

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Poly Styrene
Blood Ulmer
Chaz Jankel

T Heads dates
The Beat in NY
Style Wars plus

Toyah
Toyah
burning
bright

Pages 24-6



Toyah Willcox goes up the wall. Pic: Pennie Smith



Before: No wonder Philip Lynott was looking troubled. What with that receding hairline of his, people kept mistaking him for the guy out of Earth Wind And Fire. Y'know, the ones at 24 in this week's chart.

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
October 25th, 1980

US SINGLES

This Last Week

- (1) Another One Bites The Dust..... Queen
- (2) Woman In Love..... Barbra Streisand
- (3) Upside Down..... Diana Ross
- (4) I'm Alright (Theme From Caddyshack)..... Kenny Loggins
- (7) He's So Shy..... Pointer Sisters
- (5) Drivin' My Life Away..... Eddie Rabbitt
- (8) Real Love..... The Doobie Brothers
- (10) The Wanderer..... Donna Summer
- (12) Lady..... Kenny Rogers
- (9) Xanadu..... Olivia Newton-John/Electric Light Orchestra
- (13) Jesse..... Carly Simon
- (6) Lookin' For Love..... Johnny Lee
- (14) Look What You've Done To Me..... Boz Scaggs
- (16) Never Knew Love Like This Before..... Stephanie Mills
- (17) Dreaming..... Cliff Richard
- (18) I'm Coming Out..... Diana Ross
- (19) Master Blaster (Jammin')..... Stevie Wonder
- (11) All Out Of Love..... Air Supply
- (22) Dreamer..... Supertramp
- (28) Lovely One..... The Jacksons
- (23) Whip It..... Devo
- (15) Give Me The Night..... George Benson
- (29) You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling..... Daryl Hall & John Oates
- (24) Midnight Rocks..... Al Stewart
- (27) On The Road Again..... Willie Nelson
- (26) How Do I Survive..... Amy Holland
- (30) Let Me Be Your Angel..... Stacy Lattisaw
- (20) Late In The Evening..... Paul Simon
- (32) Out Here On My Own..... Irene Cara
- (35) More Than I Can Say..... Leo Sayer

This Last Week

- ## US ALBUMS
- (2) Guilty..... Barbra Streisand
 - (4) The Game..... Queen
 - (3) Diana..... Diana Ross
 - (6) One Step Closer..... Doobie Brothers
 - (1) Xanadu..... Original Soundtrack
 - (8) Crimes Of Passion..... Pat Benatar
 - (5) Urban Cowboy..... Original Soundtrack
 - (7) Hold Out..... Jackson Browne
 - (9) Panorama..... The Cars
 - (13) Back In Black..... AC/DC
 - (16) Paris..... Supertramp
 - (11) Emotional Rescue..... Rolling Stones
 - (15) Alive..... Kenny Loggins
 - (32) Greatest Hits..... Kenny Rogers
 - (12) Give Me The Night..... George Benson
 - (10) Honeysuckle Rose..... Original Soundtrack
 - (17) Christopher Cross..... Christopher Cross
 - (34) Triumph..... The Jacksons
 - (19) Wild Planet..... The B52's
 - (14) One Trick Pony..... Paul Simon
 - (25) Zapp..... Zapp
 - (24) Audio-Visions..... Kansas
 - (23) Beating The Odds..... Molly Hatchet
 - (22) TP..... Teddy Pendergrass
 - (29) Scary Monsters..... David Bowie
 - (18) Fame..... Original Soundtrack
 - (27) Against The Wind..... Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
 - (39) Anne Murray's Greatest Hits..... Anne Murray
 - (27) Full Moon..... The Charlie Daniels Band
 - (21) Glass Houses..... Billy Joel

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'



After: All smiles now! Says Phil: "Men it can be done! Me LP's straight in at number 10, the women love me, and it's all thanks to that modern miracle of medical science... The beard transplant!"

UK SINGLES

This Last Week

- | This Last Week | | | Highest Weeks In |
|----------------|------|---|------------------|
| 1 | (1) | Don't Stand So Close To Me..... Police (A & M) | 5 1 |
| 2 | (3) | D.I.S.C.O..... Ottawan (Carrere) | 5 2 |
| 3 | (8) | And The Birds Were Singing..... Sweet People (Polydor) | 3 3 |
| 4 | (12) | Woman In Love..... Barbra Streisand (CBS) | 3 4 |
| 5 | (2) | Baggy Trousers..... Madness (Stiff) | 6 2 |
| 6 | (15) | What You're Proposing..... Status Quo (Vertigo) | 2 6 |
| 7 | (4) | Masterblaster..... Stevie Wonder (Motown) | 6 2 |
| 8 | (6) | If You're Lookin' For A Way Out..... Odyssey (RCA) | 4 6 |
| 9 | (9) | When You Ask About Love..... Matchbox (Magnet) | 3 9 |
| 10 | (7) | Amigo..... Black Slate (Ensign) | 4 7 |
| 11 | (18) | Casanova..... Coffee (De-Lite) | 3 10 |
| 12 | (5) | My Old Piano..... Diana Ross (Motown) | 5 4 |
| 13 | (28) | Gotta Pull Myself Together..... Nolans (Epic) | 3 13 |
| 14 | (26) | You're Lying..... Linx (Chrysalis) | 4 13 |
| 15 | (10) | Killer On The Loose..... Thin Lizzy (Vertigo) | 4 10 |
| 16 | (21) | Love X Love..... George Benson (Warner Bros) | 4 16 |
| 17 | (23) | Enola Gay..... Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc) | 2 17 |
| 18 | (—) | All Out Of Love..... Air Supply (Arista) | 2 18 |
| 19 | (16) | Searching..... Change (WEA) | 7 9 |
| 20 | (24) | Army Dreamers..... Kate Bush (EMI) | 2 20 |
| 21 | (17) | Three Little Birds..... Bob Marley (Island) | 4 11 |
| 22 | (—) | What's In A Kiss..... Gilbert O'Sullivan (CBS) | 1 22 |
| 23 | (14) | Stereotypes..... Specials (2-Tone) | 4 14 |
| 24 | (—) | Let Me Talk..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS) | 1 24 |
| 25 | (—) | Special Brew..... Bad Manners (Magnet) | 1 25 |
| 26 | (11) | Trouble..... Gillan (Virgin) | 3 11 |
| 27 | (25) | Party Lights..... Gap Band (Mercury) | 3 25 |
| 28 | (13) | One Day I'll Fly Away..... Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers) | 7 1 |
| 29 | (—) | Loving You..... Jacksons (Motown) | 1 29 |
| 30 | (—) | I Need Your Love..... Teena Marie (Motown) | 1 30 |

BUBBLING UNDER

Suddenly — Cliff Richard and Olivia Newton-John (Jet).
Goodbye Civilian — Skids (Virgin).
Dog Eat Dog — Adam & The Ants (CBS).
Towers Of London — XTC (Virgin).
London Town — Light Of The World (Ensign).
Don't Say I Told You So — Tourists (RCA).

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week

- | This Last Week | | | Highest Weeks In |
|----------------|------|---|------------------|
| 1 | (1) | Zenyatta Mondatta..... Police (A&M) | 5 1 |
| 2 | (5) | Guilty..... Barbra Streisand (CBS) | 2 2 |
| 3 | (2) | Absolutely..... Madness (Stiff) | 4 2 |
| 4 | (6) | Mounting Excitement..... Various (K-Tel) | 4 3 |
| 5 | (3) | Scary Monsters..... David Bowie (RCA) | 5 1 |
| 5 | (4) | Never Forever..... Kate Bush (EMI) | 6 1 |
| 7 | (11) | Paris..... Supertramp (A&M) | 3 7 |
| 8 | (9) | More Specials..... Specials (Chrysalis) | 3 8 |
| 9 | (8) | Manilow Magic..... Barry Manilow (Arista) | 13 5 |
| 10 | (—) | Chinatown..... Thin Lizzy (Vertigo) | 1 10 |
| 11 | (7) | The Very Best Of Don McLean..... Don McLean (UA) | 4 5 |
| 12 | (10) | Breaking Glass..... Hazel O'Connor (A&M) | 9 4 |
| 13 | (13) | Triumph..... Jacksons (Epic) | 2 13 |
| 14 | (12) | Signing Off..... UB40 (Graduate) | 7 1 |
| 15 | (23) | A Touch Of Love..... Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel) | 3 15 |
| 16 | (18) | Flesh & Blood..... Roxy Music (Polydor) | 21 1 |
| 17 | (28) | The Love Album..... Various (K-Tel) | 4 17 |
| 18 | (16) | Give Me The Night..... George Benson (Warner Bros) | 14 1 |
| 19 | (22) | Gold..... The Three Degrees (Ariola/K. Tel) | 4 18 |
| 20 | (21) | I Am Woman..... Various (Polystar) | 4 20 |
| 21 | (15) | Now We May Begin..... Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers) | 6 4 |
| 22 | (14) | Midnight Dynamos..... Matchbox (Magnet) | 3 14 |
| 23 | (—) | Regatta De Blanc..... Police (A & M) | 48 1 |
| 24 | (19) | I'm No Hero..... Cliff Richard (EMI) | 5 4 |
| 25 | (17) | Telekon..... Gary Numan (Graduate) | 7 1 |
| 26 | (—) | Monsters Of Rock..... Various (Polydor) | 1 26 |
| 27 | (24) | Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls..... (Illusive) | 2 24 |
| 28 | (—) | Beat Crazy..... Joe Jackson (A & M) | 1 28 |
| 29 | (—) | Contractual Obligation Album..... Monty Python (Charisma) | 1 29 |
| 30 | (27) | The Absolute Game..... Skids (Virgin) | 4 7 |

BUBBLING UNDER

Kilimanjaro — The Teardrop Explodes (Mercury).
Making Moves — Dire Straits (Vertigo).
The River — Bruce Springsteen (CBS).
Just Supposing — Status Quo (Vertigo).
Border Line — Ry Cooder (Warner Bros).
Grin and Bear It — Ruts (Virgin).

INDIES 33s

- Closer..... Joy Division (Factory)
- Signing Off..... UB40 (Graduate)
- Miniatures..... Various (Pipe)
- Pin Drop..... Passage (Object)
- Live In Roots..... Misty (People Unite)
- Fresh Fruit And Rotting Vegetables..... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
- Jayne From Occupied Europe..... Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
- Half Mute..... Tuxedo Moon (Ralph)
- Alternative Hits..... Chelsea (Step Forward)
- Unknown Pleasures..... Joy Division (Factory)

INDIES 45s

- Requiem/Change 12"..... Killing Joke (Malicious Damage)
 - Atmosphere 12"..... Joy Division (Factory)
 - Precinct..... Cravats (Small Wonder)
 - Shack Up..... A Certain Ratio (Factory/Benelux)
 - Lips That Would Kiss 12"..... Durutti Column (Factory/Benelux)
 - Beat Goes On..... Normil Hawaiians (Dining Out)
 - Drug Trade E.P..... Cramps (Illegal)
 - Blue Boy..... Orange Juice (Post Card)
 - Shake Rake..... Zeitgeist (Enchaine)
 - Totally Wired..... Fall (Rough Trade)
- Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1

REGGAE

- Warrior Charge..... Aswad (Island)
 - I'm So Sorry..... Carol Thompson (Santic)
 - 3 Time Loser..... Samantha Rose (Nature)
 - Sunday Morning..... Gregory Isaacs (Solomonic)
 - Crucifixion..... Barrington Levy (Greensleeves)
 - Open The Door To Your Heart..... Delgado (Yvonne Special)
 - My Woman..... Barrington Levy (Greensleeves)
 - Jumping Master..... Mikey Dread (Dread At The Controls)
 - No Man Is An Island..... Motion (Ballistic)
 - Midnight Raver..... Junior Delgado (Greensleeves)
- Chart by: Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

DISCO

- Casanova..... Coffee (De/Lite)
 - Searching..... Change (WEA)
 - You're Lying..... Lynx (Chrysalis)
 - I Owe You One..... Shalamar (Solar)
 - Masterblaster..... Stevie Wonder (Motown)
 - Party Lights..... Gap Band (Mercury)
 - I Need Your Loving..... Teena Marie (Motown)
 - Amigo..... Black Slate (Ensign)
 - Big Time..... Rick James (Motown)
 - Love X Love..... George Benson (Warner Bros)
- Chart by: Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

- I Only Have Eyes For You..... Art Garfunkel (CBS)
 - Space Oddity..... David Bowie (RCA)
 - Feelings..... Morris Albert (Decca)
 - There Goes My First Love..... Drifters (Bell)
 - Hold Me Close..... David Essex (CBS)
 - S.O.S..... Abba (Epic)
 - Don't Play Your Rock And Roll To Me..... Smokey (Rak)
 - What A Difference A Day Makes..... Esther Phillips (Kudu)
 - Love Is The Drug..... Roxy Music (Island)
 - It's Time For Love..... Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
- Week ending October 28, 1975

15 YEARS AGO

- Tears..... Ken Dodd (Columbia)
 - Yesterday Man..... Chris Andrews (Decca)
 - Get Off My Cloud..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
 - It's Good News Week..... Hedgehoppers Anonymous (Decca)
 - Almost There..... Andy Williams (CBS)
 - Yesterday..... Matt Monro (Parlophone)
 - Here It Comes Again..... Fortunes (Decca)
 - Eve Of Destruction..... Barry McGuire (RCA)
 - If You Gotta Go, Go Now..... Manfred Mann (HMV)
 - Hang On Sloopy..... McCoys (Immediate)
- Week ending October 29, 1965

10 YEARS AGO

- Black Night..... Deep Purple (Harvest)
 - Patches..... Clarence Carter (Atlantic)
 - Woodstock..... Matthews Southern Comfort (UNI)
 - Band Of Gold..... Freda Payne (Invictus)
 - Me And My Life..... Tremeloes (CBS)
 - Paranoid..... Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
 - Close To You..... Carpenters (A & M)
 - Ball Of Confusion..... Temptations (Tamlam Motown)
 - Ruby Tuesday..... Melanie (Buddah)
 - Ain't No Mountain High Enough..... Diana Ross (Tamlam Motown)
- Week ending October 28, 1970

20 YEARS AGO

- Only The Lonely..... Roy Orbison (London)
 - As Long As He Needs Me..... Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
 - Tell Laura I Love Her..... Ricky Valance (Columbia)
 - How About That..... Adam Faith (Parlophone)
 - Dreamin'..... Johnny Burnette (London)
 - Let's Think About Living..... Bob Luman (Warner Brothers)
 - Walk Don't Run..... John Barry Seven (Columbia)
 - Chain Gang..... Sam Cooke (RCA)
 - Nine Times Out Of Ten..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
 - Rocking Goose..... Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)
- Week ending October 28, 1960

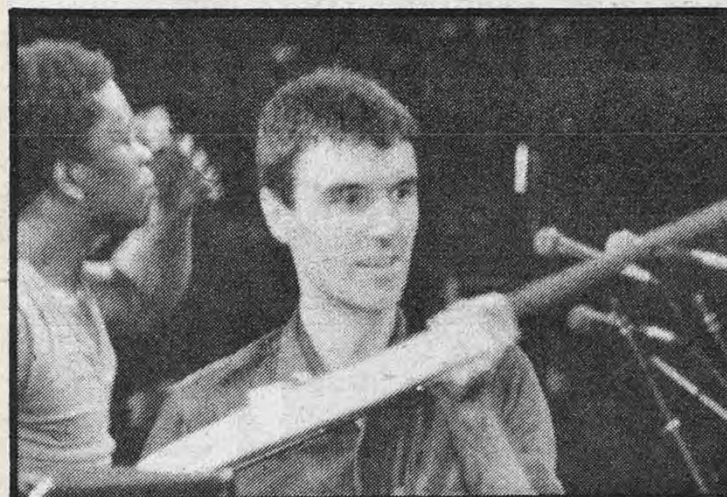
HEADS HEAD FOR UK

TALKING HEADS are coming to Britain in early December to play their first concerts here with their new and enlarged band, which caused a sensation at its debut in the Toronto Heatwave festival two months ago.

Their visit is restricted to just two shows in London — at the Hammersmith Palais (December 1) and Hammersmith Odeon (2). Promoters Straight Music have still to confirm the support act, but it's expected to be U2. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents priced £3.50 only (Palais); and £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (Odeon).

The four-piece nucleus of the Heads remains as David Byrne (vocals and guitar), Tina Weymouth (bass), Jerry Harrison (keyboards and guitar) and Chris Frantz (drums). But they are now supplemented by bassist Busta Cherry Jones, Parliament/Funkadelic keyboardist Bernie Worrell, guitarist Adrian Belew, percussionist Steve Scales and back-up girl vocalist Dollette McDonald. The result, according to *NME's* Richard Grabel in his Heatwave review, is startlingly different from anything they've previously attempted.

The Heads' new album 'Remain In Light', produced by Brian Eno, is released by Sire this week — and they'll be featuring material from the LP in their new stage act.



David Byrne sports influential new haircut. Pic: Joe Stevens

NEWS

Editor:
Derek Johnson

BPI keep it all in the family

THE RECORD business this week got the big wink from its governing body, the British Phonographic Industry.

The six-week inquiry into *World In Action's* chart-fixing charges has just wrapped up with a report which simply says nothing's so wrong that it can't be solved with a little sanction-tightening.

A statement issued by the BPI's governing council on Friday says there will be no expulsions, no fines, no reprimands and no legal charges.

The report was the work of a four-man inquiry committee of industry stalwarts, chaired by South London record and confectionery retailer Harry Tipple. Tipple calls his 50-page report "one hell of a document". But the BPI council has decided not to publish it. Instead, it has issued a five-page statement said to reflect the contents.

Among the decrees made by the council is a determination that the BMRB, or whoever succeeds them in compiling the charts, should police their own return shops.

Tipple this week dropped a hint that the council would hear more from him if his committee's modest proposals were not followed. He told *NME*: "The BPI council will always be aware that four honest men are out there and they must accept that if it is found that the recommendations are not acted upon, I will have a perfect right to go before the council and say so."

● The BMRB chart is used by the BBC, *Music Week*, *Sounds* and other bodies. *NME* compiles its own charts, which are widely syndicated.

Bodysplitters

THE BODYSNATCHERS cease to exist as a group from next weekend, and will split into two separate outfits, neither of which will use their present name. Reason given is the usual "personal and musical differences".

Founder member Nikki Summers and lead singer Rhoda Dakar will still work together as the nucleus of a new band, while the other members — Stella Barker, Penny Leyton, Miranda Joyce and Sarah Jane Owen — will team together in what's described as "a future project". Details of both ventures will be announced shortly.

The Bodysnatchers will play their farewell gig at London Camden Music Machine on Friday, October 31.

Stars come out for Hope 'n' charity

IAN DURY, The Specials, The Skids and Madness are among a dozen top acts giving their services free, during the course of a two-week charity festival being staged at London's Hope & Anchor in Islington. Object of the scheme — billed as 'Blanket Coverage' — is to provide warm bedclothing and cover heating costs for old people in Islington, many of whom might otherwise die from hypothermia this winter.

The full festival line-up comprises The Specials (October 30 and 31), The Skids (November 1 and 2), The Only Ones (3), Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls and John Cooper Clarke (4), The Damned (5), Tom Robinson's Sector 27 (6), Madness (7 and 8), Bad Manners (9 and 10), The Revillos (11), The Rumour (12), The Selecter (13) and Ian Dury & The Blockheads (14).

The only snag is that by the time this issue of *NME* hits the stands, all tickets are likely to have been sold — as regular Hope patrons were given advance information of the benefit season. The public is asked not to write for tickets or go to the pub on the nights, hoping to gain admission — because capacity is strictly limited to little over 200. In fact, this is the biggest array of star names ever to be assembled at a pub venue. For the record, admission is £3 nightly, and lucky ticket-holders are being encouraged to bring blankets along to boost the cause.

The names of those in need are being supplied by local Home Help organisations, and blankets and duvets are being distributed by those involved in the scheme (the Hope's landlord John Eichler and Roz Bea of the Albion Agency), as well as the groups themselves. In this way, all money raised will actually go toward the cause itself, rather than being lost in administration.



TOM ROBINSON is suffering from hepatitis, and his current tour with Sector 27 has had to be cancelled. He has been feeling unwell for some time, but was taken ill after the band's gig at Kirkclevington on Sunday, and the decision was then taken to scrap the rest of the dates up to the end of this month. They'll all be rescheduled as soon as possible, and Robinson hopes to be fit for the charity gig at the Hope & Anchor on November 6.

Selecter ink new selection

THE SELECTER confirmed this week that the two musicians who have been working with them on a trial basis over the past month — named by *NME* last week as Adam Williams (bass) and James Mackie (keyboards and horns) — have now officially become permanent members of the band.

The band are now working in Horizon Studios, finishing their second album — which has the tentative title of 'Celebrate The Bullet' and is scheduled for January release by Chrysalis. Prior to their Hope & Anchor charity gig, the newcomers make their live debut with The Selecter at Birmingham Polytechnic on November 6, a show which will be broadcast live on Radio 1's Mike Read spot.

Tour and be Damned

THE DAMNED are currently setting up their most extensive UK tour ever — starting in mid-November, and running through Christmas into 1981. The schedule (details to be announced next week) will promote their double LP 'The Black Album', released by Chiswick on November 3. Meanwhile, in their November 5 charity gig at the Hope & Anchor, they'll be performing their original 1976 punk set. A row has broken out

between The Damned and EMI Records (who distribute Chiswick) over the release of a 12-inch promotional version of the band's new single 'History Of The World, Part I'. It's being sold for £1.99, which the band consider exorbitant. Rat Scabies commented: "Just as we're trying to hammer home a value-for-money policy on our new double album, the record company issues a scalper without telling us."



From top: Chas, Cap, Jobbo and Ian do their acts for charity

DoE forces Specials off CND rally

THE SPECIALS will not now be playing at the big Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament rally in London's Trafalgar Square this Sunday (26), before an expected audience of about 50,000. And the manner in which they've been dropped from the event has caused a degree of disharmony between the band and CND Headquarters.

CND say they've been unable to comply with standard amplification regulations in the square, because the Department of Environment has ruled that the event is a rally and not a concert, and therefore the PA must not exceed 2½ kilowatts — which, claim CND, would have meant the band playing at far too low a level.

For their part, The Specials complain that — after the D of E gave its ruling — they were not given the opportunity of saying if they would still be prepared to play. In fact, the organisers informed the band that if they wished to turn up, they'd be welcome — but they had to announce that The Specials' performance was cancelled.

CND have also stated that, in the light of their non-appearance at the rally, The Specials are now planning to stage an alternative benefit for the Campaign at a later date. But a spokesman for the band told *NME*: "Obviously they are sympathetic to the cause, but they haven't agreed any such thing yet."

Meanwhile, it's hoped that other groups using smaller rigs will still appear at the rally — among them The Pop Group and Mikey Dread, both previously announced.

● Rally points: Page 11.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT

I SEE YOU'VE GOT THOSE NEW RADIO HEADPHONES ON. WHAT'RE THEY LIKE?





Otis Rush visit

OTIS RUSH, the great Chicago blues guitarist (many would argue THE greatest), is to play a one-off concert at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on Friday, November 21. His work has had a significant influence on many younger R&B musicians including Eric Clapton, Jimi Hendrix and The Rolling Stones. And he's acquired a near - legendary status in Britain, mainly because he's never performed here before. Rush — who, incidentally, is a left-handed guitarist — will be bringing over his regular band for the show, which is promoted by Straight Music. Tickets are priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50 — but don't waste any time, because Clapton and the Stones have already ear-marked their place in the queue!

Detroit Spinners cancel

THE DETROIT SPINNERS are the latest American act to opt out of commitments in Britain. They were announced four weeks ago for a series of UK concerts, opening at Birmingham Odeon on November 4, and taking in Manchester, Bournemouth, Hammersmith, Croydon and Southport. But they've now cancelled, and explain the let-down by saying they're behind in their recording schedule. It's now hoped to re-schedule their dates for the New Year — but meanwhile, the unfortunate punters have to apply for cash refunds for their tickets.

Chrysalis net Spandau Ballet

SPANDAU BALLET have concluded a long-term worldwide deal with Chrysalis, who regard the signing as one of the most significant they've ever made. Commented joint chairman Chris Wright: "They're undoubtedly one of the most original and innovative bands to emerge in the UK over the last few years." Their product will carry their own Reformation label, as well as the Chrysalis logo, and the first is the single 'Cut A Long Story Short' — it's issued on October 31 in both 7" and 12" form. The band are at present recording an album for release next spring.

● Rico has his first solo single out on 2-Tone this week, 'Sea Cruise' / 'Carolina'. It was recorded in Jamaica during the summer, using the island's top session men.

● Ronnie Bond, whose voice is best known for the Levi and Lee Cooper TV jingles, has a new single with the apt title of 'Fly On The Wall'. It's on Riva Records' new subsidiary label Applause.

● Top agent Barry Collings has joined forces with management consultant Cyril Wayne to launch Stagecoach Records, with first releases planned for next month. Among acts involved are The Fantastics, Sweet Sensation, Paper Lace, Love Affair, The Executives and Automatics. Distribution is by Pinnacle, and they're also prepared to listen to material submitted by songwriters or bands — at 15 Claremont Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

LATEST RECORD NEWS



Poly album

POLY STYRENE, whose first solo single 'Talk In Toyland' was issued three weeks ago, now has her debut album scheduled for release — titled 'Translucence', it comes out on November 10. It also has the distinction of being the first album on the Liberty Records label, when the company reverts to its former name (from Liberty United). Some of the songs on the LP were written while Poly was still a member of X-Ray Spex — but, says a spokesman, they bear no resemblance to her earlier work.

● Out this week on the new Club Records label, distributed by Pye, is the first single from Lelo & The Levants titled 'All I Want'.

● A new Linton Kwesi Johnson album 'LKJ In Dub' is issued by Island on November 10. It features dub mixes (by Dennis Bovell) taken from his two previous albums for the label, 'Forces Of Victory' and 'Bass Culture'.

● The Books, currently touring the UK with The Skids, have their album 'Expertise' issued by Logo on November 4 — containing eight numbers written by front man Stephen Betts. The LP's title track has already been released as a single.

● The soundtrack album from the film *Babylon*, due to open early next month, is issued this week by Chrysalis. The movie looks at black youth in London, and features music by Aswad, Dennis Bovell, Cassandra, Michael Prophet, I Roy and Yabby U.

● Modern Man, the five-piece Glasgow band who supported Ultravox on their recent UK tour, have their second single 'Body Music' released by MAM Records this weekend. It's taken from their upcoming album 'Concrete Scheme', produced by Midge Ure.

● Basement 5 re-surface this week with a new dub album on Island, not surprisingly titled 'Basement 5 In Dub', released in a limited edition with a retail price of £2.50 — and it's the first-ever dub production by Martin Hannett. The band, who now have a new drummer in Richard Dudanski (ex-Pil and The Raincoats), will have their official debut album issued early in the New Year.

● A new single by Billy Ocean is set for release next week on GTO Records, titled 'Nights (Feel Like Getting Down)'.

● Sixties chart star Billy J. Kramer returns to the recording scene at the end of next week with the single 'Silver Dream' on J.M. Records, distributed by Pye. From the same source comes the single 'If You Got Nothing On Tonight' by The Wurzels.

● Latest EMI heavy metal compilation album is 'Heavy Duty', out this week at the budget price of £3.99. It contains two tracks each by Whitesnake, The Scorpions, Iron Maiden and April Wine; and one each by Wild Horses, Deep Purple, Atomic Rooster and Riot.

● Tenpole Tudor have their album 'Eddie, Old Bob, Dick And Gary' issued by Stiff on October 31. It contains 12 tracks all penned by Eddie Tenpole, mostly on his own, but some with the other members of the band. The first 10,000 copies sell at the special price of £3.99 (maximum), before it reverts to the regular £4.99. As reported last week, their single 'Three Bells In A Row' is already on release.

● Saxon have their third Carrere album 'Strong Arm Of The Law' issued on November 7, two weeks before they begin their major UK tour. The title track, coupled with another album cut 'Taking Your Chances', appears as a single a week earlier (October 31) in both 7" and 12" form.

● Bronze Records have signed three-piece heavy metal band Angel Witch, who appeared earlier this year on EMI's compilation set 'Metal For Muthas'. Their debut single for the label 'Angel Witch' / 'Gordon' is issued next Monday, with their self-titled album due on November 17. They're also guesting on Girlschool's upcoming UK tour, reported two weeks ago.

● Noted producer Joe Boyd next month launches his own label called Hannibal Records, to be distributed worldwide (except America) by Island. First UK releases in November will be albums by Kate & Anna McGarrigle, Geoff Muldaur and New York band Defunkt. Boyd has also signed The Rumour to Hannibal for the U.S., although they remain on Stiff in this country.

● The live double album 'Brum Beat — Live At The Barrel Organ', recorded at the leading Birmingham pub venue, is released by Big Bear Records this week at the low price of £4.99. It features 22 tracks by 13 Midlands bands — Bright Eyes, The Lazars, Willy & The Poorboys, The Quads, Rockers, Speed Limit, Dansette Damage, Mayday, Dangerous Girls, The Playthings, The Thrillers, Spoonfull and Eclipse.

● Mike Oldfield's new album 'QE2' is issued by Virgin on October 31. It was co-produced by David Hentschel (of Genesis fame) who also plays on a number of tracks, along with Phil Collins, while Maggie Riley provides the vocals. Included on the LP is a re-working of 'The Shadows' hit 'Wonderful Land'.

● Among the latest batch of albums from K-Tel Records is 'The Very Best Of Elton John', featuring 16 of his best-known tracks. It's released this week.

● Actress Sian Phillips makes her recording debut this weekend with 'Bewitched, Bothered And Bewildered', the hit song from the show 'Pal Joey' in which she's now appearing. Produced by Adam Faith, it's on Chrysalis — and for the first time on record, it features the composer's original lyrics, which were heavily censored when the musical first opened in 1954.

● Nick Straker Band, who recently charted with their single 'A Walk In The Park', have their follow-up released by CBS this weekend — titled 'Leaving On The Midnight Train'. It's culled from their debut album 'A Walk In The Park', due out on November 7.



JOAN JETT: final tracks with Runaways

● The last album by the now-defunct all-girl band The Runaways is issued by Cherry Red this week, titled 'Flaming Schoolgirls' — containing five live and five studio tracks, all previously unreleased. The line-up on the LP is Cherie Currie, Joan Jett, Jackie Fox, Lita Ford and Sandy West.

● A video cassette of Gary Numan's 'The Touring Principle 1979' concert at Hammersmith Odeon will be available next week, selling at £29.95. It's one of a batch of 15 videos being issued by WEA, all the others being classic films — including Woodstock Parts 1 & 2, The Exorcist, Blazing Saddles, Rebel Without A Cause and Dirty Harry.

● Rocky Erickson & The Aliens have their second single, produced by ex-Creedence Clearwater man Stu Cook, released by CBS this week — 'Mine Mine Mind' / 'Bloody Hammer'.

● 4.A.D. Records, the Beggar's Banquet subsidiary, have five singles scheduled for November release — 'You And I' by Mass, 'Gathering Dust' by Modern English, 'Anonymity' by Dance Chapter, 'Telegram Sam' by Bauhaus and the 12-inch 'IV Songs' by In Camera, plus the Bauhaus album 'In The Flat Field'. Which ain't bad for a two-man operation; contact is 01-370 6175.

12-TRACK LP FOR £1.15

TWO VIRGIN compilation albums are due for release on October 31. The first is the 12-track 'Cash Cows', selling at a remarkable £1.15, equivalent to the cost of many singles — it's a sampler of past, present and future albums from the label's catalogue, and it features tracks by XTC, Human League, Mike Oldfield, Japan, The Ruts, Skids, Professionals, Flying Lizards, Fingerpritz, Captain Beefheart, Gillan and Kevin Coyne. The other set is 'Machines', a 14-track electric rock compilation selling at £3.99, and including a previously unreleased Public Image Ltd track called 'Pied Piper'; among other acts featured are Orchestral Manoeuvres, Tubeway Army, Gary Numan, Fad Gadget and John Foxx.



GRAND PRIX, the rock outfit formerly known as Paris, have their self-titled debut album issued this week by RCA — containing ten tracks penned by the band themselves. One of these, 'Thinking Of You', has just been released as a single. The band's line-up comprises Bernie Shaw (vocals), Ralph Hood (bass), Phil Lanzon (keyboards), Mick O'Donoghue (guitar) and Andy Beirne (drums).

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PRE



McLAUGHLIN (right) and his co-headliners rehearsing in Paris this week for their London special.

McLaughlin: guitar festival in London

JOHN McLAUGHLIN, Al Di Meola and Paco de Lucia are to co-headline a one-off acoustic guitar festival at London's Royal Albert Hall on November 17. The significance of the event is that it's the first time these three world-renowned guitarists have all performed together in Britain. The show will comprise short individual sets, duets and finally the threesome. They are already rehearsing in Paris for the concert, for which tickets go on sale this Saturday priced £6.50, £5.50, £4.50, £2.50 and £1.50. Co-promoters are Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments and Marshall Arts. ● **STOP PRESS:** A second date has just been added for the three-man guitar festival at Brighton Dome on November 18. Tickets are available by post from the Dome box-office immediately priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50, and they go on sale to personal callers from this Sunday (26).

ROUND-UP

Mo-dettes, Inmates, Cheap Trick & XTC

THE MO-DETTES set out on tour this weekend, in support of their new single and debut LP. The single, issued by Deram this week, is 'Dark Park Creeping' — and along with their previous single 'Paint It Black', it's included on their album 'The Story So Far', due out in November. Among other album tracks are 'White Mouse Disco' (a newly recorded version of 'White Mice'), their stage favourite 'Satisfy' and their Edith Piaf tributes, 'The Sparrow' and 'Mi'Lord'. The first 20,000 copies of the album include a free giant colour sticker.

Tour dates confirmed so far are Scarborough Taboo (tomorrow, Friday), Durham University (Saturday), Edinburgh Valentino's (Sunday), Paisley Bungalow (October 27), Manchester Polytechnic (28), Liverpool Gatsby's (29), Preston Polytechnic (31), Exeter St George's Hall (November 3), Plymouth Fiesta (4), Basingstoke Technical College (7), Cambridge Middle Eight (8), Bristol Berkeley (12), Port Talbot Troubadour (13) and Birmingham Polytechnic (14). More gigs are currently being finalised, including at least one London date.

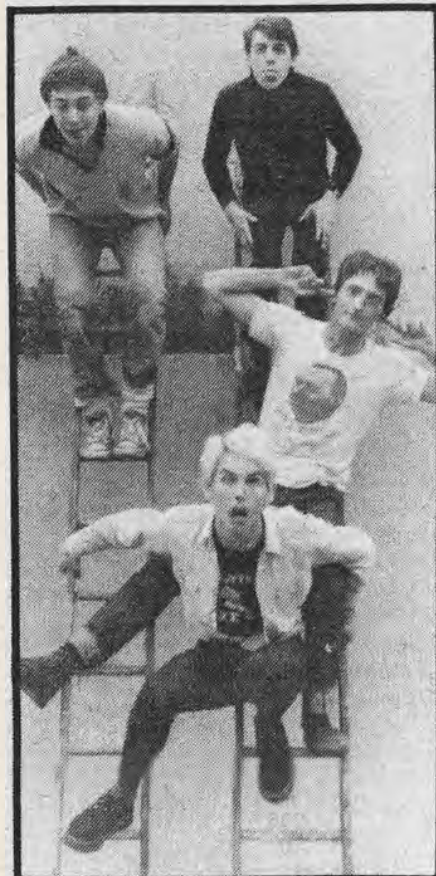
□ **Cheap Trick** — who called off their proposed October UK tour because of a personnel change, and instead fixed a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 5 (now sold out) — have decided to precede this gig with a show at Birmingham Odeon on November 4. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50.

□ **XTC**, who recently completed a six-venue mini-tour, will be playing about 16 dates in their more extensive December outing — running right up to Christmas. Their schedule is at present being finalised by the MAM Agency, but the tour is due to open at York University on December 6.

□ **The Undertones** will also be touring in December, and their dates are promised for next week. But it's already been confirmed that they'll climax their outing with two Christmas specials at London Hammersmith Palais on December 15 and 16 (tickets £3).

□ **UK Subs** have made several changes to their UK tour, the first to feature their new line-up, which opened this week. Their four-day stint at London Marquee moves back a week to November 17-20 inclusive, and they have extra dates at Grimsby Central Hall (November 10) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (12). Venue changes now take them to Crawley Technical College on November 14 (instead of Crystal Palace Hotel) and York Forge Inn on November 16 (instead of Dunstable Queensway). The band's new single 'Party In Paris' is issued by Gem this week on yellow vinyl.

NEW LINE-UP IN SPIZZ 80



The new SPIZZ line-up ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80 have undergone a personnel change, just before the start of their European tour next Monday (27) and subsequent U.S. tour (opening November 14). Keyboards man Mark Coalfield and guitarist Dave Scott have both left the band, and into the line-up comes guitarist Lou — former leader of The Edge, who also played with The Damned for a spell. Coalfield is not being replaced, as bassist Jim Solar also plays keyboards. The old line-up is featured for the last time on the band's current single 'Central Park', but they go into the studios in early December to record their second A&M album.

□ **Simple Minds** have added a couple of dates to their current UK tour — at Bradford University (November 1) and Wakefield Unity Hall (2). Music For Pleasure are the support act throughout.

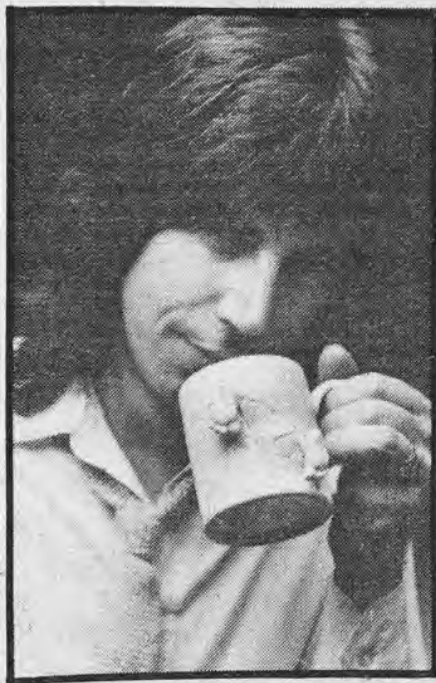
□ **4* Be 2's**, Jimmy Lydon's band, headline a one-off London concert at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, November 9 — and they promise a number of surprise guests. They also play Glasgow Tiffany's on November 17.

PAT TRAVERS confirmed this week that two musicians have left his band — guitarist Pat Thrall and drummer Tommy Aldridge — so confirming rumours which have been circulating for several weeks. They have departed in order to form their own outfit, and the split is described as "totally amicable" — which would appear to be substantiated by the fact that the Thrall-Aldridge Band will be special guests on the Pat Travers Band's British tour, currently being set up for mid-February as part of a wider European trek. Travers goes into the studios next month to record a new album, tentatively titled 'Play No Evil', with remaining band member Mars Cowling (bass). Travers himself is playing all the guitar parts, and is using three different session drummers. He's not expected to engage permanent new musicians until the New Year, in time for his upcoming tour.

Monochromes re-open Sundown

THE MONOCHROME SET are the first act to appear at the Sundown in London's Charing Cross Road, when it re-opens as a regular live venue next month. The band, whose UK tour dates have already been announced, have added the Sundown gig on November 11 as the climax to their schedule. Formerly a disco-type venue, the Sundown will now be concentrating mainly on rock, and further attractions will be announced shortly.

Travers outfit in upheaval



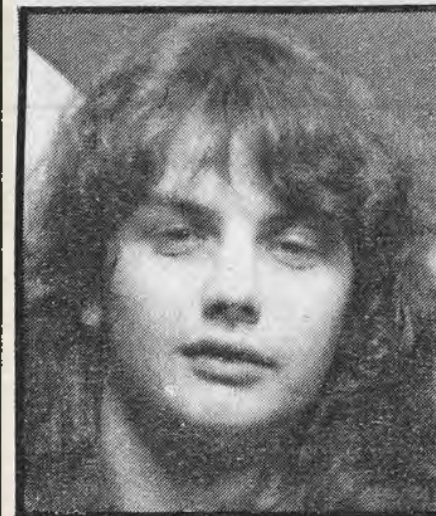
Seger extra

BOB SEGER & The Silver Bullet Band are to play a second night at London Wembley Arena next month. Their first gig on November 20 was announced two weeks ago, and tickets have already sold out — so the extra show has been added on Friday, November 21. Tickets are again £5.50 and £5, available from the box-office and usual agents — or by post (adding 25p booking fee per ticket) from Mac Promotions, PO Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ.

Al Stewart plays three

AL STEWART flies in shortly before Christmas to play three London concerts, his first UK appearances for two years — they're at Hammersmith Odeon on December 8, 9 and 10. He's bringing over with him Shot In The Dark, the band who play on his latest RCA album '24 Carrots', released last month — from which the single 'Paint By Numbers' is being issued on October 31. Stewart and the band will be presenting the whole show, and tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50. Promoter is Paul Loasby.

Tygers seeking a new vocalist



Ex-Tyger JESS COX

TYGERS OF PAN TANG have lost their lead singer Jess Cox, who's quit the band due to the inevitable "musical differences". They've just completed their own headlining tour, promoting their debut album 'Wild Cat', and are currently rehearsing in Newcastle — minus a vocalist. They're also busy hunting for a new singer, and have so far had no joy in their search — so if you think you would fill the bill, or could recommend anyone suitable, call 0632 521372.

Tour News Extra: p.48

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GARAGE BAND

Independent tape
recording news
compiled by
Adrian Thrills

C30, C60, C90 GO!
With the independent cassette explosion now seemingly reaching epidemic proportions, this week's round-up is given over entirely to the booming nationwide tape scene...

In addition to the growing wedge of home-produced band cassettes, a few tape compilations are also emerging. These include a series of three samplers of Teeside bands — 'Local Heroes' volumes one, two and three, available for £1.50 each from **Smellytapes** at 70 Roseberry View, Thornaby On Tees, Teeside.

Local Tapes of Hatfield are also releasing a compilation of bands from the South Herts area, including **Clive Pig**, **The Innocent Vicars**, **The Toys**, **Stern Bops**, **Blazeraids**, **Gene Frequency** and **The Yellow File**. It is available for £1.50 from 4 Brookside, Hatfield, Herts.

'The Hiss Goes On', a compilation from Merseyside, features **Armitage Shanks**, **Amplification Factor**, **X-Bien** and **KOTNB**. It is available for £1 from **Cellar Tapes**, Dale Hall, Elmswood Road, Mossley Hill, Liverpool.

BACK WITH the individual artists, **Kevin Harrison** — the guitarist in Coventry band **The Urge**, recently signed to Arista — releases a cassette of his own this week. 'On Earth 2' is available for £1.50 from Kev at 39 Winterton Road, Bulkington, Coventry. Other tapes out now:—

□ **Systematic Illusion**: 'The Beat Is Not Impulsive', a four-track tape sampler, available for 75p or a blank cassette plus SAE from Mark S, 15 Wood Lane, Isleworth, Middx.

□ **Performance**: 'The Obscure Object Of', the debut cassette from the Manchester band, available from Bernie Cox, 24 Brunswick Road, Manchester for £1.

□ **Mex**: 'Alternative Pop Music', a cassette album available for £1.25 from Dead Hedgehog Enterprises, c/o Paul Husain, 20 St Johns Road, Watford, Herts.

□ **Waiting For Bardot**: First volume in a series of C60 cassettes, available for £1.25 from Flat 3, 111 Anderton Park Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

□ **Citizen UK**: An eight-track cassette available for £2 from Phil Husband, 9 Napier Street, Nelson, Lancs.

□ **Midnight Circus**: 'Pre-Natal Counselling', their second cassette album, available for a blank C60 cassette plus SAE from Deleted Records, Low Farm, Brigg Road, Messingham, Scunthorpe.

□ **The Synthetics**: 'Niobium' & **John Gahegan**: 'One', both available for £1 per cassette from P. Gahegan, 15 Merlin Way, Thorpe Hesley, Rotherham, Yorks.

□ **Anthrax For The People**: 'Waiting For The Second Post', the group's second cassette album, available for £1.35 from Alternative Capitalists, 14 Suffolk Close, Wigston, Leicester.

□ **CT2**: 'Endeavour And Preserve', a three-track cassette available for 50p from Mark Whittam, 15 Passmonds Crescent, Rochdale, Lancs.

□ **God And The Turds**: 'Old Underpants', available for a C90 plus SAE from Non-Fiction Recordings, 15 Mountjoy Place, Penarth, Cardiff, Wales. The Turds also feature on the compilation tape 'Music Your Mother Likes' available from the same address.

□ **The Review**: 'Dig The Revs', a four-track cassette available for £1.50 from Phil Lovering, 47

Anthrax For The People! The Night The Goldfish Died! The Dogma Cats! Where do we find 'em?...

Right:
Waiting For Bardot's 'Music For Cassettes Decks Vol. 1'.
Titles include 'Ha! These Humans' and 'Mao Swims The Yangtze'.
Below: **Kevin Harrison's 'On Earth 2'.**

waiting
for
bardot



113 University Crescent, Gorleston, Gt Yarmouth, Norfolk.
□ **The Hornsey-Dusseldorf Picnic Corporation**: An hour-long cassette album from a German band available for £1.50 from NB Records, 11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London.

□ **MLR**: 'Delicious Smoke Screens From Labbasacke', MLR's fourth cassette album, available for £1 from Musick For The Earth, 76 Sullivan Court, Fulham, London.

□ **Spratt & Livo**: 'Rhythm Played On Razorblades', a C60 cassette available for £1 from John Gimblett, 5 Ogmore Crescent, Newport, Gwent.

□ **Tommy Disco And The Funksters**: 'Johnny Arable', eight-track electronic pop cassette available for a blank cassette/SAE plus 50p from Challenge Products, 2 Druid Street, Glassford, Strathaven, Strathclyde, Scotland.

□ **The Dead**: 'Anarchy And Peace', a C60 for 70p from Reject Tapes, 330 Liverpool Road, Patricroft, Eccles, Manchester.

□ **Vampiernaacht**: 'The Golden Nude', south coast band's second cassette album available for £1.50 from Existentialist Tapes, 18 Bethnia Road, Queen's Park, Bournemouth.

□ **Those Little Aliens**: 'Incident In Moderan', a C60 available for £1 from Ian Dobson, 31 Stainbeck Avenue, Meanwood, Leeds.

□ **A Classic Slive Of Teenage Angst**: A cassette compilation complete with free magazine, available from Conventional Tapes, 1 Atkinson Court, 2 Kings Close, London E10, for £1.76.

□ **Jah Rasper**: 'Dromm', a cassette album for £1.55 plus SAE from Jah Rasper, 37 Dudley Avenue, Waltham Cross, Herts.

□ **Index XI**: A three-track cassette single for £1 from 12 Beaufort Avenue, Bisham, Blackpool, Lancs.

□ **Arnold Grimstead**: 'Wild Things', a C30 electronic tape available for £1.50 from No Man's Music, 12A Mortimer Road, Botley, Hants.

□ **The First Offenders**: 'What's All This Got To Do With Buck Rogers', available for a blank tape/SAE from the band at 11 Anchor Close, Penrith, Cumbria.

Hallam Road, Clevedon, Avon.

□ **Mic Woods**: 'I Played With Myself', a cassette album available for £1 or a blank cassette/SAE from Monitor Music, 1A Parry Place, Woolwich, London.

□ **The Drain On The Balcony**: 'The Lounge, The Bedroom And The Dining Room', a 13-track cassette available from Over The Top Tapes, 31A Brynland Avenue, Bristol for £1.

□ **The Night The Goldfish Died**: 'Ken Thought I Might Say Rotary', available for a blank cassette/SAE from Paul Greenaway, 64 Moorland Road, Fratton, Portsmouth.

□ **DNA**: A tape of synth music from DNA Tapes, 13 Victoria Road, Pudsey, Yorkshire for £1.40.

□ **FQ27C**: 'Inverted Space', a cassette album available for a blank cassette/SAE from Biskit Krum Productions, 33 Sandingham Drive, Spondon, Derby.

□ **The Silicon Process**: 'Three Men In A Shrub', available for 70p from Simon Ashberry, 77 Pilley's Lane, Boston, Lincs.

□ **The Dogma Cats**: 'Live At The Dogma Cafe', available for 50p from Leisure Sounds, 9 Whitecroft Road, Meldreth, Royston, Herts.

□ **Mary**: 'Mary All Over The World', the debut cassette album by a Dublin band, available for a £2 international money order from Maha Records, 19 Riverside Grove, Coolock, Dublin.

□ **The Zimbabwe Brothers**: 'Women's Problems', available for £1 from Paul Drew, 32 Charles Street, Barnstaple, North Devon.

□ **Suicidal Visionary Pilots**: 'They Beat Time With A Coffin Lid', available for £1 from Steven Arthur, 1 Hillside View, Midsomer Norton, Bath.

□ **The Digital Dinosaurs**: 'A Final Touch', available for £1.25 from Christopher Sidwell, 24 Kempley Avenue, Coventry.

□ **Dean Johnson**: 'Fall On Your Feet', a cassette album complete with a free EP 'Love Is A Game', available for £1 from Pear Records, 79 Kylemore Drive, Wirral, Merseyside.

□ **Still In Lisbon**: 'Molehills Ring Me On The Outskirts Of Nowhere', a half live-half studio cassette album available for 95p or a blank cassette/SAE from Karl Troscilar,

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| 3 Bristol, Colston Hall | 13 London, Victoria Apollo |
| 4 Southampton, Gaumont | 15 Ipswich, Gaumont |
| 5 Reading, Top Rank | 17 Sheffield, City Hall |
| 6 Guildford, Civic Hall | 18 Birmingham, Odeon |
| 7 University of East Anglia | 19 Blackburn, King George's Hall |
| 9 Wolverhampton, Civic Hall | 20 Liverpool, Empire |
| 10 Glasgow, Apollo | 21 Newcastle, Polytechnic |

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7, Retford, Porterhouse,
8, Birmingham, Cedar Ballroom,
9, Brighton, Jenkinson's,
11, Sundown, Charing Cross Rd.,
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BEFORE

LIKE ANY man of substance, Chaz Jankel would appear to signify a number of things to those who've had cause to cross his path during his 28 years.

To Ian Dury, whose most famous lyrics Jankel orchestrated with equal bravado and inventiveness, "...he's easily the best musical arranger I've ever worked with and 'a brother' worthy of practically reverential affection." To Kosmo Vinyl, Dury's 23-year-old aide-de-camp and a legend in his own hairdresser's he was — and may well still be — "a brave boy who's going to come a cropper" a quote given when Jankel opted to remove himself totally from Dury and The Blockheads last year just as the outfit had hit a success-peak they've yet to regain.

To rock critics — certainly a goodly portion, anyhow — Chaz Jankel is the name to evoke when addressing their attention to Dury's recent work. Reviews of Dury's 'I Wanna Be Straight' almost invariably pointed out that the plodding, unimaginative funk riff behind a thin lyric was just not up to Blockheads' standards attained with Chaz Jankel.

To A & M Records, Chaz Jankel is doubtless "a major new force in '80s rock music" or some such wretched handle. A five year, seven album deal with the label is to commence with a single and album released in quick succession. The label's big man, Derek Green, inked the pact personally, thus enabling Jankel to pay off the remaining debts incurred constructing his own 24-track studio. Indeed, to Chaz Jankel himself his own name is probably a matter of concern simply as it has the dubious honour of being his first album's scintillating title.

Of course, such manifestations of independence force Jankel to become just that much more embroiled in the rock market-place — a situation not altogether to his comfort. "Where interviews were concerned, often when he opened his mouth he ended up sticking his foot in it," recalls Ian Dury, who knows a thing or two about such matters.

AT FIRST encounter Jankel seems the complete antithesis of the 'rock star'. He looks remarkably healthy and clean-cut, with pressed shirt and kipper-tie to match the sheen in his well-groomed hair.

It's hard to reconcile this man with the wacky human cartoon of a figure wearing a bright pink beret, Clouseau moustache and naked torso with cardboard slogan round his neck seen at the Stiffs tour's Lyceum gig.

"Oh yes," Jankel grins sheepishly at the memory, "but then again I felt that being on stage involved a bit of dressing up you see. Actually, I suppose I must've looked pretty daft but ... I looked rather *colourful*, I think."

Another self-conscious grin as Jankel considers what effect that past might have on his solo mission/career.

"I really have no idea what sort of audience I might have. I'm aware that through 'New Boots' and the hit singles with Ian and the band, I've carved out some sort of 'name' for myself. At a guess, I would presume I'm a cult figure, tho' that's hardly getting perspective. What that 'name' signifies and who might be waiting with baited breath to hear this record, an actual Chaz Jankel solo album, I simply don't know."

"It's funny — yeah, that review of Ian's last single with the heading 'Life After Chaz Jankel', I'm slightly flattered, I suppose. But I'm also infinitely more concerned with establishing myself as a separate entity and musician on my terms, as *myself* and not as the chap who helped write those catchy tunes for 'New Boots', etc. Those really are far more Ian's property."

"Yes, I can see what I contributed and God knows I am not ashamed of my involvement. But Ian is a strong personality. He was very charming, very forceful and charismatic. He knows it too and can use that facility to hedge someone into doing something they actually honestly don't wish to do. Ian, I've found — and this says as much about my weakness and his strengths and isn't anything to do with malice — but I felt Ian at times to be very very threatening. He knows it and could have made himself far more threatening to me, I suppose it was my problem, please make that clear. Someone as strong as he is ... well, there aren't too many like that. Certainly no-one else I've ever encountered. But ... that's why this album is so important to me. I became

Is there



Jankel (centre). Pic: D. Morris



Jankel (far left). Pic: Adrian Boot.



"There's no animosity." Pic: Adrian Boot.

Honest Nick Kent meets Honest Chaz Jankel

oppressed, felt very ... *lacking* when I was in thick with Ian. Those two albums plus 'Rhythm Stick' and so forth, it's obvious Ian's character was always the centre-pin. I may have arranged the music to a great extent, composed the back-drops and all, but everything barring a few touches here and there was constructed around Ian, because Ian's insights, his perceptions — his whole personality really — was what gave everything around it a reason for being there. Otherwise it was — what? What was it?

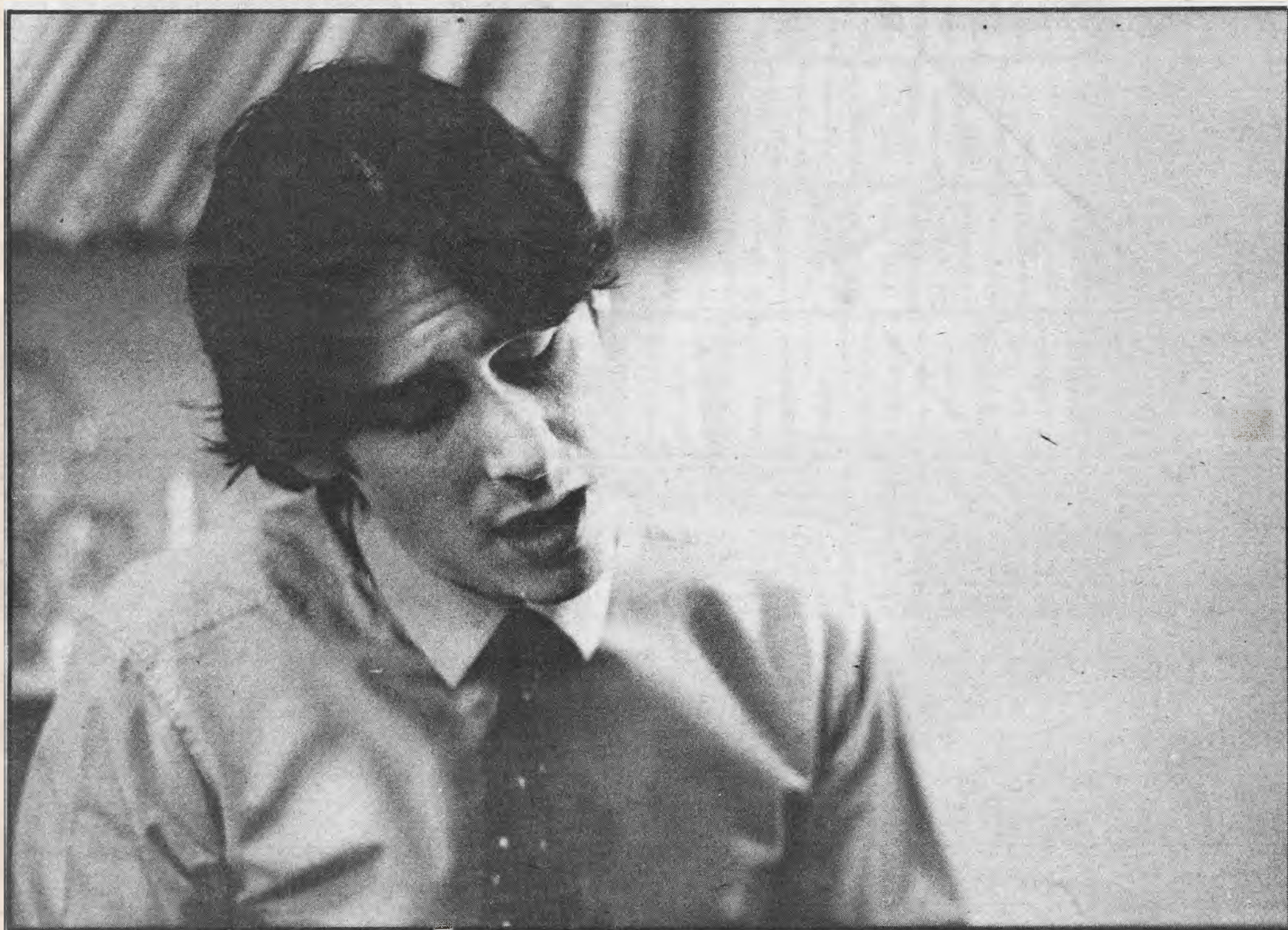
"This new album of mine — principally one song 'Am I Being Honest With Myself Really?' — is me finally creating something that was totally my own statement. Like — okay — this is Chaz Jankel! Finally, I've become confident enough or ... mature or ... this veil has been lifted which was kind of always there symbolically blocking some essential viewpoint. I mean, I instinctively felt that one day this would happen, that I would attain my own voice."

HOWEVER extensively other topics get detailed, *the album* remains the crucial issue of discussion. Jankel's concern, most of all, is that the one particular track — the fourteen minute plus 'Am I Being Honest With Myself Really?' — be regarded as the *one* truly important song in the collection.

'Honest' is the one song where I feel that I have made an important personal statement, I suppose. But it's so important that, well, I quite calculatingly included 'Ai No Corrida' (the just-released debut Jankel single) because it's such an *obvious* single. I'm aware of its 'commercial potential' but, without wishing to insult Kenny Young who wrote very fine lyrics, I am being very, very calculating. 'Ai No Corrida' I'm using as bait for would-be buyers of this album I've made.

The success of this record rests solely on the event that young kids — a young bloke out of work, anyone, never mind the clichés — hears that line 'Am I Being Honest With Myself Really?' We truly slaved over that riff so that it would really stick in people's minds. And then some of those people might actually get to be concerned enough to begin asking *that* question to themselves — a question that is

life after Blockheadism?



Pic: Pennie Smith.

AFTER

When Chaz Jankel left The Blockheads last year, Kosmo Vinyl described him as "a brave lad who's going to come a cropper." But instead of a cropper, it's a confident new album that's finally come.

actually very, very important and needs answering by everyone, I believe.

"Which," he pauses for the words, "might help make the world a slightly better place." He laughs self-consciously. "I'm not gonna hold my breath on that one but I will be making sure that... Christ, if it gets through to just one kid, it'll be worthwhile. Just one kid who leads his life chained to values that have been forced on him and are therefore anti-values. I just don't feel it's time to be feeding the masses superficial escapism."

'Honest's' weighty yet accessible fusion certainly provides musical quality but it is entirely a musical quality. Jankel is in no respect a strong singer. His is the kind of voice that may sound confident in terms of 'pitching' and 'phrasing' yet lacks any distinctive tone and personality.

When I broach this subject, Jankel quite happily agrees. "Oh yes, absolutely. The personality thing is lacking, I know. Actually I could have a good voice. It's in there... certainly was anyway. As a singer though, what I'm saying isn't extraordinarily cerebral and with 'Honest' I'm just pumping away at that phrase. It's a possibility that a strong, individual voice might even have detracted from the effect I'm after, which is to get that question planted in people's heads. I see it as a very fundamental thing — both my approach as regards getting it over, almost subversively really, and the equally basic fact that it's become the question I've felt forced to ask myself for ages now."

"It started... oh, about a year ago. It was an October I recall coming up with the actual question. Then almost immediately afterwards I read a Russian philosopher named Ouspenski. And he — it's quite amazing because here was this Russian philosopher, not very well-known, who'd been a psychologist, eventually died in the second World War. A friend gave me this book called *Conscience and The Search For Truth* that he'd written. He viewed the human being often being cocooned in this state of half-asleep and actually half 'identifying' was his term. He did believe that we were guided by a basic 'love' instinct and saw that in order to reach our full potential, this question, applied to the fullest degree, would create a

self-awareness that could bring about an eventual break-down in neuroses and above all, a much better state of living."

"Am I Being Honest With Myself Really — I spent months trying to work on the phonetics, getting the question perfectly shaped so that it would grab the listener. "That song is the Chaz Jankel song — my anthem for want of a better word. Ian's particular parallel number — for me — is 'Blockheads'. That's the one that I always see as being his crusading song."

JANKEL'S album is worth investigating due to its creators abilities with tunes and arrangements. Jankel isn't being cocky when he points to 'Ai No Corrida' ('Beyond The Realm of the Senses') as having definite commercial potential. It's infectiously catchy chord-progression, buoyant melody and exceptional arrangement and mix put it right up there with the best of Chic and The Jacksons. All in all, it's a quite remarkable piece of music from basic construction to the finest details of orchestration and arrangement, and like 'Honest with Myself' it spotlights Jankel's exceptional talents as a tunesmith in both the pastoral and jazz veins.

"It's funny that, because actually I've always felt myself to be somewhat wanting when it came to playing jazz," says Jankel when I mention what I've always considered to be his most fervent musical bent.

"Actually I've always felt that what I compose and play is a sort of bastardised jazz. Certainly not the real thing. Nowadays I'm gaining more confidence but basically I recall during my formative years playing both piano and guitar. I've always been self-taught so that might account for my lack of confidence. And also it was at a time when the only other guy who was a guitarist/keyboard-player was Stevie Winwood and I felt... well, he's a great singer as well."

Sometimes Jankel seems to become befogged with the task of explaining himself to me, he talks himself up odd-ball verbal cul-de-sacs. Never bellicose or moody, he is simply bemused by the process.

"I'm a bit of a schizophrenic though," he declares, "I can be very, very dictatorial when... well, you must know about that." He points to an interview he did for *The Face*

"Chaz Jankel — the geezer that kicked Ian Dury out of his own recording session." He quotes the caption and chuckles.

"That's true, mind. I kicked Ian out during the 'Do It Yourself' sessions because he was fooling around. I was there to work, we were behind schedule and basically I can't stand people or groups who waste studio time."

It seemed a propitious moment to ask Jankel about the Blockheads themselves, or most specifically their feelings towards both Jankel and Dury.

"Oh, they're good blokes. I'd like to think there's no animosity although I haven't seen any of them for months. I made a point of keeping this distance not because I couldn't stand 'em but... well, I was doing something new in a new context and I felt that it wouldn't be healthy for my venture."

"I can recall certain times when I wasn't touring regularly with the band and would turn up occasionally. Ian asked me over to the Bottom Line gigs in New York which sounded okay. And I just remember me walking into the dressing room all healthy and full of zest and the guys — who were just about to play the final dates of this absolutely gruelling tour — looking so sickly and pasty-faced. Possibly they resented my flitting in and out although I'd like to think not. You see, the one problem — it's great in one respect and very bad in another — is that the band are basically pretty passive blokes, by and large. It's hard to really gauge their feelings sometimes because they're not that demonstrative. I mean, that whole period they spent as Loving Awareness — before they joined Ian and myself — all that missionary fervour, they really believed that. I still to this day don't quite know what effect it's had on them."

"I told Ian I was leaving when we were on holiday in Barbados one Christmas — was it '78 or '79? Anyway he'd worked out this campaign for the following year. He'd pencilled in the months — these months we record, these months we tour and I was allocated a month or so to do my own recording. Then I realised that I really couldn't see all this through. I made my decision and saw through certain commitments. And that was that."

"No, Ian never asked me to stay with him

after 'the announcement'. Certain of his friends attempted to reason with me — I recall Peter Blake telling me that Ian was very upset — but I can't honestly say if Ian was setting them up to do it or if they were doing it for their own motives."

"By the time we split up, it was definitely it for me. It's strange because there was no real animosity — we went our separate ways, shook hands and everything. But I'd reached the point where I had to leave for my own sanity. I found Ian's demeanour just very threatening, as I said, and I felt that the threat he represented to me was one that wore down by self-confidence. You see, I'd joined the final incarnation of the Kilburns — in fact 'Sink My Boats' was the first song we wrote together. When I met Ian, I needed a collaborator and he was perfect. I mean certain of his songs — like he asked me to write the music to 'Blackmail Man' and 'Plaistow Patricia' but I just didn't like those particular songs."

"The best song we wrote together? Oh, 'Wake Up And Make Love To Me'. Definitely. I remember writing the basic riff — the tune — one morning. I stole it off — Christ, I've never admitted this — but I stole that off Larry Graham, Sly Stone's bass-player. He made some good albums. Nice groove to them. And there I was one morning, banging out this great jolly little riff."

Jankel leans back and shakes his head. "I really want Ian to hear this album and respect it. No, I can't see me working with him again. Not right now. I feel that I've got rid of his 'threat' factor. We're equals now, I'd like to think. It's like Northern London boys and South London boys. Maybe they're not meant to exist in close quarters harmoniously."

CHAS JANKEL phones me up three days later to ask whether I'd amend a very minor quote that might get misunderstood by a certain party. When I mention that I intend to talk to Ian to get another opinion — nothing heavy — about their relationship, he becomes concerned.

"That really wouldn't be a good idea, Nick. It would ruin the perspective, the rapport we got during that interview. Talking to Ian would blur the whole issue."

I cannot agree, and when Dury calls, the bemusement that dominated Jankel's views is replaced by a nonchalant but very affectionate rundown. "No I didn't mind him throwing me out of my own session. He was right to do it, y'know. Really! I can be a right arsehole in certain situations. Work gets the old tension up and... anyway, I'm a bit of a loony so... Good for Chaz! How's the record?"

Dury is pleased to hear that it's good, as he matter-of-factly answers enquiries and puts the record straight.

"Was Chaz the best tunesmith I've worked with? We-e-ll, there's been a few. I liked Russell Hardie, the original Kilburns pianist. He had a very melodious style. Chaz was easily the best arranger, mind."

Dury only hints at indignation once — when I mention in passing there's no real animosity coming from Jankel. "What do you mean animosity?" his growl is bordering on belligerence and I can see that, yes, Ian Dury can seem threatening. "No animosity, eh! Well, I should hope so. Chaz is my brother and that's it. I love the bloke and I hope that one day we'll write again. It's a bit sad that he felt I was a threat to him but — God bless 'im! 'E's doin' well. I'm doin' well. Blockheads are in great shape. We're sharing the writing for this next album."

Dury also seems surprised when I inform him of Jankel's disinterest in touring or playing live — at least until after his second album is out.

"Funny, that. Last time we spoke he was goin' on about his trumpet player he'd found who was well good. I figured he'd be playin'."

What about Kosmo Vinyl's famous quote? Jankel is an idealist, a formidable talent, an honourable bloke who seemed naive. His type often don't make out too well in the market place. "A brave boy about to become a cropper" indeed.

Dury chuckles over the telephone. "Yeah, I was a bit marked at Kosmo for sayin' that. Chaz just said "I presume you meant Steve Cropper."

"Listen" he concludes "I've got no advice for him. Nothin' except keep on loving. Which he'll do, 'cos Chaz is full of love. He'll cope."

I agree with him and go back to listen to 'Chaz Jankel' just like I did before I ever met the bloke himself.

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2	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN THE RIVER	4.49	22	THE RUTS GRIN AND BEAR IT	2.99*	42	GEORGE THOROGOOD MORE...	3.79
3	THE SPECIALS MORE SPECIALS	3.79	23	ALAN PARSONS THE TURN OF A FRIENDLY CARD	3.99	43	THE PLASMATICS NEW HOPE FOR THE WRETCHED	2.99
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Thrills!

BOMBS AWAY!

THE CAMPAIGN for Nuclear Disarmament wish to point out that their upcoming October 26 London rally is not — repeat not — purely for the purposes of laying on free live music from the variety of renowned participants.

The real idea is that politicians, unionists, and philosophers get a chance to spell out for and with the rest of us just HOW we can effectively counter the nuclear threat. Groups which do play (before and after the speeches) will be doing so briefly and at non-deafening volume.

Speechmakers they're backing will include Tony Benn, E.P. Thompson, Ron Todd of the TGWU, Susannah York, and a clutch of more less famous persons.

Assemble from 11 am at Hyde Park Speakers Corner (across from Marble Arch tube). The march will begin around noon, heading for Trafalgar Square where at 2.30 the rally proper and festivities will begin.

MADAME CURIE



"I was at a heavy metal all-nighter when they dropped the bomb. I thought it was all part of the show!"

BPI committee refutes Granada charges

Smudging over the hypes

By ANDREW TYLER

GRANADA'S *World In Action* caused a right little pong with its April disclosures of chart fixing through bribes and illegal tampering with chart shop diaries.

Such was the unease that the British Phonographic Industry immediately launched itself, through an 'autonomous' committee of industry VIPs, into a six-week inquiry.

The probe wrapped up last week and its 50-page report was set before the full BPI council of record company chieftains.

After three days poring over the semantic and political consequences of each word, a five-page press statement was issued. It amounts to the industry's own rebuttal of the charges laid down by the Granada TV programme.

It addresses itself not to specific charges, such as the allegations that The Pretenders' 'Brass In Pocket' was hyped into the singles chart or that a WEA executive tampered with a BMRB diary. Instead, it provides a generalised denial of unspecified guilt.

There is, says the statement, a very thin dividing line between what is known as "aggressive marketing" and "hying". The recession has caused the divide to become even more smudged. Pressure on salesmen to succeed are now "great" and, sure enough, certain unspecified companies allowed unspecified members of staff to "sail close to the wind".

But this is not the same as saying hard evidence exists to show it was the "firm corporate policy" of any company to contravene the code of conduct which came into effect February of this year. Therefore no sanctions will be applied to any company or any individual. No one is to be fined, reprimanded, expelled, warned or taken to court (as BPI director general John Deacon

promised on camera should his organisation discover serious malpractice).

If this isn't warning enough, sanctions will forthwith be tightened up in the event that they might one day actually be used.

TO SPARE the industry more blushes, the full report of the enquiry committee will remain under wraps. So the minutiae of chairman Harry Tipple's investigation among retailers, reps and management will never be revealed.

Tipple, who has a shop in Peckham, South London that is 50 per cent records and 50 per cent sweets and fags and is also secretary of the Gramophone Record Retailers Committee, admits it wasn't easy. His great problem, he tells us this week — apart from never having done anything on this scale before — was to find and legally record firm evidence. There was allegation and innuendo by the gallon but nothing solid.

He did see the supposedly incriminatory WEA memos referred to by *World In Action*, but these, he said, were couched in the industry's hyspeak, making the rendering of actual meaning practically impossible.

He also heard the notorious "we are being outtyped" tapes of what was alleged to be a WEA management meeting. But Tipple calls the tape "guff". He suggests what's heard could be "anything" or "anyone".

WEA and its recently resigned managing director, John Fruin, took the heaviest banging from the Granada programme. Both are magnanimously defended in the BPI statement:

"It was not just WEA that infringed the spirit of the code of conduct as was implied in the *World In Action* programme. Other companies have been transgressing the code to a similar extent but the attention paid to WEA is possibly the result of John Fruin's chairmanship (resigned) of the BPI and the availability of former

employees who had recently been made redundant."

Amongst the most serious charges was the improper ticking of chart shop diaries. A salesman, said *World In Action*, would procure a list of the shops used to compile the BMRB charts and then bribe those retailers with free records, booze and T-shirts, to record an artificially high volume of sales for the salesman's own product. The programme included statements that this frequently took place from both reps and chart shop owners.

The committee disagrees. It says that the practise of improper ticking did not occur on "a wide scale" and, anyway, the accuracy of the lists the committee itself saw was "not impressive".

The BPI statement does, however, acknowledge a "lax" issue of stock to sales reps and agrees that certain promo records as well as other "unrelated material" have been supplied as part of a promotion.

THE COMMITTEE'S recommendations are fourfold:

- Publicise the code of conduct amongst all staff;
- Incorporate the code into contracts of employment;
- Improve the control of stock to reps;
- Stop the payment of bonuses for the achievement of chart placings (and thus reduce the incentive to fix and manipulate).

These, though, are merely the exhortations of chairman Tipple and his four-man team (John Deacon of the BPI, the publishing director of *Music Week* and Guy Sutcliffe of the BMRB).

The council's own plans are significantly different. They entail the writing of rebuke letters to all BPI members reminding them of their duties and responsibilities under the code.

They intend also to strengthen this code with "substantial new sanctions". But since the old sanctions have not been applied, ever, there's no great expectation that the new ones will get any more exercise.

■ Continues over



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"Hang on a minute, didn't my son die in that?"

These ads are NOT send-ups. Both seen in *Screen International* magazine, 18.10.80.



A moment of badinage between the Colonel and the Killer as drawn by Dick Matena. Elvis just sobs. Heavy Metal is available from Forbidden Planet, 23 Denmark Street, London WC1 at £1.00 plus P&P.

METAL CARTOON MUSIC

HEAVY METAL prides itself on being the thinking adult's comic book.

Published in America by the same corporation that puts out *National Lampoon*, its colour reproduction is immaculate and its artists are among the best in the world. The subject matter, however, rarely strays too far from the spaceships, sorcery and discreet sado-masochism that is the stock in trade of the Motor-head set.

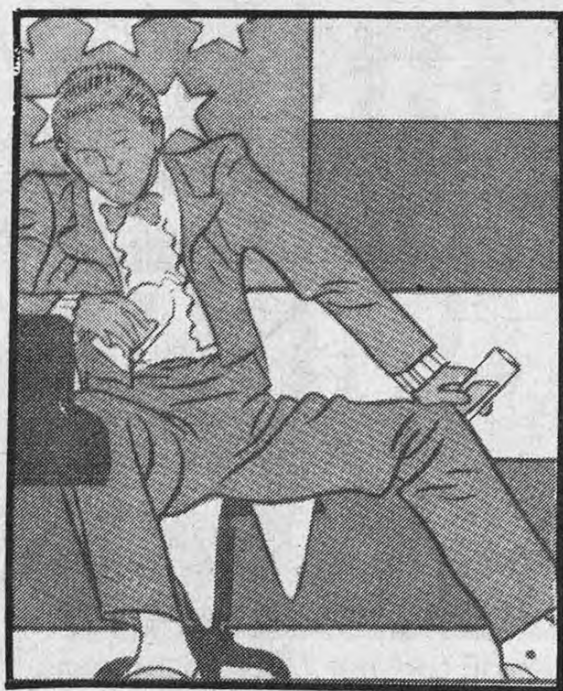
This October, though, *Heavy Metal* has gone all the way into crossover and devoted an entire issue to the subject of rock and roll.

Sadly, though the artwork is of the highest standard, the ideas are for the most part retrogressive — if not downright reactionary. The comic universe obviously finds rock star death very romantic. They also perpetuate the rather elderly myth that the guitar player is

some sort of mythic/mystic hero — along the lines of the fantasy novel swordsman.

Both these concepts are embodied in a fanciful graphic interpretation of Jimi Hendrix's 'Voodoo Child'. The themes are also followed through in a story about a magic tone box that makes the user the world's greatest Ted Nugent but saps his basic life force until he sniggs it and joins the devil's own band along with (yes, you guessed it) Jimi and Elvis. The idea gets a second run-through in a story about a guitar which wipes out everyone who plays it.

The only exceptions to the guitar-god stereotype are a peculiar strip by French master draughtsman Moebius that has almost no rock connection at all, and a surreal strip by Dick Matena in which Colonel Tom Parker in a Confederate uniform conducts the child Elvis Presley (even this one can't avoid the doomed hero



connection) to Heartbreak Hotel where, under the supervision of pregnant nuns and Jerry Lee Lewis in pink evening dress, he is expected to join "the choir". Instead, the boy Elvis takes the walk to stardom and finds that it is synonymous with death.

Have you noticed how adults who read adult comics are a little weird?

MICK FARREN

BPI

■ From previous page

The council's neatest buck-passing trick is reserved for the final paragraph of the statement, and it's perhaps this which caused the hours of deliberation between Wednesday and Friday evening. In future, it says, the onus is on the BMRB to police its own charts (unless, of course, it should lose the contract to Gallup, who have applied to take over in January 1981). The chart compiling company will have to keep their own watch on the retail panel — and provide a freephone for the use of any person to report unethical practices.

A BPI spokesman told us this week that it was already the job of BMRB to "police" the retail panel and what the statement refers to is a "tightening up of these arrangements". Guy Sutcliffe,

BMRB's director in charge of the charts, was, however, slightly mystified as to what interpretation the BPI had in mind when they use a word like "police".

"All this is hypothetical," he told *Thrills*. "I am not prepared to comment on the meaning of a word used in a statement I have not yet seen. What I can say is we have taken all the proper steps in the past to ensure to the best of our ability that the charts we compile are a fair reflection of national sales."

The BMRB, of course, are in the business of market research pure and simple. It is their misfortune to be contracted to produce a set of statistics so vital as to be worth nobbling. The difficulties of restraining the nobblers are enormous and perhaps beyond their ken.

The BPI, on the other hand, are far better endowed. Not only are they plugged in direct to industry

happenings, but they also have a highly-motivated team of at least 30 investigators who are mostly occupied chasing small and medium fry bootleggers.

More important, it is the BPI's job and not that of an independent market research company to "police" the industry and apply sanctions to those who malpractise.

This week's statement seems to indicate that the BPI would prefer to duck this end of their affairs.

If so, we might be witnessing the beginning of a rift between the BPI two bodies. Or perhaps, being smooth, urbane chaps all, an understanding will be arrived at and things can continue as unrudely as before.

As for the official secret 50-page report, *Thrills* offers six free Pretenders albums to anyone who comes forward with the goods.

ANDREW TYLER

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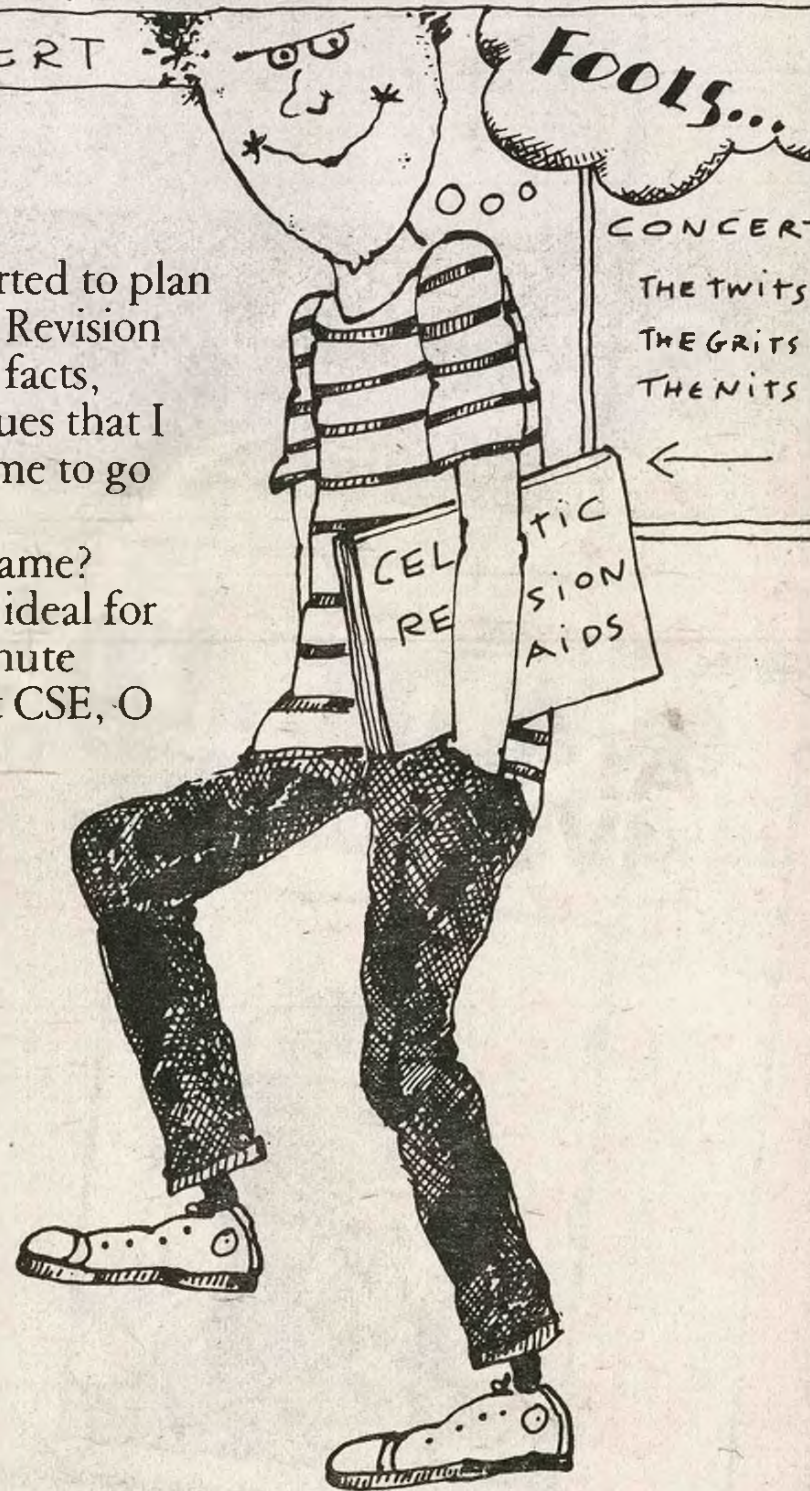
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Well it's one for the money, two for the show...

A Singing Sidewalk Saga

IT COMES AS something of a shock. You're walking through Times Square, crossing the street, dodging homicidal cabs, and suddenly from a subway ventilator comes a decidedly pleasant electronic warbling. A definite lift for the spirits and most un-New York. You peer into the grating, but you can't see anything. The warbling goes on. You pause, you shake your head and you walk on. Puzzled.

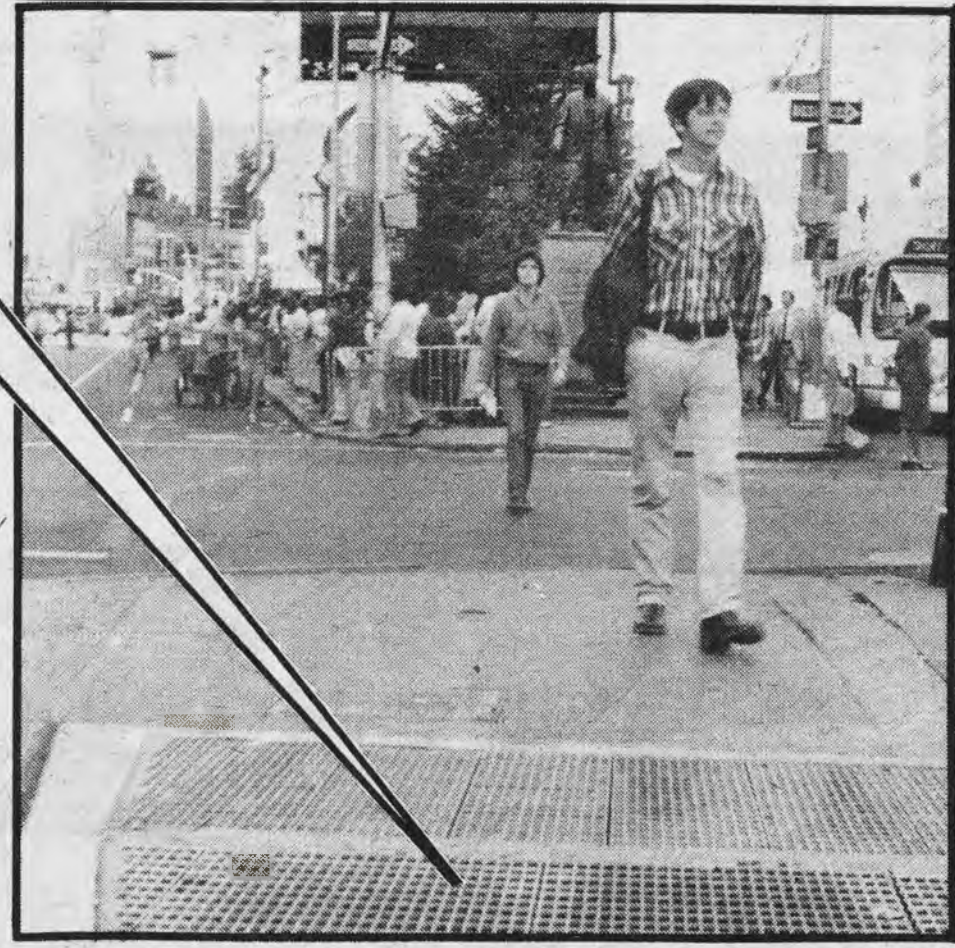
In fact, the responsibility for this whole experience falls on New Music composer Max Neuhaus and a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. Neuhaus is part of a new school of environmental musicians and his work quite closely parallels some of Eno's recent experiments. He claims he's working in terms of 'discoverables': concealed sound sources that have the permanency of sculpture. They're designed to please the passer-by.

"Leaving a piece to be discovered or not, that is my goal. The unexpected can make quite an impact. People think good sounds come only from nature or a concert hall. I'm proving otherwise."

Neuhaus also has permanent underwater speakers piping thin reedy electronics into 17 public swimming pools across the U.S. In '77, he went on public access radio inviting listeners to phone in and whistle randomly. 12,000 responded and the results were orchestrated into a two-hour concert.

Max Neuhaus' roots are fairly conventional. At 17 he played drums in a rock band. Later he moved onto jazz fusion. He's got a master's from the Manhattan School of Music and he's toured as a percussionist with Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen. Around the same time he cut an album of electronic percussion music for CBS. This was followed by a year as 'artist-in-residence' at the Bell Telephone Labs in Murray Hill, New Jersey.

Right now Neuhaus is looking to change the entire nature of emergency sirens. He sees no reason why police cars, fire engines, paramedic units and ambulances shouldn't have warning devices a little less heartstoppingly crude than the current shrieking and



Times Square but the pavements are really with it.

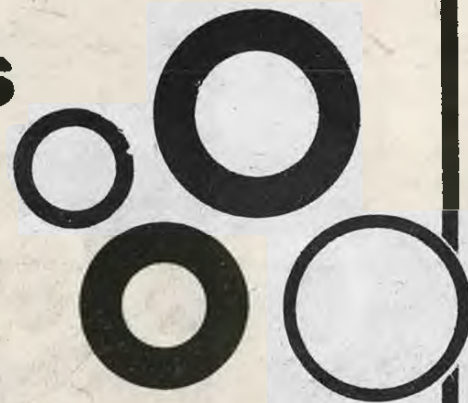
wailing. In terms of street acoustics, the violence of the present sirens is even dangerous — since they actually make it difficult for pedestrians and other drivers to judge from which direction the emergency vehicle is

coming. The City of New York is considering funding a pilot project.

Just think, when they finally come for us, the police car may be playing Max's tune!

MICK FARREN

Two holes are better for Non



PERCEIVING SOMETHING in Californian noisemaker Boyd 'Non' Rice that we at Thrills HQ obviously missed last time he was here, British immigration officials at Gatwick have refused him entry on the grounds that he was a pop star looking to earn a few pounds to bolster the beleaguered buck.

A bemused Boyd loaned them tapes to convince them of his fringe — i.e. unemployable — status, but even after hearing these, officials wouldn't change their minds.

Rice was hoping to support D.A.F. on their British tour, but instead he's now temporarily based at Dusseldorf's Warning Records, where he's preparing a few German dates.

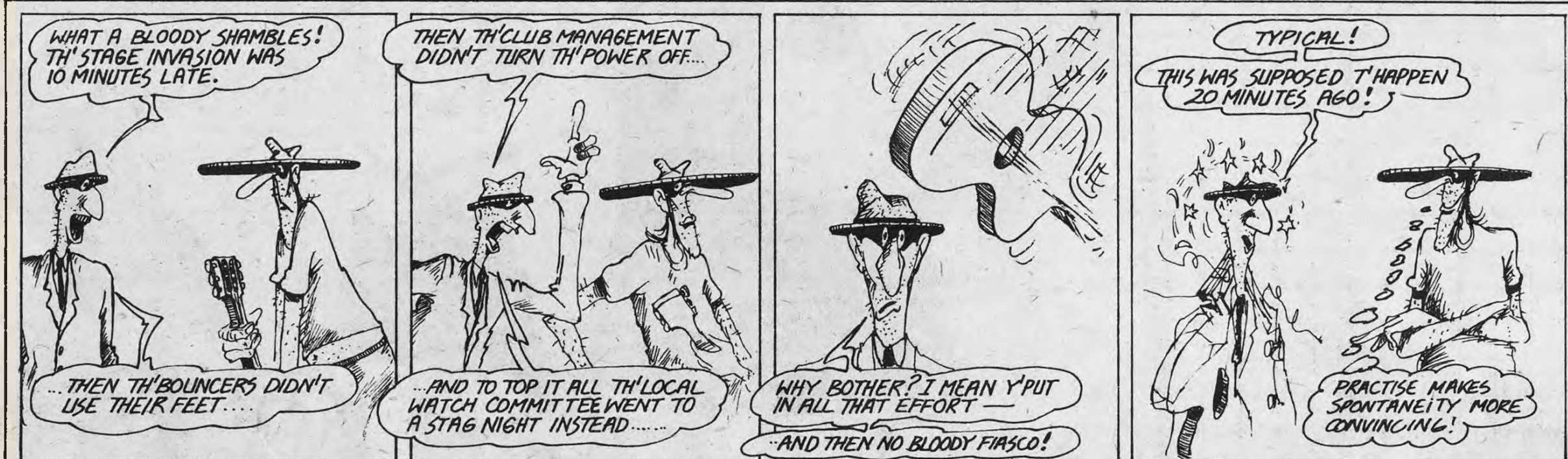
His case wasn't helped by a lack of work permit, but those of us who've heard the EP he shares with Smegma — available here on Mute — are under no illusions as to his earning power. The EP consists of five quite mesmerising experiments in noise generation which can be played at four different speeds on a choice of two holes — if you're prepared to sacrifice a stylus to watch the novel effect of a record spinning off-centre.

Why the two holes? Well, replies Boyd, that way you can get more material and information across. His next record, he informs us, will consist of *seventeen* looped grooves and will be called 'Paved Muzak'. Suddenly the term "Boogie all night" may take on a whole new meaning.

CHRIS BOHN

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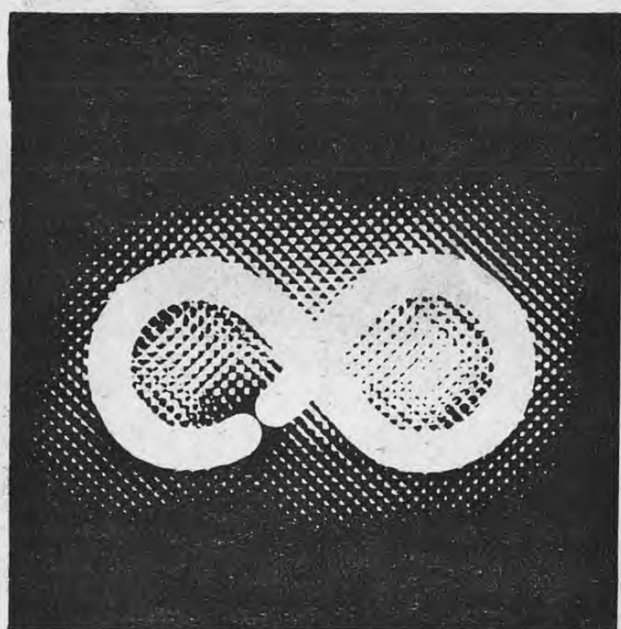
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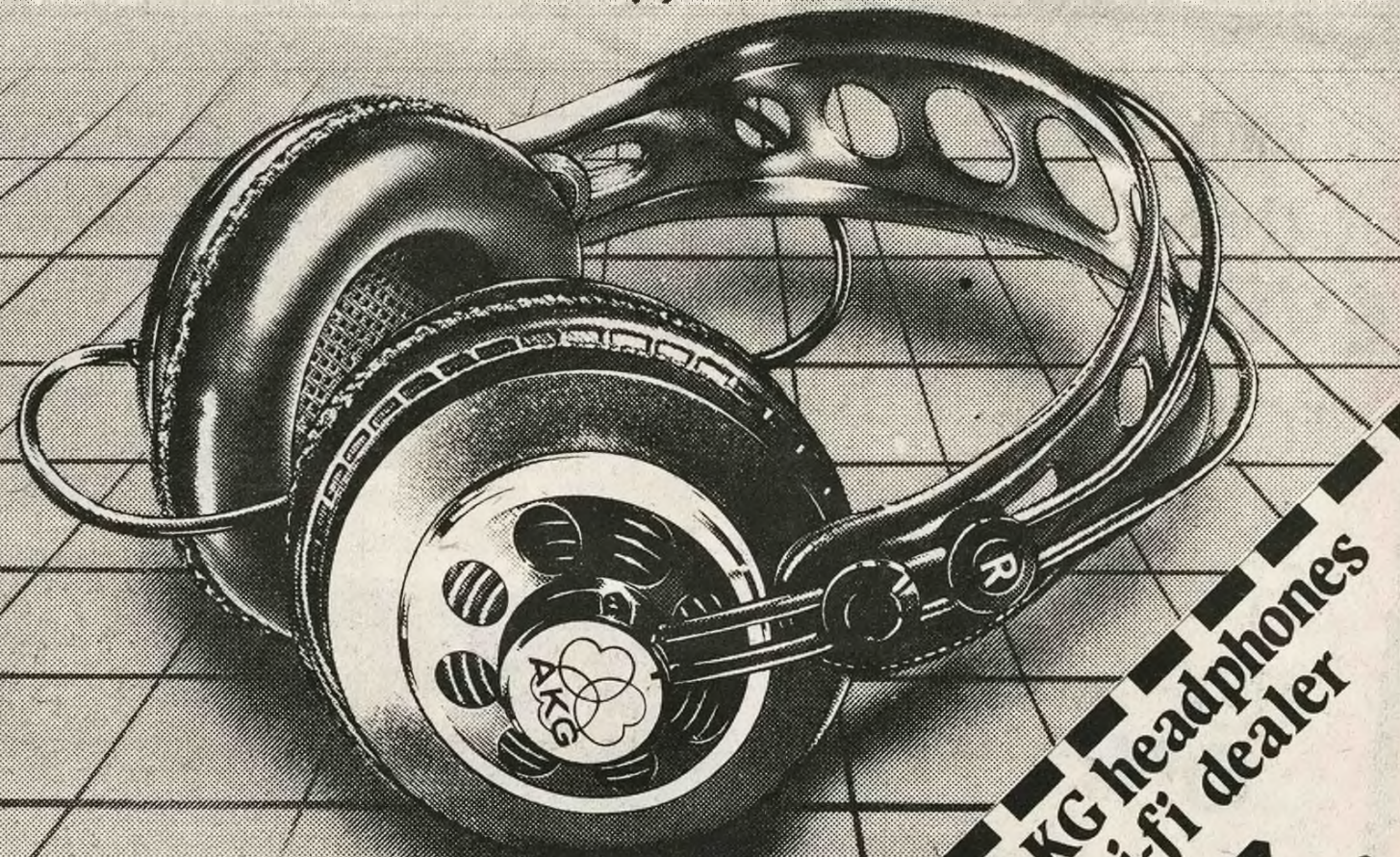
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EVERY SON OF GOD gets a little hard luck sometimes, as Loudon Wainwright III once observed. Having received his fair share of such luck during these past few years, he should know, but he's not crying in his beer about it.

And indeed he shouldn't be. After all, he's made a reasonable living from exploiting his own inebriation. Drinking songs have always played a large part in his repertoire, and like other facets of his winning live performances (the facial mugging, daft jokes and responses to hecklers), they're not so easy to get down on record. Consequently, his eight albums rarely match the entertainment value of his concerts and sales have suffered accordingly.

Predictably, artists like Wainwright are the first to go in times of recession. Arista (his third label) dropped his shortly after 'Final Exam', forcing him to look to the independent Radar here and America's esoteric Rounder label to distribute his self-financed live album. Unfortunately, Radar folded three weeks after the LP's release.

His professional run of bad luck coincided with the private pain of splitting with his wife Katie McGarrigle and a long-serving manager during the Arista separation. Nevertheless, Wainwright's bounced back grinning with optimism. Although still patron-less, he's in Britain for a lengthy tour that started well with a successful five-night run at The Venue. *Thrills* located him a few days later at the flat presently serving as his British base.

Lanky and thin, he doesn't look a lot older than the intense young figure pictured on his stark first album of ten years ago, but frequent smiles properly reflect his true character. He says he's got no reason to look miserable:

"The picture isn't as bleak as it looks, inasmuch as there's been a few nibbles lately and I hope somebody bites soon."

Not that he's in a hurry, despite a large backlog of songs accrued since the Arista split two years ago. "I decided then not to worry about being a big success or not having a record company, and to just go around with a guitar and play."

Most of his fans prefer him that way, without the distraction of a band. They've got a point, as none of his albums have matched the pained simplicity of his first two earnest Atlantic releases. His early shift from acoustic records to part-live/part-electric records might not have created the same furore as Dylan's turning electric (or even Christian), but it similarly upset the diehard traditionalists in his camp.

By way of response to such critics, he asserts: "It's a mistake to write anybody like Dylan off. And to bring it back to me, people have written me off too — which pisses me off!"

Quite right too; there's life yet in the Wainwright line begun by LWI (a successful insurance businessman up until the Wall Street Crash) and LWII — Loudon's dad — who's a well-known write and editor of *Life* magazine — "Which is why I use the third, to avoid the confusion."

Satisfied in the role of entertainer, Loudon III began emphasising the comedian within after the success of his singalong novelty 'Dead Skunk'. Consequently the third album from which it came established his recording pattern: an uncomfortable marriage of humour and rock and roll.

He admits: "My songs are written with performance in mind, which is perhaps why they're not so successful on record, but I do maintain they're serious — they're just not presented in a straightforward serious way."

His funniest songs are also his saddest. Like the absurd 'The Man Who Couldn't Cry', they cut both ways; and alternatively he often plays his more serious stuff for laughs.

Consequently, his most popular numbers are perhaps his most maudlin/comic drinking ditties, featuring shambling Dino Martini characters stumbling through darkened bedrooms or collapsed dinner parties.

"I do romanticise the whole thing a lot," he admits. "And on the other hand I don't want to encourage people to drink."

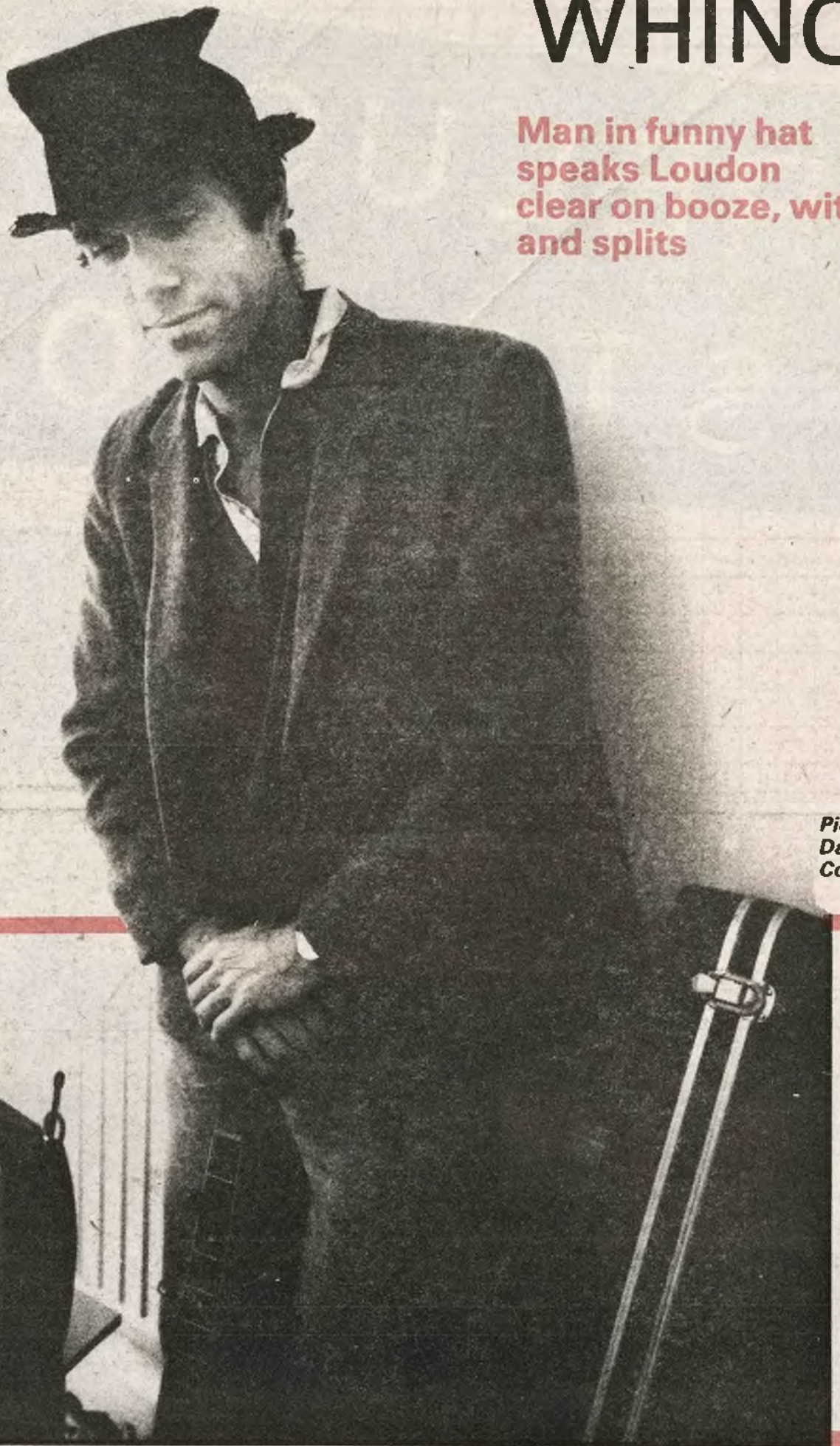
"So think about that when you're writing this," he adds slyly.

OK, Loudon, I won't say another word.

CHRIS BOHN

NO RED-NOSED WHINO

Man in funny hat speaks Loudon clear on booze, wit and splits



Pic: David Corio



"It says here that if you disagree with the status quo in Russia they publicly vilify you and have you certified as a lunatic!"



"Thank God it doesn't happen here."

Lowry

Earth, Wind, Fire & Nature's Unnatural Acts — by Andrew Tyler

THE PILLAGE PEOPLE IN PRINT

BOB RICKARD edits a fine oddity called *Fortean Times* which, for seven years, has brought to its 1,000 or so subscribers tales of inexplicable phenomena.

In company with most other like-minded journals (eg Paul Devereux's *The Ley Hunter*), the magazine suffers a dearth of funding, exposure and sound channels of distribution.

Picture then the joy of Rickard when Yorkshire TV dropped by his East London home/office in the middle of last year saying they planned a big deal series dealing with the very stuff of which *FT* was made and could Rickard please give some opening and closing moves.

A 'researcher' then spent 2½ days working over the files, borrowing books, articles, photographs and names and addresses of contacts. Rickard was paid the standard research fee and, on the question of the all-important end-of-programme credit for his magazine, was told: "We can't promise but we'll see what can be arranged."

One year later, along comes Arthur C. Clarke's *Mysterious World*, chopped into 13 half-hour segments and billed as originating from the author's "own files".

Incorrect. In fact Arthur C. Clarke — an anti-supernaturalist in his early years — now lives in Sri Lanka where the *Mysterious World* package was dropped into his lap by Yorkshire producer Simon Welfare. Clarke's job was to make sporadic appearances throughout to remind viewers

From the files of Robert J Rickard: The Mysterious World of Arthur C. Clarke!

it was actually his show and then cosy them out with his by-now-famous equivocal endings along the lines of "Well it's a mystery to me and I guess we'll never know the truth on this one."

Alongside the TV show is a Collins-published book of the same name written by producer Welfare and John Fairley, with polishing touches provided by Clarke. The book omits any mention of the specialist magazines which contributed time and data.

Rickard doesn't wish to sound his martyr's horn, but comments: "The reason we helped was because there are a few magazines like my own that are trying to preserve and disseminate this kind of data with very small resources. Here was a way to get new readers from the publicity the programme would have engendered and a way for us to help the production. As it turned out there was no mention anywhere."

Producer Welfare this week denied file pillaging, explaining that Rickard was "one of many consultants on the series". The book carried no credits, he said, because the packagers took that decision — and Yorkshire

made no source references because that's "general policy".

As for Clarke coming on like a glove puppet, Welfare points to "many and greatly detailed" discussions between his team and the author, with whom he first collaborated on a programme in 1972.

Fortean Times is available from 9-12 St Anne's Court, London W.1, by postal order, for 95p plus P&P.

THE SUPER GLOSS SF magazine *OMNI* took the curious step this month of calling together a

clutch of science-minded writers and broadcasters in an attempt to trigger a British dialogue on a topic gradually catching fire in the U.S. and which powerfully affects the future of all earthlings.

This question (posed by editor Ben Bova) was: Who owns the Moon and the other heavenly bodies? Because by the turn of the century they could begin providing unimaginable mineral and energy riches.

Who gets what? Is it the big bowzers from American Rockwell, Boeing, etc — currently favoured to be tooled up for space mining

OMNI's message to heavenly bodies: Ben Bova and spread 'em

just ahead of the Soviets — or do space resources form what a Third World UN treaty calls a "common heritage", to be shared and exploited by all the nations under conditions laid down by "an international regime".

Bova is one of the first-come-first served school. He believes that the way to ease human wretchedness is not through well-meaning bureaucratic regulation but by the energy of entrepreneurs. He argues that it is private initiative which makes wealth. And this, he claims will inevitably fan out in the direction of the Sri Lankas of the world.

He even suggested, to a background of incredulous murmurs from his distinguished colleagues, that a new space programme would help put paid to the West's unemployment, recession and inflation.

So far the UN treaty has been signed by a requisite five nations (France, Chile, the Philippines, Rumania and Canada) and for these countries and each of its citizens, it becomes law. At one stage President Carter was preparing to add his own signature, but with opponents whispering "Communist Third World plot" in his good

ear, he cooled off.

Bova says the Soviets are also holding back because the pact would call for openness and site inspections — for the Russians, the wrong religion.

Bova argues that space mining is a risky cost-high enterprise. And that neither State nor megacorp will be prepared to scuff their knuckles if the rewards are either insufficient or insufficiently stated. And this would be a lasting shame because we're talking in terms of endless clean energy (probably via the laser conversion of sunlight) and a corresponding amount of minerals. Bova favours a semi-regulated rush for the New Frontier (something at which Euro-American stock has proved so adept in the past).

A dissenting voice is that of Dr Rashmi Mayur, a leading Indian futurologist.

"Considering the widening gap between rich and poor nations," he quoths in an upcoming *Omni* article, "as well as the technological disadvantages the latter suffer, the UN treaty emphasises that the benefits of developments on the Moon and in space should reach those that are most deprived and thus eliminate the shame of poverty which has beleaguered humanity for centuries."

Bova's prediction is that the U.S. will eventually sign an amended treaty, one that gives the U.S. and European interests more incentives to tap, drill and ravage the black frontier.

Naturally, the Russkies and all the world's missiles and bombs will follow its blazing trail.



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Girls At Our Best!: Titch, Terry, Jo, Jez.

Words: Adrian Thrills

SUP UP your beer and collect your thoughts. A crisp voice is bending my ears across a pint-stained drinks table in a dog-eared city centre hostelry.

"Records are becoming a much better medium than gigs. Live gigs are a pretty limited thing. I don't like going out to gigs that much anymore. I mean, I'd never go out and see a group just as a night out now.

"I might go out and see a group if I'd bought their records and was interested in seeing what they were like onstage, but I never actually go out to a gig for a good time.

"With a record, people are much more likely to listen these days. Records are much less limited in scope. With a single, you can do a lot more with the sound, the way the sleeves are done and everything. There's a lot more range with a record."

James Alan twitches in his immaculately torn and faded denim jacket, unperturbed by the straight-faced stares of a few distant Friday night boozers who eye our corner of the pub with a mixture of bemusement and suspicion.

The gist of our beery reasoning concerns the current sterility of live rock music compared to the spirited flow of new music still emerging on record.

The major labels and tours aside, the gap between what's happening around, say, the agency-dominated London gig circuit and what's happening with the more nimble independent labels, both in and out of town, has probably never been greater.

And so it goes.

Or rather doesn't.

"Most bands are tons better on record anyway, unless it's something really exciting like the White Riot tour. You may as well just listen to your records."

James Alan — Jez to you and me — ought to know what he is talking about. As the guitarist in a Leeds pop group called Girls At Our Best! (the exclamation mark is an integral part of the band name, as in Wah! Heat), he is partly responsible for one of the *great* singles of this year in 'Warm Girls'/'Getting Nowhere Fast'.

'Warm Girls', released through Rough Trade on the band's own Record Records label, made *NME* single of the week back in April. A stunning four minutes of hard, mature pop, it is rugged and instant, but convincingly

dressed up in a big and bouncy production.

The excellent *Jamming* fanzine compares Girls At Our Best! with Delta 5, a fair enough reference point but not one which really gives an idea of their tremendous range which stretches from the bubblegum swing of The Undertones to the structure of Magazine, taking in the raunch of The Au Pairs and the quirkiness of XTC in passing.

That last ingredient — the quirkiness — is something that Jez, whose favourite band of all time is Sparks, is at pains to play down.

"I deliberately try to keep that out of things a bit, 'cause it's the sort of thing that annoys people. It's the sort of thing that I like listening to, but not the sort of thing that I really like playing, although it probably creeps in.

"Most of the quirky groups put it on. The reason I think that someone like Sparks are so good is that they don't put it on. They can't help sounding the way that they do. They probably think to themselves that they sound really ordinary, while to everyone else they are really mad. The bands I don't like are the ones who deliberately go out of their way to sound like that."

JEZ AMBLES to the bar to get in another round as the other three band members introduce themselves as Jo (singer Judy Evans, Jez's girlfriend), Terry (bassist Gerrard Swift) and Titch (drummer Carl Harper, the youngest member at a mere 17 years of age and a former Expelaire). Jez returns laden with lager and Girls At Our Best! give me a history lesson.

Jez, Jo and Terry were all in seminal non-legendary Leeds punk band The Butterflies until the start of this year. Before that — as long ago as 1976 in fact — Jez and Terry were both playing together in SOS, concentrating on the Dolls/Stooges end of the same spectrum.

The Butterflies gigged extensively, getting as far south as the Nashville in London where they once supported The Mekons, but fell apart from a lack of vision, confidence and encouragement.

"We were a pretty visual band, but by the time we split we were really bad. People were even coming to see us just to check out if we really were as bad as they had heard.

"A lot of people who came to see us did seem to enjoy it though. We were getting the sort of following where we were on the verge of becoming a cult band, although we always got a really mixed audience. There would be all the glue-sniffing punks who were into bands like Discharge and all the arty types from the university.

"In Leeds, y' see, there's these two camps.

There's the student camp with all The Mekons, Gang Of Four and Delta 5 lot and the town camp with the bands like The Expelaires and Music For Pleasure. We're about the only band caught between the two. We just keep ourselves to ourselves."

With the demise of The Butterflies, Jez and Jo opted to carry on alone, recording the two best Butterflies songs with the aid of Terry — who soon rejoined full-time — and a session drummer. The resulting tapes eventually became the first Girls At Our Best! single. Drummer Titch became the band's first full-time rhythm anchor only recently, one of the reasons the group have yet to play their debut gig.

After being turned down by Safari and Beggar's Banquet, they took the tapes of 'Warm Girls' and 'Getting Nowhere Fast' to Sue Scott at Rough Trade, who immediately agreed to press 2000 copies. With two subsequent re-pressings, the single has already passed the 5000 mark and Rough Trade's Geoff Travis confidently expects it to at least double that total.

A follow-up, meanwhile, has already been recorded and is due out at the end of this month. This new single 'Politics/It's Fashion' points at genuine progression and a further refining of the group's delicate pop balance, its momentum building softly from a mellow start in direct contrast with the snowballing raunch of 'Warm Girls'.

With the venom of the new single directed squarely at the American electioneering game, it is to be the first Rough Trade single earmarked for simultaneous release on both sides of the Atlantic.

As was its predecessor, 'Politics' is excellently produced, the sound deep and precise. The self-consciously amateur approach often associated with the independents is something they have no time for.

Smiles Jo: "I suppose we're pretty professionally minded really. The other three people in the group have been playing for a long time and I'm a perfectionist anyway, so we really work at everything. It's just discipline in a way 'cause it's really shitty having to work that hard at something. But it's really worth it in the end.

"In The Butterflies, we didn't even write our own songs, the drummer wrote most of them. We were so sick of playing stuff we didn't like that we've made a real effort to do something that we're really pleased with.

"Now the only problem is to keep up the

♦ Continued over

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**Girls
At
Our
Best!**



Above: Terry
Left: Titch
Right: Jez



standard with each release.

"We've tried to get a *produced* sound, but still have something exciting, something that really gets you going. People think that you have to be rough to be exciting, which is crap. You can be exciting and be tight and professional at the same time."

IN KEEPING with his almost schizoid approach to playing in the band and his semi-enthusiastic, semi-reluctant attitude to the circus games of gigging, Jez reckons his talents may eventually be put to better use with him acting as the group's creative manager.

"In a way, the ideas I get might be put across better if I was the manager, not the financial side — that's boring — but the personal, artistic side of things.

"Let's face it, playing live is just ego really, isn't it? It's really glamorous 'cause there's guys thinking how cool you are and girls fancying you, but all that is really transient. Being the centre of attraction is the sort of

thing that's here today and gone tomorrow. If you get caught up in all that, then you're going to come down heavily. That's why you get all those rock casualties who can't cope with not being famous anymore.

"But that's not the reason that I don't want to be just another guitarist in a group. It's more down to the fact that the ideas that I have would be better realised as a manager.

"On one hand I just want to be a guitar hero and on the other I want to be on the other side of the fence and have someone else doing all the playing. I've got some good ideas, and I don't mean that conceitedly, and maybe they'd come across better if I was a manager."

So far so good. The graduation of Girls At Our Best! has been largely a series of fortuitous accidents. After starting life as a dodgy, gigs-only punk band, they've grown into one of the most promising groups of 1980, something they'd probably never have envisaged.

Whether or not Jez eventually opts to fulfil his dreams posing in front of an amp or fretting behind the console — you can bet he'd do both if it were possible — is neither here nor there. What matters for now is that Girls At Our Best! are ready to catch the moment while it is there and buy themselves another life — getting somewhere fast.

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SINGLES

ROCK'S RICH TAPESTRY

JULIE BURCHILL PICKS IT APART STITCH BY STITCH

POLARIZATION OF THE WEEK

There are two ways to view music.

One is with tunnel vision, what I've got. If a record isn't by the Sex Pistols or Tamla Motown (and Sex Pistols means the band John Lydon was in and Tamla Motown means pre-1976) it's just pointless. But how unhealthy! I'm just a cranky old punk past its prime.

But the alternative is hideous, and it is the only alternative. It is to believe in ROCK'S RICH TAPESTRY.

I realized the bleak truth as I gazed dully at that *Heroes Of Rock* a while ago. It was on the TV and Rotten was in jail. He was in jail and Elvis Costello was living proof of American showbusiness's fear, and the fear of its British lackeys. Elvis Costello played New Wave, that nice young neighbour. There can be only one reason why The Sex Pistols were not even mentioned and that reason is *fear*. Everyone just wants to forget the whole nasty thing and get back to leading a normal life, buying and selling their rations of filth and tat with a clear conscience. So many smug saps think they're rebels, but anything that can fit into ROCK'S RICH TAPESTRY is dead at heart.

Only Rotten will be shut out and ostensibly forgotten, because of all the fear. Because he's the only one who's ever been interested in unravelling ROCK'S RICH TAPESTRY rather than adding his little stitch. After a stand like that, why would a fan want to move on?

You take your tapestry, I'll keep my blinkers on. Your work's cut out for you and your tapestry's all cut up. See if you can mend it. Or at least defend it.

BUZZCOCKS: *Strange Thing* (United Artists); **PAULINE MURRAY AND THE INVISIBLE GIRLS:** *Mr X* (Illusive); **THE BOYS:** *Weekend* (Safari); **KNOX:** *Gigolo Aunt* (Armageddon Records) My mother had a phrase — "like a tart in a trance" — to describe a person dazed and undecided. Those who lived through punk, lived *well* then, are not very strong now, and I suppose it's a good thing for them that they can still go through the motions of being a recording artist, albeit a very bad one.

The Boys stand the best chance of a new career, they're like technical virgins. Although they were around in the very early days of punk they are still so clean that no one would associate them with our savaged messiah at all. Are you now or have you at any time been a member of a Punk Rock Group? The Boys don't take the Fifth, they just perform this thing instead, and the interrogator's

toes start to tap despite themselves.

It's disgraceful that Knox, who used to be a Vibrator — opportunist stowaways who stayed on long enough to win one over with their hilarious, twisted travesties of our lives — is reduced to singing Syd Barrett songs. Barrett, a big fat stitch in ROCK'S RICH TAPESTRY, demonstrates one of the scummiest things about rock; it's the only business in which a man can be canonized for becoming an insane heap of breathing junk on legs.

Pauline, ex of Penetration, does stuff — would-be wise, wired and weird — that Julie Driscoll washed right out of her crop decades ago. Pauline obviously hasn't learned one of punk's most beautiful and brutal truths; *don't try to clothe plain fare in mystery*. Mystery is bunk; it's better to clutch at clichés. Sheena Easton at a seance!

Pete Shelley discovers that the only thing worse than losing love is losing the ability to write insistent stainless steel songs about it. The boys in the band do a passable impersonation of a leaden sloth hurrying to keep an appointment at the taxidermist's. Preserving it for the posterity of ROCK'S RICH TAPESTRY, no doubt.

BUGGLES: *Elstree* (Island) Let out for good behaviour (i.e. listening to a Yes record without swallowing a razor blade) by Yes, The Buggles ply us with yet more supercilious Poor You! pop. Bryan Ferry said he could only write two songs; fast or slow. Well, so can Buggles; *Androids* or *Ovalteenies*.

Buggles seem to like writing songs about popular commodities suddenly and brutally dropped by a bored public. I wonder where their beady eyes will alight next — Lassie, hula hoops, Ruth Ellis? I suggest they look a little closer to home, do a little crystal gazing. That's right, just look in the mirror; your next song should be called 'Buggles'.

SECTOR 27: *Invitation: What Have We Got To Lose* (Panic Records); **LEO SAYER:** *Where Did We Go Wrong?* (Chrysalis) Curly haired nonentities. Nice to see Tom Robinson bending over backwards to change with the times and keep politics out of music. Tom wants to keep the anger but not the target and in doing so demonstrates how truly pathetic a "rebel without a cause" can be. Tom used to be a middle-class kiddy who knew where he stood; now he's a middle-class kiddy who's just grateful he can stand on a stage.

Leo Sayer does his usual imitation of a foghorn with its jaws wired together, slopping up his putrid, pathetic pap for the mug masses to want between wiping their feet on the bread and having their brains syringed.

THE MO-DETTES: *Dark Park Creeping* (Deram); **THE B.52's:** *Strobe Light* (Island) I sold myself into liking these bands for a bit, post-punk, but of course most of us are born to disappoint. 'White Mice' was a real short sharp shock, but The Mo-Dettes are small girls, pretty and healthy like little things passing jelly and

ice cream at a birthday party, so pretty and healthy and raunchy, so many guitars. The trouble with trusting a non-English vocalist is that they may break into Americanese any minute. 'Dark Park Creeping' is about as subtle and perceptive as Mickey Spillane and Norman Mailer shaking hands.

Well, the B.52's are walking the wacky dogma again — yes, even the press release has to admit that they're "wacky" — and they're nice and smart and give great interviews. It's a shame they can't lose their recording contract and commence a career of interviews. Fred Schneider's voice makes me want to light a candle for him; I've only been witness to such embarrassment and desperate determination in the guise of tots who clutch at themselves in public places. The girls have cheeky sleep-over voices, all very Cute, but like all American girls they talk too much and too loud. Like so many Americans who consider themselves humorous, The B.52's suffer from growing up with too much canned laughter. They think every wacky nuance is going to set people splitting their sides and spitting up blood, just like it always happens for Archie Bunker. Canned laughter and *dope* encourages the American hipster to over-rate his rib-tickling powers; think of Cheech and Chong, Woody Allan, rock fan horror writer Stephen King — when they're at what they consider to be the pinnacle of wit they barely raise an English snigger. Noel Coward was swallowing better *bon mots* than all the Yanks put together when the dirt was thrown in on top of him.

Another record, another reason to have a party. Only you know what happens after those parties, Fred — everyone throws up, comes down and feels crummy.

ROCKPILE: *Teacher Teacher* (F-Beat) Good old boys make bad old bands. No surprise that this is about a sexy schoolteacher; Rockpile's business is a thing called "cashing in." Except it stops looking so cool and calculated when it don't get you cash or hits!

'Teacher Teacher' is an inoffensive little ditty who says its ambition — should it be lucky enough to win a chart placing — is to travel, help the needy and become a singalong standard among all rock fans with warm hearts and simple minds.

Dave Edmunds has made some gorgeous singles ('Queen Of Hearts') and Nick Lowe has lots of non-talent-related stuff working for him — he can stay up for nights and nights, he has an impeccably beautiful wife, his father killed wagonloads of Nazis in the war (that's being "anti-Nazi", you liberal creeps!) — but whenever they get together they only show that two can fail as cheaply as one.

Rumour has it that this weak-looking little record can play "darts" and drink a "pint" while revolving on the turntable.

JOAN ARMATRADING: *Simon* (A&M) There will always be a high corner in the

tapestry for a strong, plain black woman who is too "wise" to "judge" and stuff. This woman must be an immovable, inviolate tower of strength, she must always be there for liberal white men — who haven't come up eye to eye with the racism in their own soul and spat in it — to "look up" to. You always put the thing you fear on a pedestal.

The *Time Out* set want Joan Armatrading to be their Singing Nun, and if black convents existed would no doubt urge her to enter one a la Mary O'Hara for a decade or so in order to become even more pure-hearted.

Actually, I like Joan Armatrading's bland, *Beano*-reading, unco-operative public image. I quite like this cool little sketch; 75 per cent hidden, like an iceberg, and still clear.

Written any good soundtracks to films which lionise white mercenaries who kill black Africans lately, Joan?

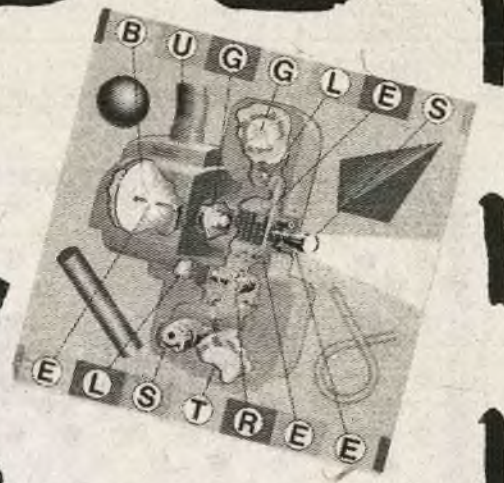
CHAZ JANKEL: *Ai No Corrida* (A&M); **B.A. ROBERTSON:** *Flight 19* (Asylum) Delicate Jankel was supposed to have left Dury because Chaz strived for a refined ideal that the lout Ian couldn't comprehend. Now that the shambles that was once the jolly old Blockheads is stacked up in the humble tumbrel that is Stiff Records I suppose anything, even this fey flab, is a better job.

I remember this title from a Jap film all about sex and death are — gasp! — practically the same thing. Your Reich wouldn't like it, even though it's harmless, a modish little nod in the direction of muzak. *Muzak!* Oh, the next mediocre thing! Get ROCK'S RICH TAPESTRY ready! Yeah, I always loved muzak, I used a miss school and hang around supermarkets. They'll say that. I had a friend who claimed she actually enjoyed having headaches, and could really coast on them for hours. No doubt her turn will come and we'll all be hailing her as a pace-maker soon. Trends are very desperate these days.

Like Chaz Jankel, B.A. Robertson's wages were once connected with Ian Dury's. Except that Dury, in turn, made his living out of Jankel's so-pretty tunes whereas Robertson was a sly siphon, waiting to take over tickling the nation's funny-bone the minute Dury lost the paltry power to wet nurse it with chirpy Cockney nursery rhymes. He swung it for a while, but people who deal in extracting defeated laughter have the most fickle audience of all. No laughs, no sales. It's sad when a shallow person is set on being serious.

Robertson's song,

■ Continues over



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■ From previous page

incidentally, has nothing to do with the beautiful 801 epic of the same name, written by none other than his very own Ian "Born With A Smile On My Face" MacDonald.

JOHN LENNON: (Just Like) Starting Over (Geffen) "Let's take a trip and fly away together alone" — to the funny farm for a nice rest, presumably. So much for McCartney writing the slop and Lennon writing the shocking rockers! An early Seventies *Opportunity Knocks!* protege, one Gerry Munroe, used to do songs very similar to this; pubs, Gracie Fields, maudlin singsongs. John Lennon either needs to be put away (if this record is meant to be good) or wants to be written off (if the direness of this dirge is intentional). My guess is that he's happy in his house-husband niche and did this merely to dissuade people who ask him when he's going to get back into the "studio" to "lay down" some new "tracks".

ELKIE BROOKS: Dance Away (A&M); **HAZEL O'CONNOR:** Give Me An Inch (A&M) Can you believe the hypocrisy of these people? Just the other night I saw the younger Elkie Brooks on TV, lurching about like Joplin's most promising pupil, shaking her pre-Raphaelite hair and flogging a tambourine, a real good old rock and roll momma. Now she seems to go around licking out Petula Clark's old ashtray's.

Don't be surprised if "wild punkette" Hazel O'Connor ends up in cabaret either; such people are very adept at changing with the times.

Ever since *punk*, the media — DJ, TV — has longed to fawn over a token wild youth. Only it couldn't be a *real* punk; too fine, too sharp, too much *edge*. It had to be a young person who would *talk* bolshy, but essentially put *career* before anything else. The tame type. The media picked up on Jimmy Pursey, Toyah Willcox, Ian Page, Phil Daniels . . . it dropped them all for Hazel.

Hazel's looks are sheer Worzel Gummidge meets the Michelin Man, her singing style is one which Lene Lovich made into an attractive novelty about eighteen months ago. It's simply because she's so *safe* that every DJ, every TV slob-mouth feels free to murmur reverently about "it" and "Star Quality". They know she'll always need them, always be *nice* to them. When it comes to obedience, doing and saying everything that's expected of her, Hazel O'Connor could make Marie Osmond look like Valerie Solanas.

The world pretends to love a humble kid who claws his way to the top. But that word *claws* is really, unmistakably, *crawls*. The media world like a pet that has *wormed* its way to the top, crawl, crawl, crawl, to the Media Brat Ball. What it really *hates* is some nobody who comes in straight at the top, does everything right and doesn't need anyone. The music industry hates people like that too.

Which is why Johnny Rotten could rot in an Irish jail

for all any hipster cares, and why Hazel O'Connor's face is gaping at you from every page and screen. History re-written, all for the benefit of ROCK'S RICH TAPESTRY.

CLASSIC CUTS SERIES
THE ALLISONS: Are You Sure, PAUL AND PAULA: Hey Paula (Phillips); **SUSAN MAUGHAN:** Bobby's Girl/LESLEY GORE: It's My Party (Mercury); **ROGER MILLER:** King Of The Road/England Swings / Little Green Apples (Mercury); **THE WALKER BROTHERS:** Make It Easy On Yourself / The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore / My Ship Is Coming In (Philips); **DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK AND TITCH:** Hold Tight / Zabadak / Legend Of Xanadu / Bend It (Philips); **JUKIE ROGERS:** The Wedding / SARAH VAUGHAN AND BILLY ECKSTINE: Passing Strangers (Philips); **ESTHER AND ABI OFARIM:** Cinderella Rockerfella / **HORST JANKOWSKI:** Walk In The Black Forest / **FOUR PENNIES:** Juliet (Philips); **BEGGARS OPERA:** Classical Gas / 'KRAFTWERK: Autobahn (Vertigo); **BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE:** You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet / Roll On Down The Highway (Mercury); **LIMMIE AND FAMILY COOKIN':** You Can Do Magic / Walking Miracle (Philips); **THE CHIFFONS:** He's So Fine / One Fine Day / Sailor Boy / Sweet Talkin' Guy (Philips).

Packages like this always look so nice at first, so short and blunt and colourful — but when you actually look at the stuff, ninety-nine per cent is — yes, Sid — merde.

The Allison's are great, neurotic and nervous, madly begging for a last minute reprieve — Paul and Paula make you want to rout them out and throttle them. Susan Maughan, Lesley Gore and The Chiffons work themselves into a sweat over Joe College — Jock, trying to convince themselves and us that he's God's younger son. You sympathize and then want to spit on them. I'm mad about Roger Miller's sparse and vivid King Of The Road — "No phone, no pool, no pets" — which is Skid Row Chic with good timing. I was very prepared to write off Dave Dee etc but actually found the record quite exciting. The Walker Brothers are epic in a dim kind of way; pretty boys having nervous breakdowns behind drawn curtains, that Spectroscopic sound like a depressed ice cream man driving his van through the labyrinth corridors of Hades. Records by people like Julie Rogers, Kraftwerk, Bachman Turner Overdrive, Horst Jankowski, Four Pennies, Esther and Abi Ofarim and Beggars Opera should have been BURNED or smashed the first time around. Vaughan and Eckstine could teach Ian Curtis' corpse a thing or thirty about good music. And anyone who was the proud possessor of a brain in the early '70s will have Limmie's hits already. I see by these sleeves that there are four other records in this series that I never received; as they are by Dusty Springfield, The Shangri-Las, Dion and Mitch Ryder, I suppose they couldn't stand the company they were keeping.

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STORY: VIVIEN GOLDMAN

A former sideman and protege of Ornette Coleman, guitarist James Blood Ulmer is surprised to find himself regarded as the leader of the new so-called jazz-punk movement. All he wants to do, he says, is put the starch back into the shirt — but his influence is likely to be as radical as that of Jimi Hendrix

"Being poor is not because money doesn't exist and being rich doesn't mean you know everything. But in America, art has more to do with the reproductions and selling than with the art itself. That's one reason why musicians are crazy and painters are crazy when it comes to what they think they're worth. It's just that you have to find the way in which you can do what your ideas tell you to do." — Ornette Coleman from *Harmolodics And The Oldest Language*.

"Are you glad to be in America? ... Superman lives next door." — James Blood Ulmer.

GUITAR PERSON James Blood Ulmer is a big bear of a man, like the amiable Russian bear of folklore. His recording career, until recently, was not auspicious.

Take this as an example: in 1967, an executive of Blue Note Records, the prestigious jazz label, offered him the opportunity to cut his own album. It meant that Blood had to move across country to New York, but Blood, who'd been storing up music like a squirrel stocking winter stores in May, happily agreed. He was due to arrive there on the Friday; on Thursday, the man told him to come right on in to town, although he had to pop into hospital for a quick check-up.

Blood turned up for his appointment next day.

The man was dead. "I decided to leave it for a while," Blood recalls with his peculiarly mild, quizzical infection. "He was only going to pay me 600 dollars, anyway."

What — no royalty?

Blood folds up in the middle like an accordion in a knee-squeezing guffaw. His big laugh wheezes out like bellows.

"We never even got to that part!" He pauses; a big, beatific, good-boy smile sneaks across his cheeks. "I thought I'd wait for a good time."

Another pause. "I figured 20 years would be a good time."

WHILE BLOOD was growing up in South Carolina, with his parents (his father's an "active Baptist preacher") the old folks used to tell him stories about slavery.

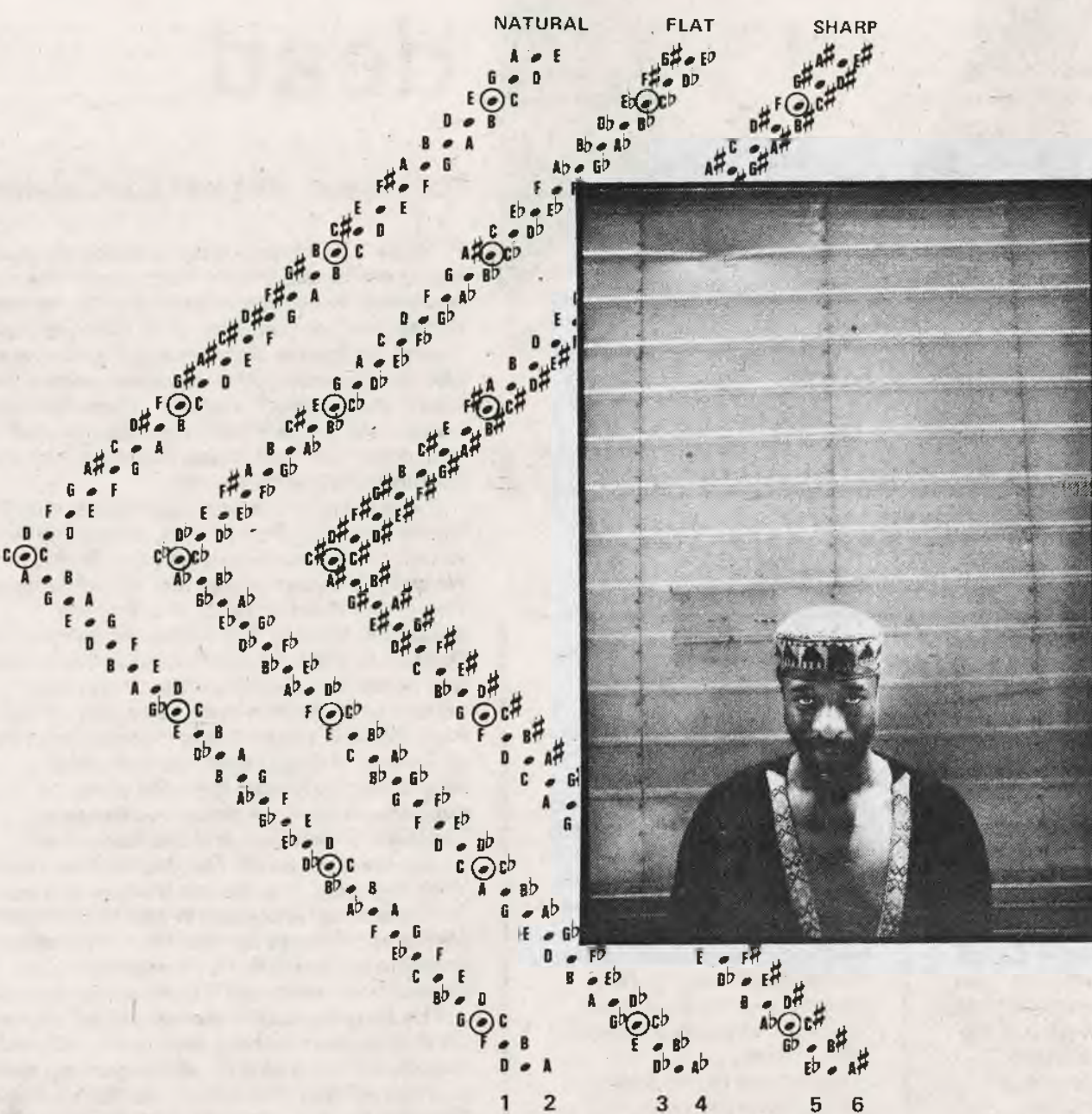
Blood was never convinced by them.

"I don't understand how slavery was done. How they pulled it off. You have to be a very popular person to be a slave. Noted for doing a certain job very good. Some kind of qualification. No, I don't see how slavery was physically possible."

"I think it was a scheme to smuggle people into this country, the land of milk and honey."

"But that's just America. That's what I like about America. In America, you can at least go knock on the person's door who's doing you wrong. You can go to the door, and ring the bell. Even if they don't let you in. If you don't use the right kind of power — they'll tell you to call by again next week!"

James Blood Ulmer creased up again in another big laugh. This frequent laugh is a massive sideswipe at his normal, halting (though pungent) speech pattern. It takes him



a couple of sentences to pull his voice back into talking shape again.

But why shouldn't this man have a quiet chuckle? Born in 1942, he's been playing guitar since he was a little boy, and it's taken him 20 years until next week came around. Ha!

It's lucky Blood has a sense of humour, because the reason why this Black American jazz musician gets two pages in this white English rock paper is pretty laughable. Not that Blood isn't talented — but then so are other Black American jazz musicians who might be allowed only half a page. Since stepping forward from his more accustomed session-sideman role, he's discovered, to his own surprise, that he is acknowledged as the spearhead in the new musical fusion some journals have dubbed jazz-punk. A handle is just a handle, but Blood doesn't feel that this one opens the door the right way.

For young white rock fans, the same arse-over-tip process that turned Rolling Stones fans into Muddy Waters fans, or Clash fans into Lee Perry fans, has converted them into Ornette Coleman-Blood Ulmer fans via the works of James Chance/James White And The Blacks. Personally, I regard Chance's recent Ze album with the same nauseated horror that late '50s audiences reserved for Ornette's pioneering work in harmolodic jazz, although I doubt that future generations will retrospectively jeer at my deafness (of course, that's what those late '50s audiences thought too).

People keep asking James Blood what he thinks of Chance and his music.

"They always seem surprised," says Blood wonderingly, "that I haven't heard him play."

Blood is only surprised because he has been pulling these particular "radical" rabbits out of the hat for years.

So his Quartet (aided and abetted by his manager, Roger Trilling) breaks new ground by being the first jazz types to play at New York new wave venues like Hurrah? So what?

An audience is an audience. When Blood used to play around Pittsburgh night clubs in his early 20s, "there were some rough clubs. Someone would start shooting the person they loved the most, and you'd have to pack up your stuff till it was all over."

The real roots of punk. After that, Hurrah must seem like a Buckingham Palace Garden Party.

"4-4 is a good sound. You can't deny you get something out of it. They've been getting something out of it for a long time. Even if it is the same thing over and over." — James Blood Ulmer.

OR PERHAPS people said Blood was some kind of punk because of a process he has described as "putting the starch back in the shirt".

He's referring to the welding of harmolodic music and funk, a new step in the dance that began in school halls and churches, when bebop cool jazz carried the swing, and people like Blood — and even before Blood — delighted in dallying with the devil's music — rock and roll.

Blood's preacher Daddy taught him to play the guitar — "He freaked out when I didn't stop playing it."

At that time, Blood sang harmony in a quartet that appeared on the radio with popular recording artists of the time, like the Dixie Hummingbirds and the Five Blind Boys. The shows would re-create the church atmosphere of joyous, handclapping call-and-response that had given birth to the music.

"After that quartet broke up, nobody expected me to take it any further unless it was for spiritual stuff. But I tried to explain that the B flat in church was the same B flat in any other kind of music."

When Blood was 17, he left his Caroline roots — the rich tradition of his forefathers, the rebel slaves who'd escaped and become freed and their twanging, rapid-fire 'pre-blues' music — and moved to his grandfather's house in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"There I met a girl, and made sex, and made a baby the same day," Blood remembers, phlegmatically. "We got married. I had to do something, then, so I had to play the guitar for real. I went on the road and I lost my wife."

Rowdy nightclubs and dancehalls. Rock and roll — rhythm and blues.

"I hate to play the blues. They're very hard to play, because you're acting — unless you've got the blues. It's hard when someone puts me on a stage and says, Play the blues! It's insulting. It's really a job, having to relate to that kind of condition."

"That's why I like harmolodic music. It don't have anything to do with your own depression, it's more of a universal sound, dealing with your instrument and the ranges of it; what you can do with it, instead of what it do to you."

"A sound only has a meaning when you have a motion to fit it. And that motion has more to do with the person that the sound... For some reason our concept of ourselves is such that memory and repetition have more to do with the things we strive to enjoy rather than the presence of ourselves actually doing those things... (TV commercials have) more to do with implanting all the sounds of the voice, the singing or the music than it does with the product... But... harmolodic playing... eliminates the more accepted fact of having a pattern to play an idea... a way of doing things individually rather than writing from another person's style." — Ornette Coleman *Harmolodics And The Oldest Language*.

ORNETTE COLEMAN looks like a light-skinned leprechaun. Despite his much-vaunted arrogance, he treats people with an almost deferential courtesy. He responds to information, however trivial, with a slow nod and wondering, "Is that right?", as if you'd just illuminated all of his past and present thoughts. The cynical onlooker might see sarcasm, but the over-riding impression is of a master's true humility.

Coleman holds a revered place in contemporary music. While establishing his harmolodic music, he has had to endure an uncommon share of public disapproval, verging on hysteria, at his unorthodox approach.

In order to explain his unusual approach — one key-note is ignoring the traditional boundaries of keys, changes and bars, and instead following each melody, on each instrument, through from the source to the sea, in its own self-generated time — he has evolved a set of theories and a vocabulary, like the concept of 'non-tempered' music, defined by Valerie Wilmer in her crucial book *As Serious As Your Life*, as "music that does not stick to the 12 tones of the Western 'tempered' scale (developed by Coleman) when criticised by musicians and writers for, supposedly, 'playing out of tune'."

Of harmolodic music, Coleman told me, "It's a musical discipline to bring about a better performance. There are rules to avoid and rules to make."

"It will help you become free-er"

You make it sound like yoga, Ornette...

"It is a form of discipline like that," he agrees, "but in a musical sense."

Ornette uses colours when he writes out his scores — "to make people realise how they want the melody to sound." It's all part of the idea of encouraging people to play not just the note, but all the notes around the note, the

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN BLOOD

PICTURES:ANTON CORBIJN

sounds that are implicit in each written sound.

Ornette started to hear in a new way when he was a young horn-man playing at school functions and church hall dances.

"Lots of times the piano would be out of tune and the singer couldn't sing, they'd use unbelievable keys — yet certain notes *always fit*. Those ideas were not well accepted on the music scene; I had to develop it more so that people would feel comfortable now."

Rejected by the majority of his peer group musicians, Ornette met and cultivated a few protege musicians, many of whom are highly respected as jazz innovators in their own right, and still play with Coleman whenever the opportunity arises — bass man Charlie Haden, vocalist Davey Maden, trumpeter Don Cherry, drummers Ed Blackwell and Billy Higgins (not to mention Ornette's drummer son, Dernardo, who also plays with Blood).

Then course, there's James Blood.

Introduced by Billy Higgins when Coleman wanted to try working with a guitarist, they lived and worked together for six months solid Coleman says, "He was in tune to that concept, although he hadn't found the actual way to do it."

Blood remembers: "We had long rehearsals — about six months, just me and him together, guitar and alto sax, finding out what it was doing. He took it very serious. We met in '73, when I was already good and into music and playing. I'd tried not to come to New York and when I did come I knew what I was going to do. Meeting Coleman enhanced my thoughts, made it possible. He was just as harmolodic as could be!"

Here Blood creases up into that gargantuan wheezing laugh again.

"When he said the word, I *knew* it was just what it was! The music came first, the word came later. You say, 'Oh wow, that's the *right* word! It's like you're making sex and you hear someone calling it 'fucking' — you say, 'Oh yeah, that's the *right* word!'"

PRIOR TO his introduction to the music in which (just as it says in the American constitution) all notes are created equal, Blood had a long history of being censored from records. He'd participated in ten or perhaps eleven LPs with Larry Young, Joe Henderson, Rashied Ali, Hank Marr ...

"Maybe my sound wasn't right," he comments. "Some of them were structured ... the Joe Henderson album was pretty straight — but I was wiped out on that."

"But I was really kinda happy about it. It was something to fight for. I figured it had to turn up sometime."

You can actually hear Blood's contribution on Arthur Blythe's 'Lennox Avenue Breakdown' set and on his own Artist House, 'Tales Of Captain Black', which was produced by Ornette.

Blood's guitar is a talkative instrument. It can chatter like a cheery chipmunk or squirrel, bubble and babble a stream of witticisms and philosophies, huddle you hastily through whole sequences of feelings. Blood's been endlessly compared to Hendrix, but the real similarity is that both have extended the instrument's vocabulary and made it talk in a new language.

"When you come up with a phrase in English, no one wants to change it. Harmolodically, you should be able to change the sound, phrase it anyway you want to. We definitely need a new language."

"My guitar's already harmolodic, because it's not tempered and set like the piano, different tunings give it a different character."

Thus the startling effect on first hearing harmolodic music, as on Blood's records. The guitar can be chopping through a melody whose rhythms and notes seem to jar with all the other instruments. It may take a couple of minutes before you realise how these sounds that in western tradition "don't go together" complement and feed back into one another; the disparate melodies humming along side by side actually create a more intense and colourful melody, with greater depth and many different dances.

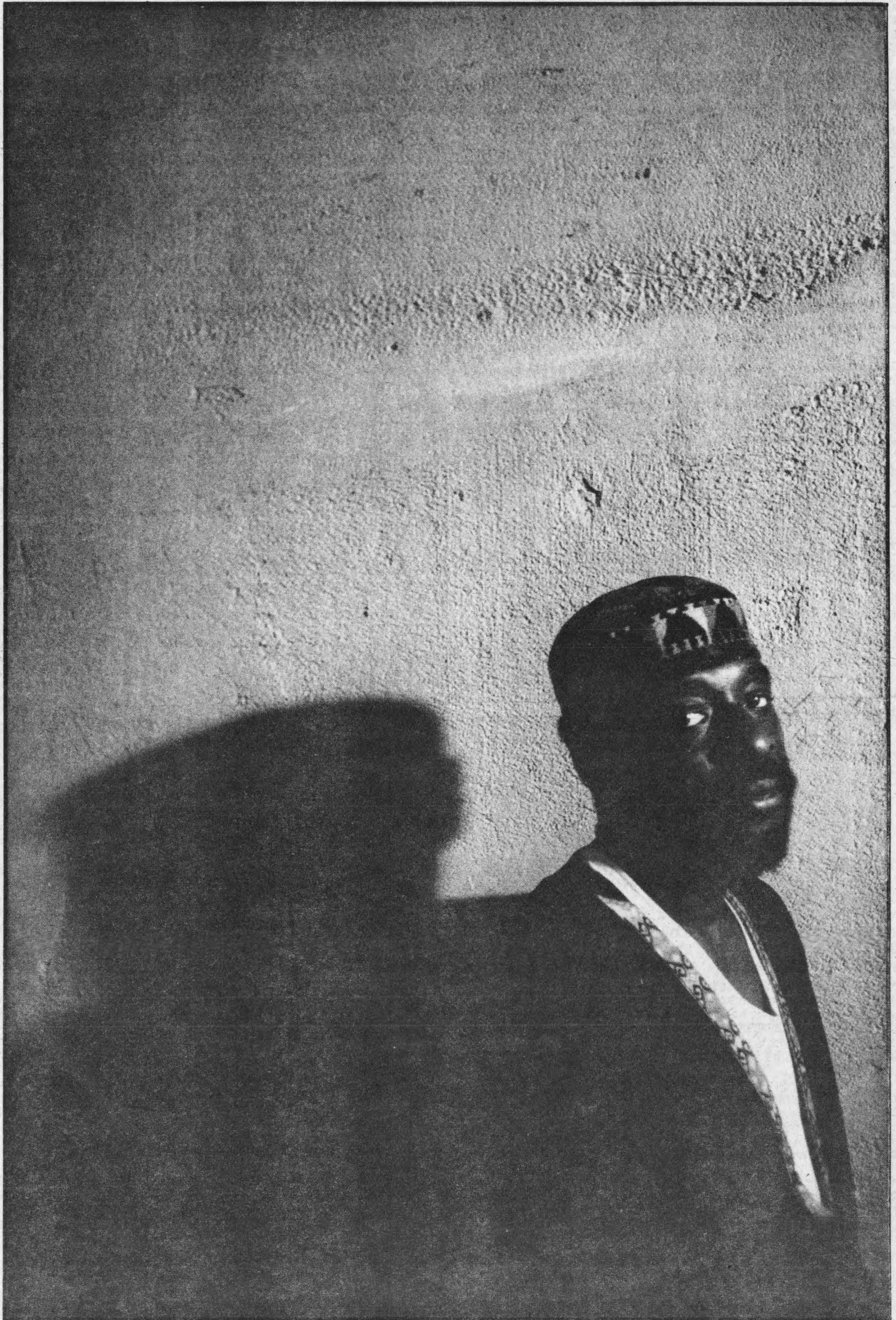
It's like cleaning your glasses for the first time in months and not to be confused with "free experimental" jazz.

"Everybody playing free — it's called 'avant-garde' music, everyone's the leader. With me, everyone has a part that they're playing, *their own* part."

"I've played with one of those avant-garde bands, Rashied Ali. I started writing songs for them so they wouldn't sound so avant garde! Being totally avant-garde is like an experimental music; it's good to do that, but not to make a whole thing out of it — unless you call it a rehearsal."

Sometimes people that are good at it will get tougher and make music and sometimes it will be good, but it will be everybody's different music — you'll hear four, five, six different people's music at the same time. Which is harmolodic, too. But harmolodic is *rules*; rules for modulating your improvised

"PiL played themselves right past music and went on somewhere else! Lots of people try to play themselves out of their instrument, and Public Image did it. They was amazing."



Continues page 60

Nancy Allen. Pic: Tom Sheehan.



Miou-Miou in The Life



Undressed to thrill

Monty Smith meets actress Nancy Allen

BESIDES being a huge box office success, Brian De Palma's *Dressed To Kill* — a stylish psycho-shocker savaged by Angus MacKinnon in these pages a couple of weeks back — has managed to fire the ire of the New York-based Women Against

Pornography (WAP?).

Not just a bunch of Whitehouse-inspired duffers is WAP, far from it. Its members are militant left-wing feminists, so their claims must be treated seriously. And they claim that *Dressed To Kill* "perpetuates the ideology that brutality, pain and humiliation are essential to women's

sexuality."

The *Dressed To Kill* I saw perpetuated no such thing and I suspect that WAP have dropped a grave bollock with regards to this one. It's probably more a case of some subjects being taboo (and this one, as you're probably aware, is more taboo than most: a frustrated woman beset by erotic fantasies is

chased around New York by a razor-wielding transsexual), in which case WAP and Whitehouse aren't so far apart, are they?

Even so, the US ratings board, reacting to the film's subject and the protests (nationwide picketing, the usual *Cruising*-type of charade), demanded a few cuts. De Palma complied.

"This movie is basically about a woman's erotic fantasy life and it's got to be shocking on some levels," said De Palma at the time. "And the fantasy I'm dealing with — being attacked by a faceless stranger — is very prevalent, not something I dreamed up." The lady in question, Angie Dickinson, was more succinct: "What are people supposed to get erotic about? An elephant? A cup of coffee?"

The film's other female star, Nancy Allen, seemed nonplussed by the fuss when in London last week. An extremely able young actress, 24-year old Ms Allen also happens to be Mrs De Palma, so maybe she's biased. She concedes, though, that "it's a pretty cool movie, overall."

Since she's appeared in two other De Palma films — *Carrie* and *Home Movies* — one assumes her spouse wrote the role of Liz, a high-class hooker attempting to track down Dickinson's assailant, specifically for her. Did he talk it over with her or just present it to her when written?

"He uses me more as a sounding board," she says, between drags on a fancy-looking fag from a green soft-pack. "He gets up early in the morning and writes from about four to seven. When I come down to breakfast he reads me whatever scenes he's working on."

"But I don't think he realised himself till he was halfway through the script that I'd be good for the Liz part. I mean, Brian thinks of me as his wife first, more than anything. But once he gets an idea into his head, it's incredible — it's almost as if he can't sleep until he gets it down on paper. It's like being divorced for a while because we'll be sitting in the same room but, really, he's not even there."

One thing that did peeve her about the film was the fact that a double was used for the more, er, personal close-ups in the celebrated shower scene involving Angie Dickinson.

"Angie's close to 50, and although she has quite a remarkable body if you have a breast up on a 15ft screen it's got to be pretty perfect." The stand-in was a 26-year-old model called Victoria Lynn Johnson, a former *Penthouse* "Pet".

"I think Angie was a little sensitive about doing the scene, as any actress would be. And I think Brian thought 'Why subject an actress to that?' You know, standing in a shower for three days, focusing on her breast."

"I was pretty upset because here you have a gorgeous

SILVER

body at the beginning of the movie and then I have to take off my clothes at the end."

But that's got nothing to do with the fact that she's not appearing in De Palma's next film, *Personal Effects*, a political suspense thriller about a sound effects editor who witnesses an assassination; it's a mixture of the Kennedy cover-ups (Dallas and Chappaquiddick), *Blow Up* and *The Conversation*.

"Unfortunately there aren't too many interesting roles for women my age, so I don't work as often as I could. But unless I love the character, or the director, or the other actors, something about the film, then I'd as soon not work just for the money. That's very unsatisfying."

Well, I say, I trust you love the director of *Dressed To Kill*.

"Yes," she says, smiling sweetly. "I do."

Wasted Life

La Derobade (The Life)

Directed by Daniel Duval
Starring Miou-Miou, Maria Schneider and Daniel Duval (Watchgrove)

MIOU-MIOU is such an exquisite, petal-fleshed young performer I really can't understand why every third male in *The Life* wants to inflict upon her such violence, or at least upon the person of 'Marie Mage', whom she plays in this exceedingly ripe production.

The real life Marie Mage is Jeanne Cordelier, a former prostitute who in a book, also called *The Life*, writes of her five years hooking in the elegant and not so elegant 'cathouses' of Paris. The paperback is already a French best-seller and the movie could likewise find mass appeal for the way it seductively intertwines flesh, violence, gangsterism and the social message.

Ms Miou might be a delicious sight but the punishment for glorying in her nakedness is the knowledge that at any moment her pimp or a paying customer will suddenly strike, kick or slash at her beauty and remind us males what a low and vile sex we really are.

The crassness of pimp Gege (played by director Duval) is without bounds. He is a jealous, husky-voiced twerp who constantly gambles his vice-gotten gains and, as a consequence gets himself repeatedly duffed by a crowd of Gallic villains who are even more vile and twerpish than himself. When three punters up from Marseilles free hump, and rob Ms Miou and her pouting pal, Maloup (Maria Schneider) the vengeance

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Brooke Shields in *The Blue Lagoon*James and Stacy Keach in *The Long Riders*

SCREEN

wreaked by Duval is enough to make Ms Miou vomit in the gutter, even though no blood is spilt. (A clue: Two of the punters are brothers. They are made to do 'things' to each other.)

Of course, Miou-Miou can't stand very much more of this. But where can she turn? Her big sister is also on the game, her father is a card-playing incestuous sloth and, as for her best pal, Maloup, she is given far too few lines to be of any comfort at all. Perhaps this is why Ms Schneider spends her time looking irked and miserable while Miou-Miou, despite her Life, is able to produce an air of great optimism.

It's this faith that finally allowed the real Cordelier to extricate herself from the syndicate pimping circle after paying the painful release fee. The question remains as to why she got involved in the first place.

Christopher Frank's script would have you believe the 16-year-old slum-dweller was struck in love by pimp Gege when she first saw him card-playing in a bar. In fact this moment of the film — coming prior to the credits — is so sentimental and trite I was already filled with a foreboding of what might follow.

But the incident is actually a reverse of the truth. Cordelier was not overpowered like a silly little girl, but played the hunter. After seeing the pimp's flash, chromified car parked next to her dad's bike it was she who tracked the owner and bought the life that went with it. This wilfulness explains how Cordelier was able to finally rid herself of the despicable nurd and all that went with him.

On the other hand, Duval might play a rat but he cuts a neat movie. This one's even skinnier than himself with a script that's free of the kind of fat-headed lyricism that movies of 'commitment' sometimes feel the urge to deploy.

The bad news is the repetition of violence and warped sex in an airlocked setting so far removed from the bigger world that you're left wondering whether what happens in those rancid backstreets is actually very much to do with the rest of us.

Andrew Tyler

Parody lost

The Blue Lagoon

Directed by Randal Kleiser
Starring Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins
(Columbia)

"LOVE as nature intended it to be," runs the add for Randal Grease Kleiser's re-make of the 1949 romantic idyll movie.

Beautiful and vacuous, *The Blue Lagoon* (1980 version) is about as natural as the smile on the Avon lady.

As a study of survival beyond civilisation — two children cast away on a desert island grow up together without the benefit of education — it is entirely unconvincing. Despite attempts at voyeuristic realism — Brooke Shields' menstrual blood darkening the water of a rock pool, Christopher Atkins playing with 'it' on a massive boulder — it remains firmly entrenched in the ideals of the dopey original.

Its essential shallowness cloaked in operatic imagery — an octopus devours its threshing prey to suggest the predatory side of nature and a crab crawls from the mouth of a corpse to introduce the kids to the Grim Reaper — *The Blue Lagoon* is trapped in its own finite conception.

The casting of Brooke *Pretty Baby* Shields as the innocent on the distaff side is ludicrous, but I've no doubt there'll be enough poor sods willing to shell out for a glimpse of her tits. I trust they won't be disappointed.

Neil Norman

Sibling rivalry

The Long Riders

Directed by Walter Hill
Starring James Keach, Stacy Keach, David Carradine, Keith Carradine, Robert Carradine, Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid (United Artists)

MAYBE the intention was to freeze a moment in time. Maybe it's supposed to be the first existential Western. Maybe that's why it's at once too much (choppily episodic) and too little (no perspective). Whatever, *The Long Riders* is a major disappointment.

It all looks extremely handsome, Ric Waite's autumnal cinematography, replete with green exteriors and brown interiors, striving hard to attain the elegiac sepia tone of Robert Benton's *Bad Company*. And it sounds lovely, Ry Cooder's immaculate, spare score adding immeasurably to the understated poignancy of numerous family funeral scenes.

Death in *The Long Riders* is commonplace, because these families happen to be the James, the Youngers and the Millers, three sets of brothers who roamed the Missouri Ozarks at the turn of the century, robbing banks and trains and such, gaining a legendary reputation in the process. Outside of Pinkerton's, no one in the area begrudges the gang their ill-gotten gains. They are family, after all, and you can smell the strong sense of kith and kin here.

If only Walter Hill had made more of this. There's no

doubting that Hill is a talented and ambitious director (*The Streetfighter*, *The Driver*, *The Warriors*) but there's so little cohesion here of narrative and structure that it's tempting to think he was besotted with the idea of merely bringing to life a series of striking period photographs. He's served well enough by the brilliantly cast cast, if you follow; James

Keach is a frighteningly austere Jesse James, David Carradine — long of hair, longer in tooth — an imposing Cole Younger, and many of the other brothers are equally magnetic.

The gang's robbing technique — the Carradines create casual mayhem outside while the others bicker over bank takings inside — comes

a predictable cropper in the abortive Northfield, Minnesota raid. Stunningly shot, sure, but hasn't Sam Peckinpah covered this ground, definitively, in *The Wild Bunch*? And didn't Philip Kaufman's *The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid* at least attempt to answer some of the questions raised by the existence of such

anachronistic gangs? I know. Maybe it's a botched Gothic Western. What with James Keach's unnaturally severe features, the torch-bearing posse, the sidewalk execution in a shrouded township, the laying waste of innocent bystanders, that's probably what *The Long Riders* is. Maybe.

Monty Smith

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Blues bores

The Blues Brothers

Directed by John Landis
Starring John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd (CIC)
JOLIET Jake and Elwood Blues — The Blues Brothers — were one of last year's most unlikely musical pairings. Combining the deadpan gawkiness of Dan Aykroyd with the comic vulgarity of John Belushi (a stalwart of many *Saturday Night Live* and *National Lampoon* classics), The Blues Brothers undertook to fuse anarchic humour with a genuine appreciation of de blooze, all the while disregarding the age-old question 'Can white men actually sing that stuff?' The case for the defence rested largely on the obvious fact that they couldn't and, anyway, weren't about to mess with the R&B masters. Sheer enthusiasm kept the concept loose and the pair of them vamped over the amps. It worked like a charm. Or, at least, a novelty.

The trouble with novelty is that it soon wears off. And unfortunately, on celluloid with a fair enough director (John Landis of *Animal House* fame) and a big budget, whatever comic gilt the Brothers possessed is also tarnished.

Landis puts his skills to good use in the opening half hour; a panoramic sweep of Chicago's awesome industrial wasteland is both poetic and chilling, a disquieting element that's reiterated whenever the camera concentrates on the seamy side of the Windy City: the Brothers in the transients' hostel, frantic car chases beneath the underpass, the mocking presentation of (dead) Mayor Daley's cracked authoritarian troops.

But for the rest Landis opts for more dependable techniques of farce and parody, lifting wholesale from the silent screen and American's penchant for crazy national pastimes.

The Brothers zip in and out of trouble with the Chicago cops, the local Nazi party, Jake's psychotic ex (Carrie Fisher, perfecting her most wooden role to date) and The Good Ole Boys, a country combo they replace by subterfuge in the film's other genuine spark of comedy — a one night stand in Bob's Country Bunker. Here, Landis sends up redneck mentality ("Oh, we get both kinds of music — country and western") while the band play behind a chicken-wire cage.

As the tempo subsides, laughs are strained and grudging, and Aykroyd and Belushi become caricatures struggling with an



Blues Bore: "I told ya we shoulda paid more dough to that Mox Ball joik."

increasingly clichéd script. Not even self-indulgence — odd cameos from the likes of James Brown, Aretha Franklin, Twigg, Steven Spielberg, Steve Lawrence and (a non-speaking part, praise the Lord) Joe Walsh — serves to maintain interest during the second hour.

Having been cheated out of the Katy, The Blues Brothers are left riding an extremely lame mule indeed.

Max Bell

ON THE BOX

Friday October 24
TWINKY (Directed by Richard Donner 1969): One of the least interesting in ATV's Charles Bronson season (coming soon are *The Streetfighter*, *The Stone Killer*, *Red Sun* and *Rider On The Rain*), this has the granite-faced grunter playing, none too convincingly, an American author living in London; you could see him writing cheques, but little else. Made when Susan George could still pass for a schoolgirl. (ATV)

SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR AND NOBODY CAME (Hy Averbach 1969): The director's name is funnier than any of the lines in this limp US Army sit-com starring Tony Curtis, Tom Ewell and Ernest Borgnine. Suppose we switch off and wait for Bilko? (BBC 1)

HIGHLIGHTS: Les looks at culture in *The Dawson Watch* (BBC 1) — "The good news is that Britain does in fact have a minister responsible for culture. The bad news is that it's Norman St John Stevas, a man who can't even pronounce his own name." *Newsweek* (BBC 2) looks at the sharp rise in crime among the young. I think the blame lies entirely with Harry Worth.

Saturday October 25
HIGHLIGHTS: *The Trial Of Lady Chatterley* (BBC 2) is reconstructed from the original official transcript, acted by stalwarts Edward Woodward and Patrick Allen; but be warned — this re-enactment includes such offensive words as 'Obscene Publications Act', 'censorship' and 'class'.

Sunday October 26
KLUTE (Alan J. Pakula 1971): An extremely black thriller which eschews conventional mystery by opting heavily in favour of searching character study. Donald Sutherland's laconic detective is the catalyst, literally forcing Jane Fonda's wilful hooker to recognise her true worth, to face "the dark corners of the mind better left alone." A stark, salutary experience, brilliantly directed. (BBC 2)

HIGHLIGHTS: After last week's stunning *Blade On The Feather*, who could dare miss Dennis Potter's *Rain On The Roof* (ITV)? Cheryl Pennies *From Heaven* Campbell stars with Malcolm Stoddard in another disturbing dissection of distressing class foibles; directed, on film, by Alan Bridges. The fitfully funny *End Of Part One* (ITV) is about to be shown up by *Not The Nine O'Clock News* (BBC 2, Monday).

Monday October 27
THE MEAN MACHINE (Robert Aldrich 1974): Even more than *The Dirty Dozen*, the quintessential Aldrich picture; life as a continuing series of authoritarian hypocrisies. Very fast, very funny as Burt Reynolds builds a con-man team to take on the uniformed thugs. Aldrich is the only left-wing fascist film-maker worth two hours of your time. (ITV)

THE WILBY CONSPIRACY (Ralph Nelson 1975): With *Soldier Blue*, Ralph Nelson proved he'd take on any 'liberal' subject so's he could douse the screen in ketchup. His theme here is South Africa, and he even manages to blow that. Terrible, and not surprising that Michael Caine, Sidney Poitier and Nicol Williamson mince their words. (BBC 1)

HIGHLIGHTS: Besides Rowan Atkinson and co, there's *Harold Lloyd* (BBC 2); try to ignore the 'jokey' commentary.

Tuesday October 28
HIGHLIGHTS: After last week's disgusting hagiography on the loony Thatcherite Zandra Rhodes, *The Best Of British* (BBC 1) opts for sanity with Prunella Scales, the excellent Sybil in *Fawlty Towers*.

Wednesday October 29
HIGHLIGHTS: *Strangeways* (BBC 1) is the first of eight detailed examinations of an archaic prison system; should sober you up. The third series of *Grange Hill* (BBC 2) is repeated; might drive you to the pub. (Monty Smith)

BOX OFFICE

London

1. *The Shining* (Directed by Stanley Kubrick)
2. *The Elephant Man* (David Lynch)
3. *Dressed To Kill* (Brian De Palma)
4. *Being There* (Hal Ashby)
5. *Airplane!* (Abrahams, the Zuckers)

Regions

1. *The Shining* (Stanley Kubrick)
2. *McVicar* (Tom Clegg)
3. *Airplane!* (Abrahams, the Zuckers)
4. *Sexaphobia* (Nello Rossati)
5. *Jungleburger* (Boris Szulzinger) (Screen International)

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- 30 Sheffield—The Limit
- 31 Liverpool—Prescott College

NOVEMBER

- 1 Portsmouth Poly.
- 2 Brighton—Jenkinson
- 3 Yeovil College
- 4 Bristol—Berkeley
- 5 Keele University
- 6 Leeds Fan Club
- 7 Scarborough—Taboo Club
- 8 Newcastle University
- 9 Edinburgh—Valentinos
- 11 Newport—Stowaway
- 12 Wolverhampton Poly.
- 13 Birmingham—Cedar Ballroom
- 14 York University
- 15 Liverpool University
- 16 London—Lyceum



POLY



ONCE UPON a time, when teenage malcontents had just begun to reclaim their music from their elders and richers, there was a young girl from Brixton who was fascinated by consumerism, alienation and the effects of popular culture upon certain personality disorders.

She found poetry, mirth and terror in cereal packets and costume jewellery, could only sing in tune if it was an emergency of the highest priority, screamed "1-2-3-4!" at the beginning of her every song whatever its actual pace and tempo happened to be, fronted a band who produced — alternately as well as simultaneously — some of the most exhilarating and some of the most horrible noises of a period memorable for both

exhilarating and horrible noises.

She giggled a lot, acted much younger than her actual age — though she wrote much 'older', if that's any criterion — and symbolised the interracial, equi-sexual ideals of the era that spawned Rock Against Racism. Her band achieved sufficient status for EMI to offer them their own custom label — a rarity in those days — before splitting up after one album and a few singles. Within little over a year they whizzed in one end of rock and roll and out the other.

And that was the end of X-Ray Spex. Poly Styrene — also known as Polystyrene, in actuality Marion Elliott — disappeared from public life in a welter of interlocking rumours, hasty gossip and mock solicitude concerning her sanity. She had — it was alleged — had a Close Encounter and been enjoined by extraterrestrial persons to abandon her fixation for cheap synthetics.

Between then — spring of '78, it was — and now, Marion Elliott had been seen but little. Her famous teeth-braces had been removed, the ostentatiously tacky clothing had

been exiled to some dark cupboard, much bodyweight was shed.

In that intervening two year period, ideas were developed and redefined, new projects were launched, childhood ended and a long-playing record was made. They were attempts to discover whether Poly Styrene would remain a footnote in rock history — assuming that there is such a thing and assuming also that it matters — or whether Marion Elliott has a career.

A SUNNY afternoon in Fulham: Poly Styrene's room is bright and airy. Neatly typed lyric sheets are stacked on the piano and the light glints off the Toshiba music centre. The bookshelves contain works which span skincare and the metascience of inner space: one is entitled *Have You Ever Seen A Fat Squirrel?* There are prints of Hindu deities, and also many hats. Poly Styrene — it becomes increasingly difficult to think of and refer to the room's occupant by that most 1977 of 1977 names — sits on the floor and attempts to explain her activities over the preceding two years.

"Ummmm . . . I don't know exactly. Loads of things. I've been travelling, writing . . . living. I just wanted to be really low-key, to be able to walk down the streets without people looking at me. It just got to be a bit of a pain, really."

Well, you did seem to have been trapped in the persona you constructed, or which had been constructed around you, which must have been rather limiting . . .

"It was very limiting: people expected you to dress in a certain way, behave in a certain way, live in a certain way, sing about certain things and so on and so on. That was it, and I just couldn't live with it."

So why was this persona created in the first place if it was so ill-fitting?

"At that time I probably thought it was fun, taking on such a different persona . . . it was such a long time ago that it's hard for me to put myself back into it and put myself into that space again. It was just fun. I liked acting to a certain extent. You know how it is when you're young, you don't want anyone to know what you're really like, so to protect yourself you have a lot of defences

. . . but it doesn't work, in fact."

It did seem to be putting you under a great deal of stress, though. There was the Flying Saucer Scare . . .

She laughs, not the nervous giggle of old, but a genuine laugh.

"Er . . . well, I'm not really sure whether I was tripping or not at the time. It was just one of those things. It felt like I'd been slipped a tab of acid at the time, but — at the time — I didn't really know what was going on anyway. Maybe I was tripping, maybe I wasn't. I'd got into completely another head space. I wasn't looking at basic day-to-day reality, I was just somewhere out there, and it's difficult to explain. I still don't know what was going on then. I did to a certain extent, but not on a mundane level."

"This sounds like my psychology teacher."

"I was studying psychology for a bit, but not any more. I withdrew from my role, quite drastically, and now I just try to be natural and not think about it too much."

"There was a stage when I got into psychology and just analysed

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UNSATURATES

everything, but I'm not into that any more. I found it very useful. I studied so that I could understand the technical jargon, and now I read all the books for myself. I didn't like Freud very much, but Jung's quite interesting, though still a bit Freudian. I'm reading a really good book now called *The Transported Vision* . . .

She leaps to her feet and hoists the book off her shelf. The author rejoices in the name of Jose Arguelles.

"It's about the split brain theory — left and right. It's quite interesting, it's about art as well. I go through periods of reading a lot and periods of not reading; now I'm tied up with the record and music again. Music takes you out of those other things, it's just your ears and what it sounds and feels like as opposed to thinking about things."

During the period of withdrawal, did you actually cut off from music?

"Well, I never actually cut off from music; in fact I got more into music at that point. I just withdrew from being seen and the rest of it, hanging around going to the various ligs and being on the social scene. I felt that I could hear music better and that I'd developed a better ear for music and for melodies after that experience."

"I didn't like the Spex album for ages. I hated it, but now I can listen to it and think, 'Oh well, that was okay', but I didn't like it for a long while. I regressed, actually, I started buying loads of old albums: Aretha Franklin and lots of early soul music from the late '50s to the early '60s."

"I suppose at that time I liked really soft music, stuff that was calm and relaxed and cooled you out completely, as opposed to all that speedy amphetamine music. I've got really out of touch with all the new bands who've sprung up. I like The Specials, and UB40. I quite like, Tom Waits and Rickie Lee Jones . . . I can't think of any more off-hand, but as soon as you've gone I'll immediately think of loads of people."

S O WHAT's your new music like?

"I haven't got a regular band, because all the people that I'm working with also do different things. There's a guy called Richard Bailey on the drums — he was on Jeff Beck's 'Blow By Blow' album — a percussionist called Darryl Lee Que, Kura — a Japanese guy — playing bass, Gerald Moore from G.T. Moore And The Reggae Guitars, he's on guitar . . ."

What are you writing songs about these days? What's on your mind?

"The latest songs I've written are all up there." She points towards the piano. "They're not on the album. Some of them look better than others on paper, but they're the sort of songs I've been writing of late."

Tacky they're not. The new songs are a considerable distance from the day-glo trash-aesthetic garishness of the old X-Ray Spex songbook, and her new music is as extreme a contrast to Spex as could possibly be imagined.

In fact, the contrast may be overly extreme: the gentle, mentholated jazz-funk concocted by the sessioneers may be too soothing, too calm(ing). Still let us not pre-empt forthcoming album reviews . . .

B UT IN that gestation period, Poly (Marion?) travelled through Europe — France, Holland — went to Mauritius, and crossed the States on a Greyhound bus.

"Mauritius was really beautiful. It just strikes me as such a shame that people leave places like that to come and work in countries like this, because they seem to be richer — maybe not materially, but environmentally — in places like that than they are in places like this. They think they're getting a good deal when they come to countries like this and places like the States . . . they're a good deal more superficial, but they're okay. Amsterdam seems quite a nice sort of city . . ."

She laughs again. Her eyes glaze into 'memory mode' for an instant. . . . without giving too much away. Nice easy living, everybody seems quite happy there, quite stable. This country seems the worst in Europe in terms of poverty. Italy does as well, I suppose, but it doesn't seem so bad there. They seem to enjoy life more, but here's so grey, everybody's so uptight."

Well, our present government doesn't exactly help much.

"In London you don't notice it so much because there are still some quite nice buildings, but when you go up North it's like being in a Third World country, except that it's horrible because it's all grey and industrial and you haven't even got the sunshine to compensate."

Two years ago, Poly had just moved back to Brixton from Fulham, complaining about high-pressure posturing and voyeurism. Now she's back in Fulham. What gives?

"That was just the way I felt at the time. It depends on who your friends are, I suppose. It's not the area so much; it's up to you to choose who you associate with. I was looking for deep, meaningful friendship at that stage, but I can take 'hi!' and casual bullshit as well as real friends now."

Planning to perform?

"It all depends on the album. It's not an easy album to perform live unless people have already got it and they like it and they're prepared to go and see it. I'd want the same musicians, but that takes a bit of planning because they're all pretty busy."

The album — entitled 'Translucence' — is the result of a deal with United Artists.

"I've been working all the time, but not visibly. I haven't been working every single day, but this album's been going on for a year now and some of the songs I wrote when I was in X-Ray Spex. All the people who were in the band are still my friends. B.P., the drummer — he's in Classix Nouveaux now — didn't really like the new stuff and it wasn't what he wanted to play, and he couldn't really play the stuff

because it was a different sound and style. We gradually just drifted apart."

Some of the old Spex are forming and reforming bands, hustling demos and playing around, one is working in a restaurant. Two of them — Jak and Paul — were visiting when I arrived.

"The only one who isn't doing very much is Rudi (the sax player) but then he's done some stuff. He played on the Jam tour and he's done some sessions. We're all quite good friends . . . really, but when you take me back to that time I sort of flinch a bit" — she mimes an elaborate shudder — "because I've really outgrown all that now. I suppose at the time there really was a bit of friction."

A RE YOU concerned about how well the album does commercially, how many copies it actually sells?

"I suppose I am concerned . . . I want people to like it, but if they don't they don't. You can't push something on to somebody that they don't want. I wouldn't mind my next album selling a few copies because I financed this album myself and I'd prefer to make some of it back just so I can make the next one at least. That'd be nice, but it doesn't matter because when I wrote it I didn't set out to make a commercial album."

Well, there are two basic reasons for wanting a hit: one's money and the other's ego.

"Oh, ego I don't mind. I'm not worried about the ego because I'm happy with it. I won't be dejected if it doesn't sell because I know I like it and I like the way it sounds and I appreciate that a lot of people who like X-Ray Spex probably won't like it. Financially, I'd just like to be able to do the next album, because I've got the songs and I'm ready. If this one doesn't do well, it's not just the money, but being able to get another deal because it was pretty hard getting the deal for that!"

"I'm not sure exactly what kind of deal I've got because they haven't even sent me the contracts. I've got a feeling that it might be for three albums, but I'm not sure. But they always have options, they always have first option to drop you even though you don't have the option to drop them."

"It wasn't easy when the stuff was at demo stage because it was so different from what I was doing

Daz-ed and crumpled in the tumble-drier of fame, Poly Styrene has now ironed out the creases of her frayed psyche. Is she still hung-up? Is she all washed out? Is she really going out with him?

Charles Shaar Murray extracts the information other interviewers leave behind.

Pennie Smith hates puns, takes pictures.



before. Lots of people at the companies said they liked it personally and they'd keep it for their personal collection, but they couldn't guarantee that it would be successful, so that's why they weren't that interested."

They especially weren't that interested in work by Marion Elliott that didn't bear her former nom-de-guerre, the stock-in-trade of the ex-semi-name. Which leaves

Marion Elliott still trading as Poly Styrene even though the name is almost completely inappropriate for the person she is and the work she's now doing.

In Fulham, a bright afternoon has given way to a reasonably temperate early evening. The third round of coffee is cold. Marion Elliott plays the piano, types the lyrics, reads, travels, waits to find out what happens next.

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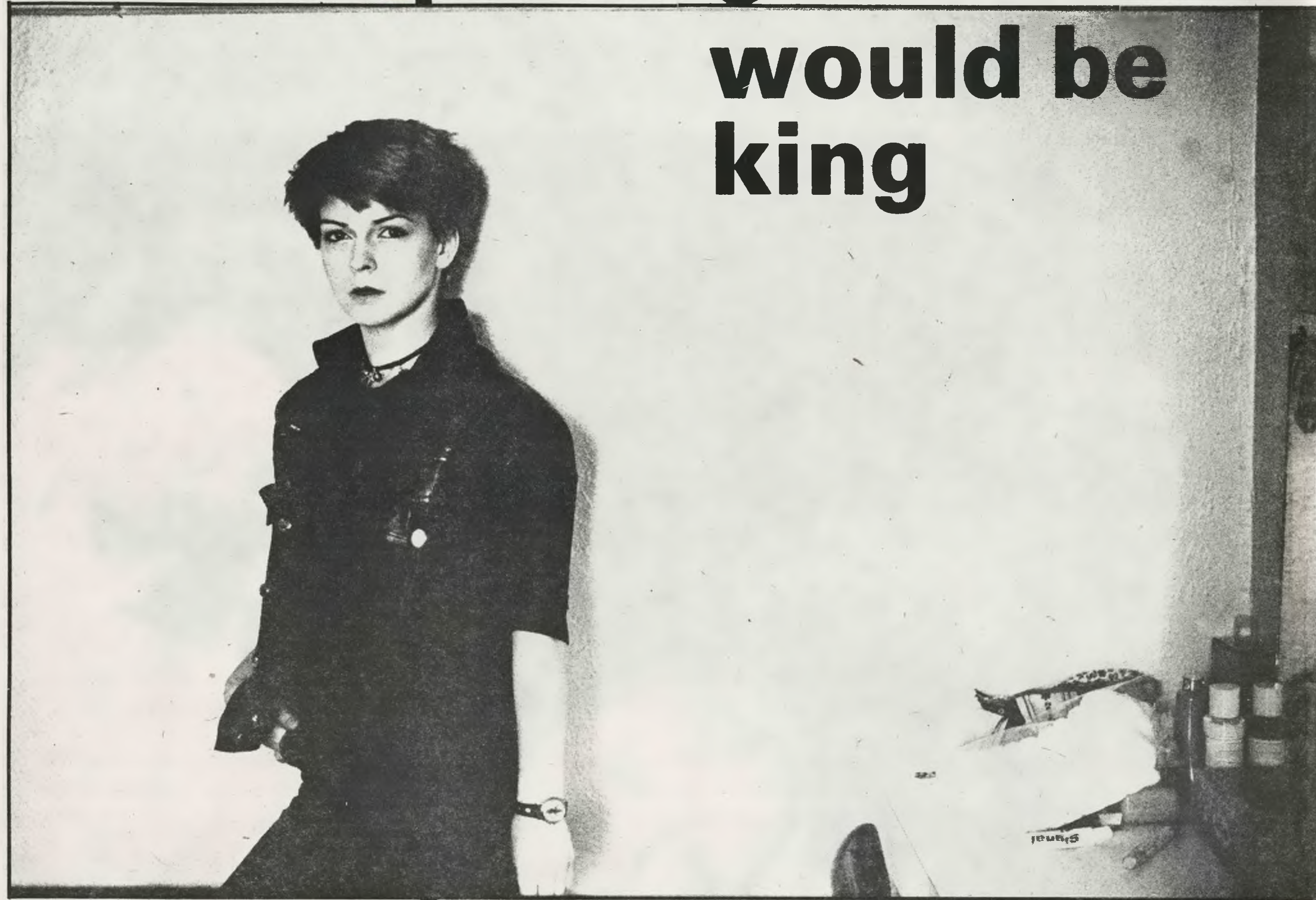
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When Toyah Willcox talks, it's like a time-bomb ticking over . . . and Toyah's time gets closer every second. So what does make Toyah tick?

Paul Morley sounds the alarm, Pennie Smith stands well clear

"BE ORIGINAL, don't bitch me," smiles Toyah Willcox as I leave the Royal Court Theatre, smiling back over my shoulder.

I'd spent ninety minutes interviewing her in a tatty dressing room with a miniature bay window that looked down a stumpy alleyway at a fragment of London's Sloane Square and the top end of the Kings Road.

"People who don't even know me," she had told me, incredulous at such rudeness, "have dug my grave in the music papers, and I just think that's hilarious. What problems have they got that they want to do that to someone else? I just think, God, they must be frustrated if they feel a need to be that nasty."

"It doesn't affect me." She raises her head a little, punches her chest. "It bites there for a few minutes, then I just think — fuckers! You're not going to stop me, baby! Nothing will stop me. No words."

She pouts fiercely.

In print Toyah appears more bad-tempered than she sounds. When she talks, it's a very theatrical fierceness — though not hollow. Whatever, she's not at all a cold person.

"I think that's my problem. I'm not at all cold. I have problems being cold. I don't like being bitchy, I don't necessarily enjoy it. That's why people have taken me for a ride a lot of the time, because I'm usually a very nice person. I usually tolerate a lot."

"I'm just not a slag, which is what the media makes me out to be. I'm totally unlike this sort of wild sexist-creature-on-the-stage image. I hate it. I'm just having a good time, and I want the audience to have a good time as well."

In the world that Toyah is charging through, it doesn't seem simplistic to proclaim that she will be a star. One of the last. In conversation her husky yet hard-edged Cockney deals out thoughtful, even rehearsed, lines and responses reminiscent of the snap, crackle and boast of old

Bolan interviews: a pot-pourri of self-championing, certainty, studied aggression, mild contradiction, cosmic angst, just the right amount of self-deprecation and a dash of spontaneous insight. She listens to her questioner with supreme politeness. Interviews form part of her drive towards an unashamed 'career' success. She uses them with the professionalism of Sting, always conscious of the image it's helping to shape — gently rubbing the past out, setting up the next stages.

Toyah so far has been the on-the-make catalyst looking to set up a hallucinatory venue for perpetual freaking out, the girl who slept in a coffin and dealt in black magic . . .

"Black magic was just a fascination. I hate the idea of Satan. Man is Satan."

Man or the human race?

"The human race. The male has a lot to do with it. I mean, in black magic only the male can create the magic. Only the man is special, which is probably why I don't like it."

What if it was the other way round?

"It's a negative form anyway, I still wouldn't like it. The coffin was just another morbid fascination. I used to lie in it because it kept me away from me. A very effective barrier."

Sometimes it seems as though she's steering and scheming towards success purely for its own sake.

"I couldn't tell you why it is. I've never analysed it. I just know that the feeling's so strong, I couldn't do anything else. If I meant to become something then I'll become something."

She acknowledges the media's part in this, claiming she will exploit its trivialising debasement. I ask her how she will deal with being absorbed into the media's sanitised notion of what is and isn't a female rock star. She has it all sorted out.

"I would kid them to believe they'd absorbed me into that for a few weeks, but then I'd spit into their faces. I do like misleading those sort of people. I'd enjoy that totally. They've already

tried — oh, Toyah, sexy thing — and I turned round and farted in their faces. I wouldn't mind if there was a great big thing launching the new album saying that I was the new Debbie Harry . . . then weeks later I'd shave my head and start gobbing on old ladies. I'd do anything to make them contradict themselves."

TOYAH, AS SINGER, has attracted the kind of aggravated dark-punk following that goes for set images, scrawled logos, noticeable spite, that needs to identify. Her fans will have her name painted on the back of their leather jackets underneath Crass and above Adam. Musically . . . "I don't know why. Our music is very jazz based."

It's you, isn't it?

"Yeah. Definitely me. Because of my image, the media made me out to be some outrageous rebel, and I'd done *Jubilee*, the Punk Rock Movie. Some of the girls who get to me are bent as well. Little girls rubbing me left, right and centre. Very peculiar. I didn't know there were so many lesbians about."

She laughs, a quick giggly burst. "Mind you, I get equally as many little boys after me."

Is it identification? The possibility of transcending roots?

"Totally. There's this problem child onstage performing to kids going through their teens."

Were you a problem child?

"I was a fucking bitch. I used to be so quiet and then I just lashed out at something and when I lashed out I physically hurt someone. I used to sit there and then explode and people could never make me out. One minute I'd be all demure and the next minute I'd be holding them up against a wall smearing their faces in. I had total lack of control. I couldn't control my temper. If I didn't want to go to school, I wouldn't go to school. I had to be physically locked in my mother's car in the morning and driven to school. To me school was just one long prison sentence. I really hated it."

What did you want to do and be then?

I wanted to go to a snotty acting school in London. I've always wanted to be an actress. My mum was one, but I never found that out until I was in my teens so that's got nothing to do with it. It's just been a mad desire, really mad. I think it was because I was a compulsive liar. I was always lying to everyone to cover up my mistakes, to cover up the fact that I'd been playing truant. And because I could convince people with my lies and found it very exciting, I wanted to lie for a profession."

AS ACTOR, Toyah is currently featured in Nigel Williams' self-consciously savage play *Sugar And Spice* at London's Royal Court Theatre. Williams, a glum Rob Halford lookalike, has an intelligentsia-cultivated reputation as an *enfant terrible* of new theatre. His plays, *Line 'Em Up*, *Class Enemy*, *Trial Run* and now *Sugar And Spice*, all chipped from the same coarse, heavily stylised block, have earned him an inevitable punk/new wave tag.

His plays frame resentment, bigotry, the clumsy emotions of tribalism, reproducing in fantastic setting the gripes, fears and loathings of an idealised working class. The great tension and barbarism in his plays comes not from the generous shower of expletives — his loving use of fuck, cunt, piss, has become an easy handle for media — but from the confusion and disillusionment of the victims of prejudice: usually adolescents and the working class.

Sugar And Spice is an ugly and funny play about hate, despair and sexual derision. It's simply structured. In the first half, motherly Honey-punk Suze (Carol Haymon) picks up a gang of girls and takes them back to her off-Kings Road council flat for shelter and whisky. Toyah as Sharon is the defiant leader of the gang; Carol (Gwyneth Strong) is the neurotic temptress who lures Steve (Daniel Peacock) into the flat, separating him from his mates who wait outside; Tracy is the obsessively tidy, uncommitted punkette in love with marriage, whose domesticated hooks are deep inside the poor Derek (John Fowler) who, at a hilarious opening burst of mock bravado, becomes almost sexless as the play progresses; Linda (Caroline Quentin) is happy to shadow Sharon, almost as tough but much less suss.

The girls taunt and goad Steve for fancying Carol. Sharon spits morally destructive anti-male invective at him, and insidiously persuades best friend Carol to castrate Steve — who, due to a mixture of his own conceit and Sharon's toughness, is naked. As she moves towards him, almost hysterical, Steve's 'hard' mates, skinhead John (Tony London) and rude boy Leroy (Leroy Samuels) burst in to save him.

The second half switches emphasis. John wildly attacks what he sees as the uselessness and stupidity of women just as Sharon attacked the ego and selfishness of men; Sharon addressing Steve's vulnerable penis, John screaming at Carol's pubic hair — Sharon now

also naked, through her gullibility and John's chauvinistic demands. The play climaxes with an unsettling jab of physical violence — Steve having his genitals twisted out by the broken whisky bottle.

The stunned gang ring 999. The play ends with an endless ringing tone. No one cares.

AS GROTESQUE CARICATURE of adolescent emotional warfare, *Sugar And Spice* is exuberant entertainment. Toyah projects Sharon with a mercurial blend of facetious wit and alarming attack; she's very impressive.

The night after the play's premier we talk about it in the boys' dressing room. Toyah sits on a wooden folding chair a couple of feet in front of me, casting occasional glances at my tape recorder and the peculiar lie of my hair. She's dressed in black. Her boots are exquisite, of course — suede, with the toes as long and lean as the stilettos, which are high to give some inches to her 4' 10".

At most, *Sugar And Spice* will tickle the fancy of the liberal middle class, but it won't be appreciated by the kind of audience Toyah hopes for — her music followers, the fifth form schoolkids the play romanticises.

"The critics have torn it to pieces because they don't understand it," gloats Toyah perversely. "I think it's a brilliant play, so bloody funny. It's so true, the perversities in a young boy's mind. I think he's got it down to a tee. But it's a complicated play to perform."

"You can't do it with taste because there is no taste in the play. You've got to be a basic gutter cat sort of thing."

Was there anything in the part of Sharon that you added to or adjusted from the original writing?

"Yeah, I took some of the writing out. Some things that to me were too similar to the character of John, just perversities against women. I had some speeches . . ."

A failure because it was a man writing it?

"I felt it was a man writing it and going slightly over the top. Nigel Williams is a super-realist writer — it's not real, it's made bigger — and I just thought it was a little too much when the character Sharon kept going on and on and repeating how much she hated housewives and certain things like that. She kept repeating things throughout the play that would have got monotonous and boring whereas the character John gets boring and monotonous and eventually bores all the other characters into hating him."

Did you immediately like the play when you first read it?

"I hated it at first. I was offered the part of Carol, who is the bird that ends up naked, and I instantly refused it. I just couldn't handle a part like that. I sent the script back, and was offered the part of Sharon, which I was quite happy to take. I felt more capable of performing it. I just wouldn't feel right doing that sort of performance for the character Carol. I just haven't got the right physique. I'm not physically right for the part."

Is that the only reason?

"The nudity would freak me out. Completely. It would be wrong for me to do nudity cos when I go out on stage with the band everyone immediately shouts out 'Show us your tits, show us your tits'. The audience only go there to see your body in that case and that really annoys me."

Do you see any of yourself in Sharon?

"When I was younger, yes, quite a lot. The violence side, the aggression towards men, I had a hell of a lot of that when I was younger. I didn't have the same amount of confidence that Sharon's got. I was too well brought up. I sort of kept my thoughts to myself."

They way your 'careers' have developed, it's been a case of massive confidence.

"In my case it's been a lot of bullshit. That to me is what confidence is, it's just a case of being able to deal out the bullshit. When I first moved down to London I was the most naive little twat I've ever heard of, looking back. I was so fucking thick. I didn't know when members of the National Theatre were laughing at me, I didn't know that people were laughing at me when I walked down the street. Why do people keep laughing at me? Am I making them happy? I was just thick."

"I soon learnt to start bullshitting when people started ripping me off left right and centre, using me in every way because I allowed myself to be used. I like dealing out the bullshit. I like misguiding people who think they have power over you. I can't really give you examples . . . Like last night you have a load of old farts in to see you backstage, casting directors, all that, and they come and see you and say oh dahling, what are you doing next? Oh, actually I'm off to Hollywood to do a big movie, and OK I'm being asked to do a big movie in Hollywood," she shakes her head as if it's all so tiresome, "But I don't know if I'm doing it yet. But I give them all this bullshit,

"The only way for a woman to be asexual is to say 'I'm a man' . . ."



"All I usually see of woman is groupies — and they disgust me."



"My idea of a good time is world revolution . . . when they dump the cars and start looting."

about how big the movie is, and they go away wanting to employ me, because I've made them think that I'm important. Which is a load of crap.

"I just give people what they want to hear, which is a load of bullshit sometimes."

How much satisfaction is there to your sense of creativity to play Sharon?

"The great sense of exhaustion after the show. It's not so much the audience reaction, it's the silence at the end of the play that I like, the silences during the play when they're listening, that I prefer to the laughter. It's just the great sense of having so much adrenalin running through you and not being able to control it. That's what I get from acting."

"The whole time I'm on that stage I'm on a complete high. The words take you over completely. Toyah no longer exists. It's great to escape from this person for two hours a night."

TOYAH TALKS about acting with great passion and perception, with a deeper sense of grace and coherence than when she talks about music. As actress she is respected, and she knows why; as singer she is still searching for respect, searching simply for the right way. "In my acting career, people come to me. In my music career, I have to go to people."

Acting came before music. After dreaded school, a single O-level in music, she accepted a place at Birmingham Old Rep Drama School. She appeared in the BBC's Second City Firsts' *Glitter* along with Noel Edmonds and was offered a place with the National Theatre in London. She played Emma in *Tales From The Vienna Woods* and in the summer of '77 persuaded Derek Jarman to let her play Mad in *Jubilee*: a vain attempt to feel under the surfaces of punk for . . . something.

"I think it's a film in its own right. When it came out I thought it was brilliant, but it's boring looking at it now."

Did you feel that it was going to help you?

"I had incredible doubts about it. I'd never seen a nude person before." She looks for a reaction from me. I give it her. "I was 18. I'd never seen one. It had quite a few in it. I'd never seen a nude person. The absolute truth! Except myself. And there was this scene where I jump into bed with the two brothers and get the lighter out and the first time we did it they had their clothes on and then we did the take and I jumped into bed and they had nothing on! I completely freaked out. I'd never seen a nude man before!"

Were you scared to be involved with those sorts of people?

"No. It excited me actually. They were the sort of people I dreamed about spending my company with. Very few people like that existed in Birmingham — colourful people, just being themselves, no caring what society said about them. I just found it exciting. I soon found out they were arseholes like everyone else."

In 1978 she appeared in *Corn Is Green* with Katherine Hepburn, began filming the TV *Quatermass* for Euston Films, and during the latter months of the year filmed the part of Monkey for Franc Roddam's *Quadrophonia*, rudeness and developing versatility winning her the role.

When talking about the directors she's worked with, revealing respect and love for Derek Jarman and compatibility with Bill Alexander (*Sugar And Spice*) she says of Roddam: "He was OK, but I knew that he was completely manipulating everyone in the cast."

Toyah was fast growing up. She appreciated that in the film there were certain faces used, but that this benefited the faces used — Sting, Phil Daniels, Toyah — as much as anything else.

"Of course! I wouldn't have stayed otherwise. Getting up at five, catching pneumonia. I didn't have a day off, I had to keep going, there was this nurse with me the whole time. I really was very ill. But I realised the film wasn't only benefiting Roddam. It was benefiting me as well."

In early 1979 she presented the BBC chat show *Look Here* from Birmingham, appeared in Stephen Poliakoff's play *American Days* at the ICA Theatre, forced her way into an episode of *Shoestring*, started filming the BBC series *Jekyll And Hyde*, and was offered the part of Miranda in Derek Jarman's film version of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Her 'wild child' performance here, described as "naive and knowing", exotically puffed out her image. Did she feel that appearing in *The Tempest* was going to do her some good?

"I knew it would benefit my acting career within the acting world." She affects a silly snobby voice. "Punk rock star Toyah Willcox doing Shakespeare." It had that sensationalist aspect about it. But not only has it benefited my acting career, it's opened up a new audience for me."

For Toyah, very important. But did she simply do *Quadrophonia* and *The Tempest* to further

Continues over

Toyah Talk

■ From previous page

her careers, or were there other reasons?

"I did *Quadrophenia* for other reasons. It was at a time when mods hadn't re-occurred and I loved the fashion and I loved the music... and then it re-occurred and I fucking hated it. I still like the music. I just hated the hype. *The Tempest* I did purely as a challenge, because I was frightened of Shakespeare. I didn't think I was capable of doing Shakespeare."

Did you feel that you were doing Shakespeare, or something else?

"I felt I was doing Shakespeare with added life."

That added life was important. "Oh yes. I knew Derek wasn't going to 'do a punk version of *The Tempest*'. Load of crap. He was going to do a version as true to life as when Shakespeare wrote it, and that's why I wanted to do it. Because I knew it would be mystically beautiful." A touch of her impressionable soft centre seeps through the hard business exterior. "The filming technique is marvellous, but I hate me in it, because... well, I just don't like Shakespeare. I got to like *The Tempest* after reading it six times. I've just got an anti-Shakespeare feel left from school."

Did you feel that through acting you were communicating other people's feelings, and you made music because you wanted to communicate your own ideas and feelings?

"Oh yeah, music is something very personal to me. I want to achieve something within music because I love music. It is definitely my own communication. You've hit the nail on the head. When I'm acting I'm someone else's puppet, I'm the director's or writer's puppet. That feels very expansive. You feel that you are eating other people's minds to create a totally separate person. You're creating something that doesn't exist, and it's great. You feel like a creator."

THE ROLES TOYAH has played have all had great attraction: been bright boosts. They have meant that as actress she is solidly established and undeniably 'hot'. As musician, much less so. She's busy getting to grips with that. As she admits, in the past she tried too hard, wore masks, and contrived an ill-fitting image. She desperately wants her music to be accepted as her acting.

"It's difficult to compare the two worlds," she admits, "and say why you're doing both. I generally just do whatever I want to do next."

People are always suspicious of actors who perform music onstage — they feel it's a con, certainly a conceit.

"Right. I'm still the one person about, I think, who's managed to keep the two careers completely separate. Very little of my music gets involved with my acting, and I wouldn't like it to. There's a movie I'm doing next year for which I'm writing the music, but it's not supposed to be a rock musical, the music is all atmosphere, like Eno's sort of, not rock songs. I'm not interested in that at all."

"I like doing both music and acting. I get a lot of inspiration from acting for the music. Doing a play like this leaves the days free to work on music. It's just perfect. I need to work day and night time, so having both enables me to do that."

Doesn't doing one take away from the other?

"No, one complements the other. The only commitment is time, but because I'm capable of working longer hours I can fit into other people's schedules. There was a time when I was doing two movies and an album." She makes it sound so natural. "*Quadrophenia* and *Quatermass* and the 'Sheep Farming In Barnet' LP. I didn't sleep for two weeks and I was very happy." A short, sharp snatch of giggle.

You wouldn't sacrifice one for the other?

"No, because I don't believe in those sort of sacrifices. If I did that I would be sacrificing for someone else, not because of my career, but because some selfish bastard at the other end wanted to make more money out of me. Fuck that. I do what makes me happy. I know that sounds selfish, but you've got to be like that otherwise you're someone else's puppet."

She glares through me. "I've got two personalities that both need feeding at the same time. I couldn't tell you what they are. I've got the snob in me and I've got the commoner in



"The snob in me does the acting and the commoner in me does the music."

me. The snob does the acting and the commoner the music."

I would have said the other way round. (I wouldn't actually, but that's what I said at the time.)

"Not any more! Because I'm fighting for my music career now. I feel I've taken a step back doing the music and I want to take a step forward again."

THE GROUP 'TOYAH' began to take shape prior to the bulk of her acting successes; end of '77, early '78. The group that made the singles 'Victims Of The Riddle' and 'Bird In Flight', the six-track 'Sheep Farming In Barnet' (these all compiled for a German import LP with the same title), the Safari LP 'The Blue Meaning' and the single from the LP 'Ieya', have now fallen apart. Only Joel Bogen, guitarist and founder member along with Toyah, remains.

Toyah has her bile against her former group well organised, using their inadequacies and negative fastidiousness — their laziness — to fend off attack against the music's erraticism. I ask her how aware she was of the music's erraticism, especially next to the fluent acting development.

"Totally," she affirms, hungry to get it all off her chest, dragging the group in. "When anything went wrong with the band a particular member would say that it was because Toyah was acting." Toyah bitches with a practised, persuasive sheen of authority. "Which was a load of crap. So the band would go out, make mistakes, not rehearse enough, lose money, and they'd blame it on me because I was away acting. They couldn't live without me. They were totally dependent on me, so that overworked me. I was having to mother them the whole time. Which was ridiculous. They were like a bunch of old women, continually having periods as far as I was concerned." She grimaces, spreads out loads of examples of the group's exasperating stupidity.

Toyah says the group — absurdly — resented the attention she was getting, her tendency to want to write music, the time she was away pursuing a role that created her image and diminished theirs. Yet during the time the group was splitting at the seams, Toyah was happily protecting them in interviews, broadcasting how well they were all getting on. "Of course I fucking was," she shoots back, "I was trying desperately to make things OK, even though they weren't."

It's surely inevitable that Toyah is the group is the leader is the face is the one that is wanted. "You can't do anything about that. I tried, I

really tried."

Why?

"Because I actually cared for the band."

That seems unusually wet.

"I know it's a bit wet. I actually tried to keep the band together. I didn't want to lose them. All I wanted to do was get on the stage and perform in front of an audience. I didn't want to be the main number. But realise I now that I have to be. You've got to be number one."

"The music's improved no end by the loss of those three members of the band. I don't think there'll ever be a Toyah band again. I won't call it that, the next group, cos the five members we all wrote together and the music is part of 'Toyah', whereas now we've lost three members the music is completely different. A new image and a new presentation. It's lost all its self-indulgent pap."

Toyah's musical favourites include Marianne Faithful, Tim Buckley, Laura Nyro, Jimi Hendrix, Eno, Lou Reed, Pere Ubu, Marc Bolan, David Bowie. With loves like that you know she'll make music more heroic than she has done. Does she strive to equal the musics of those idols?

"I'd like to equal Tim Buckley's imagination," she considers. Pause. "I'd like my voice to be as sweet as Laura Nyro's," she prays. Pause. "I'd like my imagination to be as perfectly correct as David Bowie's. I love them all because they have a certain quality."

Her music so far — which she doesn't completely denounce, but neither does she admit to feeling proud of — vulgarly extends the cosmically deranged elements of Patti Smith like Pauline Murray gracefully extends the easy listening elements. (A critic described it as Patti Smith on speed. In fact, it's closer to Patti Smith off speed. "I never use drugs for inspiration. They blot my mind out.") Enchantingly uncouth ghost music even more extreme than Pink Military, 'The Blue Meaning' is Toyah In Wonderland.

To achieve the hit singles that the face and the fury demand and deserve, she needs to pack all her flights of fantasy and diabolical fanciness into a taut commercial framework. She'll appeal to lovers of Sting, Gary Numan and Kate Bush, if properly disciplined. Right now her lyrics are precious and precarious — she's called them pretentious.

"Pretentious doesn't necessarily mean it's bad. I am a pretentious person in a way. Well, I don't think I am now because in a way I've proved myself quite a lot. But I don't worry what the lyrics are like as long as it fits the music, and I've created a good melody line. I would love my lyrics to be accessible and for people to repeat

Continued

them, sing them, which is something that my lyrics haven't got yet. I'd love it if people could walk along the streets singing my lyrics."

"I do think about things like that, but if I'm not capable of writing like that there's no point in trying, cos you'd just come out with real crap. The lyrics are very personal to me. At the moment I'm still developing, and that's the thing about the music. I don't care if it doesn't work at the moment, cos I'm developing so quickly and there's so much inside me to develop. There's no way I've burnt myself out. I've only just grown up in a way."

The new music, she confidently reveals, is 'more sellable'. "It's sort of controlled chaos, studio-based chaos. I'm keeping the word chaos there because I think that's a very valuable part of our music — you could move to it and there was action there. Movement to me is the main form of communication. It's not just going blah blah blah. If you move, and you make the music to move to, the people will like it."

"I won't be able to break away from the punk thing, but I'll be able to make it grow into a bigger thing. I hope so. I'd like to think so."

Do you want to be star?

"I want to be on the move."

TOYAH MOVES AROUND on her hard wooden chair, fiddles around with a heavy looking eye-ring, attention occasionally wandering as a struggle through a question. Midway through the conversation there's a solitary yawn, discreetly and inoffensively performed. She seems surrounded by a halo of energy — stamina, perhaps derived from her stockiness, enough for four. "Basically onstage," she had said, "I'm a man, and y'know, that's all I can say..."

I press charges. There must be more to that?

"Errm... the only way you can be asexual, for a woman to be asexual, is to say that she's a man. It's no good saying 'I'm asexual' cos then you get everyone left right and centre trying to chase you. But if you say you are a man, people will say oh? oh; and stay away."

She explains that when she's onstage singing, she likes to forget her body. She often refers to her body with slight distaste. "Oh yeah, I do like to forget about the shape of it and all that." Another quick giggle. "I don't know why. I just like to forget that I'm female basically..."

That's the shape that you're referring to. "Oh no, the shape I don't like is being small, like a dwarf. I haven't got a hang-up about it, I just feel that it's a bit of a drag sometimes."

Does it upset you that you have these feelings?

"No, because they make me look after myself a lot more. I think if I liked the way I looked I wouldn't look after myself. But I really look after myself physically. I'm sort of a keep fit health freak, what I eat and everything. Because I'm so afraid of going *bumph!*" She flings her arms wide.

It affects your self confidence?

"It happened once and it did totally. Not only that, it's cos then I can't move around a lot and I have a lot of physical energy. If I get half a stone overweight I'm completely fucked. The slimmer I am, the more hungry I am, the better the performance."

It's nothing to do with the kind of vanity Sharon would attack?

"I think vanity does come into it. Vanity is a form of giving yourself self-confidence. I do so like to wear decent clothes and things like that and I do wear make-up and I do have my hair done and so that's vanity, isn't it?"

Toyah has intense moral concern about certain things.

"All I ever see of woman is usually groupies. They disgust me." She crinkles her nose, shakes her head. "How can they jump into bed with someone they've just met is beyond me. The man I live with now was my bodyguard on tour and he used to disgust me more than the lot. He used to go through about six a day on tour, you know the incredible male ego."

Yet you've ended up with him.

"My preaching eventually got to him. I used to go in and thump these groupies in the face, tell them to get out, I don't want you around."

■ Continues page 65

The Several Styles Of Toyah



Mad...



mad...



mad...



mad...



and mad

ILPS 9646

U2

THE ALBUM
BOY

PRODUCED BY STEVE LILLYWHITE



Pix: David Corio



**Remember the
near
legendary '77
Stiff Tour?
Elvis, Nick
Lowe, Ian
Dury . . .
names to con-
jure with?
Remember the
not very near
legendary 'Be
Stiff' package
that followed
it? Well, here
comes mark
three and
it's . . .**

**On the road
report:
PAUL DU NOYER**

NOT THE STIFF DREAMS ARE MADE OF

WELL this is how *they* describe it: "... has a hotel rooming list big enough for four football teams, brings joy to thousands, and plays with itself every night." And it costs £550 to put to bed each of those nights, carries more than 130 pieces of luggage (I was one myself for a few days) and, by the time it's done the UK, it'll have eaten something like 3,500 miles of road.

The 'it' in question is the Son Of Stiff Tour 1980 — a 46-seat charabanc of organised indiscipline. It's a mobile world-of-its-own that criss-crosses the country at great speeds and sleeps and watches videos of *Fawlty Towers*, or stares glassy-eyed through rain-spotted windows at the funny little people who live in the next funny little town — whatever it's called, and few people on the coach ever seem too sure of that. More exactly, the Son Of Stiff tour is: Joe 'King' Carrasco And The Crowns, The Equators, Dirty Looks, Any Trouble and Tenpole Tudor.

Of course there have been other descriptions offered, and a good deal of them are less than glowing. The most commonly held opinion — in non-Stiff circles, naturally — seems to boil down to a vague suspicion that, well, Stiffs ain't what they used to be. This year's models tend to suffer when they're compared — as compared they inevitably are — to their predecessors of previous years; and 1980's SOS package is taken to signify a bit of a decline in the creative fortunes of what was one of Britain's original and most inspirational independents.

And sure, it's hard to argue with that view when you look at the track record. In 1977 there was the legendary 'Hits Greatest Stiffs' outing which showcased the emerging talents of Elvis Costello, Ian Dury and solo Nick Lowe, as well as Wreckless Eric and Larry Wallis. Then there was the 'Be Stiff' jaunt: it couldn't match the last package, although its new roster — Lene Lovich, Rachel Sweet, Jona Lewie, Mickey Jupp, and once again, Wreckless — did cause a stir of sorts, nevertheless.

This time around, Stiff have assembled a collection that's very striking in its diversity, but maybe just a shade anonymous. There's talent on display, not to mention a quota of quote-wacky-unquote characters, and yet the overall charisma count is a low one. All, without exception, show a commercially viable degree of career potential — but there's none I'd expect to become enormous.

Just for now, the Son Of Stiff tour turns its low-key reputation to good use. The reigning equality of status enjoyed by the bands ensures an ego-free harmony (though whether that can survive such a long and claustrophobic trip I don't know) and the prevalent ethos is democratic, right up the rotating set system which does away with headliners and supports. At the moment they're all underdogs together.



**"Clive Gregson is . . . more like
your uncle than a popstar."**

UNDoubtedly the nearest to a major name on the tour is Any Trouble. They're the Manchester-based group — led by Clive Gregson, with Phil Barnes on bass, Chris Parks on lead guitar and Mel Harley on drums — who shot to prominence thanks to one music paper, and, a little unfairly, have been enduring the consequent backlash from the rest of us. Only now is it becoming easier to put the band in any reasonable perspective.

To Gregson's credit, he's not the sort of character to harbour illusions about himself — at Bath University he dedicated one number to "a friend of ours who writes for *NME*, to say that we don't think we're the future of rock'n'roll either" — and offstage he exudes a bluff, level-headed steadiness, more like your uncle than a popstar.

The faster songs are catchy — like 'Second Choice' and 'Follow That Car' — and the slower ones, such as 'Where Are All The Nice Girls?' and 'Girls Are Always Right', can be quite haunting. Overall, I find Any Trouble too much like too many others (and less like Costello, regrettably, than Dire Straits) to be especially interesting, but live they're enjoyable enough. Curiously enough I suspect that if Gregson does achieve lasting success, then it'll be less as a sub-Springsteen rocker than as minstrel for bedsit-land.

You could tell . . . it was something in the eyes of the girl students, who stood listening intently, while their boyfriends were out being sick.



**"Joe 'King' Carrasco and The
Crowns are much given to
yelping 'Arriba' and 'Adios'.
But don't let that put you off."**

THE DAY after Bath we embark on the long haul up to Sheffield, for that night's gig in the town's Polytechnic. At five o'clock outside the college, it's rainy and grey and some madman has just jumped off the coach, torn off his clothes, and is racing half-naked through the middle of Sheffield's rush-hour traffic. He's got to be joking. He is Joe King. He's Joe 'King' Carrasco. In JLC And The Crowns, Stiff have unearthed a genuine curiosity, quite unlike anything else in captivity — outside of the Texas/Mexico borderlands which spawned them, anyhow. To the more dedicated ethnomusicologists they're apparently nothing that new, being essentially only an update of garage bands like Sam The Sham And The Pharoahs ('Woolly Bully') and ? And The Mysterions ('96 Tears). Personally I've never experienced anything remotely similar, and found the encounter quite stimulating.

The Crowns are Mike Navarro on drums, Brad Kiser on bass, and a lady called Kris Cummings whose non-stop rinky-dink organ sound (it always reminds me of Chris Montez' 'Let's Dance') is the most distinctive feature. Carrasco himself, who adds the guitar and voice, is a garrulous likeable character, who enlivens an already brisk live set by launching one-man invasions into the audience, complete with his royal robes and crown. He recently attempted the stunt outside Buckingham Palace and almost got arrested for his pains.

Apart from being an instinctive self-publicist, Joe has a fabulous drawl, y'all, and The Crowns are much given to yelping "Arriba, arriba!" and "Adios!". But don't let that put you off.

ON A BILL with its fair share of unknown quantities, Dirty Looks arrived over in this country about the most unknown of the lot. A trio from New York's Staten Island, they did pay one previous visit last December to record the debut album, but apart from two appearances with Wreckless Eric this is their first exposure to the UK circuit.

There's a kind of cartoon character symmetry about Dirty Looks — a tall gangling drummer (Peter Parker), a short and chubby bass-player (Marco Sin) and right in between them the conventional good looks of writer/vocalist/guitarist Patrick Barnes. The balance, however, is more than merely visual. If much of the album seems like nondescript pop, then onstage the group are a much more convincing proposition. They possess at least one semi-classic rock'n'roll song in 'Drop That Tan', though it's apparently no favourite within the DL camp, and also include a very impressive version of 'Stepping Stone'.

For all the band's efficiency, it may be that their very mainstream approach will finally tell against them. But with any luck the newer material might see them developing along more distinctive lines. The promise is there.

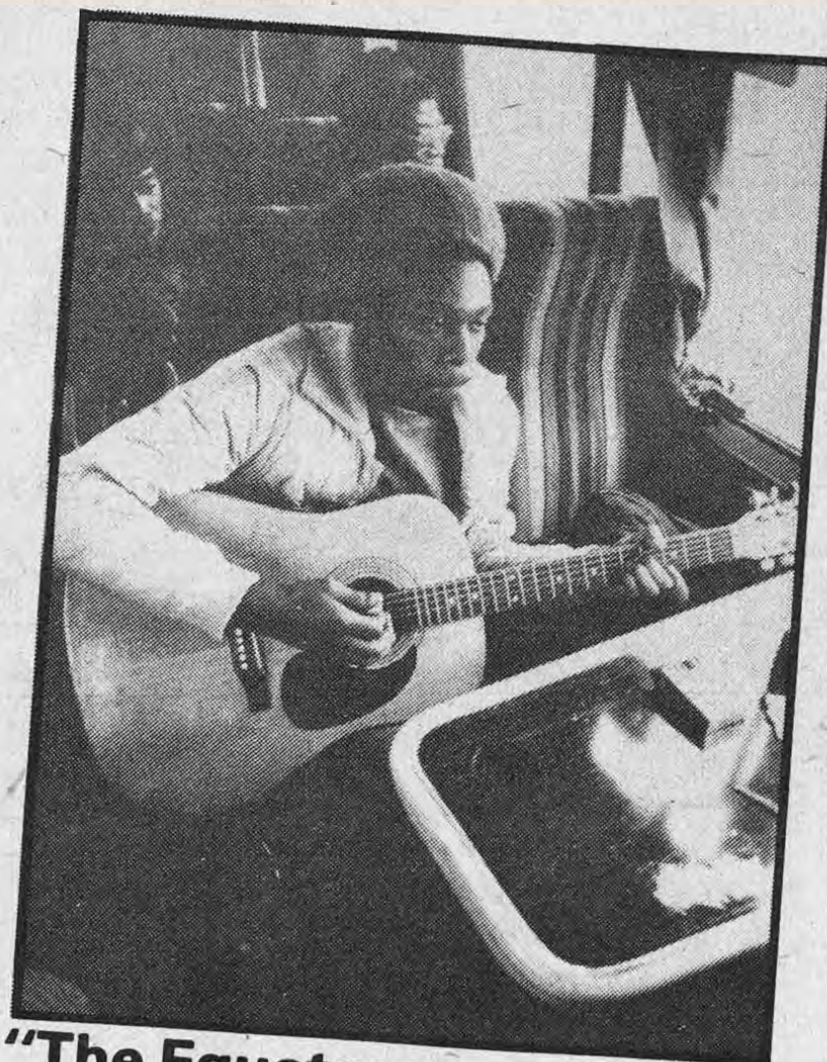


"There's a kind of cartoon character symmetry about Dirty Looks."

THE EQUATORS, who hail from decidedly non-tropical Handsworth, Birmingham, are a six-piece band with roots in reggae, although that doesn't quite define their sound, which veers at times towards straight pop as well as a touch of ska. With an average age of 19 they are in some ways the apprentices on the tour, and to date have only got one single to their credit, but they're said to be shaping up fast. An Equators album, I'll venture, would be an interesting thing to hear.

Chief among their assets is a knack for writing some infectious original material, like 'Georgie' which is to be found on the tour sampler record, although commercial considerations dictated the choice of their debut single — a lively 1980s treatment of The Equals' old hit 'Baby Come Back', produced by its composer, Eddy Grant. The only qualification I'd make is to say that they could be a little bit too easy on the ear, and stand in danger of turning out bland.

But if a concept like the Stiff tour has any value at all, then it must be to the benefit of a group like The Equators. As they say themselves, a bill like this gives them an opportunity they might otherwise never have got, namely the chance to play in front of non-reggae crowds and reach the wider audience they're after.



"The Equators... could be a little bit too easy on the ear."

THE FIRST show I saw, at Bath University, was by all accounts one of the more successful so far. The audience, which seemed utterly unsure what to expect at first, and clustered on the stairs up to the exit as if prepared to make a run for it at any second, was steadily sucked in to the event and ended the night by roaring its endorsement.

The Stiff crowd, for their part, set their seal of approval on the proceedings by climaxing with one of those time-honoured all-hands-on-deck encores — twenty-odd musicians (plus two or three very odd assistants) on a stage that doesn't know what's hit it, belting out the most chaotic version of The Supremes' 'You Can't Hurry

Love' you ever heard. It might not be 'Sex & Drugs & Rock'n'Roll', but it was right for the evening and rounded off what I thought was a highly satisfying gig.

Apart from its variety — there are no two acts on this bill that are remotely alike — the essence of the show's appeal is its brevity. With five acts to get through, no-one can play for much over half an hour, and that pressure seems to concentrate their efforts wonderfully. Nobody gets time to outstay their welcome, and usually leaves you in the mood for more. Change-over times between acts have also been slashed to an admirable five or ten minutes. The result is it's virtually impossible to get bored, or to go through the night without finding at least one act you like.

NEXT MORNING I'm at breakfast with Eddie Tenpole, fearless leader of Tenpole Tudor, in a room that stares out across the wet and misty Avon Gorge, next to the Clifton Suspension Bridge. Tenpole is probably best known for his role in *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*, singing 'Who Killed Bambi?' in as many ridiculous ways as possible. It's an association he's understandably getting tired of, particularly if it leads people to expect no more than raw punk from his band. "This," he sighs, "is the burden we have to bear."

Onstage with his band — that's drummer Gary Long, bassist Dick Crippen, and greasy rocker guitarist Bob Kingston — Tenpole will always oblige with a rendition of 'Bambi', as the loyal core of supporters seem to expect it, but in the main the group's music is more substantial — sort of Rameonic rock'n'roll that's never exactly slick but not quite a shambles either. Eddie himself is a lanky streak of perpetual bewilderment; even if he was guest of honour somewhere he'd still look like a gatecrasher, the kind that always gets spotted and turfed out.

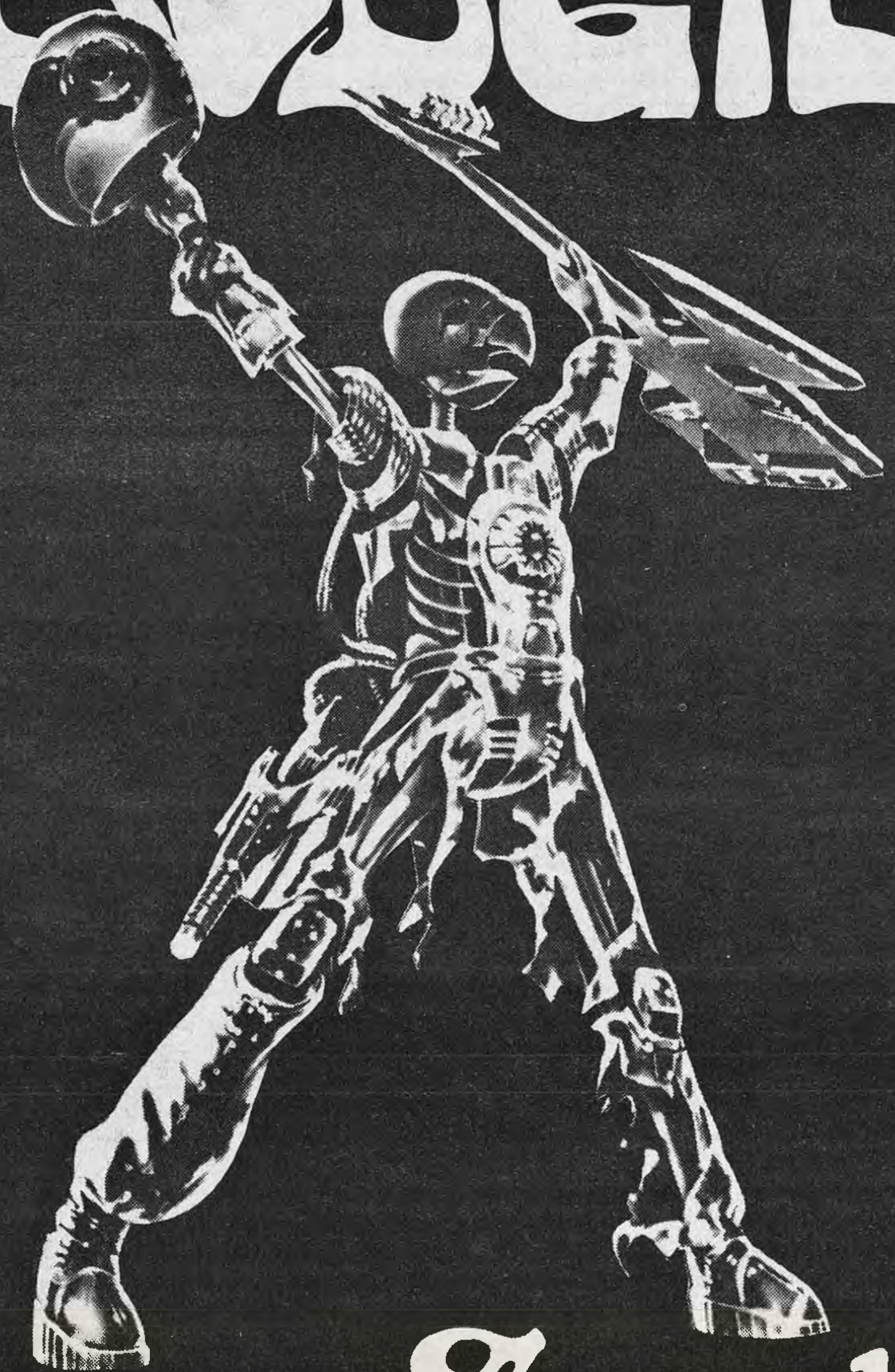
Once signed to Stiff, Tenpole Tudor were given 15 days to record an album before going on tour. When that album finally appears, Eddie assures me, it's going to surprise an awful lot of people.

Why?" I ask.
"Because it'll be good," he explains.
Ah, I said. And we both stared out the window.



"Eddie Tenpole is a lanky streak of perpetual bewilderment; even if he was guest of honour somewhere he'd still look like a gatecrasher."

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ALBUMS

TALKING HEADS

Remain In Light (Sire)

THE DESIRE to (re)discover the African continent has been burning deep in the bowels of curious imagination ever since the *New York Herald* packed Mr Stanley off in search of Livingstone with nothing more to sustain him than a packet of cheese sandwiches and a compass.

The white man's burden? Could be, but even those Caucasian settlers who missed Rorke's Drift have remained fascinated by the spell of this dark place. Colonisers, politicians, anthropologists, missionaries and now musicians flock to Africa in an effort to test its pulse, many of them ending up defeated by the process; one doesn't like to sound churlish but most of these cultural attaches were about as good for Africa as Cecil Rhodes.

In recent times the *Back to Africa* movement has raised its head from a gamut of different positions, in Rasta's spiritual journey to roots and now in the lighter tinted efforts of folk like Brian Eno, David Byrne and their collaborations for 'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts', as well as this new Talking Heads album — 'Remain In Light'.

A memorandum from Byrne intended for the reviewing fraternity (I think) makes it clear that: "This record is the product of the studio and interest in African rhythms and sensibilities." Byrne goes on to explain that the album was prepared according to an improvisational framework, eschewing the practice of jamming and soloing in order to develop "skills and attitudes... an understanding of African musical concepts, of interlocking and interdependent parts and rhythms." The memorandum finishes by recommending a select bibliography of African related texts, themselves concomitant with the gist of *NME's* recent interview with Brian Eno. I was

unable to secure these volumes over the weekend.

Initial familiarity with the record has disappointed those people who locked onto 'Fear Of Music' so readily; the new attitude seems to deliberately play down Talking Heads' evolving tension in favour of a broader, enigmatic and ambient funk — its hard core extracted over a selection of chants and barely modulated moods that have been par for Eno's course at least since the days of 'Warm Jets' — and can readily be pinpointed by anyone familiar with the work of Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman and George Clinton on the one hand or Can, Berlioz and Wendy Carlos on the other.

The implied *raison d'être* of the record, to strike a blow for High Life timbres, falters on the grounds that more than ever Byrne and Eno are cracking the whips while our old pals, the Talking Heads, blend into the background along with an invited cast of technical experts, Adrian Belew, Jose Rossy, John Hassel. The subjugation of this personality is further proved by the band's recent live appearances where Bernie

Worrel and Buster Cherry Jones (a long time Eno associate) have been drafted in to supplement rations. Whither Jerry Harrison and Tina Weymouth in the current regime?

In fact a steadier appraisal of 'Remain In Light' does uncover a host of hypnotic ideas, tentatively linked to Byrne's concept of guerilla freedom fighters and government men overcome by their

Wartime' and 'I Zimbra' as a beginning with Byrne, exiled from some Graham Greene entertainment, intoning in his customary intelligent insane way, "Take a look at these hands!". Meanwhile foreign bodies bleep and jump to the fore, approaching a strong funk that you last heard at length on 'One Nation Under A Groove'.

Staying in the disco (with brains) is 'Cross Eyed And Painless', a sublime synthesis

only two traditional solos, both of them having more in common with rock and roll than is good for the track — though there can be no argument about the effect of the side as a whole. Talking Heads psychedelic hoovering musicians kick up a hedonistic dust storm that enthralls and excites just as surely as it doesn't go far enough to induce the intended sense of abandonment.

Side two is made up of five

this simple permanence with the man on the move bereft of "Style or grace... digging his own grave". Byrne chant/talks this lyric over a building tempo of clavinet, formula funk guitars and John Hassel's aethereal horn arrangement. Your own body will tell you how good that feels.

The spoken technique doesn't suit 'Seen And Not Seen' so immediately; the subject matter, concerning the ability to

Afro-dizzy acts — stuck inside of Highlife with the Eno blues again

environment. The old monosyllabic textures of 'Fear Of Music' have been transplanted into a smoother setting but even so the sounds of the former band are recognisable eventually, bubbling against the primary colours of percussion and electronic treatment.

The opening 'Born Under Punches (The Heat Goes On)' takes the fade of 'Life During

of frothing rhythms (Fenders and drums), a cloying harmony from Eno and one of Byrne's engagingly tetchy monologues on the unwieldy nature of facts.

'The Great Curve', which closes side one, grapples with a potentially lethal exposition of African sensuality, finding the world in a woman's hips, anthropomorphic motions, listening to the earth beat. It's heady stuff that induces a pleasant surrender until Adrian Belew chips in with the record's

related episodes, all of them linked to the power of the elements. Byrne's Western terrorist persona is found questioning his domestic and financial values in the light of the African experience. 'Once In A Lifetime' puts him in deep water, rather like Eliot's peaceful but very dead Phoenician, while Eno and the cast set up a Greek chorus of call and response, simulating the ocean blues and echoing snatches of 'Take Me To The River'.

'Houses In Motion' contrasts

transform physical attributes by will power in order to take on another ideal appearance, may have some resonance for other cultures but its overtones of self obsession and pride are too cumbersome here to convince.

The album's closing songs, 'Listening Wind' and 'The Overload', both of which make a substantial nod at Can's 'Soon Over Babaluma', are perhaps the most intriguing moments on a side of music which strips off its early dance rhythms and replaces them into a beautifully visual and cinematic context.

'Listening Wind' may be the most complex song that Byrne has yet written, it certainly stands as the pivotal point on what is undoubtedly a transitional record. The protagonist, a noble savage type who communes with the breeze, is fired with an instinctive desire to rid his locale (could be anywhere from Kinshasa to Phnom Penh) of the Yankee imperialists. The tone is strangely optimistic and sad at the same time, implying the death of those qualities which will eventually persuade the Third World nations to overthrow their oppressors (the strange rumblings in 'The Overload' are not just an uprising in spirit).

Without wishing to burden 'Remain In Light' with any further critical lumber it is obvious that the Talking Heads, whatever they are now, have attempted something enterprising and fresh — the signposts are clear enough to direct them into new spaces. Given time to lower preconceptions and heighten senses I found myself overtaken by an album of brave intentions and haunting textures.

Safari, so good.

Max Bell



Maurice White. Pic: Tom Sheridan.

EARTH WIND & FIRE Faces (CBS)

ANY GROUP can only pack so much stuff. The stuff that oils and inspires their moves, greases songs, a magic stuff that flows through a succession of one group's recordings, making the parts gell into hot pop music, leaving you a

have created enough records that have crept through my wireless, my Saturdays, my mundane house chores and they've kept their place pumping away at pop songs. I like them a lot. Their particular punch has never strayed that far from Radio Las Vegas but there was always that saving grace that shone through — a, well, young sound even though their maestro Maurice White

last album, the superlative single-heavy 'I Am'. That record collected all the nonsense, the trumpy philosophy that no-one ingests anyway, the spirit, the sound and created not only a milestone for Earth Wind & Fire but for black music in America.

Well, now the tide has turned. The patterns that have slavishly been followed in

LP that coasts into our ears on the unimpeachable reputation of its afore-lauded predecessor and a still-ripe climate. 'Faces' never improves or even matches the high formed by the 'September' single. If anything, White miscalculates the saccharin, and encourages his

where failure is overlooked amongst all these old friends.

And a double album? (average fifteen minutes a side.) I can imagine Maurice sitting there in his boardroom, surrounded by platinum discs

can all sing a decent tune and anyway, they've been labelled with those no-talent bums The Commodores for too long. Consolidation time in Kalimba House.

'Faces' has no focus, it simply goes on. What you start with is what you'll finish with — there comes a time when you wish to move from beer to the shorts but your company is just too involved on a blinding binge. As I say, this set marks the moment when we can stop looking toward EW&F and, who knows, maybe America, for the goods.

The plans have been photographed, we all know how it's done. Certain kids down here have stolen the tools and I'll be fucked if over the next few months we don't watch The Brits finish the job.

Danny Baker

A sailor's farewell to his horse

(reluctant) admirer (the fan), baffled and intrigued as to how much longer they can stretch the stuff — each release bringing them closer to that edge when it all collapses and they stand blandly exposed as the fools you deep down always knew they would become. That's the way it goes — the pinnacle and the pits follow each other like day and night.

I enjoy being a fan if the people involved are harmless enough. Earth Wind And Fire

was close to forty and a cosmic dopey t'boot. EW&F can be dynamite.

Like a cowboy's farewell to his horse, this LP will mark the last bubbles as EW&F explode into a super-vacuum. (In actual fact, to paraphrase an ancient Billy Bennett music-hall monologue, this will be a sailor's farewell to his horse, because really, nobody ever needed them anyway.)

White and Co could achieve no more on their wildly over-the-top path than their

import shops by British funk followers are at last being turned into music and effort by the kids — that word again! — and, believe it or not, we are very well into a US funk backlash. Linx, Light Of The World, Incognito are but the tip of the London soul iceberg backed by a crazed and extremely sizeable army of people desperate to do for funk what The Sex Pistols did for rock. But this will all be in *NME* in the next few weeks.

And so to 'Faces'. A double

outfit to repeat much of 'That's The Way Of The World'.

But in honesty, there was nothing left to do — Earth Wind & Fire had arrived. There are so few recognisable disco bands that it's little wonder they can sound so familiar. But that can't disguise the annoying laziness, the reliance on trade marks — unique though they may be — and the fact that the risks taken on the current single, 'Let Me Talk', and the awful hodge-podge title-track are the wrong risks, non risks, the kind

and neon pyramids full of Christmas cracker slogans, a dozen CBS executives clutching clip-boards full of record-shop-floor opinions that The Time Is Right For The Definitive EW&F Set! Maurice has a few ideas for songs in his noggin but nothing concrete, but the idea of a double studio LP appeals to his sense of command so strongly that he has no earthly choice but to draw up the plans and let the word leak out. Hey look, sure the band can handle it. They



Dr Byrne, I presume. A Talking Head's talking head. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

Johnny So Good

JOHN MARTYN
Grace & Danger (Island)

HIGH above the ground clutter of the mainstream and well away from the gaudy, jerrybuilt homes of rock folly and fashion, there are musicians who know their own worth and who have convinced enough people of it over the years to both support themselves and retain the interest of a record company. As a result they're not so put upon by the pressures that conspire to bring down so many of their more 'successful' peers, and their music tends to evolve in an unhurried, organic sort of way; it also wears very well, sounding as fresh now as it did when first conceived. John Martyn is one such musician.

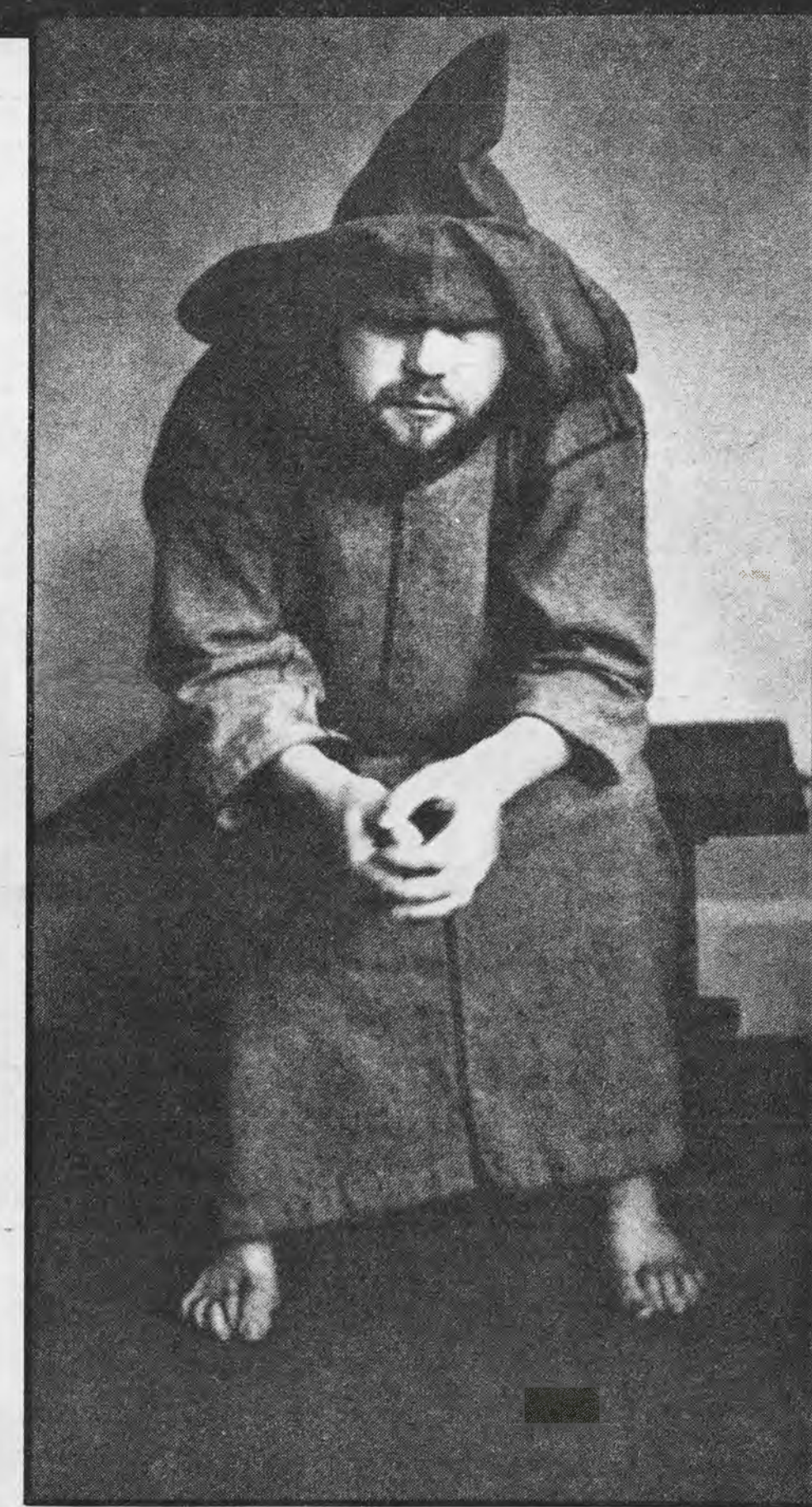
Martyn began his career in the late '60s playing folk in the clubs, but since then and through the course of some ten albums his music has seamlessly absorbed a succession of influences, yet remained immediately recognisable as his alone. Tokenism is not Martyn's thing. He was, for example, very taken by reggae and so went to live in Jamaica for a while, playing with such producers as Lee 'Scratch' Perry and Jack Ruby (on Burning Spear's wonderful 'Man In The Hills'). Blues and jazz have also featured long and strong in Martyn's work, but like reggae they've become inseparable parts of the whole, not merely awkward, unnatural growths that soon wither and fall away.

There's no point in trying to box Martyn off somewhere. He won't fit. Is he a singer songwriter? Don't make me

hoot. His songs have absolutely nothing in common with, say, the puerile would-be poeticism of a Chris De Burgh or the pained, maudlin immaturity of a James Taylor or any other representative of the American school of compulsive self-psychoanalysis.

As it happens, most of the songs on 'Grace & Danger' are about love lost or being lost, but they're not the sort that those who have a taste for such things can dissect word by word in the hope of gaining precious insight into their author's state of mind. Even though Martyn isn't averse to a neat turn of phrase or two (cf "some people draw conclusions like curtains, don't they draw them tight?" from 'Some People Are Crazy' and "it's not the letters you just don't write... that keep me hanging on" from 'Sweet Little Mystery'), his lyrics are plain spoken and straightforward, more emotional shorthand than anything else. On paper they'd probably read trite or banal, but then that's taking them away out of context and ignoring the manner in which Martyn's extraordinary voice tries and tests, savours and slurs them for their sound as much as for their sense.

Martyn's work is a continuum, very sufficient unto itself, and so it's hardly surprising that 'Grace & Danger' should hark back to earlier albums. But the overall instrumental balance and impact of the album is new, a striking move on and up from 1977's 'One World'. John Giblin's electric bass style owes more than a little to Jaco Pastorius' harmonic method



John Martyn gets in the Thelonious Monk habit. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

and Tommy Eyre's electric piano, which places equal emphasis on rhythm and melody, is strongly reminiscent of Herbie Hancock's '70s playing with first his sextet and

now VSOP. Genesis' Phil Collins' drumming is simply superb, a vital fulcrum amongst all the surrounding musical flow motion and so much more effective in this restrained sort

of setting than in the hyper-active jazzrock of Brand X.

So is this jazz then? It doesn't matter what it is. Just keep on keeping the categories at arms' length and enjoy. That said, it does occur to me that Martyn's rhythm guitar playing has for some time had as much in common with Thelonious Monk's revolutionary piano phrasing of the '50s as with reggae. Monk loved to leave "holes" in a piece of music, to work around and off a theme rather than at and over it; what he left out was often just as important as what he left in. Martyn's clipped chords tend to punctuate and shape his songs in much the same way.

There are nine songs here, seven by Martyn and one co-written by him and his wife Beverly. 'Some People Are Crazy' opens and instantly enfolds you in a languid haze of sound, Martyn's ability to create musical space and perspective is exceptional, and 'Some People' moves smoothly through what Martyn might well call "solid air". Dave Lawson's synth broods in the background, contributing to the vague sense of unease. Giblin treads softly, as if walking on gilded splinters, and Eyre scatters colour like a prism.

'Grace & Danger' itself moves at a brisk canter, Martyn's big block chords, tiny rhythmic scratches and serpentine lead creating the impression of a dense, rustling undergrowth. His splintered 12-string nods in the direction of Oregon's Ralph Towner on 'Lookin' On', which preens itself like latterday Weather Report. The song is unquestionably Martyn's though, its deceptive looseness barely concealing an inner urgency as Martyn's insistent, assonant singing pushes it over the edge into giddy freefall.

A standard that's been covered by musicians as diverse as Taj Majal and Jim

Capaldi, The Slickers' 'Johnny Too Bad' staggers abruptly into range to close the side. Collins and Giblin lean hard on the off-beat, and Martyn's gruff, guttural vocals are at times barely distinguishable from his choppy echoplexed chords. This is the single, and well worth investigating as such for its frenzied version of a B-side.

'Sweet Little Mystery' suggests that mood and medium are variables here. It's almost painfully bittersweet, another of Martyn's master melodies. As catchy as a common cold, the song touches body and soul in a way you'd forgotten was possible; Martyn sings it with charming, aching tenderness. 'Hurt In Your Heart' ebbs and flows on the tide of his long reverberated chords, swells irresistibly under his curling solo. Giblin bides his time, then simply purrs in.

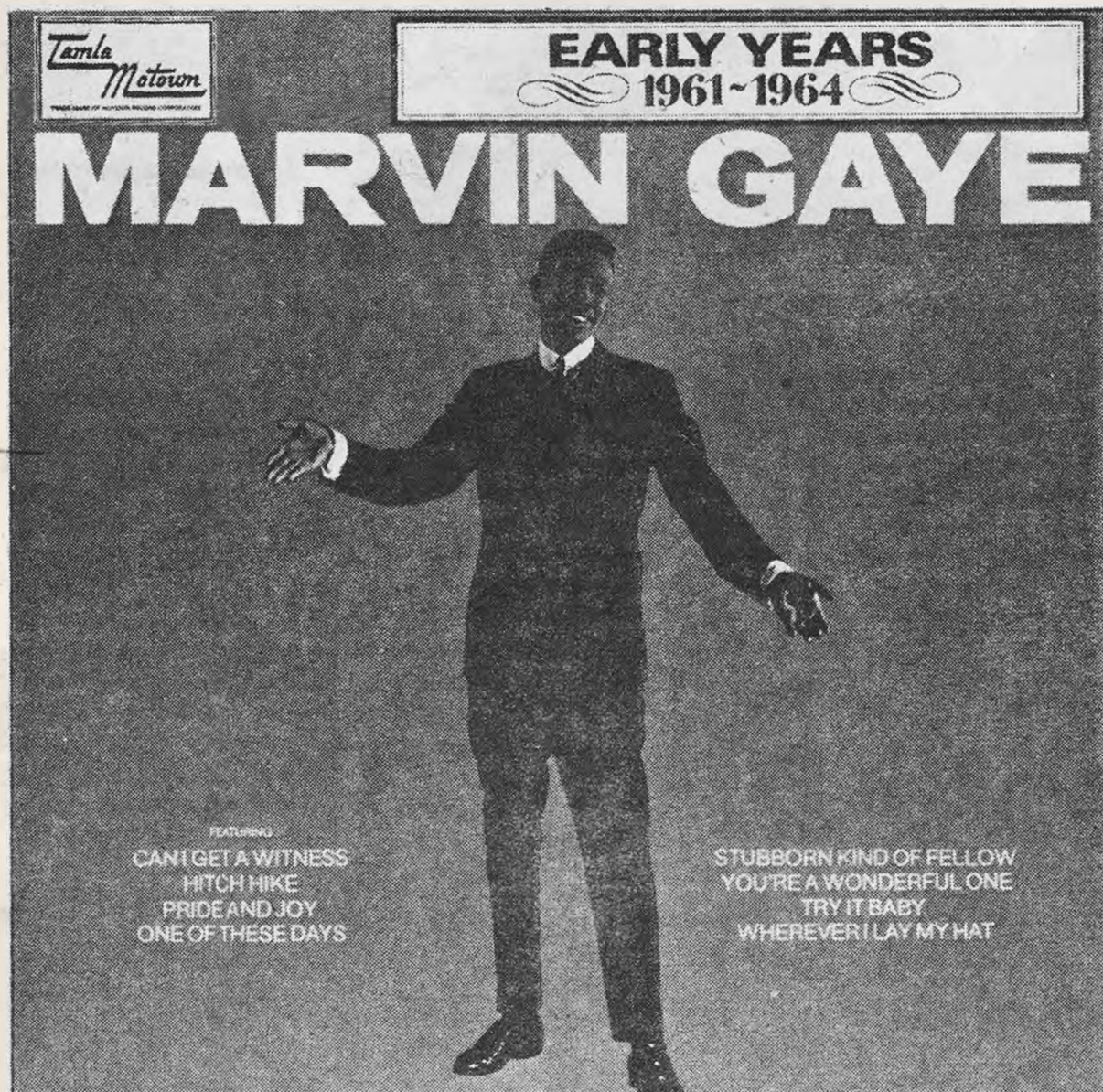
'Baby Please Come Home' and 'Our Love' are both suitably plangent and illustrate Martyn's unaffected empathy with folk blues. These two songs are as ageless as their concerns are eternal; their power stems from their restraint and the musicians' understanding that one note or phrase in the right place is worth ten or 20 in the wrong. 'Save Some For Me' proves a similar point; a blipping moog figure provides the song with its rhythmic base, but sounds totally natural, Eyre incidentally plays one of his best solos here, notes splashed over the coda.

It's always been tempting to use the consistency and quiet, careful innovations of Martyn's work as a stick with which to thrash at the monstrous dumbness of so much contemporary rock 'n' pop, but to do so is to render Martyn a disservice. 'Grace & Danger' is perfectly capable of recommending itself on its own considerable merits. It's also the best album I've heard all year.

Angus MacKinnon

THE EARLY YEARS ARE THE BEST

MARVIN GAYE EARLY YEARS 1961-1964



CAN I GET A WITNESS • HITCH HIKE • PRIDE AND JOY
ONE OF THESE DAYS • STUBBORN KIND OF FELLOW
YOU'RE A WONDERFUL ONE • TRY IT BABY
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DIANA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES EARLY YEARS 1961-1964



BABY LOVE • WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO
COME SEE ABOUT ME • RUN RUN RUN
WHEN THE LOVELIGHT STARTS SHINING THRU' HIS EYES
LONG GONE LOVER • YOU REALLY GOT A HOLD ON ME
BUTTERED POPCORN

STMR 9008 AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE



MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS

Trance and Dance (*Dindisc*)

ON THE heels of punk, about 1977 or 78, came the talk of how one had always really loved POP, silly, not that gauche and sweaty kid brother ROCK. Dear me, no! Glitter! Spector! Chinnichap! *Ready Steady Go!* Cathy McGowan! Three minute pop songs! Everyone's favourite singer, next to Rotten, was Gary Glitter; everyone's dream date was the Private Stock Deborah Harry, who embodied the spirit of the Shangri-Las, Ronettes and Crystals all rolled up into one blonde. Two words more than any other were swept up the morning after from the floors of music business watering-holes whence they had been dropped; Brill Building.

Brill Building! Churning out megahits by the minute! So easy to decide, so hard to do — Generation X tried for a while but pop talk went back to sleep until a year or so ago. Then punk was gone and every last little untalented hack came out of hiding and attempted to hack himself a drab little name, a drab little niche in the woodwork. The new drab pop is upon us.

Some of the bands have girl singers, some are bunches of men who want to be boys. They're called things like The Photos, Records, Expressos, Fingerpritz, although these random creeps are no worse than the rest. They sit down and construct theories on pop; meanwhile The Nolans and The Dooleys, not a theory between them, get the pop hits.

Martha And The Muffins were cruelly teased; the chart allowed them one brief residence ('Echo Beach') and they've been plugging away ever since, encouraged by the DJs (the DJs love the new drab pop, sharing a common credo of PRETENTIOUS and EMPTY).

This, their second album, has bass, guitar, synthetics, drums, percussion, sax, keyboards and trombone and without a tune they all add up to NOTHING.

They have cutesy-slick lyrics — the kind of thing you write drunk at 14 and tear up in disgust the next day. Martha sings a little in French (if Debbie Harry can ...) and a little in Japanese (if David Bowie can ...) and wonders why she still doesn't sound charismatic. They sing songs about the suburbs, bank clerks, old actresses, primal screamers (We, the mighty Muffins, look down from our mountain at you poor plebs and observe you to a T!) and without taste and fear it all adds up to NOTHING.

Martha And The Muffins lyrics illuminate just why the new pop is so drab; it's SMALL, with no big singers, no big tunes, no big looks, no big emotions, no big charm or sex appeal. Coming after punk (which had all these assets in abundance) it looks especially petty; consider the sneer targets of the Muffins compared to those of punk — monarchy, America, party politics, the modern god T.V. You don't get much bigger and better targets than that. In their pettiness The Muffins remind one of those terrible won't-get-fooled-again post-hippie-cynical T-shirts always being touted in *Rolling Stone*: "I'm too honest to be good." "I'm not cynical. Just experienced." "I don't know. I don't care. And it doesn't make any difference." You can't be cool so you try to be cold — it's enough to make a hep cat laugh. The best pop is either inspired or intensive, like aforesaid Brill Building. You do not stand up, say "I understand the Pop Aesthetic" (whatever that is) and then automatically write a juke joint gem.

But anyway, doesn't matter what I say; the fact that with this album you get four Martha And The Muffins tracks FREE, on an EP, is more likely to make the record stop in the shop than any number of bad reviews.

Julie Burchill

WILTON FELDER

Inherit The Wind (MCA)

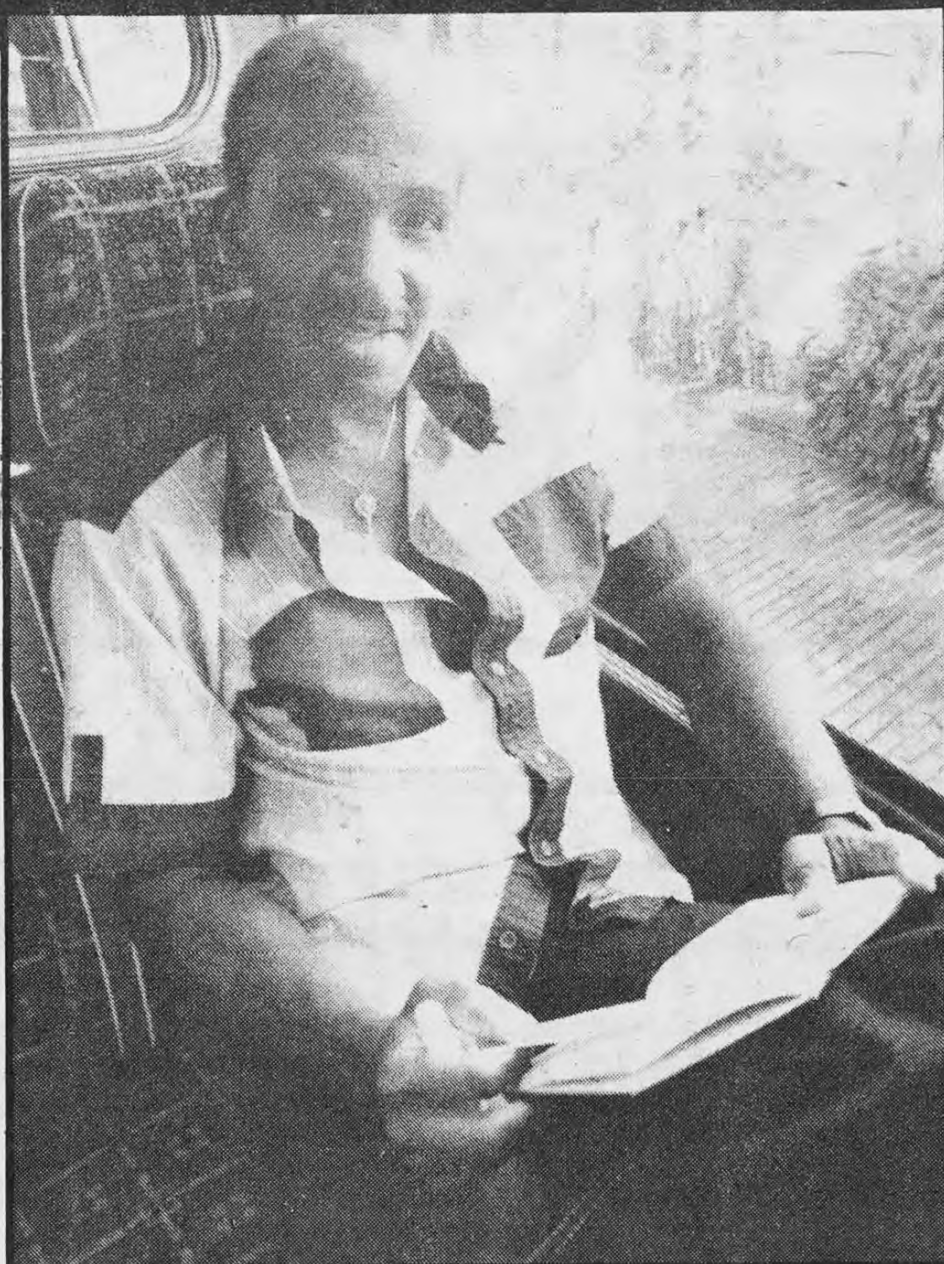
ALTHOUGH not nearly as bland as his earlier 'We All Have A Star', Wilton Felder's 'Inherit The Wind' still exposes the weaknesses of so much current Crusaders music. It's over-produced and often far too slick for its own good, a series of polished exercises in various styles that eventually leaves you begging for more and more substantial content. Felder's own, distinctive roots in tough Southern R&B push through the gauze all too rarely.

The opening title track is a streamlined wedge of soul funk, Felder's tenor sax floating in its slipstream. It's a strong vehicle for Bobby Womack's lead vocal, and not a million miles from the singer's 'I Can Understand It'; if nothing else the song erases all memory of the arch and misconceived 'Soul Shadows' on 'Rhapsody And Blues'.

Donny Hathaway and Edward Howard's sanctified 'Someday We'll All Be Free' follows. For once, Felder mikes himself very live as he hollers above the gospel refrains of a choir led by Merry Clayton and more emoting from Womack. This is more like it, and so is 'Until The Morning Comes', its Latin rhythms festooned with percussion, the main man's playing as strong and supple as his melody: all very bright and tight.

'Insight' is the token disco shot and Felder doubles on fat, firm bass, something he used to do regularly for group productions. Never mind the inane dance floor metaphysics of the lyric, just listen to the chirpy vocal call and response and Joe Sample's thrilling synth. Felder excels in this sort of framework, spiralling up and off the groove, his treated sax breaking into a natural high. His solo here is prime time from the Texan Tornado, even if the track as a whole is unremarkable.

'L.A. Light' and 'I've Got A



All sax players enjoy a good reed. Wilton Felder pic: Chris Horler

Born to burp

Secret I'm Gonna Tell You' are both Sample instrumentals and suggest that the pianist's once prolific muse is currently AWOL or at best indisposed. In each piece the echoes of 'Snowflake' from 'Images' and 'Night Faces' from 'Streetlife' are too blatant to be ignored. Despite its clever bridge and precise guitar part (Arthur Adams?), 'Light' is automatic writing by Sample's high standards, an indifferent drift towards nowhere in particular that seems to cramp Felder's exuberant style. As for 'Secret', even Felder's brisk phrasing, Abe Laboriel's sonorous bass and some pretty guitar filigree can't disguise its lack of any real confidence in itself.

What with all their solo projects and recent, albeit extremely worthwhile, album collaborations with B. B. King and Randy Crawford, The Crusaders may well be over-extending themselves. Their determination to make the most of their new, mass appeal is understandable — God knows they've worked long and hard enough for it — but the evidence of 'Rhapsody And Blues', Stix Hooper's 'The World Within' and now 'Inherit The Wind' only suggests one thing — that the individual Crusaders should shepherd their collective resources more carefully in the future.

Angus MacKinnon

GLAXO BABIES

Put Me On The Guest List (Heartbeat)

RETAILING at under three quid, 'Put Me On The Guest List' is a collection of early tracks recorded by the Glaxo Babies between December 1978 and June 1979. The sound is more focused — more of a piece, if you like — than the more recently-recorded 'Nine Months To The Disco' album, due to the pre-eminent presence here of vocalist Rob Chapman, who wrote all the songs and sings them with an occasionally annoying combination of weariness and worry.

The weariness tends to rub off on the listener, but is combated quite effectively by the tense excitement of the music.

Side one contains the earliest material, which verges, on 'Police State', on over-the-top crudeness but nonetheless includes two classic anthems of anomie in 'Avoiding The Issue' and 'This Is Your Life'. The side's last track, a leisurely, expansive, dissipated dub called 'Who Killed Bruce Lee (Version)', is more loosely hung around bass, drums and echoed guitar bursts, and prefigures side two's more inquisitive, organic approach, which displays pronounced leanings towards the avant-punk-jazz experimentation of 'Nine Months To The Disco'.

'Burning' is a satisfactory fast shuffle with a few sax scribbles but 'Flesh' is more fragmented, cut across with shards of guitar and pushed relentlessly forward by the low-key vigilance of Tom Nichols' bass. The effect is not too dissimilar to The Pop Group, with whom they share guitarist Dan Catsis.

'Put Me On The Guest List' is a good album, both as history — filling in a niche of Bristol history — and as music. Not as wild and inventive as 'Nine Months' but at less than three quid, we can all afford to catch up.

Andy Gill



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Rockpile

JENNY DARREN



NEW ALBUM

DE 1999



Boy's own weepies

U2 Boy (Island)

I LOVE U2. I worry about U2. Hearing their debut single 'Out Of Control' and seeing them play in Ireland, I fell for their undismayed punch and tenacity. They were an expansive and exclusive pop group and I couldn't see them failing. Since then they've walked purposefully into the turmoil of a changed and unchangeable rock-world, its expectancy and competitiveness, and they're not braving it as well as they can.

The group, noticeably singer Bono, were always worried that a certain conventionality was cramping the group. To counteract that, since the beginning of the

DIRE STRAITS

Making Movies (Vertigo)

THE FIRST two Dire Straits albums owed an obvious debt to the shuffling funk and macho mutterings of J. J. Cale, and it's no surprise they were big in the States. Cale himself represents an old-fashioned American male stereotype — the strong, silent hero.

It's a difficult role for a singer to perform, but the way Cale sings is the nearest you can get to being strong and silent. Ditto his disciple Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits.

Knopfler's main achievement was to take over the style and broaden it commercially. Just like Cale, he tends to hint at his music rather than play it. His vocals are a gruff murmur. The guitar solos suggest hidden depths. The rhythm section applies light pressure. The melodies are implied rather than substantial. Such tasteful restraint would all be a bit twee if it wasn't so busy hinting at being butch.

With this third album Dire Straits seem set on taking their sales appeal one step further. They've recruited Jimmy Iovine as co-producer, a man who had a hot reputation until the last albums by The Motors and Graham Parker sank out of sight. They've also taken on Roy Bittan who is Bruce Springsteen's keyboard player and worth his weight in ivory.

The result is a richer, glossier sound that also contrives to appear more natural than that on earlier product. There's less sense of clever novices showing off their skills.

Mark Knopfler may wear his influences on his sleeve, but he's undoubtedly an authoritative singer. He always manages to sound as though he's thinking aloud and you're being let in on some intensely private reflections. An attractive prospect for voyeurs, no mistake.

What's more, he also writes some engaging lyrics, refurbishing some hoary old pop clichés on songs like 'Tunnel Of Love' and 'Romeo and Juliet'. It's the detailed observations of his words that lend them their weight.

'Tunnel' is an eight-minute epic about a brief encounter in a fairground which turns over more slowly than a sedan big wheel. The impression Knopfler gives is of recalling every small incident in the relationship and you can't help but believe him.

To second his emotions, Knopfler turns in some tersely romantic guitar embellishments, working in close co-operation with Bittan's sensitive keyboards. The whole thing is propelled nimbly along by some crisp percussion from Pick Withers. Suddenly, you forget about J. J. Cale and hear music that's impressive in its own right.

There are seven songs on the album, all of them engrossing. The final track, 'Les Boys', must have been the riskiest. It's a sympathetic account of a gay cabaret act and could have tottered into silliness, but never does.

The album's title 'Making Movies' is entirely appropriate

year, casting newly-opened ears all around, U2's music opened up like a flower. Their music uncoiled.

This development happened as they signed to Island, wilted under well intentioned sycophancy, worked with hero Martin Hannett, leaving him behind as the association harmed them more than helped, and released two singles. These singles indicated that U2 were something more — for better or worse — than a post-Skids/Jam punk-pop group.

Live, U2 have been appallingly erratic: nervous, over-eager, musically unsure. This yearning to develop their pop pushed their music into the shady areas where the accusation 'heavy metal' was easily levelled. Since they've signed to Island I've been faced with almost unanimous derision from friends whose musical passions are usually the same as mine: they don't like U2. At all.

As with Penetration — whose dynamic but decorative music U2 have renovated with infectious potency — their structural inventiveness and the shifting might and fragility of guitars have seen them dismissed as a slipshod and plain post-Boomtown punk group on the verge of a turgid HM excess. I can't understand that.

The group have sacrificed the easily achieved immediacy and accessibility of a straightforward pop group for a multi-climactic, archly atmospheric, articulately over-emphatic, tantalisingly gentle sound that can rise to a dramatic peak of power and swoop to an elegaic whisper. It's still pop, still conceived with a fresh, flushed brashness. The problem is, U2 try too hard, go for something special,

transcendent, EPIC, and nearly miss out. Too much style, not enough experience.

The production of 'Boy' is therefore important. In silly hands, U2's gooey ambition could have ended up

sounding like a fidgety, badly camouflaged empty heavy-pop. Steve Lillywhite's production is strict enough to harness U2's tearaway ambition. U2's desire to pad out and puff up the music is

never allowed to run amok. Lillywhite allows The Edge's moody, meritorious guitar to flare and flutter all over the place, sets the drums loud and looming, the bass big, and then puts Bono's expressive

vocals high up in the mix: wide-scale drama all the way, stylishly emphasising the good things in U2. It's elaborate, but it's not up in the clouds.

As is common with most debut LPs these days, 'Boy' is a compilation of life-time best. (Hopefully a beginning. U2 have a long way to grow.) The opening 'I Will Follow', a song about losing warmth and safety, is immediately grand. 'Twilight', a precociously clear vision of growing up, is effectively restrained and harmonious, tripping guitars typically bursting out over a trim rhythm. 'An Cat Dubh' is florid but fluent. The sensitive and wilful naivety of 'Into The Heart' crystallises the soft disillusionment of 'Boy': U2 don't yet know enough to be totally pessimistic. A new 'Out Of Control' is a fleeting meeting with the disregarded straight pop: the old breathlessness with their new precision.

Side two's racy, reflective 'Stories For Boys' drops into the slight impressionistic 'Ocean'. The Edge's guitar work is constantly a highlight on this LP. His pattern-work on 'Day Without Me' is light and striking. The excited tenderness of 'Another Time, Another Place' shows that U2 will be flamboyant, but they won't lose impact. The Edge's guitar swarms all the way through 'Electric Co.', almost toppling the song over, and the final acoustic-based weepie 'Shadows And Tall Trees' will truly test dissenters' patience for U2's evocative pop.

Musically, then, the word is sophistication not spontaneity. It's left to Bono to carry any abandon and passion. He sings heartfelt, beautifully observed lyrics of innocence, failure, sadness with a fearless sentimentality — something else that upsets the non-believers — and poignant urgency. A mixture of the ordinary and the bizarre, a series of shadowy, menacing, lyrical vignettes that are sung as if they're dear, dark secrets being wrenched away. They are songs of emotional uncertainty and extreme insecurity. The title 'Boy' refers to Bono, his boyish rapt imaginings, to the recurring use of the word 'boy' in the songs, as Bono symbolises his confusion and reflects, beneath the music's meticulous presentation, the essential innocence of U2. (A decaying innocence.) The sense of wonder. It mixes peculiarly with the music's obstinate melodrama.

I find 'Boy' touching, precocious, full of archaic flourishes and modernist conviction, genuinely strange. It won't eradicate the grey feelings people have about U2, but it reinforces the affection I have for their character and emotionally forceful music. It's not radical, in many ways it's traditionalist, but it's honest, direct and distinctive communication with not a sign of complacency or foolish certainty.

I love U2. You may worry about me loving U2. Don't.

Paul Morley



The Edge on the edge. Pic: David Corio.



Todd. Rubber ghoul in the psychedelicatesen. Pic: Robert Ellis.

UTOPIA Deface The Music (Bearsville)

WHAT A wonderful idea! As a break from all that heavy cosmic stuff about the universe and that, Todd Rundgren and his Utopia colleagues decided to make a Beatles album in their spare time. Eschewing the hi-tech, they used old Vox amps and 4-track tape machines along with vintage '60s chord changes to produce records that sound almost like genuine actual old Beatles records.

The way it works is that Todd sings the fake Lennon songs and Kasim Sultan sings the fake McCartney songs. The first side features material based on the musical vocabulary developed during the period up to and including 'Rubber Soul', side two goes from there to 'Magical Mystery Tour'. Like: the opening 'I Just Want To Touch You' is loosely based on 'There's A Place', 'Alone' is the Mark I Sappy Macca Ballad along the lines of 'And I Love Her' or 'I'll Follow The Sun', 'Always Late' is The Ringo Song, 'Life Goes On', has the string quartet and was presumably inspired by Eleanor Rigby's encounter with the man from the motor trade, 'Everybody Else Is Wrong' is the grand psychedelicatesen in the Strawberry Walrus mode, etcetera etcetera etcetera.

Three questions spring to mind. The answers are (a) assuming that such a thing should be done in the first place, they've done it extremely well (b) there is no real reason why such a thing should have been done in this famous first place, except for some peculiar academic pleasure and (c) of course the idea of making pop songs using nothing but Beatles records as source material has been around since 1963 and is still going strong, but the difference is that now it's Todd Rundgren doing it.

'Deface The Music' is, one supposes, a jolly good laugh,

Bob Edmands

because most of Knopfler's songs are short stories which are strong on visual images. The majority are about how boy meets girl and then loses girl. Quite sad, if they're

autobiographical, and you suspect it appeals as much to the weepie bedsit crowd as to butch young Americans.

None of it will appeal to rock revolutionaries whose heroes

failed to scale the barricades back in the late '70s. It's essentially dinosaur music but extinction seems a remote possibility.

and it would take a far more callous person than your humble correspondent to use adjectives like 'pointless', but the fact remains that the album is of limited usefulness, especially in times like these. Even its authenticity is dubious: for example, the cover doesn't do anything interesting when you tilt it and squint at it under a red light, I didn't get high when I licked the cover and there aren't even any secret messages in the roll-off groove.

When I played it backwards I thought I heard someone say, "Danger: men jerking off", but it was just the people downstairs.

Charles Shaar Murray

O, DIM (anag)

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK Organisation (Dindisc)

MAYBE IT'S down to contractual obligations or maybe *Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark* are simply an unusually prolific songwriting team, but 'Organisation' — the electronic pop duo's second long-playing Dindisc artefact in six months — seems somewhat premature to say the least.

Following one album so hastily with another inevitably invites comparisons between the two and, unsurprisingly, this second set matches up unfavourably to its predecessor.

Whereas their debut was aimed magnificently and unashamedly at the bullseye of the new bubblegum, the group now seem to be torn between the pop market that is so obviously their best bet and the dreary terrain of flat electronic doodling.

They have also elected to sacrifice some of their admirable self-sufficiency for the sake of giving their sound a broader base and have moved from their own Gramophone Suite home-base on Merseyside to a couple of plush uptown studios.

Which is fair enough in itself, except that the move has gone hand in hand with a distinct deterioration in the songwriting of that anonymous duo Paul Humphries and Andy McCluskey — to all intents, the band,

although they are occasionally helped out by drummer and acoustic percussionist Malcolm Holmes. Simply, Orch Man seem to have lost direction.

The more experimental stuff gently teases rather than confronts any radically new ground while the pop stuff — largely the work of McCluskey — lacks the insistence of an 'Electricity' or 'Messages'.

There are, of course, exceptions, notably 'Enola Gay', a much better single than I gave credit for in a recent column and the moodier, vivid 'Stanlow'. The latter track is, probably intentionally, the album's magnum opus, coming like all good magnum opuses at the end of side two. A resonant symphonic poem, it is undoubtedly the best non-pop song the group have yet attempted. Clockwork Orange meets the Radiophonic Workshop.

Twice, they try to deflate the overall mood — a grim and doleful one — with whimsical indulgences like the vaudeville sleaze of 'Motion And Heart' and a cover of the quintessential crooning anthem 'The More I Want You' (very Human League).

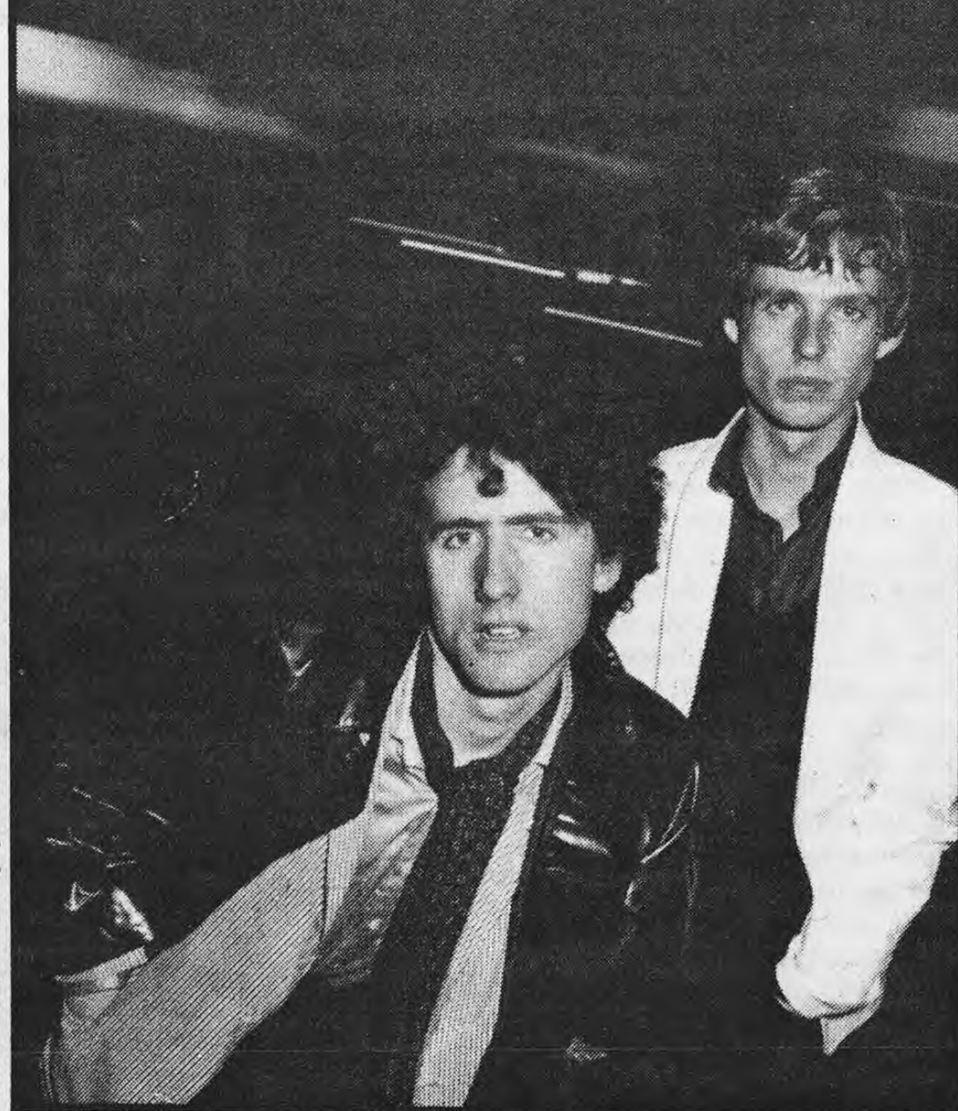
All very pleasant, but not really the sort of thing I'll be booking a return ticket for, even though it is far more appetising than the synthetic futurism line toed so devoutly by so many of the new electronic groups.

Then again, for all those brave words about the synthesiser being the instrument to challenge the frontiers of music, the whole synth-pop genre can be a pretty limited one, something that much of 'Organisation', with its naggingly familiar ring, bears out.

As far as recycling the same old song goes, one Ramones is enough.

Adrian Thrills

Mo' Omid alley-posing. Pic: Adrian Boot



ultimately the songs lack fierce introverted intensity or harrowing lust just as much as the synth-kids. They ladenly, sub-statically dribble along sounding more blank than terror-filled, forming a sullen, spasmodically wildish soundtrack for impending catastrophe that lacks a necessary sense of calm or disorientating inner tension.

Killing Joke are parasites sucking all the goodness out of important musics. Graceless. A poor joke.

Killing Joke song titles: 'Requiem', 'War Dance', 'Tomorrow's World', 'Complication' (Foreigner playing Strangers) 'Primitive'. To another blotchy mix of comedy and tragedy. Cockney Reject song titles: 'War On The Terraces', 'Hate Of The City', 'Urban Guerilla', 'The Greatest Cockney Rip Off', even 'The Rocker'.

They even do Sweet's 'Blockbuster' — this group don't try as hard as Killing Joke not to be nostalgic. In fact they don't try at all to be anything but vacantly, even cheekily, wild.

They come on like scolded Just Williams and sound like scalded dogs. Fourteen songs are spewed out that will abuse the souls and desires of their listeners with as much hypocritical crudeness and puritanical, jingoistic zeal as the *Daily Star* abuses its readers. If the *Daily Star* broke through its ludicrous cover of righteousness and owned up to the exploitative forces that drive it on, it would adopt Cockney Rejects as its pets and use them in its TV adverts along side Arthur Mullard.

These LPs emphasise that rock languages are repressive; they do nothing to indicate that music can also open up.

Paul Morley

VARIOUS BRISTOL BANDS The Bristol Recorder (Wavelength Records)

ANY AVID readers of *Thrills* and *Garageland* will know by now that The Bristol Recorder marks something of a departure from the tiring format of the (ahem) regional compilation album. A four-group, 14-track sampler, it is packaged as a magazine. If everything goes as planned, it should become a regular publication — quarterly in fact.

A colleague remarked after hearing it once that the LP is just something to idly half-listen to while burying yourself in the accompanying mag. That's an exaggeration, although it's true enough that the music doesn't quite live up to the promise of the neat packaging and some of the absorbing interview material — good stuff on Tony Benn, Rough Trade, Bristol City FC and the local music scene.

The four groups — Electric Guitars, Circus Circus, The Various Artists and Joe Public — were all recorded live at Carwardines Club in the city during the summer.

Considering the restrictions of such low-budget operations, the sound quality is remarkably good and the bands all reasonably accessible.

The Electric Guitars and Circus Circus play guitar-laden rock that is still a long way from any heavy metal undertones, the former jerky, whacky and slightly muddled, the latter clean and tight.

The Various Artists — currently on the nationwide Fried Egg tour — play reflective, realistic pop in the Costello vein, although it is Joe Public's evocative pop-rock that perhaps has the greatest vision.

Like Bob Last's *earcom* series of a couple of years ago, the Recorder is at least showcasing bands at an early stage in their careers. And just as the bands will need some time to breathe, so it takes any new magazine a couple of issues to find its niche — viz *The Face*.

I'll be looking forward to the bumper Christmas issue of the 'Recorder' due in December. Really, at £2.50 a throw, every city should have one.

Adrian Thrills

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CASIO

WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

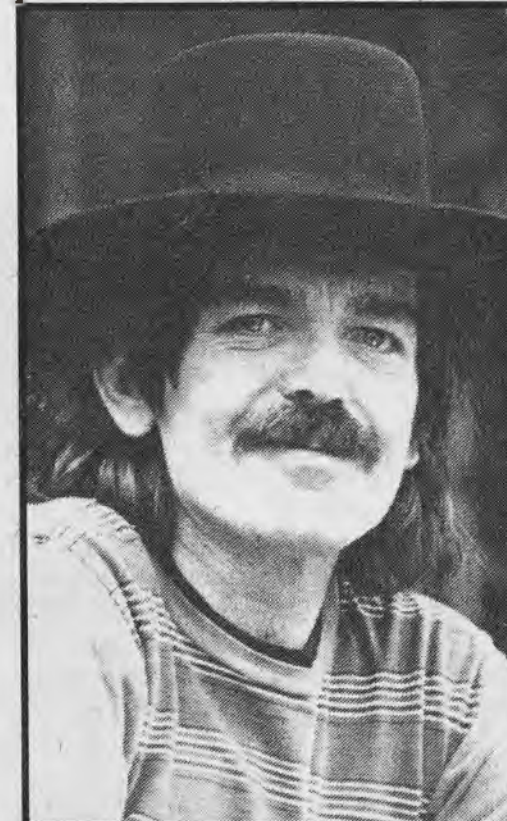
Aylesbury Friars: **Motorhead**
 Basingstoke Sinatra's: **David Marx & The Mix**
 Belfast Jordanstown Polytechnic: **Johnny G**
 Bicester Kinos Head: **Junction 13**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Quads**
 Birmingham Cedar Rooms: **UK Subs**
 Birmingham College of Food: **Andy Lloyd & The Wedge**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
 Birmingham Odeon: **AC/DC**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
 Blackburn Lode Star: **Spider**
 Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **The Odd/The Zanti Misfitz**
 Bletchley Compass Club: **Moonstone**
 Bradford Palm Cove: **Agony Column**
 Brighton Hungry Years: **Loaded Dice**
 Bristol Granary: **The Paykillers**
 Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
 Cardiff Chivas: **Tanzschau**
 Cardiff University: **Andy Pandemonium**
 Chatham Central Hall: **George Shearing Duo**
 Colchester Essex University: **Dangerous Girls**
 Corby Stardust Club: **Johnnie Ray**
 Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
 Coventry Theatre: **The Pretenders**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **The Rialtos**
 Derby Ajanta Cinema: **Bauhaus/Tuxedo Moon**
 Dingley Dell Leon Club: **Frequency Band**
 Dundee Caird Hall: **The Dooleys**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Cadiz**
 Edinburgh Odeon: **Gillan**
 Exeter University: **Various Artists/The Shoes/The Untouchables**
 Feltham The Airman: **Black Market**
 Galway Leisure Centre: **Joe Jackson Band**
 Glasgow Doune Castle: **New Apartment**
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Boxcar Willie/Jean Shepherd**
 Gosport John Peel: **Zena Xerox**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **The Pulsars**
 Guildford Civic Hall: **Rockpile**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **Sore Throat**
 Hull Wellington Club: **Another Pretty Face**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard of Ozz/Budgie**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Weller-Spring Quartet**
 Kingston Three Tuns: **The Works**
 Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **The Cheaters**
 Leamington Royal Spa Centre: **The Chords**
 Leeds Polytechnic: **UB40**
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
 Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **Head-Hunter**
 Liverpool Brady's: **The Cockney Rejects**
 Liverpool Mona Hotel: **The Room**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **Kaspers Engine**
 London Apollo Victoria Theatre: **Ry Cooder**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Associates**
 London Camden Music Machine: **Birthday Party/Mass/In Camera**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Depeche Mode**
 London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Mechanics**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Resistance**
 London Film Co-op (Glooucester Ave., NW1): **Huang Chung/Another Colour**
 London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chas & Dave**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Route 66**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Killing Joke**
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
 London Hampstead Starlight Club: **Safita**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The VIP's**
 London Holborn Blitz Club: **Private Lives**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Midnight & The Lemon Boys**
 London Islington Pied Bull: **The MP's**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Marquee Club: **Atomic Rooster**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The TJ4 Quartet**
 London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Rasses**
 London Putney Half Moon: **O'Malley & Friends**
 London Putney White Lion: **Salt**
 London Richmond Brolley's: **Pinpoint/The Directions/Odd Hits**
 London Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar: **The Dave/The Forn**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Martin Drew Quintet**
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Johnny Storm & Memphis/The Bop Cats**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Blues Band/Nine Below Zero/The Hitmen**
 London Victoria The Venue: **3 Minutes**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour/The Outpatients**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Stray Cats/Idiot Dancers/The Pick-Ups**
 Luton Cotters: **Spring Offensive**
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **Eberhard Weber's Colours**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27/The Au Pairs**
 Manchester UMIST: **Q-Tips**
 Millbourne Port Tapps Club: **Chinatown**
 Newcastle Centre Hotel: **The Revillos**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Chris De Burgh**
 Newcastle Cooperage: **The Sound**

Newcastle-under-Lyme El Syd's: **The Platinum Needles**
 Newport ISCA: **The D.S.**
 Norwich Cromwell's: **The Dance Band**
 Nottingham Ad-Lib Club: **Inner City Unit/Nick Turner & The Frogs**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
 Paisley Bungalow: **The Spies**
 Port Talbot Troubadour: **After The Fire**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Scorpions**
 Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The 45's**
 Rickmansworth Watersmeet Civic Centre: **Simple Minds**
 Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **B Troop**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **Sub Zero**
 Shrewsbury Music Hall: **The Naked Housewives**
 Southend Scamps: **The Accidents**
 Southport Floral Hall: **Rockin Horse**
 Southport Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
 South Shields The Commando: **The D.C. 10's**
 St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Darts**
 Torquay 400 Ballroom: **Altered Images**
 Willenhall Cavalcade: **Switch 7**
 Windsor Christopher Hotel: **The Spoilers**

FRIDAY

Basingstoke Magnums: **Panther 45**
 Bath Moles Club: **Metro Glider**
 Bath University: **Weapon Of Peace**
 Birmingham Aston University: **Q-Tips**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys/Otto's Bazaar**
 Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **The Androids Of Mu**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Simple Minds**
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Cockney Rejects**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Afrikan Star**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
 Bognor Sussex Hotel: **Chinatown**
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 Brighton Stanford Arms: **Ijax Allstars**
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 Hailsham Crown Hotel: **God's Toys/Ram-page**
 Halifax Civic Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Motorhead**
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Linton Kwesi Johnson**
 Hull College: **John Martyn**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
 Kinghorn Kunzie Nuick: **The Cheaters**
 Lancaster University: **The Paykillers**
 Leeds Gate Hotel: **Belladonna**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
 Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **The Amber Squad**
 Leicester Polytechnic: **The Broadway Brats**
 Liverpool Brady's: **The Soft Boys**
 Liverpool Christ College: **Kicks**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
 Liverpool University: **Eberhard Weber's Colours**
 London Apollo Victoria Theatre: **Ry Cooder**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Sussex/The A.T.'s**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **No Dice/Sunfighter**
 London Chiswick John Bull: **The Spoilers**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Paul Thane Band/FX**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Mechanics/The Small Hours**
 London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Kraze**
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chas & Dave**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Chris Hunt's Cable Car**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
 London Hackney Chats Palace: **Thompson Twins/Local Heroes/Normil Hawaiians**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Killing Joke**
 London Hampstead Starlight Club: **No Mean Feet**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Metro/Plastic Idols**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Sore Throat**
 London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **The Associates**
 London Marquee Club: **Atomic Rooster**
 London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**

THE JAM open their eagerly awaited autumn tour in Sheffield on Sunday, followed by Newcastle on Monday and Tuesday. Support act is **The Piranhas**, and there are plenty more gigs to follow in subsequent weeks.



CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & His Magic Band are undertaking their first UK tour for five years, starting at Cardiff (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). Special guests are **The Comsat Angels**.



RY COODER starts his latest concert series with four nights at London Apollo (Thursday to Sunday), all of which are already sold out. Then he travels to Birmingham (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday). Among other major tours opening this week are **GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS**, who kick off in Newcastle on Friday; **B.A. ROBERTSON**, who sets out in Elstree on Monday; and **ELKIE BROOKS** and **BARBARA DICKSON**, who both begin their jaunts on Tuesday, at Sunderland and Southport respectively.

London North East Polytechnic: **The Planets**
 London Northwick Park Hospital Social Centre: **The Naturals**
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Blue Roseland Orchestra**
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **Five Or Six/Guy Jackson/Then It Rained**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Dick Wellstood**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
 London Strand King's College: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
 London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Rhythm Squad**
 London Trent Park Middlesex Polytechnic: **Seven Year Itch**
 London Twickenham Winning Post: **Noel Murphy Band**
 London University Union: **Various Artists/The Shoes/Electric Guitars**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ojah**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Merger**
 London Wembley Conference Centre: **Jasper Carrott (for five days)**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tuxedo Moon/The Sound/Device**
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Night Visitors**
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Loudon Wainwright III**
 Manchester Mayflower: **Whipps**
 Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **Loaded Dice**
 Manchester University: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Spider**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **Rockpile**
 Oldham Lancashire Vault: **F104**
 Paignton Festival Theatre: **Darts**
 Paisley Bungalow: **The Minutes**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Shadows**
 Retford Porterhouse: **UK Subs**
 Rochdale College: **New Accident On The East Lanes/The Franksters**
 Scarborough Taboo: **The Mo-dettes**
 Scunthorpe Civic Theatre: **Limelight/Still Earth**
 Sheffield University: **Eric Blake**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **Rough Mix**
 Southend Zero 6: **Mirage**
 Southport Theatre: **The Crusaders/Randy Crawford**
 Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Teardrop Explodes/The Thompson Twins**
 Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **The Frames**
 Walsall (Aldridge) Killock Centre: **U.X.B.**
 Windsor Christopher Hotel: **Travelling Shoes**
 Yeovil College: **Thieves Like Us**
 York University: **The Rasses**

SATURDAY

Ashford William Harvey Hospital: **The Pulsars**
 Aylesbury Friars: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
 Baldock The Victoria: **Scarlet O'Hara**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Fall/Rockers**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Cast**
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Denizens**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Atomic Rooster**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Kicks**
 Blackpool Opera House: **Billy Connolly**
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Shadows**
 Bradford University: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
 Brighton Basement Club: **The Associates**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Jacques Loussier Group**
 Bristol Dockland Settlement: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
 Bristol Giant Gorum, Lawrence Weston: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
 Bristol St. Mathias College: **The Paykillers**
 Bungay Kings Head: **The Stingrays**
 Burton Allied Breweries Club: **Johnnie Ray**
 Cambridge Downing College: **The Tapes**
 Cambridge Great Northern: **Mad Chateaux**
 Canterbury Kent University: **The Frames**
 Cardiff University: **Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band/The Comsat Angels**
 Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Whipps**
 Chelmsford St. Michael's School Hall: **Thin Ice**
 Chesterfield Boythorpe Inn: **Saracen**
 Colchester Essex University: **John Martyn**
 Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Zorkie Twins**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Spider**
 Coventry Warwick University: **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour**
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **UK Subs**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Earl Okin**
 Derby Ajanta Cinema: **The Cockney Rejects**
 Doncaster Rotters: **Caravan**
 Dundee Caird Hall: **Gillan**
 Dunfermline Northern Roadhouse: **The Significant Zeros**
 Durham University: **The Mo-dettes**
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **George Shearing Duo**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Revillos**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **UB40**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Dooleys**
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Inmates/The Deaf Aids**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **Chinatown**
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Disruptive Patterns**
 Huddersfield International Club: **The Rasses**
 Hull Wellington Club: **Head-Hunter**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Eberhard Weber's Colours**
 Leeds Barracuda Youth Club: **Shake Appeal**
 Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Grace**
 Leeds Pack Horse: **Twisted Nerve**
 Leicester University: **The Chords**
 Liverpool College of Higher Education: **The Enid**
 Liverpool Brady's: **Bauhaus**
 London Apollo Victoria Theatre: **Ry Cooder**

London Camden Dingwalls: **The Volunteers/Zich**
 London Camden Music Machine: **The Dance Band/Mistress**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chas & Dave/Direct Line**
 London Chiswick John Bull: **Jackie Chal-liner Band**
 London City University: **Johnny Mars' Seventh Sun**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Huang Chung/The Phones**
 London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Jabula/Oshama**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lyn-ton's H-D Band**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Darryl Way Band**
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
 London Hampstead Starlight Club: **Double Vision**
 London Hendon Football Club: **Manipulator/Phil Inn Band**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Talk/Tranzister**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Soft Boys**
 London Kensington Ark-Ent: **The Sharon Tate/Action Men**
 London Leicester-Square French Youth Centre: **The Passions/TV Personalities/The Delmonts**
 London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Boxcar Willie/Jean Shepherd**
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Oral Exciters**
 London Marquee Club: **Javelin**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Roberto Cam-poverde's Cayenne**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Vin Garbutt**
 London Rotherhithe Waterside Theatre: **Seven Year Itch**
 London Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar: **The Taps**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **George Mas-so/Ray Swinfield Quartet**
 London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Papers**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ojah**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Climax Blues Band**
 London Waltham Forest North-East Polytechnic: **Brandywine Bridge**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Directions/The Dave**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Nine Below Zero**
 London W.1 Rock Store (Dean Street): **The Sirens**
 Loughborough University: **Rockpile**
 Luton Baron of Beef: **Junction 13**
 Luton Blowins: **The Beez**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **AC/DC**
 Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Loaded Dice**
 Manchester Portland Bars: **The Gammer Band**
 Manchester The Squat: **Durutti Col-umn/The Renegades/Massagana**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Flat-backers**
 Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms: **Moon-stone**
 Newcastle The Delby: **Androids Of Mu**
 Northampton County Ground: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
 Nottingham University: **Darts**
 Oldham Lancashire Vault: **Rockin Horse**
 Paisley Bungalow: **Malpractice (lunchtime)/The Cheaters (evening)**
 Reading Target Club: **Dangerous Drops**
 Reading University: **The Teardrop Explodes/The Thompson Twins**
 Sheffield University: **The Enid**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Accelerators**
 Southampton University: **After The Fire**
 Southport Theatre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
 St. Albans City Hall: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
 Stanley Kings Head: **Prefab Sprout**
 St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
 Swansea University: **Andy Pandemonium**
 Torquay 400 Ballroom: **Weapon Of Peace**
 Warwick Red Lion: **The MP's**
 Weymouth Cellar Vino: **Thieves Like Us**
 Widemouth Manor Hotel: **Metro Glider**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
 Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The A.T.'s**
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Various Artists/The Untouchables**
 Wombwell The Re-Form: **B Troop**

SUNDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Loudon Wainwright III**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
 Blackburn King George's Hall: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
 Bolton Swan Hotel: **The Androids Of Mu**
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Joe Jack-son Band/The Keys**
 Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
 Bradford Palm Cove: **Jed's Blues Band**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **Motorhead**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band/The Comsat Angels**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Canterbury Odeon: **John Martyn**
 Cardiff Top Rank: **UK Subs**
 Carlisle Market Hall: **Gillan**
 Chichester College: **The Fools**
 Chorley Joiners Arms: **Spider**
 Coventry Theatre: **The Crusaders/Randy Crawford**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Darts**
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **The Shadows**
 Edinburgh Harvey's: **The Liberators**
 Edinburgh Valentino's: **The Mo-dettes**
 Glasgow Gigs: **Mafia**
 Glasgow Tiffany's: **UB40**

CONTINUES OVER...

MORE GIG GUIDE

Gosport John Peel: **Dangerous Girls**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour/4a.m.**
Horden Bell Hotel: **Monoconics**
Huddersfield Town Hall: **The Spinners**
Irvine Magnum Centre: **The Dooleys**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Medusa**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Acker Bilk Band**
Kirkclevington Country Club: **The Innmates/The Deaf Aids**
Leeds Brannigan's: **The Cockney Rejects**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Flatbackers**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dale Hargreaves' Flamingos**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Dovecot Hotel: **Stun The Guards**
London Acton Kings Head: **Brian Brain-Riff Raff**
London Apollo Victoria Theatre: **Ry Cooder**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Little Roosters**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Kim Lesley & The Sportons**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Ruise**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Trimmer & Jenkins/Guy Jackson**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Rest/The Bang Gang/The Combination**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Pete Barden's Mole**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Works**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Moontier**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun/Paul Goodman**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Patrik Fitzgerald Group**
London Marquee Club: **The Associates**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Phoenix 4**
London Palladium: **The Four Tops**
London Richmond Broileys: **Metal Mirror**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Simple Minds/Wasted Youth/Martian Dance/Flowers/Music For Pleasure**
London Victoria The Venue: **Split Rivitt**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blackmarket/Rok a Gee**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Brownsville Banned**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Kathy Stobart Quartet**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **AC/DC**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Mud Hatters/Dislocation Dance**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Two-Tone-Pinks**
Market Harborough Kibworth Lodge: **Exit 21**
New Brighton Floral Pavilion: **Silly Wizard**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Theatre Royal: **Bauhaus**
Norwich Cottage Tavern: **The Stingrays**
Norwich Hearty Good Fellow: **Manitou**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **Small Print /Action Men**
Paisley Bungalow: **Restricted Code**
Pontefract Blackmore Head: **B Troop**
Poole Arts Centre: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Boxcar Willie/Jean Shepherd**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Earl Okin**
Tedcar Coatham Bowl: **Atomic Rooster**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Jam/The Piranhas**
Southend Railway Hotel: **Stan Arnold**
Southend United Football Ground: **Hot-shots Blues Band**
Telford The Ironmaster: **British Steel**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Weapon Of Peace**
Worthing Assembly Rooms: **After The Fire**

MONDAY

Bath Pavilion: **UK Subs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Briton / Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Odeon: **Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band / The Comsat Angels**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Scarab**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **The 45's**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Soft Boys / Knox / The Method Actors**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Shadows**
Bristol Locarno: **The Blues Band**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Teardrop Explodes / The Thompson Twins**
Cottingham Civic Hall: **Head-Hunter**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Monochrome Set**
Edinburgh Calton Studios: **FK9**
Elstree Borehamwood Civic Hall: **B. A. Robertson / The Expressos**
Grimsby Pistle & Mortar: **Whipps**
Hull City Hall: **Gillan**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds University: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Leicester De Montford Hall: **Darts**
Liverpool Rotters: **Simple Minds**
London Apollo Victoria Theatre: **The Crusaders / Randy Crawford**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Toys / The Messengers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Monsters / Devotion**
London Central Polytechnic: **Various Artists / The Shoes / The Untouchables**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Shadowfax / The Evidence**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Nice Men / Malchix**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Red Hot In Alex**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**
London Fulham The Cock: **Odd Number 7**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Scorpions**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Joe Jackson Band / The Rassess / The Keys**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Dick Wellstood (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Quintet**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Putney The Railway: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Les Apaches / Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Combination**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Night-birds**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Katy Heath**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Hiatt / The Volunteers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Long Tall Shorty / The Vandells**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Billies Club: **Blah-Blah-Blah**
London W.1 Gillyray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **The Accidents**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Real To Real**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Motorhead**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Jam / The Piranhas**
Nottingham Commodore Suite: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Playhouse Bar: **Action Men**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Sheena Easton / Dennis Waterman / Gerard Kenny**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Broadway Brats**
Paisley Bungalow: **The Mo-dettes / Fine Lines**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
Sheffield City Hall: **AC/DC**



THE BUZZCOCKS begin Phase One of their three-part "tour by instalments" when they play Sheffield on Wednesday.

Stafford Malt & Hops: **Firing Squad**
Walsall Forest Comprehensive School: **Doctor Max**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Moonstone**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Weapon Of Peace**
Wraysbury The Feathers: **The Attendants**
York The Forge: **The Revillos**

TUESDAY

Aylesbury Civic Centre: **George Shearing Duo**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Grace**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brjujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Sheena Easton/Dennis Waterman/Gerard Kenny**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Patchwork**
Bradford Scamps: **Whipps**
Bradford St George's Hall: **UK Subs**
Brighton Basement Club: **Wah! Heat**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Stan Arnold Combo**
Bristol The Berkeley: **The Chords**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Rockin Horse**
Cardiff Great Western: **The Frames**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Q-Tips**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Eky & The Steamers**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Boxcar Willie-Jean Shepherd**
Dundee University: **Scrotum Poles**
Durham University: **The Revillos**
Exeter University: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Beltane**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Librators**
Guildford Surrey University: **Various Artists/The Shoes/The Untouchables**
Hensworth Cedars Youth Club: **Shake Appeal**
Keighley Kings Head: **Agony Column**
Leicester Luca Centre: **The Newmatics**
Leicester Scamps: **The Androids Of Mu**
Leicester University: **The Teardrop Explodes/The Thompson Twins**
Lichfield Guildhall: **Denizens**
Liverpool Rotters: **Motion Pictures**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Stun The Guards**
London Camberwell St. Gabriel's: **Shadowfax**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pirates**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Strangers In The Night/Bongo Express/Self Control**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Tagus**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Ice/The Set**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Sound/Jimmy Nipper 5**
London Dartford Thames Polytechnic: **Fool**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Cooper S**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Rhythm Squad**

London Fulham The Cock: **The Lawn-mowers**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **Bad Publicity**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Scorpions**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Joe Jackson Band/The Rassess/The Keys**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Furniture/Orson Blake**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
London Marquee Club: **The Upset**
London Musicians Collective (Gloucester Ave., NW1): **Treatment**
London N4 The Stapleton: **The Klones**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The City Gents**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Le Change/The Locators**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Local Heroes/Idiot Dancers**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Rockpile/The Polecats**
London Stratford Green Man: **Diz & The Doormen**
London University College: **The Combination**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hank Wangford Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Decorators/Eric Random-Ludus/The Diagram Brothers**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **The Beez**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Motorhead**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Manchester Rotters: **Simple Minds**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Jam/The Piranhas**
Northampton Spinney Hill Hall: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Angels**
Norwich The Jaquard: **Frequency Band**
Nottingham Boat Club: **The Associates**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Hollow City Rhythm Circus**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Innmates/The Deaf Aids**
Oxford Scamps: **The Monochrome Set**
Plymouth Guildhall: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
Portsmouth Mecca: **Chinatown**
Sheffield City Hall: **AC/DC**
Southport Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Elkie Brooks/Richard Digance**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Walsall Memorial Hall: **Johnnie Ray**

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dansette Damage**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Night-work**
Birmingham Odeon: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford University: **The Innmates / The Deaf Aids**
Brighton Sussex University: **Q-Tips**
Bristol The Berkeley: **The Monochrome Set**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Zodiac Club: **Action Men**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **The Razz**
Croydon Star Club: **Kicks**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basil's Ballsup Band**
Derby Blue Note: **The Associates**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **H20**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Jam / The Piranhas**
Gloucester Roundabout: **The Chords**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **B.A. Robertson / The Expressos**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **AC/DC**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Dangerous Girls**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Twisted Nerve**
Keele University: **Simple Minds**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Oxym**
Leeds University: **John Martyn**
Leicester Scamps: **Manitou**
Liverpool Gatsby's: **The Mo-dettes / The Cherry Boys**
Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: **Boxcar Willie / Jean Shepherd**
Liverpool Rotters: **Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band / The Comsat Angels**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Klones / Idiot Dancers**
London Camden Music Machine: **Spider**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Electric Eels**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Toys / Le Change**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Eric Random / Ludus / The Decorators**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Modern Jazz**
London Fulham The Cock: **M.G.A. Band**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Revillos**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Julie Amiet & Friends**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Testaments / The The**
London School Of Economics: **Rockpile**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kai Winding — Don Lusher Quintet**
London Stratford Green Man: **C Sharps**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chubby Checker**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Cuddly Toys / Treatment**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **BIM**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Joe Brown & The Bruvvers**
Maidstone College: **Nuthin Fancy**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ry Cooder**
Manchester Beach Club: **Tuxedo Moon**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Erogenous Zones**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz / Budgie**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elkie Brooks / Richard Digance**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Motorhead**
Newcastle The Coopers: **Sabrejets**
Northampton Sunnyside Club: **Johnnie Ray**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Paisley Bungalow: **The Flowers**
Poole Wessex Hall: **Sheena Easton / Dennis Waterman / Gerard Kenny**
Preston Warehouse: **UK Subs**
Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: **Macro Band**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Buzzcocks**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Blues Band**
Shepton Mallet The Centre: **Talon**
Southampton University: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
Southport Theatre: **The Shadows**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swansea Top Rank: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
Swinton Towpath Inn: **The Munroes**
Taunton Odeon: **Hawkwind / Vardis**

THIS WEEK'S TOUR NEWS ROUND-UP



THE ASSOCIATES have gigs at London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (tomorrow, Friday), Brighton Basement Club (Saturday), London Marquee (this Sunday, November 2 and 9), Nottingham Boat Club (October 28), Derby Blue Note (29), Leeds Fan Club (30), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (31), London Warham Forest N-E Polytechnic (November 1), Farnham West Surrey College (6), Salisbury Technical College (7), Coventry Warwick University (8), King's Lynn College of Art (10) and Sheffield Limit (11). They then support Captain Beefheart at London Victoria The Venue (12 and 14) and Guildford Civic Hall (13).

THE NOLANS are going out on a nationwide concert tour — now, hasn't that made the day for you? They play London Lewisham Concert Hall (November 15), Cardiff New Theatre (16), Portsmouth Guildhall (17), Reading Hexagon (18), Bristol Hippodrome (20), Paignton Festival Theatre (21), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (22), Gloucester Leisure Centre (25), Poole Wessex Hall (27), Brighton Dome (28), London Wembley Conference Centre (30), Birmingham Odeon (December 1), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (2), Blackburn King George's Hall (3), Sunderland Empire (5), Edinburgh Playhouse (6) and Glasgow Kings Theatre (7). Their new album 'Making Waves' is out this week on Epic.

CAPITAL LETTERS, the Midlands reggae band just back from an extensive European tour, are playing three benefit concerts in support of the Legalise Cannabis Campaign — at Colchester Essex University (October 30), Swansea University (November 1) and London W.10 Acklam Hall (6). More dates are being finalised. SAMSON have been booked to support Uriah Heep on their extensive UK autumn tour which, as reported last week, runs from November 5 to December 3. Prior to this, Samson headline a heavy metal night at London Camden Music Machine on November 1, also featuring three other bands — including Praying Mantis — and hosted by Tommy Vance (admission £2.50).

SAXON, who begin their previously reported 30-date tour in four weeks' time, have added one show and subtracted another. The new gig is a second night at Sheffield City Hall on November 28, but Gloucester Leisure Centre on December 18 is now cancelled.

BUDGIE have added seven dates to their own headlining tour, which aids promotion of their new album 'Power Supply'. They are Slough College (November 7), Worthington Down Under Club (12), Ayr Pavilion (19), Edinburgh Tiffany's (20), Durham University (22), Tunbridge Wells Mid-Kent College (December 16) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20).

ERIC BLAKE interrupt recording sessions for their new Carrere single, due in mid-November, to headline at Canterbury Kent University on November 14. They're also busy rehearsing for a nationwide tour in December, details to follow.

THE BROUGHTONS are back with a string of London gigs at Herne Hill Half Moon (November 1), Covent Garden Rock Garden (6), Chiswick John Bull (7), Kingston Three Tuns (8) and Fulham Golden Lion (9). These tie in with the release this week of their single 'Ancient Homeland' on the Songwriters Workshop label, with two tracks on the B-side — 'Do You Wanna Be Immortal' and 'The Last Electioneer'. Dates are now being lined up for a full UK tour, and they'll have an album out early in the New Year.

THE POLECATS, the fast-rising London rockabilly band, have taken over as support act on the current UK tour by Rockpile. They replace American outfit Gary Myrick And The Figures, who have been withdrawn after what Rockpile's manager Jake Riviera alleges to be "unethical business practices" by their record company.

ENDGAMES (from Scotland) and THE FIX (from London) are both appearing at London Clapham 101 Club, on November 2 and October 28 respectively, and their gigs will be recorded for inclusion on the compilation album 'Live Letters' to be issued by 101 Records in January — free tickets are available in both cases by phoning (01) 221 2441 or 2448. Endgames also have London gigs at Covent Garden Rock Garden (November 1) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (3). And The Fix have further London dates at Herne Hill Half Moon (this Friday and November 8), the Rock Garden (November 11), the 101 Club (20) and Kensington Imperial College (21).

VICTIMS OF PLEASURE, the new band featuring Virginia Astley on vocoder and synthesiser, make themselves known to London gig-goers at Covent Garden Blitz (October 27), Kingston Three Tuns (November 2), Clapham 101 Club (3), Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett (4), Maunkberry's, W.1 (5), Forest Road N-E Polytechnic (6), University College (7), Hampstead Starlight Club (8), Canning Town Bridge House (10) and Fulham Golden Lion (11). Their three-track debut EP is issued on their own P.A.M. Records label this weekend, including a brief vocal spot by Phil Daniels.

KEVIN COYNE makes his only London appearances this year at London Fulham Greyhound on November 6 and 7, as part of a six-day season of special benefit gigs being staged at that venue. They're in aid of Shelter's project 'Home Base', which aims to provide care for young people who've just left institutions. Other acts involved in the season are The Fabulous Poodles and Famous Names (3), Ronnie Lane Band and The In Touch (5), Misty and Unity (8) and The Spectres and Modern Jazz (9).

JOHN WILLIAMS, now an integral party of Sky, makes a rare solo appearance at London's Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on November 22. He's guesting in a concert for the Chilean Solidarity Campaign, starring noted Chilean group Inti Illimani, who also play other gigs for the same cause at Leeds Town Hall with Frankie Armstrong guesting (November 21) and Sheffield City Polytechnic (23).

SWEET SENSATION play London W.1 Gulliver's (October 29), Warwick Domino's (30), Worksop Duker's (November 1), Stockton Bennett's (5), Basingstoke Sinatra's (15), Middlesbrough Grangetown Club (18), Norwich Tudor Hall (20) and Manchester Valentino's (21 and 22).



SPLIT RIVITT, who've just finished supporting Dr Feelgood on their world tour, play their own dates at London City Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), London Victoria The Venue (this Sunday), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (October 29), Burton 76 Club (31), Dudley J.B.'s (November 1), Slough College (8), London Camden Dingwalls (15) and Norwich Cromwells (27). Their debut album, now nearing completion, is scheduled for release during the winter.

THE FABULOUS POODLES have gigs at Swindon Brunel Rooms (October 28), London School of Economics (November 8), Leeds Florde Green (15 and 16), London Fulham Greyhound (20), Sheffield Medical School (21) and Bath University (22). And tomorrow (Friday) lunchtime they'll be playing their new single 'Stompin' With The Cat' (on the Blueprint label) live at London's Virgin Megastore in Oxford Street.

PATRIK FITZGERALD GROUP — now a permanent unit featuring Colin Peacock (keyboards and guitar), Lester Broad (wind instruments) and Fitzgerald (vocal and guitar) — play London gigs at Chelsea College (tomorrow, Friday) and Islington Hope & Anchor (this Sunday), prior to a week's residency in Paris. Their record company Final Solution has announced that they'll also be supporting Roy Harper in a November UK tour, but EMI deny this — Harper will be touring next month, they say, but not with Fitzgerald.

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23 Blues Band	4 Son of Stiff	21 Otis Rush Blues Band
23, 24 Killing Joke	5 Cheap Trick	21, 22, 23 Aretha Franklin
26 Ozzy Osborne	6, 7 Elkie Brooks	22 John Williams
26 Four Tops	6, 7, 8, Paul Simon	23 Adam & The Ants
26 Simple Minds/Wasted Youth	8, 9 Kool & The Gang	26, 27, 28, 29 Motorhead
27 Crusaders	8, 9, 10 Robert Palmer	27 Japan
27, 28 Joe Jackson	9, 10 Be 2	27 Dooleys
27, 28 Scorpions	10, 11, 12 AC/DC	30 Roches
30 Ry Cooder	10 Tangerine Dream	30 Killing Joke
31 Gladys Knight & The Pips	11 Monochrome Set	
	11 Ralph McTell	
NOVEMBER	13 Orchestral Manoeuvres	DECEMBER
1 The Shadows	13, 14 Weather Report	3 Uriah Heep
2 John Martyn	15 Triumph	7 Girlschool
2 Buzzcocks	16 The Teardrop Explodes	14/16 Yes
2 Rockpile	16 Loudon Wainwright	15, 16 Undertones
2 Shona Easton	17 Sad Cafe	19 Saxon
2, 3 Hawkwind	20 Bill Haley/Matchbox	22, 23 Dire Straits
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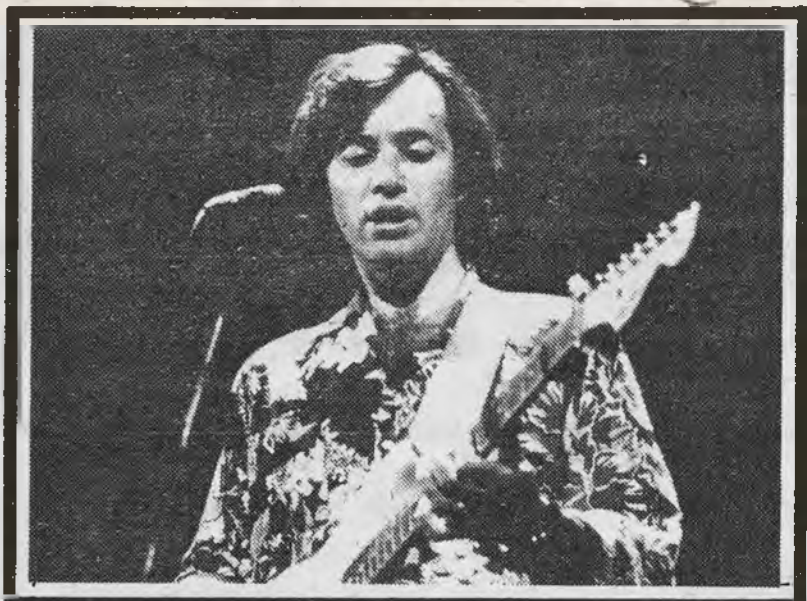
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7.00 till 12.00

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FULHAM PALACE ROAD

MODERN JAZZ | **THE TALK**

Wednesday 29th October 75p

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Compact Autumn Tour

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+ WASTERS

SUN 26th OCT — THE VENUE, VICTORIA

WED 29th OCT — WOLVERHAMPTON POLY

FRI 31st OCT — 76 CLUB, BURTON

SAT 1st NOV — JB'S DUDLEY

SAT 8th NOV — SLOUGH COLLEGE

SAT 15th NOV — DINGWALLS

THURS 27th NOV — CROMWELLS, NORWICH

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£2

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+ THE CITIZENS

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Thursday 23rd October

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MERGER

+ support

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CLIMAX BLUES BAND

+ White Heat

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SPLIT RIVITT + support

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JOHN HIATT

+ The Volunteers

Tuesday 28th October

JOE SUN

+ special guest

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TOM PAXTON

+ support

Thursday 30th October

CHRIS HILL

£2.00, before 11.00pm

Friday 31st October

THE STEP + The Vandells

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+ The A.K. Band

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THE A.T.'S + support

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+ Seven Year Itch

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& Wednesday 5th November

JOE COCKER

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CHRIS HILL

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Friday 7th November

CIMARRONS + support

Saturday 8th November

THE INMATES + Deaf Aids

Coming Soon

Wednesday 12th November & Friday 14th

November

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

plus special guests The Associates

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standard. *wrote SOUNDS. Recommended.

DOUBLE BILL!

MECHANICS PLUS

SMALL HOURS

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to the wall single, achieved more than stat-
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injected R&B and popper interludes" said NME

GEORGIE FAME

SAT 25th. Blue beat & ska rub shoulders with
Mose Allison jazz and coffee commercial
riffs. Highly recommended.

SUN 26th. THE REST - THE BANGGANG

MON 27th. THE NICE MEN + MALCHUK

THE SOUND

TUE 28th. SOUNDS single of the week!!

DECORATORS + LUDUS + ERIC RANDAM

WED 29th. NEW HORMONES RECORD NITE

CRAWLING CHAOS

THU 30th

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CLARENDON HOTEL
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This Thurs 23rd & Fri 24th

KILLING JOKE

+ 2 supports

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BIRTHDAY PARTY

IN CAMERA

MASS

£1.75 Adv. Late bar. £2.00 Door

Friday 31st October

Stevos Electro Tunes

FAD GADGET

B-MOVIE

NAKED LUNCH

LAST DANCE

£2.00 adv. £2.50 Door

Adv. Tickets from Rough Trade, Ticket
Machine Premier, LTB, Beggars Banquet
(Earls Court + Ealing) & Honky Tonk.

THIS IS THE LIVE PAGE

CAROLINE Roadshow

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"REMAIN IN LIGHT"

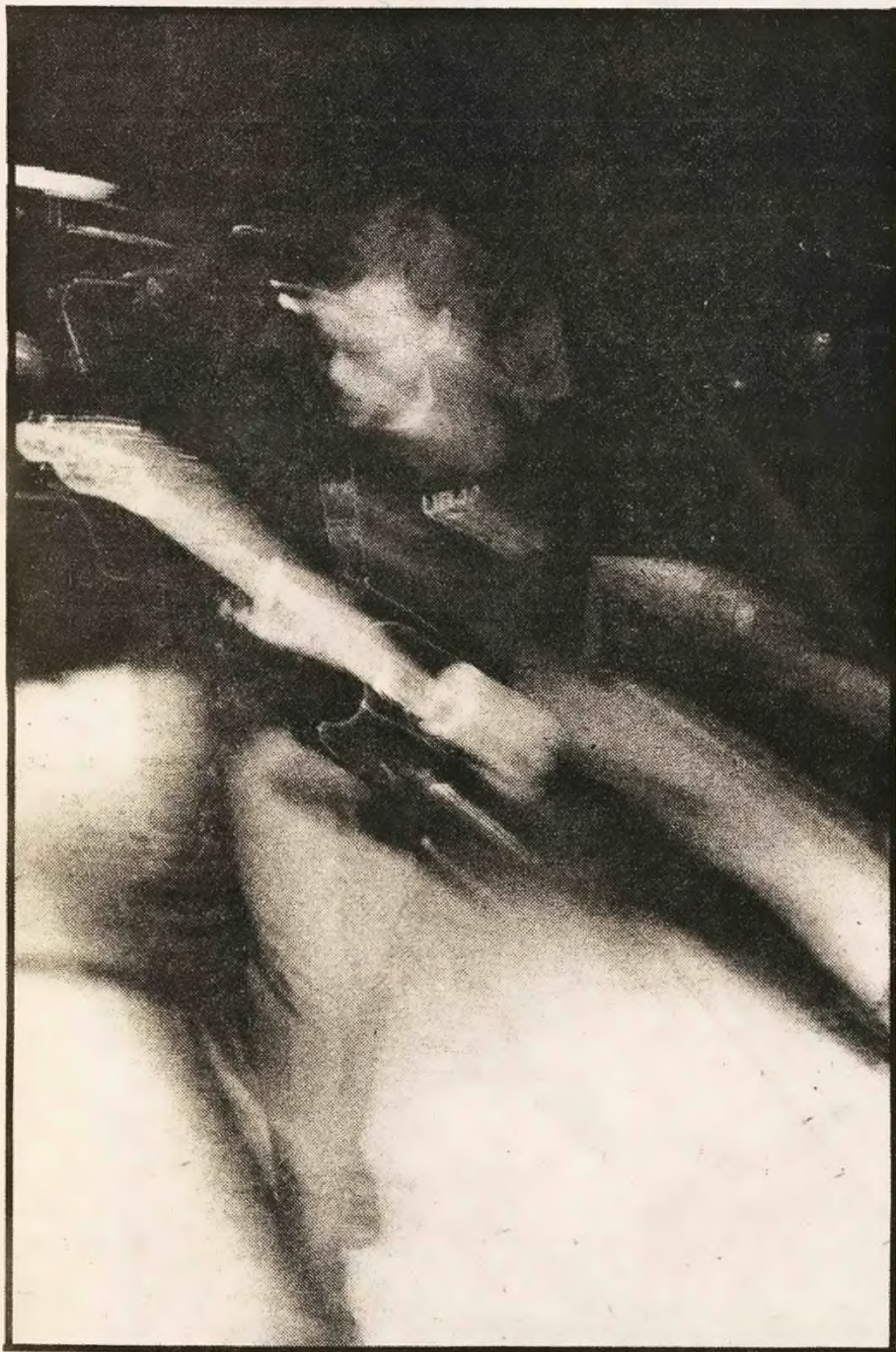
A NEW TALKING HEADS ALBUM

LIVE!

Ranking Roger. Pic Laure Levine.



LET'S HAVE A POLITICAL PARTY



Ali Campbell. Pic Bryn Jones.

The Beat

New York

THE 2-TONE link of fashion and music never meant much in America. A few 2-Tone clones turned up at the first Specials gigs here, but that's just a memory. So at the Ritz, packed out on a Thursday night for The Beat, there isn't a porkpie hat or rudeboy suit in sight. But unlike on previous forays into this cavernous converted ballroom, the audience knows who's playing and what they are there for.

The Beat play music to provoke thought and celebration. They don't suggest we forget our troubles and dance. They encourage us to remember our troubles and dance anyway. Their entertainment is conscious, eyes open and alert. The sound is so rhythmic and smooth it has to be soothing. But it has its sights set on higher goals; it can provoke and inspire as well.

And from the first note the room was shaking with wall-to-wall dancing, lit with the smiles of the happiest faces I've seen at a gig for some time. You could sense people thinking, too; cocking an ear to the lyrics as they shook their bodies. The specific political references of a song like 'Two Swords' — which concerns Nazis and people fighting each other — may not mean much here, but the words and the way Dave Wakeling sings them create an empathy that goes beyond the beat. Lots of people were also mouthing the words to 'Stand Down Margaret'. Of course the message translates: America has plenty of Margaret Thatchers of its own.

Cross-cultural dance patterns for the politically aware partygoer — too pat? If this stance was contrived then it would be contemptuous, but with The Beat, that's not at all the way it looks or feels. So we worked up a sweat, had fun *and* thought about things like vanity, jealousy, racism and repression. And we never had to worry that we might be getting suckered into anything. What a relief.

The Beat have been doing a lot of road work, and they played with well-drilled precision and group coherence, but with enthusiasm bursting

at the seams. Saxa is a true gem, droll, unassuming, but he always plays the right thing on his sax. Wakeling mixes aggression and good humour. Ranking Roger is a star: cheery, and good-timey but never excessive. He can come on like a comedian or like one mean toaster. He can be sexy and winning.

They open with a new song called 'Pussy Price', the subject of which I'll leave to the imagination. Throughout the set there is a generous sprinkling of new material, all of which sounds strong, in the established Beat mode. Another new one is called 'Psychedelic Rocker'. Roger toasts at the mike, his voice heavily echoed — "*Psychedelic rocker, tune in,*" he skanks a little and smiles broadly. You'd think it was just what we didn't need — a band perceived as part of one trend saluting another trend; but the silliness works.

They charge towards a "big finish" of best loved songs — 'Tears Of A Clown', 'Mirror In The Bathroom', 'Ranking Full Stop'. The Beat are an engine now, fine-tuned and picking up steam. The crowd reacts but they are not just wheels to be spun. Roger's smile, Wakeling's sincerity, Saxa's detached expertise, all seem generous, open and inviting. The people I see around me seem to feel a part of what's going on, participants in the creation of an atmosphere.

Such communal good feeling probably means nothing in the long run. After The Beat were done, everyone drank up, danced some more and went home, their lives of course basically unchanged. But something about the way The Beat go about creating their soundtrack for this partying suggested an attempt at involvement rather than distance, and that's a noble effort.

In America, where Jamaican music is still an exotic taste, The Beat also fill an educational function, accustoming many ears to respond to a new rhythm. They will need to start breaking out of their Jamaican-derived style eventually, for their own growth. But here, where the "ska revival" was always more of a rumour than a trend, that need can be gauged by artistic considerations rather than the dictates of fashion.

"It's nice to see people dancing," Roger told the audience by way of a thank you. It was a refreshing night for me. Must have been one for The Beat as well.

Richard Grabel

UB40

Belfast

THIS TOWN ain't ever seen anything like UB40 and the signs are that it's something that should be welcomed back again with open arms. For an

audience totally unaccustomed to live reggae this was a suitably joyous introduction.

"Reggae music to rock the soul," promised dreadlocked toaster Astro at the beginning of the set; and the band seldom flinched from the task.

Following a slightly patchy debut album with failings in the production and technique, their in-person performance smacks of power and depth, and lasting well over an hour, it's good value, contagious rebel dance music. The eight figures onstage who've drawn

from various sections of Birmingham's multi-racial melting pot, provide the gang-like catalyst similar to Madness, Dexy's and the Specials which encourages the entire audience to get up and swing their thang.

'Reefer Madness' is as good

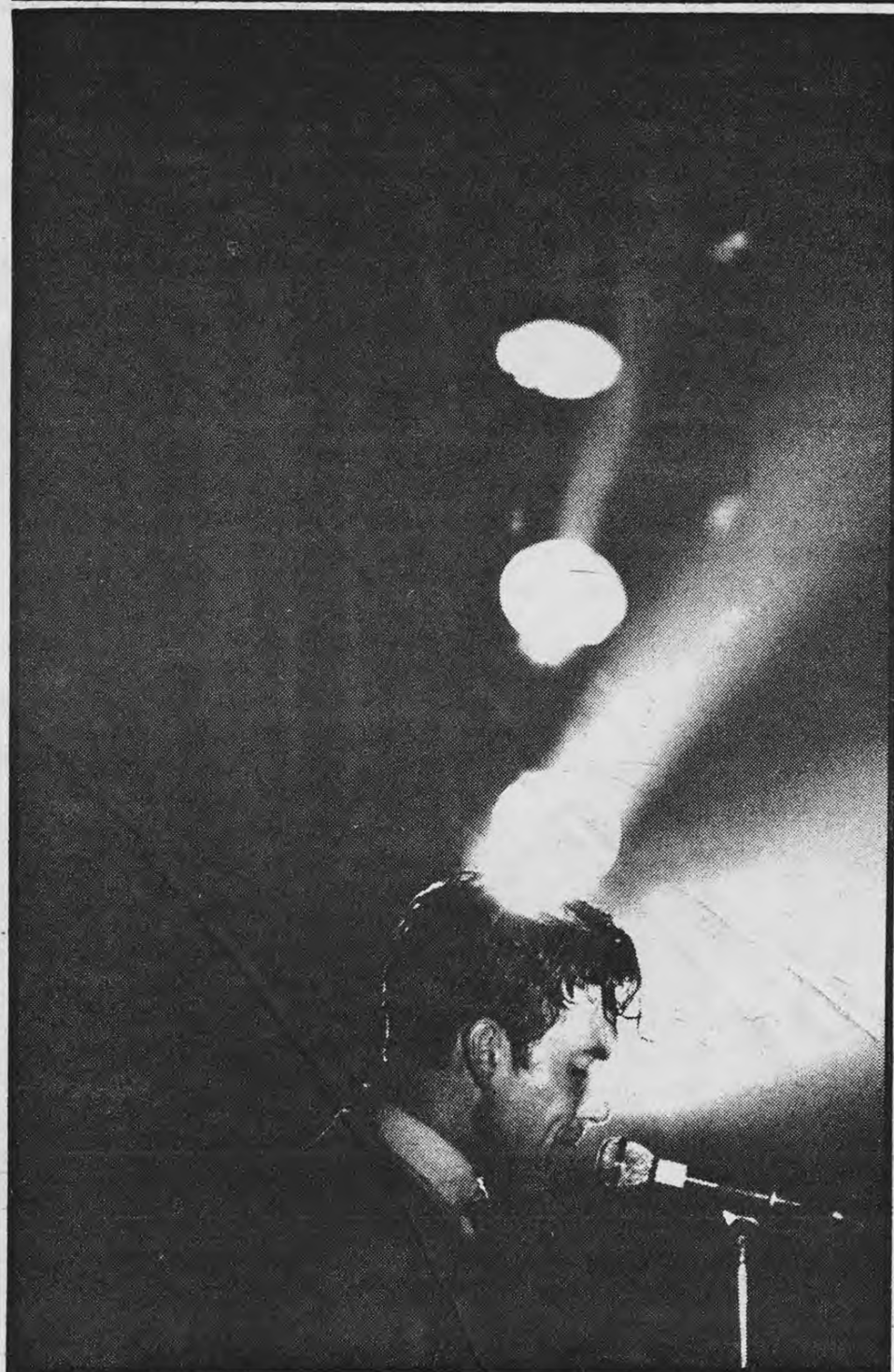
a way as any for proceedings to commence; it's the kind of sound Madness would have had if they had chosen Lee Perry rather than Prince Buster as their mentor. The formula is simple enough — a tirelessly insistent rhythmic caboodle with saxophonist

Ali again. Pic David Travis.



continues over

Skid Jobson. Pic Robert Sharp.



Skids The Books

Glasgow

FROM the Apollo balcony The Books are just a tiny diversion in a corner; a college drama society practising to be a rock band in a spoof musical a couple of the guys wrote. We watch them because that's the way the seats face.

Their music is a messy clump of influences, awkward edges stuck out all over: a speedy, stuttering stew of Sailor-style light opera artifice, jokey Zappa riffs and Devotunes, all collapsing into each other. Add some fussy doodling, beeps, squeaks and crashes and it all sounds like some private joke lost on all but the participants and people who don't want to risk appearing stupid.

Sometimes all that punk stuff that went on a while back seems a long way off.

After a summer being able to study shaving cuts and

ragged fingernails on bands at the Bungalow I'd been hoping to avoid returning to the Apollo, but down in the stalls for The Skids it was just fine; a reminder from the springtime of our youth when the Apollo was a dream palace full of wonderment and the people on stage seemed like real stars.

Virtually unique amongst new pop groups (The Pretenders and The Police aren't new pop), The Skids have an instinctive grasp of populism (how come most new pop groups are regarded as elitist?); something they achieve with no dilution of their intentions or ambitions — despite (at least from watching the audience) having attracted that following with the most accidental and peripheral elements of their music. *Wah-Ooh Oh.*

Richard Jobson is the obvious asset of course: almost a pop star caricature with his bouncing quiff, absurdly exaggerated vocal

style and dervish tap dancing (on roller skates).

A year ago The Skids seemed like a stern, dreary bunch; after one relentless martial attack of a gig I was depressed enough to go off them completely, almost failing to realise that I was still enjoying the singles. These qualities remain, but the grimness now seems closer to an admirable, naive earnestness; the martial intensity elevated into a palpable, evocative feeling of misty Scottish history — this last achieved mainly through Stuart Adamson's bagpipe ragas on guitar.

They still play beyond the attention span their sound merits, but now you can smile and laugh with them sometimes (I'm sure they have a misunderstood humour), and that makes it easier.

As for Jobson: how could I dislike someone who looks like Flash Thompson from Spiderman's college days?

Glenn Gibson

What's the matter with Skids today?

From previous page

Brian Travers extending and re-shaping his roving motif at each available opportunity. From these loose beginnings the band had a captivated audience, and while the music varied in pace, texture and sentiment the dancing never stopped.

Astro plays a similar role to Chas Smash in Madness — and dancing frantically in the middle of the stage with his head swaying from side to side he looks like an octopus on top of a beanpole. But the audience here doesn't comprise jolly juveniles like

the North London nutters; in fact there's a rare mixture of tribes and age groups, which is a refreshing sign in these troubled times. UB40's 'new reggae vision' may be criticised as a diluted formula for mass consumption, but their success is going to open a lot of doors and break down a lot of misconceptions.

There's only three new unrecorded songs as yet, and they showed the group making sturdy forays into the thick undergrowth of the humid dubwise jungle. 'The Earth Fell Crying' is announced as the new single

and it's as ornate, unusual and imaginative as 'Food For Thought'. But they're more adventurous onstage, and when they reach the blander moments of 'King', the melody is tightly clenched around the song, whereas on the record it withers into loose wispy strands.

First and foremost UB40 are a dance band, providing themselves with the perfect sounding board for the political sentiments of their songs. They force you to dance with an uncanny blend of seductive sax, the versatility and verve of

Michael Virtue's keyboards and the massed effect of gawd knows how many types of percussion burying the diminutive figure of Jim Brown (drums) and Norman Hassan (asst.) at the back of the stage. They don't rush in and bawl out platitudes or come at you with the facile right/wrong or black/white clichéd bullshit. When they talk politics they talk sense, taking into account particular circumstances and history. More often than not the tone is plaintive, the vocals of Ali Campbell perhaps a little too often a

dirge. But they suited the mood of songs like 'Tyler' and 'Burden of Shame' and there's strength and determination behind the sorrow. 'Little By Little' they urge the listener to keep up the fight, reminding you of the Wailers' 'Small Axe' from the classic 'Burnin' album. Perhaps their best song is 'Madam Medusa' which makes a simultaneously comic and horrific comparison between our golden haired Prime Minister and a figure from Greek mythology who had serpents in her hair.

UB40 are the latest in line of

strong purposeful and committed groups who are determined to bring some clout and reason back into the post-Pistols fray of the '80s. They're doing it without resorting to the old devices and stylisms. They're discovering and presenting the possibilities of a still under-exposed type of music: they're angry but they're smiling and dancing.

UB40 are very much a product of Britain 1980 and are conclusive proof that the strength of the nation still lies in the hands of its youth.

Gavin Martin

WESTERN

MAGAZINE

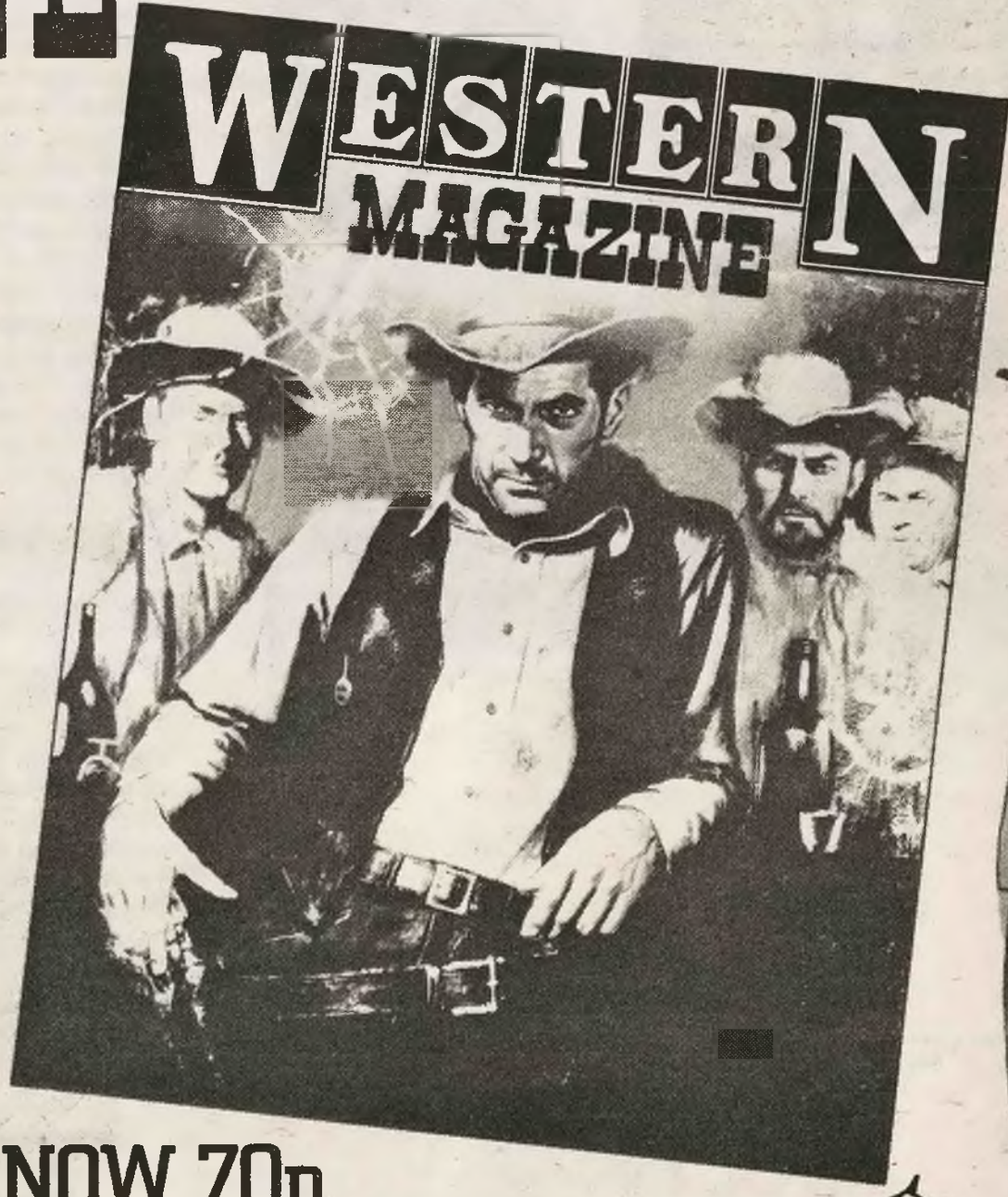


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Dancing Up The Warpath

The Slits

Leicester

THIS WAS less like a concert than a Slits multi-media show.

A benefit for seven black youths arrested in Leicester after an incident with police earlier this year, there was local reggae band Sons Of Tegara as support, a black power bookstall at the back of the hall, a dancer in a tutu interpreting PiL between acts, and a film crew present shooting scenes for a German documentary on women in rock.

Which all seemed strangely fitting, for The Slits onstage frequently lift their music straight out of the rock sphere into a species of female performance art. And since their early days they've come to represent a proud, radical rock-feminism which means that their music is now almost inseparable from a fully-fledged philosophy.

Onstage there are as many connotations of an earthy, self-contained tribe as there are in their savagely sparse music; it's matriarchal, of course, with Viv Albertine as its natural leader. In pink dress, plait and extravagant hat, she's Ari's sterner older sister, cutting short an inane gibbering by quickly announcing the next number, leaving her guitar to weave around the others in a sprightly, uninhibited war-dance, or just swaying slowly from foot to foot as her stare sweeps the crowd.

Tessa remains quietly anonymous throughout the set, face hidden beneath a black cloud of hair as she plays steady, subliminal bass. And dressed for the occasion in turban, floor-length gown and benign smile splitting her fresh, scrubbed face, these



Viv and Ari. Pic Bryn Jones.

days the slightly more statuesque Ari Up cuts a formidable figure, whether she's snaking across the stage trailing yards of lashing dreadlock or making her re-entry for the encore with hair piled in a towering top-knot like a crazed Carmen Miranda.

Besides this spectacle the men inevitably pale. But Bruce Smith's drumming was, superbly precise as it held together the stray threads of their sound. And supplementing Viv's slight, glancing guitar were Tony Wrafter on sax and percussion

and Dave Lewis playing keyboards, bass and additional guitar.

The Slits sound at its best is just The Rhythm and above it almost nothing but those airy, unearthly, gleefully free voices. Often giving the illusion of teetering on total collapse, it's that sheer, liberating sense of space that gives it perspective; defiantly primitive and with a fey, spitefully childlike charm.

Their set was divided between the old — 'In The Beginning There Was Rhythm', 'New Town', 'Spend, Spend, Spend', 'Grapevine' —

and the new, which is even more unfettered, keeping a loose reggae rhythm while crossing into other ethnic influences. 'Life On Earth' had Viv singing scattily, breaking into chants, whoops and war-crys, while Tessa played slide-guitar and Ari squatted strumming bass.

The Slits chat, giggle, point, whisper and usher on extras to share the singing, but in the relaxed cross-cultural atmosphere with the crowd quietly skanking at the front, gossiping at the back and drinking at the bar, they were perfect.

Whether you find feeling like a paying guest at a party irksome or exhilarating is a matter of taste, of course. But it seems to me that The Slits are not so much massively indulgent as eccentrically natural and entirely individual with an unorthodox attitude to the contemporary rock circus.

After the turgid pomposity and grim determination of so much rock music which relentlessly labours some pseudo-revelationary point for the allotted hour and obligatory two encores, the happy, haphazard ease of their approach is a wonderful

relief.

The Slits' levity, sense of daring and wayward grace isn't just refreshing, it's inspirational.

Lynn Hanna

Taj Mahal

The Venue

IN CONTRAST to the impeccable but trance-like level of last year's show, Taj Mahal's current set began with a frontal assault of raucous blues. Urged on by Rudy Costa's dirty sax snorts, Taj roared 'n' growled his way through 'The Big Blues' — dedicated to Howlin' Wolf — and a headlong 'Good Morning Miss Brown' before slinking into a slow, sassy 'Crazy 'Bout My Woman' that matched the early power with no less earthy charm.

Roots thus acknowledged, he followed with the trio from 1977's fine 'Music Fuh Ya' album that climaxed in 'Freight Train', here a vibrant, joyous blow which brought a breath of carnival to the usually stuffy Venue.

With the mainman's guitar playing off against Costa's supportive sax and Robert Greenidge's superb steel drums, and all three fuelled by a *hard* rhythm section of Jumma Santos (percussion), Kester Smith (drums) and bassist Bill Rich, The International Rhythm Band were never less than the expected excellent, whether rolling out a funky 'Why You Do Me This Way' or cavorting around the calypso-spiced 'Queen Bee'.

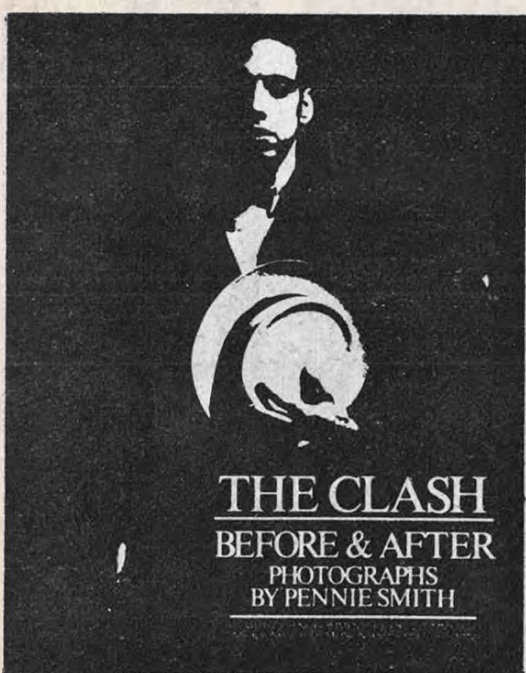
Such excellence is too rare a thing to carp at, but I couldn't shake off a feeling of detachment. Maybe I just had the wrong expectations. As I feel a similar unease about the

Continues page 57

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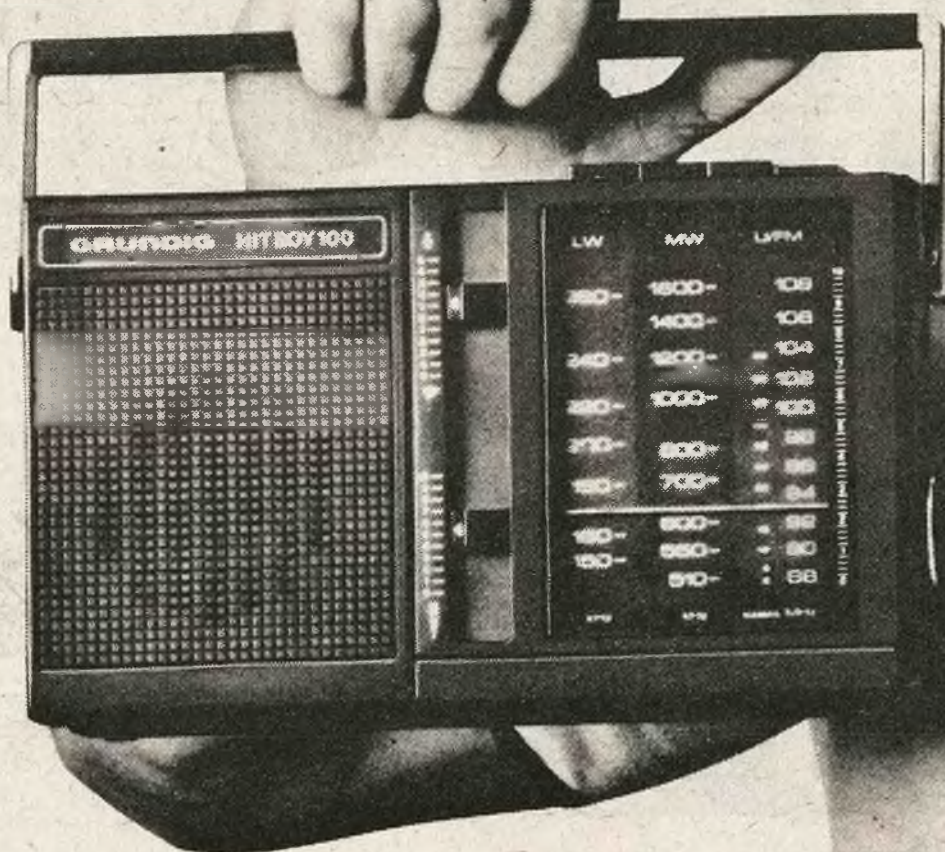
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Pic David Corio.

Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction

Richard Strange

Scala Cinema

DOWN in the tube station at midnight with the temperature close to freezing, the prospect of an all-night gig at the Scala rapidly began to lose its initial appeal. But by the time I'd wandered into the crowded depths of the cinema and opening band Transmitter Ghosts had played one or two numbers, I began to take more than a passing interest in the proceedings.

There can now be little doubt that Scotland has established itself as a serious breeding ground for rock bands of an impressive range and calibre, and Transmitter Ghosts are particularly able ambassadors. A low-profile four piece, the bass and drums set up towering blocks of sound over which guitar and keyboard figures swarm like spiders. The air continued to vibrate for several seconds after each number.

A line from one of their songs seemed especially appropriate — "Mystery Man/He's oh so scared of

being ordinary" — given the amount of exotic plumage on display among the audience who drifted about the place like birds of a temporarily mislaid paradise, and many of whom were more in visual harmony with the second group, God's Toys.

Bursting on to the stage like a circus troupe, they were almost the complete antithesis of the Ghosts. Pure theatre, they came on like an anarchic, garage-band Roxy Music; all pose and swagger, strut and preen. There was almost too much to take in, from the malignant yellow-clad sprite on keyboards to the big blonde singer who danced with an elephantine grace, while the music shimmered and shook with the kind of toytown pop sensibility that dictates rather than follows fashion. Boring student types then began gradually to displace the bijoux punquettes at the front of the stage, and 'Mack The Knife' blared out of the speakers in German, heralding the appearance of Brechtophile Richard Strange, kitted out in the

coat/hat/glasses costume with which he'd like to be associated.

In place of the tape and film screen that accompanied him the last time I saw him, he was supported by a five piece band who, we were informed, had been together a scant three days, a fact that, though apparent, was never distressingly obvious. Strange ran through his repertoire with familiar verve and panache, including 'I'm On Top Of The World' and the magnificent 'International Language', but I'm not sure the additional confidence he finds from the group has necessarily improved his performance. I missed the uneasy sense of vulnerability he exuded on his own. (Strange's talent was very wayward). The clash of the gauche and the sophisticated, the intellectual and the dumb may not appeal to everyone and I can't see him as more than the rock equivalent of a cabaret artiste, but there are facets of his talent that catch the light just often enough to keep intrigued.

Neil Norman

Aswad

University Of London Union

OUR STAGE is set at a benefit for the Capital Radio Strike Fund, in collusion with the University of London Union.

Aswad are without their current horn-section which, I'm told, elevates this generally class act to even higher heights, and minus a sound-check; which in this instance down-grades this generally class act to lots of screaming guitar of a kind to drive you wild (and not with glee) and too much top-top business all round.

What is there to say about Aswad, when for years it's been acknowledged that they are a superb group? While their reputation has grown, the group has faced endless setbacks and the ensuing tensions have caused the original allstar line-up to fragment. For old-timers who've followed Aswad for the

last three years, the current Aswad are a lesser group.

Even so, they are still a crucial natural resource, with more to offer than 99% of British combos, regardless of age/race/colour/creed etc. I'm looking forward to seeing them with their horn section as soon as possible; already I play their two recent singles 'Rainbow Culture' and 'Warrior Charge' endlessly.

So — one comparatively duff gig. This doesn't detract from the central question: What/how/why have Aswad been held back, all these years, while other, lesser groups have enjoyed (among other Babylonian delights) music paper front covers galore? Answer: if they added a couple of palefaces, the national climate would embrace them gleefully; not that I'm recommending it.

Vivien Goldman

From previous page

new Springsteen and Cooder albums — so easy to admire, so hard to care about — I guess I'm just going through one of those awkward phases of wanting music to deal with real life, no matter how well-fashioned it may also be.

Another fleeting thought was that though this year's set was a little different in emphasis, the music was similar in kind to last year. Taj

Mahal has been refining this particular synthesis (of musicians, of musics) for nearly five years now and the peak has become more of a plateau; the band exemplary but safe. I'd like to think he had somewhere else to aim for, a slight element of personal risk that could edge its way into the music.

It's true that Taj has performed an invaluable service in reviving and

reshaping black folk music of all kinds; and his continuing celebration of this fact was one of the brightest (non-punk) tracers to light up the '70s. It's just that you can become sated, even of celebrating. Tonight, for reasons I'm still not clear about but which had nothing to do with the way he played, I was hardly ever moved.

Time to take another giant step?

Graham Lock

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*Charts compiled by BMRB



TEENAGE CLIFF "LIVES" IT UP!

Cliff Richard
Victoria Apollo

THE MOST noticeable thing about Cliff Richard, of course, is how much older than his 17 years he actually looks.

But then again, displaying the talent and versatility which have made him a regular feature at NME Pollwinners concerts, Cliff often shows the maturity of performers three times his age.

BALLADS

Whatever the material, whether it be uptempo numbers in the American "rock and roll" style or slow and meaningful ballads, he handles it all with an assurance which suggests he's going to

be around for quite some time to come!

He opened the show with a selection of recent 'hits', performed solo — like 'Living Doll' and 'The Young Ones' — before his backing group emerged, out of the shadows as it were, to join him for the remainder. Clearly excited, processions of teenaged girls would approach the stage to lay flowers and messages at his feet, rather as if he were a statue of the Virgin Mary.

GREASY

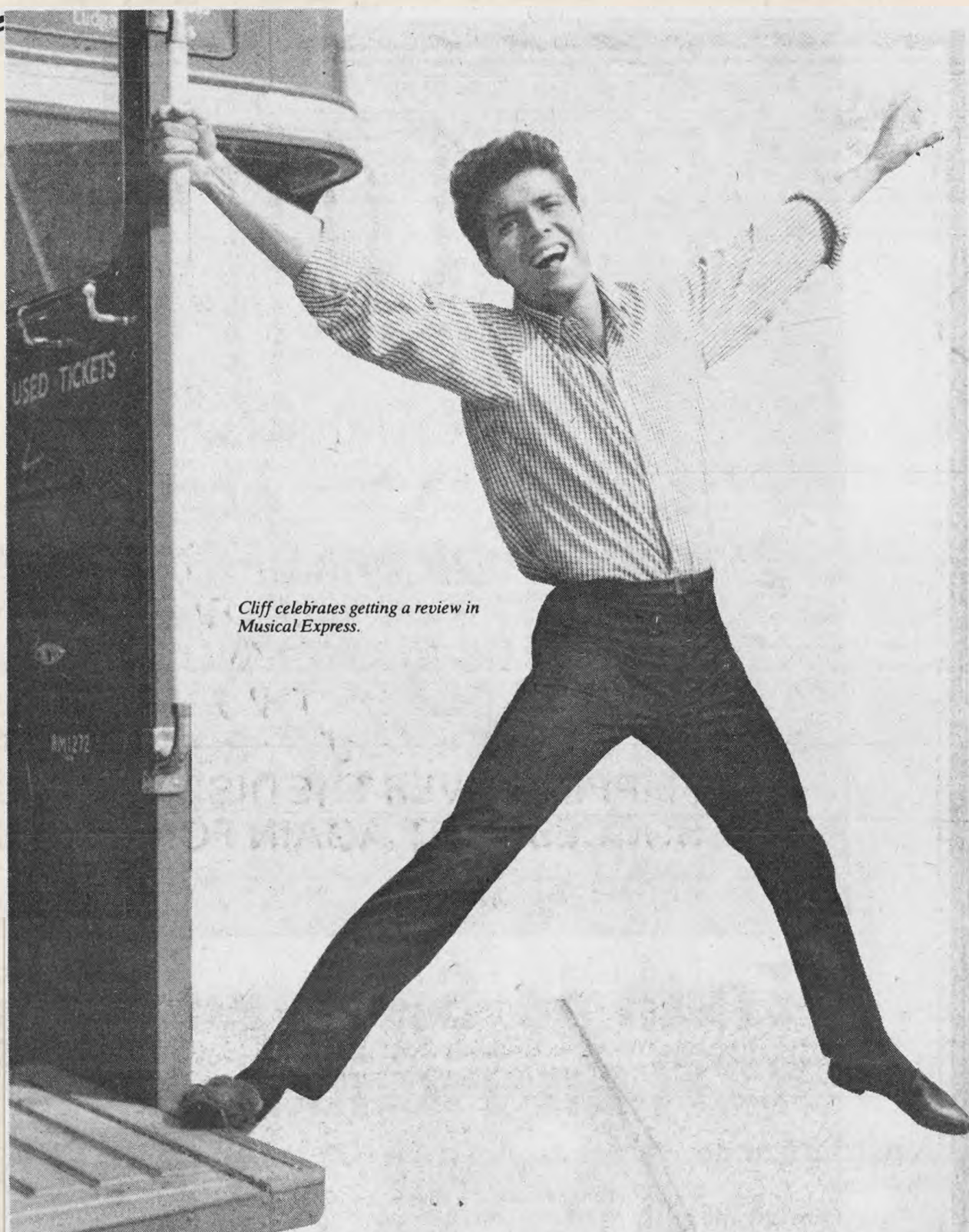
One word of criticism, however: it's sad to see, in the more raucous songs like 'Move It', that Cliff should descend to the hip-swallowing antics of his greasy US counterparts. Now I'm no prude, but the effect on some of his

young and impressionable followers is worrying, and Cliff would be well advised to clean up his act if he is ever to become an entertainer of real stature, like Tommy Steele.

JESUS!

That said, this was all in all a highly enjoyable and professional show. It might sound far-fetched, but I'll stick my neck out and predict that even in 1980 — when no doubt we'll all be turning up at the theatre in our rocket-ships! — Cliff Richard will still be doing exactly the same thing, and providing real value-for-money entertainment to packed houses at the Victoria Apollo.

Paul Du Noyer



Cliff celebrates getting a review in Musical Express.



***** YELLOW MAGIC MOMENTS

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WITH ADMIRABLY uncluttered efficiency, YMO have spared no expense — neither their own nor sponsors Japan Air Lines and Fuji Film Co — in ensuring you get the point. Aims both artistic (an international synthesis of pop) and material (just check out the hardware) are expertly laid out in the colourful, if unwieldy Times-sized programme given away free in the foyer.

POP!

Its glossy sheen is of course part of their calculated and undeniable charm, indicating above all how well they've learnt Warhol's lessons. Bright pop illustrations and cute, easily quotable philosophical slogans nestle comfortably alongside each other, continuing the fine art ethos of blurring distinctions between functional advertising and exhibition stuff. YMO are as attractive as red lips on roadside hoardings, as unavoidable and as amoral.

They sell themselves beautifully. In concert their squiggly jingles are synchronised with an excellent chequered light backdrop. It's almost as impressive as the banks of synths and computers behind which the three yellow magicians and their three aides position themselves. Even down to their uniforms — white shirts/red armbands — they're not afraid to risk obvious parallels with Kraft-



The prophet came from Japan. Pic: Santo Basone.

werk. It's all part of their internationalism.

ORIENTAL

YMO's music shimmers brilliantly, yet opaquely. Ornate half-cut melodies, sometimes wittily made up from purified Hollywood oriental movie theme corruptions, are draped like silk across blueprint Euro-dance patterns. It moves horizontally rather than vertically, but it still skips lightly — perhaps too lightly.

For, by its very nature it isn't really suited to concert halls, where attention is naturally drawn to the stage.

It sounds better in snatches on a passing radio or slipping in and out of conversations at parties.

Nevertheless YMO's stage shows are quite an achievement and they're thankfully unfussy. A symmetry is reinforced by playing 'Computer Games' at the beginning and end (accompanied first time round by an amusing movie short pitched somewhere between Doctor Who and Pearl And Dean's opening credits). The effect is marginally flawed by their returning for an encore, but then they're only human.

Chris Bohn



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CAPTAIN BLOOD



From page 25

writing. When you show one player a C, he'll play 'O' — what he sees. In harmonolodics, the player sees the C, but he knows something else is there, there's other sides to C.

"They see C, E, A and B at the same time. At least D, too — yeah, because D is the transpose note for the tenor clef, and B is the transpose note for the alto clef, and A is the same note that the bass would play for C.

"I write out the melody, make the bass line, then I find the drone that that melody came from. Then I get the funk beat to go over the drone beat.

"The funk beat on the harmonolodic is the illegal part, but it's better than the music not being heard. It's illegal because . . . cue for Blood to crease up once more . . . someone else should be getting paid for it!"

This notion springs from Blood's idea that — credit where credit is due — he's a harmonolodic innovator, but somewhere out there is some other soul who innovated funk (James Brown? George Clinton?) who, if music ran on a tight money contract, should be raking in the bucks for Blood's evolution of his original idea. It's a very Biblical view and Blood, co-incidentally or not, is a devout Muslim.

Is he joking when he says, "I always have to pay my 10, 15, 20%, so I feel funny not knowing who to send the money to."

IGNORING THE creditors lining up on the right, Blood's forthcoming album on Rough Trade (no title as yet) has already spawned a searing single, 'Are You Glad To Be In America', with typically wry lyrics from Blood, who has just started to sing on record for the first time. Well, it propelled George Benson into the charts — not that that's Blood's specific motive.

"I'm trying to arrive at a more diatonic harmonolodic, where the voices are equal to the music. I wanted to on the first album, but Ornette doesn't quite deal with diatonic harmonolodic. Meaning making the concert instrument the lead, and not the transpose instrument. Coleman transposes to harmonolodic, and I transpose from."

The album is a ferocious harmonolodic roar, the phrases pellmelling harmonolodically, propelled by sidemen, like drummers Ronald Shannon Jackson and Calvin Weston, tenor sax spark David Murray, alto sax whizz Oliver Lake, Olu Dara on trumpet, and the lethal Amin Ali on bass.

Blood's American label, the worthy Artist House, have re-mixed the British version to suit more jazz-inflected American ears. At the re-mix sessions, during quibbles about handclaps — more or less? — and the other minutiae that comprise the split hairs of fine mixing, Blood remained un-assertive, pleased with every suggestion.

"That's evened it out," he says cheerily, while executives' friends babble on about crossing over into disco charts as well as soul, and who knows . . .

Blood's still timid in the studio: his primary experience is live performance.

"I'm just a baby with recording, just starting. I definitely want to go into the studio once more and experience those big machines."

BLOOD'S a grown man, but there's a lot of child in him, in the William Blake sense. He's internationally respected, but chuckles gleefully about things he's learned from being exposed to other musics.

When he saw Larry Coryell, Blood says, "I didn't know you could play solo like that! I thought you had to be more serious, like Segovia. But Coryell played solo as if he was playing with a band. I thought you had to express all the octaves at once, not leaving any room for the imagination to invent another guitar or something going on. I tried playing solo, but I felt so . . . guilty! After I did it I figured out how to play solo, and if I have to do it again I'll do it better."

So you're going to pay Larry Coryell his 10%?

"No! The way he did it, he should've paid!"

Blood played at PiL's Palladium show in New York. Thinking about the PiL experience, Blood's amazement explodes into the biggest giggle of all.

"I didn't know you could do that! They played themselves right past music and went on somewhere else! Lots of people try to play themselves right past music and went on somewhere else! Lots of people try to play themselves out of their instrument, and Public Image did it. They was *there*. They was — amazing!"

Blood pauses to collect himself. He shakes his head and says wonderingly, "I didn't know you could go past music and make a stand."

That's funny, Blood, you've been doing it for years. Maybe you were too busy doing it to think about it like that.

"Imagine someone paying 10% to some foundation every time they use harmonolodic music to make money. Send their 10% to some place that stores the money up. That would really be nice. Specially if they sent it to me! But . . . Coleman would probably want 50%!"

Blood doubles-up at the thought.

"I'd like to run away from harmonolodic music, but I don't think I can get away, because I'd always come back on my own."

Where would you run, Blood?

"Something's gonna jump loose, because harmonolodic has almost been put into a theory. It takes about six years to study it. You use it to your advantage and move on. If something's gonna change more than harmonolodic, they'll have to make some other instruments."

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Toyah Talk

■ From page 36

They used to sleep with everyone in the crew to get near me, some of them. Some of them were dykes and they used to sleep with the crew so they could talk to me during the night or something. They used to disgust me." Her skin visibly crawls. "I just don't understand. There's no brain there as far as I'm concerned.

"There's no self-respect or pride there, and therefore those people would stab you in the back. If they don't respect themselves they won't respect anyone else. And I just used to generally worry about members of my crew catching things. Ugh? There's some awful dogs on the road. That's what we used to call them — dogs."

How can she be so involved if she feels this way? She loosens up.

"I can put up with them. As soon as they get to me they change. They want to talk to you rather than pull your body. But as soon as I see them pulling, I just leave the room. I don't want to be associated with that at all. The band used to go out pulling every night and I just used to go back to the hotel. I wouldn't go anywhere with them. I get so many men trying to pull me, but only a few try it now cos of my bodyguard. They know I don't like it.

"I just don't like being taken for granted like that. I'm not one of those women, er... So I am very heavily protected when it comes to fans getting near me. I'll talk to them, I'll do whatever they want, but I won't be balled by them."

VIRTUOUS TOYAH, grand dreamer and shrewd determinist, wishes it known that she's really just started. Everything thus far has simply been experience for the ultimate.

"I'm in a very tricky situation," she puzzles, locked away from external reality in this dressing room. "I've got so many movies in the pipeline. I've got an enormous worldwide record deal in the offing, unbelievably big, along with a world-famous producer wanting to work with me — someone who once had trouble finding a producer who liked my voice. It's an offer you can't refuse, no matter how rebellious you're supposed to be."

Fame and fortune at all costs?

"These offers are going to give me something that I wouldn't really like to be, but are going to give me the chance to do things in later life. I need fame and fortune to carry on my own ideas. My ambition is to be self-financed, not be held down by censorship and things like that. I just want to be completely free and have time to myself and buy people for a change rather than them buying me." She laughs her staccato giggle, as if to say she doesn't mean it — she probably does.

Toyah Willcox dreams her dreams — and lives some of them.

"I'm not leaving my punk fans behind at all," she reprimands me, though I don't really care. "That's where the original chaos comes in, I always want to have that sort of energy there. I want to be big because it means I've got a good chance of fucking the whole world up." She pours her conversation into a dream. "Which is a really nice image to have. I think it's really great! What's the point of having a good thing on a small scale when you can have it on a big level, and let everyone suffer it? It's a fucking great idea.

"My idea of a good time is seeing a world revolution and no-one knowing what to do, when everyone dumps the cars and starts looting."

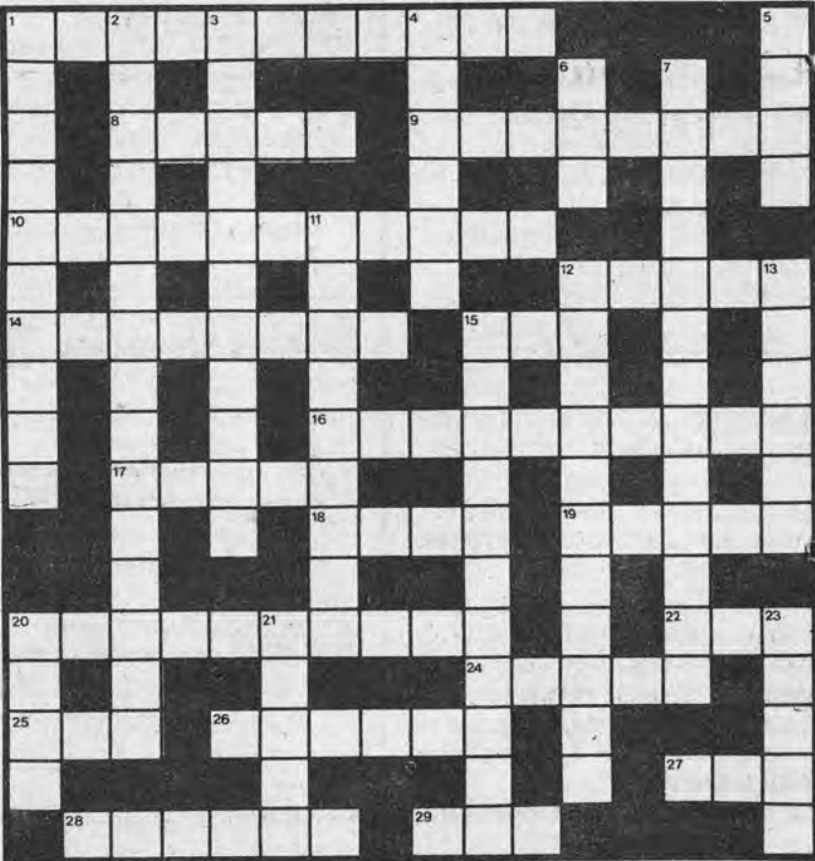
Someone like you will be first to go when that happens."

"It'll threaten me but I'll enjoy it very much. Don't worry, I've got my fair share of tommy guns stashed away.

"I'm waiting."

For you, her public.

- 1 Jerry Dammers favourite ale? But where does Doug Trendle fit into this? (7,4)
- 8 & 20 down. Double A-sided with 'Strawberry Fields Forever'
- 9 Spector charges upset about some of the stallions!
- 10 He gets a kid out of jail!
- 12 & 19 Had a reggae/disco smash with 'Now That We've Found Love'
- 14 He owes it all to Joe Loss!
- 15 Where Jones, Cook went after Pistols break-up, and Rotten, Vicious didn't
- 16 US Barry Manilow lookalike formerly of Raspberries (4,6)
- 17 Some doctors can be useful in a house!
- 18 Result of Elizabeth's anorexia nervosa
- 19 See 12 across
- 20 American satirist; Spector is reputed to have bought police photos of his corpse (5,5)
- 22 Steely Dan album
- 24 & 28 Lene Lovich's debut hit
- 25 It's in the business of entertainment (folks)
- 26 60s UK beat combo sometimes called the first real punks
- 27 A bit of a giggle
- 28 See 24
- 29 Small defenceless punky creature!
- DOWN**
- 1 Jagger's lament (4,2,4)
- 2 Simple Minds LP (7,3,5)
- 3 Jethro Dullard (3,8)
- 4 Elton label
- 5 Action produced by , revolving skis!
- 6 Pioneering '60s TV programme (inits)
- 7 The Invisible Girl (7,6)
- 11 Disco queen; you made him feel mi-ight-tee real
- 12 She wants to know, Why tax Oil Co? (5,6)
- 13 Mad Ned's favourite punks
- 15 Cheap Trick frontman/guitarist (4,7)
- 20 See 8
- 21 A Talking Head
- 23 A friend of Black Slate
- LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS**
- Across:** 4 Sparks; 8 'Enola Gay'; 9 Paul Simon; 11 'God Only Knows'; 13 (Jeff) Beck; 14 'Baggy Trousers'; 17 Ian (Page); 19 Mick Fleetwood; 20 Rotten; 23 Lynyrd (Skynyrd); 25 (Jack) Nitzsche; 26 Brenda Lee; 27 So It Goes; 30 'Silly



Love'; 31 (Ian) Page.

Down: 1 George Benson; 2 Moondogs; 3 Randy Crawford; 4 (Four) Seasons; 5 (Diana) Ross; 6 Simple Minds; 7 Fan; 10 Andy Mackay; 12 (Lynyrd) Skynyrd; 15 Undertones; 16 Saxon; 18 'Street Life'; 19 Mary Wells; 21 Nicholas (Ball); 22 Joe (Ely); 24 Real; 26 (Nicholas) Ball; 28 Sly; 29 (Joe) Ely.

Absolutely sweet

GASBAG

guaranteed no Dylan letters

YOU LIMEY creeps at *NME* used to slag off Americans because our rock heroes sung about fast cars and swimming pools, and didn't relate to the working classes. The popular argot you punks used was "lack of street credibility".

Yet when Ms Julie Burchill reviews 'The River' she tells us that the American working classes do not want to hear a rock star relating to their life. So The Boss' latest album is dismissed because it has street credibility.

Looks as if I've spotted a *Catch-22* situation, so I'll claim my prize of 5000 assorted Bruce bootlegs.

Joseph Heller.
P.S. How about a consumer guide to my meisterwerk? You did one for that lousy Scotch guy Orwell.

Why don't you Canadians just concentrate on keeping down the moose population? — *George Orwell*

No doubt this won't be the only letter in response to Julie Burchill's review of the latest Bruce Springsteen LP — and you 'deserve' it. Having read *Melody Maker's* unbelievably ecstatic review (give them what they want), JB's was what I needed to bring me down from cloud nine. After her usual bitchy opening, she did raise some truths and observations. About relying too much on someone else for your own entertainment and, to a much lesser degree, existence. And for pointing out that BS is an American rock artist and somewhat divorced from life in Britain. And finally for bringing BS down from a God-like stance he had obtained in the music press.

But to term the musical theme of the LP 'drudgery' is honestly wrong. The 'working class' have two choices: Listen to music which is pure fantasy, e.g. heavy metal, pop; or listen to music which faces reality, e.g. Jam, Joy Division.

Do you want us, Julie, to bury our heads in the sand of HM/pop and be lost? Only through facing and being confronted by the truth, as Springsteen relates, will we progress. To use words like 'avoidable' and 'forgettable' when describing 'parent trouble and crummy jobs' is infuriating when you are facing the damn situations.

Springsteen has never been the 'Boss' to me. He is a man whose music I believe is honest and part of him — and when someone, no matter who, gives part of himself to you, he is to be respected. And Springsteen is no money-grabber — surely the amount of unreleased material is evidence of this. In a business raked with fraud (e.g. early '70s SLF and co.), rock and roll needs Springsteen's passion and belief. Or is an honest face too emotional, too risky to swallow?

Ziggy, Clydebank, Scotland.
P.S. I have not heard the LP but since JB did very little investigation into the musical content of the LP, I am not at a disadvantage.

I haven't heard it either, but I'm still suing. — *Phil Spector*

I opened last week's *NME* with some eagerness, anticipating the review of the latest Springsteen epic: As soon as I

saw Julie Burchill's name at the bottom of the column I knew the album would get a rubbishing; and it did.

Why do you employ this woman to write record reviews? I cannot recollect her ever saying anything remotely favourable about a new release. Her writing is so consistently vitriolic that her judgements become worthless. Does she like rock music? Does she like herself?

Such an embittered personality is clearly the result of a desperately unhappy childhood. Now Ms Burchill is taking her revenge on the whole world. But why pick on *NME* as the means? Trashing telephone boxes gives more immediate relief and creates jobs for people repairing them.

Kentucky Freud, Wantage, Oxfordshire.

I suppose I am one of the people collectively known as 'Bruce-bores' by your illustrious reviewer. I'll still buy *NME* as it's the best music paper but just this once I prefer to be guided by all the other major reviews than the rantings of a feminist fanatic.

Happily Ms Burchill's contributions are limited, as are those of Mr Parsons. But I'm sure he would have made a better job than her. Remember the article of his which was pure hero worship? And also Burchill's making a Springsteen bootleg 'The Fever' single of the week? So it's not hip to like Springsteen now. I'll have to remember that.
Clive Burnham, Sheffield.
Now remember this: It's ever so hip to like Viv Stanshall. — *Viv Stanshall*

Only a Bruce Bore would stay awake through two hours of *The Worst Of The OGWT* and Stillwater, Humble Pie, Rick Wakeman, Vinegar Joe etc, just to see a couple of minutes of 'The Boss' in concert. Rock'n'roll — phew!
Jeff Bridges, C. Hunt School of Scuba Diving, Long Beach, California (picks up BBC2 on a clear day).

So it's "slag Joe Jackson" time again is it? Or so it would appear from Andy Gill's review of 'Beat Crazy' (October 11). What's wrong with realist songwriting, Mr Gill? You say he's vague and purposeless. What kind of superficial world do you live in, mate?

Jackson's lyrics are about modern hang-ups (i.e. getting pissed off with your bird, racism, reading duff album reviews written by tubes like you!). I suggest you take back all you said about poor old Joe, and play the record again, only this time listen to his songs. You probably won't, but then again I nearly forgot — it's different for Gill(s).
Brian Mills, Edinburgh.
Did someone mention the Gill(s)? — *Gerry Summers*

Just a short note to let you know where Gavin Martin went wrong in his otherwise brilliant article on that exotic paradise, Northern Ireland.

First of all, the most important bit — fanzines. Since the disappearance of *Positive Reaction* there have

been two fanzines well worth reading in Northern Ireland. The more experienced is *Cabaret*, based in Newtownabbey, and in Dungannon we have the infant *These Days*, which I write for. We were actually interviewing the brilliant Stage B and not just bumping into them, as Paul Burns suggested. Also, one final point: The Rubber Dolls are actually The Inflatable Dolls, and they're not too bad really.

I really enjoyed the article and so did he (keep forgetting about him) and it's about time you remembered us over here for our music as well as our political probs.
Spizz Costello and Keef Water-Pistol, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone.

The British have been trying to take over Ireland for hundreds of years. They've only managed six counties. I think that's what the fuss is about.
Terry Nicholl, Rainham, Essex

Viz. your coverage of New Order's gig in New York. Obviously, everyone misses Ian C., but no-one's going to bring him back, not even for Ian Penman's benefit. How would you feel if you were an ex-member of Joy Division? They've had a Top Twenty hit with 'L.W.T.U.A.' and a successful LP with 'Closer', and were finally being recognised as the incredible group they were, are and will be. But, because of one member's ill-considered actions, they've been totally unable to capitalise on this new-found fame. So they've been forced to start again, playing new songs and living in the shadow of former glories. It's difficult enough for them already, without you people making them play behind a cardboard cut-out of Ian Curtis. I know how I'd feel if some idiot in the audience shouted "Do 'She's Lost Control'!" or "Give us a funny dance, mate!" at me — like

jacking the whole thing in. New Order have guts, talent and a will to survive. Leave them alone, and watch them grow.
Phil Clarke, Editor, Damn Latin Fanzine, Nuneaton, Warwickshire.
Write us a funny letter, mate. — *M.S.*

So Max Bell is 'one in four' (*T-Zers* October 11). Does it pass the 'so what' test? No. The *NME* doesn't either. It's just not clever anymore. What's worse, you just haven't clicked to the fact that intelligence is overrated, and that semiology has died with not even a whimper, like the flawed subject it always was. You think you're the Commissars of Thought, the Professariat, but at best you're useless *haute culture* repeating the major errors of the "bourgeois realists"

whose polemical fire is so culture-lagged it always falls at least 100 years behind its target.

Like the naturalists of the '50s, the so-called New Left, you are condemned to repeat the major errors of bourgeois modernism — obscurity, elitism, cliquishness, ultra-specialisation, the abolition of history, a rationalism amounting to idealism. You lack even the qualities of bourgeois connoisseurship, being too literal-minded for this post-post modernist era (yes, there is such a thing, but don't ask Paul Morley because all he knows about it is what he reads in *Harper's*.)

All you (rarely) have is that air of extreme subtlety which emanates from an obscure language (e.g. Penman's schizo-analysis, a theory of system disjuncture, a theory of structural incoherence,

lightly disguised as a theory of man-as-bits-of-ad-hoc-machines).

The entry ticket is polytechnic education. Jargon for sale, and to mistake the structure of verbal language for the structure of all means and modes of thought and media is a gross one.

May the onset of theoretical catatonia become increasingly evident, or God strike me down dead, because I can't stand caponised dickheads like *NME* telling me I've been crushed by the Art nobody saw coming. The printed word is an influence of tremendous power, and since the printing industry can influence millions of people daily, it must remain fully aware of its collective responsibility. By the way, it's nice to see Julie Burchill's back on form (see Bruce Springsteen review).

Jim Blather (3 in 4), Croydon, Surrey

For Chrissakes, don't bring up Bruce again, Jim, we went through him a few letters back. And while I'm at, how's about you go and boil your bum, you humourless berk. Subtle enough? — *M.S.*

I'm still waiting for Nick Kent to appear on Arthur C. Clarke's programme. Why this man thinks he's a journalist is a mystery to me.
Lou Grant, London Evening News, Standard, Herald, Sketch and Gazette.

I must say how much I enjoyed your review of my movie, Monty. It cheered me up no end.
Olivia Newton-John, next to a pool in Malibu
P.S. I hope you die soon, you bastard.

Re: Cambridge 'riot' (*NME* October 18). Please note *NME* (September 27), Brad of The Specials: "Coventry skins, though, were some of the hardest there were."

Dear Specials, you deserve everything you've got.
D.S.C., L.S.E., London WC2
P.S. Do *NME* editorial staff take any responsibility for allowing such as above quote in print?
We sure do. The silly boy actually said that and we reproduced it. You, for one, certainly got the message. — *M.S.*

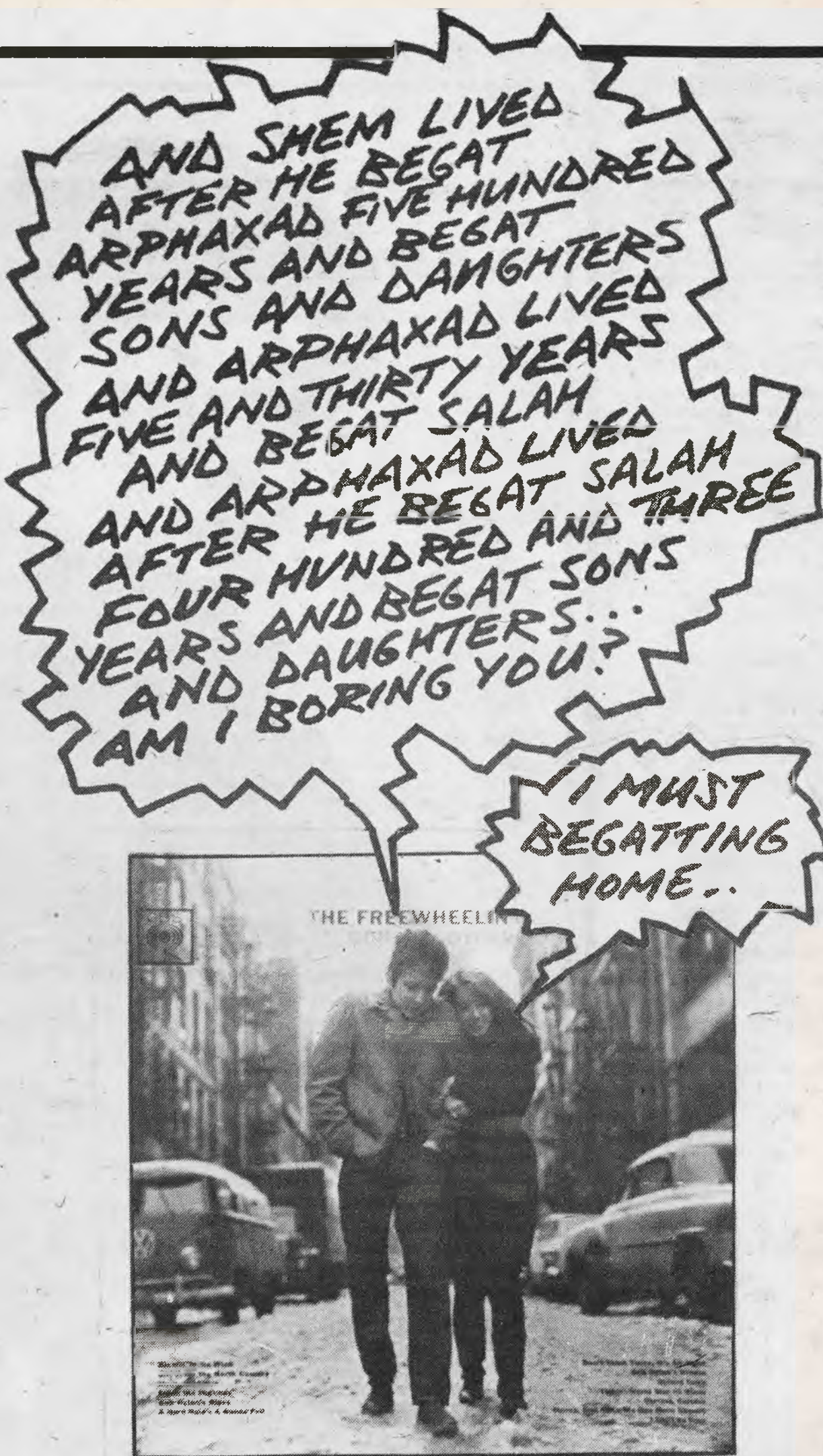
If any skins cause trouble when The Specials play for CND — **NUKE 'EM!**
Irrelevant Tatty Vagabonds, London W2

How about doing something constructive like an article on the 'Greens' of Germany, or the Ecology movement in Britain? *NME* has 64 pages, about 30 of which are advertisements. Surely in the other 34 pages there is room for the usual features, reviews and some political/sociological content? *Whale Oil Beef Hooked, Gosport, Hants.*
Actually, we're currently preparing an article on people who use stupid names when writing letters for publication in periodicals. It won't be very interesting. — *M.S.*

Strummer's been arrested on sus, Lydon's about to do porridge. So that's their idea — rounding up the leaders first. Ingenious!
George Orwell
Final Score: Orwell 2, Heller 1 — *David Coleman*

Don't worry, Johnny, we'll spring ya. We're not called The Professionals for nothing, you know.
Cook and Jones, Camberwell Job Centre

The *NME* is generally about as illuminating as the Russian version *How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying*.
Rav, Sheffield
Perhaps you should try using a lightbulb. — *M.S.*



Masochists can write to Gasbag, *NME*, 5-7, Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

T-ZERS

BONG! Elvis Presley's money ends up furthering the cause of Scientology. BONG! The Distractions-backed celibacy craze reached its height as Mick Jagger becomes a convert. BONG! Many interesting things happen to noted lobotomist Paul McCartney. BONG! A British army tank runs over a 14-year-old girl at a school fete in Fulham and no newspapers carry the story. BONG! A member of The Bee Gees demonstrates that flu can make you act remarkably like a totally pissed person. BONG! This bloody clock is giving me a headache, and here's the news in Welsh.

Good evening. Punters got stropky at Brady's in Liverpool when Gang Of Four failed to appear on account of small cuddly token working-class youth Dave Allen colliding with a motor while not in one himself. The performance, needless to say, did not take place, but the youthful bassist is alive and well and will be about his business shortly...

However, life is not all beer and skittles. Despite the release of The Jam's 'Sound Affects' album being fixed for the 28th inst and the arrival in London of Don Cherry to play on the next Dury album, grimness prevails. And what could be more grim than *This Is Your Life*? In a recent edition, the subject of Eamonn Andrews' attention was none other than Joe Loss, and one of the witnesses to the confession was none other than Elvis Costello. "I used to sit there with my bowl of lemonade... that's where I stole all the things I'm doing now," burred El, towering over his papa — none other than Ross McManus. Elvis was — according to one of our staffers who leads such a dull life that he actually watches programmes like this (the real hellraisers tape it natch) — a model guest, trotting off to join the serried ranks of fellow celebs and applauding like a champ whenever Vera Lynn or Spike Milligan were wheeled out from behind the curtain...

Wow! This is really getting exciting! Steve Jones and Paul Cook — remember them? — are debuting The Professionals in Belfast next month. The London premiere will be at the Music Machine, because — according to big-hearted Virgin Records — Steve knows where the bar is. You mean he doesn't know where any other bars are?

The Rolling Stones, who might be remembered by some of our older readers, are already laying down tracks in a Paris studio. In addition to this, they are working on their next album, scheduled for New Year release. Which new year was not specified...

Guest lists of the week: Yellow Magic Orchestra were recently seen by Japan (the band, as opposed to the country, which is where they're from as it goes), The Vapors, Ellen Foley, Spizz — co-star of a T-zer coming up after the break — Throbbing Gristle, sundry Mo-Dettes, The Boomtown Rats (reverting to type after a low-profile year) and — hottest of all — Les McKeown. Richard Strange — not to be outdone — hit back with Spandau Ballet, Simple Minds, Peter Powell, Mike Read, Adam And The Ants, the Dave Vanians (both of them) and Michael Moorcock.

Sundry members of Secret Affair were in attendance, since the Strange ensemble — he left the Revox at home, had to hire musicians, poor bastard — included Dave Winthrop, who plays with S. Affair on his off-nights. MALFUNCTION. Sorry, Dave Winthrop plays with Richard Strange on his nights off, and Secret Affair on his off-nights. Sorry about that. Incidentally, Seb Shelton is no longer a member of the famous mod band...

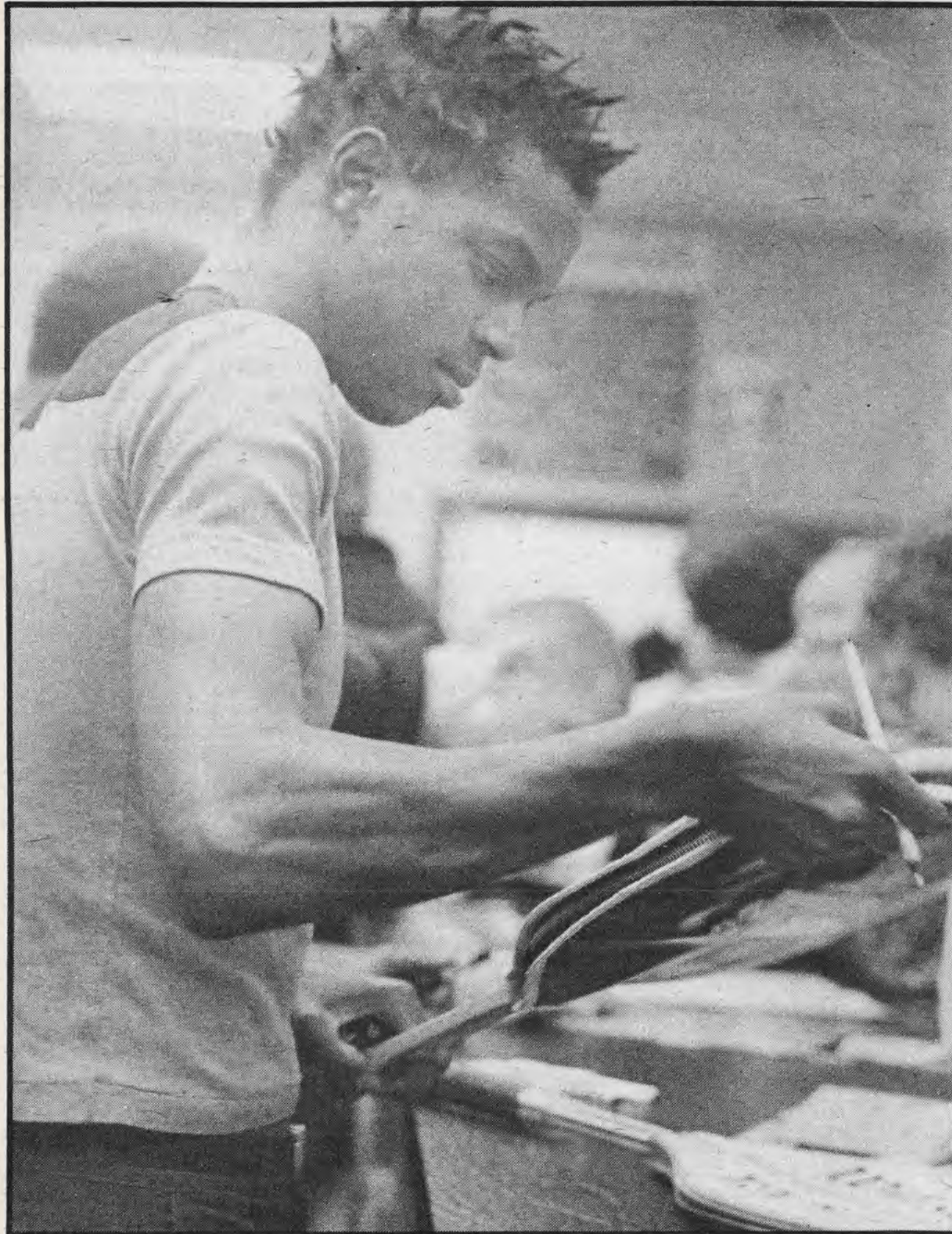
The consumer fights back: four anonymous citizens of the fine city of Cardiff abandoned their motor at traffic lights and chain-whipped the conveyance driven by Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart of The Tourists. That'll show 'em. Other consumer news: when The Marvellettes supported Graham Parker & The Rumour at Hammersmith Palais last week, their sound was mixed by famous money collector Mike Oldfield. We'll take the break now and be back with Captain Beefheart, D.A.F. and more Spizz...

WELCOME back. Spizz and London Wainwright III enjoyed a meeting of the minds after one of the latter's sell-out showcase wonder displays at The Venue, where drink is cheap and plentiful and no-one ever gets into rucks with the bouncers. Spizz probably didn't want to bore Loudon with his troubles, but he didn't mind telling us that light-fingered persons half-inched a black Shergold Masquerader bass and a Hagstrom Swede guitar from the band's van in Camden last week. Grasses please contact Dave Woods on 01-251 4250...

Once a liberal, always a liberal: Colin Bell — manager of Tom Robinson's Sector 27 — appeared along with John Cleese and Rowan Atkinson in a TV commercial for Garudina newspaper, and once a loony always loony: the latest recruit to Captain Beefheart's Magic Band got his job like so. Beefheart was on the phone to a friend of his, who happened to mention that he was in the same room as one of the Cap's most rabid fans. "Does he play guitar?" quipped Van Vliet. "Yes", was the startled reply (good, that bit, weren't it, real literature that, Doris Lessing. I should cocoa, ello John got a new motor well I never etc.). "Then he's in", quipped Beefheart. Thus are legends (21-year-old Ritchie Snyder, to be precise) born...

Dirty raincoats go cultural: Sugar And Spice (Royal Court play featuring Toyah) apparently attended by many chiefly interested in clocking displays of female bits. Also filling the hall are quantities of feminists who cheer all Toyah's character's anti-male speeches. We, for one, are glad to hear it...

Sartorials: Quo's Francis Rossi recently underwent open-hair surgery to remove several yards of stuff that he kept tripping over. The ghastly growth now barely touches his shoulders, which is great news for his dry-cleaner. Meanwhile, all kinds of nasty people are making jokes about loveable Phil Lynott's apparently increasing girth — own up: who said 'Fat Lizzy'? Wasn't us, (snicker, gurgles) and the fact that his Tokyo encounter with Richard (American Gigolo) Gere, Daryll Hall and John Oates was recently described as a hairdressers' convention. We demand the names of the guilty parties and — failing that — their inside leg



Pic: Lisa Haun

Exclusive! Revealed at last, the real reason why Ranking Roger is rarely seen without a hat. Experts have attributed Roger's unique hairstyling difficulties to the practice of relying on biro and tennis racket, where others might use a brush and comb.

measurements...

The normally husky and healthy Jerry Dammers came over all unwell during a short 40-minute flight to Amsterdam (as opposed to those long 40-minute flights what we're always hearing about) when turbulence occurred. Nevertheless, he maintained sufficient cool to whistle 'International Jet Set' while disembarking (with those teeth or not as the case may be or in fact is?). Meanwhile in Liverpool, Specials guitarist Roddy Radiation showered passers-by with his underwear — still in his suitcase as it goes like — while demonstrating to an allegedly stropky chambermaid just how fast he could leave the hotel...

A VERITABLE posse of New York bands are poised to

invade these septic isles e'en as we speak: get ready for the Fleshtones, dB's, Bush Tetras, The Raybeats and Gary Valentine & The Know. Keep all of January clear...

And meanwhile in New York itself, Big Youth has been having problems with a bogus promoter collecting advance fees in his name for supposed club dates. Youth (or Jah Cancellation, as he's now affectionately known) has nevertheless done a string of gigs that had the reggae hungry Manhattanites gasping...

Still in NY, the Paul Simon film *One Trick Pony* (he produced it, wrote it and stars in it), has just opened...

Despite, or because of, the presence of Lou Reed, The Lovin' Spoonful (who?) and The B-52's the film is nonetheless/naturally a complete turkey...

Serious business yah: Tapper Zukie has been

indefinitely detained in the Jamaican Gun Court on a charge of attempted murder...

Awoah: The Beat's return to these septic (you've done that one — Ed) T'anks! has been delayed while they play an extra gig at the end of their US tour. This gig was booked to replace one that was blown out after members of the best-selling teen outfit took a day-trip to Disneyland and failed to materialise back in the real world for the evening's performance. Saxa — originally the most reluctant to make the US trip — was enchanted by the great city of New York: it was the first place he'd ever been where he could watch a western at three in the morning while ordering chicken and rice on the 'phone...

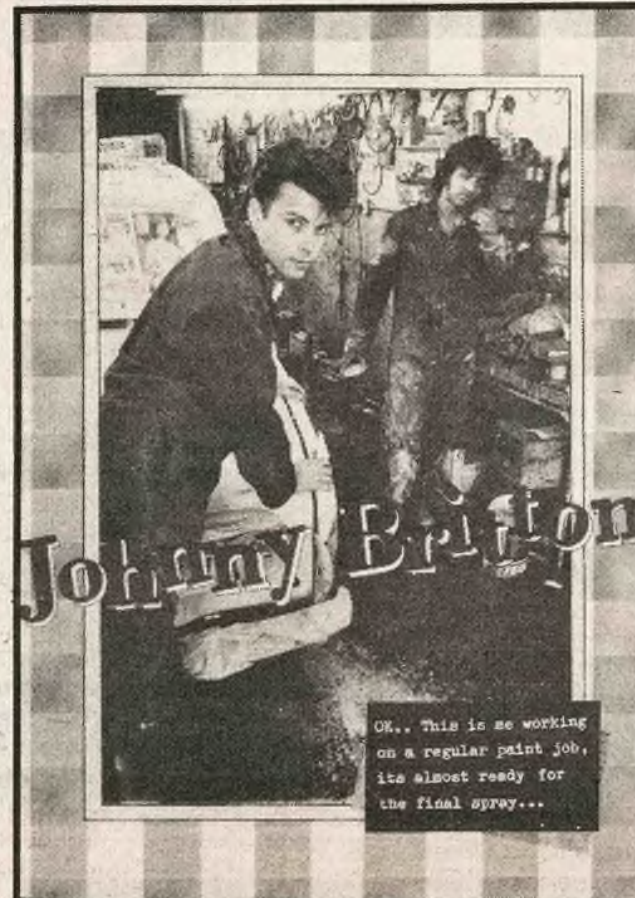
That's the news for tonight. Here's Sir Keith Joseph with the weather...

Below right: "Aw gee, Mr Rhodes. Do I really have to make a prat of myself like this just to get a plug in Garageland?" Oddball (that's the label) recording artiste Johnny Britton — who may be either a genuine 20-year-old Bristol-born singing sensation, or else only Bernie Rhodes' dodgiest protege to date — assumes soulful stare and multi-storey quiff for the cover of his press release.

Below left: The obvious joke here would be some reference to Kate Bush. Have we got anything better? you ask. No, not really. Okay, let's just go with the "Here's the one and only Kate Bush" line then (cue sounds of unrestrained laughter, slapping of thighs, etc.)



Pic: Adrian Boot



NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL

3rd Floor

5-7 Carnaby Street

London W1V 1PG

Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR

Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor

Phil McNeill

Features Editor

Tony Stewart

News Editor

Derek Johnson

Associate Editors

Charles Shaar Murray

Monty Smith

Production Editor

Stuart Johnston

Special Projects Editor

Roy Carr

Staff

Paul Rambali

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Adrian Thrills

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Design

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Cartoons

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Research

Fiona Foulgar

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Ad Director

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BETTER BADGES

This Last Week

1	(4) Dead Kennedys — Cambodia...	20p
2	(1) Jam — Start...	20p
3	(2) Joy Division — Closer...	20p
4	(7) Dead Kennedys...	20p
5	(—) Cross — Anti War...	20p
6	(5) Jam — Going Underground...	20p
7	(—) The Beat — Go Feet (Pic)...	20p
8	(6) Joy Division — Unknown Pleasures...	20p
9	(—) Cross — Man Made Power...	20p
10	(—) CND...	20p

NEW RELEASES

20p: Plasmatics, New Ubu, Spectres, New Fad Gadget, Gregory Isaacs — Poor & Clean, Jam Start; C30, C60, C90 Go; Tea Set, Marianne Dance; Fad Gadget; Pere Ubu; Plasmatics; The Spectres; Digital Dance; Rev-Up; Delta 5 Mind Your Own Business; Lemon Kittens; The Beat Just Can't Stop It; Magazine Correct Use Of Soap; Androids of Mu, Sector 27, Weapon Of Peace, Marianne Dance, Zounds, Delta 5, Chords, Futurama, Martha & The Muffins, Cross — Anti War, Cross Man Made Power, New Killing Joke, Liliput, Spizz — Central Park, Piranhas, James Blood Ulmer — Blood.

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