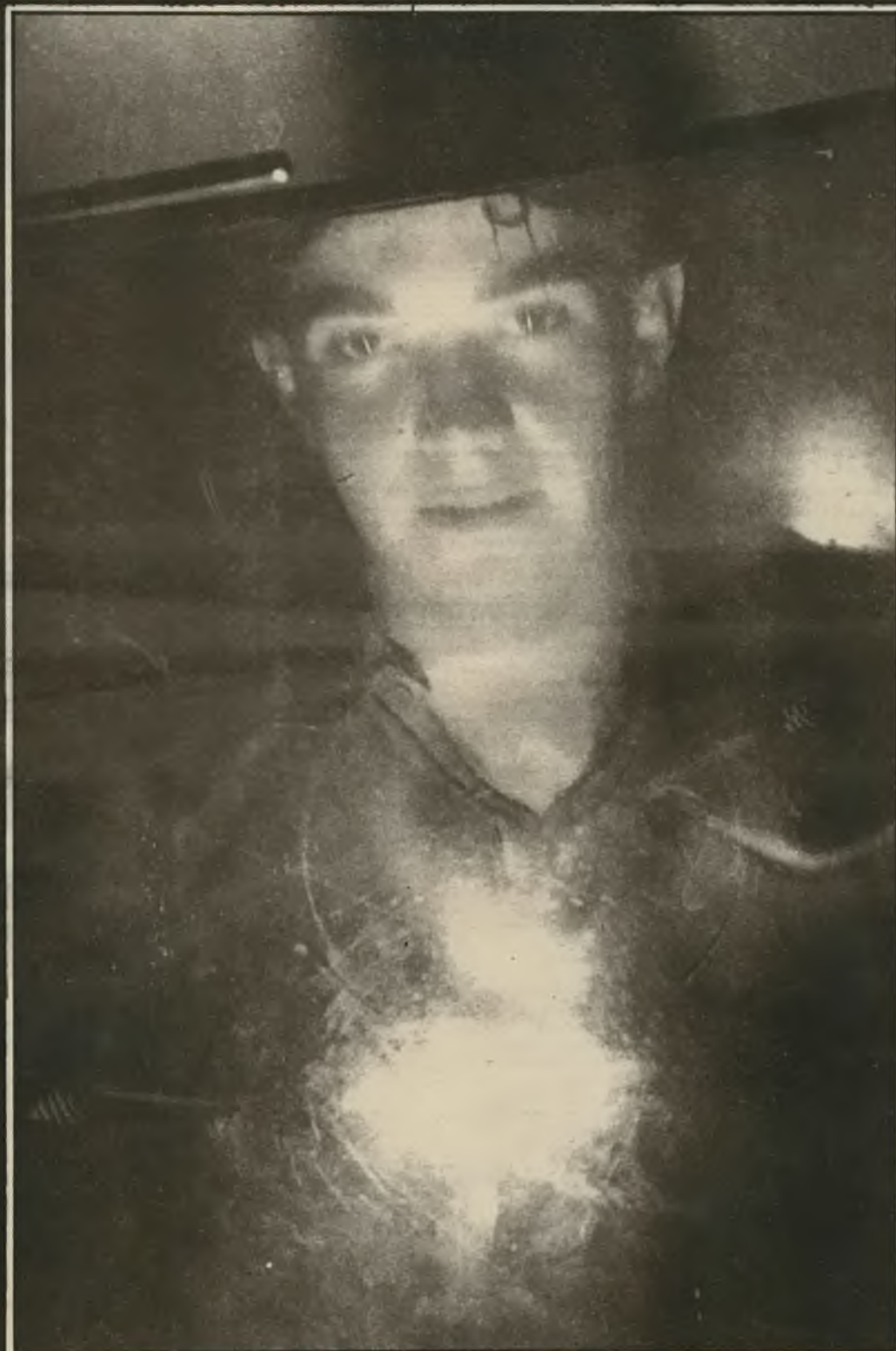


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EXAM RESULTS SPECIAL**

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
September, 6th 1980

US SINGLES

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Sailing	Christopher Cross
2	(5)	Upside Down	Diana Ross
3	(3)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones
4	(2)	Take Your Time (Do It Right) Part 1	The S.O.S. Band
5	(7)	All Out Of Love	Air Supply
6	(4)	Magic	Olivia Newton-John
7	(8)	Fame	Irene Cara
8	(6)	It's Still Rock & Roll To Me	Billy Joel
9	(10)	Give Me The Night	George Benson
10	(15)	Lookin' For Love	Johnny Lee
11	(9)	More Love	Kim Carnes
12	(14)	Into The Night	Benny Mardones
13	(13)	Boulevard	Jackson Browne
14	(16)	Late In The Evening	Paul Simon
15	(21)	Drivin' My Life Away	Eddie Rabbitt
16	(17)	One In A Million You	Larry Graham
17	(18)	Old-Fashioned Love	Commodores
18	(20)	You're The Only Woman	Ambrosia
19	(11)	Let My Love Open The Door	Pete Townshend
20	(25)	Another One Bites The Dust	Queen
21	(24)	Hot Rod Hearts	Robbie Dupree
22	(23)	I'm Alright (Theme From 'Caddyshack')	Kenny Loggins
23	(12)	Tired Of Toein' The Line	Rocky Burnette
24	(—)	Xanadu	Olivia Newton-John/Electric Light Orchestra
25	(27)	Don't Ask Me Why	Billy Joel
26	(28)	All Over The World	Electric Light Orchestra
27	(29)	You'll Accompany Me	Bob Seger
28	(19)	Take A Little Rhythm	Ali Thomson
29	(—)	He's So Shy	Pointer Sisters
30	(—)	Jesse	Carly Simon

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones
2	(2)	Hold Out	Jackson Browne
3	(3)	The Game	Queen
4	(4)	Urban Cowboy	Original Soundtrack
5	(5)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel
6	(6)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
7	(7)	Diana	Diana Ross
8	(8)	Give Me The Night	George Benson
9	(11)	Xanadu	Original Soundtrack
10	(10)	Fame	Original Soundtrack
11	(9)	Against The Wind	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
12	(12)	Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere	Rosington Collins Band
13	(13)	Full Moon	The Charlie Daniels Band
14	(17)	Back In Black	AC/DC
15	(14)	Empty Glass	Pete Townshend
16	(18)	T.P.	Teddy Pendergrass
17	(25)	Crimes Of Passion	Pat Benatar
18	(16)	Heroes	Commodores
19	(—)	Panorama	Cars
20	(19)	S.O.S.	The S.O.S. Band
21	(21)	One For The Road	The Kinks
22	(20)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
23	(23)	Real People	Chic
24	(15)	The Blues Brothers	Original Soundtrack
25	(—)	One Trick Pony	Paul Simon
26	(22)	Duke	Genesis
27	(—)	Joy And Pain	Meze
28	(30)	One In A Million You	Larry Graham
29	(26)	Middle Man	Bor Scagg
30	(—)	Under The Gun	Poco

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'



You're never alone with a Strand. If you don't remember that nostalgic little catch-phrase, you are almost certainly younger than Ian Dury.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week				
1	(1)	Ashes To Ashes	David Bowie (RCA)	4 1
2	(2)	Start	Jam (Polydor)	2 2
3	(4)	9 to 5	Sheena Easton (EMI)	7 3
4	(6)	Feels Like I'm In Love	Kelly Marie (Calibre)	3 4
5	(24)	I Die You Die	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2 5
6	(5)	Tom Hark	Piranhas (Sire/Hanse)	4 5
7	(10)	Sunshine Of Your Smile	Mike Berry (Polydor)	3 7
8	(6)	Upside Down	Diana Ross (Motown)	7 1
9	(7)	Oops Upside Your Head	Gap Band (Mercury)	7 5
10	(3)	Winner Takes It All	Abba (Epic)	5 1
11	(29)	Eighth Day	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	2 11
12	(14)	Dreamin'	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3 12
13	(11)	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Brothers)	6 7
14	(18)	Modern Girl	Sheena Easton (EMI)	3 14
15	(22)	Bank Robber	Clash (CBS)	4 15
16	(19)	Can't Stop The Music	Village People (Phonogram)	3 16
17	(9)	Oh Yeah	Roxy Music (Polydor)	5 9
18	(12)	All Over The World	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4 12
19	(30)	It's Still Rock And Roll To Me	Billy Joel (CBS)	3 19
20	(13)	Funkin' For Jamaica	Tom Browne (Arista)	6 8
21	(25)	Best Friend/Stand Down Margaret	Beet (Go-Feat)	2 21
22	(—)	I Want To Be Straight	Ian Dury (Stiff)	1 22
23	(20)	Lip Up Fatty	Bad Manners (Magnet)	6 14
24	(27)	Maria Marie	Shakin Stevens (Epic)	2 24
25	(—)	It's Only Love/Beyond The Reef	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1 25
26	(—)	I Owe You One	Shalamar (Solar)	1 26
27	(—)	Magic	Olivia Newton-John (Jet)	1 27
28	(17)	More Than I Can Say	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	9 2
29	(—)	Paranoid	Black Sabbath (Nems)	1 29
30	(23)	You Gotta Be A Hustler	Sue Wilkinson (Cheapskate)	2 23

BUBBLING UNDER

One Day I'll Fly Away — Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)
 Years From Now — Dr Hook (Capitol)
 Theme From New York New York — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
 Searching — Change (WEA)
 Dancin' On A Wire — Surface Noise (Groove)
 Sartorial Eloquence — Eiton John (Rocket)



People like Hazel O'Connor are changing to number six — in the album chart. Number five actually, but that would spoil the caption.

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week				
1	(1)	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Bros)	7 1
2	(2)	Flesh & Blood	Roxy Music (Polydor)	14 1
3	(6)	Diana	Diana Ross (Motown)	11 3
4	(10)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	47 3
5	(4)	Back In Black	AC/DC (Atlantic)	4 3
6	(—)	Breaking Glass	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	1 5
7	(8)	Sky 2	Sky (Ariola)	20 2
8	(3)	Xanadu	Soundtrack (Jet)	8 1
9	(—)	Drama	Yes (Atlantic)	1 9
10	(23)	Uprising	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	10 4
11	(16)	Kaleidoscope	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	3 11
12	(17)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	6 12
13	(5)	Deepest Purple	Deep Purple (Harvest)	7 2
14	(22)	Glory Road	Gillan (Virgin)	3 12
15	(28)	Me Myself I	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	14 4
16	(7)	Vienna	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	7 7
17	(13)	Living In A Fantasy	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2 13
18	(11)	Just Can't Stop	The Beat (Go Feet)	15 3
19	(15)	Elvis Aron Presley	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2 15
20	(9)	McCartney 2	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	15 1
21	(26)	Closer	Joy Division (Factory)	6 8
22	(27)	Can't Stop The Music	Soundtrack (Mercury)	3 22
23	(14)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	10 1
24	(12)	Searching For The Young Soul Rebels	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	6 9
25	(25)	The Game	Queen (EMI)	8 1
26	(20)	Ska'n'B	Bad Manners (Magnet)	4 20
27	(24)	Get Out Of Hell	Meatloaf	2 23
28	(18)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	46 1
29	(—)	Peter Gabriel	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	12 1
30	(30)	Dumb Waiters	Korgis (Rialto)	2 28

BUBBLING UNDER

Warm Leatherette — Grace Jones (Island)
 Unknown Pleasures — Joy Division (Factory)
 Wild Cat — Tygers Of Pan Tang (MCA)
 One Trick Pony — Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
 True Colours — Split Enz (A&M)
 On The Riviera — Gibson Brothers (Island)

INDIES 33s

- 1 Closer — Joy Division (Factory)
- 2 Jane From Occupied Europe — Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
- 3 Unknown Pleasures — Joy Division (Factory)
- 4 The Art Of Walking — Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
- 5 Colossal Youth — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
- 6 Cry Tough, Dub Encounter, Chapter 3 — Prince Far I (Daddy Kool)
- 7 Shape Of Fists To Come — Various (Cherry Red)
- 8 Voice Of America — Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
- 9 Dams — Dome (Dome)
- 10 Bouquet Of Steel — Various (Aardvark)

REGGAE

- 1 Jumping Master — Mikey Dread (DART)
- 2 Reggae Sound — Earl Sixteen (DART)
- 3 Slaving — Lloyd Parks (Parlo)
- 4 I Wanna Black Man Home — Sugar Minott (Jabba Rottas)
- 5 Natty Living Not Easy — Neco Wright (Strugglers)
- 6 Dem A Fight! — Nathan Sayers (Mandragora)
- 7 Gimme Your Love — Dennis Brown (Cash and Carry)
- 8 Dry Land Tourists — Danny Dread (Jay Walk)
- 9 Innocent Blood — Bunny Wailer (Solomon)
- 10 Music Like Dirt — Night Doctor (Cassette)

Chart by: Maroons Tuned, 19 Great Street, London W1

INDIES 45s

- 1 Love Will Tear Us Apart (12) — Joy Division (Factory)
- 2 Are You Glad To Be In America — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
- 3 Elastic Man — Fall (Rough Trade)
- 4 Final Achievement — In Camera (A&D)
- 5 Shack Up — A Certain Ratio (Factory Benelux)
- 6 Edward Fox — Smack (Aspirin)
- 7 Holidays In Cambodia — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
- 8 Transmission — Joy Division (Factory)
- 9 No Message — Myra V (Flak Kids)
- 10 Not Ready — Sector 27 (Parlo)

Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte, 784 Portofino Road, London N1

DISCO

- 1 Give Me The Night — George Benson (Warner Bros)
- 2 Funkin' For Jamaica — Tom Browne (Arista)
- 3 Upside Down — Diana Ross (Motown)
- 4 I Wanna Get With You — Ritz (US Import)
- 5 Feels Like I'm In Love — Kelly Marie (Calibre)
- 6 In The Forest — Baby O (Pye)
- 7 Be Thankful For What You Got — William De Vaughan (EMI)
- 8 Cananora — Coffey (US Import)
- 9 Unhook The Funk — Lickin' (Unhook)
- 10 Stuppin' — Shakatak (Polydor)

Chart by: HMV Oxford Street, London W1

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 Sailing — Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
- 2 The Last Farewell — Roger Whittaker (EMI)
- 3 I Can't Give You Anything (But My Love) — Mike Batt (Epic)
- 4 Summertime City — Mike Batt (Epic)
- 5 That's The Way (I Like It) — K.C. & The Sunshine Band (Jayboy)
- 6 Moonlighting — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
- 7 A Child's Prayer — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
- 8 It's Been So Long — George McCrae (Liberty)
- 9 Blanket On The Ground — Billy Jo Spears (Rak)
- 10 Julie Ann — Kenny (Rak)

Week ending September 9, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 Tears Of A Clown — Smokey Robinson (Motown)
- 2 The Wonder Of You — Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 3 Phase One's Tense — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
- 4 Give Me Just A Little More Time — Chairman Of The Board
- 5 Make It With You — Bread (Elektra)
- 6 Rainbow — Marmalade (Decca)
- 7 Love Is Life — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
- 8 It's So Easy — Chicago (CBS)
- 9 Band Of Gold — Freddie Payne (Mercury)
- 10 Wild World — Jimmy Cliff (Island)

Week ending September 9, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 Satisfaction — Rolling Stones (Decca)
- 2 I Got You (Bebe) — Sonny and Cher (Atlantic)
- 3 Like A Rolling Stone — Bob Dylan (CBS)
- 4 Make It Easy On Yourself — Walter Brothers (Philips)
- 5 Help — Beatles (Parlophone)
- 6 A Walk In The Black Forest — Horst Jankowski (Mercury)
- 7 Zorba's Dance — Marcelino Muniel (Dunum)
- 8 All Righty Wahine Do — Cher (Liberty)
- 9 Look Through Any Window — Hollies (Parlophone)
- 10 Tears — Ken Dodd (Columbia)

Week ending September 10, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 Apache — The Shadows (Columbia)
- 2 Because They're Young — Duane Eddy (London)
- 3 Phase One's Tense — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
- 4 Mess Of Blues — Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 5 When Will I Be Loved — Everly Brothers (London)
- 6 Get Of My Best Friend — Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 7 So Long — The Beatles (RCA)
- 8 Everybody's Somebody's Fool — Connie Francis (MGM)
- 9 Tell It Like I See It — Ricky Valdez (Columbia)
- 10 Paper Roses — Kaye Sisters (Philips)

Week ending September 9, 1960

ELVIS OVER THE RAINBOW

ELVIS COSTELLO and The Attractions play a special concert at London's Rainbow Theatre on Monday, September 29 — the venue's 50th birthday.

The show marks Costello's only scheduled London appearance this year and is to be sponsored by Levi's, who have previously sponsored Rainbow concerts by The Jam, Stranglers, Judas Priest and Whitesnake.

Though no support act has yet been signed, it is believed that The Stray Cats are favourites to make the date.

Ticket prices will be £4.50 and £4.00 and go on sale this Thursday (September 4). The show begins at 8.00 pm.

NEWS



Pic: Tom Sheehan.



The Outsiders: Desmond (outside left), Charley (outside right).

Pic: Alain de la Motte

SELECTER SPLIT

Out go Desmond and Charley A

THE TURMOIL that has been brewing within The Selecter came to a head this week when the band announced that keyboard-player Desmond Brown and bassist Charley Anderson "were no longer with

the band." No official reason was offered and it is understood that the split is due to personal differences. No replacements

are being sought and the rest of the band, who have been laying down basic tracks for an album with producer Roger Lomas, will be using various guest

musicians on both the rest of the album sessions and on the band's late Autumn tour.

Norman Watt-Roy is likely to be one of the guests — gigs with the Blockheads permitting.

Ructions in RAR

State of armed neutrality reigns

THIS WEEK'S release of Rock Against Racism's debut LP, 'RAR's Great Hits', marks an uneasy truce in a battle of ideas that has been raging within RAR for the past several months.

The debate, about questions of political direction, centred around the formation of a limited company, RAR Ltd, to handle the album finances. Four members of RAR's ten-strong central committee resigned, including the three chief 'Temporary Hoarding' workers Ruth Gregory, Syd Shelton and Dave Widgery, after protesting that RAR was becoming too business-minded and claiming that other committee members had acted undemocratically.

The crux of this accusation was that the prospective company was not accountable to RAR members and that details of its formation had been withheld from delegates at RAR's last annual conference at the behest of managing-director John Dennis.

These questions were thrashed out at RAR's latest quarterly gathering, where it was agreed that only *in officio* committee members — who're elected annually — could serve as directors of the company.

New committee members were elected to replace the resignees, who reaffirmed their belief in RAR's ideals and intend to continue work at branch level. But with 'Temporary Hoarding' in temporary disarray, the conference decided to put the paper in abeyance and plans are now afoot to replace it with a series of Chinese-style wall-posters, specifically geared to local issues.

Although the dispute has left an inevitable residue of personal acrimony, all 'sides' worked together on the new album and RAR plans to be back on the frontline this autumn with an extensive Rock Against Thatcher campaign to rout the Tories.

Michael Chapman injured

SINGER and ace-guitarist Michael Chapman badly injured his left hand while chopping firewood at his home last week. Just how serious the injury is won't be known until later this

week when Chapman visits a specialist. Meanwhile, he has asked Criminal Records, who issued his 'Looking For Eleven' album a few weeks ago, to cancel all of his immediate gigs.

Hype update: BPI's World of Inaction

THE RIPPLES caused by *World in Action's* chart hype special of August 18 were fanning out in uncertain directions this week.

The trade organ, *Music Week*, apparently summing up industry reaction, describes the show as fundamentally unshocking and even containing "naïve misinterpretations of some quite innocent marketing methods."

Many people, it reports in a front page story, seemed to be taking "an apathetic view that we've heard it all before and it won't change a thing."

One man taking the programme altogether more seriously was WEA boss John Fruin, target of many of the more serious allegations. He has invited the BPI's code of conduct committee to visit WEA's offices where they are at liberty to search files.

The BPI, of which Fruin is chairman, were this Wednesday considering the

invitation at a closed meeting of the code of conduct committee. The gathering was the first of a series that will amount, says freelance PR Richard Robson, to a "full inquiry."

The committee has met twice before to investigate similar though less serious hype allegations. On these occasions no information was issued as to who was being investigated and why. The BPI still refused to elucidate although they assure *NME* that the culprits were "reprimanded."

It is still unclear whether the results of the latest inquiry will be kept bandaged.

"It is difficult to answer that one," says Robson, "although this time there is a great deal of public interest in the findings of the committee."

On the inquiry panel are: John Deacon, director general of the BPI; a representative of chart compilers BMRB; a dignitary from the

Gramophone Record Retailers' Committee, plus a high ranker at *Music Week*.

As an opening salvo the BPI have accused Granada of non-cooperation. A letter requesting the names and addresses of interviewees plus documentary evidence to substantiate the accusations have failed to procure same.

The BPI claim this seriously hampers their investigatory efforts and that without this material they are reduced to limping pace.

Granada might well regard this posture as faintly ludicrous since the BPI are blessed with 30 to 40 ready-primed investigators as part of their own anti-piracy unit as well as a wealth of contacts and inside knowledge that, if deployed, could eclipse a year's worth of *World in Action* investigations.

WIA producer, Geoffrey Seed, however, confined himself to: "Within the bounds of our normal journalistic standards of

confidentiality all appropriate assistance will be given."

Seed also reveals that repeated requests were made to Fruin to encourage him to take part in the programme. These continued up the weekend before transmission.

"His office was given the home telephone numbers of four members of our production team in case he changed his mind and wanted to appear."

"Even at that late stage we were prepared to recut the film to accommodate his replies to the allegations of hyping made by former WEA employees."

In this week's *Billboard*, Fruin complains that though he supplied Granada with written answers to their questions they saw fit to use none of them.

Seed retorts: "We do not see written answers to written questions as an adequate substitute for filmed interviews with people who feature in television programmes."

THE SKOLARS

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Brighton Dome, 29, New Road, Brighton
Ticket prices: £5.00, £4.50, £4.00 Show Time: 7.30 pm.
Tickets on sale at Dome box office from Saturday 23rd August. Tel No. 0273 682127

Tuesday 23rd September 1980
Birmingham Odeon, New Street, Birmingham
Ticket prices: £4.50, £4.00, £3.50 Show Time: 7.30 pm.
Tickets on sale at Odeon box office from Monday 25th August. Tel No. 021 643 6101

Wednesday 24th September 1980
Manchester Apollo, Ardwick Green, Manchester
Ticket prices: £4.50, £4.00, £3.50 Show Time: 7.30 pm.
Tickets on sale at Apollo box office from Saturday 23rd August. Tel No. 061 273 1112

Dominion Theatre,
Tottenham Court Road, London W.1
Thursday 25th, Friday 26th & Saturday 27th September 1980
Ticket prices: £4.75, £4.25, £3.75 Show Time: 8.00 pm each night.
Tickets on sale at Dominion box office from Monday 25th August. Tel No. 580 9562

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN have been added to the Futurama II Festival at Leeds on September 13 — as a replacement for Simple Minds, who are now booked to support Peter Gabriel on his Euro-tour. Bill Nelson has also dropped out of the Leeds line-up and he is replaced by Barry Andrews' League Of Gentlemen, a band that features Robert Fripp. I'm So Hollow, Or Was He Pushed and Boko Bobos have now been added to the list of bands playing on September 13, while Tribesmen, the reggae band, will be playing on Sunday, September 14. Tickets for the Festival have been going quickly — 4,000 have been sold already — and promoter John Keenan claims that the event is already a financial success. An enquiry office has now been set up at the Futurama II and punters wishing to have any queries answered are advised to phone Leeds 68352.

Meanwhile, Echo and The Bunnymen's gig at Derby on October 6, will now take place at Romeo and Juliet's instead of the Ajanta Cinema, while the Bristol show on September 30 has been set for the Berkeley instead of the Locarno. A new date at the Preston Warehouse (October 13) has also been added.

THE REVILLOS have lined up a string of dates to promote their new album 'Rev Up', which emerges on the Revs' own Snaibo Records label on September 21. Their circular tour, which begins and ends in Scotland, encompasses gigs at Inverness Caledonian Hotel (September 17), Fort William Milton Hotel (18), West Caithness Regal Suite (19), Middleburgh Rock Garden (20), Manchester Raffles (25), Leicester Polytechnic (26), West Runton Pavilion (27), Wakefield Unity Hall (28), Liverpool Galsky's (October 1), Sheffield Limit Club (2), Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (3), Southampton University (4), University of London Union, Mallet St (10), Bristol Polytechnic (11), Port Talbot, The Troubadour Club (16), Birmingham Aston University (17), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (18), Newcastle Centre Hotel (23) and Edinburgh Night Club (24 and 25). The Revillos' album will be a 20-tracker featuring such cuts as 'Juke Box Sound', 'Cool Jerk', 'Juke Box Sound', 'Scuba Boy Boy' and 'Bobby Come Back To Me'.

SHAY CATS have cancelled their shows at London's Rock Garden on September 6 and The Kenarion on September 11, but have added the following London gigs: Dingwalls (September 4), Midsnight Club (10), The Venue (12 and 13).

PLAYING LIVE

PAULINE MURRAY is to team up with John Cooper Clarke in what the duo call their Tour De Force. The tour, which also features The Invisible Girls, the band that not only backs Pauline Murray by has also worked with Clarke on his records, commences at Dundee University on October 3, other dates being: Newcastle City Hall (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Leeds Apollo (7), Birmingham Odeon (8), London Lyceum (9), Brighton Top Rank (10) and Aylesbury Friars (11).

A solo album from Murray is scheduled for end-of-September release on her own Illusive label, with Martin Hannett grabbing the production credit. Meantime Clarke is to film two BBC educational programmes this month and is later to take part in the first Poetry Olympics, an international poetry reading competition which is to be held at Post's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS, due to play Britain earlier in the year as part of The Clash tour but dropped because of cost reasons, finally returned to this country later this month — the first time the group has played in here since their London Lyceum date in 1976. The Maytals open at Cardiff Top Rank on September 28 and then visit London Hammersmith Palais (29), Coventry Tiffany's (30), Brighton Top Rank (October 1), Exeter University (3) and Aylesbury Friars (4). Tickets for the Hammersmith Palais concert cost £3 and are on sale now.

THE MOONDOGS, the Derry band who supported The Undertones on their mid-summer tour, undertake their first headline tour of the UK this month, opening with a gig at London's Hope And Anchor this Saturday (September 6) and then playing London Moonlight Club (11), Bedford Posthouse (12), Middleburgh Rock Garden (13), Thorne White Hart Hotel (14), Dundee Technical College (17), Fyfe, Glenrothes Hotel (18), Edinburgh Nine Club (19), Paisley Sunningdale (20), Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill Hotel (21), Manchester Polytechnic (24), London Marquee (October 2), Scarborough Panhouse (3), Dudley J.B.'s (4), Unbridge Brunel University (6), London Marquee (9) and Keble University (15) — with Gary Glitter.

ACTION SPACE, the London theatre venue, will be running a music season from September 14 through to October 4. Headliners on the gigs so far set are: The Associates (September 17), VIPS (18), Flux Of Pink Indians (19), Barry Ford (20), The Au Pairs (21), Poison Girls (24), Tour De Force (25), The Mistakes (27), Nik Turner (October 2), Essential Logic (3), Doll By Doll (4). Rock Against Sexism and No Nukes Music are among the organisations promoting gigs.

THE TOURISTS

LUMINOUS TOUR OF GREAT BRITAIN

Colston Hall, Bristol
Wed 10th Sept 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B.O. Tel: 0272 801768

Odeon Theatre, Birmingham
Fri 26th Sept 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B.O. Tel: 021 643 6101/2

St. Georges Hall, Bradford
Sun 28th Sept 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
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Apollo Theatre, Manchester
Mon 29th Sept 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B.O. Tel: 061 273 1112/3

De Montfort Hall, Leicester
Tue 30th Sept 7.30 pm
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Available from B.O. Tel: 0533 544444

Victoria Hall, Hanley
Thurs 3rd Oct 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.50
Available from Mike Lloyd Music Shop, Tunstall, Hanley, Newcastle under Lyme and Lotus Records, Stafford

Empire Theatre, Liverpool
Fri 10th Oct 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B.O. Tel: 051 709 1555/6

Special Guests

barracudas

ZOOT MONEY, who releases his first album in 10 years on September 28, performs a special concert at the London Venue on that date to celebrate the event. The album 'Mr Money' which features such musicians as Dick Morrissey, Jim Mullen, Martin Dwyer and Francis Monkman, is the first of a trilogy of Zoot Money albums for Magic Moon Records.

KEEF HARTLEY also makes a reappearance when he leads a band at his own Riviera Club, at Maidenhead, on September 26. Hartley, who has been operating a carpentry business in recent years, opens the club on September 12, when the Morrissey-Mullen Band headline. Thereafter, there'll be a jazz and R&B night each Thursday, with Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia playing a date on September 18.

NINE BELOW ZERO have added the following gigs: Weymouth Drinkleave Drill Hall (September 6), Leeds Warehouse (10), London Marquee (12 and 13), London Hope And Anchor (17), Crystal Palace Hotel (20), Norwich Cromwell (25), London 100 Club (28), London The Venue (30), Woolwich Tramshed (October 2), Sheffield Polytechnic (3), Strathclyde University (4), Redcar Coatham Bowl (5), Carlisle Hicks (6), Cardiff University (8), Aberystwyth University (10), North East London Polytechnic (11), London School of Economics (17), Southend Shrimpers (19), Bristol Caradines (22), Thames Polytechnic (25), New Cross Goldsmiths College (30), Nottingham Trent University (31) and Leicester Polytechnic (November 1).

YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS play a trio of No Nukes benefits at Edinburgh Nightclub (September 10), Stirling Albert Hall (11) and Perth Riverside Bar (12). Support at all three dates will be The Thompson Twins and Local Heroes. The band's other gigs include Nottingham Boat Club (16) and London Rock Garden (17).

TONY WILLIAMS and Fats Domino, featuring Alan Holdsworth, have up for a one-off gig at London's The Venue on Monday, September 8. Tickets are set at £3.50.

THE BARRACUDAS have three London gigs this week — at The Gryhound (September 4), The Marquee (5) and Crystal Palace Hotel (6).

BEN E. KING, the one-time Drifter whose 'Stand By Me' proved a soul hit up for a one-off gig at London's The Venue on Monday, September 8. Tickets are set at £3.50.

BLURT'S Jake Milton and The Fall's Mark E. Smith will be among those presenting the musician's point of view during 'The Inside Story' (September 17), one of the series of talks that accompany ICA's forthcoming rock week. Other talks include 'The Music Press', which will feature NME Editor Neil Spencer and other rock journalists, and 'The Record Industry' (September 10). Tickets are £1 from ICA, The Mall, London SW1.

A collection of rock photographs by NME's Pennie Smith is on display in the foyer at ICA until September 14.

HALL AND OATES are to play an extra date at London Hammersmith Odeon on September 23. All seats for the September 22 gig at the theatre have now been sold.

THE LUTHER ALLISON Blues Band play a gig at London's 100 Club on September 9; the first-ever British appearance by the U.S. Blues guitarist.

GARAGELAND AND RECORD NEWS ARE ON PAGE 52

ANFL/DKB PRESENTS

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RCA



AS LUCK would have it, my plane ticket to New York City's JFK Airport is open and coincides with the two major jawing topics obsessing the USA in recent weeks.

First off everyone from the taxi-driver to the shoe shine boy is trying to deal with the oppressive heat wave; take a look at the overhead digital temperature charts that stud the avenues and you'll notice that although it's 7.30 pm and the sun is setting, the temperature is 92 degrees of sticky brain boggling hotness. I call that funkier than Kurtis Blow and don't feel too inclined to move much, especially as unnecessary demonstrations of the motor system and sixty per cent humidity lead to an osmosis of unpleasant gluey fluids.

I've been to NYC before and never considered it a rest cure, but this weather dictates a certain modification of natural pace. Daylight hours are given over to groaning and the frequent restoration of bodily juices; night time is for partying as the ethnic population would say, that and the wanton abuse of the local liquor establishments, so arranged that they draw the hapless visitor on a merry route. You never know where your next drink is coming from.

On a more cerebral level, New York is playing host to the Democratic National Convention, a piece of grand guignol circus every bit as enthralling (and irritating) as the elemental phenomena: heatwave, Hurricane Allen, Mt. Helen, Ronald Reagan for President — no wonder the recently arrived Cuban refugees are hijacking themselves back to Fidel Castro at every available opportunity.

Atmospherically speaking I'd like to sneak into the DNC at Madison Square Garden but settle for the floor show on tube and street. On my third night Columbia Records International book me into the Hilton which doubles as a high rise expensive slum and HQ for the delegates. Federal agents patrol the thirty or so stories of corridor with dogs and guns. These regular checks and the presence of so many nice democrats wear down the nerves after a while. Working on the crackerbarrel assumption that if you can't beat 'em... I find myself in the Hilton lobby sniffing out Jimmy Carter's agricultural policies.

Mr Carter himself is not in the Hilton but the Sherry-Netherland, an altogether more voluptuous hidey-hole that's so high rent it's considered bad form for the Georgia po'boy. You need the appropriate ID to broach this establishment. I stay on the sidewalk nattering with the button hustlers selling official merchandise at a rattling take-off while blacks on roller skates zoom past muttering "dumb

MY WEEK AS A WORM IN THE BIG APPLE

By MAX BELL

Carter" and the doorman supplements his income by bartering autographed breakfast menus ("watchoo gimme for Amy Carter? Mondale on a napkin?").

The big issues inside the Convention are whether to open it up to the people (fat chance) or whether to let the delegates have a free vote on the subject of Carter versus Kennedy. No matter that the Open Convention is really a glorified media distraction to the pressing world problems faced by the Carter administration (as even now the *New York Times* is deliberately leaking its suppressed report that America will invade Iran in October).

No matter that the crucial vote is turned into a glorified piece of television drama where instead of getting on with the business the delegates soak up the spotlight like spoiled children, especially when it's their turn to deliver the goods. Introducing "California, home of the giant redwoods..."; "Pennsylvania "Famous for Betsy Ross"; "Milwaukee... we got the best darn'd beer".

Eventually you realise that these idiots are deliberately withholding their block votes: "If it pleases the chairperson, we, err, we're doing a recout right now".

These people are acting out a pantomime whose eventual outcome is will we ever make 1984 intact and it's all a huge joke, a power struggle amongst vipers, based on who gets to cast the deciding net.

There are many protests against this kind of infantile behaviour, some more prosaic than others. The Yippies make regular jaunts out of the Bowery on their gaudy anarchist emblazoned lorry to distribute literature and point hospipes outside the Garden while every now and again a procession of demonstrators for communist groups, women's right and gay radicals block the

congested streets to grab a slice of the network pie.

"What they got to protest about I just don't know," my black cabbie wonders aloud as a particularly outrageous bunch of nighthawks hold up the traffic. "Man they do whatever they want." He meanders onto 42nd street, sleaze capital of the world, where the transvestites ply their trade and every other person could be termed psychologically suspect. "Hey lookin' that, would you sleep withat? Man, Jack the Ripper — he'd have loved this place!"

IT'S HARD for the visitor not to fall foul of New York's fantasy celluloid image: easy to wander around this melting pot maelstrom in a culture shocked daze. But you don't begin to stretch the borders of cliché in realising that the city is evolving by reverse process to that state of disorder epitomised in certain third world and Middle Eastern locales. Except here, progress and its afterbirth, high technology breakdown, are not evoked by starvation and disease so much as the brinkmanship of moral uncertainty. Hence great art and murder and the fight for survival co-exist in twisted combinations. In fact the reality of the place is extraordinary.

The rich, anaesthetised from the excesses of everyday reality, might hide inside their electronic self-sufficiency for a while but eventually they'll experience the perverse extremities of paranoia and comfort which characterise the urban cycle at its edge.

Unlike London, New York is beyond the stage of suppressing its grosser social contrasts behind tradition, phlegm and formality. Maybe you visited the Picasso retrospective in the Museum of Modern Art, where the world of fine art was reduced to the commonplace ("Well, that's a famous one")

and the media saturated vultures descended on the lithographic reproductions rather than absorb the impact of *Guerilla* and its contemporary apocalyptic vision. And maybe the cab you took was driven by a semi-literate immigrant, an outcast from the current census that the government knows will reinforce its conviction that the city's population is over the estimated seven million.

Characteristically, New Yorkers like to bemoan and glamorise awareness of their surroundings. There are six thousand cops policing the seven million (one to 1200 as opposed to the one to 600 in London that our Police Federation find unacceptable) but real politics are noticeable closer up. In sewers and fire hydrants that explode like geysers, on the city walls all smothered in graffiti, in attempts to attain notoriety in a town where the education drop-out rate is over sixty per cent and dozens of TV channels are spouting garbage worse than anything on the sidewalk, with adverts every seven minutes and archaic reception.

Despite, or because of, this saturated pace, diversion and entertainment in New York is equally violent on the senses, loud and exciting. After you've exhausted the stock responses of horror and European superiority it's more profitable to take advantage of the life this city offers.

The street is hot and swinging and no one wants to be anonymous. From SoHo to Greenwich Village to Madison Avenue everyone has an act or an attitude, whether they're jogging or skating down the middle of the road or singing doo-wop or playing rock and roll live for passers-by through portable amplifiers.

The things that get people in England arrested pass as acceptable diversions here; the guy who strums his guitar on the London underground wouldn't be worth a second glance.

Because you have to go out of your way to make an impression it's possible to bend the rules. While I'm reading about an off-duty cop murdered outside his home in Brooklyn (the fifth victim in seven months) an Irish drunk from the downstairs bar is haranguing some even tempered 5th Precinct patrol officers. The drunk is pushing his luck, promising imminent demotion for the cops and then the threat of death. The cops, unimpressed, give the drunk back his watch and wallet and tell him to have a good night, huh? The drunk staggers over to the car window and bangs on the glass. "Go fuck yourself yer motherfucker."

The car drives off. After all there are more important things to worry about and more fantastic things to look at. Like 11th Street turned into a '30s film set for the shooting of *Regime* (with Jimmy Cagney hauled out of retirement), or Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese in the Village making *The Gangs Of New York* fifty years on.

Joe 'Captain Snaps' Stevens shoots the shots.

IN KEEPING with its ability to satisfy any taste and idiosyncrasy, New York is blessed with a growing and vital club scene. Most of the venues have taken the lessons of new wave popularity to heart and provide an encouraging antidote to the English models, blinkered and frustrated as they are by this country's ludicrous licensing laws and the shenanigans of bodies like the G.L.C.

All the more surprising then that a city previously renowned for its influence as a musical epicentre (for anything from the avant garde 1922 fringe to the seminal hustle of Richard Hell and the Dolls) should now appear so indifferent to its local talent. The British Invasion 1977 style has had much to do with this uncertainty. The clubs resound to imported sounds and the omni-present videos feature regular foreign delicacies regardless of their merit. The least convincing groups are apt to ape their British counterparts with an attention to life style that is hilariously misguided while the genuinely inspiring and aspiring New York bands struggle to make headway, hoping for the break with the English elite that presents as a little recognition.

Everyone knows that four years ago New York started with the promise of something happening. Blondie, the Ramones, Talking Heads and Television arose from grassroots and made an independent life into an acceptable alternative. Unfortunately that groundswell hasn't been repeated. The plethora of new clubs and venues to fill them hasn't resulted in any explosion of local vinyl. While Austin, Boston, Aspen, New Orleans, San Francisco and Los Angeles have pumped their offerings out of the system and onto the street, the biggest city in the USA has failed to highlight its strengths with any regularity.

Outside of the recorded excursions of the dire CBGB compilations, 'No New York' and the sporadic forays of Ork, Red Star, Ze and Car, the only groups to make any impression on British consciousness have been cultivated for their obvious shock or novelty value. Because The Cramps, The Revelons or even the magnificent Flestones couldn't get arrested in their hometown we have assumed that New York rock was epitomised by the abominably manufactured Plasmatics, the feeble crossover pop of Dirty Looks or the limited appeal of whatever is currently fashionable, say The Stray Cats.

One irony in this sorry situation has been that the most tantalising taste of what New York has to offer in 1980 is available through the good auspices of an English label — Marty Thau's invigorating collection '2 x 5' on Criminal — while the city's great funk band, Material, though not yet as hip a commodity as James 'Blood' Ulmer, are grateful to be signed to Red Records.

But while New York bands struggle to get onto record, they have an embarrassing array of live settings in which to try their luck. The familiar names, the originators, Max's Kansas City and CBGB, are no longer the arbiters they once were and are fighting to stay up with the competition. Both Max's (213 Park Avenue South) and CBGB (315 Bowery) retain the advantage of being relatively cheap if not chic. Max's features a lethal line in tourist cocktails and shows good videos of anyone from Buffalo Springfield, Yardbirds and Queens to the Pistols and vintage soul. Their booking policy caters for the straightforward elements of loud rock and roll and they encourage a fairly earthy and abrasive clientele. They

The Flestones and their sax totin' pals The Speth Brothers cross their arms and wait for what is rightfully theirs. Lead singer Peter Zarembo has the maracas

advertise themselves as a r&r club, not a rock disco, and bands like The Senders (formerly Johnny Thunders' backing band) go down well after midnight.

Hilly Kristal still makes it his business to sit in his booth and observe the kids coming into CBGB. After you've avoided the street corner drug dealers, the Bowery bums and the odd gaggle of bikers the club is another reasonable oasis, narrow in size but with an exceptionally good sound system and recording equipment that needs dusting off and using again. Time was that everyone wanted to play CBGB but the imported English bands and the local names tend towards more upmarket watering holes nowadays.

Hurrah (36 West 62nd Street), right on the nose of Central Park, is too uptown for the kids who can't afford cabs, don't have cars and aren't about to use the subway (a 24 hour service but not to be recommended out of daylight hours). The booker Ruth Polski visits CBGB regularly (the week I was there, Secret Affair and Magazine played), but she also reflects a healthy selection of New York bands. Hurrah has one super-efficient bar, a packed dance floor and strings of videos that concentrate on advertising kitsch and recent events (If you'd missed Magazine you could catch excerpts from their set four days later).



BUSH TETRASI Pat Place, Dimitri Popedopoulos, Cynthia Sley and Laura Kennedy sinking a six pack behind closed doors.



THE BONGOS show off the wild and crazy face of clean-cut American youth. This band has got rhythm. Who could ask for anything more?

EARLY IN the week, New York's classiest non-aligned funk quartet Material gig at Hurrah, supporting the wildly over ambitious Manhattan Project. Material would be something special in any era but their brand of modern jazz stands a great chance of clicking with anyone who has started approaching the genuine article via the haphazard noodlings of all those cats who drop the names of Dnette Coleman and James Brown as if the very breath guaranteed musical integrity.

While James 'Blood' Ulmer is enjoying a taste of this voguish afterglow (quite rightly) it doesn't seem right that Material could only drag a sprinkling of the uncommitted front stage. Their guitarist, Warren Harding 'Sonny' Sharrock, is a genius talent who has pioneered a style in his forty years on the planet. Sharrock is known by the bulls for sessions with Miles, Mann, Adderly and Coltrane but he's incapable of being type cast by association. Periods of Be Bop and rhythmic expansion alongside Sun Ra and the Nigerian percussionist Olatunji have resulted in a technique that is a plain combination of innovation and applied genius. A small black stocky guy, Sharrock shows no disappointment at the media response to Material although the white rhythm section of Bill Laswell (bass), Fred Maher (drums) and Mike Behnorn (synth) are slightly deflated at the lack of enthusiasm.

When these three aren't snaking around Sharrock they back Fred Frit's Messaera and are already quite a hit in certain European

circles. So far, Red Records have released a fairly unrepresentative single 'Discourse'/'Slow Murder' (without Sharrock and Maher) but a forthcoming 12" ought to filter through to a larger audience. Their compositions, free flowing rather than free form funk, including 'Conform To The Rhythm', 'Stupid Heart', 'Unauthorised' and 'Disappearing', are propelled by one of the most dangerous bass and drum teams extant (the seventeen year old Maher is a fully fledged prodigy) while Behnorn's synth and tape additions are outrageously experimental without resort to diletante flash.

"Whatever you do please don't compare us to the Pop Group," bassist Laswell smirked over a back room beer. I also promised not to mention A Certain Ratio because Material's wild aural trip is unrivalled.

A few days later Hurrah plays host to a quite different collection of talent. It's a benefit night for George Scott the popular and very dead bassist with the Contortions, John Cale, Raybeats and Eight Eyed Spy. George O.D.'d on heroin the week before.

The benefit turns out to be a mixed compromise as none of Scott's most famous cohorts even bothers to show up. One cynic mutters that he wished all the week-end junkies would do the decent thing together sometime and so avoid occasions like this. There is a very real heroin epidemic in New York as quantities of pure skag from Iran (sic) start going the rounds at affordable prices. Unfortunately the casualty list among local musicians is too high for comfort and the

place is a haven for junk freaks who imagine the devil powder will instil them with Burroughsian powers.

The Bongos, who kick off the evening, look too young and nervous to do anything more wicked than split a six pack but their set is nervously rewarding. They are a light and airy trio who play with space and a few borrowed textures. They'll do just fine if they're left alone to diet an identity.

No such hope can be held for the W2's, an all girl group who manufacture a dull and derivative set modelled on the pretentious amateurism that passes as valid art rock in many corners of England. Most people stand around in a haze of indifference as the W2s sink to new lows with songs about boiling eggs and tending cauliflowerers and coming to grips with the essential me. It's all genuine rubbish and fully backs up a Lester Bangs article in the Village Voice (August 13-19) which suggests that a lot of English rock is exerting an influence, and earning an attention, quite out of keeping with its actual worth.

Chris Stills and the dB's have been excellent since a long time ago. Their dual guitar front (Stills and Peter Dinklage) wanders in and out of softly swinging pop and some remarkably hard edged rock and roll improvisation. They are able to produce a lyrical version of My Black Pages with more sensibility and musical competence than 'Soul King', 'Black And White' and the oblique 'Ash' while encouraging a strong sense of well being, smiling and giving the crowd a good time. Their real strengths lie in Stills' poppy and Holapple's penchant for covering gritty and intelligent ideas against a backdrop of instrumental variety leaving Will Rigby and Gene Holder to rock the rhythm section without pose or orthodoxy. I'd see the dB's play any night of the week.

The evening ended on an over emotional note with a predictable jam tribute, someone consulting a Bible and many tedious solos; straight from the heart but they fell like crocodile tears. Afterwards there's a video showing of Lydia Lunch's Eight Eyed Spy, originally intended as some requiem for the leading lady's prime donna retirement, it happens to be George Scott's last stand instead. Experimenting with heroin doesn't entitle you to any sympathy I guess and it certainly doesn't make you an artist.

Even if the squalor and the emotional turmoil associated with hard line drug abuse aren't enough to deter the casual flirter there is an anti-drug movement gathering force in America at the moment. New York State has recently decriminalised marijuana possession but a television special chaired by respected media statesman William Buckley draws some cold and frightening statistics that reveal the instance of dope smoking amongst kids of primary school age. Without stooping to sensationalism or distortion Buckley points to the level of automobile accidents and industrial tragedies traceable to indiscriminate marijuana use — not to mention its cancerous side effects.

NO DESCENT on New York's teeming clubland is complete without at least one paramilitary assault on the sophisticated portals of the infamous Mudd Club (if the reaction isn't fit you don't get in). This haunt, run by the legendary Steve Moss, suffers from its anti-entrance policy but does tend to showcase all that great entertainment, some of it predictably outrageous, some of it surprisingly enjoyable.

The live highlight of the week for the posers is a one off from Nina Hagen who has been walking around the West Village in nothing more than a see through skirt (and definitely not tipping), but I plump for a word of mouth extravaganza from Secret Roker, a hilarious five piece who send up dead and alive stars with savage flair.

Secret Roker are the kind of band New Yorkers love to ignore, especially as lead singer Jay Burnett and writer Douglas Kelley fuse their pastiches of style with a venomously snide put down of fashion. In content the band inhabit stomping grounds as broad as those trodden by fans of Jim Morrison and Gary Glitter and I found them hugely satisfying. Other folk in the Mudd reckoned they stunk the place out. No such thing, I've been playing their independently produced single 'Rock Drill'/'Lin Piao' (SIR Records) non stop ever since they disdainfully threw it into the crowd — and it brings back warped memories every time. The Gang Of Four can never seem the same after Secret Roker.

If Secret Roker isn't Kelley's passport to fame and riches, he hopes to grab early retirement by writing for The Colors (whose demos were produced by Blondie drummer Clem Burke). Meanwhile he's limited to taking girls under 20, the others refuse to ride the subway, and is half way towards realising his greatest dream — to turn New York into a tax free shelter for showpeople called Secredonia. Kelley was kind enough to interrupt a late supper of water and dry noodle in order to hum a few bars of the anthem which went something like this:

"Hail, Hail Secredonia / Land of the few / It's got a nightlife / And some spotlights / That illuminate the pool."

But some of Secret Roker's tunes — 'Better Than Phorias', 'Quit Your Job' and 'Class Enemy' (which means more palatable fare and I was forced to tell him so).



THE REVELONS — an all boy group (usually). L-R: Nels Pierce, Dana Duquet (holding), Gregory Lee Pickard and Jimmy Wynbrandt.

Continues over

Other advantages of the Mudd are its multi-tiered video and dance rooms (where you can watch the population explosion in the corridors) and Moss's uncanny taste in rock and roll, past, present and future. Once his diminutive bespectacled figure gets behind the console John Peel sounds about as contemporary as Alan Freeman — a night here is worth ten dollars of anybody's money.

Not so the disappointing Lone Star (81 5th Avenue), a converted ice cream parlour that brings country music into a city that can't get enough of them good ole boys and then subjects its patrons to abysmal listening and watching conditions, with rude barmen and high admission to boot. So unless you're enamoured of sixteen stone rednecks and bouncers who keep you hopping out of their lunkish way, then steer clear of the Lone Star and head for Texas proper. By way of an interlude to the youthful exuberance manifest elsewhere in New York I caught *Asleep At The Wheel* here and rather wished I hadn't. They've gone through one line up too many and now sound like a heartless parody of their former swinging selves.

A bad night with the rualiers is later redeemed when a bunch of us crash a party given in honour of Ted Kennedy by his younger activist campaigners. Old Ted doesn't actually arrive in person but Bobby Jnr is there so we goggle at the hordes of lurching preppies smothering their roses over the nearest moving female. Altogether a disgusting debacle and we're too late for the juice. We had to leave in a hurry, but the human interest quotient made it nearly worthwhile.

Danceteria (252 West 37th Street) lies in the heart of the garment district capital of the world (bar Hong Kong and Malaysia), in the daytime exploited labour trundles thousands of racks of high fashion and cheap tat into triple parked trailers or sweats out the cloth on a million machines. At night the workers go home to catch a few hours sleep and the night people move in to hang out. The club, a barely furnished converted warehouse, is rumoured to have some dodgy South American connections but this appears to be better left unresearched.

While I still have the use of both kneecaps, it's worth pointing out that the clientele is, uh, a trifle on the bizarre side of odd, comprising punks, narks, transsexuals, dreads and the usual crowd of people without ears. Danceteria is a scene haven sans equal in New York and booker Jim Fournier isn't afraid to exploit its image in order to feature some of the most diverse talent in the town. One night the respected salsa merchant Tito Puente is on stage, the next it's Bush Tetras. NYC's answer to The Slits. Mistressminded by guitarist and occasional Contortion contributor Pat Place the Tetras (that's a tropical fish if you're interested), specialise in a brand of cold feminism that requires you leave your sense of humour in the cloakroom. The three gals, and drummer Dimitri, eschew the normal channels of media patronage and are reckoned to play at their best when everyone has packed up and gone home (this may be hard to verify). During waking hours they can be seen wandering around the bohemian Village arm in arm.

NME photographer and all round rock and roll encyclopedia Joe Stevens loves them to death and word has it that their forthcoming American tour will make The Sex Pistols' jaunt seem about as eventful as the mating season of the barnacle. These girls are not your average switch-hitters and when they get back from the deep south they should have medals to prove it.

Danceteria started out as a weekend joint but it's picking up into a regular dive. They have three floors of multi-media choice and one toilet. The Rolling Stones threw their 'Emotional Rescue' party here.

Along with Roselands (big bands and disco) the Ritz (115 East 11th Street) is New York's largest dance club and has a video screen bigger than what most English Odeons can boast. The Ritz is operated by Jerry Brandt, the man who ran the Electric Circus (a Velvet Underground gig) and who came a cropper trying to offer an alternative to Studio 54. His plan had been to combine a Broadway show with the atmosphere of a sharp disco. The difference between Brandt's venture and Studio 54 was that they let anyone in whereas the disco Snortergate had such a stringent doorman that the night Johnny Lydon arrived (and they'd been dying to get him in) the maître d's refused to believe he was his real Rotten self. Anyway Brandt's attempt failed after two days, the critics called it a flop and \$15 admission was too steep.

The Ritz ain't exactly cheap but it's an experience. The massive vibrating dance floor and chintzy period decor are reminiscent of the Lyceum except they have waitress service. Brandt books big names, top flight acts like Fats Domino, Jerry Lee Lewis and the increasingly popular Savannah Band as well as featuring a more reasonable "rock against depression" night.

TUP the profits and grab a bit of business press The Ritz is used during my stay as a reception centre for the Canadian Heatwave Festival. Stevens drags me along on the assumption that we can freeload, do some hustling and make contact with the early stages of the event the



Left: on the streets but not on the campaign trail. Above: part of the free floor show. Right: The Ritz: expensive but fun.



MATERIAL: Something special in any era.



promoters (Larry Weinstein and Lou Weinstock) are calling the new Woodstock. Sure enough The Ritz is packed to the gills with assorted hacks eating and drinking themselves stupid. There is little choice but to join in and hunker down for the big cheese speeches. Over in one corner Elvis Costello's North American accountants are talking money (one hundred thousand dollars worth to be exact — not bad for an hour's work) and it's already confirmed that The Clash have nixed Heatwave, or punk rock or Weinstock or Woodpunk or whatever.

Eventually the promoters take to an impromptu podium and start waffling about market factors and crowd control and how Toronto is now the new wave capital of the world, nauseous guff to be sure but after several stiff Bloody Marys and a fruit cocktail I could see the funny side. Take a sample from the press kit and you'll see that the organisers were treating Heatwave like some pre-ordained miracle of promoterly benevolence: "We're offering people an opportunity to see and hear new wave in a large venue rather than the small halls it has previously been associated with. And to our surprise, the people buying up the tickets have not been what you would class as typical 'new wavers'. In fact, they represent a cross-section of the population, everyone from families with children to business people. But this makes sense when you consider that everyone, young or old, enjoys a good time and that's what rock'n'roll is all about. New Wave is a rejection of everything else your so called 'fat' musicians exploited. And there is absolutely no comparison with punk. Punk was simply street politicians who were not very good musicians. That movement paved the way for new wave."

So now you know. And while we're here let's sort out the little matter of the film rights and the book and the merchandise. And with tickets at twenty dollars apiece and 75,000 fans, that's a few so called "fat" promoters I'd

say. As this charnel house of hypocrisy grinds to a creamy halt the promoters are proud to present one Toronto attraction, The Kings, live on stage. A little taste.

Needless to say The Kings are a bad hype, loud heavy metal posturing dressed up in satin and tat. The nub end of fag rock. Their manager, an L.A. executive type (but no shark) comes and sits with us and can't hear our insults over the din. After a while he departs to talk turkey, leaving his expensive leather suitcase on the seat.

All of a sudden me and Stevens are branded as the English connection and heeled off before some TV crew who insist on interviewing us for a Canadian rock programme. After telling them that the whole idea reeks of quick bucks (just add spurious integrity, it's cheap these days), that The Clash withdrew because they didn't want to ruin their image, that it would probably be like Altamont, I shut up and let Stevens act the New York straight man. Chauvinism wells up at times like this. But Stevens, who had consumed a vast amount of beer, suddenly starts ranting and shouting the odds too. The interview ends abruptly with the mad photographer leering into the lens and telling the viewers that the only good thing about Canada is Margaret Trudeau's crotch.

Smelling a lynching we decide to vamoose but not before Stevens notices that the Kings' manager's case is still where he left it. "We can't leave this here," he says.

"Why not, he did."

"Naah, you can't trust anyone in this town, especially the press, if we leave that case here someone will steal it for sure. We'll take it, it's the only decent thing to do."

Which is how we left the Ritz, plastered and with somebody else's plush case full of God knows what? Contracts? Money? Bolivian Flake? We never did manage to open it up. At the end of the week we return the way dogs and criminals are prone to do to the scene of our earlier crime. The New York

weekend is still the appropriate time for letting it get crazy although I never could work out how the natives managed to put in a steady nine to five at the desk, factory or boutique scarcely minutes after one of those customary all night binges which characterise the 24 hours existence.

SATURDAY NIGHT is cursed with alternatives — Like Trax, the in club for the industry, right next to Dakota flats where John Lennon keeps an apartment and the superstars like to be seen, is easy access for accepted faces: Willie Nile, Jim Carroll, Mink De Ville. Tonight it has the double fisted promise of Joe Sidwell and the resurrected Richard Lloyd, a partnership as potentially influential as Television's once was.

Or Great Gildersleeves, a hall which asks for double I.D. and reputedly housed Pil's most informally successful gig.

Or TR3, in the Tribeca loft area, a street level haunt patronised by reggae aficionados and hard core import punks lured inside by Hillary, the 18 year old booker.

Or even the boring old Bottom Line or the sprawling jazz scene (the Village Vanguard, Sweet Basil, Wells and the opportunity to catch Richard Davis, Jaki Byard, Arnett Cobb or Sun Ra in total comfort).

Perhaps this plethora of choice, the spoils of an obviously vibrant musical wealth, are what determines the inhabitants cool reaction to the luxuries on their doorstep. Perhaps the vast majority stay politely in their seats, swaying now and again, because they're too wrecked to move, and maybe they'd rather be watching Numan or Sting or Strummer after all. Why not? But there's a room for alternatives and the time must come when New York wakes up to realise that it has all these clubs, all these bands and nothing tangible to remember it by and it'll have to get off its ass and show some



Above: all roads lead to Greenwich Village — eventually.

Below: Max's Kansas City; not ours but someone else's.



commitment and some pride.

The lack of urgency is admittedly complemented by a healthy lack of morose tribalism and the subsequently relaxing club atmosphere, yet the surfeit of energy felt elsewhere is absent when the best bands in town are the electrical focus.

The Revelons live at CBGB's are victims of this dispassionate malaise. Never properly represented on record (an Ork single 'The Way (You Touch My Hand)' / '97 Tears', two tracks on '2 x 5' and a Jimmy Destri produced disaster of a demo), The Revelons are enthralling onstage. Lead singer Gregory Pickard burns with an unhinged intensity that would rival a Bowie or Byrne if the chemical charge was the two way process it ought to be; the subtleties he and Jimmy Wynbrant conjure on their twin Gibsons, the patterns traced by the band when they're augmented by their female percussionist, the sheer element of menace and depth in their material and presence, all these factors would guarantee them some kind of fanatical following in England. Tonight in CBGB it's impossible to separate the fans from the casual visitors. It's not that they couldn't care less, they just don't care enough. At this level performance deteriorates into visual charades and bends like The Revelons fade from view into the annals of what might have been or ill-deserved cult appeal. They deserve so much more.

The short hop back to the Ritz illustrates New York's compulsive charm, the ability to catch more than one good thing a night. The evening stretches out like a month in London or Manchester or Birmingham and the dark horse towns where people are grateful for what they can get when they can get it.

The Ritz is packed out too, close on three thousand dancers hoping to pull before they pass out. Less than one per cent of them have any inkling that the group on stage, The Fleshtones, fires an impact charge as explosive as anything it's cool to like. They're not The Clash or The Buzzcocks or Joy

Division or Echo — they're The Fleshtones, an original result of the state of punk art at its basic boggling height.

People say that Springsteen has energy, that The Who and early Stones had it, that on a good night the Clash City Rockers have it, that ability to strip off physical inhibition and surrender to the rhythm — well The Fleshtones are catalysts for that naked essence too. They are simply sensational, living proof of what constitutes the absolute greatness of the rock 'n' roll sound, an aesthetic based on release, not on competition and the race to be the Next Big Thing. Fleshtones pulsate with their own anthemic glory as epitomised on their one and only single release in five years (overnight success?) 'American Beat' — no call to arms this but a final statement of intent. They don't want to hear you put it down and you wouldn't if you saw them.

For five years The Fleshtones have fought good naturedly to realise their vocation. Vocalist Peter Zarella, a soulful harp player and prowling streak of sensuality, has never got himself in a rage either, though there have been precious few moments of that ego-gratification which English groups expect as read, the review, the obligatory interview, the chance to get not very much off the chest, discarded pearls of snotty wisdom and after six months they can afford their very own advertising space! It's amazing how the new wave at its worst made young boys into big self-important men.

The Fleshtones have never been able to take themselves that seriously although in another place they could. Zarella and guitarist Keith Streng and skinhead bass player Jan Marek Pakulski prefer to do their talking in a more appropriate setting, not with sycophancy or humility but with the homemade garage ethic gone riotously wild.

They too appeared on the inevitable Thau compilation, were long term associates of his Red Star project. Today Fleshtones need to make albums and singles that make up for the lost time and capture their dazzling power. They must be shared around — a group this fine cannot be stuck in relative anonymity any longer.

LEFT New York still buzzing with that beat, the equation of causes without effect impossible to shake off. And while I couldn't pretend to understand the city or know why and where and when it ticks, the opinions and the impressions are mostly mine (with several tips of the green eye shade to Joe Stevens, a colourful researcher and local expert, who could have done it real justice, and without whom...).

Out of the whirl I take responsibility for attitudes which may not tell a native New Yorker a damn thing he doesn't already know except to take a look beyond the end of his own nose. I didn't start out to end with a definition, I forgot to mention The Necessaries and Public Servant or The Dance or Science, The Strain, Lounge Lizards and Escalators or The Nite Caps, Information or Molungo, mainly because I don't know a damned thing about any of them.

No New York? Time's up for that cynicism Jim. Let's get this under wraps and catch some long overdue sleep. The aftermath of '77 is receding into the mist, I haven't come to bury its exponents or to praise them. Something else is happening now that warrants a rub of the lamp and unless the people with the influence start working closer to the bull instead of protecting their flabby interests no-one will believe there is life after Talking Heads, that you can forget Blondie awhile, that Television don't exist. Their vacant places are up for grabs, there is after all movement in the heart of the beast. It isn't all kulchur and insensitivity and eighteen lanes of bland mediocrity.

To wit: At least you know while you're in New York that you really are alive and kicking and you can get all dressed up and have somewhere to go. During times like this it pays to shore up all the fragments you can lay your grubby hands on.

A New York punter relaxes in the heatwave.



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- 12th September Palm Cove Club Bradford
- 13th September Mayflower Club Manchester
- 14th September Rainbow London
- 21st September Queensway Hall Dunstable
- 23rd September Top Rank Birmingham
- 25th September Sherwood Rooms Nottingham
- 27th September Cleopatras International Club Huddersfield

OCTOBER TOUR INFORMATION

- October 3rd Colston Hall Bristol

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1	1	GEORGE BENSON GIVE ME THE NIGHT	3-49	21	24	NINE BELOW ZERO LIVE AT THE MARQUEE	2-99	41	41	PAT BENATAR CRIMES OF PASSION	2-99	1	1	ELVIS COSTELLO GET HAPPY	2-99	1	1	ELVIS COSTELLO GET HAPPY	2-99				
2	2	ROXY MUSIC FLESH AND BLOOD	4-29	22	27	THE BEAT I JUST CAN'T STOP IT	3-79	42	30	YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA MULTIPLIES	3-79	2	2	ROD STEWART GREATEST HITS	2-99	2	2	ROD STEWART GREATEST HITS	2-99				
3	11	YES DRAMA	3-79	23	16	JOY DIVISION CLOSER	3-79	43	37	FLEETWOOD MAC RUMOURS	2-99	3	3	GEORGE BENSON BREEZIN'	2-99	3	3	GEORGE BENSON BREEZIN'	2-99				
4	6	HAZEL O'CONNOR BREAKING GLASS	3-79	24	22	MICHAEL JACKSON OFF THE WALL	3-79	44	34	TYGERS OF PAN TANG WILDCAT	3-79	4	4	AC/DC IF YOU WANT BLOOD	2-99	4	4	AC/DC IF YOU WANT BLOOD	2-99				
5	3	SHOXSE AND THE BANSHIES KALIDOSCOPE	3-99	25	38	MICHAEL SCHENKER OFF THE WALL	3-79	45	40	THE RINKS ONE FOR THE ROAD	4-99	5	5	DAVE EDMUNDS REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	2-99	5	5	DAVE EDMUNDS REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	2-99				
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7	7	QUILL AN GLORY ROAD	3-99	27	20	SKY SKY 2	4-75	47	43	JACKSON BROWNE HOLD OUT	3-79	7	7	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	7	7	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
8	18	PAUL SIMON ONE TRICK PONY	3-79	28	42	JETHRO TULL JETHRO TULL	3-79	48	41	GEORGE DUKAKIS A BRIEF LOVE AFFAIR	3-79	8	8	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	8	8	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
9	5	VARIOUS - O.S.T. XANADU	3-99	29	32	THE GIBSON BROS. ON THE RIVER	3-79	49	48	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	9	9	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	9	9	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
10	10	Q-TIPS Q-TIPS	3-79	30	23	ATHLETICO SPRIZ '80 DO A RUNNER	2-99	50	50	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	10	10	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	10	10	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
11	12	ROBERT PALMER CLUES	3-79	31	31	THE PRETENDERS THE PRETENDERS	2-99	51	47	BLUE OYSTER CULT BLUE OYSTER CULT	3-99	11	11	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	11	11	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
12	8	VARIOUS - O.S.T. FAME	3-99	32	29	ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN	3-79	52	45	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	12	12	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	12	12	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
13	9	BOB MARLEY UPRISING	3-79	33	33	THE POLICE REGATTA DE BLANC	3-49	53	53	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	13	13	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	13	13	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
14	15	SPLIT ENZ TRUE COLOURS	3-79	34	36	O.S.T. MOVIE	3-99	54	52	HAWK WIND LIVE '79	3-79	14	14	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	14	14	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
15	13	DEXT'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS SEARCHING FOR THE YOUNG SOUL REBELS	3-79	35	39	GRACE JONES WOMAN LEATHERETTE	3-79	55	53	JERMAINE JACKSON LET'S GET SERIOUS	3-79	15	15	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	15	15	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
16	16	LEO SAYER LIVING IN A FANTASY	3-99	36	35	QUEEN THE GAME	3-99	56	48	FLEETWOOD MAC TUSK	4-99	16	16	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	16	16	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
17	21	JOAN ARMATRADE ME MYSELF I	3-79	37	26	THE CRUSADERS RHAPSODY AND BLUES	3-79	57	50	JEFF BECK THE BECK	3-79	17	17	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	17	17	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
18	14	THE ROLLING STONES EMOTIONAL RESCUE	3-99	38	28	ULTRAVOX VIENNA	3-79	58	54	CHIC REAL PEOPLE	3-79	18	18	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	18	18	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				
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20	17	PETER GABRIEL PETER GABRIEL	3-79	40	44	DIRTY LOOKS DIRTY LOOKS	2-99	60	46	ROSSINGTON COLLINS BAND ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, ANYWHERE	3-79	20	20	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49	20	20	THE POLICE THE POLICE	3-49				

INSIDE THRILLSPAN:
DANGEROUS VISIONS
OF 'DALLAS'

Thrills!

Ms. Smith narrowly avoids being the main subject of a self-portrait in which she displays her legs and bizarre platform shoes for the first time.



Pic: Robert Sharp

Smithsonian Institute

THE CENTRE of London was sealed off last week as the capital buzzed on the opening day of Penny Smith's photography exhibition in The Mall. The Prince of Wales was invited to open the exhibition but a prior engagement forced him to decline. As a replacement, the landlord from The Duke of Suffolk was rushed over in a mini-cab.

Ms Smith began her career in 1969, then again in 1973 and finally in 1975. Immediately she was alongside Cecil Beaton and David Bailey in that small dark room — although she was still on her way up. Penny explains: "I was sharing a lift with them in Bridlington when all the lights fused." It wasn't long before she discovered the style she was to make her own. "One day I was changing the film in my Tonkins Auto Wind Fully Focused Snapshooter when I accidentally pushed the shoot button. When the prints came back from Boots stone me! I didn't have this shot of a lonely road with some spindly trees at the side and some obscure rock drummer's hand in frame but out of focus. Absent-mindedly I left it in the free Tudor Photo-Album I showed to NME's editor at the time, 'Rangy' Dick Logan. Dick was on his 'art for

the kids' kick at the time — not to mention a regular Valium prescription — and thought that shot was fantastic. To be honest, I still can't see the appeal but it's a good earner for me — went to Japan last year y'know."

And what of that much rumoured association with The Clash?

"The Clash? Is that who they are? I thought that was the NME staff — I was beginning to wonder why there were so many outings."

Is she a rich woman these days?

"No, not at all. I consider onyx camera straps and a fur sink necessities in this game. I use The Planetarium as a dark room simply because I find the space relaxing."

And of the future?

"Actually, Morley — my butler — is out at the moment buying my ticket to Argentina. I plan to settle there for a while and have bands flown out for photo sessions. I figure if I stand there in the middle of the Pampas I've every chance of capturing a couple of elbows and the odd strand of wind-blown hair. That, basically, is what the public is after."

LEN SCAP

Penny Smith's pictures will be on display until September 14 at the ICA, Nash House, The Mall, London SW1 (930-3047). Opening times are 12-8 pm from Tues-Sat (closed Mondays).



MORE STUNTS ABOUT BUILDINGS & GREED

Richard O'Branson and Megamart gig Glasgow

I DIDN'T exactly choke Central Glasgow with abandoned cars, but the old rock-band-on-a-roof stunt still pulls a crowd, even though most onlookers would stare with equally blank curiosity at a potential suicide, and there's always the chance of seeing somebody famous get arrested.

So thanks to Virgin Records for making last Saturday morning in Glasgow different and we're all going to buy everything we need in your new Megastore from now on.

Here's Richard Branson half way up a flagpole six floors above Union

Street. He's holding a Virgin Megastore windsock for affixment to the pole, waving, grinning, throwing money (free records would slice limbs off people), and having difficulty in his attempts at mooning the assembled populace below. It's Europe's youngest, wackiest alternative society capitalist tycoon up to those high-jinks again!

On the roof, I balance precariously on bricks across a puddle to make sure photographer Robert gets a few shots before he hits the ground.

Robert's been taking pictures of Richard Jobson — who's dancing, bravely but cautiously, along a very narrow ledge at the edge of the building. Skids' new bassist, (ex-Zones) Russell Webb stands getting dirty marks off a fence 3 feet back.

Guitarist and drummer Stuart Adamson and Mike Beattie are playing their half of the songs on the floor below.

Ian Gillan is signing autographs somewhere.

On the roof it sounds like a solo voice backed by the plucking of

elastic bands, while Skids singles are played in the next room.

While to the people watching on video inside the store it probably looked quite impressive.

It's a shame Jobson missed the chance to recite poems about the Battle of Culloden and the industrialisation of agrarian Germany to some people who might appreciate them. Not like those dumb pop kids what don't recognise proper culture.

At Bloggs Record shop up the road, they reckoned they wouldn't lose much trade once the novelty had worn off. At least it'll allow punks to hang out out of the rain on Saturdays.

Later, after not being arrested by the police who surprisingly failed to show, The Skids went off to play a secret gig at the Bungalow Bar in Paisley with the highly impressive Visitors. All this in one day! Even better than the time Micky Dolenz came to Glasgow to buy bagpipes.

GLENN GIBSON

HOT GOSPEL

BOSBYLAN'S so piqued about the salvaging of 'Saved' that he's reportedly buying back all unsold copies. Attendance at US gospel workshops is up 10% (highlights are mass consecrations and communions) and trade papers are beginning to refer to this and that fellow as "the contemporary Christian recording artist".

So meet the Reverend Jethro Agnew, whose white dog collar is partly offset by a black satin bomber jacket embroidered in gold with THE CHURCH OF ROCK AND ROLL (that's the back; on the front over his heart is says "THE REV").

Thirty-two year old Agnew is presently an ordained minister — in the Universal Life Church. He's also the owner and director of a bill collecting agency in Oakland, California. The First Church of Rock and Roll itself operates from Niles, a peaceful little town, and houses its congregation over the Minuteman and Quaker Store 'downtown'.

Like Jim Jones, Agnew started small and ethnic — in '78 he started an organisation called Buena Familia. BF quickly established their own nightclub — oops, sorry, fellowship hall.

The First Church of Rest and Recreation — sorry, Rock and Roll — boasts a current flock of over 350. Many stagger in on stilettos and bodice femininity under leather jackets, others suit up in the more customary Californian denims and Hawaiian prints. Everyone's sometimes awfully loudly in the town — especially many of the facts.

Agnew tells the California press that he eschews "dogma and stuff" and founded his sect purely because "God intended people to have a really good good time". His liturgy, collected on the door at each gig, never exceeds \$2 per worshipper. And the fever's spreading: there are First Churches scheduled for Florida, Hawaii, and — you guessed it —

Sisters Snookie and Tish Bellomo (Blondie's ex-backup babes) debate the First Church of Rock and Roll's rules on spanking.

Dallas. New West magazine also reported some suspicion that the church was inching into the recording biz; with an effort entitled 'Doing the Unholy Roll' by local rocker Cornell Hurd. The church's label will be called Behemoth Records.

Caught on the top by reporter Michael Branton, the Rev Agnew admitted that some folks might see his congregation "as degenerate — you know, sex and drugs and rock and roll. But for thousands of years now the devil has been getting credit for Saturday night and for all the wonderful things that we do to enjoy ourselves. Rock and roll has always been a rebellion — an alternative to the bullshit."

Amen, brother!
CYNTHIA ROSE

TORIES HALVE STATISTICS (and half of human race)

H: LAST Sunday everyone's favourite Sunday paper, the Express, ran an article by the Tory MP for Aberdeen Sth. In it, Mr Ian Sproat revealed that there are now in fact 2.1 million unemployed. Oh no. And why? Well savour this stunningly perceptive quote: "out . . . of 2.1 million unemployed no less than 659,000 — or just over one third — are women. Now, of course, some of these will be single women genuinely unable to find a job, but the vast majority are housewives who are not the main family breadwinners."

Mr Sproat suggests 750,000 is a more accurate figure for unemployment. So all you women you don't seem to matter that much and now you have it straight from HQ. Thrills wouldn't mind seeing one woman in particular out of a job — on the statistic book or off it. And one not so harmless male bigot who . . . well, we'll leave his fate up to you.

IVOR SOLUTION



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EDINBURGH
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NEWCASTLE
City Hall 29th

PRESTON
Guildhall 25th

MANCHESTER
Apollo 7th-8th

LIVERPOOL
Deeside Leisure
Centre 24th

BIRMINGHAM
Odeon 4th-5th
Matinee 6pm 5th

COVENTRY
Theatre 22nd

BRISTOL
Hippodrome
12th-13th

SOUTHAMPTON
Gaumont 10th-11th

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BRIGHTON
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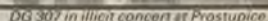
CASSETTE BEGC 19
EXTRA
THE SINGLES "I DIE: YOU DIE" AND "WE ARE GLASS"

"GENUINE artists have always been those who have drawn attention to the fact that things are not in order. This is why one of the highest aims in art has always been the creation of unrest."
Ivan Jirous

The first Czech band was The Primitives in 1967, who drew on The Fugs, Zappa, Beefheart and The Doors as inspiration. The Plastic People themselves came together

Rather than compromise, the Plastic People went underground, even to the point of building their own sound equipment. Around their creative centre, singers, poets and artists got together to produce a stream of samizdats, clandestine exhibitions, secret concerts. One statement reads: "The aim of the underground here in Bohemia is the creation of a second culture. A culture that will be totally independent of official channels of communication, social recognition and the hierarchy of values dictated by the establishment." In 1973 two new groups were spawned — Midsummer Night's Dream and DG307 (named after Dianosis 307, a

Further official restrictions on music were revealed in Document 1 from the famous group of Czech dissidents known as Charter 77. This states: "A number of magazines dealing with popular music have been banned outright. Certain popular music critics . . . are not allowed to publish articles or



The first Plastic People album, recorded in a Czech castle, produced in France, pressed in Ireland and printed in England, is now available through Rough Trade. Called 'Egon Bondy's Happy Hearts Club Band' (after the radical Czech poet whose work is featured on the album), it's disturbing music. The LP also

The sleeve notes read: "This record is not a cry of protest. It is a deliberate statement of what is possible, even in what seems an impossible situation." We need messages like this in these frightening times. Hopefully the People's second album, "Passion Play", will also find a way to the West.

DICK TRACY

THE ARCHAEOLYCAR



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Piranhas	The Piranhas	3.75	XTC	Black Sea	3.75	Police	Zenyatta Mondetta	-
The Roches	Nurds	3.75	The Plasmatics	New Hope	3.50	White Spirit	White Spirit	-
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UK Subs	Crash Course	HZ	Joe King Carrasco	Tuts The King	-	Carpettes	Fight Amongst Yourselves	-

RECAPTURES CUMULATED

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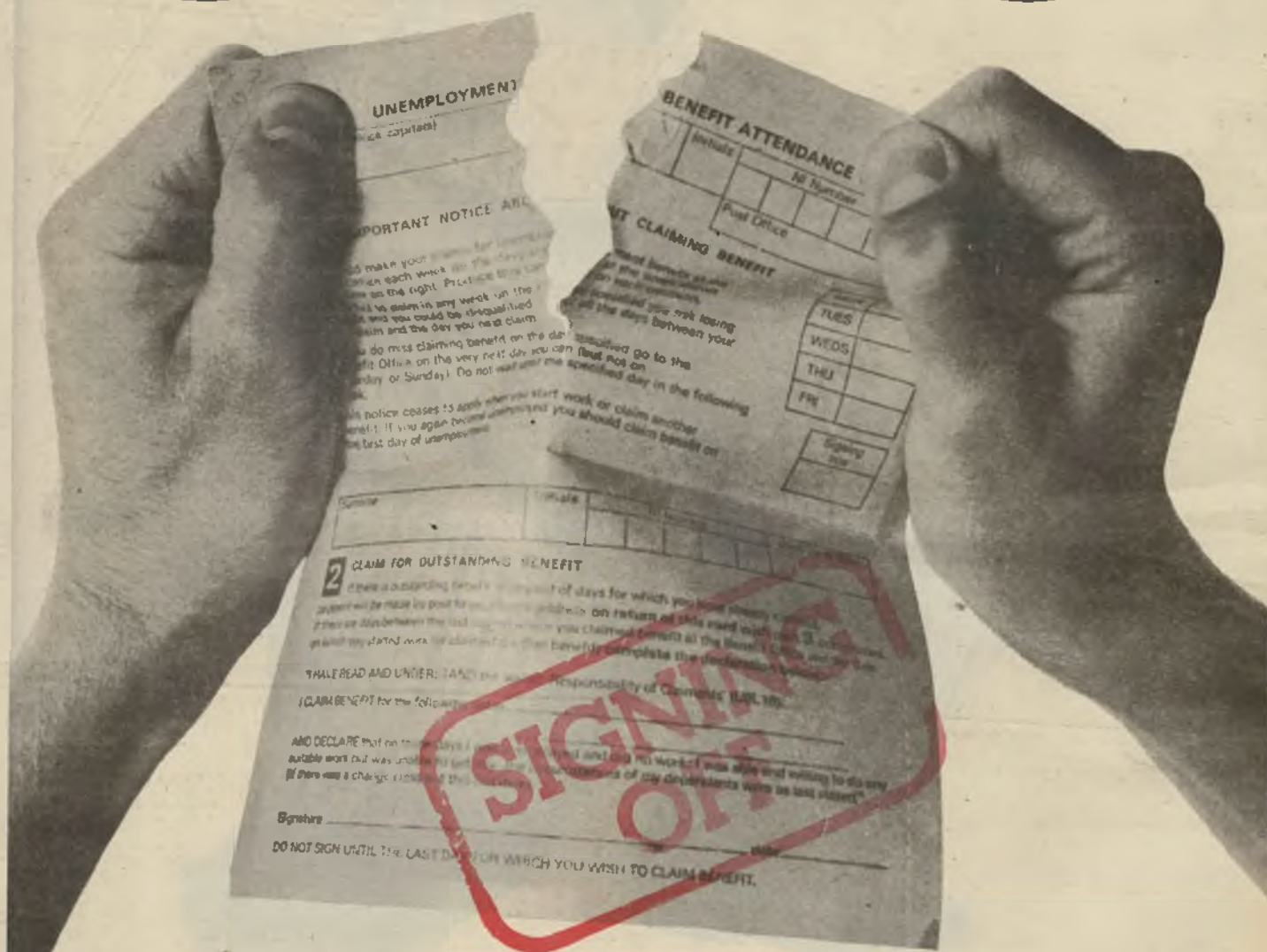
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DANGEROUS VISIONS

SEVEN
EPISODES
are not a
WEEK

Dallas and the thriving art of the Soap Opera

ALISON Cottrell's looking-glass gaze is the most melancholy thing on television. She sits brooding between Uncle Reg's grim sermons and Benny's stunted Samaritan one-liners, guileless in pastoral inertia. Tired, dejected amid farmhouse time-tables, she, like Durer's *Melencolia*, props up her head and stares into Lack, because in time-honoured *Crossroads* fashion progress from stasis begets and gives birth to stasis in progress.

The naïf seduced: she's going to have a baby, and the n'er-do-well jet-set father is stranded in Algeria, being held on suspicion of currency smuggling. Chris Hunter (for it is he) has just sent her the necessary money for an abortion.

In a moment she will rise to her feet, unfold some tangled housework, make the tea, circle some important crop dates and — only when on her own — play an idyllic monogamous Utopia, in which cheerfulness will be compulsory and gossip strictly forbidden.

Soap Opera is nothing more than a continuum of domestic muggings, and nothing less than a popular, low brow metonymy of the psychoanalyst's couch. Melodrama, psychodrama, call it what you will — watching, the illusion is that of a parallel universe, a real continuous living social world of which the viewer is a regular visitor. Nothing ought to interrupt (Noele Gordon/Meg Richardson was outraged to the point of calling the Olympics a "lupenny ha' penny sporting event" when *Crossroads* was suspended for their two week duration).

Seeing how my favourite, the ontological and thoroughly gripping *For Maddie With Love* seems to have withered away and died somewhere in the pricklier recesses of television's annual summer drought, I've been forced to study the alternatives.

Maddie, however, was streets ahead of all rivalry. Tucked into two (variable) afternoons ITV schedule a week, it had Nyree Dawn Porter quivering expertly in the title role — a middle-aged, middle-class, married woman who finds out she's dying of cancer. Her effervescence in the grip of entropy put paid to Reich's notion of the disease as a spiritual tumour; a "stagnation of the flow of life energy of the organism" she ain't.

Maddie was standing room only — like a serious, sensuous version of the last few episodes of *Soap* when Jessica had to face the cruel nothingness of mortality and Ben's sobbing. Immaculately scripted, circulating around its none-too-obvious conclusive subject — euthanasia — *Maddie* was irresistible, quality television. Thames, who know a good trend when it suits them, are threatening to re-run *Maddie* in a prime time slot — although rumour has it that Ian Hendry (*Maddie*'s husband) quit under the metaphysical strain and, suitably enough, killed the series.

If *Maddie* is re-run I'll lay very good odds on it outdoing the new series of *Dallas* for

mass-hysterical popularity. You couldn't back two more different serials.

Dallas is as riveting, sure, but in an opulent, voyeur's outside-looking-in-and-the-inside-is-outside way. It was particularly — oddly — adept of the Beeb to repeat *Dallas* in coincidence with the nascent American Election (sort of 'catch the context' writ in day-glo) and the Billygoat affair. Everyone's coming up creepy whisky-sodden kid brothers! Could the great Programme Controller in the sky get the shooting-of-J.R. episode to fall neatly on the same day as a major assassination? (Would J.C. shoot his brother? Would his brother shoot Ronald Reagan? Would Gerald Ford shoot himself?)

If they'd got the two events to within an hour of each other it would have beaten even the time when Alex Higgins was just about to sink another red and Princes Gate blew: in a prize bit of unintentional (?) black humour, pre-empting the full S.A.S. story, BBC2's snooker coverage cut to BBC1's outside broadcast unit — but only via a clip of *The Western* on the latter channel. The Cavalry, of course.

Dallas is the apotheosis of Big Time dime-store melodrama. The South Fork ranch of the oil-rich Ewing family is The Church of the Holy Trinity of money, alcohol and sex — power is implicit and corruption permeates. It's a surprisingly frank (if grossly sublimated) piece of self-diagnosis by the Deteriorating American Dream. Take one part Chappaquiddick, the labyrinthine deceptions of Watergate and stir in just a nightcap of Billy Carter: what's the word? *Scandall* and, two out of three, a family scandal.

It's a venerable tradition. Think of J.R. Ewing and then substitute those initials for the name of the character dealt with in the following quote from Douglas Sirk, old time Hollywood director and

Godfather of the acid melodrama... "Malone, alone, sitting there, hugging that goddamned oil well, having nothing. The oil well which is, I think, a rather frightening symbol of American society". Sirk is speaking about *Written On The Wind*, which he describes as "a piece of social criticism of the rich and the spoiled and of the American family". No one could sum up *Dallas* any better.

The Sirk method provides a lot of clues to the workings of *Dallas*: you don't believe the happy end, and you're not supposed to. A problem solved is a problem elongated — no way out, no exit, so you have the irony of the — temporarily — happy end.

Sue Ellen is the other true star of the series: she's got the psychoanalyst, the drink problem and a lot of the best lines.

And in one episode she has a pseudo-feminist (*pace Spare Rib*) go at Pam — who's married to J.R.'s younger brother, the impossibly nice Bobby — trying to convince her that however relatively strong or independent a Ewing woman may consider herself to be she is always already caught up in a circuit of exchange values fixed by the patriarchal ol' boys — she only ever functions as a prize marker in a privileged power game. Regular viewers of *Dallas* may care to give this quite intellectually voguish analysis of Sue Ellen's careful consideration, especially as she has started to play the same subtle game of duplicity with hubby: deceitful detente.

(My theory on the Big One is that J.R. arranged to have himself shot in order to frame somebody — probably Sue Ellen — although my secretary advises me otherwise, putting the finger on the impatient Dusty.)

Dallas is the best study of power and sexuality on TV, and I won't hear a word against it.

IAN PENMAN

WHOSE PROBLEM

am I?



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THE TAPE OF THE STARS

Jo Jo Zep and The Falcons

THE other week top Oz band Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons broke the house record at Hammersmith's Clarendon Hotel when they played their first ever British gig.

It was chaos in there. To an audience containing about thirty per cent expatriate fellow countrymen the six-piece band gave an hour and a half of its spontaneous, cool jerking music that takes its sources from New York doo-wop down through the Country And Western US south all the way to The Sound Of Jamaica. The crowd went crackers.

Mind you, Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons have experienced ga-ga audiences a-plenty for the past four years in Australia. No, what really impressed the band is that the audience managed to drink the Clarendon completely dry of beer!

THE next lunchtime Joe Camilleri (singer Jo Jo Zep) and myself, along with sax and keyboards player Wilbur Wilde, the band's manager and two WEA chaps, are eating in an expensive account Euro-restaurant near Oxford Circus.

With his Maltese parentage, clear thinking and open heart Joe Camilleri perfectly exemplifies The New Australian — the result of the vast post-World War II influx of immigrants from Southern Europe that opened up a nation largely populated by Whinging Poms and their descendants.

It's Joe's first ever trip outside of Australia and a bit of an eye opener for him. He can't believe how they live in this silly, self-righteous country on the other side of the world.

"England's really fucked," he conspiratorially leans over and tells me, though I think we know all that. "The only decently dressed people in England seem to be foreigners. I can't believe how threadbare and impoverished and downhearted all the English look."

Joe's only just realised that in uptight old England you're not meant to have a reasonable deal — unless you're some obscure Scottish laird worth the odd fifty million.

"Around you here you have all this history. Every building looks as though it's about 400 years old. Yet it's all decaying, all falling to bits."

"Most Australians have this real inferiority complex about Europe, just because every time they look around them at home nothing seems more than about twenty years old. But at least you can get a decent share in Australia. You've got a lot more freedom than you have here. If you want to do something people'll just let you get on with it and be yourself."

Unless you're an aborigine.

The constant furrow between Joe Camilleri's eyes deepens even further and he shakes his head despairingly. Perhaps because he's a musician whose roots are in black sounds of all types Joe's fully aware of the evils perpetrated all over the world by white colonialists. He knows only too well that the British in Australia carried out a systematic programme of genocide against the aborigines that would've made Mr Hitler proud. In Tasmania, for example, burying the island's natives alive was a favourite method of solving difficult squabbles over land rights.

But, anyway, enough of this pop history. Let's talk about music, it's so much more comforting.

JO JO ZEP And The Falcons hail from Melbourne and got going sometime around 1976. On Australia's flourishing independent Mushroom Records they've put out LPs. They are the country's leading and most credible live act, with a reputation for shattering performances that had them blowing Graham Parker offstage — by



Wilbur Wilde and Joe Camilleri caught in Sydney Green Street.

Ph: David Casio

Written by Chris Salewicz

Parker's own admission — when they supported him on his two Australian tours. Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons broke live a lot: reasonable rates for PA rental mean they never have to work at a loss and they hope they'll recoup their costs through increased record sales.

As well as Camilleri and Wilde, the band consists of guitarists Jeff Burstin and Tony Faehse, bassist John Power and drummer Gary Young.

In England The Falcons' records have in the past been put out by Rockburgh. Their latest album, 'Screaming Targets', though out for a year already in Australia, was released recently here by Warners.

Over here, of course, Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons are likely to have a hard time of it, if for no other reason than that they don't Look Right. Joe understands how important this is in the so often glib, superficial world of English rock 'n' roll. In fact, he points out with no attempt at guile, his un-style really is style, a claim which anyone would back up who's seen the spontaneity of his well dread stage movements.

Anyway, in case you're worried about that sort of thing it's okay really, because Joe likes all the right people. Augustus Pablo's 'King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown' is his favourite reggae album, whilst the early Maytals are his favourite reggae group. During the course of the Devil'd Crab favourable mentions are given to Ray Charles, Sam Cooke, The Clash, The Elvis Sun album, plus many, many more.

Just from watching the incessant rock videos that pepper Oz TV Joe has spotted how his favourite music has become bastardised. "It's so obvious," he laughs, disappointed, "how many groups are just using reggae as a prop, as a bit of icing. It's become as much a mannerism and as meaningless as all this." He mimes assorted guitar-playing examples of what I believe are known by hip people these days as *shapes*.

For whatever reasons, Joe has a hard time of it reading and writing. "I have a lot of trouble expressing myself," he tells me, though I can't say it shows. "So I go very much on intuition and on feeling. Even just in things like what song to sing next in the set — we've never had one of those pre-planned sets where you play the same stuff in the same order night after night."

Anyway, as far as the songs go it's all in the music, not in the lyrics. After all, I was playing the sax long before I was singing. It doesn't really matter what my words are. It's just the sense of it that matters — you know how people always go around singing entirely the wrong words to rock 'n' roll songs. Willy picked me up on it this morning when we were walking down Queensgate. I was singing Sam Cooke's 'You Send Me', just like I've always sing it. And yet obviously I've always had it completely wrong."

The Eng. Lit. school of rock critics who examine every possible nuance in a lyric have rather lost their perspective, I suggest.

"Of course, it's the very fact that a musician is a musician that's the reason why he shouldn't necessarily be expected to be good with words. That's why he's a musician and not a writer."

AFTER the coffees Wilbur, being a large, flesh-obsessed fellow, disappears to "check out the Soho porn scene". As the yin to this Babylonian yang I take Joe round the corner to show him Daddy Kool's. He picks up half a dozen rare classics, including the earliest Maytals album it is possible to get anywhere (ever — recorded before the dawn of time itself), and I show him down to Piccadilly tube station as he's spent his cab-fare on records.

As we're crossing Shaftesbury Avenue Joe raises his voice against the noise of the traffic: "You know, I don't really care if we don't do anything over here or in America. At least we've been here and seen it. Though a bit of success does feed the subsequent stuff you do. But I don't really want it for anything else — just to gain a few new inputs, that's all."

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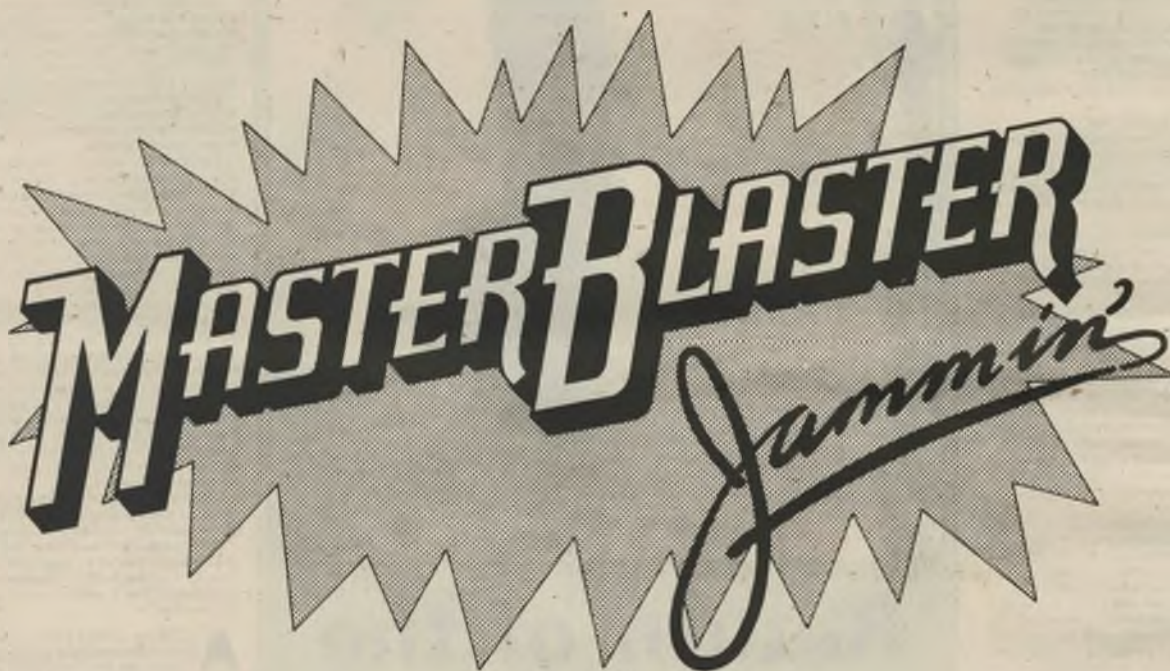
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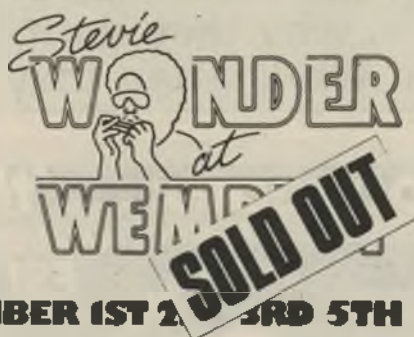
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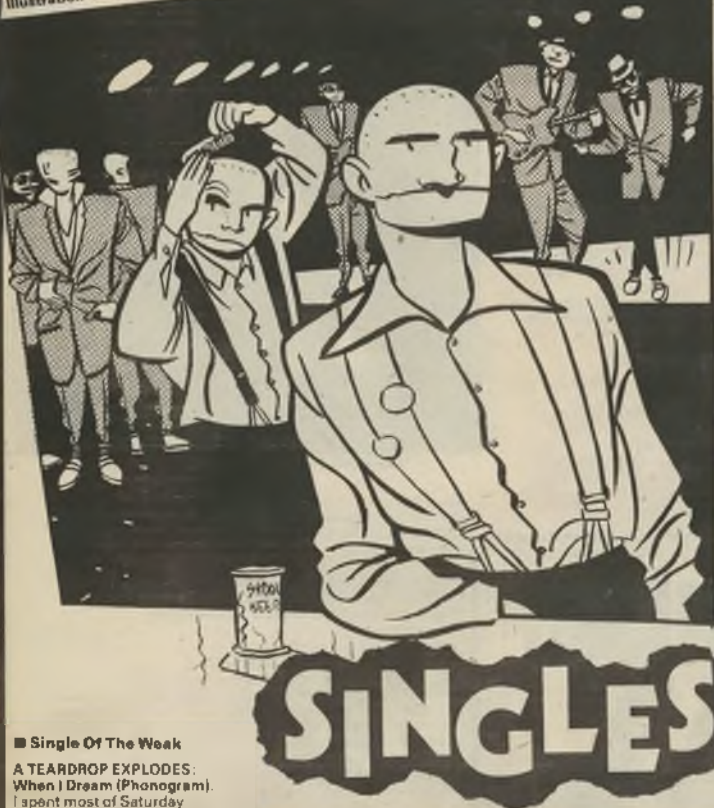


SEPTEMBER 1ST 2ND 3RD 5TH 6TH 7TH



Danny Baker at the Singles bar

Illustration Serg Clerc. Will these boys wear baggies?



Single Of The Week

A TEARDROP EXPLODES: When I Dream (Phonogram).

I spent most of Saturday morning playing this without really listening to it. I just thought, "That's nice enough", but then it hit home. Nice? NICE?? We've come to nice? It'll be a hit, no risk, but it's undeniably wet, like Buzzcocks would have sounded like had they peaked in any other era except punk. People tell me this is psychedelia. Perhaps I've remained purposely ignorant of anything in paisley outside of pyjama bottoms, which may be the fault. I hate all this granddaddy waffle about "Kids discovering stars and synthesizers and sounds like ATE for themselves" without knowing what's gone before, as if it's all wondrous and fresh and exciting. They should be made aware of what's gone before so as not to end up vapid and Floyd-like sitting in some squat with a hookah in one hand, a 'deep' book of wisdom in the other and a joss-stick... well, you know where we can put a joss-stick don'tcha. All this new calm and understanding is for saps. Let's bunk mental flab new age hippies know — Teardrop, Echo, Furs and all these other piddly little independents just itching to get in front of a 64 track mixing desk. Harmonics, pique-dixie keyboards fluttering about and lyrics that talk of "hurting someone's feelings". Music is under attack from all flanks as far as I can make out — if it's not morons in denim, it's this, the sound of continental quilts. Just keep your fists clenched and beware the creeping sleeping sickness.

Single (at 33) Of The Week

MADNESS: Baggy Trousers (Stiff). The reckless drivers still hammering on four ceiling. Madness are the only group I really enjoy out of the 2-Tone implosion — despite The Specials' good intentions and the razor edge of The Beat — and they're great in the charts or on the wireless. A bumpington, if predictable, record is 'Baggy Trousers' — a subject close to Ian Penman's arse — and I enjoy it so much

that I'll even overlook the maudlin schoolboy reminiscence of the lyric. (I was doing the same thing the other day when I went 'pudden and beef' with a mate before a team game of run outs. Lovely, alive and — yeah — nutty sound which, if the last minute is played at 33, captures a perfect bluebeat sound. Not especially psychedelic.

THE GIBSON BROTHERS: Metropolis (Island). I got tired of the grinning Brothers after that last tedious, but annoyingly whistleable shambles. This is the big track from their new LP and is a 1984 theme which may well flop, being as it isn't exactly the charged disco of old. All about the struggle of work and computers, y'see, and as earnest as they can get. Incidentally, boys, how much didst thou earnest last year?

ROBERT PALMER: Johnny & Mary (Island). A short re-review. Even Paul Rambali, who coolly received this a fortnight ago, has a gleam in his piercing blue eye that suggests he mayn't have given this the shake it deserved at that time. So I'll just say this is the best buy at 45 right now. "This is the best buy at 45 right now." And you can quote me, gang.

STEVIE WONDER: Masterbaster (Motown). Ooops. Even now, if you listen hard, you can hear the combined legal weight of Elvis Costello and Bob Marley grinding into action. This is just a shade closer to 'Watching The Detectives', never mind pinching 'Jannin' for a subtitle. Wonder finds what he believes to be reggae, although it's really just the noise of a good songwriter who's a bit bewildered by the state of 'new' music and has lost a lot of faith in his own pop writing. I can imagine them in those LA suites now, saying "Hey, y'know, Stevie's so on the ball he's taken his music off on an African

tangent, doing that reggae groove thing, y'know." Such a visionary. Ooops.

TOT TAYLOR AND HIS ORCHESTRA: Offbeat (GTO).

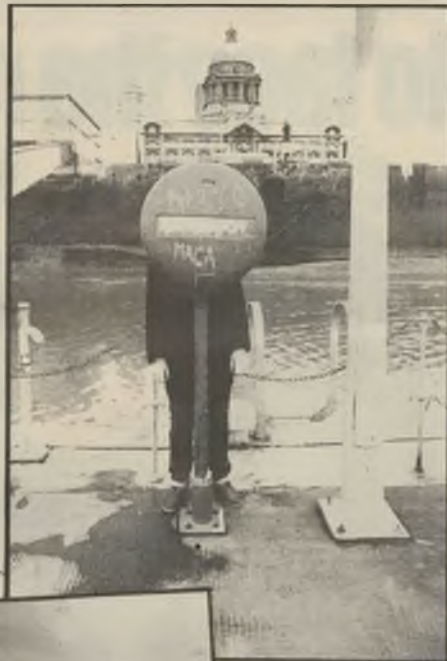
I have never heard a more cheerful record. Ugh. Sounds as though it ought to be over the movie version of some crass TV sitcom. The type of campaign that always has huge heads of stars attached to tiny cartoon bodies involved in some shenanigan or other. Watch out because it's packaged in a very modern sleeve and might very nearly be palmed off as an oddball joke. But it isn't — it's a cheap stunt.

THE CHEFS EP (Attrix). A hopeless EP of what their local (Brighton) paper described as "soured up nursery rhymes". And quite rightly. It's all awfully golly-gosh and would-be witty, sung in voices right but of collage. The only female member of the four-piece sings a crappy little piece of what I assume is bare-faced cheeky liberation called 'Thrush' and tells of how a night at the disco led her to "have a sore twat" and be "just a bunk up for you to get your spunk up" — all in a Maddy Prior type pitch. They say they're into triviality. It's a cover up for being pea-brained!

THE REVILLOS: Hungry For Love (DinDisc). Still hopelessly in love with what? Trash ethic is it? Cheesy outfits and attempting to make records that sound 15 years old, coupled with mythical great undiscovered 'B' sides fools comb junk shops for. If The Revillos were a film they'd be on Sunday afternoon on Harlech when everyone's asleep. But then they probably think that'd be a wizard piece of trash. What fascinating minds.

ANDY BLADE: Break The News (SMS). Andy used to be the sneering vocalist in a worthwhile punk rock band

A Teardrop Explodes play a gig down by the jetty, and kick themselves for buying pre-war microphones without seeing them first. Pic: Pennie Smith



Madness pic Joe Stevens

(later). Now, marooned with an attitude that's been conveyor-belted into passe, he succumbs to the mood of the day and settles for dreary old pub rock boogie complete with guitar and sax breaks. Long breaks, and less record.

DR FEELGOOD: No Mo Do Yakamo (UA). 9 BELOW ZERO: Homework (A&M). **THE INMATES: So Much In Love (Radar).** If rock we must and must we rock, then Dr Feelgood's 'Do Ya Meka

'Yak' is the best record ever made — seamy, steamy and a steamroller. If you're like me and only have a couple of their records — both singles — then buy this one. 'Mo Tak A Limbo' does, to be truthful, bring out the Status Quo devil in my chest and set it throbbing. With all the fuss and embroidery of the legendary eight bars of piano in 'Down At The Doctor's' it bodes well for what I was told is their best LP, as yet unreleased. Plus, 'Lo A Mojo Yakamo' was written by Dennis Linde, so that grizzled imp Max Bell loves it. In comparison 9 Below Zero sound positively punk and play a blues that sounds serious and revivalist as opposed to Doc's couldn't give a monkey's approach. A limited souvenir of a night at the Marquee, although they did survive Reading without copping out (unlike Fischer Z who apologised for not being HM). The inmates were great on 'Dirty Water' but their version of 'The Marauder's' 'So Much In Love' is boring. OK, OK so I never heard of The Marauders until two minutes ago — who has f'Chrissakes?

GENESIS: Misunderstanding (Charisma). I was in a record shop the other day and the people behind the jump were playing an old Genesis LP and

during an instrumental section they all stood there, eyes shut, drinking it in. I've heard people consider this stuff as the modern classical music and I guess it satisfies some jerks to believe they're on a higher plane of appreciation to the rest of us, soaking up the heady wine of a well-played mellotron as it flits over a melody that would grace Mike Oldfield himself, shoulder to shoulder with Bartok, Bach and Wagner. Ah, history and the all important sense of tradition. All this development and exploration of themes is done infinitely better in genuine classical music so why do these dopes piss-ball about with illiterates like Genesis? Maybe the back catalogue is too daunting — one might make a prawn of oneself — plus... well, one doesn't like to appear 'square', does one?

THE FALL: Totally Wired (Rough Trade). Mark E Smith — the E stands for Lewis — still sounds as sardonic and disgusted as he did the day I discovered them outside The Huddersfield Tandoori and Fish Griddle and gave them to the world. 'Totally Wired' is ugly, and terribly produced — yes, it does matter! Some good bass work is overshadowed by the overall flatness of a song which has no shape outside the chorus. Mark still has a belief that people buy a record and then go to great pains to unravel its message, or merely listen to it repeatedly and intently. I don't believe anyone does. Rock music has bluffed far too often to lend any more credence to 7" records — independent or otherwise — so whether any individual is genuinely concerned on vinyl is beside the point. People might check somebody's point of view but I can't see there's an audience for The Fall's constant verbal battering. There's too much on folk's minds these days to want to carry a slice of someone else's. This is the age of The Fact, not The Opinion.

GANG OF FOUR: Damaged Goods EP (Fast). **HUMAN LEAGUE: Being Boiled (Fast).** A swift note to say that these two are released again and it underlines that these jokers who talk about 'funk' music in the same breath as The Gap Band should be made to listen to 'Damaged Goods' until their rotten roller skates can no longer be MOT'D. To the Human League, much lesser recommendation. I see their gage but could live without them then & now.

MARTHA & THE MUFFINS: Suburban Dreams (DinDisc). If they hadn't screwed up with such a bland chorus they

Continues over

Mo' Singles

From previous page

might've had a chance of following up 'Ecky Thump', or whatever the one after that was. It's a complete production swindle, the song being very slight but bolstered by mixing desk fire and a hammer and tongs sax arrangement. But here is where the message from the disastrous flopperoo 'C30,C60,C90 Go!' applies — obtain it without shelling out.

AC/DC: You Shook Me All Night Long (Atlantic). Another Bad Company effort, from a group whose sales in tacky cotton patches helped solve the unemployment in the boom industry. Lyrics sweet about the type of woman who makes the national grid seem like your shaving adaptor and all the boys present can get under the sheets and... by Christ, what thunderous rubbish gets released and swallowed up.

QUEEN: Another One Bites The Dust (EMI). Freddie removes one or two rolls of astro-turf from his chest and Queen deviate from HM once more. If only they weren't so

singularly objectionable I might say things like how I've played this record outside of work and all sorts of irresponsible guff, but you can't divorce the moment from all those visions of the Four Ignoramouses (Ignoramice?) over the years. Queen's new single. One stinks, the other doesn't.

THE OBTAINERS: Yeh Yeh Yeh (Dance Fools). And finally, the one this office is cartwheeling for. The hum it, stum it, whistle it, Charlie's on the nose-flute while Phil McNeill is boring us all by singing at the top of his voice — and through an old toilet paper inner tube too! The Obtainers are two 13-year-olds who naturally tread the borderline between being startling and sickly. Their two songs are accompanied only by biscuit tins etc and a dam full of enthusiasm, but they are fine songs nonetheless. Request Peel to play it at a specified time and then whack it down pronto. If you can get it out of your head, you're grumpy and that's all there is to it. So what's the difference between The Obtainers and Walt Disney? Answer: The Obtainers sing but Walt Disney...

ROCKERS TIME

YOUR REGGAE ROUNDUP

BY PENNY REEL

GREGORY ISAACS: Waiting Rudy (African Museum).
DENNIS BROWN: I'm Coming Home Tonight (Yvonne Special). In which those two pastmasters of the bland Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare borrow a leaf from the Clement Dodd songbook to prove that a successful rhythm knows no confines. Both songs here employ the identical bass and drum foundation as furnished Dennis Brown's recent delivery of 'Sitting And Watching', though a cursory listen might deem otherwise, owing to the different melodies, horn, keyboard and guitar arrangements of the three titles. The cool ruler's 'Waiting Rudy' is the superior of the two sides here, with Mr Isaacs bemoaning the increasingly ginal attitude of much Jamaican youth in the wake of the country's upcoming general election: "Me say Rudy gone go wait again," he wails, "a strictly badness him say defend." Actually, neither song is of much especial consequence, though both are rendered most pleasant by virtue of the sweet, controlled singing of the respective vocalists. Easy listening music for ulros in Mooros and other Stratford Broadway mating establishments.

ASWAD (FEATURING TROMMIE & BAM!): Warrior Charge (Island). Superior instrumental from the group described by that most perceptive of critics Rudie Wright as "The young lions of UK Reggae." 'Warrior Charge' is a horn led workout triumphantly expressed in the climactic ending of the soon to be screened film *Babylon*, a glossy study in disenchantment. The Trommie and Bam! thus credited are, respectively, session trombonist Vin Gordon, now fronting his own outfit Night Doctor, and the



RAS ELROY of Black Slate: solo ventures.

saxophone player from Boney M's stage orchestra. They combine with Aswad to produce a stirring work that does justice to its militant title, and spotlights once again the Grovete's elusive versatility.

JEAN & TREVOR: Back Together Again (Student).
CLAIR McLEAN AND NORMAN STAR "COLLINS": Back Together Again (Moe Anbessa International). The incidence of soul hits providing inspiration for the UK lover's rock circuit is high, and the recent Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway collusion here engenders two interpretations in the style. Of the two, my preference lies squarely with Jean & Trevor (Walters) adaptation, even though the Moe Anbessa rendition, recorded quicker off the mark, has so far endeared itself to the majority of the reggae audience. Both versions fall somewhat in arrears of the Atlantic original, but the Jean & Trevor title compensates a little with a crisp rhythm, guitar and dub courtesy of the IMF Players. We await their combined efforts on an original composition.

DEE SHARP AND THE INVESTIGATORS: Let's Dub It Up (Fashion). Modern arrangement of a Jamaican festival song from 1975, well sung, thoughtfully produced, and released to coincide with Carnival, 'Let's Dub It Up' has already topped the UK reggae charts, where it nestles as I write, and is to be heard of a Sunday afternoon spilling out of Leytonstone terrace houses. Cunning use of the Royal Rascals' 'Love The Way It Should Be' horn phrase complements a timely and intelligent debut from this new vocalist.

LION YOUTH: I've Got To Go/Bristol Incidence (Time). A hitherto unknown entity, Lion Youth here proves himself a most adept cub with a vocal and toast title of some striking merit. The sung 'I've Got To Go' title is a melodic, though basic plea for repatriation that coasts along pleasantly. It is on the 'Bristol Incidence' toast, however, that Mr Youth comes fully into his own, as he details the recent outcry of over zealous officialdom in the fair city of suspension bridges, black tigers and indifferent footballing sides. "For me say Bristol riot a murder," says Lion Youth, "for me say government no want to put it further, true a black people them no want to push it further, but Lion Youth him a go and push it little harder, brrr, bup, bup." He then goes on to explain the raid on the Black & White Cafe by police officers — whom he refers to by the collective nomenclature of Babylon — as a consequence of their terror of reggae music, thus: "They come in a the place when they hear the drum and bass, and they mash up the goddam place." A cute observation.

ENOS McCLLOUD: Tel-A-Viv (Orbit). Plaintive song relating further to the gang war theme already touched upon earlier in review of Gregory Isaacs' new title. 'Tel-A-Viv' implicates a gang of that name in the Waterhouse district of Kingston and their running battle with the South Man brethren. As befits its subject, the title is a sombre reflection set to a slow paced rhythm, wherein Enos McCloud tells how "the fire start burn down a Waterhouse" and the homicidal consequence of the same, "the blood start run when the fire start burn." Oi vay!

RANKIN JESSY: Up Town Party (Zion Vibration). Fairly standard toast item extolling the pleasures of dance, rendered interesting by virtue of its spoken introduction which I take great pleasure in transcribing in full: "Here watcha girl! You wan' find say who? I man get to find out say a little session up the road, you no see? So if you wan' forward with the dread you just come forward, you no see?"

RAS L ROY BAILEY: 24 Hour Love/Wabadab (Arawak). That very solid and eminent character christened Elroy Bailey and hailed everywhere in reggae circles as "Bassie" is most likely the fullest employed musician on the UK scene. Quite apart from his activities with Black Slate, Ras L Roy is also the regular choice bass player with pickup backing band Corner Shot, supporting most every visiting Jamaican act and many UK solo artists without their own band, plus in addition filling in a long schedule on the local recording circuit. It gets so I man can rarely walk into a dance, rehearsal room, recording studio or club without sighting his redoubtable personage. On this quartet of songs he emerges in a new role as singer and songwriter both to exercise his somewhat unique vocal style and express his feelings thus. Although none of the compositions here match up the man's previous vocal outing on 'Sticks Man', there nevertheless remains much to recommend them, particularly the '24 Hour Love' song and its equally fine flip 'Wabadab', a paeon to the music wherein Ras L Roy advises "let the speakers be your teacher." I should imagine that the singer is their most accomplished pupil.

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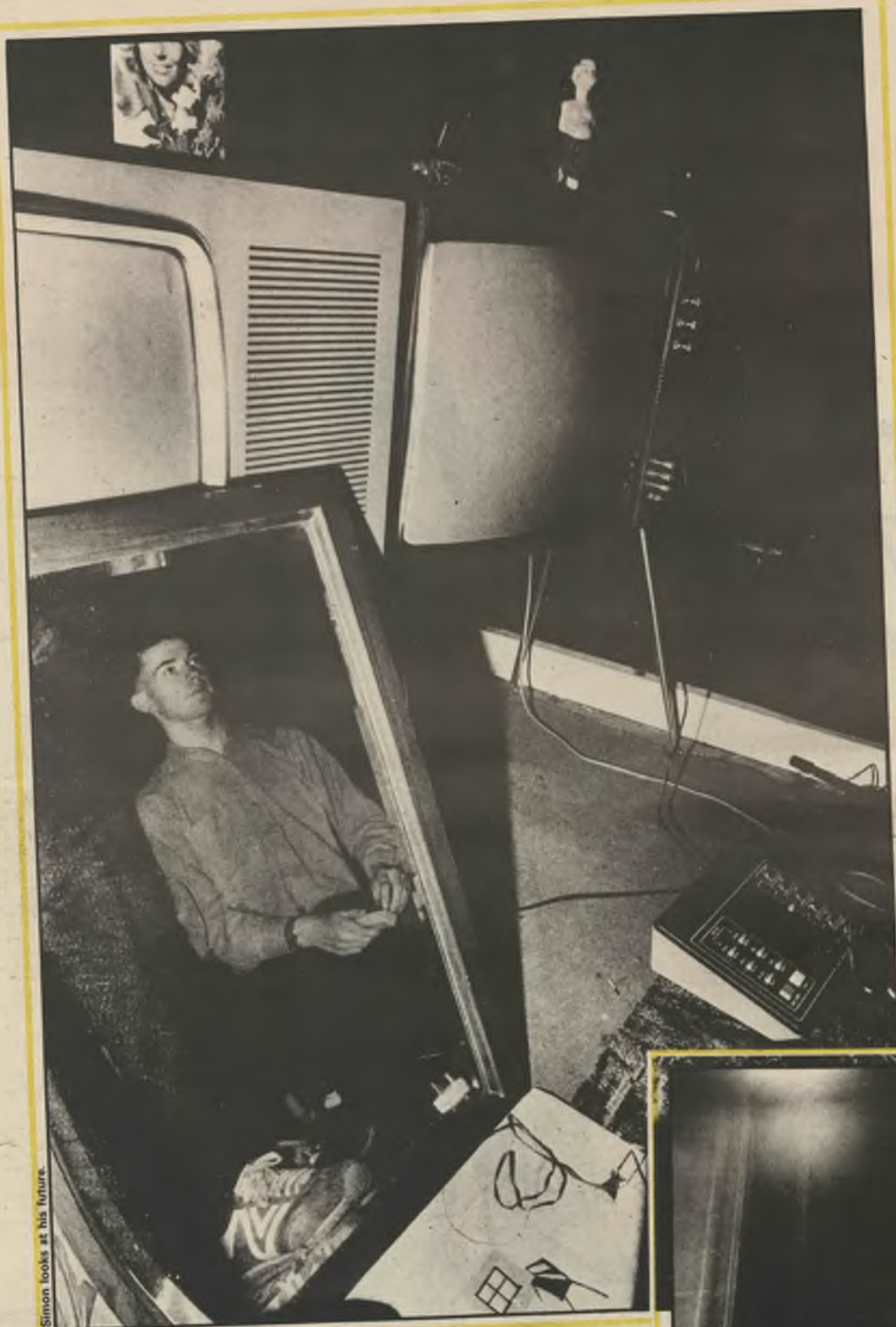
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Attention all poseurs. The latest Manchester trend is...



Simon looks at his future.

FAILED CSE ROCK!

Paul Morley tells A Certain Ratio what they are all about.
ACR listen sullenly.

Peter Anderson remembers good old art-rock photography.



Simon, Martin, Peter, Donald and Jeremy.

WE LEAVE the grubby Hulme human hutch where some members of A Certain Ratio live. The view from this particular section of hutch is not completely derelict, but neither is it splendid.

I stare out from the fourth floor landing into the miserable spread of concrete, scrap, brick, wire and wasteland, imagine in my mind A Certain Ratio's next single 'Flight', and the logic of the relationship between the entertainment and the environment makes my hands clammy.

Logic! In this world — today I don't know.

A Certain Ratio are a crazed Mancunian unit who spent their wild youth doing some heady, posy nightclubbing at Manchester's more decadent clubs. The members gathered together to make music almost out of spite.

Their sound is a derivative, decisive contemporary coalition of abnormal rhyme, the recession and no distinct reason; where funk's smouldering exuberance has been coarsened by lack of money, lack of future and a certain neurosis, and twisted viciously by an impatient post-Ubu / Pop Group spirit. It's a wretched, wretched doppleganger to the sensual funk that reached a creative peak a couple of years back, the darkest, deepest side of disco imaginable.

And if truth be known ACR play not art-rock but failed CSE rock.

A Certain Ratio's attitude is that "we can do better" — than anything of anyone. Singer / trumpeter Simon Topping once said to Chris Bohn that in all the two years he went to The Factory and Rafter's he only saw two groups he liked — and they played on the same night. As soon as I read that I knew he meant Pere Ubu and The Pop Group. They were noisy and kinky, you could dance to them or collapse to them, they weren't out to do any whitewashing. They weren't normal! I was going to ask ACR what they thought of The Pop Group these days, but decided I didn't have to. In the middle of the tiny living quarters of the Ratio hutch there was a 12" copy of The Pop Group's greatest hit 'Beyond Good And Evil'; two cigarettes had been dissected on it. Chopping up cigarettes and scattering the crumbs over records is a strange thing to do.

But A Certain Ratio like to do strange things.

WE WALK down darkened stairs to the ground level of the precinct. I mock bass player Jeremy Kerr's black plastic hold-all. Very Dexty's. ACR have already been accused of being the 'genuine' young soul rebels — whatever that actually signified — but Kerr's not into that line of thought at all. He makes sure that he always has the holdall slung over his shoulder, never gripped in his right hand as a symbol of dejection. When the group are being photographed he even gives me the bag to hold, so that silly links between the two 'moody' post-punk soul boys are not even remotely seen to be there.

I ask Topping what he feels about the Dexty's current campaign.

"What am I supposed to feel about it?" he snaps back reasonably.

The Ratios have less than nothing to say about other groups and their attitudes; and only slightly more to say about their own group and attitude. They are not keen chatters.

We wander along the darkening precinct. Always curious about what others think about the group and their occasional tricks, Topping asks whether I'd seen them play in Khaki shorts. The time when fags can be seen coursing down their usual pale bodies? (A no doubt discreet reference to their manager's prediction that ACR will soon be cruising round Bel Air in Cadillacs.)

"Yeah, we got some girls to rub in that stuff, but afterwards they wouldn't take it off."

I can't say I'm surprised.

"Did you think wearing those shorts was funny?"

Within reason. Is that why you did it?

"Not really. Tony (Wilson, Factory boss) got us them. They were only two quid. They're really practical. It gets very hot on stage."

We drift towards a 'phone box, a dirty red shadow amidst the great concrete shapes all around us, to call a couple of taxis. Ratio's cute guitarist Peter Terrell, whose cheeky grin should easily snap away any fear of their music, tells me that sometimes when he strolls through this part of the hellish Hulme structure young kids probably not much smaller than himself hurl stones and abuse at him.

"They're instant stiffs as soon as they're born," he scoffs, "stiffs" being the ultimate insult. "They've got to fall in with the rest of them, they grow up like their parents. They don't even think about being different."

As the group collects around the 'phone box and various Ratio's attempt to get through to a taxi firm, the temperature's so low a different kind of stiffdom beckons. I'm close to being frozen on the spot in a lost corner of Hulme.

It's the middle of the evening, and in a few hours' time ACR play Manchester Rafter's. This hanging around, shivering into space, doesn't seem the ideal preparation.

"Is this going to be a page interview?" asks Terrell.

"Or a double page spread?" crows Topping, snidely.

"Do you think it'll get on the cover?" wonders Terrell.

Automatically — if I had my way, Terrell half-heartedly pulls a face.

Would a front cover mean much to him?

"They'd probably stop our sale. I don't know. I suppose it'd be quite nice. Something to show your parents," he chuckles.

Jolly drummer Donald Johnstone fails to get a taxi, but trumpeter / guitarist Martin Moscrop fares better. Taxis should be on their way. We wait, freezing into the pavement. Four fifths of Ratio look the part for this sort of dreary street corner lingering. Johnstone, tubby form not very well hidden by a large-ish yellow and black tracksuit, wearing an ever-present jockey cap, looks like a Central Park jogger. The others, who could all be described as quiet, have a baggy, anti-chic chic Jarrow March look.

A taxi arrives, takes Moscrop and Kerr into the city centre a couple of miles away. The rest of us wait some more. The second taxi doesn't turn up, so we have to wait even longer for Johnstone's girl to come along in his new car. We move along the pavement a few yards to be more noticeable, wait some more. Forty-five minutes in Hulme open air is not recommended. No wonder ACR always look so grim on stage if this is their usual preparation.

"It's always something that has gone wrong, some bad luck during the evening," shrugs Johnstone, shaking his head, perking up to exclaim that he's having trouble getting accustomed to Topping's new and startling short back and sides.

"My Grace Jones look," says Topping, defensively. A sleek, shiny hatchback motor pulls up. I whistle. Not an expected ACR vehicle! It's Donald's.

"He works at the airport and earns £75 a week," marvels Terrell with an unexpected blast of total awe.

We drive off to the centre of the city, Topping perched on Johnstone's knee in the front seat.

WHEN A journalist writes a piece on a Factory group he is inevitably met at Manchester's Piccadilly Station by Factory's wizard Tony Wilson (to Hannett's mad professor, Gretton's hoigan, Erasmus' tramp and Saville's executive). And sure enough as we burst through the ticket barrier of platform nine there's the grinning Wilson, pushing loose hair out of his face, striding towards us in pathetic khaki balloons, happily sockless. He's skiving off more time from Granada Television.

Taking such time off has meant that Wilson by mutual agreement has been taken off the *World In Action* team. Too fast, youthful, unpredictable within that context, he once hitchhiked to an important interview with Sir Keith Joseph and turned up dishevelled and disoriented, with a minute to spare.

Granada's respect for him as an on-screen personality — the man who grannies used to love, who still gets recognised in Manchester streets by teenage girls shoving each other in delight — has meant that he's to link an upcoming Granada pop show, *The World Of Pop*, the inevitable attempt to visualise *Smash Hits*.

The probable success of this, combined with the phenomenal and significant success of Factory Records, suggests what the more flexible amongst us have always thought; that *So It Goes* was more perceptive and brilliant than merely being erratically entertaining. Wilson's understanding of rock's volatile inner tension, its crude art and its ace style, is unimpeachable. Factory Records is a success because it perceives what is wanted and needed in 1980 pop.

By not limiting eccentricity, extremity or indulgence, Factory — along with labels like Ze and Fetish — define where pop is and where it's going as a reflection of today's turmoil. They are dragging rock forward.

Who else but Factory would have discovered and patiently encouraged A Certain Ratio, a group who in their early days were unhelpfully primitive? And what a loss it would have been if no one had!

By totally lacking general rock expectations, Factory are more likely to spot inner coherence in a superficially messy group like ACR than in the restricted code of an average tidy rock band. By saying that commercialism can be anything, not just this and that, Factory's definition — rather lack of it — is best.

It allows Ratio to be. They're continuing punk spirit rather than the letter of the law. Listen to them and you know what's going on all around.

TONY WILSON is ACR's manager. As such he is ruthless, ever watchful and scuriously protective. The first time I ever saw Ratio was in May '79, the London debut of Factory groups at Acklam Hall (along with Joy Division and Orchestral Manoeuvres when there were less than 100 in the audience). They were drummerless and I

thought cumbrous. I didn't like them.

"We thought we'd played really well," comments Topping wryly. "But Tony thought we were drunk and he gave us a right bollocking because people like you didn't like us."

ACR are not too sure how honest to be about their manager. They like to have it their way at all times. Equally they are not too sure about their position of relative acceptance, but try to take it in their stride.

"I think the reason that we are accepted has something to do with Factory Records. Yeah, it's only because we're a Factory band that we get a lot of the attention that we do. Factory bands do get a lot of attention. Tony knows how to do things right."

There's a quiet respect for Wilson mixed with a tinge of suspicion. ACR have gained a lot of attention through the Factory packages, packages that now become slightly predictable and restrictive.

"We don't want to do that anymore. We're going to stop doing them after America. That's where arguments have started... Tony thinks that we're being arrogant. We can't understand in what way."

Wilson's side of it is that he hears Ratio developing the type of crusty aloofness of lettered Pop Group. This so-called arrogance could be rooted in Ratio's intense desire to keep everything as personal as possible.

"Well, it's just we want to do things our way and they want to do things their way. It's mainly that Tony's ideas are so different from ours because of his age and everything, and he used to say that we could do what we wanted but now he's trying to control us — not the music, just the other things. It's become less of a family, Factory. It's more of a major record company. It's definitely gone up a stage since six weeks ago. Some things have changed. Since Joy Division. Since the money started coming in."

To some extent ACR are being mollycoddled as the next Factory superstars: right now they're elitist press darlings, in the shadow of J.D. but ready to leap into the glare... they skirt around any such pressure there may be to be the next year's successful Factory band.

"If there is that sort of pressure we can leave. We are not chained to Factory Records."

Mildly controversial stuff. Their pragmatic attitude to the organisation that gave them everything is typical.

At one point whilst Ratio are mutely discussing Factory flaws, happy Donald Johnstone, a faithful Factory man, puts things into perspective.

"Where would we be without Factory? No equipment, no records, no gigs... no money."

The less convinced are not too sure about "no money". But then there's a continual ration of uncertainty in ACR's make up. This uncertainty, thinly disguised, is what makes ACR's whirl go round.

WE drive over to the other side of Manchester to pick up ACR at their rehearsal room. They hardly acknowledge me, but I wasn't really expecting them to. As we drive back into Manchester for the soundcheck at Rafter's, Wilson and ACR work out some vague plan for sleeping accommodation for when Factory invade New York this month.

Being caught up in Factory has meant that Ratio will spend some weeks in New York, gigging and recording. They're not exactly tickled ecstatic by the prospect.

"The original reason we were going over was that some record company was interested in us."

Ze?

"Antilles, the Eno thing. But when Tony went over there for a week to see them he said they were stupid. But we're going over anyway."

Inside Rafter's, people rush here and there. Musicians seem to be turning up minute by minute looking to soundcheck. Four groups are to play: Swamp Children, Blurt, Durutti Column and Ratio. Wilson lectures Invisible Girls' Steve Hopkins about some important date he must remember.

"There's always some excuse. One minute it's working with Pauline Murray, the next it's being interviewed by the bloody *NME*."

The bloody *NME* withdraw into a dark corner to watch ACR soundcheck. A wacky house light show is set in motion by Eric Random. Everyone present seems to be in their recession/military togs. This is beginning to become an Era. Johnstone soundchecks for a couple of songs he'll be doing with Vini Reilly (bassist Kerr has also been doing some work with Reilly, his soft voice more suiting Reilly than Ratio, and Moscrop will play drums with disconcerting Swamp Children and then we leave).

Moscrop, Terrell, Kerr and Topping walk from Rafter's to the Hulme hutch. By now we're talking, but closer to sulking than plotting a conspiracy. Terrell and Topping buy some toffees. Moscrop gets a Mexican take away. We head for the Hulme hole, Topping chucking me toffees, Terrell pointing to the underside of an overpass scrawled with punk slogans.

If we were a punk band that's where we would have our photo's taken."

Somebody remarks that in Hulme someone has sprayed A Certain Ratio on a wall.

"Should we have our pictures taken in front

of that?" suggests Terrell. The group groan. One of them burps. One of them asks if there are any eggs in the hutch.

Like I say, ACR are not keen chatters.

BEFORE I set the tape in motion, Kerr sits next to me and runs his fingers up and down his bass strings. Two are new and he's slackening them. "Tina Weymouth taught me how to do this," he mock-gloats. "She taught me everything I know about bass guitars!"

ACR finished 1979 by supporting Talking Heads on their short British tour, last minute replacements for Human League whose non-human film ideas was not up to T. Heads standards. ACR did the Heads tour, and look where they are today! (That will make more sense when you hear 'Flight', which took more time to craft than 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' — and if it doesn't freak you out must be very cold.)

Their first Factory single 'All Night Party' is a representation of their sound when they were drummerless and all but formless. At the time, I played it a few times and just thought Wilson was being a perverse little fool for flirting with them. Playing it recently and joining in with it's ache, I realised that it's one of the best 2,000 singles ever made.

ACR's development can be definitely split pre-Johnstone and post-Johnstone (and then pre-trumpets and post-trumpets). Pre-Johnstone they gravitated towards surly abstraction, laboriously and grumpily constructing hard death-drones; somewhere between 'No Pussyfooting' and 'Sister Ray'.

Post-Johnstone — by which time Ratio had spent some months learning their way around their instruments — the sound became very much a dance music, still unadorned and devious and in many ways non-epically daunting; somewhere between Pere Ubu and the end of a dream.

At one point Topping asks me (I think ACR for all their apparent reserve asked me more questions than I asked them) what I thought ACR were going to sound like once Wilson had uncovered Johnstone and eased him into the fray. I did hope it would become more a dance music.

"Mmmm," he ponders, "it's just that some groups would like we did when we didn't have a drummer even when they do." A savage indictment?

The first chance the people had to purchase Post-Johnstone stuff was 'The Graveyard And The Ballroom' cassette-in-a-purse. A sweet Factory idea, typically creating their own trendiness, it wasn't really much to do with ACR. One side was recorded on the Heads tour at London's Electric Ballroom, the other side is some demos recorded at Prestwich's Graveyard studio by that man Hannett.

'Graveyard And The Ballroom' is horror music, elegiac in a strange way, violently contemporary, nervy, pugnacious. Black comedy, white noise, nightmares and phobias. It was music of fear — but for all that, compelling communication of enjoyment.

Free of the perverse shackles a lack of rhythm had placed on their music, ACR had stretched out, were translating their own lacerating language.

The songs were a lonely, longing statement. ACR didn't want to make the world a nicer place. They just wanted to make it out. The feeling isn't dismal but stimulating. When I ask if they feel their music is emotional, the question is so dumb they don't even bother answering.

ACR are not afraid of playing live (although Johnstone said he got a bit scared playing those large places with Talking Heads: "I couldn't see the faces of the people.") In a way they're playing too many gigs.

"We're not as enthusiastic about what we do as we were at the start. We still like what we're playing, but we play it all the time. We've been on the road for two years now playing... it doesn't make a difference when you're playing the same old things over and over again. I think we're in a dilemma at the moment because Donald's often working and we don't get a chance to rehearse."

WHAT ACR are working towards will remain vague. Probably just the day it all disintegrates. They just are and that's very much how they operate. They place all the emphasis on their music, that spilling over into how it's presented. There's a constant, unquenchable thirst for the mythical change. With dry submission they maintain that there is nothing they can do to change rock's web of deceit, and so commit themselves to retaining their own purity, their own particular creativity. Dancing down the tunnel to dystopia.

They continue for their own enjoyment. "And the development of our ideas. To play music how we feel it should be played."

How should it be played?

"The way we play it."

Sometimes they say their music's not that good, other times they imply it's the only music. I ask myself if they think they're not as good as they can be because they're dominated by influences.

"No."

They must have learnt from something else. "You use what you can. You can't be totally original. What we're playing is like everything we've ever heard recycled, how we'd like to hear it done. Sometimes it works, sometimes



McVicar: Roger Daltrey assists Her Majesty's Forces with their enquiries

SILVER SCREEN

Mind your language

McVicar

Directed by Tom Clegg
Starring Roger Daltrey, Adam Faith and Cheryl Campbell
(Brent Walker)

THE HYPOCRISY of the daily tabloids is quite wonderful. In what might be a description of their own low tastes, they have labelled *McVicar* a flash and vulgar piece of work. One that glamorises violence and lacks even an O level grasp of socio-dynamics.

What makes a criminal, they want to know (Oh really?). How and why was the boy *McVicar* transformed into a thieving nuthead and what almighty twitch of conscience made him turn about and take up the life of study, writing and oratory.

It's said that the film is short on this kind of perspective and exposition and that its omission means we are presented with a distorted, simplistic version of criminality. One that arouses and then celebrates the base instincts. What about *McVicar* the cell-bound scholar? they ask. Or do shots (ho cynical ho) of a bloke reading an 'story book make for boring cinema? Yes.

The tabloids, of course, want not the essence of villainy — which *McVicar* tries to deliver — but its apology. Sociologists have been conning up such rubbish for years. Rationale being the

manner with which the 'cultured' intellect covers its embarrassment.

Every good thief, on the other hand, vows full well that low behaviour is low behaviour. And *McVicar*? Well, he sunk as low as the best of them. His salvation was to do with recognition of the fact, not the concoction of some fathomless *raison d'être* that sidesteps the essentials.

The essentials in this case are language, freedom, and the mentality of the thief. Three elements that become all the more brightly sharp in a place that tries to limit them. A

place like Durham jail where *McVicar* was dumped in the '60s for being a bad and anti-social nutter.

The result is a lot of rubbing in confined quarters. In turn producing a startling explicitness. The language alone is as rank and yet as finely hung as anything I've heard in a British movie and this, by degrees, clues you in to the fanatical desires of the inmates.

What you quickly realise is that the way these villains deal with one another is pure schoolyard. What they leave out is simply the grown-up etiquette. Ergo, the language largely turns on the schoolboy preoccupation with 'cunts' and 'arseholes'. So not too much oratorical grandeur here but wonderfully sculpted to fit the bill; to prove hardness, to burn off sexual energy and to vilify those that stand in your way of freedom.

Much play is also made of undying brotherhood of the what-4-wouldn't-do-for-you variety but, like the fickle friendships of youth, such devotion is often capped with a betrayal. So it is with *McVicar* himself.

But though the naughty words might shock, it's the subject of freedom which the movie handles most explicitly. Freedom, like liberty and justice, is one of those philosophical items impossible to define until you start



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depriving people of it and then all at once the victim knows exactly what's missing. The early prison scenes are especially heavy with this sense of deprivation and with the comic wolf cries it arouses.

In a way, the opening resembles one of those spiffin' Brit prisoner of war dramas, what with the heroes tunnelling for their lives amidst scenes of official blundering and all. It's only when the break is made and we see McVicar fleeing down leafy glades that we get forcibly struck by the realisation that this isn't Colditz but provincial UK 1980.

By this time Daltrey's McVicar is just a bloke. To see him being hounded by dogs and police cars is fairly jarring. All the more so because up until now the script and direction have avoided what McVicar calls "formula film-making"... the kind where you have gratuitous car chase ending in one turning over and bursting into flames. That kind of film", he says, "is chewing gum for the eye."

The formula symptoms are in a certain kind of language and choreography. The way the camera takes in a face or gesture. One way senses and explores human vulnerability even as it tells its story, the other is fascinated solely with neat, objective action. The Sweeney touch. Which is where director Clegg came in. It is in the later stages when McVicar is holed up with his girlfriend and awaiting inevitable capture that the movie slips into the Sweeney bracket. His gang's raid on an armoured van, for instance, is

not only nauseatingly hack, it misses an opportunity to deliver the real, hair-raising flavour.

The clubbing around with his chums and the romancing of his common-law wife and child are also expeditiously handled. It's as though the effort of sustaining realism in these wider confines proved too much and the makers surreptitiously agreed to substitute cliché.

But even at its worst moments *McVicar* isn't one quarter as bad as it's popularly painted. Daltrey is surprisingly fine in the lead role, although he demonstrates little of the intelligence you'd expect from a BSc escape. Adam Faith, always an excellent cheeky rogue, handles Wally Probyn with his usual good sense and there are some other neat cameos from many of the jailbirds.

Flawed, yes. But practically a great movie.

Andrew Tyler

BOX OFFICE

London

1. *Airplane!* (Directors: Jim Abrahams, David and Jerry Zucker)
2. *Fame* (Alan Parker)
3. *The Empire Strikes Back* (Irvin Kershner)
4. *Breaking Glass* (Brian Gibson)
5. *Being There* (Hal Ashby)

Regions

1. *Airplane!* (Abrahams/Zucker)
2. *Friday The 13th* (Sean S. Cunningham)
3. *The Secret Policeman's Ball* (Roger Graef)
4. *The Empire Strikes Back* (Irvin Kershner)
5. *The Last Flight Of Noah's Ark* (Charles Jarrott)

(Screen International)



On Broadway: Roy Scheider (crouching) leads 363 extras through their paces and *All That Jazz*

Fosse bares his soul

All That Jazz

Directed by Bob Fosse

Starring Roy Scheider and Jessica Lange (Columbia)

"It's showtime, folks!"

With this self-mocking, self-cloaking aphorism, big time choreographer and director Joe Gideon (Roy Scheider) embraces his day. A painful of Benzadrine and an Alka Seltzer fizz, another Marlboro and off into the ravages and romps of daily routine — the on-Broadway odyssey and behind it) the ordinary work.

Gideon (is this a cheap Everyman trope or trip or what?) is basically a sublimation of Fosse's past, a helpful hollow oracle through which Big Thoughts can burst onto the screen. For, besides being a runaway sketch of how the grim and grimy realities of sparkling showbiz can ruin a guy or doll, it is also — hushed silence — About Death. Fosse, having directed two interesting films (*Sweet Charity*, *Lennie*) and the big smash *Cabaret*, now allows himself a bit of grand indulgence — which would be fair enough if *All That Jazz* had managed to transcend its professional, cynical polish.

The hooha around about how much Fosse and Gideon have in common (choreographer-director in middle-aged stress situation suffers heart attack) is in fact a red herring. Gideon is a precociously gay: the Artist taunted by death. He is selfish, creative, a being apart (in the 19th century he'd have been a tubercular painter), made singular by his self-destructiveness. *All That Jazz* is at least honest enough to present Gideon as a bit of a shit who gets his job done.

Byron is said to have gazed into the mirror and craved consumption, claiming the ladies would all find him more "interesting" for it. Gideon takes this premise to extremes, running through sexual liaisons like cheap romantic library

books, deliberately losing his ticket time after time — quick, say "I love ya" again — and sprinting for the door. No phallic hydraulics, though — the film's most explicit punch isn't below the belt but an open heartbeat on the operating table. Sex is treated in a vaguely Schrader-ish way: it's absent, a necessary mess, a ghost. Women suffer Gideon's erratic ways and his wife has long since ditched hopes of fidelity: walk on partners.

As a portrait this is OK, sexual realism rather than sexism. If you want something with more of a cerebral human touch, something couched in analysis — forget it. Still, there's no smallprint clause which says we have to like our protagonist — why the natural empathy bit for a misbegotten egomaniac who craves heroic status? (This is a story, after all.) Gideon starts with an advantage, since we know from early on that he's no saint. It's his ability to stay on top of things (insert sexist joke) which makes him interesting, but he can't stay on top without the fatal diet of fags, pills, booze and too much sleeping around.

The problem with Gideon is neither his resemblance to Fosse nor his screen morality, but his incompleteness — as dramatic character or doppleganger. The daily diary, dirty laundry effect doesn't quite take. Nor do the equally repetitive encounters with Angelique, the "angel of death": this is one fantasy which should have a Fellini copyright stamped on its crate, along with a prosecution for loitering with pretence.

Gideon soft shoe shuffles off his mortal coil, a walking show must go on speech, a lustful perfectionist and bluff sentimentalist. *All That Jazz* is a flawed film, and one I don't particularly care for — but it's somehow necessary. Corrigible demystification, and the problem is the inherent tedium — even sex, speed, booze and movies get boring after a while.

On the other hand, had Gideon been an aspiring young writer Narcissus might just have fallen in love again.

Ian Penman

ON THE BOX has moved. See Gig Guide, page 42.

ROBERT POWELL

Is he the new messiah or a demon from another world?

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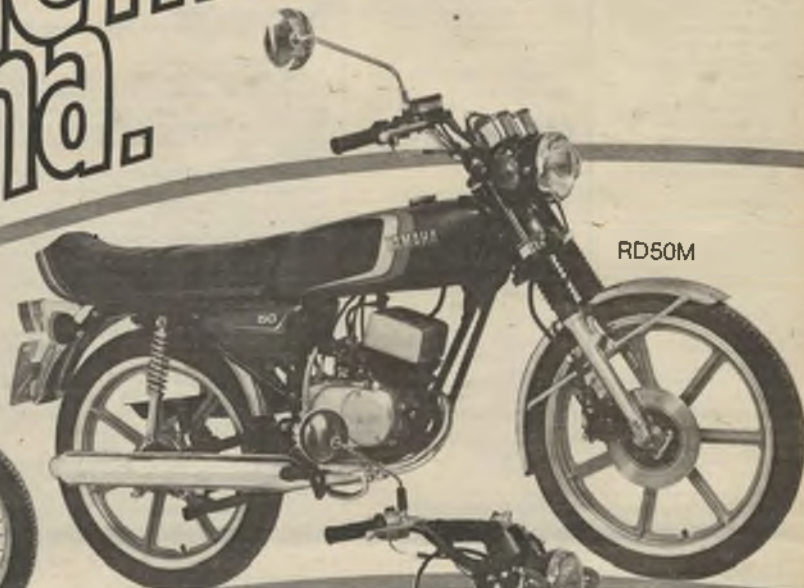
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Fleshtones, 1 to r: Phil Millstein, Keith Streng, one of the Speaths, Pete Zarella, Jan Marke Pakulski. Pic: Joe Stevens

THE FLESHTONES have the spirit that has always moved great pop music. They have the raw enthusiasm, the exuberance, the slight touch of madness. They have the beat — big, broad and danceable. They have the voices, the chops and the songs.

What they don't have is very much of an image, and still less, any gimmicks. And gimmicks are what the marketing of a dance band seems to require.

The core of the group, singer/harmonica player Peter Zarella, guitarist Keith Streng and bassist Jan Marek Pakulski, have been together as a band since 1976. But that lack of an image, coupled with an unfortunate history of personnel changes (drummers and second guitarists) and long periods of inactivity, have kept The Fleshtones from the limelight they deserve.

Now they have bounced back, surer and stronger than ever. On the recent compilation album of New York bands, "Marty Thau Presents 2x5", their "Shadowline" is the single strongest track. There are touches of classic '60s pop to the song but its urgency is totally present-day as Zarella, working the old theme of busting out of the world's constrictions, sings and blows his heart out. Their other track, "Fascination", is a slighter, nostalgic exercise, but still charming.

At the time of recording these tracks the band had no drummer, and Clem Burke of Blondie set in. They've since found Phil Millstein, and their recent gigs place them as one of the indispensable treats available on the local circuit.

As front man, Zarella has learned to give his audience something to watch as well as listen to. He shimmies and bops around like he's having the time of his life, but he's no dancin' fool — his moves are edged with a sly wit. The band's influences — psychodelia, surf, garage punk, R&B — have welded into a cohesive sound which is all their own. A horn section, Byron and Gregory Speath, adds extra swing. The best way to describe a Fleshtones set is to fall back on the usual dance band clichés — party atmosphere, loose craziness, rollicking fun — but this band is good enough to make those hackneyed

THE PLEASURES OF THE FLESH

Could The Fleshtones be America's next big thing and if not, why not? Richard Grabel dances the night away.

phrases mean something again.

It's fitting that The Fleshtones had their beginning as, literally, a party band. Sometime in '75, Streng and Pakulski, old friends, rented a cheap house together in the Queens neighbourhood of Whitestone. "We had a party there every weekend," Streng recalls. "One weekend we decided that we would play the rock and roll instead of playing it on the stereo." People liked it, so they kept going.

BACK in '76, the popular local bands had strongly defined images. The Ramones were bad-boy punks, Talking Heads were preppies, Television loft-bound poets. The Fleshtones were just boys-next-door from Queens, kids everyone went to High School with and almost no-one wanted to know.

Zarella: "What happened was we either played at parties or tried to find alternative places. Finally we hit on this basement of this Polish Catholic Church, which became the original Club 57. We played there with The Zantees, and Nervus Rex, and it was extremely successful. But the police always seemed to break it up."

Alan Vega of Suicide became a fan in that period and he introduced the band to Marty Thau at about the time Thau was forming his Red Star Records. Thau at first wanted them to take part in a compilation, then decided to do an entire Fleshtones album. The album was recorded but, due to Red Star's financial problems, only a single, "American Beat" b/w "Critical List", was ever released.

"List" was a rocker spotlighting a high-pitched, soulful vocal by Streng and equally soulful harp blowing by Zarella.

"Beat" was a manifesto, celebrating the healthy tradition of regional American sounds.

In the mid-'60s, when indie labels were more viable and AM radio still an open field, bands like The Count Five, The Music Machine, and The Syndicate of Sound were able to score minor but national one-off hits with raw, punky sounds. But without tours or TV exposure, they remained anonymous.

The Fleshtones make the same kind of energetic, regional music, but are fighting their way up through an industry that's differently structured now. If things go well though, the fact that it's taking them longer to make it will mean they will have more than a one-shot career when they do.

Pakulski: "We've had the garage band label applied to us, and it is pretty true, in that we just started out by playing what we felt."

Considering the message of "American Beat", is there something in your music you could define as peculiarly American?

Zarella: "I think there is. I'm a little too close to it to say exactly what it is. It comes out of what we've been listening to for many years, not out of responding to any fads."

"I don't try to preach in my lyrics. But as nebulous as it may seem, I am talking about things I've done, that I've gone through. 'Shadowline' is about people who stayed up all night doing things. I don't know if they do it in London, I hear things close down at eleven o'clock there. But in the States, where we have a democracy (laughter around the table) and a subway system that stays open, there are clubs. I was with a bunch of people, and we'd finish playing at four in the morning and go off to the Crisco, and this place is packed with all sorts of people. Fine citizens. I mean, these

people are not burning the candle at both ends, these people are on fire. So we'd leave there at nine in the morning, and we'd go up to the Cell Block. You sit in there and you're wondering, what the hell, I should have been asleep hours ago, and there's this guy with chains wrapped around him and that's definitely, beyond the shadowline."

"I didn't want to write about that by saying, 'hey, hey, we're rockin' at the Cell Block this morning'. And I don't want to make any claims about taking on the police system of this country, although we've all had our problems with them. But there was a good view of Rikers Island (a New York prison) from the place where I wrote 'Fascination', and we did sit and watch the river, and we did think about how it would be great to be in a band. So there are those things in our songs, and I will stand by all that, and so will Keith."

Streng: "So there."

THE FLESHTONES are great, funny guys and they care about what they do. When Peter Zarella wants to know if something has soul, he'll ask how it compares with the Wicked Pickett, and he has no qualms about applying the same standards to his own work. But if their goals are lofty it's only because they're so rarely reached.

I asked them if going from parties to clubs and studios had changed things for them.

Streng: "No, we'd like to feel the same atmosphere take hold. Get drunk, dance, and have a good time."

Cliches, of course. But invest a cliché with enough faith and it can become something more true.

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He drives home pissed at night
And he listens to his stereo
He spends his weekends with a load of blokes
He forgets the punchline when he tells a joke
He wants to go out he don't want to go home
Till his nicotine fingers are stuck down his throat
He blamed his fiancée when he caught V.D.
The doctor said no drink for 17 weeks
He wants to go out but he has to stay home
Sit in and watch colour T.V. on his own.....

The tablets are finished the cure is complete
He hasn't had a drink now for 17 weeks
17 pints tonite is the night
It goes straight to his head he ends up in a fight
The police chase him home through the dark rainy night
A fluorescent jam sandwich with flashing blue light
His mum's waiting up - she hopes he's alright
But he's wrapped round a lampost on Saturday night.....

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It can't happen here, we're too sensible. Fascism, mind-control, slavish obedience to authority — we Britons will stand against these things. Or will we?

The NME Consumers' Guide To

1984

By IAN MacDONALD

THE TOTALITARIAN revolution is upon us. Having slowly prepared itself over the last two hundred years (since the fall of the Bastille), it's now poised to take over the planet, ending humanity's short experiment with enlightenment and ushering in a new Dark Age of cruelty and fear.

The dynamics of this revolution are both simple to understand and quite beyond our control:

A world surfeit of unemployable and eventually unfeedable people threatens social chaos on a scale not seen, in the West at least, since the collapse of the Roman Empire.

However, keeping pace with every new factor for destabilization is a new science of social control based on computer electronics.

As chaos spreads, so will the use of this control technology. In the end, freedom and morality will be squeezed to death between anarchy and absolute power.

In the words of the evil O'Brien in George Orwell's prophetic novel 1984: "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face — for ever."

Already the various technical and security elites of the world are tribalizing and growing apart from the people they ostensibly serve and protect. Soon they will come to employ the full range of scientific control systems to organise the world, country by country, after their own special interests. (A glimpse of this trend in action was recently provided by the revolt of Kwangju in South Korea.)

Turning the tide of what seems to be something like an evolutionary drive looks about as feasible as holding back a new Ice Age. But is there nothing to be done to delay or mitigate the effects on our own country?

There are several answers.

Some problems are soluble and are thus worth addressing; others are not and are best identified as such and left alone. Time is short.

Many other effects may ultimately be beyond our control, but can be delayed or diluted by forceful and concerted effort. And yet talk of "concerted" effort and the use of the pronoun "we" begs a disturbing question:

Does our society still possess a basis for collective action in the common interest which does not partake of the very authoritarianism it seeks to avoid? Or are its divisions and its inertia too strong to overcome?

Where change is necessary, people always have two vitally related fields of action open to them: outer change (or modification of the environment) and inner change (or modification of the personality).

It's possible that an alteration in one automatically produces a change in the other, but the general principle is not at issue here. What is crucial these days is control. If you don't control your personality and your environment, sooner or later somebody else will come along and do the job for you.

The first part of this final article reviews our choice of outer changes, the second our inner world and the forces which threaten it.



Illustration: RALPH STEADMAN

3. Final Solution » Enemies of Freedom

ON THE SUBJECT OF THE increasing tribalization of our technical and security elites, it's advisable to start by cooling off and trying to look at the problem realistically.

For example: our guardians may have dug the holes and forged the weapons needed to keep a semblance of order going in a time of chaos, but to assume from this that they actively seek to bring about such a collapse is like saying that a man who smokes sixty cigarettes a day is trying to give himself lung cancer.

This in no way alters the fact that the secret existence of the National War Plan is a betrayal of the British people, but at least it makes it understandable. If the expected collapse comes, it will be hard to blame any one agency for causing it, and for similar reasons: both Plan and breakdown, should they activate each other, will merely be the instruments of a wider and longer-lasting national conspiracy of apathy, hypocrisy, and pig-headedness.

To a great extent, the army and the police are only doing what they

understand to be their job: ensuring the maintenance of government and public order. Yet in the era of Auschwitz and My Lai, doing your job is no longer a viable excuse for obeying without question every mad command your seniors choose to give you.

The ultimate issue is not faithful adherence to outmoded or plainly unjust authority, but the destruction or survival of freedom itself — a burden shouldered equally by all of us, whether private citizen, politician, policeman, or soldier.

Where the choice is clearly between freedom and the continuation in office of an unrepresentative minority, the guardians of national security are morally bound to act in the interests of the nation rather than the incumbent power. Moreover, it is similarly binding upon the nation to ensure that this is exactly what their soldiers and policemen do.

Whether this is a naive fantasy doomed to be repeatedly disillusioned by the same old "whiff of grapeshot" is not the point at issue. We're concerned with principle: and the

principle governing the relationship between a nation and its guardians implies a dialogue.

The problem facing the common people in most countries (not excluding this one) is that this dialogue has become at best perfunctory, at worst non-existent. Without re-opening the dialogue, there is nothing — short of insurrection — which a people can do to affect the attitudes and policies of those that guard them. And this is neither idle speculation nor incitement to riot: it's a simple logic.

Take, for example, Major-General Sir Frank Kitson. Left-wing paranoia notwithstanding, he conspicuously lacks the look of tigerish arrogance typical of a General Pinochet, but nor, on the other hand, does he manifest the concerned involvement of a Jerry Rawlings. Kitson is a professional soldier — a decent man doing his job to the best of his ability.

And yet, despite his decency and his obvious possession of a disciplined mind, it has apparently failed to occur to him that he is no longer dealing with the Mau-Mau or the IRA or any

other doctrinally violent sect — but with his 56 million fellow countrymen, most of whom are similarly decent people and perfectly willing to trust him if only they had something firmer to go on than vague anxiety and ominous rumour.

Plotting against the possibility of your own people's rebelliousness can only be a self-fulfilling prophecy. It's useless to work secretly to counter insurgency if the insurgency you fear is actually being brought on by the very secrecy in which you work.

It's a typically British problem: a distrustful vicious circle based very largely on class. Governing openly and in public may cause its own special problems; but governing in obscurity, elitist secrecy can only promote a breakdown in trust, in the end making society more and more ungovernable.

And what is true for governing is true also for policing and soldiering. In the age of computer science, the temptation to become technically self-sufficient and answerable to no one affects every branch of civil and

Continues over

1984



From previous page

"This isn't the way I usually am. This was a sheer reaction to a totally impossible situation. I'm a nice person, I think, hurting somebody, and caught up in what seemed a mad situation... and in the interest of science, one goes through with it."

A year later, he writes as follows in reply to one of Milgram's questionnaires:

"What appalled me was that I could possess this capacity for obedience and compliance to a central idea, i.e., the value of a memory experiment, even after it became clear that continued adherence to this value was at the expense of violation of another value, i.e., don't hurt someone else who is helpless and not hurting you."

"As my wife says, 'You can call yourself Eichmann'. I hope I can deal more effectively with any future conflicts of values I encounter."

Paesquino, a 43-year-old water inspector, went on with the experiment even though he was convinced he'd killed the "learner". Interviewed some time later, he said:

"I believe I conducted myself behaving and obediently and carried on instructions as I always do. So I said to my wife, 'Well here we are. And I think I did a good job.' She said, 'Suppose the man was dead?'"

Mr Gino replied: "So he's dead. I did my job!"

As for those dreadful Germans, they didn't do so badly. Gretchen Brandt, a 31-year-old medical technician, stopped the experiment at 210 volts. Told that she had no choice and must continue, she replied: "I think that we are here on our own free will."

Afterwards, it emerged that she grew to adolescence in Hitler's Germany and was for most of her youth exposed to Nazi propaganda. Asked about the possible influence of her background, she said slowly: "Perhaps we have seen too much pain."

PETER GABRIEL'S SONG
Milgram's 37, referring to the 37% of volunteers who summoned up the independence to defy the scientific authority figure, somewhat exaggerates the positive aspect of the experiment. Of this group, well over half continued to shock the "learner" after he'd demanded to be let out because of his heart condition (at 150 volts), some proceeding as high as Extreme Intensity Shock and only stopping when the "learner" fell silent (at 330 volts).

Only 15% of the total number of participants refused to go on when the "learner" first demanded to be let out. Many of the volunteers appeared not to understand the implications of what they'd done or to see the point of the experiment. A large proportion called the scientist "Sir" and were harsh and peremptory with their fellow volunteer, the "learner". Some explained that they didn't like to stop in case they forfeited their four dollars (plus fifty cents car-fare).

According to Milgram, the typical profile of their reaction afterwards was mild bewilderment, self-justification, and a servile hope that they'd done a good job. Their "feelings, goals, and thoughts", he observed, "were too diverse and unintegrated" to allow them to comprehend their responsibility and the reality of the situation they were in.

"Unable to defy the authority of the experimenter, they attribute all responsibility to him. It is the old story of 'just doing one's duty' that was heard time and time again in the defence statements of those accused at Nuremberg."

"But it would be wrong to think of it as a thin alibi concocted for the occasion. Rather, it is a fundamental mode of thinking for a great many people once they are locked into a subordinate position in a structure of authority."

"The disappearance of a sense of responsibility is the most far-reaching consequence of submission to authority."

The 15% that defied authority in Milgram's experiment — what did they have that the other 85% didn't? They had an innate sense of moral responsibility. They had an inner strength equal to the immense strain of the situation. They empathised with a fellow person's suffering. They weren't overruled by science or phoney logic. They knew it was a question of free will and that they had a choice.

In Milgram's words, their "feelings, goals, and thoughts" were sufficiently integrated and unified to allow them to break out of the hypnosis afflicting the majority and believe in themselves for taking an uncomfortable independent stand. They were not "one of the herd".

These people were, in short, individuals. And their qualities are some of the more socially vital qualities of individualism.

IN 1949 THAT SUPREME
individual George Orwell was taken to task by humanist critics over the content of the speeches of O'Brien in the climactic interrogation sequence of *1984* (pp. 192-200).

The ideas expressed here — including that of a new sort of civilisation founded on hatred — were left to be so nihilistic, so unmitigatedly evil, that they could only be the exaggerated fantasies of a sick man. (Orwell was, in fact, dying of tuberculosis whilst writing *1984* — an illness he'd contracted twenty years before when he was living as a tramp to research *Down and Out in Paris and London*.)

What, they asked, was the point of torturing Winston Smith until he believed the unbelievable and loved Big Brother? Why not just shoot him and get it over with?

O'Brien himself had already provided them with the answer: "The object of torture is torture." But, whilst we are sufficiently vicious to understand pain as a means to an end, we are normally not quite mad enough to see pain as an end in itself. That sort of thinking belongs to the criminal psychopath. And we prefer to pretend on the whole that such people don't exist.

It's worth remembering, whenever we raise a cry about police corruption or abuse of power, that most of the world's considerable cast of evil bastards aren't cops or secret service men, but the people they protect us from. That our coppers are also the strong-stomached realists who have to deal with the side of life we'd rather not know about.

British TV being governed by British standards of good manners, the

efficient and reliable.

This calm, bureaucratic cruelty is striking enough — Hannah Arendt characterised it in her famous phrase "the banality of evil" — but the story doesn't end there. For it is precisely this sheep-like compliance of the majority which provides conditions ideal for the coming to power of genuine criminal psychopaths.

The *Sunday Times Magazine* recently (11/5/1980) published an account of life in the Cambodian interrogation prison of Tuol Sleng. Tuol Sleng was run as a commune. Here entire families of interrogators — husbands, wives, teenage sons and daughters — lived a bizarre life in which starving and torturing helpless fellow humans was a regular daily routine. Where other communal groups might gather to sing songs in the evening, the Tuol Sleng commune held merry hangings, hoisting their victims up and down to make the entertainment last.

On the wall of the torture room — like a noticeboard in the kitchen of a communal household — were the regulations prisoners were expected to observe during interrogation, neatly printed in Khmer, French, and English:

"You must answer in conformity with the questions I asked you. Don't try to escape by making pretexts according to your hypocritical ideas. It is strictly forbidden to contest me. You must immediately answer my questions without wasting the time to reflect. During the *bastinado* or the *electricization*, you must not cry loudly. Wait for the orders. If there are no orders, do nothing. If I ask you to do something, you must immediately do it without protesting. If you disobey every point of my regulations you will get either ten strokes of whip or five shocks of electric discharge." (sic.)

Conformism and political dogmatism did most of the work at Tuol Sleng, but the abnormal normality cheerfully accepted by the majority would probably not have endured without the presence of one or two charismatic psychopaths to give it form and power.

Recent research has shown that the early Nazi party had an unusually high criminal membership. Viciousness and a rigid Cognitive Structure seem to go hand in hand. In fact, it seems that by forcing people into a rigid, punitive situation, you can actually turn them into surrogate psychopaths tailored to your own special requirements.

The Greek torturers of the Papadopoulos regime were trained by some considerable experts to torture. The effect seems to have been to brutalise them and make them feel emotionally neutral in the presence of pain — rather as the high-velocity

purpose in collectivity — even though huddling together can rarely disguise the fact of our already insoluble separation from each other.

The situation is further complicated by the Marxist contention, popular with unthinking people the world over, that all personal manifestations are intrinsically bourgeois — an open invitation to robotism and a society run by criminal psychopaths (not to mention implying that all proletarians are identical).

The inquisitorial nature of Marxism — a legitimate heir to Catholicism in its fanatical and bloody persecution of the individual — can be fairly easily reasoned out. But the pull of the crowd, which is nothing else but the pull of the social Cognitive Structure, is something that can't be argued away.

People in crowds forfeit their individuality. In so doing, they release all their inhibitions and become capable of behaviour of which, in isolation, they'd loudly disapprove. This is why demagogues like mass rallies. (And night rallies in particular, the evening being a time when most people are at their most relaxed and impressionable.)

Anomie, measured in terms of the suicide rate, declines abruptly in times of war — partly because everything becomes simplified under such circumstances and partly because there is endless opportunity for people to sink their solitude into collective activity. When the war is over, the sense of lonely purposelessness returns, anomie increases, and once again the suicide rate begins to climb.

There is clearly a connection between individualism and Cognitive Structure — and Milgram, speaking about disobedience, confirms this: "To break out of the assigned role is to create, on a small scale, a form of anomie."

A balanced individual will always have the same basic emotional quality of calm, whatever his other characteristics. An exceptionally balanced and independent individual will also be, as it were, conceptually relaxed — is, flexible enough to cope with all kinds of upheavals in reality and to accept the most radical conflicts of opinion without feeling compelled to make a choice in the terms offered.

Unlike the sheep-like normal person, he will be free from anxiety about norms and structures because he carries his own norms and structures within himself. Nor will the rigid norms and structures of the dogmatist bother him, for he will have seen some considerable time pondering his own views instead of lazily piecing together disjointed bits of other people's.

But deeper than the level of concepts, his integration will have given him an independent sense of identity which cannot be destroyed by a crowd and, in exceptional cases, may even prove resistant to torture. Identity is the key. For if you take your identity from other people — as most of us do — you'll go wherever the wind does blow. (And the more people there are, the stronger the prevailing breeze.)

Identity can only remain stable if it's independent. Which means that loneliness, disillusionment, and suffering are essential parts of the growing process of the individual. So long as they're avoided, a person will stay dependent for his identity on others, however carefully and tastefully those others are chosen.

That which ceases to grow commences to rot.

INDIVIDUALISM, HOWEVER, IS rare and for obvious reasons. Fantasising that we can ward off totalitarianism by suddenly becoming individuals is yet another illusion.

At best, a few more people will see the light and struggle towards it; most though will eventually submit to that most dreadful of the inner enemies of freedom — more destructive than violence, power-worship, excitement, confusion, apathy, privacy and guilt put together: fear.

Towards the end of this century, man will suddenly catch sight of his shadow and freeze in horror. So as not to have to look at that grotesque phantom, he will blow out the candle of rationalism by which he has lighted his recent progress and run howling back into the dark.

In 1958, a pessimistic Aldous Huxley spelt it out: "Only the vigilant can maintain their liberties, and only those who are constantly and intelligently on the spot can hope to govern themselves effectively by democratic procedures. A society, most of whose members spend a great deal of their time not on the spot, not here and now and in the

calculable future, but somewhere else, in the irrelevant other worlds of sport and soap opera, of mythology and metaphysical fantasy, will find it hard to resist the encroachments of those who would manipulate and control it."

An aristocratic viewpoint, certainly. After all, what is life all about if not sport and soap opera (and rock and roll)? And the notion of us all seriously defending democracy by reading up on civil rights is of course, very far-fetched. But the fact remains that Huxley is quite correct.

In 1931, Albert Speer joined the Nazi party, emotionally attracted to them by their militaristic collectivism: "the sight of discipline in a time of chaos, the impression of energy in an atmosphere of universal hopelessness". Later, he condemned his inadequate response to the Fascist phenomenon as a failure to criticise and to be informed:

"For had I only wanted to, I could have found out even then that Hitler was proclaiming expansion of the Reich to the east; that he was a rank anti-Semite; and that he was committed to a system of authoritarian rule; that after attaining power he intended to eliminate democratic procedures and would thereafter yield only to force."

"Not to have worked that out for myself; not, given my education, to have read books, magazines, and newspapers of various viewpoints; not to have tried to see through the whole apparatus of mystification — was already criminal. At this initial stage my guilt was as grave as, at the end, my work for Hitler."

"For being in a position to know and nevertheless shunning knowledge creates direct responsibility for the consequences — from the very beginning."

The future begins today. Do not betray it.

1984

YOU MAY FIND SOME OF THE following books useful. Prices are given but, if you're really hard up, join your local library. If they don't stock a particular title, they'll fetch it from another branch within a fortnight for the price of a notifying postcard.

The clearest and most comprehensive summary of recent British steps towards totalitarianism is *The Technology of Political Control* (Pluto paperback, £3.25) by Ackroyd, Margolla, Rosenhead, and Shallice. Like most books of its kind, it is written from a Marxist viewpoint and includes the occasional peculiar remark — such as the claim that the Russian Revolution was "almost bloodless". Taken with a pinch of salt, however, it serves a vital purpose. (It was also far cheaper — £1.25 — when it was a Penguin paperback; it's worth looking around for an old copy.)

Various issues are dealt with in the two volumes of *Policing The Police* (Platform Books, £2.95/£4.50) under the general editorship of Peter Main, who also specialises in community politics. Absolutely indispensable is *Civil Liberty: The NCCL Guide to your Rights* (Penguin £1.95), which includes a very useful list of organisations that give help and advice.

Another left-wing publication providing invaluable summaries of matters affecting our freedom is *State Research*. Published bi-monthly in a highly professional format, it's available from 9 Poland Street, London W1 (Tel. 01-734 5831). Each bulletin costs 50p to individuals, £1.00 to organisations; back numbers (17 so far) are available to subscribers only.

There are many films that throw light on issues raised in this series of articles. A productive mixture might be: *The Battle of Chile* (Parts 1 and 2), *Hitler: A Career, Apocalypse Now*, and *The Enigma of Kasper Hauser*. George Orwell's *1984* is available from Penguin, price 70p.

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NME 3

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IAN GOMM

WHAT A BLOW



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ALBUMS

GARY NUMAN

Telekon (Beggars Banquet)

AH, THE shimmering dust-free corridors, the pleasure machines, the limitless possibilities opened up by microtechnology, the disturbing effects of cybernetic leisure upon the fragile human psyche... one can hardly wait for the future to arrive.

Of course, this particular future may not have much in common with what the majority of people can expect — a narrowing rather than a broadening of the range of possibilities, a retreat into austerity rather than an advance into hedonism — but fretting over the possible results of such a lifestyle is probably considerably more soothing than giving serious thought to the problems of life as it is and will be.

Hence Gary Numan, and his success in the pop world. Martyn Ware of The Human League recently inveighed against what he termed 'phoney futurism', but Numan's work might better be described as 'reactionary futurism' or 'futurist kitsch'. Basically, reactionary futurism makes no attempt to come to terms with any real future that real people might have to face; it prefers to extrapolate from the vision of SF writers of the '30s to the accompaniment of large slabs of third or fourth-hand Kraftwerk (via Bowie, Eno and Ultravox).

'Telekon' is Gary Numan's fourth album. All non-musical considerations temporarily to one side, I'd say that it was a woefully dull and monotonous album, pompous in the extreme and exceptionally limited in its range of tempi and tonalities (how a man who owns so many different synthesizers can be satisfied with so few noises is utterly inexplicable). His mannered whine drives me completely up the wall, and titles like 'I Dream Of Wires' and 'Remember I Was Vapour' seem almost risible. Moreover, Numan's work seems almost entirely untainted by anything even faintly resembling wit or passion.

Still, that's just me. Critics are frequently reminded by their correspondents that 'critical judgements' are simply self-validating opinions dignified only by their appearance in print, and I freely admit this to be the case. My quarrel with Gary Numan is based on the following opinions (a) his work bores me shitless (b) his posture as Most Tormented Shopwindow Dummy Of The 21st Century soars to heights of pomposity rivalled only by Yes and The Moody Blues (c) his brand of escapism — from an unattractive doom to an attractive one — is neither enlightened nor enlightening (d) his vision of dehumanisation is already dehumanised in that it thinks of everything and everyone — including himself — as an object and encourages others to do likewise.

Actually, Numan's fans — the people who'll actually lay out the ready for this album — are probably in considerably better shape than Numan. They'll pick up on the noise and the pose as long as he continues to amuse them, but only the most committed will lock themselves into the spurious vision that informs the work. And since Numan's vision is reaching new heights of absurdity all the time, the possibility that a few of his punters are going to burst out laughing and spoil the whole thing is steadily increasing.

Any album that begins, "And what if God's dead/we must have done something wrong" and ends with "but all I find is a reason to die" has rather a lot to answer for. On 'I Dream Of Wires' he fondly announces "I am the final silence, the last electrician

The synths of the fathers



Gazze still trying to be enigmatic.

Pic: David Wainwright.

UB40 go off the rails.

Pic: Peter Anderson.



alive" and generally doing for David Bowie what The Cockney Rejects did for The Clash.

Give the devil his due: there's the odd nice riff or texture here and there and 'Sleep By Windows' is possibly the most effective Numan piece since 'Cars', but as an artist, Gary Numan is as hollow as the world he attempts to depict. In song after song, he locks himself into his luxurious hi-tech cocoon and agonises complacently about how awful everything is there.

The album comes with a 'free' single (i.e. an extra sales-boosting incentive to the faithful to snap up the artefact)

which features a live version of 'Remember We Are Vapour' and Numan's speciality version of the old Drifters hit 'On Broadway'. Framed in what even the most Numan resistant listener would have to admit is a moderately nifty arrangement, the Pudgy White Slug intones his way through the song: wildly out of tune and encouraged by his faithful to enter realms of sub-Bowie vocal posturing which Quality Control would never permit him to explore in the studio. The effect is shattering.

'The last electrician alive.' Few rock stars have deliberately saddled themselves with a

more ludicrous soubriquet. It can be no coincidence that Numan has recently teamed himself up with Robert Palmer, a man who certainly knows a silly pose when he adopts it. Numan provides the illusion of spectacle, of wrestling with psychological terror, of coming to terms with the future, of producing a modern noise.

In fact, he does none of these things. In a world where we're getting screwed by the present, Gary Numan's solution is to make a career out of dithering with the future.

And the synths of the fathers shall be visited upon the sons.

Charles Shear Murray

The soft fist shuffle

UB40

Signing Off (Graduate)

FOR a group with two top ten singles already under their belts, UB40 have maintained a low profile since first announcing their talents with the 'King'/'Food For Thought' double A-side.

But the cool approach is a deceptive one. The eight members of UB40 might not yet be household names but they are slowly and stealthily establishing themselves as one of the country's more influential bands.

'Signing Off' — its drab sleeve a facsimile of the UB40 unemployment benefit form from which the band take their name — is a logical step forward from the group's brace of primo singles and a crisp confirmation of their class.

UB40 are the leading edge of a new breed of British reggae acts emerging in the wake of 2-Tone, UKJ and the independent singles boom of the last three years. Sticking with an outward-looking independent label, in their case Graduate, has enabled them to indulge themselves without the cramping compromises of moving to a major. The outcome is a courageous debut on which half the tracks are instrumentals. The album package also comes complete with a free 30-minute 12" single, giving well over an hour's listening time in all.

The band, too, have resisted the temptation to move from their humble Midlands recording abode, the entire album having been finished in producer Bob Lamb's eight-track home studio, the same place the group did the two singles.

Recording on familiar ground, UB40 have retained the elusive easy-skanking touch of their earlier work without tarting things up with too much studio trickery: for an eight-piece band, the actual sound is remarkably tight and crisp, each instrument always retaining its individual niche within the mellow groove.

The delicate subtleties of the sound feed off an instinctive empathy that exists between the various instrumental members of the band from drummer Jim Brown, percussionist Norman Hassan, bassist Earl Falconer and brothers Ali and Robin Campbell on guitar right through to the mournful sax of Brian Travers and the watery keyboard work of Micky Virtue.

There are no stars, just a collective musical restraint that tapers to a cool and well-balanced blend. UB40 know how to take the groove down without resorting to blandness, with the possible exception of the more vapid instrumentals like 'Adella', '25%' and the throwaway '12 Bar', the latter built, as the title suggests, around a simple 12 bar sequence.

The better tracks find vocalist Ali Campbell and toaster Astro making the band's overt political stance far clearer than any of the singles to date. Their radical sentiments and trenchant lyrics are given all the more force by the soft-fist of UB40's measured musical delivery.

The standout is probably 'Burden Of Shame', a vehement guilt-ridden attack on everything from dodgy arms sales abroad to repressive policies in Ulster: 'There are murders that we must account for/Bloody deeds have been done in our name/I'm a British subject, not proud of it/While I carry a burden of shame.'

Their rendition of Louis Allen's 'Strange Fruit' is even more vividly harrowing: 'Southern trees bear a strange fruit/Blood on the leaves and blood on the roots/Bodies swinging in the sun on the breeze/Strange fruit hanging from the poplar tree.'

'King', a dubwise remix of the original single, mourns the disintegration of the dreams of Martin Luther King while the opening track 'Tyler' is an impassioned plea for the release of an allegedly framed-up murder suspect in Louisiana.

The main cut on the accompanying 12" is the overlong but otherwise witty and excellent 'Madam Medusa', an incisive invective on the nation's hallowed premier, destined to take its place immediately in popular folklore alongside The Beat's 'Stand Down Margaret'.

Toaster Astro is in ripe old form, playing Ranking Roger to Ali Campbell's Dave Wakeling for the oratory: 'Run for your life or she'll eat you alive/Move out the way 'cause you're blocking out the day.'

The music might be mellow, but the hard-backed sentiments are hardly those of the nice reggae band you may have pigeonholed the UBs as. With that strength of character and commitment, their future should be interesting.

Adrian Thrills

ROBERT PALMER Clues (Island)

WHY 'CLUES'? I mean to say, Robert old chap, it's not as if there's some burning question to all this despite the wacky covershot of your hunky physique knee-deep in some oceanic expanse with the old brows deep furrowed in thought as the handy cassette player pipes through some suitable 'modern world' new music. It all amounts to another album, another bandwagon to strap onto and little more.

Palmer's whole career has been an exercise in minor-league talent with heart-throb looks. With a fair set of pipes and a penchant for blue-eyed soul croon-ups, he sprung forth first aided and abetted by Lowell George and the rest of Little Feat, and stuck to his formula, chucking in dollops of reggae or salsa here and there for some three or four albums, whilst 'the image' was projected through cover designs always utilizing some statuesque 'femme fatale'.

Palmer went on to dig around the suitably 'accessible' New

Wave numbers to pedal and was last heard performing Chrissie Hynde's 'Kid' amongst other tunes for what one presumed would be just another rich man's Linda Ronstadt affair.

Sharp-eared as ever, though, Palmer has now turned for inspiration to Talking Heads' 'Fear Of Music', Bowie's 'Heroes' and the like, going all out for the massed swarm of synthesizers, automaton funk rhythms and echoey disincorporated vocal slant. In his search for a collaborator, Palmer — presumably finding David Bowie or Brian Eno unavailable — has plumped for (don't laugh) Gary Numan. The splendour that is G22a can be heard straining and soaring against the entire dark ages of aural piffle only on Side 2 of the record which allows the first side of 'Clues' to showcase the new sound of Palmer virtually on its tod.

Surprisingly, three out of his four cuts are very very good indeed. 'Looking For Clues' parries a natty variant on the one great funk bass riff punched

Continues over

from previous page

out at a spry domineering pace whilst guitars slice out clean fizzy riffs.

'What Do You Care' bears a strong kinship to the dynamics and orchestration of Elvis' 'Pump It Up' without a hint of plagiarism to bind the song down from delivering its ultra-danceable clout.

Best of all, 'Johnny And Mary' — Palmer's current single — boasts an unshakably naggingly haunting melodic line, great lyrics and a superb production that deftly juxtaposes a drum machine, bass synth, metronome, great splashes of fair-ground organ and jangly guitars to spectacular effect.

All three are first-rate dance numbers and it's a pity that the sole blemish on the side has to be such a hoary old piece of rope as 'Sulky Girl' wherein Palmer temporarily debunks the funk in favour of surrogate Stones pump-house pomp.

Side 2 highlights Palmer's adventures in the aural metropolis that is 'the sound of Gaza'. In fact, Robert being a considerate chap actually performs one of Numan's songs. I mean, who else could possibly write a song entitled 'I Dream Of Wires'? A ponderous piece of nonsense with Palmer cast as 'the last electrician', I'll go for 'Witchie Lineman' anyday.

The grand finale is a Palmer/Numan collaboration — 'Found You Now' — which marries the former's reggae stamp and lyrics to Numan's eastern modal figures played on the trusty synth and not a mite reminiscent of Bowie's 'Secret Life Of Arabia'. Its attempt at sounding hypnotic tends to make it seem more ponderous than anything else though the track just about holds up owing to the strength of Palmer's vocal.

So let's ditch the cynicism here and now. 'Clues', with a

cool 50% of strong numbers, has the strength to suggest that, the spectre of 'Gazza' notwithstanding, Robert Palmer may finally be in the right place at the right time.

Nick Kent

THE COMSAT ANGELS Waiting For A Miracle (Polydor)

A DEBUT album from Sheffield's Comsat Angels which adds to a growing certainty that all the best new pop is coming from outside London. Au Paira, Beal, Certain Radio, Teardrop Explodes, U2 — vitality is streaming out all over the place while the capital is beleaguered by spathy.

The Comsat Angels remind me of XTC's inventiveness clothed in the dense, doomy textures of John Cale. A robust, adventurous pop that moves on weighty bass and booming drums, right upfront, while strange sounds hover on the edges, dabbling in melody or weirdness with consistent surprise.

'Waiting For A Miracle' has authority, the feel of something substantial rising to the surface. The music is taut, often a bare backbone of rhythm carried by Mic Glaisher's drums and bassist Kevin Bacon. Stephen Fellows adds precise, jangly guitar while Andy Peake's keyboards veer from the tacky bubblegum of 'Monkey Pilot' to the eerie growls of 'Postcard', a discreet yet telling atmosphere that builds in the background.

The results are occasionally heavy-handed — The Comsat Angels never quite rave it up enough to sweep you away — but mostly it's haunting, moody, with a promise of forboding. Sudden twists of pace and burly suffocation. Senior listeners may recall the early days of psychedelia, when the beast was still confined within the four-minute pop song.

Lyrics are elusive ('Missing In

KATE BUSH Never For Ever (EMI)

PICTURE yourself in a boat on a river, with tangerine trees and marmalade skies... Turn off your mind, relax, and float downstream. The siren writhes around on her distant rock, lures the enchanted, sleepy listener closer. And closer. That soft, ethereal music which wafts on the summer breeze and wraps itself by stealth around your consciousness — who can resist its subtle spell?

The third LP by Kate Bush is her finest achievement to date. 'Never For Ever' is a work of ingenuity, exquisite modern MOR of the very highest refinement and delicacy. But it's perfection in a vacuum.

Sweep aside the veils of mystery and imagination, the mists of an innocence as suggestive as sin itself, the sensuality, the secrecy; hack through the thick, clinging vines of contrivance which caress each song to the point of strangulation; penetrate the dark velvet-lined interior of the album's promise. And discover the meaning of nothingness. Kate Bush can make all your dreams come true — and leave you wondering if it's okay to ask for your money back.

Wow. Amazing, really.

Prettier than any musical chocolate box, 'Never For Ever' will get acclaim poured over it like warm treacle. It'll go so incredibly high, and its success will be deserved. For all its kitsch, its marshmallow mysticism, for all her inability to express a genuine emotional depth, Kate Bush's newest writing displays a pure, melodic gift to rival any but McCartney's. It might never stir the furthest windmills of a critical listener's mind — she's simply not equipped to do that — but surrender to its surface attractions is undeniably sweet. The critic's reservations do battle with the listener's uncomplicated admiration.

Let's try a few examples. The third track, 'Blow Away', is typical: immaculately conceived, gorgeously performed, beautifully produced. It concerns death, and a whimsical vision of some celestial jam session — starring her heroes Marc and Moony, Minnie (Ripperton? Mouse?), Holly and Sandy Denny.

The girl with kaleidoscope lies

and even poor old Sid. Some band. So far, so endearing. Yet I can't help but wince to hear one line, a sublime lift from *Othello*, followed by another so plain bad as 'Vibes in the sky invite you to dine'. Many of the songs suffer from similar crashing lapses into banality.

'Violin', on side two, is horrendous. When Kate eschews the sweetness and attempts something abrasive and raw, her vocals acquire the painful properties of tortured catgut. Biles, then, to move to 'The Infant Kiss' — a coy exploration of paedophilia wherein her lover (the child with the man in his eyes, it seems) recalls to mind the sinister young master, demon-possessed, of Henry James' *Turn Of The Screw*. It works perfectly somehow.

Even more macabre, and chillingly effective, is 'Army Dreamers'. Strikingly reminiscent of *Hamlet's* Ophelia, gone loony with grief, Kate intones a grisly ode to her dead soldier boy with all the impressive detachment of a nursery rhyme performed under psycho-hypnosis.



Kate Bush. Pic: Jill Furumovsky

But the album's strengths — as well as its essential weakness — find their fullest expression on the last and climactic track. 'Breathing' is as rich and ambitious as it is vacuous. Starring those perennial Bush themes, love and death, it addresses itself to nothing less than the timeless rhythms of existence — confronted, most typically, by the present threat of complete obliteration. 'Breathing the fall out-in, out-in, out-in...' the sumptuous voices call with delicious repetition, while far away, a disembodied BBC voice is reciting the scientific details of destruction.

It's brilliantly done, and there are no matters on earth more deserving of our attention. And yet the treatment is, in the end, such as to comfort, to reassure, to lull us back into our introverted, dreamy inactivity. It's the very opposite of what we need, the very opposite of what it pretends to be. It's MOR. It's show business. It's dishonest.

Send not to know for whom the siren sounds. It (she) sounds for thee.

Paul Du Noyer

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

RAR's Greatest Hits (RARRecords)

THE CLAIM by some Z-Toners that they don't need to join Rock Against Racism is a telling half-truth. If it's naive — Z-Tone have yet to organise 100,000 people marching through the streets — it's also revealing: rather than the cross-culture mesh-it-up music that The Beat and Selector represent, RAR's endeavours have been restricted to presenting, in sometimes uneasy alliance, two very distinct musics.

The 'RAR's Greatest Hits' compilation bears this out. There are the white (mostly punk) bands and there are the Rasta bands, and — despite gestures of solidarity like 'Jah Pickney — RAR' or 'White Man In Hammersmith Palace' — n'er the twain shall meet. Gaping ideological differences lurk beneath the surface.

I suspect that Rastafarianism, based as it is on the Bible — that blood-stained suppository of patriarchal prejudice — is at

bottom incompatible with feminism, socialism and the other essential freedoms which RAR claims to be fighting for. RAR's 'tactic' seems to have been to turn a blind eye to this discrepancy, submerging differences in the overriding priority of fighting racism.

Maybe they were right, but now the cracks are beginning to show. And as RAR extend themselves into RAT (Rock Against Thatcher), attacking Tony anti-abortion policies — as Andy Xerox does in the album's sleeve notes — I wonder if the split won't widen into a gulf.

The other problem which this album highlights by (almost) avoiding it is the British army's occupation of Northern Ireland. RAR's (coy?) tactic is to include a large inner-sleeve photo of Belfast — where it's been 1984 for the past ten years — but the notes make no mention of Ireland and no songs about it are included.

This is not entirely RAR's fault as, apparently, they had little

action', sometimes trivial ('Map Of The World', where the repeated question of 'where do I live along this piece of paper?' is somewhat less than existential, but always intriguing). 'Independence Day' (the excellent new single), 'Total War' and the title-track seem to dissect isolation, an inability to live with another person; the dream of doing so, the bitterness of failing and the consistent nagging of everyday life: 'I can't relax 'cause I haven't done a thing / And I can't do a thing 'cause I can't relax'. Fellows and Peake are the album's vocalists but the sleeve just says "written by The Comsat Angels" so I don't know who to praise.

The inevitable debut flaws occur but they're less like distractions than hints of better to come. The Comsat Angels could loosen up a little, and I'd hope they'd evolve with the matter-of-fact maturity of lyrics like 'Independence Day' and 'Total War' rather than with the more contrived conceits that run through side two.

But, overall, this is a hefty and vigorous success. Not quite a miracle, but well worth waiting for.

Graham Lock

2X5

Various Artists (Criminal Records)

COMPILATION albums, of which there are probably too many, are caught in an awkward bind. How to translate an auction catalogue into an all-round experience?

Too often the pedestrian serves to highlight the good, while the good casts an overly tall shadow on the pedestrian. A tough deal at today's prices. Still more often, the mediocre just holds hands with the mediocre. Sadly, two non-entities do not an entity make.

'2x5' is that rare record, the

harmonious compilation. Partly because all the songs — two songs apiece by five hitherto mostly unrecorded bands — were produced by the same person; and partly because the bands themselves, none of whom are particularly fashionable, seem to have had time to evolve their own strengths. There is no need to play the patron of innocence to their infant gurglings.

Nevertheless, it's impossible not to talk in terms of promise, and I would gladly hear an album's worth of The Fleshtones right now, if not sooner. A cool intelligence and hot beat single them out.

Easy though it would be to place all five bands in some sort of New York wave category, they really have as little in common as did the first — assuming it actually exists. The Student Teachers owe more than is perhaps healthy to Talking Heads... odd that a band as off-beat as Talking Heads should have been so influential, in England as much as America.

The Bloodless Pharaohs, meanwhile, owe nothing to nobody. They're as unusual as The Feelies, only more starved than apple-pie. The Revelons will appeal to anybody with a weakness for fun and trash; their 'Red Hot Woman' ranks as one of the great one-chord songs, though of course there aren't that many to rank against.

Sadly, The Comateens live up to their name and let the side down.

'2x5' was produced, just about adequately, by Blondie's Jimmy Destri, and brought into being by Marty Thau, the man who brought the New York Dolls to England in '72 and Suicide in '78, which is quite a track record. His faith and patience are astonishing, and maybe, one day, might even be rewarded.

Paul Rambali

The thin dayglow line



Penny Smith

say about which tracks contributors donated to the record. And perhaps it's unfair to harp on about what RAR hasn't done when what they do is so often ignored or taken for granted by the music press. I'm glad and grateful that RAR has been around for the last few years; and I'm glad to see this album if only because the fact that the 'Rock Against Racism' message appearing in every high-street record store and supermarket can do nothing but good. But here's where I have to add, with heavy heart, that 'RAR's Greatest Hits' is not a very good album. It lacks just that carnival spirit, that bounce and bite, which RAR frequently have achieved at their gigs.

The tracks come in three categories. The already available — Aswad's 'Sons Of Criminals', Costello's 'Goon Squad', Matumbi's 'All Over This World', Members' 'GLC', Steel Pulse's 'Jah Pickney-RAR', Stiff Little Fingers' 'Law And Order', X-Ray Spax's 'Oh Bondage, Up Yours'; alternative versions — Clash's 'White Man In Hammersmith Palace', Piranhas' 'Love Games', TRB's live 'Winter Of '73'; and previously unreleased titles — Barry Ford Band's 'Rebel', Gang Of Four's 'Why Theory', Carol Grimes Band's 'You Won't Let Me Down' and Mekons' 'Trinden Strange Explosion'.

Sadly, it's the new stuff which disappoints most. 'White Man In Hammersmith Palace' sounds tame and unfocused compared to the single version, while The Mekons are sloppily incoherent and even the Gang Of Four spoil the album's most pertinent question — "where do opinions come from?" — with an instrumental track of pointless pauses and doodling longeurs.

The only track here that leaps out at you with that vital spark of joy and anger is X-Ray Spax's 'Oh Bondage, Up Yours', maybe the best libertarian song of the whole punk era.

'RAR's Greatest Hits' — the title is revealingly nostalgic — is too little, too late. It fails, crucially, at being exciting music. But RAR played a major part in defeating the NF upsurge of the late '70s and though there are now new enemies, new campaigns, new tactics to wrestle with, the cultural resistance will continue to fight back. The thin dayglow line of '67 and '78 will still be needed in '89. Oh bondage, no more!

Graham Lock

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the ROCK FILE

Man
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PART
 1

STUDENTS
SEE OUR
EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES
FEATURE



Nine Below Zero turn up the heat

NINE BELOW ZERO
Live At The Marquee (A&M)
VARIOUS ARTISTS

Immediate Blues (*Virgin*)
BLACK WINE in white bottles: new and old. Nine Below Zero — living proof of the fact that not being called 'Stan's Blues Band' is the most positive career asset that any band could covet — are the classic British A&B band in that they carry the dominant strain of the genre about as far as it can go. Their music is furious both in its devotion to handpicked and sedulously recreated blues standards and in the aggression with which they rev up volume, velocity and intensity of those standards. What may have been a minor flaw — becomes hot and tight, what may have been suggested becomes stated, what might have been one note becomes four.

This is not so much an indictment as a description: it is a particular, specific approach to the music that is being described, and Nine Below Zero are the apogees of those who take that response. If you like R&B revved up to the max, as loud, tight and energetic as it gets (all the details of the originals with a completely different spirit), then it's unlikely to be done any better for a long time to come.

Specific quibbles: one of the important differences between live performance and home consumption is that no-one needs another recorded version of 'Got My Mojo Working' and that while thin, sullen vocals sound great on Jam records — and have been part of Nine Below Zero's musical tradition ever since the Yardbirds did *their* live-at-the-Marquee double album 16 years ago — they are the single most irritating feature of the genre.

Specific kudos: Mark Feltham — demon, this one, watch him — is a harmonica player worth anyone's attention.

American R&B bands have two advantages: their singers are usually better and the best of them know how to relax. The worst of them are so good at relaxing that they induce compulsive fidgeting and watch-staring amongst those members of their public who are not already comatose. This latter failing was one they shared with many of the British blues mafia of the previous generation.

"Immediate Blues" has been boiled down from what was once a [gulp] matched pair of double albums portentously entitled "An Anthology Of British Blues." This condensed version contains performances by Jeff Beck, Albert Lee, Eric Clapton, John Mayall, Jimmy Page, Jagger (a couple of hard cases), the Stones' rhythm section, etc. etc. Most of it sounds weedy and sophomoric — Beck on an off-day is excruciating — except for the various examples of mid-period Clapton, who strikes genuine sparks every time he appears.

It may seem totally inconceivable now, but there was a point when Clapton was as committed and elitist an ideologue about blues as Kevin Rowland is about soul.

As are Nine Below Zero, in their way. When they played their Ozis Rush-derived version of Willie Dixon's 'I Can't Quit You Babe' at Reading and the encrusted hordes all yelled 'Zeppelin!' and started to sway, it must have pissed them right off.

After all, Led Zeppelin nicked their arrangement off John Mayall.

Charles Shear Murray



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BARCLAYS

Kiss Tour opens: September 5 (*Hold the back page! Ed.*)

MONDAY

thriller which some would term noir, though there's more to it than that. In *there, too*, Bob's a writer trying to find a roomer for the unlikely assistance of sexy Gloria Graham. (TV)

BITE THE BULLET Richard Brooks tells the story of a long, more like six Gene Hackman and Paul James Coburn struggle against the social pomp and circumstance of a writer-director's look at a certain style. A marvellous turn-of-the-century horse race in the setting and other elements include Candice Bergen, Jeff Bridges, John Goodman, and a few others. (TV)

Monty Smith

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

Edon Deptford Star & Garter
Truck

Kiss nie: Ein Castello

● 44-45: 第一排上



marquee

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17 THE HOPE & ANCHOR, Islington, M.1.
20 CRYSTAL PALACE HOTEL, South East London.

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WYOF THE WEST PLUS
TWO NEW SEPT. 10th - 11th
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NINE BELOW ZERO

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VALENTINE'S + REPETITION

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Rock Garden
Covent Garden

14th Sept
The Greyhound
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17th Sept
Music Machine
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THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD.

Thursday 4th September **ET**
THE BARRACUDAS + Huang Chung

Friday 5th September **E1**
UPP+ Wow

Saturday 6th September **E1**
THE TEENBEATS + Missing Persons

Sunday 7th September **E1**
PROTEX + The Suggestion

Monday 8th September **75p**
BROKEN HOME + Easy Money

Tuesday 9th September **75p**
ROUGH STUFF (Ex KoKoMo)
+ Between Pictures

Wednesday 10th September **75p**
RIKKI COOL & THE RAITOS
+ Rhythm Squad

Wed 3rd
KRYSIS
+ 89 Disco

Sun 7th
THE COMBO
(Ex Red Beans & Rice)

Tue 9th
TALKOVER & THE
AF REGGAE SOUNDS

Wed 10th
NEWCROSS & THE MONITORS

THE CRAWDADDY CLUB
Tel 044 1380
THE STAR
Broad Green, Craydon
Admission £1 for all dates

JANE KENNAWAY
AND
STRANGE BEHAVIOUR
AT THESE VENUES

MONDAY 8th SEPTEMBER
101 CLUB CLAPHAM

TUESDAY 9th SEPTEMBER
ROCK GARDEN

SATURDAY 13th SEPTEMBER
OLD QUEENS HEAD STOCKWELL

MONDAY 15th SEPTEMBER
GREYHOUND FULHAM

BE THERE!

SAD AMONG STRANGERS
Sat 6th
Sun 7th

DINGWALLS
THE VENUE

MCP presents
Rick Wakeman
SHOW

City Hall, Newcastle
Thurs Sept 18th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £2.75, £3.25, £3.75, £4.25
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LIVE!



The Talking Heads funk orchestra.

By the time we got to punkstock we were 50,000 wrong

We'd like to announce that three babies were born at Toronto's Heatwave Festival and they've been named Hear No Revolution, See No Revolution, Speak No...

Teenage Head / The Rumour / Rockpile / Holly And The Italians / The Pretenders / The B-52's / Talking Heads / Elvis Costello

Report Richard Grabel
Pix Joe Stevens

WHEN THE style of music changes, the walls of the city don't necessarily shake. Witness the Heatwave Festival at Mosport Park, Toronto.

The promoters publicised this event as the first new wave rock festival to be held in North America, the first great, cataclysmic music event of the '80s. Punkstock! How absurd.

A new wave rock festival is a contradiction in terms. Some of us once hoped that as the content of the new music changed, so would its packaging and marketing. This hasn't happened, and perhaps never will. New wave (ahem) has proved to be adaptable — a nice, cooperative little monster.

So what does an event like this mean? Only that, to most of the rock audience, anyone who sells lots of records is a pop star; and pop stars are to be accorded the same rituals of adoration that have been offered to all other pop icons over the last ten years.

Like mass outdoor gatherings.

The promoters hoped for 100,000 paying customers, but according to estimates in the Toronto papers, they got slightly over 50,000. It's still a sizeable crowd and at least you sit near your idols, but not near enough to see them or hear the details of the music they make. You "party". Why not just go to the beach with your tapes?

It's a long way from the seedy Bowery clubs and SoHo pubs that nurtured this music for it to go onto a world of racetrack venues, giant stages, bands being lifted by helicopter to fenced-off trailer camp dressing rooms, colour-coded backstage passes and all the other trappings of a bigbiz rock festival. That most of these bands made the transition so easily just proves that the rockbiz is a big-bellied whale — it can swallow anything.

AT ELEVEN, with the sun beating down, Toronto punksters Teenage Head open the show. So I can see, I put myself directly front and centre of the towering stage. There's a high wall in front of us to keep the mob back, and the stage's height makes neck strain inevitable. I get a good view of the bands' front lines but don't see a drummer all day.

What I see of Teenage Head are two scraggly guys playing guitar and bass and a crop-haired singer in long-tailed livery coat and eyeliner. Their image is confusing, but musically they know what they're about: good ol' head-banging ramalama punk rock. They have a large and loud following cheering them on, and they play with confidence, as if they belong up in front of all those people.

When they formed four years ago, they no doubt sounded radical and fresh, but now they seem only to be running through the motions of what has become just another routine. They knocked it out with power, but in this setting, classic punk rock seemed just another kind of boogie music. If I'd been in the mood for jumping up and down I might have loved them. But I was standing in clouds of dust too early in the day.

After slambang of Teenage Head, the more relaxed Rumour are a breath of fresh air. There's no local constituency for them here (and no high expectations), but in view of the crowd it's hard for them to relax.

Their rock and roll has journeyman precision, good singing, tight playing — in fact, all the classic virtues — but it bores me. And the obvious criticism really does apply — they need a frontman, someone to supply songs with some special, distinctive qualities.

The crowd at the front is polite; the rest hardly pay attention. There are some rewards, some choice moments for those who are. Their version of The Spinners' 'Rubber Band Man' may lack soul-punch in the vocals, but Belmont and Schwartz's guitars spin absolute magic.

The heat, the press of bodies and the volume were making me dizzy, so I took a powder for a while and missed Rockpile. From the press tent I could hear the boom of Nick Lowe's bass and the vocals. They stuck to a familiar run-through of their standard set — 'Sweet Little Lisa', 'So It Goes', 'I Knew The Bride', 'Switchboard Susan', 'Trouble Boys'. It sounded as if the crowd like them.

BACKSTAGE is depressing. Colour codes, pecking orders and elitist games are the order of the day. Publicists read out lists of names while photographers line up, two abreast and 30 deep, waiting their chance to be led on to a catwalk in front of the stage for a ten minute shift. No one is being allowed to photograph Rockpile, or Elvis Costello — on or off stage.

Costello moves from the heavily guarded band area to the stage to watch Rockpile in the back of a black Cadillac. Chrissie Hynde walks to the stage, but runs off when a video crew approaches. "It's just pictures, just pictures," they call after her. Jake Riviera rushes around playing bully-boy and threatening dire harm to anyone caught taking Costello's picture. Paranoia fills the air, good times soured by manipulation.

Back out into the audience for Holly And The Italians, and I start to feel good again.

A relatively unknown and unannounced addition to the bill, they are the first group to come across with spontaneity and the kind of feeling one can't get just from rehearsals. Their sound is bright, snappy punk-pop, just as derivative in its way as that of The Rumour or Teenage Head, but played as if they'd proudly developed it entirely on their own. And Holly is the first singer of the day who sounds as if she really means it, who doesn't appear to be thrown by the crowd.

"Dancing With A Boy Like You", "Close To Someone" are silly, throwaway pop sparked by the right spirit, moved by Holly's guitar playing and with plenty of room left in the songs to be unpredictable. "Tell That Girl To Shut Up" couldn't be more of a homage to The Ramones (see 'Beat On The Brat'), but it is enthusiastic, clever borrowing, done with flair.

People around me keep asking Who is this band? They are going to remember the name.

By now some serious rock festival fun is shaping up in the crowd's back reaches. A streaker streaks and is tackled by security guards. An ambulance arrives to take a PCP (angel dust) casualty away. Tabs of acid inscribed with the word Sid are being sold.

The fans are mostly the same North American rock audience you'd expect at any such event. This being Canada, they are a bit more blonde, a bit more healthy looking. There are rock fans



Chrissie and Honyman-Scott dancing cheek to cheek

Ricky Wilson has one of the most distinctive guitar sounds going, and the band is a multi-faceted rhythm machine with no solos and no one element ever dominating. They are sexy, intriguing and ridiculous. Cindy Wilson's singing on 'Give Me Back My Man' is full of yearning, not at all faked up. The sexual call-and-response between Fred and the girls on 'Strobe Light' goes well beyond camp comedy. 'Devil in My Car' is pure voodoo. 'Rock Lobster', the quintessential rock disco song, nearly provokes a riot.

The B-52's rose fast and went far on the strength of a relatively small body of songs and one basic routine. They just keep applying what they do to bigger audiences, and it keeps working. I'd like to see them change a bit before the routine wears out. I'd like to see them drop the masks and let their hair down. But for now, it works like a charm.

Talking Heads supplied the first surprise, the only real news of the day.

They debuted their new format — a nine-piece stage show veering sharply away from the old Talking Heads sound into funk.

They begin with the old lineup plus a new, unidentified guitarist, and get 'Psycho Killer' out of the way straight off. There's a clear change: Byrne is no longer the whacky preppie spraying his spittle over the front rows, acting so awkward and nervous we worried how he'd make it through the next song. He's a pro now. He seems so calm and collected he could almost be under hypnosis.

After a couple of numbers the stage starts to fill with people. There are nine now, a Mob, a Talking Heads Pan-Cultural Funk Orchestra that lurches into 'I Zimbra' and 'Cities', throwing up cross-currents of rhythm and a visual spectacle. The stage is full of dancing and motion, except for Byrne who stands like the calm at the centre of a storm.

Most of the newcomers are grouped on the left of the stage, they're not just playing their instruments but dancin', funk'n' around, at times looking as though they're having a party while Talking Heads are trying to play.

At last Byrne speaks. "We're not the same as we used to be," he understates before introducing the new crew.

There's Bernie "Woo" Worrell, ex-Funkadelic, on keyboards; bassist Busta Cherry Jones, vocalist Dollette McDonald, Steven Scales (percussion) and Adrian Belew (guitar). Worrell swoops over his keyboards, Jones and Tina Weymouth provide double-punch bass, the guitars mesh and move around each other.

Talk about a full sound!

Some of the new material is disappointing because the possibilities of this setup isn't fully explored. Most of the new songs go for a simple groove but end up more like tape loops, spinning endlessly, going nowhere. Byrne is taking disco, funk and various ethnic trances-musics and searching for a synthesis that he hasn't quite found yet. I also found Jones' bass mechanical and heavy-handed. Weymouth followed him, and I missed the sharp contrapuntal sense she usually displays.

But this is their first time out. When they get this thing working right it's going to be incredible.

As it is, the audience go bananas. 'Take Me To The River' is perfect for this setting, with McDonald's wailing soul vocals setting the right mood for Byrne's vocals to slip into. 'Life During Wartime' is the topper, with every one onstage pumping out a continuous, single-minded flow of sound. Up front amongst the hardcore fans, a large group shout out the chorus at the top of their lungs: 'This ain't no Mudd Club, no CBGB's.' Probably none of them have ever been anywhere near the Mudd Club. Which is just the point — there's a lot of resentment about the way such places, seen from afar, are imbued by the media with the patina of hipness. Byrne hit a deep nerve there.

The crowd does it again on the lines 'This ain't no party, this ain't no disco.' Byrne hears them and makes a face that says "hmm, impressive." And it is.

AFTER TALKING Heads surprised us, Elvis Costello lived up to our expectations, and then some.

The set is powerful, mostly familiar, ranging over all the albums though short-changing the last one slightly. What a legacy of songs he'll leave, tightly executed, brilliantly constructed gems too numerous to list.

The Attractions keep getting hotter, and they are definitely pouring it out for this crowd. They blast, they pound. Their wall of sound keeps getting higher, thicker, more solid. Bruce Thomas turns his bass into a lead instrument. Steve Nieve plays his fingers off, sounding like five organs at once. They are all unstoppable.

Instrumentally, Costello keeps up with them, but it's as a

Continues over



B-52's Kate Pierson wonders if she'll get her wig into the van.



Head Tina looks up and wonders if she'll be allowed on stage with the orchestra.

with coolers of beer and frisbies; and lots of hippies; a smattering of punks, some with dyed hair, some sweetering in leathers. There are a few skinny ties.

Onstage, a lot of Woodstock jokes are cracked, and some Clash jokes, as they had been advertised to play but cancelled. Nick Lowe says, "Watch out for the brown acid." Fred Schneider says, "I'd like to announce that three babies have been born here today and they've all been named Heatwave." In the morning, Martin Belmont introduces 'Just Another Whistle Stop' as "a Joe Strummer song." In the evening, Elvis Costello steps up to the mike and announces, "Hello, we're The Clash."

THE PRETENDERS take half their set to warm up. Chrissie Hynde is stiff at the start, afraid of letting go. Her band is coldly professional, knowing their moves but not the reasons for making them. Their expertise works on their album, where it sounds like care and craft. But live, where emotion on the moment counts, it falls flat.

By midset Hynde has overcome her nervousness. When she provides an effective focus The Pretenders start to force my admiration. She shoots off meaningful smirks during 'Tattoo Love Boys', starts to dance as she plays. Honyman-Scott plays guitarist's guitar, well-practised leads that are textbook studies in "hot", while hiding behind a look of absolute cool. Like Chrissie says, all very run of the mill. Sure, it's a great hit record,

but watching The Pretenders live does nothing to deepen it for me.

The B-52's are stars in Canada, with a platinum first album, and they get a hero's welcome. Tacked up in full regalia, the girls wear the most outrageous wigs I've seen them in. Fred is very dapper. They break into '6006-842' and for the first time the festival is the dance party it promised to be.

They are all image, costumes, colour and broad gestures. I expected all that to be diluted by the big stage and the open air, but the circumstances made them seem even more stylised, more like cartoon characters — and it worked. Even from way back, people could tell something weird, dramatic and funny was going on up there.



Woodstock is a living memory for this bunch of Canucks.

The art of the pathetic

Splodgenessabounds Auntie Pus Notsensibles

Electric Ballroom

AMATEUR HOUR goes on and on. And on and on and on. No crew ever came any motlier than the one assembled for this festival of the self-styled "pathetic" tendency in comedy punk. Pathos there was, and plenty of it; laughs were few, and pathetically far between.

I'll own up and admit I couldn't help smiling a few times: once for the naive Notsensibles, two or three times for the martyred Auntie Pus. But there again, I didn't pay to get in, and anybody who did had every right to feel pretty sick about it. Maybe that's why there was such a lot of vomit on the floor. But laugh? I'd rather have cried.

Camden Town's Electric Ballroom gets more like an abattoir every time I see it — a dirty, sour-tempered place, almost a morass of hopelessness. Punks slump in beer puddles, slack-jawed, apathetic, deflated. The skinheads strut and swagger past them, all energies channelled into boasting their political ignorance. It's nearly a relief to walk out in the street, back to the tramps and litter and police cars outside. Two cheers for England, 1980.

Tonight's entertainment wasn't much to do with solutions; more with being a part of the problem and proud of it.

Headlining attraction Max Splodge, backed by his colourful troupe of character actors, danced onto the stage singing something about



The Splodge burn it up. Pic Neil Anderson.

pitchards up the bum, did a punk version of a Rolf Harris song, had one of his accomplices perform 'The Laughing Policeman', and

generally relied on obscenity to guarantee response. The music is a calculated shambles; everyone pretends they can't stand up because

they're too pissed and wacky. It's quite boring.

As a rule, I don't get very worked up about things like 'sexism', but one Splodge song in particular seemed so deformed in its humour that I decided to call it a night. If anyone had taken one of those 'This degrades women' stickers and applied it straight to Max's mouth, then I wouldn't have minded a bit. Anyway, end of lecture.

From Burnley, in Lancashire, The Notsensibles played a support set with some appeal, distinguished by their best-known (though better unknown) anthems 'I'm In Love With Margaret Thatcher' and, of course, 'Garry Bushell's Band Of The Week'. It's to the singer's credit that he alone betrayed the only hints of embarrassment to be seen all night.

Lineups were fluid throughout the night. Looking back, the evening was one long blur of terrible bands following each other in quick succession. I remember one group called A Short Commercial Break. They were short (about three to five minutes); they weren't at all commercial; and no way do they deserve a break. Then there were The Crocodiles, who intended to "make it snappy" — the jokes were all as old as the riffs — who mangled up Jackie Lee's 'Rupert' (I'll ask a queer

beat!" they said it was).

More amusing was the set by Damned protégé Auntie Pus. Visually, this man's a less appealing version of Buddy Holly, and his speciality is assassinating classics of '50s rock 'n' roll. I especially enjoy his intense, knee-trembling rendition of 'Mean Woman Blues'. His main talent however (as Scabies & Co well know), is for being hated; he can incite the calmest audience to passionate fury and glass-throwing simply by being himself.

Perhaps this is why the unhappy Pus was attacked by stage-invaders in mid-song, and divested of both trousers and underpants. Like a true professional, he continued his performance to the bitter end, got dragged off by a massive bouncer to meet God-knows-what fate, and will he ever work again?

It was that sort of a night.

Paul Du Noyer

Peter Hammill

The Venue

PETER Hammill has a lot of fans. You can tell that from the applause and roars of approval that accompany the beginning and end of each song, though the audience remain devoutly rapt during the actual performance.

There is indeed something Messianic in the manner in which the crowded auditorium of The Venue responds to Hammill's every move, even if all he does is walk from the electric piano to pick up a guitar. And the poet/tunesmith of Van Der Graaf Generator quite naturally plays up to the role, nourishing the multitude with what, when we get down to it, is very scant fare indeed.

Hammill emblematizes his text with a performance of ferocious versatility. Nodding his head as if possessed, he screeches, soars, whispers and growls his way through a set of operatic proportions that includes new songs and old — a kind of History of Hammill.

During the course of his solo career it is evident that Hammill has learnt many things: greater invention, more musicality, and an increasing awareness of himself as centre of the universe.

The one thing he hasn't learnt is restraint.

There is not one song that doesn't involve convoluted tempo changes, lyrical complexity, absurd extremes of inflection and an overwhelming desire to pour

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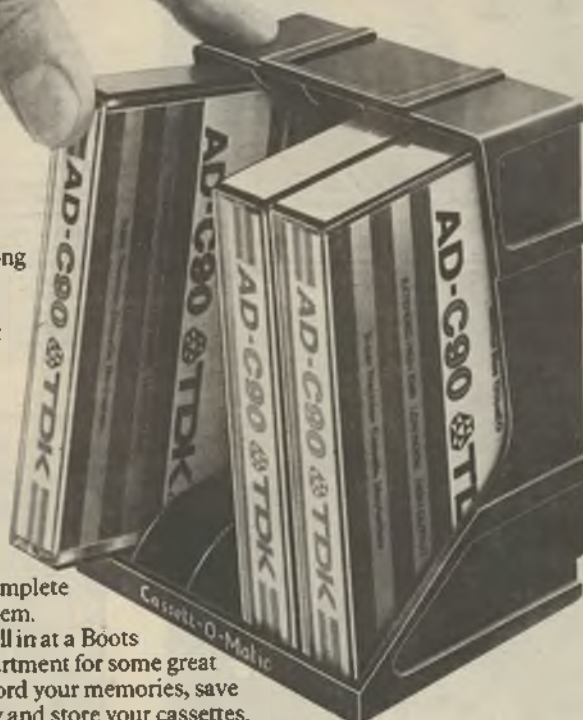
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for the Special Touch



From previous page

vocalist that he's really grown. I've seen him be more dramatic. The spite and venom seem to be going out of him. What he does better now is project a bigger, clearer and more complete picture of himself. From 'Alison' to 'Two Little Hitlers' to 'You'll Never Be A Man', a new one, the emotional shadings are more distinct, the feelings underlying the songs more palpable.

A fundamental difference in approach separates Costello's performance from everything that had gone earlier. All the others tried, in one way or another, to entertain and to please. Costello couldn't care less about that, and didn't play to the audience at all. He's here to make his points, to deliver his ultimatums to the world, with no attempt to ingratiate. He just lays it out, take it or leave it.

I'll take it. So apparently, will a lot of other people. Unlovable, Costello is still widely loved; or at least held in high esteem.

The last encore is 'What's So Funny About' Peace Love and Understanding'. This ain't no Woodstock, obviously.

HEATWAVE presented no theme and produced no definitions. It meant nothing, except that a group of very distinct musical acts have broken through to the point where they can draw large crowds. It verified the commercial and very occasionally the artistic gains these acts have made.

At the end I was exhausted, strung out, totally used up. It wasn't just the physical strain of the circumstances — the heat and dust all day, the volume, surging crowds and neck strain all night. This was a mental battle. The size and shape of these outdoor marathons make them difficult places in which to experience music. Most of the day was merely a prelude to the final three acts.

But there was the drama of contrast produced here: The B-52's' revelling in image rubbing up against Talking Heads' rhythm departure crashing into Costello's defiant pose. Sparks did fly.

But sparks are transient. Rock festivals are business. As I walked out of Mosport, past the backstage area, one last photographer was squaring off against one last security goon, trying to get near the stage. He didn't have the right pass. Colour codes are forever.

Richard Grabel

art and soul into a brimming chalice for the salvation of his followers. Hammill will never use one word where ten will suffice; never simplify when he can confuse. There have been artists who have stuck their souls on pins in painful catharsis — notably Lou Reed who in doing so produced an album you can't possibly listen to — but Hammill's operatic vision of himself is so incredibly grand that one would need an ego the size of a battleship to relate to it.

Perhaps I just lack self-confidence, but my attention was wandering after the first ten minutes.

For the record, he covered 'Time Heals', 'Losing Faith in Words' (you could have fooled me), Chris Judge Smith's 'If I Could', 'Still Life' and 'Man-Erg' among a whole host of others. His performance was exhaustive and dynamic and he occasionally touched planes of comparison with Bowie and Gabriel — the essential difference being that their genius lies in knowing what to leave out, whereas Hammill bungs in everything including the kitchen sink.

And ultimately what is one to make of a man who intones lines like "I have skirted round experience like a scavenger"... "I want the future now" and talks of "More possible future songs"...

When garbed in the exotic electronics of Van Der Graaf Generator, Hammill's words were slightly more acceptable. As a solo performer, his litany have turned to sermons and the result is unbearable.

Still, if this is what the public wants perhaps I should dig out my old sixth form poetry and resume my piano lessons...

Neil Norman

Skids Simple Minds Pink Military

Hammersmith Palais

ANOTHER concert, a new set of clothes.

Whatever The Skids' stylistic limitations, they're rarely reflected in Richard Jobson's colourful dress, though the two are probably as close to matching now as they'll ever be.

His plain cricket flannels suits the innate British-ness of their music — something they stupidly disguised on their 'Days In Europa' album, partly by over-embellishment, but more damagingly with the ugly 1936 Berlin Olympic



It's my dress sense and I'll cry if I want. Pic: Neil Anderson

sleeve parody. The picture's mockery of Aryan supermen was just a bit too close to the album's infatuation with war and strength through joy themes to be taken in the spirit it was probably meant. And Jobson's ambivalent "artistic" approach towards his subject matter didn't help quash queasy feelings about his politics.

But with the benefit of distance and Jobson's unclear live vocals the adverse reaction — mine included — seemed a bit hysterical. Especially after seeing them in concert where at worst they come across as dated characters from a quaint English war comic.

Cue: Dulce Et Decorum Est (Pro Patria Mori). Jobson's at his performing best, at his most convincing, on an updated, dreamy Wilfred Owen elegy, made by guitarist Stuart Adamson's distinctively plucked rhythmic drone, that describes the eloquently mournful tune.

Fortunately, most other songs are rendered lyrically impotent in the mix and are consequently more enjoyable. The emphasis thus switches to Jobson's capacity as performer and the surging power of the band. The new rhythm section of Mike Baillie (drums) and Russell Webb (bass) are less flamboyant than previous Skid incarnations, but their sturdy no nonsense playing is all this

guitar orientated line-up needs.

Adamson and Jobson don't so much write songs as carve mini-anthems from rapid

circular riff motions that suck you into their vortex, where you're socked into submission by fist clenching choruses. I enjoyed The Skids despite

Bowled over by a Skid

longstanding prejudices. Didn't feel so bad about it either after their playful dirge-like medley of The Beach Boys' 'Sloop John B' and their own 'Into The Valley'.

Simple Minds used to be a blind spot, but that's gone too! And without the reservations I still have for The Skids, if the skillful plagiarism of 'Real To Real Cacophony' revealed a band of competent musical muggies who didn't know what to do with the ideas they stole, they've since worked out something that's very much their own.

Having retreated inwards on themselves, they've translated listless depression into immense rich slabs of sound channelled into the narrowest of frameworks. Their resultant songs could easily burst at the seams if they weren't so disciplined.

Jim Kerr's grossly exaggerated vocals elevate them to a highly attuned melodramatic pitch best exemplified by a chilling song about Jerusalem — or so the announcement sounded. Two axes wail disconsolately above a primordial beat while Kerr pairs off accumulatively evocative horror phrases, ending with the call to knock down the walls.

Grand in both the operatic and colloquial sense of the word.

Pink Military are OK for a few numbers, before their experimental layering of ersatz oriental keyboards textures onto rumbling percussion degenerates into lengthy fist instrumentals. After that it depends on how you take to daffy Jayne's cute dippydom. I didn't.

So, one blind spot clears and another takes its place.

Chris Bohn

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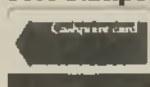
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At the sign of the Black Horse



Pretender Peter hangs about. Pic: Joe Stevens.

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DON'T TOUCH

THE disc most often found in hi-fi demo rooms is probably The Floyd's 'Dark Side Of The Moon', its technical excellence is just the thing to showcase what hi-fi is all about.

Imagine my delight then when a package turned up containing original Master Records of 'Dark Side' together with Earl Klugh's 'Finger Paintings' accompanied by claims of sonic superiority over their more widely available counterparts. These came via Lentek Audio, a St. Ives, Cambridgeshire, based manufacturer/distributor of hi-fi esoterica who are the UK importers of Mobile Fidelity superdiscs from California. In case you're thinking that the record industry has taken long overdue steps to remedy the generally appalling pressing quality found these days, I should point out that Mobile Fidelity are not in the volume stakes. Because of the scrupulous care taken in the production of their discs and the high take in royalties, prices are certainly on the expensive side — £14.50 for a single album and £22.00 for a double. It is to be hoped that some of Mobile Fidelity's pioneering work will have beneficial knock-on effects that will improve quality standards overall.

What Mobile Fidelity have done is to approach the world's leading record labels with a licensing deal to allow them to produce a limited number (maximum 200,000) copies from the first generation master tape of albums from big selling artists. At the moment there is a restricted catalogue available in the UK which includes 'Hot August Night'

Neil Diamond, 'Abbey Road' Beatles, 'Aja' Steely Dan and 'Thankful' Natalie Cole. Material selected must be to a high standard technically and some best sellers have reluctantly not been proceeded with when the master tape has proved of insufficient quality.

Mobile Fidelity's crucial first stage of production is to ensure that the absolute maximum of audio information is retrieved from the master tape. To facilitate this they employ a unique half speed mastering process. The disc cutting lathe is driven at a constant 16 2/3 rmp and is fed by the master tape playing at half speed. This effectively means that the cutting stylus has twice as much time to cut a highly accurate groove. Another benefit conferred by this method is that the cutting amplifiers require considerably less power. This extra 'headroom' ensures an excellent top end response and handling of transients. The normal 'deadening' limiting, compression and equalization applied to conventional discs to make them sound better on gram radio is eschewed by Mobile Fidelity. Making the metal master, mothers and stampers is currently undertaken to the most exacting of specifications by the Victor Company of Japan. The pressings themselves are also produced from the same source utilizing a high grade and pure Super Vinyl originally developed from quadrophonic discs. This material is harder and more resilient than conventional vinyl and contributes to quieter and flatter playing surfaces and a longer useful life. The albums are presented

with similar sleeve art to the originals in anti-static covers. Listening took place in my usual reference rig of Quad Electrostatic speakers, Quad valve amp and Linn Sondek/SME/ADC turntable combination.

With 'Dark Side Of The Moon' one is immediately struck by two things. First there is a total absence of the breakfast cereal noises one has come to expect. And secondly the headshell moves sedately as if tracking a mill pond.

The sound quality from the Mobile Fidelity version in a series of A/B comparisons with the conventional version was an absolute revelation. The quality that struck me above all others was the clearly defined stereo image. Starting with the keyboard opening on 'Speak To Me' the sound was clearly emanating from a pin point source rather than from somewhere vaguely from the left speaker. The complicated effects that characterize 'Dark Side' can now be more easily resolved into their component parts.

One passage that really brought home the difference in light and shade on the Mobile Fidelity version was the chiming clocks at the start of 'Time'. On the conventional disc they had a fizzy metallic characteristic while on the Mobile Fidelity disc each had its own distinctive 'rounded' timbre.

Moving over to Earl Klugh's 'Finger Paintings' I unfortunately did not have the original disc to make A/B comparisons. Although there is less 'production' in this work than 'Dark Side' the results were even more impressive. Klugh's distinctive guitar work came



Pic: Nobby Clarke.

Bernard Futter looks at 'superdiscs'

across with tremendous realism with top end cymbals etc. resolved with real bite. Perhaps this is the antithesis of what hi-fi should be all about, but I found listening to 'Finger Paintings' a refreshing aural experience.

Are Mobile Fidelity discs worth their price? In sheer value for money terms the answer has to be no.

Obviously they're not three times better than the conventional offering in the same way as a Jaguar is not eight times better than a Mini. However they do offer a very significant improvement and if one of your faves figures in the catalogue I'd recommend you buy it and find out what it must have sounded like when it was recorded. That's got to

be worth a heavy premium! Mobile Fidelity Original Master Recordings are available from better hi-fi outlets. For further details and full list of titles available in the UK contact: Lentek Audio Ltd., Edison Road Industrial Estate, St Ives, Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire. Telephone: St. Ives (0480) 62225.

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A Naive Advertisement

By Adrian Thrills

HERTFORDSHIRE group The Bees have their debut single released on the Paw Records label. Titled 'Leave Willie Alone' it is available from Terry Friend, Paw Records, 18 North Avenue, Letchworth, Herts.

South coast independent Shattered Records release their fourth single 'Love To Hate You' by Worthing five-piece The Corvettes, a band comprising former members of Nicky And The Dots, The Lilletes and Peter And The Test Tube Babies.

A triple A-side 'Armchairs' / 'Trends And Relations' / '20 Lines' is on the first single from north London group Take It, available on Fresh Hold Records, 11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London N8.

Also out this week:

The Balloons: 'Jean Paul's Wife' (Earwacks Records, 5 Norroy Road, Putney, London SW15).

The Bombay Ducks: 'Sympathy For The Devil' (Complete Control, 215 St Margarets Road, Twickenham, Middx).

X-Press: 'Junked-Up Judy' (Express, 105 Broadway, Fulford, York).

Twig And The Kicks: 'The Boy Who Sold His Dreams' (Majorette Records, c/o Danny Smith, 27 Mayesbrook Road, Dagenham, Essex).

AD 1984: 'The Clockwork Generation' (Voyage International).

GARAGELAND



The Passage. l to r: Lot Hilton, Dick Witts, Tony Friel. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

EXPERIMENTAL Manchester rock trio The Passage are finally releasing their debut LP — almost two years on from their formation in 1978. The 13-track album, called 'Pindrop' is due out on Steve Solom's Object label in late September.

The group — formed around the axis of

former Fall bassman Tony Friel and classically-trained percussionist Dick Witts — have not performed live for over three months. A road accident in which Witts suffered arm injuries put paid to any summer gigs, but the band are hoping to be out of traction and back in live action by the autumn.

Cassette boom

THE diversification of the independent cassette boom continues with the news of a couple of rock poets getting their verse on tape.

'Another Book Of Boring Poetry' is the first C60 from Ferenc Aszmann and is available for £1.60 from 1A Chatterton Road, Finsbury Road, London N4. A blank cassette and an SAE is all it takes to secure a copy of psychotic folk minstrel Rapanzel's debut single 'The Aldwickbury Music Workshop Revisited', available from Raspo himself at 17 Willow Way, Harpenden, Herts.

Two more cassette albums 'Ollie At The Cupboard Gringe' and 'Mi Keg Rant' are available for a C90 plus SAE from Mick Barnes, St Marys Vicarage, Vicars Close, Fishponds, Bristol.

The debut tape from north Wales experimental duo Tempodex is called 'Blue Light' and is produced by Working Men's Tapes, 18 Edwards Henry Street, Rhyl, Clwyd.

The first cassette single from Chris Riger, 'The Lodestone', is available from 16A Alexandra Road, Stoneygate, Leicester, for 50p.



Pinpoint's Arturo Bassick. Pic: Walt Davidson.

EX-LURKER Arturo Bassick re-emerges in the vinyl stakes this week with the second single from his band Pinpoint. Titled 'Waking Up To Morning', the 45 comes in a full-colour fold-out sleeve on the Albion label.

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WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

RECORD NEWS

● Robert Wyatt, Steve Miller, Fred Frith, Kevin Coyne, Robert Fripp, Mark Perry, Dave Vanian, Ollie Halsall, John Otway, George Melly, Quentin Crisp, Pete Seeger, The Residents, Stinky Winkles, Lol Coxhill, Ralph Steadman, Ken Campbell, David Bedford, Neil Innes, R.D. Laing, Metabolist and David Cunningham are just some of the names who have contributed to 'Miniatures', a 51-track album produced by one-time Mott The Hoople keyboardist Morgan Fisher. The album is to be released on Fisher's own Pipe Records label in October and will be available through Cherry Red.

● Mike Oldfield's forthcoming single, released September 12, features his version of Abba's 'Arrival', the instrumental which concludes the album of that title. The singles comes in a distinctly Abba-like sleeve.

● Fingerprints' next single, 'Houdini Love' / 'All About You', comes out on September 19. The A side is taken from the band's 'Distinguished Marks' album but the reverse is a previously unreleased track penned by Jimmie O'Neill and produced by Nick Garvey.

● Sadeo Watanabe's 'California Shower' album has just been re-released by Miracore Records, following renewed interest in this 1977 Japanese jazz-funk item. A 12" single, 'Nippon To The Dance Floor', which features tracks by Watanabe plus other Japanese bands, Something Special and Eastern Gang, is also available.

● Diane Ross' follow-up single to 'Upside Down', will be 'My Old Piano', another lift from the 'Diana' album. Available in both 7" and 12" versions, it will be out on September 8.

● The Shirts' third Capitol album, 'Inner Sleeve' is now scheduled for September 8 release. It was recorded at the Capitol Tower with George Wadenius and John Palladino producing.

● The Fall have a new single, 'Totally Wired' / 'Putta Block', out on Rough Trade this week.

● Patrick Moraz has a new solo album, 'Co Existence' out on Carrere this week. A musical piece in four movements, the album features the Moody Blues keyboardist in the company of Syrinx — a pan flute players.

● Madness's latest single, 'Baggy Trousers' / 'The Business', gets a September 5 release on Stiff. An album and tour follow shortly.

● Vardis have a debut single on Logo released on September 12. Titled 'Let's Go', a special free live single will be contained in the first 10,000 copies sold. The band's first album, '100 m.p.h.', comes out on October 17. The first 10,000 copies will contain a special poster.

● The Sound, support band on the forthcoming Echo and The Bunnymen tour, have signed to Korova Records and have a single, 'Mayday' / 'Brute Force' released this week. An album titled 'Jeopardy' is due shortly.

● Zaine Griff's debut solo album 'Ashes And Diamonds' is released on Automatic Records this week. The album was produced by Tony Visconti and features the talents of Hans Zimmer (synthesizer), Steve Bolton (guitar) and Andy Clarke, ex-Bop De Luxe keyboardist.

● Dolly Mixture, the three-piece girl band from Cambridge have signed to Chrysalis and have a debut single, 'Baby It's You' / 'New Look Baby' out on September 19.

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and like making it is a certain way, than that's the statement. As far as personal things go it's not really more important than what should anyone else say really.

Pretty humble. In some ways ACR are pretty things. In other ways they're pretty vacant. Essentially, in their own way, they're pretty sharp. Eventually I feel like I'm being bricked up, so the band decide I can't get back too fast again. Things tangibly relax. We drink some tea. They ask about that oddly edited review of their Belgium single "Black Up," and say they didn't understand the reference in T-Zars. Neither did I. They ask why they're appearing in the NME indie charts when only 1,000 of the singles were released here.

Sneer silently, I say,

Just before we're due to leave to get those taxes. Kent and I play electronic tuning so one of two large TVs dominating the room. He slaughters me 16-8, 16-7, 16-7.

Now that's reason not to show my face in public again.

THE GAG at Rattlers was always under-probed. Although Factory reckoned publications were only likely to be £350 they, with risqué chic, spent £300 printing up a full-colour Joe Savage designed poster. ACR didn't have much to say about that. The postcard didn't even show their performance, but that's the ever-forgiving Factory are always trying to do.

The rabid mafia who do the poster fly-posting conveniently posted up only a handful of the posters. Even about the advertising there was, it turned out, hardly anyone was going to turn the backs of hundreds did.

The gig is not nostalgic, it isn't immaculate. It is either a poor statement or it is blather. On one level it's like teenage dance music around. But ACR, electro... and ACR are the type of people who attract hordes of those - it's getting close to being attractive. Not even the dual trumpet line which had tempered bodies over the top of it makes it shocking for those who work in terms of the mainstream. It may do it a little bit to conform. Only with Factory's help will ACR reach both the middle and to shock.

That's not too important. What is important is that ACR finger in the chains of existing people and callow notions. That they are around to genuinely and personally document reaction to the applied landscape. ACR carry meaning in their very confusion and their irrational commitment. Their mood, however ambivalent, is one of real curiosity. They are for everyone interested.

I leave Rattlers thinking that ACR have it in them to make some of the most comic and militant music of the '80s, or that they could fall into a self-deluding cul-de-sac.

We'll find out which way it's going to be very soon.

At the end of The Interview Topping finally lost patience with my nagging. If asked if they intended their music to be depressing or stimulating... He didn't want to know about that. He made a wild attempt to put the whole ACR thing into perspective.

"Our music... it's like a mother, she has a baby and everybody thinks that it's really ugly... but she absolutely loves it and thinks that it's beautiful."

"That's like us with our music..."

Donald Johnstone bursts out laughing, the only sound he made during the taped interview. ACR laugh so hard they cry. They cry so hard they laugh. I turn off the tape recorder, go outside for a brief breath of Hulme air, come back inside and drink my tea.

In a few minutes we'll leave the grubby Hulme hutch where some members of A Certain Ratio live.

You'd be surprised at some of the people who come to the Poly

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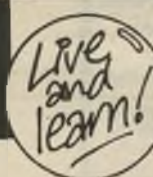
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GASBAG

Nuke Kid In Town



YOU NO doubt noticed from the postmark that this comes from that land across the seas — your favourite — America. And, barring the possibility of one of an infinite number of monkeys having banged it out, the letter is indeed written by (gasps) an American.

Reading *NME* for the past two years or so, I've heard nothing from your lot except that we're a sorry mess indeed, musical and otherwise. Coming from the land that regularly pays chart homage to the likes of Shirley Bassey and Showaddywaddy — well, I'm really moved to take the criticisms to heart. Sure, we all wear wide-bottom flares, drink lots of cold Bud and listen to the Charlie Daniels Band day and night, and blacks love that chicken and watermelon, the Irish are dirty and smelly and women are second-class citizens. All bullshit, of course.

It might do you folks some good to stop dumping on people who support you. Only those who shall out \$1.75 an issue — three times what you pay — are able to read your sweeping attacks on anyone who says elevator instead of lift. Believe me, for the most part you're right on target — but you've pinned the target on the wrong people. Spend some cash and buy some space in *Rolling Stone* or *Creem* if you want your attacks to have any real meaning.

We Americans may churn out the shit but a good number of your people buy it. By the way, how are plans coming along for the Kiss

tour? Snide enough for you? Just lay off the true believers and aim at the real enemy. And when you've got them in the cross-hairs, you'll know what to do.

Tim Windsor, Baltimore, Maryland.

Not sure I quite understand your banter, old boy. You Americans seem to be so sensitive — you must realise that British humour is soundly based on robust vulgarity and mindless abuse, and your lot are peculiarly susceptible to that. But — honest — we lovesya, baby (is this enough? Tart it up if you like. — M.S.)

I think it is somewhat narrow-minded of people to criticise *NME* for including "Waste of space articles which in no way pertain to the musical panorama on which your publication is based" (letter to *NME* August 9). I can't recall any magazine/newspaper of an equivalent circulation devoting so much space to the issue of the Government's decision to purchase Trident missiles. This is a matter which concerns everyone, we should all care about this decision and be fully aware of its implications. Ultimately it doesn't matter whether these articles are printed in *NME*, *Women's Own* or *Penthouse*, what matters is that they are printed so that people can read, if they aren't already aware of what is going on in this country today. To be quite honest if people can't see why *NME* prints such articles then I feel genuinely sorry for them because they unwittingly are

'working for the clampdown' and not even putting up a token struggle.

I applaud *NME* for not confining its journalistic expertise to the transient musical forms that people like Jim Mattis evidently live for. Dave Burges, Grangetown, Cardiff.

Thanks, Dave. But — hark! — there's another missive from Maryland. — M.S.

I feel terrible after seeing your reply to my letter (August 9) and you calling me a bigot. I could fully understand if you attacked me on the premise of my deep admiration for The Fall, Wire, Scars and Gang Of Four; but when you denunciate me because of my critical comments which are offered as suggestions — well, then I can see that it's all just flash.

As for the suboptimal, culturally assimilated American, "British mans' burden" rubbish, well I don't buy it. I'm about as responsible for the current state of affairs here as you are for the H-Block. Who's the ethnocentric bigot? And what's more... But why bother? It's probably falling on 'deaf' ears than mine.

Monty, we're both too young for this trash. While we're waiting we could both stand to learn more from Jon King, Mark E. Smith, Colin Newman and Robby King. Jim Mattis, Ellicott City, Maryland.

Maybe you could, Jim, but you're from Maryland. (This is a joke. Admittedly, not a very good one, but it's British.) — M.S.

Paul Morley's review of the Dirty Looks album (August 23) scared me. Never having heard a note by this band, I am not a "How-dare-you-call-my-favourite-group-crap" writer. This isn't an 'I-hate-Morley' letter either; he promotes music that is "full of new styles and possibly unlimited scope." He promotes music that stops pop becoming sterile and stagnant.

It doesn't matter if Dirty Looks are useless or not. What frightens me is the stance from which Paul chooses to

criticise the group. He assumes that the only form of pop music which deserves to exist is made by the groups he champions. He does this all the time.

Pop music is like a ball — it needs to go forward, but it can be just as good if it bounces up and down in the same old place, providing that it bounces harder and higher than it did before, in the same place, years ago. The sounds of the '60s (or '50s or whatever) are just as relevant as they were, provided you do something magical with them (e.g. Flamin' Groovies, Cramps).

All the 'great blind men' of history believed that theirs was the one true path to righteousness; all unbelievers will be cast out into the void where there will be a wailing and grinding of teeth.

Paul Morley is too sharp to preach that kind of reasoning — isn't he?

Phil Suggitt, Hatfield, Doncaster.

Most of the time. — M.S.

I confess to no more than a passing interest in The Beat; I wondered what all the fuss was about when my friends raved about the early Specials concerts; something about black and white gangsters called Rudy, or something. Hal

But now, please give Paul Morley a raise. I read his article on The Beat and it made me feel really happy, as I was lying ill in bed. A timely event. Exit Pink Floyd. Enter The Beat. Stand together, 'idren, this is the future. An enlightened soul, Edinburgh.

P.S. What does 'idren mean? It's the brother of the dragon in *Ivor The Engine*. — M.S.

It's not as if Floyd are my favourite group but I think I'll stop buying *NME* if all I get is one view of a subject. For all I know you'll get Bowie next. Quasimodo, London.

That's not a bad idea. — M.S.

On the cover of Dexy's new LP, it says the bass player had the complete Stax collection under his arm. I don't know the exact amount that constitutes or even if singles duplicated on LPs are

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included, not to mention material appearing on Atlantic, but at a conservative estimate... presumably along with his bass he had the entire sheet music of Holland-Dozier-Holland, the Memphis Horns hardware, and the remaining wall of the Torch under his other arm for balance.

Major Lance, Stoke-on-Trent. Don't you dare mention the remaining wall of the Torch — not until I've looked it up. — M.S.

Let's hurry up and get the Dexy's backlash over and done with. B. Mused, London E18. I'll drink to that. — M.S.

Isn't it about time for a Creedence Clearwater revival? P. Doelman, Delft.

Maybe *NME*'s problem is that they don't realise there exists inside the record companies folk just like themselves who want to hype records into the charts. Chris R. Aberdeen. Bitch. — M.S.

TOP SECRET!! Extract from Coronation St script: A bustling Rovers Return... Annie Walker: Where were you yesterday, Alf?

Alf Roberts: Oh, I couldn't come out — my wife got burnt.

A.W.: Not badly I hope? A.R.: They don't piss about at the crematorium. Ted 'T' Taddy.

Instead of purchasing a hi-fi system I've decided to buy some planks of wood to board the windows up. When the riots start I'll be OK — you lot at *NME* are destined to become political prisoners. Tough luck.

Burch Subtle, Manchester. P.S. How come every time I open the *MMI* I get the impression that it's a Tory paper?

Excellent question. — M.S.

You should remember that the decision-makers are mature, responsible and well-educated adults and that they have a comprehensive understanding of the nuclear situation — unlike ourselves. I must be wrong of course, but I have a nasty, lurking suspicion that the ultimate objective ties in with their advancing years; if they have to die, they're going to make damn sure we don't outlive them.

Many thanks for a first rate article. C. A. Ashton, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

Let's just suppose the Anti-Nukes are successful on a worldwide scale — new ways will be found to commit genocide. It doesn't matter in the long run what type of bomb it is if it drops through your bloody ceiling, it's still zappo for you. And what if Britain got rid of its nuclear arms? The Reds would still let us have it, if only because we are the 'decadent West' and for our alliance with America in the past. E. P. Thompson is either stupid or naive, and I can't believe he's stupid. Colin 'mushrooms with everything' Robinson, Wakefield, West Yorkshire. Thompson's not stupid, but you are. You're falling for the increasingly seductive media coverage of nuclear conflict. Its causes and consequences. The unimaginable is getting more acceptable by the day, isn't it? You whitewash your windows, mate, and you'll be OK. — M.S.

I find the attitude of some people so pathetic and demoralising especially those who say, like Stephen Beard, that they couldn't give a shit about nuclear disarmament. OK, he's not going to 'Protest And Survive' but one thing's for sure, when the bombs drop (current estimate is that the nuclear attack will be equivalent to 13,000 bombs of the type dropped on Hiroshima) he'll certainly wish he'd protested. So he's going to listen to the radio. There won't be much to dance to, I'm afraid. He might hear the regional government transmit from their bunker that the West has won the war — I bet, with his skin peeling off, his gums bleeding and his hair falling out, he'll be mighty chuffed!

It must be said, and said again, that there is no defence against nuclear war.

Perhaps what is most important is that the Cruise and Trident missiles have not yet been deployed. We have three years to oppose Cruise, possibly ten in the case of Trident. The only way we are going to stop their introduction is by PROTESTING. Don't write off organisations like CND — one has only to stand in the street petitioning against these weapons to know the depth of feeling they arouse. Help CND by joining them in the demonstration on October 26.

Me? I'll dance, dance, dance when the world gives up nuclear and other weapons of mass destruction.

John Turp, Portsmouth CND. Some people would think you live on cloud cuckoo land. Me? I weep for the vicious lunacy of our so-called leaders and keep my legs crossed that every sane person will protest, in the strongest manner possible, against the introduction of this nuclear filth here, there and everywhere. — M.S.

At least Trident can reach Washington D.C. John Smith, Wakefield, West Yorkshire.

I'm writing to you because I think you've got a larger readership than *Sounds*, though I'm probably wrong. (No, you're right. — Circulation Manager.) Your paper, and the others, are getting too political. There's political rags for all that stuff and nonsense. How about an interview with Molly Hatchet (preferably unbiased)? Ste (Up The Tories).

Would you, and your ilk, kindly crawl back to wherever it is you came from and leave us folks who're interested in higher life forms than Molly Hatchet and Maggie Thatcher to get on with it? Thanks. — M.S.

After reading all your articles on nuclear war and — Armageddon time, I've decided to stop buying *NME* and to save my 25ps to buy a fallout shelter. W. Whitelew, Westminster.

Instead of spending millions on atomic weapons, increase our dole money and we'll fight them with our bare hands. Dave Unknown, Poole, Dorset. Who said this nation lacked spunk? — M.S.

I'd just like to thank Ian MacDonald for this 1984 piece. It cheered me up no end. Roger Waters, London SW1. I've a feeling this correspondence has only just begun. In fact, we're holding the 1984 letters for an upcoming Big Brother Bag. — M.S.

Readers turn on, tune in and fall out with Monty Smith

Naked Illustrations by Ian Wright



T-ZERS

And thank God that the goddawful *Jesus Christ Superstar* has finally been nailed. This abomination, entirely supported by



JOE JACKSON, famous pop star, estounds the audience at Asbury Park Convention Hall, New Jersey, by first levitating a running shoe and then eating it. His singularly pained facial expressions attest to the extraordinary will power involved.

How about Dana
Gillespie? Or a nice
weasel . . . ?

Publisher Eric Jackson
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BETTER BADGES

This Last Weeks		
1	(11)	Jay Division — <i>Closet</i> 28
2	(21)	Jay Division — <i>Unknown Pleasures</i> 28
3	(4)	Dead Kennedys — <i>Combustion</i> 28
4	(3)	SLF 20
5	(10)	Cross — <i>Fight War Not Wars</i> 20
6	(5)	Jay Division 20
7	—	Dead Kennedys 20
8	(104)	Jam — <i>Talkin' Loud</i> 20
9	(7)	Cross — <i>Anarchy & Peace</i> 20
10	(1)	Jam — <i>Going Underground</i> 20

NEW RELEASES

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Completely clean-shaven mere seconds before this photo was taken, JEAN-JACQUES BURNEL causes hair to sprout beneath his lower lip by focussing his chi (or 'inner strength') in a titanic effort of will.



ROGER DALTREY shows that several weeks in an elaborate mock-up of Durham jail have left the whites of his eyes completely unmarked.



Red Indian chic makes an unlikely appearance at Liverpool's Brady's Club courtesy of PETE BURNS of Dead Or Alive. Just who the band are and why Mr Burns has gone Pocahontas T-Zars is unable to explain.

the **B-52's**



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