

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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SOUL BOYS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

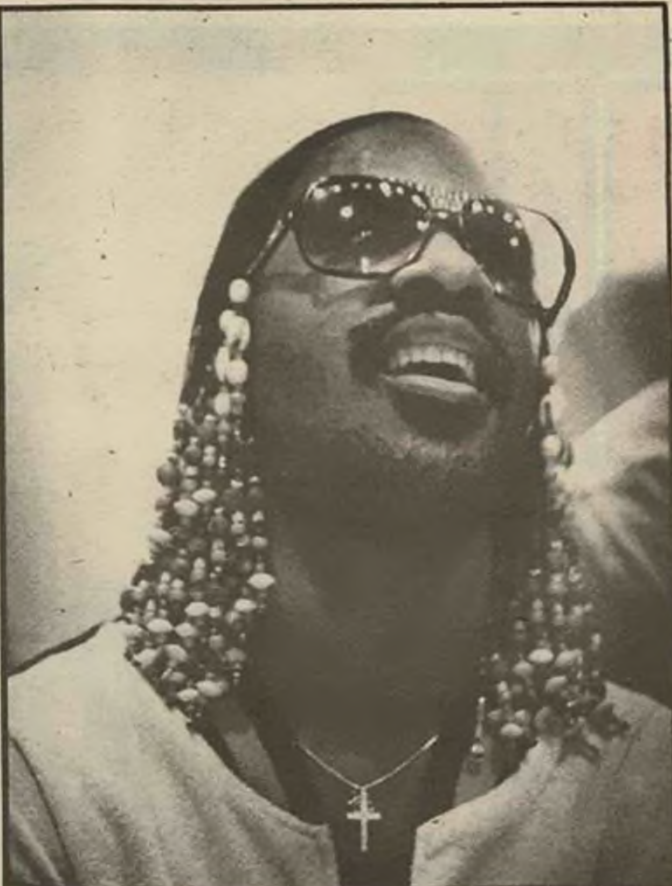
THE RISE AND RISE OF SPANDAU BALLET
BY ADRIAN THRILLS



Major

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
13		CHANT No 1			
		Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	2	1	
2	1	GHOST TOWN.....The Specials (2-Tone)	6	1	
3	23	HAPPY BIRTHDAY...Stevie Wonder (Motown)	2	3	
4	2	STARS ON 45 Vol. 2.....Starsound (CBS)	4	2	
5	10	LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME.....Abba (Epic)	2	5	
6	3	CAN CAN.....Bad Manners (Magnet)	5	2	
7	4	BODY TALK.....Imagination (R&B)	6	4	
8	8	DANCING ON THE FLOOR...Third World (CBS)	6	8	
9	11	SAT IN YOUR LAP.....Kate Bush (EMI)	3	9	
10	(—)	GREEN DOOR.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1	10	
11	(—)	HOOKED ON CLASSICS Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (RCA)	1	11	
12	9	MOTORHEAD (LIVE).....Motorhead (Bronze)	3	7	
13	6	WORDY RAPPINGHOOD Tom Tom Club (Island)	5	6	
14	7	NO WOMAN NO CRY Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	6	7	
15	19	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY...Sheena Easton (EMI)	3	15	
16	20	NEW LIFE.....Depeche Mode (Mute)	4	16	
17	5	ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE Michael Jackson (Motown)	9	1	
18	21	NEVER SURRENDER.....Saxon (Carrere)	2	18	
19	22	WALK RIGHT NOW.....The Jacksons (Epic)	2	18	
20	(—)	GIRLS ON FILM.....Duran Duran (EMI)	1	20	
21	24	SHOW ME Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	2	21	
22	18	VISAGE.....Visage (Polydor)	3	18	
23	12	YOU MIGHT NEED SOMEBODY Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	4	12	
24	15	MEMORY.....Elaine Page (Polydor)	7	6	
25	(—)	CARIBBEAN DISCO.....Lobo (Polydor)	1	25	
26	26	I'M IN LOVE.....Evelyn King (RCA)	2	26	
27	14	GOING BACK TO MY ROOTS...Odyssey (RCA)	9	4	
28	28	A PROMISE (REMIX) Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	2	28	
29	16	RAZZAMATAZZ.....Quincy Jones (A&M)	5	10	
30	(—)	TEMPTED.....Squeeze (A&M)	1	30	



Stevie — up 20 places. Happy birthday!



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
1		LOVE SONGS			
		Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	1	
2	3	KIM WILDE.....Kim Wilde (Rak)	4	2	
3	4	STARS ON 45.....Starsound (CBS)	11	1	
4	2	NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH Motorhead (Bronze)	6	1	
5	11	SECRET COMBINATION Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	9	5	
6	5	DURAN DURAN.....Duran Duran (EMI)	5	5	
7	8	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER Adam & The Ants (CBS)	36	1	
8	9	BAD FOR GOOD.....Jim Steinman (Epic)	10	8	
9	20	HOTTER THAN JULY Stevie Wonder (Motown)	35	1	
10	13	PRESENT ARMS.....UB40 (Dep Int)	8	1	
11	7	DISCO DAZE & DISCO NIGHTS Various (Ronco)	10	2	
12	6	ANTHEM.....Toyah (Safari)	9	1	
13	14	BEST OF MICHAEL JACKSON Michael Jackson (Motown)	3	13	
14	18	JUMPIN' JIVE.....Joe Jackson (A&M)	4	14	
15	19	HI INFIDELITY.....REO Speedwagon (Epic)	13	9	
16	10	JU JU.....Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	6	10	
17	16	MAGNETIC FIELDS Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	8	8	
18	12	NAH POO THE ART OF BLUFF...Wah! (Eternal)	3	12	
19	—	PRECIOUS TIME.....Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)	1	19	
20	30	THE RIVER.....Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	18	4	
21	17	CHARIOTS OF FIRE.....Vangelis (Polydor)	13	6	
22	15	PENIS ENVY.....Crass (Crass)	3	13	
23	25	HEAVEN UP HERE Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	6	4	
24	—	FIRE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	1	24	
25	27	BAT OUT OF HELL Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	4	25	
26	—	HIGH & DRY.....Def Leppard (Vertigo)	1	26	
27	23	MADE IN AMERICA.....Carpenters (A&M)	5	17	
28	—	JOURNEYS TO GLORY Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	14	3	
29	22	THIS OLE HOUSE.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	15	3	
30	(—)	FACE VALUE.....Phil Collins (Virgin)	16	2	

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	New Life.....Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(2)	Neu Smell.....Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
3	(3)	Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag Pigbag (Y)
4	(9)	Motorhead.....Hawkwind (Flick Knife)
5	(6)	Another One Bites The Dust General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
6	(4)	Q Quarters.....The Associates (Situation 2)
7	(5)	Forget The Dawn.....Wah! (Eternal)
8	(10)	Little Red Riding Hood.....999 (Albion)
9	(11)	Wikka Wrapp.....The Evasions (Groove)
10	(7)	Puppets Of War EP..Chron-Gen (Gargoyle)
11	(14)	Our Swimmer.....Wire (Rough Trade)
12	(8)	Too Drunk.....Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
13	(25)	Dreaming Of Me.....Depeche Mode (Mute)
14	(13)	Dole Age.....Talisman (Recreational)
15	(—)	I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys Higsons (Romans in Britain)
16	(18)	Go For Gold Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
17	(22)	Brave New England Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Open Eye)
18	(29)	Watching The Hydroplanes Tunnel Vision (Factory)
19	(21)	Don't Let It Pass.....UB40 (Dep Int)
20	(19)	In The Greylight EP Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
21	(12)	The Resurrection EP..Vice Squad (Riot City)
22	(—)	Something Sends Me To Sleep Felt (Cherry Red)
23	(—)	Bela Lugosi's Dead Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
24	(16)	Chance Meeting.....Josef K (Postcard)
25	(17)	Nagasaki Nightmare.....Crass (Crass)
26	(—)	Freaked.....Charlie Harper (Ram Kip)
27	(20)	Hobby For The Day.....Wall (Fresh)
28	(24)	Ceremony (12" remix) .New Order (Factory)
29	(23)	Holiday In Cambodia Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
30	(—)	Bloody Revolutions.....Crass (Crass)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	Penis Envy.....Crass (Crass)
2	(2)	The Only Fun In Town.....Josef K (Postcard)
3	(3)	Present Arms.....UB40 (Dep International)
4	(4)	Playing With A Different Sex Au Pairs (Human)
5	(5)	Anthem.....Toyah (Safari)
6	(6)	Punks Not Dead.....The Exploited (Secret)
7	(9)	Black Sounds Of Freedom Black Uhuru (Greensleeves)
8	(8)	Closer.....Joy Division (Factory)
9	(19)	Document And Eye-Witness Wire (R Trade)
10	(24)	Unknown Pleasures Joy Division (Factory)
11	(14)	Signing Off.....UB40 (Graduate)
12	(16)	Heart of Darkness.....Positive Noise (Statik)
13	(13)	Live.....Misty (People Unite)
14	(12)	Dirk Wears White Sox Adam Ants (Do-it)
15	(20)	He Who Dares.....Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
16	(10)	Fire House Rock Waiting Souls (Greensleeves)
17	(22)	In The Flat Field.....Bauhaus (4AD)
18	(23)	Prayers On Fire.....Birthday Party (4AD)
19	(7)	Odyshape.....Raincoats (Rough Trade)
20	(11)	To Each.....A Certain Ratio (Factory)
21	(26)	How The West Was Won Toyah (Greensleeves)
22	(21)	Stations Of The Cross.....Crass (Crass)
23	(25)	Lubricate Your Living Room Fire Engines (Accessory)
24	(18)	Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
25	(—)	Hopelessly In Love Carol Thompson (Carib Gems)
26	(17)	Provisionally titled The Singing Fish Colin Newman (4AD)
27	(—)	Action Battlefield New Age Steppers (Statik)
28	(—)	Feeding Of The 5000.....Crass (Crass)
29	(—)	Hex.....Poison Girls (Crass)
30	(29)	Inflammable Material Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)

REGGAE

1	It's True.....Donna Roden (Santic)
2	Saturday Night Is Here Again Panchita La Touche (Nature)
3	So In Love.....Paulette Walker (Arrow)
4	Daydreaming.....Alton Ellis (Smokey)
5	Take Care Of Yourself.....Jr English (Form)
6	Light Of My Life.....Donna Carr (Student)
7	Never Take Your Love Away Sandra McFarlane (Cool Rocker)
8	Making Up.....Jr English (Form)
9	Gunman.....Michael Prophet (Greensleeves)
10	Loving Is Nice.....Al Campbell (Silver Camel)



FUNK

12" singles

1	Fun Town*.....Rafael Cameron (Salsoul)
2	Nice And Soft.....Wish (Excalibur)
3	Chant No 1.....Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
4	Give It Up (Don't Make Me Wait) Sylvester (Fantasy)
5	Sweet Delight*.....Woods Empire (Taboo)
6	Locomoto.....Inversions (Groove)
7	Sweat (Til You're Wet)*.....Brick (Bang)
8	You'll Never Know.....High Gloss (Epic)
9	Shake-a-Skate*.....Dr York (Jungle Jam)
10	The Dip*.....Keith Diamond Band (Millennium)

*denotes import
Chart: Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W1

INTERNATIONAL WEST GERMANY

singles

1	(1)	Bette Davis Eyes.....Kim Carnes (EMI)
2	(4)	Oh No No.....Bernie Paul (Ariola)
3	(3)	Chequered Love.....Kim Wilde (Rak)
4	(2)	Stars On 45.....Starsound (CBS)
5	(6)	Kids In America.....Kim Wilde (Rak)
6	(5)	Hands Up.....Ottawan (Carrere)
7	(7)	Lieb Mich Ein Letztes Mal Roland Kaiser (Hansa)
8	(10)	You Drive Me Crazy..Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
9	(8)	Stand And Deliver..Adam & The Ants (CBS)
10	(12)	In The Air Tonight.....Phil Collins (Atlantic)

Courtesy 'Der Musikmarkt/Billboard'

JAPAN

singles

1	(2)	Nagai Yoru Chiharu Matsuyama, News Record
2	(1)	Kimi Ni Kettel'.....Toshihiko Tahara, Canyon
3	(3)	Bluejeans Memory...Masahiko Kondo, RVC
4	(5)	Sumire Iro No Namida Hiromi Iwasaki, Victor
5	(4)	Hurricane.....Shannels, Epic/Sony
6	(7)	Kattobi Rock 'n' Roll Yokohama Ginbse, King
7	(6)	Smile For Me Naoko Kawai, Nippon Columbia
8	(12)	Sexy Girl.....Hideki Saijo, RVC
9	(10)	Cinderella Summer Yuko Ishikawa, Radio City
10	(11)	Al No Corrida.....Quincy Jones, Alfa

Courtesy Music Labo/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	Don't Go Breaking My Heart...Eton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)
2	A Little Bit More.....Dr Hook (Capitol)
3	Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel.....Tavares (Capitol)
4	The Roussos Phenomenon.....Dennis Roussos (Philips)
5	Kiss And Say Goodbye.....Manhattans (CBS)
6	Jeans On.....David Dundas (AIR)
7	Misty Blue.....Dorothy Moore (Contempo)
8	Young Hearts Run Free.....Candi Staton (Warner Bros)
9	Now Is The Time.....Jimmy James & The Vagabonds (Pye)
10	Harvest For The World.....Isley Brothers (Epic)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	Get It On.....T. Rex (Fly)
2	Never Ending Song Of Love.....New Seekers (Philips)
3	Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep.....Middle Of The Road (RCA)
4	I'm Still Waiting.....Diana Ross (Tania Motown)
5	Co-Co.....Sweet (RCA)
6	Devil's Answer.....Atomic Rooster (B&C)
7	Me And You And A Dog Named Boo.....Lobo (Philips)
8	Tom Tom Turn Around.....New World (Rak)
9	Black And White.....Greyhound (Trojan)
10	Monkey Spanner.....Dave & Ansell Collins (Technique)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	A Girl Like You.....Troggs (Fontana)
2	Yellow Submarine/Eleanor Rigby.....Beatles (Parlophone)
3	Black Is Black.....Los Bravos (Decca)
4	The More I See You.....Chris Montez (Pye)
5	Mama.....Dave Berry (Decca)
6	Out Of Time.....Chris Farlowe (Immediate)
7	God Only Knows.....Beach Boys (Capitol)
8	Love Letters.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	Summer In The City.....Lovin' Spoonful (Kama Sutra)
10	Visions.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	You Don't Know.....Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
2	Well I Ask You.....Eden Kane (Decca)
3	Johnny Remember Me.....John Leyton (Top Rank)
4	Temptation.....Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
5	Romeo.....Petula Clark (Pye)
6	Halfway To Paradise.....Billy Fury (Decca)
7	Passions.....Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
8	You Always Hurt The One You Love.....Clarence Henry (Pye)
9	Don't You Know It.....Adam Faith (Parlophone)
10	Runaway.....Del Shannon (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

SHE ONLY DID IT FOR THE ROYALTIES

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON



THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Ultragigs, Ultrasingle, UltraLP

ULTRAVOX headline a 20-date UK tour to coincide with the September 11 release of their second Chrysalis album, 'Rage In Eden'.

The new LP, containing nine originals, was recorded over two months in Cologne with renowned producer Conny Plank. It's the follow-up to the band's hugely successful 'Vienna', which has already enjoyed a 20-week chart run and is one of the year's Top Ten best-sellers. A single from the new album 'The Thin Wall' is issued on August 14 in both 7" and 12", though the B-side 'I Never

Wanted To Begin' isn't on the LP.

The tour, which climaxes in three prestige London shows, comprises Newcastle City Hall (September 24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Edinburgh Odeon (26), Manchester Apollo (28), Liverpool Empire (30 and October 1), Birmingham Odeon (3 and 4), Bristol Colston Hall (5 and 6), Portsmouth Guildhall (7), Brighton Centre (8), Ipswich Gaumont (10), Poole Wessex Hall (11), Oxford New Theatre (12), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (13) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15, 16 and 17).

Ticket prices generally are £4.50 and £4,

with additional £3.50 seats at Glasgow and Brighton. The exceptions are Poole and St Austell (£4.50 only) and Hammersmith (£5, £4.50 and £4). They are available at box offices from tomorrow (Friday) — except at Bristol, where it's postal applications only until four weeks before the concert.

The British dates are the first leg of a world tour, which then takes the band to America and Europe, culminating in November with a special performance in Austria — in Vienna, naturally — and in the New Year they make their first visit to Australia.

AFTER BRIXTON

Back to Africa movement gathers force

"WE WANT to be in our homeland and live with our own kind, because another kind is rejecting us and don't want us with them," reasoned Jah Bones, editor of the main Rasta paper in this country, *Voice of Rasta*. "I and I soul need Africa, I and I mind need Africa, is not just I and I flesh need Africa. I and I have to match up the spiritual and the practical."

Thunderous applause punctuated with shouts of "Jah-Rastafari" greeted his words as some 500 men, women and children crowded into Lambeth Town Hall for last week's International Rasta Repatriation Conference. "Young lions" were in the majority. "Rasta give the youth identity," Jah Bones cried.

Practical reasoning and religious declamation mingled together beneath the red, gold

TIM MALYON reports from the International Rasta Repatriation Conference

For the Rasta, repatriation is "a must" — a burning desire to return to Africa, and more specifically to Shashamane, in Ethiopia, where Haile Selassie set aside land for West Indian Africans. Bob Marley visited there shortly before his death.

An embarrassed British High Commissioner in Jamaica is regularly heckled by Rastas demanding compensation for their ancestors' centuries of slavery, in order to pay for their 'return' to Ethiopia. If slave owners were handsomely compensated, why not the slaves?

"We wouldn't be here in the first place if they hadn't tampered with our lives," says a speaker from *Tree of Life*, one of the many Rasta

"We want to go somewhere where we can get respect as black people"

and green flags, and a thin veil of sweet-smelling smoke which wafted across the proceedings. Before the speaker's podium and all around the walls hung pictures of Haile Selassie, descendant of the ancient black lineage of David and Solomon, whose 89th birthday, or reincarnation, it was that day. Between speakers, free food was distributed and drummers pounded their skins on stage. The moved father of a boy dead in the New Cross fire danced out his grief to the assembled community.

organisations that have sprung up around the country. "This is the only way in which they can redeem that, by helping us return to our fatherland."

Clearly the repatriation call can have dangerous political consequences. It could draw off energy from the fight for the rights of black people who are here to stay — or play into the hands of white right-wing repatriation demands. The Same *Tree of Life* speaker covered this. "I don't like the word repatriation. I speak of Exodus, people who want to go

■ Continues over

MORE ROCK WEEKLINGS

LONDON's Institute of Contemporary Arts is staging its fifth Rock Week at the end of August, again sponsored by Capital Radio who'll be recording the shows for subsequent broadcast. The six gigs are a blend of African-influenced music, reggae, jazz-funk and rock, and they feature the likes of Pigbag, Depeche Mode, Nightdoctor and The People.

With three bands playing each night, the full line-up is Pigbag, Icarus and Flying Club (August 25); Depeche Mode, The Chefs and Tarzan 5 (26); Dead Or Alive, The Decorators and The Room (27); Nightdoctor, Kaballa and Blackheart (28); Way Of The West, Birds With Ears and Academy One (29); and Stimulin, Black Roots and The People (30).

During the hour before the first band is on stage (7-8pm), a film about black music and culture will be screened — *Roots, Rock Reggae* with Bob Marley and Jimmy Cliff (25 and 28); *Dread Beat An' Blood*, Franco Rosso's movie about Linton Kwesi Johnson (26 and 29); and *Sound Business*, a new video which follows Sir Coxson, Young Lion and Jah Shaka, and gives an insight into the workings of reggae sound systems.

The shows take place at the ICA Theatre in The Mall, and tickets for all gigs are £2.50 — plus, for non-members, an ICA day pass for 40p.



Above: Pete Burns of Dead Or Alive. Below: X



THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I ASK STEVE THE STUTTER TO GET ME A PINT.



RASTASCENE

From previous page

and move of their own free will."

The difficulties of returning to war-ravaged Ethiopia also surfaced. On a handout sheet entitled Aims and Objectives, Kenya is suggested as a temporary alternative "near to our heritage" — whilst the speaker from *Grassroots* spoke of Zimbabwe in particular as a country to which Africans are returning.

Whilst this white man (the only white person in the hall for much of the conference) would no more generalise about what black people are thinking than he would about white people, thoughts of repatriation or at least "getting out" do not seem to be simply confined to rastas. Talking with people in Railton Road, Brixton, after the police raids and consequent violence, one youth, not a Rasta and training to be a teacher, expressed pure disgust and wanted out. Just out.

And amongst travel agents there seems to be a consensus that more Jamaicans at least are returning home for good. The main travel agent in Brixton reported a 50% increase over recent months.

"I think lately there is a lot of people in the whole community, old and young, who speak of repatriation. Rasta keeps the idea young."

Lloydie Coxson spoke with me after the conference. He is a well respected dread who has built up a successful record business and runs one of the oldest and best sound systems in the country. Before the second Brixton uprising he had attempted the impossible — trying to dissuade police from arresting a man and the assembled crowd from rioting in response. The man was arrested, the crowd became violent, and Coxson was handcuffed and charged with obstruction for his trouble.

"I am glad for my 20 years in England. But we want to go and try 20 years somewhere else where we can get some better respect as black people."

Coxson stressed the growing power of reggae in Africa. Already Jimmy Cliff, Big Youth and Aswad have played successful tours, not to mention Bob Marley's two freedom concerts in Zimbabwe which attracted huge crowds. Jah Shaka Sound System (which played a special free repatriation gig in Acton Town Hall the night of the conference) travels to Africa at the end of this year, whilst Coxson himself plans to tour in 1982.

"If I could set up a record business in Africa tomorrow, I would go. We are looking at repatriation from a very sensible kind of way. We must have some diplomatic links. We want to appeal to the African leaders in Africa to look at all the African West Indians in the west, who are calling to come home to Africa. We want to see them advertise more publicly for Africans to come to Africa, to work and perform their skills, and to give black people more encouragement to go."

For some, repatriation is a redemptive dream born of a despair which ignores practicalities. During the conference, a speaker on nutrition was faced with cries of 'negativity' when he mentioned the horrific levels of starvation and malnutrition in some African countries. But the cries did not catch on with the majority of the audience. Overall a clear chord of anger, determination and practicality ran through the proceedings: a will to develop 'I-nity' amongst Rastafarian organisations, to abandon this 'Babylonian shitstem' and help people go with their crucial skills to the promised land.

As Misty said in a letter sent to John Peel last week with their new single: "It is for Peace and Love we live. Where there is none, *Bale Out* will be the cry."



Assorted Sisters, Jude Alderson propping up the set wall. Pic: Mark Rusher

SADISTAS — THE WHIPLASH STARTS HERE

WHATEVER YOU might think from the name, The Sadista Sisters are not Soho's answer to The Nolans. "We are a feminist rock and roll theatre company," explains Jude Alderson — the only surviving member from the original Sadistas.

The Sisters were started seven years ago in those far-off days when Thatcher was a roofing job and the Arts Council still had money to give out. "I was working in fringe theatre at the time, but never seemed to be able to get good parts. Most of the plays seemed to be about men, and women ended up playing prostitutes, mothers or virgins. So the Sadistas were started in an attempt to create good parts for women, and to incorporate rock and roll into the theatre.

"We wanted to do a show that would be just as much at home at the Talk Of The Town as it would be at a music venue or a working men's club. Entertainment in England is so departmentalised. It's either theatre, music, or cabaret. Europe seems to have much more history of combining all those elements, and that's what we wanted to do."

All very well, but does it work? Well, judging by their new show 'Red Door Without A Bolt', the answer is yes. They describe it as a collection of modern fables, innocent music, violent lyrics, crude actors, filthy humour and sex, and I'd agree with that. It's like PIL meets Bowie meets Motorhead meets feminism.

The Sadistas dropped the more traditional rock instruments ("The drums were too loud") in favour of a more Kurt Weill sound... piano, violin and cello. The result is a series of haunting songs about such subjects as Barbara Windsor-style holiday camp singers ('Bombshell Diana') and prostitution ('Amoral, never quarrel, can be swayed and laid') all delivered in imaginative images which are often also really frightening.

Dressed in bizarre clothes and fighting to get out of huge sheets of plastic, they sing of being a foetus. It doesn't feel pleasant but certainly makes you watch. The whole show is very confrontational.

Songs are linked together by dialogue on the same themes, which tends to be saying the same things in a slightly more straightforward way. Often, I feel, the show becomes too simplistic (uncaring male watches Kevin Keegan on the TV while wife is giving birth), but the cast feel those scenes need to be mundane to bring people down to earth. "We don't expect everybody to identify with what we say. Why should they? That scene might not apply to you, but it might to somebody else."

The Sadista Sisters finish a successful run at London's Tricycle Theatre on Saturday, after which they will be playing a month-long season at another as yet unnamed London venue. You should see their show, but it's not recommended for the squeamish.

— MARK RUSHER

Reid's rocket for Rocket

ROCKET RECORDS, Elton John's company, are back on course this week — despite the fact that the entire staff was fired last Wednesday.

John Reid, Elton's manager, sacked everybody after he rang the office from Los Angeles and discovered that the heads of department he wanted to speak to were either on holiday or out to lunch — a fairly reasonable state of affairs considering he called at 1.50 pm.

However, the affair was only an "internal dispute" that has now blown over, according to Rocket press officer Laura Beggs. "Nobody's lost their jobs and everybody's happy again."

"Every office has the odd storm in a tea-cup," she added.

The latest incident at Rocket has not been the first of the "long-distance rows". Rocket's Head of Promotions Arthur Sheriff left in April '78 when Reid phoned from Australia after Elton's video for 'Ego' didn't get shown on *TOTP* because the record itself had failed to make the Top Thirty.

Also in '78 all of Rocket's staff were sacked when Reid arrived at London Airport and discovered that no one had sent a car to collect him. They were later reinstated.



Elton John share a joke

Macca to get (it) back?

PAUL MCCARTNEY has won a court case banning the sale of his first recording — 'That'll Be The Day' by The Quarrymen. The record had been offered for sale to the highest bidder by John Lowe, the group's keyboards player.

The Quarrymen, who also included John Lennon and George Harrison, made the record in a makeshift studio in 1958. The B-side is a ballad called 'In Spite Of All The Danger', written by McCartney and Harrison.

McCartney is extremely anxious to own the copy, the only one in existence, partly because he is believed to be planning a "Beatles Museum" of the group's history.

Lowe has been ordered to give the record to McCartney's solicitors by October 4.

— LYNN HANNA

Robbie Shakespeare explains why there's a bright future for systems programmers

Boss reggae bassman Robbie Shakespeare obviously contemplates a future in futurism (above, seen by Graham Lee in Datalink) while Noel Edmonds' mum gets a veiled namecheck in the Northamptonshire Evening Telegraph (below).

Noel Edmonds fan will enjoy seeing him getting up to these sorts of tricks in a new five-part series

AT LAST LONDON IS REDDY FOR THE PINKIES

RECORDING the first single can cause problems for a young band, but The Pinkies' troubles were more unusual than most. During the final mixing in Wales this Easter, they got snowed in and had to spend the holiday in the studio waiting to be dug out. The result, though, out this week on 021, was well worth the effort.

'Open Commune' is a dense but poppy tune centred around a trumpet and sax motif, about the Balsall Heath/Moseley area of Birmingham where they live. Also home to the likes of UB40, Bob Lamb and his studio, Au Pairs, and many of the 021 crew, as well as some of the best live venues outside the city centre, the place can be either sickeningly smug and trendy or a very close, sharing community, depending on your viewpoint. The Pinkies tend to the latter, as Gary explains:



SHERYL GARRATT points a little finger at The Pinkies

"The song is about the situation at 021 records, with everyone chipping together and getting something out of it, and about living around here. There's a system where we all depend on each other, more so than we should sometimes. It can be a problem."

"It's like a little Coronation Street," elucidates guitarist Steve Mikenas.

In Birmingham, we call it Coronation St. We also tend to ignore The Pinkies, and although they are hoping the single will change things, the home crowd don't exactly throng to see them at the moment.

"We go down better outside the city, for some reason," says Steve. "There was a big surge of ska and reggae music here at one time, which kind of drowned everything else out — dance music is bound to go down better than us."

That and their failure to gig consistently in the area up till now are probably partly why they have no local following. It may also have something to do with their early days, which marked them as one of the most boring groups around. Not unpleasant, you understand — Jayne Morris'

clear strong vocals made sure of that — just aimless and totally forgettable, meandering along without a hookline to their name.

They are remarkably amiable about this suggestion; they trace their improvement back to the introduction of Keith Harris as drummer some 18 months ago.

"We're more of a unit now. The other drummers we'd had were distant with us, but now we're doing something we all enjoy doing."

That means a solid sound that is warm, almost funky; an interplay between Steve's abrasive guitar and Jayne's wildly honking sax. Reference points would be Gang of Four, Ludus with a sense of humour, somewhere halfway between The B52's and Talking Heads. People are even starting to dance to it.

The songs generally deal with personal rather than party politics — "talking about people's hang-ups openly to get them out of the way" — although they say the present situation on Maggie's farm may inspire them to be more overtly political.

Steve: "I hate the way you've got to have an image or some sort of message, though, that's strong enough to value your being onstage and people coming to see you. Making political statements is one of the best ways of getting noticed,

New era for GLC rock?

WEDNESDAY'S "Rock'n'Royal" event at the Crystal Palace Bowl could, it's hoped, herald a new era in the authorities' attitude to live music in London. To put it mildly, the GLC has never been noted as an enthusiastic patron of rock in the past; but now that Labour leader Ken Livingstone is in control, all that might be about to change.

The organisers of the Crystal Palace show — featuring, among others, Ian Dury, Barry Ford and The Thompson Twins — are at pains to stress that it's not an "anti-Royal Wedding" event: its purpose, they say, is no more than to provide some free entertainment for Londoners on a public holiday. They accept that some controversy is still inevitable, particularly after last week's announcement of massive GLC rate rises, from those who don't see it as the council's business to promote rock and roll. But according to Jenny Tolhill, who helped set up the festival on the GLC's behalf, general response to the idea has been overwhelmingly positive.

The initial idea for a council-sponsored concert came out of meetings between Ken Livingstone and Spirit — the group whose anti-nukes stance led them to dedicate their recent London gig to the GLC, and who were themselves booked to appear.

If Wednesday's festivities are judged a success, then further events are likely in the future.

— PAUL DU NOYER



Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

RANDY CALIFORNIA of Spirit

RECORDS

Arc Of A Diver..... Steve Winwood
Highway To Hell..... AC/DC
Electric Ladyland..... Jimi Hendrix
Magical Mystery Tour..... The Beatles
Expressions..... John Coltrane
Walls And Bridges..... John Lennon
1st Album..... J.J. Cale
Secret Life Of Plants..... Stevie Wonder

READING MATTER

Star Trek
Dune — Frank Herbert
Tax evasion methods — All authors
Altered States — Paddy Chayevsky
NME

FILMS

Star Wars
All James Bond films
Un Chien Andalou
Coal Miner's Daughter
The Man Who Fell To Earth
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
The Deer Hunter
Dutchman

TV

Star Trek
Barbara Woodhouse
Old Grey Whistle Test
The Benny Hill Show

THINGS

Jogging in Hyde Park
Tennis
Swimming
Hawaiian beaches
Charcoal making
Star-gazing
English audiences

FOOD

Sunflower seeds
Hazelnuts
Fresh carrot juice
All sprouts
All potatoes

PEOPLE

Levi Tate
Max Bell
Eric Sevioride



Turquoise Pinkies L-R: Gary, Steve, Keith, Jayne. Pic: Al Johnson

having some sort of swinging message. But if a band work under just one slogan, they tend to get heavy about it, whereas we deal with lots of different subjects."

"We just want to go on as we are," explains Jayne, "and let people accept us. We never talk about what we're going to do onstage. That'd be a bit too organised."

They have already suffered at the hands of one company who took them into the studio only to finally decide not to release the tracks that had been laid down, so would

they now sign to a major label?

Jayne: "Eventually, maybe, but we've been let down before. We'll see what happens after this single, which is the only way we'll get through to people, really."

For the moment, though, they seem happy with 021. A friend is helping them make a video as part of a college project, and they are slowly building up a national following through their dates with the Au Pairs. It looks like things are perking up for The Pinkies...



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GENESIS

TELEPHONE

Ici Le Party Line

RECENTLY British teenagers had another rendezvous with the godfather of punk, Iggy Pop was taking his annual vacation in these isles, killing off the legend. On tour with him were his godsons and daughters — his French Connection — Telephone.

Thus both ends of the rock and roll line were, for several weeks, brought together: the wise old American soldier and the wide-eyed boys from the streets of Pigalle.

The French rock scene is almost feudal and often futile. In the '60s there was nothing but shaman imitators, the most successful being Johnny Halliday. The rest constituted ballad singers such as Michel Sardou, Jules Dassin and Claude Francois, the latter being the third celebrity — after Marat and Morrison — to die in a French bath.

Telephone formed five years ago, just before the new wave grenade hit Britain. Their success in their own country has been phenomenal. Their three albums have all topped the charts and they play to audiences of 150,000. Yet in

SIMON FELLOWES
parle avec Corinne et Jean-Louis. Entendons

England, 25 miles away, they are complete unknowns, ranked alongside Trust (their only real rivals), whose heavy metal the band treats with due contempt.

Corinne Marrienneau is the archetypal diminutive bass player. Seemingly the most stable member of the group, she has piercing blue eyes and a shock of black curly hair.

Jean-Louis Aubert is a complete contrast, reminding people of a young iguana. He is built like a middleweight with features that can transform his face from an angry scowl to a beaming smile in a split second, giving you the impression that

you're talking to two different persons. We sat and spoke of the decline and fall of rock and roll — something they were to deny emphatically.

"IN TERMS of your public's response, which English band would you say that you were most similar to?"

Corinne: "None. We are completely different; there is nothing like it, we are the first band like us, it's not an institution yet."

"But listening to your latest album 'Au Coeur De La Nuit', there is just an amalgamation of loads of other groups' sounds

without any that are peculiarly yours apart from the voice, which seems to me symptomatic of many French bands."

J-L: "The thing is, the English guys listened to the American blues in the '60s. Well we are doing the same thing only we listen to the English bands."

"But you will get rejected surely by English and Americans because you are just doing the same old thing that they've had in one form or another for the last 20 years."

J-L: "We're not doing the same thing, we're not saying

the same things. To French people these things haven't been said in rock and roll by a French band."

Cor: "Kids get hassled for buying our records."

"Really?"

J-L: "For example, our second album, on the cover we were nearly naked, which many children's parents didn't like — and also if the kids were angry they would walk out on their parents, go to their bedroom and play the track 'I'm Leaving Home'. And this was the first time that French adults understood the meaning of rock and roll."

"You're appealing to a very young mentality."

Cor: "No, we have a very broad audience between the ages of 12 and 35."

"Some of whom must therefore be more stupid than others."

Cor: "I don't know, it is not important. They get the feeling of what we're about, they understand the heart of the matter."

J-L: "Like the difficulty of communicating to a different nationality. It doesn't exist. It just disappears on stage. You see rock and roll isn't just music, it's a way of life, a way of

Corinne Marrienneau, Richard Kolinka, Louis Bertignac, Jean-Louis Aubert. Pic: Lynn Goldsmith

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rebell until the day you die."
 "That all sounds a bit glib and naive to me."

J-L: "That's because you're English, you're too cynical. It's become a cliché. In England you're too intellectual, you consider everything too much. There's too much thinking. I think we can refresh rock in this country."

"But we had our little bit of refreshment in 1977, and all that proved was that rock and roll had come the full circle."

Cor: "But you are dealing with an institution, unlike us in France. Our only problem is our own personalities, and how we work with each other as individuals."

J-L: "We are impure perhaps, but at the same time we are more pure because we have no history to destroy us. We have a real rock and roll statement to make. It is like a vehicle, like a train or a boat to travel through life on. We are alone against the world, just trying to make people do something."

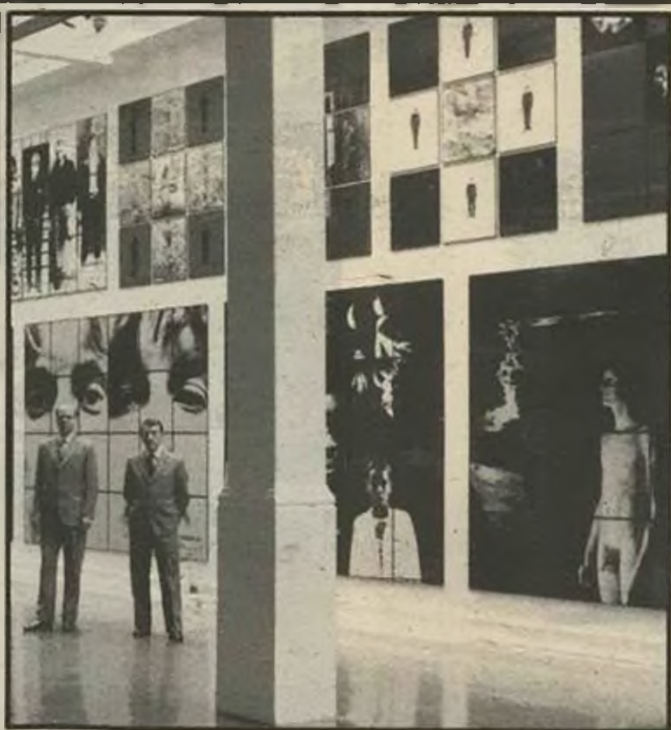
SO FRANCE enters the '80s as hopeful and romantic as ever. (Regardez Mitterrand.)

A cry on the battlements, a storm over the Bastille. The innocence and energy are enviable — even though all it does is remind you to start digging their graves. The historical tombstone is our only reminder to rock and roll this side of the channel but Telephone would be wise to read its inscription:

"Your ballroom days are over baby."

**JAZZMEN
STOPPED
BY FEAR
OF CLASH**

So that's why they went to Knebworth...



Gilbert & George at their Whitechapel exhibition

Living Sculptures live

NOW THAT Eddie and Sunshine have revived the fine art of making an exhibition of yourself, perhaps it's time for a wider interest in Gilbert and George, self-styled Living Sculptures of the '60s.

George and Gilbert met at St Martin's Art College in '67 and have documented their life together in photographs, drawings, film, video and paintings ever since. One of their major projects took place in '69 when, dressed in conservative suits with matching polite expressions sprayed with metallic paint, they took up their positions on the stairs of the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam. They remained there completely motionless for the next five hours.

Nor are they strangers to the musical sphere. In '68 they staged a public 'strolling piece' through a pop festival in Hyde Park, refusing to answer remarks addressed to them since they felt it was bad form to speak when in a Sculptured state.

But times change and so, sadly, do Living Sculptures, as an exhibition of Gilbert and George's Photo-Pieces '71-'80 at the Whitechapel Gallery shows. Even their First Law of Sculptors — "Always be smartly-dressed, well groomed, relaxed, friendly, polite and in complete control" — has yielded to the harsher realities of the '80s. Despair, desolation and cold city squalor are the subjects of their most powerful images. 'Human Bondage' (1973), created during a joint period of heavy drinking, is a group of photographs of Gilbert and George sprawling amongst smashed drinking debris under superimposed swastika shapes of chain and wire, while their huge, green, moony faces stare out of 'Misery' (1980).

Obsessively narcissistic, perpetually isolated and always oddly anachronistic, Gilbert and George make great pop-art. It's fitting that they themselves are still the stars of their most striking work.

— LYNN HANNA

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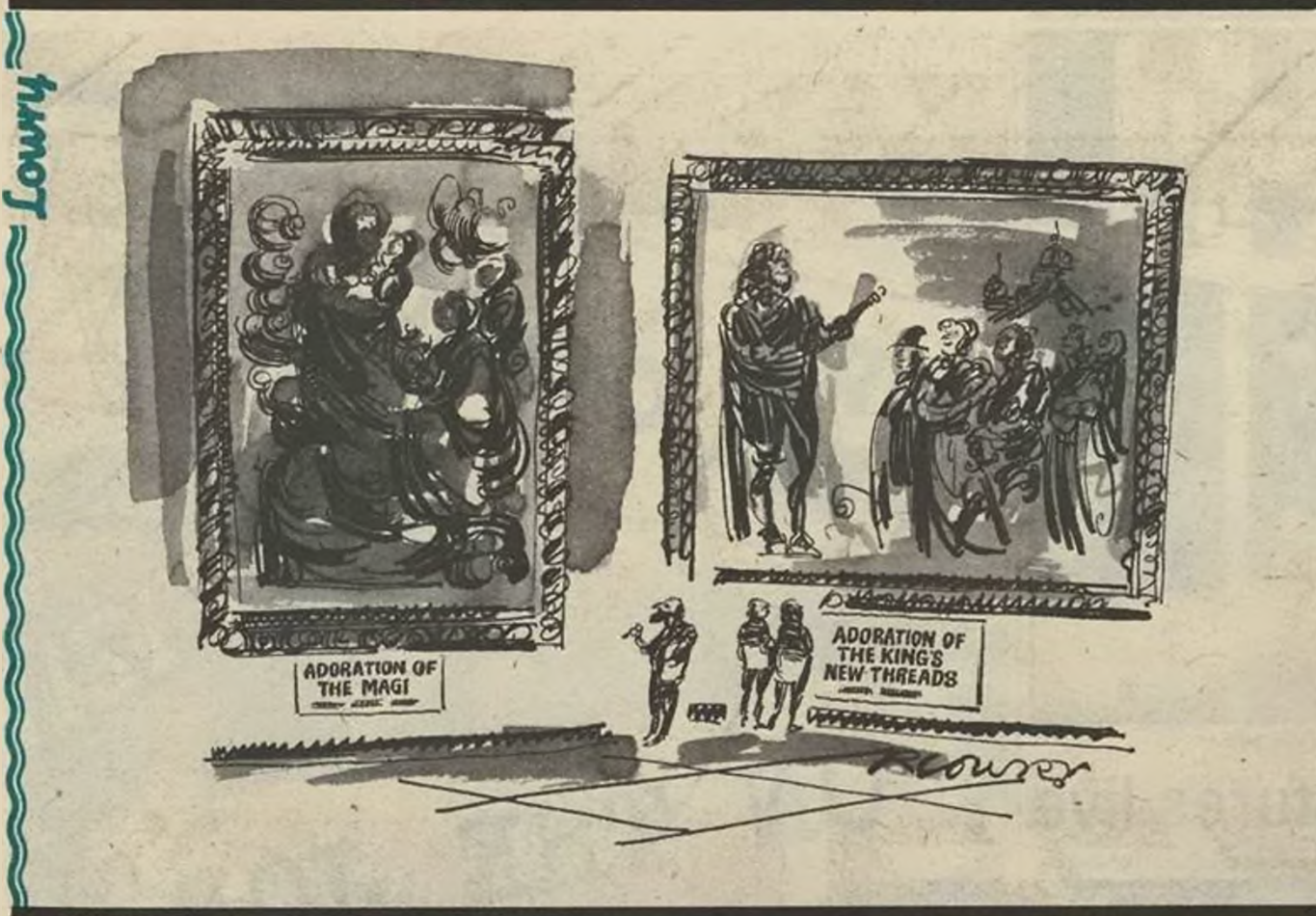
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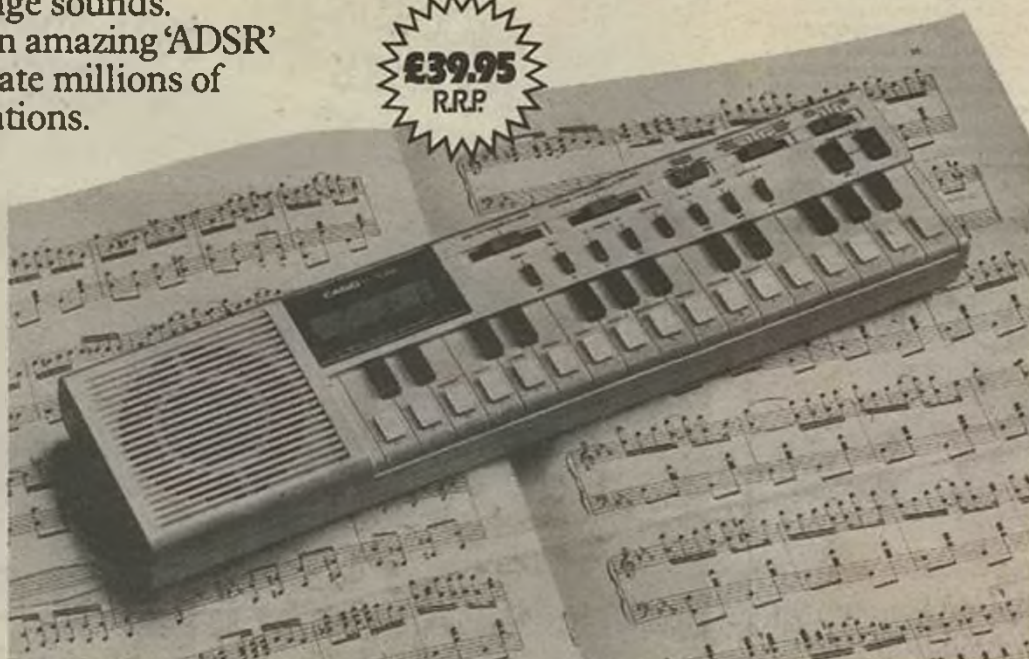
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CYNTHIA ROSE
reads, marks and
digests
and spews up
The Book With No Name

Pic: Mark Rusher, via Time Out and TBWNN

"PERSONALLY, I think the press run us down. . . a lot of the comments are pretty sarcastic. Now that it's light of a night when I go out to the pub and I'm all dressed up people stare at me and it's because they think a girl should have make-up on and a lad shouldn't — so I usually say to my friend 'oh they're jealous'. . . But it's not envy — I mean, the looks you get, you're used to being laughed at by now."

And some people are laughing all the way to the bank. Peter Lewis, the speaker above, is 22 going on 23, works at a sports centre in Telford and likes — when he comes to London to visit his sister — to spend money on The Clothes With No Name. (He also plunders thrift shops and makes — "for two to five quid" — much of his own original gear.)

To his surprise, Peter appears on the cover and in the second gatefold photograph of the newly-published The Book With No Name. It was a shot taken in Birmingham's Rum Runner Club for an Observer colour supp feature — where it first appeared.

There's little point in getting worked up over quick-kill propositions — money is money is money whether someone sees it in Lady Di Naughty Nighties or deceased superstars. But there is a necessity for some points of reference to be established when recent history is being re-written purely to put cash in someone's coffers.

God knows the People With No Names have provided enough column inches and feature filler for people with names (or the desire to acquire them). And most people are probably capable of seeing that for exactly what it is — purely because the deluge has been so

repetitive, dogmatic and, in the end, so banal.

A little specific background here, however. The Book With No Name is published in (Peter) Miles' Omnibus Press series. But it was the idea of former Time Out cover designer Pearce Marchbank (now co-editor of the proposed Event magazine), who has edited and designed it.

It was Marchbank's idea that one Time Out cover feature (by Ian Birch, here text editor) could be profitably and hurriedly expanded into a book — that feature's fragmented notes-and-quotes format was originally to be visualised by artist John Stalin. Instead, Marchbank asserted his superiority on the magazine and he designed the cover piece — which became mostly a mouthpiece for Spandau Ballet's manager Steve Dagger (who has also 'guided' chapter one of No Name).

The book pretty much replicates the original article, but adds large numbers of colour pictures of Molly Parkin's daughter (and one of Moll herself). For literary credibility, it relies exclusively on the insertion in the margins of quotes by the like of James Laver (an ex-curator of the Victoria and Albert Museum and the authority on costume history and dandyism).

Unfortunately Mr Laver — who had by his own count authored 99 books when I last spoke to him — is deceased and cannot comment on the way a lifetime of primary research work has been cheapened here. But, though No Name of course has its price (£3.95 for 72 pages), a free library card can avail you of all Laver's relevant and brilliant dissections of the dressing-up phenomenon throughout history. (It goes without saying, I guess, that the other person whose work is pillaged to do the thinking for this package is Tom Wolfe).

Continues over

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NO FACE NO NAME

■ From previous page

Satellite social reporter Jon Savage has contributed a chapter which constitutes an about-face from his writing in the *Time Out* piece; he moralises about 'marketing' and labels the No people 'new hippies'. It's the equivalent of his changed stance in *The Face*, if one has read his reportage from the 'People's Palace' onwards.

Freelance Paul Tickell's *Consumer Guide* (what he's been allowed to include) gives the book its only sense of style; it's amusing and level-headed and actually confronts the subject rather than dithering about staying in the swim himself.

Richard Strange has contributed a chapter, too, but his recent shot at sub-Pistols status on TV was pathetic enough to make further comment here superfluous.

All this plus numerous typos (in the haste to flog this before the bubble should burst, the original typesetting was never subbed) and little more.

How many of the folk discussed and pictured here agree with or even bother to think about written dissections of their psyches anyway? I asked Peter Lewis if he thought of himself as a 'New Romantic', a 'Futurist', part of some 'Now Crowd' or even as a Person With No Name: "Oh no. Those are just labels people have given us so they can put us down in writing. They can't just say 'people dress up' and leave it at that. It has to be 'the New Romantics were out and about tonight'."

"Besides, you say it's going for four quid? Well, I might pick it up and look at it but I wouldn't buy it."

— CYNTHIA ROSE



The story so far: In New York, someone has said something funny about Stan and Ollie. This is a job for MONTY SMITH...

FUNNY BUSINESS, comedy. And the funniest thing about it — according to no less an authority than W C Fields — is that you never know why people laugh. Of course, Fields was talking about funny comedy; it's easy to see why people don't laugh at awful TV sit-coms. Although, there again, some people *do* laugh at them, even when it's stuff as puerile as *Sorry, I'm A Stranger Here Myself* (ITV Mondays) or *Have I Got You Where You Want Me?* (ITV Wednesdays); the desperation at work extends even to the titles.

What a relief, then, to be able to see once again genuine masters of the art of laughter: Laurel and Hardy (late night BBC2, erratically scheduled) have endured so well for so long for several reasons.

Unlike many of their contemporaries — their best work was made in the late '20s, early '30s — they never stooped so low as to demand audience

sympathy; their unique humour was created in a series of formal, almost ritualistic, set pieces that built gag upon gag, Chinese box style, until elements of the surreal took

over; and, quite simply, they were agonisingly funny, a pair of children barely able to cope in a hostile world peopled by generally unpleasant and often grotesque caricatures. Who

could fail to love such hapless heroes? Well, according to Molly Haskell of New York's *Village Voice*, all women should.

Cop this, from Miss Haskell's

'Women And The Silent Comedians': "Of all the silent comedians, Laurel and Hardy are perhaps the most threatening to women, as they combine physical ruination with



Terry and Bob discuss the important things in life in *The Likely Lads*

That's another fine Ms ...

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misogyny. One epicene and gross, the other emaciated, they are an aesthetic offense. The male duo is almost by definition latently homosexual: a union of opposites (tall/short, thin/fat, straight/comic) who, like husband and wife, combine to make a whole. Constantly expressing affection for each other, Laurel and Hardy form a parody male-female couple. Laurel and Hardy ridicule older women and, by implication, all women. With their disaster-prone bodies and their exclusive relationship that not only shuts out women but questions their very necessity, they constitute a two-man wrecking team of female — that is, civilized and bourgeois — society."

Leaving aside such minor details as the fact that Laurel and Hardy were both consummate comic actors (ie there was no straight man), and that they were both tall (one out of three isn't bad!), Miss Haskell makes the basic error of subjective shortsightedness in her wayward analysis. What about the James Finalyson, Charlie Hall and Walter Long characters so evilly depicted in the Laurel and Hardy films — all charmers, were they? Laurel and Hardy ridiculed themselves above all others, but everyone was fair game, not just women, you ninny. Happily, their humour rises above such ill-informed, generalised bullshit.

God knows what Miss Haskell would make of *The Likely Lads* (BBC 1 Fridays), especially when — in last week's 'No Hiding Place' — they themselves apprehensively faced up to 'latent tendencies'. Terry Collier's law, you see, is that all male hairdressers, window dressers and fashion

designers are poofs ("It's a well known fact"). In this quintessential episode, Bob and Terry's relationship was scrutinised to devastatingly comic effect, and it all hinged, hilariously, on Terry's rampant misanthropy (which writers like Molly Haskell persist in misreading as misogyny): "Come to think of it," says Terry, after writing off the world's nations in dismissive little phrases, "I don't even like the people next door."

A noble religion, misanthropy, and an essential weapon of many major comic figures, from Chaplin and Fields to Tony Hancock and Walter Matthau. The only sad thing about *The Likely Lads* — probably the last of the great natural comedies, its characters recognisable human beings and not ad-mentality stereotypes — is that it's now a ten-year-old series and the current TV sit-coms continue to plunge paralytically unfunny depths of ineptitude.

So what's the great white hope? Not, by general consent, *Not The Nine O'Clock News* (although it makes me laugh). And certainly not *End Of Part One* (ITV Fridays), which is even patchier than *Not*. Last week's

edition, which mixed wonkily Americanised royal family impressions with a *M*A*S*H* pisstake, had its best gag upfront, the fake credits delighting in American actors' fondness for vowel-less 'ethnic' surnames: *O*H*M*S*, starring Marty Zgschvrdza, Lou Dfsbrskms, Loretta Quckfst and Gzrnbl L Msssjklyjv Jr.

So maybe it'll be down to the Comic Strip's favourite son and scourge of *NME* Xmas parties, Alexei Sayle. His appearance in Granada's *Celebration* series (ITV Thursday) was a tonic but not, alas, a cure-all. The phoney documentary format (from Albanian Television) allowed a variety of stylistic devices, none better than the black and white clip from *Benito*, the story of a simpleton who rises to power as a fascist leader, principally because he's got a profile that'll look good on postage stamps.

But if he's not the great white hope, so what? Alexei, blessed with the graceless gait of a punchdrunk boxer, is a funny man. And that's not easy; ask Paul Morley. I'm off to read one of the shortest books in christendom: *Great Female Comedians* by Milly Molly Haskins.

Gang of Four — The Great Debate continues...

ON TOUR HE FEELS LIKE A HOME-IST

DAVE ALLEN's departure from The Gang of Four may have been "amicable" by his standards, but it seems to have left the other three — Andy Gill, Jon King and Hugo Burnham — with a nasty taste in the mouth, judging from a joint statement they issued this week. They say they had intended to maintain a "no comment" stance, but they've now been obliged to reverse this attitude after reading Allen's "fictions" in last week's *NME*.

They say they asked an independent observer at their U.S. record company, Warner Brothers, to give an objective and succinct account of what

had happened. It was this that caused Allen to be "irritated", but the others insist there were no grounds for this.

The statement says: "During the lengthy discussions in which we tried to persuade him to complete the American tour, the reason he gave for his decision to leave was that his mental health was at risk. He claims he left the tour because the road crew were refused re-entry into the U.S. — but a week before this in Chicago, he attempted to walk out, but was frustrated because he was unable to borrow the fare."

"When Dave left, there was no question of cancelling. His opportunist departure nearly finished it. His sourness on

reading of his replacement by black bassist Busta Jones hardly justifies the twaddle he came out with last week. It's pure hypocrisy to raise the banner of correct ideology against commercial interest."

The remaining gang of three claim it was Allen who wanted to crack the U.S. market, and he persuaded them to undertake a 4½-week tour, instead of the three week schedule favoured by Andy Gill. And referring to Allen's comment that he is now completely broke, the statement concludes:

"The tour was budgeted to make a small profit. Dave leaving puts the rest of us in debt to the tune of £7,604 from the tour. That leaves us worse than broke."

Ray Lowry



"I'm one hundred per cent in favour of futurism myself..."



... it's just that there is so much pastism ...



... presentism ...



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Jim Morrison: the post-mortem on the post-mortem. MAX BELL talks to Jac Holzman

Illustration: MARK FAIRNINGTON

NO ONE HERE GETS OUT UNCIRCUMSCRIBED

THE PHENOMENAL success of the number one bestseller *No One Here Gets Out Alive* has inevitably been accompanied by a huge wave of interest in the dead Door.

But while the Danny Sugerman and Jerry Hopkins book has delighted many with its wealth of factual information and extensive photographic material, the motives and the merits of its treatment of Morrison have recently come under close scrutiny.

Many Elektra personnel, including Jac Holzman, the label's dynamic and visionary president throughout the '60s, and Paul Rothchild, Doors producer on all but their last album, have indicated that the authors' approach veers too close to fiction.

Rothchild, a man of obvious artistic standing, a respected technician and an authority on the group, launched a devastating attack on the work in a recent tribute to The Doors, a special from LA's excellent *BAM* magazine.

Rothchild tells interviewer Blair Jackson: "The Doors' career is very satisfying to me. There's only one thing in the

whole process that bothers me, and that is Danny Sugerman's book. If Jim Morrison were alive today he'd be livid about that book. Not because of the truth it tells but because of the lies it maintains."

Rothchild cites Sugerman's (and Ray Manzarek's) perpetuation of the "maybe Jim is still alive" myth. He also expresses disappointment at the posthumous poetry album 'An American Prayer'. "That album is a rape... To me, what was done on 'An American Prayer' is the same as taking a Picasso and cutting it into postage stamp-sized pieces and spreading it across a supermarket wall... it was the first commercial sell-out of Jim Morrison."

Rothchild is no sycophant either: he is blunt about aspects of Morrison's character that infuriated him — the tantrums and the traumas which the book glosses in mystique.

Jac Holzman, a most influential outside figure in The Doors' history, was also ill-disposed towards the collaboration when I spoke to him on the phone. "I did an interview with the authors once one evening, that's all."

Were you satisfied with the aftermath?

"No! Definitely not. The book is merely a packaging job, it's not serious — many of the items are woefully inaccurate; both things that didn't concern

me and events that did. For example at one section there's some nonsense about Morrison tearing up my house at a party to celebrate the success of 'Light My Fire'. It actually says I wasn't even there at the time. Yet in the photos taken at the party there I am. I told them that."

Reading between the lines, the book makes Morrison out to be a mixture of Jekyll and Hyde, a fool and an intelligent man.

"Yes, he certainly leant heavily towards triviality sometimes. The other guys I always got on well with. I got on famously with Morrison — who was very close to my son — as long as he didn't believe the stories that other people told him. He could be unbearable."

"Elektra's role in their history is pretty accurately described, nothing I'd make a Federal issue out of anyway." Just how close was

Sugerman to the band? The book is written from the perspective of someone who purported to know Morrison well.

"How can I put this tactfully? Danny Sugerman was not as close to Morrison as you'd imagine. He liked to loaf, take it easy. Y'know he'd take a nap, lie down. I doubt if anyone knew Morrison that well."

What are the other faults of the book? "It's too massive, it

sensationalises elements of Morrison's character that would have been best ignored, or left out. He was intelligent, well read, at least at one time. He carried a book full of observations around with him always. He liked to give the impression of being an intellectual, sure."

"We had a non-binding contract for the last two albums."

Holzman concurs with Rothchild on the death rumours. "Those are not only a bit sick, they're unbelievable."

What's your opinion of the re-packaging of Morrison ten years after his death?

"There's another whole generation of Doors fans now who weren't or couldn't have been, listening 15 years ago; they were too young. That pleases me, obviously. They want information. If the inevitable happens — greatest hits, films — I don't mind so long as they are tastefully and authoritatively presented, well annotated with sensible packaging."

Are there any unreleased tracks; live or studio, that are suitable for release today?

"I don't know if they exist. Paul Rothchild would have them if they did exist. Again, with the music it's the same as with the image, if these things don't become exploitation, if they're presented in good taste, I don't care. It's bound to happen anyway."

Meanwhile Warner Books have run into legal problems with several photographers who have claimed copyright on uncredited pictures used in *No One Here*; this has resulted in them issuing a smaller format, cheaper version with substitute pictures.

An American network video will be shown soon with the same title as the book (fancy!). It includes great live footage of The Doors and several dreadful interviews with the surviving members. Manzarek harps on about intellectuals and shamen, Krieger is stoned in a studio and only John Densmore manages to articulate something believable and human and honest. As for Hopkins and Sugerman, they just put the rope round their own necks and kick the chair away.



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ORWELLIAN BRITAIN

(Slight return)

THIS ARTICLE appeared recently in the *Enlightenment Daily*, a newspaper for the intelligentsia in China. It reads:

"It does not matter whether you take part in a demonstration march in London or anywhere else in Britain, your activity will be immediately recorded in the electronic brain (at Scotland Yard). If you make a speech at a political meeting, you must give your name, and that of the organisation you represent, to a policeman holding a registration form, and this will be fed into the electronic brain together with your speech. "If you drive somewhere to take part in a political meeting, the registration number of your car will be recorded. On holidays, you may just be in a cafe or a bar chatting with friends, but you will be under the surveillance of the brain. If you go on strike at your factory, a special bureau will keep an eye on you. "The electronic brain not only records your social activity but also, through all sorts of channels, takes note of your state of health, your period of military service, your tax situation, and your telephone calls both within Britain and overseas. "The police bureau uses the brain to list all activists in trade unions, and their attendance at political meetings in Britain and abroad. Sometimes secret slanders, records on police documents, malicious rumours giving vent to personal spite and even street rumours can all become data for the electronic brain. Everything stored in it, however implausible, can be used as inviolable testimony." The article was signed under the pseudonym Huang Hai.

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"I walk with angels that have no place,"
Bruce Springsteen, 'Streets Of Fire'.

"For him the streets were populated by
hotshots, wiseacres, and meatballs
though a longer look shows that such
thoroughfares teemed with harassed or
strained people and anxious kids," —
Max Kozloff, *Artforum*.

IT'S BEEN A lousy week for
Jim Carroll. Officially he's
here to promote the UK
release of his best-selling
American debut LP, 'Catholic
Boy'.

Personally, he's acceded to an
all-day exercise in 'press relations' in
order to dispel what he considers
radical misconceptions about his
work: that, intentionally or not, his
pervasive drug imagery glorifies
chemical indulgence as an artistic
tool; that 'Catholic Boy's' 'People
Who Died' exploits death; that he
was nominated for a Pulitzer at age
22 (any editor from any publishing
house, it seems, can 'nominate'
absolutely anything for a Pulitzer);
and that he is cashing in on the
heroin addiction now seven years
behind him for a rock image.

I watch one of his brief encounters —
between a short, sweet-faced blond kid
and Carroll: over six feet tall, and as
red-haired, blue-eyed and freckled as
some male Sissy Spacek. Later, I read the
results. The points Carroll argued so
tenaciously are now buried in the writer's
fascination with that persona his
interviewee once and the once recorded
(in his 1963 novel, *The Basketball
Diaries*). Missing completely is that
moment when Carroll, a little heated by
the questioner's obsession with his
addiction, said loudly, "Look — you'd
just have to be a *numbskull* to think I'd go
through all the things I did and then
espouse or glorify them!"

The adverts CBS are running for this
artist the next week — laughable tho'
they may be — are more disgusting.
Written with absolute crassness. They
spell out the company's idea of Carroll as
PRODUCT in no uncertain terms.

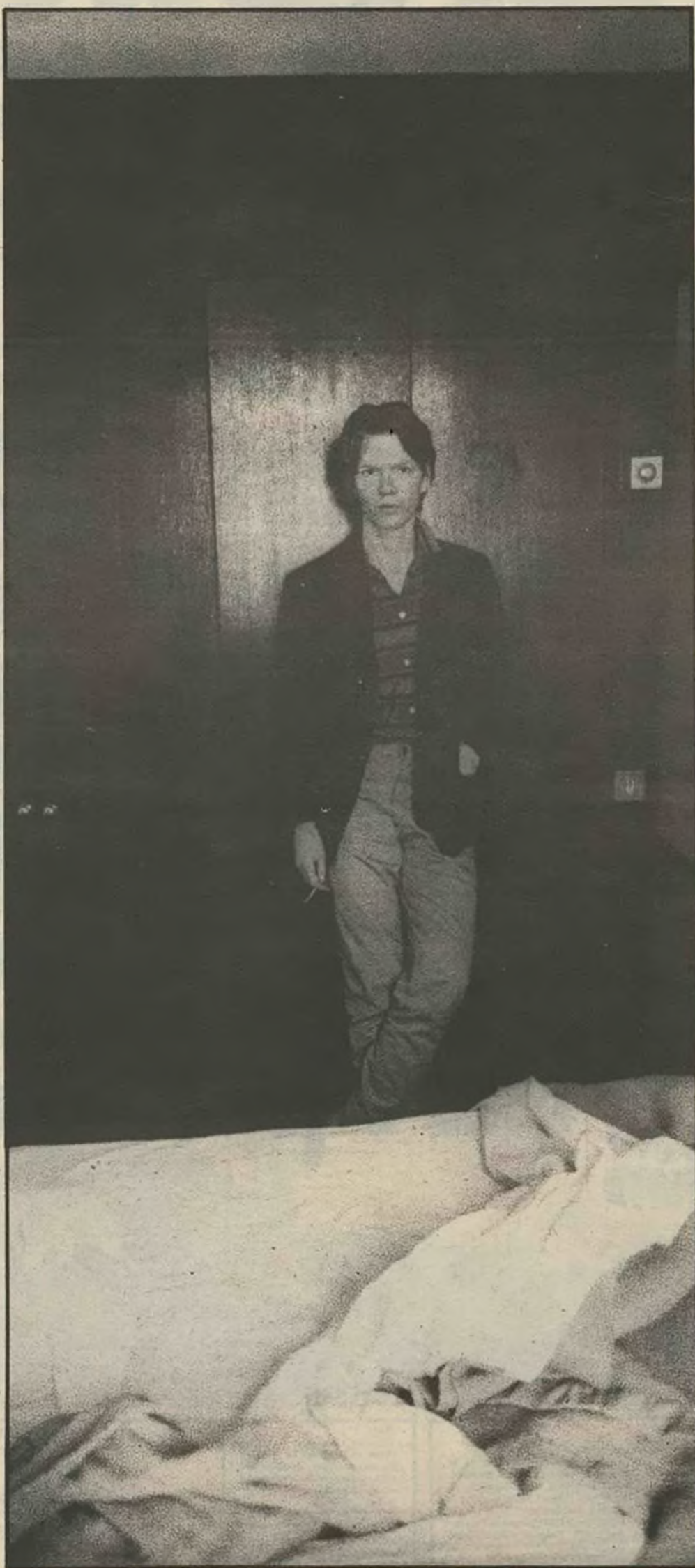
"First and foremost," it finishes, "Jim
Carroll is the genuine article. Real New
York City McCoy."

Real New York City. The island of a
thousand fantasies — all sub-Velvets,
sub-Warhol, sub-Dolls; all to do with
drugs and 'art' and hipness. Aside from
that familiar fixation on self-promotion
which has made Manhattan risible to
most of the rest of America, much of this
view of the Big Apple is coming from *our*
side of the Atlantic. Besides, almost all
American artists have scores to settle
with their home towns and in doing so
they often convey the sort of ecstatic
vengeance present in Carroll's
remembrances.

HEAR THE record, read the ads, see
the guy.

Carroll has just returned from an
abortive *Old Grey Whistle Test* filming, played
with a pick-up band including only two of the
personnel on his album, as well as Lenny Kaya
(keeping such a low profile he wasn't plugged
in for half the first number). Viewing the thing
later, it becomes evident that what is
genuinely an extreme sort of artistic rawness
in Carroll the performer can literally
decompose before the eyes of the beholder.

Why? Because as he's the first to admit, he's
yet to get things 'right' with a band. He's also
totally committed to a form of continuing
literary experimentation which includes rock,
but seems most inspired by the work of his
close friend, American playwright and actor
(*Days of Heaven*, *Resurrection*) Sam Shepard.
It will seem most obviously related, however,
to the output of former lover/collaborator
Patti Smith, who was first in inspiring Carroll
to take the stage backed by a band (her own).



Jim Carroll came to rock through pain,
pastoral poetry, and Patti Smith. And he may
yet prove the best-selling Catholic Boy since
Dave Allen.

STORY: CYNTHIA ROSE PIX: PENNIE SMITH

Jim Carroll and I sit down to talk over lunch.
Across the deserted hotel restaurant sits
Carroll's manager Earl McGrath, former head
of Rolling Stone Records and now a
consultant to same. Since he was 16, Carroll
has known 'Earl'; their repartee may be
pointed but it's weighted with a tolerance of
their obvious differences. Stories and other
histories aside, McGrath is expansive yet
businesslike — plus there's the surprise of his
'metropolitan' dress sense, which shows up
Tom Wolfe for the over-dandified conformist
he is. When McGrath throws a party, it's
obviously a class affair. Neither would literary
circles seem entirely unknown to him; a week
later I pick up Joan Didion's *White Album* to
look up a passage and find it's dedicated to
him.

It's apparent why folks like this want to
know Carroll so badly — despite a provincial
New York accent as thick as phlegm, and a
slight lisp, he exudes today's most
desperately desired quality: hipness. Unlike
the fiercely dignified asceticism of the
self-reformed, or the self-justifying authority
of his compelling articulacy, hipness is not
something he's interested in putting across.
It's merely the legacy of a past and the
debatable dividend of various decisions taken
since. Just a part of the guy, something he's
stopped consciously monitoring (though it's
very much a constituent of his first published
book of poems, 1973's *Living at the Movies*).

Living at the Movies has been out of print;
Carroll tells me it ran through three printings
and then lapsed, but will be out in the UK this
September from Penguin. Two other books of
poems are being handled by Random House
— "but not for about eight months." The
prose-poems from which most of 'Catholic
Boy' evolved, however, comprise his
never-published *Book Of Nods*.

"The *Book Of Nods* I was gonna do with Patti
— it was her idea, cause she had a lot of
prose-poems. When we were together she
wasn't writing, then she was just doing these
drawings. Then she started to write and she
was more influenced by, if you like, prose
poetry, than by poems and verse.

"I was gonna publish *Nods* but working on
new ones, they just seemed to keep on getting
longer and longer and more like short stories,
so that's how I want to keep doing them.
There's also another book of *Diaries* but it's
fictional. I'm working on it now. There's a
fantasy aspect to it; it's like my life when I was
first in California."

(Carroll left New York in '74 for the West
Coast, to spend four years as 'a total recluse'
overcoming his addiction).

"I start dreaming every night about this
person, then I realise the person's real and
things start happening in conjunction with
that."

How did Carroll come to chose poetry —
which he's often stated was regarded as a
"wimp, sissy thing" in his neighbourhood —
as his main avenue of expression?

"Well, the big transition in my life was from
just being a kid on the block to going to this
posh private school . . . I speak of that in the
Diaries. From that school I started to get into
poetry. I was always writing before then, like
my diaries, and in Catholic school one brother
taught me a lot about it — metaphors and
similes and whatnot. But it was a private
school teacher who got me into poetry and
had me start reading Frank O'Hara and people
like that."

THE 'PEOPLE like that' are the East
Villagers, American poets for whom
O'Hara (who died in '66) and John
Ashbery are the inspiration. Most were very
involved with New York's visual arts scene
(O'Hara was a museum curator) and the best
of their work is devoted above all to the
strong, expressive image. Their critical
standing as both poets and poet-personalities
has never really equalled that of their
immediate predecessors (Galway Kinnell,
James Wright, W.S. Merwin), partly because
their writing is so determinedly idiosyncratic
— irrational, fantastic and confessional.

The East Villagers continue a trend of
expressing very personal intricacies of feeling
and instinct which has been evolving in
American poetry since the colloquial grandeur
of one William Carlos Williams — by trade a
children's doctor and by choice a poet.
Williams, says Carroll, wrote his "very
favourite" poem; but Carroll also likes
pastoral poetry, particularly Alexander Pope;
Rilke, and all the German poets.

"I always enjoy Whitman too," he adds.

I ask Carroll about his oft-delivered dictum
that he likes for "five different people to
interpret a lyric or poem five different ways" —
because I think the best American lyricists and
poets keep to an economy which is conceptual
in that it respects a listener or reader's ability
to bring things to the work, as a participant.
"Well, the stronger a person's imagination

is, the more they'll get out of any lyric of mine, I think. I don't like class-conscious poetry or poetry which deals very subjectively with something. Like during Vietnam, I never wrote very political poems even though I was against the War. A song like 'People Who Died' is subjective in a certain way because it deals with certain specific friends and it has a specific subject matter to it — but people have looked at it in this overall sense as glorifying death.

"I think the problem people have with reference to what you're talking about is that they don't see the sense *in between*; it's like on a canvas, you know? The white is important — what's left out of the drawing is as important as what goes in. I mean, 'People Who Died' is about sacrifice and loss and it's a personal memorial, too — how that occurred is personal but it isn't the reason for the song's existence, nor is it 'sensational'.

"That song's obviously closer to the *Diaries* because it's real."

The funeral of Carroll's friend Bobby Sachs, one of the people who died, can be found in the *Diaries*. Recently, when notorious American talk show host Tom Snyder (also a Catholic boy) pressed Carroll on-screen for a definition of his 'faith', Carroll again alluded, after some thought, to Sachs: "If you pray for three months running that a friend of yours won't die of leukemia and then he does, and you *still* have faith then that's it."

"The other songs are closer to my poems," he tells me now. "In 'Wicked Gravity' or 'I Want The Angel' I try to leave the images to speak for themselves as abstractly as possible. 'I Want The Angel' I like a lot; it has some of the few lyrics I really would consider just as a poem itself."

Carroll agrees with me that 'I Want the Angel' also seems the one song which wraps up the various themes of 'Catholic Boy'.

"Yeah — I mean, of course then you get into 'what is the angel' . . . and to me it's not a Christian idea of an angel or the angel usually used in rock and roll from Carole King downwards, of a person, a lover. To me an angel is someone who just vacillates between what's known and unknown, in a region where will meets capability — like I say. And where they deal with the real and the transcendental on the same basis: they just go back and forth and they have the luxury of being in both worlds. That's the angel I'm talking about and striving for inside of myself or of myself.

"I mean, I don't know if the God or the angel inside of you — or the muse — is *from* you or of you."

LATER, CARROLL describes to me an early meeting with Mick Jagger, when 'Catholic Boy' (then 'Dry Dream') was to be produced by Keith Richards, until conflicting studio time between Carroll's debut and 'Emotional Rescue' made the latter unfeasible. "He was going on about airplay, how to get airplay, and he was telling me I had to write some boy-girl songs, some songs about fucking or not getting fucked or — you know, the whole range of limited possibilities there. I like Jagger but he just wouldn't understand why I couldn't do that."

Carroll's anger is also real at another point in conversation when he derides singers who sell themselves as "just a good fuck." Then when we're talking about the relative 'femininity' or 'masculinity' of viewpoints and aims, I'm surprised at the reason he gives for not having more defined views.

"I don't live in my body enough anymore."

When pressed, he reiterates it simply as a fact.

"No, I don't. Now it's just like this shell I carry around with me."

Carroll is also concerned that his work has been viewed critically as mere arch-Romanticism.

"What I write has to be integral to my own experience, or else it's dishonest; after that, it's just a matter of style. For most people of the cock-rock school lyrics are only posing an image, like screwing all night, whatever . . . Or Billy Joel's writing kind of twitters on and many people consider that romantic. They're looking outside, though, they're not reading that space in between things.

"I mean, it's like this whole so-called New Romantic movement over here now, with that Adam And The Ants stuff; all that has to do with the psychological paraphernalia surrounding it, fucking dressing up in clothes! I mean I'm not playing some fucking game when I do this — they're proffering romanticism in the same way that the dogmatists of the 'New Morality' in America are bastardising religion. To me religion is not dumb, or fake, and I don't play games with it. It's a passion to me and it's important.

"I've been looking for Christ to give me some sign of a personal illumination since I was six years old and he hasn't. So I don't go for this idea that God can be hittin' on guys 24 hours a day, illuminating their nuclear arms agreements and business deals. You're into real religious beliefs not because you want something out of it or because you're afraid of going to hell or want the reward of heaven.

"You should be in it just because you love your God because he made you, you know?"

Carroll likes to classify denominational dogmas as "religious methadone maintenance programs." He makes it clear that although he loves the rituals and mythologies of Catholicism, he regards the dogmas of the Church as "perversities and power trips." He feels men "have no right" to

speak on abortion, that the population problem should be a major concern of the Church, and that the Pope should "wake up and stop trying to own Wall Street."

"Faith is an internal thing," he reiterates. "It's whatever resolves things for you. Like, when I went to California and was living in the country for the first time in my life and getting off drugs — I saw then that long patience and endurance and silence and boredom, really, are the only highs and the only ways of breaking through to some different reality, poetically or otherwise. Rimbaud's mistake was trying to break through through alchemy and drugs and magic; Baudelaire did that too but he came to realise that wasn't it and refuted all that. Of course Baudelaire was influenced by Poe, who was an American."

And it's always seemed that the dark figure of Poe, intersecting with the homespun preachings of America's Transcendentalists (like Emerson and Thoreau) was the factor which tilted American thinking back towards the idea of a European heritage. The Jamesian curiosity Americans often feel about what they think of as 'cultured' and 'civilised', the leaning towards what is European, I say, marked both Jim Morrison and Patti Smith. Both were pioneers of rock poetry, and both contributed to that change in perceptions which has meant that the meanest, most unattractive and gauche aspects of the modern urban environment can now be enjoyed for their own sake — an artistic perspective almost unthinkable before the '60s.

"Um. It's like people who hear 'Catholic Boy' or read the *Diaries* and don't know my poems *per se* — they always call me a 'street poet', and my poems are anything but street poetry."

"I didn't really know what it meant . . . 'Rock poetry'. As far as being a poet, the one strength I felt I'd have in rock to make up for all the technical deficiencies was that as a singer I understand phrasing and how to get the most impact from a line. Morrison understood phrasing very well.

"When I first heard Jim Morrison, I really liked his singing style, but I didn't think of him so much as a poet. I think he let this lizard king image get the most of him — instead of the metaphor coming out of his own life, his life was coming out of a metaphor and eventually his work went the same way. Plus the blues he was always getting into, I don't think they lend themselves to anything other than a certain blues-type lyric and they don't have the particular possibilities for poetry that other music has.

"Dylan I always thought wrote terrific lyrics; his influence on me was the big change in the *Diaries*, just when I went to private school. Till then I was into Dion, Lesley Gore, Roy Orbison — street and radio music."

As for music itself, Carroll says he "knows the guitar well enough to write say 'Catholic Boy' and 'People Who Died' — I've fooled around with the guitar since I was 15. I just tried with the band, with that album, to set things up right for the music to meet the lyrics. I've now got rid of the tall blond kid and the black kid; they were good but they just didn't have any understanding of what I wanted to do. I'm looking for somebody who's been into music their whole life the way I've been into

writing.

He says he can see two more Jim Carroll albums at most. Then he'll move on, just as he did from the *Diaries* success. (Currently Dustin Hoffman is attempting to secure the rights to the film of the *Diaries* for his directorial debut but is fighting Paul Schrader for them. Carroll isn't interested in how his youthful self will be scripted or acted: "Just give me the money and fuck it.").

THOSE *DIARIES* end with the line "I just want to be pure . . ."

Pure, I say to Jim Carroll, is a big, wide-open noun — like the ones which recur throughout 'Catholic Boy', *Living at the Movies* and *Nods* (gravity, angel, sleep, night, white, light, day).

I point out that such generalised images are always vulnerable to the specific criticism that their intended meaning can be abused as well as misconstrued; that critics saying his work depends on a romanticising of death and drug imagery is not much different from critics complaining that Bruce Springsteen writes just about cars and girls.

"Well, there's got to be risk involved; good art always depends on risk. And there are technical things which contribute: I think counterpoint, say, is the most important thing in making good art, stylistically . . . being able to juxtapose dark and light. But it seems that people either see the dark or the light. Like, they *always* ask me, 'Don't you think you're doing something dangerous writing about heroin even if you're doing it from a down stance?' — and I'm not writing about it from *any* stance except that my own experience comes through, and they must see in the end that I think it's a very vile, insidious thing.

"Just take the negativity involved in the pose of punk, this apocalypse background music. You know: 'We're already there so let's stay and get loaded'. That's so ephemeral, it's such an ephemeral idea. You always have to keep seeking some kind of illumination. Plus you have to *expect* people to take your art onto themselves and work on it. If they don't, if they want things just spelled out for them, then they're only gonna get something that's very tedious after a while and very naive in the end. There's nothing wrong with being naive but it doesn't necessarily provide any potential for personal growth."

So you feel a continuous examination of one's most personal experience via the public avenues of art needn't necessarily be self-serving or disappear up its own metaphors?

"I honestly don't know. I mean, people *want* some things dictated to them, like political notions. But there's politics in songs in every way. If I reveal myself, my own spiritual self, then I would think after a while people are 'gonna understand other things about me — like my politics and my taste. I don't think you can listen to 'I Want The Angel' and think that my political ideals are any less trenchant than those of The Clash. But I don't want to put it straight down in that naive sense. It's too subjectively flat after a while, it's all them: 'Me Me Me'. There's no room for *me* to involve anything of myself in it and make it different

and meaningful in a personal way."

Resolving contradictions is obviously one scheme for working towards transcendence — and transcendence seems to me what 'Catholic Boy' is about anyway.

"Yeah, well that's what it is about," says Carroll. "That you can find even in total adversity grace and purity and you do that because you realise there's always some vision possible within any circumstance. Even scientists, the greater scientists have always been persecuted in that sense, like Koeppler and Galileo and Copernicus. I mean, they had to throw their imaginations out into the universe at a time when you just didn't do that and they were just as brave as any poet in doing that — probably more so."

A CAR IS waiting to cart Carroll off to some radio station — he gives me copies of *Living at the Movies* and the unpublished *Nods* and takes his leave. Leafing through the latter volume, I think how poets rarely have anything as simple as sympathy for what they see, and how Carroll's refusal to have any moral stance imposed on his personal experience is consonant with the 'new poetry' to which he apprenticed his younger self — for the movement set great store by honesty and accuracy in shaping experience into art through native speech rhythms.

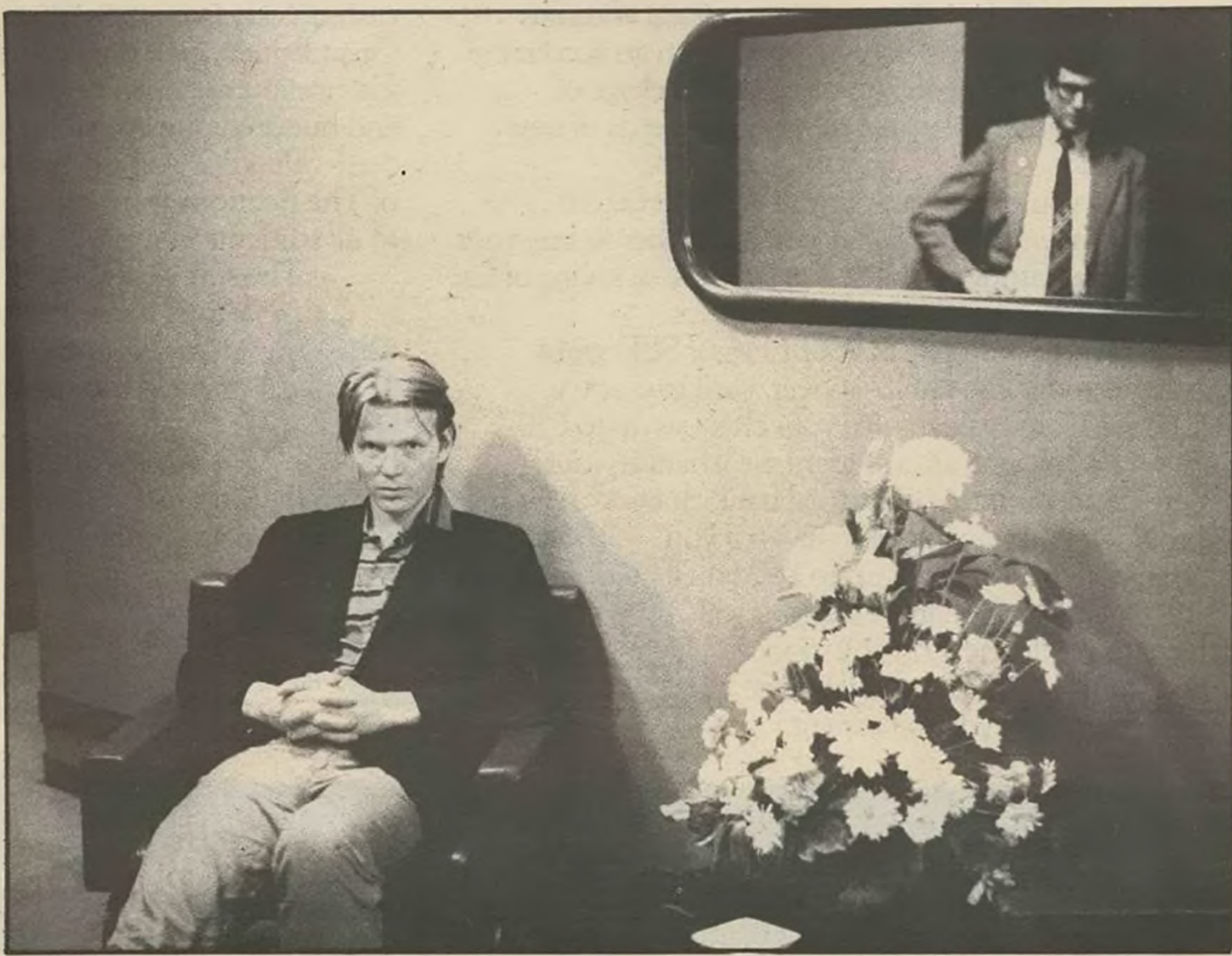
The movement manifested as well a desire to deal in the intimacy of unrehearsed and un-literary speech — a combination of ingredients in more and more of the best American rock lyrics, as they begin to add a modern conscience of the eye to their inherited conscience of the ear. I think about the American videotapes I've seen of Carroll performing — where the feeling is absolute, genuine and passionate, however much one perceives the particular langour with which he shapes his delivery as a possible warning signal.

Carroll is walking on thin ice; 'rock poetry' is not yet a genre, simply a set of instances of somewhat isolated success. Its original progenitors (Dylan, Morrison, Reed) were male. Yet its most consistently-carried-forward work has been by women, like Yoko Ono and Patti Smith, who have almost always worked in the same confessional, particular mode as Carroll.

The difference is that they were pioneering among other things the wider exploration of specifically female, often matriarchal, concerns. But then Carroll is — through Catholicism — ironically interested in many of those same concerns.

"I've always been conscious" he said at one point in our talk, "that even more than my homosexual friends, I have a strong feminine bent to my mind."

It seems that the magic ingredient might just be simple discipline: clear-headed, repetitive re-evaluations of exactly what's coming across, which can polish the potential for this new kind of rock communion into actual communication . . . expert enough to provide more than just the immense sense of excitement and promise Carroll's first album currently ignites.



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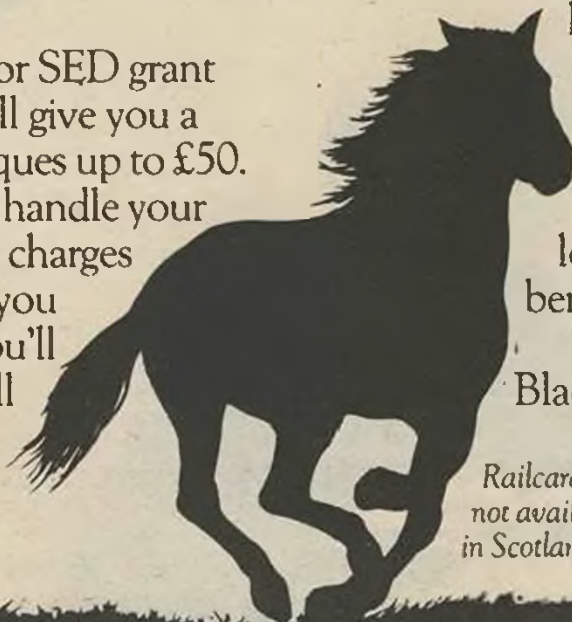
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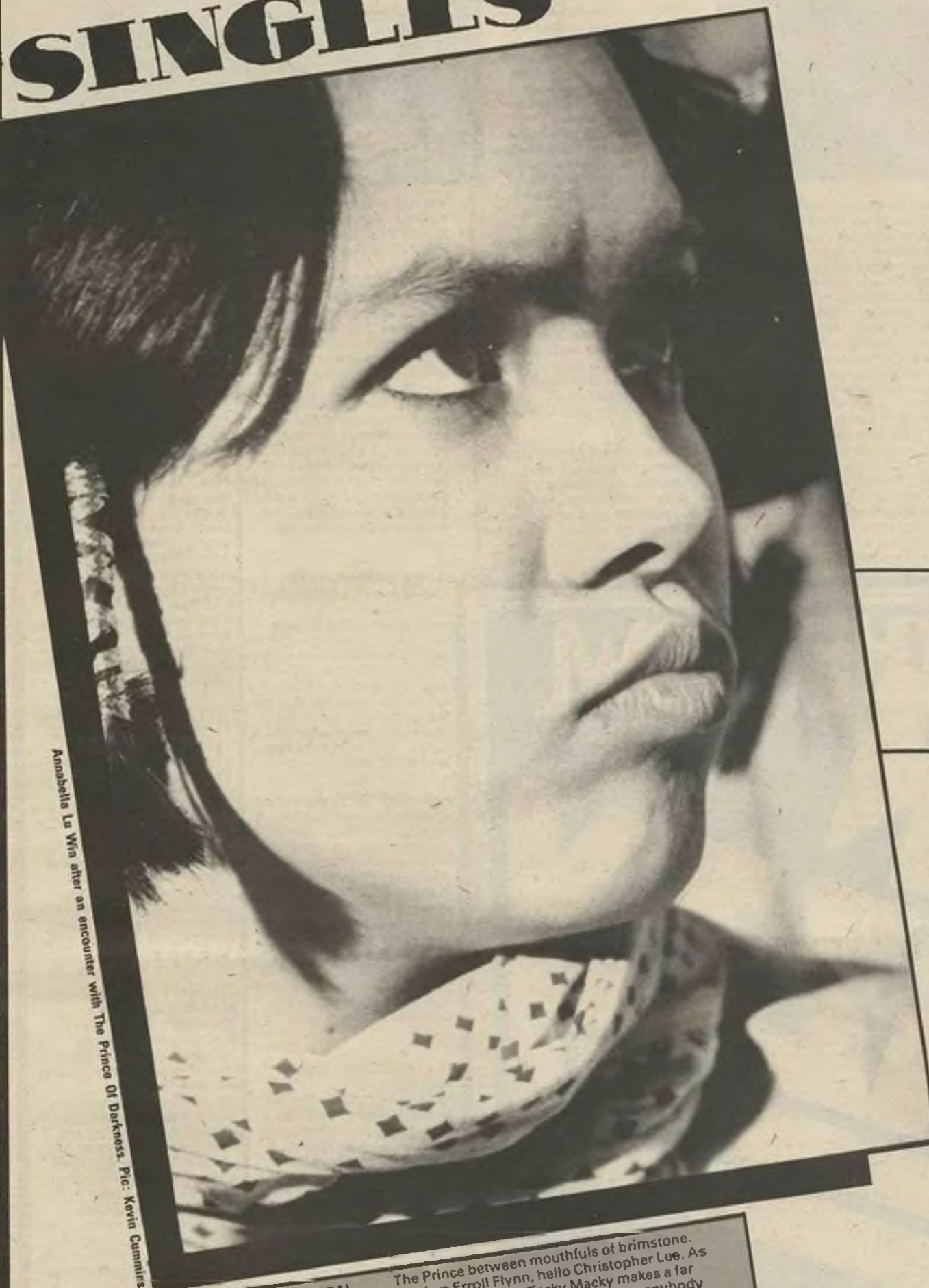


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At the sign of the Black Horse



SINGLES



Annabella Lu Win after an encounter with The Prince Of Darkness. Pic: Kevin Cummins

BOW WOW WOW: Prince Of Darkness (RCA)
Ah, what price eternal youth? The soul, of course — something Mephisto McLaren forgot to mention back when he was handing out the contracts. Now he's back to exact the costs of all that frolicking in the sun, sea and sand, for all that piracy of the airwaves and the High Street. "Mirror mirror on the wall/Who is the darkest of them all?" flutters a typically breathless Annabella. "An angel who was cast out of paradise and discovered Hell!" leers

The Prince between mouthfuls of brimstone. Bye bye Erroll Flynn, hello Christopher Lee. As a devilish overseer Tacky Macky makes a far better sugar daddy. He's not fooling anybody and his antics give no real cause for concern, as the way in which the Wows trounce the toms and trash the beat suggests they can look after themselves okay. Don't be surprised when they roll the old Fagin and make off with his bankroll — probably the only way he'll ever respect them anyways.

SOFT CELL: Tainted Love
THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Hard Times/Love Action (Virgin 12)
No headlines about the breadlines bothering these absent minds. If The Human League have discovered anything from better looking chart starlets like Depeche Mode, it's don't worry, just dance. That's something that comes far more naturally to the once daft, suddenly splendid Soft Cell, who've plundered teen years on the disco floor for a flunky Gloria Jones hit 'Tainted Love', which they've fashioned into something truly memorable. Functioning electronics bring it the sharpness, clarity and streamlined class it hitherto lacked, while Marc Almond's torch vocal wisps the vowels into the warped sentiment hinted at in the title, while the

wind-down segue into The Supremes' 'Where Did Our Love Go?' is so wonderful I'm still reeling.

The Human League still aspire to artful innocence, and find it easier to disguise their brightness in disco. For these trash aesthetes everything makes a pretty picture. Hard times? Slap a beat to it, frame it with winsomely forward synth string arrangements and there's the dance pattern. Cut it out and put it on your wall. Listen instead to the better 'Love Action' — a sassy lggy grind depicting a dispassionate Oakey escaping the torments of the plastic world through the non-committal pleasures of loveless sex. If you're easily offended ignore the words and catch the delirious sound of steeled melodies duelling it out over the remorseless nightclubbing rhythm. Dance, dance, dance — what's the alternative? Certainly not...

UB40: One In Ten (Dep International)
MISTY IN ROOTS: Peace And Love (People Unite) Chart
consciences UB40 uncharacteristically accept their fate as another statistical reminder "of a world that doesn't care" to a typically resigned, miserable tune — go sob into somebody else's beer, boys — while the mournful Misty In Roots remind us of a perennial truth in thoroughly predictable reggaeified manner.



Wearing the right badges, reading the right papers, mouthing the right platitudes is plainly not enough. Start losing momentum and fellow travellers will spin off in different directions. Me, I'm going to the movies.

HANNA SCHYGULLA: Lili Marleen (CBS French import)
DER KFC: Who Killed Lili Marleen? (Schallmauer German import)
B-MOVIE: Marilyn Dreams (Some Bizarre British export)
Given the choice between UB40's resignation and German



filmmaker R. W. Fassbinder's aggressive reasoning, who wouldn't plump for a place in the one and nines? His latest film *Lili Marleen* hasn't opened here yet, but the title track augurs well for it. The oddest song of World War Two caught the imaginations of the soldiers on both sides of the front with its soothingly melancholy promise of companionship and good times past and to come with Lili, sweetheart of the barracks. Though Hanna Schygulla's soulful Dietriching of the song will only reinforce unfair comparisons with the Blonde Venus of *The Blue Angel*, it would have been a disappointment if she had sung it any other way.

Poor Lili's killer has Dusseldorf's Der KFC to contend with. The normally ferocious but amiable trio have slowed the pace for this brooding investigation constructed from a dourly affecting voice and concise guitar emotions. (Schallmauer, Industriestrasse 33, 4000 Dusseldorf). B-Movie's 'Marilyn Dreams' is more conventionally escapist, but nevertheless quite stirring in a schlock Ultravox manner, despite the song's clichéd dumbness: 'Who killed Norma Jean?/It was Marilyn'.

bustin' for everyone to know the fact. Now that 2-Tone has lost its momentum he's probably left it a bit too late to be comfortably basking in the afterglow: 'Prince Buster wanted inna England/Wanted in France/Wanted in Spain/They know the name of the game.' But his non-sectarian reggae rhythm rejoinders are appealing enough on their own terms and the home spun philosophy is quaint, too: 'Finger never say look here/Only look there/So when you're pointing your finger at me/Remember four are pointing at you.'

PRINCE MILLER: Mule Train (Island) Eh, redneck reggae anyone?

COMMERCIAL BREAK
DRAMATIS: Oh Twenty Twenty Five (Rocket Record Company)
Tortuous. Ever watched a chicken running around with its head off (in this case Gary Numan)?

THE MOODY BLUES: The Voice (Threshold) Mellifluous. I know that's a cliché, but then so is this record.

Descending into the inferno: Chris Bohn



At least they get to the point faster than Norman Mailer.

PALAIS SCHAUMBURG: Telefon (Zickzack — German import)
Frivolity isn't the first quality that springs to mind when contemplating new German pop. Comedy, satire, facetiousness, cacophony, terror, excitement yes, but fun pure and simple? With their second single Palais Schaumburg have achieved that often sought but rarely discovered naivety that fired Jonathan Richman's best songs. Above the mildly disturbed giggle of a tune an incredulous Holger Hiller hums about one of the year's more



ROGER TAYLOR: My Country (EMI) Superfluous. Your country would never want you to fight for it, Roger, you'll be too old if they ever bring back the draft.

CHARLIE HARPER: Freaked (Ramkup) Treacherous. Battering ram of the punk's-not-dead assault perverts its cause via psychedelia.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX: Inside Outside (Liberty) Boisterous. A lot of unseemly sweat worked up for nothing.

DOWN TO EARTH: Interference (Island) Ludicrous. And late.



surprising metamorphoses — 'I think I am a telephone/A romantic little telephone' — and his tone of disbelief is sustained by the great off-centre doodle-doodle doos of the chorus and sparing keyboards. If this were in English and a hit here it would be big in Germany too. As it's it Holger's native tongue, it'll unfairly flop everywhere. Console yourselves and Palais Schaumburg by getting a copy from Zickzack, c/o Rip Off, Feldstrasse 48, 2000 Hamburg 6, or possibly Rough Trade.

PRINCE BUSTER: Finger (Arista) The prince is back and



Crossed wires and short circuits were last year's obsessions. And leather greatcoats?

HAWKWIND: Motorhead (Flicknife) Tenacious. Keep trying and that second hit will eventually come.

JONA LEWIE: Shaggy Raggy (Stiff) Ridiculous. Schoolboy sniggering from label that specialises in the same.

ROSANNE CASH: Seven Year Ache (Ariola) Querulous. But in the nicest countrified way.

MO-DETTES: Kray Twins (Human) Pugnacious. At least The Mo-dettes are going down fighting.



YOU'VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR BREATH: Wash It All Off (Self-Immolation) Trapped in a world they're not very pleased with, the unpleasantly named YGFOYB cock a spiteful snook at it by turning all the machines on and leaving the room. The resulting row is ridiculously appealing under the circumstances, thanks mainly to a runaway bass riff that tugs the various disparate squiggles and tunes into some nigglingly memorable shapes. What with Throbbing Gristle's harsh truths on one side and Non's neutral abstractions on the other, YGFOYB's satirical speech bubble shrieks provide an odd but accessible middle ground.

THE SMASHCHORDS: Brand New Rambler (Smash Trade 12" — US Rough Trade import) Nostalgic for the day you first got your guitar? Can't re-locate the excitement of that first gloriously untutored thrash? Well, if you really can't restrain the impulse, regress along with The Smashchords and experience again the idiot happiness of that early liberating rush of noise.

REIFENSTAHL: Radio Moskau (Ink) **FRONT:** Georg EP (Zickzack) **REX DILDO:** You Are So Nice To Me / Marianne (Unser Angebot) **DER FAVORIT:** Mea Culpa / God Protect The Federal Republic (Unser Angebot) **PSEUDO CODE:** Moon Effect (Sandwich) **NAUSEA:** Vocal Expression (Sandwich) And the Schlager keep on coming. Though the British independents market has grown steadily worse in proportion with increasingly easy access to the record making process, home production is still novel enough on the European mainland to ensure that only those with something to say — denied an outlet by their



own far more conservative majors — are in the know. There's certainly plenty of trash coming across the channel, but why mention the rubbish when the good stuff's difficult enough to trace? Reifentahl (meaning Mature Steel — check the spelling before you start hollering) are a punny electronic duo whose music veers from the engagingly absurd — this single — to the plainly irritating — half of their LP. 'Radio Moskau' is a paean to Soviet foreign services that tells all but the frequency to catch it on. (Ink, Kreuzstrasse 60, 4000 Düsseldorf, or possibly Rough Trade). The Front EP is oppressively dispirited, which isn't totally out of keeping with the times.

I prefer the mutant cabaret of the two Unser Angebot records, which shuffle traditional entertainment values and new noises in funny and winning ways. Dildo's 'You Are ...' has some stupid simulated noises but that aside it's a brooding tongue in cheek stalk across emotional neuroses.

Best of all is Der Favorit's relocation of the Pope's Easter blessing, now placed inside a timeless black hole of blips and beats — blessed are the dancers who'll inherit the earth, no doubt. (Unser Angebot, Steindamm 63, 2000 Hamburg 1). Belgium's Sandwich records seem to have cornered the market in tranquil music. Nothing much happens in Pseudo Code's evocations, but the little they do has a vaguely mesmerising effect. Nausea is nicer in this case — a repetitive vocal rumble snagged on a recurring guitar peel. Get sick and enjoy it.

U2: Fire (Island) At best U2's music is an uneasy truce called between blustering hard rock and the purer urge of passionate pop. 'Fire' destroys the balance, blurs the distinctions and eventually black's out under



the welter of echoes it has been subjected to by Steve Lillywhite's idea of a classic Spector production.

GARY U.S. BONDS: Jole Blon (EMI America) The accordion aside, nothing distinguishes 'Jole Blon' from a full blown Springsteen encore — Bruce not only produces and arranges with Miami Steve, but also grabs the second verse and sings loud enough elsewhere to make his presence known. What with all the mutual backslapping going on, there seems to be very little point in pooping this particular party, so I'll just add that it was nice of the duo to let Gary guest on his own record.

FUNKAPOLITAN: As The Time Goes By (London) Don't let the August Darnell production credits seduce you/It's just a selling angle the rappers have been reduced to. / 'As The Time Goes By' isn't what you'd call soul food / Far too stodgy, more like Wimpy, fatty and crude / Even the word plays are shoddy and rough / You'll catch far better on Call My Bluff.

ANA HAUSEN: Professionals (Human) Recognizing the ineffectual tragedy of plain protestations, Glaswegian unknowns Ana Hausen sensibly confine themselves to playing out a pointed mini-melodrama about recruitment against a disciplined post punk tune. Vocalist May Matisse remains sufficiently distant from it all to excite your interest, which is more amply rewarded by the plum 'B' side 'Tunnel Vision'.

THE LOVED ONE: Telstar (Polydor) **BEASTS IN CAGES:** My Coo Ca Choo (Fresh) Yesterday's novelty pop re-programmed with Tomorrow's World gimmickry. The Loved One are capable of better than this cheap chart shot, which will do little more than earn them a job in an electronics showroom on Tottenham Court Road. Beasts In Cages' ravishing of Alvin Stardust is marginally less obvious, but no more than just worthy.

REPETITION: A Full Rotation / The Body Cries (Crepescale) Repetition's urge to reconcile Joy Division's dark themes with the sudden rush to the dancefloor might have worked if they weren't so concerned with what else was happening over their shoulder. As it is their first Petrol-less release is a compendium of correct moves made at the wrong moments — and the sooner they get rid of that string synthesizer the better.

JOHNNY WARMAN: Screaming Jets (Rocket Record Company) Peter Gabriel's patronage of the proletariat, part two. How he and East Ender Johnny Warman got together will probably remain a mystery, but knowing he's onto a good thing, wideboy Johnny has Peter frowning his way through the chorus as often as is humanly possible without giving up his rights to the record. I'd like to tell you more about the song, but you'd accuse me of mockery.

TEENA MARIE: Square Biz (Motown) In her way as strident as Prince, Teena

Marie has the front and fast talk to shamelessly crossover midstream into a bravura rap without dropping a beat. Likeably clumsy.

DOLLAR: Hands Held In Black And White (WEA) **THE NOLANS:** Chemistry (Epic) Dollar doesn't talk it sweats — under the heat of photographer's lights I'm not surprised. No wonder the lovey-dovey duo are not smiling sweetly like everybody's kid sisters The Nolans. Then they're older and they've got more to pout about, like the big mistake they made in bringing in Buggles' Trevor Horn and Bruce Woolley to produce and arrange this badly focused attempt at modernity. The Nolans are still too young to get uppity about their direction, thus allow themselves to be used more sensibly. Keep this up and they'll get to host Summer Special when Lena Zavaroni retires.

FELT: Something Sends Me To Sleep (Cherry Red) Their contrived mysteries are undermined once their singer lots slip his bad Lou Reed fixation on some word association games. In short, a pain in the art.

MICHAEL JACKSON: We're Almost There (Motown) Another re-issue, this one pinpointing young Michael's poignant struggle to master a breaking voice on a song from '75.

BEN WATT: Cant (Cherry Red) **ALBANIA:** Go Go Go (Chwick) After the longest, most pointless publicity campaign ever — insofar as the country they co-promoted was infinitely more mysterious than themselves — nothing that Albania do can be taken that seriously and their sudden interest in acoustic chamber pop is an exception. Nice idea, though, bemoaning the loss of romance to noises that wouldn't be out of place at the newly revived Wardorf tea dances. Ben Watt's 'Cant' also has a touch of the lugubrious, it being a viola soaked acoustic guitar rant produced by Kevin Coyne. However it is less gimmicky, more worthy and pleasantly forgettable.

ICEHOUSE: We Can Get Together (Chrysalis) Ain't it depressing how something from so far away can sound so stunningly familiar? The Australian Icehouse are a rampaging Ultravox with neither the poise nor the pose, just the clothes.

THE GAS: Treatment (Polydor) **THE OUT:** Better The Devil (Cargo) Competence makes for a dreary accompaniment for drinks, but that's about all you'll find in most pubby clubs these days. The Gas batter away a Springsteen chorus at a B movie Eastern theme — and that's not as intriguing as it might sound to you — while The Out bolster spurt pop with brass bits in a totally charmless manner. Stay at home and watch TV — it's more fun.

THE CHEFS: 24 Hours (Graduate) Doty white collar love story as seen through the eye of one Helen McCookery Book, whose wistful glances go unnoticed by her office colleague. Confectionate?

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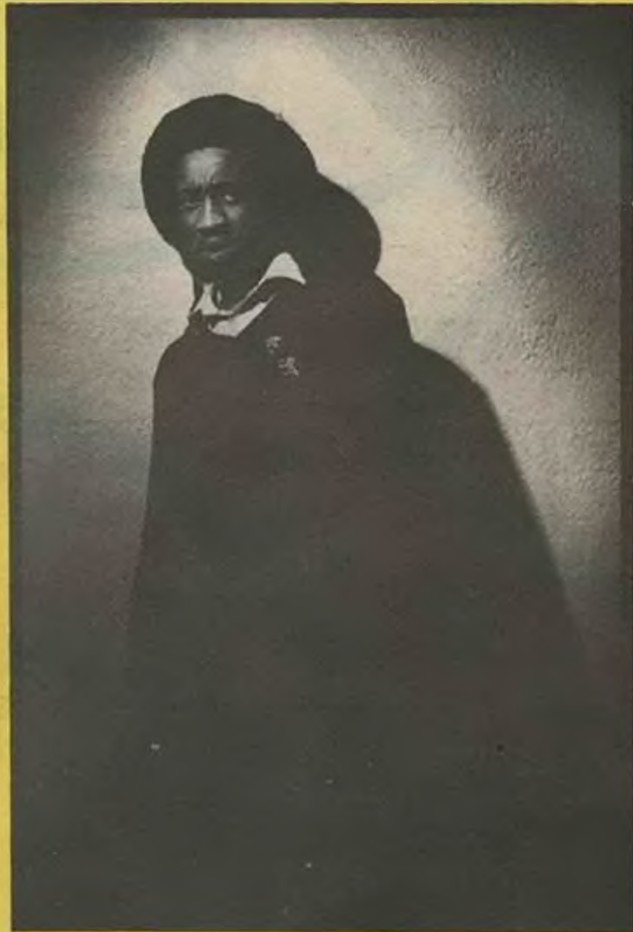
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THIS EARTH THAT YOU WALK UPON

ASWAD



TONY



BRINSLEY

WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE RAINBOW

A hot summer night in Finsbury Park bears witness to private negotiations in a place of entertainment. The place is gilded and rotten, and has housed violence and ambition in its time, as well as laughter, love, dancing, transcendence and redemption.

This night it is a little over half-full, attended by black and white steppers in fancy clothes come to hear the hardest reggae in Britain. The hall resounds to King Sounds And The Israelites — a curtain-raiser, no more — while the foyer clatters with barroom chatter and the deals go down in the Gents.

One of the many vendors crying "Calliel!" is holding court in this bright, tiled enclosed space. Flanked by a pair of silent, watchful minders, he clasps a wad of paper towels in his left hand and a big bag of herb in his right. He is confronting a customer — a rockabilly in red trousers — who has the temerity to offer him *change* in part payment for his measly two quid draw.

"Cho, man!" he screams, "I naw an' deal wid naw raas claat change, man! Gimme notes, man!"

Impasse. Eventually, he takes the pound note and the fistful of silver, shakes a ration of herb into the paper towel and pushes it into the other's hand. The children of the Rainbow.

IT IS a quieter, lighter night than the Black Uhuru celebration which follows a week and a bit later. There are

less people there, and less urgency — after all, Aswad are local heroes with the accent on *local* and they can be seen at regular intervals, while Uhuru were feted visitors with Sly!!! And!!! Robbielll riding shotgun on their stagecoach — but the evening is an unquestioned success. The Grove Rockers are into a new phase of their five-year career, kicked into overdrive by Brinsley Forde's performance in *Babylon* and the success of 'Warrior Charge', a magical tune, an unstoppable surge of proud, healing music that came out of nowhere one night.

After five years of this-and-that around on Island Records and with Grove Muzik, the Island-distributed indie run by their manager/producer Mikey Campbell (not to be confused with the other Mikey Dread (At The Controls) Campbell), Aswad have marched firmly into the belly of the beast and signed with CBS, who have just issued the superb 'Finger Gun Style' as the first fruits of their association with the band. As the finest flowering of roots reggae in the country, band and label would seem to be in a position to do each other a power of good, as long as CBS hold their end of the deal up and assuming that the deal was a good one in the first place.

But here in the Rainbow Aswad are doing what they do: the four plus the two. The two are on guitar and keyboards and they are primarily members of King Sounds' band, and the four are Aswad. Levi handles percussion, Tony Robinson — aka Tony Gad, who originally joined as a keyboard player — does it on the bass, and the two originals, Brinsley Forde and Angus (Drummie Zeb) Gaye act as the central pivot on

guitar and drums respectively.

Their set draws on their singles — recently collected in the exemplary and indispensable 'Showcase' album — and the new material soon to be made available on their forthcoming as-yet-untitled album. Vinyl-wise, Aswad don't have a lot to show for the number of years that they've been together, but live they are so hard; they are crucial.

Angus Gaye is, as far as I am concerned, the best drummer in Britain, regardless of style, field, genre or technique. His understanding of rhythmic nuance is *nonpareil*, his command of dynamics is flawless. His drums are miked up to a level that would result in the total domination of the music if applied to your average rock drummer, but he holds the power and volume completely in check through is deftness of touch and his understanding of timespace — and when he does lay into the kit you feel like the whole building's coming down.

The material is interpreted beautifully, both by the musicians on stage and by Mikey Campbell behind the desk — and no one without bad memories of Religious Education to project into the world could feel preached at. This band is forward.

ONLY JAH CHILDREN PLAY REGGAE MUSIC THIS WAY

A HOT SUMMER day in Chiswick bears witness to work and play in a factory of entertainment. Despite the Grove Rockers' move to CBS, they're still using the Island studio, mixing, editing, overdubbing and generally polishing their album. They have 15 tracks from which to choose and what with this and Dennis Bovell's 'Brain Damage', I'm

here to say that 1981 is a very special year for UK reggae.

Mikey Campbell is behind the desk, playing back and listening. If length of locks is an indication of length of commitment to Ras Tafari, then Mikey Campbell has been a dread for an awful long time: his locks, tied back on this occasion, hang to the small of his back. His presence is huge and warm, a dread Buddha. Over in the corner, a Chinese dread who's something to do with Tuff Gong studios is asleep in a yoga position on a chair, his legs halfway up the wall. He is the most relaxed person I have encountered in quite a while.

The studio itself has been set aside for reasoning this afternoon. Levi, Tony, Brinsley and Drummie sit in a semi-circle to discuss the view from — and of — Aswad. We start out with the notion of bringing the band up to strength with two more full-time members to fill the guitar and keyboard slots.

Brinsley: That will happen. We want that to happen. The problem is getting someone who will actually fit in, who'll decide to stick with all the hardships that we have to go through... and we still got a whole lot more to face, a lot of work to do. People who'd want to come in only see the outward part: rehearsing, doing shows. You're talking about a musician who wants to be out gigging every night, want to play with two or three different bands... you're talking about the rough with the smooth, total devotion to the music and to Ras Tafari, because it is his works that we are doing.

That's the important thing. Musically, the more you know a person, the more you know his reactions and the better you can play together. It's a long time now that we haven't had a keyboard player or a

BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

FREEDOM REDEMPTION THE VICTORY OF LOVE



LEVI



DRUMMIE

guitarist, and one day, a keyboard player is just gonna come along.

And when he does you'll just recognise him?

Brinsley: Yeah! That's how it's always happened.

Is that how you four found each other?

Brinsley: The unit just came together.

Drummie: It was there and we just rehearsed and continued.

You two were the founders, yeah?

Brinsley: The founder was Ras Tafari, the basic founder was Ras Tafari because that was the concept, the reason, the basic start, and for the work to perform you need a drummer, a bass player, a guitarist... you need musicians, and the band came together. It's changed from the original format... other original members was George Oban, Courtney Hemmings and Donald Giffiths... and then Tony joined us. They're all doing their own individual things.

Tony was originally the keyboard player, wasn't he? He was in the band at the very beginning, but he left to do some other things and then he came back to play keyboards. After George left he moved to bass, and that's why we've got a keyboards space now.

Drummie: If we didn't have that then we'd have a bass space, and you can't really have a bass space, you know what I mean?

I would have thought that a lot of musicians would want to play with you. You make fine music, you have respect, you're getting yourselves across...

Brinsley: That could be true in one sense, because our music is being listened to, but in our position, someone is going to come to the band and they're going to want livelihood, a living wage, and right now that is just works

and making the music. That's what's happening.

Drummie: To the next man, music might not be priority because he might have a family... fame might be priority.

Brinsley: The standard of living is high, just living is hard. He might be married, might have kids, might have to look after them, right? He might need money to do other things and can't just think about the music. He might just want to learn his part. It is not as easy and as simple as you see it. There is a lot of things involved.

To be a good band you have to believe in the music 100 per cent, and the music has to deal with the life that we are experiencing. For instance, when Aswad first started the people who were listening were the youths who were at school. Now them same youth are our age, they've left school and there's no work, right? And this is all about selling records. The youth, them are out of work. So the important thing is to put over the situation that we're in now to these youth any way we can because we're experiencing it. We're not just looking at it and saying that they're going through that.

YOU'RE TALKING about a shared feeling between band and audience where there is no actual division: you just happen to be the ones with instruments.

Levi: Not everyone has been given the gift of being able to play. There would be no point in being a musician if there was no one to enjoy what you play, to listen to what the musician say.

Brinsley: When you check the music, ultimately it's harmony, and in this trouble time, when people hear harmony... even in the time of Saul and David when David

played on his harp to soothe him... it's to provide a moment where people can get away from what's happening.

Now you can do it in either one of two ways. You can do what's happening in the pop business, which is shoo-be-doo-be-doo and everything's all right. Now that's fine on a Saturday night, it's great. But then they've got to go back to where there's no work on a Monday, right? Or else you can try and make someone stop and think, because it's our fault that we are in this situation now, because we let ourselves be put in that situation. Still, you have to accept and know the reason for it, and we are put into this situation of where we are now by the system.

Now the only way that you can stop being given injustice or treated certain ways is by standing up for your rights. You have to know that one man can't stand up and change the world. The world has to be changed by the masses, and that's why you have rioting on the streets. It's the masses versus the few. It has been written in the Scriptures that a woman shall lead them and the children shall be their own oppressors. We see that in reality now.

Drummie: The Bible has been written a long time. Prophecy is that what has been done will repeat itself.

Brinsley: This is why we chant Ras Tafari, because in Ras Tafari it shows you that nothing is new under the sun, as Drummie say. So therefore although it's happening you know and you can see the solution. Each and every one works towards that aim. What is the aim? What do you work for?

Levi: Black man emancipation.

Tony: Black man emancipation, that's what His Majesty way we work for.

Drummie: A time when the world is free of all evils.

Brinsley: The race is not for the swift, you know what I mean? The war is not between black and white, but between good and evil. Until we have harmony the world will always be in a turmoil. Why can't we just live happily and freely? Why does it seem so hard?

I see it as conflict between positive and negative...

Brinsley: That's good and evil! You check it: whether you say positive and negative, whatever you wanna say it's good and it's evil. When Father created the earth — seen? — it was good. Everything was good, but evil came to the world and on evil's back was greed and envy and jealousy and hatred and grudging and all those things that every man has in him, so really the battle is within a man himself.

Between all those things that you mentioned, and responsibility and love.

Brinsley: Yeah! That is within each man. It is just that certain man now have attained a certain level where a man is gonna be a politician, right? Because his greed is more, he is able to get more and he's going to sue you to achieve his own aim. Now it's up to you now to see that injustice and say I am not gonna accept this again. You just have to know that you cannot stand to accept another evil, because the same thing will just go on. So this time it's righteousness that 'ave fe cover the earth. I and I Aswad, an' Aswad means black, and as black youth we have to see it from I and I-self for I and I-self. Your own experience and your own emotions show you what's right.

Brinsley: Ras Tafari will show I and I truth and right, seen? Every man has the concept of right and wrong, and for my

CONTINUES PAGE 49

UB40

I AM THE ONE IN TEN
A NUMBER ON A LIST
I AM THE ONE IN TEN
EVEN THOUGH I DON'T EXIST
NO-BODY KNOWS ME
BUT I'M ALWAYS THERE
A STATISTIC, A REMINDER
OF A WORLD THAT
DOESN'T CARE

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AND THE PUNTERS WENT IN TWO BY TWO...

Raiders Of The Lost Ark

Directed by Steven Spielberg
Starring Harrison Ford and
Karen Allen (CIC)

DESPITE being located on nothing so fantastic as our own humble planet during the Second World War, *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* is without any doubt the true son of *Star Wars*. It's pulp fiction brought to life on the big screen at a cost of \$20 million; it swaps the perils of outer space for the perils of occupied Egypt, and replaces laser-blazing action with the two-fisted variety, upon which most of the film's money is riding.

There are more obvious connections with *Star Wars* than the merely stylistic: *Raiders* is a Lucas film, produced by *Star Wars* producer George Lucas from a script by George Lucas. The production designer is Norman Reynolds, who won an Oscar for his work on *Star Wars*, and the star is Harrison Ford, who didn't win an Oscar for his part in *Star Wars*. The director is Steven Spielberg, who, with two great films to his credit (*Duel* and *Jaws*), one good one (*Close Encounters*) and one costly fiasco (*1941*) is at this point probably not in the market for Oscars so much as to simply ensure he's still in it.

Raiders Of The Lost Ark is no intellectual tango, it's not even very intelligent; it's a proven formula in a novel setting, a compound re-make of a hundred different stories we all know and, so the theory goes, love, and it's something for

children to do during the hols. George Lucas is very good at making modern blockbusters out of old pulp — teenage pulp in the case of *American Graffiti*, sci-fi pulp in the case of *Star Wars* — and adventure pulp in the case of *Raiders*. He takes things that are cheap and naive and turns them into films which are expensive and naive. In other words, he seems to have a taste for, and even a flair with, trash. This I can easily sympathize with. He probably collects comic-books, watches *The Outer Limits* and admires the worst excesses of American car design.

Lucas, who in fact filmed some of the larger and most spectacular scenes himself, based *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* squarely on the *Boy's Own* yarns of the '30s and '40s. His hero, Indiana Jones, is a tough, danger-loving, pistol-wielding archeologist (really!) on the trail of an ancient treasure; a trail strewn with fiendish Assassins, evil Nazis and treacherous Frenchmen. Harrison Ford is barely rugged enough for the role but who cares anyway? Various British character actors in the supporting cast provide just the right sort of two-dimensional atmosphere. Inevitably, there is a helpless female. As a concession to the times, perhaps, this one (Karen Allen) isn't quite so helpless. But the romance is kept to a minimum, just long enough to separate the action sequences, which is exactly how we nine-year-olds like it. And if we do, Lucas has three more scripts ready.

The comic-book artist Jim
■ continues page 23



Isabelle Adjani borrows one of John Gielgud's hats in *Quartet*.

Quartet

Directed by James Ivory
Starring Alan Bates, Maggie Smith, Isabelle Adjani and
Anthony Higgins (20th Century Fox)

FROM ITS establishing shots of Parisian hotel facades to its unsuitably overheated climax, *Quartet* is a fussy collector's piece, its four main characters precious butterflies slowly suffocating, poor dears, in the well-heeled bohemian world of the '20s.

Quite why we should care about the piffing passions of the modish Heidlers and their weak and wilful protege Marya is never made clear, and for all its immaculate acting and impeccable period detail — James Ivory's always been good for that, if little else — *Quartet* is curiously anonymous. Visually, too, it's nondescript: there's a lovely fleeting twilit shot of the three of them on a horse-drawn cart, but it's thrown away, and in the one sequence the film comes to life — a nightclub jazz band syncopates as the Heidler party disintegrates — the flat fuzziness of the photography detracts greatly from the discreet tracking of the camera.

Overall, it's a film as fussy and stuffy as Alan Bates' H. J. Heidler, a man who worries about the whereabouts of his watch even as he's laying across the naked supine body of Isabelle Adjani's Marya. Although the performances make *Quartet* watchable, I found it possible to actively enjoy it only if I imagined Bates and Maggie Smith's supremely bitchy Lois Heidler to be a seriously displaced Gerry and Margo Leadbetter from *The Good Life*.

Literate to an affected degree, *Quartet* is a tiresome film, the sort of civilised entertainment for people who would really rather be at home reading a 'good' book or, better still, on their way to the theatre.

Monty Smith

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Karen Allen and Harrison Ford in *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*: "Hey, Harry, don't you think we look kind of cute? You know, us doing a passable imitation of Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable in *Gone With The Wind*. Do you know the scene I mean, Harry? They've just had this terrific row and she hits out at him and he sweeps her off her feet and carries her up this huge staircase and —" "Turn it in, for Chrissakes, Kaz — I'm trying to read the small print in that ad over there. Yep, s'okay — they've spelt my name right."

■ from page 22

Steranko, who did some pre-production sketches for the film, says that Republic serials such as *Ace Drummond*, *Spy-smasher*, *Sky Raiders*, *Flying G-Men* and *Fighting Devil Dogs* contained the archetypal plots and characters of *Raiders*. Spielberg even screened a few before he started. And the conventions should be recognisable to an English audience, if perhaps not to a nine-year-old English audience. That must be one of the risks you run making films for kids.

Lucas and Spielberg, not to mention their accountants, would be dismayed to find they were only catering to adult nostalgia, but it would serve them right. The current spate of cartoon/pulp movies, all aimed at kids, seem unlikely to really excite their audience, however expensively realised. Leaving aside the space genre, they all rely heavily on nostalgia for their impact, which is not something kids are usually susceptible to. My treat at that age was to be taken to see the new James Bond film, which had action, adventure, sophisticated gadgetry, sinister villains, cruel henchmen, a neat hero, and yet more action, all wrapped up in a vivid caricature style. It was the contemporary equivalent of what the *Raiders*-type story was in the '30s.

Between them, Lucas and Spielberg have made five of the biggest box-office successes ever. One of Hollywood's most talented directors and one of its most audacious producers have just made a multi-million dollar homage to their boyhood heroes. Honestly, grown-ups today have no imagination!

Paul Rambali



Anton Corbijn (left) all set to fly to Neasden with ace hacks Ian Penman and Paul Morley.

The Great Muppet Caper

Directed by Jim Henson

Guest starring Diana Rigg, John Cleese, Charles Grodin and Peter Ustinov (ITC)

THIS IS literally unbelievable: here we have Kermit mooning over Miss Piggy when it's a known fact that the only way the frog would touch pork is from the other end of a fork. No, in this sequel to their jolly *Muppet Movie*, the cloth-covered caricatures have over-reached themselves, substituting overblown parody for the amiable second grade gags that pass for wit on the TV show, stooping so low as to include wince-inducing sequences of clichéd camp production numbers. The trouble is, clever as Jim Henson is, he's no Mel Brooks. It's fey stuff, enlivened only by the deranged charmlessness of the genuinely Great Gonzo (who carries a greater torch for chickens than even Werner Herzog) and snappy cameos from John Cleese, Peter Ustinov and, best of all, Jack Warden, amusingly irascible as a Perry White-like editor. Even so, there's nothing here to touch the Frankenstein joke transplant on the *Muppets Go To The Movies* TV special, which was all the way round a less self-conscious exercise. If only they'd wink at the adults less often...

Monty Smith

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Adrian Thrills encounters Gary Kemp
Photography by Pennie Smith

A SHADY GLASWEGIAN sidestreet: not the ideal place for a leisurely stroll at closing time unless one is heading somewhere special . . . somewhere like the Ultratech.

The Ultratech is one of Scotland's slickest new nightspots. The place is not far from the city centre, although it could be easily overlooked were it not for the polished facade of mirror-like metal that marks its secluded doorway.

Out in the street another grey day is creeping to a close. But inside, the club is already cooking, the dancefloor bristling with the bodyheat of Glasgow's young night-owls. Tonight they have turned out in force for that solar eclipse of the social calendar — a live Spandau Ballet show.

The Ultratech is an ideal Spandau venue, entirely in keeping with their avowed intention of supporting the club scene rather than the concert hall. The place itself is an eye-opener, featuring a superb lightshow and a series of wall-to-wall mirrors and reflecting pillars that make it seem twice its actual size.

The crowd are a predictably mixed bunch: the curious and the converted, although some of the latter — the fluffy High Street futurist brigade — have got it all wrong, posing the night away in the shadows with po-faces and Topshop trimmings.

The ones who *know* are acting fast and flash, pumping it up out on the floor to the zap of ZE and the sensual, uplifting swing of soul music. Now *this* is the way to start a Monday morning! I down my Pils and head for the dancefloor.

Welcome to the working week.

SURVEYING THE scene a little later, shortly before the Spandau set, the group's perceptive young manager Steve Dagger finds it hard to contain his fascination with the audience they have attracted.

"The other night, when we played in Edinburgh, it was unbelievable! The front three rows were all teenage girls. When the group came on it was a case of the screaming ab-dabs! Martin had a chain swiped from around his neck and Tony had his shoelaces pinched! Can you believe that?"

"The fans seem to fall into two camps; there's the older ones who either ignored punk or were in some way affected by it and there's the younger teenage ones who have a completely different attitude. I'd say the vast majority of our fans now were probably aged about 16 and then evenly distributed either side.

"To a lot of these kids, especially the younger ones, stuff like 'Chant No 1' and all the ZE stuff is probably the first music you could loosely call 'soul' that they've heard. It's all completely new to them!"

Dagger can talk from a platform of some strength. With the magnificent 'Chant' single planted firmly at the top of this week's *NME* chart, number one by name and nature, Spandau have confirmed their growing musical maturity and once again perplexed their band of puritanical critics.

In the space of four singles since signing to Chrysalis nine months ago, Spandau have moved on from the deceptive electronic beginnings of their 'Long Story' debut to the masterful Brit-funk jazz-punch of their current chart-topper. A revolt into soul?

"The thing is that soul music will always be the best music for a club scene," continues the fast-talking Dagger in his beefy Cockney brogue. "It was the music of the '70s in the clubs and it still is now.

"But it has never really been done properly in England. Most of the stuff is still coming out of New York. The only recent exceptions are people like Linx and Light Of The World. And as for a white group doing it — making the real dance music — I'm not sure if it can be done without falling into all the obvious traps."

Spandau, with the considerable assistance of

Over

the Beggar & Co horns, have at least made a start. And they have done so without attracting too much flak from the inverted racists of the soul scene, ever suspicious of white boys on funk.

"It would have been annoying if people had come in with that sort of prejudice," affirms Dagger. "But we're not trying to be like a black group. Tony doesn't sing with a black voice and I think it would be silly of him to try. There's still a large European element in there too."

Back in the heat of the Ultratech oven, the five Spandau boys are now onstage. Though they are more ragged live than on record, the crisp, rigorous drumming of John Keeble is a reliable anchor and they never fall apart musically.

The other three instrumental members use the discotheque's makeshift — and hence cramped — stage as well as is humanly possible. They look good, move well, and play with a barely-disguised love and enthusiasm for their chosen genre.

Group founder and songwriter Gary Kemp

from previous page



Main pic: Martin and Gary Kemp; two small pix, Gary goes it alone. Top right: John, Martin and Steve.

switches back and forth between guitar and synth, brother Martin pumps his bass and Steve Norman, originally the second guitarist, now concentrates on providing additional percussion. Their confidence has grown noticeably since their London Sundown date of a few months back and vocalist Tony Hadley now injects far more pace and passion into his operatic phrasing.

To complement the musical shift towards a more soulful way of thinking, The Clothes — easily as important as The Music — are also a-changing. The ostentatious frills and blanket drapery of last year has been replaced by a far sharper cut: Steve and Tony sport short Spanish jackets — a la 'Pin-Ups' — on stage while Gary wears the baggy pants of a dashing navy chalkstripe suit designed for him by Blue Rondo's Chris Sullivan — the jacket of the selfsame suit was swiped from him by an over-eager fan during the group's recent one-off booking in Ibiza.

The crucial Clothes Pose, however, has been widely misrepresented in Spandau's press coverage according to their manager.

"There were always two sides to the original Blitz scene. There was the high posey end which tended to get in all the colour supplements. Then there were the other half, who were a very basic bunch of real boozers. A lot of people missed the essential humour of what was going on in that people would spend ages getting ready to go out, putting on all these classical clothes, and then go out and get them absolutely wrecked!"

The thing with Spandau is not so much the clothes themselves anyway. It is the way they wear them — as a part of their lifestyle, an expression of their soul, an extension of the unashamed soul boy roots to which they are now returning.

GARY KEMP is 21. His mood is one of typical good humour when we meet up again a

couple of days later in the loft above the band's London Bridge rehearsal studio. It is only the middle of the afternoon, but Kemp still looks the part of the soul boy, decked out in a royal blue bowling shirt and a pair of white trousers tucked neatly into his knee-boots.

His manner is energetic, although the brash Cockney front and seemingly boundless self-confidence belies a faint trace of nerves, usually a good sign.

The group have done few interviews lately in the weekly rock papers and in the past six months have declined to talk to both Ian Penman and Paul Du Noyer on this paper. The reason, according to Kemp, is that they were fed up with having to continually justify themselves as people.

"We'd do interviews and find ourselves sitting there, representing the attitude of the majority of working class kids but having to justify our whole lifestyle to someone who was saying that it was wrong. And that really irritated me.

"No-one asks a heavy metal group why they have long hair, no-one asks a rasta why he has dreadlocks, but we were continually having to justify not so much our music, but our dress, where we lived, where we got our clothes, our whole way of life! It just got to the stage where we didn't need it anymore."

The attitude which so many supposedly open-minded rock writers found offensive is, according to Kemp, the pursuit of style, working class flash and the good life. Kids who were into acquisition and sharp clothes just didn't fit in with the treasured rock myth of street culture.

"It's just a whole attitude I got into when I was about 12. I wasn't aware of, say, the whole jazz-funk thing then obviously, but I was aware of the fact that you had to wear certain clothes to be accepted into teenage life.

"It's the age when you are starting to mature and starting to become sexually aware and you realise you've got a body to sell. You don't quite realise it in that way. It's a very natural thing. You'd see the gangs of kids a bit older than you walking around with girls and they'd all have a certain type of clothes on.

"When you see that, you just know that you've got to have those clothes as well. At that time, it was something like a Ben Sherman shirt, Prince of Wales check trousers and brogue shoes. Then came the Rupert trousers and then the Oxford bags. And then the collars on the shirts became round and then they became long and so on.

"If you go through all that, like I did, you inherit an attitude that you find really hard to shake off. The kids that got into a rut were the ones that drifted the other way through their middle class education, began to adopt some of the middle class clichés and attitudes and fell into the rock scene."

Kemp himself is a grammar school boy. He attended Owen's School in his native Islington, staying on into the sixth form but failing his two 'A' levels, he says, through his poor attendance record.

"The school was really split. There were the middle class kids and then there were the local kids, like us, who tended to be from the rougher areas, the council estates. You remember the way, at school, you'd always have one class who were useless at their exams but brilliant at football and the best fighters? That was our kind of class."

It was during his schooldays that Kemp and his mates first became what could loosely be called soul boys. They would frequent local disco pubs or late night dance clubs like Ilford's famed Lacy Lady, Charing Cross's Global Village or Wardour Street's Crackers. The dress was sharp, veering towards the more avant-garde extremes of mohair and vinyl later taken up by punk. The music was funk, a soundtrack of soul provided by deejays like Chris Hill and George Power. An average night's listening — circa 1975 — would encompass a strictly dance-orientated diet of Kool And The Gang, Fatback, The Ohio Players and War plus, often preferably, some more obscure import soul fare.

"It was a great scene," reflects Kemp. "It was very mixed sexually, boys and girls, whereas the rock scene always tended to be very male.

"It was just a lot smarter. If you were into rock music you'd know all about the bands by reading the rock papers every week. Rock music was something you were always looking up to. But the soul boy thing was a much larger package. It was a whole attitude to life. The music was much more incidental. It was just the soundtrack to the lifestyle rather than something that you would follow totally.

"The soul clubs always had a very friendly atmosphere, because soul music has always been a very uplifting emotional music and not drab to listen to. It tends to trigger off the better emotions in people."

Kemp is refreshingly frank about the snobbery and elitism inherent in the soul scene. It's the sort of attitude sure to get up the noses of the rock purists, though God knows why — there's been enough bitchy musical snobbery in the rock papers these past few years.

"The great thing about the funk that the soul boys listened to was that only a few people could get into it and understand it. The media weren't interested. The media were totally immersed in rock, so the kids had the music to themselves."

SOUL BOY Kemp and his Islington pals — a loose association of friends known as the Angel Boys, most of whom are now either in Spandau, Blue Rondo or the more surreptitious Animal Nightlife — represented the more extreme, high-living contingent among London's funkateers.

As such, they were always liable to become



bored with some of the more staid, unchanging aspects of the capital's funk scene and there were two critical points when they stepped outside of the soul spectrum: with punk in 1976 and with the electronic/glam nights at Billy's club in Soho's Dean street in 1978.

Kemp was initially inspired and attached by the alternatives thrown up by punk, although he became quickly disillusioned as it became hopelessly wound up with more mainstream rock tendencies.

"Yeah! Punk was very exciting at the time because it was the antithesis of what had been going on and the clothes were much more daring. But after a while it just got to the stage of people going to watch bands.

"The kids who had come from the soul scene weren't into that at all, the reason being that they don't get looked at themselves. It's that need to be one of the performers yourself. With rock gigs, people would be marvelling at so-and-so, the great guitarist, whereas in the discos it could be anyone who would be a great dancer or a great dresser. In the end punk wasn't smart enough, it wasn't interesting enough... and there weren't enough girls around!"

It is a true enough point that the blind alley of post '76/'77 punk lacked the sexual sparkle of the early Pistols, Clash, Banshees and their audiences, the sexual sparkle of the discos.

"The thing is that soul music has always been a more sexual thing," continues Kemp. "It has always had that sensual sound to it.

"Some of the soul boys stayed with punk, but a lot of them came back to soul. I went back because it had a lot more of my lifestyle in it than punk did."

Soul boy flash — much more so than punk — gave Kemp the opportunity to reject the uniform thrust on him by the class system, that stereotyped cloth cap image of the worker.

"I'm probably more class prejudiced than most people in that I reject that archetypal middle class vision of the working class. It's something that I reject because it keeps them in a stronger position. They boil everything down to either money or education, but the working class kids have always got something that they haven't got. You could call it sass, although that word is used wrongly a lot. It's that natural flair for making the most out of any given situation.

"I was on the dole for a year after I left school, but when I used to queue up to sign on, I didn't queue up with people in old macs and Oxfam clothes. I used to queue up with some smart kids. They got smart clothes because they knew they had to have them."

By 1978, the Angel Boys, long disillusioned with punk and again getting tired of the growing conservatism — both musically and sartorially — on the soul scene were in need of some new stimulus. They found it in the electro-disco nights at Billy's.

"One of the great attractions of the soul scene was always the dress, which was always different, but by 1978 it was starting to get very bland and the atmosphere just wasn't there anymore. Billy's offered the chance to get back to the older attitude; more daring dress and a sleazier, more decadent atmosphere. But it was still dance-orientated, still about looking good and having a good time.

"It was back to the feeling that you were doing something different to most kids. The reason that electronic music was played was basically just to prove that we were a different scene."

Although few of the participants probably realised it at the time, Billy's marked the start of a club-to-club procession that has so far lasted three years and is showing little indication of sagging. From the electronic nights at Billy's, through Bowie at the Blitz, suits and swing at the St Moritz, '70s soul at Le Kilt and the harder, more contemporary funk of Le Beat Route, things have now seemingly come full circle back to electro-funk at the Egan-Strange establishment Club for Heroes — or the Pub For Ear'oles as Spandau affectionately term the plush Baker Street basement palace.

THOUGH HE'D been given his first guitar at the age of 11 as a Christmas present and played in a half-hearted classroom combo called The Makers, it wasn't until the advent of a new club scene that Kemp began to think seriously about forming a group.

"The first music I ever played was trad jazz and I even went through a period of liking folk music, but that was a bit embarrassing. I kept that on the side, never let me mates know! Basically I liked a lot of jazz and jazz funk — Cameo, Grover Washington, Ronnie Foster, George Duke, Ronnie Laws — but I never really thought of forming a band.

"At that stage, the only musicians we really liked were black players who'd spent all their time in Los Angeles studios. They were the sort of people you'd be in awe of. You never really thought you could form a band. Until Billy's and the Blitz, I was still only into clubs and clothes. The social life was far more important than playing in a band."

The thought that inspired Kemp to persuade some of his pals to pick up instruments and form Spandau — or The Gentry as they called themselves in the rehearsal stage — was that no British soul band had ever got onstage and truly represented their audience, attitude and dress-wise.

"In the clubs, there were loads of kids who looked great and were well into fashion. All you needed was a band to go onstage wearing those clothes and they'd have it made! There would be all these kids who could immediately relate to them, they'd look great on *Top Of The Pops* and everything!"

"First, when Hi-Tension came along and I heard they were from London, I thought they'd have the sass to realise that. Instead, they came on *Top Of The Pops* with all the old silver suits and everything. It was terrible, like a take-off of Earth, Wind and Fire!"

"None of the soul groups had the guts to get up on stage and wear what they would in a club, their soul boy clothes, which would have looked smart and original. If there had been a band onstage wearing what kids like us were wearing in 1978, they'd have cleaned up!"

"The first band that actually did it, as far as I can see, were Light Of The World. They just got onstage in their leather trousers and loafers. Light Of The World were without doubt the first British soul band to get up onstage and represent their audience. The only thing they lacked was the push of a really big record company that, say, Linx got a few months later.

"When we used to think that it would be great for a band to get up representing kids, we used to always think of it as a black band or at the very least a band playing strictly soul music. It was only after the Angel Boys descended on Billy's that we realised that maybe we could do it.

"We could get up onstage and play what we wanted to play and wear what we wanted to wear and at the same time shock the rock press, who couldn't handle the idea of a band that were so heavily into clothes and fashion."

SPANDAU BALLET made their first appearance one Saturday morning towards the end of 1979 in a Holloway Road rehearsal studio, an informal event which was quickly followed by two Christmas party appearances — one at Steve Strange's Blitz do and another at Chris Sullivan's Mayhem Warehouse hoedown in Battersea.

After first attempting — unsuccessfully — to master the jazz-funk genre that has always been their first love, the group switched the emphasis of their sound towards a more Euro-influenced, electronic groove, the sort of thing that was predominant among the Blitz crowd, their natural audience.

"The thing about the European music was that it was getting away from what was happening on the soul scene," explains Kemp.

"But the problem with the electronic music at Billy's and Blitz was that people were beginning to worship it solely for the music. Originally, the music was there as a soundtrack, unlike rock music. None of us was ever great record buyers, we were more into the lifestyle.

"The other drawback with the music was that a lot of hard, harsh electronic stuff tended to be a bit depressing. After Billy's we wanted to get back to soul again because that was genuinely the music that most of us were into."

Stage appearances were kept few and far between, initially because Steve Dagger genuinely feared that it might be physically dangerous for the group to appear live regularly. This was the time, remember, of 2-Tone fever and Sham

mania. But the underlying reasons come from Kemp.

"People always went on to us about not playing very often, but jazz-funk groups don't play very often because the type of audience that they would attract would be the sort of kids who danced and went to clubs and were the performers themselves. And we wanted to relate to the same sort of audience in the same sort of way.

"We ran the whole thing in harmony with the attitude. The people that got annoyed by it were the ones that are into that whole rock thing of albums and tours.

"People used to moan that we didn't advertise our gigs as well. But we did! We told everybody in the clubs that we were going to be playing and it was always packed out. The kind of people we were, the kids made it their job to know what was going on. If something is going on in your town, you make it your job to know exactly what it is.

"You don't have to sit around reading *Time Out* in a quiet real ale pub to know what's going on!"

With last autumn's changes in clubland and the move from Hell to Le Kilt, the musical emphasis on both the dancefloor and the Spandau rehearsal room went back to funky modes. Suddenly it was all change and back to 1975 with The Fatback Band and James Brown on the turntable and Kemp in the studio composing the dancefloor scorcher 'Glow', eventually released as a 12" single this spring.

"Around that time, we were beginning to get interested in that sort of sound again, a real soul sound with horns and everything. I wanted to have horns on 'Glow', but we couldn't get it together in time."

Originally producer Richard Burgess was set to get in the Earth Wind and Fire horns from the States, but a chance meeting between Spandau and Light Of The World/Beggar & Co at *Top Of The Pops* set the seal on a musical alliance between the Ballet and the Beggars that has already delivered 'Chant' and now promises even greater things.

Both Steve Norman and Kemp play on the forthcoming Beggar & Co LP while the next Spandau live shows later in the year will almost certainly feature the full Beggar brass in all their piping glory. The recent Light Of The World show at the Hammersmith Odeon was also climaxed with Spandau and Linx turning up on stage for an anthemic 'London Town', described by Kemp as one of the proudest moments of his life.

"When we met Beggar, it was obvious from the off that we had a lot in common, that same attitude. They could see that the soul scene was holding back and had been in a bit of a rut. It was obvious that we could get together and carve a new niche for all the kids that were a bit bored with soul and fed up with all the electronic sounds.

"The mid-70's soul they were playing at Le Kilt was great at the time, but it was becoming too much of a straight fashion. Everyone was going on about 1975 soul, but we were still thinking that people should be listening to some newer stuff as well. But what was happening in the clubs themselves was far more relevant than the actual type of music being played.

"It's true, though, that the music creates the atmosphere. And soul, whatever else you want to say about it, is the most uplifting emotional sound that there is. The beat and the sound and everything is simply pure emotion. It's there in the word as soon as you say it — SOUL!"

And however much the purists might wince at the idea, there is plenty of soul in Spandau Ballet. You can feel it in their music, in their clothes, in their attitude, in their clubs and in their lifestyle. They lead by example where punk preached — a positive antidote to depressing times. A clothes-pose and dance-stance with a finger on the pulse of the moment.



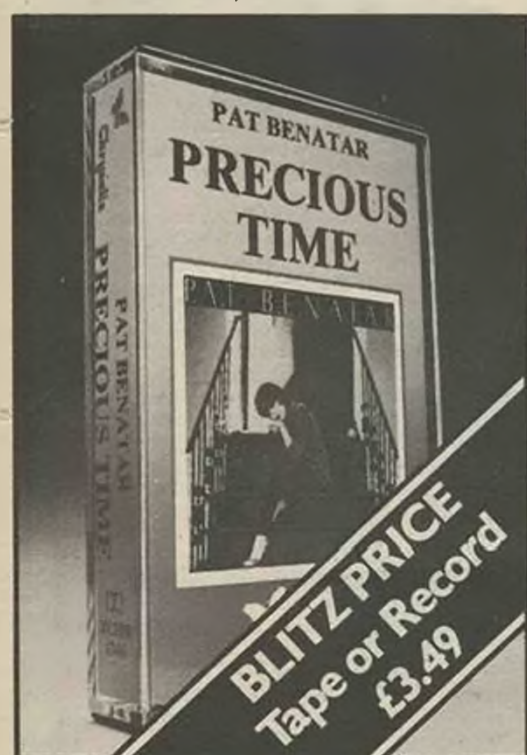


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Bruce Wire — he of the smiling mouth.

WIRE

Document And Eyewitness At Notre Dame Hall And The Electric Ballroom (Rough Trade)

OUT OF SHEER perversity, it would seem, Wire stopped functioning 18 months ago. Going by their chronology of events we shouldn't have been surprised, as Wire persistently refused to do what was expected of them; and when the unexpected itself became the predictability factor there wasn't really much point in going on.

While the group itself never held Wire to be some hallowed concept, they weren't above playing on the audience's faith to publicly catapult their ideas of pop as art. It didn't always stick, but they invariably made some

stimulating patterns in the process. By the time they had released their last EMI LP '154' they had the confidence to flaunt the narrow conventions of rock performance and designed their last few concerts to test the gullibility and patience of their audience.

Where the spectators would have been satisfied with the cosy illusion of a greatest hits re-run, Wire demanded that they should participate with their imaginations by playing totally unfamiliar sets. Did that make them arrogant? On the contrary they were crediting their followers with intelligence to grapple with the unknown.

Their attempts weren't always successful but they were invariably provocative and the Electric Ballroom concert — featured here — caught them at their most extreme. With a battery of fringe theatre techniques they

What is the singer doing with a lit-up goose in his hand?

proceeded to alienate the punks still yelling for '12XU' even mocking them via an MC's request spot for the same — they obliged for about 30 seconds.

Using the theatrical props as intrusions designed to disrupt the continuity, they succeeded more in irritating the audience than outraging them, but the sheer ridiculousness of the visuals held most. Why did the group keep disappearing behind a sheet? Why is

Graham Lewis hammering away at an old stove? What's the singer doing with that lit-up goose in his hand? Don't ask me — just laugh or throw something. If the sketches carried any deeper significance beyond their visual bluff it passed me by.

Whatever, they created a vicious tension between audience and performers, which has been caught on this record, making it one of the most compulsive live records in a long time. From

beginning to end there is a sense of uneasy anticipation that covers for the inevitable gaps. Pity that they chose to fill some with fragments of a taped conversation between Graham Lewis and artist Russell Mills in which they discuss the success or otherwise of the night — the effect is smug and self-congratulatory, something that Wire always managed to avoid.

The Electric Ballroom half of this collection is shoddily

recorded, yet the roughness enhances the excitement of that night; the songs are fragmented and annoyingly incomplete, some — like 'Eels Sang Lino' — wilfully absurd, but the music is always abrasive and barbed, its simplicity extraordinarily effective. Check the seesawing guitars of 'Underwater Experiences' or the accumulative impact of 'And Then's' controlled noise.

In comparison the accompanying 12 inch single of the Notre Dame concert is tame, but it nevertheless gives one a chance to relive Wire under more sedate circumstances. And in the final track 'Heartbeat' recorded in Montreux, we're treated to a rare moment of sentiment in which, unprompted, the audience take up the eery chant of the title. It was possibly the last time a Wire gathering was moved to participate rather than react. Savour it.

Chris Bohn

DELTA 5 *See The Whirl'.. (Pre)*

ANTICIPATION IS so much better ... and the Delta 5 LP debut so disappointing. Flawed not only by its blatant overproduction but equally by the flimsiness of the songs that lurk beneath.

Delta 5 songs have always been whimsical. To begin with, that was part of their charm. Together with their unusual arrangements — two basses, the chanted female vocals — and naive exuberance, it gave the early singles their rough-edged freshness. But it couldn't last: and by the time of their third single, 'Try', the formula was sounding distinctly threadbare.

The trouble with 'See The Whirl' ... (silly title) is that Delta 5 don't so much solve the problem as try to disguise it beneath a glut of instrumentation and production tricks. The songs rush by, waving flags of bright noise, shiny and smart but imparting nothing. The horn arrangements sound tacked on and fussily uptight, the pedal steel guitar on 'Triangle' seems hopelessly inept and inapt; only the keyboards mesh in well but their chief effect is to soften the sound, disperse the drive ... a plinky plop pop chime.



There's no need to shout. Delta 5's Jools (left) and Roz. Pics: Philip Grey.

This is the mundane whirl that they're talkin' about

At first this constant busyness annoys and distracts; then you begin to hear what the cosmetic hides and that's even more depressing. Delta 5 lyrics are too obscure and too obvious, too garbled and too repetitious — they veer from one extreme to the other, never quite getting it right in either. Even the stronger songs — 'Open Life', 'Shadow', 'Make Up' — tend to peter out messily. Nothing is focussed or sustained. A few phrases are repeated, a few allusions made: but nothing really happens.

The singing is too deadpan, too shallow. No voice leaps out to seize the moment. The production polishes the edges, making the sound glib as well as cluttered. The songs don't develop but circle; only the speed varies, never the (lack of) intensity. The result is a music of flashing surface colours but no depth, no disruptions. The LP is desperately short of space, passion, controversy. There are too many gestures, not enough commitment.

With rigour and self-discipline, Delta 5 could still be as good again as they once were. The aims are right, the desire for change healthy — but they must work on their writing and eschew dubious frills. This whirl is all barren brightness and phoney urgency. I don't trust music which has no soul.

Graham Lock



Maggot music

Fungus the boogeymen

DISLOCATION DANCE Slip That Disc! (New Hormones)

THIS is dance music for when the party's almost over; a disc that slips into the groove beyond midnight when the diehard strutters are still burning holes in your carpet and the only booze left is cigarette ash beer.

A dis-collation of weedy, reedy funk that squeals and squirms, twists and twitches like a maggot on a pin. Jazzed up, snazzed up, ready to go, the guitar chatters like some strange animal that lives soul-ly in the urban jungles north of Watford underneath a squawking vocal and a singular horn (the Trumpet Solitary?) that wails and bridges the gaps between.

It's a sour sweetmeat beat; disconnect the confection and uncover 12" of plastic fun funk. Eight songs (seven originals and a dull version of 'We Can Work It Out') and lowish over price make it a sawn-off LP or an inflated EP depending on which side you slip your disc, hang your hat, etc.

The best songs, 'It's All True ... Panic!' and 'So Much Fault' are properly paranoid, not tight like that but loose like this as they stretch out, fall apart then snap back into place with rhythms verging on chaos.

This is ratty, slipshod soul — the *real* mutant disco that lies somewhere between the juicy ripeness of 'Out Come The Freaks' and the desiccation of 'Death Disco'. Northern soul for Southern soles. Locate this disc and slip your spine before the lateral drinking process prevails. The penultimate party record.

Dis-locution ends.

Neil Norman



Beard brain ZZ Topper. Pic: Tom Sheehan

Grease gun weirdbeards from Locoland

Z.Z. TOP El Loco (WB)

THERE have been many famous three-piece conglomerations in the history of popular music — The Jimi Hendrix Experience, the Basildon String Quartet and The Walker Brothers are just some that spring to mind.

In Texas, where everything is big and oily, local folks do say that Z.Z. Top are the *menage a trois* to top 'em all and after last year's fabulous reformation 'Deguello' (funniest metal record of the decade so far) I wouldn't disagree.

You'd have thought that the Top would have been hard pushed to match the likes of 'Cheap Sunglasses' and 'I Thank You' but they managed — just.

Billy, Dusty and Frankie can knock off the lurid and lunatic served with a hot sauce of grossness that stuffs the likes of that fraudulent old twerp Zappa into a cocked ten gallon hat. Rude? Shakespeare himself couldn't out rapier the gall and wormwood wit of these *tres hombres* and if you don't believe me try on 'Ten Foot Pole' (as in 'I wouldn't touch it with') for size.

Billy Gibbons, ex-Moving Sidewalks, ex-Miguel's Mariachi Maudraders, ex-Dos X y Dos, has the daftest drawl, sounds like he's coughing phlegm through a horned toad's gizzard. All his guitar licks are similarly grumbling and crawling, Jeff Baxter and Denny Dias combined.

Ponchos, paunches and pinchitos abound in surplus; 'Pearl Necklace' highlights the fastest way to a woman's heart, no costume jewellery for these dudes. If you want an interesting woman you've got to lay down the dineros, buster.

When you can get past laughing at the cover (bags of loco weed and more beards than a mussel farm) you'll immediately drop the diamond on 'Tube Snake Boogie' (gosh), wet fresh flesh in the desert. You'll end up grooving to 'Party On The Patio' (dead meat on the porch) and readily agree that 'Heaven, Hell Or Houston' is a good deal in anybody's language.

Buy this record now and then give it to someone you love. You don't deserve it, unless, like Monty Smith, you affect a very frank beard indeed.

That's T for Tejas, everybody. 'El Loco' will drive you insane.

Max Bell

TEENA MARIE It Must Be Magic (Motown)

DEPRESSING isn't it? Yet every once in a while there passes through The Motel a character whose actions are totally understandable, and who therefore becomes believable.

For instance, some while ago David Hunter's first wife shot him and more recently some kid bashed up Doris Luke and then ran Benny over. These people stand out as they are not in keeping with the rank

THE NEW CHRISTS Living Eyes (Trafalgar - import)

FOR A small number of us, an elect but unrepresented minority, there have only ever been three great white groups — the Stones, the Stooges, and the Velvets — and only a handful of other white "acts" who maybe left behind them, like flags planted in the craters of unknown planets, severe signs of beauty and transgression.

For us, it is only those voices that seem to call down from the realms of myth and legend, voices seraphic in their freedom from the human image — Rudy Lewis on 'Some Kind Of Wonderful', Garnett Mimms on 'For Your Precious Love', Claudine Clark on 'Disappointed' — which can open hearts locked in despair.

We have no need to pretend love for 'A Day In The Life', and we can only avert our eyes from Messrs Ratio, Spandau, Creole. Our lips are not at the service of their fashions. We know the sound that will call us from this purgatory. In the meantime, however, we have no spare

Late night thriller.



Durex and Excita are trademarks.

Car City Conjuring

and file, and Teena Marie is one such deviant.

Since 'Trouble Man', 'It Must Be Magic' is simply the best album to fly Berry's gaudy flag. Since being introduced to the company by (A&R). James, Tee has been building up to it. Like the previous set 'Irons In The Fire' this is a sole control thing (writ, prod. and arr.) but has none of 'Irons' fettering desires to conform. Now it's the time of the protegee to bust loose.

'Magic' is a collection of pretty ordinary songs, and Ms Marie has a pretty ordinary

voice (her contribution to 'Love And Desire' on 'Street Songs' testifies to that). Yet in doing it exactly how she wants, she is able to give and in turn get from her musicians 200% effort resulting in soul like it should be, not so slick and perfectionist as to divorce itself from its listeners.

You feel comfortable singing along these songs in your car, but try that to Randy Crawford! The tracks are as varied as the styles she claims have influenced her, the only common denominator is that

Religion of death

she clearly believes in all of them and it isn't just a contractual exercise.

The dance tracks communicate something that gets inside of you and just makes you jump about, nothing like the stuff Motown is known for, which will leave you worrying about doing the right steps or getting your hair messed up. The down-tempo ones are more than the usual 'turn-down-the-lights-fix-me-another-line-and-we'll-jack-off-on-my-ego'. They've

got substance, in fact so much so that you'll find whoever you're trying to seduce is more interested in the music.

It can't be faulted, and although it seems like a contradiction of everything at Motown (thus she'd be better off elsewhere), look at it this way: she's giving up the goods, so why not there? She might even shake something up... I mean, you'd put a rocket under King's Oak if you could.

Lloyd Bradley

PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA
Penguin Cafe Orchestra
(Editions EG)

THE ORCHESTRA'S earlier 'Music From The Penguin Cafe' was — along with Gavin Bryars' highly individual contributions — one of the few LPs on Brian Eno's Obscure label really worth investigating beyond the series' always stimulating sleeve notes. Where the other records had theories in abundance the PCO also had some tunes — not to mention a winningly bizarre sense of humour.

The PCO used to come on like a mutant string ensemble that amused itself in the corner of a Regency hotel lobby by throwing its partons out of sync midway through a leafy melody by seguing into electronically enhanced discordant musings. Five years have lapsed between that record and this one; in the interim leader / mastermind Simon Jeffes has ditched that essentially flippant derailing technique for a more straightlaced composure. It's a pity for — as sweetly engaging as 'PCO' undoubtedly is — it is nowhere near so compulsive listening. But it has its own compensations.

Jeffes, a maverick classical guitarist whose pop involvement includes helping out Bow Wow Wow, Sid Vicious, Bryan Ferry and Rupert Hine, has professed himself profoundly dissatisfied with the state of performance musics, be they classical or contemporary, rock or folk. His search for a personal form has taken him through the indigenous musics of the world before he arrived at this one, which subtly incorporates many different sources.



Standing outside fashion, his refusal to easily adhere to one style is nevertheless firmly in keeping with the mood of the times, but unlike most of pop's mix 'n' match exoticism, his is more the product of blending rather than contrasting elements. Thus, where the Afro-funk freaks wear their primal drumbeats like colourful accessories, Jeffes weaves strands of, say, South American, African or even British folk musics straight into his particular tapestry.

Thus the PCO always sound familiar even if their components are no longer recognisable beyond the characteristics of their instruments (ukeleles, cuatros, guitars, accordions, shakers, bongos and strings, to name a few). The effect is of an immediately appealing music suspended in time and place — at one moment pleasantly pastoral at another irresistibly reeling.

It juggles folksy jigs alongside sterner string fripperies like 'Air Danser', and shuffles like 'The Ecstasy Of Dancing Fleas', against the mild disorientation of an embellished 'Walk Don't Run'. 'PCO' at best is strange, witty and whimsical, at worst charmingly forgettable. Whatever, in the soberly lurching step of 'Salty Bean Fumble' it provides incontrovertible evidence that squares dance, too.

Chris Bohn

passion to give to Mr Ross Middleton (even if he was once seen with a copy of *Story Of The Eye*.)

Once in each pop phase's mayfly lifetime some craft descends bearing the "diamond pain" of beauty.

'Living Eyes' is just such a previously unidentified object. If ever it occurred to you why Berry Gordy moved his operations out to Caulifornia, if ever you longed for the spirit of 1969 Detroit to pass again over the desultory face of Anglo-American youth, then look up to the skies, fledglings of darkness — for "the sky's all ripped and the sun's insane", it's "seen too much, and it's seen a good man get hit..."

Can you any longer hide from the holocaust before us, that grand bouffe so demonically prefigured in 'Kick Out The Jams', 'Back In The USA', and 'Funhouse'? Can you not see endless empty deserts out of Philip K Dick's *The Penultimate Truth* — the ruin of man, and the nobility of those who have exhausted their good graces and taken to the skies, those who go by the name of The New Christs?



A New Christ

Will you understand that the beauty of this music corresponds exactly to the death of fear — of that foetid anxiety which so overencodes and encrusts our sacred musical terminology, of the damp, glazed humanism that dotes on its treacherous world through a myopic TV eye? Was it not also written that "what seems pure is what tempts, and desires become endless, until the centre of the art whispers its sensual secrets only to those who love the danger..."?

Will you not be led to death by such harrowing beauty — the burnished, glistening guitars of Deniz Tek and Ron Asheton, the played bullet holes of Dennis Thompson's drumming, the stalking vengeance, the desexed Iggy, of Rob Younger's voice? The New Christs — a bloodied Blue Oyster Cult, a mournful Stooges, a new race leading the first pre-emptive aural dawn raid.

Only such a sound squadron, "alone in the end zone", know the scorch of the guitar, as they know the "burning desert sands", the empty skies, the foretaste of death. "We tried too hard,

and we went too far" — the living eyes are in their hands, their target is you.

Revivalist, rockist, rightist even — you bring your begrudging categories to bear (and to their own short trial) — already the finger of Deniz Tek, native son of Detroit, Michigan, is on the button. And as your world explodes (without shedding a teardrop), as this radically dionysiac offensive remobilises conscience-satiated youth, another dimension opens out, the land of living eyes. "Who are our nomads today?" asks Deleuze — you will see us at the edge of your horizons.

A world of heraldic symbols and factions, the old demon pop world of 'Radios Appear', is cast aside — this music echoes across from the other side of the holocaust. All that is left is the true beauty of the desperate, a last, hesitant glance over the shoulder — 'Breaks My Heart', '194', the year's most passionate love songs.

There can be no further games played out on this abandoned frontier — rock's love affair with the world is almost complete, and 'Living Eyes' is its last encore.

Barney Hoskyns

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LONDON
RECORDINGS



ROSCOE MITCHELL

CHICO FREEMAN

RONALD SHANNON JACKSON



— by RICHARD COOK

THE OUTSIDE projects of the members of Art Ensemble Of Chicago develop stray ideas and brush out strands from that great conglomerate of musics that the master group might not otherwise have time to consider. Roscoe Mitchell, saxophonist and gentle shy guy, has 'More Cutouts' (Cecma Import) as his latest contribution. His only aides are Hugh Ragin on trumpet and the sparrow-voiced piccolo trumpet, and Tani Tabbal on percussion. Tabbal simply underlines or dapples the horns with the slightest raps or tinkles; Ragin is many-tongued, ribald snorts and rasps alongside pristine shafts.

Mitchell himself is so fluently open-hearted he could melt the sternest resolve to remain aloof. His themes are as simply pleasurable as a child's book of rhymes: 'More Cutouts' swings along like a big band in microcosm, 'Round Two' reconciles a dialogue of long, organ-like notes and behind-the-hand asides. Ragin's 'Fanfare For Talib' includes a spellbinding

soprano sax solo and the two takes of 'Fanfare For The Little Feet' open and close the record like a tune from a musical box. There must be something here for you to lose your heart to. For your diaries: Roscoe brings his new trio over to play here next month.

New York's current state of jazz funkification is filtering slowly through to records, though it seems daft that Ronald Shannon Jackson and The Decoding Society should have to record for the German Moers Music label. Anyway, 'Nasty' isn't as much of a roughhouse as it should be. Jackson — a sideman with Ornette and Blood Ulmer — is suitably physical at the drums but has modest inspiration when it comes to writing the tunes, and the palsied mix merely obscures the good points: the horns of Lee Rozie, Byard Lancaster and the excellent Charles Brackeen seem to be facing the wrong way half the time and Khan Jamal's milkbottle vibes sound ludicrously inappropriate.

'When We Return' in particular dribbles on into



chaos with Vernon Reid's guitar bleeding messy feedback over everything. This blurs when it ought to crunch, a callow, empty threat. I'm waiting around for

Luther Thomas' Dizzazz and Ornette's still unreleased 'Fusion Face'.

'The Last Supper' (Po Torch Import) is a 44 minute improvisation by Toshinori

Kondo (trumpet and mutes) and Paul Lovens (percussion). Long, live improvisations often wind up stale and stolid on vinyl, the electricity and attack drained or ironed flat without the benefit of in-person pressure; but this one crackles from start to end. Kondo is the most uncompromising trumpeter around. A lip-withering bag of effects, taking in quacking absurdity, brazen fanfares of scathing directness and piteous mumbles that scarcely rise above a whisper, is jumbled beside more conventionally emotive phrasing: it's a worrisome, frightened scene he depicts, peopled by buckled, misshapen figures that growl and snipe endlessly at each other.

Lovens, as commentator/partner/opponent, is there at every step. Hearing his eerily ringing cymbals and singing saws, disembodied alien rattlings or spot-on approximations of a roomful of furniture falling downstairs brings to mind the sight of him playing, a diminutive scamp with limbs flailing round his dishevelled kit like a hummingbird's wings. Terse, unrepentant drama.

It doesn't have to be all abstraction and angles. Tenorman Chico Freeman drips tradition like Royal Weddings drip souvenirs. His current offering as leader, 'The Outside Within' (India Navigation Import), is a quartet date with no deference to noise-making: chords, tunes and rhythm all sit up straight and tidy. But Chico's wolfish drive and love of the grand gesture is bolstered by a continually sparking imagination. 'Undercurrent', the longest

track, features a great sprawl of a solo in a guttural R&B tone that just comes off — Coltrane and Rollins are the obvious forebears here, though Freeman's sense of structure isn't as strong. Still, the bewitching balladry in 'The Search' (his earlier 'Spirit Sensitive' LP is the finest set of ballads outside a Ben Webster album) and quizzical lyricism of 'Luna' present a diversity that his peers would be pushed to match. Steaming support from John Hicks, Cecil McBee and favourite Jack DeJohnette.

ROVA — Jon Raskin, Larry Ochs, Andrew Voight, Bruce Ackley — are four white American saxophonists. 'This, This, This' (Moers Music Import) is actually this, that and something else. ROVA music is contagiously humorous, a cartoon atmosphere of mock danger and tearaway convolution, show-off swagger and chastened regret. Less formal and majestic than their counterparts in World Saxophone Quartet, ROVA bowl along in a train of chuckleheaded bravado. The big group improvisation 'Trobar Clus 5' teeters crazily like four drunks on a tightrope. Elsewhere, choppy seas of gravel-toned extremes and overblowing delivered from granite lungs swell ominously forward, but the players aren't afraid to fall away into silence or abruptly drop the fooling for a luscious harmonisation. 'Exiles' and 'Flamingo Horizon' patch all the moods together with hardly a seam in sight; 'Horizon' especially charges to a climax of almost hysterical exhilaration. More! More!

Richard Cook

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LIGHTNING STRIKES

ICEHOUSE Icehouse (Chrysalis)
COLD CHISEL East (WEA)

WHILE in recent years the Australian cinema has become a serious contender in the appreciation stakes, Australian rock music for the most part has remained firmly entrenched in the lugubrious attitudes of 1974. These bands are both largely to blame for this. Icehouse play sub-Buggles pomp rock with as much character as a roll of lino and contribute the same service to the environment as an oil slick. Their work is anonymity personified. Cold Chisel's songs sound as if they were ordered from a Grattan catalogue, and their lyrics would embarrass even Tom Petty. Both these bands must pose the threat that keeps the Aborigines sensibly roaming the bush.

Simon Fellows

PLUMMET AIRLINES
On Stoney Ground (Hedonics)

TWO-LP souvenir of a now-defunct outfit (title sums up the fate which befell them). Partially live recordings, made '76-'77, it's basic, sturdy pub rock and boogie — no more exceptional now than it seemed at the time.

Paul Du Noyer

KIKI DEE
Perfect Timing (Ariola)

IN 1969 Kiki Dee was signed to Motown and there were some who said she could be up there with Dusty Springfield. Well she got lost . . . but she re-emerged in the mid-'70s on Rocket — the female answer to Elton John, but gutsier and with more timing. She got lost again, though, somewhere out in California . . . and this time her re-emergence, on Ariola, isn't so auspicious. She's come up with a sluggish album of ballads and soul rock. The production tries to be tasteful and sophisticated, but there's nothing worse than this kind of MOR being churned out by British rock hacks, especially when some of them like Boshell contribute a song or two. So, Kiki, get lost again . . . and try again.

Paul Tickell

THE NUNS
The Nuns (Butt)

SAN FRANCISCO new wave: five boys with leather jackets and scowl-for-the-camera faces. Blonde girl singer a la you-know-whom. Supported Ramones and Sex Pistols — and never missed a trick, apparently. Like any other identikit picture, The Nuns do not exude personality. Believe me, you've heard this record before.

Paul Du Noyer

LEE FARDON
Stories of Adventure (Aura)

PLAGIARISM is OK, but not when it comes this late: bits of Parker, Springsteen and Costello worked up for the sensitive pub rock goer circa '75. That's the first side; the second is more contemporary singer songwriter with dashes of Perrett and Reed and lashings of things you've heard a thousand times before. About as adventurous as the OGWT.

Paul Tickell

VARIOUS/COMPILATION
Club Sandwich (101)

THE 101 Club in Clapham provides a much-needed service for a music starved South London, but this collection of studio material from bands who've graced its stage doesn't enhance anyone's reputation. The Educators. The Mistakes and Rank Amateurs come up with some quirky indie pop whose low level of production militates against any effectiveness. The Fix and Nautyculture get the (professionalised) production right but sound merely routine — like Rock Salmon's skifflebilly contribution. The only standout cut — a very thin sandwich indeed! — is Victims Of Pleasure's 'Slaves To Fashion', foppish albino disco with powerful rhythmic foundations.

Paul Tickell

Polecats are go

TOUR NEWS



THE POLECATS are to headline a campus tour in early autumn, visiting over 20 of the country's leading colleges. Their outing climaxes with a major London gig at the Lyceum Ballroom on October 25 but that's the only non-university date in their schedule. Three more college venues have still to be finalised, but those confirmed so far are: Reading University (September 30), Swansea

University (October 1), Aberystwyth University (2), Cardiff University (3), Southampton University (7), Coventry Warwick University (8), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (9), Bangor University (10), Norwich East Anglia University (14), Hull University (15), Newcastle Polytechnic (16), Glasgow Strathclyde University (17), Fife St. Andrew's University (22),

Birmingham Aston University (23) and Loughborough University (24).

As already reported, the group appear in the 'Rock On The Tyne' Festival at Gateshead on August 29, and prior to this they have one-off gigs at Cosford Cavalier Club (August 8) and Salisbury City Hall (27). They are also one of the headliners at Belgium's Bilzen Festival on August 15.

Following the success of their debut album 'Polecats Are Go', the band spend the bulk of September recording their follow-up LP. Meanwhile, their new double A-side single 'Marie Celeste' / 'Jeepster' is scheduled for mid-August release by Mercury.

The band have just returned from a visit to the States, and will be undertaking another three-week U.S. tour in November. And right after that, they'll be setting out around Europe.

MAHAL GIGS WITH STEEL ORCHESTRA

THE DESPERADOES, the 30-man outfit widely acknowledged as the world's finest steel orchestra, are going out on a major tour of leading UK concert venues — with the near-legendary Taj Mahal appearing as special guest, and the inimitable Viv Stanshall hosting the proceedings.

The band, who employ over 200 chromium-plated steel drums tuned to concert pitch, will also be appearing without their two guests in the Reading Festival on August 30 and London's Notting Hill Carnival the following day.

The tour is sponsored by du Maurier, and presented by Charisma Records in association with Alec Leslie Entertainments.

Dates are Bristol Colston Hall (September 3), Brighton Dome (5), Coventry Theatre (6), Bradford St. George's Hall (8), Sheffield City Hall (9), Manchester Apollo (10), Southampton Gaumont (12), Birmingham Odeon (13), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14), Croydon Fairfield Hall (16), London Hammersmith Odeon (17) and London Victoria The Venue (18).

Challenges for Chung

HUANG CHUNG are playing a number of selected dates in support of their new single 'Hold Back The Tears' / 'Journey Without Maps', their first since their recent signing to Arista. The highlights of their schedule are on August 12, when they headline at London Victoria The Venue, supported by Everest The Hard Way and Afraid Of Mice; August 27 when, as part of the Edinburgh Festival, they appear at the city's Nite Club; and August 29, when they are featured in the 'Rock On The Tyne' festival in Gateshead. Other gigs include Kirklevington Country Club (28) and Sheffield Limit Club (30). The debut album from the London four-piece is scheduled for late September or early October release.

B.B. King, Crusaders season together

B B KING and THE CRUSADERS are coming to Britain to co-headline a unique musical event, performing a five-night season at London's Royal Festival Hall, accompanied by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The dates are Wednesday to Sunday September 9-13 inclusive — and prior to this, they make one other appearance together, at the Brighton Conference Centre on September 8.

Festival Hall tickets are on sale now at Premier Box Office and Keith Prowse, and they'll also be available from this Saturday (1) at the venue's box-office — prices are £9, £7.50, £6 and £4.50. Brighton tickets go on sale at The Centre this Saturday, priced £5, £4, £3 and £2.

B B King is also playing one other date without the Crusaders — it's at Bristol Colston Hall on Sunday, September 6, and a support act will be announced later. Tickets are £5, £4.25 and £3.50, on sale at the box-office from next Thursday (6).



Joe jives again

JOE JACKSON takes his Jumpin' Jive on the road for a second outing in mid-August. The band — which he put together in the spring to re-create the swing and jive era of the '40s — proved remarkably successful on their initial tour, and they're currently causing quite a stir in the States. They'll have a new single issued by A&M to coincide with their latest set of dates — it will be lifted from their current album, but titles haven't yet been selected.

The schedule takes in Manchester Ritz (August 18), Birmingham Locarno (19), Chester Northgate Arena (20), Glasgow Tiffany's (23), Edinburgh Coasters (24), Sheffield Top Rank (26), Newcastle Mayfair (27), Derby Assembly Rooms (28), St. Austell Cornwall — Coliseum (31), Portsmouth Locarno (September 1), Brighton Top Rank (2), Aylesbury Friars (5) and London Hammersmith Palais (6). It's being billed as the "Bring Your Parents Tour".

MINOTT GIGS GOING AHEAD

SUGAR MINOTT'S two concerts in the Big Top in South London's Battersea Park on Saturday and Sunday, August 15 and 16, are still ON — despite the recent rioting in near-by Brixton, and the threat of violence which caused the Capital Jazz Festival to be switched from neighbouring Clapham.

Promoter Dan Silver of TBA told NME: "Ticket sales are

going well, and we're hopeful that the shows will go ahead as planned, specially now that the recent troubles seem to have cooled to some extent. I've had no approach from the police on the subject, though I have to admit that every time the phone rings I wonder if it's them!"

This, of course, is a reference to the police's intervention in the Capital event after they had received a tip-off about

JOKE, U2, CLASSIX IN EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

EDINBURGH's Rock Festival, which officially kicks off with Siouxsie & The Banshees' previously announced date at the Playhouse Theatre on August 13, will again be staged at various venues in the city over the three-week period. And a new venue comes into the schedule this year for the first time — it's Coasters, where Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive (24), U2 (31) and Killing Joke (September 7) will be appearing.

Focal point of the festival will be the Nite Club, which will be open every night — with Richard Strange, John Peel and Richard Jobson each acting as presenters for one week apiece. The season opens on August 13 with Classix Nouveaux, followed by TV21 (14), and the rest of the programme will be announced next week, together with other events in the city.

It's also been announced that Whitesnake will play two nights at the Playhouse on Wednesday and Thursday, August 26 and 27 (tickets on sale now, all at £5.50). These concerts come only a few days after their appearance in the Castle Donington show on August 22, and they will be the band's final UK dates this year.

NO SLEEP FOR HAZE

HAZEL O'CONNOR has now confirmed the major London date for her early autumn tour, announced last week — it's at the Hammersmith Odeon on September 29. But she won't now be appearing at Nottingham Theatre Royal this Sunday (2) in a tele-filmed concert with Steve Hackett, who'll be headlining on his own.

and Simple Minds



JIM KERR of Simple Minds

SIMPLE MINDS — who have now confirmed NME's forecast by naming former Zones drummer Kenny Hyslop as replacement for Brian McGee — headline in concert at Edinburgh Odeon on August 28, as one of the highlights of the rock festival. This will be their first UK date for six months, and it prefaces a short British tour by the band, at present being lined up for mid-September.

These home dates will be the first leg of a world tour, and Hyslop comes into the band officially for the duration of this outing, though there's no reason to suppose that he won't

stay on permanently.

McGee, who has left because he's getting married and no longer wants to tour, can still be heard on the band's upcoming twin album for Virgin release on September 4 — it comprises two separate albums packaged in individual sleeves, 'Sons And Fascination' and 'Sister Feelings Call', and sells (in a limited edition) at only slightly more than a normal single LP.

Meanwhile, their new single is out this weekend, coupling 'Love Song' and 'This Earth That You Walk Upon'. There's also a limited edition 12-inch featuring extended versions.

Next Week In NME

ARTHUR LEE

Whatever happened to the psycho of psychedelia, the leader of Love? Max Bell and Anton Corbijn travel to Los Angeles and meet the nutty legend himself.

IAN DURY

Danny Baker accepts that socially advantageous special invitation for Wednesday the 29th... and spends a whole day with Ian Dury and the alternative celebrations.

MENSI

A year ago he was his way down and out, but in a miraculous comeback the self-proclaimed King Tut divulges the secret of his incredible success to Mick Duffy.



STOP PRESS

JOHNNY CASH plays London Royal Albert Hall on Thursday, October 20. Tickets at £12.50, £10, £7.50 and £5 from Adrian Hopkins Promotions, 77 Barton Road, Oxford (enclose s.s.e).

BOB DYLAN's new album, titled 'Shot Of Love', now scheduled for late August release by CBS. RANDY CRAWFORD returning to UK for extended autumn tour, currently being finalised. Details expected shortly.

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RECORD NEWS



THE BELLE STARS, having already had their new Virgin single 'Slick Trick' issued in picture-disc and conventional seven-inch formats, now have a 12-inch version available in the shops — and it sells at the regular singles price of £1.15. Also out this week on the same label is a 12-inch of **The Equators'** current single 'If You Need Me', though that will cost you £1.70.

● **Fashion** have signed a worldwide recording deal with Arista, and the re-shaped band — whose current line-up has been in existence for six months — are currently in the studios, with their debut single planned for late summer release. Arista has also signed **David Gates**, and he has an album due out in September.

● **Chas & Dave** have their new single out on the Rockney label this weekend, their first to be available in both 7" and 12" formats. Titled 'Turn That Noise Down!', it's taken from their current album 'Mustn't Grumble!'. The B-side is a new instrumental called 'Flying'.

● **Richard & Linda Thompson** have formed their own Elixir Records label, and the first release is **Richard Thompson's** first instrumental album 'Strict Tempo'. Tracks include new acoustic and electric arrangements of traditional tunes, and, apart from Dave Matthews on drums, Thompson plays all the instruments. Available from Elixir at P.O. Box 472, London SW7 2BX, priced £4.50 (including p&p).

● **Four-piece South London band The Papers**, whose first single figured in the independent charts, have their follow-up out this week on Radioactive Records — titled 'Reggae On The Radio'.

● 'Can't We Fall In Love Again' is the new **Phyllis Hyman** album, issued by Arista tomorrow (Friday), and the title track features a duet with **Michael Henderson**. Another track 'Looks So Good To Me' is released as a single at the same time, in 7" and 12".

● **The Bush Tetras** have recorded four new songs for the Fetish label, all produced by Topper Headon, and due for release later in the year — they are 'Funky', 'Rituals', 'Cowboys In Africa' and 'Stare You Down'.

● **WEA Records** are putting up the price of their seven-inch singles from next week, with the dealer price increased from 70p to 79p. Now that fixed retail prices have been abolished, it's impossible to say whether shops will pass on all of this rise to the consumer, or will elect to absorb some of the increase themselves. The price of 12-inch singles remains unchanged.

● **Patti Austin** — currently featured as lead vocalist on the Quincy Jones hit single 'Razzmatazz', as well as on five tracks of his album 'The Dude' — has her debut single 'Do You Love Me' issued this weekend on the Qwest label, through WEA. It's taken from her upcoming album 'Every Home Should Have One'.

● **The Chords** have their new single 'Turn Away Again' issued by Polydor on August 7. Released on the same day and label is the single 'Coastin' by **Coast To Coast**.

● **London Records** (through Decca) have acquired their first UK signing, **Funkapoltan**. Their first single, out this week in both 7" and 12", is 'As Time Goes By'.

● **Randy Crawford's** follow-up to her hit single 'You Might Need Somebody' is released by Warner Brothers tomorrow (Friday), titled 'Rainy Nights In Georgia'.

● **Dollar** are back with their first single of 1981, issued by WEA this weekend. Titled 'Hand Held In Black And White', it was written by Trevor Horn and Bruce Woolley, composers of the Buggles hit 'Video Killed The Radio Star'.

● **Virna Lindt**, who climbed high in the indie charts with her recent single 'Attention Stockholm', has her follow-up out this weekend on Belgian label Disques Vogue — it couples 'Model Agent' with 'Don't Spy On Me', and it's on 12-inch only, available through the usual indie sources. She's currently in the studio helping Nico on her new album.

● **The Crocodiles** are currently New Zealand's hottest act, and they've been signed for UK distribution by Aura Records. The six-piece group have their first album 'New Wave Goodbye' out this weekend, and the title track is also released as a single.

● **Rainbow**, who've just completed their UK tour, have all their singles prior to the current 'Can't Happen Here' reissued by Polydor — there's six in all, and they're marketed in their original picture sleeves.

SECOND SLICE OF MEATLOAF



MEATLOAF — whose album 'Bat Out Of Hell' has been one of the most consistent sellers of recent years, and is still popping out of the **NME** Chart at regular intervals — has finally got around to releasing his follow-up LP. Titled 'Dead Ringer', it's due out on the Epic label during the second half of August. And it's likely that he'll be coming over here in the autumn — it seems that he was on the point of appearing at this weekend's Port Vale concert, but ultimately declined because he "wasn't ready", which probably means that he wants to wait until the new album is in the charts.

Lizzy single

THIN LIZZY have a new single released by Vertigo this weekend, as a prelude to their August festival appearances — **Milton Keynes** (8) and **Slain Castle, Dublin** (16). It couples 'Trouble Boys' and 'Memory Pain', and it's their first single since 'Killer On The Loose' at the end of last year.

● **Theatre Of Hate** have a new single out this week on Burning Rome Records, with distribution through the usual independents. Titles are 'Nero' and 'Incinerator'.

● **WEA Records** have acquired distribution rights to American label Moby Dick Records. First releases are by **Boys Town Gang** — the single 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough' in both 7" and 12", and the album 'Cruisin' In The Streets' (which has been a hot import for some time), both available this weekend.

● A double A-sider by **The Birthday Party**, issued by 4.A.D. Records this Friday, features 'Release The Bats' and 'Blast Off'. On the same day and label there's a **Modern English** double A-sider, 'Smiles & Laughter'/'Mesh & Lace' — plus an album by **Mass** titled 'Labour of Love'.

● **Phonogram** this week release three of their top-selling albums in a limited edition half-speed mastered form, featuring a higher quality of pressing and reproduction, similar to the techniques applied to classical recordings. They are 'Making Movies' by **Dina Straits**, 'Original Soundtrack' by **10cc** and 'Greatest Hits 1974-1978' by **Steve Miller**.



THEY ARE THE BEAT

THE LOOK, who reached No. 7 in the **NME** Chart earlier this year with 'I Am The Beat', have a new single issued by MCA this weekend titled 'Feeding Time'. It's a track from their self-named debut album, due for release in the autumn. The band set out on a European tour in September, and on their return they'll be playing some UK dates — details to follow.

Still more Siouxsie

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees have slotted yet another date into their current tour, though this time it's a special charity gig. They're appearing at **Newcastle Centre Hotel** on Monday August 10, in a benefit show for the disabled children who took part in the Paraplegic Olympics.

□ **MIKE OLDFIELD** and **Judie Tzuke** top the bill on Sunday, August 9, in the second of six TV specials being filmed at Nottingham Theatre Royal (tickets £5 and £4). As reported, the first show is this Sunday (2) with **Steve Hackett** headlining, and acts for the remaining four concerts will be announced shortly. The specials, produced by **Richard Leyland** and **Jackie Thomas**, will be sold worldwide and shown in the UK later this year.

□ **MERGER** kick off a six-day Black Music Festival being staged at London's Riverside Studios in Hammersmith, opening on August 18. The remaining shows feature new jazz-funk band **Chakavishintu** and **Bridge Connection** (19), **Janet Kay** and **Victor Romero** (20), **The Coolnotes** (21), **The Breakfast Band** (22) and **Jimmy Lindsay & Rasuji** (23). All tickets are £2.

□ **NAKED LUNCH** have upcoming gigs at London Woolwich Tramshed (tonight, Thursday), London Euston The Pits (August 6), Canvey Island Shades (6), Manchester Pips (7), Retford Porterhouse (8), Leeds Warehouse (10) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (11).

□ **RICHARD D'GANCE**, **Mike & Peggy Seeger**, **Dave Swarbrick** and **Martin Carthy** are among the many acts lined up for the two-day **Fairfield Folk Festival**, to be staged at **Croydon Fairfield Hall** on Saturday and Sunday, September 12 and 13 — the first time the venue has hosted an event of this kind. Other confirmed acts include **Gary and Vera Aspey**, **Sue Harris** and **John Kirkpatrick**, **Old Swan Band**, **Skinner's Rats**, **The Watsons**, **Doc Watson & Family**, **Harvey Andrews**, **Waterfall**, **Dick Gaughan** and **Peter Bellamy**.

□ **SHADES** are on an extensive tour to promote their album on the **Magnum Force** label (distributed by **Pinnacle**), titled 'Ace Of Shades'. Latest confirmed gigs are **London Southgate Royalty** (this Thursday and August 27), **London Hackney Pembury Tavern** (tomorrow, Friday), **St Austell Mount Charles Club** (Saturday), **Plymouth St Germain's Fayre** (Sunday), **Truro City Hall** (August 7), **Coverack Drawbar Club** (8), **Ipswich The Manor** (14), **Mansfield Swan Hotel** (15), **Ilford Oscar's** (19), **Coalville Hugglescote Club** (21), **Bristol Trinity Centre** (22), **Horncastle Town Hall** (28), **Gloucester Brockworth House** (29) and **Birmingham Locarno** (31).

□ **SORE THROAT** are the opening attraction tomorrow night (Friday) at a new South London rock venue, **The Angel in Lambeth Walk**, and other acts booked for this weekend are **The Papers** (Saturday) and **Red Beans and Rice** (Sunday). Subsequently, bands will be playing there four nights a week, Thursday to Sunday. Admission is a standard £1.

It's Charly's week (OR HADN'T YOU NOTICED?)

AN ALBUM that's virtually a legend in its own time finally gets to be released officially in Britain in August, a quarter of a century after it was recorded! Titled 'The Million Dollar Quartet', it's the outcome of a spontaneous session in the Memphis studios of **Sun Records** — with **Elvis Presley**, **Carl Perkins**, **Jerry Lee Lewis** and **Johnny Cash** jamming together. It's issued by **Charly**, with a maximum price of £4.80.

Charly also launch a series of ten-inch rock'n'roll albums, featuring the sounds of the '50s and selling at £3.99. First five are 'Rock, Baby, Rock It' (**Johnny Carroll**, **Dick Penner**, **Edwin Bruce**, **Warren Smith** and **Jimmy Wages**), 'I Need A Man' (**Barbara Pittman**, **Sonny Burgess**, **Warren Smith**, **Malcolm Yelvington** and **Carl Perkins**), 'Flyin' Saucers Rock'n'Roll' (**Sonny Burgess**, **Ray Harris**, **Billy Riley**, **Carl Perkins** and **Jerry Lee Lewis**), 'All Night Rock' (**Jack Earls**, **Gene Simmons**, **Jr** **Thompson**, **Glenn Honeycutt**, **Ray Harris**, **Roy Orbison** and **Sonny Burgess**) and 'Rockabilly Jamboree' (**Hayden Thompson**, **Dean Beard**, **Carl Perkins**, **Sonny Burgess** and **Jerry Lee Lewis**). The series is planned for 30 albums at the rate of five every two months.

Among other new Charly albums are 'Blues In Session' by **The Carter Brothers**, 'Uncut & Unclassified 1A' by **Swamp Dogs**, 'Cajun Country Classics' by **Jimmy C. Newman** and 'Confessin' The Blues' by **Walter Brown** & **The Jay McShann Band** — plus the ten-inch EP 'The Star' by **Gary U.S. Bonds**.

Bow Wow Wow salute to Prince of Darkness

BOW WOW WOW at last have a single scheduled for release by **RCA**, to whom they signed earlier this year — it's called 'Prince Of Darkness', and the seven-inch and cassette versions are out this weekend, with 'Orangoutang' on the B-side. The 12-inch format follows on August 7, with 'Sinner Sinner Sinner' as its coupling. The band have now completed work on their debut album, and that's due to be issued on August 14, though it remains untitled at present.

Mood Six on board

MOOD SIX, the cult group who are spearheading London's current psychedelia revival, play their first announced gig on Thursday, August 6 — and in true '60s style, it's a cruise up the River Thames. It's on the **Royal Princess**, which leaves Westminster Pier at 7.45 pm, and there'll be a limited number of £4 tickets available immediately before sailing.

□ **ANDEE LEEK**, who left **Dexys Midnight Runners** over a year ago, has now launched his own band. With **Leek** on vocals, guitar and harmonica, the rest of the line-up is **Sean Stafford** (sax and keyboards), **Baz Ketley** (bass) and **Ray Fullard** (drums) — and the group takes its name from that of the leader, **Andee Leek**. They made their live debut in Birmingham last weekend, and further gigs are now being arranged.

□ **ST AUSTELL** Cornwall Coliseum stages a Country Music Festival over Bank Holiday weekend, August 29-30. Presented by **CRE Roadshows**, it features **The Wurzels**, **American Expression**, **Slim Pickins**, **Linda Page** and **Roger Humphries Band** (Saturday); **Frank Field**, **Barbary Coast**, **Shag Connors**, **Kelvin Henderson Band**, **Jethro** and **Bluegrass Revival** (Sunday).

□ **720**, who recently supported **Vardis** on the road, have now lined up their own tour. First confirmed gigs are **Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar** (August 26), **Liverpool Warehouse** (27), **Coventry General Wolfe** (28), **Wigan Pier Club** (September 2), **Blackpool Jenks** (3-6), Scottish venues to be finalised (7-11), **Cromer West Runton Pavilion** (12), **Stoke Waggon & Horses** (14), **Swindon Brunel Rooms** (15), **Stroud Marshall Rooms** (19) and **Dudley J.B.'s** (25).

□ **CRAZY CAVAN** and **The Rhythm Rockers** play **Southampton Guildhall** (this Saturday), **Southend Queens Hotel** (Sunday), **Thirsk Diaston Farm** (August 7), **Raleigh Asra Centre** (8), **London Plumstead Green Man** (9), **London Southgate Royalty** (13), **London Hackney Pembury Tavern** (14), **Friem Barnet Orange Tree** (15), **London Camden Dingwalls** (September 12), **Grimsby Pestle & Mortar** (13), **Cheddar Cliff Hotel** (19), **Doncaster Regal Club** (26) and **Carshalton St Helier Arms** (26). These dates are in support of their five-track ten-inch EP 'Rockabilly In Paris', produced by **France's Big Beat Records** and issued in the UK this weekend by **Magnum Force** (through **Pinnacle**).

BUDDY HOLLY SEASON

BUDDY HOLLY WEEK, the sixth annual celebration of the late singer's birthday, is being marked by a five-night season at London's **Electric Cinema** in the Portobello Road from September 7 to 11 inclusive. The movie **The Buddy Holly Story** is the main feature every night, and it's supported by a classic rock film which will change at each performance — **Don't Knock The Rock** (September 7), **Mister Rock 'n' Roll** (8), **Let The Good Times Roll** (9), **Shake Rattle And Roll** (10) and **The Girl Can't Help It** (11).

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TUESDAY 4
MARTIAN DANCE

WEDNESDAY 5 FROM JAMAICA
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+ The Orange Cardigan

DJ — SLY FOX

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20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS
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THE PHOTOS
+ The Nice Guys

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ROCKABILLY
with
THE BLUECATS
+ Special Guests

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Futurist Night
ARTNOUVEAU
+ Support

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1 Lambretta
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18 Barbara Dickson
18 Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel
24 & 25 Siouxsie & The Banshees
26 Foreigner

SEPTEMBER
3 Siouxsie & The Banshees
6 Joe Jackson
9, 13 Crusaders/B.B. King
13, 14 Michael Schenker
17 Desperadoes
28, 29 Janis Ian

OCTOBER
5-10 Andy Williams
10 Sad Cafe
11, 12 Steve Hackett

17, 18 Sheena Easton
20 Joan Armatrading
21, 22 Hawkwind
24, 25 Saxon
30, 31 The Shadows

NOVEMBER
7 Styx
21, 22 Judas Priest

DECEMBER
24, 26 Blizzard of Ozz

FESTIVALS
AUGUST
1 Cambridge Folk Festival with Donovan & Steeleye Span
1 Motorhead/Ozzy Osbourne (return coach from London £7.00)
8 Thin Lizzy/Ian Hunter
15, 16 Roots Rockers with Sugar Minott & Enrol Dunkley
22 AC/DC, Whitesnake, BOC
28, 29 Ian Dury, Elvis Costello, U2, Rory Gallagher, Doctor Feelgood
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Sunday 2nd August
TEDDY SALAD

Monday 3rd August
KIDZ NEXT DOOR
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+ Glazette Rework

Tuesday 4th August
O.K. JIVE + The Rams

Wednesday 5th August
NEAL KAYS HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE

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Artists appearing (subject to contract and work permits): John Sebastian, Donovan, Steeleye Span, The Chieftans, The Roches, Jake Thackray, John Cooper Clarke, Byron Berline, Dan Crary, John Hickman, The Home Service, Peter Rowan, Dave Van Ronk, Fred Wedlock, Spider John Koerner, The McCalmans, Allan Taylor, Ossian, The Old Swan Band, Rab Noakes, Robin Dransfield, Derek Brimstone, Andy Breckman, Jenny Beeching, Dave Peabody and Bob Hall, Tom McConville and Keran Halpin, The Champion String Band, Waterfall, Fallen Arches, Eric Frandsen, Fool Moon, The Radio Cowboys, Peta Webb & Webbs Wonders

Tickets: £11.50 weekend, £8.50 Saturday, £6.50 Sunday. Camping 50p with weekend tickets only.

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Wednesday 5th August Free
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Thursday 6th August Free
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AMS

Nationwide Gig Guide



Lemmy Motorhead. Pic: Mick Young

AUGUST is destined to be a particularly heavy month, with at least two interpretations of the word "heavy". Certainly it applies to the welter of hard-rock events coming our way this month, and equally it refers to the bustle and activity we can expect on the circuit. And with so many open-air concerts and festivals during the next few weeks, you can bet that the elements will ensure it's heavy weather, too!

MOTORHEAD top the bill in this week's major outdoor one-dayer, the so-called 'Heavy Metal Holocaust' at the Port Vale Football Ground, Stoke-on-Trent (Saturday, kick-off 1.30 pm). The OZZY OSBOURNE BAND are special guests and there's TRIUMPH and MAHOGANY RUSH from Canada, RIOT from the U.S. and Britain's VARDIS.

CAMBRIDGE is again the setting for the principal event of the year in the folk calendar, with the annual Folk Festival being held at the regular Cherryhinton Hall site, for three days from Friday. Among the many acts confirmed are JOHN SEBASTIAN, DONOVAN, STEELEYE SPAN, THE ROCHES and JOHN COOPER CLARKE.

DOLL BY DOLL and WILKO JOHNSON are just two of the names featured in the multi-media event this weekend in Plymouth, the Elephant Fayre at St Germans. The music content ranges through folk and jazz to rock. See under Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

The only new outings of any significance this week come into the category of mini-tours. After playing at the Royal Wedding bash at Crystal Palace on Wednesday, Randy California and SPIRIT are headlining four gigs in their own right — at Nottingham (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Aylesbury (Saturday) and London The Venue (Sunday). As a warm-up for an extensive autumn tour, Wendy Wu and THE PHOTOS also have a handful of dates — they're playing Retford (Friday), Nottingham (Saturday), Sheffield (Sunday) and London The Venue (Monday). . . . and ELKIE BROOKS is undertaking a short series of concerts, starting at Taunton (Tuesday) and St. Austell (Wednesday).

The main indoor one-off of the week is at London Rainbow on Thursday, which sees the official concert debut on MIKE OLDFIELD and his new band



Wendy Wu Photo. Pic: Kevin Cummins

Thursday

30th



Au Pairs — Brixton

Accrington Cock & Bull: The Lulu Boys
Bath Nero's: Recorded Delivery
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ida-Red
Birmingham Cedar Club: Josef K
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Last Detail
Blackburn Halfway House: Diversen
Bolton The Gaiety: The Reporters / Rivington Spike
Bournemouth Moat House Hotel: Talisman
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Brighton The Concorde: Eye To Eye
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Chris Thompson & The Islands
Chesterfield Star Club: Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes
Croydon The Cartoon: The London Apaches
Durrington The Plough: The Secret Eastcote Bottom Line: Cruise
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Barbara Dickson
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: The Pulsaters
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Chaps
Hull The Oriental: Shader
Kingston Grove Tavern: The Magnificent 7 / The Cardinals
Leeds Fford Green Hotel: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
Leeds Warehouse: Chrome
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
Liverpool The Masonic: The Icicle Works
London Barons Court Tavern: The 45's
London Brixton Town Hall: The Au Pairs / The Pinkies / The Outskirts
London Camden Dingwalls: Black Roots
London Canning Town Bridge House: Dolly Mixture / The Questions
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: SJ & Her Gem
London Clapham 101 Club: Daddy Yum Yum / The Pope
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: A Flock Of Seagulls / Samoa
London Covent Garden Seven Dials Club: Nucleus
London Epping La Taverna: The Newtown Neurotics
London Euston The Pits: The Snax / The Battz
London Futham Lion: Sunfighter
London Fulham Greyhound: Sad Among Strangers / The Drones
London Hackney Chats Palace: Pete Neighbour Quartet
London Hammersmith Odgon: The Pretenders / The Bureau
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Room: New

Moon Through Glass / Carved To A Noise
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave Ellis Band
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Chuck Farley
London Leytonstone Green Man: New Dynamite
London Marquee Club: The Enid / Trimmer & Jenkins
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Groundation
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: A Bigger Splash
London Putney Spencer Arms: The Cut-Outs
London Putney White Lion: The Downbeats
London Rainbow Theatre: Mike Oldfield
London Soho Pizza Express: Bobby Wellins Quartet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford
London Tulse Hill Maxwells: Back Door Man
London Victoria The Venue: Delta 5 / The Flying Club
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Academy One / The Shoppers
London Woodwich Tramshed: Naked Lunch/Eddy Steady Go/Still Life
London W.1 Embassy Club: Lezlee Carling
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: Toerag
Manchester Band on the Wall: Davey Graham
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin Horse
Milton Keynes Compass Club: The Pencils / Jah Lizard's Sister Jane
Nantwich Cheshire Cat: Vermillion Hair
Norwich Pennies: Shock
Norwich St. Andrews Hall: Chevy
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Rock City: Spirit
Oldham The Rendezvous: Sans Culottes
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Ballistik
Penzance Demelzas: The Crew
Peterborough Bull and Dolphin: The Cassettes
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: The Elements
Shilbottle Farriers Arms: Erogenous Zones
Shrewsbury Masonic Arms: The Breed
Slough Alexandra's: Depeche Mode
Southsea Rock Gardens: The Jets
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: Siouxsie & The Banshees
Stevenage The Swan: Scarlet O'Hara
Stornoway Town Hall: Frenchways
Swansea Adam & Eve: B.B. Ford & The Noisy Bastards
Wellingborough British Rail Club: The Cruisers
Woking The Cricketers: Coastal Waves
Workington Matador Hotel: The Cheaters

Friday

31st

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Barbara Dickson
Aberdeen Big Top at Queens Links: Gary Glitter
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Buckshee/Street Trader
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: The Au Pairs/Musical Youth/Tarzan 5
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser



J. C. Clarke — Cambridge

Blackpool Jenks Bar: Whippis (for three days)
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: Flying Saucers
Bristol Colston Hall: Siouxsie & The Banshees
Cambridge Folk Festival at Cherryhinton Hall (for three days): John Sebastian/Donovan/Steeleye Span/The Roches/Jake Thackray/The McCalmans/Rab Noakes/Robin Dransfield and many more
Cambridge Sound Celler: The Bluecats
Carlisle Market Hall: After The Fire/Q-Tips
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Chevy/Limeight
Cheddar Cliff Hotel: Talisman
Colchester Essex University: Misty In Roots
Coventry General Wolfe: Sidewinder
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlites
Crewe Llets: Sans Culottes
Dorchester Corn Exchange: XS/By The Neck/Waiting For Arnold
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Dancing Dild
Edinburgh Y.M.C.A.: Twisted Nerve
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band
Gateshead High Fell Club: The Toy Dolls
Gravesend Red Lion: Die Laughing
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Cracked Mirror/On The Beach
Holywood (Co. Down) D.B.'s: Big Self
Kingston Grove Tavern: The Magnificent 7/The Cardinals
Leeds Brannigans: The Regents
Liverpool Bluecoat Chambers: The Passage/Eddie Maelov & Sunshine
Patterson/The Glass Animals
London Brentford Red Lion: Chuck Farley
London Camden Club 94: Back Door Man
London Camden Dingwalls: Salt/The Deadbeats
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: Wasted Youth
London Chalk Farm Enterprise: Roaring Jelly
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Philip Jap
London Clapham Two Brewers: Killer Wales
London Clapham 101 Club: The Flatbackers/Terminal Rescue
London Euston The Pits: La-Rox/Terry Vision & The Screens
London Fulham Golden Lion: Chicken Shack
London Fulham Greyhound: No Dice/Steve Linton Band
London Fulham King's Head: The 45's
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: Shades
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Long Tall Shorty
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Marshall-Doktors/The Flood

London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: A Bigger Splash
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Chaps/Mad Shadows
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
London Lambeth The Angel: Sore Throat
London Marquee Club: The Reluctant Stereotypes
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Marin Jazz
London Putney Star & Garter: The Feelers
London Putney White Lion: Mark Ryder's Heroes
London Soho Pizza Express: Bob Heggart Band
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: American Expression
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Johnny Mars
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London Twickenham The Albany: Accent
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Ojah
London Victoria The Venue: The Bureau
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: OK Jive/The Connexion
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cove: J.J. & The Flyers
Manchester De Villers: Josef K
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
Narbeth Queen's Hall: The Beat Roots
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Spirit
Ness (Lewis) Town Hall: Frenchways
Norwich Whites: Mouse & The Underdog
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Sunfly
Plymouth St. Germans Elephant Fayre: Trimmer & Jenkins/Tannahill
Weavers/Orion Trio/Nigel Mazlyn Jones/Steve Betts/Pete Berryman/Side Effects etc.
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: Naughty Thoughts
Retford Porterhouse: The Photos
Sheffield The Lion: Mortuary In Wax/Rough Copy
Shifnal Star Hotel: Snakes Alive
Silloth Queen's Hotel: The Cheaters
Sunderland Annabell's: Johnny Storm
Taunton Binden Farm: The Papers
Thurso Viewforth Dounreay Club: The Dolphins
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: Paul Costello & Friends
Wolverhampton Lafayette: The Mood Elevators

Saturday

1st



Wilko — Plymouth

Aberdeen Big Top At Queens Links: Gary Glitter
Aylesbury Friars: Spirit
Baldock The Victoria: Ground Attack
Balloch Roundabout Inn: Penetration

Bedford Horse & Groom: C-Saim
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
Bishops Stortford Railway Hotel: Scarlet O'Hara
Brighton The Centre: Siouxsie & The Banshees
Bristol Granary: Johnny Mars
Burton Eve's: The Editors
Cambridge Folk Festival: see under Friday
Cambridge Sound Celler: Blue Orchids/The Happy Few
Carlisle Kreeps: The Cheaters
Castle (Co Mayo) Festival, for two days: Ian Dury & The Blockheads/The Pretenders/The Undertones / Otway & Barrett etc.
Cardiff Nero's: Soft Cell
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: La-Rox/Terry Vision & The Screens
Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
Coventry General Wolfe: The Thompson Twins
Dudley JB's Club: The Mood Elevators
Edinburgh Nile Club: Delta 5
Falkirk Town Hall: Barbara Dickson
Gosport John Peel: Caricature
Hanley Park: Weapon Of Peace
Harlow Free Festival: Steve Gibbons Band / Chicken Shack
Hereford Market Tavern: The Silence
High Wycombe Nags Head: Wreckless Eric / Volunteer Subjects
Kings Lynn Norfolk College of Art: The Old Swan Band
Leeds Brannigans: Freestate / New Model Army
Leeds Haddon Hall: Knife Edge
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Shake Appeal
Leicester Nags Head & Star: Squirrel On / Joulouka / Hughie Green & The Diced Carrots
London Camden Club 94: Back Door Man
London Camden Dingwalls: Urban Blight / Turano Sower
London Canning Town Bridge House: Chris Thompson & The Islands
London Clapham 101 Club: Remipeds / Far Canal
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Rubbers
London Edmonton Picketts Lock: Prince Far I / Congo Ashantie Roy
London Fulham Greyhound: The Lemons / Going Straight
London Fulham Kings Head: Black Market
London Greenwich White Swan: Apocalypse
London Hackney Adam & Eve: The Cruisers
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Rush Hour
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Red Beans & Rice / Sailin' Shoes Blues Band
London Herne Hill Half Moon: A Bigger Splash / The Uprights
London Islington Town Hall: Sounds Of Soweto
London Lambeth The Angel: The Papers
London Lewisham Lee Centre: Liquidizer
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Fast Food
London Putney Star & Garter: Bop Natives
London Putney White Lion: Nighthawks Reunion
London Rainbow Theatre (noon-midnight): The Lambretas / Dolly Mixtures / Reaction / Hidden Chams / Long Tail Shorty / The Retreads / The Mods

Nationwide Gig Guide

London Soho Pizza Express: Bob Haggart Band
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London University Union: Jim Capaldi & The Contenders / Chicken Shack
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Ojah
 London Victoria The Venue: UK Players
 London Westbourne Park The Tabernacle: Nightdoctor / The People
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Dumb Blonds / The Thunderboys
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: Hank Wangford
 Manchester Mayflower: The Vice Squad
 Manchester Ratters: The Freshies
 Manchester The Gallery: The Things
 Manchester (Whitefield) Masons Arms: Walter Mitty's Little White Lies
 Middlesbrough Gaskins: After The Fire / Q-Tips
 Milton Keynes The Navigation: Fictitious
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St Centre: Grace
 Northampton Black Lion: The Cassettes
 Northampton Roadmenders Club: The Birthday Party / Dee-Go-Tees / Events Group
 Nottingham Rock City: The Photos
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Spring Offensive
 Ower The Vine Inn: The Motifs
 Plymouth St Germans Elephant Fayre: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders / John Renbourn / The Metro's / Trimmer & Jenkins / Tosh etc.
 Pontefract Prince of Wales: Rockabilly Rebs
 Port Mahomak Caledonian Hotel: The Dolphins
 Retford Porterhouse: The Bluecats
 Sandgate Windsurfers Inn: Naughty Thoughts
 Shifnal Star Hotel: UXB
 Southampton Guildhall: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers
 St Albans City Hall: Art Nouveau/Furry Dice / Benjamin Beat / Innocent Vicars / The Burning Dogs
 St Austell Mount Charles Club: Shades
 Stoke (Burslem) Port Vale Football Ground: Motorhead / Ozzy Osbourne Band / Triumph / Frank Marino & Mahogany Rush / Riot / Vardis
 Truro William IV: The Crew
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
 Woking The Cricketers: Dynamo Joe

Sunday

2nd



Doll By Doll — Plymouth

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: After The Fire / Q-Tips
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
 Birmingham Star Club: The Blaggards / Bill Cavanagh / Intimacy
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
 Bradford Cross Lane Liberal Club: Rockabilly Rebs
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
 Brighton Jenkinson's: Depeche Mode
 Bristol Trinity Hall: Josef K
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Cambridge Folk Festival: See under Friday
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Teddy Salad
 Glasgow Kings Theatre: Barbara Dickson
 Glasgow Maestro's: Fire Engines
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Chevy / Limelight
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 London Barons Court Tavern: The 45's
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Park Avenue
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Clapham 101 Club: Direct Hits / The Story So Far
 London Deptford Royal Albert: A Bigger Splash
 London Finchley Torrington: Tour De Force
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Night
 London Fulham Greyhound: Duffo / Jenny Louise
 London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): Lol Coxhill & Associates
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Jump Squad / The Blackout
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Bluecats / The Deadbeats
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose
 London Lambeth The Angel: Red Beans & Rice
 London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: Just Friends
 London Soho Pizza Express: Keith Nichols
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Johnny Mars
 London Stratford Green Man: The Funky B's (lunchtime) / Wide Open (evening)
 London Victoria The Venue: Spirit
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Chefs / A Popular History Of Signs
 London W1, Embassy Club: Havana Let's Go
 London W1, Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Alan Littlejohn Band
 London W.14 The Kensington: Ritz
 London W.C. 1 New Merlin's Cave: Brian Knight Blues Band
 Mablethorpe Golden Sands: The Tremeloes
 Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Shader
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Northampton Morris Man: The Cassettes
 Plymouth St. Germans Elephant Fayre: Doll By Doll / Black Roots / Chain Reaction / Shades / Jumping Masters / Side Effects etc.

Poole Arts Centre: Souxsie & The Banshees
 Poynton Folk Centre: Martyn Wyndham Read / Ray Bieri
 Sheffield Limit Club: The Photos
 Southend Queen's Hotel: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers
 Swansea Dublin Arms: The Beat Roots
 Wick Rosebank Hotel: The Dolphins
 Woking The Cricketers: Relay

Monday

3rd



Delta 5 — York

Balloch Roundabout Inn: Panama
 Bath Moles: Trimmer & Jenkins
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Kidz Next Door / Gymslips / Glazepa Rework
 Colchester George Hotel: Chris Smithier
 Dundee Caird Hall: Barbara Dickson
 Dundee Ice Rink: After The Fire / Q-Tips
 Guildford Nag's Head: Back Door Man
 Hull Tiffany's: Chevy / Limelight
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Keighley Funhouse Bar: Shake Appeal / The Elements
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: 96 Tears
 London Battersea The Cricketers: The 45's
 London Camden Dingwalls: Nicky Moore Band / Sporting Life / Rue De Marx
 London Charing Cross Heaven: The Thompson Twins / Talisman / The Electric Guitars / Nightvision Video
 London Clapham 101 Club: Afraid Of Mice / The Empires
 London Euston The Pits: Amyl Dukes / Baby Amplifiers
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Streetwalkers
 London Fulham Greyhound: Everest The Hard Way / Dan Russell Band
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Spider
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Rubbers / The Downbeats
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Meteors
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Brian Dee & Guests (for a week)
 London N1 Carved Red Lion: Mouse & The Underdog
 London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: Combo Passe
 London Putney Half Moon: 'Spider' John Koerner
 London Putney Star & Garter: Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: Dizzy Gillespie Quartet (for two weeks)
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Black Market
 London Stratford Green Man: Far Canal
 London S.W. 18 The Roundhouse: Harfoot Brothers
 London Upstairs At Ronnie Scott's: Talkover
 London Victoria The Venue: The Photos / A Bigger Splash
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Angels One-Five
 London W.1 Embassy Club: Mark Ryder & The Heroes
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London W.14 Sunett Jazz: The Unloaders
 Manchester Friday's: The Freshies
 Manchester Ratters: Weapon Of Peace / The Cheaters
 Nottingham Newcastle Arms: Downes & Beer
 Southampton Joiners Arms: Xena Zerox
 Watford Bailey's: Mike Berry
 Witney (Ducklington) Bell Inn: Bill Zorn
 York Jaspers: Delta 5

Tuesday

4th



Josef K — Portsmouth

Ash (Marock) The Bell: The Chain Gang
 Aylesbury Britannia: C-Salm
 Bath Tiffany's: Talisman
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Money
 Brecon Nythfa Hotel: The Mathews Brothers
 Bristol Granary: Chevy/Limelight
 Bristol Stonehouse: Baleshaw
 Bury The Derby Hall: A New Opera/Katchies
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Souxsie & The Banshees
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: OK Jive/The Rams
 Dartford Railway Hotel: Chris Smithier
 Fargate Wimpy Bar: Mortuary In Wax

Harlow Louella's: Saigon
 Hemel Hempstead Scamps: Ateka
 Sound/Blazing Red/Falcon Sound
 Henley-on-Thames Ardley Inn: Back Door Man
 Hitchin Reflections: Steve Hooker & The Shakers
 Irvine Magnum Centre: Barbara Dickson
 Leeds Meanwood Hotel: 96 Tears
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
 Liverpool The Mayflower: Subliminal Cuts
 London Camden Dingwalls: Martian Dance
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Suzi Ritz & Steamheat
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Introze/The Groovy Boys
 London Euston The Pits: Tour De Force/The Ak Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: A Bigger Splash
 London Fulham Greyhound: Turano Sawyer Band/Lialson
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Remipeds/The Castaways
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Speedos/The Rudiments
 London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Dominic Miller & Dylan Fowler
 London Marquee Club: TV 21
 London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: Malt Murphy's Storeyville Stompers/Hands Off
 London Putney Star & Garter: The 45's
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Idlers
 London Stratford Green Man: Toerag
 London Tottenham Prince of Wales: The Alligators/The Wrecktangles
 London Victoria The Venue: Kate & Anna McGarrigle
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Blue Orchids/3 A.M.
 Maidstone Ship Inn: Ghost
 Manchester Lamplite Club: The Cheaters
 Norwich Jaquard Club: Ruby Joe/The Whammy
 Nottingham Ad Lib Club: Performing Ferret Band
 Portsmouth Nero's Nightspot: Josef K
 Southend Kursaal: Accent
 Southend Talk Of The South: Gonzalez
 Stockport The Brookfield: Que Bono
 Taunton Odeon: Elkie Brooks

Wednesday

5th



Elkie Brooks — St. Austell

Birkenhead Sir James: Shader/Madame
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Blatchley White Hart: C-Salm
 Bournemouth Maison Royale: Ronnie Mayor Band
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: The Beat Roots
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Dunstable The Wheatsheaf: Rox
 Exeter Winston's: The Metro's
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Ghost
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: Souxsie & The Banshees
 Hamilton Big Top at Strathclyde County Ground: Gary Glitter
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
 Leeds Warehouse: TV21
 Lincoln Drill Hall: Chevy/Limelight
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Afraid Of Mice
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Simon Purcell Trio
 London Clapham 101 Club: Stolen Pets/Kidz Next Door/Umpty's Patio
 London Euston The Pits: Naked Lunch/The Orange Cardigan
 London Fulham Golden Lion: A.W.O.L.
 London Fulham Greyhound: Nightdoctor/Dub All Up
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Exhibit-A/Eternal Scream
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Ike Isaacs Duo
 London Leyton Eton Manor: Mathews Brothers
 London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: Ken Barton Band
 London Palmers Green Cock Tavern: The Donor
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite
 London Plumstead The Ship: The Instant Automotons/Flakey Head
 London Putney Star & Garter: Diz Disley/Duck Baker
 London Soho Pizza Express: Pepper
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hot Sox
 London Stratford Green Man: Black Market
 London S.W. 11 Railway Tavern: Harfoot Brothers
 London Victoria The Venue: Josef K/Aztec Camera
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Kaballa/Boys Will Be Boys
 London W.1 Embassy Club: Biddie & Eve
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 Southampton (Woolston) New Bridge Inn: The Ebony Rockers
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: Elkie Brooks
 Swinton Duke of Wellington: Rockin Horse
 Winchester Railway Inn: The V-Necks
 Wirral Park Gate Hotel: Downes & Beer



Homosexuality in the cinema, part 69: Lauren Bacall scratches her palm in anguish as hisping villain Justin Thyme aims his handbag in Bogart's general direction; Bogart's battery-operated artificial arm gears itself for action. A tense moment in Howard Hawks' thriller-diller *The Big Sleep* (BBC 2 Thursday).



Thursday July 30
THE BIG SLEEP (Howard Hawks 1946). Tex Avery once made a smashing confused little cartoon called *Who Killed Who?* and this darkly impressive thriller is its live action equivalent. And as author Raymond Chandler had no idea who killed who, there's no reason why you should either; Bogart's Bogart, Bacall's Bacall, and only when it's over will you realise it makes no sense whatsoever. (BBC 2)

THE COMANCHEROS (Michael Curtiz 1961). Lively Western adventure, with Lee Marvin stealing the show as the renegade supplying firearms and fire-water to the Comanche, John Wayne and Stuart Whitman the 'goodies' out to get him. (ITV London)

Friday July 31
THE NEPTUNE FACTOR (Daniel Petrie 1973). Underwater nonsense with Ben Gazzara skipping a sub, diving to rescue of Ernest Borgnine and Yvette Mimieux. Re-titled, quite appropriately, *The Neptune Disaster*. (ITV London)

THE SCAMP (Wolf Rilla 1967). RADA-ish Cockney accents fill the screen as Terence Morgan's loutish dad tries to thrash some sense into his son; kindly teacher Richard Attenborough takes over but the message seems to remain that you can't beat a bit of corporal punishment. (BBC 1)

Saturday August 1
THE LOST WORLD (Irwin Allen 1960). Slapdash remake of 1925 silent classic, Michael Rennie sternly leading motley group into prehistoric jungle. Look out behind you! (BBC 1)

MURDER IN MUSIC CITY (Lao Penn 1979). Sonny Bono as composer Sonny Hunt



A brief guide to current releases

ALTERED STATES (Directed by Ken Russell) The more literal-minded critics don't know what to make of Russell's brilliant, batty epic, a preposterous mix of pseudo-intellectual sit-com and mind-battering special effects; reviewed in *Silver Screen* 4.7.81. (Warner Bros)

THE AVIATOR'S WIFE (Eric Rohmer). A flimsy farce of misunderstanding from the man who made *Clair's Knee* an obscure object of desire. Very French, very cultural, very literate, and we won't be reviewing it; we had a meeting. (Artificial Eye)

CALIGULA (Tinto Brass). It's *Carry On Up The Khyber* (And Wherever Else You Wish To Put It) as Malcolm McDowell, John Gielgud and aptly named Peter O'Toole take part in an extravagantly mounted (no pun intended) soft-core Roman epic. Danny Baker says the uncut continental version and says his marriage hasn't been the same since; reviewed 15.11.80. (QTO)

THE CANNONBALL RUN (Hal Needham). Unconsciously stupid comedy which has been wowing the rubes in the States. Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise and Roger Moore invite us to laugh at drunken drivers and girls with big tits; reviewed 25.7.81. (20th Century Fox)

CAVEMAN (Carl Gottlieb). Hollywood regresses beyond even infantilism as Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach crack up at the very idea of ca-ca (defecation) and zug-zug (intercourse). Two — count 'em — gags in 97 minutes; reviewed 25.7.81. (United Artists)

(not sure about the spelling on this one) teams up with girlfriend Lee Purcell to do an inadequate Nick and Nora Charles impersonation in ill-conceived TV quickie; murderous stuff. (ITV all regions)

BEDLAM (Mark Robson 1946). Boris Karloff the head of London's notorious Bethlem asylum, Anna Lee the courageous girl attempting to expose his inhuman methods, in Val Lewton's atmospheric thriller, the sets lovingly recreated from Hogarth's famous 18th century painting in the Rake's Progress series. The censor considered it all too distressing for British audiences and the film was never released in this country. (BBC 2)

BUG (Jeannot Szwarc 1975). From the sublime to the ridiculous in the second half of the Horror Double Bill, as dippy scientist Bradford Dillman seeks to tame incendiary beetles, released on unsuspecting community by an earthquake; a good hoot. (BBC 2)

Sunday August 3
LAST HOLIDAY (Henry Cass 1950). Alec Guinness, superb as J. B. Priestley's hero, thinks he's dying so lives it up at ritzy resort in this delicately balanced comedy; good support from Kay Walsh and Sid James. (BBC 1)

COME BLOW YOUR HORN (Bud Yorkin 1963). Neil Simon's freewheeling bachelor comedy turned into a vehicle for Frank Sinatra, frantically handled by TV sit-com veteran Yorkin; terrific title song. (BBC 1)

SUMMER OF MY GERMAN SOLDIER (Michael Tuchner 1978). Little-seen Abyssinian soufflé (sub-titles in Sanskrit) with Lol Skol as the homosexual quisling who harbours escapee SS colonel Friedrich Hiltner. Actually, it's another overwrought TV flick that the Beeb are hopefully fobbing off as 'distinguished drama from America'. (BBC 2)

THE HORSEMEN (John Frankenheimer 1971). A great steaming turkey of a film, with Omar Sharif trying to prove himself a man in the eyes of his dad Jack Palance (I), all in ancient Afghanistan; and a right load of old Balkans it is, too. (ITV London) Monty Smith

EXCALIBUR (John Boorman). An innovative and magical treatment of the Arthurian legend, with Nicol Williamson in fiery form as mystic counsellor Merlin; reviewed 4.7.81. (Warner Bros)

EYES OF A STRANGER (Ken Wiedarhorn). The cure for rape-induced trauma is a repeat dose, according to this grubby little thriller; reviewed 18.7.81. (Warner Bros)

FROM THE LIFE OF THE MARIONETTES (Ingmar Bergman). Even less jokes than in *Caveman* as Dr Bergman's casebook falls open at a typically morbid chapter; reviewed, rather well I thought, 25.7.81. (ITC)

THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER (Jim Henson). Arch and depressingly camp transition to the big screen for Kermit & Co; reviewed this week. (ITC)

THE OBERWALD MYSTERY (Michelangelo Antonioni). Lots of silly hats in this one as Antonioni takes on the Ludwig soap operas where Visconti left off; to be reviewed. (Artificial Eye)

QUARTET (James Ivory). The last foxtrot in Paris as the '20s romantics waste away their lives as we waste our time watching them; reviewed this week. (20th Century Fox)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (Steven Spielberg). 1981's big one or just another profligate example of derivative comic-strip nonsense from boys old enough to know better? Paul Rambali casts his vote this week. (CIC)

S.O.B. (Blake Edwards). Frenetic farce which promises more dirt than it delivers (in true Hollywood style). Roberts Preston and Webber, William Holden and Richard Mulligan make a great quartet, though, even if Mulligan is dead; reviewed 11.7.81. (ITC)

TIME BANDITS (Terry Gilliam). Six dwarfs and a schoolboy, armed only with the map of time, conquer the universe, nearly. The chief obstacle? Sean Connery's wig! Reviewed 18.7.81. (HandMade)

Monty Smith

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Sep Parts: All Shows 8.15
1. ALTERED STATES (O) 7mm Dolby stereo
Wk. & Sun. 2.0, 5.15, 8.15 Late show Sat. 11.15
2. EXCALIBUR (AA)
Wk. & Sun. 1.20, 4.45, 8.0 Late show Sat. 11.10

ABC 1, 2, 3 Baywater (Queensway) 229 4149
1. CLASH OF THE TITANS (A)
Progs. 2.30, 5.10, 7.50 Sun. 5.15, 7.55
Late show tonight & Sat. 11.15
2. John Boorman's EXCALIBUR (AA)
Progs. 1.45, 4.10, 7.25 Sun. 4.15, 7.25
Late show tonight & Sat. 11.15
3. TIME BANDITS (A)
Progs. 1.45, 4.40, 7.35 Sun. 4.45, 7.40
Late show Sat. 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 Egoware Road 723 5801
1. Steve Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LAST ARK (A)
3.0, 5.50, 8.45 Sun. 5.50, 8.45
Progs. 2.20, 5.05, 7.55 Sun. 5.05, 7.55
Late show tonight & Sat. 11.15
2. CLASH OF THE TITANS (A)
3.15, 5.30, 8.30 Sun. 5.30, 8.30
Progs. 2.50, 5.25, 8.0 Sun. 5.25, 8.0
Late show tonight & Sat. 11.15

3. TIME BANDITS (A)
3.0, 5.45, 8.35 Sun. 5.45, 8.35
Progs. 2.15, 5.2, 7.50 Sun. 5.2, 7.50
Late show tonight & Sat. 11.15
4. John Boorman's EXCALIBUR (A)
1.45, 5.0, 8.15 Sun. 5.0, 8.15
Progs. 4.15, 7.30 Sun. 7.30 Late show Sat. 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 Fulham Road
Seeds (Bible Last Sep Prog. 1) and Bar
Doors open 15 mins prior
1. Steve Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LAST ARK (A)
Wk. & Sun. 2.35, 5.35, 8.30
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun. 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2. CLASH OF THE TITANS (A)
Wk. & Sun. 2.20, 5.20, 8.55
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun. 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
3. John Boorman's EXCALIBUR (AA)
Wk. & Sun. 2.20, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun. 1.45, 5.0, 8.30
4. TIME BANDITS (A)
Wk. & Sun. 2.40, 5.40, 8.15
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun. 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
Wk. & Sun. 2.20, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun. 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

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+ 2.40 GENTLEMEN PREFER
BLONDES
+ 4.30 NIAGARA
+ 7.15 SEVEN YEAR ITCH
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DEF LEPPARD
High'n'Dry (Vertigo)

SOME THINGS never change and heavy metal is one of them. Let's leave Velvet Underground, MC5 and Iggy out of this and — for simplicity's sake — pick on Led Zeppelin as the obvious precursors of this new dark age that has persisted through and even repulsed the various dawns of enlightenment in pop.

There was a time when Led Zeppelin's barrier-busting volume and bludgeoning riffing appeared genuinely liberating, but like all assaults on the senses the effects wear off once they become familiar. Which is probably why heavy metal draws consistently young audiences. Its power seduces the 11-year-olds looking for something more traditionally masculine and stable than the effete fickleness of chart pop, but fortunately it does not hold them forever.

Whatever, heavy metal will not let them down. Both the groups and the fans thrive on this loyalty. Even so, recognizing the dangers of inbreeding, fresh blood is reluctantly transfused into those tired, decayed riffs by groups who have been around long enough to have proved their worth. At least until the misnamed new wave of British heavy metal short-circuited the tradition and hurtled young upstarts like Def Leppard past dues-paying, straight to the top of the pile.

For a while it looked as though their youth would usher in a new brand of heavy rock, but Def Leppard are confirmed careerists, so one shouldn't look to them for any changes. They do little more than adroitly step through the non-styles established a decade ago, readily conforming to what is wanted

Def and doomed



Def Leppard . . . "ugliness". Pic: Mike Lave

of them in this post Led Zeppelin lull. They play with all the power and faked passion of a young LZ (don't they all?) picking up their heroes' baser moments and leaving Robert Plant's tragically muddled grasping after the light to ill-suited pompsters.

What with their cherubic curls crowning pug-sullen faces, Def Leppard might look angelic, but their aura of innocence doesn't survive the ugliness of the opening track 'Let It Go', which has vocalist Joe Elliott gurgling screeching: "So get down on your knees / Let me know / You're here to please."

Oh dear, not more boys ready to rut. Def Leppard

know two kinds of women, those they can push around and those that push around them. They disguise their fear of the latter by raising them to the status of idols ('Lady Strange') and strut through the former with neanderthal grins. Then, sensitivity is the last thing we would expect from a heavy metal group — rampant bullocking is as much a cliché of the sect as squealing guitars and stentorian riffing.

Sex in Def Leppard's grubby hands becomes just another aspect of the monotonous daily grind. Where is the love, pleasure, glamour, fulfilment? Evidently in the neck of a guitar.

Chris Bohn

TREATMENT
THE GAS



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Dolby



Ella Fitzgerald tries out the 'Eric' model imaginary guitar in preparation for this year's Reading Festival.

SAFE AS HOUSES

RICHARD COOK strolls round some of jazz's stately homes at the Capital Jazz Festival.
PETER ANDERSON peruses the ornaments.

THE RELUCTANCE of English promoters to stage any sort of jazz event ought to nail 'Credibility' in big letters to Capital's Jazz Festival; but I'm not about to do them any favours. The apparent jinx on the gig — two successive cancellations in two years, with this hastily re-sited second half as a sop to their broadcasting commitments — is unlucky, but...

Capital's attitude to jazz stinks. The dilettante espousal of the music in their promo campaign as some harbinger of snobbish worthiness, typified in their wretched *It's Jazz* programme, only encourages the ghetto of difficulty which perpetually surrounds it. A glance at the essentially MOR line-up confirms that they've simply dredged together the regulars of the European festival circuit. Where's Blood Ulmer? Arthur Blythe? World Sax Quartet? Art Ensemble Of Chicago? Cecil Taylor?

Enough grousing (for now). Here we are in a grey muddy field at Knebworth — these sites we have loved! We pick a cosy spot to the right of the stage in time to hear Art Pepper's quartet. Pepper looks calm and fit in a pale blue suit, is reliably excellent. At home straight away, the group fly through 'True Blues', and at past 50 it's amazing that Pepper has continued to put new voices into his alto. He's sharpened the shocking interpolations of whistling high notes and today I'm reminded of — strewth! — Eric Dolphy. The snap-tight funk of 'Mambo Cuemba', laced with the merest frisson of Latin, has

the sax sliding off the razor edge of the rhythm, and one of the most affecting of love-lorn ballads, 'Everything Happens To Me', is both caressed and roughed up: the hard man's tenderness.

I slip backstage to watch him come off. Laurie coddles him, I see those tired, tired eyes roll around and remember something from his autobiography *Straight Life* — "It's hard to play jazz."

McCoy Tyner is an ideal festival player. He saunters imperiously onstage minutes after his band and chops them straight into a hair-curling 'La Habana Sole'. I look round at a sea of jiggling heads — responsel 'Walk Spirit, Talk Spirit' is a Tyner classic and they don't blow it, moving through solos of heated extravagance to a climactic blasting of the theme with almost primeval strength. Violinist John Blake and saxman Jo Ford are good players, but it's predictably when they drop out and Tyner gets going on piano that the music really takes off.

There are darker, deceptively-humoured passions in McCoy's muse, but only on the trio version of his Coltrane favourite 'Moment's Notice' do they glint through. Yet as the set progressed I began to realise — these are *intelligent crowd-pleasers*. Maybe it is all paced to a consistently high dynamic, maybe some of the solos do reek of gratuitous excitement — but giving the people what they want without sacrificing excellence is OK by me.

Between sets on the main stage, Pete Allen's band play

forlorn, plodding revivalism from the distant second stage. Not bad of its kind, actually, but what of the stigma of funny hat jazz? I stroll around the soulless venue: food stalls run a gamut of wholefood and ethnic spreads. I have to admit it beats the usual squalor of these events. The tameness of it all is mirrored in the audience, a quiet and well-mannered lot who seem ready to surrender any time. So this is an open air jazz crowd!

DANK SKIES drift towards evening as Barbara Thompson's *Paraphernalia* play. Somewhat to my surprise I rather enjoy their thoughtful, tomboyish sort of fusion. Dill Katz is quite clearly the beer drinker's Pastorius. They would've shown Herbie Hancock the door (poor old Herbie).

There must be about five thousand of us jazzers (Ha!) here as Alan Freeman, wearing the WORST shoes I've ever seen, intros the Jimmy Rowles trio — and this puts us in another world. They look like a club trio from a Fox musical, dress suits poker-stiff, and wander listlessly through Wayne Shorter's 'Devil's Island' (!) and some solo party pieces. But this is only a prelude; they're here to back a singer.

Ella Fitzgerald is hardly, as introduced, the First Lady of Jazz. She's never equalled Billie Holiday, and Betty Carter and Sarah Vaughn are better jazz singers. Her strength lies in that great fire siren voice, and in a slickly professional set it stretches,



Muddy Waters



McCoy Tyner



Art Pepper

swoops and (sometimes) caterwauls along a familiar course.

'Them There Eyes', 'Satin Doll' and a superb 'Ain't Misbehavin'' are treated as mid-tempo swingers: right, of course, because she can't cut ballads very deep and has to bawl some notes. The trembling remorse of 'After You've Gone' is callously shaped as a steaming belter. But the rare pleasures of a great lyric — Porter, Razaf, Mercer — always remain. The crowd doesn't seem to notice the incongruity (we're sinking in mud while there's a glitzy Las Vegas nightclub act up there) and rises in acclaim. Ella makes like a hooper, swinging one arm vigorously to the beat and saying 'Thank you so much' in a Woody Woodpecker chirp after each song. I watch her walk gingerly down the backstage steps surrounded by helpers and she seems only a small, frail old lady.

'Bon Soir.' Dexter Gordon purrs like a well-read bullfrog, sends his six foot five frame into an incantatory lops to count the band in and — 'It's You Or No-One', the brow furrowed in line with the tenor's neck, a big occasion solo carved out with regal authority, then the hands cast the runes as pianist Kirk Lightsey takes a turn. This man is great! 'Hi-Fly' runs even better, Dex's statement a card index of quips and quotes. It's a cool way to close a cold day; so we call it one.

TWICE AS many people show up Sunday — but this is populist day. A lunchtime set by Richie Cole's *Alto Madness* is mmm! almost a treat. Cole's garrulous Parkerese shoots out at all manner of crack-brained tangents: the big squeal is always just around the corner. Madness! Funny, too. Cole's rhythm section stay on for the nostalgic bop of Red Rodney and Ira Sullivan. Rodney, Bird's buddy and now a chubby, likeable player, blows hard but my attention

CONTINUES OVER

BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PRAY

Siouxsie & The Banshees

Woolwich Odeon

WOOLWICH, DARK in the daytime, come evening the natives are turning off their television sets hesitatingly and making their way outdoors. Black tunnels, green clouds and brown rain, the railway sidings lie rusting and the dockyard cadavers lie in wait for millions of pounds that will never arrive. This is the end of the earth, countryside devastated, industry worn out, the land of the Stalker.

Walking down the abandoned high street, you notice rows of shops full of goods people are unable to afford. Even the attempt to lure the eyes of the consumer with the word "Sale" seems futile. At the end of this sterilised pantheon to society lies the Odeon and tonight Siouxsie, the embodiment of reaction to all of this, plays her first night of an extremely long tour which will take her all over the country.

This was the first engagement the Banshees had ever had with Woolwich and the response was priceless. From out of the dead-end jobs and dole queues crawled the army of the night. Skins, Punks, Mohicans and other blackened souls, clamouring towards their only saviour remaining from their revolt of '77. They need Siouxsie as much as she needs them; the relationship is perfect. The front row mirrors her words with their mouths, their eyes fixed upon her sculptured face, lest they miss a single glance or a sharp nuance: "From the cradle bars comes a beckoning voice, it sends you spinning, you have no choice". This is Whitelaw's army in their battered temple of worship transformed by the style and bastardised elegance of Siouxsie in her surgeon's coat and Bangkok leggings.

The ceremony begins in true cinematic style: blackout; behind the curtains the lights hum, then part to reveal a backdrop of scudding clouds and we stride into 'Israel'. Searchlights in the floor

create a wall of colour behind which the band stand, from right to left McGeoch, Siouxsie and Severin — the Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe.

But it is Siouxsie who dominates the picture palace, stalking the stage like an eagle searching for rats, hopping and twisting in front of a desert landscape for 'Arabian Knights'. The sound is impeccable, Budgie's drumming thundering through the night like a battalion of urban infantry. Suddenly we are taken aboard ship, McGeoch's guitar is the engine-room bell, the theatre is a sea of mist, Siouxsie dons a Panama hat for 'Head Cut' and the wails become progressively searing and painful. As one over-zealous enthusiast makes for the deck he is unceremoniously dumped by a blue-tracksuited steward. Siouxsie pushes the thug to one side and then silently, mistresslike, chides

the boy for misbehaving.

Windows appear along the back wall, and as she crawls through the Banshee palace on all fours for 'Tenant' and 'Night Shift' her hair is plastered to her face. She becomes Louise Brooks in *Pandora's Box*, dragging herself through what seems the complete repertoire from 'Kaleidoscope' and 'JuJu', eviscerating every shade of sound and meaning. This leaves her crumpled in a heap, centre-stage, like a little girl who in a fit of spite and despair has broken all her toys and now has nothing left.

While some prefer to be left in the ascendant, forced to return for more the next time, the Banshees believe in total deliverance and in doing so provide the best live movie of Gothic tragedy still breathing. "Following the footsteps of a Rag doll dance, we are entranced — Spellbound."

Simon Fellowes



Pic: Peter Anderson

A couple of Modes hurry about their business

GERIATRIC JAZZFEST

From previous (p)age

wanders as I'm subjected to an invasion of insects.

Major Holley's band, billed as a tribute to Louis Jordan, are hardly Sunday afternoon fare and largely miss out: plenty of jive but not much jumpin'. They're gunners, but have been playing this sort of music too long to go crazy on cue. Only in Eddie Vinson's ribald vocal feature is there enough grease to push arthritic staidness into certified ram-bunk-shush. Buster Brown's tap dancing was not interesting.

Some veterans re-make, re-model their back catalogue, some merely do it again; Muddy Waters falls somewhere between the two. He is special — but essentially it's the same old blues, a bit harder and cleaner but there's only so far you can go with those twelve bars.

That's OK, mind — I've wasted enough breath to blow over Buster Bloodvessel trying to convince people blues isn't "all the same" — but Waters' blues has long ceased to be the hard stuff. The empty boogie-down of 'Got My Mojo Workin'', once a message of acid frustration, bares the point very clear.

The usual finale of 'I'm A Man', though, is a reminder of his powers as a vocalist, and he finally gets off his stool to do a bit of portly footstomping.

When it's his turn Chuck Berry doesn't make many concessions to jazz, though he did sing 'Every Day I Have The Blues'. In fact the closest he's ever come has been writing the line "700 little records, all rock rhythm and jazz". Berry's long suit is the wicked cut of his lyrics and his trick of recycling inconsequential blues licks into whole songs — the birth of rock'n'roll! Trouble is, even he has trouble telling them apart: he bursts into a second version of 'Let It Rock' five songs after he'd done it first.

So he fills up time with audience singalong, those clanking two-string solos, daughter Ingrid and her bargain basement Tina Turner antics... and so on, though not for very long. A shoddy, pointless routine from a man who is long past caring. Reelin' and Rockin'!? Bah!

I go to watch George Melly on the other stage. Melly's voice is one big, vulgar, uproarious joke. He knows it's ridiculous, knows how daft it is for him to be up there, knows how to make it all work. I have a laugh too; and he doesn't do 'Old Codger'.

AS IT grows dark, Sarah Vaughn takes the main stage, and at last someone stamps the day 'Event'. She has a cocktail lounge trio, like Ella, but this is a balmy, menthol-cool sound. Sassy's voice has a canyon depth coloured by an extraordinary vibrato. It negotiates contours and possible pitfalls with breath-catching ease. She doesn't move around the stage much, a short but, um, substantial presence, sits perched on a stool or leans against it, and seems to muse over a line, testing a word or two or teasing a syllable with a sudden swoop of the voice: grace and imagination are as one.

There's a racing 'From This Moment On', a windswept 'Misty', an audacious 'On A Clear Day'. Best of all are Billy Strayhorn's matchless sophisticate's soliloquy, 'Lush Life', a rhapsodic 'My Funny Valentine' and a gentle investigation of the gorgeous melody of 'Indian Summer'. A performance to give fresh heart — not all the mighty rest on their laurels. Superb.

We decide to leave it at that. Jazz isn't an old man's game, it's just that bills like this make it seem that way. Safety first isn't always fail safe — we want to hear what's new, too, don't we? At least it didn't rain.

Richard Cook



Pic: David Corio

They only crawl out at night.

SYSTEMS MUZAK

Depeche Mode

The Venue
THOSE ARBITERS of modern taste — and as you will see from this issue, they lurk even in the most prestigious camps — who would wish on you the indecencies of things like Spandau Ballet, are generally the same people who can be seen laying into that very great group The Ramones. But behind the real scenes are less fad-conscious figures who will always know better. Daniel Miller, the producer of Depeche Mode, is one of them. He knows that the distance separating those four middle-class vagrants of Forest Hills from these four working class cherubs of Basildon is not so very great.

In fact, The Ramones are to Depeche Mode what, at her absolute nadir, Patti Smith is/was to Duran Duran. Where those Brummie phonies were reared on, and now exist in a purely nostalgic relation to, glam rock, Depeche, so much sweeter, so much neater, are young enough to be both new and non-industrial.

Depeche Mode make music

for the milk bars of a 1990's *Late Call*. New life, new towns — they've yet to lose their own milk teeth. The Dole Age needn't be one of hysteria and blind narcissism.

At the Venue, the group came across very professionally as a kind of English working-pop Kraftwerk, and were received with nothing short of rapture. A companion made the observation that one doesn't so much dance to Depeche Mode as respond/flinch to the direct stimulus of their machines. The capacity audience bore this out — each member seemed another computed digit, constituted by the purest input/output system, each one a metronome of regular tempo, swinging back and forth with minimal regard for the four figures on stage.

The point is that they hadn't come to see a show, just to be placed facing some kind of system. It's the very immobility of the Depeches which permits such robotic gyration. It's the disco of the bathroom, a privacy of disguise, the sweat merely condensation on the interchangeable tiles of faces.

Dave, Andrew, Martin, and Vince (perfect names) are four little birds in four little cages; every note they utter is so immaculately saturated in a texture they don't personally weave that it's almost as though the sound were being channelled through them, bypassing their hearts, minds, and bodies.

Depeche Mode are too young for the melancholy of Kraftwerk, and their underpants are too clean for the despair of D.A.F. At an extreme — when the three synths splutter, jam, and freeze on 'I Take Pictures' — they are only children staging pile-ups with toy cars. Their machines navigate such unfurrowed paths. Safe, quick, hygienic; fashion in a hurry.

Depeche Mode won't come up with anything as damagingly beautiful as 'As If It Were The Last Time' in a million years — just as, if they were a "guitar" band, they couldn't conceive of a song like 'Today Your Love, Tomorrow The World'. Nevertheless like D.A.F., they are part of the vital resistance to the vulgar hype of Duran Duran.

And it is hardly irrelevant that behind their "innocence" and unpretentiousness lurks the displaced mind of an American intellectual.

Barney Hoskyns



Dexter Gordon

Stimulin'

Moonlight

TO HAVE and het up! The sweat poured out of them! Stimulin aren't stupid, to put it wildly. Stimulin are no charity — see them, seal them, keel over — and to say that they're a classical entity is kissing the point a little too sloppily: as a value-bearing pop exaltation of the dance experience made possible through drink, lust, fun, fame and possibility you can beat Stimulin, you can fault Stimulin, but you'll be moved to move, made to smile, you'll long for the better sort of company and be quite happy to shake loose the clumsier critical values. (Looking for a hundred new values, I'll make the damned things up.)

Stimulin music is produced under the influence of erogenous zones — and you can TELL — dirty soul — nothing guilty — the art of The Modern Jazz Quartet, strong drink, back-stabbing r&b, chilli sauce, idleness, impatience, night-time blues, glossy magazines and Santana if they were ever searing. (A group called Stimulin are bound to be alert to lots of outside stimuli, but they're not gagged by any of this.)

SEX is making such a comeback — The Word need not be bondage by the way — through pop and comparative forms and indeed Stimulin drip and ride through songs with titles like 'Sex Object', 'Body Politic', 'Stripping Down'... "we'll love you if you wear it up/but all the time you tear it up/you should be stripping down."

And indeed front boy Alix Sharkey — all boy, all go, all slim hips and vital eyes, all sly we sigh — is the evil side of the erotic crooner: the sexiest boy in pop along with Gabi of D.A.F., Mal of Voltaire and Davey of Fire Engines. Derelict, fierce, sleazy style, an ideal balance between exertion and easiness, right on a pitch between half asleep and speeded up for intimate haste... In the night time Alix, edging and edgy, will sing the songs and seduce the girls. In the day time Alix is a cocktail shaker — sex and cocktails, the juices for the year — and "he shakes the women up as well" say Stimulin.

The last time I saw Stimulin they were incompetent (do I mean impotent?) They knew what they wanted to be — dress down, play up, use vibe studded pop chipped into funk stripped down to snap clipped into quotes ripped round the edges, cool down, work it out — but they weren't tight, they weren't right, couldn't set a spare room alight. Now (can I say wow!) they're potent, they worked hard to get organised.

A few months later they love and work for each other and their music rips and glides, a loose-limbed layering of sharp edges, brass flats, vibe fluency... it's a fast conversation, a flashy pop ejaculation, a series of purple patches, exclamations, floating fixes, low swing, it's rake, rattle and stroll... they've got it right! That's right: all together, no bother. They've got a grip on themselves. A grip: a restless relax. They use their odd line up — vibes, percussion, trumpet, guitar, bass, drums — with provocative immodesty, indeed a considerable pressure, in fact a prickling hypnotism. They've brought to the dance motion a mischievous primitivism, an impoverished polish, a matter of fact strength... they're sportsmen. Alix is an athlete! Gleaming and grinning, sounding out and pounding, he's now out in front, resisting, competing, aiding and sweating. Front boy!

Stimulin have come well and good: they'll keep it up. They were so turned on and turned us on. And boy did the boys sweat. While they cooled down.

Paul Morley

THIN LIZZY



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Don't touch that dial!

WHAT makes one record player better or worse than another? One question you should ask before buying a hi-fi system.

I'm not thinking of aspects of construction — whether it's made of plastic or metal, driven by electricity or clockwork — but, 'What will I get from listening to a good record player that I won't get from a not so good one?'

Until this neglected question is answered we have no criteria of quality.

It also leads to vast herds of confused media and advertising victims buying imported Japanese junk that is essentially worthless in both musical terms and as an appreciating asset (tried selling any second hand recently?)

This confusion leads to people not getting as much out of music in the home as they could do. Let's clear some ground and start with the basics.

A record player can fill any number of needs around the home — extending the owner's ego, filling a space on a shelf, being a machine to



play records on, the last being the one I'm interested in.

The quality of the record player must therefore be linked to how much enjoyment we get out of listening to the music — how fulfilling and satisfying the experience is. Right?

The message is the same as

The shocking truth about junk victims

By PAUL BENSON

last month — forget about the hi-fi and listen to the music.

One useful way of focusing attention on the right things is to ask the right questions about what is being heard. Instead of asking questions about sound quality, ask questions about the music. What we are trying to do is to pick out the system that plays music from the one that merely makes a series of noises.

There is one test of a hi-fi system that is so basic, so elementary, that you'd be forgiven for thinking that every system must sail through it with ease. What I

am about to suggest, I admit, will seem ludicrous but I'm going to tell you anyway!

The simplest, easiest and most basic test that I know of to distinguish good record players from dross hi-fi is to assess their ability at reproducing a melody. And the simplest way of doing this is to try and sing along with the system while it is playing a record. Portable transistor radios pass this test with ease, but the more expensive the system gets the more chance it has of failing and at the very top level there is only one system I know of that passes the test.

Something like keyboards or a guitar playing a backing riff would be an ideal choice. Try to accompany them by humming the notes along with the instrument, but on most systems it will even be difficult if not impossible to sing along with the lead voice. The inability to accompany the tune is due to the fact that the system is incapable of reproducing a melody and for the technically minded I suppose some brief explanation is in order.

By having an unequal dynamic range across the operating frequency range the system reproduces the harmonics of a note incorrectly with respect to the fundamental (*Absolutely — hi-fied*). As elementary psycho-acoustics tells us, if the harmonic structure of a note is changed then, amongst other things, so is its perceived pitch. Or in other words, everything sounds out of tune . . .

I realise that this idea of singing along sounds crazy and my claim that nearly all equipment on the market suffers from the deficiency of not being able to reproduce a melody may seem unbelievable. All you need to do to test my claim is listen to one of the few systems that can actually play a tune and then any other.

In my experience, the minuscule number of systems that pass this test have one quite amazing thing in common. They are all British! The least expensive system that I can guarantee to pass this test costs about £600 and the dearest one worth buying is about £3000 (*Start saving — walk to the dole office — Ed.*)

The best way to buy a hi-fi is to ring up a few dealers — you'll need a small specialist shop who will encourage you to listen to systems as opposed to the discounters' approach of sending you out with a sealed box.

Music is a language of emotional communication and the record player, the system, has to be articulate in this language if it is to



Illustration: EDWARD BRIANT

successfully do its job of making listening to music in the home a satisfying and fulfilling experience. Discovering the criteria for assessing its literacy in communicating the musical experience is riddled with meaningless distractions and dead ends.

Some of these are technical (watts, distortion, separation . . . and so on), some of them are the red herrings of sound quality (smooth top, delicate sound, fluid mid-range . . . and so on), but none of them mean anything.

If you're going to be asked to judge the quality or worth of something on the basis of a set of criteria that you don't understand — can't understand 'cos they're meaningless — then you're not going to be a very good judge. And you're going to buy another load of crap like you did last time.

My advice when you want to decide whether a record player is any good or not is to only trust and rely on that with which you are familiar and understand. And everyone knows how to sing along with a tune.

The view I have presented, you won't be surprised to learn isn't held by everyone involved in hi-fi, but all I ask is that you give it a try. After all it does seem to make sense doesn't it?

All it will take to find out is a visit to a dealer who is willing to demonstrate these things to you. He may be hard to find and a few questions over the phone should show where he stands on the matter. If I'm wrong then all you've lost is an afternoon. If I'm right then you could end up enjoying listening to music at home in a way you never before dreamt.

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INFORMATION CITY By Fred Dellar

I'VE got all of Klaatu's four albums but still don't know a thing about the band. In fact the only thing I really know is that, at the time of their first album, they were thought to be The Beatles.

BRIAN POWELL, Barking, Essex
● Frankly, I don't know too much about Klaatu myself. I thought that their first album was a pretty fair stab at cashing in on the ever-continuing legend of the Fab Four — and so did The Carpenters who nicked 'Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft' from it — but the follow-up was really out-of-order so I gave up on them. The one bit of info in my file states that Klaatu were / are / maybe always will be Chip Dale, Dee Long and Terry Draper, three Canadian based Beatle freaks and though I'd like to tell you more, I'm busy

right now trying to sell a rolled-up Abbey Road zebra crossing to a passing Yank.

COULD you discover the titles of the pieces of music used in David Lynch's *The Elephant Man*? I think one of the pieces is called 'Adagio For Strings'. But there is another one — isn't there?

JOHN THORNTON, Dundee.
● I've checked the credits for the movie, which list 'Adagio For Strings', by Samuel Barber, performed by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Andre Previn — but no other specific piece of music is mentioned. As I haven't seen the movie (all right, shame on me!) I can only suggest that any other musical theme forms part of the score penned by John Morris and played by the National Philharmonic.

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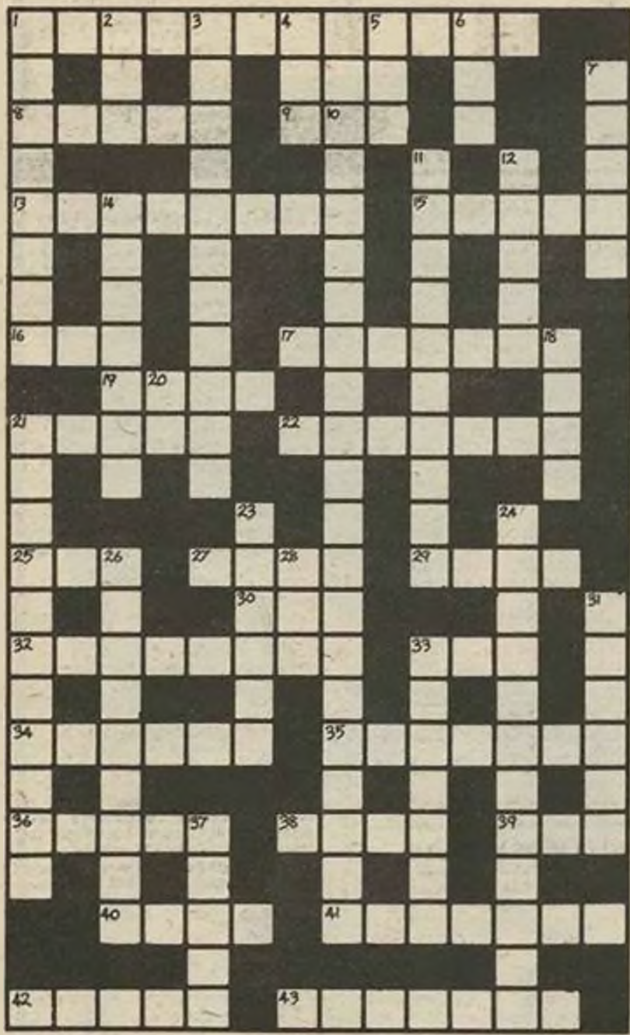
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NME X-Press Word

PHEW! WOW!! Just how many of you "crossword freaks" are there out in Riotland? We've been swamped by the little puzzles all week — hence the smaller issue. But after many careful seconds' thought we've made the choice for the new compiler, for this week anyway. So, come in **PAUL DREW** of Barnstaple, North Devon. He has fanatically dedicated his first mindbender to cricketer **Bob Willis** of Warwickshire — don't ask us why. Paul, 64, is interested in making piles of money through words (like us!) and his hobbies include water-skiing, tobogganing, hang-gliding, mountaineering, fretwork, bisquit-making, sky-diving and cream.

But there were several other compilers who we would like to use. So we'll be using a rotation system over the next few weeks. And we'll be in touch with the winners and losers by the end of 1984 — promise.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Wordy Rappingood'; 8 'You Go To My Head'; 12 Hynde; 13 Chariots Of Fire; 17 (James) Blood Ulmer; 18 Sax; 19 The Mo-Dettes; 21 Peel; 23 Grace (Jones); 25 Andy Warhol; 27 Ray (Davies); 28 Breaking Glass; 30 James (Blood Ulmer); 31 'Green Door'; 33 Solo; 34 Jerry Dammers.

DOWN: 1 Wayne County; 2

'(Diamond) Dogs'; 3 Rita Coolidge; 4 Psycho; 5 Noel Edmonds; 6 Demon; 7 (Ray) Davies; 9 'Sherry'; 10 Dave Berry; 11 'Jimmy (Jimmy)'; 14 Scott Walker; 15 Flute; 16 (Jimmy) Page; 20 Small Wonder; 22 'Eloise'; 23 Gallagher; 24 Chrissie; 26 'Dance Away'; 29 'Diamond (Dogs)'; 31 Gerry; 32 (Francis) Rossi.

ACROSS

- 1 John F., Bobby & Jello (4,8)
- 8 Flynn the film-star, Brown the bald-head (5)
- 9 Keith Moon's ex-band (3)
- 13 Early song form. Chant No. 1 (8)
- 15 "All around . . ." — S.Span hit (2,3)
- 16 Concert on a boat (3)
- 17 Bela Lugosi funsters also 20th C. art movement (7)
- 19 Half the first Clash single
- 21 Dance to JA music (5)
- 22 Gene October's 2nd Division crew (7)
- 25 Modern Liverpool Band (3)
- 27 Outdoor Miner was their biggie (hal) (4)
- 29 Electrician term. Eh? (4)
- 30 Solo artist (3)
- 32 Recent Crass alliteration epic (also 26 down) (8,9)
- 33 Mistah Stanshall (3)
- 34 Fall creation/sleevenote writer: Joe or Roman (6)
- 35 60's pop band or tv show. Hey, hey! (7)
- 36 8 across Scorchers in a corner or the Real Ken Barlow (5)
- 38 The shape of record labels passed (4)
- 39 Jimmy Savile is one. No not that (3)
- 40 Ms Fitzgerald (4)
- 41 Rudolf Hess' Hotel forgotten by the Ballet Boys (7)
- 42 Echo & the Wailermen. Wha? (5)
- 43 Mr Mensi, I presume? (7)

DOWN

- 1 Blondie hit coupla years back (8)
- 2 Curved combo for those who remember (3)
- 3 What's this for? Ho ho ho hoi!!! (7,4)
- 4 Musik/(or)der (3)
- 5 Sparkling yet ambient knobturner (3)
- 6 Technobores with New Added Buggles! (3)
- 7 Mark E/Patti (5)
- 10 Gold disc? Nope, chrome! (4,7,3,5,)
- 11 ¼ of "15 minutes e.p." Admission of emptiness (2,2,6)
- 12 Black reggae outfit starring Puma (5)
- 14 Illustrative brethren in "We are all animals" horror probe (7)
- 18 Kiki Dee's return to chart form ZZZZZZZZZZ (4)
- 20 The . . Crowd. Dobie classic. Ferry not so classic (2)
- 21 The tune that brought us Hot Gossip. Cerrone disco hit (11)
- 23 Strange boys to be sure (6)
- 24 Old no eyes is back — happy birthday mate! (6,6)
- 26 2nd half of crass toon see 32 across.
- 28 Mickie Most 70's hit factory (3)
- 31 Mispelt Goldfinger songstress also H. Andy tune Mr . . . (6)
- 33 Kinda fudge. "You keep me hanging on" revivalists (7)
- 37 Italian woman. Good for Christmas parties (5)

ASWAD

FROM PAGE 21



wrongs I will justify my wrongs to you and make them right, seen? But for truth and right, it's just the truth and the right. If each man lives for truth and right . . . I don't know your faults and I shouldn't be looking for your faults, I should look for my faults and sort out my faults.

You do know my faults. If you know yourself, then you know me.

Brinsley: I'm not talking that way. I agree: in One Love we are a oneness and we are one with Good whether one say Ras Tafari or anything else, seen? It is a oneness with that living God, and I agree with that, but what I am saying is the little injustices that we have, the greed and the envy. I am saying that you should treat you bredren like you want your bredren to treat you. Too often a man will jump up and say, "You shouldn't do that, you mustn't do that, blah blah blah" and round the corner he's probably doing something that's just as wrong. I is for each man to look at himself and clean himself up.

Levi: I mean, you can be a nice person, a real cool person and one day someone really really really upset ya an you murder that person an' everyone say, 'Naw he could never have done that, not this man that I've known all these years'. But if you really cool now and someone upsets you then you still cool. But how long can you keep this cool

with certain things have to be done, but as you go around you learn more as news comes to you.

Brinsley: And you do certain things and you learn that they're wrong and you know not to do them again.

Tony: We make mistakes, and we try not to make them again. That's what we try to do.

Drummie: If you don't learn by your mistakes, you can't make any progress.

THE AFTERNOON passes in reasoning and music.

Removed from the formal constraints of an interview — and from the need to direct all remarks specifically to me — the conversation slips into backyard, patois repartee fast as lightning — *ahhh, y'naw see't, Rasta!* — and the new Aswad music fills the room. A while ago I saw them at Hammersmith Palais and prophesied that their next album would be the best reggae record ever made in the UK and now that I've heard it I feel confirmed in that prophecy. This music will strengthen every soul in this country who is working — directly or indirectly — towards freedom, redemption and the victory of love over oppression. A blessing, a joy and a kindness.

Outside, the baking summer sun had been supplanted by a vicious, stinging rain. It didn't matter.

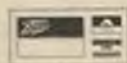
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for the Special Touch

LET'S HAVE more food and less music, that's what I say! Food is much more fun than records anyway.

For instance who can resist Heinz Cream desserts, chocolate Lovelies or Birds Eye cream sponges? Mmmm. How about peanut butter then? I love peanut butter! I could go on and on and on... remember Smith's Cheddar Cheese Crisps, why on earth were they withdrawn? What are your views on oven chips? Are they as good as fried chips? And when frying should cooking oil be used or fat?

Winston Smith, Hanger Lane, Middx.
I always find it's difficult to cook oven chips — there are always a few that are a little bit solid in the middle. Aah, but the convenience. — PM

How about Ian Penman writing a food column — why only women's mags have food in them when it's the men who scoff most of it I don't know. How about mutton tikka, meat madras (with yoghurt on), onion bhajee, Drambui, mixed chocolate powder with instant coffee to produce Mocca drink, Emmenthal cheese, chicken cacciatore, strawberries with black pepper on, slices of apple with peanut butter on, Batchelors savoury rice (golden flavour) to stuff a roast chicken with

Yum Yum Yummy from a Big Fat Mummy.
Yeah, the two things we need in this paper are a video column and a food column. All you poor people need to know how the better half are getting on. — PM

'Presume T-zers (July 18) was designed simply to get back at Bushell for his impertinence. Well it isn't funny. NME has stopped being funny: from Penman's reply to Lowry, to Gavin Martin's Leeds moan about the lack of bogs, to Errol's revolution cocktail for those stormy nights. I'm sorry to be so humourless but I've just heard about the police raid on Brixton and seen a totally pissed Richard Strange calling for more police in Manchester — very funny. A night in a police cell isn't funny. Neither is living on 23 quid a week.

Your elitism serves no useful purpose — so either stop being glib about the riots or ignore them altogether. Whatever happened to street credibility? It may have been a joke but at least it meant that comments like Errol's never past muster. Enjoy yourself... it's later than you think. Melvyn The Anguished Sycophant, Manchester.
Aah, this week's winner of Errol's own personal copy of *The Savoy Cocktail Book*. Look, I know how 'late' it is — it's never been so late and it's always late. There's no way I'm going to lay down and cry and die and sigh and I'm not just saying that because I'm rich and cosy or whatever you think it is. You telling me I can't laugh? You'll be saying next I can't make my own decisions on how to organise my survival. Write a novel,

have sex, walk the world — it's so late it's early. — PM

All these goddam riots aren't getting no one nowhere. What the world needs it a bit of understanding. I know it may sound a bit 1967 (man) but people should listen to the famous Zen quote: "Flow as life flows". Try to live that. Another Zen quote is "He who knows does not speak, he who speaks does not know". Keeping the second quote in mind you can logically conclude that I don't know: nor did the bloke who wrote it for that matter. There's no answer, no solutions. I'm going for a cup of tea and Mars bars. Long live nihilism! (Is that a contradiction?)
Praque Vox, Bexhill-on-Sea
I've always found that contradiction is a greater inspiration. I'm going for a glass of Glenfiddich, a bar of Bourneville and another read of page 147 of Colin Wilson's *The Outsider*. — PM

You seem to believe that anarchy was present on our streets during the recent riots. Anarchy is lawlessness, without government. We certainly had laws since it was these laws that people were breaking, so resulting in the heavy police presence. And we are all painfully aware of the fact that we have government.

It could be said that the rioters were fighting to bring about anarchy, but that is debatable. It seems to me that NME has fallen into the

popular reactionary trap of labelling violence and disorder as anarchy, thus fuelling the belief that anyone who cares for peace and order can't possibly desire anarchy.
R. Key, Bristol.
The NME's 'belief' is fragmented into hundreds and thousands. Only the office cat believes that there was anarchy on the streets during the recent riots — and that was her old boyfriend Archy.

Where do I go from here? To the edge of the page. — PM

Politics: lessons in the art of persuasion, a political game — the difference between convincing (winning) and merely contributing (losing). The pop version of the political game is notoriously hard to win, players often succumb to the danger of preaching and prattling rather than practising, and to preach not practise is worse than useless. The Specialists are winners: they win by BEING — don't preach multi-racial, BE multi-racial and see how much better it works.

Graham Lock and the Au Pairs are outright losers. What's more they are bad losers because they ought to know better and because they are horribly COMPLACENT, which is worse than just losing. I don't care whether Lesley supports the IRA or not, it's so utterly unimportant — the IRA is important as are its consequences, and its supporters and detractors en masse, but any half-grown pop star (especially one with so little influence) shouting her clichés like dictated notes at willingly converted hacks is so unimportant as to be actively boring. Lesley's desire to be heard whatever, and feeble rants about censorship, suggest that it's not her views which she considers important, but herself. Ha! A disgracefully bad loser.

And more. It's all very well to preach on certain areas, but if you're going to stand a chance in the political game you have to be responsible and set examples. That's why The Specialists and The Beat are winners, as are UB40. Au Pairs and Graham Lock slap each other righteously on the back for condemning sexism and whether they support the IRA, then happily joke about

getting stoned and pissed as though there was no danger in it at all. For those who profess to be 'thinking' and even 'responsible' it's both laughable and frightening. Au Pairs are a sick joke.
Disillusioned, Sussex.

The war in Northern Ireland is a political war against oppression and imperialism and its solution is their elimination. It is not a religious war with a magical solution — "if only people were peaceful and democratic".

The British reaction to the peaceful election of an IRA MP is to let him die and to ban prisoners from standing again for Parliament.

The extreme violence of the situation in Northern Ireland is the product of British / loyalist activity, both in the long term — 500 years of sporadic slaughter and sustained oppression — and in the short term: the RUC attacks on peaceful civil rights demos in 1968 and on Catholic communities in 1969. These armed attacks (half of the Falls Road burned down in 1969) on an already oppressed community forced the Catholics to fight back in self-defence. At that stage the IRA was practically defunct and weaponless.

Having said that, we no way support attacks on civilians. This is why the Birmingham bombings were excepted — we should have included others. For some years now civilians have not been considered legitimate targets for the IRA but there is a well-orchestrated and hysterical media campaign about the extremist violence which hides this fact and ignores the fact that innocent civilians now being murdered are victims of the Army. Five have been killed this year by plastic bullets, including two girls.

History will regard the IRA (as much of the world does already) on a par with the freedom fighters of El Salvador and Zimbabwe. Few people believed Ian Smith and 'Rhodesian' whites would ever serve under a government headed by the 'mindless terrorist' they feared and despised — Robert Mugabe. Similarly discussion of a united Ireland always comes up against the

intransigence of the loyalist community. It stops in the face of their threatened violence and bigotry. Catholics to Paisley are servants of Satan, just as Mugabe was to Smith.

There is far too little discussion about Northern Ireland in England and far too much reliance placed on the British state's version of events. At least NME has found space to air dissent.
Various Au Pairs.
I'm still here. — PM

Please publish this letter as it may help two people get together. I want to get in touch with the girl who got on the Rawtenstall to Accrington bus at Baxenden at about 5.15 on July 10. She wore red jeans with a white top and had bleached hair with blue streaks. I wore leopard jeans with a yellow T-shirt and had greenish-blue hair. We fascinated each other and showed it. Please write to: Phil McHugh, 240 Water Street, Accrington, Lancashire.

Three and a half million people out there getting beat up every second of the day and you're only after one thing. — PM

I am writing to you on the subject of unemployment. The figure will have reached three million by Christmas this year. After this figure, so many people out of work becomes difficult to comprehend. What on earth is Mrs Thatcher going to do? Let them swim in leisure centres? It's a very serious problem, to have so many people out of work. Mrs Thatcher is certainly going to need an ace up her sleeve if she's going to win the next election.
P. Christodoulou, Nottingham.

Thanks for telling us this, sir. It needed crystallising. I think the ace you refer to is prison camps and conscription. — PM

One wonders if the resemblance of title 'Strength Thru Oi' to the Nazi slogan 'Kraft durch Freude' (translation — strength through joy) is totally fortuitous. A parody current in Nazi Germany in the '30s and '40s was 'Kotz durch Fenster' (translation — vomit through

the window). This comes to you in the spirit of intellectual inquiry.

The Blamster
If you're vomiting through windows you're going nowhere. — PM

Kirsty McNeill's unwarranted and unjust vilification of Duran Duran's performing capabilities is tangible evidence that she has the mental dexterity and insight of a severely retarded neonate. Her ludicrous suggestion that the Durans are "older, flabbier Bay City Rollers" and "not even good looking" are bordering on the insane, and quite clearly indicate that there are profound malfunctions within the physical apparatus of her visual cortex.

Her sweeping speculation that they are 'Anygroup' and totally lacking in identity is completely without foundation — not only could I tell you the names of each individual member inside out and upside down, I could also tell you what they eat for breakfast and whether their belly buttons stick out or not.
Nicky, Hereford.

Surely what Kirsty meant to say was 'anyone's' group. Half the girls under 16 in this country know about Duran Come On's belly buttons. — PM

After Bad Manners performed 'Can Can' on *Top Of The Pops* Peter Powell said: "And that's what the music business is all about." This came as quite a surprise to us as we never realised that the music business was all about bald fat old men dressed up in women's clothing and jumping up and down to a tune written by someone else in another country some 130 years previously.
The Cynics from South London who've had letters printed in *Radio Times* and *Films and Filming*.

Whatever happened to: (a) the NME consumers guide to the '70s; (b) the annual Elvis Costello interview; (c) Steve Clarke; (d) difficult crosswords?
P. Martin, Sheffield
You've been reading the NME for a long long time. You must be very well informed. — PM



The eat is on! Errol called an eating and here we see applicants for the post of NME food columnist tested by editor-in-chief Neil Spencer (with mike). L-R: Andy 'Steakmouth' Gill, Monty 'Chillichops' Smith, Tony 'Dumpling' Stewart and Graham 'Pudding' Lock.

Pic (of World Haggis Eating Championship): Fred Zenith.



dished up by
PAUL MORLEY

Write to Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG

ET TARD DANS LA NUIT, DEBBIE S'ASSEYAIT AU BAR, ET ON VOYAIT SES CUISSES BLANCHES DANS LA LUMIERE
ET ELLE CHANTAIT UNE CHANSON TRISTE ET TRES LONGUE ...



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T-ZERS

ERROL here, still in bed, because after all that, love is in the air. Can you feel it? I can touch it where I am. I've been in bed most of the week, watching TV, treating friends, eating blackcurrant cheesecake and drinking whisky sour. I know most of you have water piped into your house, but I prefer whisky sour. It's better for the skin when I shave ...

Got out of bed Sunday to watch all the Queen's men rehearsing for the wedding up and down that long street between Buckingham Palace and St Paul's Cathedral. One or two mistakes were made, horses frothed at the mouth, it was very dull and boring and the carriages looked very dowdy. Spotted amongst the open-mouthed tourists were Paul Weller, Bono, Kate Bush, Tony Blackburn, Jim Kerr and Lemmy (who has been asked to sit on the judges' panel of the upcoming Miss World competition, alongside me, Zandra Rhodes, Kim Wilde and a few other lesser known moralists) ...

Was driven home and went to bed to watch *The Danny Baker Show*, which none of you outside London ever see. Serves you right. This week's featured a brief snatch of Orange Juice with manager

jolly Alan Horne, predicting that their next single could be the one that is a hit "with a little bit of pixie luck". Orange Juice are currently recording their first LP, entitled 'Love Is Patient And Kind; Love Is Not Jealous Or Boastful; It Is Not Arrogant Or Rude. Love Never Ends.' Orange Juice were filmed playing in Scotland recently, along with *Positive Noise*, for a possible BBC 2 documentary to be shown in the autumn ...

As a slice of lime was plopped in to my whisky sour, the radio was turned on for me Charlie Gillett, a man with that old rock and roll heart, was shaking his head and whispering sadly through the last of his *Undercurrents* programme. *Undercurrents* was Capital's gesture towards the greying independent market-race, with Gillett attempting an objective over-view of the commotion. Well, he's had enough, claiming he cannot make any sense of the independent scene. Let's face it, or face out, he's damned right. He played stuff he favoured — *Scriffi Politti*, UB40, Joy Division — then played Josef K's 'It's Kind Of Funny' as an example of something he thought nonsense. "It sounds like a dirge to me, but it's number three in the independent charts — maybe I should give up." He promises a new

programme in September, with a different tack. Tack? Make it stylish, Charlie ...

The effort of listening to Charlie's soul-searching forced me to stay in bed, so fortunately I didn't go to see *Killing Joke* laugh and party down the Lyceum. Glad to see, though, that *Hot Chocolate* and not *Killing Joke* — who were being considered — are to play the apres-wedding show at Elizabeth's Palace ... And it's either *Spandau Ballet* or *Rick Wakeman* to perform the theme tune for the next *Not The Nine O'Clock News* ...

STAYED in bed all day last Thursday, and was glad of that. I could curl up under the bedclothes as what seemed like a dozen of those post-Stars On 45 plunderers cut open *Top Of The Pops*. *Gidea Park*, who do that crass sprint through the '60s, feature in their rank ranks at least two people who used to be in *Shock*, including Robert. All these old roperantics are as bad as failed punks ...

Talking of which, a doctor writes that *Humble Pie* have had to cancel their Rainbow concert and three Marquee shows as singer and lead bag-pipist *Steve Marriott* has a bleeding duodenal ulcer ...

Show me the way to the bed partner and we jumped out of bed and simply flew down to London's exciting Piccadilly, where a rich press event was being held to present bright hopes *Funkapolitan*. The merry (a good way to be) crew of Funkateers have finally found a record company to finance their extravagant urges and to start off their GET RICH DON'T BE GUILTY rise they turned upstairs at the Wimpey into a neon-lit fast food'n'funk press

party with three rappers on the mike and new heroes like *Grandmaster Flash*, *Wizzardom* and *Kleer* on the turntables. The usual array of freeloading fans were taking all they could — hi Becky, hello Emma, where is *Sophie*? yes, I'm starting a request spot — plus some typically bewildered press and radio, plus darling *David from Linx*, *Joe Strummer*, *Rasta Don Letts* and *John Peel*. *Honey* journalists slowly swooned when introduced to pin-up bassboy *Tom*, and I busied myself drinking half a dozen bacardi'n'milkshakes, grabbed a super technopop freebie and ate the beat with all kind of relish. The boys even included a rap about the rock press — "the NME they criticise but I hope they don't tell no lies" — hey, has Errol ever told you a lie? ...

I mean, honest, you crumbly jaffa cakes, this is no lie — Postcard beret boy *Alan Horne* does a super impression of *David Bowie* as *The Elephant Man* trying to say *Funkapolitan* ...

I must get *Alix*, of *Stimulin* (*Funkapolitan* arch-enemies) to create a rap rap rapping on *Funkapolitan*'s heart cocktail. He works as a barman in a cocktail bar just off Fleet Street — my kind of job ...

Skiddo 23 (*Funkapolitan* arch-enemies, oh it gets menacing in London amongst these funk thieves) have been up in Sheffield at *Cabaret Voltaire*'s (now there's three rich boys) very own Western Works studio preparing their Fetish single. Fetish are to release a boxed set of *Throbbing Gristle* LPs, and may yet release *Stimulin*'s first single ...

After the exhausting Wimpey bash and a peek down the overflowing Club For Heroes it was back to bed, where a friend told me that the legendary spiritual dub

warrior (such language!) *Jah Shaka* is taking his outer planetary sound system to Africa in December for a month. Not another word was spoken the rest of the night ...

Slipped out of bed for a quick plunge down at fashionable swimming pool Oasis, and spotted a very slimline tanned *Steve Jones*, escorted by *Midge Ure*, who'll do anything to get away from *Hazel O'Connor*. Who is *Hazel O'Connor*? asks *David Bowie* ...

I know where I'll be going for a holiday this year. Jamaica's Montego Bay for this year's Sunsplash Festival between August 4 and 8. The event is dedicated to *Bob Marley* and the final line-up is — *Stevie Wonder*, *The Isley Brothers*, *Rita Marley* and the *Wailers*, *Third World*, *Roberta Flack*, *Toots*, *Gregory Isaacs*, *Dennis Brown* etc etc. Whoever identifies who I'm in bed with right now can come with me ...

An upcoming Japanese compilation includes *The Melons* performing 'I Will Call You (And Other Famous Last Word)' and 'Honey Dew'. This enigmatic outfit is a studio-only group comprising various members (careful, I'll be sued) of *Talking Heads*, *B-52's* and *The Plastics*. I always thought they were one and the same group anyway ...

BACK to bed, I can't go on this way. Someone's been nagging at me to correct a few things (so tiresome, mistakes are wonderful) — like *Cock Sparrer* were NOT NOT NOT booked to play the Hambrough Tavern as stated in the Southall report (yeah, I heard about that bit of bother) a few weeks back. And a letter that the *Penman* printed in his *Gasbag* on 11th July was not from *Dr. Martin Stanton* of Eliot College, University of Kent, but made up by some 'waggish' student. Who'd be a student? Who'd be Ian Penman? Who'd be *Rick Wakeman*, who once spent a mere million pounds in three months (a poor effort), who's currently touring the world and who's paying his bass player, let alone anyone else, £500 a week plus expenses plus all the equipment he wants — hmmm, must get my bass out of the cupboard ...

Nico's having her troubles concerning her current LP, but she's recording with members of *The Pop Group*, *The Scars* and *Delta 5* ...

Love is in the air — *Michael Jackson* is writing songs with *Paul McCartney*, *Ray Davies* is romancing with *Chrissie Hynde*, and at Heaven last week *Wah!* performed in front of a full and greedy audience and for the last four songs needed the service of *Julian Cope* on bass (*Washington* the bass fainted.) *Pete Dinklage* in plaster (his leg was broken) and *Julian Cope* playing with his boyfriend — it's love! I'm going back to sleep. Wake me up when you've got something to give me ...



And finally, the pictures you didn't see on TV. Left, a peerless Lord Sutch ("just good friends" with Barbara Cartland) in full Spandau regalia leads the bridesmaids through a pre-match warm-up while two 'plain clothes' security men mingle



inconspicuously. Right, the official photo portrait of C. Windsor before it was 'touched up' by ace lensman Screaming Lord Snowdon (passport snaps a speciality). Hail, the future Kong of England.

DEBBIE HARRY

Koo Koo



Chrysalis

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