

NEW NME EXPRESS



**NINE HEADS ARE BETTER THAN FOUR
EXCLUSIVE TALKING TALK-IN**



•HUMAN LEAGUE SPLIT •RATS RETURN •JAM



•DIAGRAM BROS • BABYLON •

Uncut



Exclusive! The only known pic in captivity of Buster Out minus tongue. With Bad Manners at number five in this week's singles chart, an excited Buster commented "Mmmph."

Mc George Baker

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
November 8th, 1980

US SINGLES

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Woman In Love	Barbra Streisand
2	(2)	Another One Bites The Dust	Queen
3	(3)	He's So Shy	Pointer Sisters
4	(5)	Lady	Kenny Rogers
5	(6)	The Wanderer	Donna Summer
6	(4)	Upside Down	Diana Ross
7	(11)	I'm Coming Out	Diana Ross
8	(10)	Never Knew Love Like This Before	Stephanie Mills
9	(9)	Jesse	Carly Simon
10	(12)	Master Blaster (Jammin')	Stevie Wonder
11	(13)	Dreaming	Cliff Richard
12	(7)	Real Love	The Doobie Brothers
13	(15)	Lovely One	The Jacksons
14	(19)	You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling	Daryl Hall & John Oates
15	(16)	Dreamer	Supertramp
16	(18)	Whip It	Devo
17	(21)	More Than I Can Say	Leo Sayer
18	(14)	Drive In My Life Away	Eddie Rabbit
19	(17)	Look What You've Done To Me	Boyz Scaggs
20	(23)	Hit Me With Your Best Shot	Pat Benatar
21	(25)	She's So Cold	Rolling Stones
22	(22)	On The Road Again	Willie Nelson
23	(24)	Let Me Be Your Angel	Stacy Lattisaw
24	(27)	That Girl Could Sing	Jackson Browne
25	(26)	Out Here On My Own	Irene Cara
26	(28)	Never Be The Same	Christopher Cross
27	(41)	(Just Like) Starting Over	John Lennon
28	(35)	Love On The Rocks	Neil Diamond
29	(33)	Without Your Love	Roger Daltrey
30	(34)	I'm Happy That Love Has Found You	Jimmy Hall

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Guilt	Barbra Streisand
2	(8)	The River	Bruce Springsteen
3	(3)	One Step Closer	Doobie Brothers
4	(6)	Greatest Hits	Kenny Rogers
5	(5)	Crimes Of Passion	Pat Benatar
6	(2)	The Game	Queen
7	(4)	Diana	Diana Ross
8	(9)	Paris	Supertramp
9	(10)	Back In Black	AC/DC
10	(7)	Xanadu	Original Soundtrack
11	(14)	Triumph	The Jacksons
12	(12)	Alive	Kenny Loggins
13	(11)	Hold Out	Jackson Browne
14	(—)	The Wanderer	Donna Summer
15	(13)	Urban Cowboy	Original Soundtrack
16	(15)	Penelope	The Cars
17	(18)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
18	(17)	Give Me The Night	George Benson
19	(16)	Emotional Rescue	The Rolling Stones
20	(19)	Honeydew Rose	Original Soundtrack
21	(24)	Anne Murray's Greatest Hits	Anne Murray
22	(23)	Scary Monsters	David Bowie
23	(21)	One Trick Pony	Paul Simon
24	(25)	TP	Teddy Pendergrass
25	(33)	Zenyatta Mondatta	The Police
26	(22)	Audio-Visions	Kansas
27	(29)	Freedom Of Choice	Devo
28	(20)	Zapp	Zapp
29	(26)	Wild Planet	The B-52's
30	(31)	Full Moon	Charlie Daniels Band

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'



Mc Knud United Atlantic Press Agency

Exclusive! An exciting new talent breaks into the charts at number 25. So who better to unveil the new look NME than "Little Miss Dynamite" herself?

UK SINGLES

This Last Week				Highest Weeks In
1	(1)	Woman In Love	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	5
2	(2)	What You're Proposing	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4
3	(4)	When You Ask About Love	Matchbox (Magnet)	5
4	(10)	Enola Gay	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	4
5	(10)	Special Brew	Bad Manners (Magnet)	3
6	(3)	D.I.S.C.O.	Ottawan (Carere)	7
7	(14)	Dog Eat Dog	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	2
8	(5)	Baggy Trousers	Madness (Stiff)	8
9	(—)	Fashion	David Bowie (RCA)	1
10	(8)	If You're Lookin' For A Way Out	Odyssey (RCA)	6
11	(16)	All Out Of Love	Air Supply (Arista)	4
12	(12)	Gotta Pull Myself Together	Nolans (Epic)	5
13	(7)	Love X Love	George Benson (Warner Bros)	6
14	(19)	One Man Woman	Sheena Easton (EMI)	2
15	(6)	Don't Stand So Close To Me	Police (A&M)	7
16	(17)	Army Dreamers	Kate Bush (EMI)	4
17	(25)	Suddenly	Olivia Newton-John/Cliff Richard (Jet)	2
18	(13)	Casanova	Coffee (De-Lite)	5
19	(28)	What's In A Kiss	Gilbert O'Sullivan (CBS)	4
20	(—)	Loving Just For Fun	Kelly Marie (Calibre)	1
21	(9)	And The Birds Were Singing	Sweet People (Polydor)	5
22	(—)	Earth Dies Screaming/Dream A Lie	UB40 (Graduate)	1
23	(23)	Loving You	Jacksons (Motown)	3
24	(27)	You're Lying	Linx (Chrysalis)	6
25	(30)	Why Do Lovers Break Each Others Hearts	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2
26	(—)	Falcon	Rah Band (DJM)	1
27	(—)	The Tide Is High	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1
28	(26)	Never Knew Love Like This Before	Stephanie Mills (20th Century)	2
29	(18)	Let Me Talk	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	3
30	(—)	Celebration	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	1

BUBBLING UNDER

Starting Over — John Lennon (Geffen).
I Could Be So Good For You — Dennis Waterman (EMI).
Ace Of Spades — Motorhead (Bronze).
Spanish Eyes — Al Di Meola (CBS).
Passion — Rod Stewart (Riva).
634-5783 — Ry Cooder (Warner Bros).

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week				Highest Weeks In
1	(1)	Zenyatta Mondatta	Police (A&M)	7
2	(2)	Guilt	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	4
3	(—)	Organisation	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Din Disc)	1
4	(3)	Just Supposin'	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2
5	(8)	The Love Album	Various (K-Tel)	6
6	(4)	The River	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	2
7	(21)	Gold	The Three Degrees (Arista/K. Tel)	6
8	(30)	Faces	Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	2
9	(17)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	15
10	(—)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	1
11	(10)	Never Forever	Kate Bush (EMI)	8
12	(13)	Triumph	Jacksons (Epic)	4
13	(7)	Contractual Obligation Album	Monty Python (Charisma)	3
14	(6)	Absolutely	Madness (Stiff)	6
15	(5)	Scary Monsters	David Bowie (RCA)	7
16	(—)	Remain In Light	Talking Heads (Sire)	1
17	(12)	I Am Woman	Various (Polydor)	6
18	(19)	Making Movies	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	2
19	(17)	Breaking Glass	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	11
20	(—)	Very Best Of Elton John	Elton John (K-Tel)	1
21	(16)	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Bros)	16
22	(—)	A Touch Of Love	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	4
23	(15)	Chinatown	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3
24	(25)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A & M)	50
25	(—)	Little Miss Dynamite	Brenda Lee (Warwick)	1
26	(9)	Paris	Supertramp (A&M)	5
27	(—)	Inherit The Wind	Wilton Felder (MCA)	1
28	(14)	The Very Best Of Don McLean	Don McLean (UA)	6
29	(22)	My Generation	Who (Virgin)	2
30	(10)	Mounting Excitement	Various (K-Tel)	6

BUBBLING UNDER

Axe Attack — Various (K-Tel).
Street Level — Various (Ronco).
Borderline — Ry Cooder (Warner Bros).
QE2 — Mike Oldfield (Virgin).
Ready — Blues Band (Arista).
Live Dates II — Wishbone Ash (MCA).

INDIES 33s

- Chappaquiddick Bridge — Poson Girls (Creast)
- In A Flat Field — Bauhaus (A&M)
- Close — Joy Division (Factory)
- Signing Off — UB40 (Graduate)
- Minutemen — Various (Pip)
- Fire Side Favorites — Fad Gagger (Mute)
- Live In Roots — Miley (People Unite)
- Pin Drop — Passage (Object)
- Alternative Hits — Chelsea (Step Forward)
- Unknown Pleasures — Joy Division (Factory)

REGGAE

- Reckless At The 5000 — Badoo/Ranking Toney (K&G)
- You're Lying — Lyna (Chrysalis)
- Jealous Lover — Barry Brown/Jah Thomas (JBI)
- Jumpy Master — Mickey Dread (Dread At The Controls)
- Open The Door To Your Heart — Jnr Delgado (Ivonne Special)
- Wailing Rub — Greg Isaacs (African Museum)
- Moonlight Lover — Eddy Fricory (Dread At The Controls)
- Nice Time (Late Night Blues) — Don McCloskey (Pirates)
- I Had A Dream — Jocky Dale (Freedom Sounds)
- Sweet Man — In Crowd (Solid Gold)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

5 YEARS AGO

- Space Oddity — David Bowie (RCA)
- Love Is The Drug — Azym Music (Island)
- Rhinestone Cowboy — Glen Campbell (Capitol)
- O.L.V.R.C.E. — Billy Connolly (Polygram)
- Hold Back The Night — Tramps (Buddah)
- Love Works — Jim Capaldi (Island)
- Blue Guitar — Justin Hayward & John Lodge (Threshold)
- What A Difference A Day Makes — Esther Phillips (Kudu)
- Only Have Eyes For You — Art Garfunkel (CBS)
- New York Cars — Hallel (B&B)

Week ending November 11, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

- Woodstock — Matthews Southern Comfort (UNI)
- Patches — Clarence Carter (Islands)
- Only The Lonely — Edwin Starr (Tama Motown)
- Black Night — Deep Purple (Harvest)
- Me And My Life — Tomeleros (CBS)
- Indian Reservation — Don Freedon (Young Blood)
- Ball Of Confusion — Temptations (Tama Motown)
- Ruby Tuesday — Melanie (Buddah)
- Voodoo Child — Non Mendrix (Track)

Week ending November 11, 1970

INDIES 45s

- Ups That Would Kill 12 — Durrin/Colum (Factory Benelux)
- Requiem 12 — Killing Joke (Meridian Damage)
- Man In The Glass — UB40 (Graduate)
- Right/Blown Away 12 — A Certain Ratio (Factory)
- Atmosphere 12 — Joy Division (Factory)
- Feeding The 5000 12 — Crass (Crass)
- Shake Rake — Zangwast (Enchanted)
- Telegram Sam — Bauhaus (A&M)
- Kill The Poor — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
- The Friend Cretcher — Birthday Party (A&M)

Chart by Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1

DISCO

- Casanova — Coffee (De-Lite)
- You're Lying — Lyna (Chrysalis)
- Thighs High — Tom Browne (Arista)
- I Need Your Lovin' — Teena Marie (Motown)
- Love X Love — George Benson (Warner Bros)
- Party Lights — Gap Band (Mercury)
- Suecin' — Change (WEA)
- London Town — Light Of The World (Ensign)
- The Breaks — Kurtis Slew (Mercury)
- I Owe You One — Shamster (Island)

Chart by: Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368-9852

15 YEARS AGO

- Get Off My Cloud — Rolling Stones (Decca)
- Yesterday Men — Chris Andrews (Decca)
- My Generation — The Who (Brunswick)
- 5-5-5 — Len Barry (Brunswick)
- It's My Life — Animals (Columbia)
- Here It Comes Again — Fortunes (Decca)
- The Sealer's (Columbia)
- Teens — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
- Yesterday — Matt Monro (Parlophone)
- It's Good News Week — Hedgehoppers Anonymous (Decca)

Week ending November 12, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

- It's Now Or Never — Elvis Presley (RCA)
- As Long As He Needs Me — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
- Only The Lonely — Ray Orbison (London)
- Dreamin' — Johnny Burnette (London)
- Rocking Goose — Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)
- My Heart Has A Mind Of Its Own — Connie Francis (MGM)
- Let's Think About Living — Bob Luman (Warner Bros)
- McDonald's Cove — Fred Down Man (Capitol)
- Save The Last Dance For Me — Delfino (Parlophone)
- Mr. Custer — Charlie Drake (Parlophone)

Week ending November 11, 1960

Adam off to wild frontier

ADAM & THE ANTS have added a further string of dates to their 'Frontier Tour 80', following the chart success of their CBS single 'Dog Eat Dog', and with their debut album for the label 'King Of The Wild Frontier' released this weekend (reviewed page 31).

Newly confirmed gigs are at Blackburn King George's Hall (November 17), Doncaster Rotters (24), Oxford New Theatre (25), Southampton Gaumont (28), Brighton Top Rank (December 1), Coventry Tiffany's (2), Hanley Victoria Hall (3), Northampton Roadmender (5), Bristol Locarno (7), Birmingham Odeon (8), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (9), Carlisle Market Hall (10), Newcastle Royalty Theatre (11), Ipswich Gaumont (12), Chelmsford Odeon (13) and Taunton Odeon (14).

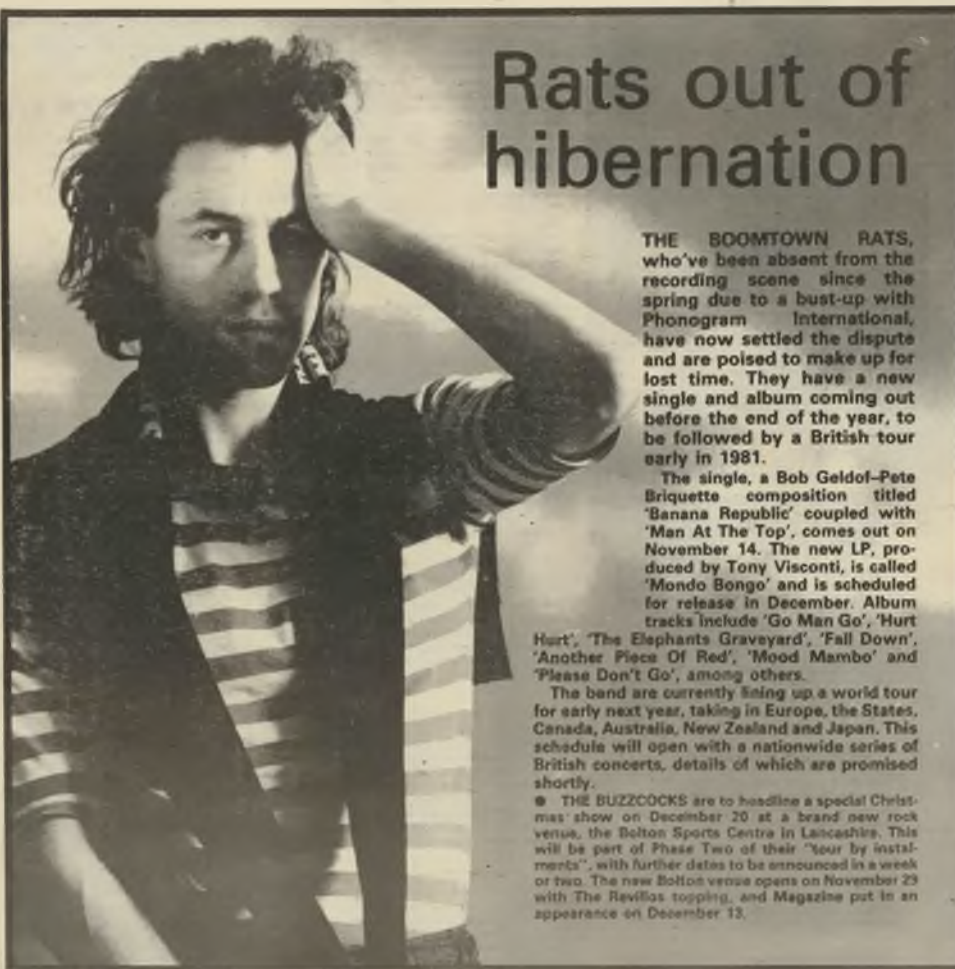
To accommodate these extra dates, several changes have been made in their original schedule, exclusively reported by NME four weeks ago. The tour now opens with two shows at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre this Sunday, instead of Liverpool's Brady's the previous day. Their big London show at the Lyceum is brought forward a day to November 23, and other switches involve Sheffield Top Rank (from November 23 to 16) and Derby Kings Hall (from 21 to December 4). Preston Polytechnic (November 17) and Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (28) are now cancelled. God's Toys are special guests on all dates, which now number 34.

Support acts for The Cure's concert at London Dominion Theatre on November 17 are now confirmed as Classix Nouveaux, The Visitors and The Outlanders.



Damned to go

THE DAMNED have now confirmed the first 18 dates in their late autumn UK tour, which aids promotion of their double LP 'The Black Album', issued by Chiswick this weekend. It's their most important tour to date, restricted to major halls and theatres, and highlighted by a show at the Hammersmith Odeon. With more December dates to follow, their schedule so far comprises:



Rats out of hibernation

THE BOOMTOWN RATS, who've been absent from the recording scene since the spring due to a bust-up with Phonogram International, have now settled the dispute and are poised to make up for lost time. They have a new single and album coming out before the end of the year, to be followed by a British tour early in 1981.

The single, a Bob Geldof-Pete Briquette composition titled 'Banana Republic' coupled with 'Man At The Top', comes out on November 14. The new LP, produced by Tony Visconti, is called 'Mondo Bongo' and is scheduled for release in December. Album tracks include 'Go Man Go', 'Hurt', 'The Elephants Graveyard', 'Fall Down', 'Another Piece Of Red', 'Mood Mamba' and 'Please Don't Go', among others.

The band are currently lining up a world tour for early next year, taking in Europe, the States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Japan. This schedule will open with a nationwide series of British concerts, details of which are promised shortly.

THE BUZZCOCKS are to headline a special Christmas show on December 20 at a brand new rock venue, the Bolton Sports Centre in Lancashire. This will be part of Phase Two of their 'tour by instalments', with further dates to be announced in a week or two. The new Bolton venue opens on November 23 with The Revillos topping, and Magazine put in an appearance on December 12.

Britain gets the Joke

KILLING JOKE set out later this month on their first major headlining tour, highlighted by a London appearance at the Lyceum on November 30 (tickets on sale now priced £3) — which in part compensates for their two shows cancelled at short notice at the now-defunct Clarendon Hotel in Hammersmith.

Rest of their schedule comprises Brighton Jenkinson (November 23), Nottingham Boat Club (25), Maidstone College of Art (26), Liverpool Brady's (28), Leeds University (29), Bristol Berkeley Suite (December 2), Colchester Essex University (3), Exeter St George's Hall (4), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (5), Aylesbury Friars (6), Sheffield Limit Club (9), Aberdeen Ruffles (11), Dundee Marryat Hall (12) and Edinburgh Nite Club (13). Tickets are already on sale, but prices vary, so readers are advised to check with the respective box-offices.

No support act has been announced, because the band are planning to engage local bands at each venue. Interested bands in the areas concerned should call Wasted Talent at 01-221 6136.

Bow Wow bow in

BOW WOW WOW, the band launched by the summer by former Pistols mentor Malcolm McLaren, make their stage debut this Saturday (8). They're appearing in a special "Chicken" night at the Hammersmith Starlight Roller Disco on London's Shepherd's Bush Road. (Further scam — see Thrills.)



Free Au Pairs

THE AU PAIRS headline the first in a series of free concerts for unemployed youngsters this Saturday (8) — it's at London Poplar Town Hall, with Fast Relief and Far Cry supporting. People producing double cards are admitted without paying, otherwise tickets are £1.50. The gig kicks off a series of 'Rock Against Thatcher' shows being organised by the TUC's South-East Regional Council in association with Rock Against Racism.

HUMAN LEAGUE UPHEAVAL

THE HUMAN LEAGUE are in the throes of a major upheaval, with Ian Marsh and Martyn Ware quitting the band to pursue a joint project, leaving vocalist Phil Oakey and visual director Adrian Wright as the nucleus of the outfit.

The departures come at a particularly busy time for the League — currently recording a new single, two British dates next week at Doncaster Rotters (12) and Liverpool Rotters (13), a European tour

and sessions for their third album, all before Christmas.

But Oakey and Wright are continuing undaunted. They are at present rehearsing new recruits, probably including a backing vocalist and another keyboards player — both Phil and Adrian play keyboards themselves, though neither is likely to do so on stage. They're also preparing a new live show, incorporating new staging and lighting, and they plan to take this presentation around the country in the New Year.

Meanwhile, Marsh and Ware have formed themselves into a production and writing company called the British Electric Foundation. First project is recording a series of three singles with an as-yet-unnamed band, followed by an instrumental album developing from where The Human League's 'Dignity Of Labour' single left off. The duo will principally be involved in producing electronic music, and will continue to be handled by the League's manager Bob Last.

Newcastle Mayfair (November 20), Wakefield Unity Hall (21), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (22), Sheffield Top Rank (23), Southampton Gaumont (24), Cardiff Top Rank (25), St Austell New Cornish Riviera Lido (26), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (28), Derby Ajanta Cinema (29), Bristol Locarno (30), Liverpool Brady's (December 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), London Hammersmith Odeon (3), Manchester Apollo (4), Edinburgh Odeon (5), Glasgow Apollo (7), Durham University (8) and Blackburn King George's Hall (9).

■ **PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY** — currently without a record deal, after being dropped by Liberty-UK two months ago — are nevertheless going back on the road in late November. First confirmed gigs are at Manchester Polytechnic (25) and Sheffield Limit Club (27), and the rest of their schedule will be announced in a week or two.

■ **RUTS D.C.** have added two more dates to their second debut tour, reported last week — at Wolverhampton Polytechnic (November 22) and Newport Stowaway (24). After a visit to New York in mid-December to play a couple

of gigs at Hurrah's, they begin work on their first album under their new name.

■ **ROBERT FRIPP's League of Gentlemen** have added dates to their tour, announced a week ago — at Birmingham Cedar Club (November 24), Bristol Polytechnic (25), Colchester Essex University (27), London Southbank Polytechnic (28) and London School of Economics (29).

■ **PATRIK FITZGERALD Group** are now officially confirmed, after several conflicting reports, as the support act on the Roy Harper tour starting in Manchester on November 20. In

December they'll be headlining their own dates, including London Islington Pied Bull (2 and 16), Brighton Concorde (4) and London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (6).

■ **HAZEL O'CONNOR**, currently working on her second album 'Sons And Lovers' for release by Albion Records early next year, has now finalised the line-up of her Megahype band for her UK tour starting later this month. It comprises her brother Neil O'Connor (ex-Fly) on guitar, ex-999 drummer Ed Case, Wesley Magoogan (sax), Wild Oscar (bass) and Andy Qunta (keyboards).

OFFICIAL SECRETS

The new single from the forthcoming album

THE OFFICIAL SECRETS ACT

MCA RECORDS
1 Great Pultney Street, London W1 3PW

THE BIG YIN: more circuit mileage

BILLY CONNOLLY has had another ten dates added to his extensive 'On Yer Bikes' tour, bringing the number of dates in his schedule up to a round 50. The extra gigs are at Leicester De Montfort Hall (November 27), Bridlington Spa Hall (28), Birmingham Odeon (30), Ipswich Gaiety (December 2), Portsmouth Guildhall (3), Poole Arts Centre (4), Bristol Colston Hall (5), Norwich Theatre Royal (8), Hull New Theatre (9) and Derby Assembly Rooms (10). These will be his last dates in 1980, but more are already planned for 1981, details to follow shortly. His double A side single, released by Polydor on November 14, couples 'Tall Laura I Love Her' and 'Song For Yootha' — the two songs he performed on a recent Parkinson TV show.

RICHARD DIGNANCE & Friends — that's the title of a concert to be staged at London Queen Elizabeth Hall on Monday, December 1. It will feature special guests from Dignance's Capital Radio series of the same name, which has now been running for a year, and it's to be recorded by Capital for future broadcast. Tickets priced £3, £7.50 and £2 are on sale now. RCA have just issued his main single on which the main title is 'The Journey'.

SHEENA EASTON wraps up her triumphant first year in the music biz by appearing as special guest in a 2½-week Christmas season at London Victoria Apollo, starting Little & Large, from December 24. And her current package tour, also starring Dennis Waterman and Gerard Kenny, plays a week at Glasgow Pavilion from November 17.

THE KICKS, the London rock band being guided by former Ten Years After stalwart Ric Lee, extended their one-nighter stays with London area gigs at Croydon Star (November 9), Harrow Rd. (Windsor Castle) (14), Eton Christopher Hotel (15 and December 6), Greenwich White Swan (November 18), Kingston Three Tuns (20), New Sunset Duke of Lancaster (21), Victoria The Venue (22) and the Kensington Hotel (24), followed by out-of-town dates at Chatham Scampt (27), Coventry Duo & Trumpet (28), Cannock Troubadour (29) and Nuneaton The Stool (30).

CHELSEA top the bill in the latest free gig presented by Fuck Off Records — it's this Saturday afternoon (November 8) at London W.10 Actlam Hall, from noon to 6pm. Also set are Blue Midnight, The Volantes, The Entire Cosmos and Vince Pie & The Crumbees.



On The Road TOURS ROUND-UP

LIGHT OF THE WORLD, currently figuring in the charts with their single 'London Town', are to support Aretha Franklin in her six-night season at London Victoria Apollo (November 18-23).

THE GAS, the London-based trio recently signed by Polydor, have London gigs at Covent Garden Rock Garden (November 12), Clapham 101 Club (15), Camden Music Machine (19), Woodwich Thames Polytechnic (24) and Islington Hope & Anchor (27) — and they also visit Cambridge College of Art (22). Their debut single 'It Shows in Your Face' is out this week.

STRAIGHT EIGHTY, who support Rober Palmer in his four London concerts at the Rainbow (tonight, Thursday) and the Dominion (Saturday to Monday), have two London headliners in their own right — at the Music Machine (November 19) and the Marquee (28).

ATOMIC ROOSTER continue to extend their current UK debut tour, and have added four more dates this week — at Edinburgh Nite Club (tonight, Thursday), Dundee Technical College (Friday), Herford Caple Hall (November 22) and St. Ives St. Ivo Centre (29).

THE SPECTRES will not now be appearing at London Fulham Greyhound this Sunday (8), the final night of the venue's charity week for Shelter. The reason is that the Greyhound has lost its Sunday music and dancing licence, though the rest of the week is unaffected. However, soloists and duos are not bound by the new Sunday rules, so Nash The Slash and electronic duo Blamance take over this Sunday — and every Sunday in November. And The Spectres now appear there next Tuesday (11).

BUDGIE, who've just completed a six-week outing with Blizard Of Oz, have made several additions and changes to their own headlining tour. They have newly booked gigs at Edinburgh Nite Club (November 17), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (30), Cardiff Top Rank (December 3), Port Talbot Troubadour (4), Lowestoft College (12), Maldstone Mid-Kent College (16) and Cramer West Runton Pavilion (20). Their date at Worlington Down Under Club is put back a day to November 13, and Helensboro Trident Club moves from November 17 to 19. Cancelled gigs are at Bristol Granary (tonight, Thursday), Slough College (Friday), Ayr Pavilion (November 19), Edinburgh Tiffin's (20), Durham University (22) and Liverpool Brady's (25). The band, who's album 'Power Supply' is issued by Active/RCA this week, are also lining up a major London show in December.

NIGHTDOCTOR, the ten-piece reggae rock band whose first single 'Music Like Dirt' has just been issued by Young Blood, are on tour at Belfast Queen's University (tonight, Thursday) Dublin Trinity College (Friday), Cork Downtown Campus (Saturday), London Victoria The Venue (November 11), Stenmore Middlesex & Herts Club (12), London Oxford St. 100 Club (13), Stoke North Staffs Poly (14), Bath Technical College (18), Kings Lynn Norfolk College (19), Nottingham Ad Lib Club (20), York Aiglon College (21), Glasgow Technical College (22), Edinburgh Nite Club (23), Leeds Warehouse (26), Manchester Poly (27), Retford Porterhouse (28), Southampton University (28), Cheltenham North Gos. Technical College (December 5) and Reading Caribbean Club (6).

DANGEROUS GIRLS extend their current tour with newly confirmed dates at Colchester Essex University (November 12), Norwich Whites (15), Guildford Wooden Bridge (18), Kidderminster Town Hall (20), Hereford Market Tavern (21), York Jaspers (24), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (26), Minshead Regal Cinema (27), Lenocton White Horse (28), Oxford Scamps (December 3) and Birmingham Golden Eagle (5).

ON THE AIR have gigs at Twickenham West London Institute (tomorrow, Friday), High Wycombe Bucks College (November 13), London Regents Park Bedford College (14), Oxford Polytechnic (21), London Fulham Greyhound (22) and London W.18 Actlam Hall (29). The band have a maxi — single issued by WEA on November 14, with a limited edition retailing at 60p — the top side is 'Another Planet', and it's coupled with two live tracks, 'Typically English' and 'Jimmy Dub'.

GARY GLITTER is back on the road again at Norwich Cromwell (November 13), Scarborough venue to be confirmed (21), Blackpool Norbeck Castle (22), Huddersfield Poly (28), Reading University (December 2), Bristol Poly (13), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (4), Newcastle Poly (8), Bradford University (16), Norwich East Anglia University (7), Truro Wales Poly (10), Manchester Carousell (11), Glasgow University (12), Nottingham Trent Poly (18) and Welford Bailey's (28 January 3). He has a new single titled 'What Your Momma Don't See (Your Momma Don't Know)' issued by Eagle Records on November 14 — it's his first for two years, and the first 10,000 sell at the special price of 70p.

Off The Record

DIAMOND'S TALKING PICTURE

NEIL DIAMOND'S album 'The Jazz Singer' is released by Capitol next Monday (10), and will be the subject of one of the most concentrated promotional campaigns the label has ever mounted. The LP features the original music from the film of the same name — the re-make of the first talking picture in 1927 — which stars Diamond in the title role, and is due to open in January. It comprises 15 songs all performed by Diamond — 14 of them self-penned numbers written specially for the movie. One of these, 'Love On The Rocks', is issued as a single this weekend.



Also available is a four-album 57-track boxed set called 'The Best Of Neil Diamond', which costs £16.95 (including p&p) from Readers Digest Music Division, 7-10 Old Bailey, London EC39 1AA. And it's on sale in all Readers Digest shops.

● **Vardis**, currently on tour with Hawkwind, have their second single out on Logo this week — 'Too Many People' (a brand new song) coupled with 'The Lion's Share' (from their current album '100 M.P.H.'). The first 20,000 copies include a bonus free single, comprising 'Blue Rock II Miss You' and 'Dirty Money'.

● **Jimmy Lindsay**, who's all set to guest on the upcoming Steel Pulse tour (reported last week), has a new single issued by Gem on November 14 — 'It's Hard / I Will Love You'. Both are taken from his album 'The Children Of Rastafari', released the same day.

Xmas two-pack single by Elton

ELTON JOHN has a two-single set issued by Rocket on November 14, designed specially for the Christmas market, and packed in a sleeve with a distinctly seasonal flavour. The main title is 'Dear God' from his current album '21 at 33'. The other three tracks are 'Steal Away Child', 'Love So Cold' and an Elton instrumental titled 'Tactics'.

● The first release from the score of a major new musical called 'Cats', written by Andrew Lloyd Webber (his first musical since 'Evie'), is issued by Polydor this weekend. The two songs on the single are 'Magical Mr Mistofeleves' and 'Old Deuteronomy', sung by Paul Nicholas. The musical itself, inspired by the poems of T. S. Eliot, is due to open in London in April.

NEW MARLEY SINGLE



● **Bob Marley & The Wailers'** new single, in the shape of next Monday's 'Redemption Song' from their current Island album 'Uprising'. The B-side is a band version of the same song, not available elsewhere.

MOTORHEAD OLDIES

● **Big Beat Records** (distributed by Pinnacle and Chiswick) release a four-track single by Motorhead on November 12, featuring four numbers they recorded in 1977 which have never previously been available — 'Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers', 'On Parole', 'Intro' and 'I'm Your Witch Doctor' — and the first 13,000 copies come in translucent blue vinyl. On the same date and label is Joe 'King' Carrasco with 'Jalapeno Con Big Red', and a single by T. V. Smith & The Explorers titled 'Tomahawk Cruise' follows on November 29.

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JOHN & YOKO'S LP TRACKS

JOHN LENNON and **Yoko Ono's** new album 'Double Fantasy' is now officially set for release on November 17 on the new Geffen Warner label. They each perform seven songs — John's are 'Just Like Starting Over', 'Clean Up Time', 'I'm Losing You', 'Beautiful Boy (Darling Boy)', 'Watching The Wheels', 'Woman and Dear Yoko', Yoko's seven tracks are 'I'm Your Angel', 'Beautiful Boys', 'Hard Times Are Over', 'Every Man Has A Woman Who Loves Him', 'GIVE ME Something, I'm Moving On' and 'Kiss Kiss Kiss'. Among backing musicians are Earl Slick and Hugh McCracken (guitars), Tony Levin (bass) and Andy Newman (drums), and the album also features four back-up vocalists and the Benny Cummings Singers.

motorhead

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SPLIT ENZ return to Britain in mid-November, immediately after their current U.S. tour, to play a further string of UK dates highlighted by two major London venues at the new Apollo Theatre. Coinciding with this latest visit, the follow-up to their hit single 'I Got You' is released by A&M this weekend - titled 'Nobody Takes Me Seriously', it's culled from their album 'True Colours'. The band play Colchester Essex University (November 15), Norwich East Anglia University (16), Manchester Rotters (17), Hull University (27), Newcastle Polytechnic (28), Edinburgh Mite Club (29), Sheffield Top Rank (30), Nottingham Palais (December 2), Birmingham Odeon (3), London Victoria Apollo (4 and 5) and Liverpool University (6), with the prospect of further dates being slotted in.

SLADE, who've been enjoying a new lease of life since they stopped the show at the Reading Festival in August, have lined up an extensive pre-Christmas tour. It ties in with the release this weekend by Polydor of their 20-track greatest hits album 'Slade Smash' which includes six chart-toppers (Merry Xmas Everybody among them). Confirmed dates and venues are:

Northwich Cromwells (November 27), Bath University (28), London Waterloo Theatre (29), Newcastle City Hall (30),

Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (29), Bournemouth Winter Garden (December 1), Canterbury Kent University (2), Uxbridge Brunel University (3), Wakefield Unity Hall (5), Sunderland Polytechnic (6), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (7), Harrogate Shoulder of Mutton (8), Hucknall Miners Welfare (10), Sheffield Polytechnic (12), Hull City Hall (13), Manchester Rotars (15), London Bay Pavilion (16), Liverpool Brady's (18), Ashford Stour Centre (19), Birmingham Odson (20), Duxcastle Queensway Hall (21) and Grimsby Central Hall (22).

LINE-UP for the two all-night gigs at London's Scala Cinema (off Tottenham Court Road), being presented by promoter Steve as compensation for his cancelled shows at the Clarendon in Hammersmith, has now been finalized. On November 28 there's **Richard Strange, Naked Lunch, Soft Cell, Blancmange** and mime artist **Philip Gyle**; and the following Friday (December 5) features **Clock David, Blah Blah Blah, B Movie** and **The Fast Set** — with both gigs running from midnight to 8am. Admission is £3.76 (one night) or £7 (both gigs), and tickets are only available by post from London's **Mermaid** to whom cash cheques and P.O.s should be made payable, 14 Rosedale Road, Dagenham, Essex — enclose s.a.e. and state which date required.

● **Richard Strange** also appears at London Billy's Club in Dean Street next Monday (10).

❑ **WISHBONE ASH** have recruited renowned bassist John Wetton as their permanent replacement for Martin Turner who, it's just been announced, has officially left the band. Wetton (ex-King Crimson, UK and Roxy Music, among others) is now rehearsing with other Ash members, to prepare for recording a new album in Miami.

□ **FASHION**, the highly rated Birmingham band, have now set their new line-up following the departure of Luke Sky earlier this year. It comprises Dik (percussion and vocals) and Mulligan (keyboards) from the original Fashion, plus newcomers Jux Junker (lead vocals, guitar and keyboards) and Eon More (bass). Dates are currently being lined up, and the band plan to have a single titled 'Alien' out shortly.

□ **BETHNAL** emerge after almost a year's lay-off with new lead guitarist Steve Linton replacing Nick Michaels who's left to pursue a songwriting career. Linton is featured on the band's new single 'Morning Child', issued this weekend on the new Magic Moon label — it's taken from their upcoming album 'Never Lay Down', due in the New Year, when Bethnal will also be touring the UK circuit.

WILD HORSES have acquired John Lockton as their new guitarist, replacing Neil Carter. He was introduced to the band's Jimmy Bain at the Reading Festival by Joe Elliott of Def Leppard, and made his debut with them on their just-completed string of Irish dates. They are planning a short series of UK gigs before Christmas.

BLACK SABBATH — currently touring Japan and Australia, following a three-month U.S. trek and the traumas of the notorious Milwaukee riot — are to undertake a 12-date Christmas and New Year tour of Britain. They are, in fact, the first big-name act to announce 1981 dates.

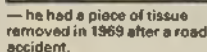
They open with three nights at London Hammersmith Odeon immediately after Christmas — on December 27, 28 and 29 — then play Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (January 2), Leeds Queen's Hall (3), Stafford Bingley Hall (4), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (5), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera Lido (6), Poole Wessex Hall (7), Southampton Gaumont (9), Crawley Leisure Centre (10) and Bristol Colston Hall (11). Promoters are Straight Music, who have yet to name the support act (there will be two or three supports at Leeds and Stafford).

This will be the first chance for UK audiences to see the band's new drummer Vinny Appice (Carmine's brother) in action. He joined Sabbath two months ago, initially as temporary replacement for Bill Ward, who left due to pressures of touring and a family bereavement — though it's still not clear if he's returning, or if Appice will become a permanent fixture.

The band's follow-up single to 'Neon Nights' is released by Phonogram on November 21, titled 'Die Young' coupled with a live version — recorded in America — of 'Heaven And Hell'. It comes in both 7" and 12", and the B-side of the latter plays at 33rpm to accommodate the full 13-minute track.

Tickets for the 12 concerts go on sale this Saturday priced £4.50.

PAUL KANTNER, leader and founder member of Jefferson Starship, is seriously ill in a Los Angeles hospital after suffering a cerebral haemorrhage. He had been suffering from blinding headaches for some time, and collapsed during a recording session for the band's new album. He was placed on the critical list and rushed into surgery — but, although still "extremely serious", he is no longer in danger.



THE PIRANHAS, currently touring Britain with The Jam, have now finalised their plans until the end of the year. After their present tour, they play a few gigs in France, then on November 27 they leave for New York where they'll be filmed in live action by Southern TV — this is for a documentary on the band to be

Further plans include a benefit gig in their home town of Brighton for the local Resources Centre, which was burned down recently — and they'll finish the year with another string of UK dates, at present being finalised. Their latest single 'I Don't Want My Body' is issued this week.



□ **STEVE JONES** and **PAUL COOK** have now completed the line-up of their new band *The Professionals*, bringing in ex-Subway Sect bassist Paul Myers and a guitarist named Ray McVeigh, an old friend of Jones who's not publicly played in a name band. Andy Allen, first-choice bassist when the outfit was launched in the early summer, has now been dropped — the result of "internal differences", say Virgin. The band's first single 'Join The Professionals'/'Allib' is released on November 21, but their debut album has been put back to early New Year — this is because it's now been decided to include the new single on the LP, and this involves re-pressing and sleeve re-printing. An extensive UK tour is being lined up to coincide with the album's release.

□ **THE LITTLE ROOSTERS** have acquired a new guitarist named Barrie Mizen — not as a replacement, but to augment the basic line-up.

☐ **IRON MAIDEN** have parted company with guitarist Dennis Stratton due to "musical differences," and he's now been replaced by Adrian Smith, an old friend of Dave Murray's — in fact, before Iron Maiden, they played together in Urchin. The change does not affect the band's British tour (November 20-30) for which they are now rehearsing. They spend December and January recording a new album, and in February set out on a world tour, taking in the UK, Europe, the Far East and America.

Q INNER CITY CITY, Nik Turner's band, are looking for a new drummer as the result of injuries sustained by Andy Anderson — he was viciously beaten up by skinheads after a recent gig, and is now in hospital recovering from an eye operation . . . contact is Riddle Records at 01-722 3293. The band, who've just turned down a three-year deal with a major label because they want to retain their independence, also suffered a shock when guitarist Trev Thom's was arrested in Birmingham for indecent exposure — but it quickly transpired that it was a look-alike who had been terrorising the city!

□ **COSMETICS**, the Bournemouth-based band who've built up a considerable reputation on the South Coast and West Country circuits, are currently looking for their ninth drummer in six months! If you fancy becoming their first drummer to last more than three weeks, phone Richard Mazda on 0202 523518.



£3.50 and £2.50 (Hammersmith, Southampton and Bristol); £4.50 only (Leeds and Stafford); and £4 only (elsewhere).

Tickets for STAFFORD are available from Manchester Piccadilly Records, Blackburn Ames Records; Liverpool Penny Lane and Probe Records; Chester Penny Lane; Tunstall, Hanley and Newcastle-under-Lyme Mike Lloyd Records; Darby R.E. Cords; Wolverhampton Sundown; Birmingham Cyclops Records; Doncaster Country Music; Leeds for LEADS at Bradford HMV; Sheffield Virgin; Nottingham Sealsie Disc; and Leeds Virgin and Barkers. Or for both these gigs, by post from Straight Music Ltd, 1 Monro Terrace, London SW10 0DL.

KEVIN COYNE is going back on the gig circuit with a new band known as GLS, comprising Brian Godding (guitar), Dave Sheen (drums) and Steve Lamb (bass). After his two Shelter benefits at London Fulham Greyhound this Thursday and Friday, he and the band play other London shows at Putney Half Moon (December 7) and New Merlin's Cave (12 and 19), and further dates are being lined up. Coyne has a double album titled 'Santay Stamp' issued by Virgin on November 21 — the first record is more in his traditional style, and the second is a rock set augmented by Ruts D.C.

NOVEMBER

5. Star Hotel. Shifnal, Nr. Telford.
6. Hallamshire Hotel. Sheffield.
7. University. Keele.
8. Manchester Polytechnic.
12. Essex University.
13. Canterbury College of Art.
14. Nowhere Club. Bicester.
15. White's. Norwich.
18. Wooden Bridge. Guildford.
20. Town Hall. Kidderminster.
21. Market Tavern. Hereford.
24. Jaspers. York.
26. Moonlight Club. London.
27. Regal Cinema. Minehead.
28. White Horse. Launceston.
29. Mead House. Gulval. Nr. Penzance.

DECEMBER

3. Scamps. Oxford.
5. Golden Eagle. Birmingham.

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LOS ANGELES is the entertainment capital of America. In little more than 50 years, the business of entertainment has built a vast, moneyed urban sprawl around the billboards that line Sunset Strip announcing the latest records and films. Most of the people who live here either work in the entertainment business, or else they clean up after it.

A city like this, which is not really a city at all but just 72 suburbs in search of a city, is bound to have character problems. America views Los Angeles and the rest of southern California with apprehension. Southern California, for its part, seems to have renounced the rest of America.

Even for a country that regards politicians as being almost by definition corrupt and self-serving, the level of interest in the imminent elections is absurdly low. The one solitary note of political support I've seen in the streets was a customised van with a bumper sticker advocating something called the Libertarian Party.

"Beer drinkers," according to David Byrne, a New Yorker whose job has taken him all over the world. "They want to make everything legal, abolish taxes, and just have a good time."

Byrne recently rented a house in Venice, an 'artists community' by the beach, while he and Brian Eno worked on an as yet unreleased album called 'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts'. Venice is a centre of what *Wet* magazine calls 'responsible hedonism', which is a sort of intellectual version of the roller-skating fad. Roller-skating is just one of the fads that originated in this vanguard city. And Los Angeles is a vanguard city.

The LA art/punk crowd like to think that there's something vital going on here, and there is, but it's everything they despise. LA is the centre of contemporary American culture, broadcasting through films and music the blueprints for contemporary ways of life; little parcels of clothing and attitude for consumers starved of real sustenance.

David Byrne had to move out of Venice after just two weeks. It didn't suit him.

"Everybody was just relaxing in the sun all day, tossing frisbees around."

And in the land of the laid-back, naturally, the automobile is king.

Cars outnumber people in the City of Lights, and the parking lots outnumber the buildings. California is the last outpost of the West in more than just geography. Even the youth culture runs on gasoline.

Every Saturday night, Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards are bumper to bumper with youngsters cruising in their personal automotive sculpture — some of them Low Riders, the custom suspension job favoured by Spanish gangs of the Barrio. As simple a proposition as going to see Talking Heads play at the Greek, an open air theatre in the middle of a large park in the Hollywood hills, would be out of the question with only a pair of heels.

There being virtually no public transport and few taxis, you would have to miss the first engagement on the first tour by the new Talking Heads Funk Orchestra. But don't be too disappointed. By the second and third performances they had improved a great deal.

The new Talking Heads Funk Orchestra is the same as the old Talking Heads with the addition of Adrian Belew from David Bowie's band on feedback guitar, Busta Jones, once of Sharks, on fatback bass, Steve Scales on percussion, Dolette McKay on vocals and Bernie Worrell from Funkadelic, whom you might say has swapped P-funk for F-punk, on keyboards.

The result is a nine-piece Talking Heads, lush instead of brittle. It's probably the single most radical step so far in the progress of America's so-called premier new wave band. Even a new wave band has to move with the times. Talking Heads have finally gone Two-Tone!

ELEVEN MONTHS ago, when they played the last date of their last tour in London, the group was on the verge of apoplexy. They had been touring eight months out of the year for the previous four, and were almost wrung out with the routine.

The working methods and approaches they had learned with Brian Eno had kept them fresh and stimulated in the studio and produced a consistent evolution on record, but on stage they had ground to a halt. They needed a new edge. Animated drum podiums and laser lights were not the answer. Anyway, David Byrne would probably just get arrested for vagrancy if he tried to take his shirt off onstage.

And so, for the first half of this year, Talking Heads went on hold; Byrne went to Los Angeles, Jerry Harrison went to Philadelphia, Chris Frantz went to Jamaica, and so did Tina Weymouth.

While the Frantz-Weymouths were visiting Lee Perry and hanging out with Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, debating who was the greatest rhythm section in the world, Jerry Harrison began working with other bands. The Escalators in New York, Double in Canada, and a French band who had supported Talking Heads in Lyon.

"They're actually quite good. They write songs about fucking in elevators," he says, nonchalantly.

"Really, that band we have now is the result of the work I did with other people. I had met Busta Jones and he called me up to play with The Escalators. Then we went down to Philadelphia and I produced some demos for Nona Hendryx. ... I started moving around that scene in New York."

"I met Bernie Worrell through Busta — he played on Busta's album on Spring Records. Dolette had sung on The Escalators album. Steve Scales, I didn't know. We found him through Bernie. And Adrian Belew we met when he was recording in New York with David Bowie."

Meanwhile David Byrne, being somewhat impressionable, became absorbed in Brian Eno's discovery of Africa. The two of them set off like explorers into the California desert to try to capture the feeling of the bush in the sagebrush. They failed, and had to resort to recording 'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts' in a more prosaic setting, using 'found vocals' from the radio as their bush of ghosts.

I don't want to suggest that Byrne is a vacillating lump of jelly without a mind of his own, but it's obvious that the even more impressionable Brian Eno made the running here. Byrne's interest in musical anthropology surfaced in a short piece he wrote for *High Times* soon after '... Buildings And Food', and several songs on 'Fear Of Music'; most notably



The head head on his African carpet.



Tina and Chris think about a witch-hunt.



T-Funk (left to right): Chris Frantz, Jerry Anderson, Steve Scales, Dolette McKay, Adrian Belew, Tina Weymouth, David Byrne, Bernie Worrell (standing) and Busta Jones.

FREE YOUR ASS AND YOUR HEAD WILL FOLLOW

Doctor Byrne discovers Africa and funk but makes the natives restless



Head-hunter
PAUL RAMBALI

Camera-bearer
ANTON CORBIJN

'Zimbre', bore an ethnic trace that pointed to the hypnotic swirl of words and rhythms that characterises 'Remain In Light'. However, Eno, being the more systematic of the two, probably helped put the idea into practice.

The main spur for the idea was a book published in America last year called *African Rhythm And African Sensibility* by John Miller Chernoff. Byrne spends a lot of his time in books. When we met, he was reading a book called *The Role Of The Artist In Primitive Society*, which I suppose ours qualifies as. ... Anyway, the idea is that music of the Third World provides a spiritual nourishment lacking from the popular music of the West, witness for instance the importance of reggae in our black community. Byrne wants Talking Heads to do what tribal drums do, but whether or not he sees himself as the shaman of the global village he didn't say.

I would recoil from the dryness of this exercise were it not for the fact that each of the members of the group bring something different to the picture, so it won't be so academic, and also the very idea of trying to do for white America what George Clinton and many other funk and soul artists have long been doing (often unconsciously) for black America seems almost unthinkable.

Then again, as the French magazine *Actual* put it in a headline for an article about Eno: *Les blancs pense trop*...

The whites think too much.

WHEN THIS band came together were you aware that it would probably be the only popular integrated band in America?

Byrne: I thought that, then I thought there must be others, but they don't get recognised for it as much. There's a group called Wild Cherry, I think. Chaka Khan has some white musicians in her group.

The white rock audience and the black soul audience rarely overlap in this country.

That's true. I think for our audience, considering the kinds of groups they might go to see, we're a real exception. When we put the group together we didn't think of that, but it was obvious when it happened. We just chose the kinds of musicians that happened to be the most appropriate to what we were doing. Actually it's more than happened to be; a lot of it's in the nature of the sensibility implied in that music.

Well, Talking Heads have always been a funky band.

Yeah, there's precedents for it in our previous stuff. But in the moments when this group really works, the underlying sensibility is very different from what it was before, a real radical shift. This music, when it really comes together right, has a transcendent feeling, like a trance of some sort.

That's exactly what happens in traditional

Continues over

YOUR HEAD

From previous page

African music and other Third World music. It's something that isn't sought after in most pop music. We're aiming at something different, although some of the elements may be the same. When it works you get the feeling: forget yourself and become part of the



Above: Tina.



Above: Byrne, tangled up in trees. Below: Delella.



community. It's wonderful, and it doesn't happen every night. Does the rest of the group feel the same thing? I haven't talked about it with the others, although I know for instance that Bernie knows exactly what I'm talking about, though he might express it differently. It's a sort of funny thing to discuss... without coming on like a convert. Do you feel any twinge of colonialism?

As far as that goes... I realise that's a little bit of what we're doing, but I can't help it. That's some of the music we're most excited about. If it didn't originate out of a western tradition I don't feel I can be blamed for that. Do you think it's possible to perform this function for your audiences?

Yeah. Sure I do. It's possible. There's other people that do that kind of thing, but we've added other elements, the kind of lyrics I write and the kind of textures we use. But people like James Brown and George Clinton's P-Funk... it's all based around that idea, they just use street language to talk about it.

For something to have the effect that it's supposed to have, it's not necessary to understand all of it. I read in a book on voodoo that the structure of the rituals, the drumming, the singing, the chanting... the symbolism of the rituals isn't understood by half of the people that are participating. You mean like a church service or a heavy metal gig?

Er, yeah. It isn't necessary for them to understand. I'm inclined myself to think about it, to try and understand it, but that's not necessary. And what's even more amazing I think is that it's not even necessary to believe in it.

For instance, if I were to get involved in one of those things, I wouldn't have to believe in Jesus or whatever, I would probably just get carried away along with the rest of the people, which is really a testament to the power of those things. The feeling one gets from it isn't cathartic or purging, it's not that you let off steam or

whatever, it's more like a mystical communion... And it's not some sort of psychological thing, it's more social in a way. The nature of that kind of music implies different parts and different rhythms, that all mesh... Not some sort of personal explosion, which tends to be what a lot of rock music is about.

BYRNE HAS changed a lot in just the two years since I first met him. He's almost normal nowadays. Either he has come around to society or more likely society has come around to him.

Being photographed and interviewed is part of his routine, yet he still finds it hard to express himself in his own words. He answers questions slowly and painstakingly, quoting indirectly from books a lot of the time. It's his particular misfortune to have become a popular introvert.

He accepts the role of the head Head without too much complaint. Yet if Talking Heads is still the democracy it was, it's not without duress.

I was taken back to hear Byrne blithely admit that he hadn't talked about his feelings towards their new music with the rest of the group. Maybe he's just like that, and their internal balance is stronger than it seems, but someone who saw the new band on stage in LA was moved to remark that it looked as though Byrne had got himself a new band and forgotten to get rid of the old one, a suggestion all four of them shrug off.

"I think Jerry puts it best," says Tina Weymouth. "When we were discussing this record... Brian wanted to say it was his record. David wanted to say it was his record. They both thought it was the greatest venture of their lives. We were saying No, we all had the same idea, but Jerry said, No, we didn't all have the same idea. We all came in with different ideas of what we were going to do. It was the collective influences that created the result. No one could put an individual claim to it."

"Certainly we were listening to African records long before David and Eno were because Chris and I are into rhythm, and it's great rhythm, primarily. We turned them on to it."

"We'd already done that song 'I Zimbra' and I felt sure when we did that — we actually did two like that, but 'Dub' didn't get onto the record — I felt sure that would be the direction of the next record."

"Plus, Eno had always said that he wanted to go into the studio cold with us, without any material, so that we could learn the way he makes albums, simple things layer upon layer. It's really not novel at all, it's just the old idea of jamming, one key, no chord changes... and everybody played and everybody produced. The songs were written by the five of us."

"Yeah," agrees Chris Frantz, "but there's a mistake in the text on the first pressing of the record. On the next pressing the credits will read: Lyrics by Byrne with the exception of Byrne/Eno two songs, music by Byrne, Harrison, Frantz, Weymouth and Eno. We just had to put our foot down and say, Look, we don't just want to get paid a percentage or whatever because money is... let's face it I'm not worried about money. That's one of the luckier aspects of my life. Had I never been in Talking Heads I wouldn't be worried about money. It wasn't that, it was for the record. I wanted somebody to know that even if I didn't write a whole song I did make a contribution..."

"It wasn't an administrative error, it was an error by a member of the band who is used to taking credit for everything that happens. And when it was put to him that this was not the right way to do things he had to admit that it wasn't."

"David does not come to the band with a full-blown song," says Tina, as always at pains to explain things fully. "He comes with a riff,

parts that we'd written! So we said with this album it has obviously been written by everyone, including Brian, and we should break with the tradition of singer-songwriter in the credits because that's not the way it happened."

"But I think that it's not... a big problem. I feel weird talking about it because it's like a family's dirty laundry, but it's not a huge conflict. David needs to have a lot of credit; that motivates him. And it's not a bitter thing. What you wrote in that review of 'Fear Of Music' made it sound bitter, but it's not."

LET'S LEAVE it at that. The future is flexible. Logistics are such that the extended band will have to dismantle at the end of this tour. Eno probably won't be working with them on their next album, which I humbly suggest they should do on their own...

"Eno taught us to relax in the studio," says Tina, "which I think was his intention all along. He found that we were very willing to be experimental, as he was, and he was delighted with that... to find a band that would allow him to race everybody's track and not get artistically sensitive and precious about it."

"And I think we've done it, now. I told him that I always envisioned doing a trilogy with him, and once we'd done this studio album, that would be the end of our collaboration. He said I think that's quite right, and probably we won't be working with him again, although hell if I know who we would work with..."

"Remain In Light" is, as others have pointed out, a transitional album. Talking Heads keep making transitional albums. But they follow a certain path. It's hard to believe that four years ago they willingly let producer Matthew King Kaufman try to turn them into the perfect bubblegum band on a set of demos that have since been lost. "And they were really good, too," says Tina...

If the rock'n'roll cult of personality they once claimed to want to disgrace has come to surround and frustrate them, they've at least learned how to live with it. They have their triumphs — this new band is one — and they have had their effect.

It's almost commonplace now but can you recall how extraordinary it was even in '77 for a band to have a female member who actually played an instrument? But like a lot of people I know, Talking Heads have simply found out that the old rock routines they wanted to break could break them first.

"Lee Perry says he's not doing screwface music anymore," says Tina. "In other words, political messages. He says music comes from love. And I think that's really true because one thing you find when you're working with a lot of different musicians is that they have a particular attitude, no matter where they come from or what colour or religion they are. It's very different from that of new wave people, who usually aren't especially musicians; except that people like us who started out being called new wave have since become musicians."

"Nowadays it seems very funny when you read interviews and there's a new group who are afraid of success or afraid of learning to play their instruments, or afraid of becoming heroes and all of those things. It's very hard to relate to because at this point I relate better to people who just appreciate music and who just love to play, and that's their only motivation. It's not a rebellion against something anymore and it is kind of a closed world, but I think it's honest."

"When I was in art school, somebody once said to me that the problem with you young artists is that all you want is to be famous. When you get older you realise that what's important to you — and Ralph Steadman, the cartoonist said this — what becomes important to you is the charm of the activity. You live for the work,



maybe, if that, maybe nothing. The whole band puts it together and then David writes really terrific words. I really love his writing. He's so good at it and it's something he won't give up as long as he's singing the songs because he feels he can sing them with more conviction if he knows what they mean."

"After the first two albums, which with a couple of exceptions were essentially written before the group ever went on the road, before even Jerry joined the group... Jerry wanted a little more credit even though all he was contributing was a part or an arrangement. But it could be like, say, in the case of 'Life During Wartime' where it started out with just bass and drums, which seemed to fit with something Jerry and David had been working on before."

"That was one song where it was quite clear to at least three of us in the group that we had all written the music, and David had written the words, and we were getting royalties on the

not for the money or for the fame. The success that is perhaps obvious to someone else is much less obvious to you."

DOES IT annoy you to be regarded as the head Head?

Byrne: Yeah, I enjoy it. I don't want it to get in the way of everybody being able to work together. But I certainly like getting recognition for what I've done.

Have you fulfilled all your ambitions as they were say five years ago?

Yeah, I guess so. Five years ago I thought it would take us a lot longer to be as popular as we are now.

Do people still see you as an outpatient?

Yeah, probably, but less than they used to.

Do you still feel like one?

No. Much, much less than I used to.



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Edited by Cynthia Rose

WHY DID Chicken NOT CROSS THE ROAD?

THIS WEEK, EMI release an as yet untitled new single/cassette by Bow Wow Wow. This event was originally intended to coincide with the launch of *Chicken*, a magazine funded by EMI and administered for them by former Gang Of Four manager Rob Warr.

Chicken was yet another invention of Bow Wow Wow mastermind Malcolm McLaren, and — according to its prospectus — was intended to be "about pop and fashion, focusing around pleasure tech: roller-skating, cassette-swinging microchip kids, and on the swashbuckling and romantic 'new look' which is just coming in". The magazine was set up to promote Bow Wow Wow, and the ideas which the group was designed to symbolise.

Last week, *Chicken*'s editor Fred Vermorel resigned, alleging — among other things — that Anabella, Bow Wow Wow's 14-year-old lead singer, had been pressured by McLaren to be photographed nude for the magazine, that an eight-year-old child had been reduced to tears when shouted at to "show a bit of arse" during a photo session which had been filmed by a BBC-2 *Arena* crew, and that McLaren was introducing a pornographic element into the proceedings, effectively turning what was supposed to be a sort of cross between *Smash Hits* and *Schoolkids OZ* into "a magazine for adults that features kids as objects".

Vermorel was worried that — if the magazine had come out in the form allegedly intended by McLaren — he might be "subject to a child porn rap."

Vermorel's original list of editorial contents included a tongue-in-cheek piece — subsequently withdrawn — by John McVicar on crime as a career for the unemployed school-leaver, a guide to constructive projects for kids who choose to opt out of school, Bow Wow Wow-inspired articles about piracy and a general emphasis on pleasure and fun.

To these items, according to Vermorel, McLaren intended to add a risqué letter in which a boy describes what he'd like to have happen on a dream date with Blondie drummer Clem Burke. Furthermore, he told *Thrills*, McLaren was concerning himself so little with the magazine that he began to wonder whether McLaren actually wanted a magazine at all, as opposed to some outrageous footage for the *Arena* programme.

Vermorel went on to describe a furious McLaren coming round to his house and attempting first to coax, then to bully him into going back. "You're up to your neck in this," Vermorel claims McLaren told him, "whether you like it or not."

Meanwhile at EMI, Rob Warr admitted that "EMI have pulled out of financing the project in the form in which it was

Here he comes again, that nice Mr McLaren, spreading anarchy for the UK wherever he goes. This is the story of Malcolm's latest wheeze: "a junior Playboy magazine"...

originally envisaged". EMI had apparently given McLaren and the Vermorels (Fred and his wife Judy, co-authors of biographies of Kate Bush and The Sex Pistols) "carte blanche to produce the magazine. The problem was that Fred and Judy thought it was exploitative, and I felt that they over-reacted. Malcolm did not intend any such thing."

"McLaren had come to me with this great idea for marketing Bow Wow Wow. We thought that the magazine represented an ideal opportunity to get something done, and we made it very clear what we considered permissible. It's all a bit of a storm in a teacup, really."

THE MAN at the centre of the brouhaha was considerably more forthcoming. "Fred's freaked out a bit, hasn't he?" McLaren said. "Jesus I can't believe all this paranoia. The magazine was simply a sort of junior *Playboy* for kids getting used to the idea that they needn't have careers, something to shake up this lethargic industry, a magazine about pleasure technology for

the primitive boy and girl. I've been very frank: my job is to upset people, but there's no way that this magazine could be deemed pornographic."

McLaren denies that the young girl was subject to intimidation. "That is a gross lie, man. She got upset because of the pressure and presence of the *Arena* crew, and that's all. Her father was there and he didn't seem upset by anything that was going on."

He also denies having put pressure on Anabella ("I never put pressure on people. They do just what they want to do.") or attempted to place pornographic copy in the magazine. "I wasn't allowed to write for it. Fred was the editor: copy was entirely up to him."

"It's really important that we get this magazine out. Everyone in this country's so paranoid that you can't get anything done. Fred is a paranoid and a puritan. He's very hung up and he just freaked out."

Vermorel firmly repudiates the latter charge. "I'm not puritanical. The sight of a naked child doesn't upset me. What does upset me is the idea of that letter he wanted me to run. The

way it was going, it was no longer a magazine for kids, but a magazine for adults that treats kids as sexual objects."

IT WAS this alleged shift in *Chicken*'s editorial attitude that led John McVicar to withdraw his article.

"I knocked the piece off a bit tongue-in-cheek because of the irony of the government putting all these kids on the dole and then boosting penalties for young offenders. I wanted to write something a bit political for the school-leavers," McVicar told *Thrills*. "I thought McLaren was just an anarchistic pop promoter and I thought it was a good idea to have a teenage magazine that had a bit of political edge. I normally like people like that, but... I'm a criminal, but I don't want or need to be associated with people like that."

Bow Wow Wow vocalist Anabella corroborates Vermorel's assertion that McLaren wanted her to pose nude for the magazine. "Yes, that's true. He wanted me to appear like that to promote our cassette. I said no, because it's a kids' paper and I'm a young

person too and I didn't think it was quite right, you know? He asked me through Vivien (Westwood) and when I said no, he accepted it."

"He didn't try to pressure me. It wasn't child porn... McLaren said it wasn't. That's not my kind of thing. Posing in a bikini's okay with the group around a swimming pool."

Anabella claims that "they don't tell you very much". She had not been informed that Fred Vermorel had resigned, or

that the magazine was called *Chicken* (she'd been told it was called *Playkid*) or that the group's debut gig at Hammersmith Starlight Roller disco this Saturday was billed as a 'chicken' night.

She also had not been told that 'chicken' is — in paedophile slang — a term meaning "an attractive child".

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Above: Malcolm. Pic: Anton Corbijn.
Right: Bow Wow Wow



A Decidedly Wet Blanket

THE PROSPECT of seeing The Specials in a small unventilated club with an overflowing audience made up mostly of skinheads wasn't the most inviting form of entertainment I could think of.

My reason for going to the Hope & Anchor was not only to cover the first date of the two week 'Blanket Coverage' charity festival and The Specials' penultimate gig in England this year, but also to cover any "riotous scenes" that seemed likely to occur before, during or after the gig as ticketless fans tried to gain entry.

Expecting a rush I got there early to find a virtually empty pub with a couple of Specials prepping up the bar and with 60% of the dates during the festival still not sold out (including Skids, Selector, Only Ones, Bad Manners, Pauline Murray and The Rumour dates). Because landlord John Eichler restricted admission to 200 tickets and because of the earlier publicity stating the gig was sold out, no ticketless people turned up at all (I had two spare tickets and I couldn't even give them away.)



Specials fans mob outside Hope for entry.

I've seen the H&A substantially more crowded than this on an average night and the so-called "regulars" who had bought the tickets were made up almost entirely of under-drinking-age school-kids and typical 30-year-old plus Islington couples. There were twelve

skinheads (yes, I counted them!).

The Specials looked rather bemused when they came on the extended stage of beer-crates. After 'Rat Race' and 'Hey Little Rich Girl' as openers, Damners & Co. kept on asking the landlord to let more people down as it was almost empty at

the back. Introducing 'I Can't Stand It' Terry Hall said he honestly couldn't stand it either.

Midway through the set the band could obviously see the situation wasn't improving but although they were laughing at the paltry, unresponsive audience and dedicating 'Enjoy

Yourselves' to the dancers at the back, the crowd, such as it was, lapped them up.

After almost 1½ hours onstage and three very forced encores for which some of the band were reluctant to return, The Specials left to quiet applause.

It would be a shame if such an excellent varied

cross-section of bands playing for such a good cause are going to have to play to such an unappreciative crowd. The thought of this two-week festival turning into a farce, on paper looks impossible but on the appearance of the first show it looks extremely possible.

DAVID CORIO



Garth Jones

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As the hype report goes 'public but private' . . .

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS TO SET UP 'NEW' BPI?

ANTI-BPI RUMBLINGS continue to grow apace in the wake of that organisation's whitewash report on chart fixing.

Matters came to a head last week with the resignation from BPI ranks of Rod Stewart's Riva as a protest against the BPI's inactivity. A Riva spokesman told *Thrills* that the report will do nothing to "break the circle of corruption" which allows large companies to hype their way into the charts while preventing the BPI from effectively sanctioning them.

Said Riva's Bill Stonebridge: "It would be like hacking off an arm if the BPI were to expel one of the industry big boys. That's where the BPI's real money comes from."

Stonebridge says Riva's disaffection is shared by many other smaller companies who've neither the cash nor the inclination to manipulate the charts to their own ends. And he said talks were already going ahead between Charisma, RSO and Riva boss Billy Gaff, with a view to forging an alternative trade association. A meeting is expected to be called shortly.

The BPI, meanwhile, have relented on their decision to withhold the full 50-page report from its own membership.

Chris Wright, acting BPI chairman since the resignation of the discredited John Fruin, has invited all members to BPI HQ, where a copy of the report will be available for an on-the-spot viewing. It may not, however, be removed from the premises and because of anticipated demand, the BPI suggests a prior appointment be made.

Why we quit the BPI — by Riva Records

So far only a five-page press statement has been circulated to the outside world. This statement has already caused some controversy for the way it fails to endorse the more pertinent recommendations of the code of conduct enquiry headed by South London retailer Harry Tipton.

However, Tipton told us this week that he has now been assured by BPI high-ups that all his recommendations will be embodied in a new code of conduct. Work towards this end will begin later this month when the BPI chart committee next meets.

As for Riva and their renegade small-fry association, it seems that Billy Gaff's own perception of the body would not be as a BPI-style bootleg-tracking task force, but as a kind of Milk Marketing Board for the record business. An entity that would actively pump the idea of record buying over, say, a visit to the movies, while also taking care of administrative practicalities.

Riva's Stonebridge tells *Thrills* that Gaff has already approached a Midlands dairy company with a view to flogging LPs from the back of the cart.

ANDREW TYLER

I HAVE RECEIVED an invitation to join the BPI in a new category for 'Independent labels'. (Although quite what a small label is supposed to be independent of, I've never been able to understand). What does the British Phonographic Industry Ltd. do?

All it seems to admit to is "representing the interests" of established record companies, the companies whose subscriptions finance it. It represents them wherever and whenever it can influence and persuade, from your local record shop. Under the catchwords of "co-ordination" and "efficiency", it helps the major financial interests unite against anything cutting their profitability.

Occasionally the BPI may advocate change, but it is in practice inevitably conservative. The corporations that hold the purse strings are flabby organisations with massive overheads geared up to exploiting the stable market conditions that until recently existed. Any change at all makes their lives more difficult. Any change in what you buy is a problem for them that they must attempt to resist by the artificial manipulation of success.

This reactionary policy is carried out under a smokescreen of publicity about the supposedly dreadful state of sales, apparently justifying the desperate and confused attempts to turn the clock back and weaken the position of record buyers, to control and restrict their choice.

The BPI's motives show up clearly in the home taping saga. First the decline in the growth of record sales, and now the decline in actual sales, have been blamed on home taping. In fact, it is unlikely that the £200 million plus they claim is lost to home taping would actually be spent on records, even if home taping were effectively outlawed. Fortunately I can't see the police raiding flats to check you're listening to records not tapes, and whatever signal they can incorporate on records to make them untapeable, someone will find a way of getting around it (I hope). Perhaps more likely to be achieved by the BPI is a blank

Why I won't be joining the BPI — by Bob Last



Managing director of Fast Product & Pop: Aural Records

tape levy, intravenously fed to the bloated financial corpse of the major companies. What are the chances of fair distribution of such a levy to all record makers — to the small labels and the do-it-yourself record makers who are just as likely to be the victims of home taping?

Isn't it more likely that the drop in record sales is due to the reduced spending power of youth who traditionally buy so much music? That it is part of the overall recession of the economy in which youth is affected first and worst. If the BPI was lobbying to reduce unemployment so people could afford to buy its members' records then I might join.

In the long term the British Phonographic Industry Ltd. are not only burying their heads in the sand in the hope that the economic problems of late capitalism will go away, but worse, they are inhibiting real progress in communications.

Anyone with a cassette deck can make up their own compilations for different situations and moods, reconstruct albums according to their personal interests.

This way as consumers we can do more than make just passive selections. It is a potential of cassette and allied techniques to decentralise creative decision-making in pop music.

The BPI's conservative policies inhibit the full exploitation of this technological potential.

AT THE SAME time as using the home taping excuse to attack the people who buy records, the major companies represented by the BPI are starting a pincer movement by using "the state of the business" to tighten up on the contractual terms on which they work with performers, redefining deals already concluded and trying to get cheaper new deals.

Up till now it has suited the companies to sign bands for long term deals on the assumption that a very small minority will, with saturation marketing at the right moment, become licensees to make money. However, it is this system that has led to bands' demands for massive advances. Bands want reasonable compensation for

DANGEROUS



LOOK AT the BBC, then look at ITV — they're a pretty convincing argument for the merits of state control as opposed to private enterprise (which usually just amounts to greedy philistines anyway). The BBC can be a dope or dip in the soap with the worst of them, but it only does it for approximately one per cent of the week — 99% of ITV's time is reserved for garbage.

When the BBC do a quiz show they do the last word in cretinism — *Blankety Blank* — but they only do it for thirty minutes a week. They largely avoid the graveyard of laughter — the situation comedy, staple diet of ITV — but when they do it their stars are so much prettier: Wendy Richard, Diane Keen, John Alderton, Hannah Gordon. When the BBC does what the dopes call "soap", it does it in the form of a vehicle for the roughest, ritziest creatures since the gypsy in Ava Gardner's soul won out over the careerist — *Dalies*.

Sure, ITV has all the social worker trappings — like the London Minorities Unit, which makes programmes for youth (*White Light*), blacks (*Skio*) and homosexuals (*Gay Life*). But just look at the name of the soap: London Minorities Unit; it's a rebuff in itself. "The majority of people are old, white and normal — and don't you forget it, you stinking piece of queer black jargon!"

On Tuesday evening, October 28, BBC offered you The Specials, Kelly Monteith, Prunella Fawcett, Lord Mountbatten and Kate Nelligan. Cheeky, chirpy ITV which pretends it loves swinging pop, fun fun fun,

Down among the dead brains, nothing stirs...



By Julie Burchill

I CALL FOR A ZOMBIE CULL

patriotism and beautiful women, showed its true colours from seven o'clock to 8.30: to pioneer new variations on Yank crap, to push back the zombie barrier. To create a world of mindless consumers; all the better to advertise to you, my dear!

For your pleasure, *The John Smith Show*, a half-hour celebration of being dedicatedly mediocre. First in a series of infinity, it examines the lives and motivations for lack of, as it turned out) of a handful of this country's John Smiths (plus "Mrs John" Smith and "Little John" Smith, co-starring as 1980 Chateau Châtel Smiths).

'Senile, Mediocre and White' — a bastardisation of the old Bob and Marcia hit — would make a great theme tune. It was horrible. The Smiths talked about money, TV, cars, children, standards of living, being "satisfied". The lack of JOY or excitement in their voices made me squirm. Their voices were hopelessly weighted, like the last gasps of a sloth in a quicksand, yet they were determined for it all to carry on, they were lousy with brats and spouses; pro-survival, anti-life. (I have believed for a while now that the human race — the lowest, most destructive species on earth — should

attempt to breed itself out and leave the earth to other, less death-wishing species. East Germany are nearest to the ideal, with their zero population growth. This idea may seem extreme and rash — but look honestly at what we have done, and realise how logical and humane it is.) What a mistake the sentimental canonisation of the human race has been! Almost as bad as the sentimental canonisation of the working class. Depressingly, the more "working class" the Smiths, the worse they were, swearing eternal gratitude to the inevitable BOSS. They

have a god before God and it is the BOSS. They were sexless, godless drudges; the women, the most lowly paid Smiths, actually said things like "I don't fink women should get paid as much as men".

Please don't tell me anything about the "vitality" and the "earthiness" of the working class; at the moment, no one hates the exception, the eccentric, more than they do. They had something special once — before they became secular consumer viewers rather than animals — but they won't get it back again, not unless this country becomes very left wing and forces political awareness on them. For now, TV is their God; their God turns their brains to mush; their mushy brains stop them making money and getting out. This first episode of *The*

Patrol shortage? No problem. Just get a strongman to make a complete and utter fool of himself...



John Smith Show was a great lesson in just how defeated and boring being powerless can make a person. There was no mention in it of either God or politics; I suspect they are all "C of E" and "moderate", and look forward with morbid interest to the next instalment of this celebration of the void.

Lack of any real control of one's destiny often results in stupid aggression. Seven-thirty saw *Britain's Strongest Man*, a celebration of ugliness as a masculine virtue. This hybrid of *The Sun* Aggro Test and the National Front was hosted by Derek Hobson, who is sort of a high priest of banality. Henry Cooper played the organ grinder's monkey; illustrating an interesting working class escape route in the manner of footballer or celebrated scumthug (Biggs, McVicar) — that of Pet Cockney.

Actually I do him a disservice; his voice was both humble and compassionate as he talked to the poor

Continues over

their whole futures being tied to one company for so long, advances that bear some relation to the huge sums the company could expect to make if the group did turn out to become megastars. This particular business approach is now proving less successful, partly I think because the independent labels are creating greater diversity and spreading sales so they are more evenly distributed. The big companies' response is that musicians must accept less cash — but are they giving any concessions in return? Are deals shorter term? Do the musicians have more control? Are royalties higher? No.

FINALLY there is the chart hyping issue. The British Market Research Bureau chart (which gains a lot of its enormous influence from the fact that it is used by the BBC who have a government sponsored monopoly on national radio broadcasting) is contracted by the BPI. Supposedly, it is an index of "what the public wants". There is no need to go over the well-publicised corruption and falsification of this so-called "public demand", although it should be pointed out that, without actually breaking any rules, there are a great many other ways of giving the charts a gentle nudge in the direction of any particular record.

Trying to make the charts honest is probably impossible. Yet the chart is handed down like a god we the public are supposed to worship, a smokescreen to conceal the companies' manipulation of the sound media for financial aims.

I have concluded that the

BPI wants a homogenised market. If they could manufacture consumers in addition to the actual records they probably would. They would construct consumers who wouldn't home tape, consumers who would buy only what the companies chose to market to them, consumers who would feel guilty if they deviated from the norms of "what the public wants determined by the chart, consumers for whom pop music would become an object of passive absorption instead of the rebel music that's rightly a tool of the radical consumer.

I don't think the effects of the BPI have suggested are necessarily discussed in the boardrooms. Rather I am looking to the overall impact, the hidden intentions, the consequences of history.

Thanks, but for now I don't want to join BOB LAST



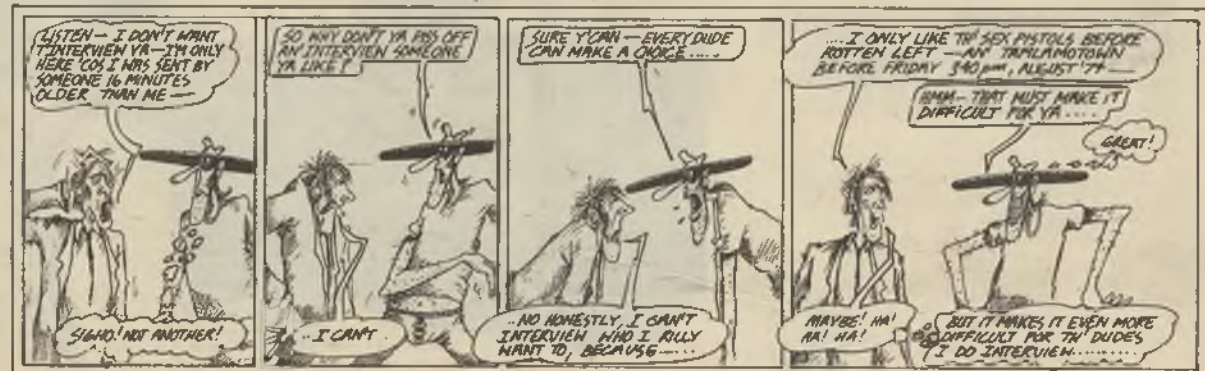
Plug of the week

HAPPY BIRTHDAY *Spare Rib* — 8½ years old this month! And more to the point, congratulations to the independent women's liberation magazine on clocking up 100 issues.

In typically wide-ranging style, *Spare Rib* celebrates its own achievement with a bumper 72-page November edition in which the SR collective interviews ten women aged 10-100, Tony Benn, and The Bodysnatchers. Despite the anarchy of the likes of Jilly Cooper ("They invited me to debate against them but I'd rather trot out inane lies from the safety of my Sunday Times column"), *Spare Rib* remains one of Britain's most essential, uncompromising publications.

For proof, stop by the special anniversary exhibition at the Cockpit Annex, Princeton St, London WC1, 10 till 9, weekdays up to December 8.

The Lone Groover



Benyon

HAD ANY EARLY thoughts about who'll be the fairy at the top of the *Top Of The Pops* Christmas tree this year? Don't splutter into your pint, but it could be Mensi and The Angelic Upstarts up there slugging it out with Cliff and Olivia and the like.

That, at least, is the plan Mensi unveiled to *Thrills* this week. The Geordie weight-trainer has gone and written himself his very own instant people's anthem. It's called 'England', and sounds like the composition of a man who's been force-fed an incessant tape loop of 'Selling' and 'Mull O' Kintyre'.

It's super-patriotic, and rings with sentiments that would stir the bones of Rudyard Kipling and Rupert Brooke: "England oh England a country so fair and so true There'll never be any colours like the red and the white and the blue."

Mensi hopes it will be big on Wembley's terraces. "Let's face it, we want a hit," he said as he demonstrated his scarf-waving technique. "I think the band needs a wider audience and I hope this will give us it... they're nuts about it over at EMI."

Aren't you afraid the song will be taken up by the Tuffy Club portion of the Upstarts?

MENSI BREAKS OUT



Thomas in training for TOTP.

Pic: Pennie Smith

— in red, white and blue rash

following and turned into a fascist anthem? "Aye, I've already been told I'm playing into their hands. Maybe I can turn them away from that Nazi rubbish — pride in being English is what the fascists prey on, only they pervert it. They pervert the Union Jack too. It turns my guts the way they march under the flag — it's got nothing to do with being a Nazi..."

"Everyone knows I hate the NF and BM. My next single after this is 'Kids On The Street' and it goes: 'Let's unite, black and white kids together are dynamite'..."

The chief Upstart also passed comment that Garth Crooks was "the best thing ever to happen to North London", and laughed at the long faces of the BM contingent, on White Hart Lane's terraces caused by his arrival. "They cheer now though, don't they? What a bunch of hypocrites..."

Mensi was hoping to play a series of benefit concerts in his Geordie homeland, for a friend's daughter who was born blind. "The plan was to raise £1200 to send the bairn abroad for special treatment," Mensi said. "Only none of the students' unions would let us play — Durham, Sunderland, Newcastle. It seems when the 'bad boys' try to do something good they're not allowed to."

DEXTER FABIAN



From previous page

competitors. There but for the grace of God goes Henry; he stands as a good example of how strength allied to a little shrewdness can pull a pole out of a hole without too much humiliation.

On the humiliation front, those who would be strongest carried 100 kilo sacks (which, as Henry pointed out, weighs more than he does) across their backs, ripped up telephone directories, bent steel bars and PULLED A TWO TON TRUCK! They lifted a half a ton girder on which sat six *Panhouse* Pets — really nice looking girls, despite the crummy clothes. The weightlifters didn't even look at them. The girls had obviously been brought on to accentuate the "maleness" of the musclemen; they instead

showed up the sad narcissistic mess of physical strength.

Musclemen are by men for men. Western media men always tut-tut about Communist women athletes being aberrations of nature. These "men" all had bosoms that Russ Meyer would have been more than pleased to get his hands on.

Nothing could have been less to do with sex — it was still one of the most offensive on the eye things I've ever witnessed. Oh ITV, you really over-played that sweaty paw of yours! Their motto (*The Sun's* motto used to be "Forward With The People" — they've had the decency to drop it as quickly as a Page Three girl's underwear) should be: "We Defend To The Death Your Right To Be A Cratin"

All kinds of crap-merchants thrive on today's anything-goes liberalism. I personally loathe any kind of mindless slime, and long for the return of real strenuous censorship — quality control, like the French have for wine. However, I'm amazed that people make such a fuss about a wanky little bit of arty crap like *The Romans In Britain* while cretinous degradation such as *Britain's Strongest Man* is totally accepted as a jolly stitch in life's wacky tapestry.

The musclemen sweated, fell over, turned surly and dropped out. The best man — the only competitor with a modicum of charm and humour — actually won. When the prizes were presented the competition turned out to have been sponsored by British Meat. The winner received the right to go to New Jersey for The World's Strongest Man competition, and a huge piece of meat on a silver salver. Bacon would have loved it to death.



"I think I can hear the fab new sound of the '80s — barrels being scraped."

R.I.P.

Pray one minute silence for NME-as-we-know-it. We've chucked everything up in the air for next week's issue, and however it comes down, well... that's yer new NME.

NME. SOUND AND REVISION.



From beneath his synop-splashed sou' wester, Sir Henry, brandy-baffled rhinoceros führer of Rawlinson End, glowered at his faceless curry. This is inedible muck, and there's not enough of it!

After its success on radio, stage and record, Vivian Stanishall's eccentric saga now belches into print. Available from all good book and record shops, or in case of difficulty from the Magic Bus Bookshop, 10 King Street, Richmond, Surrey for £3.95 (+ 75p p&p).

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Precisely Grundig. Precisely right.



THEIR BASSIST Laura came up with the best description of The Bush Tetras I'd heard. "We're a rhythm and paranoia band," she said.

Perfect. A new genre: R&P. It neatly touches both points of what they do.

For the body, The Bush Tetras create churning, unorthodox, surprising dance music. For the mind, they disturb you with impatient railings, concise notes against hypocrisy and feverish images of love and loss. The sound of the city.

Cynthia, their lead singer, lives in a tiny flat on East Ninth Street in New York's Lower East Side. A funky neighbourhood. A couple of blocks east and you have total burn-out, nothing but the worst tenements and heroin dealerships. Where Cynthia is, things aren't so bad; the people are poor but the atmosphere is buzzing.

Only one of The Bush Tetras lives here. But if a band can be said to have links to a piece of geography, The Bush Tetras are a Lower East Side Band. This is where their constituency lives.

"I think we do sort of represent Lower East Side living in a way," guitarist Pat Place agrees. "We rehearse over here, but it's also the attitude. People live down here who aren't making a lot of money, can't afford anywhere else, and it's because they are not conventional people. They aren't doing the things in society that make money."

The Bush Tetras, I say, play to those people.

"We are those people."

Laura: "People like us have a real hard time fitting in. My first job when I came to New York was receptionist in a porno movie theatre, simply because I couldn't confine myself to the sort of girly image you need for a regular job."

The Bush Tetras, three girls and a guy (their terminology) feel like outsiders. Their songs are full of disenchantment and dismay. Anything else would be less than honest.

The Bush Tetras are Cynthia Sley, vocals, Pat Place, guitar, Laura Kennedy, bass, and Dee Pop (nee Dimitri Papadopolous) drums. Pat Place's name may be familiar; she played the insistent, nerve-racking slide guitar in the original Contortions.

Only Dee is a native New Yorker, and only he has any real history as a musician. Pat came from Chicago, moved to New York five years ago, planning to be an artist. She still sells an occasional photograph and, with Laura, keeps a finger in film-making. Laura and Cynthia come from Cleveland, attended art school together. Laura came to New York hoping to make films, Cynthia to get into clothing design.

"It's so funny," Laura says now. "We all came here really seriously intent on some goal and we just didn't do it. We're all rejects from another field."

The band was born about a year ago of jamming sessions involving Pat, Laura, Dee and a now-departed guitarist named Jimmy. "Then we brought our best friend Cynthia down to the basement and said 'Sing!' and she sang," Laura relates. "She had a pile of poetry or lyrics or whatever you want to call it."

They were always visually impressive. The three-women front line sports short hair, deadpan expressions and a defiant, tough-girl stance. At first their sound owed too great a debt to The Contortions, and they suffered from amateurishness and hesitancy.

Now they are in nobody's shadow. The Bush Tetras, through hard work and lots of playing, have gotten good.

The beat has echoes of the speedy, cracked funk of Gang of Four or PIL, while the songs range from menace to exaltation, bitter sarcasm to evocative love-shouts. "Taste Like The Tropics" couples heated love images with a maelstrom of sound kicked up by exploding guitar and the rhythm section in overdrive.

"Snake Crawl" is an evil incantation that makes me think of the three witches in Macbeth doing their "bubble bubble toil and trouble" routine. "Mess Up" and "Too Many Creeps" are diatribes against the scene-makers and hanger-outers; not my favourite songs, they're too cranky and ill-humoured. But they mean what they say, challenge people, put them on the spot and don't mince words doing it.

THOUGH I'D TALKED to them frequently at gigs, I'd never gotten chummy with The Bush Tetras. Those tough demeanours seemed intimidating and impenetrable from a distance.

We meet for an interview at Cynthia's little bedsit. An occasional roar from a passing motorcycle intrudes on the tape — the Lower East Side is also biker country. Turns out they couldn't be nicer.

We begin by chatting about the cross-country



OUTSIDERS IN A SEXUAL JUNGLE



Meet The Bush Tetras

From the left: Dee Pop, Pat Place, Laura Kennedy, Cynthia Sley

They're a New York rhythm and paranoia band

**Text: Richard Grabel
Pix: Joe Stevens**

tour they just finished, flying from city to city on one of those special reduced-fare tickets. "Whatever city we hit it seemed like we were following The Rockats and The Mo-dettes were coming the next night," Laura says. "It seemed like everybody was on the same tour."

Dee: "In some places they did. In San Francisco we were on some airplay charts on the new wave shows. But it's good when they don't know what to expect. They can just like you or not, but it's based purely on what you're playing and not what you've been in the past."

The punk image is just now making itself seen in the American heartland, and in some places it is drawing the same reaction that long hair did in the mid-'60s.

"We'd go into a straight bar in Buffalo," Dee recalls, "and they wouldn't serve us. We got into a fight in one place, and this cop there says, 'Oh yeah that was my cousin Rusty, haw haw, he had a hard week beating up punks haw haw!'"

Cynthia: "In Toronto they yelled '1976' at us. Which is weird, we don't wear punk clothes. We look more like greasers or reject bikers or something."

After half an hour of rather innocuous talk, Pat pipes up. "OK, let's get rowdy and obscene now. Ask us some sex questions. But not the ones everyone else asks."

What she means is that, with their hard looks and total lack of feminine role-playing, the Tetras have a reputation as a lesbian band. I frame a delicate question. What role does sexual image play in their presentation?

Pat: "Sexual image? I think it's just being ourselves. They have these regressive sex roles mapped out for you, girls should be like so and so. There's not much in modern music to counteract that either, except for a few English groups. But over here, what's popular is like The B-52's, who are the girliest girls. Not that I hold it against them but it's just so collegiate and cute."

Laura: "Obviously all of our personalities affect our music, or we'd just be faceless robots. But what we say has to come out in the music."

Talking is important, but how much can you say to people that will mean something and be valuable to them and have an influence in their lives? Do they really want to sit there and read about which Bush Tetra does what to who?"

Dee: "I'd like to read that." But the kind of sexuality performers project inevitably becomes a part of the statement they make. And the frustration and anger of The Bush Tetras' lyrics might easily come out of a gay sensibility.

"I think what you're hearing," Laura says, "more than a gay sensibility, is a feminist one. And we're none of us radical feminists. I went through that in high school, joined all kinds of groups and movements, and got real turned off by lesbian separatists who were into moving out, owning their own farms, starting their own matriarchal society and all this bullshit. In reality you can't do anything unless you work together with people. Our original group was two men and two women."

Cynthia: "We're all AC/DC. We run on battery acid."

Pat: "Personally I think our music, our lyrics, are in a way sexless. Although I know that Cynthia has written some songs as love songs and they are definitely not gay love songs."

In fact their lyrics are far from sexless. Sometimes they lay down simple truths — "You can't be a lover if you haven't got control / You can't be a funky if you haven't got a soul." ("Can't Be Funky"). Sometimes they comment on life's social-sexual skirmishes — "I just can't pay the price of shopping around no more / 'Cause there's just nothing that's worth the cost." ("Too Many Creeps").

Laura: "That's about the single life. Not to get too specific, but in New York it's real hard to maintain relationships. It seems harder than in other places. You either have a career or a relationship, or if you have both, you have to juggle them."

I ask Dee how it feels to be the only boy in a group with three girls. He says he doesn't really think about it.

Pat: "But Dee, you have said that working with male musicians can be obnoxious because

a lot of them have a real machismo attitude."

Dee: "Alright, there are pros and cons about each. There are guys who've been playing for twelve years and think they know the only way to play and there's no breaking them out of certain habits. But then there's going on tour with them (indicating the three girls) and I'm the one who ends up carrying amps all over the place."

Pat: "The thing we should say is that we didn't intend to have a girls' band. It just sort of happened."

Laura: "We've actually had to, not exactly fight it, but we'll get to a city and there will be a sign at the club advertising us as a 'women's punk group' and we'll ask them to take it down because we're not."

THE BUSH TETRAS have released a single comprised of three songs, "Too Many Creeps", "Snakes Crawl" and "Taste Like The Tropics". It's a good record, but not a great one, mainly because it was recorded too soon (about six months ago), before they had developed the fire and force they now have. Still, it has sold out a first pressing of three thousand.

The single is on 99 Records, an indie label that looks like growing into great importance. Like Rough Trade and Good Vibrations, 99 Records is an off-shoot of a record store, the brainchild of store owner Ed Bahimann, who has so far released singles by The Bush Tetras and experimental guitarist Glenn Branca. Upcoming are a single by Y.Pants, three women who play toy pianos and ukuleles, and one by ESG, a "minimalist salsa" group from the Bronx, produced by Martin Hannett. It will have simultaneous UK release on Factory.

As for The Bush Tetras, they are going to continue to improve. They already have a sound not exactly comparable to anything else. They rock out, with anger and force.

Their manic depression is an appropriate soundtrack for this jungle life we lead.

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, PLAY ON.



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SINGLES

VIVIEN GOLDMAN

THURSDAY VERDICT



Four Extra Classics

LORA LOGIC: Eugene (Rough Trade) The remarkable Lora Logic, several phases ahead as usual, proves yet again that she's the best thing that ever played in the Roxy. Instrumentation, arrangement and vocals are all boldly imaginative and witty; imagine how people felt seeing a Matisse painting for the first time. Lora's stylised vocals sit tight on Dave's sex, the two keeping a tight rein on the spirited, bucking rhythm section. The duelling saxophones are typical of Lora; listen to the very English hermelodic on the B-side. It's an extraordinary instrumental, the end of the pier on a Saturday afternoon. The woman defines herself, un-pompously fills a cultural vacuum. If there is a Modern Dance, she's our Ginger Rogers.

TAMLINS: Smiling Faces (Power House Pre) Wicked, wicked, wicked. By reggae standards, this isn't a new tune, but it's the fix you keep on coming back for. From the 'Baltimore' team — Sly & Robbie powerhousing the competent but not inspired trio to cloud-vaulting leaps. The dub teases you without mercy; syn-drums suck your brain inside out, bass steps slowly over the soul. These are literal descriptions of the power of this ranking record, which EMI should instantly release as a twelve-inch.

ROBERT WYATT: At Last I Am Free/Strange Fruit (Rough Trade) A Robert Wyatt single turns up in the pile of 45s, and you stumble into the still

magic glade in the centre of the forest. The qualities are classical: dignity, gravity, sombre, sensual emotion. Another in Robert's series of cover-version singles, in which he attempts the impossible and somehow succeeds; legal wrangles between Virgin, his old label, and Rough Trade, his would-be/new label, mean that the appearance of others like the galloping 'Stalin Wasn't Stalling' remain in doubt.

Here Robert infiltrates, without subverting, Chic and Billie Holiday. Each time, his un-soupy sincerity, a kind of stubborn knowing innocence, makes you stand still and take stock. A highly superior single, a reminder of how sad it is to be frightened of words like Beauty and Love.

MOTION: Walk On By (Ballistic) Motion, formerly Movement, are George (Oban) Levi's combo. As with the original Aswad bassie's last hit, 'No Man Is An Island', the voice of chanteuse Ann wraps itself round George's eloquent, daring bass lines like a fur stole round a silky biteable neck. George pushes Robbie Shakespeare's lead bass idea still further; his bass couldn't sling in tune, and still make it sway. The musicians are all top ranking (including Aswad's Drummie) and the Doinne Warwick/Burt Bacharach classic isn't covered so much as gifi-wrapped.

Runners-up

LIPPS INC: How Long (Casablanca/Pye) Ace with a facelift, as Lipps Inc get heavily into Gary Numan,

Machinoid rhythm tracks simulate seconds ticking by as the hapless singing victim wonders how long it's been going on. Well, actually, it all started in Germany in the '70s with Kraftwerk being sort of cold, stark and modern, then Eno & Bowie began to, and then it was like this, so . . .

Near the end, the singer blows her moderne cool and begins some supersoul wailing.

BLANK STUDENTS: We Are Natives (Dexter Discs). Fine A-side, specially if you listen to the rhythm track more than the vocals — sounds like Blank Students are regurgitating lessons learnt from hours listening to Don Cherry going ethnic along with the obligatory reggae. If you omit the B-side, the Students might grow up to be rightful mutant inheritors of This Heat and The Pop Group.

AU PAIRS: Equal But Different (Rough Trade) It's amazing how the Au Pairs manage to make traditional rock and roll a vehicle for radical sentiments; only the old Gang of Four pulled off that marriage of the retrogressive with the radical. Lesley's singing uses passion to much better effect, she's gained control. "Spending days nowadays by myself, that's oh so nice . . ." These lyrics are suitable for viewing by all ages, including the very young and DAPs.

TUXEDO MOON: Dark Companion (PRE/Ralph). Looming from the Cryptic Corporation vaults, TM sound like sepulchral Kraftwerk — they even talk about doppelgangers. The secret is setting the drum machine to a

slight variance with the tempo of guitars and bass. A goodly portion of screaming sounds smear across the canvas; "the endless prattle of politicians fills my ears and rain makes my mascara run." Are those lyrics a) concerned, b) committed, c) meaningless? File under "evocative" and move on.

ROBERT PALMER: Looking For Clues (Island). Robert's Bungalow Music indicates Nassau not Neasden, and for years he suffered from the syndrome of being the Golden Boy laying the dodgy eggs that never did crack the charts. Now, like Island stable-mate Grace Jones, whose talents were equally obvious but latent, he's found his own focus. Dance music that could storm barns in Neasden, Nassau and possibly Guatemala, and intelligently accessible lyrics.

MIKEY DREAD: Break Down The Walls (Dread At The Controls/Stiff). Mikey exhorting us all to stand together, stand firm, be upful and right and unite tonight inna Babylon. The success of this tune greatly depends on the drumming bravado of Style Scott, who looks fit to step into Sly's sandals should the august toothless one ever give it up for production. The flip's harder, an instrumental version with fine piano work of the 'Jumping Master' tune with a hint of the wild imagination/odd noises that used to make Mikey Dread singles so spectacular and sought-after. Ahhhh, the good old days.

LUDUS: My Cherry Is Not Sherry (New Hormones). Jagged, spiky neon painting

rhythm track with sound of piano being gutted by chain-saw, from the Manchester band. Linder's voice is cool like an elegantly frigid blonde Hitchcock heroine. "Beetle blood staining my skin" is the line to remember.

THE DANCING DIDO: The Haunted Tea Rooms/Squashed Things On The Road (Fruit & Veg Records). Now that everyone can make their own singles, there's lots of opportunity to examine the rat-and-bat-infested secret chambers of psyches all over the country. This Worcestershire "double fruit side" is faithful to the implications of the titles, with a strong but streamlined disco/funk skeleton rhythm track. Good aural Ealing comedy/hooting Hammer horror.

DEVO: Whip It (Virgin) Inside the skin mag title, a health and efficiency tale about pulling your socks up, with synth/bass/galloping drum rhythm section; yet another Kraftwerk-kind (that's 'Son Of Kraftwerk' in Deutsch-lish).

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS: Mr Jones (CBS) Martin Hannett, is once again hailed out to repair the elastic band that keeps the propeller going round and round. Zero to ground control does a good job of making the Psychedelic Furs sound like the Velvet might have sounded if they were starting now, and weren't as forward as they were in the '60s. Other Furs stuff sounds as if they wanted to be the Velvet Underground then, and nothing had happened since.

SECTION 25: Chamel Ground/Haunted (Factory) More horror flick soundtracks: remember those toys with a green luminous skeletal hand reaching from a tin coffin to grab your money? I'm sure Martin Hannett doesn't know what 'holiday' means. There's a good package tour to Transylvania, Martin.

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS: Redemption Song (Island) One side is Bob's Dylan-esque man-with-guitar plea — "Won't you help me sing these songs of freedom." The other's an instrumental version bouncing from side to side on the keyboards, shuffling the Wailers (big aka stars in the '60s) back to those old rock-steady strains. The deliberate non-pop pace increases the similarity to a hymn or psalm. It would be difficult for anyone else to triumph with this revivalist statement.

GIRLS AT OUR BEST! Political (Record Records) Judy Evans' thin, pure voice is the prime attraction in GAQB! Here the Leeds combo confronts the crazy circus of American politics, as evoked by the pom-pom cheerleaders on the sleeve, presumably. The result's cheerful, cheeky, bouncy as a California Girl (of myth and legend).

THE DIAGRAM BROTHERS: We Are All Animals/There Is No Shower (D. Bros) These Mancunians are crazy. One side confirms Darwin's Theory Of Evolution, the other ('the worrying stuff side') is about a legless boy's letter to the Council for money and planning permission to build a shower, which was neglected in the bureaucratic Big Sleep. "This is a Bad Thing," the DB's comment, over demented bass, drum, and crescendoes of galloping guitar.

NORMIL HAWAIIANS: The Beat Goes On/Ventilation (Dining Out 45) A post humorous Normil Hawaiians disc — they broke up last weekend. Old tracks too. But it's worth tuning in to the B side specially, featuring Janet 'Two Hearts In Pain' Armstrong, whose full-blooded, forthright vocals delight. Also a plaintive little scapella cut on the end, with rolling, dirge-like piano to close. Watch out for Janet's next single etc etc . . .

Continues over



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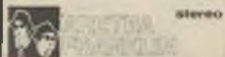
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SINGLES

Continued

ARETHA FRANKLIN: *Think* (Atlantic) Hearing 'Think' re-recorded for the Blues Brothers is like running into an old love many years on. You scan their face with some anxiety for the erosion of the years. Well, old Aretha's kept herself together pretty good, but then this 'Think' is a rip-roaring live-sounding bash, and it doesn't sear in the same spiritual way as the original. The other side is the original of 'Respect' — the greatest thrill of 'em all, for me — and 'Satisfaction'. It'll never stop loving Aretha Franklin and Mavis Staples while they keep the faintest trace of starchy in the shirt.



DIANA ROSS: *I'm Coming Out* (Motown) Despite the squabbles about the parentage of this Ross/Chic theoretical collaboration, the B-side 'Give Up' shows how Ross benefitted; the oblique placing of vocal lines on rhythm is a Chic stepping razor, combined with egg-slicer strings.

RICK JAMES: *Summer Love* (Motown) What possessed Motown to release 'Summer Love' now, when it's bound to irritate, going on about summer sun on soft cheeks, love stirring like tiny buds feeling the heat and all that rot. Rick James' rep sets him up as being sex-mad; if so, this is one of the ones that carries on even after you get out of bed to change the album over.



PURITANS: *Start To Finish/Love/Bitter* (Puritan) The photos on the back — a very grainy Don Cherry, Ed Blackwell, and Albert Ayler, if I can read the dots aright — bear out the impression; out there in wherever he is, a certain Jon Dickson clicks his fingers to a lot of old Verve and new Indie Navigation albums. Cool, daddy-o to the sound of an at-home Sony portable.

MODERN ENGLISH: *Gathering Dust* (4 AD) Modern English suffer from the modern disease; a kind of colitis interruptus that involves making great intros, then flopping badly when the vocals come in. Extended 'atmospheric' stuff, comes with bird-song and scratchy-scratchy static guitar.

FAB FOOD: *Never Alone* (Smile) Teenage love conquests in back rows of cinemas etc, nicely dressed in a reggae-derived rhythm full of ringing melodies, with good dub-by bits in. Very well produced, (moderately) funny: Could Catch On (like Jilted John).

IRON MAIDEN: *Women In Uniform* (EMI) A boy's impotent S/M fetish. A truly tired attempt to breathe life into the stinking corpse of trad festival rock.

THE VICEROYS: *Heart Of Stone* (Taxi pre) No question; everything on the Taxi label must be listened to, if not purchased, wherever possible. Sly and Robbie's irresistible forward rhythmic urges lead Sly to over-indulge somewhat on a new toy — a syn-drum sound like a quacking toy duck. Still, his drum-work's the most interesting conversation you'll have for days, and Robbie's bass alters the mood of the afternoon completely. The dub's a sound system special, lethal stepping intro till it's eaten by a flock of rampaging ducks. The words, beautifully sung, are total dripsville — "I saw you walking down the street with another guy, guess how I feel." Leave it out, will ya, brainless?

AUGUSTUS PABLO: *West Abyssin* Another of Pablo's instrumentals that are more like landscape paintings. This time we're on a night-time excursion down the River Nile on a motor-launch decked out with carnival bunting, and the band on deck's playing a sensuous steel band rhythm. The lights on the mast twinkle over the distant silhouette of pyramids.



HORACE ANDY: *Show & Tell* (Studio One pre) That classical quavering tremolo alto again; doing over the old Al Wilson tune he cut for Studio One years ago. Tangible contentment, Studio One style.

THE MOUNTBATTENS: *Bkz And Pieces* (Surfing Sand) Bizarre 10-inch, already banned by both Virgin and Boots on account of the title. On wax, covers of the Surfaris' 'Wipe Out' alongside 'Little GTO' 'King Of The Road' and 'Surfer Joe'. The music doesn't quite match the eclectic alan of the choice of songs.



ROD STEWART: *Passion* (Riva) Rod lamenting the death of Passion in the world today. "Can't live without it," he says, with some truth. Unfortunately, the medium does not convey the message, despite its epic pretensions.

ROKY ERICKSON: *Mine Mine* (CBS) I'd expected more from this legendary nutter (I treasure the Virgin release, 'Bermuda Triangle') than this riff-ridden, "straight ahead rock & roll". Opinions differ as to whether Mr Erickson should take less drugs or more.

METHODISHCA TUNE: *The Twee Googs* (Evstona) I like this trend towards quiet, but not spineless, music, pioneered in public by the Young Marble Giants. This rocks gently like a parked canoe surrounded by shimmering insect noises and heartbeat bass.

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Here's The Man Who Meets The Stars!

THREE TIMES I got out of my warm bath to answer the telephone.

The first call was a few seconds of silence and down. The second call stopped ringing just before I could pick it up. The third caller had awful news.

A deep crack of thunder and it began to pour with rain. Then I knew I was back home again. New York was a flight away, a different world. I could try dolefully to pin it down with words, but the disjunction between memory and articulation already had me depressed numb. You're always some place else.

I started to crack up in the city which always sleeps.

WHAT IS the young man doing on the third floor?

He is making a telephone call. He is speaking to the New York representative of Island Records. Naturally, the representative in question knows that I am here. She has been expecting my call. She knows where I am staying, she knows the hotel, the district it is sited in and other less concrete details. She knows, for instance, the hotel's reputation and particularly the area concerning how many people who check into the hotel don't check out of it again.

She probably knows that Sid Vicious' girlfriend Nancy Spungen was one of them.

I wonder for a moment if she met her unfortunate end in the same



Handsone, debonair and wealthy. That's ... IAN PENMAN

Joe Stevens' theory is that Island's higher ranks didn't like something Vivien Goldman put in her B-52's piece about how she stayed somewhere flash (the Essex House) whilst the B-52 girls didn't.

A victim of perverse corporate logic? Hold on suspicion.

ROBERT PALMER wasn't my first or foremost reason for a flight to New York — he just tucked neatly into an uncharacteristic case of good timing. I wanted to talk to August Darnell (a modern soul genius — biography to follow) and see the City's sights. My first visit.

I threw Robert Palmer in when I heard two new songs of his: 'Johnny And Mary' (the excellent single with the exorbitant bass boom); and 'Looking For Clues' (his new LP's title track). Neither an informed nor infatuated party, I merely wished to colour him in a bit, flesh out the meagre clues. I was working purely on suspicion.

I liked the two songs in question because they were made of nervous,



Hunky, adorable but penniless. That's ... BOBBY PALMER

to you/Ooh, I'm looking for clues ... — which covers more emotional ground than you might at first think. It fuelled my callow detective instincts.

The rest of the songs on his new LP were a different case entirely: what anyone with a flimsy and unfeeling knowledge of Robert Palmer would probably expect — a messy, privileged and never messed up eclecticism. Sandwiched between the shock of the opening 'Looking For Clues' and 'Johnny And Mary' for instance is 'Sulky Girl' — a regrettable scrap of ordinary rilly rock years removed from its present company in structure, style and delivery. Bits of the remainder of the LP are co-written and co-played by Gary Numan.

Now, Robert Palmer lives in the Bahamas and tends to use obscure conge players or celebrity horn sections — a soul snob — so I wondered a little about this latest crush. I'm a lousy mindreader.

I used to have the first LP Robert Palmer made for Island — 'Sneakin Sallly Through The Alley' it was called. The reason I had it was that it

people ... or singing sweetly swinging on a perch in a gilded cage ... but what does it add up to?

THE RITZ is a recently opened New York club. Its inner architecture is somewhat akin to a Music Machine or Lycium, but you get even fewer breaks, because the Ritz serves one kind of beer only, and it is horrendously wotery and very expensive.

I know everything I needed to know about the Ritz after hearing that. You can work out everything proceeding from such a clue. You can sketch the clientele in advance: male patrons will wear shirts open to the hairy chest and meditation, and female patrons will probably go for the latest in designer jeans — what-
ever they are it shudder to think and have never bothered to investigate).

When Joe and I arrive early evening at the Ritz as arranged with the New York representative of Island Records, only the road crew are in. Big boxes spilling open, big stomachs, big belts, big pizzas, big canons of milk. No big star. We locate another small bar.

We go back later much against our now looser instincts. Palmer finally arrives. He is wearing a yeughy smooth creamy white suit and dark tie and yeughy smart shoes. He could get on the cover of Ritz and Rolling Stone. He seems happy and garrulous, if unnaturally preoccupied with his nostrils. He chats with two people — a man from the road crew and a black woman who looks like she just stepped off the cover of one of those mid-'70s p-a-s-a-r-r-y people! soul albums.

We seem to get a nod at one point, although he seems to be doing this quite indiscriminately. We eventually introduce ourselves to him, as there is no one from his record company there to do it for us. He says he has been told nothing about any interview. But will he do one, now? Oh, he doesn't know about that — he's feeling rather "hostile" at the moment. He runs away to check with someone about sound checking. Yeah, he'll do a quick interview.

At the door of the Ritz two big blue suited shapies who are either chauffeurs or bodyguards express interest in our expedition: wouldn't you just know it, I'm taking Robert Palmer to a bar!

He tells me that he hasn't got any money whatsoever on him so I'll have to stand the drinks. Then he tells us the news he'd heard that afternoon about John Bonham's death — news to us, too.

Boy, you should have seen my face when he said I'd have to stand the drinks.

IAM sitting on the fourth bar stool from the window, between Robert Palmer on the fifth and

Joe on the third. I order drinks. Robert's first: a Tom Collins. The American bartender in his white smock takes great care with this order, and Robert gets a Tom Collins in a glass we would only eat ice-cream out of in London. Maybe even Robert — the old sophisticate — is taken by surprise.

"Oooh! a pink one," he remarks, stirring his big drink mock meditatively.

Joe and me carry on with Carlsberg. I pay up. Joe asks for the evening's newspaper. A big TV screen to our left broadcasts images of Middle Eastern conflict and stock car racing. The fire sign recurs. The sound is off and a tape deck is playing an eclectic (and, as it turns out, extraordinarily good) selection of songs and musics.

The interview begins as I switch on the tape recorder. Near the time when Robert's Tom Collins is empty the tape recorder's little red REC/BATT light starts to flicker a hesitant pink. No one says ooooh! but Joe puts two new batteries in, and I turn the tape over. Minutes later, we've left the bar.

What I'm after is an interrogation tinged with confession, as my profession demands ...

The tape is playing 'More Than A Woman'.

You live over here?

"Nah, I've lived in the Bahamas for the past three and a half years."

An obvious question: how then did you come to meet Gary Numan?

The bartender says: "All this together?"

Yeah, I'll pay. How much? It's five dollars and seventy five cents. The till gulps loudly.

"I was doing three of his tunes in my live show about 18 months ago and he came and saw the show with his Dad. We got on really well so I suggested that ... well, actually he suggested that we work together, so we did."

Seems a bit like Bowie and Eno. Was it planned at all?

"Nah, it was more like him coming out for a holiday — he was on his way to Japan and he had the rough mixes of his new LP with him and I liked one of the songs ..."

(The song in question was 'I Dream Of Wires'. As Robert explains the working approach with Gary, the tape launches into some lovely Irish pipe music.)

... and I was playing him something I'd been working on and he liked that so we finished it off together (that was a song called 'Found You Now'). Very accidental, very casual.

The album seems like a real mixture, a real hotch potch of things. Is that planned?

"To a certain extent, because uh, I get really bored with style. I'm sick to death of it."

What, your style, or ...?

"No, just style as a commodity, whether it's disco or heavy metal or



LYNN GOLDSMITH

room I have been given. A morbid thought — but anyway, photographer Joe Stevens later tells me, it isn't so. Sid and Nancy checked into a room on the second floor. Floors one to three are known as 'transient' floors, it seems.

I'm not sure if I would have preferred the second floor; or, for that matter, the hotel I was originally booked into — the Essex House, overlooking Central Park — which is, I gather from a good number of New Yorkers and fellow writers, a far classier hotel than the one I end up in: the Chelsea.

evil funk and shot full of doubt. The words to both 'Looking For Clues' and 'Johnny And Mary' can mean whatever you want them to (which is good) and what they meant to me was to do with problems close to home (which is where the heart is).

"It's crazy but I'm frightened by the sound of the telephone/I worry that the caller might have awful news" starts 'Looking For Clues'. A great way to start, you have to admit — even if you're not a paranoid fool like me. The nearest it gets to a 'conclusion' goes "I'm convinced that there's a way of getting through

was the mid-'70s and Little Feet and Allen Toussaint and probably The Meters were all on this LP and what that added up to was an easy sell to a young soul rebel. I was poised in the disjunction between DJ and critic, and felt uneasy with the purchase. I couldn't put my finger — let alone my pulse — on it.

Robert Palmer has made loads of albums since then. I lost interest, but the reviews stayed the same. Doubt is always the denominator: he's just a magpie ... colours in but won't use his imagination, and so on. Sitting on a fence with all the right

Delight takes FRIGHT!

Robert Palmer in New York

whatever the current trend is. I mean, I'm just really bored with it, always have been. For instance, I used to do a lot of reggae tunes — or things in that area — and now if I do them people come up to me and say 'You're jumping on the ska bandwagon'.

"I just get sick of it. So I was just trying to work with a certain kind of fidelity on a record that would hold it together, and just sort of include as many different things that I was interested in at the time and still make the thing read from back to front as coherent..."

Coherent in what way? Cos like the two tracks I really like are 'Looking For Clues' and 'Johnny And Mary' — which really stand out, regardless of whether you've done them, or whoever... But you've got a track in between them that seems years behind them, out of keeping, which spoils...

"Which is that?"

'Sulky Girl'

"Oh yeah..."

Which spoils the flow — and it happens in other places as well.

"Well, I do that on purpose, because again I don't want to make an album where it's presumed I'm into something. I mean, I haven't got a band, I never have had. I like singing songs and I try and think up songs that are gonna make a neat show when I take it on the road.

"People either love what I do or hate what I do — so I've got to the point where I just get on with it and the content of what I put on the records is determined from what I learn from the audience, from what works live, from what I want to hear when I go to a club or what I'd like to play when I get home. I'm just trying to include all those different things and mix it up, cos otherwise you end up with what they call it, a 'concept' album or something..."

PEOPLE YOU like — Gary Numan, whoever — do you think that's a pitfall of theirs?

"Totally, yeah. And I'm only interested in, I only like songs. There's no groups or singers that I like at all. I like songs by a lot of different people, but I'm certainly not a fan of anybody. I make up cassettes all the time — to take on the road with me — a song from this album, a song from that album. That's the way I listen to music; it's like one of those K Tel things, it's from all over. I listen to Fred Astaire, I listen to African folk music, I listen to Talking Heads..."

Couldn't you get trapped in the 'verse'? Artists are sold to the public on their particular image — who do you think will pick up on what you're doing, who will you appeal to?

"Me."

But you have to sell the stuff. But I do. So it takes up no amount of my thought, it doesn't concern me



ANTON CORBIJN

a bit. I don't even think about that, I mean, to make music in order to make money — I can think of plenty of ways to make a lot of money, that's no problem. I like to sing. So, if I can keep my priorities straight, then what difference does it make to me?

"I'm not trying to build an audience or create a market or product. I'm trying to make up songs I like to sing and put them on a record and be pleased with the result and say, 'Yeah, I've made the best record I could make this year. I'll leave it up to someone else to market it. Of course, it does give me problems cos you can't be easily categorised, people tend to concentrate on my appearance and stuff, which is kind of frustrating."

That's inevitable in a market that's dominated by those sorts of considerations.

"Yeah, I understand it completely, intellectually, but living with it is another matter."

(The tape recorder switches to Italian trumpets).

Where do you sell more, over here or in Britain?

"Oh, I don't sell records in England, never have."

The current single and album got into the charts.

"Yeah, it's the first time I've had any real interest in what I've done at all. In terms of... when I say 'real interest' — the possibility of playing somewhere other than the Hammersmith Odeon which is very nice, but... you know, the crowd that goes there always looks the same to me, don't they you? And they do at this place tonight. It's like when you're out in Sunderland then you're playing to the English public. When I'm out in Kansas City then I'm playing to the American public."

Do you get pissed off with the whole routine of touring?

"I suppose I get cynical about it but I don't get pissed off by it; because I like to sing. I like the physical sensation of it and everything — when it comes down to it the only real thing that makes any sense of it is going onstage and singing. That's the only thing that makes it possible to put up with the rest of the stuff that sometimes..."

(Julie London starts singing 'Cry Me A River'. I shiver a little bit.)

"... I bump into a lot of nice people, sometimes with similar interests. But most of the time people just... showbiz, you know? They want to align themselves with you for certain reasons.

"I used to hate it when I was in my first group in Yorkshire and we'd open for The Move and Jimi Hendrix and I'd think, 'How come these people act that way? What gives them the right to be that way? And I still can't understand. I go and see these groups and they don't act like people to me, they act like... they speak their own language and they expect everybody to run and fetch for them. They don't know how to check out of a hotel or pay bills or hail a cab, and they're encouraged by the people they have around who work for them and do all these things for them."

"Incidentally, it's of little consequence but um, I haven't worn a suit for about six months. But there's a fantastic Indian restaurant in town and they won't let you in there without a

jacket and a tie, so..."

What do you think of my jacket?

"Well, if you had a tie you could get in."

I FEEL a very native sympathy with regards to the Indian restaurant predicament. Robert scores a point.

He tells me that he and the guy who mixes his sound are taking their favourite secretary out as a treat. "She's forty and she's got two kids and she's a sweetheart." This somehow leads to the matter of how he never keeps the same band together for very long.

Does that create any problems?

"Well, it's not intentional. It's just like, in the middle of a tour I'll begin to assess the effect of the tunes on the audience and it'll give me ideas for what I'm gonna do next. I'll start including in the show things that often throw the band. Like last year I started doing a Gary Numan tune and some of the stuff that's on the new album, and the guitarist was the guy from The Meters and he thought I was kidding, he couldn't believe it, thought I was joking!..."

Gary Numan does seem a bit out of keeping stylistically.

"But I never knew about his style, I never knew what he looked like or anything. I just heard two of his tunes on the radio and put them in the set. Later on I saw some pictures of him."

What do you make of his whole 'concept'?

"Oh, I mean, I think that song 'Cars' is a soul song. 'I Dream Of Wires' — he told me what that was about. It was brand new to him and he'd only just finished it when he got there."

What is it about?

['I Dream Of Wires' has bugged many a reviewer of Numan's new album. The problem has been their readiness to accept and interpret such lines as "I am the final silence / The last electrician alive" as a direct articulation of the singer's psyche — not the narrative character's.]

Carry on, Robert...

It's about the futility of recollection. It's about, specifically, a guy who becomes redundant because they no longer use wiring or electricity, so he's reminiscing about his past (which is in our future), he's talking about all the electronic gadgets he used to work on — like one of those guys who are into old cars. "He (Numan) just moved it a stage further to make it a little ridiculous. Like that tune 'Animals' that Talking Heads do, when David Byrne's screaming in fury about nothing. Instead of like singing one of those really intense songs about jealousy or something like that they make it more humorous and appealing by moving it from the everyday and putting the emotion in a context where it can be regarded. Regarded rather than like something you have to get 'into'."

"When singers get real 'heavy' it's 'Everybody get up and get down say, YEAH clap your hands' — that really kind of fake stuff... So a writer goes to great lengths to be inventive instead of just banging your head over the fact that you can feel these deep emotions."

"Those particular songs that I mentioned effect me because they're more interested in the music and the humour than trying to express things like Liza Minnelli or someone..."

(Tony Bennett starts singing 'I Wanna Be Around'...)

Continues over *

FRIGHT!

*From previous page

What prompted the lyrics to 'Looking For Clues'?

"Oh, I don't really want to talk about it. It's a bit too serious."

But I think it's really interesting. And don't you want to be represented 'seriously' in the press for a change?

"I don't wanna talk religion and politics. That tune is inspired by those themes and I could never write straight from that context. I always talk around the bush. I don't want to talk like a zealot."

Oh, go on!

"Well ... Have you heard Stevie Wonder's new single? All about Zaire and stuff. That makes me sick ..."

Why?

"It's like Jace Fonda and the anti-Nukes lot. That's so fake to me. Who cares what they think? That's not what they're up to if they're singers or actresses or whatever. And to go around like their worldview is so important ... Everybody's worldview is important to them(selves). But to advertise it in specific terms — I find it offensive. I find it obscene."

I totally agree. Personal politics is the thing to get over.

"That's my intention. I'm getting ready for Armageddon. If they vote Reagan in here it's all over ... he said, not wanting to talk about politics!"

And Thatcher in Britain?

"Is that bad news?"

When did you last live in Britain?

"Five or six years ago."

Why did you leave?

"Clues. I was floored. I lost everything. I came home and was knee deep in water."

Anything to do with the cover of 'Looking For Clues'? (Which does indeed show the singer knee-deep in water)

"No, that's just coincidence. Actually, I have had a lot of bad luck with water. I've been 'floored' since."

You don't believe in astrology do you?

"I don't disbelieve in it but I don't believe in it particularly ..."

Like, anyway at the same time (as he was flooded) I had a radio hit in America. So I just came over. I just followed the demand rather than trying to go places and create one. That's why it took me so long to get back to England. I like to go places I'm asked, instead of inviting people to come and see if they like it. *did I pass the audition?* I'd had enough of that in the groups I was in in England.

"I don't want to rush but we'd better be getting back. I wouldn't mind sitting here and drinking another three of these with you ..."

Want another drink?

"I'd love to but I haven't got time."

Final question: are you wary of the press because of your dealings with them in the past?

"I used to be but now I kind of enjoy it, it's a laugh, cos I'm opinionated about the media ... Actually, I'm still interested in trying to think about what 'Looking For Clues' is about. Did we pay for the drinks?"

Shall I get another one?

"No, as I say, I must move. Duty calls! Living on such a flimsy basis as: 'Well, if it entertains me that's all that counts, hope the public likes it in the long run' ..."

(TAPE/BATT change.)

"... over a period of months that I end up looking in retrospect as if they're clues to some puzzle, on all kinds of levels. Did you know that they put all the calendars in the world — the Aztecs and the Mayans and the Chinese and Christian — into this computer and the last time they agreed was the year zero and the next time they agree is the year 2012, Christmas Eve. I mean — so what?"

I PROBABLY have a lot more sympathy with Robert Palmer than you expect me to have.

We think along very similar lines at the moment, having reached similar conclusions about similar things from different directions. I have exactly the same attitude as him, for instance, towards songs and their singers. That was why and how I came to talk to him in the first place. We've also got similar political ideas. I too am more interested in banning anti-Nuke discussions than Nuclear Bombs. That sounds flip-pant but I haven't the space to ex-

plain. You've have to tread between the lines. Crack the code.

Later on during my stay in New York I bought the paperback edition of Joan Didion's book *The White Album*, and came across this passage in a piece called *In The Islands*:

"Quite often during the past several years I have felt myself a sleep-walker, moving through the world unconscious of the moment's high issues, oblivious to its date, alert only to the stuff of bad dreams ..."

A good bookmark to keep that passage handy would be a scrap of paper with two lines from 'Looking For Clues':

"I have to make an effort now just to be serious/Nobody's going to give you the benefit of the doubt."

Sympathy for a lazy devil? Almost envy for the ease of it all? Well, not only am I pretty certain I'd do the same things — in Palmer's position — I can't deny the fact that I do a lot of them already. Figuratively and actually.

No point in pretending to be the morally prim and proper observer when I'm not, and would in fact hate to be. That's one of the nastier disguised rock journalists' wear.

We all like to enjoy ourselves. Especially these days. Palmer doesn't hurt anyone — symbolically or actually. He's not a harmful rock myth or even "in the way". If he pursues his own ideas he may even get me interested again. That's not to be scoffed at. Hear the 'Looking For Clues' album and get puzzled.

Sure, he's no Sinatra. I'm no Sartre.

Nevertheless, he's sold out the Dominion for three nights in November, and two dates at the Rainbow have been added because of the demand for tickets. I mean, just for the record.

BEFORE THE interview, when we were waiting for Robert to confirm things Joe and I took a stroll along a 100 metres hurdles length of "GUEST" tables, lined around the balcony. Each table had a little placard with the individual guest's name written on it. Half the show seemed to have been sold out in advance, as it were. The Ritz is a little bit Venues.

Arched about midnight when we got back to the Ritz (Stevens's

note: when I am dropped early from the television set in Joe's apartment) there is a long queue of people waiting to get in. It turns out that, like us, they are all-on the guest list. A doorman yells in desperation, "Has anyone here got tickets? Anyone?"

We get in. The show is already under way. The show is lousy and I can't even get a beer. I put on my best cute English smile to the New York representative of Island Records, but I think she had a heavy head cold. I take in the audience — who, unlike any other I encounter in New York, are going through a very set '60s set of motions they've convinced themselves constitute a Good Night Out.

Robert has indeed changed his outfit. He is now wearing a baggy red T-shirt and very casual trousers oh-so casually tucked into vaguely knee-high boots. He struts about and works quite hard. Good voice, shame about the gig. The band sound like typewriters, very stock rocky. I suddenly think I'm in California and fear fainting I search for Joe but can't find him. The next day I discover he had a crick of intestinal instability and was forced to depart.

Just before I leave I get a glimpse of a big floppy hat under which I suspect lurks Grace Jones. Another long term Island aristocrat ("Let them eat camp"). Like Robert Palmer, she's come good this year, with an irresistible studio sound and

well chosen cover versions. Personally, I love them.

Leaving the Ritz I snap. I run screaming into the street: "TAKE ME TO A NIGHTCLUB! TAKE ME TO A BARI! TAKE ME IN A BRIGHT CAB OR TAKE ME IN A CARI! Give me an intimate atmosphere and an anonymous torch singer. Give me the night ..."

I am initially placated by the yellow cab I easily hail on Broadway. Two o'clock in the morning in New York: the noises, the steam rising up from underneath the manholes in the road and other signs all conspire to lead me someplace different. Memory and mythology: I remember and replay *Taxi Driver* scenes and grin broadly. I don't say anything to the cabbie about .44 magnum pistols.

BY THE time I'm back in the hotel room the difference has worn off and I still feel doomy. I attempt a cathartic postcard to someone far away. The mock serious title at the top of the message is "The reality of my dreams". When I look at this the next morning I can see two ways in which it might be interpreted. I decide there's absolutely nothing wrong with contradictions and rip it to shreds, saving only the "Wish you were here. XX."

I start to soak up the city that never sleeps.



Penman buys up, drinks up and throws up.

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"I am a cat. I go to sleep. I jump on things. And play with string. I clean my coat with my pink tongue. I stretch my claws and sniff the floor!" — *'We Are All Animals'*

DIAGRAM is a cat. He lives in a red brick terraced house in Longsight, Manchester, with his owners, Andy and Lawrence, two members of The Diagram Brothers.

Unfortunately, Diagram is prone to a kind of animal schizophrenia and sometimes likes to think he's a dog. He can 'shake hands', will attack intruders and retrieve small objects thrown across the room for him to fetch. Diagram is no ordinary cat, which is only fitting. The Diagram Brothers are no ordinary band.

The Brothers' music has steadily improved since their shaky debut gig with the John Peel Roadshow at Manchester University, last November. Despite the band's deficiencies on the night, Peel was sufficiently impressed to offer them a Radio One session. Though this turned out to be something of a gem and led to the band being approached to fill a spot at the ICA Rock Week in June, The Diagram Brothers have done little else of national significance.

But the future's looking brighter. Now, one year old, they are attracting considerable record company interest and a signing seems inevitable. In the meantime, they've released an independently produced single, 'We Are All Animals', a song about a cat, a fish and a budgie.

The media has already flippantly labelled them "Britain's answer to Devo". Not so. If you think of Devo, then remember The Diagram Brothers are never so didactically dull. Think of XTC and the Brothers are not so prettily poppy; think of Wire but they're never so gloomy and serious; think of The B-52's and they're not so wacky. Somewhere, between all these, lie The Diagram Brothers.

"They've all got massive brains/Doing experiments with different chemicals/Where did I put those glasses?/Here they are, on my head" — *'Those Men In White Coats'*

THOUGH possessing a science degree is not exactly a precondition of membership to the group, few bands have collected as many certificates as this swotty

Scientific proof of The Diagram Brothers' existence. Small pix: 1: Lawrence, 2: Fraser, 3: Simon, 4: Andy. Main pic by Kevin Cummins.



bunch. Whilst bassist Andy reluctantly admits to "only" having A-levels, drummer Simon has a B.Sc. and lead guitarist Lawrence and singer/guitarist Fraser both have M.Sc.s which they are busily converting into Ph.D.s. But The Diagram Brothers don't really like to talk about their backgrounds, being especially wary of how their student/scientist status could affect the band's score on the credibility meter.

"I suppose it's really inverse intellectual snobbery to worry about it," explains Lawrence, "but students do get such bad press. There's an obvious temptation to want to try to avoid it. Me and Fraser always refer to ourselves as research scientists, but even then people don't expect scientists to be in a decent band either. That's why some of our songs aim to destroy the stereotypical impressions people make about certain groups in society."

Tongue in cheek, I point out that there is a clinical element in their music that could be attributed to the coldly efficient mind of the scientist rock musician. Lawrence, surprisingly, sees something in this.

"We're certainly very methodical in our song-writing. And we approach our music in a very logistical way. Mmm, yes we're very logistic."

"Oh, come on though," Fraser interjects. "There's more to us than that! There's a lot of warmth and humour in our songs. If you listen to the lyrics of 'Those Men In White Coats', you'll see we just take the mickey out of the popular image of the scientist. I'm a scientist, but I think I'm pretty normal. I ride a



motor bike, go to the pub, play in a band...

Yet, for all that, I find that this conceptual 'logistical approach to rock' certainly dictates the way the band is organised. For example, when a studio session is imminent they get together beforehand and draw up a "working chart" which clearly defines the role of each member and states in what order they will perform their various functions.

Likewise, they also made meticulous preparations for this interview. A pre-written pad of notes is intermittently referred to in order to help them articulate certain band policies and viewpoints.

The fear of being misunderstood has also influenced their lyric writing, which they dub "ultra-normal" — it features a very simple vocabulary and avoids self-indulgence.

"We don't use flowery, poetic language," explains Simon, "because in a live show audiences don't have time to puzzle out any deep meanings. What you sing must be something the audience can immediately assimilate and make sense of."

"I don't care if Stork tastes better than butter/I don't care if they put an H-bomb on our street/I don't care if everybody's on the dole!... As long as it doesn't affect my holiday!" — *'I Didn't Get Where I Am Today'*

AND THE MORE The Diagram Brothers tell me about their efficient internal organisation and the scheme of order that prevails in their methodical kingdom, the more I am glad that little of this reflects itself in their music. Their songs, heavily soaked in ironic humour and bitter sarcasm, rarely betray the machine-like rigidity of the minds that have composed them.

The Diagram Brothers are Manchester's most potent contenders; a great new pop band.

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SILVER SCREEN

Sir Henry At Rawlinson End

Directed by Steve Roberts
Starring Trevor Howard, Patrick Magee, Denise Coffey,
J. G. Devlin (Charisma Films)

VIVIAN STANSHALL's extraordinary 'Sir Henry At Rawlinson End' looms onto the sylvan screen through a crepuscular fog of rural mist, boiling lard and a comforting fug of crumpled filter tips and optically induced hallucinations.

Formerly ensconced in the memory as radio serial, later immortalised on shellac, repertory, then book, Stanshall and director Steve Roberts have brought this monstrous creation to larger-than-life with a boggling tenacity that recalls Britain's bull dog days, when men were men and women were grateful.

Sir Henry, character and plot, draws from a literary confusion of time and imagery. The present is an anachronistic folly of faded Rawlinsons; Sir Hilary bagat Humbert (rightful heir, deceased), Henry and Hubert.

Trevor Howard gives a masterful performance as the imperious Lord, ("If I want your opinion — I'll thrash it out of you") a gentleman's relish of public school Blimp and devilish eccentric, skilled in the deployment of blunderbuss and balloon. His brandy soaked visions of England encompass a state of perpetual feudalism wherein he still commands the loyalty of a wrinkled retainer, Old Scrotum (played to the phlegm-hacked hilt by J. G. Devlin), an odious, grease spattered housekeeper (Denise Coffey in her element as Mrs E.), but is oblivious to his whimsical wife Florrie.

Stanshall's through a glass (or three) darkly technique has been called incoherent by some, whereas it has a logic that defies the imagination. The beauty of the film has less to do with sequence than with bizarre detail, observations of the fantastic (the house, the Fool and Bladder, the Concretion Road), and a wickedly twisted presentation of morality.

Loosely, the Rawlinson gaff is being cased by the ne'er do well duo of Butler and Slodden. Meanwhile the mien prepares for a glut of ceremonies; the athletic prowess on All Squids Day and the Celtic celebration of the Blazing, a ceremonial bar-b-q with sword at which the locals get utterly legless and

Sir Henry himself, tweed pike and rum

armless and headless). There's exorcism, sex and violence. Enough of plot.

Stanshall's dialogue has a wit and scope that is exactly suited to action and character. Patrick Magee, as the defrocked Slodden, is particularly superb, a direct descendant of the

impudent A'Beckett through Joyce's Father O'Flynn by way of Flann O'Brien.

He speaks in a sublime concoction of renaissance diletante, mixing latinisms, metaphors, and drinks with a virtuosity not seen in cinema verite since Olivier's Henry V.

This combination of stock and originality resounds in all sorts of art of course, but it takes a peculiar genius like Slodden's to invest it with such a combination of Anglican relic and papal bull:

"The . . . er . . . rainbow, Sir Henry, is but a measure of my spiritual diameter".

Other cameos worth savouring are Sheila Reid's Florrie, the beleaguered German P.O.W.'s and Suzanne Danielle as Sir Henry's eurythmic

daughter Candice, whose progress through the film is pregnant with pause; she has a penchant for Crowley and is extremely attractive to men and women.

Above all it is Stanshall's hold on vivid language, from the most appalling pun to the most graceful sentence, that stamps the class into the film. *Sir Henry At Rawlinson End* is a comic masterpiece. Straight up. Five stars and no soda.

Max Bell



Stanshall finds a juicy one.

**By the hell hounds of Hades,
Stanshall's written a comic classic.**

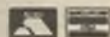
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WITH A VISUAL rhythm akin to the sound system competition sequence that opens the film, Franco Rosso's *Babylon* will be seen in years to come as crucial to any understanding of the social situation in Britain at the beginning of the '80s.

Set predominantly amongst the South London black community, the film is an episodic account of the external and internal pressures that draw car mechanic and part-time toaster Blue (Aswad guitarist Brinsley Dan) into an ostensibly downward spiral that culminates in his impulsive stabbing of a racially abusive white. In the final scene, again at a sound system battle, he recovers his sense of self through a toasting performance the power of which is inter-related with the deeper understanding of Rastafarianism and black identity that he has gained during the course of the film.

"*Babylon* is as accurate as you can go in a film," says Brinsley.

"People are going to complain that it shows certain sides of life in Britain that can seem very negative. But, in fact, the film just provides, and tries to explain, certain details. It leads up to an incident where action becomes physical and violence is directed towards another person. Yet all it's doing really is showing the pressures that lead people to do certain things within that system."

Also seated in the front room of Brinsley's upstairs flat off of Portobello Road is the director of *Babylon*, Franco Rosso. He is concerned that the implied reasons for the problems portrayed in his film may not be clear to all. Franco feels, though, that they couldn't have been more explicit without altering its essence. "Some people certainly wanted to show more than just the implications — they were worried that the points were not made sufficiently strongly."

"But in that case you'd enter a very difficult area. To do what they want you'd have to make something very close to direct propaganda. Which would leave a white audience totally and utterly outside of the film, and unable to come into it."

"To me," adds Brinsley, "the film is trying to show that we've got to work together, because we can't achieve anything on our own."

"Okay, Blue goes and stabs someone — his back is against the wall and he strikes out. But, in the end, it's down to the support of everyone — when everyone stands in the hall at the end it's about working together. Whatever happens there has been done together. It's the only way anything can happen."

IT IS FIVE years since Franco Rosso and Martin Stellman wrote together the original draft of *Babylon* for BBC-TV's *Play For Today* series. It was never made, and so they decided to adapt the script as a feature film.

It wasn't until the end of last year that the National Film Finance Corporation (NFFC) came up with the necessary money for the six weeks of shooting and subsequent costs that *Babylon* required.

Originally contacted in an attempt to sell them the soundtrack LP, Chrysalis came up with £30,000 on the strength of the script rather than on that of the music — the company didn't commit itself to the album until some months later.

The final costs of *Babylon* have been remarkably cheap, as opposed to the two million spent on *Breaking Glass*, the Rosso film totted up £372,000 — roughly the same as any of the recent Dennis Potter TV films. Rosso, whose laconic liveliness is a constant reminder



Land of sour milk and sus.



Chris Salewicz meets two of the people behind the controversial 'Babylon' — director Franco Rosso (right) and Aswad's Brinsley Dan.



Photo by J.B. Scher for NME and S&P

of his origins, was born in 1942 in Italy. His parents emigrated to England at the end of World War II. Educated at Camberwell Art College and the Royal College of Art (at which he was a contemporary of Ian Dury who will star in his next — non-musical — film), he worked as assistant editor to Ken Loach on *Kes*, and has directed promo films for John Lennon and Dury in addition to having made a significant number of (mostly black-orientated) documentaries.

Dread Beat And Blood, his Omnibus documentary on Linton Kwesi Johnson, is the most widely known of these. He is amused rather than irritated by its having been re-scheduled by the BBC until after the last General Election. Despite the unanimous critical praise heaped so far upon *Babylon* he regards its surprisingly harsh 'X' certificate as the first of many crosses the film will have to bear.

Franco is certain his Italian background granted him a different perspective on England. "A lot of the film," he affirms in his South-East London accent, "is close to auto-biographical. Definitely! Obviously it's been moved on a few years. But instead of things getting better, they've got worse. There's a very natural sympathy, because a lot of my experiences are very similar, even though they may not be



The Ital Lions (Brian Bovell, Victor Romero Evans, Trevor Laird, Brinsley Ford and David Haynes) warm up with Ronnie (Karl Howman).

exactly the same — visually I'm not that different from English people, for example.

"Oddly enough, it was only when I was looking at the film the other night that I realised that similarity. I was amazed. So I suppose that must have been one of the reasons why sub-consciously I wanted to do the film."

THOUGH HE HAS been a member of Aswad since the group came together in 1975, the dynamically lethargic Brinsley Dan started off his career on the boards as an actor. British-born, of Guyanese parents, Brinsley had roles in many British children's TV plays, as well as John Boorman's *Leo The Last*, before discovering the, for him, greater joys of music.

Even aside from the undoubted publicity spin-off that Aswad will receive from *Babylon*, the group's star is certainly in the ascendant. For some two years now the five-piece outfit has been regarded as the finely perfected spearhead of British reggae bands. It's ironic, indeed, that 'Hulet', the most recent Aswad LP, has been licensed by Grove Music to Island, who in 1977 dropped the group after one LP. "Now," shrugs Brinsley, "that people have got the knowledge that something's happening, they'll just go and take a listen. The problem has been that

up till now we just haven't had the facilities to do what we wanted. But we were given a chance to do 'Warrior Charge' as a Disco-45 for Chrysalis, which is in the film and which has caused the buzz again. But if a company had just put something into us they would have got that long ago. 'Warrior Charge' is just a small part of what's really there."

"It's very funny," adds Franco. "In *Sounds* there was a review of the film and they completely hated it — which is fair enough. But the guy who reviewed it is so fuckin' hip that one of the points he made was that no decent sound system would ever play 'Warrior Charge'."

"What he didn't know, of course, was that Shaka was playing all the dubs of 'Warrior Charge' and couldn't get enough of them. It was like snobbism in reverse. Very odd."

Indeed, in *Babylon*, the character of Ronnie, a white would-be Rasta, suggests much of the identity confusion prevalent amongst obsessive white reggae freaks.

Says Brinsley: "It's that thing of reversing roles. Like a black youth trying to become a white youth, or vice-versa. You can never do it. You have to be who you are. And you have to realise you can still get on together."

Another central theme of *Babylon* is the iniquity of the 'Sus' law. "A black kid," points out Franco, "is going to be used to having a certain kind of treatment. If it's late at night and a car with a load of white guys in it follows him he'll either panic and run, or stop and hope. If he runs, the cops in the car will have triggered off within them an automatic response: they assume they're seeing guilt."

Working as advisor on *Babylon* was the former London policeman who'd had the same task on the "controversial" Tony Garnett TV series, *Law And Order*. "He told us," explains Franco, "that that sort of situation gets really exciting for a copper. His adrenalin really gets going. In fact, if that happens it's almost better to take what's coming to you. Because once you run, those guys really get into it."

"It was the same with the final scene. He told us that they all carry things like sledgehammers in the boots of their cars. He used to, he said, and all his detective mates. Which is why we let them sledgehammer the door down. If those two cops who initially approach the downstairs door couldn't have got entry they'd have gone mad. The cops would have just kept coming, and they would've massacred the people in the hall."

The final scene is based on an actual incident. Some six years ago the Carib Club (aka Burton's) in Willesden was raided. Franco: "Dennis Bovell was inside for six months just waiting as a suspect. He'd been playing the sound system that night, and they claimed he'd been egging the people on."

"A couple of cops ran in and started trying to arrest people and when they got turfed out a fight started. More police came and lined the stairs and as people were leaving they were physically attacked."

HEARING THE sound of children's voices in the street, Brinsley opens his window and peers out. Three black children, of primary school age, are trying to attract his attention: they want to know when *Babylon* will open and whether they may go and see it.

Reluctantly Brinsley has to point out to them it is an 'X'. "See," he says, closing the window, "they're exactly the age-group who should see the film — to make sure they don't end up stabbing people when the pressure gets too much."

"But," he shrugs sadly, "the system won't allow them to watch it. I wonder why?"

The breaking of Bruce Beresford

IN 1971, THE Australian government passed a law ensuring that a section of the Arts Council would be set aside as a film operation: money was to be made available for people who wanted to make movies. Bruce Beresford was one of the would-be directors who went to stake his claim and mine his share of the gold.

Having spent the previous ten years as Head Of Production for The British Film Institute, he at last had the opportunity to achieve an ambition he'd had since he was 15: to make movies. It also marked the renaissance of an industry which has grown and flourished ever since.

Beresford began his career ostentatiously, by making the two Barry McKenzie films which at least shoved Australia up front in the British consciousness — even if it was only to the extent that the Aussies could drink more lager and chunder to more devastating effect than any other nation on Earth. He then went on to win The Australian Film Institute's Best Director Award for *Don's Party*, a gritty urban comedy, and in the same year made the rather more sensitive *Getting Of Wisdom*. *Money Movers*, which he calls quite simply 'A Gangster Film', followed, though it hasn't been shown here beyond last year's London Film Festival. And his piece de resistance, *Breaker Morant*, has just opened to almost unanimous acclaim

(Harper's film critic was the one voice of dissent.)

I asked him if this apparently infinite diversification was deliberate.

"Someone asked me that the other day. No. It's just that as the subjects appeal to me I do them. The settings are different but a lot of the themes are quite similar. Also when you're working on a film which takes a year to 15 months it's very exhausting and absorbing, and when it's done I feel I'd like to do something quite different visually.

"After *The Getting Of Wisdom* I got inundated with offers to do more films about schools and schoolchildren and I thought 'Jesus! I've had them; I don't want to do that anymore'. So when I read a book about an armoured car robbery I made *Money Movers* which was completely different. It had an all-male cast and it was an utter break.

"But they were similar in a way, since they both had a group of characters in a conflict situation. And after *Breaker Morant* was released I got inundated with offers to do war movies. I don't want to do any more war movies."

The story of Harry 'Breaker' Morant, an Englishman serving in the Australian Bushveldt Carbineers in the guerrilla war against the Boers, was not widely known in Australia until Ken Ross dramatised the events for the stage. 'Dramatisation' in this case meant a certain colouring of the facts to heighten the appeal to the nationalistic side of Australian nature. *Breaker Morant's*

success lies in its ambivalence towards the central character.

"I tried very hard to present the case and the personalities involved as I really believed those events happened. There is a certain amount of conjecture but the play it is based on is far more nationalistic than the movie.

"For example, in the play they are innocent of shooting the missionary. The playwright was obviously thinking 'Jesus, if it comes out they shot the missionary it's going to stink for them'. But I thought it was more interesting that they *did* kill him. So I just changed it.

"In fact the play really was so chauvinistic it was embarrassing. In the dialogue they had things like Kitchener saying: 'These damned colonials, they're perverting British Justice. What about our sense of Honour?' — stuff that no one would ever say..."

Beresford's attention to dialogue (he was largely responsible for the script) has paid dividends, as the language in the film — from the verbal felicity in the court room to the final 'Shoot straight, you bastards! Don't make a mess of it' — echoes with truth. It is an eye for detail that he carries right the way through, from the casting to the choice of location. And while the Australian Bush does a perfect imitation of the African Veldt, Edward Woodward, according to Beresford, is a dead ringer for Harry Morant.

Despite this creative control, *Breaker Morant* does not seem the work of a flamboyant director. The drama seems



Neil Norman meets an Australian called Bruce, the director of the Bonza Breaker Morant.

quite naturally to have sprung from the events and to that extent it is a classical film rather than a modern one. There is an almost Fordian sense of grandeur that is reflected in the landscape, a perfect balance of action and intelligent dialogue; it is a film whose superficially simple values cover a far more complex human condition — a condition which is revealed as the story unfolds.

For all this Beresford is almost dismissive of his own intellect, eager to point out elements of the film that were none of his invention. He simply likes to work. His latest film, *The Club*, has just been released in Australia and in January he begins work on *Puberty Blues*, taken from the book by a

15-year-old schoolgirl. It is, he claims, "all about sex, drugs and booze. It's wonderful".

He was also offered another film with Jack Thompson, which he turned down:

"Everybody involved in it is so horrible; they're all killing each other. It's got no idealism in it. Nobody's nice... nobody believes in anything. It's all so ghastly, it's depressing.

"I don't think *Breaker Morant* is ultimately depressing. You admire those guys so much, holding hands as they go out to the chairs... and they *did* that; that's all true. I'd never have thought of anything like that. I read a letter one of the fellows on the firing squad wrote to his brother and it said 'They were very brave. They

refused the blindfolds and they held hands as they walked to the chairs.' You wouldn't actually think of anything like that. It wouldn't occur to you that they would have done it, but when they do do it it's perfectly natural.

"When I was going to shoot it everyone came rushing up and said 'You're not going to have them hold hands to walk to the chairs?' And I said 'Yes' and they said 'The audience will laugh'. I said 'Nobody will laugh...'. They wouldn't laugh because at the moment it happens it has such truth that you believe it implicitly."

Perhaps, as the Bishop said to the Actress, 'It's not what you use, it's the way that you use it.'

Neil Norman

Appearing at Boots for £4.45.

DIRE STRAITS

MAKING MOVIES

'Making Movies' is the new album from Dire Straits which adds a harder edge to that original laid-back sound explored on the first two albums.

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Boots

for the Special Touch

Reggae in the reel world

Babylon

Directed by Franco Rosso
Starring Brinsley Forde and Karl Howman (*Qsiris*)

RHYTHMS swarm and pound through *Babylon*: the warrior charge sound of Aswad, the voltage punch of sound systems, the collision and crash of different cultures, the inhibited body blows of prejudice, the beat of fleeing, fighting and freedom.

Superficially, *Babylon* is the story of a South London reggae sound system and its battle for survival and success. But its themes extend and embrace wider and deeper — as might be expected of Franco Rosso, a director renowned for an unflinching attitude toward questions of racial culture and racial ignorance: recall the BBC ban slapped on his Linton Kwesi Johnson *Dread, Beat And Blood* documentary before the last election.

Rosso is an Italian who grew up in London — an

upbringing that probably accounts for his acute empathy with (displaced) black culture, and his ability to prise open British politics at their bloodiest and most personal base without any hint of hack dialectic. *Babylon* succeeds on three distinct but, crucially, always interlocking levels: as a movie, as movie about a specific subject, and as a movie about being young and British in 1980. It succeeds where other recent attempts failed miserably (*Jubilee*, the execrable *Rude Boy*, *Breaking Glass*).

The word 'babylon' is a mnemonic for oppression, in all its manifestations, spiralling down from a monetarist, middle-class government, through SUSPICIOUS police patrol cars, intolerant and unduly violent members of the community to something as plumb as a doctored wage packet. *Babylon* isn't undergoing (the) recession — it's enjoying enforcing it.

Babylon gets that atmosphere. Ital Lion is the film's 'fictional' sound system, run by a group of friends in South London. The speakers are saved for, stolen, home made; records bartered for. Dreadhead (Archie Pool) is the father figure who directs — well dressed and cool. Blue (Brinsley Forde of Aswad) and his white mate Ronnie (Karl Howman) work in a garage (whose owner is played by Mel Smith of *Not The Nine O'Clock News*) by day, and put everything into Ital Lion by night. As they progress toward a battle with Jah Shada (real life Number One sound in London) trouble and strife with employment, sex, money, family and community have to be faced. After a night during which he is picked up on SUS, his girlfriend leaves him and he is an unwilling party to a brutal mugging, Blue returns to the garage where Ital Lions store their gear only to find the lock forced, the system trashed and the interior smirched

with racist graffiti. When the other arrives and the discovery sinks in, the anger so far contained finds its irrational focus in Ronnie — the most emotionally charged, jarring, honest and perhaps even pessimistic scene in the film.

All the gut contradictions and problems of racial fear and racial sympathy gell and splinter: just how do we go on from here? Rosso, however, misses being overtly moralistic by miles. Prejudice, helplessness and hopeless ire are all put firmly in contextually determined places. No one is guilty *per se* — everyone is a product of a variety of influences, of subtle propaganda.

The film's conclusions are yours to see and feel — its penultimate progress is urgently moving and that movement of meanings cannot be ignored. *Babylon* must be seen.

Ian Penman

"Everyone should be an exhibitionist one night of the year!"

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ON THE BOX

Thursday November 6
FILM: *Young At Heart* (Directed by Gordon Douglas 1954). Frank Sinatra in a very smart hat. Boasting an otherwise over-woezy D. Day romance. (BBC2).

Saturday November 8
FILM: *Sharks' Treasure* (Cornel Wilde 1974). Cornball adventure yarn, written by and starring the director, still showing off his muscle-bound torso after all these years. (BBC1).

FILM: *The Mask Of Dimitrios* (Jean Negulesco 1944). Saucer-eyed Peter Lorre and barrel-bellied Sydney Greenstreet teamed again in an intriguing version of Eric Ambler's thriller. (BBC2).

HIGHLIGHTS: TV satire is among the subjects on *Did You See...?* (BBC2). Graham Chapman among the guests. *Dylan* (BBC2) is a dramatised biography of the proper one. Ronald Lacey as the great Welsh drunk.

Sunday November 9

FILM: *Electra Hide In Blue* (James William Guercio 1973). Robert Blake's brilliant as the pint-size cop with outsize ideas in Guercio's only film, an extraordinary panoramic view of American dislocation which is both violent and funny. Excellent support from Billy Green Bush and Jeannine Riley. (BBC2).

HIGHLIGHTS: More pop acting as Zoot Money guests in *The Professionals* (ITV); more cultural puffs as Arthur Miller is listened to by Maryn Bragg on *The South Bank Show* (ITV); plus more interminable gaffes in *Dallas*

(BBC1) — and you still won't know who shot the bestard.

Monday November 10
FILM: *Dirty Mary, Crazy Larry* (John Hough 1974). Cretinous exercise in banal mayhem as Peter Fonda and Susan George wreak havoc on Western highways. Contemplable crap. (BBC1).

FILM: *The Beguiled* (Don Siegel 1971). Clint Eastwood lost a few more of his feminist friends with this haunting gothic tale set during the American Civil War. He's an injured Union soldier recuperating, reluctantly, in an oppressive Catholic girls' school. (ITV).

London

1. *The Elephant Man* (directed by David Lynch)
 2. *The Big Brawl* (Robert Clouse)
 3. *The Blues Brothers* (John Landis)
 4. *Dressed To Kill* (Brian De Palma)
 5. *The Blue Lagoon* (Randa Kleiser)
- (Screen International)

Regions

1. *Battle Beyond The Stars* (Jimmy Brouhaha)
2. *The Elephant Man* (David Lynch)
3. *Close Encounters — Special Edition* (Steven Spielberg)
4. *The Omen* (Richard Donner/Barnes — Omen 2 (Don Taylor)
5. *McVicar* (Tom Clegg)



FIRST 'THE EXORCIST' THEN 'THE OMEN' NOW...
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Executive Producers EDGAR LANSBURY and JOSEPH BERUH Written by SCOTT PARKER
Produced by GEORGE MANASSE Directed by ARMAND MASTROIANNI
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SHOW

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SCRIPT: PAUL MORLEY

CAMERA: PETER ANDERSON

Sex Pistols

THE 100 CLUB. Siouxsie Sioux, Steve Severin, Marco Pironi, Sid Vicious. 'Lord's Prayer'. You just didn't feel anything then, did you? "No." (Steve Severin)

Patience

1977. Nils Stevenson becomes manager. Siouxsie Sioux, Steve Severin, Peter Fenton, Kenny Morris. John McKay replaces Fenton. 'Captain Scarlet'. 20th Century Box. Siouxsie And The Banshees don't appear on 'Live At The Roxy'. Sign The Banshees. Sign The Banshees. "We'll win in the end."

Pose

"It was always much more insular and much more rigid and almost... not regimental but very stiff. I think in a way it was necessary at that time to protect ourselves. It was a new band and it was really a defence mechanism, so as not to be poisoned by rock and roll antics and all that drugs... I'm more relaxed now I think, because I know I'm not affected by it, y'know, I've been on the road for four years and I don't do the things that I was frightened I might end up doing." (Sioux)

Smile

John McKay was watching television one Christmas. The Boomtown Rats were number one. He was furious. "We should be number one!" He wrote 'Hong Kong Garden', a metaphorical denunciation of Bolin grants, as were 'Playground Terms' and 'Starcase'. Polygram Records release 'Garden' as a single in August 1979. A hit.

Scream

"The Scream" is loved or loathed

Tours

Traps.

Clap

"Joe Hands" — "I think it's a masterpiece." (Severin.) Did you feel that Siouxsie And The Banshees felt they were...

Précious?

"I think we don't know how to do it. I think it was you who said that we grew up in the spotlight from the word go, and all the fan letters from then on. This destruction of the band." (Severin.)

Make up

"I was just stunned — we had a gig to do! We were doing this extravagant session in this record shop — which is quite funny anyway, but it's like — 'Hey! Maybe it's wrong that we should be there at all, because to people but we always started out to be a pop group, so there's a kind of compromise in one way — how could you be a pop group and not sign autographs...? So we were signing and just talking to people, half the reason they were you

to sign autographs is so that they can have a quick chat about something, and there was a little row. John and I went. We went back to the hotel and we were just sitting in the lobby. This bloke came over and said do you know such and such and they're in room 40 and so and they've just checked out. Who's that? McKay and Morris. We just sat there for about 20 minutes not saying anything. Suddenly we thought — the reason! Me and Siouxsie just ran over to the station and there was a train about to go and no sign of John or Kenny. It was when Nils and everyone else came back to the hotel that it started to sink in that they'd actually run. I was just wouldn't want to live through that again. I've never had so much trauma in my life. It was horrible." (Severin.)

Motion

"There wasn't a bang of 'well, they've gone, we can't fuck up our lives', I wasn't that at all. It was just like, 'I don't want to stop! I'd never considered stopping at that point. I wasn't in the mood to stop. That is really what it is all about.' (Severin.)

THIS WEEK —

Siouxsie gives the musician

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Memories

"I don't want to hang on. I just want to hear John's album. Obviously it was an enormous thing and it happened in public. But as far as me and Siouxsie are concerned it's over. When people start bringing the subject up, you start remembering what it was like to be at the Aberdeen Citadel when it happened." (Severin.)

Help

"I did the 'Joe Hands' tour and that was like jumping in at the deep end and I knew at the end of that tour that we were going to have to get a new guitarist. I more permanent guitarist to replace Robert Smith of The Cure. I think at that point, during the audition, I knew I was going to win. Even with just the three of us, we had so many ideas going." (Budge)

Tug

"Nils rang me up whilst I was rehearsing with Magazine and he said

"We're looking for a new guitarist. We've auditioned 50 and couldn't find anyone, with you some along?" I said "Well, I have a lot of commitments, Mr. Stevenson, I can't really see anyone that I can do it." He said "Well, really we're looking for someone more permanent." I asked him to give me a call at home. I hung up and said to Barry (Adams) "This is a strange one to get me to join them." Barry said "Did you go to join them?" I said "Yeah! You're joking." It seemed so outrageous at the time... we were in the middle of 'Correct Use Of Soap.' (McGeech.)

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Softly Softly

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Rock pages have been Banshees' single and reputation like all manner of peculiar and incongruous shapes. The group's reserve when it comes to the grand inclusion, their impudence and intervention, hasn't helped. They aren't tempted to stretch this way and that to convert. Severin is very sensitive to criticism.

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"One of the things we found out in auditioning for new guitarists was that it had to be someone who grew up with what happened in '78 and '79 and had adapted and lived through it. It was just impossible the thought of us having a new young guitarist in the group, because there were so many things that we'd been through that we would have had to communicate. I think that's the main reason we let it off so well with Budge, simply because he'd been around. The same with John... it was very comfortable and that was refreshing. All the people from that time had been through so many different experiences and yet landed together and we were all really positive again... It's very odd playing with musicians who are musicians. John is very very good. Budge is very very good, and at last I was totally positive. And I think that's one of the things that keeps the tension going within this group." (Severin.)

Ache

"I just had some time off, I was then in a pub, got on very well, they sent me to a rehearsal, and almost on the first day we got 'Happy House' together. This real kick was when I went on tour with them. What the Banshees do is right up my street because... I hate guitar solos and things of technique, and playing gigs with the Banshees was just really, really, it was refreshing. It might sound a bit cliché but I was married to Magazine and I fell in love with Siouxsie. I had no intention of joining them after that first tour but I just couldn't get it out of my mind. It's probably the most upsetting thing I've ever done, leaving Magazine. It was absolutely dreadful and I hate talking about it... the whole thing is cheapened. Sometimes you just have to follow your heart." (McGeech.)

Softly Softly

SEVERIN SPEAKS SO softly the minuscule microphones struggle to pick him up. It captures the lengthy pauses between thoughts, the occasional, shy voice bubbling indignantly. I'm sorry of Severin. He knows I'm sorry. I know he knows. He's his 'underneath' (a rock routine) of real life's not missing out with my own 'underneath' of my paralytic rage. Question: Question! All the time's questions!

the stupid questions that come their way. Altered Images are just finding out. One of the group is still at school 18 and under, they could be crushed by all the sadness. They've been together since 1978.

The Banshees have worked their way up to staying in hotels. Images stay in B&B hotels, or friends' houses, or drive to London after a gig where they have somewhere to stay. A CD20 the importance of a 20-minute session is helping to finance their first tour.

North

"Another thing that's really odd about the band apart from having musicians in is having non-musicians." (Severin.)

Nice Guy

"I never really enjoyed it, that's a band with Budge in is heartless? The morning after a gigging Bristol show we are on the floor of Bristol Holiday Inn. Budge takes over the night of a long night's drinking with a glass of cold Guinness. He's from St Helens, and was part of the roots of the post-war Liverpool soul. He broke out of Liverpool, saved The Sits, teamed up with Glen Ballard in a sort of supergroup, and landed, finally, in the Banshees. He's very happy about it."

"I have no memories of the moment. I think I was just about to go to bed. I expected me in some ways, whether Steve and Siouxsie were going through periods of not wanting to be together or not. They were so obviously pleased off with what happened. But I think it's just evolved naturally, it's making it's own structure."

"Thinking back over what's happened to me over the last three years it's just ridiculous, the situations that I've been through. What happened back in '78 wasn't just a new apart in the record industry or anything like that, that wasn't really the important thing. I don't think it was like a blessing down of everything that had gone before so much as suddenly realising we were ourselves."

No time at all

The drive from Bristol to Sheffield is long, boring and cramped. "I just hate travel," says Siouxsie. "I hate getting into a car and sitting there for hours, cursing and trying to get some sleep. Always thinking are we there yet?" They'd journeyed via London. There's little to say. Altered Images hang around the car, Siouxsie and Steve are in the back, Budge is in the front. The situation and chaos of the London dominated pop world and the post-secularist propaganda, its fear and its blindness, go to the way of natural 1980 pop groups like Altered Images.

Close

Siouxsie's conversation is fascinating. She discusses from Altered Images were saying to me about losing all his friends since the band. "I think it's just a very first to a band and then in a band who make reports and then a record that goes into the top 10. I don't lose any friends at all the friends I had were his great friends."

Some of the things are saying strange things in the closeness between the Banshees and Altered Images. "That's a bit. Ridiculous. We had the same love for Gold when we started, and the Human League, the same love for The Cure. We only play with people that we really like. This is the first band that's got a girl singer, that's all. They're a good group! They've got a lot of great songs."

Again

INTERVIEW Altered Images outside the Birmingham Top Rank. Reaction to the new band Images. Audience seem to need more suggestions before they open up. A lot of the new Images, playing out, sound like the same music, stronger, sharper — will be looping back and burning. At Sheffield I asked them to play 'Jeopardy'. They didn't but they dedicated a song to

CONTINUES OVER



John sings about divorce

John sings about divorce

John sings about divorce

John sings about divorce

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Budge goes 'Mad'

Budge goes 'Mad'

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Budge goes 'Mad'

Budge goes 'Mad'

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Budge goes 'Mad'

Budge goes 'Mad'

Budge goes 'Mad'

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Budge goes 'Mad'

SILOUXP

CONTINUES

me. I was at the hotel with the Banshees whilst they were on. I missed it. Choke.

They're eager to talk

Claire: "We just wanted to make tunes."

Caesar: "Originally it was very disjointed. All different parts just stuck together."

Claire: "All our songs were about eight minutes long because no-one knew when to stop."

John: "We just want to try new things, be respected by people..."

Caesar: "Initially we had two girl singers. It didn't work out. They used to hide behind each other."

John: "The Banshees have helped us a lot. It's a compliment, because we're one of the few bands the Banshees have ever openly said they liked." Caesar: "We did a gig at The Nashville supporting Margo And The Randome and we were really bad. All the record companies were there and we blew it. It was probably best that happened."

Claire: "We want lots of hit singles."

Why shouldn't we be in the charts?"

Caesar: "We didn't want a sex symbol so we got Claire!"

John: "We take it seriously, but we don't take it too seriously."

McGeoch toughens up as soon as the tape recorder is turned on

We talk after the Birmingham show in a corner of the hotel bar. McGeoch fits into Siouxsie And The Banshees emphatically. How long has he been a Banshee?

"I'm not a Banshee."

Very clever.

He sighs, wearily. "It might sound like a pat answer because I've been asked the question so many times, but I think it's a reasonable one because without going into a lengthy legal discussion it's about as near as I can come to explaining my position within the band."

During this interview I nibble away at McGeoch's patience. "What I do with my life is extremely important to me. I lose a lot of sleep over it. I just hate interviewers coming up to me and saying why did you do this, why did you do that..."

So let's talk about the guitar. McGeoch is a great guitarist, whatever



Claire gets to be best friends with Siouxsie

the occasion. "I play guitar like I paint. The parallels are trying to shrug off as many influences as possible, recognise yourself and then destroy it... I hate to sound like an artistic Martyr. I'm not really interested in the righteous side of artistic music, because what I like more than anything else is to... hit the big E. y'know, and I paint in the same way, splashing a big bit of red across the canvas."

Siouxsie And The Banshees

Caesar: "End of subject! Our music's really happy."

John: "We express our youth."

Claire: "We do?"

Hold

"We'd rather be decadent than responsible. Something like UK Subs is responsible." (Severin.)

Sign

After the Bristol gig — the Banshees were pleased with their performance — queues form for signatures, on all sorts of bits of paper. Group members are pawed at and smothered. After the Sheffield gig — the Banshees were depressed and rushed away from the club — there are no signatures. After the Birmingham gig, a few hunters find their way to the Banshees' crowded dressing room. Siouxsie, though, finds time to eat a salad, while me and Budgie discuss Man, Groundhogs, Curved Air and other rubbish.

"People come back," he explains, "ask you to sign something, ask for a drink, y'know, give me your jacket. Sometimes they come in as if they're really expecting you to do something for them, you have to give them more, be at their beck and call. Stay still, I'm going to take a photograph. There's lots of things... if you start thinking about them too much, putting them in terms of perpetuating the rock myths, you'd just crack up."

"I just don't like liggers," says Siouxsie with obvious distaste. "I just switch off whenever there are liggers around the band. I've never in my life asked for an autograph. I never wanted that. I never wanted to wait outside a gig to touch Marc Bolan or whatever. I never wanted to find out where they were living. I just didn't want that. I was just really thrilled when a new single came out, or there was a new photo in the paper."

When the hunters come hunting, and thrust fatty ticker stubs under her nose minutes after a show, she is extremely polite. "I've been rude before. It varies. Sometimes I'm in a very tolerant mood. Other times I'm not and I'm probably a real bitch. When I'm rude they mutter what a bitch I am, I just won't talk to them, I tell them to get out. Then I think how petty it is, what a prima donna behaving like that. When you think you're being strong and not being poisoned there's always the cliché of you thinking well I'm acting like a drama queen. It's a vicious circle — other times you think why am I trying to be polite?"

No one thinks to ask Altered Images for their autographs.

British rock

AS THE Banshees and Altered Images criss-cross around the country truly furthering the cause and possibility of pop music, a swarm of other groups are also touring, spreading various diseases and debasements, attracting their particular tribal audience. In Bristol the night the Banshees are playing, Oasie Osborne's 'new' band is playing the Colston Hall. In Sheffield, both The Scorpions and Rockpile are 'in town.' In Birmingham, AC/DC play the City Hall.

Each group's audience is sadly predictable, obviously uniformed, mostly dogmatic. One lot embroider their jackets, one lot spit — "Three years of fucking ignorance" Severin shouts in desperation from the Sheffield stage. Images and Banshees pop music reaches a much more narrow audience than it should.

"I think the one thing I get reminded of whenever I go on the road, and I was aware of it before," Siouxsie tells me, "is breaking down territory barriers, as far as the audience goes. We want if possible a wide cross section in the audience, whether they're... just as individuals, not a punk audience or a blah blah audience or a London audience or a Scottish audience. It was then and is now always a specific audience that comes to see us and it's really disillusioning when you play somewhere like Swansea and there is this punk audience and there are two boys who've come down from London and they've had to beg me to let them stay in the gig for two hours cos they can't go outside in case they're beaten up because of their accents. I think that's... the only thing I've been conscious of wanting to change, of not having this specific audience, a narrow minded patriotic type."

I interview Siouxsie in the upstairs part of Sheffield Top Rank just before their lengthy soundcheck (soundchecks are integral parts in the Banshee song process — the next single, a Christmas song, 'Israel', has been moulded during soundchecks. Recorded on Bonfire Night, released by the end of November, it's their third great single of the year). As we talk, Budgie bashes around his kit on the downstairs stage, getting himself and his kit in the mood. Siouxsie's face and made up fashion that caused a thousand lookalikes... hair to toe, make up to boots... she's dimly aware of the phenomenon. Is she surprised that she's a pop star?

"I'm not surprised that people buy the records, but I am surprised by the way it's still treated as being a big deal to see Siouxsie going into a hotel, or trying to get backstage to find me... all this surprises me. I thought it would change, but it hasn't. I feel I must let a lot of people down because I don't do all the clichés that you associate with pop stars..." Does

CONTINUES PAGE 53

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

Street Level: 20 New Wave Hits (Ronco)

BLAH blah blah: the baked bean brigade decide that punk and its offspring have by now become sufficiently institutionalised to qualify for the 'As Seen On TV' process. A collection of post-'77 singles is assembled, edited, compressed and wrapped up in photographs of a model dressed in semi-punk vein posing in a subway.

As is customary in these cases, the selections range from the obvious to the inexplicable: I defy anyone to provide a rational explanation for the inclusion of Nick Straker's 'A Walk In The Park' in a collection allegedly devoted to 'New Wave'. Presumably, 'New Wave' literally does mean 'anyone in a skinny tie who's come a long way in the last five years'. This being the case, it is hard to justify that nothing by Sheena Easton has been included.

The well-known stuff includes a lot of tracks that have — one presumes — been made available for compilations by the parent record company. The Pistols' 'Pretty Vacant' opens the proceedings, followed by The Stranglers' 'No More Heroes': both tracks showed up only a few months ago as part of the 'Levi's Rock Box' set — as did The Members' 'Sound Of The Suburbs', The Buzzcocks' 'Ever Fallen In Love With Someone', PIL's 'Public Image', XTC's 'Making Plans For Nigel' and The Dickies' 'Banana Splits'. The new standards? Are — for example — Virgin withholding 'Anarchy' and 'God Save The Queen' from would-be anthologists, or are the Roncos simply not biting at the more outspoken material?

Packaged and compiled to present the illusion of being a little daring and a little bit modern while remaining on musically safe ground, 'Street Level' covers its bets by adding to the above-named cultural heroes material by The Pretenders, Gary Numan, Ian Dury, Skids, Blondie, Magazine, Rats, TAB, John Foxx and Jona Lewis. The non-hits chucked in to make up the weight are duffers from semi-well-known bands on labels whose more prestigious material appears elsewhere on the album: one smells deals. Why else would Stiff field The Pasmatics as well as Dury and Lewis?

Let's hear it for the New Wave: the compilers — and prospective purchasers — of 'Street Level' seem to sense in some dim, foggy manner that the songs on this album have something in common, but they provide little indication of knowing what that something might be. From PIL to The Dickies, all the Debbie's and Chrissies and Duries and Howies are baked beans. How could we have ever convinced ourselves otherwise?

Charles Shear Murray

CHAS JANKEL
Chas Jankel (A&M)

CHAS JANKEL affably contributed to a music and manner that has made nations and generations smile a lot. He is a brainy boy. Shedded of Ian Dury's savaging wit and buoyant wisdom — an identity, a face, a personality, a — Jankel's music seems aimless. He hasn't sorted out where he's going yet. But all is not lost. Jankel's impeccably styled music is glossy, pseudo-cool, edgily comforting and so dazzlingly square it's almost unsquare.

Suave Jankel never really suited the common ambience of Dury and the slapstick Blockhead brigade. That vulgarity casts a shadow over Jankel's potential to be classy, dandy, dilettante, a smooth modern entertainer — or at least accepted as such. 'Chas Jankel' wants to fit in today like Chic, Palmer, Jacksons, Benson, Ferry. It almost does.

Through serene dance songs, pastel pieces and the propulsive 'Am I Honest With Myself Really?', Jankel has intensified and glazed the slip-funk

elasticity of the blasé 'Do It Yourself' sound, pushed his slightly awe-struck but able interpretation of deep disco, straight jazz, fancy fusion and trance music closer to a pure pop muzak. So where does schmaltz become easy listening become muzak become theoretically intriguing become rather boring? 'Chas Jankel' is all that. What it never is, is actually distinctive.

For all Jankel's exploration of black musical forms — his lightweight, light-coloured, sparingly-used voice underlines this exploration almost absurdly — this is a whiter than white L.P. Of course!

'Am I Honest With Myself?' is the fourteen minute centre piece of the record. Sinuous, impellent, insistent, and structured with impressive, dedicated finesse, I would have been happy to hear such action stretched over both sides of the record. Through this piece, everything works. Jankel's thin vocals are never more at home. Whether the song achieves the ominous resonance Jankel touchingly hopes for — it doesn't seem to matter.

A record like this should be frivolous, arrogant, revitalising, obsessive. Ultimately, though, it goes through motions with an expected swing. It's too soft, too earnest, in a way too pretty. There needs to be more conviction and unashamed pose before Jankel will be in with the in crowd. That's the sort of audience he could (should) have.

Because, after all, this is the sort of record only the rich can afford.

Paul Morley

Adam: Garden the image, Eden more than Ever.

Killer ants take out the poseroids



Sylvian: less art, more arty face.

Ph: Anton Corbijn

ALBUMS

ADAM AND THE ANTS
Kings Of The Wild Frontier (CBS)
JAPAN
Gentlemen Take Polaroids (Virgin)

FIERY STYLE and calculated cool: Adam Ant and Japan elevate the role of The Total Look in directly contrasted ways, but both affirm that with patience and endless attention to exterior detail, every underdog shall have its day. Long dismissed as insubstantial shadows of their superiors, as hollow men who puff and pose and say precious little, or pose and pose and say nothing at all, these ridiculed mannequins have suffered for their artifice. And now it's our turn.

Or so you might think. But it seems to me that at least one of these acts — Adam and his brand new Ants — has genuinely escaped its past and wriggled free of its reputation, to emerge in the cold clear light of a new decade as something fresh and original and exciting. If there's anyone willing to listen, 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' should confound expectations and establish its makers as one of our more dynamically enjoyable young bands. Although I doubt I'll ever get the hang of being one of the "Sex People" lionised in Adam's heroic slogans, I know I do like "Antmusic" a hell of a lot more than I used to suspect possible.

In this creative renaissance, two factors are most obvious. Firstly Adam's acquisition of four musicians — the big beat duo of twin drummers Terry Lee Mall and Merrick, bassist Kevin Mooney, and above all guitarist and co-writer Marco Pirroni — forms a unit which serves him infinitely better than any previous Antband, not least because it doesn't serve him so passively... this time around the frontman's whims and fancies are checked and disciplined and need to know their place inside an overall plan of attack. Far more than on the weak, cheaply sensational 'Dirk Wears White Sox' debut, Adam is putting his music where his mouth is.

Secondly it looks very much as if his short spell under the managerial wing of Malcolm McLaren hasn't passed without Adam picking up a trick or six in the techniques of self-presentation. In a striking parallel with the swashbuckling panache of Bow Wow Wow (not to mention the tribal rhythms), the new Ant vision is a heady mix of technicolour images — of pirates and Red Indians and everything bold, brave and free: "A new royal family, a wild nobility..."

True, a few of the songs are plainly unequal to the challenge. 'Jolly Roger', for example, is pure Captain Pugwash, more desperate than desperado. 'Los Rancheros', with all its spaghetti Westernisms, is similarly silly and clichéd, whilst 'The Magnificent Five' (guess who they are) displays a crude tendency to self-aggrandisement that they could do without. But other numbers — like the title track, and 'Dog Eat Dog' and 'Killer In The Home' (with Marco's Link Wray guitar tributes) — are undeniably impressive.

Meanwhile Japan have been busy perfecting their own brand of perversity as well. The drawback, of course, is that they're still stronger on image than on imagination, and seem content to drift listlessly wherever the prevailing winds of fashion dictate. Far from their earlier experiments in medium-metal bombast, Sylvian and his men are now pursuing the languid electronic direction of the last 'Quiet Life' album, and the emphasis is on an immaculately precise blend of doodle and croon.

If only Japan's music were as eloquent as it's elegant. They don't sound cold so much as apathetic about conveying anything beyond a sort of wistful ennui. Instead, they lavish tender loving care upon the surface sound — a beautifully polished, empty shell of a sound.

Such exquisitely shaped music — even if it often seems shamelessly derivative and early Roxy, most noticeably in Sylvian's morose warble — is in itself an achievement of sorts, and if it wins them a legion of admirers I won't be altogether surprised. On balance, though, to misquote one of Japan's journalistic champions, I really do prefer my rock 'n' roll bloodstained and incompetent.

Paul Du Noyer

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BAUHAUS
In The Flat Field (4AD)

CROSSOVERS — those points where two subcultures mingle and merge — are interesting to observe, but generally not a lot of fun to listen to, the hybrid possibilities being limited and rigidly predetermined.

At the moment, we're in the throes of a hard punk/moderne monochrome crossover, with bands like Killing Joke, Bauhaus and (possibly) ClockDVA on the verge of tapping a potentially massive market opened up by the earlier efforts of such as Siouxsie And The Banshees, Adam And The Ants, and even Joy Division. To these ears, there's a palpable qualitative difference between these two groups of groups, as there is between the Sex Pistols and the Cockney Rejects — something like the difference between art and artifice, but not quite.

'In The Flat Field' is the first Bauhaus album, and I wouldn't be at all surprised to see it storming up the "alternative" charts, at the very least. It oughtn't to.

I must admit to a passing liking for their three singles — I was even prepared to overlook their taking their name in vain (I mean, what the hell has their Gothick-Romantic pseudo-decadence got to do with the stripped, no-nonsense principles of the Bauhaus?) — but over the length of an album, their limitations and endless pretence are just too much to take.

'In The Flat Field' is nine meaningless moans and flails bereft of even the most cursory contour of interest, a record which deserves all the damning adjectives usually levelled at grim-faced "modernists". It's doom for doom's sake, that most miserable of cudgels with which to clout your consciousness.

If nothing else, this serves to shed some light on the punk/moderne crossover audience, a group of people who, in their taste for excessive tribal plumage and dismal, doom-laden music, are more closely related to the heavy-metal hordes than they'd like to believe. And Bauhaus are nothing more than a hip Black Sabbath. Really.

Personally, I couldn't give a toss, not feeling much affinity with many other human beings in general, and certainly not with any tribal group. I just wish the music on this record had been more interesting, more original, and less reliant on the obvious strokes.

Ah well. Their singles showed Bauhaus weren't devoid of an idea or two; this album shows they've used them both up.

Andy Gill

MIKE OLDFIELD
QE2 (Virgin)

THERE WAS a time, some years ago, when Mike Oldfield could actually make a complete album with a cohesive interweaving of themes and textures; now, he just sticks disparate bits together and hopes we won't notice the absence of even the most basic kind of continuity.

'QE2' isn't a single-track opus — there's nine separate "pieces" here — but the longer tracks still exhibit this tendency towards jerry-building. 'Taurus 1', for instance, takes ten minutes to go nowhere in a variety of ways, and ends up sounding as though it was intended to cover three or four sides, only Oldfield couldn't spin it out quite that long. The arrangement, of course, is

the B-52's

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Pic: Harry Papadopoulos

Bauhaus present the two-headed look — moderne chic for after the bomb.

ludicrously cluttered: one of the drawbacks of being an Exegesised multi-instrumentalist with a recently-uncovered ego of massive proportions, it would seem, is that you never know when to stop overdubbing yourself.

'QE2' itself is another seven minutes of nautical nonsense, like 'Portsmouth' put through a blender with two dozen assorted instruments. You already know what it sounds like, right down to the synthesised ship's hooters, or whatever they're called. Would that the crew would go on strike.

This nautical obsession of Oldfield's is but one facet of his fascination with Olde Worlde ethnic folk stuff in general. A friend described this interest quite succinctly as akin to wearing an Indian print dress and believing yourself "et one" with Indian folk culture, man. This is quite an apt metaphor, as it happens, because 'QE2' (the album) like all Oldfield's work, is music for neat, religious (former) hippies to hold hands and smile blissfully to when they've put little Bilbo to bed and are sitting cross-legged in front of the fire, watching the flames: in the quasi-religious ambience of Oldfield's records, they find the comforting spiritual accompaniment to their wasted lives.

This is just as it should be, really, because his music is rooted in the same patronising, middle-class affection for the peasantry which is the basis of their hollow ontology — all the horny-handed sons-of-a-all self-sufficiency crap which conveniently ignores the real facts of life.

Oldfield's medieval utopianism is at its most cloying on his cover of the old Shadows hit 'Wonderful Land' — incidentally, the best tune on the album — where he goes on emotive (sic) control, pressing the button marked "heartfelt yearning" on his (narrow) emotional-range panel. This button gets quite a lot of work nowadays.

But what the hell — you're already effectively finished as a questioning human being if you've even considered buying this record.

Andy Gill

ISRAEL VIBES
Unconquered People (Tuff Gong pre)

THE Israel Vibes' story is the kind of Hollywood schmaltz tragedy you'd laugh at yourself for being glued to on the box on Sunday afternoons — the three young Jamaicans all struck down in the early '50s polio epidemic, who meet and become friends at the Mons Rehabilitation Centre. Together, they sing, play in the Centre basketball team, and discover Rasta.

As their locks grow, so does the dislike and fear of their peer group at the Centre. They are dropped from the basketball

team. People cut them dead at meal time. In the end, they are forced to leave the Centre, the only home they have ever known, and camp out rough on some common ground, subsisting on hand-outs from friends and passers-by, attracted, perhaps, by the Israel Vibes' plangent, eerie three-part harmony — they've had plenty of time to work on the subtleties of their craft.

It is this talent that eventually brought them into the recording studio with the assistance of Tommy Cowan, to cut their classical first album, featuring penetrating gems like 'The Same Song' that swept the consciousness of reggae fans to such an extent that it actually filtered overground on British release via Capitol records.

The Vibes performed live at the Reggae Sunsplash in '79, astonishing with their ability to command an audience without playing on the fact that they're all on crutches. As they danced, it was their grace that commanded attention — although it would be a lie to say that their withered limbs didn't add poignancy to their agility.

Now, like so many other fine Jamaican outfits, the IVs have hooked up with the Wailers' Tuff Gong concern; thus their new release features the never-fail Barrett Brothers rhythm section, and Wailer Tyrone Downie splashing lively keyboards, along with the legendary Augustus Pablo playing right-time piano, and other session stars like Dean 'Youth' Frazer, sax, and two more ace pianists, Frank 'Bubbler' Waul, and ex-Wailer Wire Lindo.

'Unconquered People' is undoubtedly one of the best discs to have winged out of JA this year. The three voices of Skeleton, Apple and Wias are poised in good balance — an aspect of trio singing frequently messed up in harmony records, alas — being mixed by the capable Errol Brown. The IVs' original material takes a little time to grow on you, perhaps — the songs are subtle and sad, always serious.

The story of the IVs might count for nothing, if it wasn't that their extraordinary circumstances are actually reflected in a thoughtful, emotional record — whether they're talking about the taxman, the joy of having a bit of bread and fish when you've been starving, or their religious beliefs.

Vivien Goldman

Minnie RIP

MINNIE RIPERTON
Love Lives Forever (Capitol)

NOT MANY singers will be remembered after their death in quite the same way that Minnie Riperton is through this album. It almost puts you in mind of a séance in a recording studio where some very famous people call back the spirit of a dead friend and all sit round the table and record an album together. Riperton's vocals, with those impossibly high sweet soulful notes, were put down the year before she died, but the backing tracks have been subsequently re-recorded with a fine collection of guest appearances — Stevie Wonder, Patrice Rushen and George Benson among them. The result, put together by producers Richard Rudolph (her husband) and Johnny Pate, is unnervingly perfect.

'Here We Go', the opening track, features Roberta Flack and Peabo Bryson, adding vocals, and a tight fitting tenor sax solo from Tom Scott. Roberta Flack doesn't really come through on this track but Michael Jackson very definitely does on the next one — 'I'm in Love Again' — singing alternate lines in the verse with Minnie and managing, as Patrice Rushen does on 'Song of Life' to somehow reflect and support Riperton's vocal, giving the impression that they really did share the same microphone.

Riperton's biggest hit — 'Loving You' — came from her first Epic album 'Perfect Angel' produced in 1974 by Stevie Wonder. He appears here with a harmonica solo which stops a weepy ballad, 'Give Me Time', from drowning in 15 feet of strings. These herps and violins can make me quite nervous. Riperton sings well but the lyrics don't quite make it.

The last two tracks are ample compensation. 'You Take My Breath Away' has Minnie and George Benson laughing their way through a lovely melodic track while on 'Song of Life' Patrice Rushen, who notes on the sleeve that she and Minnie never met, plays electric piano and puts the light funky Rushen touch to the vocal arrangements to superbly tight effect.

Minnie Riperton died in July 1979 from breast cancer, at the age of 32. During the last years of her life she spent time and precious energy trying to publicly de-mystify breast cancer and persuade women to insist on regular check-ups, despite the risk of being labelled hysterical. She has left us the memory of a truly soulful singer, sometimes too sweet, but inimitable on those incredible high jumps.

Dorota Koc



ISLAND

What becomes of the broken Hiatted?

JOHN HIATT
Two-Bit Monsters (MCA)

JOHN HIATT is a singer-songwriter of Los Angeles extraction whose time would appear to have come. A critic's favourite on his own turf, the feed-back signals relayed-over to the UK have either pegged him alongside Ry Cooder — due to the pact the pair have forged with Cooder using both Hiatt's songs and band for his current activities — or Elvis Costello, the most frequently-mentioned name by those attempting to locate a neat pigeonhole for him.

The Costello parallel is too easy an option to truly hold water, yet the fact remains that the two songwriters do share certain essential traits. Both are men obsessed with the sheer perverseness of existence, furiously studying the nature of corruption that always seems to be casting its warped shadow over whatever remains of their quizzical concerns regarding humanity. Both share a twin penchant for terse, witty turns of phrase that are lovingly orchestrated, using teasing, overtly 'pop'-orientated hooklines and sharply structured motifs that make tidy incisions in the listener's memory as clearly as a surgeon's scalpel.

Hiatt, however, is ultimately very much his own man.

His voice wriggles and squirms over the taut buoyancy that forms the dynamic for virtually all his testy pop poems — oily and steeped in a wry sense of bad grace. "Who's that in the shadows on the wall/Who's that with the camera in the hall I'm back to normal now". Hiatt's specious croon declares itself after he's

set a great lurching rhythm guitar motif into action as the perfect pulse-beat preface for 'Back To Normal's sardonic yet fraught menacing view-point. Unsettling images — personified by the opening verse where a surgeon "with a butcher's knife" cuts the coil condemning the child to live — abound. The fabric of life is something to be extremely wary of, Hiatt states, where no-one can be trusted and every motive has to be questioned simply as a matter of course.

'Two-Bit Monsters' as a total entity, however, often falls short of its own ambitions, due primarily to the pedestrian, unimaginative production of Denny Bruce — with Hiatt himself jointly credited.

Unlike Costello, Hiatt isn't blessed with the kind of musical compatriots that can transform all the dimensions inherent in his work into those splashes of ingenuity necessary to the big picture on display: his band coasts anonymously, craving some release from the dull polish the production can merely muster.

There's a most aggravating absence of 'sparkle', of 'lustre' to the overall sound on 'Two-Bit Monsters' that is a weighty blight indeed.

'Two-Bit Monsters' is ultimately not the great album it could have been. Yet the fact that it comes to Hiatt alone to punch his songs into 'inspired' exercises — he sounds inspired whilst everyone else is just coasting bemusedly — makes the album a testament to Hiatt's own talents. The fact that those talents prove themselves to be quite formidable makes 'Two-Bit Monsters' — at the very least — a worthwhile investment.

Nick Kent

Pic: Anton Corbijn



John Hiatt thinks over Ry Cooder's request for a song written especially for him — a request immortalised in the verse "Ry at Hiatt: 'I wanna Hiatt'. Ry at Hiatt: 'A Hiatt of my own'."

THIN LIZZY
Chinatown (Vertigo)

THERE'S AN incredibly elderly and not particularly amusing joke somewhere in the Dubious Humour Vaults about a mother attempting to get her offspring to scarp up his broccoli only to find the youth indignantly responding, "I say it's spinach and I say the hell with it." The

distinction made between spinach and broccoli is, however, far more valid than that currently made between Heavy Metal and Hard Rock.

Hard Rock is a term used by fans of groups like Blue Oyster Cult — and by members of groups like Def Leppard and UFO — in order to avoid that dreaded Heavy Metal niche. Thin Lizzy have also been classified as such, but with 'Chinatown', the time has

finally come to stand up and announce, "I say it's heavy metal and I say the hell with it."

Four or five years ago, Thin Lizzy were a considerably more attractive proposition than they are now. They had quite a reasonable amount going for them: Phil Lynott wrote more than a few good tunes, had a nice line in melodic romanticism and sly, self-mocking wit, and his patented swagger didn't seem

remotely offensive.

However, that was then. In 1980, we find Thin Lizzy filling an album with leaden platitudes, expert but empty guitar solos, laboured and tired myth-making and clichés of all description. Lynott is still going on and on and on about the same old things — manes on the streets, lurve, drugs — but in a manner that suggests that he's forgotten why he wrote about those things in the first

place. 'We Will Be Strong' is a long-drawn-out mid-paced thing that takes far too long to make no point at all. 'Killer On The Loose' encourages the male listener to identify with a murderous rapist even though it pretends it's doing no such thing. 'Chinatown' recycles that same old 'Rock Me Baby' riff as 'Don't Believe A Word' but far less enjoyably... only 'Genocide (The Killing Of The Buffalo)' allows Lynott to

display that raffish compassion that used to be his stock-in-trade, but even though it outshines its surroundings, it's still a pale shadow of former glories.

The sleeve carries an astonishing amount of cover copy — people are thanked for providing every conceivable type of service — and assorted political and philosophical slogans: Thin Lizzy are enlightened people, against the

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

Babylon (Chrysalis)

HERE'S A movie soundtrack that makes you proud to be British. Apart from a couple of old Groves Music favourites — Yabby You's 'Free Africa' and 'Deliver Me From My Enemies', takin' ya back to them good ol' days of '76, and Michael Prophet's 'Turn Me Loose', plus a fairly dismal lover's rock tune by the best-forgotten Cassandra, 'Thank You For The Many Things You've Done', and I-Roy's Bovell produced 'Whip 'n Bap'n' (already available on Virgin), the whole album is sparkling spanking Best of British.

Whoops, having said that, I realise that's the whole of side one... still, they're mostly good tunes, if you haven't got them already.

But checking out Side 2, we come to some serious new age steppers. What we're talking about here is the potential of turning your brain into a home sound system, thereby eliminating waiting for buses for hours in the cold. Invest in a pair of headphones instead. If that's possible, and whack 'em up full so you make the most out of Aswad featuring the borrowing horn of Vin Gordon, on the sound-system favourite 'Warrior Charge'. Of course, it's conceivable you have it already as an Island disco mix, obviously the finest form for a disc of this ilk.

On to the other tunes, all

Dennis Bovell (Matumbi/Blackbeard) productions. The Specials have moved into movie soundtrack territory, and very well too; but Dennis Bovell turns a movie soundtrack — theoretical background music — to easy skanking dance music that features some Aswad-ettes, notably drummer Angela Geyer, going at it like a fireworks display on the hit 'Jazzercise' is a truly modern version of that recently hit James Brown 'Vibration'.

In the interesting flick, directed by Dread Beat & Blood, men Franco Rosso, the music hits you hard, not

subliminally. A moody instrumental, like 'Manhunter' with its steady stepping bass and eloquent horn solo pleading on top, demolishing itself in a dub explosion half way through, then creeping stealthily back, is a narrative in itself.

The movie is a must, and if you haven't already got the album tracks on other releases, ad's the album.

Wouldn't it be nice if Chrysalis succeeded where Island have notably failed, and got the brilliant Aswad the remuneration to match the reputation?

Vivien Goldman

bomb, 'Smash H Block' and that. However, one woman is credited as 'a beauty with brains' — gosh, wow, how unusual — and another credit reads 'catering with tits.' (Let's leave the credit for the porno shop over the road right out of this). It would appear that Lizzy currently take buffaloes slightly more seriously than they take women. Even the most ardent buffalophile would feel tempted to raise an eyebrow

and query the priorities thus displayed.

As the album rides out on a series of dusty Police riffs, the inevitable conclusion presents itself — Thin Lizzy are only still with us in 1980 because of the loyalty they earned from their followers with the genuinely excellent work they were doing a few years ago, and because it's easier to rest. It was only Phil Lynott's hot songwriting streak that lifted Lizzy out of

the heavy metal doldrums in the mid-'70s, and as that hot card turns cold they're just left with the headbangers.

It's not a fate that they deserve: Phil Lynott is a good man, and by no means untalented. But if this album represents all that Thin Lizzy have to offer, they're in an awful lot of trouble. 'Chinatown' is, quite simply, the pits.

Charles Shaar Murray

SPLIT ENZ



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BASEMENT 5 Basement 5 In Dub (Island)

WHAT THIS IS is a dub-by-numbers, as the cover graphic prophetically proclaims.

What dub is or should be — at its best — is an anti-colouring book. When we actually get down to the boring business of setting out to make and market A Dub Album, it simply is not enough to erase vocals and trim one's drums with funny effects. It is a question of listening into, mastering the many pauses and the abrupt, sharp accretions of 'regular' playing. It is not simply a question of stripping down (a common enough rock mistake), of merely taking off a few coats of sound here and there, boosting up the bass and throwing a few acid freak whoopee cushion fizzes and bangs in. Oh no.

'Basement 5 In Dub' betrays a bigoted view of a masterful craft. It also betrays a lot else, but then maybe we should all wait for the 'official' Basement 5 album (as the Island and press release would have it) before we start to take those problems apart. 'In Dub' gives us enough to go on. The viable entry into the marketplace of Basement 5 — produced by Martin Hannet, but of course, No disrespect to the chap — but where is his schooling 'in dub'?

This is not a (reverse) bigoted view. Martin Hannet is good at what he does (I am told). What he is not good at is producing dub. What he is capable of doing is getting together with a pretentious (oops! opinion rears its ugly head!) new group and producing everybody's favourite coffee table middlebrow idea of what this 'dub' business sounds like. It's like thinking that 'free jazz' (ie is Ornette Coleman) is the work of unskilled primitives: suddenly bopp bip beep.

'Basement 5 In Dub' doesn't stand up to a lot of listening: its surface is all. It slumps forward unremarkably, softly softly, in anticipation of the 'official' album. It is a mono-tonal un-playful set of 'dubs', similar in cut and thrust to the first Pili album (but lacking humour, natch).

Still — bitch bitch — if the Basement 5 gig I saw, and that recent single ('Silicone chip ain't no fish'n'chip' — WOW!) are anything to go by, a vocal-less 'dub' album is indeed a blessing from someone up above.

Ian Penman

THE RESIDENTS The Residents Commercial Album (Ralph) VARIOUS ARTISTS Miniatures (Pips)

TWO albums, 91 tracks. On the face of it, a bit like a wine-tasting session — a quick swirl round the palate and a spit in the bucket, with no lasting satisfaction save the slightest of frissons.

This is certainly the case with many of the 51 tracks which make up 'Miniatures', due mainly to their being performed by 51 different artists (not the best recipe for continuity!). The result is the musical equivalent of a collage (sic) revue, or a camera rapidly panning across a series of side-shows — musical, comedic and otherwise.

The onus here is supposedly on the concept of miniaturisation, telescoping larger works into under a minute, though this is rarely adhered to. Andy Partridge gives a concise, essentialist 'History Of Rock'n'Roll' in 20 seconds. Fred Frith does a collage of 'The Entire Works Of Henry Cow', and — most absurd of all — David Bedford encapsulates 'Wagner's Ring In One Minute', which is rather like

that old Monty Python sketch about reciting Proust in 15 seconds. All these are successful, to some extent, where something like Roger McGough's breathless condensation of 'The Wreck Of The Hesperus' is just plain indecipherable.

Elsewhere, there's a couple of fine slivers of modern dance music from The Work and Metabolist (whose bit here outshines anything on their debut album, mainly due to its concision), interesting collage constructions from Alejandro Vinaso and album editor/prime mover Morgan Fisher, and peaceful interludes from Robert Wyatt, Joseph Roaille, Herbert Distel, Steve Miller, Simon Desorgher and Zazou. John White contributes some of his usual tuned percussion, George Mally does his well-known Kurt Schwitters dada-poem party-piece, and The Residents devise a mini-medley of The Ramones' 'We're A Happy

Family' and South Pacific's 'Bali Ha'i'.

The funniest tracks are Ken Ellis's hilarious 'One Minute In The Life Of Ivan Denisovich' and Quentin Crisp's vitriolic anti-music lambast, the best of a sizeable bunch of funnies. Some tracks, it must be said, are a waste and an insult to the others: no names, pick your own duffers. Most are fairly obvious, anyway.

My favourite piece out of the entire 51? Well, at the risk of appearing both trendy and contrary, I have to nominate Ralph Steadman's musical setting of John Donne's 'Sweetest Love', a warm, mellow performance which hints at hidden depths of tenderness behind those nasty ribs. Don't like his cover much, though.

The Residents' 'Commercial Album' is 40 tracks of exactly 60 seconds each which cling together to produce a

mosaic-like consistency lacking in 'Miniatures'. It's impossible to list the various interlocking musical styles/references satisfactorily, so I won't bother. There are a lot of typically Residential sounds — some of the voices, the chilling synth tones, etc., and the open absurdity of approach — but they're more accessible than ever before, and liable to appeal to anyone with an ear or two and a lack of prejudice. They're 'commercial' too, in the sense of TV adverts — brief, haunting, hummable, persuasively listenable and ultimately indelible. There's a connection here, as in much of The Residents' work, with the simplicity of nursery rhymes, and the double-edged coalition of innocence and undertones of menace at the heart of such rhymes. Rather than a revue, what we have here is a modern

tarot, paradigms of Residential reality that intersect with ours aesthetically and on a deeper level.

They're helped in this by a variety of familiar names, including Snakefinger, Don Jackovich, Chris Cutler and Fred Frith. (At least one track, 'The Coming Of The Crow', sounds more like the Art Bears than The Residents).

Three titles provide hints at the entire album's discipline and thematic interests: 'Less Not More' is exactly what the LP is, 'Loss Of Innocence' is what it's about, and 'Japanese Watercolour' is the way it's done, complete universes conveyed with the minimum of musical brush-strokes.

My favourite track? There's so many, friends, so many.

Andy Gill



Four budding bubs with their dud-dub dubs.

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ROBERT PALMER, pictured here, plays four London concerts in this Gig Guide week — on Thursday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

● The two p.c. centre page are of **ADAM** (left), who takes his new look Ants on the road this week, opening in Liverpool on Sunday; and **THE CURE**, who complete their global travels by setting out on a UK jaunt in Manchester on Thursday.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Belfast Grosvenor Hall: Boxcar Willie/Jean Shephard
Belfast Queen's University: Night Doctor
Birmingham Aston University: The Comsat Angels
Birmingham Barrow Organ: The Quads
Birmingham (Druids Health) Gladiator:
Willy & The Poorboys
Birmingham Here & Hounds: Close
Rivals/Partizans
Birmingham (Kings Health) Here &
Hounds: Close Rivals/Partizans
Birmingham Marcal Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Odeon: UB40
Birmingham Polytechnic: The Selector
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
Brighton Conference Centre: The
Jam/The Piranhas
Brighton Sussex University: George
Moyle & The Feetwarmers
Bristol Polytechnic: Graduate
Burnwood Troubadour: The Amazing
Dark Horse
Carlisle Bailey's Club: Andy Pan-
demonium
Cardiff Chives: Tenzschau
Cardiff University: B A Robertson/The
Expressos
Chester Deeside Leisure Centre: AC/DC
Coventry Warwick University: Night-
doctor
Croydon The Cartoon: Brett Marvin & The
Thunderbolts
Edinburgh Astoria: Weep Of
Peace/Significant Zeros/TV 21
Edinburgh Nite Club: Atomic Rooster
Eton Christopher Hotel: Modern Jazz
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Buzzcocks
Guldford Civic Hall: Orchestral Man-
oeuvres In The Den
Hayes Brook House: Orson Blake
Hayle The Pennine: Blind Alley
Ilford Oscars: Bestie
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: Boys Of
The Lough
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Uriah Heep/
Samson
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Bob Willam-
son & Friends
Leeds Cosmo Club: Soft Cell/H & The
Questionaires
Leeds Fan Club: The Teardrop
Explodes/The Thompson Twins
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Rough Justice
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band

Leicester Fosseway Hotel: Manitou
Leitchworth Lays Youth Club: The Tee
Sax/The Good Blokes
Liverpool Brady's: UK Subs
Liverpool Star & Garter: Asylum
Liverpool The Mayflower: Keepers Engine
Liverpool University: Eclipse
London Camden Dingwalls: Ronnie Lane
Band
London Chiswick John Bull: Telemacque
London Clapham 101 Club: Ski Patrol
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Broughtons/Mission
London Deighton Pembury Tavern: Avenue
London Finchley Torrington: Nucleus
London Forest Road North-East Polytech-
nic: Victims Of Pleasure
London Fulham Golden Lion: Park
Avenue
London Fulham Greyhound: Kevin Coyne
London Friern Barnet: Orange Tree
Young Jazz Big Band
London Hammersmith Odeon: Paul
Simon
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club:
Piranhas
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Bad
Manners
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The
Stiffs/Sussex
London Holborn Blitz: Private Lives
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Inmates/The Deal Aids
London Islington Pied Bull: Civil Service
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold
Dust Twins
London Knightsbridge Pizzini on the Park:
Ike Isaacs Duo
London Marquee Club: Gary Moore &
Friends
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: London Vin-
dicator
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett:
The Kraze
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Black State
London Putney White Lion: Salt
London Rainbow Theatre: Robert Palmer
London Richmond: Broilys: Pad
Gadget/The Lines/Blenchings
London Soho Pizz Express: Benny
Blanco
London Tottenham: The Engendered Quartet

London Southgate Royalty Ballroom:
Shades
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The
Klones
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Chuck
Ferry
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Elkie
Brooks
London Victoria The Venue: Chris Hill
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's
F...
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: The Soulboys/Les Apaches
London Woolwich Trashed: The Soft
Boys/Knox/The Method Actors
London W.10 Acliam Hall: Capital Letters
London W.14 The Kensington: Jo Ann
Kelly's Second Line
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave:
Apocalypse
Lye Bulls Head: Split Image
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Kool & The
Gang
Manchester Band on the Wall: Mummy
Knapper/Bobby Walling Quintet
Manchester Polytechnic: The Cure/Dance
Crazy
Manchester Refers: The Monochrome
Men
Manchester UMIST: After The Fire
Milton Keynes Compass Club: The Fi-
ctitious
Norwich Cromwell's: Q-Tips
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: The An-
thems
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Drum Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Oxford Corn Dolly: Twelfth Night
Oxford Pannysfaring: Vixen
Pole Arts Centre: Gladys Knight & The
Pips
Port Talbot Troubadour: Sploogens-
ounds
Preston Warehouse: The Accelerators
Sheffield City Hall: Barbara Dickson
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: Dangerous
Girls
Sheffield The Penguin: Head Hunter
Shifnal Star Hotel: Valt
Southampton Gaumont Theatre
Thatcham Silks: Dave Berry & The
Cruisers
Turo Royal Hotel: Metro Qilder
Willeshall The Cavalcade: Switch 7
York 68 Youth Club: Shake Appeal



FRIDAY

Ashford Wyre College: The Marian
Schoolgirls
Besiden Double Six: Ace Bentley & The
Traffic Lights
Birmingham Barrow Organ: Willy & The
Poorboys
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom:
Sploogensounds
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Lazars
Birmingham Marcal Cross: Situation
Critical
Birmingham Odeon: Tangerine Dream
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Joe Pass
Birmingham Town Hall: The Spinners
Birmingham University: After The Fire
Blackburn King George's Hall: Motorhead
Blackpool Norbeck Castle: The Bar-
recades
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: The Enid
Barnwell Sports Centre: The Jam/The
Piranhas
Brighton Alhambra: Eye To Eye
Brighton Standard Arms: Max Allister
Bristol Colston Hall: Triumph/Praying
Mantis
Cardiff Casablanca Club: Andy Pan-
demonium
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Joe Pass
Doncaster Drax: Dave Berry & The
Cruisers
Dover Town Hall: City Blues Band/David
Front & The Flamigos
Dublin Trinity College: Nightdoctor
Dundee Technical College: Atomic
Rooster
Dundee University: Weep Of
Peace/Significant Zeros
Edinburgh Art School: Restricted Code
Edinburgh Nite Club: Everest The Hard
Way/Now Apartment
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: The Mono-
chrome Set
Egham Shorefield College: Twelfth Night
Eton Christopher Hotel: Shark
Exeter University: U-2
Glasgow Kelvin Hall: Boxcar Willie/Jean
Shepherd
Glasgow Strathclyde University: H2O
Glasgow Theatre Royal: Boys Of The
Lough
Grosvenor Red Lion: The Flatbackers
Hastham Crown Hotel: Saffie
Hastings St. Mary Star of the Sea: The
Amazing Bouncing Dendrites/The
Faggots
Huddersfield Polytechnic: Cleasla
Nouveaux
Keele University: Dangerous Girls
Leeds Gate Hotel: The Escorta
Leeds Trinity & All Saints College: Shake
Appeal
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Jimmy Knep-
per/Bobby Walling Quintet

Liverpool Prescott Civic Centre: Asylum
Liverpool The Dolphin: Stun The Guards
London Camden Music Machine: The
Soft Boys/Knox/The Method Actors
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jel-
lyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Modern English
London Chiswick John Bull: The Brough-
tons
London Clapham 101 Club: BIM
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Sifts/The Usset
London Crystal Palace Hotel: The Kraze
London Eitham Avery Hill College:
Shadowfax
London Fulham Golden Lion: Ricky Cool
& The Rhythms
London Fulham Greyhound: Kevin Coyne
London Fulham The Cock: Rye & The
Quarterboys
London Hackney Charts Palace: Essential
Logic/Nerve
London Hammersmith Odeon: Paul
Simon
London Hampstead Starlight Rooms: Flz
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Transi-
ta/Motion Pictures
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Mad-
ness (sold out)
London Marquee Club: Gary Moore &
Friends
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
Clientelle
London New Cross Goldsmiths College:
B.A. Robertson/The Expressos
London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber
Johnny
London Plumstead Prince Rupert Avenue
London Putney White Lion: Johnny Mars'
7th Sun
London Richmond Snooties: The
The/The Cardiacs/Marshall/Bow
London Soho Pizz Express: Bobby
Rosengarden Quintet
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice
On The Loose
London Tottenham The Spurs: The
Rhythm Squad
London Tottenham College: Victims Of
Pleasure
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Cool
Notes
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Elkie
Brooks
London Victoria The Venue: The
Climaxons
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: Altered Images/The Repitition-
/Group Four
London W.14 The Kensington: Twice Shy
Maidstone The Roebuck: Pagan Altar
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Children
UK/Vermilion Hair/100% Proof/Fast
Cars/Adol Fret/Bitches Sin/The A&B Band
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: God's Gift
Manchester Free Trade Hall: Don
Williams

Manchester University: Darts
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: UK Subs
Newcastle Polytechnic: The Cure/Parane
Norwich East Anglia University: Orchest-
ral Manoeuvres In The Dark
Oxford The Lancashire Vault: Warlock
Oxford Corn Dolly: Spring Offensive
Oxford Penny Farthing: Toad The Wet
Spracket
Penzance Demelza's: Blind Alley
Pole Arts Centre: Da Blz/Enzst Gooch
Reading Target Club: Die Laughing
Rochdale College: Tony Crabtree Band/
Heavy Thunder
Scarborough Spa Complex: Uriah Heep/
Praying Mantis
Scarbrough Taboo: The Teardrop
Explodes/The Thompson Twins
Sheffield Polytechnic: The Comsat Angels
Shifnal Star Hotel: Fear Of Flying/Tail
Story/The Buzz
Slough College: Budgie
Slough Grounded Stadium: Razy/Legal
Tender/Ex-Directory
Slough Merry-makers: Arrogant
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: AC/DC
Stirling University: John Martyn
Strood Marshalls Rooms: Various Artists/
The Unouchables
Swarasee Brangwyn Hall: The Dooleys
Taunton Kings College: Streets Ahead
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Doctor
Max
Waymouth Cellar Vino: The Skavengers
Wolverton Craufurd Arms: Panther
45/Terminal Decade

SATURDAY

Bedford Bunyan Centre: The Spinners
Birkenhead Galaxy Club: Asylum
Birmingham Barrow Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: The Mono-
chrome Set
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Nerve
Centre/White Heat
Birmingham Odeon: UB40
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street
Dealers
Bracknell Sports Centre: The Jam / The
Piranhas
Bradford St. George's Hall: The Crack /
Treatment / Rhino / Killer Westin /
Buffalo / The A&B Band / Elevators
Brighton Alhambra: The Ammonites
Brighton Sussex University: Twelfth
Night
Brighton Dockland Settlement: Wild Beasts
Bristol Green Rooms: The Paykillers
Bristol The Berkeley: After The Fire
Burying Kings Head: Frequency Band
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Rank
Amateurs
Cardiff The Middle Eight: The
Expressos / Dolly Mixture
Cardiff South Wales Polytechnic: Hawk-
wind / Vardis

Chester Deeside Leisure Centre:
Motorhead
Chidingly Six Belles: Idones
Chorley Joiners Arms: Chinatown
Colchester Essex University: Bestie
Cork Downtown Campus: Nightdoctor
Coventry Lancaster Polytechnic: Wahl
Meat / The Frantic Elevators
Coventry Warwick University: The
Dynamites
Dumfries Theatre Royal: Boys Of The
Lough
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: Struts
Edinburgh Nite Club: The Comsat Angels
Edinburgh University: The Androids
Eton Christopher Hotel: The Crying
Shames
File St. Andrew's University: John Martyn
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Barbara Dickson
Glasgow University: Atomic Rooster
Gosport John Peel: Talon
Harrow Goodwill To All: The Chevrons / B
Film / Red Box
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Suttel Approach
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: Boxcar
Willie / Jean Shepherd
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: The Bar-
recades
Leeds University: Darts
Leicester Saracen's Head: The Drill
Leitchworth College: Scarlet O'Hara
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: Spring Offensive
Liverpool Brady's: The English
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Triumph /
Praying Mantis
London Camden Dingwalls: X-Effects
London Chiswick John Bull: The Flatback-
ers
London Clapham Two Brewers: Klean
Heels
London Clapham 101 Club (lunchtime):
Broadcast
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Ronnie Golden & The Earthlings / Rio &
The Robots
London Crystal Palace Hotel: Sploogens-
ounds
London Fulham Golden Lion: Mickey
Jupp Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Mitty /
Unky
London Greenwich White Swan: Nuthin
Fancy
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lun-
chtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Hammersmith Odeon: Paul
Simon
London Hampstead Starlight Rooms: Vic-
tims Of Pleasure
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Fix /
The Elgin Marbles
London Highgate Jacksons Rock Club:
Angie Rox / Jeff Scott & The Himebars
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Mad-
ness (sold out)
London Kingston Three Tuns: The
Broughtons
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Brian Booth
Jazz Orchestra

London Poplar Town Hall: The Au Pairs /
Fast Relief / Far Cry
London Putney Star & Garter: Duffo
London Rainbow Theatre: Kool & The
Gang
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House:
Alex Atterson
London School of Economics: B. A.
Robertson / The Fabulous Poodles
London Soho Pizz Express: Bobby
Rosengarden Quintet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big
Chief
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion
Theatre: Robert Palmer
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Cool
Notes
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Elkie
Brooks
London Victoria The Venue: The Inmates
/ The Deal Aids
London Waltham Forest North-East
Polytechnic: Affix & Picking
London Wembley Conference Centre:
Gladys Knight & The Pips
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club:
Running Sores / Fish Turned Human
London W.10 Acliam Hall: Inon-6pm,
free: Chaises / Blue Midnight / Vol-
stones / Entire Cosmos / Vince Pie &
The Crumbs
London W.14 The Kensington: Basil's
Ballcup Band
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Tangerine
Dream
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle:
Shader
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club:
The Swinging Lamshades
Manchester Polytechnic: Dangerous Girls
/ The Performing Ferrets
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial
Hotel: Panther 45 / Terminal Decade
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: UK Subs
Newcastle University: The Teardrop
Explodes / The Thompson Twins
Northampton Roadmender Club: Wetts
Noys / Where's Lisa?
Nottingham Boat Club: Budgie
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: The Sonic
Tonks
Parsley Bungalow Bar: Salgon
Port Talbot Sandman's: Dave Berry & The
Cruisers
Preston Guildhall: Sad Cafe
Raleigh Cross: Modern Romance
Reading Barmers College: Various
Artists / The Shoes / The Unouchables
Redcar Coatham Bowl: Uriah Heep /
Samson
Redruth London Hotel: Blind Alley
Shifnal Star Hotel: Denizens / Cross-
words
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: AC/DC
Southampton University: U-2
Southend Top Alex: Ace Bentley & The
Traffic Lights

CONTINUES OVER...

PAUL SIMON (top picture) returns to Britain after a lengthy absence to play three nights at London Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, Friday and Saturday... and **SAD CAFE** (below) begin their autumn outing at Preston (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday), Ipswich (Monday), Leicester (Tuesday) and Hanley (Wednesday).

Also this week: Latest heavy-metal band to emerge from Canada are **TRIUMPH**, and they kick off their debut UK tour at Southampton (Thursday), Bristol (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Leicester (Monday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday)... Perennial favourites **WEATHER REPORT** are back for a new series of concerts, starting at Edinburgh (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday)... And for country freaks, **DON WILLIAMS** is on the trail again, opening in Manchester on Friday.

Gig Guide — continued



SUNDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Barbara Dickson
Barry Memorial Hall: The Dooleys
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Odeon: Sad Cafe
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Bradford (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bradford Film Theatre: Camera in Cars/Vex/Police/Man With A Loaf Of Bread
Bradford Princess Club: Whips
Brighton Jenkinson's: The Monochrome Set
Bristol Colston Hall: Motorhead
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Chelmsford Odeon: Showaddywaddy
Chigwell White Hart: Park Avenue
Chorley Joins Arms: Chatterbox
Croydon Star Club: Kicks
Edinburgh Odeon: John Martyn
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Joe Cocker
Edinburgh's Valentino's: The Teardrop
Explosion/The Thompson Twins
Eton Christopher Hotel (lunchtime): Milenberg Band
Glasgow Giffie: Modern Man/Those French Girls
Hullam Crown Hotel: Ojah
Hull City Hall: Hawkwind/Vardis
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: Boxcar Willie/Jean Shepherd
Irvine Magnum Theatre: Boys Of The Lough
Kirkcaldy Adam Smith Centre (afternoon) and Edinburgh Harvey's (evening): Struts
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: The Androids
Leeds Fan Club: Ludus/Diagram Brothers/Mud Motters
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Adam & The Ants
London Acton King's Head: Fur-nix/Guy Jackson
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Brixton George Canning, South-side
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Clapham Two Brewers: Red Rinses
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Talkover/Treatment/Sanctuary
London Defford Albany Empire: The Realists/Rubber Johnny/Flying Pickers/Bread & Butter Band/Extra 2/Bluebirds/Early Date (lunchtime)
London Finchley Torrington: Hank Wagon Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Broughtons
London Fulham Greyhound: Nash The Slush/Bluesavage
London Hackney The Dusens: Avenue
London Hurl Hall Moon: The Planets/Paul Goodman
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Bad Manners (sold out)
London Marquee Club: The Delmontes
London New Bernet Duke of Lancaster
The Accidents
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Rod Hamer Band
London Putney White Lion: Jules On The Loose
London Rainbow Theatre: Kool & The Gang
London Richmond Broilys: Taurus
London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny Parker
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: The 4th Be 2/Chelise/Anita-Riot/The Dark
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: Robert Palmer
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Tangerine Dream
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: U-2/Midnight & The Lemon Boys
London Woolwich Tramshed: Arizona Smoke Revue
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Hefty Jazz

London W.14 The Kensington: Raz Maidstone Hazlit Theatre: Eddie Thompson Trio
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Triumph/Praising Mantis
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Cocktail Party
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: Manfou
Oxford Pennyfarthing: The Mysterys
Oxford Playhouse Theatre: Richard & Linda Thompson/Bert Jansch's Conundrum
Poole Arts Centre: The Jam/The Piranhas
Poynton Folk Centre: Therapy
Reading Hexagon Theatre: Elkie Brooks
Reading London Hotel: Blind Alley
Sheffield Top Rank: UK Subs
Southend Shrimpers: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
St. Albans Goat Inn: Donal McGuire
Stafford Bingley Hall: Don Williams
Tunbridge Wells Traders: The Frims
Walsley Dale Inn: Stun The Guards
Watford The Pump House (lunchtime): The Car Thieves
Watford Town Hall: The Spinners
Wolverhampton Nags Head: Panther 45/Territorial Decade
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Briton / Mayday
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
Birmingham Odeon: Elkie Brooks
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Ramblers
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Withered Man
Bradford College Vaults Bar: New Model Army
Bristol Colston Hall: Motorhead
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: The Jam / The Piranhas
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: The M.P.'s / Steel Locks
Doncaster Rotters: Hawkwind / Vardis
Dudley Town Hall: Sploognessabounds
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Weather Report
Edinburgh Tiffany's: Adam & The Ants
Edinburgh University: Uriah Heep / Samson
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Barbara Dickson
Eton Christopher Hotel: Twelfth Night
Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
Galeshiels Volunteer Hall: Boys Of The Lough
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
Glasgow City Hall: John Martyn
Glasgow Kelvin Hall: Don Williams
Grimby Central Hall: UK Subs
Hayes Allied Beck Centre: The End
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East London Stompers
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Sad Cafe
Leeds Harehorth Youth Club: Shake Appeal
Leeds Marquis of Granby: The Escorts
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Goff Jackson & The Murs
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Triumph / Praising Mantis
London Acton White Hart: Wildfire
London Camden Dingwells: The Stiffs
London Canning Town Bridge House: Victims Of Pleasure
London Clapham 101 Club: Fay Ray
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Animal Magnet / Jealous Diners
London Fulham Golden Lion: Alibi
London Fulham Greyhound: The Comsat
London Hammersmith Odeon: AC/DC
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Bad Manners (sold out)
London N.4 The Stapleton: The Syndicate
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Panthite & The High Rockers
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Richmond Snoopies: Men-I-pulator / Guy Jackson / Popular Theatre
London Ronnie Scott's Club: Zoot Sims Quartet (for two weeks)
London School of Economics: A Certain Ratio / Minny Pops
London Soho Pizza Express: Barney Kessel Trio
London Stratford Green Man: Tele-musque
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: Arizona Smoke Revue

London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: Robert Palmer
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Tangerine Dream
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Plain Characters / The Soulboys
London W.1 Giffie's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goggles
London W.14 The Kensington: The Needle
Manchester Band on the Wall: The Drones
Newcastle Gosforth Hotel: Dancing Lessons
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaith
Preston Pear Tree: Chinatown
Reading University: The Cure / The Lines
Sheffield Top Rank: B. A. Robertson / The Expressos
Stirling MacRobert Centre: Boys Of The Lough
York Arts Centre: The Mood

TUESDAY

Ayr Pavilion: Uriah Heep / Samson
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cream
Birmingham Bingley Hall: The Jam / The Piranhas
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramblers
Birmingham Odeon: Elkie Brooks
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bradford Scamps: Rough Justice
Bristol Colston Hall: Chris De Burgh
Bury The Derby Hall: Ludus / The Diagram Brothers
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Moonstone
Canterbury Kent University: U-2 / David Frost & The Flamings
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Motorhead
Charnock Richard Park Hall: B. A. Robertson / The Expressos
Coleraine Ulster Hall: Loudon Walkwright II
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: Sploognessabounds
Coventry Zodiac Club: Toad The Wet Sprocket
Coventry Warwick University: Vision Collision
Derby Blue Note: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
Dublin Liberty Hall: Billy Connolly
Edinburgh Odeon: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Don Williams
Eton Christopher Hotel: Hefty Jazz
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Triumph / Praising Mantis
Glasgow Tiffany's: Adam & The Ants
Goldsmith College: Prime Suspect
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Turt / The Angels / President / Bandax / Cobbs / Warrior / The Ak Band
Leeds Florida Green Hotel: Angelwitch
Leeds Warehouse: Seven Year Itch
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Sad Cafe
Leicester University: The Cure / Chris Lavelle
London Charing X Rd. Sundown: The Monochrome Set
London Clapham 101 Club: Self Control / Bongo Express / Strangers In The Night
London Covent Garden Community Centre: Rubber Johnny
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Fix / BPM
London Fulham Golden Lion: Victims Of Pleasure
London Fulham Greyhound: The Spectres / Modern Jazz
London Greenwich: White Swan: Shadowlax
London Hammersmith Odeon: AC/DC
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Transit Company

London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Revillos (sold out)
London Islington Red Bull: Sora Throat
London Kingsbury Bendwagon: Moonlight
London Marquee Club: Wasted Youth
London W.2 Hogs Grunt: The T.J.M. Band
London Putney White Lion: The Cannibals
London Richmond Snoopies: In Camera / Base 3 / The Transmitters
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
London Stratford Green Man: Reel To Reel
London Victoria The Venue: Night Doctor
London Wembley Conference Centre: Boxcar Willie / Jean Shepherd
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Crew / Flititious / Dancing Counterparts
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Food
London Woolwich Tramshed: Morrisey-Mullen
London W.1 Whiskey A Go Go: Kevin Henderson's Country Band
London W.14 The Kensington: The Cobras
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Twelfth Night
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Weather Report
Middlebrough Town Hall: Barbara Dickson
Newport Stowaway: The Teardrop
Explosion / The Thompson Twins
Nottingham Boat Club: The Comsat Angels
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Holow City Rhythm Circus
Oxford Corn Dolly: Streets Ahead
Plymouth College of St. Mark & St. John: Metro Gilder
Ponemouth Guildhall: Tangerine Dream
Swansea White Swan: John Spires
Warrington Hope & Anchor: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
Winford Bees Knees: Whips

WEDNESDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Don Williams
Belfast Ulster Hall: Loudon Walkwright III
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Danseste Damage
Birmingham Mercat Cross: M.S. Night-work
Birmingham Odeon: Weather Report
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Jasper Carrott
Bradford Royal Standard: Heaven 17
Bradford University: U-2
Buxton Gaslight: Thin Ice
Cardiff Top Rank: Black Slate
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Coventry General Wolfe: Wasted Youth
Derby Assembly Rooms: Barbara Dickson
Derby Blue Note: The Comsat Angels
Doncaster Rotters: The Human League
Dublin Liberty Hall: Billy Connolly
Durham University: Adam & The Ants
Eton Christopher Hotel: Juvenessence
Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
London Victoria Hall: Sad Cafe
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: UK Subs / Knox
Ilford The Cranbrook: Jerry The Ferret
Leeds Warehouse: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun

Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Jam / The Piranhas
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Joe Cocker
Liverpool Scamps: Aylum
London Acton Kings Head: The Spiders / Red Letters
London Camden Dingwells: The Dance Band
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Gas / The Hit Factory
London Fulham Golden Lion: White Lines
London Fulham Greyhound: The Monsters
London Hammersmith Odeon: AC/DC
London Hampstead Starlight Room: X-O-Dus
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Rumour (sold out)
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goggles
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Park Avenue
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Bernie Tyeell's Salisbury Stompers
London Putney Bonko Arms: The Car Thieves
London Richmond Snoopies: Local Heroes / Square One / Scarlet Lawn-mower
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Kar-Ken / Calling Hearts
London Stratford The Green Man: The Cobras
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Chris De Burgh
London Victoria The Venue: Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Animal Magnet / Another Pretty Face
London Woolwich Tramshed: Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl
London W.14 The Kensington: Southern Comfort
Loughborough University: The Cure / And Also The Trees
Maidstone Oakwood Technical College: The Murs
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
Manchester Beach Club: The Delmontes
Newcastle City Hall: Triumph / Praising Mantis
Northampton Black Lion: The World Service
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaith
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Oxford New Theatre: Tangerine Dream
Oxford Scamps: Streets Ahead
Poole Wessex Hall: Motorhead
Reading Hexagon Theatre: The Spinners
Reading University: Motley Crew
Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: Inversions
Sheffield Polytechnic: Creation Rebel
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Elkie Brooks
South Croydon Scarlets: Celah Brothers Band
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Stamora Middlesex & Herts Country Club: Night Doctor
Stirling University: The Hollow Men
Sunderland Mayfield: Uriah Heep / Samson
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: Bert Jansch & John Renbourn
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: The Teardrop Explosion / The Thompson Twins

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The President's Men
(pictured above): 'Out In The Open', the first single by an emerging Aberdeen Band on Oily Records (6, Cedar Place, Aberdeen, AB2 35Z).



Melinda Carone (pictured left): 'Special Kinda Love', the first solo single by a former member of female lover's rock trio Brown Sugar on the New Age Movements label.

Edinburgh Rock

EDINBURGH'S Pop Aural records — a label at pains to point out they no longer go by the name of Fast Product — unleash a set of four singles this month, two by electronic posters Drinking Electricity.

The first instalment of the quartet is out this week with a single from Boots For Dancing and the first of the Drinking Electricity 45's.

Boots are joined on their single 'Rain Song'/'Hesitate' by the former Rezillos guitarist and tunesmith John Callis. The

Boots are joined on their single 'Rain Song'/'Hesitate' by the former Rezillos

guitarist and tunesmith John Callis. The Drinking Electricity 45 is an instrumental, typically titled 'Cruising Missiles'.

The second batch of the label's set of 'efficient accessories' for those long autumn nights includes the second Drinking Electricity record, a cover of the Flamin' Groovies' 'Shake Some Action', and a Restricted Code single.

The latter band, who are shortly to support The Human League on a mini-tour, were originally featured on the Glasgow compilation 'Second City Statics' and their single 'From the Top'/'First Night On' is their first on Pop Aural.

SINGLES

■ **Arthur 2-Stroke** And The Chart Commandos: 'Who Who Song' (Satellite Records, c/o Anti-Pop, 20 Bigmarket, Newcastle 1).

■ **Louder Animal Group**: 'The Fossil Record', the second single by Brighton band, available for 95p from Ears

Pop Products, 113 Bonchurch Road, Brighton, and the usual outlets.

■ **The Manic Jobs**: 'Autophagous' (Waldo's). The debut single from a new St Albans band.

■ **Dead Good Records** of Lincoln release the first in a series of six-track EPs this month. It is 'Nowhere Girl', a 12-inch by B Movie. Similar EPs by The Cigarettes and Sinking Ships follow early next year.

■ **Boys And Girls Come Out To Play**: An EP featuring a track spiced from six Coventry bands. The Famous 5, Profile, The Human Cabbages, Homme De Terre, First Offence and The Clique. Available for £1.25 from Marion Fraser, 6 Barn Close, Allesley Park, Coventry.

CASSETTES

■ **David Bunny**: 'Not That Song Again', available for £1 from Tangled Web Records, 1351 London Road, London SW16.

■ **Theatre Of Hate**: 'Legion' (SS Records, 32 Alexander Street, London W2).

■ **Payola**: 'Money For Hype' (NB Records, 11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London N8).

■ **The Puttans**: 'Cleopatra's Needle' (£1 from 2 Toronto Terrace, Lewes, East Sussex).

■ **Sister Sister**: 'Memo' (Sister Sister Records, 152 Muswell Hill Road, Muswell Hill, London N10).

■ **Cuban Heels**: 'Walk On Water' (Cuba Libre, c/o The Hellfire Club, basement 35, Carnarvon Street, Glasgow, Scotland).

■ **Monoconics**: 'Exit Stage Left' (Onazone Records, c/o Mason's Hall, Queen Street East, East End, Hendon, Sunderland).

■ **The Stingrays**: Four-track EP available from Earache Records, 'Stonehaven', Metton Road, Roughton, Norwich, Norfolk for £1.30.

■ **The Deal Aids**: 'Heroes' (Conspiracy Records).

■ **The Kingtons**: 'Beamed Down By Starship Enterprise', a C30 available for £1.30 from Synthetic Tapes, 37 Doon Road, Kirkintilloch, Glasgow.

■ **Tee-Vees**: 'Fatman Crossing', a C10 single, available for £1 from Pink Tape, 30 Farley Hill, Luton.

■ **Whatever Happened To Punk Rock?**: A compilation tape of Scottish punk bands available for 50p or a blank cassette/SAE from Allan Brown, 69 Glen Carnich, St Leonards, East Kilbride, Scotland. Bands featured are The Sinister Turkeys, Complex Society, Teenage Vice, Delt Jerks, Plastic Noise and The Electrix.

■ **Bizarre Steaks**: 'Coming To Terms With The Greenie', the group's second cassette album, available for £1.10 from 278 Priests Lane, Shenfield, Brentwood, Essex.

■ **New Seventh Music**: 'Tape Two Variable', available for a blank tape/SAE from Ron Crowfoot, 'Burford', Byways, Selsey, Chichester, Sussex.

Independent recording news compiled by Adrian Thrills

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LIVE!

The Captain greets his British fans. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Captain Beefheart And The Magic Band

Manchester

CAPTAIN Beefheart and his various Magic Bands have the habit of turning conventions on their heads. The essence of Don Van Vliet's performance rests in its refusal to be obvious.

For that reason he manages to be inspiring when others strive to be ingratiating; his musicians are always rehearsed to balance improvisation within familiar settings. When the results are good they never seem easy; if the mix isn't quite attuned to the singer's mood they can baffle and confuse.

Detractors of the Van Vliet sound and fury (there's anger in his songs and a lot of simple compassion) are happy to ridicule his music with charges of fraudulence, seeing the avant garde as an intellectual's excuse. Of course the singer never made those claims for himself.

Before a half-full Manchester Apollo the current Magic Band stamped its own personality on a complete breadth of material although comparisons and rock history were the last thing on the mind. (The habit of demanding certain numbers at specific times is a stupid trait.)

Eric Drew Feldman was first on, his bass solo for 'Hair Pie' an unaccompanied burst of savage noise. Other Magic Band members strolled out. Van Vliet clutched a plastic bag from Greenwich Village, a folder full of interest, and a bottle of white wine to which he referred most frequently.

Ahead of the times they launched into 'Nowadays A Woman's Gotta Hit A Man' with Feldman moving to keyboards and the mellotron which Van Vliet is so determined to integrate into his sound.

The double guitar front of Jeff Morris Tepper and Gary Snyder began to lock onto the highly strung retorts that begin life as distortion and become hypnotic. Van Vliet twisting and spitting the words of 'Ashtray Heen' with a venom that was quite at odds with his in-between songs self.

"I get confused," he mumbled after 'Best Bitch

Yet' and then mooched off into a corner while drummer Robert Williams led the charges against 'Safe As Milk', still a vital stroke of modern blues with those idiosyncratic hungry qualities that the singer admires in Howlin' Wolf.

Where other groups take a full the Magic Band take off. Gary Lucas came on and played 'Flavour Bud Living', its taut high pitched finger picking attack stinging the skin like a swarm of bees. He returned later to recite 'One Man Sentence', a free form poem written for Rolling Stone in 1969.

The set veered hog wild, giving the lie to so called classic periods by being timeless rather than self-consciously contemporary, reminding the ears that in Beefheart's book there was always a knowledge of those other new waves, the frenetic jazz styles of the '50s and the more basic rock'n'roll that accompanied them. 'Dropout Boogie' was a good example of forces in collision.

Everyone got something they wanted, even if they didn't get it the way they wanted it. Van Vliet gave echoes of his acknowledged tour de force, 'Trout Mask Replica', with completely revamped versions of 'Sugar 'n' Spikes' and 'Veteran's Day Poppy', two interpretations of love and hate. More up to date he played brief sketches of soprano sax with an amateur's enthusiasm rather than a professional's jaundiced skill, tapped and smashed the Chinese Gongs during a masmeric 'Sheriff Of Hong Kong'.

The excitement inherent in this show, with its muted lights and absence of artificial pacing, became apparent when you realised that Van Vliet treats his songs with impromptu affection. The fact that a lot of people had to hear 'Big Eyed Beans From Venus' last, as if to round out the evening and give it reverential meaning was therefore irrelevant.

The Magic Band even kicked the dust off the obvious.

Max Bell

Hi!

Howzabout a singalongadon . . .

Buzzcocks Au Pairs Orange Juice

Lyceum

CROWD'S In, lights out, band's on: Buzzcocks are GO. 'Why She's A Girl From The Chainstore' roars into action. Steve Diggle's hoarse resp fights to stay on top and in control of this runaway juggernaut of a number. The result's a draw of sorts, but a messy one. All eyes swivel a yard or three to the right as Peter Shelley steps forward to take over. 'What Do I Get' and then 'Fast Cars' both skid along in the more time-honoured Buzzcockian fashion.

Just as the ears are adjusting comfortably to something vaguely like normality, Diggle is back and attacking his mike with the ferocious bellow of his 'Harmony In My Head', surely one of the most under-rated singles in a list that includes more than its fair share of those. Suddenly we're brought back up to date with Shelley's side of the last 45, 'Are Everything' — and again

it seems the writing has lost its slippery quality. The song is heavy and ungainly, and clomps along rather wearily. And so it goes.

Essentially the set's a ritual run-through of the well-loved Buzzcock back catalogue, interspersed with the very few additions which have appeared during a year when the band haven't been exactly hyper-active. It's as enjoyable as everybody expected it would be, but a little worrying to the extent that former glories should dominate the night as much as they do — both qualitatively and quantitatively.

So what stood out were songs like 'Ever Fallen In Love (With Someone You Shouldn't)', 'Something's Gone Wrong Again', 'Noise Annoys', 'I Believe' and 'Love You More', all likeable slices from Shelley's hardcore romantic pop past. Less impressive were the 1980 contributions — the two most recent being his 'Strange Thing' and Diggle's 'Airwaves Dream' — where the inevitable Buzzcock appeal and cleverness gets all but buried underneath a massive

avalanche of thrashing wall-to-wall guitars, with only the most turgid, drudge-like support from Messrs Maher and Garvey.

More generally, there's a tendency for their sets to settle too much at the one level — individually the songs are fine, but as the show progresses there are no extra reserves to draw upon, no hidden depths to be explored — and it more or less trundles on until the clock says it's time to stop, time for the arbitrary cut-off point. Lacking the idiot momentum of a Ramones, their act turns out as a whole that's never any more than the sum of its parts.

But to keep matters in perspective, it was, after all, a none-too-common opportunity to witness a superior band offering a selection of superior material and for that reason alone nobody need leave a Buzzcocks gig feeling cheated. It's conceivable that any sense of disappointment with the performance was attributable to the very triumph of the set before it — that of The Au Pairs.

If Buzzcocks suggest a group whose peak years have been passed, then The Au Pairs' current form is that of a band rejoicing in the conviction its time has finally come. They grow in confidence all the while, and tonight they played with spirit and attack and a sense of fun you couldn't miss.

Guitarists Lesley Woods and Paul Foad gave visual witness to the impulsive excitement flowing through the music, with a hectic display of non-stop dancing, through a clutch of songs that deserve a hearing of the very widest kind. Cover versions of 'Piece Of My Heart' and Bowie's 'Repetition' got a fresh, hard treatment that was entirely the group's own, matched in abrasive edge by intelligent originals like 'It's Obvious' and that tribute to the security forces, 'We Don't Torture'.

Finally, and first of all, were Glasgow's Orange Juice — another quartet who took to the Lyceum stage plainly intending to enjoy themselves whether anyone else joined in or not. A distinctly indistinct sound,



Shelley conducts orchestral manoeuvres. Pic David Corio.

Waller ignores his. Pic Kevin Cummins.

The Jam The Piranhas

Manchester

THIS IS the modern world, pale and anaemic images for ghostly reality, dark emblems for pessimistic existence? Black guitars, white drums, black shirts, white trousers, white lights, black amps — The Jam's monochrome motifs? They stare out at Manchester's grey faces. They speak.

"You're very quiet tonight," moans Foxton.

"That's because they're cold and industrial," answers Waller.

He sounds faintly sympathetic, looks vaguely aloof. I'm analysing his every move.

This is also the absurd world, fluorescent images for a kaleidoscopic fantasy, gaudy, slap-stick emblems for optimistic existence. A riot of colours are The Piranhas' brilliant motifs. They stare out at Manchester's grinning faces. They speak.

"This song's about having an ugly body. He wrote it, you can see why."

I don't need to analyse any of The Piranhas' silly moves. Theirs is simple, light-hearted entertainment, far more cheerful than it is demanding. They've created a happy little hit factory and will enjoy their facile *TOTP* success until the time comes for them to fade away. Nobody minds nor cares that they are currently successful and nobody will mind nor care when they vanish.

People do care about The Jam, they are something a bit special. People want to know what they do and why they do it. Sometimes they leave us baffled.

The Jam's own hit factory, though not half as happy as The Piranhas', is rather better established and is built on much stronger foundations. It has witnessed the band's steady artistic development, from the erratic naivety of 'In The City', to the matured accomplishment of the irreproachable 'Setting Sons' album. And with the controlled anger and fiery passion of the 'Eton Rifles / Going Underground' era marking their finest achievements to date, I earnestly anticipated their next move.

But then The Jam's normally efficient hit factory hiccupped and turned out the uncharacteristically weak 'Start', a shoddy product,



bleak and dreary. I hated the single, despised the (undeserved) success it claimed as if by right. I worried about the shift of emphasis it supposedly represented. Were The Jam truly regressing into a meaningless period of sub-Beatle facsimile reproduction?

It seemed the band had extinguished their own fiery blaze, they had manufactured their own (portable) landscape of gloom. Tonight I thought they had brought it to Manchester... I was wrong. Sometimes they leave us baffled.

The first half of The Jam's current live set features a liberal scattering of new songs from the forthcoming album, 'Sound Effects', and, thankfully, 'Start' is perhaps the weakest of them all. The band have simplified their sound, instrumentation is uncomplicated yet precise and an appreciation of minimalism seems to have been nurtured. Now, with the emphasis apparently away from the instruments, the dual vocal harmonies of Waller and Foxton are more dominant and effective than ever before.

The colours begin to flood back to The Jam's world with the first of the new numbers, the snappy 'Dream Time', a transitional song that lingers somewhere between 'Setting Sons' and the material more characteristic of 'Sound Effects'. Other outstanding fresh compositions include the slow Beatle-esque ballad, 'Monday', and the scathingly satirical 'Pretty Green', with its vitriolic condemnation of capitalist greed.

But, for me, the best new offering of the night is delivered in the form of 'The Man In The Corner Shop' which captures The Jam at their bitterly ironic best as they spit out the refrain, "God made all men equal, they know" — a fiercely acidic hook.

Following this experimental first half-hour, the remainder of the evening is devoted to the usual rendering of The Jam's greatest hits — good to hear on the night, though boring to read about another day. I'd rather tell you that the stage is bathed in warm, glowing coloured light, flaming reds and burning ambers, I'd rather you know that this is still The Jam's modern world, incandescent images for caustic reality, scorching emblems for hellish / heavenly existence.

As long as they stay angry. I'm happy — hope you're happy too.

Mick Duffy

Or a jamalamadingdong?

featuring some completely inaudible vocals from Edwyn Collins, meant that it was difficult to assess exactly how much the band does have going for it.

But they seemed under the impression that they're very

good indeed, playing with a knockabout enthusiasm so infectious that it was entirely reasonable to give them the benefit of the doubt — and make a date to go and see them again in some more sympathetic setting.

Paul Du Noyer



Au Pairs conduct themselves impeccably. Pic David Corio.

World Saxophone Quartet

Roundhouse

YOU COULD feel the urge as these four men, resplendent in charcoal dress suits, strode onto the stage, each wailing through a saxophone as if exorcism was making a comeback. WSQ is a supergroup in jazz terms, but empty pretension and coasting on reputations find no place in their book.

Base camp was held by Hamiet Bluiett's bedrock baritone. The pugnacious Oliver Lake and spindleshanked, sunken-eyed Julius Hemphill blew lacerating shafts of alto and soprano; David Murray honked and rolled and opened up the tenor's whole range.

From the start it was one headlong rush of invention. Flaring lines of counterpoint jostled with fondue-smooth harmonies, squalling bursts of pure sound spiralled up and away from a bass line as old as the blues. Any doubts as to impetus being lost through the absence of any rhythm

section were dispelled by the superhuman drive each player generated.

The alterations in mood and timbre seemed without limits, the programme patterned like fingerprints, endless variation from a basic design. Not all saxophones, either: on one tune a swimming haze of flutes and bass clarinet. Wildly exciting solo features found each player plumbing gigantic reserves of imagination — especially invigorating were Murray's tumbling scrap with his tenor and Hemphill's tormented alto outing, a chilling roll-call of witches and devils.

The helter-skelter bravado that exploded out of the last number sent out a whiplash that made even this reporter drop his notebook.

And then they were gone. Traditions melt and fuse again in WSQ's playing. This was spellbinding music of dumbfounding power and resource. It's a time to put up or shut up in the dizzy new world of jazz; and these cats are already in another dimension.

Richard Cook

Oregon

Roundhouse

MAYBE I just needed a new pair of ears at the end of an enthralling week of live music, but I left Oregon's debut English gig disappointed.

This group always seemed the only hope for an Indo-American fusion. Notions of studio-bound academics were also banished by the captivating 'In Concert' for Vanguard, easily their best album. Expectations were naturally high.

Individual fettle seemed up to scratch. Paul McCandless' studious oboe and bass clarinet were tempered by a wiry impishness as Ralph Towner played dreamy piano, sent chiming volleys of notes ringing from his 12-string or worked chord sequences of fingerbusting complexity. Glenn Moore's oily scousie bass had sufficient muscle to stop the music drifting away on scented clouds and the touchstone member, shiny-pated Collin Walcott, sent fingers flipping over a row of tables, summoning

resonances and inner voicings that belied their source.

Yet it never really came together.

Towner compositions like 'Junebug' and 'Yellow Bell' mix a beatific purity with original melodic thinking but the readings given were too perfunctory to make them dance as they should. Two duets, 'Hawaiian Shuffle', a sort of wacky vaudeville blues pastiche for bass and bass clarinet, and a burning guitar and thumb piano excursion, were over-extended and tainted with an affected abrasiveness.

All the more frustrating, then, when the chemistry finally worked on the closing 'Witchi-Tai-To'. Walcott at last picked up his shamefully under-used star (on which he once recorded Stevie Wonder's 'Sir Duke') and the group flew through Kim Pepper's enchanting theme with something approaching abandon, kept up in the encore of 'Yet To Be'.

Could be that tiredness at the end of a long European jaunt contributed, but Oregon's music has had its freshness seeped.

Richard Cook

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Rockpile

Manchester

HUSH. STEP quietly, the people are asleep. In a half-empty Manchester University hall, 800 Rockpile fans sit on the floor, motionless and dumb. The gently piped music of the Beverly Brothers filters through the giant and daunting PA speakers and floats giddily around the sleepers' heads, soothing them in their doze... and all is still.

Support band, The Polecats, arrive on stage, unnoticed. They sing and dance to the beat of their highly entertaining rockabilly pop, but the PA is turned down oh-so low, so they are hardly heard. And though they're dazzlingly dressed in colourful '60s style clothes, the sleepers are still too heavy-eyed to be affected even by this vividly intense visual image. The Polecats leave the stage.

Listen. There is a ripple of cricket match applause from a less drowsy few who are slowly beginning to rouse themselves from their slumber. But despite their token polite acknowledgement, they are glad the support act have finished. For now the time is near.

Each year Rockpile come to Manchester. Timeless Rockpile, bringing music that never alters, rock and roll that never develops — only ages.

All year their fans wait to see them, to hear them, to worship them. They pompously snub the coquettish five minute fads that this business loves to breed. They remain religiously loyal to Rockpile's holy cause. They swear by it, live by it. They close their minds to all else... and go to sleep.

More followers have now



The Joke Youth (right) and Geordie. Pic Bryn Jones

Plague of

descended upon the hall; it is full, bustling and noisy. All the sleepers have awakened; they are refreshed and have become excited. The house lights are inevitably dimmed. The moment has arrived. They come. First, underlings Bremner and Williams — we must wait a few more seconds for the real heroes — and then Edmunds and Lowe step out to cheers of adoration.

I depise their fans' gratuitous dotting, their easy acceptance and unquestioning adulation. Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe

— each one a Jesus of Cool? For me their God-like aura shines not so bright. To me they are merely the Morecambe and Wise of rock.

Like those two ageing TV comedians, Edmunds and Lowe have sometimes been acknowledged as masters of their art. Someday, yesterday, they could do no wrong, producing classic (safe) pop and rock and roll as easily as Morecambe and Wise once produced classic (safe) comedy. But today, as with Eric 'n' Ernie, the edge has gone, the sparkle dulled, they

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Killing Joke

Derby

KILLING JOKE's singer Jaz comes to the front of the stage and with careful contempt aims a jet of spittle at his audience.

That one gesture, rewarded by a feeble, reciprocal shower, seemed to sum up the condescension, calculation, the sense of living up to limited expectations, of the whole show.

For this was the night of the living dead, stalked by the ghosts of punk past and by the pale shadows of its former glory.

Killing Joke have taken the movement a step further from the mindless enthusiasm of slavish drudges like UK Subs. They've kept the crowd-pullers like the visual appearance and the empty "uncompromising" ethos, and added just a touch of spurious modern mystery.

Base player Youth and guitarist Geordie stand like zombies, faces as chilly as moonlit marble as they exchange slow, empty glances or stare out, expressionless, at the audience. Hair blond and bleached or black and greased, they make a pair of stylish, lifeless statues, an artist's impression of mass-appeal modern punk.

Hidden in the grey gloom behind them, drummer Paul smashes impressively. The only animation on stage is provided by Jaz who crouches behind his synthesizer, making staggering forays like a Neanderthal man gripped by a gesturing, gibbering fury. Bared teeth stress the hate in his face as he stiffly exhorts the crowd to share his cynicism.

Listening to their music is a bit like moving through a Kafkaesque nightmare: a wearing wall of sound that bars all exits, full of futile action and helpless foreboding.

It is hopelessness celebrated in the worst possible way: the sound track of a generation who wait grimly for the bomb to fall because in this economic climate it expects nothing more. School leaver dole-queues and squashed expectations breed fatalistic notions of a nuclear no-future.

While there's still a massive market for multi-order bum-flaps and bondage, punk is no longer a symbol of rage and rebellion but the sheer despair of a lack of self-respect, distinguished only from HM in that it more openly displays its sores in its dress like exhibiting some shocking deformity.

The four puppets on stage drum out their pessimistic, brutal mutations. Musically they're adequate, sometimes more so. Superficially taut and tense with an extra dimension of synth, their sound is a bit like early Banshees without the thrilling, amoral imagination. Songs like 'Regulum', 'War Dance', 'Bloodsport' and 'Primitive' are inarticulate anthems that only illustrate the malaise without indication of cause or cure, grinding the listener's nose deeper into the dirt.

It's the absolute joylessness of the spectacle that's new, so that even the act of entertainment embodied in appeasing on a stage seems as excruciating as a forced grin. It all comes out like a choked denunciation, a smothered admission of bitter defeat.

Without knowing it, Killing Joke have given up even the ghost.

Lynn Hanna

the punk Zombies

seem hopelessly ignorant of their own artistic impotence that has accompanied their advancing years.

They grow old less than gracefully, only pathetic shadows of their former selves. I wish they'd give up, retire in style and with respect — before some rude push sends them involuntarily falling and crashing to earth. I feel quite strongly about this, but tonight I'm outnumbered 1500-1.

Rockpile's ardent disciples marvel at the band's technical mastery and deftly skilled musicianship. They love to

hear all the old favourites — 'Queen Of Hearts', 'I Hear You Knocking', 'Girls Talk', 'Singing the Blues' — and listen attentively to the material from the new album, 'Seconds of Pleasure'. Yet they are unresponsive to the unfamiliar songs, to such an extent that Lowe even apologises for playing them.

"But we have been playing the same set for the past three years," he reasons.

They could have played that same set tonight. And again next year. Their fans don't want change, don't need challenge. They want the

predictable, they want to be able to rely on the steady and stable comfort of their perennial Rockpile romance.

After the third encore, some greasy Rockpile addict who has seen me scribbling the odd note approaches.

"You reviewin' this then?" I nod begrudgingly.

"Then just write 'fuckin' brilliant!'"

And then he went away — with all the other Rockpile fans — and closed his eyes and his ears... and went to sleep.

Mick Duffy

MARK ASHTON'S NEW SINGLE

POLITICAL MADNESS



Political Madness
Political Madness
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Political Madness
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Positive Noise Those French Girls

Edinburgh

IDENTITY crisis rock: a contemporary problem. In the madcap world of rock'n'roll it can be easy to get sidetracked. With all kinds of new things (and old things in disguise) rushing by faster and faster all the time anyone could hook on and drag you off to a cultural maze. Bands who had thought they were in a race will, for various reasons (age/seclusion/delusions of grandeur), eventually give up. Others, whether too easily influenced, or afflicted with poor self-image, get lost before starting.

Thus, at one extreme, we have those unfortunates so overwhelmed by inferiority complex and admiration that they base their entire life and



Ross Middleton doing his Devore. Pic Robert Sharp.

art on, say, Dylan, Siouxsie or second from the left in Dion and the Belmonts (see *Oh Boy!*). From there we move past all the bar bands, HM groups, American groups, and plain second-raters on up to the rare category where you can find Positive Noise and Those French Girls.

Neither of these groups could be considered untalented. Both have prolific, charismatic frontmen. Yet, despite all the creativity struggling to get out, they remain trapped by their influences.

The difference between these two and most copyist bands, apart from talent, is that they recognise the problem and are fighting against it. (Announcements that "Everything's changed — a completely new set" are frequent from both.) Occasionally there's some minor progression, but basically they're just chasing

themselves in circles. The trick is not to think too much when you're trying to be natural.

TFG are playing a new set tonight. This time they want to be taken seriously, just like a real rock group: stepladders (posing props), Golden Delicious (for amp ornamentation, audience bombardment, eating), masks and dumb theatrics are a thing of the past.

TFG are no fun any more. Descended from the Russian folk-song style of an earlier number, 'The Donkey Boys', the new songs sound like the soundtrack of a Fiddler On The Roof production staged by whoever did *Rocky Horror Show*. Topol in platform boots and a corset?

No doubt, after longer acquaintance, the songs will prove to be upholding the consistent quality normally attained in vocalist/composer Sean's work. But for TFG it

Rarefied P. Noise

R.I.P.

Pray one minute silence for NME-as-we-know-it. We've chucked everything up in the air for next week's issue, and however it comes down, well... that's yer new NME.

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WHAT else can old Julie B manage now she's destroyed all of humanity with her oh so scathing tongue? Do you think we could deploy her in a silo in Europe somewhere? Now I know what ICBM means — Inter Continental Burchill's Mouth. I can see their white flags from here.
Colonel Zero, H.Q. Bristol.
The war of words has commenced. Don't duck now. — M.S.

Predictably antagonistic (and mostly moronic) response to Ms Burchill's LP reviews — see here.

There are times when it's necessary to state the obvious as a balance; it's exciting to see Julie's sharp writing skills as an entertaining end positive as ever (Tony's too, if the recent singles column is anything to go by). Even if some of the things they say aren't fair or true, they deserve to be. They provoke responses which expose ostensibly sensible folk for the wankers they are — which might otherwise go undetected.

And you can dance to them! *Someone Else, Reading.* I can't. — Max 'I in 4' Ball (world's worst dancer).

Well, it's the quarterly round of 'slag Ms Burchill — gets as good as she gives — release the tensions after the quarterly round of serious editorial tat' (Trident, 1984, Northern Ireland — the works). As far as I'm concerned, Julie's reviews are an essential part of *NME* and are a welcome relief from the obscure boredom into which it occasionally plunges. K. Freud, Wantage: "Does she like rock music?" I think most of us are aware of the direction in which her tastes lie and they are no worse (or better) than those of others. If they tend to influence the

criticisms in her reviews, she is no more guilty than the other contributors or staff of this or any other paper (music or otherwise).
Glenn, N. Humberstone.
Well I wouldn't employ her. — Vere Harmsworth, proprietor of *London Evening News* (deceased).

I always stop and read anything with the name Julie Burchill underneath it. Why? Am I influenced by her? No, I have bought several albums she has thoroughly castigated, and enjoyed them immensely. After all, it is the role of a journalist to dictate what should or should not be bought and listened to? No, it's merely an opinion. And Burchill's are more enjoyable to read than Penman's. Morley's (Lessy please!), or whoever. But so what? None of their words are gospel, not even Parsons'.

Meanwhile, choose for yourself and learn to enjoy the words of people you disagree with.
Brillo CFC, Brighton.

I'd never thought I'd see the day when I'd be defending Julie Burchill but her review of 'The River' deserves to be regarded as more than just another of her ill-tempered screeds. I think Julie was objecting less to the existence of "Bruce-bores" than to the fact that there are so damn many of them.

In England, Springsteen is just another talented American rock musician. Here he's considered the Second Coming of Presley. Maybe the *NME* has not given him all raves (Christ, you haven't even done that for Joy Division). But try to find a word against him in the American press. It seems that a lot of people have been waiting for this album as though it was the only worthwhile record released since 'Darkness On The Edge

Of Town'. The narrow-minded stupidity of that idea speaks for itself.

Burchill's hunch was right about his fans. They are mostly college students and people in their late 20s with suburban backgrounds and/or white collar jobs. I can't speak for folks in Springsteen's own New York-New Jersey stomping grounds but in the Washington area those blue-collars he loves so much are all listening to country & western, heavy metal or disco.

His real followers are the kind of people who spent the first half of the '70s praying for a Beatles reunion. He's just an entertainer who provides a way for his fans to vicariously live the rough and tough street life they never had the guts to live for themselves.

All this wouldn't matter so much except that he and his message are popular at a time when they are completely irrelevant to what is really going on in the world. And right now we can't afford to have a lot of people listening to something like that.

It would be a hell of a world if all rock music were as dread-ridden as 'Closer' or 'Scary Monsters' but I prefer the music I listen to reflect some part of the world around me. My country seems to be heading either for war (a very spookily prospect since I'm of draftable age) or a Christian police state run by a senile former co-star of Errol Flynn's. Springsteen's yowling about hungry hearts has as much to do with that as Jimmy Pursey's idiotic breast-beating has to do with Margaret Thatcher's England.

In terms of his overall impact and his meaning in the great scheme of things Bruce Springsteen is little more than Barry Manilow in a black leather jacket. He just isn't worth defending that strongly. Beer is for drinking, not crying in.

Jerome Wilson, Lanham, Maryland.

I'll sob to that. I've never read a letter as good as this in *Rolling Stone*. But leave Jim Pursey out of it; he could cry Bruce under the table any day of the week. — M.S.

"... Anything that can fit into Rock's Rich Tapestry is dead at heart." "Oops, what a giveaway! After all, what could be more inextricably part of the tapestry's pattern than a creature that spends its entire existence spitting hard junk at *NME* readers, and peddling suitably watered-down doses of the same to *The Face*?"

"Can you believe the hypocrisy... Johnny Rotten could rot in an Irish jail for all any hipster cares..." The answer is: No, I can't believe the hypocrisy of people who speed-write entire chapters of sensationalist books sneering at Johnny, talk of 'the emperor's new Pili', and 'the late Johnny Rotten', and then decide to make a few more easy pounds-of-flesh by holding him up as the One True Prophet.

"It couldn't be a real punk; too fine, too sharp, too much edge." "Once again, I find myself dimly recalling an anorexic paperback — *The Boy Looked At Johnny*, or something — the whole point of which appeared to be that there was no such thing as a real punk, and that if there was it wasn't much use anyway."

I shall pass over the hilarious sight of Jools criticising The Mo-Dettes for not being subtle enough, the callous-even-for-his references to Ruth Ellis and Ian Curtis, and even the truly obscene Rockpile review, and conclude with Burchill's one moment of real self-knowledge: "... rock: it's the only business in which a man can be canonised for becoming an insane heap of breathing junk on legs." The

GASBAG

JULIE BURCHILL'S personal mail opened and vetted by MONTY SMITH.

All flowers and donations to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1.

same applies to a woman, as I'm quite sure Burchill realises; but is she really so irrevocably canonised that she can't be separated from your innocent contributors? *Dave Jennings, Moseley, Birmingham.*
What innocent contributors? Sure, Max Bell was acquitted on that dubious loitering charge, but the rest of us are guilty as hell. — M.S.

Everytime Burchill slags an album you morons still write in. Go and read Jools and Tones book *The Boy Looked At Johnny*. The Jam, Clash, etc got slagged and prospered. Tom Robinson, Joan Jett, etc were fawned over and flopped. Need I say more?
Lloyd, Leamington.
You couldn't really have said much less. — M.S.

Yes, Ms Burchill, you are a cranky old punk past your prime, and you have got tunnel vision. What a pity there's no light at the end of it! *The Prof, Cricklewood.*

Can I please review Nick Kent and The Subterraneans' new single? *Julie Burchill, Rotten Row, Mo Town.*
Yes. — Nick Logan.

Has anyone else noticed the resemblance between Julie Burchill and Joan Crawford? Or do I mean Broderick Crawford? *Edith Nesbitt (Mrs), Twin Towers, Solihull.*
No, you mean Bette Davis. — Errol Flynn.

Are Jools and Tones in an Ono/Lennon 'reversal of roles' type situation? His continued absence from print has led me to conclude that he stays at home having children whilst Ms Burchill prowls the *NME* corridors of power (sic) airing her grudge against humanity. Shame really — he was always such a nice boy. *Jayne, Stockport, Cheshire.*
That's what I always thought — Barman at the Cumberland.

I have been reading *NME*, on and off, for three years now. I am at present at university. Please tell me what 'sic' means as nobody around me seems to know either.

Please also write an article on the perils of vitamin B deficiency.

Serious, Leeds.
Don't worry about it, it's always misused in *NME* anyway. But to put your mind at rest: you know the bits of tomato and carrot that always appear at dosing time? Well, what they're floating in is sic. — M.S.

NME reverses into the future — not only a Julie Burchill revival but the *Live* pages have partially reverted to the type face you used three years ago. More please! Hello Margery.
Chris the Ostrich, St Germans, Cornwall.

Since when has suicide been an "ill-considered action"? *A. B. Rucebore (aged 83), Liverpool.*
Ever since Tony Hancock did it. There's probably a couple of others who shouldn't have, as well. — M.S.

Julie Burchill feels that any record that isn't by The Sex Pistols or pre-1976 Tania Motown is pointless. Since The Sex Pistols have broken up and it's 1980 these are not exactly plentiful, so what is she doing still working as a rock journalist, as pointless a stitch as any in rock's rich tapestry? The hypocrisy of her situation completely devalues any opinions which she puts forward. If she expects people to take her seriously, she should immediately cease her pointless contributions to your pointless rock newspaper. Will Julie get the point, or are some points a little too hard on the bank balance?
Will Shewomtshe, London N19.

Point taken. — Harry Haslam, News At Ten, Priestfield Stadium, Tuesday night.

Is it true that the lead singer with the Police is called Stink, because he always wears a black and yellow rugby shirt? *Bo, Toe and Ria (German Tourists, Somewhere in Oxford).*
Got your return tickets, have you? — M.S.

Ages ago, when the Police were not so boring, Sting moaned that a group was only exciting for the first three albums — after that he thought they should split up. So how's about it Sting? *Spoke, Kings Norton.*

Obituary: Deceased, October 1980, Police, due to exposure, illegitimate songs of Slade and Bay City Rollers. A fond farewell to the pretty boy actor, phantom drummer (only man to have played a solo on a Saturn V). And the guitar collector. Funeral: Burntata De Crematoria. No gold awards by request. All messages of sympathy to the middle aged tart, Brighton. *Fred Gee, thanks. — Stink.*

Like, what's up, Doc? You're actually funny this week, including *T-Zers*. Do I detect a backlash?

Jack Statry, London SE9.
No. What you detect is a severe sobering up operation. — Trevor Howard

Re: Lynn Hanna's review of The Slits (October 25). Sorry to be biased and reactionary about this but a slag is still a slag, even with a long frock on!
Jan Hart, Tootington, Bury.
Tell that to Ronnie Barker. — The Other One

OK, then — where are my free tickets for *Breaker Moran*? *Prof. McCrossen, Hounslow, Middx.*
P.S. This is the sort of ingratitude you come to expect from academics. That's right, it is. You can bloody well buy your own ticket, like I did. It's worth it. — M.S.

