

NEW MUSICAL NME EXPRESS

THE BOB DYLAN INTERVIEW By Neil Spencer

THE POLITICS OF SIN
DISCUSSED AND REVIEWED

HIGSONS: PEACENIKS
DENNIS BOVELL: LYDIA LUNCH
THE NEW PSYCHEDELIA
SIOUXSIE IN COLOUR

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
		HAPPY BIRTHDAY		
		Stevie Wonder (Motown)	4	1
2	1	GREEN DOOR..... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	1
3	3	HOOKED ON CLASSICS		
		Louis Clarke/RPO (RCA)	3	3
4	2	CHANT No 1..... Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	4	1
5	11	BACK TO THE SIXTIES..... Tight Fit (Jive)	2	5
6	13	WALK RIGHT NOW..... The Jacksons (Epic)	4	6
7	4	GHOST TOWN..... The Specials (2-Tone)	8	1
8	15	GIRLS ON FILM..... Duran Duran (EMI)	3	8
9	17	WATER ON GLASS/BOYS..... Kim Wilde (Rak)	2	9
10	8	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY... Sheena Easton (EMI)	5	8
11	10	CAN CAN..... Bad Manners (Magnet)	7	2
12	30	HOLD ON TIGHT..... ELO (Jet)	1	30
13	9	NEW LIFE..... Depeche Mode (Mute)	6	9
14	16	BEACH BOY GOLD..... Gidea Park (Sonet)	2	14
15	22	SHOW ME Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	4	15
16	6	STARS ON 45 Vol. 2..... Starsound (CBS)	6	2
17	7	LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME..... Abba (Epic)	4	5
18	—	SI SI JE SUIS UN ROCK STAR		
		Bill Wyman (A&M)	1	18
19	12	DANCING ON THE FLOOR... Third World (CBS)	8	8
20	14	BODY TALK..... Imagination (R&B)	8	4
21	—	LOVE ACTION..... Human League (Virgin)	1	21
22	25	CARIBBEAN DISCO..... Lobo (Polydor)	3	22
23	20	SAT IN YOUR LAP..... Kate Bush (EMI)	5	9
24	—	JAPANESE BOY..... Aneka (Hansa)	1	24
25	—	BACKFIRED..... Debbie Harry (Chrysalis)	1	25
26	—	ONE IN TEN..... UB40 (Dep Int)	1	26
27	18	VISAGE..... Visage (Polydor)	5	18
28	—	FIRE..... U2 (island)	1	28
29	—	STARTRAX CLUB DISCO..... Various (Picksey)	1	29
30	—	WE'RE AMOST THERE		
		Michael Jackson (Motown)	1	30



Human League in at No. 21 Phil Oakley pic: Anton Corbijn



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
		LOVE SONGS		
		Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	1
2	—	TIME..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	2
3	9	DURAN DURAN..... Duran Duran (EMI)	7	3
4	5	STARS ON 45 Vol. 2..... Starsound (CBS)	13	1
5	7	SECRET COMBINATION		
		Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	11	5
6	2	KIM WILDE..... Kim Wilde (Rak)	6	2
8	8	HOTTER THAN JULY		
		Stevie Wonder (Motown)	37	1
9	17	ROCK CLASSICS		
		LSO/Royal Chorale Society (K-Tel)	2	9
10	3	NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH		
		Motorhead (Bronze)	8	1
11	20	BELLA DONNA..... Stevie Nicks (WEA)	2	11
12	10	HI INFIDELITY..... REO Speedwagon (Epic)	15	9
13	4	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER		
		Adam & The Ants (CBS)	38	1
14	11	PRESENT ARMS..... UB40 (Dep Int)	10	1
15	—	OFFICIAL BBC ROYAL WEDDING ALBUM		
		(BBC)	1	15
16	16	CATS..... Various (Polydor)	2	16
17	21	THIS OLE HOUSE..... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	17	3
18	23	JUMPIN' JIVE..... Joe Jackson (A&M)	6	14
19	14	ANTHEM..... Toyah (Safari)	11	1
20	12	BAD FOR GOOD..... Jimi Steinman (Epic)	12	8
21	26	BAT OUT OF HELL		
		Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	6	21
22	—	PRETENDERS II..... Pretenders (Real)	1	22
23	15	THE RIVER..... Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	20	4
24	—	STARTRAX CLUB DISCO..... Various (Picksey)	1	24
25	6	BEST OF MICHAEL JACKSON		
		Michael Jackson (Motown)	5	6
26	22	DISCO DAZE & DISCO NIGHTS		
		Various (Ronco)	12	2
27	25	NAH POO THE ART OF BLUFF... Wah! (Eternal)	5	12
28	—	PIRATES..... Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	1	28
29	13	JU JU..... Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	8	10
30	28	HEAVEN UP HERE		
		Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	8	4

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

- (1) New Life..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
- (3) Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag Pigbag (Y)
- (4) Motorhead..... Hawkwind (Flicknife)
- (2) Neu Smell..... Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
- (5) Another One Bites The Dust
- General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
- (13) One In Ten..... UB40 (Dep Int)
- (19) Nero..... Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
- (9) I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys
- Higsons (Romans in Britain)
- (6) Puppets Of War EP... Chron-Gen (Gargoyle)
- (8) Ceremony (12" remix)... New Order (Factory)
- (11) L'il Red Riding Hood..... 999 (Albion)
- (21) Cover Plus (We're All Grown Up)
- Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
- (22) My Love..... New Age Steppers (Statik)
- (7) Q Quarters..... The Associates (Situation 2)
- (10) Forget The Dawn..... Wah! (Eternal)
- (16) Too Drunk..... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
- (12) Our Swimmer..... Wire (Rough Trade)
- (28) Dole Age..... Talisman (Recreational)
- (—) King's Cross EP..... Charge (Test Pressing)
- (—) Mattress of Wire... Aztec Camera (Postcard)
- (13) Dreaming Of Me..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
- (18) Brave New England
- Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Hip)
- (24) Number 11..... Dead Or Alive (Inevitable)
- (30) Nagasaki Nightmare..... Crass (Crass)
- (—)The Fish Needs A Bike... Blur (Armageddon)
- (13) Watching The Hydroplanes
- Tunnel Vision (Factory)
- (25) Go For Gold
- Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
- (17) Freaked..... Charlie Harper (Ram Knp)
- (—) Something Sends Me To Sleep
- Felt (Cherry Red)
- (27) In The Greylight EP
- Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

- (1) Penis Envy..... Crass (Crass)
- (2) The Only Fun In Town... Josef K (Postcard)
- (4) Playing With A Different Sex
- Au Pairs (Human)
- (3) Present Arms..... UB40 (Dep International)
- (5) Document And Eye-Witness Wire (R Trade)
- (10) Action Battlefield... N. A. Steppers (Statik)
- (7) Black Sounds Of Freedom
- Black Uhuru (Greensleeves)
- (9) Closer..... Joy Division (Factory)
- (6) Punks Not Dead..... Exploited (Secret)
- (8) Anthem..... Toyah (Safari)
- (12) Live..... Misty (People Unite)
- (14) In The Flat Field..... Bauhaus (4AD)
- (—) The Last Call Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
- (11) Firehouse Rock
- Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
- (13) Signing Off
- UB40 (Graduate)
- (17) Heart of Darkness..... Positive Noise (Statik)
- (24) Stations Of The Cross..... Crass (Crass)
- (29) Live At The Lyceum tape
- Cab Volt (R. Tapes)
- (16) Provisionally Titled..... Colin Newman (4AD)
- (18) Lubricate Your Living Room
- Fire Engines (Accessory)
- (21) Prayers On Fire..... Birthday Party (AD)
- (20) To Each..... A Certain Ratio (Factory)
- (—) Sons Of Thunder
- Dr Alimantado (Greensleeves)
- (19) Unknown Pleasures... Joy Division (Factory)
- (23) Dirk Wears White Sox..... Adam Ants (Do-It)
- (15) Fresh Fruit..... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
- (—) Guitar Beat
- The Raybeats (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)
- (22) He Who Dares..... Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
- (30) Odyshape..... Raincoats (Rough Trade)
- (—) The Egg Store Ilk..... Richard Earl (Pilot)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops.

REGGAE

- Phone Line..... Mystic Harmony (SS)
- It's True..... Donna Roden (Santik)
- Saturday Night Is Here Again
- Panchita La Touche (Nature)
- Rise And Shine..... Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
- Wah Do Dem..... Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
- Nothing Is Nice..... Al Campbell (Silver Camel)
- Summertime Blues..... Investigators (Inner City)
- Take Care Of Yourself..... Junior English (Form)
- Spongy Reggae..... Black Uhuru (Island)
- Love Upright..... Enchanters (Virgo)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

FUNK

- Nice And Soft..... Wish (Excalibur)
- You'll Never Know..... High Gloss (Epic)
- On The Beat..... B.B.&Q. (Capitol)
- Chant No 1..... Spandau Ballet (Reformation)
- Loco-Moto..... Inversions (Groove)
- Walking In Sunshine..... Central Line (Mercury)
- Sweet Delight*..... Woods Empire (Tabu)
- Funtown U.S.A..... Rafael Cameron (Epic)
- Sweat (Til You Get Wet)*..... Brick (Fantasy)
- Real Thing..... Brothers Johnson (A/M)

(*) denotes import
Chart: Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W.1.

INTERNATIONAL CANADA

- The One That You Love..... Air Supply (Big Time)
- Gemini Dream..... Moody Blues (Threshold)
- Hearts..... Marty Balin (Capitol)
- Slow Hand..... Pointer Sisters (Planet)
- Boy From New York City
- Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
- All Those Years Ago
- George Harrison (Dark Horse)
- Jessie's Girl..... Rick Springfield (RCA)
- Stars On 45..... Isadora Juice (RCA)
- I Don't Need You..... Kenny Rogers (Liberty)
- Theme From Greatest American Hero
- Joey Scarsbury (Elektra)

Courtesy 'Billboard/Canadian Broadcasting Corp

SWEDEN

- Hubba Hubba Zoot Zoot... Caramba (Trash/Polar)
- Jag Vill Ha Dig..... Freestyle (SOS)
- Kids In America..... Edon Kane (Decca)
- Koppabavisa
- Bengt Pegelfelt (Masmedia/Goodwill)
- Bette Davis Eyes..... Kim Carnes (EMI America)
- Isadora..... Isadora Juice (RCA)
- Chequered Love..... Kim Wilde (Rak)
- In The Air Tonight..... Phil Collins (Atlantic)
- Sensuelle Isabella..... Tomas Ledin (Polar)
- Stockholm..... Pugh Rogefeldt (EMI)

Courtesy 'Billboard/GLF'

FIVE YEARS AGO

- Don't Go Breaking My Heart... Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)
- A Little Bit More..... Dr Hook (Capitol)
- Jeans On..... David Dundas (AIR)
- In Zaire..... Johnny Wakelin (Pye)
- Now Is The Time..... Jimmy James & The Vagabonds (Pye)
- Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel..... Tavares (Capitol)
- Let 'Em In..... Wings (Parlophone)
- You Should Be Dancing..... Boe Dods (RSO)
- Dr Kiss Kiss..... 5000 Volts (Philips)
- Extended Play..... Bryan Ferry (Island)

TEN YEARS AGO

- Never Ending Song Of Love..... New Seekers (Philips)
- Get It On..... T. Rex (Fly)
- I'm Still Waiting..... Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
- Devil's Answer..... Atomic Rooster (B&C)
- In My Own Time..... Family (Reprise)
- Tom Tom Turnaround..... New World (Rak)
- What Are You Doing Sunday..... Dawn (Bell)
- Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep..... Middle Of The Road (RCA)
- Won't Get Fooled Again..... The Who (Track)
- Me And You And A Dog Named Boo..... Lobo (Philips)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

- Yellow Submarine/Eleanor Rigby..... Beatles (Parlophone)
- A Girl Like You..... Troggs (Fontana)
- God Only Knows..... Beach Boys (Capitol)
- Mama..... Dave Berry (Decca)
- Black Is Black..... Los Bravos (Decca)
- The More I See You..... Chris Montez (Pye Int)
- Summer In The City..... Lovin' Spoonful (Kama Sutra)
- They're Coming To Take Me Away
- Napoleon XIV (Warner Brothers)
- Out Of Time..... Chris Farlowe (Immediate)
- Visions..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

- You Don't Know..... Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
- Johnny Remember Me..... John Leyton (Top Rank)
- Well I Ask You..... Edon Kane (Decca)
- Romeo..... Petula Clark (Pye)
- Halfway To Paradise..... Billy Fury (Decca)
- Passions..... Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
- You Always Hurt The One You Love..... Clarence Henry (Pye)
- Time..... Craig Douglas (Top Rank)
- Reach For The Stars..... Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
- Don't You Know It..... Adam Faith (Parlophone)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

A LOT OF SHOVE...



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Cope finalises Scott LP

THE RE-ACTIVATED Zoo Records are to release Julian Cope's long heralded Scott Walker compilation on August 28.

Titled 'Fire Escape In The Sky — The God-like Genius Of Scott Walker', it contains a dozen of Walker's own compositions culled from five of the singer's long-deleted Philips solos albums, namely: 'Plastic Palace People', 'Angels Of Ashes', 'Montague Terrace', 'Such A Small Love', 'Big Louise', 'Little Things (That Keep Us Together)', 'The Girls From The Streets', 'It's Raining Today', 'The Amorous Humphrey Plugg', 'Boy Child' and 'Always Coming Back To You'.

August 28 is also the release date of 'Passionate Friend'/'Christ Versus Warhol', the first single by the Teardrop Explodes line-up which came together last December. Both



Scott sanctifies psychedelic revival (see over)

songs are Cope compositions. The band go into the studios during September to record an album called 'The Great Dominions', which is likely to emerge in November to coincide with an extensive UK tour. In the interim, they play a one-off at Nottingham's Theatre Royal on Saturday, August 16, in the company of Dexys Midnight Runners, to be filmed by Videosounds as part of a rock concert series. Tickets are £5 and £4.

Jello spearheads West Coast punk assault with new label, compilation, gig and anti-fascist diatribe



Dead Kennedys — new line-up L-R: Klaus Fluoride, D. H. Philegro, Jello Biafra, Ray Pepperell. Inset: Black Flag.

KENNEDYS CRUSADE

THE DEAD KENNEDYS have announced an autumn attack on the British pop market by American punks.

Besides a 17-track compilation album featuring groups from all over the USA, The Dead Kennedys themselves are planning a short British tour with a headlining Lyceum gig on October 4.

Lead singer and spokesman Jello Biafra is also releasing 'The Witch Trials', a four-track EP made with the Kennedys' guitarist Ray Pepperell, Christian Lunch, The Sound's Adrian Borland and perennial oddball Morgan Fisher. Both records will appear on the Kennedys' own label,

Alternative Tentacles, which will be based in London.

The punk compilation LP was organised by The Dead Kennedys from tracks that had previously only been released on small independent labels in the US. Originally intended as a Californian compilation, "things got out of hand" according to the Kennedys' English manager Bill Gilliam, and the album now includes groups from as far away as Vancouver. Many of the bands have supported The Dead Kennedys in various American cities.

The album will feature Flipper, D.O.A., Black Flag, Bad Brains, Circle Jerks, Really Red, The Feeders, The Subhumans, Geza X And The Mummymen, The B. People, The Wounds, Offs, Anonymous, 1/2 Japanese, Christian Lunch and Voice Farm, as well

as a new Kennedys track entitled 'Nazi Punks Fuck Off'. The album's title, 'Let Them Eat Jellybeans', is a reference to President Reagan's fondness for the same sweets.

"If these bands get a look in, they could hold their own with some of the British bands," commented Gilliam. "Some of them are great. Flipper are Jello Biafra's all-time favourite group. They're so bad they're wonderful."

The Dead Kennedys also have a new drummer, D. H. Philegro, for their British tour. They are hoping that Black Flag and D.O.A. will be providing support at their Lyceum gig.

Alternative Tentacles hope to have a new multi-track Dead Kennedys EP out by the time they play the Lyceum. In the meantime, Cherry Red are planning to reissue 'Holiday In Cambodia'.

Major Tours

□ **THIN LIZZY** take the road again in October, appearing at Newcastle City Hall (October 27), Edinburgh Playhouse (28), Dundee Caird Hall (29), Aberdeen Capitol (30), Glasgow Apollo (31), Preston Guildhall (November 2), Sheffield City Hall (3), Liverpool Empire (4), Gloucester Leisure Centre (5), Southampton Gaumont (7), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (9), Leicester De Montfort Hall (10), Bristol Colston Hall (12), Poole Arts Centre (13), Brighton Centre (14), Manchester Apollo (16 and 17), Leeds Queens Hall (19), Birmingham Odeon (20 and 21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (25 and 26). Tickets for all venues are priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50 except at Cardiff and Leeds where they're £4.50 only. Box offices are now open, except at Bristol where ticket applications are strictly postal only, all cheques being made out to the venue concerned.

A new Lizzy album and single are expected shortly.

□ **THE STRANGLERS** have announced the correct dates for their November tour: Birmingham Odeon

(November 15), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (16), London Hammersmith Palais (17), Southampton Gaumont (19), Nottingham Rock City (20), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Glasgow Apollo (23), Newcastle City Hall (24), Manchester Apollo (25), and Liverpool Royal Court (26), ticket prices being generally £3.50 or £3.00, with those at Hammersmith being set at £3.75.

The band are also looking into the possibility of playing shows in Dublin and Belfast on November 28 and 29 but are having problems finding suitable venues. But it seems that a special one-off concert, strongly tipped for Leeds Queen's Hall at the end of September, will not take place because the band estimate they'll only just have completed their new album by then and won't have enough time to rehearse.

□ **THE RAMONES** have finalised a UK tour to promote their 'Pleasant Dreams' album. Full details of the tour, which commences on October 9, are expected next week.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT

IF ONLY WE COULD
HAVE A DRINK WHILE
WE'RE PLAYING ON
STAGE...

NO PROBLEM...





Keeping tabs: DAVID CORIO

Grranhy

Takes a Boat Trip



'Ere Brian, you going on this Psychedelic Revival trip then?

Wot — with no drugs? You must be joking . . .

Acid remarks: PAUL DU NOYER



THE SUMMER Of Love it ain't — again. Not a lot of love around in the UK, 1981, and precious little summer either. But look at these pictures, taken before a "psychedelic boat trip" on the Thames last Thursday — and know that the spirits of '66 and Swinging London live on. Slowly, surely, that long-predicted Psychedelic Revival is moving up and overground.

Sounds on the night were provided by Mood Six, one of a couple of dozen new groups who cater for the growing Carnaby-tian army that draws its inspiration from the dear, dead days of peaceful vibes, mind-warp music and technicolour fashion.

Meanwhile on Friday nights in Piccadilly, at the Groovy Cellar, new psychedelics gather to celebrate themselves and their music, present and past. At Gossips club on Wednesdays, they put on the glad-rags and groove to a DJ named The Doctor, as he spins a heady range of mind-expanding sounds from psychedelia's golden years — the mid-to-late '60s. Another band, Miles Over Matter, take the stage to weave nostalgic dreams around Pink Floyd's 'Interstellar Overdrive'. The threads — from stores like The Regal in Newburgh Street and Kensington Market — are luxuriant, individualist, but worn without pretensions to elitism. "It's good to be uncool," someone told me. The more devout carry small bunches of flowers . . .

London, like the first time, is at the centre; but similar scenes can be hunted down throughout the land. On the borders of the movement, numerous groups such as the north-west's excellent Colours Out Of Time point to psychedelia's crossover potential with the mainstream of modern music. In the end, the labels shouldn't matter, or be used to restrict, but it's inevitable that they will.

New psychedelia arrives to fill a space between the dying mod revival and the electro-dandy New Romantics. Some of the neo-cult's marketing — like The Bumpers' "experience" nights at the Bridge House — is squarely aimed at mods on the look-out for novelty: the kids who've come to feel confined by mod's monochrome austerity and a staple diet of Motown and The Who, those who've closely followed Paul Weller's flirtation with paisley patterns and 'Revolver'-period Beatles. And the Blitz crowd, well, they're obviously near relations — though the psychedelics aren't so stridently exclusive.

Mostly, say people on the psychedelic scene, their message is peaceful co-existence, and the freedom to experiment: with music, with styles (though not, or so I'm piously assured, with too many drugs), or else to simply indulge your fantasy of a better time, long gone, when hope was in the air and all the world seemed young . . .

Just another teenage fad, but of course; ripe for ripping off. An impossible dream. But, for some, some fun while it lasts.

The Lone Groover

Benyon

Cops hound Groover shock!

ERK ALORS! The latest Tony Benyon tome *The Lone Groover's Little Red Book* was among 60 titles taken by the police in a raid on the Virgin shop in Plymouth on Monday, July 27. A bewildered Benyon can't understand how the book could be termed obscene, depraved or corrupt.

"There's lots of good healthy sickness in the book, but there's no obscenity. People have taken the book wrong. On Radio Medway they said I was a pervert."

Aren't you?
"Well perhaps I am, but it's not very nice to hear people say so."



READS

Gulcher Richard Meltzer
 A Small Town In Germany John Le Carre
 A Scanner Darkly Philip K. Dick
 The Sirens Of Titan Kurt Vonnegut Jr
 The Deer Park Norman Mailer
 The Black Room Colin Wilson
 Ritual In The Dark Colin Wilson
 Cogan's Trade George V. Higgins
 At The Mountains Of Madness H. P. Lovecraft
 Beyond Good And Evil Frederick Nietzsche

AND

U.S. Civil War Handbook William H. Price
 How I Created Modern Music
 D. McCulloch (a weekly serial)
 True Crime Monthly
 Private Eye
 Fibs About M. E. Smith by J. Cope (a pamphlet)

WRITERS

Claude Bessy
 Burroughs

ART

Wyndham Lewis
 Malcolm Allison
 Virgin Prunes
 The Worst live, Manchester Dec. '77

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

MARK E. SMITH
of The Fall



COMEDIANS

Lenny Bruce
 Allan Pelay
 Bernard Manning
 All Ian Curtis derivatives

FILMS

Polanski's Macbeth
 Mel Brook's High Anxiety
 Fellini's Roma
 The Man With X-Ray Eyes and The Lost
 Weekend starring Ray Milland
 Visconti's The Damned
 Days Of Wine And Roses with Jack Lemmon
 Charlie Bubbles with Albert Finney

TV

Bluey
 John Cleese adverts

MUSIC

Tell No Prisoners . . . Lou Reed
 Peter Hammill
 Johnny Cash
 The Panther Burns
 God Save The Queen . . . The Sex Pistols
 Raw And Alive . . . The Seeds
 Rarities Vol 3 . . . Various
 16 Greatest Truck Driver Hits cassette
 Radio City . . . Philip Johnson (cassette)
 Der Ban
 Alternative TV
 Land Of The Homo Jews and Hank Williams
 Was Queer, live
 Fear (L.A. group)
 We're Only In It For The Money . . . Mothers Of
 Invention

BLACKMAIL CORNER



BABYLON 1970 style, as Aswad's Brinsley Forde (second right) peeks around the bulky frame of Douglas 'Doughnut' Simmonds in an episode of *The Double Deckers*, a kids' TV series that happily passed the time away back in the days when Prince Buster gigs were 37½p a throw! The series, which lasted 17 episodes, also featured Peter Firth (second left), later to star in Polanski's *Tess* flick.



"Spring? I could Fall for
Summer that."

NME RIDDLE

Q: What is the derivation of 'Rip Rig & Panic'?

A: It's the title of a record by Rahsaan Roland Kirk.

Q: What is the derivation of 'Rahsaan'?

A: "Rahsaan, you don't have to turn on the red light. . ."

NEXT WEEK IN NME

CHIC

Danny Baker rides in the Chic Rolls Royce for a day and asks the boys some rude questions about the girls in their life... like Debbie H, Diana Ross, Myrtle Grime... Myrtle Grime? Well, you never know...

RAINCOATS

Lynn Hanna takes London's favourite shower to the cleaners. (Ha! That'll have 'em worried as they asked for copy approval...)

THE NME SURPLUS STORE

AD ERROR SHOCK — AND AKAI SPECIALS ARE IN!!

Congratulations time. These ads are usually strangled three hours before the presses roll but last week's Monday hangover brought even that down to a nail-biting 45 minutes. Hence the strange tuner spec — we await the patter of little Mosfets. And to those wondering what to do with their 'share' in a cartridge, the Garrard DD400 comes with a (whole) Shure cartridge, which basically means that such a standard of sound is unlikely to be as cheap again. And you don't want to listen to that NME NFI follow either. If he comes in here WE'LL show him how important knobs and buttons are. What's the point in having dub albums if you can't turn the bass up?

A SELECTION OF NEW EX-DEMO AND SURPLUS EQUIPMENT

IMB — Any system we supply is complete with all leads, etc.

TOSHIBA PORTA-METER compatible, Dolby NR, AF head, etc.	£59 (NEW)
TENSAI TFL819 Metal Tape plus Logic schenoid controls, etc.	£79
TEAC CX-400 3 Head, 'Metal' compatible Dolby case deck. Only	£119 (NEW)
AKAI CS-M02 'Metal' compatible, LED VU meters, Sendust head, etc.	£69
SUPERSCOPE CD320 Dolby professional Hi-Fi portable case deck. Few at	£99
AKAI GXC-7350 Auto Reverse case deck with GX head and Dolby NR. Only	£69
ROTEL RD500 'Metal' compatible case deck. Peak meter, vari bias	£69
AKAI AT-K02L FM/AM Slimline tuner with MPX, muting, etc.	£69
TENSAI TT2345 FM/AM tuner with LED tuning indicator, muting, MPX	£39
AKAI AP-Q30 direct drive deck with pinch control AND CARTRIDGE!	£39
AKAI SRH30 speakers. Popular 40W (RMS) 2-way system. Only	£29 Pair
AKAI EA-G40 2 x 8 channel Graphic Equaliser with tape monitor	£89
STEREO TUNERS (fully guaranteed) — famous brand names from	£29!!
SILLY SUMMER SALE DISPOSAL LOGIC TO CLEAR (Fully guaranteed)	
AKAI GX350 open reel deck, 10", 2 speed, Logic control, auto reverse, 8 heads	£349
One AMSTRAD 3-way 40W speaker. Black finish, fully working	£15 (Demo)
TENSAI mono portable case/radio. 3W output, FM/AM/LW	£29 (Demo)
PANASONIC 5" portable TV/3 band radio. Dusty, no box, only	£65
SANYO Q2611 SUPER Music Centre, Dolby case, b/drive deck, etc	£79 (used)

All equipment is Ex-Service, Ex-Demonstration or Surplus except where stated

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 ON PAGES 48-52

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DO US A FAVOUR...



Funkapolitan do the locks(t)rap L-R: Simon, Kadir, Nick.
Pic: Robert Sharp

***Funkapolitan
get the
funky
brush-off
from the
hoots men***

WHILE THE SOUND of Young Scotland descended on London last week with a laugh and a loud stir, the Sound of Young London came to Scotland with decidedly less impact.

It's rather unusual for promotional visits to precede live shows when the group involved is largely unknown. But Funkapolitan, having recently signed to Decca's London label, were in Edinburgh and Glasgow at their weekend doing just that, promoting their first single 'As The Time Goes By'.

Although still ranking in the elite vocabulary along with Blue Rondo a la Turk, ABC, Stimulin and the like, the chances are that Funkapolitan will be more generally public in the near future. Represented by their three vocalists Simon, Nick and Kadir, they made their first Glasgow appearance in the Virgin Megastore on Saturday afternoon, to autograph 12" copies of the single.

However, besides the occasional curious onlooker, and despite posters advertising

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QBTV

■ From previous page

new generation of beat groups dominated the national charts — is sliding back into the complacent and apathetic stupor of the mid-'70s.

The success of Starsound and all the others — Gidea Park, Lobo, Tight Fit, Various (at number 29 this week — yes, them again) and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (Jesus, an establishment orchestra at the top of the charts! As one Capital Radio DJ commented, "Hooked On Classics" must have been dedicated to Alan Freeman") is based on the same bizarre and clearly insatiable desire for nostalgia: singalonga Max Bygraves; Partytime with James Last (in this genre, the guv'nor). It's all

symptomatic of middle aged hedonism, and on the eve of the chauvinistic royal nuptials, British suburbia rejoiced to the sounds of a heavily accented foreigner who *wants to hold your hand* and the sizzle of the Walls pork sausages on the garden barbecue. It was enough to make you wish you were deaf.

The chances are there'll be so many disco compilations released by Christmas that they completely take over TOTP.

This week yet another was released, a Disco Special called 'I Love Music' by Enigma, and after one listen it's patently clear that title is a lie. Quality is not the intention: these 45s are instant party records, just right to bawl mindlessly along to in some drunken dementia.

But the attitude they really represent is a stone cold sobering thought for anybody who believes in rock as an alternative culture.

It's interesting that it's mostly the large majors releasing compilation 45s; that staid, old fashioned *rock biz* cashing in on a trend, the blinkered fools falling over themselves to find the next bright angle, crushing — as they always do — the golden egg. I ask you, The Shads to a disco beat!

Nothing has changed, and it's only a question of time before there's a punk 45, perhaps

called 'I Love Anarchy' or 'Let's Have A Riot — Party Special' on TOTP. Thank God for The Human League (at 21 with 'Love Action') giving the electro-disco beat swing and credibility and offering a rush of glamour to an otherwise hideous format. Apart from them, Spandau, Depeche Mode, The Specials, Dexys and the uncompromising Banshees, big business once again controls pop — which should at the very least, strengthen the resolve of the independents, the music press and those in broadcasting who believe there's something else to promote rather than the unchallenging, unremarkable horsehit that 'the industry' wants to dump on a gaga audience.

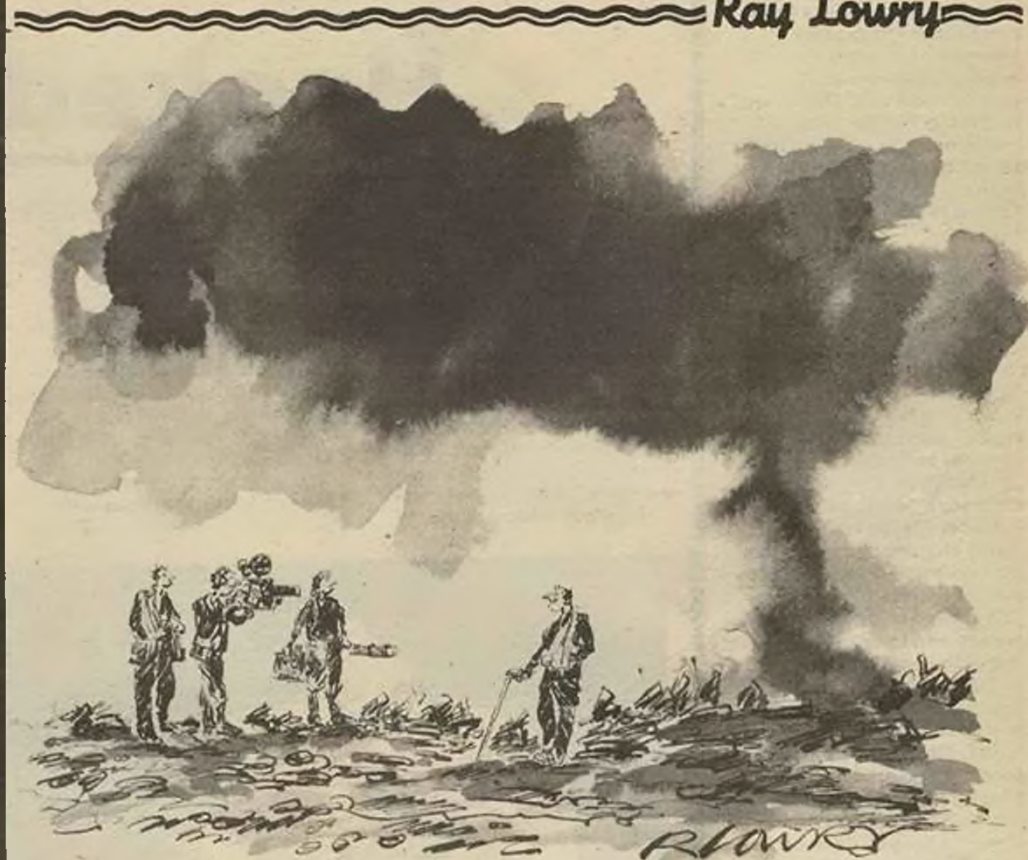
Let's face it, when that old rock 'n' roll hack Shakin' Stevens makes it to number one with 'Green Door', Cliff tops the LP chart, the ELO come straight in at number two and Joe Jackson thinks he's George Melly and wants you to bring along your parents to his 'gigs', the pop industry's in real trouble.

And it's alarming that the lyrics of Lennon and McCartney can now have an ominous ring for the beat kids of today...

"Oh yeah, I tell you something, I think you'll understand."

All too clearly; all too clearly.

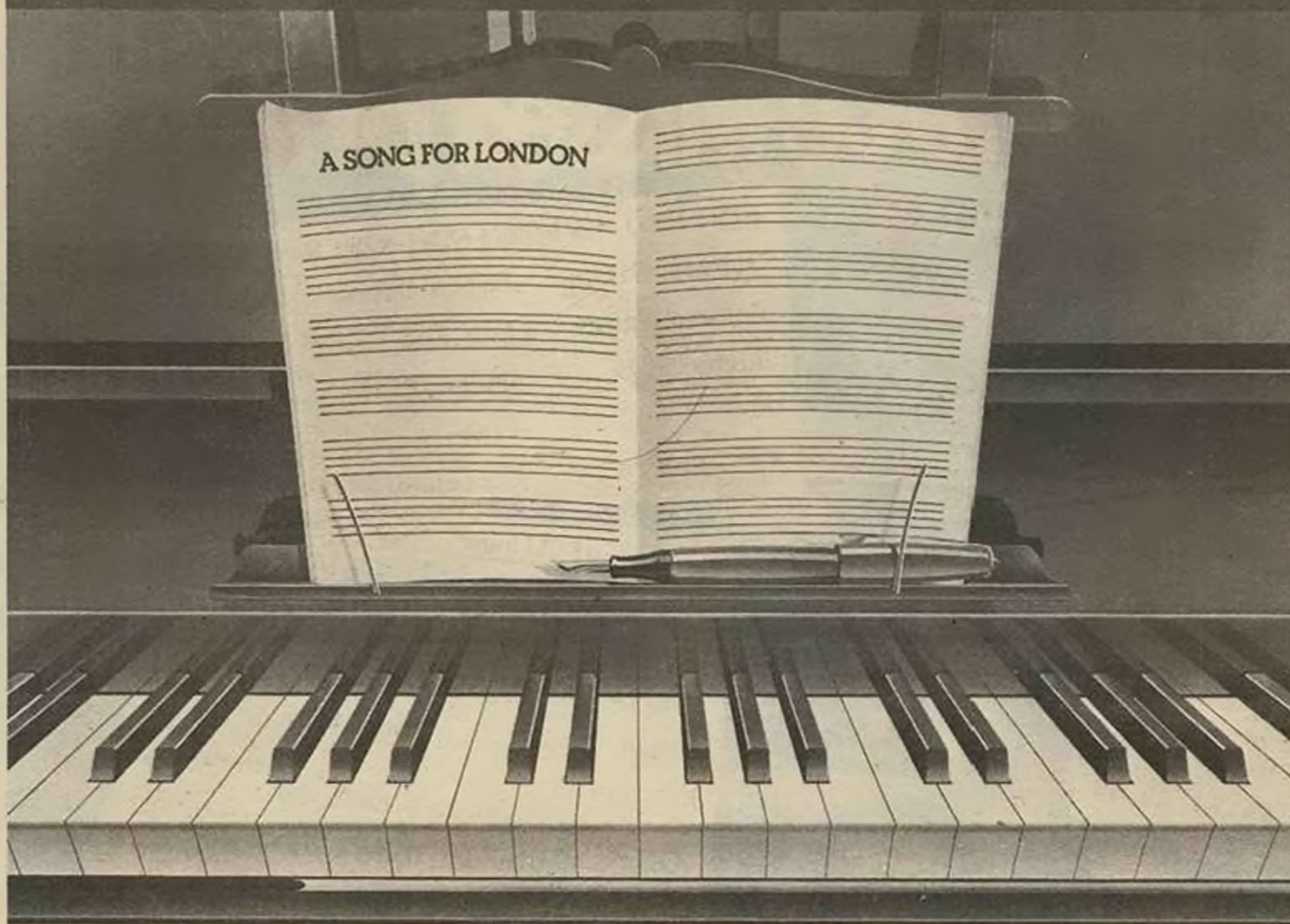
Ray Lowry



"And after the news it's over to Russell Harty who'll cringe and fawn over some tedious old showbiz bores who've survived the nuclear attack."



Music, Maestro, please.



Shouldn't London have its own song? A song that will promote our capital with the same impact that 'New York, New York' did on the other side of the Atlantic?

To find 'A Song for London', the English Tourist Board and BBC Radio London have joined forces. We're running a competition, open to anyone, Londoners and non-Londoners alike. The only conditions are that songs entered should not have been previously published or commercially recorded, and that, naturally, they should be about London.

Entries should be sent in by September 7th 1981, either as a manuscript, or a demo on cassette. The finals will be broadcast late September, simultaneously on BBC London and in New York, and the winning song

will be commercially recorded. The winning songwriters will also be offered a free trip to New York.

This competition is all part of the 'London Is' promotion, so the winning song may well be used to promote London in the future. And if it does well for London, think what it'll do for you.

Send for an entry form to: 'A Song for London', 'Rush Hour' Programme, BBC Radio London, 35A Marylebone High Street, London W1A 4LG.



Special tax district for rock stars

ROCK STARS of the future can stop worrying about their finances. Concerned at the plight of today's struggling pop princes, the Inland Revenue has set up a special branch which carefully monitors the pop charts week by week to see who's currently raking in the loot.

Over half the acts in any week's charts will now have their tax files transferred to the Watford One Entertainers Unit, where they come under the scrutiny of Revenue troubleshooters Allan Vousden, the tax inspector who heads the unit.

"Pop stars are now the biggest earners in the country," he says. "In the past it was possible for a group to have a string of hits and then disappear — only to be faced with huge tax bills a year later because no-one had been taking care of business."

By monitoring the charts, the Unit hopes to catch artists before their business affairs get out of control and keep them on the rails through the critical period when they are expanding. Vousden grasped one fact about the music industry very quickly: "There seem to be two sorts of people in rock," he says. "One lot who do it for the music and another lot who are only interested in money." So what else is new?

As well as watching the progress of new groups, Allan Vousden takes an interest in the superstars too. A comparative newcomer like Gary Numan might have a couple of companies under his wing, but at the level of a group like Queen who have enjoyed international success for some years, there can be a maze of about twenty companies handling the interests of each individual group member, taking care of publishing, performing, touring and other aspects of the group as a business enterprise.

To the Entainer's Unit, a performer like Bryan Ferry is much more than a pop star. They would call him a "multinational individual", which Vousden defines as "the

sort of individual who spends three months in Monte Carlo, followed by a six-month tour of the Far East and who has earnings from record sales in America and publishing in Australia."

Apart from the headaches caused by the cocoon of companies surrounding modern pop stars, Vousden also has to face some sharp accountants and business advisers. "Every day we come across artists who are being cheated by advisers. You've got large amounts of money combined with human nature, and the two don't mix. We have to keep an eye on everybody involved with a group — managers, record producers, song writers, road crews and general hangers on."

In general though, he feels that many artists welcome the Unit because it centralises their tax affairs so they can all deal with the same inspector.

Things have been getting easier for British pop stars since the incoming Thatcher government reduced the top tax rate from 98% to 75%. With good advice a pop star can now expect to keep over 50% of what he earns.

The unit presently holds about 600 pop files and although Allan Vousden does not find it a particularly glamorous job it has renewed his interest in rock music. "I tend to respect the uniqueness of each artist now, and I buy more albums. Some of them are very complex characters who should never be allowed to handle money, but mostly they're quite sensible, or you'd have more deaths from drugs and drink."

He sees a new attitude among younger artists, who are less concerned with being multi-millionaires and more interested in making enough to survive comfortably.

Admitting that pop stars present many more problems per case than ordinary wage earners, Vousden insists: "The principles remain the same. It's just that you tend to have three extra noughts on the end of the figures involved. Once the flow is stabilised, I'm really expected to hand these cases back to their original tax districts — but quite often the cases are so complex that they're with me forever."

— JOHNNY BLACK



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GENESIS



GENESIS SKIPPER SHUTTLE

Live in Concert in Brussels at the Vorst Nationale, on 22nd October.

The price of £44.00 includes:-

- Tickets for the Concert
- Return Luxury Coach Trip
- Cross Channel Ferry

Depart: London, morning of Thursday 22nd October.

Return: London, mid-day Friday 23rd October.

Please see Booking Form No 1 below.

£20.00 deposit secures a place.

1

GENESIS - LIVE IN CONCERT

At the Festhalle, Frankfurt, West Germany

The price of £68.00 includes:-

- Tickets for the Concert
- 4-Star Hotel (Crest/Holiday Inn)
- Return Luxury Coach Trip
- Cross-Channel Ferry

Depart: London, morning of Friday 30th October

Return: London, mid-day Sunday 1st November

Please see Booking Form No 2 below.

£20.00 deposit secures a place.

2

GENESIS AIRBUS

Live in Concert Festhalle, Frankfurt, West Germany.

The price of £149.00 includes:-

- 3 Nights at Holiday Inn or Crest Hotel with Breakfast.
- Tickets for Concert
- Return Flight - Heathrow/Gatwick-Frankfurt

Depart: Friday 30th October

Return: Monday 2nd November

Please see Booking Form No 5 below.

£30.00 deposit secures a place.

5



The HEADBANGERS SKIPPER SHUTTLE SERVICE

To see SAXON, Ozzy Osbourne's BLIZZARD OF OZZ and RIOT in BRUSSELS on Friday 30th October.

The price of £43.00 includes:-

- Tickets for the Concert
- Return Luxury Coach Trip
- Cross Channel Ferry

Depart: London, morning Friday 30th October

Return: After Concert to London, arriving mid-day on Saturday 31st October

Please see Booking Form No 3 below.

£20.00 deposit secures a place.

3



SANTANA

Live in Concert in BRUSSELS on Saturday 31st October.

The price of £56.00 includes:-

- Ticket for the Concert
- Return Luxury Coach Trip
- Cross Channel Ferry
- 4-Star Hotel with Breakfast

Depart: London, morning of Friday 30th October

Return: London, mid-day Sunday 1st November

Please see Booking Form No 4 below.

£20.00 deposit secures a place.

4

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Address		Address		Address		Address		Address	
No. of places Required		No. of Places Required		No. of Places Required		No. of Places Required		No. of Places Required	



Fear not, my child — we shall win this Holy Ratings War. Just look what the other side's got . . .



TONY PARSONS
writeth for ye

THE TRUTH may be sacred, but it's the myth that endures and ends up dramatised in 13 parts. It's the myth that's tangible, while the truth gets subjected to "good television".

"Good television" — revered and pursued and endlessly pumped out. "Good television" is a soldier on fire, a shy smile from Diana, a stoat that goes skydiving. "Good television" promises you the spectacle, the whole spectacle and nothing but the spectacle. The truth has to scramble for a place in the spotlight, just like the rest of the chorus line.

"Good television" leaves the stamp of its trotters on everything it touches, but never more than when it delves into history with all the honourable intentions of Burke and Hare breaking into a Chapel Of Rest.

Forget George 'Tea Leaves' Orwell and his Ministry of Truth nap for 1984 — history is being rewritten right now and, relax, it's only for the innocent needs of "good television".

Quite harmless! No need to panic! Everything's alright! Are we not thinking men? Of course not. The Doe family sit in front of their orgone box — spiritually and intellectually closer to a garbage disposal unit than a lie detector — and sponge up "good television" as the gospel.

"Good television" looks to

the past with an open mind and an empty head. It takes what it needs and leaves the rest. It's a trouper and a travesty, a ham harbinger of reality. Within recent months "good television" has dished up simulated history that was erroneous to the point of evil. *Holocaust* offered up the novel, noxious proposition that the "final solution" was not Hitler's doing, but that of some nondescript — not to mention non-existent — German lawyer. In *Playing For Time* the script was allergic to the actuality of Auschwitz staying operational until it was liberated by the Red Army. Incredibly, it changed the liberators to Americans.

To "good television" it

doesn't matter that Nazi Nostalgia and Red Dread are doing their best to become national characteristics — to "good television" a concentration camp is just more raw material. What they call the Original Idea.

ROCK AND ROLL, the game old reprobate, has built its long-running career on its capacity to shock, outrage, alienate all those straights out there, man. But rock and roll, from Elvis on Ed Sullivan to Mars Bars and Maharishis and murder raps, 57 varieties of sex, drugs, violence, the way I wear my hair, the clothes I love to wear, has nothing on the capacity to shock, outrage and

alienate of a Normal in casual conversation. They can really terrify. And "good television" has taken away the Normal's awareness of his personal ignorance. It has a lot to answer for.

The first series of *Roots* was a white masturbatory fantasy. The roots of the black TV slaves weren't in Africa, they were in *Mandingo*. Every black was a buck and on call, every white had a whip and his pick. That's not exaggeration — that's the plot outline.

Roots — The Next Generation was something else — the first time that blacks were shown on television not as a problem, something to make a half-hour documentary about.

Three weeks ago the *Mirror* called for *Roots — The Next Generation's* suspension "in the current climate" (re riots) and the BBC issued a sombre warning before the episode that depicted how in San Antonio, Texas, in 1917, 13 black soldiers of the US Army were hung by the US Army.

It was all true, of course — that's what they were worried about. *Roots — The Next Generation* was about endless struggle and limited triumph, the first documentation of the heritage of the American black, while the white man has been shooting remakes of his big moments forever. You could see what the media were sweating about — they didn't

want more people out there in those riots with a good reason for lashing back, they didn't want any of those kids getting ideas . . . what they wanted was pride control, like gun control or crowd control, as if blacks should get self-esteem on rationing.

The characterisation was sharply drawn and diverse — orchids to Irene Cara, Dorian Harewood and Ben Vereen — intricate and complex yet believable as flesh and blood. It really caught the changing South — the olde worlde gentility and banality and hypocrisy, the Ku Klux Klan as leisure activity and political tool, the horror and economics of King Cotton's institutionalised slavery, families broken up on greedy impulse or malicious whim, human dignity following one step behind staying alive, the varying degrees of racism, the

■ Continues over



BBC1, Sunday, 5.35 — Merlin spells it out for young Morgan.



ITV, Sunday, 5.35 — Burt keeps taking the tablets

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D. VISIONS

■ From previous page

Confederacy pouring all its money and men into the Civil War until only scraps were left, the beaten whites coming home, the end of slavery and the start of share cropping, getting an education and getting out and getting drafted, the Depression, ambition, Neo-Nazis, Civil Rights and Luther King and the search for roots — say it LOUD!!!

You can see why it started some people trembling. History is something to believe in.

Centennial charts the cowboy's progress as he claws a place for himself out of Marlboro Country. Flatter than a doggie's cow-pat under the wheels of the chuck wagon, it has that tent-pitching, cow-punching, trail-blazing pioneer spirit, like John Wayne's corpse on a Duke of Edinburgh Award scheme.

It tries so hard to be epic, but sadly the story is a self-conscious sloth and the characters are as animated as cigar store Indians. The dialogue wears a white hat — "We better keep our eyes open and our guns ready."

Centennial wanders around in panoramic circles, sort of a celebration of the wide open spaces in the script. The American butchering of the Indians is quickly dealt with as a mild, out-of-character aberration of the cow-poking creed and not as staking a claim in the most emphatic way the big-hearted settlers could come up with — genocide.

The straggling surviving Indians haul themselves across the horizon once in a while, taking care to look wise and resigned to their fate and eighty moons if they're a day.

Centennial is the bullet hole in Ronald Reagan's armpit seen through a rose-tinted blindfold.

BUT WHEN all else is failing, patriotism goes down better

than banning cheap foreign imports. When the going gets tough, the folklore gets going — while you're waiting for the darkness to pass, why not slip into a warm soothing Arthurian legend?

The Arthurian legend is irresistible and basic — the birds and bees of being British. Make thee mightier yet! The strength of the story — the divided, exhausted country united by the Christ of Albion for years of peace and prosperity until the darkness fell again, the wheel turning with the help of God and the weakness of flesh, the promise of a comeback — all but overwhelms Arthur himself.

No one ever seems sure how to play him — in *Arthur Of The Britons* Oliver 'Stud' Tobias was a psychotic Neanderthal who scowled and grunted between bouts of blood-letting and bedding. Richard Harris in *Camelot* played him as a wistful, simpering sap, a lot like Mavis Riley of *Coronation Street*. The Arthur of *Excalibur* is a bit too reserved and ratty-looking to fulfil Albion's destiny (but the phosphorescent armour was wild).

In BBC TV's *The Legend Of King Arthur* the good ruler resembles an art student who has had his grant cut off, but feels nothing because he's still under anaesthetic. Everything else about the production is a delight.

There's great interplay between Merlin the Magician — catalyst and Greek chorus — and his pupil Morgan Le Fay — Fifth Column and Nemesis — as they trade spells and sarcasm. Morgan — as played by Maureen O'Brien, the face of a kitchen cat and heart of darkness — is an expert stirrer, whether seeing to a witch's brew or relationships between the proud knights, a motley bunch of heroes whose looks run the gamut from real ale drinkers to Adonis *plastique*. When mob-handed, their ribald humour tends to sound like

Medieval canned laughter, but individually they come across as belligerent snobs with beautiful manners, just the right note.

The best things about *The Legend Of King Arthur* are the set and costumes — the armour could be carved out of pig iron with a pick-axe, the swords are impossible to lift without tempting a hernia, the sets are dank and dark cold stone halls. The castle could pass for a squat and the banquet table for a refuse tip. It gives the thing a cheap, grainy, real feel, dry rot and grandeur and a Knight on the tiles — the groundwork is laid for 'Land Of Hope And Glory' to be marched up to Calvary, the veil about to fall.

Moses The Lawgiver runs against it — an everyday story of the Chosen Ones. The Pharaoh of all Egypt is Larry Grayson in a gilded loincloth laying on his eyeliner with an early Egyptian trowel and flouncing about the temple making plans for everyone. The Arab slave-drivers are schizoid — they either crack the whip with a cry of "DOGI!" or they drone stuff like "Move along there" as if the slaves are not really slogging up the pyramids but dawdling on the upper deck of the 251 to Walthamstow. They all wear bloomers only and press close to Moses The Lawgiver.

But Moses — as played by Burt Lancaster! — is such a dull gibbering ham that one finds it hard to believe that a drunken sailor would follow Moses if he was the only boy in town. Moses carries his stone tablets down from the Mount like they were shopping lists and when his people let their hair down Moses smashes his tablets on the ground in a fit of pique. When not having a temper tantrum, he tends to moon about in a mellow trance, staring out to sea with an Oy-Those-Downers expression. When he parts the Red Sea it'll probably be to get a better look at his cue card.



Lene Lovich meets Telly Savalas — just two of the famous faces at the Goddard show.

SNAP 'n' POP

MARTYN GODDARD'S picture of Deborah Harry on the *Sunday Telegraph* mag cover on August 6, 1978, shifted more copies of that colour supp than any other feature in its history. And his exhibit ('Human Views') of personalities the *ST* mag has sent him to snap — Paula Yates, Ian Anderson, Terry Gilliam, Warhol, Pete Townshend, Bob Geldof, George Martin — has only a short time left to pack in viewers at London's John Shelley Gallery (admission free). For truly inspired pop portraiture it shouldn't be missed but, if you do, bear in mind that the gallery will be shifting from rock to rocks ("five portraits of specially sexy ones") when John Sims' exhibit 'Being There' opens on August 18. 'Being There' is a selection of "Hard and soft" shots in which the vibrant colour adds to abstract views of the details which surround us every day, both pop and props. Martyn Goddard: 'Human Views' / John Sims: 'Being There' at the John Shelley Gallery, 11 Albemarle St., W1.

And just as the volume on your TV is turned up during commercial breaks, so *Moses The Lawgiver* ups the sound level until your eardrums bleed when it wants to draw your attention to moments of high excitement — heavenly thunder and earthly flagellation and

their accompaniment of moans and groans (one of your highbrow literary touches, Mr Anthony Burgess?).

When you think of the millions watching *Moses The Lawgiver* and not laughing, it makes you want to scream. LET MY PEOPLE GO!

THE TINY Gala Ballroom is packed to its 500 capacity by an all-ticket Norwich clientele anxious to get a first sniff of the local band coming good.

With their daft debut single 'I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys' outshining everything else in the current independent charts, and their recent John Peel session being repeated with unprecedented regularity, the word is out — The Higsons are nearly famous.

Predictably, a swarm of A&R men from London's major record companies are checking out the band tonight and The Higsons are busy collecting lucrative offers. Among those interested, Stiff's Dave

Robinson proves the most resourceful when he leaks the secret that he's just given 'Monkeys' to Madness in the hope they could rip it off.

"No chance!" says bassist Colin to smiles all round — save from the morbid-looking co-owner of Norwich's minute Romans In Britain label, apparently disconcerted that his finest signing are inevitably preparing to move on to bigger things.

But in contrast to this poor local entrepreneur's sullen disposition, The Higsons are revelling under the focus of attention that has temporarily shifted their way.

"Look at all these people here tonight," guitarist Stewart enthuses. "You probably didn't think that this many people even lived round these parts. But Norwich have never ever had a name band, so we'd love to be the first — though there's millions of other groups who are good enough round here, but they've always been ignored."

An avid fan and

Late night thriller.



Durex and Excita are trademarks.

MICK DUFFY goes ape over Norwich's new primates of funk

get bad press?" moans singer Switch when I tease them that they're nothing more than a bunch of pretentious elitists. "How on earth can we be pretentious with a name like The Higsons? When everyone else was busy picking fancy names like Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark we chose a name that's plain and ordinary — it's my surname, that's all!"

More disturbing, The Higsons feel 'Monkeys', a jokey and manically erratic redefinition of Brit-funk, is no longer representative of their material. The Higsons want a reputation as a *serious* band.

"The last thing we want," says saxophonist Terry, "is for the record companies to expect us to churn out another ten 'Monkeys'. We've moved on from that song, which is nearly a year old, and any contract we sign will make it clear that our direction has changed."

Immediately, I envisage the hasty retreat of all the visiting A&R men, back to their London offices as disillusioned men. Because I can't help feeling that their new material lacks the vitality and originality of their 'hit' single, and contains little to distinguish The Higsons from the rest of the new breed of funk exponents.

"But the new songs are a lot better," insists Simon, the band's percussionist. "They just take longer to grow on you. They're not as immediate but they are better quality songs and they have the potential to be a lot more successful than 'Monkeys'."

I hope he's right. Or you're not likely to go bananas over The Higsons. Or even nuts!

Higsons L-R: Terry, Colin, Switch, Stewart, Simon. Pic: Kevin Cummins

HIGSONS: A SEVERE CASE OF BLANKET COVERAGE

self-appointed promoter of East Anglian music, he insists I write these millions of names down and give them all an introductory plug — Popular Voice, Screen 3, Vital Disorders, Bloody Hell, Happy Few, Bansai

Forest — well, there's six of the best before my pen ran out.

"After Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow, Norwich next!" he continues.

God save us from the Norwich Explosion.

IN THE MORE pleasant environment of Colin's quaint little flat above an odorous city-centre fish shop, I'd found The Higsons relaxing in bed together before the gig. Reluctantly, they did finally

manage to tear themselves away from their favourite annuals and consent to be interviewed.

And after all this talk about new Norwich talent, it transpires that none of the

band are natives of the city in any case. Colin, Stewart, Simon, Terry and Switch only came to live in the area when accepted for courses at the University of East Anglia.

"But why do students always

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SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BUNNY BROWN: Strawberry Letter 23 (Groove). Just the sort of record this humid, stormy summer needs. First released last year, only to be trampled by the Christmas hype and consumer rush, 'Strawberry Letter 23' is an ecstatic modern soul single which combines real emotion with musical colour and wisdom.

Accompanied by Linx's David Grant's cascades of breathy back-up harmonies, and Sketch chopping up the record's cool iridescent glow with tasty chunks of reggae bass, Bunny Brown (he'll have to do something about that name) rides out an orgasmic and sensuous song.

There is nothing to pin this one down — in three minutes it breaks all the rules being laid by the clones and clowns of the new Britfunk lark. A mini masterwork of pop accomplishment, it sighs with longing and cries with joy as the music flits from Eastern model chords that recall Marvin Gaye's 'When I Had Your Love' to upsetting offbeats and dubbed up delight.

An epiphany in the garden, 'blue flowers echo from a cherry glass'. That's a fair idea of the lyrics' deep, rich imagery, which sets me in mind of The Beatles' classic 'Strawberry Fields Forever'. 'Strawberry Letter 23' — showered with gold, dressed in fine silk and drugged by the sun. Truly, a record of real beauty.

RIUICHI SAKAMOTO:

Warhead (Island). Get up, put it down and spin it round. If there was a Japanese book of Revelations this would be in it — Riuchi Sakamoto narrowly avoiding another Pearl Harbour with his devastating 'Warhead', a far cry from the pallid excursions he usually takes with The Yellow Magic Orchestra.

'Warhead' is jagged and caustic electro-sorcery, working up from a

pulserate-checking, razor-stepping motif into a charging, claustrophobic channel to channel call and response. With all the heavy breathing, drums like coital heartbeats and saucy sensuality in the lyrics, it would seem the general 'message' lies somewhere in the mixed metaphor of war and sex(?), armaments and contraceptives(?). Meantime Sakamoto oscillates around the mixing desk with flame throwers, broken rhythms and an urge to pulverise the listener.

RIP RIG AND PANIC: Go, Go, Go! (Uh Huh).

SHAKE SHAKE! Shake Shake! (Compact).

BIG SELF: Surprise Surprise (Nein-Teen Eight-Teas).

Three ambitious new pop architects. Rip Rig and Panic are Don Cherry's daughter on Annabella-like lead vocals, a few of The Pop Group and a very smart bass player. They growl, shift, talk African and go jazzy where you least expect it. 'Go, Go, Go' however isn't a song that warrants much attention and therefore all the musical upholstery seems superfluous. Rip Rig and Panic tread a fine line between undisciplined waste and ingenious commercial aplomb. On this vinyl debut they manage to stay on the right side of the divide.

Shake Shake are more formal and more successful in their approach. Synths, tribal drums and tremulous guitar (à la Duane Eddy) suggest a Rezillos with more staying power and grace. 'Shake Shake!' (born and bred in Highgate, North London) pretends to be nothing more than a clever dance record, but it's worthwhile because Jacqui, Duncan, Jo and Phil benefit from contemporary devices without getting hung up on any one particular style or trick.

It's been a long time, but at last Belfast's Big Self are ready to unleash their second single. It's a song of sorrow and disgust which nags at, but

doesn't worry about, the government.

And they've got the complementary musical mood just right as well, taking their love for dub to give a flexibility to the surface tension of their music rather than trying to cram the entire works of Channel One, Dennis Bovell and Lee Perry into one single.

BLURT: The Fish Needs A Bike (Armageddon). What does Ted Milton want — a big pat on the back and a ticket to the funny farm? A certificate? Or a strait-jacket? I mean what a cad, eh? That Ted's a real fruitcake, what a laugh, etc. This whole I'm-a-bigger-looney-than-you-are pose has been done to death many times before and the fundamental truth about all its practitioners and their disjointed avant garde lyrics has always been THEY HAVE NOTHING WORTH SAYING WHATSOEVER.



STACY LATTISAW: Love On A Two Way Street (Atlantic).

'Jump To The Beat' had verve and charm, it was young and fresh. Stacy was out in front — warm and infectious, urgent, unstoppable and majestic.

But people change in a year. Guided by market expediency and artistic ambition, they go for mass appeal and try to broaden their scope. Here we have unfurled timpani leading into a lavish orchestral tour de force produced by Narada Michael Walden. But even he can't hide the fact that 'Love On A Two Way Street' is a laboured and stodgy affair. When Stacy doesn't sound fagged out she sounds creaky, when she doesn't sound creaky she sounds listless and indifferent. Ain't that a shame?

RITZ: Workin' Out (Posse).

BROTHER TO BROTHER: Monster Jam (I Want To Funk With You) (Sugarhill).

SCANDAL: I Wanna Do It (Creole).

Scandal, Ritz and Brother To Brother are culled from a funk chart filled with subhuman action. Press the Pavlovian response button — seems all you have to do is make a record that rejoices in the disco form *per se* to get all those funk junkies forking out exorbitant amounts of cash and dancing till they burn a hole in their tu-tu shoes.

I hoped funk would provide a less constrictive alternative to rock and roll's catch-all phrases, reactionary mores and communal backslapping. But there doesn't seem to be much to choose between these records and the Fender men's club — it's the same drooling jamboree and inane tribalism.

Ritz are slothful and moronic, desperate and dull, the aural equivalent to a teaparty where Peter Powell and all the other chirpy jocks discuss "contemporary pop". Brother To Brother are well over the sugar hill, dear. What a let down — Sylvia Robinson's mighty rap label

combines with the song-writing and production skills of The Brothers Johnson for Brother To Brother to go through a process similar to a PE class work-out or a nightshift on the baked bean canning factory.

No one's learned the lesson of Grandmaster Flash or the best of Bootsy — instead of harking round a set of silly, arbitrary methods to have a party — 1,2,3 — you should be boring holes in the walls, delivering punches in the most daring places, ripping up the floorboards...

The best of the bunch is Scandal — But that's not saying much because despite the attractive dressing it's all like so many fancy clothes on a shapeless body. Get on down, down, down, gang?

RY COODER: Crazy 'Bout An Automobile (Every Woman I Know). And who among us can't say that at one time or other those words have been very hard to argue with? I like Ry Cooder, he wears nice shirts, his music is always accessible and simply craves widespread commercial attention. Though it's so far eluded him, Ryland doesn't moan or talk of giving up.

This is a humorous little song but captured live at The Victoria Appollo last year, Cooder sounds stilted and lethargic. Instead check out the other three tracks on this EP, taken from a performance at The Old Waldorf in San Francisco this year. But be warned that there's still quite a chasm between these versions of 'Look At Granny Run Run', 'If Walls Could Talk' and 'The Very Thing That Makes You Rich (Makes Me Poor)' and the sprightly magnificence of 'Bop 'Till You Drop' or the relaxed *savoir faire* of 'Chicken Skin Music'.

Still, it would be nice to see Ry Cooder in the charts, even if it takes the old 'special limited edition' ploy for him to get there.



ULTRAVOX: The Thin Wall (Chrysalis). Another silly cover — rootless arms flail out of holes in the thin wall, an image culled from an early Polanski film (stifling yawns already, eh?) called *Repulsion*. ... maybe it's a tribute to slapsy Maxy Bygraves' 'You Need Hands' classic from the days of yore?

'The Thin Wall' continues the harping Ultravox melodrama. This time they've gone to Germany to ape Bowie's 'Station To Station' at Conny Plank's recording studio. Such a confused, trumped up mess this is! Electro bleeps and blops, fuzz guitar and pseudo-crooning all get put into the syntho-blender. If they played muzak in the waiting rooms at VD clinics, this hollow rubbish would be a prime contender.

THE RHYTHM KINGS: Goin' Steady (Scoff).

THE LEMONS: My Favourite Band (Race).

Testimonies to simple joys celebrated in the rock playpen from when it first began — The Rhythm Kings have just met the sort of girl you'd give your left leg for and The Lemons are all agog at the prospect of seeing... The Darts??!!

The Lemons should really have been called The Sour



Grapes, they're all '60s shrill and clumsy, a little tributary off the post-Two Tone trickle of Mantovani and muzak. But you couldn't swing a cat in this manky little closet with its grunting sax and scruffy pub rock rhythm. The Lemons hammer away gracefully while chanteuse Tammi Jacobs manages to avoid capturing even one ounce of the sex and subtlety of the sirens from whom she takes her cue — The Shirelles, The Shangri-las and The Ronettes.

The Rhythm Kings are laughably advertised as Ireland's premier rock and roll band (what about Rudi, Big Self and The Co-ordinates?). They have a vocalist trying to give his vowels the Mick Jagger twang and a harmonica solo which shouldn't be played in the presence of pets and young children.

THE PACK: Muchas Gracias (Escape). Not to be confused with the embryo of real punk bores Theatre Of Hate, this Pack hail from the Midlands and their debut single is a featherweight flamenco fling. Written by Chaz Jankel and Kenny Young, this is a forked tongue follow-up to their massively successful 'Ai No Corrida'; I'm surprised they didn't give it to Sylvia to follow-up her 'Y Viva Espana' smasher of a few seasons back. Oven-ready nostalgia and armchair tourism — now there's a combination to get the great British public storming record stores up and down the land.

THOMPSON TWINS: Animal Laugh (T Records).

Meanwhile, back at the commune, the TTs bring us a traditional Sierra Leone song which translates into lame repetitive mush in the hands of a British beat band. The Thompson Twins, who've certainly taken a tumble from the urgency and potential of their 'Politics' debut, are representative of the anything goes self-indulgence of many groups these days. They hit upon what might seem to be a good idea and play it for so long that they drive every germ of originality right out. Perfect for mantras, of course.



BUCKS FIZZ: One Of Those Nights (RCA).

THE LOOK: Feeding Time (MCA).

COAST TO COAST: Coastin' (Polydor).

Heaven forbid, but this is the sound of the real pop. Coast To Coast are true Brits — tinny and trite, picture

postcard caricatures with a sound that's somewhere between Glitter and Showaddywaddy. 'Coastin'' should see them through the summer season and into the variety clubs this winter.

The Look all look like Mike Read, and they sound like those two prats on *That's Life* teamed up with an incontinent 10cc on this daffy ditty about lunch breaks in the big bad city.

Hands up if you didn't think pop could ever get as plastic as Bucks Fizz. Yeah, I know, at first 'Making Your Mind Up' got me very angry as well, until I realised that anger wasn't going to solve anything. Those two gorgeous blondes with their come-on smiles, erotic movement and fine, high cheek bones were going to be around for quite sometime — and the two girls would be right there alongside them.

Bucks Fizz are no-hopers, reverting to type with a bucketful of maudlin gush to throw over unwanted guests at the end of an evening.

SKIDS: Fields (Virgin). Hold the presses. The Skids haven't split up at all — now they are two with Russell Webb and the inevitable Richard Jobson co-writing this miserable dirge and recording it with Associates Billy Mackenzie and Alan Rankine.

Apart from being a very boring tune, 'Fields' is a careless piece of writing. It seems to bewail the Calvinistic attitude imbued in working people right up to the present day by people like Thatcher and Paisley. But to try and make a litany into a fully blossomed, stirring campfire song, as The Skids do here, seems facile, not to say a little pointless.

Still, the artist moves in mysterious ways, his lack of wonders to conceal.

BLUE OYSTER CULT: Burnin' For You (CBS).

CLIFF RICHARDS: Wired For Sound (EMI).

The lumbering hard rock beast — a coathanger for dire myths and manhunter imagery — isn't a place for wit or investigation. Once upon a time Credence Clearwater Revival showed it didn't have to be that way, but they're now long forgotten.

BOC are a big hit with lapsed campus crits because they give the illusion of flattering the intellect, though all they've ever managed to do is make the same old noise with a cynical contempt for the listener and their own music. To their credit, British fans aren't likely to be hoaxed by these cranky yankees.

Why, they're just as likely to buy the Cliff Richard single as Blue Oyster Cult — after all it doesn't sound much different. 'cept he can sing and Eric Bloom can't.



A color photograph of a man and a woman in a social setting, likely a bar or club. The man, on the left, has a beard and is wearing a light-colored blazer over a white shirt. The woman, on the right, has long brown hair and is wearing a white dress with a colorful patterned bodice. They are both looking towards the camera. In the foreground, on a wooden table, are two bottles of Ricard: a clear glass bottle and a dark green bottle. Next to them are two tall glasses filled with a yellow liquid. A yellow box of Ricard cigarettes and a pack of cigarettes are also on the table. The background is dark and out of focus, showing other people.

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LE VRAI PASTIS DE MARSEILLE

N°1 in France

LYDIA LUNCH deserves our attention, she's earned it. Look at what she's accomplished, all by the age of 21.

She's been a catalyst, brilliant at bringing the right people together at the right time, uncanny in her ability to light fires under people and get them to jump forward. She has made so much delicious, malicious noise, written so many cutting, crafty words.

Just go back to her first single, 'Orphans', with Teenage Jesus And The Jerks released in 1977. Lunch plays an unheard of *brutal* (one of her favourite words) guitar part, and wails one line repeatedly, a stark, awful kind of haiku: "Little orphans running in the bloody snow."

Some calling card. Look out world, here comes trouble.

Last year was a great one for Lydia Lunch. Ze brought out her solo album, 'Queen Of Siam' — a captivating record that, criminally, has already been deleted and is now hard to find. And she organised and toured with 8 Eyed Spy, her most musically advanced group to date, the recorded fruits of which are just appearing now.

First was the American release by Reach Out International of the cassette-only '8 Eyed Spy Live', a fine document of the group's push and power. Coming soon is an album on Fetish with a live side and a studio side.

8 Eyed Spy broke up last year after the death of bassist George Scott, but it's not too late for them to be heard. There is not the sort of pop that becomes irrelevant six months after it's been recorded. But they should be put into their historical context. Since 1977 Lydia conceived a succession of musical projects and every one of them has been daring,

totally out-of-the-mold, frequently challenging traditional ways of playing and hearing. Her products have redefined musical directions and genres as much as anything done by James Chance or . . .

Or who? People like Chance and Lunch, who start movements rather than follow them, are rare.

If Lunch lived in Britain she'd have been a media celebrity long ago. She could blow the Hazel O'Connors, Toyahs and Siouxsies right out of the water, and give Lora Logic, Poly Styrene and Ari Up a good run for their money.

Lunch has a reputation for being a "difficult" interview; I found her articulate and open, once I'd accepted her ground rules — no biographical questions like "where are you from?" or "why'd you come to New York?" As far as she's concerned, her public history begins with her first band.

TEEENAGE JESUS was the simplest thing in the world, and no one understood it. Simplicity and the obvious are the most confusing things for people. It doesn't bother me. I'm interested in creating the product. If you care about whether people like it you're going to be constipated."

Next came Beirut Slump, for which Lunch wrote the words and music and played guitar. Their single, 'Staircase', was a manic attack on the senses that makes more sense with each passing year. Both this and 'Orphans' by Teenage Jesus were released through Lust / Unlust, the work of small-label pioneer Charles Ball, who must be given great

credit for picking up on Lunch's music early.

"Beirut Slump were my favourite band. It was so monstrous. It was scary music. I guess it just fills me with joy to think that there is someone even more sickly and sad than I."

After all this crazed, abrasive music, the 'Queen Of Siam' album came as a shock. It is gentle and stylish, full of torch songs, coy come-ons and a kind of cocktail music for twisted sensibilities. It is a fluid, well-crafted and very crafty record. In terms of Lunch's career it will probably be seen as an aberration.

Inbetween these musical projects, Lunch kept up a sideline as an actress in New York's "underground cinema". Here too she has displayed flawless taste, keeping out of the indulgent home movies of Eric Mitchell and Amos Poe and lending herself only to the best of the local film-makers, Beth and Scott B. *The Offenders*, *The Black Box* and Vivienne Dick *She Had Her Gun All Ready, Beauty Become The Beast*.

With 8 Eyed Spy, Lunch went back to doing what she does best, creating stark, savage music, designed more for confrontation and catharsis than entertainment. They were an amazing band.

What was the intention behind 8 Eyed Spy?

"When I first formed them I wanted a band that sounded like a cross between Creedence Clearwater Revival and Al Green. They never did it, but nonetheless I was happy with what they sounded like. Of course people won't understand what that means. We did a Creedence song ('Run Through The Jungle'), available on the live tape in a



properly menacing version). But people don't have the patience to try to see what you mean.

"The album, it's great stuff. I basically hate live albums, but this stuff is acceptable, adequate, perhaps good. It was doctored in the studio a bit, so it's not grossly raw."

"8 Eyed Spy was the semi-catchy, somewhat brutal, melodic ditties, with this semi-melodic, semi-brutal verbalisation. It was structured without losing the brutality that structure usually means giving up. I guess it was original new music using unoriginal structure. At many points I thought it was too poppy, too commercial, but that's only because I'm such a purist."

I imagined that the subject of bassist George Scott's death (of a heroin overdose) would be a delicate one. But Lunch's attitude is surprisingly offhand.

"He died at the right time. He was ready. I got upset once, I just screamed. I was so mad. But at least it was at his own hands. Better than being knifed by someone you don't know."

"I was going to quit 8 Eyed Spy before George died. They talked me into staying to record an album. Then George died and we recorded half an album anyway."

WHAT MAKES Lydia sing?

"Being for the sake of alienation. It's the most alienated thing I can do. Teenage Jesus was like an attack on the audience; Beirut Slump was like a 'nyah nyah'

type of thing — look at me, what are you going to do about it? It's the most selfish thing, it's like total masturbation."

"I look at the boys and I know what they're thinking, and it's so satisfying. They're giving you everything and you're giving them nothing. Girls are trying to sum me up when they're watching me. But boys are either accepting or rejecting. There are times when I look at them and I love them so much but I refuse to show them that."

'Queen Of Siam' has a song about chasing after a young boy on the street. Is this an obsession with you?

"I love young boys — 15, 16 year old boys. I don't know why. When they're young they're so in awe, without question. Then I like slightly older men. When they get to 19 they have so many macho problems. I like them to be over their problems or not yet to them."

"I'm 21. I just do not take myself too seriously. When you do that it gets dangerous. A lot of people consider me just a comedian and that's pretty accurate. I don't like humour, satire, but a lot of things I do with a bit of humour, or displacement."

Probably Lunch's greatest failing is her tendency not to stay with any one project long enough to bring it to its full potential.

"Possibly I should stick to one thing longer. But I can't. I'd end up like all the other jokers. I think everything is disposable. Nothing is that much of a revelation that it's not disposable. I have too many ideas. I think too much. I do want to have some kind of bibliography, some kind of integrity. I'm a complete musical snob. It's terrible but I am."

"Like my album ('Queen Of Siam'). People ask me why I don't perform that. And I say what am I going to do? Appear in a long gown and a

boa and go, like, 'Dahling, here I am to perform my wonderful album'. I can't do that, it would be Miss Camp Joke of the year."

You aren't interested in seducing your audience?

"Sometimes the honesty of confrontation is very seductive. My voice sounds good on 'Queen Of Siam', but that's not performing. It's seductive but detached."

What does the line "I've got the cancer of birth" mean?

"Don't look for meaning." It sounds like the idea of original sin.

"I guess it is. Pretty close."

Were you raised a Catholic? "Well, yes, but I feel that's pretty irrelevant. Calling a band Teenage Jesus is about as anti-religious as you can get. But I'm not anti-religious. I'm ready for the end of the world any day. But I would rather savour my death than die in some apocalypse."

"I want to be murdered by someone I love, stabbed slowly to death. I want to give myself as the total sacrifice and die like a martyr to someone I could give that much to."

"The first day I met my boyfriend I told him to slit my throat. I don't want to get too personal here, but I said, 'I love you, slit my throat'. I just like the idea of that. I like gore and blood. To me it would be very beautiful, saint-like."

Do you believe in love?

"Love is a death. There is true love but it's now very permanent."

SINCE 8 Eyed Spy Lunch has had two more bands. The Devil Dogs were her way of thrashing the blues, playing cracked covers of impossibly obscure blues records. They played around New York, did one of two shows in Italy (where Lunch is well loved) and disbanded. Her new band is called 13 13 and she describes it as "psychedelic." No ho, ho! She's also working on a pornographic novel, which Grove Press have expressed an interest in publishing.

Lydia Lunch is conceited, an infant terrible, a brat. But she is also honest, irresistible, totally herself with no apologies. I can't help but love her for that.

What would she like people to think of her?

"Oh, that's a tough one. I guess I just want them to think that I'm beautiful. Which is weird because often if people think you are beautiful they don't think you are smart. But I'd just like people who see me on the street to think, that's a beautiful girl, and interpret beauty only through me and not interpret beauty only through girls who have sandy blonde hair, blue eyes and wear designer jeans."

"If I had to choose between people thinking I'm beautiful or intelligent I'd choose beautiful, because then you can sneak up on them."



Richard Grabel lays on the red carpet treatment for his Lunch date
Colour photography by Joe Stevens

OUT TO LYDIA



Helmut Berger and Romy Schneider in Visconti's *Ludwig* (1973).

MAD KINGS AND THINGS



ONCE UPON a time there was a virgin king whose name was Ludwig II. Ludwig reigned over the kingdom of Bavaria, but because he wasn't allowed to reign supreme — like the absolute monarchs before him — he chose not to reign at all. So he retreated to the mountains where he sulked and built fantastic castles straight out of German legend. Not surprisingly, his refusal to participate in the affairs of the state, combined with his seclusion led to him

becoming something of a legend himself, and one that has been thoroughly explored from vastly different perspectives by the filmmakers Luchino Visconti and Hans Jurgens Syberberg.

Noting the late Italian director's tendency towards a grandly operatic style of cinema, it's easy to see why Visconti was drawn to the downfall of Europe's last true romantic — or at least the last to indulge his magnificent follies on such a great scale. Even though, from the director's own contradictory viewpoints — he was a marxist ex-aristocrat and supreme aesthete — his *Ludwig* (1973) can't have been easy to make. Yet he manages to reconcile his own views to the facts by celebrating Ludwig's youth and beauty, early on in the film, which sets the king up for a more tragic decline into a physically decayed middle age and lonely mysterious death.

Thus Visconti acknowledges both Ludwig's artistic achievements and also the end of an era for monarchs of Ludwig's rather eccentric sort. The end of the line, so to speak, is alluded to in the film's treatment of Ludwig's homosexuality and refusal to sire an heir.

Syberberg's complex *Ludwig: Requiem For A Virgin King* launched the director's brilliant German trilogy. To Syberberg, the Germans' treatment of Ludwig symbolised the corruption of a romantic tradition that began the slide into the kitsched-up Germanism of The Third Reich. To prove his point Syberberg attempts to relate Ludwig's biography to

the Nibelung legends and the Nazis' treatment of the same.

He constructs his highly individual overview of Germany from a series of fragmented scenes and fantasy sequences that shun chronological narrative in favour of a truly epic form closer to German theatre of the '20s than anything happening in cinema today. If that sounds difficult it's not, as it's always stunning to look at, if nothing else.

You don't believe me? Then go see for yourselves. London Belsize Park's Screen On The Hill will be screening the four hour uncut version of Visconti's *Ludwig* as their next attraction and Notting Hill Gate's Electric Cinema will be showing Syberberg's *Ludwig: Requiem For A Virgin King* in October.

Chris Bohn



Harry Baer in Syberberg's *Ludwig* (1972).

WOP A SHAMBLES

Supersnooper

Directed by Sergio Corbucci
Starring Terence Hill, Ernest Borgnine and Joanne Dru
(Columbia)

THE TRIVIAL junk funk score by something called La Bionda perfectly matches the fast-food mood of *Supersnooper*; it's pacey, in a spastic sort of way, thoroughly insubstantial, deeply unsatisfying. The only snappy thing about it is the title and, own up, even that's not up to much.

Terence Hill is the comic-strip cop of the title (caught smack dab in the middle of a plutonium explosion, he — oh, take my word for it, he's got super powers); the one remarkable feature of this

bland, blond, spud-faced Italian 'superstar' is his piercing blue eyes. Er, the two remarkable features...

Ernest Borgnine is his sergeant buddy, shouting his disbelief of Hill's powers at, it seems, the entire population of Florida. Borgnine's bluster is in keeping with Sergio Corbucci's amateurish direction, a horrible mix of excessive zooms, crude opticals and crass visual puns.

Although it's never actively offensive in the way that the similarly childish *Cannonball Run* is, *Supersnooper* is still a shambles, its paltry 'special effects' relying mainly on speeded-up film, its broad humour driven home with a sledgehammer.

Monty Smith



Terence Hill with Bette Davis eyes.

POP ART, MAN

The Blues Band

Directed by Peter Sykes
Starring The Blues Band — Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Hughie Flint, Dave Kelly, Gary Fletcher — and William Rushton (ITC)

Shine So Hard

Directed by Bill Drummond and Bill Butt
Starring Echo And The Bunnymen — Ian McCullough, Peter de Freitas, Will Sargeant, Les Pattinson (ICA)

THE BLUES BAND and Echo And The Bunnymen have very little in common as groups and these semi-documentary features similarly demonstrate the polarity of rock in the '80s.

The Blues Band film has evidently been made in the spirit of the group's maxim, ie "To play blues — just for fun", and is a jokey, sub-Lesterish piece filmed during their 'Back To Basics' tour last year. Intercut with live footage from clubs and colleagues (all dandruff, sweat and acne) are coach-bound interviews with various members of the group.

Occasionally "serious" but more often just plain anarchist, William Rushton, in the roles of interviewer (falling asleep as Paul Jones waffles on about "how it all started"), as Margaret Thatcher in a cod political scene where she/he discusses the subversive tendencies of the 'Reds' in The Blues Band with a Brylcreemed, pinstriped cabinet made up of Jones, Flint et al, and finally as a beaurocratic intruder who prevents the band from performing an encore.

Tom McGuinness smugly berates the record industry from top to bottom and there is a moment of "human interest" when the friction of Jones' media appeal is offset against the comparative anonymity of the rest. Laughs there are, but a curious sense of nostalgia hangs over the film, as if it had been made in another time, another place.

Shine So Hard is a different proposition altogether, inclining towards a more art-conscious market. Tightly structured (though often as contrived as *The Blues Band*) it follows each member of the group as they prepare for a concert in the rarefied atmosphere of Buxton Pavilion.

Peter de Freitas in an aggressively shaven skull and Bedouin scarf chews contemplatively on a luxurious steak in the hotel. Ian McCullough loafs about in a room above, checking his coiffure in a mirror before aimlessly wandering the streets in search of inspiration for his next opus. Eventually all four members meet in a cafe and stalk, *Wild Bunch* style, into the Pavilion where, lo and behold, their doppelgangers are playing on stage. Some patches of dry humour save it from being just a tediously arty exercise but the meandering imagery comes dangerously close to inducing ennui rather than portraying it.

Ultimately, each is tailored for its anticipated audience and to that extent reflects the appeal of its subject with reasonable accuracy. But the films emphasise the diversity of the state of the art without, in either case, questioning the reasons for it.

While *The Blues Band* is going out on the commercial circuit as support to *The Great Muppet Caper*, *Shine So Hard* will be screened as support to for a week (strating August 20) at London's ICA together with three shorts from the heyday of psychedelia and Jarman's *Broken English*. That just about sums it up, really.

Neil Norman

HONEYSUCKLE ROSE



ON TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18, *Silver Screen* and Warner Bros join forces to present a free film showing in North London for admirers of contemporary American cinema and discerning shitkickers everywhere.

An offbeat celebration of country music, *Honeysuckle Rose* offers an impressionistic view of life on the road. Excellent performances from Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon and Amy Irving (recently seen in the underrated *The Competition*). Striking colour photography by Robby Muller (Wim Wenders' longtime cameraman). Direction by Jerry Schatzberg (responsible for *Panic In Needle Park*, *Scarecrow* and *The Seduction Of Joe Tynan*). All combine to make *Honeysuckle Rose* an intriguing two-hour musical mosaic — but that rarity, one that's never a slave to its soundtrack.

So if you like films with a happy ending, cut out this section and bring it to the NME office, 3rd floor, 5-7 Carnaby St, W1, and we'll gladly give you a ticket that admits two. Or, if you prefer, mail this section directly to the NME, Room 2529, (Film Offer), Kings Reach Tower, Stamford St, SE1, enclosing your address and home telephone number.

And if you think these arrangements are confusing, don't blame us, blame the W1 postal dispute that's been messing up our mail for a fortnight.

This offer is open to all NME readers, except Max Bell and Samuel K.B. Ampong.

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JOE JACKSON'S JUMPIN' JIVE

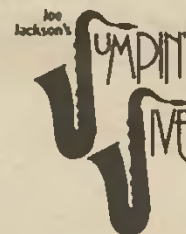


AUGUST

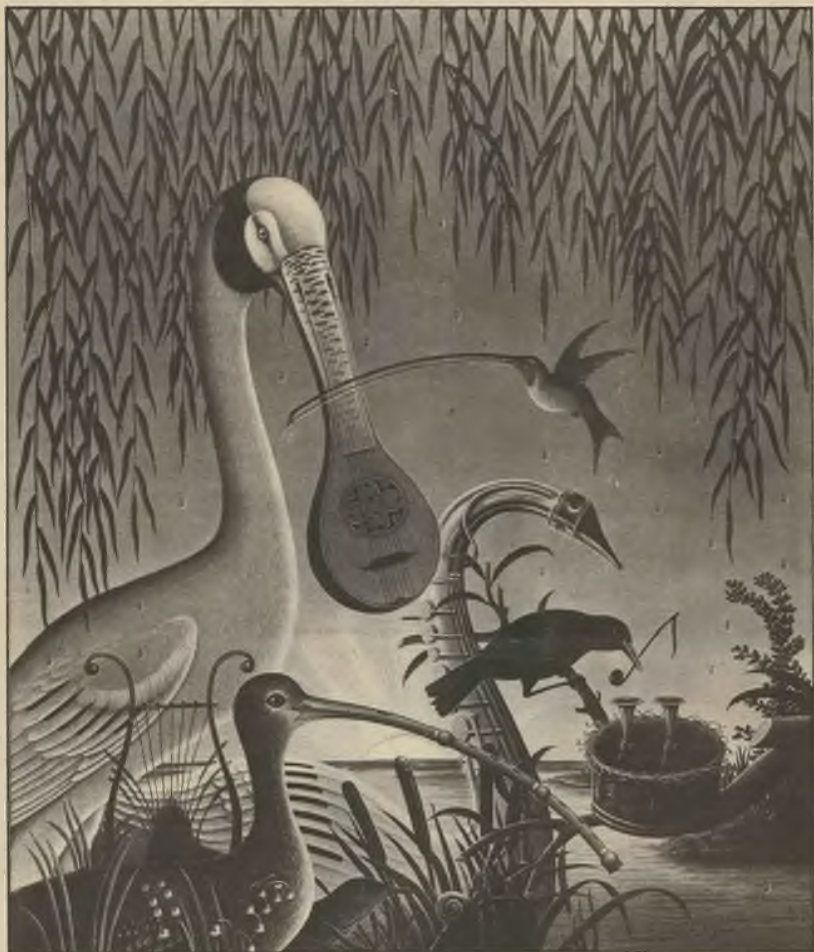
Tuesday 18th **MANCHESTER**, Ritz
Wednesday 19th **BIRMINGHAM**, Locarno
Thursday 20th **CHESTER**, North Gate Arena
Sunday 23rd **GLASGOW**, Tiffany's
Monday 24th **EDINBURGH**, Coasters
Wednesday 26th **SHEFFIELD**, Top Rank
Thursday 27th **NEWCASTLE**, Mayfair Suite
Friday 28th **DERBY**, Assembly Rooms
Monday 31st **ST. AUSTELL**, Cornwall Coliseum

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Brain

DAMAGED GOODS

THE FINAL, apocalyptic scenes of Franco Rosso's excellent

Babylon are based on a 1976 police raid on Cricklewood's Carib Club during a sound system session by Dennis Bovell's Jah Sufferer Hi Fi.

At the subsequent celebrated Old Bailey trial of the Cricklewood Twelve, Bovell was prosecuted under the nebulous catch-all charge of "causing an affray".

"You can still get life imprisonment for that," he says. "It's one of those dodgy charges where they just stick you away if they don't like your face."

After 111 days of sitting in the dock, the Barbados-born Bovell was given three years imprisonment. He served six months in Wormwood Scrubs, at a time when the prison population was 75% black, before the sentence was commuted by the Court Of Appeal.

"The police claimed that I played music to make the crowd fight them," Dennis explains with an ironic chuckle, now able to laugh at the Kafka-esque absurdity of the nightmare into which his regular Friday night residency turned.

"Which is *absolute bollocks!*"

"Which reggae tune," he continues, "do you know that is going to make people want to fight? They all say the opposite, Love And Peace. Well, fight down foolishness, fight down the system, yeah, but ..."

"They said as soon as the police came into the club I grabbed the microphone, jumped on the stage and cried, '*Kill them! Get the boys in blue!*' Mel?! Talking to all these black people at a blues dance I'm supposed to have used phrases like that! Can you imagine it? They'd have gone, '*Huh? Go home to bed!*'"

"Mind you, that was only the statement of two policemen. There were 30 or 40 other police that said it was so fuckin' hot in the place and so dark they couldn't see what was going on."

"Someone was talking on the microphone, they said. It could've been a toasting record — I Roy or someone. I tried to explain to the court about toasting and they thought I'd just made it up on the spur of the moment."

"It was quite incredible being accused of something you hadn't done. 'Ang on, you're supposed to be proving that I did it, not me that I didn't!' But that's how it ends up in court. They point the finger and leave it up to you to sort it out."

SO THE FEARS of Dennis' father proved prescient: a strict Seventh Day Adventist who made much of the sanctity of the family structure, Dennis' dad insisted his son be in bed by ten o'clock every night after the family moved to England in 1965. Obviously he'd become quickly attuned to the reality of being a black youth on a British street.

"He wouldn't even let me go out because he said I'd get picked up. I hated him for that. He said, 'You'll end up in prison one day, hanging about on the streets with all those kids.'"

It was up to the parents, his father insisted, to keep their children

occupied. So he set up their basement as a rehearsal room for his son and friends.

"So I was never really exposed to street life. I'm still like that. I'm down here all the time," Dennis casts his eyes — that often sparkle with such delight they grow wet — about the clear, calm environment of Studio 80, his 24-track London Bridge musical laboratory, "and I'll emerge in the morning to find that someone's shot the Pope, or even that there's been riots in London."

"But when I was a teenager," adds the man whose sole passion for many years was the music of Jimi Hendrix and of Sly Stone, "my only comfort was playing my guitar, and creating somewhere I could go off to on a head trip."

Starting with his father's large jazz collection, Dennis took the records and dismantled and learnt their music through repeated playings at one record-player speed lower than that for which they were made. Then he repeated the same process with Stax sounds, and with rock steady, and with ska.

"So my playing became very self-styled. But now I want to be flexible, so that we can jump into a reggae number and then a jazz tune

and then pop and then blues. Which is what I've done on 'Brain Damage', my new LP."

"So through that we bring all these people together. Because there's people of different mentalities listening to the different musics. And that should *not* be! "I wanna mash that barrier and have everyone listening to everything. Because then everyone's going to start appreciating everyone else for being in the world!"

"That's why on that tune 'Heaven' on the LP, it one minute has an African rhythm, and then it moves to an American tune, and it keeps going in between the two. I thought I'd explore all the music that the black man's made so far. And on Part Two we'll check out the white man. Then the Indian Man. Then the Chinaman."

"But, anyway, that's why I put on that rock'n'roll track, 'After Tonight', right in the middle of the reggae music on the first side. So you shake it up. 'Cos people are too set in their ways: a lot of black people will stick their nose up at hearing a rock'n'roll tune, and equally on the other side. So that's got to go."

"So no more of this *reggae* or *soul* band — *Dub* band! And," he laughs, "when I say that immediately everyone's going to start thinking of

reggae. And let them think that, but when you go into a studio to do an *over-dub*, it's not always on reggae that you're doing it, is it?"

"You deal with the true meaning of the word," comments a brethren in the studio.

EVEN BEFORE his spell in the Scrubs, Dennis Bovell was involved with Matumbi, the reggae group that had developed out of his school band, Stonehenge. In fact, it was with fellow Matumbi member Bagga Fagin that Dennis built and worked the Jah Sufferer Hi Fi. Before the Carib Club incident Matumbi already had achieved large acclaim on the British reggae scene through the release of the very song whose rock'n'roll treatment on 'Brain Damage' Dennis hopes will act as a catalyst for thought — 'After Tonight'.

Matumbi still exists, though Dennis' commitments to his solo record and to his constant production work with other artists — the other week Malcolm McLaren asked him to do Bow Wow Wow, though the puppet-master rescinded his offer when Dennis said it was impossible for him to actually start work that evening — only allow him now to be an occasional member.

For much of their career Matumbi

CONTINUES ♦



♦ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

have never been able to fulfil their promise, the sound and feel of the group seemingly being pulled in several different directions. It was arguments over the group's self-production that led to Joe Gibbs' engineer Errol Thompson being brought over from Jamaica to work on their 'Point Of View' album.

Eventually, the group became a victim of record company political manoeuvres.

"There was a time about 18 months ago when Matumbi had just done the Ian Dury tour and the band was tight. That's when we brought over Errol T.

"EMI had the start of something really good. But they were never prepared to spend as much on us as on Kate Bush," he laughs. "And then suddenly everyone who we were involved with left the company. And the new bunch who came in decided they preferred heavy metal to reggae.

"The result was that one of the tunes on the last album by us that they released came out without the lead vocals on."

Matumbi and Aswad have been the only real contenders in the British reggae group stakes. Indeed, in *Babylon*, in which Aswad's Brinsley Forde plays the plot's protagonist, the makers of the film tried to instigate a sound system-like rivalry between the two outfits.

"Often there's a battle between sound systems, which was what the film was about. And they decided they'd set up a battle between Matumbi and Aswad. But I foiled their plan (laughs), because I used Aswad's musicians on my half of the film soundtrack. So all the musicians were the same.

"They tried to get in amongst us and divide and rule, but it didn't work — I saw through that one.

"It was a good film. It was the first time anyone had the guts to say it. Also it gave Aswad a boost when they really needed it. They deserve it."

Dennis believes the reason why so few reggae groups have come through in Britain is simple.

"It's just a question of where record companies think they're going to get their money back in a place that's predominantly white. It's

easier for black Americans, because they're from outside and they seem more interesting.

"I don't think there's much hope for a black band here, because they're not going to stick an ad for you on during *Crossroads*."

DENNIS BOVELL believes "any man can achieve anything if he wants to. It's just for the man himself to accept that he can. Limitations is really crazy."

It's this attitude that's pushed him on to being one of the very few people of either race who consistently work with both black and white artists.

"I work with *people*, man. Just people. A lot more acceptance has to happen in this world."

In recent times he's worked with Linton Kwesi Johnson, The Modettes, Yellow Magic Orchestra, Viola Wills, Flying Lizard Deborah Evans, and The Slits, having also acted as match-maker in bringing Pop Group drummer Bruce Smith into the girls' outfit — he thoroughly approves of musicians not being restricted to just one set of allies.

"Get yourself through to new mental heights."

He is about to mix some of the music Ian Dury made in Nassau with Sly and Robbie.

At the end of last year he also made an abortive attempt to work with Marvin Gaye.

"I mixed a tune of his called 'Ego-tripping' and we fell out — really because around Marvin Gaye there's so much politics going on. There's so many people about him that think *they're* Marvin Gaye. I was going to have told him that but it would've been like grassing them up.

"But as a musician there's no doubt about it..." he switches suddenly from his broad South London speech to a heavy West Indian accent "... *unquestionable blood-claat genius!* ... It's just the geezer around him that ain't too cool."

Right now Dennis Bovell is rehearsing a band for a series of live dates to promote 'Brain Damage'. He wants somehow to get away from the demeaning routine of headline act and support band.

"Instead of having one band on and then the headliner, I'd like to

have two *equal* bands set up. And each band would play one tune each after another, the same as in sound system competitions. They say, 'This tune can only be played by me, by no one else in the whole world. You will never hear this one again unless you listen to *my* sound system'.

"And the guy in the other corner goes, 'You're lying. I got that tune. And what's more: I got *ten* other versions of it'.

"I'd like to do it something like that: just have it as your guest, your mate, onstage with you."

Though one prays this will not be the case, there is the fear that Dennis may run into personnel problems in his live outfit: the other week his trumpet player's car ran out of petrol in Brixton, and so he went off to a service station with a can to buy some. Because of the recent rioting the attendant told the trumpet-player he'd only give him fuel if he got a cop to warrant that it was intended to run his car with.

"So like a fool," Dennis continues, depressed, "he went over to this van of police to ask one of them to escort him to the petrol station. And one of the police suddenly says, 'That's the one! I saw him throwing a petrol bomb!'

"They had him, man. Down the police station in Brixton in his undies for two days. They've charged him, of course.

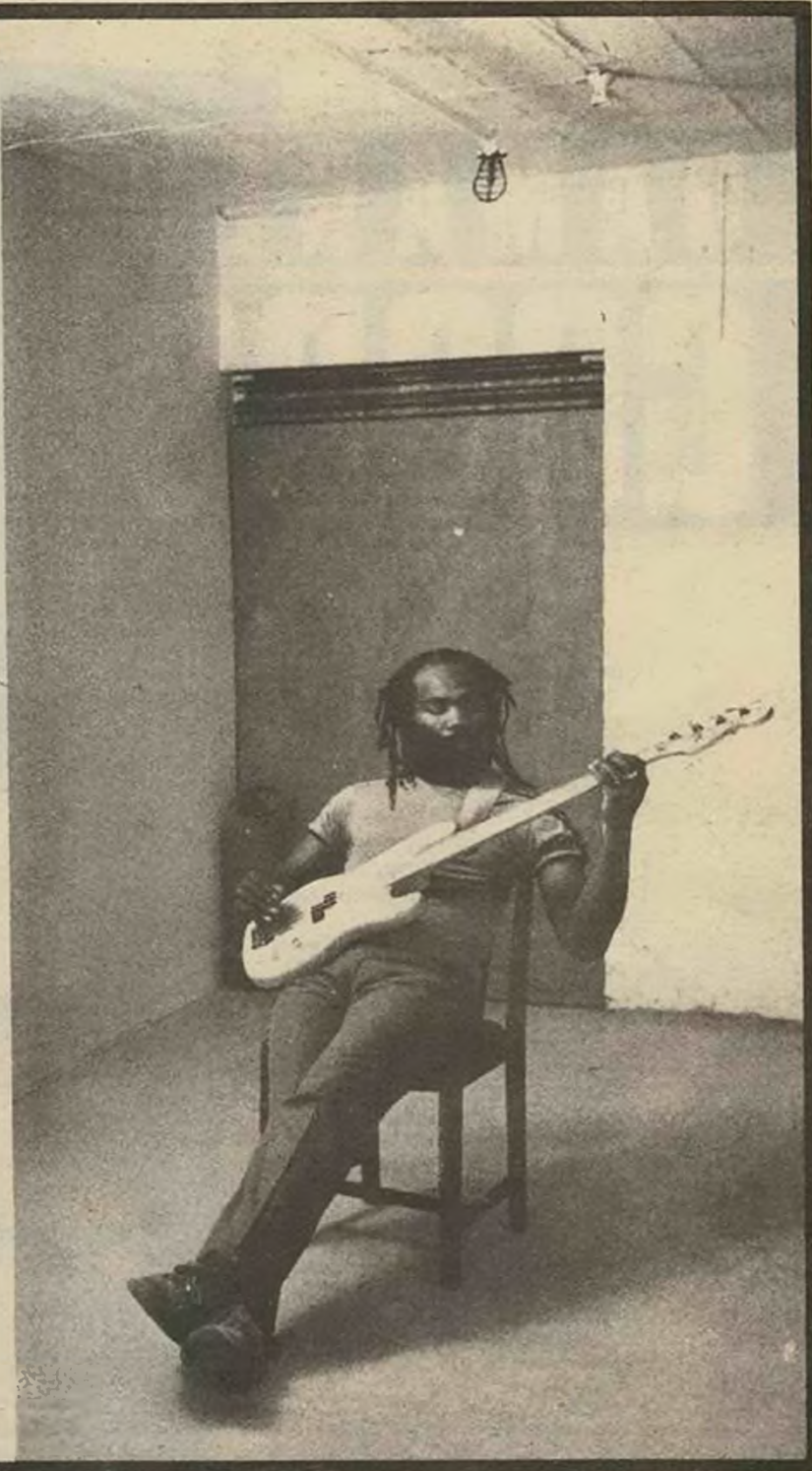
"I know how it felt because I've been further than that — convicted. But to this young guy it's like ... He's a musician, not a fool. He knows what side his bread's buttered on.

"You know," he adds pensively, "people think it's all really coming to a crunch now, but it doesn't have to: so long as people at the head see what's going on and are sensible and wonder what they can do about it, and don't just go, 'Oh, it's only a minority who're acting like that'. Because that attitude grows, and it becomes, 'Oh, if we send 4,000 coppers down there to kick their heads in, and beat 'em up, then it'll be alright'.

"But the people won't take it anymore.

"It's like if you've got a little kid and all the time you're beating him as he's growing up.

"Well, one day you're going to be and old man ... and he's going to turn round and kick your head in."



PAT BENATAR



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A CARNIVAL OF EMPTY GESTURES



Dave Vanian turns his back on the important issues...

Northern Carnival Against The Missiles

Manchester Protest And Survive?

IN AUGUST, 1945, atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki killing over 200,000 people immediately, whilst in the years that followed inestimable thousands more suffered slow, agonising deaths from leukaemia, cancer and other radiation-induced diseases — some horrendous heritage.

Thirty-five years later, in 1980, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament organised a London rally where 60,000 of their supporters demonstrated against the barbarity of the bomb. This year's northern festival — billed as the biggest nuclear arms protest ever to be held outside of the

capital, and set against the background of a Government who've committed themselves to spending £500 million on Trident and have agreed to site 160 'first strike' American Cruise Missiles in Britain by 1983 — was expected to be an even greater success for CND.

But this 1981 Northern Carnival Against The Missiles was a failure. More like the Carnival Of Empty Gestures.

Along The Primrose Path To Nowhere

AT 11am last Saturday, an approximate 10,000 people (a fraction of the anticipated turn out) assembled outside Strangeways Prison for the start of a march that was to take them through the city centre and on to Alexandra Park, in riot-torn Moss Side, where the Carnival was to be staged.

But unlike Scotland CND's recent procession focusing on

Faslane, where Cruise Missiles are to be sited, this was a walk to and from nowhere of any relevant significance. What mark could a march possibly make on the Government when it only temporarily inconvenienced weekend shoppers and for three-quarters of its route was exclusively witnessed by the inhabitants of the poorest, most socially deprived and dilapidated areas of inner-city Manchester?

Worse than this was how the campaign against missiles was pushed into the background by the prevalence of activists intent on other aims. At any opportunity, the soap-box oracles of every persuasion and cause rose to give megaphone-amplified speeches hoping to divert attention to their pet issues — racism, Communism, trade unions, Iran, Tony Bern's struggle for the leadership of the Labour Party, etc, etc.

I ask Tim Haig, contributing writer of *Socialist Organiser*,

what place his speech about "the British army fighting a guerrilla campaign against the IRA" had at a CND rally?

"I'll take every chance I can to speak out about Northern Ireland," he argued. "But it's all part of the same jigsaw, part of the overall picture of things to be fought for."

Of course, he was only too well aware of the number of people in England likely to turn out for a pro-IRA march. Similarly, it was interesting to hear a young woman selling *The Next Step* (The Review of the Revolutionary Communist Party) call out for "organised class violence" and the RCP's placid little *Smash The Prevention Of Terrorism Act Campaign*.

And all this at the Carnival of Peace.

Bedtime Stories

OF THE 'official' CND speeches delivered from the main stage, none were outstanding and all were poorly received by a rain-soaked crowd who waited all day in vain for a

Top: onstage with renowned beat group The Freshies.

Middle: two: on the march with renowned "beat" persons The Police.

Bottom: on the fence with renowned beaten-ups The People.



SCRAPYARD BLUES

Jane Aire & The Belvederes

Rock Garden

IT'S RESURRECTION night at the Rock Garden. The place is swarming with out-of-towners, Sheena Eastons, and foreign students in anoraks and green track shoes all smoking hundreds of Marlboro's. Eye level is nothing but permed hair.

The Akron lady has finally assembled together a new Anglophile band and is once more embarking on the arduous slog to the top, wherever that may lead.

Four years ago Jane Aire was one of the hotspots on the tyre-track expose of Ohio's more bizarre citizens — the

stiff compilation. Under the impresario wand of Liam Sternberg her clarion voice, nurtured by Firestone garagebands, shone through a mixed album of deviant dervishes.

Halfway through 1981 and the Von Trapp voice remains the same. Unfortunately, the songs don't; Sternberg's wacko application of 7/4, 8/5 time schemes to otherwise linear pop songs gave them, in Jane's words, "the weirdo edge" that made them harder than the rest. Now without them, as the band writes all its own material, they are relatively characterless and Photo-like.

Plodding around efficiently touching tales of Love and Romance, the group is confined by the narrow

perimeters within which it has placed itself. They seem content to do merely enough to maintain a blithe stream of mechanical pop riffing, with none of them (notably Sarah Lee, the ex-bassist with Robert Fripp) making any concerted effort to stretch their capabilities. The music is sadly derivative American radio 'Noo Wave' and very transitory. In other words I can't remember a thing.

Regrettably it seems the last two years of legal wranglings have dissipated the bite and punch exemplified by the Belvederes' first recordings and now they seem no more than suitable attractions for the *Old Grey Whistle Test*, the rock and roll scrap yard.

Simon Fellowes



Jane Aire

Pic: Neil Anderson

Aluminum Nights

New York

THE KITCHEN is a Soho arts centre, a place for performance art of all shapes and stripes. Its expenses are met by private gifts and public funding, but in the Age of Reagan the public funds are about to disappear. Hence this fund-raising benefit and celebration of the Kitchen's tenth (aluminium) anniversary.

Two nights at Bond's were crowded with over 28 performances, from poetry readings to modern dance pieces to music to video art.

Inevitably at an arts-oriented event, there were moments of pretension. Most of the dance pieces left me cold. So did Philip Glass's ensemble, an exercise in New Age chamber music, all bleepy, tinny squiggles of sound.

Todd Rundgren, with acoustic guitar, sang three

Pictures: KEVIN CUMMINS

charismatic EP Thompson-type messiah to save them from the endless stream of CSE-level soporific sloganeers.

Frank Allaun, Labour MP for Salford, won the biggest cheer of the afternoon with his promise to make his speech the shortest of the day, though Kerry Wade's discourse on behalf of CND Youth went one step better, being brief and interesting.

But even she failed to captivate one intrepid reporter on the trail of political subversives, Fascists especially. Claiming he'd seen a couple of Nazis near the backstage area, this imaginative hack confronted local co-promoter Ginger Jones, and tried to make him confess that CND supported "the gassing of a million Jews."

Ginger wasn't too surprised to learn that the enquiring journalist's investigation was being conducted for the benefit of the *News of the World*.

Charity Begins At Home

MOST FREE festivals are normally preceded by a series of local benefit gigs where small-time bands offer their services free in order to raise money for the staging of the forthcoming main event — ostensibly to pay for publicity, PA and generator hire, etc. But a large percentage of the cash they earn invariably goes straight into the pockets of the stars who demand a sizeable sum before they'll attach their names to a cause.

So local bands Terrorist Guitars and The Freshies were kind enough to earn the money that contributed towards the day's wage bill — The Damned, £600, and John Cooper Clarke £250. Local hero JCC's "expenses" probably just covered his 10 minute drive from Salford and the transportation of his poetry book.

Other bands with equally commendable social consciences included Hawkwind who pulled out, according to promoter Phil Jones, "When their £500 didn't arrive at their agency in time," and The Thompson Twins, who cancelled their engagement because of "recording commitments." Though The TT's now claim they informed CND they'd be

missing a whole two days(!) before the Carnival, Phil Jones was still confidently expecting them to turn out at 3.30 pm on Saturday, half an hour before they were due on stage.

But What About The Music?

WHAT ABOUT the music. The bands that appeared — The Freshies, Beat Roots, Harlem Spirit, John Cooper Clarke and The Damned — didn't play this gig because they knew it would be covered extensively by the national media, but because they were so obviously motivated by a genuine desire to support CND. So you wouldn't want

me to go and spoil it all and give them a gratuitous promotional boost by writing about their music, would you? Course not.

Apocalypse Now!

TOWARDS THE end of the Carnival of Empty Gestures, with The Damned close on finishing their set, a dozen or so punks tried to break through the wire perimeter fence that separated the audience from the stage.

As the official security men tried to persuade them to retreat, a gang of self-appointed bouncers acted as the reinforcements nobody needed and began

spitting and throwing cans at the advancing audience. A full scale feud soon developed and this was only quelled when an uncharacteristically responsible Rat Scabies dragged a bleeding and battered punk on stage to show the crowd his wounds and point out the futility of this whole occurrence.

But the Carnival for Nuclear Disarmament had ironically ended in an exchange of missiles — the bottles, cans and stones thrown by aggressors at their impromptu enemies, all of whom had come here in the name of peace.

Mick Duffy



... while JCC confronts them squarely in the face.

ANOTHER ARTWORK IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN

folk-style "protest" songs, decrying war and urging universal brotherhood and harmony. Man.

Jim Carroll read from a diary he said was a sequel to *The Basketball Diaries*. Carroll's trading on the titillation value of junkie squalor leaves me with a bad taste. And I don't think he's levelling. One minute he's at home in a world of scoring junk from Puerto Rican transvestite dealers, the next minute he's throwing around lines from Mayakovsky.

But there were plenty of highlights to hit.

Jump Up is a five-piece group led by jazz saxophonist Oliver Lake. Jump Up are going after a difficult fusion, mixing a reggae beat with jazz

intonations and a funk feel, and they are getting it. They're bouncy, skittish, hard to pin down, a real shot of heat and excitement.

DNA — an extraordinary band. DNA explode the code. Arto Lindsay screams inspired and demented blues and strangles his guitar; rips it apart to get at some secret sound it's hiding. Tim Wright, bass, and Ikue Mori, drums, play like no other rhythm section reaching uncharted territory in the nether reaches of what could be considered 'rock' rhythms.

The Raybeats were great as usual, but their swing is starting to show a bit of stiffness around the edges. They swerve in the set between alert, tricky humour

and bored competence. Look lively, guys.

The Feelies have finally lost their drummer for good, Anton Fier having left to become a full-time Lounge Lizard. Tonight it's just Mercer and Million plus two percussionists and backing tape. The music drifts into gentle atmospherics, then builds into faster passages of guitar harmonics and the old Feelies' rhythmic fire.

Louise Anderson plays synthesiser and sings funny, literate songs full of word-play and psychological insight. She can be devastating.

The high point was reached by Glen Branca, who closed the first night's show. What Branca does deserves every over-the-top adjective one

could think of — astounding, overwhelming, etc.

There is Branca on guitar and three other guitarists, plus bass and drums. Each guitar is tuned slightly differently. All the instruments hit on the same beat, hard and loud. It starts slowly, the ultimate heavy metal; melody removed, beats missing. The guitars start building... building an incredible harmonic effect, overtones playing. The air is filled with the sheer physical force of the sound.

There are shouts of "rock and roll" from the crowd, though this is obviously unlike any rock and roll anyone has ever heard. Branca is getting to something essential about "rock music", the gut punch that rock and roll is meant to deliver but seldom does.

I doubt whether any recording could impart the experience of Branca's music. This sound will never be an artefact to file away. It is a brash, outrageous experiment.

Richard Grabel

Skids



NEW Single
Fields

RONDO-VOUS?

Blue Rondo A La Turk

Pelican Club, Barry Island

A SLEEPY South Wales seaside town; a Saturday night; a spacious modern discotheque soiled only by some tacky neon lighting; a hastily-arranged minibus full of imported London nightowls and scenemakers; a curious flock of Welsh locals already high on the zootsuit chic that is starting to sting the provinces.

There is an indefinable buzz in the air, a mood being enhanced by the sounds spun on the wheels of steel by London's premier dance-jockey Steve 'Beat Route' Lewis, an electric, eclectic soundtrack spanning anything from James Brown to Jimmy Castor, Soft Cell to Mongo Santamaria.

It can mean only one thing. Another clandestine nocturnal outing for the group some say don't even exist beyond their photographs and others claim to be the greatest thing since sliced salsa — Blue Rondo A La Turk, the brainchild of club-hopper and suit-styler Chris Sullivan.

Blue Rondo are playing virtually every weekend at the moment, leading the record labels a merry dance after months of hibernation and intensive rehearsing to ensure they don't make fools of themselves.

And they certainly don't. Their short set begins in an avalanche of percussive patter, Brazilian drummer Geraldo D'Arbilly and Barbadian bongo man Mick Bynoe blowing up a stormy samba to which the remaining five Blue Boys dash onstage.

Draped in an assortment of tartans, zoots and strides that hang from just below the armpit and use enough material to provide curtains in an average living room, they take their places and launch into an intoxicating tropical rhythm.

With another Brazilian expatriate, Kito Poncioni, on bass, Mark Reilly on guitar and the exquisitely-named Moses Mount Bassie on rasping saxophone, the lead vocals are shared between Sullivan and the pop-eyed Greek-in-the-goatee Christos Tolera.

The sound is strident with an uninhibited air of carnival lunacy, a festive fandango that has as many people dancing at the back of the club as clamouring around the stagefront. And, though their name comes from a sleazy Dave Brubeck tune, the blurred rhythms are predominantly Latin with just a silver lining of modern jazz on the slower songs.

But with everyone and his brother seemingly slipping into a funky Latin groove, it is not going to be easy for Blue Rondo. A frightened music press, basically intimidated by anyone with the audacity to wear a sharp new suit and dance the night away, could well have it in for them — the snide sideswipes are already creeping in and hardly anyone has yet seen the band.

Give them a chance! Rondo are not yet world-beaters by any means, but they certainly show up the hollow wagon-hoppers like Modern Romance for the fakes they are.

Blue Rondo are entertainers. They play like men possessed, they look good, they move like madmen and are currently pumping out some of the best fun in town.

Adrian Thrills

Zounds

Rock Garden

BEFORE ZOUNDS teamed up with Rough Trade, Crass helped to put out some of their material. With these kind of connections the band have libertarian politics written all over them — a sign of disaffection and invitations to reject Western Civilisation (you didn't ask to be born into it!) and to take what's left (this land is your land!).

Naturally the band have a hardcore punk following.

Unexpectedly they aren't as clichéd as they look on paper. Their thrash is exhilarating and lightheaded and, however heartfelt the lyrics, bassist Steve Lake's vocal whine can be ironical and tongue-in-cheek. What's more, the intense riffing (Lawrence Wood on guitar) and tough beat (Joseph Portar on drums) have an open transatlantic touch, more garage band than punk. The trio certainly look garage: jeans and shirts and hair which they probably cut themselves — squat rockers!

And they do rock, bashing on regardless, relaxed in spite of a bass which gave up at one point and a PA which for the first couple of numbers was about as loud as a Dansette. They even bashed on through songs with incredibly clumsy titles like 'Demystification', occasionally slowing down for something midtempo but no less raw.

Zounds exist in a timewarp but still have statements to make. They're in a musical ghetto but don't care, inviting people to take a listen if they want to. What they'd hear is

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and
the
beat

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Wild man of pop Gareth Sager, of voguish nouveau-jazzers Rip, Rig & Panic, seen here demonstrating one of RR&P's wide range of unorthodox musical instruments, the Lower Gambian groin-flute, at steamy nouveau-bop hangout The Mooch Club (which congregates at the Whiskey A Go Go in London's Wardour Street on Wednesday nights). The Mooch Club takes its name from an old Ellington tune. To find out where Rip Rig & Panic took their name from, turn to page the fifth forthwith.

The Rip Rigs lived up to their reputation as stormy, unpredictable (some say undisciplined) improvisers of the various new things. Hotcha! Supporting were Broadcast, worthy electro-plodders with a tinge of Steely Dan, and Michel Michelin Et Sa Musique, who have an accordion and all wear stripy matelots and berets, bringing a rive gauche ambience to the proceedings. Ay caramba! Sorry, make that Allez-Y!

Nouveaux mots: Edmundo 'Dead' Los Nouveau pic: David Corio

sort of superior forward-looking Oi, headbanging for liberals and pogoing for teenage orphans. Zounds are the antennae of a marginalised race, and they're

neither pleased nor proud of the fact. They just want to get on with it. With a certain amount of perversity I get off on it.

Paul Tickell

Gunter Hampel

Conway Hall

HAMPEL'S IS hardly a name you often hear over the cornflakes — which presumably accounted for the dismal audience turnout — but he's a stalwart German free player with a substantial and interesting catalogue on his own Birth Records. With Perry Robinson, the first modern clarinetist, and black American vocalist Jeanne Lee also on hand, it promised well.

The first set, a long rendition of 'All The Things You Could Be If Charles Mingus Was Your Daddy', bristled with great moments but was continually let down by the leader's penchant for overwrought, overblown climaxes. Robinson's solo was pocked by derisive Dixieland lisps, while a section for solo voice had Lee turning spines to jelly, a gospel soar and sweep that paid wordless tribute to older spirits — Vera Hall, Mahalia Jackson.

With Hampel trying first bass clarinet, then baritone sax, and Thomas Keyserling chipping in on alto, the calmer reed passages sprayed tone colours dark and rich as molten chocolate. But the insistence on catharsis led to subtlety being mown down, abetted by Martin Bues' thunderously ill-tempered drumming.

Hampel, a lean, darkly-dressed figure topped by a ruffled mop of greying hair, moved to vibes (he's a clever bloke) for 'Zig Zag' in the second set, a discordant ramble of questionable direction — but a vibes/drums duet unlocked a vault of reverberation that boomed round and round the hall and overcame the problematical lack of a proper PA. Good points and bad points; not much of a galaxy to live in.

Richard Cook



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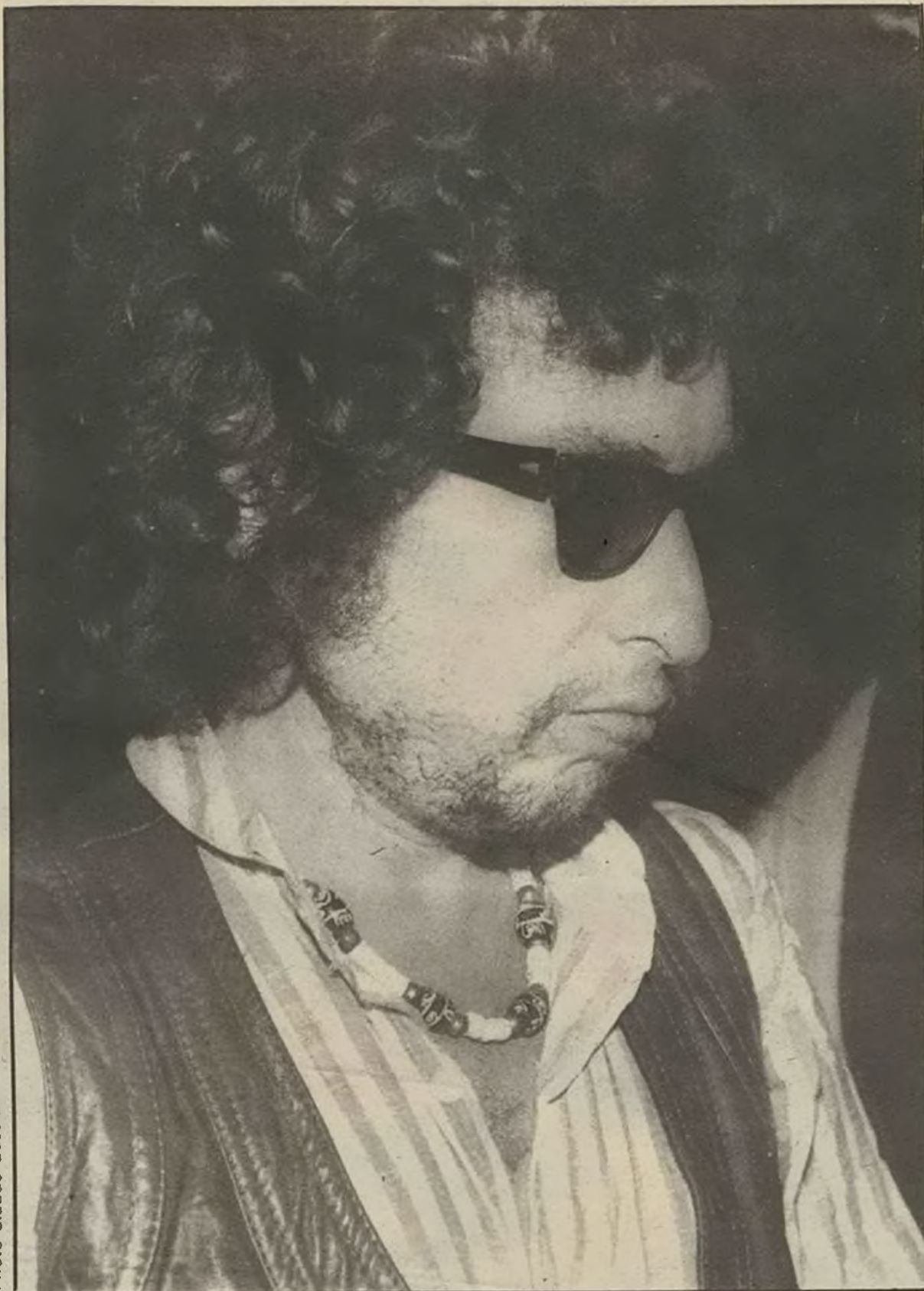


Photo Claude Gassian

HARMONICAS PLAY THE SKELETON KEYS OF THE RAIN that drapes Munich in grey drizzle for Bob Dylan's two day stay in the city.

Our Mercedes taxi splashes its way through sodden streets toward the muzzled grey modernist shapes of the Olympic complex built to house the '74 Games and where tonight's show will be staged, in the splendid indoor sports arena, to an audience of several thousand.

Munich is the eleventh stop on a European tour that will take in eight countries and 23 shows, around a third of them in Britain. Being in the business of The Ceaseless Quest For A Bob Dylan Interview, (one of several score, if not hundred), I get to see shows in Paris, London, and Munich where this quest will, to an extent, be realised; a brief backstage *rencontre* being promised by Dylan's management.

This was Dylan's sixth or seventh visit to Europe in his 20 year career, and this time round it was different. A lot had changed since Dylan last trod Albion's shores, not least the social and cultural fabric of Britain itself.



The expected media fanfare came, but it was muted in comparison to that afforded the '78 trip, when Dylan was seen as the consensus of the ongoing 'rock' tradition handed down from the '60s; still the enigmatic and unrepentant rebel carrying the standards of alienation, protest and emotional and spiritual exploration forward into the future.

This time it was Bruce Springsteen's turn to be feted as the Visiting American Superstar Supreme, likewise set at the heart of a rock tradition whose myths are, for a growing number of young Europeans, now despoiled, overtaken by

everyday reality or the new myths of punk and post-punk.

The national press, radio and TV didn't seem to know quite how to respond to the new, Christian Bob Dylan; and for them it was a case of better the cosy fantasy scenarios of last-chance power drives down endless American highways than the uncomfortable moral imperatives of Dylan's new kingdom.

Dylan's refusal to bow to the myths of rock — he'd always kept an ambiguous, open relation with 'rock' anyway, what with his folk roots, the frequent diversions into country, blues, and anything else that took his fancy — and his insistence on his personal salvation had cost him heavy with critics and fans.

To some of them, any type of born-again Christianity smacked of U.S. President Ronald Reagan's 'Moral Majority', even though Dylan's new songs have consistently spelt out an anti-establishment stance, the protest era rekindled if anything. There again, *any* spiritual values smack of humbug to a sometimes insensitised youth culture, more caught up with the materialist and consumer values it professes to despise than perhaps it realises or cares to admit.

Christian or not, in the gritty business of attracting paying customers, there are few artists able to command the allegiance that Dylan still does, and the ugly rumours of unsold tickets finally gave way to near-capacity audiences. Around 120,000 saw the British shows.

As at Earl's Court a hard look at the Munich crowd reveals plenty of original Dylan fans, many contemporaries now advancing into affluent middle age. Many more, no doubt, couldn't meet the commitment of tickets, transport and babysitters. The younger fans that Dylan's always attracted seem more prominent at the continental shows, where rock tradition and contemporary protest — the German Peace and Eco Movements and their equivalents in France, Benelux and Scandinavia — have not diverged the way they have in the little ol' post-industrial UK.

It hasn't all been "watching the scenery go past the windows" though, as Dylan describes the touring process. A Danish daily paper ran a front page story attacking Dylan, accusing him of paranoia and claiming he kept a veritable squad of Israeli bodyguards on hand to assuage his fear of assassination. Dylan was so incensed by the story he called an impromptu press conference in North Germany where he denied that John Lennon's slaying had provoked any panic in him.

"I might as easily be run over by a truck or something," went the tone of his reply. I never did see more than a couple of security chaps, backstage or front.

Otherwise, Dylan's European jaunt can safely be judged a success. It didn't even rain at the sometimes optimistically staged open-air shows — aides speak of the way it's, ahem, miraculously stopped raining an hour or so before show-time, recalling some of the talk I'd heard around Marley tours ("He had a voice that could really touch you," Dylan says to me later when he crops up in conversation. The two never actually met however).

DYLAN'S STRATEGY on this tour has been to present a set that straddles almost his entire career, harking back to his coffee-house days on numbers like 'Barbara Allen', 'Girl From The North Country', featuring a healthy slug of '60s hits — 'Like A Rolling Stone', 'Tambourine Man' 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue' — and reserving pride of place for his post-conversion songs, to which he seems to bring an extra vocal commitment.

His singing this time round was quite astonishing, clearly superior to all his many past styles, from all of which he borrows for the present. With the horn section of '78 now thankfully nudged out — the present group is more supple and understated — the harmonica has found new favour. Indeed, the acoustic and harp spots were among the most affecting of the show. You could almost hear the audiences gasp unbelieving joy every time he picked up his acoustic guitar, feel them tingle whenever Bob whipped a mouth-harp from a pocket and piped that crazy, angular, plaintive harmonica music of his round the hall.

At a time when conventional rock performance is increasingly derided by many musicians and fans, to Dylan it seems that the

CONTINUES OVER ♦

In a rare interview during his 1981 European Tour, Bob Dylan talks about his music and religion to Neil Spencer.

“The songs don’t mean that much to me actually. I wrote them and I sing them . . . they’re all old songs, even the ones from ‘Slow Train’ are old now.”

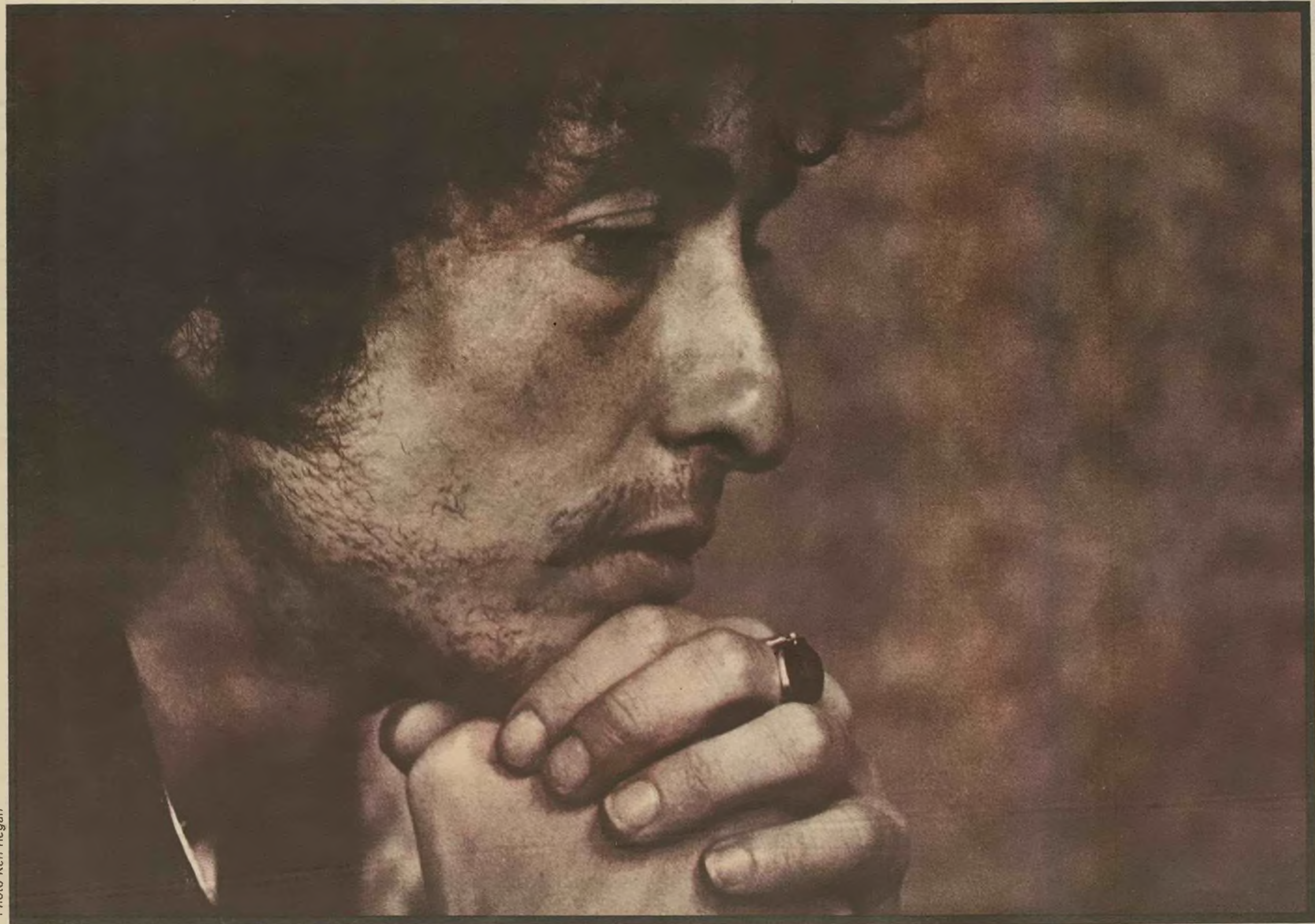


Photo Ken Regan

◆ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

performance is the crucible of his art, an all important testing point. “It’s so immediate it changes the whole concept of art to me,” he tells me later. Hearing him draw from that awesome vault of material he’s stockpiled over the last twoscore years, it was impossible not to marvel at the sheer volume and quality of his writing. Never did ‘Masters Of War’ sound more apt than in the precipitous war-mongering climate of the present. Other songs — ‘Like A Rolling Stone’ being the obvious one — seemed likewise to acquire a new resonance in the light of Dylan’s Christian beliefs. Dylan’s new material continues to reflect his Christianity, though the songs of the new LP, ‘Shot Of Love’ are less directly devotional in their approach, taking the Christian code as the bedrock of his observations rather than merely preaching, as ‘Saved’ too often did. Dylan’s enthusiasm for his new record is only intermittently contagious, but certainly the album boasts some of his finest work in years, particularly the touching melancholic ‘Grain Of Sand’ where Dylan’s retrospection over his life leads him to state “No inclination to look back on any mistake/As I behold this chain of events which I must break.”

The new songs — which may or may not be called ‘Angelina’ (a title already fabled among fans) and ‘Caribbean Wind’ — he mentioned in my interview sound exciting, promising a fusion of his ‘60s sound of the ‘Blonde On Blonde’ era and his ‘80s sensibilities. One aide spoke of the new songs “being as prophetic in their way as the old ones . . . maybe their real time will be someday ahead in the future.” Whatever one may feel about Dylan’s conversion — and the ridicule and depth of scorn to which he has been subjected for his beliefs is unfair — it’s obvious that we will need some kind of spiritual dimensions to our credo if we really are to build the new Jerusalem among the dark, satanic mills. For all that, I was a little taken aback when the man took exception to having a ‘Christian label’ attached to him when he has so virulently informed everyone of his religious beliefs. People don’t constantly refer to Pete Townshend as a Meher Baba follower because he’s always kept his beliefs in context. End of sermon.

IN THE EMPTY LOT backstage in the athlete’s changing area, Bert, a Dutch Dylanologist from *Oor* magazine, and I are lined up for our brief audience with Dylan. “Oh God,” comes the unmistakable voice through the open door of the dressing room as an aide reminds him of our impending

presence and we catch a glimpse of Dylan pulling on a sock. A minute later and we’re shaking hands with the maestro, who seems as nervous as we are, with the air of a man slowly exhaling the potent adrenalin charge of two hours onstage at the hub of 7,000 people’s attention. His stage threads — black trousers, the satin bomber jacket with its curious golden design — lie limply across a chair, Dylan now wearing a sloppy white sweatshirt, jeans, and training shoes. He looks beefier and stronger than all those “wiry little cat” descriptions of history suggest, more sporty; the scene seems almost collegiate. The eyes are large, washed out electric blue, and rivetting, still topped by the great burst of locks. We chat about the show, which Dylan didn’t like — “you couldn’t hear anything and the audience was kinda strange, you should have been at last night’s show” — and about press reaction to the show. Dylan seems to feel the papers give him a hard time whatever he does with the old songs: “You just can’t win.” I remark that ‘Maggie’s Farm’ is a popular song in Britain these days, and Dylan and bassman, who’s also present, exchange blank looks before the bassie tumbles “Maggie Thatcher” and they break into laughter, me wondering about the slow association after a week playing down on the farm itself. He’d heard about The Specials’ version but wasn’t familiar with it. He mumbles

something about “punk waves and new waves” as he packs his stuff, before offering “I like George’s song.” George? “Boy, George’s song is great.” Oh, George Harrison. (It transpires the two spent some time together on Dylan’s stay, inspiring him to play ‘Here Comes The Sun’ at one Earl’s Court gig. One wonders whether they discussed Monty Python’s *Life Of Brian*, which Harrison financed). I mumble something about whether he thinks the old songs seem to get new meanings in the light of changing times and his new beliefs, and Dylan fixes me with a piercing look. “I’m different,” he says. “The songs are the same.” “The songs don’t mean that much to me actually,” he continues. “I wrote them and I sing them . . .” There’s nothing from ‘Desire’ or ‘Street Legal’ though. “We could do a completely different set with completely different songs. They’re all old songs, even the ones from ‘Slow Train’ are old now.” “I tell you what though, I feel very strongly about this show. I feel it has something to offer. No-one else does this show, not Bruce Springsteen or anyone.” Was he surprised at the amount of hostility the conversion to Christianity had brought? “Not surprised at all. I’m just surprised to

hear the applause every time I play. I appreciate that. You can feel everything that comes off an audience . . . little individual things that are going on. It’s a very instant thing.” Outside the tour bus is ticking over and filling up with musicians and road crew, and one of the gospel quartet is doing a soft shoe shuffle in the rain. Tomorrow, comes the word, is a proper interview, at the hotel. Maybe.

WENT TO SEE THE GYPSY, STAYING IN A BIG HOTEL in the centre of the town, where the occasional appearance of a denim clad roadie provides colourful contrast to the assembled grey ranks of German businessmen. Pre-match nerves vanish as I trot out onto the plush turf of Dylan’s fourth floor suite. To one side, a TV flickers without sound. Dylan wanders in wearing a black leather jacket and white jeans, and we start committing words to tape. He talks slowly, his speaking voice deeper than you expect from his singing, and not at all like sand and glue. The replies come carefully considered and usually as evasive and non-committal as we’ve come to expect over the years.

NS: Someone told me you’d been working with Smokey Robinson. Is that right? BD: No . . . we were doing a session, along with Ringo and Willy, and he was rehearsing across the street with his new band, a new show. I’d seen him on the street going it so we went out on a break and said hello. You didn’t work with him? No. Are you pleased with the new album? The last time I heard it I was. I haven’t heard it since I left for Chicago. Which was the beginning of June. I was satisfied enough to leave town. The sound is a lot rawer. A much looser sound. Well, I had more control over this record . . . That’s the type of record I like to make. I just haven’t been able to make them. Why’s that? Well, usually I’ve been working quickly in the studio, and for one reason or another I just get locked into whoever’s producing, their sound, and I just wanna do it and get it over with. Who produced this one? Chuck (Plotkin) and myself produced it. Bumps Blackwell did ‘Shot Of Love’ with me, which he helped with a great deal. You remember him? No, who’s that? Bumps did all the early Little Richard records and Don and Dewey records; he handled all the Specialty records. That’s the rockiest track, right? A lot of the rest is bluesy, or some of it has a reggae lilt. Do you still like reggae? There’s not much difference between country and reggae when you take away the bass and drums; they’re very similar. You’ve always seemed to have one foot in rock ‘n’ roll, Little Richard and all that, and the other in the blues, folk, country, traditions . . . Well, I love it all, whatever might be popular at the moment. Do you still do everything in a couple of takes? On this album we did. I’d heard you like to work in a very spontaneous way. With this new band we can usually work very quickly with a new tune. It is nearer your ‘Mercurial Sound’ with this band? Yeah . . . it’s a little hard to reproduce that on stage of course. The only time we were really able to do that was with The Band on those Bob Dylan And The Band tours in the ‘60s. Because the sound back then was so raw and primitive the sound systems wouldn’t give us anything else. And when The Beatles played, you could never hear The Beatles. Even the Stones’ people were screaming and there wasn’t much sound. You could never hear what they were doing. I have to ask you about the Lenny Bruce song (‘Lenny Bruce Is Dead’). You said it was very spontaneous. That was a really quick song for me to write. I wrote that in about five minutes . . . I didn’t even know why I was writing it, it just naturally came out. I wasn’t, you know, meditating on Lenny Bruce before I wrote it. It’s a very compassionate song. It is. It’s in the tradition of your songs about folk heroes like ‘Hurricane’, ‘George Jackson’ . . . I thought ‘Joey’ was a good song. I know no one said much about it, I thought it was one of those songs that came off and you didn’t hear that much about it. Looking at the other songs on the album there are a lot of criticisms of people in high places. Would you say that’s true? (Laughs) Yeah that’s always true I guess . . . I don’t really know, y’know, I’m not sure how it hangs together as a concept because there were some real long songs on this album that we recorded, a couple of really long songs, like there was one I did — do you remember ‘Visions Of Johanna’? Sure . . . Well, there was one like that. I’d never done anything like it before. It’s got that same kind of thing to it. It seems to be very sensitive and gentle on one level, then on another level the lyrics

aren’t sensitive and gentle at all. We left that off the album. We left another thing off the album which is quite different to anything I wrote, that I think just in a musical kind of way you’d like to hear. And in a lyric content way it’s interesting. The way the story line changes from third person to first person and that person becomes you, then these people are there and they’re not there. And then the time goes way back and then it’s brought up to the present. And I thought it was really effective, but that again is a long song and when I came down to putting the songs on the album we had to cut some, so we cut those. Now what we have left is an album which seems to make its kind of general statement, but it’s too soon to say what that general statement is. There’s a reference to ‘The Politics Of Sin’ on ‘Dead Man’. Yeah, well that’s what sin is, politics. It just came to me when I was writing that’s the way it is . . . the diplomacy of sin. The way they take sin, and put it in front of people . . . the way that they say this is good and that’s bad, you can do this and you can’t do that, the way sin is taken and split up and categorised and put on different levels so it becomes more of a structure of sin, or, “These Sins are big ones, these are little ones, these can hurt this person, these can hurt you, this is bad for this reason and that is bad for another reason.” The politics of sin; that’s what I think of it. Do you still feel politics is part of the illusion? I’ve never really been into politics, mostly I guess because of the world of politics. The people who are into politics as a profession, you know, it’s . . . the art of politics hasn’t changed much over the years. Were there politics in Roman Times? And are there politics in Communist countries? I’m sure there are. You feel what the world’s facing is more of a Spiritual Crisis? Oh yeah, definitely. Definitely. People don’t know who the enemy is. They think the enemy is something they can see, and the reality of the enemy is a spiritual being they can’t see, and it influences all they can see and they don’t go to the top, the end line of the real enemy — like the enemy who’s controlling who you think who’s your enemy. Who’s that? What, who you think your enemy is? Yes. You would think the enemy is someone you can strike at and that would solve the problem, but the real enemy is the Devil. That’s the real enemy, but he tends to shade himself and hide himself and put it into people’s minds that he’s really not there and he’s really not so bad, and that he’s got a lot of good things to offer too. So there’s like this conflict going, to blind the minds of men. A conflict in all of us? Yeah, he puts that conflict there, without him there’d be no conflict. Maybe the struggle is necessary? Well, that’s a whole other subject . . . yes, I’ve heard that said too. When you said “Strengthen the things that remain” (from ‘When You Gonna Wake Up’) what things were you thinking of? Well, the things that remain would be the basic qualities that don’t change, the values that do still exist. It says in The Bible, “Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good”. And the values that can overcome evil are the ones to strengthen. People feel that fighting oppression is more important than spiritual interests. That’s wrong. The struggle against oppression and injustice is always going to be there, but the Devil himself is the one who creates it. You can come to know yourself but you need help in doing it. The only one who can overcome all that is The Great Creator himself. If you can get His help you can overcome it. To do that you must know something about the nature of The Creator. What Jesus does for an ignorant man like mine is to make the qualities and characteristics of God more believable to me, cos I can’t beat The Devil. Only God can. He already has. Satan’s working everywhere. You’re faced with him constantly. If you can’t see him he’s inside you making you feel a certain way. He’s feeding you envy and jealousy, he’s feeding you oppression, hatred . . . Do you feel the only way to know The Creator is through Christ? I feel the only way . . . let me see. Of course you can look on the desert and wake up to the sun and the sand and the beauty of the stars and know there’s a higher being, and worship that Creator. But being thrown into the cities you’re faced more with man than that with God. We’re dealing here with man, y’know, and in order to know where man’s at you have to know what God would do if he was man. I’m trying to explain it to you in intellectual and mental terms, when it actually is more of a spiritual understanding than something which is open to debate. You can’t teach people things they don’t experience for themselves . . . Most people think that if God became a man he would go up on a mountain and raise his sword and show his anger and his wrath or his love and compassion in one blow. And that’s who people expected the Messiah to be — someone with similar characteristics, someone to set things straight, and here comes a Messiah who doesn’t measure up to those characteristics and it causes a lot of

problems. Someone who put the responsibility back on us? Right. From your songs like ‘Dead Man’ and ‘When He Returns’ it’s obvious you believe The Second Coming is likely in our lifetimes. Possibly. Possibly at any moment. It could be in our lifetimes. It could be a long time. This earth supposedly has a certain number of years which I think is 7,000 years, 7,000 or 8,000. We’re in the last cycle of it now. Going back to the First Century there’s like 3,000 years before that and 4,000 after it, one of the two, the last thousand would be the millenium years. I think that everything that’s happened is like a preview of what’s going to happen.

HOW STRICT is your interpretation of Christianity? The Original Christians seemed to have a different faith and belief that have got lost. I’m not that much of a historian about Christianity. I know it’s been changed over the years but I go strictly according to the gospel. Have you seen the Gnostic Gospels? Some place I have. I don’t recall too much about them but I’ve seen them. Are you going to make any more movies? If we can get a story outline we will, I’d like to. Renaldo And Clara was very symbolist, and your songs on ‘Street Legal’ were full of Tarot imagery. Have those interests now left you? Those particular interests have, yes. Do you now think that ‘occult’ interests like the Tarot are misleading? I don’t know. I didn’t get into the Tarot Cards all that deeply. I do think they’re misleading for people though. You’re fixed on something which keeps a hold on you. If you can’t or don’t understand why you’re feeling this way at that moment, with those cards you come up with a comfortable feeling that doesn’t have any necessary value. You were also interested in Judaism at one point. You visited Israel and the Walling Wall in Jerusalem. Do you feel that your interests at that time are compatible with your present beliefs? There’s really no difference between any of it in my mind. Some people say they’re Jews and they never go to a synagogue or anything. I know some gangsters who say they’re Jews. I don’t know what that’s got to do with anything. Judaism is really the Laws of Moses. If you follow the Laws of Moses you’re automatically a Jew I would think. You’ve always had a strong religious theme in your songs even before you became a Christian. (Angrily) I don’t really want to walk around with a sign on me saying ‘Christian’. It might appear that way to a lot of people . . . Yeah, but a lot of people wanna hang a sign on you for whatever. It’s like Mick Jagger said; ‘They wanna hang a sign on you’. In a Playboy interview three years ago you said you agreed with Henry Miller’s saying that “the purpose of the artist is to inoculate the world with disillusionment”. Do you still agree with that? (Laughs) That’s pretty good for Henry Miller . . . maybe that would be good for what he wanted to do. Maybe that’s the purpose of his art. Not yours? Well, what I do is more of an immediate thing; to stand up on stage and sing — you get it back immediately. It’s not like writing a book or even making a record. And with a movie — it’s so difficult to get anything back working or a movie, you never know what you’re doing and the results never come in until usually years afterwards. What I do is so immediate it changes the nature, the concept, of art to me. I don’t know what it is. It’s too immediate. It’s like the man who made that painting there (points to painting on wall of hotel room) has no idea we’re sitting here now looking at it or not looking at it or anything . . . performing is more like a stage play. You haven’t painted your masterpiece yet then? No. I don’t know if I ever will, I’ve given up thinking about it though.





The descent



BOB DYLAN *Shot Of Love (CBS)*

LIKE thalidomide, R. D. Laing, Hughie Green and the smokeless ashtray, late seems to have conspired to make Bob Dylan a totally redundant entity as far as the 1980s are concerned. In such a context, 'Shot Of Love', the third instalment in an ill-starred born again Christian careerist game plan simply displays the full measure of Dylan's own descent into the realms of artistic self-caricature.

Referring to 'Shot Of Love' as Dylan's worst album to date is at once depressingly accurate but, more crucially, woefully inappropriate in mapping out the full extent of this record's shortcomings. The only issue that's been 'shot' here is Dylan's perspective which along with the songwriter's inspiration has become dried up and encrusted with both wrong-headed and dim-witted notions as to what 'Bob Dylan' should be singing about, how 'Bob Dylan' should sound right now. Unfortunately Bob Dylan's creator is so bereft of even his customary guile that every gesture herein seems more abjectly clumsy and witless. Thus Bob Dylan, man and myth collide 'S.O.L.'s instigator standing naked, tedious in his railings, his impotence.

To pillory Dylan with such wounding vitriol may seem somewhat cheap but it's ultimately virtually a repayment in kind for anyone who has ever been victim to that particular brand of zealousness that Dylan

himself has so high handedly demanded from all potential followers throughout his career.

The level of fanaticism slyly triggered off with every soulful bounding leap he engineered in the '60s Dylan still attempts to evoke through the dour severity of his born-again Christian dictates.

In retrospect, although both of 'Shot's' predecessors lack any real merit with regard to the featured songs themselves, at least 'Slow Train Coming' showcased a willingness to work within radically different constraints. Producers Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett managed to temper Dylan's controversially ramshackle lack of discipline in the studio, drawing some of his finest vocal performances on 'Slow Train'. 'Shot Of Love' however spotlights Dylan adrift once again. Dylan has attempted to recapture the 'thin metallic, bright-gold' sound omnipresent on the ensemble performance tracks of 'Blonde On Blonde' and 'Highway 61 Revisited'. The human chemistry that once conspired to attain the unique mathematical funk of those sessions however is lamentably absent, the 'ghostly' electric of yore curdling into a ghastly debilitated series of dirges that sound not merely flat and patently uninspired throughout 'S.O.L.'s tedious extrapolations but, on occasion, criminally ham-fisted — a gap toothed caricature of Dylan's wild-card musical persona. Heart Of Mine', track two, side one, for

example isn't merely one of the hoariest, most wasted performances ever to besmirch a Bob Dylan album arguably it stands out as one of the most excruciating experiences ever committed to vinyl. It's one thing to recall that Al Kooper had never played the organ in his life before he lucked out on the session for 'Like A Rolling Stone' — for whatever reason, the particular alchemy of that moment worked. It's quite another matter to even allow the take of this feeble composition to be placed on the market. Dylan's piano doodling is so off-the-beam, it's an offence to have to listen to. Not to mention Ringo Starr's calamitous out-of-sync percussion, Ron Wood's inability to finger the most basic of guitar riffs, plus a counter-point vocal to Dylan's (Wood again, I'll wager) that's as flat as a pancake.

Lyrical, the nine songs groan under the weight of puerile rhyming patterns, blues and gospel clichés and general lame-brained padding. 'Shot Of Love' attempts to stare down the spectre of 'dread' with ludicrous results.

"Don't need no shot of heroin to kill my disease/Don't need no shot of turpentine to bring me to my knees/Don't need no shot of codeine for help me repent/Don't need no shot of whisky to make me presid-ent". 'Property Of Jesus' feebly portrays the loyal keeper of the faith (Bob himself, presumably) being derided by typical agnostic wasters "He's the property of

BLUE OYSTER CULT *Fire Of Unknown Origin (CBS)*

IN WHICH the black princes of terra incognita strap and resume the circle of all the sciences. The Blue Oyster Cult are to brain banging what 'Scanners' is to aspirin.

Having returned to the gold standard of 'Cultosaurus Erectus' at the turn of the millenium ('Mirrors' was a painful diversion I admit) 'Fire Of Unknown Origin' appeals with the familiar magnetic pull. BOC pull out the artillery, Pedarman, Meltzer, Moorcock, P. Smith and honour their ten year guarantee.

The title track is an update of the ancient number that should have appeared on 'Agents Of Fortune', one of Patti Smith's more virginal accounts of a love affair truncated by spontaneous combustion and God's mysterious wonders. It Swings along like a weighted pendulum. A good send off for the unfortunate chosen victim.

'Burnin' For You' is more up to date, Meltzer mixing a sullen death valley profanity and giving the devil his due with Buck Dharma's mesmeric and poignant melody. A hit single already!

Not so Bloom and Moorcock's 'Veteran Of The Psychic Wars'; this is a set piece tale of sullen ennui, the super hero who needs pensioning off. A slow and ponderous as befits the matter, the song benefits from an enervating grace and a crescendo laden arrangement. Once more the top.

Which leaves, err, 'Heavy Metal' itself, the return to the fold of Pearlman as writer, taking up the cudgels of the black and the silver while the band drag themselves



through some obnoxiously loud chemical equations.

Side two commences with a Bouchard Brothers classic in 'Revenge (The Pact)', sort of 'Wings Wetted Down' revisited. An uncommonly affecting testimony to the loyalty that can only exist between a warrior and his bird, the corny primeval imagery and Albert's best comic book delivery ensure a religious experience for all but the least cosmically aware.

Similarly 'After Dark' is a characteristically bloody, Bloom sucked into the spell of the demon who lurks in the Garden District.

Allen Lanier guides the melody of 'Joan Crawford' with the record's most lavish treatment of a modern xany, this time based on Joan's daughter's chikling memoir of sex symbolism and human madness. The song is in exceedingly bad taste of course and I particularly liked the call and response finale enacted by the drummer and the singer in the old style of 'Dominance And Submission'.

'Don't Turn Your Back' is for the soft corps, nice and smooth and rhythmic. A word to the wise guy, trust nobody.

After ten years at the helm, often misunderstood and pilloried for nothing other than their combine sense of levity and charm there's no earthly sign of the Cult disbanding the chapter.

That old black magic. No sleep 'til Saturn.

Max Bell

ANTI-PASTI *The Last Call (Rondelet)*

MORE JOE DOLCI than doughboys, Anti-Pasti's intimations of war are too hysterically treated to be taken altogether seriously, even if the riots have endowed their gutted punk with an unintended topicality. Though 'The Last Call' was made before the street violence began, it's obvious that Anti-Pasti viewed the outbreak of hostilities somewhere as imminent.

Luckily for them they never properly located their battlefield — it could be Belfast or any British street. News At Ten or Sergeant Fury's Howling Commandos. Similarly they never clearly define who the enemy is, Thatcher aside, of course: "Brew your own/It's about to ferment/No Maggie Thatcher/And no government" ('No Government').

Their comic stripped-to-the-bone visions of an apocalypse are what pass these days for gut level reactions and at least they've got the spunk and occasional wit to make them felt. The record's best rhythm of resistance, however, is the ambiguity that is probably more down to their incompetence than a battleplan.

Thus, it is never certain whether their anti heroes romping through troubled streets are evading an army of occupation or one called in to quell the unrest. Are they dodging the draft or just straightforward arrest? The few songs that are slightly more specific don't do too badly though, specially 'St George (Gets His Gun)', which links territorial army activity with right wing recruitment in the schoolyard, and 'Truth And Justice', which



apparently sneers at the social worker mentality of finding excuses to fit the crime.

Not that Anti-Pasti appear capable of committing themselves — despite their punk pretence to toughness they sound too reasonable and nice for that (check the Undertones' swingalong of 'Another Dead Soldier') Their biggest crime in their audience's eyes is probably their love of The Clash — but that stands them in better stead than their one dimensional fellow travellers in new punk who'll settle for being the new U.K. Subs.

Those restless, wandering bass lines and gleeful crash/cross chordings hint that Anti-Pasti won't be satisfied with so little. Hang around for the main course.

Chris Bohn

A WICKED GOOD TIME *(Modern Method)*

A COMPILATION of the best of Boston Garageland, 'A Wicked Good Time' belies its title by proving 98% redundant. The first three songs on side one circle inexorably around the black hole of 1977; punk thrash embellished with lilly-livered Joey Ramone vocals attempting to avoid the rut with the addition of keyboards ('Psycho Blonde' Pastice) and sax ('New Feeling' Future Dads).

BUNNY WAILER *Rock 'N' Groove (Solomonic Import)*

BUNNY WAILER: sounding as cool as the neck shirt and medallions brigade, icicle-cool to the tips of their Italian almond leather toes. But he just as much the dread in the running shorts and big boots, steering his Land Rover, sweat sheening that ageless, lean and gleaming torso.

Here that fit footballer takes you by the hand and leads you into the ram-packed dance-hall. The hall is so full that bodies are forced to touch, synch-step, beneath the swaying canopy of cables, thick as lianas, fit for Tarzans and Janes. Party time. "You're dancing, and you never want to stop. Do the Dance Rock with me, baby... now it's jollification time, with the reggae rock, boogie disco style, haven't had so much fun in a long while... Just forward this ya rhythm. From the top."

Bunny working again with the finest session-players on the island

Rock'n'groove, sisters and brothers, this record is designed just to put you in the mood. Bunny on the cover, photographed by P.



Blackwood, invites you with a calm come-hither, locks curling from his skull like convoluted tree roots exposed from a brown hillside. You can tell Bunny's a good dancer, just from listening to this record, which holds you lightly round the hips and suggests a Pied Piper rhythm, with no need to maul. Less is more, the sketch of a motion is enough with this certainty of movement.

"Rub it, 'cos this here session is vital. And it's a cool runnings, we all a go rock till broad daylight, we don't need to fuss nor fight, long time we had no nice time, rock to the rhythm of the drum and bass line..."

Come on and tune in. Leave your guns at the door of this dance.

Vivien Goldman

by Suade Cowboys. A kind of funky Devo they are one of the few groups included who really know what to do with their sound and show more restraint than the remainder put together. According to the Xeroxed commentary their 'wet dream is to be produced by George Clinton' which at least proves their heads are screwed on the right way round.

So this is Boston. What ever did happen to the J.Gells Band anyway?

Neil Norman

... and Dread

Jesus/Resent him to the bone/You got something better/You got a heart of stone.

Elsewhere 'Watered Down Love' swipes the riff from 'Clean Up Woman', tosses in part of 'Like A Rolling Stone' 's chord progression and clumsily attempts to attain the bumptious bouyancy of recent Smokey Robinson to scant effect.

Special mention should go to the 'trenchant' overview of current unrest showcased in 'Trouble' (to wit: "Trouble in the water/Trouble in the air/Go to the other side of the world/You'll find trouble there") and, in particular, the haunting banalities gleaming from the parches stanzas of 'Lenny Bruce' (Is Dead).

To call this album depressing is almost to grant it a kind of dignity, or substance it so glaringly lacks. Frankly I don't care if Bob Dylan is as desperate or as broken as he obviously appears. He doesn't need to put out records as senile as this, just as he doesn't need to chose to play the particular game he instigated with despotic glee on his audience. The roles were all of his making and for almost 20 years he played the grand enigma with an exquisite sense of timing, precision and distancing. Now here he is on 'Shot Of Love', standing naked, a figure so forlorn that his audience can either smirk or turn away. In the hazy mid-'60s he'd always pre-empt a put-down with the searing, accusatory "You've got a lot of nerve". In 1981 Bob Dylan has still got a lot of

nerve. But little else to deal out and deal with. One could ask, "How does it feel?" But 'Shot Of Love' answers that question all too painfully.

Nick Kent

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON *Dread Beat An' Blood* (Virgin)

'DREAD BEAT AN' BLOOD' is perhaps the most accomplished, lively and inventive album to utilise reggae an' dub form over the past few years and though released in 1978, when it could be construed as a 'warning' it now becomes one of the most contemporary and refreshing additions to anyone's record collection.

Musical exhortation aside Linton Kwesi Johnson has a razor-edged insight and commitment to the sorry lot of black people in England. Circumstances and burning necessity dictate that most of the songs concern themselves with the dangers of racial tension and the evils of racial hatred.

But as the recent riots have shown the distinctions between oppressed black and oppressed white youth have become so blurred as to be indefinable. When LKJ talks about 'Inglan' he is talking about an attitude which has been embued and encouraged in Britain as far back as history recalls, these days it's an ideology that shows no mercy for anyone disillusioned or disaffected by it.

LKJ is a rarity, a qualified sociologist who follows his instincts rather than his texts.

The opening title track is a song that lent its monicker to the television documentary banned by the BBC during the last general election although it was deemed right and proper to allow the NF a party political broadcast on the same occasion. It brings the listener right into the thick of the conflict riding on the sensibilities and experiences of those from a place where the anger is simmering and the pressure is rising.

An ominous dread tread in the thick of the blues dance. "Electric light consoling.H/ Night. / A small hall soaked in smoke. / Electric power of the red bulb staining the brain with the blood flow / And the bad, bad thing is growing." But more than his usage of Jamaican patois Johnson has an understanding and awareness of history which cuts like a scalpel through the contradictions and injustices we all know exist to reveal the sores that lie beneath the surface.

'It Drea Inna Inglan (For George Lindo)' and 'Man Free (For Darcus Howe)' are views of Inglan from under the jackboot of repression, drowning in the shit from the fat smelly arse of imperialism. The rhythm's are sharp and serious the melodies deft but quaking they prowl through the undergrowth with the rockers on the frontline. Willpower replaces desperation and soul talking replaces platitudes.

I, maybe you too, don't agree *per se* with all LKJ's declarations and conclusions but that's not what matters —

always his songs are delivered in a way that makes you feel you are on the same level as the performer who is engaging you in a personal exposition rather than preaching from a pulpit. It's an approach nurtured on the songs for Darcus Howe and George Lindo and perhaps best exemplified by 'Sonny's Lettuh' on 'Forces Of Victory'.

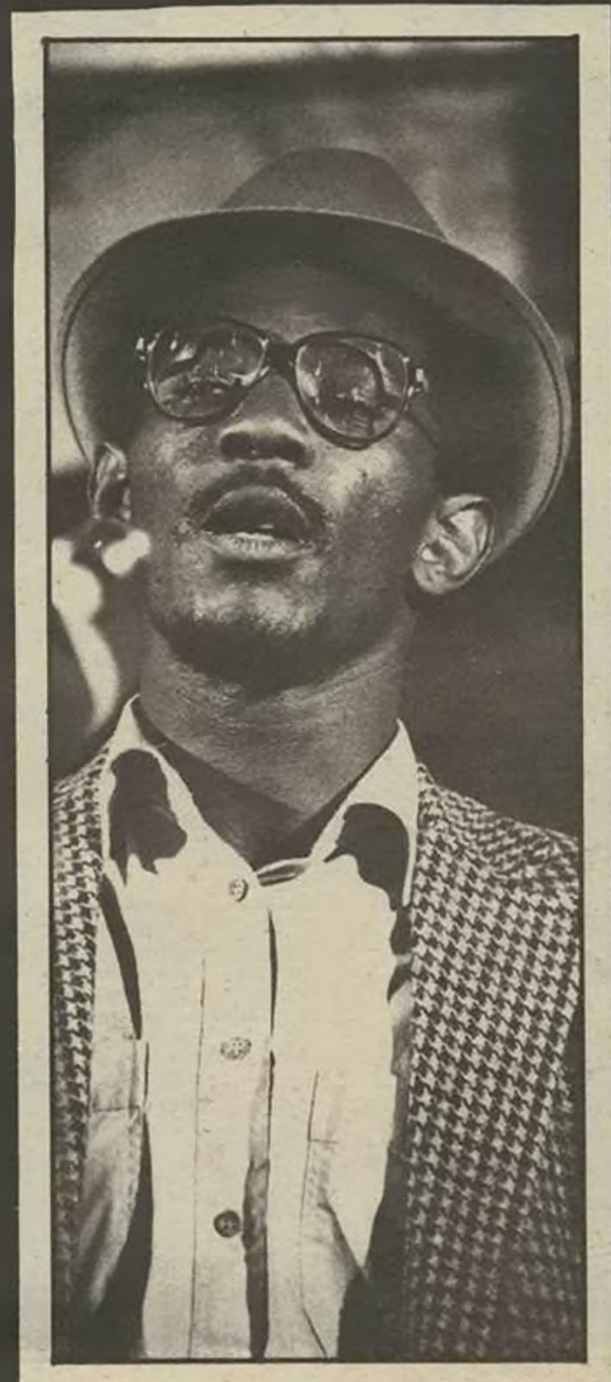
On the sweet and harmonious 'Song Of Blood' close friend and bassist Vivian Weathers takes the vocal and its a composition which, while acknowledging the compassion and spirituality of Rastafarianism, avoids its inconvertible semantics. Here as elsewhere the music is simply excellent — a compelling and accessible reggae language with the guitar fractures, the bubbling bass and the boiling beat meeting and departing in all the right places.

And as the last song says 'All Wi Doin Is Defendin' "Those days of the truncheon and those nights of melancholy locked in the cell. / Those hours of torture in hell. / Those blows that caused my heart to swell. / Were well numbered and are now at an end. / All repression can do is bring passion to the height of eruption."

Dangerous, frightening times but what do you expect, you push a people around for long enough and they're going to crack. If defending means having to fight back, so be it.

LKJ tells it like it is.

Gavin Martin



L.K.J. Pic: Santo Basone

ISAAC HAYES
Hot Buttered Soul (Stax)
SHIRLEY BROWN
Woman To Woman (Stax)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Girls With Soul (Stax)

A RE-RELEASE of life for prime archive material from the South's own powerhouse of soul, Stax Records of Memphis — the label with the clicking fingers.

1969's 'Hot Buttered Soul' was the album that made Isaac Hayes a star, and founded a whole style of black music in the process. It's not, I must admit, the Stax stuff I'd go for, though it's obviously the perfection of its type. There are just two tracks per side: long and lazy, flash and cool, with big big strings and yakkety-yak guitar.

The songs, even covers like 'Walk On By' and 'By The Time I Get To Phoenix' (at 12 and 18 minutes respectively) are shameless celebrations of Hayes' own image: the sexy, low-mumbling superspade, with the *Shaft* shades and the golden jewellery. I think the category is intimate, late night listening... if you go in for that sort of thing.

The music of Shirley Brown, on the other hand, goes straight to the point. They're just fine, these short cuts from '74, featuring her major success 'Woman To Woman'. It's tough and tender soul; the feeling's bitter and sweet. And the sound is superb — even if the material is occasionally weaker than the lady's voice deserves. Best of all, perhaps, is her version of the classic 'Stay With Me Baby', where the balance of passion and control is exquisite.

It's Shirley Brown's title-track 'Woman To Woman', in fact, which opens



Shirley Brown

'The Girls With Soul' — a 16-song compilation of female talents from the Stax stable. And this time, the quality is never less than excellent. There's a rare consistency about this collection, which must be due to some judicious selecting — or else to the unique stamp of the Stax house style, drawing as it did from an elite pool of players.

Carla Thomas, Judy Clay, Inez Foxx and Mavis Staple are maybe the best-known names on offer here, but among the more obscure there's nothing second-rate. The Sweet Inspirations' 'Wishes And Dishes' and Jean Knight's 'Mr Big Stuff' are two good examples: slow or funky, but always stylish — and with a fine sense of independence and self-respect. Believe it, this record is special.

There's a peculiar notion going the rounds — it's sad to see Dexys and Spandau paying it lip-service — the 'soul' (U) and 'rock' (non-U) are somehow polar opposites. But as millions know, there's no difficulty or contradiction in loving the best of both. For the uninitiated, it's worth remembering that anything bearing the Stax sticker is likely to be just that. The best.

Paul Du Noyer.

LUDUS
Pickpocket (New
Hormones
cassette/picture book)

LUDUS HAVE a habit of auditioning for roles that are already filled, for which they were never really suited anyway. If this were a game of croquet, they would have been defeated a few years ago by Lora Logic's scattling good sense, or, more recently, by Altered Images' clearer concept of pristine dottiness.

But as they have refused to play, choosing instead the shelter of their own back garden, the once precociously good Ludus have grown up unawares of the dirt of the outside world into something precious, yet worthless. Never less than pleasant, Ludus are perilously little more than that, though the accompanying booklet suggests they think otherwise. The pictures present starlet Linder with her pretty features mushed up via montage and hidden behind bandages, while the soundtrack has her singing in that trillingly beautiful voice of hers such tellingly nonsensical epigrams as: "Am I your death / Behind my flesh / Does my skull smile".

In the background the two boys Dids and Devine faithfully follow Linder's skipping melodies. Though the flow is all in one direction it is appealing in a Kevin Ayers-ish way, but listen too closely and the fragile effect becomes coy and offputting.

'Pickpocket' is Ludus' portfolio for surrealist filmmaker Luis Bunuel, their homage to Cocteau. I doubt that it would've impressed them — Ludus' perversions of the norm are too minute to upset, or, indeed, even be noticed.

Chris Bohn



C.P. LEE MYSTERY GUILD
Radio Sweat (New
Hormones cassette)

ROCK HUMOUR — who needs it? Rock is often ridiculous and absurd enough on its own and we don't need comedians to help us laugh at it. But as rock satirists go, C.P. Lee's old Albertos etc went somewhere in the right direction.

'Radio Sweat' continues Lee's assault on the obvious, this time in the shape of a commercial radio station. Packaged in a radio cassette-styled plastic carrier, coming complete with DJ pic, sticker and listening guide, it makes for an expensively produced belly laugh, the biggest being that if you put the thing into a radio/cassette player you might be momentarily confused as to which channel you're listening to.

Lee's DJ Mike Barnes' banal banter and daft quips are no dumber than Mike Reid's, the jingles jar and the ads send you to the kitchen. Clever stuff, eh? As to the group satires, cross the Village People with Dostoyevsky and you've got the snipe at Magazine in 'Shot At By Both Sides' — the rest aren't worth mentioning. The tape's one good moment is also the most barbed, it being reggae D.J. U Boat's (groan) bitter trailer for his one hour a week minority hour show.

Chris Bohn

FRANK HANNAWAY
At Home (Pop: Aural)
MORRISSEY MULLEN
Badness (Beggars
Banquet)

WHO KNOWS what madness lurks within the hearts of mums and dads? Those years of scrimp'n'save normality must surely take their toll somewhere...

Take Frank Hannaway, for instance. 62-year-old accordion player Frank, from Dumbarton, is responsible for the latest piece of dumb art on Pop: Aural, a follow-up 'Accessory' to last year's 'Lubricate Your Living Room' retelling at a spit under two quid. Aided and at times almost obliterated by Boots For Dancing guitarist Michael Barclay, Frank meanders curiously through a series of tunes both original and standard, giving the impression of a slightly insane — or at least eccentric Reginald Dixon, his wild and often woolly improvised noodles redolent of seascides and plebian hedonism, now and then evoking the kind of embarrassment-by-proxy felt when witnessing Patrick Moore play the vibes. Frank could only be British.

'At Home' is a record for hearing rather than listening to, intended primarily as an aid to housework. I'm not too sure about that — I like my housework to have a little more *zing* — but it's nice to have around all the same.

'Pleasantly absurd' could be the phrase I'm searching for...

As regards music for housework, Morrissey Mullen have got Frank beaten hands down. 'Badness' is jazz-funk of the milder variety, more Spyro Gyra than Miles, and certainly no worse (ie obtrusive) than any of its legions of American cousins. Neat, efficient and speedy



without being unnecessarily hurried about things; smooth and soothing in its absence of surprise. The perfect accompaniment to mid-afternoon sherry-swiggling.

Where Hannaway is never completely predictable, Morrissey Mullen fulfil the most fundamental prerequisite for housework music by being never *ever* unpredictable; everything is in its place, everything is clean and tidy, and there's just the merest hint of sophistication there to flesh out those Martini-advert fantasies.

In short, it stinks.

Andy Gill

BUCKS FIZZ
Bucks Fizz (RCA)

EITHER I'm going senile, or these MOR pop albums are getting better. I mean, this one doesn't hurt a bit. At least it's no quick, slick Eurovision cash-in, thrown together.

Both the group's chart successes are here, but forget about them: big production numbers like 'Getting Kinda Lonely' (choke, sob) and 'One Of Those Nights' (sniffle, whimper) are far superior. In fact, only the closing cut 'The Right Situation' (written by one Pete Sinfield, if you please) is the sort of inane bouncy gibberish I would have expected.

They don't even grin for the cover pics. Truly, a *serious* bid for credibility...

Paul Du Noyer

Songs in the key of SSSSS



SNAKEFINGER Greener Postures (Do It)

IN THE reptile-house things are never quite what they seem. Shapes and sounds twist and fade, changing as they go. Colours blend with shadows, scales with stones, life with still-life. It's a dark place but warm, intriguing — the ear catches noises, snatches of scratches, whistles and whispers that are gone before the brain can identify and catalogue them. Snakes may look cold but they're warm to the touch and this music, bizarre, convoluted but always accessible, manages to mesmerise all the way through the album, until now generally unavailable in the UK.

The skeletal sound of 'Greener Postures' is given flesh and form by the unorthodox instrumentation used and the sheer strength and reptilian charm of the material itself. Snakefinger and his co-producers The Residents have chosen an uncluttered presentation which highlights the natural exotic colouring of the songs. From the mutated cajun swamp-rock of the opening track 'Golden Goss' through choppy reggae ('The Man In The Dark Sedan') and disjointed, nagging Latin rhythms ('Trashing All The

Loves Of History' and 'Save Me From Dali') the music slithers purposefully, elegantly, inch by inch and track by track to the rich Dekari rock of 'Jungle Princess' with its throbbing tribal drums and the haunting 'I Come From An Island' which pumps along with a war-like, deep-voiced chorus. Steamy!

Like the portrait of Snakefinger himself on the record sleeve this music twists and turns, many tangents and but many angles too — insights into the lush, glistening growth of a darker world, a place of Red Noises and Beefheart valour. Snakefinger's musical postures will stay green for a long time because they're supple and pliant. It's a beat that deviates, a beat that bends without breaking.

All the songs from this particular snake-pit are different enough in texture and pattern to possess a strong individuality yet they complement one another and share a sense of mystery and adventure. 'Greener Postures' is a unique offering which deserves your attention, even your money. The message from the reptile-house is clear and concise — enjoy the darkness, enjoy the heat. Do snakes have hips? Yes, and they swing!

Julian Wilde

RICKIE LEE JONES Pirates (WB)

Rickie Lee Jones' 1979 debut album was the perfect example of the Warner Brothers Los Angeles session album — as also exemplified by Christopher Cross. It was beautifully crafted, both musically and lyrically and produced with that high gloss FM veneer the radio stations adore. It sold three million copies and deserved to, for its marriage of cocktail jazz rhythms and streetwise lyrics.

Two years on we arrive at 'Pirates' — a bad case of second album disease — much more of the same, but worse. Alternatively it could be more of the same but subtler. The successful formula has been further refined to swing smoother, revolving around simple keyboard figures on which all other instrumentation is overlaid like gilt. The net result is too easily up-market supermarket muzak, slipping from song to song without any differentiation.

'Pirates' has the class of a George Benson album before he crossed over, but none of the quality. Resolving that paradox can only lead to the belief that this is the waste of two years work; too clever; too produced and careful. In taking no risks it denigrates songs that might have been masterpieces.

Robin Eggar



PAT BENATAR Precious Time (Chrysalis)

MYRON GROMBACHER... Myron Grombacher is the drummer in Pat Benatar's band. He even co-writes one of the songs on this LP. I don't know why I'm telling you any of this really. It's just that I fancied starting the review by saying Myron Grombacher.

'Precious Time' is Pat's third LP, anyway, and it's fairly disappointing stuff — the run-of-the-mill US rock album thing. All gone now is that quirkiness and light, poppy variety which made her first LP 'In The Heat Of The Night' so different, appealing. Gone too the clever use of outside writers (notably Chinnichap) and the Mike Chapman production. Instead, it's solid stodge all the way: wham, bham, plod plod, and nearly all self-written at that.

Like most people, Pat and band cannot write a decent song to save their lives, so why don't they leave it to others? (I don't mean to say, incidentally, that the crass cover of Beatle-band's 'Helter Skelter' is an especially shrewd move, either.) Having amassed all this indifferent material, their cause isn't helped by a distinct shortage of ideas as to what to do with it all. So they go for melodrama — which leads them into empty bombast. Unmemorable.

Paul Du Noyer



PETER FRAMPTON Breaking All The Rules (A&M)

NOT that it matters, but the only rule broken by this latest recording by the former idol of millions is the rather important one 'Thou shalt not be boring.' The sleeve — all New Wavy with the protagonist trying to look tough and urban all over the place — houses a well-produced (David Kerschenbaum) piece of nothing which ranges from sanded-down Stadium Rock to ghastly fake-Steely Dan and finally capsize itself with a ludicrous version of 'Friday On My Mind', a popular song from the '60s. As unnecessary an album as anyone has encountered in recent weeks, 'Breaking All The Rules' should do for Peter Frampton's career what 'Wholly Moses' should have done for Dudley Moore's.

Charles Shaar Murray

KING SOUNDS & THE ISRAELITES Forward (Grove Muzik)

DIVINE inspiration would seem to be something less than a totally reliable passport to artistic greatness, since King Sounds' first collection of Rasta invocations and love songs falls flat on its locks even with the participation of Horsemouth Wallace, Aswad and the Channel One gang. Despite a few good songs like 'Batman' and 'Where Are You Going?', Sounds' voice communicates little and his production fails to bring the muzik alive. Forward? Not so's you'd notice without a micrometer.

Charles Shaar Murray

STEVE YOUNG Old Memories (Country Roads)

A RE-ISSUE culling Young's best compositions from his two RCA albums 'Renegade Picker' and 'No Place To Fall', both minor gems in the outlaw country field. A timely reminder of the days when country music was alive, well and just that little bit hip.

Robin Eggar

FOREIGNER 4 (Atlantic)

FROM the imaginative title to the lyric sheet which harbours such gems as 'I'm gonna win win win / I'm gonna win win win gonna win / I'm gonna win / I know / I'm gonna win' Foreigner at least maintain a consistency of presentation compatible with their marketability. This is MOR in the truest sense — Moron-Orientated Rock — produced and packaged to perfection with the Electric Lady hallmark of excellence which guarantees the quality of the top dressing. Few of the people who buy this record will bother to look beneath. Why should they? There's nothing there. But give them their due, Foreigner do have consistency, if nothing else; the consistency of warm mucous.

Nell Norman

TIREZ TIREZ Etudes (Aura)

MID-WESTERN artists go to New York, show pictures, make record. The tracks have titles like 'Vowels', 'Hair' and 'I'll Be That' and come from one set of prints: piano or guitar picks out a matchstick riff over a plodding mid-tempo pulse, leavened eventually by some angular 'weirdness' on a second guitar or keyboard. The vocals are delivered in a pained quaver — not very fulfilling, but paydirt is hit on one occasion. 'Razorblade', a light-headed, sweetly addictive fragment, is the sort of calmly sinister pop that Wire used to excel at. Good sleeve.

Richard Cook

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GANG OF 4, BAUHAUS GO FUTURAMA



Bauhaus pic: Andrea Casalotti.

TOUR NEWS

□ **GANG OF FOUR**, Bauhaus and The Cure will appear as headline attractions at Futurama 3, the rock festival which is to be held at Stafford's New Bingley Hall on September 5 and 6. Though no definite statement had been made at presstime it seems that the Gang of Four line-up will include Busta Jones, the bassist who recently toured the States with the band after Dave Allen quit.

There have been several other changes in the festival line-up over the past few days and Saturday (5) listing now reads: Sisters Of Mercy, A Flock Of Seagulls, Crown Of Thorns, The Lines, Revanna And The Magnetics, 23 Skidoo, Felt, Everest The Hard Way, The Higsons, The Sound, King Pleasure, Theatre Of Hate, Human Condition and Bauhaus, with Gang Of Four closing the show, while Sunday (6) sees appearances by Cry, Doll By Doll, Eyeless In Gaza, Diagram Brothers, Virgin Prunes, UK Decay, Blue Orchids, Modern Eon, Positive Noise, OK Jive, Godot, Ludus, Section 25, The Tee-Set, B Movie, Martian Dance and The Cure.

□ **IAN DURY** this week confirmed that he would be playing Edinburgh's Playhouse Theatre on Sunday, August 30, a move exclusively predicted in last week's NME. Nico has also confirmed a date at the city's Niteclub on August 18, while Whitesnake and US heavy Billy Squier are set to provide a brace of concerts at the Playhouse on August 26 and 27, tickets for which, price £5.50, are now on sale at the Playhouse Box Office.

Killing Joke, however, will not be fitting in an appearance at this year's rock festival. Joke are currently touring the States and unlikely to be back until at least September 9 — therefore the planned September 7 gig at Edinburgh Coasters has been cancelled. Also off is the Foreigner — 38 Special Playhouse concert slated for August 31, Foreigner now being reduced to just two UK gigs as part of their European tour — at Birmingham Odeon (August 25) and London Hammersmith Odeon (26).

Meanwhile Josef K and Aztec Camera have lined up a pre-Festival gig at Edinburgh Valentino's on Sunday, August 16.

□ **SHAKIN' STEVENS** commences his second major tour this year at Leicester's De Montfort Hall on November 17 and then plays: Manchester Apollo (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Glasgow Apollo (21), Sheffield City Hall (23), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), Southampton Gaumont (25), St Austell Coliseum (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (29), London Hammersmith Odeon (30), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (December 2), Birmingham Odeon (3), and Liverpool Empire (4). Tickets for all dates, already on sale, are priced from £3 to £4.50.

□ **SOFT CELL**, whose 'Tainted Love' single was last seen moving in an upwards direction on the charts, have a London gig at the Maximus Club, Leicester Square on August 17. Sleazy dress is required.

□ **MORE** will be the opening act at the Castle Donington Monsters Of Rock Festival on August 22, taking their place onstage at 1.00pm to be followed by Blackfoot, Slade, Blue Oyster Cult, Whitesnake and AC/DC, the event finishing at approximately 10.30pm. The promoters say that though a crowd of some 65,000 is expected, tickets will be readily available on the day and fans are advised not to send cheques or postal orders which are likely to be caught up in the current post office disruption.

□ **FLUX OF PINK INDIANS**, currently high in the NME Indies chart with their 'New Smell' single have lined up gigs at London Leytonstone Road Red Lion (September 5), Liverpool Warehouse (6) and Sheffield Marples (7). An extensive late September-early October tour with Discharge is now being finalised.

□ **ALTERED IMAGES**, whose forthcoming single is titled 'Happy Birthday' but doesn't have anything at all to do with Stevie Wonder or Martin Luther King, commence their 'Happy Go Lucky' tour at Aberdeen Venue on August 20, their other dates being: Edinburgh Niteclub (21), Manchester Refers (22), London Heaven (24), Swindon Brunel Rooms (25), Lowestoft South Pier (27), Norwich Gala Ballroom (28), Northampton Roadmender (29), Liverpool Warehouse (30) and Glasgow Mayfair (September 8). An album, also titled 'Happy Birthday' is due on September 4.

□ **GIRLS AT OUR BEST** have cancelled their date at the London Venue on August 20 due to recording work on their debut album. The band, who recently completed a new single, are hoping to find an alternative date for the gig, on which Margo Random will be making a guest appearance.

□ **LEVEL 42**, the Brit-funk outfit, whose 'Turn It On' single has just charted, play a headline concert at the London Venue on August 21. The band also have confirmed dates at: Hull Beverley Hills Disco (August 14), Brighton Sherrys (16), St Albans Civic Hall (22), Norwich Penny's (27), Braintree The Barn (29), Preston Clouds (31), Neath Talk Of The Abbey (September 5), Southampton Tiffany's (7), Scarborough Tiffanys (8) and Burnley Tiffanys (9).



□ **FUNKAPOLITAN**, who as already announced play The Nite Club on August 26 as part of the Edinburgh rock festival, have also lined up dates at Manchester Tiffany's (August 25), Leeds Warehouse (27), Cardiff Nero's (29) and Birmingham Rum Runner (September 1).

□ **JOAN ARMATRADING'S** British tour, due to begin in Bristol on October 12, has been postponed because the singer is shortly to undergo a minor operation. It is expected that the 16 dates will be rescheduled for November/December and details of ticket availability plus arrangements for existing ticket-holders will be announced as soon as possible. Meanwhile, A&M will be releasing a new Armatrading album, 'Walk Under Ladders' on September 4, this being preceded by a single, 'I'm Lucky', out on August 21.

□ **SIUXSIE'S** gig at Liverpool's Royal Court, due to take place last Sunday, was called off because vandals damaged the building on the night prior to the show, causing a surveyor to declare the theatre unsafe for public use. The show will now be re-scheduled.

□ **SONNY STITT**, at one time considered only second to Charlie Parker as a jazz altoist, is playing six UK dates during August, these being: Manchester Band On The Wall (August 17), Dundee Bonar Hall (19), London Barnes Bull's Head (21 and 22) and Oldham Birch Hall Hotel (23), plus a Thames jazz cruise date on August 22, details of which can be obtained from Pizza Express of Dean Street, London.

□ **COAST TO COAST**, whose debut 'Coastin' album should be in the shops by the end of the month, are undertaking an Autumn tour that takes in the following dates: Wellingborough Railway Club (14), Salisbury City Hall (16), Isle Of Man Palace Lido (18), Newcastle Madisons (19), Middlesbrough Madisons (20), Skegness The Sands (24), Scunthorpe Tiffanys — plus afternoon performance (September 3), Chippenham Gold Diggers (4), Chesterfield Aquarius (5), Andover Country Bumpkin — plus afternoon performance (12) and Telford Amphitheatre (12).

• continues over

NEWS FLASH

CELLULOID MADNESS!

MADNESS, Blondie, Gary Numan and Martha And The Muffins are among those to be heard on the soundtrack of *Knights Electric*, a film about four punks in an amusement park, now being distributed by Brent Walker. The movie, directed by Barney Broom, also features four soundtrack items by John Foxx, three by The Rutts and two from The Pretenders.

CASINO CLOSEDOWN!

THE dancing is to stop at Britain's most famous disco — Wigan Casino, the club that attracts thousands of fans from all over Britain each week to its legendary all-night Northern Soul sessions. The venue has been regularly featured on TV and has entered the pop charts with releases on its own record label, Casino Classics.

Now, after eight years, the party is over and the club is to close, 15,000 fans being told by DJ Russ Winstanley at last Friday's all-nighter: "The club is closing down due to us not being able to negotiate a long enough lease —

and also to the effects of the recession."

A final all-night super-session is to be held on Saturday, September 19.

FUSSY POLITTI!

THE West German import of Scritti Politti's 'The "Sweetest Girl"' single, reviewed in last week's NME, has been withdrawn at the group's request as they were not happy with either the mix or the pressing. A new version — different mix, different pressing — is due for home release at the end of this month.

RADIO SWEETHEART!

DOWNTOWN, Northern Ireland's only commercial radio station takes an unprecedented turn for the better from the end of August when co-manager of the local Good Vibrations label David Millar presents a two-hour weekly show concentrating on the latest reggae and blues releases.

The show, to be run throughout the autumn schedules, shows the success of Good Vibrations and associated parties in diverting public interest away from the

mainstream and, subject to favourable reaction, could be extended into a bi-weekly programme.

THOMPSILITIS!

THOMPSON TWINS have cancelled all their dates throughout August and up to September 15 due to Pete Dodd contracting tonsillitis, his ill-health putting the band behind on their recording and rehearsal schedules. The Thompsons, who are due to record a single with producer Steve Rowland, wish to apologise for the delay in service and say that they feel particularly bad about not making their planned appearance at the Manchester CND rally last Saturday.

DO BATTLE!

THE SECOND Battle Of The Bands gets underway in October, with heats due to take place at Glasgow Tiffany's (October 8), Edinburgh Usher Hall (7), Newcastle Mayfair (8), Leeds Tiffany's (11), Manchester Ritz (13), Liverpool Grafton Rooms (15), Belfast Queens University (17), Dublin RDS (18), Birmingham Locarno (20), London Lyceum (21), Norwich Samson and Hercules (22), Portsmouth Locarno (25), Bristol Locarno (27) and Cardiff Top Rank

(28). Bands still wishing to enter can do so by submitting cassettes either to their local radio station (wherever an agreement has been made with the station) or direct to Battle Of The Bands, Competition House, 87 High Road, Wood Green, London N22, the closing date for entries being August 31. All 14 heat winners are guaranteed a track on a compilation album to be released through RCA, while the £5,000 minimum prize money will be split between the final bands, the winning band also gaining their own album release with RCA.

FISCHER'S NEW LINE!

FISCHER-Z, who provided eight singles and three albums in three years of their existence, eventually called it a day when John Watts, the band's vocalist and songwriter announced: "I felt that Fischer-Z peaked with 'Red Skies' and the touring we did in Europe this year lacked the freshness and spontaneity that is vital to a good band. Fischer-Z had become predictable and I needed a change!" Watts is currently rehearsing with a new band which he intends to take on the road as soon as possible.



Pics: David Corio

● The Polecats release a double A-side single this Friday. One side features 'Marie Celeste', a Polecats' original taken from their album, while the reverse will be a version of Marc Bolan's 'Jeepster'. Both songs are

produced by Tony Visconti, who also produced 'Jeepster' for Bolan. There will also be a limited edition 12" single containing two extra tracks 'Down The Line' and 'Hip Hip Baby', both Dave Edmunds productions.

RECORD NEWS

● Blondie's 'Greatest Hits' album is expected to make an appearance in time to grab a portion of the pre-Christmas sales. Meanwhile, other potential big-sellers being lined up for September release include albums from Ultravox and Genesis, while a Bryan Ferry solo project seems probable in the not too distant future though Roxy are unlikely to provide any new entrants in the album stakes during the rest of '81.

● Stray Cats are now resident in Montserrat, recording tracks produced by Brian Seltzer. Among those helping out have been a sax man from Little Richard's band and pianist Ian Stewart.

● Steve Hackett, who commences his Autumn tour next month, releases his fifth Charisma album on August 21. Christened 'Cured', it will be the first to strongly feature Hackett's vocal attributes.

● John Martyn's debut WEA single comes out on August 21. Titled 'Please Fall In Love With Me' and backed by 'Don't You Go', it was produced by Phil Collins, who also plays on the disc.

● Gaspar Lawal, sometime percussionist with the Stones, Funkadelic, Manfred Mann etc., has a single called 'Kita-Kita' out this week on the independent CAP label.

● Eurythmics second single, 'Belinda', surfaces on August 21. Written by Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart, it was produced by Conny Plank and features guest musicians Robert Gorl of DAF and Holger Czukay, the latter combining with Can compatriot Jackie Leibziet to form the horn section that plays on the B-side 'Heartbeat, Heartbeat'. Eurythmics are shortly to play a European tour which will be followed by selected dates in this country.

● The Police's forthcoming album, details of which appeared in last week's issue, has now been titled 'Ghost In The Machine'.

● Gaelic Dubwise, provider of the somewhat flamboyant insert notes to Wah's 'Nah-Poo' album, phoned to say that Eternal Records are to form an offshoot label for new bands and require tapes from any outfits who feel they're ready for world domination. The address to contact is 126A Bold Street, Liverpool 1.

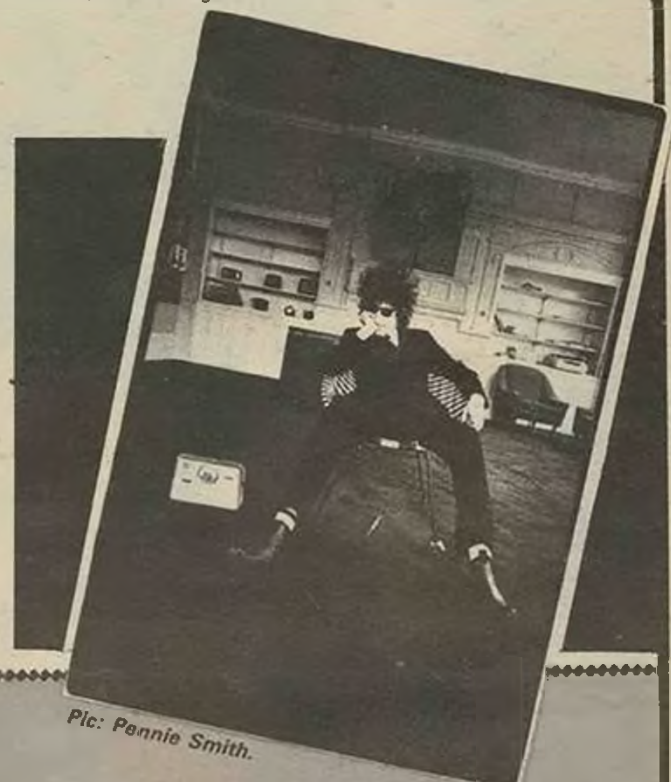
● Wild Willy Barrett has a single released by Black Eye Records on August 20. One side is titled 'I'm In Love Again', while the reverse is a version of the Small Faces 'What You Gonna Do About It'.

● Meatloaf's new album, 'Dead Ringer', has now been put back to September 4, while a single from the album, 'I'm Gonna Love Her For Both Of Us' comes out the same day. All seven songs on the album were penned by Jim Steinman, while the back-up squad includes Cher, Ted Nealy, Nicky Hopkins, Davey Johnstone, Liberty DeVito from Billy Joel's band and Roy Bittan and Max Weinberg from the E Street Band.

● Desmond Dekker's latest album, 'Compass Point', is released by Stiff on August 14. Recorded at Compass Point Studios in Nassau, it was produced by Robert Palmer who brought in his band to play on the sessions.

● The Crusaders latest single, featuring Joe Cocker on vocals, gets an MCA release this week. Titled 'I'm Standing Here Today', it's culled from the band's forthcoming album, now scheduled for September.

● Bill Nelson has a single 'Living In My Limousine'/'Love In The Abstract', out on Mercury on August 21. A 12" version will also be available, this featuring an extra track in 'White Sound'.



Pic: Pennie Smith.

TOUR NEWS

● from previous page

□ PRINCE FAR-1 with The Arabs and special guest Congo Ashantie Roy, plus the Front Line International sound system, give a concert at London's Pickett's Lock Main Concert Arena on August 22 at 7pm. A special bus service connecting Seven Sisters station with the venue operates between 6 and 8.30pm. Tickets for the event are £3.75.

□ THE RAINCOATS will not now be appearing at the Edinburgh Astoria on Sunday, August 30 and the promoters are seeking a replacement attraction.

□ LEE FARNDON, support act on the Gary US Bonds dates at the Venue (August 14 and 15), will also be playing two London pub dates, at the Fulham Greyhound (18) and Fulham Golden Lion (21).

□ NAZARETH kick off their first UK tour for two years in September. It's a 12 date affair, which sees the band bringing over their full American stage show in order to impress fans at Hull City Hall (September 17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Edinburgh Odeon (19), Glasgow Apollo (20), Bradford St George's Hall (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Poole Arts Centre (24), Nottingham Rock City (25), Liverpool Royal Court (26), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (28), Sheffield City Hall (29) and London Hammermith Odeon (October 2).

Prior to the tour, on September 7, NEMS Records release 'Snaz — Nazareth Live', a double album containing new versions of Naz favourites recorded at the PNE Colosseum, Vancouver, during May, this year. The album is the first by the current line-up of Dan McCafferty (vocals), Manny Charlton (guitars), Pete Agnew (bass), Billy Rankin (guitar), John Locke (keyboards) and Darrell Sweet (drums). In addition, a live Nazareth show, recorded at Houston Colosseum, will be available in video form in early October, with laser and video-disc versions threatened for February 1982.

□ O.K. JIVE will support Joe Jackson on his dates at Manchester Ritz (August 18), Birmingham Locarno (19) and Chester Northgate Centre (20).

□ JOHN COOPER CLARKE headlines at London's Marquee on August 19, 20 and 21, performing two sets each evening, one with and one without a band. There'll be a special guest on every show, Linton Kwesi Johnson joining Cooper Clarke on the opening date and Peter Perrett helping out on the final night, the August 20 guest spot still remaining unfilled at present. Following these dates, Cooper Clarke rejoins the Siouxsie tour, then heads out to Holland to play three festivals before touring the States in the company of Pauline Murray. He returns to Britain in October to start work on a new album, by which time his latest book of poems, published by Penguin, should be with us.

□ JOHNNY G takes a break from work on his forthcoming double-album 'Water Into Wine', to appear at the London Marquee this Friday (14) and the Rotterdam Rock Festival (16). One half of the album is a studio affair, produced by Bob Andrews and featuring various Rumourites.

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WEDNESDAY 20

THURSDAY 21

FRIDAY 22

SATURDAY 23

SUNDAY 24

MONDAY 25

TUESDAY 26

WEDNES

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8 pm — 2 am

Saturday 15th August
£1.50 on door £2.00 after 10 pm
FUTURIST DISCO
in The Lounge Club

Thursday 27th August £3.00 adv
STEVE HACKETT

Friday 25th September £3.00 adv
NAZARETH

Saturday 3rd October £3.50 adv
SAD CAFE

Thursday 22nd October £2.50 adv
JUNIOR WALKER
and the
ALLSTARS

Saturday 24th October £3.00 Adv
THE BLUES BAND

Tickets from: Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks & Sanctuary, Lincoln or by Post from Rock City. Enclose SAE.

Whisky a'gogo

Tuesday 18th August
A temperamental evening with
the Mood Elevators
+ The Treatment
Tuesday 26th August
SCREAMING KING TRIGGER
Opens 9pm-2am
Admission £2
DJ's 2AK & GABRIOL
35 Wardour St. London W1

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead N16

Wednesday 12th August £1.50
ART OBJECTS + Obsession

Thursday 19th August £1.50
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
+ Transmitters

Friday 14th August £1.75
NIGHTINGALES + Watch With Mother

Saturday 15th August £1.75
ICARUS + Stolen Pets

Sunday 16th August £1.50
THE RHYTHM METHOD + Buzz

Monday 17th August £1.50
BEAM ME UP SCOTTIE + Support

Tuesday 18th August £1.50
THE ALMOST BROTHERS
+ Baby Amplifiers

Wednesday 19th August £1.50
CANABY
+ Stranger Solution

For
Advertising
call
01-261 6153

Derek Block in association with Dave Woods
presents

Siouxsie And The Banshees
plus SPECIAL GUEST
JOHN COOPER CLARKE

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Monday
24th August 7-30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PALAIS (01-748 2812) & ALL USUAL AGENTS

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tuesday 25th August
Thursday 3rd September
7.30pm
TICKETS £3.50 £3.00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01-748 4081) & ALL USUAL AGENTS

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 13th August 50p
PARIS
+ Avengers

Friday 14th August £1
JACKIE LYNTON BAND

Saturday 15th August £1
LA-ROX
+ The Pope

Sunday 16th August £1
PARK AVENUE

Monday 17th August £1
Psychedelic night with
THE BUMPERS
+ full support

Tuesday 18th August £1
Penthouse Records
THE FASCINATORS
+ The Sax Maniac

Wednesday 19th August £1
THE POPE
+ Uropa Lula

Thursday 20th August £1
SUNFIGHTER + Support

FUTURIST BANDS OR FUTURISTS GIGS

BILL WRIGHT
BANKHOUSE ENTS
(048 489) 2478 or 3939

THE ANGEL
73 LAMBETH WALK
LAMBETH SE11
01-735 4309
(Lambeth North Tube)

Thursday 13th August £1
KIM BEACON BAND

Friday 14th August £1
IVORY COASTERS

Saturday 15th August £1
A BIGGER SPLASH
+ Crosswords

Sunday 16th August £1
BLACK MARKET
+ Talkover

THE GREYHOUND
900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodways or Chadwell Heath 1000 night bus to Green) London
Admission £1.00 (£1.50 Fri & Sat)
8pm - 12pm
10.30 pm Sunday
01-595-1533

Thursday 13th August
BRIAN KNIGHT
BLUES BAND
Featuring Art Thaman + Dick Heckstall Smith + Mike Khan Band

Friday 14th August (Heavy Rock)
JANINE
+ Montage Real Estate

Saturday 15th August
PURPLE HEARTS
+ Flat 18

Sunday 16th August
ORANGE CARDIGAN
Monday 17th August
MARTIAN DANCE
+ Dangerous Banana's

Tuesday 18th August
CHRIS THOMPSON
+ THE ISLANDS
Wednesday 19th August
NEAL KAYS Heavy Metal
Soundhouse
Thursday 20th August
LONG TALL SHORTY
+ The Stripes

THE PITS
GREENMAN, EUSTON ROAD, NW1
Licensed 8.30 till 1am — Opp Gt Portland St. Tube

Thursday 13th August £1.50
THE CHEFS
+ The Pencils

Friday 14th August £1.50
WRECKLESS ERIC BAND

Saturday 15th August £1.50
DOLLY MIXTURE
+ The Routine

Monday 17th August £1.50
KITSCH
+ The White Brothers

Tuesday 18th August £1.50
A BIGGER SPLASH
+ International Rescue

Wednesday 19th August £1.50
ROY SUNDHOLM BAND
+ The Stripes

DJ — SLV FOX

MEL BUSH PRESENTS



DAVID ESSEX

12th Sept. Edinburgh Playhouse 031-557-2590
13th Sept. Newcastle City Hall 0632-612606
14th Sept. Sheffield City Hall 0742-735295
15th Sept. Coventry Apollo Theatre 0203-23141
16th Sept. Leicester De Montfort 0533-544444
17th Sept. Ipswich Gaumont Theatre 0743-53641
18th Sept. Chelmsford Odeon Theatre 0245-351676
19th Sept. Poole Arts Centre 02013-85222
20th Sept. Southsea Kings Theatre 0705-828282
21st Sept. Brighton Conference Centre 0273-202881
22nd Sept. Bristol Colston Hall 0272-291768
24th Sept. Cornwall Coliseum 072681-4004
25th Sept. Cardiff New Theatre 0222-32446
26th Sept. Bletchley Leisure Centre
0908-661738/77251
27th Sept. Birmingham Odeon 021-643-6101
29th Sept. Wolverhampton Civic Hall 0902-28482
30th Sept. Manchester Free Trade Hall
061-834-0943
1st Oct. Liverpool Royal Court 051-708-7411
2nd Oct. Leeds Grand Theatre 0532-450891
3rd Oct. Leeds Grand Theatre 0532-450891
4th Oct. Croydon Fairfield Halls 01-681-0821
5th Oct. Canterbury Odeon Theatre 0227-62480
6th Oct. London Hammersmith Odeon 01-748-4081
7th Oct. London Hammersmith Odeon 01-748-4081
New album 'BE-BOP THE FUTURE' released
4th September



THE
Nolans

19th Oct. Newcastle City Hall 0632-612606
20th Oct. Edinburgh Playhouse 031-557-2590
21st Oct. Aberdeen Capitol Theatre 0224-23141
22nd Oct. Dundee Caird Hall 0382-22200
23rd Oct. Glasgow Pavilion 041-332-0478/2683
24th Oct. Glasgow Pavilion 041-332-0478/2683
25th Oct. Liverpool Royal Court Theatre
051-708-7411
27th Oct. Manchester Free Trade Hall
061-834-0943
28th Oct. Birmingham Odeon 021-643-6101
29th Oct. Sheffield City Hall 0742-735295
30th Oct. Hanley Victoria Hall 0782-24641/610940
1st Nov. Nottingham Theatre Royal 0602-42328/9
2nd Nov. Leicester De Montfort Hall 0533-544444
3rd Nov. Brighton Dome 0273-682127
4th Nov. Eastbourne Congress Theatre 0323-36363
5th Nov. Croydon Fairfield Halls 01-681-0821
6th Nov. Southampton Gaumont 0703 29772
7th Nov. Slough Fulcrum Centre 0753 38669
8th Nov. Bristol Colston Hall 0272-291768
10th Nov. Torquay Princess Theatre 0803-27527
11th Nov. Bournemouth Winter Gardens 0202-26446
12th Nov. London Dominion Theatre 01-580-9562/3
13th Nov. London Dominion Theatre 01-580-9562/3



SANTANA

In Concert

24th Oct. Birmingham Odeon 021-643 6101
26th Oct. Royal Albert Hall 01-589 8212
27th Oct. Royal Albert Hall 01-589 8212
28th Oct. Royal Albert Hall 01-589 8212
29th Oct. Royal Albert Hall 01-589 8212
Box office opens 22nd August

Nationwide Gig Guide



LKJ pic: Santo Basone

U2 (right) share a mixed bill which includes headliners Thin Lizzy, Australian heavy metallurgists Rose Tattoo, The Bureau, Sweet Savage and Hazel O'Connor at Slain Castle, County Neath on Sunday. Linton Kwesi Johnson is one of a formidable line-up appearing at Edinburgh's annual Rock Festival reported in NME last week. LKJ shares the bill with Fungus on Tuesday.



U2 pic: David Corio

Thursday
13th


ABC: London Covent Garden

Barnham, Murrell Arms: Phil Beer
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ida-Red
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Last Detail
Bolton The Gaiety: Really Big Men
Bordon, the Robin Hood: Lost Robert's Blues Band
Bournemouth Moat House Hotel: The Artists
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Cambridge Sound Cellar: Spider, Left Hand Drive
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Brian Knight
Blues Band/Mike Khan Band
Chesterfield, Star Club: Our Pete and The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie and The Four and a Half Garden Gnomes
Christchurch Olde George Inn: Bill Zorn
Chorley Jousiers Arms: Mass Murder
Crawley Leisure Centre: Barbara Dickson
Edinburgh Playhouse: Siouxie and the Banshees
Ellesmere Port, Bulls Head: Rockabilly Rebs
Erith 2001 Club: The Reflectors
Folkestone, Springfield Hotel: The Pulsators
High Wycombe, Nags Head: The Mode
Hinckley, Regent Club: Chevy Ayr Way Inn: H20
Kirkcaldy Abbotshall: Saigon
Leeds Warehouse, Delta Five: Another Colour
Liverpool, The Mayflower: The Rivals
London, Barons Court Tavern: The 45s
London, Camden Dingwalls: The Snax
London Chelsea, All My Eyes and Betty Martin: SJ and Her Gem
London Clapham 101 Club: The Klones/The Uprights
London Clapham Two Brewers: Brunel
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: ABC
London Euston The Pits: The Pencils/The Chefs
London Fulham Kings Head: Fictitious
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Sunfighter
London, Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Islington Hope and Anchor: The Deadbeats
London Islington Screen on the Green: The Human Condition With Jah Wobble

London, Kensington, De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kentish Town, Bull and Gate: Chuck Farley
London Leytonstone Olivers Disco: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Wardour St Marquee Club: The Members/Outpatients/Jerry Floyd
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: OK Band
London Old Kent Road Greenman: Spitzbrook
London Oxford Street 100 Club: Black Roots
London Piccadilly Hotel: Arena Dance
London, Plumstead, Prince Rupert: A Bigger Splash
London Soho Pizza Express: NYJO Small Band
London Southbank, Jubilee Gardens: Arizona Smoke Revue
London S.E.19, white Swan: Harfoot Brothers
London Stratford, Green man: Hershey and The 12 Bars
London Victoria, The Venue: The Scars/The Cuban Heels/The Higsons
London Waterloo, Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London, West Hampstead, Moonlight Club: A Flock Of Seagulls/The Transmitters
London, W. Hampstead, Starlight Rooms: London W.1 Embassy Club: La-Rox
London Whetstone, Black Bull: Paul Downes
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin Horse
Milton Keynes Compass Club: Religious Overdose, Directrix, Nobby Clark
Norwich White's: Ruby Joe
Nottingham, Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Bredline/Ray Gunn and the Lasers
Oxford The Pennyfarthing: Exit
Poole Arts Centre: Elkie Brooks
Reading, Target Club: C-Salm
Croydon Railway Hotel: Que Bono
Sheffield, Hallamshire Hotel: An Ordered Life
Southampton, Club Manhattan: The Convertibles
Stanley (Durham) Smugglers Arms: The Toy Dolls
Woking The Cricketers: Coastal Waves

Friday
14th


Anti Pasti: Retford

Aberdeen, Bobbin Mill: The Freeze
Banbury, Broughton Castle Park: Ralph McTell, Richard Thompson, Dave Pegg, Dave Matlocks

Bath, Moles: Talisman
Bath, Ring O'Beils: C-Salm
Birmingham, Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys
Birmingham, Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham, Railway Hotel: Teuser
Bristol, Tiffany's: Chevy
Bury, Radcliffe Youth Club: Reuters
Cambridge, Sound Cellar: Chelsea, Placebo Thing
Chadwell Heath, Greyhound: Janine/Montage Reel Estate
Chester, Matlock Hall: Back Door Man
Cleethorpes, Pier Hotel: The Elements
Coventry, Ryton Bridge: Streetlite
Dudley, J.B.'s Club: The Chefs
Edinburgh, Nite Club: Classic Nouveaux
Folkestone, Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band
Hailsham, Crown Hotel: Die Laughing
Hillingdon, Bricklayers Arms: The Chevrans
Inverness, Ice Ring: Siouxie & The Banshees
Ipswich, The Manor: Shades
Kendal, Brewery Arts Centre: Jo-Anne Kelly & Pete Emery
Launceston, White Horse Inn: British Intelligence
Liverpool, The Masonic: Madame
London, Brentford, Red Lion: Chuck Farley
London, Camden, Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London, Chelsea, All My Eye & Betty Martin: Philip Jap
London, Clapham, 101 Club: The Exciters/Airstrip One
London, East Ham, Ruskin Arms: Electrix
London, Fulham, Greyhound: The Gds
London, Fulham, Kings Head: The 45's
London, Fulham, New Golden Lion: Cotton Buds
London, Greenwich, White Swan: Suttel Approach
London, The Greyhound: The Gas/The Rank Amateurs
London, Hammersmith, Clarendon Hotel: Brunel
London, Harrow Road, Windsor Castle: A Bigger Splash
London, Herne Hill, Half Moon: Modern Eon, Pencils
London, Islington, Hope & Anchor: The Blue Cats
London, Kentish Town, Bull & Gate: Crannog
London N.W.2, Hogs Grunt: Paz
London, Old Kent Road, Greenman: Risky Zips
London, Oxford Street, 100 Club: Jabula
London, Piccadilly Hotel: True Life Confessions
London, Plumstead, The Ship: The Lemon Kittens/The Reflections
London, Soho, Pizza Express: Jim Richardson Quartet
London, Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Carey Duncan Band
London, Stockwell, The Plough: Southside
London, Stoke Newington, Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London, Victoria, The Venue: Gary U.S. Bonds
London W.14, The Kensington: The Kicks
London, West Hampstead, Moonlight Club: The Nightingale/Watch With Mother
London, W. Hampstead, Starlight Rooms: Rockabilly Rebs
Manchester, Cyprus Tavern: Oedipus Complex
Manchester, Heaton Park: (2 days) Gary Glitter and Cottles Circus

Manchester, The Squat: Mass Murder
Northwich, White Lion: Martin Carthy
Norwich, Festival House: Ruby Joe
Oxford, New Theatre: Barbara Dickson
Oxford, Pennyfarthing: Chinatown
Prestwick, St. Ninian's: H20
Retford, Porterhouse: Anti-Pasti
Shifnal, Star: Another Dream
Southampton, Joiners Arms: The V-Necks
Southend, Queen's Hotel: Johnny Legend
Wallasey, Leasowe Castle Hotel: Paul Costello & Friends
Weymouth, Gloucester Hotel: Red Beat/Kevin
Woking, The Cricketers: Arris

Saturday
15th


TV21: Edinburgh

Aberdeen Capital: Siouxie & The Banshees
Belloch, Roundabout Inn: Side Line
Banbury, Broughton, Castle Park: Fairpoint, Bert Jansch, Martin Carthy, John Kirk Patrick
Birmingham, Barrel Orga: Orphan
Birmingham, Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
Birmingham (Saltley) Adderley Park: Alternative Route / Drongoes For Europe / Tadpoles
Bournemouth, Moat House Hotel: The Secret
Brighton, Alhambra: The Mets
Cambridge, Sound Cellar: Wreckless Eric, Fool
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Purple Hearts/Flat 19
Chapel-En-Le-Frith: Permanent Wave / Helen Watson
Chesterfield, Top Rank: Bingo Reg / The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
Crowborough Cross Hotel: The Cruisers
Edinburgh, Nite Club: TV 21, The Very Thing
Ellesmere Port, Bulls Head: The Precautions
Folkestone, Royal Norfolk Hotel: English Rogues
Folkestone, Springfield Hotel: Sandy Reach & The Deckchairs
Glasgow, The Waterfront: H20
Glastonbury, Children's World Festival: Talisman
Glossop, Dean's Hotel: Back Door Man
Gravesend, Prince Of Wales: Spitzbrook
Haslingden, Tnakers: Dead Giveaway
Honiton, Open-Air Festival: The Artists
Ipswich, YMCA: The Papers, Legionnaires
Leeds, Royal Park Hotel: Rockabilly Rebs
London, Canning Town, Bridge House: La Rox
London, Clapham, 101 Club: The Gas / The Bomb

London, Fulham Greyhound: The Hidden Charms
London, Fulham New Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton
London Hammersmith, Lyric Theatre (lunchtime): Out to Lunch
London, Harrow Road, Windsor Castle: The Kicks
London, Herne Hill, Half Moon: Remipeds / The Refreshers
London, Islington, Hope & Anchor: The Flatbackers
London N.W.2, Hogs Grunt: I.Q.
London, Old Kent Road Greenman: Risky Zips
London, Piccadilly Hotel: The Impossible Dreamers
London, Putney, Star & Garter: Trimmer & Jenkins
London, Soho, Pizza Express: Jim Richardson Quartet
London, Stockwell, Old Queen's Head: True Life Confessions
London, Stoke Newington, Pegasus: Big Chief
London, Victoria, The Venue: Gary U.S. Bonds
London West Hampstead, Moonlight Club: Icarus/Stolen Pets
Manchester, Portland Bars: Oedipus Complex
Manchester Rafter: Delta 5
Mansfield, Swan Hotel: Shades
Middlesbrough, Rock Garden: The Berlin Blondes
Milton Keynes, Woughton Campus: Fictitious / N.A. Pop 2000 / Offbeat / Ethnic Minority Tickets / Dancing Counterparts
Oxford, Penny Farthing: Sunfighter
Northampton, Roadmenders: Anti-Pasti
Nottingham, Theatre Royal: Squeeze, Q-Tips
Oxford, Pennyfarthing: Sunfighter
Reading, Target Club: Brunel
Shifnal Star: New Age
Stockport, Brookfield Hotel: The Freshies
Taunton, Odeon: Barbara Dickson
Warrington, Lion Hotel: Chevy
Wishaw, Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Woking, The Cricketers: Tungston

Sunday
16th


Kokomo: London Hampton Court

Aberdeen, Copper Beach: Previous Convictions
Ayr Way Inn: Frenchways
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bolton Alexandra Park: Back Door Man
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero

Nationwide Gig Guide

Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Cardiff New Theatre: Barbara Dickson
 Chadwell Heath, Greyhound: The Orange Cardigan
 Edinburgh Ital Club: 1 and 1
 Glasgow Maestros: TV 21
 Hampton Court Thames Hotel: Kokomo Singers/Tony O'Mally & Friends
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Friends
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 London Barons Court Tavern: The 45s
 London Battersea Nag's Head: Jugular Vein
 London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Clapham 101 Club: Motor Boys
 Motor / Duck Soup
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Sad Among Strangers
 London Deptford Royal Alber: A Bigger Splash
 London Hampstead Starlight Rooms: The Sleep
 London Hackney Chat's Palace (lunchtime): Willy Garnett's Waddocks Big Band
 London Harne Hill Half Moon: Bumble & The Bees/The Higsons
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose
 London Old Kent Road Greenman: Risky Zips
 London Oxford St 100 Club: Gene 'Mighty Flea' Connors
 London N.1 Hope & Anchor: The Bumpers
 London N.16 Pegasus: Red Beans & Rice
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Unlimited Source
 London Soho Pizza Express: Colin Bates Duo
 London Stratford Green Man: Trimmer & Jenkins
 London Stratford Green Man: The Funky B's (lunchtime)/Wide Open (evening)
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Rhythm Method/Buzz
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Nottingham Theatre Royal: Dexty's Midnight Runners/The Teardrop Explodes
 Perth City Hall: Siouxslie & The Banshees
 Poynton Folk Centre: Martin Carthy & John Kirk Patrick
 Reading Target Club: English Rouges
 Slain Castle Co Neath: Thin Lizzy, U2, The Bureau, Rose Tattoo, Sweet Savage, Hazel O'Connor
 Slough (Cippenham) Alexandra's: Ian Campbell Blues Band
 Stamford Danish Invader: Fallen Angel
 Woking The Cricketers: Annual Leave

Monday

17th



Berlin Blondes: Huddersfield.

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
 Birmingham Odeon: UB40
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Martian Dance
 Edinburgh Coasters: Dexty's Midnight Runners
 Edinburgh Nite Club: Linton Kwesi Johnson, Fungus
 Greenock Victoria Carriage: H20
 Huddersfield Amsterdam Bar (3 days): The Cruisers
 Huddersfield Flix: The Berlin Blondes
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Liverpool Kirklands: Windows
 London Battersea, The Cricketers: The 45's
 London Camden Dingwalls: A Flock Of Seagulls / Redbeat / The Close-Ups
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Bumpers
 London Charing Cross, Heaven: Everest
 The Hard Way / Eddie & Sunshine / Scarlet Party
 London Clapham, 101 Club: Masked Orchestra / The Vampires
 London Fulham New Golden Lion: OK Jive
 London Kentish Town: Bull & Gate: Big Chef
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Blue Veiners
 London N.W.5 Pegasus: Ivory Coasters
 London Old Kent Road Greenman: Scarecrow
 London Putney Half Moon: Martin Carthy & John Kirk Patrick
 London Putney Star & Garter: Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line
 London Rotherhithe Aples & Pears: A Bigger Splash

London Stoke Newington, Pegasus: Black Market
 London W. Hampstead Moonlight Club: The B.M.U.S. Package
 London Wardour Street Marquee: Reluctant Stereotypes
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London W.11 The Hoop: Harfoot Brothers
 London W.14 Sunset Jazz: The Unloaders
 Manchester Band On The Wall: Sonny Stitt
 Sheffield Marples Club: Anti-Pasti
 Southampton Gaumont: Barbara Dickson
 Southend Zero Six: Chevy / C-Salm

Tuesday

18th



Joe Jackson: Manchester

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
 Birmingham Odeon: UB40
 Birmingham, Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Money
 Bromley, Art College: Back Door Man
 Bury, The Derby Hall: The Chameleons/Que Bono
 Chadwell Heath, Greyhound: Chris Thompson & The Islands
 Hastings, Chatworth Hotel: The AK Band
 Leamington, Crown Hotel: Mature Young Adults
 Leeds, Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
 London, Camden, Dingwalls: Johnny Legend
 London, Clapham, 101 Club: Brunel/Lux Electro
 London, Euston, The Pits: The Gas
 London Fulham New Golden Lion: The Drivers

London, Hammersmith, Riverside Studios: Merger
 London, Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London, Marquee: TV 21
 London N.16, Pegasus: Idlers & Chip Shop Bar Show
 London, W.2, Hogs Grunt: Salamander
 London Old Kent Road Greenman: Scarecrow
 London, Oxford Street, 100 Club: Martian Dance/Anti-Pasti
 London, Putney Star & Garter: The 45's (except August 25)
 London, Soho, Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London, Stockwell, Old Queens Head: The Sourkrauts, Talkover
 London, Tottenham Court Road, Dominion: Barbara Dickson
 London, Tottenham Prince Of Wales: The Alligators/The Wrecktangles
 London, Victoria, The Venue: Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel
 London, Westborne Grove, Shakespeare: Harfoot Brothers
 London, West Hampstead, Moonlight Club: The Almost Brothers/Baby Amplifiers
 London, W.1, Whisky A-Go-Go: The Mood Elevators
 Maidstone, The Ship: Spitzbrook
 Manchester, Ritz ballroom: Joe Jackson's Jumping Jive
 Newcastle, City Hall: Siouxslie & The Banshees
 Nottingham, Ad Lib Club: But Is It Art
 Shifnal Star: Shattered Dolls
 Swindon, Brunel Rooms: Remipeds
 Ware, Becketts Club: Naked Lunch/Eddy Steady Go

Wednesday

19th

Aberdeen, Valhalla's: New Apartment
 Birkenhead, Sir James Club: Spider
 Birmingham, Barrel Organ: Osprey
 Birmingham Locarno: Joe Jackson
 Birmingham, Maison Royale: Ronnie Mayor Band
 Birmingham, Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Bristol, Granary: Anti-Pasti
 Cheltenham, Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Dundee Bonar Hall: Sonny Stitt
 Edinburgh Nite Club: The Scars
 Farnham, The Maltings: Martin Carthy & John Kirkpatrick/English Country Blues Band
 Huddersfield, White Lion: The Elements
 Ilford Oscar's: Shades
 Lancaster, Styx: The Berlin Blondes
 Leeds, Bar 7 Calond: The Cruisers
 Leeds, Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
 London, Camden, Dingwalls: Morrissey/Mullen Band

London, Clapham, 101 Club: The AK Band/The Peccels
 London, Euston, The Pits: Roy Sandholm Band
 London Fulham New Golden Lion: Metro Glider
 London, Hammersmith, Riverside Studios: Chakavishintu & Bridge Connection
 London, Knightsbridge, Pizza On The Park: Ike Isaacs Duo
 London, Knightsbridge, The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London N.16, Pegasus: Mr J. J.
 London N.W.2, Hogs Grunt: Julian Stringle's Band
 London, Peckham, Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite
 London, Plumstead, The Ship: Touch
 London, Soho, Pizza Express: Barney Bates Trio
 London, Stoke Newington, Pegasus: Hot Sox
 London Stratford Green Man: True Life Confessions
 London, Victoria, The Venue: Soft White Underbelly
 London, West Hampstead, Moonlight Club: Academy One/Stranger Station
 London Wardour Street Marquee: John Cooper Clarke, Linton Kwesi Johnson
 London W.1, Gossips: The Barracudas
 Manchester (Ashton) The Sahdes: The Politicians
 New Romney Seahorse: Mik & Martyn
 Salisbury Jackson's: Back Door Man
 South Woodford, Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 Swinton, Duke Of Wellington: Rockin Horse



Morrissey Mullen: London Camden.



Thursday August 13

RHODES OF AFRICA (Directed by Bertold Viertel 1936). Walter Huston as the redoubtable Cecil, founding father of Zimbabwe, in a curious piece of imperialist drama made at a time when Alf Garnett was running the country. (ITV London).

THE IRON MAIDEN (Gerald Thomas 1962). Almost as outmoded as *Rhodes Of Africa*. The title, by the way, refers to a traction engine, and Michael Craig tries to win races with it; Gerald Thomas tries to wring laughs out of this unpromising premise. (ITV Midlands).

THE BIG SKY (Howard Hawks 1952). Sprawling, brawling frontier western with Kirk Douglas leading the way up (or down?) the Mississippi. Striking use of landscape, much vivid action. (BBC2).

THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER (Bud Yorkin 1973). Ryan O'Neal suitably blank as socialite jewel thief in Houston, outshine at every turn by Jacqueline Bisset, Warren Oates, Ned Beatty and Jill Clayburgh. Despite that cast, a dreadful dud. (ITV London).

Friday August 14

COTTON CANDY (Ron Howard 1978). Ritchie Cunningham of *Happy Days* notoriety (you know, the bloke who made Derek Batey look hard) wrote and directed this piece of garbage about high school kids forming a rock band. (ITV London).

ROOM AT THE TOP (Jack Clayton 1958). Trouble at t'mill as Laurence Harvey (hardly your typical northern git) plays footsie with Simone Signoret (try saying that after a couple of brown ales) and generally leads the way for all those angry young men. Arid adaptation of John Braine's novel, lacking humour and, therefore, life. (BBC 1).

Saturday August 15

SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS (Robert Hamer 1960). A bit too civilised to be genuinely gutbusting, but moderate laughs to be had from Terry-Thomas's typecast cad and Alastair Sim's vacant tutor (wasn't he a hoot in last week's *Laughter In Paradise*?) in Stephen Potter's *College of Life* unship. (BBC 2).

SPEEDWAY (Norman Taurog 1968). Norman Taurog made more Elvis Presley pictures than any other human being on this planet (except for Elvis, of course); this is one of them. (BBC 1).

THE CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE (Gunther Von Fritsch 1944). Low-key sequel to Jacques Tourneur's 1942 original, Simone Simon repeating her role of the tormented cat person but here in spectral form only. To RKO's disappointment (though not mine), more of a stylish study in child-like imagination than a horror film. (BBC 2).

EYE OF THE CAT (David Lowell Rich 1969). Val Lewton would've thrown up at the crudities on show here, and so might you. Michael Sarrazin is the nelly who's terrified of cats, Eleanor Parker his target who just happens to be surrounded by the buggers. (BBC 2).

Sunday August 16

STAR (Robert Wise 1968). Robert Wise it was who started filming *Curse Of The Cat People* before being replaced by the unlikely sounding Gunther Von Fritsch; not a lot of people know that. Still, he made it in the end, and he made this too. Good job I've got, isn't it? (BBC 1).

JUDGE HORTON AND THE SOTTSBORO BOYS (Fielder Cook 1976). Arthur Hill as the attorney defending nine blacks on a multiple rape charge down south in 1931. More heavy-going 'prestige' drama from American TV. (BBC 2).

Monday August 17

THE HEIST (Richard Brooks 1971). The perfect crime again, this one undertaken by Warren Beatty and Goldie Hawn. Adopts an initially larky tone then switches to unpleasantly sadistic violence. (BBC 1).

Tuesday August 18

LAND OF THE PHAROHS (Howard Hawks 1955). Bad show. Beeb! After running the excellent Hawks season on BBC2, they drag out this complete stiff. Jack Hawkins as the death-obsessed pharaoh, Joan Collins his pouting missus. (BBC 1).

THE FLAME AND THE ARROW (Jacques Tourneur 1950). And now, for Burt Lancaster's English fan (Phil McNeill of Essex), a whole season of Big Burt's greatest Hits. Keep your legs crossed for *Sweet Smell Of Success* and make do for now with this thunderous swashbuckling epic set in medieval Italy, deftly handled by Tourneur. Wonderful man, Mr Lancaster... did all his own stunts, you know. (BBC 2).

CARRY ON UP THE JUNGLE (Gerald Thomas 1970). Ian Penman's going to be most put out. Not only does he go to America while Mr Reagan's locking up all the air traffic controllers, but ITV put on his favourite comedy troupe and *no one's going to tape it for him!* Hard old life. (ITV London).

Monty Smith



"Hilarious... beefed up... special... buckets of peyote" — M Smith (NME) on *Altered States* and William Hurt (above).

ALTERED STATES (Directed by Ken Russell). Hilarious pseudo-intellectual sit-com, beefed-up by brilliant mind-battering special effects, as William Hurt's loopy young scientist experiments with sensory deprivation and a few buckets of peyote. For spectacle and laughs, easily the best show in town, reviewed in *Silver Screen* 4.7.81. (Warner Bros)

CALIGULA (Tinto Brass). Mel 'Come' McDowell, John 'Hebrew National' Gielgud and Peter 'Oh' Toole let it all hang out in soft-core *Carry On* style Roman romp, savagely cut by the keeper of our nation's morals. About as titillating as your average Dimpleby Lecture; reviewed 15.11.80. (GTO)

THE CANNONBALL RUN (Hal Needham). Inept 'alt-star' car race flick with not one single laugh in its crude 90 minutes. Depressing and offensive in the way it finds drunk drivers and big tits inherently funny. Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise should be ashamed of themselves; 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 poo-poo and wee-wee. A major advance on *Cannonball Run* though — two pages in 97 minutes; reviewed 25.7.81. (United Artists)

CLASH OF THE TITANS (Desmond Davis). Harry Hamlin makes a sulky Perseus out of a script with a sow's ear for dialogue, but Ray Harryhausen makes weird and wonderful creatures to successfully pad out this schoolboy vision of ancient Greece; reviewed 11.7.81. (CIC)

CONDORMAN (Charles Jarrott). You can see the joins in this clumsy comedy thriller as it limps in the wake left by James Bond. And you can see the wires when Michael Crawford takes off after those bumbling KGB agents. (Disney)

THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER (Jim Henson). Far too much winking at the grown ups as Kermit & Co make a knowingly camp transition to the big screen; reviewed 1.8.81. (ITC)

THE LEGEND OF THE LONE RANGER (William Fraker). More camp comic-book stuff (the sure sign of a wit at its end), tarted up a treat and ready to receive the sniggers of today's young sophisticate. Klinton Spilsbury makes a disagreeable klutz of the masked man but Christopher Lloyd (nee Hudson) enjoys himself as the heavy; reviewed 8.8.81. (ITC)

THE OBERWALD MYSTERY (Michelangelo Antonioni). The man whose name never ends makes a film that never begins. Monica Vitti mooches around her Bavarian castle in a blue funk while all around her turn crazier shades than the Muppets as Antonioni distractedly plays silly buggers with ugly video colours; reviewed 8.8.81. (Artificial Eye)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (Steven Spielberg). The accountants at Paramount proudly present the ultimate adventure from the makers of *Star Bores* and *Yawn Too*. To be fair, it's superbly crafted nonsense, but far too long and far too violent; reviewed 1.8.81. (CIC)

S.O.B. (Blake Edwards). Relentless attack

on Hollywood's ludicrous (non)sense of values which is too farcical to be genuinely biting. Terrific mugging from Richard Mulligan and Robert Webber, some great gags here and there, but if only Billy Wilder had been in control... (ITC)

SOLARIS (Andrei Tarkovsky). Adapted from the novel by Stanislaw Lem (fact: the world's most popular sci-fi writer), Tarkovsky's 1968 epic has been re-released after the success of *Stalker* and *Mirror*. Typically Tarkovskian: long, incomprehensible, Russian. (Contemporary)

SUPERSNOOPER (Sergio Corbucci). With special effects straight out of *Superman* (unfortunately the George Reeves one, not Christopher Reeve), Italian superdud Terence Hill takes on a comic cosa nostra in sunny Florida; reviewed this week. (Columbia)

THIS IS ELVIS (Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt). Extravagant claims have been made by the straight press for this innocuous collection of newsreels and outtakes, but we gay blades of the bent press see it as one of Col Parker's finest snow jobs. Sad really; reviewed 11.7.81. (Warner Bros)

TIME BANDITS (Terry Gilliam). Very close runner-up to *Altered States* in the value for money stakes, *Time Bandits* is a scurrying fantasy pitting six dwarfs and a schoolboy against the terrors of Jessica Tate, Stirling Moss and Sean Connery's immaculate wig. Max Bell is already raving about Terry Gilliam's sequel, *Bum Bandits*. All complaints to him please; reviewed 18.7.81. (Handmade)

Monty Smith

London Cinemas and Theatres

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

For programme details & times phone TELEDATA 200 0200 (24 hrs.)

ABC 1 & 2 Shaftesbury Ave E36 8B1
 Sep perf. All seats bkkie
ALTERED STATES (X)
 Wk & Sun 2.00 5.15 8.15 Late show Sat 11.15
TIME BANDITS (A)
 Wk & Sun 2.00 5.00 8.00 Late show Sat 11.00

ABC 1234 Edgware Road W2 3 501
 1 Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
 3.00 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 THE OUTLAW JOSEY WALES (AA)
 Wk & Sun 4.00 8.30
SWEENEY 2 (AA)
 2.00 6.25 Sun 6.25 Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
3 TIME BANDITS (A)
 3.00 5.45 8.35 Sun 5.45 8.35
 Progs 2.15 5.00 7.50 Sun 5.00 7.50
 Late show tonight & Sat 11.15
4 CLASH OF THE TITANS (A)
 3.15 5.50 8.30 Sun 5.50 8.30
 Progs 2.50 5.25 8.00 Sun 5.25 8.00 Late show
 Sat 11.15

ABC 1234 Baywater (Queensway) W2 3 410
 1 Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
 Progs 2.00 4.50 7.45 Sun 4.45 7.35
 Late show tonight & Sat 11.15
2 CLASH OF THE TITANS (A)
 Progs 2.30 5.10 7.50 Sun 5.15 7.55
 Late show Sat 11.15
3 TIME BANDITS (A)
 Progs 1.45 4.40 7.35 Sun 4.45 7.40
 Late show Fri & Sat 11.00

ABC 12345 Fulham Road
 Seats bkkie last sep prog. L'n bar. Doors
 open 15 mins prior
 1 Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
 Wk & Sun 2.35 5.35 8.10
 Sep Progs Wk & Sun 2.00 5.00 8.30
2 TIME BANDITS (A)
 Wk & Sun 2.40 5.40 9.15
 Sep progs Wk & Sun 2.00 5.00 8.30
3 John Boorman's EXCALIBUR (AA)
 Wk & Sun 2.20 5.35 9.10
 Sep progs Wk & Sun 1.45 5.00 8.30
4 CLASH OF THE TITANS (A)
 Wk & Sun 2.20 5.20 8.55
 Sep progs Wk / Sun 2.00 5.00 8.30
5 ALTERED STATES (X)
 Wk & Sun 2.35 5.35 9.10
 Sep progs Wk & Sun 2.00 5.00 8.30

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CAPTAIN BLOOD (A)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (A)
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THE HARDER THEY COME (X)
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ROCKERS (AA)

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WHEN A STRANGER CALLS (AA)

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 Fosse's
CABARET (X)
 Saturday 15th August
 Jarman's
THE TEMPEST (AA)
 & Hazan's
A BIGGER SPLASH (X)
 Sunday 16th August
 Gibson's
BREAKING GLASS (AA)
 & Shapiro's
THE GROOVE TUBE (X)
 Thursday 20th August
 Fellini's
8½ (X)
 & LA STRADA (A)

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 James Dean: **REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE** 7.10 + **EAST OF EDEN** 5.10, 9.00
 Friday
 Hitchcock: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN** 7.20 + **THE WRONG MAN** 5.30, 9.05
 11.15 **RICHARD PRYOR LIVE + DYNAMITE CHICKEN**
 Saturday
 Chinese fantasy/horror: **BUTTERFLY MURDERS** 1.00, 4.20, 7.40 + **DRAGON GATE** 2.45, 6.05, 9.25
 11.30 All night Paranoid Suspense: **NORTH BY NORTHWEST + POINT BLANK + COMA + DEMON SEED**
 Sunday
 Depardieu in Blier's **BUFFET FROID** 2.45, 6.10, 9.35 + Mallet's **DEAREST LOVE** 1.00, 4.25, 7.45
 Monday
ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN 7.05 + **CHINA SYNDROME** 5.00, 9.30
 Tuesday
 Hitchcock: **SUSPICION** 7.10 + **FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT** 5.00, 8.55
 Wednesday
HAROLD AND MAUDE 7.40 + **THE PRODUCERS** 6.05, 9.15
 Thursday
 Boorman's **CATCH US IF YOU CAN** 6.10 + Russell's **FRENCH DRESSING** 7.45

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EXCALIBUR
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 Late night shows Fri/Sat 11 pm.

classic West End Presentations

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classic 12345 OXFORD ST. 636 0310 (Opp Tottenham Court Rd Tube)

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 Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 JOHN BOORMAN'S
EXCALIBUR
 Progs: 1.40 (Sun from 2.10) 4.40, 7.40
 Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 **THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER**
 In Dolby Stereo
 Progs: 2.35, 5.10, 7.45
 Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 **CHARIOTS OF FIRE**
 Progs: 2.40, 5.40, 8.30 A

5 Disney's
CONDORMAN
 In Dolby Stereo
 Progs: 2.20, 5.15, 8.15

6 You'll root for them all... but you'll never guess who wins
THE CANNONBALL RUN
 Progs: 2.45, 5.10, 9.00

7 Jack Nicholson
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE
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8 **THE CANNONBALL RUN**
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 ON PAGE 42

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QUARTET

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 Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 **SOE**
 Progs: 1.40 (not Sun) 3.55, 6.10, 8.30
 Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 You'll root for them all... But you'll never guess who wins
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 TUES 18TH:
NICO
 WED 19TH:
SCARS
 THURS 20TH:
ANY TROUBLE
 FRI 21ST:
ALTERED IMAGES
 SAT 22ND:
THOSE FRENCH GIRLS
 SOPHISTICATED BOOM BOOM
 WEEK 2
 MON 24TH:
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 (CONTINUES FOR THIS WEEK UNTIL SAT 29)
 TUES 25TH:
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 WED 26TH:
FUNKAPOLITAN
 THURS 27TH:
HUANG CHUNG
 FRI 28TH:
DOLL BY DOLL
 SAT 29TH:
EVEREST THE HARD WAY
JAMES KING & THE LONE WOLVES
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 MON 31ST:
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THE TWO ARTICULATED trucks parked at the back of the Cardiff concert hall have already unloaded their contents. The large tour bus and the Banshees' own anonymous transit are drawn up alongside them. In the background the big wheel of a deserted fairground swings slowly across an overcast sky, empty seats swaying in the leaden evening air.

Beside the bus there's the silver Aston Martin of an ex-karate club owner and Banshee security man, from whom Siouxsie has recently been taking a few lessons.

Do you ever feel vulnerable, Sioux?

"No I don't. I do and I don't. If I am vulnerable, I'm not going to care about it. I'm not going to be paranoid."

THIS IS the Banshees' goodbye to all that, their fond farewell to the tired, discredited ritual of prolonged touring that will have taken up seven or eight months of their time this year. In keeping with a history that's spanned styles without getting stuck, and a rationale that's stayed alive to change, they're discussing different methods of reaching an audience and fresh possibilities in a group who can pursue individual projects yet still stay committed.

Steve Severin: "I think you've got to sit down and assess what you're doing at least once a year, to keep sane, to keep being able to communicate with people, not just wander off into wonderland."

"I used to go down Cabaret Futura and that's what convinced me that touring is getting to be irrelevant. What Richard Strange has done is one idea that's partly worked. The most obvious next step for us would be Wembley or something, but we've never wanted to do it. Now's the time to stop and think how we want to do things."

John McGeoch: "It's something we've talked about ourselves, having two acts and about a million guys working for us. It's the first time it's felt like this. It gets a little bit remote. Really I don't think there's any compromise involved. It's a problem of scale."

Sioux: "The fact that we're wanting to stop now and look at what we've got is really healthy as far as doing more good things together goes."

The Banshees' ability to use the rock circus without being trapped by its mechanics, to keep a purity of purpose that transcends their own commercialism means they attract a strangely mixed following, as much a puzzle to Siouxsie as anybody else. Waiting while the crowd pours out after the last encore at Cardiff, it's like being washed by several distinct waves.

First there are the groups of girls who've been dancing at the back, most of them with something of Sioux about their appearance; then the well-dressed couples and clusters of neat friends; finally there are the sweating, pushing packs of the new punk army, with the names Discharge and Exploited emblazoned on their backs, still revelling in the feel of each others physical force as they shove in a turbulent stream towards the exits.

After the concert, scenes of innocent pop fandom replace the show. The group — Sioux, blond and amiable Budgie, soft-spoken Severin, McGeoch in sunglasses — sit at a table in front of a shy queue of laundered jeans and sweatshirts, tidy punk rips and zips mingling in a general, unaligned sense of polite excitement. A girl with a bemused boyfriend in tow ecstatically clasps the tour programme that McGeoch's just signed. Sioux firmly refuses any border boy who asks for a kiss. One stoops across the table to make his request, grinning gauche, perhaps too persistent, coming a little too close.

"No! Never!" shouts Sioux theatrically, springing to her feet with that striking mixture of the sincere and stage-managed, that instinct for confrontation that can characterise her actions.

The empty hall with its shuffling queue falls suddenly silent. Behind the table the bouncers bristle.

MOTORHEAD were the last cargo in the Banshees' van and Sioux sits in a seat that was broken by Lemmy in some macho excess and now lurches sickeningly with the van's uneven progress.

Do you ever get carsick, Sioux?

"No, I like it," she smiles.

While Sioux snoozes and the rest of the Banshees sit in mainly silent companionship, John McGeoch cradling his hand in a bag of ice in a vain attempt to reduce a blue, bruised swelling that was a result of an accident with a door, the van crosses the fawn flood of the Severn into sleepy, misty Gloucestershire. The tape plays a selection from some of the Banshees class and soul-mates who grew up with them from punk; a cream of the crop of turn-of-the-decade pop: Magazine, Talking Heads, the League, Cramps, Skids; Joy Division's 'She's Lost Control Again' could almost be a Siouxsie song; then there's Wobble's lovely, slinky, lament: 'Betrayal . . . Look what you've done to me . . . Bitch!'

To say that the Banshees past and continuing relationship with the press and media has not been smooth would be a understatement. A telling recent example was the embarrassed botch the cameras made of the Banshees' last TOTP appearance.

Steve: "I think why people are so scared of coming to talk to us is because when we started off we were aware of the fact that we were very naive as far as the business went. And so we deliberately went out of our way to build a stance, which is probably one of the reasons why loads of punks come to see us still. But it was also very necessary for us to do what we wanted without being manipulated in any way."

"Now we've got four or five years experience and we know we don't have to be so intense about certain things, because things can be done and achieve the same effect without having a heart attack. We've probably made a lot of enemies on the way, but I'd rather have lots of enemies than have been on loads of compilation albums."

It's in Gloucester that the Banshees' stern intolerance of standard media hypocrisy surfaces and things begin to go awry.

The DJ at the local radion station has either not had time or the inclination to check up on a few basic Banshee facts and he spends his first few minutes with the group asking names and the title of the last album.

First he'll speak "face-to-face" with Siouxsie, he says, then do an interview with everyone behind the glass partition of the adjoining studio; and everything's going out live.

Among the unthinking plasticity of tea-time radio, the bubbling, dehumanising bonhomie, the quick numbing juggle of the advertising singles, Sioux's face begins to set.

There are long, excruciating silences when the DJ begins to question her.

"Speak to me," he pleads with mechanical playfulness.

"Tell me, where did you get the unusual spelling of your name?"

"I made it up playing scrabble," Sioux says sullenly.

Forced gaiety: "I think you're fibbing."

"Well you shouldn't ask such stupid questions."

Cut for the six o'clock news and a brief, merciful break while the studio is off the air.

"Siouxsie, what questions would you like me to ask you,

lover?" he begs desperately as she reaches the door.

Sioux turns and fixes him with a wicked fed smile that could freeze blood at 50 feet.

"Oh I'm sure you'll think of something," she replies.

The commercial break ends and the DJ's back on the air.

He poses his first tentative question to the Banshees blankly ensconced behind the glass partition in front of him.

"We can't hear you," comes back the clear, disembodied reply.

The DJ shakily cues a record to cover the pause, his face beginning to melt in helpless misery. He flicks a switch on the control desk.

"Engineering? Anyone in engineering please?"

"It was turned up all the time," he mutters in a resigned aside.

The record ends, it's back to the Banshees and a few pointed questions about the Morris/McKay defection to satisfy a sense of honour.

"Well, thanks for coming along and making my life hell," he says through gritted teeth as the interview ends.

Sioux unbends enough to ask him if he's coming to the concert tonight. The mood during the drive back to the hotel is subdued rather than celebratory.

LATER THAT night I'm talking to Steve Severin about the element of stylisation in the Banshees and also about the way that many women writers and performers still feel compelled to keep a certain distance.

"I think there's something quite arch about what we do," he says. "The most obvious reason for that is, well, with the old group in particular we weren't like a bunch of musicians who'd been playing around for ten years or something. We attained a style because we grew up onstage and we learnt to play as we were going along."

"God, Joy Division were a stylised group as well, yet somehow they managed to get away with a lot more than we have in the press. I think a lot has to be said for the fact that Sioux is a woman."

What has also contributed to the Banshees unacceptable aura is the underlying horror in their songs combined with a strong dislike of sloganising or taking a political stance that has sometimes left them open to misinterpretation.

Severin describes his own politics as "extremely left-wing".

"I can't see how anybody who reads our lyrics or listens to our music could think we were right-wing. I think there's enough ammunition there, without being really blatant, to show which side of the fence we're on. We just avoid slogans."

"I just hate slogans," says Siouxsie. "It's like something's got to be real because it's saying, 'Don't do this, do that'. I can't understand that way of thinking. I don't trust people who pick up slogans. And I don't like people who are conned by them."

"For something to be valid because it's under this or that banner, I think that's really hypocritical and really harmful as well. It robs any kind of imagination or individual ideas or feeling. I believe there's a common feeling of what's right and what's wrong, but to have that under a banner just cheapens it. It's like a commercial, it makes you ashamed to have that feeling, almost."

Perhaps one of the few examples of a Banshee song that takes an identifiable stance on a defined issue is 'Skin' from 'Kaleidoscope', ostensibly about seal culling.

"It sounds really wet when you talk about animals, but it's exactly the same sort of emotion that you feel when you read about a kid being battered to death, a really defenceless four year old kid and it's been battered to death. It's just unthinkable that they've been treated like a little doll and slung about. It builds up that real sense of *how could they?*"

From 'The Scream' onwards, as Sioux says, there have not been many picnic songs.

"But I don't like it always put down to this Gothic Horror thing. It's like saying, 'That's unreal, I can cope with that.'"

I THINK I have to be fit, or get fit, to go on this long. I don't really do exercises or anything. But just the physical thing while we're onstage makes you that much fitter. Maybe it's indulgent but it's really satisfying to feel almost every night that you can really sweat and push yourself and be very physical and intuitive to what's happening — to feel that you can't do anymore. It's like running round a track, but much more intense; much more."

Do you feel that your approach to what you do is professional Sioux?

"I suppose as far as anything going wrong with the gig, I don't like human weakness to be the reason for it. I'm talking about selfishness rather than weakness, I suppose. 'This whole thing revolves around me' — that attitude just doesn't work. There's a responsibility that everyone has to each other. I expect a hell of a lot. So does everyone else."

The Banshees' current concert is an evening's entertainment that incorporates John Cooper Clark, a cartoon, and a stunning light show. Through violet desert twilights, columns of flame, smoky green sprays and sheets of lightning, the Banshees grandeur is never an empty gesture.

Although Budgie's beat and McGeoch's guitar might have been made for the Banshees, as Severin points out, 'Ju Ju' came from a group who were still relatively new.

"There was something definite that attracted me to the Banshees," says McGeoch. "The way that Siouxsie and Steve, and Budgie as well by that time, had a sense of purpose. It's horrible to pin it down, it was just a direction, a strength, which is very infectious. I know it might sound like a cliché but it's really exciting to have a bit of all-outness."

"Even in America last winter, it went very well and all that, but I still felt not quite there. Then we started writing together as a band and started talking about the structure and mechanics of the writing and it was quite obvious it was a four-piece thing."

If the Banshees new sense of cohesion is obvious both onstage and in 'Ju Ju', then Severin also feels that there's enough confidence and trust in the group as a whole for each of the members to pursue separate projects: Steve himself will soon be working with Robert Smith of The Cure; Siouxsie and Budgie have recorded an effective EP using just voice and drums; and John McGeoch has plans to record another album as part of Visage.

"All of this is a by-product of the way we recorded 'Kaleidoscope'," says Steve. "Me and Sioux really enjoyed it because it wasn't so restrictive as the way we'd done the other two albums. We wanted to be as malleable as that, but within the context of being a really strong group. It won't be like Pink Floyd disappearing for a year to their country mansions and then meeting up when they want to do an album or tour together — we haven't got any mansions."

A STYLE is something that I call unique to one person, something that nobody else, no matter how much money they've got, could ever carry off. It's nothing to do with getting your hair cut by whoever. It's being able to create an aura around yourself. You see legends on the streets, really." (Sioux).

"What I think is really good about Sioux's style is that if someone like Patti Smith walked into a bar she'd have the same effect, but it wouldn't look nearly as sexy, have that really blatant sexuality." (Severin).

THE LATE night bar of the Banshee's Gloucester hotel is packed with tired, grey businessmen in crumpled suits conversing in a lonely, boozier's banter.

When Siouxsie stalks into the bar and buys a drink she throws the scene into sudden, sharp relief. There is a stunned silence.

Tall and upright with a foot of thigh between boots and leather skirt, she has long white arms, blue-black hair around a porcelain pale face. An exquisite, half-human mask of make-up is drawn to emphasise ice-blue eyes elongated like an Egyptian's.

One of the businessmen recovers his composure enough to ask for her autograph and whistles softly to attract her attention.

Sioux turns on him calmly with awful intent. "I'm not a bird to be whistled at, you know," she tells him fiercely with savage sarcasm.

There is something almost nightmarish about Sioux's appearance. It's an affront, a threat, a revenge on conventions. It's like a sex-shop fantasy gone subtly wrong.

"I'm not submissive," she says.

"I think girls have got a lot more to expect out of anything. It's all fair and square and everything's equal opportunity, but it's been very male dominated for a long time. I'm not a feminist or anything like that, but I'm aware that anything new or exciting is going to come from women."

"I don't even think it's like a generation gap thing. Talking to my mother she feels the same things. It's nothing to do with a 'feminist' thing, it's like a humane thing. Like how the Muslim women cope, I don't know. The way women are treated in some religions, if it was a race being treated like that and not a sex, there would be an uproar about it."

"I still haven't overcome being a girl yet, as far as other people see me, and that's very important. I think it's happened a bit, but not enough."

Do you ever feel that you're treading a tightrope, Sioux?

"Yeah, I think it's important that I don't get sucked into any kind of movement. Not because I haven't got the bottle to go with something or someone. I do believe in every other cause that's around. But I believe in myself a lot more and I think just pushing myself is more beneficial that if I represent being a girl or a singer or a girl from 1981, or whatever. It's not a selfish thing."

"I think you're a fool to think you represent more than you are yourself."

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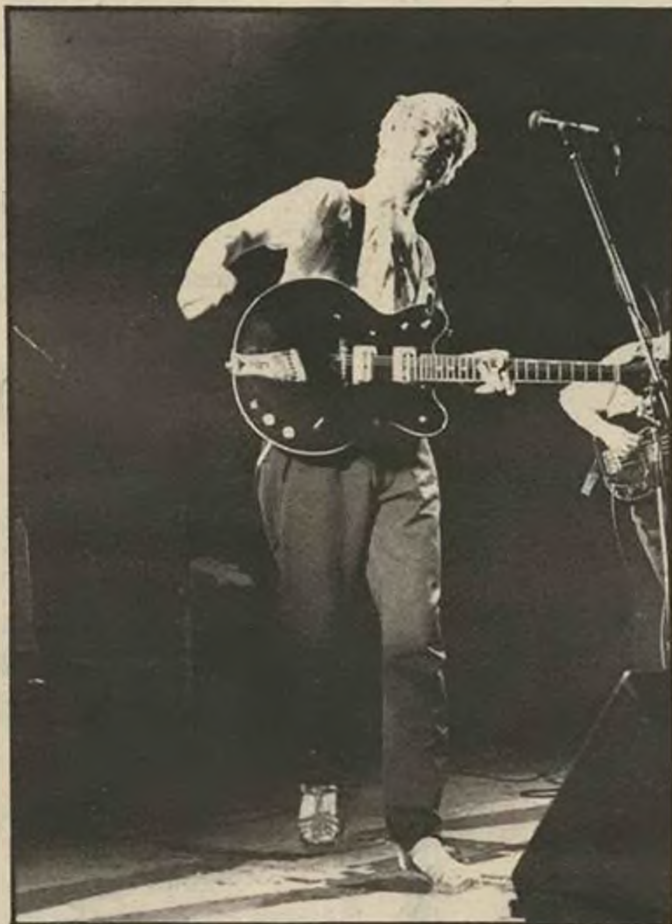
Orange Juice

Venue

SO THIS is perfect pop? The second of two Postcard nights at the Venue and Orange Juice skip on looking sweeter than honey and proceed to jingle through their repertoire. It's true these are days for would-be Houdinis, but somehow the charm of this quartet is in making everyone feel secure that one can be as shy or as weedy as these Glasgow Citz. So there's hope for all seven stone weaklings yet. Snigger snigger.

It is up to Edwyn Collins — the front man — to orchestrate the affair, and this he does with the charm of an adolescent gigolo. To an audience absent of scowlers or prowlers it's one big happy time — humane cocaine. Edwyn sings like he has a mouth full of prunes and starts every other song in a different key from the rest of the band. Such cute amateurism. Tee Hee. The toes keep tapping and the heads keep bobbing. The singles are cheered while the unrecorded 'numeros fantastiques' are politely clapped. Subjectivity rules the airwaves as the commodity is neither Good nor Bad. If Orange Juice are successful, the pressure of 'fame' will more than likely waste them. However, if they are not, as primarily hitmakers their whole raison d'être is rendered redundant.

To me they're just too precious and wet for words. In their matching summer outfits they are mummy's boys to a



Orange Juice's Edwyn Collins

Pic: Peter Anderson

man, a caricature they unwittingly play up to (in the best showbiz tradition). Their self-consciousness creates a condescending attitude within the audience normally only reserved for animals and children.

Despite the pratings of their followers, their tunes seem

devoid of any solid pop classicism, sounding instead like inoffensive sub-Velvet doodlings. Stick them on *Crackerjack* or *Get It Together* and they'll reign supreme; as for the 'real world', Orange Juice are sadly just piplless squeaks.

Simon Fellowes

Josef K Aztec Camera

Venue

WHEN I entered the Venue, I expected to be bestowed with an endless soul. I wasn't, but I got a ticket instead. A choice of up or down, complete with a snarled imperative: 'Once you're there you stay there!' Pomp with no ceremony, puffed up bluff, hustle and bustle. Ever feel an integral part of a cattle market?

"Upstairs" was flights of discount carpeted stairs and winding bubblegum passages leading to a seated auditorium high above the stage. 'Downstairs' was a packed pit-sweat and beers, feet, heat, and leers. I preferred the bitter-sweet of boredom with sanity to the masochistic sauna, and escaped upstairs, to await subversion by the Postcard promise.

An introduction: during the past year, Postcard has been blown out of all proportions so that in the homes of the musically well informed, it now ranks as the jolly lively alternative to the supposed sombre grey sparsity of Factory — another household name to revere or revile.

Judging a band by their label is an unfair cliché, but of the Postcardians, Orange Juice are the easiest to describe because their exuberance and charismatic effervescence is immediately striking, and cynicism would be out of place since they've never been purported to be anything 'deeper' than a bubbling bop optimism.

But Josef K ... I find their

appeal limited. The profuse effusions lavished on them act as a preventative to accepting them at surface value. One is forced to probe and analyse in a quest for latent Inner Meaning in an attempt to justify the ranting and ravings. It's kinda funny but the (hopefully past) desire to venerate them was probably more of a hindrance to them than total obscurity could be ... they have to live up to something, and they/the world/jolly Alan Horne are probably all baffled as to what this mysterious perkish delight is.

Technically, musically, atmospherically, there's nothing wrong, there's plenty right, their touch can be light or tight, dark or bright. They score quite highly on a purely entertainment scale — the fun'n'frenzy of the merry jangling guitar attack, the suppressed power showing them to possess roots and reasons, the rare flashes of revelation, a certain hidden vulnerability, the intrigue and individuality of their passive stage presence — all these catch your eye, sharpen and focus your attention. But the flicker of light fails to turn into an igniting spark; they won't set you alight.

They're no classic, but that's no crime, so don't apologise for laughing.

... but if you do laugh at the Aztecs. Their beauty is fragile. Framed by an endearing 18-year-old, Aztec Camera spin a web of slowly drifting, softly fading dreams, tender hopes, and pensive reality. Their sound is embryonic, fragile, vulnerable. A lot of their openings sound very

similar — they need to grow and extend their limits, become aware of their own capabilities — but the essentials are there — melancholic melodies, pure love, sublime honesty, romance in the true sense of the word. They were as strikingly unexpected as frail Vinny Reilly after railing Blurt on a hot, het-up Factory night, their haunting melodies alternatively chilling and warming, inspiring the evocation of memories and imagines. 'We Could Send Letters' is a classic, a beautiful, flowing ballad, simultaneously holding a wistful wish for eternity and an acceptance of inevitable truth ... "You've got my trust, I've got your home address ... and the only chance that we can take is the chance that someone else won't make it all come true ..."

Aztec Camera stole the show and my heart. If they aren't stifled by praise or criticism, they'll develop into something very special.

Leyla Sanai



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X-WORD

From page 57

- 43 You need two to hear in stereo (4).
- 44 & 39 Cher's other half (5,4).
- 45 One quarter of the 'Dejavu' quartet (4,5).
- 51 Lou, of Spirit, Carole King and Ode Records fame (5).
- 52 Vic shops there? (11).
- 58 B-side of 'Follow The Leaders' by Killing Joke (7).
- 59 Zappa's 'Freak Out!' was on this record label (5).
- 60 One of 46 across's seven deadly ones (4).
- 63 David Cook (now known as David -----) (5).
- 64 Fireplace guard? (4).
- 67 Mr Lofgren (4).
- 68 Mr Farner (remember Grand Funk?) (4).
- 69 Led Zeppelin's second album (3).
- 71 Little ... A La 'The Locomotion' (3).

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Depeche Mode; 10 Nagasaki; 11 Atmosphere; 13 Ant Music; 16 Killing; 19 Deram; 20 Ska; 22 Spandau Ballet; 23 Norma (Jean); 25 Nilsson; 27 Darin; 29 Dread; 30 Fame; 32 Duul; 33 'In Summer'; 35 GTO; 36 Step; 39 Seeker; 41 Nash; 43 USSR; 45 Kim; 47 Yan; 49 Snips; 51 Sugar; 53 Sticky; 54 Cher; 55 Lynn; 57 Roots; 59 Pil; 60 Devoto; 63 Human; 64 It On; 65 RSO; 68 When; 67 Tyan; 68 Lee; 69 Gray; 71 Get; 72 Moon; 73 Sheep.
DOWN: 1 Dead Kennedy's; 2 Pamela; 3 CCS; 4 Meek; 5 Dreaming Of Me; 6 Farm; 7 Cass; 8 Paice; 9 'Distant Drums'; 12 Pink; 14 Toyah; 15 Idol; 17 Island; 18 'Gasoline'; 21 Abba; 22(x) 'London Calling'; 24 Reeves; 26 Name; 27 Derek; 29 'Rag'; 31 'Mek'; 34 'Us and Them'; 37 Turtles; 38 Psycho; 40 Rise; 42 Hymn; 44 RAK; 46 Murphy; 48 Nyro; 50 Scratch; 52 Ry; 56 No-one; 58 Sun; 60 Drug; 61 Volt; 62 Them; 66 Who; 67 Roe; 70 Ra.

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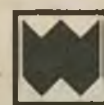
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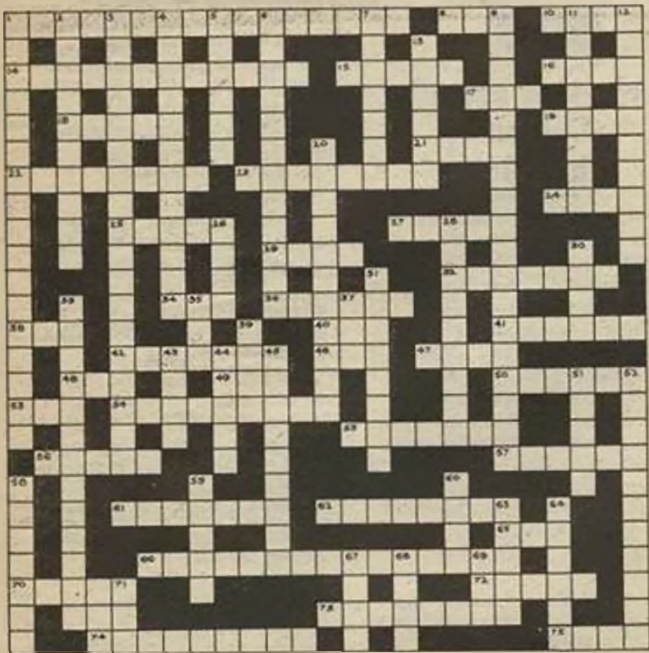
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INDIVIDUAL TUITION

YOUR compiler this week is DIL LONGSTAFF, a cuisine consultant at a Reading hospital. Dil (a strange name — but true) lives in Calcot and his interests include property speculation, yachting and rare vegetable gardening. His ambition is to perfect a singing custard for patients.



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- 22 Question: What is 'Live In Berlin'? Answer '(1,5,1,1)'.
 23 Either William or Paul Simon's Mrs (8).
 24 The tribal love-rock musical of '68 and sixty nine (4).
 25 Two poles Biko or Jones (5).
 27 Mr Shervington who had a hit with 'Dat' but never followed it with 'Dis' (5).
 29 See 42 across.
 32 Had a hit with 'Sultana' and then sank without a trace (7).
 34 Colin Moulding is one of them (1,1,1).
 36 See 42 across.
 38 Alvin of ten years after Fame, Fortune and Oblivion (3).
 40 Ex Hot Rod Lewis.
 41 The Most successful support band to make it on their own since The Shadows. Clue: 'Live' was their recent LP (6).
 42, 29 and 36 A once flash-rock trio. 'Works' was one of their better records (7,4 and 6).
 46 He's worked with Talking Heads, Ultravox!, Robert Fripp and once played with Bowie (3).
 47 'Le Freak' was one of their better songs (4).
 48 McGhee (of Hollies fame), Stone (of John Prine fame) or The Sham (of Pharoos fame) (3).
 49 The title of Motors' debut LP (3).
 50 Teardrop Explodes second hit (2).
 53 42, 29 and 36 across's other name (1,1,1).
 54 See one across (9).
 55 Had more hits than all of the above put together (7).
 56 Had a hit with 'Rock Around The Clock' (5).
 57 Once a punk, now a big timer (6).
 61 Those 'Datapanik In The Year Zero' lot (4,3).
 62 Formed by Howard, produced by Colin, John and Martin, now split (8).
 65 Ms Wilkinson of 'You Gotta Be A Hustler' fame. Soul label (3).
 66 What Gary Numan's mantelpiece is cluttered with (6,9).

- 70 A track off 'Plastic Letters' (2,2,1).
 72 Of 'Clockwork Orange' and 'Switched On-Bach' fame. Once Walter Carlos (before the op) (5).
 73 Currently motionless (8).
 74 See 28 down.
 75 R.S.O.'s band that didn't make it — or Diana, the one that did make it (4).

DOWN

- 1 Jake Burns' masterpiece (11,6).
 2 One of Camel's Albums — Phew! (10).
 3 The original skinhead rockers. Took an Indian chant into the charts in '69 (September to be precise) (5,7,8).
 4 Band with a silly name. I can only think of them as sounding like half a dozen E.L.O. Double LP's (3,2,4,3).
 5 Gary Glitter was the one of his Gang (6).
 6 Kate Bush's favourite position!! (3,2,4,3).
 7 "New ———", recent Gillan Chewn (7).
 9 A two - for - less - than - the - price - of - one record set, follow up to Feeding of the 5,000 (8,2,3,5).
 11 A song by 19 across, or Peter Gabriel's label (8).
 12 Then they became The Turtles ('Eleanor' etc) (10).
 13 See 30 down.
 20 Queen's In Concert opus (4,7).
 26 Slowhand or the owner of that Liverpool nite klub (4).
 28 & 74 Across A Bowie single (2,3,4,9).
 30 & 13 Quit dreaming and get on . . . with the crossword (4,6).
 31 You may not know, but . . . once upon a time there was a band named Joy Division. Now there's (3,5).
 33 'Keep On Loving You' makers (1,1,1,10).
 35 Thanks for that Visage single. It stuck though (3).
 37 Human League's disco 'I Don't Depend On You' asudonym (3).
 39 See 44 down.

This marathon continues on page 52

QUEEN * QUEEN * QUEEN * QUEEN

At last! QUEEN at your fingertips! QUEEN: THE FIRST TEN YEARS. Larger-than-life story of a supergroup. Over 100 pictures plus special 8-page colour section. Complete discography including bootlegs plus full tour info. and equipment checklist.

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

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 SO MUCH GOING ON OUTSIDE CITY
 I WANNA STAY AWAKE AND
 KEEP MOVING TO THE RHYTHM OF BEAT'
soundtrack of the 80's
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 a bike/
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Illustrations from Carl Meffert: Die Welt Von Unten (LitPol Verlagsgesellschaft mbH, Berlin).

IT'S NOT MY FAULT...

It seems that the Au Pairs debate is getting out of hand... *Maff, Middlesex.*

Thank you and with those words we'll consider the subject closed and move on to more personal matters — CB

Your paper, far from being interesting, thought provoking and informative, now seems to be run by a bunch of self-righteous, pompous, over-educated holier than thou trendies.

Every week I read all the music papers and reckon at times that *Sounds* can be embarrassing and infantile, but at least they are in touch with what's really going on at street level.

The *NME* is now more like the *Sunday Times* colour supplement than a popular music paper. Ads for expensive hi-fis and Jaguar cars yet! Your advertisers must know your readership — over 30 married couples who fool themselves into thinking they're not past it by reading your paper.

Well, that's got that off my chest. I'm still reading *NME* 'cos Julie Burchill makes me laugh.

Tony Sullivan, Sidcup, Kent. Ouch. Your *NME* is all this and more. You forgot complacent for one. I'd like to say things are going to get bitter, but actions speak louder than words — CB

Almost ¾ of our readers are under 24, and 70% are single. In relative terms 15-24 year olds buy more hi-fi equipment than any other age group. Similarly, 20-24 year olds buy more of the more expensive equipment.

Practically everybody who is anybody in the music business reads *NME*. These are the people Jaguar are aiming at, together with the more ambitious younger readers. — *Peter Rhodes, Ad Manager, (Sources NRS 1980, TGI 1981).*

I have purchased both *NME* and *Sounds* for several years because I believe that between them they cater for the types of music about which I wish to be informed. I don't agree with all the views expressed in either papers but I believe in the right of free speech. I do not actually like oi music but believe it has the right to be there. Just because a band is oi does not necessarily make it fascist.

Those that are should not be covered. A type of music should not be condemned because of the irresponsible beliefs and activities of the minority. Surely the aims of a rock weekly is to cover all forms of music in as much depth as possible, to convey it via the medium of the press to the musician and consumer. Do this and the music we all love will flourish. Carry on being bitter towards each other and it will only cause music and rock journalism to rot.

The Cammarch Bandit.

Oii isn't necessarily fascist by name, only by behaviour. It's a brutal whine that considers football hooliganism, thuggery and crass stupidity to be an adequate response to the miserable conditions that spawned it. Its apologists gloss over its uglier implications by choosing to represent it as an authentic expression of working class anger. Above all, Oii meant nothing to no-one until its apologists elevated it to an importance way above the numbers of supporters involved. The *NME* collective decided, rightly or wrongly, that any publicity, bad or good, would only exacerbate the thing. Southall proved that the collective decision was both right and wrong. — CB

As I sit and listen to the music of today, as I dance and sweat to the multitude of excellent pop music, I experience emotions of guilt about enjoying myself. Moving to escapist music such as 'Chant Number 1', I can forget for a short moment that I am surrounded by poverty, misery, political lunacy and above all a growing dissatisfaction with the whole social structure of our not so great country.

Believe me I try very hard to remain in touch with reality, to spread the message that we must protest to survive, to bring apathy to the ground by means that are open to me, and to provide access to so much of the music that your organ praises to as many people as possible.

But I still feel guilt. I have a rewarding job (not just financially speaking), a nice car, wonderful friends and an independence that many people can never experience. I would be content if not for this guilt, but that's probably a

good thing, containing the apathy that so often accompanies contentment.

If I had to justify the reasons for writing I would find difficulty. Grasping for peace of mind, hoping to ease my conscience, to reduce the guilt? Maybe. Writing is my way of expressing anger, releasing pent up aggression my way of rioting that is so much more socially acceptable, but far less of a social statement. *Confused, Abingdon, Oxfordshire.*

DANCE DON'T RIOT is an admirable slogan. However, you should warn your readers not to dance in a riot. A friend of mine tried it in the latest Toxteth incident and got a riot shield over the head for his trouble. He now walks around in a daze muttering "Lemmy is God". *Daniel Stapleton, Coventry.* Next time do the Standing Still or try running like hell — CB

The rioters here are great. Beautiful angels of Purity and Pleasure. A recent writer in the *NME* letters page described the most spectacular riot at the greatest party ever. And it was! These riots may have a moralistic, righteous justification but it is hedonistic energy that is being liberated.

The hired hacks in the daily papers (particularly the local *Daily Post* and *Liverpool Echo*) are horrified by "People actually laughing and smiling while they're rioting". This is the avant garde of everyday (night) life. The berks in culture and entertainment are wasting their time. The *NME* is wasting everybody's time even mentioning them. The best sounds and action in the history of humanity's struggle are here in Toxteth, Liverpool 8. Life attack! These practices should be encouraged! Call it riot art and music without any academic bric-a-brac technology, shift your attention to it and write about it! Public Image Ltd confine it to clubs. John Cage stays legal.

When it gets to the point where it's not an advert for the system all they can do is send in the police.

The Royal Family and The Poor, Toxteth, Liverpool. Yes. Just don't act surprised when the powers-that-be hit back — CB

Spandau Ballet — Soul boys? Don't make me laugh! Whatever qualities they have — and I can't think of many — they have precious little soul to offer. Bruce Springsteen (present) and the late, great Otis Redding (past) should be checked out, just so Spandau Ballet can be seen to be the bunch of modestly talented, soul-less, earnest poseurs they are. Try a little tenderness! *BS, Battersea, London*
Adrian Thrills was referring to their nocturnal lifestyle and tastes more than their music. — CB

For once I have to congratulate the much maligned Paul Morley on a very clear sighted, justifiably sneering feature on pretty boys Duran Duran — only they're not pretty at all (have you noticed the singer's skin problems?). Paul Morley was busy being right all over that interview. He might have, as he said, felt more at home that night in the Odeon if he'd been 16 and female.

Personally I'm glad he was there; Duran Duran's pratty sexist pop star values shone through his article, as did their lack of intelligence. Oh yes weren't those rioters irresponsible! I wonder if Duran Duran think it's irresponsible to allow themselves to be pushed into becoming the teenybop con-men they are today. I deplore Duran Duran, if only because of their little crappy headed clones that walk around the Bull Ring. Paul Morley gave them a good lengthy write up — obvious but good — but he could have saved his typewriter ribbon and summed them up in a few words: Duran Duran Cliche! *Tina B, Birmingham.*

PS But Paul, what's your preoccupation with Jake Burns' haircut? It's not the hair, it's the dandruff on the collar — *Jake's barber.*

For a moment or two I was confused. Where were all the lower middle class kids with their fluffy dashboards, Gary and Julie sun strips, red oxidised Cortinas and their Saturday night morals. But my confusion was shortlived. They have traded in their Cortinas for mascara and headbands and pretend to play modern music. I quote: "You'd get together, see what

Send your missives to: Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.



Readers' assaults fielded by Chris Bohn.

the latest gear was, dance to the latest records, pull women. . . " — Gary Kemp, of Spandau Ballet, talking about his miteens in *The Face*. "Do you mean we get more shags? Of course . . . the girls all look exactly the same and they wear the same clothes" — Duran Duran in the *NME*. . . and so enter the new fluffy dice. Can I be the first to feed these macho sexist idiots to the likes of Julie Burchill? *Ian, Dortmund, West Germany.*

"Kim Wilde — the best pop star the '80s have produced so far" — Paul Morley.

I could be predictable and say that if anything she's the worst, but I won't, because she isn't. Morley obviously fancies Kim Wilde — as there could be no other explanation for his sexist review, which was the sort of hype that made Sheena Easton a household name. Kim Wilde reveals nothing, not willingly, but because she has nothing to reveal. She is what you can see, just another pretty face.

Morley likes the album because he likes her, which is the bottom line in criticism. It's also sexist. Or is Morley just having us all on? *Stu Art, Telford.*

Congratulations Stu and Ian — your *Blue Peter* observation badges are in the post. Love of sex and glamour isn't necessarily sexist, sexism is something far more insidious than owning up to "pulling women". Gary Kemp was describing his teen activities — as Ian's letter points out. He's since grown up, renounced all worldly pleasures and repents daily the wickedness of his youthful ways. If you expect any sense from Dumb Duran you're in for a long wait. Maggie Morley likes shiny things. How come nobody's pulled him up for his lust of

Soft Cell, Human League, The Fire Engines, Duran Duran (even) and Howard Devoto? — CB

I must disagree with Monty Smith when he says in *Dangerous Visions* that one of the shortest books in Christendom could be the book of great women comedians. I would contend that, far from being one of the shortest, it would in fact be one of the longest, containing a roll call of the entire women's liberation movement.

This movement, having achieved some very laudable objectives, like equal pay, legislation for equal opportunities etc, have found themselves with little more to seriously campaign about.

This, of course, would mean an effective end to their movement and they appear to be frantically trying to keep the kettle boiling with articles like the one quoted by Monty Smith, playing rugby, writing graffiti in Sheffield, with such pearls as "All war is on women", and generally demonstrating a degree of imbecility that I did not believe could exist outside the bizarre humour of Monty Python. I sincerely hope that they can maintain this standard as I am sure it gives endless pleasure to many of us in these days when there is little else to laugh about. *Chris Green, Sheffield.*

Rubbish. *Ridicule is always the cheapest response to militancy, as those who lay their hearts on the line occasionally leave themselves open to it. Some daft things have been said in the name of all causes, don't be stupid enough to let those instances blind you to the real problems.* — CB

All I can say to Miss Haskell and *Village Voice* is you don't believe me.

Arthur Stanley Jefferson, Hal Roach Studios, Ulverstone. PS Yes, I never did.

Tell me that again . . . *Oliver Norville Hardy.*

You might not believe it, but this is what's written on the wall of a bus shelter outside the Canberra College of Advanced Education: "To *NME* — Paul Morley — don't lose that star!"

Sharon, Canberra, Australia. You might not believe it, but Paul Morley goes to bed with a plastic duck-billed platypus — CB.

...IT'S HIS!



T-ZERS

ERROR ON the streets? In two words — impossible. But here I am, dressed in what are almost street clothes — no creases, no silk, no leopardskin, and worst of all no make-up — just to find out for you, oh confused and apprehensive reader, what are the dangers, the traps, the bores on the street.

A day in the heat of The Streets, a day walking the pavements, the toughest thing I've had to do since I escorted a distant relation of Hazel O'Connor to The Rock Garden. I'm not even allowed to take a taxi. Aaah, there's a member of the public — hey — it's Chrissie Hynde, of well known streetband Pretenders. "At the end of the day the proof of the pudding is in the grooves." Is that how they talk on the street? In fact that's a quote from Hynde in the current issue of one and only street magazine *ZigZag*: the worst quote in rock bore-chatting history. The street really takes it out of you.

BUT TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH. ... Ask ABC, Phonograms brandest new non-street signing. Hey, can you imagine the sheer surprise felt by ABC's tall blond smooth-crooner Martin Fry on seeing the name of his group splashed across the live ads page as playing London's streetvenue The Rock Garden this Thursday (today), when in fact ABC will be in plush London and Miami recording their debut single 'Tears Are Not Enough'. So if you're 'searching for certainty' tonight one thing's for sure — ABC will certainly NOT be playing at the Rock Garden. Whether Alex Sadkin, ex producer/engineer on certain Hi Tension and T-Connection discs will be producing is up to machoguitarist Mark White's temper. ... Look, I cheated. I came off the street now and then. I have to live a normal life. Too much of the streets and anyone would scream. No wonder The Clash are so rough.

FRIDAY NIGHT I slipped in the Debbie Harry party in London's usually girls only Sanctuary. It was a relief to get off the streets, Kurtis Blow provided the musical breaks, Bob Geldof was wearing those deplorable wide baggy Arab trousers he was wearing at the Johnson's clothes shop party the week before, as were a couple of Specials, Ultravox, Levi Pichford, Hazel O'Connor, Hugh Cornwell, Jah Wobble and Jake please Burn! off his hair, plus Chic. Steph Strange and Spandau made a gloriously non-street entrance in leather biker gear — some witness's called it Hells Angel costuming — and all the flashes in Fleet Street flashed before the Strangle and Spandau popped down to The Embassy for a swift half an hour show off. How long would they have lasted looking like that on the street? ...

At least there are record stores on streets, and I have been known to peep inside record stores. There's one, packed with members of the public. I wonder if it's got the Joy Division retrospective 'STILL' (double) yet. It's been due for months. No? Apparently The Sleeve is holding it up — there are going to be two. A hessian one for collectors, and your street normal Peter Saville one (if Saville sleeves can ever be described as normal). There are street-rumours that Joy Division's cover of a Velvets song, way back in the



Hell's poseurs smash their way into the Debbie Harry party last week, gaining admission to said bash by posing as Steve Strange (right), Tony Norman of Spandau Wotsit (right) and a middle European princess (centre). Below, Debbie, Chris Stein, and half of Chic get in on the act. We'll let you work out who's who.



mysterious mist of their beginnings, is included in the collection, along with Warsaw epics such as 'They Walked In Line' ...

Hooray, there's another member of the public. Tell me the news on the street, sharp member of the public. "Molly Dineen's film *Sound Business* is still showing at the ICA, which likes to think it's close to the street. Dineen made the flick for her course at the London College of Printing, and it's the most open, accurate, lively documentation of sound systems ever done. It concentrates on Coxson's sound, and you get to travel with the brand new and good for you Young Lion system from home base, through building the gear, transporting it, getting to the dance and seeing the crispest Shaka style skanking ever filmed. Not to be missed!" ...

Thankyou, member of the public. Wow, the streets are manifoldly complicated. ... More news straight from The Street, where goodies and baddies roam at will. Glen Matlock was almost arrested in the early hours of last Wednesday morning for jumping up and down on the

roof of his car. Six police men and women, typically not realising that everyone does this on the street (I'm told) surrounded him, but he broke through the cordon when he spotted Andy from Gang Of Four and Joan Komlosy from Capital Radio. "She knows me," screamed Matlock. "She'll vouch for me." Joan explained that he was an ex Sex Pistol (I would have arrested him for that alone) who was pretty harmless, wasn't drugged or drunk, but who liked jumping up and down on the roof of his car. The police left the crackpot man and drove off. Two minutes later Matlock, overcome by the excitement passed out with a dumb smile on the face. ...

There's a new dance club opened up in London's Finsbury Park on Saturday's. Called The Nativty Club, last Saturday paraded the goodly Shake Shake, and the Chic Organisation turned up for some reason at around 2.00 am; the club stays open till 4. Sounds like my kind of club. ...

TRUST the American air controllers dispute is settled quickly, because New York's 6th

Salsa Festival is set for Sept 2 through Sept 7 and features such stars as Tito Puente, Machito, Ray Berretto, Santito Colon appearing everywhere from Madison Square Garden to a Riverboat Shuffle on the Hudson. I'd rather write about Salsa stars than bores like Phil Lynott, Hazel O'Connor ...

Fetish Records are to put out I.D.'s Perry Haines first and probably last single, 'What's Funk' — a plaintive cry from the heart that's a little like a ballad I'm incorporating into my act called 'On The Streets Where I Live' ...

Killing Joke, the street band of our nightmares, are definitely not splitting up. And definitely not playing the Edinburgh Festival. Right? Want a fight? When On the streets do as ... Mark E Smith's *Artist As A Consumer* in this week's NME, surely the best thing, record, show, interview, whatever, that he's ever done. I speak as a man on the street ... Mark E Smith's ex girlfriend Pam Wing (Victoria Principal) and her toy-boy lover Andy Gibb have put their bottled in Los Angeles romance on a commercial basis with the release of their cuddly cover of The Everly Brothers 'All I Have To Do Is Dream' ...

Hazel O'Connor refused Havanna Let's Go (the worst group in the world since Queen and Animal Magnet) permission to play as support at her Woolwich Odeon GIG (that's right, gigs are on streets) because in her infinite giggly wisdom she decided they just weren't street enough ...

Soft Cell, at last in the charts, are playing a show off the streets of London next Tuesday at The Maximus Club in Leicester Square, and one of the boys is going unsteady with one of The Human League girls. You certainly don't get gossip like that on the streets. All you get on the streets are chapped lips and sore feet ...

Robert Fripp (non-street) is to produce an Andy Summers (pseudo-street) solo LP ... UB 40 and The Cure are signing to A&M in America: Rumour has it that the groups have signed because of The Etcetera cocktail lounge in the vicinity of A&M's Los Angeles office ...

Barney Bubbles, who is The Street's most celebrated graphic designer, appeared on Capital Radio's Sound Of The City Sunday afternoon programme — also featured were Quintessence, Pink Floyd, Soft Machine, Steve Howe and Joe Boyd (from the days when streets were uncomplicated places) ...

Oh dear, there's another member of the public: threatening like. Any news? "There was a conference in Bologna Italy last weekend to commemorate the 85 souls killed in the fascist bomb attack on the railway station this time last year. The Bologna council invited representatives of British music — Claude Bessy from Rough Trade, Chris Cutler, David Marlow of Virgin and Dinner Disc, and Vivien Goldman, friend to the stars like Beattie and Christine — to talk about RECENT EVENTS (riot don't ... this is the street) ...

For the record Ian Dury's next long playing disc is to be called 'The Dancing Durex'. ... Jah Wobble's group The Human Condition have been ringing the clubs of New York attempting to arrange some shows ...

In 1967 Solomon Burke, Don Covay, Ben E King, Wilson Pickett, Joe Tex and Otis Redding were the basis of The Soul Clan, but the project was scrapped when Redding died — now, in 1981, The Soul Clan, are to record an LP mainly Covay/Pickett material), and a European tour is planned. ...

Ze's Michael Zilkha's new whizzy-kid is Charlie Couture. Zilkha is producing a double LP by Couture and tells me: "He's like a French Tom Waits with really depressing lyrics" ...

As I walk the lonely streets, dreaming of bottled romance from Mexico, Turkish Delight and the middle European princess, I'm run over by a common street hazard — a Ford Fiesta. As I'm bleeding into the gutter (it's so hard being hurt and trying to avoid the language of the streets) I have a dream. About my very good friend Grace Jones. She was playing a show at the posh Savoy club in New York, and half way through her act some freak in the audience lunged out and attached handcuffs to her legs. Grace let out a scream. So did I. The 1400 people in the audience, plus John Lydon accompanied by two dynamite ladies, whooped for more, thinking it was all part of the act. Grace continued, handcuffs dangling. The freak who attracted her was ejected. And we all know that freak: Ian Penman, celebrating his 22nd birthday. I woke up. I was dead. That's the streets for you. Send for the coroner. Good job I've got, isn't it?

Best wishes to the young Max Bell, who vacates his staff desk this week to take up his new profession as mushroom-taster to The Grateful Dead. Max will continue to wield his magic marker for NME, of course, so all you special friends can relax ...

NME

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