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27 September 1980

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NEW

MUSICAL

EXPRESS

—QUALITY CRAZY!

—THE ASSOCIATES SCORE—

—MARC BOLAN SUPERSTAR pt II—

AUDIENCE FILM
BRISTOL 1980
PK PENNIE SMITH



—THE LIFE AND TIME of JIMMY CLIFF—
—THE 1984 BAG—

SPOT THE SPECIAL

ROUGH RIDING ON THE ROAD SPECIALS SPECIAL

Way



"AS THE most physically imposing member of XTC (who, incidentally, feature this week at number 30 in the singles chart) I am often asked 'Andy, how do you keep in such great shape?' In fact my method is really rather simple. I cheat by standing on a box."

UK SINGLES

This Last Week		Highest
1	(1) One Day I'll Fly Away Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	3
2	(13) Masterblaster.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)	2
3	(5) It's Only Love/Beyond The Reef Elvis Presley (RCA)	4
4	(2) Feels Like I'm In Love.....Kelly Marie (Calibre)	6
5	(12) Modern Girl.....Sheena Easton (EMI)	6
6	(15) Another One Bites The Dust.....Queen (EMI)	2
7	(6) Eighth Day.....Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	5
8	(4) Ashes To Ashes.....David Bowie (RCA)	7
9	(3) Start.....Jem (Polydor)	5
10	(8) Dreamin'.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	6
11	(23) Baggy Trousers.....Madness (Stiff)	2
12	(9) Sunshine Of Your Smile.....Mike Berry (Polydor)	6
13	(7) 9 to 5.....Sheena Easton (EMI)	10
14	(19) Paranoid.....Black Sabbath (Nems)	5
15	(17) Can't Stop The Music Village People (Phonogram)	6
16	(—) Don't Stand So Close To Me.....Police (A & M)	1
17	(16) It's Still Rock And Roll To Me.....Billy Joel (CBS)	6
18	(—) My Old Piano.....Diana Ross (Motown)	1
19	(—) D.I.S.C.O.....Ottawan (Carrere)	1
20	(10) Bank Robber.....Clash (CBS)	7
21	(11) I Die You Die.....Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	5
22	(14) Tom Hark.....Piranhas (Sire/Hansa)	7
23	(29) I Got You.....Split Enz (A&M)	2
24	(22) Big Time.....Rick James (Motown)	2
25	(—) Best Friend — Stand Down Margaret Beat (Go Feet)	5
26	(18) I Want To Be Straight.....Ian Dury (Stiff)	4
27	(20) I Owe You One.....Shalamar (Solar)	4
28	(26) Marie Marie.....Shakin Stevens (Epic)	5
29	(28) Searching.....Change (WEA)	3
30	(—) Generals — Majors — Don't Lose Your Temper XTC (Virgin)	1

BUBBLING UNDER
Two Little Boys — Spudgenessounds (Deram)
Amigo — Black Slate (Ensign)
You're Lying — Lynx (Chrysalis)
You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling — Half & Oates (RCA)
Leader Of The Gang (EP) — Gary Glitter (GTO)
Stereotypes — Specials (2 Tone)

INDIES 33s

- 1 Guillotine/Live At The Electric Circus.....Various (Cherry Red)
- 2 Springing Off.....UB40 (Graduate)
- 3 Close.....Joy Division (Factory)
- 4 Fresh Fruit And Rotting Vegetables
Dead Kennedys (Rough Trade)
- 5 The Art Of Walking.....Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
- 6 Bouquet Of Steel.....Various (Aardvark)
- 7 Jane From Occupied Europe.....Sweet Maps (Rough Trade)
- 8 Tectonic Terms.....Fall (Rough Trade)
- 9 Unknown Pleasures.....Joy Division (Factory)
- 10 Final Days (EP).....Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)

Courtesy Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Porticoville Road, London W1

INDIES 45s

- 1 Atmosphere/She's Lost Control.....Joy Division (Factory Import)
- 2 Love Will Tear Us Apart.....Joy Division (Factory)
- 3 Shuck Up.....A Certain Reason (Sire)
- 4 Get My Mother Was A Friend.....Blurt (Test Pressing)
- 5 Blue Boy.....Orange Juice (Postcard)
- 6 Train (EP).....Cramps (Big Top)
- 7 Are You Glad To Be In America.....James Blood (Rough Trade)
- 8 Split.....Ulpu (Rough Trade)
- 9 Radio Drill Time.....Joel K (Postcard)
- 10 Final Days (EP).....Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)

Courtesy Rainbow Soul Roadshow

REGGAE

- 1 What's Going On.....Delroy Wilson (J&J)
- 2 Warrior Charge Island.....Award (Island)
- 3 Rapa In.....Emel Scorchard (Scorchard)
- 4 My Try Love.....Paulette (Solomon)
- 5 Amigo.....Earl 18 (Dread At The Controls)
- 6 Reggae Sound.....Sister Love (Cool Rockers)
- 7 Working On You.....Bastoo (K&G)
- 8 Rocking Of The 800.....Overtons (Dread At The Controls)
- 9 Give Thanks & Praise.....Steve Wonder (Motown)
- 10 Let's Do It Up.....Dene Sharpe (Fashion)

Courtesy Bluebird Records, 155 Church St, London W2

DISCO

- 1 Oopee Upside Your Head.....Gap Band (Mercury)
- 2 Backstreetin'.....Farback (Spring)
- 3 Give Me The Night.....George Benson (Arista)
- 4 Funkin' For Jamaica.....Tom Browne (Arista)
- 5 Unhook The Funk.....Locksmith (Arista)
- 6 Taste Of Bitter Love.....Gladys Knight & The Pips (CBS)
- 7 You've Been Gone.....Crown Heights Affair (De-Lite)
- 8 Masterblaster.....Steve Wonder (Motown)
- 9 I Owe You One.....Shalamar (Solar)
- 10 Upside Down.....Diana Ross (Motown)

Courtesy Rainbow Soul Roadshow

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'

US SINGLES

This Last Week

- 1 (1) Upside Down.....Diana Ross
- 2 (2) All Out Of Love.....Air Supply
- 3 (4) Another One Bites The Dust.....Queen
- 4 (3) Selling.....Irene Cara
- 5 (6) Lookin' For Love.....Johnny Lee
- 6 (7) Give Me The Night.....George Benson
- 7 (5) Fame.....Irene Cara
- 8 (11) Drivin' My Life Away.....Eddie Rabbitt
- 9 (9) Late In The Evening.....Paul Simon
- 10 (13) I'm Alright (Theme From Caddyshack).....Kenny Loggins
- 11 (8) Emotional Rescue.....Rolling Stones
- 12 (14) Xenadu.....Ollivia Newton-John/Electric Light Orchestra
- 13 (23) Woman In Love.....Barbra Streisand
- 14 (19) Real Love.....The Doobie Brothers
- 15 (16) Hot Rod Hearts.....Robbie Dupree
- 16 (17) All Over The World.....Electric Light Orchestra
- 17 (15) One In A Million You.....Larry Graham
- 18 (22) He's So Shy.....Pointer Sisters
- 19 (24) Look What You've Done To Me.....Boyz Scagga
- 20 (20) You'll Accompany Me.....Bob Seger
- 21 (21) Don't Ask Me Why.....Billy Joel
- 22 (25) Jesse.....Carly Simon
- 23 (28) Never Knew Love Like This Before.....Stephanie Mills
- 24 (18) You're The Only Woman.....Ambrosia
- 25 (10) Into The Night.....Benny Mardones
- 26 (12) Take Your Time (Do It Right) Part 1.....The S.O.S. Band
- 27 (26) Magic.....Ollivia Newton-John
- 28 (30) No Night So Long.....Dionne Warwick
- 29 (27) Boulevard.....Jackson Browne
- 30 (—) Old Fashion Love.....Commodores

This Last Week

- 1 (1) The Game.....Queen
- 2 (1) Urban Cowboy.....Original Soundtrack
- 3 (4) Xenadu.....Original Soundtrack
- 4 (3) Emotional Rescue.....Rolling Stones
- 5 (5) Diana.....Diana Ross
- 6 (6) Hold Out.....Jackson Browne
- 7 (7) Give Me The Night.....George Benson
- 8 (12) Crimes Of Passion.....Pat Benatar
- 9 (10) Panoramas.....Cars
- 10 (9) Christopher Cross.....Christopher Cross
- 11 (11) Back In Black.....AC/DC
- 12 (8) Glass Houses.....Billy Joel
- 13 (16) Honeyuckle Rose.....Original Soundtrack
- 14 (16) One Trick Pony.....Paul Simon
- 15 (16) T.P.....Teddy Pendergrass
- 16 (17) Against The Wind.....Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
- 17 (23) Drama.....Yes
- 18 (14) Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere.....Rossington Collins Band
- 19 (13) Full Moon.....The Charlie Daniels Band
- 20 (19) Fame.....Original Soundtrack
- 21 (22) Lost In Love.....Air Supply
- 22 (20) Heroes.....Commodores
- 23 (21) One For The Road.....The Kinks
- 24 (28) The Year 2000.....The O'Jays
- 25 (25) Joy And Pain.....Maze
- 26 (27) One In A Million You.....Larry Graham
- 27 (40) Shine On.....L.T.D.
- 28 (24) S.O.S.....The S.O.S. Band
- 29 (—) Love Approach.....Tom Browne
- 30 (30) Playing For Keeps.....Eddie Money

US ALBUMS

This Last Week

- 1 (2) Telefon.....Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)
- 2 (1) Signing Off.....UB40 (Graduate)
- 3 (16) Never Forever.....Kate Bush (EMI)
- 4 (7) I'm No Hero.....Cliff Richard (EMI)
- 5 (9) Manilow Magic.....Barry Manilow (Arista)
- 6 (21) Now We May Begin
Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)
- 7 (4) Give Me The Night
George Benson (Warner Bros)
- 8 (3) Flesh & Blood.....Roxy Music (Polydor)
- 9 (—) Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz.....Jethro
- 10 (25) Change Of Address.....Shadows (Polydor)
- 11 (6) Back In Black.....AC/DC (Atlantic)
- 12 (5) Breaking Glass.....Hazel O'Connor (A&M)
- 13 (—) Scary Monsters.....David Bowie (RCA)
- 14 (10) Diana.....Diana Ross (Motown)
- 15 (15) Sky 2.....Sky (Arista)
- 16 (8) Drama.....Yes (Atlantic)
- 17 (17) One Trick Pony.....Paul Simon (Warner Brothers)
- 18 (12) Xenadu.....Soundtrack (J&J)
- 19 (—) Hanx.....Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)
- 20 (11) Fame.....Soundtrack (RSO)
- 21 (—) Black Sea.....XTC (Virgin)
- 22 (—) The Game.....Queen (EMI)
- 23 (18) Can't Stop The Music.....Soundtrack (Mercury)
- 24 (—) Regatta De Blanc.....Police (A&M)
- 25 (26) Uprising.....Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)
- 26 (29) Living In A Fantasy.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
- 27 (20) Glory Road.....Gillen (Virgin)
- 28 (—) McVicar.....Roger Daltrey (Polydor)
- 29 (22) Glass Houses.....Billy Joel (CBS)
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- 23 (18) Can't Stop The Music.....Soundtrack (Mercury)
- 24 (—) Regatta De Blanc.....Police (A&M)
- 25 (26) Uprising.....Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)
- 26 (29) Living In A Fantasy.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
- 27 (20) Glory Road.....Gillen (Virgin)
- 28 (—) McVicar.....Roger Daltrey (Polydor)
- 29 (22) Glass Houses.....Billy Joel (CBS)
- 30 (13) Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson (Epic)

This Last Week

- 1 (2) Telefon.....Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)
- 2 (1) Signing Off.....UB40 (Graduate)
- 3 (16) Never Forever.....Kate Bush (EMI)
- 4 (7) I'm No Hero.....Cliff Richard (EMI)
- 5 (9) Manilow Magic.....Barry Manilow (Arista)
- 6 (21) Now We May Begin
Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)
- 7 (4) Give Me The Night
George Benson (Warner Bros)
- 8 (3) Flesh & Blood.....Roxy Music (Polydor)
- 9 (—) Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz.....Jethro
- 10 (25) Change Of Address.....Shadows (Polydor)
- 11 (6) Back In Black.....AC/DC (Atlantic)
- 12 (5) Breaking Glass.....Hazel O'Connor (A&M)
- 13 (—) Scary Monsters.....David Bowie (RCA)
- 14 (10) Diana.....Diana Ross (Motown)
- 15 (15) Sky 2.....Sky (Arista)
- 16 (8) Drama.....Yes (Atlantic)
- 17 (17) One Trick Pony.....Paul Simon (Warner Brothers)
- 18 (12) Xenadu.....Soundtrack (J&J)
- 19 (—) Hanx.....Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)
- 20 (11) Fame.....Soundtrack (RSO)
- 21 (—) Black Sea.....XTC (Virgin)
- 22 (—) The Game.....Queen (EMI)
- 23 (18) Can't Stop The Music.....Soundtrack (Mercury)
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George Benson (Warner Bros)
- 8 (3) Flesh & Blood.....Roxy Music

NEWS

JCC to take on LKJ in Olympics

JOHN COOPER CLARKE and Linton Kwesi Johnson's participation in the first Poetry Olympics is now set for tomorrow night (Friday) at 7pm.

It takes place at Poets Corner, Westminster Abbey (admission £2) — and it's the first time a live reading of this nature has ever been staged there. JCC represents Britain in the event, which also features poets from seven other countries, including UKJ on behalf of Jamaica. The aim of organiser Michael Horowitz is to create a cycle of international poetry readings every four years.

This will be JCC's last appearance before he sets out with Pauline Murray and The Invisible Girls on the ten-venue 'Girls Night Out' tour, which opens on October 2 and includes a major London show at the Lyceum (9). This will be the first time Clarke has performed live with a band, as The Invisible Girls will be backing him as well as Pauline — and their line-up is now confirmed as Steve Hopkins (keyboards), ex-Penetration bassist Robert Blamire, Durutti Columnist Vini Reilly (guitar), Paul Burgess from 10cc (drums) and producer Martin Hannett (bass and keyboards).
● JCC was fined £50 at Stevenage Magistrates Court on September 11, after pleading guilty to possessing 1.23 grammes of cannabis on June 26. The court was told that a detective constable "had reason to call" at Clarke's flat that morning, whereupon it became obvious that "drug misuse had taken place".

Parker tickets

GRAHAM PARKER plays a London concert with The Rumour next month — at the Hammersmith Palais on Monday, October 13 — and this will be his only appearance this year. Tickets are all at the one price of £3.50, and they go on sale today (Thursday) at the box-office and usual outlets. Promoters Straight Music will announce the support act next week. The Rumour will be joined by Nicky Hopkins, who's flying in from America specially for the show.

JELLO IN JAIL

THE DEAD KENNEDYS' debut UK tour was in jeopardy at prestage, with lead singer Jello Biafra reportedly in police custody in San Francisco. It's understood he was arrested when trying to leave the country, allegedly for not paying his rent.

The rest of the band have already arrived in Britain but, in view of Biafra's absence, were forced to cancel their opening gig at London Dingwalls on Tuesday. A Virgin spokesman said that Biafra was trying to secure his release in time to join the group for their next scheduled date, in Scarborough tonight (Thursday).



Poly remembers Twinkle

POLY STEERING

POLY STYRENE is back, with a new single, an upcoming album — and minus her tooth brace.

The single, her first release since the demise of X-Ray Spex two years ago, is called 'Talk In Toytown' and it's issued by Liberty-United on October 3.

Said to be totally different from anything she recorded with Spex, it's taken from material she's been busy writing over the past months, and is culled from her solo album which is due out in a few weeks' time.

There's no official news of any projected gigs by Poly, though some are believed to be in the pipeline.

Making plans for Hazel

HAZEL O'CONNOR returns to the UK tour circuit in mid-November when, thanks to the mass recognition she's now achieved through her film *Breaking Glass* and its soundtrack material, she'll be topping at major venues for the first time.

Details of her UK schedule are still being finalised and won't be complete for another couple of weeks, but this is how they're shaping up:

Together with her band Megahype, Hazel tours Europe during the first part of November, followed by gigs in Belfast (14) and Dublin (16). The British tour opens at Bristol Locarno (17) and Portsmouth Locarno (18), then come a string of dates at universities and Odeons around the country which are currently being set. The only other confirmed venue is Birmingham Odeon on November 30 — though she'll definitely be playing Leicester (December 2) and Norwich (3). Venues to be announced. The outing will climax in a prestige London show on December 6 or 7 — which, revealed manager Alan Edwards, will be at a venue not normally associated with rock.

BUZZCOCKS BY INSTALMENTS



Maher, Diggle and Shelley remember gigging

THE BUZZCOCKS have announced the first six dates in Phase 1 of their 'Tour By Instalments' — at Sheffield City Hall (October 29), Birmingham Odeon (30), London Strand Lyceum (November 2), Manchester Apollo (3), Blackburn King George's Hall (5) and Glasgow Apollo (6).

About four more dates will be added to this initial leg of their outing, with a similar ten-venue schedule being set up for Phase 2 of the tour in early December. Phase 3 is pencilled in for spring, 1981.

The band feel that touring "by instalments" — as opposed to playing one major tour of, say, 30 dates — is the best way of maintaining a consistently high standard of performance. They'll also be adopting a similar policy in America, where they visit the West Coast in November, followed by the East Coast in the New Year.

The second part of The Buzzcocks' series of singles is scheduled for Liberty-United release on October 13. It features 'Strange Thing' by Pete Shelley and 'Airwaves Dream' by Steve Diggle, the latter augmented by jazz trumpeter Henry Lowther — and again, there is no designated A or B side. A special picture bag has been designed by Malcolm Garrett to complement Part One.

Palmer plays London, Bodysnatchers headline tour

● ROBERT PALMER, currently enjoying success with both his island single 'Johnny And Mary' and the album 'Clues', returns to London in mid-autumn to headline three major concerts. They're at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on November 8, 9 and 10 — and, as part of an extensive European tour, they'll be his only British dates this year. He'll be backed by his regular tour band.

This is the first time Palmer will have played in this country since his sell-out shows at Hammersmith Odeon last November. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50, and the promoters are Alec Leslie Entertainments.

● THE BODYSNATCHERS, who've been busy this month guesting on dates with The Specials and Toots & The Maytals, begin their own headlining national tour next weekend.

So far confirmed are Coventry Lancaster Polytechnic (October 2), Birmingham Aston University (3), Hatfield Polytechnic (4), Exeter St. George's Hall (6), Cheltenham Town Hall (7), Edinburgh University (10), Glasgow Strathclyde University (11), Fife St. Andrew's University (12), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (16), Basildon Towngate Theatre (17) and Leicester Polytechnic (18), with more gigs being set.

● MARTHA & THE MUFFINS, whose line-up included two Marthas as co-leaders, are now down to one Martha. Following an internal disagreement, Martha Lady has left the band, but plans to continue her career "in other areas". This means that Martha Johnson, who sang on the group's hit single 'Echo Beach', now becomes the sole leader.

● ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN, whose single 'The Puppet' is issued on October 3, have added three dates to their autumn tour — at Exeter University (October 1), Port Talbot Troubadour (2) and St. Albans City Hall (15) — but have cancelled Preston Warehouse on October 13.

● THE PASSIONS play a string of dates next month to promote their new Polydor single 'The Swimmer', issued on October 3. So far set are London Middlesex Polytechnic (October 2), Baintree College of Further Education (3), Reading University (4), Wakefield Unity Hall (7), Manchester Rakers (9), Durham University (10) and Coventry Lancaster Polytechnic (11). More gigs are being finalised.

● THE DAMNED, who were forced to cancel a gig at Huddersfield Cleopatra's on their last tour, have now re-set the date for tomorrow (Friday) — and they'll also be playing a matinee there for kids at 2pm on Saturday.

S-27's 23

SECTOR 27, the band launched by Tom Robinson earlier this year, have been lined up for what's easily their biggest British tour to date — it starts this week and runs through into November. Special guests at most venues are The Au Pairs and, with many more gigs still to be added, the 23 confirmed so far are:

Nottingham Ad Lib (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool C. F. Mott College (Friday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (Saturday), Aberystwyth University (September 30), London Marquee (October 2 and 27), Oxford Polytechnic (3), Bangor University (4), Bristol Berkeley Club (8), Richmond Brolley's (9), London University Union (10), Blackpool Narbreck Castle (11), Hull City Hall (14), Gateshead Maxwell Hall (15), Edinburgh Nite Club (17), Glasgow Strathclyde University (18), Kirkcaldy Country Club (19), Cheltenham Top Rank (20), Swansea Circles (21), Newport Stowaway (22), Manchester Polytechnic (23), London Southbank Polytechnic (24) and Northampton County Ground (25).

● THE RAMONES have added two further dates to their rescheduled tour next month — at Birmingham Odeon (October 11) and Canterbury Odeon (12). ... and XTC have slotted a sixth gig into their mini-tour, announced two weeks ago, at Chelmsford Odeon on October 11.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT





□ **MICK ABRAHAMS** — the former Jethro Tull and Bloodsucker guitarist and singer — has formed a new band with Victor Brook, of Blues Train fame. Known as The Famous Bluesblasters, it also features four other well-known musicians in the blues and R&B field — John O'Leary (harmonica and percussion), Keith Tillman (bass and drums), Jeff Brain (drums) and Paul Bryer (guitar). Currently recording debut material, the outfit will soon start gigging extensively.

□ **STEVE HARLEY** & Cockney Rebel are being lined up for an extensive UK tour, starting in late November and running for four weeks. Details are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, but it's planned to climax the outing with a Christmas show at London Lyceum.

□ **SLADE** have added another three dates to their British tour, reported last week — at Birmingham University (this Saturday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (October 1) and London Lyceum (19) — but they have cancelled Nottingham Palais on October 18.

□ **THE RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES** have been booked as support act on the extensive autumn tour by O-Tips, starting this Saturday and reported two weeks ago. The outing ties in conveniently with the October 5 release by WEA of their debut album 'The Label'.

□ **BEN E. KING** has had to cancel his UK tour, which should have been taking place right now, due to family illness. It's hoped to re-schedule his visit in the near future.

□ **ROSSINGTON COLLINS**, the Lynyrd Skynyrd offshoot band, have added another date to their UK tour reported last week — at Sheffield City Hall on October 23 — and the support act throughout will be Straight Eight. A single titled 'One Good Man' will be issued by MCA to tie in with their visit.

□ **THE MOLLIES** promote their new album 'Buddy Holly', released by Polydor on October 10, with concerts at Southport Theatre (October 11) and Blackpool ABC (12). The LP contains 15 classic Holly songs, one of which 'Heartbeat' has just been issued as a single.

□ **JENNY DARREN** plays two live dates, her first for nearly two years — a charity show at Slough Fulcrum Centre tomorrow (Friday), admission £3; and London Victoria The Venue on October 10 (£2.50), the same day on which her self-titled LP is released by DJM.

□ **CABARET VOLTAIRE**, just back from a Dutch tour, play a one-off at London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel tomorrow (Friday) supported by Eric Random. Their next single 'Seconds Too Late' is scheduled for mid-October release by Rough Trade.

□ **WEAPON OF PEACE** have added three more dates to their UK tour, reported last week — an under-18s gig at Wolverhampton Lafayette (October 27), Kidderminster Town Hall (30) and Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (31). Their show at Treforest Wales Poly is switched from October 13 to 22. Their first single 'Children Of Today' is issued by Phonogram next week.

□ **CHEAP TRICK** have cancelled their seven-date UK tour in October, which was to have climaxed at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 24. Reason is that they're still rehearsing with new bassist Pete Comita, who's just replaced Tom Peterson in the line-up. They'll now be coming in to play just one night at Hammersmith on November 5, for which October 24 tickets remain valid, but ticket-holders for their proposed provincial gigs must apply for cash refunds.

□ **ELTON JOHN**'s TV special *To Russia With Elton* is being made available from October 10 as a video cassette, recommended price £29.95. It's one of 13 films being released in this form by Lord Grade's ITC company — others include *The Muppet Movie*, *Porridge* and *Return Of The Pink Panther*. A further batch will follow in November.

□ **THE BOYS** are being lined up for a massive UK tour later in the autumn, coinciding with the release of their second Safari album 'Boys Only', which they've just finished recording. One of the LP tracks 'Weekend' will be issued as a single on October 17.

□ **TAJ MAHAL** returns to London Victoria The Venue next month, playing a two-night stint on October 17 and 18. Preceding him is veteran rocker Carl Perkins, who appears there for one night only on October 16. □ **PETE STRIDE** (from the now-defunct Lurkers) and **HONEST JOHN PLAIN** from The Boys — who released a duo album on Beggars Banquet a few months ago, titled 'New Guitars In Town' — have now got together to form a band for live gigs. It's called The New Guitars, and the rest of the line-up comprises Howard Wall, Jack Black and Tony Bateman. Dates are currently being set up for October.

□ **FISCHER-Z** have a new single 'Limbo' issued by Liberty-United this weekend — it's a re-recorded version of a track on their current album 'Going Deaf For A Living'. They promote it at Sheffield University (October 1), Norwich East Anglia University (2), Preston Poly (3), Liverpool Brady's (4), Kirklevington Country Club (5), Sheffield Limit (7), Lempster St David's University (10) and Bedford Porthouse (11), with more being set. They have also acquired a new member in Bernie Newman, who plays both synthesiser guitar and lead guitar.

□ **TOUR DE FORCE** headline a Rock Against Sexism gig at London Action Space (Chenies St, WC1) tonight, Thursday. Support acts are The Leopards and Sound Allies, and top admission price is £2.

□ **SUPERCHARGE** are playing a number of gigs to promote their new 'Peaches 'n Cream' single, released this week by Criminal Records. They visit London Camden Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), Oxford Poly (Friday), Keele University (October 9), Selisbury Technical College (10), Liverpool University (11).

□ **MICK GRAVENITES** and **JOHN CIPOLINA** are coming over in a four-piece band to play London dates at Camden Dingwalls (November 24 and 27), Oxford St. 100 Club (25), Wimbledon Nelson's (26) and Fulham Greyhound (December 2). Out of town, they visit Carlisle Mick's Club (November 29), Kirklevington Country Club (30) and Manchester Rakers (December 1).



Chief Ram PETE GAGE

□ **THE RAM JAM BAND**, recently re-formed by Pete Gage, play a string of dates over the next fortnight — at Cardiff Casablanca (this Saturday), Edinburgh University (next Monday), Norwich Tudor Hall (October 2), Exeter University (3), Torquay 400 Club (4), Portsmouth Victory Club (9) and Kirklevington Country Club (10). These gigs precede a full nationwide tour in November, details to follow shortly. Gage is also planning to launch his own Ram Jam label, with a November single by the band to tie in with the tour.

□ **TENPOLE TUDDOR** have been named as the fifth band in the five-act 'Son Of Shit' package tour, reported two weeks ago. The 27-date tour — opening in Leeds next Wednesday — also features Any Trouble, Joe King Carrasco & The Crowns, Dirty Looks and The Equators.

DINDISC

MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS 'TRANCE AND DANCE'

ALBUM AND CASSETTE
INCLUDES SINGLE 'SUBURBAN DREAM'



LATEST RECORD NEWS

Live Monsters

A LIVE ALBUM of last month's 'Monsters Of Rock' event at Castle Donington is set for Polydor release on October 10. It consists of eight tracks — two each by Rainbow and The Scorpions, and one each by Saxon, April Wine, Touch and Riot. It's expected to sell at around £3.95.

□ Some faulty copies of the Pete Ube album 'Art Of Walking' have found their way into the shops — the track called 'Miles' has the wrong mix, and 'Arabia' is minus the vocal. It's now being re-pressed correctly, and anyone wanting to exchange for the proper LP should contact Rough Trade Records, 137 Blechnett Crescent, London W11, (01-221-1100).

□ **Teena Marie** bids for a hat-trick of chart entries with her new Motown single 'I Need Your Lovin'', out this week in both 7" and 12".

□ The third album in Charisma's Repeat Performance series, a compilation of classic tracks from their back catalogue, is now available. Artists featured are Van Der Graaf, Lindisfarne, Rare Bird, Clifford T. Ward, String Driven Thing, Capability Brown, The Nice, Genesis, Gary Shearston, Chris White, Peter Gabriel, Link Wray, Steve Hackett and Bill Loveless.



WHO'S FIRST LP REISSUED

THE WHO's very first album 'My Generation', which has been unavailable for several years and has since become a collector's item, is being reissued by Virgin on October 10 at the budget price of £2.99. Originally released by Brunswick in December, 1965, it subsequently became the only Who album to be deleted.

Now, in a deal with the band's manager Bill Curbishley, Virgin are putting it out again — retaining the original sleeve, except for the substitution of the Brunswick logo. Apart from the title track, the set includes such classics as 'La-La-Lies', 'The Good's Gone', 'The Ox', 'A Legal Matter' and 'The Kids Are Alright'.



WHITESNAKE follow their 'Ready An' Willing' chart success with a live double album titled 'Live In The Heart Of A City', released by Liberty-United on October 20. And because the band are accepting a lower royalty rate than usual, it's selling at £5.99. The first two sides were recorded at the band's Hammersmith Odeon concerts in June, and they include Ian Paice on drums. The second record is the 'Live At Hammersmith' album, previously only available here on import, and with David Dowle on drums. The cover features an original painting of the band live on stage by artist Jeff Cummings.

STREET MUSIC PRESENTS

mongo santamaria

ALBUM

Allen Heist: sax flute
Down Harris: Lee Smith: bass
sax flute
William Henderson: piano
Tommy Wilkerson: trumpet
Darryl Burgess: timbales
Joe Santiago: drums

DOMINION THEATRE

SUNDAY 5th OCTOBER at 7.30

TICKETS £4.50 - £12.50. FOR TICKETS AND INFORMATION, CONTACT THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL. 540342. LONDON THEATRE AGENCY, SHARPSBURGH AVE., TEL. 015 9312 PALMER ROAD OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245. URBAN AGENTS: OMBRANT



Current Caravans are, from left to right, GEOFF RICHARDSON (guitar, flute), RICHARD COUGHLAN (drums), PYE HASTINGS (guitar, vocals), DAVE SINCLAIR (keyboards) and DEKE MESSECAR (bass, vocals).

Caravan's carousel

CARAVAN have been lined up for a UK autumn tour by Terry King Associates, tied in with the release of their first LP for more than two years, titled simply 'The Album'. Dates confirmed so far are Cardiff University (November 10), Manchester Apollo (14), London Kensington Imperial College (16), Canterbury Odeon (17), Glasgow University (20), Edinburgh University (21), London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre (23) and Guildford Civic Hall (27). A number of other shows are being slated into the interim dates, before the band leave for a European tour on November 28. Box-offices at Manchester, Guildford and the London Dominion open on October 6; details elsewhere are not yet known.

TULL AT THE ALBERT

JETHRO TULL return from their current extensive American tour to play two London concerts, prior to going into hibernation until next year. They're at the Royal Albert Hall on Thursday and Friday, November 20 and 21. The band will be performing throughout, with no support act. Tickets go on sale on October 10, priced £6.75, £5.75, £4.75, £2.75 and £1.75.

HOT FROM THE PRESS

● Bruce Springsteen's long-awaited new album, his first for over two years, is finally set for October 10 release by CBS — it's a double set titled 'The River', containing 20 tracks. There are strong rumours that Springsteen is planning a series of mid-autumn concerts in the States, but a CBS spokesman said it's now virtually certain that he won't be coming to Britain until next year.

● The Xorgis follow their 'Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime' hit with a new single 'Issued by Rialto on October 3, called 'Dumb Waiter' — the title track from their current album. Just back from a European tour, they're about to start work on their third LP.

● The Menochrome Set have a single titled 'Apocalypse' released by DinDisc on October 3, followed by their album 'Love Zombies' on October 17, and the first 5,000 copies of the album contain a free lithograph. The band are planning some selected UK dates in late October into November.

● Logo have signed Straight Eight and release their single 'I'm Sorry' this week. The album from which it's taken, 'Shuffle 'n' Cut' follows on October 17.

● Out tomorrow (Friday) on Riva is the John Cougar single 'This Time'. He'll be gigging here early in the New Year, coinciding with the release of his album 'Nothin' Matters And What If It Did'.

● The Barracudas have a new single issued by Wipe-Out through EMI to coincide with current trek with The Tourists. Titled 'His Last Summer', it has two B-side tracks, 'Barracuda Waver' and 'Surfers Are Back'.

● Chicago bluesman Son Seals releases his fourth Sonet album this month. Title is 'Chicago Fire'.

● Collin Newman has an album titled 'A-Z' issued by Beggars Banquet on October 3. On the same day comes his three-track single, on which the A-side is paradoxically titled 'B'.

● Manchester band The Freshies release their seventh single on the Razz label this month, rejoicing in the title of 'I'm In Love With The Girl On The Manchester Virgin Megastore Check-Out Desk'. From the same label comes 'Some Boys' by Going Red.

● The Carpettes have a new album called 'Fight Amongst Yourselves' released by Beggars Banquet on October 10.

Why Roxy had to cancel their tour

ROXY MUSIC are not the villains they were cracked up to be, as the result of their decision not to re-schedule their cancelled summer concerts. It now transpires that they weren't snubbing the thousands of ticket-holders who were waiting for re-arranged dates. It's simply that they can't play because they no longer have a drummer.

Paul Thompson, the band's regular drummer, has left both Roxy and the music business in order to open a gun shop in

AristaCats

THE STRAY CATS, who've been chased by several major labels since they arrived here from the States, have finally committed themselves to paper and signed with Arista. A single will be issued next month, and it's hoped to rush out their debut album soon afterwards.

● 'Army Dreamers' is the new Kate Bush single, issued by EMI this week and the third to be taken from her 'Never For Ever' album. The B-side features 'Dolius' (from the same LP) and 'Passing Through Air', a previously unreleased track recorded in 1973.



Japan's lovely DAVID SYLVIAN

● Japan, who recently switched from Arista to Virgin, have their first single for their new label issued on October 10 — it contains four songs, the title track being 'Gentlemen Take Polaroids'. The album of the same name follows on October 24, and selected UK dates are being lined up for November.

● The new Snips single 'Telepathy', released by EMI this weekend, was produced by Chris Spedding — the first time they've worked together for five years, when they were both members of Sharpe.

● Next month, Snips starts recording his debut album, again with Spedding.

● Ry Cooder has a new album called 'Borderline' issued by Warner on October 3, to tie in with his upcoming UK tour. It's understood that the tracks are more soul orientated than on his previous albums, and include re-workings of '50s and '60s R&B hits.

Aretha's six days and Gladys nights

ARETHA FRANKLIN, America's renowned 'Queen of Soul', pays a rare visit to Britain this autumn to headline a six-night London season — it's at the Apollo Victoria from Tuesday to Sunday, November 18-23. She'll be bringing over some of her regular U.S. sidemen, who'll be augmented by British musicians, and a new album will be issued to coincide — though details aren't yet available. Tickets are on sale now priced £10, £8, £6 and £4 — which may seem exorbitant, but Aretha is one of the highest paid artists in the States, and promoter Anthur Howes has had to pay a small fortune to entice her over.

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS — already set for three London concerts, at the Apollo Victoria (October 31 and November 1) and Wembley Conference Centre (8) — have now also been confirmed for a string of provincial dates. They visit Newcastle City Hall (October 24), Southport Theatre (25), Blackburn King George's Hall (26), Manchester Free Trade Hall (28), Birmingham Odeon (29), Derby Assembly Rooms (November 2), Brighton Centre (3), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Reading Hexagon (5) and Poole Arts Centre (6).

METAL MONTAGE

HAWKWINND have added another four dates to their massive UK autumn tour — at Taunton Odeon (October 29), Cardiff South Wales Polytechnic (November 8), Hull City Hall (9) and Doncaster Rovers (10). It's been confirmed officially that drummer Ginger Baker has joined the band, replacing long-time stalwart Simon King. So the band's line-up, besides Baker, now comprises Dave Brock (vocals and guitar), Huw Lloyd-Langton (guitar), Harvey Bainbridge (bass) and Tim Blake (keyboards). Baker can be heard in his new role for the first time on the new Hawkwind studio album 'Levitation', issued by Bronze on October 13.

THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG, nearing the end of the first leg of their UK tour, have now confirmed the dates for the second leg. They are Hardest Shoulder Of Mutton (October 1), Hanley Victoria Hall (2), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (3), St Albans City Hall (4), London



Marquee (5 and 6), Liverpool Brady's (7), Ayr Pavilion (8), Edinburgh Nite Club (9), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (10) and Colchester Essex University (11). The band are also arranging another gig in Newcastle, as 300 youngsters were turned away from their recent show at the Mayfair because they were under 18 — and the second show will be for all ages.

BUDGIE, currently guesting on the Blitzard Of Oz tour, will be headlining their own tour from mid-October to late November. It will tie in with the release of their first album for 18 months 'Power Supply', on the Active label (through RCA). Many more dates have still to be confirmed, but those set so far are Cromer West Runton Pavilion (October 18), Port Talbot Troubadour (23), Bristol Granary (November 6), Nottingham Boat Club (8), Scarborough Penthouse (14), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (16), Halesbro' Trident Club (17), Rosyth Lions Club (18), Liverpool Brady's (25) and Northampton County Ground (29).

THE DETROIT SPINNERS

THE DETROIT SPINNERS fly in for a short concert series, taking in Birmingham Odeon (November 4), Manchester Apollo (5), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (9), Croydon Fairfield Hall (10) and Southport Theatre (11), promoted by Kennedy Street Enterprises. The group, who had a smash hit at the beginning of the year with 'Working My Way Back To You', will have a new single issued by WEA to coincide with their current visit — titled 'I Just Want To Fall In Love', it's taken from their current album 'Love Trippin'.



Photos zoom in

THE PHOTOS are playing two London concerts early next month, to replace the gig they missed on September 17 at the Lyceum — when they should have appeared with 999 and Athletico Spizz, but had to pull out when singer Wendy Wu went down with tonsillitis. They've now scheduled the Music Machine in Camden on October 10 and 11, when the support act is Midnite & The Lemon Boys, and all tickets are £2.

They're also playing four provincial gigs — at Burnley Cats Whiskers (October 2),

Glasgow Strathclyde University (3), Bradford University (8) and Birmingham Aston University (9), and the latter is being recorded for broadcast on Radio 1's Mike Reid Show.

During the past few weeks the band have been busy writing, and this weekend they go into the studio with producer Tony Visconti to record a new single, for Epic release in late October. Later next month they're off to Europe for two weeks of gigs, returning home for what's described as a massive pre-Christmas tour of Britain.



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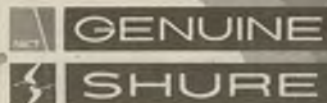
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THERE'S SOMETHING a little odd about Billy Mackenzie. When he was younger, he says, his friends used to think that he was crazy. Mental.

He seems older than his age, but not in an urbane or reserved way. It's like he was never a child. It's as though he's been isolated from the usual dispositions of adolescence and post-adolescence, as if he's lived through the foibles of growing pains once and is now, second time around, concentrating on the attainment of some private perfection.

There is a concealed suaveness about him. In his eyes a hint that he's humouring the rest of us. He wears the dark, loose-fitting clothes of the era, has an identifiable severe haircut. He's accommodating and pleasant in a slightly unsynchronised manner.

He also sings in such a full-throated, emotionally expressive and classy fashion — where smooth black show music vocalese merges with relaxed white cabaret and is stretched by a modern pop intensity — that within rock's narrow limits it becomes decisively non-conformist.

Billy Mackenzie can truly sing soul. He could effortlessly front a show band. He hints that he can turn on the tears like

been a lot of suspicion from other groups, without mentioning names, about us. Sort of, who's setting this up?"

The Associates are not three months wonder boys. They've been on Fiction's books since early '77. They never felt that there was any rush. Still don't.

In 1976 Mackenzie was using his powerful voice to shape the set of some weak soul group in Dundee, mimicking local heroes Average White Band. His singing caused ripples, he was invited to Edinburgh to audition for some band. They were awful, but he met Alan Rankine.

"We just clicked — actually, because we both loved film themes. Alan used to have this *Readers Digest* album set of film themes, God knows what. Lots of Mantovani. Rock music didn't turn us on at all. It was film music and I suppose really early cartoon music, Yugoslavian music, because it was vivid and vibrant and bright. And emotional — tons of emotion within three minutes, happy one minute, sad the next. We hit it off because of that *Readers Digest* record."

Completely dissatisfied with rock, Mackenzie and Rankine went into cabaret for 18 months, earning £18,000 for their very professional pains.

"Nineteen we were and real classy. We played like loads of Burt Bacharach, and we'd wear these horrid clogs and round collar shirts. It was great."

The cabaret refinement still permeates their music. They started to write their own songs, sending demos to, amongst others, Polydor. A&R man Chris Parry, whose signing suggestions were rejected at Polydor until The



THE LINE-UP

Johnny Ray. A real pop singer. Too pure to be true.

"EVER SINCE I was a wee bairn I was able to get an audience. I used to stay in the place in Dundee, it was real Deprivation Alley, but... it has to do with my background, which sets me a wee bit aside. My father was a gypsy, and all his family are travelling people, and they're really musical people. And on my mother's side, they just are singers, so I was always surrounded by it. And they always used to say to me 'Sing! And I'd be embarrassed to sing in front of my family."

"But there used to be these old women who lived in a block opposite and they used to say to me, 'Oh sing 'Dalliah' for us Billy'. I used to really get into it, all the actions. I was just a wee bairn and I'd entertain these old ladies dipping their rich tea in their drinks, because they had false teeth and couldn't bite. And then I went through a really embarrassing stage with my family because they would say, 'Oh, Billy, he's a really good singer, let's listen to Billy', and they'd drag me out of bed if they'd brought some pals home. I'd have to sing for them."

"I used to dread it. My old man used to come upstairs and say (Albert Steptoe voice) 'Naah, come down and sing, naah', and he'd be really drunk and all his pals would be there and I had to sing things like 'Without You', the Nilsson thing, and he'd be going 'Sing! SING!' and pointing at me. I was 13 years old, really embarrassed."

"I used to hide in the wardrobe when I heard him coming up the stairs."

"There I had a teacher who was really good and she turned me on to loads of things like Latin hymns and strange Russian songs, and I thought great. I'll learn all these songs and then I can get into the Viennese Boys' Choir. For some reason I had my heart set on that. "I was always a singer."

A DRIZZLY day up in N.W.10. In the offices of Fiction Records, above Morgan recording studios, The Associates are lounging on some Habitat furniture. Guitarist Alan Rankine and singer Billy Mackenzie are going to be doing most of the talking. Bassist Michael Dempsey will butt in with undeniably sensible comments; Australian drummer John Murphy's understated bathos will occasionally be revealed.

Parched on the edge of a glass table, offering up my tape recorder, I'm preparing to sacrifice the group for the sake of modern hype. Within weeks of their brooding and sophisticated "The Affectionate Punch" LP being released, The Associates have suffered at the hands of rampantly complimentary publicity and its unreigned effects. "There has

Jam, struck away to form Fiction and signed them with reservations.

Rankine and Mackenzie were set to do a single for Fiction before Parry caught The Cure. Bassist Dempsey, then a Cure, recalls:

"When I first met Parry with The Cure I remember him saying on that very day that he had a couple of Scottish people on his books, and when he said a singer and a guitarist I thought he must mean a folk duo."

They did dozens of demos. "Great pop songs like Blondie would use, cover versions of things like 'Eloise', great big soul songs with brass years before Dexy's, off-the-wall pop songs and punkier-than-punk songs. One of the first songs we wrote was 'Transport To Central' (featured on their LP) and a song called 'Sailing Drips' which was pure Bacharach. If Bacharach was our age he'd be doing what we're doing now, definitely."

For months nothing happened. Parry kept putting them off, not sure what was happening.

"It was always good though, however frustrating it was. It enabled us to develop. I suppose if I didn't feel 100% about a group and I was in his position, it's just not worth committing yourself, even if it's 99%."

Mackenzie and Rankine set about incorporating the feel and finesse of cabaret-drama and schizoid film music into the pop form. "It was always there with really good '60s pop music," reckons Rankine.

"They had a flavour and a movement attached to them that wasn't a messiness, a rock awfulness. Something like Frank and Nancy Sinatra's 'Something Stupid', I just float when that comes on, and just go about in a daze. A great feeling. But rock was just painful."

Rankine: "From 1969 to 1975 pop was a load of shit really. Then, a rock band would sustain the riff and they must have known that the song didn't really have much feeling... I remember when you had that spate of songs and they had the quiet bit or the change in tempo, usually it was about two-thirds of the way through, and then it was wham bam thank you mam right until the end, and that slow bit was them trying to get this different

BOYS KEEP SCORING

Dundee's Associates seem to be everybody's favourite candidates for promotion this season. After a good start with their debut album 'The Affectionate Punch', their early form has been reinforced by a fine away win at the ICA Rock Week. "Well Brian," they tell Britain's top rocker reporter PAUL MORLEY. "Let's just say we'll be there or thereabouts in May."

feel into a song. Trying to give it some texture. But they couldn't do it."

Mackenzie: "I always hated the rock thing. One night when I was playing in this group, we were playing this horrible rock thing. I really hated the bass player, and what made it worse, he was one of those bassists who stand there and they've got really greasy faces and they thrust out their pelvises as they play. And we were doing this really horrible bass number, just the sight of this horrible bass player... I got completely overwhelmed, and I just went over to him and bit him on the leg in

keep it quite pure like that. I've never really been impressed by culture anyway... Like people come up to me and they've heard me sing and they say well you must have been listening to opera and you must have listened to Brecht and you're bound to read this and that. But I don't have anything to do with it because I find it intruding. It intrudes upon your personality. I'm not rejecting culture, I've just never been aware of it in the first place. I've developed in my own naive way."

The group are aware that they are nothing more, nothing less, than entertainers.

What The Associates admire has often been achieved using full orchestra. They intend to achieve similar fullness and scope using conventional rock instruments. Live, there are

IN PARRY'S OFFICE, The Associates gently turn the interview into a group discussion, discovering new things about each other. The group's mix of personalities is interesting: Rankine and Mackenzie's fetishes, with Dempsey's and Murphy's appreciation of the finer and wilder things in rock, respectively.

Murphy finds great comfort in the works of Residents, Contortions, Pere Ubu and Beefheart. He explains that he used to play much more randomly, but simplified his drumming for The Associates. "Quite dramatically, actually."

Rankine, meanwhile, has decided: "Right now, if we do OK, I can see within the next year there's going to be a lot of bands trying to do with the cabaret thing what we do."

big-headed, concealed swines, but it's not that it's just that we really enjoy what we're doing and if you seem to enjoy what you're doing it can seem arrogant to people."

The three songs on the tape are improvised and impressive, proving that The Associates have discovered a prolific form of music. Melodies come easily to them. "We do demos every second Sunday to build up a library of songs we can use and develop... we'd love to be more spontaneous live. When you do demos like these, really spontaneously, it makes your live set seem really dull."

The tape finishes. Before I leave there's something Mackenzie really needs to say. "People say I sing like David Bowie."

It has been said.

"I'll admit that I love David Bowie... I think he's fucking great, and not enough people will admit that they're influenced by him. I think he's done loads for young people and he's most responsible for the best stuff that's going on now."



JOHN

front of everybody, because it affected me that much. He just whacked me one and I fell back. I just had to walk off the stage. I just hated rock music."

AT THE END of 1979, The Associates toured with The Cure and The Passions. The bassist and drummer didn't fit in. After seven dates The Associates pulled out. Michael Dempsey, who'd played on early Associates demos, was called in.

Chris Parry decided the time was right to record their LP — but it was decided Dempsey wasn't ready. "Really embarrassing! But it had to be done that way, with just Alan and me. It hurt me a lot. But Michael understood. There was a lot of intonation in The Associates music that me and Alan had developed over four years, since the cabaret days."

"The Affectionate Punch" is an LP of bedevilled, delirious entertainment, songs of suspense and apprehension brilliantly produced and extravagantly arranged. The deeply personal songs swirled with Eno irrationality, flowed with John Barry tension. Rankine and Mackenzie went for and mostly achieve cabaret expression, film theme evocativeness, rock punctuation, pop indelicacy. Absurdist lyrics gave the swinging show music a felonious twist.

"I just don't know where I get the words from. When I first started writing words that was how I wrote... I didn't understand it, and I never analysed it. I thought, 'Well, if that's coming from me, that's OK'. I always know what it means even though I can't explain it."

Rankine: "I'd take it off at a tangent. If a comedian does something funny, in itself if he did it in a certain situation, it wouldn't be funny. But if it clicks with the audience, he doesn't question why. If it works it works."

Mackenzie: "I don't question it, and I like to



ALAN

times when they sound much more ordinary than they want to. They can be as melodramatic as PJ Proby, soulful as Lotte Lenya, pagan as Pere Ubu, as plain as any routine post-punk group. Mackenzie never lets go, singing as though something more than just payment or entertainment is at stake — doubling up, twitching, verging on hysteria, giggling... Somewhere there's a link between his stage conviction and the cover of 'The Affectionate Punch', which featured Mackenzie and Rankine in shorts and singlets on a damp running track, readying for the off.

I ask Mackenzie what kick he gets out of performing live.

"Attention. It's really selfish. It's just the same reason as an athlete really. Alan Wells gets a lot of attention. It's a co-operative thing as well though. He's giving and he's getting. Same as Princess Anne on a horse. She doesn't need to do that, but she's getting attention and she's also enjoying it."

"I think probably Alan Wells gets the same feeling out of running as I do out of singing. He gets attention and he's physically exerting himself. And I like to physically exert myself. Sometimes I'll double up, and that's because I have no wind left. It isn't a dance it's because it feels as though my heart's going to burst. Sometimes I get blinding headaches in the middle of a set. The blood is just draining away from me..."



BILLY

Mackenzie agrees: "Yeah, they'll really be taking the piss out of me."

It sounds concealed.

"No, not concealed," says Rankine. "It'll just happen. It will. People will latch on to the film theme idea and all the different emotions you can get into a three-minute song, and if they've got the emotion, fucking well and good. If we wanted to at the moment we could really go over the top with the cabaret, we could hail it as a new movement, and we'd have our 18-month span and there'd be all the lookalikes. But we don't want to!"

Mackenzie puts on a cassette of some demos he and Rankine recorded the Sunday before. "Just mucking about." As the tape rewinds to its start, he stops to think. "Look, Paul, people are going to view us as being

What was the reason for the dire, primitive version of 'Boys Keep Swinging' — The Associates' first single, released masochistically soon after Bowie's own?

"That was to prove the point. It was a strange way of proving it, but it worked. People said, 'That is awful. How dare they!'"

"It was a public compliment, but we're glad everybody hated it. It got that whole Bowie thing out of the way. It was purposefully bad."

The Associates are related to Bowie like Pere Ubu are related to Beefheart. The Associates are no new movement, just another way of moving. From Bowie to this... it's a long slow twist.

Team
pictures
by DAVID
CORIO

ENOLA GAY

New Single Din 22 · DINDISC

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark

TO SAY this paper's had one or two uncomplimentary things to say about Hazel O'Connor would be an understatement. There's a certain consensus of opinion — to which the present writer's contributed as much as anyone — which holds the *Breaking Glass* starlet to be one of the bigger hypes of modern times; success without substance, publicity before popularity, profits without honour. Something of a gigantic con.

For her part, however, the *Breaking Glass* starlet is unabashed, unashamed, unrepentant. And she couldn't give a toss.

"There's one thing I know about where I was brought up," she says, "and that's that if you get a chance . . . you grab it. You don't think about it, you don't feel guilty about it: you grab it. You don't go round hurting people to grab your chances, but you cop hold of them if they come your way. And I can say that as a working class girl who ain't had much. In a way, I'm glad I didn't, cos it made me have that instinct that goes 'grab'."

This, she feels, is more than can be said for some of her detractors, guilt-ridden middle class critics: "People that've had everything — enough to eat, enough money, never gone to school embarrassed cos they didn't have the fashions —



Hazel O'Connor pictured in her rebel era, when it was common for her to bum down twenty Embassies a day. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

"And I find the facts scary; scary to the point that if I had the money I'd buy a fall-out shelter, cos I happen to want five till I'm quite old — I'm one of those boring facts that doesn't intend dying young! I don't particularly wanna die — and I just don't trust those gits in power! The Soviet Union mob, Reagan, and old Thatcherbag — well, fucking forget it!"

"Wooooaaargghh!!!" agreed Sam the dog.

Yes, fine. Getting back to *Breaking Glass*, though, I wondered how far the film's plot — of a girl singer's struggle, discovery, and eventual destruction at the hands of the record biz star process — was being borne out now by Hazel's own experiences.

"Some people have criticised the film as unrealistic. But the first half of it especially was awfully well documented truths. Every single thing that's happened to that girl has happened to me, and that's real weird."

"Like those auditions. I did auditions for a band in this room years ago, and I'd forgotten about them, and we used to get all sorts turning up! And I'd get wankers phoning up because I'd be stupid enough to advertise with my name, and somebody'd say 'Hello, is that Hazel?' and I'd say yeah, and they'd go 'Ahhh, hello Hazel. Have you got big tits?'"

She also believes (and I'm inclined to agree) that being just a bit more sus than the

SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE

they're ready to stand there and go 'Hype, it's this, it's that', without looking any further than their own guilt on the subject.

"I guess I've learned what hypeville actually is, and what it's all about, and where you draw the line between what is hype and what is allowing somebody their fair dues, as having worked for something."

Whatever the bankroll behind her, whatever the overtime worked by the publicity machine on her behalf, Hazel O'Connor has worked for her success — reflected currently by a chart single, a self-written chart album, and the lead role in one of the most celebrated British films in recent years.

I still don't go a bundle on her

music, although she was sweet about my Marquee review of her ("I liked it, it was constructive. Not like that fucking Giovanni git"); as for the film role, I liked her in *Breaking Glass* despite all the flaws I think the film possesses. And as for her, I like her very much.

Hazel O'Connor is small, chatty, sometimes pretty and sometimes plain. Hazel O'Connor is 25, been around a fair bit, seen a few things, and now lives in a nice scruffy little

flat with Sam the elderly black dog. She's lovely to talk to, now she's off the soul-destroying conveyor belt of interviews which marked her first big media launch of a few weeks back. She's one of the lads. And now she's curled up in a big chair (but not for long, being full of restless energy) and nattering on about her famous song 'Eight Day' (which still makes me think of Zager & Evans' 'In The Year 2525'. But that's my problem) . . .

"It's a very important song to

me, regardless of the film or anything else. When I see people singing along with it at gigs they get awfully excited at the rounding-off chorus, and I figure that they feel what I'm implying. And I'm glad, cos I think people should fucking stand up a little bit more and think, especially young people. Cos old people are compromised, they've let the wool be pulled over their eyes. And even young people do, cos nobody actually has the facts of what's cooking in the world."

character in the film should save her from the more obvious pitfalls of fame.

"Yeah! Cos, see, I ain't got no money, and I ain't got no debts either. So they can't actually wait the notes in front of me and say 'C'mon, do it for this', because I've had big money in the past' (one way or another, and mostly the latter) "and it's not really a big pull. I live within my means. I like the way I live. I don't care if I live in a mucky hole."

But the powers-that-be . . . "There's always ways of using the power that people wield back on themselves — that's what the essence of judo is. And I'm a blue belt in judo." I, uh, made my excuses and left. But carefully.

Purple Haze O'Connor fills Paul Du Noyer in on the fine art of grabbing while the grabbing's good

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Tall hopes from little aprons grow

AS WATT REMARKED: "By Jove. How things gather steam." Well the reborn John Lennon has had more than few column inches from his new LP rumours not to mention his self imposed retirement. (I told you not to mention that — Ed). Well now the old chiseller has gone and done a near-as-dammit proper interview in *Newsweek* magazine.

He began by telling *Newsweek's* Barbara Grauftark — yes Grauftark — of his 'absence': "I've withdrawn many times, part of me is a monk part is a performing flea! The fear in the music business is that you don't exist if you're not at Xenon (New

York nightspot) with Andy Warhol. As I found out, life doesn't end when you stop subscribing to *Billboard*."

He went on to discuss his duties as a father: "In other cultures children don't leave the mother's back until they're two. I think schools are prisons — a child's thing (sic) is wide open and to narrow it down and make him compete in the classroom is a joke. I sent Sean to kindergarten but when I realized I was sending him there to get rid of him I brought him home."

While with baby faces what of McCartney? "I know as much about him as he does about me which is zilch. A few years ago he turned up at the door and I said 'Look, do you mind ringing first, I've had a hard day with the baby — I'm worn out and you're walking in with a damned

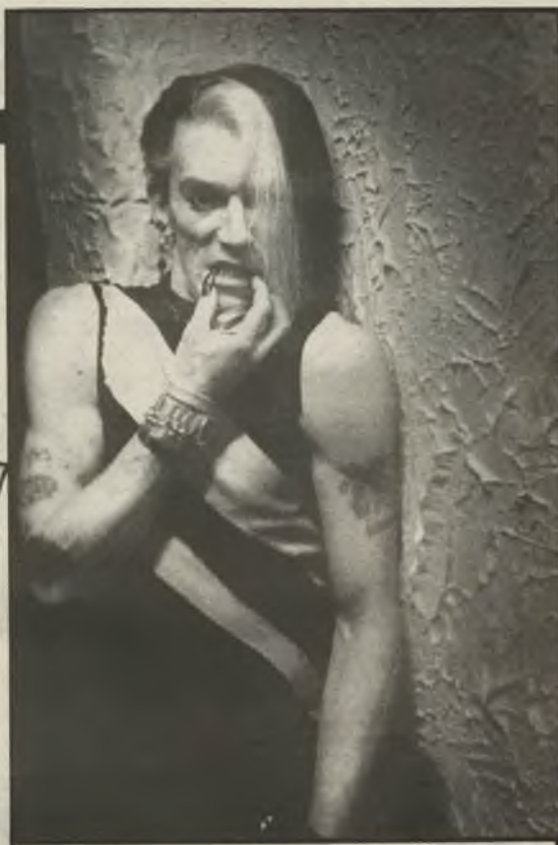
guitar!' To all housewives I now say, I know what you're screaming about."

His memories of immediately before he 'quit': "... my mind was a clutter. It was apparent in 'Walls and Bridges', it was the work of a semi-rich craftsman... it gave off an aura of misery. I couldn't hear the music for the noise in my head, but by turning away I began to hear it again."

And why come back now? "Because this housewife would like to have a career for a bit."

And so, it seems, even the old jaw is relaxing again. It might be worthwhile to even keep your eyes peeled for obvious pseudonyms at your local rockspot... no, that'd be getting carried away.

G. RAUFT-ARK



Pic: Anton Corbijn

MISSING: BRYAN GREGORY

Waiting for the clampdown

VAGUE BUT depressing rumours have been filtering through to London since early last week claiming that Brian Gregory, former guitarist and visual 'piece de resistance' of The Cramps, is dead.

Thrills first received a call from Lindsay Hutton, head of The Cramps' British fan club (located in Edinburgh) last Tuesday. Hutton himself heard by phone from the States, via a fellow psychobilly obsessive, that Gregory had "topped himself" (Hutton's words) after a considerable period of depression.

His suicide purportedly took place in the San Francisco Bay area. This was Gregory's current zone of activity since absconding from the Cramps' camp in May along with girlfriend Andreella (loosely employed as the band's lighting operator before the break-up). He was believed to have left the band to join a black-magic-orientated occult group somewhere in the district.

Since Hutton's call of alert, 'rumour' has not been confirmed as either fact or fiction. Faulty Products, the company representing the band in this country, have placed a number of calls through to the States but spokesperson Carol-Ann could only say "It's a rumour of a rumour of a rumour", before pinpointing the source as "a friend of a DJ in Philadelphia," who is apparently a close friend of the group.

The firmest evidence comes from Ruth Polski, the general overseer of New York's *Murrah's*, who claimed to have heard of the suicide from irrefutable sources.

Other interesting information about The Cramps did emerge, however. Gregory's replacement, Julien H. Blond, has already left the band causing ersatz Cramps leader, Ivy Rorschach, to state that Ms Blond "realised she wasn't quite mad enough to handle being a Cramp on a day-to-day basis."

As a result, the band's Los Angeles recording sessions for their second album have had to be cancelled until a replacement can be found. This has also brought to a head financial wrangles with IRS, a record company funded by A&M as an outlet for left-field acts.

Rorschach, playing the role of unofficial group manager, stated that the band wished to emigrate to Los Angeles, but lack of funds and a proper manager was slowly eating away at their morale.

Rorschach also stated that they had not been in touch with Gregory since he left, but had heard that he was depressed, generally very despondent and had openly expressed a desire to rejoin the band.

So, whether this piece is a preface to an obituary, we'll just have to wait and see.

NICK KENT

Thrills!

Lowry



"Obviously I'm concerned about the possibility of a limited scale nuclear war to reduce the surplus population, the terrifying effects of the worldwide recession, crumbling economies at home and abroad. That's why we're rushing like hell to get our new album in the shops before the collapse of capitalism."

BARNEY MILLER is back! This information may not start too many pulses sprinting. *BM* is another TV treat preordained to an erratic life of marginal time spots — in its case, somewhere near the midnight hour. Which does make for a nice Welcome Home from the pub — a drunk's cult? — but also makes it look like it's been disowned by ITV as a bum buy off the States. Could be that it's being hushed up, of course...

Barney Miller fits more good laughs and craft into 25 minutes than an entire week of British Broadcasting humour — present company accepted. The peculiar current bias towards brass band catastrophes notwithstanding, our national situation comedy is a consistently smutty and deplorably dull, retrodden and shoddy mesh of crimson blushes, closet brides and closed curtains: 'sex' is not so much a dirty word as a line of worn connotations. Most scripts view like wage packets made up in dialogue.

Barney Miller is a USA export. It has a peer group on its heels: *Taxi* has a softer touch but often comes up very clesay (see the recent taxi driver vs. mugger sketch?), whilst *Rhoda* drives on the Neil Simon side of the kerb (subtle but ready to slapstick apart) and the indefatigable Lou Grant, although not strictly situation comedy, often is — by virtue of its crafted and crafty characterisations. One is tempted to ditch one's socialist principles and say that what characterizes the British lump in relation to the latter examples is an essential laziness and lack of care — a bad job done badly.

It's not as though something like *Barney Miller* is a big budget job: in episodes so far no one's moved off the one shabby set. They don't need to: great comedy exploits all the possibilities inherent in a scene, develops them, strings them along, sews them together. *Barney Miller* is Captain Barney Miller, head of an office full of New York detectives — so we stick in their office and deal with the everyday workload: the mundane, the kooky, the kinky and even the political. This being New York, the believable is as odd as the unbelievable.

DANGEROUS



PC Miller disputes the current state of Anglo versus American humour.

MILLER'S HIGH LIFE

ITV Barney about what's funny . . .

Take last week's episode, where the jokes circulated around a kid who'd built an atomic bomb for his master's thesis (was he a terrorist nut? would he use it?) and the elderly Mr Kruger who'd decided to get frozen for a hundred years instead of hanging around to die (was it a scientific con? would Mrs Kruger stop him?). From the stories more and more characters, quirks,

one-liners and levels get established.

There's straightforward crisp characterisation: Mrs Kruger — "I can't drink coffee. I got a gall bladder I wouldn't wish on Marshall Tito." Or the police bomb disposal expert called in to look at the atomic device: "I think it's probably some kinda stereo... or one of those ham radios that lets you get Mexico, Europe, New Jersey."



Nina Hagen, far right.

HAGEN SCHLOCKEN

STAKING her claim in the race to be the 'new Dietrich', a volatile Nina Hagen has made her German film debut in *Portrait of a Woman Drinker*. Nina's flick concerns a woman who gets to Berlin to drink herself to death, but the chanteuse herself plays a smaller part — a singer the woman of the title meets on the way to oblivion. *Portrait* is one of 13 new movies showcased during this week's German film selection at the National Film Theatre. Another of these, *Gibbi, West Germany*, stars Nina's actress-mother Eva-Marie.

F W MURNAU

The different aspects get bundled together and tidily torn apart again before the 25 minutes is up. Tonight, the atomic scientist (a Strangelove type who keeps Freudian-slipping back to the Homeland) argues with the flesh-freezer and despairs as the young whizz-kid rejects a job in bomb construction — "It's the chance of a lifetime." "Maybe he's giving us one." Boom boom.

Barney Miller has a human touch

and works hard for its audience. It isn't satire and it isn't situation comedy: it's both, and it's hip. If it were British, the nuclear warhead would've given way to the nuclear family — Dad's a retired milkman, the son's a flasher, the daughter's courting a tubby tuba player and bum's probably the word.

IAN PENMAN

Hee Bee Gee Bees



Meaningless Songs

The New Single Available now on Original Records ABO 2



ARCHIVE FUN

"I WASN'T EVEN A HOUSEWIFE"

Ronnie Spector's True Confessions

SHE WAS supposed to be promoting her album but Ronnie Spector's first solo album isn't the kind of thing that's about to stop the world or change the fortunes of rock & roll.

Seventeen years after 'Be My Baby', Ronnie Spector is still an attractive woman who also loves to talk. Since I had given up on the album, conversation kept straying back to her life, times and six-year marriage to Phil Spector. I'm enthralled. What me and my tape recorder hear is pure soap opera.

Phil is, of course, one of rock & roll's non-performing legends — the first producer to actually over-shadow the artists he produced. His eccentricities are legendary, but despite stories of weirdness, ego and tantrums, he was almost singlehandedly responsible for dragging the primitive pop single of the '50s into the new deluxe era of the '60s and '70s. Today, his influence is heard in the work of just about everyone, Chrissie Hynde to Dave Edmunds.

According to Ronnie he was also hell on wheels as a husband. The couple started out as a rock & roll fairy tale. She had been struggling in a going-nowhere trio with her sister Estelle and cousin Nedra Talley. When Spector discovered them they were singing with Joey Dee at the Peppermint Lounge, doing backup for Del Shannon and Bobby Rydell — even travelling with something called Clay Cole's Twist-A-Rama.

It was a magical romance. Spector turned the trio into the fabulous Ronettes with Ronnie as stunning lead singer. They toured with The Rolling Stones, The Yardbirds, The Beatles. Ronnie dated John Lennon; Phil got jealous.

"Everyone thinks I was on the Beatles tour of America. I wasn't. As a matter of fact, that was the point when Phil said 'you marry me and you don't go on that tour'. I'd gone out with Lennon and he knew. He said, 'If you go on that tour, we don't get married'. A lookalike was used as my replacement, and the Beatles were very uptight about it."

Wedding bells finally rang in '68. "As a wedding present, Phil bought me a 23-room mansion in Beverly Hills... then he kept me in seclusion. He wouldn't let me return to my career, tour — even listen to rock records."

While her records became part of rock history, Ronnie Spector was a captive in a luxurious prison of uselessness and boredom. Lights were perpetually dim and the air conditioner was set so low that the inside of the mansion was a veritable refrigerator.

"I wasn't even a housewife. I didn't cook, I didn't empty the ashtrays. After four years I was

going stir-crazy. It was like being royalty. I was locked in, literally locked in. I sat around all day with nothing to do."

"It was a sort of Beauty and the Beast story. I was the beauty, he was the beast. Phil never believed he was handsome. He thought he was short, he was over-weight, he worried about his hair."

Spector's insecurity manifested itself in a somewhat more sinister way than just keeping Ronnie in an isolation normally reserved for the wives of sheiks. According to Ronnie, he also went to extreme lengths to convince her that she had no voice and no talent.

"There were all those people he'd been recording before our marriage; The Checkmates, the Righteous Brothers, Ike and Tina Turner, but I wasn't anything except married to my husband. I assumed that I didn't have a voice any longer because if I did, my own husband — my writer and producer — would be doing something. Phil was always telling

Ronnie Spector today, still awaiting her second coming.
Pic: Joe Stevens

me that I was nothing, that it was his production and his writing that made me and that, without him, I wouldn't make it again."

Ronnie Spector escaped with a divorce in '74. So far she has yet to do anything serious to prove Spector wrong in his outbursts (or perhaps to prove that negative brainwashing doesn't work). In '76 there was a brief flash with Southside Johnny, but for too many years it was a matter of working with producers either trying to get her into bed or haunted by the spectre of Spector.

Today there is 'Siren' which will probably do little to enhance her career or find her a place in a world that has come a long way from 'Baby I Love You'. At least, however, she is her own woman — and her soap opera is a brief relief from all those imaginary people in Texas.

MICK FARREN

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, MODE-ETTES OF TODAY! The Ronettes in a predatory pose, a mood piece from Rockin', Rollin', & Rappin', a compilation from "the pages of Goldmine Magazine, The Record Collector's Marketplace", edited by one Wayne Jones. It's a Yank archeology job hailing from Michigan (Goldmine Press, Box 187, Fraser, MI USA 48026, \$4.95), and its Ed — born in the same town as Gene Pitney — has collated interviews and pix of subjects ranging from Bo Diddley and Gary 'US' Bonds to The Angels and Bobby Rydell.



The Martians Are Coming (maybe)

GUTTED SHE may be but ole Ally Pally will later this month play host to Son of Mind, Body, Vitamins and Gurus in which the tighter more frolicsome aspects of The Irrational will have their two days (September 27, 28).

Called The Psychics and Mystics Fayre, it is the second so-named event staged by New Age whizzkid Graham Wilson who has already presented no less than eight other wordy exhibitions both here and in the U.S. since he began entrepreunering in 1977.

Business, reports Wilson, is fine to satisfactory and all outstanding US debts cleared despite an earlier attempt at avoidance (NME June 28).

There was some tittering in the local media when, having announced the dates and venue of the Mystics Fayre, the Ally Pally burnt down.

"Due to unforeseen circumstances..." one wag opened his piece.

Wilson and Co., however, have the last guffaw since the Fayre's specific locale is the "attractive" Palm Court, a corner of the Palace only moderately scarred by the catastrophe and now almost completely facelifted.

One of the weekend's more superficial stunts will be a public attempt to solve the Palace's double fire mystery with US psychic detective Gail Fergusson leading several lesser-known British practitioners.

(The Palace, it will be recalled by older readers, was first gutted 107 years ago, just 14 days after the inaugural opening).

Why, who and how is still a mystery in both cases. Legend has it that the fires result from a gypsy curse placed after a

Romany camp was uprooted to make way for the coming edifices. A more mundane explanation of the recent blaze blames fog ash flicked onto a heap of garbage which subsequently set the house organ ablaze.

The Fayre also offers the opportunity to meet leading astrologers, palmists, clairvoyants and UFOlogists. And especially the amazing Rex Dutta, tropical fish salesman and space watcher. Rex will be leading flying saucer-sighting expeditions atop Ally Pally hill from 3pm both Saturday and Sunday. Weather permitting.

More New Age gossip has it that everything in the Findhorn Garden is far from hunky-dory. The Aberdeen press reveals that the famous Moray, Firth spiritual community is now deep in debt and both founders are

currently absent.

Ex-army officer Peter Caddy, has not been seen since the end of last year when he left to attend an international congress in the U.S. He is presently reported living in Hawaii with a 47 year-old American divorcee called Shari Secot. Mrs Eileen Caddy is about to depart for a Canadian holiday. She reports that the "voice within" has advised her against divorce.

A Findhorn circular states that during the first half of '79 the overall debt rose by £63,000. During the early half of 1980 it uplifted a further £19,000.

The Community initially achieved its fame by growing freakishly large vegetables on apparently barren sand beds. Recently it has been concerned itself with "growing people".

ANDREW TYLER

Are We Not Beasts?



IF YOU hate what beauty aid firms like Revlon do to the eyes of rabbits (pour substances into them to see at which point they suffer damage or go blind) then you might care to bang a gong alongside Animal Aid members who next week plan a major demonstration outside the company's Brook Street, London offices. Date: September 30, 11 am to 3 pm.

This, along with other animal, planet and nuclear news is contained in issue seven of *The Beast*, "the magazine that bites back".

Most riveting in issue seven is the first-time confession by Paul Watson, a Canadian seaman turned Sioux warrior, that it was his crew who were responsible for the blowing-up of two Spanish whaling ships.

Watson next plans to ski across Antarctica to publicise the plight of the area's wildlife, and Jon Voigt is so taken with the loony activist he wants to play him in a future movie. Watson states that what he's doing now will "look tame compared to future eco-actions in five to ten years."

The Beast is available for 60p at discriminating news outlets or by subscription (UK £3.20, foreign £4.00) from 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11.

DR MOREAU

The Lone Groover



Tony Benyon

THE CAMDEN COWBOYS RIDE AGAIN



ABSOLUTELY MADNESS

THE NEW ALBUM FROM MADNESS OUT NOW ON STIFF RECORDS SEEZ 27 NOTE: CASSETTE NO MORE THAN £3.99 IN ANY SHOP IN THE U.K.

VETERAN JAMAICAN singer Jimmy Cliff finally achieved international status for his leading role in the seminal reggae film *The Harder They Come* in the early '70s. Prior to this he had already made his mark in Britain and Europe as one of the only Jamaican singers to accomplish some measure of prowess outside of sectarian West Indian circles.

Born James Chambers in Jamaica in 1948, he began his career as a ska singer in the early '60s, making records for a number of producers, most notably the late Leslie Kong. On a government-sponsored tour of the US in the company of Byron Lee and the Dragonaires at the time of the short-lived ska craze towards the middle of the decade, he was approached by Chris Blackwell. This led to a contract with Island Records and settlement in England.

Having established a strong club following in this country, Jimmy Cliff's first recording breakthrough came in 1968 when he won the Brazilian Song Festival with a self-penned composition, 'Waterfall'. A year later he scored worldwide with the reggae singalong 'Wonderful World Beautiful People', also his biggest UK hit, and had European success with its follow-up 'Vietnam'. A year later Cat Stevens' 'Wild World' gave the singer another UK top ten chart record. It was to prove his last to date.

Since this time, and following the impact of *The Harder They Come*, Jimmy Cliff has been associated with two record companies, EMI and, presently, WEA. He has made a number of albums, and although he hardly seems relevant to today's reggae scene, still plays worldwide to packed audiences, especially in what he terms "the so-called Third World countries".

The following exchange took place in a Mayfair room in July. This is another cycle:



Being the transcript of an interview between Jimmy Cliff and Penny Reel

A LION OUT THERE

WAS 'I'M SORRY' your first record?
No, there was one before that called 'Daisy Got Me Crazy'.

Count Boyzie.

Count Boyzie.

Who's Count Boyzie?

Count Boyzie's one of the record producers in that time. At that time you have Duke Reid, Coxsone...

I never see any other records by Boyzie.

He wasn't big. The big ones were like Duke Reid, Coxsone, Edwards, but he had one big hit in Jamaica, which was a song called 'Babylon Downfall'.

By?

No, I don't remember the name of the singers, but that was his production. That was his only claim to fame as a producer.

As well of course as being the first man to record Jimmy Cliff. Did 'Daisy Got Me Crazy' not do anything then?

I don't think it was even released as a street record. It was probably just you have it as a sound system set, a slate. Only that. I don't think it was ever released further.

'I'm Sorry' was released, in England at least.

Yeah. It was released in Jamaica as well, because it was another sound system producer I did that for. Cavaliers.

Who was the Cavaliers Combo, credited as playing on it?

Cavaliers Combo is, you know, they all use the same musicians really.

So it was Tommy McCook, Roland Alphonso...

Drumbago. Right. So him one just call that for his own little runnings.

'Hurricane Hattie'. Was there a hurricane of that name?

Yes. It was a disastrous hurricane.

Did it hit Jamaica?

No. It hit Belize — British Honduras — it's called Belize

now. Crippled the whole place.

What did you mean in the lyric when you said: 'I'm gonna be like Hurricane Hattie'?

As dangerous as that! (Chuckles.)

Who supplied the great harmonica solo? Was it Roy

Richards perhaps?

No, that was Charlie Oganeara. He was like the noted harmonica player in Jamaica. Most of the things you hear are him. Roy Richards was more for concerts, shows and things. He did his own songs, but he never really was a session man then. Charlie Oganeara was a session man.

Was 'Hurricane Hattie' the first record you did for Leslie Kong?

No, I did... The first session I did for Leslie Kong was a song called 'Dearest Beverly', and another, 'Make It Up', but 'Dearest Beverly' now was never released until 'Hurricane Hattie' was released, like it was on the back of that. 'Make It Up' was released on the back of something else again.

What it was, the first session I did for Leslie Kong, I didn't think it was strong enough to go out at the time, so we did another session with 'Hurricane Hattie' and got that strong single.

I hear a story that you wrote 'Dearest Beverly' for Leslie Kong because you see the name of his shop as Beverly's. Is that true, or did you write it for a girl?

I had the song. It was just one of them times I was er... It

was just an inspiration, not from any particular person. I was just working and this song came. When I used to live at Spanish Town, that time. And I was passing this place, this night, Beverly's place. Trying all the other producers and they don't give you a break. They give you a break, but they want it in their kind of ways, and I couldn't bow to anything.

You tried Coxsone and Reid?

Yep.

But you didn't want to know?

No, I mean I couldn't take them system there. It was the way I grew up. I'm a countryman really, and I grew up with a different kind of attitude than a city man. More like a city man know how to wheel and deal, and he know a trick quicker than a countryman, but a countryman now, him come straightforward. You want me or you don't want me. Yes or no. And him gone, or him stay. That was my approach to them, and then I couldn't take the hanging around and all that kind of thing.

So this chap says this Chinese man has a record shop named Beverly's. Now if somebody go into him with a song named 'Beverly', he must at least listen. So I had the song, I had the song before, it wasn't inspired by any of that. It was just like a cosmic...

Was it you that introduced Derrick Morgan to Leslie Kong?

Yes.

And it was he who brought Bunny Lee into the business?

Yes, I think Derrick Morgan bring Bunny into the business. You see Bunny now, Bunny was a brother who used to hang out, him and Derrick and me. That was after I knew Derrick, 'cause Derrick was one of the Jamaican singers who inspired me when I was going to school. He had a song called 'they you fat man, leave my girl alone' 'Fat Man'. He did it for Duke Reid, but I was still going to school then, in Somerset. He and Prince Buster and Monty Morris, say are people who inspired me.

Anyway, I had known Derrick before then, I had met him somehow through Buster runnings and Monty runnings and them people. Eway, I just show Leslie Kong I could get Derrick Morgan and I could get Monty Morris, both of them to record for him.

Derrick Morgan in fact went on to do a lot of work for Leslie Kong, as much as you, more than you even.

More than I did.

'One Eye Jacks'. Who were you singing about?

Well now, who was that? I tell you now. One day I were round at the back of the rehearsal room of Leslie Kong. So I was rehearsing. So I like say come in and a man him say: "Cho, you can't make it man, you wash up", and them kin' o' reasoning them. Said time I just write the tune now to say I know what you're thinking I'm only here for a while. That was after 'Hurricane Hattie', and like I put out about two other songs and they don't even make hit. So, you know, it was like... I don't even remember the guy's name now, but it wasn't anyone in particular in the record business.

Where did you take the idea from? Was there a horse as well called One Eye Jack?

No. It was at the time we saw the runnings as race. There wasn't a horse called One Eye Jack, but there was a film called *One Eye Jack*.

Marlon Brando.

Right. The idea for that song came from the title of that film. It was a film that we love, everybody was like saying, that was a word on everybody's mouth, but you could put it whatever way you want to put it. If you want to call a man a one eyed Jack in a negative sense or in a positive sense. I just see him in a positive sense, 'cause you have two eyes and see with one vision, but it look like him was looking through one eye when him see I, to say I make two record and them never hit big like the first one. Him see I through one eye because he never see the other part of what I do. So that is why I call him one eye Jacks.

THEN YOU MADE 'King Of Kings'. Was that about Selesie?

Well now, 'Kings Of Kings' now was about man, and mainly black man. Now we know His Majesty as coming down from the lineage of David and Solomon to sit up on the throne today. At that time I didn't have that knowledge.

You see, there was a saying in Jamaica that you have to be a lion out there to survive. It was the idea of the jungle law when I check it out now. But the saying at the time, the phrase was you have to be a lion out there to survive. So I show you so now, everybody is say them is that, and them say them is that, and them say them is that, and them have their reasons why them say that is that. But I, a lion right now, King Of Kings.

Now, sometimes when you get songs you don't really know where the inspiration come from. Is later now, I had Rasta before I leave Somerton to Kingston, but I didn't know the depth or the knowledge of His Majesty. The most thing I know is that... love, and Ethiopia, and His Majesty through David come down on that. So them was the only thing I know, that was the heights of my consciousness of Rasta at the time. So it wasn't really to do with that.

Buster at the same time made a song called 'The Lion Roars' in which he seemed to say that lion, you say that you're the king, but the lion can't even...

Says: 'It's a lie because lions can't speak.' Right.

Right. You didn't get inspiration from that?

No. Buster made it after 'King Of Kings'. The war at the time was this, was...

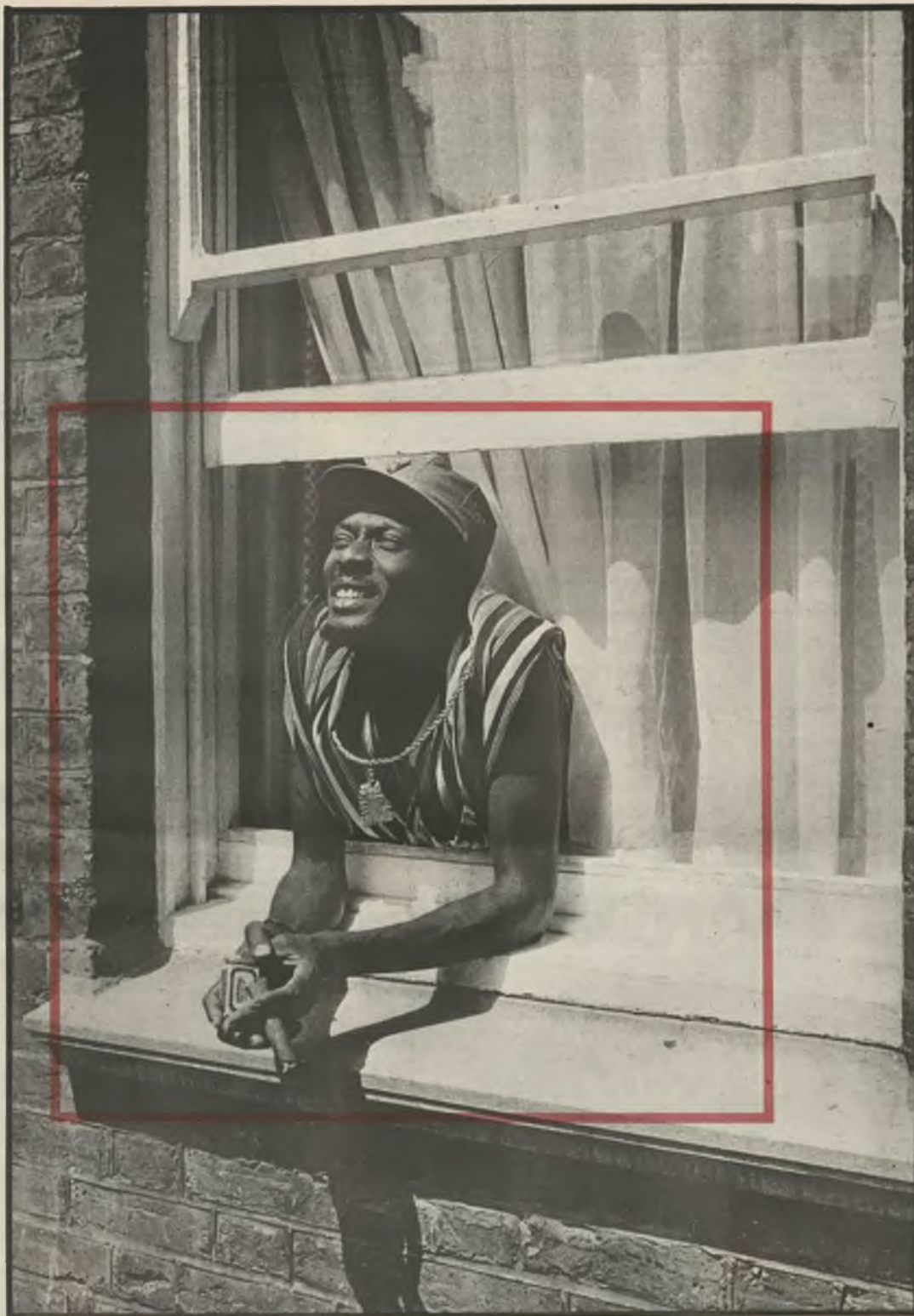
Between Dodd and Buster and...

And Leslie Kong. Buster's war was really only an economic war. In that he say like I and Derrick Morgan singing for Leslie Kong, you only putting money in the Chinese man pocket when the black man need the money more. So him sing that about the song, him say it's a lie 'cause lion can't speak.

But now, he know better than that, it was symbolic. You know that the black man is symbolised by the lion, or the righteous man then. We don't put any colour on it. He's symbolised by the lion. 'Cause him have to stand up amongst all foolish and everybody else who go on them way. But the lion, a love him a deal with still.

Bob Marley says the black man is the sheep.

Yes, Lamb and lion. You see the lamb and the lion. Him have two characters you know. His humble side. White people can't understand how black people are forebearing and stand up to so much foolishness. That is his sheep side.



With pictures by Jean Bernard Sohiez

But now, him say him came as a lamb to the slaughter, but now him coming as a conquering lion.

And what do you say the white man is?

Well you see, when once white man a deal with righteousness, colour don't go pon it any more. You see. 'Cause God is neither race, creed or colour.

What inspired you to write 'Miss Jamaica'? Was it because the Miss Jamaica of that year won the Miss World title?

No, it wasn't really that. My environment was what inspired me. Is Ackee Walk I used to live you know. Where they call Back-O-Wall. Well, it was Back-O-Wall then, in the deepest part of where they call Back-O-Wall. Now they call it Tivoli Gardens. That's where I used to live, that environment, and you have to see your woman as the Miss Jamaica you know. I don't see the Miss Jamaica what they put up there, I see my woman as the Miss Jamaica. I say, although you might not have such a fabulous shape to suit the rest of the world, but you suit I, and that's all I want to know. I don't need nothing more than my Miss Jamaica.

Did you use to move with people like Bur O Boy, Two Gun Keith, Rhygin?

Rhygin was before I. Rhygin was before my time.

Rhygin was whom you played the part of in *The Harder They Come*, was it?

Yes. So I grew as a youth hearing 'bout Rhygin. As a little youth now I hear about Rhygin as a bad man. But Bur O Boys and them guys, you know them really never in a Back-O-Wall.

I thought Back-O-Wall was where most of the rude boys...

Yeah, a lot of rude boys was Back-O-Wall, but Bur O Boys and them man there come after. Because they broke down

Back-O-Wall and start to put up Concrete Jungle down there. I don't remember the exact times, in the '60s though. Guns and them things never start come to Jamaica until 1967, them times there. So you never really have... but you have man who them say fight the system, but them don't really violent men, because when you deal with these men and talk to them you see that they heartily these are human beings. But is the system force them in a them kind of way there.

You can't say Rhygin was guilty of anything, you know. Him was really an innocent youth trying to make it and the system just beat him down.

Did you use to run with badness?

With what, gangs? Yea, I run around with gangs, but through I man was a youth 'monger them now where I man see the love in a deh them did love I man. Through I man was a little youth, and anytime I come around them I always have some positive reasoning withal stop man doing things. So I understand the psychology of what makes them do what them do. I wasn't personally a bad man, because if I was a bad man I would be the baddest man. But I moved with them. So I understand the psychology of the runnings with them.

'The Prodigal', is that about yourself? Did you in fact leave home?

Yeah, that was after I leave Somerton. Somerton is in St James, about 12 miles from Montego Bay. That's where I presently live, and that's where I was born. They call it Somerton, they take off the good, but the reality when I check it now, it's really the Good Samaritan. Every name that they give to a place is to something that inspired the name. You have places in Jamaica called Goodwill and Hopewell. I know

the name them was really dealing with was the Good Samaritan, but they just call it Somerton.

However, when I left there and went to Kingston my father really wanted me to be a scholar. But is music I want to do. Seen? Like when I start the music now him say, well deal with that if it's that you a deal with, but you de pon your own.

The sort of music you started doing around the time of 'Give And Take' (1967), what made you go in that direction?

Well my mission to England at that time, my mission was to establish something. Now to establish that something I had to go into different areas which I didn't even conscious of. When I came to England, ska music, you couldn't get work in the clubs singing ska music; so you have to live. I'm an artist so I'm gonna perform whatever there is. So you know, put in a little ska in the ting, and then I sing what the kids was tune into at the time, and them was tune into American R&B. So that was the reason for that type of song, and I was doing like half and half, half of that and half of ska music at that time.

What was your relationship with Island like?

Y'see, Island's attitude was that Jamaican music was just a stabiliser for the company. It wasn't really what they have any intention of pushing. It's a stabiliser. It's a music that has a sure market. Whenever it comes from Jamaica it has a sure market, because the people...

Even if it's only a thousand or so copies.

Right. So when I was with Island Records, you was just all

Continues over

A LION OUT THERE

□ From previous page

about around the place, and you bring in some music, nothing more than that. I don't know if it was vision, lack of vision, or what.

So Chris Blackwell at that time was not interested in promoting Jamaican music?

I can't say that, 'cause I didn't see him doing anything. The records were selling. I mean like 'Wonderful World' was just a good song. But there was no promotion or anything, they just put it out and it sell.

The big man who ran the record industry in *The Harder They Come*, Hilton was named in the film, was he based on Khouri?

It could be. It could be. You see, you had three dominant people in the record business in Jamaica. To take it out of the hands of say like Duke Reid and Coxsone and them, you had Chris Blackwell, Ken Khouri and Byron Lee. They were the main three people in the business at that time, so it could have been any one of them.

A mixture of all of them?

Yeah. To how I know the runnings as an artist at that time, they all have their different personalities and different approach, but basically the same. One might pay a little more, because the street talk at the time was that Chris Blackwell would pay you a little more than Ken Khouri or Byron Lee.

Even now that is going on. When you come to the consciousness of royalties, you know what I mean? A lot of people still blind to those things, they don't know anything about it. So you make a song and men gi' you ten pound or five pound or whatever, and that's it. What you don't know won't hurt you. (Short laugh.) But that's not true.

On 'No Woman No Cry' which you recorded, you said: "I remember when we used to sit in a government yard in Boy's Town." Where's that?

Well, Boy's Town is more my area than Trench Town. Boy's Town is just, well not quite the same area but near, if you go down Second Street, Third Street now, that was more where I used to hang out than further up. I used to leave now

from Denham Town and go right up. So you have people like Stranger Cole, Ken Boothe, Joe Higgs. You know that area there?

I've never been to Jamaica. You just mentioned Joe Higgs, you made some records with him recently. How do you rate him?

Joe Higgs is a great, great artist. I don't know. Sound, him have such a good concept of sound and arrangement. Bwoy him great. It's just... I don't know, I don't know. Him probably even be like Professor Longhair within the blues thing. Professor Longhair, them man there. You have certain man who exert a great influence but never really make it themselves. The part about it that I don't like is that those people don't get the recognition that they should. They are not credited for the work that they have done.

Give me examples. For what has Joe Higgs not been credited?

Well, I don't think they credit Joe enough for his contribution to The Wailers. 'Cause I don't think they really know the part he played.

It would seem to me that they don't credit anyone of The Wailers but Bob Marley.

He seems to get the glory, deservedly so because he's talented and his talent has stood out, but you know you're building a house, you can't build a house without a foundation. The house looks beautiful once it's finished, but you must always remember there is a foundation there. Joe Higgs and them man there men, who go into harmony and rhythm and them things there, they should be given their credit. Is Babylon system. Babylon say they are the media, but I know that I and I are the media, 'cause I and I is the direct media through the Creator to the people. So now, is only time will tell when truth will reveal, 'cause that's my firm belief, that truth will win over in the end. A lot of things that has been hidden will come to light, that is my belief.

□ HAVE YOU MOVED away from reggae in the last few years?

Now that depends what a man's concept of reggae

My concept of reggae, at least in this country, because at this time I only really deal with this country, is that of a black

Cliff in *The Harder They Come*



youth music that is listened to by them on sound systems in dances, in blues, at parties and the like.

Well now, that is a part of it I would say. Because it's a feeling, the essence of reggae music is a feeling that has been expressed through the cry of the people. Those black youths in this country can identify with that feeling because it's coming out of the same expression, but they are not the only ones who identify with it. I just go to South Africa, and songs that people have never even known of mine here are songs that are like Bible verses to them in Soweto.

So, it's a feeling, right? We are all individuals, even though we are all the same.

So you think you have a different part to play now? Maybe you don't even know these names, but singers like Barry Brown, Barrington Levy, this is what the youth in this country, the black youth I mean, are listening to on their sound systems. They wouldn't even play a Jimmy Cliff record.

The thing is we are all messengers.

So now you are taking your message to the world, to all people.

Exactly. That is what I've always... I've always been a humanitarian in that view. Within the whole masonic work there, 'cause the singers and players of instruments is doing a masonic job, I mean work is the shepherd. The shepherd have two things to do: the shepherd open the gate and see that everyone go through, and then closes it. That has been my work. That has been the history of my work. Some of them consciously, and some unconsciously.

I didn't know say that was what I was coming to England to do, you know. I didn't know when I was making *The Harder They Come* that that is what it would be for the world. I didn't know when I make those records that it would mean so much to them in South Africa. Right now a song from the latest album is what them students using on them protest things.

So, some of them consciously, but when you get inspiration you have to just hold them and put them out. So that has been my work. I know my part in the mission.

Do you not feel sad that the youth now growing up are not listening to Jimmy Cliff music?

What the youths are listening to right now, well maybe I'm not the one they ought to be listening to right now. But I am the one they're listening to in South America. I'm the one they're listening to in South Africa. In most of the so-called Third World countries they listen to me. I just have to go where I see my direction.

I'm not sad about it, I just feel that it is not my time. But I think at the moment where the music is now, it is coming round for me to do more work in England. The music is accepted but the inspiration needs to be lifted now. So I think now is the time for me to come round again. The 1980s.

I mean to come in with consciousness. I mean inspire in that, well most people could say everybody's music do that, but when it comes to a certain consciousness to change, on a furtherance, an extension, that is where I come in. So that's what I feel, my time now is the '80s, 'cause the music is accepted as a form of music, a force of music, reggae, which it wasn't. It grew to that point. So the point where it is now is to a next extension.

My last hit in England was in the '70s. 1970 with the Car Stevens song 'Wide World', but so since the whole decade of the '70s I haven't had a hit record in Europe.

And yet your influence has been much greater in the '70s, because of *The Harder They Come*. The film seemed to break open so much, at least in this country, I can't speak for the world, maybe America too...

Yes, I can speak for the rest of the world. So I think it's come to the time for another consciousness like that now.

The Dance Band
GREAT NEW ALBUM
FANCY FOOTWORK

YOUR BONUS:
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TV21: a Powbeat single with Fast distribution.
Pic: Harry Papadopoulos.

GARAGELAND

Independent Record News by ADRIAN THRILLS

It is available from Fast or by sending a £1 cheque or postal order to Powbeat Records, Top Flat 36, Millar Crescent, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Also out soon is the second single by the Mystere 5. Titled 'Never Say Thank You' it is out in the first week of October on Flicknife (62 Adelaide Grove, London W12). Also out on the same label at the end of this month is Red Rage's 'Total Control'.

Three singles on the Fresh label are headed by a retrospective 45 by London punk pioneers Menace, once responsible for the legendary 'GLC'. The new issue features a previously unreleased version of the band's interpretation of Cliff Richard's 'The Young Ones'. Also out on Fresh this week are The Dark's 'Hawaii Five-O Theme' and Manufactured Romance's debut single 'Time Of My Life'. All are available from Fresh at 359 Edgeware Road, London W2.

Other singles out this week:

- Mike Burdett: 'Emotion No 4' (System Records, 21 Burleigh House, St Charles Square, London).
- Bill Glennie & Tim Hodgkinson: 'I Do I Do, I Don't I Don't' (Woof Records, 51 Rossiter Road, London SW12).
- Flat Out: Four-track EP (£1.25 from 5 Chestnut Court, Abonhill, Cumbernauld, Scotland).
- Astronauts: 'Pranksters In Revolt' (Bugle Records, 59 Heath Road, Potters Bar, Herts).
- The Jump: 'Tomorrows Mine' (Rewind Records, 20 Great Portland Street, London W1).
- Heaven 17: 'The Tenant' (£1.05 from Flat 3, 12 Oakroyd Terrace, Bradford 8, West Yorks).
- Furniture: 'Shaking Story' (Paragay Records, 3 Queens Walk, Ealing W5).
- Bitter Lemmings: 'Bombing The Russians' (APM Records, 96 Oakmount Road,

Chandlers Ford, Southampton).

- Soft Cell: 'Mutant Moments' (Big Frock Records).
- Pressure Stops: 'Crash Warden' (Airplay Records, 72 Brays Mead, Harlow, Essex).
- Performing Ferret Band: 'Brow Beaten' EP (Dead Hippy, 19 Westmorland Road, Maidstone, Kent).
- Dayshift: 'Living In The UK' / 'Cedric Wazza' / 'Yeah Eh Oh Yeah Oh' (Wot Records, 56 Lismore House, Linden Grove, London SE15).
- Independent Cassettes:
 - Russ Bravo And The Jumble Factory: 'Exploiting The Sponge' (Blank tape and SAE to Eric A. Brac Productions, 36 Nutley Crescent, Goring, Worthing, Sussex).
 - New Model Army: Five-track cassette available for £1.20 from Aries Enterprises, 166 New Cross Street, West Bowling, Bradford 5.

Tale of a Tiller Boy...

ERIC RANDOM, one of the founder members of The Tiller Boys with Buzzcock Pete Shelley, releases his debut solo album this month on the New Hormones label.

'That's What I Like About Me' contains tracks recorded at Cabaret Voltaire's Western Works studio in Sheffield plus a version of 'Call Me' recorded earlier this year at the Lyceum's gig of the century.

Random has worked extensively with Vinnit Riley of the Durutti Column and joins the guitarist on his forthcoming Factory Benelux single in addition to the solo set.

The Random album is budget priced at £2.50 and will be available from New Hormones at 50 Newton Street, Manchester M1 2EA.

Eric will be promoting the album by supporting Cabaret Voltaire on their European tour as well as playing with them at The Clarendon in London on the day of the album's release — September 26.

Four Ulster groups — Control Zone, Casper, The Icons and The Accelerators — are pooling resources to produce a video and, hopefully, an ensuing compilation album of their music.

The four bands, together with a local community group, are to spend the next month filming on stage and in the studio in their home town of Omagh.

Both the video and the prospective album are titled 'Why Did You Do It In The First Place'.

According to Control Zone guitarist Ernie Badness, one of the few men still unaware that the archetypal punk pseudonym usually entails a pun of some sort, "Omagh is the only town left in the north of Ireland still surviving on that old thing called punk rock".

The Androids Of Mu, a four-piece all-woman band resident in Ladbroke Grove, are releasing their debut album called 'Blood Robots' this month on Fuck Off Records.

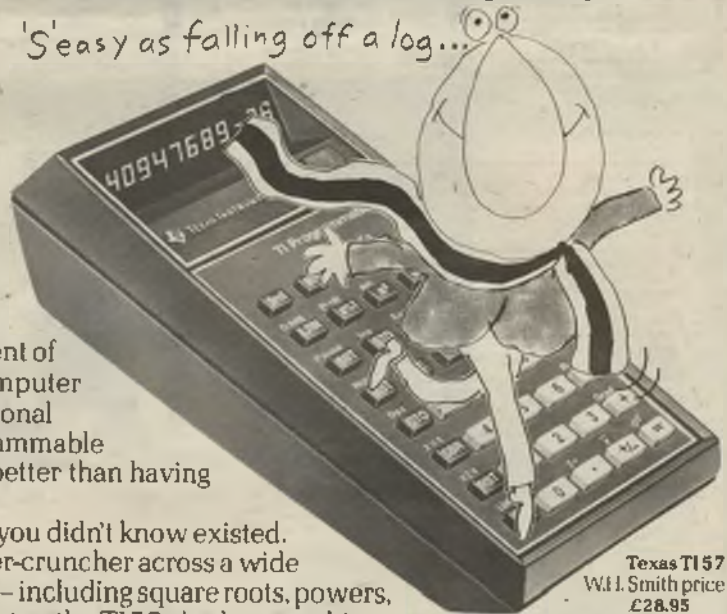
To promote the album, the Androids are undertaking an October tour of the country, supported by some of Fuck Off's cassette heroes. The album, again budget priced at £2.99, is available through Rough Trade and other alternative distributors.

Fast Product — the label that released the first Human League, Gang Of Four and Mekons singles — are distributing the second single by Edinburgh band TV21.

The triple A-sided single 'Ambition' / 'Ticking Away' / 'This Is Zero' is on the band's own Powbeat label and is produced, like their debut 45 'Playing With Fire', by Troy Tate of Shake.

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SINGLES

Pulling down the shades: TONY PARSONS

THE ROLLING STONES: She's So Cold (EMI). "I'm so hot for you but you're so cold" ... Mick Jagger does a Burke and Warr on what remains of the late Brian's remains? How outrageous can these wild young bloods get?

What rankles about The Rolling Stones is the same infuriating stuff that party guests who don't know when it's time to go home are made of. Hushabye baby, the milkman's on his way and the social squatter sways stupidly in the centre of the post-revelry living room, taking root. Their peers found God, junk, family life, drink, death or real estate, but the Stones still frolic heavily-footed in the playground of adolescence like hairy-assed retardards. Their will to hold onto the mores and mannerisms of kiss-chasing little kids is so strong it is truly pathetic.

Keith's riff (good old Keef, eh?) has been wheeled out so many times and is so arthritic that if you listen through cans you can hear it receiving a telegram from Her Majesty in the middle break.

Do yourself a favour — put your money where the Mills and Boon rose is and walk a little closer to the edge.

JOHNNY LOGAN: Give A Little Bit More (CBS). **ROGER DALTRY:** Without Your Love (Polydor).

From the toe-tapping, rock-breaking agitpop of the crumbling Clashers to the lusty mating call of Roger "Da Ooo Wuz Always Punk" Daltry — here very fetching in an acoustic Joan - Baez - of - the - building - site number — it would appear that all the nice pop stars love a convict (comes with workable ball and chain and Ptd — brain and battery not included).

Bringing Hampstead to the streets, just what we need! (McVicar should be re-christened Jonathan Livingstone Jailbird).

Odd of the liberal media — who urged us to righteously don't buy books by crooks when the scummy Nixon published his pamphlet — to approve so heartily of the McVicar charade. If you want to get a head-a approval, get thee directly to jail (and don't forget to collect your degree).

Eurovision Song Contest winner Johnny "I Love you Ireland" Logan seems ill-equipped to follow up his number one hit; this one is all forced merriment, like those tragic little "You Don't Have To Be Mad To Work Here But It Helps" signs. I fear that a thriving Abba-esque career is not a foregone conclusion. Never mind, Johnny! — grow a big bum, buy a blonde wig and do a quick bank robbery. Then you'll have all markets covered.

THE STROKE: Revenge (CBS). **SMIFF 'N' THE TEARS:** Poison Pen Mail (Chiswick).

DAVITT SIGERSON: Twist (Ze).

THE MOTORS: Metropolis (Virgin).

ULTRAVOX: Passing Strangers (Chrysalis).

RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES: Plans For Today (WEA). Fops, fashionables and other frauds.

These days, when every deb and pleb is making records, The Stroke's singer can sound like Penelope Keith auditioning for Hazel O'Connor's dead skin ... and show no shame! Chop-chop, Ali, or I'll flog your heathen hide. Which is a great pity because "Revenge" resembles something that Gene Pitney wrote and Gene Krupa played on a biscuit tin.

Sniff 'n' The Tears walk a mile in Metro's plus-fours



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

GRACE JONES: The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game (Island). A couple of years ago the nearest Grace Jones could have got to the mammoned heartland of this business would have been if Bryan Ferry had deigned to put her (hair by Smiles, make up by Pierre Leroche) on some glossy-gaunt Roxy album packaging. Only a pawn in the hi tech Hipgnosis game, she was the last in a long line of model girls to enter and make their commercial profile in the disco arena circa the '77-'79 Time Out "Disco: The Difficult One" thesis period. But now here she is — an anorexic Ella Fitzgerald with a brand new pillbox haircut breathing impressive new life into some Smokey-choked night music, and Amanda Lear can only watch with her nose pressed up against the camera lens.

What a regular Johnny Appleseed, that Smokey Robinson. His songs of asexual sweet and sour sensuality (hold the bean sprouts) are strewn behind him across the years just begging to be picked up and improved on by any girl singer with sufficient initiative and nerve. His work was always off in a gender of its own and there's never been anybody else like that.

Grace Jones pulls it off with THAT VOICE. Under the Donna Summer veneer is a hard edge that calls up the spirit of Veda Brown and makes the praying mantis market all her own. You can even forgive her for being fashionable.

after reading *The Magus* for the first time at an embarrassingly advanced age. Self-consciously dull.

Davitt Sigerson thinks he's some smart cookie making music for morose masses who can't chew gum and dribble at the same time (if Grace J. can do it, eh, Dav?). Music that is so wilfully passe it's sure to be the next big

noise. Dav's past camp and I'm past caring about him. Except ... even with its tongue firmly in Chubby Checker's cheek, Dav's disc is still better than, oh, ninety per cent of the dance music on offer this week.

When the Joker's out trumping the rest of the pack — remember "Snuff Rock" — it's time to fold 'em and cash

'em in and leave the genre. What a card you are, Davitt. Bop till you drop, you fop.

Like those hunky Buggles before them, The Motors delve back over some five decades for their gumby-esque inspiration to come over all wild-eyed futuristic and totally unnecessary. These harbingers of tenth-head Huxley will not go unrewarded; Yes have probably already got their invitations in the post.

Over to Ultravox, where Midge Ure lays the ghost of John Fox (rather you than me, dear). They — surely not! — actually sound as though they are enjoying themselves these days. The shock is akin

to seeing Gary E Neuman snickering playfully while he slips a whoopee cushion under an android.



THE DAMNED: The History Of The World — Part 1 (Chiswick). Don't put your undead on the stage, Mrs

Vanien — you should have cut up his cape for dusters and had him committed years ago. Here The Damned maintain the standard we have come to expect from them in their illustrious career, poor bleeders — soon to be filmed as *Carry On Plodding* — giving a passable impersonation of ELP roadies tuned up from the ducking stool. In five years' time they'll be playing Dingwalls with snot on their chins, looking the same but more shop-soiled ... and they'll be grateful.

MATCHBOX: When You Ask About Love (Magnet). **ROCKY SHARPE AND THE REPLAYS** FEATURING THE

(I see you got your)

Brand new preying mantis pillbox haircut

to seeing Gary E Neuman snickering playfully while he slips a whoopee cushion under an android.

Bringing their Art School diplomas to Trenchtown, the Reluctant Stereotypes succeed in doing for the good Dr Alimantado approximately what Showaddywaddy did for Eddie Ray Cochran. That much-loved George Mitchell Minstrels beat honed to Police perfection for all the psucker pseudos who are not the thinking men their rationale insists they are.

Ah, if only Jonathon King had never conceived The Piglets — the world would have been spared the scourge of white reggae.

THE DOLLY MIXTURES: Baby It's You (Chrysalis). Specter (the man, not the myth) always did write songs in which girls were bruiseably patient objects, always waiting, hoping, mourning. Stripped of the illusion of glamorous guts which his girls in all their epic urban ethnicity managed to clothe his stuff in (all those long eyes, all that black hair, all those humble slum housing projects histories), "Baby It's You" stands revealed as the insipid little sub-pop song it is. The nauseatingly named DMS wish squeaky submission was a virtue and make Sheena Easton look like La Passionara.

MOTORHEAD: Louie Louie (Bronze).

MOTORHEAD: Bomber (Bronze).

MOTORHEAD: Overkill (Bronze).

MOTORHEAD: No Class (Bronze).

By day, vivacious Lemmy (52) is a stewardess with Laker; by night he fronts the most disgusting band in the world! His hobbies are meths, motorbikes and mixing with rough men. His ambition is to sell more than seven copies of any given single.

What is the elusive appeal of Lemmy's band Motorhead? "Our sound conjures up images of things that everyday people can relate to: the stuff you have to clean off the side of the bath, blocked up drains, head-lice and that." When they're not "grooving" the night away,



PH: GADLIS

Jagger & suit, NYC '80.

TOP LINERS: You're The One (Chiswick). Much A.D.O. about being D.O.A. in a D.A.

THE BLUES BAND: Sus Blues (Arista). Paul Jones, the poshest jock on the block, woke up this morning when his loyal black valet shook his silk monogrammed jammies. As the trusty retainer dressed him, Paul thought up this little song about how "the po-tees arrested me, lawdy, lawdy" — no doubt an embittered reference to the way McNee's fascist Zionist Roterian baton-wielding shock troops ran amok at this year's Henley Regatta.

LYNDA CARTER: The Last Song (Motown).

TEENA MARIE: I Need Your Lovin' (Motown).

RICK JAMES: Big Time (Motown).

JERMAINE JACKSON: You're Supposed To Keep Your Love For Me (Motown).

Twenty years after Berry Gordy had a dream and drummed up a 700 dollar loan to finance it, the first ever black-owned corporation to become a colossus in American big business has got so darn integrated that the white folk are dominating the label's output. Only one Motown artist with a record released this week is black, and even in the vortex of the birthday celebrations, the friends of Motown can't help pondering the irony of this as they tuck into their jelly and ice cream and consider restoring the balance by bussing in brothers and sisters from other labels.

But more binds these records than divides them — no matter the colour of the skin, underneath there's an overwhelming mediocrity that is quite egalitarian.

Wonder Woman's effort makes you want to poke her in her bad eye.

Teena Marie has learned her Gwen Dickey moves as well as she's capable of but it's "I Need Your Love", all Teena's own work, that displays the most brain-boggling thing about Motown today — not the defection of the top seeds, not the insurgence of white acts, but the ever more dreary

Continues over

SINGLES

From previous page

depths that the label's songwriting has sunk to since the Holland boys and their pal Lamont were exiled. Was a time when you heard a Motor City melody once and knew you would remember it all your life. A lifetime with nothingness like 'I Need Your Love' on the desert island of your choice and you know it would still be slipping away.

Rick James likes a backdrop blowing cool and sweet as the brass of Curtis Mayfield — fine! fine! that's not the point! — so he can play the neck-writhing, finger-popping, sweating ecstatic out front, bluffing he's Sly and effective when it's all just a sloth that's affected.

Jermaine Jackson is like one of those people who can draw competently enough but only with a photograph to work from. Watching him without his bullet-proof facsimile to keep him warm would be as squirm-worthy as



sitting through Mike Yarwood doing something like 'I Believe In Music' dead straight. Stiff-legged JJ stepped into his great brother's shadow and scored well with 'Let's Get Serious' but here he doesn't feel the need to fall back on his own flesh and blood and comes out sounding anemic to the point of total inertia. A Stevie Wonder song, Jermaine sings lightweight when he means to hit the ephemeral button, lethargic when he wants Wonder's lazy, languid drawl, and comatose instead of dream-like. Unless they put some rollers under his feet he's surely still there to this very day.

Motown do, however, salvage a mite more dignity than their closest spiritual kinsman. They have yet to sink to the level of being mock-joshingly bear-baited by a frozen food manufacturer whose market research came up with exactly what the public wanted — to cut that cocky black bastard down to the size of a quarter-pounder crap burger, after all these years.



ALAN ONCE TRIED to work out some picture of how we might appear to people. He said it was as if he'd been booked to play with a band, and had just walked up to a bus-stop and picked us out."

How true. My first encounter with the band in question, Those Helicopters, was at Maidstone Art College a couple of years ago, where they were playing as local support to Fischer-2. They were indeed a motley crew, comprised of freaks, punks, students and just plain Joes — which, at a time when heavy tribalism was rife, was more than welcome.

There were a lot of them, too, and not all appeared too clear about what was going on.

It was as if the limited musical lunacy of an amateur Gong had collided with the spirit of The Mekons. Some songs would go through curious twists and changes, whilst others lasted little more than ten seconds, just little spurts of ideas, curtailed as soon as they'd begun. It was wonderfully chaotic, manic in places, but above all else it was friendly. I loved 'em.

Since then, Those Helicopters have released two singles, 'South Coast Towns' and 'Shark' (with a third, 'Technical Smack', on the way), and stabilised their line-up somewhat. Nowadays they number five: Andy Barndon (drums), Harlan Cockburn (sax/guitar), Steve Maughan (bass), Alan Robinson (voice), and Vince Whitlock (keyboards).

Those Helicopters originally saw the light of day as the equally oddly-named Helicat Scan. But it got changed, as these things will, via reference to a song called 'Helicopter On My Shoulder'. Harlan explains:

"It's a true story of a girl I knew when I did mental hospital work. You could only speak to her through an imaginary parrot on her shoulder. If you said 'Hello, Helen', there'd be no response; but if you said to the parrot 'Could you say hello to Helen?', she'd say 'Hello'. And you could conduct a perfectly rational conversation, as long as everything was addressed through the imaginary parrot. And when Alan was at college, he was just a total wreck — he was going through a very bad time — and I told him that story, and it got changed into a helicopter, for some reason."

MENTAL ILLNESS — or the questioning thereof — plays quite a large part in the band's mythology. Besides 'Helicopter On My



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"The worst band I've ever seen
It's a good job there was nobody
here or you would have been lynched—"

Manager of General Woolfe, Coventry

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Those Helicopters wonder how they can shake off their skinhead following (foreground)

Shoulder', there are also songs about Marc Barnes (former patient of R.D. Laing's) who was encouraged to break down a window rather than receive a partial lobotomy and a Sexual Screamer therapist Arthur Janov — the latter currently being reworked for inclusion on the forthcoming single.

Hartan attributes this concern about "mental states" to personal troubles experienced by the individual members. Steve denies that his songs are oriented thusly; but then, he also fronts a spin-off outfit called The Singing Brains — which seems to support Hartan's contention that Steve's lyrics are concerned with "a certain amount of bent thinking".

Another contributing factor would seem to be Maidstone itself, a town Cockburn describes as "a unique area... like a psychic fault in the earth, or something... Besides the sizeable seedy criminal fraternity centred around Maidstone Prison (the frontage of which appears in *Porridge*), and the large numbers of gypsies who congregate there in the summer for the fruit-picking, Maidstone is home to no fewer than three mental hospitals (including Barming Hospital, probable origin of the epithet "barmy"), and is the epicentre, according to Cockburn, of a remarkable incidence of inbreeding. The combination of these factors in a small, sleepy town can occasionally have a disturbing effect on those outsiders who attend the Art College.

Whatever the reasons, Those Helicopters

are an odd band. Not odd as in bizarre and extrovert, though. There's more of a slightly subdued English eccentricity. As I said before, above all else they're friendly.

Most people will have heard of them — it is all — by way of their version of 'World Without Love' which graced an abysmal compilation of cover-versions which appeared earlier this year. Ironically, it's the worst thing they've done — it was only recorded in the first place because Bonaparte Records would only release 'South Coast Towns' if 'W.W.L.' was on the B-side.

Their second single, 'Shark', was a vast improvement, musically sharper and more jagged, and using film quotes (*Jaws*, *Psycho*, *Don't Look Now*) as metaphors for terror and paranoia. Written by Maughan, the song was "reinterpreted" by the band's de facto lead singer, Alan Robinson. As Maughan explains:

"He reinterpreted it into what is, in effect, a drunken Scotsman that you'd find wandering supermarket, but now he's on a train station bemusing his fate, the way things have just not worked out, and he's left screaming and

Living in a WHIRLWithout LOVE!

jabbering at people, looking for some kind of help, just getting drunk."

I see. 'Technical Smack', the next single, is a much more straightforward affair, composed of headlines from *The Sun*: 'TV Trial Of Torture For The Suffering Fans/Experience in Action With A Technical Smack'.

"It's a tragedy," explains Cockburn, "about somebody being in a garden with a knife, and being coerced out of the garden and being disarmed."

SO NOW you know. For all their strangeness, though, Those Helicopters have had to come to terms with the realities of being "a band". Questions of intent, amateurism and professionalism have reared their heads and taken some of their usual toll. Besides being smaller in number (and consequently less cluttered musically), they're also much better musicians — Maughan, for instance, admits to playing in time nowadays — but the effect of such "improvements" is rarely beneficial, especially where identity and originality are concerned. It's the menopause in any small band's life.

"The quirkiness comes through the lack of the ability to know how to play," says Maughan, "and whether you like it or not,

you're going to end up knowing the fretboard, or whatever, a lot better. Our dilemma was a lot to do with the fact that we couldn't decide whether we should try and be a professional act — trying to keep aspects of the craziness, but with a lot more control.

"For ages, we were caught between two camps. We'd do a gig and realise that we were boring, that we'd lost the life. Now we seem to have come out the other side, but with much of the early excitement still left."

I, for one, hope he's right, for the world would be a lot poorer — and sadder — without bands like Those Helicopters. And who's to say their world-view mightn't have more truth in it than seems to be the case?

As we conclude our chat, the bapped strains of 'Happy Birthday' waft across the park from where a horde of Scotsmen are holding an alfresco birthday celebration. Proof once more that, indeed, there's nowt so queer as folk.

Those Helicopters:
A propelling story
by Capt. ANDY GILL

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THE NME CONSUMERS' GUIDE TO MARC BOLAN

BY PAUL MORLEY

PART TWO: THE RISE AND FALL OF BOLANMANIA



Above & right: "I ain't no square with my corkscrew hair" (and ballet shoes, and absurd striped pants and leopard skin pillbox etc.)

popularity. The imp played innocent and grinned wickedly. 'Hot Love' was a pop classic. In the words of NME, all hell broke loose.

If it was half-accident that Bolan discovered his fans, and was discovered by them, 'Hot Love' was all intent. It was brilliantly, not cruelly, contrived for those new fans unaware of the phrases and riffs it 'borrowed' from. 'Hot Love' was number one for six weeks.

Within months Bolan was Britain's number one rock'n'roll superstar. It began to get hysterical, it began to get statistical, and it was very historical. The average Bolan fan, it was decided, was 14, and it was the first hint that as rock grew up there was a generation gap developing within the culture.

The act of buying a T. Rex record, noted Michael Watts in a *Melody Maker* Special *Souvenir*, was a reaction against the tastes of older brothers and sisters. I didn't notice that at the time. It was just one long fidgety wait for the next single, a rush of feelings when Stuart Henry previewed the now one on his Saturday

morning Radio One show. It was an escape outdoors. At the time it just seemed like nothing else mattered. Elvis Presley established the first generation rock fan, The Beatles the second and Bolan the third — after that it just got in a mess.

IN 1971, Bolan and T. Rex toured twice, inspiring incidents that provoked mainstream and musical press to breathlessly recall the battlefield days of Beatlemania. 'Rextasy' bewitched the headlines, and print accepted its role of shaping legend. 'If you are much over 20,' reported Michael Watts, 'the chances are you won't have brushed with T. Rextasy.' Bolan had simply to trot on stage, in newly acquired, finely glamorous satin and glitter — dandyism coming into its own — and 'the whole place exploded into a riot' (*Weekly News*). The shows immediately shattered the distance Zeppelin and Deep Purple were setting up. They were raving, sensational fantasies. Musically, they were probably dire: Currie and Legend were a plain rhythm section, Finn heartily smashed congas but in floppy hat, tight jeans, long scarfs was merely a secondary visual attraction, and Bolan found it tough to concentrate on guitar as he posed and teased to bursting point and grinned inside out.

The peculiar ritual of mass adulation was at its most acute during a T. Rex show: a mystic devotion focussing on a small boy-girl-man in ballet shoes, sinfully shaking tumbling curls, defiantly incanting simplistic pop poetry over a stumbling rock backing that usually degenerated into an erratic directionless jam. A T. Rex show was supernatural, sham, frightening, fascinating.

A T. Rex show was surprise. There was no pretence from Bolan to mystery or originality: the fans made that bit up. On stage Bolan was necromancer and in a way necrophiliac. It was wish fulfilment; these days I doubt anyone could get away with what was mostly frailty maintained illusion. But Bolan inspired imitation and intense identification (I was a Mickey Finn lookalike). He was both fantasy lover and androgynous icon. 'T. Rex shows tend to give the appearance of a giant puppet show,' said Andrew Weiner, 'Marc Bolan is the living doll.' It was the extension to entertainment that occurs when sex first intrudes, when something seems yours for the first time; pop adulation is a feeble first forming of rebellion and individuality. Bolan exploited these emergent tendencies at a time when things were simple enough for an individual to carry the weight alone. He was the last great solo star. He did more good than harm.

'GET IT ON' followed 'Hot Love' to number one. It was his finest single song, indicating his great talent for permutation and synthesis, his immensely sensitive and selective collaging of Great Moments In Rock. He was ace historian. 'Get It On' was the best possible transformation of Chuck Berry's sense of sex and poetry. It gave him a top ten hit in America — he went after success in America with desperate zeal, but 'Get It On' was his only hit there. Bolan's new conspicuous pop poetry, where sound, rhythm, colour, shape and flow was more important than direct sense, was at its most incisive. The simple fact that Bolan had poetical fancies meant his teenybop language had a glaring and neat allusiveness. Somewhere in there was the loner, a friend. His explicatory pop words made his pre T. Rex lyrics seem gibberish. Cars replaced elfs, fittingly, as a prime source of Bolan symbolism.

'Electric Warrior' confirmed the transition was total and irrevocable. Title and cover were blatant symbols of the metamorphosis. 'Warrior' could have been weaker and still backed up his singles success. As it was, although the music was beginning to matter less and less (when it finally began to matter again, Bolan had lost his grip) Bolan's creative peak certainly coincided with Rex-mania. Star

Continues over



BOLAN WENT electric and it was deemed, astonishingly, that he'd 'sold out'. For wanting to reach young people with vibrant pop music at a time when rock music was sinking into a clandestine mud, Bolan was consistently attacked.

Rock criticism was a young craft but already taking itself incredibly seriously. Bolan's best and most complete music undeniably coincided with his teen success. It wasn't as if during the days of Tyrannosaurus Rex his songs were complex, revealing autobiographical gems. (Bolan was rarely autobiographical, and when he was could hardly bear to take himself seriously) or scintillating insights into the wracked mind of an outsider.

Critics felt — vaguely, but they made it seem like an unforgivable crime — that Bolan's electrifying, popularising and lyrical shift undermined the values of the '60s, that Bolan had ruptured all that was good and wholesome about dropping out and dribbling and whingeing. They must have been frail values if just by bopping into a few million homes with a different form of fantasy Bolan bought a fraught reality crashing in on the hippy do gooders.

Horrified ex-fans poured scorn on Bolan's new fame, felt his electric guitar playing was sacrilege. Critics patronised Bolan for the very things that five years later would be greeted as revolutionary — immediacy, noise, intimacy. The attitude highlighted rock's inherent, insidious snobbery at the time. But Bolan had a ball. I started to buy records, and so did all my friends.

I bought T. Rex singles, they bought Led Zeppelin LP's. (Today I'm still in love with singles and I owe that to Bolan). I was classed a teenybopper. I knew deep down that the frowning LP buyers were boring and, in retrospect, rather a teenybopper than a 'progressive' fan. At the time Zeppelin and the like were 'serious' music, T. Rex was 'trivial'. These standards were obviously flabby. Led Zepp inspired their fans into a lazy narrow mindedness, T. Rex inspired their fans into a curiosity — a Rex fan would end up in Buzzcocks or Positive Noise, a Zepp fan in Def Leppard.

Accused of selling out, Bolan was in fact performing one hell of a service. He proceeded to establish a dialogue between himself and a previously neglected audience, reaffirmed that for better or worse pop music was about mass popularity, stripped away the pointless self-consciousness of progressive rock, brought up to date the communicative properties of rock'n'roll, dragged the balance away from instrumental virtuosity to instrumental effectiveness. He played to thrill, not to irritate.

All this sprouted rapidly from Bolan's simple realisation that he wanted people to hear his music. He'd come to the conclusion that maintaining his cosiness as underground attraction was the real sell out. Not only did Bolan show up how dumb those progressive ideas were becoming, he was also starting something his previous fans — now aging old and set in their ways — were missing. Cruel! No wonder they whined.

Inspirationally, Bolan planned a tour at the same time as 'White Swan' charted (and charted) that stipulated the price of tickets should be no more than 50p. Bolan, pulling the practical idealism out from the collapsing '70s revolution, put his music within the range of teenage pocket money. Curious kids wandered along, many to see their first concert, mixing warily with the hairies, affected by the weirdness of Bolan and Finn. The tour was a sell out. Bolan began to move, he got up off the floor, remembered the things Presley and Richard did to raise the temperature. To kids born in the '60s, this was something new. Young girls began to scream at the pretty, mysterious Bolan and his soft partner.

By sensing that he could offer something that was missing — simple rock excitement, it was so obvious no one noticed — he quickly and shrewdly cashed in on the miraculous success of 'Ride A White Swan', aiming squarely at those teenage girls. T. Rex became a group. Joining up were Steve Currie on bass (leaving in 1976, "I didn't make a fortune, but what price can you put on job satisfaction?") and Bill Legend on drums (leaving in 1973). Mickey Finn was to stay on congas, a weird hangover from those early days, a flamboyant decoration, seen (hard to miss) but rarely heard. (As well as retaining hand percussion, Bolan was for a long while to insert an awkward acoustic section into the rock set, as if he'd been conned by the critics into accepting that this was his 'serious' side.)

Bolan planned another cheap tour, rushed out the follow up whilst 'Swan' was still unsure whether to leave the charts, and had adapted totally. Whilst B-sides 'Woodland Rock' and 'King Of The Mountain Cometh' (14 minutes of music, Bolan boasted, remembering to offer vital value for money) showed what Bolan was doing before he realised the effect he was having, A-side 'Hot Love' was confident, cavorting rock'n'roll, heavier and fuller than 'Swan', a generous echo from a '50s past. It was carefully repetitive, featured a cunning, contagious chorus up to the fade, Bolan's lyrics were unsanctioned crafted in proper sensual and faintly immoral response to his new

Marc gets pointed



Marc gets cocky



Marc gets ruffled



Marc gets Siouxsie



MARC BOLAN

Continued

ratings I've given to Bolan LPs are relative: within rock's general flow you can subtract a star from each rating. But 'Warrior' was and is an enduring pop masterpiece outside the protective T.Rex-effect context. Its strengths — artistic and stylistic — made the jibes of self-out especially stupid. Bolan called it a true beginning. It was the closest he got to his purer dreams. It is his most consistent, rewarding and resourceful LP: all his influences stunningly focussed into one place.

With 'Warrior' Bolan achieved uniqueness. If he had developed away from it in a more open minded manner, he could have achieved the respect and acceptance of those he idolised. But even as Nick Logan's *NME* review was recognising the artfulness of Bolan's pop fusion on 'Electric Warrior', he sensed that Bolan was beginning to trust his own head too much. After 'Electric Warrior' Bolan began to be influenced by his own work. All the songs from then on used the essence of 'Warrior' as 75% of its blueprint. The magic systematically faded.

At the time he was becoming too self-conscious about the extra dimension that made music magical. His ability to talk was being given free reign by a grateful press: he started to relish his role with a slight ruthlessness. "I want a reaction from people even if they think I'm some kind of dreadful little freak," he told *Petticoat* magazine (sales of teeny magazines were tripling thanks to Bolan) "at least it's a reaction. I mean I am my own fantasy. I am the 'Cosmic Dancer' who dances his way out of the womb and into the tomb on my 'Electric Warrior' LP. I'm not frightened to get up there and groove in front of six million people on *Top Of The Pops*. I'm a rock and roll poet man who is just bopping around on the side, I'm not about to jump into the Englebert Humperdinck bag but what I do is what I believe in... the people I've always admired most in this business like Jimi Hendrix and Eric Clapton had the ability to put something extra into their music which gave it an extra dimension. A kind of personal soulfulness that made them unique. Don't misunderstand me because I'm not trying to say that I'm a Clapton or a Hendrix... what I'm saying is that I'm getting through something of my own identity now and even respect for myself as a musician."

With 'Electric Warrior' he achieved that 'extra dimension' without really worrying about it. He then strove to achieve it, and missed the mark. Critics placed him alongside the Osmonds and Cassidy. Bolan placed himself alongside Dylan and Townsend. At best he was somewhere in between, but far too aware of the extremes. In a way he knew too much.

BOLAN'S SUCCESS was his destruction. The whole point of this period was that it was a revelation: by its very nature it couldn't be sustained. But throughout '71 and the first months of '72 Marc Bolan and T. Rex totally dominated the British music scene. Bolan had mastered the new market.

'Jeepster' was pulled off 'Warrior' and was the fourth top 3 hit within a year: during 1971 T. Rex captured three and a half per cent of all the singles market. His contract with Poly came to an end. He was in the best possible position to negotiate a new contract: EMI, who had Bolan through Regal Zonophone, were anxious to re-sign him. With typical shrewdness, looking for independence, Bolan formed his own label T. Rex Wax Company, and leased it to EMI.

The first single on his own label 'Telegram Sam' hinted already that the magic was waning. "If 'Get It On' fed off Chuck Berry," wrote Andrew Weiner, "Telegram Sam" fed

off 'Get It On'. 'T. Sam' was still a superior pop song. During these months Bolan remained a considerable singles craftsman. With the follow up 'Metal Guru' layers of fantasy started to get tangled, Bolan started to slyly parody his role and the unreality. The ramifications of stardom and the pressures of business, things that never occurred in the dream, were starting to suffocate Bolan.

But for now he deftly rode the tidal wave. Weeks before the release of 'Metal Guru' Bolan arranged the first British T. Rex date for six months. (T. Rex actually played few dates during their prime success.) Two performances at Wembley Empire Pool on Saturday March 18th were the pinnacle of Bolan's success, the final confirmation of his startling fame and control.

It was the biggest pop music happening since the mid-'60s. The two concerts were riotous, religious experiences. *NME*, commercial instincts overriding cynical critical pride, went mad. 'Bolan's Triumph', announced the front page of its March 25th issue, 'The incredible concert that changed the face of British rock'. Love him or loathe him, *NME* said, the truth is plain to see. Bolan's time had come. Tony Tyler's review was headlined 'the day that pop came back', and accurately talked not of the music but of Bolan's 'mesmeric' power over his audience, the way his fans imitated him, screamed, surged, adored.

Ringo Starr developed a film out of the Wembley concerts — initially the film was to purely document the T. Rex phenomenon, but finally raw footage of the Wembley concert was set within fragments of spontaneous silliness and Bolan jamming with friends. Critics slammed it for its naivety, summing up the dichotomy between their personal expectations and, in this case, the unpretentious actuality. In his free-talking moments Bolan demanded serious attention: in his sanger moments he understood the falseness and quickness of what he created. 'Born To Boogie' is the most complete and natural film Bolan could have made at that time, when he was trapped by a complex of expectations.

"The film was made purely as a piece of rock'n'roll entertainment. I feel it documents the phenomenon that has been T. Rex through the past year... we made the film strictly for a teenage audience who demand youthful excitement of the cinema — as well as on television and in the theatre — I think the film does that — no more, no less."

Bolan made himself — which set him apart from David Cassidy — and then he lost control — an inevitability that placed him with Cassidy. Bolan's greatest importance was during 1971, '72 and '73. After that he was no longer 'needed'. He was discarded, left behind to deal with the success monster. It ruined him: became a new dead end. 'The Children Of The Revolution', 'Solid Gold Easy Action', 'Twentieth Century Boy', and 'The Groover' led more and more on his own transparent mythology, but still retained enough of the magic to sustain the mania with minimal embarrassment. 'Truck On Tyke' was the end. Bolan claimed it was intentionally bad. He wanted to separate himself from the glam rock strain he had half-invented but now saw splitting at the seams. He needed to show that he too knew that the clamour had died away. 'Tyke' failed to reach the top 10.

REALITY OVERTOOK Bolan's fantasy. He never adapted conclusively. LPs following the 'Electric Warrior' shadow 'Slider' featured an entertainment that became progressively more shallow as time ripped away context. There was no re-direction: the riffs got weaker, the words more expected. He split from Tony Visconti in 1974, severing the last remaining link with an outside musical world. The sound of Bolan's songs noticeably deteriorated. T. Rex as they were known were really no more after '74. Bolan was pure song and dance man. There was nothing of interest in him pumping out LPs of boogie songs — he kept applying



different labels, 'intergalactic psychedelia' or 'teenage funk', but it was all the same — like there was something of interest in a new Iggy or Bowie LP. Bolan's songs were all mirages: there was little sign of any personal struggle. Bolan remained an enigma to all but his closest friends. He put on happy faces. He hid behind the clumsy facade of being 'poet'. He began to drink a lot. In early '75 he suffered a mild heart attack. Earlier, in '74, he had split from his wife June, who he had known since the '60s. "We just grew apart. We couldn't relate anymore, and I was away so much. I guess it's hard being the wife of a rock star. You tend to live in the shadow of someone else. I'm a lunatic anyway. All artists are lunatic."

1974 and 1975 were Bolan's darkest times. It had been up all the way until then. "I was nearly over the edge. I'd had eight nervous breakdowns and gone crazy about five times. You couldn't do what I did and remain sane. I was a near alcoholic for a while. I spent six months in the South of France just sitting in the sun all day and drinking brandy. I put on two stone. I was doing my share of drug taking. I filled up my nose. Drink and drugs are the crutches of the rock world. There's nothing more destructive than being a success in the entertainment industry. It's a killer, no two ways about it."

"At 14 or 15 you get your guitars and start dreaming your dream about becoming the biggest rock star in the world. On the way up people are only too pleased to give you advice, but nobody ever tells you what to do after you've made it. That's when the dream can turn into a nightmare. Once you've had that first big hit that's it: everybody knows you, failure would be an embarrassment so you've got to keep it up. That's how the pressure starts and the more famous and successful you get the greater the pressure gets."

Pride kept him going, and a fear of loss of attention. His self-produced pop had spasmodic freak attraction, but was separated from where rock was developing. In 1973 he had met Gloria Jones, who was singing backing vocals on 'Truck On Tyke', and a year later they were living together. They had a baby in 1975 — Roland Seymour. This gave him a sense of responsibility, he said.

Towards the end of his life he was finding a

certain stability. A tour with The Damned in '77 was the brightest thing he'd done in years. He began to showcase himself as the Godfather Of Punk, and he was not far wrong. The fundamentals of T. Rex were an important influence in shaping punk aesthetic, and the mood and colour of the music. Bolan's influence on new groups was indirect but noticeable. As elder statesman he publicised the Banshees, Boombtown Rats, Jam, Gen X. Damned through a zealous column he dictated for *Record Mirror*. Bolan did in the early '70s what punk did more beneficially in the mid-'70s. He was never labelled a BOF.

He briefly worked for London's *Today* programme, interviewing Stan Lee, John Mayall, Angie Bowie and Keith Moon. And finally there was the *Marc* show: perhaps the beginning of Bolan moving away from T. Rex and a pretence to musical relevance — as a sound and style in '77 T. Rex were perilously close to revivalism. He had been signed to do another series.

On 16th September he died in a car crash in London, just four weeks to the day after the death of Presley, two weeks before his 30th birthday.

There was nothing tidy about Bolan's death. It was no romantic conclusion, it created no instant glamour. It brutally cut him off when he was at last beginning to compromise, seek out attention in new ways. It left behind a jagged legend. A legend wrapped around three mad years.

A piece like this fails to communicate Marc Bolan's quintessential charm, enthusiasm, enchanting arrogance, acceptable conceit. I hope there isn't a Bolan Revival. There was a time when he was needed, but not now. Bolan struggled more than he didn't. But he knew that he was different and he knew he would succeed. He staked everything on that success. And when he was star, typically, he went way over the top. At the time his impact was largely misjudged. He was irrelevant soon afterwards. And these days the T. Rex effect is such a distant, alien thing. But Marc Bolan was the ideal pop idol. For three important years he maintained whatever it was that needed to be maintained with his own special genius. He was never properly thanked for what he did. So...

Thanks

Yes, it's special

The Special Edition Of Close Encounters Of The Third Kind

Directed by Steven Spielberg
Starring Richard Dreyfuss,
Teri Garr, Melinda Dillon and
François Truffaut (Columbia)

MOST directors tend to dismiss their second thoughts about one film in favour of working on another.

Not so the tireless Steven Spielberg who, although committed to making 1941 and now *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, has still found the time to finish *Special Edition*. Suspicions that the project was merely a means of reawakening interest in *Close Encounters* are soon allayed. The changes Spielberg has made are hardly cosmetic, including as they do the insertion of new material, the restoration or deletion of old and extensive re-editing. In short, the director has dramatically restructured his film for the better.

It now appears that Spielberg was most unhappy with *Close Encounters*' centre section, that involving the frenzied demolition of his house and garden by power worker Roy Neary (Richard Dreyfuss) as he built a replica of Devil's Tower, Wyoming in his front room.

Most of these scenes are now gone, their removal long overdue — they seemed unnaturally heavy-handed, verging on the slapstick that would later fatally overwhelm 1941, and only succeeded in reducing the film's opening run to an unhealthy jog.

More importantly their inclusion upset the delicate



CEM time again: "When you wish upon a star..." Richard Dreyfuss takes the cheap day excursion to Utopia.

balance between Spielberg's possibly unwitting surrender to the erratic rhythms of meta-symbolism and the setting in which he chose to let these rhythms wreak their havoc.

At one extreme Spielberg was toying a Jungian line on UFOs, implying that the phenomenon might represent a physical expression of the aspirations of the collective unconscious (UFOs as awesome God substitutes, etc); at the other he was determined to observe the death throes of the American Dream in one particular household in Muncie, Indiana.

Ideally the two themes, both of which hinge on our varying perceptions of the archetypal, should have cogently interlocked, but at times Spielberg's overstated portrayal of Neary's breakdown provoked the opposite effect.

Neary, however, remains a most fascinating case for treatment; he is after all the Dream personified. So guileless, so trusting in the inviolability of his society and country's institutions, he could jump through his TV screen to assume a suitably smalltime but still 'heroic' role in one of the all-American

features that flicker endlessly across it. More interested in model trains than his sons are, Neary is a perpetual innocent — at least until he is suddenly confronted with the knowledge that he is quite unprepared to witness strange and unusual occurrences in the night sky over Indiana. His own close encounter leaves him mentally defenceless. Wish-fulfilment on such a genuinely cosmic scale is one thing, but relaying its effects to an unbelieving wife (Teri Garr) is another. The only level on which Roy and Ronnie can communicate

after he's seen his first UFOs is that of their common experience as American consumers: they compare the alien machines to various shapes and sizes of ice cream cone.

Special Edition increases its angle of attack on the Dream, and so avoids many of the original film's incongruities. It does so mainly by restoring two crucial scenes. In one Neary resigns himself to his kids' vote for an evening's miniature golf over one spent at the cinema seeing Disney's *Pinocchio*, one of the cornerstones of Neary's childhood memories. In the

other Neary and his wife hurl abuse at each other and the watching kids are reduced to angry tears. The Dream is fading fast, but its passing is no longer so whimsically lamented.

Elsewhere Spielberg adds a discovery, this time in Mongolia, as startling as that of Flight 19's Avengers in the Mexican desert, and doubtless as costly to recreate. We also see further footage of the aliens before, inevitably, we're taken inside the mothership itself, at which point the visual pyrotechnics become curiously bathetic.

Spielberg's conception of the mothership's interior as a veritable hive — the scoutships cluster together like hibernating bees — of kaleidoscopic activity is really as superfluous as it's splendid. The sequence doesn't so much, in Spielberg's words, "enhance the work to meet my original vision" as detract from it.

Other alterations do "improve the story's impact". The additions are mostly minor — fragments of dialogue and brief setting shots like that of the mothership's shadow passing over Neary's truck — but all help to clarify previous points of contention and, combined with Spielberg's rigorous editing, lend the film a greater urgency.

The original's most brilliant moments — the animation of the toys in a child's bedroom and his abduction by the aliens — are left almost intact, and sensibly so; the finesse with which the latter of them juxtaposes the child's wonder and his mother's terror remains unsurpassed.

The public meeting of a government UFO commission is now deleted, and along with

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it much of the sense of official indifference that offset *Close Encounters* 'unprecedented' — and utterly unapologetic — optimism about any contact with technologically superior extraterrestrials. It still seems scarcely credible that the US military would acquiesce in such a situation — but then you can simply take Spielberg's ingenuously on this point or leave it, and I'll take it (as a welcome change from the scenarios hysterically propounded by so much 'hard' SF).

Direct comparisons between *Encounters* and *Edison* and *Star Wars* et al are pointless. Spielberg is offering substantial, psychologically sophisticated popular cinema, his peers witless comic-strip spectacles.

Few directors have had or seized the chance to revise one of their films so extensively, but even fewer could have carried it all off so triumphantly.

Angus MacKinnon



Richard Dreyfuss: "Gosh! Thanks awfully much, Angus!"

ON THE BOX!

IS ON PAGE 42



BREAKER MORANT is the latest in a long line of Australian films to have received critical acclaim at international film festivals, most notably at Cannes.

Edward Woodward and Jack Thompson star in Bruce Beresford's *Breaker Morant*, an unflinching indictment of political and military hypocrisy during the Boer War. Harry 'Breaker' Morant remains one of Australia's most contentious folk heroes: "They have to apologise for their bloody war," says Morant. "They're trying to end it now, and they need scapegoats. That's us — we're the scapegoats."

NME and Enterprise Pictures offer *Silver Screen* readers the chance to see *Breaker Morant* at a special preview screening. And it's not a late night do this time, it's at the civilised hour of 7.30pm. Arrive at 7pm and you'll get a glass of the finest Aussie plonk thrust in your hand (its presumption is guaranteed to amuse you).

For your double ticket, merely cut out the above illustration of Barry Kitchenier and send it to **BREAKER MORANT, NME, 5/7 CANNABY ST, LONDON W1**. Don't bother about SAEs — we've got lots.

Harlequin

Directed by Simon Wincer
Starring Robert Powell, David Hemmings and Broderick Crawford (*Hemdale*)

THE IDEA is a good one. A reconstruction of the story of Rasputin in modern America. It substitutes White House intrigue for the fragile decadence of the Russian court.

The pity of it is that *Harlequin* never realises the full potential of the historical simile. Displaying all the characteristics of a rush exploitation, it remains an attractive but undeveloped idea.

Robert Powell plays Gregory Wolfe, a mysterious faith healer who enters the unhappy family triangle of Senator Nick Rast (an indolent portrayal by David Hemmings). Rast's political ambition is matched only by his backer's ability to manipulate him, even to the point of murder, and his marriage is one of convenience: "I'm not so much a wife as a PR job," and so on. They are united only in their concern for their son, Mark, who is dying of leukaemia.

What might have been a neat little thriller is spoiled by a lack of conviction among the actors, a shoddy script and some rather odd editing. What are we to make of a movie that shows a TV screen somewhere in America displaying the BBC2 test card? (Especially as the film was made in Australia.) What should be wreathed in mystery winds up covered in confusion.

Better casting might have helped. Powell is a limited actor and while he doesn't actually trip over the furniture his consumptive attractiveness is no substitute for genuine presence. Possibly mindful of this, the



Harlequin: "Gottle of geer! Gottle of geer!"

director dresses him up in all manner of 'mystical' garb from Jesus robes to diabolical black leather, but even the black nail varnish can't disguise the fact that he's little more than an elegant clotheshorse.

Without the allegorical pretensions, it might at least have been enjoyable nonsense, but even the special effects are disastrously banal. As it stands, it's just plain soppy.

Neil Norman

Rough Cut

Directed by Donald Siegel
Starring Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down and David Niven (*CIC*)

THUS MR Siegel continues on his erratic way, the upswing in this most inconsistent of American directors' artistic fortunes promised by *Escape From Alcatraz* seems to have been short-lived.

Reynolds is the high-living London-based jewel thief, Down the English rose of a kleptomaniac whose father just happens to be "high up in the government", and Niven the elderly Scotland Yard

inspector who suavely blackmails her into attracting our dapper diamond-head's attentions in the hope of finally putting him behind bars. This is known in the trade as casting to type; it is never a very good idea.

Rough Cut's script is dreadful, so dry-rotted it even repeats the prehistoric "something's come up" gag, this delivered down the phone by a Reynolds confronted by the sight of Down removing skirt to reveal expensive lingerie, rear bodyscapes, etc. And after the 'ultimate' and ingeniously elaborate robbery has been planned and carried out in suitably cosmopolitan locations with suitably sophisticated props, then what? The prank's tail is twisted with all the subtlety of someone swinging a cat.

Even Siegel's typically concise and bold treatment of the film's action sequences can't save it. This is enjoyable but hopelessly quaint *We All Love To Love A Dashing Villain* nonsense through and through. *Rough Cut* is cinema by numbers, counting down from one to less than zero.

Angus MacKinnon



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STOP THE TOUR I WANT TO GET OFF

IS IT DESTINATION HEARTACHE FOR JERRY DAMMERS AND THE SPECIAL PATROL?
IS ARRIVING MORE IMPORTANT THAN BEING THERE?

TEXT: CHRIS SALEWICK

IN ST AUSTEL, Cornwall, it is only a few minutes since the pubs have opened for Sunday lunchtime. The red-faced, mustachioed police sergeant and the younger clean-shaven constable who accompanies him stand on a corner of the otherwise deserted High Street, idly contemplating the Coventry City coach that has been co-opted by The Specials for their current UK tour. The coach has pulled up outside the pub to collect support act The Swinging Cats for the journey to Bristol. The Cats have stayed here for the night following the first gig in the town of the 'More Specials' tour. The larger, main Specials party had needed to travel the 20 miles across the Cornish peninsula to Newquay to find a hotel in the area capable of accommodating them.

In keeping with the unconventional tradition of some rock'n'roll acts it is probably the reason an elderly policeman stretched to a stop of nearly an hour.

Leaving on the red plane bar in the mock Tudor lounge is against Rodney Radiation and Specials' organ player and general manager, Jerry Dammers. Dammers' stubble, short hair, his face in shadow in the doorway, his head as he pours bitter down his throat. As his lips curl round the beer glass he reveals the missing front teeth that, with his energetic thicket of curly hair, are the final touch needed to make him look

Standing over by the empty fireplace is the small, neat figure of Rico Rodriguez, the 45-year-old Jamaican ex-branchman who, along with his excellent trumpet playing, seduced Dick Cohill, has worked with the seven musicians in The Specials since the first 2-Tone tour last October. Both hands occupied holding a cup and saucer, the teatotal Rico tips him the coffee and nods his head in the direction of the bar at the bar.

"The Specials," the quiet, calm tones of his Jamaican accent enunciate, "are a vital group, man. Some writers and men like this, y'know, they say that The Specials is stealing reggae or ska music from the black man. But this is just pure foolishness, just pure fakery, these things they say. For when I lived in Jamaica, I played sometimes as part of The Skatalites. And even before The Skatalites were playing together, I was playing this music and was a most loved and respected musician in Jamaica, and never played with the finest musicians there. So would I be playing with the Skatalites if these things that these people say are true? The people that are saying these things are those that themselves deal in the music business way of thinking. They are the ones who are interested in fads and fashions, and by controlling musicians to just exploit them."

"For The Specials are truly a revolutionary group. This 2-Tone way of doing things is fantastic, man. For over 40 years the musicians who are running the music, not the pure money that goes on everywhere before. It is very important this thing that The Specials deal in, and I love to play with them."

"But Jerry, you know?" — he waves his cup in the direction of Dammers, as the organist gulches down several more mouthfuls of coffee. "I had to look after myself, man. I had to look after myself. Otherwise he could cause himself some trouble."

"Two days ago, when we'd just arrived at the hotel to rehearse the set, Dick and I went down on the beach taking photographs by that old wreck. And we didn't find out until yesterday that at that moment there was a major crisis going on in the band, and the tour was very near to being cancelled. "Yash, man, Jerry has to work fantastically hard, making sure everything runs as it should. But he must look after himself."

Over at the bar Jerry Dammers drains the last drops of his pint and walks to the door — the wash gins still fired on his face, like a mask he is willing to allow him to think quietly without anyone noticing.

IN FACT, I had been made aware of the crisis that came close to getting the tour cancelled only a matter of minutes after the drama had taken place.

The Specials party arrived in Cornwall on Thursday evening. Late the next morning the group's arrival from Newquay to St

where the wino is located. The Specials intended to run once through their entire set, a task that he had not been tasked, their two weeks of rehearsal in Coventry having been rendered problematic by a frequently absent Jerry Dammers.

Arriving for the rehearsal at the hotel, however, I discovered that — predictably — the PA had not yet been set up. Most of the group adjourns to the sombre, dark-panelled surroundings of a nearby pub. There, after a pint or two Dammers announces he is returning to the venue. He's asked for a doctor to come

and visit him in the dressing-room. "I'm just not feeling well," he mumbles.

The doctor arrives. Shortly after, all the remaining members of The Specials are ushered out of the pub for an urgent meeting on North Moor. Slightly before 10pm, however, the Horace Gentlemen standing in front of the stage as the PA loudly is erected. "Well," he announces, relieved, "it's all okay. We're going to do the tour, and I'm looking forward to it."

In the Wimpy Bar I find Dammers, caring for his health by digging into a nutritious black Wimpy and chips. "The doctor just said I'm ill from overwork," he announces, duty in a voice weak with weariness. "The other day I thought I had glandular fever. I've had it before and it's really horrible. I know that if I had got it I wouldn't be able to go on the tour. I think I was just trying to think myself into it, though, because I know that if I had got it all I'd be able to do would be just to stay in bed."

BY NOW it should be apparent to even the most nascent of fellows that The Specials/2-Tone Records have done more to expose and educate party racial squabbling in the UK than any number of well-lighted, overtly political organisations. Multi-racial British bands breaking into recently million homes via TOPP is an unknown cult of breakthrough — the subliminal changes that can break are infinitely greater than any number of A&B badges.

And this is in addition to the obvious truths that Rico talks of 2-Tone tearing power from the record business' statisticians and returning it to the people who actually make the music. Though for that Chrysalis have made Jerry Dammers and his crew pay the usual harsh price of progress, as a few sets of figures will show.

There is certainly no doubt in the mind of bassist Sir Horace Gathman that at times over the past year it has seemed as though The Specials must have joined the Big League. "I think it's a huge strain for him coping that has to be in charge of all the quality control of 2-Tone Records and all the hustling that's been necessary for it."

"He's been in a pretty bad state. Though you should ask him about it." "Amnesia," Dammers says, momentarily when I corner him in the hotel bar. "I'm not very good at it at all, really. I hate all that. But it just seemed that no-one else was going to do it."

"Someone in Sounds made me out as being like Young Businessman Of The Year. But I hate all that. I really hate capitalism. 2-Tone is just about music. Anyway, Rick Rogers negotiated the deal with Chrysalis. He was doing it on our behalf, though, and not like some big deal manager. He got just the same percentage as the rest of the group."

In case it seems as though The Specials are cleaning up financially, it's worth pointing out that it was only six months ago that all the band (as) went on a regular wage — £180 a month. Also, though they make £50,000 on this current tour, it was only £10,000 last year.

Measuring far years in Dammers' subconscious, Terry Hall, the dry, deadpan Specials singer who first got into rock through Boy Music and appropriately enough looks like a semi-nude Eddie Jopson, tells how it was. Jerry himself who suddenly realised this was the means of bridging the reggae and punk the group were playing until well after the 1978 Clash On Parade.

"Punk still exists," maintains Hall. "2-Tone was just the logical next step. We never wore black and white overalls, it was just the policemen who used to come dressed like that. When the 'Gangsters' 45 had been out," he says, "we didn't have a B-side, so I suggested we put on the B-side this song."

Dammers confirms this alleged lack of guile. "There was no the B-side this song. I had done a couple of years ago. That was it. And then there were these changes to get out something by Madness and then The Beat. But it's not like we're exactly getting rich from it or anything."

In fact, though The Specials themselves have little about which they can complain concerning the contract Chrysalis gave them for their own recordings, no one apart from Chrysalis seems to have lost a penny from the other 2-Tone recordings. Dammers breaks down what sound like nearly percentages to point out how a large profit has been made. The Specials could end up with £125 each from a single that sold 100,000



Busy doing nothing



Specials ask him they've just seen a ghost



Terry Hall has audience in palm of hand shock



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It sounds like a lousy deal, I say. "Well, it isn't a lousy deal, really. Because it's better than anyone else would give us. No-one else would give us a deal like we wanted. They'd give us — The Specials — a deal, but they wouldn't give 2-Tone one."

"Like I say, I'm not trying to become some sort of big record business mogul or anything like that. It's just there doesn't seem any other way of doing it, that's all."

RHYTHM guitarist Lynval Golding, who moved when he was 13 from his native St Catherine in Jamaica to England, maintains a far greater public presence than Terry Hall's co-singer Neville Staples. Whereas the wheeling, dealing Neville doesn't need no whisky to make him feel frisky and keeps himself very much to himself ("I just stay up in my room and watch my TV and listen to music and do a few exercises"), the lighthearted Lynval is as likely to be found in the hotel bar or down the pub as any of the white musicians in this moderately boozy band.

Lynval, who according to drummer Brad is always "either asleep or laughing", agrees entirely with Rico that in what The Specials are doing there is no Led Zeppelin-like theft of the black man's music. Sitting on a stool in the window of a crowded Newquay harbour pub, Lynval laughs at the suggestion that there might be anything improper in The Specials musical conduct. "Nah, man. You know, me play Specials' records to guys who is the strictest Rastas, and they don't complain. Not one has said to me that we shouldn't be playing this music. They just care about reggae music, not about whether it's black or white people playing it. Just the music, man."

Lynval first began playing the guitar at the age of 18, inspired by Jimi Hendrix. "He gave me the kick to play music." Later, BB King became a greater inspiration. "It really says a lot to me, BB King. I like reggae a lot, y'know, but when I'm at home on my own I listen to blues a lot more. People like George Benson, too; I love their playing."

Lynval is modest when I tell him I've heard that it was he who first truly injected a reggae feeling into the group. "I think I helped with the rhythm and the swing of it. But," he continues, "Jerry was always into it. Jerry was always a real rebel, y'know. Wherever a blues dance was, you'd find Jerry. One of his favourites was always Toots. 'Time Toots' was the first reggae number we ever did."

"When we were on The Clash tour Neville used to start toasting on the mike at the mixing desk — he was really just a part of the road crew then. But when we got to Leeds Jerry had his keyboards in the dressing-room before the gig and he just started playing, and Neville just started singing 'Monkey Man' to it. And then it was in the set from then on."

When Lynval encountered them, Jerry, Horace, and Silverton were already part of the unit that was eventually to become The Specials. "Jerry lived about four doors away from me and I met him in this local called The Pilot. I already knew Silverton. I'd played in this band with him called Pharaoh's Kingdom along with Charley Desmond and H from The Selector. That was when Jerry'd been in The Sissy Stone Soul Band. We all sort of knew each other."

"Anyway, Jerry wasn't working during the day and neither was I so sometimes rather than go home to my dad's I used to just sleep over at his house — he shared this place with Brad, who was working in the Virgin record shop at the time — and that's how we got started, really."

"Also, all of us had played at one time or another with this guy called Ray King who was this sorta Geno Washington-type figure. Jerry's played with him, Neol Davies and H from The Selector, me. People go and sort of serve their apprenticeship with him."

Silverton is often spoken of as a somewhat moody and volatile figure. His reasons for quitting The Specials, however, according to Lynval, were purely fiscal. The Specials had no money coming in, says Lynval, and Silverton had no way of paying the mortgage on his house. Currently, he's working with Desmond and Charley who've just quit The Selector due to a desire to make harder music.

"I tell you something," asserts Lynval in further discussion of these financial matters. "I really respect The Clash because of the way they got so mad with Bernie Rhodes when they learnt we was only getting £25 a night for supporting them. At least they managed to get it doubled, but even so that wasn't enough."

The departure of Silverton and his replacement by Brad apparently left The Specials free to pursue the ska influence that was to draw together the different strands of punk and reggae with which the group, by then managed by Bernie Rhodes, were playing. Lynval: "We wanted to change the tempo for some time, 'cos Bernie'd been saying our sound was much too jumbled up. Bernie gave us some good advice, y'know. Anyway, Jerry'd had the idea for a while of bringing in a kind of bluebeat feel, but Silverton just wouldn't listen."

LIKE MOST of the white members of The Specials, drummer John "Brad" Bradbury, who joined the group shortly before they cut "Gangsters", has a Mod elder brother via whose record collection he was given an intense grounding in '60s soul. As have both Dammers and Sir Horace, the brisk, alert Brad has a Fine Art degree ("I studied art history, but I couldn't hold a conversation about it if I tried"). Unlike those two, however, he didn't pick it up from Lanchester Poly, but from Hull, where he moonlighted from college by drumming in soul-based bands that played the working men's club circuit.

Though Coventry is about as close to London as it is to Wigan Casino, the local kids have for years had a vocabulary littered with arcane terminology like "all-dayers", words that only very recently have made sense in the South. There is a vast acreage of England where, with Northern Soul as its focus point, Mod never went away. When The Specials first appeared on *Top Of The Pops* with "Gangsters" in the mid-summer of last year, their arrival coincided with the half-baked, Southern-based Mod revival, with which the 2-Tone mob fallaciously were linked. Though the now abandoned second-hand Tonic suits were then recent additions to their style, the mood maintained by The Specials had roots as deep as Midlands mine-shafts.

Indeed, not too long ago, Jerry Dammers had an idea that might've rendered Dexy's Midnight Runners quite redundant: "After we'd done 'Gangsters' I didn't really know what we were going to do next. For quite a long time I thought we should just go into this total Northern Soul thing. We were going to have sort of totally changed direction. In the end we didn't, obviously, but that's how 'Sick It To You, JB' ended up on the new album."

It was Brad, who is proud that not even at the end of the '60s did he have long hair, who worked out the arrangement of "Sick It To You, JB" for "More Specials". As The Specials coach travels from London down the M4 to Cornwall, Brad, chain-smoking Benson and Hedges, mentions that though Northern Soul was a powerful force in the Midlands that was nothing compared with how much it meant in Yorkshire or Lancashire: "I remember when I was living in Hull in the mid-'70s, I came across this scooter club that had about 200 members and had been going since 1966. The Northern Soul thing is something that's really totally been ignored by the media, yet it was so-o-o important to kids in the North."

"The mod thing never died out up there because of it. Especially in places like Blackburn and Bradford and Wakefield that didn't have really successful football teams with loads of supporters who'd travel around and see the other team's supporters' styles and become skinheads or whatever."

"Coventry skins, though," his thoughts jump, "were some of the hardest there were. It was only Chelsea and Manchester United who had a heavier reputation."

To his Irish working-class parents, Brad says, he is "eternally grateful for the way they allowed me to have a good education". After he left college he worked for some time in the Virgin record shop in Coventry. It was because of this job that he could build up a substantial reggae collection. "It's funny the way you get burnt at first with buying reggae. At least seventy-five per cent of the stuff I used to buy is really useless."

It is he and Jerry, with whom he shared a house, who have the most aware understanding of reggae amongst the white guys in the group.

Nowadays, Brad worries about what he believes is a growing intemperance.

"I find increasingly these days that I'm abandoning the academic theory approach to things like politics and just living on a much more practical level. Which also worries me in a way, because once my ideas were definitely set and clear and fixed and now they seem to have become very disparate. I think I'm becoming senile, actually," he jokes.

"I find I'm so much more tolerant of things that I shouldn't really tolerate at all. Even of things like racism — I'll hear someone coming out with really the most appalling racist crap, and whereas a few years ago that would've made me see red, now I'll just think 'Oh, well, he thinks like that because...'"

"Mind you," he continues after a moment, "doing this — working in music — totally divorces you really from what life's all about."

"I've even suggested that we knock The Specials on the head for a year and go off and just do different jobs. The others have been talking about having a holiday next year — Jerry's been saying he'd like to have some time just to do some writing — and if they do, I really might think of going and working on a building site for a few weeks. You know why? Because amongst blokes working on sites you really find out what's going on and you don't get any bullshit and you do get real communication. And communication's something governments seem to conspire to prevent. Yet just talking to each other is the only way anything's going to change and those petty boundaries are going to get broken down."

"Everyone knows things have to change — but it can't just occur on a petty national basis — everyone around the world's gotta be aware of what's going on. And on the simplest level that can only happen if we talk to each other."

Horace, too, volunteers that he's contemplating returning for a while to less



UP, UP AND AWAY....

terified employment: after this tour he's planning to do a van driving job with a friend's firm up until Christmas.

It is the whole band, then, and not just Jerry Dammers that is (a) suffering from some form of fatigue, and, more important (b) realising the unreality of their occupation. These psychic problems are no doubt inter-related with the extreme friction within the band evident on their summer Seaside Tour. Then, this fractiousness revealed itself in public with Dammers and Roddy Radiation having an onstage confrontation that came close to blows.

In fact, much of the confusion within The Specials is no more extreme than that experienced by most groups who capture sudden success. Though they often result in fatuous "Band-To-Split..." headlines, a lot of bands indulge in internal feuding a lot of the time. Within many groups there exists — in fact, must exist — the same chemistry as within a family unit, with all the intensities of love and hatred that that implies. And, like most families, groups tend to try and keep their arguments to themselves.

The Specials also share those secret codes and esoteric catch-phrases common to all groups as a vital part of their structure. I have yet to come across a group in which humour is not an essential aspect of their survival.

AS THE group gathers in the Newquay Towers-like lounge of their Newquay hotel, prior to setting out for the St Austell show, Jerry Dammers, perhaps unconsciously aware of the need to diffuse any sense of lingering unease caused by the previous day's histrionics, loudly demands, "Right! I had my nervous breakdown yesterday. Who's turn is it today?"

Prior to the gig, held in an airy, acoustically sound, modern hall, I come across the ridiculously named Roddy Radiation sitting in the dressing-room with his girlfriend. Terry Hall is also accompanied on these early dates by his young lady, a matter that vexes certain other members of the band who incline to the belief that touring is the one time when the band is constantly together and can engage in a nonstop rapport that can only assist their musical advancement. Touring is Men's Business, and not a world for women who should be at home plaiting their hair and making dresses.

Though it's possibly due to insecurity, Roddy comes across as the moody one in the group. But then that does seem to be a psychological failing of most guitar heroes of whatever stature. Roddy wears his guitar slung low, just like Jimmy Page.

As his near-rockabilly visuals suggest, he's more of a rocker than the rest of the band, a big fan of Sun-era Elvis. Like many of the rest of the group, the working men's clubs of Coventry were his musical training-ground. He played in a local punk band, The Dread Rissoles, who worked all round the Midlands. Early in the '70s, though, he played bass to Jerry Dammers' drums.

"Jerry was a terrible drummer! The guitarist was worst, though. I really didn't like him, but he was someone to play with. The trouble is, no-one else liked him, either, so I kept getting beaten up for playing with him."

Radiation is the only other member of The Specials aside from Dammers to have a number solely composed by himself — "Concrete Jungle" — on the first LP. Although on "More Specials" he has two numbers, it is said that much of the peevishness between him and Dammers was down to Roddy's desire for the group to record even more of his songs.

I suspect something of a compromise, then, when he half-moans: "The first 10,000 copies of the album are supposed to contain a single with this rockabilly number I've done, though I've no idea whether it's happening or not." (In fact, it is happening. And the 45 will be in the

first 100,000, not the first 10,000.)

Is he pissed off then, that The Specials haven't used more of his songs?

"Not!" He shakes his head, flushing, almost gritting his teeth. "It's enough just being part of The Specials. It's all for the good of the band."

BEFORE the gig begins Brad is heard to exclaim in amazement at the height of his drum riser. The previous afternoon, at the rehearsal, Dammers had had his Yamaha organ lugged up and placed next to the drum kit. At the time, the gesture seemed suspiciously like wilful eccentricity, an attention-grabbing ploy.

By the third number of the set proper, however, it is apparent that the organ player has no choice; he has been obliged to devise a means of completing the set without being hampered by the youths who, by the third number, swarm Pavlovianly up to fill the stage and prevent the rest of the audience from actually seeing most of the musicians, save the bobbing heads of Terry Hall and Neville Staples.

"If we have to," jokes Dammers later, "we'll just have layers and layers of risers, so we can just retreat upwards all the time."

The blank-faced Hall is superbly efficient at dealing with this problem; if he ever packs in this pop lark he'd make a superb end-of-pier summer season M.C.

"Come on everybody," he admonishes.

"Get off the stage, please. You can all come back on at the end and have a nice little dance." He's on better form the next night at Bristol: "This stage is just our prison. We don't want you to have to become prisoners of the record industry, so please clear the stage."

"Who am I to say they can't come up onstage?" queries Terry afterwards. "Do they say I can't come down into the audience? They've paid the £3. They can do what they like for that as far as I'm concerned."

"They have wrecked the equipment sometimes," he smiles, perhaps enviously. "But it's only equipment, isn't it? That can be replaced. What gets me is the attitudes of some of the people they've got as bouncers."

Containing most of the numbers on the new LP, The Specials' new live set is stunning. The various-disparate elements from which the group has drawn its new songs fit together like a complicated jig-saw puzzle, the music spreading through you softly like honey spilling out of a jar.

The stage is dominated by the ever buoyant

Dammers and his regally positioned, overseeing organ — though in his scarlet tartan suit and cheap spiv's straw hat he appears more like a court jester than a musical monarch. At the front of the stage, though, the visuals are offered mainly by the two vocalists, Terry and Neville Staples, whose onstage antics Pennie Smith compares with those of a pantomime cat.

Neville provides one of the biggest hits of the show with his "Stereotypes" toast, featured on the album but oddly enough not included on the single — it would've made a great Disco 45. In the toast, the hustling Neville hilariously reverses the entire sense of the lyrics in the original song, announcing that he can't be a Stereotype because he's a Stereo Type.

"I did 'Stereotypes' in just one take," laughs Neville, whose personal favourite toaster is Clint Eastwood. "I made it up as I went along. I can't write words down in advance and then read them out — that wouldn't seem very natural to me. So I just did it off the top of me 'ead."

Being a black guy in the Midlands, claims Neville, is "not as heavy as being a black guy in London. You don't get picked up on 'sus' in Coventry."

Coming over to England from Manchester in Jamaica when he was twelve, Neville settled with his parents in Rugby for a while. There he was a sound system operator and a housebreaker. There is not much question that Neville is a bit of a hard case, definitely a rude boy outa jail — he's been inside several times: "I got put in the Young Offenders block in Wormwood Scrubs for doing a Post Office and stealing a car. That was the getaway car — that's why we got caught; it broke down halfway down the street. I was about fourteen or fifteen at the time."

AS THE crowded coach starts to pull up the long incline from the concert hall Jerry Dammers by chance plunks himself down opposite me, sitting upright on a bed-like arrangements that has been created by the conversion of two seats.

Dammers dislikes interviews. In fact, he is said to be in something close to mortal fear of them. Manager Rick Rogers even avoids mentioning that I'm a journalist when he introduces us — Jerry wouldn't sleep for days, he tells me, if he knew he had to do an interview.

Of course, it's impossible for him not to find

out why I'm with the group, and when he does he often politely but deliberately avoids me. On the other hand, he politely but deliberately avoids a lot of people. On the coach journey down to Cornwall, for instance, he can be found for much of the time staring blankly into space, an expression of determined remoteness about him that dissuades outsiders from invading his space.

There are other occasions, though, when we accidentally find ourselves slipping into a rapport. This coach ride is one of them. After a while the coach comes to a halt to let The Swinging Cats get off at their hotel.

"Shall we move up to the back now," says the girl who's with him. "No, I'm doing my interview!" Jerry replies, like a child aware of how well it is behaving. Obviously he has made the decision to talk to me for the whole of the 40-minute journey.

In his flat, doomy voice Jerry speaks quickly, the words sliding out of the gap between his upper teeth in short, thick slabs, like chocolate out of a machine. Dammers, of course, is the man who has taken the current rock star requisite of dental decay to its most extreme form. Until, in fact, it has become closer to the Sly Dunbar totally toothless look. But of course — 2-Tone Teeth, the oral manifestation of racial harmony.

Most of his front upper teeth went, he says, when as a kid he fell off his bike in Coventry. The others were lost "when someone pushed a glass into me face in a pub about four years ago."

"It was dead funny: when I fell off me bike I crawled into this house all covered in blood and I rang me mum. She sounded dead shocked and horrified, but her voice sounded a bit odd... then I realised I'd dialled the wrong number."

Jerry Dammers was born in India, the youngest of four children. He has two sisters and one brother. His clergyman father brought the family back to England when Jerry was two. First they lived in Sheffield and then in Coventry. His parents now live in Bristol, and his mum comes to the show there.

"They do seem to have this tendency to turn out... young 'uns," says Jerry of the clergy and their relationship with their children, though he himself seems the most unconventional of the Rev Dammers' offspring — his brother's a doctor, whilst the two sisters are both social workers.

As a child Jerry had piano lessons forced on him by his parents, though these were abandoned before he reached his teens. "My Generation" by The Who was the first rock'n'roll record that made any large impression on Jerry, and his fondness for that band was soon equaled by a similarly strong love of The Rolling Stones and The Small Faces.

The first ska record Jerry got into was his brother's copy of Prince Buster's Greatest Hits. "The first real reggae record I got into was just some Greatest Hits thing, too. It had a silver cover."

"The first soul record I really got hold of was this Tamla Motown Chartbusters album. That had a silver cover, too."

I'd heard that the Walt Jabsco 2-Tone man was based on the picture of Peter Tosh on "The Wailin' Wailers", a Studio One LP on which Marley and Co are backed by The Skatalites. This conjured up such a picture of rigorous musical accuracy that I just have to ask Jerry about it.

"Yeah, I think it's that album," he smiles with coy naughtiness. "Though it wasn't exactly taken straight from the record. It was from a photograph of the record cover... in the NAME..." his voice tails off.

When he was thirteen he became a mod — "a mini-mod, actually". At the time he was at the local grammar school in Coventry. "That

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OLD LADIES ARE EATEN BY SEAGULLS



echo and the bunnymen - on tour

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the sound



echo and the bunnymen autumn tour 1980

september

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Tue 30 The Berkeley, 15 Queen's Road, Clifton, Bristol

october

- Wed 1 Cornwall House, University of Exeter, Devonshire House, Exeter
Thu 2 The Troubadour, The Precinct, Port Talbot
Fri 3 The Cedar Ballroom, Constitution Hill, Birmingham
Sat 4 Manchester University, Oxford Road, Manchester 13
Sun 5 F. Club at Brannigans, Call Lane, Leeds
Mon 6 Romeo & Juliets, Collyear Street, Derby
Tue 7 Dance Hall, Essex University, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester
Wed 8 K Block, University of East Anglia, Fifer Lane, Norwich
Thu 9 Limit Club, 70/82 West Street, Sheffield
Fri 10 The Penthouse, St Nicholas Street, Scarborough
Sat 11 Pathfoot Hall, Stirling University, Stirling
Sun 12 Valentines, Leamington Gate, Edinburgh
Tue 14 Coventry Polytechnic
Wed 15 St Albans City Hall, Civic Centre, St Albans
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the album

crocodiles

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wea



Ever wish you were differently informed?

Where Is The Other News?
(Minority Press Group £1.25)

THE RADICAL/alternative/independent press in this country has, for many years now, gone largely unmentioned. The growth of independent record companies, fanzines and the like have garnered press coverage but the emergence of the underground press — *IT, Oz, Friend, Ink* — was the last time that alternative magazines were given the limelight as a cultural phenomenon.

Where Is The Other News? summarises a decade of practical experience and suggests new directions. By way of definition, the authors describe these magazines as "arguing for a change within the established institutions of society, attacking the status quo, examining alternative ways of living and thinking, collecting and publishing information that rarely sees the light of day in the established media".

The authors collect together in a readable and understandable form valuable information on the structure of the magazine publishing business in England. The crux of the matter lies in distribution; as they put it, all magazines are distributed but some magazines are distributed more than others.

Distribution in this country is controlled by the Big Three — W. H. Smiths, John Menzies and, to a lesser extent, Surridge Dawson — who between them control 69% of the market in England and an even higher percentage in Scotland.

On the retail side, independent newsagents are disappearing fast, taken over by large retail chains. Here again Smiths and Menzies are a controlling factor, not in terms of the number of branches they own, but in the prime positions they hold — stations, airports, high street.

On the publishing side, twelve large publishing firms control 70% of the market. IPC is the market leader, publishing 72 consumer magazines and 111 trade journals. This, of course, includes *New Musical Express*, which is Number 23 on the best-selling charts.

Against this monolithic backdrop, alternative magazines struggle to gain a foothold.

Another factor working against the alternatives is the libel laws, which can be used against not only the publisher but also the printer, distributor, wholesaler and individual retailer. This encourages a conservatism within the trade and Smiths, obsessed as they are with their family image, use it more than most to keep their shelves stocked with bland, consumerist fodder while refusing to take *Private Eye*. They have dropped many issues of *Time Out* in the past and, of course, *Gay News*, while new magazines are given a cursory trial and then quickly dispatched to the return dump.

One answer is to set up an alternative system. *Private Eye* now sell 16,000 copies through their own set-up but remain an exception. Due to the spread of radical and community bookshops, it has now been possible to set up a small alternative system — PDC (Publications Distribution Cooperative) which has managed to survive, albeit on a limited scale.

Another possibility the booklet explores is to push for the system introduced in France in 1947, when it became mandatory for commercial magazine distributors to take on all magazines, no matter what their politics or circulation.

This booklet is essential reading for anyone already publishing alternative magazines and for young writers and artists keen to gain experience in publishing but who find it difficult to break into the established media. It might also be hoped that independent record companies will see that their compatriots in the print world are up against the same problems they face and new alliances formed.

Dick Tracey

Copies from The Minority Press Group, 39 Pollock Street, London N1 3DG. Tel: (01) 437 8954.
Future issues of NME will contain reviews of the most interesting alternative magazines and papers. If you publish one, send details and copies to 'Print' Dept at NME editorial.

Giving up hope on dope

High Times Encyclopedia Of Recreational Drugs
(Angus & Robertson £6.95)

THE COYLY titled *High Times Encyclopedia Of Recreational Drugs* is a coffee table anecdotal account of the history of drug-taking.

The illegality of its subject-matter affords it a glamour reinforced by the gilt veneer of intellectual sophistication suggested by its slick packaging, while phrases like "in the opinion of scholars" and "the lavish, esoteric illustrations that litter the book lend it a spurious sense of authority."

The legal disclaimer, however, hardly gains a mention, which immediately puts the book's credibility into a nosedive as booze is by far the most widely used "recreational" drug.

The purpose and flavour of the "Encyclopedia" is stressed in the introduction: "The most articulate and sophisticated the consumer's demands, the more responsible the supply will be. We're all in this together."

I hope this ill-defined "all" includes the exploited South American Indians who harvest the cocaine crop, and the Mafia, who increasingly control the North American drug trade.

There is, of course, no mention that most of the substances whose names pepper this book of "interior exploration" eventually turn your brain to mush. Nor, perhaps because of the drug-union machismo that steers away from any mention of it, is there any

discussion of the purgatory of paranoia that is a sizeable side-product of most prolonged drug consumption. There is a simple reason for this paranoia — the drug intake has poisoned your body and therefore your brain.

Until the paranoia sets in, when it is generally offset by further consumption of the drug of your choice, most drugs foster a feeling of garrulousness, the same often inane verbosity upon which the compilers of this book, crammed full of the drug culture equivalent of useless cocktail party information, are depending for their sales.

All the hoary old myths are trotted out, including the offensive nonsense that cocaine isn't even psychologically addictive; in fact, long-term coke abuse brings about a mammoth depression that not even further quantities of cocaine will alleviate.

It's a symptom of the hypocrisy of this book that little mention is made of heroin. A consideration of the evil heroin epidemic could have proved fruitful. But, then, *High Times* people probably wouldn't want to damage sales by pointing out that some of this stuff they're leading can actually kill you: it is an unfortunate fact that too much cocaine can give you a heart attack, and there's always the Richard Pryor spontaneous combustion angle.

Among drug abusers one of the most



Above, US anti-drug cartoon 1935. In colour ('Oz special'): Xochipilli, Aztec 'prince of flowers' and mushroom deity, with harvest festival offerings, palioocyte. All from the *High Times Encyclopedia*.

popular lines is that not only does a drug do you no harm but that it is positively good for you. Hence, people who sniff cocaine will provide you with the weary bullshit that a quick snort really cleans out your sinuses — which, unless this cleansing process is achieved via the Vim with the coke is probably out, is about as plausible as boozers claiming that beer really washes out your liver and kidneys because it makes you piss a lot.

Many dope-smokers I know have recently given up self-justification and no longer claim they can cut out cannabis any time they want. Instead, they admit — even with pride — to being hooked on what they now feel is a

physically addictive drug. Predictably, too, the book fails to expose the folly of legally prescribed tranquillisers on which a large percentage of western society is hooked.

It seems worth mentioning, incidentally, that even *High Times* magazine itself has come to comprehend, even if from no unfashionable moral standpoint, that its format of titillating druggery is one big bore, and has decided to feature broader subject-matter.

It should also be pointed out that a year or so ago *High Times* founder Tom Forcade solved a massive drug-induced depression by blowing out his brains.

Chris Selewick

Reader's Digest

By Ian Penman

THAT odd little *High Times* "Encyclopedia Of Recreational Drugs" is a bit of a mess, with these never less than amusing little "essays" on a wide range of topics, from the history of the drug trade to the effects of various substances.

Not, in fact, a bad model for my personal mailbag, but *High Times* Number 1567 (1981) bearing witness to the

character of a certain Gabriel Harvey. This is a bit of an exaggeration, but only a small number of the magazine's listings located in the book of contents (p. 104, 95p) compiled by Nancy McVie.

I would gladly have submitted a few choice NME cheques had I been asked, but no matter — there are enough slights in this slight tome to occupy anyone stranded between issues of *Private Eye*. Too many for our little column to even consider a selective quotation. Essential reading for the cynic — in short, for every astute young lad waiting on the VFLCQ — most of a career in journalism.

How out of keeping — I hear

all good *High Times* members chirp — for *Reader's Digest* to commence with a recommendation. Shall we just pray together that the predictable automatic literary beastie may grant the bookworm a more agreeable ratio of palatable fare than of page? But a mean creature is the Publisher! You'd think that an influential volume such as this would be now have received, by the way, something like *Disco Nation's* vital and haunting new collection of "the most bizarre hotel lobbies in America" (*Observations*, Reader & Son, £5.50). *Disco Nation* is a bit of a book of cheap rotten baubles such as *Genesis: I Know What I Like* (Slidewick & Jackson, £7.95) by some obscure Continental architect called Armando Gallo, and the equally twinning pre-Mackinnon *Marathon Bowles: In His Own Words* (linguistic note: as everyone since Saussure has accurately demonstrated, no words can be said to be one's "own") which was compiled by Miles — who seems to do a bit of the kind of "work" — and is published by Omnibus at £2.95.

I started more

sympathetically on The "Q" Annual (Penguin, £1.75) by Spike Milligan. But was not surprised to discover that the erratic clown's brand of predominantly visual farce doesn't transfer well onto the page. Virtually the same can be said of "poet" Steve Turner's blank empiricist generalizations about the Human Condition in *Nice and Neat* (Razor, £3.95). His Art-artless pseudo-verse lacks the slightest technical surprise and is for the most part radically meaningless. Take as typical this "piece" called *History Lesson*: "History repeats itself. Has to. No-one listens. 'Still, the twice economical R.D. Leing-style appropriation of 'crises', 'issues' and 'dialogues' has its market. Some day I intend buying it, to re-develop as a zoo."

I'm none too sure if *Disco Dressing* (Prentice Hall, £3.95) — which sounds like the latest Slimmer's Aid salad goo — by Leonard McGill has much of a market left in what the lofty tell us are times of thrift and unwashed windows. It's one of those "work" — and is published by Omnibus at £2.95.

book" before realising that no-one I know except my Mum has such a thing as a "coffee table" — and she doesn't allow cups of coffee on it, never mind hideous artefacts like *Disco Dressing* that are great to own but hard to buy.

Maybe I should ditch my current work-in-progress "project" — the encyclopedic *Maths Drinking*, a memoir — and "compile" some of the most awful examples of the compilation genre, making sure I sell it to a reputable enough publishing house in time for Xmas (*Rejection Slips, Broader & Shoddy*, £42.95).



Schepp, of the Brooklyn Empire Roller-drome Show Stoppers, from "Disco Dressing".

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MADNESS

Absolutely (Stiff)

ALL ABOARD the last train for Besh Street. The second Madness album, 'Absolutely', has them all lined up and locomoting over 14 tracks, straight past skaville, via vaudeville, and plump into the front seats of the Saturday morning one and nines. Which, as it turns out, is not a bad place to be. This LP is all the fun you're prepared to let it be.

'Baggy Trousers' you'll already know, and it's by no means a jokey one off, not in any way at odds with the feel of this record overall. As a refinement of 'One Step Beyond's' coarse, good humoured blustering, 'Absolutely' sees the band even deeper into the territory of allround family favouritism. They're almost a cartoon sometimes, ideal for children's parties: your seven nutty uncles, the skanking prenksters, playacting japes, so reassuring. But above all, they provide traditional English entertainment at its simplest and the nation takes them to its heart for that reason. What people like about Madness is sanity; daft lads, but a good turn. Safe and Nice.

Although several of the songs here are, on the lyrical evidence at least, quite serious in outlook, the total impression that's carried by the manic music hell sks, by Suggs' flat staccato Cockney and Chas Smash's crazed interruptions, and reinforced by the tomfoolery of the cover art, is one of endearing lunacy. The whole show rough n' tumbles from start to end, a complete shambles that somehow always comes up just right. The results are thoroughly refreshing. There's always got to be room for a bit of nonsense.

Now obviously Madness have got their limitations. For example, they're not heavy duty songwriters — either in their words, which are often awkward and clumsy, or in their music, which isn't generally memorable if separated from the overall sound, the heavy monster sound. On the other hand, there's more fine musicianship involved than many might suspect, chiefly in the form of Mike Barson's keyboard contributions which, in several places, are superb. Lyrically, too, there's a wealth of observation that catches the tiny detail of modern life very effectively, even if the band rarely develop anything to a conclusion. By illustration there's a track called 'E.R.N.I.E.' about the spirit of wistful thinking that holds most of us in its grip — 'a thousand winners every week', and also a million losers. The point might not clear, but the portrait is spot on.

More than anything else, though, it's dance music, pure and simple, and on that level all resistance is futile. In this objective the group are once again assisted by the expert production of Langer and Winstanley, the same team who turned 'One Step Beyond' into a more successful piece of work than the debuts of Madness' arguably more substantial 2-Tone rivals.

Ultimately, there's not a lot more to Madness than meets the eye... but that's no disgrace. For me, this music's as valuable as anything else around.

Paul Du Noyer

THE PLASTIC PEOPLE OF THE UNIVERSE

Egon Bondy's Happy Hearts Club Banned (SCOP)

Passion Play (Bozi Mlyn)
THE RECENT correspondent to *Glasnost* who used Czechoslovakia's Plastic People as a stick with which to beat *NME's* supposed ignorance of domestic repression was himself guilty of the sin of viewing them in purely political terms, and ignoring their musical worth. Like poor Blair Peach, The Plastic People are in danger of becoming little more than a badge, a symbol of radical chic, whereas the truth of the matter is that their troubles were incurred largely as a result of the music they chose to make.

These two albums, put together in France and Canada from Czech recordings, serve to show why.

'Egon Bondy's Happy Hearts Club Banned', the earlier of the two, was recorded in 1973/4 on simple, largely home-made equipment, and features the earthy poetry of unpublished Czech writer Egon Bondy set to music by the Plastic People. Bondy's poems deal with the soft, occasionally banal underbelly of existence — things like constipation and drunkenness — and sometimes touch the exposed nerve of truth with sharp acuity, as on '20': 'Today when one is twenty/he would vomit with repulsion/But those of forty even more/Would puke in sheer revelation/Only those of sixty have it easier/They sleep in peace with their amnesia'.

Musically, both here and on 'Passion Play', The Plastic People inhabit the place where deep Zappa influences (especially 'Absolutely Free', from whence they take their name) meet the distinctively European avant-rockers, most notably Magma and Faust. This isn't to say they've been influenced by, or even heard, these groups; just that there is a specifically European feel —

an awareness of native folk culture and historical/musical traditions, perhaps? — which separates such groups from the hermetic, technically-obsessive cultural vacuum in which Zappa works.

On 'EBHHC', Bondy's poems are set to fairly complex constructions approached in a fittingly rude manner. Free jazz sax blows and relentless electric piano and violin riffing predominate, especially on the magnificent, Magmaesque 'Magic Nights'. The Zappa influence occasionally pokes through a little ostentatiously in the guitar playing, but this is no bad thing considering when it was recorded.

The album includes a 60-page booklet, *The Merry Ghetto*, composed of info, history, polemics and photos from the Czech underground, which, amongst other things, explains the precise circumstances surrounding the group's suppression and eventual jailing.

A revealing comparison can thus be made between the very real artistry of the record itself and the official verdict on the band (courtesy *Rude Pravo*, the Party organ):

"These 'musicians' could not pass muster before a commission of the Prague Cultural Centre, which is authorized on the basis of an audition to test artistic quality to issue licenses. It is difficult to call shrieking, banging and unimaginable yelling music."

No comment needed, I think...

'Passion Play', recorded in 1978 with a slightly different line-up (some of the original members were still in jail, and the band was expanded to cope with the new project), is a more self-consciously "serious" work, and slightly less satisfying as a result.

As the title suggests, it's a musical setting of the Easter story, and comes complete with libretto in both Czech and English. The Easter story, I'd imagine, would have far greater significance for East European dissidents



Pic: Pennie Smith

ALBUMS

(especially those affected by the quasi-religious hippy upsurge of the late '60s) than for comfortable Westerners, and it's in this light that staunch atheists like myself should view the album.

'Passion Play' uses saxes, bowed strings, bass, electric piano, and a wide variety of percussion in differing textural combinations; generally, the pieces are built up from repeated motifs, with little unnecessary variation, in a kind of organic development.

This is at its best on 'Sermon On The Mount', where simple electric piano and sibilant percussion provide a strikingly effective backdrop for the declamatory vocal style. The technique comes closest to conventional rock (or rather rock-jazz) on side two's lengthy 'Father, Father'. But not too close, thankfully.

It's apparent from these two albums that The Plastic People were/are no ordinary rock group; if that were the case, they would have made no ripples on the smooth surface of the State. What we have here is a combination of artistry, quality and integrity rarely encountered — even today — in Western rock music, and all the more astonishing for its location.

Don't buy these albums because their makers are oppressed; buy them because they're exciting, challenging music. Really.

Andy Gill



"There's not a lot more to Madness than meets the feet... but that's no disgrace."

"Don't buy these albums because their makers are oppressed, buy them because they're exciting."

Switch to Mitchell — and make it live

JONI MITCHELL
Shadows and Light
(Asylum)

LIKE A *Rolling Stone* picnic or something more in touch with these headachey contemporary days?

'Shadows and Light' is, like 1975's 'Miles of Aisles', a double live album slide show — sliding from past to present, sketching evolution and revolutions, travels and emotions. In the five years separating 'Miles' from 'Shadows' the mercurial all American (or Canadian) girl has moved on, sometimes drastically, progressed through four albums and an array of metaphors. She hasn't worked a way forward in the backward, somnambulist manner of some old peers who also started their 'trip' in the '60s; 'Shadows' ends with 'Woodstock' — but it isn't a spot she has returned to in order to settle down.

Mitchell, I'd say, can be precisely set against such

tired old troupers as Dylan and Young — the former has well and truly settled down in the right-eous heart of today's middle America as a sold-again Christian Soldier, and Neil is the same ol' rock'n'roll conservative, rusty as all get out.

Where the boys' muse has snuzzed off in some tattered and homely hammock, gently rocking out a limited series of pat phrases — by now all but meaningless through repetition and reputation — Ms. Mitchell has expanded all her ranges, often to excess. In the more disciplined and de-luxe Mitchell catalogue we find contradictions and movements stolen from a number of genres, from Torchy to more archaeological avenues — *recherche du vamps perdu!* She's in love with certain subjects, and it's not at all true that the favourite one is herself. America and Love are the primary mythological reservoirs — and Travel links them, land in land: States of

mind. There's seldom heard the maudlin self-inspection so rightly associated with the singer-songwriter club.

Pull down the blinds. 'Shadows and Light' is — with the exception of 'Woodstock' and a frothy 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love?' — a list of the last five years, overlapping 'Miles of Aisles'

through the inclusion of one song from 'Court and Spark' ('Free Man In Paris'): after that, we get three from 'Hissing of Summer Lawns', five from 'Hejira', one from 'Don Juan's Reckless Daughter' and three from last year's 'Mingus'.

So it's onto the perennial ponderable: what joy — bar

the fan-atic's — in a two record live set? If this is a 'documentary' should we edit out all the drifting and skidding? Sometimes, is probably the answer. 'Shadows and Light' is sometimes lazy. No matter how 'tight' a musician is, how necessary is it to solo (for along)? God made little

green ECM labels for those kinds of things.

There are points where the skid and drift is irresistible. Where Mitchell's vocal changes course — off cue — and takes the long way round a phrase, letting technical control over phrasing slip up on a moment. The same thing — improvisation kept under control — can be said of the musicians she employed, who were Jaco Pastorius (bass — the best he's played for a while and no solo!), Don Alias (drums), Pat Metheny (guitar), Lyle Mays (keyboards) and Michael Brecker (sax).

There are points where they don't steer so clearly — where 'Black Crow' dives into 'Don's Solo' (sic) and 'Amelia' bumps into Pat's, for instance. I could really have done without sides Three and Four entirely as it happens — but then, I'm just a borderline case: my heart only goes as far out to the jazzy blonde in her.

'Shadows and Light' is a trail of clues, a blaze of sights seen, an on-the-road exhibition of her favourite(?) bits and pieces. She keeps on being busy, she's pretty pithy, she's often louey. But more like a strolling player than a rolling stone.

'Shadows and Light' is Mitchell for memory. Blonde or blind spots.

Ian Penman

SUICIDE ROMEO
Pictures (Ze/Island)
DAVITT SIGERSON
Davitt Sigerson (Ze/Island)

A PRETTY risqué sensual line and fey grey mood — neither predicate intended pejoratively — typify the vernacular of Ze clientele. Like, a shot in the commercial dark — label noir — that's provoked some of my favourite songs. Ze markets all kinds of things but is based on a sum of, like, like minds: Cristina, Creole

and the Coconut, Chance, Lunch, Suicide (the first three cross-pollinate via the rhythm genius August Darnell — a kind of evil Glenn Miller). Obviously a New York franchise. So far I've thrilled to the off-beat output — and even Chance could (yet) be a fine thing.

Ze — a lazy blonde's label. I wish Grace Jones was on it — it would suit her to a Ze! Think: like a talkover lark... Very supercritical. Very well, on to Suicide Romeo. They're a French export pronounced

— choking sound — Suey Seed Rhaumeo. 'Pictures' was produced by Alex Sadkin, who co-produced the current Grace Jones face. So much for a good start — that's all there is. Apart from a lot of French.

Heck, I'm a pushover for the tongue — *Parole d'amour* — but not when it's twisted around an intellectually anorexic abundance of 'modern' imagery. I develop a psychosomatic twitch every time I hear titles like 'Grey', 'Vision', 'Snapshot' and

'Modern Romance'. It's idiotic in any dialect. Two a Side Romeo — a surprisingly ordinary acquisition for Ze.

Davitt Sigerson doesn't really deserve the company Ze keeps, either. The gadfly Sigerson has previously confined himself to writing around the fringes of a certain lifestyle. I honestly expected something more substantial as have enjoyed his modern soul reviews (mainly *Black Music*) no end in the past. Something more a la Grace Jones, seeing as how Sigerson (no jokes about

taking him to court to 'ave a davvit) favours the Chic/Sevannah Band style of things. His album is plainly rock, stubbornly ordinary...

Like Suicide Romeo he employs some bloody gruesome guitars (I put on my welders goggles when being subjected to such muck playing) — squarely aimed at the middle of the adult market. But no, he is not Bob Seger nor was meant to be. Merely an attendant fan, one that will do to drop a name, throw a shape or two. Full of high life sentences

I 'She was the toughest of the disco queens / Freaking out in her designer jeans.' 'I if a bit crude' ('Two months of boredom and a quick release.' 'I at times, indeed, almost scurrious a la Waits' ('Why are you so sexy when you're dirty? / Why do you prefer me from behind?'), almost, at times, the Fool of Tim Buckley. But not quite. Still, it took Grace Jones a while to lose control.

Oh well. Change that temporarily, to: Ze(e) — a modern(e) label.

Ian Penman



Picture by Norman Seelf. Hair and dress designer unknown.

DR FEELGOOD

NEW ALBUM A CASE OF THE SHAKES

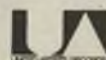
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SEPT 19TH WINDSOR GARDENS MALVERN
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SEPT 21ST KING GEORGE'S HALL BLACKBURN
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SEPT 23RD HAMMERSMITH PALAIS LONDON
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SEPT 25TH THE PIT ROCK NOTTINGHAM
SEPT 26TH WITHERNSEA GRAND PAVILION MULL
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DEAD KENNEDYS
Fresh Fruit For Rotting
Vegetables (Cherry Red)
UK SUBS
Crash Course (Gem)

SOME surface similarity, but really a (new) world apart. 'Crash Course', quite probably the most depressing live record it's been my misfortune to encounter, epitomises sullen defeat: a non-stop barrage of lowest common denominator ramaladolequeues desperately trying to drag listeners down into its hole. Which is some clue as to the appeal of what's known euphemistically as "real punk": the sound of anger clubbed into submission, and celebrating the fact in anthems of acquiescence. Just like the HM hordes of Reading.

That's really all there is to say about this album. An object lesson in petulant primitivism. You want the facts? Ten tracks a side, dreadfully recorded, the occasional bit of swearing... oh, yeah, there's a free 12" EP with another four tracks (a free straw for the sturdiest of camels). 'Crash Course' is just dull, completely devoid of threats — be they social, political or musical. But then, real punk means never having to say anything at all.

Compared to the UK Subs, the Dead Kennedys could hardly come across as anything but smarter, both musically and intellectually. Their intentions are to do for American youth-culture sign-systems what The Clash did for the British equivalent; their targets are consequently

based more on inaction than inadequacy. Which is to say that whilst their British counterparts are still infatuated with problems that result from economic depression, the Dead Kennedys rail constantly against young middle-class complacency, and would probably welcome economic collapse as a stiff kick in the wallet of self-satisfied WASPs. There's quite a lot of humour in their songs, and much (satiric) adoption of the opposite viewpoint, as on 'California Uber Alles', though over-use tends to render the device ineffective.

The major part of the album's taken up with a series of fantasised scenarios of revenge on the American



Kennedys pic: Chris Walter

SPOT THE



Subs pic: Paul Cox

DIFFERENCE

Study these two pictures carefully. At first sight they may seem identical, but there are at least twelve small but significant differences between them. If you can't spot them yet, read on...

Vegas', oppositely enough.

But, despite their grasp of dynamics and their highly-ordered arrangements, there's really only one track here which makes effective use of their mannerisms and devices, and that's 'Holiday In Cambodia', already available in single form, and probably the biggest (musical) reason for this album's presence in the charts. The UK charts, that is: as ever, the arrows are hitting targets well wide of their mark — if, indeed, the arrows are anything more than little barbs of punky vaudeville.

Impotence, anyone? Andy Gill

Dream, 'Chemical Warfare', for instance, deals with the dropping of mustard gas on country-clubbers and their ilk, whilst titles like 'Let's Lynch

The Landlord' and 'Stealing Peoples' Mail' are blatantly self-explanatory. The album closes with an ironic run-through of 'Viva Les

THE WILD, THE INNOCENT AND THE TEX-MEX SHUFFLE



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IMPORTS

by Fred Dellar

AN ORGAN left over from the last Johnny and The Hurricanes tour; an echoed drum that envelopes to become part of an instrumental all; guitarists who hastily swap Edmunds-licks and then melt; vocal sounds which surf on sheep dip.

Again it's the call of East Sydney and, in particular, *Mental As Anything*. 'Espresso Bongo' (Regular), the band's second album, is much in the mould of 'Mental As Anything Get Wet', which Virgin wisely, if unprofitably, bestowed upon this beleaguered isle a few months ago. Once more there are melodies that just edge out of being merely catchy, while the lyrics are pithy creations, hardly caring if they rhyme or mean more than a few seconds of two-up. The most profound are probably Reg Mombassa's, echoing such sentiments as "No desire to die in an Asian swamp/Where there are no proper toilets", or theorising "If I was to know you through an exhaust pipe, Diesel funnel ventilation duct/Would I gain, by magic, some of the power of such a beautiful truck?" Instrumentally, things are equally naïve and wonderful. One simple sound follows another — but with *Mental* the simple things are merged to become multi-faceted structures, able to appeal to those merely surface skimming or others employing infra-red. *Mental As Anything*? Crazy, like foxes.

In another far-flung outpost of the Commonwealth, MacLean and MacLean have been holding the fort. Or rather, filling the jails. For, in their native Canada, the duo have been busted countless times — despite offering to provide concerts for the deaf, which they consider equates pretty well with Keef's concert-for-the-blind bust let-off. Trouble is, *The MacLean Brothers* are the Canadian Derek and Clive, their choice of adjectives being a continued source of distress both to the civil authorities and to record companies, none of which has employed them ever since GRT let them loose in the studio some four years ago.

Now signed to El Mocambo, the label that has provided the Alberto's and Straight Eight with Canadian releases, the brothers have cut 'Suck Their Way To The Top'/'Take The 'O' Out Of Country', an album that contains one side of live performances and a side formed from studio country-rock sessions, on which Valdy and other prairie pickers assist Blair and Gary McCort on such ditties as 'Dolly Parton's Tits' and 'I've Seen Pubic Hair', a bluegrass rendition of Rolf Harris's notorious 'I've Been Everywhere'. The live side, which commences with the warning "Anybody who is going to be offended will be immediately offended by our opening number, so they can piss off now" features the duo's brilliant synopsis of *Star Wars* plus an unfunny 'Bob Dylan Goes Punk' and cuts of similar dubious nature — those being advised to sue include Freddie Mercury, Elton John and Rod Stewart. All-in-all, it's an album that's sometimes foul, sometimes funny, often crass, often clever. Buy it and help the MacLeans pay their next round of fines.



Stars and their contact lenses, part one: Lee Brilleaux.

DR FEELGOOD A Case Of The Shakes (UA)

YOU HAVE to admit that Dr Feelgood know their own measure — no kowtowing to trend from this lot. Would you believe this record was their ninth? That fascinating rhythm and blues fixation has been refashioned via the second wave of punk, pumped up and souled out by the rude boys, reggaefied and skatellified by the mohair kids; the Feelgoods come meanwhile trucks on regardless, well oiled, permanently juiced and disarmingly frank. A garage band yet? Strange things happen at sea, John.

And this is no psychedellic album. "A Case Of The Shakes" (accurately sub-titled as being "perfect for parties") could even be the Feelgoods' *place de resistance* since the days when everyone had Wilko fingered as some kind of Speedy Gonzales, a one-man Yorbirds. He never was quite that brilliant, but for some of the time there wasn't anything else to go and jump up on except the Doctor's night wagon.

Apres Wilko, *le desage*, different haircuts and new times. I completely lost touch with the Canvey system. As it is 'Shakes' might just as well be the Feelgoods' first album, so fast and furious is its design, a streamlined bundle of rocking DT's with Nick Lowe on bottle and board. The House Of Feelgood has experienced no recession of writing ideas either — there's plenty of mileage left in the vernacular of gambling, boozing, loving and losing — Lee Brilleaux is committed enough to the life-style to imbue it with fun and fury. He doesn't blow out the old harp much nowadays and the musical unit of Mayo, The Figure and Sparks is quite content to specialise in off-the-cuff electric blues thrashing. For Lowe's part, he lights the blue touch paper and retires, just leaving the drums on full so the sound of packing cases and saucepan lids permeates with a crash and a thud.

All the original songs are simple and good — using outside pen pushers like Bat Festerley and Larry Wallis doesn't dilute the punch. Some of them are cautionary — 'King For A Day' and the title track — greasy celebrations of loose living with no moral attached. Others like 'Goin' Someplace Else' are wittier and rattier, off-set by Brilleaux's snarl.

I'm also partial to their Jubileaus renditions of two Dennis Linde and Allen Rush numbers, 'No Mo Do Yakamo', a superb slice of genteel nonsense, and 'Love Hound', a rude incantation *a la* early Billy Swan.

The group are only out of character on Otis Rush's 'Violent Love' when Lee's combination of Dean Martin and Jack Buchanan fails to convince. Otherwise the group still sounds like it's in control of its faculties and polishes off Lowe's 'Who's Winning' and 'Best In The World' with useful vigour.

It doesn't do to think too long and hard on Dr Feelgood, actually. Their own approach is straight to the point, makes a good excuse for inviting a few pals round and cleaning out the off license. I'll drink to it.

Max Bell

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Why do disco artistes still make albums?

THE GIBSON BROTHERS
On The Riviera (Island)
AND NUMBER 2,947 in the series 'Why do disco artistes continue to make albums?' Two songs, 'Mariana' and 'Metropolis', are already out as singles and if 'Dancin' The Mambo' and 'Latin America' don't follow soon I'll eat my copy of Michael Jackson's 'Off The Wall' (which had five (5) pulled from it).

One time, The Gibsons' work had the irresistible smack of Salsa — an influence I thought might encourage others — but slack the beast has bitten the other way, and 'On The Riviera' shows them grasping more and more traditional and boring themes.

Plus all that talk of Chris Gibson's voice being so strong has gone to producer Daniel Vangarde's head and Chris' vocals are mixed well to the front as well as him hamming up the more Ritchie Havens qualities he possesses.

Side one is a hotch potch of 8 sides despite containing both, thus far, released 45s. It features 'Metropolis' twice though it's beyond me why



After all, half the tracks end up as TOTP singles.

Pic: Paul Cox

they're so proud of such an average if, for them, adventurous effort. Side two is familiar Gibsons, naive and 'trious, and only really noticeable for seeing 'Cuba' — their finest moment — re-written as 'Latin America'.

They told me once, a thousand years ago, that they believed the reason 'Cuba' didn't take off in the States was because it was such a touchy title — so here's the compromise. There's plenty of rhythm

here to warrant the singles that'll be coming your way, but meantime I'm stuck with trying to think of new and snappy ways of reviewing these pointless LPs...

Danny Baker

ON THE BOX

Thursday September 26
HIGHLIGHTS: Anthony Valentine guests in *Minder* (ITV) as a gambler requiring a bit of assistance from Terry and Arthur; an earthquake shakes LA (oh, thank you, God) in *Lois Grant* (ITV); and Raymond Leppard continues with the *Brandenburg Concertos* (BBC2), played by the Scottish Chamber Orchestra — right, legs, legs out...

Friday September 26
SABOTEUR (Directed by Alfred Hitchcock 1942): Not major Hitchcock, but one of his early American works and spritely enough. Robert Cummings is the aircraft worker framed on a sabotage charge. Also starring Priscilla Lane and the Statue of Liberty. (BBC1).

HIGHLIGHTS: Kim Phily's the latest subject of *Escape* (BBC2). Benson (ITV) falls in love (sounds dodgy, that). Tim Rice hosts a new series of *Friday Night, Saturday Morning* (BBC2) and Bach's *Brandenburgs* (BBC2) come to a conclusion. But the big news is that *Crackerjack* (CRACKERJACK!) (BBC1) returns with, promises the handout, a "brand new '80s look". Leave it out, Beeb, *Crackerjack* always was the worst kids' show on TV and we wouldn't have it any other way. Exciting first guests are Lynda Winder, Woman Carter and Leo Winder. Whatver Seyer.

Saturday September 27
SHOOT OUT (Henry Hathaway 1971): Despite the title, a leaden, talky Western with Gregory Peck coming over all lugubrious as Clay Lomax, a convicted bank robber taking to the vengeance trail. (ITV).

THE DROWNING POOL (Stuart Rosenberg 1975): Ross MacDonald's Low Harper — again played by Paul Newman, as mealy-mouthed and cynical as ever — is involved in blackmail and murder in New Orleans, so you'd've thought they'd make something colourful out of it. But Rosenberg's direction is slack, the pacing dull. (BBC1).

HIGHLIGHTS: A week of films from China (BBC2) begins with *Sets*, set in Tibet, and *The River Flows East in Spring*, a two-part saga sponsored by London Transport.

Sunday September 28
MARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE (Frank Perry 1976): Not one of the best in the Great American Picture Show series, but this strident satire has its moments, not least when bored New Yorker Carrie Snodgrass can barely suppress her

frustration at 'horrible' hubby Richard Benjamin's rank stupidity. Romeo Frank Langella, though, is as well as six pints of milk, and about as potent. (BBC2).

HIGHLIGHTS: The National Theatre of Great Britain perform Alan Ayckbourn's *Bedroom Farce* (ITV); lots of shouting. The Shanghai Animation Film Studio contribute *Uproar in Heaven* (BBC2), a feature length cartoon based on an old Chinese legend; lots of monkeys. And *The Rotten World About Us* (BBC2) is about mushrooms and mould, man; lots of fungi.

Monday September 29
THE GREATEST (Tom Gries 1974): One of the worst. A gross soft-soaping of Muhammad Ali's life, starring The Man himself. (ITV).

CARRY ON GIRLS (Gerald Thomas 1973): Sid James arranges a seaside beauty contest. Bernard Bresslaw late and Kenneth Connor falls over. Voted Best Film of the Year by *Spare Rib* magazine (*Shurely shome mishtake?* — Joan Sims). (BBC1).

HIGHLIGHTS: Gary Crowley and his white socks return to *White Light* (ITV). Norman Torken to Shelley Duvall, star of *The Shining* and *Popeye*, on Film '80 (BBC1).

Tuesday September 30
HIGHLIGHTS: Ian Penman and I are in total agreement with regards to this one — Barney Brier (ITV) is currently the best half-hour on the box (see *Thrills*, page 13). This week the jokes are about rabbits.

Monty Smith

BOX OFFICE

London

- 1 *Cruising* (Directed by William Friedkin)
- 2 *Alphane* (Abraham/Zuckers)
- 3 *McVicar* (Tom Clegg)
- 4 *Brubaker* (Stuart Rosenberg)
- 5 *Urban Cowboy* (James Bridges)

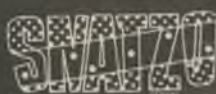
Regions

- 1 *McVicar* (Tom Clegg)
- 2 *Being There* (Nat Ashby)
- 3 *Zombies* (George A Romero)
- 4 *Alphane* (Abraham/Zuckers)
- 5 *The Bermuda Triangle* (Dan LePouhelle)

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THE SCENE
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Shepherd Bush Centre, W12
Wed 24th Sept
RED LETTERS
+ Spiders
Thurs 25th Sept
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Fri 26th Sept
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Sat 27th Sept
THE FORM
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An R&B Spectacular
Friday 26th Sept
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Saturday 4th Oct
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Seventeen + Support
Admission £1 Doors open 8.30pm-2am Licensed
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+ Fanatics
+ Disco
Friday 26th Sept,
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Q-TIPS
& mysterons
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POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON
FRIDAY SEP 26, 7.30 pm
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Little Willy
Birmingham Golden Eagle: The
Privates/The Ever Ready
Birmingham Here & Hounds: Denizens
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Titan
Botton Aquatics: The Safford Jets
Brighton Concorde Club: The Chiefs
Bristol Granary: The Paymatters
Bristol Polytechnic: Q-Tips
Burnwood Troubadour: The Amazing
Dark Horse
Cardiff Chivas: Tenzachau
Carlisle Micks Club: The Wangers/No
Support/Toolbox: Murderers/The
Chevrons
Chesterfield Shoulder Of Mutton: John
Key & Steppenwolf/Chicken Shack
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: The
Specs/Swinging Cats
Croydon The Cartoon: The City Limits
Dumfries Nith Hotel: Athered Cleave/
Plague Of Frogs
Edinburgh Nite Club: The Penetrations
Ellersmere College: Chris Barber Band
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Don McLean
Glasgow The Atlantic: The Venetian
Blinds
Gloucester Leisure Centre: The Dooleys
Grangemouth International Hotel: V.
Dink/News Apartment
Greenock Victorian Carriage: The Sound
Guilford Civic Hall: Gillan
Guilford Wooden Bridge: The Parallels
High Wycombe Nag Head: Sharn
Hucknall Pitt Road: Dr Feelgood
Hull Wellington Club: The Wall/Corrosive
Infants
Ilford Palais: Tigers Of Pen Tang
Kilmarnock The Auld House: Hot Vultures
Lanark Clydesdale Hall: Rheus Negative
Leeds Fan Club: Split Enz
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Atomic
Rooster
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: The Gimmicks
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Dodgy Tactics
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: Still Earth
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Billy Connolly
Liverpool The Mayflower: Kaspers Engine
London Camden Dingwells: Supercharge
London Canning Town Bridge House
Electric Eels
London Chiswick John Bull: Telemarque
London Clapham 101 Club: The Flatbackers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Expressos
London Deftford Star & Garter: The Kicks
London Finchley Tarrington: Juice On
The Loose
London Fulham Golden Lion: The
Spoilers
London Fulham Greyhound: Luv Wire
London Fulham The Cock: Bob Kerr's
Jazz Friends
London Greenwich White Swan: Spider
London Hammersmith Odeon: Michael
Schenker Band
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: *Spartacus*
London Harne Hill Half Moon: B's/Tren-
zetta
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Gas
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold
Dust Twins
London Marquee Club: Tenpole Tudor
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Pat Kelly
London Putney White Lion: The Soul
Band
London Richmond Broileries: Blurt/Essen-
tial Logic
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: The
Crusiers/Black Cat
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: Jane
Kennaway & Strange Behaviour
London Tottenham The Spurs: The Leap
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion
Theatre: Brothers Johnson
London Victoria The Venue: Root Jackson
& The GB Blues Company
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's
Footwear
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: The Soulboys/Las Apaches
London Woolwich Tramshed:
Sploogemashabounds
London W.C.T. Action Space: Tear De
Force/The Leopards/Sound Allies
Luton Blowing: Nervous Surgeons/The
Stratics
Lynham Pegasus Club: Geno Washinton
Band
Maidenhead Riverside Club: Keef Hartley
Malvern Winter Gardens: The Spimmers
Manchester Band on the Wall: Peter
Brotmann/Harry Miller/Louis Moholo
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall:
Chicks/Two Tone/Pinks
Manchester Portland Bar: The Enigma
Manchester Ratters: The Revillos
Manchester (Romiley) The Grey Horse:
The Twisting Ferraris
Milton Keynes Compass Club: The Crew
Newcastle Dudley & Wheelside Club:
The Cheaters
Newcastle The Coopers: The 45's
Newcastle-under-Lyme El Syd's: The
Lemmings
Norwich Cromwells: Nine Below Zero
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: Tom Robinson's
Sector 27/23 Jewels
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Drug Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Nottingham Sherwood Rooms: Gregory
Isaacs
Peterborough ABC Theatre: Rick
Wakeman
Poole Arts Centre: The Skids
Poynton Folk Centre: Peter Hughes
Preston Guildhall: Geroni Human
Preston Warehouse: Classic Nouveaux
Scarborough Taboo: The Dead Ken-
nedy's/UK Decay
Sheffield Limit Club: U2
Sheffield Top Rank: Rory Gallagher
The Star Hotel: The Esham
Southampton Joiners Arms: Matzeque
South Shields The Commando: Ward 34
Stevenage The Swan: Mad Chateau
Wellingborough British Rail Club: Black
Mack
Weymouth-super-Mare Webbington Country
Club: Slade



Winchester An Collage: The Skavengers
York De Gray Rooms: X Press/The
Shove/The Reverbs

FRIDAY

Aberystwyth University: Bad Manners
Bedford Horse & Groom: Junction 13
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: Abow-
/Cuddly Bunnies/Driver
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: U2
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation
Critical
Birmingham Odeon: The Skids
Brighton Railway Hotel: Teaser
Birmingham University: Weapon of Peace
Blackburn King George's Hall: Don
McLean
Blackpool Norbeck Castle: More
Bolton (Bromley Cross) Last Drop: Night
Visitors
Bournemouth Town Hall: Tigers Of Pen
Tang
Bridlington 3 Bar: Geno Washington Band
Brighton Albion: Eye To Eye
Bristol Colston Hall: The Dooleys
Burslem George Hotel: Export
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Mad
Chateaux
Cambridge Pitt Club: Rank Amateurs
Cardiff Micks Club: The Accelerators
Cheltenham Town Hall: The Piranhas
Chichester College: The Associates
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: The
Specs/Swinging Cats
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetwise
Coventry Technical College: Thirteen
Coventry Theatre: Rick Wakeman
Croydon The Cartoon: Ricki & The Cul-
links
Croydon The Star: The Locators/The
Papers
Dunfermlie L.O.M. Menz Jazz Club: Chris
Barber Band
Dover Town Hall: Die Laughing
Dublin Stadium: Ry Cooder
Edinburgh Nite Club: The Mud-
shakers/The Fine
Edinburgh Odeon: Rory Gallagher
Edinburgh Playhouse: Mary O'Hara
Gelding Village Hall: Metro Glider
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Gary Numan
Gulls Station Hotel: Still Earth
Guilford Civic Hall: The Classics/Laugh-
ing Shadow/Consenting Adults
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Sax Allstars
Hanley Victoria Hall: Secret Affair
High Wycombe Town Hall: The Splinters
Huddersfield Cleopatras: The Damned
Huddersfield Polytechnic: The Dance
Band
Ilford The Cranbrook: Spider
Kingston Three Tuns: The VIP's
Launceston White Horse Inn: Poets
Young Men
Leicester Polytechnic: The Revillos
Liverpool Brady's: The Room
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Blizzard
Of Oz/Budgie
London Acton The Windmill: Time Flies
London Avery Hill College: The Kicks
London Camden Dingwells: AIB/Strange
Behaviour
London Camden Music Machine: Christ
Hunt's Cable Car
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jel-
hyr/Blue Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: The
Specs/Denny Newman
London Central Polytechnic: Slade
London Chiswick John Bull: Jackie Lyn-
ton's H-D Band
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Johnny Marr's 7th Sun/Juno Partners
London Deftford Star & Garter: Stag-
truck
London Fulham Golden Lion: Micky Jupp
Band
London Fulham Greyhound: The Soft
Boys/Dead By Day
London Fulham The Cock: Jazz Sluts
London Hackney The Queen's: Avenue
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:
Eric Burdon/Take 4/Claudia Nouveaux
London Harne Hill Half Moon: Night
Boots
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Little Roosters
London Kenish Town Interaction: The
Thompson Twins/Local Heroes
London Marquee Club: The Equators
London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber
Johnny
London North Polytechnic: Q-Tips
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Nine Below
Zero
London Peckham Walmer Castle:
Shadowfax
London Putney Star & Garter: Nicky Bar-
clay's AFM/Sammy Mitchell
London Putney White Lion: Juice On The
Loose
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House:
Martin Simpson
London Southall White Swan: Scarlet
O'Hara
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The
Soul Band

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN set out
this week on their second major
UK tour, with initial gigs at
Brighton (Sunday),
Bournemouth (Monday) and
Bristol (Tuesday).



TOOTS (above) & THE MAYTALS
pay a welcome return visit to
the UK, opening their tour at Cardiff
(Sunday), London Hammersmith
(Monday), Coventry (Tuesday)
and Brighton (Wednesday).



TENPOLE TUDOR are one of
five acts in the 'Son Of Stiff'
package tour, starting at Leeds
on Wednesday. The others are
Any Trouble, Joe 'King' Carrasco
& The Crowns, Dirty Looks and
The Equators.

London The Mall I.C.A. Theatre: Robert
Fripp & Keith Tippett
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion
Theatre: Brothers Johnson
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Scala
Cinema: Modern Romance (11.15pm)
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's:
Mahana
London Victoria The Venue: Zoot
Money/Lynne Hayes
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: Geneva/Between Pictures/Fumi-
ture
London W.10 Actlam Hall: Seventeen

London W.C.T. Action Space: The Lemon
Kittens/Table 12
Lowestoft Talk Of The East: Meney
Manchester College of Further Education:
The Impossible Men
Manchester College of Higher Education:
The Freshies/X-O-Dus
Manchester Millstones: Zanathus
Manchester UMIST X-O-Dus
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: Circles
Middlesbrough Town Hall: Billy Connolly
Nelson Railworkers Institute: The Wall
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: John Kay &
Steppenwolf/Chicken Shack
Northampton The Paddock: Samson
Northwich White Lion: Hot Vultures
Oldham Lancashire Vault: Jobie
Oxford New Theatre: Gillan
Oxford Polytechnic: Supercharge
Paisley Singslow Bar: The Sound
Parsmouth Guildhall: The Tourists/The
Barricades
Preston College of Higher Education: Tam
Robinson's Sector 27
Reford Porthouse: Split Enz
Scarborough Penhouse: Atomic Rooster
Scarborough Taboo: The Vibrators/X-
Press
Solihull Technical College: The Au Pair
Stroud Marshall Rooms: Fast Action
Sunderland Annabelle's: The Cheaters
Torquay The Pelican: David Marx & The
Mix
Weymouth Teachers Training College:
The Skavengers
Witherside Grand Pavilion: Dr Feelgood

SATURDAY

Aberdeen Apollo Theatre: Rory Gallagher
Ashford Stour Centre: Tigers Of Pen
Tang
Barnstaple Pannier Market: Life Of Riley
Bilton Rising Star: Tony Tuft
Birmingham Bogart's: No Faith
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: Gods Toys/
Denizens
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome
Boots
Birmingham Odeon: Michael Schenker
Band
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street
Dealers
Birmingham University: Geno Wash-
ington Band
Blythe Golden Eagle: The Cheaters
Bracknell Sports Centre: The
Specs/Swinging Cats
Brighton Dome: Gillan
Brighton Resource Centre:
P.S./Nouveaux A-Go-Go
Bristol Granary: Diamond Head
Bristol Mayors Arms: S.O.S.
Bristol Polytechnic: Bad Manners
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: The Sound
Cheltenham College: The Odds
Chigwell White Hart: Park Avenue
Chorley Taitton Community Centre: The
Fall/Vive Bodies
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: U2
Cromer West Rumbon Pavilion: The
Revillos
Croydon The Cartoon: Earl Obin/South-
land Outlaw Band
Dublin Stadium: Ry Cooder
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Upset
Dudley Wolverhampton Polytechnic
(Castleview Site): The Dance Band
Durrington The Plough: David Marx &
The Mix
Eastbourne The Squirrel: Rockwartz
Edinburgh Nite Club: The Dead Ken-
nedy's/UK Decay
Edinburgh Playhouse: Theatre: Gary
Numan
Gosport John Peel: F.I.R.K.
Gravesend Red Lion: Ethel The Frog
Grimsby Birdseye Club: The Woolly
Trunks
Harlow The Playhouse: George Melly &
The Feathermen
High Wycombe Naga Head: Mungo Jerry
Hove The Cliftonville: Eye To Eye
Huddersfield Cleopatras: The Damned
(lunchtime)/Gregory Isaacs (evening)
Ilford The Cranbrook: Rye & The Quarter-
boots
Liverpool Brady's: Pink Military
London Balham The Bedford: Craplan St.
Peters & Wheels
London Camden Dingwells: The
Scene/The Talk
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Rocket 88
London Chiswick John Bull: The
Chevrons
London Clapham 101 Club: The Egyptians
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Specs/Danette Damo
London Crystal Palace Hotel: The Stray
Cats
London Farringdon Rd. Metropolitan: Red
Rimes/Dry & The Morons
London Farnham Golden Lion: Jackie Lyn-
ton's H-D Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Metro Glider
London Fulham The Cock: Darryl Van
Band
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lun-
chtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends

London Hammersmith Odeon: Split
Enz/The Bodysnatchers
London Hammersmith The Swan: Gun
Control
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Five
Piers/Last Orders
London Harne Hill Half Moon: The
Pyrenhas
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Soft
Boys
London Marquee Club: Dirty Looks
London N.4 The Stapleton: Sons Of Cain
London Rainbow Theatre: The
Tourists/The Barricades
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: The
Form
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: The
Papers/The Locators
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big
Chief
London Tooting Whetstone: The Thomp-
son Twins/Local Heroes
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's:
Mahana
London Victoria The Venue: Gede-Blay
Ambolley & Zantada Mx 111
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: The Elgin Marbles/Huang Chung
London W.10 Actlam Hall: Andy Gold
Mx/012/Murphy Federation/Blue Mad-
night/The Entire Cosmos/Vince Pia &
The Crumba
Luton Blowing: Toad The Wet Sprocket
Manchester Openshaw Lads Club: The
Drones
Manchester University: Dr. Feelgood
Manchester (Wythenshawe) Snooty Fox:
The Images
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Tom Robin-
son's Sector 27
Milton Ritz Club: The Alwoodley Jets
Nottingham Boat Club: Woody
Oldham Lancashire Vault: Sophie
Oxford New Theatre: The Dooleys
Reading Brock Barracks (free festival): El
Seven/Shirley Men/Rue/The
Endomorphs/A Fast Crowd/Access
Reading Hexagon Theatre: Rick
Wakeman
Reford The Porthouse: Atomic Rooster
Southampton Joiners Arms: The D.S.
Southend Top Ales: Solder
Southport Theatre: Don McLean
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: The
Mechanics
Stockton The Teesider: Carl Green & The
Scene
Stroud Westly Farm: Emotion Pictures
Sutton Coldfield YMCA: Dangerous
Girls/Aston Hall & The Servants
Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre: Secret
Affair
Watford Herts College of Further Educa-
tion: Q-Tips
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Sub
Zero
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The
Pests
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: The Skids
Wolverton Crauford Arms: The Locators
Wormwell Reform Club: Still Earth

SUNDAY

Birmingham Odeon: Blizzard Of
Oz/Budgie
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham University: The Dance Band
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bradford The Panache: Wild Boys/The
Samples
Brighton Jenkins: Echo & The
Bunnymen
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill
Scott & Ian Ellis
Burnwood Troubadour: Switch 7
Cardiff New Theatre: Jester Carrott
Cardiff Top Rank: The 45's & The May-
tals/The Bodysnatchers
Chatham The Ash Tree: The Pulsators
Chiddingfold Six Bells: Ricky Zorn-Zon &
The D.I.'s
Coventry Theatre: Billy Connolly
Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): The
London Apaches
Derby Assembly Rooms: Michael
Schenker Band
Edinburgh Aberdeen Inn: The Liberators
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Rory Gallagher
Glasgow Theatre Royal: Mary O'Hara
Grimsby The Valiant: The Woolly Trunks
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Nine Below Zero
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: George Melly
& The Feetwarmers
Harrogate Royal Hall: Don McLean
Kirkcaldy Country Club: Q-Tips
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Gillan
Liverpool Star & Garter: Export
London Acton Kings Head: FX/The Pitt
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular
Vain
London Brixton George Canning: South-
side
London Camden Dingwells: Wes McGhee
London Canning Town Bridge House: The
Kicks
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckin-
gham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Clapham Two Brewers: Red
Rins
London Clapham 101 Club: The Books
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Von Trap Family
London Dalton Pembury Tavern: Avenue
London Finchley Tarrington: The Lemons
London Fulham Golden Lion: Sammy
Mitchell's Blues Band
London Fulham The Cock: The Werks
London Greenwich White Swan: Suttel
London Hammersmith Odeon: The
Tourists/The Barricades
London Harne Hill Half Moon: The Rhyth-
m London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Expressos
London Marquee Club: Joe 'King' Car-
rasco & The Crowns
London Musicians' Collective (Gloucester
Ave. NW1): Terry Day's Infatuation
Guest
London Putney White Lion: Seventeen
London Richmond Broileries: L.A. Hooker
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: The
Demons/The Mandies
London Strand Lycium Ballroom: John
Key & Steppenwolf/Angel Witch/
Chicken Shack
London Victoria The Venue: Levi & The
Reddies/The Peacocks
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: karus/A-Z

CONTINUES OVER ...

MORE GIG GUIDE

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions play London Rainbow on Monday, the exact 50th anniversary of the theatre's opening



Coventry: Tiffany's: Toots & The Maytals/The Bodynatchers
Croydon: The Cartoon: Visitor Derby: Assembly Rooms: The Specials/Swinging Cats
Doncaster: Rotters: Slide Fleet Fox & Hounds: Duck Baker Glasgow Strathclyde University: X-O-Dus Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: Judy Collins Leeds University: Agony Column/The Ahwodey Jers
Leeds University Union: The Other Switch
Leicester: Lucas Centre: The New-matics/Disco Zombies Little Sutton Bulls Head: Export London Camden Dingwells: Live Wire London Camden Music Machine: Brian Brain/The Civilians/Temporary Tide London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The T-Sel/Trig & The Kicks
London Deftford Albany Empire: Mike Westbrock Electric Brass Band London Fulham Golden Lion: Phantom Zone
London Fulham Greyhound: The Associates/Spider
London Fulham The Cock: Easy Money London Hamersmith Odeon: Rick Wakeman
London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Nips
London Islington Pied Bull: Leisure Lotion/General Alert/Tym
London Kensington Imperial College: Classic Nouveaux/Time Flies London Marquee Club: Manxian Dance London Mile End Queen Mary College: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London N.4 The Stapleton: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Regents Park Bedford College: The Locators
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: The Thompson Twins/Local Heroes
London Stoke Newington Assembly Hall: Chris Barber Band
London Stratford Green Man: Diz & The Doormen
London Victoria The Venue: Nine Below Zero
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: TV Personalities/Teenage Filmstars
Malvern Winter Gardens: Wild Boys/The Samples
Manchester: Apollo Theatre: Michael Schenker Band
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: Zanathus
Manchester Polytechnic: Tygers Of Pan Tang
Newcastle City Hall: Secret Affair
Newcastle Polytechnic: The 45's
Nottingham Boat Club: The Dead Kennedys/UK Decay
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Hot Vultures
Preston Guildhall: Mary O'Hare
Rawmarsh Cricket Club: Still Earth
Southampton: Gaumont Theatre: The Tourists/The Baracudas
Swindon Brunel Rooms: The Vibrators

WEDNESDAY

Ayr Pavilion: Creation Rebel
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Reality

Birmingham Mercat Cross: M.S. Night-work
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Extra Pound
Birmingham Top Rank: Alvin Lee Band
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Rose Bradford College Vaults Bar: Pyramid
Brighton: Top Rank: Toots & The Maytals/The Bodynatchers
Bristol Colston Hall: The Tourists/The Baracudas
Bury The Nailors Green: Rockin Horse
Cambridge Raffles: Madams
Cardiff University: Johnny Mars 7th Sun
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Clacton Princess Theatre: Billy Connolly
Cleethorpes Peppers: Toad The Wet Sprocket
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Humphrey Lyttelton Band
Croydon The Cartoon: Bazza Bailup Band
Doncaster Rotters: The Skids
Dublin Stadium: Judy Collins
Ewell The Grapevine Avenue
Exeter St. George's Hall: Bad Manners
Gillingham Old Ash Tree: Pulsators
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: The 45's
Hereford Rotters Club: Fast Action
Huddersfield White Lion: The City Limits
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Via Garbut
Leamington Spa The Crown: Zorkie
Leeds University: Secret Affair
Leeds University: 'Son Of Stiff' package tour
Liverpool Galsby's: The Yachts/Flock Of Seagulls
London Camden Dingwells: The Pirates
London Clapham 101 Club: Nash The Slash
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Associates
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Johnny G
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London Lewisham Odeon: Rick Wakeman
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Park Avenue
London Royal Festival Hall: Don McLean
London Regents Park Faislaig: Bernd Weber & The Last Resort
London Stratford Green Man: Jazz Shorts
London Victoria The Venue: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Flatbackers/Easy Money
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Mickey Jupp Band
London Woodwich Tramshed: Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl
London W.14 The Kensington: The Kicks
Manchester: Apollo Theatre: The Specials/Swinging Cats
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: Atomic Rooster
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Gillan
Newport Stowaway Club: The Dance Band
Northampton The Paddock: The Dead Kennedys/UK Decay
Norwich East Anglia University: Q-Tips/Weapon Of Peace
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chickadee
Oxford New Theatre: Blizzard Of Oz/Budgie
Paisley Bungalow Bar: The Soft Boys
Poole Arts Centre: John Kay & Steppenwolf/Chicken Shack
Reading University: Spiral Models
Sheffield City Hall: UFO/First
South Woodford Railway Ball: Original East Side Stompers
Stannmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: Zoot Money
Walsley The Dale Inn: Visual Aids

London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Elaine Delmar/Pat Smythe Trio
Maidstone Hazlett Theatre: The Seven Aces
Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Skids
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Stockholm Monsters/Model Team: International Tribal Outlaw
Manchester (Woodford) The Deanwater: Hot Vultures
Market Harborough Kibworth Lodge: Ten Foot High
Maybury Central Hotel: The Winners
Northampton Royal Theatre: Chris Barber Band
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Strange Brood
Oakhurst The Angler: Manitou
Oxford New Theatre: Rick Wakeman
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: Bad Manners
Pontriffract Blackmore: Vardis
Poole Arts Centre: Secret Affair
Poynon Folk Centre: Roy Harris
Reading Target Club: The Odds
Salford Great Dane: The Oddies
Southend Railway Hotel: Stan Gordon
Southport Blundell Arms: Breakdown
Southport Tiffany's: The Images
Taunton Odeon: The Dooleys
Walsfield Unity Hall: The Revisionists
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Circles
Whitefield The Mason: Two-Tone-Pinks
Wollaton Nags Head: The Russians
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Showaddywaddy

MONDAY

Aberystwyth University: Weapon Of Peace
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Gangsters
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Gentleman Jim
Birmingham Odeon: Secret Affair
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Ramparts
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Demolition
Blackburn St. George's Hall: Billy Connolly
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: Echo & The Bunnymen
Bradford Palm Cove: Cameras In Cars
Bradford St. George's Hall: Gillan
Bristol Colston Hall: Rick Wakeman
Bury The Nailors Green: Two-Tone-Pinks
Canterbury Keynes College: The VIP's / The Upstart
Didsbury Oak House: The Cheaters
Doncaster Romeo & Juliet: Chevy Chase
Ewell The Grapevine Avenue
Hanley Victoria Hall: Michael Schenker Band
Hull New Theatre: Don McLean
Hull Wellington Club: Diamond Head
Hord Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Kingston Three Tuns: Bernd Weber & The Last Resort
Lancaster The Shy: The Freeze / Eyes Like Astronomy
Leamington Spa Pavilion: Bad Manners
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Spyder Blues Band
Leeds University: Vardis
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Blizzard Of Oz / Budgie
Leicester King Of Club: Four Tops (for a week)
Liverpool Brady's: The Dead Kennedys / UK Decay
Liverpool Rotters: Slide
London Camden Dingwells: The Allies / Abnera Gums / The Car Thieves
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Monsters / The Spiders

London Clapham Two Brewers: The Flat-backers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Seventeen / Huang Chung
London Deftford Albany Empire: The Fabulous Poodles / The Electric Bluebirds
London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Ken's Whoopee Band
London Fulham The Cock: Seven Year Itch
London Hamersmith Palais: Toots & The Maytals / The Bodynatchers
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Expressos
London Islington The Wheatsheaves: Her-foot Brothers
London Marquee Club: U2
London N.4 The Stapleton: The Syndicate
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Rainbow Theatre: Elvis Costello & The Attractions / The Stray Cats
London Richmond Snoops: Brian Brain / Temporary Tide
London Ronnie Scott's Club: Ernestine Anderson (for a week)
London Royal Festival Hall: Judy Collins
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: Cal-ing Hearts
London Stratford Green Man: The Soul Band
London University College: The Kicks
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Cliff Richard (for three weeks)
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The D.S. / SPQR / Kid Carlo & The Nation
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London W.14 The Kensington: The Vandells
Manchester Band on the Wall: The Images
Manchester Rotters: Red Beans & Rice
Newcastle City Hall: Gary Numan
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Bad Manners
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
Oxford Scamps: Creation Rebel
Preston Polytechnic: Q-Tips
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: The Sonic Tonia
Rotherham Thurnscoe Hotel: The Soft Boys
Stafford Malt & Hops: UXB
Torquay Belgrave Hotel: The Start
Westgate Millie's: Die Laughing
Weybridge National College of Food: Arizona Snake Review
Worthing Assembly Rooms: Geno Washington Band

TUESDAY

Bath Pavilion: Alvin Lee Band
Birkenhead The Gallery: Visual Aids
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: John Kay & Steppenwolf/Chicken Shack
Birmingham Fighting Cock: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Tsh Ramparts
Birmingham Odeon: Don McLean
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Geno Washington Band
Brighton Polytechnic: U2
Bristol The Berkeley: Echo & The Bunnymen
Bristol Stonehouse: The Standards/The Options/Youth Squad
Cambridge Raffles: Feet First
Canterbury Kent University: The Expressos
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: The Skids

DEREK BLOCK presents

JOHN MARTYN

+ Special Guests

Sunday, 2nd Nov. at 7.30 pm

Apollo Victoria Theatre
Wilton Road, London S.W.1

Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00, £2.50

available in advance from Box Office (01-828 6493) LTB, Premier Ticket Machine + on night

BROLLEYS

THE CASTLE, WHITAKER AVENUE, RICHMOND.

Thursday 25th September £1.75

BLURT
+ ESSENTIAL LOGIC

Doors open 8.30 (close Midnight)
(Richmond Tube or Brit Rail)

Thursday 2nd October £2.00

MANUFACTURED
ROMANCE
+ The Peatz

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW PRESENTS



TUESDAY 7th OCTOBER 7.30pm

Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00

FROM BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 25th September 60p ELECTRIC EELS + Electric Eels Planet 9 Disco	Monday 28th September 80p THE MONSTERS Featuring Bo Bo Phoenix + Mike Rossi
Friday 26th September GUEST BAND	Tuesday 30th September 80p NICK BARCLAY BAND (Ex Fenny)
Saturday 27th September £2 ROCKET 88 Featuring Charlie Watts, Bob Hall etc	Wednesday 1st October 80p THE GUVNORS
Sunday 28th September 70p KRAZE + Bryan Kramer	

Wasted Youth European Tour

This Weeks Gigs:
28th Rotterdam Exit Club, 27th Groningen Vero Club, 28th Appleton Gigant Club
Next week: Berlin
Now Sample on Bridge House "The Bridge House" VHS. Dig by Fresh.

LIVE SECRETS AT THE MUSIC MACHINE SEPT. 30

FEATURING

BRIAN BRAIN

THE CIVILIANS

TEMPORARY

TITLE

BABY PATROL

BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE

Maximum Music Presents

THE SPECIALS

+ Support

7.30pm Saturday 27th September

Tickets £3.00 from Sports Centre.

Quicksilver Reading, and usual agents.

JOHN BULL

590 Chiswick High Road W4 (opposite Gunnersbury Station)

Friday 26th Sept £1

JACKIE LYNTON'S H.D. BAND

Saturday 27th Sept 50p

CHEVRONS

THE GREEN MAN

198 Stratford High St, E15

Mon 28th Sept

THE SQUIL BAND

Tues 30th Sept

DIZ & THE DOORMEN

Weds 1st Oct

JAZZ SLITS

101 CLUB

101 BY JOHN BULL TEL 01-222 8887

Wednesday 24th September

ERIC BLAKE + The Show

Thursday 25th September

THE FLATBACKERS

Friday 26th September

T.V. PERSONALITIES

+ Tomorrow's Stars

Saturday 27th September

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Sunday 28th September

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Gazza Gazza Hey!

Gary Numan

Hammersmith Odeon
GARY NUMAN SMILES. An ecstatic audience sighs. Critics turn a blind eye. That they usually miss his many awkward grins partly explains how they miss the point of Numan the performer, preferring instead to pedal their impressions of Numan the recording artist.

Ignoring what they see in front of them — a popular entertainer still in enough awe of his position to genuinely respond to an audience — they perpetuate instead the commonly held notion of a sullen introspective individual, whose disheartening evocations of an empty future are reflected in the blank expression of the face staring out from the picture sleeve; and that's despite the increasingly personal bias of his most recent album 'Telekon', which has Numan trying to come to terms with the very real alienation of his new stardom, as opposed to the S.F. fantasy kind garnered from his favourite writers: Burroughs, Ballard, Philip K. Dick.

But where people will laugh with Dick, when he asks Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep, they'll laugh at Numan for stating he dreams of wires, without even listening to the song.

Numan has never given more or less than he promised. In concert he promises spectacle and a spectacle's what you get. The stage is flanked by two garishly lit columns containing banks of keyboard and their human operators. The bassist and guitarist are positioned on pedestals either side of a third column featuring the drummer.

Numan enters, wearing a black boiler suit set off by red stripes and waistband, matched by a red stripe in his hair. Lights fix on him and in turn rotate around the columns in time to the seductive swirl of synths. It's a stunning entrance in the best showbiz tradition.

Despite similarities to last year's stage set, nobody's really complaining as they probably haven't seen such a spectacular since that one anyway. Numan's wised up a little since his first tour, too. His attitudes and postures are that much more polished, his dancing — once stilted and stiff approximations of conventional rock and roll steps — has become acceptably stylised through repetition.

For 'Complex' he drops to his knees to play an array of keyboards ranged across the floor. Fully recognizing the pathos of the tune, he exploits it, stretching out the deliciously engaging instrumental introduction as long as possible, before singing one of his more moving lyrics. The effect is only marginally hampered by the plodding basslines Numan seems so fond of.

'Telekon' introduces a glowing red 'T' and a couple of daft robots spinning around behind him. For the harder rock emphasis of 'Me, I Disconnect From You' a guitarist clambers atop the columns, presumably to add impact to his tougher chordings. Searchlights strafe the crowd before 'Cars', 'My Conversation', however, works solely through Numan's engaging delivery, which drops the middle syllable of the word 'regular' by way of illustrating its meaning. 'Airtanes' has Numan leaving the stage for the first of two costume changes, building up to the show's inevitable grand fireworks finale.

Admittedly, by this stage the constant unveiling of effects and tricks has become wearing; they do little to cover up for the samey sound, but the rolling out of hits saves the show: a tricky intro barely disguises 'Are Friends Electric?' The synth pig squeals of 'I Die You Die' have an irresistible swaying motion. And so on. Numan is a generous performer; who perhaps goes on too long, though he doesn't outstay the welcome of his noisy followers, who share with their idol a joy in his toys. Me too. More suss than people credit him for, Numan promises that this'll be his last tour. Let's hope he sticks to his word this time, too, thereby leaving his legend intact with those who matter, rather than tarnishing it, as most teen idols before him have done.

Chris Bohn



Going...



Going...



Gone!

All Numan pix: Kevin Cummins

So that's entertainment?!

Gang Of Four John Cooper Clarke Steel Pulse Mekons/Au Pairs

Rainbow

ANOTHER PACKAGE DEAL and once again a far more attractive proposition on paper than on the stage, this particular five-band bill having been assembled by Final Solution for the benefit of the moviemakers behind the forthcoming *Urgh!* extravaganza.

Not that Birmingham's Au Pairs are ready to be immortalised on celluloid just yet, particularly on a stage as expansive as the Rainbow's. They promise great things but their breed of unfussy, unselfconscious rock is far more effective in the relaxed environs of a medium-sized club.

They were obviously nervous at playing the bigger hall and it showed in an absence of their usual looseness and bittersweet charm.

The Au Pairs' strengths lie in a rare combination of musical belligerence and purposeful lyrical direction; in the balance and tension between the two duelling guitarists Les and Paul, who also dominate most of the call-and-response vocal exchange.

They are a group of great potential. I only wish they'd shown some of it.

Far from being inhibited by their first appearance at the Rainbow, The Mekons, on the other hand, played as if they had nothing to lose... probably because they've already lost most of it; their Virgin contract, much of their initial credibility and their sublime bass player Mary.

They seem to have learned from their bitter experiences at Virgin — who tried to turn them into a mainstream rock group — and have now come full circle back to the raucous musical anarchy of 'Never Been In A Riot' and their early Fast Product days.

Despite their obvious musical limitations (and the fact the entire band seemed totally lurching), The Mekons were alone in trying to inject the unpredictable into a bill which seemed destined to be a tame and polite affair.

I enjoyed them. Not because they play badly — which they do — but because they play badly with spirit.

Adrian Thrills

Steel Pulse play impeccably but they could certainly learn a thing or two from the Mekons. For all their slickness, Steel Pulse were dull, even though their easy-skanking rock-orientated groove did get people out of their seats, reminding me that the Rainbow can be a good rock venue with the right — ie low key — security.

Their sound is dense and predictable, leaving little to the imagination while few of their more recent songs live up to the promise of a fine debut album. Visually, they look faintly ridiculous in the clown and toy soldier outfits and even the donning of the white hoods for 'Khu Klux Klan' now seems forced and corny.

Between Pulse and the headliners one John Cooper Clarke put in an unscheduled appearance, treating an appreciative audience to four quickfire recitals.

And so to the Gang Of Four, an influential and visionary concept, one of the hottest live acts I've ever seen and, alongside PIL, probably the laziest and most self-satisfied band to emerge in the latter half of the '70s.

Bathed from below in the eerie green glow of hidden footlights, the Gang flattered to deceive by opening with an intriguing new song, the gist of which seemed to be the line, 'Show me a ditch and I'll dive in it.'

From there on, the set boasted only two new songs, including the largely instrumental 'Why Theory', already committed to vinyl on the recent RAR compilation. Now, I find the driving invention of last year's 'Entertainment' album as interesting as the next man, but the measly quota of new songs added to that set over the past two years is simply pitiful. Don't the Gang Of Four themselves ever get bored with playing the same old songs? Would you?

It's not as if things have been watered down. The band are as impressive now as they were two years ago and the set builds in fine style to an intense climax of 'Tourist' and 'Damaged Goods' with Jon King and Andy Gill crashing into each other with a recklessness that almost transcends a stage act.

But, for all that, it is time the Gang Of Four either began to live up to their name and reputation or called a halt, even a temporary hiatus for some re-evaluation and maybe even some serious songwriting.

Sometimes even supporting the right football team just isn't enough.

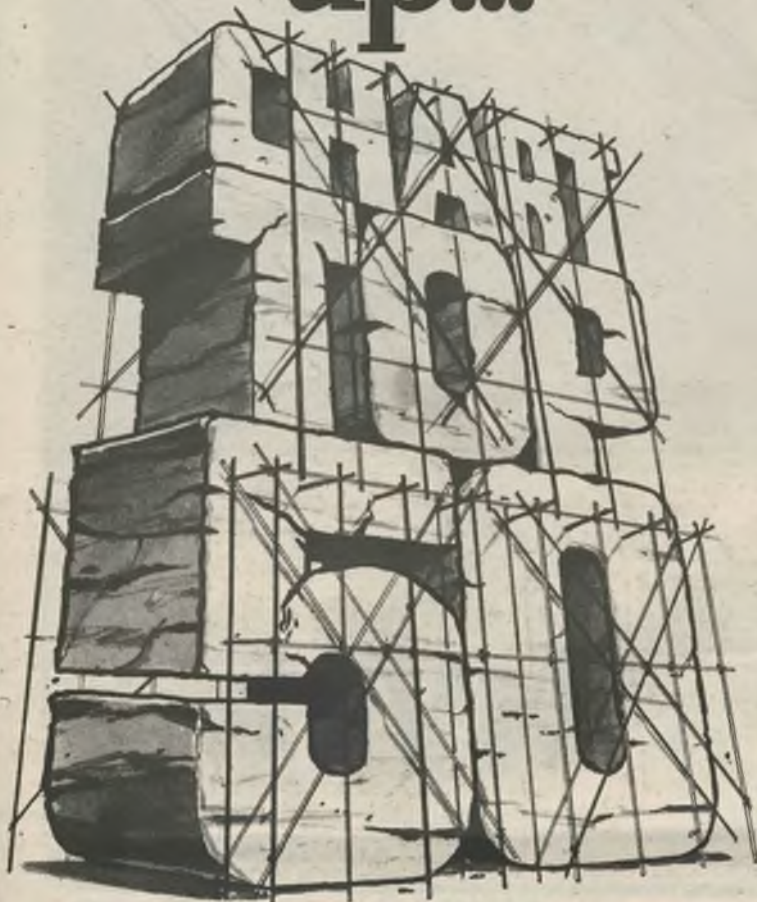


Above: Gang Of Four. Below: Steel Pulse.



Both pix: David Corio

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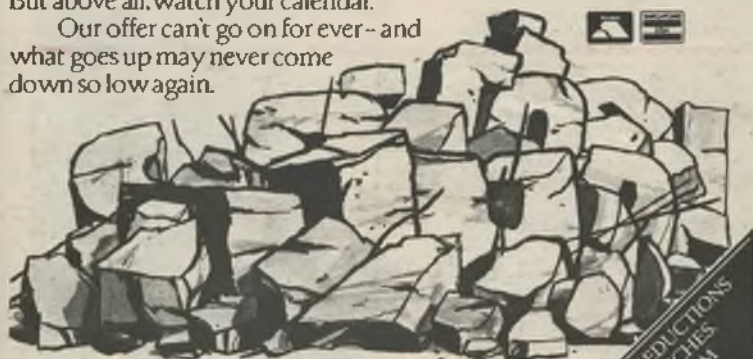
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Fripp turns modestly away from all compliments



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The League of Gentlemen

Fulham Greyhound

THERE WAS A bloke in earth shoes sketching caricatures at the back. There were a few in silly duds come in search of AnBeet. There was somebody who turned over the telephone for what it was worth while the rest of us were watching the show. But, mostly, there were foreigners — old flames of Crimson.

"We are of course The League of Gentlemen," says Mr Frapp, taking a discreet seat stage left beneath the mock Tudor beams. His audience proceed to prove a little less than decorous — barracking competes with cries for requests, and shouts of 'Eno', 'Bowie', or 'Am I resplendent in divergence?'. "We are all friends. We are all happy. Now be appropriate," says the man on the stool severely, as the League play all their own work. When audience participation veers once more into the unseemly Bob produces a different tactic to restore calm: "Shall I regale you with tales of my famous friends? What is Deborah Harry like first thing in the morning?" (Pause.) "Sensational."

The LoG, who work on principles outside the normal framework of the industry likewise prove sensational. Drummer Johnny Too-Bad and bassist Sara Lee hail from Baby and the Black Spots, a band Frapp picked up on at the Music Machine; stalwart keyboardman Barry Andrews is of course an old crony (of 'Exposure'). Their genesis as a group last march was EG Management saying to Frapp "Look, what you do best is play guitar so how about getting yourself a band to play in?" The modus operandi is their own.

The founder neither takes nor prescribes all the decisions. Literate Frapp fans are acquainted with his view that intelligence is the capacity to perceive rightness. But tonight's League of Gentlemen audience absorbs a parallel belief of equal importance: "The difference between the intelligence of the head and the intelligence of the heart is that the heart works a lot quicker." They sound like the most spirited band in town.

The LoG attack ranges from good old American roller-rink music right up to mental metal. They rhythm section and keyboards push Frapp's own anarchy constantly forward from its meditative starting and resting points. English psychedelics, industrial neo-romanticism and standard American funk and disco ingredients are

slapped into shape by a four-square determination built along the lines of that low-rent but loveable American home convenience, the Garbage Compactor.

Tonight the excitement and optimism of Frapp's best ideas find a way straight into the heat of the dance. With only scattered pauses (for Frapp to introduce 'Youth at Piano' and 'Goodbye Johnny B'), the League play a fluid and unstoppable set.

There's a Cold War calypso in the undertow of the rhythm section; a spinning mirror ball of options springing from Andrews' keyboards; a Fulham Chainsaw Massacre from Frapp in the last encore. One might wish the latter could throw off his (skinny) tie and jam just a mite more.

But we were all friends. We were happy. And, as we danced our asses off under the plasti-scene ceiling, it was a tiny testament for our time.

Cynthia Rose

Company

Actual 80 Festival
ICA Theatre

TONIGHT, eight's Company. A floating collective of free players, loosely organised by guitarist Derek Bailey, here as the third stopper at the Actual 80 Festival.

The ceaseless pursuit of a new kind of swing, Maarten Van Regteren Altena wraps himself round his double bass like a hyperactive stick insect and bows an abrasively dissonant line. The two cellists (some chamber music) are opposite poles: Tristan Honsinger is the unruly gremlin with a taste for adenoidal singalong, Georgie Born sways with a dumpy earnestness.

Tony Coe and Evan Parker conduct the endless daylight on clarinet and sax. Lindsay Cooper referees with a rustic eccentricity on oboe and bassoon. Crouched amidst a mandarin's showpiece of gongs and cymbals, Frank Perry wonders what to hit next. Uncle Derek transmutes the whole into a scene of frosty calm.

It's an intricate, capacious salad bowl of musics — put all my food on the same plate! They play whatever enters their heads or ears, stop awhile to listen, pick it up again. A wash of abstruse tunes splattered with surprise and disruption but stitched by a seeming inevitability: the challenge of collision. Sometimes they all play together, sometimes — pick them apart — in smaller groups.

Company ask, is anyone listening? And they are the dance band for the Marie Celeste.

Richard Cook



Ian McCulloch attempts to conceal weak chin.

Pic: Philip Grey

JOLLY HOCKEY STICKS AND CHINLESS WONDERS

Echo And The Bunnymen U2

Delta 5
Lyceum

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN dwell in the magical land between life and art that is the territory of great rock'n'roll. Making music alone isn't enough to guarantee entrance to this area: what is required is an almost four-dimensional comprehension of this rock'n'roll stuff, a sufficiently developed understanding to unerringly, and without deliberation, send shivers of tingling excitement up the spines of an audience. This is the simple, but ultimate, test of the finest rock'n'roll.

Echo And The Bunnymen probably would've laughed at the silliness that preceded their Sunday night set — or the silliness of the groups I saw, anyway. There was an anachronistic air about the evening, a sense about all these groups playing to a lot of very drugged and/or drunken people that was not at all dissimilar from a Roundhouse Sunday afternoon gig ten years ago. It was very hot.

Unexpected visitors to my home prevented me from catching The Books and London Transport didn't want me to see The Au Pairs, I arrived just as they were leaving the stage.

Delta 5 specialise in those off-key school choir descent vocals that are often a feature of Squat Rock as performed by young ladies. Naturally, they have two bassists, both of whom are girls and look like they were probably prefects. The deliberately gamine-like girl singer wears a T-shirt which says "We Are All Prostitutes" which really does seem too novel a piece of thinking. She looks as though she'd like to go to drama-school. The guitarist and strong drummer are both chaps and very nondescript fellows at that, which I hope isn't a sexual statement on the part of the gals.

Short set, short songs — but though they did make me laugh at their earnestness, which is really all a bit jolly hockey-sticks, they did make me dance too.

Which is more than I can say for U2 who are basically little more than nonsense, or perhaps the new Boomtown Rats — one of the two, and they both amount to the same thing, anyway.

This four-piece Irish group are nothing more than a very traditional hard rock outfit with a singer — one Bono by name — who'd love to be Rod Stewart, in imitation of whom he moves much of the time, when he isn't busy imitating the inevitable Iggy, of course. He also delivers Bob Geldof raps. After 'Stories For Boys', a song of forced poignancy heavily

reliant on Hawkwind's 'Silver Machine' bass riff, Bono histrionically bellows: "We're giving out a lot of flesh and passion up here!" And more in similar vein. Ah, those luvvable, lyrical Gish-kissers of the Blarney Stone. I bet that Bono writes poetry and thinks that Van's The Man to be sure.

U2 really are quite awful, though the young people — particularly the mutant punks — at the pop concert seemed to enjoy their tired old fakery.

Did I say the new Boomtown Rats? Make that the new Taste! Whereas U2 are just copyists, Echo And The Bunnymen have absorbed and transcended their influences, moving on to an area where their music is totally of their own making. Like a large amount of today's supposedly innovative bands, The Doors and Iggy Pop are prime source material — the vocals of Ian McCulloch attest often to the influence of Iggy, who learnt his vocal mannerisms by listening to Jim Morrison anyway. The music of Love lies also at the heart of the repetitively undulating, tangential sound of The Bunnymen, an initially awkward noise that is uniquely their own.

Echo And The Bunnymen are sprung taut with a purposeful, confident discipline that carries with it a deflating humorous edge. They smile knowingly at each other onstage. Echo And The Bunnymen are enriched with invigorating inner strength!

This is probably because they are exceptional musicians. Pete de Freitas is a hard drummer, conniving towards extremes of lunacy and still staying in control. The other instruments dance off his sound, though sturdy bassist Les Pattinson, the Man With The Golden Grin, dances with him, too. The serious guitarist with a chemistry student's Watt Tyler peasant haircut is the studious Will Sergeant, the occupant of stage right. He alternates his lead and rhythm work, and Ian McCulloch when playing his guitar — mostly he plays chord sequences — bounces off him.

McCulloch, though, is The Man, the group's ace face and teen heart-throb even though in profile he's really a bit chinless. He is the frontman for this welter of sound which contains every emotion you can think of and is so much more than the sum of its parts.

Hence, its ability to send shivers etc etc... Echo And The Bunnymen played just about everything they have ever recorded, as well as a new song called 'The Puppet' which is their next single.

I'm pleased I haven't had to use that silly word 'psychedelic'. You should be told, incidentally, that Echo And The Bunnymen used dry ice, which is most culturally confusing, particularly as it is very effective but a trifle smelly.

Chris Sawlwick

Gregory Isaacs

Rainbow

TAKE ANY moderate gathering of citizens intent on peaceable pursuit and out comes the Babylon in force. I am growing altogether more and more disgruntled when arriving at concerts, football matches, carnivals, and the like to be confronted with these strutting and sneering, self-important little men hiding behind megaphones and uniforms, herding me in the direction of a queue my own common sense would otherwise have told me to join.

It wasn't only the Babylon who greeted Gregory Isaacs' headlining show in Finsbury Park last Sunday evening. In spite of it selling out some

time before the show, there was nevertheless a host of ticketless people who turned up in the hope of purchasing a spare seat or of finding a conveniently open back door.

Inside, the atmosphere was intense, incredible. Standing room only, huddled down the aisles and along the sides. A predominantly — 90% or more — black audience out in strength to pay homage to one of the reggae field's ruling giants. Also, unusually for a show of this nature, although perhaps to be expected in the case of Mr Isaacs, a fair percentage of women in the crowd, always an encouraging sign.

Otherwise, the performance had its very obvious faults, not least of which was the sound, especially the buzzing

bass and over loud drumming. By the evening's end, though, Gregory Isaacs' sure, self-confident singing had relegated even this to minor annoyance.

Starting a little hesitantly with 'Mr Brown' and 'Storm', the singer first came into his own off the crowd's vibration with his third song 'Slave Master', grew in strength via 'Uncle Joe', and climaxed the first half of his set with a controlled reading of 'Chunnie You're My Number One' such as had the woman in the audience wooing the behatted and pearl grey suited songster from their seats.

He continued in like languorous vein, effecting a selection of popular titles old and new, including and incorporating 'Mr Cop',

'Bumping And Boring', 'Tune In' and 'Poor & Clean'.

The last named, in particular, garnered a huge cheer of recognition from the crowd, echoing I should imagine a good many of the audience's own frustrations, especially on the opening line: "so many years I've been slaving in your factory, never had a chance to talk to the boss..."

For an encore we were treated to a tune dating back to the beginning of the artist's career, 'Love Is Overdue'. Then it was done.

Outside in Isledon Street the beast were still sniffing around aggressively. Personally, I would rather to live poor and clean, than live rich in corruption.

Penny Reel



Gregory Isaacs, ruling coolly

Pic: Arnold Williams

Breaking the code

Restricted Code Radio Ghosts

Paisley STATIK TO FAST. In retrospect it seems the obvious choice, of course: Restricted Code as part three of the new, low-intensity Fast/Pop: Aural scheme for global media infiltration/subversion (and hit records).

The 'Second City Statik' mini-album is, by now, a faint memory in R. Code's development. Vocalist Tom Cannavan and guitarist Frank Quadrelli are prolific enough to have compiled dozens of songs — all at least good, and many inspired. Add Tom's whooping, vibrato whine and Frank's clipped, staccato guitar and I'd imagine the result must be the closest yet to the cosmopolitan, warped pop that Bob Last may have been plotting for.

With tonight's performance I'm conscious of a vague dissatisfaction from the start; a feeling of anxious urgency straining the band to an

uncomfortable tautness. By 'Shake My Hand' Tom's voice is edging into the frantic. It doesn't suit him.

Normally, R. Code music is a rich and fascinating blend, which results in spiky modern rhythms capable of being funky, soulful and poignant. Recently they've been compared with Dexy's, which is far from the truth, but not the outright absurdity the band would claim.

On stage Tom is amiable, occasionally witty, endearingly bashful and awkward, flinging angular limbs around like a punch-drunk Plastic Man in the half-hearted belief he should probably be dancing or something. (The other three try to forget how many people are looking at them.)

He could be a great singer. That, fortunately, is the only unifying factor amongst the best of this New Scottish Pop we're finally getting to read about. Most of the outstanding groups are fronted by great intuitive pop singers, amongst the best new voices to emerge in years.

Stay tuned for The Associates' Billy Mackenzie, Scars' Bobby King, Positive Noise's Ross Middleton, The Delmontes' Julie Hogg, Orange Juice's Edwyn Collins and Josef K's Paul Haig. None of them sound like Frankie Miller.

Support act Radio Ghosts created a series of conflicting impressions.

As background music sung by Kevin Ayers in a Mediterranean cafe their jaunty tunes and cantering calypsos might insinuate enough to be hummed by people on buses. In Paisley I'm wondering why they insist on confining themselves so often to the merely cute.

There's something of the '70s monolith about them, but they retain a certain confidence, undoubted inventiveness (particularly in the dual guitar parts) and, often, a strong aura of an upwardly mobile young beat group.

Despite the tank tops.

Glenn Gibson



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2218-2220, 2220-2222, 2222-2224, 2224-2226, 2226-2228, 2228-2230, 22

MORE SPECIALS

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was really insane. Both the staff and the kids were really insane."

When he was about fifteen he ran away from home for a time and ended up on the small island off the coast of Ireland that John Lennon had bought as a commune site for The Diggers. "That was awful. I went over there with this mate of mine, and they put us to work ploughing the fields. And every night we'd be given a bowl of flour and water. The fields were laid out in the letters of the word L-O-V-E. That's when I stopped being a hippy and became a skinhead."

Jerry's enjoyed a multi-tribal past that's included being a mod, a hippy, a skinhead, a biker, and a punk.

"They were all just aspects of very transitory things, though."

No doubt all of them were just expressions of his natural style, of which Jerry Dammers has plenty — the refusal to wear false teeth is a sort of style of the absurd.

IT SEEMS logical that Dammers should have been an art student, though really that just came about by default. His mother wanted him to go to university, but he got only one 'A' Level, in art, and that was the subject in which he got his degree. "I just ended up at Nottingham Art School for a year, and then I went to Lancaster in Coy. The actual degree was pretty irrelevant, really — that was just a by-product of what I was really doing, which was just using the college's facilities to do what I wanted, which was to make cartoons."

"Actually, I really hate the idea of degrees, and all their connotations of privilege and success. I hate privilege. I never collected my degree certificate from them."

During this period, a time of heavy drinking and a certain amount of vandalism, Dammers turned out three animated shorts — one about the boxing match in the late '50s between Rocky Marciano and the British Heavyweight Champion Don Cockell, one entitled *Disco* with music from Dammers and Horace, and the third a dramatic mixture of live film and animation set around Coventry.

"The boxing film," he says, "was a piss-take of the whole thing. Just showing how stupid fighting is. It only lasted for about four minutes. The *Disco* one was about two minutes. And the other one was about ... fifteen. But there was really a helluva lot of work in them. I did all the animations myself."

"Actually," he adds, "I was really pissed off to discover that the soundtrack to *Disco* had been nicked from college. I knew it would happen. They made me give back my films when I went up there to use their lab to print some pictures. We had to have the pictures, though — they were to go with the first review we were going to get in your paper."

The *Specials*' songs, I suggest, seem like animations, littered with cartoon-like characters and the aural equivalent of visual jokes.

"Yeah, definitely," he agrees. "That's what I want to do, really ... When this pop business is

finished, I want to make films."

"I haven't got any favourite directors or anything like that. I just seem to see what I go and see. I'm like that with records, too. I'm not a fanatical collector or anything like that. I haven't got many records. The ones I've got are in a really terrible state."

"People seem to miss the humour of what we're doing, though. They don't seem to realise we're taking the piss a lot of the time. On the new single I'm taking the piss out of myself. It's about me. All the songs are about things connected with ourselves. We don't invent situations and write about them. On 'Stereotypes' there's like ideas within ideas that we're taking the piss out of. But people seem to miss it half the time."

"It was there just as much on the first album. I don't know what to do, really. If it's all going over their heads then I'm not sure what the point is. I hope some of it's getting through, otherwise we may as well not bother. All good rock 'n' roll's meant to be funny, though we're not trying to preach to anybody: just to write about ourselves and hope they'll see how that relates to themselves, too."

"Actually," he continues after a few seconds, "I don't know if I want us to tour like this ever again. I just want us to be a weekend band: play at the weekends only."

"I'd had a relationship with someone for five years, and when I went away to America for two months that broke up, because she couldn't handle that new element — though you have to be pretty exceptional if you can. It's pretty unnatural, the way of life connected with rock'n'roll. Seamen are about the only other people who have comparable stresses placed on their relationships. That's what a song like 'International Jet Set' is about. Just about those experiences. Though I'm not certain how valid doing it is at all."

"Of what possible interest could that be to the people who buy our records? Quite a lot of the stuff tonight I thought they just didn't know what to make of."

Actually, there's a bit of melodramatic

thinking going on here, for Jerry must recall that during 'International Jet Set', the final number, the audience had been stunned into something close to religious awe.

His knowledge of other current music is as limited and undeliberate as what he knows about film directors: "I don't know much about what's going on, really. I mean, I don't hear much music. It's just what I happen to come across in my everyday life. I don't go and hunt it out. Maybe that's a bad thing."

He shrugs his shoulders when asked about his thoughts on The Selecter opting out of 2-Tone. Neol Davies is an old pal, one of the first people with whom he ever made music: "He's got this very distinctive style that's got overlooked in this whole way of looking at ... 2-Tone."

Dammers will not be drawn into delivering any mock-philosophical spail on the "significance" of 2-Tone.

"I just wanted 2-Tone to be like a little club," he semi-groans. "And if you liked the music then you became part of it — that's all. As it is, it just gets a bit worrying. But there's nothing I can do about it."

THE END

"The skinheads aren't a problem at all," he goes on. "They're a bit discriminated against, really. They just look a bit intimidating, that's all. It's not like a political statement when they get up onstage. ... It's just not true at all that if you're a skinhead you've gotta be in the National Front."

"But even so, you can tell anybody that if they're into the NF or the British Movement that if they want to come to our gigs we just don't want them there. They're just not welcome. If they've bought tickets, we'll ... Well, we won't give them their money back, actually. We just don't want them there. They're not welcome."

Dammers is also dissatisfied, as are most of the band, by the manner in which The Specials was dismissed as a group capable of only one musical style — ska. Nor can he now comprehend the manner in which this attitude has shifted so that with the current album, the group is said to be dealing in nothing but muzak — just one of numerous musical areas approached on 'More Specials'.

"I mean," Dammers shakes his head with something near to irritation, "if we were to put out an album of just ska that'd be muzak. ... If you know what I mean."

AT BRISTOL the next day the stage is swamped for most of the set by around 200 kids. Several times, a lighting rig is near to collapsing on their heads, and by the end of the show the stage is close to collapsing — in Skegness, when The Specials played The Seaside Tour, it actually *did* collapse.

In the dressing-room afterwards Dammers looks worried: "It's very difficult this jumping onstage business. They're not really causing any problems. It's just real youthful enthusiasm. They just want to be part of it. They're all really good kids."

"But if it goes on like it was tonight, someone's going to get really badly hurt — it's amazing they weren't injured today."

"It's funny. It's like what they've got to understand is that there's nobody going to stop them if they do try and get onstage, but hopefully, because they know that, they won't try."

"After all, it's no big deal, really."

NME X-PRESS WORD

ACROSS

- 4 See 11
- 7 Numan the Human's current vision
- 9 **A** 29 New York singer/songwriter, she was born into a wealthy publishing family
- 10 Aka Herman of the Hermits (5,5)
- 12 The hit from 'Absolutely' (5,8)
- 17 '50s dance
- 18 Ma dad's v. nude (anag. 2 words)
- 20 Inflexible independent
- 22 To 1985 what 'Anarchy In The UK' was to 1976? (2,10)
- 24 Ari in the singular

- 25 Singer/writer whose albums include 'Come Out Fighting' (3,6)
- 28 Scottish h.rock band fronted by Dan McCafferty
- 29 See 9

DOWN

- 1 Military out-take from 'Black Sea' (8,3,6)
- 2 He replaced E Clapton in John Mayall's Bluesbreakers (5,5)
- 3 Cale or McVie
- 5 See 26
- 6 See 23
- 8 Mrs Lennon
- 11 **A** 4 US guitarist who's a living legend for his Stax session work and playing with Booker T



- 13 As a producer he's worked with the New York Dolls, Sparks and Tom Robinson (4,8)
- 14 Child taken in by SS forms Scottish group
- 15 Seminal fanzine, stupid habit (7,4)
- 16 Lennon and McCartney's first band
- 19 Chris — or Frankie?
- 21 Chas & Dave's 15 minutes of fame
- 23 **A** 6 'Howlin' Wind' was his first LP
- 26 **A** 5 At the time this was described as punk's first No. 1
- 27 Rumour's first solo LP

- LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
ACROSS: 5 'Signifying Off'; 9 Arthur; 10 Lover's Rock; 12 Kate Bush; 13 (Ian) Dury; 14 Grace (Jones); 15 Beasts; 17 80 Diddle; 20 Roy (Wood); 21 Steve Jones; 23 'Tommy'; 25 Altamont; 26 Baker; 27 Sweet; 30 'Solsbury Hill'; 31 'Johnny And (Meryl)'; 32 Nice. DOWN: 1 Vic Godard; 2 'United'; 3 'Worm Leatherette'; 4 'Johnny And'; 5 Mary; 6 'Gloria Road'; 7 (Roberta) Flack; 8 The Tubes; 11 'Kaleidoscope'; 13 Debbie Harry; 16 Joe Jackson; 18 Ian (Dury); 19 (Ian) Gomm; 21 'Solsbury Hill'; 22 (Hall &) Oates; 24 'Mariana'; 28 (Roy) Wood; 29 Tune.

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The NME Consumers' Guide To 1984... is possibly the most innovative article ever published in a music paper. Brutal, totally cynical. No crap. It's painful isn't it? ... will tear us apart. Yeh.
D J Wiseman, Ealing W5.

A fair cop

This is only the second time I have ever been prompted to write to a musical journal. However, I felt I had to write and congratulate you on the series of articles entitled "1984", as I found myself in agreement with the greater part of the series.

I was especially interested in the views on the police, as I have been a police officer for three years now and an *NME* reader in good standing for eight years.

When I first read the articles, it was with misgivings as I thought I was in for a torrent of fanatical propaganda against the "thin blue line" and the armed forces. However, I was glad to note that Mr MacDonald is not prone to the rabid mouthings which, sadly, only serve to alienate the leftists from the people they wish to represent.

Having been a 'polis', as we say up here, for three years, I don't claim to have seen it all, but I have seen a fair bit to adden and gladden me.

I do believe though, that despite the black uniforms that we are the good guys, and I am worried that the constant media denunciations and claims by no-hope politicians who want to achieve a bit of fame by making widespread exposes of brutality and corruption will bring people to believe that murder is being done in all our police stations. We are not stormtroopers, going out to subdue the working class — most of us are just that, ex-miners and the like, and most of our support comes from them as well, though with the recent wage rise of 21.3% it has all the hallmarks of a bribe. That, coupled with increasing pay for the forces is a worrying thing. The PM knows something and she's not telling.

I don't want to sound naive, but the present government seems to be intent on pushing this country down the same road which led to Nazism in Germany, i.e. mass unemployment, inflation and the state of society growing imperceptibly further and further apart.

I hope that this government stops before my uniform begins to mean something you run away from, rather than run to. We, the ordinary working people, which is what we honest flat feet are, have to do it now because I don't think we want to see lanks in our streets, or (horrors) men like me with a 38 at their hip.

So I would appeal to your readers, don't blanket condemn the police — we may turn out to be the only friends you have.

Serpico, Glenrothes, Fife.

Streetlife

Your organ, it has to be said, was ailing. The immediacy, the vitality, the relevance, were gone, and the shelling out of the weekly quarter quid had become a chore. But in the last two weeks I'm pleased to report a rapid rise in anticipation levels. First a fine piece on Trident by Angus MacKinnon, followed by a perceptive and well-written look at present reality by Ian MacDonald.

If the *NME* is to mean anything in the next few unpleasant years I reckon the direction you have taken should be continued, if not extended. Since *Streetlife* folded we haven't had a decent paper covering current affairs along with music, and if you exploited the versatility (presumably) and talent (yes, I mean it) of you hacks, you could just about fill the gap.

Chris McLeod, Exeter

Kulturpessimismus

In 1977 the *Daily Mirror* marked an apocalyptic moment in the degeneration of the media, as its incendiary coverage of the Ted-Punk con-flict culminated in a front page headline which constituted a Ted challenge to the Punks stating the time and place for a contemporary re-enactment of the gunfight at O.K. Corral. The paper was quite literally creating its own mayhem, which it would redistribute to the masses hedged with the editorial clichés of sturdy dismay and concern.

Ian MacDonald's re-write of the Book of Revelations was a qualitatively identical exercise, differentiated only by its subtlety from the crass machinations of the tabloids.

His opening gambit in the '1984 Consumer's Guide' was a classic exercise in emotional blackmail, a semiological cornucopia of the linguistic tricks of totalitarian language: it painted nursery rhyme history; it drew utterly false analogies; it manipulated the imagery of violence to confute the rhetoric of doom; it pedalled myths; it rejected any kind of ambiguity, any fact or tendency incompatible with its myopic perspective.

The piece stank of *Kulturpessimismus*, the kind of fashionable bile Spengler secreted in the '20s, and which helped to create just the right kind of intellectual climate in which Hitler could succeed. Enoch Powell's "rivers of blood" diatribe was also defended as a warning. Do prophets respond to reality or do they create the conditions for their own vision of reality? It all depends on the identity of the prophet — Enoch was a crypto-fascist, Mr MacDonald would undoubtedly be defended as an acute observer of contemporary trends. The distinction is not one of content but of snobbery.

The frenetic snobbery of Divisional Joy anthems of apocalyptic dance muzak is a lucrative formula in the current climate; what was objectionable in this instance was the pretence of making a considered and responsible contribution to the crisis debate preoccupying our global village. Nick Kent recently exposed the Pink Floyd 'Wall' extravaganza, as a corrupt exercise in standing back and ironically manipulating the tactics of manipulation, a purely rhetorical exercise reinforcing the alienation it sought to undermine.

MacDonald's article, both in its metaphorical grandiloquence and total imbrication in the malignant tumours it inflamed, indulged in the same sophisticatedly decadent stylistic charade.

As Ian Curtis's squalid demise illustrated, fetishizing apocalyptic scenarios is a dangerous game, so why do you of all people feel obliged to indulge in it?

Diamond Dog, Street with a Deal, Manhattan.

Airstrip 1

If the point of your 1984 article was to show us the nasty things the good old UK is in for then fair enough, but it included certain assumptions and gave conclusions which are questionable to say the least.

If your intention was to give us a heavy dose of the kind of smothering despair which makes people believe that all they can do is vegetate while waiting for doomsday then it succeeded there as well.

It's this despair that bothers me — maybe I'm taking what you said at face value but it seems to me that the kind of thinking that runs through the article actually encourages fascism.

To start with there's the oldest and most basic myth that is used to justify and perpetuate the status quo — that human beings are underneath it all greedy,

THE NEW MACHINERY OF TOTALITARIANISM



HM Police with just some of the 'hardware' confiscated from readers who tried to crash the Gasbag.

Pic: Syndication.

"We just 'it 'em" reveals Yard spokesman

violent, untrustworthy and not capable of running their own lives. That is not true and not what psychology shows us. It is totally unreasonable to look at people's underlying motives and desires and say "that's human nature" without applying the same analysis to the system(s) under which they are created. This is about as broad a generalisation as you could make, but most of us will not act in an intelligent, rational way until we realise we can take time off from the basic struggle to survive.

Which brings me to another point — the statement "science itself is totalitarian" is very misleading; totalitarianism thrives on the rejection of science as a means of advancing humankind by rational thought and experimentation. If you mean that science is being used in a totalitarian way then I couldn't agree more, the microchip being an obvious example.

Finally, regarding anarchism and Orwell's "dismissals" of it: I don't think the view you mentioned in the article was a fair criticism of the human race, for the reasons I gave earlier. Somewhere else, Orwell said that anarchism was so obviously in the right that anarchists would be the first to try and force others into taking their viewpoint. Although that might be true in certain cases it's more of a criticism of a few despairing anarchists than of anarchism.

I think most anarchists would agree that it's impossible to "force" people to be free — it just doesn't make sense. What we can do, and by "we" I don't just mean those of us who would label ourselves "anarchists", is to make people aware of their situation and encourage them to realise that they can think for themselves and be themselves.

"Art" (and I don't mean The Pop Group), whether it's music, books or whatever, can do that. So can you lot at the NME.

A Whyte, Edinburgh.

Dead easy

I've discovered you! You lot are part three of the 'Final Solution'. By getting your 'surfeit of unemployment' to feel suicidal with this indescribably depressing literature, you may get enough of them to bump themselves off now, thus insuring your jobs and portion of the 'limited' food supply for a few more years.

You clever bastards! 12.5.58 Lae, Sector 9, Zone 2, Exeter.

The old NME

OK, so we are all into 1984. But how the hell do you expect the average working class person(s) who left school at 16 to understand Ian MacDonald's article? We all can still remember reading George Orwell's 1984, and *Brave New World*, at the age

of 14 or 15, so why the hell can you not make it simpler for the average person? By the time we average people have looked up all the complicated words the bloody bomb would have been dropped.

So at the moment we all can sleep easy. This week's edition on how Britain is preparing for 1984 should be all of two or three paragraphs or even half a page long.

The only Big Brother we are afraid of is the one who is older than us.

The thick average working class, Nantwich.

Old news speaks

Admirable as are many of the points raised in Ian MacDonald's 1984 piece it is worth bearing in mind the undeniable fact that the whole is nothing more than a hotch-potch of plagiarisms that any averagely well-read or well-viewed person has previously come across.

In the light of his statement that "A balanced individual ... will have spent some considerable time pondering his own views instead of lazily piecing together disjointed bits of other peoples' ... this raises the question of the worth of publishing these regurgitated social and political ideas.

And the only answer there would appear to be to that question manifests itself in the arrogantly didactical and polemical style that MacDonald's writing adopts. I'm sure I'm not the only reader to finish the articles

with an aftertaste of classroom lingering — "The future begins today. Do not betray it." My God! This bombastic rhetoric tastes as bad as a *Daily Express* editorial.

This is not objective reporting. This is a manifesto that lacks the wit or freshness of a writer with challenging views (George Orwell perhaps?); and that is aimed at a dissatisfied and increasingly cynical youth in a manner smacking of Mosley.

The manner in which MacDonald tells is as frightening as Newspeak. George Orwell was right to distrust the liberal middle-classes and there's no reason why the rest of us shouldn't. One surplus unemployed person, Preston.

No newspeak spoken here

Congratulations to Ian MacDonald on rescuing individualism from the clutches of the Tories and moral responsibility from the monopoly of the church.

However, there is one area he did not examine sufficiently — that of language. A prime weapon of reality control in 1984 was that of 'Newspeak' — the capacity of the authorities to monopolise meaning-making and, through language, to control thought. In a society where freedom has come to mean the freedom to stay at the Ritz Hotel and where choice means you can opt for private health and education, has not newspeak already come upon us? If meaning, like sanity, is sought but statistical it is important that society's use of language is itself open to scrutiny and that freedom of speech means not merely lack of censorship but positive exposure to a diversity of opinions.

If we are to be self-determined in our thoughts as well as our actions, we must develop the capacity to be our own meaning-makers and to think outside the boundaries of conventional rhetoric.

Maureen West, Sheffield.



Old MacDonald's Animal Farm — the truth!

By You The Readers

Silly cross-heads inserted by Andrew Tyler and Chris Bohn

These foolish things

I am not a philosopher, neither is MacDonald, but according to a guy called Karl Popper, who is a philosopher, in a democracy, reason and discussion are our most important assets. That's why I buy NME — to get the other idiot's view. Come on Ian, let's talk.

Science is not totalitarian. Huxley's 'the reduction of multiplicity to unity', your 'ceaseless questing after natural law through identification of the common factor' are expressions of a failing which has rotted Western philosophical thought for too long.

The 'Logic Of Scientific Discovery', written by the German Karl Popper in 1934 (English edition 1959), shows how there is no certain truth in science, that all advance is based on the reasoned testing by all the scientific community of compelling theories.

Criticism is the key to producing better, truer theories but never the whole truth.

Democracy encourages criticism, totalitarianism (Communist or Fascist) stifles it. Democracy is the key to our survival, the removability of our leaders, the encouragement of criticism.

These ideas are developed further in the 'Open Society And Its Enemies' written by Popper in 1943-1945 as an answer to Hitler's totalitarian fever then contaminating the world.

If you're really interested in philosophy and politics, let's hear your opinions on the people trying to establish democracy and reasoned discussion. Ever heard of a faraway place across the sea called Poland? Perhaps your silence in not supporting democracy will be as defeating as that of the TUC — or perhaps you're real live people?

Martin Humphrey, Kingston, Surrey.
P.S. I've tried to write this in NME jargonese to put myself at the same disadvantage MacDonald was labouring under.

An individual and his mates

'The dynamics of this (Totalitarian) revolution are both simple to understand and quite beyond our control.'

You assess the situation in a horribly detached and apathetic manner. You're scared of saying you think we should act to prevent ourselves being stomped on in case people think you're a dogmatist, so sometimes you write like some kind of half-interested Sociology professor and then you make the usual concessions to more conservative readers.

Or perhaps I'm being too kind. There are times when you lapse into meandering idiocy. At one point in the third article you said that Maj.-Gen. Kitson was basically a nice bloke who was used to dealing with foreigners and who should be more open with his fellow Brits. He's not like Pinochet at all because... he doesn't look like him.

So you believe in individuals? So do I. So does anyone who doesn't have a psychological disorder. But you 'political experts' feel you've got to put the suffix 'ism' on the end to politicise things. Unfortunately this converts a basic expression of sociability into political nonsense. The individual is quite simply not a unit of political analysis.

Government policies affect groups of people, they don't affect us as individuals. Political individualism is a sham. It is reactionary because it is meaningless. It is the cult of the bully — an apology for political inequality and domination. When you

dominate people you deprive them of their individuality (as in 1984).

You don't seem to like the idea of a police state but you think it's inevitable because we're all such blind animals who were only ever free by accident. You are too pessimistic, and I resent your pessimism because it suggests to me that you don't give a damn. The experiments you refer to suggest that human beings are capable of terrible weakness and insensitivity — yes, this is something we know. Human beings are also capable of much better things, but that is something you wouldn't know.

Personally speaking, I am already an individual and so are most of my friends. But anyway you dismiss this last sign of hope as being unrealistic. I dismiss it as being beside the point. A police state is imposed by people, by people like Major General Kitson on people like us.

The only worthwhile thing you suggest is the creation of a civil rights movement along the lines of the Anti-Nazi League. I will join. When you are going to set it up? Karl, Reading

Spoiled votes

It may seem wrong to quibble about definitions of "democracy" in the light of Ian MacDonald's point that in most of the world naked and vicious repression is the order of the day. Nevertheless, I must take issue with his correlation between wealth and democracy. For despite our affluence (and this "our" is often used far too casually — not everyone has expensive stereos and exotic drugs, you know) I don't believe it does link up with any true majority power, ie democracy. Mere possession of the vote is not democracy, even if everyone has and uses it. What makes for true democracy is control of those elected. Instead, what exists throughout the West is a range of parties which says, in one way or another "vote for us and let us run your lives for you."

Thus the current absurd situation where many people are suffering bitterly because of this government's policies, and yet are supposed to endure it for five years because they were elected "democratically". This divorce between politics and actual mass-control of politics is why I say this is not a democracy.

The whole conception of Parliament is mistaken — rulers are elected, not popular delegates; MPs respond far more to "party discipline" than the desires of those who voted for them. The majority thus cannot control Parliament in any significant way. Thus deprived of opportunity for participation and control, politics becomes a matter of those elected deciding things for us. I believe this, as much as the consumerism with which it is enshrined (surface satisfactions provided to mask any desire for real satisfaction, that of really having power over your life) breeds the political apathy and social fragmentation the article details.

It is all too true that we are ripe for totalitarianism, but it will grow out of lack of real democracy, not the existence of it. Emmett Grogan, Somewhere in Britain.

And now a word from our sponsors

Just think — if we were taken over by the Mormons, we would have a tee-totalitarian government. Sod that for a game of soldiers. P.G. Tips, Ceylon.

See the happy family. See the nice warm kitchen. Look at the contented wife. See the enormous portions of fig rolls. Read the smug captions sneering at the modern world. How short. They are. Is this another supercilious piece. Of ham-fisted student college? No. It's a gag. From Wavie O'Shawe. Who is Wavie O'Shawe? He of fig roll and hooterist obsession. Coming up soon are details of. His meeting with an NME reporter of smallish, Proboscis dimensions. It would not be actionable to state that O'Shawe is a queer. Follow. You see with this type of pun. Tustion one can get away with murder. And Wavie should know all about that.



T-ZERS GETS STUCK IN

THE UNIVERSE may be expanding but page 59 is pushed for space. So that's yer hilarious intro gone for a start. But lend a sympathetic ear to The Spectacles and their experience of a Scottish black hole.

After a major power black-out at the band's weekend Edinburgh jaunt, Terry Hall celebrated the onsurge of naked electricity by announcing: "I know the Scottish are lookin' tight but somebody could put ten pence in the meter." That's inflation, Terry. In the intervening 20 minutes of silence the group placated the audience (average age 15 years 8 months) by dishing out freebie beers and records. Later on the event-packed gonerioo was stopped by Dammers and Hall, who spotted a security man mistreating a punter. Despite the fact that the show veered towards total chaos at all times (at least thirty fans made it to the stage).

Dammers was incensed at the bouncer's actions. "We don't want any fucking security at our gigs. Hey you in the white T-shirt with the moustache. Fook off." Etcetera.

Once somebody found a box of Swan Vests, the ensuing light showed Swinging Cats sax player Paul Hewkett to be amongst the rabble. Reports confirm that he's no longer a Swinger and will be found on all upcoming Specialist dates.

Mick Kahn, member of legendary Japan ("second in my mind as a creative force only to Charlie Parker and The Beatles" — Derek Jewell) loves to keep his hands occupied. The fellow has a sculpture exhibition upcoming. T-Zers dismisses rumours that exhibits include the controversial "No Arms For Venus De Milot" routine.

One school refusing to play ball with rock's new educational awareness is Fielding Middle School, who banned an impromptu appearance on Friday by flasher pop group The Skids. The date was to be the first of the "Skids For Kids" tour which continues this week. And what about Virgin press office, who've sent photostats of Richard Jobson's passport around to prove he is truly just 19. With the aid of a technical magnifying glass, T-Zers notices that the fiends have sent us upside down! Thus making the crooning nudist a much more credible 61. And this grand old gentleman is

now to release a selection of his poetry on some Belgian label backed by such noises as bagpipes and other peculiar Scots noises. Like the sinking of Third Lanark mayhap...

Nash The Slash, first signing to John Fox's Metal Beat label, played support to Grey Numan at the Hammersmith (accent on the Ham) Odeon. Covered all over in white fabric, his face hidden beneath a scarf, he blundered away on various instruments against a backing track. The backing track won. Anyrate, he later had two customised mandolins stolen — one is skull-shaped — from the venue and would like anyone who knows anything to contact Virgin Records where a representative of the disempowered artist is waiting.

Caught catching the act that's tipped by John Rickman to oust Toofast as the next big thing — namely Blim — were Stray Cats, Lemmy, Richard "Dick" Jobson, Madness, Bodysnatchers and Andrew Loog Oldhamwhilegetmechange-out. Blim, eh? Sounds like a scouser with a cold.

Comet Angels broke the house record at Clapham's 101 Club on Saturday, beating the previous record holders Young Marble People by eight giants.

More in-crowd: As reported in this column last week, Bob Marley did support The Commodores at MSG in New York and at the end of his set a reported 5,000 people got up and left without considering the benefits that a Commodores set might offer.

Canadian premier Pierre Trudeau's office has written to the TV station in Toronto that aired a now notorious news clip featuring NME a twisted

duo Joe 'Fine Head o'skin' Stevens and Max 'But Gay Is An Issue' Ball featured the pair mouthing off about the PM's gobbletrot.

Stoneslovin' missus Maggie. So far the station has refused to apologise and the pair are still in full receipt of their knee-caps.

One currently available US swap magazine — which to thwart fools and ghouls shall be nameless — carries an ad from the 'ultimate' fan. What's he offering? "One pint of Keith Richards' old blood". Must be something to do with the world's resurrection.

Gay mag Him ("Never miss it" — M Smith) reports this month on US band The Skitt Brothers. Now, the less squeamish amongst you may know that scatology is a fascination with being, literally, dumped on. Band spokesman Pter Swearall says: "We're a balls to the wall rock'n'roll band you can dance your ass off to. We're into heavy shit." Their debut single is "Walk The Night", which contains such responsible lyrics as: "Got a rod beneath my coat/Gonna ram it down your throat", although the boys say they'll tone it down for radio. Sorry to be so sordid here but, y'know, y'gotta be warned about these barks.

During his recent stay in Chicago, David Bowie went to a Roy Orbison gig and later the Big D dropped by to catch The Elephant Man. An affair? Well, spies have seen Dave shopping for drapes, so...

Fey, fey we're The Psychodetic Furs! Was that really a mini-dress that the increasingly precocious Butler Rap, Furry singer, was modelling at the Lycium? Answers on a papyrus scroll to Mr & Mrs Elephant Man Niagara Falls. (Not many lines for me this week — Ed.) Oh, so that's why you've been so quiet then.



'Howdy readers. This here's y'old pal and country cousin (that's not cussin', hear hee) George Jones. Just popped by to tell y'all that over yonder's the cover of a record being released back where I come from, and case you didn't realise, gosh darn it. It includes a track I made famous, nah not so long ago, hic, with that yarmol, whistls damn name, Elvis sumpin. Anyway, the critter's done gone and stashed a whole herd of past memories, B sides, and what we call outtakes in Nashville. 'Scalled 'Takin' Liberties' in the UK I hear the economic recession is kinda blin' hard. That's too bad. All you Amerys gits is the same twenty cuts on a tape cassette called 'Ten Bloody Marys & Ten How's Your Fathers' — one o' those new-fangled affairs probably but still not a record. So I guess you fans will buy 'em both, huh? Good, then I'll be a rich man, Amen.'

NME

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