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WAILERS
THE
COMPLETE
WORDS & WORKS
PART 2

DEVOTO
WHY I RIPPED
UP MAGAZINE

**IN
COLOUR
PLASTICS**

**YOKO
ALONE
LP
REVIEW**

**BLESS HIS
CRUMPLED T-SHIRT!
COPE & CO. EXPLODE
OVER CANADA**

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
		5 BEING WITH YOU		
		Smokey Robinson (Motown)	4	1
2	1	STAND AND DELIVER Adam & The Ants (CBS)	6	1
3	20	FUNERAL PYRE..... Jam (Polydor)	2	3
4	2	YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY..Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	6	2
5	13	HOW 'BOUT US Champagne (CBS)	3	5
6	6	I WANT TO BE FREE..... Toyah (Safari)	4	6
7	16	WILL YOU Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	2	7
8	23	ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE		
		Michael Jackson (Motown)	2	8
9	26	MORE THAN IN LOVE..... Kate Robbins (RCA)	2	9
10	3	STARS ON 45 Starsound (CBS)	7	1
11	7	SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN		
		Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	6	5
12	22	THEME FROM CHARIOTS OF FIRE		
		Vangelis (Polydor)	4	12
13	4	CHEQUERED LOVE..... Kim Wilde (RAK)	5	2
14	9	ALL THOSE YEARS AGO		
		George Harrison (Dark Horse)	3	9
15	29	GOING BACK TO OUR ROOTS.. Odyssey (RCA)	2	15
16	12	DON'T LET IT PASS UB40 (Dep Int)	3	12
17	15	TOO DRUNK TO FUCK		
		Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	2	15
18	8	BETTE DAVIS' EYES Kim Carnes (EMI)	5	7
19	21	AIN'T NO STOPPING Enigma (Creole)	3	19
20	11	THE SOUND OF THE CROWD		
		Human League (Virgin)	5	11
21	10	KEEP ON LOVING YOU		
		REO Speedwagon (Epic)	6	8
22	—	ALL STOOD STILL..... Ultravox (Chrysalis)	1	22
23	27	SPELLBOUND		
		Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	2	23
24	30	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG		
		Pigbag (Y)	2	24
25	25	FOLLOW THE LEADERS Killing Joke (E.G.)	2	25
26	—	IF LEAVING ME Phil Collins (Virgin)	1	26
27	17	IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN		
		The Undertones (Ardeck)	4	14
28	—	THROW AWAY THE KEY Linx (Chrysalis)	1	28
29	—	WOULD I LIE TO YOU Whitesnake (Liberty)	1	29
30	—	ROCKABILLY GUY Polecats (Mercury)	2	28



Joni Lewis lookalike Brooooo in at No. 30.



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
		3 ANTHEM..... Toyah (Safari)	2	1
2	1	STARS ON 45 Starsound (CBS)	4	1
3	—	PRESENT ARMS UB40 (Dep Int)	1	3
4	—	HEAVEN UP THERE		
		Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	1	4
5	2	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER		
		Adam & The Ants (CBS)	29	1
6	5	THIS OLE HOUSE..... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	9	3
7	4	WHA'PPEN? The Beat (Go Feet)	5	2
8	15	CHARIOTS OF FIRE Vangelis (Polydor)	6	7
9	17	BAD FOR GOOD Jim Steinman (Epic)	4	9
10	22	THEMES Various (K-Tel)	2	10
10	—	THE FOX Elton John (Rocket)	1	10
10	19	PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX		
		Au Pairs (Human)	3	10
13	6	DISCO DAZE AND DISCO NIGHTS		
		Various (Ronco)	3	6
14	7	HOTTER THAN JULY Stevie Wonder (Motown)	30	1
15	21	COMPUTER WORLD..... Kraftwerk (EMI)	4	7
16	8	LONG DISTANCE VOYAGER		
		Moody Blues (Threshold)	3	8
17	13	HIGH INFIDELITY Reo Speedwagon (Epic)	6	9
18	12	QUIT DREAMING AND GET ON THE BEAM		
		Bill Nelson (Mercury)	3	5
19	24	PUNKS NOT DEAD The Exploited (Secret)	5	10
20	17	EAST SIDE STORY Squeeze (A & M)	3	17
21	11	SECRET COMBINATION		
		Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	2	11
22	25	MAKIN' MOVIES..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	22	3
23	—	MAGNETIC FIELDS		
		Jean Michael Jarre (Polydor)	1	23
24	—	NIGHT PEOPLE..... Classix Nouveaux (Liberty)	1	24
25	14	POSITIVE TOUCH Undertones (EMI)	5	6
26	—	NIGHTCLUBBING Grace Jones (Island)	2	26
27	—	KILIMANJARO ...Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	4	19
28	—	SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND		
		George Harrison (Dark Horse)	1	28
29	—	GO FOR IT..... Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	6	9
30	—	THE RIVER..... Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	12	4
30	10	THE ADVENTURES OF THIN LIZZY		
		Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	10

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1) Too Drunk To Fuck	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
2	(2) I Want To Be Free.....	Toyah (Safari)
3	(3) Don't Let It Pass.....	UB40 (Dep Int)
4	(4) Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag..	Pigbag (Y)
5	(5) Go For Gold	
	Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)	
6	(6) The Resurrection EP... Vice Squad (Riot City)	
7	(—) New Life.....	Depeche Mode (Mute)
8	(14) Number 11.....	Dead Or Alive (Inevitable)
9	(10) Candy Skin.....	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
10	(7) Why.....	Discharge (Clay)
11	(13) Our Swimmer.....	Wire (Rough Trade)
12	(8) Slates.....	The Fall (Rough Trade)
13	(12) Dogs Of War.....	The Exploited (Secret)
14	(16) Rebecca's Room	
	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)	
15	(9) Chance Meeting.....	Josef K (Postcard)
16	(—) Demystification.....	Zounds (Rough Trade)
17	(10) Cherm.....	Positive Noise (Static)
18	(—) Dole Age.....	Tallman (Recreational)
19	(17) Nagasaki Nightmare.....	Crass (Crass)
20	(24) You're No Good.....	ESG (Factory)
21	(—) Four Hours.....	Clock DVA (Fetish)
22	(25) Kerb Crawler.....	Au Pairs (021)
23	(27) Children Of The Sun	
	The Misunderstood (Cherry Red)	
24	(—) Googoo Muck.....	Cramps (IRS)
25	(—) You.....	Au Pairs (021)
26	(21) Rebel Without A Brain	
	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)	
27	(—) Seven Minutes To Midnight	
	Wahl Heat (Inevitable)	
28	(—) Don't Dry Your Tears.....	Delmontes (Rational)
29	(19) The Complete Disorder EP	
	Disorder (Disorder)	
30	(20) Attention Stockholm	
	Virna Lindt (Compact)	

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1) Playing With A Different Sex	Au Pairs (Human)
2	(2) Anthem.....	Toyah (Safari)
3	(—) Present Arms.....	UB40 (Dep International)
4	(3) Punks Not Dead.....	The Exploited (Secret)
5	(5) Heart Of Darkness.....	Positive Noise (Static)
6	(4) To Each.....	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
7	(7) He Who Dares Wins	
	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)	
8	(10) Closer.....	Joy Division (Factory)
9	(6) Mesh And Lace.....	Modern English (4AD)
10	(8) Lubricate Your Living Room	
	Fire Engines (Accessory)	
11	(—) Odyshape.....	Raincoats (Rough Trade)
12	(11) Signing Off.....	UB40 (Graduate)
13	(9) Prayers On Fire.....	Birthday Party (4AD)
14	(—) Provisionally Titled Singing Fish	
	Colin Newman (4AD)	
15	(18) Stations Of The Cross.....	Crass (Crass)
16	(13) Concrete.....	999 (Albion)
17	(12) Dirk Wears White Sox	
	Adam & The Ants (Do-it)	
18	(19) Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables	
	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	
19	(—) Chappaquiddick Bridge..	Poison Girls (Crass)
20	(15) Unknown Pleasures.....	Joy Division (Factory)
21	(14) How The West Was Won	
	Rankin' Toyon (Greensleeves)	
22	(24) Toyah Toyah Toyah.....	Toyah (Safari)
23	(21) Pindrop.....	Passage (Object)
24	(—) Nothing Here But The Recordings	
	William S Burroughs (Industrial)	
25	(23) Whatever Happens Next	
	Swell Maps (Rough Trade)	
26	(17) Live.....	Misty in Roots (People Unite)
27	(25) In The Flat Field.....	Bauhaus (4AD)
28	(—) Thirst.....	Clock DVA (Fetish)
29	(20) In Berlin.....	Blurt (Armageddon)
30	(27) Bagpipe Music.....	Art Objects (Heartbeat)

REGGAE

1	Can't Let You Go.....	Love And Unity (Studio 16)
2	Wideawake In A Dream.....	Barry Biggs (Dynamic)
3	Naturally High.....	Claudia Fontaine (JB)
4	Another One Bites The Dust	
	General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)	
5	Hold On To Love.....	Al Campbell (Art & Craft)
6	Play Days.....	Junior Delgado (Can Jen)
7	Why Don't You Spend The Night	
	Danny Ray & Shirley James (Black Jack)	
8	Love Is What You Make It	
	Investigators (Inner City)	
9	A House Is Not A Home.....	Sugar Minott (Exile)
10	Young Lover.....	More Wells (More Wells)

Chart by Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14.

FUNK

1	Back To My Roots.....	Odyssey (RCA)
2	Wikka Wrap.....	The Evasions (Groove)
3	Love's Got Me.....	Third World (CBS)
4	I'm In Love.....	Evelyn King (RCA)
5	Midnight.....	U.K. Players (A & M)
6	Try It Out.....	Gina Soccio (Atlantic)
7	Do Me.....	Mona Raye (Park Place)
8	Pull Up To The Bumper.....	Grace Jones (Island)
9	Dancin' The Night Away.....	Vogue (Celsius)
10	Gonna Get Over You.....	Franci Joli (Prelude)

* Denotes Import. Chart by Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W.1.

INTERNATIONAL AUSTRALIA

LONG PLAYERS

1	2 The Beatles Ballads.....	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	1 Corroboree.....	Spilt Enz (Mushroom)
3	4 Face Value.....	Phil Collins (Atlantic)
4	3 Swing Shift.....	Cold Chisel (WEA)
5	6 Arc Of A Diver.....	Steve Winwood (Island)
6	5 Greatest Hits.....	Dr. Hook (Capitol)
7	11 Christopher Cross	
	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	
8	7 Sky 2.....	Sky (Ariola)
9	9 Making Movies.....	Dire Straits (Vertigo)
10	8 Kings Of The Wild Frontier	
	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	

Kent Music Report/Billboard

ISRAEL

SINGLES

1	2 Chia Mei.....	Ennio Morricone (BBC)
2	1 Making Your Mind Up.....	Bucks Fizz (RCA)
3	4 Just The Two Of Us	
	Grover Washington Jr. (Elektra)	
4	5 Night Games.....	Graham Bonnet (Vertigo)
5	3 Lately.....	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
6	6 Watching The Wheels.....	John Lennon (Geffen)
7	10 Einstein A Go-Go.....	Landscape (RCA)
8	— What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted	
	Colin Blunstone & Dave Stewart (Stiff)	
9	— Can You Feel It.....	Jacksons (Epic)
10	— Carry On.....	J. J. Cale (Shelter)

Resschet Gimmel/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	No Charge.....	J. J. Barrie (Power Exchange)
2	Silly Love Songs.....	Wings (Parlophone)
3	My Resistance Is Low.....	Robin Starstedt (Decca)
4	Fernando.....	Abba (Epic)
5	Combine Harvester.....	Wurzels (EMI)
6	Let Your Love Flow.....	Bellamy Brothers (Warner Brothers)
7	You To Me Are Everything.....	Real Thing (Pye International)
8	Foot To Cry.....	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
9	Show Me The Way.....	Peter Frampton (A&M)
10	Devil Woman.....	Cliff Richard (EMI)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	I Did What I Did For Maria.....	Tony Christie (MCA)
2	Knock Three Times.....	Dawn (Bell)
3	Lady Rose.....	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
4	I'm Gonna Run Away From You.....	Tammi Lynn (Mojo)
5	Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep.....	Middle Of The Road (RCA)
6	Banner Man.....	Blue Mink (Regal Zonophone)
7	I Am I Said.....	Neil Diamond (UNI)
8	My Brother Jake.....	Free (Island)
9	He's Gonna Step On You Again.....	John Kongos (Fly)
10	Indians Wants Me.....	R. Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	Strangers In The Night.....	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
2	Paperback Writer.....	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	Monday Monday.....	Mamas And Papas (RCA)
4	Paint It Black.....	Rolling Stones (Decca)
5	Sorrow.....	Marseys (Fontana)
6	Don't Bring Me Down.....	Animals (Decca)
7	When A Man Loves A Woman.....	Percy Sledge (Atlantic)
8	Wild Thing.....	Troggs (Fontana)
9	Don't Answer Me.....	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
10	Sunny Afternoon.....	Kinks (Pye)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	Surrender.....	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	Runaway.....	Del Shannon (London)
3	But I Do.....	Clarence Henry (Pye Int.)
4	Frightened City.....	Shadows (Columbia)
5	You'll Never Know.....	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
6	Passions.....	Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
7	Have A Drink On Me.....	Lonnie Donegan (Pye)
8	Half Way To Paradise.....	Billy Fury (Decca)
9	Little Devil.....	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
10	Hello Mary Lou.....	Ricky Nelson (London)

NEW BRIDAL SPECIAL MUSICAL EXPRESS

ANYTHING FOR A GOOD RECEPTION ...

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Siouxsie's last tour

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES set out next week on a massive 57-date tour — 27 on the Continent and 30 here in Britain. The outing serves two purposes — it aids promotion of their new album 'Ju Ju', for release by Polydor on June 19; and it enables the band to say farewell to the tour circuit, as in future they'll only be appearing in selected shows, and won't be going on the road any more.

The European section of the tour takes them to seven different countries, before the British leg begins towards the end of next month — it opens in London, and includes two further dates in the capital. The full itinerary is:

London Woolwich Odeon (July 23), Ipswich Gaumont (25), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (27), Torquay Town Hall (29), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (30), Bristol Colston Hall (31), Brighton The Centre (August 1), Poole Arts Centre (2), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (4), Gloucester Leisure Centre (5), Manchester Apollo (7), Llandudno Pier Pavilion (8), Liverpool Royal Court (9), Glasgow Apollo (12), Edinburgh Playhouse (13), Inverness Ice Rink (14), Aberdeen Capitol (15), Perth City Hall (16), Newcastle City Hall (18), Bradford Tiffany's (20), Nottingham Rock City (21), Skegness Festival Theatre (22), London Hammersmith Palais (24), Birmingham Odeon (26), Peterborough Werrina Stadium (28), Coventry Theatre (29), Oxford New Theatre (30), Southampton Gaumont (31), London Hammersmith Odeon (September 3) and Bracknell Sports Centre (4).

Although guitarist John McGeogh has been working with the group for over a year, and plays on the new album, this will be his first full tour as an official Banshee.

BLACK UHURU's long-awaited UK concert debut has now been finalised — they're playing six dates next month, climaxing in a show at London Rainbow.

Their British dates are at



Sioux pic: Peter Anderson

Bristol Locarno (July 6), Cardiff Top Rank (7), Aylesbury Civic Hall (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Brighton Jenkinsons (12) and London Rainbow (13). Tickets are on sale now at all venues, and for the Rainbow they cost £3.50 and £3, though prices vary elsewhere. Among musicians backing Uhuru will be Sly Dunbar (drums) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass), who produced and played on the group's two albums. The tour is promoted by Alec Leslie Entertainments.

ROBERT HUNTER, lyricist for The Grateful Dead, has been lined up for his first London concert since he played two sell-out shows at The Venue in June last year. It's at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket on Sunday, July 19 — only the second rock gig ever staged at that venue. Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50 and £3, but as the theatre box-office is not open at the moment, they are obtainable from London Theatre Bookings — and the promoters are Straight Music. It's understood that, prior to visiting Europe, Hunter is also likely to make a guest appearance at the Glastonbury Festival next weekend (19-21).

Yachts sink

YACHTS have decided to haul down their sails and call it a day. They say their decision to split was caused by "disillusionment with Radar Records in Britain, after it became part of the giant WEA empire — and with Polydor in America, where a successful future was thwarted by a £20,000-plus law suit".

How a teen mag's bullshit detector let them down

Crass leave Loving at the altar

By GRAHAM LOCK

"Oh Rob," I whispered when he released me slightly. It was different with Rob — and we both knew it . . .

"Lesley . . . he murmured, stroking my hair. Then he was kissing me again and I wanted it to go on forever. This wasn't a game — IT COULDN'T BE!

PHEW! READERS who could tear themselves away from the passionate embraces of this "compelling real-life" romance and peruse the rest of *Loving* magazine's 'Bridal Special' issue (May 30) would have found a treasure-chest of romantic delights.

Flicking past "Dreamy Wedding Dresses and Magical Make-Up", past "How Revealing Is Your Underwear? — What Does Your Choice Tell About Your Character", past even a picture-profile of "TV Turn-On" Danny Baker, your eyes might have alighted at last on *Loving*'s "fabulous record offer" — a free seven-inch flexi-disc called 'Our

Wedding', sung "for you" by one Joy De Vivre.

"Make your wedding day that bit extra special," enthused the blurb, "Joy De Vivre has captured all the happiness and romance of that all-important big day — your wedding . . . it's a must for all true romantics!"

The eager reader atremble to fill in the coupon and claim their disc may not have noticed that this wonderful offer came courtesy of Creative Recording and Sound Services, whose initials spell out . . .

Aaarggh! C.R.A.S.S.! CRASS! The dreaded anarchist punk rock band who sing dirty words and want to destroy civilisation as we know it. Oh no! Surely this couldn't be a . . . HOAX!

Alas, dear readers, it was. Tsk, tsk, tsk.



The sad, sordid, squalid truth, as revealed by *News Of The World* reporter Jad Adams this Sunday ("A BAND OF HATE'S LOVING MESSAGE", located between two rape stories and a cartoon of Titus the Newt), was that Crass had hoaxed *Loving* with a perfectly-executed parody of gross romantic tack.

Amid a swirl of strings, church organ and wedding bells, the disc — in a tasteful cream plastic with discreet bride and groom motif by artist B.A. Nana — features chanteuse Joy De Vivre voicing such tender sentiments as "Listen to those wedding bells / Say goodbye to other girls" and "Never look at anyone / must be all you see-ee-ee".

"This is a sick joke," *Loving* editor Pam Lyons told Adams.

But worse was to come — the track is also to appear on the new Crass LP entitled — horror! horror! "too obscene to print" (*News Of The World*) — "Penis Envy".

"We've turned *Loving* into a responsible and authoritative magazine," added Lyons, "and then this happens."

CRASS SPOKESPERSON Penny Rimbaud begs to differ. Contacted by *NME*, he dismissed teenage romance mags of *Loving*'s ilk as "absolutely obscene and despicable rags. They exploit people in an aggressive and unpleasant manner."

The controversial punk star went on to describe how the band had first recorded 'Our Wedding' as a joke to round off their new LP — "a sneering attack on love and marriage" (*News Of The World*) — and decided, for a prank, to send a tape of the song to various teenage romance mags in the name of singer Joy De Vivre.

Their aim, says Rimbaud, was "to expose all this absolute shit they're shovelling out. I mean, they actually put out 'Our Wedding', which is totally over the top. I don't see how anyone could have taken it seriously. We were amazed when they agreed to put it out."

Rimbaud was at pains to insist that

FABULOUS RECORD OFFER

Loving's
Wedding
Day Single
yours-for the price of a stamp!

Yes, folks, we've got together with Creative Recording and Sound Services to offer you the chance of making your wedding day just that bit extra special, with this romantic song, *Our Wedding*, by Joy De Vivre. There's no limit to this great write-in, so all you have to do is simply fill in the coupon below and send it off together

with stamps to the value of 18 pence and this super flexi-single will be yours.

Joy De Vivre has captured all the happiness and romance of that all-important big day — your wedding — so make sure you send off for your copy in time for the grand occasion — it's a must for all true romantics!



Loving's fabulous record offer

MORE TOUR NEWS — P.40/41

Continues page 5

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

CHART ALBUM HARD PROMISES

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C81 Competition Results

THE WINNER TAPES IT ALL



THERE'S A KIND of hush all over the world. Tense, silent crowds gather in the main squares of major metropolises. Statesmen stand by their hot-lines, ashen-faced with lack of sleep, nails bitten to the quick. Any second now...

There! There! In Carnaby St, W1, onlookers point and jabber excitedly. A tiny figure appears at a high, distant window of NME central — in the figure's trembling hand, a slip of paper flutters in the breeze. And the winner of the Write-your-own-C81-review competition is...

Nineteen-year-old John Rowe of Pontypridd, Mid-Glamorgan, Wales! (Cue scenes of wild abandon, jubilation, valleys bursting into song, etc, etc).

Yes, you heard us right the first time, boyo. After ploughing our way through each and every entry — several hundred of them, as it turned out — we had no hesitation in awarding John the ultimate accolade, not to mention the first prize of one spanking new double cassette battery/mains radio recorder.

John's winning piece is reproduced below — although mere print cannot do justice to the exquisite original, biro'd in

a variety of colours on dog-eared notepaper, just this side of legibility and all stuck together with a rusting safety-pin. He *did* get a bit carried away, mind you, sending in two complete reviews, but they were written with a natural enthusiasm we couldn't resist (You wanna try typing the bleeders out, mate! — Teams of sweating subs).

And don't go away: there are four runners-up as well, each one scoring a pack of high-quality blank cassettes for their trouble. A great big hand, then, for Simon Brown, of Edinburgh, Paul Barber from London, Leyla Sanai, London, and Linda Campbell in Cornwall. Congratulations, kids, and stand by your letter-boxes.

Here's some choice extracts:

"... Wah's geetes jingle, jangle, twang, twinge, they sear and soar, excite, exert, then expire..."

"Favourite bits of this whole sheebang? Edwyn Juice's howled vowel sound, the Essentially Logical key changes, Wylie's wily guitar, and pretty Politti."

"Ooh loving it." (Paul Barber)

"Woke up at 5pm on an unreal sunny day. And put the C81 on. Scritti Politti provide the soundtrack for the semi-conscious *demi-monde* of

memories and dreams in which I am engulfed. Brilliant. I can't take any more. (The sweetest girl lives 50 miles west of Paris)..." (Simon Brown)

"The songs range from the raucous — a furious, crude noise — raw pork! — to the sweetest pearls. Why is a little gem like 'Sweetest Girl' not bought up by thousands? Physical, more than musical, inaccessibility is to blame. Unless you keep your ears (regularly) Peeled, a radio offers as much promising new talent as *Sale Of The Century* does candidates for Mensa..." (Leyla Sanai)

"The world is about to be engulfed by Postcards. No, not those static, superficial, artificially coloured ones — these Postcards have depth, feeling and life. You have been warned, my little blue boys, and you won't be able to resist..." (Linda Campbell)

Good stuff, we hope you'll agree. All that remains is to thank *everyone* who joined in the fun — sorry we didn't have another 100 goodies to give away. This competition has taught us two things. One, that the C81 has found favour in an awful lot of hearts. And two, that when you lot *don't* like something, you can be even crueller, more heartless bastards than we are!

24 questions 24 answers.
Step this way.

SIDE ONE

1. Scritti Politti: 'Sweetest Girl'.

A "modern" (slightly) beginning. Then a reggae toon. White reggae much maligned. I mean, there's been enough "can white man sing the dread" to sink a schooner. Ya best remember there's been white blues (Joplin, Cocker, Mayall etc etc.), Jap rock, Can's EFS, even *black country* (Charley Pride). So shut the fuck up!

Anyway, quite a good tune. A bit like, well, similar to 'Imagine' Lennon, 'Hunky Dory' Bowie, post-Eno Ferry. It's classy the typically English way. I like the piano — best bit, great! Why, there's even a bit from the 'Minute Waltz' — Straussrock rules OK. (Just a minute, shouldn't that be Chopin? — Hesitating Ed.).

2. The Beat: 'Twist And Crawl (Dub)'.

Beat. Beatles '80. They'll be as big. They could only be British — and that's something to be proud of (and thankful for).

They take from their influences in much the same way (and do similar things to said imputs) as The Jam or years earlier "old wave" (Bowie, Stones, Beefheart)

artists and "new" (Pistols, ACR, JD, Costello) artists — all bands having roots in a certain type, or types, of music and still putting their own *force* out! Go deh! (As they say).

3. Pere Ubu: 'Misery Goats'.

So far it's been very British. All the groups up top have been Brits — except a few and, of course, Captain Beefheart. They (Ubu) have often been likened to The Magic Band but having only heard a little, I didn't agree. I only had (taped) 'Modern Dance' — overrated really and the Magic Band connection I could not really find.

More thoughts. A sort of pre-James Williamson Stooges mixed down with Eno-Roxy music. The flavour of Beefheart coming in here and there. But faintly. Only on a thing called 'Laughing' did they give a sign of being inspired by Van Vliet's gang — sounding very similar (spittin' image) to 'Hair Pie Bake 1'.

But now! 'Misery Goats'! And yes, the voice is David's voice alright. But he does the Beefheart song-book — 'China Pig' and especially 'When Big Joan Sets Up' — and the guitar towards the end does 'Frownland' but overall it's more 'Clear Spot' funky. Like the above, tho', they also have an "original" feel, something of their own.

4. Wah! Heat: '7000 Names Of Wah'.

Reading the *Owner's Manual* the Wah! Heat message was energetic and ridiculous enough to interest slightly. I'd never heard any WH before (or most of the others). If this came out in '69 or '70, it would have been called heavy rock. But when you consider that so were The Jimi Hendrix Experience and also Cream and The Who and The Yardbirds! Why, even the legendary Velvets and the magnificent Stooges were HM — though this new band are the complete (well — nearly) antidote to the Saxons, Kiss, AC/DC, Styx brigade. Plenty of fire power.

An instrumental. But hold on! Who said instrumentals were out? I represent the Instrumental Liberation Front and I say fuck lyrics! Who needs 'em? Too many have got away with murder, pulling the "words" game. So well done Wah!, and lest we forget, the 'Pool's most infamous musical sons The Beatles dabbled in things heavy metallic — as The Banshees will testify. And isn't Siouxsie And The Banshees a hea...

5. Orange Juice: 'Blue Boy'.

Scotland the brave? Well, so this is the "reincarnation of the '69 Velvet Underground". PAH!

■ Continues page 56



Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

BONO VOX of U2

RECORDS

Better ScreemWah! Heat
In The Grey Light.....Virgin Prunes
Theme from *Midnight Express*
Theme from *The Good, The Bad And The Ugly*
O' Blue Eyes.....Frank Sinatra
Happy Xmas (War Is Over)

John Lennon (my first single)
Hello HurrayAlice Cooper (my second single)
Alternative UlsterStiff Little Fingers
Faithful Departed.....Radiators From Space
The Wild, The Innocent And The E Street Shuffle
Bruce Springsteen

FILMS

The Tin Drum
If
Alfie
Lord Of The Flies
The Graduate
Monty Python And The Holy Grail
Kim Novak (favourite movie person)

READING MATTER

The BibleWilliam Golding
Lord Of The FliesEnid Blyton
The Rise And Fall Of Western Civilization
And Thought.....Francis Schaeffer
Five Go On An Adventure.....Ken Kesey
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's NestKen Kesey
Smash Hits
Hot Press
Jetlag (US magazine)

TV

Hawaii Five-O
Hall's Pictorial Weekly (Irish programme)
The Sky At Night
Skippy The Bush Kangaroo
Bamber Gascoigne (favourite TV person)

FOOD AND EATING PLACES

Cornflakes
Eating smarties with a spoon
Stewart's in Dublin
Poons Chinese Restaurant in Soho

FAVOURITE PERSON

My girlfriend Alison

CRASS

■ From page 3

Crass were not out to "hurt the readers" but to "expose the people who promote and produce the paper as emotional charlatans — the way they trivialise love and relationships is scandalous, it's teenage pornography."

For *Loving*, a tight-lipped Pam Lyons later told *NME*: "It was just a pathetic play by Crass to get publicity."

Several hundred orders for the record have already arrived at Crass HQ and they expect the final demand to run into thousands. *Loving* do not intend to hinder this operation or to take any other action against Crass since, it seems, the fiendish anarcho-punkers took care not to break any law.

Let us, in conclusion, spare a thought for the hapless *Loving*. Our Agony Aunt,

Netta Spouse, advises them: "I'm sure you will get over this disappointment and begin a new relationship in the near future. After all, learning to trust people is a giant step forward on the long uphill climb to happiness and true love. And if the odd anarchist punk rocker breaks your heart, don't despair because, sooner or later, the right man really will come along."



Secret trial for Chapman?

WHEN THE trial of Mark Chapman — the man charged with John Lennon's murder last December — finally gets underway, it may be decided by a secret jury. Jonathan Marks, the lawyer defending Chapman, is making efforts to have the jurors chosen in a closed court; their identities would be kept secret and they would operate under a permanent armed guard.

At a preliminary hearing in New York City last week the trial was put off until June 22 pending the defence request.

Marks is citing a public opinion poll in which two-thirds of those interviewed expressed the opinion that Chapman was guilty of murder, regardless of whether he's found to be sane or mentally disturbed — the argument being that jurors working in a climate of such public hostility to the defendant would be under considerable pressures to bring in a guilty verdict.

Chapman himself appeared in court for the hearing. He wore a blue jersey with a bulletproof vest beneath and carried the copy of *Catcher In The Rye* which he customarily has with him.

Dylanologist and all-round Greenwich Village kook A J Weberman, meanwhile, has succeeded in his campaign to have the FBI release their dossier on Lennon, in accordance with America's Freedom Of Information Act. Although apparently incomplete, the files that have been made available include details of the authorities' concern that Lennon might have been involved in organising disruption of the Republican Party's National Convention — the one which secured the presidential candidacy of Richard Nixon.

NEXT WEEK



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Nick Cave gets that Ozzybilly look. Pic: David Corio

"Aboriginal culture's been razed to the ground" — Nick Cave

ABBO — THE ALBUM

WHEN THE Birthday Party were recording their 'Prayers On Fire' LP back "home" in Melbourne, Split Enz were recording 'Waiata' in the studio next door. From time to time, one or another Enz would wander in, listen a while, and shake his head, muttering things like "It won't be a hit, you know. Take it from me, I've been in this business for six years, and I know what blah blah blah. . ."

A sad but revealing little incident, one which indicates both how Split Enz have changed since they

ANDY GILL does his Party piece

were strange and fresh from the antipodes, and just how strange and fresh The Birthday Party are. Not so much a generation gap as one of attitude. 'Waiata' will undoubtedly outsell 'Prayers On Fire', but that's hardly the point as far as the Party are concerned.

Nick Cave (vocals), Mick Harvey (guitar), Tracy Pew (bass) and Phil Calvert (drums) originally got together as The Boys Next Door whilst still at

school, adding guitarist Rowland Howard a short while later. It was a casual affair — about three gigs a year, they claim — until the shock waves of 1977 reached Australia and things took on a more serious aspect. They toured a little, got booed a lot, and released a pretty abysmal album, 'Door Door', on the Mushroom label.

Resigned almost from the start to their apparent lack of commercial potential, the group muddled along in an erratic manner, lazily carving out their own little space with scant regard to self-furtherance.

"There's a fairly perverse streak that runs through the group when faced with 'big breaks' and so forth," admits Cave. "We were given opportunities, like supporting The Stranglers, but with each thing like that, we always fucked up in one way or another, drinking before the gig or just playing badly."

"It's not entirely deliberate. It's just that faced with situations like that, we can't help but take them fairly light-heartedly, because it's obvious — particularly in Australia — that people's ears won't hear what they don't like. There's just no way you're going to be able to revolutionise an Australian audience's ways of thinking about music."

Going nowhere fast, the group decided in 1980 to move to England, changing their name to The Birthday Party and leaving an album on Missing Link Records as their parting shot. Only available here on

Continues page 8

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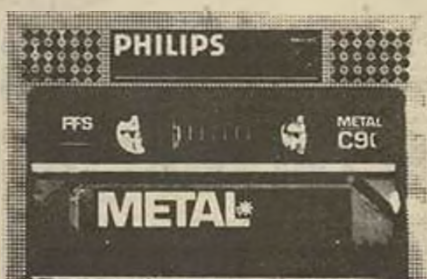
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After Buzzcocks — the search for Motivation

GARVEY GHOSTS BACK

THE SHAKY VOICE on the phone casts me as the calculating bounty-hunter from a spaghetti western. Its owner, my 'victim', nervously informs me he hates interviews. "Journalists," he says, "are treacherous."

And worse: "I'm just not used to that sort of thing. I was the last one to join the old group — they never let me forget that. It's not that I wasn't allowed to say anything to an interviewer, but if I said anything wrong I'd get hammered for it afterwards."

But with my assurance that there'll be no bloodshed, he agrees to a rendezvous: a saloon on a Manchester main street, at high noon the following day.

ANOTHER INNOCENT victim of the cut-throat world of rock and roll? No, it's Steve Garvey, one-time bassist with Buzzcocks, who's currently bouncing back from that band's demise by piloting his own new outfit, Motivation.

He arrives for the interview late and then congratulates himself for being on time. I suspect he must have swallowed some wonder drug to cure his neurosis concerning writers; certainly, this isn't the consternated Garvey I'd expected to meet. He's confident, brash, even friendly. "I was a bit edgy the other night," he admits. "But I suppose I've got to come to terms with these situations. I'll be playing a different role from now on."

Garvey proceeds to embark enthusiastically upon a breathless monologue, revealing all there is to know about Motivation, how success cannot possibly evade them and how lucky I am to have scooped this exclusive interview.

"With Buzzcocks I was just the quiet man who sat in the background taking it all in. But I learnt a lot — enough to know what makes a classic pop single. This band has written seven hit singles already, and we've only been together six weeks!"

Having established himself as Motivation's main media mouthpiece, Garvey in fact is not the group's chief inspirational force. That dubious accolade belongs to one Dave Price, an ex-northern



Motivation L-R: Dave Price, Dave Rowbotham, Snuff, Steve Garvey. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

cabaret singer. In Price's absence, Garvey hardly attempts to spin a shroud of intrigue and mystique around the band's songwriter and frontman.

"He's still making a living going round all the hotels, entering the talent comps and scooping up all the prizes. He wins about eight quid a time." And whilst we're still sniggering into our glasses like schoolboys after a wizard prank, Price makes a timely arrival, along with guitarist Dave Rowbotham. (Drummer Snuff's at work and won't be coming.)

"Tell Mick about the talent comps," says Garvey, revelling in the taunt.

"Oh stop it. It's embarrassing," replies the wounded Price. "What did you have to go and tell him that for?"

But despite our fun at the poor boy's expense, it's easy to realise why he's so popular with the talent show judges. When I see the band live, supporting Tenpole Tudor at Raffles, it's Price's soulful voice that impresses. His inspired crooning animates a string of otherwise mundane

mainstream pop songs, elevating them to the level of pleasant — but still harmless. Motivation lack the killing punch, though in these early days it would be unfair to be dismissive.

Standing next to me, Buzzcock's manager Richard Boon is less than enamoured by this performance. "There were lots of bands like this around in 1976," he says. "That was the trouble."

AFTER THE GIG, I catch Garvey heaving his amplifier up a flight of stairs towards a waiting car.

"I'm not used to this," he curses.

No, you've travelled the world with Buzzcocks, lived it up in the finest hotels. You've had eight hit singles, two chart albums. What do you hope Motivation will have achieved by the end of the year?

"Ultimately we're aiming for the top — but by the New Year I hope we've managed to break Manchester."

Oh, Manchester at least! Maybe even Stockport and Didsbury...

— MICK DUFFY

PARTY PART 2

■ From page 6

import, "The Birthday Party" is a marvellous record, a sharp, prickly, uncategorisable affair which contained both their singles 'Mr Clarinet' and 'The Friend Catcher', and a clutch of other tracks, like 'The Hair Shirt' and 'Riddle House', which crystallised the group's peculiar mode of brooding attack.

In retrospect, The Birthday Party value their initial isolation, the way they were ignored and left to develop along their own lines — although there's a thinly-disguised contempt for the cultural blandness of their native country. Their records — especially 'Prayers On Fire' — are nothing if not extreme, and it's easy to see how their sophisticated primitivism could jar harshly with the more laidback, sun-fed atmosphere of

Australia. Were they, I wondered, affected in some way by the indigenous native culture, the 'walkabout' syndrome illustrated in Nicholas Roeg's film of the same name?

"A lot of people have asked us that," says Rowland Howard, "but when you're in a major city in Australia, the only aboriginals you see are derelicts."

"Aboriginal culture's just been razed to the ground. It's the same situation as the Red Indians in North America," adds Cave. "The only 'walkabout' is from one aboriginal bar to another aboriginal bar."

So Australian cities are pretty much the same as any other urban environment?

"Yeah — often, in London, I really feel like I'm wandering around Melbourne. I get the same atmosphere..."

"That's what was so disappointing about coming to London. There was hardly any change at all, except that things

were more expensive and it was colder."

They're reluctant to mention influences or compare themselves with anyone, for, as Nick says, "People don't seem to believe that an Australian group could arrive at a particular sound by themselves without having to pinch a lot of ideas from the leaves of British books."

"They imply that you yourself have no actual content or creative ability of your own," adds Howard, "that you're only apeing someone else and don't know what you're going on about. Which is really offensive."

They really have no need to worry: The Birthday Party's music, a jagged howl of discontent tinged with a blustery oafishness and streaked with an earthy, animalistic eroticism, is one of the most original — and alive — noises to be heard this year.

Britain, I'd say, needs them more than they need us.



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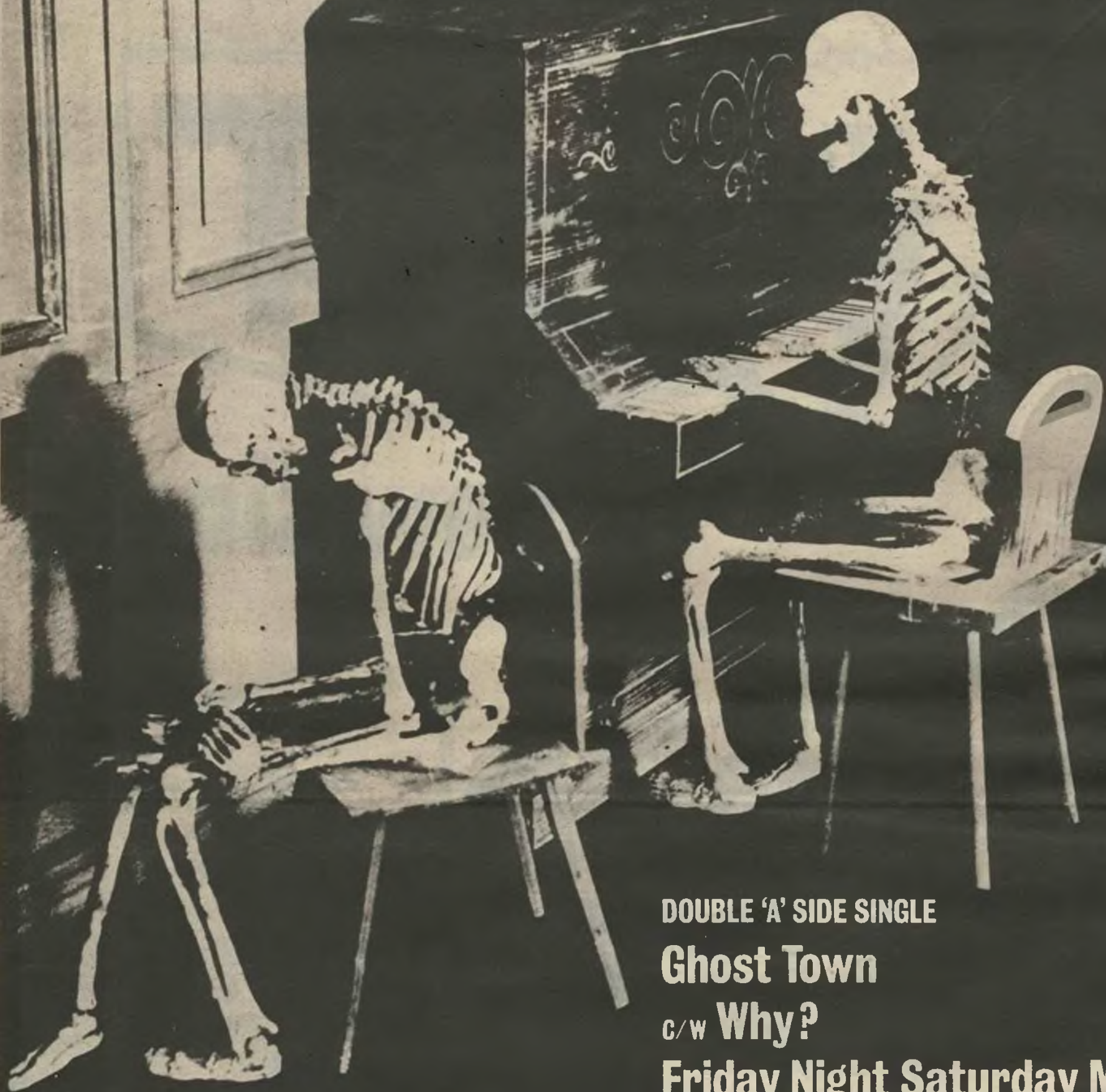
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HAND OF HYPE AND GLORY

ROCK HAS now grown old enough and proven resilient enough to have amassed what commissioning editors at book houses like to call 'a history'. But the fact is that the real History of Rock must remain a matter of personal discoveries and epiphanies.

Through the years, these have been increasingly catalysed, shaped, and sometimes even dictated by packaging.

Until Sunday, July 5 in their Concourse Gallery, London's ICA is housing Cover Versions — an exhibition of post-'77 sleeve art and promotional materials.

Organised by Chris Kennedy and Bryan Biggs of Liverpool's Bluecoat Gallery, the show makes clear the genuine accomplishments of the designers concerned as commercial artists undertaking assignments — and Kennedy and Biggs state that they chose people whose work over the past four years has been "consistently innovative, visually interesting and witty."

This line-up includes Peter Saville, the Art Director of Dindisc; Malcolm Garrett of Buzzcocks and Magazine design fame; Al McDowell's contributions to his Rocking Russian and State Arts design firms; Bob Last's work for his Edinburgh-based Fast Product/Pop-Aural labels;

characteristic designs from Radar and F-Beat; and a virtual visual history of the maverick, seminal Stiff (featuring the work of Art Director Chris Morton as well as Stiff pillars like Neville Brody, Hamish Orr and the influential Barney Bubbles).

The exhibitors argue that the designer became a vital element in the emerging indie scene and that its "new, energetic graphics" were the result of a new collaboration and closeness between artist and packager.

Viewers can thus come to some interesting conclusions of their own about just how much 'collaboration' seems to be represented. F-Beat's wacky parodies of nostalgia (such as Nick Lowe's 'Jesus Of Cool' Sleeve) are outright gimmicks, aimed simply at fixing a performer in the public consciousness. And the same is true of the shameless Stiff stuff which inspired it; there's a delectably full selection of Stiff promo gear dating right back to '76, Nick Lowe and The Damned's 'New Rose'.

"Help us hype Elvis," reads one Stiff handout whose humour still holds up: "In your hands an unashamed promo scam... We are trying to sell records and make Elvis a huge star. He is trying to pay off his mortgage... We've done our bit — you do yours... If you don't like it, remember we know who you are and we have your address." 'El', we are told, has waived his royalties to do his

bit; is this collaboration?

From Peter Saville's display one learns that he set Joy Division's solemn title in Roman lapidary letters of the First Century, and that his penchant for expressing constrained and chilling musical emotions through photographs of statuary is not confined to Factory artists (viz his sleeves for Ultravox's 'Vienna' and 'All Stood Still'). One is also made aware that his is a success story in its own right, culminating in his receipt last year of design prizes from both *Music Week* and the commercially prestigious Designers and Art Directors' Awards.

In a lengthy framed letter, Factory supremo Tony Wilson discusses Saville's 'collaboration' with his label and its artists: "The first time I met Saville was at a Patti Smith gig — after she'd gone off artistically — nice suit, nice girlfriend, Bit smooth — sharp eyes tho!" Saville was then at Manchester Poly; he joined Alan Erasmus and Wilson in promoting the Factory as a music venue two months before taking a Class 1 degree in graphics. His posters eventually led to a share in the label (and he is still their 'Design consultant', although in '79 he moved to London and became Art Director of Dindisc).

Wilson sees Saville's Factory-spawned success as a "rags to riches, or rather a mid-Cheshire Bowie to an echt Anthony Price" story (a snipe at Saville's sleeve for Roxy Music's 'Flesh And Blood'). "It can be seen as a kind of hip bourgeois hadonism," pontificates Wilson of the Factory 'style'. To further hedge his bets he throws in a joke about coffee table art and notes the fact that it took Dennis Bowell seven months to mix 'X-O-Dus' and Saville nine to design it.

Edinburgh's Bob Last provides a real service through his exhibit: he just sets out the past for the fan who didn't get in on it then to ponder now. It comes in the form of manifestos ('77: Fast as set up as a "communications company with no specific project in mind"), collages, communiques, and badges as well as cover art. Its first year Fast broke The Human League, Mekons and Gang of Four; the display takes viewers from there through the '79 launch of their Earcom series of projects.



Pore over these whilst you consider Last's claim that "packaging provides/assists the context."

Other designers — Malcolm

Garrett and Al McDowell — demonstrate a down-to-earth professionalism which applies itself to the particular job at hand in a genuinely less

CYNTHIA ROSE sees rock dreams and rock schemes on show at the ICA.

conventional sense than someone like Saville, a trained typography expert. Garrett displays work for clients as diverse as The Sex Pistols and Richard Hell, a raft of rockabillys (Polecats, Stray Cats, Ray Campi), Duran Duran, The Barracudas and Honey Bane. "Seldom should the designer put his own personality before that of his client," notes the obviously busy Garrett.

McDowell's *modus operandi* seems equally modest and workmanlike. His firm was formed in '79 "to design record sleeves — an effective vehicle for ideas towards an audience already responsive to the popular language of cliché and corn." He says subsequent projects each aimed to "promote integrity, quality and change."

The promotion of change is integral to the continuation of rock as a *business*; As for integrity and quality — look and judge for yourself.

Cover Versions, ICA Gallery, The Mall, London SW1 01-930 3647. Day membership 40p; opening times Tues-Sun 12-9 pm.



GET INTO THAT FUNKY DANCE

TORSO ARE one of the few current rock-dance groups who don't rely on an erotic or sexist image to purvey a particular style. This all-male, all-black sextet can easily captivate their audience by imaginative, sensual dancing alone.

Though in their present form for little over six months (having individually done some modelling and been in various funk outfits before that), Torso have already supported Bauhaus and Freeez, appeared on an Adam and the Ants video and posed for David Bailey in the most recent issue of *Ritz*.

Onstage, their own choreographed dances vary between synchronized pieces and stunning mime displays performed in moody lights and smoke to a mixed funk soundtrack — T.S. Monk to Talking Heads. In contrast to their contemporaries, Torso restrict time-wasting costume changes: a layer of clothes is peeled off for every new dance. From basic Motown, they strip down.

Torso don't just want their audiences to watch but also to dance preferably picking up hits on the way. They feel a new dance craze is long overdue since 'The Bump' and 'The Hustle' motivated asses around these isles.

Although in the future they will probably incorporate their own music with a live backing band, Torso are currently busy: hotly pursued by the BBC, performing residences at 'Legends' nightclub, and DJ'ing at 'Spatts' in The Tottenham Court Road on a Sunday. That's between regular gigs around the country.

DAVID CORIO



Above: Fast's conceptual packaging for Gang Of Four. Top: Howie admires Malcolm Garrett's Magazine sleeves.

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NAILING THE TRUTH ABOUT ULSTER

THE PRESENT DAY tragedy of Northern Ireland is traditionally handled discursively by the media and dogmatically by politicians.

One has to look back some 50 years to the series of plays written by Sean O'Casey at the time of the Irish civil war for a human insight as to how people actually respond to the traumas of such a strife-torn environment.

Bill Anderson's direct and suitably named *Nailed*, saved from the obscurity of the theatre by TV producer June Howson, was an exception. It was brave and determined enough to confront the network of 'Irish problems' and the thoughts and feelings of a character who had to face them. Nationally networked by Granada, it made for the most



GAVIN MARTIN watches some painful TV

incisive social drama on television since Tony Garnett's Play For Today *The Spongers* back in 1979.

Nailed takes place in an RUC interrogation centre where an IRA suspect is being grilled by a police 'agent provocateur', posing as an elder Republican and IRA sympathiser. It could so easily have been totally static were it not for the fact that

Anderson uses enough dramatic devices in evoking the world around the two men in the cell to give the play substance and keep it buoyant.

Liam Neeson takes the part of the edgy young Catholic suspect and Colin Blakeley is the doubly dubious interrogator. Their ensuing colloquy provides a forum for all the usual arguments and discussions on Irish politics, but this is skilfully woven around the central character of the suspect, through whom we see the pressures that face some young people in Ireland. It's a tortured image of the torment facing the country itself — inert, wracked and soulless.

Neither pro nor anti any one view, *Nailed* — instead of focusing on the sad, ceaseless mores on which the conflict is based — concentrates on the issues arising out of the conflict. It is an anguished and genuinely shocking scream



Colin Blakeley gives Liam Neeson a grilling in *Nailed*

from the common man, a voice all too often squashed by insanity and evil.

The suspect starts off determined but timorous, angry and idealistic enough to want to 'do his bit', but still harbouring a few reservations. As his sense of guilt and duty peels away, he's unable to see the virtue in what peer group pressure and history tell him to be right and wrong.

He launches into a desperate, heartfelt attack — not on any one particular force but the collision of forces which make

up the Irish dilemma and which caused him much personal grief.

The interrogator deviously tries to get the suspect to make a solid commitment to the organisation, and the underhand method used numbers both the skulduggery of the security forces and the intimidatory tactics of the IRA. The suspect's girlfriend is in a mental hospital, stunned after the shooting of her father ('a mistake' by loyalist paramilitary group the UVF), leaving their

relationship bereft of purpose in a loveless void. That's why it's up to him and people like him to avenge and defend, argues the interrogator. But the suspect has seen enough and as *Nailed* mounts to a powerful climax he recalls the carnage of Belfast's Bloody Friday, when hundreds of people were maimed in a spate of indiscriminate IRA bombing.

He comes down in favour of his girlfriend, who's learned to live again rather than how to kill — because what good could more death possibly achieve? Who'd be there to tell her when it was his turn to come home in a wooden box? A small piece of resolve, for the play ends and nothing has changed. Mother Ireland still breeds her young into blind futility. With ravaged sensibilities they wander directionless and divisive, often devouring each other alive like sick piglets.

But *Nailed* dared to offer hope, rational pacifism sounding loud and clear over bigoted hysteria and historical brainwashing. It showed how people try to assert dignity and morality in a situation which actively discourages such qualities.

It is not a particularly new theme but it is an approach virtually unheard of when dealing with Northern Ireland.

BENYON



THE LONE GROOVER

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JUST FANCY THAT

Stuart's happy rise to stardom

I was interested in your picture of Adam Ant on the Star Pop Poster page the other day. Who would have thought that dear Little Stuart Goddard, the entrancing little boy with the curls and dark eyes would make the big-time?

I follow Stuart's career with interest as a close friend of mine taught him at a St John's Wood School along with her own son Nick who also has a group. Stu was often around at my friend's flat and in time became a graphic art student.

I well remember the time when this charming lad was sitting with a group of teenagers in the flat amidst a flurry of guitars. The noise was deafening so my friend and I decided to go out and leave them to it.

Most of that gang of lovely kids are in staid jobs now, some are married and others are positively "stuffed-shirt"; but we did not realise that we had a lad among us who would become so famous.

"Tread carefully, lest you tread upon my dreams," is a good motto to remember when dealing with teenagers. Your lad too may be an embryo genius, so be patient with his noise, his groups, his mates, you just never know. Quarry Place, Shrewsbury

JEAN HUGHES



ADAM ANT

We think you should be told . . . from the Shropshire Star, sent by Bonsai Testicles

LEEDS CARNIVAL AGAINST NAZIS

"LEEDS IS THE organising centre in the North of England for fascist organisations. The NF, New NF, League of St George, British Movement as well as the Ku Klux Klan are all active in the area."

This is the claim of one Anti Nazi League spokesman, explaining the reasoning behind the Leeds Carnival Against Racism on July 5. Bands performing include The Specials, Aswad, Au Pairs and Misty.

According to the ANL, racial intimidation and violence are commonplace in Leeds, and schools are frequently littered with fascist literature and graffiti.

One of the more bizarre recent incidents involved about 40 local youths marching to the offices of the *Yorkshire Post* in a 'Free Rudolf Hess' campaign.

(Hess, currently being held in Berlin's Spandau jail, was Hitler's deputy Fuhrer during the early years of the war.)

A more tragic occurrence involved former local organiser for the British Movement Michael Clifford. In Leeds Crown Court on January 23, he was found guilty of the stabbing murder of a 17-year-old white apprentice called Anthony Clarke. At the time of the attack Clarke was walking home with some black friends.

Clifford is now serving a life sentence.

Leeds FC's Elland Road ground is a favourite NF haunt, according to the local ANL man. "For some time," he says, "they've been turning out 30 or so really hard and heavy characters. Around them has been a large periphery of hangers-on and half-interested types."

"In the last part of the season we've also

been along for every home match with about 60 of our supporters. And lately there's been a detectable shift in the atmosphere. The periphery has been moving away from them and warming to us."

It's the intention of the carnival, he added, "to further isolate this hard core by showing that anti-Nazi activity can be more fun and enjoyable and that it makes sense."

Mancunians and Londoners requiring a cheap ride to the carnival should contact carnival organisers Anti Nazi League/Rock Against Racism at Box 51, London SW10. The carnival starts at 11am on Woodhouse Moor and from there will march through the town, ending up in Potternewton Park, Chapeltown for music and food from the multi-ethnic stockpot.

— A. C. DUCK

HAMBI HARAMBOLOUS

Hambi Harambolous??

WELL, IT'S GOT A RING TO IT

HAMBI AND The Dance may not be the biggest, or quite the most ridiculous, name to come out of Liverpool, but I do believe they're up there with the best of them.

New signings to Virgin, their first single 'Too Late To Fly The Flag' confirms their early promise. Tomorrow belongs to them, or else tomorrow is an ass.

And never again, perhaps, will Hambi visit London penniless and find himself obliged to practise his nicest smile on bus conductors — before asking them, er, if, er, they'd accept a postage stamp.

What these young hopefuls have going for them is the skill and talent of four fine musicians — Pete Davies, Les Hughes, Steve Power and Gary Johns — plus the voice, the writing, the sense and the drive of Hambi, group leader and benevolent despot. Put it all together and out comes a sound that's rich in romance and mystery; hauntingly memorable songs by people who know where they want to go and the best ways of getting there.

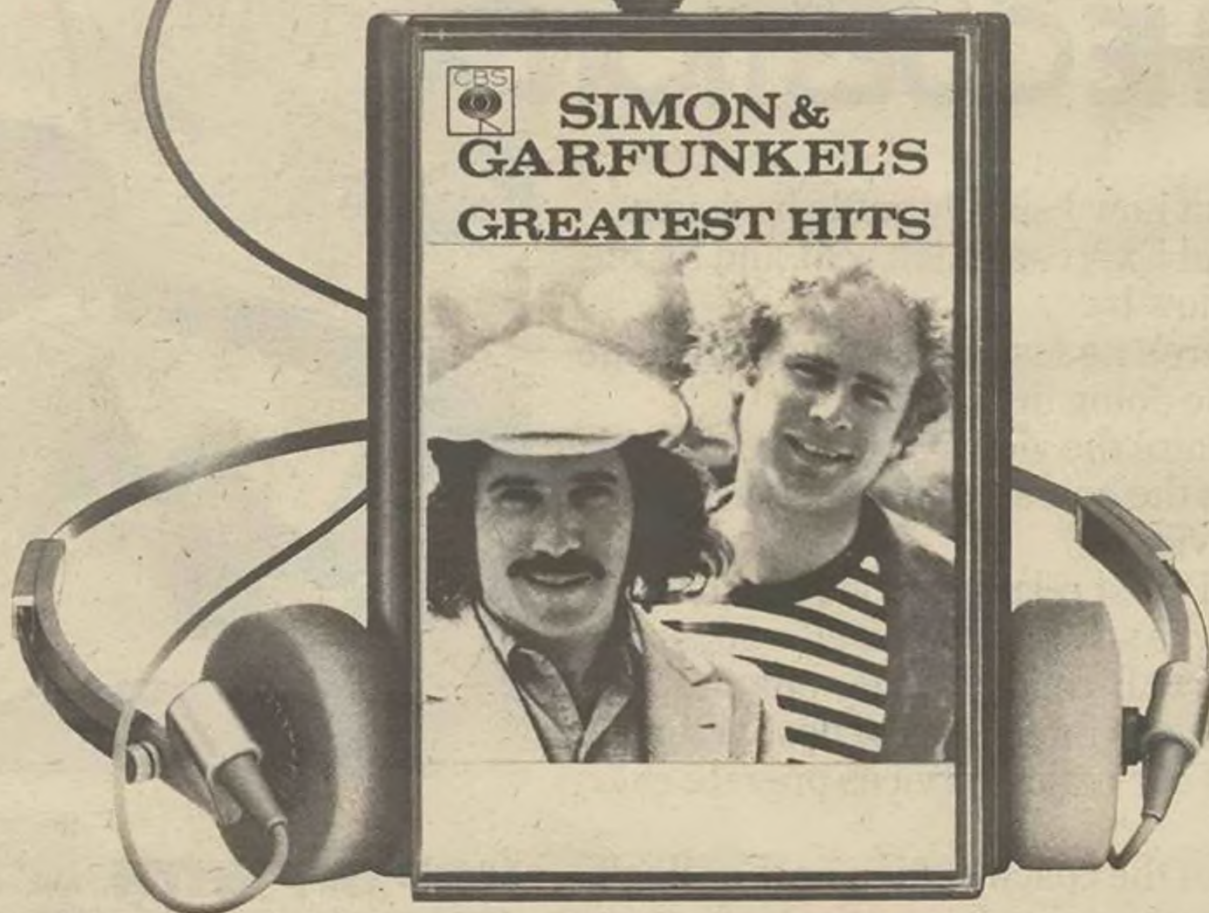
It's all Greek to PAUL DU NOYER

Hambi Harambolous, for it is he, has dark exotic features which indicate his Greek parentage as clearly as his name, though contradicted by a soft Scouse accent. His songs are almost mystical in aspect, but that's offset by a real shrewdness and a head for business detail. His singing voice is powerful, controlled and emotive — it deserves that overused description 'soul' as much as anyone's.

"The lyrics are a bit obscure sometimes," he will admit. "But I like that because it allows people to interpret things in different ways. People's emotions are so different, so subtle. To try and capture them in straightforward lyrics is so hard: you could spend hours talking about something and you're still not describing it. It's like sugar: if you taste it you know exactly what it's like, but if you try and describe it . . ."

Hambi's history, need I say it, touches on the pasts of all those other Liverpool names you know and possibly love. But for our purposes, the story began with a band called Tontrix. Two

Sony invent the world's smallest personal hi-fi.





years back they made the beginnings of a stir, had a track on the 'Street To Street' collection, but never saw it through. One Ton became a Moderate, another is a Flock Of Seagulls. Hambi, the frontman, decided to find himself a Dance. Wayne Hussey joined on guitar — then left and signed for Pauline Murray. Chris Hughes, now of the Ants, had a brief involvement too.

The present Dance band dates back to a recent set of auditions, and the line-up finalised as follows...

Pete Davies on guitar (replacing Steve Lovell) played around his native Wales, then London, before answering the call: "I was plucked, and moulded." Steve Power, synthesiser, "sort of sneaked me way in" — beginning as mixing man, getting deeper and deeper involved. And bassist Gary Johnson: "Ah, you're reaching the pits now." Gary's background is Northern cabaret (very different to its chic London futura counterpart); his last job was in The Fourmost with "bezy mate" Joe Musker, subsequent drummer in Wah!

Heat and Dead Or Alive. Finally Les Hughes, drummer: previous experience in cabaret / rock / funk / jazz, "and now I've ended up in this garbage band!"

Those auditions, as Hambi recalls, were a laugh, and a purgatory: "In the end we had to write on a notice-board, 'No heavy metal guitarists'. This guy answers our ad, rings up from Portsmouth; we tell him over the phone we're not into HM. He turns up: he's the sweatiest guy you've ever seen in your life — he shook our hands and his palms were so sweaty and soft. Blubber hanging over his belt on his jeans, hair down to his waist. So I said to him, 'Listen, you'd have to get your hair cut, y'know' and he says 'Uh, we'll come to that'. Picks up his guitar and he goes *deliddle-liddle-liddle-lld*... Forget it!"

I like Hambi. His prejudices match my own... "Some other guy came up with knee-length boots, six-inch flaps on 'em, y'know, blow-wave hair, big hairy chest. "And some Scottish guy rings up: 'Och, Ah'm yoor mon! Ah'm

your mon! Ah hoop you haven't found a guitarist yet.' Walks in with red hair down to his waist, bald at the front, big handlebar moustache, National Health glasses, flared denim jeans, dirty roll-up ciggies out of his top pocket, nicotine up to his elbows. We had to tell him we'd picked the man before him. 'Och, you're makin' a big mistakel Y'coulda had me!' He was like Billy Connolly's grandad."

After all that, it was a relief when record company action happened so quickly. A copy of the group's exceptional demo tape found its way to Richard Branson, who personally supervised the Virgin signing — this in spite of an earlier rejection slip sent out, say Virgin, by an untrained Manpower Services girl working for the A&R department. Hambi, meanwhile, shows an intense concern that nothing that affects his career should escape his attention, or go beyond his control. Like the active role he's taken in getting the Too Late To

Hambioids L-R: Les, Pete, Steve, Gary, Hambi.

Fly The Flag' single absolutely right...

"You have to. People don't realise when they get a bit of plastic, the cover-work. There's so many stages that if a little mistake is made at each one, by the time you get to the end product it's just a huge mess. And it happens to so many people because they don't take the care. It's important to get involved in all that, to have control over everything."

Part of Hambi's deal with Virgin, for instance, involves the installation of a recording studio in the basement of his Liverpool house.

Live appearances are another thing Hambi won't walk into blindfold: he's cautious about supporting the wrong acts, and

a perfectionist when it comes to sound. That attitude has already got them into trouble with the local venue, Brady's, culminating in some ugly scenes. The best gigs so far, they say, have been the daytime shows at city schools.

But the people who've never seen — or heard — Hambi And The Dance, what can they expect? What are you going to try and give them, Hambi?

"A big sound," he decides. "Emotion... big and tender! I really love Phil Spector's stuff. I like Tom Verlaine a lot, and Springsteen. But you know when you hear that big Spector sound, it sends shivers up your spine. I like hitting people in the heart. Not in the arse, like Status Quo, but in the heart."

SIDEWAYS AND OVER THE PLASTICS

buggers they are, we asked guitarist Toshi and singer Chica to put together their own Impressions Of Europe in a full colour collage. All we specified were the page dimensions. Keep the paper this way up and turn over for the results...

When The Plastics undertook their first Euro-tour last month we decided not to perform the usual interview ritual (especially as Max Bell had just returned from their native Japan with the full story). Knowing what arty

Sorry, the cassette was in the way.

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A color photograph of a man and a woman in a social setting. The man, on the left, is wearing a light-colored blazer over a white shirt and a necklace. The woman, on the right, is wearing a striped tank top and light-colored trousers, looking towards the camera with an open mouth. In the foreground, on a round wooden table, are several items: a bottle of Ricard Benedictine liqueur with a label that reads 'RICARD', 'FRANCE', and 'UNION DE GRANDS PROPRIETAIRES DE CHAMPAGNE'; a clear glass carafe with a label that reads 'RICARD'; two tall glasses filled with a yellow beverage; a yellow box with the 'RICARD' logo; and a small metal tray with several matches. The background is dark and out of focus.

RICARD

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HOLLAND

OH NO!
AIR PLANE STRIKE!

PLASTICS GONNA BE ON STRIKE

地球時代の国際感覚



DUTCH

WIFE

EVERY
HOTEL
IN AMSTERDAM

FILLED WITH
TULIP
TOURISTS

... SO ...
POOR
STEVE
SLEPT
ON THE
FLOOR!

PHOTO
BOOTH
IN PARIS

WHERE
IS
MY BED?

UNDER
NEATH
"LE TRAIN
BLU"



今なぜ東洋か

BAINS-DOUCHES

THE PLASTICS

6 mai
INVITATION

TAKE ME

TO THE

BATH ROOM

SPRING TIME IN PARIS

fièvre

jaune
au samedi soir

Bowie laisse une place à la langue japonaise.

La chanteuse de Plastics, Chica Sato (ci-contre), est une ex-styliste. C'est donc elle qui a pris en main le « look » coloré de cet honorable « jap-band ». Et c'est sur la plage qu'elle a connu ses trois acolytes. La new-wave va-t-elle finir par aller mourir sur les côtes nippones?

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FOR HITLER
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CITIES

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IT'S
SLEEPER
HAIJIME!

I'M ONLY
SLEEPING
...ZZZ...
ALWAYS

IN A
PORT
OF
AMS-
TER-
DAM

SHIMAMA



複製の哲学



AIR FRANCE

EDIE SPAGETTI

77 MEATBALLS

ARE READY...

CAN'T
SAY NO
TO THE BEAUTY
& THE
BEAST



SPRINGTIME
FOR HITLER
GERMANY



パリの作家群像

PLASTIC
SENSATION

PARIS
OR
MONEY
HELL

A TEARDROP IN THE OCEAN

JULIAN COPE and his new
Exploding Teardrops drop in on
the new world.

ADRIAN THRILLS is on hand to
share the bruises and
brightspots.

Brave Boys Keep Swinging

THE PRESSURE DROPPED on The Teardrop Explodes somewhere between the Canadian border and the New Jersey Turnpike, the famed interstate of so many Springsteen highway songs.

A stifling seven-hour journey had begun as just Another Day Another Drive. But as the orange Transit van trundled along Route 87 towards Philly — that's Philadelphia, but everyone calls it Philly — things started to get nasty. Frustrations which had been mounting throughout an exhausting month-long American tour finally came to a head.

Petulant wonderboy Julian Cope was complaining from his backseat woolsock as the radio spewed out its endless stream of Kim Carnes and George Harrison. His relentless petty whinging was directed towards the front seat and his solid, silent sidekick Gary Dwyer, the Teardrop drummer.

PHOTO: JOE STEVENS

"Hey, Gary! Turn that thing off! . . . Hey, Gary! Can't you find anything better than THAT! . . . GARY!!! . . . For fuck's sake! . . . Put on a cassette or something, TWAT!!!!"

But Dwyer remained stubbornly unmoved by the singer's schoolboy tantrum. The van trickled on through the lazy New Jersey rush-hour traffic. The radio blared blandly away. And then Cope, probably through sheer boredom, just lost control. Somewhere along Route 87, the Teardrop exploded.

Cope spat venomously at Dwyer's neck. Dwyer spat back and in seconds the two of them were beating seven shades of excrement out of one another in the back of the van. This was obviously *For Real*, but it still took guitarist Troy Tate and I well over a minute to separate the pair.

An uneasy peace settled for the rest of the journey and Julian and Gary — the two surviving original Teardrops as well as the creative nucleus of the current group — clear the air amicably at the next truckstop.

It had been the first time that either Cope or Dwyer, the latter a one-time amateur boxer as the bruises he inflicted proved, had resorted to physical violence in sorting out their differences. And all over something so trivial! Tiring American tours just bring out the best in people.

For someone whose appearance was once described as "carefully wrecked", there is nothing meticulously planned about Cope's ruffled demeanour as he digs into the junk-food at the truckstop. Stubby-faced and bleary-eyed, his clothes are crumpled and dirty, his hair a long and unruly mop.

He looks a mess, although he still affords a chuckle.

"We're just shattered! That's all. We've been doing great gigs and everything but we're just so tired. Sometimes it gets *seriously bad*! Like when we have two 600 mile drives on consecutive days. Things just really come to a head between us all. Being on the road is a bit like being stuck in a lift.

"The worst thing is when you're driving through the night and you fall asleep in the dark and then wake up in a pool of sweat 'cause the sun has come up. That's just *obscene*!

"But you get used to it. Like Gary dropped a cigarette on my best jeans a few days ago and burnt a hole in them. Normally I'd have freaked out, but you just don't give a shit about things like that after a while. Even my big leather flying jacket is ruined. That used to be my total pride and joy — wrecked!"

So it's been one long and sunny Nice Day? "It's just been totally exhausting! We're shattered . . . but we've been having a *great* time."

Stop! Hey! What's That Sound!

IN SPITE OF the ineptitude of the group's British record label Phonogram, who seem to be incapable of properly booking either flights or accommodation, I'd blessed my cotton socks and tracked down Teardrop a few days earlier in Toronto.

Some of the locals will grudgingly admit that the city suffers from an inferiority complex, with New York only a hour away by air shuttle, but Toronto is widely regarded as the best place in Canada for new music. Besides, it also boasts the country's tallest building in the impressively futuristic CN Tower and what must be one of its sweatiest rock venues in The Edge, the club where I eventually locate Teardrop.

They play two sets, the first hard-edged and passionate, the second lethargic and unfocused, although an apathetic late-night sit-down crowd hardly deserved a more enthusiastic showing.

Teardrop today are a very different team to

the ensemble which recorded the disappointing 'Kilimanjaro' LP last year and the majestic 'Reward' single earlier this. Gone are guitarist Alan Gill — back to his original casting in Dalek I — and keyboard player David Balfe — off to form the disgustingly-named Turquoise Swimming Pools. This leaves just Cope and Dwyer as the core of a new group.

Rather than re-launch yet again with another signed, sealed and settled line-up, the pair auditioned and recruited three new instrumentalists on a semi-permanent basis during the winter. These three were guitarist Troy Tate — from Shake — bassist Alfie Agius — from Interview — and pianist Jeff Hammer — from Cockfosters in North London, via the Polydor Records press office. All three play on the American visit and the current UK tour and will probably go into the studio when Teardrop record their second LP in September.

The set-up reeks uncomfortably of sessionmanship but works surprisingly well onstage in Toronto.

Right from the opening song, a strident, fluid 'Read It In Books', the band provide an orthodox but effective four-beat backdrop. As the set takes shape, drawing largely from 'Kilimanjaro' with a smattering of newer, unrecorded songs, it is clear that even this so-blatantly flung-together group are beginning to find some sort of corporate identity.

Unlike most of their contemporaries — The Bunnymen, New Order, U2 and The Scars are usually mentioned in the same breath — Teardrop do not drown the subtleties of their studio sound in a wave of bombastic live guitar, the underestimated and influential Troy Tate opting instead for a more sensitive approach.

And then there's Cope. He looks a sight for sore eyes in a shapeless scoop-necked Pyramid Power T-shirt, but remains a positive onstage performer. On a good night, he can also be a brilliant singer, getting truly *inside* his songs and letting his tortured emotions run riot, the soul-appeal simply steaming out of him in a stark, ugly torrent. Cope can be exceedingly erratic, but on a good night — about one in three — he plays with a graphic intensity that only Ian Curtis and Kevin Rowland have surpassed in recent 'rock'.

If the Canadian music press — a strictly provincial thing — seem hellbent on lumbering Teardrop with that tawdry 'psychedelic' tag, then Cope is certainly set to confound them with his natural soufulness.

Sod psychedelic! Teardrop play pop songs, love songs, soul songs!

And while everybody else is still getting self-consciously *funky-moderne*, Cope is harking back instead to the more straightforward vocal-heavy soul-pop of the early '70s — Philly, Invictus, Jay Bôy, Don Covay, The '3+3' Isleys — in his current songwriting.

Of the five new songs already in the live set, only the meandering, indulgent 'Culture Bunker' does anything to reinforce those psychedelic fears: 'Passionate Friend' and 'Screaming Secrets', one of which will be the next single, are frothy bubblegum soul. 'The Great Dominions' is an epic, confessional ballad while 'Like Leila Khaled Said' is another classic Cope lovesong in the tradition of 'Sleeping Gas', 'All I Am Is Loving You' and 'When I Dream'.

Backstage after an exhilarating first set, The Jam, who were playing the nearby Masonic Temple (I), pop by with their best wishes. Paul Weller enthuses that the 'Kilimanjaro' LP was 'one of his favourites of last year, although Bruce Foxton later expresses his disappointment at the group's comparatively lifeless second set.

It's a shame that Bruce hadn't caught that blistering first show. But it's a good job he missed them the following night in

"Even my big leather flying jacket is ruined . . . my total pride and joy, wrecked!"



"There's nothing cool about my image . . . When I see myself on TV it's like watching the Box Tops."

French-speaking Montreal. The touchingly-named Le Club is a little like The Venue in size and design, but it is barely one-tenth full and Teardrop are again flat and dispassionate.

Still tomorrow is tomorrow is Ottawa is time we were due another good show.

The New Atmosphericics

IF TORONTO IS SOMETHING of a surrogate American city and Montreal a purely-Parisian groove thang, then Ottawa, the orderly Canadian capital, is far more like a provincial British town. It is also the city where Teardrop conduct the only live radio interview of their Canadian trip.

The responsibility of radio interviews — a constant sidetrack of any American tour — usually falls to Julian and Gary. I masquerade as Alfie and join the pair as they are whisked away to the *British Airways* studio at CKCU-FM, the city's listener-subsidized — no adverts — station.

The interview is hard to take seriously and neither of the Teardrops do, although stations like this are undoubtedly breaking new ground in introducing fresh music — most of it inevitably British — to American radio. The Canadian interviewer is well-intentioned but his earnest manner and insistence on neatly labelling the group as either a psychedelic combo or — Gawd help us — 'The New Atmosphericics' is rather discomforting, particularly for Cope who steadfastly fights any glib categorisations.

The predictable question about Teardrop's place in the 'new Liverpool scene' gets a tart, nonsensical reply.

"From my point of view, we tread a dangerous line between fiction and non-fiction!"

Er, and the current line-up of the band? "Well, there's Gary on drums and Deirdre Langton on lead guitar. Actually, that's just his stage name. Alfie's on bass and what's the

keyboard player's name? Actually, we don't know him very well . . . he's GAY as well!"

The exercise becomes gradually more pointless, eventually degenerating into Cope's version of 'Big Tits Over America'.

"All I can say is that if you come down and see us tonight in Ottawa, there's a real good chance of having SEX with me! It will just be so great so just get down there and . . ."

CUT! Realising the futility of his juvenile stunts, Cope adopts a more sensible persona for the second half of the interview. But the regurgitation of the old psychedelia myth obviously irks him.

"No, no! It *isn't* psychedelic music! Psychedelic music is drugs music and this isn't drugs music at all!"

"I suppose I can accept being labelled as part of some psychedelic scene in America more than I can accept it in England. America is so far away from what's happening in England, I can accept the need for some sort of categorisation. But, *psychedelia*? I just hate the fact that it is such a revivalist term. I also hate it 'cause I am a fan of some of the original psychedelic music and I don't think that we're creating music like that at all.

"If I'm influenced by anyone, it is people like Faust and Can. Are *they* psychedelic? And I'm a big fan of soul. Were all the soul groups that were around in 1973 psychedelic?"

The interviewer wrestles with his tags and labels. Psychedelia in America, he says, need not mean revivalism. And how about 'The New Atmosphericics'? You know, Teardrop and Joy Division? Cope hits the roof.

"The thing that people forget is that we came out of the *PUNK* thing! Even people like Joy Division did too. When I saw Joy Division as Warsaw, Barney (Albrecht, guitarist) was wearing an American baseball jacket and a silly cap, posing with his guitar, legs apart and everything. For ages they were like *that!* A punk group! I'm not putting them down or anything. I thought it was good.

"The great thing about punk was that it led you to embrace all kinds of music. I started listening to all kinds of crazy music. It was the first time I'd listened to reggae, which was great."

Disarmed by Julian's reluctance to leap into his New Atmospheric box, the interviewer changes tack and tries to coax him into slagging off what he obviously sees as the shallow Futurist movement. Cope cleverly shadow boxes his way out.

"The New Romantic thing in England is more to do with clothes than with any particular lifestyle. But I think it is so easy to knock that sort of group that I don't really want to knock them. They're not really setting themselves up as anything particularly great. I don't think they're pretentious. It's really just a lot of people dressing up. And some of the music, like Spandau Ballet, is getting interesting.

"The only thing I've got against those bands, apart from Spandau Ballet, is that most of them are no good at what they do. I've always believed that whatever you do, you should do it well.

"But as for the 'Some Bizzare' album, I, listened to it and it was just appalling. Embarrassing! It just assumes that experimental music means wierd noises. But it's not just wierd noises. It's doing something that isn't being done elsewhere."

That evening's show — at The Beacon Arms — was the best of the four in Canada by some distance. Whether it was the promises of sex with Julian or the lure of the 'New Atmosphericics' no-one could fathom, but it was also a virtual sell-out by the time the group arrived back from their radio interview.

Just Julian.

SOMETIME LATER, in a busy motel diner, I get my own interview with Julian Cope. He gabbles incessantly, sidetracking himself with an attention to minor detail that defies description. His warm, wacky schoolboy voice conveys a mad mixture of frivolity and hysteria that would make him an ideal candidate for radio sport commentaries. Even an acute paranoia of sounding pretentious is not enough to divert his enthusiasm.

Despite his energetic devotion to the group, Cope has still, refreshingly, retained the instincts of The True Music Fan. Throughout the tour he has been snapping up all the interesting records he can get his hands on — often at ridiculously reduced prices. He even uncovered a Doors EP that he's never even heard of before — pretty remarkable going.

"Yeah! I can still go into a record shop and just go through everything! I'll go through everything and if there's nothing there then it's too bad, but I'd hate to miss anything.

"But if people could see some of the records I've been buying out here — The Doors, Love, Shaggs, Zombies — they'd begin thinking that the whole psychedelic thing was making sense. But it's just that stuff like that is easy to get out here. And I listen to loads of stuff, although at the moment, it's basically all vocalists.

"At school I was one of the kids who was into Can and Faust and stuff like that. I always had hundreds of albums, even when I was about 14. But I was never a hippy. I never had The Groundhogs albums or stuff like that. I was into soul then too, and stuff like Mud — their singles were great.

"We'd be into that but we'd also be into all the German stuff. When I was 15 I was living in Tamworth in the Midlands and I was in a band called Softgroundt, deliberately spelt the most German way I knew! The only German word I knew was *bumption*, which was German for 'fuck' or something, so we did this song called 'Bumption' which was pure Can, all drums and bass, and every now and then I'd shout 'bumption!'. God, there's probably a tape of it somewhere!

"The thing was, to me, there was no separation in music the way there is now. There were the skinheads, like, who were into reggae and soul and then there were the people who were into heavy rock. But I'd be into everything.

"When I was in the sixth form, I used to have a part-time job in a glass factory and all we'd talk about the whole time would be music, so things used to get really diffused and I'd listen to all sorts of music."

Cope has the image of the overgrown grammar-school boy. Paul Morley called him the The Noble Nitwit and it could stick. But it is an uncontrived persona and Cope is undoubtedly one of the least *cool* people in rock.

"I know! There's nothing cool at all about my image. Whenever I see myself on TV or anything like that, it's just like watching some adolescent kid onstage. It's like watching the Box Tops or Foundations, one of those pretend soul bands. They were just kids playing and that's the way I feel a lot of the time. Just like a kid playing."

Is he aware how *precious* his image sometimes seems — the whole, cute *Corry/Waaaaaugh/Immane/Cringe* thing? It certainly irritates a lot of people.

"*Yeeaaaagh!* Totally! That's why I try to accept that I must be due for it when I get slagged off. You can't revel in what you're doing.

"I can understand why someone like Danny Baker can dislike the band so much 'cause that sort of image can sound like the most false thing in the world if you haven't met someone. Like I've never met Richard Jobson, but to me he just seems like a complete *DOOD!* He just hasn't got a clue what's going on. I'm sure that he's a lovely person and he means well, but that's just the way he comes over."

At the end of last year the 'Kilimanjaro' Teardrop lost their bearings completely and eventually split up. The split left a lot of weight on Cope's shoulders, left him with something to prove.

"Definitely. I felt that we could probably have carried on longer with the old line-up and maybe been successful in the long run. But I wouldn't have been satisfied with that.

"When it comes down to it, hit singles or whatever wasn't the reason we formed the band. The reason we formed the group was to make the music. You don't change your songs just to have a hit single. In the old group that was the sort of thing that Dave Balfe wanted."

But isn't the new group little more than just a vehicle for a dictatorial Julian Cope?

"Er, yeah. . . um. I suppose it is really. But it's just a vehicle for me in as much as I've got so many ideas at the moment that I don't want to see them diluted by other people with less good ideas. But that's not to say that someone like Gary doesn't have a big role to play.

"Gary is a great motivator. He was the one who made us go out and gig in the first place. He and I have got nothing in common. In the early days of the group he used to have haircuts that were completely different from the rest of us. We'd all look like something out of A Certain Ratio and he'd look more like Suggsy! He's also a really positive person. If he thinks that we're just pissing around he'll tell me that something is crap! He used to hate being in Teardrop at first 'cause we seemed to be *officially* A Weird Band. He hated it. When we did stuff like 'Kirkby Workers Dream Fades' (A B-side of the first Zoo single 'Sleeping Gas'), he thought it was rubbish!

"Troy has a big role to play too. He puts a helluva lot in. He does a lot of arranging. I wouldn't like people to think that the band were doing nothing. It's not just me."

The Liverboy.

GARY DWYER is the only true Liverboy in the group. A genuine Evertonian, he is a far more solid, earthy character than Cope. With his GI haircut and penchant for

Continued page 61

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

PRINCE: Gotta Stop Messin' About (Warner Bros.). OK, so he was on last week's front cover, but this track from the 'Prince' album is one of the reasons why. Over the dance beat the guitar does an amputated rockist riff, and the keyboards display an equal raunch with occasional economical surges. Directing the whole choppy tight pop-rock disco show is Prince's voice: he sings like he has no balls, which is why he makes such a point of dressing to show that he's in full possession. (But the little eunuchs have always understood!)

Actually, the camp clown Prince wants nobody to stop messing about, or if he does he's prurient and voyeuristic about it — like the *News Of The World* mounting a campaign against porn. R&R is too old and used a beast to get away with anything as simple and innocent as just talking dirty, but 'Gotta Stop' is the next best thing: dicey, novel, mucky and exhilarating.

RUNNER UP

THE BEAT: Doors Of Your Heart (Go-Feet). The Beat are far from in a rut, just let's say that 'Wha'ppen?' puts them in a bit of a groove. There's nothing on the album that swings like 'Mirror In The Bathroom'. Will it ever be bettered? Still, 'Doors Of Your Heart' is more than fine for the meantime: it's all going on in there, the sliding arrangements, the voices (sometimes toasting) and instruments gliding in and out of each other. There's more lyricism and rhythmic pull than on 'All Out To Get You': just listen to the way "I suppose" is drawled out near the beginning.

The B-side, also taken from 'Wha'ppen?' is 'Get A Job'. The B-side on the longer different 12" (selling at the same price as the 7" in this time of high unemployment) is an extended 'Drowning'. Thoughtful gestures and infectious music are the same thing for The Beat!

THE BEST OF THE REST

THE SPECIALS: Ghost Town (2-Tone). Spooky dub effects have The Specials painting pictures of a town hit by the recession. The story is as much in the music as the words, the arrangements have as much grit as wit, with Rico's trombone tugging at your emotions and Dammy's organ sounding like it's in Egypt by the pyramids one minute and in Blackpool beside the seaside the next. I assume that this 12" will be edited down: as it stands it has too much (cinema)scope for a single, being more a mini-musical.

ESG: ESG (99). The black Puerto-Rican Irish-Italian etc etc Scroggins sisters from South Bronx do their pared-down funk, a voice-drum-bass (intermittent guitar) thing which makes similar bare PiL efforts look over-dressed. There's a live and a studio side, and producer of half the six tracks is Martin Hannett. He's buggered up as many bands as he's blessed, but the sisters have obviously restrained him: Look, we're just a morsel of melody and a beat — the beat!

ZOUNDS: Demystification (Rough Trade). Here comes rare proof that a band can choose a terrible name, give their songs awkward titles, be associated with Young Marble Giants, but still come up with a goodie — in this case a piece of roughened-up pop with bashing drums, never-stop yet clipped guitar, and a voice whose dark cultured whine never lets neurosis get the better of high energy.

ROOTS

TV 21: Snakes And Ladders (Deram).

SINGLES



Prince by Joe Stevens



Beat by Peter Anderson



Gillian



Annie Lennox



Stray quiff



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CHOICE DISCO

FUN O' FUNK: Funny Funk (Barclay). The moody male voice is right up to the taut stubborn rhythm section. All other instruments — and that's few — come in snatches, loops and stabs. Producer Alain Vauge strips it down — to the funny bone.

MATERIAL: Bustin' Out (Island). From the 'Mutant Disco' album, Material's precise remorseless computations get the foil they deserve in ex-Labelle Nona Hendryx, singing like it's

better to emotivate before you mutate.

CHERYL LYNN: Baby (Columbia). The ornament of the arrangement doesn't prevent Lynn putting her teeth where they belong: full into a song. Loud, proud and slightly dragged is how I like my funk: ideal — who wants to dance all the time? — for walking and talking and drinking.

THE REMAINDER FAIR AND FOUL (Is Edmunds to M Blues)

DAVE EDMUNDS with THE STRAY CATS: The Race Is On (Swansong). Can this really be the man who delivered 'Queen Of Hearts' and 'Girls Talk'? I hope it's a once-only outing with the Cats, because they wouldn't know country if

it kicked shit all over them. Even Jack Jones' version of this classic was more countrybilly, more pointed and zestful.

EURHYTHMICS: Never Gonna Cry Again (RCA). Lennox and Stewart have obviously been on a de-pomping machine since their hollow dramatic days with The Tourists. Now they're merely boring and one-dimensional — and haunting, atmospheric, melodic, moderne etc etc with it.

THE BELLE STARS: Hiawatha (Stiff). Reservation beat meets rocksteady meets charming brass meets charming though inaudible vocals. Life's too short for charm, especially when it's been mixed in a teepee.

THE PEOPLE: Musical Man (Race). This pop-reggae tribute to Rico is catchy enough, but it seems a prosaic choice for a debut single compared to some of the more fiery material in The People's live repertoire.

KRAFTWERK:

Kometenmelodie (Vertigo). This re-issue shows the lush Kraftwerk of 1972 still gearing up for the Autobahn. It's more than interesting hearing them play around with middle-brow classical music and muzak, syncope Holst for the market-place.

EDDIE PETERS: The Wonderful World Of Radion Rappin' (Shack)

TOM TOM CLUB: Wordy Rappinghood (Island). Rapping: everybody's doing it. Birmingham DJ Eddie Peters is doing it, making pathetic attempts to get on Radio One by doing impersonations of Blackburn and Savile — maybe that should be Radio Two. When he's not impersonating, he's imitating — Emperor Rosko's Wolfman voice.

Tom Tom Club (Tina Weymouth and Chris Franz of Talking Heads) do it over impeccable Nassau foundations. It's nursery rhyme, it's deadpan, it's smart — and it never builds. Rap has to rise. Now Sparks could maybe make white deadpan rap rise...

THE METEORS: Radioactive Kid (Chiswick).

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS: Tennessee Rock 'N' Roll (Virgin).

CARSON ROBISON: Rockin' And Rollin' With Granmaw (MGM).

The Meteors are capable of a passable live rave-up, while the Pyramids are downright refreshing taken live. But both their singles are dead. In fact, most 'real' '50s rockabilly was dead: just lend an ear to re-issued Carson Robison. Most of those Great Undiscovered Rockabilly Classics are just a myth. The best has already been handed on — a handful full stop.

SHEENA EASTON: For Your Eyes Only (EMI). Now that her man has got back from the office and Sheena has spent the early part of the evening pretending she's a modern girl, the couple retire to bed. The man starts to read a James Bond novel, and then Sheena informs him that he needn't "read between the lines". If what follows next is in the spirit of this dreary old balled...

HONEY BANE: Jimmy...

Listen To Me (Z).

THE PICTURES: What Do We Want (KRL). Honey writes a letter to Jimmy. She's sad, but Colin Thurston's production turns her lament into a football chorus.

Pursey's own production of The Pictures is all football chorus. However, the terraces are purely conceptual: Jimmy lost touch with the masses right bang after that first Sham album.

RAINBOW: Can't Happen Here (Polydor).

GRAHAM BONNET: Liar (Vertigo).

GILLAN: No Laughing In Heaven (Virgin). The Rainbow offering isn't even HM, just tired tinny old boogie.

Graham Bonnet tries desperately — to be clever. After naughty 'Night Games' he obviously sees himself (swept-back short hair, smart jacket, tinted specs) as a HM smoothie. Not with this messy old production of an old Argentinian song he isn't!

'No Laughing In Heaven' is the first hard evidence that HM can be tongue-in-cheek. It starts with joke religious organ, and Ian does a lot of talking — metallic rapping! I can't wait to see them on TOTP — real morons who think that they aren't just because they have an ounce of self-awareness.

THE MOODY BLUES: Gemini Dream (Threshold). Gordon Bennett! On the threshold of a nightmare!

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TO BE CONTINUED

Howard Devoto skips through Magazine's back pages

by paul morley and peter anderson (pix)

HOWARD DEVOTO drives me down to Margate in a hired yellow Ford Cortina.

SO. Magazine have split. For a change. **IS there value in retrospection?** Yes. I think there is a kind of temporary immortality! Yes — a temporary lasting that some songs and music have. It's not all fly by the following night and out of the window. I'm pleased with our records, astonished by some of what we've done, and think that they stand up ... I don't find much need to defend anything about them. Mainly I just want people to notice that, now, Magazine have stopped. *C'est fini*. Whether they're inclined to notice or not ...

IT'S BEEN a long time since there have been records of the quality of something like 'Low' and 'The Idiot' ... they were definitely the two, and there haven't been many records released since that are going to be worth listening to years later. I think ours will last. 'The Idiot' — I told the group to listen to that when we formed, you can hear that especially on 'Real Life' I think.

WERE Magazine a rock group? Well, can you offer me any other choices? I think that anybody who didn't know that much about rock, say your big sister, if you played her a Magazine record and you said what kind of music is it, she would say — rock. So I suppose this proves it was rock. The rest is just twiddling around with terms.

But all that rocking mediocrity! I think there are some people doing good things. Things I like a lot. The value I get from these things is certainly different from the value I got when I wasn't in it myself. There is no way I can let it enclose me like it did when I was a fan-consumer. I had a hell of a lot of illusions about it — the musician star thing. Even by the age of 20 ... very juvenile. **Were your songs and your records statements of how you felt and perceived at that time or a contribution to this scene you had illusions about?**

(Pause) A bit of both. (Pause) Yes. I didn't come from nowhere and happen upon the rock form thinking, oh yes this suits my intentions. Is the split a discovery that the form(s) it was taking are compromising, or that you felt you had achieved all you could with the enterprise. This is it and it was right, or there is a better way of working!

(Pause) A bit of both. (Pause) A lot of things caught up with me. **Does your leaving Magazine take the form of an excitement for you?**

Definitely. I wasn't enjoying myself a lot a few weeks ago when I was having to tell the group. But it has been all down hill ever since! **You should have split the group when Formula joined Visage.**

Ooh well ... (pause) ... (pause) ... **Say something.**

I'll say something. Something like ... I was just glad that everybody had

something to do. There were times when Magazine weren't doing much. It was John that started that ... **Were you insulted?**

Naah ... I don't think so. **Did you resent Dave Formula getting into the hit parade with Steve Strange and not Howard Devoto?**

(Pause) A little bit, yes. But I don't really think I feel bitter about it at all.

IWOULDN'T mind playing keyboards in Kim Wilde's backing group for a couple of months. **Have you noticed the Buzzcocks in those songs, and the 'Shot By Both Sides' bit in 'Chequered Love'?**

You mean there's a chance for me! She's just irresistible ...

HAVE YOU felt like leaving before?

After every LP. **What made you change your mind — the events that follow such releases, tours etc.**

There comes a point where the whole thing starts to perpetuate itself. You carry on to justify what you've done in the past, and there are financial reasons. I really thought at the time of each of our LPs that it was the last. It is odd to leave around the release of an LP, perhaps. It doesn't feel odd to me because as far as I'm concerned that's the main thing, the writing of the songs and the recording of them. But having done it you kind of want to make the most of it as well. This time round ... **You didn't want to.**

Well, it's been on my mind to leave for six months. Last year was quite enervating ... with John McGeoch leaving and then that two month tour with Robert Simon.

Was he a mistake?

Well, yes, really. We fulfilled our commitments to the tour well and he did well but when it came to the writing of the new songs it just wasn't happening.

Anything that could have changed your mind during the last six months?

The thing people obviously said is what if the new single or album is a really big success, that would change your mind wouldn't it? But it wouldn't have ... It might have put off the decision for six months and maybe we would have been a little better off. But what were the

OVER ♦



Howard pictured at the ICA exhibition of sleeve artwork.



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♦ CONTINUED

chances of that happening? Do you think 'Song From Under The Floorboards' was one of your most successful songs?

I think so. You know where a lot of it's from don't you? 'Notes From Underground' by Dostoevski which is also translated as 'Notes From Under The Floorboards'. I think that story is one of the most amazing pieces of writing ... you've got all of his 800 page books in that story more or less. The whole idea of man rejecting paradise! If he finds that he's programmed for paradise just for the hell of it he'll fuck it up ... It did say on the single 'For F.D'. It was supposed to be on the LP as well. Because I always wanted a disclaimer in case y'know ... anybody found out!

Will what you do next be very different, or will it take a similar form?

I think that anything that has Howard Devoto written on it is going to be not dissimilar to something Magazine has done. Magazine has encompassed quite a lot of styles. The idea of doing something where I'm kind of in the background quite appeals to me.

A director?

Maybe.

A catalyst?

Maybe. I don't really know what I'm going to be doing next. Is that exciting?

Yep!!

Will people wait?

Whoever said I was expecting them to? They will or they won't.

ARE YOU into trash?

Not really.

Are you into art?

Not really. (Pause) I'm not into either of those. I'm into beauty and panache.

What do you take seriously?

Things that kill.

WHEN YOU said that some of Magazine astonished you — this is not conceit?

No. No. No. It's the opposite of conceit! It's a weird bit of humility. It's one of those strange distances ... If I was prepared for it to be astonishing then that would be conceit. I'm saying that it genuinely kind of surprises me.

It surprises you that you achieve what you do and don't think you can do it again?

I find that a little bit about the first two LPs because I was ... kind of different on those. There is a change after that. I sort of understand what initially got up people's noses. A lot of that — this is no kind of apology — people have taken the stances in songs as in many cases 100 per cent

me saying I'm nearly God Almighty. This kind of amazes me ... there are a multitude of hints to the contrary and there are also latent statements to the converse! What are you really like?

I'm like this!

A man who drives a car.

Well, that tells you a lot.

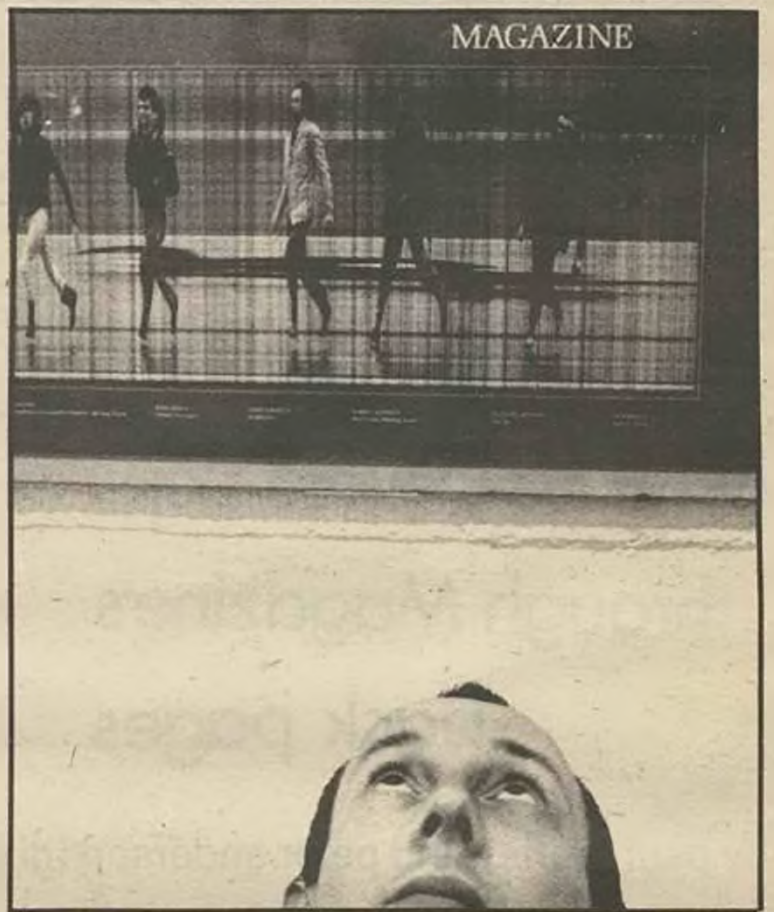
Are people uncomfortable in your company?

I think a lot of people who meet me are maybe surprised by how casual I am. I think they perhaps expect me to be intense and when I'm not they go, oh he's not intense but the songs seem to be, so he must be pretending ... 'Something detached' is the other one ... I do find quite a strong need to shut a lot out. In his own little world, that's what people say. But if I'm not in there I'm totally lost, and that's what it's like some days. To boil an egg takes the greatest concentration.

I thought you preferred fried eggs. (Which reminds me.) Has it escaped your notice that Peter Shelley is 'free' at the moment?

Well, obviously I know he isn't working ... I think it's very unlikely that I will work with him again. I think you go and do those things when you've tried everything else.

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Eva Mattes with one of the very first Japanese prams imported into Germany, pale mothers for the use of.

Berlin also rises

Germany, Pale Mother

Directed by Helma Sanders-Brahms
Starring Eva Mattes and Ernst Jacobi
(Mainline)

ONE of a spate of recent German films tentatively looking back to the taboo Nazi era *Pale Mother*, like Fassbinder's *Maris Braun*, avoids the war's more universal manifestations to concentrate on the psychological effects surviving the horrors had on Germany's more ordinary, apolitical citizens.

Sanders-Brahms's intensely personal film focuses on Lene (Eva Mattes), a character based on her mother, who marries a friendly non-Nazi clerk shortly before Hitler's invasion of Poland. He is drafted into the army and sent to the front, leaving Lene alone to fend for herself and, later, their baby daughter.

Her hidden instincts for survival stand her in good stead, which is just as well as she receives none of the help accorded to members of the Party and their families. Then, she doesn't expect any.

Adapting to the amorality of the time she feels only a twinge of guilt when ransacking an expropriated Jewish tailor's shop for a few rolls of thread. She returns from a shelter with

her child to find she has been bombed out, thus treks to Berlin to meet well-to-do Nazi relatives, only to leave shortly after to escape allied bombing.

By this time the necessity to fend for herself and the close relationship she has developed with her daughter, have awakened in her a fierce independence that prevents her re-locating herself in a domestic setting after the war. She lapses into a despondency that has disastrous physical consequences and watches insensibly as Germany slowly rights itself, having very few scruples about allowing former Nazis back into the bureaucratic structure.

It's a soberly disillusioning story, yet there is some hope to be gleaned from Lene's struggle back from the pits. Eva Mattes is excellent in the part, her performance generating much of the film's momentum.

Unfortunately some idiotically insensitive cutting has all but destroyed its precise pacing that had hitherto balanced coldly penetrating analysis against Sanders-Brahms's obvious emotional involvement.

She deserves far better treatment than her film has been given, but go see it anyway. And then lobby the distributors to revive the intact version.

Chris Bohn



Rory Calaboose and Lili Von Schtupp in *Passion Under The Everglades*



BACK in the silent screen heyday of the '20s, when the likes of Tom Mix, Lon Macks and Ron Fitz were churning out Western two-reelers at the drop of a ten gallon hat, there was one cowboy — now sadly neglected by the history books — who stood tall, proud and erect, towering above all around him. The Randolph Scott of his day (pause for respectful silence and doffing of caps), Rory Calaboose was a paragon of frontier virtues: strong, silent, manly, good with wood, deadly with a rifle. And he hated Indians. In over 200 two-reelers for the independent Otto Fishbine studios, Rory singlehandedly slew some 17,000 Indians. 'The only good one's a dead 'un,' he used to chuckle. *Passion Under The Everglades* (1923) was his *Gone With The Wind*, though audiences weren't too keen on his clinches with sultry Lili Von Schtupp. Rory's cinema career collapsed with the coming of sound; he had a harelip. He couldn't even go out and drown his sorrows without spilling most of it. He was run over by a truck in 1937 — gone and forgotten.

Montana Smith



O'Toole works

The Antagonists

Directed by Boris Sagal
Starring Peter O'Toole, David Warner and Peter Strauss (CIC)

THERE was originally eight hours of it on US TV, which makes you wonder at the continuing mental health of that nation. Now some clever mogul's had the witty idea of chopping it down to two hours so that the world at large can enjoy / suffer the drama, the anachronisms and the haunting absurdities.

A small example. Roman Officer to Jewish beauty: "It's Sheila, isn't it?" Jewish beauty: "Correct".

The setting is Judea in the First Century A.D. The Romans are occupying. The ranks of the Jewish priesthood and bureaucracy are swelled with Vichy-type quislings. Only Eleazer, the Zealot, and his band of Torah-loving guerrillas resist the Imperialists.

They burn granaries. They wield swords by night. They set



Peter O'Toole, pole-axed in *The Antagonists*

upon those who'd grease the Roman way. And all this takes place in the first scorching half hour — which I suspect was edited by tearing at it with the teeth.

The problem was: what to do with all the awkward bits and pieces of plot and character study left over from the big version. Very natively, the makers bung it at us all at once knowing that the essentials would stick and we'll sort of overlook the surplus running Romans.

The pace settles when Eleazer and his 900 set up in the formidable mountain fortress of Masada. Gathered below are 5,000 Roman soldiers led by cruel-but-fair Peter O'Toole.

In the tradition of Hollywood blockbusters history is henceforth shrunk down to a personal squabble between two photogenic stars — no doubt spiritual bedfellows beneath the seething flesh.

As for O'Toole's performance — never mind the contrived carve-up of his London Macbeth — here he is

wonderful, every quivering, bony, Irish ounce. A useful foil is found in David Warner as the brutish Roman Legate who challenges for the right to destroy the Jews. (Notice how all the bad guys are British.) Anthony Quayle's siegemaster, on the other hand, is seriously out of salts.

The zealots are played one and all by Hollywood minnows. They pose and declaim like end-of-term fourth formers, as though history is too important to approach on mortal terms.

More to the point, which of them in reality would line up behind Peter Strauss's middle of the road, good-guy Eleazer, against the might of O'Toole's legions? The best that can be said for Strauss is... wistful. He doesn't even know if he believes in God, when history tells us Eleazer was rivetted by faith, that he was a man of fanatical force.

They should have sent for Victor Mature and had done with it.

Andrew Tyler

Careless driving

Riding High

Directed by Ross Cramer
Starring Eddie Kidd, Irene Handl and Bill Mitchell (Enterprise)

EDDIE 'could be anyone's' Kidd is a handsome, young, clean-cut British motorcycle stuntman whose fame and popularity have obviously become as great as his position will allow. Perhaps somebody thought he should be transformed from a big cult into a big star. If so, I wonder how *Riding High*, the sort of film which should be a longtime embarrassment to everyone involved, figured in their scheme of things.

Eddie plays the semi-fantasy, semi-autobiographical part of Dave Munday, an ordinary, healthy lad who works as a motorcycle carrier by day and harbours an ambition to challenge and win the title of World Champion stuntman from the Americans. It's all mock heroics, dizzy 'British is Best' patriotism and crummy modern day *Boy's Own* fairy-tales.

In a film as poor as this the very worst moments are the unforgettable ones; like when



Eddie Kidd, up the garden path in *Riding High*

Eddie practises on the beach at sunset to the soundtrack of 'Walking On The Moon' and goes back to lovingly stroke his skid marks and salute an imaginary crowd...

Riding High tries to be fashionable but *Blue Jeans* would find this script stupid and I don't really think young people's sexual relationships are the same as adult sexual relationships, only with the underwear left on; or that Mods snort Vick nose inhalers all the time.

Such nonsense could only happen in this film, which has more stereotypes than a year's supply of television commercials and follows a snoozy predictable course as Eddie — spending most of his time wrapped up in leathers

and beneath his motorcycle helmet to hide his inane monkey grin — weathers the tricks and sabotages of the opposition, including the lustful advances of boozier Charriot's girlfriend (looking like Sheena Easton, she's undoubtedly the best thing in the whole film) to make that final leap and bring victory and pride to himself, his gang and — gulp! — Britain itself.

As that final feat is repeated for the umpteenth time in slow motion and Eddie takes a nasty knock between the legs you're left hoping that he paid attention to his mechanics lessons in secondary school. Because I very much doubt that anyone's ever going to want to be involved in a film called *Riding Higher*. Gavin Martin

Low karate

Good Guys Wear Black

Directed by Ted Post
Starring Chuck Norris and Anne Archer (Enterprise)

YET another post-Watergate conspiracy yarn, *Good Guys Wear Black* fails to arouse any moral indignation; rather, it induces apathy.

The Black Tigers, led by former karate world champion Chuck Norris, are a cut-price *Dirty Dozen* outfit all but wiped out in Vietnam. Six years on, back in the States, the CIA notice that the surviving Tigers are being bumped off at an alarming rate. Something



Chuck Norris, greeting an old friend in *Good Guys Wear Black*

somewhere smells, and it isn't just the script...

After Norris's John T. Booker — all 'tache and tan and flailing feet — has been seduced implausibly by a senate attorney (Anne Archer in another unrewarding role) in the know, *Good Guys* goes from bed to worse. A straightforward case of 'We

gotta find the others', until some dismally routine killing leave Booker on his jack.

And that, apart from Booker's isolated comparison between wars of conviction and wars of expedience, is that. Severely debilitated, *Good Guys* finally peters out in ending of ham-fisted wish-fulfillment.

Harry George

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Pic: Dennis Morris



Bob Marley

Pic: Adrian Boot



Peter Tosh

The Words And Works Of Bob Marley and The WAILERS

Part two of NME's crucial survey of the Wailing Tribe from the Isle of Springs.

Discography and quotations by PENNY REEL.

In unity with Neil Spencer



Wailers LPs — JA labels

The Wallin' Wailers (Coxsone)
Best Of The Wailers (Coxsone)
(the only available collections of early Wailers work, though they have been rehashed in simulated stereo on the UK/US Calla compilations below)

Wailers LPs — UK labels

Early Music — (CBS)
Early Music vol 2 (CBS)
(US release double LP — Birth Of A Legend (Calla))
Rasta Revolution (Trojan)
African Herbman (Trojan)

Wailers LPs — UK labels

1972 Island ILPS 9241 'Catch A Fire'
1973 Island ILPS 9256 'Burning'
1974 Island ILPS 9281 'Natty Dread'
1975 Island ILPS 9376 'Live'
1976 Island ILPS 9383 'Rastaman Vibration'
1977 Island ILPS 9498 'Exodus'
1978 Island ILPS 9517 'Kaya'
1979 Island ILPS 9542 'Survival'
1980 Island ILPS 9596 'Uprising'

Bob Marley & The Wailers

The material that the original trio recorded with Lee Perry around the turn of the decade is widely regarded as among their best ever, and certainly it provided a rich source of hits and celebrated anthems in later years when Marley reworked his old hits.

The pattern of old material alongside new was established from the breakthrough 'Catch A Fire' and was subsequently used to greater or lesser success. Although it was romantic material and his successful fusion of reggae with disco which earned him many of his later hits, it's as much the militancy of the last albums which commends them.

"I get the urge that the time is right when the youth unite in Jamaica. Then the time is right for Africa. If you go to Africa when the youth is not unite in a Jamaica then something wrong somewhere. Need to have some kinda proof walk with."

Bob Marley, February 1978

"America is pure devilry them things that go on there. Them just work with force and brutality... Them lock out the punk thing because they see something is happening... So the oppressors bring another man to blind the youth to the truth, and they call him — John Tra-vo-tal!"

Bob Marley, March 1979

"Me no enjoy success, y'know. Look 'ow slim me is. Me jus' come to do God's work, me no really enjoy it."

Bob Marley, June 1976

"So me talk fe no white and me talk fe no black, me just talk fe the Creator and fe that vibration that we must all come together and live."

Bob Marley, June 1976

"Plenty people have the wrong idea about this locks thing. Like I read in a magazine: 'Marley came on stage with his waxed locks.' Now that is very much a lie, because I could never sit down and put wax on my hair, my wool, to keep it together. It would be clammy and stink man. Them blind man! This come natural."

Bob Marley, July 1975

"When they first came in, they were like most other groups just starting out — young, inexperienced and willing to learn. I coached them, worked on their

songwriting and gave them a lot of ideas on harmonies. I had albums from the States by all the top soul artists. Bob Marley liked The Impressions, The Tams and The Moonglows the most. You can hear the influence on some of his early songs."

Clement S Dodd, August 1976

"There's a revolution going on right now, but not one like with an army. It's snipers, snipers through the night."

Bob Marley, April 1974

"I want to say 'I shot the police' but the government would have made a fuss so I said 'I shot the sheriff' instead... but it's the same idea: justice."

Bob Marley, April 1974

"It's the last days without a doubt. 1975. It's the last quarter before the year 2000, and righteousness — the positive way of thinking — must win. Good over evil. We're confident of victory."

Bob Marley, July 1975

"Me always live in... in the ghetto. Me don't feel the ghetto should be my future like we should always love live in a shit."

Bob Marley, March 1978

"Can't tell anybody how to live, so everyone have to find out how them wanna live. For God create the earth and everyone as an equal being, so any life them wanna live them have to live it."

Bob Marley, April 1977

"Him (Haile Selassie I) ever young, the youngest man on earth, him control time."

Bob Marley, July 1975

Peter Tosh solo — UK labels

1969 Bullet 8U-414 Peter Tosh: 'Selassie Serenade'/(Glen Adams: 'Cat Woman') (prod: Beverleys)
1969 Unity UN-525 Peter Tosh: 'The Return Of Al Capone'/(Lenex Brown: 'Q Club') (prod: Beverleys)
1969 Unity UN-529 Peter Tosh: 'Sun Valley'/(Headley Bennett: 'Drums Of Fu Manchu') (prod: Beverleys)
1971 Bullet BU-486 'Maga Dog'/(3rd And 4th Generation: 'Bull Dog') (prod: Joe Gibbs)
1972 Punch PH-91 (3rd And 4th Generation: 'Rudies Medley')/(Joe Gibbs and the Soulmates: 'rude Boy Version') (prod: Joe Gibbs)
1972 Pressure Beat PB-5509 'Them A Fi Get A Beatin' '/(3rd And 4th Generation: 'Get A Beatin') (prod: Joe Gibbs)
1978 Virgin VS-150 'Legalise It'/'Brand New Second Hand' (prod: Peter Tosh)
1977 Virgin 'Stepping Razor'
1978 EMI-2859 '(You Gotta Walk) Don't Look Back'/'Soon Come' (prod: Robbie Shakespeare & Peter Tosh)
1979 MRSR-103 'I'm The Toughest'/(Word Sound & Power: 'Toughest Version')
1979 MRSR-104 'Buck-In-Hamm-Palace'/'They Day The Dollar Died' 'Dubbing In Buck-In-Hamm'
1979 Virgin 'Stepping Razor'/'Legalize It' (prod: Peter Tosh)

Peter Tosh solo Intel Diplo HIM label — JA issue

1971 'Maga Dog'
1971 'Dog Teeth'
1971 'Ketchy Shubby'/'Iration'
1975... and the Wailers: 'The Mark Of The Beast'/'Version'
1975 'What You Gonna Do'/'Version'
1975 'Brand New Second Hand'/'Version'
1975 'Can't Blame The Youth'/'Version'
1975 'Legalize It'/'Rasta Smoke It'
1975 'Burial'/'Version'
1978 'Babylon Queenendom'/'Iration'
1980 'Can't Blame The Youth'/'Hammer'

Peter Tosh solo Upsetter label — US issue

UP-9001... and the Wailers: 'Secondhand'/(Upsetters: 'Secondhand Pt 2') (prod: Lee Perry)

Peter Tosh solo LPs — UK labels

1976 Virgin V2061 'Legalise It'
1977 Virgin V2081 'Equal Rights'
1978 Rolling Stones CUN 39101 'Bush Doctor'
1979 Rolling Stones CUN 39110 'Mystic Man'
1981 Rolling Stones CUN 39113 'Wanted Dread And Alive'

Peter Tosh

Even when he was in the original Wailers, Peter Tosh was wont to issue solo discs, often under aliases like Peter Touch. His first release — 'I'm The Toughest' — summed up his stance, which hasn't changed significantly over the years, though Tosh's rigorous campaign for legal coexistence has been a further platform to his career in the '70s. Like Marley he has reworked his early material on the records he's made since signing to a major label, though he has rarely, if ever, bettered the original versions.

Still militant, defiant, and determined to make his presence felt, Tosh remains a potent force, but it's hard to get animated over his present output.

"WAILERWORDS"

"Y'see, me personally jus' wanna live, y'know wha' mean? That's all me wanna do — think positive about everyone and everything, pure and clean, and me can walk and do things freely."

Bob Marley, July 1975

"I don't see how you can leave your roots — as long as you write a song and play it, it must be roots."

Bob Marley, April 1974

"Marley used to come in and sing a song for two or three hours. Two weeks later he'd come in and work on the same song. I worked with him and the group on their songwriting, going over punch lines and harmonies. I helped them shape their early sound. At one point I paid for a six month visit Bob made to the US to see his mother, who lived there. While he was away, to keep the group active, I coached them so that each member of The Wailers could sing lead on different songs."

Clement S Dodd, August 1976

The devil created disco, telling black people to 'get down, get down' all the time. But I man say to black people: 'get up, stand up for your rights.'

Peter Tosh, September 1979

"The only thing that can make you survive is to know the truth, and the truth is that God say Him give man everlasting life, which means everliving life. Me say my life here, this flesh; me have fe live. Me never say there was no fear of death but me no deal with death. Me have no time to risk this flesh too much, 'cause it's this me have to do it in."

Bob Marley, November 1979

"Me love farming. Me wanna live 'pon a farm later. Me no really wanna live in a flat and go to a club every night and come back, and then do it again. If you're in the country at night... when the rain fall at night it's the best y'know, because all y'hear is the rain play music on the leaves."

Bob Marley, April 1977

"During my time when I was a young liddle Rasta youth me just try to enjoy myself in Rasta work; when me see anything red, gold and green me check it serious, like it's coming as a message. When me look 'pon the street life me see that red, gold and green control the earth, for watch it: anywhere you go on earth the stop light is red, gold and green. It's scientific and psychological."

Bob Marley, November 1979

"Bob got what he wanted to say across, the marriage didn't make no difference. People were very vexed about that article, they said 'Is it because Rita's black?' But marriage is a Babylonian philosophy, it's not important."

Rita Marley, August 1980



"Death to disco man. I am here to make reggae the international music, because disco doesn't have the spiritual potential of reggae."

Pic: Adrian Boot



Bunny Wailer

I Threes

Bunny Wailer solo — UK labels

(All self-productions except where otherwise stated)
 1976 Island WIP-6347 'Dream Land'/'Dream Land Dub'
 1977 BUNNY-1 'Amagideon (Armagedon)'/'Blackheart Man'
 1978 Island IPR-2015 'Love Fire'/'Loves Version' 1978 Island IPR-2025 'Roots, Radios, Rockers And Reggae'/'Fig Tree', 'Amagideon'
 1981 Solomonic 'Cool Runnings'/'Version'
 1981 Solomonic (SM-001) 'Riding'/'Version'
 1981 Island WIP-6685 'Dancing Shoes'/'Walk The Proud Land'

Bunny Wailer solo — US label

1976 Island IS-062 'Follow Fashion Monkey'/'Instrumental'

Bunny Wailer solo Solomonic productions — JA issue

1976 'Rasta Man'/'Dreamland'
 1976 'Rasta Man'/'(Istan: 'Vision Land')'
 1976 'Battering Down Sentence'/'Wailers: 'Version'
 1979 'Bright Soul'/'Falling Angel'
 1979 'Free Jah Children'/'(Solomonic Stars: 'Dubwise')'
 1979 'Rock In Time'/'Rock'
 1979 'Let Him Go'/'Version'
 1979 'Power Struggle'/'Version'
 1980 'Gamblings'/'Version'
 1980 'Togswar Game'/'Crucial'
 1980 'Innocent Blood'/'Version'
 1980 'Cease Fire'/'Version'
 1981 'Unity'/'Version'
 1981 'Cool Runnings'/'Version'

Assorted miscellaneous Solomonic productions

1972 Wailers: 'Bide Up'/'No Love'
 1973 Wailers: 'Pass It On'/'Trod On' (prod: Tuff Gong)
 1976 Wailers: 'Arab Oil Weapon'/'Version'
 1977 Star: 'Solidarity'/'Anti-Apartheid'
 1979 Dean Fraser: 'Solomonic Serenade'/'(B Wailer: 'Version')

Bunny Wailer solo LPs — UK labels

1976 Island ILPS 9415 'Blackheart Man'
 1977 Island ILPS 9512 'Protest'
 1981 Island ILPS 9629 'Sings The Wailers'

LPs UA labels

1980 Struggle (Solomonic)
 1981 In I Father's House (Solomonic)

Pic: Jean Bernard Schiez



I Threes recordings — JA labels

Wail N Soul 'Medley'/'Version Medley'
 Tuff Gong 'Many Are Called'/'Chosen'
 Rita Marley solo — UK labels
 1966 Rio R-108 'Pied Piper'/'It's Alright' (prod: Studio 1)
 1966 Rio R-118 (The Soul Brothers: 'Crawfish')/'You Lied' (prod: Studio 1)
 1967 Island WI-3052 (Soul Boys: 'Blood Pressure')/'Come To Me' (prod: Studio 1)
 Attack ATT-8044 The Soulettes: 'This World'/'Same Thing'

Rita Marley — JA issue

Tuff Gong Rita and the Soulettes: 'I've Been Lonely'/'Version'
 London Rita Marley and Erniz Smith: 'Put Your Hand In The Hand' (prod: Richard Khouri)
 1976 Tuff Gong 'Man To Man'/'Version'
 1978 Tuff Gong 'Thank You Lord'/'Version'
 1979 Tuff Gong 'That's The Way (Jah Planned It)'/'Jah Plan'

Judy Mowatt solo — UK labels

Gayfeet GS-207 'Emergency Call'/'Version' (prod: Sonia Pottinger)
 1976 EMI-2489 'Pour Sugar On Me'/'What An Experience' (prod: Bob Marley and Alan Cole)
 1976 Grove Music GM-8 'Black Woman'/'(Joy Tulloch: 'Black Beauty')' (prod: Geoffrey Chung/Judy Mowatt)
 1981 Island IPR-2041 'My My People'/'Black Woman'

Judy Mowatt — JA labels

1976 Tuff Gong 'We've Got To Leave The West'/'Leave The West'
 1978 Ashandan 'Slave Queen'/'Slave Woman Version' (prod: Asher Mowatt; arr: F McGregor)
 1979 Ashandan Light Of Love: 'Warning'/'Brigadier Jerry: 'Warn Dem' (prod: J Mowatt; arr: F McGregor)
 1980 Ashandan 'You're My People'/'Peoples Version' (prod: J Mowatt, arr: J Mowatt & T Downie)

I Threes LPs — UK labels

Judy Mowatt — Black Woman (Grave Music)

Rita Marley solo — UK labels
 1980 Trident 'Who Feels It Knows It'

Bunny Wailer

Following the breakup of the original trio little was heard of Bunny Livingstone for close on two years, when he began his current phase as Jamaican itel farmer cum recording artist. After a masterly first solo album, 'Blackheart Man', and an abortive stab at the disco market with 'Protest' he hasn't much bothered to seek overseas releases for his work and has settled into a creative cycle that seems to get more rather than less prolific as time runs on. Certainly in the last two years much of the best in reggae music has been found on his Solomonic label in his subtle and stately rhythms and languorous melodies.

"Anytime you can't laugh you're foolish, tension get you mash."
 Bob Marley, November 1979

"The greatest thing them (the church) can say is about death — them say you die and go to heaven after all this sufferation. To go through all sufferation for that! 'S like after me sick me go to the doctor. No, the greatest thing is life . . ."
 Bob Marley, July 1975

"Skank is the freedom of the self. Whatever you feel like doing, you just do it. You don't have any special thing, any special routines to do; you just free yourself. You express your dancing how you feel it."
 Bunny Wailer, May 1973

"Babylon no wan' peace man, Babylon want power."
 Bob Marley, April 1977

"The thing is you can't say 'the spirit' — I can only see what I see in front of me, y'unnerstan'? So this is reality and the time is short, 'cause you never can tell, a new breeze can blow."
 Bob Marley, November 1979

"Is God who shelter the spirit, 'cause there only one God which is the spirit. So it's not different, different spirit! It's one spirit, but different, different man."
 Bob Marley, November 1979

"Reggae does deal in love songs, but it comes from Jamaica, and the depression in Jamaica is very, very great. So a man tells what's happening to him, how he feels, the whole thing. The things that matter. If people would start expressing those t'ing in the old songs, then we would all be living a love song instead of singing a love song. But people sings love songs when they aren't in love."
 Bunny Wailer, October 1976

"Herb 'ave fe free in a Jamaica man, 'cause me know say ninety nine and three quarter per cent of Jamaica smoke herb. And the quarter wha' no blood claat smoke it, them drink the tea."
 Peter Tosh, September 1979

"I'm a man that expects the unexpected. There's nothing that surprises me, because I learn and I know that the earth is my father and the fullness thereof. That means that everything that you see on earth, material, prematerial or immaterial is my father's . . ."
 Peter Tosh, October 1978

"It is no great pleasure to sing 'bout suffering because me no feel like people should really suffer, and it is not a great thing to sing about suffering, but y'have to sing about it because it a go on."
 Bob Marley, February 1978

"Me listen to almost everyone but me no remember names. Me love Stevie Wonder, Curtis Mayfield, Marvin Gaye . . ."
 Bob Marley, March 1978

"Any man tell you. You ask anyone 'pon street who know me from long time: 'You know Bob?' 'Long, long time.' 'Do you see any changes?' 'He stay same all the while, never having nothing a change. He's just one man, you know, with the knowledge fe do things and accept the truth.'"
 Bob Marley, March 1978

"You change if change from Babylon to Rasta, but you can't change from Rasta to anything. When the truth awaken in you, you can't do anything but accept the truth."
 Bob Marley, March 1978



Aston Family Man Barrett

Aston 'Family Man' Barrett recordings — UK labels

1969 Escort ES-817 (Errol Wallace: 'Bandit')/Aston Borrot: 'Family Man Mood' (prod: Beverleys)
 1970 Duke DU-93 (Carl Dawkins: 'Get Together')/Family Man: 'Installment Plan'
 Trojan 'Deep River'/'Snake Under Grass'
 Trojan 'You Can Do It Too'/'Instrumental'
 1972 Downtown DT-491 Family Man: 'Herb Tree'/'(Studio Sound: 'Holy Holy' (prod: Shady Tree)
 Aston 'Family Man' Barrett productions — JA labels
 Corporate Sound Family Man All Stars: 'Traitor'
 Fams Wailers: 'Dub Feeling'/'Trouble Dub'
 Fams Family Man & Knotty Roots: 'Distant Drums'/'Version'
 Fams The Wailers: 'Eastern Memphis'/'Family Man and the Rebel Arms: 'Rebel Am I'

Tuff Gong Releases

Miscellaneous — UK label

1972 Punch PH-114 Tuff Gong Allstars: 'You Should Have Known Better'/'Known Better' (prod: Beverleys)
 Miscellaneous Tuff Gong productions — JA labels
 1978 Tuff Gong Iple & Food, Clothes & Shelter: 'Marning Sun'/'Food, Clothes & Shelter: 'Version'
 1979 Tuff Gong Melody Maker: 'Children Playing In The Streets'/'Dubbing In The Streets'
 1979 56 Hope Road Richie McDonald: 'Broad Road'/'Roots Rock Band: 'Broad Dub' (prod: Earl Lindo & Sangie Davis)
 1979 56 Hope Road Michael Garrick: 'Saturday Nite'/'Mid-Nite Dub'
 1979 56 Hope Road Iya Creeks: 'Dance From Yuh Yard'/'Yard Style'
 1980 56 Hope Road Pap Michigan & General Smiley: 'One Love Jam Down'/'Dub Down' (arr: Jahnet Enright)
 1980 56 Hope Road Nadine Sutherland: 'Starvation'/'Tuff Gong All Stars' 'hungry Dub' (arr & prod: A "Sangie" Davis)
 1980 56 Hope Road Freddie McGregor: 'Joggin'

After Marley's breakthrough to international stardom he bought 56 Hope Road, formerly Island Records HQ, and established operations there, with a revived Tuff Gong label and later on a studio.





George Harrison
the new album
"Somewhere in England"
includes the hit single
"All Those Years Ago"
K56870. also available on cassette



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A computer date with a showroom dummy

And we'll fahr'n, fahr'n, fahr'n auf der Autobahn — until big daddy takes our Volkswagen away. Chris Bohn and Anton Corbijn do the Spanish hustle with Kraftwerk

PART 1

"Art is not a 'profession'. There is no essential difference between the artist and the craftsman. The artist is an exalted craftsman. In rare moments of inspiration, moments beyond the control of his will, the grace of Heaven may cause his work to blossom into art. But proficiency to his craft is essential to every artist. Therein lies a source of creative imagination."

(From the first proclamation of the Weimar Bauhaus, 1919).

SPAIN MIGHT currently be in turmoil, what with its armed forces' flexing of musclebound strength posing a threat to its still unsettled democracy, but there are no ripples of unrest to disturb the afternoon siesta of a dozing Barcelona. Only the foolhardy tourists who flood the city every summer brave the unrelenting heat and dust of the streets.

Many of them are from Britain and Germany, and it's easy to see what attracts them: the city's proximity to the sea, its odd, indigenous architecture and, of course, a good exchange rate. For the Germans its location also fulfills a romantic northern longing for the warmth and promise of the south and the Mediterranean.

Kraftwerk, too, feel the urge. Their main motivating force Ralf Hutter wandered through Spain a decade ago — so he reveals later to a Spanish record company executive from the back of a taxi careering through the night — but he was put off by the hippies clogging islands and resorts like Ibiza. Besides, he doesn't enjoy the tourist role, preferring instead a more constructive purpose for travelling, like work.

Consequently Kraftwerk's European tour satisfies both their wanderlust and their need for communication/feedback. Despite their modernity, a fear of flying means they are driving themselves across the continent — so far down from Dusseldorf through Bavaria and the Alps to Italy, across to the South of France and down again, through the Pyrenees, to Barcelona. From city to city, concert to concert, disco to disco.

Yet there's none of the whining rock "road goes on forever" aura about their tour. It's more a dignified, inquisitive jaunt across countries, its moods, pleasures and languors so beautifully evoked already by their seven year old hit 'Autobahn'. That great, compellingly endless tune was Kraftwerk's stunning entrance into a gleaming chromium world. They had made earlier records that fiddled about with more extreme noises which they later smoothed out into sweet melodies, like the 'Pineapple Symphony'.

'Autobahn' was, however, the first real stirring of their innovative pop sensibility — a witty synthetic delight concocted from mock traffic noises and a wide, open-spaced tune, motored by then intriguing new electronic percussion and a mechanical rhythm. It suggested a harmony between the aggressive, awe-inspiring Autobahn network criss-crossing Germany and the lush landscapes it traverses. And ever since Kraftwerk have reconciled the spirit of mother nature with modern technology, recognising that real progress must embrace them both.

Acknowledging the futility of simply retreating to the country, they have instead achieved an immense understanding of computers and machines, which they have placed at their service. There isn't a dumb worship of inanimate objects but a sensible relationship with them; they don't make an idiotic cult of speed and modernity, as did the Italian Futurists. They have too much respect for the accomplishments of the past for that, be they those of the Bauhaus or the architects behind Vienna or Versailles.

Take a 'Trans Europe Express' trip with Kraftwerk and see how they recall the grandeur and decay of old Europe through fabulous futuristic noises. Go to work with 'The Man Machine' and discover a proper working relationship between man and his urban environment, perhaps recognising for the first time the splendid brittle beauties of new cities and industrial scenery. Tune in to 'Radioactivity' and learn just how romantic Kraftwerk can get, how well they drain conceivably maudlin melodies of sentimentality, thus adjusting the spirit of the old to the new.

Go see Kraftwerk in concert and marvel at the reconstructed working environment of their studio — all of which accompanies them on this tour — and at the videos projected onto screens behind each member that so wonderfully illustrate what they're doing. And, finally, puzzle over and absorb Kraftwerk's extraordinary harnessing of so much technology to create a complete

word-sound-vision entertainment that is as simple as it is spectacular, as provocative as it is plain, as comical as it is earnest and — most importantly — as spiritual as it is temporal.

Predictably in their rush to ride a fashion too many of the new electronic poppers have been too busy to burrow beneath Kraftwerk's surface sheen. And in their search for a comfortable niche they've even got that much wrong. Robotic gestures are just the final topping for Kraftwerk, not a *raison d'être*, and similarly their descriptive postcard views are the culmination of penetrating analysis and thought. Kraftwerk's finished work is simple, stylish and on the button — that of the Futurists is faddish, foppish and simple-minded.

FROM-CITY-to-concert-to-disco. The grandeur of old Barcelona is as near to a perfect — i.e. contradictory — setting as you can get for Kraftwerk.

They're staying in an imposingly haughty regency hotel that at first appears at odds with their austere monochromatic image. Offstage, Florian Schneider (the other half of Kraftwerk's production team) fits, dressed as he is in a neutral coloured windcheater with a little knapsack on his back for his wanderings. For reasons of privacy they have requested that Anton Corbijn and me should stay in a different hotel — fair enough — but they are unfailingly polite and friendly when we meet.

Kraftwerk like to observe the formalities, sensibly concealing their real personalities from public scrutiny. However the impassive gaze of their showroom dummy stage selves — pitched somewhere between Buster Keaton and William Burroughs — becomes animated in conversation. Rumour has it that Wolfgang Flür and Karl Bartos — the glamorous rhythm half of Kraftwerk — can't speak English, if they can speak at all, and this, too, turns out to be a fallacy. A brief meeting with the group before they rush off to a soundcheck is resumed in the dressing room after the concert. The reaction had been good, thus they're more relaxed and communicative.

Bearing in mind the flourishing of electronic pop in Britain, Karl is eager to know how well they might be received on their visit. No competition I assure him. Magazine have split up, Simple Minds are inactive, Heaven 17 hidden away up North, Numan retired, and the rest are but poor, directionless imitations of Kraftwerk.

But most forward of the Kraftwerk entourage is long-time offstage collaborator Emil Schult, whose long curly blond hair pulled back into a pony tail, tanned bronze features and tight black satin pants make him an unlikely component. After passing a few good natured comments about my dress sense, he launches into a tirade against cities. "Cities are dirty, filthy places," he observes. "Five days in Barcelona are like five years off my life. Are there any back-to-the-country movements in England?"

No, they were discredited by hippy failures. At the moment there is nothing to match the



A dummy run for Ralf.

strength of the European ecological movements that are willing to battle against police and paramilitary riot officers to prevent nuclear power stations appearing on their doorsteps. Or the strong eco-party lobbies — like Germany's Green Party — that win votes and respect from the mainstream.

He smiles knowingly and then continues: "It's a much better life in the country. It's good that there is a new consciousness in songs like that one from Talking Heads about breathing good air. In some ways that is what Kraftwerk are about, too."

This is the man who co-writes Kraftwerk songs and works on their graphics. He spends eight months a year on an island in the Bahamas where he is building a one roomed house, and he's critical that the natives have been corrupted by Western ways.

"Once they were strong and healthy, now they eat too much sweets and sugar, so they have become fat and soft. But you can't tell them it's bad," he despairs.

Schult fits into the Kraftwerk operation along with the computer technicians and mathematicians. There is a multi-faceted, all embracing corporation that preaches through its practices. Its ideals come close to that of Das Bauhaus, the '20s school of thought with whom they share a great affinity.

"I see us as the musical Bauhaus," concurs Ralf Hutter. "In their time they could work in theatre, architecture, photography and short films but they did not really have the technology to apply their ideas to music; we now have it. We see ourselves as studio technicians or musical workers — not as musical artists."

But it's not all work. Wolfgang and Ralf are habitual disco-goers, so after the concert, while Florian and Karl go looking for something to eat, the dancing duo visit Barcelona's Studio 54. They look great, twitching like animated versions of the figures they bring onstage during 'Showroom Dummies' among the bizarre mix of half-naked go-go dancers, Travoltas and tourists looking for a good time. They're totally engrossed in their own movements, seemingly oblivious to all around them. Yet,

as with all the environments they choose, they become very much part of it. So much so that I'm surprised Ralf Hutter is up in time — I'm surprised I'm up in time — for the scheduled interview only a few hours after we leave the disco for bed.

He betrays no signs of tiredness from the previous night or exhaustion from the tour. In close up his youthful looks are belied by the streaks of grey in his hair. He is composed, yet good humoured, his soft voice willing to answer any questions, his English vocabulary seldom failing him. What's more his confidence in what he's doing means there is none of the self-conscious stuttering that many English groups lapse into when they discuss their work.

PART II

"Whose details and history are in the government computers — the security force alone has records of more than two million citizens — a person affected has no means of discovering, any more than they can check the combinations possible with this information and that from other computers... To produce a complete 'inventory' of the population there is at present being developed in the Federal Republic an information system and registration law which recalls the frightening visions of Orwell's 1984: There is a plan for what are known as personal numbers."

(Sebastian Coblér: *Law, Order And Politics In West Germany*)

BOHN: when I saw the titles of your new records were to be 'Computer World' and 'Pocket Calculator' my first impressions were that Kraftwerk had slipped into self-parody.

RALF HUTTER: Why did you think self-parody?

The pursuit of new age themes from showroom dummies, through robots to computers...

CONTINUES ▸

Well, I think that for us it was the only thing we could do at that moment because we had spent three years breaking up our studio and re-building it with computers. Just by looking around us — around our studio and outside — it made us see that we were surrounded by computers, that our whole society is computerised. And as we were working on the connection between numbers and notes, computers seemed the closest subject for us to do. It was not intended in a parodic way. To us it seemed like the next step, from robots / physical automation to programming of thoughts / mental automation — the programming of thoughts within Kraftwerk and within society.

Within Kraftwerk because everybody is programmed sociologically. And by working over the years with reproductions on machines, tapes, photos and videos we found out so much about our own programming of a long time ago, a time when we were not aware of ourselves being programmed — in education, by parents, or those other things. The combination of studying computers and building them in the studio was almost a cleansing process of previous programming?

Yes, processing is the word to describe the thing. Everything in our studio is now inter-connected through the computers, so we had to re-think the whole system and programme ourselves into that. Now everything is automatic, but we can always interfere as we have access to the programming. It means that we can now play anything and that completely changes our relationship with physical music. You can no longer say "that's good music, but we need three more trumpets", because if we want sounds we obviously just make the sounds ourselves. It's going to create new tensions and possibilities for us.

Does that frighten or excite you?

We are, uh, nervous, but we are also fatalistic.

Why fatalistic?

Because we are German and there is a fatalistic German quality of going all the way. There is never a question of maybe using a little computer here and plugging it into the synthesizer there and keeping the rest of the group as it was before. We close the door for three years and don't open it. We try to do it all the way, imposing the process as a discipline on ourselves, really taking it all the way and then going out of the room to see where that takes us. I think that is very Germanic.

Broadening the subject slightly, the title track 'Computer World' hints at international conspiracy in its lines 'Interpol and Deutsche Bank FBI and Scotland Yard'.

Well, now that it has been penetrated by micro-electronics our whole society is computerised, and each one of us is stored into some point of information by some company and organisation, all stored by numbers. When you get into Germany at a border, they place your passport into a machine connected to the Bundeskriminalamt in Wiesbaden so they can check whether you can enter or leave, for various reasons other than whether your passport is correct. It goes much further than that. There's a whole philosophy of, ac—it's our 1981.

But the willingness of the people to accept something like the Wiesbaden police computer complex seems to indicate that a majority of the German people wants order. Or at least a regulated lifestyle.

If you are insecure about basic instincts of yourself then you have to look and maybe listen to outside impulses to tell you what to do. Which is not exactly what we are about, but certainly what a lot of Germany is about, and by living there, working there, we can't dissociate ourselves from it completely. We have certainly discovered that those things are part of our programming. And working with computers all the time you become very much aware of how the control thing works and could be done — especially in Germany, where computerisation of control organisations is very big. There are stores and societies which control your financial situation so the whole computerization gets more like a 1984 vision. Our idea is to take computers out of context of those control functions and use them creatively in an area where people do not expect to find them. Like using pocket calculators to make music for instance. Nobody knew you could do that.

We always try to do things to break the normal order — and knowing it as well from Germany we know how to break it. ... possibly. (A slight smile)

It's about time technology was used in resistance, it shouldn't be shunned, reviled or glorified.

Yes. We're creating a softer attitude, going much more into the human behaviour of those type of things. What we always try to do is to plug ourselves in and steal a little away from those companies, using guerrilla tactics to steal from the rich conglomerates. ... like we got this mathematician into doing something he wouldn't normally do — help make music. ...

him by computer, avoiding then the post-offices telephone monopoly on communications.

IT'S IRONIC that Kraftwerk have a reputation for being so distinctly German — in dress, observation of formalities, eating cakes in cafes — when you obviously don't like some aspects of modern Germany.

Ja, that's the war; we have to go through this whole process because in England, or in America, you have a living culture, but in Germany we don't have that. In the war Germany was finished, everything wiped out physically and also mentally. We were nowhere. The only people we could relate to was we had to go back 50 years into the '20s. On the other hand, we were brought up in the British sector and that's nothing we could relate to. There's no living musical thing other than the 50 years old musical thing or semi-academic electronic music, meaning psychologically we had to get ourselves going. And that has only been possible with our generation.

You can see the generation before ours that is ten years older and they could not do it. The only thing they could do was get fat and drink. There was so much accumulated guilt that it physically took another generation to be productive, to be willing to say, "Okay, I'm doing a song called 'TransEuropeExpress'" or something. That's why we don't have any contact with people older than us. It's just impossible — it's a real break. But now with our generation it has begun again, with the films of Fassbinder, Herzog and Wenders or the writing of Peter Handke for instance. Our music was used in the last section of Alexanderplatz (the famous '20s Berlin novel of Alfred Döblin, recently subjected to a controversial TV serialisation by Fassbinder).

is the only thing they would think about doing. The people involved were brought up in Nazi ideology, they always see things in terms of punishment, guilt, restrictions, everybody in a role. And they can never find out what they are like and they can't go that far back into the programming process to change their modules of behaviour.

The guy responsible for Wiesbaden is retired now but he probably imposes the same system of order in his house — it's so much part of his system.

Your generation had two choices — identify with the foreign cultures of occupying powers or go back to the '20s?

I think we are very anti-American in a way because we were feeling so much how they came to Germany with Coca Cola and chewing gum. As children we at first thought it was great, you know, big uncle coming down the street with Coca Cola. I can still remember when I was very young how they came through the streets on tanks giving it out. We took it at the time but over the years you more and more doubt what's happening and where you stand. It has nothing to do with nationalistic feelings, it's more a cultural thing — it has to do with more spiritual feelings, continental feelings ...

Were you worried that your identification with Germany would be misinterpreted abroad?

No. For us it was more an identity thing. It was the process of finding out who we were. The whole thing of Kraftwerk going through those different LPs ... like 'Autobahn', everybody in Germany said that singing German lyrics was crazy. Can you imagine that 75 per cent of our radio programmes were in English. Naturally we don't want it all to be German, but such a high percentage? It is becoming better now — I'm really complaining about a few years ago.

Having talked to younger German groups, like

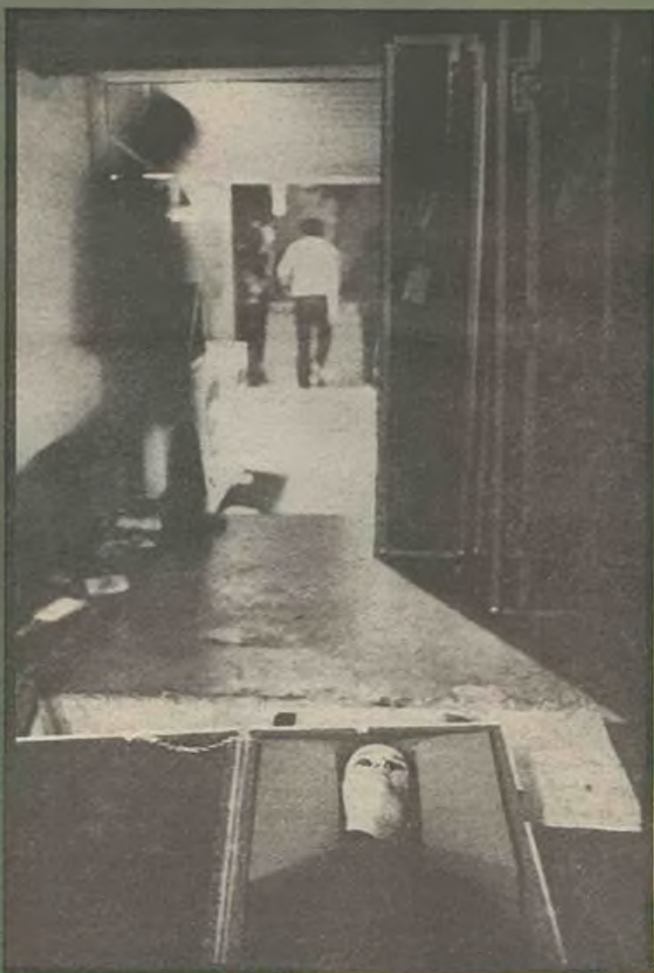
point and that again maybe has something to do with our so-called classical upbringing, where one of the highest goals is to play very complicated pieces. We would rather go for the meaning. If we wanted to play complicated things with our equipment it would be just a matter of pressing one or two more buttons. Besides, I never like practising because that is again part of the system of order — you put the notes in order. The system imposes itself on every aspect of human life, not just passports, but music, too. Music must be in order, too. This created some very strange feelings in myself at the time.

Our music is very primitive — the German word is *gerade aus* (straight ahead) and that is the best word for it. Simple means a little stupid, minimalist means reduced, but *gerade aus* means — you know where you are going and you try to get there as fast as possible. We once called our music *industrielle Volksmusik*. I think that's what we stand for. We're very much involved with environment. Düsseldorf is called 'The Office of The Ruhr' (the heavy industrial belt of Germany) — it is all glass and steel and concrete and blocks ...

In England many so-called Futurist groups took the Man Machine idea the wrong way, taking a simplistic view of extolling machinery when they should have just used it.

'The Man Machine' is more like establishing a balance between man and the machine, more a friendship, otherwise we would have called the album 'Machine'. Also, in the '70s everybody was calling their albums something like 'Man', everybody simplistically talked so much about human qualities — "I love you baby, forever" for example. But we wanted to talk about the relationship between man and machines and the Russian context of *Rabotnik*, meaning

Far left: dawn breaks and a Kraftwerker realises his job is at stake. Left: the real or synthetic Ralf? Right: Florian, Ralf, Karl and Wolfgang at Butlin's, Barcelona. "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here." Main colour photo: Florian prepares for take-off.



Far left: dawn breaks and a Kraftwerker realises his job is at stake. Left: the real or synthetic Ralf? Right: Florian, Ralf, Karl and Wolfgang at Butlin's, Barcelona. "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here." Main colour photo: Florian prepares for take-off.



There was about 20 minutes of visions and horror sequences with our music.

(A suitable link between generations). How about relations with your parents?

It's difficult, but they are several years older, even pre-Nazi ... We certainly represent the generation with no fathers. We have nobody to listen to, no old wise men or anything. We have to impose every question on ourselves and try to find the correct answer. That was completely alone was very hard to accept at first, but after a few years we find that it is also in some ways encouraging because it gives you possibilities of doing new things. In England we're partly encumbered by useless, decaying traditions that are nevertheless difficult to cast off ...

I think so, but that will crumble away ... Getting back to your generation, weren't the RAF/Bader Meinhof Gang cited as reasons for the increased surveillance that resulted in the Wiesbaden centre?

Maybe, but the people who created Wiesbaden are just putting their minds on the table. I mean, they have that in their heads for a long time, so if it were the Bader Meinhof gang or the weather that gave them the excuse they would have done it because that

D.A.F. and Der Plan, I'm always impressed by their sense of purpose and their self-conscious willingness to talk about their music — an area which English groups often hedge around.

Well, it's so hard in Germany to be productive that you have to discipline yourself very much and put yourself through a lot of effort to get anywhere. When we first started it was impossible to find anywhere to play. We built our own equipment, telephoned and arranged everything ourselves ... it was just little guerrilla tactics in order to get anywhere. And once you have decided to do it, then you have adopted it as a lifestyle. But finally it has broken here and there is much activity in Germany now. It is no longer the case of people completely denying their identity and having to sing in English.

THE INTELLECTUAL process that has obviously gone into the construction of your LPs manifests itself in a simple pop form. Do you think it's getting so simple that people are missing the point?

No. We consider our music minimalist so a

worker. We always thought of ourselves as workers in sound, as studio or musical workers, not musicians or musical artists. But as musical workers, going into the studio to work. And the whole thing was to develop that. We had so many problems in the '70s because nobody was attuned to it. Coming back from last night's concert your collaborator Emil Schult spoke of back to the land movements and a healthier, more natural lifestyle. He said that Kraftwerk in a way represented this.

That has to do with the second electronic revolution. We went through the mechanical side three years ago and now it's the electronic data and processing — we are getting more into software and organisms, how organisms come about. There's a tendency to read bio-rhythms within the group of people who live in our home. For us there is no longer a difference between all those things — they've all been part of the programming process. One time we called our Kling Klang studio the Electronic Garden — we have bridged the gap between music and technology.

Kraftwerk's relationship to computers and the like is more ambivalent, then?

Ambivalence is right — we're not glorifying anything. It's more like by living in West Germany you can see how society can be manoeuvred with these electronic computers. What we are trying to do is firstly make that transparent and then maybe try to expose how you can do other things, because computers are like blank tapes; you can cover them with bits or change their direction even though they, too, can change — they did change — our attitudes towards music ... It's really hard to express this in words because 'Computer World' is still so close that I haven't really reflected upon everything in it.

DON'T YOU get the urge to make more of this in your lyrics, which are mainly plainly descriptive?

We always try to plant lyrics like clues, use them as codes because otherwise lyrics tend to catch you intellectually and only that. That would disturb our Ganzheit (wholeness) principle. Also, it's part of our Germanic thing. The little symphonic thing, where words are

there, but voices aren't mixed very high. Our main thing was mainly sound and the words just slipped into our music. The music was more extreme once, a system of contrasts and opposites: loud/quiet, soft/hard, melodic/cacophonous. It's become more unified, easier on the ear.

Yes, but we have gone more radical, synthetic. Everything we do now is completely produced by computerizing the whole thing. Even the rhythms are horizontally and vertically organised. The Kraftwerk personnel seem strongly integrated into the Kraftwerk persona. Is there a difference between your stage and private personas?

Our personal life is our stage life, sometimes we get confused and sometimes I got mixed up. It's just a level of awareness, a feeling for the moment. There is really nothing else we do apart from Kraftwerk and related things. We have no other choices than going totally into that thing.

It's strange that you haunt the discos, enjoying the physical activity of dancing, perhaps?

Yes (with a sly grin) but we are dancing very mechanically. To us it's all part of ... we are

should write some more songs about it. Like 'Showroom Dummies', which says "it's two o'clock, we start to dance, we are showroom dummies" coming to life. We are also living in the streets, in the cities, everywhere. We can't separate this life from that. It's all one life and at the end we are dead. (Chuckles). Do you see Kraftwerk as a comedy of manners?

That's behaviour? Certainly there's some degree of black humour. We are mostly wearing black! There's a certain tradition of humour where we live, that has become part of us. There seems to be a gleeful happiness about you during the performance of 'Pocket Calculator' when you all leave your keyboards to perform a dance routine at the front of the stage.

Yes, because mostly we are physically bound to elaborate equipment. Florian bought a (musical) pocket calculator last Christmas in the department store, brought it to the studio where we started playing around with it. It was a new thing for us. It was a minimalist liberation for us. I think that mini electronics are very interesting. Being so interested in video and automated beings, why have you taken to the road

yourselves instead of sending out visual/mechanical aids as stand-ins?

We did that before, a couple of years ago. In New York we played a press show with dummies. And one time in Paris to launch 'The Man Machine'. What we wanted to do this time was put ourselves through the whole new situation of going out with our entire studio, because we had been locked in for three years to make this new album and concept, for the first time we would be able to go out, make some little excursions, walk around and come back the other way. It's a really agonising thing because we don't know how it'll turn out. It will reflect in our music because we always draw our ideas from the work we do, putting our music and machinery through this whole process.

Do you take a fatalistic interest in things at the point of crisis, when things are in the balance?

(After a long pause) Maybe, because that's the point where changes come about and maybe, subconsciously at least, we are very easily bored by a stable situation. Electronic music is a very liquid situation, not like rock and roll, which is a very stable format. We're not in a box like that, we're not afraid, we're attracted by certain things to motion

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IS THIS MAN TOO TALENTED TO LIVE?

Josef K Bill Nelson A Flock Of Seagulls

Heaven

I CHANGED my typewriter for a harp, swapped my hat for a halo and there to meet me was a pious flock of... Seagulls!!??

What a disappointment! Heaven is the sort of venue rock has wanted for ages, but the Seagulls are the sort of scavengers it's been wanting to get rid of for even longer. They are an identikit new-age line-up: hackneyed austerly posing as hip coolness — three cute blondes (bass, guitar/vocals and keyboards) and the obligatory bald person on drums. They sound like Ultravox before John Foxx left them, the beast of three-year-old post-Pistols formalism. Their dourly machinated essays of gloom provide the missing link between Joy Division and XTC.

The 'gulls and the man who supports them, Bill Nelson, are the low spots of the evening. Away from the cavernous auditorium — like a sewer pipe lined with stones — you can eat, drink,

dance, chat or play games. It's where you can enjoy a *proper night out*, unlike most venues, where you get locked in a cellar and are expected to be grateful. And then people wonder why there's violence at rock gigs!

Unadmirable Nelson comes on with his guitar, greasy hair and balloon loons looking like Tony Hadley's grandfather. If there's one thing worse than premature nostalgia it's premature cult nostalgia. Bill Nelson, lying somewhere between Robert Fripp and Richard Strange in the ancestral heritage of the new progressives, survives because of it and by basing his music on it, using a whole host of archaic contrivances on the pretext that he's going to produce something original and invigorating.

The set comes in three sections — the clean, bright hard pop of his early solo career, the musical shape and form remoulding between guitar and backing tape, and the cold driving musical fusions of his new material. Nelson plays with a hi-powered, knucklebound sound to salvage very flat arrangements. From Red Noise to Dead Noise his sturdy structures merge into metal girded rhythms, but

nothing can cure Nelson's pre-senile dementia filled with precociousness and self obsession. He played all the popular rock standards like 'bad sound', 'malfunctioning microphones', 'apologies', 'five minute pauses for tuning up' and 'plug the product'.

A talented but over-rated guitarist, Nelson is an academic rock rearranger, not necessarily a bad thing if backed by strategic precision. His work is, however, all technique and no planning. Like a science faculty student performing already proven experiments, his music merely informs the listener of a wealth of data spewed up during the '70s.

Compared to Bill Nelson the Josef K rampage is upful, joyous individualism. Their music is the only live entertainment of the evening that says: Look there's real throbbing human life behind the making of this — even if (human fallibility being what it is), they don't always succeed.

By the time Josef K come onstage the hall resembles a Devon farmyard after a five day scrumpy binge. Understandably agitated after their van broke down and their drummer was arrested on the journey down from Scotland, very little of their

patience and flow are left when their energetic performance fails to receive the necessary audience feedback.

To be accurate Josef K are a racy transient rush, to be reasonable they leave you with one of the most frantic hat-up, homegrown charges presently available. They are a serene and barbed counter-part to the meshed blazing attack of Fire Engines. They reminded me of A Certain Ratio without the tedium, the graphics, or the stultifying conceits.

Josef K songs are like short, funny, spur of the moment letters. Rat and Solo, two friends of mine, write letters the way JK write songs. With a roughly structured sense of sanity, clutter and a little childishness their sound is nervy and twitching, shaken up and shaped by tentative observation and declaration. Their strength lies in never being able to stand still and feel satisfied with themselves or their surrounds.

In its own way Josef K's 30 minute set speaks volumes about the times we live in. Like the author who created the character from which they took their name, their songs have a funny self-deprecating undertow — crazy laughing, sorrowful laughing, falling

Fundamental Frolics

Victoria Apollo

LIKE *The Secret Policeman's Ball*, for Amnesty International, *Fundamental Frolics* was another one of those gala charity extravaganza thingies, this time in aid of Mencap, the organisation which helps the mentally handicapped ('fund-a-mental', geddit? Don't worry if you don't). Elvis Costello and Ian Dury were the main attractions, together with the *Not The Nine O'Clock News* team who supplied wacky interludes to the entire proceedings. The show was also filmed and recorded.

The Apollo being right opposite the 'New Boots and Panties' cover shop, it was fitting enough that Mr Dury opened the evening, and with 'Clever Trevor' at that. Sadly though, he didn't have the Blockheads — just The competent, anonymous house-band who served throughout the night. Second up was an unfamiliar number, 'Spasticus Autisticus' — Dury at his most explicit, on a topic obviously close to his heart; utterly unlikely for the subject of a raw rock'n'roll song, but effective none the less. Sadder still, those two things were all he did. It was a fast-moving show.

The rotund Alexei Sayle came next, first of the 'alternative comedians' whose appearances were scattered around the occasion, in tandem with the *NTNOM* lot. Sayle ('I'm an experimental comic, and bits of me aren't finished yet') scored with a variety of routines — like the impression of St Winefred's School Choir impersonating George Formby singing a song by Mussolini ('Oh, I'm hangin' from a lamp-post at the corner of the street...') and his celebrated 'Allo John, got a new motor?' sketch.

Better on the night, though, were 20th Century Coyote, aka The Dangerous Brothers, with a cruel satire of *Time Out* culture and a very long joke I couldn't even begin to explain. Third of the new

and laughing. Surrounded by guitars clenched tight against stomachs the singer Paul Haig exudes sombre, smiling clownish serenity — Josef K are too lively and wise to depress themselves or the listener with souls full of doom or self pity.

I don't think they are as great as has been claimed, their music will never be as vital or lasting as James Brown, Otis Redding, Frank Sinatra or Dexys Midnight Runners. But it has its own criteria and validity — a peculiar pleasure. They should definitely sign for a major label so the masses can enjoy their 'of the minute for the minute' music alongside Kim Wilde and The Nolans, who are as much their peers as Fire Engines or The Sex Pistols.

Josef K would and could add interesting angles to the chart in the midst of an unfair amount of dowdiness. They are wistful, vague and anxious to have a good time. Like so many people these days, myself included, they aren't always sure how to get it. Naturally that's half the fun.

Gavin Martin

CONTINUES
OVER



Pic DAVID CORIO

Ornette Coleman

Apollo/Victoria

MIDSTAGE Ornette Coleman stands quite still to play but you can tell he's dancing in his head. His presence, despite a snazzy suit, is unassuming; but his music confronts you like a storm, fast of thought and thick with passion.

It's 25 years since he was thrown off bandstands for blowing outrageous alto sax; a little less since, working with kindred spirits like Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, Ed Blackwell and Billy Higgins, he revolutionised ideas of musical improvisation and practically invented 'free' jazz.

The ignorant and the racist decried it as a noise. Some still do, but Coleman, a quiet Texan now in his early 50s, continues his startling innovations: his recent exposition of 'harmolody' has greatly influenced the punk-jazz of James 'Blood' Ulmer, a long-time associate. In fact, Coleman is a most accessible improviser, working always with simple phrases and melodies which he explores, on peak form, with a full-flowing ease.

Tonight, his first London gig for several years, is no different though he's a little harder to hear. Loud, loud, LOUD. With two drummers, two bassists and two guitarists (all strings electric) blowing at full tilt, the sound down front is a distorted blare. Someone even complains: "Maybe you should turn it down". Coleman considers. "Mmm. Maybe you should move further back." Whistles and cheers, but it's good advice. From the back you can hear clearly and you can move. This is funk music too, Mac — two drummers, just like James Brown — and this gig should've been at Hammersmith Palais. Stalls stall the action.

Coleman begins with a brief explanation of how his music is about "the simplicity and complexity of relationships" and the band blast off with an instant example of the latter before all the players (except drums) take a turn through a stately and enthralling procession of solos. Things are never so simple again. Towards the end, they hit another plane and Ornette flies over the seething, howling souls behind him. On the last tune — 'Theme From A Symphony' — he throws in a little trumpet and violin, the latter brilliantly leading the music into a kind of wild, reeling jig and back before closing on a sax riff of fairground exuberance.

A few people thought a second horn might have pushed Coleman farther out, beyond the slightest hint of familiar grooves, and the guitars, though rarely content to act as echoes or a rhythm machine, did tend to merely nudge when a good shove was needed. Three years ago after I saw Ornette Coleman at Bracknell, I walked around in a trance for a week. Tonight, due to the formality of the venue and the band not racing until late on, that didn't quite happen. But if anyone came harbouring doubts as to Ornette Coleman's genius, they surely went home convinced.

Graham Lock

CONTINUED

wave funnies was Chris Langham: obviously a chap to watch, or better still, to listen too... I pissed myself. (*New Musical Express*).

Other turns: Chas And Dave

wheeled out some more of their Oi-For-Pensioners. Neil Innes put on silly hats and did a few chirpy skits. Alan Price gave us serious stuff and 'Simon Smith'. Stephane Grappelli smiled and fiddled. Jon Anderson drove me round the bend.

Gang Of Four

Lyceum

WHAT WAS there to see? Gill the non-guilty guitarist gripped his Fender-shaped tomahawk and frowned so that people would think he was insane. He jerked and jammed and of course it was no joke. I wish I could have been a little closer to what was forcing him to play with those tight expressions and work with those flat gestures. Gill was staring very hard at the world and slashing at his sturdy instrument and there was no room for glee, see, but WILL seemed to be a little crucial. There was this to see — frown lines and Gill's will.

There was this to see: Jon's animal parody of a headless pike, the hysterical madcap flailing, bailing out, a swirlwind of long arms and liquorice legs that screamed with blue thunder *we will not yield!* and such was the force of the motion the effect of g was pulling his face apart and forcing his eyes out. The middle part of his body looked obscene. If he had bumped into Gill and his will bones would have been broken. Dave Allen wore a beret, and considering how mild he is looked tough enough. Hugo Burnham was hidden by some strange looking tubs, barrels and metal circles.

(I have always said that the only revolutionary power is the power of human creativity and have maintained — which perhaps produces a somewhat absurd impression — that the only revolutionary power is art).

The *Nine O'Clock* crew mastered ceremonies with assurance and success, more consistent than the patchy TV efforts. There were a couple of greatest hits, like Rowan Atkinson's schoolmaster routine and the sketch about Constable Savage, the

PETER HAMMILL



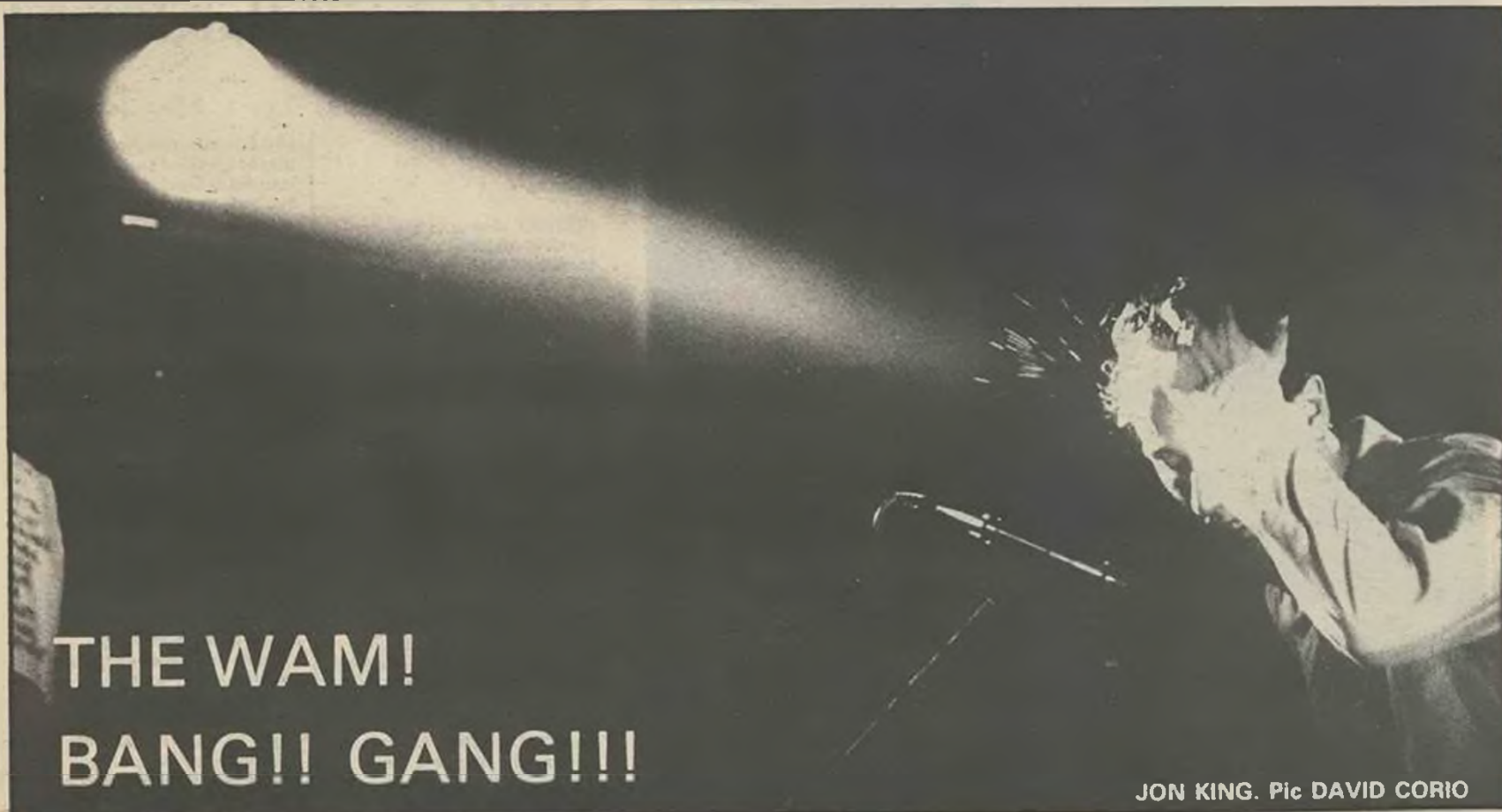
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THE WAM! BANG!! GANG!!!

JON KING. Pic DAVID CORIO

So the Gang of Fred and Frank and his two mates didn't look as rocked up and crooked over and drained as the last time I saw them. Pained at the present! Shocked at the past! Prepared for the future! They didn't look sluggish, which is something. They weren't saturated by a galaxy of coloured lights,

which is a bit more. The Gang were in control, if not in their element, as far as it goes. How far does it go? Let's think about it.

(When one is ready to strongly promote art and the concept of art, which also includes the concept of science and therefore total human creativity one comes

to the conclusion that the transformation of circumstances can only be carried out through human will).

Gang Of Four played for approximately 50 minutes: fine enough indeed. Their songs never went on longer than could be reasonably hoped for. Aurally as much as

visually everything has been stripped back: an attempt to reduce to conquer. The Gang have arbitrarily scraped away all the smooth surfaces, dragged spikes through this thing their sound, dropped in some spaces and perverted the pace: at times the noise noses close to the mythical calm-come-over-chaos the

Scottish groups and Alan Horne are very fond of. Most rock groups this far into their life haven't any life. Gang at least retain a curiosity, have returned to INTENSE LIVELINESS and have reverted to anti-tight erratic curve. They've resisted becoming a progressive rock BAND just like Echo. They've

come in off the post. Is it enough?

The songs — most of them unfamiliar which added that edge you probably know about — break, split, bend, scatter, with Gill spewing up the sound and Allen dropping in bass notes with a selectivity he learnt from listening to all that Free. Good and bad effects. A soulconscious is rearing its pretty little head: songs just waiting for the big and hearty BACKING VOCALS. It was chaotic — formal, maybe. A form of protest and provocation that isn't as strict and straight as legend was beginning to have it. There is a certain slicing action, a determination to challenge through change and impress through spirit. What's that word. Begins with an E. Enter . . .

(When man learns his power of self-determination then one day on the basis of this he will create democracy. He will abolish, because he practises self-determination, all undemocratic institutions that act dictatorially. Democracy!)

. . .tainment, which could liberate people from authority. Amen. Gang Of Four received a lot of applause. They encored. I don't know what they achieved. Perhaps it's enough to know, for now, that there has been a movement forward, and they haven't split up. They expended a lot of energy: it all seemed so distant. They got 'better'. But I didn't 'like' them. Lyceum problem?

Paul Morley
(with Joseph Beuys)

over-zealous policeman. Talking of which, Police persons Andy Summers and Stewart Copeland were to be found in assorted cameo roles throughout. And what else? Pamela Stephenson got an award for being "The best performance by a woman in a

30 minute satirical programme", against all the competition, plus the vague "Robert Langley award", Bob of *Pebble Mill* being the TV celebrity, they said, most associated with a mental handicap. . . .

Elvis Costello, the final act,

stuck out of all this jolliness like a very sore thumb, and he was perfect.

Attraction-less, he strolled on in dark suit and glasses to match, and performed two new songs with just an acoustic guitar. They were extraordinary. The first,

'Gloomy Sunday' (I think), was a black romance, full of those intricate chords and swirling melodies he's becoming fond of. A sort of old-style torch song, it burns out at the end in bleak lyrical images of death. "Don't laugh," he muttered after

(though nobody had). "It might be me next."

The second piece was even stranger, and genuinely chilling: it's eerie just to recall the story-line, riddled again with horror. "You think I'm psycho don't you,

mother?/You better let them lock me up" — sung with total detachment.

Where Costello is concerned, take nothing for granted. Ever.

Paul Du Noyer

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Squeeze

Rainbow

ANYONE who saw Squeeze both on ATV's *Rockstage* last week and at the Rainbow, witnessed an extraordinary transformation.

The year-old *Rockstage* performance, with Jools Holland still 'fronting' from his piano stool, was a run-of-the-mill gig by a competent band going nowhere in particular.

The Rainbow show was simply a triumph: the coming-of-age of the best pop group since the '60s.

Shorn of Holland's ingratiating introductions, the emphasis was thrown where it belongs: on Glen Tilbrook's singing and Chris Difford's songs — particularly the stunning collection that makes up 'East Side Story'.

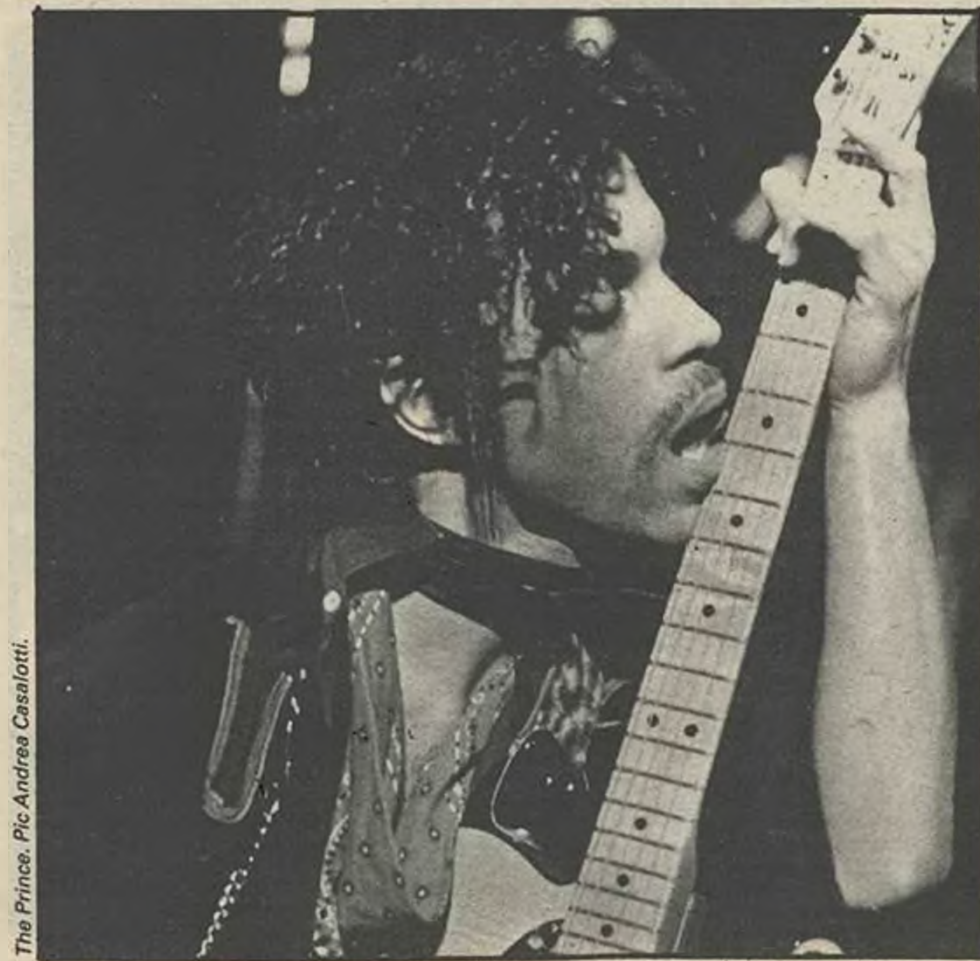
Where previously Squeeze's live repertoire mixed their succinct pop masterpieces with nondescript boogies and boogie woogies, now it's high-grade hardline pop all the way.

With their past stripped down to strictly the hits — 'Mussels From A Shell', 'Up The Junction', 'Take Me I'm Yours', 'Separate Beds', 'Cool For Cats', 'Another Nail In My Heart' — the current show hammers home as a relentless series of highlights:

'Piccadilly' — Difford's hilarious catalogue of one evening's events and non-events set to Tilbrook's dazzling, ever-shifting arrangement, drawing from Tilbrook one of the most remarkable vocal performances I've ever heard...

'Someone Else's Heart' — Difford at his tragi-comic best, muttering his tale of mutual betrayal over Gilson Lavis' brooding drum patterns...

'Tempted' — "Ere, old Paul Carrack's joined our ranks. 'Ee sings this one" — Tilbrook and bassist John Bentley's blue-eyed ooh-ooohs bridging



The Prince. Pic Andrea Casalotti.

the space from Ace to this finely weighted lament...

'Is That Love' — a singular rush, and the Rainbow roars back its rapture...

And on, and on. At the end Squeeze were greeted the way they should be. I'd seen them in Chelmsford at the beginning of the tour, and although the half-empty Odeon gave its best, you could see the band were disappointed. They knew how good they were: why didn't the world? But when the gale of applause swept them through three separate encores at the Rainbow — including, gloriously, the

poignant country and West Woolwich ballad 'Labelled With Love' — well, they were so thrilled it was fantastic.

If you haven't got 'East Side Story', get it — and next time Squeeze play, you'll be there hammering those highlights back:

'Piccadilly' — "She's not a picture above somebody's fire; she sits in a towel with a purple hair-drier..."

'Someone Else's Heart' — "I got nose and I read her letters; I read her diary, it's the same story..."

'Tempted' — "I bought a toothbrush, some toothpaste, a flannel for my face;

pyjamas, a hair-brush, new shoes and a case; I said to my reflection, let's get out of this place..."

And on, and on.

Someone said to me the other day, OK, Squeeze are good singers, good songwriters, good musicians — but what counts in this business is *what do they represent?* Now I hate to answer a question with a question, but the answer's obvious.

"You left my r-r-ring by the soap... Now is that love?!"

Phil McNeill

FINGER LICKIN' BAAAD!

Prince

Lyceum

HISTORY shows us the horrible roster of agonising tortures which the human mind has devised in pursuit of the ultimate *cautionary* pain: bodies roasted over braziers, heads scalped with swords, trepanned with nails, lacerated with saws, bowels taken out of the belly and wound on to bobbins, fingernails slowly removed with pincers, eyes put out, eyelids pinned back, limbs dislocated and carefully broken, bones laid bare and scraped for hours with knives, Hazel O'Connor on *TOTP*...

Readers, a confession: I would rather endure any or all of the abominations cited above than relive the purgatory of Tuesday evening before last, when I was transported to London's Lyceum in order to witness the only UK performance by Prince, who that very week was proclaimed the 'new Soul Monarch' by *NME*. For a wolverine habituee of the sharper clubs and bars of our capital such as myself, this tawdry 'gig' was something like a step into the horrors of Hieronymous Bosch from the accustomed gilt-edged decadent sumptuousness of *Klimt*!

(Mmm... nice! — Ed.)

The night in question was calm and cool, possibly the first of summer. My two young female companions and I were footloose and bias free, casually anxious to behold the eminence of this supposedly bewitching sexual peacock from across the Atlantic waters; a cursory knowledge of the odd workings and lively penchants of his 'Dirty Mind'

(the crude but representative title of his third and latest LP) insured at least that much. Publicity promises perversity, and youth — he's ages with me! — is promise in itself. Posters of the impish looking Prince have sprung up all over London...

But our first sign is an ominous one: the Lyceum is half empty. Usually the place has the ambience of a common sauna; tonight, my dears, you could cut the atmosphere with an asparagus! A 'support' (bricks?) band named Bum — sorry! — *Bim*, are ticking off the various prosaic motions on their 1974 hackneyed rock 'n' roll front renovation agenda as we enter the main hall: this no-headed monster has nought in its projected image or metaphysic to indicate an evening of funk or soul is lying in wait. They continue to rub their sores and wrap their poultices up 'tight' through an encore. I chirrup to my companions that we have surely entered at the wrong level! As *Bim* disappear a series of unfortunately audible choices of mainstream 'radical' pop — Bowie's 'Fashion', *still* — is aired. I shall not give it the distinction of calling it a 'disco'; nothing would be further from the truth.

We adjourn to a bar, where spirits are served in a disgusting kind of plastic container — what is this, a *field hospital*? — and measure made with an elf's thimble. The barstaff give the impression of having been trained in etiquette at an off-season holiday camp (though I daresay they receive a pittance and have little incentive to be extravagant

CONTINUES PAGE 59

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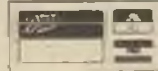
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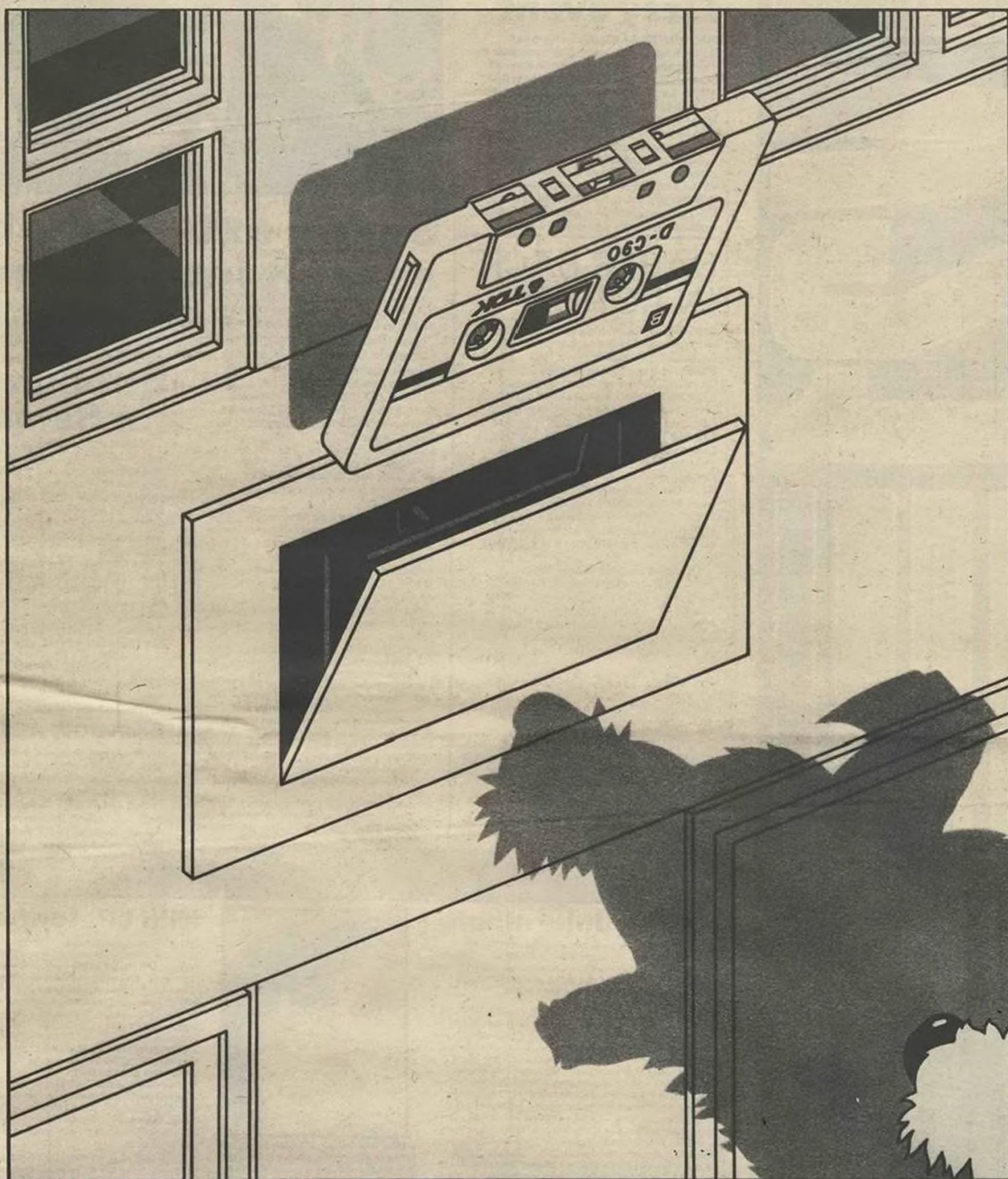
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DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS

Hunter and Ronson join Lizzy event

IAN HUNTER BAND, featuring Mick Ronson, were this week confirmed for the heavy metal bash at the Milton Keynes Concert Bowl on Saturday, August 8 — which, as previously reported, is headlined by Thin Lizzy. The Hunter outfit will be second on the bill, and at least two more acts have still to be announced — these are expected next week.

Advance tickets for the concert are £7 (cheques or POs) from NJF/MK2, P.O. Box 450, London W1A 4SQ, enclosing s.a.e. A number of outlets for personal applicants will be opening shortly, details to follow. Admission on the day will be £8.

DARTS BACK IN ACTION

DARTS go back on the road this weekend, with dates at Bangor University (this Saturday), Southport Floral Hall (Sunday), Swansea University College (June 15), Cwmbran Town Show with Chas & Dave (16), Llanelli Glen Ballroom (18), Chippenham Gold Diggers (19), Hereford Crystal Rooms (20), Hereford Festival Theatre (21), Hull University (22), Oxford St. John's College (24), Leeds Charles Morris Hall (25), London St Barts College Hall (26), Bristol Patchway Labour Club (28), Cleethorpe Peppers (July 3) and London Victoria The Venue (4). They've just completed work on a new album — it won't be released until the autumn, but a single from it is expected shortly.

The band are also headlining an open-air show at Knebworth Park in Hertfordshire on Sunday, July 5. Titled 'Funday 81', it's being organised by the Liberal Party — to raise money for their own funds, as well as aiding various Year Of The Disabled charities.

and Chas & Dave

CHAS & DAVE begin a new series of gigs next week, and have so far confirmed Cwmbran Town Show with Darts (June 16), Torquay Doodles (17), Northampton Old Five Bells (23), Exeter University (26), Tadcaster The Forge (July 3), Solihull Ivy League (7), London Belgrave Square Charity Show (9), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (11), London Enfield Charity Show (13), Saffron Walden The Common (15) and Aylesbury Hazels Club (17).



Saxon extend metal assault into autumn

SAXON have announced plans for their UK autumn tour, comprising 14 major dates in October. The band, who've already undertaken tours of Europe and Japan this year, are currently recording a new album in Geneva for release by Carrere in September. Their tour schedule takes in:

Portsmouth Guildhall (October 8), Leicester De Montfort Hall (9), Stafford Bingley Hall (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (12), Ipswich Gaumont (14), Sheffield City Hall (16), Leeds Queens Hall (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Newcastle City Hall (20 and 21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (24 and 25). Promoters are Midland Concert Promotions.

Tickets are on sale now for all gigs — except Bristol, where the box-office doesn't open until September. Admission at Leicester and Cardiff is all at the one price of £4; at Stafford and Leeds, tickets are £4.50; and at all other venues, they are £4, £3.50 and £3. In most cases, they are available from the respective box-offices, but there are three variations — as follows:

STAFFORD: From Mike Lloyd Music (Stoke), Lotus Records (Stafford), Panny Lane (Chester and Liverpool), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Sundown Records (Wolverhampton), Cyclops Records (Birmingham), R.E.Cords (Derby and Birmingham) and Select A Disc (Nottingham). Also available by post from M.C.P., P.O. Box 124, Walsall W55 4QG, enclosing s.a.e.

CARDIFF: From Sophia Gardens box-office, Spillers Records and Virgin Records of Cardiff, and Derrick's Records of Port Talbot and Swansea.

LEEDS: From Queen's Hall box-office, Sound Effect (York), Record Bar (Wakefield), Record Centre (Ossett), Virgin Records (Leeds) and HMV (Bradford).

Strongholds for Samson

SAMSON are headlining a tour under the banner of 'Shock Tactics', which happens also to be the name of their recently released RCA album. To coincide with their outing, a single titled 'Riding With The Angels' is being released, with a limited edition of 10,000 in picture disc form — and a further 2,000 available as a 12-inch picture disc.

The first leg of the tour takes in Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (tonight, Thursday), Newcastle Mayfair (Friday), Manchester Polytechnic (Saturday), Cleethorpe Peppers (June 15), Crayford Town Hall (16), Huddersfield Eros Club (17), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (18), Liverpool Warehouse (19), Rawtenstall Rossendale College (20), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (21), Lincoln Drill Hall (23) and Edinburgh Nite Club (25). This second leg will be announced next week.

RAINBOW ADD ONE

RAINBOW have added another date to their UK summer tour. It's a second show at Leeds Queen's Hall on July 13, and it's been slotted in because their initial concert at that venue the following night is now sold out. Tickets for the extra gig are all at the one price of £4.50, on sale now.

RECORD NEWS

Killing Joke album

KILLING JOKE'S second album is released by EG Records on June 19, titled 'What's This For...?' We're assured that the set stretches musical boundaries, with a view to confounding the critics and pundits who regard the band as "limited specialists".

- The Beat's new single is 'Doors Of Your Heart' from their hit album 'Wha'ppen', coupled with 'Get A Job' — it's issued on their own Go-Feet label this weekend, and is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Also available is a special 12-inch dub version of 'Doors Of Your Heart', backed with a dub version of their recent hit single 'Drowning' — and it comes at normal seven-inch price.
- Rainbow follow their recent smash hit 'I Surrender' with a new Polydor single issued this weekend, titled 'Can't Happen Here' — it's a re-mixed version of a track from their 'Difficult To Cure' album. The previously unissued B-side 'Jealous Lover' was co-written by Ritchie Blackmore and new vocalist Joe Lynn Turner.
- Out this week on Capitol is a double album by Maze titled 'Live In New Orleans'. Although the bulk of it was recorded in that city's Saenger Theatre last November, the fourth side — despite the LP's title — contains four new studio recordings.

- New York synthesiser trio Our Daughters Wedding, currently making their UK concert debut on the Classix Nouveaux tour, have been signed worldwide by EMI America — and their single 'Lawchairs' is released next week. They also appear in the Crystal Palace open-air show this Saturday.

- Metro, the five-piece outfit formed by Peter Godwin who were previously with EMI, have now signed for Polydor. Their debut single for that label 'America In My Head' is released on June 26, in both 7" and 12" versions.
- Danny Adler, former leader of the now-defunct Roogalator and currently a regular member of Rocket 88, has his first album for Armageddon Records out this weekend. Title is 'Gusha Gusha Music'.

- Nico has issued a statement denying that she has signed with Aura Records, despite that company announcing that she had done so. She says that her recording future is currently under negotiation.

- Ramkup Records have signed new four-piece band Splash, who play "pop music to forget the recession with". Judge for yourselves when their debut single 'Fear No Evil' is released on June 19.

- Lee Sound Productions have launched a new independent label called Swoop Records, with distribution by One Stop, and have already signed five bands — Emmitt Till, Nightmare, Orphan, Touche and The Chromatics. First release is the single 'New Orleans'/'Drac's Back' by Nightmare.

- The new-look Cuddly Toys have a single titled 'Someone's Crying' issued by Fresh Records this week — 'Bring On The Ravers' is the B-side, and there's a bonus of three extra tracks on the 12-inch version. The same label has signed Banbury band Playdead, and releases their single 'Poison Takes A Hold' this week.



MARTHA LADLY, who left Martha & The Muffins last autumn, is back in business with her own band called The Scenery Club. And the first single under her own name is released by Dindisc on June 19 — titled 'Finlandia', with 'Tasmania' as the coupling. And now that Martha is resident in the UK, chances are that we shall see her in live action before too long.

- Bette Bright's previously reported new WEA single 'If You Were Mine', due for June 26 release by WEA, is now being issued in a limited edition picture disc form.

- Automatic Records have acquired the rights to the single 'Hills Of Katmandu' by Italian disco-funk group Tantra, and are rushing releasing it this week in both 7" and 12". It's been a hot import item for some time — but the 12-inch record is the original version which has never before been available here, even on import.

- Rockabilly band Rockhouse have their third single 'Dance The Bop' issued this week by Real Kool Records (distributed by Pinnacle). Their ten-inch debut album 'Steppin' Out' follows on June 19.

- Aura Records have signed Lee Fardon, who was previously with Arista. He's just completed his new album 'Stories Of Adventure' at the Rockfield Studios, with Fritz Fryer producing, and it's being issued next week. A string of live dates is being lined up to promote it.

Kiki LP, tour soon

KIKI DEE has her latest album 'Perfect Timing' released by Arista on June 19 — with Elton John making a guest appearance on one of the tracks, 'Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever'. Kiki will be undertaking a long-overdue British tour in the autumn, details to follow.

- Nick Jones and Ian Macrae are two of Australia's leading disc-jockeys, whose daily three-hour show has the top radio rating down under. They've recorded a single called 'The Ballad Of Lady Di', which is not unconnected with a certain event on July 29, and it became a Top Five hit in Australia. It's now released in the UK this week by Stiff.

- The new Rosanne Cash single 'Seven Year Ache' is released by Ariola on June 19. Her album of the same title follows on July 3, and this features Albert Lee on guitar, Booker T on keyboards and Emory Gordy on bass. Both the single and LP have reached No.1 in the U.S. country charts.

- 'Chain Reaction'/'Power Crisis' is the debut single by Aberdeen band A.P.B., released this week by local label Oily Records, with distribution by Fast Products.

- Prince Far I and Congo Ashantia Roy both have albums out this weekend on Pre Records (through Charisma), titled 'Livvy' and 'Sign Of The Star' respectively. And the two artists, supported by The Arabs (who also play on both albums), will be playing UK dates in July — details to be announced shortly.

- Manchester band The Freshies, whose last single related the singer's love for the girl at the Virgin Megastore check-out desk, have come up with an equally outlandish title for the follow-up. Issued on Razz/MCA on June 19, it's called 'I Can't Get 'Bouncing Babies' By The Teardrop Explodes'. The elusive record in the title is an early Teardrop single, which has now become something of a collector's item.

- The new Blur single on Armageddon 'The Fish Needs A Bike', delayed owing to production problems, should be in the shops by this weekend.

- Four-piece Liverpool band Eat At Joe's release their single 'Move Your Feet' on June 26 on their own Goldliner label. It's taken from their self-produced debut album 'Ghost Hobbies', which features saxist Mel Collins as guest artist.

- Honey Bane — Richard Jobson's co-star in the play 'Demonstration Of Affection', which opens at London's Arts Theatre next Monday — has her new single 'Jimmy Listen To Me' issued by Zonophone this week.

MOTORS COMPILATION

ALTHOUGH The Motors played their last gig at the Reading Festival in 1978, it's only just been announced officially that they've broken up, even though it's been taken for granted since Bram Tchaikovsky went solo yonks ago! And to celebrate their demise, Virgin are releasing a compilation album called 'Motors Greatest Hit' (the singular is intentional) on July 10.

NEW

NEW SINGLES

NEW SINGLE

limited edition contains free single

LIVE AT
THE MARQUEE
FRIDAY JUNE 12

Kinks: four gigs boost new single

THE KINKS are playing four major concerts later this month, to mark the release of their first new single in two years — at Ipswich Gaumont (June 25), London Rainbow (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27) and Coventry Theatre (28). Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3.25 and £3 (Ipswich); £4 and £3.50 (London); and £3.50 and £3 (Bristol and Coventry).

The new single, released by Arista on June 19, contains two Ray Davies compositions — 'Better Things' coupled with 'Massive Reductions'. A limited edition of the initial pressing will include a free live single featuring 'Lola' and 'David Watts', both taken from the live double album 'One For The Road', released last year. 'Better Things' can be heard on the teleguide service for a week from June 17, by dialling (01) 449 8331.

FESTIVALS ROUND-UP

Montreux, Glastonbury

THIS YEAR's Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland has the strongest line-up in its 15-year history. Among the dozens of big names already announced for the 17-day event are UB40 and Toots & The Maytals (July 3), Mike Oldfield and The Blues Band (5), James Brown (7), Chuck Berry and Albert King (8), The Stray Cats and Pearl Harbour (10), Randy Crawford and Al Jarreau (14), John McLaughlin and Chick Corea (15), Herbie Hancock (16) and Ella Fitzgerald (17).

● GONG, Alexis Korner and The Thompson Twins are among the latest names to be announced for the three-day Glastonbury CND Festival at Worthy Farm, Pilton, Somerset (June 19-21). They join a line-up which also includes Hawkwind, John Cooper-Clarke, Judie Tzuke, Taj Mahal, Gordon Giltrap, Matumbi, Roy Harper, New Order, Decline And Fall, Hinkley's Heroes, Chicken Shack, Ginger Baker, Aswad and Rab Noakes. Three-day tickets are £8 (children under 14 free), from C.N.D. (Festival), 11 Goodwin Street, London N4 3HQ.

Pretenders drop out

THE PRETENDERS have cancelled the two festival appearances, for which they were announced last week. They were scheduled to headline the second rock night of the Macroom Festival in County Cork on June 28, and then to appear on both July 4 and 5 in Belgium's Rock & Blues Festival — but they've been forced to pull out of both events, due to recording of additional tracks for their upcoming second album. Hard luck, Ireland and Belgium — but at least we in the UK should see them on the road later in the year, when the LP is released.

□ MISTY IN ROOTS are playing a few gigs to promote their upcoming double A-side single 'Bail Out / Peace And Love', on their own People Unite label. They're at Bristol St. Barnabas School (this Saturday), York Derwent College (June 19), Letchworth Leys Hall (20), Portsmouth South Parade Pier (25), Bradford Queens Hall (27) and London Camden Town Hall (July 3).

□ THE POLECATS, who take part in the open-air concert at Crystal Palace this Saturday, have another London date on June 21 when they appear at The Venue. And they have added Cambridge Trinity College (June 15) to their gig list, reported two weeks ago.

□ THE CRUISERS will be touring extensively in July and August to promote their single 'Fastest Cadillac In Town', for release next month on the Feelgood label. First dates confirmed are London Southgate Royalty (July 16), Bournemouth Town Hall (17), London Camden Dingwalls (18), Wellingborough BR Club (30), London Hackney Adam & Eve (August 1), Feltham Rock Club (7), Leicester Kegworth Hall (8) and Crowborough Cross Hotel (15).

□ SPIDER maintain their non-stop touring with newly confirmed July gigs at Cambridge Corn Exchange (4), Bradford Princeville (9), Matlock Northwood Club (10), Hatfield Polytechnic (12), Margate Ship Inn (15), Tadcaster The Forge (17) and Gravesend Red Lion (19).

□ THE THOMPSON TWINS have added a few more dates to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago, including a three-night stint at London Marquee Club (June 20-22). Other new gigs are at Reading University (23), Sheffield University (27) and Durham University (30). But they won't now be playing Liverpool Brady's on June 19, as they're going to the Glastonbury Festival instead.

□ THE STEP are playing a few dates with their revised line-up, now including new member Simon Jefferies on keyboards, to promote their new Epic single 'Chain Gang' — their first since the departure of their brass section. In London, they visit Canning Town Bridge House (tonight, Thursday), Herne Hill Half Moon (this Sunday), Southbank Polytechnic (June 20) and Fulham Golden Lion (July 9). Out of town, they're at Leeds University (June 16) and Bexhill College (19). More gigs are being set.



Revillos rev up

THE REVILLOS, newly returned from a highly successful debut visit to the States, are playing number of UK dates during the next few weeks — at Cambridge Churchill College (this Saturday), London Victoria The Venue (June 15), Reading University (19), Colchester Institute of Higher Education (26), Leicester University (27), Winchester King Alfred College (30), Dunstable Civic Centre (July 1), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (2), Liverpool Warehouse (5), Sheffield Limit Club (9) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (11).

They then go into the studios to record a new album and single, prior to returning to America on August 13 for a five-week coast-to-coast tour.

● HAZEL O'CONNOR & Megahype are planning a few one-off dates in midsummer, prior to their 15-concert September tour, plans for which were revealed last week. Already set is an appearance on the Isle of Man at Douglas Palace Lido on July 26, and subject to confirmation is a gig at London Lewisham Odeon on July 30.

LYCEUM SHOCK

SUNDAY rock concerts at London's Lyceum Ballroom temporarily take a back seat on June 21, when Straight Music present a special one-off all-dance show. Titled "Dick's Night Out Dancing", it's headlined by Shock, along with Ronny, Torso, Biddle & Eve and Eddie Maelov & Sunshine Patteson, plus a non-stop disco. "It's going to be a finger-poppin' and totally outrageous evening," say the promoters. Tickets are £3.

● Supporting Theatre Of Hate at the Lyceum this Sunday (14) are Martian Dance, Creation Rebel and the Anti Nowhere League.

Def Leppard to play top venues

DEF LEPPARD have been lined up for their first major UK tour in over a year, visiting Bristol Colston Hall (July 13), Birmingham Odeon (14), Derby Assembly Rooms (16), Bradford St. George's Hall (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Edinburgh Odeon (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Liverpool Royal Court (22), Manchester Apollo (23), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (24) and London Hammersmith Odeon (25). Tickets are on sale now priced £3.25, £3 and £2.75 at all venues, except Derby and Wolverhampton where they are all at £3.25. To coincide with the outing, the band's new album 'High 'N' Dry' — produced by Mutt Lange — is released by Vertigo on July 6.



□ ERROL DUNKLEY — whose latest single 'Happiness Forgets', on the Natty Congo label, has been figuring strongly in the NME Reggae Chart — plays his first major London gig for four years tonight (Thursday). It's at The Venue, Victoria, and admission is £3.

□ OK JIVE support The Revillos at London Victoria The Venue next Monday (15), and they guest with The Polecats at Brighton Sussex University (June 17), Dunstable Queensway Hall (18) and Birmingham Polytechnic (19). They also have gigs in their own right at London Euston The Pits (tomorrow, Friday) and Coventry Warwick University (Saturday). The five-piece band, who specialise in "high life music", are currently setting up their own record label through CBS.

□ SHEENA EASTON has added another date to her autumn concert tour, reported three weeks ago. It's at Aberdeen Capitol on October 5 — tickets on sale now priced £5, £4 and £3.

□ WAY OF THE WEST are doing the rounds this month, with gigs confirmed so far at Birmingham Cedar Club (tomorrow, Friday), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (Saturday), Leeds Warehouse (June 17), Manchester Polytechnic (18), Sheffield Limit Club (25), Kirklevington Country Club (26) and Edinburgh Nite Club (27).

□ SPANGS have been booked to support The Tubes on their UK tour (June 16-29), which includes three nights at the Hammersmith Odeon (20-22). To coincide, the five-piece band have their second single 'Who Invented You Anyway' issued by RCA this week.

□ REALITY, the five-piece Birmingham band, have gigs at Swansea University (June 16), Hull University (22), Oxford Worcester College (24), Leicester University (26) and Weymouth Dorset Institute (27).

□ ROSE TATTOO, the Australian band who'll be guesting on Rainbow's UK tour, have made several changes to their own headlining dates (reported last week). They now play Liverpool Warehouse on June 27 instead of Ipswich Corn Exchange, and Cleethorpes Peppers on June 29 instead of Hanley Gaumont, while Portsmouth Locarno (28) is cancelled. They have new bookings at Middlesbrough Rock Garden (June 30), Ayr Pavilion (July 1) and Leeds Florde Green Hotel (5).

□ JUDIE TZUKE has sold out her show at the Victoria Apollo tomorrow (Friday), so she's added a second London concert at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on June 23. She also has extra dates at Dunstable Queensway Hall (25), Gloucester Leisure Centre (28) and Nottingham Rock City (27).

□ GODOT are a new outfit formed by Martin Cooper, who has left Orchestral Manoeuvres specially to launch this project, together with a past OMID member Dave Hughes — and they're joined by three other Merseyside musicians. They come to London to play The Venue on June 25 (with Dalek I Love You), and they can also be seen at Leeds Warehouse (tonight, Thursday) and Liverpool Pickwicks (June 16).

□ SPIRIT have switched their concert at Lancaster University from June 21 to 24, due to GCE exams taking place on the former date.

Randy Crawford concerts in July

RANDY CRAWFORD — who topped the NME Chart last autumn with her single 'One Day I'll Fly Away', and whose latest release 'You Might Need Somebody' is currently selling strongly — flies away from the States and into Britain one day soon. She's headlining seven major concerts here, two of them in London — and her schedule comprises Birmingham Odeon (July 2), Brighton Dome (3), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Croydon Fairfield Hall (5), Manchester Apollo (7) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (8 and 9). Promoters are Kiltorch, who have yet to name a support act. Ticket prices are £5 and £4.50 (London), and £4.50 and £4 (all other venues).

RONNIE HAWKINS

Rock'n'roll giant in live UK debut

RONNIE HAWKINS, one of the most influential of the early rock pioneers, has surprisingly never appeared live in Britain — but he's all set to rectify that omission by headlining the next Rock'n'Roll Weekend Hop at the Caister Holiday Centre, Great Yarmouth, from November 6 to 8. Classic recordings by Ronnie Hawkins & The Hawks (who went on to become The Band after splitting with Hawkins) are now collector's items, and Charley Records are to mount a promotional campaign around Hawkins' album 'R-R-R-Rocket Time' to tie in with the visit.

Also appearing in the Caister event are U.S. rocker Frankie Ford, plus Crazy Cavan, Flying Saucers, The Stargazers, Shades, Black Cat, Johnny & The Roccas, The Deltas, Zip Guns, Phantoms and many others. Weekend tickets, including chalet accommodation, are £25 — contact Showstopper Promotions on 01-886 4112.

The Potato Land Tour
SPIRIT
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 WITH GUESTS
INNER CITY UNIT
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 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371.
 PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS ON NIGHT

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A Nite of Horror Rock
THE CRAMPS
THE METEORS
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 PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
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HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
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MONDAY 29th JUNE at 8-00
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 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371.
 PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
 QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W6
THUR FRI 2nd/3rd JULY at 8-00
 TICKETS £4.50, £3.50, £2.50 (incl. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081.
 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371.
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

WITHOUT doubt, the most important week of the year so far — if not in quantity, then certainly in terms of sheer quality... with three major events and the opening of five big-name tours, all within the space of the next seven days. We'll start with the events, the first two of which mark the official launch (discounting the recent free TUC concert) of the summer's open-air rock festivities:

ULTRAVOX top the bill in the 1981 concert at the Crystal Palace Bowl in South London on Saturday, which this year goes under the banner of "Summer In The City". **MADNESS** are their special guests, and among other acts appearing are **THE TEARDROP EXPLODES**, **TENPOLE TUDOR** and **THE POLECATS**.

UB40 reach the highlight of their current UK outing on Saturday, when they head an outdoor

show at the Walsall Football Ground in the Midlands, with **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS** and **GANG OF FOUR** guesting. During their visit, Toots & Co can also be seen in their own right at Brighton (Friday), Edinburgh (Monday), Nottingham (Tuesday) and London The Venue (Wednesday).

PINK FLOYD are back in town for another stint of wall-building. They're playing a five-night season at London Earls Court, starting on Saturday, and the shows will be filmed for inclusion in their upcoming feature film version of *The Wall*.

Now a look at the tours which set out on the road this week and, to prove our total lack of favouritism, we'll put them in chronological order:

● **MARVIN GAYE** is doing a string of British

concert dates, after all — though it looked at one time as if they weren't going to materialise. He's scheduled to open in Bristol on Saturday, then begins a three-night engagement at London Apollo on Tuesday.

● **KRAFTWERK** have acquired a near-legendary status, as the result of their lengthy absence from this country — in fact, they haven't toured here since 1976. But they're now all set to remedy that omission, as they arrive in the wake of the chart success of their album 'Computer World', with initial dates at Manchester (Monday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).

● **THE TUBES** are arguably the most flamboyant act in the business, visually speaking — and their music ain't too bad, either, when they feel like it. They command a huge following in the UK,

who'll be delighted to see the band back in action here, kicking off at Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

● **SPIRIT** have been stirred out of their recent lethargy by the considerable interest in their 'Potatoland' album — recently, and somewhat belatedly, issued here. So Randy California and Ed Cassidy have got together a new line-up to tour under the Spirit flag, opening in style at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday.

● **THE JAM** are off on their travels again, this time for a midsummer "fun tour" — not to be confused with the full-scale tour we can expect in the autumn. They're visiting season resorts and some of their favourite inland venues, and the project is launched at London Rainbow on Wednesday.

THURSDAY

Aberdeen University: A.P.B.
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ida-Reid
Birmingham Dementia 13: The Hawks
Birmingham Golden Eagle: African Star
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Odeon: Judie Tzuke
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Last Detail
Blyth Golden Eagle: Spider
Bolton The Gaiety: Treatment
Bournemouth The Pinecliff: High Risk
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Brighton The Concorde: Ammonites
Bristol Green Rooms: False Idols
Canterbury Art College: The Strong Silent
Types / Kevin Hewick / Memoirs of Angels
Cadwell Heath Greyhound: Long Tail Shorty / The Crews Fixers
Chelmsford YMCA: Innocent Bystanders
Chesterfield Star Inn: Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes
Colerhill Coach House: Arizona Smoke Revue
Croydon Leslie Arms: Shotgun
Croydon The Cartoon: Nicky Barclay Band
Deeside Golfing Youth Centre: Fear Of Flying
Douglas I.O.M. Summerlands: The Sweet Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: UB40
Eton Christopher Hotel: Juke Jump
Gillingham Ash Tree: The Pussies
Glasgow Waterfront: The Dolphins
Grangemouth International Hotel: Breathers
Gravesend Central Hotel: Naughty Thoughts
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Tonix
Hull Johnny Pats Place: Rockabilly Rebs
Hull Oriental Club: The Crack
Leeds Haddon Hall: Shake Appeal
Leeds Warehouse: Dalek I Love You
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Lincoln New Penny Club: Survivors / Total Strangers

Liverpool Brady's: The Icicle Works
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
London Earl Kings Head: Harfoot Brothers
London Barons Court Tavern: The 45's
London Camden Dingwells: The Shakin' Pyramids
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: SJ & Her Gem
London Clapham 101 Club: A Popular History Of Signs/Peking Opera/To The Finland Station
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Restricted Code
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Prime Cut
London Euston Shaw Theatre: Clannad
London Euston The Pits: Gene Washington / Steve Hooker's Shakers
London Friar Barnet Orange Tree: Young Jazz Big Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Soul Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Al Dutton / The Tropics
London Hackney Deuragon: The Wall
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: English Rogues
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Remipeds / The Uprights
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave Ellis Band
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Dancing Dead
London Islington Pied Bull: Stan Sutzman Quartet
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Razzzy Dazzzy Spasm Band
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: Ike Isaacs Duo
London Marquee Club: The Saints
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Syco & The New Yorkers
London Oxford St. 100 Club: The People / Blackheart
London Putney Star & Garter: Limehouse
London Royal Albert Hall: Sky

London Soho Pizza Express: Joe Newman / Eddie Thompson Trio
London Southall The Cavern: The Attendants
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Jets
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Emotional Spies
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Trust / Magnum / Lionheart
London Stratford Green Man: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Victoria The Venue: Errol Dunkley
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London Wembley Arena: George Benson
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Siam / The Rank Amateurs
Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Teardrop Explodes
Manchester Ardri Ballroom: A Certain Ratio/The Swamp Children
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: The Out
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin' Horse
Milton Keynes Compass Club: English Dream / Jah Lizard
Newcastle Cooperage: Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Nottingham Rock City: Classix Nouveaux / Our Daughter's Wedding
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Vetoes
Peterborough Bull & Dolphin: The Work
Plymouth Tops Club: The Mechanics
Poole Brewers Arms: Lovers & Other Strangers
Ryde I.O.W. La Babalu: Crass / Poison Girls / Annie Anxiety
Southampton Club Manhattan: Out To Lunch
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: The Undertones
Wolverhampton Lafayette: Modern Eon

FRIDAY

Aberdeen University: Zamaka
Aberdwr Royal Hotel: The Beat Roots
Ashington Leisure Centre: Q-Tips
Bath Moles Club: Graduate
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys
Birmingham Cedar Club: Way Of The West
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Alternative Route
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
Birmingham University: John Cooper Clarke & The Invisible Girls/Pauline Murray/The Quads
Bournemouth Town Hall: The Skavengers
Brighton Top Rank: Toots & The Maytals
Bristol Mutual Aid Centre: The Mob/Greek Corporation/Bikini Mutants
Cambridge Gt Northern Hotel: Tranzista
Canterbury College of Technology: Thin Men
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: The Dolphins
Cadwell Heath Greyhound: Chinatown/Six
Chichester Bishop Otter College: Johnny Mars
Corsham Art College: Games To Avoid/The Exploding Seagulls/Mono
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: Sub Zero
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Crawley Seaboard Club: Arizona Smoke Review
Crewe Leighton Park Youth Centre: TV Personalities/The Lemmings/Oedipus Complex
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Praying Mantis
Croydon The Cartoon: The London Apaches
Dorling (Beare Green) White Hart: England Rogues
Dover (St Margarets) Red Lion: Sandy Beech & The Deckchairs
Edinburgh Claremont Hotel: Reggie & The News

Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band
Gosport John Peel: High Risk
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Long Tail Shorty
High Wycombe College of Further Education: No Difference
Holywood (Co. Down) D.B.'s Club: Clouds
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: The Lulu Boys
Launceston White Horse Inn: Jude The Obscure
Lichfield Swan Hotel: Data Control/Tendancy
Liverpool Brady's: The Shakin' Pyramids
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Classix Nouveaux/Our Daughter's Wedding
Liverpool Warehouse: Samson
London Camden Dingwells: The Lightning Raiders/The Untouchables
London Camden Dublin Castle: New Mania
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Philip Jap
London City Polytechnic: Paul Linder/D. J. Kane & The Millionaires/Force of Habit
London Clapham 101 Club: The Papers/Kid Freedom
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Paul Kennerley Band
London Euston The Pits: OK Jive/Top Secret
London Fulham Golden Lion: Jazz Shirts
London Fulham Greyhound: Restricted Code
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: Jets
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Future Daze/The Silence
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Exit/Jump Squad/Liaison
London Herne Hill Half Moon: A Bigger Splash/Heartbeats
London Hornsey The Railway: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Daddy Yum Yum
London Islington Pied Bull: Ian Carr's Nucleus
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
London Marquee Club: Huang Chung

Continues over

GIG GUIDE

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London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Jazz Skits**
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
 London Putney Spencer Arms: **The Flood**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 London Putney White Lion: **Brian Knight Band**
 London Royal Albert Hall: **Sky**
 London Royal Festival Hall: **Jacques Loussier**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Quartet**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Imports/Chiff & The Muses**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
 London S.W.11 Beaufort Arms: **Harfoot Brothers**
 London Tooting The Fountain: **Shotgun**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Rocket 88/Jimmy Witherspoon**
 London Wandsworth The Roundhouse: **The Colours/Five Or Six**
 London Wembley Arena: **George Benson**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Birthday Party/Parting Shots**
 London W14 The Kensington: **The 45's**
 Manchester Pips: **Cuddly Toys**
 Manchester UMIST: **Harlem Spirits/The Hoax**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Midhurst Community Centre: **Jimmy Lindsey**
 Milton Keynes Woughton Campus: **Dancing Counterpart/Fictitious**
 Nottingham I.C.C.: **The Connexion**
 Nottingham Rock City: **The Teardrop Explodes**
 Nottingham University: **Fassbender Russell**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Metro Glider**
 Ramsgate Flowering Bowl: **Naughty Thoughts**
 Reading Old Town Hall: **Craze/Polson**
 Retford Porters: **The Exploited**
 Rickmansworth Watersmeet: **Angel Witch**
 Saffron Walden Waggon & Horses: **Emotion Pictures**
 Scarborough Taboo: **Theatre Of Hate**
 Southend Top Alex: **Fast Eddie**
 Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
 Worcester College of Higher Education: **The Cheaters**

SATURDAY

Aberdeen University: **R.A.F.**
 Asford (Kent) The Ben Truman: **The Fruit Eating Bears**
 Balloch Roundabout Inn: **Danny Hattie**
 Bangor University: **Darts**
 Bath Wicket Village Hall: **Innocent Bystanders**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Chevy/Dark Star/Orphan**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Discharge**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Eyeless In Gaze/Felt**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
 Bognor Ocean Bars: **Jimmy Lindsay**
 Bradford University: **Fassbender Russell**
 Brighton Alhambra: **Eye To Eye**
 Bristol Churchill Hall: **Essential Pop/Art Objects/The Exploding Seagulls**
 Bristol Hippodrome: **Marvin Gaye**
 Bristol Holiday Inn: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **Mud**
 Calstock Village Hall: **Metro Glider**
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Necromancer**
 Cambridge Ida Darwin: **The Rank Amateurs**
 Cambridge Technical College: **Theatre Of Hate**
 Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The Dolphins**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Eric Bell Band/OAP's**
 Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
 Coventry Warwick University: **OK Jive**
 Crawley The Rocket: **Eclipse**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Sail**
 Derby Lonsdale College: **The Cheaters**
 Durrington The Plough: **The Britz**
 Edinburgh Astoria: **Breathers**
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Pulsars**
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Q-Tips**
 Hanley The Star (lunchtime): **Buxton**
 Ashwood Park Hotel (evening): **Saturnalia**
 Hastings Pier Ballroom: **Craze/Polson**
 Ilkeston White Lion: **Spider**
 Kingston Grove Tavern: **Avenue**
 Leeds Haddon Hall: **Doodgy Tactics**
 Liverpool Brady's: **Pigbag**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **The Accelerators**
 London Battersea Park Big Top: **Jets**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Chicken Shack/A Bigger Splash**
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Joy Spring**
 London City Polytechnic: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins/Angle Rox/Academy One/Kan Kan/Martin Besserman**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Edukators/Man Bites Man**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Electric Blues Birds/Skid Marx's Killers**
 London Crystal Palace Concert Bowl: **Ultravox/Madness/The Teardrop Explodes/Tenpole Tudor/The Polecats/Our Daughter's Wedding/Spoonooch**
 London Earls Court: **Pink Floyd present The Wall**
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Outskirts/The Dispossessed/The Psychotics**
 London Euston The Pits: **Dolly Mixture/The Temper**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Rialtos**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Pretty Things/Lucky Saddles**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:

The Newtown Neurotics.
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Ian Mitchell Band/Terry Vision & The Screens/The Suggestion**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Remipeds**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Little Roosters**
 London Islington Pied Bull: **Eton Dean Quartet**
 London Marquee Club: **Budgie**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The OK Band**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 London Rainbow II: **The Wanderers/The Wall**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Skeat Quartet**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Sad Among Strangers/The Flood**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London University College: **The Beat Roots**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Defunkt**
 London Wembley Arena: **George Benson**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Diagram Brothers/Assyene**
 Loughborough Town Hall: **Modern Eon**
 Lowestoft Film Theatre: **Michael Chapman**
 Maldon Jubilee Hall: **Flying Saucers**
 Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Nine Below Zero**
 Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **The Fins**
 Manchester The Mayflower: **Anti Pasti**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Thompson Twins**
 Newcastle University: **The 45's**
 Northampton Black Lion: **The World Service**
 Nottingham University: **The Polecats**
 Ossett Town Hall: **The Cruisers**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
 Oxford Polytechnic: **Dr. Feelgood/The Dance Band**
 Oldham Tower Club: **A Formal Sign**

Thursday June 11
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (Directed by Lewis Milestone 1930). Still considered to be the definitive pacifist film, *All Quiet* is now 50 years old and may seem naive and antiquated (particularly the dialogue), but it has passages of haunting power and the Beeb promise the most complete print, with original tinted sequences. Law Ayres (then 22) is the amazingly fresh-faced idealist who dutifully enlists as cannon fodder during the 'Great War'. (BBC 2)

Saturday June 13
CHINATOWN (Roman Polanski 1974). Robert Towne's overly convoluted plot is used by Polanski as a springboard for a lovingly recreated '30s thriller with a sour '70s cynicism. Jack Nicholson excels as seedy private dick Jake Gittes, way out of his depth in private vices and public scandals involving mysterious Faye Dunaway and reptilian John Huston. Beware of cuts. (ITV)

VIOLETTE NOZIERE (Claude Chabrol 1977). Distanced in the grand Hitchcock

Portsmouth White Swan: **Prime Suspect**
 Rayleigh Cross: **Tich Turner's Escalator**
 Retford Porters: **The Shakin' Pyramids**
 Rochdale Gracie Fields Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel: **Whips**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **Sub Zero**
 South Elmsall Daimond Jubilee Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Mechanics**
 Stockport Quaffers: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
 Stroud Leisure Centre: **Classix Nouveaux**
 Wallsall Football Club: **Fellows Park**
 UB40/Toots & The Maytals/Gang Of Four
 Weybridge National College of Food: **Mathews Brothers**
 Windsor Arts Centre: **Jam Today**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Way Of The West**
 York The Forge: **The Lightning Raiders/Killerhertz**

SUNDAY

Aldershot Steam Machine: **False Pretences**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
 Birmingham Star Club: **Vision Collision**
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
 Bournemouth Pembroke Arms: **Johnny Coppins**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Brighton Jenkinsons: **Scars**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Sky**
 Bristol Plume Of Feathers: **The Tropics**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Burnley Bank Hall: **Spider**
 Cambridge New Hall: **The Chefs**
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens Folk Festival: **English Country Blues Band/Ricard & Linda Thompson/Roaring Jelly**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Samarai**
 Cheltenham Eve's Club: **The Shakin' Pyramids**
 Croydon Leslie Arms: **Shotgun**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Rockola**
 Durham Big Jug Club: **Bobby Eaglesham**
 Eastville Club Circus: **The Bohana Mouse Band**
 Glasgow Casa D'Italia: **The Strings**
 Glasgow Rock Garden: **H20**
 Glenrothes Rothies Arms: **Breathers**
 Grimsby Pestle & Mortar: **Jets**
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Still Life / The D'Arc**
 Hemel Hempstead Old Town Hall: **Guy Barker / Michael Garrick Trio**
 Hull Groucho's: **Blitzkrieg Patrol**
 Ilkeston White Lion: **The Connexion**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Teardrop Explodes**

Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
 Kingston Grove Tavern: **Avenue**
 Kirkcubright Country Club: **Q-Tips**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
 Leeds Tiffany's: **Judie Tzuke**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **The Chase**
 London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
 London Battersea Arts Centre: **Jo-Anne Kelly & The Second Line**
 London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Bumble & The Beez / Arc Connection**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **24 Hours / Bad Actors / The Influence**
 London Earls Court: **Pink Floyd present The Wall**
 London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Richard Digance / Parson Hogg**
 London Finchley Torrington: **Johnny Mars**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Alternative Cabaret**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Beer Parlour Jive**
 London Greenwich Wall Hall Open Theatre: **Richard Digance/Stan Arnold/Tim Laycock/Tundra/Arizona Smoke Revue/Derek Brimstone etc**
 London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Flying Saucers**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Black Roots**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Step**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Slam**
 London Islington Pied Bull: **Paz**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Marquee Club: **Budgie**
 London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Chuck Farley**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Lulu Boys**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Theatre Of Hate**

London Earls Court: **Pink Floyd present The Wall**
 London Euston The Pits: **Roy Sundholm Band / The Bronx**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Creation Rebel / London Underground**
 London Hammersmith Palais: **Classix Nouveaux / Wasted Youth / Ronny / Our Daughter's Wedding**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Stolen Pets / Stop**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Accelerator**
 London Hornsey The Railway: **Brian Knight Band**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Airstrip 1**
 London Islington Pied Bull: **Limehouse**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Unloaders**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
 London Marquee Club: **Budgie**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sphere**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
 London Tooting The Fountain: **Shotgun**
 London Victoria The Venue: **The Revillos / OK Jive**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Delmontes / The Chefs**
 London Woolwich Transhed: **Tundra**
 London W.1 Embassy Club: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes**
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London W.1 Latin Quarter: **Hermine & Anne Bean / Des Ais**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **UB40**
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Kraftwerk**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwalhir**
 Oxford Scamps: **Theatre Of Hate**
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Dolphins**
 Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
 Southend Zero 6: **Geno Washington / Steve Hooker's Shakers**
 Swansea University: **Reality**
 Swansea University College: **Darts**
 Theford Breckland Sports Centre: **Mad Shadows**

London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Stubborn Streak**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
 London Southall The Cavern: **The Mint/F.X.**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The D.T.'s**
 London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Marvin Gaye**
 London Victoria The Venue: **The Scars/Josak K/Ariel FX**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Out On Blue Six/Airstrip 1**
 London Wood Green Nightingale: **The Photogenics/Spot The Joker**
 London Woolwich Transhed: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
 London W.1 Embassy Club: **Eddy & Sunshine**
 Luton Kingsway Tavern: **Bonnie Parker Band/Assassins Of Silence**
 Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Undertones**
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
 Manchester Pips: **Modern Romance**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Modern Eon**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **The Connexion**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Toots & The Maytals**
 Oxford Scamps: **Positive Vibes**
 Preston Guildhall: **UB40**
 Reading University: **The Bucket Movie**
 Redditch White Hart: **Johnny Coppins/Phil Beer**
 Rotherham Kimberworth Domino: **The Afrodiszyaks/East Side**
 Stockport Smugglers Nite Spot: **Shades Of Black**
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Mickey Jupp**
 York Arts Centre: **Fault**

WEDNESDAY

Bexhill The Continental: **Tich Turner's Escalator**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **UB40**
 Bradford University: **Judie Tzuke**
 Brighton Basement Bar: **C-Sain**
 Brighton The Concorde: **Eye To Eye**
 Brighton Sussex University: **The Polecats/OK Jive**
 Cardiff Top Rank: **The Undertones**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Venigmas/Burmah Blur**
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
 Chippenham Alexandra's: **The 01 Band**
 Dorking Hospital Social Club: **Dave Paskett**
 Dover (St Margaret's Bay) Red Lion: **Naughty Thoughts**
 Edinburgh Astoria: **Chelsea**
 Edinburgh Buster Brown's: **The Dreamboys**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Kraftwerk**
 Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Strings**
 Halifax's Tiffany's: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **Sub Zero**
 Huddersfield Eros Club: **Samson**
 Kettering Rising Sun: **The World Service**
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Agony Column**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Way Of The West**
 Liverpool Kirklands: **Ponderosa Glee Boys**
 Liverpool Pickwicks: **Modern Eon**
 Liverpool (Woolton) Coach & Horses: **The Chase**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Mo-dettes**
 London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
 London Clapham The Clockhouse: **Shotgun**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Coat Club**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Motor Boys Motor**
 London Earls Court: **Pink Floyd present The Wall**
 London Euston The Pits: **The Ivory Coasters**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Chaps**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Decline Or Fall/Between Pictures**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Spirit/Inner City Unit**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Drive-In/Human Beans**
 London Islington Pied Bull: **Low Z**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Monkey**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chris Barber Band**
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
 London Plumstead The Ship: **H. G. & The 100 Years**
 London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jam**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Warren Vache/Brian Lemon Trio**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **True Life Confessions**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J. J. & The Flyers**
 London S.W.10 Redcliffe: **Harfoot Brothers**
 London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Stop Band**
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Horseshoe: **Prime Cut**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Marvin Gaye**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Toots & The Maytals**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Almost Brothers/Metro Glider**
 London W.1 Embassy Club: **Private Lives**
 London W.14 The Kensington: **White Lines**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sky**
 Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Zenathus**
 Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
 Manchester Beach Club: **The Cabal/Smack**
 Newcastle City Hall: **The Tubes**
 Newcastle Cooperage: **Coco Canyon's Amazing R & B Allstars**
 Newcastle University: **Bauhaus**
 New Romney Seashore: **Mik & Martyn**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwalhir**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Breathers**
 Reading Top Rank: **The Teardrop Explodes**
 Sheffield Marples Club: **Geddes Axe**
 Southampton Victory Club: **Dream Sequence**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 St. Albans City Hall: **Classix Nouveaux/Our Daughter's Wedding**
 Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
 Tenby Imperial Hotel: **Johnny Coppins**
 Torquay Doodles: **Chas & Dave**
 Uxbridge Brunel University: **More**
 Wirral Park Gate Hotel: **Mathews Brothers**
 Worthington Rendezvous Club: **Fassbender Russell**



männer, but lacking the Master's sense of irony, this recreation of a crime that obsessed all of France in 1934 suffers from the drippy presence of Isabelle Huppert in the title role. (BBC 2)

VICTIM (Basil Dearden 1961). And talking of drips, Dirk Bogarde plays — most convincingly — the barrister with homosexual inclinations, tracking down a blackmailer. Not at all gay. (BBC 2)

VERA CRUZ (Robert Aldrich 1954). Sub-Wild Bunch shenanigans south of the border with Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster as their adventurers wondering which side to fight for. Dependable, rather than exciting, and the usual Aldrich vitality. (BBC 1)

Sunday June 14
THE DISAPPEARANCE (Stuart Cooper 1978). Stylish underworld thriller which briefly surfaced in London cinemas last month. Donald Sutherland's the Montreal-based hitman who's totally preoccupied with his wife's disappearance. David Hemmings and Warner lend Brit support. (BBC 2)

Wednesday June 17
RED SUN (Terence Young 1972). Ludicrously mismatched cast — Charlie Bronson, Toshio Mifune, Ursula Andress, Alain Delon — stand around shrugging at one another in ridiculous Western melodrama about Samurai warrior (Andress) crossing America (Bronson) to retrieve ornamental sword (Delon). Or something. (ITV Mifune)

Monty Smith

TUESDAY

Bedford Kempston Youth Club: **Rapido Vite**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Sky**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Grace Bolton (Bromley Cross) The Railway: J. G. Spoils**
 Brighton Basement Bar: **Redbeat**
 Brighton Dome: **The Teardrop Explodes**
 Bristol Locarno: **Classix Nouveaux/Our Daughter's Wedding**
 Bristol Stonehouse: **The Hybrids/The Club Waiters**
 Bury The Derby Hall: **White Lightning**
 Cambridge Jesus College: **Q-Tips**
 Cambridge Queen's College: **Mud/Geno Washington**
 Cambridge St. John's College: **The Revillos/Johnny Mars**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Channel K/Spy vs. Spy**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **The Decision**
 Cumbrian Town Show: **Darts/Chas & Dave**
 Edinburgh Odeon: **The Tubes**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Kraftwerk**
 Hastings Chatsworth Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
 Hanley Vinelm: **Saturnalia**
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MONDAY

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& Pressman's DYNAMITE WOMEN (X)

LPs

Smothered



YOKO ONO Season Of Glass (Geffen Records)

'SEASON OF GLASS' is — of course — about John and Yoko. About their love: about her pain and loss and loneliness now that he's gone. I don't really know how to deal with it. It's a public statement yet an intensely private LP and this context makes it difficult to criticise without feeling monstrously callous — but I guess if you don't write what you feel to be truth, there's no point in writing at all.

For me, the LP fails on a fundamental level — it fails to convince. By this, I don't mean to doubt the depth of Yoko Ono's feelings, only the means she's chosen to express them. The trouble is

the sound of the record. The production — by Ono and Phil Spector — is restrained, the arrangements conservative, the music itself muted, bland, almost without conviction.

It's true the lyrics are often hard and starkly moving, but without a reciprocal power in the music they exist in an emotional vacuum — as if a very real grief had somehow been transmogrified into casual family listening. Where is that awesome primal scream now that we need it most? For all its therapeutic purpose — "music was my salvation" Yoko says in the sleeve notes — there is no sense of release here, merely a dazed quiet — which may be understandable but doesn't make for effective music.

I don't want John Lennon

to be mourned like this, with this MOR tastefulness. I long for the passion, rage and defiance of Yoko's earlier records, like the great 'Approximately Infinite Universe' — so cool, caring and aware. In contrast, 'Season Of Glass' exudes an unreal calm — the feelings are there, but only half-realised. They break through in the lyrics only to be smothered by surrounding muzak. I just don't know how the expression of so much pain can end up sounding so well-behaved.

The record begins with a song called 'Goodbye Sadness', a bitter irony since the rest of it is suffused with a gnawing anguish. Many of the 14 tracks appear bluntly autobiographical but a few —

'Extension 33', 'She Goes Down On Her Knees' — take a sidelook at women alone, while others seem indecipherable ('No, No, No') or indulgently precious ('Silver Horse', 'Toyboat'). In the main, though, the lyrics are the LP's strength — a bare retelling of feeling, questions about lost chances, gentle assertions of hurt and need. And once, on the turbulent 'I Don't Know Why', a half-shrieked, half-snarled cry — "you bastards, hate us, hate me, we had everything, you —" — hits home with a naked honesty the rest of the LP rarely reveals.

A few between-track additions are puzzling and a little spooky. What are we to make of the imaginary

phone-call with John that precedes 'Mindweaver' or the four gunshots and scream that begin 'No, No, No'? Their effect seems merely sensational, though I'm sure that can't have been the intention.

The LP's most alarming lapse is of a different kind — the last track, 'Mother Of The Universe', is a feminised version of 'The Lord's Prayer' complete with gushing sax accompaniment. Perhaps I lack charity but John Lennon's death, or that of anyone you care about, feels too bitter a blow to be smoothed over with religious platitudes, even ones which take a sideswipe at patriarchy. I resent the fatalism, the suspect

reassurance offered in return for the loss of a kind of freedom. It seems to me a trivial, banal conclusion. Thousands will disagree.

'Season Of Glass', for all its natural obsession with a specific historical event, exists in a kind of endless present. It tells us nothing we didn't already know except for the details of pain. It is reflections on reflections, discoveries of loss, a very private grief. I think the old Yoko, in her full shrieking splendour, would have broken through this but I guess I expect too much too soon. A lot of the LP I don't understand very well but I know it feels like a disappointment and I'm sorry. There is nothing else I can say.

Graham Lock

MOTORHEAD No Sleep Til Hammersmith (Bronze)

AXES on their shoulders, blood on their palms, grease in their hair, gaps in their teeth, something or nothing on their mind, squeezing the universe into a ball, rolling towards some overwhelming question. Did you hear me? Silence, silence, I said. Silence? Motorhead? Oh damned eternal... It's all the same to me. It's all a game to me. Life as death. You don't see them you don't, but I see them. The soul of man that is joined to the soul of stone. Forever must quench, forever must light the flame. The agents of hell disappear. The white flat face of death. A doom on the house, a doom on yourself, a doom on the world. "This one's called 'Metropolis'."

Living and partly living. The blood of martyrs and the agony of saints. A serious corruption of a possible timidity. Protect me in the tumult. It can't go on. Speak to me Lemmy. "This one is dedicated to little Philthy. This one's called 'The Hammer'." The beat of a bad job is all any of us can make of it. An open highway! Alone in a dream! Iron Horse is my life! "This LP is dedicated to Smirnoff and Carlsberg Special." Walk they must the empty selfish journey between the needless risk and the endless safety. Ferociously stoned! The people are unhappy and the future is dark. Sing to me Lemmy sing tome. The voice of death. The amputated voice of all our

yesterdays. Rescue me, comfort me, see me to my salvation. "This one's for me and Eddy. This one's called 'No Class'."

There it is. The call! The interminable tumbling of the great grey, the miserable fluency, the creature crash. The monster! I'm drowning. One intense vision after another. "C'mon Newcastle — let's hear it for the road crew." Everything has the right to live. "This is dedicated to a fine body of men. This is 'We Are The Road Crew'."

"Another town another place/Another girl another face/Another truck another race/Another beer is what I need/Another gig my ears will bleed."

Deep poignant conviction. The secret of talking and saying nothing. Motorhead could fill the whole of space. That's right. (Solo) Did it hurt you? Things ain't fair. "This one's a slow one so you can mellow out." Scandalous. About as pointless and inglorious as stepping in front of a bus. The dead strangeness and menace of a drifting, routine haunted available common life. The static fury. "Ain't no hope in hell/Nothing gonna bring us down."

The precarious hold on reality, the failures of communication, the inevitability of violence and exploitation. The humiliation of self and others as a response to a humiliating intolerable society. Painful, ugly, hysterically powerful cries from the trap.

Like the other great blank trio The Cure, Motorhead's frustrated soundtrack is a real

haunting, a facing of facts, a searching for the past to define the present, a wasted caricature of the brutal truth. "No Sleep Til Hammersmith" is disgusting, bleeding, gruesome magnificence and Motorhead are one of the Great Popular Groups. The LP represents the limitations, absurdity and rare glory of HM rock so comprehensively and madly it has to be considered a major work. It tells you everything you need to know about the stinking sin of rock'n'roll, the sweaty faces and the vacant myths.

They are an indecent manifestation of the extreme vulgarity in rock, a symbol of the music's bland bluffing simplification of reality, yet the discipline and design of their art, the purified potency and essential passion in their music, maintains a resolve and drive that is unique. Their no-change charge is exciting.

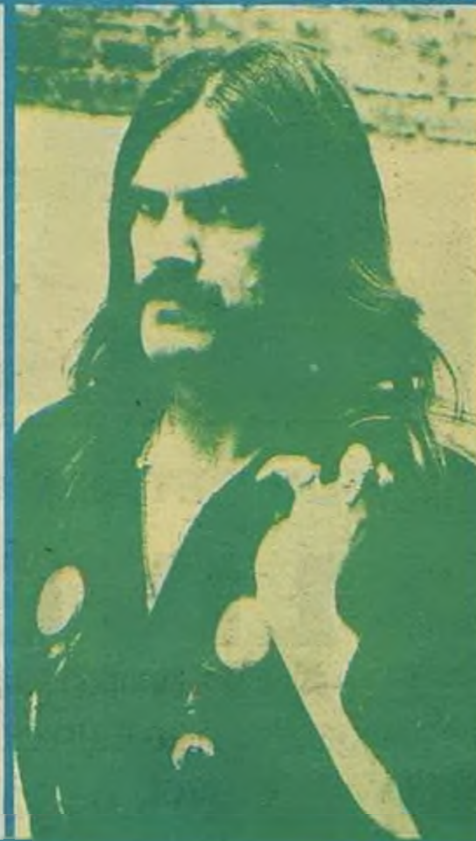
And probably, because they're so involved and committed, a little frightening. What's happening? "You know you're going to lose/And gambling is for fools / But that's the way I like it / Baby I don't want to live forever."

Oh God. Mercy.

And don't forget the joker.

They tried to stand and rot. It wasn't always easy. Life tried to prevail. Stumbling, cursing, plodding, lumbering, loitering, stumbling, spewing, groaning, grousing through mud and rain and filth and danger... It can't go on. It will go on.

Paul Morley



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MANU DIBANGO

Ambassador (Island)
MANU DIBANGO is the man-about-horns-and-keyboards whose chief claim to fame is his 'Soul Makossa' hit of many moons ago. 'Ambassador' is a big, flat, expensive album recorded in five different studios in five different places (Kingston JA, New York, Nassau, Paris and London) with a massive cast of thirty-three musicians not counting the string section. Among those involved are such session luminaries as Sly 'n' Robbie, the Brecker brothers' Geoffrey Chung, Willie Lindo, Sketch, Ansell Collins and Mikoy Richards.

There are a few interesting stylistic devices employed including singing along with the bass line, and some of the grooves actually stimulate movement (the unmistakable Sly 'n' Robbiness of 'Kumbala Style', for example), but most of 'Ambassador' puts across so little intensity that dancing to this album would be a real plod: hard work. Any dance music which is hard work to dance to has failed in its intent; the movement created by real dance music is totally effortless.

Manu Dibango is a fine horn player and a mediocre arranger; producer Geoffrey Chung has — as far as this person's priorities are concerned — dissipated most of the creative energies of the performers involved (not to mention the recording budget, which must have been monumental) by failing to generate the amount of energy which would have turned this album from a potentially brilliant bore into genuine dance-floor dynamite. A vast amount of money and energy have already been wasted on this project. It is not recommended that you compound the error by investing any of yours in it.

Charles Shear Murray



CRASS

Penis Envy (Crass Records)

'PENIS ENVY' shows Crass developing a more sophisticated form of punk and realigning their attacks on society from close to a radical feminist standpoint. This is a definite plus, not just because feminism provides the most acute political analysis around, but because it also lends the LP coherence — a focus for the swinging but indiscriminate assaults Crass have previously launched on our wonderful way of life.

It means too that Eve Libertine takes over the vocal chores, and though some may find her impeccable middle-class tones a mite irritating — so non-U for rock'n'roll, eh? — you can at least hear the words.

Not that the LP is without flaws. Crass songs are still great, angry, wordy splurges, all banners and thumped tubs where a swift guerrilla raid might be more effective. They could also do with more, well, *joie de vivre*. Apart from 'Our

JAMES CHANCE AND THE CONTORTIONS

Live in New York (Roi cassette only — US import)

THE PASSION and precocity of early James Chance has taken some heavy battering since his debut on the Eno-complied 'No New York' compilation. Contractual wrangles have made his a difficult and debilitating coming of age, preventing him as they did from following up his two disarmingly volatile Ze disco-lations with anything more than a re-hash of the same, a stop gap live LP and the odd single.

For a spirit as restless as Chance's the delays must have been both frustrating and soul destroying — though that's not to say he was ever very soulful in the accepted sense. His debunking of funk had more to do with style and intellect than emotion — any 'soul' stemmed from his trying to emulate his hero James Brown. Otherwise his lack of respect for tradition served him well: the heat he created from hurtling dancebeats at jazz and his absurd vocals could easily pass for feeling, but in essence Chance's alluring brilliance lay in his skilful forging of forms. If the results skated close to parody they were always heady, arresting — ever seriously tried to dance The Chance? — and far

more vital than most inane fusions.

Two years on and all we've got is a new live tape, recorded late '80 and early '81, to cheer on his momentum. Happily it reveals that James is still taking chances. From this evidence he's still downeering and eccentric — a fact acknowledged by Glenn 'X' Brien's sleeve notes, which also boast that these are the best Contortions yet. He might be believed on both counts: much of the tape's excitement is generated by the leader's ceaseless swagger and his calling of all the shots, but the importance of his basic quintet — on some tracks aided by Defunkt trombonist Joe Bowie and the Discolitas back up singers — should not be underestimated.

Their playing is great. A slight shift in emphasis takes them still closer to jazz, a process in which rhythms have been first stretched and then frozen to fit a newly taut frame. It makes for an odd effect, simultaneously constipated and compulsive, dragging the listener in and then throwing him about wildly. They stay in control even if the unsuspecting bystander loses it. Meanwhile one guitarist quietly, yet persistently scratches away at the rhythm, leaving the other free to nurture soft,

continues on page 53

Wedding' — a special case — 'Berkertex Bribe' is the only track with a touch of carnival spirit — the music's freewheeling exuberance is a rare treat and doesn't undermine the lyric's point.

Musically, 'Penis Envy' is Crass' most accomplished record. They've retained most of their old punk power but reworked it with deftness and imagination. The anthem-like 'What The Fuck?' hints at a Toyah influence while more variety is provided by the slowly unwinding 'Health Surface' and the tongue-in-cheek percussion that opens 'Berkertex Bribe'.

The real significance of 'Penis Envy' though is its political vision. Its outright

attack on romance, marriage, family life — or rather on the way they've been twisted to fit into our repressive, death-fixated culture — would be welcome anywhere in pop but Crass now have enough popular clout to be truly subversive. And this is their most subversive LP yet precisely because it tackles the staple myths of so much pop culture.

'Bata Motel' sardonically exposes the little everyday ways in which women are degraded and robbed of their power — 'I've got a red pair of high-heels on / Tumble me over, it doesn't take much ... You can do what you like, there'll be no reprisal / I'm yours, yes I'm yours, it's my

means of survival'. 'Berkertex Bribe' makes the same telling connections between sexual hypocrisy, repression and violence — 'The ring on your finger, the sign of protection / Is the rape on page 3, is the soldiers obsession / How well you've been taught to support your oppression' — as the Attorney General inadvertently revealed in his recent and dangerous discrimination between prostitutes and "respectable" women. Only once does Crass' thinking become stereotyped — their imaginary average couple on 'Systematic Death' are just too much like ciphers.

Though the LP also contains a plea for

Individuality ('What Next Columbus') and an anti-nuke song ('What The Fuck?') to back up the great 'Nagasaki Nightmare', its basic critique of current ideologies of love is confirmed by other tracks, from the de-illusioning 'Smoother Love' to the prankish parody of 'Our Wedding', whose kind preview by *Loving* magazine is just the final icing on this diverting and radical cake.

Talking of weddings, here's the chance to make our own gesture of defiance through the coming media blitz. Let's see 'Penis Envy' at No. 1 in the LP charts on July 29th.

Women and men, it can be done!

Graham Lock

DILLINGER

Badder Than Them (A&M)

THIS is some before and after job, you'd never recognise the youth on the record sleeve with the fuzzy locks crammed into an unflattering beret, as being the natty star on the glossy gold and black album cover. And A&M yet!

But yes folks, this is Dillinger, same way (well almost). It's just that after all these years the wacky DJ is

finally heading for the fat white cat market with no apology.

After all, if you're going, might as well go the whole way, heh? So Dillinger progresses his style from straight talkover vocals to a point somewhere between singing and rapping — swacking? Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't.

Well, these are the breaks, huh?

The opening track 'Melting

Pot' is definitely the hardest one on the album — the baddest too, as Dillinger's low-key delivery is weajred out with synths — the Honda CB200 meets the Yamaha CS80 — an interesting combination.

There are only a few of the old-style Dillinger snappy intros: On Broken Heart, he tells us, "... You know when someone's heart is broken / Don't you take it for a token / Cos my heart is broken and I'm not jokin' Baby. ... /"

Awoah. We could do with more of these pearls of wisdom and less of the wispy washy stuff like "Man Friday" where the speedy backing vocals (Credited to Tessa Webb & Tessa Webb & Tessa Webb), threaten to out rumba the riddim.

'Reggae Beat' with its chorus of school kids from the Children Of Soudes Place School, is as warm as a ray of sunshine but 'Disco Freak' which follows it, is just saved from being tacky by a blast of

sassy horns which all but obliterates Dillinger's Rappart A Go Go, and what do you know, you're dancing in spite of yourself.

Finally, the dread DJ manages to clinch the deal on 'Little Girl'. In a Big Youth type voice, charged with righteousness, he asks, 'What is it for a girl to gain the whole world and lose her soul?'

Don't worry Dee, on 'Badder Than Them', you haven't done either.

Roz Reines

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ALBUM-VIENNA SINGLE-ALL STOOD STILL

□ from page 50

semi-melodies with sweet little flurries and runs. Their contributions are deceptively slight, but their restraint pays off during the inevitable gaps that occur in Chance's JB-like hoiler and response technique: they never let slip the accumulating tensions. They're given more time and thankfully they don't waste it.

Chance himself sounds older and a lot more cynical than before, as if his wild enthusiasms and intuitions have been soured somewhat by his legal experiences. Whatever nothing has blunted his confidence in himself nor curbed his whiplash wit. Similarly his sax playing is as brashly authoritative and as occasionally wonky as ever. Best manifestation of his verbals come in the previously unknown (to this listener anyway) 'Sophisticated Cancer' — a merciless systematic stripping down of some poor victim's cool. Glamour proves to be a poor defence against Chance's spiteful wit: "Baby you're gonna be so busy squirming/You're never even gonna realise/That it's all a tease."

It's long, but never interminably so, its vitriolic humour and

the ambiguity of the cancer of the title — the imagery hints at drugs, though the narrative suggests its just plain old sophistication — is reminiscent of Dylan's speed-soaked, paranoid rants of the mid '60s.

'White Cannibal' is also unrelentingly funny — "Baby are you ready for this?/Because the stew is you!" — working plenty of puns around a terse, chopped up riff that is heralded by Chance's own lengthy stumbling solo. 'Money To Burn' works away at financial metaphors with an almost idiot single-minded intensity, while the tune is mellowed a modicum by Bowie's cool trombone phrases. And the oft-heard 'Contort Yourself' is even more warped and twisted than before.

Probably most revealing are the three covers. The Contortions don't have too many problems unwinding themselves for Sinatra's 'Old Black Magic', but their leader can only bluff his way through it clumsily, his assumed soul-shouter cool plainly unfitted to a more relaxed form. He can't resist mocking an easy target, which is a shame, because the contrasting of cool

guitars, his own burbling sax and the brisk rhythm make for an otherwise attractive arrangement. Far better are the Brown songs 'I Got You I Feel Good' — a conventional good time opener given sinister overtones by the singer's sultry intensity — and 'King Heroin' — a forlornly moving version of possibly the best-ever anti-smack song that depicts the drug as the frightening fatal siren it is.

So many covers undoubtedly would not have been considered for a normal LP, but their inclusion here lends the tape a bootleg intimacy capturing more permanently Chance's ambitious conceits — tackling Sinatra's poise and Brown's swagger — and consequently the flaws too. However both traits are more engaging than off-putting, the tiny revelations gleaned from them making 'Live In New York' more enthralling than we might have expected from another stop-gap release. And, anyway, for the moment, it's all we've got.

(Tape available from Reachout International Records Inc, 611 Broadway, New York City, New York 10012, Suite 214).

Chris Bohn

ALAN VEGA Alan Vega (PVC/Ze import)

LAST YEAR'S Suicide album remains, for me, the most enduring Ze noise of all, a smoothly soulful shot of synthetic '80s rock'n'roll which deftly combined the pulse and heart of yesteryear with the technology of today. The Martin Rev solo offering on Lust/Unlust which followed quickly on its heels was something of a disappointment though, a divorce of the two elements which had something of the nasty taste of a "musician's" album. Alan Vega's solo record, I'm glad to say, is not like that at all; instead, it's cruddy in the extreme.

Gloriously cruddy, in fact. Just basic, wafer-thin rockabilly, the simplest music I've heard in ages, and the least pretentious. Vega doesn't need to tart himself up in pseudo-Nudie threads and foot-long quiff to convince you of his r'n'r credibility credentials — his Sun spirit pours out of this record, a stupid, rootsy, rockabilly-flow unconcerned with niceties like "authenticity", and consequently a zillion times more authentic than any

careful, correct, note-perfect artifice.

Remember, a few years back, how Dave Edmunds was astonished when Chuck Berry didn't do his hits note-perfect, as Edmunds thought they should be? That was a revealing moment as regards how Edmunds approached rock'n'roll, and the difference between Berry and Edmunds is rather like the gap between Vega and the legions of rockabilly revivalists currently bending our ears: they're so authentic they're completely inauthentic. This has nothing whatsoever to do with notes on a page, or anything as stiff and academic as that. Just listen to the plodding two-note bass throb on 'Fireball', and Vega's idiotic whoops and yells — it's a release we're dealing with here, not a construct.

Vega's voice in Suicide always held something of the

essence of rock'n'roll romanticism, and here it's in its perfect setting, just simple garage-band burn-ups, erratic and erotic, unsure of anything save the rhythm. Dig the way the phrase "juke box baby" (from the song of the same name) gets shortened to "jew bo baby", the merest semaphore of its original content, an off-the-cuff contraction which hits just the right nerve of breathless urgency and sexual intent.

Only Vega (vocals) and one Phil Hawk (guitar, great name) get credited here, despite the presence of drums, bass, and occasional piano on some tracks. But these are all peripheral — what else is there to basic rock'n'roll but voice and dumb guitar?

'Bye Bye Bayou', the longest track at 8½ minutes, takes simple drums and guitar and feeds them both through echo, two snare snaps shooting up to four and tinny guitar jerks doubled up to hit every beat of a delicious steam-train stomp. Vega here verges on the absurd, squawking and caterwauling pathologically in every available space. Completely daft, and rightly so. Nostalgia doesn't enter into it, nor into 'Speedway' ("Speedway

hurricane/Gasoline and cocaine..."), which rattles along crazily on the bare bones of drum machine, stilty bass and loose guitar. There's absolutely NO PREMEDITATION to this noise — it's instant, it's direct, and it's the way it obviously should be.

For some reason (probably traceable to country roots, but only pedants would be bothered to investigate r'n'r that way), there's always been a quota of dirge-like weepy laments in rockabilly, which most current practitioners either get hideously wrong — too sincere by half — or don't attempt at all if they're smart. Vega does try 'em, and gets it just right. Which is to say that 'Love Cry' and 'Lonely', which close the two sides, are just about the dearest, dumbest weepies ever attempted by a young white male. Perfect!

The greatest homage anyone can pay the past of rock'n'roll is to listen, then ignore the sound completely and focus on the spirit of the thing. For this reason, Alan Vega and The Cramps are really all anyone needs to know about rockabilly in the '80s. Accept no substitute!

Andy Gill

BOYD RICE Boyd Rice (Mute) NON

Pagan Muzak (Gray Beat — US import)

THE GREAT thing about Boyd 'Non' Rice's 'Pagan Muzak' is that you can slip into a groove and stay there all night.

Though only a seven inch record, it's the longest LP ever made: playable at any speed from either of two centres, its 17 looped grooves thus offer infinite possibilities, making it one of the few active participation records ever made.

The second great thing about it is that once hooked you'll want to stay around awhile. Rice is a Californian noisemaker pure and simple. Outside the urge to constantly trip up and short circuit pre-conceptions about music, his aims have none of the unsettling political intent of Throbbing Gristle's sensory deprivations. There's obviously room for both, but for the moment I choose to play Boyd Rice records.

Compared to TG's black obsessions, Rice's are light and almost comforting, the neutrality of the noise capable of drawing you into their vortex. Like an artist using only primary colours, he works with the most basic of materials, melodies and

rhythms have been evened out into either-drawling whines or low, consistent burrs. And on two grooves he fastens the row into the crucifix of rhythms again by simply switching it on and off. These must be the Boyd Rice dance patterns.

The Mute collection is both more accessible and easily available. An engaging collection of early ('75/'76) pieces, Rice appears more tentative in his approach; consequently his older works are more recognizably "musical", some sharing a similar lumbering amphibian grace to Gavin Bryars' 'Sinking Of The Titanic'. Others — they're all untitled incidentally — are naggingly frenetic, offering a portent of what is to come.

However, its format is more conventionally 12 inch, the grooves run towards the centre of the record — "I guess you could say I'm selling out," cracked Rice. Not really, but it does prove that even extremes are relative.

Chris Bohn



THIRD WORLD
'Rock The World'
TO THE 'THIRD WORLD'

After their huge success with the single 'Now That We've Found Love', Third World have come through with a stunning new album 'Rock The World' with powerful tracks like 'Dancing On The Floor (Hooked On Love)', the hit single that's got everyone moving to the 'Rock The World' CBS 85027 40-85027. Featuring the single 'Dancing On The Floor (Hooked On Love)'.



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RUTS DC Animal Now (Virgin)

MALCOLM was the perfect reflection of the times we live in — he was hard, bright and clear. But that was last year and tragically he also turned out to be as transient, as fleeting as all reflections are.

Now we have Ruts DC, not quite a new band but a new beginning. The sleeve of 'Animal Now' shows a lizard standing proud and alert, an apt choice, the lizard's scaly skin resembling a cracked mirror, the sun behind it a source of warmth and hope for the future. A majestic sleeve for an important album.

The theme of broken mirrors crops up as the subject-matter of the opening track 'Mirror Smashed', a promising starter with Dave Ruffy's snare-drum work chopping up the beat and propelling the song forward with precise crispness. Now, there are those guitarists who stumble along in the footsteps of the late James Marshall Hendrix, imitating his style and hoping that some of the talent of the man will, by some process of sympathetic magic, rub off onto their desperate and sweaty fingers. Paul Fox, on the evidence of past work and the guitar solo that provides a suitable climax to this track, is not one of those guitarists.

His playing displays a fluidity and warmth all too often missing from the soul-less bludgeoning of the vast majority of Hendrix emulators. Unhappily though, his fire and skill is not allowed track time elsewhere on 'Animal Now' and it's ominous that 'Mirror Smashed', undeniably most lively and uplifting track on

the album, is also the closest in style to the old Ruts.

The prevailing mood of the album becomes ever clearer — a grim determination to survive and carry on in the face of apathy, repression and stagnation. The growing influence of Gary Barnacle on keyboards and sax has allowed the Ruts to broaden their musical field of action but the music, though sweeping and played with undeniable commitment and emotion, is tinged with sadness and despair. How can the band help it? They have to move forward, conquer the self-doubt they must have experienced.

The band's lyrics are more generalised, more introverted than ever before — "Futile battles / Forgotten names / Faceless heroes playing lethal games." ('No Time To Kill') and the doubt, the questions, the weariness (perhaps) creep into every song. The Ruts reggae-consciousness reaches an all-time low on 'Fools', a limp, almost obligatory dub work-out.

Ruts DC need more time and encouragement to re-capture their cutting edge — too much too soon and the glass could slip in their hands. 'Animal Now' left me sad and introverted and convinced that now, more than ever, the band needs to take its own advice from 'Mirror Smashed' — "You must face it, you can't hide / Haunting fears / No time for doubt when the mirror breaks."

Ruts DC can grow in confidence and stature but they'll have to find within themselves an inner vitality, that sense of animal now-ness that eludes them at the moment.

Julian Wilde

GINO SOCCIO Closer (Warner Bros)

CLOSER than ever to taking the piss is Gino. He cons punters with 'Try It Out', a track that is already (and very rightly) putting in its bid to become This Summer's Big One on the dance floor then devotes the rest of the set to drivel that would make Andy Pandy look funky. Don't be fooled, stick with the twelve inch.

Lloyd Bradley

OHIO PLAYERS Tenderness (Epic) THE Association for the

LIGHTNING STRIKES

Advancement of Deaf Musicians' annual outing this year visited Ohio. On arriving, high spirits overtook a few members and they masqueraded as a funk band in order to gain entrance to a record studio. Once inside, they wreaked havoc and destruction as they gave vent to what appears to be a burning hatred for most aspects of popular music. Funk, gospel, pop, country, R&B, it all suffered serious damage as they warmed up

for the real purpose of the escapade which was to attempt to destroy, by battering with heavy egos and blunt instruments, the memory of Otis Redding.

The only defence offered by the ringleader for this orgy of aural violence was a mumbled "Since Junie left us, we don't know what to do." Unfortunately the case will continue.

Lloyd Bradley

LIGHTNING STRIKES

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This is the age of the train ➡

C81

From page 4

They've obviously heard the third LP and 'Loaded' but the guitar is not a patch on 'I Heard Her Call My Name', which I regard as one of, if not the, best 'rock' solos.

6. Cabaret Voltaire: 'Raising The Count'.

"Imaginary threat of rock'n'roll" — well, yes, but this group can be pretty unsettling. Their bits on the Factory sampler were not that much. I can listen to this, but I don't really like it. It could have been shorter — that's really what's wrong with it.

7. D.A.F.: 'Kebabtraume'.

"Germany's finest new band" quoth the *Owner's Manual*. I wouldn't know, I've only heard this. The singer's no great shakes, but the German words really do sound great. Fuck knows what they mean, I don't speak it. The song is a slow chantin' thing and, as they go, it's very good. Nice one, Hun.

8. Furious Pig: 'Bare Pork'.

Hear it once — you might have a good laugh. Two or even three times is the maximum. Then roll a ball of paper up and stick it in the top of the cassette so you can record over it. And you can add another minute by...

9. The Specials: 'Raquel'.

...doing the same to this. Now I like The Specials, but this is a "very bad show". 'Raquel' is just another thrash. Written and performed when the group were known as The Coventry Automatics — and, yes, this is the awful band that supported The Clash in '78. Better to let sleeping dogs lie.

So if you've stopped taping, the next one is...

10. Buzzcocks: 'I Look Alone'.

As above — in as far as they're both bands who have done better. But that can be said of all the 'Cocks stuff since '78. It

would have made a much better single than the bloody mistake they put out a while back (I've even forgotten the name). This is a pretty decent song, a bit like old times!

11. Essential Logic: 'Fanfare In The Garden'.

I'm surprised. This is quite good. I don't really go for the 'Rough Trade thing' myself (Politti, Crayola, Pop Group, Raincoats etc) but I like this a fair bit. When I've heard/seen Lora on TV, I've not liked her, but she sounds just right now.

12. Robert Wyatt: 'Born Again Cretin'.

Paraplegic ex-Soft Machine drummer released two LPs (solo), both now at least 5-6 years old, before his comeback in 1980. What did he do in between?

Those old records are proof that he can do the job given the tools. But why does he need to suck up to punk? I mean, it's too late, Bob, it died. As for saying that the title of the fourth Clash LP is "right up my street", well, I didn't know he lived in Nicaragua. It's a sad thing he had to say all that crap on the *Owner's Manual*.

Anyway 'Cretin' sounds at the start like T. Rex 'The Wizard' slowed down or, more, like 'One Inch Rock'. It then goes into a "drone tune" — Mingus 'Pork Pie Hat/Self Portrait In 3 Colours' style. Don't forget that when Bob was a Softie he used to listen to jazz all the time. And all through his work it shows. Softs, Matching Mole, 'Rock Bottom', 'Ruth Is...'

Not great, but certainly very good.

★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★

SIDE TWO

1. The Raincoats: 'Shouting Out Loud'.

Didn't expect to like this. I do. Starts off drums rattle noises

clicks, bass, voice (always a problem with the "new" girl groups) good. Guitar and plucked violin, sounds like a piano coming in going out, here one minute, gone the next. This is lovely...

2. Josef K: 'Endless Soul'.

...and so is this. A guitar rings out... and is soon a bass joined by. And here's a problem... vocals... not a word can I make out... a decent tune, but it's that guitar bit I like. Like the Wah! Heat thing, a similarity to the old HM (but only slightly). But this is a class thing, a Rolls among Citroens.

3. Blue Orchids: 'Low Profile'.

In the *NME Owner's Manual*, this is supposed to be a thing called 'Wait'. So what goes on? It starts off good but like the above the sound is bad (worse than JK) and vocals are buried. OK, but I woz led to expect a lot more by Morley. It's a bit like you-know-who's 'What Goes On'. But also the relentlessness of 'Beginning To See The Light'. Yes, 'like it or not', this group are the reincarnation of the '69 Velvets, or that's what they (and the papers) would like. Nice try but no cigar.

4. The Virgin Prunes: 'Red Nettle'.

A synthesiser thing. An instrumental dirge. Be great for the next Royal funeral, or C.B.de Mille slaves toiling, slowly pulling a giant stone wheel. It's also short, so you won't feel like the slaves.

5. Aztec Camera: 'We Could Send Letters'.

Yet again *NME* said "This group are truly the reincarnation of the Velvet Underground (1970)". No! The '69 was wrong ('Blue Boy'), so was the '68 ('Endless Soul') — too polished, too romantic. This too is too romantic to be Lou Reed. If Lou had done it he would perhaps have parodied a 'I Found A Reason' or made it carry darker undertones, as in the third LP's 'I'm Set Free'. As it stands, though — no. Still a lovely song though. One of the most "accessible" and "old

style" on the tape (indeed, similar to Love's 'Alone Again Or', and even Moby Grape — sans electric guitars).

6. Red Crayola: 'Milkmaid'.

After a few plays it started to grow on me — a bit. I read the *Owner's Manual* to see a bit about it. It features a female singing in a light voice like the bloody awful old moll who sings on those bloody awful old jazz records (I think her name is Norma Winstone). Very pastoral, just like the title, so when I read *NME's Manual* I found out it is a "monstrosity of detente. It is also didactic. It refers to a real picture, a wall mosaic in the USSR."

Well, as a didactic it's a failure, because I can't understand a word she sings (a combination of tape and artist). And in my dictionary "didactic" is "designed to instruct". Now they say the language of the song is "the rhapsodic language of bureaucratic lyricism". This may be, but they might as well be singing in Russian. Sloppy work.

7. Linx: 'Don't Get In My Way'.

Fighting talk. No doubt the soundtrack for the upcoming film of the Brixton riots. Well, up to now the *NME* writers would find something they liked on this tape, except Danny Baker. Well here's Dan's favourite. It's also one of mine. I don't go a bundle on this kind of band myself — I'm a James Brown, Sly Stone, pre-'75 fan — but Linx succeed.

8. John Cooper Clarke: 'The Day My Pad Went Mad'.

I like Johnny Clarke. This is nice. But too... well, you know what he said about going for easy luffs and that; it's time to move on, John. If you can, man. PS: Who are the Massed Carnaby Street John Cooper Clarks? Is it...

9. James Blood Ulmer: 'Jazz Is The Teacher, Funk Is The Preacher'.

Another "funky" record. *Magnifique*. James has a great handle. And a guitar. It starts off with a guitar burst reminiscent of Sterling's intro to 'Sweet Jane'. No real evidence of that other James, Marshall Hendrix: he's got his own sound, has Blood. I don't know what "harmonolodics" is, and it doesn't really matter to me. Goes into the blenda, Brenda, as long as the soup taste fine. This too has sax and brass — so, all right, now that the sax is established again, how about the clarinet? As for this bloke, I'll certainly search out more of his stuff.

10. Ian Dury: 'Close To Home'.

Recorded in '77 as a "possible" for 'New Boots', and while it's nice enough, it's not half as good as the worst 'New Boots' songs and is a letdown. Thank god Ian and Chaz had sense enough to leave it off as it would have spoiled 'New Boots' magnificence.

11. Gist: 'Greener Grass'.

Makes me proud to be Welsh that The Young Marble Giants are countrymen. Now they've split and Moxham has gone into Gist. This is good. All bass and drum machine. Two men. Nice tune — bit old style, but that's fine by me. A sort of modern Shadows. And finally Esther...

12. Subway Sect: 'Parallel Lines'.

The old ('Ambition'/'Different Story') Sob Way Sect, before Vic Godard did a Di Ross/Eric Burdon takeover job. Again the sound could be better — you have to strain to catch the words. And then miss some. It's a good thing 'Ambition' wasn't an EP — this is not in the same league, though it's a good song and I like Godard's singing.

So there you have it. A brief rant from JCC and click off. Not perfect, not bad, really very good. A well done job is a job well done. It could have been longer and had Joy Div, Au Pairs, Jam, ACR, Elvis, UB40, Comsat Angels, Fire Engines, Undertones, Teardrops, Allmantado, YMGs, Stray Cats, Madness, Selecter, Fall, XTC, Leer & Rental, Delta 5, LKJ, Dexy's, DVA, etc, etc. You see, you could do it all again. Well?

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with their civility). I ask for my companions' current rave, Bacardi and grapefruit juice, and the bar person registers more than an eyebrow of indignant shock; to add insult to injury, the round's price is a crime of inflation.

Riff-raff pump from the thing standing in for a disco. It cuts out during a hideous riff and everybody's gaze averts to THE STAGE (I do so detest events which cling to this outmoded organisation: there are few living performers so IMPORTANT that one is left nowhere to go or gaze at other than THE STAGE). Not surprising that so much Heavy Metal is STAGED here — the Gang of Four soon, for instance — I muse, and long for Heaven, where one can loop, slump, badger and bristle. But Prince, perchance, will redeem our evening with a display of funk ruder than nude wrestling but as sexily subtle as a Helmut Newton original. Mind you, it is a bit much to ask of anyone at *ten to ten*: ye gods, I'm usually still at my toilet!

An eruption of dry ice and a bolt of truly blinding white light causes me to splutter some orange and vodka over the balustrade — as much in amusement as alarm. Surely a little joke! "He can't be serious," pronounces a companion, her mouth uncharacteristically agape, barely mouthing the words.

But fairly serious is what Prince and his swaggering men appear to be. And believe you me, this isn't my high-minded 'mis-reading' of a prankster's parody. For one thing, he's *surely too young* to go in for such stuffy procrustean — only blow-dried old soul buffs would get the paunchline — and for another, this 'gag' goes on and on and on.

The dry ice and fright lights — whose calculated effect is undermined and rendered pretty pathetic by way of the Lyceum's half-emptiness — turn out to be a good index of

the Prince live repertoire's ancient grasp of sub-cultural subtlety: the plot doesn't thicken, it keeps its consistency. Heavy, stodgy, overdone, tasteless, lacking in spice or space — you get the picture? The song 'Dirty Mind' is used to open the show: its introductory phrase is prolonged and distorted and pummelled apart with the hackiest of guitar-synth-interplay structural bombast — way past its recorded length. And far from adding anything to it.

I suppose the obvious comparison is that whilst on record the sly Prince can conjure up a sexual *mise en scene* in a dizzying manner of minutes or syllables, in public it's got to be LONGER LOUDER MORE TECHNIQUE — a mere exhibition, more proof of the padding (?). Even the softest and sweetest of tunes — 'Gotta Broken Heart Again' — is dragged backwards through the great R'n'R tradition of rolling out an effective soliloquy into an enervating saga; guitar twinks into guitar tornados.

Up on a platform sits the impressive drummer, stands the keyboards man (wearing the same dumb surgeon's outfit as he does on the 'Dirty Mind' inner sleeve, incidentally). 'Outfront', Prince prances in unison with his two guitar cohorts — they walk it like they talk it, as the saying goes, every song split down the middle or battered to bed with the tedious exaggeration of third-rate Heavy Metal. Someone remarked to me the next day that oh, you know what these young chaps are like with their Hendrix fixations. Hendrix? It never began to shimmer with a hint of the historical avant-shapelessness or spirited slipstreams or sexual harangues of a Hendrix! This was calculated — Madison Square Garden here we come! — coldly choreographed strut rut muzak, in which context Prince's thigh flashes and

camp come-hither persona is stretched pretty thin. And as for his dancing... "He'd be good in Legs And Co.," said a companion dispassionately. Which comment just about sums up the a-rhythmic, cheap shot parade of kicks and flicks Prince strung together whenever the guitar was ditched long enough to allow it.

My two fellow funkateers and I unanimously elected to wander away from the endlessly guitar wrenching spectacle after about half an hour — we didn't really even 'walk out'; it was more of an embarrassed shuffle. I frowned in disbelief — such a jaded one as I! I knew this sort of thing still went on — the audience finding it all a bit sad and un-sexy and stationary but there wasn't a suggestion of funk, of rhythmic sweetness or flight: all BLAMBLAMBLAM push up your thrush thrush thrush. I know it has its traditional precedents and contexts — but who needs 'em? Who wants to spend — waste — the smallest amount of time in the company of such techno-cloddish willie-on-a-Stratocaster wanking anyone? I thought we'd moved on! Walking out is liberating! The only justification I can hear for staying is anchored in that pernicious kind of inverse-(cultural)-racism which lets funk or soul bands 'get away with that sort of thing'. Would you let whoever's Number One in your heart get away with a minute of such malarkey?

So, although his language contains surprises galore in the treatment of taboos and sexuality, Prince live is just a shallow phalloscentric showman. Stick with the delicious, itchy harmonies and meat(y) hooks purveyed by the Prince of myth and gramophone record. If he can't seduce you further into his world within half an hour, well, you know.

The mind is thrilling, but the flesh is weak.

Ian Penman

Motor Boys Motor

Pop and Anchor

AT THE bar before the set guitarist Bill Carter looks a quiet enough fellow: he could be a balding executive in weekend casual wear. But on stage he's executioner, axeman in the sinister Wilko school. He's less tight than Wilko, yet he never blossoms out indulgently: the abrupt action-painted splurges come at you like lightning. Bill is all rhythm, part plectrum picking, part bizarre four-fingered strumming technique. Poor fingers — does he keep them in alcohol over night? They obviously burn.

Motor Boys Motor are an R & B band, and that doesn't mean that they have anything to do with Q-Tips or other pallid revivalist staxboys. No, MBM come out of a rougher place, where early Yardbirds meet Howling Wolf. There's something more modern in there, too, a bit of Pere Ubu and sound for

sound's sake — plus Beefheart and early acid sounds, really psycho-delic.

Vocalist Tony Moon, the fat friendly faced man in black who used to roadie for The Stranglers, sings the right kind of mean menacing line on the hellish bluesfunk of 'Freeze Up The Truth' and 'Hot And Cold'. But his satanism is slapstick and deadpan, showing all those mad-mad sub-Cramp British rockabilly bands where to get off. Motor Boys Motor are more Diddlebilly. It's not just that vicious skinny drummer Jon Kingham that Bo beat off to a T, it's also the way the rest of the band, especially bassist Chris Thompson, interlock on the fishtail rhythms. 'Grow Fins', as one song is called.

This lot are different, white boys on black magic playing the evil boogie in the way it was intended — with a contemporary edge. Forget your R&B and pub-rockist snobberies. What it comes down to is: do you or don't you want to see smoke come off the walls?

Paul Tickell

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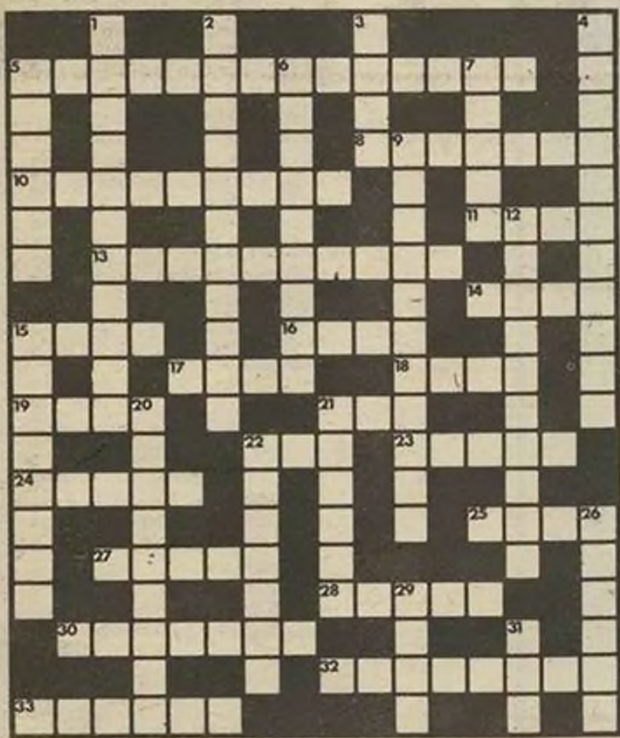
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ACROSS

- 5 The clue they dared not print! (3,5,2,****)
 8 Peter will be a girl
 10 Left The Animals to form his own chart band (4,5)
 11 Village People hit
 13 Invoice a British sea hero! (4,6)
 14 In the bottom back to front!
 15 & 27 With Cope and McCulloch, previously of The Crucial Three
 16 Former Mrs Maurice Gibb
 17 Paul Rodgers' old band
 18 Banks or Benn
 19 Johnny or Graham
 21 & 33 Formerly of PiL
 22 & 23 Veteran US soul singer whose only UK hit was 'You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine'
 24 See 32
 25 See 15 down
 27 See 15 across
 28 Classic Pistols workout (2,3)
 30 See 3
 32 & 24 Follow-up to 'Argy Bargo' (4,4,5)
 33 See 21 across

- 6 Aka August Darnell (3,6)
 7 Simon who's a girl?
 9 Singing son of American folk legend who influenced the young Dylan (4,7)
 12 Bloody muse! (5,5)
 15 & 25 ... it just smells a bit funny, that's all (5,3,4)
 20 Cliff as per birth certificate (5,4)
 21 Teardrop fruitcake
 22 Nona Hendryx's old band
 26 Seventies Elton John hit
 29 Currently trading as Pop Aural
 31 Palindromic Slit

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Rockabilly Guy'; 7 'Wow'; 9 'Christine'; 10 'Donna'; 12 Cheap Trick; 14 Sue; 15 'Space Oddity'; 16 Amp; 17 Summer; 18 Robert; 20 '(Virginia) Plain'; 22 'Low'; 23 Dr John; 25 'Rust (Never Sleeps)'; 26 Eddy; 27 Mean Streets; 29 Orange (Juice); 32 (Theatre Of) Hate; 33 'Virginia (Plain)'; 34 RSG; 35 'Rust (Never Sleeps)'.
 DOWN: 1 Rick Nielsen; 2 'Careless Memories'; 3 Associates; 4 Linda Ronstadt; 5 'God (Only Knows)'; 6 See 8; 8 'Ride A White Swan'; 11 Nicky Tesco; 13 Todd Rundgren; 19 Theatre Of (Hate); 20 Paul Simonon; 21 '(God) Only Knows'; 24 Joe South; 28 'Ride A (White Swan)'; 30 (Orange) Juice; 31 Bugle; 32 Hair.

DOWN

- 1 Of the motel of the same name (6,6)
 2 Follow-up to 'Start' (7,4)
 3 & 30 Famous fatty (ska div.)
 4 Airplant/Starship front-liner (4,7)
 5 ACR LP (2,4)

S I A H

JUNE

- 10 THE GOLDEN LION
 11 MOONLIGHT CLUB
 14 HOPE & ANCHOR
 17 THE MARQUEE
 30 DINGWALLS

JULY

- 1 HAMMERSMITH ODEON

NEW SINGLE DON'T LOOK BACK

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T-DROP

From page 19

'American sports clothing, he looks more like a member of Madness than Teardrop. And though he is content to take a backseat role, the unassuming young man is already a semi-legend on Merseyside and Cope himself reckons that there will one day be full-size Gary Dwyer posters.

After leaving school at 14, he worked awhile in a carwash, spending much of his spare time training as an amateur boxer. He retired after three bouts. By the time he bagged a security job in Eric's club in Mathew Street, he was already falling in with the embryonic new Mersey rockers — Cope, Wylie, McCulloch, Sergeant, Finkler, Budgie, Drummond and Balfe — although his real idol was always Deaf School drummer Tim Whittaker.

"At school I suppose I was always one of the kids in the gang. It was always pretty heavy at our school. It was a Catholic one and there'd always be big scraps with the school down the road. I hated school though. Didn't take any exams. I felt that I'd already learnt enough by the end of the fourth year, so I left then. I wanted to be in a band ever since. First of

all it was Slade and then Deaf School — totally into them I was.

"I don't mind being the backroom boy. That's the way I want it to be. Julian has written all the songs for the new LP so I'm going to miss out cashing in on that score, but I don't mind."

But Dwyer's life is not a slow or quiet one. He has his own solo single — "just me and all me Liverpool mates, just a totally bland pop song" — out later in the summer and is keen on an offer from the BBC to host his own Mersey pop show *Razamataz*. Maybe those Gary Dwyer posters are not that far off.

"Things like that and the silver discs mean something to me — being recognised by kids on buses in Liverpool is great. But it's no big deal really. A few weeks ago I got a royalty cheque for £300 and I just went into The Grapes, the pub beside Eric's, and bought everyone in there a drink.

"That's the way I'll always be."

The Three Sessioneers.

TROY TATE, ALFIE AGIUS and Jeff Hammer comprise the rest of the current Teardrop Explodes.

Of the three, Tate is the only one with any previous musical history of note, having played

guitar in Shake, the group which split off from the original Rezillos, and produced all three singles by the rising Edinburgh group TV21. Like Dwyer, he too has a solo single, 'Thomas' out soon on Why-Fi Records.

Tate actually joined Teardrop just prior to Balfe's departure and is more fully integrated into the group than Agius and Hammer, although he is keen to assert his independence from the Cope-Dwyer axis.

"I'm not trying to hedge my bets or anything like that but I need to have a certain freedom in whatever I'm doing. The more independent you are, the more respect you'll get from other people. If you are taken for granted, you command a lot less respect."

What of his relationship with Cope?

"So far it is working out really well. But you can't help but notice the sort of pressure that Julian is under. You can see that people are heading him towards being A Star. It's not surprising that it starts getting to him after a while. When you get woken up at nine in the morning to do a radio interview and stuff like that, you're obviously going to start feeling the strain a bit.

"There's people talking at him all the time out here. At least we can disappear for five minutes and no-one notices. But I like him a lot, even when we're arguing."

The roles of bassist Alfie Agius and pianist Jeff Hammer are more limited than Tate's. They play more or less what Cope tells them to play. But neither of them seem to show any visible resentment

Is That All There Is?

TEARDROP ARE AN ALMOST schizoid group. The only one to emerge out of 1979's post-punk left-field and then cross over into the pop parade.

They go into the studio in September to record their second LP. Cope already has a powerful pack of new songs and is even considering adding a couple of covers to the final album set — namely an old Zombies song plus his pal Pete Wylie's epic 'Better Screamer', the first Wahl Heat single.

I like this group because they are virtually unique. Who else can combine the awesome power of Joy Division with the pop songwriting craft of Madness? Teardrop are always close to the edge, teasingly providing a missing link between chilling passion and snappy populism. In the maverick Julian Cope they also have one of the pop faces of 1981. Make no mistake, Cope is already right up there with Adam and Kim Wilde.

And I wouldn't be surprised if he stays until... you realise it's just a story.

THOMPSON TWINS Their first album



A Product of

JUNE

- 3rd University of East Anglia
 4th Portsmouth Poly
 5th Sussex University; Brighton
 6th Birmingham Cedars
 7th C.N.D. Festival, Glasgow (free)

THE THOMPSON TWINS ON TOUR

- 9th Warehouse, Leeds
 10th Trinity Hall; Bristol
 12th Leicester University
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 27th Sheffield University
 30th Durham University
 JULY
 2nd Warwick University

TELPI



LP at special reduced price till 31st July 1981

WHY HASN'T Paul Morley done *Gasbag* recently? We love Paul Morley and want to know why everybody else hates him!! Or do they? We are seriously considering committing suicide after missing his brief appearance in Leeds (Soft Cell 23/5/81). *Sue 'n' Sarah, Leeds.*
PS. Why don't you come up and see us sometime Paul... soon!
Hello girls!! — PM

What a pretentious offensive and vulgar review of Japan's Hammersmith Odeon gig. Did anybody tell Paul Morley that the music was the main object of the evening or was it pure absentmindedness on your part that you omitted to mention it? I'm well aware how pseudo-intellectual your comic is but when you indulge in offensive gutter press of this nature it's about time you re-examined your standards. *Lesley Johnston, Glasgow.*
Oh dear. — PM

Alright Paul Morley if you must make such bland references to David Sylvian then at least try some decent journalism to compensate. Your write-up of their concert was so unkind and pointless. I appreciate that you don't like their music but you made no sensible attempt to review it. Who gives a tinker's what the band looks like? It's the music that counts. If they had performed with the curtains down it still wouldn't have affected their sound would it? You might find yourself labelled an unfair journalist. *Niggled Catford receptionist.*
Anything but a journalist. A journalist? Oh wow. — PM

How can you say that David Sylvian is sexless? You only have to look at him to see that he is full of it. *Zonne Wedde, Oxford.*
Where is it? Where is it? — PM

I don't think that the beautiful David Sylvian is "too fragile to fuck". Any girl in a fit state of mind would like to have him. *Anna Smargiassi.*
Really? You should have seen what they censored out of the piece. — PM

Please add my name to the list if Japan threw a party!
Elizabeth Flower, Solihull.

NME seem to be making a habit of unfairly attacking the characters of musicians but Paul Morley's piece on Japan was the worst piece of so-called rock journalism I have ever read. It was cheap, dirty, vulgar, despicable and a trashy attack on the character of Sylvian who is probably too artistic for Morley to cope with. *Donna, Dublin.*
I want to thank all you girls who've written following the short piece I wrote about Japan. So many of you!! You'll be glad to hear David and I have broken off the engagement. — PM

I find the grey political garbage in your magazine very depressing.
Tod Elliot, Essex.

Did you know... we have a new craze on the way? Yes, the Turnbull brothers from 23 Skidoo and the Guirey brothers from Funkapolitan are all ex-skateboard heroes. These boys of our new wave of British funk started their star-studded lives hurling their bodies around concrete bowls on krups, mid-traks and fibre flex's. You must remember Kadir Guirey making the cover of *Skateboard* magazine and Alex and John Turnbull taking first and second places in the All-England Bowl Riding Championships and I can't remember what Sagat Guirey did but he was good at it. *Fiery Jack, Cheltenham, Glos.*

Julie Burchill, I felt that your article was meant to be unkind towards Sheena Easton. Well, she doesn't give hoots what

the music papers and their reporters write about her as they don't buy her records and most of the people who do buy her records don't buy your paper. The only good thing about the article was the nice things you said about The Nolans. Interview her and she will tell you what she thinks of your type who write about her and don't even do an interview. On the other hand it would be better if you do a Nolans interview as these are quite rare. *A happy Nolans fan and an angry Sheena fan.*
Anything our readers want. We're only here to serve you. We'll do our very best to give you a Nolans interview. — PM

Julie Burchill seems to talk a lot of sense these days. Maybe the effect of married life? She makes the truth drip venom, and that's difficult to beat. *Michael Sandy, Luton.*

Killing Joke undermine the Olympian detachment NME compliments itself with, in its classic position of judge/critic, to the docile, easily impressed, culture starved proles. Long may you continue to attempt the

Mark Fairington's epic *The Madness* is still available from Better Badges, 286 Portobello Road, London W10, at 30p plus 15p P&P.

exploitation. Penman, you live between the winds. *The KJ Bodysnatcher.*
Penman's either between the sheets or sloshed in Heaven, and rarely alive. — PM

I just thought I should let everyone know what a bloody hypocrite anti-rockist Pete Wylie is. I have been a follower of Wahl Heat for over a year now. I have bought their singles on the inevitable label and thoroughly enjoyed both of them. Eagerly awaiting their new single on Eternal Records now they are finally signed up. I went to their new office in Bold Street, Liverpool to ask for info, photos, autographs, etc. only to find myself barred from entry: "No Homosexuals." "No Homs allowed." These signs and more were posted all over the door and corridors. As I'm gay and nervous at that I decided not to bother. Later me and a friend phoned the office to enquire, only to be told to fuck off. They hung up. As Wylie goes to gay bars in Liverpool and has had several friendships with friends of mine, I would like to know how he justifies this bullshit on the door. Wylie and co have lost several followers in Liverpool because of this. *A disappointed Gay, Liverpool.*
Are you having us on. Cope? — PM

All this fuss about Crossy and Corry — what about Emmy? *Bert St Austell*
You do call it Emmerdale Farm, don't you? — PM

What's going to be the next big thing then, dears? Who will be the hippest person to know six months from now? Your policy seems to be latching onto one particular phase of musical evolution, giving it maximum coverage for about half a year, and then slagging it off. The so-called backlash. The irony of your publication is that whilst promoting hippy revival bands such as Orange Juice, Aztec Camera, etc, you are totally ignoring genuinely new bands such as Biting Tongues, Lemon Kittens, Nurse With Wound and the various bands on Industrial and most unforgivably 4AD. Concentrate on the bands that make new music. What about a 4AD article? *Viv Anti-pop, Ipswich.*
4AD — a polite con but mostly a load of shit. There's your article. Chuffed? — PM

Re *Garageland* (NME 23/5/81) — people do send off for the cassettes mentioned. *Terminal Music, Salford.*
No, no, no, it's no good. *Garageland* IS dead. We had our meeting. — PM

Come to think of it, 'Long Playing Scenarios' (LPs) does

have more of a ring to it than 'Another Load (of) Bullshit Under My Stylus' (Albums). What next? 'Nationwide Bookings Guide'? *Maurice J Werner, East Yorkshire.*
Maybe we should scrap the Gig Guide next. Yeah? — PM

Status Quo and 'Bette Davis Eyes' four consecutive nights? Why is Richard Skinner such a prick? *Furious Prig.*
And why can't he keep his head still when he talks? — PM

Please everyone, after the articles on The Polecats and Soft Cell don't start calling groups by silly names which bear a stupid resemblance to their proper names. Can't you see? That's just what Tall Poorly wants. Ooops. *Martin Loat, Canterbury.*
Dave McComic fell for it though. (Dave who?) — PM

So August Darnell counts Bogart as one of his favourites, yeah? Well as any four-year-old would have told him Bogey portrayed Duke Mantee in *The Petrified Forest* some four summers before *High Sierra* was ever conceived. 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places'? However much you hurt me darling, I will always love you. *The Boy, Cardiff.*
Thank you — PM

Tell Max Bell I think 'To Each' is the best dance record since 'Anarchy In The UK' and it's longer. But then what do I know, I'm not a dickhead. *Kevin Peters, Chorlton.*
I think 'To Each' is intriguing, the best trance record since 'No Pussyfooting'. But then what do I know, I write for the NME. — PM

Tell Gavin Martin the little Irish wanker that The Jam are a lot more than just being a catchy hookline pop band. *Michael Colwell, N Ireland.*
They are? — PM

OK. So who is this Chris Bohn turd then? Only a craphead from the NME could say that Be Bop always aimed for a contemporary pop audience. *John Rance, Hemel Hempstead.*
The last thing they wanted was a contemporary (?) heavy metal audience. — PM

Who is this wag Chris Bohn? His reviews of the Be Bop DeLuxe singles album and Mr Nelson's new waxing 'Quit Dreaming' etc I found amazing. *Edward, W Yorks.*
Not as amazing as Bill Nelson found it. — PM

Can I have a job? I'm very pretty. *John, Northern Ireland.*
Looking round the office the last thing you have to be to work here is pretty. Pity. — PM

'Anthem' is a great LP. Take a listen. *Cliff Wray, Rochester.*
Good review. Want a job? — PM

The Psychedelic Furs are a good group because they produce well put together songs with an exciting venom in lyrics and sound. They find original and exciting ways of showing thought and intelligence about what actually sounds good. *Andrew Godleman, East Acton.*
Dreadful review. Typical. — PM

Moondogs Matinee has got to be one of the most cynical production jobs of all time. Whoever produced this so-called children's programme should be sacked or subdued. *A television watcher, Nottingham.*

Her name is Muriel Young and everyone should write to her at Granada TV, Manchester 3, politely pointing out the errors of her ways — PM

Who cares about what's in the Top Ten in Spain? *Ron Greenwood.*
Sheena Easton? — PM

When you go to buy your Au Pairs LP make sure your friend doesn't die. *Anon*

I am tired of reading articles in NME that merely reflect the fashions of the time instead of individual viewpoints and I am tired of the quivering sickly cowardice of the articles that endlessly express the predictable teeny views about Margaret Thatcher, Bucks Fizz, Sheena Easton, etc, etc. What these reveal to me is the chummy back-slapping of NME writers — the exact obverse of little aunties sitting on lawns indignantly belittling modern music, punks, sex, drugs, etc, etc. *J Felows, York.*
Do you think you readers have the right to use up a whole page of the NME? It's disgusting. You write in, criticising every move we make — not caring that we have hearts and homes to look after. This could be the last *Gasbag* ever. We're having a meeting about it this week. How would you feel if you DIDN'T HAVE ANY SPACE AT ALL! Ha! Bye. — PM



Illustration: MARK FAIRINGTON

GASBAG

Edited by PAUL MORLEY

T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

YOUNG FIBBERS running free wheeze! Bobby Elms, Kasper de Graaf, and Trusty Rusty Egan made the scene at Steve Strange's opening of his Baker St Club for Heroes, but many of the credibility-providers they had lined up for the occasion failed to materialise. . . Iggy Pop, for instance, had to wash his hair. . . (Fascinating stuff this — Ed).

Kim Wilson of The Fabulous Thunderbirds at large in our fair country at present, and writing with Nick Lowe. His fellow Fabulouses, meanwhile, join him shortly for the Tom Petty tour. . .

Roy Sundholm to play a London one-off at The Pits on June 15th. . .

Light Of The World were joined on the Hammy Odeon stage at the weekend by fellow Chrysalisites Linx — who've never played live — and Spandau Ballet. The number was 'London Town'. LOTW continue their Spandau liaison by supplying horns on the Ballet's next single 'Chant Number One'. . .

NOTICE how they've cut the *TOTP* 'Stand And Deliver' video at the point where highwayman Adam ascends the scaffold to get a rope around his neck — so depriving millions of viewers of seconds of pleasurable fantasy? Well, it's all down to BBC paternalism, protecting us yet again. Says the inevitable spokesman: "It was decided to cut the hanging scene from future shows because we don't want to encourage younger viewers to copy Adam's antics." Quite. . .

Did you know that Josef K's drummer was stopped by London police last week for being drunk and disorderly. We're not altogether sure of the young fellow's name, but as far as the Metropolitan Police are concerned it's Richard Jobson. . .

The blank tape levy looms large — but at least the blank-makers are starting to put up a fight. Forming themselves into something called the Tape Manufacturers' Group, they're planning a media campaign that will contest the BPI's figures on the amount lost to home taping, and attack the excessively cramping copyright laws themselves. Among tape manufacturers not represented is EMI. . .

MEETING UP with Springsteen last week, Dave Edmunds was not a little astonished when The Man announced he'd written a song for the Welsh twanger all of six months ago. "Sorry it's a bit Chuck Berry-ish," quipped Bruce, producing an acoustic guitar — but the ditty so impressed Edmunds that recording seems imminent. . .

British American Tobacco is coughing up (ha ha) more than a million quid over the next two years by way of buying itself into the music



market. Advice is to be provided by Charisma who've got BAT off to a suitably batty start with the signing of "leading" Trinidadian steel orchestra *The Desperadoes*. . . Bravely laughing off the

"Solid Gold" reviews, Gang Of Four's Jon King was on the mixing desk for a Moonlight show by The Flying Club — the group that features his sister Debbie King on vocals. . . After hearing about the new-

WHAT IN DAMMERATION IS HAPPENING HERE?

The Art School dance does go on forever! We told you tiny tufts of facial hair in a jazz arrangement would be the Next Big Thing but we never expected Jerry Dammers to descend so quickly into the Boho Zone. OK, you can stop bristling now Jerry — we didn't mean to get on your goatee!

GLC's commitment to a nuclear-free London, Spirit's Randy California hit on the idea of dedicating the group's upcoming tour to both the council and the cause. As a result, Randy and colleague Ed Cassidy are off to a "thank-you" lunch at County Hall. . .

Annie Lennox/Dave Stewart's Eurythmics made a dullish *OGWT* debut, slightly enlivened by the penetrating gaze of guest musician Holger Czukay. Czukay you should know from last year's wonderful 'Movies' LP — but for the real lowdown, check the *Daily Express* who inform us he's from "German group Cran" (sic). And the Eurythmics LP, the same source tells us, boasts the contributions of a member of DAS. . .

Krauts continued: Bohn bamboozled! Duped by the Deutsch! Remember that German compilation 'Sehr Gut Kommt Sehr Gut', which Chris B. reviewed in these pages? Purporting to carry tracks by DAF, Kraftwerk and many more, the whole show turns out to have been a Teutonic hoax, folks. The German japer is one Xao Seffcheque, according to *Musiker* magazine, who put the entire package to plastic by himself. A red-faced von Bohn, meanwhile, claims not to be embarrassed by the prank, so much as impressed by the wind-up artist's wit and versatility. Would-be consumers are advised to be vigilant in case of further outbreaks of all this achtung-in-cheek hilarity. . .

Putting us all out of our misery, the *Mirror* reveals Lady Di's favourite groups to be Dr Feelgood and Dire Straits. . .

Aaarrgh! Spizzles have split. Spizz himself is to take a break and reconsider his long-term position. . . An autopsy performed upon the word 'rockism' has pronounced it "fun while it lasted", but now well and truly deceased. Joining it in a double plot at Cliche City Crematorium goes "Corrie? You do call it etc etc", although full military honours are being withheld following the shock news that nobody in Liverpool does call it "Corrie," anyway. The correct term, as a matter of fact, is "Corro". . .

Pearl Harbour, spinning vinyl at Clash NYC gigs got herself dosed by someone who put acid in her drink, much to her dismay. "Felt like an explosion in my head" said our Pearl, "then I began yelling 'Mayday'". . .

Pearl and Kate Pierson (B-52's) arm wrestled backstage with the Georgia belle taking Harbour in two out of three. . .

Martin Atkins (Brian Brain) to do more PIL gigs when his broken jaw heals. . .

The Beach Boys, now Carl Wilson-less and apparently set for a long twilight career out to pasture in Las Vegas, have recorded their own 'Stars On 45'-type medley of golden mouldies. . .

ARRIVING for their Club F036 engagement in West Berlin last week, The Fall were just a little surprised to find the venue double-booked — the rival attraction being a Turkish wedding. The Fall were not invited to play at the ceremony, and had to wait till it was finished before they could begin. . .

SHE TALK



THE 1950 FACE

A NEW and exciting make-up technique has been introduced into Britain lately by Robert Piguet of Paris. Known as the "Doe-Eyed Look," and in New York as the "Harlequin" look, the make-up gives the mouth a more pert, pointed appearance and a lifted angle at the corner of the eyes. With the short, well-groomed hair styles of to-day it gives a piquant appearance, matching the new fashion silhouette. Susan Shaw, the young Rank star, here displays the "1950 Face." For your benefit also, the studio make-up man who worked on Susan's face gives you the following tips. . .

THE EYES: With a sharpened eyebrow pencil lengthen the eyes at the outer corners of upper and lower lids, tilting the lines upwards towards the temples where they join. When eye-shadow is applied for evening, this should be placed at the centre of the lid and worked upwards and outwards to give the same fly-away look now so fashionable. . .

THE MOUTH: Instead of the wide, generously curved lip-line which has been fashionable in recent years, the 1950 outline calls for a revival of the cupid's-bow, smaller and more pointed and a "v"-shaped lower lip. It is easy to achieve this effect with two shades of lipstick — using a slightly darker shade to outline the lips than is used to fill in. A lip brush or pencil is recommended for cleanest results. . .

ANN M. CAPELL.



A NUMMER BASKET: One of Erik's summer straw models is shown here: a close-fitted cloche with a "wicker basket" crown trimmed with a mass of wild flowers and spotted veiling. . . a unique idea and very pretty. . .

Pic: Peter Anderson



GOR BLIMEY DEPARTMENT

THESE ARE DOLLY PARTON LOOKALIKES?

Meet the winner of Britain's first ever Dolly Parton lookalike contest. She's the one on the right. The contests are a popular Stateside pastime. Dolly herself has entered on several occasions but the assembled throng of hacks — suffering, one suspects, from the trade disease of tired emotionalism — were unable to identify her each time. . .

One wonders if Dolly would have got a look-in had she turned up at Peppermint Park last week when fake mammary glands, blonde wigs and loud mouthed drunken gentlemen of the press were the order of the day. . .

The eventual winner, Sheila Managan from

Dublin, was also a little nonplussed by the whole affair. Goaded into entering the contest by friends she hadn't expected there to be more male than female entrants. By day she works in an office but she's too coy to say where it is. She compares Dolly Parton to the early dreamy Elizabeth Taylor: "She's the best singer in the world, her voice is really sweet and sexy." . . .

So what would Dolly think of an affair like this?

"She'd just treat it as a laugh, I expect." What are they going to do when they find out about your new success back at the office?

"There's nothing they can do. I own it."

NME

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