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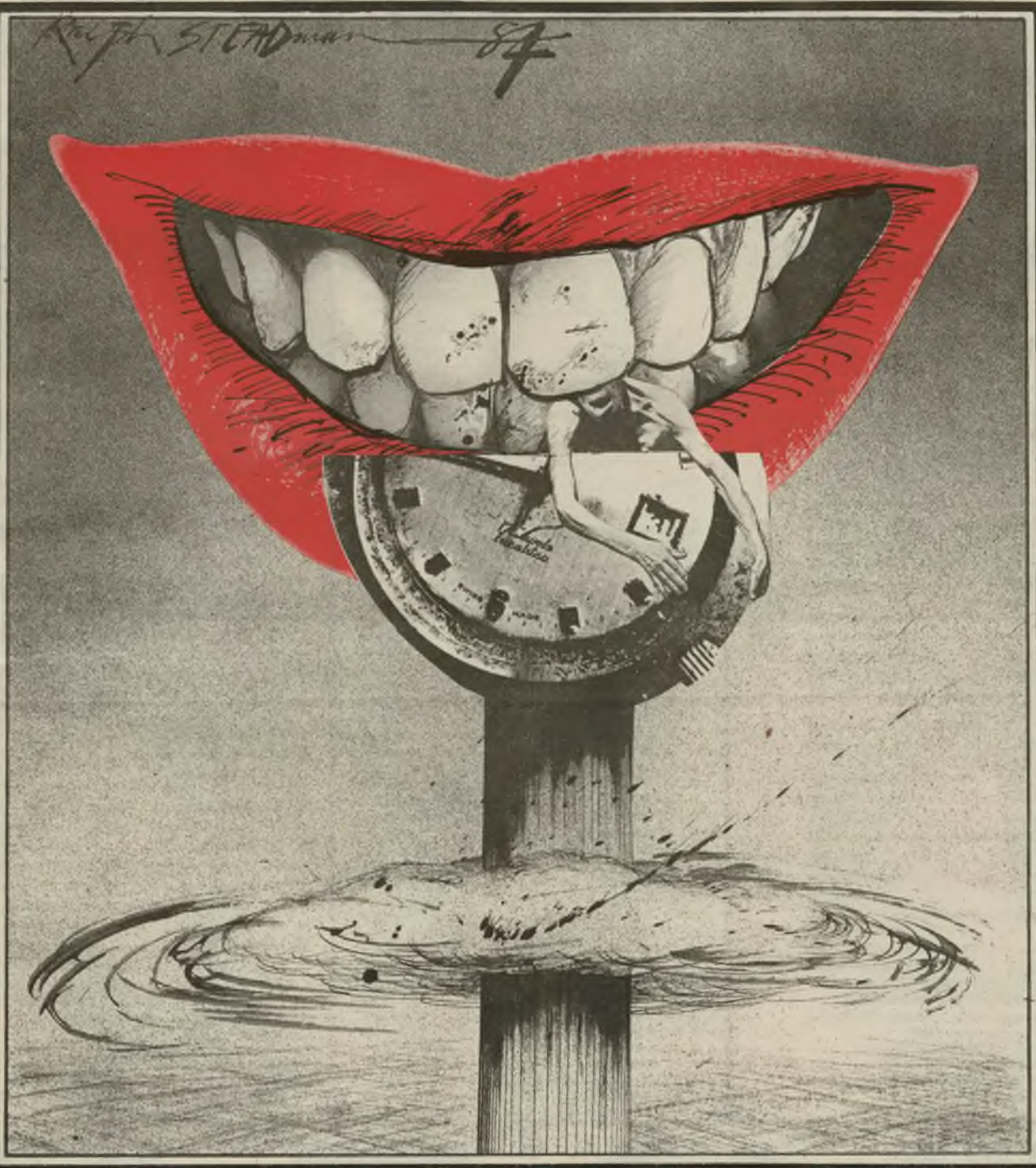
NEW NME EXPRESS

JAM IN THE SAND



Steadman — gonzo interview
Blurt ● Adam ● Elvis P&C

Illustration by Ralph Steadman



1984

The NME Consumers' Guide

OUR FRIGHTENING FUTURE: THREE-PART SERIES BEGINS INSIDE



Fig. Mike Lyle
The Piranhas, at number nine in this week's singles chart attempt, in their own wacky way, to prove the old adage 'You've got to laugh, or else you'd cry!' Anyone laughing out there?

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Wk In	High
1	(1)	Winner Takes It All	Abba (Epic)	3 1
2	(2)	Upside Down	Diana Ross (Motown)	5 1
3	(3)	9 to 5	Sheena Easton (EMI)	5 3
4	(19)	Ashes To Ashes	David Bowie (RCA)	2 4
5	(9)	Oh Yeah	Roxy Music (Polydor)	3 5
6	(5)	Oops Upside Your Head	Gap Band (Mercury)	5 5
7	(7)	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Brothers)	4 7
8	(11)	Funkin' For Jamaica	Tom Browne (Arista)	4 8
9	(18)	Tom Hark	Piranhas (Sire/Hansa)	2 9
10	(6)	More Than I Can Say	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	7 2
11	(12)	Marijuana	Gibson Brothers (Island)	5 11
12	(4)	Use It Up And Wear It Out	Odyssey (RCA)	6 1
13	(—)	Feels Like I'm In Love	Kelly Marie (Calibre)	1 13
14	(22)	All Over The World	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2 14
15	(17)	Are You Getting Enough	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	4 15
16	(15)	Lip Up Fatty	Bad Manners (Magnet)	4 14
17	(8)	Babooshka	Kate Bush (EMI)	7 5
18	(—)	Sunshine Of Your Smile	Mike Berry (Polydor)	1 18
19	(10)	Could You Be Loved	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	9 3
20	(16)	Private Life	Grace Jones (Island)	3 16
21	(—)	Can't Stop The Music	Village People (Phonogram)	1 21
22	(28)	Sleep Walk	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2 22
23	(—)	Dreamin'	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1 23
24	(—)	It's Still Rock And Roll To Me	Billy Joel (CBS)	1 24
25	(23)	Bank Robber	Clash (CBS)	2 23
26	(—)	Modern Girl	Sheena Easton (EMI)	1 26
27	(—)	Circus Games	Skids (Virgin)	1 27
28	(—)	A Lovers Holiday/Glow Of Love	Change (Warner Brothers)	1 28
29	(14)	Xanadu	Olivia Newton-John & ELO (Jet)	8 1
30	(—)	Paranoid	Black Sabbath (Nems)	1 30

BUBBLING UNDER

You Gotta Be A Hustler — Sue Wilkinson (Cheapskate)
C30 C60 C90 — Bow Wow Wow (EMI)
New York New York — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
Eighth Day — Hazel O'Connor (A&M)
Best Friend/Stand Down Margaret — The Beat (Go Feet)
Marie Marie — Shakin' Stevens (Epic)

INDIES 33s

- 1 Closer — Joy Division (Factory)
 - 2 Voices of America — Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
 - 3 Unknown Pleasures — Joy Division (Factory)
 - 4 Dome — Dome (Dome)
 - 5 Return Of Duran Duran — Duell Column (Factory)
 - 6 Los Angeles — X (Sire)
 - 7 Music For Parties — Silicon Teens (Mute)
 - 8 Colonial Youth — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
 - 9 Live — James Chance and the Contortions (Invisible)
 - 10 Shape Of Frost To Come — Various (Cherry Red)
- Charts by: Paul at Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1

INDIES 45s

- 1 Love Will Tear Us Apart — Joy Division (Factory)
- 2 Elastic Man — Fall (Rough Trade)
- 3 Final Achievement — In Camera (4AD)
- 4 Shack Up — A Certain Ratio (Factory/Banana)
- 5 Tonight E.P. — Pains of Young Love (Final Solution)
- 6 New Wave E.P. — The Petcouc (B4 Bu Bino)
- 7 Snow — The Mekons (Red Rhino)
- 8 Stage Effect — Spacemen (Direct Hit)
- 9 Not Ready — Sector 27 (Parade)
- 10 Sex Machine — Crawling Chaos (Factory)

REGGAE

- 1 Let Me Love You — Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
 - 2 You Jammin' — Al Campbell (J.B.)
 - 3 House Is Not A Home — One Blood (N.K.)
 - 4 Sensation — Black Uhuru (Island)
 - 5 Love Rub It Up — One Sharp (Fashion)
 - 6 Jah Fire Is Burning — Hugh Mundell (J&F)
 - 7 Few Shall Be Chosen — Madco/Trinity (Jungle Beat)
 - 8 Jah-Jah Give Us Love — Cornell Campbell (Wambusi)
 - 9 No Man Is An Island — Movement (Bellatrix)
 - 10 When I Think Of You — Rudi Thomas (Hawkeye)
- Chart by: Daddy Cool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

DISCO

- 1 Give Me The Night — George Benson (W.E.A.)
 - 2 Oops Upside Your Head — Gap Band (Phonogram)
 - 3 Upside Down — Diana Ross (Motown)
 - 4 Unlock The Funk — Lockmaster (Arista)
 - 5 Funkin' For Jamaica — Tom Brown (Arista)
 - 6 Baby O (Pys) — Baby O (Pys)
 - 7 Love Meeting Love — Level 42 (Polygram)
 - 8 Step In — Shakatak (Polygram)
 - 9 I've Just Begun To Love You — Dynasty (RCA)
 - 10 Dance — Stephanie Mills (Arista)
- Chart by: NME Records, Oxford Street, London W1

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
August 23, 1980

US SINGLES

This Last Week			
1	(2)	Take Your Time (Do It Right) Part 1	The S.O.S. Band
2	(5)	Sailing	Christopher Cross
3	(4)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones
4	(1)	Magic	Olivia Newton-John
5	(3)	It's Still Rock & Roll To Me	Billy Joel
6	(12)	Upside Down	Diana Ross
7	(6)	Little Jeannie	Elton John
8	(7)	Tired Of Toein' The Line	Rocky Burnette
9	(10)	More Love	Kim Carnes
10	(20)	Fame	Irene Cara
11	(8)	Shining Star	Manhattans
12	(13)	Let My Love Open The Door	Pete Townshend
13	(19)	All Out Of Love	Air Supply
14	(15)	Boulevard	Jackson Browne
15	(16)	Take A Little Rhythm	Ali Thompson
16	(18)	Into The Night	Benny Mardones
17	(26)	Give Me The Night	George Benson
18	(14)	Misunderstanding	Genesis
19	(22)	Old-fashioned Love	Commodores
20	(24)	One In A Million You	Larry Graham
21	(—)	Late In The Evening	Paul Simon
22	(23)	Stand By Me	Mickey Gilley
23	(25)	You're The Only Woman	Ambrasia
24	(17)	Love The World Away	Kenny Rogers
25	(30)	Lockin' For Love	Johnny Lee
26	(21)	Jo Jo	Boyz Scaggs
27	(—)	Hot Rod Hearts	Robbie Dupree
28	(—)	Drivin' My Life Away	Eddie Rabbitt
29	(9)	The Rose	Bette Midler
30	(—)	I'm Alright (Theme From 'Caddyshack')	Kenny Loggins

US ALBUMS

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

US Charts: courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine



Fig. Simon Fowler
Siouxsie, despite being at number 21 in this week's albums chart, remains unspoilt by success. No champagne breakfasts for her, just her standard repeat of 20 Rothmans.

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Wk In	High
1	(1)	Flesh & Blood	Roxy Music (Polydor)	12 1
2	(6)	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Bros)	5 2
3	(2)	Xanadu	Soundtrack (Jet)	6 1
4	(4)	Deepest Purple	Deep Purple (Harvest)	5 2
5	(3)	Back In Black	AC/DC (Atlantic)	2 3
6	(7)	Diana	Diana Ross (Motown)	9 6
7	(8)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	8 1
8	(5)	Uprising	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	8 4
9	(15)	Sky 2	Sky (Arista)	18 2
10	(9)	Closer	Joy Division (Factory)	4 9
11	(10)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	45 3
12	(—)	Glory Road	Gillan (Virgin)	1 12
13	(41)	Searching For The Young Soul Rebels	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	4 9
14	(20)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	4 16
15	(14)	The Game	Queen (EMI)	6 1
16	(13)	I Just Can't Stop It	The Beat (Go Feet)	13 3
17	(19)	King Of The Road	Boxcar Willie (Warwick)	7 8
18	(23)	Live 1979	Hawkwind (Bronze)	2 18
19	(17)	Vienna	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	5 17
20	(18)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	44 1
21	(—)	Kaleidoscope	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1 21
22	(29)	Breaking Glass	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	2 22
23	(—)	Bet Out Of Hell	Meatloaf	1 23
24	(—)	The Wall	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	1 24
25	(—)	War Of The Worlds	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	1 25
26	(27)	McCartney 2	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	13 1
27	(—)	Can't Stop The Music	Soundtrack (Mercury)	1 27
28	(—)	Duke	Genesis (Charisma)	19 1
29	(—)	Dumb Waiters	Korgis (Rialto)	1 29
30	(—)	Ska 'n' B	Bad Manners (Magnet)	1 30

BUBBLING UNDER

Living In A Factory — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
Liquid Gold — Liquid Gold (Grease)
Hang Together — Odyssey (RCA)
Somethin' About You Baby I Like — Glen Campbell (Capitol)
One For The Road — The Kinks (Arista)
The Shape Of Finns To Come — Various (Cherry Red)

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 Sailing — Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
 - 2 I Can't Give You Anything (But My Love) — Stylistics (Arista)
 - 3 The Last Farewell — Roger Whittaker (EMI)
 - 4 It's Been So Long — George McCrae (J&W)
 - 5 That's The Way (I Like It) — K.C. & The Sunshine Band (J&W)
 - 6 Barbados — Typically Tropical (Gull)
 - 7 Blanket On The Ground — Billy Jo Spears (J&W)
 - 8 If You Think You Know How To Love Me — Smokey Robinson (Arista)
 - 9 Dolly My Love — Moments (All Platinum)
 - 10 Best Thing That Ever Happened — Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)
- Week ending August 26, 1975

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 I Got You, Babe — Sonny and Cher (Atlantic)
 - 2 Help — Beatles (Parlophone)
 - 3 Satisfaction — Rolling Stones (Godd)
 - 4 All I Really Want Is You — Byrds (CBS)
 - 5 Walk In The Black Forest — Horst Jankowski (Mercury)
 - 6 Zorba's Dance — Marcello Manna (Dunhill)
 - 7 Like A Rolling Stone — Bob Dylan (CBS)
 - 8 Everyone's Gonna Be In The Mood — Jonathan King (Decca)
 - 9 We Gotta Get Out Of This Place — Animals (Columbia)
 - 10 You've Got Your Troubles — Fortunes (Decca)
- Week ending August 27, 1965

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 Tears Of A Clown — Smokey Robinson (Motown)
 - 2 The Wonder Of You — Elvis Presley (RCA)
 - 3 Because They're Young — Duane Eddy (London)
 - 4 Rainy Day — Marlene Dietrich (Decca)
 - 5 Something — Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
 - 6 Lola — Kinks (Pye)
 - 7 Natural Singer — Fairweather (RCA)
 - 8 Mama Told Me (Not To Come) — Three Dog Night (Sire)
 - 9 25 or 6 to 4 — Chicago
 - 10 Sweet Inspiration — Johnny Johnson & The Bandwagon (Bell)
- Week ending August 26, 1970

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 Apache — The Shadows (Columbia)
 - 2 Please Don't Tease — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
 - 3 Because They're Young — Duane Eddy (London)
 - 4 Mass Of Blue — Elvis Presley (RCA)
 - 5 When Will I Be Loved — Everly Brothers (London)
 - 6 Shakin' All Over — Johnny Kidd (HMV)
 - 7 If She Should Come To You — Anthony Newley (Decca)
 - 8 The Man Kangaroo Down, Sport — Rollin' Stones (Columbia)
 - 9 Everybody's Somebody's Fool — Connie Francis (WGM)
 - 10 I'm Sorry — Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
- Week ending August 27, 1960

SPECIALS

THE SPECIALS' long awaited new album 'More Specials' has been completed by producers Jerry Dammers and Dave Jordan and is to be issued by Two Tone on September 19, its release being preceded by the single 'The International Jet Set' / 'Stereotypes'.

Also during September the band begin a UK tour, the first gig being at St Austell Riviera on September 13, after which come dates at Bristol Locarno (14), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (15), Stoke Trentham Gardens (16), Sunderland Mayfair (17), Newcastle Mayfair (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Glasgow Apollo (21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (23), Sheffield Top Rank (24), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (25 and 26), Derby Assembly Rooms (30), Manchester Apollo (October 1), Bradford St George's Hall (2), Blackburn St George's Hall (3), Poole Art Centre (5), London Hammersmith Palais (6 and 7), Cambridge Midsummer Meadow Superstent (9), Brighton Top Rank (10), Swindon Oasis (11), Doncaster Rotters (13), Liverpool Rotters (14 and 15) and Birmingham Odson (16). Further gigs are yet to be announced.

The band have tried wherever possible to book untested venues and tickets for these particular gigs are set at £3. Prices for seated venues are £3 and £2.50 but The Specials wish it to be known that steps have been taken to ensure that audiences are not prevented from enjoying themselves by local heavies.

Support band at all gigs will be Swinging Cate, whose 'Away' / 'Mantovani' single will be released in a special limited edition on August 29.

Tickets for the first six gigs are already on sale, while the rest go on sale at 10 am, Saturday August 23, the one exception being Leicester, where tickets will be available on August 29.

Right: Neville Staples, Chrissie Hynde and Terry Hall do the autumn tour headbang. Pix: Anton Corbijn.



Special Pretenders tour

PRETENDERS

THE PRETENDERS, who have been absent from the British gig scene since March, return in October to play a 15-date tour. They will be supported by Ten Pole Tudor, the Korova label outfit who last year toured with The Undertones.

The tour commences at Newcastle City Hall on October

6, followed by dates at Bradford St George's Hall (7), Bristol Colston Hall (8), Portsmouth Guildhall (10), Brighton Dome (11), Leicester De Montfort Hall (12), Birmingham Odeon (13), Edinburgh Playhouse (15), Sheffield City Hall (17), London Hammersmith Odeon (19), Hammersmith Palais (20), Stoke Victoria Hall (21), Manchester Apollo (22) and Coventry Theatre (23). Tickets for all venues are priced £3.50 and £3.

Immediately prior to their

British tour The Pretenders will undertake yet another lengthy trek across North America, supported on some dates by The Beat.

The tour includes a show at Masport Park, Toronto, on August 23 on which The Pretenders are lined alongside Elvis Costello, Rockpile, The Clash, Talking Heads and The B-52s, a gig that's expected to pull some 100,000 punters. The big deal here on August 23 is the gruesome Reading Festival, ironic, that.

Gorham in hospital

THIN LIZZY'S Scott Gorham was rushed to a London hospital last week suffering from a burst appendix. He was operated on within an hour of his arrival and is now said to be "doing well".

Lizzy's concerts at Nottingham Theatre Royal on August 25 and 26 have been cancelled due to Gorham's hospitalisation. Ticket refunds are now available from the theatre's box office.

Granada airs record biz dirty washing — will BPI let lying dogs sleep?

"THE POP CHARTS are no way an accurate guide to what's selling ... they are a joke actually."

With those words, spoken by a former employee of WEA herself directly involved in the process of chart hyping, Granada's *World In Action* programme opened its investigation into the way the album and single charts compiled by the British Market Research Bureau (BMRB) and used by the BBC are routinely manipulated by the major record companies.

Shown last Monday, the *World In Action* report uncovered some of the most explicit evidence so far of just how unreliable our beloved Fun Forty can be — subject as it is to every form of pressure, legal and illegal, that powerful interested parties are able to exert.

Of course, widespread suspicion as to these charts' real validity as indicators of actual sales popularity has been commonplace for years, highlighted by the occasional controversy such as NME's recent disclosures of CBS' free camera technique for promoting their bright

The hype-powered world of pop

new hopes The Photos.

Where the Granada team scored was in securing the testimonies of various individuals — including dealers from chart-return shops, and former members of a record company sales-force — as to the parts they themselves played in the elaborate chart-rigging game, with the full knowledge and encouragement of the company's top brass.

In essence, the programme dealt with the way sales reps track down the supposedly secret locations of those shops making up the BMRB's 450-strong sample list; then by applying all manner of inducements, prevail upon the dealers to falsify the diaries in which each over-the-counter sale is recorded, so shaping the weekly charts compiled from those diaries.



John Fruin, head of WEA and BPI. Deplores hyping.

Such inducements might include an extra batch of free albums (to be sold by the shop, in due course, as "pure

profit"), a bottle of whiskey, or simply sheer harassment: one ex-store manager admits to putting the all-important ticks in his diary "just to get them (the reps) off my back".

The value of positive inducements to any chart-return shop was estimated at around £10,000 per year.

Although WEA was the focus of the report, it was clearly implied that all major companies were similarly engaged — to the inevitable detriment of any independent label hoping to break its acts in the proper way.

Amongst the many instances cited were A&M's alleged request that dealers mark up a sale for Elkie Brooks each time a Police record was sold, so promoting an act on the back of one already assured of a chart placing. Undertones manager Andy Ferguson (himself a former WEA promotions man) accepted it as likely that his own band had benefited from similarly illicit tactics: "It's a very cynical business."

Other performers given the full treatment, according to one ex-rep, were The Pretenders, Elvis Costello, and new band The Expressos.

Most companies, when challenged,

declined to comment. The rest denied the stories outright.

But what emerged most clearly — detailed by recorded meetings and company memos — was the determination of the majors, at top level, not to be left behind in the whole hyping process.

Industry "watchdogs" the BPI, for their part, made a show of knowing nothing of how their own members regularly flout the BPI Code of Conduct which expressly forbids such practices as both unethical and illegal. Ironically, one member of the BPI committee that drew up the code was WEA's head of sales, Mike Heap.

Whether WEA — and its rivals — will now act on the present revelations remains to be seen. Warners' managing director John Fruin would not agree to be interviewed.

Which seems doubly unfortunate, because in June of this year John Fruin was unanimously elected chairman of the BPI. His official task is "to maintain the highest standards of the industry".

So who watches the watch-dogs?

PAUL DU NOYER

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT





GRACE JONES

NEW SINGLE

PRIVATE LIFE

TAKEN FROM HER
NEW ALBUM
"WARM LEATHERETTE"
7" & 12" VERSIONS
7 WIP 6629
12 WIP 6629



Maher's band quest

WITH Buzzcocks finally emerging from their self-imposed hibernation, drummer John Maher has been a busy man. In addition to playing on the forthcoming trilogy of 'Cocks' singles, he has been sitting in with The Invisible Girls and gigging extensively with part-time band The Things (right).

After being well-received at a series of gigs in the north west, The Things are now releasing their first single 'Pieces Of You'/'Lost Love' on the Imperial label (50 Newton Street, Manchester). To promote the single the band will be touring England in early October, supporting Buzzcocks — with Maher playing two sets per night.



GARAGELAND

OUT THIS WEEK is the single 'Torture' by Hermine on Salome Disc. Originally due out on Virgin, the David Cunningham produced effort is now available through independent distributors Fresh Records at 359 Edgeware Road, London W2. (See separate Thrills story).

In strictly numerical order, both DC Nien and The DC10's have singles out this week. Dubliners DC Nien release 'Nightclub'/'Things Japanese' on Nien Teen Eight Tapes Records (49 Northumberland Rd, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4, EIRE) while Swanses's DC10's have their single 'I Can See Through Walls' available through A Certain Euphoria, 28 Wellfield, Blahopsten, Swanses.

The third release on the Vindaloo label (237 Hagley Rd, Edgbaston, Birmingham B15) is a synthesised folk song 'I Was A Young Man' by The Janet And Johns.

The first two singles on Pook's Small Operations set up are the debuts from two local bands Contacts and De Biz, the latter arising from the ashes of Tours, the only other Dorset band of any notoriety in recent years. Both Contacts' 'Young Girls' and the De Biz 45 'On The Beach' are available from the label at 71 Lake Road, Hamworthy, Poole.

Newcastle's Blueport Records, meanwhile, release their fifth and sixth singles, Hot Snax's 'Theme From A Movie' and R&B band The Saboteurs' 'Voodoo Cave'. Both are available through 52 Kelvin Grove, Sandyford, Newcastle.

Also out this week:

- **Charlie De Vinyl:** 'Got To Get You Into My Life' (Gun Records, 101 Baker Street, London W1).
- **Night Doctor:** 'Music Like Dirt' (Copasetic Records).
- **Thunderboys:** 'Fashion' (Recent Records, Basement Studio, 36 Gt Russell St, London WC1).
- **The Lefties:** 'Nobody Loves Me' (Heartbeat, 4 Malrose Place, Clifton, Bristol).
- **The Flying Brs:** 'Invaluable Pictures EP'.
- **The Mob:** 'Youth' (20 Larkhill Road, Yeovil, Somerset).
- **Radio City:** 'Love And A Picture' (Media Wave, 18 Ormsia Crescent, Thurao, Cairnness, Scotland).
- **Those Intrinsic Intellectuals:** 'Radio Island' (Faulk Line, 3 Market Place, Inverness, Scotland).
- **Allen Kulture:** 'Asian Youth' (18 Charmaster Avenue, Merton Park, London SW19).
- **Slowguns:** 'The Time Is Right For Us' (Cult 45, 29 Greenbank Road, Marple, Cheshire).
- **Spasmfields:** 'Femme Prothese' (No Wonder, 139 Cheplefields, Harlow, Essex).
- **El Seven:** 'Radio Tokyo' (Pop Records, 64 St Peter's Avenue, Caversham, Reading, Berks).
- **Martin And The Martians:** 'Martians' (Risky Discs, 21 Mulgrave Road, Sutton, Surrey).

- **Camera 3:** 'Russians In Space' (99 Centre Drive, Epping, Essex).
- **X-Effects:** 'Female Pulse' (Pre-Fab).
- **Coconut Dogs:** 'Lipstick On The Glass'/'The Neighbours'/'Mannequin' (Mongrel Music).
- **A Sudden Sway:** 'Jane's Third Party' (S&C, 10 Cissbury Ring, Warrington, Peterborough).
- **Inertia:** 'The Screen'/'A Submarine' (Inertia Records, 2 Hillingdon Road, Uxbridge, Middx).

IN THE independent cassette field, the single/EP cassette is starting to emerge, possibly in the wake of Bow Wow Wow, taking its place in the flood of cassette albums currently being produced.

Drowning Records (5 Gladstone Terrace, Bulk Road, Lancaster, Lancs) this week release five taped singles by local bands Blast, Domic, Frank Church, Eyes Like Astronomy and Boys Walk In. All are priced at £1.10, no more than the cost of the vinyl artefact.

Meanwhile, cassette albums continue to come thick and fast.

Nasty And The Boys: 'Electric Madness' C60. Available for £1 plus 22p P&P from G R Mount, 118 Alston Crescent, Seaburn, Sunderland.

The Scottish Police Inspectors: 'Minnie Caulwell's Cat', a C60, is available for a blank tape plus an SAE from the band at 49 Craggside, Whitley Bay, Tyne and Wear.

P Wells And Q Hope: 'Aural Assault' C60, (£1 from Un-Ltd Abilities, 24 Cowper Mount, Leeds).

Portion Control: 'A Fair Portion' (£1 from Laddell Music, 38 Waddon Court Road, Croydon, Surrey).

Flounder: 'Fact/Fiction' (£1.50 from Mark Whittam, 15 Passmonds Crescent, Rochdale, Lancs).

Distinctive Drone: 'Soundtrack Of Existence' (£1 from Clockwork Addition, 42 Antrim House, Bow, London E3).

Northumbrian Compilation Cassette: A C60 featuring tracks by The Scottish Police Inspectors, Funeral Dance Party, Public Sector, Crawling Chaos and Alcega, available for £1 from Richard Rupenus, Beehive House, North Broomhill, Morpeth, Northumberland.

Genetic Mistake: 'Look Forward To A Genetic Future' (85p from Genetic Mistake, 'Kenmar', Swineshead, Boston, Lincs).

Seves Walking: 'The Bedroom Mentality', a C-48 available from 87 West Green Road, South Tottenham, London N16.

The Z.P.s: 'Underage Listeners', a £1.95 cassette album available from 95 Hillaires Road, Erdington, Birmingham B23.

Vampiresnacht: A cassette album available from 18 Bathina Road, Queens Park, Bournemouth, for £1.50.

ADRIAN THRILLS

Write to: GARAGELAND, NME, 6-7 Carnaby St, London W1.

AVE YOU GOT BRAINS?

THE BRAINS

ALBUM 'THE BRAINS' IS OUT NOW WITH THEIR NEW SINGLE 'RAELINE'

THE BRAINS

phenomenon





MIDNIGHT

The Jam take 'Start!' to the Finnish and Paul Du Noyer holds a 'Revolver' to Paul Weller's head. Pennie Smith shoots here, there and everywhere.



TAKING 'START' to the Finnish means... flying over the oil-fields and a three hour stop in Stockholm's squeaky-clean airport and we got no plane and it's breaking my heart but we got a pilot and that's a...

Finnish aeroplane to the town of Turku in what the in-flight brochures call The Land Of The Midnight Sun (arriving tonight at noon) which is a big and watery and quiet land wrapped in Christmas trees, that anxiously lies between the Soviet Union and the end of the world.

A worried country that only stays a country by way of agreements and strange trade treaties, like the one that lets the Russians build its roads (except they all lead nowhere, except a tank-ride westwards...) Where the restaurants' idea of soothing muzak is the sinister chilling theme from *A Clockwork Orange* and the menus offer you reindeer-on-toast without the antlers, and The Smurfs are national heroes and where — hello, hooray! — The Jam — wham, bam! — are touching down any second now.

And they're here because they're here to play 'Start' to the Finnish at the Ruusrock '80 Festival on a beach in the rain beneath the plastic sheeting so as they don't get electrocuted and thus fail to complete the next Jam album.

'Sound Affects' is the next Jam album, only half done as yet, and anyone with sense is saving up for it already because there won't be that much better music to be heard all around the world or even in Carnaby Street this year.

So we swing low and we taxi to the Turku terminal zone: off-load and then at long length through Finland's unsmiling (in)Security Procedures, where the potential contents of people's underpants are of as much concern to the authorities as passport particulars. Where, once through the gate, we're faced by curious contingents of gangling Scandinavian youths looking no less

lost here at home than they do away in Oxford Street with their orange anoraks and haversacks and toy policemen's helmets on their heads. Out in the forecourt, the older Nordics stride about with more assurance, blonde-bearded and strapping, as though searching for a tree or three to fall before breakfast.

Finally, by minibus not sleigh, by cab and not toboggan, the entire party of English weekend-trippers is hurtling into Turku town — drab, clean, Turku town where there are no animals or old people anywhere and the drunks lie down in the road.

Anyway, it's a start.

DOWN IN the strip club at midnight — where, earlier, a promo-copy of 'Start' had managed to clear the disco floor in no uncertain fashion (let's face it, The Jam are fine but they're no Smurfs) — mixed parties of



middle-aged Finns beam approvingly as the night's attraction steps into the spotlight and struggles manfully (no, that's not the right word) to evoke the Berlin of Christopher Isherwood and Liza Minnelli, employing only

a chair, a fixed smile and a bowler hat. I'm endeavouring to register the correct expressions of boredom and distaste, sharing a table and drinks with 'the English geezers' — a coterie of elite Jam fans from London, all

SONS ON ROUTE '66

Impeccably dressed, who literally follow their band from one end of the earth to the other. Just a few feet away Bruce Foxton confers with the chap from his record company Polydor on the present lack of a further seven songs needed to complete the 'Sound Affects' album.

"You couldn't get in touch with Ernie Wise, could you? I hear he's fairly prolific."

Be that as it may, Paul Weller believes he'll come up with the goods in time, though whether it'll be soon enough for the late October release date remains to be seen.

First indications, from the material on tape so far, are of a distinct mid-period Beatle-ish influence making itself felt. 'Start' a definite 'Taxman' debt has not gone unremarked, either, although after a few more hearings the song's own strengths begin to emerge far more clearly. And indeed, that impression is only reinforced when you notice how Paul Weller's looking these days.

Whilst Bruce and Rick Buckler tend to stick with the more everyday fogs, T-shirts and so on, Paul seems to be wandering on into the early-late '60s — longish, well-cut hair, regency-style jacket, flowered shirt, Granny Takes A Trip dark glasses.

Anyway, this strip-show... Oh, let's just pretend ahead with The Jam, shall we?

'Start' is the eleventh Jam single, and 'Sound Affects' will be the fifth Jam album. In a career that's established them as one of the most original — yes, original — dynamic and frequently inspiring groups that this country's ever produced. They're also among our greatest white hopes for the 1990s. So far what elements of rock history they've incorporated they've used with skill and fused with an ever-growing creativity of their own. What's more, their songs have spoken unselfconsciously for the youth of their generation in a way that few others can hope to match even occasionally.

Rumours of a sort of creeping '60s-ism in their music, therefore, hint that the group could be poised on a dangerous threshold, set to stroll up blind alleys of sophistication and softening self-indulgence, into the welcoming, deadening arms of an Arthur, a Tommy, a Sergeant Pepper.

Chronologically, it's about that stage in their progress, after the first powerful rush of honest, direct rock'n'roll. Time to withdraw, sit back, philosophise, grow clever and ever-so-slightly irrelevant. With the state that rock music's in — the state the whole country's in — it's almost exactly what we need the least. And where The Jam are concerned, I don't think it's going to happen.

All the same, it's something I made a note of to ask Paul Weller about when I got the chance.

A CHANCE... One day into the trip and a chance to interview Paul Weller begins to look like it would be a fine thing, but far from guaranteed.

The Polydor press person looks unaccountably worried whenever the subject comes up. Paul, I'm advised, isn't all that into talking as a rule, not unless he specially feels in the mood for it.

Well, fair enough, but wasn't that what I'd just been flown halfway to the North Pole for?

Things become clearer as the time wears on. It's not that Paul Weller has turned all bolshie and unhelpful — he might value his privacy but he still makes a virtue of accessibility — and indeed I found him a friendly enough, reasonable bloke. But it seems that in the past, one too many would-be probing interviews has left him wary and deeply suspicious of the whole process, as well as convinced of his own inability to get anything across effectively through that medium.

"How can you talk to somebody for an hour," he says, "and then go away and pretend that you really know what they're like?"

In fact, as he explains to me, an encounter with NME last year led him seriously to

consider the option of not doing any more at all, with anyone.

I'm by no means unsympathetic to this — many of us even on this side of the cassette machine share the same reservations — but there must always be some room for a useful exchange of views, however limited.

Eventually, a spot of discreet canvassing on the part of the Polydor PR turns up the news that Paul would like to talk providing things were kept on an acceptably casual level. In effect, as I gathered from a quick preliminary chat in the hotel bar, this was to mean no attempts at instant psycho-analysis but, instead, more straightforward conversation geared to the music, the new material, and The Jam as a whole (another of his concerns is that he's not singled out above Rick and Bruce any more than his role as chief songwriter strictly requires).

"I think that's what people want to read about anyway."

And so, that night, we stole away to a relatively secluded table to unravel a few clues as to The Jam today.

UP UNTIL now, there's never been another Jam album that's just another Jam album — each one has marked a development of some kind on the one before. To begin with, I wondered if 'Sound Affects' would fit into that pattern of change?

"I hope it does. At the moment it's hard to say, cos we've only got seven songs and a couple of them are, I suppose, standard type Jam sounding ones. But put it this way: we're making a conscious attempt this time to do something different. We're trying to break away from that 'Going Underground' type sound."

"And the words are quite different as well, because they're far more simplified. A lot of the songs on 'Setting Sons' were like complete stories, but these ones are a little bit more... I dunno if abstract is the right word for it, but they're much shorter for a start. I think they're complete but, I dunno how to explain it really, it's just that people'll think they're more oblique than what we done before."

I've heard the new stuff being compared to 'Revolver' period Beatles. Is that a fair observation?

"Oh yeah. It is, yeah. But y'see, really, it all depends on what we listen to at the time. We don't ever mean to steal things, like that blatantly. It's just that if we happen to be listening to certain records at a certain point of time, you can't help it but it just influences. And we were, me and Bruce in particular were listening to 'Revolver' a lot around March, on that American tour we played it over and over again. So I suppose it just rubs off on us that way. It won't be all like that."

So there's no truth in the rumour that you're slowly re-cycling the '60s? He permits himself a quick grin. "My '66 period now?"

"No, I dunno, I don't think you can really pinpoint and say, 'That's like that, y'know? Maybe it is, but we've got so many influences all the time, and a lot of them are from really contemporary bands, just as much as '60s things.'"

Like who?

"Well, all the stuff really. All the bands that I really like; well there's loads of them — The Undertones, Wire, Joy Division. There's so many good bands, all of it just rubs off on you. And The Skids I really like a lot. It doesn't necessarily come out in our music but still, the initial influence is there."

How does the stuff you're writing now fit in to the band's progress over the years, then?

"The only way I can judge it is musically."

The lyrics have been developing as well up to 'Setting Sons', but now I wanna make a departure from that style, just for this LP really, just to try writing in a more simplified manner, and not have to be sort of concise. I mean, I don't want to get all arty-farty and abstract but... you get to the stage where you think you've got to make a statement all the time, and sometimes you don't really want to, d'you know what I mean?

"Sometimes the feelings that everyone gets at a certain point in time, y'know — you can be doing anything and just have certain thoughts, and they may not be concise but they mean a lot to you anyway. So I just want to experiment with that. Mainly just to break away from the other style for a while."

"It does get a bit safe at times, and 'Going Underground' was a bit safe, whereas I think 'Dreams Of Children' (the B-side, which Paul says he wanted to put out as a double A-side to off-set 'Underground's conventionality) was breaking new ground for us, and that's something we'd like to follow up on."

"But I'm quite optimistic for what we're doing now, actually. I didn't like 'Setting Sons'. I didn't like the actual LP. I think some of the songs were good on it but I didn't like the album the way it came out — that's mainly cos I think it was rushed too much. I think it was just a bit too polished and well, it was a real studio album. It was written, rehearsed and recorded and all the rest of it, and we never ever played any of the songs live before that. And I think you can tell — well, I can anyway, it sounds like that to me."

With all the increased complexity and the emphasis on technique, I wondered if The Jam were becoming a fully-fledged studio band (another echo of The Beatles, in fact).

"We could have been. At that point in time I think we were, cos all that stuff, right from 'Streets Town' to 'Going Underground', all that stuff has been studio. We've gone in there with just a title and some words and we just more or less made the song up on the spot. So this time I wanted to get back into playing the songs beforehand and sort of feeling them out, just to sort of stretch them a bit, and then record them. Which is what we've done so far with the seven songs we've got."

"Although, 'Start' is another one we just recorded in the morning. We played it about twice in the morning, to record it, and that's the version that's out now. That's the exception."

Could you see yourselves getting disillusioned with performing live?

"Well, I like it sometimes — the times when it really works, the good times, then I know it's worthwhile and it's what I really wanna do. But I don't enjoy it all the time. I don't like all the processes you have to go through. I hate touring. I enjoy the hour on stage; it's just all the rest of the shit you have to go through to get there. That's what really puts me off. That's the really boring part, cos you're totally uninspired."

I do like recording a lot, actually, mainly cos there isn't any limitations in the studio, there's nothing we can't do."

But isn't the basic three-piece line-up a sort of limitation on what you can achieve?

"I wouldn't like to get anyone else in live cos I just think it would make us too relaxed, y'know, cos there's always someone else to

fall back on, like another guitarist or a keyboard, there's always something else there. Whereas when it's just a three-piece it's such a close unit."

Don't you end up with the problem, then, of producing stuff that it's hard to reproduce live?

"Well, that's why we're sort of trying to do the new album this way because I felt 'Setting Sons' was getting a bit like that, cos you start using different instruments and arrangements that could have been impossible to play on stage, and so many overdubs and that, it just starts getting a bit out of hand. You tend to lose sight of what you started off doing. So we're trying to experiment with just the three of us more this time."

"Cos it does get like that. And it's a shame, cos there's a lot of songs that you can't play on stage. Like, I always would have liked to have done 'In The Crowd' off 'All Mod Cons', or 'Wasteland' on 'Setting Sons', but it's just impossible to play really."

Switching the subject slightly, you must feel under pretty considerable pressure, after the kind of impact made by 'Going Underground', to pull off the same thing with 'Start', and each successive release. Doesn't that get you down, in a way?

"I dunno, I could probably answer that better when I see where it goes. It's easy to say no at the moment, but if it only gets to number 32 or something we'd probably be a bit choked. But all you can do is, if you believe in that record, if it's the best you can do, then that's it."



PAUL WELLER sits hunched over the table, his fingers drawing patterns on it, wearing his habitual look of concentration. He pays close attention to questions, and speaks with a note of quick, nervous urgency, always stopping short before stating anything too categorically. He's a serious-minded conversationalist, without being a humourous one, and if he would rather be left alone to sup up his beer with Jill (who sits beside him, throughout, engrossed in her book) then at least he's too polite to let it show.

Continues over ▶

JAM

from previous page

Although Weller's often stated a preference for letting his songs speak for themselves, it seemed important to discuss them at least on a general level simply because the very relevance of The Jam's lyrics has — along with visual style and musical power — always been a key factor in their popular appeal, not to mention critical esteem. At a point in time when the young people of this country are arguably in greater need of intelligent, eloquent spokesmen like Paul Weller than ever before, I wonder how much inclination he has to assume such a role for much longer.

Doesn't the sheer scale of his success, for instance, push him towards a state where it's harder all the time to write things the average Jam fan would instantly relate to?

"No, I think that's sort of easy, really. In fact, I think it gets a lot easier. It's like what I was saying about I felt like I always gotta make a statement, cos that's what we're known for. Which is stupid really, cos you shouldn't have any of them kind of restraints on the music. But I don't find it hard, cos I've always got lots of different ideas to write about."

But your everyday experiences must have changed so much, over the past few years.

"Oh yeah, of course they have, yeah. But, I think, I still think that on whatever level, that our fans would probably go through the same things anyway; maybe they'd go through them on a different level. I mean, what are our songs about anyway? It's mostly really just very basic emotions and feelings and that, so I don't feel that different. I don't feel detached, in that sense. But obviously I suppose what we go through is very different."

Your circumstances are so different, wouldn't that have the effect of separating you?

"I don't know, I mean, basically, we're only talking about work, aren't we? That's the only difference really — what we do and what, say, one of our fans who works in a factory does. But outside of that I don't see that there's much difference. Maybe we might feel more pressure or something but even that, it's very doubtful. It's quite a pressure to get up at seven o'clock every morning to go and work in a fucking factory or something. That's what

I mean about it's just the same thing, just on different levels; cos we're working on different levels but it's the same feelings.

"I don't know if that's true or not, but that's the way I feel anyway."

On the other hand, now you're assured of some amount of success whatever you do next, could it ever happen that there's not enough pressure on you, that you get too comfortable and complacent?

"It could get like that, yeah. But at the same time, there's so many other really good new groups coming up around us. I think that in that sense, things are different to what they were like say five or six years ago, in the early '70s. There's so many different bands every day now, even like independents and that. So therefore the pressure's always on, really. I think it keeps you on your toes more. It's not as if it's just five or six supergroups and that's it, like it was in the early '70s."

"I think it's really good that a band like us that's been going for three years can suddenly have contemporaries like The Specials that have only been going for a year or something. That's why you want to get really blasé about it and say, Well, we're established and that's that. And that's what I like about it. I think it's really healthy."

You always made a point of aligning yourself with punk, whatever anyone else said. Do you still identify with all that?

"With the original. Not with this sort of watered-down crap that you get now, but the original attitude. Mainly I liked it cos there was a purpose behind going to gigs, and I think in some ways that's been a bit sort of lost in the last two years. That's why I don't really go out so much any more, because it's just not the same. I don't feel that people are really there for the music. There's always that faction who are just there ... all this sort of sectarianism, it wasn't there in the beginning. I suppose then because it was a minority thing anyway, and it gave you a sense of belonging to something but without that sort of tribalism. And I think to try and instil that again would be really good."

THE TALK turns to the alternatives around, like 2-Tone.

"I really like them see bands when I see 'em live. I think it's really good, and one of the best things that's happened. There was all this talk about, when three years ago all the bands started doing sort of reggae and everyone was saying this is, like, politically important because this is the white and black cultures getting together — but I think the 2-Tone is much much more important cos it's working and it's in practice."

And heavy metal: "I dislike, that stuff leaves

me cold. It's probably good that there's another kind of music, but for my personal taste I don't like it."

What ambitions do you have left for The Jam now?

"Well, just to sort of experiment more within the three-piece. We're trying to make the stuff a lot more, give it a lot more room and that, make it a lot more sparse. We'd like to experiment with that sort of thing."

"I dunno, y'know, it sounds really like a sort of corny FF release or something ... but just to improve ourselves, to make better records."

What about conquering the world, the States for example?

"I'm not very bothered about that, actually. Y'know, a lot of people have said that I'm not a very ambitious person but, well, if it happens then okay, it's alright. But I just find the thought of doing a two-month tour of America fucking boring. I'm not really that interested. Not cos I don't care about our fans over there, but it's just that there's other great stuff I'd like to go to."

Like Europe? It's far more interesting really; and there's so many areas that we've never even played before. I'd like to do some places behind the Iron Curtain, Russia, Czechoslovakia, places like that, just to try and not, I mean, Japan was good, that was interesting, but that's really Westernised, so I'd like to go somewhere totally different. Like The Police playing in India, that's a great idea."

At which point we're interrupted for the umpteenth time by somebody saying "Please. You're not." And waving paper under Paul's nose.

We go on talking for some time after — about America, of which his opinion is low.

"Have you ever seen 'em in New York on St. Patrick's Day? All that searching after their roots. It's because they're so cultureless. How many great artists have come from America? Even in fashion and in music, as well as the arts, Europe's more open."

Then we discuss Japan and the West's often fatal forms of cultural domination, his reading, which is wide, devouring everything from Marx and Gandhi on colonialism through Orwell and Anthony Burgess to Solzhenitsyn. Two books he recommends in particular, are *The Doors Of Perception* and *Cemeter* and *The Spirit Of Atonement*.

AND MOST of all, the public gets what the public wants. For the one hour which really counts in the whole weekend The Jam are on stage at the Ruislip '80 Festival and I'm standing on a rainwater pipe with 15,000 kids and the lake water laps up against our feet and the pine forests are all around and there's one

berk wading waist high in water holding an umbrella above his head. And The Jam are very good indeed.

Of a supporting bill that included The Tourists, Selector and Rockpile, we in the Jam-mobile only arrive in time to catch Edmunds, Lowe & Co launching into 'So It Goes' and very good they are too. Rockpile, in fact, are just about the best group to have at an open-air event like this, as their robust, good-humoured trad-rock resounds around the rivers and lakes and islands of Turku and leaves nobody in any doubt about where they stand and what they're there for.

One Finnish lad feels so moved by the whole occasion he scales the stage to remove his trousers, stage-centre. But security is tight and his exit is both swift and undignified.

And now, "Divert from Eglant ... ze JAMMM!!!"

Bruce, Rick and Paul take up positions and get on with the business of one of those light moments, sets you're either heard for yourself or else you're seriously missed out and when are you going to do something about it? The songs, this time around, are drawn almost completely from 'Settling Sons' and 'All Mod Cons' plus a few extra singles like 'Underground', 'Strange Town', 'When You're Young' and 'Start'.

But there are also previews of two new ones: 'Pretty Green' ("I've got a pocket of pretty green / I'm going to put it in the fruit machine / I'm going to put it in the juke-box / And play all the records in the hit parade") which is a terse, rhythmic piece initially inspired, Paul Weller tells me, by listening to Michael Jackson; and 'But I'm Different Now', a more straightforward, but immediately attractive Jam number, a rocky lovesong.

Back in the bar of Turku Airport, the next morning, Paul plays me a tape of the new, rough-mixed material. Apart from 'Start' (which may or may not find its way on to the album) and its haunting acoustic B-side 'Liza Radley', and as well as 'Pretty Green' and 'But I'm Different Now', there's 'Dream Time', 'Monday', 'That's Entertainment' and 'Boy About Town'.

The songs all demonstrate a definite development on past Jam output in terms of arrangement and particularly in the Foxton / Weller vocal partnership. But rest assured that for all Paul's increasing lyrical sophistication the words still carry a lot of bite, and as for the music, that remains anything but cold, or bland, or (God forbid) missed out. There's enough in the world to worry about just now, but one of those things is not — repeat not — The Jam today.

And as for The Jam tomorrow ... ah, well. Tomorrow never knows.

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Is there no more newmusicnews

WHEN THE KILLING HAD TO STOP

THE CAREER of *New Music News*, the 'Independent Rock Weekly', has always been a chequered one, and this week rumours abounded that the paper was finally folding.

NMN was launched by Kung-fu poster magnate and underground press turncoat Felix Dennis to clean up while IPC disputes kept regular rock titles off the seller's shelves. It managed to survive several changes of venue and leadership. Founding editor Mark Williams, once of *Bike* magazine, was superseded by ex-*Sounds* man and freelance whizzkid Giovanni Dedomo. At press-time, ironically, Dedomo was on holiday in Rome and the Acting Editor was Ian Birch.

Although it came into being through journalists' misfortunes, *NMN* became a refuge for the many rock writers and staff persons who felt unable to continue at *Melody Maker* after the resignation of editor Richard Williams, and the scrapping of the relaunch towards which some of them had worked for over a year. Acting Editor Birch (officially *NMN*'s Reviews Editor) was only one of these many, now determined to save a paper whose editorial commitment, coverage, and visual impact have seen a steady improvement.

It is believed that the *New Music News* staff — some only recently won to the paper with promises of

three months' guaranteed finance — were met in their office on Friday by Dennis, who said that he could no longer afford to continue his investment in the paper. A spokesman for the staff asked that the following statement be given: "Publication of *New Music News* has been suspended temporarily. But further developments will be announced."

The paper's emerging identity and strengthened editorial team have made it an attractive property for potential buyers who want an entry into the market — should Dennis agree to sell the title.

Perhaps inevitably, one name already mooted is Tony Elliott, the founder/publisher of *Time Out*. Elliott's interest in the possibilities of another magazine, especially of a musical or visual arts nature, has been well-publicised.

Time Out's Mother of Chapel (Shop Steward) Diana Simmonds, told *Thrills*: "He may well have been approached. As far as I know he hasn't, and we do have an agreement which stipulates that he would have to discuss it with us. So I think it is unlikely."

Both rock and rock journalism have always thrived on adversity, and it is to be hoped fate, if not someone's fortune, offers *NMN* and our fellow journalists a fighting chance for survival.

ART DONOVAN



Illustration: Charles Griffin

Politics and Phlegm

SPeAKING globally, you know how it is. There are great bands in every neighbourhood, but they don't make it because (1) they don't have any original stuff to sing, (2) they get into something else (like girls or boys or heroin or law school), (3) some honcho manager rips 'em off down to their Y-fronts, or (4) their lead singer loses his voice. You may well laugh, but endless touring (just like endless girls, boys, heroin and law studies) will take its toll. Hence The Ramones recent cancellation of their expected gigs after one too many curries and an open-air gig in Central Park.

Though the full book has yet to be written on the Forest Hills Four, fans know the concepts are all (still) there. So as ever in rock and role, it's the old wait and see. Will Joey return to avenge the cruel blows of fate with a new, bionic voice? Will the brothers go Romantic with an EP of their best ballads in a bag posing them against a quilted satin headboard? Or will the new October dates find Joey rematerialised as the top two of The Four Seasons sounding like they were

relentlessly pounded with stacks of Yma Sumac albums during the intervening months?

Debbie, by contrast, is heavily into politics just now, as a consequence of her regular slot on New York cable TV's rock chat stunt show 'TV Party'. She and fellow Party members are plugging *Interview* magazine rock critic (and show founder) Glenn O'Brien as a candidate for mayor in the Big Apple's 1981 city elections. The platform? Well, O'Brien believes that socialism means going out every night, and that TV is the real government because "that's what governs people". So maybe it's not surprising that he'll seek independence for New York City, a "Divided States of America" and — eventually — a "Divided Nations". Many of the 20,000 signatures needed to officialise O'Brien's Citizen Keen candidacy have already been amassed, mostly at Blondie-led benefits, and mostly around Manhattan. That address again!

CYNTHIA ROSE

INDOOR FIREWORKS

Get Your Brass Into Gear
and the Blind Will Follow

Europe first with 'nuke-proof
discos but nation of shopkeepers
catching up fast...

SINCE mid-July, *New Scientist* has been playing consumer guide for those sicko suckers who want to fork out for private shelters and a chance of lingering longer in whatever will be left of wherever the Big One falls. By mid-July they had totted up over 300

companies involved in making and marketing "the paraphernalia of nuclear protection". (Excluded are the makers of those can-openers and baked beans which seem to be seen as so much a part of our 'post-modern' future.)

As the *Scientist* points out, the

new wave of 'nuclear entrepreneurs' includes "few experts", and buyers whose gear is not up to standard will be unlikely to receive compensation. Local shelter-building firms whose letterheads used to read 'Specialists in Textured Wallpapers' seem particularly suspect.

If a bargain rate of £500 (per head) for shelters seem steep, you can always try a 'Noddy suit' (the British soldier's nickname for the NBC nuclear/biological/chemical suit with respirator) for a mere £95-180. Though useless against the must-be-considered gamma radiation, they do help retard beta radiation... But so, of course, does normal clothing.

So much for trendy dressers. Best news for boppers themselves is the *Scientist*'s report that Europe's "first radiation and explosion proof disco" has just opened, near Montpelier in Eastern France. Its builders claim it will withstand a bomb "100 times more powerful" than the Hiroshima killer — at a distance of 10 kilometres. The hot spot has a one and a half tonne armour-plated door and a special 'filtration' in its ventilation system.

But do you really spend your last moments as a human being with Grace Jones??

READY KILLOWATT



Futurist/fatalist combo descend for their final gig in the pre-modern world.

Photo: Penne Smith

Not the Nine O'Clock News

New play by culties clocks in as nothin' special

FOLLOWERS of TV cult comedy *Not the Nine O'Clock News* may like to know that their man Mel Smith is currently appearing with long-time partner Bob Goody in 'The Gambler', a revue-cum-fable which the duo wrote and perform themselves, aided only by pianist Peter Brewis.

Tracing a day in the life of inveterate gambler Lionel Turner (Goody) who wins on the horses, wrecks his family, and struggles to pay off a sinister Mr Big called Danny (Smith in dark glasses) with the help of professional tipster Alex Loach (Smith without dark glasses), 'The Gambler' is largely a string of old jokes and a flimsy plot saved by the frantic zest of the actors.

Things pall towards the end with a few sub-Weill ballads and a misguided attempt to introduce a

serious note, but earlier set pieces like Smith's Freudian analysis of betting or Goody's 'My Way' parody just about even things up.

'The Gambler' is at The Bull And Gate, 389 Kentish Town Road for "a season" (The B&G is a new venue for Theatre). If you go early, Smith and Goody will toss you — double or quits — for the ticket price of £2. But speaking of price, 'Accidental Death Of An Anarchist' at Wyndham's Theatre is an odds-on better bet — a play that's funny and pertinent whereas 'The Gambler' isn't really enough of either.

THE DICE MAN

MOTHERS' DAY

Stepmothers — Elvis can't fight back... And

"PEOPLE in England are gonna think that everywhere I go, my mother goes with me, right? This 275-pound kid, man..."

You don't mess with Hoyt Axton, man, even if he does tote his Ma around for interviews. He sits sprawled in an armchair about five sizes too small for him and reels off well-polished anecdotes despite occasional interruptions from his mother, Mae Boren Axton. In case you don't know, Mae's irretrievable claim to fame is that she introduced Elvis Presley to Colonel Tom Parker and co-wrote 'Heartbreak Hotel', written, she is at pains to tell everyone, in only 22 minutes.

Apart from a fund of amusing stories and interesting historical factoids, it is clear that Hoyt's main aim is to rid himself of the junkie tag that's followed him ever since 'The Pusher'. "I had a buddy, a guitarist, who OD'd on heroin in '63 and I was sitting around drinking tequila in '64 and I got to thinking about it and I said 'Walt a minute... where's the blame?'. He was a good dude, he was a good cat, but he got in with the wrong crowd. I sat there and wrote 'The Pusher Man' in about twenty minutes..."

Thus another legend is born. Despite his appearance (Stetson and 'cowboy' boots are the order of the day), Hoyt is no hillbilly redneck. He has played and supported many anti-nuclear gigs and is a keen supporter of Unicef. And like all Americans he's ever-ready to discuss politics. Carter's OK ("He's just had bad advice"); Kennedy's (deceased) were good men and true; Reagan's gonna blow up the world.

Mae looks disapprovingly at me as we approach the vexed question of his past flirtation with (gasp) drugs.

having successfully skirted the subject previously by talking about his acting. He has appeared in several films including *The Black Stallion* and is a regular 'character' in TV shows like *Bonanza* and *McCloud*.

"I've tried the drugs that kids are into. I've checked them out and I didn't care that much about continuing to live like that. I drink hardly anything but milk and water these days. I got tired of throwing up; I got tired of falling down; I got tired of losing things, including days. I bin there and I bin here and I like it here a whole lot better." As if reading my thoughts, he adds with a laugh: "There's nothin' worse than a reformed anything, ya know? We automatically turn into preachers."

Haw haw!
NEIL NORMAN

TALKING to Dee Presley, the picture she draws of her step-son Elvis is of a man veering crazily between desperate insecurity and self-indulgent near-megalomania, acutely paranoid (due to a body polluted with amphetamines and cocaine) and surrounded by a vicious set of salaried sycophants who would rather covertly assist him to his death than dare to disagree with him.

Although it's a cliché, it's hardly surprising that Dee should speak thus of Elvis' early years. "Elvis' parents were unusually poor people. But even so I remember Elvis once saying, 'I think my happiest days were when I was just having biscuits and milk-gravy for breakfast'. Those were the real lean years, but they were much happier than the life he was living after he made it big."

Dee Presley, a blonde, bronzed Virginian now in her mid-fifties, met the recently-widowed Vernon Presley when he travelled to Germany accompanying Elvis on his national service. Leaving her first husband (an Army career officer)



The airwaves may belong to the people but the theatre's still exploitable.



New recruits to 'Dallas'? Nah, it's Hoyt 'n' Ma. Photo: Peter Anderson.

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SPECIAL ...

Mum's the word for Hoyt Axton

and taking with her three sons, she returned to the States and married Vernon July 3, 1960.

We talk the day before the third anniversary of Elvis's death — 16th August, 1977. She's in London to promote *Elvis, We Love You Tender*. A book ghosted for Dee and her three sons, Billy, Rick and David.

Much of the book consists of her sons' reminiscences of Elvis's excess: the two 15-milligram Dexedrine he'd take on waking, the eight Las Vegas hookers presented to son Ricky by "the Boss" when he began work with Elvis. The malfunctioning TVs and the car put to sleep by shots from the permanently-armed Presley pistols.

Dee claims she never saw this side of Elvis. She knew nothing, she says, of his drug-taking. "There was nothing at all that made me suspect."

Yet she only spent two and a half years of her life at Graceland before she and Vernon (from whom she separated in '74) moved into a place of their own. "It was not a normal life, and I wanted my own home to look after."

Nor does it seem normal that Priscilla (who Elvis married in '67 and from whom he was divorced in '73) was brought to Graceland as a teenage schoolgirl to be reared as Elvis's future wife. Though, says Dee, "That's the way some people in the South do things."

It was insecurity, Dee asserts, that was at the root of the legendary Presley generosity: "Elvis started behaving like that when he was at school. Vernon told me he would get very upset with Elvis because he felt he had to buy other children's friendships — give them lunch money or whatever."

The Memphis Mafia, that payroll group of former cronies, epitomised this problem: "That was a very, very tight bunch. You know how vicious those people were who worked with Elvis."

"There's no prestige for a man in



Dee Presley holds her late stepson hostage. Pic: Universal Pictorial Press.

being a flunky, and that's exactly what this group was. Those people were hard, ruthless men and when my sons went to work with them, I can't pretend it didn't change them. I don't think I could have lived through the things my boys did."

CHRIS SALEWICZ

The Perils of Hermine . . .

Hermine: Hardly sleeveless in Babylon.

a pressing dilemma

QUESTION: When is a Virgin single not a Virgin single?

Answer: When it's 'Torture', the debut 45 by French singer Hermine Demorlane, originally scheduled for Virgin release but now nestling in the shops on the totally independent Salome Disc label. . . yet still bearing a Virgin catalogue number on the sleeve!

Virgin had planned to release the David Cunningham-produced single in June, the same week as Cunningham's own 'Laughing Policeman'. However, when Cunningham took 'Policeman' to Arista instead, the powers that be in the Portobello Road postponed Hermine's effort indefinitely as the two records could not now be released together on Virgin.

The next thing Hermine knew, her single was shelved for good, the reason given being "recession".

Her cancellation/consolation prize, however, was a chance to buy the pressing metal work for £59 plus

21,000 full colour sleeves, which had already been pressed up bearing the familiar VS catalogue number.

Released from her Cunningham and Virgin contracts, Hermine was free to press up copies of the disc independently. This she did, with 2,000 of them now being distributed by Fresh and Rough Trade. The remaining 19,000 sleeves, meanwhile, are decorating Hermine's North London flat.

Says Hermine: "The record is now in my own hands and not just the product of a big record company. I'm happy to be in full control of the record. No whim of some young executive is going to shake me this time."

"I very much doubt if I'll get to use the 19,000 sleeves left, but at least it's out."

ADRIAN THRILLS

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DANGEROUS VISIONS

SHOW AND TELL

THERE is a Borges fiction which concerns the Babylon Lottery, and what happens when the lottery's controlling Company introduces punitive lots to heighten the excitement of the gamble: the lottery (and chance elements in general) becomes the basic principle of the society, and the Company becomes an all-powerful, mysterious cabal.

Here in Babylon we do things slightly differently, but the Company is still all-powerful. Somewhere along the line, the need for punitive lots has been eradicated, the better to serve the Company's needs, all that is now necessary is that the winners' good fortune be made extremely public.

In the '80s, this need was satisfied by rudimentary quiz shows like *Take Your Pick*, more recent generic variants of which include *Winner Takes All*, *Family Fortunes* and that fiasco involving Bruce Forsyth and an outside pack of cards. (Passing thought: would the resurgence in popularity of such shows correlate well with the current recession?). Of late, however, an element of role-playing has crept into the TV lotteries: a significant move which parallels, to some extent, the search for more exotic rewards and punishments in Borges' Babylon Lottery.

This trend surfaced in a crude, pantomime fashion with *The Generation Game*, where, for a pittance comprised solely of the vulgar detritus of materialism (oh, the symbolism of that conveyor-belt!), people make complete and utter turkeys of themselves. The genre already has a nadir of sorts in the

incomprehensible *3-2-1!*, which has the most loathsome, slimy compere of all, the worst set-pieces and "jokes", and — adding insult to injury — rules of crossword-clue complexity. A total disaster — as evidenced by its high ratings.

Which brings us in a roundabout way to the most disturbing (and entertaining) of the role-playing lotteries, *Jim'll Fix It* and *The Big Time*. Here, the compere is elevated to god-like status, granting wishes willy-nilly to "ordinary" folk — people as close, but as far away, as pools-winners. These programmes are today's version of the Hollywood dream-machine, personalised for the global village ("look, Mum, it's that man from down the road!").

There are differences between the two, of course. *Jim'll Fix It* relies for its effect on the stock responses of mums to happy and/or embarrassed kids — the baby-photo syndrome — and on the sheer sensual greed and desire for fantasy-gratification of the little brats themselves. Largely harmless, but a mite distasteful nonetheless. Savile's god normally comes but once a year, with a big white beard and a bag of swag.

Esther Rantzen's god, on the other hand, is in the classic Judaeo-Christian mould: here, along with the wish-granting characteristics, is the possibility of terror, cataclysm, etc, being visited on the heads of the unworthy. For, in *The Big Time*, failure is made terrible by being public failure.

The title itself bolsters and buttresses the view that there are a few "gifted" people, or "somebodies", and legions of pathetic little "nobodies" whose deepest desire is to become a

ARCHIVE FUN



THE PLEASURE GIRLS

MICHAEL KUNIGER and TONY TENSER present
 IAN McSHANE • FRANCESCA ANNIS Guest star KLAUS KINSKI

Is this a snap-on-the-run of Factory shop steward Tony Wilson fleeing angry viewers of *So It Goes*? Or did he froth at the mouth so much over the prospect of more JD (that's Joy Division not juvenile delinquents) royalties that he mutated into a Klaus Kinski-lookalike real vampire???? Only the aptly-named Tony Tenser, producer of *The Pleasure Girls*, knows for sure. BEVERLY HILLS

"somebody". Perhaps this is true. What's unpleasant is that the conditions of "somebody-ship" are tacitly defined in materialistic terms, and thus denied to those whose desires and fundamental aims in life are situated in other, less materialist, realms. There are certain things no-one can grant you, but *The Big Time* neither recognises them nor attempts to point out that they exist. Instead, the professions concerned are ruthlessly mystified with a mixture of charisma, work-ethic and talent, and couched in hammy "tension - behind - the - scenes - at - Broadcasting House / EMI / Daily

Mail terms. Not only does this justify the self-regard and smugness of the "somebodies" involved, it also proposes, in a pernicious, underhand way, that even if a "nobody" keeps their nose to the grindstone, they're screwed from the start by a lack of charisma or talent.

That this is false can be seen by the success of some of the participants. True, the would-be pro-wrestler ended up in hospital but Sheena Easton is currently big news and the *Nationwide* presenter and the Reverend Cartoonist exposed the mystification-processes

for the humbug they obviously were. With *The Big Time*'s introduction of the possibility of punitive lots, TV role-playing lotteries in this country have taken that important first step into Borges' story, a fiction which ends, aptly enough, with the participants' speculations as to the nature and identity of the mysterious Company: "Another conjecture... argues that it is indifferently inconsequential to affirm or deny the reality of the shadowy corporation, because Babylon is nothing but an infinite game of chance."

ANDY GILL



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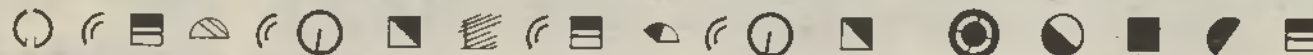
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A blotched line in satire

Ralph STEADman



His brutal and even terrifying cartoons span nearly two decades of panic and dissent in England and America, from Profumo to Watergate, Wilson to Nixon and beyond. Best known for his illustrations of Hunter S. Thompson's expeditions into the territory of fear and loathing, Steadman's other distinctions include never having designed anything at all for Pink Floyd.

Interview by Paul Rambali Pix Pennie Smith

THE POPULARITY of a cartoonist can be measured not by how many friends he has but by the number of enemies he has made. And the corrosive talent of Ralph Steadman has ensured that he's not short of either.

Over two decades, at first in *Punch* and *Private Eye* and later in *Rolling Stone*, Steadman's drawings have torn at the thick skin of the pompous and hypocritical, exposing the horror and comedy beneath. His pen seems to scratch at the page with the malicious glee of a child taking revenge for a lie that's been told. The mark of his work is an uncomfortable, unnerving accuracy.

Recently, he has been appearing regularly in the *New Statesman*, commenting in a uniquely bitter and twisted way on what only a village remote in the Himalayas would deny was a bitter and twisted period.

At times like this, Steadman is a healthy scourge to have around — although he would argue that he's no crusader.

He has illustrated subjects as diverse as the American nation, Alice in Wonderland (long after Tenniel) and the life and humours of Sigmund Freud, as well as having illustrated themes as enduring as deceit, self-interest, greed and duplicity.

Worst of all perhaps, he has succeeded in capturing the full crazed, frenetic, madcap scope of the writings of his renowned collaborator, Hunter S. Thompson; a feat which from the look of the drawings may have reaped in sanity what it repaid in notoriety.

Steadman — of medium build, approaching middle-age with prematurely white hair and curiously large hands more suited to the plough than the pen — nowadays lives in a once elegant, as yet half-renovated manor house near Maidstone. His studio is a spacious room with chests full of work and notes; photographs rest against the walls and books on Da Vinci and Freud lay on the shelves. In the centre is a giant photocopy machine, received in lieu of royalties when the publisher of his last book, on Freud, went bankrupt.

He and his wife moved to Maidstone earlier this year and are having to adjust to life in the Blue Belt. It's hard to find a copy of *New Statesman* anywhere in the area. There's no call for it, say local newsgangsters.

Mr and Mrs Steadman have sampled a sherry party, just to find out what people do at sherry parties. At the party, Steadman was persuaded to part with a print for some sort of local charitable cause.

"They raffled it off and made about 50 quid and then came round and said how grateful they were that I'd donated to the

local Tory party funds. . .

"However, I don't give a damn for much of it at all; the Tories or the others. It's such a mess, such an indescribable mess. Look at what's going on in America. . .

"I did a cartoon this week for the *Statesman* about Reagan, and I said they ought to do an article suggesting, sort of light-heartedly, that they start impeachment proceedings against him now in case he gets in. The whole thing has rather a feeling of *deja vu* about it so they might as well begin now."

STEADMAN is a veteran of several political battles in America: great gaudy circuses compared to the sober and earnest British campaigns which tend to be fought on issues rather than personalities. I tell him how I used to be shocked at the way politicians in America are sold like soap powder until the crude ironic truth of it dawned on me, and Steadman goes off to fetch an old copy of *Rolling Stone* with his drawings of a convention in Miami — his first ever encounter with the American political beast.

"*Rolling Stone* didn't half give me some space in those days," he muses, turning the pages. "Those were very good times for doing things. There was still a feeling of hope in it all. . ."

He stops at a cartoon of his depicting the skyscrapers of Miami towering obscenely over some inkblots. The walls of the skyscrapers are covered in his graffiti.

"Here it is: 'They don't want the cleanest wash, they just want the whitest'. . . 'American politics have lost their grass roots, lost the ability to motivate people, and not just make them rant and rave like lunatics on the fourth of July'."

Anyone who has ever seen Steadman's America, with its savage and lurid depictions of the country and the people, might be surprised to discover that he's actually fond of the place.

"Yes, I love it! I love the chance it gives you — not just because I can go over there and work and get paid, that's nice, but they're also enthusiastic about it. There's a sense of enthusiasm that runs through the way they handle everything, and you get infected by it. Next thing you know you're up there too, your adrenalin's working and you're firing on all four."

"Over here they go. . ." and he shakes his head like a veteran jobsworth. "Sorry. Difficult to get that one going."

THE SON of a Welsh miner's daughter and an English travelling salesman, Steadman grew up in North Wales.

Like many post-war boys who owned Meccano sets, he wanted to be an aircraft engineer, perhaps even a pilot. At 17 he joined Da Haviland but left nine months later, plagued by the factory siren and all it stood for. A trainee manager at Woolworth's ended in a fight with the manager. Back at the local careers office, the words Advertising Art caught his eye.

"You've got the job," said the careers officer. "30 bob a week

making tea. It's up to you now, boyo."

"There was a guy there who did cartoons — Mr Fiddler, his name was. He had polio and he had a funny way of drawing. Most of the stuff he had to do was pretty staid, but occasionally he'd get a cartoon figure, and it interested me to see him do it. So I did some myself. The first thing I did was a choirboy, 'cause I had been one, with a cigarette behind his back."

"Then I had to go into the forces, and I spent the whole two years doing a correspondence course. There were 12 lessons on drawing — as if you can learn to draw in 12 lessons — and six on cartoons. Anyway, it started me off on the slippery slope."

"I used to draw in pubs for a pint. In England, they love it; in America, it's like a smack in the mouth. They like it in a way, but if you get rude they become quite bitter. Sometimes my style is not too kind, but it's the ribs, they don't work very well. . ."

Forgive the generalisation, but the English do seem more prone to laugh at themselves.

"Yes. That is an English trait. They're very good at making themselves look ridiculous anyway, because they're fairly pompous. But Americans, especially in the South. . ." and he adopts a Southern accent. " . . . say, that ain't purty. Why ain't you drawn me purty? Ain't I purty enough? Ahm goin' to draw you now." He picks up a pen and scratches viciously at the blotter in front of him.

"I've been writing about that recently because I'm doing a book on Hunter Thompson. He used to say that I had a horrible habit of drawing his friends. . ."

"Putnam's wanted Hunter and I to do a book together on the film that's been made, *(Where The Buffalo Roam)*, with National Lampoon's Bill Murray as Thompson and Peter Boyle as his attorney, as yet unshown over here."

I can show you the drawings I've done. . . they were to accompany the words by Hunter, but the thing got so fouled and twisted. . . look at this."

He picks up a telegram from Thompson and impersonates the gonzo journalist's basso deadpan.

"CALL ME AT ONCE STOP CANCEL ALL REPEAT ALL CONTRACTS RE BUFFALO FILM UNTIL WE TALK STOP BRUTAL DEALINGS WITH LINSON STOP TONIGHT CONFIRMS OUR WORSE REPEAT WORSE FEARS STOP HOT DAMN STOP THE RAISINS (he means ravens) HAVE COME HOME TO ROOST STOP LIKE WE ALWAYS KNEW THEY WOULD STOP IT'S TOO LATE RALPH NOW WE HAVE TO WRITE ABOUT IT STOP THE FILM IS DOOMED STOP CALL ME AT ONCE STOP HUNTER. . ."

"It all went like that. Every time, there was something going wrong. He was so unhappy about the film. This bit I'll show you is fantastic, and they've cut it out. . ."

Steadman rummages through a large drawer full of debris from the intrepid path cut by reporter and cartoonist through the fraught Nixon years.

" . . . good stuff, isn't it? I'll tell you what I like about it: his stuff seems to sit on a landscape. I've always thought that. Although he seems to be just using language brutally, in fact it's got a sort



can't be that effective anymore. I've got to surprise. I'm not surprising anybody anymore. I'm just doing cartoons for the *Statesman* and doing this house up. . .

HE DID surprise people with his book on Freud, which resulted from an idea for a book of Jewish jokes. This led him to read Freud's obscure analysis of jokes and finally to a mild obsession with the man himself. Why?

"Because I've got problems. Most of us have, but we don't admit it. People don't like Freud, they go on about Jung. Somehow, Freud did touch upon the things we prefer not to talk about. And he was so obstinate, so obsessed by the idea of bringing these things out in the open as a way of purging them. 'I also enjoy getting involved in a book. Getting involved with the subject in a wider and more reflective way than you can with a one-off drawing. I've always wanted to do something meaningful, it's funny. I've found I can do these drawings, so I have to find a way of using them with some point, like this Freud book.

"Earlier on you asked me if I was a cartoonist. Only in as much as it's drawing that makes a cartoonist, then that's what I'm interested in. Drawing is something you can use; it's a very expressive thing. Writing makes you put shapes on paper that make up sentences. But I can put shapes on a page as a drawing and I don't have to make up a sentence. It has a direct quality, an immediacy, if that has anything to do with the 20th Century.

"As for the element of satire, I'd rather talk about the end of it. 'It'll always be used because someone will always come up with an unusual approach. But satire doesn't seem to have . . . what I used to think it had. It doesn't seem to have anything to do with commitment anymore. 'Cause I don't feel particularly committed. I'm only committed to a very wide idea of what things should be. I'm not committed to a left approach or a right approach or any other kind of approach.

"This might have something to do with the way I feel about radicals. Anyone that's nice and comfortable in their way I can understand, because I know they want to hold on to what they've got. But a radical, with the holier-than-thou prich, what they want for society . . . bullshit!

"The best radicals are quiet, they just get on with it. But self-seekers like — I won't mention the name — are just in it for their ego's sake. They've got about as much compassion as . . .

... As a politician?

"Well, I was going to say an ant's leg, but I suppose an ant's leg doesn't know any better."

He lights another in the series of roll-ups that accumulate, half-smoked on his cluttered and blotched drawing board. His mind seems to be forever leading him on a tangent. He scatters his energy about like gunfire. This time he's found a cassette of Bob Dylan's 'Saved'.

"I'll tell you what I enjoy drawing, funnily enough. I like Dylan. He inspires me. I have him on a lot while I work. I've always admired Dylan through all the moves he's made, because of his intensity. From the beginning he's always made a total commitment: if he's interested in religion he might as well get totally religious. It makes sense. He's an old time moralist, revivalist, bible-punching preacher.

"A lot of people get religion, don't they, towards the end of their life . . . God knows why."

BY WAY of a postscript, it seems a good idea to mention a drawing of Steadman's that has stuck with me like a knot in the brain ever since it appeared in the pages of *Rolling Stone*. It's a perfect example of Steadman's original and eccentric ability, in that the lie it concerns seems all the more terrifying when caught by his pen, and is that much harder to shrug off.

Three hooded Klan members sit in a row like judges. The first has his hands over his ears, the second has one hand over his eyes and the other hand over the third figure's mouth. They profess to hear no evil, see no evil and speak no evil. All the while the third figure has his grubby hands busy at his crotch.

Next time you come across one of the self-appointed moral authorities of this world, think of that drawing.



Ralph Steadman illustrated this week's front cover and the NME Consumers' Guide To 1984.

of dignity about it. It's thought-provoking and somehow he gives his work its own context. I think he's rather a splendid writer, when he's at his best.

"Bill Murray caught his mannerisms in the film, but he missed some of the nobility of him. Hunter's got a certain nobility. He's a . . . I'll show you some pictures."

So saying, he dives into the drawer again and retrieves a set of polaroids showing a large, slightly balding man wearing a pair of shorts craning forward to watch a TV. One photo shows the same man banging the top of the TV, and this prompts Steadman to demonstrate Thompson's manner, which seems to involve constantly bobbing around as though dodging a stream of invisible projectiles, whilst simultaneously trying to keep some sort of rising inner-hysteria in check.

"I don't know what's going to happen now," says Steadman, when I've stopped laughing. "He went through a very despondent period and stopped writing altogether. He started spending the money that Hollywood gave him. Now he's broke again. He spent it all testing the effects of acceleration on drunkenness!

"He bought himself a big boat with a huge outboard on it and he was out at sea one day stoned out of his mind. He stumbled and fell on the throttle and the boat zoomed off! He completely lost control. The boat cut a large dinghy in half then went straight up onto the merine, and then it didn't stop until it had gone around in circles a few times!

"That kind of thing was always happening to him. He had a sort of clumsiness. Door knobs would always come away in his hand.

"You see, they could have made more of the film. People will think that all he did was go around doing damage.

"There's nothing in the film of the H. L. Menckan in him, nothing of the Benjamin Franklin character, none of the writers, the people that actually made America. Mark Twain, for instance, there's a bit of that in him, because he still hankers after a hopeful America that believes in a constitution and believed that there was a fairness. When power hungry men like Nixon came on the scene, Hunter couldn't bear to see them walking all over the constitution, his constitution."

STEADMAN MET Thompson at the end of the '60s — it was on his first visit to the US and he soon discovered what he calls in *America*, "a rich new vein in natural prejudice against the American way of life." Up to that point, he had constantly worked to deflate the bores, pseuds and hypocrites of England (collected in the *Raspberry* book, now unfortunately out of print because it contains not least his up-date of Hogarth's 'Gin Lane', called 'Gin Lane, SW3', which could make you laugh to the pite of your stomach and remains sickeningly apt).

He even became *The Times*' political cartoonist for a while: until he was fired for "sedition". Now he views the '60s with little remorse and scepticism to spare.

"I felt that I was part of a cause over here. I actually believed radicals to be people who were outward-looking, honest, almost churchgoing folk. Then I began to get sick of it all because I saw that people made a career of being a radical. It was almost a self-serving position to hold, because people would notice you, and then it became a case of I-can-be-more-radical-than-you, and I totally lost interest.

"It was so in-grown, too; it was as if nowhere else existed but here. So I went to America to see what else was going on.

"I had to get out of the *Private Eye* consciousness, which I was wrapped up in during the '60s. Everything was about Profumo, and if it wasn't about Profumo it was about MacMillan, or Wilson, and so on.

"I always used to get a peculiar sort of jelly-stomach doing those things. When I did them I felt I was doing them to draw blood. It became like a war against those people. Then for a while the American political scene became central and I lost interest over here completely.

"I'm not very politically minded. I do political things because I work for the *Statesman*, not because I'm desperately keen to draw political figures. Bigger that one should ignore them!"

Yet when it comes to politics, most of us tend to read the headlines and turn to the cartoons. Humour has a way of unearthing the fundamental point at issue — when, that is, the humour is on target. It's also a very good way of bringing a point home.

"It's the best way. But if it goes on in a certain usual pattern, it

"AS DOMESTIC AS A MERCENARY WATCHING A HOUSEFLY MAKING LOVE WITH A SULTANA"



"I want to be straight"
Ian Dury and the Blockheads.

Reviewed by PAUL RAMBALI

Single Of The Week (1)

MATHEMATIQUES

MODERNE: Disco Rough (Dorian). At a time when the bonfires may soon be lit all along the south coast, when the possibility of a Channel Tunnel has never seemed further away — at such a time the world is indebted to the French, at the very least, for records like this. A record that dares to be stupid!

In fact the more I play it, the more inane it gets. 'Disco Rough' is the 'Louie, Louie' of techno-pop, and it may never happen again. A truly unselfconscious record. It doesn't know any better, it doesn't care, and it doesn't pretend to. But it's not quite the single of the week. This is:



Mathematiques: the 'Louie Louie' of Techno-pop

Single Of The Week (2)

JAMES BLOOD ULMER: Are You Glad To Be In America? (Rough Trade). A choogling cross-country night train ride, delivered and titled in a spirit of ironic horseplay. The imposition of a funky pattern on some relatively free blowing makes it that much easier for the jazz neophyte to come to grips with James Blood Ulmer and his band — including Art Ensemble of Chicago sax alumni Oliver Lake and David Murray, regarded by many as the hottest of all the cats.

It is slightly absurd that James Blood Ulmer should have suddenly become the toast of the East Coast rock fringe when good modern jazz has been available and evolving most nights of the week in New York clubs for years. It may be down to the fact that this band have taken pains to be accessible, musically and otherwise, but then a lot of Ornette Coleman's recent work isn't especially obtuse either if you take the trouble. Just goes to show what even a comedian like James Chance can do for cultural horizons. Open up one for yourself with this release.



James Blood Ulmer: funky but free. Pic: Julie Scher.

What the hell is "Neoteric Bubblegum Music"?

NERVUS REX: There She Goes (Dreamland). To give Mike Chapman his credit, he is one producer who knows how to make a record sound

LOUD, and, when appropriate, which it often is. CRASS. But not in this case. Chapman has spotted Nervus Rex's potential to become a neoteric bubblegum band, and tries hard to draw it out, but the group not so much refuses as fails to stretch to the required shape. What set out as a combination of early three-piece Talking Heads and The Move now sounds like a modern version of The Mamas And The Papas. Confused? Me too.



Nervus Rex: wake up you two in front. Pic: Joe Stevens.

ESCALATORS: Here Comes That Girl Again (Unison). **THE DANCE: Dance For Your Dinner** (ON).

Two twelve-inch four-song imports from the steaming precincts of the new American rock bohemia. They both play what's been dubbed punk-funk by the voracious New York music press.

Escalators play it in a hard vein while The Dance, who are from Philadelphia, are a lot less ordinary than their name implies. Punk-funk itself descends from Talking Heads and The Contortions and like everything else, it works in the right hands and sounds trite in the wrong ones.

Escalators, incidentally, feature Jerry Harrison of Talking Heads on keyboards and guitar, although for their part The Dance have a more radical content. Go easy on all this because the Americans did, after all, have a very hard time coming to terms with disco. Now that they have, the

results aren't bad. They point towards a promising fusion, as well as serving to remind us once more that disco is a place. Think about it...

THE FANS: True/Deathwish (Fane Import). Ideas to burn and wit to spare from a group that dwell in the southern US states, sufficiently removed from the prevailing trends to be in a position to start one. Comparisons would be fruitless and in any case none spring to mind. This is the seed of something original, though I'm not sure what. But the direction is there, and time will bring it into focus.

ROKY ERICKSON AND THE ALIENS: Creature With The Atom Brain (CBS). A relatively subdued hard rock B-movie from the erratic but often

inspired Roky Erickson. Scores well on the claustrophobia count; could do with a greater sense of panic and danger though. Ultimately, in contrast with previous works, this doesn't quite hang its ass out far enough over the abyss.

X-EFFECTS: 19 (Pre-Fab). The real follow-up to The Regents' '7-Teen', abounding in cuteness, lacking only a decent middle-eight and a girly chorus. The latter of which is marginally more vital now that TOTP is back. Re-master it and it'll be a hit anyway. Those jocks can't resist songs about promiscuity.

ANDREW HAYWARD AND PANIC BUTTONS: Telephone Box (Twist & Shout). Another

record born out of the urge to perpetrate mischief and nonsense for its own sake. This play backfired for Spizz, and given the state of the competition these days, it could for Andrew Hayward. Improbable but not impossible. Recorded in an oversized shoe-box — somewhere near a copy of 'Ogden's Nut Gone Flake'.

NIGHTDOCTOR: Music Like Dirt (Copasetic). Highly authentic period reggae that arrives a little too late to climb aboard the ska train. It's keen and it's clean, but the idiom may have worn out your welcome.

JOSEF K: Radio Drill Time (Postcard). Songs about the radio always seem to be born either out of a desire to get played on the radio or a desire to get revenge for not getting played on the radio. It would take a deft sardonic touch to mix the right amounts of praise and put-down and create a record that numbers the faults of pop radio at the same time as it fits all its bills. This is likeable enough for several other reasons but it's not that solid.

GLAXO BABIES: Limited (Entertainment (Rough Trade)). Four songs from a John Peel session, all suitably modern, primitive and polemical. The Glaxo Babies take a firm stand against the State (also known as the Establishment or the System) and perhaps fail to realise that a state-run operation — the BBC — recorded their single for them. That's democracy for you. Too much exposure to Gang Of Four and The Pop Group may have led them to the mistaken belief that a few funky riffs here and there will awaken the sorely-oppressed car workers of Coventry and make them boogie for the cause.

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA: Behind The Mask (A&M). This could easily be Kraftwerk without the sense of humour. What do you mean they didn't have a sense of humour? Some people will even take The Residents seriously given the chance. Which may be why Yellow Magic Orchestra appear so straight-faced. Or perhaps they're just bored. It's not much of an enigma, is it?

Hardly even an appealing riddle. What it is, other than just simple synth-pop, is what the Japanese as a whole seem very keen on; from cars to music, the unifying factor is the amount of sheer artifice involved.

JAPAN: Live In Japan (Hansa). Japan, lest we forget, is a very big hit indeed with impressionable Japanese teenagers. They also score a lot of points among apologists for successful rock bands, especially since they had the good sense to be successful in such an exotic, faraway location, although come to think of it one of the things success means is not having to say you're sorry. Japan have had success, so they're probably past caring about credibility. On one of the four songs they pause awhile in the ritzy musical surroundings to pursue their lips and tell the audience where they're coming from: "Have fun while you dance / Fun while you're getting wet!" Quite. And from a great height at that. None of this would matter in the slightest if they'd called themselves New Zealand.

INVISIBLE MAN'S BAND: Love Has Come; Love Can't Come (Island). It's sobering to realise that this kind of soothing, supposedly sensuous fusion stop is called soul nowadays. It used to be called jazz-funk, and its mellow, insipid legacy is

SINGLES



NIGHTDOCTOR



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SINGLES

From previous page

currently quite popular, because as everyone knows jazz implies coolness and sophistication and all sorts of other desirable up-market qualities. But this music has the same relationship to jazz as Gloria Vanderbilt jeans have to Levi's. Curtis Mayfield would have known what to do.

SKY: Dies Irae (Ariola). Lengthy, lumpy and uneventful, even by the standards of neo-classical twaddle that these gifted young musicians aspire to. It lumbers slowly onwards like some mythical giant, or a chapter of *The Hobbit*, and the slow crescendo finally explodes like a wet firework. Mixed and mastered on digital equipment, but it still doesn't come back if you throw it.

MILLIE JACKSON: This Is It (Spring). The sort of voice that can tear a person in half under the right circumstances, which these aren't. 'This Is It' has all the expected drama, but the tears never quite arrive, and Millie Jackson finds herself having to drown in a sea of muted sobs.

THE TEA SET: Keep On Running (Modern Records). One of those records whose sole reason for existence seem to be to remind you how good the original was. And no doubt someone, somewhere said the same thing about the Spencer Davis Group version. However, this has the added sales point of being produced by Hugh Cornwell, although to no avail.

MATAYA CLIFFORD: It's Getting Hot (Batbeat). A funky, loping Caribbean airline commercial of a song, which seems to be its ultimate destiny. Syndrums ricochet around giving an unusual snooker hall atmosphere to the production.

JUDAS PRIEST: United (CBS). Priest, as they are known to initiates, have made a clumsy, leaden attempt to write an anthem of sorts — to the soccer team or the headbangers, take your pick. Garry Glitter could have done it better, just.

HEE BEE GEE BEES: Meaningless Songs (Original). A cruel, professional parody of the Brothers Gibb that's almost two years too late but otherwise bang on target. The Hee Bee Gee Bees warble "meaningless songs in very high voices". So slight is their exaggeration of the popular cask that one is struck by how peculiar The Bee Gees are anyway.

JOHN HIATT: I Spy (For The FBI) (MCA). A turgid retread from an old minor league soul obscurity by Jamo Thomas And His Party Brothers Orchestra. Despite lines as good as "I know when you're out, I know when you're in/I know where you're going, I know where you bin", Hiatt manages to avoid any hint of menace.

ROBERT PALMER: Johnny And Mary (Island). What seems like a sad little story of connubial confusion, made more commonplace then it might otherwise be through injudicious use of electronic textures. A decent middle eight would have helped too.

THE LAMBRETTAS: Another Day (Rocket). A blindfold stab at suburban irony, modelled on a jacket Paul Weller was wearing last year. They're on the lam and they sure are sheep.



Josef K. radio on. Pic: Harry Papadopoulos

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CHRIS BOHN meets the man behind BLURT

PETER
ANDERSON
looks on



Above: Ted Milton, Pete Creese, Jake Milton

WHICH IS as good a point as any to get serious for a moment, to try and throw some light on this thing called Blurt. Although the interview itself fragmented into a rapid interchange of jokes, questions and very occasional bits of information between the trio, Ted Milton finally dropped the funny act while walking back to the pub — where he was set to play that night with Section 25 — and spoke briefly but earnestly about himself and his long bitter struggle against narrow-minded bigotry, especially in the theatre-going classes.

Given his bizarrely intense appearance, he's utterly convincing as both comedian and tragedian. His gaunt features are highlighted by a ridiculously severe haircut that's shaven halfway up his temples pushing the rest of his hair into a fledgling eraserhead crop. His face is as malleable as his many voices, capable of dropping from a sharply etched expression to a complete blank within a split second. He's deliberately unnerving, and immensely moving, as a constant jumble of ideas pour forth, both practical and highly inflammatory.

In performance, Milton's work begins as soon as he takes the stage. The very act of walking on and removing his saxophone from his box, adjusting his two microphones to a suitable height and muttering incomprehensibly but *meaningfully* into them, is a charade in itself, mocking the conventions of preparation and tuning up.

Onstage, Milton refers to his guitarist Pete as the Human Loop, which seems an accurate enough description of his steady, single-minded style. Milton himself overlays it all with furious bleats, short, sharp shock phrases and bursts of lyricism, accumulating in emotional impact, while the Loop and Jake's relentless starts tugging the feet.

When he's not blowing, or, more closely, over-blowing, Ted blurts rapid streams of words into the mike, using his sax as prop, one minute like a machine gun, the next like a doll. On one song, he lets loose a series of precision salutes of every description. Only problem is, it's almost impossible to hear what he is saying — deliberately so.

"You'd like to know some of the words?" asks Ted, during the interview. "Well, one song, eh-hum, that's on the B side of our new single 'Get on Test Pressing', goes: 'Peter put your choos out/Let your aeroplanes fly free/Get them back on the shooting lot/Re-tape 'From Here To Eternity'/So pull hard down on your joystick/Your nose will lift

off the ground/Because when you're only half way up/You're neither up nor down/Peter pull your choos out/Let your little aeroplanes fly free/They want to get back to World War Two/They don't want no World War Three."

"That is a song about and dedicated to my friend Pete Brown ('yes, that Pete Brown') who had a lot of model aeroplanes in his room when I went to see him the other day, hoping he would help us get a gig or two, but he said we needed a bass player. I staggered away appalled," he drawls, Kenneth Williams Style, "and wrote this in the woods near my home."

"And the other side, the B side," he overemphasises (we get it) "is called 'My Mother Was A Friend Of An Enemy Of The People' and it goes: 'My mother was a friend of an enemy of the people/Translate my tears/With this saxophone I thee shed/In the land of the living dead/where it's better to be red/Cher-ey red/On a double bed/Yeah/Because we're/Yeah/Because Blurt/Means/Blurt/Means Bleururght/Means Bleuururght!/De pig run over/De liddle bode/Squeal/De peeg run over/De liddle bode/There go me meal/I used to be a pionkey/A Foyer freak/You could see me on the Oval/When I made my streak/Humpty Dumpty set on the wall/And little Alice ran up and called/Fall Humpty! Fall! Fall!/The suspense is unbearable/My mother was a friend of an enemy of the people!'"

Ragged and rudimentary though it is, Blurt's music is still more exotic and funkier than the more rational, skinny output of NY parodist James Chance, a suitable comparison. And there's more purpose to what Milton's doing. Even so, it'd be nice to hear what he's screaming maybe.

"But if you see someone jump out, about to step under a bus, you don't go *iplummiily pronouncing* 'watch out', you go 'warroul'. And though it's blurted out, the sound will nevertheless stop someone from jumping under a bus. On the other hand," he laughs, "if it's the nazi midget you could scream 'go on!' and still hope to be understood."

Why the grotesque parody of soul shouters/blues ranters though?

"I don't think I had any choice really. You assemble the ingredients of the saxophone, and eh, a voice, and lyrics, percussion and guitar, and you jump up onstage, and spell out quite loud and you find yourself in a frenzy quite quickly, blurring madly in her hair..."

The effect is engagingly absurd. No, he had said earlier, it was more an exaggeration of the banal.

"LET'S MAKE this interview fast!" says Ted.

"Okay," I say, puzzled.

"I mean really fast!"

"Okay, okay!" What does he mean?

"I mean, you fire the questions and we'll answer them at lightning speed. Then we can have this whole thing over in about ten minutes."

But where? As we're in Islington, how about doing it on the Green?

"Oh alright" says Ted.

So off we go to the small oasis of grass and greenery in the middle of a busy high road, where all of us congregate around a monument to the fallen, presumably dead. All of us being me, Ted as in Milton the poet, Jake as in drummer and Ted's brother, Pete Creese as in guitarist and lumbering lunthead. Together they constitute Blurt.

"That's BLEUR-URGT!" says Ted emphatically while approximating the actions of a drunk throwing up. "BLEUR-URGT!"

But who are Blurt and why am I letting them embarrass me? Despite an attack of acute self-consciousness, I attempt a short sharp question which dribbles limply out as: Er, who are you, how about some background?

The response comes back in a drawled staccato — he's contrary is Ted, but at least we're underway.

"Well, em-eh-gh-ah-you see. Ehm. Po... poetry! Poetry through boredom, right? Then frustration. Tore up the poems." He grimaces in grotesque facial mime of his words.

"Invented papier mache with spit additives and built puppet show from torn up poems. And subsequently the puppets couldn't take it any longer. Or... there's a frightful pause, before he brings the next bit in, 'the public couldn't take it any longer...'"



Above: a rare shot of Ted with his mouth shut.

Below: how to pronounce BLEUR-URGT



TED MILTON:
poet,
passionate
performer,
Punch and
Judy man.
No wonder
he has
trouble
getting
accepted.

BEFORE BLURT, Ted Milton was a poet. His most notorious collection was *The Works* issued at various grades and prices, depending on whether you wanted the cheap edition — normal — or the most expensive — the gerbilised edition so named after being placed in a gerbil cage by Ted himself for 24 hours, where it was nibbled before being re-packaged and sent off, lovingly wrapped in cellophane.

Then came Mr. Pugh's Puppel Theatre and the Blue Show. It not only shocked the primary schools and women's guilds to which he took it, but also the theatres and cultural centres.

"In the theatre world, the puppet world, you come across the most bourgeois bigoted people ever," says Ted, in disgust. He battled in it for two years, the most frustrated years of his lengthy, challenging career.

But the rock audiences he brought it to on a couple of tours with the likes of Ian Dury, proved equally as resistant and they expressed their hate more vociferously. Glasgow, apparently, was one of the worst audiences he faced, when Ted came to the sad realization that it wasn't his show, they hated — it was him.

So what was it about the Blue Show that caused such a furor?

"It was about oral nasality in the police force," says Ted, with off-hand relish. "It involved scenes of unparalleled nasal carnage. There were episodes where policemen actually farted their legs off, a la Douglas Bader. And aeroplanes fall out of the sky. They ate prisoners in The Andes. The Black Manias had crashed and the Normals had escaped from the identikit and Lo! they had multiplied. It was a very horrible routine." All this and Punch and Judy, too. Despite its

conventional format, a ploy with which Milton hoped to buy enough time to get heard long enough for a decent assessment, he discovered that people were too latched onto what they'd been bred to expect to tolerate his unique solutions. But after a few years of trying to short-circuit such staunch, stubborn systems of thought, he chanced upon a saxophone and tried a new tack.

Being a "performance junkie" he was too resilient to give up, so his discovery turned out to be a valuable lifeline. And he approached the instrument with renewed vigour. Apart from an early lesson at which he picked up one scale, he resisted the normal processes of learning.

"I just don't want to learn their systems. All that talk about having to know them before you can properly reject them, about getting at them from the inside, just doesn't wash. You can't learn a system without being tainted by it."

Wasting no time, he, brother Jake — long ago a member of Quintessence — and Pete Creese formed Blurt and began performing.

They quickly found a patron in Factory's Tony Wilson, who'd be including a side of Blurt on a forthcoming double album sampler. But more importantly he got them gigs on Factory nights with other acts, whose audiences proved more tolerant and open to Milton's zany visions.

"Although I come from the wrong direction — I'm the wrong age, I come from the theatre, a poet —," reflects Ted, "at least these people give me five seconds before deciding."

That's all Blurt ask for and that's all they need. Go see them and give them that much before making up your minds.



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Breaking Glass

Directed by Brian Giggson
Starring Hazel O'Connor, Phil Daniels and Jon Finch (GTO)

ORIGINALLY intended as a film version of *Rock Follies* (though I understand the first script featured a male lead), *Breaking Glass* is considerably better than its source suggests.

Sure enough it travels the well-worn path of the rise and fall of a rock personality, as constructed by the media (cf *Stardust*), but with a modicum of style that renders it at least entertaining if not instructive.

From the moment Kate (Hazel O'Connor) steps through the door of the tube, aerosol in hand, singing 'Writing On The Wall' as she systematically embellishes the train doors it is evident that subtlety is not the first priority.

Heroes and villains are clearly delineated, almost to the extent of having their characters emblazoned on their chests like promotional T-shirts, but in most cases are solid enough to be satisfying.

Phil Daniels' impish performance as Danny, ambitious promoter and would-be manager, develops in stature as the plot unfolds. The movement from snotty kid gatecrashing a post-gig party to sophisticated producer in his palace of steel is entirely convincing and illustrates Daniels' increasing ability in his art.

Hazel O'Connor hits the right note of stridency as Kate, suggesting the turmoil of an over-reaching spirit housed in an

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IMMERSION IN A WARMER THE
BY NICKY BLAIR



Scenes from 'Breaking Glass': top left, the gang down the local; above top Hazel O'Connor gets to grips with Phil Daniels; above, the group.

all-too-vulnerable body. The intimate scenes between the two, commendably brief, depict a mutual suspicion that grows into an uneasy affair with restraint, deftly outlining the ambiguity of their relationship.

Jon Finch is less happily cast as trendy record producer, Woods, and his performance is to the detriment of the character. The supporting cast though are in the main consistently excellent, in particular Jonathan Pryce as the deaf, sax-playing junkie, who can't help stealing every scene in which he appears.

Though contrived, the set pieces work well enough, from the crude, inflammatory scene during a street rally at which a dying youth, stabbed when NF supporters collide with the RAR crowd, screams his fear and accusation into Kate's face, to the spectacular Rainbow gig where Kate, light years removed from her punk origins, becomes literally a robotic showpiece, merely the focal point of an extravagant light show.

Musically, the film could have been in dodgy territory, as it consists entirely of originals, the danger being that the songs become no more than a musical background to the plot or, even worse, nudging pointers to the action. While not being entirely memorable, they just avoid falling into either camp, complementing the structure of the film and coming across with surprising force in the live gigs. The Music Machine gig, when the group win the crowd over in an ill-timed blackout, has a stirring quality that is pure Hollywood.

Having entered with an expectation of nil, I was agreeably surprised and cautiously recommend it as something more than a lemonade, something less than a Jack Daniels.

Neil Norman

Caddyshack

Directed by Harold Ramis
Starring Chevy Chase,
Rodney Dangerfield, Michael
O'Keefe (Orion)

HOW DO you like your laughs? Emphatically visual or verbally dextrous? Satirical or sensational? You name it, *Caddyshack*'s got it; jokes visual and aural litter the screen like a gag-writer's wastepaper basket. From the National Lampoon stable — the producers of *Animal House* — the title refers to the pavilion for caddies at the exclusive Bushwood Country Club, where the good, the bad, and the wealthy gather to play golf. The hero, Danny Noonan (Michael O'Keefe) is up against serious competition to win a special scholarship as best caddy — the only way he can complete an education and impress his enormous family.

Anti-religion, anti-class and anti-hypocrisy, *Caddyshack*'s values are nonetheless rooted in down home liberalism — too much so to be truly anarchic — and its targets are

a little too easily identifiable, but that aside, there is plenty to enjoy. Rodney Dangerfield's bigmouth builder, Al Czervic, is a vulgar delight, as is the assistant greenskeeper, Carl Spackler (Bill Murray), a deranged ex-marine who divides his time between ogling the old dowagers on the course, and chasing gophers.

Chevy Chase's understated comic creation of Ty Webb, a consummate golfer and playboy, steals the honours. There is an unforced clownishness about him, from the moment he shows Danny how to hit the ball blindfold — "There is a force within all of us, Danny" — to the genially ham-fisted seduction of Lacey Underall (Cindy Morgan).

It has many more good moments than bad, and the climactic competition as Carl prepares to blow the entire golf course to smithereens is grippingly funny. Less hilarious than *Airplane* or Spielberg's disastrous *1941*, you'll have to pay attention to be amply rewarded.

Neil Norman.

ON THE BOX

Saturday August 23
LASSIE THE VOYAGER: Did Lassie disgrace herself and steal the turkeys? Your dog will want to know the answer to this and other questions. (BBC-1)

DOWN ARGENTINE WAY: Betty Grable meets Don Ameche and Carmen Miranda for romance, dancing and amusing racial stereotypes. (BBC-2)

THE BIGER SANCTION: Clint Eastwood directs self, does own stunts, looks gritty on mountains. Filmed in 1975 and not to be missed unless you happen to be doing something else at the time. (BBC-1)

THE TOWER OF LONDON/THE SKULL: This week your hosts in 1939 are Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff and an astonishingly youthful though still highly smarmy Vincent Price maligning the reputation of wonderful monarch Richard III, while in 1965 the old firm of Cushing and Lee come over all sinister with some epic foolishness concerning the skull of the Marquis de Sade. (BBC-2)

Sunday August 24
THE HORSE'S MOUTH: Alec Guinness doubles as star and scenarist in his own adaptation of the novel by Joyce Cary. Filmed in 1952, this heart-warming tale of an 'eccentric artist' features no moles whatsoever. (LWT)

THE LEGEND OF WALKS FAR WOMAN: TV film with Raquel Welch and Bradford Dillman in which Le Welch plays a Blackfoot Indian woman cast out from her tribe. (BBC-1)

BADLANDS: Not adapted from the Springsteen song, this 1973 Terence Malick job starred Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek, who later became legends for their award-winning performances in *Grease* (steady on — Ed) (BBC-2)

Monday August 25
THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING: Sean Connery, Michael Caine and Christopher Plummer behave like real men in a stirring tale of imperialism and lust in India (Thames)

LE MANS: Steve McQueen in and out of fast cars in 1971. (BBC-1)

Tuesday August 26
ROUSTABOUT: Not quite the worst film Elvis Presley ever made, but certainly a serious contender. Mainly notable for its flagrant misuse of Barbara Stanwyck (BBC-1)

Thursday August 28
UP THE SANDBOX: Barbra Streisand as a wealthy, loopy, lovable New York housewife with a dull husband. Thousands died to bring you this cinematic milestone in 1972 (BBC-1)
Charles Shear Murray

Alan Parker's film sparkles. A masterpiece

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DAILY MAIL

Fame is a vibrant musical experience

DAILY MIRROR

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EVENING NEWS

breathtaking... For these artists real fame may not be so far away.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

... singing and dancing talent pours from every pore.

FINANCIAL TIMES

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FROM THE VANGUARD...

IN AN upstairs lounge of the National Theatre, Adam the Ant stared thoughtfully through the window-pane, out across the rainy grey River Thames which pushed sluggishly past below us.

It was on this same stretch of water, as he recollects nostalgically, where he got beaten up after that famous Pistols boat-trip in Jubilee Year. Good times...

But talk turns to the press, and Adam's faraway expression changes to a frown. "Purists" he decides, "do suffer. There's no room for purity any more; it just don't sell. Purity's like, down the toilet man, unfortunately."

(Fact: I checked out this statement straight after the interview, by looking down a National Theatre toilet. Written in small blue letters was just one word... **ADAMANT**. Draw your own conclusions.)

The whole sorry saga of Adam the Ant's spectacular unfitness of how the group first emerged in the vanguard of London punk only to find themselves swiftly consigned to somewhere nearer the guard's van, doesn't really need going into here. Of more significance is the sheer tenacity Adam's shown in disregarding all the ridicule and indifference, the way that he's kept on keeping on when it seemed as if the entire world was advising him to knock it on the head.

Adam believed in himself, even if no one else did.

"My disagreements with the press," he explains, in his mild yet precocious manner, "have been that they've made statements about something that they've hardly ever come to see. Quite unfairly. And if they work half as hard as I've worked then that's fair enough. But I don't think they do."

But the most recent example of such media mistreatment, Adam claims, has come with revelations of his short-lived association with Malcolm McLaren.

As generally understood, the story goes that Adam and band came under McLaren's managerial wing at the beginning of this year; and that within a matter of weeks — after Malcolm's attempts to fashion Adam into his new protegee-cum-puppet — the singer got unceremoniously dumped. McLaren, meanwhile, keeps control of the three ex-Ants (and has now formed them, together with a girl called Annabella Luwin, into Bow Wow Wow), whilst Adam himself has wasted no time in assembling a radically new Ant band of his own.

The new Adam And The Ants is now alive and gigging, and line up as follows: on guitar is Marco Pirroni, an original Banshee and Sex-alop layabout, more recently of Rama; bass is Kevin Mooney, and the group's two (count 'em) drummers are Merrick and Terry Lee Miall. There's plenty of new material at hand (including the single 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier'/'Press Darlings') and having heard some of it, I get the feeling that this line-up is going to surprise a lot of people, even those like me who were never enamoured of past Ant manifestations.

It could even start winning Adam the sort of credibility he professes to scorn.

SOWHAT really happened between you and Malcolm? The normally forthright Adam turns uncharacteristically reticent. "Yeah, well, I'm a little bit reluctant to say much about it, purely because... I consider Malcolm McLaren as a friend, and it's just been totally misunderstood. There's no reflection on Malcolm's involvement at all; I approached Malcolm and there was a mutual interest there."

And he kicked you out? "And he gave me a lot of advice, and he straightened out a lot of situations for me as a friend, and I've got the greatest respect for him — now even more so."

"All he did was show me that people I was convinced were 100 per cent into what I was trying to do, weren't, and wanted to do something else — and I gather that he's now managing them. But he just did me the biggest favour of my life — and that's not said out of bitterness, I wish all the boys well — but he just did me a big favour 'cos I'm a much happier person now, and the music's better."

"But he himself, I mean Malcolm McLaren is a personal hero of mine, and he's a genius and that's all I can say about it. He's just amazing."

The man is clearly a saint. But Adam — mindful, perhaps, of a lucrative offer from a Sunday tabloid to spill his beans exclusively for them — is keen to move on and talk about his present band.

"It's like being in a different group," he thrills.

"It's a different group," the hesitant Marco reminds him tactfully.

"Yeah. When I go on stage now, my feet work differently, my brain works differently, I sing differently. And the songs... your songs are only as good as your reference — one of the things I learned from Malcolm. Malcolm has a technique, which he put me through and of which 90 per cent is worth using: because it's discipline, he makes you have singing lessons, all sorts of things. And one of them is research; Malcolm will say 'Read this book' or that book. And now I'll read, like, four books and I might get four lines out of them."

Spirits unkindler than I would say that any change in Adam's material is an afterthought to be desired. Now, I wondered, had he taken to the near-unanimous hostility which greeted his past work? Most of the criticism dwelt on his apparently tasteless use of S/M clichés and shallow shock-horror imagery.

"No, you don't like being called a fascist, nobody does. I don't like being called a fascist by Nick Kent, but it doesn't matter. It's just very

Adam and Marco go for the bleak, gray concrete look
Pic. Santo Basone

...TO THE GUARD'S VAN

From the golden days of the Pistols' boat trip to his recent 'split' with McLaren, he's the man who snatched defeat from the jaws of victory. **PAUL DU NOYER** charts the fall and fall of **ADAM ANT**

hurtful when your mum doesn't speak to you for three months and it's not true and there's nothing you can do about it...

"But now I've returned the compliment by the B-side of our single, 'Press Darlings', in which for eternity his name's down as an asshole. And that's it, now we're even; we're straight now."

"But criticism's great. The time to worry is when everybody likes you. When everybody likes you you've had it."

"I mean, look at Malcolm; he's the mentor of this generation and he's hated by them, they think he's sold out. He's the guy that invented punk; how can you sell out something you invent, or if he did it's his right to. Malcolm's one of the most misunderstood people I know."

"He does deserve to be hated at times though," suggests Marco cautiously.

"Oh yeah! But I mean, y'know, so does everybody. We're not all Jesus, I mean Jesus Christ!"

"I think criticism's healthy as long as it's positive. Some things have been said and they've made me think. But on the whole it's just been criticisms of me and my private life. They didn't like the imagery that I chose to use very early in my career, which was of a sado-masochistic nature. So? That doesn't give them the right to assume that I beat the crap out of little girls and I'm into that."

"It's no worse than The Undertones using a red lobster on

their fuckin' logo. Y'know? They may be into lobsters, I don't know! God knows what Feargal Sharkey's got up that jumper."

AND YET there is, of course, something intrinsically uncontroversial about lobsters — which cannot be said of themes such as sexual perversion, murdered presidents, blasphemy and factsism, all of which feature strongly in Adam's one LP 'Dirk Wears White Socks'. The relative weakness of the album's sound is something he'll readily admit to; but can't he also see that subject-matter like this needs something more than the often glib and vacuous treatment he seems to give it?

What about the common charge of sensationalism?

"I was writing at that time about topics that attracted my attention purely because of their taboo nature. I've never written songs about unemployment or social squalor — there's plenty of room for that but I just felt that groups like The Clash had done it better than I would do it. I wanted to write songs about things that fascinated me."

"That was one of the things that I liked about Malcolm McLaren, the fact that he sat down with me for about two hours and went through every lyric, every word of the album and said: 'What does that mean? What is this song about?' And you have to be on the ball with a guy like that because he'd just murder you."

And a lot of them weren't obvious enough, weren't clear enough for the market. They were a bit esoteric."

But even apart from the lyrics, a lot of people used to find your stage act over the top. You were considered a bit of a poser, weren't you?

"What does that mean?" he snaps, rather obtusely. In fact, as Adam sees it, the apparent theatricality of his act was (a) the mark of his glam-rock heritage and (b) a reaction against the then-prevalent tower-block aesthetic of his drab contemporaries.

"It would be very false for us," Marco puts in, "to go and pretend that we were street kids; because I'm not a street kid, I never have been. I come from Harrow. I'm very middle class. I don't know about Adam..."

"No, I'm not," the singer replies. "I was probably the only lawless prat (sic) from a council flat there is, y'know — but that don't matter, that's no big deal, that's a load of nonsense because that's inverted snobbery, load of horse manure, load of shit."

"I think that you have to be a bit of a narcissist to do any form of entertainment. It is an ego situation, and it can destroy you, like Hollywood people... With respect to kids imitating me, I'm flattered, because I've imitated people all my life — I bought a plastic Beale wig when I was a tiny tot! That's what it's all about."

And very fetching you must have looked, Adam, I'm sure.

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In 1948, when George Orwell wrote *1984*, his vision of a nightmare Britain — over-populated, over-spent and overseen — seemed extremely far-fetched. What was once a science fiction myth is now an imminent reality.

The NME Consumers' Guide To

1984

By IAN MacDONALD



Illustration: RALPH STEADMAN

1. General Principles » The Totalitarian Revolution

TOTALITARIANISM, the political condition of total control by an irresistible and terrifying centralised power, is often thought to be a special creation of the Twentieth Century.

Such a judgement, however, can only be arrived at by idealising the history of our race to the point of gross self-deception.

The truth is merely that the idea of total control, formerly called tyranny and widely practised in all ages and areas of the world, has, with the coming of machine science, at least been made perfectly and permanently realisable.

The connection between machinery and tyranny was seen early in the present century by the liberal futurologist H.G. Wells. Last of a short line of reasonable men, he saw the ominous signs and pointed some of them out though, being an optimist, he held to the hope that science would rationalise mankind and bring about a beneficent World State.

More "realistic", as we say, were the Italian proto-Fascist Futurists like Filippo Tommaso Marinetti who saw the immense potential for demolition and domination inherent in the machine and hailed the dawn of a New Age in which all liberal values would, in an ecstasy of "creative destruction", be totally swept away.

"We want," barked the Futurists, "to exalt the movements of aggression, feverish sleeplessness, the forced march, the perilous leap, the slap and the blow with the fist. To glorify war — the only cure for the world — and militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of the anarchist, the beautiful ideas which kill, and contempt for women."

The sadistic nihilism of this artistic clique was at first something of a refined taste. Later, of course, it caught on in a big way and resulted in the Second World War.

But at the time, prior to World War One, when the Futurists were rattling their whips, the optimism of ordinary people about machine-based universal affluence remained unclouded by any doubt.

It took the massed machine-guns of the Somme to disturb this tranquillity, set swirling a deep undertow of pessimism in the modern soul, and rudely awaken a century which, for its first 15 years, had been gently dreaming the age-old and unrealisable dream of Eden.

THOUGH IT WOULD TAKE A further thirty years to reach the great turning point of Hiroshima — since when pessimism has welled up onto the surface of our way of life like an oil slick — the lesson to industrial society was crystal clear back then in the summer of 1915: flesh and blood cannot compete with chemistry and steel. The machines are winning. The game is lost.

A visitor from another planet might have expected a mass revolution against unrestrained science and the murderous slavery it was ushering back into a world only recently made decent for liberal gentlefolk, but he would have reckoned without the overriding human preoccupation with "getting by". Life must proceed as normally as possible and obliterating the bad news from their minds became a major priority for all thinking people.

Some, finding the sheer scale of the

■ *Continues over*

For employers, the problem is how to phase out their human workforce without provoking a backlash that brings down Capitalism. It's easy to sympathize with them. Apart from economic necessity, the bonuses of

100

1984



From previous page

such a switch-over are obvious: machines are more efficient than people, never stop for a breather, can be re-programmed instantly to answer the shifting demands of the market, and are highly unlikely to go on strike over pay or working conditions.

The white-collars are calculated to be a relative push-over. They won't notice what's happening to them till it's too late. As for the more suspicious and organised blue-collars, think-tanks like the Japanese Industrial Robot Association and the Robotics Institute of America have their strategy down to a T.

The idea is to start by putting the robots on unpleasant and dangerous jobs, making sure that workers "displaced" by them are ostentatiously retrained and transferred. As unemployment rises, worries about redundancy will begin to split the workforce, allowing machines to be infiltrated into further areas of production in exchange for assurances on job security for the more powerful groups on the shop-floor.

This divide-and-conquer gradualism should, it is hoped, make spontaneous demand for work-sharing very unlikely to catch on. Selfishness and mortgage rates should do the trick. Meanwhile, promises of labour transfer into vague new areas of economic activity will serve to calm more general anxieties — though, as the SPRU admits, the real effects of transference, set against an overwhelming trend towards permanent redundancy, can only be "relatively trivial".

Most of our competitors are well ahead of us in gearing up with micro-electronics. Surveys of technical resources in British industry constantly point to a potentially disastrous lack of capacity at today's levels of international competition.

The last Labour government, aware of the implications of the chip, had plans afoot to plough North Sea oil profits into a massive research and development programme. But the Tories, dogmatically adherent to *laissez-faire*, are leaving the whole huge problem up to employers, many of whom are as antiquated in outlook as their machines are in output.

For ordinary people it doesn't matter much either way. If Britain re-equips, automation will quickly produce about four million unemployed. If Britain fails to re-equip, foreign competition will aid monetarism in bringing about the same result. For the bosses, it's a question of preserving their capital (with the enticing prospect of solving their labour problems once and for all).

IN THE END, OF COURSE automation will have to be imposed by force. As Orwell, dismissing the ideas of anarchism, put it in 1946: "Unless there is some unpredictable change in human nature, liberty and efficiency must pull in opposite directions."

Palm trees, evincing nature's propensity towards producing things in all shapes and sizes, used to be a bitch to harvest. Nowadays they can clone whole colonies of palms from a single talented original. The saplings all grow at the same rate, sprouting the same shoots in the same places at the same time. It doesn't make for an aesthetically seductive spectacle, but it does allow modern date-picking to be highly efficient.

The enemy of totalitarianism is variety. Moves to simplify, rationalise, centralise, collectivise, nationalise, monopolise, and generally erase variety are, whether or not reasonably aware, intrinsically totalitarian. If an asteroid-belt can be said to be anarchic, then totalitarianism is a neutron star: dense, compact, central, and exerting a massive gravitational field that sucks in free-floating material and can bend and absorb light.

Science itself is totalitarian. Aldous Huxley has defined it as "the reduction of multiplicity to unity" by virtue of its ceaseless questing after natural law through identification of the common factor. Thus the child of science, the machine, inevitably entwined in a symbiotic relationship with standardisation, is always biased towards the furtherance of the centre.

Micro-electronics, despite being cheap and compact, can never be more than a feeble force for decentralisation. Rather, it will immensely strengthen central control by increasing the feasibility of mass surveillance and cutting the old exploitable delay between gathering and processing data to the blink of an eye.

Already over 200 square miles of London are kept in constant view by cameras. The nightmare of total control is creeping closer.

FINALLY WE COME TO THE trendy topic of alienation. Much in the cultural wars of late has been the Man-Machine — that futuristic robo-clone whose de-individualisation derives from his identity with all around him. We may think of him as the archetypal Maoist organisation man, efficiently trotting about with a fixed grin on an otherwise blank face. But this is more to do with our inability to distinguish one Oriental from another than a reflection of characterlessness in the Red Chinese who, after thirty years of imposed puritanism, still seem full of rebellious spirit.

The trouble with this Kraftwerkian image is that it's based on a hyper-productive industrial future — the Brave New World myth — which, as we have seen, is extremely unlikely ever to come about. When Hitler spoke of "mechanising the lower leadership", he didn't mean surgical removal of personality so much as depriving his party minions of independent thought.

This is not to claim that de-individualisation. In a superficial way, isn't increasing. While we don't quite yet all crack the same grin at the same time, it's probable that Westerners of 1980 are outwardly more alike than were their forebears of 1930.

"Outwardly" because inside we are all splitting off and floating away from each other like the detritus of the Great Barrier Reef (which happens, currently, to be being eaten by a particularly voracious species of marine micro-organisms). The micro-organisms eating at us, weakened as we already are by over-indulgence in wealth-based privacy, is what sociologists call "anomie", or normlessness.

It all began with the sudden death of God in the middle of the last century. George Orwell again (from *Time and Tide* in 1940):

"Reading Mr Malcolm Muggeridge's brilliant and depressing book, *The Thirties*, I thought of a rather cruel trick I once played on a wisp. He was sucking jam on my plate, and I cut him in half. He paid no attention, merely went on with his meal, while a tiny stream of jam trickled out of his severed oesophagus. Only when he tried to fly away did he grasp the dreadful thing that had happened to him. It is the same with modern man. The thing that has been cut away is his soul."

Whether or not you believe in the soul, it's easy to see that for humanity — having suffered with equanimity for thousands of years on the understanding that a reward was laid up for them in heaven — the sudden announcement that personal immortality was a delusion and that what you can grab here and now is all you'll ever get, must have come as quite a shock to the system.

Other shocks followed. Astronomy spectacularly confirmed old suspicions that Earth wasn't the centre of creation after all; psychology exposed the noble human spirit as a machine fuelled by fear, infantile sexuality, and the Will to Power; and, if all this hadn't jammed home the point that nothing was sacred any more, along came the hydrogen bomb to light us to bed.

Just as these hammer-blows shattered the old monolithic simplicities into a heap of rubble, decades of television have, with a ceaseless cascade of images and a corroding sand-storm of facts and figures, reduced uncertainty itself to a drifting dust of bewilderment.

The Law of Cognitive Structure contends that people, in order to function normally, depend on a stable world-view. No matter if that world-view is objectively speaking absolutely daft, just as long as it stays nice and still. For it's less a case of man not being able to stand very

much reality — reality having always been a tricky concept — as of man being unable to tolerate too much uncertainty.

When things "out there" begin to change too fast and certainty evaporates, traditional norms of behaviour cease to govern the individual and the groups to which he belongs, producing anomie. Subsequently, fissures start to appear in the celebrated social fabric and, following an interlude of desperate effort to adapt to the alien new ways, the inevitable crack-up ensues.

People, once able to identify themselves in terms of their surroundings, now find themselves bereft of that easy source of certainty by the way the modern environment constantly shifts and reconstitutes itself. And as familiar streets are obliterated and that quintessential symbol of the totalitarian centre, the high-rise block, rears up over vistas strange and affectionless, so speed-poisoned emotions work like acid on old standards of taste and decency.

We have grown used to images of shattering gratuitous violence in the cinema. In the opening sequence of a worldwide box-office smash from 1975, cameras dwell lip-smackingly on the spectacle of a naked girl being eaten alive by a shark, jerked back and forth in a red foam, gargling blood, writhing and shrieking "Stop it — it hurts, it hurts!"

The audience watched in tight silence until, this blatant rape-substitute having at last been consummated, it let out a great moaning sigh, went limp, and began to giggle and chatter almost hysterically. Such was the noise that the first minutes of dialogue in the next scene — presumably not unconnected with forwarding the narrative line of the story — were completely obscured in that post-orgasmic release.

Since *Jaws*, the proposition that a film can effectively be little more than a series of judiciously-spaced emotional shocks has become a commonplace. Moreover, the

... shrieking "Stop it — it hurts, it hurts!" The audience watched in tight silence ...

obsolescence of meaning celebrated in such hard-junk entertainment has been actively encouraged by the critics — in particular by the intellectualists, whose plodding structuralist expositions of every shoddy Californian TV series work just as effectively towards the abandonment of all values as their more obviously stupid colleagues' endorsement of such as Roger Corman and Russ Meyer for the very fact of being exploitive hacks.

Thus, through TV and cinema, mental excitement associated with glamourised violence is disseminated throughout an already seriously disorientated world. It is impossible to over-estimate the effect this is having on the human mind at large, but there is unfortunately very little anyone can do to stop it now. We're hooked.

Like the drive towards privacy, violence seems to be an integral constituent of the human psyche which will find expressive satisfaction come what may. Doubtless the armed forces serve to channel a lot of it into harmless roaring up and down in jeeps or cathartic bouts on the rifle range, but TV is undoubtedly exacerbating the urge far beyond its normal level.

The fulfilment of lofty ideological aims aside, the reason why so many well-brought-up youngsters turn to urban terrorism is that life beyond the normal restraints is so exciting. To put it perhaps a little crassly, why bother to learn the gradual, paradoxical ways of the world when you can pick up an M-16 and waste in shooting?

Such options are made more alluring than they might be by the representation of their consequences in the media. In this respect television could be said to be no violent enough.

When the IRA blew up two packed Birmingham pubs in 1974, the comparatively restrained media coverage provoked a wave of horror throughout the community. But whereas, ruthlessly handled, it might have started a stop-the-war campaign here in the heart of bland old England, all it did in the end was produce a rash of assaults on men unfortunate enough to have an Irish accent, before fading from the popular mind for good.

Wrote Richard Clutterbuck of this event (*Britain in Agony*, 1978): "Television had brought the horror

of the carnage into people's homes, in colour. One man, at least, thought that it should have been brought home more vividly still. He was a fireman — and one of the first into the building after the bombs went off. In the beam of his torch he saw a torso, with no arms or legs, and a spongy mess where its head had been. The torso was not only wriggling; it was also, through the spongy mess, screaming. The fireman asked the police to let the television cameras record it live and let the public see what bombing really meant. It is probably as well that the police refused, or many more Irishmen would have been attacked."

I trust that's violent enough for you, Squire.

SPEAKING OF VIOLENCE, THE frightening future we are piecing together in this article could still be averted by doomsday. Were we to be washed back into prehistory by a hot rain of hydrogen bombs, it would at least simplify the issues. Trying to calculate the totalitarian potential of an expanded UK nuclear economy is murky work by comparison.

Inevitably there will be nuclear exchanges between some nations in the near future but, short of a world-consuming holocaust, the effects will be relatively local and thus controllable by central authorities. Nor need that control ever be relaxed. Once we're used to the idea, the mere threat of some militant terrorist splinter-group wielding a "people's bomb" will be enough to excuse troops on the streets and a permanent curfew.

It's no use saying it won't happen here — it already has. In January 1974 the army threw a cordon of tanks around Heathrow, ostensibly to stop terrorists shooting down an airliner with a ground-to-air missile. For reasons too complex to go into here (see Duncan Campbell's report in *Undercurrents* 3), it's not unfair to assume that what this kerfuffle was really about was the theft, reported a few days earlier by *The Guardian*, of some nuclear warheads from a NATO depot in Belgium.

robbery and rape. The anomie index, otherwise known as the suicide rate, is soaring.

All these trends, human side-effects of the decline of industrial society, amount to the greatest social upheaval in this country for fifty years. It is to this that the dream of machine-based universal affluence has led us, not to the electronic nursery of Brave New World.

Nor does micro-electronics hold out much hope of revitalising industry and reviving the dream. On the contrary, it threatens to aggravate an already inevitable show-down between capital and labour by making the latter's traditional bargaining power worthless. Those displaced by the chip may become the "outsiders" predicted by Marcuse. If so, those retaining their jobs will protect their own interests by siding with the employers, fatally splitting the labour movement.

Centralisation will, as ever, continue to grow.

New Scientist predicts that a small technological elite will emerge, set apart by know-how and access to control systems from a majority whose traditional skills and education will be completely outmoded. Should the problems posed by redundancy on this national scale be ignored, the magazine forecasts "unmanageable social stresses" and "consequences likely to be catastrophic".

Entire industries may be wiped out in a few years, leaving ghost towns and wholly evacuated areas of the country. Pressure on jam-packed metropolitan areas will call for draconian measures of social control.

In an attempt to avoid this collapse, the government may legislate to protect home industry from more efficient foreign competition. Pushed to the limit, such a policy would isolate Britain from the rest of the world, escalating inflation and unemployment to the point beyond which recovery would be impossible.

Even if the instability of oil prices or a sudden interruption in the flow of raw materials fail to halt industry and force state intervention, the political solution to the distribution of wealth created by totally automated production lines is bound to be authoritarian.

Whichever way you look, wealth, and hence democracy, is under attack. But have we the strength to resist?

ROOTLESSNESS. Purposelessness, and inner solitude haunt the national psyche. There is a feeling that reality is only temporary, that what you have today may be worthless tomorrow. Tremors of anxiety run through a society clinging to an increasingly unstable now. Our Cognitive Structure is cracking above our heads and a full-scale economic earthquake could create a disorientation-area perfectly suited to the swift growth of mass Fascism.

Such a movement would take us immediately out of the mediocre, opportunistic, short-goal timelessness of Consumerdom and plunge us back into HISTORY — complete with heroes, grand designs, and the righteous persecution of "those who have sold this country short and sabotaged our national recovery for so long" (whoever they may be).

In the irrational world of power, strength comes from simplicity. A complicated world-view will merely get you ear-marked for thought reform, or make you liable to corrupting compromise, or lead to mental breakdown. There is such a thing as right simplicity, but it is very rare. Most of you now reading this, liberal or even Bolshevik though you claim to be, will find yourselves running to their night rallies when that times comes round again.

Once there was the Agricultural Revolution, when control of raw nature changed the currency from sheep to seed. Then there was the Industrial Revolution, when control of processed nature made machines the embodiment of wealth. Now, the world is on the verge of a period in which wealth will be less crucial than the forces it represents, when the real currency will be power itself.

From an age of competing economic theories we will move into an age of competing control systems, as predicted by George Orwell in 1984. We are entering the world of the Totalitarian Revolution.

1984

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B-52's SWELL MAPS ROKY ERICKSON

SWELL MAPS

SWELL Maps in 'Jane From Occupied Europe' (Rough Trade)

SWELL Maps split, a nation mourns. Following last year's engaging debut album 'A Trip To Marineville', this new release arrives with posthumous status, for the erratic and precarious unit which spawned it is no more.

Although it won't be the group's final farewell — already, Rough Trade are promising us a Swell Maps retrospective collection "within the next ten years" — 'Jane From Occupied Europe' should reinforce our sense of loss. It's frustrating to see them go.

But then, they were a bloody frustrating lot while they were still around, as this LP suitably commemorates. Still there for inspection is their prodigious talent for throwing out half-formed ideas, sparks of excitement, rays of insight, moments of inspired wit. And still here, too, that ultimately disappointing habit of not carrying things through to any satisfying conclusion (a trait which doesn't 'disturb' so much as just irritate), the casual practice of wrapping the best bits in long long minutes of dull confusion.

You could always bet on a lot of fun from Swell Maps, and all sorts of other rewarding stuff besides; but it was usually advisable to go prepared to have your tolerance stretched in the process.

First impressions of this album: less playful, more purposeful and less happy/accidental than its predecessor. Still awkward, brave and the more desirable side of unique (ie as opposed to 'nobody else could sound like that and who the hell would want to'). Last year what struck you about seeing them was they'd been together for eight years and made it sound like eight minutes — as fresh and as clumsy as that. Listen in this year and you'd probably estimate eight days. They've been coming along, for sure.

There's less of that eccentric bedroom-band punky rush, more considered musicality, evidenced on such substantial pieces as the eight minute instrumental 'Collision With A Frogman Vs. The Mangrove Delta Plan'. (Best title this time around, however, is probably the endearingly lunatic 'Let's Buy A Bridge'. In terms of straightforward songs, the two-and-a-half minute romance of 'Cake Shop' works a charm, constructing a world that's essential Maps territory and yet easier to penetrate than any vision or version of reality on offer in the current Top Twenty. The absolute dis-similarity it bears to conventional pop

might be due to their witty subversion of orthodox structures and expectations of cetera, or else it might just be that Swell Maps couldn't write a decent tune to save their lives. Either way it matters little; on its own terms it works.

Overall, the band's sound is as scrappy and fragmented as their favoured type of art-work, but as aural litter it often falls together beautifully. Nikki, Epic, Phones, Jowe and Biggles (for it is they) play a defiant brand of amateurism, the best anecdote to that deadly competence which is all but strangling modern rock to death. There's a room to make a fool of yourself in this music because there's room to live and breathe and laugh as well.

To be frank, I find them tedious in patches — but suddenly uplifting in others. 'A Raincoat's Room', for example, one of Epic's spacey piano plonks, comes as a breath of air after the suffocating density of 'Blenheim Shoals' which precedes it. But discover your own pattern of reactions. It's well worth it.

Paul Du Noyer



If you want a silly hat, get a Jowe Head

Pic: Santo Besone

ALBUMS

ROKY ERICKSON & THE ALIENS

Five Symbols (CBS)

IN keeping with The New Sectarianism, a great deal is being muttered about the revival of something called 'psychedelia', a term which seems, nowadays, to have scant defining characteristics save that its practitioners are given to the wearing of raincoats or similar long grey garments.

Roky Erickson is not of this mould, having been psychedelic, or thereabouts, since the mid-'60s, when he was a major constituent of the 13th Floor Elevators' peculiar, wobbly acid-rock. Roky claims to come from Mars. A chap can lose a lot of brain-cells in 15 years.

Roky's new album — his first in about a decade, I believe — has five Judaeo/Arabic-style symbols for a title, presumably the mad cuneiform of an alien reality-principle. The effect is closer to Led Zeppelin's 'Four Symbols' than to the more painstaking private language

devised by Christian Vander and Magma. What's more to the point, so is the music.

Erickson's possessed of a late-'50s low-budget sci-fi sensibility, rooted in and routed through the structures and techniques of the late-'60s and early-'70s; not so much an attempt at representations of states, alien or otherwise, as a collection of songs about those states, set in a tiresomely mundane, high-gloss variant of staple 'hard rock' drenched with the requisite portions of guitar histrionics. I don't know whether Erickson's responsible for this; he's only credited with vocals on the insert-sheet, guitar chores being down to Duane Asakene, who's also credited as "Musical Director". (It certainly sounds like a Duane on guitar, all fluid American high-sustain overkill).

In other words, the same (narrow) range of motions is gone through a lot of times. There's only one track here worth hearing more than a couple of times ('Creature With The Atom Brain'), and that's available as a single.

Roky's lyrics are at least funny. Not a lot more, but definitely funny. They vary from the excessive minimalism of 'I Walked With A Zombie' (which consists of the title repeated 21 times) to the bleak, 'poetic' opacity of 'Winds quiet in the night/Her body just blows messiah', which turns up on 'Two-Headed Dog (Red Temple Prayer)'.

Throughout the album, a formless panoply of horror/sci-fi hodgepodge parades across one's consciousness. Ritual incantations, or just acid-casualty ramblings? You tell me.

Sometimes, as in the chorus of 'Don't Shake Me Lucifer', a stream of words occurs that means next to nothing, but sings perfectly: 'I've been up all night/And no suicide clock the works'; it's as if someone's done a straight phonetic transcription of Erickson's vocals, shuffling syllables into words wherever possible, but ignoring their semantic worth. And what of the line from 'Night Of The Vampire' (god, these titles!) which runs 'Me Castle Brah Transylvania'? Is that a misprint of 'Bram' (as in Stoker, author of *Dracula*), or is the Count really just a regular guy, after all? A rough edge, for sure.

'Five Symbols' is a disappointing record, and one which leaves a slight but lingering taste of cynical artifice. The fact that its release here coincides so smartly with the rumblings of a nascent 'psychedelic revival' may, of course, be pure coincidence.

Andy Gill



B-52's pool their resources

Pic: Godlis

New Pop from outer space... and occupied Europe

THE B-52's

Wild Planet (Island)

THE B-52's will never make an LP as good as they could, or as good as I think they could, because of tedious everyday things like the recording process and the end of the world. But although 'Wild Planet' is as uneven as their debut it confirms that the group are the sharpest pop-eclectics next to Yellow Magic Orchestra and The Distractions at their best and suggests they could yet be the chicest group around by the end of the year. Something for everyone?

Whilst they don't over-theorise, the B-52's effortlessly out-conceptualise American counterparts Village People, Meatloaf, Dev-oh and The Cramps. They are a thinking-fun group: they produce songs by a witty process of elimination and illumination. They stand for the glamour of show-biz, the art of showing off, the vitality of fantasy, the glorification of Style.

The keyword of all this, of course, is the '60s. The B-52's endeavour to miniaturise and sarcastically exalt the trends and trendiness of the '60s whilst suffering in the '80s. They are cunning and critical in their transmutation, they don't just rip off the cover and charge away.

They pick up on the innocence and hazy hedonism of the early '60s post-balloadeers, the buoyant brazenness and transcendence of the mid-'60s bubblegum, the self-conscious art revelation of the late '60s and integrate it all in an open post-punk setting as if their vantage point is on Venus.

Their sound bursts with comic vibrations. They're in touch with the nuances and half-evil of everything from Pat Clarke to Nico, Bobby Vee to Arthur Lee, and at their peak typify illusory pop better than almost anyone.

The B-52's are not revivalists, they're also more than mere revisionists. Perceiving the crucial reasons why The Springfields were essentially amazing and The Velvet Underground fundamentally poets is why and how the B-52's end up making avant-garde '80s pop: radical, puerile, distinctive, an art-pop-art.

The B-52's are amongst the elite who do something positive with what's been split before; they never neglect the art of surprise. When you feel attention wandering a daft shriek or a loony organ swoop drags you back into the alien realm. There's always more going on than you first think.

Most of their songs are full production jobs, coolly nonsensical, fairly manic. The overall feel is somewhere between hypnotic and hectic (although not always hectic enough). 'Party Out Of Bounds' is the ultimate party game song, voices scraping out of control, guitars dexterously dancing out of control, the gormless bongos probably doing as much as anything to illustrate B-52's pop genius. 'Strobe Light' (along with 'Devil In My Car' and 'Running Around' early stage favourites) is the ultimate teen-sex song. The guys lips sneak down the girls body; the girl squeaks, submits, sighs.

'Running Around', 'Devil In My Car', 'Strobe Light' and 'Give Me Back My Man' are ravishing examples of the group's

resuscitating whirl of changeable, split guitars (Ricky Wilson), dabbling, jabbing space organ (Kate Pierson), persecuted, restless drumming (Keith Strickland) and extravagant, imploring vocals (almost Osmondly on 'Devil').

B-52's vocals are LOUD and thus indelible. Fred Schneider's are spat out unscientifically. Cindy Wilson and Pierson clown it up, torch it down, breakdown. This trio's call and response, voice swapping and hey-wire harmonising is a sophisticated yet madder variance on the Reynolds/Efle lury.

In their own teasing way the songs are defiantly eccentric. The B-52's know enough to be able to stretch this eccentricity into something perhaps more permanent. 'Quiche Lorraine' is elaborately structured tomfoolery and '53 Miles West Of Venus' features the group's adorable ability to be weird — hinted at elsewhere — out in the open, leaving the critic damned excited about the third LP.

The B-52's transcend gimmickry or novelty, and if their style can easily become formula (if it hasn't already), on songs like 'Lorraine' and 'Venus' the group indicate they might well have the next steps worked out. 'Wild Planet' is not as great as talking about highlights and possibility suggests, but its pop is more provocative than just about anything else released lately.

There are three or four songs on it that in a slightly less imperfect world would be hit singles. And really in that same world The B-52's would be teenybop heroes. For me that's what they are.

Paul Morley



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ELVIS PRESLEY

Elvis Aron Presley/25th Anniversary (RCA)

IN THE three years since Elvis checked out, the spate of Presley record releases has reached epidemic proportions. Superbly packaged in every possible permutation, most have been bootlegs.

For all the preponderance of product, there was very little that wasn't already available in one form or another. The same applies to this eight-album package, which comes in a 'limited edition' of 250,000.

As almost everything usable (and some that was not) was released during Elvis' lifetime, it was urged that if the kind of material that was making it onto bootlegs was available through official channels, there would be few takers.

The bootleggers not only shattered this theory, but demonstrated that there were tens of thousands of Elvisophiles eager to pay extortionate prices for unpleen false starts of the same song, alternate takes from TV Specials and predictable concert performances. They, as much as anyone, have created a demand for this presentation pack.

Just a fraction under 4½ hours in length, 50 per cent of the tome is devoted to in-concert appearances covering the '50s, '60s and '70s. Two full sides feature extracts from the magnificent '68 NBC-TV comeback, the cosy '73 *Aloha From Hawaii* TV satellite special and the beginning-of-the-end '75 concert treks.

Another LP is devoted entirely to alternative movie out-takes that come complete with false starts and Elvis piss-balling about on such forgettable fillers as 'Dustin', and 'I'm Falling In Love Tonight'. There's a selection of rare singles, a side of Elvis crooning four songs at the piano and a 1962 interview.

Looking for a point upon which to focus, it has to be the concert recordings.

Record One, Side One: 'Heartbreak Hotel', 'Long Tall Sally', 'Blue Suede Shoes' stem from his first abortive appearance in Las Vegas in April 1956. Originally booked in at The New Frontier Hotel for a fortnight, Elvis' contract was mutually terminated after the first week when patrons complained about distraught young girls who'd gatecrash the concert lounge and the inferior quality of the entertainment on offer.

The second record in this set contains Elvis' entire 45 minute performance in Honolulu on March 25, 1961. This is the only example of pure Presleymania ever offered for public scrutiny and is the Elvis the public would crave for throughout the remainder of his career — exciting and unexpurgated as in 'Reconsider Baby' and 'One Night'.

The only hitherto unreleased song on offer is 'Beyond The Reef'. Recorded at the same sessions that produced the 'How Great Thou Art' collection. It sounds like something concocted for a Polynesian location movie.

In the same way as the 'Elvis At Madison Square Garden' album was but a dry run for the much larger 'Aloha From Hawaii' multi-media project, one gets the impression that this deluxe bonanza is the first instalment in a series.

As the bootleggers have demonstrated, there's a whole lot more where this came from: four albums-worth of the *Black Leather* acoustic set for the '68 NBC-TV Special, impromptu jams which have already produced Dylan's 'Don't Think Twice, It's Alright', original movie soundtrack ('Viva Las Vegas'), songs like 'Plantation Rock' and 'Poor Man's Gold', the *Louisiana Hayride* broadcasts, three unreleased Sun sides (apparently missing!), hundreds of hours of '70s concerts, a dozen pre-Army TV appearances and then there're the 31 takes of 'Hound Dog'.

Elvis Is Dead! Not while The Colonel's Alive! Roy Carr



Just another hopeful in Jam Shoes

FINGERPRINTZ Distinguishing Marks (Virgin)

THIS IS a drab LP — alas not even divinely drab. Fingerprintz have a minor pop background it's hard to boast about: leader Jimmie O'Neill wrote Lovich's 'Say When' but any glory in that paled quickly. They deal in suave, heartless topical-pop: the discouraging sound of imitation and limitation. Their 'jaunty' jingle-songs would only be of interest if they were mutilated — cut up and put back together in a different order.

Jimmie O'Neill (guitar and voice), Che Burns (lead guitar), Kenny Alton (bass), and Bogdan Wiczling (drums) work together

with an impersonal efficiency. The songs are saturated with neat, petty guitars, sung with numbing lack of character, and any gentle jolts in the plainness have been borrowed from the ever-kind XTC. (whose influence far outweighs their quantitative success).

It's useless running through the songs. They play at being playful, 'Ringing Tone'; try hard to get carried away, 'Radiation'; would like to be clever, 'Remorse Code'; and wonder what it must be like to be weird, 'Jabs'.

What's banal about one is banal about them all: they blur into each other. Dragging in The Motors' Nick Garvey to produce conclusively kicks the project

out of touch. He instils into the songs an extraordinary lack of vigour and variety.

The most distinctive thing about the LP is Fingerprintz — and Virgin's — commercial instincts, sticking out painfully. Their definition of commercialism — a major flaw is even trying to define commercialism — is inevitably restrictive.

These days what's cheering us up is the new realism / new irrationalism / new sensibility: not being bored silly by over-tidy, plodding old commercialism. Fingerprintz have problems: this review is the smallest of them. Freak out a little, Fingerprintz!

Paul Morley

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VARIOUS ARTISTS Allnighters (Mercury) Sweet Sounds Of Summer (Mercury)

IN WHICH somebody at Phonogram gets loose in the vaults and slings together two concept compilations.

'Allnighters' poses unconvincingly as an original mod soundtrack, getting chart tat like Mitch Ryder, The Shangri Las, and Bruce Channel all mixed up with hallowed dancefloor anthems like Dobie Gray's 'In Crowd', The Flamingoes 'Boogaloo Party', and James Brown's 'Out Of Sight' on the one desert boot, and extracts from the early '60s London R&B scene on the other. The High Numbers 'I'm The Face' / 'Zoot Suit' gets wheeled out again, alongside more typical excursions from The Pretty Things, Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated, and the much overlooked Graham Bond Organisation, with The Small Faces — from a later time zone — thrown in for good measure.

Taken track by track, there's interest and merit enough: as creative programming, it isn't.

'Sweet Sounds Of Summer' is another of those endless Californian '60s summer jobs, full of regular guys listing the delights of woodies, surfboards, dragsters, gurls, and buddies, while ponytailed girls coo about boyfriends, dates, and beach parties, and if that's your bottle of coca-culture then you can guzzle on this.

The Shangri Las notch up another point as world's most anthologised group. The Hondells, The Angels, the appalling Lesley Gore, Keith. Spanky and gang also get to hang out at the soda fountain.

Neil Spencer

THE STOOGES FEATURING Iggy Pop

No Fun (Elektra)

IGGY POP prodded into the marketplace, an MFJ touch-up job that isn't really camp enough. But the music! The essence and all that (one mustn't succumb too much to the cult of nostalgia). A selection of rave-up and downs from the first two or three Stooges' LPs. From 1965 to 1970: '1969', 'Real Cool Time', 'No Fun', 'Dirt', 'Down On The

Street', 'Loose', 'TV Eye', 'I Wanna Be Your Dog', 'I Feel Alright' (1970).

Some call this authentic heavy metal (which it is) some call it the origins of punk (which it got turned into) and some can't see what all the fuss is about (which is ridiculous). This was Iggy Pop committing himself — being committed — to the force that keeps us locked within this space. There was no chance of escape — and what he did then meant that what he does now can never be unimportant.

Rock became the confines of his confidants and his confidence: and look what he's done inside those confines, see what he's done with that confidence.

'The Idiot', 'Lust For Life', 'New Values' were the works of art; these songs were the roots. Chew on them. Spew on them. I really would like to unhesitatingly recommend this record, because the songs are so violent and anguished, because this music was such an influence — it kept certain contemporary and vital entertainers' faith in R'n'R alive. But it's MORE product: such fury and death-fun doesn't sound or feel right tidily compiled like this, and any price over £1.99 is an insult.

If you don't know this stuff tape it, steal it or ring up the record company and say you're from NME. Somebody stood on your copy, can you have a new one?

Paul Morley

VARIOUS ARTISTS The Moonlight Tapes (Danceville)

AS A recommendation for The Moonlight Club, this album is pretty poor. The sluggish sound makes a selection of less-than-essential groups sound more still-born than live. And the atmosphere is so uniformly aimless it makes even the album's high-lights seem like low-spots.

Only The Members' 'Rat Up A Drainpipe' comes close to "rattling the feet," as Nicky Tesco optimistically announces. The Passions supply a thin, rambling song that is too weak to weld its scattered, intriguing ingredients into a coherent whole. Even The Damned.

Simple Simon

PAUL SIMON One-Trick Pony (Warner Bros)

THE ASTONISHING thing about 'One-Trick Pony' is that although it comes five years after Paul Simon's last studio work, it sounds as if it could've been recorded on the same day.

This is sad. Simon seems to be letting things slip away. He was more adventurous in earlier days, dabbling in low-key but fruitful way with reggae ('Mother And Child Reunion'), gospel ('Loves Me Like A Rock') and New Orleans jazz ('Take Me To The Mardi Gras') to name but a few. I'd hoped enough intriguing offshoots had gone down in the last few years to recharge his enthusiasm but he seems oblivious to all that.

'One-Trick Pony' is the same sleek, devious AOR. Graceful tunes, a little old-fashioned rock'n'roll, elusive references — more so here as the songs were specifically written for Simon's upcoming movie, also *One-Trick Pony*, reputedly about an on-the-road musician and his young son.

And where the lack of cinematic context doesn't leave the songs mysterious, it leaves them one-dimensional. Lyrics chew on growing-up, being on-the-road (2-2-2-2), on loss, absence and the struggle for love. But even the best — 'Late In The Evening', 'Nobody',

'Long Long Day' — remain impressively crafted without ever being remotely engaging. Only 'That's Why God Made The Movies' has the curious resonances to make you care about it.

The music must take much of the blame. Simon's often hidden his hurt in a soothing tune and 'One-Trick Pony' is easily his smoothest album to date, no small thanks to the bland sophistication of backing musicians like Eric Gale, Richard Tee and Steve Gadd. Apart from two live attempts at boogie-on-down that sound, well, square, nearly all the songs are gently swinging and quietly opulent ballads, fat bass and acoustic guitars upfront while the other instruments murmur discreetly in the background. No clever touches here like the military drums in '50 Ways To Leave Your Lover', no traces of barbed wit or that previous delicate balance between wryness and despair. On this record, what begins pleasantly soon turns soporific and long before the end, similarity has bred contempt.

Like so many of the so-called superstars who've come creeping back after the upsets of '77, Paul Simon still seems hugely irrelevant. And while, in terms of craftsmanship and straight-ahead intelligence, he remains miles ahead of most of his popular contemporaries — of, say, an abysmal jerk like Christopher Cross — 'One-Trick Pony' sounds like the work of a perceptive, articulate man with absolutely nothing left to add.

'One-Trick' may be a far more apt epithet than he realised.

Graham Lock

suitably disguised for the occasion as The School Bullies, sound uncharacteristically constrained.

Elsewhere Local Operator trundle out some lumpy rock/reggae that sounds like a weak imitation of The Members minus the charm. The Kameras are mannered but have some semblance of sparkle, although it's difficult to judge real worth when any deviation from the turgid, interminable boogie is a relief.

We're left with some very undistinguished offerings from

The Soul Boys, The Edge and The Lightning Raiders, an endless 'Shaftesbury Avenue' by The Q's and the sorry sound of Sore Throat displaying an awful 'Complex'.

The last time The Moonlight linked up with Decca Studios was when the club rejoiced under the rather less fetching title Kook's Kleek. This time the result is utterly, depressingly spiritless with the vital, electric spark of a good live performance all too absent.

Lynn Hanna



Photo: Eddie Beshin

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Kid Jensen says

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NATIONWIDE GUIDE

Belfast Ulster Hall: The Ramones
Bicester Kings Head Hotel: Spring Of
Birmingham Aldridge Elms: The Thrillers
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Little Willy
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Titan
Blackpool Cloggers: Harvey Andrews
Blackpool Scamps: Mistress
Bodmin Jail: The Traitors
Brighton Concord: Second Nature/Eye
To Eye
Burntwood Troubadour: The Amazing
Cardiff Casablanca: Tony Tuff
Cheshire Poynton Folk Centre: Abalon
(Dave Hughes)
Coventry General Wolfe: R.P.M.
Edinburgh Valentino's: The Scars/The
Associates
Feltham The Arkman: Jeep
Glenrothes Rother Arms: The Merks
Graysend Red Lion: Spider
Great Yarmouth Drinking Trough: Dave
Berry & The Cruisers
Hayle Penmaen Hotel: Blind Alley
Kingston Three Tuns: Pharoas
Leeds Fan Club: Bachelors
Leeds Richmond Inn: Gary Boyle Band
London Brighton Ritz Cinema: Merger
/Johnny G/Mobster
London Camden Dingwells: Aswad
London Camden Music Machine: The
Phanatics
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Naked Lunch/Nue Electric
London Chiswick John Bull: Telemacque
London Covent Garden Seven: Dials
Combo Pass/Synthetic
London Deptford The Albany Empire:
Kraze/Rubber Johnny
London Fulham The Greyhound: Tennis
Shoes/The Holidays
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Chuck
Farley
London Greenwich White Swan: Triarchy
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:
Revelations/Thebesman
London Hammersmith Giovanni's Club:
Sportacus
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Valen-
tines
London High Wycombe Nags Head:
Pagan Altar
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Blest
Furnace's Revenge
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold
Dust Twins
London Knightsbridge Piza On The Park:
The Basics Duo
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: BM Brunsell's
Jazzmen
London Olympia: British Music Fair
/Johnny Mars 7th Sun
London Oxford St 100 Club: Johnny Mars
and Sun
London Putney White Lion: Soul Band
London Richmond Broly's: Tanpots
Tudor/The Sound/The Uglies
London Southgate Royal Ballroom: Ray
Camp/Rhythm Hawks
London Strand Lyceum: Gary Glitter/The
Vips
London Victoria The Venue: Odyssey
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's
Footwarmers
London West Hamstead Moonlight
Club: The Citizens/The Devils
London West Hamstead Moonlight
Club: Metro Glider
London Woolwich Tramshed:
Sploognessabounds
London W 10 Aldgate Hall: Black Roots
Luton Roman Way: Port
Manchester Playmates: The Expresses
Manchester New Cross: Twilight Victims
Maltby Yorkshire Dragon: Carl Green &
The Scene
Manchester Buckton Castle: The
Accelerators
Norwich Cromwell's: Geno Washington
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Drug Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Nottingham Patis: Ossie Osbourne's
Blizzard Of Oz
Nottingham Secret Club: Potential Differ-
ence
Nottingham Theatre Royal: Ultravox
Penzance Demelza: Q-Tips/The
Cheaters
Port Talbot Troubadour: The Mo-dettes
Sheffield Drinking Club: Climax Blues
Band
Shinfield The Star: The Shades
Reich/Lakers Hotel: The D.S.
Sheffield Limit: The Swinging Cats
Southampton Joiners Arms: Lip Moves
Ullapool Community Centre: Boys Of The
Lough
Widnes The Landmark: The Flavours/The
Reaction

FRIDAY

Aldenhall Red Lion: The Coconut Dog
Bedford Horse and Groom: Junction
13/Quasar/Rigid Fish
Bedford/Osley Avenue Meadows: (for 4
days) 7th Annual Greenbelt
Festival/Jessy Dixon/Deliverance
Birmingham Bournbrook Sally Oak: Real-
ity & The Privates
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation
Critical
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
Blackpool Norbrook Castle: The
Expresses
Bournemouth Town Hall: The Q-Tips/The
A.T.'s/The Switch
Bristol Stonehouse: The Dangerous
Brothers/Pompeii
Stiffy/Das Kapital
Cardiff Top Rank: The Mo-Dettes
Coventry General Wolfe: Limestone
Coventry Ryton Bar: Streetwise
The Dublin Marston House: The Ramones
Dudley JB's: The Expresses
Edinburgh Napier College: The Signifi-
cant Zeros
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: Thirty Bob Suits
Glasgow Burns Hall: Freebird/H2O
Graysend Red Lion: The Flatbackers
Isleworth Kingfisher: Frequency Band

Kendal Folk Festival: The Watersons/Mar-
tin Carthy/Steve Arnold/The Oldham
Tinkers/Killed Band/Strawhead and
many more
Leamstead Library Club: Black Jack
Launceston White Horse: Legal Eagles
Blues Band
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: The City Limits
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: The Accelerators
London Camden Dingwells: Chicken
Shack/Whitewave
London Camden Electric Ballroom: (Rock
Against Two Parent Families)
Sploognessabounds/Auntie Puss/Hot
Sensibles/The Postman/Les Pathet-
ique
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jel-
lyroll Blues Band
London Chiswick John Bull: Spider
London Clapham Two Brewers: Sad
Among Strangers
London Clapham 101 Club: The Dave
London Deptford Star & Garter: Impulse
London East Ham Dukes Head: Park
Avenue
London Fulham Greyhound: Chuck Far-
ley/Kicks
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Super-
charge
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:
Johnny Mars 7th Sun
London Harring Road Windsor Castle:
Red Stars/Dead Cart
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Swing-
ing Cats
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Riky
Cool & The Rheats
London Kensington Club: Eric Blake
London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber
Johnny
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: Memphis Jazz
Band
London Peckham Walmer Castle:
Shadowfax
London Putney Star & Garter: Snatch 20
London Putney White Lion: Jules On The
Loose
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London SW1 Maunberry's: The Sunset
Boys
London Tottenham Scala Cinema:
Wasted Youth
London Victoria The Venue: The
Skins/Vic's Duo
London W 14 The Kensington: Eric Blake
Luton Baron of Beef: The D.S.
Milverton Winter Gardens: Athletic Spizz
80
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial
Road: The Cheaters
Newcastle Spectro Arts Workshop: Danc-
ing Lessons
Northfleet Red Lion: The Flatbackers
Oxford Corn Dolly: Spring Offensive
Rayleigh Crocs: Steaser
Rye/Dartmouth Arms: May West
Reading Festival: Rory Gallagher/Kro-
us/Nine Below Zero/Fischer-
Z/Hellow/Of Band/Red Alert/Gillen
Reich/Lakers Hotel: The Traitors
London Portsmouth: Gary Moore's O-Force
Shinfield The Star: Triton
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: Clientelle
St Austell Polgoth Inn: The Crew
Stromness Academy Hall: Boys Of The
Lough
Sunderland Mecca: The Ahooday Jets
Telford Barons Club: Dave Berry & The
Outrigger
Telford Ironmaster: The Steins
Torquay Palace: The Cheaters
Wallsley Dale Inn: Zorkie Twins

SATURDAY

Bessillon Double Six Club: White Light
Bicester Red Lion: Jeep
Birmingham Adderley Park Sallity Festi-
val: Au Pair/Nature/African Star
/Bronzes
Birmingham Cannon Hill Open Air Festi-
val: The Thrillers
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Beshare
Birmingham Bogerts: (lunchtime)
Manitow
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Athletic
Spizz 80
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome
Babes
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street
Dealers
Bogers Regia The Sussex Hotel: The Time
Bradford Palm Cove: Tony Tuff
Bradford Queen's Hall: Contax
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: Thirty Bob Suits
Chester Albion Hotel: The City Limits
Chiswick John Bull: Sad Among Stran-
gers
Chorley Joiners Arms: J. G. Spills Rock
Band
Coventry General Wolfe Pub: The Vips
Digbeth Civic Hall: Athletic Spizz 80 plus
The Figures
Dundee Caird Hall: Ultravox
Elsmere Port The Bulls Head: The Zorkie
Twins
Edinburgh Playhouse: Billy Connolly
Exeter: St. Georges Hall: Essential
Spizz 80 Personalities
Folkstone Leas Cliff Hall: Sploognessa-
bounds
Glasgow Burns Hall: Freebird
Hastings The Caves: 7777
Hungerford The Puzzle: David Marx &
The Mel
Ingleston Festival, Royal Highland Show-
ground: Boxcar Willie etc. (for 2 days)
Ipswich Royal William: Thump
Kingston Three Tuns: The Valentines
Kirkcaldy Orkney Arts Centre: Boys Of The
Lough
Launceston White Horse: The Traitors
Leeds Haddon Hall: Confessor
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: The Accelerators
Little Sutton Bulls Head: Zorkie Twins
Liverpool Babels: Babels
Liverpool Masonic: Dick Smith Band
London Camden Dingwells: Marsha Hunt
/Modern Jazz
London Camden Electric Ballroom: The
Woods/The Swinging Cats
London Chiswick White Hart: Park
Avenue
London Chiswick John Bull: Sad Among
Strangers
London Crystal Palace Hotel: Eric Blake
London Clapham Two Brewers: Obvious
Cliche

JOHN COOPER CLARK PLAYS COVENTRY ON WEDNESDAY

THE SKIDS PLAY HAMMERSMITH PALAIS ON TUESDAY

JCC pic: Tom Sheehan

Jobson pic: David Corio

London Clapham 101 Club: The Scene
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Shadowfax
London Cumberland Hotel: Geno
Washington
London Fulham Greyhound: On The
Air/The Clerks/The Upset
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Riky
Cool and the Rheats
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre:
(lunchtime) Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:
Headline
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The
Piranhas
London High Wycombe Nags Head:
Sharx & support
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Seven
Year Itch/The Combo
London N4 The Stapleton: Sons Of Cain
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: Ceyenne
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big
Chief
London Putney Half Moon: The Piranhas
London Putney Star & Garter: Trimmer
and Jenkins
London Putney White Lion: Sam Mitchell
Band
London SE 18 Crystal Palace Hotel: Eric
Blake
London Stratford The Whole Thing: How-
ard Locke & Guests Spin
London Victoria The Venue: The Great
Harp Party with Johnny Mars 7th Sun
London Victoria The Venue: The Cheaters
London W 11 Moanville Gardens: Free
Fuck Off Records Festival
Suffolk Roughman Fair: Metro Glider
Walford Aldenhall Red Lion: Clientelle
Wishaw Crown Hotel: (lunchtime) The
Peets
Wolverhampton Bushbury BRSA:
Strengdaps
Worhampton Craufurd Arms: Junction
13

SUNDAY

Aberdeen Fusion: Ultravox
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Playthings
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham The Barrel Organ: The Set
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bournemouth Seaside Centre: Shaven-
gers
Bradford College Vaults Bar: Kyro
Brighton Kensington: Athletic Spizz 80
Bromley The Rothover: (lunchtime) BM
Scott & Ian Elke
Cannock Moonraker: UXB
Cheshire Poynton Folk Centre: Rosie
Harden & South Parade
Coventry General Wolfe: Demolition
Croydon The Cartoon: (lunchtime) Trim-
mer & Jenkins
Davenport Dun Cow: Roaring Jelly
Edinburgh Playhouse: Ramones
Hatfield The Stonehouse: Krokus
Ipswich Legion Hall: A Sudden Sway
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows/Con-
fessor
Leicester West End Club: Strange Days
Liverpool Bronie Youth Club: The
Accelerators
London Brighton George Canning: South-
side
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular
Vain
London Camden Brecknock: Sad Among
Strangers
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Metro Glider
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckin-
gham: The Invisibles (4 days)
London Clapham 101 Club: Animal Mag-
net/Spizz 80
London Clapham Two Brewers: Steel
Survivors/The Clangers

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Orange Cardigan
London Dalton Pembury Tavern: Avenue
London Deptford Star & Garter: Pagan
Altar
London Fulham Greyhound: The Upset
/Karl Wallinger Band
London Fulham New Golden Lion:
Hunger Jerry's 10th Anniversary Party
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:
The Government with Janet Kay
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Riky Cool
& The Rheats
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Lemons
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
Spider
London N 18 Pegasus: Combo Pease
London Putney White Lion: Red Let-
ter/Seven Year Itch
London SE 15 Newlands Tavern: Tegu
London Soho Piza Express: Harry Wal-
ton Trio
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head:
Dynamo
London Victoria The Venue: The Rumour
London Woolwich Tramshed: Max Col-
be's Rhythm Aces
Manchester The Square: Pat Doyle/The
Set/The Cocktail Party
Newbury Central Hotel: The Winners
Norwich The Cottage: The Stingers
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow:
Medium Medium
Paisley The Bungalow: Freebird
Presthaven Sands Club: Dave Berry & The
Crusiers
Reading Cherry's Bar: The Time
Reading Festival: Whitesnake/Def Lap-
pam/Gary Moore's G Force/ Mag-
num/Budget/Girl/Angelwhit/Tygers
Of Canting/Praying Mantis/Sledgehammer/Rancid/Ozzie
Osborne's Skizzerd Of Oz
Reading Target Club: The D.S.
Reich/Lakers Hotel: The Sound
Redruth London Hotel: Blind Alley
Shearsby Bath Hotel: Jeddish Strum
Southampton Joiners Arms: Sphers
Stevens Mecca: Mirage
Stoke Newington Gardens: Geno
Washington

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Gangsters
Birmingham Drake's Drum: Sub Zero
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Gentleman
Jim
Birmingham Piccadilly: A Sudden
Sway
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The
Upset
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Umeight
Bristol Granary: Tony Tuff
Bristol Locarno: British Rock'n'Roll Festi-
val with Gino & The Rocking
Rabbits/Crazy Caven/Ryking Savours
/Dynamite/Black Cat/Red Island Line
etc
Bristol The Stonehouse: False Idols
Cumbernauld Theatre: M20
Edinburgh Congress Centre: A Sudden
Sway
Edinburgh Tiffany's: Ultravox
Eton The Christopher: Motley Crew
Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
Heath Steinsby Folk Festival: Roaring
Jelly
Hord Cauliflower Hotel: Original East
Side Stompers
Leeds Warehouse: Classic Nouveaux
Liverpool Rotters: The Ramones
London Camden Dingwells: Purple Hearts
London Canning Town Bridgehouse:
Wasted Youth
London Clapham Two Brewers: The Flat-
backers
London Clapham 101 Club: Nautyout-
ure/The Area
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Suggestion
London Fulham Greyhound: Park
Avenue, The Catch
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The
Purphouse Gang
London N 4 The Stapleton: The Sundance
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: The Balloons-
tics
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
London Rotherhicks Apples & Pears:
Shadowfax
London Southgate Royal Ballroom: Ray
Camp/Buzz & The Flyers/Rhythm
Hawks/Remember This/The Polcasts
London SW1 Maunberry's: Lino's Last
Rest
London West Hamstead Moonlight
Club: Brian Brain
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Combo
Pease
London W 1 Gilbey's Bar: Fred Rick-
lows's Hot Goggles
Manchester Openshaw Open Air Festival:
282
Melfton Mowbray Painted Lady: The
Woolly Trunks
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Bad
Publicity
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwelth
Penzance Demelza: Blind Alley
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: David Marx &
mer & Jenkins
Southend Zero 6: Stealer
Slough Studio 1: "Who The Hell's Johnny
Eki?"
Stroud (Gloal Marshall Rooms: Vardis
Wakfield Speakeasy: Confessor
Walsall Show: UXB
Walford Verulam Arms: The Coconut
Dogs
West Runton The Village: The Cheaters

TUESDAY

Croydon The Cartoon: Seven Year Itch
Fleet Fox & Hounds: Alex Atterson
Garrloch Community Centre: Boys Of The
Lough
Glasgow Tiffany's: Ultravox
Halifax Swan: A Sudden Sway
Hemel Hempstead Scamps: The D.S.
Leeds Warehouse: Spider Blues Band
Liverpool Brady's Club: Vardis
London Battersea Un-club Club: A Sudden
Sway
London Camden Dingwells: The Body-
snatchers
London Clapham 101 Club: Sad Among
Strangers
London Fulham Greyhound: Trimmer &
Jenkins/Alghan Rebels
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The
Spillers
London Greenwich White Swan:
Shadowfax
London Hammersmith Palais: Skids/Sim-
ple Minds/Pink Military
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:
Red Babel & Rico
London Hornsey Kings Head: Main
Avenue Jazzband
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Zero
Zero
London Lyceum Ballroom: The
Skids/Simple Minds
London Marquee: Samson
London Moonlight Club: Trance
London N 4 The Stapleton: Brett Marvin
& The Thunderbolts
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: Pete Neigh-
bour Quartet
London Old Kent Road Thomas A Beckett:
Nuthin' Fancy
London Plumstead Prince Rupert Avenue
London Putney White Lion: Richard New-
man & Brian Knights Social Security
Band
London Soho Piza Express: All-Star Jazz
Band
London Stockwell Old Queens Head:
Local Heroes, Max Headroom
London SW1 Maunberry's: Marsha Hunt
& The Vandettes (3 days)
London SW9 Old Queen's Head: Max
Headroom & The Car Parks
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: The
Coconut Dogs
London Woolwich Tramshed: Trashed
Variety with Sandy Powell
Margate Winter Gardens: Danny Laine
Band
Nottingham Boat Club: The Expresses
Nottingham Imperial: Hollow City
Rhythm Circus
Oxford Scamps: The K.G.B.
Paisley Bungalow Bar: M20
Scarborough Taboo: Geno Washington
Sheffield The Ritz: The Star-
borough Antelope, Dee and the
Cheats
Swindon Brunel Rooms: The Citizens

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Reality
Birmingham Golden Eagle: The
Expresses
Birmingham Mercat Cross: In The Gym
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ears Pound
Birmingham Vardis Bull's Head: Roses
Bradford College: Vauls Bar: Disco
Students/Gods Here
Chesham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Cheshire Poynton Folk Centre: The Nor-
folk/Tony Maunberry/Pete Millard
Coventry General Wolfe: John Cooper-
Clarke
Coventry Hope & Anchor: Human
Cabbages
Coventry The Zodiac: The Set
Dingwall Town Hall: Boys Of The Lough
Droghda Concorde Suite: Nick Jones
Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
Liverpool The Mesonic: Asylum
London Camden Dingwells: Weapon Of
Peace
London Camden Music Machine: Inner
City Limit/North/Facey
London Clapham 101 Club: The Mighty
Stryper/Talkover
London Covent Garden: Thompson
Twins/Local Heroes
London Crouch Hill Stapleton Hall
Tavern: Combo Pease
London Ealing The Granville: On The Air
London E 3 Earl of Aberdeen: Sketch
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The
Kicks
London Fulham Greyhound: Steel Sur-
vivors/Lotario
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:
Gordon Hunt's Sox
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Red
Beans & Rice
London Knightsbridge The Groves: Fred
Ricklows's Hot Goggles
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Park
Avenue
London Old Kent Road Thomas A Beckett:
The Orange Cardigan/Martian Dance
London Richmond Snoopy's: The Avant
Gardners
London SE 19 Crystal Palace Hotel:
Pagan Altar/Powerhouse Heavy Metal
Roadshow
London Soho Dean St. Billy's Club: The
Electric Coolies
London Soho Piza Express: Eddie
Thompson Trio (4 days)
London SW9 Old Queen's Head: The Flat-
backers
London Tottenham The Spurs: Spider
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: The
Colah Brothers
London Woolwich Tramshed: Jazz
Jamboree
London W 14 The Kensington: Seven
Year Itch
Manchester Factory: Geno Washington
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwelth
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some
Chicken
Nottingham Theatre Royal: Joe Jackson
Band
Oxford Scamps: Jeep
Plymouth Old Chapel: The Crew
South Woodford Railway Ball: Original
East Side Stompers
Stansted Midwiches & Herts Country
Club: Nine Below Zero
Wakfield Speakeasy: Confessor

Benson hedges his bets

GEORGE BENSON
Give Me The Night (Warner Bros)
TOM BROWNE
Love Approach (Arista)

THE MOST distressing sight currently on view in the capital is what were once hard edged, get-ahead record shop/perj/sinking into stagnation because of infatuation with a candy floss come called 'jazz/funk'.

London's best disco store — Groove Records in Greek St — even went so far as to cut their own independent disc in praise of the epidemic, called 'The Scratch' by Surface Noise.

The term 'jazz/funk' is a misnomer on both counts being neither jazz nor funk, but a lightweight series of 'breezy' backlines against the 'inoffensive' doodlings of some faceless musician. Disco kids are under the impression that this poor trend is in some way a sophistication of their otherwise 'mindless' disco jumping. It goes with shiny cars with the windows wound down and imitation tiger-skin seat covers.

The charts recently are alive with this middle-aged pop: 'the Groove' by Rodney Franklin being the biggest hit and offender.

George Benson has been its patron saint for some years now but ironically just as the fad reaches its crest he alters course a shade. The introduction of Quincy Jones as his producer and Red Temperton as major songwriter at last gives gummy old George a tooth to suck on.

Quincy, already taking over from Chic as the producer in demand since his Michael Jackson work, plays down Benson's obsession for singing along with his guitar and structures muzak so it at least sounds as though it is going someplace.

The single and title track 'Give Me The Night', though flip and basically LA snoring, never dribbles like Benson naturally does. I love it. The album, in common with all disco albums, comes better as a singles set and you can start listening out for 'LoveLove' which after some meetings with a set of pruning shears should shape up OK at 45.

Tom Browne is a trumpet player so that rules him out. Of all music's most heinous faults none — except maybe a drum solo — sets my taste buds grating like a footloose trumpet. Doubtless you've heard the single 'Funkin' For Jamaica' — which is not about the trendy one but the district in New York — and to be honest there's not that much horn to annoy. Browne wisely allowing vocalist Toni Smith to star in that one but precious little elsewhere.

I played this record twice and not once did the bass register do anything to cause ripples in my coffee perched on one speaker. Even the twelve inch of 'FFJ' needs considerable boosting before it struts and who can be bothered about doing something any producer worth his wages should make first priority?

It's no shock that two disco albums should be lousy, even in the heyday there were very few passable ones, but the acclaim that MOR is receiving worries me. Why are our pop kids turning to disgusting HM and cop-out muzak? Why do I like both 'Give Me The Night' and 'Funkin'. For Jamaica singles when the LPs tell me it's all a con?

Like I said it's the epidemic of what I'm assured are doomy times. But get your jabs after you've checked the 45s eh?

Danny Baker



Benson takes a rest from his butler's duties.
Pic: Joe Stevens.

DIRTY LOOKS

Dirty Looks (Stiff)

ROCK'N'ROLL is still the best drug; the impressionable, starchy-eyed Dirty Looks creamily announce in 'Let Go', side one's sixth sagging song. That line, trapped in the middle of a song that's deterministically stuck amidst the inexorable display of apology, self-pity, teen yearning and no-regret of the ten songs around it, shows us where we stand with this N.Y. trio. Neck deep in rock history. Ayash in 'smooth' harmonies, 'distinctive' Gretsch guitars and septic posing.

What is it about record companies that they can be so consistently and unerringly WRONG? Where — how — do Stiff find them? Where do any of those record labels find these sub and backward sub-popsters? Record companies have turned

so-called talent spotting into an anti-art, relentlessly selecting the derivative and compromised and then inevitably being forced to hype out loud to get any kind of positive response.

Record companies are run by old men and it shows. They still romp about in a mealy fantasy where The Who, Beatles, Creedence, Byrds are what 'it's all about'. Banshees, Magazine, PIL, Fall, J.D. — today's influences — have failed to shift them: Lowe, Costello, Police have slightly nudged them. Consequently the idea of pop that is being glossily packaged and 'sincerely' promoted is dull, pathetic and old-fashioned, full of licks and tricks that surely died tough deaths years ago. Surely.

1980 pop is influenced by literature, comics, TV, film, art, pulp, jazz; does not purely feed off the rock that has gone

before. It has new styles and possibly unlimited scope. But listen to the radio, read these groaning papers, look at the A&R men and pop is still somewhere amongst the Beatles (McCartney/Harrison), Three Dog Night, Fleetwood Mac and Joe Jackson.

Stiff are obscenely implacable in their ignorance, seriously happy to maintain stagnation, stily purists amongst lamentable puritans. By following the appalling Any Trouble with a group even weaker, tackier and grimmer, as they have done with Dirty Looks, Stiff deserve our deepest condolences. Dirty Looks make a Who/Knack crossover sloop so slavish to totally weakened imperatives, so dreadfully deliberate, words... trail off. Dirty Looks is yet more lies, customised myths and grating cheek trying to numb our sense. Their songs obsessively

blunder through the fake agony of the romantic rock'n'roll adventure. Yet one more time it's the rigid, irrelevant search for 'fun', 'good times', the gold at the end of the third album: the 'elation', 'disappointment', 'frustration' therein. There's the habitual lightweight jangle, the gleaming production, the strained 'charm', the crisp drumming, the knuckled-up vocals, the trippy climaxes and drippy twists... so dated I could even call it power-pop. This record is a waste of time, and what a time to be wasting time.

Stiff can now, at last, take me off their mailing list. To be on a Stiff mailing list is a real insult.

Paul Morley

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO
Full Force (ECM)

THEY CAN roar like a hurricane or whisper like the sea.

Together since the mid-'60s, the AEC are a unique blend of 'Great Black Music' (their motto), blues and bebop, blueprints and miracles.

'Full Force' is their second ECM album, distinguished from its curiously restrained predecessor by a ferocity of attack that matches their live gigs. Bassist Malachi Favors Maghostus' 'Magg Zelman' takes up one side, building in typical AEC style from multiple percussive effects — bangs, honks, whistles — through a lovely sax/bass duet into a turbulent climax that embroils the listener.

On the second side, 'Charlie M', a tribute to Mingus, strolls surely between reverence and

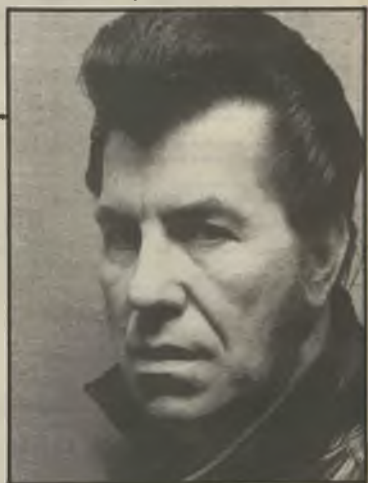
grief, 'Old Time Southside Street Dance' speeds into furious freeform, and the title track closes the album in versatile manner, weaving a strange, sinuous path through flutes, congas, conch shell, melodica, trumpet and Famoudou Dou Mouye's usual barrage of dexterous percussion.

Between them, the quintet play 45 instruments on this album, which may indicate their expertise but gives little hint of their phenomenal empathy as they juggle jokes, themes and furores with the ease of Chinese acrobats.

'Full Force' lives up to its name, a gale of an album.

Graham Lock

Right: the missing Link.
Pic: Saddni.



IMPORTS

by Fred Dellar

"WE WANT more! We want more!" yell the resident clog-hoppers. Drummer Anton Fig lays down a beat nipped off some early Ventures album and a great, fuzz-filled, murderous guitar riff virtually vibrates the speakers off the shelf. Once more it's hot turntable time and the threatened damage to the hi-fi is being caused by 'Live At The Paradiso' (Vista), the latest bopkripping from Pawnee greaser Link Wray.

Cut at the Amsterdam venue last August and left agreeably tough and tattered by producers Richard Gottschler and Thom

Panunzio, 'Live' offers pretty much what you'd expect from a guy who was throwing heavy-metal when the rest merely offered the sound of twang.

You get a succession of point-of-sale pleasers — 'Money', 'I Saw Her Standing There', 'Blue Suede Shoes', 'Shake Rattle And Roll', 'Be-Bop-A-Lula' etc. — allied to such time-honoured Wray wreckers as 'Rumble' and 'Rawhide', often played in perfunctory manner by a unit that'd probably not been together too long, headed by a guitarist who could probably spit out all the right licks in his sleep.

But Wray's so full of rock'n'roll that even when he plays an average gig, as this one undoubtedly was, something great often spills over the side. And here, when he Bo-Diddleys into the Fig-penned 'Walk Away From Love', he comes on like Spector on wheels, setting up blasts and snarls that set you back on your heels.

Link Wray was 51 last month. Happy

birthday of 'one lung'! Though the 'Pebbles' series, on the Aussie BFD label, has been mainly devoted to the dubious doings of various prehistoric garage bands, Volume Six which, with a display of marketing panache has been titled 'The Roots Of Mod', features a miscellany of obscure British R&B outfits from the early and mid '60s.

Can you resist 'Young Love', the Tab Hunter hit, gloriously rendered (apart??) by The Stones, Kim Fowley and others utilising the *nom-de-disque* of Bo and Peep? Did you, like me, avidly watch every stage of ATV's *Ready Steady Win* talent show and thrill to every hot Hohner solo — all two million of 'em! If so, then Junco Partners, The Cheynes, David John And The Mood, Blues By Five, Jason Eddie And The Centreman and all the other long-gones who grace Pebbles Six are waiting to make your acquaintance.

'Smashin' It', as Kathy McG said once or twice.

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JOURNEY



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LIVE!

A Stray. Pic Peter Anderson.



So it must be cool for cats

The Swinging Cats

Hope And Anchor

TAKE A right turn at '60s Swinging London and that should bring you sooner or later to a Butlins coastal resort, where one day you might come across The Swinging Cats, newly attired in moth-eaten red coats.

They'll probably still be doing cute covers of TV and movie themes, daringly sprinkled with their own originals, which won't differ radically enough from the rest for you to notice. 'Captain Scarlet' will undoubtedly still be the one to get the party moving, with its spongy uptempo rhythms and easy-to-grasp chanting chorus, while they'll slow the pace down just a touch with their own tribute to the master, 'Mantovani' — probably a bit too fast for his liking, but nevertheless it's still an insipidly sweet tune, with singer Jane De La Swing cooling along to the swell of the keyboards and the aimless shuffle of a bossa nova beat.

Which is what distinguishes them from the rest of the 2-Tone clones, and is probably what won them a one-off single contract (with that tune on the B-side) following Jerry Dammers' recently professed interest in muzak. And why leave it to electronic groups to supply it, when real masters of the form in the past have usurped South American, calypso and watered down beat rhythms to make a music really accessible to the masses?

Well, where modern muzak makers have the ulterior aim



Some Swingers. Pic Peter Anderson.

of creating an ambience with something that can also be more closely listened to. The Swinging Cats' ambitions appear to be in another direction. Theirs is just to make the party swing, to coin a phrase, and though they do sound nice, rounding off the ruder edges of ska with the gentler curves of South American rhythm results in nothing more than an easily assimilated dilution. It's as limited as the band's scope. At least they look the part.

Jane's wardrobe is copied direct from one of those party scenes in bad British films circa The Beatles; saxist Paul Meskat revives the patented Paul Shuttleworth second-hand car spiv look, and guitarist/mastermind Vaughn Tru has the vaguely sinister aura of an off-beat urban cowboy.

But it's not really enough. If this is the next conga line out of skaville you can leave me off it.

Chris Bohn

Stray Cats

Thomas A Beckett

WHAT a difference a month makes!

Just over four weeks back, a trio of native New Yorkers by the name of Stray Cats were impoverished, totally unknown and sleeping on the floor of their publicist's office.

Right now, after storming like white lightning through the hives and dives of the capital's otherwise depressed and depressing gig circuit, the three really hep Cats are shaping up as this summer's rock'n'roll fairy tale. Lured to London by empty promises only to find themselves squarely in the dumpster on their arrival in the Big Smoke, The Stray Cats are currently busy generating more interest than Clive Allen's bank account, their every move now being charted by a swarming posse of A&R men.

They are hot property and it's not hard to see why.

They play wild and unexpurgated modern rockabilly and do it with a raw freshness and intensity that has nothing to do with any half-assed revivalism and everything to do with the genuine article.

For starters, The Stray Cats look different. A band with a three-pronged visual assault force that is as stunning as The Clash front line at its best, they demand more than a second glance before a chord is struck in anger.

Drummer Slim Jim stands — yup, stands! — behind what surely qualifies as the ultimate minimalist drumkit: just one snare, a cymbal and a besadrum. Then there's bassist Lee Rocker, dwarfed by one of those massive upright double-basses. Finally, stagecentre in pegged slacks and a mushrooming sub-quiff, vocalist Briant Setzer swivels his hips as he gets to serious grips with an immaculate semi-acoustic 1956 Gretsch, the gee-tar originally modelled by Eddie Cochran.

But, unlike most neo-rockabilly, the strolling Stray Cats sound is not guitar-dominated, the basis of this particular pop being Lee's stepping bass and Slim's snare-heavy backbeat, the drumsticks wielded baseball bat-style for that extra thump.

Over that foundation, former Bloodless Pharaoh Setzer adds the spice with his twangy, distorted guitar licks, giving things a clarity and depth bordering on the psychedelic. That Gretsch, too, is supposedly one of the toughest guitars in the world to play really well (Joe Strummer, for one, tried unsuccessfully to master one just before the first Clash album), which makes Setzer's seemingly instinctive grasp of its dynamics all the more remarkable.

Throughout a set of the best live rockabilly I've seen, the band move and dance like maniacs and it looks and sounds great.

The songs too suggest that further investigation would be rewarding. 'Crawl Up And Die', 'Fishnet Stockings', 'Blues' and the untypically topical 'Storm The Embassy' are all strong originals while a barnstorming 'Ubangi Stomp' and the old Supremes track 'You Can't Hurry Love' are ideal covers, the latter slotting perfectly into its country-rockabilly setting.

Only 'Rock This Town' and the somewhat irresponsible 'London To Brighton', both seemingly romanticised glorifications of youth-cult violence, stick out as ugly and unnecessary.

But the future looks rosy indeed, although the band — all still only in their late teens — need to step lightly through the current record company fever that surrounds them, staying well clear of any dodgy, premature deals that may come their way.

It would be tragic if these stylish but far from stylised cats were to be spoilt taking on too much too soon.

For the time being they're... really gone!
Here's hoping it lasts.

Adrian Thrills



Cool Jools (centre) declares Squeeze winners and quits. Pic Tom Sheehan.

Squeeze Elvis Costello & The Attractions

Albany

FOR THOSE — and there are some — who've never been to the Albany Empire and are

ignorant to the venue's overwhelming size, maybe the following local joke will illuminate: a feile goes to the Albany and opens the door. "Can I come in?" he asks, and the bloke behind the desk says, "Only if I come out."

So given that, it's understandable that the bill which played there Tuesday through Thursday last week took place amidst such

Continue over 4



Martin Atkins as Mr. Universe. Pic: David Corio.

Magazine Individuals

New York

THE INDIVIDUALS are definitely up-and-coming. Each gig they play, usually as support to someone 'bigger', draws a larger contingent of people who've come to hear them. They deserve the following.

Because they make powerful pop music suffused with intelligence and an excess of overwrought emotion and because they employ clever, unusual rhythms, The Individuals have been compared with Talking Heads. Another reason is the presence of blonde bassist Janet Wygal, contributing backing vocals and commanding bass lines à la Tina Weymouth.

Frontman/songwriter Glenn Morrow's stage manner — his choked-up enthusiasm, his inexpert but dramatic rhythm guitar playing — may also put one in mind of the early David Byrne. But while Byrne has lately set off on a

rarefied, abstracted road, Morrow's words are rooted in the emotional realities of real-life situations, relationships and dramas that he cares about with passion.

He writes with lyricism and craft, describing the intensity of adolescent feelings with an adult sensitivity. 'Our World' captures the almost inexpressible confidence and joy young love imparts, the feeling of the world as your oyster, while setting that feeling off against an acknowledgement that the world is still an unsightly mess. 'I Walk By Your House' exemplifies romantic desire and teenage insecurity. The song describes the lonely moments of walking by a certain girl's house, just because you're hoping to see her, while the guitars — Morrow's and lead guitarist John Kleigis' — race ahead like the thoughts of a young, love-obsessed mind.

They do a version of 'Roots Train' that takes the Junior Murvin song and translates it into the terms of another culture, much like The Clash did with 'Police And Thieves'.

Bonehead, Brains And Hazelnuts



Brian Brain

Thomas A Beckett

ASSAULTING the audience has always been good for a laugh. Way back in the '60s underground theatre playgrounds would happily sit in mortal terror of being insulted, spat upon, stomped

on or roused from their stupor with buckets of water. It was a precedent set long before *Twas* — or, for that matter, Brian Brain.

Not that it was any less effective when Martin Atkins (late of PILskins) concluded a short, rather shambolic set by hurling over-ripe bananas into the audience as the final

sounds of synthesised funk bubbled out of the speakers. The first missile hit me, the second scored a direct hit on the tape recorder, almost bringing the evening to a premature end — an irony

that would have been totally in keeping with the proceedings.

Martin Atkins has done rather a clever thing. Taking the initiative from his mentor, John Lydon, he has simply

tipped the scales of audience challenge from the cerebral into the physical, and by aping Lydon's delivery and musical style he has sown the seeds of satire that will germinate on stage as well as off.

Assisted by Pete Jones on bass and Bobby Surgeoner on guitar, Atkins' own drum/synthesizer contributions have been taped to allow him full rein in performance. Loping and loosely hopping about like a splanetic rag doll, he sang whenever necessary and frequently referred to bits of paper for the lyrics.

Surprisingly, the songs sounded great. The single 'Another Million Miles' with its fluttery hollow guitar and funk back-beat was the opening number, but this was eclipsed by 'Unexplained Noise', whose thunder rattle percussion and throbbing synthesiser created a genuinely chaotic vision. The galloping rhythm and roaring guitar of 'Tourist' which followed flashed off the stage into the audience like a burst of St Elmo's fire, and the set reached a raucous climax with the white noise of 'Got Me In A Bottle'.

The individual sounds asserting themselves again for PIL's 'Cerearing' which featured a squawky Spencer Davis sound and Atkins' most effective vocal — squeezing out the lyrics and letting them hang on his tongue before discarding them like bananas into the audience.

Not to be outdone on the marketing front, Atkins had the foresight to inscribe 'Buy My Album' on each yellow projectile though this became somewhat illegible after the second or third return volley.



Howie as the bonehead ballerina. Pic: Len Hooper.

From previous page

discretion that in comparison Operation Overlord looked flyposted. The dates — arranged to mark Julian Holland's departure from Squeeze — brought them back to where they started and have played on and off ever since; and on and off stage, old friends and faces hugged each other and sobbed like a battalion re-union of romantic desert rats.

Tuesday opened with Alexei Sayle, a comic who looked like one of The Blues Brothers and rattled through a cruel hatchet job on what it's like when rock'n'rollers attempt to go articulate. Watch out for him, he may signal the end of life on rock MDs as we know them.

And so to Otis Westinghouse And The Lifts, who (by courtesy of several paper cups and a length of string) by nine o'clock were revealed to be Costello And The Attractions. Elvis' reception was as rousing as the ensemble could muster and a terse "one two" led into 'Beaten To The Punch'. If he was doing this for fun and a favour you'd never have guessed: no room for smiles, no breaks between songs, no musical gags, nothing was relaxed. Costello performs and lives (I suppose) as if at any moment Sirhan Sirhan is going to yell "bastard" and come lunging from the stalls waving a loaded .45; or as if being friendly would result in a nationwide boycott of his work on the grounds that he ain't so tough after all.

Perhaps his stance has gone too far now and what was once a wacky and endearing oddball image has now accelerated to a point where those glasses and that austere veneer are dangerously stretching Declan McManus like a piano wire and to relax it could result in an almighty SNAP.

With 'Chelsea', 'Olivers Army', 'Lipstick Vogue', the slow blues of 'Help Me' and 'Don't Look Back', the set was random and rich, lasting about 40 minutes with no encores. (Tuesday was the only night he didn't later return with Squeeze.)

Thursday it turned out to be the best gig. John Cooper Clarke dodged in and out and between sets nipped on to bawl just remembered jokes at a good natured but baffled gathering.

For the books, I'd say that JCC looked as though he enjoyed the do more than anyone, Squeeze included — who flew through hit after hit and I never realized how much I liked them and how well I knew their records until last week.

Where Elvis had gritted teeth they grinned, and you got the feeling that they perform the songs for the audience and the hell of it, whereas Elvis — who actually knows all the words to their songs! — knocks them out for duty and appreciation. The only black mark against Squeeze was that on such an informal night they might have been less workmanlike and performed their excellent cheesy nightclub version of 'Up The Junction' which they did last time here, on Chris Difford's birthday. The combined Squeeze/Attractions encores though were magic, curiously sans Holland, Elvis and Glenn Tilbrook took over the roles of William Bell and Judy Clay for a faithful rendition of 'Private Number' which was certainly the highlight of the three days. A great three days!

And finally, what may be a telling anecdote: as the after concert drink-up wound its way into Friday morning we were all issued daft paper hats. Elvis took his, put it on, but as soon as the person who gave it to him went off, crumpled it up and threw it away. Being seen in a party hat would tighten that piano wire another notch, and whilst not wanting to hurt his hoets' feelings — once they were gone — he didn't want to betray his own.

Then it hit me: I was standing there creating a conspiracy around a paper hat. God help me! Putting the pen away, I found some dear old pals and got quite, quite relaxed...

Danny Baker

the B-52's



but here showing not just a hard rock background but strong traces of gospel and soul. By the last number, a jumpy, polyrhythmic rocker called 'Pile Drive', most of the bodies on the floor are shaking. The Individuals' music is imperfect, rough, and they blow it at times. But it is heartfelt.

Magazine are too perfect, and their music seems to come entirely from the head. They are immaculately drilled, their sound achieving a professional gloss that sucks you in. They create great interest — Hurrah's floor was full of people staring at them with rapt attention. But they generate little excitement — no one moved.

In the end, one feels their striving for perfection, the care and competence with which they execute songs of difficult construction, are meant to please only themselves.

Still, there were times when their music did grab hold, when the parts added up to a hypnotic, powerful whole. 'The Light Pours Out of Me' with Dave Formula's ethereal, floating keyboards, and 'Shot By Both Sides', with new guitarist Robin Simon supplying the punky, chunky power riffing, were great. 'Song From Under The Floorboards' and 'Model Worker' also stood out.

But Devoto also turned some potentially good songs into failures by his attitude of utter detachment. He seems to deliberately defeat any suggestion of personal involvement. In 'Parade', singing about forgetting he's supposed to be in love, he sounds like he is describing something he's observed, never lived.

Magazine were fascinating, like an intricate, beautiful object. But they provided more chills than thrills.

Richard Grabel

Hazel O'Connor

Marquee

WHATEVER reviews we've seen of Hazel O'Connor to date, whether live or on record, seem to have been unvaryingly bad — and with a distinctly unpromising looking film looming ominously ahead then it's more that likely we'll be reading still more of the same. So, I thought, why not take this small opportunity to pause and consider what might plausibly be said in the lady's favour . . .

That, at least, was the positive approach which I'd hoped to adopt with this Marquee appearance by the much-publicised starlet as she unveils her nearly-new back-up band and tries to stake a claim to a slice of roots rock authenticity with which to parallel her current career as an actress. In the event, I came to realise that being positive was not going to be easy. It has, in fact, proved impossible.

Austere and modernistic in geometric black/white, O'Connor emerges on stage once her musicians are in their places — big brother Neil



Hazel as the cracked actress. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

O'Connor (former Fly) on guitar, another new boy, Andy Qunta on keyboards, Ed Case (ex-999) on drums, Wild Oscar (I'm afraid so) on bass, Wesley Magoogen on sax. Hazel springs to the front, looking very intense and clicking two sticks together — just like Rolf Harris does when performing 'Sun Arise'.

Her delivery is strident and dramatic, tending towards the fashionably clipped and militaristic mode of pop-modernism, underscored by tense, excitable arrangements: brittle organ, choppy guitar, chunky rhythms. The band is reasonably tight and competent — all in a depressingly anonymous, unfeeling way. Their brand of characterless efficiency, on

the other hand, does suit the material at hand quite perfectly.

Of all the singer's self-written songs, only 'Writing On The Wall' and 'Eighty Day' made any impression on my memory, and even in those cases the recollection isn't especially pleasurable. There was something bleak and joyless about the whole affair, or so it sounded to me, without any compensating sense of hard realism that could have made the tough posturing seem justified.

There's no unwritten law which says an actress can't produce successful music — Dora Bryen, for example had one sizeable hit with 'All I Want For Christmas Is A Beatie' — but the present

evidence suggests that, so far as rock'n'roll is concerned, Hazel O'Connor's truest talents may lie elsewhere.

Paul Du Noyer

The Associates

Paistley

ENCORE over, I turn around, remember to start breathing again, and notice that Frank, guitarist with Glasgow's Restricted Code, looks as if he's just had a mystical experience.

"That's the best band I've ever seen in my life," he announces in awed tones.

At the bar London, the Bungalow's booking agent, is equally reverent. The most powerful performance he's ever seen here.

The Associates had walked

The Stiffs

Blackburn

DESPITE THE heartfelt enthusiasm of John Peel's undying love for The Undertones, other bands have been known to distract his attentions, albeit on a more temporary basis. In '78 and '79 The Skids and The Rutas respectively were affectionately adopted by Radio One's nocturnal nanny. The consequential air-play they were afforded resulted in their signing to Virgin and their tentative, though not entirely successful, crawl towards mega-stardom.

This year Mr Peel has cruelly and casually flitted with many bands and seems more reluctant than usual to announce his annual romance. But one of the most obvious and deserving contenders for that special place in his fickle heart is a band known as The Stiffs.

Their self-financed single 'Inside Out' was a firm Peel favourite for many months and later Mike Reed thought it was a good record too. Peel booked them for a session (which he has already repeated) and later the paranoid Read — frightened of missing out on something about to turn big — decided he'd better do the same. So this unlikely bunch from Blackburn are in the enviable position of probably having secured more Radio One evening airplay than any other new, emerging band of this year.

It was inevitable then, that a major label would want to cash in on this success. Enter the EMI cheque book, a modest five figure sum and a contract for three singles and an album over the next year.

Tonight The Stiffs show that similarities between themselves, The Skids and The Rutas are not purely confined to their common Peel patronage. They employ the same style of harsh but colourful guitar work as The Skids; the instrumentation is adventurous but precise. They exercise the same kind of forceful vocal energy as did Malcolm Owen, though their overall sound is unique and inventive.

But like The Skids and The Rutas, The Stiffs have a deft control over raw musical aggression which puts them in a class above the likes of The Cockney Rejects and The Upstarts, whose uncontrolled rabble rousing antics are less admirable. The Stiffs create excitement through skilfully balancing the dynamics of their songs, through gradually building up tension to a climax point. It's a technique that is always masterfully executed.

Admittedly, some of the songs are weak and ineffective. 'Magic Roundabout' and 'Kids On The Street' both feature prolonged, self-indulgent arrangements and both suffer from hopelessly contrived lyrical contents. But the stronger material clearly shows the band's promising potential. 'Innocent Bystanders' is a classic piece of modern hard rock/pop, immediate and instantly accessible. It could well provide The Stiffs with their first hit later in the year.

So far the band has been largely ignored by the press. Their absurdly derivative name must be partly to blame for this unhealthy situation. To the uninitiated it doesn't exactly present them as some innovative force in the field of new music. But more seriously, The Stiffs don't have a manager or even an agent. And though they are professional, they naively prefer to spend as much time as possible in remotest Blackburn and have no plans to play London as yet.

Three mistakes, all of which will prove to be costly if they are not soon rectified.

Mick Duffy

onstage with an air of quiet efficiency.

"Hullo".

Vocalist Billy Mackenzie straps on a one-string guitar and proceeds to maul viciously at it throughout the opening instrumental 'No Song'.

"Thank you . . . 'Nails'."

As he starts singing you can almost hear a hundred jaws dropping open in amazement. It's a vast, soaring voice, almost like a quasi-operatic version of recent Bowie, but much more powerful. The band are easily worthy of him, with great sheets of searing guitar from Alan Rankin, a uniquely controlled, eruptive drive and an emotional intensity to match Joy Division (no comparison intended otherwise).

Who are these guys? . . .

(Actually I did know of them already, more through coincidence than anything else, and have been waiting nearly two years for a live gig. Despite that, the build-up to their Fiction album 'The Affectionate Punch' makes 'Young Marble Giants' approach look like the

campaign for *Superman 2*. Rankin says they wanted their acceptance to be "subliminal".)

If anyone noticed last year's languid, cocktail-jazzy version of Bowie's 'Boys Keep Swinging', forget it. This is something else. Something worth getting used to gradually.

Intent and earnest along the back, right to left there's Alan (guitar, casual elegance), John Murphy (drums, rockabilly haircut) and original Cure bassist Michael Dempsey. Out front singer Billy dances, veins bulging on forehead, lost and involved in rhythms we can't hear. Dressed in tartan lumberjacket, crushed, shapeless trousers and old workshirt with a tatty flannel vest visible beneath it, he looks like an itinerant labourer from 1930. A striking figure, and an excellent subject for future live photographs.

And a unique band. Once recovered from watching them, the first thing to do is find out when they'll be back.

Glenn Gibson

Give Me Back My Man



WIP 6579

Townshend 3-LP set?

● **Pete Townshend**, euphoric over the success of his 'Empty Glass' solo album which went Top 10 in the USA, is now contemplating the release of a three-album boxed set formed from his library of demos. These recordings would include not only solo offerings, but also original demonstration tapes of classic Who tracks spanning the whole of the band's career.

Meanwhile Virgin Records have acquired the rights to The Who's 'My Generation' album, which first appeared on Brunswick in 1965. It is to be re-released during October and will appear virtually in its original form, though Virgin are said to be experiencing some difficulty in making their own logo look like that of Brunswick without infringing copyright.

As for The Who themselves, work has ceased on the recording of their next album as producer Bill Soyemoyt has had to fly back to the States for a while — to mix a forthcoming live Eagles album.

● **Pat Benatar's** 'Crimes Of Passion', to be released August 29, will be the first British-manufactured album to incorporate a new U.S.-developed anti-counterfeit device involving some kind of special substance on the album sleeve. In the States, other forms of anti-counterfeiting devices have already been used on the Stones' 'Emotional Rescue' and the Commodores' 'Heroes' albums.

● **Headline**, the baldies who supported The Stanglers on their UK tour, have a single 'Caroline'/'London City Strife' released by Virgin on August 29.

● **Pere Ubu** have a new album released this Friday (22). Titled 'The Art Of Walking' and produced by the band and Paul Hamann, it'll be their first album release on Rough Trade.

● **The Waitresses**, Ralph Carney, David Thomas (of Pere Ubu) and several others new U.S. artists are featured on 'Bowling Balls From Hell', an album to be released on Clome this month. The Ohio-based label has just signed a distribution deal with Britain's Pinnacle Records and discs from Clome, which include items by Bizarros, Human Switchboard and Tin Huey, will shortly be available.

● **Ian Gomm** has a new single, 'Jealousy' / 'Hooked On Love' released by Albion Records on August 22. An album, 'What A Blow', is now scheduled for September.

● **Joan Jett**, currently in New York recording a new album, has a single called 'Jazazel' out on Arista on August 29.

● **Rab Noakes**, who appears as special guest on Gerry Rafferty's Edinburgh and Dublin shows in September, has signed to MCA Records, with a single, 'I Can't Get Enough Of You' at the end of the month.

RECORD NEWS



AFTER nearly a year of silence on the release front, Buzzcocks emerge with what they term 'Part One', the first in a series of related singles, which will be in the shops on August 26. Part One consists of two songs, Pete Shelley's 'Are Everything' and Steve Diggle's 'Why She's A Girl From The Chainstore', and comes in a sleeve designed to emphasise the fact that the record has no A or B side. The single, which was produced by Martin Hannett, will be succeeded by Parts Two and Three, further singles which will be issued at regular intervals of roughly six weeks.

Though the band have been inactive for such a long period, the various members have been involved in various projects. Steve Garvey has been working and recording with The Teardrops and producing other local bands. Pete Shelley has put in time on a solo album, and drummer John Maher has gigged with no less than three bands — The Things, Renegades and Pauline Murray's Invisible Girls.

A tour is being set for October, when Buzzcocks will play ten UK dates, after which they head for the States.

● To commemorate the 10th anniversary of Jimi Hendrix's death on September 18, Polydor are to issue boxed sets of singles and albums.

The boxed set of six singles, available as a limited edition, contains 'Hey Joe', 'Purple Haze', 'The Wind Cries Mary', 'The Burning Of The Midnight Lamp' and 'Voodoo Chile', all of which will be backed by their original B-sides with the exception of 'Voodoo Chile', which will be backed by 'Gloria'.

The boxed set of albums will be similar to the 10-record Garman release, available here through IMS, the British edition being slightly different in that it will contain an extra album in 'Nine To The Universe' and comes decked out with a brand new set of sleeve notes.

● **Genesis** have a new single, 'Misunderstanding', out on August 29. Though the A-side is culled from the band's 'Duke' album, the B-side is previously unreleased number, 'Evidence Of Autumn', a Tony Banks composition.

● **Live Wire** have a new single, 'Caste In Every Single Cottage', in the shops this week.

● Despite the depressing state of the British record industry, the Virgin retail chain expands even further on August 30, when a new Magistrate opens in Glasgow. The opening of the store, which covers 15,000 square feet spread over six floors, is to be celebrated by The Slade touring Glasgow in a special bus and an in-store appearance by Ian Gillan.

Elton's new old band

ELTON JOHN has formed a new band, Guided Muscle, to back him on his forthcoming American tour, the line-up comprising Nigel Olsson (drums), Dee Murray (bass), both of whom were in the original Elton John Band, plus Tim Renwick and Richie Zito (guitars) and James Newton-Howard (keyboards). Judie Tzuke will also be on the tour, which lasts until mid-November and runs coast-to-coast including one open air concert in New York's Central Park.

UFO'S Horse

UFO HAVE announced that Neil Carter of Wild Horses has been drafted in as permanent replacement for Paul Raymond. UFO's recently departed keyboardist.

UFO vocalist Phil Mogg comments: "Paul is no longer with us because his ideas no longer fitted in with what we wanted to do, but despite rumours that we would play Reading as a four-piece, UFO is a fivepiece band and, as far as we're concerned, always will be."

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ACROSS

1 Like the RPI and Marley's royalties?
8 Vintage Presley opus (3,5,2)
10 Ultravox album
11 Recent Roxy 45 (4,3)
12 New artists, dire clue
14 Where J Richman meets Jnr Walker
17 Producer's suspect originally!
18 One gums up a 1980 No 1!
21 Yes (Yuggles?) drummer (4,5)
22 See 6
24 & 33 An original member of 10cc, left to get self-indulgent with Lol Creme
26 Pil survivor (at time of writing!) (5,6)
27 Leadon or Rhodes
30 West Coast punks (sic) alternative chanting with 'Holiday In Cambodia' (4,8)
31 They're to the forefront in Jamaica
32 Media 'wag' once fired by BBC
33 See 24

DOWN

2 Stones oldie revived by Mo-dettes (5,2,9)
3 Not an EP again? (1,3,4)
4 V. early Who 45 (1,4,7)
5 Sounds like a new man (same as the old man)
6 & 22 Work of Proust in Motown Hall of Fame!
7 One time beat star who married a Bee Gee
9 Peter Shilton's favourite Dylan album?
13 See 29

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Crocodiles'; 5 Linton (Kwesi Johnson); 8 X-Ray Spex; 11 'Sleepwalk'; 12 'Hard Day's Night'; 13 Skids; 15 'Rocket To (Russia)'; 19 Joe Cocker; 21 (Linton Kwesi) Johnson; 22 Peter Tosh; 23 War; 24 Amii (Stewart); 26 Dan (Hermann); 27 (Linton) Kwesi (Johnson); 29 (Jonah) Lewie; 30 Gerry (Marsden); 31 Mod; 32 Ike (Turner); 33 (Amii) Stewart; 34 (Ted) Nugent.

DOWN: 1 Chas Smash; 2 'Oh Yeah'; 3 Ian Anderson; 4 Sax; 6 (Keith) Tippett; 7 Sparks; 9 Ronnie Scott; 10 'Xanadu'; 14 Diana Ross; 16 'The Prince'; 17 'Rocket To (Russia)'; 18 Bow Wow Wow; 19 Jona (Lewie); 20 'Cupid'; 25 Move; 26 (Lee) Dorsey; 28 Keith (Tippett); 29 Lee (Dorsey); 30 'Gend'.

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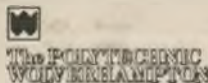
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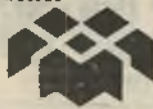
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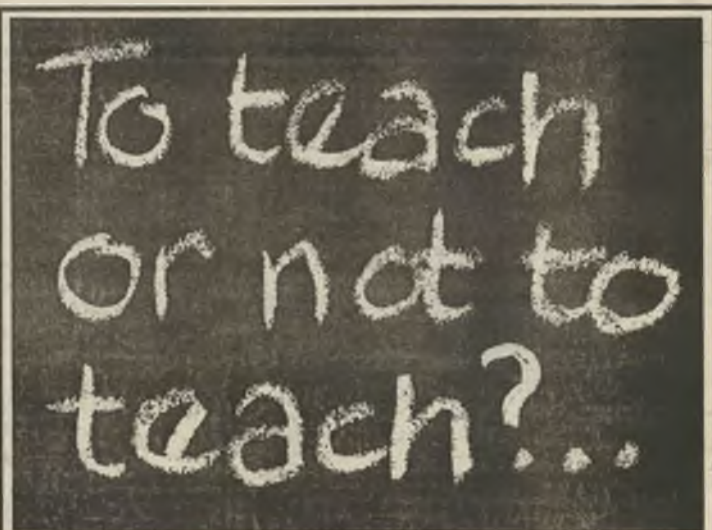
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HAPPY BIRTHDAY Dede

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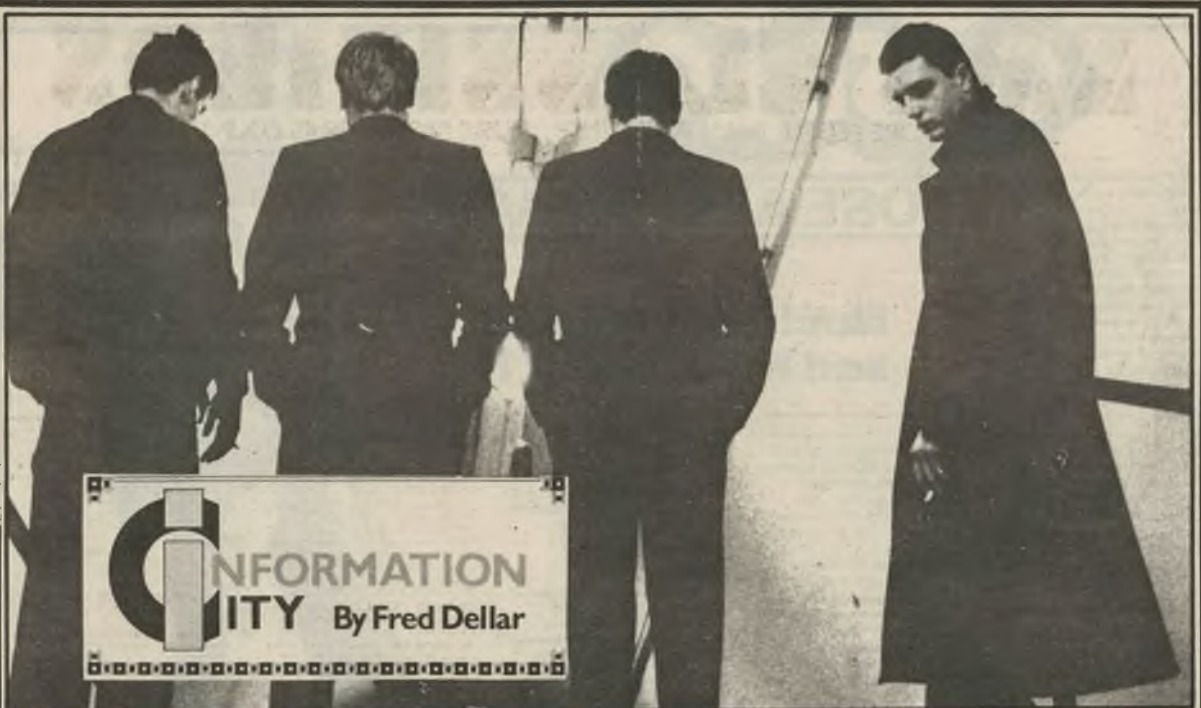
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Joy Division. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Fresh out at the Factory

COULD you print a list of all albums and singles by Cheap Trick?

GORDON BARCLAY,

Stewarton, Ayrshire.

● Oh, all right, but bear in mind that, for reasons of space, this is a listing of British releases only.

Singles-wise we've had: 'I Want You To Want Me'/'Oh Boy' (Epic EPCS701).

November 1977, 'So Good To See You'/'You're All Talk' (EPC 8199 — was to have been issued in March 1978, but was taken off release).

'Surrender'/'Auf Wiedersehen' originally issued on EPC 6394 in May 1978 and later reissued on EPC 7724 in February 1979.

'California Man'/'Stiff Competition' (EPC 8427 August 1978).

'Voices'/'Surrender' (EPC 7144, February 1979). 'I Want You To Want Me'/'Clock Strikes Ten' (EPC 7258, March 1978).

'Aint That A Shame'/'ELO Kiddies' (EPC 7639, September 1979).

'Dream Police'/'Heaven Tonight' (EPC 7880, October 1979).

'Way Of The World'/'Oh Candy' (EPC 8114, January 1980). 'I'll Be With You Tonight'/'So Good To See You'/'He's A Whore' (EPC 8355, March 1980).

'Everything Works If You Let It'/'Heaven Tonight' (EPC 8755, July 1980). Meanwhile, on album there's been 'In Color' (EPC 8224, November 1977).

'Heaven Tonight' (EPC 82679, June 1978). 'Live At Budokan' (EPC 85083, February 1979). 'Dream Police' (EPC 83522).

● All the songs for *Harold And Maude* were penned and

performed by Cat Stevens, who neglected to supply a soundtrack album.

The film was Hal Ashby's second as a director and it's interesting to note who he's employed soundtrackwise.

His first film, *The Landlord* utilised the talents of Al Kooper, while *Paul Simon* was drafted in to do the job on *Shampoo*.

Bound For Glory, of course, featured the music of Woody Guthrie, and employed Ario plus numerous others, and *Coming Home* contained tracks by Dylan, Hendrix, The Stones, Tim Buckley, The Beatles, Jefferson Airplane, Steppenwolf, Aretha etc. So, generally, it's been rock all the way.

Ashby only copping out on *The Last Detail* and *Being There*, where he used one-time big band arranger Johnny Mandel, whose *MASH* theme recently topped the charts here.

I'd appreciate it if you could provide more info on the new John Carpenter film *The Fog*, which was mentioned in *Silver Screen* sometime ago.

Is it based on the novel by James Herbert? If so, did Herbert provide the script. Also, what role does Jamie Leigh Curtis play and when will the film be on release?

J. DOCHERTY, Balmock, Glasgow.

The *Fog* is an original screen play by Carpenter and Debra

SOMETIME ago, I was intrigued by the music to a movie I saw on TV. The movie was called *Harold And Maude* and I was wondering if you could possibly tell me who were the artists involved and whether any soundtrack album is/was available?

NICK VAN ZANT, Sealand, Deeside.

● Seems that the tome, penned by Francis Drake and Peter Gilbert, is a spin-off from *In The City* fanzine and can only be obtained from *In The City*, c/o Compendium Books, 234 Camden High Street, London NW1. The price of the publication is a mere 75p, but you'd better add something to cover postage.

W. R. SCOTT, Edinburgh.

● Nicking all my tax and info outta *Smashed, Blocked*, the discography offshoot of Brian Hogg's *Born Balem* magazine, I came up with the following list of them's exploits in the land of 45s. The first single was 'Don't Start Crying Now'/'One Two Brown Eyes' (Decca F1938 - 1964), the B-side being a Morrison original. Van had done with an earlier band, The Monarchs.

Next came the band's initial Top 10 entry with 'Baby Please Don't Go'/'Gloria' (Decca F12018 - 1964) followed by their last in 'Here Comes The Night'/'All For Myself' (Decca F12094 - 1965). An EP, 'Them' (Decca F8612) came out around this time (early 1965) containing 'Don't Start Crying Now'/'Philosophy'/'Baby Please Don't Go'/'One Two Brown Eyes', after which emerged

such singles as 'One More Time'/'How Long Baby?' (Decca F12215 - 1965), 'Mystic Eyes'/'If You And I Could Be As Two' (Decca F12281 - 1965), 'It Won't Hurt Half As Much'/'Gonna Dress In Black' (Decca F12215 - 1965).

'Call My Name'/'Bring 'Em On In' (Decca F12355 - 1966), 'Richard Cory'/'Don't You Know' (Decca 12403 - 1966) and, finally, 'The Story Of Them, Parts One and Two' (Major Minor 513 - 1967), the last-named being a single originally issued in Holland but given a somewhat belated British release.

SOME weeks ago, a book called *Ultravox — Past, Present And Future* was reviewed in the pages of your paper. The shops up here have never heard of it and can't help me unless I can provide an author and publisher. So, unless you've got something better to do — like providing a centre-spread on Pink Military — can you help me?

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POSE AND SURVIVE

Nuclear headgear and how to knit it

ALTHOUGH by no means a committed subscriber to Freud's 'penis envy' theory, after examining the photos accompanying Angus MacKinnon's timely comments on the Trident missile (NME 9th August), I can't resist drawing the following conclusion: what else is Trident but Thatcher's colossal virility symbol? *Jane Jordan, Clunbury, Salop.* A very firm "No comment" — Spokesperson, 10 Downing Street.

I think the editor's decision to publish Angus MacKinnon's long-winded article on the Trident missile question was based on a mistaken conception of the NME's journalistic responsibilities. I am not another purist carping about the introduction of "politics" into a paper which should somehow concern itself exclusively with "music". On the contrary, I am pleased that the paper sometimes gives valuable publicity to worthwhile political causes. Such moves at least have the effect of informing people and of immediately getting things done which can be done.

Rather, I object to a superfluous two-and-a-half page analysis of the post-war deadlock which, though well-intentioned, is completely ineffectual. The crux of the article is that the "Tory" government's decision to buy the Trident is indefensible on various grounds, but chiefly from a humanitarian and moral viewpoint. How shocking! It is absurd to think that the construction of nuclear weapons ("whose only purpose is to maim and kill" as Mr MacKinnon helpfully instructs us) can be morally judged at all, anymore than the construction of internal combustion engines, for instance.

Both inventions are components of the civilisation which engendered them and subsequently rendered them essential for the continued existence of that civilisation. In this way, both inventions (along with a range of other technological creations) postulate the premises on which any effectively worthwhile moral system can be founded. In the light of this, the caption "missiles before hospitals" — used to castigate our venerated leader — presumes a conscious moral tone where there is none. It seems to me that the whole article is just an excuse for Angus MacKinnon to indulge in those familiar but by now rather quaint paroxysms of guilt over The Bomb.

The only grounds on which the Trident decision can be objected to are on economic and military grounds — and this part of the article was well put forth. Even so the whole piece was really quite boring to read and was presented from the sensationalist angle of the intrepid journalist pitted against the cunningly secretive (but also "lobotomised") establishment. Never mind that the whole shebang has already been expounded by the *Panorama* team (or by some such load of TV doom-forecasters).

I really expect something better than this alarmist left-wing humbug from the usually clear-sighted NME. Nuclear disarmament is preposterous. Sure we all know that the sperm whales are all dying, that the rivers are all being poisoned, that the nuclear bombs are being stockpiled by the thousand. So who gives a toss? There's nothing we can do about. Mr MacKinnon desperately tells us we can "protest and

survive". We can just as well not protest and survive. If Angus MacKinnon wants to waste time buying off his conscience, that's his problem. Me? I'm going to dance, dance, dance to the radio.

Stephen (alias "Colonel Kurtz") Beard, Reading, Berks. Seems like we're talking in different tongues, Steve. You say nuclear weapons can't be morally judged; I say they must be, and that your views on the effects of technology on our 'civilisation' are too glib for words. At least we both hum and whirr to Joy Division — A.M.

Thanks to Angus MacKinnon for revealing the Tories' true conviction concerning their "economic health through recession" politics. You missed out one thing, Angus — this country's annual civil defence expenditure is £20 million or, put another way, Macca's approximate income tax bill for 18 months. *Laurence McGeady, Glasgow.* Jealous? Who, me? — John Lennon (quoted in a further exclusive extract from Danny Baker's now 'legendary' interview with the ex-Beatle on a New York streetcorner).

In the event of nuclear war, head for the mine shafts, *Dr Strangelove, Sheffield.*

PS Has anybody seen my wheelchair? Not now, Doctor, Dmitri is still on the hot line. I think he wants another consignment of black silk stockings — Merkin Muffley (ex-US President).

Full marks to NME for giving space to the anti-nuke movements. The article on Trident was informative and full of the commonsense 'human' dimension consistently missing in the spurious propaganda and lies trotted out by the war mongers (read politicians of all factions). Now is the time for individuals to stand up and voice their opposition to the spiralling military scenario. As the man says, Protest and Survive, join CND, march, activate, don't let the bastards grind you down! *D.G., London SW17.*

I like The Chords, The Purple Hearts, The Jam, The Ramones, Joy Division and The Prefects. I am a mod but am not being exploited by the media. I ride a scooter but do not fight rockers and I think Secret Affair are Supertamp with sensible hair-cuts.

I do not like your paper because it depresses me. Music is fun and it is interesting and the Jam



Missiles intercepted by
Flt Ldr Angus MacKinnon

backlash is not important because Paul Weller is an honest person and has never written/performed a song which he didn't think he could put out into (whether good or mediocre).

I am anti-racist, anti-sexist, and believe that killing people is wrong. These are the things that matter, not the clothes I wear or the records I buy so stop your petty prejudices, listen to the records you review (sic) and enjoy your job, your friends, your life. Get Happy! *Max Attenbee, Birmingham.* But will you vote for me? — Jimmy Carter

I think it's about time someone started a Yellow Magic Orchestra anagram competition. (I don't really, I just wanted to get another letter printed). Nevertheless, here are my entries: 'Crew-girls may cook heat'; 'Leo, or my cat, chews a girl'; 'He grows erotically, Mac'; 'My gorilla was ochre, etc.' *Ron Slychair (enag), Merseyside.* Come in, Hillary Scorn, your time is up and this correspondence is now closed — M.A. (enag).

Where will the rope burn next? Already the skeletons are taking their toll — one Charles Shaar Murray succumbing to the horrors of wanton abstract journalism (Re 'Closer' review: ah, the darkest corners of the dictionary I didn't know, eh Charlie?).

But let's put the record straight (sic). Joy Division, along with Banshees, Bunynmen, Teardrop Explodes, Pink Military ad infinitum, do not threaten anyone or anything. Their only abilities are to be able to delve deep into the texts of the nearest Ballard, Kafka or Camus novels and extract the darkest passages.

Playing around with mental disorder and pretentious

preaching, and then attributing it to some need for creating insight or revelation — great fun. But let me tell you this, kids. This tossing around of psychosis, etc is becoming a bit of a cover-up for said bands' inability to spell out and subsequently help overcome the real perils, fears and points of concern that surround everyone's day-to-day existence. (But it brings in those cheques, ah yes!).

Fact: The only true threatening rock and roll music committed to vinyl in the last decade or so consists of the first three Sex Pistols singles, TRB's 'Rising Free' EP and the first side of The Fall's 'Totale's Turns' live LP. This music stands up for itself, makes no excuses for being what it is, and talks back in the most unsettling tones.

Are you doing what you did two years ago? *The Spirit of '68, Blackpool Prom.* In a word, out. The cold, callous existential void knows no change, and out here on the edge of time there is no light, no dark, only despair, numbing oblivion and infinite melancholy — The Ghost of Albert Camus.

If Dexy's Midnight Runners are so anxious to be understood, why don't they make their records more intelligible? I've listened to their single time and again and I can't make out a bloody word. *Simon Broad, London SW1.* Tough luck, Simon, you're obviously not intense enough, but see below for real scam — A.M.

Nobody would interview us, so here's our story. On a dark damp night in July 1978 two men, Joe MacDonald, a hard-talking, fast-livin' motor mechanic who called a spade a spade, and Benny Hawkins, a slow-shuttlin' rebel from the West Country, left their

low-profile garage in Kings Oak, Birmingham to round up a firm of musicians.

Their first stop was a rundown motel on the edge of town, well known for its clientele of hard rock villains and bad actors. The band were in full swing as they walked in. They were a mean bunch who were expecting punk revivalists to roll about on the floor, all apart from sax player Meg Mortimer who was exceptional and was recruited immediately. Meg then suggested to the men that they recruit her son from her first affair for his exceptional drumming ability, so he was contacted immediately and he was on the first wheelchair to Kings Oak.

The following day the garage owner for whom Benny and Joe had been working was heard playing riffs from Sam Cooke songs on his guitar in the general office of the Kings Oak garage, and you can guess it didn't take long for him to be signed up. Then there were five.

The rest of the team took longer to recruit and certain members grew impatient at the inactivity. MacDonald and Hawkins assured them that this sound was the big one and consoled the boys by listening to records of Bobby Bennett, Zoot Bankston, Stan and Dave, James Hunt, Arthur Frankland, etc.

Soon after in walked "mean" Reg Cottrell with the complete collection of Billy Graham and the Evangelical Choir records under one arm and his tool under the other (he said he would bring his keyboards later) — he put the records on the table and shouted "I want to do something just like these, only different". The boys knew exactly what he meant and welcomed him with open arms.

Searching the streets of Kings Oak the team were attracted to a sound emanating from the CWS tea rooms wherein they found the local Salvation Army auditioning for a tenor sax player and there, on stage playing 'Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay', was that now legendary sax player Doris (Miss) Luke, formerly of the late great Pepe Baltimore and the Rum Marmalade Band. She, of course, wanted to be a part of the new movement.

At last their luck had changed and David Hunter, a grim-faced trombonist from West Bromwich who had been lying low in the resident band at Butlins in Ayr, had heard of the new sound materialising in the Black Country, and caught the first train to Birmingham New St. where he waited on a bench for four days before the boys discovered him. Cold and starving, he was taken back to the base where he was welcomed by the rest of the band.

The firm was complete. Now for the caper. Do you have soul enough for the next instalment? *c/o Frank and Allan, Bennys Midnight Runners.* Hard to say really, chaps. 'Scuse me whilst I ask St Peter for a progress report — A.M.

Is that bloke taking the piss, or what? ...



This week's
Gasbag essay
competition
winner: Kevin
Rowland. Pic:
David Corio.

T-ZERS



HO-KAAAAAYYY... this week's batch of T-Zers relentlessly eschews the trivial, embraces the essential and refuses to insult the reader's intelligence with mundane details of the personal lives of so-called 'pop-stars'. Yep, this week we concentrate on what really matters! No way are we going to waste your time by conning you into considering the lives and doings of these pitiful people to be important in any manner whatsoever. So stay tuned for what **Elvis Costello** said when **Jerry Dammers** asked him out for a drink, the subject matter of **Gary Numan's** short story, **Joe Strummer's** views on **Martin Scorsese** and what **Jack Hawkins** died off!

Moving right along, we learn that **Abba** are considering moving their entire operation to Britain to avoid Swedish tax rates. Currently suffering a swinging 87% confiscation rate, the Swedish Songbirds are finding Britain's economic climate more than attractive. We here at the T-Zers desk are glad that someone appreciates the wonderful work that the present government is doing and hope that when we earn as much as **Abba** we can do the same.

David Bowie, the famous pop personality, is not only celebrating his success at co-opting the Gary Numan market with the highly successful bop waxing 'Ashes To Ashes', but is no doubt speechless with ecstasy over the fact that *The Elephant Man* — the play in which **DB** appears as **Dave Merrick** — grossed \$186,466 in its first week, making it the biggest box-office attraction in the entire 38-year history of the Denver Centre of Performing Arts. At this rate, **DB** could well be in a position to enter the bidding for **John Lennon** (we'll get to him in a minute, fight fans's share of **Apple Publishing**. Bidding opens at \$26,000,000).

Jack Hawkins died of throat cancer! **John Lennon** told you we'd get to him eventually! has apparently completed two albums worth of material at New York's Hit Factory with **Jack Douglas** producing and **Tony Levin**, **Hugh McCracken**, **Earl Slick** and **Yoko Ono** (who?) contributing. Meanwhile, daily papers emit scurrilous rumours to the effect that

Lennon — a popular figure in '60s pop music — is tiring of Yoko's company, etc. We disapprove of this...

MEANWHILE, an all-star line-up including such famous names on today's rock scene as **Dexy's Midnight Runners**, **Graham Parker**, **The Pretenders**, **Elvis Costello** (we'll get to him a little later), **Talking Heads**, **Rockpile** and **The B-52s** are all participating in some horrific 'New Wave Woodstock' being held 30 miles outside Toronto near **Hosport Speedway**. *The Clash* — noised about as participants at earlier stages in the proceedings — have now declined to take part 'for personal reasons', which have nothing to do with **Mick Jones'** production of the next **Ellen Foley** album, or for that matter **Strummer's** production of an album for **The Little Roosters**. The said **Strummer**, sporting an exceedingly contemporary haircut, was seen in attendance stone cold sober (this is of course a lie) last time the Roosters played the **Hope & Anchor**...

Okay, we can hear you asking, what does this have to do with **Martin Scorsese**? So we reply: **Scorsese** and **Robert de Niro** were dragged down to *The Clash's* last New York gig with the result that *The Last Gang* will be actively involved in *The Gangs Of New York* project upon which **Martin S** has been working for the last ten years. It'll be set in the 1850s and filmed in NYC and Ireland so stay tuned. What **Joe S** sez about **Martin S**: "Scorsese operates like an independent record label to the point that he's often prepared to throw away his best work... to have it show in selected cinemas rather than have it messed about with. That's what happened with *Mean Streets* in this country. And that's a real sacrifice only having your work seen in its original form by a small audience. But his integrity is more important than anything else. I know how he feels: it's like someone wanting to chop out bits of a *Clash* record because it's considered too strong for the radio, sticking what's left together with tape and only playing that." It is, naturally, a complete coincidence that the soundtrack album from *Mean Streets* will shortly appear on **Kosmo Vinyl's** *Dread At The Controls* label. T-Zers thinks it's really wonderful that *The Clash* to discover everything three years after everybody else and then make a fuss about it.

Whoops! Late flash: a Hit Factory employee mouths off

to the effect that the **Lennon** album concerns "explorations of love fantasies experienced by both men and women" to sighs of relief from all over the world...

On the drug front, T-Zers is saddened to report the death of bassist **George Scott** (no relation to **Patterson's** better half) from a heroin overdose. Scott was a member of **James Chance / Black / White / Whatever's** original *Contortions*, and also played with **8 Eyed Spy**, the **John Cale Band** and **The Raybeats**...

Oh yes, **Elvis Costello** magazine informs us, though we find it hard to believe, that after *The Spacials* and *Attractions* both played **Montreux**, **Jerry Dammers** (men with no teeth) asked **EC** out for a drink and *The Loveable One* responded, "Well, you can fuck off for a start." Pop stars are essentially nice, friendly people...

PROOF THAT KEEL has lost more than his teeth: the wasted one recently told *Strolling Bone's* **Chet Flippo**:

The spirit of rock 'n' roll lives on, embodied in the slender frame of **Slim Jim of The Stray Cats**.

An expert writes: there is no scientific evidence to suggest that standing on a drum kit helps you to play it better. There is, however, a wide body of opinion supporting the view that it does make for a much better picture.



Pic: Peter Anderson

*Three Days At The Albany Empire, a heartwarming story of disappointment, confrontation, envy and moody buggers. For those of you who start from the back and haven't read **Danny Baker's** live review yet, Squeeze said goodbye to **Joos Holland** last week and there to send him laughing on his way was one **Elvis Costello**, that famous flashing smile spreading light all around him. While **Mark Perry** abused anyone who appeared and **The Police** and **Graham Parker** failed to show. Mr **Baker** had an exchange of views with **El** but was too lunchboxed to remember what it was all about.*

*The large pic, taken by **Tom Sheehan**, shows **El** playing beneath the neon-lit T-ZERS sign which adorned the stage for all three nights. **Jill Furmanovsky's** inset pic shows **El** (that smile again!) jamming with **Squeeze**.*

the spirit of the baby she had aborted. **Ronald Reagan** loves ya, Gal...

T-Zers is shocked — nay, disgusted — to learn that pop singer **Bruce Woolley** has recently been in trouble with the police force over his consumption of cannabis. Is this thoughtless young man unaware that many young people may be led to follow his wicked example...

On a slightly more upful note, **Miles Davis** is recording again... and **Doc Pomus** and **Dr John** collaborating on material for the next **B. B. King** album while e'en as you read this, sundry *Clashers* are working on material for the new **Pearl E. Gates** album...

DASHING **Dai Edmunds** plodded onto *The Venue* stage to join mini-skirted country-and-western sensationette **Carlene Carter** for a duet on 'Baby Ride Easy'. They were, however, unable to share the same microphone because — according to **Carlene** — "mah husband gits jealous." **Carlene's** husband is, of course, noted teetotal record producer and bass guitarist **Nick Lowe**...

We hope all you SF fans picked up on last week's issue of *Woman's Own*, which featured a short story by **Phillip K. Dick**, Chairman Of The Board of the American Paranoids Association...

Elton John's new single is entitled 'Sartorial Eloquence', but in the USA it has been retitled 'Don't Ya Wanna Play This Game No More' as it is felt that Americans won't understand the meaning of the word 'sartorial' ('Relating to clothes' — **Cynthia Rose**) 'What does 'eloquence' mean?' — **Paul**

Rambaldi's 'Who's Elton John?' — **Adrian Thrills**...

Whoops! Late flash: **John Lennon** will be playing a few (gasp) gigs to coincide with the release of the first of his two albums (choke) some of those gigs may even take place in (gasp) Britain!...

Wow, this is a rilly hot item. Official statements suggest that **Giorgio Moroder** cancelled plans to produce the new **Blondie** album because the dates clashed with a **Donna Summer** project, but gabby, indiscreet **Clem Burke** is telling everyone — and we mess everyone, honey, we got this from his plumber — that **Moroder** and the band just couldn't get along. Meanwhile, in a fine spirit of Nysashhhhh, see-if-I-care, **Chris Stein** is editing and producing the soundtrack album from *Eraserhead*, the film that **John Cooper Clarke** is afraid to see.

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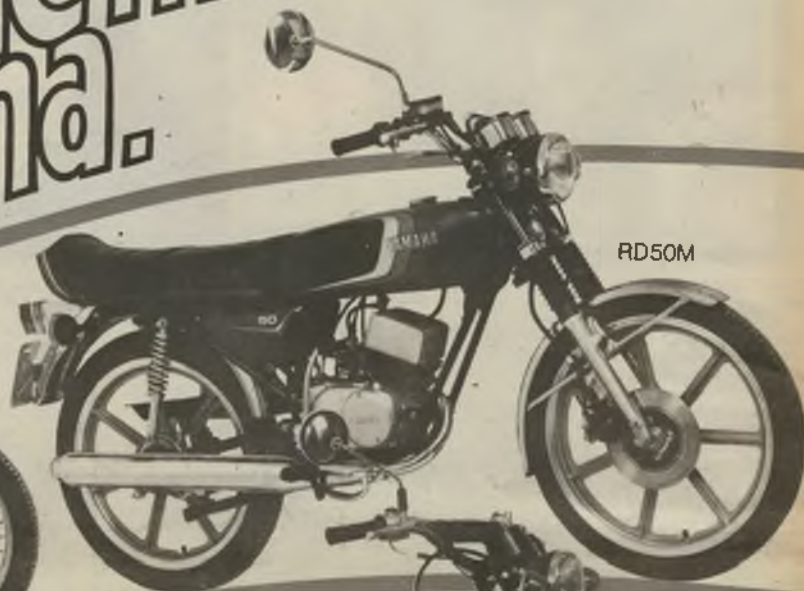
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No. 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1050, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1055, 1056, 1057, 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, 1064, 1065, 1066, 1067, 1068, 1069, 1070, 1071, 1072, 1073, 1074, 1075, 1076, 1077, 1078, 1079, 1080, 1081, 1082, 1083, 1084, 1085, 1086, 1087, 1088, 1089, 1090, 1091, 1092, 1093, 1094, 1095, 1096, 1097, 1098, 1099, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 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