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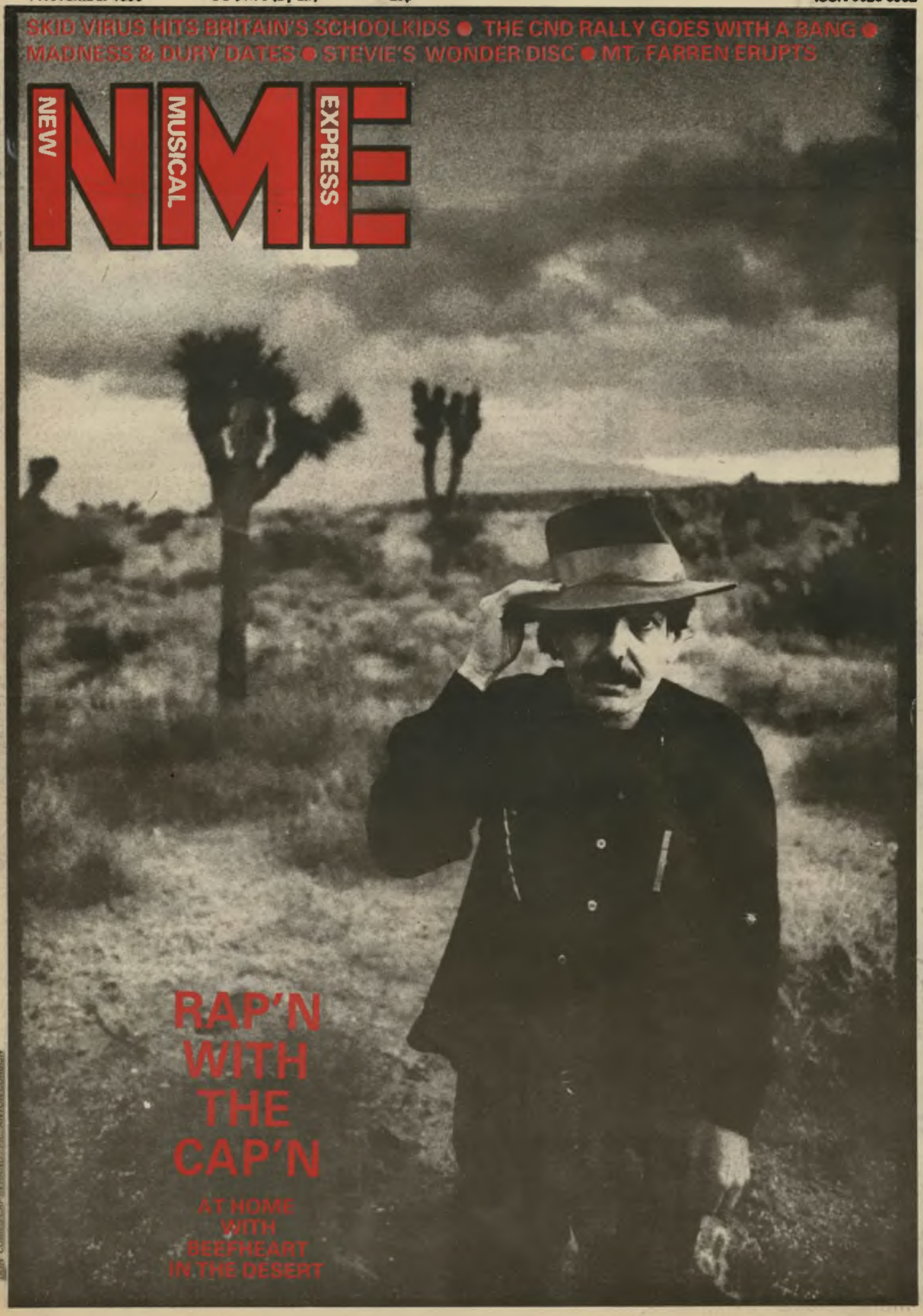
SKID VIRUS HITS BRITAIN'S SCHOOLKIDS ● THE CND RALLY GOES WITH A BANG ● MADNESS & DURY DATES ● STEVIE'S WONDER DISC ● MT. FARREN ERUPTS

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS



RAP'N WITH THE CAP'N

AT HOME WITH BEEFHEART IN THE DESERT

DON COMES CAP IN HAND / PIC: ANTON CORBIJN

John Cleese of Monty Python (No. 7 with a contractual bullet) offers his world-famous impression of Barbra Streisand (No. 1 in all charts in every country in the world). Well, Babs . . .

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING November 1st, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	(4)	**Woman In Love**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	4	1
2	(6)	**What You're Proposing**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	2
3	(2)	**D.I.S.C.O.**	Ottawan (Carrere)	6	2
4	(9)	**When You Ask About Love**	Matchbox (Magnet)	4	4
5	(5)	**Baggy Trousers**	Madness (Stiff)	7	2
6	(1)	**Don't Stand So Close To Me**	Police (A & M)	6	1
7	(16)	**Love X Love**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	5	7
8	(8)	**If You're Lookin' For A Way Out**	Odyssey (RCA)	5	6
9	(3)	**And The Birds Were Singing**	Sweet People (Polydor)	4	3
10	(17)	**Enola Gay**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	3	10
10	(25)	**Special Brew**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	2	10
12	(13)	**Gotta Pull Myself Together**	Nolans (Epic)	4	12
13	(11)	**Casanova**	Coffee (De-Lite)	4	10
14	(—)	**Dog Eat Dog**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	1	14
15	(12)	**My Old Piano**	Diana Ross (Motown)	6	4
16	(18)	**All Out Of Love**	Air Supply (Arista)	3	16
17	(20)	**Army Dreamers**	Kate Bush (EMI)	3	17
18	(24)	**Let Me Talk**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	2	18
19	(—)	**One Man Woman**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	1	19
20	(7)	**Masterblaster**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	7	2
21	(—)	**London Town**	Light Of The World (Ensign)	1	21
22	(21)	**Three Little Birds**	Bob Marley (Island)	5	11
23	(29)	**Loving You**	Jacksons (Motown)	2	23
24	(—)	**Towers Of London**	XTC (Virgin)	1	24
25	(—)	**Suddenly**	Olivia Newton-John/Cliff Richard (Jet)	1	25
26	(—)	**Never Knew Love Like This Before**	Stephanie Mills (20th Century)	1	26
27	(14)	**You're Lying**	Linx (Chrysalis)	5	13
28	(22)	**What's In A Kiss**	Gilbert O'Sullivan (CBS)	3	22
29	(30)	**I Need Your Love**	Teena Marie (Motown)	2	29
30	(—)	**Why Do Lovers Break Each Others Hearts**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

The Breaks — Kurtis Blow (Mercury).
Party In Paris — U.K. Subs (Gem).
Loving Just For Fun — Kelly Marie (Calibre).
Give Me An Inch — Hazel O'Connor (A&M).
Don't Say I Told You — Tourists (RCA).
Whose Problem — Motels (Capitol).

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	**Women In Love**	Barbra Streisand
2	(1)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	Queen
3	(5)	**He's So Shy**	Pointer Sisters
4	(3)	**Upside Down**	Diana Ross
5	(9)	**Lady**	Kenny Rogers
6	(8)	**The Wanderer**	Donna Summer
7	(7)	**Real Love**	The Doobie Brothers
8	(4)	**I'm Alright (Theme From Caddyshack)**	Kenny Loggins
9	(11)	**Jesse**	Carly Simon
10	(14)	**Never Knew Love Like This Before**	Stephanie Mills
11	(16)	**I'm Coming Out**	Diana Ross
12	(17)	**Master Blaster**	Stevie Wonder
13	(15)	**Dreaming**	Cliff Richard
14	(6)	**Drivin' My Life Away**	Eddie Rabbitt
15	(20)	**Lovely One**	The Jacksons
16	(19)	**Dreamer**	Supertramp
17	(13)	**Look What You've Done To Me**	Boz Scaggs
18	(21)	**Whip It**	Devo
19	(23)	**You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
20	(10)	**Xanadu**	Olivia Newton-John/Electric Light Orchestra
21	(30)	**More Than I Can Say**	Leo Sayer
22	(25)	**On The Road Again**	Willie Nelson
23	(—)	**Hit Me With Your Best Shot**	Pat Benatar
24	(27)	**Let Me Be Your Angel**	Stacy Lattisaw
25	(—)	**She's So Cold**	Rolling Stones
26	(29)	**Out Here On My Own**	Irene Cara
27	(—)	**That Girl Could Sing**	Jackson Browne
28	(12)	**Lookin' For Love**	Johnny Lee
29	(—)	**Never Be The Same**	Christopher Cross
30	(24)	**Midnight Rocks**	Al Stewart

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand
2	(2)	**The Game**	Queen
3	(4)	**One Step Closer**	Doobie Brothers
4	(3)	**Diana**	Diana Ross
5	(6)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
6	14	**Greatest Hits**	Kenny Rogers
7	(5)	**Xanadu**	Original Soundtrack
8	(—)	**The River**	Bruce Springsteen
9	(11)	**Paris**	Supertramp
10	(10)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
11	(8)	**Hold Out**	Jackson Browne
12	(13)	**Alive**	Kenny Loggins
13	(7)	**Urban Cowboy**	Original Soundtrack
14	(18)	**Triumph**	The Jacksons
15	(9)	**Panorama**	The Cars
16	(12)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones
17	(15)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson
18	(17)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
19	(16)	**Honeysuckle Rose**	Original Soundtrack
20	(21)	**Zepp**	Zepp
21	(20)	**One Trick Pony**	Paul Simon
22	(22)	**Audio-Visions**	Kansas
23	(25)	**Scary Monsters**	David Bowie
24	(28)	**Anne Murray's Greatest Hits**	Anne Murray
25	(24)	**TP**	Teddy Pendergrass
26	(19)	**Wild Planet**	The B-52's
27	(23)	**Beatin' The Odds**	Molly Hatchet
28	(27)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
29	(—)	**Freedom Of Choice**	Devo
30	(30)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'

"PATHETIC!"

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	(1)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	Police (A&M)	6	1
2	(2)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	3	2
3	(—)	**Just Supposin'**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	3
4	(—)	**The River**	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	1	4
5	(5)	**Scary Monsters**	David Bowie (RCA)	6	1
6	(3)	**Absolutely**	Madness (Stiff)	5	2
7	(29)	**Contractural Obligation Album**	Monty Python (Charisma)	2	7
8	(17)	**The Love Album**	Various (K-Tel)	5	8
9	(7)	**Paris**	Supertramp (A&M)	4	7
10	(5)	**Never Forever**	Kate Bush (EMI)	7	1
10	(4)	**Mounting Excitement**	Various (K-Tel)	5	3
12	(20)	**I Am Woman**	Various (Polydor)	5	20
13	(13)	**Triumph**	Jacksons (Epic)	3	13
14	(11)	**The Very Best Of Don McLean**	Don McLean (UA)	5	5
15	(10)	**Chinatown**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	10
16	(18)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	15	1
17	(9)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	14	5
17	(12)	**Breaking Glass**	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	10	4
19	(—)	**Making Movies**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	1	19
20	(24)	**I'm No Hero**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	4
21	(19)	**Gold**	The Three Degrees (Ariola/K. Tel)	5	18
22	(—)	**My Generation**	Who (Virgin)	1	22
23	(14)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)	8	1
24	(—)	**Killing Joke**	Killing Joke (Polydor)	1	24
25	(23)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A & M)	49	1
26	(16)	**Flesh & Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	22	1
27	(—)	**Full House**	Dooleys (GTO)	1	27
28	(22)	**Midnight Dynamos**	Matchbox (Magnet)	4	14
29	(21)	**Now We May Begin**	Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	7	4
30	(—)	**Faces**	Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Kilimanjaro — Teardrop Explodes (Mercury).
Border Line — Ry Cooder (Warner Bros).
Greatest Hits Vol 2 — Cockney Rejects (Zonophone).
Very Best of Elton John — Elton John (K-Tel).
Street Level — Various (Ronco).
Ready — Blues Band (Arista).

INDIES 33s

1. Closer — Joy Division (Factory)
2. Signing Off — UB40 (Graduate)
3. Pindrop — Passage (Object)
4. Miniatures — Various (Pipe)
5. Jane From Occupied Europe — Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
6. Unknown Pleasure — Joy Division (Factory)
7. Live In Roots — Misty (People Unite)
8. Alternative Hits — Chelsea (Step Forward)
9. Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
10. The Art Of Walking — Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)

Charts by: Paul at Boneparts, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1

REGGAE

1. Galleting — Welton Irie (Taxi)
2. Smiling Faces — Tamlins (Power House)
3. Sunday Morn — Gregory Isaacs (Dancia)
4. Ceasefire — Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
5. Forward To Jah — Jaytees (I Studio)
6. Hustling — Tony Tuff (Scorcher)
7. Ring Croft — Earth & Stone (Crazy Joe)
8. Sugar Plum Plum — Wailing Souls (Taxi)
9. My World Is Falling Down — Tamlins (Taxi)
10. Mi Tuss Lion Pepperite — Solomonic

Chart by: Maroons Tunes, 19 Great Street, London W.1. 01-437 4845

5 YEARS AGO

1. Space Oddity — David Bowie (RCA)
2. I Only Have Eyes For You — Art Garfunkel (CBS)
3. Love In The Drug — Roxy Music (Island)
4. What A Difference A Day Makes — Esther Phillips (Kudu)
5. Feelings — Morris Albert (Decca)
6. Rhinestone Cowboy — Glen Campbell (Capitol)
7. Blue Guitar — Justin Hayward & John Lodge (Threshold)
8. S.O.S. — Abba (Epic)
9. There Goes My First Love — Drifters (Bell)
10. D.I.V.O.R.C.E. — Billy Connolly (Polydor)

Week ending November 4, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1. Woodstock — Matthews Southern Comfort (UNI)
2. Patches — Clarence Carter (Atlantic)
3. Me And My Life — Tremeloes (CBS)
4. Band Of Gold — Freda Payne (Invictus)
5. Black Night — Deep Purple (Harvest)
6. War — Edwin Starr (Tamla Motown)
7. Get Of Confusion — Temptations (Tamla Motown)
8. Ruby Tuesday — Melanie (Buddah)
9. Still Waters — Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
10. Paranoid — Black Sabbath (Vertigo)

Week ending November 4, 1970

INDIES 45s

1. Flight/Blown Away 12" — A Certain Ratio (Factory)
2. Requiem/Change — Killing Joke (Malicious Damage)
3. Friend Catcher — Birthday Party (4AD)
4. Lips That would Kiss 12" — Durutti Column (Factory/Benelux)
5. Drug Train EP — Cramps (Illegal)
6. Atmosphere 12 — Joy Division (Factory)
7. Blue Boy — Orange Juice (Postcard)
8. Shake Rake — Zeitgeist (Enchained)
9. I Married A Cult Figure From Salford — Cathy La Creme (Ovation)
10. Shack Up — A Certain Ratio (Factory)

DISCO

1. Casanova — Coffee (Phonogram)
2. You're Lying — Linx (Chrysalis)
3. Thighs High — Tom Browne (Arista)
4. I Like What You're Doing To Me — Young and Co (Excalibur)
5. Falcon — Ron Bend (DJM)
6. I Need Your Loving — Teena Marie (Motown)
7. London town — Light Of The World (Ensign)
8. Under The Sun Moon & Stars — Family Affair (Belaphone)
9. Celebration — Kool And The Gang (Phonogram)
10. Master Blaster — Stevie Wonder (Motown)

Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W.1

15 YEARS AGO

1. Get Off My Cloud — Rolling Stones (Decca)
2. Yesterday Man — Chris Andrews (Decca)
3. Yours — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
4. Here It Comes Again — Fortunes (Decca)
5. It's Good News Week — Hedgehoppers Anonymous (Decca)
6. Yesterday — Matt Monro (Parlophone)
7. It's My Life — Animals (Columbia)
8. Almost There — Andy Williams (CBS)
9. Still I'm Sad — Yardbirds (Columbia)
10. Evil Hearted You — Yardbirds (Columbia)

Week ending November 5, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1. It's Now Or Never — Elvis Presley (RCA)
2. Only The Lonely — Roy Orbison (London)
3. As Long As He Needs Me — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
4. Dreamin' — Johnny Burnette (London)
5. Rocking Goose — Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)
6. Let's Think About Living — Bob Luman (Warner Brothers)
7. Chain Gang — Sam Cooke (RCA)
8. So Sad — Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
9. How About That — Adam Faith (Parlophone)
10. Nine Times Out Of Ten — Cliff Richard (Columbia)

Week ending November 4, 1960

Xmas wiv yer Uncle Ian

IAN DURY & The Blockheads were this week confirmed for 25 dates around the country, starting towards the end of November and leading up to Christmas. They're playing a mixture of ballrooms and concert halls, plus a couple of universities — and they climax with three London shows at a new rock venue. Together they form the band's so-called 'Song And Dance Tour', and the support acts are The Basement 5 and Blurt.

The schedule comprises Belfast Mayfield Theatre (November 21), Dublin Grand Cinema (23 and 24), Edinburgh Playhouse (26), Glasgow Tiffany's (27), Deeside Leisure Centre (29), Hanley Victoria Hall (30), Bristol Locarno (December 1), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (2), Exeter University (3), Poole Wessex Hall (5), Brighton Centre (6), Southampton Gaumont (7), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (8), Birmingham Top Rank (10), Coventry Tiffany's (11), Leeds University (14), Sheffield Top Rank (15), Bradford St George's Hall (16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Manchester Apollo (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20) and London Michael Sobell Centre (21, 22 and 23). Promoters are Straight Music.

Tickets are all at the one price of £3.50 everywhere — except London (£4) and Ireland (prices vary) — and they go on sale this Saturday. Although many of the venues are unseated, the overall price applies also to the seated halls — the promoters explain that, as they have not increased the admission price since the last Dury tour, they've decided on a "first come, first served" policy.

The Michael Sobell Centre has never previously been used for concerts, and this marks the launch of a new London rock venue. It's basically a sports and leisure centre with a capacity of over 3,000, and it's situated in Finsbury Park not far from the Rainbow — in fact, both are in Seven Sisters Road.

The £4 London tickets will be available to personal callers at the Sobell Centre box-office, or they may be obtained by post from Straight Music Ltd. (to whom postal orders only should be made possible), 1 Murro Terrace, London SW10 0DL, enclosing s.a.e. Please note: no postal bookings to the Sobell centre.

Dury and the band have a new single released by Stiff on November 7, titled 'Superman's Big Sister'. And their new album 'Laughter' is due out two or three weeks later, on either November 21 or 28.

ROTTEN IN ART SHOCK

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD's new album is a live set titled 'Paris Au Printemps', recorded in Paris in March this year. Issued by Virgin on November 14, the LP is unusual in two respects:

● The group have taken the French connection to its logical conclusion by having the entire record sleeve printed in French — so the band's name becomes Image Publique S.A., and songs like 'Chant', 'Careering' and 'Poptones' become 'Psalmodie', 'Precipitamment' and 'Timbres De Pop' respectively.

● The album sleeve also boasts a cover painting by John Lydon which, he reckons, depicts himself, Keith Levene and Jeanette Lee.

Meanwhile, PiL are working in the studio on new material with drummer Martin Atkins — who toured with the group earlier this year, but is now involved with his own band Brian Brain, which means that he is simply working with PiL on a day-by-day basis. The results should be a new studio album in the New Year.

Xmas wiv yer Uncles Chas, Suggs, Barso, Woody, Kix, Bedders and 'Alf'

MADNESS play a dozen major dates immediately before Christmas, culminating in two nights at the Hammersmith Odeon. The tour is billed as 'The Twelve Days Of Madness' — and on all but two of the dates, there'll be additional matinee performances for the under-16s.

They play Newcastle City Hall (December 8), Edinburgh Odeon (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Manchester Apollo (12), Brighton Centre (14), Derby Assembly Rooms (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Hanley Victoria Hall (17), Southampton Gaumont (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (22 and 23). Promoters are Straight Music.

The matinee shows, at all venues except Glasgow and Brighton, are strictly limited to the under-16s. Admission is £1, and the show consists of Madness plus some special surprises. They start at 5.30pm (except Hanley, 6pm)

Evening performances start at 8pm, and ticket prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except Hanley (all at £3.50) and Leicester (£3.50 and £3). There will be at least one support act, still to be named.

A spokesman for the band said this week that, although prices have been kept as low as possible, there'll be no saving on the production. "This will be the best show Madness have ever put on the road," he added.

Madness deliberately refrained from playing Hammersmith on Christmas Eve, as most public transport will be stopping early that night. In view of this, it seems unlikely that the Odeon will have a December 24 show this year.

B-52's bomb over

THE B-52's fly into Britain in a few weeks' time to play two London shows — at the Hammersmith Palais on Monday and Tuesday, November 24 and 25. These will be their only UK dates on this occasion, although they're planning to return next year for a full-scale tour. Support act on both nights is veteran U.S. Tex-Mex group, The Sir Douglas Quartet — best-known, as the S.D. *Quintet* for their 1965 hit single 'She's About A Mover'.

Island Records are releasing a new B-52's single on November 10, a double A-sider coupling 'Strobe Light' and 'Dirty Back Road'. Tickets for the two London gigs are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents, all at the one price of £3.50.

Mo-dettes, Teardrop, S-27 off

THE MO-DETTES have been forced to cancel all their tour dates, announced last week, as drummer June is suffering from a broken toe. The injury was sustained a couple of weeks ago, but has since been aggravated, and doctors say she will need hospital treatment unless she rests it. The band hope to resume touring around November 24.

● THE TEARDROP EXPLODES have cancelled two dates in their current tour — at Bristol Berkeley (November 4) and Scarborough Taboo (7).

● TOM ROBINSON has been forced to cancel Sector 27's appearance in the two-week 'Blanket Coverage' festival at London Islington Hope & Anchor, as his attack of hepatitis is proving more persistent than he expected. The band were due to have played there on November 6, and they are now replaced by The Inmates. As with all the other gigs in the event, it's already a sell-out.

Ruts, Cure, Fripp tour dates

THE CURE, who've been touring abroad since April, complete their travels with a November jaunt around the UK college circuit. They've also slotted in a major London concert on November 17 at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road — tickets are £3.50, £2.50 and £2, with a support act still to be named.

Elsewhere they'll be supported by local bands, and the schedule comprises Bradford University with The Chant (November 5), Manchester Polytechnic with Dance Crazy (6), Newcastle Polytechnic with Pavane (7), York University with Vena Cava (8), Reading University with The Lines (10), Leicester University with Chris Lavelle (11), Loughborough University with And Also The Trees (12), Birmingham University with The Stop (14), Lancaster University with Tarzan 5 (15) and Cardiff University with still-to-be-fixed support (18).

● RUTS D.C. have now lined up their first half-dozen headlining dates in their new format — Dave Ruffy, Segs, Paul Fox and additional sax-man Gary Barnacle — following their debut last week, when they opened as special guests to The Skids at Hammersmith Odeon. Supporting their second Virgin album 'Grin And Bear It' — and their last with their original line-up featuring the late Malcolm Owen — they play Sheffield Limit Club (November 18), Durham University (19), Manchester Carousel Club (20), Liverpool Brady's (21), Bath Tiffany's (23) and London Marquee (25). More gigs are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

● ROBERT FRIPP'S new band The League Of Gentlemen play a series of dates in November, taking in Bournemouth Exeter Hotel (13), Weymouth Dorset Institute (14), Reading Bulmershe College (15), High Wycombe Bucks College (17), Brighton Sussex University (18), London Camden Dingwalls (19 and 20), Nottingham University (21), Manchester Polytechnic (22) and Liverpool Brady's (23).

They'll be supported on all dates by former XTC keyboardist Barry Andrews' new band Restaurant For Dogs — also featuring David Marks (bass), Bruce McRae (guitar) and Kevin Wilkinson (drums) — and this means that Andrews will be on stage the whole evening, as he is also a member of the Fripp outfit. Restaurant For Dogs are playing three warm-up gigs this weekend in their own right — at Bath Moles (tonight, Thursday), Salisbury Town Hall (Friday) and Bournemouth Exeter Hotel (Sunday).

THE SKOLARS

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SPLODGENESSABOUNDS have added **Colchester** Essex University (November 4) and **London Camden** Music Machine (22) to their extensive autumn tour — but attempts to book gigs in **Blackpool** (13) and **Lincoln** (25) have been thwarted, as both local councils have turned them down. And they've had to cancel a date (already booked) at **York** College of Ripon and York St. John, following a feature on the band in the *Daily Star*, which apparently prompted the college principal to ban "this disgustingly rude group".

U2 begin a headlining tour next weekend, promoting their newly released debut album 'Boy' on the Island label. They play **Exeter University** (November 7), **Southampton University** (8), **London West Hampstead Moonlight Club** (9), **Canterbury Kent University** (11), **Bradford University** (12), **Sheffield Limit** (13), **Kidderminster Town Hall** (14), **Bristol Polytechnic** (15), **Reading University** (16), **Wolverhampton Polytechnic** (18), **Blackpool Polytechnic** (20), **Edinburgh Nite Club** (21), **Liverpool Brady's** (22), **Coventry Polytechnic** (24), **Birmingham Aston University** (29), **Keele University** (29) and **Brighton Jenkinsons** (30). Then follows a short series of U.S. dates, after which they'll be playing a string of Irish gigs taking them up to Christmas.

SORE THROAT have been busy putting together a new set of material with their new singer and drummer, replacing Justin Ward and Clive Kirby, who both left the band earlier this year. The line-up is now Dan Flowers (bass), Matt Flowers (keyboards), Greg Mason (sax), Nick Pepper (drums), Reid Savage (guitar) and Conrad Warre (vocals and guitar). They support the Joe Jackson Band at **Bradford** St George's Hall (this Sunday), **Birmingham Odeon** (next Monday) and **Blackburn** King George's Hall (Tuesday). And they have **London** gigs in their own right at **Fulham** Greyhound (this Saturday) and **Islington** Pied Bull (November 11), with more being set.

Cats stray far afield

THE STRAY CATS have added still more dates to their debut UK tour — at **Hull University** (November 13), **Newcastle Mayfair** (14), **Edinburgh Nite Club** (15), **Norwich East Anglia University** (20), **Manchester University** (22), **Exeter University** (24), **Bristol Berkeley** (25), **Cardiff Casablanca** (26), **Nottingham University** (29), **Southend Shrimpers** (30), **Grimsby Community Hall** (December 2), **Bradford University** (3), **Leeds Warehouse** (4), **Huddersfield Polytechnic** (6), **Birmingham Cedar Ballroom** (11) and **Liverpool Brady's** (12). Support act on all dates is Seventeen. The Cats' first single under their new deal with Arista is the self-penned 'Runaway Boys', produced by Dave Edmunds and released this week.

THE COMSAT ANGELS have made a few changes to their previously reported headline tour. They have new gigs at **Birmingham Aston University** (November 6), **Reading University** (15), **Brighton Jenkinsons** (16) and **Norwich** Cromwells (18). They have cancelled **London Hammersmith** Clarendon (8) and **Bradford University** (15). And **London Fulham** Greyhound moves forward from November 29 to 10, while **London Marquee** is put back from November 18 to 29.

TOUR NEWS ROUND-UP

THE BARRACUDAS, who've just completed a nationwide outing with The Tourists, set out on their own headline tour this weekend. With more gigs still to be confirmed, those set so far are **Southampton University** (this Saturday), **London Camden Dingwalls** (November 4), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (7), **Leeds** Fforde Green (8), **London Islington Hope & Anchor** (17), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (18), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (19), **Sheffield** Limit (20), **Scarborough** Penthouse (21), **London Herne Hill** Half Moon (23), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (27), **London City** Polytechnic (28), **Dudley** J.B.'s (29), **Treforest** Wales Polytechnic (December 3), **Fareham** Princes College (9) and **Bristol** Berkeley (17). A new single will be issued by EMI in a couple of weeks.

QUEEN IDA — the so-called 'Queen of Zydeco', who ranks on a par with Rocking Dopsie in that particular field — returns to the UK for another string of dates, including four nights at **London Camden** Dingwalls on November 17, 18, 26 and 27. Another London gig is at **Wimbledon** Nelson's on November 19, and she then travels out of town to play **Coventry** Warwick University (20), **Leeds** Fforde Green (21), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (22), **Kirklevington** Country Club (23), **Manchester** Fagin's (24), **Liverpool** Royal Court Theatre (25) and **Norwich** East Anglia University (28).

THE STIFFS, the Blackburn band who record for Zonophone, have a string of **London** gigs at **Herne Hill** Half Moon (this Thursday and November 6), **Fulham** Greyhound (tomorrow, Friday), **Kingston** Three Tuns (November 3), **Fulham** Golden Lion (4), **Clapham** 101 Club (5), **Covent Garden** Rock Garden (7) and **Camden** Dingwalls (10). They then start a series of provincial one-nighters at **Preston** Warehouse (13) and **Manchester** Millstone (15).

ATOMIC ROOSTER have added another five dates to their current reunion tour — at **Bolton Aquarius** (November 3), **Durham Bede College** (4), **Glasgow University** (8), **Croydon Greyhound** (14) and **Leeds** Fforde Green (30) — and further gigs are at present being lined up to take the tour through to Christmas. They've also solved their drummer problems, following the defection of Ginger Baker to Hawkwind — Paul Hammond has joined them for the remainder of the tour. Two previously released Rooster tracks, 'Tomorrow Night' and 'Devils Answer', have just been released as a single by B&C Records.

BILL HALEY & The Comets have had to cancel their concert at **London Hammersmith** Odeon on November 20, which was to have been part of a wider European tour, as Haley is in hospital. Reports suggest that he is suffering from a brain tumour which, if confirmed, would make it virtually certain that he will never perform again.

KNOX play further dates, additional to those reported three weeks ago, at **Paisley** Bungalow (this Saturday), **Glasgow's** Tiffany's (Sunday), **York** Jespers (November 3), **London Woolwich** Tramshed (6), **London Crystal Palace** Hotel (7), **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion with UK Subs (12) and **London Kensington** Imperial College (28).

THE FATAL CHARM, a Nottingham five-piece band, are to support Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark on their UK tour opening at **Aylesbury** Friars this Saturday. The group are also recording a single for New Year release by Double D Records.

PRAYING MANTIS are to support Canadian heavy metal band Triumph on their previously reported UK tour, opening at **Southampton** Gaumont on November 6 and climaxing in two nights at **London Hammersmith** Odeon (15-16). Prior to this, they appear at **London Camden** Music Music Machine this Saturday and **Gloucester** College of Art on November 5, and after the Triumph concerts they'll be setting out on their own tour.

THE DANCE BAND have confirmed further dates at **Carmarthen** Trinity College (tomorrow, Friday), **Cardiff** Casablanca (Saturday), **Wolverhampton** Layfayette (Sunday), **Cheltenham** Eves Club (November 3), **London Camden** Dingwalls (12), **Keele** University (13), **Oxford** Westminster College (14), **London Twickenham** West London Institute (28), **Cheltenham** St Paul's College (December 5), **London Chelsea** College (6), **Derby** Lonsdale College (9), **Manchester** University (10) and **Edinburgh** Astoria (11).

BERT JANSCH & JOHN RENBOURN — the former Pentangle stalwarts, now part of the Kicking Mule stable — are touring together at **Swindon Wyvern Theatre** (November 12), **Nottingham Albert Hall** (13), **Kendal Brewery Arts Centre** (20), **Southport Theatre** (22), **Glasgow Cumbernauld Theatre** (23), **Inverness Eden Court Theatre** (24), **Edinburgh University** (25), **Barrow Civic Hall** (27), **London Victoria The Venue** (December 1), **Bristol University** (3), **Penzance West Cornwall Arts Centre** (4) and **Milton Keynes Woughton Centre** (6).

***DIRE STRAITS** have added a third night at London Rainbow Theatre to their upcoming tour — it's the last date on the tour, and it's on ChristmasEve. As transport finishes early on that night, it's an early show from 7 to 9pm. Tickets go on sale today (Thursday) priced £5, £4 and £3.*

RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON are playing a series of concerts at **Reading Hexagon** (November 4), **Oxford Playhouse Theatre** (8), **London Victoria The Venue** (18 and 19), **Loughborough University** (22), **Sheffield Crucible Theatre** (23), **Leicester University** (25), **Norwich Keswick Hall** (28) and **Edinburgh Queens Hall** (December 4). They'll be backed up by their regular band of Simon Nicol (guitar), Dave Mattacks (drums), John Kirkpatrick (accordian), Sue Harris (dulcimer and oboe) and Pete Zorn (bass). Kirkpatrick and Sue Harris will also have their own set as part of the concerts, except at Oxford where special guests are Bert Jansch's Conundrum.

REAL TO REAL promote their latest single 'The Blue', on Red Shadow Records, with **London** gigs at **Stratford** North-East Polytechnic (this Friday), **Woolwich** Tramshed (November 5), **Peckham** Green Man (11) and **Plumstead** Prince Rupert (23). Other confirmed dates are at **Eton** Christopher Hotel (November 20) and **Coventry** Warwick University (22).

JAMES BLOOD ULMER, whose appearance in the Camden Jazz Festival this week was to have been his only UK date, will now also play a special gig at **London** Notre Dame Hall in Leicester Square next Tuesday (4) — admission £2.50. His new album 'Are You Glad To Be In America?' is released this week by Rough Trade.

THE BROUGHTONS have added **Manchester** Band On The Wall (November 4) and **London** Marquee (December 1) to their gig series reported last week ... **THE ENID** have put back their charity concert at **London Drury Lane** Theatre Royal from December 7 to 12 ... **SPOOKY**, the eight-piece band who record for Decca, support Kool & The Gang on their UK tour starting next Monday (3) . **RUBY TURNER**, the Jamaican singer whose single 'Separate Ways' was issued recently by Sunflower-Graduate, plays **London Camden** Dingwalls tomorrow (Friday) ... **POSITIVE SIGNALS** support Rockpile at **London** Queen Mary College this Saturday (1).

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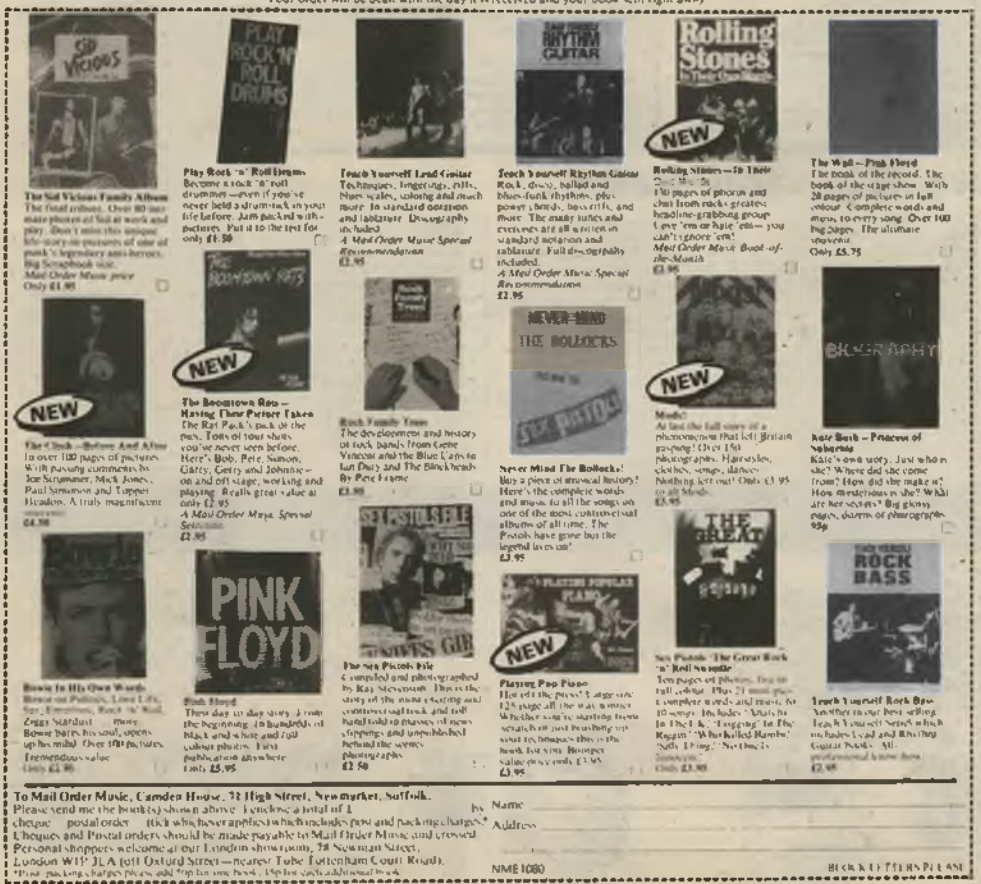


LATEST RECORD NEWS

● **John Otway** has his first single on Stiff Records issued this weekend — his version of the country classic which Tom Jones took to No.1, 'Green Green Grass Of Home'. It was recorded in Milwaukee, and comes in a picture bag.

● **Release of Pinpoint's** debut album '3rd State', recorded over the past two months with producer Martin Rushent, has been put back to late January by Albion Records. But the band hope to have a single out before Christmas.

● **The Slits** have decided to release their new single through a new label, Human Records, formed jointly by Stage One and Bonaparte Records. The reason, they say, is that they "want to experiment with distribution techniques". Due to printing changes, release has been put back to November 7.

● **John Foxx** has his fourth single 'Miles Away'/'A Long Time' issued by Virgin this weekend. Now in the process of fitting out his own recording studio, Foxx will begin recording his second album there shortly, and January release is planned.

● **DJM Records, Elton John's** former label, release a single this weekend consisting of two tracks taken from his 'Goodbye Yellow Brick Road' album — 'Harmony'/'Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters'. The former title also appears on the newly-released K-Tel compilation 'The Very Best Of Elton John'.

● **Shakatak**, whose last single 'Steppin' figured strongly in the disco charts, have their follow-up 'Feels Like The Right Time' issued by Polydor this weekend in both 7" and 12".

● **Mungo Jerry** front man **Ray Dorset** has formed his own Satellite record label, to which he has signed new three-piece band **Prime Suspect** — their debut single 'Catastrophe Today' is out this weekend. Dorset, composer of Kelly Marie's No.1 hit 'Feels Like I'm In Love', will also be releasing solo product on the label before Christmas.

● **Straight Eight** have their second single 'Tombstone'/'On The Rebound' issued by Logo on November 7, both sides culled from their recently released album 'Shuffle 'n' Cut'.

● Due to disco demand, **Ansta/Zoom** are importing several thousand copies of the 12-inch version of the current **Simple Minds** single 'I Travel'. It's a 8½-minute track, originally recorded specially for France.

● **Darts** have their promised 'Greatest Hits' album issued by Magnet this week. And November 7 sees the release of their new single, none other than 'White Christmas' — it also features two other tracks, 'Sh-Boom' and a live version of 'Don't Say Yes'.

BLACK SLATE

STEEL PULSE

REGGAE REGALES THE REGIONS

Black Slate Steel Pulse on the road

BLACK SLATE begin an extensive UK tour next week, hot on the heels of the Top Ten success of their single 'Amigo', and with their album of the same title due for release by Ensign on November 7 — the LP, incidentally, includes a full-length version of the single. With more dates still to be confirmed, those set so far are:

London Oxford St. 100 Club (November 6), Cardiff Top Rank (12), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (14), Torquay 400 Ballroom (15), Somerton Red Lion (16), Penzance Demelza's (17), Plymouth Fiesta (18), Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic (19), Port Talbot Troubadour (20), Birmingham Top Rank (21), Newcastle University (22), Slough Centre Ballroom (28), Guildford Surrey University (29), Bristol Romeo & Juliet's (December 1), Derby Romeo & Juliet's (2), Sheffield Polytechnic (3), Manchester Polytechnic (4) and Brighton Jenkinsons (7).

STEEL PULSE are to headline a month-long autumn tour, confined mainly to the campus circuit, though the general public will be admitted to college gigs.

Dates so far confirmed are at Stirling University (November 13), Newcastle Polytechnic (14), Leeds University (15), Liverpool University (19), Norwich East Anglia University (21), Colchester Essex University (22), Brighton Top Rank (24), Sheffield University (25), Manchester University (26), Coventry Warwick University (27), Cardiff University (28), Leicester Polytechnic (29), Birmingham University (December 5), Loughborough University (6) and St. Albans City Hall (8).

More dates are still being lined up, including a major London show, and these will be announced shortly.

Steeleye to hit comeback trail

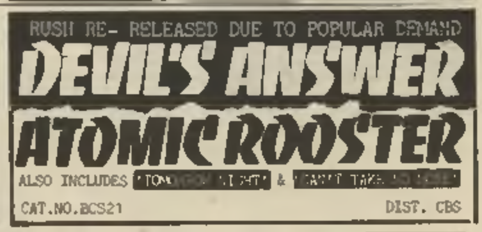
STEELEYE SPAN, probably Britain's most successful folk-rock band ever, have now announced details of their reunion tour and album — plans for which were revealed by *NME* in the summer. The comeback is not on a permanent basis, as the various members have their own individual careers, but it's expected to be repeated regularly — probably annually.

The line-up is perhaps the band's most popular, and the one which recorded the album 'Now We Are Six' and single 'All Around My Hat' — comprising Maddy Prior (vocals), Tim Hart and Bob Johnson (guitars), Rick Kemp (bass), Peter Knight (fiddle and keyboards) and Nigel Pegrum (drums). Their new album, produced by Gus Dudgeon and issued by Chrysalis on November 14, is titled 'Sails Of Silver'.

Tour dates are Brighton Dome (December 3), Ipswich Gaumont (4), Birmingham Odeon (5), Southport Theatre (6), Blackburn King George's Hall (7), Bradford St. George's Hall (8), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (12), Southampton Gaumont (13) Newcastle City Hall (15), Edinburgh Odeon (16) and London Hammersmith Odeon (18). Tickets should be on sale at all venues by this Saturday.

● Earlier this year, Maddy Prior and Rick Kemp were married, and she is expecting their first child any time now — well before the tour starts!

ROD STEWART EXTRA, HOT CHOCOLATE TOUR: PAGE 6



Clarendon closure shock

LONDON'S Clarendon Hotel in Hammersmith, which has built up a reputation as one of the capital's top pub venues in recent months, has been forced to stop staging rock gigs. It seems it has been playing to around 700 or 800 people at each gig, whereas the official capacity limit was 250 — unknown to promoter Les Palmer, who hadn't been advised by the leaseholders. The Greater London Council has now stepped in and stopped all live gigs on the grounds of "fire precautions", and it's not yet known when — or if — the venue will re-open.

The 250 limit was enforced only 24 hours before Killing Joke were due to play the first of two nights at the Clarendon, and several hundred tickets had been sold for each show — and in order to defuse a potentially eruptive situation, it was decided to cancel both gigs. Stevo has also missed out on the party gig he was to have presented there this weekend, but he has instead arranged two nights at the Scala Cinema in Tottenham Court Road on November 28 and December 5 — featuring a permutation of Blah Blah Blah, Vice Versa, Soft Cell, The Last Dance, Naked Lunch and B Movie.

CHARLIE DANIELS: RAINBOW

CHARLIE DANIELS BAND, who've been deeply involved in the American Presidential Campaign over the past few weeks, put all that razzamatazz behind them when they fly into London to headline a one-off concert at the Rainbow Theatre on Friday, November 21. Although the kingpins of Southern rock 'n' roll are also playing a number of gigs in Europe, this will be their only UK date. They'll be promoting their new Epic album 'Full Moon', released four weeks ago.

Roy Harper schedule set

ROY HARPER sets out in mid-November on an 11-concert tour, highlighted by a major London show at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on November 29. Other dates are Sheffield University (15), Redcar Coatham Bowl (16), Manchester Polytechnic (20), Edinburgh Queen's Hall (21), Birmingham University (22), Nottingham Playhouse (23), Liverpool Brady's (26), Blackpool Gaiety Bar (27), Wakefield Unity Hall (28) and Bath Tiffany's (30). He'll be backed by Andy Roberts (guitar), Preston Heyman (drums) and Mike Shepherd (bass). As NME pointed out last week, reports elsewhere that the Patrik Fitzgerald Group are supporting are described by Harper's spokesman as "very premature and probably inaccurate".

Lindisfarne Xmas season

LINDISFARNE are playing their usual string of Christmas concerts at the City Hall in their home town of Newcastle. And this year, they've lined up no fewer than ten shows on either side of the holiday — December 20-24 and 27-30, inclusive, plus a special performance for under-privileged children for which tickets aren't on sale to the general public. The band, who celebrate their tenth anniversary this year, won't have any new record material to coincide with these gigs — they've now parted company with Phonogram, but will be recording a new album for another label in the New Year.

City Hall ticket prices are £4.50, £4 and £3.50, plus £3 on the platform. For the first three nights (20-22), they are available only by personal application at the box office. For the remaining shows (23-24 and 27-30), they are available by post only from Lindisfarne Concert, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle-upon Tyne NE99 1LT — make cheques and POs payable to "L.M.P. Ltd", state first and second choice of dates, and enclose s.a.e.

HOT FROM THE PRESS

Dindisc celebration compilation

DINDISC celebrate their recent first birthday by issuing a compilation album this weekend, featuring tracks released by the label's artists over the past year — the one exception being a completely new recording by **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark** called 'Electricity'. OMITD have two other tracks on the set, 'Waiting For The Man' and 'Messages'. There are also two tracks each by **Martha & The Muffins, The Monochrome Set** and **The Revillos**, plus one by **Dedringer**. Retail price is £3.99.

Martha & The Muffins' new single, released by Dindisc tomorrow (Friday) is titled 'Was Ezo', which refers to Japan's northernmost island Hokkaido — it was originally called Ezo, hence 'Was Ezo'! The song was penned by Martha Ladly, who recently left the band to pursue her own career — she's now moved to London, where she's working on material for a solo album.

● Decca release a further four maxi-singles this weekend, each containing four classic tracks by **Amen Corner, Jet Harris & Tony Meehan, Brian Poole & The Tremeloes** and **Marmalade**, respectively.

● Newcastle rockers **White Heat** have their second single 'Finished With The Fashion'/'Ordinary Joe', produced by Simon Boswell, out this week on Vallium Records.

● Five-piece Cardiff R&B outfit **C.R. Boogie Band** have a single out on Rockfield Studios' own label Active Records, distributed by RCA — titled 'Falling On The Floor'

● Polydor have signed **Visage**, a project conceived by **Steve Strange**, who's enlisted the aid of several top musicians to work with him in writing, production and recording — they are John Mc Geoch (currently with Siouxsie), Billy Currie and Midgue Ure (Ultravox), Dave Formula (Magazine) and Rusty Egan (Rich Kids). Their first album 'Visage' is due in mid-November, along with a single titled 'Fade To Grey'.

● **Grand Prix**, whose self-named debut album has just been issued by RCA, now have a single culled from it — titled 'Which Way Does The Wind Blow', it's released on November 14 in both 7" and 12".

● **The VIP's** have their single 'Need Somebody To Love'/'One More Chance' released on November 7, and the first 10,000 copies will include a free EP — comprising 'Stuttgart Special', 'Who Knows' and 'Janine'.

● **Ginger** follow up their 'Blind Date' debut with a second single called 'Something Wasn't Quite Right', issued by Eagle Records tomorrow (Friday). It was penned by Ginger, the lead vocalist who named the band after himself.

● Trojan have dug into their back catalogue and compiled a list of 75 albums to sell by mail order. Many haven't been obtainable for several years, and they include early sets by such artists as **The Pioneers, Toots & The Maytals, Ken Boothe, The Chosen Few** and **Inner Circle**. They'll sell at £3.25, including postage and packing.

News overflow

ROD'S BRIGHTON ROCK

ROD STEWART has added two more dates to his upcoming UK tour, at the tail end of his itinerary — they're at the Brighton Centre on December 16 and 17. Tickets are priced £8 (seated) and £7 (standing), and they'll be available to personal applicants from November 8. Mail orders will be accepted from November 10 — write to The Brighton Centre (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), King's Road, Brighton, Sussex, enclosing s.a.e.

The six Stewart concerts at Wembley Arena in early December are now sold out, and the promoters are in the process of returning over 40,000 unsuccessful applications — all of which takes time, so if you haven't heard, it probably means your cheque is on the way back to you. Stewart has a new single title 'Passion' released by Riva this weekend — it's taken from his upcoming album 'Foolish Behaviour', due in mid-November.

Chocolate flavoured gigs

HOT CHOCOLATE devote the second half of November to their British Tour 1980 — and it's a considerably shorter schedule than they usually play, taking in just 11 major venues. Dates are Coventry Theatre (November 17), Bradford St. George's Hall (18), Edinburgh Odeon (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Bristol Hippodrome (22), Oxford New Theatre (23), Birmingham Odeon (25), London Victoria Apollo (28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (29) and Portsmouth Guildhall (30). The outing is preceded by the release of their new single 'Love Me To Sleep' on November 10, followed four days later by their album 'Class', both on the Rak label.

Linder of Ludus. Pic: Kevin Cummins

GARAGE BAND

Independent recording news compiled by Adrian Thrills

MANCHESTER'S New Hormones are releasing another single to coincide with their 'I Like Shopping' package tour. It is the second single by Ludus, a follow-up to their critically acclaimed 12" EP 'The Visit', released earlier this year.

Titles on the new release — a seven inch — are 'My Cherry Is In Sherry' and 'Anatomy Is Not My Destiny', while the group's first album is also in the pipeline.

A Postcard from Australia

POSTCARD RECORDS of Glasgow — the label behind the emergence of Josef K and Orange Juice — make a move away from their coverage of the local scene to release the debut single by a new Australian band.

The band in question are The Go-Betweens and the single, produced by Mark P's original ATV sidekick Alex Fergusson, is a double A-side featuring 'I Need Two Heads' and 'Stop Before You Say It'.

Postcard follow up with the next Josef K and Orange Juice singles on November 12.

SINGLES

☐ **Fire Engines**: 'Get Up And Use Me'/'Everything's Roses'. The debut double A-sided single by a new Edinburgh band available on the **Codex Communications** label (Flat 5, 124 Alnwickhill Road, Edinburgh).

☐ **Buzz And The Flyers**: 'Go Cat Wild'. The first single from the happest NY band since The Stray Cats, now available in Britain through **Hot Rock**, 35 Pen-Y-Bryn Way, Newport, Shropshire.

☐ **Crispy Ambulance**: 'Four Minutes From The Frontline'. With the Manchester band's second single due soonish on Factory, this, their debut is now re-released on their own **Aural Assault** label. Available for £1.20 from 40 Lonsdale Road, Levenshulme, Manchester M19.

☐ **The Dancing Did**: 'The Haunted Tea Rooms' (£1 from Tim Harrison, **Fruit And Veg Records**, Sand Croft, Leamington Road, Broadway, Worcester)

☐ **Membranes**: 'The Flexible Membranes'. A two-track telexidisc available for 30p plus an SAE from **Vinyl Drip Records**, 53 Anchorsholme Lane, Blackpool, Lancs

☐ **Just The Job**: 'Fears Of The Years' (Available for £1 from Smillie, 165 Kenmure Street, Glasgow, G41).

☐ **FK9**: 'Stranger At The Heart' The first single by a new Stirling band on **Bigger Splash Records** (available for £1, c/o Molly, 27 Cowane Street, Stirling, Scotland.)

CASSETTES

INDEPENDENT cassettes out this week include the third offering from Humberslders **The Instant Automatons**. Titled 'Blues Masters Of The Humber Delta', it is obtainable for a blank C60 plus SAE from the group at 19 Riby Road, Keelby, Grimsby, South Humberside.

Other tapes out now:

☐ **Sunset Gun**: An 'audiozine' (as opposed to fanzine) dealing with many of the bands lumped together by us lazy hacks as part of the new Scottish scene. Among those due to be featured are **Altered Images, Orange Juice, FK9, Final Program, 30 Bob Suits** and **The Sinister Turkeys**. Available along with a copy of *Sunset Gun* fanzine for £1.20 from 123 Moss Side Road, Shawlands, Glasgow G41.

☐ **Tempodex/Prevent Forest Fires**: A joint cassette single by two Welsh bands, available for a blank tape plus SAE from **Working Man's Tapes**, c/o Mike Lewis, 18 Edward Henry Street, Rhyl, Clwyd, Wales.

NEWER SINGLE BP371

STRANGE THING ● AIRWAVES DREAM ● STRANGE THING ● AIRWAVES DREAM ● STRANGE THING ● AIRWAVES DREAM ● STRANGE THING ● AIRWAVES DREAM ● STRANGE THING ● AIRWAVES DREAM

BUZZING

PART 2

TOUR 1980

OCT. 30 BIRMINGHAM ODEON
NOV. 2 LONDON LYCEUM
3 MANCHESTER APOLLO
5 BLACKBURN KING GEORGE'S HALL
6 GLASGOW APOLLO

RUSH RE-RELEASED DUE TO POPULAR DEMAND
DEVIL'S ANSWER
ATOMIC ROOSTER
ALSO INCLUDES [redacted]
CAT.NO. BCS21 DIST. CBS

THE RUTS
TIMES SQUARE

modern english
gathering dust
single (on 4AD)

BLONDIE
'...THE TIDE IS HIGH
BUT I'M HOLDING ON
I'M GONNA BE YOUR No. 1'
NEW SINGLE
THE TIDE IS HIGH
TAKEN FROM THE FORTHCOMING ALBUM
'AUTOAMERICAN'
Chrysalis

DEATH

THERE'S ALWAYS the temptation to use words like radical change, revolution and the like for dramatic effect when, in fact all you're talking about is some natural piece of evolution.

At the moment, however, it really does seem that rock & roll and its dubious cohort the recording industry are approaching a very serious crisis point.

On one hand, you have a disastrous slump in record sales, on the other you have the advent of cheap, good quality home-taping equipment making the record obsolete as anything but a collectable item or a sanctioned package from the star of your choice.

At the creative end of things, too many musicians seem to be either chasing their recherche tails or constantly staring into the past for inspiration, while out in the real world, the public is being continually subjected to brief, heavily promoted mushrooming fads.

It could simply be that it has been going on for too long. There have, after all, been 25 years of it; a quarter of a century of rock & roll as a coherent musical form.

For a good part of that quarter of a century it was the predominant musical form, evolving and diversifying in every direction, totally unstoppable, absorbing everything that came near it like a huge omnivorous jellyfish. It catered to all tastes, and each subsequent generation was swept into it.

Today, the "rock fan" extends from nine-year-old proto-delinquents who get their kicks from Kiss (along with *Godzilla*, *Animal House* and Darth Vader) to balding greasers in their mid-forties, pawing through the Sun catalogue, and blue-rinse matrons with wattled necks sniffing over the latest Elvis Presley memorial re-issue.

DURING ITS 25-year run, rock & roll has whored and plundered in every direction. With no sense of shame, it fused with jazz, engaged in crossovers with country music, pulled a train of whole symphony orchestras. West Indian and black American cultures were looted by its steamroller eclecticism. On a totally different front, the likes of Stigwood, Andrew Lloyd-Webber and McCartney stormed the high ground of MOR, coach party consciousness.

In terms of popular entertainment, rock & roll just about conquered the world — but then, alas, didn't know what to do with it. (This is probably why there hasn't been a truly great rock & roll movie — unless you count *Apocalypse Now* — or even an acceptable rock & roll TV show, but more of this later). It seemed to have the capacity to evolve so it could be everything to everybody. Rock & roll managed to remain a generic term that could include the precise commercial dazzle of Michael Jackson as well as New York no-wave, more the noisy end of conceptual art than music.

With what appears, on the surface, to be an infinite capacity to mutate itself out of trouble, anyone would be justified in thinking that rock & roll could survive all shocks. It could weather internal schisms, new waves, newer waves, economic upset, and coast through on sheer inertia.

Suddenly, however, the picture has changed. Simultaneously, record sales have plummeted, and the various generations that now comprise rock audiences find themselves uncomfortable with each other's aims, directions and prejudices.

Probably most serious of all, at this 25-year point in its development, rock & roll is exhibiting a near total inability to deal with its own past.

Old Father Rock & Roll

Some may plunder the past for ideas. Others look at it as a source of icons or nifty hairstyles. Few are prepared to treat rock & roll music as (and I hesitate to use the word myself) an art movement with clearly definable roots and traditions.

The real problem is that rock was never intended to have a past. For that matter, it was scarcely intended to have a future. Born as a bastard nine-day wonder, it has lurched on ever since, running on a combination of momentum, blind energy and equally blind luck, making up the story one day at a time. The music was looked on as fleeting and transitory. By definition, the hit single is an ephemeral thing, replaced and forgotten in a matter of weeks. Even though it would take a full ten years before Pete Townshend put it into words, rock & roll had the attitude that it hoped it died before it got old.

I think it was maybe about eight months after I first heard Little Richard, I also heard somebody proclaim that rock & roll was dead. Ever since then commentators, critics and just about anyone looking for an easy pay-off line have claimed to be presiding over the demise. (It's indicative of the mentality that bleats about rock being dead that the ones who do, despite all their claims, keep on engaging in necrophilia with the corpse, but I digress).

In fact, rock & roll has never died. Maybe it has failed to deliver the expected goods to some portions of its devotees, but despite this and the current business woes, the music is still alive and well and, in the early summer of 1980, it woke up one morning to find that it had to deal with the problem of what to do about people like The Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan.

THERE'S AN ATTITUDE that been fashionable for a while that claims that Jagger, Dylan, Keith Richard, Smokey Robinson and all the other pushing-forty super-stars who now form the old guard establishment should be forcibly excluded from the public practice of music on account of their advancing age. It's an attitude that obviously has roots in the somewhat brutish iconoclasm of the 1977 punk era. In those days, life was comparatively simple. The only musicians acceptable to the young rebels had to be 17, ignorant, violent and incompetent.

Today, however, the whole system has become a little more complicated. Nobody seems to object to Jerry Lee Lewis, James Brown or Muddy Waters having a continuing career in music. Nobody objects to Ian Dury, although at the last count he had a few years on Mick Jagger. In order to be included in the role of acceptable rock stars, it

RATTLE & ROLL

At 25 years old, rock & roll has conquered the world — but it doesn't know what to do with it. As it totters uncertainly into the '80s, the recession has hit in more ways than one. The only question is how will it go bankrupt first — artistically or economically? Mick Farren discusses the dilemma.

is necessary to fulfil the requirement of a fairly complex equation that includes factors like age, wealth, political stance, comparative success and social attitude. Pete Townshend, for instance, seems to have been excused from the wrath of youth after a number of sessions in the media confessional.

What the spokespeople of the upcoming generation seem to object to most of all is the spectacle of the juvenile rebels of 15 years ago becoming soft and complacent. (And who can blame them? It's not a pretty sight.)

The whole business of rock & rollers growing old seems, however, to be fraught with misconceptions. The major one is to treat music as though it was a competitive sport like, say, boxing, with champions, contenders, bright young hopefuls and washed up deadbeats. In a sport like boxing, obviously a fighter is well over the hill by the time he reaches his mid-thirties. There's no doubt that the overweight, 38-year-old Muhammad Ali was a long way past his prime when he recently attempted to regain the heavyweight crown, and made a complete klutz of himself.

Rock & roll, however, isn't boxing. Stars like Dylan, with his born again hellfire evangelism, or Jagger, with his increasingly limp society romanticism, will neither go away nor be unseated by some younger challenger. They will continue to make records as long as the public continues to buy them. While they still have a market, they will maintain their place in the pantheon (and presumably still annoy critics who feel they ought to be spending their critical time on more progressive and worthwhile endeavours).

It could well be that the time will come when, despite the considerable momentum of the Dylans and Jaggers, they will eventually become so divorced from the needs and tastes of their public that their record sales will grind to a stop. This looks unlikely, on present form, although it does seem a time for shocks. The movie industry is currently reeling from the horror that previously bankable heroes like Clint Eastwood and Robert Redford have died at the box office and the only big budget money maker of summer 1980 turned out to be *The Empire Strikes Back*. Nobody would expect a Rolling Stones album to die the death without warning but, at the same time, up until a couple of months ago, nobody expected a Clint Eastwood movie to fall on its face.

THE QUESTION of Dylan's and Jagger's continuing market brings us fairly neatly to the second problem of ageing in rock & roll. As quickly as the stars age, so does the audience, both physically and also percentage-wise. Each year the MOR to teen ratio in the rock audience tips further and further in favour to the MOR side.

The reason for this is simple. Rock & roll was a product of the post-war baby bulge. This era of exploding birth-rates hangs like a blimp on the graph between the end of WWII until it finally tapers off in the early '60s. Those born at the start of the bulge are now in their mid-thirties. In fact, they are the Jagger, Dylan (and Farren) generation. Those born during the final tapering off are 17 or 18. This huge section of the population represents a massive explosion of youth and they caused an equally massive transformation of popular culture.

It's an explosion, however, that is almost over. From here on in, it's all downhill. The teenager in the '80s won't even have the numbers. All that we have to look forward to in the next quarter of a century is a massive explosion of middle age — and nothing short of genocide can stop it.

What that will do to popular culture scarcely bears thinking about, but it is hardly likely to be a major source of vital energy.

This, of course, is the conflict that we can already see in marketing, radio programming and even big tour promotion. As the rock audience gets older, it gets more conservative. It clings to the tried and tested. It dislikes uncontrolled surprises and revolutionary tactics. (If you need proof of a conservative rock audience, check out Deadheads, head bangers or the first generation of rockabilly rebels. There is a band in New York called The Stimulators who remain true to righteous punk — ask The Cockney Rejects what that is — and attract a following of strangely dressed suburban children who also claim to uphold the spirit of '77. For some, conservatism knows no boundaries.)

After a while, even the defiant pose becomes a matter of rote. (Think of all those long-haired American guitar players whose gunfighter posing has become nothing less than the true mark of a pea-brained asshole.) Rock & roll has to come to terms with a world in which people have started to be only as teen as they feel.

AS IF AGEING STARS and a similarly ageing audience weren't enough, rock & roll also has its own vast musical history to cope with. Just on the recording side of the music, the burden of the past is enormous. A massive amount of ground has been covered in recording technique. Possible permutations of a basic rock form are getting close to covered. A lot of songwriting is becoming a matter of mix'n'match. There are only a limited number of avenues for the truly original.

The sheer dead weight of past work has become nothing short of awesome.

There's this idea that's been in circulation for about as long as I can remember. It's an idea that somehow a record "dies" some two to three months after it has been released.

That may have held good back in the days of highly fragile 78 rpm discs, but since the introduction of vinyl, records have been comparatively hard to destroy. In fact, millions upon millions of records, with no exaggeration — literally billions of records — have been amassed all across the western world. Walk into the home of an average rock fan and you will find records stacked, filed and organised in the hundreds, if not thousands. The majority of people find records very hard to throw away. They may sell, lend, trade or give them away, but very few records literally wind up in the dumper.

If you bother to count up all those gold and platinum discs, all those multi-million sellers since the start of rock & roll, the real wonder is that we don't have to wade knee-deep through drifts of albums and singles. Nobody has yet carted out all those forty million or so Peter Frampton albums and turned them into a landfill, or otherwise recycled them. They are still out there lurking, gradually sifting their way down to the 25p secondhand bins. It could even be that the crashing record sales are, to a degree, a result of saturation as well as recession.

Most of the time we tend to discuss music in terms of the recent. A magazine like *NME*, by necessity engaged in a love/hate relationship with the music industry, deals primarily with music that is hot from the oven. This is as it should be, except when it invests the modern with any particularly special value beyond that it is new.

(It has to be recognised that even the nastiest donut tastes OK when it's hot.)

Let me explain what I'm talking about. Here's an example. A couple of years ago, there was a serious re-examination of the mod phenomenon. The examination filtered down to the product level in a number of ways. There was *Quadrophrenia*, there were all these young geezers running round in parkas, the value of a Lambretta GS suddenly leaped and in the final stage somebody tried to sell us albums by bands like Secret Affair.

What this re-examination didn't produce was any truly memorable music. With maybe the exception of a couple of cuts by The Jam, I haven't heard a damn thing that matched 'All Or Nothing' by The Small Faces. This point can be debated all the way to infinity, but despite accusations of living in the past, it would seem that, on any points system that takes account of innovation and originality, The Small Faces must come in many lengths ahead of (say) Secret Affair. The only area where Secret Affair come out ahead is in the fact that they are new.

(At the opposite extreme, a band like The Selecter have delved into ska roots and produced something that is arguably better than what was going on in 1965.)

THE MORE YOU LOOK at it the more it becomes clear that reality runs quite counter to the popular concept that rock & roll is a fast, finger-popping, here today gone tomorrow disposable entertainment.

On the evidence, it increasingly looks as though a large number of rock & rollers spend more time poking and fretting in the closets of the past than marching into the bright social realist dawn of the future.

Collectors have ensured that just about every rock & roll tune ever committed to disc has been preserved in one form or another. It constitutes a massive data bank of what went before. (It was once estimated that there were less than 100 copies of 'Rubber Biscuit' by The Chips left in the world. Those who treasure East Coast do-wop 45s declared it an endangered species. For better or worse, one fell into the hands of John Belushi and Dan Ackroyd and The Blues Brothers had their first US hit. It's possible that, in twenty years' time, collectors will be scouring the secondhand stores for The Blues Brothers. Did somebody say "and so it goes"?)

It's not only in the area of recording that rock & roll carefully nurtures its past. Even live music is into the business of faithful recreation. I have no actual statistics on it, but from general observation it would seem that for every style of

rock & roll that was ever played in past, there is a band playing it today. From Cajun Twisters to The Human League, the whole field is covered. Even dead superstars have their clones out on the road recreating their performances; fake Joplins, fake Presleys and fake Doors tour the land satisfying the gullible. (Fortunately for the memory of Jimi Hendrix, no clone seems to be able to even approximate his playing. Unless, of course, you count Frank Marino of Mahogany Rush — which I don't.)

If this diversity, the compulsive collecting and the constant revivals of some facet of the past, was strictly confined to music, it could be cause for concern. It would indicate that rock was in trouble and constantly drawing on the past in order to conceal a serious creative stagnation.

This may not, however, be the case, because along with the sounds come the clothes, the haircuts and the attitudes which have always been important adjuncts to rock. The new wave of the late '70s not only cleared out much of the musical nonsense and clutter, it also blew away the long hair and the flared pants that had held the line for over a decade (even the 'fro had to go).

In fact, whether we like it or not, there are a lot of people who choose the music to which they listen as a confirmation of their particular lifestyle rather than from a purely aesthetic standpoint. It is obviously no coincidence that at the same time as rock & roll seems to be moving in the direction of wider and wider stylistic variety, individual style of dress and manners have also been widening. It seems as though the street has turned into a non-stop costume party with costumes chosen from anywhere in the last 25 years.

In this context the past is not history but a giant catalogue of style and shapes that can be tried on at will. Fifteen-year olds march round in immaculate imitation of Eddie Cochran and glare at the few remaining mods. Diana Dors, Flash Gordon, Brian Jones, Chinese factory workers or Russian astronauts can all be used as basic models. Fashion, once rigidly structured by media, designers and manufacturers, has for a long time now been turned into an open invitation to put on a personality. Pick a face from the gallery, an off-the-peg lifestyle, and be whatever you desire.

It is possible that rock & roll may be moving through a similar change to the one that revolutionised the world of fashion.

At root, it is a matter of choice. In the old days the big fashion houses thought they could dictate what the mass of the people would wear. To restrict choice has always been in the interests of big business. To impose a good degree of uniformity on the consumer made for simpler manufacturing processes and higher profits. Ever since clothing styles started to come from the street rather than big business, the industry has had to gear up to produce a far wider variety of styles in order to cater to a public which knows its own mind, and would happily go to the jumble sale and the secondhand store if the high street couldn't provide what it wanted.

Even the most cursory examination of the falling sales of the major record labels would indicate that they too are not giving the people what they want. As far as distribution will allow, more and more record buyers are turning to the street for their music and giving the go-by to the predictable products of the A&R departments of the big corporations.

As in the clothing industry, the record corporations also like to limit taste. They go for a kind of uniformity. Every label would prefer to rely on either a 'Saturday Night Fever' or a few long-established, tried and trusted stars like the Stones, Dylan, Fleetwood Mac or Pink Floyd for their profits rather than a wider range of less certain acts. Even the charts are, in a subtle way, a move towards this kind of conformity. The charts tell the record buyer what everyone else is buying. The obvious appeal is that he or she should do likewise. It is an appeal to a sheep mentality that lurks in all of us.

For years this system paid massive dividends, but now, all seems to have turned sour. The record-buying public appears to be demanding choice, and where that choice is restricted, they will simply stop buying the latest corporation hypes and content themselves with the records that they already own.

The situation becomes even more critical when the demand for a wider range of individual choice comes at the same time as an economic collapse. With less money to spend on luxuries like records, punters get picky before they part with their hard-come-by cash.

Add the new cheap technology that permits high quality taping from either radio or friends' records to this already awkward situation, and you've sown the seeds of revolution.

IT'S A REVOLUTION that could overturn the current record industry as we know it and love it. Already Sire Records has gone under, absorbed into the Warner Brothers parent corporation, and word is out that even larger operations are on the brink of having to shut up shop. It would seem that the house of cards effect is about to sweep the record industry.

On the other side of the coin, however, live music continues to boom. It seems that, no matter how hard the times, people will still go out.

It would be foolish to attempt to predict the end result of the upheaval that is undoubtedly about to come. Certainly, it is likely to be a state of affairs so changed as to be scarcely recognisable by present standards.

A number of things are fairly certain, though. Creativity is not going to be energised by a constant recycling of the past. This is crucial since creativity is probably going to be vital to any artist's survival. The days of the big budgets are gone. Intelligence and ingenuity are going to have to take the place of big corporate bucks.

Neither copyright laws made for the era of printed books, nor a levy on blank tape are going to save the record industry from being bled white by home-made tapes. In the long run, it could be that popular music will become something that is mainly played or broadcast. An incredibly contracted record business might only service specialists and collectors. This might sound far - fetched, but it is the logical outcome of a seemingly irreversible rot that has long since set in.

For better or for worse, rock & roll is going to be forcibly removed from its comfortable, and sometimes neurotic, roots. What we will have when the dust settles, both in terms of the music that's being played and the system that gets that music to the audience, is anybody's guess.

(c) 1980 Mick Farren

"During its 25-year run, rock & roll has whored and plundered in every direction. With no sense of shame, it fused with jazz, engaged in crossovers with country music, pulled a train of whole symphony orchestras. West Indian and black American cultures were looted by its steamroller eclecticism."

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2	1	POLICE ZENYATTA MONDATTA	3·79
3	7	BARBRA STREISAND GUILTY	3·99
4	NEW	STEVIE WONDER HOTTER THAN JULY	4·29
5	3	THE SPECIALS MORE SPECIALS	3·89
6	8	STATUS QUO JUST SUPPOSIN	4·49
7	4	MADNESS ABSOLUTELY	3·89
8	17	DIRE STRAITS MAKING MOVIES	4·49
9	9	THE JACKSONS TRIUMPH	3·99
10	5	THIN LIZZY CHINATOWN	4·49
11	NEW	EARTH, WIND & FIRE FACES	5·49
12	10	SUPERTRAMP PARIS	4·99
13	6	KATE BUSH NEVER FOREVER	3·99
14	24	RY COODER BORDER LINE	3·79
15	11	DAVID BOWIE CHANGESONEBOWIE	6·49
16	14	ROCKPILE SECONDS OF PLEASURE	3·79
17	NEW	TALKING HEADS REMAIN IN LIGHT	3·79
18	13	THE JOE JACKSON BAND BEAT CRAZY	3·79
19	19	SAD CAFE SAD CAFE	3·99
20	23	ALAN PARSONS TURN OF A FRIENDLY CARD	3·99
21	28	MONTY PYTHON CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATION ALBUM	3·89
22	12	RANDY CRAWFORD NOW WE MAY BEGIN	2·99
23	45	THE BLUES BAND READY	3·79
24	15	GEORGE BENSON GIVE ME THE NIGHT	3·79
25	16	UB40 SIGNING OFF	3·99
26	NEW	DONNA SUMMER THE WANDERER	3·79
27	21	ROXY MUSIC FLESH AND BLOOD	4·49
28	20	JONI MITCHELL SHADOWS AND LIGHT	5·99
29	NEW	U2 BOY	3·79
30	22	THE RUTS GRIN AND BEAR IT	3·99
31	NEW	ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK ORGANISATION	3·99
32	18	HAZEL O'CONNOR BREAKING GLASS	3·89
33	38	STEVE ORBIT LITTLE STEVIE ORBIT	3·79
34	25	ROBERT PALMER CLUES	3·99
35	54	PAULINE MURRAY & THE INVISIBLE GIRLS [illegible]	3·49
36	26	DOOBIE BROS. ONE STEP CLOSER	3·79
37	32	VARIOUS I AM WOMAN	3·99
38	29	JOAN ARMATRADING ME, MYSELF I	3·89
39	56	WILTON FELDER INHERIT THE WIND	3·79
40	31	DON McLEAN THE VERY BEST OF	4·19
41	27	XTC BLACK SEA	3·99
42	30	THE SKIDS THE ABSOLUTE GAME	3·99
43	42	GEORGE THOROGOOD MORE	3·79
44	34	THE BEAT I JUST CAN'T STOP IT	3·79
45	NEW	WISHBONE ASH LIVE DATES VOL. 2	3·99
46	44	VARIOUS 100 MPH	2·99
47	33	MARTHA & THE MUFFINS TRANCE AND DANCE	3·99
48	43	DIANA ROSS DIANA	3·99
49	35	CLIFF RICHARD I'M NO HERO	3·99
50	37	PAUL SIMON ONE-TRICK PONY	3·89
51	53	POLICE REGATTA DE BLANC	3·79
52	55	THE INMATES A SHOT IN THE DARK	3·99
53	NEW	AFTER THE FIRE BUF	3·89
54	58	THE PRETENDERS THE PRETENDERS	2·99
55	46	CHAS JANKEL CHAS JANKEL	3·79
56	39	VARIOUS FAME O.S.T.	3·99
57	41	CARLOS SANTANA THE SWING OF DELIGHT	4·39
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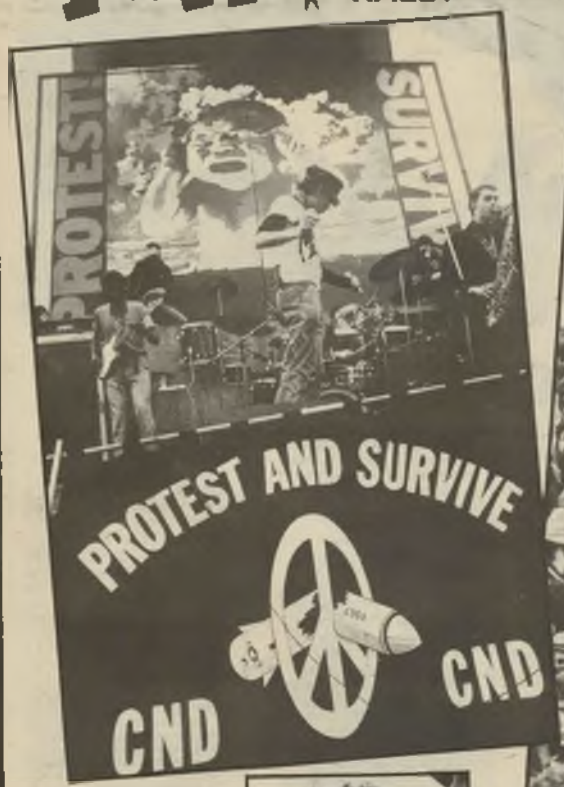
Edited by Cynthia Rose

Thrills/ GOES TO A RALLY

Trafalgar Square 26.10.80
Photo report: Peter Anderson



POP GROUP: Mark and the boys play their version of Johnny Moped's 'InCNDiary Device'. Right: Pop Mum. Ms Stewart looks on — "They're my sons," she observed enigmatically.

POP STAR: EP Thompson (left), the star of the show. Below: Buddhist monks from Milton Keynes perambulate pacifist veterans including Philip Noel-Baker and first CND secretary Peggy Duff.

VOX POP: Tony Benn surveys the milling millions

THERE WERE punks and Schoolkids Against The Bomb and nuns and MPs and messages of support from intellectuals in the USA. There were youthful banners bearing slogans like "GROW UP OR BLOW UP" and "DON'T CRUISE TO OBLIVION". Author and populist activist EP Thompson saw the multitude of protestors as a "more serious and more anarchic" body politic than the original CNDers . . .

Oratories came from a variety of sources: Peggy Seeger sang, The Pop Group and Killing Joke played, Susannah York pleaded and Benn and Kinnock polemicized. EP Thompson was the smash hit, though, earning a huge ovation with his characteristically stirring words: "I wasn't sure about this six months ago," he said. "But we *can* win. I want you to sense and *feel* your strength."

The long march began in Hyde Park Corner at 12.30 and was still entering Trafalgar Square at 4.20 — with attendance figures reckoned as high as 100,000. Seventy police horses lined up for their own demo in New Scotland Yard; that one went off peacefully too.

There are no estimates as to what proportion of the demonstrators were amongst Britain's spiralling unemployed figure, but more than one speaker drew comparisons between our national economic doldrums and our government expenditure of five billion pounds on nuclear 'deterrents'.

Everyone protested and survived. A traditionally pacifist demo which stated its case powerfully — whilst not quite going off with a bang.

As one speaker put it: "We want to make our small nation a nation for peace."

Marc and Steve

Took taken too

STEVE PEREGRINE TOOK, Marc Bolan's partner in the original T(yrannosaurus) Rex, was found dead in bed on Monday afternoon in his home in West London. No official announcement concerning the cause of death has yet been made.

Took — real name Steve Porter — was born in Eltham and worked as a bank clerk to buy the drum kit that he played in the five-piece band which he formed in 1967 with Marc Bolan — then just out of his involvement with John's Children — before it slimmed down to the acoustic duo format with which the band was eventually launched. After the first three albums, Bolan replaced Took with Mickey Finn.

Took's post-Rex career was unproductive, to say the very least. Various bands were formed and reformed in Ladbroke Grove, but Took never performed or released any further records. Instead he became what is euphemistically referred to as 'a fixture on the scene', living off the royalties from old Tyrannosaurus Rex reissues plus whatever he could scrounge from his friends.

He had considerable drug problems and was regarded as untrustworthy by many people, but among his acquaintances were many who believed that his lack of achievement was not simply due to an absence of talent. "people egged him on to be a clown and just to fool around, but underneath it all he was a really good songwriter," one of his friends told *NME*. "If he'd just written songs and not stopped considering himself as a performer, he would have done pretty well.

"He just never made a serious attempt to get himself together."

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Alexie — the mod JCC

COMEDY STRIPS DOWN

Soho hosts mod-erne cabaret

SOHO PUTS PEOPLE down. Primarily it puts down women and turns them into fantasies of sexual submissiveness, there only to please men. It's like a giant Page Three — only worse. Yet somehow it has always attracted me. I like the tension of *not* belonging to the porn shops with their half-working bands of flashing light bulbs outside and the casually leaning blokes who look glued to the entrances.

From within this squalor a new club has just emerged — a cabaret bar with the deliberately ambiguous name of the Comic Strip. It's not what you might imagine, a place where girls take off their clothes to the background hum of the Marx Brothers. It's a serious attempt to set up an alternative night out for people who would be more likely to go to the Albany Theatre or the Hamersmith Odeon than to 'Sexy Sue Shows It All'.

"We wanted to be in Soho because that gives it an edge: a seediness that cabaret needs," explains Peter Richardson, a founder-memeber of the club. "It came about because a group of us who had been working at various benefits and one-off events felt we needed a permanent venue which could be open every night. Paul Raymond (he who owns *Men Only* magazine) was the only person who would rent us a suitable place at a price we could afford. That's how we came to be sharing with 'The Most Erotic Show In Town' on the first floor, and the Electric Blue Video on the third."

The evening consists of a series of sketches by different commedians, inter-cut with music from Hermine (*Thrills* 23.8.80), sends-ups of songs like 'Je t'aime' in a croaky French accent, bands like Furious Pig. It's all held together by a compere called Alexie Sayle ("The name might be alright in a suburb of Minsk, but try being brought up called Alexie in Liverpool"). As the first Mod / 2-Tone alternative to John Cooper Clarke (complete with pork pie hat) he performs poems called things like " 'Ello John, got a new motor?", and takes the piss out of everything from street theatre groups to Jean Paul Sartre.

Traditional stand-up comics seem to survive on a stream of anti-Irish, anti-mother-in-law jokes. What all the performers at the Comic Strip share is a desire to get away from that kind of humour." A laugh is a civilised snarl. People laugh at things that frighten or threaten them. A laugh isn't always innocent, it can be very nasty; so it's very dangerous to start making jokes about Irish people or blacks. You're laughing at them ... snarling at them. Obviously people need to laugh, but we try to make them laugh in a more honest way that doesn't put anyone down". So says Rick Mayall, one half of a regular act: The Twentieth Century Coyote. "I think it's a good time for cabaret. It always seems to thrive in depressions. People don't just want to wallow in the awfulness of it all; they want to get out and enjoy themselves. You can't throw things at people on the telly, you can't shout in a theatre; but you can at a cabaret performer. It also tends to be more social than a rock concert."

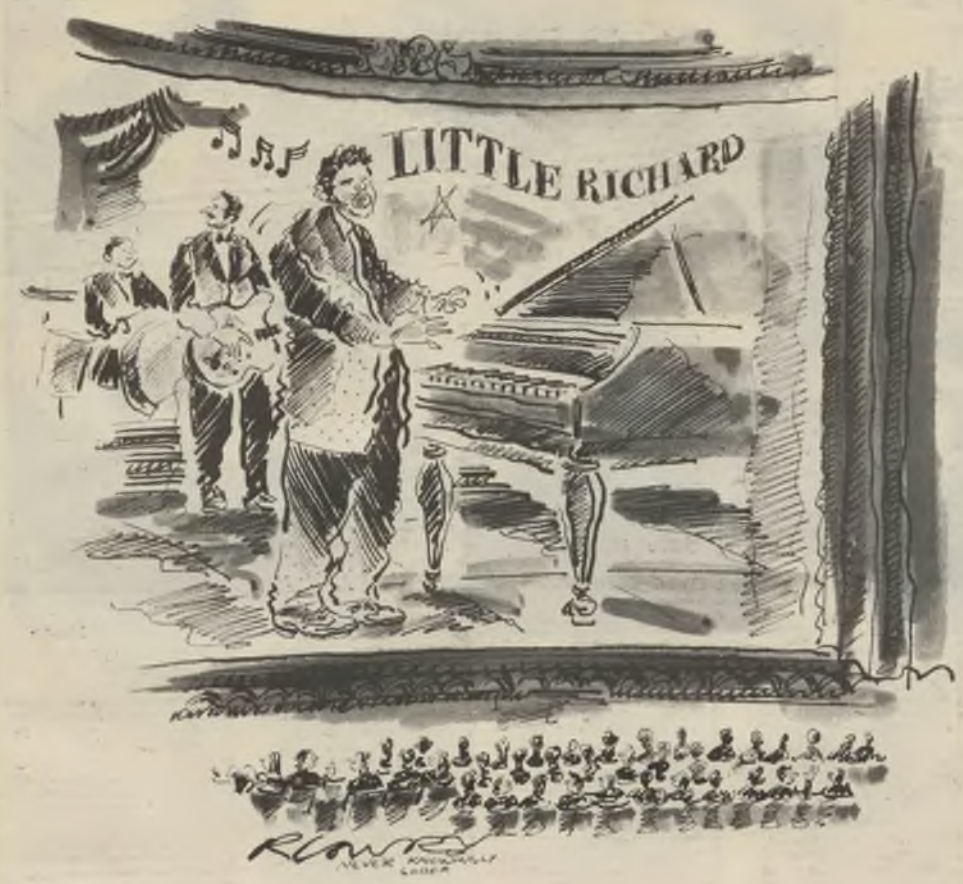
The Comic Strip takes place at the Boulevard Theatre in Brewer St W1 and is open every night except Mondays. It's worth paying a visit. If you don't laugh then, to invert the advertising jingle of a little-known horror movie, you must be dead already.

MARK RUSHER

He runs up the ladder and positions himself as overseer each day. And Iggy knows what a reef thatched with Norfolk reed, with a lifetime's guarantee, should look like — back home he lives in his own thatched house!

"Now I wanna be your dog" . . . Spotted in the West Lancs Evening Gazette by Steve Cross.

Lowry



"This geezer was years ahead of his time — that suit he's wearing converts into a crude but effective nuclear fallout shelter."

The Lone Groover

Benyon

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LET THERE BE LIGHT (ENTERTAINMENT)

DANGEROUS

Remember when we used to say, well at least it can't get any worse? Well, it has. Charles Shaar Murray answers the burning question: What has?

SOMETHING IS GOING to have to be done about *Top Of The Pops*.

Your correspondent is, of course, well aware that sensitive people everywhere have been complaining about *Top Of The Pops* since the mid-'60s. It also goes without saying that there are many ills troubling Western civilisation which are — in real terms — far more harmful than one crappy pop show.

However, since its return to the home screens following that six-week break caused by the technicians' strike, *TOTP* has been given a new format which indicates that our masters have developed some new theories concerning the role which this beat music stuff should play in our lives.

Traditionally, the *TOTP* format was always simple and straightforward. A selection of musical performers with records currently enjoying public favour would flit across the screen introduced by a DJ whose function was to grin, demonstrate his masculinity by leering politely at the tame go-go dancers and assure us that every record in the chart was great. If the DJ kept the verbal down to manageable proportions, the floor manager kept things moving and the chart was healthy, *Top Of The Pops* was capable of being almost good fun.

At one point — in the early stages of the dispute — it actually got excellent. All it was at that time was a series of videos linked by titles and the occasional voice-over. BAM BAM BAM: rockin' rock and roll radio, only visual. It actually worked.

But then — like the bad fairy in the pantomime — came the new format. This time, the DJ was supplied with a host of rent-a-celebs, strolling on with their shit-eating grins to read greetings and wisecracks off cue cards, swap limping badinage with the host and whack in hefty plugs for their latest records/movies/TV shows. There was a 'pop news' section, again merely a series of plugs. The other week, Dave Lee Travis prowled through a set liberally decorated with automobiles, all of which were meticulously mentioned by name.

At times, there are so many grade B celebrities plugging their goods that the musical performances seem fewer and further between, separated and spaced by the ludicrous blather that represents Light Entertainment: the kind of thing that can only be justified by the curious theory — which programme planners actually appear to hold — that well-known people popping up for a few seconds and mentioning their latest consumer durables constitutes a spectacle which fascinates the viewing public.

It seems faintly incongruous to start coming on precious about a pop show which has always conspired to present beat music as tacky and trivial, and — indeed — lots of the stuff is tacky and trivial. However, it's mostly tacky and trivial on its own terms, which are still a good few jumps away from the cosy bubble in which British variety television goes about its business. However, the new-style *top Of The Pops* has gone so far towards comfy parental television to be almost indistinguishable from *Blankety Blank* (which follows it on Thursday nights) — except for the fact that there's no groups on.

WHO GIVES a flying one? When I was a progressive music-type elitist hippie snob — up until seven weeks ago or whenever it was — it was always an article of faith that *Top Of The Pops* was a shower of shit, but once the singles chart brightened up and opened out after punk, *TOTP* became a hell of a lot more fun than *Old Grey Whistle Test* (at that time still surfeited out with Proper Musicians With Beards and sensitive Californian types being fawned over by Spineless Bob Harris).

TOTP was based on the singles chart, which meant that all of a sudden you could see Pistols, Buzzcocks, Jam, Costello, Dury, Rats and all sorts of interesting 1977-type people right there on chummy, boring old *TOTP*. Right now there are still interesting people gatecrashing the singles chart and getting on *Top Of The Pops*, but it's getting harder and harder for them to get a lick in edgeways between all the faded celebs trooping on and off selling their shoddy products. There are less records featured now than there were before. And performances are being trimmed (do you detect a note of paranoia here?).

It is a truism that television does not know how to deal with popular music, always preferring to steer it into the general domain of light entertainment. I have gothing against light entertainment — I am possibly the only British-born contributor to this paper who is prepared to place hand on heart and state that he thoroughly enjoyed *The Blues Brothers* — but what 'light entertainment' means to controllers of UK television is celebrities helping each other plug products, join the charmed conspiratorial circle, and pretend that nothing's wrong. Everything is super. Your movie is super, my record is super, her show is super, his book is super.

So now the studio audience throw balloons and ribbons about to all the super records and applaud all the super guests to the echo (on cue). Where pop (or rock or beat: choose your own euphemism) parts company with 'light entertainment' is that the music does not (should not) pretend that everything is super. The world in which we live collapses apace and the best of our new music faces up to this, either explicitly — by singing about it — or implicitly, by dancing in a manner that suggests that one dances in the knowledge that dancing is not everything.

It is this knowledge that *TOTP* — deliberatly or not — is seeking to hide from us. By reducing everything to the level of the TV variety show where everybody knows and is prepared to cover up for everybody else, it steers our music into a backwater where it can do no harm. A Weller or a Bowie is rendered neutral in such a setting.

Context is important: the frame is capable of altering or distorting the picture. Our musicians paint pictures of the world; *Top Of The Pops* puts these pictures in a frame which says it doesn't matter.

In a week when Kelly Marie and The Nolans and The Dooleys rule or some TV baritone in a toupee and a facelift gets a totally gratuitous spot, it seems hard to believe that things could ever be any other way. But when a 'Going Underground' or a 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' or something of a similar excellence can be swallowed up in this morass, then one feels cheated.

Sure, they'll give us 'Our' music — in measured doses chosen by them — and that's supposed to make it all right when they place it in a context which removes the meaning that made us want it in the first place.

Same time next week then? Super!

DEEP PURPLE

NEW LIVE & RARE: Vol 3

SMOKE ON THE WATER

BIRD HAS FLOWN

GRABSPLATTER

A 3 TRACK EP FEATURING MK II PURPLE LIVE FROM PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED BBC 'IN CONCERT' TAPES

SHEP 101

WATCH OUT FOR THE ALBUM

'DEEP PURPLE IN CONCERT'

DUE FOR RELEASE IN NOVEMBER

EMI

ROCK FOR RENT

IF YOU'VE GOT the bread, you can book the Banshees but even the most gross amount of gold won't get you back The Flamingoes performing in the youthful flesh; nor the perverse spectacle of 13-year-old Frankie Lymon — pre-overdose — and his Teenagers crooning 'I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent'. But these moment can now be re-revelled in, via the movies *Go Johnny Go!* (Paul Deundres, '59; with DJ Alan Freed, Eddie Cochran, Jimmy Clanton, Harvey of The Moonglows, The Flamingoes, Cadillacs, and — starring in a sort of honky-ish leading role — Chuck Berry), and *Rock Rock Rock* (Will Price, '56; in which Tuesday Weld's best friend buys a first bra to the accompaniment of LaVerne Baker, Frankie Lymon, The Three Chuckles, Cinno and the Bowties, The Moonglows, The Flamingoes, and other Alan Freed-selected rockers). Both rockpix have only recently been shifted on to 16mm film, making them bookable by your local library, community centre, or film society. They are available through Harris Films (ask for Mr Glen Buckroad) of Surbiton, Surrey; Tel. 01-399 0022.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers do the funky juvenile delinquent

new single
fashion
David
BOWIE
7" Single BOW 7. Special edition 12" Single BOW T 7.
RCA

Stevie Wonder
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Must we fling these Skids at our kids?

SCHIZOPHRENIA ON SKID ROW

OH GOD, another irrational day.

For two hours it is another increasingly inebriated afternoon. I open my mouth intentionally and pints of lager pour in. I open my big mouth a bit, later, and words come gushing out.

For an hour or so it is another intermittently heated *NME* Editorial meeting. I whine and moan impatiently:

We are supposed to be critics! We ought to find something unusual or useful to say about our subjects . . . Other ways of responding, of saying things.

We are not, I rant, doing this.

Another way of saying that I don't really have the greatest interest in the current pop or rock scene. I have withdrawn from it at the moment of a great quantitative expansion, at an historical instant in which it overflows many previously accepted limits. The music industry is suffering the severest (psychosomatic?) internal pains — but the industry of young musicians is possibly without par in sub-cultural memory.

I am not, I warrant, getting involved.

I am supposed to talk to The Skids, because I back myself into a corner where an interview between two such consenting bodies is held to be The Signifier of *getting involved*. It is not that I in any way enjoy the collected noises which make up The Skids particular piece of the marketcake (quite the opposite, in fact) or that I believe their story will be especially interesting. More than anything else, it is probably my peace of mind that I am interested in: saying things in a certain way and paying off grocery bills.

Like the villain in the last *Dr Who* story, I will go about my task in two minds — assume a goodly exterior that is both a protection and a disguise. I have to find *some* way of getting into this other world I neither understand nor feel particularly drawn to. My project is a pure-as-possible description of discursive events — the horizon of my search for the 'truths' and 'beauties' of this strange new land.

I am supposed to talk about The Skids, to say something proper or factual on the subject. I find myself obliged to speak in flimsy metaphors. A defence! Words are so much cotton wool in my ears.

I speak to The Subjects in their own manner because they are alien — and by this I do not mean to imply any kind of inferiority — to my way of thinking. I use a different tone of voice than usual. I open my mouth for a change.

SO WE go down to Brighton. To the seaside to see. Trial by the waters.

I take my mouth and some pens and paper and a little tape recorder which isn't even mine. Joe takes some pictures. We go down in a British Rail train and it takes one hour. In our cramped second class compartment we are six: me, Joe and girlfriend Blue who wants to do some sightseeing, a journalist and photographer working for the *Sunday Times Magazine*, and a Virgin Records press officer.

The Virgin Records press officer pays for my first lager of the day. Everyone scuttles about in the music papers which have come out in London that (Wednes)day. I realise I'm missing another *NME* editorial meeting. Hooray! Maybe I won't have to do anything like this ever again . . .

The main reason that the team from the *Sunday Times Magazine* is interested in The Skids is probably their touring quirk. Their touring quirk is that on a number of dates The Skids stage an occasion which they call 'Skids for Kids'. This involves them playing afternoon matinee 'gigs' for schoolchildren — at their school — on the back of a lorry or something. These are short, slapstick versions of the 'real' gigs that take place later at night in expensive, dark, dangerous entertainment caverns — the ones with demon alcohol and grizzly bear bouncers. The ones that aren't particularly safe for *anyone* of *any* age.

It is because The Skids are reputedly very popular with very young children that the touring quirk was initiated. Of course, matinee performances are nothing new: over the past few years loads of groups have played them at the venues where they would later play the 'real' gigs. But The Skids, everyone seems to keep telling me, *are a kid's* group more than most. They are, first and probably foremost, a *pop* group who are also *popular*. They are The Sweet or Herman's Hermits that a lot of recent critic's 'pop' groups (Buzzcocks for instance) were just too adult and jaded to be.

In Brighton. The Skids will play first to an audience of snot and mud smeared grey jumpers jumping up and down with gleeful abandon . . . and later on to a mob of expectorant sub-cultural nomads throwing shapes and missiles indeterminately. From Brighton candy to Brighton rock.

So this afternoon we are all put in taxis and taken to Longhill Comprehensive school, which is a mile or two of sheep-dotted hills outside the more familiar scenery of Brighton. Neither the group nor their equipment has arrived, so we hang around in corridors and classrooms, being adult and nostalgic. I'd forgotten how *healthy* young children look.

A bundle of the most junior music class are handed out 'Skids for Kids' T-shirts, and the most junior music class take great delight in telling us that their music teacher co-wrote one side of the new Piranhas (who come from Brighton) single. Teachers play badminton in the assembly hall, huddles of teenage girls giggle behind their palms and everyone waits for The Skids.

A school combo get the chance to play one song before the Skids minibus arrives. The four Skids step straight from their bus onto the temporary stage. There are lots of jokes and people are pulled up onto the stage and The Skids spin through a nearly shambolic rendition of singles, B-sides, favourites. The headmaster of Longhill Comprehensive school nervously toys with a loudspeaker and sporadically opens his office window to tell people to get off walls and other places, but it's obvious the four Skids aren't the sort of boys who're going to incite a revolt against authority. (All in all, it's just another stop in the tour).

We gratefully flock back into the school building from the very chilly playground and the most junior music class get to meet The Skids — have their T-shirts signed and exchange world views. Two little girls from the school magazine ask ten questions which I note down for my own personal use later on. I'm a lousy interviewer.

WE RETURN to touring 'reality' in the shape of Brighton Top Rank, which I think looks like a coliseum with carpets. The Skids have to soundcheck. We have to hang around by balconies and shackled bars.

Somebody from The Skids management reminds me that I'm supposed to be getting involved in interviewing them, and before I

● *Continues over*

Pix: Blue Bakkie

Joe Stevens, Ian Penman model the new Metro.

There are four Skids and only one of them bears the name Jobson. Messrs Adamson, Baillie and Webb stick in their twopennorth courtesy of Ian Penman (above, regal wave). Pix: Joe Stevens.

SCHIZOPHRENIA ON SKID ROW

Beat on the brat . . . Stuart Adamson limbers up for schoolkid's matinee.

L to r: Webb, Jobson, Baillie, Adamson.

◊ From previous page

know it Richard Jobson (he's the singer) and I are sitting in a deserted lounge talking to one another. False start. Somewhere in the bowels of our mini ballroom, a drill begins to scream. Oh God, another stanger. A boiler room and a small, brightly lit white room with one table and no chairs are both rejected before we find another lounge. Richard asks someone from the Skids management for some refreshments and I think I'm going to start the tape rolling...

The lounge seems to have no lights, so we pull a big curtain to, and sit by a window which I keep nervously or distractedly gazing out of. Richard and I have a good chat, about this and that. He is a lot less pretentious than I had been led to believe or expect and we manage a civilised enough discourse. Maybe he has grown older and wiser. He certainly sees through the music business — the paraphernalia of image, the uncertainty of 'fame'.

I was supposed to talk to all four Skids and keep the emphasis squarely off Richard Jobson: Skids articles are usually Richard Jobson articles. I was supposed to find out about Stuart Adamson, Russell Webb and Mike Baillie, because The Skids are *a group* and all of them get involved with the production of Skids records and the playing of Skids gigs.

But I don't think I was really supposed to push the *play* button on the tape recorder instead of the *record* button when I talked to Richard Jobson. For half an hour we didn't know we were listening to a blank tape.

I've a feeling it was unconscious motivation on my part. It's probably better for Richard Jobson's already strife-worn 'image' that instead of the *NME* interview telling you what books he's been reading recently . . . he had a glass of orange juice and an apple.

He goes off to soundcheck when the 'interview' is finished. I make my discovery and giggle out loud. Oh God, the absurdity of meaning! Shall we go for a drink now?

A PLACE of safety, another bar.

I can see what ordeals of communication and response are ahead of me so allow the pathologically necessary pints of lager to pour in. The Virgin Records press officer reminds me that *this is a piece on all four Skids* and I'm plonked at a dinner table with too many people around it and start to exchange idle chatter with drummers and guitarists and journalists. By pint three I've lost my self-consciousness enough to slip into the conversation the fact that pop or rock music in general bores my teeth sore. I get along with everyone after that.

Much later on during an Irish coffee I loudly develop a theory about the 'pornography of waitress service' and it's time to go to another gig.

RUSSELL Webb is 21. He was born in Glasgow, educated at Bellhouston school, and now lives in Ealing. His old bands include The Zones and Essential Logic. When he is not playing the bass guitar he likes to take photographs, go fishing or get pissed with his close friend John McGeogh.

"I think our attitude has slightly changed in the sense that we're more childish in our approach now — we try to treat things with amusement. We concentrate on what we're doing a lot but we still like the fun aspect of playing in a band and all that — going on stage and having a good time."

You enjoy the routine of touring? (Do I enjoy the routine of asking perfect strangers dumb questions about their jobs?)

"Sometimes it gets tiring and you miss meals and of course there's drink in every dressing room and you're tempted to get drunk. You sit and get drunk after every gig and you don't eat very well and you start to get tired — but apart from that it's *really* good."

What do you want out of it? (The same things as me, propbably.)

"I'd like to be considered, um, a good musician I suppose. I'd just like people to think I'm talented really. The financial thing doesn't . . . although it'd be nice to be financially stable and to have that freedom money gives you."

The Skids are often seen as just Richard . . . (Your problem, not mine!)

"The guy deserves a lot of what he gets — he's very talented with an audience, very intense on stage, and his delivery of the songs is great even though it may be lacking in some technical aspect, all the feel is there. The lyrical aspect as well. The message of a band tends to be thought to be in the lyrics even though the other individuals in the band might not have the same message. I don't know . . ."

Do you think The Skids have presented some kind of 'message'? (Why do I feel like I'm in a bottle?)

"I suppose the 'Days In Europa" thing . . . I phoned up a guy in America, cos I was gonna go and join a band in Los Angeles — I didn't, I joined The Skids. But anyway, later I was speaking to this guy and he said 'What's the National Front?' and I said it's a sort of fascist organisation in Britain, and he said 'Are you in the National Front?' and I said what are you fucking talking about? and he said 'You've joined The Skids haven't you? Aren't you in the National Front?' Fucking hell! I was depressed — that's the sort of atmosphere that's been created for The Skids, at least in Los Angeles."

The moral of this story is: be very contextually careful when appropriating Aryan master race imagery. Know whereof you speak, children.

Back to The Skids' *real* homeland . . .

"I think Scotland gets the short end of the stick, from whatever government — maybe because there's a smaller part of the population in Scotland than in England. The English always get first consideration. Maybe that's just naive Scottish paranoia, but . . .

"Since the Conservatives came in, Scotland has become a ghost country. It is a very tragic place, Scotland. The atmosphere there is incredible. Glasgow, for instance, is where they seem to try every 'urban development' scheme —"

And they all fail (roots showing).

"If they're going to fail they'll fail in Glasgow . . . before they get out. It's such a schizophrenic city. It's sad."

How different is the rest of Scotland from Glasgow?

"It's like the difference between Birmingham and Bath, or the difference between the Lake District and Torquay or something. Scotland I find really beautiful, because, as opposed to France or Holland or somewhere where the countryside is really flat — although it's awesome, *that* countryside is like a void — in Scotland there's always interruptions appearing in the landscape all over the place so you don't get time to get bored."

"I've no desire to push myself into being a media figure. I'm quite happy with my cameras and my wife and my guitars."

Stuart Adamson

Would you still like to live there?

"I wouldn't live in Glasgow I don't think. I'd like to live in a deserted place — I'm a bit of a hermit. I hate cities. I'd rather not be easy to control or kill — in a large mass of population. If you've got 50 people in a room they're easy to control . . ."

(If you've got hundreds of people at a gig . . .) What would you be doing now if this hadn't all come about? Or if it fails?

"I don't know. If I could go on in the music business till I was 60 I'd do it, quite casually. I don't have high hopes or high ideals. I think I'd like to go on creating — I'd like to own a studio where I could just do whatever I liked. Create noises that are interesting to people. I'd like to direct a film if that was ever possible although I doubt it. I've been trying to write something for about two years

"I went to university in Glasgow. I think that was part of the mistake, that I didn't leave and go to London or something. I did Civil Engineering which was *crazy*."

What about the *business* in music business? (Boring, isn't it?)

"You do get tired of it, cos every little thing like that either saps your energy or saps your brain. If you don't get time off to regenerate you'll probably end up a babbling schizophrenic physical wreck . . ."

At which point in our dressing room interview, Stuart Adamson started tuning up his guitar — loudly. "Oh God," my voice says on the tape, and we stop.

I POUR two small cans of lager into a big bowl with a handle on, and sit down on the dressing room table next to The Skids' drummer Mike Baillie. He *looks* the youngest of all four (I forgot to ask) and is certainly the most nervous. Whilst everyone else chomped on steaks and cod fillets he fiddled anxiously with two or three chips. His voice is so timid in projection that it's all but covered up on the tape by my gulping noises.

I get a little bit of history out of him (been with The Skids since last December, only in unspectacular local bands before that) and that he thinks the "chemistry" in The Skids has got "much better" before he asks me what I thought of the Longhill event and fades away somewhere to sellotape his nerves back together before leaping on stage.

The fragile and silent type. *I tried!*

THE SKIDS, of course, play their gig. All I can remember is a lot of spitting. All I can remember is me doing a lot of drinking. Don't *you* ever get that *petrified* feeling?

I manage to control my high anxiety enough to stay in the building, and after the dreadful ritual is over and bodies are being swept out onto the street and all is quiet and still I am put in a room with Stuart Adamson, who plays the guitar.

Stuart Adamson is 22. He lives above a chip shop in a little village outside Dunfermline. He started his working life as a student environmental health officer — a "sanny man" — before graduating to production control in a factory. He is the man originally responsible for The Skids.

"I've no desire to push myself into being a media figure, anyway. I'm quite happy with what I'm doing, creating away quietly in my own little corner. I'm quite happy with my cameras and my wife and my guitars."

The public image of The Skids is very much Richard's image . . .

"Definitely. Richard's the focal point of the band media-wise, but I'm quite happy with the contributions I'm making. I'm perfectly happy with it. He's that type of person. I think he's got an amazing talent for being a front man and a focal point."

A lot of people have said to me that you shape the *sound* of The Skids . . .

nt for being a front man and a focal point."

A lot of people have said to me that you shape the *sound* of The Skids . . .

"Well, we are still a fairly guiter-orientated band anyway and I write the majority of the music for the songs with Russell and Mike contributing as well — which is great. It's a much more co-operative situation than it has been in the past. At first it was pretty farcical really with Richard and me dictating and the other two just following on. Actually, it was the first time the four of us were in the studio together . . . We went in and it just seemed like four people who were in the studio together. We went in an did a 26 hour right round the clock session and wrote 'Circus Games', 'Woman in Winter' and 'Arena' all in the one night and it just seemed like four people who were able to work together easily without any problems. No ego tripping or anything like that.

"I mean the fact of Richard being the focal point — I don't think it's working against us in any way. It could have done if we'd let . . . uh whoa! whoa! litigation! . . . a Well Known Publicist have his way with the way he wanted to run our band. It's something we didn't really agree with 'cos we were being made out to be complete prats. We do enjoy a bit of humour — I don't think anyone can walk about without any humour in their lives at all — but to be made into comic figures is not what we're about. We're not fully paid up members of the Magic Circle as it were, like Madness, Splodgenessabounds, stuff like that. I don't think we're really in the same vein as them."

Where *do* you think you're heading? Do you think you're a pop group at the moment — not a trick question. I don't mean there's necessarily anything wrong with that. You do seem able to appeal to young kids . . . and the other end of the market.

"We don't strategically plan it as it were. I just do tend to write in a poppy sort of vein. There is a heavier side to the music, a deeper side to it — but all the singles tend to be the immediate viewing

"It's obvious the four Skids aren't the sort of boys who're going to incite a revolt against authority."

Ian Penman

The absolute fame for two of Jobson's choices.

point of the band. That's our stomping ground, and people immediately recognise The Skids for the singles rather than the album tracks. But that's a good thing. I enjoy making pop records. It's something I always wanted to do 'cos I think there's great craft in making a good pop record.

"I think we just work quietly away in the background — the dark horses who came from nowhere. But we had been working round the clubs and done a tour with The Stranglers and built up a small following who'd maybe buy the single when it came out — giving it that chance to get radio airplay. Possibly we write more commercial pop than . . . possibly it's more readily acceptable. I'm not very sure. It's very hard to define why or how you're successful. I've no idea — we're not huge, but we are fairly successful.

How much has (stunning words by now) your contract with Virgin changed?

"I dunno actually, we're sort of in limbo at the moment, we're between contracts. I think the new one's just sort of giving us a break. . ."

Did they change it when you looked like you were starting to be popular or did you change it?

transmissions, questions, appearances, pressures and repetitions. In sum: a popular pop group.

I cannot (under)stand their language. It is a noise devoid of meanings that I do not wish to hear, at all. I do not feel resentful or even uncomfortable any more. Just too adult and jaded (too soon) to get involved? It's beginning to look that way.

On the other hand, think of it as a kind of aesthetic schizophrenia. I don't get involved because I have different needs and other distractions. We each stir around in our own little ventilated situation — it seems roomy enough, we have refined the more general elements out of our *personalised* grid and are still *publically* on the same wavelength as others of different tastes who meet and socialize with us.

The Skids do not and cannot fit anywhere in my *personal* life. Publically, this once, they have been useful — enjoyable in some respects even. But I shy away from assessing them as part of Pop (stress capital letters) Music in the same way thay I shy away from issues that are Political (with a capital gain). It may pass.

In the meantime I listen to very popular

"Richard's the focal point of the band media-wise. He's that type of person. He's got an amazing talent for being a front man."

Stuart Adamson

"I think through us being a bit successful we had a starting point for the negotiation of the deal — 'cos it was a bit of a ball and chain type deal if you see what I mean. The terms on our side were pretty grotty. Our new management started renegotiating it and so far the contract's supposedly made up and we're just waiting to see how it goes, if we're going to sign it or whatever. But I think we've got a good bargaining basis with Virgin now because they're in a sticky situation as we've a fair chance of making a bit of money for them. They can exploit us, we can exploit them, it's that sort of situation — which is pretty horrible really."

To begin with . . .?

"I'm afraid to say it was as quick as we could get our hands on the pens. We were just young boys down from Scotland not expecting anything, and to come by a record deal was like being the conquering heroes returning home with F.A. Cup. I think we've changed in as much as I think we've grown up a bit and become more sure of ourselves. We're not quite so rash and we take our time, consider things, speak much more to each other about things. There's much more group discussion about what's going on and what we're going to do.

"It's hard to say 'cos this is like a new band for Richard and I really. This is the first album *('The Absolute Game' — which I've managed to avoid mentioning so far)* of *this* band as it were. So where things can go from here it's very hard to say.

"I think that's a way we've grown up: there was always a tendency before just to thrash away and hope that some of it would stick. Now we have the same energy and excitement but a bit more control over it."

DO YOU think I got involved with The Skids? Maybe I should talk about their albums, their singles, the 'Poetic' words Richard Jobson writes, the pieces of music they put together; their numerous peaks, channels of influence, networks of determination, beginnings and closures. . .

The four Skids watch closely as their present undergoes change. The Skids: an interplay of

'soul' records (for instance) and act very coy and intense about 'personal' politics. I have reached a point where such details predominate. I take refuge in songs and scenes where all is not exactly well, but neither is it unpleasurable.

It might signify as an oasis. Bugger the desert! In a selection of a dozen or so new pop or rock records (from the wildly independent to the smugly secured) I could probably find some proportion 'interesting' for a shifting variety of reasons. But don't ask me to play them over again, repeatedly, five with them . . . I'd rather the latest creamy coffee George Benson lullaby. Oh God, not *justification!*

As Stuart Adamson said to me:

"I dunno. I'm no economist but all you hear anybody doing is complaining. There's still a hell of a lot of good records being made. I don't know why everybody's complaining so much."

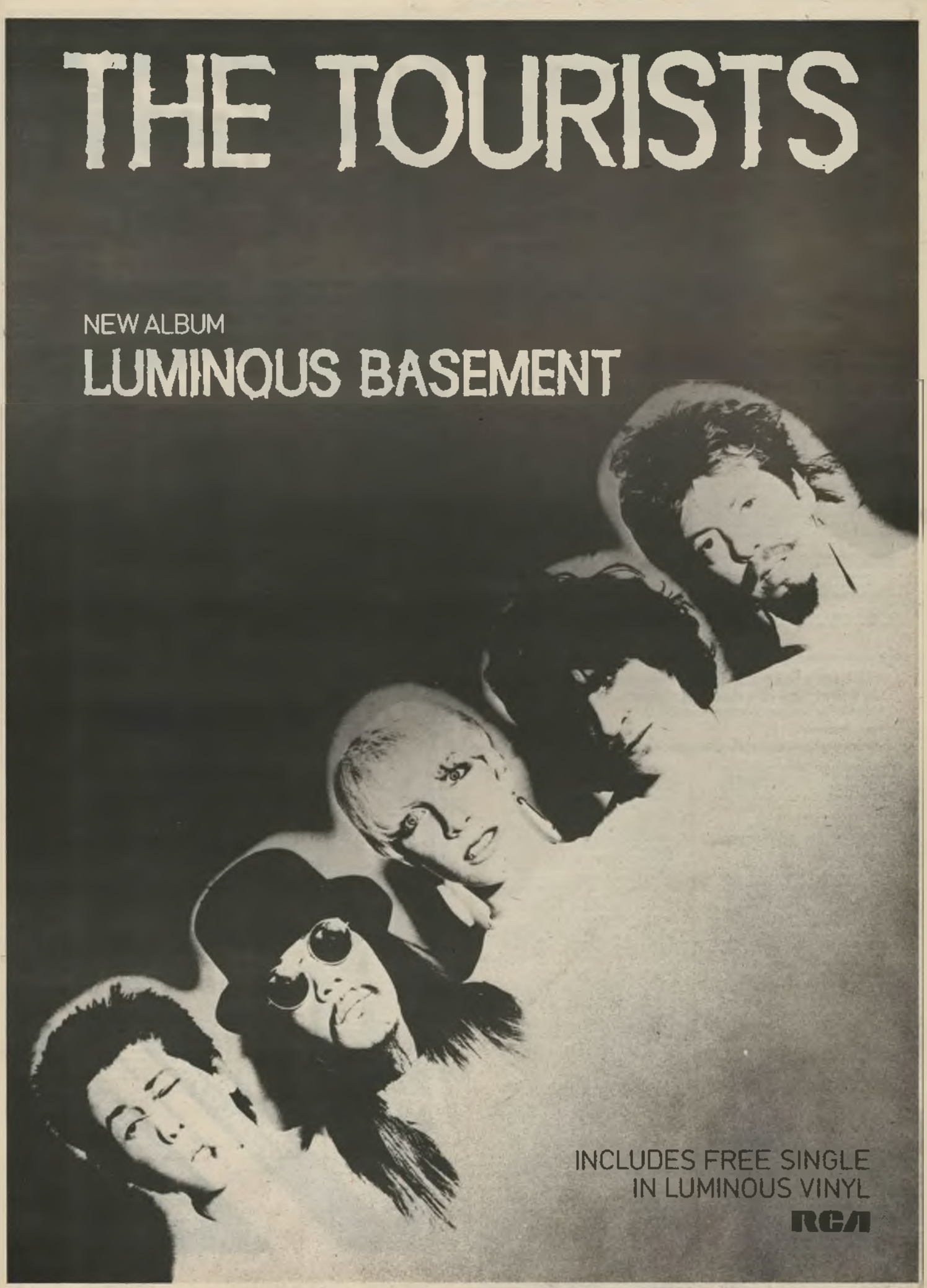
I dunno. I'm obviously no pop fan. Everything comes to its end and is packed away or off. I walk away in silence from the Brighton Top Rank into another miserable, dead British morning.

I've talked to four clean-cut, nice boys who are The Skids. They honestly want to be pop stars. Go right ahead, boys . . . you probably are already. It's not everyone who gets on the cover of *Smash Hits and* into the *Sunday Times Magazine.*

They're still alien to me. I felt as much a misplaced threat in their midst as I did in the most junior music class. I might as well have interviewed the little girl with ponytails who shows promise on the glockenspiel. What a louse.

The Skids are an old fashioned pop group with new fashioned stitching holding them together. They're not stupid, they're not innovatory. They're reasonable, reliable and a little bit ritzy.

METAPHYSICAL, maudlin and a little bit giddy. I skirt along the edge of the rocks. I trace a wobbly zig zag course on a damp, dark beach. It's stony and I don't carry an anchor. Just another futile attempt to prolong another irrational day. I skid and drift irresistibly. Foolish, but I do so enjoy getting my feet wet.


THE TOURISTS
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EIGHT OF THE BEST

PLUCKING a title from the mountainous pile and proclaiming it Single Of The Week can often place too much attention on one release to the detriment of a number of equally fine records. Conversely, there are occasions when the reviewer is hard-put to find one record worth playing through to the end. This week is an exception in that there are far too many meritorious releases to play one off against the other.

A Certain Ratio have produced a Single Of The Week, as have Wah! Heat and The Method Actors. Likewise, David Bowie, Bruce Springsteen, Toots & The Maytals, Ry Cooder and James Brown have all produced music that by the specific standards they've set themselves, presents them at their very best.

A CERTAIN RATIO: Blown Away (Factory) Trance-like, multi-dimensional (tortured) soul music which, within its own rich and original frame of reference, is as compelling as anything that's likely to get its hooks into you. The sombre nature of its heavily textured rhythms will no doubt be viewed by many as some kind of personal homage to Ian Curtis and could prompt directionless Joy Divisionists to transfer all affections to A Certain Ratio. Let's hope they do so for the Ratio's individual merits and not simply because of the power of association.

WAH! HEAT: Seven Minutes To Midnight (Inevitable). Some of the most inspired music is born out of anger, frustration and fury — just some of the basic elements to be found in Wah! Heat's attack. What I find most challenging about these Liverpudlians is their complete lack of inhibition, their disregard for standard rock technique, prefering to use their respective instruments — notably singer Peter Wylie's saw-edge surf-beat guitar — to splash blocks of bold primary sound colour everywhere. If they can attain this remarkable level of proficiency with only their second single, then I can see very little getting in the way of them becoming whatever they choose to be.

THE METHOD ACTORS: The Method (Armageddon) Welcome it you will, The Method Actors from Athens, Georgia. They comprise guitarist Vic Varney and drummer David Gamble. Both sing Vic's songs. This single was taped in London just over a month ago and the duo are currently undertaking whatever gigs they can secure in support of this commendable release. Far from being restricted by their lack of personnel, The Method Actors flaunt the kind of freedom which gives full reign to their extremely angular, passionate and, at times, willfully dischordant approach.

Devoid of easily-detectable derivatives, this amounts to the week's most auspicious debut proving that far away from the Big City Kultural quicksands, some of the most challenging rock music is conceived free of destructive and avaricious influences and for no other reason than the music itself.

JAMES BROWN: The Rap Payback (Polydor-import) Just when sceptics are beginning to wonder whether there's anything left in Papa's Bag, James Brown puts paid to such blasphemous thoughts with a workout so lethal that any suggestion of him abdicating his position as Soul Brother Number One is promptly forgotten. If this powerhouse, sizzling with hot soul, bad-ass funk and riotous jazz tenor sax, is anything to go by, then as far as this writer is concerned, James Brown, Soul Brother Number One, The Godfather Of Soul, Mr. Please, Please, Please, The New New Minister Of The Super Heavy Funk Agriculture And Fisheries can continue to call himself whatever fool name he wishes.

TOOTS & THE MAYTALS: Monkey Man (Island). At his most inspired, and this is such an occasion, Toots Hibbert is in the same class as Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett and Solomon Burke as a natural born soul man supreme. From an album which ranks alongside 'James Brown At The Apollo', 'Bob Marley At The Lyceum' and 'Otis Redding In Europe,' Toots drives himself into a frenzy on a song which The Specials have held in safekeeping. Remember to wipe the sweat off your turntable after playing.

DAVID BOWIE: Fashion (RCA). David's gotta New Dance and, with Robert Fripperonic growling menacingly on steel tooth guitar, it proves to be a continuation of the paranoiac diamond hard funk explorations of 'Fame'. As with its predecessor, Bowie may well adopt an anti-disco attitude whilst at the same time acknowledging that he'll fill the disco dance floors rather than empty them.

Similarly, the ambiguity of Bowie's lyric allows the listener to decide whether it's concerned with the manipulative world of sartorial elegance or the ever-increasing left versus right power struggle. Which ever way one conceives it, the song's overtly political.

Pix from top left, clockwise: Toots, James Brown, A Certain Ratio, Cooder, Springsteen, Bowie, Wah! Heat.

Pic: Chris Horler

RY COODER: 634-5789 (Warner Bros) I very much doubt if anyone has ever complained to Ry Cooder over the way he's chosen to reinterpret one of their songs. Quite the contrary, as he invariably detects a slant that the composer didn't realise existed. Whereas Wilson Pickett's famed treatment of the Steve Cropper/Eddie Floyd song depicted the Wicked Pickett as menacing and on the make, Cooder & Co strike a take-it-or-leave-it attitude as they come dashing out the liquor store loaded down with six-packs, pretzels and papers, pile into the back of a passing Yellow Cab shouting out an invite to what one instinctively knows is gonna be the best party in town. And it is.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Hungry Heart (CBS). If you subscribe to the belief that rock is on the verge of obsolescence, then it's fair to say that Bruce Springsteen is The Last Great Rock 'n' Roll Star. Springsteen's forte isn't just his ability to synthesise the best traditional elements of pop music but to transform the result into a highly personalised and contemporary style oozing with a deep fired enthusiasm that just can't be faked. He has perfected his approach not by means of careful illumination but by intuitively knowing what works, in what context and why.

Pic: Santo Basone

Pic: Peter Anderson

Pic: Lex Van Rossen

Pic: Chalkie Davies

SINGLES

. . . AND THE REST

BLONDIE: The Tide Is High (Chrysalis). The *idea* of reviving John Holt's Treasure Island label oldie is not without its merits, which is more than can be said for the finished reworking. Blondie are far more conversant with this specific genre than this record illustrates, so I find it hard to believe they've unanimously endorsed this Toy Town reggae travesty.

Instead of relying on a simple rhythm track, the song's strong melody line and their own individuality, Debbie Harry has been lumbered with a key much too low for her to sing with any degree of range and control, whilst the group's performance has been splattered with some of the most grotesque string and horn arrangements imaginable. This really is nothing more than hurried product and it shows.

UB40: The Earth Dies Screaming (Graduate). Whilst Stevie Wonder fuses the styles of Bob Marley and Elvis Costello, UB40 turn in the kind of record — right down to a near-perfect vocal facsmile — that Wonder would probably like to make.

DEAD KENNEDYS: Kill The Poor (Cherry Red). Nice middle-class American kids form stereotype punk band, desecrate patriarchal family name to garner cheap but very extensive publicity and attack their own sheltered lifestyle in ancipation of becoming rich enough to enjoy an even cosier existance.

DIXO: Bang Bang (My Baby Shot Me Down) (WEA). Back home, these Dutch skankers are known as Dixo Wankers. Shame they should drop the most appropriate part of their name.

THE PRETTY THINGS: Falling Again (Warner Brothers). With its subtle 'Brown Eyed Girl' overtones, this sounds like something Van Morrison may have written especially for Phil Lynott or even Phil May.

HIROSHI FUKUMURA: Hunt Up Wind (Champagne). Seeing as the Japanese now produce the very best audio equipment and press the best quality records, it's only logical to assume their ultimate goal to be the bulk manufacture of the music to accompany their wares.

In some stratas of oneupmanship, Jap Jazz-Funk is already 'The Next Big Thing' with the import album of the single by trombonist Hiroshi Fukumura in very big demand. Perhaps in their eagerness to perfect the technical aspects of this particular music, players like Fukumura and altoist Sadao Watanabe failed to notice that their mentors, Dave Grusin, Lee Ritenour and their ilk, are all but bereft of any genuine soulfulness. A minor irritant. Once the Japanese locate this defect they'll no doubt eradicate it by redesigning the circuitry.

JONI MITCHELL: Why Do Fools Fall In Love? (Asylum). For someone who has made great capital from having loved (and invariably lost) on countless occasions, the choice of this old Frankie Lymon & The Teenagers' hit — Joni is Frankie, The Persuasions portray The Teenagers — isn't as incongruous as one might believe. If the enigmatic Ms Mitchell — about to celebrate her 37th birthday — is to be nostalgic then this is perhaps the right moment to off-set romanticism with self-mocking reality. On the other hand, maybe she didn't know all the lyrics to Frankie Lymon's 'I'm Not a juvenile Delinquent'.

THE RAT AND THE WHALE: Wheel's On Fire (Rewind). Rat Scabies, for it is he who accepts credit for producing this version of the Dylan standard, should take heed that Mr Dylan's Jehovah is quite humourless, coughing fire and brimstone and seeking retribution.

TOM BROWNE: Thighs High (Grip Your Hips And Move) (Arista). Not only does this record confirm the widely-held opinion that Tom Browne is a ropey trumpet player, it confirms that the continuing success of 'Funkin' For Jamaica' was almost entirely down to the vocal track. Trouble here is that just when everyone begins to loosen up on the riff, Browne barges up to the microphone and ruins everything. Maybe he should be told.

THE HITMEN: Hold On To Her (Urgent);
WOODHEAD MONROE: (She's A) Vampire (Oval). The Hitmen post notice that they have the ability to write mainstream Top 40 'pop rock' songs, but they need someone to help them realise their potential. This sounds like a demo which a more experienced artist (and his arranger) would quickly knock into shape.

Similarly, Woodhead Monroe cross-pollenate enough stylistic devices to produce a distinct instrumental identity, but at the moment the sound is much stronger than the material. Perhaps both groups should meet up.

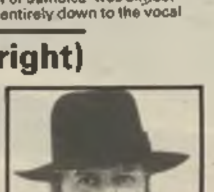
ROXY MUSIC: Same Old Scene (EG). As Michael Jackson confirmed with no less than four hit 45s from the same LP, the singles and albums markets are two separate entities, with the former relying heavily on catchy tune impulse buying.

▸ *Continues over*

Reviewed by Roy Carr (right)

One Method Actor

Another Method Actor



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WEDNESDAY 26 - ODEON BIRMINGHAM
THURSDAY 27 - ASSEMBLY ROOMS, DERBY
FRIDAY 28 - VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY
SATURDAY 29 - UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD
SUNDAY 30 - APOLLO, MANCHESTER

EMI

From previous page

It's also a market Roxy Music could dominate if they chose to. Culled from 'Flesh And Blood,' a blend of synthetic cocktail shaker dance rhythms, decorative front line and the world weary Bryan Ferry wearing his immaculately shaped heart on his immaculately tailored sleeve combines to produce the music of post-Modernist Mecca Ballrooms.

SPANDAU BALLET: To Cut A Long Story Short (Reformation). Those masterminding this heavily bank-rolled caper might dearly love you to believe that Spandau Ballet will singlehandedly wipe clean and redraw the face of pop music in their own narcissistic image, but nothing could be further from the truth. Innovative they are not, yet the Ballet Corp have managed to collect sufficient Devo and Bowie table droppings to seamlessly piece together a predictably austere but nonetheless catchy electro-anthem of self-glorification.

With the exception of those directly involved, the whole pose isn't honestly meant to be taken seriously and this momentary media distraction is really a bit of a prize turkey — but I suspect (that though a majority will refrain from dashing out and purchasing a pair of Gamba's ballet slippers), there are plenty of people ready to eat it. Top Five by Christmas and obscurity by the following yule-tide.

JOHN FOXX: Miles Away (Metal Beat). John Foxx forsakes bleak fururistic landscapes for a more whimsical stance and a flesh, blood and bone drummer. He seems more concerned here with the chertability of the catchy hook line that with expanding the limited confines of his present position. With imminent increases in the cost of electricity, perhaps he's considering converting to gas.

THE TERRORISTS: Justice (Max's Kansas City); NEW MATH: Older Woman (Archive); THE NAILS: Young And Wild (City Beat). In the '60s, attempt in America to counterfeit Mersey Beat may have resulted in such mutants as Deno, Desi & Billy, but it also produced such inspired originals as Question Mark, Sir Douglas Quintet and The Byrds. However, current endeavours by New York faddists to put 2-Tone skank in the tank have so far produced quite ludicrous results. In 15 years time these records may acquire curiosity appeal.

JOHNNY BRITTON: The One That Got Away (Oddball). In which Bernard Rhodes (for it is he) portrays pre-Beatles stormaker Larry Parnes, goes in search of The Perfect Quiff but in the process allows his long-standing Billy Fury obsession to cloud his judgment. A conceptualist who knows a workable image when he helps mould it, Rhodes realises that teen idols have been launched on much less than a beautifully sculptured barnet and that the lack of half-decent voice or the ability to hold down a tune is no real drawback.

The whole scam — complete with tremeloed guitars — may be sufficiently old hat to seem fresh enough to entice a whole new and impressionable generation, but it has to be noted that everyone of Jack Good's recent wimpy *Oh Boy* proteges have so far met with public indifference. Perhaps Mr Rhodes has worked out a whole new sales strategy, but it'll take more than good looks to sell this.

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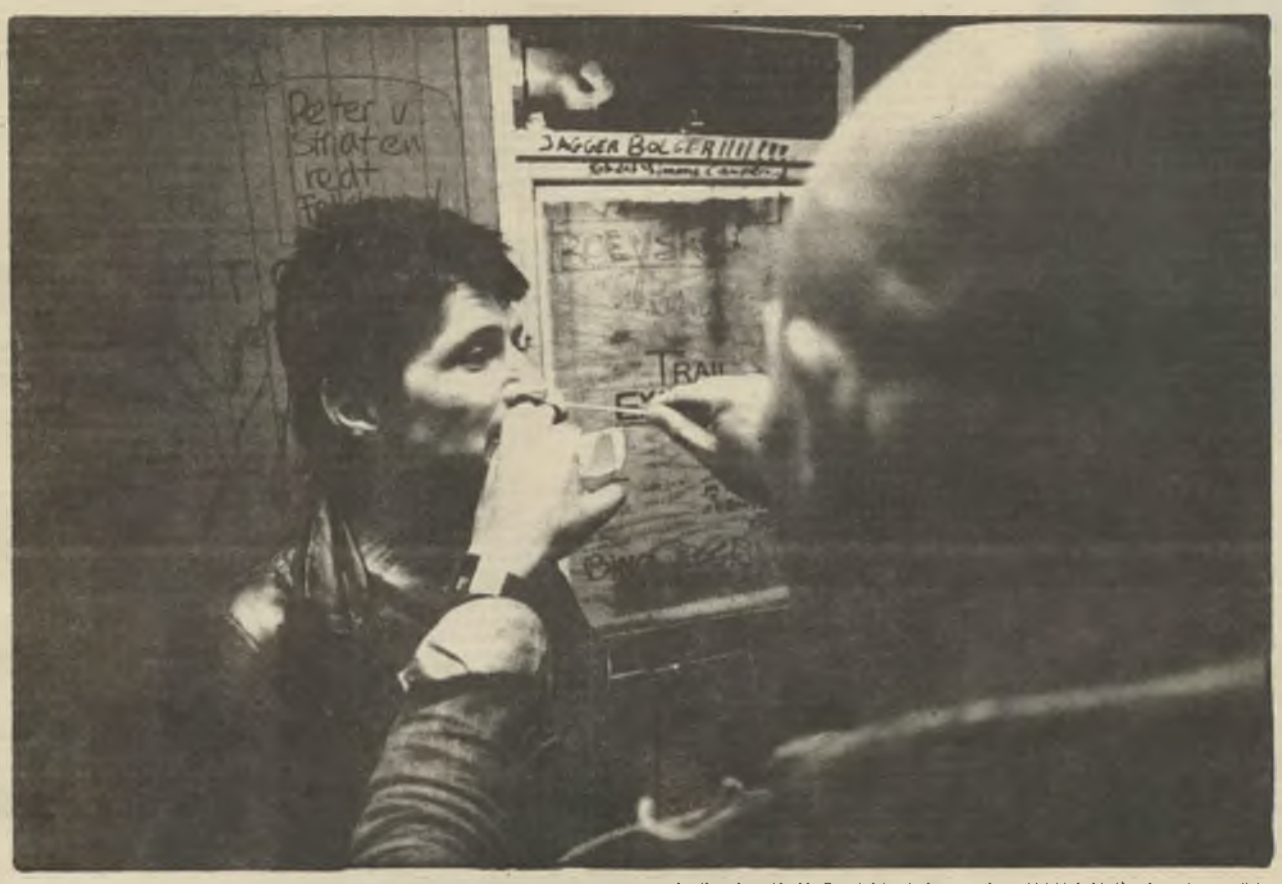
SAFE EUROPEAN WHORE



A self-confessed junkie, Brood claims he is now trying to kick his habit. Here he seeks remedial help from his manager, Coach.

This is the pathetic story of Herman Brood, who became too much of an American friend and sold his soul to US rock 'n' roll

IN CLOSE up the little man looks absurd.

The TV camera focuses on a stocky figure sticky and uncomfortable in the midday sun. His face knots into a grimace under a badly dyed but neatly cut mop of hair, blotched black on top and left brown at the back. His bulky chest is crammed into ridiculously tight trousers hitched up to his ribs by red braces, a purple tinted leather jacket slung across his shoulders.

The little man is from Holland, but he talks more like Dutch Schultz after a steady diet of Lenny Bruce and Little Richard records in a husky drawl reminiscent of movie heroes like Sylvester Stallone and Marlon Brando.

He loves myths, especially those stemming from the American sub-culture, and even got to live the one about the down and out musician, eking out an existence through petty crime and demeaning jobs, his poverty only matched by an excessive appetite for debilitating drugs.

His favourite story about rock and roll as saviour became reality too. The little man now makes a living by singing and pounding piano, though he still can't do both at the same time. He's either at the microphone, rapping through outrageously verbose songs, or at his keyboards unleashing torridly sweet runs to lighten the unrelenting rush of the rhythms. In between songs he'll pause, a familiar look of extreme discomfort and perplexity etched into his face . . . Freeze the picture there.

Ladies and gentlemen . . . Herman Brood.

BEFORE HIS current fall from grace, this bizarre bulk held Holland in the palm of his hand. Their first bonafide rock and roll hero, his great speed soaked bursts of song cut right through the blues/Woodstock classical schlock fixations of another age. Avoiding the pomp of the '70s he draw on '60s Motown and Beatle pop, which he combined with more contemporary new wave influences to exhilarating effect.

If at times close to English Americanophiles like Graham Parker, he avoided their dour earnestness by unashamedly stealing from his sources, filtering his haul through his own experiences to create a peculiarly distinctive, breathless hybrid, hard rocking enough to attract serious music fans and zippy enough to win him an ardent teenybop following.

Pop being what it is, though, Brood's rise was shaped as much by his flair for self-publicity as his music. And as he didn't start his career proper until he'd hit 30, he needed all the help he could get.

Poised to make his first big break in 1968 as pianist with the popular blues band Cuby And The Blizzards, he blew it through his unreliable drug habits. He spent the next ten years in a wilderness of addiction spent bumming around Europe and Israel, until a televised reunion concert of Cuby brought him back into the mainstream.

On the road again, this time with his own band, he met his influential future manager Coach, while scrambling around looking for his needle on the floor of the club Coach then owned. Instead of throwing him out like any self-respecting proprietor would, he helped him find it, somehow perceiving in Brood something nobody else did. He eventually sold his place and raised enough money for Brood to record his first Wild Romance album 'Street'.

Its pain-filled songs littered with drug references and imagery went down well with those still living on society's alternative fringes, but Brood was quick to broaden his appeal with a series of publicity stunts worthy of that other notorious rock and roll swindler, Malcolm McLaren. They subsequently paid off when his 1978 records 'Shpritz' and 'Cha Cha' went gold.

Once, he got two uniformed theatre guards to pose as Belgian cops arresting him for running off with two under-age girls; that one rocked the scandal sheets. And later, he invited a much loved Dutch safecracker to present him with his gold disc on the steps of the courthouse where he was appearing on a burglary charge. Brood had stolen a set of scales worth some £1,700 which he sold for £12.50 to buy drugs.

The stories created themselves after that, but unfortunately they wouldn't stop. Brood's freewheeling *cha cha* movie, with Lene Lovich and Nina Hagen, fuelled the gossip columnists, especially when Brood and Hagen announced their real life engagement — terminated shortly after the film's completion.

Brood's followers, meanwhile, were getting a little tired of all this unnecessary publicity, as there hadn't been any new music to support it since the 1978 'Shpritz' album. And the singer had already made it contemptuously clear that he would soon desert Holland for America, where 'Saturday Night' reached 23.

But his assault failed miserably and he returned to a hostile Holland with a disastrously diluted album, 'Go Nutz', in the can. *Cha Cha* had bombed and suddenly nobody loved Herman Brood anymore. A few of us still did, though, and were pleased to hear that he hadn't given up. Lord knows, Europe has too few rock personalities already, especially one as strange as Brood, who brings a distinctly continental perspective to rock music. He deserves to be taken seriously.

WE FIND Brood rehearsing his dull new Wild Romance in preparation for a televised concert in the picturesque woodland open-air theatre of Apeldoorn, near the Dutch-German border. The Ramones and The Undertones were both scheduled to play, but pulled out at the last minute, leaving the producers a frantic search for a headliner. Hi Herman!

The place is filled with nouveau punks who haven't heard of the dum dum boys' cancellation. They greet the first band, a mildly entertaining jazz funk outfit, with rowdy abuse, eventually bringing their set to an abrupt close by setting fire to a refreshment hut at the back of the arena. The camera ignores the stage and focuses on the chaos; Brood's crew prepare for his set, while firemen and police fight the blaze. And through it all, comes the conniving manager, Coach, grinning broadly, his shaven pate gleaming.

"Cost me 100 guilders in the hand," he boasts under his breath to our Dutch photographer Anton Corbijn, nodding towards the back.

Oho, here we go again.

Brood's set doesn't really ignite, though. It's easily surpassed by a second gig that evening in Alphen, in a wooden youth club type hut packed with 400 eager teens. Only a thin line of benevolent, but worried looking bouncers separates them from their hero onstage — a sea of grasping hands reach out every time he dodges from microphone to piano. It's a great gig, recalling in its excitement Brood at his prime, according to Anton, who was there at the time.

Afterwards, Brood wrings out a sweat-soaked T-shirt, wraps it in the towel with which he's dried off his trousers, slips on his purple jacket and we're ready to leave for Amsterdam.

The singer asks to be dropped off on the edge of the city's notorious drug district, despite his many public claims to have cleaned up. A wearily suspicious look crosses the face of his driver and agent.

"Once a junkie, always a junkie," he mumbles.

We watch him disappearing into the night, his only luggage a towel and T-shirt, and with him, I think, the chances of a meeting arranged for the following afternoon.

SURPRISINGLY, he's there at the appointed time, in the lush cocktail bar of the Sonesta Hotel that used to be his home in better times. Brood never invested in a house when he was wealthy, just moved up from skid row joints to classier places like this

Continues over

"Arrested!" The publicity hoax pic that added to Brood's notoriety in Europe. The uniformed men are in fact theatre ushers escorting Herman to the toilet.

WORDS CHRIS BOHN PIX ANTON CORBIJN

BROOD

Brood is a sucker for the American Dream. When he was in Nashville he wore a tuxedo because all the kids had them. Guess where he put on his T-shirt.

From previous page

one. The previous night had been spent in a four bed bunk-up room with his roadies.

However he still feels at home here. The barman serves him with a smile of recognition, asking if he's ready to pay off some of the massive tab he's accumulated.

"We can put it on *NME* expenses," drawls Herman, grinning.

Ha ha! I respond, eyeing his lethal concoction of vodka, campari and orange, remembering, too his extraordinary capacity for alcohol from a previous meeting.

Before we begin our investigation into his rise and fall, a doe-eyed drunken Norwegian businessman creates a diversion, bellowing in a lusty tenor: *"ARRIVERDERCI AMSTERDAM!"* He comes over to serenade us personally, arms slung conspiratorially around our shoulders. We play him back a tape of his wobbly voice and tears well-up in his eyes as a smile flutters across his lips.

"Pretty high, huh? asks Brood.

"Yes, I am high," he proudly boasts.

"It's hard for Scandinavians to score booze at home, so when they come to Amsterdam, where they can score it on every street corner, they always go crazy," comments Brood later.

We leave the drunk singing *"La bella mi amore,"* or words to that effect.

"The po-po-power of positive drinking," laughs Brood. "I love extrovert people."

And they fall for him too.

His ability to get on with people has since been re-interpreted by his detractors as a willingness to use them only as long as he needed them. He was quick to drop the best incarnation of the Wild Romance when he was told they were no good, they point out.

But that, like many of his recent misdemeanours, was prompted by his thirst for American success. Immensely naive, despite his 34 years, he believed "everything the American big brother told me.

"Well, we were just a bunch of Amsterdam junkies. We arrived all dressed in leather and that's where the channelling started. 'You shouldn't be just another European punk band, man. Get some suits', they told us. And I could agree with them to a point, as we didn't know fuck all about America. But the first place we played was Nashville, where everybody was wearing tuxedos. We thought that must be the American style these days, so we got ourselves some.

"Then we played Houston, which was a lot hipper, and we were looking like Dutch idiots, playing fast music in these tuxedos."

Worse though, was the willingness with which he allowed Ariola to dictate changes in his music. They wanted to switch his appeal from rock orientated FM radio to the more adult orientated AM channels. They brought in LA producer Tim O'Brien to effect the change and the first thing he wanted to do was replace Brood's rough Wild Romance with smoother LA sessioneers. Then he tackled the thornier topic of Brood's songs. Not only was the subject matter risque, but also the language was a bit incomprehensible to Americans, O'Brien told Brood.

"And I always thought I was hip to American slang," comments the sardonic Brood. "I'd listened to Lenny Bruce and read William Burroughs' books. 'Anyway Lou Reed wrote about junk', I said to him. 'Well, Lou Reed doesn't sell records', he replied."

Hence, 'Go Nutz' is full of cliche ridden love songs, some co-written with that vacuous vampire Kim Fowley, with whom Brood's been writing a lot lately. In context of the singer's idiosyncratic husk of a voice, he sounds ridiculous mouthing cutely turned lyricisms. Plainly he isn't cut out to be Mr Nice Guy.

The album's release confirmed Brood's decline in Holland. He returned home from his unsuccessful American manoeuvres penniless and deserted, his speedily amassed fortune easily squandered.

"I have this problem that money burns a hole in my pocket," he understates.

He'd invested in the failed movie, the US tour, his musicians, and, of course, drugs. His credibility blown, the taxmen on his tail, what did he do? You guessed it.

"I slipped out and went straight into this very heavy heroin scene — in America I'd been clean most of the time."

And by way of rounding off his moral and material collapse, he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment last winter on the burglary charge mentioned earlier.

FORCED TO kick his habit without the help of the weaning drug methadone, he was in a better frame of mind to consider the consequences his habit had not only on himself, but also, possibly, his fans.

Amoral and in many ways unrepentant, Brood was never slow to capitalise on the public's morbid fascination with those who live in the outer limits; thus his willingness to discuss candidly his squalid past hasn't been without its ulterior motives. The problem is that he's so infatuated with the process of drug use that it's difficult for him not to glamourise his own involvement in songs or interviews.

However, in jail those little pricks at his conscience got through this time and with it the realisation that much of his appeal to some lies in his habit. Earlier attempts to clean up his material for commercial reasons had failed in their desired effect — and also artistically. Consequently, he knew the commercial risk of his publicly condemning the evils of heroin at the request of a Dutch politician who'd written him in jail.

"He asked me to stop encouraging young people to take dope and to do everything forbidden by God," says Brood. "And as I was in jail at the time kicking the habit, I completely agreed with him and wrote back saying he was absolutely right. I went on TV and said so, to get rid of my feeling guilty, which is good . . . I think."

As expected, it didn't improve his public standing. Evidently, to paraphrase Burroughs, he used to be their idea of a character, but "cleaned up", he was just the same as everybody else.

On the rock and roll circuit, meanwhile, his comeback was hampered by hall owners' previous encounters with the Brood entourage, which sometimes made impossible demands for extras just as he was about to go on. Now they don't have to book him they're reluctant to bother.

"I left behind me a million muddy miles of bad things," rhapsodises Brood. "Sometimes it's difficult for me to wake up in the morning and look back over the things I've done. It's getting better now."

Though the prospects of going through it all again don't really appeal he accepts his task stoically, knowing that it won't be so easy now the public's wise to his stunts. But he's certainly investing plenty of energy into his comeback.

In an effort to recapture the excitement of his first album 'Street', he's brought back the first Wild Romance drummer for the recordings of 'Wait A Minute' — just out in Holland. It's an encouraging improvement on 'Go Nutz' in that the music has much of the punch of classic Brood, but his new songs, many co-written with Fowley, lack the verve of his best material. Conventional love language replaces the colourful Brood blend of old, partly through his concern about avoiding the drug imagery that permeated even straight songs like the great 'Rock 'n' Roll Junkie'.

"Eh, Chrees, I'm doing the best I can," he apologises. "Perhaps, I am a little more conscious that these phrases are more commercial, but I still want to sell records. It's more fun for me and my band."

THE LEAST materialistic of once and future rock stars, it's difficult to know what fires Brood. He has no house or flat, preferring instead to stay in hotels — when he's wealthy — or on people's floors. His possessions are few: a couple of T-shirts, a stage jacket and the clothes he wears. A restless wanderer, he'd rather remain as unhindered as possible. One strong motivation to succeed is the urge to get out of Holland.

"They don't like supermen here," he asserts contemptuously "apart from sportsmen. Jan Cremer, the writer, he's the best, you know, and he can hardly make a living here. And our best artist Karel Appel's moved to New York. He decided not to exhibit here because they don't deserve him in Holland anymore . . ."

At 34, he must be conscious that his chance to escape must come now or never again. What'll happen if his comeback fails?

"I'll kill myself," he asserts categorically. Then he chuckles. "It's life or death for me, this rock and roll."

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COMMOTION

It's easy to talk about the excitement, magic and 'dangerous rhythms' of rock. But when Saturday night inevitably gives way to Monday morning, how many non-musicians manage to integrate rock's inspirations into their lives and work in these times of recession and general impoverishment? Some people have made sacrifices and compromises in order to make music much more than just a job, an accessory, or an occasional escape.

THINGS THAT GO BRIGHT IN THE NIGHT

NEON IS the very symbol of the street: a mythological light which can glow hot or shimmer cold, just like the heart of the city itself.

No light has animated rock's search for selfhood more than the reflective glow of the jukebox, the blue light of bars, and the yellow pools of light which collect under streetcorner lamps.

If the words 'neon artist' sound a bit precious to you, then step inside the Argon gallery at 3 Theberton St, London N1, and meet its proprietor / founders, Frances Basham and Bob Ughetti. Something (probably The B-52s, early Kraftwerk or that Cars album all the cruisers in Santa Monica like) will be on the turntable, drowning the buzz of electricity which courses through the tubes whose light lines and glances off the walls.

Downstairs, a dirt floor is littered with wire and suggestively shaped bits of glass. Upstairs, Woody the cat (named after Woody Guthrie but musically unchoosy) drowses perpetually across a low mirrored table upfront, stretching his body against the warmth of the pink and citron and turquoise neon strips which interweave within it.

Argon is a tiny place. But as surely as a snatch of the best Springsteen, it evokes all the technicolour smiles of a summer night. And for Basham and Ughetti, it is the apotheosis of four years' devotion and sacrifice: their own Rock Dream.

The dream dates from a working vacation Frances spent in New York. With a sack full of postcards and Polaroids of American neon, she returned home — and joined an all-girl group called The Neons, who played Hoovers, mixers, and "other Dada instruments". Frances made her first piece of neon art as their backdrop, using an old, standardised base found lying in the street.

Undeterred by inexperience, she and Bob Ughetti founded Electric Pastels, a neon-by-commission firm operated from their home phone number at night and on weekends (both were holding down day jobs to pay the rent). They had to wrestle through learning about the complicated support systems required by the form, locate a dealer for lightweight indoor transformers, learn to think in three dimensions as do neon benders, and — most crucial — hustle their way along from commission to commission.

Electric Pastels executed shop and ad signs, disco fittings, props for commercials, and people's signatures in neon — all to keep going. But it was rock commissions their enthusiasm for neon really won them — stage logos in neon for Rock Against Racism and F-Beat records, for example, and also the new Venue.

Their work really does celebrate the role of neon in the city: they look towards the speed, realism and romance of rock as tools for survival in an urban environment.

ARGON WAS set up to succeed Electric Pastels at a time when Frances and Bob had "no work, no money and no day jobs — and when no one would even give us gallery space. We thought we'd open a place of our own, hang what we wanted, and then just see if anybody responded."

By locating a property so derelict they could lease it without a premium, by each raising a loan from their parents, and with the help of friends and relatives who wired, re-constructed, painted and cleaned, they did just that.

One of the first projects Argon undertook with the small amount of money borrowed to stock the gallery was the Springsteen title 'Blinded By The Light' written in neon.

"Our first idea," says Frances, "was to execute a rock poem in neon, probably by Patti Smith, and to write the whole sentence around the room. But we couldn't afford it: we had to settle for a few words which conveyed what we wanted. Even something like 'show a little faith, there is magic in the night', which we also liked, turned out too long.

"We went for obvious street connotations," says Bob. "We used clear red, the colour every sandwich shop sign is made in. Also because that red is pure neon gas with no powders added; nothing added to alter what it is."

The partners are constantly re-defining their relationship to rock through the nocturnal psychedelics of their art. A specific instance is Bob's recent Warholic portrait piece of Iggy Pop, where neon is fixed on top of a larger-than-life painting.

"I added the illustration because I knew a neon outline alone would be too crude," says Bob. "Those aggressive sweeps of neon are in a colour called ruby red — and in red tubing — because it's like your blood rushing, very exciting and vibrant. I wanted movement from the abstract marks, but lines which expressed the performance itself rather than an icon or an emotional image.

"The neon lines wrap around a torso painted in flesh tones," added Frances, "so that the neon makes it look as if a red stage light is striking flesh. Yet by the time your eye moves up to the face, that light is diminished. His head is independent of that reflection and exists outside of it, even while his body participates in it. Which has a lot to do with Iggy Pop."

Bob is expanding on his painting-and-neon idea, through a series of portraits of women singers. "They'll be very large pictures, very strong. Hopefully in each one I can use the power of the neon — and its potential for irony, nostalgia, kitsch, whatever — to show what I like about the strength of women singing rock."

"What attracts rock fans to neon," says Frances, "is the fact that it's so *alive*. That it's all buzzing around in there and it's something that happens NOW. When you turn on a neon, it's like a performance . . . it leaps into being." Jonathon Richman really did put it best: *'I feel alone, I feel alive, I feel I'm rockin' modern neon live'.*"

Neon artists Bob Ughetti and Frances Basham bask in the glow of the gallery that hard work, Mum, Dad, friends, and admirers help build.

THE WAY THE

LAURIE-RAE Chamberlain's only flattering write-up ever called him a "frankly fashionable character". It could be a result of the combination of his poison-green fluorescent socks, Japanese houseshoes, Lenny Kaye haircut (ostensibly short but with a few long bits tied behind), and tendency to serve visitors their tea on 'autographed' souvenir Beatles plates.

Or it could be because of his tenacity in describing himself as a xerographer, a colour xerox artist.

The xerox machine colour copier designed in the 70s was never intended for fanzine editors, punk graphic experiments, or album art like that used by The Undertones and Robert Fripp. It was designed so that big companies could send inhouse memos and projects with colour covers and inserts.

Laurie-Rae feels that xerox artists have actually helped to make it popular.

"I don't think that many people would have seen a colour xerox if they hadn't been used as 'art'."

And, although artists have played with office copiers since the '60s heyday of Pop Art neither Rank, Canon, 3M or IBM have been particularly happy to see their attentions transferred to the colour machine. Too often effects are achieved by changing dial settings, over-inking, or lifting the copier's protective cover.

Chamberlain thinks that the public's association of xerox art with punk and post-punk modern music came about almost by accident.

"The light which passes under the image is a neon light, the colours xerox artists cultivate are usually hot, vibrant colours, and the process is an instant one. All that seems 'modern', but the real link with rock dates back to Warhol — from the way he did his silk-screen process, and the images he chose."

THE EPHEMERAL medium is tailormade for Laurie-Rae's concerns — unashamed investigations of the personal. His first exhibit reproduced his address book; a second featured xeroxes of how the book had changed.

"For that," he says, "I used the first colour xerox machine in Europe, which was at one end of Heathrow Airport, under where Concorde takes off. I keep thinking about it, because one of my favourite records lately is 'Oooop There Goes Concorde Again' by The Native Hipsters."

Much of Chamberlain's inspiration comes from what it's functional to call "rock culture".

WORDS CYNTHIA ROSE

PICTURES

VISIONS DAVID CORIO

SEARCH AND DECOY

AL McDOWELL was in his second year of college when a bloke named Glen Matlock approached him. Al was Social Secretary and Glen was in this band, The Sex Pistols, who wanted to gig for free.

"I started to go and see them a bit," recalls Al, "because they were pretty interesting."

Before long, Glen's associate Malcolm McLaren had McDowell printing T-shirts as a summer job. Then, when Glen split from the Pistols and was looking around for help, he asked Al to manage The Rich Kids.

Al gave it a shot, but when a proper management deal loomed on the horizon he got the elbow. First he was shifted to tour manager, then — as a kind of consolation prize — the Rich Kids' management decided to invest in him as a designer. They gave him £3,000 and a studio in the management offices.

McDowell called his enterprise Rocking Russian — a name he had devised for a record label The Rich Kids might use.

"It was when we were printing Pistols shirts; one day in the *Daily Mail* there was a letter from this housewife which said 'Whoever prints these shirts must be Russian!' I'm very influenced by Russian graphics anyway, and I liked adding the 'rocking' connotation. The name was never meant to denote any one attitude — it was purely to hide behind."

The growing business spent a lot of time thinking of names for one thing and another, as more people (Xenia Beith, Nick May, Ed Gillan, David Dahlson, Chris Pring, Clint Hodder, joined in. Thus was born the State Arts T-shirt company, the 3 Kliks video firm, *Grabuge* (an English/French magazine), Direct Hit Records, and *I-D* magazine.

"Even if The Rich Kids had never happened," says McDowell now, "I can't see any way we wouldn't have gotten involved in music somehow. It's the only outlet I can see which is easy to get involved with but which still allows you some freedom. "In retrospect — although it was loose and they meant well — taking that three grand was a mistake; all it's meant is that I'm £3,000 in debt a year later. And, meeting designers like Malcolm Garrett who does the Buzzcocks, I envy the way other people just sort of slid into things".

BUT THE fledgling Rocking Russian slid into things themselves; through dates the Rich Kids played in Paris, Al made several French friends who encouraged him to mount an exhibition of English punk art amidst the French music scene. The show was entitled *Fuck Art. . .Let's Dense* and was linked to *Grabuge*, the RR magazine.

Unfortunately, it fell into the Great Title But. . .category.

"In the end," admits Al, "we were far more into the concept than the event; this was the heyday of McLarenthink."

But the Parisian experience did introduce the group to the French punk design team Bazooka.

"Bazooka were definitely an artistic inspiration at that point; they'd got so much further along with what they aimed to do and I was really impressed. Once I got involved with the same media, though, I became pretty fed up with the images, because they work from photos all the time and have just one or two styles they apply to everything."

The first post-Rich Kids work which helped Rocking Russian further define their aims came again through Glen Matlock, when he joined Iggy Pop's autumn '79 tour band.

"We did the American campaign for 'New Values', which we enjoyed, and out of that came an arrangement to handle everything for 'Soldier': singles bag, album art work, posters, T-shirts, badges, and three videos.

"It showed us where we could go when an artist trusted us; we begun to realise that trust was the crucial thing."

With Pop, the team confronted an experienced performer whose vision of how he wanted his work seen was strong.

"Yes — but that's good to find. I prefer people who know what they want; art school bands, for instance, are often more likely to trust you just because they know what's involved technically. For The Scars we're currently doing everything — management, fan club, fanzine, graphics.

When Rocking Russian took on the Pop campaign, the album was entitled 'Christian Soldier', and they worked closely on the images for it with photographer Brian Griffin.

"Brian was totally part of things, and a lot of the images — the burning and the cross, images made up entirely through light — were his. When the title was changed to 'Soldier', we decided to mix medieval and World War II images, just as graphic bases, and we worked on those with Brian."

"It was especially good," Al stresses, "to have had that first total experience with a solo artist. Recently we did Teardrop Explodes and it's much more difficult when there are four guys who have to argue everything out among themselves."

The 3 Kliks firm also made three videos for 'Soldier', directed by National Film School graduate Nick May. The videos manage to capture an impressive array of the ironies and complexities, as well as the actual references, of the songs they advertise. Their editing and lighting (again by Griffin) are especially skillful.

May, who runs 3 Kliks, feels that there are at the moment in rock video two factors on which his company can capitalise.

"One is that rock has such a continuous turnover of style. And the other is that the music industry itself isn't yet sophisticated enough about video to dictate what you're doing."

ROCKING RUSSIAN really do believe in the punk principle of accessibility.

"You have to keep it all simple," says Al. "I think that, if you're honest, the extension you add to an artist's own work is really subliminal. But it's not worth working for anyone who just comes in to drop off a brief. They have to be prepared to go into what is the power of image and what are the dangers."

The team feels that the crossovers between music and images or experiences from other fields are the most important thing. Their combined work looks toward some sense of an urban community in which different forms of expression naturally relate and where, as Al puts it, "You don't have to look just towards music, so the pressure is taken off and music can evolve more naturally.

"All it takes is knowing you can do it. Back to Rab of The Scars, he's 17 maybe, left school before I did — and his ideas are much better than mine in a graphic sense. Because he understands that the problems are purely functional, a simple matter of choices. When musicians or artists pretend they have no influences, that's denying that the same realities surround us all, all the time.

"It gets easy to say 'anybody can do it' when you have been able to do it. And it takes a real struggle to set up a steady flow of bread-and-butter work to support any sort of alternative you're going to create.

"But anybody *can* do it. The important thing, whether you have it to begin with or it takes some college to put it into you, is just the self confidence to say, I am capable of doing this and I can teach myself whatever I have to learn and it doesn't matter about the mistakes I'll make."

"Learning the job itself isn't the problem. It's keeping your inspiration alive until you can suss an opening. It comes down to running your own Job Creation scheme."

Al McDowell, founder of Rocking Russian, reflects on this 'power and danger' of image, in particular that of his mirrored colleagues.

WORLD GOES DAY GLOW

"Music to me is like food; it's so much a part of my life I can't just discuss it abstractly." While about half his living can be made from xerox art (living from show to show with a few private comissions), the other 50 per cent has to come from graphics (like those for The Flying Lizards and This Heat) as well as video work.

Music entered Chamberlain's artistic orbit in a big way with the onset of punk; in '76 his address book xeroxes appeared at the Acme Gallery, just around the corner from the Roxy.

"A lot of people wandered in because of that and at the end of the day I wandered on down to the Roxy."

The Acme show led to another commission from a gallery in World's End, right near SEX.

"I remember sitting in that gallery when Vivienne Westwood walked in, and I just sat and thought, Uh-oh, the lady who invented punk — because the show was all xeroxes of punk images. She was going round very slowly, then she stopped in front of Elvis lying in his coffin, turned to me and said, 'You know, this is great'. "Her favourite was a glamour shot of Jackie Onassis waving away photographers . . . only in fact it wasn't Jackie at all; I'd xeroxed a Jackie lookalike."

Chamberlain's next show was at the Institute of Contemporary Art ("in a corridor"), and it was entitled *STP (X)*. This stood for 'Six Talented People Xeroxed' and for its duration, it proved one of punk's most popular non-musical tribal events. The six friends Laurie-Rae pictured included Jordan; all were 'modern portraits', very large collages of xeroxes with collaged gold 'frames' pasted on around the edges.

STP (X) was a success, with established artists like Allen Jones and Peter Blake enthusiastic about the work, and the ICA deluged with fan mail. Chamberlain himself, however, hardly saw the exhibition: his studio — a concrete loft in Brixton — is still well-ventilated by the large hole in its glass window which he fell through two days after the opening.

XEROX ART is still shunned by many artists — avantgarde rock guru and poet/painter Brion Gysin, for instance, recently slammed it as "decorative garbage turned out by idle housewives; the deceptual masquerading as the conceptual". And even after the plaudits *STP (X)* received, Laurie-Rae found himself with few champions in the London art world.

It was only though a three-contract show with a Japanese gallery owner who saw *STP (X)* that he manages to move forward so steadily.

Recently he has produced a series of Post Modern Postcards, which superimpose icons and personalities over unexpected landscapes and events.

"I got interested in taking portraits of Lenin and van Gogh — people who are heroes but who no one really knows what they looked like — and treating them like pictures of Marilyn Monroe or David Bowie, who everybody recognises."

"After 1982," says Chamberlain, "Xerox claim they won't be bringing out any more colour machines and they'll phase out the present ones. They just don't make money because they break down so often. But there is a Japanese firm making a new one — which also prints black in addition to the three colours."

Currently, Chamberlain is planning a three-part show.

"One will be a series of images of punk era groups I still follow, like Siouxsie and Adam and the Ants mixed in with stuff I just like, say Crass, Stiff Little Fingers, This Heat, and Prince Far I. The second part will be prints run all in one colour, where you can barely see the image and things can really be concealed.

"And the third bit will be something I've been playing around with since the last Flying Lizards singles bag — xeroxes of xeroxes. Each time you xerox a xerox, the image goes up in size by three percent. After about 20 goes, it's unrecognisable — and you can get some really eerie effects."

Xerographer Laurie-Rae Chamberlain's art adds those vital dimensions to rock reality, yet it resists pigeonholing.

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HELLO, HELLO, WE'RE TACK AGAIN

L to r (small pic): Vince, Kid, Eugene, Cherie, Bebs, Fay, Cherie, Rocky. Both pics: David Corio.

THE CLOSEST living embodiment of that old rock 'n' roll euphemism, The Trash Aesthetic, returned home to roost over the weekend.

Bidding hard to retain their title as the undisputed tycoons of tack, Eugene Reynolds and Fay Fife — mistreated and messed-up by the biz last year, maligned and misunderstood by fashion-conscious critics this year — retreated into the autumnal mists of the Lothians to play their native Edinburgh with their current crop of muscial cohorts The Revillos.

Edinburgh, it should be pointed out here and now, probably has more bands per capita than any other city in the UK. Making inroads into the nation's musical consciousness alongside The Revillos are a massive array of groups — from the Fast Product / Pop Aural crew of The Flowers, Boots For Dancing, Shake, Drinking Electricity, Restructed Code and Fire Engines to the likes of The Associates, Scars, TV21, Insect Bites, Another Pretty Face and Josef K to name but a few.

It's a sign of such apparent vitality that half the members of the audience at The Nite Club for the first of two Revillos gigs seemed to be in a band themselves, a scenario reminiscent of the 100 Club circa 1976 or the Electric Circus in 1977.

Of course, lumping groups together geographically is a dodgy business and it is really nothing more than coincidence that sees so many bands in the same place at the same time. The Revillos, for sure, are certainly a few units themselves and hardly part of any Edinburgh 'scene'.

When Fay and Eugene drifted out of The Rezillos, their initial wild and whacky pop vision, at the tail end of 1978, there were plenty of people ready to write them off for good. After all, hadn't it been guitarist John Calla who actually wrote all the original Rezillos songs, giving the band their muscial muscle?

Maybe so, but Fife and Reynolds hardly place musical and artistic credibility above everything else.

Undaunted by contractual problems with their former record company Sire, the dual voice squad began raiding the four corners of the compass to assemble a band so gaudy and artless that they make The Rezillos look like Wire.

With Faye laying down the qualifications — "You needed to be attractive, a dynamic stage mover and have a small bum" — they started to recruit members from as far afield as Braintree and Blackpool.

The current line-up is an almost perfect reflection of their lusty obsessions, comprising Eugene (vocals, sax, quiff of the decade), Fay (vocals, organ, miniskirts and earrings), Rocky Rhythm (drums, Billy Idol barnet, natty mohair jumpers — Eugene's younger brother), Bebs and Cherie (backing vocals, gyrations, more miniskirts and earrings), Vince Spic (bass) and Kid Krupa (guitar).

At a time when most critics seem to be saying 'Can't stand The Revillos' Adrian Thrills journeys north to pay his homage to Caledonia.

Onstage, they are never anything less than visually imposing with Eugene's quiff — "The Dick Turpin" — inevitably the immediate centre of attention. They say you can even gauge the intensity of the band's performance from the state of it at the end of the show: if his hair is still in one piece, the set will have been something of a letdown.

AS FAR as the two Edinburgh shows went, the coiffure remained intact for no more than four or five songs on Friday night, faring slightly better during Saturday night's more low key set, although this might have been due in part to the extra dose of hair lacquer administered by Eugene prior to taking the stage.

The Revillos are a logical step forward from the previous band, exaggerating their celebrated rockflesh to the frontiers of caricature. They remain, however, honest and genuine about what they are doing, lovingly crafting the finished artefact down to every last tacky detail, the facsimile sleeve on their recently-released Snatzo LP being a good case in point.

They draw from a wide range of influences, from rockabilly to glam, although a couple of their more obscure inputs are well worth special mention. Eugene is a big devotee of early '60s vampire rock 'n' roll (Screaming Lord Sutch, Moontrekkers, Screaming Jay Hawkins), and Fay is a fan of the English "girlie" groups of the same period, many of whom went unsung at the expense of their more well-known Yank counterparts, as she explains.

"That is one of the things about the '60s that I am totally fanatical about, some of the English girl groups produced by Joe Meek. They never got it quite right, so they ended up being a sort of perversion of the original American idea. Joe Meek had some really crazy ideas with groups like The Charades, who tried for that American sound, failed miserably and came up with a really weird perversion of it.

"But we're not trying to re-create the '60s. A lot of our ideas are not particularly from that period anyway. They're just to do with perverted imaginations. You'll remember certain things from that era like '60s films where everyone is crazily go-go dancing all over the place. You probably see the film only once but it will stick in your mind and get pervected as the years go by, so that it turns out totally unlike the original."

Whereas The Rezillos were relatively well-received by a music press still reeling from the initial assault of punk, this new extension of the Reynolds-Fife ideal has met with a universal rough ride, something Eugene will put down to shifts in fashion more than anything specific in the band's music. Though it sounds like sour grapes, his tirade is really no more than an astute attack on the fickle base of much rock criticism.

"What we're receiving now is basically what I expected anyway, which was a backlash, even though what we're doing is purely a development of the last group. The point is that we're doing it and we'll probably still be doing it four years from now. The ideals are just the same, rough and ready and inspired by the same periods, although this group goes much further with the backing singers and all that.

"I think our fanaticism might go a bit over the top sometimes and put people off, making them think that we're total rubbish, which we're not. When people say that the music is trash, it's really no trashier than a lot of other music going about. I mean, all pop music is trash — it's just that we're not afraid to admit it.

"The thing is that we know people who are into that style and have always been and always will be. I don't think The Revillos' style has anything to do with fashion. When we first started dressing like this in about 1975, people thought we were weirdos. It had nothing to do with fashion. It was totally outside everything else until things came along which fitted in with it, lads which fitted in and then drifted away.

"We don't fit in anywhere now."

Incidentally, for those who like happy endings, Eugene and Fay couldn't help but run into their former guitarist and songwriter over the weekend, for John Calla was playing at the Nite Club himself with support band Boots For Dancing.

Surprisingly, considering that The Rezillos split was by all accounts a far from amicable affair, Eugene and John could hardly have got on better when they met in the communal dressing room. Now John has even promised to lend Eugene the infamous lifesize dalek which used to adorn the stage during latter day Rezillos gigs.

All together now . . . *Aaaah.*

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Mon.	17th	ODEON THEATRE CANTERBURY
Tues.	18th	SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY
Weds.	19th	ROTTERS' LIVERPOOL
Thurs.	20th	GLASGOW UNIVERSITY
Fri.	21st	EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY
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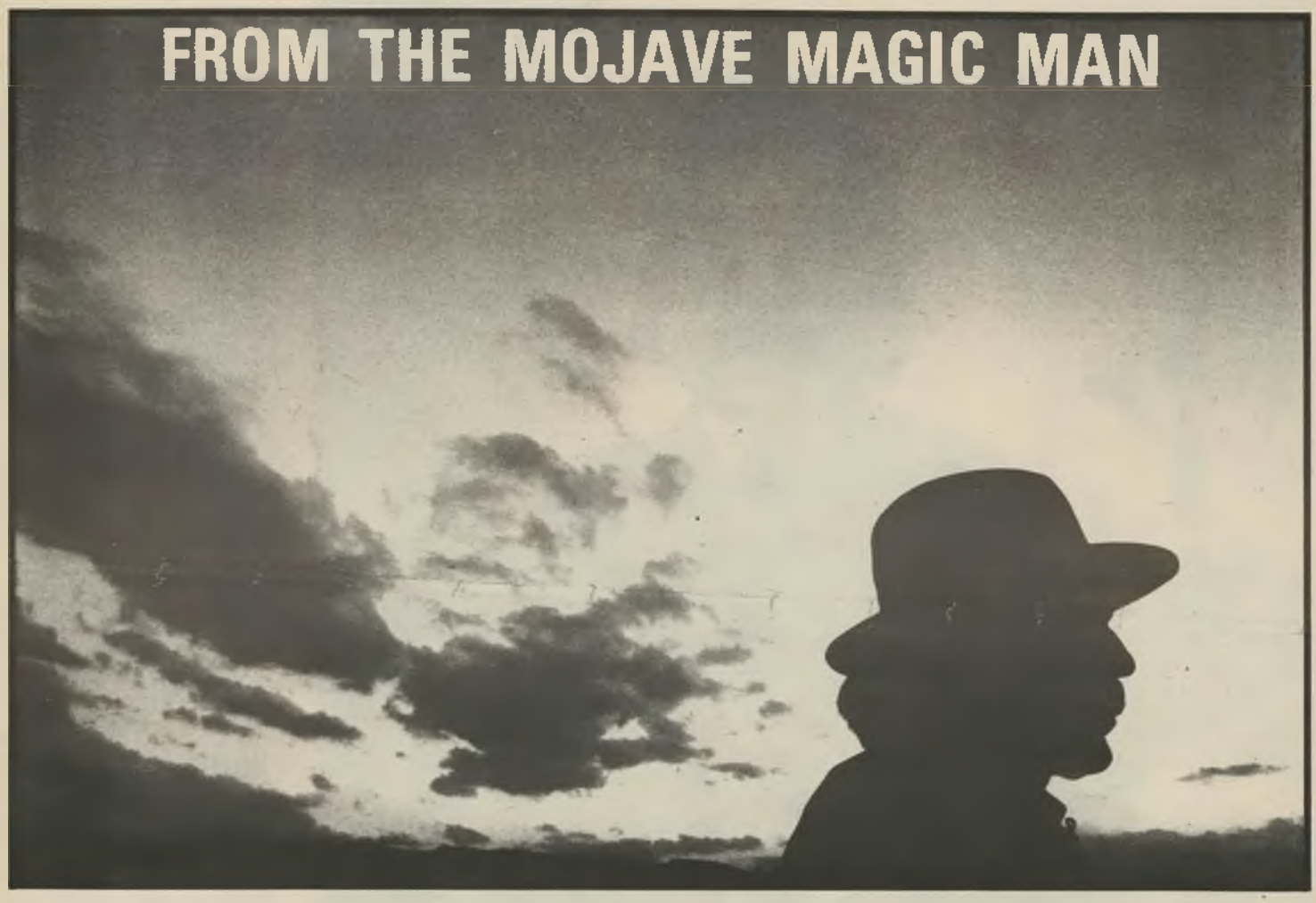
Monday 3 November	EDINBURGH Odeon
Tuesday 4 November	GLASGOW Apollo
Wednesday 5 November	CARLISLE Market Hall
Friday 7 November	BLACKBURN King Georges Hall
Saturday 8 November	DEESIDE Leisure Centre
Sunday 9 November	BRISTOL Colston Hall
Monday 10 November	BRISTOL Colston Hall
Tuesday 11 November	CARDIFF Sophia Gardens
Wednesday 12 November	POOLE Wessex Hall
Thursday 13 November	PORTSMOUTH Guildhall
Friday 14 November	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
Sunday 16 November	ST AUSTELL New Cornish Riviera Lido
Monday 17 November	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall
Tuesday 18 November	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall
Wednesday 19 November	COVENTRY Theatre
Thursday 20 November	OXFORD New Theatre
Saturday 22 November	BIRMINGHAM Odeon
Sunday 23 November	BIRMINGHAM Odeon
Tuesday 25 November	CRAWLEY, Leisure Centre
Wednesday 26 November	LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
Thursday 27 November	LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
Friday 28 November	LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
Saturday 29 November	LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
Tuesday 2 December	BELFAST Ulster Hall
Wednesday 3 December	DUBLIN Fiesta Ballroom

TALES OF TRANSMUTATION FROM THE MOJAVE MAGIC MAN



PAUL RAMBALI TAKES A JOURNEY TO THE OUTER LIMITS OF CAPTAIN BEEFHEART — KING HEX IN A VOLVO WITH A CLOTHESPEG IN HIS POCKET

"GOD-DAMN THAT BEAT!" Don Van Vliet slams out a foursquare tattoo on the dashboard of his blue Volvo estate. "That mama heartbeat. That bom . . . bom . . . bom! Why do they do that? Don't they know it's bad for the heart? I would never treat my heart that way. I don't want my heart to attack me!"

Don Van Vliet is railing against the evil monotonous mama heartbeat of what passes for music in a world of limited sensibility where he lives with his unlimited sensibilities. And he isn't kidding. Where he hears a myriad symphony I hear only the wind whistling through the window. Where he sees a terrifying menace I see only a large, gleaming truck.

But if his grip on reality is slack, his grip on the wheel is sure. For a moment, it's hard to tell which is enjoying the greater acceleration, his mind or his car.

"I have four wheels beneath me, one in my hand, and I'm trying to do this interview. You have a lot of nerve, sir," he exclaims as we slide past the gleaming menace. "You're not even worried!"

Why should I be? I'm safe. Safe as milk.

I'm in the hands of someone who knows how to plug in, to connect, to strip away the surface and feel the sensation. His nerve ends are alive to sensory input most of us have learned to tune out for sanity's sake. Don Van Vliet may be a lot of things but he will never be bored.

"I breathe with every pore," he says, and I have no reason to doubt him.

Besides, before he became Captain Beefheart, the legendary Captain Beefheart, when he was just Don Van Vliet, a teenage beatnik prodigy, he used to race Porsche 904s, a sleek little '50s fastback that could turn on a dime. He used to race them out in the desert, to which we are heading, out of Los Angeles on the freeway via Antelope Valley at far less than racing tilt.

When at a very early age he won a scholarship to study sculpture in Europe, his parents tried to curb the young artist by moving to the most culturally barren environment imaginable, the Mojave Desert. Their son still lives there, with his wife Jan, in a rented trailer located somewhere between Los Angeles and Death Valley. It affords plenty of solitude, some unusual wildlife, and ample room to race cars . . .

Not that Don Van Vliet does that anymore, although in his youth he wanted nothing more than to be a great racing driver, or a great sculptor. One of his desert haunts was Pancho Barnes' Fly Inn, where X-series rocket test pilots from Edwards Air Force Base would go to unwind after burning up a mixture of alcohol and liquid oxygen in the atmosphere and before doing the same to the empty desert highways in imported Ferraris and 3-litre Austin Healeys.

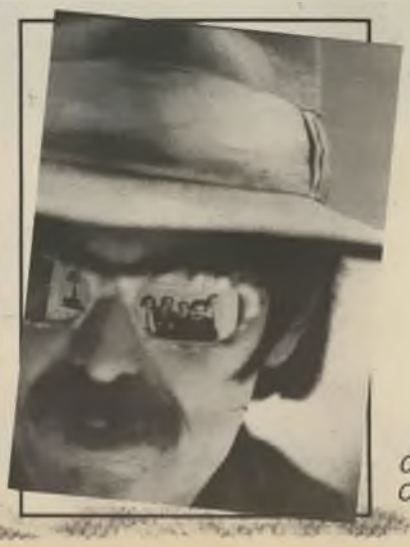
And if he wasn't at the Fly Inn then he'd be at clubs like the Insomniac in LA, digging blues, jazz, folk and poetry and hanging out with Lenny Bruce. It was at the Insomniac that he saw A. J. Lloyd and Ewan McCol perform English folk songs from a collection called 'Blow Boys Blow', still his favourite record.

But Don Van Vliet is much more than just a product of the salubrious intellectural climate of California during the '50s beat uprising . . .

"When I was three, I said to my mother: you be Sue, I'll be Don, and he (my father) will be Glen. Don't step over the line and we'll be friends. I said that to her when I was three. I sent my mother home my navel! What else could I do? She appreciated it, she went along."

. . . And much more than just educated in hip. He came to know the world in ways you don't learn at school, to which he never went, and where he never learnt to think in a straight line.

"Hey! If you want to be a different fish, you've got to jump out of the school . . ."



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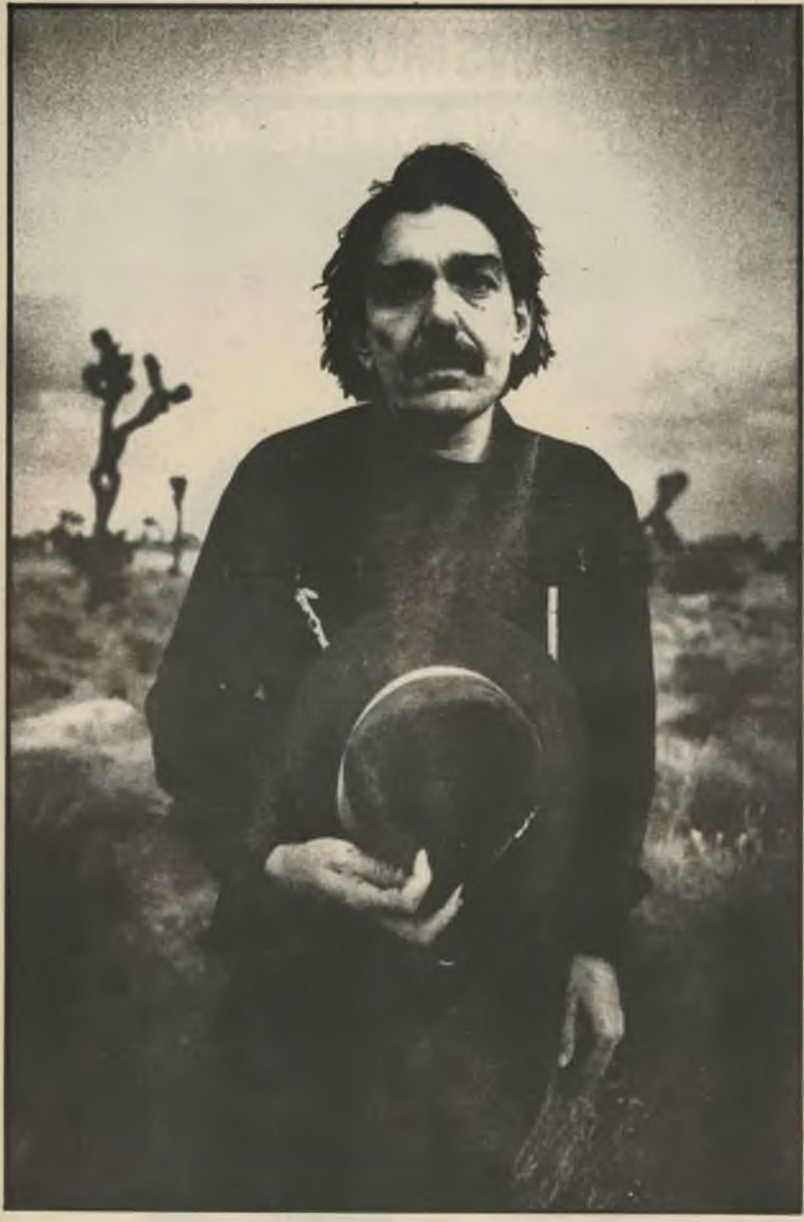

MORE OUTER LIMITS

PHOTOGRAPHY ANTON CORBIJN

CAPTAIN Beefheart has just released a new album.

A lot of people didn't even notice. 'Doc At The Radar Station' was written in 35 minutes and recorded in just over a week. Like almost everything he has done over the past 13 years, it is powerful, complex, raw and uncompromised. It has nothing to do with fashion or tradition or any art doctrine or movement, it's purely and simply a howling affirmation of life.

Life is precious and too easily squandered. Captain Beefheart doesn't like to waste a moment. "I once stayed up for a year and a half. Between the ages of 25 and 26½ I didn't go to sleep at all . . . Lost all my friends though!"

When so much of what is considered pertinent in art these days is produced out of fear and alienation, Beefheart's music is more than just bracing, it's impertinent. Breathe in its breadth if you can. But be warned that you can't dance to it and you can't wear it like a badge. If it means anything to you it will mean more than that.

'Doc At The Radar Station' is his most urgent work since 'Lick My Decals Off, Baby', the album that a decade ago followed hard on the heels of 'Trout Mask Replica' — easily the most unique and overwhelming creation ever to languish in the general category of rock. It demands a momentous and equal critique. Portentous statements merely sell it short. And I'd be baying at the moon before I came close.

But back in the Frownland that Beefheart invited everybody to leave behind in the opening moments of 'Trout Mask' there are still some to whom his music is just noise and accidents, a shapeless head-on tumult of sound. Not so. Every note, every dischord is pre-ordained. His are some of the most meticulous compositions ever. In what can seem like cacophony there is a splendid sonority, with all the resounding excitement of chaos.

And like the music, his verse is also irreducible. If you could boil down the music you might get naked free jazz and swamproot blues but the words would just evaporate. Beefheart's lyrical terrain ranges from the salty to the surreal. He plays with words like a child with toys, and they seem to have a vividness for him that they lose in the minds of most people.

He takes delight in metaphors, puns and similes, which are so abused and under-used by lazy and dull minds that we forget they have the greatest illuminative power of all language. Beefheart finds in such word-play the only adequate vessel for his delirious perceptions, and it can be a heady cup to drink from.

For instance, he doesn't like to smoke dope . . . "It makes me feel like a fly with a wing caught in honey!"

The B-52s share his fondness for the wild metaphor (as well as his strong ecological concern), and numerous other new rock figures pay tribute to him as a source of musical inspiration (in the case of Devo and The Pop Group) and sheer inspiration.

Because Captain Beefheart has done what all art should aspire to, and that is to touch people's lives; not just decorate their lifestyle or adorn their clothes but actually strike deep down on a dormant nerve, awaken and flex sleeping senses.

Beefheart doesn't just entertain with dirty bing hex mojo navigation (as he proved he could with 'Clear Spot', the unsung soul album of the decade), or provide any of the other things we look for in our leisure hours. He provides a key to limitless possibilities and he sounds the alarm on everything that is shallow, bogus or mercenary. Take my word for it, or ask Jerry Dammers, or Johnny Rotten . . .

The latter recently did himself a dis-service by passing up the chance to meet Beefheart. The two of them were invited by a woman who works for the *LA Times*, but Rotten never arrived, a show of apparent bad manners that appals the gentleman in Mr Van Vliet.

"A lady invites a man to dinner and he doesn't even show up? *Shit*. I thought he was alright before that, but who does things like that to a lady? That's too casual for me. And I would have liked to have met him because I've seen him in many audiences of mine, many! Hell yes, I recognise people in audiences! I've seen you before . . ."

At the age of 39, Don Van Vliet cuts a strange and hidden figure. He shuffles along like a janitor, but a second glance reveals some minor dischords: a sketch book clutched under arm; an old, expensive felt hat; in one pocket a pair of sunglasses bought so long ago they're almost fashionable; a clothes-peg clipped to the other. Unlike the healthy, tanned Californian animal, he wears the look of a man for whom the night-time is the right time. In fact, he says he came out of the Van Gogh museum in Holland and was disappointed with the sun. Has been ever since.

He shakes hands meekly but fixes you with eyes like pins. His presence is slight but uncanny. People barely notice this creature in their midst, and he himself is far more relaxed when surrounded by the eerie Joshua trees of the desert. "They can't even see us," he will later remark of the plastic patrons of a plastic desert motel bar. "They don't even know we're here . . ." An automat waitress chooses that moment to look right through me.

"I HAVE a lotta fun doing what I do because I get to meet artistic people; people that care about raising the art culture, which naturally I care about because I'm an artist.

"I always say an artist is one who kids himself the most gracefully. But I really am. I've tried other things and they don't work. I've been an uplock installator for an aviation company. The uplock is the landing gears. Hydraulic technician is what I was, they said, but I'm an imposter. I went in there and I didn't know anything.

"I did it with a lot of care, though, and it gave me extremely bad headaches. Then I've sold shoes . . . I think that's a very important thing, a shoe. What else? I've sold vacuum cleaners, I sold Aldous Huxley a vacuum cleaner in Lano-Lano, California. He used to do all the cleaning and have his wife sit down and watch. Isn't that nice?"

It's not easy to hold Don Van Vliet's attention on prosaic details. I had just asked him about the fabled 'Bat Chain Puller' tape, a set of demos featuring the genesis of the new Magic Band and versions of several songs that appear on 'Doc' and '78's 'Shiny Beast', a return to virtue after a long spell of little or misguided activity.

"That's a beautiful album, isn't it? They don't even know that in England. They do? Well, they didn't buy it. They couldn't afford to, could they? I wish I had a lot of money; I'd give everybody one!"

It wasn't deliberate, but Virgin Records allowed what would eventually become 'Shiny Beast' to circulate in its demo state — a bad move about which the Captain is angry but forgiving. "Friends don't mind just how you grow," he says, quoting himself. "I've got a lot of them. I've got a lot of albums in me. I've just started. I mean, I have the *right* ingredients now."

Meaning the new Magic Band: Robert Williams on drums, Eric Feldman on bass and keyboards, Jeff Tepper on slide guitar, and new recruit Richard Snyder also on slide guitar. Rick Redus, who played on 'Shiny Beast', has since departed, and Drumbo (John French), who has played with Beefheart since 'Safe As Milk' in '67, and who played almost unrepeatable drums and guitar on parts of 'Doc', doesn't want to play live.

The new Magic Band give the impression of having grown up alongside Zoot Horn Rollo, Rockette Morton, Art Tripp III, and Winged Eel Fingerling, so adept are they at making the fluid polyrhythmic moves of the music. It's as if they already knew it by heart . . .

"No, I wish it was. You can say that if you want, but I know you don't have a very good time with lies — I can tell by your eyes. But there is one guy that came to me like that, the Winnebago Sioux, German and Scottish fellow, whom I call Brave Midnight Hat-size Snyder. He likes it, and he told me I've got a Brave Midnight Hat-size Snyder for life. 'I won't ever leave this band,' he said.

"I had just a few days to find a guitarist and he called me on the phone and said 'let's do it.' I said you gotta learn 28 songs in three weeks, and he did it! I can't believe it. He's the best there is with Jeff Tepper. Incredible! I've got it now. I've been looking for 15 years for this. It's that good . . ."

LATER, in the plastic motel bar at the edge of the desert, he finally opens the sketch book he has been carrying around with him all day long . . .

"50 years from now, you'll wish you'd gone 'wow!' . . ."

Whether he was right or not, the odd thing was, he didn't sound the least bit bitter about it.

The Magic Band rehearse in a low rent LA studio behind a bike shop, accessible via a yard scattered with dead iron ponies. The group have been there for three weeks, rehearsing the material, old and new, that Beefheart wants to perform on his current European tour.

They rehearse mostly from records, and he comes in only to fine tune them. On this particular day, they're working on 'Sugar And Spikes', grinding it to perfection, swapping searing time signatures as though it were second nature, burning a hole in the original version.

Beefheart sits on the sofa, his eyes glistening with excitement. He declines to sing, saying wait until we get on stage, and instead he cajoles, encourages, teases, tries to throw them off, fails, and just laughs at how good they are.

"I've got my play cut out for me. Did you hear that? I used to work with those other guys, but I play with these fellows!"

I ask Robert Williams what it's like playing with Captain Beefheart.

"A hell of a lot easier than working with Hugh Cornwell . . ."

The conversation turns, innocently enough, to the subject of whether women like Beefheart's music. He claims they do. The Magic Band disagree. "Some do," says Jeff Tepper, "but not as many as he thinks!"

"Women like my music," says Beefheart. "Sure they do. I do it mainly for women. Obviously. What other reason is there? I'm going to be doing 'Nowadays A Woman's Gotta Hit A Man' on his tour. I've done a lot of things about women. I care about them. I like them. They have never scared me, never. I think they're superior, actually. And I've never had a thought of any fear or animosity about them!"

A lot of men see women as predators . . .

"You mean like Black Widow spiders, right? They're gorgeous too. They're not black though, they're kind of a maroon colour . . ."

(On the subject of men and women and Captain Beefheart, I want to tell a story about a couple I know that goes a lot further than any weighty metaphysical analysis towards explaining the effects of his music. It goes like this:

He was going through one of those bleak, morose spells that everybody goes through now and again. She wasn't exactly having the time of her life either. 'Shiny Beast' had just been released.

He stayed up long into the night playing one track over and over and over again. "*Bat chain . . . puller/Bat chain . . . puller / BAT CHAAAAIAN . . . puller . . . puller, puller . . .*" Beefheart's unearthly low moan seeped through the house and out the chimney.

The next morning there was a note on the table . . . "Bed you, mule. And sod your Bat Chain Puller, Puller, Puller! Your dinner's in the garden!")

CAPTAIN Beefheart's mind alights where it will. He's a hard man to stay on the track of. He flits from one subject to another like a bee in a garden. But if he is occasionally vague, he's never distant. Frankly, he's one of the sharpest people I've ever met. He reads people very closely, too closely to get along with them in any conventional manner.

"I always feel as if I'm baby-sitting," he says of his relationship to the human race. "I think there's forty people in the world and five of them are hamburgers. You must have read that. There are a few people that I like, but most of them are dead. Isn't that awful? Van Gogh, Shakespeare, most of the people that I really like . . ."

Beefheart used to own a late '50s Jaguar. One day he was driving along when he saw a billboard advertising a brand of house paint with the extravagant and highly debatable claim that Vincent Van Gogh would have used this brand were he still in a position to paint his house. The Captain was so incensed that he drove straight off the highway.

"I'll tell you who I miss right now very much . . . his wife came to see me recently . . . Roland Kirk, Rahsaan Roland Kirk. He was a very good friend of mine. He was one of the best people I ever met, he was brilliant, a *brilliant* man. Very under-estimated. He was one of the best horn players that ever lived. Some people know that, but not many.

"I remember that last thing I said to him. It was at a club called the Lighthouse, a famous jazz club. He had just finished playing and he came over and said to me: 'How am I going to get something to eat, Don?' I said, 'Roland, the only place you can find ribs at this time of night in Los Angeles is in the Bible!' He laughed, boy, he laughed. I was so happy that I had said something that pleased him. That was the last time I saw him alive. Man, that guy played so beautifully. Have you ever heard 'You Did It' by him? *Phew!*

"I also like Thelonious Monk very much. I once saw at a place in the Valley, some new theatre that had come up with some sort of extravaganza. He got there half an hour late and there was tribute waiting for him: a glass bowl full of red roses. You know what he did? There was grand piano, a beautiful Steinway. He still had on his overcoat; he picked up the bowl of roses, dumped the whole thing into the piano, slammed the top closed, sat down, hit one note and split! Hey, I clapped for half an hour! I mean, what else? That was beautiful, and it sounded beautiful too. He hit the right note.

"Mind you, some people thought he didn't play for long enough . . . Some people have had too much to think. 'Open up another case of the punks'. I'm not talking about the punk people, that is not what I meant. I have no animosity. Too smart for that.

"But I have to say that punk all sounds to me like a rehashing of old rock'n'roll. I don't like that. Didn't like old rock'n'roll in the first place. I was a sculptor. I didn't pay any attention to that. You want me to tell you the truth? I don't care that much for music . . ."

CAPTAIN Beefheart doesn't care that much for music . . . Of course he doesn't! He's a visionary. A witchdoctor! In another age he would have been just a poet. He has too much dignity to become a guru in this. So he does music. Why?

"As an irritant. What would somebody this smart be doing it for other than that? I like poetry, and I put music with poetry and things like that. Maybe I'm a cook. Or an alchemist, maybe. Who knows? I'm just getting started with the spells I do.

"But I have a beef in my heart about the things they've done in this world. Since I was born I've been aghast, stunned . . . Why didn't they put Band-aids on the flaw? Why didn't human beings study and fix these things? I don't know.

"I'm trying to do all I can and I have been all of my life. And I thought there would have been more happening by now. I thought that 'Trout Mask' might do something to break up that catatonic state. That's why I did it, to take the labels off . . . get rid of the labels and let's see what's going on. But they do more bom . . . bom . . . bom, I'm so sick of that mama heartbeat! Hey, listen . . . I don't want my heart to attack me! I would never treat my heart that way. Never."

The score at this point is about even. The world hasn't woken up and Don Van Vliet hasn't gone to sleep. Come to think of it, that puts him ahead. And if you have ears, you have to listen to him. He can make you want to rattle your cage, and rattle everybody else's cage too; sellotape their eyes open and remove all the labels, grab them by the neck and rub their faces in the heat of existence.

Captain Beefheart is a primal current, almost a folk artist. He trusts his instincts . . .

"All the time."

Do they ever let you down?

"Many times."

But you still trust them?

"Sure I do. Friends don't mind just how you grow. I made friends with me a long time ago."

"I have a beef in my heart about the things they've done in this world. Since I was born I've been aghast, stunned . . . Why didn't they put Band-aids on the flaw?"

The story of Herschel. He wanted to be Moses... but he didn't have the right connections.

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Edward Woodward (left) and Bryan Brown on the job in Bruce Beresford's Breaker Morant

Horses for courses

Breaker Morant

Directed by Bruce Beresford
Starring Edward Woodward and Jack Thompson *(Enterprise)*

THE BOER War was not a 'good' war for the British Empire. Outnumbered but not outfought by regular Brit troops, the Boer farmers formed *kommando* groups and adopted hit and run guerilla tactics. Kitchener, the British CO and 'hero' of the quelling of the Mahdi's revolt in the Sudan, responded by establishing special forces of his own. The ensuing campaign was bitter, ungentlemanly and inconclusive. This was after all a new sort of warfare, one that the horrors of Vietnam have perhaps immunised us against but certainly one for which the British Army Manual of the time had no rules whatsoever.

But Kitchener improvised. He effectively invented the concentration camp and laid waste the Boer farmlands in much the same way that the Americans would later devastate and defoliate immense tracts of South-East Asia. He also passed down unofficial orders to his subordinates which let it be understood that Boer prisoners were to be shot.

Breaker Morant opens at the hearings in Pietersburg, Tansvaal in November 1901 that sent up for court martial three Australian officers, all members of one of Kitchener's special groups, the Bushveldt Carbineers. Lieutenants Harry 'Breaker' Morant (Edward Woodward), Peter Handcock (Bryan Brown) and George Witton (Lewis Fitz-Gerald) are summarily charged with the execution of several Boer prisoners and a German priest. The trial is rigged, a foregone conclusion; the trio are scapegoats for the British authorities. If the Australians are 'proven' guilty and sentenced to death, the Boers will perhaps be encouraged to come to the conference table and sue for peace and the Germans, who favour the Boers in the war and might still intervene militarily, will be appeased. Justice of a kind must therefore be seen to be done.

Morant has become something of an Australian folk hero. A superb horse-breaker (hence his nickname), a fair bush balladeer and a very capable soldier, he was intelligent, well-spoken and well-read. He enlisted to earn a commission in the hope of impressing his estranged family back in England and of recommending himself for a new career, such as journalism. A down to earth sort, disrespectful of his superiors, Handcock left Australia to escape the depression there and enjoyed fighting. Witton was younger and more idealistic; his father, an ex-soldier himself, had taught him to believe in the Empire and all it stood for.

Director Bruce Beresford is Australian, and his sympathy for these three condemned men is never in doubt. His view of the Empire is predictably scathing — and why not? Thousands of film hours have been wasted over the years celebrating the dubious triumphs of the so-called Pax Britannica.

The senior British officers here are for the most part a disagreeable lot, patronisingly dismissive of their 'colonial' allies and ranging from the stuffy and hypocritical to the unscrupulously ambitious and, in one vital instance, blatantly perjurious. They are, it's understood, no more and no less than the products of their backgrounds and their time. Only the ranks escape Beresford's sarcasm, but even they are forced to clomp incessantly through absurd drills from dawn till dusk. The point isn't lost — on such exact and exacting formulas were empires won and later lost. But plump and cumbersome though Beresford's targets are, he's careful not to reduce them to caricature.

In the meantime we have to reassess our loyalties to Morant and Handcock, neither of whom is quite the innocent he first appears to be. The issues raised become increasingly complex, even if the way in which Beresford presents them lacks something of the pulverising irony of Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, a film which dealt with similar events taking place in rather different circumstances, the trenches of the First World War.

Faltering through its first half, *Breaker Morant* suddenly finds its feet as the Boers attack the courthouse, which also serves as an armoury; this single, electric scene somehow galvanises the film, belatedly binding its two narratives together. From here on in Beresford's crisp, brisk, almost documentary style comes into its own, aided enormously by Don McAlpine's thoughtful photography. The less said here about *Morant's* climax the better, but it's brilliantly mounted and superbly filmed.

In retrospect Beresford's early attempts to bludgeon us into siding with his cause seem unnecessary; the rights and wrongs of this case are obvious enough. This isn't a Hollywooden melodrame though — the only accompanying music is that of a brass band playing outside the courthouse — and Morant & Co, are the best reluctant martyrs, pawns on a much bigger board. The sense of tragedy that finally overwhelms the film is genuinely troubling. The cast, both leading and supporting, is uniformly good. Woodward's increasingly fatalistic Morant is typical: a portrait which opts for the light tick rather than the heavy cross.

This is the best film from down under since Fred Schepisi's angry *The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith*, but by saying that I'm probably patronising it. Just as Morant and his kind were looked down upon by their British superiors as coarse colonials, so the fledgling Australian film industry has had to run a gauntlet of condescension from critics here and elsewhere who should really know better by now. How could, these mighty minds have implied, how could Australians of all people craft artistically and intellectually stimulating cinema? Well, the fact is they both can and do, as Peter Weir's *Picnic At Hanging Rock* and *The Last Wave*, Schepisi's *The Devil's Playground* and *Jimmie Blacksmith*, Phillipe Mora's *Mad Dog* and other films all demonstrate.

More importantly, *Breaker Morant* proves that the Australian industry has emerged from a period of financial insecurity to find a strong second wind. Despite its structural flaws, *Morant* is at least as good if not better than most European or American films you'll see this year.

Angus MacKinnon

SILVER SCREEN

Small bounty

The Hunter

Directed by Buzz Kulik
Starring Steve McQueen, Kathryn Harrold and Eli Wallach *(CIC)*

A RICHLY evocative study of American conservatism, *Tom Horn* triumphantly marked Steve McQueen's return to the screen earlier this year. And I suspect he was tempted to accept the part of Ralph 'Papa' Thorson in *The Hunter* because he twigged a contemporary parallel. But something's gone horribly wrong . . .

Sure, both men are bounty hunters, both men are backward-looking enough to realise that the past is better than the present. But Tom Horn was an honourable man; Papa Thorson, palpably, isn't. Tom Horn was crucified by the system he worked within, and he accepted that with such remarkable stoicism because the system made him puke; Papa Thorson's made a bundle out of his bounty hunting because he cynically uses the system's hypocritical complicities to his own advantage.

A gross simplicity, perhaps, but not a million miles away from the truth: Tom Horn was a good guy, Papa Thorson is a shit. The fact that *Tom Horn* was an infinitely better made film than *The Hunter* hardly comes into it.

Even so, McQueen gamely attempts to make Thorson attractive; he's uncomforable around people, he's into model aeroplanes, he drives his car incompetently, he listens to light opera. (The real Thorson is a 21-stone goon who boasts about the black bail-jumpers he's out-foxed and apparently he listens to little outside of the ecstatic groans emanating from his porn videos.)

There's no denying that Buzz Kulik handles the action sequences vigorously — a Chicago subway chase is a bit of a heart-stopper — but for the most part it's standard TV fare. And the slim roles afforded Ben Johnson and Eli Wallach suggest heavy cutting.

The Hunter is a sad piece, particularly after *Tom Horn*. I just hope to God it isn't Steve McQueen's final shot.

Monty Smith

Chapter Two

Directed by Robert Moore
Starring James Caan and Marsha Mason *(Columbia)*

ANOTHER two hours plus of relentlessly urbane entertainment from Neil Simon, the man who brought you such riveting spectacles as *The Goodbye Girl* and *California Suite?* Actually, no. Like so much of Simon's work the semi-autobiographical *CHapter Two* is sentimental and sterile.

Recently widowed George Schneider (Caan) is 'into' self-pity and writing pulp thrillers to offset the poor sales of his more 'serious' novels, whilst recently divorced Jennie MacLaine (Mason, Simon's real-life second wife) is 'into' theatre and, judging by the speed which she and the amazingly unsympathetic Schneider re-marry, ritual self-humiliation.

But who needs it? Who could honestly say they've gained any insight into anything, let alone the human condition, by watching this mismatched pair blunder time and again into emotional and psychological elephant traps of their own devising? In Simon's blithe, rarefied little crevice of society pleasure and pain, loving and loathing, loss and gain, they're all a one-letter word: I.

The pregnant theatricality of so much of the film's dialogue isn't helped by director Moore's apparent reluctance to hold his characters anywhere but centre-frame; *Chapter Two* even looks as if it's staged. As for the repartee that fast-fries great chunks of it, this is obviously a taste us less gifted mortals will never acquire. "It's that Catholic upbringing," someone remarks early on, "I majored in discipline." How *droll*, Neil.

Chapter Two is all Broadway and no bite.

Angus MacKinnon

ON THE BOX

Thursday October 30
FILM: Calamity Jane (Directed by David Butler 1953). Doris Day, Howard Keel, 'Secret Love' — who could ask for anything less? **(BBC 2)**

Friday October 31
HIGHLIGHTS: Steptoe And Son (BBC 2) are back! Seven repeats from the classic series begin with Harold looking after his ailing dad in 'Upstairs, Downstairs': this one's from 1974, but the others promise to go back further in time (please, Beeb, the one where Albert puts back the clock, and where Harold gets jilted, and they buy the pool table . . .). And an evening showing for Willy Russell's excellent **Lies (BBC 2)**, originally broadcast for schools.

Saturday November 1
FILM: King's Row (Sam Wood 1941). A superior soap-opera, most notable for its happy ending: Ronald Reagan gets his legs chopped off. **(BBC 2)**

FILM: The Quiller Memorandum (Michael Anderson 1977). Berlin neo-Nazis (led by a suitably reptilian Max Von Sydow) are thwarted by the curious combination of George Segal and Alec Guiness. A rather excellent thriller, scripted by Harold Pinter **(BBC 1)**

Sunday November 2
FILM: Scarecrow (Jerry Schatzberb 1973). The picaresque adventures of two drifters (Gene Hackman, Al Pacino) as they undertake an odyssey in quest of a minor American dream. Affecting performances, perceptive script, stunning cinematography, all lending substance to Hackman's invulnerable faith in his country's ability to support his quaint ambition. **(BBC 2)**

HIGHLIGHTS: Gavin Millar directs Peggy Ashcroft, Martin Shaw and Lionel Jeffries in **Cream In My Coffee (ITV)**, the last of the Dennis Potter trilogy. The arresting young Aboriginal actor David Gulpilil is the subject of **The World About Us (BBC 2)**; after *Walkabout*, *The Last Wave* and *The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith*, what?

Monday November 3
FILM: The Streetfighter (Walter Hill 1975). Charlie Bronson cast to perfection in a vivid evocation of Depression-era hustling. Stoic support from James Coburn and Strother Martin. **(ITV)**

HIGHLIGHTS: Television takes stick from **White Light (ITV)**, and there's more sanity with Spike Milligan on **Jackanory (BBC 1)** and the silly sods on **Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC 2)**.

Tuesday November 4
HIGHLIGHTS: Mick *Scum* Ford stars in **The Adventures Of Frank (BBC 1)**, as *Play For Today* that promises to muck about with the latest video techniques.

Monty Smith

BOX OFFICE

London

1. **The Elephant Man** (Directed by David Lynch)
2. **Dressed To Kill** (Brian De Palma)
3. **The Blue Lagoon** (Randal Kleiser)
4. **The Shining** (Stanley Kubrick)
5. **The Hunter** (Buzz Kulik)

Regions

1. **The Shining** *(Stanley Kubrick)*
2. **Close Encounters — Special Edition** (Steven Spielberg)
3. **Airplane!** (Abrahams/Zuckers)
4. **Brubaker** (Stuart Rosenberg)
5. **Queen Of The Blues** (Willy Roe)

(Screen International)

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SIDE FOUR

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ALBUMS

Pic: Anton Corbijn

Wonder where the mellow went?

Blastin' back

Hello roots, bye bye geraniums

STEVIE WONDER
Hotter Than July *(Motown)*

"I talk to the trees — that's why they put me away" (refrain from Lerene & Loewes 'Paint Your Wagon'.)

WELL THEY didn't actually put Stevie away, but any more fiascos like 'The Secret Life Of Plants' and it might well have signalled the rubber bedroom for Motown's favourite grinner. You see, having deciphered and examined this world of greenery, the results that he brought back were as boring as church. It seems plants don't do that much to warrant double albums and I shouldn't be at all surprised if we don't experience too many more such works.

So. Berry Gordy buzzes Steve on the intercom.

Berry: "Ya, er, Stevie would you step inna my office for a moment?"

Stevie: "Why for sure, Berry."

Much bumping about before SW emerges into the chief's room. A dimly lit, rubber-planted affair with a slightly raised desk for basic psychology appeal.

Stevie: "You wanted me, Mr Gordy?"

Berry: "Sure, my old friend, sure. Take a seat. Ahem. Now Stevie . . . how long have we known each other now?"

Stevie: "Why about twenty years Mr Gordy."

Berry: "Call me Berry, Steve. Now Steve, in that time you have proved, *beyond a shadow of a doubt*, that you are a genius. I said so myself in '62, I said, Mrs Gordy, I said, that boy Wonder he's a goddam genius — 'scuse my profanity Steve — and one day he's gonna make some mighty fine music."

Stevie: "I'm touched at your faith, Berry."

Berry: "Now that's OK. And do you remember, how when you hauled that synthesizer into the studio in '71, for 'Music Of My Mind' how I defended your right to make a goddamn fool of yourself if you so wished — you remember me saying that, Steve?"

Stevie: "Why surely, Berry."

Berry: "And, Stevie, who was it got you all them mohair suits and made sure you got those new shoes, same as The Temptations every year?"

Stevie: "Why you did, Berry."

Berry: "And tell me who kept you away from Whitfield and all those freaks?"

Stevie: You know who did, Berry."

Berry (hitching up his pants): "Goddam right I did son, you betcha. Now then. Stevie — stop playing the danged mouth-organ for one second will ya kid — Stevie, I gotta tell you, I sure as hell thought you were fartin' around when you took so damned long with that double album, eh **(he waves one cigarred hand in the air)** 'Keys In The Pocket Of Life', whatever the title was the boys downstairs came up with, but we smoothed it over for ya, didn't we, we got it out with the free 45 and the expensive lookin' booklet and made an entire production out of it — because we had faith in your genius!"

Stevie: "Oh wow, I'm touched again."

Berry: "Now then. What I called you in here for —"

Stevie: "I was beginning to wonder a little 'bout that, Berry."

Berry: "I called you in here to say . . . that a new album is due."

Stevie: "So soon?"

Berry: "Yes, so soon and the point is, son . . . the point is . . . if you give us any more of that goddam, loony trip birds and bees horse-shit we're gonna have to have a mighty serious look at that contract you signed, son."

Stevie: "But Berry, some of my best friends are foliage . . ."

Berry: "Friends? Stevie, look at me, how the hell can you call plants your friends? A man cannot be pals wid a chicken-shit bunch of pegonias y'hear. You try an' check in at the Holiday Inn with a goddam busy-lizzie under your arm an, hell, folks are entitled to talk some."

Stevie: "Well, I don't rightly know what to do, Berry — that's a nice name, you know that? — all my work is aimed at plants right now and —"

Berry: "Well yous just have to start hurting a few feelings down at the greenhouse ain'tcha son, because I and my board of directors ain't about to sink no more money into yo' crazy schemes. I'll level wid ya, Stevie — either you deliver us some o'that good time party stuff again or else I'm gonna ring back Mr Obarstein at CBS and tell him we accept."

Stevie: "Shit. Just when I got the free seeds deal together too. Oh well, Mr Gordy, I guess you know what's best for Motown. I'll start on some simple stuff this morning — I kinda think this Bob Harley guy is onto somethin. Jeez, the string quartet are gonna take this badly though."

Berry: "Tell 'em it's the recession —"

Stevie: "The what?"

Berry: "The recession. Call up the London office, they'll let you in on it. Anyways son, get down there and boogie."

Stevie: "I'm getting a little old for that now."

Berry: "Nonsense boy. Play your 'Innervisions' stuff — it'll all flood back. But Stevie, easy on the shrubbery number, eh?"

Stevie: "Sure, Berry. I'll knock 'em dead — you watch. See ya later."

Berry: "Oh, Stevie."

Stevie: "Yes, boss?"

Berry: "That's the broom closet."

Curtain. Act two — six months later.

Danny Baker: "Stevie Wonder's new LP is out and he's showing out to be saner than he's appeared for years. It's a collection of good songs performed in a familiar way and all the better for it. Forget the rubbish between and pretend this is his first album since 'Innervisions', and you'll hear it work. I hereby recommend it."

Berry: "And no goddam plants either."

The Cast: "Thank you."

TEMPTATIONS
20 Golden Greats
(Motown)

DIANA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES
Early Years 1961-1964
(Motown)

MARVIN GAYE
Early Years 1961-1964
(Motown)

GREATEST hits albums: time travel for pedestrians. Sit right down, curl right up, get back up and do the do. The Tempts' thing is typical of its breed: a cover so hideously, laughably *wrong* that you can't even resent it; and twenty pieces of your heart ruthlessly compressed to make 'em fit. Round and round again, the same old songs, the roll of honour: 'Papa Was A Rolling Stone', 'Just My Imagination', 'I Wish It Would Rain', 'I Second That Emotion', 'Cloud Nine' . . . endless, endless. If you know how marvellous this music is, you will want it in the house (though whether this compilation is the best way to do it is debatable). If you don't know, you should.

The Tempts' collection covers a decade's worth of music, running from Basic Motown to the Norman Whitfield permutation of the Sly legacy and its subsequent debasement. The Supremes and Gaye albums are strictly roots and well early: Motown defining its style track by track, learning its stuff, finding its voice(s).

The Gaye album seems much *richer* than that of Ross & Co: the songs far more substantial, the arrangements more inventive, the vocals more flexible. Marvin lays down 'Can I Get A Witness', 'Pride And Joy', 'You're A Wonderful One', 'Hitch Hike', 'Stubborn Kind Of Fellow' and ten others; The Supremes coo through 'You've Really Got A Hold On Me' as well as their own early singles, the names of which you may or may not know depending on what the phrase 'nearly twenty years old' means to you.

The sounds of (say) Bob Dylan, The Beatles or Chuck Berry have become so strongly linked to their time period that one cannot ignore their age, but Motown 'passes' wherever it goes: time travel for pedestrians.

Charles Shaar Murray

STATUS QUO
Just Supposin *(Vertigo)*

YOU MIGHT think they're called Status Quo because they never change, but that's simply not true. On the one hand, they still can't count past twelve, but on the other they have got richer, older, more self-conscious.

Men who ride in limousines acquire pretensions, and Status Quo's pretention these days is to quality. They like their records to sound sharp, polished, even well-crafted. A definite touch of the Abbas, alas.

The old boys still contrive that distinctive eunuch-style harmonising, but they no longer quite sound like the Everly Brothers trapped in a heavy metal discotheque.

The problem is the guitars, the bass and the drums. You can hear all of them separately. There's no longer that awesome wash of muddy sound.

Francis Rossi once told me that their old records sounded rough by accident. That gloriously ragged row was all a mistake. They couldn't get the studio to work for them.

He was quite pleased they'd put all that right in recent years. Personally, I'm appalled, but then I'm probably 15 years older than the average Status Quo fan who probably wouldn't recognise the vintage stuff anyway.

This album's opening track 'What You're Proposing' is already a single hit, but the riff actually sounds as though it's played on acoustic guitars recorded by high-grade technology.

From then on, it's downhill all the way, with lowspots including a nimbly arranged Beatles soundalike called 'Don't Drive My Car', a decorative plodder misleadingly titled 'The Wild Ones', and even a harmony ballad 'Rock 'N' Roll'.

No doubt the Quo are all better musicians than they were 20 years ago and no doubt their records still sell in vast quantities, but the young ruffians have turned irredeemably into calculating old businessmen.

Bob Edmands

Pic: Antony Gerbilla

Jim'll funk it!

Harmolody maker

JAMES 'BLOOD' ULMER
Are You Glad To Be In America? *(Rough Trade)*

THE FIRST thing that strikes you about what guitarist James 'Blood' Ulmer calls his "harmolodic diatonic funk" is its incredible energy. An almost unrelenting tumult, the guitars, drums and horns seem to be pushing and pulling in all directions at once; they're like particles whizzing about in an accelerator.

So what is this thing called harmolodic theory? At its simplest, it's a wonderful game to play with musical colour, meaning, time and space. It also frees musicians from the tyranny of orthodox conceits about how such and such a rhythm, note or scale should interact with another. Harmolody's possibilities are almost infinite, as anyone familiar with the work of saxophonist Ornette Coleman or Captain Beefheart and his more wayward Magic Bands will rush to tell you.

One of the cornerstones of the theory and its practice is that all sounds and instruments can be recreated equal — which is why another of the many remarkable aspects of 'Are You Glad?' is the playing of electric bassist Amin and drummers Calvin Weston and Ronald Shannon Jackson. Their contributions are as much melodic as they're rhythmic, something that also applies to every other instrument here. So what exactly do you hear? Amin's often impossibly fast, taut, gut-stringing lines are sometimes a blur, sometimes finger-popping and funky; Weston and Jackson pile on the polyrhythms, often mimicking Ali's every move.

'Layout', 'Pressure', 'Interview', 'See-Through', 'Time Out', 'Light-Eyed' and 'Revelation March' are all supersonic variations on similar themes. The lines the players follow and extrapolate are contrapuntal: jagged, angular zig-zags of sound. 'Strictly' speaking, they're dissonant, but you don't have to listen too hard to perceive an inner logic and purpose to them.

The positioning of the instruments in the mix is initially disorienteting. You expect the horns or Blood's guitar to rear up and 'say' something by way of a solo, whereas in fact everybody's saying something all the time.

Despite the music's avowed democracy, Ulmer does dominate it most of the time, his liquid, mercurial lines scribbling all kinds of strange hieroglyphs. His continuous melodies and parallel rhythmic improvisations are fascinating, constantly shifting the focus of the music. Ali and the drummers seem equally confident, but I'm not so sure about the horns. Tenor and alto saxophonists David Murray and Oliver Lake, both members of the World Saxophone Quartet as well as leaders of their own bands, seem intimidated by it all, Lake slightly less so than Murray; they fare best when pumping out their charts. Trumpeter Olu Dara manages better, his fiery statement on 'See-Through' a perfect mix 'n' match.

Ulmer's grafting of funk onto harmolody is one of his most promising new directions; it's showcased in 'Jazz Is The Teacher (Funk Is The Preacher)' — great title, so true — and the title track. Both are songs, Ulmer successfully making his wry lyrics and blustering vocals part of the pattern. The start of 'Jazz' proposes the sort of voice and guitar unison we haven't heard since Hendrix died (but there the stylistic similarities between Ulmer and Hendrix really begin and end; some of John McLaughlin's wilder escapades with Lifetime and Miles Davis are much more comparable to what's happening here). 'Jazz' fairly fires up though, the horns riffing and punching as if they've come all the way from Stax and Memphis; The Bar-Kays were never like this.

Reservations? Well, a fraction less frenzy wouldn't go amis — got so much because the fast tempos on the album are intimidating (which they sometimes are) but because it'll be interesting to see how harmolody copes with more sedate material like the lugubrious 'T.V. Blues', for me the best of this bunch along with 'Jazz'. But the harmolodic method is still young, at least in this medium, so we'll have to wait and see what evolves.

As it is, 'Are You Glad To Be In America?' is a splendid statement of intent. Whatever it was that Ornette Coleman 'heard' in the late '50s before leaving Fort Worth, Texas to redirect the course of Afro-American music, he heard it naturally; Coleman has never denied his roots in the deep blues of the American South. Ulmer's music is just as honest, emotional and invigorating. It's here for the enjoying.

Angus MacKinnon

CHEAP TRICK
All Shook Up *(Epic)*

SAY, I see you have your new saline drip in your arm? And your new Cheap Trick album under it.

Bands like The Knack, The Cars and Cheap Trick have been clutched boldly by young American record-buyers as an alternative to the dedicated smelly hippies their elders love. What an alternative! It's just the hair (still long, but *shiny* as a platinum disc) and the clothes (straight legs, black and white, striped) that have changed; the music is as loud and bloated — a thousand guitars, rock out, boogie — as Led Zeppelin (to my mind no more and no less outmoded and over-rated) ever were. The world is plagued with people who want to be up to date but don't ever want to *change*.

Cheap Trick have done one good song; 'Surrender', gorgeous because of the tune. Garbo was meant to be so beautifully different because "All the lines in her face went up, where with most people they come down" (Sidney Guilaroff) and 'Surrender' had the same gift, complete with a Kiss joke that was actually funny. I hear they're humorous; I hear no humour. Like The B-52's they suffer from growing up around canned laughter, they think they're ten times funnier than they are.

I am not particularly partial to people who despise their admirers, however stupid those admirers may be — Cheap Trick, that name is the biggest shove it in your face clue ever — and to make it your whole raison d'etre is unbelievably lame. Oh, I was only joking, mean! What a stupid hippie excuse. The untalented often fall back on claims to "humour".

Cheap Trick just aren't *funny*. When Americans try to do anything with a) clothes, b) drugs or c) *humour*, they make you really relieved to be (say it!) European. The two pretty boys aren't what they used to be

BAUHAUS

ALBUM OUT NOW ON 4AD
IN THE FLAT FIELD

NEW SINGLE ON 4AD
TELEGRAM SAM
(NOT INCLUDED ON ALBUM)
OUT NOW

Pic: Anton Corbijn

Keep taking the PiLs, John.

either; that faded blonde looks like Francis Rossi after going through a windscreen and the brunette resembles a depressed Italian waiter running to fat and about to be deported.

But what's the *music* like? Tell us about the *songs!* Ah, you sound just like my Deputy Editor . . .

What the songs are like is all the same, with only the enigmatic-goofy titles changed to protect the illusion that you are getting your album's worth ('I Love You Honey But I Hate Your Friends, 'Go For The Throat (Use Your Own Imagination)', all totally interchangeable) and that sameness is a strident, leaden thing, very much like having a monster filling fall out.

Cheap Trick obviously have a Beatles fixation: this effort is produced by George Martin. When something epic has passed, monied slime can't wait to get its leering paws on whatever was closest to that object of desire — think of Onassis marrying Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy. There's also pictures of all kinds of stuff crammed into the sleeve — babies, ironing boards, children, doors, mouths, railways — that you're obviously meant to analyze until your brain waves a white flag and dies of exhaustion, rather in the way Beatles fans would analyse Paul's bare feet on 'Abbey Road', or think they heard John Lennon saying "Paul is dead" on the end of a song backwards.

Where do you stand and why do you bother? Well, 1977 in England was the year of Punk Rock — in America it was the year of the Pet Rock. You remember Pet Rocks? Similarly American, similarly pseudo-humorous, similarly useless. Cheap Trick is the sound of the Pet Rock untamed. This record is guaranteed free of all known redeeming features.

Julie Burchill

Sounds awful

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Machines *(Virgin)*
Oi! The Album *(EMI)*
The Good Old Way *(Topic)*

You don't really need me to tell you what's what here: just consult the title of the third album in our list of new 'compilations'.

The Topic label's 'British Folk Music Today' sampler is the only one of the three which gives the impression of actually setting out to function as a compilation, and of succeeding in that purpose:-a useful cross-selection of roughly common 'ideas and approaches' which a lot of people may not (yet) have access to, for one reason or another. As its sleeve note says: "We hope that as well as being an enjoyable hour's worth of music it gives an impression of the great range of ideas and approaches found among today's folk artists." It does give the impression of a *great range* of those, as well. Which is the exact opposite of what can be said about our other two samplers . . .

Which give an impression of the great range of people on sale in contemporary rock/pop with similar and similarly dumb ideas and approaches, all with their heads firmly up their bums. If only, as Pascal once said, they had the sense to stay in their rooms!

'Oi!' really is the utter pits of contemporary rock'n'roll, espousing all the worst and most objectionable characteristics of an 'art form' or 'genre' born of cliqueishness. The rampant fetishization of an 'in' language of expression is stifling, hopelessly insular. Whether your clique is an intellectual one, or — as here — one which purports to have genuine (working) class clout, the lack of basic confidence in *oneself* and *one's own* ability to assess the world remains the same. 'Oi!' celebrates the empty-headedness and grubbiness of hedonism without conveying either the pleasure or pain of it. It is a holiday camp vision of life, throned in laziness, devoid of meaning outside itself.

The 'Oi!' compilation has been put together by that most perceptive of hacks, Gary Bushell of *Sounds* — although I'm sure he'd love to become the paper's Editor and re-christen it something like *Muscles* or *Mussells* or *Willies* or *Beerguts* or *Penthouse (Shurely shome duck and drake here? — Cockney Ed).* If you really want to know who is on this despicable artefact go into your local record store and take the thing from its rack.

'Oi!' has two things in common with 'Machines': a little round sticker advising one to part with no more than £3.95, and a *terrible* cover. The same rule applies here: if you want to know what mess of 'moderne' music Virgin has assembled for some reason, go forth to your Megastore. Seeing as how a lot of them are singles (singles stick and cut where albums don't) I doubly object to this collection.

One word of advice: the 'unreleased' PiL track is worth none of your money and 1'38" of no one's time — an absurdist anti-establishment-meaning-Virgin joke in the PiL tradition (a short piece of vituperatively empty noise at odds with the rest of the album; most likely long out of date and a sneer at the *very idea* of it all).

Do you really need me to tell you what's going on here? Do you really need me to tell you that you'd be better off with either 'The Good Old Way' (hell — it's *manifestly* good music) selection or a compilation you put together yourself? C30 C60 C90 Go! And don't let EMI or Virgin collect their £200.

Ian Penman

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Summer good . . . most are trash

DONNA SUMMER
The Wanderer
(Geffen Records)

SOME POP stars are just cuckolds scared to be quislings. You could *look* at, say, Debbie and Sting Blondie, both born film stars, forever; but when they start to rock out you want to wire their beautiful, stupid jaws together. Donna Summer though; she's more than just a pretty mask.

Donna Summer, dirty maverick nova of "disco", out there moaning "Love To Love You Baby" alone. Black dancing music had ruled the British charts for years (look at a 1970 Top Ten and you'll find it crammed with ammunition like Freda Payne, Chairman Of The Board and The Jackson Five) but it needed something shocking to make it into an edorable, paltry money-maker. Awhile later some boys swore on T-time TV and started something big. Then the quiet till 'I Feel Love' — a single single-handedly to blame for the new respectability of the synthesizer. Summer propped up passe Barbra Streisand's career; she gave Blondie the inspiration for the song that seduced America when all rock's devices had failed.

She has made terrible blunders — the whole 'Bad Girls' mess (if there's one thing she isn't it's trashy) and 'Hot Stuff' (or a rock singer) — which do better than her best ('On The Radio,' 'The Wanderer'). She doesn't have too many hit singles these days; in America Queen have the biggest and worst disco hits while Britain is in the grip of terminal Kelly Marie. Out the window goes the myth that disco kids simply have more taste, class, zest etc than your rock ordinaire fan! And even if they have, Linx and Light of The World can cater to them.

So with all the old duds moving in and lowering the tone, it's no surprise that Donna has all but moonlighted right out of the disco district. A bad mistake, though, to swop old-hat disco for old-hat rock.

'The Wanderer' itself is so slick — one of rock and roll's rootsy sacred cow-pats remodelled. Pastiche has always been Summer's greatest strength — think of the Spectoresque 'Love's Unkind' or the cake-walky 'I Remember Yesterday' — being the only thing that really lets her graceful charm chance its arm. I liked the next two songs too, but the rest is appalling.

So many of the songs really make an effort to be rock, like 'Cold Love' which boasts *"another shot of rock'n'roll love."* (The White Man's Burden; spreading his slimy canonization of "rock" into the minds of perfectly decent black singers. White and black would really accomplish much more if they kept to segregated sides of the street when it comes to music. I have never heard a white reggae record that wasn't pathetic, and I have never heard a black "rocking out" that wasn't embarrassing). There are several remarkable imitations of Debbie Harry, Pat Benatar and Buffy Saint Marie. Men's voices intervene repeatedly, every bit as strident as the shrieking guitars so over-employed. Donna Summer and Her Amazing Performing Rock Guitars!

Or maybe there're from Guitars Against Satan. The crowning insult is the last song on this album; Donna is, of course, one of America's foremost (along with Jimmy Carter, Billy Preston, Lynda Carter and Bob Dylan) Born Again Christians. She hasn't worked for a while because she's been tending to her spiritual rather than fiscal needs. She always says thank you to her daughter, her husband and The Man Upstairs on her album sleeves (this one says "a special thanks to the Supreme Being, the Creator, without whom there would be no beginning and no end" — can she mean David Geffen?)

Now faith is a great thing — I'm a rabid Old Testament girl, myself: *"All crimes are paid!"* — but the Born Again lark is so glib, so American, so rootless. It's a jacuzzi of a religion. The very name, Born Again — lip-service to the hopeless American ideal of everyone starting out equal, regardless of colour or class. This last song, 'I Believe In Jesus', is every bit as shallow and vapid as the "religion" itself, literally half hymn and half nursery rhyme: *"So onward Christian soldiers still marching as to war / With the Cross of Jesus just going on before / Now Jesus was a little lamb, his fleece was white as snow / And everywhere that Jesus went this lamb is sure to go."*

This wretched effort, the whole Born Again routine really ties in with the insistent lack of guts about this album. It's so white, so anything goes, so slack and rock and weak. The Devil has the Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin (the best songs) so next time Donna Summer wants to record a token religious song she should go to her Born Again brother Bob and get him to rustle up something as strong and beautiful as 'You've Got To Serve Somebody' for her.

Please, Donna Summer; nothing else along the lines of *"I believe in Jesus you know I know him oh so well / And I'm going to heaven by and by cause I already been through hell."*

Surely being on Casablanca wasn't *that* bad.

Julie Burchill

Pic: Claude Gassian

Cold? Headache? Flu? Or just fed up with faking orgasm on disc? Soluble aspirin takes your mind off these troubles by destroying your stomach — fast.

LOCAL HEROES SW9
Drip Dry Zone *(Oval)*

AND SO we welcome the debut offering from Local Heroes, a London trio led by Kevin Armstrong. And wherever the Drip Dry Zone is — an enclosed map implies that it's situated somewhere between Orpington and Sidcup — I suggest that you might find it well worth visiting. The record reveals Armstrong and his accomplices as a promising, if overly earnest outfit that could yet develop into something with a touch of excellence.

At the moment I'd call them an interesting band rather that an enjoyable one, and it may be they're without the forcefulness to grab attention off anyone not actually disposed to be sympathetic. For all its scattered moments of intensity, and the unsettling clarity that's apparent in the writing, 'Drip Dry Zone' isn't without its patches of tedium, where the pressure slackens and direction is lost. At those times the group court dismissals of the 'worthy but dull' variety.

Loosely described, the Heroes' music is tense and serious, often constructed around choppy reggae rhythms, and its lyrical concerns tend to be anything but lightweight. If Armstrong's vocals assume a sort of flat, droning monotone too often for comfort, then at least the songs' contents are rarely less than memorable, the title track being a case in point.

And if, as a composer, his melodic gifts seem limited, then each piece is made distinctive with a mix of harsh guitar and often ingenious bass/drums support. Nowhere do all the elements come together to greater effect than on the final track, 'Shelter' — the grimness is skin-deep, there's invention beneath.

Paul Du Noyer

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FAD GADGET
Fireside Favourites *(Mute)*

FEW exponents of electronic pop have taken so naturally as Fad Gadget to their chosen synthetic field. His debut single 'Back To Nature' became the turntable hit of the year at any remotely related event, even if people didn't know who they were listening to.

Its remarkable brooding tune might've followed the Human model, but it was at once richer, immediately familiar, while Fad's distinctive deadpan vocalising gave it a necessarily sharp cutting edge.

Although he's since released two equally fine singles — the bizarre 'Ricky's Hand' and the brassy 'Fireside Favourite' — he's surprisingly still a mysterious entity. Something his debut album will rectify.

Living up to the promise of the earlier releases, he taps further his grotesque humour and capacity for sardonic observation. Fortunately he always avoids the self-conscious manufactured innocence of The Human League and the coyly sweet meanderings of Orchestral Manoeuvres. His unforced simplicity is as engaging as Ray Davies', with whom he uncommonly shares a nonchalant approach in both wit and delivery.

Without wishing to force the parallel, Fad's title track could be a cynical update of 'Village Green Preservation Society': a quaintly English synthetic brass march atmospherically recalls cosy evenings by the fire, until the scene is abruptly destroyed by a mushroom cloud in the sky, leaving Fad horrifically holding bits of his decaying lover.

Sometimes his will to shock works against him, as on 'Newsreel', which begins with a frank account of a woman giving birth, but a few well turned twists suddenly make it less an exercise in questionable taste than a bitter rebuke of the neutrality of the cameraman in troubled times.

Typically concerned, 'Salt Lake City Sunday' resists Mormon missionaries (*"I slam the door in your face"*) while a jarring percussion track winningly stomps right across the tune. It's a good trick and he rightly uses its battering ram effect again on 'The Box' — an old B-side — which features Fad's most affecting Numanoid vocal on the chorus *"Let me out / I can't stand the dark anymore"*.

The punny 'Arch Of The Aorta' is a lot more serious than the title implies, based on a sinister synth melody bracketed by a recurring taped dialogue. Its lush noise compulsively drags you forward at a lurchingly uneven gait established by minor rhythm switches, leaving you wanting more despite its length.

'Fireside Favourites' sounds good enough — discounting a few winning aberrations — to become just that. For once an album that's as wittily subversive as it is listenable

Chris Bohn

Gad, get Fad!

Pic: Neil Anderson

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Brumbeat *(Big Bear Records)*

"IN A week generally regarded as the most exciting and enjoyable Midlands music event in living memory, 18 of the area's top bands each recorded a live set at the Barrel Organ — Birmingham's Major Pub Venue. The resultant live album is a unique documentary record of what was happening in Birmingham during June 1980."

So claims the cover of this album. As a native of the city and having had more than a little contact with local music, I feel qualified to say that this is *not* strictly true. To put it bluntly, Big Bear Records and the people responsible for the hyperbole that passes for sleeve notes are talking through their collective arses.

If this event was so world-shattering, then why wasn't anyone I know aware it was even happening?

Facts: The Barrel Organ is a faded cabaret pub that has taken no part in the present revival of local music. Neither have Big Bear. A once respected R&B label, they dimly perceived something was happening and tried to cash in with the launch of the free paper *Brumbeat*, a musical version of the *Sun* which placed real talent like UB40 beside their own mediocre acts and leering 'Groupie of the Month' photos, feebly asserting that there was a coherent local "scene" of which they were a part.

An equally opportunist Brumbeat tour followed, intending to clear up the 2-Tone market with non-starters like The Thrillers, a three-piece heavily into Police impersonations minus the bleach and pretty singer. It failed, and their contributions to this album show clearly why.

Of the rest, Bright Eyes, Rockers, Willy & the Poorboys, Speed Limit and Spoonfull are all yer average rockers that the Second City seems to churn out like Leyland cars: Real Men playing out their R&B fantasies. Then come The Quads and Dansette Damage, both competent poprock outfits who bore me to tears, as do Mayday who are less competent but just as tedious.

Which leaves us with Dangerous Girls, Playthings, and Eclipse, the only bands who play any real role on the local circuit. None are captured at their best, and the first two tend to sink into the general mass of mediocrity, leaving Eclipse with the only even vaguely entertaining track on the whole album.

That such a band should even have to resort to appearing on such a stunningly tasteless compilation is a sad reflection of the indifference to black reggae in this country.

If you really want to hear what's happening in the Midlands, look for names like Fast Relief, Dance, and Au Pairs and don't prejudice yourself with this album: there *were* some excellent bands in Birmingham in June 1980, but none were at the Barrel Organ.

Sheryl Garratt

ANDROIDS OF MU
Blood Robots *(Fuck Off)*
MISSING PRESUMED DEAD
How's Your Bum For Cracking Walnuts? *(Sequel)*

I DON'T know what we've done to upset the Androids Of Mu, but they seem to make music as if fired by some obscure grudge against the whole listening public. 'Blood Robots', on the friendly-sounding Fuck Off label, is a strangely glum and sloppy record, one that virtually defies you to like it. Missing Presumed Dead, meanwhile, have made an album that's marginally more accessible, though only minimally more attractive. But neither sounds like they tried very hard.

Maybe they're suffering from the common illusion that being independent means you don't have to try very hard — rubbish, as the better indies know, but sadly more widespread than ever. Make a record that's as dreary, as clumsy as uncommunicative as you like — and then claim critical immunity under your self-righteous badge of 'independence', with all its brave but often spurious associations.

Neither 'Robots' nor 'Walnuts', with their drab and unexcited songs, the smugness of their private jokes, the cheap ugliness of their packaging, is of much value to anyone not directly involved with the creators.

Of the Androids I know nothing, except that they're girls with an ersatz Rough Trade sound, muddled up with cosmic sub-Hawkwind silliness. Missing Presumed Dead appear to be into sullen, lumpy, faintly jazzish stuff with a sneering satiric edge. Some small consideration for the pleasure or the enlightenment of the listener would have been welcome in both cases.

Paul Du Noyer

Rory Gallagher live

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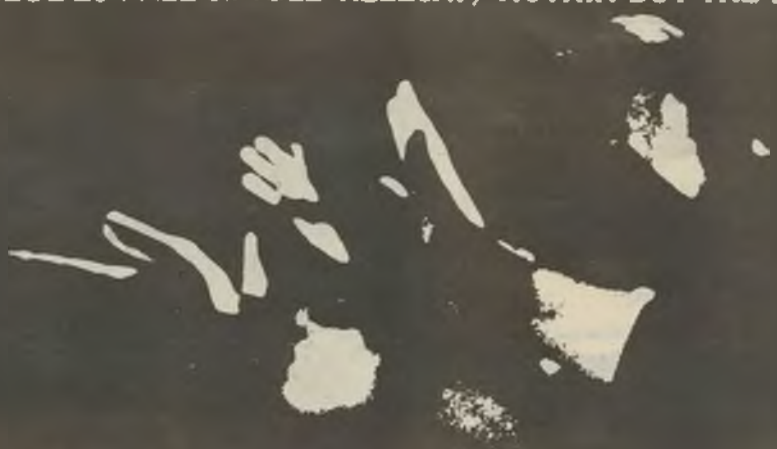

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London Clapham 101 Club: **Local Heroes/The Heartbeats**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Crawling Chaos**
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **Avenue**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Books**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Mysterons**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Suspect**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **Shadowfax**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Birthday Party/In Camera/Mass**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **The Few**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Stiffs/Resistance**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Specials (sold out)**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Suttet Approach**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **The Ravillos**
London New Cross Goldsmith's College: **Nine Below Zero**
London NW2 Hope Grunt: **The Quadrant**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
London Orford St. 100 Club: **Pressure Shocks**
London Richmond Brolleys: **The Soft Boys/Crazy About Love/The Method Actors**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Red Letters/The Spiders**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bobby Rosengarden Quintet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels/The Sharks**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chuck Farley**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chris Hill Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Vibrators/The Almost Brothers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Wasted Youth/The Afghan Rebels**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Apocalypse**
Lye Bulls Head: **Switch 7**
Maltby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band/The Comsat Angels**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Macro Band**
Manchester The Cavalcade: **U.X.B.**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Splodgenessabounds**
Neath Talk of the Abbey: **Spider**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Motorhead**
Newcastle-under-Lyme El Syd'a: **The Art Rats**
Norwich Cromwells: **After The Fire**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Medium Medium/Emotional Blue**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffe**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Never Never**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Cuban Heels**
Penzance Demelza's: **The Accidents**
Peterlee The Norseman: **The Accelerators**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Manochrome Set**
Sheffield City Hall: **UB40**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Teardrop Explodes/Thompson Twins**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Splodgenessabounds**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Katz**
South Shields The Commando: **Hot Snax**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Sheena Easton/Dennis Waterman/Gerard Kenny**
Sunderland Alexandra Ballroom: **Erogenous Zones/Hot Snax/The Grip**
Warwick Dominic's: **Sweet Sensation**
Willenhall Cavalcade: **UXB**

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK (top) begin their month-long circuit of major venues at Aylesbury on Saturday, promoting their new album 'Organisation' — and other gigs this week are at Henley (Sunday), Bristol (Monday) and Reading (Wednesday) . . . KOOL & THE GANG (centre) pay their first visit to Britain for many moons, kicking off their short tour at Brighton (Monday), Leicester (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday) . . . and ELKIE BROOKS reaches the highlight of her lengthy tour with a five-night stint at London Apollo from Tuesday, preceded by concerts at Edinburgh (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday) and Coventry (Sunday).
● Also this week: TANGERINE DREAM begin a series of UK dates in Newcastle on Sunday . . . JOE COCKER returns after a protracted absence to play London shows on Tuesday and Wednesday . . . and URIAH HEEP start their extensive autumn tour in Cromer on Wednesday, with Samson supporting.

FRIDAY

Aberdeen University: **Eclipse**
Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel: **H20**
Bath University: **Various Artists/The Shoes/The Untouchables/The Stingrays**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Junction 13**
Belfast Queen's University: **The Radiators**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Soft Boys**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys/Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Weapon Of Peace**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Vision Collision/Degotees**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Shadows**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teaser**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **Syntax/The Excels**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Fist**
Bradford Queens Hall: **Dangerous Girls**
Brentwood Chelmer College of Education: **Watch With Mother**
Bridlington 3B's Theatre: **The Enid**
Bridport Greyhound Hotel: **Talon**
Brighton Dome: **Ozzie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
Brighton Stanford Arms: **Max Allstars**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Painkillers**
Bristol University: **B. A. Robertson/The Expressos**
Burton 76 Club: **Split Rivitt**
Canterbury Kent University: **Spider**
Carmarthen Trinity College: **The Dance Band**
Coventry Polytechnic: **The Whipps**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **The Dooleys**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Four Tops**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Yettles**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hank Wangford Band**
Darley Dale Northwood Club: **Saracen**
Dundee University: **Q-Tips**
Dunfermline Northern Roadhouse: **The Cheaters**
Durham University: **The Accelerators**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Simple Minds**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **FX9/Those French Girls**
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Edinburgh University: **The Blues Band**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Asylum**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Mind**
Glasgow Scene Club: **The LaVistas**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Elkie Brooks**
Guildford Surrey University: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Morrissey-Mullen**
Hayle Penmars Ballroom: **The Accidents**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **John Martyn**
Hull College: **Classix Nouveaux**
Hull College of Higher Education: **The Chords**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Boxcar Willie/Jean Shepherd**
Kirkcaldy Argos Centre: **Strutz**
Leeds University: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Spinners**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Phil Woods Quartet**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Macro Band**
Liverpool Brady's: **Knox**
Liverpool College of Education: **The Teardrop Explodes/Thompson Twins**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **The Inmates/The Deaf Aids**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ruby Turner/Riff Raff**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London City University: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Sound/The Uglies**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **T-Set/Los Apaches**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Kraze**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bluesblasters**
London Fulham The Cock: **Chantousie**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Texas**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Cuddly Toys**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Specials (sold out)**
London Marquee Club: **The Vapors**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Essential Logic/The Rhythm Squad**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London NW2 Hope Grunt: **West End Stompers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Mirage**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Nicky Barclay Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Big Chief**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Chris Hunt's Cable Car/Wall Street/Phantom Zone**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Barnard Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The Little Roosters/Real To Real**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Scala Cinema: **The Normil Hawaiians/BIM/Kan-Kan/Local Heroes**
London University: **Bauhaus**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Matro**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Step/The Vandells**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Soft Boys/Artery/The Method Actors**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
Loughborough Charnwood Theatre: **Midnite Follies Orchestra/Sweet Substitute**
Loughborough Corporation Hotel: **Manitou**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Jam/The Piranhas**
Manchester (Ashton) Failsworth Arms: **Proposition 31**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Gammer Band**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Orange Juice**
Milton Keynes Open University: **The Crew**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **AC/DC**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **Metro Glider**
Nottingham Trent University: **Nine Below Zero**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **The West City 5**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Never Never**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Rockpile**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Radars**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Graham Larkbey**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Fist/Bastille**
Rochester King's Head: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Salisbury City Hall: **Barry Andrews Band/The Martian Schoolgirls**
Scarborough Taboo: **UK Subs**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Vise**
Shifnal Village Hall: **British Steel**
Southampton Itchen College: **Games To Avoid/2-Cars**
Stoke (Burslem) George Hotel: **Firing Squad**
Watford Red Lion: **Zitz**
Watford Woodside Tavern: **Oral Exciters**
Winsford Bees Knees: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Wombourne Dunsdale: **Split Image**
York College of Ripon & St John: **After The Fire**
York University: **Barbara Dickson**

SATURDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Motorhead**
Alfreton George Hotel: **Spoonful**
Ashford Stour Centre: **Gary Moore & Friends**
Aylesbury Friars: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Basingstoke Magnums: **David Marx & The Mix**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Vision Collision/The Ever-readies/The Privates**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Naturals**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Sheena Easton/Dennis Waterman/Gerard Kenny**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham University: **More**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Dooleys**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Chinatown**
Bradford University: **Simple Minds**
Canterbury Odeon: **Ozzie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
Cardiff Teachers Training College: **The Frames**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Splodgenessabounds**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Seven Year Itch**
Derby Lonsdale College: **After The Fire**
Dublin Stadium: **Tangerine Dream**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Split Rivitt**
Dundee University: **Eclipse**
Eastbourne Kings Country Club: **The Four Tops**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Jacques Loussier Group**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Futurama**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **AC/DC**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Q-Tips**
Great Yarmouth ABC Theatre: **Boxcar Willie/Jean Shepherd**
Grimsby Community Hall: **Classix Nouveau**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **UK Subs**
Hull New Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel: **The Spiders/Red Letters**
Launceston Town Hall: **Metro Glider**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Shake Appeal**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Knife Edge**
Leeds Seacroft Hotel: **The Elements**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Nine Below Zero**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Chords**
Liverpool Neptune Theatre: **Phil Woods Quartet**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **The Whipps**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Manipulator/The Rockies**
London Camden Music Machine: **Samson/Praying Mantis**
London Chelsea College: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Chris Hunt's Cable Car/The Tins**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Kleen Heels**
London Clapham 101 Club: **RPM**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Margo Random/Endgames**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

MORE GIG GUIDE

THE COMSAT ANGELS (right) complete their series of dates with Captain Beefheart, then begin their own headlining tour at Leeds (Tuesday) and Coventry (Wednesday).

CHEAP TRICK, whose Rick Nielsen is pictured left, arrive for their delayed and shortened visit — with concerts at Birmingham (Tuesday) and Hammersmith (Wednesday). Support act is Angel City.

London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Essential Logic/Holograms**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Fulham The Cock: **Darryl Way Band**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Shadows**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Broughtons**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Skids (sold out)**
London Kensington Imperial College: **B. A. Robertson**
London Marquee Club: **The Vapors**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Rockpile**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Julian Stringle's Young Dixie**
London Putney Spencer Arms: **Bruised Lips**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Earl Okin**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Rossing Jelly**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Attendants**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tommy Whittle Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Papers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Metro**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
London Victoria The Venue **Red Beans & Rice**
London Waltham Forest North-East Polytechnic: **Spreadthick**
London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: **The Associates**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Beert/Guy Jackson/Mark Philips/Sister Sister**
London West Norwood Thurloe Arms: **J.P. Sweet**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Buzzcocks**
London W.1 Rock Store (Dean Street): **The Hitmen**
Loughborough University: **John Martyn**
Luton Baron of Beef: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Jam/The Piranhas**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Gammer Band**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Au Pairs/Orange Juice/Joseph K/Johnny Harper's Choirboys/The Fall/The Hamsters**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Private Sector**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **Oxym**
Manchester University: **The Passes**
Manchester (Wythenshawe) Benchill Hotel: **The Naughty Boys**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Delmontes**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Knox**
Portsmouth Polytechnic. **The Teardrop Explodes/Thompson Twins**
Prestbury Bollin Grove: **Nova Vega/Dead Man's Radio**
Preston Warehouse: **Grace**
Redruth London Hotel: **The Accidents**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Enid**
Sheerness Island Hotel: **Shadowfax**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Primal Screamers**
Southampton City Polytechnic: **The Barracudas/The Mechanics**
Southampton University: **The Barracudas**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Jack Scott/The Cruisers**
Stoke (Fenton) New Penny: **Firing Squad**
Swansea University: **Capital Letters**
Tamworth Chequers: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Weybridge College of Food: **Motley Crew**
Wincanton Memorial Hall: **Talon**
Winchester Art College: **The Shavengers**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverton Crawford Arms: **Junction 13**
Wolverhampton Gifford Arms: **U.X.B.**
Worksop Dukeri's: **Sweet Sensation**

SUNDAY

Aberdeen Copper Beach: **Strutz**
Bicester Red Lion: **Hit And Run**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Star Club: **Degotees/B.I.G.**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Jed's Blues Band**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Joe Jackson/Sore Throat**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **The Teardrop Explodes/Thompson Twins**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chigwell White Hart: **Park Avenue**
Coventry Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Four Tops**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **The Jam/The Piranhas**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Motorhead**
Eccles Town Hall: **The Gammer Band**
Eton Christopher Hotel (lunchtime): **Gatsby Five**
Exeter University: **Metro Glider**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **AC/DC**
Glasgow Gig's: **Henry German Band**
Glasgow Theatre Royal: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **UK Subs/Knox**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Ivor Rolle Band**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Hull City Hall: **Boxcar Willie/Jean Shepherd**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Head-Hunter**
Ipswich The Kingfisher: **Frequency Band**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Victims Of Pleasure**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Jasper Carrott (for three days)**
Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Check Farley/ Back To Back**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Alpine**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Endgames**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Spiders/The Gymslips/Number Ones**
London Finchley Torrington: **Seven Year Itch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Spoilers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Works**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hawkwind/ Vardis**
London Hammersmith Palais (lunchtime): **Rockpile**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Members/ The Outpatients**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Skids (sold out)**
London Marquee Club: **The Associates**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Kicks**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Wolverine Cubs**
London Richmond Brolleys: **Angel Witch**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Roy Budd**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom. **The Buzzcocks/Orange Juice/The Things/ The Delmontes**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **John Martyn**
London Victoria The Venue: **The AT's**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Root Jackson & The G.B Blues Co/Karl Wallinger Band**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Ron Russell Band**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Paz**
Luton Caesar's Palace: **Johnnie Ray**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **UB40**
Manchester (Altrincham) Unicorn Hotel: **The Naughty Boys**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **God's Gift/The Play**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Thin Ice**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Night Visitors**
Newcastle City Hall: **Tangerine Dream**
Newquay Central Hotel. **The Winners**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Sunfly**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **H20**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **The Name**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Dooleys**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Enid**
Redhill Lakers Hotel. **Twelfth Night**
Slough Alexander's: **Blackjack**
Slough College of Education: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
St. Albans Goat Inn: **Sue Ashley & Lynne Hersud**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **The Accidents**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **Andy Pandemonium**
Wakefield Theatre Club: **B. A. Robertson/The Expressos**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Simple Minds**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Dance Band**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Odeon: **Joe Jackson Band/Sore Throat**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Slender Thread**
Bolton Aquarius: **Atomic Rooster**
Boston Folk Club: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Brighton Alhambra: **Meanstreak**
Brighton Centre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Brighton Dome: **Kool & The Gang**
Bristol Berkeley Suite: **Various Artists/The Untouchables**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **The Swinging Cats**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Motorhead**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Darts**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Q-Tips**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Sunday Drivers**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Tangerine Dream**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Gary Moore and Friends**
Guildford Bunters: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel. **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Queens Hall: **The Jam/The Piranhas**
London Acton White Hart: **Taurus**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Crucifixion/Berlin**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Testaments**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Victims Of Pleasure**
London Comic Strip: **Ludus/Eric Random**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Embryo/License**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham The Cock: **Old Number 7**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
London Hammersmith Palais: **UB40**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Only Ones (sold out)**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Judy Dorham & Ron Edgeworth (for a week)**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Kan-Kan/Heavenly Bodies**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Arky's Toast**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Razz**
London Victoria The Venue: **Juice On The Loose/Seven Year Itch**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Birthday Party/Endgames**
London W.1 Gilrey's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goodies**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Swim**
Loughborough Charnwood Theatre: **The Enid**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Buzzcocks**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Drones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwalchi**
Oxford Scamps: **Afrikan Star/The Mighty Stripes**
Port Talbot Grand Hotel: **Graham Larkbey**
Preston Guildhall: **Barbara Dickson**
Slough Studio One: **Twelfth Night**
Southport Theatre: **Jacques Loussier Group**
Stafford Malt & Hops: **U.X.B.**
Watford Bailey's: **The Four Tops (for a week)**
Wraysbury The Feathers: **The Attendents/Orson Blake**
Yeovil College: **The Teardrop Explodes/Thompson Twins**
York Jaspers: **Knox**

TUESDAY

Bangor University: **John Martyn**
Bath Rockspot: **Streets Ahead**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Cheap Trick**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Blackburn St. George's Hall: **Joe Jackson Band/Sore Throat**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Patchwork**
Bradford Scamps: **Knife Edge**
Brighton Basement Club: **The Chefs**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Out Of Order/The Hybrids/The Standards**
Bury The Derby Hall: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Canterbury Kent University: **UB40**
Colchester Essex University: **Splodgenessabounds**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Gordon Giltrap**
Durham Bede College: **Atomic Rooster**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Tangerine Dream**
Epsom Derby Arms: **Avenue**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **James Alley Jazzmen**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Steve Turner**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Motorhead**
Gilesgate Brewers Arms: **Prefab Sprout**
Grimsby Community Hall: **White Spirit**
Hull University: **Q-Tips**
Hull Wellington Club: **UK Subs**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Dale Hargreaves**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Comsat Angels**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Kool & The Gang**
Leicester Luca Centre: **The Rent**
Leicester University: **B. A. Robertson/The Expressos**
London Camden Bracknock: **Motley Crew**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Barracudas**
London Camden Music Machine: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Spiders**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hats/The Scoop**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Stiffs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Fabulous Poodles/Famous Names**
London Fulham The Cock: **The City Limits**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Furniture/Orson Blake**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **John Cooper Clarke/Pauline Murray (Sold out)**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Kan-Kan/Calling Hearts**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spider**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Victims Of Pleasure**
London Putney White Lion: **The AT's**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stratford Green Man: **Dir & The Doormen**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Swim**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
London Victoria The Venue: **Joe Cocker**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Strangers In The Night/Sell Control/Bongo Express**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Jazz Friends**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Twelfth Night**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Zanathus**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: **The Enid**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Distractions/Private Sector**
Middlesbrough Concert Hall: **Boxcar Willie**
Newcastle City Hall: **AC/DC**
Newcastle Peoples Theatre: **Erogenous Zones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Hollow City Rhythm Circus**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Richard & Linda Thompson/John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Monochrome Set**
Stafford St. Mary's Church (lunchtime): **Firing Squad**
Swansea Top Rank: **Rockpile**
Torres Civic Hall: **Metro Glider**

WEDNESDAY

Aldridge Killock Centre: **U.X.B.**
Birmingham Barrel Organ. **Dansette Damage**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M. S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Odeon: **B. A. Robertson/The Expressos**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackburn College: **Oxym**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Buzzcocks**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Jacques Loussier Group**
Bradford University: **The Cure/The Chant**
Brighton Centre: **The Jam/The Piranhas**
Brighton Sussex University: **Various Artists/The Untouchables/The Shoes**
Cambridge Great Northern: **The Tapes**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Kool & The Gang**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Motorhead**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Comsat Angels**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
Dublin Stadium: **Boxcar Willie/Jean Shepherd**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Whippa**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Hit And Run**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Glasgow City Hall: **Simple Minds**
Gloucester College of Art & Technology: **Praying Mantis**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **H20**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Jasper Carrott (for three days)**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **UB40**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Rough Justice**
Keele University. **The Teardrop Explodes/Thompson Twins**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Liverpool University: **John Martyn**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inmates**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Nuthin Fancy**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Nips/Cooper S**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Accidents**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ronnie Lane Band/The In Touch**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jo-Ann Kelly**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Cheap Trick**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Damned (sold out)**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Gabriel Hounds**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate Theatre: **'Fine Life' with Paul Goodman/Ian Russell/Louise Carling (for five days)**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goodies**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Park Avenue**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Barney Kessel Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Back To Back**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
London Victoria The Venue: **Joe Cocker**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Cannibals**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Victims Of Pleasure**
Manchester Polytechnic: **UK Subs**
Newcastle City Hall: **AC/DC**
Newport Stowaway: **After The Fire**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwalchi**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Preston Guildhall: **Tangerine Dream**
Reading Top Rank: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: **Jimmy Knepper/Bobby Wellins Quintet**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Dangerous Girls**
Southampton College: **Twelfth Night**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St. Albans City Hall: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
Stockton Bennett's: **Sweet Sensation**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Splodgenessabounds**

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AFTER THE FIRE
Plus Special Guests
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+ The Rattlers
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+ Private Lives
Monday, November 3rd 60p
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+ Nasty Rumours Grow
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Sunday 2nd November — 75p
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THE DARK
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TOYS + Le Change
Thursday 30th October
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Friday 31st October
THE SOUND + The Uglies
Saturday 1st November
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Evening — **RPM** + FX
Sunday 2nd November
END GAMES (Live Recording)
Monday 3rd November
VICTIMS OF PLEASURE
+ Empty Vessels
Tuesday 4th November
SCORE + The Spiders

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OCTOBER 30
LONDON Queen Elizabeth College
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THAMES POLY SU
AND
STRANGE MUSIC PRESENT
THE BUZZCOCKS
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Barry Dickins and Rod MacSween for ITB present
Cheap Trick
Cheap Trick
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+ANGEL CITY

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at 8pm
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Wed Nov 5 Odeon Hammersmith SOLD OUT

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FAD GADGET
+ Support
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+ Support

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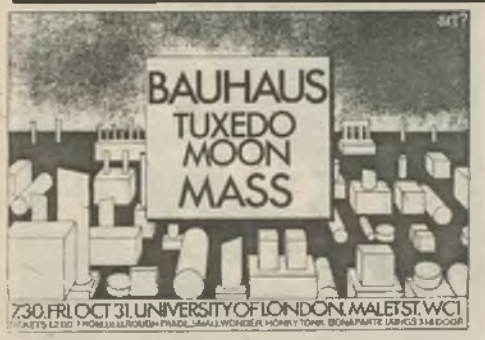

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THE FALL
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THE THOMPSON TWINS
The Fire Engines
LYCEUM
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THE FRONTIER TOUR AND ANT MUSIC REVIEW
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GODS TOYS
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Tel: 01-852 1331 and usual Agents.

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Compact Autumn Tour
WED 29th OCT — WOLVERHAMPTON POLY
FRI 31st OCT — 76 CLUB, BURTON
SAT 1st NOV — JB's DUDLEY
SAT 15th NOV — DINGWALLS
THURS 20th NOV — CROMWELLS, NORWICH

dancing sideways
Bongo Express
Strangers in the Night
Self Control
MOONLIGHT CLUB - 4 NOV.
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the Resistance
Thurs Oct 30th
HALF MOON,
HERNE HILL
+ The Stiffs

On stage
Sat Nov 1st
GREYHOUND
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THE BAMBER GASCOIGNE TOUR
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NELL MOTT
OCTOBER 30 — LONDON Queen Elizabeth College S.W.8
OCTOBER 31 — NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic
NOVEMBER 1 — LEICESTER Polytechnic

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OCTOBER
31 Gladys Knight & The Pips

NOVEMBER
1 The Stranglers
2 John Martyn
3 Buzzcocks
4 Rockpile
7, 8 Hawkwind
9 Sheena Easton
10 Son of Stiff
11 Cheap Trick
12, 13 Ellen Brooks
14, 15, 16 Robert Palmer
17, 18 Paul Simon
19, 20 Kool & The Gang
21 Bee Gees
22, 23, 24 AC/DC
25 Madness Stream
11 Manfred Mann Set
11 Ralph McTell
12 Orchestral Manoeuvres
13, 14 Weather Report
14 Albert King Cup
15 Triumph
16 The Teardrop Explodes
18 London Wednesday
17 Bad Cats
19 Rick Wakeman
20 Bill Haley/Meschbes
20 Mick Ralphs
20 Jethro Tull
21 Chris Rea
21 Chris Rush Blues Band
21 Charlie Daniels Band
22 Lacuna
22, 23 Aretha Franklin
23 John Williams
23 Adam & The Ants
25, 27, 28, 29 Motorhead
26 Jaggar
27 Deadeye
28 Rick Wakeman
30 Rockpile
30 Rolling Jones

DECEMBER
1 Jon Anderson
1, 2 Talking Heads
3 Uriah Heep
7 Girlschool
8, 9, 10, 11 Stewart
11, 12 Sky
13 Hot Tuna
15, 16 Undertones
19 Saxon
20, 22 Dire Straits

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20th November
QUEEN
IN CONCERT
8th, 9th & 10th December
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FILM NOIR NIGHT
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LOCAL HEROES
+ Films
including Bogart in 'Dead Reckoning'
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7.30 pm
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Rock Moderne
Tues 4th Nov. Windsor Castle
Thurs 13th Nov. Scamps, Chatham.
Sat 15th Nov. Moonlight, Hampstead
Mon 24th Nov. 101 Club, Clapham

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Thursday 30th October — £1.25 — THE VIBRATORS + The Nimrod Brothers
Friday 31st October — £1.50 — THE SOFT BOYS + Artery + The Method Actors
Saturday 1st November — £1.50 — BEAST + Guy Jackson + Mark Phillips and Sister Sister
Sunday 2nd November — £1.50 — ROOT JACKSON & THE GB BLUES CO + Karl Wallinger Band
Monday 3rd November — £1.25 — BIRTHDAY PARTY + End Games
Tuesday 4th November — £1.25 — BONGO EXPRESS + Self Control + Strangers in the Night
Wednesday 5th November — £1.50 — PINPOINT + Creature Beat

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KEVIN COYNE + Joseph Burke
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MISTY + Unity
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Proceeds to "HOME BASE" Project

Acklam Hall
Acklam Road, W.10. (Ladbroke Grove Tube)
Friday 31st October 8pm — 2am
FLATBACKERS
+ SCOOP
+ THE HAT + Disco
Admission £1.50 Hot & Cold food available
Tickets on sale from Rough Trade, Honky Tonk, Virgin & Beggards Banquet
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ALBUMS

EXTRA!

EDDY CLEARWATER
The Chief *(Rooster)*

EDDY CLEARWATER plays his infectious bag of blues from a very broad base. Elements of the native Southern tradition of hard work songs are jumbled and bounced against the urban styles of Chicago's West Side and the man's extensive knowledge of honky tonk, juke joint and the odd foray into western swing.

On his recent London visit the Injun loving Chief (an idiosyncrasy that finds waking partners in another Texan and Louisiana strain) stuck to rock and roll blues a la Chuck Berry; familiar stuff but Clearwater and his pick-up band, Danny Adler's tasteful choice, got the message across with the right amount of harp texture from cousin Carey Bell and humour to spare.

It's on this debut Rooster album though that Clearwater's family affair finds its fullest expression; his team is as hot as any modern blues experience has a right to be. The material is original; influences like Otis Rush, Magic Sam or Clearwater's opposite Muddy, are incorporated with equality rather than their reference value.

While it's been good to witness the current revival of ethnic blues, played without the pompous overkill of the '60s supergroups, it's still true to say that an outfit like Clearwater's, including Chess piano veteran Lafayette Leake, a strong rumbling sax duo and the solo talent of Bell's harmonica, is always going to maintain an ascendancy. More intriguing is the second guitarist on these sessions, the 21-year-old Lurrie Bell, whose contributions affirm his preceding reputation; evidently a black music star in the making.

If the entire set is notable for its original funk, Clearwater's approach encourages several diversions that are truly sublime. The syncopated rhythmic protest of 'One Day At A Time' proves that this music is as contemporary as tomorrow while the double guitar stink on 'I Wouldn't Lay My Guitar Down', far from inviting comparisons with Chuck Berry, serves as a challenge to the miserable old bugger to stop living off the past.

The finest example of the energy in Clearwater's writing is actually found in the album's most atypical track — 'Lazy Woman' is a glorious integration of The Champs meeting John Lee Hooker in a blues punk garage.

Anyone got their eye on that tempting Blues Brothers album? Well, you don't need the retread when you could have yourself a brand new set of wheels.

Max Bell

ZOOT MONEY
Mr Money *(Magic Moon)*

STREETBOY looked on incredulously as the crepe-soled legend led his band of rock'n'roll jazzers through the album sessions.

"This one was a chart-topper for Doris Day and the Les Brown Band back in '45", grinned the amiable Money, gospel-rolling into 'Sentimental Journey'. Next came a souped-up fanfare and the band moved into a brash bounce, with Jim Mullen grinning like an idiot through a particularly digit-destroying piece of picking. "That one's called 'Your Feets Too Big'," explained the irrespressible Money. "A biggie for Fats Waller in 1939, y'know."

Nutty, thought Streetboy. Nuttier than Madness and Splodge combined. Paul McCartney sat in the corner, working on the album's sleeve concept. "We'll have Zoot dressed in various pieces of clobber to represent all the different scenes he's been through," he was saying. "He can wear his rocker's gear, his Dantalion's Chariot stuff, his patched up post-Woodstock jeans, all that sort of thing."

Meanwhile, saxmen Dick Morrisey was virtually slap-tongueing his way through a chorus of 'Accentuate The Positive', while all about him clapped their hands. Streetboy remembered once hearing the tune in a late-night movie.

"Yeah, 'The Harvey Girls', with Judy Garland," confirmed the Money Man. "We're doing a lot of oldies this time around — things like 'It's Too Soon To Know' from '58, 'Careless Hands' from '48, and 'Riders In The Sky', which first surfaced in '49. But we're having a lot of fun with 'em, kicking them around in a kind of rhythm'n'booze way. Then we've got a few originals, including 'Ain't Nothin' Shakin' But The Bacon', a real fast shuffle. I think you'll like that one."

Streetboy tried to control his feet but found they moved without the permission of central control. But he remained unconvinced.

"None of this is of the '80s," he at last protested. "It's got nothing to do with inflation, the unemployment problem, Thatcherism, Tony Benn or oil wars."

"Precisely," grinned George Bruno Money and downed another pint.

Fred Dellar

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Summertime Blues	Eddie Cochran	That'll Be the Day	Buddy Holly and The Crickets
Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On	Jerry Lee Lewis	I Love You Baby	Paul Anka
Leader of the Pack	Shangri-Las	Sealed with a Kiss	Brian Hyland
Chapel of Love	Dixie Cups	Chantilly Lace	The Big Bopper
Blue Suede Shoes	Carl Perkins	Maybelline	Chuck Berry
Tutti Frutti	Little Richard	Running Bear	Johnny Preston
Born too Late	Ponti-Tails	At the Hop	Danny and the Juniors
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LIVE!

Ry's in the dark — and the pink — about all this.Pix Anton Corbijn.

He cooder been a contender — except for the shirt

Ry Cooder

Victoria Apollo

THIS IS getting predictable to the point of monotony — the way Ry Cooder shuffles over here every so often and picks up good reviews as a matter of course.

It's as predictable as that inexplicable indifference with which the public-at-large persists in greeting him. Maybe this time around, with the release of 'Borderline', the general populace will break the habit of a lifetime and acknowledge the man's existence. We can only hope. And as for the reviews, meanwhile, they continue running true to form.

But then, Cooder's a pretty predictable sort of character himself — predictably excellent, even predictably full of surprises. Tonight's Apollo show, first in his current run of UK appearances, satisfied expectations in the nicest possible way, completely living up to the atmosphere of pleasurable anticipation that you could feel surrounding the event from every street leading to the venue.

Kicking off with that delightful version of Elvis' 'Little Sister', the set ran smoothly through a beautiful selection of material, most of it emphasising the sunnier, funkier side of Cooder's diverse talents.

If there was any over-riding theme behind the bulk of the rich material on offer, then it was the vexed question of the sexes and the innumerable problems which arise in relating one to the other — 'Alimony' and 'The Girls From Texas' being just two of the more obvious examples. And, of course, '(Every Woman I Know) Crazy 'Bout An Automobile' *("and here I am standing with nothin' but a rubber heel")*. This and similar plaintive reflections were to be the evenings' keynote — one of (and no pun intended) wry humour.

No account could be complete, however, without mention of Cooder's confederates, whose supporting roles were anything but perfunctory. Backed by Darrell Verdusco on drums (described as "the shuffling Peruvian", I think), James Rollerton on bass and Jesse Harms on keyboards, he'd also enlisted the services of writer John Hiatt on guitar and vocals (Hiatt being rewarded with a lead spot of his own on 'Guilty').

In terms of attention and the crowd's affections, though, Cooder was run a very close second by his black vocal team of Willie Green Jnr and Bobby King. Aided by some slick little dance routines, the duo's vocal contributions — Green's so low as to rumble your seat, King's pure and high — were deployed to deadly effect, especially in 'Down In The Boondocks' and the encore of Sam Cooke's 'Chain Gang', and demonstrated a class of soul singing I'd feared to be extinct.

Soul, of course, is only one of the categories Ry Cooder seems to tackle with insolent ease (exemplified by the confident and brash treatment of Pickett's '634-5789'). Elsewhere the influence of Tex-Mex predominated. And everywhere there was Cooder's guitar playing, always superbly expressive. The taste with which he performs is matched only by the taste with which he chooses what to perform. The only place his taste let him down was his shirt, but let's not get sidetracked by *that*.

In total, the show presented one of those lamentably rare pairings of supreme technique with simple, spontaneous feel. The craftsmanship was never allowed to shine through in isolation from that sense of celebration. The love of music was plainly in evidence in everything the musicians played for us. And the feeling was mutual.

Paul Du Noyer

Does this mean war? asks David Belfe. Julian Cope puts on his battle dress just in case. Pix Bryn Jones.

The Teardrop Explodes

Nottingham

COMPARISONS are odious, I know, but when you've just seen the Bunnymen on tour kitted out in khaki, camouflage and clouds of dry-ice, its hard to avoid them.

The Teardrop Explodes set differs only in detail: black and white zebra-striped backdrop, dishevelled battle dress, four spots spraying up from the floor and the same storms of swirling dry-ice shot through with changing combinations of coloured light.

Which is all rather ironic, for in the Bunnymen's supposed strengths I sense their inadequacies, and in the Teardrop's weaknesses, the as yet ungrown germ of something very special.

The Teardrop are basically unfitted for that complacent, luxurious lanquor. They burst with enthusiasm, their spontaneity keeps showing like the wrong size slip. Whereas the Bunnymen calmly hand it out on a plate full of polished pearls, the Teardrops can't stop themselves shouting.

The school is the same: an intelligent attempt to take rock to its conceptual limits, with a stronger sense of self, less looking at dispiriting externals and imagination given a looser rein. It's an exploration that's clouded with a softened, impressionistic idea of mystery and with a bewildered wonder at one's place in the scheme of things.

Disappointingly the Teardrops blow their most complete exercise so far. 'Treason' is a dizzy, swooping circle of a song, but Julian Cope sings stunningly flat throughout, helplessly realising this halfway through, the keyboards blurt at inexplicably odd volumes — and the beautiful suspense and balance of one of the year's best singles is irretrievably upset.

But this is the first night of the tour, the sound mix is truly terrible and some overdone surprises in the special effects department mean standing in considerable discomfort while mingled sweat and dry-ice fall and cling like dew.

Cope conducts the proceedings, his normally rounded voice enclosing each song, telling strange stories and shouting explanations like an idiosyncratic ring-master. Restless, questing, a hearty figure in a large flying jacket and with a wooley fringe over a bluff face, he's a man bubbling with an exuberant new vision.

Beneath his tin helmet David Belfe's face reminds you of the archetypal American GI's with a voracious grin flashing on and off as he bounces behind his keyboards, rushing up to

Cope at the end to urge encores. The suave small-featured guitarist Alan Gill, is somewhat windswept by the intermittent blasts of chemical fog at his side of the stage. Behind him Eric Batchelor and Terry Bailey make an additional brass section who can't keep still.

Essentially, The Teardrop Explodes are packed with still latent possibilities, their lack of a completely firm footing leaving them intriguingly free. It's music with movement and an energetic air of optimism; a sound that incorporates elements of a soul thump and swing with lush depths and density. It's also capable of a subtle emotional delicacy and the sparing use of brass adds richer colour and a sharpened cutting edge.

At the moment everything's jumbled, with quasi-pop classics like 'Sleeping Gas,' 'Books', 'Second Hand', and the exquisite insanities of 'When I Dream' muddled with self-mockery; and yearnings for the trappings of the modern supergroup manifested themselves in an almost amateurish enthusiasm for stage props.

But the whole has a pop directness, an urge for immediacy and a necessity to communicate that by the end of the evening had the audience dancing as they had to The Beat/Police/Madness during the disco before.

If anyone's going to overcome the taint of lethargy and conceit that's staining this style and put the punch back into modern pop music, I'd give odds on the Teardrops exploding.

Lynn Hanna

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The Pretenders
Stray Cats

Hammersmith Palais

LOOKING through someone else's photo album isn't my idea of fun — nor is watching two bands beating a cowardly retreat towards the safety of rock and roll traditions.

The Pretenders these days step-off irretrievably somewhere in the early '70s, where before they once more gamely straddled the divide between '60s pop virtues and the hard rock of the period. Then, they used to create a healthy tension between Hynde's delicately poised warped love songs and the latent belligerence of the band — notwithstanding Chrissie's own predilection for leathery rock.

It was always a precarious balance and it hasn't taken much to tip the scales. And undoubtedly lengthy touring has partly dulled her songs' more sensitive qualities — along with the apparent discovery that today's broader audiences can be just as easily pleased with more conventional rock theatrix; like ostentatious displays of guitars racked up behind James Honeyman-Scott and Hynde and the drumstore clowning of Martin Chambers.

Today it's difficult evincing any feeling for the dupe of 'Tatooed Love Boys', when the song's degenerated into an easy excuse for some down-home boogying, completed with hackneyed false ending. Likewise, the garish guitar breaks in 'Private Life' and 'Kid' do little to enhance the storylines of the songs. Still, they'd probably argue that they'd be too bored with them if they didn't mess them around a little, but the slight changes bring them nothing new except an ugly swagger.

Other less familiar material fares better, like one possibly called 'Adultress', which has Hynde muttering like Mae West about some two-timer; and another Ray Davies tribute, 'Louie, Louie Has Had His Day', that works by repeating that time-worn riff. her admiration for the Kink takes a rather backhanded shape, when the band revive a trite unrecorded Davies song best left that way.

Those three are played early on — the show subsequently speeds up and falls apart conclusively by the encore of 'Watcha Gonna Do 'Bout It', featuring Steve Jones playing his customary rent-a-guitar lines. His guest appearance is little more than a final flourish, an empty gesture. So, these days, are Pretenders concerts.

The Stray Cats' plundering of the past is even more traditional, but at least it's done with a semblance of style; singer / guitarist Brian Setzer's blond cokatoo haircut is teased to exaggeration above an unnaturally shiny face, giving him the appearance of a Fireball XL5 puppet? What's this? Glamrockabilly? He croons like Sun Presley and duckwalks like Chuck Berry. Drummer Slim Jim treats his scanty kit with the respect Jerry Lee accorded his piano, and double-bassist Lee Rocker clambers all over his instrument as did Bill Haley's back-up men in *Rock Around The Clock*. Their originals sound old (as in "authentic") outside occasional contemporary hints in 'Rumble In Brighton', though that's something of a hardy perennial.

The Stray Cats are young enough to make it all feel fresh, thereby avoiding the revivalist fervour of their English counterparts. But music about as modern as traditional folk to most of the ears it's finding these days deserves a similar unfussy archive setting faraway from mass scrutiny — and, hopefully, me.

Chris Bohn

Mummy, can I have an Ice-Queen? Pic: Kevin Cummins.

More repeats. Pic Pennie Smith.

In one era and out of the other

Take these chains from . . . Pic Laura Levine.

Burning Spear
Full Hand

Roslyn

LYING, as it does, in the midst of that vast and mostly white suburb called Long Island, it's always surprising to find My Father's Place overflowing with dreads and dawters; certainly the most rootsy and colourful assemblage you're likely to seen in these parts.

As it is, the New York City kids regularly get their car pools together and show up for the reggae night, turning what is usually a somewhat staid nightclub into a smoky, pulsating dance. And it's one of the few places to present good live reggae, with the advertised artists really turning up, and without there being any evil in the air.

Full Hand are yet another New York reggae band managing to be almost OK but not quite making it. Their rhythm section has the sound of trained musicians playing a beat they have memorised rather than instinctively felt: they're technically correct but the feeling is just not there. They did have a great, highly spirited sax player; but one man can't save a band.

It was strange to shift gears from the functional to the sublime: what Winston Rodney, or Burning Spear, did this night was magic, a spell. I was in a trance (and not from herb) from the force of communication that worked outside of the usual channels of mind and meaning. Spear has a voice that cuts straight to the heart.

Technically he is a limited singer. His voice is raspy, smoke-choked and coarse. But it has authority and power not measured by volume or range. It is full of mystery, depth and conviction.

It matters little whether or not you care about Marcus Garvey (a recurring obsession of Spear's) or about Africa (either as a continent or a metaphor), because although Spear's songs are lyrically substantial what we are dealing with here is *soul*. The communication person to person of deep, universal emotions; sometimes they're tied to but ultimately unencumbered by politics or ideology: *real soul music*. If you feel it you know it, whatever your beliefs, whoever you worship.

The Jamaican seven-piece band Spear has with him (drums, bass, two guitars, sax, keyboards and congas) are excellent. They're sensitive and swinging, perfectly on Spear's wavelength. They follow his leads, reflecting in changing tones of heat and cool each nuance of shading of his singing.

Spear's physical movements are relatively subdued, with only a few forays into that athletic, prancing and locks-flashing style of which he is capable. Mostly, he stands still and concentrates on the emotion of his singing. He sings from so deep and dark and bright a place I could have cried — or shouted and screamed.

Several of the songs from his most recent album, 'Hail H.I.M.' are the strongest moments: 'African Teacher', 'African Postman', 'Cry Blood Africa', become not so much tunes as sermons and extended meditations, full of yearning and the promise of triumph. Older and more familiar tunes like 'Marcus Garvey', 'The Sun' and 'Slavery Days' stay closely to their recorded, sometimes definitive versions; Spear seems almost afraid to tamper with his hits too much.

Out of limited resouces Spear works an incredible feat of intimacy and empathy. If I had to finger how he does it, I'd say it is that his performance is powered by his belief, the depth of his conviction. The intensity of a fool? Perhaps, but these words are meant to judge a performance, not the beliefs that performance is meant to convey.

As a performer, Spear is almost unrivalled. I don't really know what he's thinking as he stands there with his eyes closed; I'd like to think he's recalling the suffering of every slave that ever lived, and that inside he hears them all singing.

Richard Grabel

Unchained melodies

Siouxsie And The Banshees

Belfast

SUCH AMORAL maskplay, such an interminable racket . . . such a waste of time, money and energy.

Siouxsie And The Banshees (guitarist John McGeoch, bassist Steve Severin and drummer Budgie) descend the stairs at the back of the stage like four fragile rag-dolls with nothing to do or say, save what can be cloaked in the contrived collages they pass off as songs, distorted by their playing and obliterated by feedback. Their performance reeks of supercilious detachment and artistic pretensions of the most unforgivable kind.

I last saw the Banshees in Belfast a year ago on what turned out to be their final gig before the departure of Kenny Morris and John McKay. That night the non-arrival of their PA and the internal conflict were proferred as excuses for the shambolic set they delivered. This time there's no such excuses, but the revamped line-up and the new material from 'Kaleidoscope' show the Banshees have magnified their shortcomings and trapped themselves in a corner out of which they're going to find it very hard to escape.

Two soundmen — one at the side of the stage, the other at the back of the hall — give the impression they're here to sabotage the show as the mix is a disastrous murk. The group open with a ludicrous version of 'Helter Skelter' — the excruciating sound of rats clawing inside the head. McGeoch spends most of the number with his back to the audience cranking out a torturous scrawl of treble under which Siouxsie screams and rants; taking the song at breakneck speed, her voice is hard to hear, the lyrics indistinguishable. As such it sets the mood, tone and pace for the remainder of the set.

The group possess an uncanny knack for making people stand still, and the reaction they create can be summed up in the lyrics of 'Switch': *"People walk and then they talk / People listen, then they balk."* That's all there is to do; despite ambitions and claims to have opened new and adventurous ways of communication, the Banshees are a receptacle for the most sterile and cliched ideas and posing imaginable. Their songs convey absolutely nothing; though they display a tiresome predilection for "freaky" themes, they never take sides or try to make a moral statement. That's the least one expects from a group so obsessed with subjects like insanity, personality confusion and paranoia. But then when you can't hear the words there wouldn't be much point anyway.

Their sound can be little more than a globule or two away from the very worst Heavy Metal. How a guitarist like McGeoch, who showed himself capable of some fresh and worthwhile playing on 'The Correct Use Of Soap' got roped into all this nonsense I'll never know. It's an endless assault on the eardrums, most songs are rendered indistinguishable and qualities like colour, mood and texture are non-existent.

For all Sioux's chic Red Indian gear and her cohorts cultivation of the concerned - young - men - in - the - '80s with hair falling neatly in their eyes, they could as easily be Rainbow or The Ramones onstage. The only time they relent is for the comparatively sprightly 'Christine' and the jolly 'Happy House', People actually dance and shout for 'Hong Kong Garden' (which just shows how unpopular the group's album material is). Naturally, they don't play their first hit single and become the first group I've ever seen in Belfast not to get an encore.

One of the reasons Siouxsie And The Banshees got involved in music in the first place was to extend the bounds of mass consumption. That may sound a laudable aim, but what it amounts to now is that they've given themselves a licence to churn out lazy self-indulgent tripe, and with the financial backing of a major record company they can insult audiences all over the country. What jolly clever people!

All the well worn lines of criticism regarding the group's lack of emotion, the one-dimensional nature of their music and the gaudy glorification of their songs, still hold firm. These days they're even more apt as the group rely on their abysmal past and head into a purposeless future.

The black witch and her three helpers dream up a world where Charles Manson rubs shoulders with a girl suffering from 26 extra personalities and ladies are mutilated in plastic surgery operations that go wrong. They provide the perfect soundtrack to stop you from caring.

Gavin Martin

Now over to Joe in the Nationwide studio . . .

Joe Jackson's famous Bob Langley impersonation. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Joe Jackson Band

Belfast

BEFORE the performance I was watching telly — news, views, cultural hiccups and the sort of trite topics they serve up everywhere at teatime, I'm sure. Anyway, on came Mr Jackson with a few gooty grins and the usual embarrassing and evasive answers to the interviewer's questions. Despairingly, I retuned my set to find an equally evasive and embarrassing *Nationwide* presenter looking like an older, plumper Joe Jackson.

The likeness goes further as in many ways Joe represents a rock'n'roll equivalent of Mr Langley, with his Jack-of-all-trades-master-of-none image. Joe's forever sorting through a whole range of subjects that are the counter culture's main concerns, and dealing with them politely, at times superficially and with varying effectiveness.

Not that this is altogether a bad thing; Jackson's diversity is more exploratory than opportunist, and there's a lot more conviction and sincerity in his efforts than in most of rock'n'roll. I like him because he realises that most of this industry and its music stink, but at the same time he takes it seriously enough to try and inject his own work with straightforward honesty.

Joe Jackson is now at the stage in his career where he has to put up or shut up. It's the third album syndrome and that LP, 'Beat Crazy' is the basis for the bulk of this evening's entertainment. And, to tell the truth, it's his most musically derivative and lyrically mealy-mouthed collection so far. Not that this will detract from Jackson's considerable commercial potential, as was proven by a packed Ulster Hall.

The show starts with the dodgy, melodramatic ballad 'One To One' with just Joe and his old Joanna copping some support from drummer Dave Houghton. This hippy nonsense reminds me of 'I Don't Like Mondays' and Bob Geldof; but maybe the crap made the sugar taste sweeter because in comparison 'I'm The Man' — with belting dance rhythm, punching chorus and its magnificent mad-eyed manifesto — seems like the best thing they do all night.

It is the Joe Jackson Band in prime form, stripping the rock song down to its basic structure and pulverising a first class dance tune from taut dynamics and a furious inner chemistry. It's the same area that songs like 'The Evil Eye' and 'Biology' come from, but they are very ordinary and lack the same flair and power of 'I'm The Man'.

Jackson appeals to this audience, and it's easy to see why. He comes on as the sort of bloke who'd be a real crack over a few pints with the funny faces he pulls and witty raps with the audience. He's the perfect companion to make you forget the strains and tensions at the office, college or school. Aware of how his audience see him, Jackson tries to put other aspects across as well — not always with the same success, however.

For example, he introduces 'Biology' as a song about sex, and as such it's greeted with massive cheers. Somewhat taken aback, Jackson murmurs, "Fuckin' hell," makes a crude stagger, fumbles lawdly at his trouser buttons, while giving the assembled throng a typical raincoat leer. Thankfully, he didn't produce anything else; sadly nor did the song. It's little more than a standard *I've-got-the-hots-cause-I've-got-the-hots-and-baby-you're-gonna-get-it-from-me* — very much heavy panting and sweating palms, a far cry from the usual measured Jackson love song.

He can write about love relationships expertly; 'It's Different For Girls' proves that. But that particular song and its dialogue of cold/angry sexual confusion becomes something of a red herring when its given airy choirboy harmonies from Dave Houghton and bassist Graham Maby.

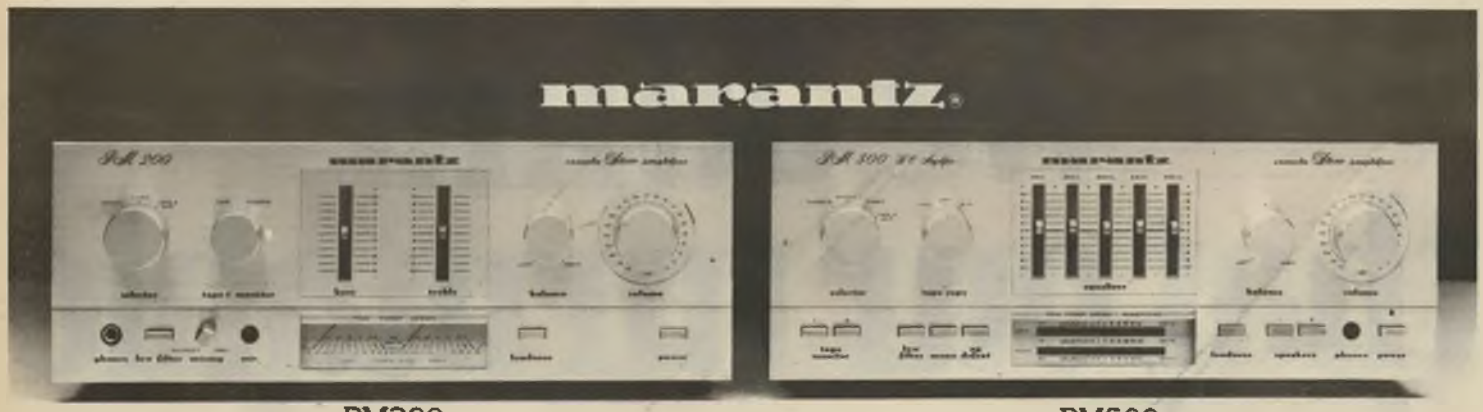
If the group came close to disappearing on that one, then they became extremely overbearing during 'On Your Radio', their solos pointless, flabby and predictable guestures. Bassist Maby is at the forefront in the song structure and soundmix, presenting a maze of uncontrolled pulses. And Sanford's guitar is just too much of a muchness, tending to be rudimentary and uninspiring.

At the end of it all I have the impression of a fairly good orthodox rock band, tired with their own ordinary nature and trying to venture to fresher pastures while still keeping a grip on the audience. Often it seems as though they can't stand up for falling backwards and spreading themselves too thinly in various areas.

As a writer Jackson is no longer walking tightropes, but getting hogtied by trying to comment on everything in sight. Certainly the new songs lack the spontaneity of the superlative 'I'm The Man' album.

Still — I bet Bob Langley doesn't have these sort of problems.

Gavin Martin



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Norman H. Field, Hurst Street, Birmingham.
Nutsound, 376 Edgware Road, London W2.
Oldrids Limited, 11-17 Strait Bargate, Boston, Lincs.
Owens Radio & T.V., 38 Station Road, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.
P & A Audio, 63 Liverpool Road, Crosby, Liverpool.
Photosound Vantage, 13 Devolls Lane, Bishops Stortford, Herts.
Quadraphenia, 10 Nursery Street, Sheffield, Yorks.
Radford Hi Fi Ltd., 52/4 Gloucester Road, Bristol, Avon.
Radiocraft Sonus, 251/253 Cowbridge Road East, Canton, Cardiff.
Ray Electrical, 287 High Street, Cheltenham, Glos.
R.E.W., 230 Tottenham Court Road, London WC1.
Richer Sound & Vision Ltd., 2 London Bridge Walk, London SE1 2SX.
Rush Hi-Fi, 6 Cornhill Precinct, Chelmsford, Essex.
Simons Hi-Fi, 185 Tottenham Court Road, London W1.
St. Ives Audio. 40 The Broadway, St. Ives, Cam
Sevenoaks Hi-Fi, 118 London Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.
Sovirco Hi-Fi, 35 Alexandra Road, Windsor, Berks.
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Stamford Hi-Fi, 9 Red Lion Sq., Stamford, Lincs.
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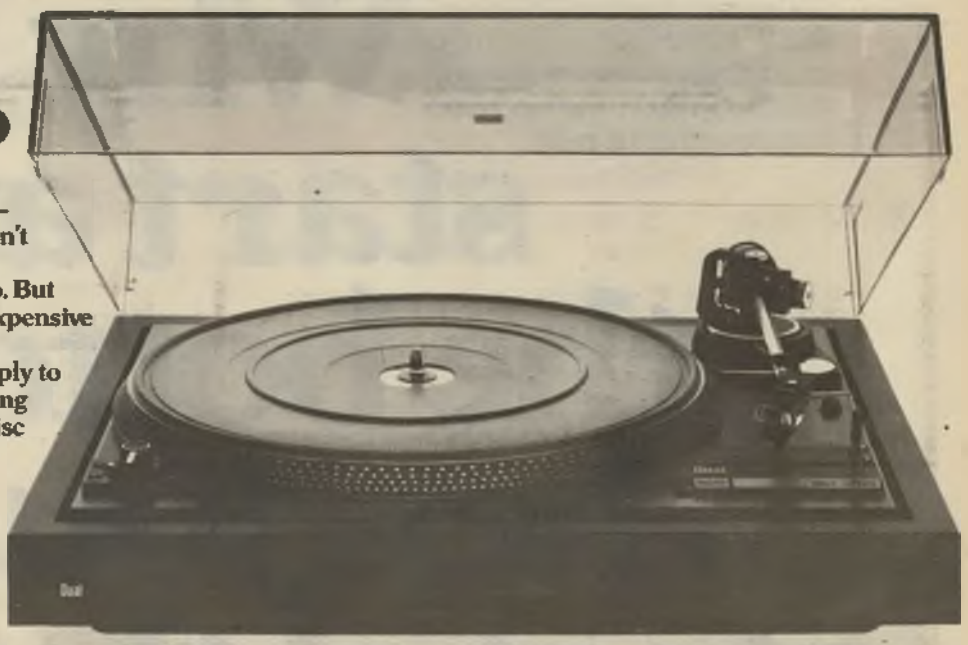

Our Dual CS 505 turntable looks good – but so do a lot of other turntables. Looks aren't a reliable guide to quality.

And at around £75 it isn't exactly cheap. But again, you've probably already found that expensive doesn't always mean good.

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Or, for further information on the CS 505 turntable, fill in the coupon and post it to us today.

Dual

Please send me details of the CS 505 turntable.

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NME1/11

HAYDEN

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Telephone: Gerrards Cross 88447.

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

Do auto facilities always possess more vices than virtues? Bernard Futter thinks not and offers as evidence the Dual semi-auto CS 505 turntable.

The Dual CS 505 turntable.

TURNTABLES offering any kind of auto facility have generally had a bad press from hi-fi purists. By 'auto', I'm not referring to those "stack 'em up eight at a time units", but types featuring auto pickup arm cueing and/or lift off.

The role of a pickup arm should ideally be passive i.e. simply to hold the pickup cartridge over the record whilst the stylus tracks the groove, without introducing extraneous forces of its own. Many people believe that the extra mechanical linkage necessary with an auto facility works against this objective. Still, there is one manufacturer whose products have invariably been exempt from this censure — Dual of Germany. Reliability has always been synonymous with the Dual name and obviously owes much to the fact that over 95% of turntable components are made in house, together with rigorous quality control procedures.

Dual's UK distributors, Hayden Laboratories, sent us along their newest offering, the semi-auto CS 505, which sells at around £70. It breaks with tradition in not coming prefitted with a cartridge. As the pickup arm in Dual designs is always to a high — standard, I thought it would be revealing to pair the CS505 with the NAD 9000 cartridge. This is a moving coil design which is a bit more arm fussy than a more conventional moving magnet type. Generally, with a budget turntable, you are restricted in the crucial area of choice of pickup cartridge to the cheaper ranges. However if your deck's got a good arm you can invest more heavily on a better cartridge like the £60 NAD 9000.

In appearance, the CS505 looks smart with its low profile and all black livery. The plinth is unashamedly moulded plastic which is a bit of a let-down but to be expected in this price range. Far better that money is spent on the more important areas than on cosmetics. The CS505 employs the tried and trusted belt drive system which is reliable, economical to produce and resilient. Belt drives are now generally ackowledged as providing a better sonic performance than the more sophisticated direct drives. The two speeds, 33⅓/45rpm are selected by a rotary switch on the left hand side of the platter. This also doubles as a pitch control within a speed range of +/- 3%, useful only if you're that rare animal with perfect pitch. There are stroboscopic markings on the edge of the platter but you have to provide the light source (a/c) separately in order to check speed accuracy. The cueing device lever, positioned sensibly near the headshell, was found to be very positive wih just the right speed of descent and no lateral drift. The tone arm is of the straight line type which offers rigidity and low mass. Further, the bearings are claimed to be much superior to competitive brands in this price bracket. As with other Dual decks the arm is dynamically balanced and applying the correct cartridge playing weight and bias compensation, is simply accomplished. What does take longer is the tedious business of mounting and aligning the cartridge. Dual elected to utilise a push-in cartridge carrier rather than the more usual detachable headshell.

The saving in mass of not having a locking collar necessary with a separate headshell obviously seems like a good idea in theory However, the extra aggro of aligning and then mating the carrier into the underneath of the fixed "unseen" is something I wouldn't care to do too often. Still as this will be a once-only operation with most people, I guess it can be terned a semi practical way of having an interchangeable cartridge option!

As stated, the CS505 is a semi auto unit. Moving the arm away from the rest towards the platter energizes the motor. It's then necessary to position the cartridge over the run-in groove and push the cue lever to the 'down' position. At the end of the record the motor stops and the arm is immediately raised. The arm can then be moved back to its rest in safety, the cueing lever being held in the 'up' position. I had some misgiving about the auto stop facility in that it would seem a more sensible arrangement from a stylus wear viewpoint for the arm to be lifted from the record *before* the platter stopped. In practice though, things did seem to work well and the arm does lift almost simultaneously when the platter stops. The arm is certainly as good as Dual claim and no problems were experienced with the NAD 9000 cartridge. There was never the slightest suggestion of any mistracking. This is a very creditable performance given the potentially awkward nature of a moving coil unit like the NAD 900. This augurs well for the CS 505's compatibility with a wide range of cartridges.

Over the week or so that it was in pretty regular use the CS 505 acquitted itself with distinction. All functions worked excellently and the above average arm means that a turntable change may be unnecessary when considering a major system upgrade in the future. The CS 505 is only some £15 more expensive than the next tier down of competent Japanese turntables with their inherent cartridge compatibility limitations and, as such, it must be considered superb value for money.

For further details contact Hayden Laboratories, Hayden House, Churchfield Road, Chalfont St Peter, Bucks.

IEP 12

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NME X-PRESS WORD

ACROSS
1 Teardrop's sermon from the mount!
5 See 22
7 Descriptive of a commercial strain of reggae exemplified by 'Silly Games' (6,4)
10 Blond-haired '60s Brit rocker; initially fronted The Tornadoes
12 Soho Square's answer (heh heh) to Blondie: where's our free camera? (3,6)
13 Band you might find in a quarry!
15 First name of 13 across frontliner
16 Not any old Joe
17 and 30 Jam single
18 Lou Reed album produced by Bowie
22 and 5 across Headless sow explosion!
24 Hammy '60s pop performer who used to make his stage entrance from a coffin (4,5)
25 Ska vet currently signed to Stiff (7,6)
27 Famous R&B label with red and yellow logo
29 Page or Paisley
30 See 17
31 'Midnight At The ——'

DOWN
1 A case for Thin Lizzy (6,2,3,5)
2 Dai Edmunds' old band (4,9)
3 A 2-Tone 2nd instalment (4,8)
4 Label that's not all it's cracked up to be
5 League human (4,5)
6 Madness' tribute to a JA legend (3,5)
8 Inhuman Numan LP
9 Stevens of 'Buddah Can You Spare A Chocolate Box' or something similar
11 British R&B veteran currently attempting a comeback (4,5)
14 Ditto first part of above; made No 1 this year after a fashion
19 Celebrated Manchester independent
20 Singer who replaced Paul Jones in Manfred Mann (4,4)
21 Midge Ure's previous resting place (4,4)
23 Eugene and his small sister united in pomp-rock outfit!
26 Duke of
28 'Bollocks' track or record giant

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Special Brew'; 8 'Penny (Lane)'; 9 Crystals; 10 Springsteen (springs teen); 12 Third (World); 14 Costello; 15 Rio; 16 Eric Carmen; 17 Doors (some do-ct-ors); 18 Thin (Lizzy); 19 (Third) World; 20 Lenny Bruce; 22 'Aja'; 24 'Lucky (Number)'; 25 NME (entertaiNMEnt); 26 Troggs; 27 Gig (gig-gle); 28 '(Lucky) Number'; 29 Ant.
DOWN: 1 'She's So Cold'; 2 'Empires And Dance'; 3 Ian Anderson; 4 Rocket; 5 Kiss (anag. of skis); 6 RSG; 7 Pauline Murray; 11 Sylvester; 12 Toyah Wilcox (anag. Why tax Oil Co.); 13 Damned; 15 Rick Nielsen; 20 '(Penny) Lane'; 21 (David) Byrne; 23 'Amigo'.

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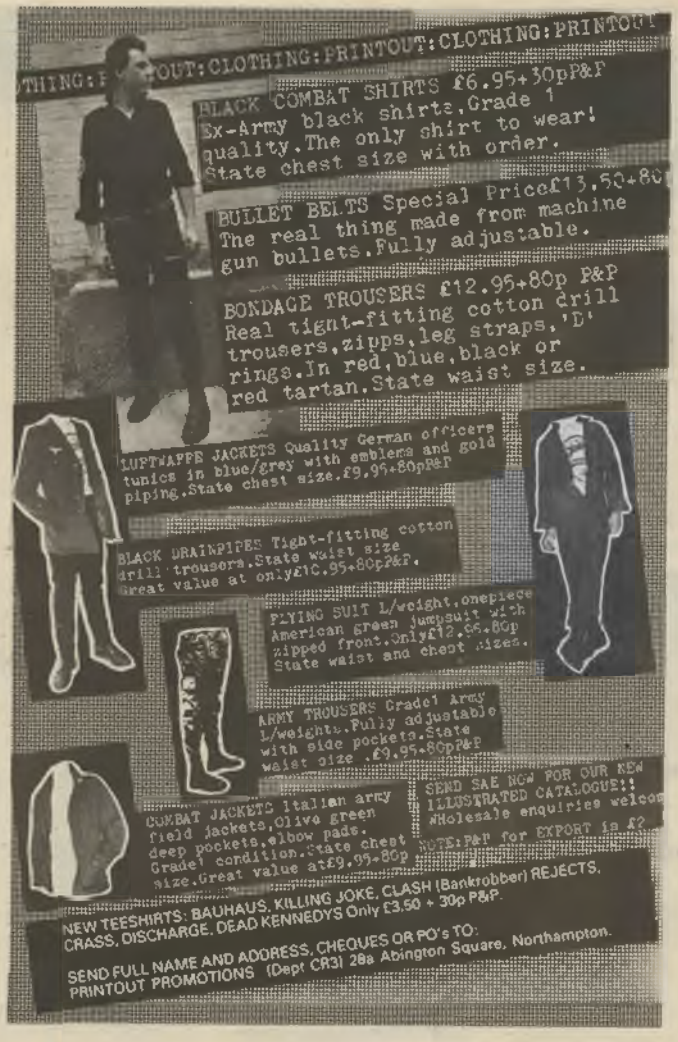

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INFORMATION CITY

By Fred Dellar

COULD you manage to list all the Vibrators' singles and albums and provide dates of release etc?

G. WHEEL, Romford

● The first Vibrators' single, 'We Vibrate'/'Whips And Furs' emerged on Rak 245 in November, 1976, and was recorded at the same time as Chris Spedding's 'Pogo Dancing'/'The Pose' (Rak 246), which also featured the Vibes. Following one more Rak release, 'Bad Time'/'No Heart' (Rak 253, April 1977), the band switched to Epic Records, their first single for their new label being 'Baby, Baby'/'Into The Future' (SEPC 5302) which arrived in May 1977, to be followed a month later by a debut album, 'Pure Mania' (EPC 82097). This was remixed for America and came out there bearing two very different versions of 'Sweet Sweetheart' and 'Bad Time'. A live version of 'London Girls' backed with 'Stiff Little Fingers' emerged next (Epic SEPC 5585, August 1977), a special version being pressed up for D.J.s only, bearing both live and studio versions of 'London Girls'. Two singles were released during the following year — 'Automatic Lover'/'Destroy' (SEPC 6137, February 1978) and 'Judy Says'/'Pure Mania' (SEPC 6393, June 1978) along with a second album in 'V.2' (EPC 82495, March 1978). Then came a freeze with Epic, with the result that no Vibrators records graced the racks in '79, the band later turning up on the Rat Race label with 'Gimme Some Lovin'/'Powercry' (RAT 2, February 1980) and 'Disco In Moscow'/'Take A Chance' (RAT 4, May 1980). In recent months the band has kept on gigging though nothing new has appeared on vinyl, the Vibrators only other release being 'Batteries Included' (CBS 31840), a compilation album at mid-price, which came out last June.

Pic: Robert Ellis

This pic, taken some three years ago, shows a vibrator depicting, with uncanny accuracy, the ultimate fate of his band.

ALTHOUGH I have written five times, you have never printed my request for information on a book which analyses the lyrics of Bob Dylan. Could you get around to it this time?

MIKE NORMAN, E. Grinstead

● Oh great holy rollers! Here's another misguided soul on the black diamond express to nowhere, looking for hidden meanings where often none exist. And if they do, then Dylan's the only one who really knows and he's not talking. "I do know what my songs are about," he once told a *Playboy* reporter, who fell for the trap and asked "What's that?" getting his come-uppance with the reply "Some are about four minutes, some are about five minutes and some, believe it or not, are about eleven or twelve!" Just as there are abstract paintings, so too there are abstract writings — which can arouse their own particular emotions without being specific about anything in particular. Nevertheless, if you want one man's verdict on the less explicit portion of Dylan's art then you might try Michael Gray's *Song And Dance Man*, published by Granada Books in 1972. Finally, a Dylan quote from an interview he did with *Sing Out's* John Cohen and Happy Traum in 1968: "It's like this painter who lives around here — he paints the area in a radius of 20 miles, he paints bright strong pictures. He might take a barn from 20 miles away and hook it up with a brook right next door, then with a car 10 miles away, and with the sky on some certain day and the light on the trees from another certain day. A person passing will be painted alongside someone 10 miles away. And in the end he'll have this composite picture of something which you can't say exists in his mind. It's not that he started off wilfully painting this picture from all his experience. . .That's more or less what I do."

A FEW weeks ago, I came across a couple of albums by The Alan Parsons Project. I've tried to buy more records but nobody up here seems to have heard of them. Could you provide a complete list of their albums and tell me how the group started out?

MALC HOWARD, Dunfermline.

● So nobody in Dunfermline has heard of Alan Parsons, the man who's got more gold and platinum pancakes than Jerry Dammers has gaps in his choppers?

If you're sitting comfortably, I'll explain that Parsons started out as an EMI studio assistant and tape op, working on such intriguing little items as 'Let It Be' and 'Abbey Road', eventually becoming a fully fledged knob twiddler on various discs by McCartney, The Hollies and Pink Floyd, his engineering work on 'Dark Side Of The Moon', gaining him a Grammy nomination. Parsons then became a producer, working with Cockney Rebel, Pilot, John Miles, Ambrosia and Al Stewart, his efforts helping the latter gain a platinum worsit for 'Year Of The Cat.'

In '76 he moved on yet again, teaming with lyricist/keyboardist Eric Woolfson to form The Alan Parsons Project, bringing employment to a number of sessionmen and guest vocalists. The Project's initial album release was 'Tales Of Mystery And Imagination' (Charisma DCS 4003), a musical interpretation of various Edgar Allan Poe creepies. Since that time, there have been four publicly released albums through Arista — 'I Robot' (SPARTY 1012 — 1977), 'Pyramid' (SPARTY 1054 — 1978) 'Eve' (SPART 1100 — 1979) and 'Turn Of A Friendly Card' (DALRT 1 — 1980) plus a promotional boxed-set 'The Alan Parsons Project' (Arista SP68), a media-only release that contains the first three Arista albums plus two extra albums on which Parsons talks about his work, illustrating various points with extracts from records made with The Beatles, Hollies, John Miles, Al Stewart and others.

And while Parsons has become a tax-exile, Dunfermline F.C. continue their battle to remain in the nether regions of Scotland's Division One (which is really their Division Two!). Life's so unfair at times, isn't it Malc?

SOME while ago, you answered a letter on Elvis and mentioned a book by Paul Litcher called *The Boy Who Dared To Rock*. Could you provide the name of the publisher and tell me when the book first appeared? Also, you mentioned an album titled 'The Legend Lives On' — could you provide details?

SIMON BISHOP, Roborough, N. Devon.

● Lichter's book was published in the States by Doubleday-Delphin in 1978. It can be obtained in this country through clued-up bookshops such as Compendium, 234 Camden High Street, London NW1. 'The Legend Lives On' is a bootleg which Lichter claims is "the best Elvis LP released in the '70s". Apparently the sound quality is excellent, the tracks including 'What'd I Say', 'Can't Help Falling In Love', 'It's Over', 'Big Hunk O' Love', 'It's Impossible', 'The Impossible Dream' (all recorded Vegas, 1972), 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' (studio, June 5, 1970), 'Yesterday', 'Hey Jude', 'Happy Birthday', 'In The Ghetto', 'Suspicious Minds' (Vegas, 1969) plus a cut on which Elvis talks about his career. In the States, Presley boots seems to be sold quite openly, in fact there's a guy called Victor Semmel of 71 W. 47th St., Dept. 4, New York NY10036, who takes out whole page ads in the truly wonderful *Goldmine* collectors' magazine in order to flog such items as 'Rockin' With Elvis On April Fool's Day', 'Unfinished Business', 'Born To Rock', and The Southern Gentlemen'. He even quotes a phone number — (212) 582-0386 and claims that he has the largest illustrated Elvis catalogue in the world, which he will send seamail to Europe for two dollars or airmail for three!

I have recently come into possession of a copy of 'Graham Parker, Live At Marble Arch'. Is this a bootleg? If not, how much is it worth?

JOE HALL, Cork

● 'Live At Marble Arch', a Nick Lowe production, was originally sent to members of the media only, Phonogram heralding it as an 'official' bootleg, though I suspect there are no unofficial copies in existence. Pricewise, I have no idea of its value, though I'd imagine you'd be lucky to get more than a tenner for a copy!

MORE PLATTERS

NOT THE 9 O'CLOCK NEWS... ALBUM AVAILABLE NOW

STAGE INVASIONS

AND OTHER FAST BREEDERS MELT DOWN THE LETTERS PAGE

I was going to write a Bag letter but now I'm on the page, in front of millions of readers, I'm all shy.
Captain John Man.
Lot of use you are. Next? — CSM.

Lookee here, mates. The Specials need support if they are not to succumb to the same fate as Sham. You state that the tour has had no bovver prior to Cambridge. This ain't true. The night before, at Brunel, they and the audience had a lot of hassle at the hands of the British Movement. Herewith follows a report from my trusty tape machine of exactly what occurred:—

1. Support band are bottled and canned continually, but finish their set.
2. Specials come on, and play three numbers, each greeted by cans and chants of "Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil" from about 20 or so BM louts at the front.
3. Third number ends. "Sieg Heil" chants continue.
4. Terry Hall:— "I'd like to tell you something. I don't know if you've noticed or anything but as a band, the Specials, we don't tolerate people who shout 'Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil'. We think they're wankers. OK?"
5. BM:— "Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil etc."
6. Specials: "Do you wanna come up here and have it out one to one?"
7. BM:— "Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil etc."
8. Specials: ". . . (muffled) . . . We aren't having these wankers in the hall. . . . . (muffled) . . . just help us get the fuckers out of this hall."
9. Band dive into audience in direction of BM, locate them and start to drive them out.
10. BM turn and flee smashing through the audience with boots, clubs and bottles. Mass screams of panic as audience disperses. Specials and some of audience hurtle past, driving thugs right out of the hall door. Band return to stage, audience creeps out of the corners. Massed chants of "Specials, Specials".
11. Specials: "I want you to know actions speak louder than fucking words."
12. More cheering in response as band start to pick up their equipment. The whole incident took about a minute and a half.
13. Specials: "Just one more thing. We are a pop group not a fucking political party. We play music together as a band (unclear)."
14. More muffled comments from Neville, then the band start into 'Stupid Marriage'. Rest of the gig goes off very well, very peacefully, and a good time is had by all. At the end about 60 kids get on the stage; this doesn't bother the band who move onto a higher stage behind and carry on playing. (Note to Colin of Newcastle: it was a great sight — there was no big headed strutting going down, just dancing.)
15. Band finish with three encores. But will the BM be waiting for them outside? Or will the word get around, and they'll be waiting at the next gig?

This was an act of extreme bravery. No false nobility, just guts to stand up for what they believe. No other band has acted so directly to deal with this menace; Sham tried to, but once JP's bouncers left him, they gave up and tried to pretend nothing was happening. He ended up blaming 'the kids', the very kids he'd claimed to support. This view was upheld in the music press, nowhere in your hallowed pages did anyone actually try to face up to what was really going down until it was too late. Result: the BM won out and closed down the band while all the wanky liberals stood by with their ANL buttons saying nothing. Now it's happening again. At Cambridge you report that it's just down to the yobs, and CSM talks of 'the usual stupid rumours' that the right wing are gonna mash the gig. While you play your electric violin, mate, the BM are still burning.

I had two choices after that gig. One was to keep quiet and hope it all goes away, lest publicity makes it worse for the Specials. The other was to let you know the truth, so that people can start preparing to be supportive towards the Specials, Swining Cats etc, in whatever form is needed. In the light of Cambridge, the first choice is out.

You claim to be a paper that sees music as a part of the real things that happen in life, and not escapist entertainment per se. But all you do is present lengthy ponderous political articles plus music articles. When both combine, or when politics actually leaves the realm of arid theory and enters everyday life at the gut level and demands action, you look the other way.

Is this because you work for IPC and not *NME?* Or is your political overlay just so much trendy noises to gain readers that strip away to reveal an attitude to music as no different from those at *MM* or *Snouds?*

It's a long letter, but I hope you'll print it just to inform your readers if nowt else of what really happens in the music world rather than maintain the kind of cover up that you expect of the straight press.

Where are you now, Mick Farren?!! Your past, present and future reader, and always the optimist.
The Deaf Buffalo, London W5.
Personal stuff first: I'd received a tip-off that 250 West London BM skins had been assembled to cause a ruck, and — not being a violence groupie — I was relieved to discover that the tip-off was inaccurate. At no point did I suggest that these people don't represent a real threat. More generally: the whole point of running these 'lengthy ponderous political articles' in *NME* is to emphasise the fact that Trident missiles and Toyah Wilcox exist in the same world and both are a part of the world that *NME* is here to report. Farren? He's in New York. Sands his love, though. — CSM.

Jesus wants me for a Sunbeam, and a Toyota, and a Granada and a Mini Metro and a Rover . . .
Rufus O'Dinger, New Barnet.
Jesus wanted you for the Edsel as well. Where were you? — CSM.

Last week I purchased the new Python 'Contractual Obligation' album, immediately putting it on and laughing out loud to the various songs and sketches. Really pleased with my purchase I then sat down to read *NME*. By the time my hands were only slightly covered in newsprint I spotted Danny Baker's review of the album — and this is where the problem starts. Having read the said review I decided to listen to the album again, eventually agreeing with DB — a very sickly joke or an album of 'forced' humour; but then I pondered over the fact that had I not shelled out for *NME* that week I would still be convinced that the album was a classic. Is this yet another mistake of the power of the press (DB in particular) or am I gullible?
Pete Webb, Oldham, Worcs.
You're just gullible. Either that or you're prepared to let us spoil your fun without a fight. The following correspondents are slightly more assertive. — CSM.

Before he writes another smug heard-it-all-so-many-times-before review (Graham Parker and the Rumour at the Hammersmith Palais, *NME 18.10.80*) Paul Morley might bear in mind that not all of us get the chance to be as 'fresh' and modern in our tastes as him. Living miles from a record shop that's even heard of them, it is not easy for me to become, like Paul, a proud friend of the Au Pairs (much as I feel I would like to, having read his article). And have you tried buying 'Playboy' socks in Horsham? To my 'old fashioned' ears Parker's songs still sound full of honest feeling and energy and as I haven't seen the band for a year I *do* need you to tell me what songs they played, just as you told me what songs the Au Pairs play, though the titles as yet mean nothing to me.
The 19th Century Boy wearing old school socks, Horsham, Sussex.

First 'Zenyatta Mondatta' and now 'The River'. Who's bright idea was it to let Julie Burchill review two of the most important and long ng awaited albums of the year? These albums should have been reviewed by people who know and understand what type of music these artists produce, and not by someone who seems to relish the prospect of furthering their own 'rebelious image'. It does a paper of your standing no good at all to be associated with the kind of opinions put forward by Ms. Burchill and it appears that members of your staff agree, ie. Nick Kent in his 'Borderline' review. It seems to me that the *NME* — by allowing Ms. Burchill into print — is alienating itself from reality and turning its back on the people who have read and supported it through the years.
Mr P Dunstan, Fairwater, Cardiff.
Ah, reality, that fragile web . . . anyway quite a lot of 'the people who have read and supported *NME* through the years' have done so precisely because *NME* is associated with the kind of opinions represented by Burchill, Parsons, Penman, Morley and other controversial young firebrands. — CSM.

MAIL YOUR HOT WASTES TO US FOR REPROCESSING AT GASBAG, NME, 5–7 CARNABY STREET, LONDON W1V 1PG

GASBAG

RE: Julie Burchill's review of the new Bruce Springsteen platter. I really do think that Ms Burchill has a somewhat distorted view of Springsteen fans and music fans in general. Now I've got all of Springsteen's albums (bully for me), so doubtless that makes me a 'fan' (yes, Julie, "Independence Day" is magnificent), but never have I spent an evening discussing the guy's merits and I won't waste the rest of my life bemoaning a lost youth (age is just a state of mind, and better youth is gotten over I say). Of course I've read the lyrics and have subsequently noted the dim view Brucie takes of women — if that sounds patronising I don't mean it to. But the point at issue is that Springsteen's music is *feel* music, and I don't mean of the groping variety. Like Nick Kent said about Tom Waits, the essence of Springsteen is the sheer physical and emotional charge to be gained from his music. It sure as damn 'lifts' me, just as bands as diverse as The Passage and The Jam lift me. With the 'down' songs, "The River", "Stolen Car", et al, Springsteen does not present his scenarios for the listen to wallow in and get all self pitying. These songs are clearly an indictment and a recommendation for something better. When you're down the only way of making life tolerable is to romanticize the condition and pretend you're not. But this doesn't mean that by so doing the possibility of ever getting 'up' again is prohibited. There's no Springsteen fan I know who wouldn't admit that he's not without faults, but listening to "The River" makes me think that he's more alive than 99% of all those other artistes currently flaunting their homespun philosophies in the name of enlightenment.
Chris Shaw, Leicester.

Thank you, Nick Kent. You alone have had the integrity to case aside professional nicities and attack in print Burchill's malicious trashing of 'The River'. I could have written pages indignantly slagging off this most cynical and twisted of music press journalists, but I was beaten to the punch (thanks Runt: *Gasbag* 18th October) I believe that any further contemplation of her would be a waste of my time, and (in the unlikely event that this letter is published) your column space. Thank you again, Nick — you have restored my faith in responsible critics.
Alan, Glasgow.
Ah yes, sedate, uncontroversial Nick Kent. — CSM.

Nick Kent's 'Borderline' insomnia-cure appeared on the same page as Andy Gill's skilful hatchet-job, which disposed of some hollow piece of vapid new pop. The comparison should cause The Skinny One some acute discomfort. Whereas Mr Gill is sharp, witty and perceptive, Nick Kent wades in through an ocean of bile to reach his target, Julie Burchill. Embarrassing, because it so happens that JB was right; boring, because we already know of the genuine antipathy between these two; unpleasant, because it was so undignified. I don't always agree entirely with Andy Gill's articles, but I must say, and you must agree that he is *never* boring, unpleasant, or embarrassing. At least, not in public.
James Gunn, N. London.
How do you know? — CSM.

edited by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

GRAFIX: HAMISH

T-ZERS

A FORM of justice is performed this week as contributors by default **Monty Python** get a *T-Zer* to themselves. Their Contractual Obligation LP — a ragbag with more than a grain of truth in its title — has managed to brew up more ructions than their *Life Of Brian* movie. The Independent Television Companies Association (ITCA) and their lackey radio associates at Capitol have slapped a ban on all advertising for the album which they consider 'crude in the extreme' and 'unnacceptable'. Next London Transport have refused to carry Python's 'Never Be Rude To An Arab' slogan — presumably it would upset the genteel passengers only used to scrawled swearing and fascist stickers. Birmingham's BRMB declined to air the 'I Like Chinese' 45 because it may offend the local community.

To top it all, **John Denver** has issued an injuction to nix the inclusion of a track in which he is heard being throttled. All rabid collector zombie types will therefore be sweating blood to get hold of an original copy which includes the Colarado kook getting his. Meantime our own critic — lusty **Rick Rocko** — enters the affray. "For all that," he controversially began, "this controversial LP is not very good at all" he controversially finished. This statement is currently the subject of some controversy. . .

Echo & The Bunnymen (Bunnymen, Bunnymen, Bunnymen etc) claimed in a *Guardian* feature that a major influence on them was the Canadian poet laureate, **Harry Stenchcloth**. The band made no bones, though, that by far and away the biggest beacon for them was the miserable croon of **Leonard Cohen**, the brother of former England full-back, **George**.

Those leaving the Saturday night gig by **Ry Cooder** at the London Appollo were greeted by the spectacle of one **Richard Branson,** in a mauve pullover, dishing out hand bills for upcoming dates at his nearby Veluel theatre. "I've been reduced to doing this because of what *NME* are writing about me," the playful mogul told passers-by. We hear that Branson managed only to fool two people into taking his hand-out, one of whom is considering prosecuting under the obscene publications act. . .

Keeping within the law, we go to Leeds where the dawdling rhythms of **UB40** were interupted by a visit from the local police. Our friends in blue removed some six metric tonnes of suspicious shag for analysis. Did you know UB40 is the medical term for those little white flecks that appear under your nails? . .

Now the tragic tale of **Siouxsie & The Banshees'** shameful fall into disrepair. It happens that S&B's (sod typing that out again) were booked to appear on the *White Light* team-time show and the show's producer **Roger Gale** asked Banshee manager **Nils** — real name **Ernie Burridge** — for a copy of their new LP. Shortly before the group were due to record a session Gale phoned through saying 'um, er well the album's ropey etc! To which he was asked why he doesn't just book **The Nolans** and have done with it. Needless to say Sue and The Boys blew this one out and *White Light* had a narrow escape. We rang The Nolans' **Audrey** and asked for a comment. "I'm too out of it maan" she said. . .

CAPTAIN **Beefheart,** nee Ron's Van Hire, was apparently less than a billion per cent committed to his string of British dates. The press were encouraged not to attend the opening dates because of 'sound and light problems'. Maybe that means he's pretty unsound and light a few marbles. Whatever, the fishfinger advertiser is now said to be fully fit as our exclusive feature will, uh, prove. While bumbling about the nation, the Cap'n was later heard to phone Virgin asking exactly where his hotel was. "The name escapes me, summat to do with the Royal Family" he moaned. He was reminded of the Henry VIII. "Yeah that's the one" he said, "the guy who likes women. . ."

Taking time off from his lawyers **Robert Stigwood** dropped by to catch **XTC** in New York. Stig is currently suing the Gibbs toothpaste ensemble for a fee not unadjacent to eleven pounds sixteen and fourpence ha'penny. In a counter-suit are **The Bee Gees** themselves. A counter-suit is a jacket and trousers with a cash register stuck behind. . .

Down the road in the same city at **The Stranglers** gig sat **Johnny Thunders, Holly & The Italians, Snakefinger** (courtesy of the *T-Zers* home for gratuitous plugs for nonentities) **The Gary Numan Band,** and one **'Handsome' Dick Manitoba.** The stalwart Dick has now reverted to his original name of **Val Loans**. . .

Nick Turner's Inner City Unit had planned to play at the CND rally but police diverted them down Whitehall where they proceeded to play from the back of a truck as tradition warrants. Mounted bobbies soon put an end to even this assembly although no-one was actually arrested. . .

And would **Hilde Decreme** from Brussels ring the **UK Subs** management on 353 5629 so as she can let them, and consequently her parents, know she's OK . . .

Introducing 'The Anvil' modelled by Eugene Revillo. The Anvil has taken Norfolk by storm. In Beccles local council worker Rock Salesworthy explains, "Oh yus. We encourage all our local unemployed lads to adopt this hirsute fashion. Once they have, we spin them upside down and push them along the gutters. You can honestly say this hairstyle is sweeping the county."

Pic: David Corio

Oh, the indignities! **The Dead Kennedys** were deeply into their thought provoking set in Berlin when they were made aware of the presence of a small fat man in an apron searching around their stage, sorry performance area. It transpires that he was the Turkish owner of the kebab house next door and was in pursuit of a lost fire extinguisher to put out a pan fire that had flared up in his, bespoke, establishment. The DK's like the troopers they are gritted their teeth and played on like **Glenn Miller** during the air raids. Maybe it was the ham that attracted him . . .

Promoters for **The Specials** gig in Barcelona caught a severe cold when, in estimating a crowd of some eight thousand minimum, a meagure two thou showed up. Meantime the group play their last gig of 1980 at the Hope & Anchor Benefit before limbering up to tackle America in January with **Madness** . . .

Hazel O'Connor has enrolled her dog to wail across a track on her upcoming LP. Commenting on the track, called 'Animals', the dog, called **Sam**, said: "Yeah Hazel was stuck for a sax player and she knew I'd once been in **The Bunch**. So I said OK I'd come and blow a while for her and we had a great time. I showed her a few ways to give punch to her arrangements but, no, I couldn't make a comeback to that lifestyle. I've got happy memories of those days but now I've a very successful haulage company taking up most of my time . . ." *(You've lost me — Ed)* . . .

Polydor have rescued **Steve Strange**'s Visage project from the ruins of Radar. Strange, who used to 'roady' for **Gen X**, is involved on the outing by various cheesy clones like **Midge Ure, Rusty Egan, John McGeocheoghc,** and **Dave Formula**. The single will be called 'Fade To Grey' unfortunately . . .

THE **ASSOCIATES** had to fold their Queen Elizabeth College gig three numbers in when their guitarist **Alan Rankine** collapsed with food poisoning. The support band from Scotland, **Freeze** playing in London for the first time, had to fill in. Later Alan said: "It must have been the kebab I ate before. This funny little bloke sold it me — he said he was on stage looking for a fire extinguisher or something . . ."

The Mo-det-tes played a secret gig at The Greyhound last week posing as **The White Mice.** Why? Meanwhile they've also been informed that Rogers & Hammerstein would rather they didn't use a version of 'My Favourite Things' on the forthcoming album. Instead they'll go with Edith Piaf's 'Milord' . . .

Steve Jones, aka Dale Hosler, turned up to ruin end encores in Hammersmith last week. Firstly, **The Pretenders** at the Palais where they ran through 'Wotcha Gonna Do About It'. Right through it. The song was later put on a respirator and is not expected to see the year out. Next Steve, aka **Jim Shining,** popped up at the Odeon where **The Skids** were performing their famous 'Last Turkey In The Shop' routine — later adapted as *The Romans In Britain* and now to be seen at The National Theatre. 'Jonesy' hammered away trying to keep up with the chord changes in 'Circus Games' but much to The Skids' chagrin he couldn't quite manage it. 'Circus Games' is in Stepney Hospital where doctors describe its condition as 'grave' . . .

Have a night at the pictures. A special feast is upcoming at London's Scala Cinema. Number one is a bill no doubt inspired by the interesting surrounding *The Pachyderm, Pal* film. It contains **Tod Browning's** *Freaks* (from whence **The Ramones** stole their Gabba-Gabba stuff and as mentioned in **Bowie's** 'Diamond Dogs' track) plus *Island Of Lost Souls* (from whence **Devo** nicked their 'Are We Not Men?' stuff and the whole de-evolution shebang). These go out on November 2nd. The previous two nights will see a lumping of many acknowledged rock classics. *(Yes, Acknowledged — The People Who Do This Sort Of Thing.)* Included will be *Untamed Youth* with **Eddie Cochran**, *Girl Can't Help It, Jailhouse Rock* and *Rock All Night*, a **Roger Corman** film with **Dick Miller** and **The Platters.** The huge fat man at the front of the queue will be **Monty Smith** who loves all those camp old type of flicks . . .

And finally: Would anyone possessing a 'Kwik Damp' fire extinguisher please contact **Mehmet Hassif** on Berlin 5842. Alternatively, hitch hikers on their way through Germany who like their Shish and Doner cooked that 'very well done' way, why not come to Mehmet's Retreat? (Also cremations performed — no questions asked) . . .

Madness' Chris Foreman fixes Rico with that never fail party hell-raiser, The Joy Buzzer during the celebrations for Rico's eigthieth birthday. The grand old man was joined in Amsterdam by both Madness and The Specials. In a silent, tearful moment afterwards Chas Smash paid tribute: "We have paid tribute to a magnificent performer – I feel deeply and truly honoured. It's at times like this I wish my mother could be here, but" he said choking back another wave of emotion. "She is now . . . up above." Indeed, Mrs Irene Smash was at that moment stealing lead from the church roof.

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