juice from the merry Splodgers. On the evening session, Splodge will be supported by Ginger Pissflats.

On August 22, the band reappear again at Camden's Electric Ballroom heading a 'Rock Against Two Parent Families' concert, others on the bill being Auntie Puss, Not Sensibles, The Postmen and 'French band' La Pathetiques.

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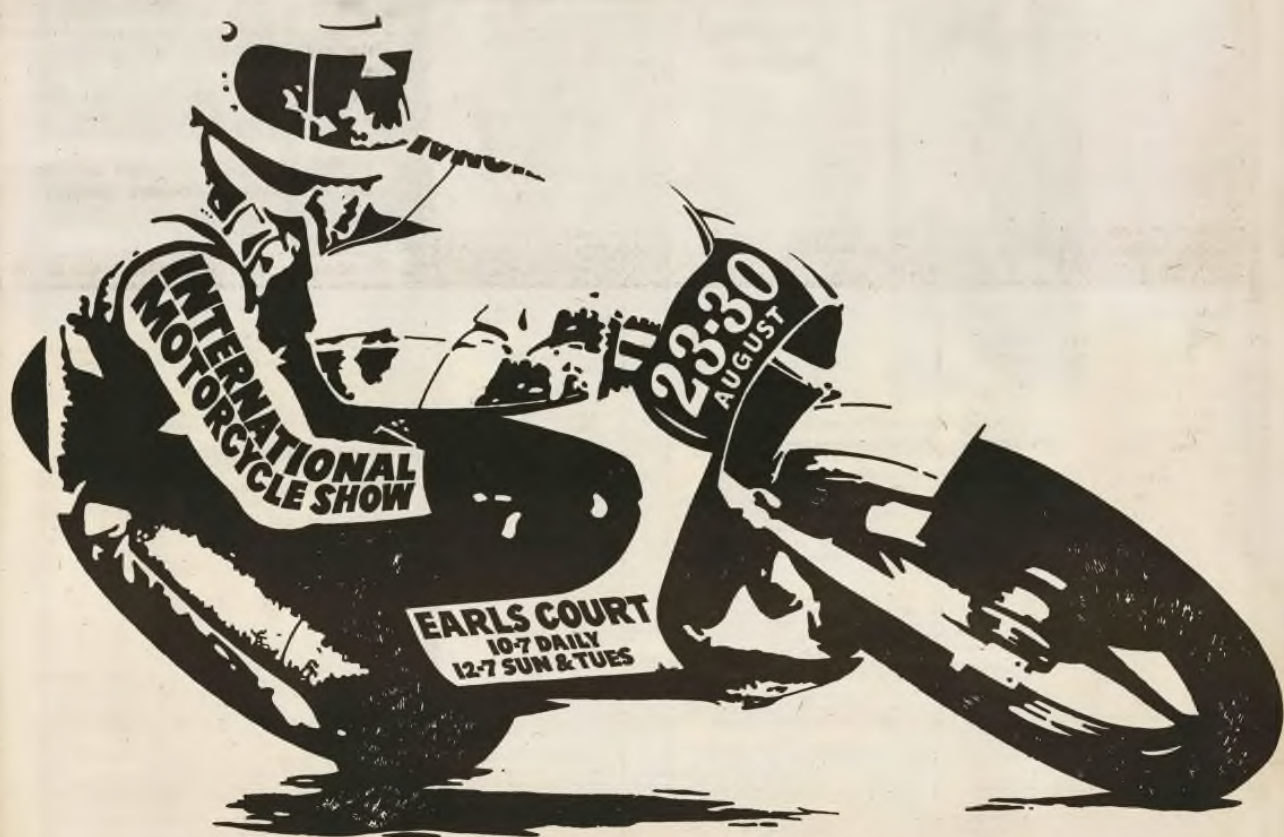


Midland

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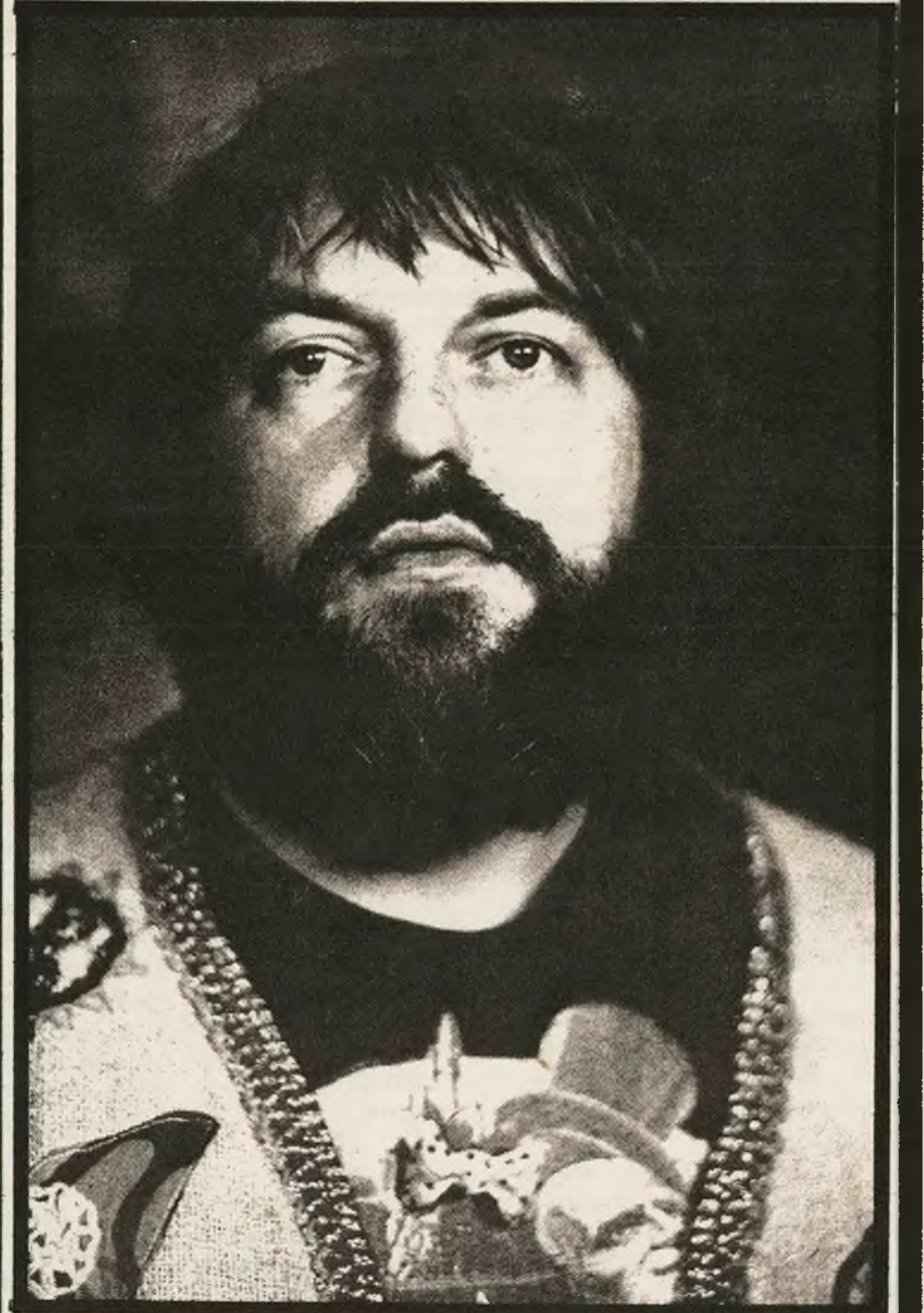
Midland Bank Limited

THE GREATEST SHOW ON TWO WHEELS.



QUIET WYATT

BREAKS HIS SILENCE



This man has just recorded four singles. The first is a Chilean folk song. The second's by Chic. The third is a 1940s pro-Stalinist gospel anthem. The fourth was written by Ivor Cutler.

GRAHAM LOCK finds out why they're calling Robert Wyatt "the Red Robbo of Twickenham".

Photographs: ANTON CORBIJN

ROBERT WYATT gazes into the humid air. "I don't know . . . I think I've become political in spite of myself, my natural inclination is just to have a good time." He laughs. "I'd like to be a hedonist."

He pauses, frowning. "But there's another thing . . . I didn't feel the need to address myself to it before, but it's strange . . . it's . . . I was born in 1945, right, and there were certain assumptions in our generation, certain things that just weren't done any more, like elitism in the form of racism was so discredited after the war, it wasn't on."

"People thought that crap had been chucked out, that 'right' of the Western countries to treat the rest of the world like naughty Borstal boys. But now it's crept back in after what seems, retrospectively, like only a moment's pause."

"It's not only Conservatives, not only politicians, but the whole culture . . . like the unspoken racism of Radio Three which uses the phrase 'serious music' to describe European academic music and no-one else's."

"These assumptions are flourishing now and it's thrown me completely 'cause I thought it was all over. I'd have been quite happy to go on and sing songs and fuck about you know. I'd much rather do that but the whole basis, the whole consensus I thought was there doesn't seem to be around any more and I got really . . . alarmed."

Wyatt fidgets in his wheel-chair. "And one reason I've joined the Communist Party is because I've realised that ideas which come through in culture, in music, by themselves have no effective power to change things for the better. They can indicate things, or bear witness, but they can't change them."

He looks up into the sky, as if for help, then sighs. "And I'm still working on the only thing I can do — music — which is based on the assumptions I used to have, that art was a real force etc. And, frankly, I don't know how to harness the insights I've had since I learned to be a musician. I see everything in the light of politics now but as a performer I feel the first job of the musician is music and however much you might want songs to reflect your own preoccupations, there are in fact rules to music which insist that songs have their own set of values."

He frowns again, then shrugs. "This is part of the problem I'm having. I just don't feel comfortable making a living where that is a priority. I feel really trapped by it and there's no way out I can see. I literally don't know what to do, it's as simple as that."

He looks thoughtful and chews absently at his beard. In the fortnight that his wife Alfie has been holidaying in Spain, Wyatt has munched his beard down from a fine, flowing mane to a tatty, ragged fringe around his chin.

We're sitting in the garden of his Twickenham home to discuss his return to recording. A recent single, 'Arauco'/'Caimanera', the first of a projected series of four on Rough Trade, signalled the end of a silence unbroken since 1975's 'Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard' album.

The first surprise about these singles is their diversity: two South American folk-songs, Billie Holiday protest jazz, Chic, Ivor Cutler whimsy and, strangest of all, a multi-tracked acapella version of 'Stalin Wasn't Stalling', a

World War Two pro-Stalin American propaganda song originally sung by The Golden Gate Jubilee Quartet. Wyatt even plans to include two sides on which he doesn't appear himself — 'Stalingrad' is a poem written and read by author Peter Blackman; 'Trade Union' is the work of Disharhi, a group of Bengali rag-trade workers and folk musicians from London's East End.

The second surprise is the singles' political clout. Wyatt: "'Arauco' is by Chilean folk-singer Violetta Parra. It's a despairing exhortation to all the great Indian chiefs and the cultures and communities they represent to rise up and throw off the Christian colonialists. It's despairing because the exploitation's been going on for 400 years and there aren't that many Indians left."

"People say, 'Oh well, these things happen, people die out'. People don't die out, they're killed off."

"Pinochet (Chilean military dictator) is selling off their land to foreign big business which means that most Indians are almost certain to be wiped out or just turned into siumland factory fodder, used up in the poorest jobs in the mines. If you say, 'What's it got to do with us?', well, we've got a government who're one of the main providers of finance for them to do this."

"'Caimanera' is a version of 'Guantanamo' which is virtually the Cuban national anthem. I sing it . . . since there's been so much press for the thousands of Cubans who left Cuba I thought I'd sing a song for the millions who stayed."

This is the man who once sang the alphabet on a Soft Machine album.

ROBERT WYATT'S first work of note came as drummer/vocalist with Soft Machine, who rose to prominence in the late '60s, leaders with Pink Floyd of a (then) new wave

of largely instrumental, art-rock bands who heralded the arrival of psychedelia and high seriousness in English rock. Now hailed as one of the pioneer jazz-rock fusionists, Wyatt tends to deflate such claims with a grin and a ready anecdote.

"At times it was really embarrassing. You'd get these kids coming up after a gig and saying 'Oh, great to have intellectually stimulating music here, last week it was terrible, Geno Washington and the Ram Jam Band and everybody just dancing', and, believe me, if we could've played like Geno Washington and for his audience, we'd have done it, no question."

"We just weren't that good, we couldn't do it. Our audience was always, well, snobs really. I suppose it serves us right for playing such silly music. The great thing about the late '60s audiences was that they were all stoned which is why we could all play so many hours of crap and get away with it."

Less modesty or cynicism than myth-debunking humour, Wyatt only stops this joking about his past work when we touch on an aspect that still fascinates him — the relationship between intent and effect. Discussion centres on songs like 'Oh Caroline' and 'Signed Curtain', which Wyatt performed with Matching Mole, the group he formed after leaving Soft Machine. The latter song is especially infamous, with lyrics that comment on its structure and function: ". . . and this is the chorus or perhaps it's the bridge or just another key change. Never mind, it won't hurt you, it just means I've lost faith in this song 'cause it won't help me reach you'."

Here was a deliberate attempt to subvert pop conventions?

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"Yes, I think so." Wyatt sounds extremely dubious. "I wouldn't call it iconoclasm, I'm not like Magma, trying to change the world by reinventing the language but... I think I was being sarcastic about how seriously people take songs and I was also very exasperated... I was also trying at the time to write a real love song and I thought 'What actually is it you're doing? Other people are gonna know how you feel but it doesn't do anything. So what you're doing is something else — just singing a song. And you're trapped in it. You can't actually sing about something else, a song in the end is gonna be about singing — whatever it seems to be about'."

"I felt trapped and so... I think I was just trying to be clever."

Wyatt laughs. But just as he can't help throwing in his self-deprecating jokes for fear of seeming heavy, he also can't resist following his ideas through.

"You see, even if you're trying to communicate something, the effect is that what you're left with is an art object which will be admired for its own sake rather than as having pointed something out. An object that entertains people. And if it's not a nice song, if people don't like listening to it, it won't even function like that."

And this, claims Wyatt, holds true despite the artist's intention, despite any formal innovations.

"The artist doesn't have that power... he'll be used by the community any way the community wants to use him because meanings aren't inherent in any object, they're invested in it by observers. Political content can appear and evaporate in the most unlikely places." That mischievous smile reappears. "I mean, I wonder how Blake would feel if he knew that 'Jerusalem' had become the national song of the Women's Institute?"

WYATT REMAINS consistent to his theories of the artist's social impotence, claiming that his new singles were chosen primarily because they were "great tunes". Nevertheless, their content — a heady mix of political statement and oblique personal reflection — corresponds uncannily to the possibilities and confusions with which he is currently struggling.

His next release will be 'Strange Fruit'/'At Last I Am Free'. 'Strange Fruit', originally sung by Billie Holiday in the '40s, was a response to a group of lynchings in the South. Noticing the

mass of anti-racist stickers, posters and leaflets that adorn the walls of chez Wyatt, I ask to what extent his choice of that song was affected by this preoccupation with anti-racism.

"It does strike me that people talk as if things are past, Americans particularly, lynchings in the South, killing off Indians etc. But if we talk about the forces that are responsible, they're still at work, they're still largely the same people."

"If you take South Africa, I think — were it not for the growing resistance of the Africans — then the USA, England, Western Europe would be quite happy to turn it into another dust-bowl. We know the USA is actively helping the anti-SWAPO forces, as are the English and the French. That kind of racism is at least as bad as it was in the days of Southern lynchings."

'Strange Fruit' best exemplifies Wyatt's contention that the singles are "like sketches, very undecorated, just documenting a few songs I like". All are mostly solo work, the sound bare and slightly raggedy — here, bass, keyboards and Wyatt's high, plaintive vocals rise and fall with sombre deliberation.

"At Last I Am Free", the Chic song, Wyatt chose because it was "a lovely ballad".

Although it has no obvious political or personal references, certain lines in the song seem to strike a poignant note in the context of Wyatt's current problems with music. It's just speculation but you could read it as his farewell song to his illusions about rock 'n' roll:

"At last I am free, I can hardly see in front of me."

AFTER Matching Mole had made two albums, Robert Wyatt got drunk at a party one night in 1973, walked out of a fourth-floor window, fell to the pavement and smashed his spine. He's now paralysed from the waist down and is confined to a wheelchair for life.

For a while after the fall, Wyatt maintained his involvement with music. Though unable to use a full drum-kit, he could still handle a wide range of percussion, play keyboards, sing. His comeback album — a second solo (the first, 'The End Of An Ear' from Soft Machine days, has just been reissued by CBS) with the bravely punning title of 'Rock Bottom' — remains the '70s most moving and most neglected masterpiece. A work of real depth, its theme of fall and recovery has an emotional and musical cohesion equalled only by 'Astral Weeks'.

Many people saw the album as being directly about the accident but Wyatt denies it.

"Actually I'd written most of it before the accident. I think the coherence it has is

musical, there were a consistent set of ideas I was dealing with through the whole 40 minutes."

After a second album, 'Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard', and two intriguing covers of 'I'm A Believer' and 'Yesterday Man' Wyatt stopped recording. Why?

"My other interests came to the fore. I think what happened was that I couldn't lead the life of a musician — things like travelling just proved too difficult — and it's very hard to be one if you can't lead that life, 'cause it's not something you are, it's part of a set-up — gear, roadies, managers, tours, repertoires. Without all that, I found it harder and harder to keep up a momentum. And the romantic notion of the importance of it all faded quite rapidly. The things I was starting to think were important weren't related to my job. I mean, the people I talk to now, what I do for my fun... like, I go to see films about what's going on in the world and rock 'n' roll seems so... tiny."

Paradoxically, since being stuck in a wheelchair Wyatt's awareness of the world has expanded dramatically. He's now a voracious reader and regularly tunes in to radio stations from all over the globe. It's no wonder then that he's experienced this gradual disenchantment with rock 'n' roll, this shift of values, and entanglement with political matters. But why return to recording now?

Wyatt shrugs, a little despondent. "It takes years to build up a craft, so really I had to turn back to this business 'cause I can't do anything else." He pauses, squirming in his chair and frowning again. "Getting back into rock music... I feel it's like some strange nightmare where I'm going back to school or where I'm trying to get into the clothes I wore when I was 15. It just doesn't fit any more, it's weird."

Is this what you meant when you said recently that returning to the music biz was like a defeat?

"It isn't a defeat 'cause I'm still alive. But I'm surprised I'm doing it again. I thought I was going somewhere else — I don't know where, honestly — it'd be interesting to know, if I weren't in this chair, where I would be..."

"I tried at the Labour Exchange for a job. The only job they had was painting chess pieces just down the road and Alfie and her mum said 'You can't do that, you're selling yourself short, you're a musician'. I think really I've been made to feel guilty about not doing it. But I've got to earn a living and, like, that's my job."

ONE RESULT of Wyatt's search for a more politically effective mode of action than rock music was his joining the Communist Party some two years ago. While he's willing to talk about it, he requests — for

'fear he'll be accused of preaching — that I make clear I asked him to. So why did you join, Robert?

"Well, the reason today I think I joined is... er... fundamentally I think most of our troubles are caused by the institutionalised unaccountability of the major Western capitalist countries and their expansion and their appropriation of the resources of a large part of the world for their own benefit. And, er, to justify capital's growth at the expense of Namibian mineworkers or whoever, the people in power rely on a particular bit of myth, of mystification, which is a notion I call the 'divine right of the few' — the idea that it's right, it's nature's way, for certain people to have and others not to have."

"The notion of this 'divine few' should strike a bell with everybody who's ever had to deal with the fact that they're not a genius, or male, or white, but it's called lots of things — 'maintaining standards', 'law and order', anything to hide the fact that this divine deserving elite actually give themselves the right to preserve and expand themselves at the expense of others."

"And... er... the history of Communism seems to me the history of the attempt to expose that hypocrisy."

Typically, after this thumbnail critique of capitalism and trashing every other left-wing grouping in the country, Wyatt admits to a little uncertainty.

"I have doubts at times, like Afghanistan, but then I look at all the people who've been anti-Communist — Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, Pinochet, Nixon, Thatcher, Botha — and I think, well, Communists must be doing something right."

Well, maybe. The pity of it is that Wyatt feels his enthusiasms for politics and music to be not a fruitful tension but at an absolute impasse. And his fear that the politics will — to simplify drastically — somehow taint the music in the eyes of his audience can lead him into a defensiveness that is almost comic, as when he explains the choice of Ivor Cutler's 'Go And Sit Upon The Grass' as one of his future singles.

"I like it because it pokes fun at people like me. It says 'do not mind if I thump you when I am talking to you, I have something important to say'."

You see your songs as thumping people? I ask, incredulous.

Wyatt ponders. "Well, I like to poke fun at myself because there's this awful thing that seems to happen if you talk about anything other than music and 'fun'... the danger is you'll turn into a sort of left-wing Cliff Richard."

"And that," laughs Robert as he wheels off into some left-wing shadows, "is an appalling thought to have hanging over your head."

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Wednesday 6th August 1.00 am

Present: A few taxi drivers, a drunken middle-aged man, a reluctant tea sales-lady and most of Dexy's Midnight Runners.

We want to explain ourselves as best we can.

We formed two years ago because we were tired of unemotional insincere music. We were genuinely inspired (too mild a word) by some records from the sixties. These have been well highlighted in pages like these, so we won't go into that.

We see things from a different angle to the original soul artists, so it's natural that we should sound, look and feel very different.

We don't consider ourselves to be musicians. Fortunately JB and Big Jimmy have a strong musical knowledge and are usually around to help the rest of us. The group is made up of stylists and technicians, with the style constantly feeding the technique.

We came together as people because we had a lot in common. Frustration, intense emotion, confusion, but most of all a new soul vision. An intense vision that encompassed the above feelings, but with enough warmth and passion to be soulful. We all share a lack of confidence and a total disinterest in insensitive people.

We believe soul is honesty and our music is honest,

therefore we are asking our audience for an honest approach when listening to our records or watching our live shows, because at some shows we've been quickly disillusioned by ecstatic audiences who think they are encouraging us when we have done no more than walk out onto the stage. Thanks but no thanks. We just need an honest "credit where due" approach. We need to summon up our own passion from our own pain and to be given the freedom to work it up to a more intense level. Please try and understand that soul can't exist amid rowdy celebrations in the way that rock and roll can.

Recently we've been asked some very confusing questions about a hunt for young soul rebels. We'd like to clarify the situation. Searching for the Young Soul Rebels is the title of our LP and we have already found the soul rebels; they made the record. We're very suspicious of cults, and while quite a few of us believe clothing to be a very important way of expressing ourselves, we are far from flattered by people dressing up like us. Why don't they dress up like themselves? Goodnight

the midnight runners



Vision must be restored... And what you give is what you get...

START!

BY THE JAM



MARK THOMAS



EDITED BY CYNTHIA ROSE

YOU TWIST AND I (MIGHT NOT) SHOUT

Lunch is still hot

RUMOURS about the growing reclusiveness of New York's Lydia Lunch, due on these shores for two dates which fell foul of a 'horrible infection', have proven unfounded. In the Sarah Bernhardt tradition, Lydia has been playing Farewell gigs with latest band blue funk funsters

Eight-Eyed Spy, and that association is now definitely kaputski. Spy manager Bob Singerman was unavailable for comment, but ZE publicists reiterate that there's no truth in gossip that Lydia has left off live performances for good.

BEVERLY HILLS

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN

Bureaucratic Double-Think Bamboozles Band

CATCH 22: You can't play in a rock band for nothing, and draw the dole at the same time, because if you do you're not available for a job you might be offered. But there are no jobs available.

Catch 22½: DHSS investigators never tell you they are investigating you, because the majority of those they investigate are "bad types" who "run and cover their tracks." So how do you convince them you are not a "bad type" who will "run" and cover your tracks?

With unemployment among young people reaching previously undreamt-of heights you might naively suppose that the Government would want to encourage enterprising self-starters in the rock world. After all, there are worse ways of keeping off the streets than by starting up a band and slaving away for next to nothing in the hope of making a living you liked. That at least is what Rhyl-based four-piece Seventeen imagined, when they joined forces in the summer of '79. The boys (Michael Peters, Edward MacDonald, Nigel Buckle, and Dave Sharp — still at

end of July, five months later, with the proprietor of a Huddersfield venue cancelling a Seventeen booking. He told Buckle of a visit he had from an investigator who travelled from Liverpool to quiz him about the band's timetable and fee.

In between, according to Buckle, the band were subjected to a "witch hunt" which stretched from Rhyl to Cardiff to Sheffield, but involved benefit payments of no more than a hundred-odd quid. This was money the band repaid with alacrity when challenged to do so by the investigators.

During the course of these events, the three band members involved each received a letter instructing them to report to an unemployment office at very short notice. Upon arrival each was confronted individually by an investigator who told him he must make a statement which could be used as evidence. One band member said he wanted to make a phone call but was told it had nothing to do with anyone else and was not allowed to do so. He refused to make a statement; so did a second band member. But the third made a statement because, he says, he was terrified by the

RADIO ONE CREDIBILITY BID
Playlist axed

AS PART of their annual Autumn re-shuffle, Radio One have announced plans to drop their infamous playlist system — long thought to be the cause of the shocking consistency that earmarks what is by default the nation's number one pop station.

Also due to be consigned to the dumper is the opportunity for self-aggrandisement embodied in DJ Records Of The Week. The jocks will instead be able to boost their viability in the field of supermarket openings with more individual programming.

In an interview with *Music Week*, Radio One controller Derek Chinnery explained that the playlist has been "much misunderstood, and has quite incorrectly given rise to criticism of limiting the range of output." He adds that disc jockeys and producers will still work together to prepare their programmes but will now be encouraged to be "even more" adventurous in their choice of material.

"But it's not going to change the

style of our output radically, and we will still play the hit sounds."

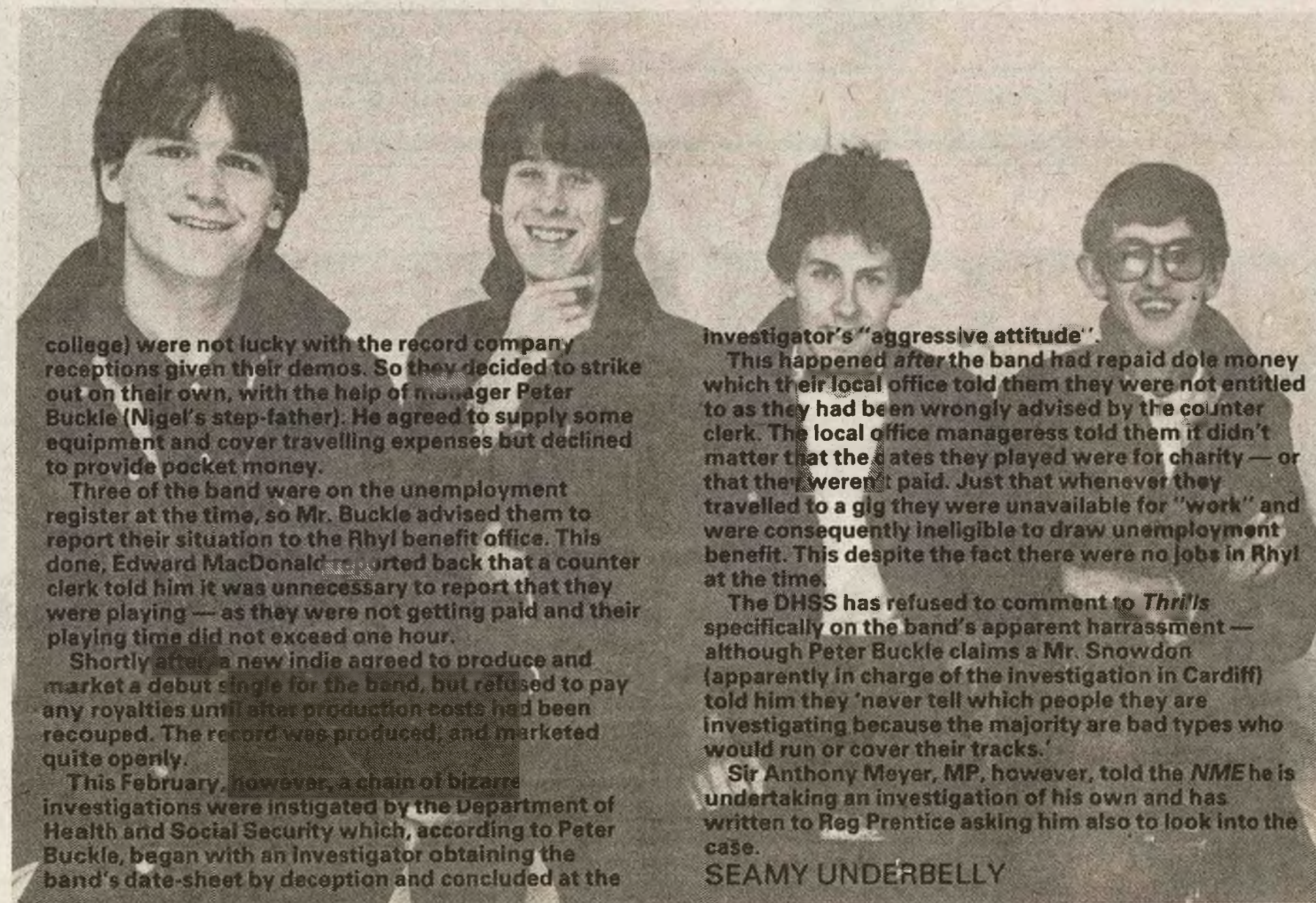
Readers will also be pleased to hear that the sales chart will still play an important part in deciding what is featured on Radio One. During the day the station will continue to play the best records from the chart (says *Music Week*) but it will "harden up" in the late afternoon when the target audience is younger and continue this policy through to the Mike Read show, by which time everybody should be sound asleep.

While Chinnery predicts "a more open policy than any of the commercial stations", one independent record plugger is confident that his livelihood is in no danger.

"Not being committed to a format could cause a lack of continuity during the daytime, but I feel they are professional enough at Radio One not to let that happen."

Thank goodness for that.
A HOUSEWIFE

Thrills



Above: Mike Peters, Dave Sharp, Eddie MacDonald, Nigel Buckle — bad types who ran??

THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT
Youth Centre Inspires Independent Tour

AS THE SOUND pointed out in these pages last week, getting to people is getting harder. 'Show me the boy who never wanted to be a rock star and I'll show you a liar?' Well, show me one who does and he'd better be one hell of a trier.

Such a lad is Mark Hall, formerly of Kit 185 — a Middlesex band who've handled the problems of accessibility so ingeniously that they may set some precedents.

Kit 185 found live outlets impossible to locate, discounting one disheartening experience with an 'audition night' in Southall. So they decided to record a demo, ploughing savings and energies into a small studio (built by kids) at the Uxbridge Youth Centre.

Convincing anyone to lend an ear

to the resulting tape proved even tougher than getting gigs, so band member Hall approached Cranwell Youth Centre, who had previously lent him rehearsal space. One of their workers suggested that might like to set up a Monday open evening, with the Centre forking out basic equipment so that kids who wanted to play could get started and existing groups would have rehearsal time and space. The project put both would-be musicians and more experienced local bands in contact with each other. Hall, encouraged by the success of the scheme (and about to become a father) retired from his own band to help expand the venture.

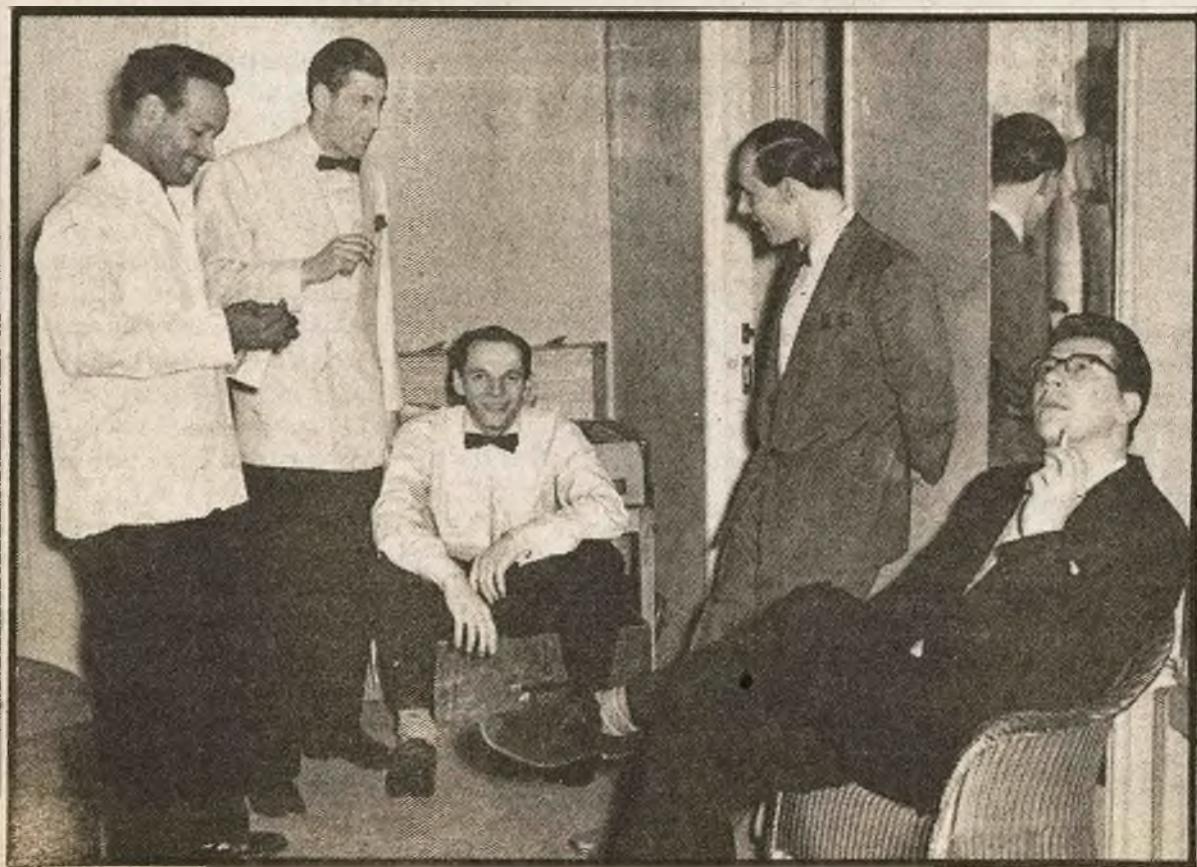
Now he's organised the 'Not So Famous Tour': a series of gigs which, like the whole Centre

operation, will rely on the participants managing all their own affairs. Dates on the tour so far include West Drayton Youth Centre on Aug 18 and 28; Ruislip Youth Centre on the 21; Unit One, Uxbridge, on Aug 21; Cranwell Youth Centre on Aug 24 and 30; and the Grange Youth Centre, Hayes, on Sept 6.

Appearing so far are Kit 185, The Fringe, Mayhem, Herbie Flowers, TV Scandal, Standards, Urban Collapse, Staccato Poems, Matt, and Red Box. But any other bands interested in the scheme are welcome to get in touch with Mark Hall, 897-1876, afternoons or early evenings.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Thrills



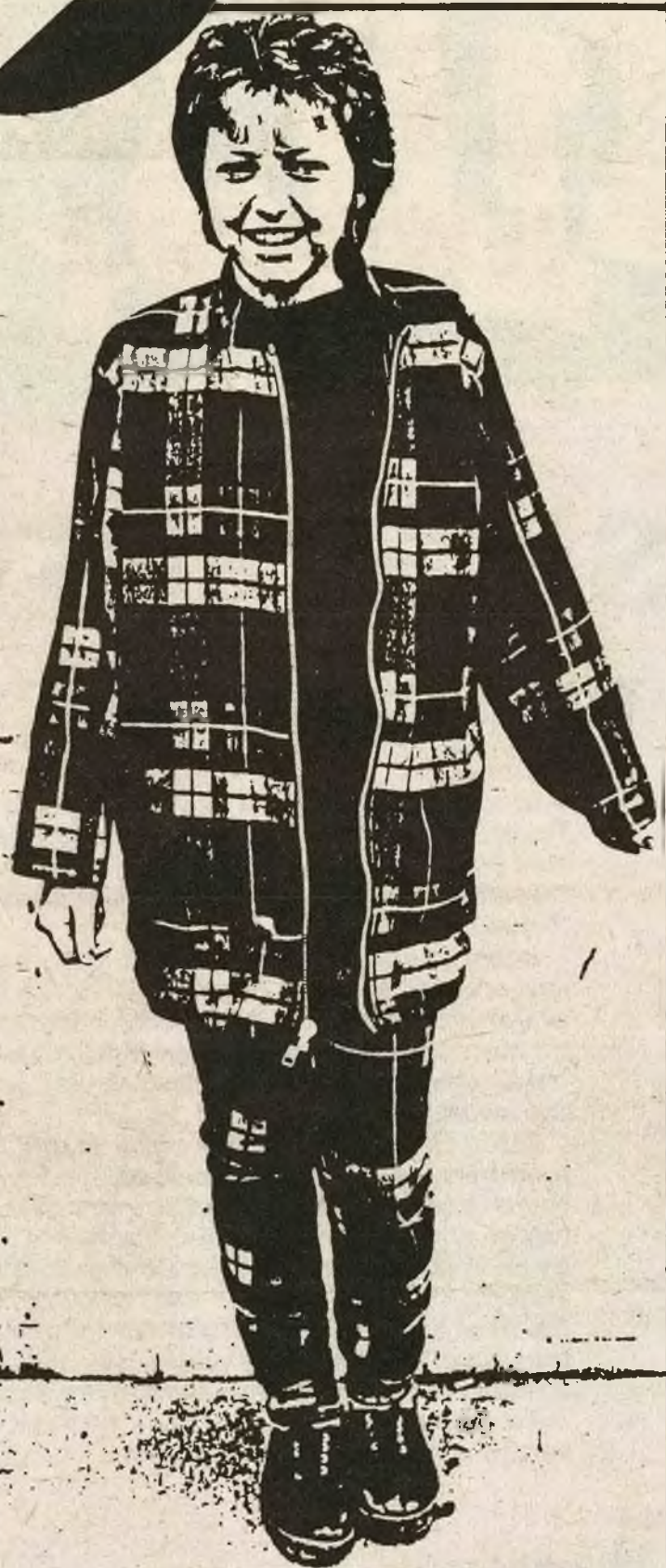
Disconsolate DJs ponder life without the playlist



AT HOME THEY'RE PURISTS?

Street Fashion Mag Takes Brave New Twirl.

Frances: Mode-Tartan zip-thru j'kt made by her Mother. Matching t'rs made by her Sister. Black plimsoles, only £2.00 from Woolworths. Still at school, her fav' music includes -Damned, Clash and Reggae. She doesn't like Mods.



Street participant Frances stands up for her style...

WITHIN weeks there'll be a new bit of litter in the teenage wasteland: a magazine called *I-D*. 50 pence for thirty-six black and white pages stapled between a fluorescent and black card cover. Unlike other modern things which parade behind two initials (the gross lures of PR, the slick reductionism of TV, the narrowing horizons of 'me') — *I-D* intends largely to let you determine its stance.

The title stands not for identification in the usual so-that's-what-it-means media sense, nor for the inverse snobberies of catching today's hip thing on the hop. In fact, *I-D* plans to come out only four times a year at first — thus minimising the need for manufacturing realities to cover.

I-D's real claim to uniqueness is its intention to treat fashion objectively: to report changes in taste without attaching particular values to appearances and choices. "Only a very hard core dress the clichés anymore," says editor Al McDowell (former manager of *The Rich Kids*), "although that's something the style press evades rather than reveals. We hope *I-D* will become a good collector's item in a documentary way."

Issue one's lengthiest feature is its 'Straight Up' fashion section: non-staged shots of kids stopped on the street, photographed and asked briefly about their clobber, its cost, and its personal associations. This reportage angle hardly drains

I-D of humour; its most traditionally romantic-looking fashion spread was shot by a Hell's Angel whom editor Perry Haines (also of *VIZ* magazine) met in a pub.

I-D is the brainchild of Terry Jones, third member of its editorial team. From '72-'77, Jones art directed *Vogue*; recently, he originated Italian monthly *DONNA* (until its latest and fourth issue one of the most imaginative glossies around), as well as design work for PiL. In '77, he designed the pink *PUNK!* book — which was how he met Al McDowell. Jones likes to refer to their new collaboration as a "fashion directory — of what kids wear and how they find it."

Identification of course is hardly all fashion, and issue one of *I-D* contains an assortment of recreational features: 'Do-What', a club spot which zeroes in on Brighton rock; a roller-skating fashion special; and 'Bright

Sparks', a cavalcade of poop both hot and not... Which is to say better ways to tie a tie may be timeless but James White is on at least his third Chance.

Still, if you want your leather jacket back turned into an icon of temporary culture, ex-con Ian Melville seems the man and *I-D* has his address, along with pictorial examples of his behind-the-back homage to The Cramps and D. H. Lawrence (!)

The one real lapse is a fashion brief supplied by Famous Clothes Person Caroline Baker, who made an avant-le-Polaroid reputation even before Kodak perfected the process, at the young *Nova* magazine. The three pix are up to her usual cheap chic standards, but the accompanying copy represents the worst in fictitious fashion omniscience — condescending 'authoritative' statements like

'Originate, Don't Imitate. Find Your Own I.D.'. Even Malcolm would have had this one thrown out of the *Swindle*; but the rest of the mag is promising enough that such instructions can be viewed as deliberate kitsch.

If none of your relations has recently been kidnapped, chances are you feel that those old ripped and raunchy punko graphics have lost a little of their immediacy. *I-D*'s package is different and fresh and it's telling no lies (excepting the few ads and they gotta survive till you buy some issues). Best of all, it manages to maintain an unexpected balance between the tired trash pash of yesteryear and the ominous Deadsville slush 'n gush of 'today'. *I-D* will be available by mail order for 50p (plus 20p P&P) from 80 Berwick Street, London W1V 3PF; or from Better Badges.

CYNTHIA ROSE

KID MAKES BETTER

Taken from the *Palmers Green and Southgate Gazette*. But can David Essex really produce an in-depth documentary on Heavy Metal? Tune in August 17 and see.



Janet Street-Porter with David Essex on LWT.

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NOT QUITE PLAYING THE GAME

Cult playwright hopes he's part of a new wave



Playwright Nigel Williamson dodges a few of his contemporary young characters.

THINK of a West End play that isn't simply full of ever-dwindling numbers of tourists or coachloads of day trippers from St Albans.

Difficult, isn't it? But now and again something actually worth watching manages to slip through. Nigel Williams' *Class Enemy* at the Royal Court in 1978 was a case in point. It was a bleak play about a group of kids set in a semi-derelict class room. "The first punk play" said *The Times* Theatre Critic... "chilling".

"Well it did come out in '78 and it was quite shocking," says Nigel, "But I never thought of it as being punk. I think it was much more like the theatre of the absurd really, more like Beckett. It was my first play, and I started writing it in that really hot summer in '76 when all the pubs had run out of lager and music seemed to be filling the Brixton streets — where I was living at the time. It just happened to coincide really well with the punk thing, but that wasn't planned".

One of the striking things about *Class Enemy* was the fact that the entire cast was under twenty-five. As Nigel 'I'm-just-a-clapped-out-32-year-old' points out, there aren't too many plays specifically written for people that age. "When it was on at the Royal Court, it managed to attract a whole audience that I don't think normally go to the theatre. All these young yobs, who in lots of ways were just like the people in the play — filing into the upper circle. I found that really exciting!"

One of the main characters in *Class Enemy*

was played by Phil Daniels, who is also in Nigel Williams' new play *Line 'Em* — which opens at the National Theatre next week. "It's about some blokes on a picket line and a strike breaking attempt. But mostly it's just meant to be a dialogue between all the characters involved on the line at the time. I don't want to write message plays. I never think that things are that clear. The process of watching a play has to be largely instinctive. In *Class Enemy*, one of the characters makes a racist speech and once when I saw it, a group of black kids started booing and hissing so it became really difficult to hear what was being said. For me, that's what theatre *should* be like."

"I want my plays to have the feel of a group of friends meeting after ten years and just talking about what's gone on. The audience should just be like people who are there in the room where it's all taking place. My characters aren't all nice, but they can be quite funny, and I think they are worth spending a couple of hours with."

In October he has yet another play opening at the Royal Court, this time with Toyah Wilcox in it. It's called *Sugar and Spice* and is "a love story about sex".

Does he always write plays with 'cult' stars in mind? "No, not really. I didn't write *S and S* with Toyah in mind. I was surprised when she was suggested for the part, even more surprised that she wanted to do it! But I am aware she has a following, and would like to think that people who like her music will also come and see her in the play."

MARK RUSHER

Dodgier Living Through Chemistry

ANGEL DUST COMES IN FROM THE COLD

THE MARVEL Comics Group have had one of their rare fits of altruism frustrated by the censors at the Comics Code. *Child's Play*, an anti-drug story about high-school kids screwed up on Angel Dust by Roger McKenzie (author), Frank Miller (artist) and Denny O'Neil (editor), was scheduled to appear in the November issue of *Daredevil*, but was refused Comics Code approval on grounds that it contravened Part B paragraph 6 of the Code's General Standards regulations.

The paragraph in question states, in part: "Narcotics or drug addiction or the illicit traffic in addiction-producing narcotics or drugs shall not be shown or described if this

presentation . . . involves children who are shown knowingly to use or traffic in narcotics or drugs." A three-panel sequence showing a kid smoking angel dust in a hash-pipe was redrawn several times by Miller at the behest of O'Neil and Marvel editor-in-chief Jim Shooter.

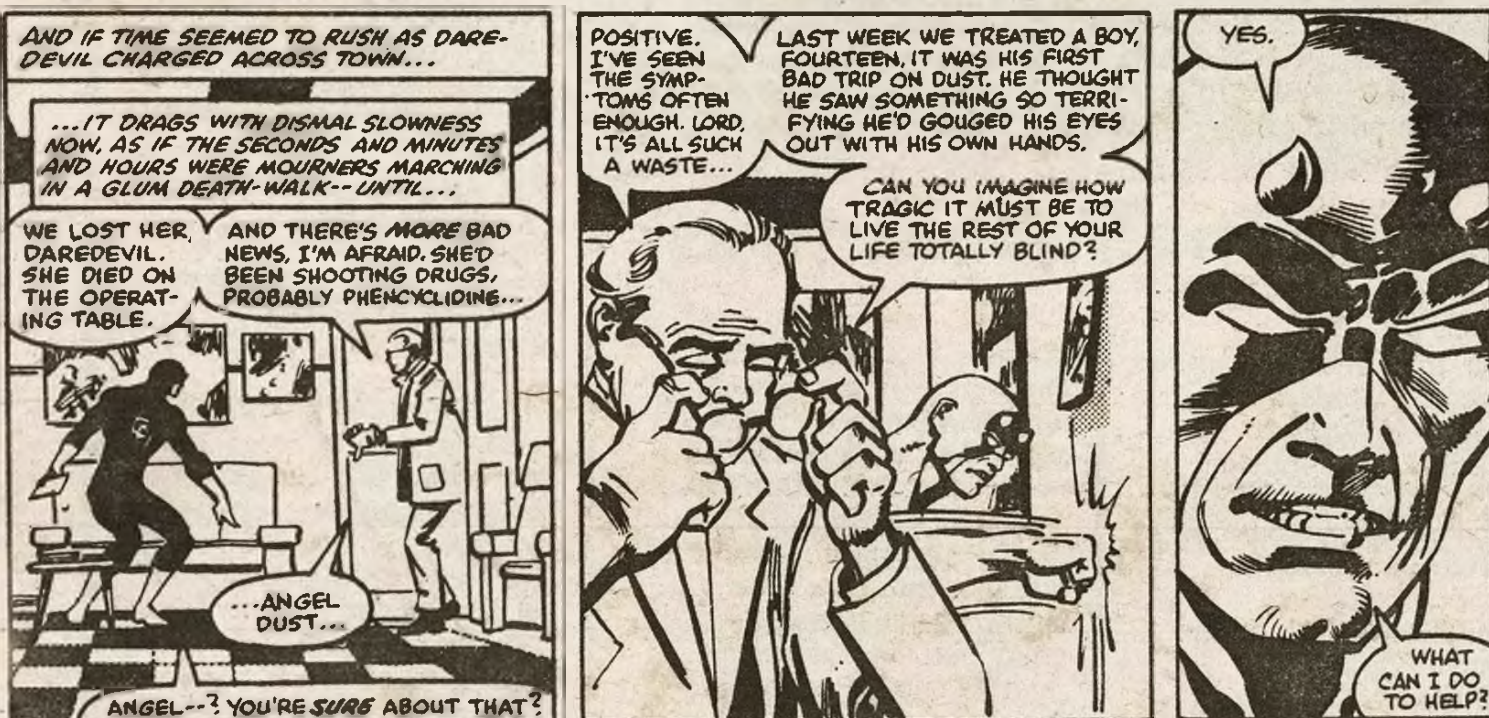
The central problem is that if the story is to have any impact on what is a very real danger, the situation as depicted in the comic has to bear some relation to the circumstances under which the drug is actually taken, but to do this the Code would have to be contravened. In the '60s, an anti-drug sequence in *Amazing Spider-Man* resulted in three issues — written by

Stan Lee — appearing without a Code seal. But Jim Galton, Marvel's President, is unwilling to take such a risk a second time.

Incidentally, Denny O'Neil, the editor of *Daredevil*, was responsible for a two-part *Green Lantern/Green Arrow* anti-heroin story published by Marvel's competitors DC a couple of years after Lee's *Spider-Man* sequence. This was passed by the Code despite graphic, detailed sequences (illustrated by Neal Adams) of teenage junkies shooting up and overdosing.

In a report on the conflict in *The Comics Journal*, Shooter and O'Neil promise that the story will eventually appear.

JIMMY OLSEN



The girl dies. The doctor explains some of the grim facts about "Angel Dust" to Daredevil, who decides to help combat the problem.

THE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR HIGH

WANT a thousand pound a day drug habit? Want to get as loaded as the human system can stand and chance major lung damage, massive third degree burns and even blowing yourself up? You do? Then you are a candidate for freebasing, the latest self-destructive fad for the rich and beautiful.

The Richard Pryor tragedy focussed public attention on the craze, when police accused the comedian of freebasing the night of his accident. Now out of hospital after six weeks intensive treatment, Pryor maintained in a TV interview with America's highest-paid newscaster, Barbara Walters, that he was not on drugs at the time.

Pryor told Walters: "I do drugs; I have done drugs," but claimed that on the evening of the accident he was drinking a Jamaican rum called 'overproof' and caused the explosion by lighting a cigarette near a some spilt rum.

Whatever the real facts, the

principle behind this terminal method of ingesting cocaine is that by dissolving powdered street coke in liquid ether it is possible to separate (or 'free') the 'base' cocaine alkaloid from additives and impurities. The solution is then heated in a special pipe. The resulting vapour is inhaled.

Originally, freebasing was conceived as a way of obtaining pure cocaine from heavily adulterated street powders. But experimenters found that toking coke soaked in ether produced an 'indiscribably euphoric' high — with a duration of about 30 seconds.

This was where trouble started. Immediately after the 30 second high came a down of such massively depressing proportions that the user would, like old time junkies of horror legend, do anything to get off again. If this wasn't bad enough, the act of heating the highly volatile mix of coke and ether (usually with a gas lighter or butane torch) carried an absurdly high risk of flash fire or explosion.

The rich and bored were not

deterred. Sly Stone told the media about his freebase enthusiasm, waxing as eloquent over the fad as Timothy Leary had once waxed about acid.

In Hollywood, however, it was already clear that freebase was hardly the answer to the world's problems or a safe source of escapism. Freebasers were showing symptoms of serious personality disorders — gregarious coke snorters were turning into paranoid loners, hugging their freebase habits strictly to themselves. The freebase euphoria was a total substitute for human relationships.

Even worse than the psychological problems are cases of heart attacks, lung damage, serious burns and lacerations from exploding pipes. Freebasers have developed additional downer problems with valium, quaaludes or even heroin — drugs used in attempting to counter the post-base depression.

MICK FARREN

Lowry



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SUBLIMINAL TALES

"WHO ARE The Mystere Fives?" I asked the chauffeur of the white Rolls Royce. The gentleman made no effort to answer.

45 minutes later I was being escorted into a conservatory where over-ripe vines crept up the walls and the temperature was sub-tropical. A silent butler brought me two cups of cappuccino, a pair of long range glasses, a blank sheet of paper and a selection of fountain pens. Outside I could hear nothing except the buzz of a lawnmower and then an indeterminate noise, like the whine of a bee hive. I paid it no attention until the noise grew louder before evaporating in a sonic boom. Above the roof a phalanx of fighter planes manoeuvred into perfect formation, dipped their wings and prepared for descent. Grabbing the glasses I focussed on their tails and kept them in my sights. I recognised the markings immediately — these planes were French. They weren't Lancasters and they weren't Messerschmidts, they were... The Mystere Fives, and I have no reason to doubt their authenticity, burst into my prison. They were wearing bomber command suits and full hoods. Each man carried a dossier. It was only afterwards, as I studied the information in the privacy of my London flat, that I realised how close I'd come and how lucky I'd been.

The government has been trying to find out the identity of the Mystere Fives for longer than I can remember. Indeed it was only after chancing upon a top secret report in my Whitehall office that I'd noticed all the palaver. Seems that the European music press, not the kind of stuff I ever read myself of course, was kicking up quite a stink all round. The influential English paper NME had picked up one of their signals, a disc, cryptically entitled 'No Message1'. It was apparently superior in every respect to the outpourings of the popular panaceas, and reading between the lines it was possible to deduce that the Fives were not what they seemed to be.



The slender photographic evidence. Pic: Nick Infield

Who are The Mystere Fives?

In fact, the news from above was that The Mystere Fives contained well-known members of other musical organisations whose identity, should it become known, was enough to start a steady rumble of injunctions, recriminations, chart action and World War III. The knowledge I'd obtained, slender as it was, cast some light on their origins...

"The Mystere Fives is a vehicle for madness. In the past six months we have remained totally anonymous, made no public appearances and issued no directives. Our aim is to spring the group unannounced at somebody else's meeting. We'll come on, disguised, play three numbers and leave. All this time the motor will be running outside. We can play and then piss off

home in less than an hour. Our first gig will probably be with The Smart and Michael Moorcock, we'll jam loose behind him. Invitation only."

This all agreed with my preliminary findings but the public wanted facts. Why wouldn't this group, who described themselves as guerilla tacticians, explain their motives?

"Because there is too much about, too much polarised opinion. If we were to announce our presence... look we don't want to do conventional halls, or attract a Mystere Five type of following, we'd have to maintain a style. We don't have a style, we have no restrictions and no opinions. We don't aspire to anything and we don't want anyone wearing our uniform,

becoming our faction." Switching off the machine I plugged in a micro-transcript of 'No Message'. The familiar rumbling hiss and jerking guitars triggered off a near Pavlovian hysteria even now. "We're not special, send no message, we're not trapped in pidgin image." I sped the tape forward.

"Don't be another brick against the wall."

Why this is nothing more than a collection of song titles! "Exactly. We're able to do what PIL and The Residents would like to do, except that everyone knows who they are and has preconceptions."

The dangers of this kind of thing catching on are pretty damn obvious. The signal sold under the counter to over 5000 people in England — and the French unbanked the francs to purchase 4000 more. No-one was capable of stopping the pressing.

"And there'll be another one soon, going under the title 'Dose Of Fate', that could be equally sarcastic. We can get away with outrageous things, no-one will know. It's pretty annoying isn't it? The trouble with most bands is that they want to be stars and pull birds. But even the less successful ones are depressed, they're just as down as the famous names. 'Course we like a bit of crumpet on the side. C'mon Fr..."

As I replayed the tape it became obvious I was onto something big, almost too big to handle perhaps. I knew for example that one of The Mystere Fives had patented the vulcanised rubber drinking suit with waterproof cigarette pouch and re-cycling Guinness unit. Given time I might even locate their HQ and discover the vital source...

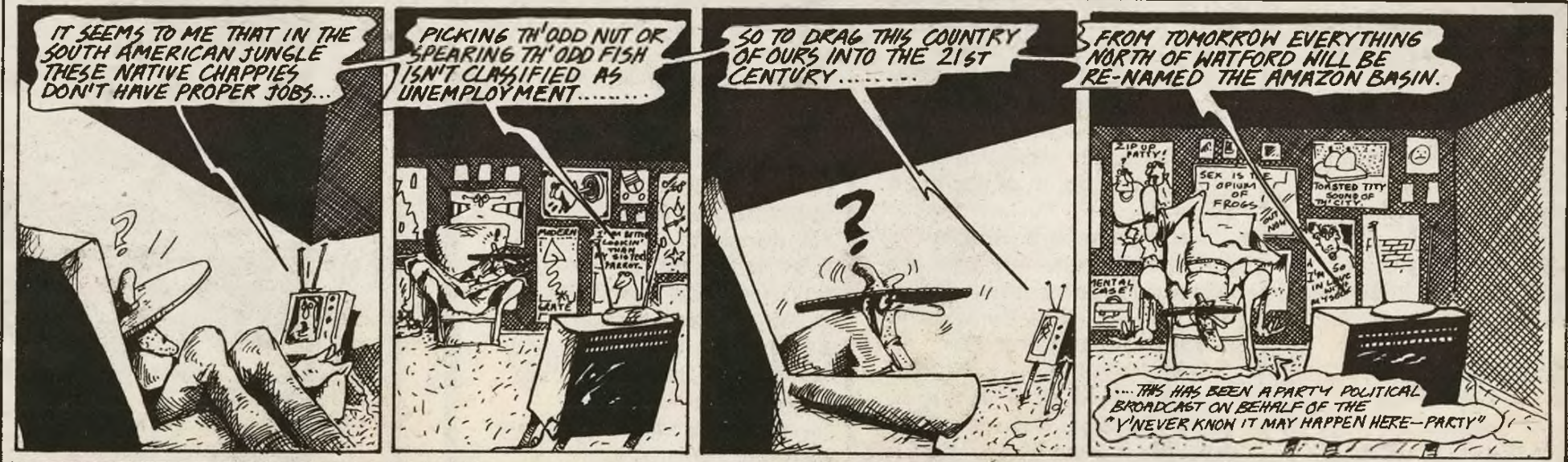
As the signal reached the end of its side the door shook and opened. A man in black blocked the portal and the window is seven floors up.

"Well... are you ready to tell us? Who are The Mystere Fives?"

But I'll never tell them, even though I might just know.
SAM MISSILE

Benyon

The Lone Groover



IT SEEMS TO ME THAT IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE THESE NATIVE CHAPPIES DON'T HAVE PROPER JOBS...

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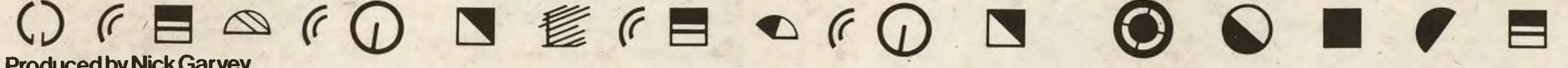
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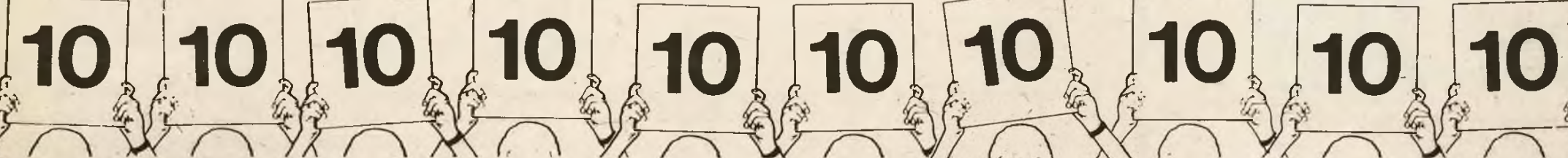
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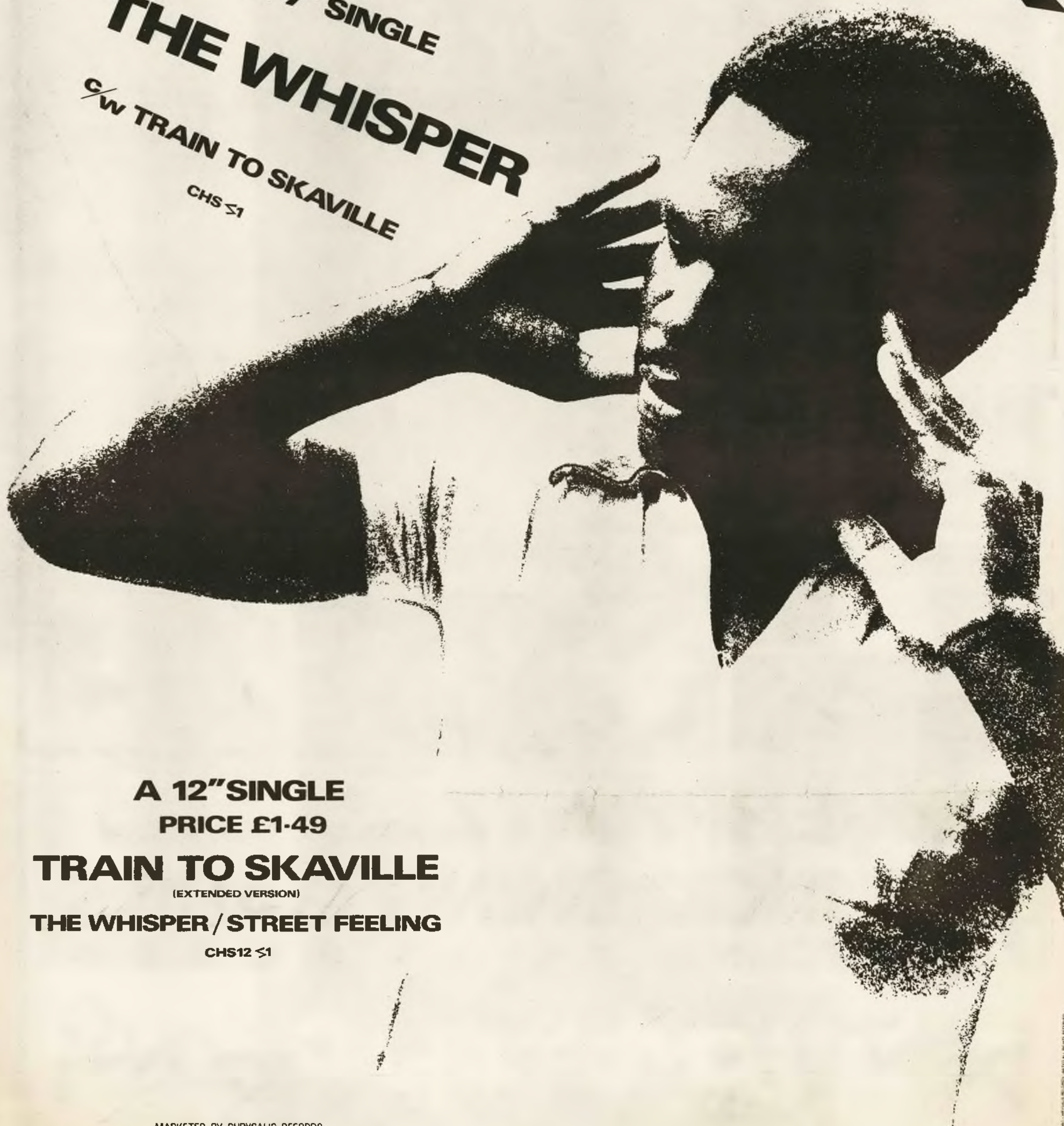


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INTERVIEWS

paul morley

"Everything we've done has been half an accident anyway. We were just playing music we liked in a pub and then The Specials appeared and suddenly we got caught up in that, and suddenly we found we were pop stars and then the LP came out and we became even bigger pop stars." — David Steele.

THERE WASN'T much point as far as I could see in bothering with The Beat. But then I woke up out of one of my more bigoted snoozes, and I realised that I was conning myself.

The Beat were a defiant dance group with an eye on the end; an escapist pop group telling us there's no escape; a group with a face who were dealing out dubs; a group who were trying to tear away the masks. And, like the better groups of the moment, they were combining conflicting, crazy, even corny, styles with a personal and zealous perception.

I knew there was no dubiety or compromise: just style with resolution. They weren't totally eccentric — just part way, and perhaps revolutionary.

Two constant singles, a stunning third — all hits — and an LP of sweet will and hard drive. The Beat were developing as quickly as success was descending. They were always a few steps ahead of where I thought they were... not a scuddy ska group dripping in false pride and grins and ties skipping into a rosy future... so that by the time I really looked they were a group getting weirder, developing their ideals and strengths, not slipping comfortably into Commercial City.

They were as exclusive and as realistic as it was possible for a pop group to be. I ripped away all my 2-Tone prejudices and dragged them away from where I had categorised them. I was a long way from the rotting undergrowth when I got off the train in Birmingham.

A Beat met me. "Didn't think you'd want to do this piece," he remarked.

There is a lot of fun as far as I can see in bothering with The Beat.

We drove away from the station to The Beat office — an oasis of pop decadence and, in this instance, defiance, situated in the kind of depressed, fading environment



pHOTOGRAPHS

peter anderson

you've had wearily described time and again. It's a couple of poorly furnished, scrappy shops. The office is as messy and as welcome as its owners' philosophy. Inside, reality can be suspended and in a way confronted.

It's also a home for their record label, Go-Feet, and a place where American tours are planned. It's a symbol of their success.

"It was the idea of a fusion of all the different types of music we liked. When Barbarellas shut in Birmingham we used to have lots of parties in people's homes and there were a couple of guys who were regular DJs and they just started playing punk and a bit of reggae, and it was a really nice blend. You could get high energy, then you got fluid movement, and it seemed like obvious that then you'd get high energy with fluid movement. It certainly made the parties go a lot better!"

"One good thing about the pressure is that it frightened us so that we had to run to each other and hold each other's hands. The first month of the group, which was supposed to be rehearsals, was actually like a social experiment. It was dreadful, we were arguing all the time. That went on for a while and then it got alright and we got successful and it had to be right then. There was no way we could sit in a van in the middle of Belgium and not be friendly." — David Wakeling.

IN A SMALL room in The Beat's office I've been talking to Ranking Roger. We've finished a formal interview and we're talking about people, jobs and boredom when The Beat's drummer Everett Martin wanders in, leans against the door and growls, "Put it down to politics."

Everett — now 29 and who came to Britain from his native St Kitts during his early teens — came along to tell me some news about the last train back to London; but maybe it was an excuse to put in his point of view.

"I can't even see the future for tomorrow. You just have to sit tightly waiting... what happens happens..."

CONTINUES OVER ▶



THE BEAT ▶

▶ ROGER



▶ SAXA

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This is Beat pessimism at its extreme. But wouldn't you like to have some say?

He appreciates a mouthful of whisky and notes, "Yes, but you can't."

Roger pipes up, bouncing off Everett's over-dry realism, "I mean, our new single's our say..."

Everett's pessimism drags things down again. "That's our say... but..."

That's a heavy but.

Roger typically tries to dress up this pessimism a little. "It's like if you go to the government and say, Will you listen to 'Stand Down Margaret'? I don't think she'll be interested. To her it's not going to effect anybody; it's not going to effect her. But," he chuckles cheekily, "it is really."

Everett: "All she wanted to do is get there and she's done it."

Roger: "And now we're all under her little finger."

Everett: "She's made her history."

What a pathetic history.

"Yeah, it is."

Everett tries to point out that she took over at the wrong time, but Roger's recalling some scriptures he's read. "On the page it talked about the Iron Lady, The Queen Of Babylon and at the bottom it had written, *That's her*: just that. I got to thinking that's her, Thatcher..."

But don't The Beat fight her?

"Yeah, in words."

Is that feeble?

Everett shrugs in tired agreement. Roger thinks The Beat are strong. Everett says, "Sticks and stones... but words..."

I ask him why he's in The Beat.

"To play drums. I'm beginning to enjoy it. Fun is fun."

So what about the pressure implied by his pessimism?

"You can't forget the pressure, but it's still fun. I'm on the stage and I'm under this pressure, but I have to say that while I'm on stage I forget that pressure. And then I come off and it's there again."

"But I got to spend some time with the kids. I've got three kids and they never really see me. It's not much of a life for them."

I mutter something about the reality of that, how that puts certain issues in perspective.

"People like to call us pop stars," says Roger, "but we're not pop stars."

"In a way we are," Everett disagrees, with his wise sense of proportion. "To people we are pop stars, not ourselves."



"All the things I've read in the papers have been from one extreme to the other... from a very trivial Fun Fun Fun thing right through to, *This is the band for the '80s*, and I think all that's pretty inadequate. It's probably a mixture of both! *Chance I would put it down to: we just happened to be in the right place at the right time. We were playing the same music before we even heard The Specials and they offered to do a single and three weeks after it was like 2-Tone dominating TOTP and it became a mania and we got swept up into that.*" — Andy Sox

"We were really nervous about getting involved in something like the music industry, because of what happened with punk. Like the first Clash LP changed my life, why didn't it change the world? And then you see The Clash on TV saying they've got all this debt and you say, *Oh no, we're not getting involved in that. We would never have had anything to do with the industry if it wasn't for 2-Tone.*" — David Wakeling.

DAVID STEELE is The Beat's bassist. He speaks in a pervasively expressive monotone. He used to work in a mental hospital. He is 20 on September 8. We talk in the back of a Mini as it speeds around the streets of Birmingham following other Beat-carrying cars searching for photo-locations.

I start off talking about style. Steele, suspicious of journalists, thinks I'm getting at him, and answers ultra-cautiously. He's very wary of being pinned down and he's not happy to maintain The Beat's forceful ambiguities. Steele's answers to my questions quickly grow longer. He often mentions the games involved in The Beat, that sometimes he takes it incredibly seriously and other times he doesn't care at all. I ask him if what The Beat are doing is important.

"Yeah. It's got some very important parts and then it's got some very trivial parts. Like 'Hands Off She's Mine' is incredibly trivial. But some of the things we're doing, even sub-consciously, are important."

Were you prepared for 'Hands Off' to be listened to by so many people?

"Not really. It's just we watched the old Beatles films at Christmas... *She loves you yeah yeah yeah! Hands off she's mine!*... it's just a pop tune. It wasn't supposed to be a hit and we still think it's quite funny that it was. But we don't mind. It means I can buy meals and things."

And then it goes a stage further — responsibility.

"I don't think of other people really. I think of us. When we do a record we don't do it for anybody else but ourselves. If we thought, Will somebody like it? What are they going to think about this line? I'd go mad. Probably will anyway."

We talk about dub. Steele reckons that their dub music will reach more people than any other has. "Which is quite good really."

Why is it good?

"Because maybe it will disturb people: Oh, what's that on the radio? Except they won't play it. Everybody conforms to their own little roles. The most nauseating audience I've seen in ages was when I went to Throbbing Gristle and it was exactly like an art school lecture. What they are doing was actually quite interesting, but they were doing exactly what their fans expected. The Fall do what you expect of them. The Beat perhaps do as well, except we do seem to surprise a lot of people. Maybe we

can surprise people, be one of the few groups who actually can.

"We've got a really big audience and we are using ideas that normally only a few people have heard. Maybe they're nothing new or fantastic, but at least they're reaching people."

Are you progressive?

"We get better. We play quite well now. In a lot of ways the first LP is out of date now considering the way the new songs have started. They're more sort of full. You might hate them."

That's not really relevant.

"No, it's not really."

Steele can barely tolerate the excessive media attention. "It's like a hangover from the '60s when there was so much money in it. In a capitalist society money provides attention. There's no other reason for anything other than money. I think it's a myth that the big record companies exist for anything other than money. It just so happens that a lot of them are pretty inefficient about it."

How do The Beat fit into that?

"We are quite exploited in a way, same with anybody who's in a capitalist society. The actual money we make for the record company we only see a fraction of, just like someone who's working in a factory. He doesn't get it but the

chairman of ICI does."

What about the morals?

"It's disgusting. I'm not approving of it. I hate capitalism. I don't feel comfortable, but I don't have much choice. If I want money I have to work for it. I do quite enjoy myself at the moment. I'm very lucky, I don't think many get that chance. I certainly don't believe in the old cliché that if you work hard you'll get further."

"All that I know is that I'm happy."

Define your particular happiness.

"I've always loved music so I'm just quite happy having a job to do with it although there's a lot of shit involved that I could well do without."

That's always going to be there.

"No, because the world's not always going to be there."



"People have written some really strange things about us and you think, *is that what's really happening? I don't think you can avoid it. We could sit here and talk all night and you could go away and do anything basically. The only way we can keep it going is by the records we release, cos that's the one thing we more or less have control over from the inception to the end.*" — Andy Cox.

"We still live in the same places and we still go to the same places. I don't know what effect success has had on me. I can buy a few more clothes and I don't have to get up in the morning very much. I don't think we're going to change anything. We can try. We will be helping a few groups. It's like things half-backfire. When we toured we tried to get lots of little groups to support us and we just got loads of incredibly silly ska groups. We did get some groups, like Vice Versa and The Flowers, all totally different, which is healthy." — David Steele.

AFTER uncomfortable pictures in the rain by a canal, The Beat convoy takes off for a special pub — one with a patio inside. At the pub, bar staff recognise the group and bits of paper are handed round to sign.

I sit at a table under an umbrella opposite Andy Cox, 24, The Beat's guitarist, a thoughtful looking person. He appears pretty unconcerned about everything, and very pragmatic about the past few months. He must be under an unusual pressure, so scrutinised?

"Yeah, I find that in a way — you can talk to people and make general statements of things you don't really think about and next week you read it in the paper like it's the word of God or something."

How does he feel about The Beat's rapid success?

"Quite odd. Quite overwhelmed at times. You wonder what's going on. Nine months ago we were completely unknown and the next thing it's *NME* and records in the charts. It phases you out a bit."

He looks very unphased. Does he feel in control?

"I think so. The way things have been arranged is that we've got control over everything. We've just got a commitment to make an LP and two singles a year, so we're not really under that much pressure to get material out."

"We're not under that much pressure to do anything really. Since the British tour, which was like a peak, we've been able to think about what we want to do; finding ourselves in this remarkable position."

One of the reasons for this is because of the early 2-Tone tie up. Holding back my 2-Tone angst until I talk to David Wakeling, I still make it known that I feel the 2-Tone thingy is so safe and tidy.

Cox isn't bothered about my distaste. "When we were offered the record on 2-Tone I hadn't really formed an opinion other than it was quite a good independent label. We only lived about 15 miles away and we'd heard the names and the rock'n'roll reggae'n'ska thing, but I

didn't form an opinion when I first saw it cos there wasn't anything there."

"We were never really amongst it cos as soon as the single 'Tears Of A Clown' came out we were knee deep in A&R men — cos it was a 2-Tone single; because it had become a money-spinner."

Did it compromise you in any way?

"No, I don't think so. The tunes on the LP, a lot of them we did because we just needed to play, to learn to play together. Everyone was coming from a different angle. I think, if anything, success gives you a chance to do more. I don't think we're necessarily pressurised into releasing fabulously commercial singles or anything. We can decide what we're going to release."

Define that 'commercialism' you

mentioned.

"What the record company expects. It's their business."

You're against that commercialism?

"Well, for its own sake. I don't think there's anything particularly wrong with selling records. Obviously you want a lot of people to listen. When you start thinking about formulas and that, well that doesn't interest me."



"Everybody needs love. But nobody ever gets enough. You have to give it to them. Do you know what I really wish for? To live for 150, to help the person who really needs food... it is love. If we have it and the boys have it then we have to help the people who haven't got it and that's why I am still alive today." — Saxa.

"It's natural having Saxa in the group. It is very strange and mad but he fits in well. He doesn't do much work. What he does do is play saxophone, which he does great. He is an amazing saxophone player." — David Steele.

THEY TELL me that Saxa doesn't talk to journalists. I don't think of myself as one, so I buy him a lager with a little bit of lime and chat with him in this peculiar Birmingham pub.

The Beat plucked him out of local pub 'obscurity' and he seems only slightly disorientated by the silly rock biz. Looking natty in proud denim suit, sucking profoundly on a pipe, eyes twinkling constantly, he's in his element when a camera's trained on him. For all his reluctance to do interviews, he loved it when the mike was stuck under his nose.

Like the Ethiopian distance runner his age is unknown — 50-ish — and immaterial. He's Jamaican and a cobbler by trade. His position within The Beat is unorthodox and largely unexplained but deeply attractive. He adds a twisting and twisted perspective to the group, and his sax playing is a rare fuel. Although an ill man, he has great faith in the group; and can see unlimited potential. He is also religious in a very warm and inoffensive way.

He is not the usual straight up and down rock interview — he has nothing to sell — and is therefore one of the best. He has an answer to everything. In a way he is The Beat personified: laughter and tears, love and despair — defiantly musical.

I ask him how much he has seen music change.

"Oh man!" he exclaims. "Gee! Change! Definitely change... everything change. The world is change."

In a good way?

"No. Nobody playing good music now."

Nobody?!

"Fe me."

In what way are you playing good music?

"Well, I would like to give you a

demonstration, but I can't." He shows that he doesn't have his saxophone. "Music is feelings. Not just to play music just because you get paid for it. You've got to want to do it and do it good. I mean, the problem is to please the world the way you do it. Me feel good playing with these boys. They're young and me not as young as them. Big difference. Me look at them as me sons. Not from birth they is my sons."

How does he feel about people hearing him play good music?

His eyes light up. "Yes! Like in a foreign country, in Germany and Amsterdam and like going to America — me like it."

"You see me was six and a half when me start music and then me left Jamaica and come to this country and met some musicians in this country who don't know what music is about really. To them they is playing really good music but to me is rubbish. Me mother she said to me you do things the way you feel."

"Music is feelings; well, everything is feelings really. My music is my feelings. Say this is a bandstand and you are the audience out there, a million people, I going to play but my feelings have got to go there fe the people, not fe myself. If you play music fe yourself then you never be a musician. You got to play fe the people and that's what me do."

What makes you want to play music?

"Well, it's you like live a certain time, everyone do live a certain time, and everybody have a gift and

if the good Lord give you the gift he won't tell you what to do with it, but he give it to you and it's up to you to use it. So that's what me do with a gift."

"Before me met these blokes me played with every musician, well the majority, and some treat me good and some treat me bad. This group treat me the best and that's why me do like them and they do like me."

How far can it go?

"Not far, not too far. My body ain't well, me ain't getting any younger, there's a stop to everything in the world today. You see my idea of music is love. I love my saxophone and if I didn't love my saxophone I couldn't really play."

Are you an idiot Saxa?

"No!" he laughs "If someone should say that to the next person, if me should say to you, Hey man, youse an idiot, is the person who use the word who is the idiot! If you say to this glass, Hey, what a stupid glass, this glass ain't gonna do nothing."

How do you feel about cynical, critical people?

"There is no one who can ever criticise the next person. You can't. If someone says to me, Hey, Saxa, what are you doing? You can't play that saxophone! They ain't talking to me, they is talking to themselves... They're talking to themselves so to me is not really criticise."

To you what is failure?

"That is a good question! Failure is when you get your gift and you don't go forward. You know your gift and yet you don't try to use it. Everyone is on this earth for a purpose. We don't help each other! And we try and talk about each other behind each other's backs. Then you talk about yourself."

How do you feel about all the poverty and degradation?

Saxa sighs, looks momentarily confused, but then sees a way. He never lectures, just sort of outlines.

"We can try... me and you and the boys... that's what we'd like to do... if we get the success we really want... you've got to have a certain type of money to help those people. You might eat and live something and know that someone else is dying to get that. It hurts, but you have to carry on."

"That's why ask me the good Lord everyday to let me live to help the people who are starving."

"It depend what you mean by love, how you take it. You can take love as a love song about somebody you love. And then there is the love that is in this band. It's unity and racial harmony. I don't think there's



been any trouble in this band, we have arguments but they never last for more than two minutes. If you're talking about love you're talking about putting things correct and then there will be love. There is love now within this band." — Ranking Roger

"I don't really see an end result. All you can do is contribute a little bit and when that contribution gets a little dodgy just go somewhere else. Contribute from somewhere else." — David Wakeling.

DAVID Wakeling sings, plays a cool white teardrop guitar the right way round. He is very concerned that he has his say. After our drive round Birmingham we sit in the spare room back at the office. He's 23 and for the interview he gets serious. Poor Wakeling gets me boring on about 2-Tone.

The Beat suffer a little from the 2-Tone residue, certainly from a merchandising point of view. 2-Tone is cosy, I say, simple to copy, a quick way to draw attention, maybe ultimately wasting people's time.

"When we met them it was really positive," Wakeling claims. "It was fabulous. I never thought people could get into such a position."

Didn't it seem contrived? "It didn't seem like that any time. I'm sure there are people all over who got something out of it; all the T-shirt makers in the country seem to have a link to it. We decided we were going to set up our own merchandising because people are going to buy Beat T-shirts and badges, so we're going to make sure that when they do they last longer than three days, and that there's a badge somebody's enjoyed working on."

Don't you feel that the audience are into an attractive style without any substance?

"They sometimes go from one to the other. If people are attracted to the style then they might go into the other things. I'm not saying everyone will buy a T-shirt then buy an LP and say this is it. But I do think it crosses from one to the other."

How do you feel about that tight link between fashion and music?

"Even if people are just wearing the fashion it can still be some sort of statement about racial harmony."

"I think I've noticed it. Especially this time, on this last tour you notice that there were more black people in the audience. At the start 2-Tone audiences were totally white, and it struck me as being a bit odd. But now there's a lot of black kids come to the concerts — and it might take contrived fashion, if you like, to

bring that about. If you get some sort of banner most kids say, Oh yeah, I agree with that. It's just a kind of focussing thing."

So it was important? "It was like a social comment generally. Unusual in that it was post-punk, it reflected on the music business as well. It was like 2-Tone was enabling things to be said to a lot of people. We left 2-Tone because it looked like it was going to be a very commercial venture — but not just because of that."

"The first major reason was that we thought 2-Tone was such a good idea that it was better to go off and set up something as good, or at least come from a different angle. If one thing gets commercialised or diffused, there are lots of things coming from different angles and then at least you can survive the crap."

What about the common ska-reggae fusion — does everything on Go-Feet have to be reggae based?

"No, not at all. We decided that the first single by a group that wasn't The Beat wasn't going to be reggae; even if it was good we thought we had to make that stand. It was like a starting point."

"Like ska was only a starting point, a starting point amongst many starting points."

But it became more important than a starting point, and consequently as a force less important.

"Yes, to the point where it's wavering."

In most ways The Beat have lost their 2-Tone identity, moving sharply and shrewdly to avoid being frozen on the spot. They're also trying to make the most of their sudden position of fame and fortune in a way that is practical, unexpected and topical. The proceeds from their new single 'Best Friend/Stand Down Margaret' are being donated to CND, the Anti-Nuclear Campaign. Can you afford to? I ask Steele.

"No," he replies. "We're in a position of strength to do this," says Wakeling. "Which is ridiculous, when a year ago I was thinking, Oh, I really ought to send a quid."

The sum The Beat are now thinking of is £25,000 — "It should be enough to get an office and pay three people's wages."

Wakeling explains the decision. "I think it's a feeling of responsibility. It's very nice shouting for freedom all of the time but you only get as much freedom as you feel responsible for anyway. It's either the end very soon or people are going to expect or need more freedom."

Everyone in The Beat reports that The End is close; it's not so much gimmicky defeatism but plain realism.

"We're not frightened or worried, but we must all be prats if we can't do better than blow ourselves up. It's like we're not trying hard enough."

You feel hopeless or helpless? "Well, I don't think doing a single for the Anti-Nuclear Campaign is going to stop nuclear reactors poisoning everybody, but in a way we feel spiteful — alright, fuck the world up, but we are going to let you know that we know you're doing it."

"It's just so quiet in England. We went to Europe and we noticed all the campaigners all over, really militant, risking getting their heads bashed in to say what they actually feel about it. That doesn't happen here at all. We're talking about de-centralisation and for people to make their own mind up about things and actually to find out about their lives: simple but vitally important things."

words or I didn't know what to say. But because I've heard people at interviews and I've spoken to hundreds of people about The Beat and about life, I can now face interviewers and actually reason with them."

Ranking Roger talks frankly and excitedly about The Beat: no posing, obscuring or powdering over. He wants to communicate and talks seriously about his days as punk and rasta, searching for unity and comradeship; how he toasts love, peace and unity without a trace of embarrassment. Roger is 19 and stepping out — learning, both elated and disturbed by what he's discovering. The Beat are a group of personality and character but Roger still stands out. It would do a few London cynics a bit of good talking to him. I ask what he's fighting for.

"Unity basically. I still think it's worth it. Take, for instance, the National Front, yes. Three years ago the NF were really well known but within those three years the majority of people are anti-fascist, anti-nazi. It's happening, people are

You dance as well. It's all over and you dance!

"Oh yeah. I tell you something, people have come up to me after gigs and said, Man, that was great! A big skinhead came up to me once and said, I used to be a member of the British Movement, right? But tonight I've seen unity, fuck them! And I told Dave that and we were just smiling because we'd done something."

"It was a great night, and when you come to think, when people are dancing they find it easy to sing. I surely do."

AMIX of levity, simplicity, understanding, passion, objectivity, pessimism, frivolity — The Beat could never be neutral, never be numb or numbing. They see it getting stronger, and from the way they talk they'll push out not turn in. It's a fight to the end, but let's not get too worked up. They'll resist the roles and routines of rock if nothing else; look to jolt but never to confuse.

Roger: "We've got to change. We're going to change. We are already. We're going slightly disco, slightly weirder; we've got a new number called 'Too Nice To Talk To' and it's a little like Public Image."

Wakeling prophesies with irony the absurdities of the rock history pressure that will inevitably come their way.

"The crucial third LP and all that sort of rubbish. It's like a joke now, isn't it? We make the second LP and everyone says that 2-Tone is off the boil and everyone's looking for faults and says that it's make or break time. It's ridiculous."

"I think some of the things that are meant to be pressures are just so daft, they're only pressures if you take them seriously. They're a joke."

In these times when everyone's moaning, whining, trivialising, stupefying, The Beat don't cheat. The Beat stand strong. Vitally and trivially.

I used to think The Beat were silly but now I know they're not.

"When I was younger I used to be a little trouble maker. I used to be a little street fighter, and the only reason I went around hitting people and causing trouble after school with my mates was because there was nothing else to do. Just pure boredom really." — Ranking Roger.

THERE SHOULD be more facilities for kids, I think," says Roger. "And you hear about skinheads going on the rampage or mods on the beach, and for me the only reason they do that is because they've got fuck all else to do. It is boredom really. People are frustrated and people are confused. The only reason I ever got into a punk band was boredom. The only reason I joined The Beat was through boredom."

So boredom could be positive? "Yes, but it can also become really heavy. You're talking to me now, and you might see me as a friendly guy, which I am, yeah. But this time last year I was a friendly guy, but I could easily get crawled into trouble. I reckon that I might have been inside by now if I wasn't in The Beat. It's saved me a lot; it's made me more intelligent."

"At one point I couldn't talk to an interviewer, I used to be very nervous because they used big

starting to realise that there's got to be unity."

Even though there's only a short while to go?

"Yes. It will make you happy for the people, make you happy for yourself, and also it could stop whatever's going to happen."

"I bet you any money that the majority of people in this country are against nuclear power and are beginning to go against Margaret Thatcher, The Queen Of Babylon. It's just a load of rubbish this nuclear crap. It's important, it's our life, it's our children and our grandchildren. You've got to think of the future."

You're still hoping?

"I'm still hoping. I've still got faith. I don't know why millions and millions of innocent people should be bombed to bits. I don't see why."

Has rock got to be about these sorts of things?

"It doesn't have to be, it just happens to be. I can't really say that things are going to happen because of rock or reggae music; I can say that it's a part of it."

"I've learnt a lot; hundreds of things about the government and what really happens on the other side of the world, but you're never really told about it. It's stupid. Makes me feel sick all that. They should tell us the news not hide it."

"But you have to be careful how you say things. Our new record isn't exactly about the government, not threatening them in any way, it's just really and truly what we think about the government. It's not exactly insulting them, just saying your ways are stupid. Which they are."



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- 26 CARLISLE Market Hall
- 27 HULL City Hall

Virgin

chappell

Records to whitewash windows by . . .

Notes from underground:
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (quite predictable)

THE BEAT: Best Friend / Stand Down Margaret (Go-Feet). Briefly noted: The Beat's exemplary album already contains two singles, but this particular excerpt teams the innocuous but driving 'Best Friend' — a ringing, resonant sure-shot, to be sure — with a thoroughly dubbed-up remix of 'Stand Down Margaret', the song that advises our leader of the proper course of action and then says please. The entire package is in aid of CND and ANC (that's Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and Anti-Nuclear Campaign when they're at home), and even though it'll be 'Best Friend' that The Beat will end up performing on *TOTP*, it'll be 'Stand Down Margaret' and the anti-nuke message that'll get through. It's records like this and 'Going Underground' that are important right now — massively successful pop records that stand up in opposition wearing good clothes. Skank against nukes and dress your best.

NOT SINGLE OF THE WEEK, QUITE (a shock)

THE JAM: Start! (Polydor). Most of us dishonest hippies up here are seriously fond of The Jam, and 'Start!' is certainly what a previous generation would have described as 'a diamond-hard riffer', but it's a far less challenging piece of work than 'Going Underground' or 'Eton Rifles'. That noted, it's by no means unlovely, and that galvanic bass and drum part that opens and closes the track (lifted straight from The Beatles' 'Taxman' — where the tortuous, crazed backward guitar solo has relatives) will launch a million handclaps. This time, what Weller has on his mind is the distance between individuals, and the public gets what the public wants (what you see is what you get). Will deserve its airplay.

IN WHICH THINGS GO AWRY (Life After Jankel) IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS: I Wanna Be Straight (Stiff). Or The Return Of Kilburn And The High Roads.

An intriguing lyrical intro (where the band introduce themselves verbally, the newest recruit simply grunting "Wilko!" when it comes to his turn) does not an excellent single make. Despite Norman Watt-Roy's sprightly knuckle-popping bass line, the overall instrumental sound is less than enticing. What, one might ask, is the point of importing something as stark and odd as a Wilko Johnson into a band if he is given nothing audible to do? Minus forty-eight for the production, by the way. The relevant credit reads 'Produced By Pals,' which only goes to show that these days one must demand higher standards from one's acquaintances. Next time, try using a producer with a financial interest in the proceedings. Despite the warm washes of the New Positivism, one is forced to concede: there's quite a lot wrong with it.

LAST DRAIN TO . . .

SELECTER: Train To Skaville (Selector 12"). On their own at last, Selector face charges of uptightness, elitism, over-seriousness etc with what seems like several weeks of 'Train To Skaville.' There's a seriously dodgy guitar solo that starts about ten days into the record, but other than that it can safely be recommended for inclusion in anyone's party tape (if they're desirous of having people dance at their party, that is). Other than that, there's little more to be said.

CONCEPT SINGLE OF THE WEEK

MORGAN FISHER: The Pocket Library Of Unusual Film Music (Passion). What it says: 20 musical chunks varying in length between 4" and 53" intended to serve as raw soundtrack material for amateur film-makers. It is recommended that the bits be used at all possible speeds, backwards or in combination with other sounds. In addition to this, its most practical applications, it can provide an odd and enjoyable listening experience for those of us who have decided to put off making our first film until sometime next week.

DEAR OLD GAZZA, HE'S SUCH A LARF ETC GARY NUMAN: I Die You Die (Beggars Banquet).

How's about just you die, Gary? Still playing at Doomsies in sheltered corners while Heat Death and Clampdown become more and more obviously imminent, Gary Numan's latest instalment of sort-core computech sounds like a collision between Elton John and a Space Invaders machine. Cunningly released to coincide with the return of *Top Of The Pops*, this one will run and run.

MARTIN HANNET SINGLE OF THE WEEK

TORA TORA: Red Sun Setting (Mancunian Metal). One of the office wits (in fact, we have several) maintains that all Martin Hannet's records are heavy metal, but this one is certainly more blatant than most. The sound of bad breath captured with astounding clarity, as I would say, 'Opalescent' is not the word. Neither is 'tolerable.' Or even 'vaguely listenable.'

U2: A Day Without Me (Island). A jaunty pop record filled with interesting noises, U2's third single would be a wonderful soundtrack for a film of people hang-gliding (plenty of upward shots into the sun), or the more modern type of soft-drink commercial. Make no mistake, this is the sound of '67! This is the sort of record that happened when drugs met progressive pop, and I can put my hand on my heart and truthfully state that I would have bought this single without a second's hesitation when I was 16. Mine's a 7-Up.

KLARK KENT: Rich In A Ditch (A&M). A totally nondescript pop record by someone who should know better. If you hear this record being played anywhere, whitewash your windows, wrap yourself up in a blanket and kiss your taste goodbye.

ATHLETICO SPIZZ '80: Hot Deserts (A&M). As time went on and Spizz became more and more celebrated, the more orthodox he became. When he played with the Human League at Hammersmith Palais, I could have sworn that I was in fact listening to an extremely duff and boring punk band. Until the 'Egyptian reggae' bit in the middle, 'Hot Deserts' is distinguished only from the

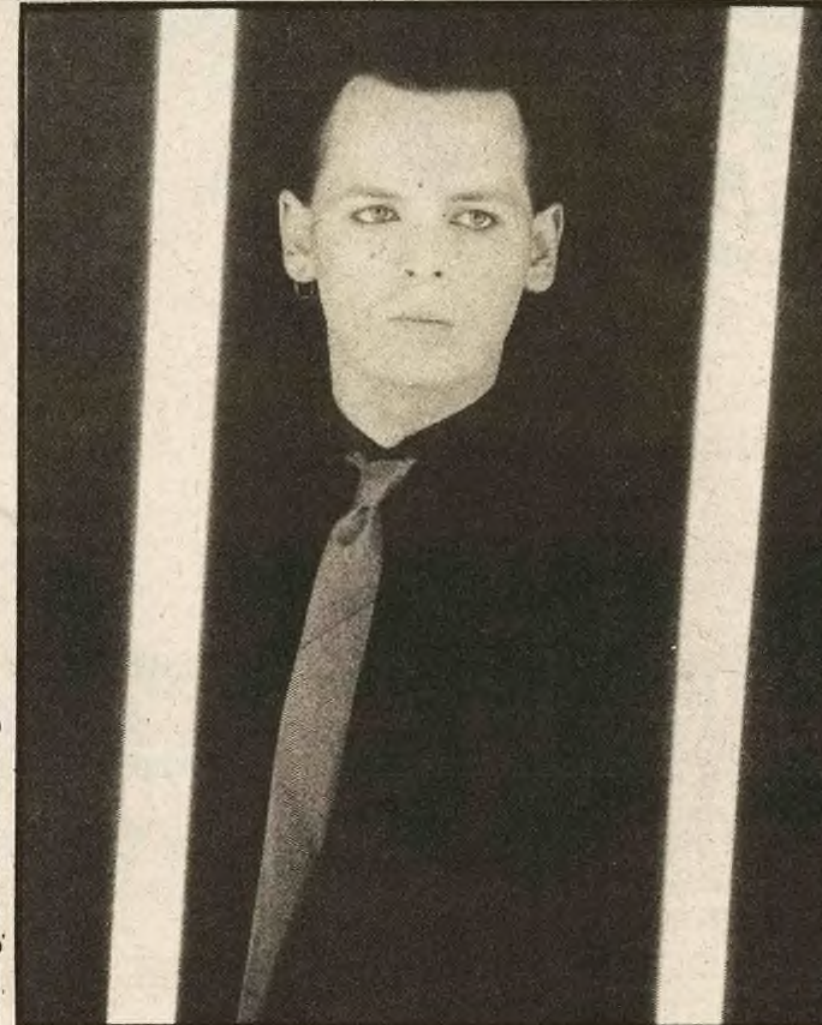
SINGLES



Beat's Dave Wakelin and beef. Pic: Pennie Smith



Mr. Dury plays stagedoor Johnny. Pic: Anton Corbijn



Gazza grins his broadest grin.

powerchord muck by its excellent, mysterious chorus. Not a revelation.

SOUL SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE TEMPTATIONS: Struck By Lightning Twice (Motown). Motown goes for a Chic sound and almost gets it, even though the strings and the synth doing the thunder-and-lightning effects are slightly overdone. The main item is that The Tempts have an excellent song to sing and they rise to the occasion with the week's best singing. They've also got a restrained but insistent groove, a glorious grabber of a chorus and a mood which recalls 'I Wish It Would Rain', presumably not unintentionally. One of the best Motown records for a good few months, and heartily recommended.

TOUR DE FORCE: Night Beat (UA). Tour De Force play a lot down the Bridge House, and 'Night Beat' is an honourable and ambitious record — underplayed and over-produced — in an ominous Police-y white reggae vein. It deals with the 'Reclaim The Night' issue: a woman's right to go where she wants when she wants to without cause for paranoia. The attempt at evocation of an atmosphere of doubt and danger is not entirely successful, but when their playing gets sharper and their production less cluttered, Tour De Force (awful name) could be making some intriguing records.

SAMSON: Hard Times (Gem). No marks to the man with the axe and the rapist mask.

THE PETTICOATS:

Normal/Allergy/I'm Free (Bla-Bla-Bla). The Petticoats are, in fact, one Stef Petticoat, pictured on the sleeve standing by a sign which reads, 'If you don't laugh, see your doctor.' Stef plays guitar, bass and drums in addition to singing, and the bass and drums would appear to be mistakes. The songs are breathless remember-the-Roxy rants about the frustration of enforced role-playing delivered in a full-tilt tirade along the guidelines laid down by Poly Styrene towards the end of the last century, not remotely musical, but a valid critique of society (ahem).

O'JAYS: Don't Let It Get You Down Girl (TSOP): THIS RECORD IS MUCH TOO SOOTHING!!!

ROSE ROYCE: Pop Your Fingers (Whitfield). Great double-intro: A synth part simultaneously rhythmic and insubstantial with an overlay of echoed whisper, and then the band slam into a flag-waving, cop-show-theme riff obviously stolen from 'Being Boiled'. After that we're left with routine exhortations to dance, shake the booty, etc etc etc. Is this an adequate response to the terrible problems confronting the concerned young person today? Undoubtedly not, but then it isn't a particularly devastating dance record either.

TYGERS OF PAN TANG: Suzie Smiled (MCA). Can't think why. I don't know any girls who smile at this sort of turgid, bloated guitar-strangling.



DETROIT SPINNERS: Split Decision (Atlantic). Romantic, melancholic soul: strictly uptown with discreet touches of opulence. Dance music with dignity and a real elegance that transcends the gaudy.

STACY LATISLAW: Dynamite (Atlantic). In the charts, fair to dance to and goes 'ptooooooo!' a lot. I'm going over all monosyllabic.

CLIFF RICHARD: Dreamin' (EMI). Cliff is, as we know, a real professional, and this is a tangy wad of bubblegum. Very soothing.

THE BRAINS: Raeline (Mercury). Wham bam thank you, ma'am! The Brains help themselves to 'Suffragette City' in that strange no-mans-land where glossy, chromed, souped-up US New Wave meets heavy metal. Fast, urgent, vacuous. This review contains no less than six separate adjectives.

MOBSTER: Simmer Down/Mobster Shuffle (Ensign). This is as good a time as any to remind the world at large that there is no law that compels the public to buy ska records if they are little more than half-assed reproductions of early Specials stuff.

MARTIN O'CUTHBERT: Vocal Vigilante EP (Esoteric). By some curious coincidence that must be as displeasing to Martin O'Cuthbert as it is to me, the weeks when this artist releases his records always seem to be the weeks when I occupy the singles chair. This cannot go on. Martin O'Cuthbert's records are possibly the most tedious DIY electronic escapades, and I have an embattled nervous system to protect. On the other hand, Martin undoubtedly deserves to have his records evaluated by a fairer-minded sort than myself. I hereby declare this correspondence closed, because we can't go on meeting like this.

THE INVADERS: Magic Mirror: THE INVADERS: Launderama (Jovian). Two separate and distinct sets of Invaders. The first lot come to Polydor via Jimmy Pursey a couple of years ago (unless I'm confusing them with yet another set of Invaders) and their record is a dull, grandiose sort of puddingy thing, while the second lot are a dodgy punk band from Leamington venting some spleen on the subject of mass public cleansing of items of clothing. A miss. In fact, two misses.

KNOPOV'S POLITICAL PACKAGE: Misadventure (Streets). Man with Virgin publishing contract releases sincere, well-meant, level-headed, accusing but unfortunately terrible brace of songs. Reviewer comments, 'I'm sorry, my hands are tied.'

THE EXLOITED: Army Life (Exploited). 'To all the Edinburgh punks and skins — keep on Mod-Bashing trumpets the sleeve, continuing in the same vein with a dedication to a noted patron of lousy punk bands and two of his charges. The B-side is called 'Fuck The Mods' and describes in detail the violence which the group wish to see inflicted on their cultural enemies. With enemies like these, this government needs no friends.

◆ Continues over page



Singles

■ From previous page

MISSION OF BURMA: *Academy Fight Song (Ace Of Hearts)*. A copy of an alternative chart from Boston USA provides documentary evidence that Mission Of Burma are, as they claim, Top Group in their hometown. The record — currently Boston's alternative chart-topper — features the band tightrope on a thin line drawn between The Police and The Jam despite the hindrance of a rather unexciting production. To be doing so well with such an unexceptional record would suggest that either they're an excellent live band or else that there's sod-all else going on in Boston. Keep a lookout for their next in case they've come up with a better song and shanghaied a more inventive producer. Contact: PO Box 579, Kenmore Station, Boston MA 02215, USA.

GARY GLITTER: *I'm The Leader Of The Gang/Rock & Roll Pt2/Hello Hello I'm Back Again/Do You Wanna Touch Me (Arista)*. The Gary Glitter Greatest Hits Library keeps on getting smaller and smaller.

HALF JAPANESE: *No Direct Line From My Heart To My Brain (Goo Goo)*. Guitar/drum duo produce most unmusical record in history of universe. They should come to England and team up with Stef Petticoat.

SUSAN SPRINGFIELD: *Tenant Of The Room EP (Doe)*. New York modern folk-rock approved by Richard Hell, and subdued, to say the least. Susan Springfield is an ex-member of NYC's celebrated Erasers, but the record communicates little of whatever it was for which The Erasers were famous. Contact: 437 E. 12th St, NYC 10009, USA.

THE WALL: *Ghetto (Fresh)*. Jimmy Pursey is still producing records for upwardly mobile young bands in collaboration with Peter Wilson. The echo is getting better. Caustic and vigorous.

CABARET VOLTAIRE: *Nag Nag Nag (Celluloid)*. Last time I was in Sheffield, a member of Cabaret Voltaire remained politely sceptical when

assured that there was no official anti-Cabs policy at NME. It therefore gives me great pleasure to announce that the epochal April '79 performance of 'Nag Nag Nag' is at last available on 12". Wrapped in photographs of the band under a French

light-show, 'Nag Nag Nag' whistles harshly along a high wire to nowhere. For dancers who already have headaches.

JOHNNY MATHIS: *Three Times A Lady (CBS)*. Only three times? Sounds like at least a dozen.



"If The Jam are almost single of the week, what am I doing over here on this thing?"

Pic: Joe Stevens

ROCKERS TIME

Reggae Roundup
By Vivien Goldman

HUGH MUNDELL: *Jah Fire Will Be Burning (JB 12")* Fatman production of the youthful Augustus Pablo protégée. Since his glorious 'Africa Must Be Free' album, the talented Mundell hasn't exactly flooded the market with releases, unlike contemporaries like the dafter Barrington Levy. Here Hugh sings with great sadness, painting an expressionistic picture of a post-nuclear planet: "Smoke of the furnace turned the sun into darkness ... Jah Jah judgement, opened the bottomless pit ... "Noteable for its use of Rasta drums, but the production could be more dynamic though.

DANNY DREAD: *Dry Land Tourist (Jaywax pre 7")* Maroons Tunes say this 45 can be obtained, so try; an extraordinary rhythm that has you moving like an Egyptian dancer on an antique frieze brought to life, and an extraordinary verbal from Danny Dread, evoking 'Sister Dawn' who visits America and comes back with posey ways: "Ackee and Saltfish Jamaican dish ... when she comes back she just a chat Spanish ... "The plot's more complex than that though; a bit like a TV series when you miss a couple of shows.

BUNNY WAILERS: *Crucial (Solomonic pre 7")* He descendeth from the hills and delivereth the word: it's crucially crucial — ugh! Bunny catalogues hard times, empty shelves and empty bellies — ugh! The sound is well sparse with snare backfiring for emphasis — ugh! Another song on the other side, 'Tug Of War Game,' — the people are the rope. Pause for cries of "A serious thing." Bunny reckons it will be over soon.

BIONIC STEVE: *Bermuda Triangle (Crystal 7" pre)*. Sound system styleeleelee. . . A strange tale about what happens when Bionic Steve heads for the

USA, stopping off in the Bermuda Triangle (the infamous patch of sea where boats go eternally AWOL). The Titanic seems like a row-boat on Regents Park in comparison. This one here's a rare bird, I know that it should be heard. . .

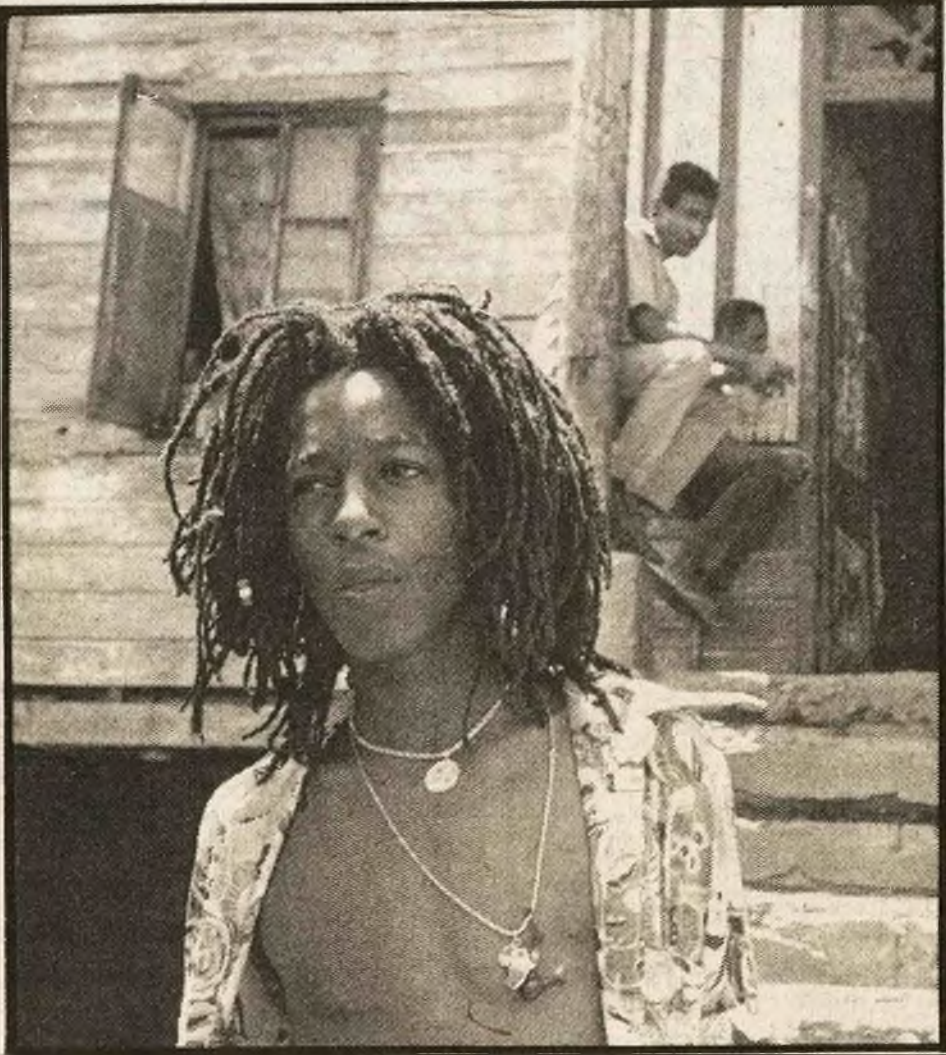
THE BOUNTY HUNTERS: *Coconut Shuffle (More Cut 7")*. Total crazies on Dennis Boveille's label, though it's not by Blackbeard. Steel bands meet synthesizers on the road to Lagos via the Young Marble Giants. Could be a hit — muzak for Club Mediterranee cook-outs with acid spiking the banana daiquiris.

DESI ROOTS: *Weedfields (Hawkeye 12")* **3T & 1F:** *Coche (Trade Mark 7" pre)*. Two free-the herb items. The Hawkeye 12" has had me totally hooked for weeks already (I thought they said it wasn't addictive?), with a rhythm that would make an arthritic dip their hip, and Desi sounding well confidential. The other's a biff-boff-banger in praise of growing your own — the macrobiotic way carries the sway when inflation grows higher than sinsemilla.

JAH THOMAS: *Cricket Lovely Cricket (U.A. 7")* U.A. are getting their mitts on some hard reggae. Marxist Caribbean historian C.R. James says that people from the Caribbean have translated cricket into a living art form. Jah Thomas says, "Cricket, lovely cricket, lick the ball before it hit the wicket."

JO ANNE: *Queen Of The World (Radic 7")*. Matumbi men produce unknown female on snappy ska-ish bopper.

RANKING JOE: *Drunken Master Syle (JGM 7" pre)*. Hardest Joe Gibbs music for a long time. Kicking off with some drunken lurchings and slobbering bottle-smashes, Ranking Joe speaks his piece like microphones hadn't been invented, swaggering over brassy bass and surreally crisp tambourine.



Hugh '1983' Mundell & idren. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

It's a monster of a hit!
Crash, bang, wallop what a picture!

Ian Christie,
Daily Express

Cecil Wilson, Daily Mail



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BILLY DEE WILLIAMS · ANTHONY DANIELS

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Coming Soon
24 Parrots



SILVER SCREEN

Hi, Jack!

Airplane!
Written and directed by Jim Abrahams, David Zucker and Jerry Zucker (CIC)

THE PURPOSE of genre parody is to demonstrate the extent to which Western popular culture depends on clichés and stereotypes, and how the assumptions that govern contemporary society are translated into the predigested characters and situations which dominate mass entertainment. The purpose of genre parody is also to generate Giant Yoks by kicking the shit out of all the witless movies with which the major studios attempt to bail themselves out of the recession.

Airplane is an act of sublime revenge on behalf of everyone who was ever separated from their money by one (or — in cases of extreme psychological collapse — more than one) of the *Airport* movies.

The movie gains much of its force by its use of Hollywood sorts who are generally typecast in order to mutilate the type of role in which these worthies are generally cast. Therefore, the Peter Graves-type handsome, silver-haired, super-competent pilot is played by Peter Graves. ("Ever see a grown man naked?" he conversationally asks the small boy who is brought up to visit the cockpit. "Ever hang around the gymnasium a lot? Ever spend time in a Turkish prison?") The compassionate, but stern Leslie Nielsen-type doctor is,

of course, Leslie Nielsen, the chainsmoking, rumped, order-barking ground controller could only be Lloyd Bridges, the shell-shocked Viet Nam pilot who thinks he's Ethel Merman naturally is Ethel Merman, and Otto appears as himself.

There is of course a singing nun, an onboard epidemic, a young girl who has to be rushed cross-country for a heart transplant, a pair of black hustlers whose dialogue is so 'street' that subtitles are provided for the white bourgeois audience and several unanswered questions. Why is Peter Graves' wife in bed with a horse when the airport phones? Who keeps throwing the vegetables? Where do the bats come from? Why does Charles Dickens receive a credit (that's a mention in the list of names of people who are responsible for things, though that doesn't matter right now) as Author of *A Tale Of Two Cities*?

Airplane is an outgrowth of the Kung Fu parody that took up about half of the revue-style *Kentucky Fried Movie*, the Zucker-Abrahams team's previous effort. They've successfully extended this approach to that of a full-length movie, and — despite the fact that some chronic misery at *The Observer* found it insufficient to his needs — the result is a masterpiece of barbed silliness that should wrench a few laughs from even the most terminal depressive.

Book a standby seat at the earliest possible opportunity.
Charles Shaar Murray



Airplane!: Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr have a snack as the tide comes in (Shurely shome mishtake? — Fred Zinnemann). Sorry — William Devane and Natalie Wood . . .

Maitresse
Directed by Barbet Schroeder
Starring Bulle Ogier and Gerard Depardieu

Charlotte
Directed by and starring Roger Vadim

AN INDIRECT by-product of '60s permissiveness was a hip new market (middle to late '20s) of soft porn packages, perhaps best exemplified by the popularity of *Oui*, a magazine that runs soft focus sex alongside articles about nouveau jet set rock stars. While this attitude made it easier for themes exploring extreme emotions through sex to be dealt with, it also gave a rock credibility stamp to dull films by directors of surface gloss features — like Vadim's dated, but cute *Barbarella*.

Since that comic strip out-

ing, Vadim's credibility with this young new audience has thankfully declined, along with his descent into shoddy attempts to titillate jaded palates with the scrambled ingredients of glamour, incest and murder.

In *Charlotte* a writer investigates her death — to find subject matter for a book, not to uncover the truth — thereby giving Vadim an excuse to reveal her odd sexual appetites. As naive and fantastic as *Barbarella*, but a whole lot dumber and nastier. Excerpts from Mike Oldfield's muzak provide a fitting soundtrack.

With the passing of time this same audience has become too sophisticated for such nonsense. Perhaps they're ready for the seamier subject matter of *Maitresse*: an unlikely love story about a bungling burglar (Depardieu) and the mistress of a pain'n-pleasure dome.

The love story itself is too weak to sustain interest, so consequently it's no more than a prop for the gruesome sado-masochistic scenes, a novelty that sells this particularly shoddy film. Its empty emphasis on style has elevated it from the grainy grunt and grind circuit to the loftier environs of art-houses — helped undoubtedly by the presence of the usually far better Depardieu and Ogier.

Lenny Bruce summed it up best, ironically speaking, with the pay off line to one of his great rallies against the whole art/porn debate, which inevitably comes down heavily on the latter: "The position of the court is — we punish untalented artists."

When they're so depressingly shallow as Schroeder (check too his *Valley Obscured By Clouds*) then why not?

Chris Bohn

ON THE BOX

Saturday August 16
SERPICO: Al Pacino's the bright-eyed, honest cop in New York's finest, the best force money can buy. Sidney Lumet's 1973 original (there was a well average TV spin-off) comes complete with violence and corruption, Pacino's passion and authentic NY dirt. Compelling stuff, and the three stars — Pacino, Lumet and NYC — went on to make the excellent *Dog Day Afternoon*. (BBC 1)

THE BAT / LEGEND OF THE WEREWOLF: Creakier and creakier . . . Not even Vincent Price can enliven *The Bat*, a hokey old 1959 melodrama directed by Crane Wilbur, starring a spooky mansion and a one-clawed maniac. *Werewolf* isn't particularly hairy either. Stars Peter Cushing, Ron Moody and Roy Castle (still fit after all these years), directed by Freddie Francis. (BBC 2 Horror Double Bill)

Sunday August 17
THE WAY WEST: Ponderous Andrew McLaglen western with Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum and Richard Widmark gritting their teeth and grimacing a lot. Now, if it'd been Laurel and Hardy's *Way Out West* . . . (BBC 1)

Monday August 18
GOODBYE COLUMBUS: A few funny scenes as weasel-faced Richard Benjamin first encounters Ali MacGraw's horrible suburban family (brother Michael Meyers is a real hoot). But Philip Roth's story is as soft-centred as Larry Pierce's direction, and Mr Benjamin can't help it, he's always been a bit of a nelly. Made in 1969, which is why the soundtrack is so dodgy. (BBC 1)

Tuesday August 19
BLUE HAWAII: The usual old crap — Elvin Pélvin surrounded by gals, gals and more gals, silly plot, a few (14 actually) songs, including 'Rock-a-hula Baby'. Now, if it'd been 'Honolulu Baby' . . . (BBC 1)

Wednesday August 20
THE DEADLY AFFAIR: Sidney Lumet again, this time in London, circa 1967. It's John le Carré territory, seemingly benign agent James Mason reluctantly embroiled in an extremely nasty — and complicated — double-bluff. Sombre and suspenseful, with world-weary Mason at his best and good support from Maximilian Schell, Simone Signoret, Harry Andrews and, believe it or not, Roy Kinnear (a bit of a favourite with Lumet, who used him to good advantage in *The Hill*). Fine score, too, by Quincy Jones. (ITV London) Monty Smith

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Staying up late with The Invisible Girls!



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ear:
**ADRIAN
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Sympathetic
eye:
**PENNIE
SMITH**

PAUZINE

MARTIN 'ZERO' HANNETT lifts his lurid pink cotton socks off the maze of switches and buttons on the 24-track console and jumps up from his easy chair behind the mixing desk. A series of directions are bellowed to a percussionist in an adjacent studio.

"That's just crying out for a Bell flanger, Dave!"

Returning to his throne, Hannett waves a curt go-ahead to the percussionist, Dave Hassell, who proceeds to activate the spring-loaded slapsticks, two hinged blocks of wood which produce a sound remarkably similar to a firework being detonated at arm's length.

Pauline Murray grins patiently and awaits her turn in the same booth. More vocal overdubs. This is the night-shift at the Stockport rabbit warren that goes by the name of Strawberry Studios, and Hannett is a demanding taskmaster.

The song the collective are working on is an airy, insistent rocker, 'Shoot You Down', destined to emerge on the RSO-sponsored album by Pauline Murray And The Invisible Girls this autumn.

The pairing of the former Penetration chanteuse and her bassman sidekick Robert Blamire with sound sculptor extraordinaire Hannett and his Mancunian cronies Hassell, guitarist Vini 'Durutti Column' Reilly, drummer John Maher and organist Steve Hopkins, is one of the most inspired matches of the year.

Forget Yes and Buggles, Dury and Wilko, even The Clash and Mikey Dread. Murray and Hannett is a musical union to set anticipation at fever pitch.

Did not Penetration, in their more inventive moods, always hint at the sort of transcendental, spatial rock that Hannett's gothic rock sensibility thrives on? Pauline's haunting vocalising has always cried out for the sort of clarity and focus with which Zero has moulded the atmospheric ambiances of Joy

Division, Magazine and U2.

And wasn't it about time that Hannett broke away from male rock bands and applied his superb sense of texture and balance to the relationship between the electric guitar and the female voice?

Both parties obviously thought so.

It was Pauline herself who first approached Hannett back in February with a view to recording a one-off single. The resultant 45, 'Dream Sequences', recently dented the Top 75. With that fillip, work began last month on a dozen new Pauline Murray songs from which the album will be culled.

Pauline had first been attracted to Hannett's dynamic touch at the controls by his early production credits — 'Spiral Scratch', the Jilted John EP and, of course, the first Joy Division album.

"I'm still more of a fan than anything else," explains the elfin Pauline. "I only knew Martin through what he'd produced. He just seemed to have the knack of putting things in the right setting."

"We decided to do that single and see how it went and he just put a whole new aspect on things. He works in a totally different way to any other producer we've recorded with. He doesn't even re-play songs on the tape very much. He has it all in his head."

"It was strange working with him at first. It took a while to come to terms with it. He's a weird bloke but we work really well with him. We work through the night and at first it seemed that we were getting nothing done by doing it that way. But then you look at what you've actually completed and it's hell of a lot."

"I had been stuck in a rut and I needed something like that to show me some sort of light. Martin was just the right person."

PENETRATION — Murray, Blamire, drummer Gary Smallman and guitarists Neale Floyd and Fred Purser — split up last November, shortly after the release of the second, decidedly shoddy Virgin LP 'Coming Up For Air'. The split came at the end of an arduous UK tour during which the band's internal tensions had gone from a state of creative



Breakfast chez Hannett

PICKS UP THE PIECES

rivalry to total communication breakdown.

Pauline recalls the end of Penetration with what seems like bitterness — in cold print some of it looks uncharacteristically bitchy — but there is little venom in her thick Geordie brogue, just sheer exasperation at how low her dreams had actually sunk at that point.

"When we formed the band, everybody was really committed to it and we all wanted to see it do well, but by the time we split up no one felt like that. At the start, everybody was putting things into the band — we put all our money into it — but after a while it got to the stage where people were just taking what they could out of it.

"I was probably thinking about the split at least six months before it actually happened... not so much thinking about it as a definite plan, but the thought of it kept creeping into my mind."

Matters first began coming to an ugly head during the recording of the second Penetration album with producer Steve Lillywhite who, in the circumstances, did remarkably well in simply holding the sessions together.

"The second album, I don't feel proud of at all. It leaves a lot to be desired. When we were making it, the two guitarists (Floyd and Purser) weren't even talking to each other. Right from the start of the band, they were expecting everything to be handed to them on a plate."

"One of them would go in and do a solo and the other one would say it was absolute shit. The rest of us were stuck in the middle of it, and by that time we couldn't really be bothered to put things right. We lost interest, and that's really bad. That's when you've got to stop. It was awful. We just had to split."

Penetration played their last gig at the Nashville in West Kensington on Guy Fawkes Night last year. Neither Pauline or Robert have seen or heard of the other three members since, although Gary Smallman is rumoured to be drumming in a local jazz-funk band.

Pauline began to pick up the pieces towards the end of the year.

"For two months, I was just so sick of everything that I knew I just had to get away from it. It took a long time for me to get Penetration out of my system. It took a long time to start looking at things from other points of view 'cause you tend to get into a rut with

your thoughts.

"I felt really fed up for a while after the split and it took me that long to look elsewhere and see what else there was."

THE MESSY demise of Penetration had set her against the constrictions imposed by a working band, blundering aimlessly from tour to album to tour under record company pressure. A somewhat looser set-up was called for, something that would give Murray and Blamire the chance to develop their talents without being tied down, something that would be more *fun*. All roads led to Stockport and The Invisible Girls.

Pausing only for a one-off duet with Only One Peter Perrett on his CBS country single 'Fools' in January, Pauline set about recruiting a strictly part-time assembly of musicians with the aid of the indefatigable Hannett, the resulting band comprising largely of John Cooper Clarke's touring squad.

With Virgin declining to take up their option, Murray started work on forming an independent label, Illusive Records, with Blamire and former Penetration manager John Arneson.

The original idea was for Illusive to be totally independent, with distribution handled through the usual Rough Trade/Spartan/Pinnacle network, a plan which was subsequently shelved when Robert Stigwood's RSO Records, home of The Bee Gees, stepped in with a totally unexpected licensing offer that the three Illusive shareholders found impossible to resist.

Pauline, whose view of the major labels was severely jaundiced by the neglect Penetration encountered at Virgin, is nonetheless optimistic about the potential of the RSO alliance.

"It's purely a licensing deal which leaves us with the final say on all the important things. Every other label that approached us only talked of options and one-offs, but RSO were the only people to really show a genuine interest after the split.

"Out of all the labels we talked to, they were the ones that gave us the biggest buzz. They're so unfashionable with the rock audience too, with The Bee Gees and all that, and that sort of appealed to me in a way too."

"It's totally different to the way we've worked before. We won't necessarily do all our

recording as Pauline Murray and The Invisible Girls. We want to have lots of different people. I don't want to have a permanent group again really. Up to now, I feel as if we've been hampered 'cause of that sort of situation."

WHICH BRINGS us back to the cork-walled mixing complex of Strawberry Studios with the dawn rapidly approaching and a rough mix of the completed track on the album blaring out of a pair of massive speakers.

The six tracks that I heard — 'Shoot You Down', 'Mr X', 'Dream Sequences', 'Screaming In The Darkness', 'Drummer Boy' and 'Judgement Day' — were more than enough to indicate the wisdom of forsaking Penetration for The Invisible Girls.

The difference between the two bands is staggering. In surrounding herself with truly creative musicians in a conducive working environment in place of the honest if workmanlike riffing machine that Penetration had become by their second album, Pauline is allowing her vocal and songwriting talents to flower properly for the first time.

The songs themselves are *harder* and fuller than anything Penetration ever did, with the possible exception of a few highspots on their debut 'Moving Targets' LP. There is more melody, less rifferama. There is the startling piano of Steve Hopkins and even drummer John Maher, the man behind the often cluttered beat of The Buzzcocks, has been coerced into playing simply and effectively.

Robert Blamire, too, is extending his horizons, adding some guitar and even a smattering of horn to his elastic bass playing. As the beanpole of a bassman says himself, "As we're going on, the songs are becoming deeper musically and lyrically. The songs that Pauline was writing just after the split reflected what was happening then. The songs we've done more recently reflect what's happening now. They're very different."

Pauline herself is loath to discuss songwriting, finding it "pretentious and embarrassing" to talk about her lyrics in detail. Strictly take-it-or-leave-it.

"I don't think it's worth making a big deal about the lyrics. A lot of the songs are basically just pop songs. There's not a great deal you can

say or read into them apart from that. Most of them are very straightforward really.

"The songs that I like the best are the ones that I just sit down and write in one go. Sometimes you find yourself pondering about it too much and those are usually the songs that you look back on and wish you'd done differently."

AS PAULINE points out, the Invisible Girls project is very much a fresh start and should be viewed as such. But what of the old Penetration audience with its sizeable hard-core punk contingent? Are the old fans going to be left floundering in the wake of the new departures?

"I think the single will have surprised a lot of people. I think some of the old Penetration fans won't like it, but I don't think you should play to your audience's expectations."

"I think that some of them will stay with us, but a lot of the new songs are not as riffy as the old stuff so we might lose a lot of the hard-core punks. I don't think you should ever rely on an audience. You should never expect them to like everything you do."

The hard-core Penetration fans — the die-hards of the Hounslow Mob who received dedications on album sleeves — should soon get a chance to see for themselves the changes that have taken place. In addition to the LP, the entire Invisible Girls assembly, Vini Reilly and Hannett included, are going out on the road in the autumn with Pauline and John Cooper Clarke as joint headliners. The tour will only take in six or seven dates, but should be well worth catching even if it means travelling.

Pauline Murray, when she put the first version of Penetration together at the start of 1977, helped start a line of bands, largely from the north of England, who took the spirit of punk and welded it to a vision and invention that was sorely lacking in many of their bigger-name London contemporaries.

The line has since stretched from Penetration, Buzzcocks and The Fall through the likes of The Human League, Gang Of Four and Magazine to Joy Division, Teardrop Explodes, Echo And The Bunnymen and beyond.

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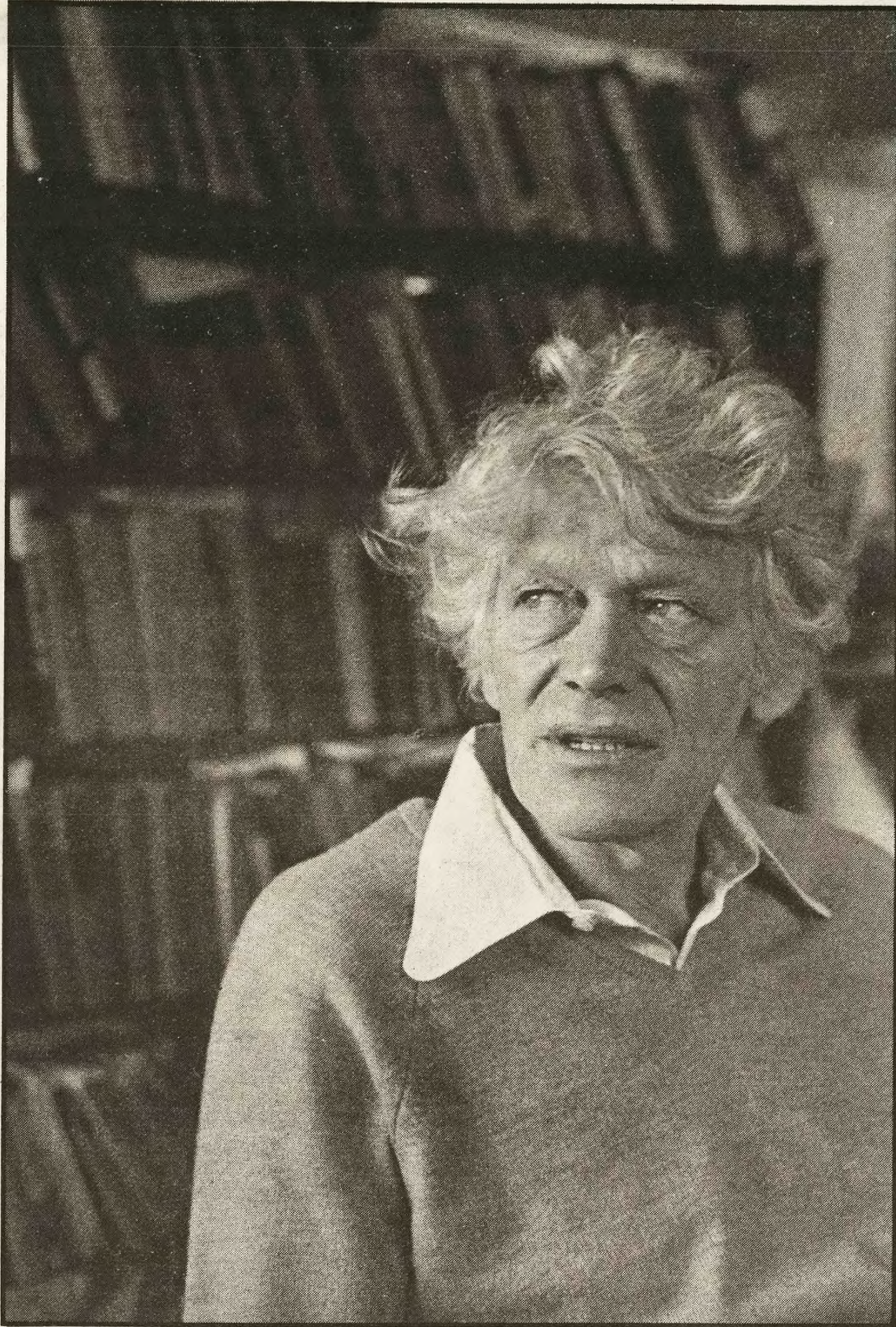
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"Mama was bombed at noon, When getting eggplants in the field. Short, red and crisp her hair stood, Tender and red her skin was all over."

MICHIKO OGINO was ten years old when he wrote that poem, a straightforward description of what happened to his mother when the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima in 1945. 140,000 died during the following days and months.

Which, of course, is old news.

As historian and European nuclear disarmament organiser Edward Thompson reminds us in his recent pamphlet *Protect And Survive*, everyone alive on the planet really knows what nuclear destruction means on the deepest subconscious level: "This knowledge is transmitted to children even in their infancy, so that as they run around with their space weapons and death rays, they are re-enacting what happened 30 years before they were born."

Thompson's invaluable pamphlet is a reply to the government publication *Protect And Survive*, finally published after much debate as to whether the British population was sufficiently grown-up to be informed that they might all be frying tonight.

Protect And Survive is one of the year's more blackly comic events: painting windows white and stacking all the hardbacks you can find to form a kind of Robinson Crusoe fallout shelter might be an amusing parlour game devised for a country house on a wet weekend, but in the case of imminent holocaust you'd be better off doing . . . what exactly?

What would you like to do in your final three minutes? Now that's an interesting parlour game.

Even if the entire population were to be moved to 'safe' fallout shelters — and none of the £45 million earmarked for civil defence last week will actually be used to construct shelters — what kind of world would be left?

Among many points raised in *Protect And Survive* is a vision of the world moved totally underground for safety's sake: "Neutron weapons and earth penetrators already exist which can drive death underground. All this will be perfected, 'modernised' and refined. There will be immense thermo-nuclear charges capable of concussing a whole underground city. And in any case, by the time

that humanity becomes troglodite, it will have then been defeated. 'Civilisation' will then be an archaic term, which children can no longer construe."

THOMPSON and his wife (life / work partner) Dorothy — aka Dotty, also a historian — live in a large country house, bought extremely cheap when Thompson left Warwick University in 1970. Thompson, a vigorous white-haired man in his 60's, who carries himself like an overgrown schoolboy, is remembered by students of the time as a positive inspiration. When dissident students broke into a university filing cabinet and discovered a file on David Montgomery, a visiting American labour historian, that indicated staff as well as students were being spied on, Thomson and colleagues photo-copied the lot and had them in all the staff pigeonholes the next morning. That wasn't why he resigned, though — he felt he was being "utterly buried" as a writer. When he left, the University hired three people to take his place.

His work as historian and writer has consistently concentrated on the rights of

This article warns you that there are 20 years to stop the holocaust, but that a chronicle of doom is only inevitable if you allow the politicians their way. A historian is striving for peace. He is . . .

E. P. THOMPSON

The Man Who'd Save The World

Report Vivien Goldman

Photos Jean Bernard Sohiez

wo/man, from his definitive *The Making Of The English Working Class* (an inspiration to Linton Kwesi Johnson, among others) to pamphlets like *The Secret State — State Research Pamphlet no. 1*, detailing the erosion of civil liberties by agents of the state.

Thompson says: "It's a sick post-imperialist society, with many things descended from imperialism. The whole tradition of military secrecy is far more claustrophobic than it is in America — all the old public school, civil service traditions that come from imperialism — such people have never had an allegiance to democracy that was even skin deep! Such democratic modes and processes as we have in this country have always been forced by popular pressure over the centuries, against this mentality."

"They are quite frightening people, and extremely powerful now. Things will get very rough in the next few years. I've been reading in *The Times* information about civil contingency units which intend to employ police or military forces or professionally trained strike breakers — large scenarios for controlling unrest in this country. Even though the measures we've seen in the last few years seem rather small — jury-vetting, pressure by police to control public processions and demonstrations, picketing laws and so on, these are all part of this scenario."

But when I say this, some people almost

want to hear it because it proves that we're helpless, and *we're not*. We don't face anything like the kinds of terror and control that the people of Europe suffered in the Second World War during the Occupation, and out of this sprang amazing resistance movements that had to take the form of arms. But in our society that will take the form of individual resistance, of use of our pens and our music, every form of cultural resistance, and if need be, direct action as well.

"The corniest thing that was ever said, which goes on echoing down the Labour movements of the English-speaking world — We Are Many, They Are Few — is still true. You talk despondently of three and half million unemployed — that's three and half million bloody people! A hell of a lot more than there are in the Civil Service, and even the police."

DURING a recent talk in London, Thompson declared that a large part of the work rests with groups, musicians.

Perhaps his unusual awareness of the importance of music and youth culture has something to do with his children. His son Mark organises a Midlands PA company called Buzz Music, and he dropped in before supper to talk about various groups' involvement in the anti-nuclear movement.

Mark works with local groups like The Beat, Selecter, UB40; bands who are currently riding high on fame, and know they can raise large amounts of money *now*. But these same groups don't want to hook up with inefficient organisations, they quite rightly want to know exactly where the money is going.

"They don't want to talk about ideologies," says Mark. "They know what they think is wrong, and want to do what they can to change what's wrong."

But at the moment, there's considerable confusion between different anti-nuke outfits, some of whom are organised by local hippy health food shops concerned with not having a missile parked nearby, and others which are committed to fighting the ever-increasing weapon stockpiles on a broader, international front. "So the groups would like to become activists, but there's no organisation."

Thompson has his own ideas about the value of music in the anti-nuclear struggle. He would like to see a fund created to hire a field, perhaps in Austria, West Berlin or near the East / West frontier, for a massive music festival, including other things like street theatre, an exchange of all kinds of ideas and some symbolic expressions. "Of course," he adds, "some of the Czechs might not be able to get out there."

Edward and Dotty have just come back from a brief visit to Czechoslovakia, where they became interested in the position of the Plastic People, the Czech group whose musical director is currently in prison, all of whose members seem to yo-yo back and forth from grim prison walls to grim city streets. The



"We need a really angry sound of protest, which could strengthen that turn in opinion away from the established routines of politics — that's not to say that no politicians are any good, but the established routines of politics have had it. Or we've had it."

Continues page 53

Pictures: Pennie Smith



ROXY MUSIC were the impossible dream of the last decade, a hard-edged diamond fantasy throwing glimmers of material hope across the shoddy grey cityscapes of England.

As the decade grew progressively grimmer, Roxy got wealthier. In doing so, they beat a retreat from a rock arena full of dull blue denim hordes and overtly serious pomp groups and moved into the more elevated gossip column realms of glamorous society niteries. Gradually, they shook themselves free of the clinging faith of committed music fans, hoping instead to pick up on the wider trade in the high street.

During that awkward period of transition, the thrill of it all began to lose its attractive sheen, leading eventually to Roxy's temporary split after the release of 'Siren' (1975).

With Roxy's star sunk, Ferry attempted to bring his solo career to the foreground. The tacky Hollywood stories of 'In Your Mind' didn't forward it too far, nor did the accompanying tour. He re-thought and re-modelled his approach for 'The Bride Stripped Bare', recorded in Montreux with the slickly attuned mentalities of seasoned sessioners. And when it was finally released at the tail end of the punk period, it received a vicious tongue-lashing for bearing no relevance to the moment (1978), despite a few fragments of transcendent class like 'Sign Of The Times' and the spectacular fusion of Lou Reed's 'What Goes On' and 'Beginning To See The Light'.

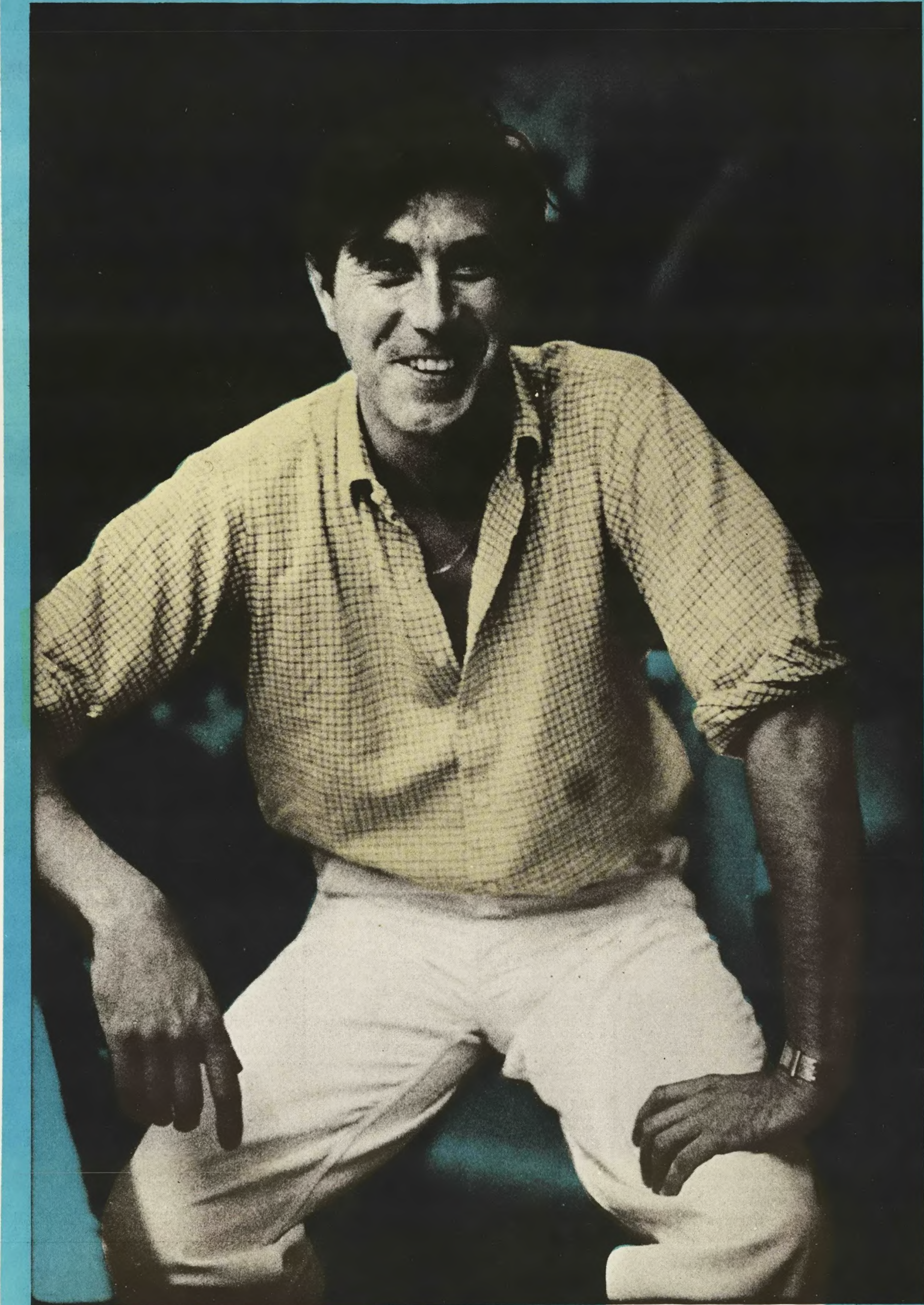
Ferry was no longer essential — or at least not to present day youth. His hankering after an adult audience lost him that vicarious short-lived excitement, and he didn't care about re-discovering it, as some hoped he would with the re-birth of Roxy Music.

But close observers knew better than to expect nostalgia after witnessing Roxy's metamorphosis from youthfully deliberate weirdness into a more easily assimilated, rounded rock form and, eventually, discoid sophistication. When Roxy came back, they adroitly side-stepped the burnt-out street revolution (not without a casual glance in that direction in the opening track of 'Manifesto') and ran directly to the less temperamental world of Habitat furnishings and stainless steel sink units. In every dream home a heartache. So let's make a voyage of discovery through that alien landscape, with Bryan Ferry along as our guide.

"And (Cindy) tells me they're selling up their maisonnettes/Left their hotspots to rust in their kitchenettes"

(Brian Eno: 'Cindy Tells Me')

FERRY is seated on the tasteful graying sofa in the Chelsea home of E.G., his management company. Well-tanned, he's casually dressed in light trousers and a white shirt with deep brown tight check grid. A tea stain just above his midriff catches my eye and I suddenly feel more relaxed. Ferry himself is friendly and likeable, but his communications



are hampered by his evasive politician's art of not allowing questions in edgeways, preferring instead to keep up his flow as long as possible without interruption — which could be troublesome. It's disheartening to hear some explanations repeated almost parrot fashion to those given recently to other interviewers — complete with similar angst and gaps — but then some questions are unavoidably similar.

He's most vulnerable talking about himself, especially his past, and most interesting talking about his art/craft. He slots into his ventriloquist dummy defence mechanism when discussing other members of Roxy. His conversation is punctuated with (self-styled) Mr Modesty pauses, boyish chuckles and sparse but generous laughter.

The road Ferry's taken from Newcastle poverty, through art school to Roxy and today is a long peculiar one, so let's start at the end of the interview, just before Ferry's whisked away by extraordinary E.G. supreme Mark Fenwick to Basing Street Studios, where Roxy were set to record a *Top Of The Pops* backing track. Just when things were getting really

interesting too!

Ferry reminisces: "I've never been a politically motivated person actually — not that I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. In fact I was very poor. My father had the lowest income that anybody could have, even after overtime, so the state paid for my education — paid for me to become whatever I wanted to make of whatever I have done, you know."

"When I was at school there was this whole idea that, if you worked hard you would do well at something — anything was possible. So I never felt like kicking up against much really. I never felt like breaking windows, and I think there's too much of that today for me."

"You may well say that I'm in a position to say that, but I really can't identify with it. Especially if you move around the world, which I've done a bit you know — you think there's a lot of people who should try and make better of their lot in this country."

"It's very hard for me to preach because I'm in a position where I've done very well — I have been a success. So when people ask 'How can you relate to working-class kids?' All

I can say is I was one."

He returns a moment to his schooldays: "By the time I was in the fifth form one was reading all the angry young men, and one felt in a class of society one belonged to . . . It's a pity nowadays that there seems to be class warfare still in this country. Having been a person who does know both sides of it, it's very sad to see the country at war with itself. And I do wish I could do something about it (laughing a bit nervously) — there's so much misunderstanding I can see between the two sides, it's very painful."

He left for *TOTP* with an assurance that he wasn't one of the *nouveau riche* sorts who feel nothing but scorn for the people left behind. Compassion is there in Ferry and it's always been present in Roxy's music, though often masked behind — at first — glamour and — later — sophistication. As we shall see.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER I: CHARLES SHAAH MURRAY/ROXY MUSIC

"Jesus, the first — or was it the second? — time I saw Roxy Music was when they were playing support to Stone The Crows at



Dunstable Civic Hall, and me and Puxley (Roxy's publicist/long time cohort) and half the group went up there in this really battered filthy rusty-red Volkswagen. Ferry was driving and he was wearing a black T-shirt and a red plastic watch with a transparent watchstrap, and Eno was sitting in the back all dolled up in that silly shit he used to wear, reading 'Practical Electronics'. The first thing we did when we got to Dunstable was to go to a horrible greasy caff and eat egg and chips, and Ferry was borrowing off Paul Thompson to pay the bill. This would be '72, I reckon, and the last time I saw Paul Thompson he was hanging about with The Angelic Upstarts in a pub in Wood Green."

SO LET'S get nostalgic for a moment and yearn for those too brief days when Roxy were the great iconoclasts of their time. Arriving at that singularly dull point circa 1972, when British rock was wallowing in a post-psychedelic depression of terminally earnest blues progressions, the tarted up Roxy were greeted as dishonest charlatans by some and embraced as a wonderful new flirtation by others.

Roxy heralded a new era of pop, along with Bowie and Bolan, proving that serious experiment could be fun too. Their juggling of old rock'n'roll imagery, '50s science fiction costumery and outrageous noises was a revelation and, though it only lasted two albums — 'Roxy Music' and 'For Your Pleasure', it's probably still Roxy's most influential period.

Eno left shortly after and Roxy went on to make much better albums, beginning with their first fully composed effort 'Stranded', but they would never regain the excitement or importance of that short-lived period, from which Roxy's legacy still stems: a new era of art school rock owing nothing to the previous decade's Kinks or Beatles. They savagely slashed away at the '60s roots, which would only occasionally be revived in fads like The Knack or mod.

The Roxy vision shone brightest then, though it transpires its motivation wasn't necessarily aesthetic.

Ferry: "In the early days we were so desperate for success, in the first year or so I mean, because we wouldn't have carried on doing it or maybe we'd have stopped without it. We wouldn't have given up our day jobs if we hadn't wanted to make our living out of it. We were going onstage thinking that onstage was for dressing and making up — to intensify the whole experience. And maybe we'd have been afraid of going onstage, being looked at by an audience, in our everyday clothes. Then we'd have been ourselves and not extensions of ourselves."

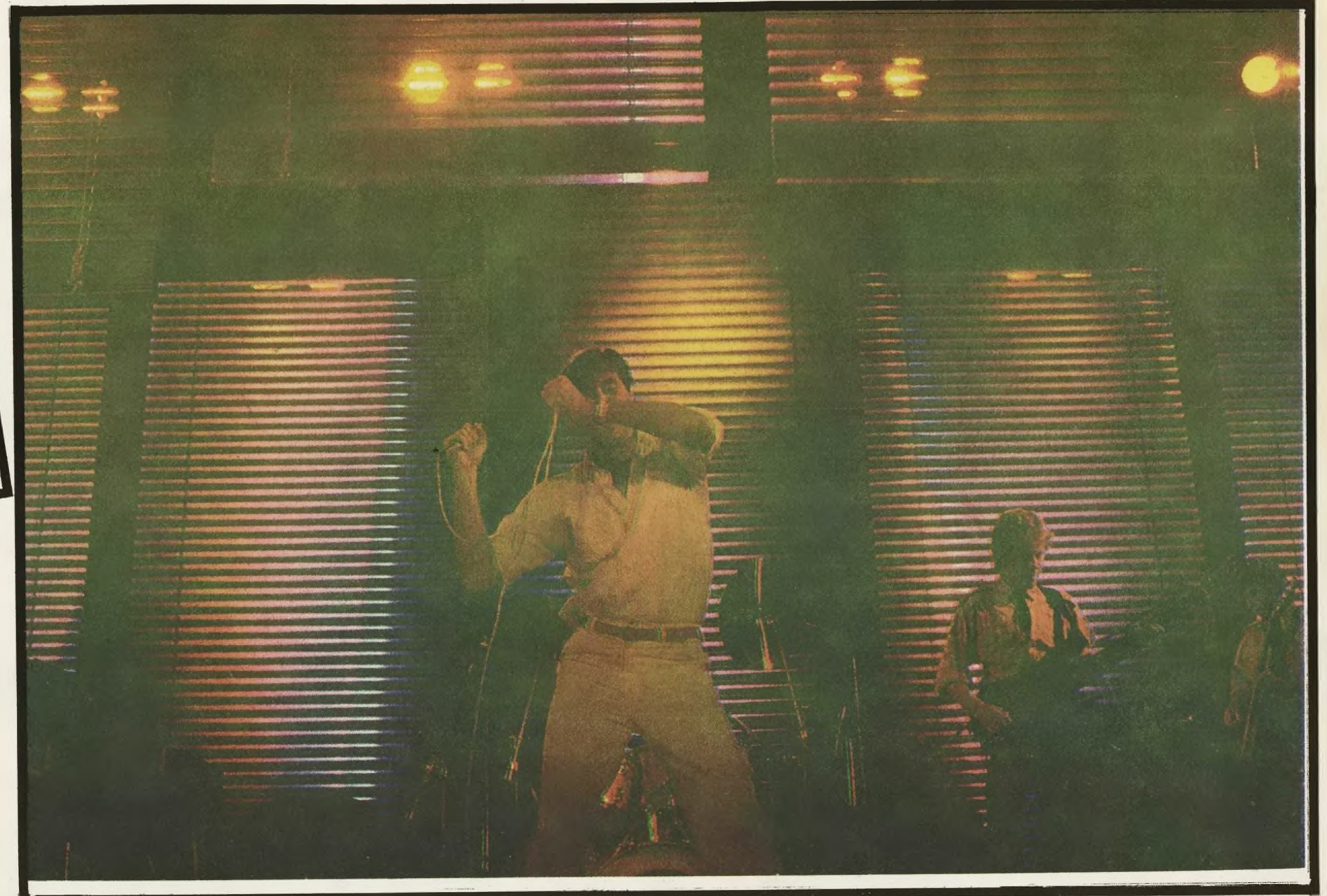
"And we were always aware of the fact that it would motivate interest in both the press and the audience at the time. Besides, I always identified more with Otis Redding and The Modern Jazz Quartet — who were my heroes — and they always revelled in the performance aspect. That whole '60s presentation of rock music, and the implied honesty that went with it, was kind of bizarre and was always alien to me."

The Roxy punch had already been pulled by Ferry's first solo album, a tasteful soft-centred selection of cover versions, called 'These Foolish Things' and 'Another Time Another Place'. Ferry expressed the urge to get his name alongside them. Hence experimentation gave away to 'proper' songwriting, and the hard, cold analyses of the first two albums

PLEDGES FROM AN EMPTY MANIFESTO

Roxy Music: A Bad Case Of Socialitis

By Chris Bohn



prepare Roxy's departure from an adventurous avant garde slipstream into the safer waters of the mainstream.

"We became more accessible, yes," says Ferry. "I mean it's kind of okay for the audience to want you to be their pet cult group, I understand all that. I've had heroes of mine become popular and you feel a sense of loss because you have to share them with a mass public. Billie Holiday was always my favourite singer, then they did *Lady Sings The Blues* with Diana Ross trying desperately to play her, which I thought was ridiculous, and suddenly people were playing Billie Holiday records everywhere and I felt a certain sense of loss."

"Speaking as the artist, it's always nice to convert more people. I mean, you could sneer and say well, that means making more money, too; but it's also nice to do work that you aren't ashamed of, and are in fact as proud of as your earlier, more unusual work. It's a nice feeling to hear people whistling your tunes in the street."

BRIEF ENCOUNTER II: THOMAS MANN / BRYAN FERRY

"But to be frank, this disillusioned masterpiece of orchestral brilliance already bore within itself the traits of parody and intellectual mockery of art, which in —'s later work so often emerged in a creative and uncanny way. Many found it chilling, even repellent and revolting, and these were the better, if not the best sort, who thus judged. All the superficial lot simply called it witty and amusing. In truth, parody was here the proud expedient of a great gift threatened with sterility by a combination of scepticism, intellectual reserve and a deadly extension of the kingdom of the banal."

(Thomas Mann: *Doctor Faustus*) "Etc. The segment seen by Ferry was twice as long, with Roxy's name inserted in the blank space."

"I don't er quite take it all in," responds Ferry. "It's rather stilted, the way it's written, but where's it from?"

Thomas Mann, but I substituted your name in the appropriate places.

"Oh, I see," he replies laughing. "It could well have been written about our work, yes; I've read things similar to that in a way, but not kind of . . . (long pause) hmmm."

SINCE HIS exposure to the songwriter greats he covered on 'These Foolish Things' and 'Another Time Another Place', Ferry expressed the urge to get his name alongside them. Hence experimentation gave away to 'proper' songwriting, and the hard, cold analyses of the first two albums

were replaced by the more familiar language of the love song.

So familiar, in fact, that by 'Country Life' and 'Siren' it became apparent that Ferry was basically parodying romance itself — at best brilliantly so. The combined effect of conventional love words and the singer's own mannered voice disguised a real core of despair so horrifyingly complete (listen to the second side of 'Country Life' and get sucked right in by 'Bitter Sweet', 'Triptych', 'Casanova' and 'A Really Good Time') that, if it were truly bared, stripped of humour (Coward!), it'd be unlistenable.

"Casanova — / Is that your name / Or do you live there?"

The post-Roxy reformation sophistication makes it even more difficult to see anything other than a heartlessly brittle, hollow, yet attractively decorated shell. 'Manifesto' and 'Flesh And Blood' are the final severance of links between Roxy's society world and the more tangible one we live in, where honour and feelings are more openly stated without the gaudy wrappings.

Which isn't to say that 'Flesh And Blood' is bereft of emotion. On the contrary, Ferry's craft has been so cynically and calculatedly applied to the album's timeworn imagery, twisting it into shapes so cunningly easy on the ear, that he's made an almost perfect album of ambient music — one that can be easily by-passed without missing anything, but repays closer attention. It's got no relevance whatsoever to the time in which it was made, and is essential to nobody except aesthetes.

Ferry takes up the point, displaying as much passion as he's ever likely to (in an interview), talking about his art.

"I like to make beautiful sounds if you like. Therefore one is a kind of aesthete within a musical field — and is that such a bad thing? There's so much ugly music around, which seems to me a kind of luxury I don't want to shell out for. Maybe that was a few years ago — now there's a lot of attractive, up music, like all these ska bands, which I can do without. But then I don't buy any music — I don't follow any particular groups at the moment."

But how much of Ferry is in his work? Does he write from his own viewpoint?

"In most songs there's a lot of me, but not always from one experience. Usually it's a condensing of experiences that you put in a song. And it comes most naturally to me to write sad songs — it's as simple as that. I don't consciously try to channel my despair into my work, but it does kind of seep in there from some channel — I think it's hard for someone . . ." he starts chuckling "living in

these confused times, er, may I say, to write kind of fun songs all the time. At the same time I try to level them with some humour, some wit or twist — I don't want to be, er, some master of the morbid. And at the same time I don't want to become a parody of myself."

"There's usually a sense of irony, though — it's hard for me not to take a duality of stance, except for 'My Only Love' on the new album, which is unashamedly romantic."

Ferry points out that he's always been interested in melancholy music like the blues. But surely blues and Roxy sophistication don't really go together?

"It depends how much you know about the blues," he replies tartly. "A lot of blues music was very sophisticated; people like Bobby Bland have always been sophisticated and he's one of the best singers ever, really, of urban blues. Billie Holiday's phrasing has never been surpassed — a very sophisticated blues singer, though some call her jazz. And Charlie Parker was one of the most intense players ever, and you couldn't play anything more sophisticated than that. So I think there is a kind of link there — and he always wore great suits!"

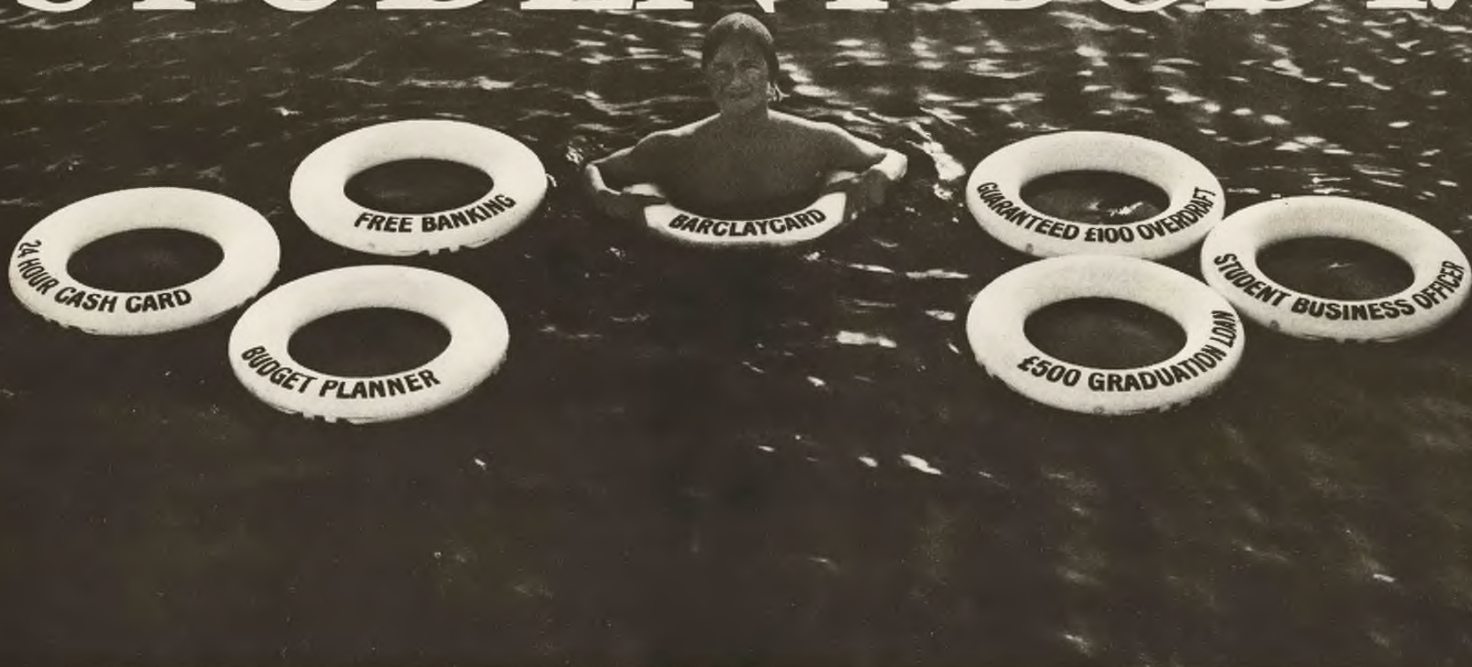
"All those tawdry late night weepies / I could make you weep more cheaply" (Brian Eno: 'The Great Pretender')

BEFORE we get too fully immersed in Ferry's own melancholy, let's spare a thought for the rest of Roxy Music. During the Roxy sabbatical Mackay holidayed in China and returned with the thoughts of Chairman Mao in mind, which eventually evolved into a solo album enigmatically titled 'Resolving Contradictions'. Despite the oriental sleeve, with Mackay pictured blowing free before a bunch of Chinese folk in a red square, the record didn't really come any closer to resolving whatever contradictions Mackay envisaged before making it, presumably about the Eastern / Western conflict.

It would have been interesting to ask him how he reconciled his interests in China with Roxy's wealthy milieu, but E.G. were reluctant to arrange meetings with Roxy members other than Ferry for fear of upsetting the mainman. And eventually we just ran out of time, so we never got to put the points to him. However, the success of Mackay's 'Rock Follies' collaborations places him in a more independent position, perhaps, than the luckless Manzanera, whose two 801 projects didn't match a critical success with equivalent sales.

■ Continues page 47

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BARCLAYS

White suits don't make it ...

JAMES BROWN
Live/Hot On The One (Polydor)
JAMES CHANCE/CONTORTIONS
Live Aux Bains Douches
(Invisible-Import)

THE coincidence of these two albums becoming available — albeit on import — at the same time could've provided the aficionado of funk dynamics with the perfect opportunity to compare the old with the new.

After years of drilling away, constructing and reconstructing the ten commandments of funk, James Brown has returned from an exile created by mass public neglect and ego-maniacal petulance and not merely to be feted by numerous young devotees bent on soaking up the old master's irrepressible rhythms.

James Chance a.k.a. White is easily the most fervent Brown obsessive, his manic interpretation of Brown's 'I Can't Stand Myself' on the Eno-produced 'No New York' compilation showcasing a stunning re-structuring of the original's cut-and-thrust. Since this introduction Chance/White has released several albums under any one of his three aliases — Chance/White/The Contortions — with mixed results. His saxophone playing, whilst it has proven itself accomplished, veers towards the anarchic whilst his ceaseless

wretchedly under-rehearsed and limp throughout the eight selections. The first number — Michael Jackson's 'Don't Stop 'Till You Get Enough' — lacks a decent dynamic and melodic propulsion spotlighting only the ensemble's patent lack of rehearsal and Chance's dreadful vocals. Nothing seems in sync here, each instrument seems lost in its own indifferently pitched sphere of activity whilst Chance's vocals are flat and painful to the ear.

The abyss is scraped with Chance's performance of Brown's brilliant 'King Heroin'. Whereas the original possessed a sense of dread so real it remains the quintessential anti-smack song, Chance & Co. are so untogether whilst performing the number it sounds as though they're too drugged out to care less. Elsewhere, even stalwart Chance numbers like 'Contort Yourself' fail to spark fire. Avoid this album at all costs.

James Brown meanwhile has released yet another live album. A double effort recorded in Tokyo, it should have been a single album, thus ridding itself of an abysmal 'Man's World' which acts purely as an excuse for Brown's guitarist to execute a Wes Montgomery solo, plus all the wretched chanting of "J.B. — Superstar" that massacres much of the first side. 'Hot On The One' appears mainly to be an excuse to



The King James Versions:

Left: James Chance.

Pic: Foto

Below, James Brown.

Pic: Kate Simon

Q-TIPS

Q-Tips (Chrysalis)

IF 'soul music' was no more than a set of stylistic devices, then Q-Tips could be accepted as an exemplary soul band: not in the Southside Johnny class, but certainly more than serviceable as purveyors of swinging, brassbound '60s dance music. Unfortunately, 'soul' is a quality and an attitude as well as a set of clichés and stock riffs and noises, and that's where Q-Tips choose to rest their case: playing the music strictly from the outside.

Oh, they're not cold and their approach to their genre is neither disrespectful nor unloving, but their contact with 'soul' is limited to an understanding of the mechanics of certain classics of the field. They know what it sounds like and they know how to produce some of the same effects, but when it comes to digging into what the music is about and what it means and how this affects them as individuals and as a collective, that's where Q-Tips disengage faster than you can say "Dexy's Midnight Runners".

Now, it would be a typically unfair trick of the sort beloved of the dishonest hippy press to compare two groups who probably wouldn't remotely consider such a comparison applicable or relevant (and it would also relegate Q-Tips to the support spot in their own review), so we'll keep this short, but on 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels', the Dexies have presented us with an album of music that demonstrates a capacity for abstract thought, a set of ethics, a particular mode of analysis and an attempt to come to grips with the *meaning* of the music they play. The fact that their smug, priggish elitism pisses me off and my intense dislike for Kevin Rowland's voice cannot disguise their importance or their desire to make a contribution.

Q-Tips are left with a handful of slick, enthusiastic cover versions ('Some Kinda Wonderful', 'Uncle Willy', 'The In Crowd', 'Letter Song' and (ulp) 'Tracks Of My Tears') and a bundle of originals which attempt to provide opportunities for the musicians to play the same licks that they do on the oldies. Unfortunately, most of these seem lifeless and contrived, with only 'Please Don't Stay At Home' and 'Keep Your Shoes On' demonstrating any independent signs of life. Five years ago, Bruce Springsteen and Graham Parker were using the soul genre in a manner which combined the fidelity of the Q-Tips' approach and the angry questioning of Dexies, but even with these precedents Q-Tips seem locked into their narrow little groove, with little evidence of any desire to produce as well as reproduce.

'Q-Tips' would certainly prove a useful album to have around at a party where no-one had thought to provide any Stax/Motown/Chess compilations from the *real* soul era. Other than that, it has little function other than to document the existence of a band who exist mainly as a human jukebox pumping out covers of other people's old hits. Ultimately, it's very much like those albums by '60s blues bands who didn't take the Stones-type plunge and attempt to create a new music from the remnants of an old one, but were content to play the standards in the old way. The records that they copied still sound marvellous today, but the transcribers simply seem shallow.

Like the song says, there ain't nothing like the real thing. And this ain't *nothing* like the real thing.

Charles Shaar Murray.

ALBUMS

experimenting within the bounds of his own self-obsession has proved incredibly irksome. When he's good, Chance can be amazing — abrasive, driven, the centre-pin around which a dazzlingly maverick union of back-up instrumentation is orchestrated. But when he's bad, then . . . well, look no further than 'Live Aux Bains Douches'.

Recorded three months ago in Paris, all of Chance's defects have conspired to manifest themselves on this ropery affair. The band — drums, bass, slide guitar, guitar, trumpet plus Chance on vocals and sax — sound

make a few quick yen from the Japanese market and as such is scarcely worth investigating although Brown does have a good band backing him and the version of 'It's Too Funky In Here' and most of side four, principally 'Get On The Good Foot', make for great dance music.

Both of these albums are fairly dire however, basically because James Chance wants to be James Brown and James Brown wants to be Elvis Presley. The sooner they come to terms with their own personae the better for us all.

Nick Kent

...but the new thin white dukes do

THE ASSOCIATES
The Affectionate Punch
(Fiction)

RUMOURS have been dripping down from Scotland about a diverse horde of determined post Skids / S. Minds / Scars groups all ready to shift our attention. Positive Noise, Altered Images, Josef K, Orange Juice . . . the newest rumours centred around The Associates, who it seems were refining the vision of 'Station To Station', who it seems had a singer who sang like that particular Bowie. He wasn't copying, that's how he really sang — from deep inside, neo-operatically.

It sounded ponderous, but 'The Affectionate Punch' is too good, too spectacular to be merely the work of yet another group set to make a career out of one of Bowie's stops. The Associates have further defined 'Station's' eerie combination of vitality and disorientation, drawn from its meloncholia, and share its European feel. It's a debut almost as sensational as 'Real Life' — The Associates have things in common with Magazine worth talking about.

That European feel for a start, which basically stems from their liberating remoteness from standard r'n'r influences: the logic and out of the blue maturity of their sound: a Kurt Weill caught up with John Barry cabaret tension: and a respect for the irrational.

Billy Mackenzie is vocally reminiscent of Bowie: but Bowie has never sung with so much delightful range and subtlety, never really had to. Mackenzie's soul singing is in the pained, proud tradition of Holiday and Garland. He'd be

comfortable and do a great job singing 'Windmills Of My Mind' (he almost does on 'Even Dogs In The Wild'). An artist at communication, he takes intense care over enunciation — the shape of words and the space between them. His vocals are either a folly or something very special: I reckon a little of the former, a lot of the latter.

The Associates sound is somewhere between evocative Cure and dramatic Magazine: a passionate cabaret soul music, a fulfilment of the European white dance music Bowie was flirting with back then. It is a fabulist (as opposed to surrealist) entertainment vitiated by a cool sense of art.

Billy Mackenzie and Alan Rankine write the music; Mackenzie the words. Rankine appears to play all instruments — with remarkable skill — except drums (Nigel Glockler). The ten songs are consistently inventive, ironic, irreverent, written with a light sometimes self-mocking restraint, arranged from a post-Eno point of view.

The opening two songs are immediately impressive: the stylish, cynical title track, typically laced with incidental delights; the almost atomised, light-headed 'Amused As Always' — Mackenzie's singing here at its most absorbed and absorbing. The side's closer, 'Transport To Central', forgoes obvious percussion and is formed around bitter, hedonistic guitars. The guitar sound on the LP is of the Manzanera / Levene / Smith line, lyrical, splintered, very anti-formal.

Individually, Mackenzie's songs don't say anything in

particular (you could say they're fashionably vague, but I'm not going to). Nervy, inward-looking images are repeated, reviewed, suggesting a feeling or an action, a mood or a moment. Effectively simplistic, songs about chance, confusion, absurdity, failure, suspense, that never degenerate into the precious.

'A Matter Of Gender' is a lush example of The Associates' private desperation and public drama. 'Even Dogs In The Wild' is decadent cabaret, feeling for warmth; a typically clipped swing, finger clickings, a lone whistler in the dark. Mackenzie goes right over the top on 'Would I . . . Bounce Back' but still doesn't seem to be stretching himself; 'A' drags out the group's amorality from its usual corner.

Don't look for message or moral — the songs affect a dreamlike incompleteness but are not unprincipled or uncaring. They develop an account of the various mechanisms by which people remain trapped in boredom, abstraction, essence.

With Mackenzie's obsessive flamboyance, the invariably plangent melodies, the richly fragmented detail of the songs, The Associates are undoubtedly theatrical. But their sense of theatre is natural, even profound, not the usual pop flash-trivia. The Associates are real performers.

At their worst they are engagingly supra-whimsical, at their best they are potentially sophisticated and sensitive. Their well-ordered flair and melodrama seems right for the times: decay music.

'The Affectionate Punch' is a kind of masterpiece.

Paul Morley

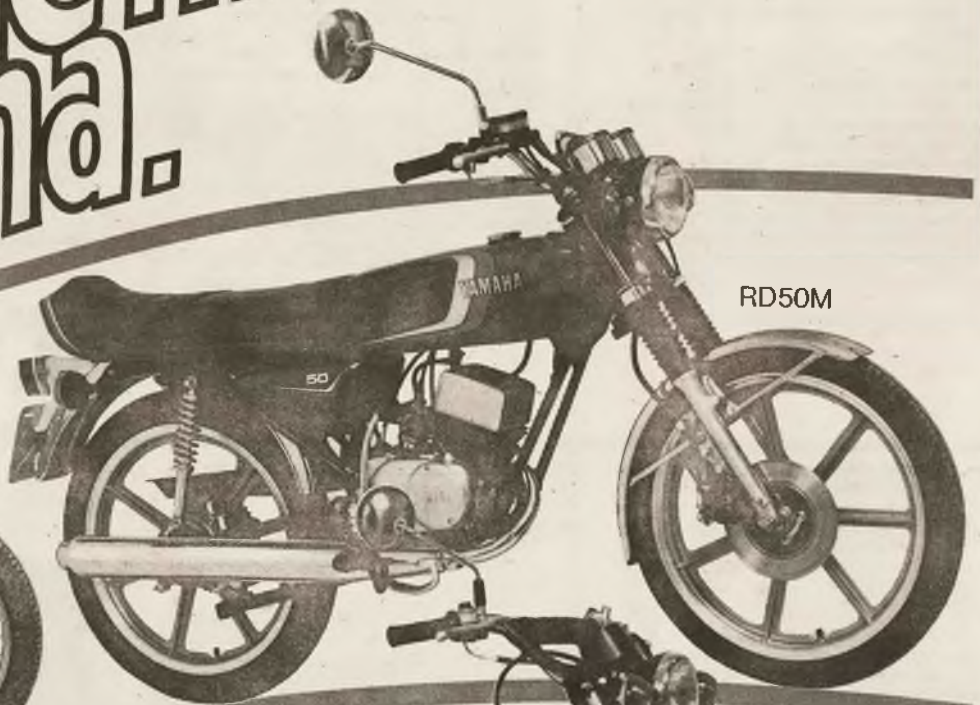




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Twinkle in the I and I

THE TWINKLE BROTHERS Countrymen (Virgin)

THE MAN beside me sings of his lust for life. His friend is galvanised energy tapping out a tattoo on the glass in constant rhythm. The world looks on aghast as the public comedy revolves ever more wildly towards a chaos of panic. This tribe of musicians from Trelawny play their drums and proclaim destruction: "I and I sit upon the mountain top and watch how Babylon falling."

Last summer I spent long nights standing up by a speaker in the late Noreik listening to the dubs of these Twinkle Brothers' declamations of destruction and salvation both, the music invoking some of the most electric on-the-floor spiritual inspirations of the Most High I have ever seen.

Now it is released music. Here is a Daniel, a Jonah, a Shadrack, a Meshack, and an Abendego: the first of whom was "cast in the lions den, but the lions take him for a friend"; the second, "swallowed up in the belly of the whale"; and the last three "cast in the fire but them never get burned." A consideration not unlike that of Mr. Norman Grant himself, the lead singer of the brethren and the only one of their number to make the trek into Babylon's interior with this their music.

Celtic legend tells of these western isle messengers, hironelle harbingers from the cradle of civilisation in Africa who in this context advise the world's citizens to leave their doomed habitats and head for the country and hills.

Moving from their previous "Praise Jah" studio bases at Treasure Isle and Montego Bay studios, the group recorded this last work at Harry J's studio in Kingston, with mixing and overdub added at the Townhouse centre in London. The production of those rough mixes that were played out to such effect last year is here mastered in competent style by



Ernie Twinkle. Pic: Kate Simon

the Stubborn team of artist Paul Smykle and Terry Barham, the latter also adding some guitar on the overdubs.

On the gentler tracks such as 'I Don't Want To Be Lonely Any More' and the redemption song 'Free Us', their style suggests much that of the group's 'Love' LP. But mostly the songs are of the frenzied stepping variety that had the DJ at Noreik chanting "Militant dread can't burn" to the greater contortion of the dancers in a previous incarnation. 'Jah Kingdom Come' and 'Babylon Falling' deal with the impending Armageddon. Something of the spirit of their 'Rasta Pon Top' invectives are apparent on this music, though the group take a more worldly perspective here, leaving the more basic pleas for redemption to that earlier period of their development.

Other themes deal with the prospect of badness on 'Patoo', which is a warning to the youth as much as their elders; plus the various tribulations that have besieged Grant 'Since I Throw The Comb' — another rhythm of some density.

The vibration remains positive throughout both sides, without a weak track showcased. The Twinkle Brothers are one of the only groups from the mid '70s reggae focus to fulfil their early promise.

Don't make no bad inspiration influence you. Only good meditation should go through your head.

Penny Reel



The Mahal hat-trick. Pic: Sadri

Magic Mahal

TAJ MAHAL Live (Magnet) Going Home (CBS)

TAJ MAHAL'S music has been in short supply recently. Without a label after leaving Warner Brothers and with previous label CBS deleting a dozen or so of his albums, aficionados of the world's leading ethnic-pop musicologist had only last year's direct-to-disc live import to satisfy their appetite — and that, with a total playing time of about 25 minutes, was hardly a generous helping.

One drawback with the new Magnet album is that all six tracks on the 'Live And Direct' import are repeated in almost identical versions. And, despite the addition of three new tracks — Buffy Sainte-Marie's 'You're Gonna Need Somebody On Your Bond' plus the instrumentals 'Reggae Number One' and 'Suva Serenade' — the album still lasts only a tad over half an hour.

A more serious objection is that, like the import, 'Live' fails to capture the full power and diversity of earlier Tajamborees: it's hard to nail the reason — I almost think his band is too good. Everything slips by with such consummate artistry, such tasteful understatement, they lose the rush, the edge, that comes with struggle. It's as if in subsuming the music's roots for their more universal pot pourri, The International Rhythm Band have also destroyed its pungent flavour.

The irony is that much of Taj Mahal's earlier work succeeds so well and so startlingly because of the way he reinvigorates one musical culture by (ad)ressing it in the styles and inspirations of another. 'Going Home', a CBS compilation album, provides exemplary proof in the shape of a calypso 'Brown-Eyed Handsome Man' and a reggaefied Appalachian folk song on 'Blackjack Davey'. These are not so much 'versions' as fruitful cross-cultural visions.

'Going Home' traces the Taj canon from his early reworkings of country blues with Ry Cooder and Jesse Ed Davis on 'Statesboro Blues' and 'Dust My Broom', through the more experimental approach of his soft-funk 'Sweet Home Chicago' to the discovery of African and Caribbean cultures ('Johnny Too Bad') and his marriage of these musics with North American blues and R&B.

The value of this journey is not just that Taj Mahal celebrates his discoveries with a rare affection but that in the process he transforms them, connecting up a rich black-music heritage that runs through Chuck Berry to the Bahamas, and on back to Africa. Just listen to 'Satisfied 'n' Tickled Too' or 'New E-Z Rider Blues' to hear where he can take the blues.

'Going Home' is a treat from start to finish. And while 14 tracks for £2.99 sounds like a great bargain, CBS should be ashamed of themselves for ever deleting the albums from which these tracks were taken. In Taj Mahal's case, tokenism just isn't enough.

Graham Lock



Squire Buggles

YES Drama (Atlantic)

NEW Yes, with added Buggles!

Whatever the circumstances surrounding the assimilation into the Yes organisation of the powerfully unlovable Buggles, there's no way the merger can realistically be seen as anything other than the creation of a diseased ad-man mentality: the old product, suffering severe diminution of its megabuck potential, is tarted-up (or down, as the case may be) with a "new miracle anti-glutinant ingredient". And, like many such mis-matched commodities, it falls right in the middle of a heap of stools, and comes up smelling accordingly.

The facts are these: 1) Yes lost their biggest "attractions" when Rick Wakeman and (especially) Jon Anderson left them. 2) Buggles have had a couple of hit singles, but were still far from firmly established when Downes and Horn joined Yes. 3) For both parties, 'Drama' is a make-or-break album: should it fail, the chances are that five careers would suffer severe setbacks.

In this respect we may be very lucky, for 'Drama', despite the much-vaunted "modern-world sensibilities" of Buggles, is shaping up as an anachronistic turkey of monstrous proportions, an all-too-obviously desperate attempt to recapture former Yes

Yes: No Thanks

fans who've drifted in the general direction of Styx and Kansas. Following the relatively "modernistic" covers of 'Going For The One' and 'Tormato', this one's firmly back in tired, tried-and-trusted Roger Dean landscape territory, as if to hearken back to "former glories": "good old Yes", and all that.

The music, too, is true to early Yes form, in that it sent me scurrying for The Cramps and similar antidotes every five minutes or so. I've never been able to listen to even a complete side of a Yes album at one sitting, and they're obviously not about to give me that chance after all these years.

This kind of pathetic, repugnant, self-important bombast is "classical rock" only in that it satisfies the need for ambient grandeur in certain young persons' lives, just as "classical music" itself satisfies the need for ambient grandeur in certain old persons' lives. The difference is that some classical music can go deeper, in the right ears.

Of course, there's always the possibility that Buggles are playing some kind of joke, perpetrating a heavily unsuitable parody of Yes and using the remnants of the band to do so: all the punch-lines are there — the pointless stop-start limbos, the meaningless (pyro)technical pedantry, the absurd castrato harmonies, and the way the vocalist (Horn?) draws out the word "shelter" into "sheh-heh-heh-heh-elter", attempting to give each pseudo-syllable a separate note.

Are Horn and Downes really taking the piss elaborately, or is this turgid, childish "complex" mess just a cold, clinical and supremely cynical construction founded solely in the certitudes of market research?

I do not know. But I think we should be told.

Andy Gill

AC/DC Back In Black (Atlantic)

EARLIER this year AC/DC's singer Bon Scott died of acute alcohol poisoning in the back seat of a friend's car. The coroner recorded a verdict of Death by Misadventure and said that Scott virtually "drank himself to death."

A sad and senseless waste of life certainly. But here's a sample of the press handout accompanying 'Back In Black' on the death of "superbutch" Bon: "Sadly he is no longer with us after he tragically went just one step too far on one of his notorious boozing binges only a few months ago. But if there is a crumb of comfort to be found in such a needless and premature death, it is that Bon probably went out the way he would have chosen, never

flinching as he went over the top just one more time."

Sometimes rock's capacity for sycophantic self-delusion in perpetuating the myth of machismo is nauseating.

'Back In Black' is either grossly insensitive or a very cheap attempt to cash in on Scott's death, and it's probably a bit of both. It starts with a tolling bell, and amongst dross like 'Give The Dog A Bone' and 'What Do You Do For Money Honey', contains tracks called 'Hell's Bells', 'Shoot To Thrill' and the final, hideous irony 'Have A Drink on Me.'

If you really want the dreary details the sound is the usual grotesque perversion of vintage Led Zeppelin, all busy, squabbling guitars interspersed with the shrill squeak of new singer Brian Johnson's grating Plant parody. To a woman, the

lyrics are at best an affront, at worst an infuriating threat.

When writing about HM, it's tempting to shunt it into an incomprehensible cult. Ignore it or laugh at it and, one hopes, it will quietly go away. The fact remains that it has a huge audience, most of whose lives bear not the remotest resemblance to the fantasies expressed in the genre.

The main attraction must be the loud uninhibited noise that's missing in much of today's meaningful music, plus the semblance of technical skill that leads an audience to believe it's being presented with worthy product. HM is merely celebrating a constrained, manufactured energy as an end in itself; its utter lack of substance masquerading as male pride.

No doubt many of its devotees sensibly accept it as sheer escapism. But why should we shrug off insulting sexual aggression and an irresponsible lack of respect for oneself or others as a harmless outlet for adolescent lunacy?

As an example of the genre, AC/DC are no better or worse than the rest of the bunch. Their distinguishing feature is a guitarist who squeezes himself into a schoolboy uniform, although the supposedly self-deprecating humour of this spectacle is lost on me, except perhaps as an amusing indication of the performers' mentality.

'Back In Black' is a horrible album, musically regressive and lyrically indefensible. I find the fact that it will undoubtedly be a hit terrifying.

Lynn Hanna

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SKAFISH

Skafish (Illegal)

JIM Skafish — he of the pudding-bowl haircut and shock-horror proboscis — is shaping up to become the thinking man's Tiny Tim, ditching the sweetness'n'light routine in favour of themes more pertinent to the modern American psyche (like guilt, neurosis, hatred, cynicism and general all-round screwed-upness). The record he's come up with isn't a lot of fun.

Much depends on how far you can warm to the Skafish persona, portrayed here in song upon song as a despised outsider, a social disaster-area and a creep with unappealing habits. Personally, despite what are often perceptively satirical lyrics, I'm thoroughly turned off by the whole act — the wallowing in ugliness, the sour humour, the glib theatre-of-cruelty mini-dramas. The moral may well be honourable enough — at least,

that's assuming Jim isn't really the ungodly monster he depicts — but unfortunately the wrapping just isn't attractive enough to entice many would-be sympathisers that far.

Musically, the Skafish band handle this selection of soft rock/hard pop numbers with the common degree of anonymous competence. The basic sound of the album is pleasant, if un-memorable, making liberal use of doo-wop highschool pastiche in some places and clean US new wave rock technique in others. Notable amongst the bunch are the opener 'Joan Fan Club' (about the bullying of the class fat-girl, an obvious Skafish proxy) and 'Obsessions Of You' (the unwholesome story of Jim's inevitably unrequited love).

The band's UK debut (at Milton Keynes) proved disastrous, and it's hard to see Skafish making much headway here at all. We've already got all the problems we need, thanks.

Paul Du Noyer

LEO KOTTKE

Live In Europe (Chrysalis)

IN THE eleven years he has been recording Leo Kottke has subtly established himself as one of the most inventive acoustic guitarists since the incomparable John Fahey.

Stylistically less dense and more orthodox, he is more approachable than the enigmatic Fahey and, as this live outing demonstrates, possesses a casual versatility that attracts without effort.

Kottke's choice of material shows he can be accessible too. He recorded Buddy Holly's 'Learning The Game' and Jorma Kaukonen's 'Embryonic Journey' on his previous LP 'Balance', while Norman Petty's 'Wheels' gets a rollicking rendering on this live effort.

In many respects this album serves more as a showcase of his style — influences ranging from South Appalachian to black blues and ragtime pickers — than as a developing thematic journey and is a little too diverse to be wholly satisfying.

The real joy of this record though, is in the intimacy of its production and in Kottke's performance. The live audience is never obtrusive, with applause being faded fast at the end of each number, and the sensation of an artist who not only enjoys playing for himself and others but actually lives in his instrument is remarkable.

I could spend time in describing individual numbers, the rolling boogie of 'Airproofing', the slow, melancholy slide of 'Shadowland' or the ramshackle complexity of 'Open Country Joy — Theme And Adhesions', composed jointly with McLaughlin, but that has little bearing on why I like this album so much.

Like Ry Cooder at his best, it's a sound that reaches out and touches; music that becomes like a familiar and comfortable room.

Neil Norman



Kottke: No more calls today please.

SPLIT ENZ

True Colours (A & M)

IN 1977 when they quit England and returned to Australia, New Zealand sextet Split Enz were a two-album Chrysalis act with a penchant for Pierrot make-up that seemed like a failed attempt at conceptualism.

All it served to do was detract from the music they made: technoflash rooted more in genuine creativity than mere tumescent clutter. They seemed lost and confused.

Now, retaining their musical dexterity but dispensing with the genre into which they awkwardly fitted, Split Enz deliver with 'True Colours' pellucid, plangent, highly commercial pop songs with witty, wry lyrics.

Sometimes these songs are excellent, like the clearly conceived 'I Got You', an aching insistent Number One 45 in Oz that should repeat its success here, and the number that precedes it and opens the album, the invigorating 'Shark Attack', which uses the buzz-phrase of everyday Oz neurosis as the song's central metaphor.

With aptly aquatic synthesizer from keyboardman Eddie Rayner swirling like the thrashing of chewed-up surfers in the swell, the song details the physical ravaging that love has wrought on the singer's body:

"Now I'm lost at sea and I'm an amputee."

In fact most of the songs hinge about a protagonist who never gets the girl, have an absurd paranoia at their core and are peppered with funny sad lines like 'I'm not about to be myself with all my doors ajar'.

The lyrical importance of these new Split Enz songs, all

IN 1970, Jim Colgrove moved to Woodstock, New York, along with fellow guitarist Amos Garrett and drummer Norman Smart. There they encountered prime steelie Buddy Cage and keyboardist Jeffrey Gutcheon, and the fivesome formed Speckled Bird and cut an album for CBS.

Later, with just one change in personnel, the band became Hungry Chuck and recorded for Bearsville, after which Colgrove did session-work for Bobby Charles, Paul Butterfield, Todd Rundgren and others. Eventually he settled down in Fort Worth, Texas, in 1978 cutting his first solo album, 'Panther City Blues' (Flying High), a jump-till-ready R&B and rockabilly tortilla that included versions of 'Ubangi Stomp', Willie Dixon's 'I'm A Natural Born Lover' and Robert Johnson's 'Terraplane Blues'.

And now the Colgrove story is continued by 'Border Radio' (Amazing), another Fort Worth offering, on which he leads a bunch of dime-slot music makers known as The Juke Jumpers. Though no great shakes as vocalist, Colgrove knows how to hand out a good time. His studio shots therefore come on like a stack of Joe Davis records and a bottle of booze. So when saxman Johnny Reno cruises breathily into T-Bone Walker's 'You Don't Love Me', it's '45 all over again and Harry Truman's on the radio.

For The Juke Jumpers tell it like it was — and tell it by means of numbers like Jimmy Liggins 'Cadillac Boogie', juke killer in '47, Robert Johnson's 'Me And The Devil', Dwight Pullens' 'Sunglasses After Dark' and similar invitations to jive awhile. Their album also bears the inscription 'made in Texas' and waves a Lone Star flag. Proudly, too.



Pic: Paul Cox.

Skafish: Is this man a phoney?

written by vocalist Tim Fin or guitarist and brother Neil, is stressed by the manner in which the album is severely devalued by each side's well-constructed if pointless instrumental track.

The album is littered with later-era Beatles references. 'What's The Matter With You' is the most extreme example of this, being largely 'Polythene Pam', whilst 'Missing Person' is 'Taxman' fused with 'Ticket To Ride' played backwards. Still, Jeff Lynne's based a whole career on re-writing 'Sergeant Pepper' and I've never heard of him being sued for plagiarism.

Chris Salewicz

BILLY THE KID EMERSON

Little Fine Healthy Thing (Charly)

Classic black jukebox jump music, cut at Sam Phillips' Sun Studio in 1954-55, with the vastly underrated Emerson exercising his choice chops in front of some torrid, tenor-totin' bands headed by Ike Turner, Bennie Moore and Phineas Newborn Snr.

The rockers, 'Hey Little Girl', 'Red Hot', 'Move, Baby, Move', pack a punch like Marciano, while the blues ballads such as 'No Greater Love' and 'When It Rains, It Pours' — the latter covered by Elvis in '57 — tear at your guts. Essential is the word.

Fred Dellar

THE EDGE

Square 1 (Hurricane)

IT'S BEEN a long time coming, and yet this longplay debut by The Edge is not a whole lot stronger than the implied pugilistic word-play that provides its jokey title. Essentially, The Edge sound like a raw '78-style punk band that have made a great effort and managed to sophisticate themselves all the way back to 1970.

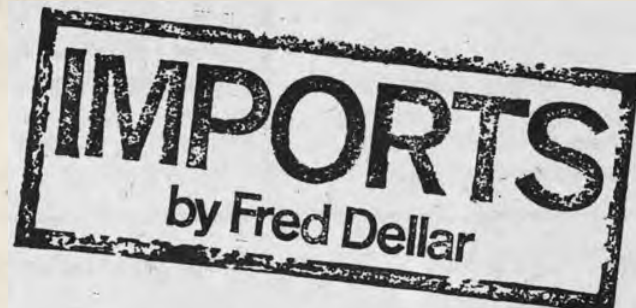
So, the sound's dominant feature is the tricky, bristling keyboard of Gavin Povey, pulling off top-speed manoeuvres in, around and over the grim, determined framework laid down by Lu Edmonds (guitar) and John Moss (drums) — those two refugees from the middle-period Damned — and bassist Glyn Havard.

Whilst the band affects a tense, clenched-fist attacking feel all the way through, they're finally too downright dry and characterless. Neither the songs themselves nor the impersonal shared vocals ever offer enough personality or memorability to draw the listener in. The Edge's world remains as hard and cold, as shiny and self-enclosed as a metal box.

I'm left with all sorts of unwelcome reminiscences: The Edge are a stripped-down Van Der Graaf Generator, or Atomic Rooster with haircuts. Nor is this lingering impression of stale old fashions exactly dispelled by the group's wholesale adoption of stale new fashions — robotic sci-fi ditties about computers ruling us and similar cliché-ridden themes don't encourage emotional involvement any more than such trite treatments stimulate real thought.

It is, of course, perfectly possible to like Franz Kafka and to enjoy *Fireball XL5* — but not at the same time.

Paul Du Noyer



A location-change next, to San Francisco, where Patrick Gleeson cut 'Rainbow Delta' (PVC), an item that currently regales Pacific Records' import catalogue. Gleeson's another of those synth-kings who favours the orchestral approach. Though hardly a Moog-Mantovani, it's easy to imagine that, in an earlier age, he would have at least been a Ravel groupie, a conjecture lent weight by the odd nod in the direction of 'Bolero' and 'Pavane Pur Une Infante Defunte' that pervades his work, and, more specifically, by a second-side electronic happening that's actually called 'Ravel Goes To Germany'.

Mind you, Gleeson's aware that the calendar shows 1980 and throws the disco switch in a couple of places to throw folks off the track. But his particular time-machine, based on the tried and tested Oldfield Mark I, has its controls rigidly set for Paris, circa 1910.

The sleeve, all graph paper and Mondrian, would certainly have benefited by something from Monet.

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London Moonlight Club
Aug 26th

Splodgenessabounds

THE P*SS FLAPS

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BEING KEPT BY US
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THE NOTSENSIBLES

184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)

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OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £2.50 ON NIGHT

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Friday 15th August £2

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plus guests

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TICKETS: £5.25 £4.50

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Wednesday 13th August 75p THE BLADES	Sunday 17th August £1 THE PIRANHAS
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Friday 15th August £1 TENPOLE TUDOR	Tuesday 19th August 75p THE INVADERS
Saturday 16th August £1.25 DOLL BY DOLL	Wednesday 20th August 75p THE PHAROHS

Elvis Costello plays
Edinburgh, Sunday and
Nottingham, Monday.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Little Willy
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: Par-
tisans/Otto's Bazaar/Saruman
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: Any
Trouble
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Ricky Cool &
The Rialtos
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Titan
Bradford Queens Hall: Ruff Justice
Brentwood Troubadour: The Amazing
Dark Horse
Brighton Concorde Club: Louder Animal
Group/The Voluntary Sector
Brighton The Northern: Nouveau-A-GO-
Go
Bristol Tiffany's: The Boudna Mouse
Band
Cleethorpes Darleys Hotel: The Woolly
Trunks
Coventry General Wolfe: R.P.M.
Edinburgh Nite Club: Ossie Osbourne's
Blizzard of Oz
High Wycombe Nags Head: On The Air
Leeds Richmond Inn: Gary Boyle Band
Liverpool (Hayton) Bow and Arrow: And
The Dance
Liverpool Masonic: Dick Smith Band
Liverpool St. Agnes Club: Dave Berry &
The Cruisers
London Camden Brecknock: Nothin'
Fancy
London Camden Dingwalls: Swinging
Cats
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Modern English/Self Control
London Chiswick John Bull: Telemarque
London Clapham 101 Club: The Lazars
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Step
London Deptford Star and Garter: The
Time Flies
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Valen-
tines
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The
Valentines
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club:
Spiritus
London Islington Hope and Anchor: Blast
Furnace/Revenge
London Jermyn St Maunkberrys: Plan B
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold
Dust Twins
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park:
Ike Isaacs Duo
London Marquee: Broken Home
London NW3 Seven Dials Club: Alan
Holdsworth & Co
London 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street: Tony
Tuff
London Putney White Lion: Seven Year
Itch
London Richmond Broley's: The
Decorators/The Nuggets/The Cym-
belines
London Soho Pizza Express: Jimmy Gour-
ley Trio (3 days)
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom:
Rocking Lobr & The Mamma Jammers
London Victoria The Venue: Billy Preston
& Syreeta
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's
Footwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: Beast/The Ugliers
Manchester Rafter's: Athletico Spizz 80
Milton Keynes Compass Club: Liquid
Stone
Newcastle-under-Lyme El Syd's: Strange
Breed
Northampton MFM Hall: Russians
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: Bauhaus
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Drug Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Nottingham Palais: Odyssey
Nottingham Secret Club: Potential Differ-
ence
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: Jeep
Poynton Folk Centre: South Parade, Peter
Hughes
Salford Pinkys Place: Two Tone Pinks
Sheffield Limit Club: Sector 27
Southampton Joiners Arms: The T.V.'s
Southport Churchtown Youth Club: The
Nice Men
Surrey Kingston The Three Tuns: Fabu-
lous Reed Bros
Swansea Dublin Arms: The D.S.

FRIDAY

Astley High Jump Club: Dave Berry & The
Cruisers
Banbury Wintergardens: Suicide Victims
Belfast Ulster Hall Punk Festival: The
Stimulators/Protex/The Starjets/The
Saints
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: Ultravox
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation
Critical
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Tenser
Bodmin (Open Air Concert): The
Mechanics
Burton 76 Club: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
Chorley Joiners Arms: Asylum
Coventry General Wolfe: Chainsaw
Coventry Queens Inn: Human Cabbages
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Croydon Greyhound: White Spirit

Edinburgh Nite Club: John Peel
Gosport The John Peel: The Time
Harwich The Boat Club: The Nice Men
Hull Reckits Club: Dedringer
Kidderminster Town Hall: Weapon Of
Peace/The Visit
Kingston The Swan: The Locators/The
Heroes
Kingston Three Tuns: The VIP's
Launceston White Horse: The Bricks
Leeds Ford Green Hotel: Turbo
Leicester Castle Donnington: Rain-
bow/April Wine/Judas Priest/Sax-
on/Scorpions/Riot/Touch
Liverpool Lincoln's Inn: And The Dance
London Camden Dingwalls: Seven Year
Itch/Last Chance
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jel-
lyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Secret gig (Top Stiff artist)
London Chiswick John Bull: Johnny Gee
London Clapham 101 Club: The Electric
Eels
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Mickey Jupp, Rio and the Robots
London Crystal Palace Hotel: The Blades
London East Ham Dukes Head: Park
Avenue
London Edmonton Swimming Baths:
Mirage
London Fulham Golden Lion: Ram Jam
Band
London Hackney Centerprize Basement:
Howard Locke
London Hackney Queen's: Avenue
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: Mad-
rigal & The Fanatics
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Man-
ipulator
London Holborn Princess Louise: The
Scoop
London Islington Hope and Anchor: Ten-
pole Tudor
London Jermyn St Maunkberrys: Glad
and May — Housewife Superstars
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
The Flatbackers
London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber
Johnny
London N4 The Stapleton: World Service
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: The New Era
Band
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: Tony
Tuff
London Peckham Walmer Castle:
Shadowfax
London Putney Star & Garter: Snatch 22
London Southall Hamborough Tavern:
Spider
London Southgate Royalty: Odyssey
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Tottenham Court Rd Scala
Cinema: Disco Zombies/The Slat-
ras/Again Again/Tabla 12
London Tottenham Court Road YMCA:
Sector 27
London Victoria The Venue: Billy Preston
& Syreeta
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: Geneva/Between Pictures
Maidenhead Leisure Centre: Denny Laine
Band/The Moonwalkers
Malvern Winter Gardens: Vitreous
Humour/The Stares/Moonshine/Jet
Steam And The Tracers
Manchester Mayflower: The Mo-Dettes
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: The
Scene
Milton Keynes Cranford Arms: Dancing
Counterparts
Norwich Whites: Thumpa
Pontardawe Folk Festival — for 3 days:
Silly Wizard/Ossian/Air Log/Vin Gar-
butt/Quilty/Bill Caddick/Johnny Col-
lins/Bob Stewart/Ray Fisher and many
more
Reford Porthouse: Any Trouble
Scarborough Penthouse: Athletico Spizz
80
Shepton Mallet Centre: The Dangerous
Brothers/Das Kapital/The Lepers
Stalybridge Commercial: The Cheaters
St Neots Cambridge Working Men's Club:
Johnny Storm/Mick Cochran
Swansea The Nutz Club: The D.S.

SATURDAY

Banbury Winter Gardens: The Detours
Bedford Athletic Rugby Club: U.K.
Decay/The Daleks/The Rack
Belfast Ulster Hall Punk Festival: The
Stimulators
Birmingham Cedar Club: Playthings
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Suz Zero
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street
Dealers
Bolton St Williams Club: Dave Berry &
The Cruisers
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: The Martian
Schoolgirls
Bradford Queen's Hall: Spinoes
Bristol Crookers: The D.S.
Chester, Albion Hotel: Zorkie Twins
Coventry General Wolfe: The Expressos
Dudley J.D.'s: The Mo-Dettes
Durham Castle Inn: Dedringer
Edinburgh Nite Club: Richard and Linda
Thompson
Glasgow Burns Howff: H20
Gosport John Peel: Skavengers
Guildford Civic Hall: White Spirit

Leeds Staying Post: Agony Column
Leicestershire Castle Donnington: Rain-
bow/April Wine/Judas Priest/Sax-
on/Scorpions/Riot/Touch
London Brixton Old Queens Head: The
Zoots
London Camden Brecknock: The Flatbac-
kers
London Camden Dingwalls: Annis/Mic-
key Gee & The Dominoes
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Stan Webb's Chicken Shack/Small
Print
London Chiswick John Bull: Elgin
London Clapham 101 Club: The Razz-
/Zero Zero
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
London Blues Jam with Richard New-
man, Brian Knight & Friends
London Crystal Palace Hotel: Ram Jam
Band
London Deptford Star and Garter: White
Light
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Pagan
Altar
London Fulham Golden Lion: Ricky Cool
& The Rialtos
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre
(lunchtime): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London High Wycombe Nags Head: Mic-
key Jupp
London Islington Hope and Anchor: Doll
by Doll
London Lewisham Concert Hall: Denny
Laine Band
London Marquee: The Upset
London NW1 The Brecknock: The Flatbac-
kers
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: Original East
Side Stompers
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: Tony
Tuff
London Putney Star & Garter: Johnny G
Band
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big
Chief
London Tottenham The Spurs: The
Rhythm Squad
London Victoria The Venue: Carlene
Carter
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: The Stains
London Wimbledon Nelson's: Jo-ann Kel-
ly's Second Line
Loughborough Rugby Club: Flying
Saucers/Rocky Storm/The Shakers
Maldstone Armstrong Hall: The Perform-
ing Ferrets
Manchester (Chorlton) Valentines Squash
Club: The Swinging Lamphades
Manchester Portland Bar: The Cheaters
Manchester The Millstone: Eyelids
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Athletico
Spizz 80
Milton Keynes Willen Lake Mini Bowl: The
Crew/Spud/The Fabs/Russians etc
Norwich Showground: Thumpa
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: Trance
Ratford Porthouse: Sector 27
Sheffield Leadmill: Flying Alphonso
Brothers/Artery/Difficult Decision/
Scarborough Antiques/Repulsive
Alban/The Tremmers/Corridor
St Albans City Hall: Ultravox
St Austell New Cornish Riviera Lido: The
Mechanics
Telford The Club: Seshara
Wakefield Nostell Club: The Woolly
Trunks
Wallasey Dale Inn: Asylum
Watford Red Lion: Fool
West Runton Pavilion: Rock'n'Roll
Festival
Weymouth Celler Vino: Toulouse
Widemouth Manor Hotel: Metro Glider
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The
Peas
Wolverton Crawford Arms: The Coconut
Dogs

SUNDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: The Set
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham Yardley The Swan: Video
Bradford College Vaults Bar: Spinoes
Brighton Jenkinson's: Q-Tips
Brighton The Springfield: Hot Vultures
Bromley The Northover: Bill Scott & Ian
Ellis
Bury Fishpool Club: Dave Berry & The
Cruisers
Bury The Bridge: Two Tone Pinks
Cannock Moonraker: Ricky Cool & The
Rialtos
Corby Town Supporters Club: Strange
Days
Coventry General Wolfe: Bad Qmen
Croydon The Star: Fanatics & The Daleks
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: The Significant
Zeros
Edinburgh Playhouse: Elvis Costello &
The Attractions
Edinburgh The Vampire: The Nice Men
Edinburgh's Valentino's: Bauhaus
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: Dick Smith
Band
Guildford Civic Hall: The Strangers
Guildford The Royal Oak: The Time
Hanley Stoke-on-Trent Festival: Vermilion
Hair/The Lammings/The Fitz/Oli Vee
Kirkcaldy Country Club: Sector 27
Leeds Fan Club: The Mo-Dettes

Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Liverpool The Masonic: And The Dance
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular
Vein
London Blackheath Hill White Swan:
Pagan Altar
London Brixton George Canning: South-
side
London Camden Dingwalls: Rough Stuff
London Charing Cross Duke of Buck-
ingham: The Invisibles
London Clapham 101 Club: On The Air
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Orange Cardigan/Evidence/The Cut
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: Avenue
London Fulham Greyhound: The
Ugliers/The Directions
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Billy
Karloff & The Supremes
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Broken
Home
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Piranhas
London Marquee: The Moonwalkers
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
The Flatbackers
London N16 Pegasus: Combo Passe
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: Tucker Fin-
layson Band
London Putney White Lion: Seven Year
Itch
London Soho Pizza Express: Fred Hunt
London Strand Lyceum: Ultravox
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: The Step
London Woolwich Tramshed: Victoria
Wood & support
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: The Cocktail
Party/Pat Doyle
Manchester The Squat: Bathroom Ren-
ovations/Gods Gift/Freudian Slip/The
Hoax/The Mekon/Outer Edge/Perfor-
mance/Undercovermen/Vibrant Thigh

Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Norwich The Cottage: The Stingrays
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow:
Medium Medium
Nottingham Trent Bridge: Harry & The
Atoms plus Cato St Conspiracy
Poynton Folk Centre: Magna Carta/Dave
Hughes
Reading Cherry's Bar: Great Mistake
Saltburn Zetland Hotel: Carl Green & The
Scene
Southend-on-Sea Palace Bar: The
Business
Tolleshunt D'Arcy-Guines Court: Lizard
Torquay Pelican Inn: Metro Glider
Wishaw Cambusnethan Priory: H20
Wollaston Nags Head: Trance

MONDAY

Bath Pavilion: The Strangers
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Gangsters
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Gentleman
Jim
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The
Ramparts
Birmingham Snobs: Sub Zero
Burnley The Inn Place: The Accelerators
Cambridge Raffles: Amyl Dukes
Colchester Townhouse: V.H.F.
Croydon The Cartoon: Furniture
Derby Assembly Rooms: The Ramones
Edinburgh Tiffans: Steel Pulse
Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: Dick Smith
Band
Greenock Victorian Carriage: Thirty Bob
Suits
Guildford Wooden Bridge: The D.S.
Ilford Caulflower Hotel: Original East
Side Stompers
Liverpool Kirklands: And The Dance
Liverpool Rotters: Ossie Osbourne's Bliz-
zard Of Oz
London Camden, Brecknock: Sons Of
Cain
London Camden Dingwalls: 'Jock Rock'
— Positive Noise/Liberty Bodice
London Clapham 101 Club: The Valen-
tines/The Time Flies
London Clapham, Two Brewers: The Flat-
backers
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The
V.I.P.'s
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Reluctant Stereotypes
London Jermyn St Maunkberrys:
Holywood U.K.
London Marquee (for 2 nights): Denny
Laine Band/The Moonwalkers
London N4 The Stapleton: Syndicate
London NW8 The Crown: Trimmer &
Jenkins
London N.W.6 Starlight Rooms: World
Service
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: Virginia Justin
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
London Richmond Snoopy's: Freudian
Slip
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rick-
shaw's Hot Goolies
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Combo
Passe
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: Long Tall Shorty
Mansfield Red Lion Music Bar: Twilight
Victims
Middlesbrough Bennet Club: Dave Berry
& The Cruisers
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Bauhaus
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Bad
Publicity
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
Nottingham Theatre Royal: Elvis Costello
& The Attractions/Rockpile
Reading Cherry's Bar: Firebird
Surrey Kingston Waves: Shadowfax

TUESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bradford College Vaults Bar: Nos Farenty
Brentford Red Lion: Seven Year Itch
Brighton Alhambra: Louder Animal
Group/The Reward System
Cambridge Raffles: Axe Band
Coventry Bulls Head: The Reluctant
Stereotypes
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: The Marks

Leeds Warehouse: Spyder Blues Band
Little Sutton Bulls Head: Dick Smith Band
London Blackheath White Swan: The
Business
London Camden Brecknock: The Times
Flies
London Camden Dingwalls: Any Trouble
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Broken Home
London Clapham 101 Club: The T
Boys/The Dynamos
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Eyes
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The
45s
London Hammersmith Odeon: The
Ramones
London Hornsey Kings Head: Main
Avenue Jazzband
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Invaders
London Jermyn St Maunkberrys (3 days):
Angst
London N4 The Stapleton: Brett Marvin &
The Thunderbolts
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: Crescent City
Band
London Oxford St 100 Club: Mickey
Jupp/The Pharaohs
London Plumstead, Prince Rupert:
Avenue
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazz
Band
London Victoria The Venue: Mirage
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: The
Coconut Dogs
London Woolwich Tramshed: Tramshed
Variety & Rosemary Squires
Manchester Rotters: Ossie Osbourne's
Blizzard Of Oz
North Shields Man Club: Dave Berry &
The Cruisers
Nottingham Grey Goose: The
Accelerators
Nottingham Theatre Royal: Lene Lovich
Oxford Scamps: The D.S.
Paisley Bungalow Bar: The Associates
Plymouth Fietsa: Q-Tips
Southampton Gilbeys: Skavengers
Swansea White Swan: Quilty
Ullapool Community Centre: Boys Of The
Lough

WEDNESDAY

Arundel Willows Folk Club: Hot Vultures
Ayr The Pavilion: Freebird
Bicester Red Lion: Double Yellow Lines
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Reality
Birmingham Golden Eagle: The
Expressos
Birmingham Mercat Cross: M.S.' Night-
work
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bletchley White Hart: Dancing Counter-
parts
Bradford College Vaults Bar: The
Accelerators
Burslem Bowler Hat: Vermilion Hair
Cambridge Great Northern: V.H.F.
Cambridge Raffles: The Zeds
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Coventry General Wolfe: The M.P.'s
Croydon The Star: The Orange Cardigan
Doncaster Rotters: Ossie Osbourne's Bliz-
zard Of Oz
Durrington The Plough: The Pime
Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
Great Yarmouth Wheels: The Stingrays
Greenock Victorian Carriage: The
Associates
Leamington Spa the Crown Hotel: The
Set
Liverpool Gatesby's: The Mo-Dettes
London Camden, Dingwalls: Aswad
London Clapham 101 Club: The Swinging
Cats/Mobster
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Sad
Among Strangers
London E.3 Earl Of Aberdeen: Kathy
Stobart Quintet
London Finsbury Park The Stapleton Hall
Tavern: Combo Passe
London Fulham Greyhound: The VIPs
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Pin
Ups
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:
The Tropicans
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Pharaohs
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred
Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Park
Avenue
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: Ken Barton
Band
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett:
Martian Dance
London Richmond Snoopy's: Lifestyle
London Soho Pizza Express (4 days):
Johnny Parker Trio
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: The
Flatbackers
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Real
To Real
London Victoria The Venue: Broken
Home
London W.14 The Kensington: Seven
Year Itch
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Jo-
Ann Kelly's Second Line
London Woolwich Tramshed: Pyewac-
kett
Manchester Rafter's: Bauhaus
Newcastle-under-Lyme El Syd's: The
Uninvited
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow:
Gwaihir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some
Chicken
Oxford Scamps: Naked Lunch
Purley Scarlett's: Mirage
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original
East Side Stompers
Stornaway Town Hall: Boys Of The Lough
Torquay 400 Club: Q-Tips
Torquay Town Hall: Athletico Spizz 80

Send your entries to Gig Guide,
New Musical Express, 5-7
Carnaby Street, London W1V
1PG — to arrive at least a week
before publication date. Sorry,
but we can't take entries by
phone.

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 14th August £1
TENPOLE TUDOR + The Blades

Friday 15th August £1
SWINGING CATS + Lip Service

Saturday 16th August £1
SOX + Small Print

Sunday 17th August 75p
THE DIRECTIONS + The Ugliers (Live Recording)

Monday 18th August 50p
R&B Nite with
THE CANNIBALS + WIPE OUT

Tuesday 19th August 75p
RIKKI & THE CUFFLINKS + Le Gag

Wednesday 20th August 75p
THE VIPs + Idiot Dancers

NINE BELOW ZERO

NINE BELOW ZERO wish to thank all their supporters for their support during the first half of this year...

See you at READING

Thank you

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Wed 20th August: HALF MOON, PUTNEY
Thurs 21st August: BRITISH MUSIC FAIR, OLYMPIA
Fri 22nd August: RIVERSIDE STUDIOS, HAMMERSMITH
Sat 23rd August: VENUE, VICTORIA
Mon 25th August: 100 CLUB, OXFORD ST, W.1.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE Anerley Hill Upper Norwood S.E. 19 (Crystal Palace Roundabout)

Sat 16th August

THE RAM JAM BAND

Doors open 7.30 Fully Licensed Bar

MORE LIVE ADS ON PAGE 53

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

MO-DETTES

The Swinging Cats

RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)

SATURDAY 23rd AUGUST at 7.30

TICKETS £2.50 (inc. VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245 OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £2.50 ON NIGHT

YMCA 112 GT RUSSELL ST., WC1 01-636 7289 Y STUDIOS PRESENT

Friday 15th August 8pm Start

SECTOR 27 with TOM ROBINSON

+ **COSMETICS**

Tickets £2 advance, £2.50 on door

Tickets: Y-Studios, Virgin Ticket Machine, London Theatre Bookings.
Postal: Y-Studios inc S.A.E.

MCP presents

RICK WAKEMAN SHOW

City Hall, Newcastle
Thurs Sept 18th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.75, £3.25, £2.75, £2.25
Available from B/O Tel 0632 612606

Apollo Theatre, Glasgow
Fri Sept 19th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.75, £3.25, £2.75, £2.25
Available from B/O Tel 041 332 9221/2

Odeon Theatre, Edinburgh
Sat Sept 20th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.75, £3.25, £2.75, £2.25
Available from B/O Tel 031 667 3805

Apollo Theatre, Manchester
Sun Sept 21st 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.75, £3.25, £2.75, £2.25
Available from B/O Tel 061 273 1112/3

Odeon Theatre, Birmingham
Mon Sept 22nd 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.75, £3.25, £2.75, £2.25
Available from B/O Tel 021 643 6101/2

City Hall, Sheffield
Wed Sept 24th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.75, £3.25, £2.75, £2.25
Available from B/O Tel 0742 735295/6

ABC Theatre, Peterborough
Thurs Sept 25th 7.30 p.m.
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The Kinks

Lyceum

ALL SORTS still love The Kinks, or so it seems from this packed Lyceum's worth of bizarrely diverse individuals, all gathered to witness the band's first London appearance in many a long yonk.

Young Fred Perry wearers rub shoulders with nostalgic suburbanites rub shoulders with bearded jeans-tucked-in-boots American tourists rub shoulders with monkey-suited security rub shoulders with me.

Except I don't love The Kinks so much any more; less after this evening.

Dedicated followers are one thing and curious first-timers are fine, but on this showing I'd say even the new improved Kinks would find it hard to build a British following that wasn't based almost entirely on the Kink legend, as opposed to the Kink reality. The old songs are rushed through, with something approaching embarrassment, as obvious sops to the audience's tastes — and yet, even under such conditions, those old songs still shine brighter than they ought, and cast awkward shadows over the new material that's understandably closer to their creator's heart.

Ray Davies, quite deservedly, enjoys an enormous fund of goodwill and he knows how to play about with it to make a gig special. From his corny delayed-entrance technique at the start — finally emerging, blowing kisses as the band plays 'You Really Got Me' — to the encores at the end he transforms a frankly mediocre performance into a celebration of himself. The vaudeville has gone, but the grin remains. And even in the new Kinks act there's still room for the stock gags like his teasing will-we-won't-we intro to 'Lola'.

Professional super-competence was never The Kinks' style, admittedly, and such haphazard playing in a bunch of veterans can be quite endearing — to this day there's nothing polished or mechanical about this group. But after a while the clumsiness becomes oppressive. The long and dreary blues-boom boogie of 'A Gallon Of Gas' is just dreadful, betraying musicians who haven't really progressed beyond 1970 or so. Even 'Celluloid Heroes'

sounds tired and fails to strike its customary note of melancholy magic.

Songs from the 'Low Budget' era come across as drab and plain, while the catalogue of '60s hits gets only the most perfunctory treatment from the stage — at odds with the maximum response that the crowd reserves for anything ancient and familiar. Dave Davies thrashes away in his proto-headbang tradition, complemented by the ever-present Mick Avory on drums and new-ish bassman Jim Rodford. The

Ray Davies completely unaware that Peter Anderson was taking his photo.



contributions of Ian Gibbons on keyboards generally don't come through at all, when the sound sorely needed enlivening.

As a one-off event, and a rare one at that, any Kinks show is worth taking a look at — in Ray Davies we're dealing with rock's most accomplished showman. But don't expect excellence or too much in the way of contemporary relevance.

The Kinks survive because they're an institution with a preservation order held in all our hearts.

Paul Du Noyer

Who are the Ray Davies preservation Society and why do they bother?

Ultravox Blackburn

SYNTHESIZED Rhythm. Synthesized Soul...

Midge Ure plays Captain Kirk. Standing firmly at the helm of the Starship Ultravox, he has the air of cool confidence and suave arrogance normally attributed to most trashy paperback heroes. Around him, bare stage has been transformed into what resembles a low-budget film set. Three stacks of keyboards represent flight control desks behind each of which stands an unsmiling, soberly dressed operator. Warren Cann's electronic percussion machine, with its facia of flashing coloured lights, is not unlike a computer control centre; the amps in the background could be the computer banks.

The whole thing resembles the interior of a space ship. Suddenly, as a sea of fluorescent-green light floods the scene, I'm half-blinded by a powerful silver beam projected into the audience. Ultravox now appear as four silhouettes, their forms constantly changed by an illusion of light. Captain Ure and his gaunt looking crew seem to be looking out of some

make-believe portal and thousand lesser humans stare back. I'm witnessing, I think, a close encounter of yet another kind.

At first, the spectators of the Ultravox sci fi circus appear stunned, eyes wide and unblinking, jaws gaping. No one dances, unsure how to react; there is no reaction save dumbfoundment. The clinical coldness of the instrumental 'Astradyne' and the narcissistic indulgence of an extended 'Western Promise' continue to leave the audience unmoved. Only when old favourites such as 'Slow Motion' and 'Quiet Man' are introduced into the set do the band succeed in rousing audience interest.

But just as I begin to feel that this new Ultravox are merely living on borrowed time and former glories, a succession of strong new songs totally sweep away the premature misgivings. The pacey electronic pulse of 'Sleepwalk' and 'All Stood Still' succeed in transmitting energy to the feet of the previously reluctant dancers. Both songs, contemporary pop pearls, demonstrate how Ultravox can create modern commercial music whilst still retaining artistic respect; their is the ideal but formidable formula for success that few bands

could even hope to emulate.

The title track of the new album, 'Vienna', is the ultimate in soulfully gushing synthesized ballads that sees Ure's superbly controlled vocal range fully stretched as he reaches the climactic chorus line, "This means nothing to me! Oh Vienna!" a heart-felt cry. There is still this intensity of feeling in their work that many feared would disappear with the departure of Foxx. But I'm convinced that Ure is an adequate and competent replacement and that rather than sliding down any regressive paths, the band are continuing to boldly go where no man (well, maybe one or two) has gone before.

Ultravox's synthesized aura somehow, almost impossibly, evades a pompous vulgarity where gaudiness of art leads to unhealthy decadence. Their music moves me.

But I worry about them, the outwardly cold, inwardly emotional, serious young men of rock. They have waited so long for success and have been so deserving of it that I hope they are more than simply this week's passing trend. They are worth more than this; they are worth some place in your heart.

Mick Duffy



And pigs will fly

Pink Floyd

Earls Court

YOU DON'T read much about Pink Floyd in the music tabloids these days. Interviews have long been 'verboden', whilst the veneer of a corporate anonymity has rendered the ensemble as personality zeroes.

Meanwhile this most faceless of aggregates continues to crawl sloth-like from strength to strength, sucking in followers the world over with the event of a new album being regarded as the vinyl equivalent of manna from heaven. The release and formidable success of 'The Wall' trumpeted forth the fierce contention that, purely in commercial terms, this perplexing behemoth could well be the biggest musical attraction in the world.

We Brits adore them with a patriotic ardour almost on the same level as the mass cap-doffing meted out to our beloved Queen Mum. Europe smothers its aural senses in their wondrous high-falootin' conceits, and even in America the Floyd's concoction of half-baked quiet desperation everso tartly diluted within a plush ocean of musical placebos has granted the record biz a taste of the old mega mega platinum fervour not experienced since the glory daze of *Saturday Night Fever*.

Only the Rolling Stones — commercially resuscitated with 'Some Girls' — and Led Zeppelin provide any semblance of heavyweight

competition and there'd be no point pulling hairs about the pecking order.

Certainly not when one actually focuses in on Pink Floyd's wares, and tries to uncover that all-important X factor that has brought about this mass commercial triumph. The Wednesday night performance of their six nights at Earls Court's 18,000 seater mausoleum to show 'The Wall' granted the investigator with a brace of pointers but the ultimate feeling was one of rampant bemusement.

SIX YEARS ago, I witnessed Pink Floyd at Wembley giving a performance so wretchedly lackadaisical, that the consequent review stabbed into the whole shambolic, utterly condescending endeavour and concluded, "One can easily envisage a Pink Floyd concert in the future consisting of the band simply wandering onstage, setting all their tapes into action, putting their instruments on remote control and then walking off behind the amps in order to talk about football or play billiards."

The outburst was predictably greeted with universal howls of indignation, be they the bellicose burlings of Floyd sycophants or so-called arbiters of taste like one John Peel who was most indignant, in fact quite shocked that one should dare mutter one disparaging syllable against "our good old Floyd".

Since then the group's blatant lack of genuine inspiration and overbearing indolence has caused with

each successive album, a total breakdown regarding a former democratic 'front', so that now their name houses four none too harmonious individuals with Roger Waters — the most aggressive and prolific — as self-appointed leader. Roy Harper, whose career has involved various collaborations with the group, recently told me about the state of Floyd, claiming that Waters cracked the whip while the others are caught in a limbo between resentment and lethargy.

'The Wall' makes Waters pre-eminence within Floyd clear. The programme — a glossy grab-bag of Gerald Scarfe cartoons, lyrics and the odd photo of individual members and retailing for £1.50 — states that the conceit was "written and directed" by Waters; he has also elected himself to play the role of the plot's hero/victim, a ploy that allows him to put down his bass and traipse about the stage with a hand-mike and a belly-full of overwrought 'angst'.

Playing the principal character is possibly courageous in terms of trying something different and more taxing, but it's also a grave error: Waters has no stage presence, and he is incapable of projecting anything beyond the most banal breast-beating most commonly associated with youth-club amateur dramatics. Most irksome, Waters vocals are so limited that one could scarcely hear a single word. When separated from the band, he looked just like another of the roadies, building the wall — the wall

that finally became the real star of the show.

A MORE bemusing exercise in rock theatre could never be conceived. For each of the four Floyds there was a double — two drummers, two keyboard players, two guitarists and two bassists, each one positioned close to Gilmour, Wright, Mason and Waters (when he chose to strap his instrument on). One could rarely tell who was playing what, with Mason and Wright totally anonymous throughout the entire escapade and Gilmour only recognisable owing to the odd vocal exchange with Waters plus a five minute guitar solo while standing on the wall itself.

Then, of course, there were the pre-taped sections booming out from all over the gargantuan monstrosity of a hall; they were frequent and so deftly in sync with what I presumed to be the 'live' music that I was left wondering whether these tapes were in operation throughout the two hours that 'The Wall' took to perform.

Yet again, I imagine Waters at least — and make no mistake, with the coming of 'The Wall' he is the Pink Floyd now — revels in the whole perverse plethora of contradictions he tosses out to his adoring audience. Reviews of the album have pinpointed its creator's self-obsession, yet reports on the stage show have mostly been a litany of all the extravagant, and costly, theatrical embellishments. But what occurred to me while watching this bloated

extravaganza was that it quite possibly could be Waters' (and therefore Floyd's) grand exit.

When not fully attempting to shake off the long patented Floyd anonymity, Waters himself appeared to wallow gleefully in his open contempt for the audience that the group have gathered over the years. The audience, in turn, roared their approval at all the stock nonsense — the aeroplane crashing into a wall (even though the explosion was laughingly mistimed); the flying pig; the fireworks; the quadrophonic sound-effects; Gilmour's guitar solo; the dry-ice.

Yet all the visual effects specially invented for 'The Wall' seemed to leave them bemused too. Scarfe's cartoons — even though their essentially garish, facile conceit showed the illustrator to be a secondary force compared to someone like Ralph Steadman — were just a little too thought-provoking for this bunch's puny 'bread and circus' mentality. The wall itself provoked a kind of confused amazement.

DURING THE 20 minute intermission, the audience — the most timorous po-faced bunch I've ever seen at a rock concert in my life — wandered about looking completely blank. The most frequent comment I overheard was a reverent, "It's just like the record isn't it?" As the rumbling tapes introduced the second half, one Elvis Costello, a man renowned for his verbal cut-and-thrust, bellowed at the hordes dashing back to their seats, belligerently

referring to them as "sheep". They ducked away, seemingly terrified of anything remotely resembling a confrontation.

And it's essentially because of the absence of any sort of direct confrontation that 'The Wall' fails both as a record and particularly as a stage production. Waters is too wretchedly self-obsessed to see beyond his whole charade and his contempt for the audience is pure smugness. He seems to snigger at the crowd's gullibility, smugly swathed in the belief of his own superiority.

If he had any real guts, he'd deflate the whole farce by simply debunking all prior myths and illusions within ten minutes, and then having stripped himself and the Floyd naked of all their pathetic theatrical accoutrements, inform the audience that the game is over and that their ticket money will be refunded at the door. Instead, he is just one more hypocrite accusing other hypocrites of hypocrisy, which, of course, is the most hypocritical thing one can do.

Oh and by the way, Roger, the old 'quiet desperation' schtick you and your chums have been peddling is wearing far too thin, as well as being the most reactionary stance to take in 1980. I got a very strong sense of this shebang being you and the Floyd's acrimonious farewell and God knows, it's about time.

You've been languishing on uninspired, indolent and utterly reactionary conceits for far too long. The rude awakening will be coming very soon; you'd be well advised to stay in your tax-havens.



Brick by brick, Nick Kent demolishes Pink Floyd's 'The Wall' at Earls Court.

"If Waters had any real guts, he'd deflate the whole farce by simply debunking all prior myths and illusions within ten minutes, and then having stripped himself and the Floyd naked of all their pathetic theatrical accoutrements, inform the audience that the game is over and that their ticket money will be refunded."



A color photograph of a man and a woman in a social setting. The man, on the left, has a mustache and is wearing a light-colored blazer over a white shirt. The woman, on the right, has blonde hair and is wearing a white dress with a patterned bodice. They are both looking towards the camera. In the foreground, on a round table, is a bottle of Ricard aperitif, a clear glass carafe, and two tall glasses filled with a yellow liquid. A small box of Ricard cigarettes and a pack of matches are also on the table. The background is dark and out of focus.

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FINAL: FEBRUARY 3rd, 1981 — LONDON RAINBOW THEATRE

Jr. Walker. Pic David Corio.



Jr. Walker & His All-Stars Dingwalls

CALL IT perverse, but somehow it seemed appropriate to celebrate Motown's 20th anniversary with somebody no longer recording for the company. Nevertheless, during the label's Golden Era as Tamla Motown, Jr. Walker contributed almost as much as any other artist to the label's reputation.

Today, he is arguably the very last of the great honkers 'n' shouters: bull-lunged tenor saxmen who once all but dominated R&B. However, Walker's staying power-like that of the late King Curtis — was in his ability to off-set the high-note histrionics with a slightly more subtle approach. By doing so, Walker not only avoided the obvious limitations of the guts 'n' glory genre, but found sufficient scope to define his highly personal instrumental characteristics with such customised material as 'Roadrunner', 'Shotgun' and 'Cleo's Mood'.

It mattered not that he rewrote these basic riffs under various titles because Walker regularly dealt such aces as 'How Sweet It Is', 'Come See About Me', 'What Does It Take'

and 'Walk In The Night', — hit records that vividly illustrated a vocal style as equally raucous and rhythmic as his horn blowing.

On Thursday evening, had both admission and the bar been free, there couldn't have been more people trying to gain access at Dingwalls. Onstage, Jr. Walker was first astonished and then visibly moved as people continually jumped out of the audience to embrace him. Spurred by a crack backing group featuring some tasty guitar work, Jr. Walker And His All Stars kept the faith. Such was the freshness with which he entertained that his set was totally devoid of the inevitable going-through-the-motions nostalgia that one has come to expect from yesterday's heroes.

However, like all great artists, Jr. Walker's music and the way he continues to perform it is genuinely timeless and as relevant today as it was then, 15 years ago, he helped lay the foundations of soul music on an international basis.

Anyway, if he keeps to his proven schedule, Jr. Walker will enjoy yet another massive hit within the next couple of years.

Roy Carr

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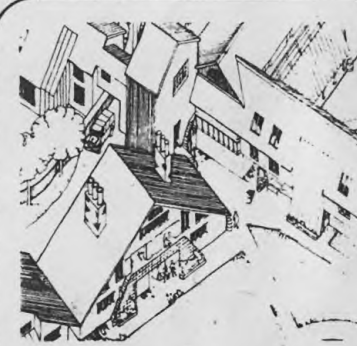
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ROXY MUSIC

■ From page 29

The sharp special critiques of 1977's 'Listen Now' disappeared without a trace, resurfacing briefly on Manzanera's 'K-Scope', but, like Mackay's solo obsessions, didn't come through at all in the reformed Roxy's output — excluding the title track of 'Manifesto', co-written by the guitarist.

As to Paul Thompson, the band's original drummer, he came back for the 'Manifesto' sessions, but played on far less than he was credited for on the sleeve, according to Ferry, and wasn't invited at all to the recording of 'Flesh And Blood'. Plainly, his heavier rock orientated style had no place in the delicate disco rhythms of the new Roxy.

Which brings us to the point: when is a band not a band? Or more acutely: how many people do Roxy have to lose before it's just Ferry plus backing band?

"That's probably the most difficult question you've asked," fields Ferry. "It's not like 10 little Injuns — I don't go around chopping people's heads off. But it does come to a point when people kind of drift away..."

Thompson's a great live player and I'd like to think that he'll carry on playing, but his interest died a long time ago.

"What I objected to was — in fact to be a drummer you see you had to really practice. Andy Newmark (who's just toured with Roxy), who's been playing at the top for a number of years, practises every day. Sometimes he'd be in the dressing room practicing for two hours before a gig," added Ferry admiringly.

"When you see that sort of dedication it's very hard to go back to inspired amateurism, or whatever you want to call it, and that was. I came across that sort of professionalism on 'The Bride Was Stripped Bare', you know." So did he ask Thompson not to turn up to 'Flesh And Blood' sessions?

"Well, yeah basically," Ferry answers, slightly ruffled.

One can only conjecture about the reasons for Roxy's reformation. The remaining trio's not so successful solo careers brings one to the most obvious conclusion that they bowed to commercial pressures — pressures that Ferry acknowledges on other points, but not this one.

"That's not true for the simple reason that I'd put the Roxy machinery back into operation before the first single from 'Bride Stripped Bare' was a failure. But I know on paper it would seem like that — it would be a very good reason, in fact. Artistically I was just interested in the idea and sometimes it's very difficult to separate the art from the commerce.

"It is a commercial art and I'm very aware of that factor, but you obviously try not to let the commerce affect the art — and it very seldom does.

"Anyway, I'm sidetracking. I thought that after being away from England and Roxy for a year or so — and I do like the way the other people play, there's some long standing rapport there. And they hadn't done anything while I had been away of great interest to anybody, it seemed. I mean, er, they hadn't had any hit albums, so I'd assumed they'd be keen to do something and they were when I spoke to them."

Apart from the "longstanding rapport", there didn't seem to be any concrete reasons for reforming the band (we'll come to that in a minute), beyond Roxy being more commercially viable a name than Ferry.

"You said that, not me," pouts Ferry. The lack of distinctive Mackay/Manzanera contributions, especially on the AOR sounding 'Flesh And Blood', would appear to support Ferry's claims that Roxy have always been his vehicle. So why the need to make solo albums in the first place? To work with different musicians, he responds.

"Look," he says defensively but calmly, "I don't want to get into power struggle talks,

because there never was one in Roxy Music. Whenever anyone wanted to do more than they were expected to do, they'd leave as a rule, because then they'd have the room to do what they'd want, because there was never any room for that in Roxy. When I started this, it was to do my music.

"To me Roxy Music was my vehicle from the beginning and I probably adopted too low a profile in terms of interviews. I always liked the idea of the man who controlled in the background, like some mystery man, Mr Modest," he chuckles "and that was my image of myself and it took quite a few years before I got out of the embarrassment or shyness..."

"But I guess it's probably more apparent that my role is more upfront, so to speak," he finishes, modestly.

How sentimental does Ferry feel about Roxy? "Well, most of my best work has been done under that banner. Because it's the work I feel most passionate about I spend hours and hours sweating over it — millions of more man hours than anyone else in the band. So I never feel that the others are hard done by at all.

"I think I'm a very fair person," he adds, hesitantly, with a little laugh, "but if anybody goes against me I usually never forget it — I'm er, 'ruthless but fair' — that's my maxim."

"You're spinning far too far from me/So cruel to be so kind/Now I know I'll always find/This island earth/A mystery." (Bryan Ferry: 'This Island Earth')

FERRY the bemused Fuhrer, the benevolent dictator? Ferry the intensely private person, well protected by the E. G. entourage. His guardedly intimate audiences with people like me carefully let slip as much as he wants known about himself and Roxy Music — where other artists would never admit commercial pressures having any bearing on their work to the music press, Ferry knows he's free to do so. He's long since deserted their sphere of influence.

"Most people in this country don't read the rock press," he remarks matter of fact in response to a question about who his "man on the street" is. "10,000,000 people read the Sun, but that doesn't mean I'll make my music easy for them; but you do hope if it's a little bit more accessible they'll get to it without the music being any less valid. I know what I've been doing lately is not so far out on a limb that a lot of regular music press readers would find it not daring enough. I understand that, but it doesn't make it any less interesting to me."

Similarly, he can be as nonchalant about Roxy's future: "I quite wanted to do a solo album next time round. But, er, I imagine I'll be dissuaded from doing that, for commercial reasons, as this Roxy record has done so very well in most places."

It's as simple (and meaningless) as that.

Would that it were so simple. In these troubled times, at the turn of a new decade, sugar-coated pills go down well but we demand more from our pop heroes than a beautiful aesthetic. Pop, especially during the last five years, has become more of a participant sport and consequently we need to feel that artists are as committed to their art as they want us to be.

Despite Ferry's undoubtedly real emotions and excellent craftsmanship, he's decided that Roxy should be just another commodity in the dream home of your choice. That makes him a luxury item that not everybody wants or can afford.

Ferry's happy about that as enough people are making the right choice for his peace of mind — he's content with his present lot. I'm not with mine, although my room's scattered with attractive Roxy objects. Other than that, we don't interfere with each other's worlds, so let's leave it there. For the time being.

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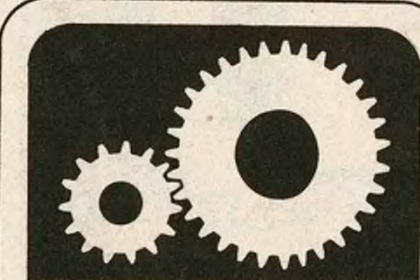
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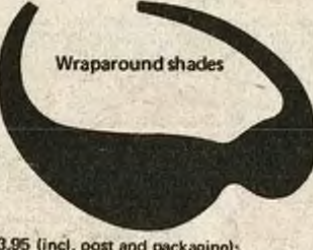
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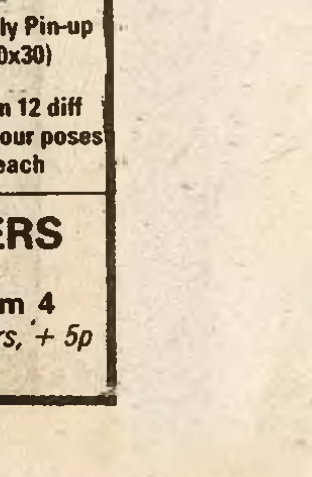
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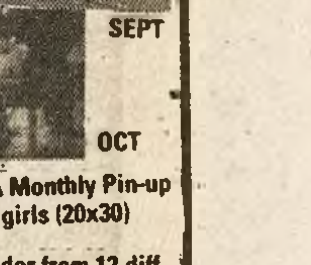
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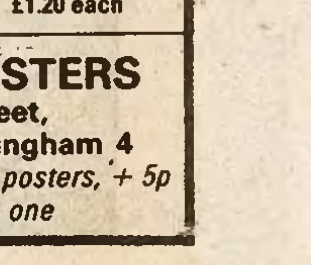
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THOMPSON

From page 27

Plastic People strike such terror in the heart of Czech bureaucracy that they're forbidden to play publicly. Unless they set up a special event, like a wedding, that's really a ruse, an excuse for a legally permissible gig.

WE TALK about England's multifarious youth sub-cultures, and the notorious-though-overplayed alliance between some of the skins and British Movement / National Front. Thompson says: "Some part of this comes from the fact that we're in a really sick national and international culture. Kids are brought up from the start knowing they're part of a state which is trying to annihilate the massive population on the other side. The values, ethics and morals of the State just don't bear looking at. At the same time they're taught they have to be nice to each other; it doesn't make any sense at all. 'In the sense that violence is there when you turn on the TV, and in all kinds of crooked ways in the establishment, you're bound to have that reaction. In their hearts, kids know that the whole adult establishment world they look at is sick, and it's bound to come out in their own culture. When you say there's great vigour in youth culture, it's a good sign — there's a sense of autonomy and resistance there."

In fact, Thompson's ideas on what must be done to prevent the final blow-up are remarkably suitable for a generation weaned on punk / DIY principles.

"I'm not being funny when I say the situation's as serious as it's ever been, that the creeping militarisation of our culture and economy — that's also taking place in every country in the world — is something that can set the engines going in a direction that must lead to the final blow-up. I think we've got 20 years, maybe less, to stop it. In that sense all parts of the established politics of the state which are accomplices to this process whether they understand it or not, are the enemies of life."

"I am pessimistic, we may not succeed, but there are a lot of forces going for us ... How do you explain the fact that things have changed, and not always for the worse?"

"This notion that 'they', whoever 'they' are, will always win is a defeatism that characterises our time ... the appalling experiences of the last 40 years or so, the second world war, the fascism we've all been through since. People feel defeated, and in a sense this is the greatest enemy we have: our own sense of defeat, which swings across to utopianism. People think that nothing but a marvellous revolution will do any good at all, that any small, limited gain is not worth making. But if we win one thing, I think an immense amount of confidence will flood back into people's boots."

"If we can stop Cruise missiles in a three-year programme — and we're going to do this, if we don't we've had it — three years on, people will feel very differently about themselves."

"The movement is getting off the ground much faster than anyone can service it. That means that people have to do it themselves. They've got to make their own leaflets, invent their own debate, and not expect to have it all laid on for them. The people that are trying to

service them are already working 24 hours a day. This is good, I think, because it means that no-one can manipulate the movement. There was a meeting in Reading, and within 24 hours of the announcement of the Cruise missiles going to Newbury, they already had a committee formed, and there were 150 people at the meeting the next week.

"In the '60s and '70s a lot of people put a lot of energy into various movements, then felt they'd been used in one way or another. Now a lot of people are simply setting up groups under different names — some wonderful names — which are basically anti-missile groups. They trust each other, because they know each other, then they federate in a region where they get to know each other, and they'll move from there to national co-ordination, which should take place this autumn. This is bound to happen."

Have you ever thought of going into politics, Edward?

"No, of course not! There's an incredibly long history of democracy in this country, the political fragment one sees is only the tip of the iceberg. Despite the bloody awful situation, despite the fact that we get a totally false description of ourselves from the media, nevertheless, British society is resilient. There's all these areas where different alternatives are being created, alternative leaderships — from shop stewards to workers' education to the quite different world of alternative music. The vigour of this gives us a chance."

"It's not a question of whether A, B, or C or any individual takes a particular role, it's a question of activating that culture — although we may have to make some new channels too ... If you see getting rid of this terror, which really does promise to be terminal, in two stages, the first stage is to push both super-powers back, and make areas of the world free of nuclear weapons, and the second stage is getting the superpowers to disarm themselves."

SO WHAT exactly does an individual do, if you're aware of the build-up of Cruise missiles, for example, and want to do something to stop it?

"Well, we're going to stop them. The first stage may take a year. All the traditional means of protest — on the streets, or with concerts and marches, extending, I hope, to Europe. If we don't succeed in stopping it that way, we have to consider methods of mass peaceful civil disobedience. If you really believe it's a matter that affects the survival of civilisation, then you can't just stop because you haven't been able to overturn the system in their terms. You have to have thousands of people blocking the roads, preventing construction of these sites, lying down in Whitehall as they did in Bertrand Russell's time. Those methods have had historical success, the most famous case being India, which freed itself without armed struggle, largely through astonishing tactics of civil disobedience and direct action."

"Young people's lack of confidence in what people can do — the older Left doesn't have that, because we wouldn't be where we were if people like the Chartists and the Suffragettes didn't succeed over years in beating the system. In fact I can see the system at the moment, on the issue of nuclear weapons, really becoming a bit uncertain of itself

because its being hit from so many directions, people that they thought were unpolitical turning out to have lots of information."

As Thompson explains, Sweden and Yugoslavia have never had nuclear power but are still strong in world terms, and countries like Holland and Belgium aren't having nuclear power because of strong resistance from the people. "This whole operation doesn't come from politicians so much as bureaucrats."

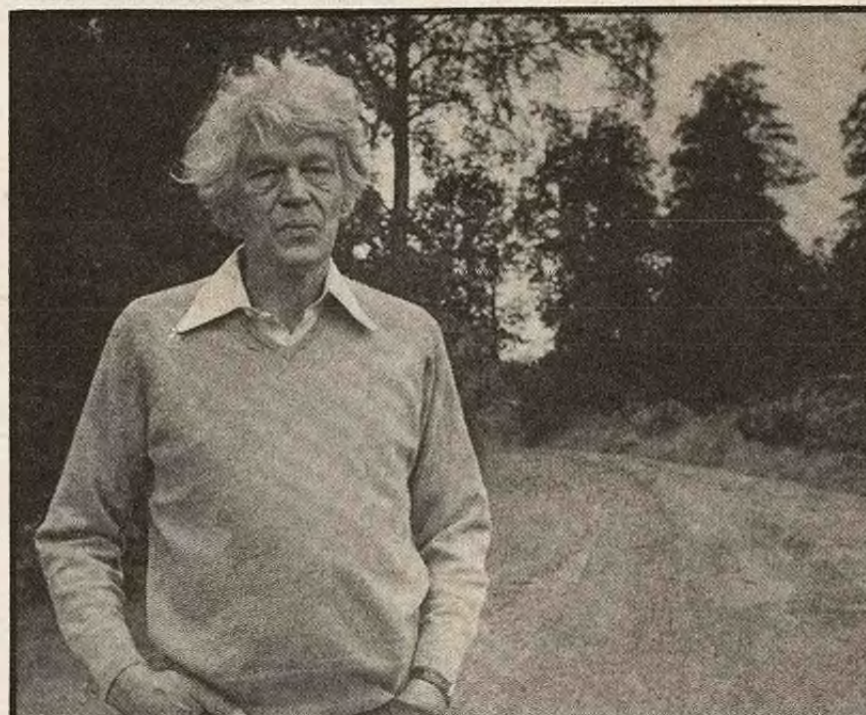
So, the word is — organise, in your neighbourhood. And there's a crucial part for music to play:

"A writer can do one kind of job, but people with a creative sense of how to build a movement have different abilities. You have to have a sense of community, invent your forms of activity. Different symbols come from different kinds of people, so you can never centralise things."

"I would hope that the kind of sound musicians make will not just be 'let's all have peace' in a loving kind of way, it should be quite a tough, militant demand for peace, a protest to an establishment that's sluicing all our resources down the drain. Polaris trained on Moscow! Whether we got hit or not, do we really want the whole population to go this way? We need a really angry sound of protest, which could strengthen that turn in opinion away from the established routines of politics — that's not to say that no politicians are any good, but the established routines of politics have had it. Or we've had it."

"The other part of the sound I hope will be one that can cross the East / West divide, make a new type of European music. Some forms of art and even some styles of dress are at a deeper level than politics, the symbol of a new consciousness coming into being. Sound crosses the air. There's no Iron Curtains against sound."

If you wish to help the British Campaign to protest and survive, contact CND at 29 Great James Street, London WC1N 3EY, who can give you information about local groups as well as advice about organising. If you can help with the European Campaign, join the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation, Bertrand Russell House, Gamble Street, Nottingham NG7 4ET.

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GASBAG

NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG

SHOULD anyone decide to write to *Gasbag* bleating "Let's keep to musical issues" in reference to Angus MacKinnon's Trident piece, can I be the first to say "Piss off"?

A Station, 'Gone Fission', Dungeness

By all means. — M.S.

I agree with Angus MacKinnon's article on the Trident affair entirely. However, there are a few points I would like to raise.

World War Two left Europe (including Britain) in considerable debt to the USA. This was possibly a considered move by the Americans. Also it is worth noting that America entered the war quite late on. It is believed by some people that which side they entered on (Allied or Axis) was being considered for some time — Japan decided it for them.

After the war the arms race took off with America keeping bases in Europe and forming NATO. America had to have Europe for Atomic strategy to be complete. Switzerland saw this and held neutrality and commenced putting money into nuclear defence, fall out shelters etc. Very far sighted of them and something Britain should have done except for too many narrow-minded Governments (Tory and Labour).

Now due to the arms race everyone has nuclear weapons, including many Third World countries, who are becoming a growing threat to Russia and America. The two super powers struggle for dominance in these nations, knowing their potential. As everyone has the bomb now Britain, unfortunately, has to 'run with the pack' at a time when she can ill afford it.

It would be for the best if the atomic bomb had never been invented but as it's here it is nice to know that Britain has it. Because if war does come it will be nice to die in the happy knowledge that whoever got us got it back.

John Wheldon, Salisbury, Wilts.

Hell, right! I reckon you wouldn't really be a human being if you didn't have strong convictions about nuclear combat. — Major 'King' Kong

I had been planning to write this letter for quite awhile. Your recent Photos article finally got me to sit down and write it. Although I'm now living in the States, I spent this past winter working in a London record shop. There wasn't much to distinguish it, except that it was "chart return", one of only a couple of hundred record shops spread over the UK that reported its sales to make up the national charts.

This fact prompted quite a bit of interest from the major record companies. I'm afraid the store never managed anything as exotic as a camera but it still did quite well in the bribe department. And bribes they definitely were. We were told specifically that we were to mark down extra sales for a single or album if we wanted something in return. And what did the companies give in return? Usually it was a few extra albums or singles that the store could sell and then keep the money. Sometimes we got trinkets like T-shirts or posters. Once we even got some really duff Dr Feelgood mugs. And, occasionally, the companies would put out for a bottle of liquor, for having "helped out".

CBS may have outclassed the competition with their cameras but they are hardly the only ones doing this sort of thing. Every major record company (ie larger than Rough Trade) either sent representatives to work "chart return" shops or their distributor did it for them. There seemed to be two strategies behind the bribes. One was to push a record, that



might otherwise not make it, into the charts and hope that the exposure would generate radio play and further sales. Other times the idea seemed to be push a record, certain to sell somewhat, up the charts so fast that it would seem a "monster hit" in the public's mind. ("Oh, everyone else has it, I suppose I should get it myself.") The record companies were quite non-judgemental in the records they chose to help up the charts: some weeks it was (*Censored — Ed*) and some weeks (*Censored — Ed*).

Now this is not to say that the charts are total fantasy. There seems to be some reality to them. I imagine that the bribes tended to cancel one another out as they were pretty well spread out among the companies. And, at least at our shop, regular sales were reported with bribes put on top of those. But there were definitely a lot of records in the charts that didn't deserve it. And independents, of course, have twice as much ground to make up. Consider how many records UB40 and Joy Division really had to sell to make it on the charts.

I suppose that all of this won't come as a shock/horror story to most NME readers. If the details are new, it will be no revelation that the big companies have nothing but contempt for the public. Keep this in mind the next time a record on the charts catches your eye.

Doug Wiebe, Granston, Illinois.

Dr Feelgood mug winner. — M.S.

So Candid Camera buys a page in NME. From the smallest acorn grows the tallest oak. Maybe I'll soon be able to convince people that the Russians are beaming backache over to the West, or that CIA agents are smuggling toothache out of the UK, or that the Egyptian pyramids were built so that people could scale the sides to escape sandstorms, or...

whoops, over to Hampden Park for a final score: Wavis 1 (O'Shave, pen.) Rest Of The World 0. And we've just heard that plans for a return match have been scrapped.

Wavis O'Shave, a hidden sancturay up the icy north.

P.S. Any takers for the world having started in 1952, and

history is a hoax? I'll take that bet. — Sgt Ritzick.

I had an A+ for essay writing at school. Does this qualify me for Dexy's? I can't play an instrument — does this matter?

A. *Soulrebel, Bristol.* Look, I realise I said this correspondence was closed. But it's just getting good... M.S.

I cannot see why Captain Collapsor and Lady Penelope are getting so upset (NME August 2). Kevin Rowland (a brilliant poet) and his men have a lot of things to say. Let them say it and then you can start slugging them, if you still feel the same way.

Wayne, Solihull

O.K. — M.S.

From now on I will not read any Dexy's Midnight Runners interviews in NME, MM, Sounds, Record Mirror or any other music papers. Instead of filling these pages with the usual boring letters I have decided to accommodate my own essays which will state my point of view. These essays will not appear regularly because I can't afford the stamps. I am doing this because I can't understand any of the crap DMR are putting in their interviews. Though some descriptions of them call them 'good,' they're really a dishonest and hippy group. I am, of course, worth much more than this.

The Man on the Silver Mountain, climbing over the Gates of Babylon so I can kill the King and run off with the Tarot Woman, somewhere in Hull.

What happened with the gospel according to Dexy's? Having led us to expect something as tendentious, idiosyncratic and tedious as, say, Bernard Levin, they treat us instead to an already chronicled resume of their formation. If they intend to lace their work with undertones of Chandler or Hammett, they had better do some reading quickly. You

need humour and should preferably use first person singular to achieve the right atmosphere and feeling.

Let's have some real pretentious crap like you promised, lads. At least then someone will stand to make a fiver from *Pseuds Corner*. Captain Collapsor, defying the iron lung, Chester.

P.S. Anyone really interested in The Stranglers and 'Men In Black' could try Ian Watson's novel *Miracle Visitors*. Not that I recommend it, but it's about £3 cheaper than buying an album.

The headline 'The Nice Men Cometh' was your most exciting in recent years. We do feel however that the article gave a slightly distorted picture of us. To my knowledge we are all under 22; have never seen black-clad gents coming from flying saucers; sold ice cream; been inside or pretended to be intellectual historians. Our singer once went camping in and around Nice, but no gigs.

Also, the photographs have come out extremely badly. We're not vain but we're also not that ugly. Perhaps one shouldn't sneer at free IPC publicity but after we'd played it to your reporter for three hours solid he didn't give one mention to our new single on Mrs Green Records.

The Nice Men, Ormskirk, Liverpool.

Did you know that The Stranglers still sound like men when you play their albums at 45 rpm? Paula Cook, Broadstairs, Kent. Funny they never married. — M.S.

Anyone played their Bow Wow Wow single at 33 rpm? Anyone noticed the similarity between slowed-down 14-year-old Burmese girl's voice and Malcolm McLaren's voice? Anyone seen aforementioned girl sing 'C30, C60, C90, Go!?' Guy Morris, Crawley, Sussex. Not many people know this, but Bernard Edwards and Nile Rogers are from Kilburn. — Michael Caine

I have consulted our solicitor and he assures us that Monty Smith's comment after our letter (NME August 2) constitutes a legal offer. Danny Baker owes us a drink anyway.

The Four Kings, Northwood, Middx

Four pints of lager (no crisps) are winging their way Northwood. — M.S. and D.B. (going Dutch)

Why the delay at the Floyd concert? It took 50 minutes to get into Earls Court, so I missed the opening 20 minutes of the show. Perhaps Mr Waters is right and we are all bricks in the wall, but at £8.50 a time we expected to be cemented in place before the action starts.

John Chapman and J. Anderson, South Woodford

Never mind. The live album'll be out soon. — M.S.

I hope this letter takes up six pages — so there!

Strange Person, Watford, Herts

Good try. — M.S.

Yes, Mr David Bowie, times are hard in the music business and you haven't had a big hit for ages, but your latest publicity trick just stinks. OK, I understand that you've tried the limited edition 12", the mispressed coloured vinyl etc, and that you can't in all credibility re-release 'Space Oddity' or 'John I'm Only Dancing' yet again for at least another few months. But inviting fans to 'collect' three (slightly) different picture sleeves containing four different cards inside is only a smart way of asking them to buy the same record four times. No doubt the tracks will pop up on your next LP as well.

If you really want to give your fans something to collect, how about some singles with non-LP tracks. And if you really think the world can't manage without your artwork, you could always wrap them in gatefold sleeves you know.

Rob Griffiths, Kingston, Surrey.

Next week, Rob, NME will be appearing in four different shades: black, white, grey and steel. Unfortunately, due to the technical innovations required, the cover cost will

be 65p. Worth it, though, I'm sure you'll agree, to keep your NME set complete. — M.S.

If you've ever wondered, in a rare moment of self-analysis, why contemporary musicians and thinking music lovers regard overblown organs like NME with such universal loathing, just remove your jaundiced mince pies over that pithy (sic) piece by Graham Lock which purported to be a review of Jackson Browne's 'Hold Out' album.

The enlightened Lock informed us that one of the LP's major statements — a song called 'Of Missing Persons' — underlined the album's flawed nature as Browne "overburdens the song with puzzling references to American Independence Day and pious clichés about life and death." Hell, if I wasn't laughing so much I'd cry. Nobody with ears needs one of your pet piranhas to tell them that 'Hold Out' is far from being Jackson's finest hour, but when Lock totally misses the writer's central point it's time one of your smug editorial overlords removed little Graham's nappy and booted his backside bloody hard. For your edification — and the lyrics spelled out quite clearly on the sleeve include transparently obvious pointers: "Your father was a boulder he played rock'n'roll" ... "They're walking slow in Houston, speechless in D.C." — the song is a thoughtful tribute to Little Feat's late, lamented genius Lowell George as delivered to his surviving baby girl.

I knew Lowell quite well and I've also spent some time with Jackson Browne, though I wouldn't presume to claim complete understanding of the motivation behind all his songs. But I guarantee that anyone who ever came into contact with Lowell would be moved by 'Of Missing Persons'.

You blew it again, dummies. Try and remember that good journalism relies heavily on homework and knowledge of the subject in hand. When cheap skate hacks come ten a penny in the music business, it's far simpler to destroy than to create.

Bob Kilbey, BBC Radio, London W1.

'Of Missing Persons' may or may not be about Lowell George, but the references to Independence Day I still find puzzling. I guess your letter is conclusive proof that 'it's far simpler to destroy than to create'. — Graham Lock.

Up yours Warner, you old tosspot.

The Ghost of Vivien Leigh, Elstree, Herts.

I was informed that *Gasbag* is a collection of quotes from *Gone With The Wind*. Frankly, sir, I don't give a damn.

Rhett Butler, Tredegar, Gwent.

In those glossy Pepsi-Cola TV ads they never mention that it makes you burp, do they? Joan Crawford, Scunthorpe. Pardon? — M.S.

The *Daily Telegraph* prints, as a matter of course, all letters received from the so-called 'nobility'.

Lord Denwood, Kingston, Surrey.

Dear Sirs, this afternoon (August 1), whilst digging my garden, I distinctly heard the unmistakable call of a cuckoo.

Sir Douglas Quintet, Watchyhor Manors, London SE27.

I can't understand why people use such stupid aliases after their pointless letters.

David Linton Simbim Wibim.

Thinbim Tinbin Bustop Patang Patang Olay Biscuitbarrel Jones.

Hello Mum!

HRH QE2.

Goodbye to all this. — M.S.

Edited by Monty Smiff
Illustration: Ray Lowry



T-ZERS



Shane's Ear: Episode Three

WE NAME THE GUILTY WOMAN

Now before there's so much as one shout of 'Oh, no, not those bloody pics again' listen to this stunning revelation. It transpires that the unabashed ear-biter was none other than the famous wotsername from The Modettes. Jane (for it is she, pictured top right) has been successfully identified by Adrian Thrills and he should know, 'cos he was there (that's him in the Boy Scout outfit). Next week we exclusively reveal the name of the mystery band on stage. Shane Pics: Red Saunders. Jane Pic: Paul Cox.

privilege only granted to grizzled old ministers and which caused massed cries of "Shame", "Resign" and "What about our boys in Mafeking?". Malcolm McLaren was invited but was taking brunch with the Shah of Iran. (Hey did I tell you that joke about-) Yes, Joe, you did. . .

Country giant — i.e. over five feet — Charlie Pride narrowly escaped death and that all-important memorial album when his plane collided with another aircraft and made a forced landing. Two people died in the incident and Charlie said "I have God to thank for getting me through". This is believed to be a reference to airline drinks dispensing officer Mr Godfrey Taylor. . .

Thousand and two not out: On their last US tour The Clash turned down an offer to record a commercial for Dr Peppers excellent soft drinks. Rumours say Keith Emerson is currently rhyming "team owed her" with "cream soda". Meantime in Japan, the first eight Clash singles are being repackaged as a boxed set. Pause. Or perhaps "I'd sell my ass-hola for a swig of Docs Cola". . .

Rabid Clash fan Paul Morley says that his review of A Certain Ratio's single bore but a passing resemblance to the one we ran last week. Apparently he didn't actually believe the single to be produced by Martin Hannett and it's brilliant. Between floods of tears he told us that omitting such salient points could cost him thousands of pounds in advertising fees. . .

Crazy Cavan's rockabilly album, made for twelve bob and some old Ormo vouchers, has just gone gold in Finland. Over here they don't have a record deal. . .

The Police, who have a record deal but oddly can't get a foothold in that all-important Finnish goldmine, have a new single out next month. Meantime — What would T-Zers do without words like 'meantime', 'currently', and 'however'? — Sting will be checking out his wife Frances Tomelty when

she plays Lady Macbeth opposite Peter O'Toole at the Old Vic on September 3. Recently — that's another good word — The Police donated an entire mushroom bhaji, sorry PA system, to the land of India so as to enable other rock bands to play gigs there. There is no PA system in India at the present time. . .

The Warp, a 22-hour musical play, is to be staged at Liverpool's Everyman Theatre in September. Directed by the magnificent lunatic Ken Campbell, the play will be staged like a gigantic jam session and will be performed for a month. Those of you a little nervous about the length should have been at the marathon 'One Year Squeezed Into Two Hours' Pink Floyd gigs, so well patronised by Gerald Scarfe fans. . .

Even a few of those would have been welcome. The attendance there was certainly well in excess of that seen at the post-American-premier party for Rude Boy held at the Mudd Club and attended by about five bemused passers-by. Actually the only, uh, names present were Nona Hendryx who draped herself around the rangey frame of Stiv 'Neck' Bators, which apparently is still not an offence in New York. T-Zers does its bit by mailing out a crate of 'Farmer Giles Fine Haywain Shag Roll Ups' and a delicate suggestion that the pair move to Ohio. . .

Stop press: Elvis Costello played a set at the Albany Empire in Deptford last night (Tuesday) as Squeeze played the first of three farewell gigs with keyboard man Jools Holland, who is leaving the band.

Meanwhile, Britain's largest selling teen mag Oh Boy describes as "lovely, yummy, gorgeous and just as lovely with the sound turned down" NME's own Danny — or should that be Donny — Baker.

And finally, The Clash. Nothing in particular. We just wouldn't like you to forget the lads, that's all. . .

RIGHT, fags out, here we go. And straight off it's bouquets and free holidays on the Ponce de Wages for Delia Widths who has just handed in this establishment's One Thousandth Clash piece. So, amidst wild scenes of flashes popping and mouths full of cheese and wine, this is what we learn:

Provisional titles for new songs include 'The Call Up' (topical British item with Ex-Void Old Ivan Julian on guitar), 'Magnificent Seven Rappo Clappers' (inspired by The Sugarhill Gang), 'Lightning Strikes' (with Norman Watt-Blockhead on bass), 'If Music Could Talk', 'Junkie Slip', 'Version City Junction' and 'Charlie Don't Surf' (after the much-banded Robert Duval line in Apieandchips Now!). These were recently recorded at Electric Ladyland Studios, Catford, sorry New York, and the band gave NME's Richard Grabel an interview-ette while there.

Grabel asked whether all this U.S. influence doesn't mean a betrayal of their original vision. Slipping on his reinforced Emperor Hirohito style bi-focals, Joe Strummer said — and we quote: "Who gives a shit whether a donkey fucked a rabbit and produced a kangaroo? At least it hops and you can dance to it. So what if your mule fucks another mule and you produce another mule?" Over to An Expert: "Having carried out extensive tests, our researchers have listened to a kangaroo for over a month and have not yet 'danced to it'. We suggest Mr Stroomer may have confused this charming Antipodean mammal with Kenny Ball's Jazzmen. Quite how is still under some discussion, so check back with us." Meantime The Clash's Thousandth T-Zer Street Party rages on. . .

And John Lennon, currently around the 800 mark, looks in line for many more if rumours prove anything like true.

Reports are strong that ol' lank hair is on the verge of signing a massive deal with Epic Records — home of Stateside McCartney. Under the deal he would not only release his own records but also those of any up-and-coming bands he fancied. Though Epic US told the Daily Star (Gotta be true — Ed.) that they had no firm knowledge of such an arrangement, they waffled on about being pleased to handle any such contract should etc.

All this comes as gossip about the John/Yoko marriage burns furiously. Are they still together or aren't they? (Step forward Hedda Hopper — Ed.) All we know is that as soon as Roxy's tour is finished Andy Newmark returned to America to drum on Lennon's first LP in five years. Are they or (Next — Ed.). . .

While the nation kipped down following Pink Floyd's grand Lego building teach-in at Earl's Court, some caddish art thieves broke into the foyer and helped themselves to ten Gerald Scarfe paintings that had been on display, valued at over £30,000. Shaw Taylor comments: "Were you one of the shamblin insomniacs on your way home that Sunday night? Notice any shifty mugs in hooped jerseys with swag bags? If so Scotland Yard are waiting with a hefty reward for any information that leads to recovery. Keep 'em peeled!" Incidentally Ray Lowry just had his entire collection insured for over twenty five quid. . .

Guardian angle of radical politics Joan Baez has some harsh words for ex-luvaboy Bob Dylan. "Since his conversion" (believed to be a reference to his home's change to North Sea Gas) "he's producing horrible music. Horrible music — just like his film," said Joan who. . .

Has not yet been asked to take place in the First North American New Wave Festival which takes place at Mosport

Park, Bowmanville near Toronto on August 23. On the bill are Clash (That's 1001 — Ed.), Talking Heads, Rockpile, B52s, Elvis Costello, and more (Who? — Ed.) No, more. Over 75,000 people are expected to shell out the \$20—\$30 for tickets, go nude, roll in mud, take acid, sing "no rain", and boo Kris Kristofferson. . .

Naturally this leads to movie talk and currently involved scoring on such worthwhile projects are Elton John (Heart Beep), Pink Floyd (Silence Of The North) and the late Keith "I'm a moogy buggler" Emerson (Night Hawks with Sylvie Stallone). The pennywise Emerson — known for peeling oranges in his pocket and having a turnstile on his wallet — was given his job after Alan Parsons — uncle of Tony — turned it down. Hard Times, ol' piano features, eh? . . .

Put that snout out! Following a concert in Ohio by Van Halen, their singer David Lee Roth was arrested for "inciting the crowd to smoke". Not even hash either! Just plain old thirty-quid-for-ten Woodbines. This heinous offence still stands in certain states it appears although the charges were dismissed when they wouldn't stand up in court. That last line reminds us of a joke so filthy that we're ashamed our mothers taught us it in the first place. (Hash? — Ed.). . .

No such stuffiness prevented Norman St Joan Stevas from holding a paarty at the House of Commons for all those who had number ones in the '70s. Crawlers present included Freddie Mercury, Village People, Gary Glitter, Elton John, Marc Bolan (publicity is publicity) and more. (Wh— Ed.) The wonderful Tory arts connoisseur dribbled on about how he likes to keep in touch with today's hip street sounds and everyone clapped. Reg Dwight himself caused a storm by sitting in the Speaker's chair, a

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Weeks
1 (1) Joy Division — Closer..... 20p
2 (2) Joy Division — Unknown
Pleasures..... 20p
3 (4) Crass — Fight War Not Wars..... 20p
4 (3) Crass — Anarchy & Peace..... 20p
5 (—) Crass — Logo..... 20p
6 (6) Jam — Tubestation..... 20p
7 (—) Crass — Dove..... 20p
8 (7) S.L.F..... 20p
9 (—) Pink Military..... 20p
10 (10) Dead Kennedy's — Cambodia..... 20p

NEW RELEASES
20p Sits, Man Next Door, Slits 3 Girls, New Piranhas,
Cheap 'n' Neaky, The Saints, Dead Kennedy's, Cam-
bodis, Joy Division, Closer, Gana Fod, Pink Military,
Dread at the Controls, Only Jah, Notsensibles, O-Tips,
Ten Pole Tudor, Scars, Moondogs, Fashion, Product,
Surplus Stock, Taxi-Girl, Night Doctor, Trust, AC/DC,
Classix Nouveau, Anis Invasion, Only Ones, Beast,
The Passes, Bowie Dogs, Basement 5, Crass Logo,
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